Diaries of Archaeological Expeditions to Alaska
with the Smithsonian Institution’s Aleš Hrdlička
in 1936, 1937, and 1938

by

Alan G. May

Produced with the cooperation and support of

The Aleutian Pribilof Islands Association

and

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FOREWORDS

In 1834, Russian Orthodox Priest (now Saint Innocent) Ivan Veniaminov wrote that there is “no reason to conceal… cruel acts against the Aleuts.”¹ At the time, Veniaminov was talking about the promyshlenniki – the cruel sailors who forced Aleuts/Unangaḍ to hunt sea otter. About 100 years later, more cruel acts were committed against the Aleut/Unangaḍ people, this time by American archaeologists who sailed to the Aleutian Islands to dig up skulls of our ancestors to display in museums. When I read Alan G. May’s diaries, I found their level of disrespect unconscionable. When Dr. Aleš Hrdlička’s wife passed away, he treated her burial with the utmost respect with soft music, rose petals, green velvet, and kisses. When you compare that with how he and his “boys” treated Aleut/Unangaḍ ancestors, you have to wonder, “Why the difference?” I encourage you to read Alan G. May’s diary. If this painful part of our history is concealed, it may be repeated.

Dr. Dimitri Philemonof -- President/CEO – Aleutian Pribilof Islands Association

Part of APIA’s mission is to “strengthen and preserve the Unangaḍ cultural heritage.” As director of APIA’s Cultural Heritage Department and Unangaḍ Heritage Library and Archives, part of my responsibilities are to encourage and support the publication of literature about Unangaḍ history – even if that history is sometimes less-than-perfect and sometimes even uncomfortable. What Dr. Aleš Hrdlička and his boys did in the 1930s, sailing up and down the Aleutian Islands, digging up graves – even recent graves in other parts of Alaska – is today uncomfortable. Yet people need to know this history. By sponsoring the publication of Alan G. May’s diaries, APIA and the Cultural Heritage Department are decreasing the chances of this history being buried and forgotten.

Millie McKeown – Director – APIA Cultural Heritage Department

I read every word of Alan G. May’s diaries. The cavalier and disrespectful attitude Dr. Aleš Hrdlička and his boys displayed was sometimes challenging to read. Yet Alan G. May’s diaries are invaluable because they clearly record how Dr. Aleš Hrdlička and his boys conducted their activities in the 1930s, what their mental thought processes were, and how they felt justified in what they were doing. As Dr. Gordon Pullar noted writing specifically about Hrdlička, to take bones of Alaska Native people and to put them in “drawers located thousands of miles from their burial place was the height of disrespect.”² If you want a deeper understanding of Aleut/Unangaḍ history, read Alan G. May’s diaries.

Dr. Michael Livingston – Cultural Heritage Specialist – APIA Cultural Heritage Department

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Thanks go to many people for their help in making this version of the Alan G. May diaries possible. Arlene Schmuland, Head of Archives and Special Collections, University of Alaska Anchorage/Alaska Pacific University Consortium Library, made May’s diaries and photographs available and gave enthusiastic and patient support in seeing this project through. She continued the assistance provided by former Archives Head Dennis Walle, who was instrumental in acquiring Alan May’s diaries and other papers in 1989. Karen Workman, a former Alaska State Archaeologist, also helped to secure May’s donation to the Archives, and she provided helpful advice to this presentation of the diaries.

Dr. Michael Livingston, Cultural Heritage Specialist of the Cultural Heritage Department of the Aleutian Pribilof Islands Association (APIA), carefully read the entirety of May’s diaries. His suggestions on their editing and insightful additions to many of the footnotes contained here were invaluable. The encouragement and support of Millie McKeown, director of APIA’s Cultural Heritage Department, and Dr. Dimitri Philemonof, President and CEO of APIA, likewise were critical to making these diaries available in their present form. Through its support, APIA has underscored that the methods and accounts of earlier researchers, while exposing the biases and unpleasant prejudices of their times, can still provide valuable historical documentation for Alaska Natives today.

Lois Spees re-typed most of the diaries from May’s versions; her care and attention to detail were invaluable. At various stages in preparing May’s diaries, a number of people offered me insightful guidance for which I am grateful; these include Steven Street, Michael Yarborough, Jackie Pels, Karen Workman, and Kathie Veltre. Paul Guggenheim and Paul Gebhard, who worked alongside May in the Aleutians, graciously made their personal photographs and other materials available to me.

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INTRODUCTION

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For three summers in the late 1930s, Dr. Aleš Hrdlička, the preeminent physical anthropologist in the United States in the first half of the 20th century, led expeditions to southwestern Alaska to investigate the earliest peopling of that region. Curator of Physical Anthropology at the U.S. National Museum at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., the acknowledged “founding father” of physical anthropology in the United States, sailed north with small crews of young men—whom he called his “boys”—in the summers of 1936, 1937, and 1938 to probe ancient villages, camps, and burial places on Kodiak Island and throughout the Aleutian Islands.

Only one member of his crews took part in all three of these expeditions—Alan G. May. While nearly everyone who knew Hrdlička recognized him to be a kind and often generous scientist of world renown, albeit an elite and difficult taskmaster, May developed an affection for him and an interest in Alaskan archaeology that brought him back on each summer’s venture. For his part, Hrdlička considered May to be his “best man.” Most important, unlike Hrdlička’s other crew members, May kept detailed and lengthy diaries of each summer’s thoughts and experiences. Those documents, presented here, offer insights into both May’s own character as well as his personal perspective on—as Aleš Hrdlička has recently been called—“a most peculiar man.”

May’s diaries have been transcribed, edited, and made available through Archives and Special Collections, University of Alaska Anchorage/Alaska Pacific University Consortium Library (henceforth, the Archives), with the support of the Aleutian Pribilof Islands Association, the not-for-profit Alaska Native Corporation for the region. In this introduction, I offer some brief historical context to those diaries. I begin with background on Hrdlička, including his place in the discipline of American anthropology and his interest in Alaska studies. Next, I outline the significance of the Kodiak Island and Aleutian Islands region to Hrdlička. This is followed, based in part on my personal association with him, by notes about Alan May and his participation in Hrdlička’s research in Alaska. Following this, I outline the three expeditions and their participants. Finally, I offer observations on May’s diaries and the manner in which they are presented here.

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3 Krogman (1976:5).
4 Hrdlička (1945:220).
5 Loring and Prokopec (1994).
Aleš Hrdlička

Aleš Hrdlička was born in 1869 in Bohemia and came to the United States in 1882. He finished first in his class at the Eclectic Medical College in New York City in 1892 and went on to work in that field for several years. In 1898, Hrdlička took part in his first anthropological field research, traveling to Mexico and the American Southwest with an expedition from the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. That trip turned his interests from medicine to anthropology, and, when the Division of Physical Anthropology was created at the National Museum in Washington in 1903, Hrdlička was appointed Assistant Curator in Charge. In 1910, he became Curator, a position he held until his retirement in 1941. In 1943, Hrdlička died in Washington, D.C. of a heart attack at age 74 (Schultz 1945).

Hrdlička was a man of tremendous energy, fully devoted to furthering the goals of physical anthropology. In 1918, he founded the American Journal of Physical Anthropology, serving as editor until 1942, and in 1928, he was the prime mover in the establishment of the American Association of Physical Anthropologists. Hrdlička also traveled extensively during his years at the Smithsonian, going to places as diverse as Egypt, Turkey, Russia, Siberia, Mongolia, China, and India, among others. During these travels, he made anthropometric measurements of living populations and examined the latest archaeological evidence of early human settlement.

In 1926, Hrdlička turned his research focus to Alaska, a pursuit that was to last for the rest of his life. His first focus was in the southwestern region of mainland Alaska, where the large Yukon and Kuskokwim rivers provided likely migration routes for the first humans in the New World to have followed as they moved out of Asia. After searching for old sites and studying living Alaska Natives in 1926, 1929, and 1930, however, Hrdlička moved his focus to the coastal areas of southern Alaska, where he thought less eroded, older sites might be found.

Figure 2. Hrdlička’s 1930 map of “Probable movements of people from northeastern Asia to Alaska and in Alaska” (Hrdlička 1930:360).

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6 Extended biographical information is provided in Loring and Prokopec (1994), Montagu (1944), Schultz (1945), Stewart (1940), and Street (1994).
In 1931, Hrdlička made his first trip to Kodiak Island, where he inspected some old archaeological sites. One, the Uyak site on Larsen Bay, was large and promising, so in 1932, 1934, 1935, and 1936, he and his crews excavated prodigious amounts of the site. Hrdlička’s focus at the Uyak site was on human remains, something that continued with his Aleutian expeditions of 1936 to 1938.7

Hrdlička’s scientific work is well known in the anthropological literature of the North and elsewhere. He was a prolific writer, producing some 400 published works, including 20 books, on a broad range of topics dealing with human anatomy, anthropometry, osteometry, and evolution.8 Many were in his area of special interest—the ways in which the analysis of human bones can tell something about the peopling of Alaska and the rest of the New World as well as the biological relationships among its Native inhabitants. Like other scientific fields, physical anthropology has made enormous strides since Hrdlička’s day, especially in its use of genetic data to establish evolutionary relationships among world populations. Nevertheless, Hrdlička’s contributions were substantial, and they continue to be cited by specialists. Moreover, his scholarly legacy also survived in several of those men who assisted him in Alaska and went on to become northern anthropologists in their own right.

In terms of both personality and anthropological methodology, Aleš Hrdlička was an unusual man. Several authors9 have described this at length; Schultz’s obituary of him captures well the essential character of the man:

Hrdlička made friends easily and could quickly win the confidence of natives. His personality radiated kindliness combined with a charming naïveté. In appearance he was essentially serious, dignified and somewhat picturesque. In conversation he tended to avoid arguments, but loved to bestow well-meaned advice in a rather paternal fashion. Hrdlička was a very generous man who not only gave freely of his time to all of his numerous visitors, but also of his slender private means to the cause of his science. Thus he sent vital funds for anthropological research to his native country, particularly to the Charles University in Prague, and thereby greatly helped the splendid work of his colleagues in Czechoslovakia. He contributed financial aid to his own journal and in his will left a large part of his estate for the benefit of physical anthropology.10

Hrdlička was also a stubborn sort, set in his various habits and ideas: “In regard to his own conclusions Hrdlička seems to have been rarely plagued by doubts. As he was always loyal to his friends so was he loyal to his own ideas.”11

What acumen Hrdlička possessed as a physical anthropologist, however, he lacked as an archaeologist. Of all of the information archaeologists can record from ancient sites, none is more important than context—the relationships among all forms of data that provide the key to determining the chronology, meaning, and significance of artifacts and other finds. Especially in the era prior to the 1950s, before physicists and others developed radiocarbon dating and other methods of providing actual numerical ages for objects of the past, good archaeologists paid

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7 The results of Hrdlička’s Alaskan work are found chiefly in Hrdlička (1930, 1943, 1944, 1945).
8 These are enumerated by Stewart (1940) and Schultz (1945:319-338).
9 See, especially, Collins (1945), Loring and Prokopec (1994), Krogman (1976), and Montagu (1944).
10 Schultz (1945:315).
11 Schultz (1945:312).
special attention to the contextual stratigraphic and other spatial relationships of their data—what is found with, above, below, or in the same depositional level as other remains—in order to gain the greatest understanding of the sites they excavated.

Unlike many archaeologists of the 1930s, especially those working in areas like the American Southwest, Hrdlička, surprisingly, largely ignored context in his excavations, and he often ignored artifacts as well. Instead, he was fixated almost solely on finding human remains, and unless stone and bone tools were either unusual in some regard or not broken, they were at risk of being given away to his crew or simply discarded. It was human remains, not artifacts, that he believed provided the real evidence of ancestral human relationships and movements.

Also given scant concern by Hrdlička was record-keeping in the field. Although he was responsible for excavating enormous portions of archaeological sites on Kodiak Island and in the Aleutian Islands, “archaeological matters he felt should be left to the archaeologists.”

For Hrdlička, that meant not that a skilled archaeologist should be on hand during excavations, but, instead, that what artifacts were saved during excavations and what records were kept could be studied at a later date by someone trained in archaeology. Such was the case, for instance, with the abundance of remains from the Uyak site at Larsen Bay on Kodiak Island. In 1940, Robert Heizer, who had worked with Hrdlička at the site in 1934 and 1935, was invited by Hrdlička “to study and publish” the Uyak collection. Heizer did so, despite his observation that “the methods of excavation were of the very crudest sort, and neither the horizontal location of any find nor its association with other artifacts, burials, house remains, or refuse strata was regularly noted.”

It is interesting to note that despite his long, productive, and distinguished career, Hrdlička most often worked alone in the field. His larger field projects requiring crews came only in his later years and only on Kodiak Island, in 1932 and from 1934 to 1936, and in the Aleutian Islands, from 1936 to 1938. Also worth noting is that almost all members of Hrdlička’s field crews appear to have been young students who had little, if any, background in physical anthropology, archaeology, or Alaska. One might suppose that he chose such crews in part because they would be unlikely to challenge his autocratic ways. Moreover, his crews were all male.

In many ways, Hrdlička’s work on Kodiak Island and in the Aleutian Islands left a profound mark on the whole of anthropology in Alaska. His interest in the relationships among, and origins of, New World peoples sparked a whole generation of anthropologists. Indeed, with few exceptions, the archaeologists and physical anthropologists who have worked on Kodiak and in the Aleutians in the years following Hrdlička can trace at least some aspect of their classroom or field training to Hrdlička through an academic and intellectual lineage leading back to a single member of Hrdlička’s 1938 Aleutian Islands expedition, William Laughlin. It was Laughlin who built on his experience with Hrdlička to become the foremost Aleutian Islands anthropologist from the post-World War II years until the 1970s. Through his teaching—primarily at the

12 Setzler (1956:iii).
13 Heizer (1956:8).
14 Street (1994:10).
15 Montagu (1944:116).
16 Frohlich et al. (2002); Krupnik (2002).
University of Wisconsin and then at the University of Connecticut—his decades of multidisciplinary research projects on Kodiak Island and in the Aleutian Islands, and his respect of Aleuts/Unangaĸ.17 Laughlin inspired subsequent generations of anthropologists and others whose primary research interests lay in southwestern Alaska and elsewhere in the North.

It was Laughlin, too, who passed along stories of his experiences with Hrdlička. As a student of Laughlin’s at the University of Connecticut and as a participant in Aleutian archaeological projects with him in 1971 and 1972, I do not doubt the claim of another student and, later, a close colleague of Laughlin’s, Albert Harper, who wrote that Laughlin recounted stories of his summer in the Aleutians with Hrdlička “on a daily basis for the next 55 years.”18

Memories of Hrdlička were also passed down by the people in whose communities he worked. Laughlin notes, for example, that Aleuts/Unangaĸ of Nikolski Village “named him ‘Dead-Man’s Daddy’ because he came every summer and collected the dead people.”19 When I first went to Atka Village in the central Aleutian Islands in 1974, some elders remembered the “Doctor” from his visits prior to World War II; others referred to him by the delightful “Hard Liquor,” a name more easily spelled and remembered than the real thing,20 although it belied his general avoidance of alcohol.

A far more serious dimension of Hrdlička’s legacy lies in the distance he kept from local Alaska Native people, his failure to acknowledge their assistance in his work, and his insensitivity in procuring ancestral human remains. Nowhere in Alaska was this more true than at Larsen Bay,21 the place where Hrdlička’s longest-lasting excavations took place:

For Hrdlička, most of the people of Larsen Bay remained nearly invisible. A few appear as biological examples of ‘Koniag types’ in his descriptions of the physical anthropology of the people..., but these people are nameless and their voices silent.... Despite his anthropological training, Hrdlička never lost the racist assumptions grounded in his cultural background and in his science. He never formally recognized the help and assistance he received from native Alaskans, although white informants are conspicuously acknowledged. ... How much more might have been illuminated and how much enmity might have been avoided had Hrdlička been more sensitive to the knowledge and interests of the people on whose land he trespassed. The world was a different place then....22

In 1991, the remains of about 1,000 individuals that Hrdlička had collected from the Uyak site were reburied close to the site by residents of Larsen Bay, who had had the remains repatriated to them by the Smithsonian Institution.23 To a certain degree, the memory of Hrdlička’s work on Kodiak Island still colors Native-anthropologist relations in Alaska. However, two pieces of federal legislation enacted over thirty years ago—the National Museum of the American Indian Act of 1989 and the Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation

20 Rachel Mason (2006:130) records the same name from Larsen Bay, on Kodiak Island, where Hrdlička worked for several field seasons.
21 Pullar (1994).
Act (commonly referred to as “NAGPRA”) of 1990—now provide for the return of human and certain other remains to Native American claimants and for consultation between archaeologists and Native groups before archaeological work is undertaken.

The Aleutian Islands and Kodiak Island

Today, as in the past, the Aleutian Islands of southwestern Alaska are the most isolated part of North America. Farther west than both the Hawaiian Islands and the easternmost reaches of Siberia, and isolated to the north, south, and west by vast stretches of ocean, the 1,000-mile archipelago is tenuously linked to the mainland of Alaska only by the narrow western tip of the Alaska Peninsula. Even during the last Ice Age, when Asia and North America were linked by the Bering Land Bridge, most of the Aleutian Islands remained insular and isolated.

The Aleutian Islands and Kodiak Island that Hrdlička and his crew saw in the 1930s were far different from what they had been only 200 years earlier. Then, before the initial Russian voyages of discovery of Vitus Bering and Alexei Chirikof to the region in 1741, some 15,000 Aleuts—Unangaâ—lived throughout the Aleutian Islands, as well as on the western end of the Alaska Peninsula and in the Shumagin Islands (Figure 1). To the east, the Kodiak archipelago and the southern coast of the Alaska Peninsula were home to perhaps 8,000 Alutiiq-speakers (part of a larger linguistic and cultural group that included the southern coast of the Kenai Peninsula and coastal areas of Prince William Sound). This entire span of southwestern Alaska—from Attu Island in the west to the Kodiak archipelago in the east—was an ecologically rich region, where abundant fish, invertebrate, bird, and marine mammal species enabled most people to maintain permanent villages and seasonal subsistence camps. Especially in the eastern Aleutians and on Kodiak, where resources were in greatest abundance and Native populations were consequently larger and denser than elsewhere, kinship and social systems placed an emphasis on rank. Throughout the region, the rich spiritual world was inseparable from other aspects of everyday life.

Following initial Russian contact, the eastward expansion of Russian fur-hunters to the Aleutian Islands, the Alaska Peninsula, and the Kodiak archipelago brought devastating changes to every facet of traditional Native life. By the early 1800s, the Aleut/Unangaâ population plummeted to about 2,500, and the Alutiiq population on the Alaska Peninsula and Kodiak fell to about 5,000. Concomitant economic, religious, and social changes during the Russian period continued with the 1867 American purchase of Alaska.

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24 Prior to Russian arrival in the region, the name “Aleut” was likely used only by residents of the Near Islands group, at the far western end of the Aleutian archipelago, to refer to themselves. After contact, the term was broadly used by newcomers to the region to include both Aleutian Islanders and Native residents of Alutiiq-speaking areas to the east. Today, the traditional name Unangan (in the eastern dialect) or Unangas (in the Atka, or central, dialect) has begun to be used (often in the form Unangaâ) by many Native (i.e., “Aleut”) residents not only as a more accurate autonym for the people of the region, but also as an alternate to a term imposed during the harsh Russian colonial period.

25 The Kodiak archipelago includes Kodiak Island and the islands immediately surrounding it.

26 For more on traditional Aleuts, see Lantis (1970, 1984); for Alutiiq people, see Clark (1984) and Crowell at al. (2001).
Although in pre-Russian times Aleut/Unangaał had lived throughout the Aleutian archipelago, population decline coupled with the near extermination of sea otters led to Aleut/Unangaał depopulation in much of the western and central Aleut/Unangaał region in particular. By the time of Hrdlička’s expeditions in the late 1930s, only three villages remained west of Unalaska Island—Nikolski (on Umnak Island), Atka, and Attu—each quite isolated from other villages and, consequently, more strongly retaining aspects of traditional language and subsistence. At the same time, some fourteen villages remained in the eastern Aleut/Unangaał region,²⁷ including two on the Pribilof Islands. Like Alutiiq villages on the Alaska Peninsula and in the Kodiak archipelago—including Larsen Bay, where the expedition worked in 1936—these eastern Aleut/Unangaał communities generally experienced more frequent contact with outsiders and had more involvement with the developing commercial fisheries of southern Alaska.

The Kodiak-Aleutian region to which Hrdlička and his crews ventured is one of the richest archaeological areas in the North. Because precontact people had reliable and abundant foods available to them and were often able to use the same villages and seasonal camps for thousands of years, these locales—today’s archaeological sites—often cover large areas and extend to substantial depths. The Chaluka site is a good example.²⁸ Part of today’s Nikolski Village on Umnak Island in the eastern Aleutians, Chaluka is a mound created from some four thousand years of continuous Aleut/Unangaał occupation. The slow accumulation of the by-products of everyday life, or “midden”—animal bones and shells from food, lost and discarded stone and bone implements, house timbers, and so on—has built up a low hill approximately six hundred feet long, two hundred feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep. As at the many other midden sites on Kodiak and in the Aleutians, the shell matrix affords excellent preservation of bone, ivory, and shell (though not wood or soft animal tissues). This allows archaeologists to investigate in detail aspects of past life, such as diet, that are far more difficult to address at sites (such as those in interior Alaska) where these materials are not preserved.

It was in part the good preservation in these sites in southwestern Alaska that attracted Hrdlička to the region, since he could expect to find abundant human remains. The Aleutian Islands, especially, held great potential for him. The pioneering 1870s work of William Healy Dall,²⁹ who was the first to excavate ancient village sites and burial caves in the Aleutians, and the 1909-1910 broadly ranging archaeological, linguistic, and physical anthropological studies of Waldemar Jochelson³⁰ and his wife Dina Brodsky-Jochelson showed clearly that Aleut/Unangaał burials, including those mummified in caves and rock shelters, were numerous in the region. With all this in mind, Hrdlička invited Alan May to join him on his first expedition to the Aleutian Islands in 1936.

**Alan G. May**

I first encountered Alan May’s name in the early 1970s when I read both Hrdlička’s 1945 Aleutian tome and May’s 1942 article in *Natural History* on Attu Village,³¹ but I did not become

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²⁷ Jones (1973:8).
²⁸ See, for example, Aigner (1966), Denniston (1966), and Lippold (1966).
²⁹ See especially Dall (1875, 1877, 1878, 1880).
³⁰ Jochelson (1909, 1912, 1925, 1933).
³¹ May (1942a).
personally aware of Alan May until 1982. That year, May contacted the Anchorage Museum of History and Art (now the Anchorage Museum at Rasmuson Center) about donating artifacts he had collected during his extensive world travels, including specimens he had saved from his trips to the Aleutian Islands with Hrdlička. Because I was living and working in Anchorage and by that time had conducted archaeological work in the Aleutians for more than a decade, the museum told me about May’s possible donation. Thus began a correspondence between May and me that lasted until he died in 1993. As it transpired, the museum was interested in May’s artifacts, while the Archives was especially keen on obtaining May’s papers, including the diaries of his field seasons with Hrdlička.

Soon after my correspondence with him began, I had the wonderful experience of visiting May at his home on Whidbey Island, northwest of Seattle, Washington. It was then that he showed me his Aleutian diaries and gave me time to read portions of them. I saw May again in the mid-1980s when he came to Alaska to discuss his donation with Dennis Walle, then head of the Archives. These visits, along with encouragement from others, ultimately helped May decide to donate his papers to the Archives in 1989.32

Alan May was born in the East Anglican city of Norwich, England, on October 4, 1895.33 He enlisted in the British Army in 1915, serving in World War I as a lieutenant, first in the 10th Battalion of the Norfolk Regiment and later in the 49th Company of the Machine Gun Corps

32 A brief summary of May’s papers is given in Appendix 1. I recently published a brief paper dealing with his Aleutian journals (Veltre 2008).
33 Much of this paragraph is based on information produced by Archives and Special Collections, University of Alaska Anchorage/Alaska Pacific University Consortium Library.
stationed in France. Five years after coming to the United States in 1918, he married Luella May Stilwell, also of England. They owned an apple farm in Wenatchee, Washington, about one hundred miles east of Seattle in the heart of the state. May bought property on Whidbey Island, northwest of Seattle, Washington, in 1946, and he lived there until shortly before his death. He died in Langley, Washington, on February 22, 1993, at age 97. In the years after his Aleutian trips, May was quite the world traveler. Especially from the 1960s to the 1980s, there is hardly a corner of the world he did not visit for extended periods, always keeping personal journals and taking numerous photographs. Appendix 1 provides a summary of these materials in the Archives.

May first met Aleš Hrdlička, likely in the early summer of 1935, when the latter visited the Columbia River Archaeological Society. May was an amateur archaeologist, and a newspaper article in May’s 1936 papers notes that at that meeting May showed Hrdlička some human skeletal remains as well as “the Moses Coulee pipe, which Mr. May has in his fine representative collection of ancient artifacts, most of which were found in the middle Columbia river [sic] region...” 34 It was also probably at that meeting that May and Hrdlička agreed to exchange some comparative human skeletal specimens, reciprocity between researchers not uncommon at that time. Alexander Wetmore, Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in charge of the National Museum, wrote to May on June 7, 1935 about this:35

My dear Mr. May,  
On behalf of the National Museum, I take much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of a skull showing pronounced ear exostoses which you have kindly forwarded to the national collections in accordance with an arrangement made with you by Dr. Aleš Hrdlička, Curator of Physical Anthropology.  
The specimen has been entered on the Museum records in your name as an exchange. In return for it there is being transmitted to you by parcel post a Peruvian skull with Aymara deformation, as promised by Dr. Hrdlička. A shipping invoice covering the transmittal of the specimen is enclosed. When it is received, please date, sign and return the white copy of the shipping invoice in the accompanying envelope which requires no postage.

As noted above, although Aleš Hrdlička is well-remembered through both publications and oral history, no extended first-hand accounts of what it was like to work with him in the field exist—except for the diaries of Alan May. Unlike other, briefer descriptions of Hrdlička, May’s journals are contemporaneous documents, written as his experiences with Hrdlička were unfolding, not after lengthy reflection. Also, May was a dispassionate observer; neither student nor professional anthropologist, May wrote only from the perspective of a middle-aged man with a deep interest and some experience in archaeology.

As his professional colleagues were aware, Hrdlička was a likeable if somewhat difficult man, and May and the other men who worked for Hrdlička clearly recognized these opposing traits. In the undated postscript to his 1938 diary, May wrote, “‘The Old Man,’ as we called him was, to say the least, an odd character but in spite of all his strange idiosyncrasies I sincerely liked the old chap.” These seemingly conflicting sentiments were echoed in a 1945 letter to May

34 In 1942, May published a brief article (1942b) about this specimen in American Antiquity, the leading archaeology journal in the United States.
35 Contained in May’s papers for 1936.
from George Corner, a member of the 1936 expedition, most likely following the posthumous publication in that year of Hrdlička’s *The Aleutian and Commander Islands and their Inhabitants*:

I don’t believe the O.M. [Old Man] could ever see beyond the end of his nose. One shouldn’t say too much about the dead. It seems to me that one can summarize this sort of thing, his slurring remarks about the “boys,” his failure to give due credit to you and others, his unauthorized use of your pictures, etc., by saying that he was a supreme egotist who was unable to understand other people. He always used to say, “The individual does not count,” and he seems to have always acted almost this way, except that it was modified to: The individual, except Aleš Hrdlička, does not count. ...

I can’t get over [Hrdlička’s] piratical use of your pictures, which are quite often much better than his. It was this sort of thing that gained him enemies among his colleagues in anthropology. You are in the unfortunate position of theoretically having to ask permission of the publisher to publish your own pictures, if you should ever wish to. And there is nothing you can really do about it. The other things are not as bad as this because this is fundamentally dishonest. Of course, the O.M. was never dishonest, but never, I gather, thoughtful of others or able to understand their viewpoint.

I could go on like this and quote and comment on the passages both you and I recognize that make us boil. There is no practical purpose in it, nor any good reason to continue what is merely speaking ill of the dead. The O.M. was difficult, testy, egotistic and so forth. Give anyone who never knew him a description of him, and they would never be able to understand why in spite of it all we were really quite fond of him. He was after all, I suppose, a great man in his limited field (I mean of course physical anthropology, for he was really no archaeologist, and he often did things which will hinder any future archeologists’ work there—though of course his survey of the region all in all will aid them greatly). If he were anything else but a great man and a really likeable person fundamentally, you and I would not have devoted so many words and letters to him.

Among themselves, May and the other members of Hrdlička’s crews disparaged Hrdlička’s sole interest in human remains and his poor archaeological methods. On September 29, 1936, following his summer with Hrdlička, crew member Sidney Connor wrote to May,

In talking with the men out at the University (Penn) the other day, I was asked if Hrdlička wasn’t rather ‘garrulous.’ So I mentioned something about the Kagamil [Island] incident of his breaking that perfectly good kayak frame all to hell (‘Ve vant [we want] mummies, not boats!’) so as to haul everything out of the cave, whether we saw what it was or not. The Penn man worked himself into a mild dudgeon, saying Hrdlička should be ‘indicted’.

In his papers of the 1936 expedition, May includes this “Poem made up by ‘Ozzy’ Osborne on the Vega,” written as testimony to Hrdlička’s preoccupation with human remains (especially skulls) after Hrdlička had removed dozens of Aleut/Unanga:x mummies from burial caves on Kagamil Island:

Let the world beware
And stay out of his hair
When a harvest of skulls he’s a-reaping.
He’d rather have bones than all precious stones,
Hot coffee or snoreless sleeping.

36 Hrdlička (1945).
On Kagamil he had his will,
Two caves right full of mummies,
And on the shore of the bight
Was a very strange sight,
Mummies relayed by the dummies!

From Cordova to Attu,
The Coast Guard oft had to
Play host to the grave-digging nuts,
Now we’re going home with the Navy
To soft life and gravy
With hopes of reinflating our guts!

May himself wrote a detailed description of Hrdlička’s archaeological methods “after returning home” from the 1936 expedition:37

Dr. Hrdlička’s method of excavation was completely new to me but of course I assumed such a prestigious man knew what he was doing. His method was to commence at the bottom of the site using a pick until undercut enough to cause some of the upper portion to fall down. This debris was visually searched for artifacts and the[n] wheel-barrowed to the dump. Many artifacts were found on the dump later. Stratigraphy as I knew it was non-existent. The Doctor divided the site into three parts — the bottom, the middle and the upper and we were supposed to know which level the specimens came from. Portions falling from the upper level could of course include some artifacts from the middle level or even possibly the bottom level. Thus stating that artifacts came from such and such a level was haphazard in the extreme. The usual way of course is to start at the top and work down six or perhaps twelve inches at a time. I think this was too slow for the Doctor for his main interest was to obtain as many skulls as possible.

For all their value, Alan May’s diaries are nevertheless very much a product of their times and of a non-anthropologist. In the 1930s, paternalistic and ethnocentric attitudes toward Native Americans were common among non-Natives38; this is particularly apparent in some of May’s descriptions of Alaska Natives that readers today will find insensitive. Nevertheless, it is also quite clear that May certainly respected the Aleut/Unangax̂ inhabitants of the villages he visited; his archived papers include correspondence with Aleuts/Unangax̂ that continued to the post-War years. Not only did his enthusiasm for returning again and again to the Aleutians with Hrdlička testify to his interest in the region, but May also went on to publish an account of Attu village (1942a), which he visited during the summers of 1936 and 1937. Overall, it seems fair to say that May valued his personal encounters as much as he did his archaeological experiences.

**Itineraries and participants on the expeditions**

Altogether, May spent nearly ten months in his travels with Hrdlička from 1936 to 1938. Appendix 2 provides detailed itineraries of each year’s voyage, but brief summaries of these and each year’s participants will be helpful here. In 1936, Hrdlička, 67 years old, assembled a group that included May, 40 years old and married, and three students, George Corner, from the University of Rochester, M.F.M. Osborne, from the University of Virginia, and Sidney Connor,

37 May’s papers for 1936.
38 This is literally quite apparent in May’s article on Attu, where he states, “The United States Coast Guard Service is the mother and the father of natives in the many remote, out-of-the-way villages of Alaska” (1942-135).
of Girard College in Philadelphia. The party left Seattle on May 15, reaching Kodiak on May 22. They remained on Kodiak to work at the Uyak site in Larsen Bay until June 27, when they headed to Unalaska, their first stop in the Aleutian Islands. From June 30 until August 7, the group traveled the length of the archipelago, making stops at several places. On August 15, they headed south from Unalaska to Seattle, where they arrived a week later.

In 1937, the expedition departed Seattle on May 21. In addition to May and Connor from the previous year, Hrdlička was accompanied by students Paul Guggenheim,\(^{39}\) from the medical school at Washington University; Paul Gebhard,\(^{40}\) 19, attending Denver University; Walter Wineman, of Indiana State Teachers College; and Stanley Seashore, from the University of Iowa. They made multiple brief stops in southeastern and southcentral Alaska, entering Aleutian waters on June 14. For the next month, Hrdlička and his crew traveled in the Aleutian Islands to new places on nearly a daily basis. It was not until July 17, when they reached Agattu Island in the far western region, that they settled down at all, remaining there until August 8. They returned to Unalaska on August 20 and soon departed for Seattle, which they reached on August 28.

The final year, 1938, saw Hrdlička and May joined by four others. James W. Botsford, 20, and Harold W. Cowper, 19, were both from Buffalo\(^ {41}\); William S. Laughlin,\(^ {42}\) 18, and William W. Clems, 20 or 21, were both students at Willamette University in Oregon. The group left Seattle on May 20, reaching Unalaska nine days later. They soon headed west, making several stops before arriving at Amchitka Island on June 12. They spent some three weeks there before resuming their travels, which included nearly a week in early August in the Russian Commander Islands, west of the Aleutians. They were back in Unalaska by August 14 and in Seattle by August 23.

**Notes on the diaries and photographs**

Sometime after his travels with Hrdlička, May typed his three years of daily diaries (or had them typed) from his original hand-written versions; it is these diaries that are presented here. He included a title page for each of the three years; except for the date, the text of these was identical: “The 1936 [or 1937 or 1938] Archaeological Expedition of the Smithsonian Institution to the Aleutian Islands, being a purely personal account of the daily happenings of the Expedition.”

Until he donated them to the Archives, May kept his diaries in three-ring binders. Interleaved with the pages of text he inserted unnumbered pages on which he mounted artifact

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39 Guggenheim put his Aleutian Islands training with Hrdlička to work during World War II, when he was stationed for a time as a medical doctor on Amchitka Island. He worked there to record the locations of archaeological sites and to save them and their artifacts from looting (Guggenheim 1945).

40 Gebhard went on to receive a Ph.D. in anthropology from Harvard in 1947 and to become the Director of the Kinsey Institute in 1956, after the death of Alfred Kinsey. In 2006, he kindly gave me a copy of his short diary and photographs from his expedition with Hrdlička.

41 The *Buffalo Courier Express* of May 16, 1938, included in May’s papers, states they were “honor students and seniors at Nichols School.”

42 According to Albert Harper (2002:7), “Hrdlička was on his way to Alaska in 1937 and some how [sic] found his route through Salem, Oregon and stayed at the Laughlin’s [i.e., the home of William and his parents]. Bill duly impressed the old man and found himself on the wrong end of a shovel in the rain on Umnak Island the next year.”
drawings, maps, other illustrative material, and one or more photographs, generally chronologically arranged to follow the text. Some photographs were also mounted on the reverse of typed diary pages. Altogether, there are approximately 1,100 photographs, all black and white, in his diaries. It can be assumed that May took most of these, but in the months following each season in the Aleutians the members of the expeditions, including Hrdlička, shared pictures among themselves, so it is possible that some of the diaries’ photographs were taken by others. A selection of these photographs and drawings, some cropped slightly, is included here. Because May’s photograph captions are often quite brief, the captions given here are largely not May’s own.

May recognized the value of preserving unedited, personal daily observations, but he acknowledged the sensitive nature of his commentary. In a note to the diaries he writes, “It should be remembered that this account has been copied from a diary written at the time of the occurrences and that it has not been rewritten. If it had been rewritten doubtless many of the remarks, criticisms, and statements, would have been modified or left out entirely.” In the mid-1980s, when May was considering whether to donate his papers to the Archives, he expressed to me his concern that his Aleutian diaries might offend some of the others who had been with him in the Aleutians, several of whom were still living. When, in 1989, he ultimately decided to proceed with the donation, he stipulated that his papers be withheld from view for some fifteen years, and the Archives agreed.

For this volume, I have employed a number of editing conventions. Notes, additions, and other comments appear in square brackets in the text or as footnotes, with superscript numeric references at the appropriate place in the text. For ease of reading, I have corrected most of May’s spelling errors without notation, although I have retained British spellings; only errors warranting comment are elaborated on in the text or in footnotes, as described above. Also retained are the relatively few, inconsequential grammatical errors in the diaries. Material in parentheses is as May himself presented it. Place names and personal names are given according to current use and spelling. May probably had few maps or documents with which to check such spellings, so it is no surprise that he often used multiple versions for proper names. In a very few cases, I have redacted personal names from this version of the diaries; these are noted in brackets. In those few instances where May’s diaries are illegible, ellipses in square brackets indicate missing text. Finally, except for the dates, I have added all of the headings throughout the diaries to make it easier to keep track of May’s travels, and I have included brief excerpts from Hrdlička’s letters to May at the beginning of each year’s diary.

The photographs and other figures included here are mostly not referenced directly in the text. Except as cited otherwise in the captions, all photographs are courtesy of the Archives and are referenced to the year and page number of May’s diaries. Caption text in quotation marks is as presented by May.
CHAPTER 1

THE 1936 ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION

I should be glad to have you with me. If you can decide positively before April 10 and send me a wire, you will be one of the party. There can be no separate interests. The season is short, and if anything worth while is to be accomplished we all have to do our best.

— Letter excerpt, Aleš Hrdlička to Alan May, Spring 1936

I am glad that you will be able to be one of my party. It will be to some extent a strenuous summer, but I am sure you will not regret it.

— Letter excerpt, Aleš Hrdlička to Alan May, April 10, 1936
From Seattle to Kodiak Island

**Friday, May 15th.** About some two weeks ago I received instructions from Dr. Hrdlička to the effect that I was to meet him at the Arctic Club in Seattle sometime this morning. Thinking that about ten o’clock would be the best time to go down to see him I went to the Club only to find that he had been in and had gone out again. The man at the desk who gave me the message said, “In case you do not know the Doctor, I might say that when he says to meet him here at eleven-thirty he does not mean eleven-thirty-one, and that is the message I was to give you when you came in.” I was back again a few minutes before 11:30 a.m. and shortly afterwards received a message to meet him at Penney’s store right away.

At Penney’s store I found the Doctor and the three other boys who are to be in the party, purchasing the necessary equipment needed. The Doctor seemed glad to see me and introduced me to the boys as “of the English Army, an amateur archaeologist and a very good one.” The boys who are going with us are by name, Corner, Osborne and Connor. The latter seems a bit older than the other two, and they appear to be very young.

![Figure 4. Hrdlička’s 1936 crew: Alan May, Sidney Connor, George Corner, and M.F.M. Osborne at the Uyak site, Kodiak Island (1936-24b).](image)

After we had finished at the store the Doctor thought we had better get our lunch, so under his leadership we all set off together to find a place to eat. Soon we came across a dumpy little restaurant and the Doctor herded us all into a booth and kept asking us what we would have. He ordered a 25¢ lunch and being under the impression that he was taking us to lunch, we ordered the same. When the man came round with the bill all made out the Doctor told him to tear it up and make out five separate ones.

After lunch we all went down First Avenue to a tent and awning shop where we purchased mosquito tents and head nets. Here the Doctor left us, as he had to leave to keep some appointment. We are to meet him tomorrow on the dock at 8:15 a.m. The **Yukon** sails at 9 a.m.
Found some friends waiting at the hotel and we were invited out to dinner, but back to our rooms at a decent early hour.

**Saturday, May 16th.** Today begins what will be a wonderful experience and maybe perhaps even a bit of an adventure. Last night was probably my last night in a really comfortable bed for some time to come. Up early and took a taxi down to the dock after breakfast and found the other three boys on board the *Yukon*. The Doctor showed up shortly afterwards. A press photographer was there and the Doctor insisted that we all line up for a photo or two. After the press photographer had gone, Mr. Matier showed up and obtained permission to take movies of the party.

The *Yukon* seems to be a pretty small boat, but I noticed after we had started that it had less vibration than any of the big boats I have travelled on.

On board there is a large variety of freight. Lashed to the deck, fore and aft, are a dozen automobiles; two huge caterpillar tractors; mining machinery, and numerous crates and heavy timbers. Some live bees and birds, flowering plants and evergreens are being shipped to Matanuska. Just why evergreens should be shipped to Alaska I don’t know, but no one is surprised any more by any action of the government in respect to the colony at Matanuska.

Corner is in the cabin with me and at the last minute another fellow by the name of Hansen was put in with us. He seems a decent sort and is interested in the mining business—is quite convinced that he will get a million or two out of his property in the interior of Alaska. Three men in a cabin for two is too much and Hansen is endeavouring to get moved to less cramped quarters.

In the dining room I am seated at a table for six. There is a manager of a fish cannery; a fur buyer; a woman from Yakima; a youngish deafish nurse, the Doctor and myself. The food is good, but the service is very poor. A peculiarity of the Doctor’s is drinking hot tea with plenty of both lemon and cream in it.

It is a beautiful sunny day and the scenery is fine. About five o’clock this evening we passed Nanaimo, B.C.

Most of the passengers, I find, are returning to Alaska after having been there for several years. There are very few people on board who have not been there before.

We are passing a great many Canadian lighthouses as we progress. They are all beautifully kept up, the buildings painted white with red roofs, and most of them have a small lawn and flowers around them.

This evening a three-piece girl orchestra appeared and played semi-classical music for a while and later dance tunes. They seem to be very versatile and have a lot of fun amongst themselves. Two of them must weigh over two hundred pounds apiece.
The Doctor has met quite a few people that he knows and from them is hearing of other friends and mutual acquaintances.

**Sunday, May 17**th. After supper last night there was dancing in the lounge, the deck steward acting as master of ceremonies—calling the dances, ladies’ choice, gents’ tag and so on. The idea being to try to get the passengers to lose their formality and stiffness and to get them to know one another. A late supper is served at 10 p.m. for those wishing it, so with four big meals a day it begins to look as if we shall soon be putting on weight.

Was up early this morning to find the same beautiful scenery and a pleasant day again. In some of the narrow stretches thru which we pass I noticed a seaweed that seemed to resemble a flower of sorts. Just before noon it clouded up and soon afterwards a light drizzle came down.

Talked to a man from Ketchikan this morning and he was telling me about the fishing industry. More canned salmon are shipped from Ketchikan than from any other place in the world. King Salmon are caught from small boats, each boat using four poles with an automatic reel for each pole, run from the engine. The canneries in the past used to use Filipinos, Chinese and Japanese for the work, using one-third of each nationality. Now, however, they use Japanese only, as there was too much friction between the races. Most of these Japanese are from Seattle and Portland. The canneries work on Sunday and take Monday off. Fish must be canned within twenty-four hours.

Pink salmon is as good as red, but the red always sells better as it is highly advertised. Chum salmon, which is also pink is not so good and is mostly sold to the Negroes of the South. A few white salmon are caught, but are considered the poorest of all.

Before reaching Ketchikan we passed by the islands of Calvert, Hunter, Bella Bella, Princess Royal, Gil, Pit, Porcher, Lucy, Dundas, Duke, Mary and Annette, to the west of us. To the east lay the town of Prince Rupert.

I had a long and interesting talk with a man who had been in Northern Siberia, this morning. He told some extraordinary tales of the hardships of the exiles in that country.

The food on board seems to be getting better and better. This morning for breakfast I had fresh strawberries and cream, brook trout, toast and marmalade. What could one want for a better breakfast than that?

So far I have not yet seen my room steward. Although I am not getting any service from him, I do not doubt but that he will turn up with his hand out, the last day.

Unfortunately there is no map posted showing the progress of the boat each day. It would be interesting to follow the route the *Yukon* takes thru all these islands.

Strange to say, although there is nothing to do, the days pass quickly enough.
The Doctor tells me that the cannery to which we are going on Kodiak Island employs between five and six hundred Filipinos and Japanese.

Looking at a map of Alaska this morning I noticed the following descriptive names—Chicken, Eagle, Beetles, Woodchopper, Poorman, Wiseman and Coldfoot.

A long talk with Hansen this afternoon on politics and economics, and although I usually find such subjects boring I was interested in Hansen’s somewhat new viewpoints. Later I talked to Mrs. Gregg of Cashmere, and her daughter; whilst the latter’s daughter raised the dickens—a very noisy kid for twenty months.

Osborne has been doing some work to finish up some English composition for school. He is writing an article about the religious life of a hobo he once talked to.

The weather seems a bit cooler and snow is now noticeably getting heavier on the mountaintops. This trip thru the Inside Passage reminds me in places of, Lake Chelan. In many places it appears as if we were travelling up a big river. We have been for many miles along a stretch where I doubt if the Passage is more than a mile wide. The boats always blow their siren before rounding a bend, in case another boat should happen to be coming from the opposite direction. This afternoon we met the Cardenia returning to Vancouver; apparently there were very few passengers on board.

The Doctor seems to be worrying about seasickness and suggests that we take Mothersill’s Pills. Says to eat no gravies or sweets and very little of anything. Personally I prefer a full stomach.

We reach Ketchikan early tomorrow morning.

Monday, May 18th. Up early in time to see the boat dock at Ketchikan at 6:30 a.m. Everybody went ashore and wandered around. Even at this early hour we found all the stores open. Evidently they were trying to pick up a little business from the Yukon. Am told they open up any time of the night if a boat comes in.

The town is larger than I expected it to be and has four or five blocks of cement streets, but all the other streets are of planks. There is a good looking school, one brick building and four or five of concrete, but all the rest are the old style frame buildings. It is curious to note how white all the concrete is in Ketchikan—this is caused by there being so many seashells mixed in with it. Some parts of the town are just like the oldest parts of Seattle. The passenger boats dock within a block of the best stores, so at breakfast time went back to the boat to eat.

It was raining of course, as it rains almost every day here. The rainfall here is measured in feet instead of inches. Fourteen feet of rain a year.

The tide rises and falls fourteen feet here at the docks.
After breakfast I took a walk with Osborne back up on the hill above the town and then down to the fishing docks. There were many king salmon boats coming and going and a few halibut boats were unloading their catches. The latter boats are larger than the salmon boats and carry seven to ten men and go out to sea several hundred miles, staying out as long as ten to twelve days. They use a long line with short baited ones spaced along it about two feet apart. These long lines are run off over the end of the boat and marked by flags. After all the lines are out they commence at the beginning again and pick them up, usually obtaining many fish. The lines are baited with herring. Ice is kept on the boat and the fish are packed in it till docking. Each boat is limited to so many pounds of fish on each trip. After the boat returns to port it has to stay there for ten days regardless of the number of days required to catch their limit. The men are paid on the share basis, the owner of the boat gets two shares and the crew one share each. The expenses of running the boat and the cost of the ice is equally divided amongst all. It is hard cold work and the men earn the money they make.

King salmon are caught by trolling from a smaller boat, which is usually handled by one man and a boy. These trolling boats are only allowed to use four lines. Two short poles for “depth lines” extend out from each side of the bow; and two lines are run from two poles about thirty feet tall, amidships. The trollers also carry ice, the fish being first cleaned and then stored in it.

When one of the trolling boats arrives in port, the fish are immediately unloaded. The method of unloading is to throw the fish into a large box which, when full, is hoisted up by a crane and then dumped onto a big sorting table. A man stands at this table and with a spiked stick lifts or slides the fish to its correct place, according to grade and size. The fish are then weighed by grade and the fishermen are paid accordingly. Today’s price is 11 cents per pound for the large and six cents for the small red salmon. After weighing the fish are then again washed and carefully packed in salt and ice in large boxes, which are shipped out within twenty-four hours.

Fresh red king salmon sells in the best stores of Seattle for forty-five cents a pound. The large difference in what the fisherman gets and what the consumer pays presumably going to transportation and brokerage.

The fish that I watched being packed and graded were going to New York. Only a small amount of the fish that is shipped fresh to New York is sold that way on the market—most of it is smoked in New York.

Spring is just commencing here—the daffodils are not yet full out and the tulips are not yet showing any color.

The Doctor tells us that he always wants us to go with him when we go on shore, as he knows where to go and what to see. All of which is all very well, but I do hate all this trooping along in a bunch. The Doctor will suddenly stop in the middle of the sidewalk to tell us something and he expects us to huddle around, and in so doing successfully block the sidewalk. His method of treating us like a bunch of ten-year-olds is very trying to say the least, but shall have to put up with it. I also find his table manners a bit embarrassing at times, but I do not think that he cares one iota what anyone thinks of him.
Yesterday afternoon I had an hour’s talk with a young Irish girl, by name of Peggy O’Reilly. She is travelling with her uncle to visit her brother who lives on some small island off the coast. Her brother raises foxes and she tells me that there is nothing to raising them. Only feed them once a week and let them run wild the rest of the time. It takes about three weeks work at pelting time. This sounds too easy to be right. Anyway, she was a very wonderful talker, and could talk on any subject very effectually.

Last night the orchestra played for dancing up till midnight—this is the first time it has played as late as that. The girls of the orchestra have been nicknamed by some wit “Betty Boop and Her Two Balloons.” Quite appropriate.

We always sit at the same place for meals, with the exception of the late supper. Last night at the late supper I sat with a cannery bookkeeper, a very decent sort, and a Mrs. Cummins. She is a very cheerful sort and has a cute four-year-old son, who actually does what he is told. Her husband is flying up and will probably be at Juneau to meet her.

Notice quite a bit more snow on the mountains as we get further north.

The rain has ceased and although still pretty dull it is quite pleasant but not warm.

I enjoy talking to the two men at our table—I should say that both are self-made men and probably pretty well to do. They have both seen lots of life and adventure in the North. The fur buyer, probably of Russian descent, was telling me of his adventures with polar bears. How he had to sit up nights to protect his dogs, as the bears tried to kill them. He says that it is his opinion that the bears thought the dogs were seals. Without the dogs all hope of returning to civilization was gone. Says he shot three polar bears in one night. Polar bear skins are not worth very much, but now the fur is used for the making of fishing flies, as it is waterproof and does not wilt in the water as does white dog hair.

Got into a long talk yesterday with a Jew, a journalist and a businessman. It was quite enjoyable and we touched on such debatable subjects as “Do Americans talk English?”, the why and wherefore of Joyce’s and Stein’s writings, and so on. Arguments flew back and forth, but it was in fun and we decided to argue again at some future time. Later, talking alone with the Jew, I got all the lowdown on mountain climbing, which is his hobby. All his information was new to me and of interest. He claims that he always goes up Mt. Rainier three times a year, some years four times. Maybe, I don’t know.

A government liquor man got on board at Ketchikan and he tells me that anyone can open up a liquor store in Alaska. According to this fellow there are about twenty liquor stores in Ketchikan. I had counted ten and was astounded—and had also noticed a great many empty bottles lying in the alleys. Saw one man stagger out of a house in his pajamas and a raincoat—unconventional to say the least. Alaska is the biggest liquor-consuming district of the States. An average of five and a half gallons of hard liquor being consumed for every man, woman and child in the Territory. Scandinavians here are reported to be the heaviest drinkers and they constitute the biggest part of the population of Ketchikan, which is four thousand.
A small river runs right thru the town and here Connor saw an Indian come down and stand and spear a fish which he cleaned right there and took off with him. Presumably his breakfast.

The famous song “Gloomy Sunday” about which there has been so much comment and criticism was played by the orchestra yesterday, without announcing the fact. However, no one committed suicide and two children, four or five years old, tried to dance to the tune all of which goes to prove something or other, just what I do not know.

Late yesterday we passed by a great number of waterfalls.

A movie picture was announced for this evening, but it turned out to be a commercial one, extolling the virtues of some newfangled fox food, which one of the passengers was trying to put over in Alaska. The movies were poor and not even interesting.

Talking with a fellow named Teed and find that he knows some people that I know in Wenatchee and Monitor. He is a surveyor and worked on the Rock Island Dam when it was being built. He has lived in Nome and of this place he tells me. That there is no running water for half the year; that there are no basements as the ground has been frozen since the last glacial age; that gold dredges have to thaw out the ground before they can work. This is done by having miles of pipe driven into the ground and these pipes heated with steam. Once thawed the ground does not freeze solid again, only a foot or two in winter months. The ground that has been thawed out, however, settles between four and six feet.

Teed told me the following story. A bad storm occurred at Nome a few years ago. When the storm had passed a woman’s body was found on the beach, apparently just dead. No one was missing and for a long time no one could recognise her. Eventually it turned out that the body was that of a famous dance hall girl who had died some fifty years ago. The grave was dug in frozen ground and the body thus preserved. The storm had washed out the grave and the body was found in the same condition as when buried. It is a good story anyway, but whether true or not I do not know.

Sidney Lawrence, the celebrated artist, is on board. It is too bad that he is so deaf, as it is practically impossible to talk to him.

Alaskans seem to consider the aeroplane the normal method of travel nowadays. Maybe the aeroplane will be the making of the country—it was so inaccessible before the advent of the plane.

This afternoon some of us watched some porpoises rolling along abreast of the boat. Very graceful creatures.

Up till last year the cost of the government colony at Matanuska was $12,000 per family. Alaskans do not seem to think very much of the scheme and those who have been there are far from being enthusiastic about it.
Tuesday, May 19th. About 11 p.m. last night we reached Petersberg and here all watches are set back one hour. Went down to the town and looked it over. Dropped into the drugstore to say hello to a friend of a friend at Wenatchee. At the store met Mrs. Cummings and started back to the boat with her. Hearing the boat whistle we thought we only had five minutes, so commenced running only to find after a minute or two that we were going down the wrong road. Of course we got back to the boat in plenty of time—in fact it did not pull out for half an hour after we arrived back. Petersberg did not seem like very much of a place to me. It is noted for its shrimps, but did not see any for sale. The nurse who sits at our table leaves the boat here and is going to work at the Petersberg hospital.

About 8 a.m. this morning we docked at Juneau, the capital of Alaska. Immediately we all set out under the Doctor’s leadership to the museum, arriving there an hour and a half before it was opening time. Nothing daunted, the Doctor called up Father Kashaverof, curator in charge, who is an old-time friend of his. The Father promised to come down immediately and arrived in about a half hour. He is a very well known Alaskan character and was instrumental in obtaining this most excellent museum at Juneau. The museum was, of course, of great interest and had many unusual and beautiful specimens. It is here in this museum that one can see the receipt for the sale of Alaska from the Russians.

After leaving the museum we all went down to the Nugget Shop, Alaska’s largest and best curio store. This place was almost a museum in itself, although, of course, there was a great deal of junk for the tourist sales. Here the Doctor found a fossilized walrus skull, complete with both tusks and lower jaw, which he purchased for twenty dollars. It was a beautiful specimen,—and knowing the Doctor, have an idea he must have thought it worth a great deal more than the price asked. In the store window I noticed a whale tooth marked for sale at five dollars. They can be bought in Seattle for fifty cents to a dollar apiece, so either the tourists that go there must be awful suckers or else it was a mistake in price tag. The owner of the store initiated us all into the Alaskan Order of the Glacier Bugs. After this he showed us and allowed us to handle the largest and finest piece of crystallized gold in the world. I had never seen anything like it before. Altogether it was a very fascinating store, but the prices were high. Several of Sidney Lawrence’s pictures were on display and two or three of the smaller ones were for sale at very high prices. Am told that some years ago one of his large pictures was sold for ten thousand dollars.

Juneau is by far the nicest town we have seen yet. It is more modern and appears larger than Ketchikan, although really they have about the same population. Juneau would be a pretty good place to live I should think.

After leaving Juneau the boat pulled into the docks of the Alaska-Juneau mine, the largest mine of its kind in the world. We could hear huge blasts from the interior of the mountain. This company is now mining under the ocean putting a tunnel thru to the opposite island and am told that they have taken over the old Treadwell mine, which we are now passing.

The sun is shining and it is nice and warm when one is out of the wind. So far I have worn neither coat nor hat all the way up.
At the present rate of progress we shall reach Cordova in the early morning or maybe about midnight, so am hoping that the boat will be making some stops at some canneries on the way, so that we can arrive at a decent hour. The Doctor has wired the Coast Guard Service the approximate time of our arrival and is now waiting to hear whether the boat that is to take us to Kodiak is in at Cordova or not. Possibly we shall have to spend the night at Cordova—we shall see.

We reached Wrangel yesterday evening at 6 p.m. and found it quite a quaint place, small and somewhat different. There seem to be a great many Indians around; some of the women sit on the docks and try to sell garnets and dolls. Garnets sell for a nickel apiece.

A Mr. Rasmussen met the Doctor at the boat and then we all went up to see the museum at the school. Rasmussen is the principal of the school and although this collection is housed in the school it is the private property of Rasmussen. He has an excellent display and it is one of the finest private museums I have ever seen. He has spent most of his life collecting it. The Doctor tried his best to buy one piece, but naturally Rasmussen was not selling it. Before leaving the school Rasmussen proudly showed us the domestic science room. It was finely equipped with three electric stoves, modern sink, electric refrigerator, and so on. As this is a government Indian school for native children it was indeed surprising to see such equipment. It seems to me that it is a very pathetic situation, teaching these native children how to use electric stoves and refrigerators. It seems obviously wrong, when not one in a thousand will have even running water in their shacks, let alone electricity. After leaving school they will return to their homes more dissatisfied than ever.

After we left the school we all piled into Rasmussen’s old car and drove down to see Chief Shake’s house. This is one of the very few authentic old Indian houses still standing. It is now being repaired and fixed up by natives who are being taught manual training at the school. When all fixed it is to be a show place for tourists. Nearby there are two mortuary totem poles—one of them still containing a few human bones in the cavity made for that purpose.

Have just been talking to a Mr. and Mrs. Christerofferson and they confirmed some of the stories I have heard of Nome. Said Christerofferson, “I hear that there are some scientists on board, do you know who they are?” So I had to tell him about the Doctor and how the rest of us were merely helping in the work. Possibly he thought I was being a bit modest about myself, for he wound up his remarks on the subject with, “I thought you were one of the party and that was why I asked you—you look like a scientist.” Which was somewhat amusing to say the least. The Christeroffersons are on their way to Fairbanks and will fly in from Seward with Joe Crosson, the famous Alaskan pilot, who is a friend of theirs.

I find that most Alaskans knew or knew all about Ben Eilson and he was very highly esteemed.

It is raining now and it will only be a short while till we get to the Gulf, and here, apparently, everyone expects to be sea-sick.

Someone on board seems to have been collecting caps and hats as five have been stolen, mine amongst them, so had to buy another cap at Juneau.
Since we have reached Alaska all newspapers cost ten cents apiece. Local papers are very small and have very little world news.

A large glacier is showing up towards the east and find that it is the famous Mendenhall. A great deal of snow on the mountains.

Yesterday we passed between the islands of Prince of Wales, Zarembo, Kupreanof, Admiralty, and Chichagof on the east and Etolin and Mitkof on the west. About dusk last night we passed thru the Narrows, which, as the name implies, is the narrowest part of the whole of the Inside Passage. In the Narrows we met the Alaska, a sister ship of the Yukon, returning south. We passed with very little room to spare and the passengers could talk back and forth from one boat to the other.

**Wednesday, May 20th.** Last night we entered the Gulf and for a while saw the last of the land. A slight roll commenced as soon as we got into the open, which increased the further we went from the land. During the night there was a fairly violent movement. Many passengers were sick, including the Doctor, Corner, and Osborne. I did not feel very cheerful myself but was down to all meals.

Have just heard that we are to transfer to a Coast Guard boat before we reach Cordova, so must get my packing done.

This evening I went down to the ship’s barber for a haircut, probably the last decent one I will have for some time to come.

**Kodiak Island**

**Friday, May 22nd.** Uyak Bay, Kodiak Island. We landed last night at Shepard Point, a cannery about eight miles from Cordova, about midnight. It was quite a job getting our stuff ashore as the gangplank was at an angle of fifty or sixty degrees. The Yukon left immediately we were all ashore—quite a pretty sight in the dark.

Mr. Lindstrom, manager of the cannery, met the Doctor and after we were introduced very kindly offered to show us over the place, which he did. It seemed quite big, modern and clean, but not yet operating.

An hour after the Yukon had left the Coast Guard Patrol Boat Tallapoosa swung into the dock at the cannery. Commander Imlay came ashore at once and introduced himself and had some of his men take our kit on board.

The Tallapoosa is a small boat but has a very neat appearance. It is 160 feet long and has 900 tons displacement. It served in the Atlantic waters from April 1917 until November 1918. This must have been a pretty tough time for all on board as it is such a small boat for such rough waters.
There are three guests on board besides our party so the boat is somewhat crowded. Two Army officers on board are taking a vacation and the third guest is a commercial photographer who has been taking pictures during the patrol. Another Army officer, a friend of the other two, was left at Uyak Bay, where he is going hunting for Kodiak bears. He expects to be ready to return by the time we arrive there.

We are sleeping with the crew, as this is the only available space. The crew’s quarters are not exactly spacious but are well ventilated. The bunks are of canvas stretched across a frame made of inch pipe, and are far more comfortable than one would suppose. The bunks are arranged three deep, one on top of the other, with narrow alleyways between sets of twelve bunks.

After leaving sight of land the boat rolled considerably and all of our party were seasick with the exception of Connor and I.

The officers seem to be a mighty decent crowd and the Army men too.

The commercial photographer, by the name of [Fred K.] Ordway, is an interesting personality. He is the Alaskan representative of the *New York Times*, and showed me several of his photos in that paper. Just recently he was fortunate enough to receive an order from the *Times* for one copy of all his photos for their files. As this amounts to 114,000 photos it makes it a fine order for him. Ordway is known up North as the flying photographer, having flown several hundred thousand miles in pursuit of his business.

In the morning we passed by some small rocky islands, which were literally covered with sea lions. Captain Imlay asked us if we wanted to go closer to look at them, which of course we did. Ordway wanted to get some photographs and so the boat was put about and we steamed to within a few hundred feet of the Islands. Imlay had a boat lowered and he and Ordway went ashore and took some movies. There were probably over a thousand of these animals lying on the rocks, some of them immense creatures. They make a peculiar noise, which in the distance sounds like the lowing of cows.

From the talk in the Ward Room I gather that Alaska is a place to make stake in and then get out; none of them seem sold on Alaska.

The seamen, of course, are in uniform, but they are allowed to grow beards, of which there are many and various types.

Part of the work of the Coast Guard Patrol is to guard the seals [fur seals], which have their rookery on the Pribilof Islands. The boats pick up the herds off the coast of California each year when they are returning to the Pribilofs for the mating season, escorting them all the way there.

Thousands and thousands of whale birds and some sea-parrots [puffins] were seen this morning.
At breakfast time this morning we were in Shelikof Straits and shortly afterwards passed by Afognak Island.

The Doctor gave a talk last night to all on board the boat. It went over very well and the men were interested and asked several questions when the talk was finished. The Doctor is a good lecturer.

We entered Uyak Bay this morning and about noon came into Larsen Bay and anchored offshore from the cannery. All our luggage and equipment was loaded into one of the launches and taken to the dock. Mr. Gordon Jones, manager of the cannery, met the Doctor, and had someone show us where we were to sleep. The two huts, which were built for the Smithsonian, were occupied, so we are temporarily quartered with some of the men in one of the many bunkhouses. The bunks are built two high with board bottoms and are supplied with mattresses. They are so built that eight bunks make a section by themselves.

The Doctor has been given a room to himself, which is over the office, some distance away.

We are eating in the men’s mess hall—there are sixty or seventy eating there now as the cannery is not yet operating. When the whistle blows for meals it is advisable to be right there, as everyone bolts their food and the room is empty in fifteen minutes. Fast eater that I have always been, here I find that I am terribly slow. Long tables are used and if what is wanted is not within one’s reach one shouts for it. There is one man to wait on each table of twenty-five to thirty men. The food is plain but excellent.

The cannery also has a store where practically anything can be obtained at Seattle prices. Beer seems to be about the only thing that is noticeably high and for this twenty-five cents a bottle is charged.

Here at the cannery there is also a machine shop, ship repair docks, hospital, laundry, radio station, blacksmith shop, storerooms, offices, etc. In fact it is a self-contained town.

We commenced work here after lunch and I know I was glad to be at work again. Wheelbarrows, picks, shovels, we took along the trail and over the beach to the site, which is just a mile from the cannery. The site looks very interesting and an immense amount of work has been done in the previous years the Doctor has been working here.

We are to go back and forth to meals and so have to keep cannery hours. Breakfast at 7:30 a.m.; lunch at noon and supper at 5:30 p.m. It seems to be rather a silly idea to walk back for lunch each day, but for some reason or other the Doctor will not let us take lunch with us.

Most of this afternoon was spent cleaning up the talus, which had fallen since last year, so that we shall have a straight wall to work on tomorrow. No screening is done here as the ground is too wet and it would take too long to do this-way. The method used is to throw the dirt into wheelbarrows; spreading it out as much as possible in so doing, and then wheel it to the
dump. Naturally some specimens are missed this way, but it is doubtless the best under these conditions.

I was lucky in finding the first specimen this afternoon. It was a good bone harpoon point. Between us we found several good pieces, but nothing out-of-the-ordinary.

The weather has been very nice, sunny at times, occasionally with short showers. The showers come up very quickly but apparently do not last long. There has been a cool wind, however, so tomorrow shall wear a sweater. Come to think of it, I have not worn a coat or hat since leaving Seattle. It is evident to me that we have brought too many clothes with us, although all we have is just what the Doctor told us to bring.

The Doctor is very peculiar and for the time being I am “yessing” him, till I get to understand him better.

Living with the men in the bunkhouse has its disadvantages, for it is practically impossible to get to sleep until they do, on account of their shouting and laughter. However, lights are put out at 10:00 p.m.

There is a small shack out on the site and here the Doctor keeps his specimens and later packs them. Outside the shack is what is called the “out-door museum.” This is really just a large display of broken and useless specimens and many bones, found on the site. There are some items here that I would like to have, and I think that the Doctor will let us keep anything we want that he does not see fit to keep for himself.

Larsen Bay is a headquarters for Kodiak bear hunters. One party is here now, just ready to leave after shooting two bears. The larger of the two bears is ten feet tall, but unfortunately it is packed for shipment and so was not able to see it.

Someone told me today that it is seven hundred and fifty miles around Kodiak Island by water.

Saturday, May 23rd. A surprisingly good breakfast. Too much good food, and I was tempted to try everything. There were prunes, mush, eggs and bacon, meat, hotcakes and syrup, toast, jam and coffee. And those hotcakes were most excellent too. At lunch we had soup, two kinds of hot meat, fish, pickles, bread, a fine pudding, coffee and tea. For supper tonight corned beef and cabbage, roast beef, fish, pickles, bread, canned tomatoes, apricots, cookies and cake, tea and coffee. With all this good food in front of one, and being hungry too, it is hard not to overeat.

Our site covers approximately eight acres, four on each side of a small creek. By an edict of President Roosevelt the site has been made a Government reservation, and it is posted to that effect. During the three or four previous years about four acres have been excavated. At the particular place where we are now working the depth of the site varies from three to seven feet, but in some places it is sixteen feet deep. We work on a straight cut or bank, working from the bottom so that when undercut this way, most of the dirt will fall of its own accord, which is
better than picking it down. We have to wheel the dirt from this particular place about eighty feet to the dump. As the dump is gradually built out, it is kept level and smooth and in some places built up into terraces when working up a hillside.


Figure 6. Alan May excavates the Uyak site using Hrdlička’s method: undercutting the upper layers until they collapse (1936-38a).
The Doctor wants everything “just so” and we have to keep the top of the dump as smooth as a lawn.

About 150 feet offshore from the Point there is a rock on which about a dozen cormorants or shags gather each afternoon to apparently watch us work. It appears as if they were interested in us, but probably they are waiting for some fish.

Two Chinamen passed by this afternoon after a successful octopus hunt—they had two fair-sized ones and I am told that these are quite a delicacy to them. The Chinamen of course are from the cannery. Very few Indians or breeds [individuals of mixed Native-white parentage] are seen around here.

It hardly ever gets really dark at night the Doctor says but am far too sleepy at nights to check up on this.

The spring season has not yet arrived here—the grass is green but the shrubs and alders have not yet commenced to sprout. The alders are about the biggest tree that grows here and these are very poor specimens.

This is a most scenic place, there are mountains all around us with snow capped ones in the distance. The Bay, from where we are working, is very beautiful.

It is not cold, which is a bit surprising.

Must get off some letters tonight as am told that the mail will be taken out sometime tomorrow.

Corner seems to be proving somewhat of a washout.

Today the Doctor, who was demonstrating how to use a pick, turned up a beautiful stone lamp. It was certainly an extraordinary demonstration and of course the Doctor was exceptionally lucky. He was tickled to death over it.

I found two outstanding specimens today, an incised nosepiece and a very fine large knife, both of which were new to this site. The knife was of chipped slate matrix and measured twelve inches by five inches.

A cross section of the site, commencing at the bottom is as follows. Bedrock is tilted slate and top of this is glacial till. Above the till is “butter earth” (decomposed volcanic ash of exceedingly fine texture and soft as butter); and on top of this is a layer of approximately three inches containing remnants of the original inhabitants. Next comes two or three inches of “butter earth.” From here on there is a layer of continuous living with changing cultures, but with no definite lines of demarcation. Then there is approximately two feet of Aleut [here and elsewhere in reference to Kodiak Island, Koniag] debris and rubble, all of which is pre-Russian.
The Russians first came to Kodiak in 1761 but did not definitely settle here with fortifications until 1783. Uyak Bay, on the first advent of the Russians, was apparently never occupied because of the presence of too many Aleuts. The first fortified town on the Island was called St. Paul, which was on the present site of Kodiak village. Kodiak Island was actually taken over by the Russians in 1763. The Doctor tells us that there are still a few real Aleuts left on the island, maybe about a dozen families, now living at Karluk. All the rest are breeds.

Sunday, May 24th. Work as usual in spite of it being Sunday. The Doctor says that as we only have such a short time during the year that this work can be done that we must use every day to work. It has been a nice day, with sun, rain and wind. I found ten good pieces, but nothing spectacular. The Doctor found another lamp and two nice slate knives. I found four bone handles all close together.

This evening the Doctor gave us a lecture, the subject being the structure of the skeleton. All fundamental principles being the same in all vertebrates. It was a very excellent and concise talk. Re-hashing the talk afterwards in the shack, find that Connor has a very good memory. Osborne is a good kid and surprisingly good at digging. Corner is rather a pain in the neck to all of us. He’s a peculiar bird, seems to be a bit “off” at times.

I hear that it is a pretty expensive hobby, that of hunting Kodiak bears. The average cost is about $1000 a bear I find. The two hunters who are just about to leave got their two bears at a cost of $2090, as from Seattle, but their home is in Chicago. Last year one bear was shot that measured fourteen feet from nose to tail—it is now mounted and can be seen in Marshall Field’s, of Chicago, sporting goods department.

There are two large warehouses amongst the cannery buildings, both of which measure 400 by 60 feet and have two floors. Find there is also a cold storage plant here. Two seventy-five foot pile drivers are now being made ready for work, which consists of driving the piles to make the fish traps. By closing one gate when the tide is coming in they catch the fish; when the tide is going out they close the opposite gate and thus catch them both ways.

In 1931, when working on this site the Doctor uncovered a skull which had carved ivory eyeballs inserted in the eye sockets, with inlaid garnet pupils. The skull was probably that of a shaman. Another skull was found which was trephined, scraped not cut, with the bone well healed.

Another item of interest from the Doctor is that in 1900 he personally saw migration of Asiatics to America. They traveled in umiakpaks (large [open] skin boats), forty or fifty men, women and children, together with baggage and dogs. The boat had sails made of skins.

Today the Doctor spent quite a time taking pictures of the “gang”; we should look pretty tough, as none of us have shaved since arriving here.

Monday, May 25th. Just back from a shower and feel much better. The showers are kept nice and clean and by turning live steam into cold water one gets hot water; however, it is hard to get it regulated, it is always too cold or scalding. It’s a case of jumping in and out according to
the temperature of the water. We get very dirty working out here, and having only cold water to wash in, I find that most of the dirt comes off on the towels. So far have not shaved; have not made up my mind whether to do so or not. The men here seem to shave just because they have nothing better to do with their time.

I did not find a great many specimens today, although one piece made the day more than well worthwhile. This was a beautiful labret made of lignite, nicely polished and exceedingly well made. Absolutely symmetrical. The Doctor said that it was the largest complete one found on the site to date, and by far the best. It was two inches in length, one and one-quarter inches wide and about one-half inch thick.

Returning to the cannery for lunch with the Doctor, he got to talking about style and fashion. Said that all that was left for women now, for something new in fashion, was for them to knock out the two front incisor teeth. They would do it he thinks if some ultra-smart fashion leaders commenced the fad. He was telling how when Louis XV was born it became fashionable for the ladies of the Court to have their clothes the same color as that of the excreta of the child. And how the Holy Lama of Tibet sells his urine for drinking purposes. He raved all the way home about the absurdities of people in the mass.

This afternoon we had a visit from the nurse at the cannery hospital—all of which sounds intriguing, however, said nurse was only a Filipino boy. He asked many questions but seemed primarily interested in the financial end of archaeology. If he believes all he was told he is sure full of “baloney.”

The Doctor works with each of us in turn, one day at a time—it is my turn with him tomorrow. Today he worked with Connor and I was amused when he told me to keep an eye on the other two boys “as I had had considerable experience.”

Have figured out that the bunkhouse we’re now in holds sixty-four men when full. It is far from full now; men are coming and going all the time, mostly fishermen and pile drivers.

So far we have not been bothered with mosquitoes or gnats—am told that they will be here by the end of the first week in June. The lupines are just beginning to show above the grass and moss, but it will be some time before they are in bloom. Many of the bushes and small trees are covered with some sort of lichen.

I got a bear’s tooth, porpoise tooth, and a seal’s ear bone today, which I shall bring home with me as curiosities.

**Tuesday May 26th.** A beautiful day today, sun out all day.

Today I worked with the Doctor and I marvel at his physical ability. He works right along, and even though I do more than he does, it is marvelous the amount of work he can do at 68 years of age.
One fine oblong lamp turned up, which was unusual in its shape, but nothing else of great importance. Found twelve pieces myself. A baby’s skeleton was found, a premature birth, which was carefully picked up to be sent to Washington [to the Smithsonian Institution]. Babies’ bones sometimes show diseases that adult skeletons do not. Corner, perfectly useless as usual, was sent home early by the Doctor to take a shower and rest.

The food continues to be excellent; Del Monte canned fruit is used here. So far we have had peaches, apricots and “Hawaiian Do-nuts.” The latter of course is pineapple, but the cannery hands always use this nickname.

Connor is growing a red beard; mine, if grown, will apparently be grey.

Last night a couple of our roommates called on us and gave us the “low-down” on fishing. We were told that this: cannery has packed out 8000 cases in one day. There are 48 cans or 18 fish to a case. One fish trap has caught as many as one million fish during the season. The men get paid $85 a month and all found. They also get a bonus, which is a percentage of the fish caught. This bonus averages about $800 per man. The season lasts approximately five months. The Bering Sea fishermen, two men in an open boat with a sail and no mechanical power, make as high as $3000 for the season. Their season is only actually three weeks fishing, but they are usually on the job about five weeks. This is very dangerous work, one cannery last year losing nine out of eighty men—hence, the high wages. The men load the boats down so with fish that if a sudden squall comes up they can’t throw them overboard fast enough to save themselves.

Men come and go in the mess room; sometimes we have Japs and breeds; sometimes old fishermen. They come in unwashed and some even wear their oilskins and drool at the mouth. This does not in any way affect our appetites, however.

If this delightful weather keeps up we shall soon all be sun burnt. Rumor says that tomorrow we move over to our own shack.

The Aleuts rarely, if ever, brought home the heads of any large animals they killed, hence the lack of animal skulls in the debris. Brains and urine were used for tanning skins. Fox, land otter and dog are the only skulls we have found so far.

Just back from another lecture by the Doctor; we have them every other night. This time he talked on the meaning of Anthropology and all its sub-branches. A very interesting talk, and as the Doctor said, this information cannot be obtained from books or from any college. Anthropology differs from all other sciences in that it is all comparative. It comprises of all studies dealing with man as an individual and in groups.

The Doctor tells me he has been with the Smithsonian for 33 years and that at the time he first went to them he was not allowed to mention the word “fetus” in lectures or to use it in any publication!

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43 British for “room and board.”
This evening it is very clear, one could see way up the bay to the Alaskan Peninsula, where Mt. Kugak, a volcano, 7600 feet, loomed up very clearly. The sun shines till about nine o’clock in the evening, but have no idea when it rises.

At low tide the Chinese catch octopus among the rocks, some of which are five to six feet across. Saw a bird this morning something like a swallow, only larger, which would swoop down and dive right under the water, evidently catching some sort of small fish.

Wednesday, May 27th. Another beautiful, clear day, bright sunshine and no rain. Was about to take close photographs of some of the specimens at noon today, when I found that I had left my focusing glass at the bunkhouse, so that was out.

Today I was working by myself and found ten worthwhile pieces, the best of which was a large ground slate knife, ten inches by seven and unbroken.

Mr. Jones, the manager of the cannery, who originally found the site we are excavating, left Croydon, England, when he was four years old. He was in South America for some years and for the last thirty-three years has been in Alaska. When he first found this site, he said he could walk along the beach and pick up artifacts by the score and roll skulls out of the bank.

This evening we moved into our shack—the Doctor is staying where he is for the present as he has a very comfortable large room. We are much better off in this shack, although we have to carry our water, whereas in the bunkhouse we had a trough with running water to wash in. Here we can at least talk without people listening in on us. The conversation of the bunkhouse men concerned only women and drink and their wording were explicit and not to be mistaken.

Thursday, May 28th. A dull, dark day, with a drizzle off and on all day, but not enough to get us wet.

Found eleven nice pieces, two good knives, and one good male seat. Seats were used, both male and female, the former being made from any large whale vertebra and the latter rarely found as they are only made from the atlas of the whale. The protruding processes of the vertebra are cut off for the male seat, leaving a representation of the penis and testicles on one end and the anus on the other. Also found a large vertebra, which had been worked up into some kind of cup or pot. Another peculiar find was a large slate slab, with three holes bored thru it and some more holes started, but not finished. Bone points and so forth turned up as usual.

The deep part of this site is approximately 2500 years old. For the purpose of the identification of artifacts, the site is divided into layers, which we term “deep,” “intermediate,” and “Aleutian.” However, there is no definitive line of demarcation between these layers. The “deep” artifacts are marked when found with a blue pencil, the “intermediate” with a red pencil, and the “Aleutian” with a black pencil. In this manner all the specimens can be segregated when they arrive in Washington. The depth of the site varies from three to sixteen with an average of about ten feet.
In 1913 the eruption of Mount Katmai covered the site with a layer of ashes, and these ashes, after twenty-three years, are still in the grass roots. Working on this basis alone the bottom of the site would be 2760 years old, but of course this cannot be considered as correct or definite, as many other things enter into such a calculation. There are other ways of determining the age of the site, such as the time it would take an average depth of one foot of loess to accumulate, such as occurs above the original inhabitants.

At the lecture tonight the Doctor talked on Archaeology and not on Phylogeny as originally intended “as Mr. May will not be with us all the time.” Records of ancient man go back as far as 500,000 years, the Eolithic Age. About 10,000 years ago [in] the Neolithic Age, man began the polishing and grinding of stone. Any culture which shows both the chipping and grinding of stone belongs to the Neolithic Age. Ornamental work on ancient utensils and implements only began in the Neolithic period.

In the store here tonight I saw some Wenoka apples, Winesaps at forty cents a dozen. The manager of the store was complaining about the number of rotten apples in each box—the last box he obtained had fifteen rotten ones in it. The apples look in good shape; all have 100% color, but did not buy any. This is really a very good store and they sell anything and everything and prices are quite reasonable. The Territory of Alaska gets one-half cent out of every bottle of beer that is sold—this should bring a sizable sum of money to them. The storekeeper says that the men here have more money than they know what to do with. There is a shortage of labor and have been told that there are a bunch of Mexicans on their way here, $65 a month, all found, with a bonus as well.

Left an order at the store for the laundryman to call round for my dirty clothes; hope he comes as I don’t relish the idea of trying to wash these terribly dirty clothes myself.

I now have a week’s growth of beard and it has got to the itchy stage, and still have not decided whether to let it grow or not.

First barge load of fish came in this morning, so we had salmon for supper tonight, and very good too. Osborne has gone for a walk and Connor and I are trying to write our notes, but we had quite a time getting Corner to keep quiet. The latter says he is nineteen years old—maybe he is, but he appears to have the mentality of a ten-year-old child. As far as actual digging goes, give me a ten-year-old boy anytime.

Tonight the Doctor gave us a “separate” [a reprint] of his report of last years’ [sic] work here—this is published in the Explorations and Field Work of the Smithsonian Institution for 1935.

Walking to work with the Doctor and talking of Mr. Jones, the manager of the cannery, he said “Yes, he’s a fine man, can ably manage 500 men, but not one woman.” I found out later that Jones was divorced two years ago—evidently much to the Doctor’s disgust. Am getting quite a collection of odds and ends, a few broken pieces the Doctor gives me, seals’ ear bones, epiphyses from porpoise and whale, different teeth and so on.
Friday, May 29th. Darkish and raining when we got up this morning, but after a couple of hours it cleared up and we had sun for the rest of the day.

Had quite a good day as I found nineteen pieces. One nice stone lamp, knives, points, etc. and one especially fine “deep” piece, the use of which is problematical. It was a small gadget and very beautifully carved, made of ivory, and the Doctor was delighted with it. The Doctor himself found a human frontal bone with a hole drilled through it; possibly it was used pendant fashion as a charm.

I hear that the *Curacao* is due in here on Monday so that means some mail from home I hope.

This morning the Doctor packed up one or two boxes of specimens, including some specimens which I had hoped to photograph. In the course of excavating I found that I had to tear into a thrush’s nest this morning; it had four eggs in it too. It could not be helped so the Doctor took the nest and eggs and is sending them back as a specimen to the Smithsonian as the nest is built differently from those in the States.

The driftwood on the beaches of the island lasts for eighty years before the process of disintegration commences, and according to the Doctor it would last longer if buried. Meat will keep here without cold storage for a long time. This is because of the lack of microorganisms in the air here.

Some of the cannery men here collect a certain fungus from the alder tree and carve it into ornamental (?) designs and then sell it to others. I saw some of this work tonight; pieces that are sold for three dollars, but personally would not give two bits for them.

Pickled beets tonight for supper, they seemed to hit the spot too. The pies are sometimes very good, but other times are not worth eating.

Osborne and Corner working near me today and I found that I kept up with them wheelbarrow for wheelbarrow, without any extra effort. I figured out that I can look over and remove by wheelbarrow to the dump, about one hundred feet away, just one yard of dirt an hour.

Tomorrow is Memorial Day and the following day Sunday, both holidays, but this means nothing to us as we work every day.

Osborne can play the mouth organ and is now teaching Connor in the empty shack next door. Connor purchased his mouth organ at the store, but Osborne brought his with him. Quite a lad is Osborne.

Information from the Doctor obtained returning to lunch this morning—small whales, both black and white, are hunted in the lower Yukon River. This river is so wide that one cannot see the opposite shore in places. Guns are fired to scare the whales down, thus eventually forcing them up for air for a longer time than normal, then the natives surround them in their kayaks and
try to harpoon them. Floats are fastened to the ends of the lines and the natives follow these floats till the whale dies.

One often finds pockets of broken sea-urchin shell in the course of digging. These sea urchins are still eaten by the natives, the process being to place them to the mouth and suck out the insides. Chinamen go out collecting wild celery root, which grows in abundance along the lowlands. Wild parsnips also are very prolific here and smell to high heaven. Stinging nettles are also very abundant and before the season is over reach a height of six feet or better.

According to the Doctor common sense is far more important than scientific training in this sort of work.

Talking tonight to a sailor who has been all over the world and he says that Alaska is the only place to live.

We have found many seal ear bones and it is peculiar to note that out of all of them found so far there is not one from the right side of the head. Evidently there must be some ceremonial significance in this.

Saturday, May 30th. Beautiful sunny day but with a cool wind all day. Today I worked with the Doctor and we had good luck. He was particularly pleased with one large lignite bead, the first of its kind found here—about one and one-fourth inches in diameter with a large hole in the center. It did not have the polish, though, that the lignite labret had.

Eskimos take the elderberry buds in the spring and dry them for future use; white men call it Eskimo “spinach.”

Returning at lunch this morning the Doctor gave us tentative plans as to what will happen after we leave here. He plans to take the necessary equipment and packed specimens with him and not return here. From here we go to Dutch Harbor where we leave the museum specimens and collect the mail. Then we leave for Kiska, the Doctor and the other boys going there, but dropping me off at Adak. He will return and pick me up when ready, the length of time depending on his success at Kiska. Probably be better than a month. Adak is archaeologically unexplored, so it seems like a wonderful break for me and am sure tickled that things are working out this way. Adak is a small island, about 25 miles by 15, as far as I can make out from the map, and about a thousand miles west of here. There is one man, a fox trapper who lives on the island part of the time, but don’t expect he will be there at this time of the year. We then return to Dutch Harbor to do some work there and also pick up our packed specimens and get the mail before leaving for home on the Navy boat Vega.

On the southeast end of Kodiak there are a great many small auks. These birds are caught by the natives with nets; sometimes they catch as many as thirty or forty in one throw.

The Doctor was telling us with great amusement of how the curator of the Oakland Museum published a pamphlet at his own expense, describing in great detail the finding of the petrified buttocks of a man. It turned out eventually to be merely a concretion. One fine nephrite
(jadeite) axe has been found here [i.e., on Kodiak Island] in the diggings, two years ago. The nearest jadeite is on the Copper River, better than 500 miles away.

Looking at the map again I find that Adak is 200 miles further west than the most eastern part of Asia.

**Sunday, May 31st.** Another nice sunny day and again that cool wind in the afternoon. We have just returned from a walk along the beach and found the sun quite warm even at six-thirty in the evening.

The mail went out today on a boat going to Kodiak.

Connor is now in the act of trying to light a fire in our stove in order to get some hot water to endeavor to clean up a bit.

Last Thursday the native family that lives near the “bone yard” as our excavations are sometimes called, were awakened by two bears fighting on the beach. We had thought that perhaps we might see one tonight but we had no luck.

Today I had to work with Corner and with a bit of coaching actually did get him to do some work at least, but we did not have much luck in finding specimens. The Doctor told Osborne to start work in a new place and Osborne, misunderstanding him, started elsewhere and very soon after commencing dug up a necklace of twenty-two pieces made from halibut vertebra. The Old Man was so tickled that he came over to tell me about it. Connor found one very nice piece of unknown use, made from a solid piece of bone with a chain link, and he was also lucky in finding a fine bone handle for some implement.

The sand beaches here are of a dark grey color, apparently composed of minute particles of slate. In some places where the bedrock is “on edge” the action of the rain and water has left millions of sharp points or needle effects. It would be terrible stuff to fall on. All the cannery refuse is dumped on the beach and it is covered with tin cans, dead fish, crates and barrels and so forth, not to mention hundreds of beer bottles. Evidently there is something in the atmosphere that prevents the smell of decomposition and of course the seagulls are good scavengers too. And talking of scavengers, we are all getting to be pretty good scavengers ourselves. Always looking in the dump boxes for things we can use, such as wood, nails, packing material, boxes and so forth. I have acquired two old doormats for the shack, which help a bit.

This evening we passed through the Oriental quarters and noticed all sorts of fish hung up to dry on the sides of the buildings. Quite a few octopi tentacles, the largest of which were about four feet in length and not very attractive looking. The Chinese eat the wild celery and dry the roots, which they ship to San Francisco and sell for one dollar a pound. However, the roots are very spongy and light in weight and it takes quite a lot to make a pound. Wild celery has a most peculiar odor, sweet but pungent at the same time, but very pleasant.

Am told that Mr. Jones has a fourteen foot Kodiak bear skin in his house, so the next time I see him must ask about this and see it if possible.
This morning we had grapefruit for breakfast for the first time since we have been here, and also for the first time for lunch, sweet potatoes, string beans and ham, all very good. Many of the men think the food is very poor and regale us with tales of how they eat when they get to sea on the fishing boats.

The island is covered with undergrowth and brush, with the exception of the tops of the hills, which are bare—the tallest hill is 4200 feet. Under the brush there is a light springy moss, into which one sinks when walking. Bear trails are very numerous. There is a pair of ravens living near the diggings, and they make all sorts of weird noises. The Doctor says they live to be over a hundred years old.

The original transportation for all aborigines was of course on foot. They then used logs for crossing the rivers—and this developed into the use of rafts by tying two or three logs together and occasionally a sail was used on rafts. The raft was replaced by the dugout canoe, which in turn developed into larger boats. In the North water transportation was first a coracle, which eventually became a kayak and then the bidarka [Aleut version of a kayak]. Under the Russian influence the small skin boats developed into the larger umiaks [open, skin-covered boats] and umiakpaks [large umiaks], which can carry forty or fifty people with baggage and dogs. Kayaks and bidarkas are used successfully many miles from shore, sometimes going as far as 80 miles from land. Umiaks and umiakpaks are very seaworthy craft; in bad weather animal bladders filled with air are attached to the gunwales.

Here we find that fire was made by friction and it was covered at night with beach sand to hold till the following day. Cooking was done by placing the meat directly on the hot embers and sometimes by dropping hot stones into pots. Lamps were used for both light and heat; whale or seal oil being used as the fuel and moss for a wick. There are several different kinds of lamps found here—male, female, children’s, widows and signaling. The male lamp is usually oblong in shape; the female lamp is round or oval; children’s lamps are small, only two to three inches in length; widows’ lamps are crude, more or less unfinished ones, and the signaling lamps very large, some weighing as much as fifty pounds. One lamp in an igloo gives sufficient heat and enough light for native purposes. When very cold, Eskimos will stand or squat in their parkas over a lamp allowing the heat to rise up under their clothes. All the lignite specimens found here are intrusive.

Barter was practiced extensively—some individuals or families specializing in the making of lamps, others in the making of points and so forth. These individuals or families exchanged their products with others of the same tribe who specialized in making other items they needed, or with hunters for meat. Usually, a family handed down to their descendants their particular form of craftsmanship. In each tribe there was usually one person who did nothing but trade, and this individual was always immune from molestation by any other tribes through whose territory he passed. Obsidian from the Pacific coast was highly prized and in trading it often changed hands many times, and it is known to have reached Washington, D. C. in this manner. In the Arctic a parka (fur) was the highest unit of trade. Craftsmen of the same tribe making the same artifact often showed considerable difference in the finished product. These differences are sometimes confusing to the archaeologist as they are sometimes mistaken for evidences of another tribe or intrusive pieces.
Monday, June 1st. Another beautiful day, delightfully warm and was able to work all day stripped to the waist. However, it won’t be long now till the mosquitoes are here and then this will be out. The bay was as still as a pond, not even a ripple, but a slight wind rose in the late afternoon.

Was working with Osborne today, quite a delight after working with Corner—Osborne is a fine worker and we moved lots of dirt. Only found seven pieces myself; Osborne got several and one particularly fine bone point, slightly curved. Conner found an intrusive jasper arrowhead, which tickled him very much.

Mail was distributed before breakfast and was mighty glad to find three letters for me. Corner gets them by the score; guess every girl he knows is writing to him. It is many a year since I got such a kick out of receiving letters.

The salmon before going up the streams to the spawning grounds “play” around the mouths of the streams. About this time the male salmon begins to grow teeth for fighting purposes, while the females often change color, some of them changing to a deep red, like the color of red snappers. The females make their nests by wriggling around in the sand, and then deposit their eggs therein. At this time they are very weak, they lose their sense of balance and are unable to navigate well, and the sea gulls hover around and pick out the eyes of the salmon while they are yet alive.

It is interesting to note that the sea gulls are always washing and cleaning themselves in the fresh water of Wash Creek.

While writing this, conversation goes on in spurts; Conner winding up his last remark with “So says the Hon. Mr. May of whom there is no whomer!”

A small shack across the bay from the “bone yard” is occupied by one Cod Fish Mary, a native, and am told that she supplies the cannery with codfish for food. This evening we had steelheads for supper—very good too.

Corner, working with the Doctor today, got sent back early due to his inability to work.

Tuesday, June 2nd. Perfect day again the sun being out long before we got up, till nine o’clock in the evening. And still no skeletons.

Today I had to work with Corner and it is very trying to say the least. Was lucky in finding the best lamp of the season this afternoon and also a beautiful large bead or button of ivory with incised concentric circles on it. It was about one and one-half inches in diameter.

This evening the Doctor got out his boat of which he is awfully proud. We had the “launching” and then the Old Man insisted on taking us all for a ride in it, he doing the rowing as the outboard motor is not yet unpacked. It was a real delight to see the evident joy the Old Man had in his boat. It is sixteen feet long and has a small sail and was made especially to order for him by Tregonning of Seattle.
I was astounded at the clearness of the water. Great sea-anemones, probably better than a foot in length, grow in great profusion on the bottom of the bay, with varying colors. We saw many fish, salmon, cod, halibut and toadfish. Starfish were therein great numbers too, in size varying from one to eighteen inches across.

The Doctor is anxious to get the outboard motor out and this will probably be quite an amusing affair, but we have decided that we will follow instructions and have no initiative of our own. The boat, with the astounding name of Queenie, is to be used here for transporting the specimen cases from the diggings to the cannery. This is about a three-mile trip by water but it will prove a nice way to get the stuff back.

During the boat ride the Doctor discoursed on fish—says they are not so dumb as one would think—they hear, sleep and make noises.

This morning we drew lots for the lamps the Doctor had promised us and I was lucky in obtaining the one I wanted. Not bad for a small one, but not by any means can it be considered good, but was glad to have it. Am going to send it home in my heavy boots, which I find are too heavy to use with all the walking we have to do.

Stripped down to the waist for work again this morning and although there were quite a few bugs about did not get stung—am beginning to get quite sunburned. The Doctor now issues each working couple a spray gun to spray Oronite around to keep the bugs away and strange to say it does seem to work for a while at least. In all I got eight pieces today, including three lamps, knives, and points.

They have commenced canning fish now at the cannery and at noon I went over the plant. There is a great deal of what appears to be mighty complicated machinery. The “Iron Chink” is a wonderful machine—it cuts off the heads and tails and fins, rips open the belly and takes out the entrails. The name “Iron Chink” arose from the fact that this work was formerly done by the Chinamen by hand. Nothing is wasted here; entrails, offal, and blood are made into fertilizer and the oil is also used. In the warehouse this evening the cans that were packed this morning were “popping,” a familiar sound at all canneries. Fish have to be kept some hours before they can be canned, as the skin is too tough and rubbery when fresh. All fish, however, must be canned within forty-eight hours of being caught. Excellent fish served in the mess hall, which I have been eating steadily instead of meat. The Doctor says that when they get to Kiska they will have to fish to help make a change of food. Not having a boat at Adak I don’t suppose I shall try—shall be too busy anyway.

The laundry was returned today and found the prices very reasonable. The Doctor asked us how much it cost and on being told that a handkerchief cost a nickel, grunted “Huh, you can buy one for a nickel.”

On the Yukon both white men and natives use the fish wheel, a kind of water wheel, which automatically throws the fish into a box, and so the men get their fish without the effort of fishing.
Foxes were domestic pets as well as dogs and many are found buried with children here, and in one case two foxes were buried with a child, one fox laying in the child’s arms. From domesticity dogs were developed into animals of useful purpose, especially in the North, where until the recent advent of the airplane, almost all transportation depended upon the dog. Foxes caught for food almost always show fractured skulls, whereas domestic fox skulls are always intact, as these were throttled.

American Indian burials are of three kinds, inhumation (definite, secondary and segregation), surface (trees and platform), and cremation. Secondary burials are those whose bones have been picked up after the original burial, to be reburied in the home site burial ground. People who die away from home, fishing, hunting, berry picking, and so forth, are reburied this way. Segregation [burials] are those which give especial places of honor to certain people, chiefs, shamans, and sometimes drowned people. In mass burial, after a massacre, it is usual to segregate the men from the women and children. In the North and on the Plains, the natives were “buried” in trees or on platforms. This also applies to most places where the ground is frozen deep in the winter months. In the tree and platform burials, the platforms and boxes rotted and the bones dropped to the ground; these were then collected and reburied. The Yuma Indians always cremate every dead person and in most cases all captives. In many tribes a child, if very young, was buried with the mother if she died. Wives were often buried with husbands. In Russia, before Christianity was introduced, a group of women called the “Angels of Death” had the profession of throttling the favorite wives of a man who died. One conservative approximation by Hrdlička of the number of burials in America since the coming of the aborigines, some eight to ten thousand years ago is two billion. Sometimes in digging the graves the hole has penetrated into geologically ancient soil; this soil will be thrown out and in filling the hole will be thrown in on top of the body. Time and the elements will eventually pack and restratify the ground and give the appearance of being undisturbed. In this way many of the so-called “ancient men” in America have been found in association with fossils and bones of extinct animals.

Wednesday, June 3rd. The original inhabitants were not cannibals, possibly the Intermediates were and it is obvious that the Aleuts were cannibalistic. The Aleuts from this site have thicker than average skulls. Even today, the Aleuts are very indifferent in their attitude towards life. Coming back to lunch today the Doctor gave us the following two true stories concerning them. A young boy brought home his youthful friend to have a meal with his family. The family had very little food and the visiting boy ate quite a lot. After the visitor had gone the father reprimanded the son for bringing his friend to eat with them when they had such a small amount of food available. The son told his father that there would be more food for the rest of the family if he killed himself and proceeded to do so without interruption from his family. This happened in Kodiak.

Another case, from Karluk—a young lad had tired of life and tells his mother that he is going to drown himself. The mother is distressed and weeps loudly, but does not dissuade him. The boy then enters the water and finds it difficult to drown himself. His mother, seeing his difficulties, goes out to help him and holds his head under water until he is dead. Life is a very insignificant matter to the Aleuts.
Today we had eighteen hours of sunshine and the bugs are getting more numerous, but are mostly gnats, and the Doctor is already getting bitten, but the rest of us seem to get by all right so far. Had a fair day, working with the Doctor, and found eleven pieces, including a complete skeleton of a dog, which of course was carefully collected. The Doctor is a great old fellow, marvelous for his age and really very likeable at times, in spite of his foolishness. Conner found a very fine hammerhead, one of the best found to date.

Talking to the Doctor about my Moses Coulee pipe he told me I would be very foolish if I ever sold it, for all I could get would be perhaps around $150.00. I think this price is about the highest the Doctor ever pays for anything, judging from what I have heard. He told me that in 1932 he had two Navy seaplanes assisting him here, taking photos and so on. Very little can be accomplished from the air because of the heavy brush and foliage. He was airsick and mighty glad to land on solid earth again. He also gave us all a talk on the joy of work and how to get the greatest appreciation out of it was to do it neatly and tidily. He is very down on denominational churches, but I think he has a great faith in a power of some sort, or some force in Nature.

We never light the fire in the shack unless it is for the purpose of heating water—even though we have free wood and coal. Already my nose is peeling from sunburn, and Osborne is quite badly burnt on the face.

Dug up a fairly good “plate” this morning that is the epiphysis of a vertebra of a whale, and the Doctor gave it to me as well as a “loaf” of the Aleuts, which I think is a caudal vertebra of a young whale.

The hillsides are gradually becoming green, ferns are shooting up through the moss, and spring is in the air. Flowers are not yet out though.

The original inhabitants of this site were practically wiped out at one time, probably by the warring Cooks’ Inlet Indians. Burials, in which twelve to fifteen men, women, and children were thrown in, have been found approximately forty feet apart in fourteen different places on the site.

Thursday, June 14th. For the first time in the five summers that the Doctor has been here there were no clouds in the sky all day another perfect day with eighteen hours sun. This evening I put in an hour and a half writing letters. We are doing the chores keeping the place swept out and keeping water on hand for washing. Connor and I work together and Osborne and Corner.

Some years ago the Smithsonian required a number of Negro skulls for study purposes and sent Hrdlička to the Canal Zone to dig up some of the thousands of blacks who died during De Lesseps’ attempt to dig the canal. He found many graves, but two feet down the water came in and, eventually uncovering the crude coffins, he found them full of clear water with nice clean white bones floating around on the top. Later it was found that the bones were almost useless as all were bored thru and thru by some worm.

Once again I had to nurse Corner along—it’s getting a bit too much, having to take him every other day. As Connor says, “What the hell did we come here for? To learn something
about archaeology or to wet nurse a half-wit?” And “them’s my sentiments” too! Only found six good pieces today, but Connor turned up the first skeleton and shortly after another one appeared alongside, male and female. The female skeleton was the huskiest one I have ever seen. The mandible was larger, heavier and thicker than most of the local Indian male skeletons at home. We took a few pictures and then the Doctor pulled them up and I was astounded at the rough way in which he went at it. I feel that I could have done a better job myself. He told us always to pair off the bones as taken up—to see that there are two of each, excepting of course, the vertebrae. One way to tell a male from a female skeleton is that in the pelvic bone of the female one’s thumb lays loosely in the sciatic notch, whereas in the male it lays more or less tight. The skeletons found today lay on a bed of stones and remains of a crisscross of wood above them. The male skeleton had two knives in or near its hands and had had the four upper front teeth knocked out for decorative reasons. The radius, ulna, and fibula were missing from the female.

This afternoon the Doctor dug up a specimen which greatly intrigued him; it was the occiput [back] of a human skull, almost symmetrically shaped with the edges beveled so that it formed a sort of cup. Such a thing has never been found here before. The Doctor collects certain animal bones, such as the atlas, axis, astragulus, scapula, skull, and mature long bones. Mortuary offerings are of great use, giving evidence of the implements used at the time of burial. Here lamps were always chipped when placed in graves, but not broken. The better the lamp the smaller the chip, which is very nice for the collector. The two knives found with the Aleut skeleton today were not broken or killed. The potlatch is a degeneration of the mortuary offerings, the praising and singing of songs of the dead, but giving the articles to the living.

In a sheltered nook this afternoon I found some forget-me-nots in bloom and the first lupine. The snow is disappearing on the hills very fast now.

Had a hectic time trying to get the shower to work tonight and ended by having a cold one. The showers are kept very clean; each one is private. In fact the whole cannery is kept scrupulously clean and am told that it is a model cannery. The floors of the cannery itself are scrubbed out each night and sprinkled with salt. The men are paid from the time the boat pulls up anchor at San Francisco until it drops anchor there about five months later. The pay goes on whether the fishing does or not.

Friday, June 5th. A surprise at breakfast this morning—canned rhubarb, and strange as it may seem, it was very good.

Another day of sun, but it was somewhat obscured by the smoke from some eruption. An earth temblor last night at eleven o’clock but was sleeping at the time and did not feel it. Another one this morning at 11:20 but it was only slightly noticeable.

Was working with Osborne today and we got a lot of work done but did not find a great deal. I found seven pieces but nothing of particular import. The Doctor found a burial, on the deep intermediate line, of a woman and child. All the bones were not there and the burial had been disturbed. An odd male mandible was found nearby and an ivory earplug with the burial, but that was all. Took photos in situ. The skeleton showed a bad case of arthritis and was located at the end of Smithsonian Boulevard. Have been working the same place now for over a week.
and Connor calls it “May’s Architectural Atrocity.” My dumpings have now dammed Pea Creek and formed a lake, which we have named Hrdlička Lake.

Fish traps cost between $15,000 and $20,000 to build and usually pay for themselves in three catches.

The gnats were pretty thick today and the Old Man wore his head net. He seems astounded that the gnats don’t bother me; so am I, but there is plenty of time yet left for them. I do get an occasional bite but they don’t bother me. Mosquitoes are not yet out. Last night I walked up to the cannery dam, the source of the water supply and power, and up there the gnats were terribly thick. Osborne walked around the Bay by himself, eight miles—he heard some bears but did not see any—fortunately for him.

Canned spinach for lunch, not half bad; have decided I am eating too much—must commence to cut down or I’ll be getting fat.

Saturday, June 6th. Nice sunny day again, but still a bit smoky. Am told that it was Mount Augustine [St. Augustine Volcano in southern Cook Inlet] that blew up and it is still belching. This evening it is very thick and one can only see a couple of hundred yards. Osborne and Connor have gone for a walk. Just where I don’t know as there is nowhere to go, no roads and only two trails, one to the diggings and the other to the dam. To climb the hills one must fight one’s way through the brush, which is by no means an easy thing to do. After supper I returned to the diggings to take a few photos and try to make a rough map.

Today’s results were a bit better. I found the best chisel of the year and the best net-sizer of all time. Conner got the best Aleut lamp ever found here. The Doctor took some photos of the work being done this morning and insisted that Corner (again working with me) and I be in one of them, showing a fine exposure that I made the last week.

Apparently the Adak deal is all set for the Doctor told Connor that I would not have to put up with Corner much longer as I’d be free of him on Adak. He wants Corner to suggest returning home himself—he hates to send him home, as he knows his father. Says he thinks there is something wrong with his thyroids.

This evening the Doctor called on us in the shack and fortunately we were (Corner excepted) all discussing the articulation of a fox’s spinal column, demonstrated by some vertebrae we had on the table. He stopped and talked for a while and told us that tomorrow the essential job would be to get the outboard motor running, so that we can pick up the packed specimens and bring them back to the cannery. I think the Doctor is almost anxious to be on his way again, as skeletons are pretty scarce. Shall not be sorry to get moving myself.

Actually being unshaven is quite a protection against the bugs, so don’t want to shave, but hate to think of getting on a spick and span Coast Guard boat looking the way I do.

Sunday, June 7th. Sunshine again all day but a wind blew up in the evening bringing smoke from the volcanoes which was-distinctly odiferous.
This morning the Doctor gave Connor and I instructions in packing skeletons. The best-shaped box to use is one in which two five gallon gasoline cans have been packed. This box holds two complete skeletons and has a bit of room to spare for other odd bones. Odd animal bones are put in loosely to act as filling.

During the lecture tonight, the carpet in the Doctor’s room, which is upstairs over the office, rose and fell with each blast of the wind, just like the waves on the sea.

Worked with the Doctor today but only found about six good pieces. The Old Man found the first complete (less teeth) porpoise skull with which he was delighted. In the afternoon, Connor and Osborne, who have been put in charge of the outboard motor, got out the Queenie and eventually arrived at the digs about four-thirty, so we loaded the specimens and all came back in the Queenie.

The Doctor gave his approval of the whiskers Connor and I are raising, as “mosquito protectors.” The bugs were pretty bad this afternoon and we were wearing veils.

The mail went out at six this evening and the star will be, or should be, in sometime tomorrow evening with the mail. We had the most wonderful canned blackberries for supper this evening, big ones, all whole and not in the least mashed up—we had a very fine salad also. Am laying off the meat and fish for a while and trying vegetarianism. My usual breakfast is fruit, mush, bacon and eggs, hotcakes and syrup, toast, jam and coffee; there is no tea at breakfast. This, however, is the biggest meal of the day for me. There are two graveyards here besides the one we are digging in, one for white men and one for Orientals. The white men’s graveyard is not kept up at all and some animals have been digging the bones out of the graves. Practically all the names on the wooden crosses are Scandinavian. The Oriental graveyard is well kept up, with a white fence for each grave. The Chinese graves have little cakes laid at the foot of them, whereas the grave itself is covered with white painted stones.

Some of the cannery men were out on the beach near us this afternoon and two of them went swimming. If this delightful weather continues this place will soon be a summer resort.

A fellow with a movie camera came to the digs this morning and took pictures of the Doctor and myself at work. Tonight this same fellow came round to the shack for a chat—find his name is Roy Madden and that he is the radio operator on the Chilcat, the boat which is called the flagship of the company. Madden is absolutely nuts about photography and can talk of nothing else.

Human remains associated with extinct animal bones should always prompt the question as to when these creatures died. The Americas are inhabited only by Indians as a race, all tribes being fundamentally the same people, varying however in color from old parchment to chocolate. Had they arrived in Paleolithic times more distinct diversification would have resulted. The oldest proven inhabitants of the Americas can reach back as far as 3000 years. Some authorities state 8000 to 10,000 years—this is possible but not proven.
Alatak Bay has produced slate points made in a similar style to the Folsom points. They can also be found in the Bering Sea area. Folsom points were perhaps an experimental design and although not common are fairly numerous and found in many states.

Monday, June 8th. Am beginning to think that eighteen hours of sunshine a day is typical Kodiak weather, for again we had the sun all day and not a cloud in the sky. We are now all wearing our head nets (“Virgin’s Veil’s,” Osborne calls them) and strange to say they do not seem out of place. I find that it is much harder to see through them than I thought, especially in the sun. It is far too hot to wear a Southwester hat and as some rim is needed to keep the veil away from face and neck, bought a Hawley Tropper and find it the clear McCoy to hang the veil on and was surprised to find out that it was waterproof too. Also had to buy another pair of shoes, and these seem to be quite comfortable.

Monday being Sunday here we have cold supper in the evening and tonight, we had fresh young onions—they must have come from the two by four patch near the kitchen as no boat has come in lately. Yesterday we had cooked canned celery, which was quite good.

Tonight there is a ball game between the white cannery boys and the Filipinos.

Had a good day today working with Connor at my “Architectural Atrocity”—we worked hard and talked shop most of the time and results were very satisfactory. The biggest thrill of the day was finding a graduated series of chipped knives of slate matrix. There were six in all, graduating from seven and a quarter inches down to five and three-quarters. The Doctor once before found a series of five, but six is the best yet. Connor found a beautiful ground slate matrix spear point and a woman’s mandible. Slate matrix is free from laminate splitting and thus very usable for ground or chipped artifacts.

Almost in the last five minutes of work I turned up the best lamp of the season. It weighed probably about eighteen pounds and measured 13 by 9 1/2 inches. The bottom of the lamp had a design on it, which is very unusual—I got a great kick out of finding this piece. Also found another lamp, knife, points, etc. It is certainly pleasant to work with anyone but Corner.

Walking to the digs with the Doctor after lunch he gave me suggestions and some instructions as to the Adak proposition, which of course tickled me to death, for it now appears to be definitely settled that I am to go there.

Got pretty well bitten yesterday, mostly around the elbow, so am all pinned up with safety pins today. The Doctor advises breeches as against long pants as he once got very badly bitten by some mosquitoes which went up his pant leg, which later produced quite a fever.

Have just been out to see a gill net boat come in and discharge red salmon. The female red salmon is prettier than the male; it has a more or less straight nose, whereas the male has a hooked or Jewish nose. Salmon oil, used for linoleum and soap, sells for $37.50 a hundred gallons in Seattle. The man in charge of the processing plant gave me this information and also pressed a phial of salmon oil upon me. The fertilizer they make here fetches $60.00 a ton in
Seattle. He tells me that there is a three million dollar investment in the two canneries owned by this company, the one here and the one at Karluk.

I have just had a BATH! Not a shower. It all came about through being friendly with the fellow who has charge of the boiler room and the numerous gadgets therein. There is a very clean bathroom in there for the use of the bosses, but he gave me permission to use it anytime except Fridays and Saturdays. When I came out of the bathroom he was opening a big parcel and he had oodles of letters and magazines—the mail had just arrived. Found two letters for me but sort of expected more. It is good to know that everything is running along all right on the ranch.

Tuesday, June 9th. Today again we had sunshine all day, slight smoke from the volcanoes drifting in during the afternoon. It was pleasant to be allowed to work with Connor again today, but we did not do so well as yesterday—got nothing particularly good. The Doctor uncovered a nice fireplace from which I saved a lot of seed found in a shell, which was used for food. This is the third fireplace of this style to be uncovered and the smallest, it being only 28 inches in diameter. All three of them appear to be a straight line with the largest one nearest the Bay.

Hurt my leg this afternoon due to a slip up with the wheelbarrow and a big rock which fell into it—probably be all right tomorrow, but am awfully stiff tonight.

I now have a cut of twelve to fourteen feet wall to work on and it is ticklish business undercutting at times, as there are big boulders to contend with. “Plunder of seeds from fireplace by May, who scooped them into matchbox”—so writes Connor in his notes across the table.

Chirikof Island to the southwest of Kodiak once used to be a Russian penal colony and it was reputed to be worse than Siberia. Now wild cattle rove there, it having been abandoned years ago. It is a very hard island to land on, as there are no bays or prominences for protection.

Sometimes we see eagles here, usually the bald headed type—today we noticed one trying to pick up a sea-gull with a broken wing, but the other seagulls banded together and drove him off, making fearful rumpus about it.

There are only twelve miles of road on Kodiak Island, these few miles being around the village of Kodiak itself. Juneau has forty miles of road; Ketchikan twenty-six miles and Wrangel only fourteen, which all goes to show how appropriate airplanes are for transportation.

Wednesday, June 10th. Sunny part of the day, but later cloudy, smoky and with a cold wind. Am told that there is now a big brushfire at Codfish Bay. Here on Kodiak there are no forest rangers, and no one seems to care if it burns or not, so it burns till it just fizzles out.

Apparently the Doctor likes the way Connor and I work together for be put us together again today, and for the first time gave us a complimentary word that we were doing fine work and doing it as he wanted it done. We had a fairly successful day, Connor finding the best piece, a large ground semi-lunar knife of slate matrix, which measured seven and a half inches long. The Old Man got so disgusted working where he was that he gave it up and commenced in a new
place. Within five minutes work at the new spot he came across an Aleut skeleton. It was that of a woman and with her were a nice nosepiece and a large and small earplug—the large one being of bone and the small one of ivory. The bones were in poor condition and the skull partially crushed. Later on, parts of another skeleton were found nearby, just the sacrum, humerus, broken head of a femur, couple of ribs, and twelve vertebra—the foxes must have been at it.

Two weeks from today we shall again be on the sea headed west. The others are making up a list of the necessities they will have to take with them, so I am making my own list and will check it off against theirs later. The Doctor suggests not taking any flour, but instead to take plenty of zwieback—we shall see.

There has been no news from the outside world since we arrived and the Old Man says that he does not want to hear any or even see a paper till he returns. He later qualified this statement by saying that if Japan was at war and being beaten he would want to read every item regarding the affair. He is very antagonistic towards the Japanese and cannot see anything good in either the people or the country. There is a rather curious person eating at our table who claims to be half Jap and half Jew, which seems quite a combination.

At high tide our shack is only fifteen feet from the bay and there is a wonderful view from the window. The wild anemones, vetch, buttercups and lupine are now just coming out. Stinging nettles are now two feet tall but they reach six feet before they quit growing.

One of the pile driving barges just came in, so went out with Connor to see it tie up. Coming back we ran into Mr. Jones and had a chat and he told us that this is the largest and best-equipped cannery in the Territory of Alaska. The “Iron Chinks” cost about $4000 a piece. The terms “Port” and “Starboard” are now obsolete, “Right” and “Left” being used instead. The cook who got off the pile driver burst out laughing when me met us—we were clean shaven the last time we saw him! I told him, as I have told others here, the only reason that the men here shave is that they have nothing to do and so much time to do it in—it helps pass the time for them.

Thursday, June 11th. Dull and cloudy when we got up this morning, but about ten o’clock it cleared up and we had the sun shining brightly for the rest of the day. Am still working with Connor; today found a very good lamp and the biggest and best wooden labret ever found here, it was oval in shape and three and one-quarter inches long. Osborne moved over to work near the Doctor on the promontory and after an hour turned out a skull and later found what appears to be a complete skeleton, which was left till tomorrow to excavate. The Doctor found one skeleton, that of a woman, which showed evidence of having been eaten and informs us that females are much more succulent than males.

This evening I have been quite domestic—have sewed up a seam in my fleabag and darned a spot that I had kicked my toes thru. Was astonished to find out how much yarn one uses in darning.

This afternoon we had a visitor at the digs in the shape of a mighty cute little puppy. It was pleasant to have it around; it played itself out and then went to sleep on my coat. The pup
appears to be a police dog, but was informed this evening by its owner that it is a thoroughbred bulldog! Oh, yeah!

The gnats and mosquitoes were bad today. These gnats bite a minute piece out of the skin and leave poison there during the process; the only way to heal the bites is to squeeze the poison out of each individual bite and put ointment (Citrine) on it. At times these gnat bites itch terribly and then the itching passes and they don’t bother for hours.

Friday, June 12th. A nice day, sun out most of the time but also a bit cloudy. This has been the worst day yet for gnats they are now as big as a moderate sized mosquito. The wearing of nets or veils is the bunk; one can’t smoke, spit or even drink without fussing with them.

Connor and I commenced on a new spot today, right on the edge of the promontory and from here we can look out across and out of the bay to the mainland at the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. All of us, Corner excepted, had good luck today. Found another fine lamp and a double ended hafting handle, which was new to the Doctor. The Doctor found a carved ivory fish, a very beautiful piece, so good he would not even let us handle it! Another ivory piece came to light too in the form of an ivory “brooch.” Not to be out done by the Doctor, I found a very fine and graceful pendant—it was about two inches long and of very fine workmanship, made of ivory. The hole in one end was so small that it was hard to see. I cannot see how they could make such a small hole with the tools at hand in those days. Another unusual piece that was found this afternoon was a human pelvis bone, which had four holes drilled in it—perhaps used to hang up for drying before eating. Osborne found two incomplete skeletons and a bunch of odd bones—evidences of cannibalism? The Doctor allows us to keep a certain amount of “no good” stuff, so this evening I packed a box of this to send home.

This evening Osborne, energetic cuss that he is, has gone for another walk and Connor and I are writing notes while Corner sulks on his bed after being called down for craw fishing on his turn as chore boy.

Saturday, June 13th. Not very much of a day, dreary, cloudy with only occasional sun. Working with Connor again and we had a great day. I found a good lamp, some points and three chekalinas. We excavated the chekalinas and when the Doctor came over and saw the completed job, he said, “Now that is archaeology.” These chekalinas are dishes or containers and might be called unbaked pottery and are made of powdered slate probably mixed with blood and oil. They are only found here on this part of Kodiak Island and as far as is known nowhere else in the world. In the southeast part of the island, however, real pottery has been found. The chekalinas are used for the storing of food and for the fermentation of salmon eggs, this latter concoction being considered a delicacy by the natives. In some cases the chekalinas had slate slab covers still in place when found.

Sunday, June 14th. A pleasant day, both sunshine and clouds, and both warm and cool at times. We all had a good day today and a large number of specimens were found. Working again today with Connor on what Osborne calls the “Connor-May Development Site.” I turned up the first poignard [long, thin knife or dagger] of the season, about nine inches long, made of bone. We also found several parts of skeletons in different places, including one good mandible.
Towards evening we uncovered a bunch of bones including a child’s skull and some adult ribs—we recovered them, so that we can work on them tomorrow when we shall have more time. Just underneath the sod we turned out a female skull, but it happened to be a “deep” or dolichocephalic skull [longheaded, in terms of the ratio of a skull’s width to front-to-back length] and must have been dug up by the Aleuts and maybe used by them for some purpose. The skull was partly broken but good enough for anthropometric measurements. The Doctor found the burnt charcoal remains of a “deep” basket; these are very scarce so he was naturally pleased and fortunately he was able to save a good-sized piece of it.

This evening we had to get out the boat and go and get packed specimens from the site and after unloading we all went up the bay for a “rubberneck” tour. It was not a very interesting trip; we saw a couple of eagles.

On putting on my hat this morning I found a piece of paper stuck in it and opening it up found a cartoon (?) of H.M. the King of Adak, showing a man with a crown and a great many whiskers. Underneath was the following limerick:

There was an old soak of Wenatchee  
Who was tanned as any Apache;  
His beard was so tough  
It stood out like a ruff,  
And Jesus! Was it scratchee’??

Osborne, while working on some calculus problem, suddenly had this brainchild!

King salmon are sometimes caught here that weigh as high as one hundred and twenty pounds.

The fellow who sits across the table from me in the mess hall used to work for my neighbor at home, but says he can make “a hell of a lot more in the fish than in the apples.”

Monday, June 12th. A nice sunny day again, with a breeze in the afternoon.

The burial which Connor and I left yesterday for excavation today turned out to be a dud. Only the occiput and frontal bones of a child’s skull together with some ribs of an adult and a couple of scapulae. Later in the day we came across another burial, rather a peculiar one. We did not call the Doctor but commenced excavating it ourselves and had it almost finished when the Doctor came over—all he said was “That’s fine.” It was probably a secondary burial. The skull lay a foot away from the cervical vertebrae and all of the vertebrae were in articulation. The left ulna and radius, both tibia, one fibula, both hands, and one foot were missing. The manubrium [the upper part of the sternum] was separated from the gladiolus [the lower part of the sternum] by over a foot. It is hard to imagine how a secondary burial could have all the vertebrae articulated and yet have some long bones, feet, and hands missing. We found that in the third, fourth, and fifth lumbar vertebrae the spinous process was discontinuate from the bodies proper. It is unusual to find three vertebrae in this condition but two is not uncommon. The skull had a complete set of teeth with four third molars. Referring to the skeleton, Connor says, “He was
resigned to the disjointed comfort of staring thru his own pelvis,” which I think is a rather clever remark and more or less true!

Also found the usual number of points and another lamp, which makes the fourth lamp that I have found in four days. In the afternoon Connor unearthed the best plate ever found here, made of course from the epiphysis of a whale’s vertebra. It had been cut or ground out in the centre part, leaving a nice even rim all around. Unfortunately the pick nicked out a small portion of the rim and this was quite unavoidable, but the Doctor made some cutting remarks that just made Connor boil. Don’t think Connor will forgive the Doctor for this—he was mad all thru. The Doctor’s remarks were quite uncalled for and not a bit fair—many a time has he hit specimens with his pick or shovel.

This evening the Doctor gave me instructions on how to fix this plate and told me to go ahead and do it after he gave me the material.

Osborne has just come in with the mail—only two letters and these will be the last received here, as from now on they will be sent to Dutch Harbor.

Strange as it may seem, the huge Kodiak bears only have cubs the size of cats. If they were born as large in proportion to the mother bear they would need more nourishment than the mother could give. The larger cubs usually die and the small ones live. They stay with the mother until about two years old but do not reach full growth until about eight years, and their life is probably between twenty and thirty years.

We brought the skeleton that was “staring thru its own pelvis” back to the shack tonight to “study” it. It is now lying in pieces all over the table. I have just finished cleaning it and the others are now studying it while I try to write notes.

After supper the Doctor sent Connor and me out to the Queenie to take the measurements of a broken board. The Queenie is kept tied to a piling about a quarter of a mile from shore. Doubtless the new piece made in the carpenter’s shop from our measurements will not fit, but the Doctor insisted that it be done this way instead of having the Queenie brought to shore and having the carpenter fix it right there.

Tuesday, June 16th. A nice, warm, sunny day, with a sprinkle of rain at suppertime, but the sun came out again immediately afterwards. The results today were not too good. One broken rimmed plate was the best piece.

A fellow by the name of Galbraith, who is working on the Eider, a Bureau of Fisheries boat, came to the shack tonight to talk to us. Seems a nice fellow and is studying to be a doctor, and while here wants to go to any lectures that the Doctor may give. The Doctor says he may if he will help with the work, which is O. K. with Galbraith. In the course of his work with the Eider he has covered most of the islands [in the Aleutians]—says there are two or three houses on Kiska but none that he remembers of on Adak. Both islands usually have fog and rain most of the time.
Got another bath in the boiler room tonight—so much better than a shower.

**Wednesday, June 17th.** Another day with eighteen hours sunshine. This morning I found the best hafting handle from this site and some other ordinary pieces. The Doctor and Osborne between them found five skulls but only got one complete skeleton. They were all “intermediate.” The complete skeleton was a young male with female characteristics. The other skulls were in a process of fossilization, considerable infiltration having occurred—two female, one male, and a child. All the bones were very heavy with ferruginous material adhering to them. The complete skeletons were not there but most of the long bones. Two ladles made from the skull of a sea lion were found near the burials.

**Thursday, June 18th.** Sunny all day with a cool wind in the evening. Just before noon Connor and I uncovered another skeleton and an odd skull. We covered them up again so we could take our time at them this afternoon and take pictures before the Doctor pulled them up. After lunch we went to work on and found that the skeleton (female) had its pelvis resting on a chekalina. When all was finished we called the Doctor and everything was O.K. He said, “I thought you must have something because you were so quiet.” The female skeleton had some extra bones buried with it—there were two clavicles, two patellae, two vertebrae, and a pathological specimen of a male sternum. The other skeleton, male, had the lower limbs missing from the pelvis down. A very fine, large wedge lay a bit above the female skeleton and may perhaps have been buried with her. Not far distant was found an earplug of ivory and a child’s lamp.

The Doctor pulled out five fossilized skeletons from the same place as those found yesterday. These came out in chunks, four or five ribs together, etc., and in two cases the mandibles were stuck or fossilized to the skulls. A long poignard, a slate knife and lamp were found with these “group” skeletons. Finding seven in one day was pretty good. After supper Connor and I went back to the digs to make a map he knows just how to do it.

We are told the U.S.G.C. Cutter Chelan leaves Seattle on the 20th and reaches here five days later, when we board her for Dutch Harbor.

Last night I went up to the radio shack and talked to “Sparks,” as the operator is known. Find I can send a message home for about three dollars if necessary. At the store tonight, I kidded Graff, the temporary storekeeper into giving us a seven-pound box of cookies; they were pretty good too but will not last long in the shack.

**Friday, June 19th.** Rain last night and cloudy almost all day. Only one skull, that of an Aleut, was found today—a female with the mandible missing, but in fine condition. Found also two lamps and some points and a most exquisite nosepiece. The latter had extremely fine carving on it, in lines, the width of which was only one thirty-second of an inch. The nosepiece was three inches long.

A floating dental office came in to the cannery this morning and the owner, a Dr. Good, has posted notices all around as to his qualifications; two years in Germany and France, etc. This
Dr. Good also carried with him a movie machine and he is putting on a show tonight of the Passion Play, and is charging thirty-five cents admission. Don’t think I shall go.

Last night a Chinaman died. It is said that he went crazy in the afternoon after using too much dope. Today as we came back for lunch we saw them digging his grave. It was too bad we missed the funeral as am told by those who saw it that it was quite a funeral. They had a big parade, lead by two drums, mandolins and guitars; then came the coffin and then the Orientals. Lots of noise and fun! After the Chinaman had been placed in his grave they placed a lighted opium pipe in his mouth for a moment or two and then scattered tobacco over him before covering him up. A great profusion of wildflowers had been gathered and covered the grave, but they were already wilted by the time we returned from work in the evening.

The lupines here seem to be a deeper color than those at home and some of the flowers extend along the stalk for eighteen inches. The wild parsnip now have very massive leaves and are four feet tall—nettles are now three feet tall. Violets as big as pansies, according to the Doctor, are to be found, but have not seen them yet. Ferns are growing very rapidly and there are some very beautiful ones, a maidenhair amongst them.

A story the Doctor gave us going back to lunch: the Navajo Indians sent in a petition to the Government for help during the Depression. They said they had no food and that there was no work to be had. The result was that the benevolent government sent them a carload of celery and a carload of lettuce. It was dumped on the ground, as they had no use for it.

We are all apparently going from Dutch Harbor out West on the Morris. The Doctor will spend a day with me on Adak trying to locate a good place to work. Returning we leave Dutch Harbor on the Naval Transport Vega, which sails from the Pribilofs between August 10th and 20th. Naturally we are hoping it will be the 20th. Later—10 p.m. Great excitement! A sudden terrific noise overhead, getting louder and louder. Puzzled we rush out in time to see an aeroplane swooping down, its siren going full blast. It was a machine of the Alaska Airways, a Bellanca monoplane that had been missing for thirty-six hours. A radio SOS had been sent out concerning it. It was on its way from Anchorage to Kodiak, and expect this cannery must have looked awfully good to them, as it was almost dark when they arrived. There were two passengers, one a little old lady with grey hair. All machines of the Alaska Airways have to report in every so many hours, but due to certain “blind spots” the radio cannot break thru and they are sometimes unable to do so. This is what happened in this case. Lacking reports, an SOS was sent out.

Saturday, June 20th. Dull this morning, but nice warm, sunny afternoon. Found some points, a couple of club heads, maul, lamp, and a seven and a half inch chipped knife. In the afternoon Connor and I found a young female skeleton, but the bones were in a poor state of preservation. Unfortunately we were working near the Doctor and he just had to come over and pull the skeleton out, thus spoiling any chance for excavation and photographs.

After lunch for a short while we wired up the specimen boxes and then walked out with the Old Man. He gave me a telegram to read stating that the C.G. Cutter Chelan will be here on Wednesday morning and can stay for a day to load. They also wanted to know the amount of
equipment we were taking and the number in the party. It won’t be long now! The aeroplane pulled out this morning and flew overhead as we were working.

Corner found what appeared to be a skeleton today and of course called the Old Man over. The Doctor told him to get me to help him excavate it “as May is an expert at excavating skeletons.” However, it was a fizzle and only turned out to be a leg and a foot. Came across another chekalina with what appeared to be a false slate bottom, below this about four inches was the regular bottom. Possibly the slate was originally a top that had been forced down by the weight of the ground on top of it.

Sunday, June 21st. Cloudy till about nine o’clock and from then on it was sunny and very warm. A lot of bugs out too. Nets were worn. A good day for results—found a lamp, couple of knives and wedges, some points, and an enema tube. The latter were used for giving enemas. The medicine man would take a mouthful of water, insert the tube in the patient’s rectum, and blow the water in. It was also probably used by the medicine man to suck away localized pains from the other parts of the body. Suggestion and counter-irritation oftentimes gave relief. Sometimes the medicine man used to bring forth objects from his mouth, such as pebbles or even beetles, to show the patient that he had succeeded in his effort to cure. The enema tube was made from the leg of a swan or goose, and is eight inches long. Shamans are sometimes ordered killed by the tribal council when they have cause, such as failing to save men from death. Women and children do not matter so much and the shaman is not killed for failure to save in this case.

Late last night the Doctor came over with a wire he had just received saying that the Chelan’s sailing was postponed, further information later. So we are now up in the air concerning our date of departure. The Doctor was telling us tonight an interesting item about the famous skulls, Spy 1 and Spy 2. During the war they were taken from Liege University by the owner, Dr. Lohest, and placed in his home because they thought the Germans would doubtless search the University for them. The Germans did search for them and failed to find them at the University and so sent a delegation to search Dr. Lohest’s home. Here again they failed. Actually the skulls were in an old unlocked chest in the home of Dr. Lohest, covered with old almanacs and books, on top of which were jumbled old clothes. The searching party even opened the chest but did not go thru it.

The Doctor referred to Miss Garrod, discoverer of the Gibraltar skull, as another woman who had gone wrong. She was attractive and vivacious until sometime during the war, when she lost her two brothers and presumably her fiancé. Since that time she has devoted herself exclusively to anthropological research and nothing else. The Doctor seems to think she should have married and raised a family instead of butting in on a man’s work. I think it is a little bit of professional jealousy, for I feel sure the Doctor would give his right arm to be able to discover a skull as old as the Gibraltar one.

The granddaddy of all awls was found today when one was discovered eleven inches long.

Monday, June 22nd. Beautiful day, eighteen hours sunshine and very warm again. Some of the cannery boys went swimming in the cove above our digs, and some were in yesterday as
well. Found fourteen pieces today which was quite good. Was working by myself as Connor and Osborne, the “nautical nuts,” got out the *Queenie* and took back six packed boxes of specimens to the cannery. Here they are stored in an old chicken shed and locked up.

Found another lamp, a very good small one, a red lava bead and a good club head as well as other items. In the afternoon I came across a slate flagstone walk, which the Doctor wanted exposed. This took considerable time and is not yet finished but looks very interesting. Corner came across a skeleton during the latter part of the afternoon which was left till tomorrow. This morning the Doctor found a very fine lamp with two women’s breasts left in relief in the centre of the bowl. A ring was carved round the outside as well.

This evening I mended the epiphyseal plate the Doctor gave me to repair. The Old Man visited us this evening for an hour or better, so I showed it to him then. He was very pleased and complimented me on the job and told me that it would be placed on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institution “as is.” It is rather nice to know he considers my work good enough for exhibit purposes.

In 1933, he told us, the government suspended all financial aid for scientific purposes of all kinds and even forbade scientists to finance expeditions themselves. This was at the time when there was a great deal of talk about revolution and the government had the idea that the masses would not stand for money being spent that way.

Shortly after the Old Man left us he returned with a telegram or, I should, say a radio message. The *Chelan* is held up in Seattle waiting for a congressional touring party. The *Alert* is now to take us to Dutch Harbor if we so wish. The Doctor is now radioing acceptance. The accommodations are apparently almost nil and we are told we may have to sleep on deck. But that’s all right—we want to get going. It is quite a relief to realize that it is practically settled.

Nowadays the Doctor leaves Corner strictly alone and refuses to work with him anymore. It looks as if the Doctor had given him up for a bad job, but he won’t send him home. Lately the Doctor has been working with Osborne, and Connor and I have been together.

**Tuesday, June 23rd.** Again eighteen hours of sunshine and the warmest day yet—it was lovely. Took a few photos today of some of the stuff I have found, and some other views of the work in general. Working on the flagstone walk I came across a cache underneath the walk. It was approximately two feet square. Last year the Doctor himself dug into one end of this flagstone walk and destroyed it, not recognizing it as such. He must have thought it was pretty important this year for after I had finished excavating, he took six pictures of it. Came across another chekalina this afternoon, it was 12 inches deep and oval in shape, twelve by fourteen inches. The square cache I found, I excavated and cleaned up before I called the Old Man over to see it and he was very pleased with this and immediately went for his camera. Connor found an exceptionally fine carrying handle, made from a bear’s rib, a hole bored in each end. A female child’s skeleton turned up in the afternoon which the Doctor pulled out very hurriedly.

Coming back to the shack from supper last night I ran into Graff and he gave me two crabs. They had just been caught and cooked and we ate them right there on top of supper. They
were most excellent, and although I usually cannot eat crabs these bothered me not at all. Some of the cannery boys had been crabbing and came back with 86 of them.

Figure 7. “A tough looking bird working for the Doctor.” Alan May brushing deposits on Kodiak Island (1936-68b).

Connor and Osborne again got out the Queenie and brought back the last two specimen boxes today. We all returned in the boat and on the way ran into a kelp bed. Have never seen such large kelp—the ribbon-like leaves which stretch for over a hundred feet when full grown were eighteen inches wide. The leaves of the wild parsnip are now fourteen inches across and stand head high in places.
No definite news yet as to when we leave, but we should be hearing anytime now.

The Doctor found a stone “bottle” today and was telling us how last year a Swede happened to see him find one and asked what was in it. The Doctor, in a joking way, said that it was a petrified bottle then the Swede asked what was in it! Corner’s skeleton turned out to be only a female skull. No teeth in the mandible and only five in the maxilla. According to the Doctor, *Pithecanthropus erectus*, *Eoanthropus*, and *Sinanthropus* were all found in secondary formations and he thinks it is more than likely that the parts found are not necessarily all from the same individual. The Lower Columbia River and the Lower Fraser River are most likely the crucial places for the finding of the oldest American inhabitants, these two districts being the first two really desirable sites for habitation found in the trek southwards from Asia. One of the purposes of this expedition to the Aleutians is to find out if these unknown first inhabitants (already found at Vancouver, B.C. and Kodiak) came to America by the Aleutians or by way of Bering Strait. If we can find these unknowns at Kiska and Adak, that much will be more or less settled. With this established the Russians will then have something to compare their findings with in Kamchatka and Siberia. If we don’t find them, of course, it will not prove that they did not come this way—we may be digging in the wrong places. Anyway, it is important and if I should happen to find them when alone at Adak, it would be a fine break for me.

**Wednesday, June 24th.** Once more we had eighteen hours sunshine and it was very warm in the early morning. After lunch Connor and Osborne packed the outboard motor and Corner stenciled the specimen cases, whilst I went out to work with the Doctor. We did not find very much, a few points and a lamp. Later I found a fine adze, seven and a half inches long, of limestone, and the Doctor found a “napkin ring”—this was evidently some sort of an ornament—one and a half inches in diameter and made from bear bone. When Connor came out he got a good part of a fish hook, the part to which the hook itself is attached, and a nice lamp.

This evening Graff was telling me that one year all of the expedition quit, except one and went to work in the cannery. Graff overheard the Old Man telling Mr. Jones that he was very satisfied this year with the way things were going. It might do more good if he told us instead of Mr. Jones. Corner is now used by the Doctor as errand and water boy and he leaves him very much alone.

Today the Doctor gave us each a specimen, pretty fair, but of course not good—I got a fair bone point. Packed up another box of odds and ends to send home this evening. So far no definite news as to when we sail, but “Sparks” was in touch with the *Alert* at noon and learned that they know they are to pick us up (“Sparks” has just gone by with a radio message, probably for the Doctor) and expect to be here on Saturday. The *Alert* is now at Seldovia, which is just a cannery. Although this is a very favored place with the Doctor I think he is anxious to be on his way.

He was talking about his book that he hopes to publish on the results of the Kodiak expeditions. Will probably have to publish it himself and it will maybe cost around ten thousand dollars. It will be in two volumes and will probably have over a hundred photographs and sell for around $10.00. I shall be very interested to see it when published.
At last! Definite news that the Alert will be here Saturday. The Doctor just came over with a radio to that effect—no time is mentioned so we shall have to be ready Friday night.

Mr. Jones, who has lived for forty years in Alaska, as well as other old timers, say that they have never seen such an extraordinary spell of fine weather.

**Thursday, June 25th.** Cloudy with sunny intervals and quite a wind in the afternoon. We finished excavating Chekalina Point this afternoon, leaving a chekalina in situ as a memento. We then went across Pea Creek and commenced a new cut there. Found quite a few points here and another “bottle” and a nice walrus tusk fire stickholder—the first to be found here. A sea lion skull also came to light. The bugs were terrific, a regular haze of them around each of us. Corner was told to go off on the other side of the knoll we were working on and there work by himself.

We have to be ready to leave here by tomorrow night, but are to work till four o’clock in the afternoon.

Last night I got a haircut from the boiler man, he did a fair job but it took him fifty minutes. He was telling me that the fellow who takes care of the laundry boiler, “Filipino Joe,” is a murderer. He knifed some guy, whom he said was going to burn the cannery down. Joe got ten years and served two of them and was then released in [the] charge of Mr. Jones.

The Bureau of Fisheries has stopped the fishing in this district for the next ten days or so.

Went up to say “goodbye” to Mr. Jones tonight, as he is leaving in the early morning for a ten-day trip.

Have noticed two “sport” lupines, a kind of magenta-lavender color and very pretty. A new kind of bird was seen today, grey brown with bright red shoulders and tail, which looked a bit like a parakeet.

**Friday, June 26th.** Last day of work and it was dull and cloudy when we got up, but we had spells of sunshine throughout the day. Last night it rained quite a bit. Had a pretty good day, got some good points, a beautiful slate matrix spearhead, five and a half inches long, and a slate ear plug. The Doctor found a fine bone spoon and two ivory awls. I also found another undecorated shaman’s tube. About four o’clock we quit work, the Doctor taking pictures as we worked the last few minutes. At 4:07 I pushed the last wheelbarrow to the dump and feel well satisfied with my small share of the work.

Going back to lunch the Doctor was carrying the walrus tusk that I had found yesterday. I noticed that he kept looking at it as he walked. (“Sparks” just in to say that the Alert will be in at midnight.) Then he turned round and said, “May, you carry this for a while,” and then a pause. “And keep on carrying it.” Again another pause. “And send me a photograph.” Was I surprised and tickled! So unexpected. It is the best piece I have.

We got in to the cannery with all the wheelbarrows, picks, shovels, etc. about five o’clock. “Sparks” met us and then told us that the boat would not be in till tomorrow night,
which we considered bad news as we thought that the Doctor would make us lug all the equipment back for another day’s work.

The “intermediates” used drain pipes made from large whale bones, cesspools with slate slab sides and gravel at the bottom, wainscoting of slate slabs and whale scapulae, plates, spoons, cups and ladles, and in spite of these modern utensils showed cannibalistic indications. Found a complete set of the “intermediate” people’s gaming dice, which the Doctor gave me, much to my joy. I think I only got these items because it was the last day and all the specimens were packed.

**From Kodiak to Unalaska Island**

_Saturday, June 27th_ The United States Coast Guard Patrol Boat _Alert_ pulled into the dock at exactly 7 a.m. this morning. We were all up early packing our bedding and cleaning up the shack and so were ready to load at 7:15. The skipper wanted to pull out right away so we got our equipment onboard as quickly as possible and left the cannery about 8:30, having breakfast on board.

The space is very limited. Connor and I are to sleep on the bench in the men’s mess; Osborne and Corner are forward and have a bunk with the crew. An extra cot was set up for the Doctor in the tiny wardroom.

The _Alert_ is about 120 feet long and has five hundred tons displacement—it is the smallest boat I have ever been to sea on. The deck is only between three and four feet above the water and there is no handrail, just a cable stretched in its place, about thigh high. The galley is very small, not quite half the size of our kitchen at home. Flamo is used for cooking and there is a large Kelvinator in the mess room. Fourteen men only can be seated at one time in the mess room. The complement of the boat consists of Captain Hanson, of Swedish extraction, and Ensign Jacobson, together with a crew of twenty seamen. There is one passenger on board, a Customs inspector. His job is to measure up boats to see if they check with their registration.

All our specimen cases, together with the wheelbarrows, picks and shovels, etc. are lashed on the fore deck, whilst the _Queenie_ takes up most of the stern. The boat is very compact and is built so. Any part can be reached without going on deck during the rough weather.

Captain Hanson had instructions to stop at Katmai Bay to get mud from the bottom of the sea for the Smithsonian Institution. The first time the gadget was dropped it was lost, the wire kinked and broke. A makeshift affair was made and they succeeded in getting a small amount of this. The skipper was quite mad to have to stop and waste time fooling with such a “fool idea.” It was rather trying to have to do it without the right equipment. The food is very good but not as plentiful as at the cannery.

Last May when the _North Sea_ was wrecked the _Alert_ was the first boat to the rescue and they took on board 174 people—but I can’t see how it was possible to get that many on the boat—they certainly could not all find room to sit down. The _Alert_ was in Ketchikan when Captain Hanson got word of the wreck and one of the crew was telling me that he went full speed ahead through dense fog to get there. Of course he knows these waters, but they never go
full speed in a fog except in emergency, and even then are not supposed to do so. One of the boys showed us some pictures he took at the time—they were very interesting.

In Shelikof Strait the boat started rolling and by the time we passed Trinity Island about three in the afternoon there was quite a movement. From then on till night I was seasick, about as bad as I have ever been. I succeeded in eating both lunch and dinner, but lost them both. Connor was the only one in our party who was not sick, but he was not feeling too good. Of course Connor and I have no bed to go and lie down on till the boys are through with the mess room, which is about ten o’clock at night—this makes it bad when one is sick.

**Sunday, June 28th.** I felt considerably better when I woke up this morning, just as we were pulling into Chignik. This place is nothing but a cannery, but it is situated in a most beautiful location. It used to belong to the Columbia River Packers Association, but is now taken over by the Alaska Packers Association. Mountains, snowcapped and the tops covered with clouds, five to six thousand feet, rise almost straight up behind the buildings, and six waterfalls descend in a mist of white spray.

Here we found the cannery running at full blast and as there was no reduction plant, all the offal was dumped in the bay and the place smelled to high heaven. Lazy silver hake could be seen in the water slowly swimming from that piece to this. We stopped here for the Customs man to measure up some boats. Saw one drunk sitting on the edge of the wharf when he lost his balance, and but for the assistance of passing Chinaman would have fallen twenty feet down into the bay.

Leaving here we followed the peninsular coastline and saw a great deal of interesting scenery and some peculiar sedimentary formations. In places the land reminded me of Ireland. At one time a school of porpoises followed the boat and came within ten feet of us, and later a sea lion chased the boat for a while and then gave up in disgust. Whale birds, sea-parrots and goonies [albatrosses] are very numerous. About noon we passed Mitrofania and then Spitz point and here the sun came out. Not long after the men were playing “Acey-Deucy” on the aft deck, stripped to the waist. And this only sixty miles in a direct line to the Bering Sea. Sitting on the deck, leaning against a stack of Flamo cylinders, I got quite sunburned on the forehead.

About four o’clock in the afternoon we reached the first of the Shumagin Islands—close at hand they look very attractive and very green, but in the distance they look very forbidding and give one an impression of danger. Just why this should be I don’t know.

Sand Point was reached at six o’clock. It is a small community comprised of a cannery, post-office and store, in a low-lying picturesque situation. The cannery belongs to the Pacific American Fisheries Company, with headquarters at Bellingham. All the buildings were well kept up and freshly painted. The cannery was not running and there were only a few natives around.

We went ashore, visited the store, bought a bit of candy and scribbled a note home. It was only a short stop, as the Customs man, Mr. Sides, could not find the man he wanted. Then we headed for Squaw Harbor for more measurements for the Customs.
This turned out to be another beautifully situated cannery and we stayed here all night. It is quite a big cannery, with separate buildings for natives, Chinese, and whites. Then there is a post office, a store, a school, a hospital and a dance hall, in which a dance is now progressing. The school has a white woman teacher and I think she is the only white woman here. Between thirty and forty girls and women work in this cannery—they are quartered up on the hill by themselves. Most of them are natives but many call themselves Russians and look more white than native.

Connor and I went down to look in at the dance. They have a four-piece Filipino orchestra, guitar, accordion, bass violin, and a saxophone, and one of them sings at times. All the natives dress up in their cheap finery for the dance—extremely high heels seeming to be the style at the moment. The Filipino boys strive to outdo the women in their glad rags, some even having suits of purple and lavender, and their ties are most wondrous! It was interesting to watch this dance. I thought that it was most extraordinary to see the white office help and the schoolteacher there. The office help, quite respectable looking fellows, danced with the natives and apparently thought nothing of it. And you could have knocked me over with a feather when I saw Osborne dancing with some portly native! I knew he was keen on dancing, but did not expect to see him there! A few of the breed girls are passably good looking and greatly in demand as dance partners. Very few Filipinos had the nerve to go in and dance—they stood outside and watched. It seems to me that the authorities are asking for trouble—some of those white fellows will find a knife in their back one night. There is no drinking here, not even beer, which is a great improvement on Larsen Bay cannery, where drunkenness was quite prevalent.

Squaw Harbor is on Unga Island; the town of Unga is about four miles away in the next bay. Sand Point is on Popof Island and is used for raising a few cattle and foxes. I got to talking with an old man on the dock who turned out to be the skipper of the Admiralty, a tug boat [out] of Bremerton. He was mighty proud of his boat and showed us all over it, after Connor had joined us. He then gave us pie and cake, chewing gum and cough drops—just forced them on us. He was a fine old chap.

There is a small flower garden outside the hospital here in which there is a bed of tulips which are just full out, several of them were three feet tall, the flowers as large as cups and very beautiful.

We leave here at six tomorrow morning and later stop near Shishaldin volcano [Mount Shishaldin] for more soundings and mud for the Smithsonian. Have not seen a tree since we left Kodiak.

The skipper of the Admiralty told me that all southeastern Alaska gets its coal from Nanaimo, B.C. [and] that Alaska has more coastline than all the rest of the states put together.

Monday [June 29th]. Nice day, cloudy at times but warm when the sun was out. Up at six o’clock this morning as we pulled out of Squaw Harbor. Going out I noticed the cannery graveyard on the hillside—all canneries seem to have their own graveyards of twenty to thirty graves and are usually well kept up. At nine o’clock we passed by Wosnesenski Island and by ten-thirty Pavlof Volcano came in sight. Only a small amount of steam is coming out of the
crater. Later on we passed Ukolnoi Island and Belkofski. The latter is a very prosperous village—here all the natives have sewing machines, washing machines, and radios. The village is in [the] charge of a capable Russian who sees that the natives work and do not waste their money. The island of Inner Iliasiik is opposite the village. High snowcapped mountains are to be seen on the mainland.

By evening we had reached False Pass, which flows between the Bering Sea and the Pacific Ocean. In places it is only ten feet deep and only small fishing boats can go thru it. Beyond the pass lay Round Top, Isanotski [Volcano] and [Mount] Shishaldin, the three most spectacular mountains that I have ever seen. Shishaldin is the largest active volcano in Alaska. We were fortunate in being able to see it, as the clouds lifted just as we came abreast of it. It was smoking and sending forth a fine plume of smoke. Although the mountains are only seven, eight, and nine thousand feet high, they have the appearance of being twice as high, rising up straight from the water. There were spectacular evening sun effects, stormy but beautiful. A thin layer of clouds lay about half way across the mountains, with snow on top extending down below the clouds.

**Unalaska Island**

**Tuesday, June 30th.** Luxury at last! Here I am in a real bunk with clean sheets and a pillow and everything, writing this by the electric light over the bed. However, to commence at the beginning. We were up at 5:30 this morning as we were expecting to reach Dutch Harbor about that time. It was very thick and foggy, and the siren was sounding off every few minutes. About six o’clock we reached the bay and sighted land, just a bit through the fog, which we slowly followed in to the harbor at Unalaska. We passed Dutch Harbor on the right just before getting to Unalaska. It can’t be more than a mile or two away. The big Navy radio station is at Dutch Harbor and the town [is] at Unalaska. Six men and their families work at the radio station, single men not being eligible for the position. The Alert pulled into dock at Unalaska and parked between the *Cyanne* and the *Morris*, both Coast Guard boats. We are told that the latter leaves at midnight for the South. The *Cyanne* is built like a destroyer and painted grey as are all patrol boats, whereas the cutters are painted white. This early in the morning the town was dead we looked it over and then hung about waiting for instructions.

There is a fine Russian Greek church here, second only to that at Sitka. Services are held on Saturday, which is their Sunday. Without the Coast Guard property and the Alaska Commercial Company, the town of Unalaska would not exist.

We hear that we are going west on the *Shoshone*, which is due in this evening, and are to live on board until such time as we leave. It appears that there is no place else to live, as there is no hotel here. In the meantime the Doctor had gotten in touch with Mr. [E.K.] Pedler, the manager of the Alaska Commercial Company, who promised to lead us to an old site not far away. Eventually Pedler, a Jew, came rushing along with the Doctor and we got our stuff into a small motorboat called the *Amoknak* [variant of “Amaknak”] and we were off to Dutch Harbor. The trip only took about fifteen minutes and I now see that Dutch Harbor is on an island, known as Amaknak Island. At the nearest point it is only a couple of hundred yards away from Unalaska.
From the dock we walked across the island and found a site which had been dug at “by vandals” said the Doctor. It is a fine site, covering perhaps four or five acres and lays in a little cove with a rocky bluff at one end. Here we went to work and it was not long before I uncovered the first skeleton—a female in good condition. The Old Man was very pleased to find one so soon and has great hopes for the future of this site. We carefully recovered it after I had excavated it, so that we could photograph it tomorrow. Lunch was supplied to us from the Alert and we ate on the shore and it was delightful. Near this site is a small cluster of trees, the only trees west of Kodiak. They were planted by the Russians 130 years ago and now have a bigger diameter than height. Apparently they do not grow because of the strong winds that blow here, 80 or 90 miles an hour not being uncommon.

After work we met the boat, or, as we called it, ferry, to get back to Unalaska. Here we ate at the A.C. cafe and got a good meal for fifty cents, which was about half what I expected it to cost. Tobaccos and cigarettes are about the same price as in the States.

The Shoshone came into the harbor as we ate supper. It was a beautiful sight, and it looks like a small white battleship; it is 265 feet long and over 2000 tons displacement.

Whilst waiting for the Doctor, who was making arrangements with the Commander of the Bering Sea Patrol Force, Pedler asked me into his house for a chat. He lives in an eighty-five year old Russian house. He tells me that there are 281 different flowers and flowering shrubs on the island of Unalaska. Wild hyacinths and violets are here and iris too. Of all these different flowers only one is known to have a perfume, this one is an elementary non-flowering hyacinth. The flowering hyacinths have absolutely no smell at all.

After leaving Pedler’s the Doctor was nowhere to be found, so went to the Shoshone and found him there. We were introduced to the wardroom officers and shown quarters by a Filipino boy all dressed in white. I have a cabin all to myself, with running water, desk, clothes closet, and everything that I need. The Doctor has another cabin the same as mine, and the boys are in the sickroom. The wardroom is large and comfortable, and the officers seem to be a fine group of men and do their best to make US feel at home. Onboard they have movies (talkies) every night at eight o’clock, so we went along. The cutters carry about forty pictures and try to exchange with other cutters at prearranged meetings. After the pictures I was invited by some of the officers to raid the icebox before going to bed, which I most willingly did.

Wednesday, July 1st. Dull and raining this morning when we set out in the ferryboat to Dutch Harbor. Nothing much found today it was miserable at the diggings, rain, mud, and a strong wind.

Before lunch Mr. Pedler, a Coast Guard dentist, and Mrs. [Mabel C. (?)] Dempwolf, wife of the commander [Captain Ralph W. Dempwolf] of the Bering Sea Patrol Force, came out to visit the site. At the time I was just finishing cleaning up the skeleton for photographing and they were much interested. The skeleton was that of a female, the bones were in good condition, and a fine lamp lay six inches from the skull. We had lunch in the rain trying to get shelter under the rock cliffs. The rain came down so hard and it got so muddy that the Doctor called it a day and phoned across to Unalaska to try and get the ferryboat to take us back.
Talking to the quartermaster of the Shoshone, Ensign Oran, about getting supplies, he said that I could get them from the ship at a great saving. Of course I told the Doctor and he arranged to get all the supplies this way. I got no thanks for the tip, although it should save at least thirty percent. At the canteen on board we can get a carton of cigarettes for fifty-five cents or five and a half cents a package.

This evening the Doctor gave a talk at Pedlers’. Officers from the three Coast Guard boats in port and the town elite attended. The schoolteacher, hospital nurse, the hospital doctor, and Mrs. Dempwolf were there. The lecture was very good and everyone seemed interested. After the lecture Pedler asked Connor and me to join them in a drink—we stayed although declined the drinks as I have decided not to have any till at least July Fourth. Big doings are getting under way for this day. There are to be boat races, tennis matches, ball games, and so on. There are two good cement tennis courts here belonging to the Coast Guard. Naturally the Doctor wants us to work all day the Fourth.

Turnips planted here in the spring, about June, get to be about the size of one’s fist by Christmas. Sheep do well on some of the islands, and they raise a fine class of wool. Sheep are never killed for meat, the older ones just dying off in the hard winters. No dipping, no fences, and no feeding are necessary. One island near here has fifteen thousand head of sheep on it. There is never more than fifteen degrees of frost here in the winter and not a great deal of snow. Water pipes are only buried six inches and do not freeze.

We had a fine dinner this evening, but I find breakfast pretty skimpy. The lunch that is put up for us to take to work with us is very excellent and plentiful.

Thursday, July 2nd. Raining again this morning and it kept up till noon. Due to the mud which had accumulated in the place where I was working, I had to commence in a new place where it was not so muddy. Here I had good luck, finding twenty good pieces altogether. In the afternoon I came across a large piece of whalebone which I dug out and moved, then I found other whale bones touching it, so thought that maybe it might be something. Decided to leave them where they were until I had uncovered all that were there. When through I found that I had a more or less circular wall about two feet high composed of whale vertebrae—the large piece I had moved was taken from the top of these vertebrae. Working slowly on the inside of the circular wall I came across a burial. By this time it was getting late so re-covered it, for safety, to work on tomorrow. Of course I called the Old Man over and he was quite excited about it and said, “My, but you are a lucky one.”

Dutch Harbor and Unalaska are famous for their herring salteries, ten percent of the world’s herrings coming from here. They are “Scotch Cured,” and most of them packed in 125 pound barrels. I find that Unalaska is actually only 143 miles north of London [in latitude].

Went down to town with Connor after supper and bought a few necessities at the A.C. store. Mr. Pedler was there and he took us into his vault to see what fox furs he had. There were only a few left, ranging in price from $25.00 to $150.00, most of them were crosses. He has some nice carved ivory pieces from King Island.44

44 King Island is in the Bering Sea, west of the Seward Peninsula near Bering Strait.
Mount Makushin can be seen in the distance from the dock, a small stream of smoke or steam issuing from the summit. The town is surrounded by extinct volcanoes. The low islands in the distance appear to be covered with grass, but in reality it is waist-high tundra. The church here used to have some very fine old Russian icons and many other valuable religious show pieces, but the Bishop had them moved to Sitka. Pedler calls the natives here diluted Aleuts.45

This evening went to Commander Belfort’s cabin to see Attu basketry, fox skins, and other interesting items he has picked upon this year’s cruise. The Attu basketry is some of the finest work I have ever seen and looks almost like linen. When through here we raided the icebox and turned in.

Friday, July 3rd. A beautiful day, sunny and warm. Went to work immediately on the burial and cleaned it all up for photographing and had just got it finished when about all of the town’s elite turned up to see what we were doing. Almost everyone had a camera and am sure I never had so many pictures taken in one day before. Captain and Mrs. Dempwolf, Lieut. Comm. Belfort, and five junior officers from the Shoshone, two naval radio men from Dutch Harbor, Mrs. Bean and Mrs. Sheridan, wives of two officers on the Surveyor, Mr. Pedler and some friends of his, four officers from the Cyanne, and some others I did not know, turned up. The Doctor took several pictures of this burial, as it was a very exceptional one. In all the forty years that the Doctor has been out in the field he had never seen one like this. Another reason that it was peculiar was that the skeleton was that of a woman and it was a secondary burial and such elaborate graves are almost unheard of for women. Also, after finishing the grave found eight fine points, a child’s lamp, and three nice nephrite pieces, also a curious egg shaped rock flattened on each side, probably a rubbing stone.

So far the permission from the Biological Survey for my landing on Adak has not been received. However, am not worried, as I will probably go elsewhere if the permission fails to arrive in time. Have suggested Attu to the Doctor and this suggestion seemed to go over pretty well although no comment was made at the time.

My supplies all packed in crates, came on board this afternoon, as well as those for the Doctor. Think I shall do well if I eat half of them in the short time we shall have out there.

Captain Dempwolf tells me that if I landed at Adak without permission I would be arrested by the Biological Survey boat IF it happened to go there whilst I was there. Am going to suggest to the Doctor that, wherever I go, he give me a signed statement to the effect that I am one of the Smithsonian Expedition.

A Bureau of Fisheries boat came in last night—the Penguin—much larger than the Alert, alongside which she is moored.

We get very good service in the mess from three boys in white uniform. It is delightful living on board this way. At the movies, the men wait till the officers and guests arrive and stand at attention till we are seated. The Doctor and I usually are seated one on each side of Captain Finley, an excellent seaman, and a very fine man.

45 It is unclear if he means culturally, biologically, or both.
After the show the Federal marshal of the district came on board to give the Doctor what information he could concerning the islands—he has been on practically all of them. The marshal is a quarter breed Aleut, but a fine looking fellow, name of Brown, and talks very good English.

Saturday, July 4th. A nice sunny morning, but it soon turned cloudy and dull and commenced raining about noon.

After lunch the Doctor took Corner and returned to the warehouse at Dutch Harbor to do the packing of specimens, whilst we stayed at work and got nicely wet. We found a few nice pieces, including one fine well-made lignite nose or earpiece. A fossilized bone wedge was found with five fire stick holding holes in it. Two or three fair chipped arrowheads were found and one scraper and a knife of obsidian.

When waiting for the boat at Dutch Harbor, a fellow by the name of Gordon arrived in a small boat with an outboard motor, looking for me. He was in the Royal Flying Corps during the war and was with Lawrence in Arabia. I returned to Unalaska with him and got thoroughly soaked in his boat, as a small storm had arisen, creating large waves which kept breaking over the boat. We will get together and rehash old times when I return here, as I can’t go tonight as Pedler has invited us to his party. Gordon is working for Pedler’s bookkeeper and so is not invited to the party. He has been here eighteen months and not sure how much longer he will stay. Last year the Navy held maneuvers out here, putting the complete fleet in this harbor, the
only harbor in Alaska large enough to hold them all. At that time there were 20,000 men here, whilst the population is around 200.

The Doctor gave me a signed letter this evening, so that I shall be on the safe side. It is to the effect that I am one of the members of the 1936 Archaeological Expedition of the Smithsonian Institution to the Aleutian Islands, authorized to make excavations and courtesies shown will be appreciated.

Sunday, July 5th. Had a good time at Pedler’s last night; practically all the officers from all the Coast Guard boats were there, as well as Mrs. Dempwolf, Mrs. White, Miss Smith, Mrs. Sheridan, Mrs. Bean, and Mrs. Willis. The latter is the wife of the manager of the A.C. properties in Dutch Harbor, who has been very decent to us in finding packing material, boxes, and so forth for the specimens. One other lady from Vermont was there; don’t remember her name, but she is tutor to Willis’s children. There was dancing and light drinking, and everyone had a good time. The room was decorated for the occasion of the Fourth, with colored Christmas decorations.

I asked Captain Finley about letting Lieut. Gibson stay with me at Adak till the Shoshone returned from Attu. He said that it was all right with him, but Captain Dempwolf was going along on this trip and he would have the say so. Later made the same suggestion to Dempwolf but don’t know how it will turn out. It was Gibson’s suggestion in the first place and I’d like to have him with me. Both he and his wife went to the University at Seattle.

We left Unalaska on the Shoshone this morning for the Aleutians, and as the boat has to be back by the 14th of this month, I think there is a pretty good chance of Gibson staying with me three or four days. Leaving the dock about ten a.m. we found everyone there to see the boat off and the sun was shining brightly. An auspicious beginning to our westward trip. On board we have four or five natives returning to Atka—they were brought to Unalaska as material witnesses in a murder trial.

**Unalaska to Atka Island**

We passed Priest Rock on the edge of the harbor fairly close, and it really does somewhat resemble a priest kneeling before an altar. Sailing due north into Akutan Pass and so on into the Bering Sea—our first real sight of it. A long swell was rolling in, but it was not too uncomfortable.

Unalaska town used to be originally called “Iliuliuk,” the name being taken from the small river there, which still holds this name. The A.C. Company, I understand, is a San Francisco concern, the stock all being held by three Jews. They control the whole town of Unalaska, the other stores being completely under their thumb as all supplies must be bought through the A.C., this company having the only docks available for discharge of cargoes. After lunch there was a big discussion in the ward room on capitalism, which eventually turned into a discourse on babies. All the officers are married and many of them have children. We had a fine dinner tonight—fried spring chicken, sweet potatoes, asparagus, rice, jelly, apple pie, and cheese. Everyone went to the show afterwards, but it was just trash, but was embarrassed when I had to
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rush out, almost falling over some of the men lying on the floor, as I was seasick. I just made it in time! It makes me mad to get seasick this way, for the sea is certainly not very rough.

At mid-afternoon we passed by Bogoslof Island—this is the “floating island”—it is volcanic, and the first few times it was surveyed it always appeared in a different place, giving rise to such rumors that it oftentimes disappeared and came up somewhere else.

Monday, July 6th. Woke up to find land in sight, one of the islands. It is a nice day and I feel much better than I did last night.

Am surprised to see what appear to be large mountains, snow topped, on these islands. The islands are impressive, and there is something very attractive about them in nice weather.

Atka Island

At ten o’clock we reached Atka [Nazan] Bay and rode slowly in to within about a half mile of the village. Here the natives on board debarked, together with some supplies and magazines for the teacher and his wife. Dr. Bingman and the Unalaska C.G. dentist went ashore at once and did some work for the natives at the schoolhouse. The teacher and his wife are from Missouri. He came down to the launch but appeared very dumb or nervous, I don’t know which—he did not even seem particularly glad to see the boat, which only usually calls there once or twice a year. His wife was not interested enough to come down to the boat, which seemed very funny to me, so did not meet her. The natives seem to be a very surly and sour looking bunch—not a one of them offered to catch the rope thrown ashore, and none came down until told to do so in a commanding tone of voice by Belfort. They have a reputation for being tough and unruly, drinking all the time. They make some concoction from flour and sugar that is very potent in three days.

Atka consists of about twenty-five shacks, a store, modern schoolhouse with living quarters, and a church built with Russian money. A radio is operated by the schoolteacher in a small way. [Thornton] Wheaton, the operator of the store, returned to Atka on this boat, and am told that he just about controls the natives here, as does the A.C. at Unalaska. Wheaton and the teacher and his wife are the only white people on the island. It is my impression that Wheaton handles the natives with an iron hand and is not afraid to use violence when necessary.

We went in on a launch taking in barrels of gasoline, and then set off in the launch to an old village site about two miles away to put in a couple of hours of work whilst the officers of the Shoshone were holding a court of inquiry on some assault case.\footnote{This may be the homicide reported by Helen Wheaton in Prekaska’s Wife (1945:216-233).}

It was only a small site which we found, and it is said that some Russian dug there in 1912.\footnote{Most likely Waldemar Jochelson in 1909 or 1910 (Jochelson 1925).} We did not find much, a few points and some animal bones, several of which were bear bones. However, bears are not supposed to be found west of Unimak Island, but they have turned up both here and at Amaknak Island. The Government has stocked Atka Island with reindeer, which thrive very well, and the herd is rapidly increasing.
Atka to Kiska Island

My plans for Adak are all changed, and it is now definitely settled that I go to Attu, the last of the Aleutian Group. All of which is very wonderful for me, and I think I can thank Captain Dempwolf for it. He told the Doctor that it was not wise to go to Adak alone in case of accidents, such as a broken leg or something of that sort. Adak being uninhabited, no help would be available till the Shoshone returned. I think this worried the Doctor, so he settled on Attu.

Am told that there are forty-three natives on Attu, in charge of a fairly intelligent chief. The chief can use a typewriter and run a radio after a fashion. I can live in the schoolhouse if I want to, but it all depends whether there is any site near there. There is supposed to be a site at Massacre Bay on the southeast side of the island. The Doctor tells me I am to take the whole proceedings in hand and work it out as I wish. Shall have to take some packing cases from the boat for packing the material for it is to be packed well enough to reach Washington. Shall have to pick my own place to work and make arrangements with the natives for living and transportation. The natives have small boats with outboard motors so could use this method of travel if necessary. The Doctor says that this island is just as important, if not more so, than Kiska, so if I only get the “breaks” it should be a fine thing for me.

The trading boat Patterson may be in Attu before I leave—of course I hope so.

Tuesday, July 7th. Foggy this morning and a roll to the boat. Pretty good show last night after which a talk in the Ward Room—something to eat and so to bed.

This morning I had quite a talk with Lieut. Garcia, engineer officer, concerning the Japanese scare on the western coast. He assures me that it is not all poppycock, and that it is a vital issue. Some days ago Commander Dempwolf asked me to report any signs of Japanese occupation that I might see on Adak. He said that Attu has been completely surveyed by the Japs under the pretext of collecting flowers and butterflies (without permission), and the natives cowed into not speaking about it.

After breakfast the Doctor gave me a few suggestions—wants me to photograph any full blood Aleuts if there are any left. One test for finding out if a person is full blood or not is to make a scratch on the breast with one’s fingernail. If it makes a large shred line that lasts for some time, then that person is a breed. If the line is thin and inconspicuous and vanishes quickly, then that person is a full blood. Descriptions and locations of any old sites found are to be noted. The size, number of barabara depressions, and maps if possible. Daily notes of items found and of unusual occurrences are to be made. Information to be obtained if possible from the natives as to any old village sites known on the island.

Returning to my cabin at noon I found a large box labeled “Medical supplies for Mr. May.” I had asked the ship’s doctor, Mr. Bingman, for a bottle of iodine and some adhesive tape, and then he sent me this whole raft of stuff.
Lieut. Garcia showed me fox furs he bought, a blue and a white. The blue fox is the only good looking one that I have seen so far, but of course he won’t sell it to me. Am going to try to buy some candy on board for the native kids and get some cigarettes for the men.

We expect to reach Kiska about three in the afternoon and the Doctor is getting all excited. As it is very foggy the boat will probably have to go into Kiska Harbor on the east side of the island, whereas he wants to get to the west side. He will probably have to go round the island with all his equipment in the Queenie. We have been travelling north of the islands, the south being uncharted. The Bering Sea as a whole is very shallow—about here it is 600 fathoms, but in some places is only two fathoms.

Kiska Island

Wednesday, July 8th. What a time yesterday! We got to Kiska about 2 p.m. and went ashore in the motor launch (26 feet) in [the] charge of Lieut. Gibson. We had a hard time landing on account of the surf. The shore was all rocks, and the surf would sweep the boat along and unless very carefully handled would land “kerplunk” on these rocks and smash it to bits. We got one hard knock, which slightly smashed the boat and once hit the propeller and bent it. Gibson told me later that we were within an ace of capsizing, but not being nautically minded I did not even realize it and worried not. The seamen thought they had a narrow escape, for it is said that if a boat does capsize a person has little chance of reaching shore before being pounded to pieces on the rocks.

Our plan was to walk across the island, which we figured from the charts was about six miles across at this point, to see if it would be possible for the Shoshone to go round the island and land the Doctor and his party in the launch from the other side. We also wanted to find out just where this village site was that the Doctor wanted to work on. All he knew about it was that he had seen it in an aerial photograph and he described it to us as well as he could. Kiska is an interesting island, but after getting up the cliff, which was a mean job, we found the walking very hard—sinking at times almost knee deep in the tundra. Numerous hillocks and small deep holes into which one could easily fall slowed our progress. Millions of violets, iris and hyacinths which are just blooming indicate that spring is just here. Apparently the further west one goes, the later the spring. Some ptarmigan were seen and some other strange looking birds, all of which were very tame and one could approach to within six or ten feet of them before they would fly away.

Climbing one hill we sighted a string of lakes and in the distance the other side of the island. It looked as if we were nearly there but we found out that we were a heck of a long way off from the other shore. Eventually we got a spot where we could see up and down the shoreline, but no campsite could be seen. There were reefs out at sea and no chance of the Shoshone getting very close to land. Here we all rested for a few minutes consuming one sandwich and two-fifths of a can of beer apiece, which was all we had with us.

The Doctor suggested that Gibson and I descend to the beach and see what was to be seen and that the others climb a nearby hill, which should give them a better view. So Gibson and I set off and came to a most extraordinary beach. It was composed of large, smooth, symmetrical
boulders, oval, round, and egg shaped. They ran all the way from the small ones at about one hundred pounds in weight to those of half a ton. We staggered over these boulders, around a bluff, and here found a nice sandy beach upon which were a great number of these Japanese glass balls used as fishing net floats. We brought some back with us, but unfortunately I broke the best one later.

Getting the return signal from one of the boys on top of a hill about a mile away, we climbed the cliff and started back. As soon as we got to the top of the cliff I noticed that we were right in the midst of a big village site that must have covered ten acres or so. We thought that this was the one that the Doctor wanted to find but it did not fit in with his description. Incidentally, the Doctor did not make the last mile or two, waiting for us where we ate our small lunch.

It now commenced to rain hard and so with the foliage waist high we were soon wet thru up to the waist and very tired. Gibson and I figured that we had already walked nine miles and we had another nine miles to go back.

Osborne reached the Doctor first and they started on back. Connor waited for us, and the three of us thought that Corner was with the Doctor. About one-third of the way back we saw the Doctor and Osborne in the distance but no Corner. Shouting back and forth we decided that the damned fool must have lost himself. He was last seen climbing up a hill when fog came down on it. We shouted ourselves hoarse, climbed up hills to shout down the other side, but got no reply. We were about all in and several miles to go yet. The Doctor then decided that the best thing to do was to go on back and get a searching party from the Shoshone. The last few miles back seemed unending and it was getting dark but we arrived at the east beach eventually, very tired and wet. We lighted matches and waved them back and forth to signal the launch, which came in close, but as the wind and surf had risen it was impossible to get close enough for us to get on board.

It was now eleven o’clock at night, so Gibson told the launch to return to the Shoshone and get the surfboat. In the meantime we found enough driftwood to start a fire and tried to dry ourselves out a bit. We were all ravenous and, in spite of Corner being a fool, all were worried about him. Heaven knows we were cold and miserable there with a fire and we thought of him wandering about lost in the dark and fog. Even with the fire we had a hard time keeping warm, and it had commenced to rain again.

The surfboat had not turned up by two o’clock so we figured that they were waiting for daylight, so we did our best to get comfortable amongst the boulders. Sitting down and standing soon got most irksome, and the rocks were most hard.

Between four and five o’clock we saw the Shoshone steam into sight around the headland. It had anchored in Kiska Harbor about five miles to the south of us. Half an hour later the launch with the surfboat trailing behind came off shore in [the] charge of Lieut. Comm. Belfort. Even with twelve seamen in the surfboat at the oars and rope tied from it to the launch to keep it from crashing on the rocks, we had one heck of a time getting aboard. The seamen in the surfboat looked mighty neat in their uniforms and white caps with life saving jackets on. Clever
timing by the men of the surfboat and the engineer of the launch enabled us to clamber in, one at a time. And were we stiff and tired!

Belfort then told us that Corner had come in back to the shore another way, while we were out there shouting and climbing hills looking for him! He had got to the beach before the surf got too bad to land and had got on board. And here we had been searching and worrying about him, only to find out that he was all in a good bed on the *Shoshone*, whilst we darned near froze and starved to death amongst the boulders! When asked by Captain Finley whether we knew where he was, he answered in the affirmative.

The coxswain of the launch told me afterwards that Corner came running over the hill as fast as he could. The two men in the launch immediately thought that some accident must have happened to the rest of us. When they got him aboard he said everything was all right, but he thought [he] was late. Actually he was scared to death. The Doctor was so damned mad that he did not trust himself to speak to Corner concerning the affair, and as far as I know I don’t think it was ever mentioned. Talking to me, the Old Man said that if there was any way to ship him back home he would do so. If he had had any sense he would have shipped him back from Kodiak long ago.

Captain Dempwolf was telling me that the last time he came to Kiska, he was trying to find the harbor in a dense fog. Suddenly the fog lifted and he found himself only a few hundred feet from Piller Rock on the other side of the island. During the fog, swift currents had swept the boat around the north end of the island. When we got back on board the *Shoshone*, Connor, Osborne, Gibson, and I ate first and then tumbled in for about a couple of hours. When we got out again, lo and behold, there was the Doctor, as fresh as a daisy. He is a great old boy, 69 years old and walking sixteen miles over the tundra and not a grouch out of him when we had to sit in the rain all night. I considered it a small adventure, but not very pleasant.

Thursday, July 9th. About noon the Doctor and the other boys got everything together, the seamen put the *Queenie* in the water, and both the *Queenie* and the launch were filled with supplies and equipment, and the launch set off towing the *Queenie* to the harbor. Just how the Doctor is going to get all his supplies across the island I don’t know. He has an idea that he can use the *Queenie* to go around, but the officers say it is not safe to do so, and judging from the experience of the launch and surf boat yesterday, I agree with them. If he does succeed in getting them over he has to get quite a lot of it back, together with the specimen boxes.

Captain Finley has definitely told him that he cannot take the *Shoshone* to the west side of the island and will pick him up at the place he lands in three to four week’s time.

**Attu Island**

Here I seem to be a bit mixed up on the date or day. Up at six o’clock this morning. Just in time to see the boat entering Chichagof Harbor [on Attu Island], which is more or less of a lagoon, with a narrow channel entering it from the sea. Attu village lies at the far end. The *Shoshone* is the only cutter that has ever entered the harbor—it is a touchy business, as a reef extends better than two-thirds of the way across the narrow entrance of the channel. For the first
time in five trips of this boat to Attu there was no fog. The sun came out at seven o’clock and everyone was in good spirits, as this is almost unknown to the C.G. men.

Attu is situated in a most picturesque situation, being at the end of the bay or lagoon, with high snowcapped hills surrounding it in a semi-circle. Steaming slowly in to a spot about a quarter mile from the village, where the anchor was dropped, I noticed a possible site on the south side of the bay. Today Attu consists of a church, schoolhouse, about a dozen frame two-room houses, and about a dozen barabaras still in use. The schoolhouse is large and modern, and has never been used as a school, but some of the radiomen from the Navy used it for living quarters when they were stationed here for three months some years ago. Am told that the whole village, as late as 1928, lived in barabaras or dugouts as some of them still do.

Belfort tells me that Chief Hodikoff will be coming aboard shortly—must see him about many things. The Shoshone is going to stay in the harbor over night, but I intend to get ashore and try to get settled. Got a few last minute purchases from the canteen, cigarettes, soap, tobacco, candles, dates, toilet paper, gloves, and a can for keeping butter in.

Later: Alone with the natives at last, but the Shoshone still lies in the bay. After lunch I came ashore and, with the assistance of seamen from the cutter, got all my stuff into the schoolhouse, together with a lot of boxes and crates from the boat for packing specimens.

The schoolhouse is a large building with hallway, large classroom, small class room, two kitchens with built-in cupboards and range, two bedrooms with bed and dresser, bathroom with plumbing fixtures, and attic. In one kitchen there is crockery and kitchen utensils, as well as table, chairs and range. One bedroom has a good double bed with springs and mattress, a dresser and sewing machine.

Am going to sleep in the bedroom next to the kitchen. I got the Chief to turn on the water but found that there was a leak in the range, so went back to ask Captain Finley if he would have one of his men weld it, which he did. After this was fixed another leak developed in the wall on the hot water line, so I cannot get hot water. The cold water ran for a while and then stopped, but can probably fix that later. It is pretty soft to have all these conveniences. I find that there are twenty tons of government coal outside the schoolhouse front door, which of course I shall use.

Chief Michael Hodikoff appears quite intelligent; he is small and dark and has a pretty good-looking big wife, and a son. Married in 1920. He is Chief by the community vote, and has been for several years.

My last dinner on the boat tonight and afterwards to the show. The natives were asked to the show and almost the whole village attended. They appeared to be much amused tho’ I am sure they could not understand it—the picture was “Every Night at Eight,” not so bad. The old men and women and children were helped up and down the pilot’s ladder by the seamen and a rope was placed round their waists. It is now eleven p.m. so must hit the hay, as I want to be up by six tomorrow see the Shoshone off.
Friday, July 10th. Up at six o’clock and find the Shoshone still in the harbor, so set about getting breakfast. Did not bother to light a fire, as kindling wood is scarce. Ate bread and butter, zwieback and figs, and then made up two bully beef [canned corned beef] sandwiches for lunch, together with a hunk of cheese and some cookies. Belfort had told me that he would whistle me a goodbye signal, so was not watching the boat. The next time I looked out of the window, the bay was empty. The Shoshone was gone, and I experienced a very lost feeling. I imagine that they thought I was not up as I had no fire going.

After breakfast I set off walking round the southeast side of the bay. Had not put rubber boots on as it had not rained yesterday, but had to return and get them when I came to a stream about eighteen feet across and two to three feet deep—this I believe is Chichagof River. Back again to about the same place and looked over a small site at the edge of the river. It did not look very interesting and is probably post-Russian.

A boat with an outboard came fairly close to shore and the Chief shouted and signaled to me that he would give me a lift. I did not know where he was going, but he took me to an old site near Pisa Tower, this being a leaning rock about fifty feet high which is on the edge of the Chichagof Harbor and used as a land mark by the C.G. men in fine weather. I found out from the Chief that the first site that I had stopped at was just a fishing campsite and not very old. He told me that the second one, where he took me, was “old, very old.”

About 1905 [actually 1909 or 1910], a Russian, Jochelson, excavated here with—reported good success. Excluding the trader who lives here about two months a year, I am the first civilian to live here since 1905. On this site I worked all day and was terribly disappointed. I only found four complete specimens and some animal bones and a few pieces. It does not look good and I think it will be a waste of time to work here. The Chief tells me that there is another site on the other side of the harbor, about five miles or so from here by land, but only two by water.

At luncheon I did a bit of beach combing and fished a sea lion skull out of the bay. It is a very rocky coastline with great gorges and chasms, into which the water rushes and retreats, making a continual gurgling sound. There is very beautiful coloring amongst these rocks—bright colored sea anemones, sea urchins, shellfish, and seaweed of four varieties. All of these can be seen through the crystal clear blue-green water. I think that one can see down forty or fifty feet.

Am feeling pretty blue about today’s results and unless this third site proves better, am sure I shall be ashamed of my lack of results. It may get better. Today’s site was on level ground and the depth was only two to three feet. It is about two and a half miles from this site to the schoolhouse. Going back tonight I was about half way when along came the Chief in his boat and he took me in the rest of the way. He asked me to go up and hear him on his radio tonight, so shall go after supper. His seven-year-old son was with him in the boat and he is clever at handling the oars—he would put me to shame at that sort of work.

Nearly all the natives wear mukluks [skin boots], but a few use rubber boots.
Tonight it took me over two hours to get my meal ready and clean up and wash the dishes. I hope I shall be able to do better than this in the future. Had bacon and eggs, zwieback, apricots, and cookies. I fried the eggs, but after this intend to boil them, for it was a heck of a job to clean the frying pan and dishes. I only have one small rag for this purpose. I forgot to bring any dishcloths, so am using a bandana handkerchief as a washrag and a towel as a dishtowel. It seems such a waste of time, getting me a meal—have decided that I shall only light the fire for the evening meal—it takes too long. There is a great lack of paper here to start fires with, but was lucky in finding some Seattle Times in the attic, and with sparing use I may be able to make them last.

The tundra here is as full of flowers as ever, some new ones amongst them. Some of the violets have stalks nine inches long, but most of them only two to three inches. Here the iris is just coming out, most of them still in the bud stage—some of them only four inches tall. Hyacinths and black lilies are very abundant. It is a good thing that I brought some candles, as the days seem to be getting shorter, and I can write my notes after dark with their aid. Maybe the Chief can scare up an oil lamp for me, I must ask him. I see that there is 30 gallons of coal oil here in the school, addressed to “Teacher, Attu”—although there never has been a teacher here. The Naval radiomen when here used Coleman gasoline lamps. They have left two of them here but neither will work and there are no spare parts.

Am sure praying that tomorrow’s site will prove better than those seen so far. It is doubtful if anyone will take me to the southwest part of the island, and having no tent am not too anxious to leave these comfortable quarters.

The trader who has a small store here only lives here a short time each year. His name is Schroeder and the natives seem to like him, but appear a bit afraid of doing anything he might not approve of. He may turn up before I leave. He chartered a boat in San Francisco to bring a cargo of freight up here, but the boat ran aground off Vancouver Island. The freight was then transferred to another boat, which got as far as Kodiak Island when its main shaft broke. When last heard of it was trying to limp into Unalaska. It should be there by now, but don’t see how Schroeder will be able to get out here having just missed the Shoshone. Schroeder has a good reputation and is a Jew. He got some of these natives out of their barabaras into two room shacks and supplied them with lumber for their church. Naturally he is not doing this for love of the natives but is making a good thing out of it.

Just happened to think that I must cook tomorrow morning’s oatmeal tonight, but will have to eat it cold, and have brought no canned milk. Have not the foggiest notion how much salt to put in it, but I know it is done.

Talked to what I thought was a very old man this evening, or at least we tried to talk. I found out that his name is Michael Prossof and that he is only 53 years old, but has been crippled up with rheumatism for some years. His father was a Russian and he thinks that there are no pure Aleuts left here. Four or five of the natives have a smattering of English.

48 Oliver (1988:Appendix 3) spells this name “Prosoff.” Michael Prossoff was the father of Alexei Prossoff, who was taken from Attu as a prisoner of war in 1942 by the Japanese.
Saturday, July 11th. Have just returned from church, as services are held on Saturdays. The Chief asked me to go, so I went, not knowing that I should have to stand up for almost an hour and a half after a full day’s work, and before supper at that. There are no chairs or seats in the building. The men and boys stand on the right hand side and the women and girls on the left.

Their religion seems to be a very serious thing with them. At one point in the service three women actually cried. Mothers with infants took their hands and made them cross themselves and also tried to get them to kiss the book and picture, which was something that everyone did. I intend to try and find out what it is about later. They are always at odd moments kneeling down, crossing themselves, and knocking foreheads on the floor. Even the poor old rheumatic fellow got down and up two or three times. The whole service is sung or chanted with the most atrocious voices, lead by the Chief. He seems to be high priest as well. The windows of the church are not made to open and the door was kept shut and the result was a terrific odor of natives, in spite of the fact that they were all dressed up in their best clean clothes.

There are many religious pictures and icons on the walls, and lots of candles (from Syracuse, N.Y.) and colored paper decorations such as we use for decorating Christmas trees. I want to get a picture before I leave.

Am now patiently (?) waiting for the fire to get going so that I can cook supper. Was given six wee trout by the Chief, who sent them down by his son. I shall have pork and beans with them, fruit and cookies.

Today has been dull and cloudy, but no rain. The village site on the northwest side of the harbor turned out much better than expected and in fact it looks pretty good. I turned up a fine bunch of specimens but no skeletons as yet. Dug half a day in one place and half a day in another, and have now decided to work in the latter spot, as it looks the best. Came across a mandible in good condition as well as part of a very thick parietal bone and a femur of an adolescent. About twenty good pieces were found in all. I feel quite encouraged now.

It is quite a walk out to this site; I imagine that it is a good two and a half miles. There is another river that I have to wade, but it is level going for the first mile, after that I have to climb a hill and come down to the site.

Standing on a bluff where I could look down onto the bay I saw the site and in the middle of it a tent was pitched and some natives living there. They were camped here for fishing and across the Narrows on Kennon Island there was another tent in which the Chief’s wife and some relatives were camping, staying there a day or two at a time to gather the grass from which they make baskets. In the afternoon the grass gatherers came over in their boat to see what I was doing. The Chief’s wife, who so far has not said a word to me, giving me the impression that she knew no English, approached and said “Hullo, my friend,” and was I surprised! I guess that this is maybe about all the English she knows. The women wear mukluks too and they appear to be a very serviceable contraption. The Second Chief, I am told, has a pair that may be big enough for me, which maybe he will sell me.
While [the visitors] watched me work, some sea lions showed up in the narrows. The natives immediately started yelling and making catcalls, using their hands to break up the sound. After it was over I found out that they make these noises because the sea lions are curious and will stay with their heads up out of the water for quite a while to see what the noise is all about. Then, of course, the natives have a chance to shoot them. Unfortunately no one had a gun at the time.

![Figure 9. Alan May on Attu Island with “the largest whale vertebra found” (1936-102b).](image)

This is kind of a smelly site today, for I found the remains of a dead sea lion on the beach and being curious, rolled him over, causing a terrific stench and much consternation amongst the thousands of maggots. The head is intact and really does somewhat resemble a lion. I offered some of the natives a can of cigarettes if they would boil the head for me so that I could have the skull, so far, nothing doing. Wood is probably too precious to waste doing this.

The Chief came out in the late afternoon to pick up his family and found them over where I was digging, so he pottered [British for “puttered”] around for awhile, thinking he was helping me, then we all piled into his boat and went back to the village. This was a great deal better than walking.

Fog from the Bering Sea is creeping into the bay this evening.

I have arranged with the Chief to take out my wheelbarrow and some planks to the site tomorrow in his boat.
I was astounded tonight when coming out of the schoolhouse I saw a New Zealand white rabbit nibbling on some grass. Must belong to some of the natives, but should not think they would live long if they run free; the foxes would surely kill them.

I find that the dried prunes that I brought are fine to eat raw at odd times.

There are four different kinds of crosses shown conspicuously in the church, thus—

Fortunately there are no mosquitoes or gnats to worry about here—of course they may turn up later.

Turned out the granddaddy of all whale vertebrae this afternoon, measuring seventeen inches across the body. Found a new type of sinker, long and oval, weighing about thirty to forty pounds, with two grooves, one near each end. The Chief tells me they were used for trapping sea otters. He went on at length explaining how it was used, but his English is so broken I could not get it.

**Sunday, July 12th.** Was up at five-thirty this morning, just in case the Chief was ready early to take out my wheelbarrow and planks and boxes to the site—so far, however, and it is now seven o’clock; he has not showed up. I noticed yesterday at church that small children were lifted up so that they could kiss the book and picture straight downwards. One little fellow about thirty inches tall, full of life and his own importance, had on newly washed light blue overalls, with a black patch on his seat. Kneeling down with his head to the ground gave everyone a great chance to admire his mother’s handiwork! After kissing the Bible he strode back grinning all over his face—he is a cute kid. The “choir,” if one calls them that, stand off by themselves behind a partition and practically all the service is conducted from there.

The grass that is cut for making baskets is cut when green and the outer leaves stripped off. The drying of the grass is a long and slow process, taking sometimes eight months. I think it takes this length of time because of the damp atmosphere. When cut and stripped it is tied into large bundles for transportation. Later many small bundles about as thick as one’s wrist are made and hung up on a line to dry. After this they are placed on the ground uncovered and later covered up. The last few weeks I understand they’re kept in the homes. A few of the boys from the Shoshone obtained baskets, but don’t know if there are any more left. Will probably be able to get one before I leave—at least I am hoping so.

Whilst waiting for the Chief I have washed the breakfast dishes and got my lunch all ready to take with me, and have written this much. I can see that I shall have a surplus of beans, soup, bacon and ham. Maybe I shall be able to trade off some of this with the natives.

**Sea lion hide is used as an abrasive for grinding and cutting. It is an important animal in the lives of these natives. They eat it fresh and dry it for winter. The skin is always used and the stomach and intestines also. The stomach as a container, and the intestines for making raincoats and so forth. Even the skin from the flippers is used for the bottoms of mukluks.**
Later. The Chief came along about seven-thirty and took me and my equipment out to the site. He jabbered away all the way there, and at the best of times I can’t understand half he says, but with his 3 h.p. Johnson outboard motor running, I did not get a thing, but kept smiling and nodding and making exclamations that meant nothing.

It turned out to be a nice, sunny, warm day and was able to work without a shirt. Had a fairly successful day, grooved sinkers, a broken bone bowl made from the vertebra of a whale, twelve awls, six wedges, two flint-rock knives and two bullet-shaped ivory points. Parts of broken lamps were found, as well as many other broken pieces. Some human bones showed up, first a left femur and then about two feet away I found a right tibia, fibula, and ulna—these last three bones doubtless belonging to the same individual. Later I found another longer fibula and close by was found a youth’s mandible.

The Chief and six others stopped by in the afternoon. They seem to be very interested in what I find. He showed me how certain awls (as we call them) were used, demonstrating by picking up a kind of shellfish and fishing out the meat on the end of the awl and eating it. He calls them pins.

Examining a peculiar large sausage-like thing in one of the sheds, I find it is a sea lion’s stomach filled with dry fish, used for fox feed. The natives eat sea urchins and some of the other shellfish raw, but cook octopus. The Chief tells me that some of the larger octopi have arms as long as I am, so that means better than a twelve-foot spread. He says they are afraid of the large ones and leave them very much alone as they “kill men.” The small ones are caught and considered quite good eating.

This evening I tried my hand at washing some clothes, but was not very successful. Found the best way was to use a nailbrush. It took such a long time too and so much hot water.

Up to hear the Chief at work on his radio, but there was so much static that he was unable to receive anything the forty-five minutes that I was there. He talks so fast on the radio that it is hard to believe that anyone could understand what he was saying. It was the same in church; he talked and shouted just as fast as anybody I have ever heard. One would think he was having a race. The only words I understood in the whole service were “Hallelujah, Hallelujah.” Apparently the ringing of the bell, too, has something to do with the service. The service commences with the bell being rung at normal speed and ends so too, but twice during the service it was rung as fast as possible drowning out all voices.

Monday, July 13th. Another bright sunny day. It takes about an hour to reach the site, but it is awfully hard going across the tundra. Found quite a few specimens today. Came across a bunch of human bones all bundled together—three humeri of different sizes and a mandible. At another place were two left femora, right and left tibiae, and other extra tibia and fibula, all jumbled together. Can’t quite figure out why they should be in bunches—so few bones and yet belonging to several individuals. Maybe these people practiced cannibalism.

In the afternoon I came across a “canary,” as the Doctor calls them. It was part of a skull showing up yellow in color in the face of the cut I am making. Hence the Doctor’s name for it. It
turned out to be the frontal and face bones only of a skull. It lay on a rock with another over it and was right side up. On the skull above the forehead were two old wounds which had partially healed. One of these wounds, oval in shape with a hole in the centre, looked for all the world like some case of trephining. It can hardly be that, as such a case has never been heard of from this district. Was quite enthused after this find and afterwards went at it with a will. Dug out a whale’s pelvic bone, forty-five by forty inches across.

No visitors today and was just as glad as they slow up the work. Found a very beautifully carved ivory seal with a hole bored thru the centre. Some of those same gnats that we were bothered with at Kodiak were around today.

This evening for supper I tried my hand at making pancakes, but was not too successful, but with syrup and bacon to help them down they were not too bad. Just realized tonight that dishes wash cleaner and easier with soap in the water! Have just darned a sock and sewn on a button—this is easy; but I also tried to put a patch on my pants and had one heck of a time. Did not bring any coffee, am using tea, and find that I can make a better cup of tea than that which I get at home.

I notice that there are lots of great big “blue bottle” flies, about a half inch long, that hang around the fish and sea lion meat that is hung up to dry on racks by the houses. It is peculiar that they do not come into the schoolhouse even when the door is left open all day, although hundreds of them are around outside.
Tuesday, July 14th. Raining this morning and strong southwest wind blowing, but went out to the diggings anyway. Trying to make a short cut to the site I came across several small lakes or ponds, three to four hundred feet above the site. This may be their source of water supply in the old days. The nearest stream for drinking water now is almost one mile from the site. Found three wedges, a bullet-shaped point made from a tooth, rock-flint scraper and spear point, [and] one polished and one chipped knife. Many broken pieces, of course, amongst which was a bone point with lines of small circles beautifully incised on it, measuring one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter. About three in the afternoon the Chief came by in his boat with his son on his way back to the village. As it was still raining hard and I was miserable, I went in with him.

When back I set to cleaning up the kitchen and bedroom—it is surprising how dirty they get. On hearing a knock and going to the door, I found a young lad there, so asked him in, gave him a chair, and tried to start a conversation. This was rather a problem as he only knew a few words of English and filled in with his own language (Aleutian). I gave him a few cookies and he then pulled out some specimens from his pocket. Not knowing whether these were meant to be a gift or not, but wanting to keep on the right side of the natives for future “gifts,” I gave him two cans of pork and beans for them, when he left. His name, I found out, was Ivan Hodikoff, the son of one of the Chief’s sisters. He stayed about half an hour and did he stink!

Shortly after he had departed, along came another fellow. This time it was one of the Chief’s brothers, by the name of Fadc [Fada?] Hodikof[f]. This peculiar name is pronounced “Fay-de-say.” He could talk a bit better than the other lad and I was able to obtain a little information from him. He stayed almost an hour; so, I made some tea and gave him some
cookies and cigarettes to smoke and on leaving gave him two cans of pork and beans. The specimens brought by these two, with the exception of two pieces, are not up to much. Fade gave me the following information. The Chief’s wife’s name is Anastasia. The trapping of foxes is a community affair, each pelt, regardless of quality, fetching ten dollars. I gathered that the season’s take of fox pelts was equally divided. The trappers catch from fifty to one hundred and ten foxes apiece—these were the lowest and highest figures mentioned. They use their home-made skis, which they call snowshoes, and these are made of driftwood, only about 42 inches long and covered with hair seal skin. They can travel on these skis with a heavy pack of around 200 pounds about forty or fifty miles a day. They prefer to go straight up a mountain (which can be done with the aid of the hair seal pelt on the bottom of the skis) and slide down, rather than going around the mountain. Nothing else but foxes are trapped. How much of this is correct I don’t know, but at least he answered my questions to the best of his ability. There are no dogs here and the native children make pets of sea gulls and shags [cormorants], which are caught when very young. When they are grown, they fly away to get food but always return every evening. In hard times sea gulls are eaten. Eggs of all the different birds are collected and eaten.

About twenty-five years ago five men who were out in two bidarkas disappeared. They were never heard of from that time on. The bidarkas were never found, not even parts of them. A portion of a piece of clothing belonging to one of the men was the only thing ever found. The natives believe that they were captured or killed by the Japs. The Chief’s father was amongst them, and all the natives hate the Japs.

It is strange that there are no musical instruments of any kind on the island.

The following are Aleutian words, spelt as pronounced:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Pronunciation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Argo</td>
<td>Yes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nong-a</td>
<td>No</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Drast-oí</td>
<td>Good morning or hullo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Press-aye-ee</td>
<td>Goodnight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toch</td>
<td>Alright</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spess-ee-ba</td>
<td>Thank you</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I have found out that the book that is kissed in church is the Bible, and the picture is a cheap print of Jesus Christ. The language of the service is a mixture of Greek and Russian. Most of the natives only understand a part of it. The church is considered as one unit of the community, and as such owns its share of the fox pelts. These can be sold, the money going to the church. I understand that the church still has one or two, which can be sold, so might be able to get one. The Second Chief, I hear, is making me a pair of mukluks, as there are none large enough in the village. One boy promises to give me his hunting bag, whatever that is.

Last night the Chief learned on the radio that the Game Commissioner’s boat, the Brown Bear, is on its way out here. That will be a nice break for me and I can find out from him what these blue fox pelts are really worth.

49 At least the last four in this list are borrowed Russian words.
Have just been to look over the church with the “Deacon.” He can’t talk English and is deaf as well, so did not find out anything from him. There are two or three apparently real old Russian paintings, which might be quite valuable, and many old Russian religious books. Shall see if I cannot buy one of these, as they are not all in use. There are also many cheap printed pictures—one large prominent one with “Agents wanted” printed in large letters in the corner! Up in the belfry I found two bells. One is probably an early cast-iron American railroad bell and the other a bronze Russian one, with designs and Russian lettering on it. They do not use the bronze bell; would sure like to have it, but it must weigh about five hundred pounds.

The kitchen gets awfully dirty—if I sweep the floor once a day, I bet I do it ten times. When Ivan sat here eating cookies, he dropped crumbs all over the place. Tonight for supper had boiled eggs, toast, beans, soup, fruit, and cookies. Only two loaves of bread left.

Have just seen the Chief and he has presented me with three books, two of which are written in Aleutian and one in Russian. One is dated 1893, one 1899, and the other 1861. Very nice of him. A fellow just round with his hair seal hunting bag and the pouch in which are kept the cartridges. He said he would give them to me for anything I would give him; so two more cans of beans went the way of the others. It is a nice bag and may even prove useful to me. Everybody, when they give anything, expects something given in return, except the Chief—he prefers to give outright. Tonight, the Chief showed me a sample of his American writing and it is really very good and sure puts mine to shame. He writes Aleutian, too, and this seems to have a great similarity to Russian. He is the only one here who does not smoke, but his wife makes up for it.

Was looking this evening at a baby shag that one of the kids is bringing up as a pet. It is a terrible looking thing, gawky and has practically no feathers.

Wednesday, July 15th. Raining this morning when I went out to work and by the time I got to the site it was coming down in torrents. Decided to stay till noon anyway, but it was miserable and very slow work. By noon it had not quit but looked better so stayed on and shortly afterwards it cleared up and turned out a nice afternoon, although there was quite a wind. Strong south wind today, the same as yesterday. Did fairly well, found the first unbroken lamp and a large bone bowl and several other items.

Last night I borrowed one of Schroeder’s books. He has a house here, with a small library. The book is by Charles Garvice, one of my favorite authors when a boy, and am really quite enjoying it. All the library is fiction and most of the books come from the Soldiers and Sailors War Library.⁵⁰

Am still amazed at the number of different wild flowers that there are here—am always seeing some new ones, probably they have only just come into bloom. Saw some sort of a rockrose today and a smallish Shasta daisy, both in white and lavender colors. There are plenty of bees buzzing around the flowers. Here there are no stinging nettles, but one finds a great many thistles instead. While sitting down having lunch a huge raven flew just over my head, and it sounded for all the world like a woman’s silk dress rustling.

⁵⁰ Probably the American Library Association’s World War I “Library War Service.”
Saw some of these skis or snow shoes last night, so think I shall try to obtain a pair—they would just about fit in the center of my bed roll.

The wind tonight blew all the smoke from the range fire back down the chimney until one could scarcely see across the kitchen. After the fire got really going it was not so bad. All my cookies were getting soft, so I put them in the oven last night to dry out and forgot about them when I lit the fire this evening. Then I remembered them when I smelt them burning. Most of them were burnt to cinders, but maybe there are a few left that I can eat. This schoolhouse has all double windows and all are stuck with the dampness and will not open.

Again up to the radio shack to see Chief Mike [Hodikoff] at work. Mike on the radio, “Hello, 'lo, 'lo, 'lo, this is KAJU, Attu, calling KEAW, Umnak, Alaska” (repeats three or four times very fast). “If you hear this, you let me know, this is KAJU, Mike speaking. If you listen, you let me have answer O.K. eight bells.”

Tonight I actually found a Biles-Coleman apple box with a Skookum label on it, behind one of the shacks. How Wenatchee apples do travel, or at least the boxes—to find one here, of all places.

Have noticed lots of salmon heads strung together and hung up to dry on the fish racks and have been wracking my brains to figure out what possible use they could be and now I am told that they used for kindling a fire, after they are dry.

The baby sea gulls, which are pets, are goofy looking birds—they look so cold without their feathers.

It is now nine o’clock and the sun is still shining and will for some time yet.

Thursday, July 16th. It is just two months ago since we sailed from Seattle. In many ways it seems years ago, but in others only a week or so. It was nice and bright till afternoon today, when it commenced to rain and still comes down steadily. As far as specimens go, I had another pretty good day, but do wish a few skeletons would show up. Still, we were almost two weeks at Kodiak before the first one, maybe I should not be discouraged.

It is quite a chore to carry these specimens after I have found them—they get awfully heavy towards the end of the two and a half mile hike. I was lucky in finding an old satchel of some sort—maybe it is an old Army or Navy pack bag, so am using this and can sling it over one shoulder.

The eggs that I so carefully hard-boiled turned out to be very soft and gooey. I always had an idea that three minutes hard-boiled an egg, so I left them for five minutes to be sure and then they were soft. Am now trying six more—the water was boiling when I put them in twenty minutes ago, but will leave them a bit longer yet and then I think there will be no doubt about them being hard boiled.
The natives, when the fishing is poor, go out in their boats to distant parts of the island to gather driftwood. There is not much of it on this side of the island. Schroeder usually brings in some coal [and] they buy that. It speaks well for their honesty that they do not touch this Government coal here by the school. Incidentally, I never lock up anything and do not even close the door when I am gone all day, and as far as I know they never come to the schoolhouse unless I am there and they want to see me.

The tanning of seal and sea lion skins seems to fairly simple from what I gather. First, they leave it in the house, where it is warm, until it has a good healthy smell, then “paint” it with seal oil and wait a week or so till they can pull the hair off. After this is soaked in water a week and then by rubbing and handling it for a long time it becomes soft and pliable.

Friday, July 17th. A torrential rainfall last night, which lasted till the early hours of the morning. The waterfalls, streams, and pot holes were overflowing with water and the river I wade everyday had risen about two feet and water flowing so fast it was all I could do to get across. By the time I came back in the evening the water had subsided. It has been dull and rainy today, although the sun did get out for a short while and is shining now at 7 p.m. Have just finished supper and washed the dishes—had chicken soup, toast, cheese, peaches, and cookies and tea—not forgetting the last—I can sure make good tea. Am getting rather tired of cold mush for breakfast every morning, but at that, it is better than bothering with lighting a fire and waiting for it to get hot.

This morning it was too wet and muddy to work in the usual place, so had to commence a new cut in a drier place. And still no skeletons, but found about the usual number of specimens. Couldn’t help but think of the Doctor and the other boys camped out in that rainstorm—wonder how they are getting along and hope they’re finding more skeletons than I am. They should do better as there are four of them and should cover four times as much ground.

Mike’s radio seems to have broken down tonight, although it was all right last night, when I was up there. A message was received from Unalaska saying that the Shoshone (which was to have picked me up) has departed for the States. I suppose they will send the Chelan for us after they have got rid of the Congressional party. The Brown Bear is still on its way here.

Possibly I may have a chance to go to Sarana Bay tomorrow with some of the natives who are going there for driftwood; it depends on the weather. The natives claim that they own the two islands, Attu and Agattu, [and] all foxes caught on these two islands belong to them. They sell them thru Schroeder on the London market and claim that last year their pelts averaged them $35 apiece. The Semichi Islands [immediately to the east of Attu Island] are leased from the Government by Schroeder and he takes Attu trappers there to trap for him, paying them $10 for each pelt. When a sea lion is caught it is community property, each person taking what he wants of it. MacDonald Bay on the east side of Agattu is said by the Chief to be a place where I could easily obtain all the skeletons I wanted. He claims to have seen them there when trapping and says there is a small shack right by the graveyard.

Saturday, July 18th. Drizzling this morning and quite foggy. About two o’clock it commenced raining hard and was pretty wet by the time I got through. The continual rain has
changed my original idea of digging forward into the heart of the site, as the further in I get, the muddier it becomes. For the time being I am now working out sideways. Found a very fine flint-rock blade today, six by two inches. It was very good workmanship and very similar to some of the better Columbia River pieces. No skeletons yet, but did find some more disassociated human bones, nothing very interesting. Just as I had finished frying six pieces of bacon tonight, along came Mike’s son with four nice seven to ten inch trout, so I cooked these too. Had a hard time trying to cook them too, for the darned things kept curling up and would thus only cook on one side. They were a mess before I got through. Am beginning to think that I eat too much—most certainly shall not get thin this way.

There are two cemeteries here, one almost surrounding the church and one back on the hill. In order to be buried in the church cemetery one has to pay three dollars to the church, but I gather that if the party is unable to pay it is forgotten, although technically they are supposed to be buried on the hillside.

Had quite a calamity today for my watch stopped running and is apparently broken. This will be awkward to say the least. There is a large clock in the kitchen, which runs spasmodically so I set this by guess and found out later that I set it one and a half hours ahead of correct time. When I told Mike about this he insisted I take his Waltham watch, so am taking it and praying that it will not get broken.

Just saw the two white rabbits playing on the recent grave in the cemetery. The Chief tells me that he lets them run wild and breed but only has one pair left—the foxes do not bother them.

Yes, the radio is broken beyond a doubt and will, of course, remain so until the next boat comes in. Mike has just been round for a visit and has promised to give me his kamleika, snowshoes, an old bag, and an old, old book from the church, which will be pretty nice for me if he does not forget. A kamleika is a raincoat made from the sea lion’s guts, which are split open and sewn together by hand. I sent Mike home with half a side of bacon and can of cigarettes for his wife. Never in the world would be able to use all the bacon. Mike says that he would like me to send him some thick two-foot long candles and some hymn books when I get back. In return he will send me a couple of fox pelts. Sea lions get “five fathoms”51 long and are killed that big. Killer whales kill sea lions, seals, and sea otter.

Apparently there are many Aleutian dialects for the Chief tells me that different languages are spoken at Atka, Attu, Umnak, Unalaska, Akutan, Kodiak, and on the Kuskokwim. He also informs me that the Russians first introduced the foxes to the islands, but I rather doubt if this is correct. At one time the natives of Atka massacred all the Attu people with the exception of two young men and a woman who escaped to the hills. Later some friendly natives from Umnak came to the island of Attu and stayed there with them and thus the population gradually grew up again. The natives of Atka have a bad reputation, even today at Attu—in the past they were known to be very aggressive and warlike. Some of the early Russians were

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51 Male Steller sea lions reach about 11 feet in length, so either Mike or Alan May is in error in reporting “five fathoms,” or 30 feet.
murdered\textsuperscript{52} by the Atkans, but in retaliation the Russians came and captured many of the natives and took them to Siberia and put them to work at hard labor. Many of them died but a few were returned to the island after many years.

According to Mike, the Chief, the early inhabitants of Attu wore clothing made from the skins of birds and animals, and in the rainy times used grass cloaks. When the Russians first arrived at Attu the natives were scared and fled to the hills. The Russians tried to coax them down by leaving presents for them and then going away. The natives took the presents and retired again to the hills. However, the Russians left some knives and after this the natives came down and made friends with the Russians.

The church here was built in 1931, the money for the lumber being advanced by Schroeder against their season’s trapping. Before 1931 they used a grass-roofed barabara as a church. When the Chief was a boy the natives had no houses or modern clothes or shoes—they were a lazy and shiftless lot, owing to the lack of leadership. The Atka natives raided other villages even as far as Kodiak, and those from Kodiak, after recuperating, raided Atka. They travelled in umiakpaks\textsuperscript{53} about forty feet long. Knives, poignards, and spears were the only weapons used.

Agefangel\textsuperscript{54} Prokopiof is the name of the Second Chief who tells me that sea otters are sometimes seen around here. I should like to see some.

\textbf{Sunday, July 19th.} A hard rain again last night and drizzling this morning with a strong east wind in the afternoon. Found the ground very wet and progress was consequently slow. A few more human bones turned up but no skeletons. Just one exceptionally nice piece today, of ivory, but of unknown use. The Doctor told me to pack my specimens as I went along, but this is impossible due to the lack of packing material and also because I shall have to get a boat to bring in the heavy stones I have at the site. This evening I packed box number one. There are a lot of sponges along the shore here so I am collecting these to use as packing material and think they will be good for that purpose. It is quite a job to pack this stuff with a scarcity of material.

Tried my hand again at washing a shirt, but the best I can say for it is that it is cleaner around the neck and wrists than it was—it is very spotted. It is surprising how clean the natives are; they are always washing clothes, but in spite of it they cannot help but smell.

Have borrowed another book from Schroeder’s library, O’Henry’s \textit{Four Million}. Am rather expecting Mike down tonight and am hoping he will bring all the stuff he promised. Last night he stayed till ten-thirty, which, as far as I am concerned, is too late. However, I did get a lot of information out of him.

The wind is howling to beat the band right now, and I can see the surf breaking on the reefs at the entrance to the harbor.

\textsuperscript{52} Arguably self-defense, not murder.
\textsuperscript{53} An open skin-covered boat; usually “umiak” in Inupiaq and “bairdar” in Aleut/Unangam tunuu.
\textsuperscript{54} May also spells this name as “Angefangel,” “Agefangle,” and “Angefa\!gel.”
Monday, July 20th. Rained hard again all last night and it was amply pouring down when I looked out at 5:30 a.m., so went back to bed and got up again at 7 a.m. to find it still coming down in torrents. Because of this, for the first time, I lit a fire to get my breakfast, and so had mush and then made some hot cakes. The rain let up a bit by 8 a.m. so started off to the site.

Am getting a bit discouraged with my results—the rain slows up the work really quite a lot, and although I am finding plenty of specimens I have yet to find a skeleton. About 2 p.m. it stopped raining which helped a bit. After the heavy rains the flatter parts of the tundra turn into almost a marsh and one squellishes [sic] one’s way along thru mud and water ankle deep. Streams disappear underground and come up again elsewhere. There are many earth bridges over these numerous streams and am always expecting one to give way with my weight, but so far none of them have. The ground is so wet that pools form even on hillside where there is good drainage evidently the ground has now reached saturation point. The rivers and creeks after heavy rains become almost the color of iodine, but don’t know whether it is mineral or vegetable coloring.

Three callers have been in bearing gifts. Agefangel Prokopiof brought in a pair of mukluks and I can wear them, although they are none too big. The soles are made from the flippers of the sea lion, the uppers from hair seal and the tops from sea lion skin. The Chief brought along the old bag he spoke of—it is oval in shape about fifteen by eighteen inches and about eighteen inches deep. It has been used (and repaired) for packing supplies to the trapping barabaras that are at different spots all over the island. Also he brought his kamleika, which was made by his wife a long time ago. It is very well made and has a parka hood affair to go over the hat and is made from strips of sea lion gut about two inches wide. It is very dirty and smells a bit,
as do the mukluks, but think they will be all right after they are aired out a bit. Another native brought me in an ivory point that he had found on Agattu. I gave 150 cigarettes for the mukluks and a can of pork and beans for the ivory point. Tomorrow, says the Chief, he will bring his wife along to visit me and will bring the old, old book, as well as some sea lion meat for me to try. Mike also brought his snowshoes or skis—they are cut out of driftwood and covered with hair seal hide with the hair left on. All three of them stayed better than one hour, so I made tea and gave them cookies, which was all [I] could think of. The kitchen now has rather a peculiar odor from the gifts that lie on the floor! In the mukluks I found two strings of braided gut for tying them below the knee.

The bullet-shaped points that I have been finding were used by children to practice harpooning. The long slightly curved bone “sticks” that I have been finding are used for root digging.

Mike says that he is working for Schroeder by the month and any other help he needs for Schroeder’s benefit is paid for at the rate of sixty cents an hour. Am getting quite pally [i.e., palsy] with the Chief for tonight he said to me “If my wife die ’fore me, I no get marry again. She all time keep clean house, no do any work.” He tells me he buys her two pairs of shoes a year whether she needs them or not. An old blind man is living in the Chief’s house because the relatives of said blind man will not keep him. It appears that the Chief is really a Chief.

Tuesday, July 21st. Fair sort of a day with a little sunshine. So much better than the last few days. One human bone turned up today and number of good specimens. The mukluks sure do smell strong—if the smell does not disappear soon am not sure if I shall be able to get them home. I find that I am getting awfully tired—think maybe I work too fast.

Every time I warm up some beans they stick to the bottom of the pan—wonder how one prevents this happening. Today my noon sandwiches were made from bread that was baked exactly three weeks ago. That is the stalest bread that I have ever eaten. Am hoping that this last loaf will last for two more lunches.

Wednesday, July 22nd. The Chief and his wife called on me last night and also one Matfa (pronounced Matfay) Golodof. The latter brought nothing with him and don’t know just why he came, unless it was to show me his new six dollar shoes he was so inordinately proud about. However, I gave him one of my corncob pipes and promised him the remains of my tobacco when I leave. I thought that the Chief and his wife never would leave—I have an idea they stayed waiting for tea, so in order to get to bed I made tea and produced some zwieback and jam, and then they left. And so now I now have a lot more dishes to wash.

Mike was telling me that the trappers carry over two hundred pounds when they set out for their trapping quarters the first time in the season. They carry it in an old skin bag, such as the one the Chief gave me. They carry 350 rounds of ammunition, about twenty traps, cooking utensils, blankets, gun, and all they need for a two month’s stay.

At Agattu last year some of the trappers reburied some skeletons they found exposed by the elements. At East Semichi, the Chief says, there is an old campsite where he says I could find
all I wanted in a week’s time. There is also a site at Cape Wrangel on this island, but it is hard to get at.

Today was a nice warm day and about nine o’clock this morning Mike and his boy came along in their boat and said he would take me to some caves in Holtz Bay, so I set off with them right away. It was a beautiful trip. On the west side of Holtz Bay the mountains are covered with snow, but the east side hills are bare. At one place on the east side I noticed a rookery or nesting place of millions of birds. There were thousands and thousands of sea-parrots [puffins], murres, eider ducks, and some seagulls and shags. They all seem to live together very harmoniously. Sea parrots have bright red bills and feet, with black body and wings and a white patch on the neck and head. Murres seem to be a somewhat similar bird, only a bit smaller and have white breasts.

The caves, unfortunately, did not amount to very much. One large one, approximately one hundred feet by forty feet, had no signs of human habitation. I found two other smaller ones and in one of them found a grave marked with a Russian Greek cross. This of course was a comparatively recent burial and am not interested in such.

When I met the Chief again I told him about it and he said that it was the grave of a trapper who had been killed in an accident there and buried on the spot. The cross was put up some years later. As Mike was collecting driftwood I helped him a bit before we returned, stopping on the way to have lunch on shore. Put in a couple more hours digging before returning.

Mike volunteered the information that he is going to write to me on his typewriter and send it out on the last boat in the fall. When he dropped me off at the site, I got him to take about one hundred pounds in weight of specimens back in his boat and that helps a lot.

This evening I have a date to call on Mike and his wife and have hopes of returning laden down with sea lion meat, sea lion whiskers, and the old, old book, none of which have been given me yet. He told me today that he was going to give me one of the church Bibles but the “deacon” objected. Mike told the “deacon” that he had run the church since 1919 and received no pay for it, and “By Golly, I get Bible.” So we’ll see what happens. Maybe he will show me the one and only fox pelt that is left here from last season. Mike says it is a number one skin and worth $35.00 but said that if it was up to him he would sell it to me for $25.00. Am taking him what is left of my four pounds of Gruyere cheese. I ordered Swiss cheese but they took that too literally.

Packed a box of stone pieces tonight in a small box, but it must weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, so am only hoping that it holds together. Wrapped up my skis in gunnysacks and can strap them outside my bedroll as they are only just a little longer than the roll is wide.

When I got to the Chief’s house at about eight o’clock tonight they were eating supper. There were six of them there, some relatives of his and the Second Chief. They insisted that I have a cup of tea with them. I find that in their own homes it is customary to pour the tea in the saucer, pull the saucer to the edge of the table and bend head down to suck it up. However, they don’t do this when they visit me. Ashtrays are not used, one just drops the ash on the floor and it is swept up. After supper I was shown some photographs. Amongst them were many of Chief’s
daughter who died when she was three or four years old. The photos showed the daughter in her coffin and many of the funeral and so forth. Mike then gave me the old, old book, which was promised so long ago. He says it is not a Bible but is a religious book of sorts and he does not know when or where it was printed. It is nice to have it. Then he gave me some sea lion whiskers—most queer looking things—they sometimes use them for toothpicks. His wife gave me some small shells she had collected and three photographs that I wanted.

Afterwards went down to the store where Mike’s sister tried on some dresses. Mrs. Schroeder sent a dress as a gift to each woman on the island, which seems very nice of her, and she also sent toys for the kiddies. Mrs. Schroeder has never visited the island, but she does this once each year.

Thursday, July 23rd. A hard rain again last night which continued throughout the day till two o’clock in the afternoon. It was very miserable out working. Commenced at a new place on account of the mud and found a nice lot of specimens, including part of a skull and tibia.

The Chief’s brother came in tonight with eight sea lion teeth and some gut thread, such as is used for sewing mukluks. I gave him some cigarettes for them and he was well satisfied.

Yesterday whilst I was out looking at the caves I took quite a tumble. Only fell about six feet but landed on my shoulders, turning a complete somersault. Did not feel hurt at the time but this morning I was very stiff and sore.

There were a great many fox tracks on the beach at Holtz Bay, but I have yet to see a live fox. It still seems peculiar to see these tame sea gulls around and to see the way the kids handle them—about the same rough treatment as a kid with a dog at home.

Last night I gave the Chief the news of the death of King George V; he had not heard of it before. “Fine old man,” said Mike and got out some highly colored prints of the Czar and all his family.

Have borrowed a saw and some nails from Mike and have now finished packing two boxes, so that is much out of the way. The boat, which is coming to get me, is supposed to be here about Sunday or Monday, so think I shall quit work Saturday noon so as to have time to finish the packing of the specimens and clean up the schoolhouse.

Must do some more washing of clothes tomorrow. This evening I mopped the floor in the kitchen—it got too dirty even for me. After this flurry of domesticity I commenced to clean myself up a bit, and shaved my whiskers off down to the sides of my face and now have left a sort of a Van Dyke [mustache and goatee], grey in color and bordering on white. It looks better, but funny.

Friday, July 24th. A wet morning again but it cleared up in the afternoon although there were one or two showers. Poor results today, the worst day on this site so far.
After I got back this evening the Chief came round with about three pounds of sea lion meat. It does not look half bad—have to boil it for at least an hour and a half.

Mike told me he thought that I would be able to obtain a basket before I leave. Evidently someone is making one as Mike said that he thought it would be finished by the time the boat arrived. I have an idea that his wife is making one. Mike also brought along three small books, evidently some sort of textbooks or grammars.

Have been doing a bit more packing, but am now wondering just how I am going to pack all this stuff I have obtained by trading.

The sea lion meat has now been boiling for forty-five minutes and it smells for all the world like a very ripe fish.

**Saturday, July 25th.** My last day at work here but it did not turn out to be a very good day in results. I am rather expecting the boat to come in tomorrow night and to leave the following morning. Have really quite a lot to do before I am ready to leave.

Well, the sea lion was cooked to a turn and the whole schoolhouse still reeks from its smell. I tried it when hot, but cannot enthuse over it—it is very oily and tastes something like it smells. However, when cold it is quite palatable and is almost black in color. The meat flakes off in long thin strips, which look like old leather shoe laces but is quite tender.

Tonight a native brought round a sea lion skin duffle bag. It is new and once before he asked ten dollars for it, but at that time I told him I was not interested. Tonight he wanted me to give him 150 cigarettes for it. Of course it was worth that and more, for it is just what I need for packing the material that I have gathered here for myself. I gave him 150 cigarettes, which I think rather astounded him. Last night the Chief insisted that all the stuff he had given me was for me, “not for boss, for you.” All of which rather clears the air and eases my conscience.

Washed socks and underwear tonight and am not through yet as I have some towels to wash. The one nice thing bout washing one’s own clothes is that one’s hands really get clean again. It is the first time for many a day that my hands have been this clean.

The “deacon” has just showed me the two fox skins that belong to the church. One is a blue and the other a white. Knowing nothing about them makes purchasing one a risky thing to do. Neither of these looks very good. Would not want the white one anyway. Of course when they are tanned and fixed up then would look very different. The “deacon” insists on $35.00 and for all I know it may be worth it, but will offer him $25.00 and if he wants to sell at that figure all right. Mike said today that if I wanted a couple of good skins he would ship me two at $10.00 apiece next fall. I wonder.

It was nice and sunny today but a strong wind was blowing. Just the weather for drying out the grass for the baskets, for I noticed a lot of it hung in small bundles just put out today. Outside Mike’s home there are two sea lion stomachs filled with seal oil. He says that he will
give me some to take home to keep the mukluks and kamleika in condition. They smell enough without doing this.

Sunday, July 26th. Just back from church. Today they burned incense, which took the edge off the natives’ smell. They also took up a collection and almost everyone put something in the plate. Fortunately I had some money in my pocket. After the service was over they all visited the graveyard, bowing and crossing themselves at some of the graves.

Have got almost everything together now so as to be ready when the boat comes, so have just been up the village and had a long talk with old Maggie [Prokopiof]. In her language her name is Wassa, but to the Coast Guard she is known as “Rock of Ages.” She is an old woman but does not look nearly as old as she is. I asked her her age but she did not know. She told me she had no children and asked how many I had and how long I had been married. I told her how long and that we had no children and then she said, “Umph, men no good, no good sometimes, women O.K. all time.” Maggie’s husband was one of the five men who they claim were murdered by the Japs. She has an orphan girl living with her to help take care of her, although she is by no means helpless.

Mike was telling me that they sometimes go as far as Agattu and Semichi in their small dories. I said something about what happened when a fog came up when they were out that far from land. Mike smiled and said it did not bother them as they could always find their way, but he would not tell me how—he seemed to enjoy his secret.
Everyone is now waiting around for the Cutter, the natives who have been out camping have all returned.

After church I got the Chief’s wife to let me take a picture of her making an Attu basket. I think she rather liked the idea, for she was all dressed up in her best clothes for church. Am hoping I can get the basket, but it seems a long way from being finished.

I was reading in the schoolhouse about five o’clock in the afternoon when I heard someone running and then a stumble up the steps and fall. It was an old fellow I have often spoken to—he was completely out of breath and all he could say was “Look! Look!” I did not know what he was talking about, but he pointed to the window and then I saw the Cutter coming slowly into the harbor. As the Shoshone is the only Cutter that ever has the nerve to enter I suppose it is the Shoshone, and it most obviously did not return to the states. The sun had just come out and it was a beautiful sight.
Belfort came in with the first boat and it was good to see him, and I knew most of the seamen by sight. Schroeder also came on the boat and he seems really a very nice sort of fellow. The natives were glad to see him.

There was a whole lot of freight on board belonging to Schroeder that had to be unloaded, so while this was going on I finished packing and got everything all ready to move to the ship. About eight o’clock I said “Goodbye” to all the natives and the seamen started loading my stuff in the launch. In the meantime, Belfort had kindly sent another launch up to the diggings to fetch my wheelbarrow and other stuff from there. Later Belfort told me that when they got there he was astounded at the amount of work I’d done, and one of the seamen exclaimed, “My Gawd, did that guy do all this by himself!”

The boat is staying in the harbor tonight and sailing early in the morning for Kiska to pick up the Doctor and the others. It was sure nice to get back on board to “my” cabin again. Captain Finley and most of the other officers were waiting to greet me when I climbed up the ladder, and even many of the men “hoped I was successful.” It was nice.

After dinner there was a picture show and some of the natives came to it, so I said “goodbye” to them again as they left.

**Attu to Kiska and Atka Islands**

Monday, July 27th. We left Attu at daybreak getting into a thick fog as soon as we got outside. Kiska too was surrounded by fog and it was marvelous how we wormed our way there, swinging the lead all the time. About half an hour after we dropped the anchor the fog lifted and lo and behold! There we were, anchored just in the centre of the harbor. I don’t know how they do it. We moved a bit closer to shore before lowering the launch to go ashore.

Finley was telling me this morning that one time when going thru a dense fog to some island, the seaman swinging the lead kept calling, “Seven fathoms, seven fathoms, seven fathoms” and then excitedly “On the beach!” He had swung the lead on shore and of course the boat grounded, but fortunately no damage was done, as the bottom was soft shingle.

I went in with the first launch and we found the Doctor and boys on the beach waiting for us. They knew that we would be here today as the *Brown Bear* had left only yesterday.

They have done fairly well, and have only found one skeleton between the four of them, so guess I did not do so badly.

Dr. Meury of the *Brown Bear* had recently visited an island and there had come across a mummy cave and had taken the two best specimens with him and had them on board. He very decently gave them to the Doctor and told him how to reach the island, so now the Doctor will be trying to get the Coast Guard to take us there.

The *Brown Bear* also took them around the island to the site I discovered the day we walked across Kiska, for a day’s work there. The Doctor had not been able to get there and had
been working near the harbor. Connor and Osborne had been gone for ten days in the *Queenie* to Little Kiska. Here they had become storm bound and ran out of food, and it was amusing to hear Connor’s account of their catching eider ducks, not killing them, but hoarding them against the future. Placing them in gunnysacks and then putting them on the foot of their bedrolls to keep their feet warm at night. The Doctor and Corner working near the harbor were disgusted to find that it was a more or less recent post-Russian site. I would have liked to have seen the Doctor’s expression when they turned up some broken crockery, old boots, and an inkpot! However, the Old Man seemed fairly well satisfied, for the Little Kiska site was a good one and he worked there a couple of days after Connor and Osborne had returned.

![Figure 15. “The ‘soddy’ on Little Kiska where Connor and Osborne lived” (1936-130b).](image)

The first time the Doctor went over with the boys a fog came down and Connor was steering by compass, but as usual the Doctor insisted on telling him which way to go and they eventually landed somewhere, but it was not Little Kiska, and they still don’t know where they got to. They got back all right, but the next time the Doctor let Connor do the steering by compass.55

55 In a 1945 letter to May, Corner described the incident as follows: “As for our getting lost in Kiska harbor, here is the way I remember it. The day was calm and clear when we started out. There was no wind and the tide was just about at the full, so that there was no current. After we had been on our way about five minutes one of those sudden fogs suddenly closed out everything. Connor was steering, the O.M. [Old Man] was in the prow; and Connor had the correct compass bearing and could have taken us right to where we wanted to go. The thing was that the O.M. got thoroughly confused and couldn’t agree with the compass (Hrdlička was greater than the facts). He would order Connor to steer to the left and as soon as he wasn’t looking Connor would try to return to the initial course. Finally the O.M. kept up such frequent orders to the left that Connor couldn’t retrieve the original course. We ran along the
A great deal of information was obtained from the *Brown Bear* and the Old Man has many prospects for future explorations. Now, he is planning to try to persuade Captain Finley to stop at one of the Four Mountains group, where the mummy cave is, on the way back to Unalaska. Nothing has been settled yet. We have to stop at Atka again on the way back.

Lieutenant Garcia has just taken me all thru the engine room where there is a most complicated lot of machinery. He tells me that these boats cost around two million dollars, and the new ones that are now being built are costing about four million, but are only slightly larger.

Picture show after supper, but as I had seen it before I was not very interested. When this was over Dr. Bingman showed us some of his own movies that he took when he was on a voyage on the *Northland*. This was the same trip that Max Miller went on and then returned and wrote *Fog and Men on Bering Sea*. Dr. Bingman’s movies were very good, if somewhat lengthy—he showed the trip from the time of leaving Seattle to Cape Barrow and return. He also showed another short reel, which contained some pictures taken at Attu; in this I saw many of my old friends.

### Atka Island

**Tuesday, July 28th.** Fog and plenty of it today, but we reach Atka harbor without apparent difficulty. Here I went ashore in the launch with Belfort who was delivering some Government Weather Bureau instruments to the schoolteacher. MacMillan, the schoolteacher, came down to meet the launch—he appeared very nervous and jittery as before. Wheaton, the trader whom I had met at Unalaska, also came down large as life. He asked Connor and me up to his living quarters which are over the store and here he has quite an attractive place. The store was very spacious and clean. Wheaton’s wife has gone back to the states and [I] have been told she has left him for good.

We saw some Atka baskets, which he had which are almost the same as Attu ones. Wheaton also showed us a finished fox fur—it was a peculiar color and I would not have offered $25.00 for it. He told me it was worth $400.00. He also very decently gave me an Atka tobacco box, made recently for him by one of the natives.

After leaving here we went up to the school and here met the teacher’s wife—she seemed very attractive but nervous. We talked a short while, while Belfort was transacting his business with MacMillan and then we all returned to the *Shoshone*.

I heard tonight that there was one man on board who had two Attu baskets, so I got in touch with him thru Lieut. Garcia and persuaded him to sell me one of them. It is not a good specimen, but much better than none and was glad to be able to get it.

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56 Miller 1936.

57 In *Prekaska’s Wife* (1945), Helen Wheaton complained about many things, including mostly negative comments about Aleuts, specifically, and Alaska, generally. Despite this, when she passed away in 1981 at age 71, she was buried in Alaska, where her descendants continue to work and serve.
Dr. Bingman showed me several hundred photographs which he had taken whilst on the Bering Sea Patrol and has promised to send me some that I want. I was talking to him about fox furs and find that he is pretty well posted on the fur business and he is going to see what he can find at Unalaska and let me know. He tells me that the Atka natives make some sort of a liquor from sugar and flour, which is very potent. There is quite a bit of trouble here at Atka with drunkenness amongst the natives.

It has been arranged that we shall stop early tomorrow morning, weather permitting, at Kagamil Island, which is the one where the mummies are. We shall not be able to go if foggy as there are no detailed charts of this part. The Doctor instructs me to take Connor and some of the officers who want to go, to the furthest of the two caves, estimated to be two miles from the nearest one. We are to bring back all we can carry, provided of course we find the cave, which may not be as easy as it sounds.

Here’s hoping that the weather will permit landing here and that we can find these caves.

### Atka to Unalaska Island

**Wednesday, July 29th.** A terrible disappointment, for it was too foggy early this morning to get to Kagamil to find the caves. However, we have hopes that we can persuade Comm. Dempwolf to give orders to the Chelan to take us there at some later date.

Right now the “Abandon Ship” drill is in progress. The boat has been stopped and all lifeboats, launches, and surfboats are being lowered and the men getting into them.

After breakfast today I showed the Doctor the old Russian books that the Chief gave me. He says that the real old book is not a Bible but a religious book and calls it a “Glagolitsa,” meaning “Religious sayings.” In his opinion it was printed probably between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Many of the letters used now are obsolete. Although the Doctor can read Russian he could not read this because of the obsolete lettering. Some of the other books, particularly the grammars, he pronounced as valuable, but strangely enough did not ask to keep them.

Connor has let me read thru his notes on Kiska and I found them very interesting, but am glad I was able to go to Attu.

On showing the Old Man the tobacco box that was given me at Atka, he stated that it was copied in shape from the old Russian snuffboxes, but is made deeper today in order to hold more tobacco. Occasionally this type of tobacco box is found in post-Russian graves.

We expect to reach Unalaska sometime this evening, so the first thing to do will be to collect the mail and get off answers as mail will be going south on this boat right away.
Unalaska Island

Later: We got into dock about six o’clock and in the evening Pedler had a party again. There were officers from the Daphne, Alert, Shoshone, Vega, Geodetic Survey and Lighthouse boats attending. A great many people called me “Doctor”—think it must be the grey whiskers.

The Captain of the Vega expects to be back here about Aug. 29th, he told me, but it is very indefinite, depending upon weather conditions for unloading and loading at the Pribilofs. This will mean that we shall have to live in a house at Dutch Harbor and do all our own cooking. With anyone else but the Doctor this would be easy, but judging from what I have heard of the Kiska experiences, it is going to be pretty tough going.

Found four letters awaiting me, which were most welcome. Letters go out in reply tomorrow on the Shoshone.

Thursday, July 30th. Raining this morning but we went to work anyway, the Doctor staying behind to take care of the transfer of the specimen boxes to the Vega. Apparently he sent off a large box of my groceries as a specimen box—all of which was very unnecessary, as I could have showed him what was from Attu if he had only given me about three minutes to do it in, but he knew it all.

He came out later and said that he had rented a house at Dutch Harbor and we would live there and do our own cooking. Connor and I told him that we would prefer to try and find some place to live at Unalaska [as] we did not think it was fair for him to do all the cooking for all of us. Of course this was just an excuse, as he insists on doing all the cooking anyway, but he told us to go ahead and see what we could arrange. Connor and I tried everywhere in to find a place to live but were unsuccessful and were about to return to Dutch Harbor when Dr. White of the Government Hospital came running after us and told us that we could live in some of the unoccupied staff quarters in the hospital, which was mighty decent of him and naturally tickled us to death. At least by doing this we are putting one over on the Jew, Pedler, who owns practically all the houses in Unalaska and would not let us have one. We have two rooms with a door between and a bathroom next door, all to ourselves. Real beds with linen and all the comforts of home. Our baggage is being sent over tomorrow morning from the Shoshone, tonight being our last night on the boat.

Seven letters today, which was rather a surprise having received three or four yesterday. Wrote letters tonight instead of going in to the show on board. After we have moved to the hospital, we shall take the “ferry” over [to Amaknak Island] to work every morning, and if it is not running, as on Sundays, we shall have to row over. Gordon has lent us his small boat, so everything seems to be working out fine. Doubtless each day we shall be loaded down with groceries, etc. for the Doctor, as there is no store on the island.

Friday, July 31st. Raining almost all day. When we left for work this morning we left the Shoshone for good, leaving our luggage there to be sent up to the hospital at their convenience.
Yes, the box of groceries that I had brought back from Attu has definitely gone with the specimens to the Vega, and the Vega sailed this morning for the Pribilofs. I may be able to find it after we get on board the Vega on the way home, but it probably won’t be much good by that time, as there are six dozen eggs in the box.

This morning the Doctor was not feeling very well and did not come out to work. As it was raining we went back to the house for lunch. We rowed over to the island from Unalaska this morning, as we were not sure if the ferry was running or not.

Returning about five-thirty to the hospital we found that our luggage had been put in our rooms for us. We have fine quarters here, and Miss Smith (the “Smitty” of Fog and Men on Bering Sea) and the other nurse being most accommodating, telling us to ask for anything we need. After cleaning up we had an excellent supper up at Pat’s Cafe and then dropped into the A.C. store to buy a watch, as neither Connor’s nor mine are running. Here I again met Willie Brown, the marshal of this district. We talked to him for quite some time and then he took us up to his house to show us his collection of Attu baskets and other items. It is a very interesting home, the living room being done in the Indian motif, Navajo rugs on the floor, Indian pictures, bows, arrows, harpoons, etc. on the wall. He has some very nice stuff there. Two large photographs standing on a table he proudly showed us, his son and daughter, 7 and 17—fine looking kids too. He has a home in Seattle, but is up here most of the time with his wife, whom I have not met yet. Back to the A.C. store and a long talk with Mr. Nye, head bookkeeper, and Gordon, who apparently works till nine or ten o’clock every night.

The Alert and the Daphne left last night and the Vega left at noon. The Chelan is due in tomorrow and then the Shoshone returns to Oakland. The crew can hardly get started.

Returning to the hospital we found Butch Phillips (Lieut. on the Shoshone) chatting with Miss Smith and Mrs. Kruger, the other nurse. They insisted we stay a while, so did so. Phillips says he may drop in on me in Wenatchee sometime in the fall. Hope he does, for he is a nice chap.

At the present time there are only ten patients in the hospital and there is one mighty cute breed baby. Tuberculosis is very prevalent amongst the natives and many are brought in here to die.

Saturday, August 1st. Not a bad day, but no sun. The Doctor is getting almost impossible and takes many dirty cracks at the boys. “Why, the terrible effrontery of the man,” says Connor. We have been together too long, I think; we are getting on each other’s nerves. Something seems to be eating the Doctor but we don’t know what. The air is tense. This afternoon the Old Man gave me a fine rubbing stone—maybe a peace offering, I don’t know.

Willis, the fellow in charge of the A.C. interests in Dutch Harbor, was telling us that this year the pay for cleaning, salting, and packing a barrel of herring is sixty cents. One Scandinavian woman has packed 30 barrels in 12 hours this year.
Supper as usual at Pat’s Cafe. This cafe is really a sort of pool and beer hall. There is only one pool table, but it is the only one that I have ever seen with a royal purple colored cloth.

Collecting our dirty clothes we took them down to the laundry and then dropped in at the A.C. for a while.

Gordon wants me to drop round to his room later tonight to meet a Mr. Wright, who I understand is some sort of a civilian radio inspector for the Navy. I would rather go to bed, but accepted Gordon’s invitation.

Dr. White dropped in to our rooms for a few minutes tonight to inquire how we were faring. Miss Smith is very talkative, too much so, but very nice to us. Besides the Doctor and the two nurses, there are two assistant nurses, natives, Pauline and Pat, and Johnnie the native janitor.

Today I found a lot of small points but nothing very good. Connor found the remains of a whalebone mask. Dr. Bingman tells us that the Eskimos give seals and sea lions a drink of water after killing them, in order to be “kind” to them. They do this to this day, but not if they know they are within sight of a white man. They also used to think that the more ornate a spear point was, the less it hurt the animal and the easier it was to kill them. This may account for some of the very elaborate ornamentation found on some of the points here.

**Sunday, August 2nd.** Quite a nice day. The Doctor wanted me to commence in a new place, as he is anxious to find some more skeletons. He suggested that tomorrow I take Connor and row over to Hog Island, which is about two miles away, and explore there. This I find is out of the question, because of the strong current. Pat of Pat’s Cafe, who leases the island, said it was crazy to think about it, and if we did try we would land out in the Bering Sea. Maybe we can get the *Queenie* and the outboard motor and go some other time.

This evening a Scotch lady, Miss [Isobel] Hutchison, called at the hospital. She is a botanist collecting for the British Museum and also buying archaeological material for the Edinburgh museum. She wants to buy some specimens from the Doctor and gave me a letter to give to him. Don’t suppose she will be able to get anything out of him.

It begins to look as if we shall not be able to get to Kagamil after all. Am told the *Chelan* leaves here on the 5th and will not be back till the 24th, and the other boats are out for quite some time yet.

It is sure nice to get in here to the hospital after work, to be able to get a bath, shave, and change of clothes. It is funny how many people here call me Doctor, too bad to have to disillusion them. For some reason or other, the boys nicknamed me “Major” when at Kodiak, and this seems to have stuck.

Near the diggings we have a few very wonderful salmonberries—the only trouble is that there are not enough of them.
About noon two large Navy seaplanes swooped down into the harbor. Pedler immediately rushed out to meet them and insisted that they stay to lunch. Pedler having given them lunch then proceeded to sell them some of his no-good fox furs. The planes left again after about an hour and a half for a rendezvous at a certain place with the Vega, which meeting was for refueling them on their return flight to San Diego.

Whilst talking with “Smitty” tonight she asked if she could ask a personal question—of course I told her to go ahead. “Do you always wear all that fur on your chin, Mr. May?” said she. Heck of a way to refer to my now nicely trimmed beard!

Monday, August 3rd. A hard rain this morning but of course off to Amaknak Island on the ferry as usual. The Old Man is still off color and blames this to the fact that he ate some candy that Osborne gave him. The weather cleared up a bit in the afternoon and it was much easier working. I found an exceptionally fine ivory gadget; it was a carving of a bear’s head linked to a sort of spindle—was one of the finest specimens found here.

After supper at Pat’s, Connor and I rowed back to the island for a lecture—unfortunately we found it somewhat dry and not up to its usual interest.

Some new flowers are just out in bloom, a sort of a blue bell and monkshood. The latter grow very big, six feet tall—in some cases, with huge blossoms.

Dr. Bingman dropped into the hospital late this evening with an official message for me to ask the Doctor to come over in the morning to confer with Captains Keilhorn (Chelan) and Dempwolf, regarding a proposed trip to Kagamil. This looks fine; it may mean that we shall get there after all.
Tuesday, August 4th. Out to work by the ferry as usual and I got Connor to hold it whilst I ran up to fetch the Doctor, who took ten minutes to change his clothes, keeping the ferry all the time. We went out to work after we got the Old Man on the ferry and found some good stuff.

About ten-thirty the Doctor came panting over the hill, “May, Connor, hurry, hurry, drop everything—go back, get cleaned up, and have lunch and be on board the Chelan at 1:30 p.m.” We are going to Kagamil after all; what a break for us! We had plenty of time so off we went taking picks and shovels back with us as far as the house. The ferry was waiting for us, or rather the Commander’s boat which had returned the Doctor to the island, so we were soon back to the hospital and cleaned up. Packed up a couple of packages to send home and took them to the Post Office before having lunch. We were on board before 1:30 and left the dock at 2:00 p.m.

**Unalaska to Kagamil Island**

The Chelan stopped at Makushin for about a half hour, dropping off some native women. It seems like a typical Aleutian village, a few houses with the schoolhouse at one end of the village and the church at the other the same as at Attu and Atka.

The boat started rolling soon after we had left the harbor but felt all right till after supper. Although not feeling very good I went in to the movies, but regretted it afterwards, as I had to rush out in the middle. Lost my perfectly good supper but felt so much better after. Fog is rolling in pretty thick so nothing is definitely settled for tomorrow yet.

Wednesday, August 5th. A big day! A day of thrills and one never-to-be-forgotten. At daylight the Chelan was off Kagamil and at seven o’clock it was clear enough to move in close enough to see the shore. We set off in the launch about eight-thirty to try and find the cave described by Dr. Meury.

The cave was found about three or four miles from the small bay where the Chelan was anchored. It was touchy work getting ashore on account of the big surf, but we made it without mishap. The big fumarole just south of the cave was what enabled us to find it so easily. Kagamil is volcanic and steam is seen issuing from hundreds of places along the cliff, the top face of the cliff forming more or less a wall of steam.

The cave was situated at the base of a huge crack in the basaltic rock, and not easy to approach—we had to get some driftwood and sort of shinny up before we could get in. The interior was more or less long, low, and narrow, and although not completely dark we found that flashlights and lanterns from the boat were very useful at times.

Commencing work at once and right away came across mummies and specimens just under a light covering of dirt and dust. Apparently the mummies were placed on frames made of driftwood. Foxes had been chewing on many of the mummies and the cave had the appearance of being partially dug and explored before. Dr. Meury of course obtained mummies here, but it looked to me as if someone else had been there previously.
We worked fast and furiously, [not] knowing when we might be recalled to the boat because of a change in the surf or weather. The officers and men who accompanied us worked as hard as the rest of us and just about the time we had all the mummies out, we got word to leave as a big sea was coming up and the barometer dropping. We had to carry everything for quite away over extremely rough ground before getting it to the boat. In spite of a heavy swell all specimens and everybody got aboard the launch without mishap. The launch, however, did get a bent propeller blade when it was driven on the rocks by an extra large wave.

We were all extremely dirty and smelled very strongly of mummies and it was some days before the smell entirely disappeared from our work clothes. All of us were very elated and tired, for it had been a very strenuous day’s work. The Doctor was bubbling over with enthusiasm.

Whilst at work we had no time to examine anything, although the Doctor did discard some stuff. We put everything in gunnysacks, which we had taken for that purpose. The Doctor was very generous to me, giving me part of a kantag and let me keep a loose mummified hand and also allowing me to take specimens of the different weavings and mattings he discarded. I have also half a sack full of stuff which I certainly want to keep, as I think it perhaps the best of all I have, but how I am going to pack it to take home I don’t know.

Going to the cave in the launch a whale came up within fifteen or twenty feet of the boat, headed straight for it. I only got a glimpse of it out of the corner of my eye, but there was quite some consternation amongst the Coast Guard men, some of whom were getting ready to jump overboard. Being a landlubber I recognized no danger—fortunately the whale sank just before it reached the boat and passed under us. It would have been too bad if it had hit us. Lieut. Comm. Zweigood, executive officer of the Chelan who was with us, said that the whale was at least fifty feet long. I don’t think the launch we were in was half that size.

Each night the radio world news is published in the Ward Room and the man who puts it out gives it a different name every night—tonight it was called “Skeleton Rattlings.”

Thursday, August 6th. When the fog lifted this morning about nine o’clock, we started off in the launch to see if a certain place we had spotted yesterday from the boat was another cave. Finding the place, we found it impossible to land there and landed in the most sheltered place we could find, about a mile and a half away. In doing so we smashed in the bow of the boat, but not very badly. We had to jump from the boat to slippery seaweed-covered rocks and strange to say, by helping each other, no one fell in. Once on shore we all had a pretty fair idea where the cave was and each set out on his own account.

Walking up over a pretty tall hill I came to within forty feet of an eagle’s nest with some young in it, unable to fly. It was on a pinnacle of rock and I could look down into it. The parent birds did not even seem interested in me—I thought maybe they would come down and take a peck at my head.

58 As May defined this elsewhere in photograph captions, a “wooden box or bowl.” The term was likely borrowed by Hrdlička from the Central Yup’ik word for a bowl, plate, or dish, qantaq. Hrdlička (1945:263) defines kantag a “wooden dish.”
The going was very rough and slow, but I was the first to find the cave. Maybe, and I think it very likely, I was the first white man in the cave since it was in use. Osborne arrived after I had been there about twenty minutes, and the others shortly afterwards.

In the meantime I looked around. It was a larger cave than the first one, but wet in places where water was dripping from the roof. (Incidentally I forgot to mention that in yesterday’s cave we found the ground dry and quite warm to the touch.) This cave too was hard to get into. When my eyes were used to the light, looking in from the doorway I saw what I presumed were mummies stacked upon racks on the left of the cave, but nothing on the right hand side. On the floor were many skulls and a few long bones. The cave stretched back for probably fifty or sixty feet and I could not see the far end from the entrance. Entering I looked it all over.

The mummies were placed on what might be called shelves. The shelving here was different from the other cave in that most of it, although made from driftwood, had been adzed down to form planks. Very fine work it was too.

Decided not to touch the mummies until the Doctor arrived, as he might like to see them undisturbed, so set about picking up the loose skulls and long bones. Found one huge skull, facial bones slightly broken, but no others showed any injuries. As soon as the others got there we set to work taking out mummies and putting them in sacks. They were stacked up four or five high—the bottom ones being below the present ground level of the cave, which probably indicates considerable age as the ground level of the cave must have risen one and a half to two feet since those mummies were placed there. The mummies on top were probably of more recent disposition for some of the specimens found showed indications of having been made with the aid of metal tools, and thus post-Russian. Here again the foxes had been gnawing on the mummies and the dampness of the cave had left them in poorer condition than those from cave number one.

The Doctor gave me a complete kantag, a female skull less mandible, and a few other small items. Nice of him.

After all the mummies were out and placed in sacks the Doctor asked me to return to the place where we landed and contact the executive officer and deliver a message. Previously the boat had come up to see how we were getting along, and although it could not land we were able to shout back and forth. The Doctor had shouted to Zweigood, “Send men to help.” Zweigood radioed the Chelan and got the answer, “We sail at six o’clock, be back before that time.” Zweigood told the Doctor and also that he had better start back now and leave the mummies, he would return to the landing place for him. I was sent with a message to ask for some of the men in the launch to come out and help the Doctor. I got on board the launch all right and Zweigood explained why he could not send any men from there.

Presuming that the Doctor and the others had started back to the landing place without the mummies, we lay drifting up and down on the large Bering Sea swell. We waited and waited, watching the top of the hill for some sign of them, but they did not show up. I suggested we go back to a spot opposite the cave to see what had happened. So the launch was started and when we got to where we could see them we found that they were relaying the twenty-four gunnysacks
up the hill, and by this time were not yet at the top. There were only the Doctor, the three boys, and Dr. Bingman to carry these twenty-four sacks up this steep cliff and a mile and a half back to the landing place.

Zweigood took me back to the landing place and I started off in a hurry to lend a hand, as time was getting very short. In spite of a cold wind and rain I had an awful sweat by the time I reached them, just as they had gotten all the sacks to the top of the hill. Now we had about a half hour to get them back to the boat and about a mile and a half to go of very rough going. We were all tired, but I was the freshest as I had not worked the sacks up the hill. Returning to meet them I had taken one sandwich a piece for them, so a couple of minutes rest was called to eat. At my suggestion while they were eating I used handkerchiefs, shoelaces, and anything I could get to tie two sacks together and in this way we started off again, carrying four sacks at a time, two over each shoulder.

Eventually we got all the sacks down on the shore to a place where we could toss them to one of the seamen in the boat. Not a sack was dropped and even the two sacks full of skulls only were not broken. Of course everyone was dead tired and it was a hard job to getting to the boat. Osborne and I both slipped on the rocks and got into the water waist high. It did not matter, we had had a great day and by getting the mummies out against time had just about accomplished the impossible. It was my opinion when I returned to Zweigood with the message that it was physically impossible to get the stuff out in the time we had. I raise my hat to the Old Man! He would probably have preferred to have seen the Chelan sail and leave him than leave the mummies! Two paddles had to be left, as they could not be carried as well as the other stuff.

On the way to the cave, Mount Cleveland, 8000 feet tall, showed up clearly. It is an active volcano and was putting forth considerable smoke.

There seems to be quite a fuss on board concerning some pictures taken by the ship’s amateur photographer yesterday. The Doctor has persuaded the Captain to forbid this man to print any of his pictures and he is to turn his films over to the Doctor. As the camera and films belong to this fellow, Bourg, and the Doctor did not object to him going along, it really is disgusting. Why can’t the Old Man be human? Am I glad I took a few myself, but the light was very bad and doubt if they will be much good.

Kagamil to Unalaska Island

We left about six o’clock for Unalaska and the boat is now rolling to beat the band, but feel all right so far. Went to the show, but it was no good. Quite a few fur seals seen today.

Whilst the Chelan was waiting for us today and yesterday, they did a little work of their own and have now discovered that Kagamil is shown on the charts eight miles out of place, so the trip was some use to the Coast Guard as well as to us.

We ran out of string for tying up the sacks and used some of the gut cord, which was found in the cave. This proved to be a lot stronger than the string, despite its age.
Friday, August 7th. Approaching Unalaska Bay it became very foggy and the foghorn was going more or less all night. We reached Dutch Harbor at seven o’clock and pulled into dock to take on fuel oil. This done we left for Unalaska at ten o’clock.

Unalaska Island

Here the Doctor made arrangements with Pedler to obtain 20 fifty-gallon herring barrels, second hand, for packing the mummies in. Pedler, large as life, came on board with a movie and still camera wanting to take pictures of the mummies. The Doctor refused to let him do so, thus antagonizing him further. Gordon told me later that because of this Pedler charged the Old Man $2.50 per barrel instead of $1.00, which is what they were worth and he had intended to sell them for. We packed right on board, Connor and I packing together and the other two with the Doctor. All the town showed up to see what we had and the Doctor whispered in my ear not to show the good things. The contents of the two caves exactly filled the twenty barrels. The packing finished, the others went back to work and Connor and I stayed to see to the stenciling, lidding, and storage of the barrels, getting thru about six o’clock.

Went over to the lecture tonight in Gordon’s boat with the outboard, as he wanted to go to Dutch Harbor. We told the Doctor we had to leave at nine o’clock to meet Gordon who was taking us back. The Old Man talked and talked and just would not quit, and what is more, did not, until we were twenty minutes late. I can hardly think he did it on purpose to make us miss the boat, but it looked like it, as he finished his lecture long before the time and after that rambled. Of course I knew Gordon would wait for us, but I wanted to see how long he would talk. Never before has he lectured for over an hour.

Returning in the boat we kicked up a spray of fireworks behind us—the phosphorescence in the water being beautiful when stirred up by the outboard.

Whilst I was waiting on the dock this afternoon for the barrels, I was somewhat astounded to be hailed by Captain and Mrs. Dempwolf. They asked if I would take a joy ride with them in the Government launch, as it was such a nice afternoon. It was the more astounding too because I was in my old clothes and they reeked of the mummies. Had quite a long talk with Mrs. Dempwolf while he was attending to some business. Don’t think she likes it very much here and is terribly bored with the same people all the time. From the conversation I knew exactly what she thought of Pedler, although she said nothing definite. Saw them off on their joy ride in style, sitting under a canvas top with a man to run the engine and a man to steer.

Dr. White was very interested in our Kagamili trip and was not able to be on hand when we packed, so wants to see what small amount I have, which of course I shall be only too glad to show him. I would very much liked to have had a picture of him this morning—he was going down the main street, bareheaded, wearing a slicker, wheeling a wheelbarrow with a new garbage can in it! He says he can’t get any of the natives to do odd jobs, so does them himself.

Today we have a new baby in the hospital, the son of Jack Martin, Commissioner, who is quite puffed up about it, and why not?
Rumor now says that the *Vega* will be in here about the 15th of this month, so here’s hoping. Shall be glad to get back—nothing can happen now that will equal our mummy finds.

Heavy rain this evening, although we had a nice day after the fog lifted in the morning.

Two landing parties of five men each are going out to Amchitka on the *Daphne* to stay there three weeks. The men are looking forward to it, as it will be quite a change for them. Ostensibly it is a survey party, but really they are looking for Japanese sea otter poachers.

**Saturday, August 8th.** Quite a nice day, not sunny, but warm anyway and comfortable enough to work without a shirt. Found a real large lamp this morning, 15 1/4 by 11 1/2 inches, as well as numerous other not very important pieces. Dr. White came out in the afternoon and worked with us for a couple of hours.

After we had returned to the hospital, “Smitty” came along. “I want you both to have dinner with me tonight,” said she, and there was nothing else we could do but accept, although I would rather not be obligated this way. I also think that Pat would probably have a much better and bigger dinner for us, but there it is—probably will not be able to get away for a couple of hours afterwards if she starts talking.

The *Alert* came in this morning—failed to recognize many of the men with their new-grown beards. Sometime this coming week there is supposed to be a boat in with the mail again.

This morning the Doctor was packing specimens so we had a cheerful time working and kidding back and forth. Connor found a skeleton when he was potholing on a nearby rise. The skull was in good condition, but the rest was not worth saving. Went over to look at it before the Doctor came and “diagnosed” it as a female, mesocephalic, and not that of an Aleut. Was very pleased to find that this diagnosis was correct, when I asked the Doctor later.

**Saturday, August 9th.** Pretty nice day with some sun. We had arranged with Gordon to take another boat this morning as he was going to use his fishing. We found the boat all right, but there were no oars, so we had to try and borrow some, in which we succeeded after going all over town.

Miss Hutchison came over with us to meet the Doctor and to do some botanizing on the island. Nothing of real importance turned up today. Dr. Bingman came over in the afternoon to take Miss Hutchison back and he also had a message for the Doctor to the effect that we go out in the Commander’s boat to a cave a few miles away tomorrow. After this fine offer, the Doctor told Bingman to have the launch sent over for him and the other two boys. The gall of the man! Later he said that he presumed the Coast Guard would take lunch for us. It makes me ashamed to be with him when he acts like this. Connor and I stayed out at the digs for lunch although the Old Man asked us to go back to the house. Osborne tells Connor and me that the Doctor is under the impression that we are sore at him—not a bad idea to let him think so if he wishes. After he had been back to lunch he sent us a pot of tea—perhaps as a peace offering, I don’t know. He is a

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59 Having a head shape between long-headed (dolichocephalic) and round-headed (brachycephalic).
great old bird, but so hard to get along with! Having studied man all his life it is funny that he knows nothing of human nature.

![Excavation on Amaknak Island, Unalaska Bay, in 1936. George Corner (far left), Aleš Hrdlička (far right, in front of an unidentified worker), and an unidentified visitor to the site (1936-148b).](image)

When we got back to where we left the rowboat, we found it gone. This is evidently our “off” day—first the oars missing and then the boat stolen. Fortunately we were able to persuade one chap to lend us his “skiff,” which is one of the large rowing boats used with an outboard motor for fishing, so we got across all right.

Talked with Miss Hutchison again tonight and have asked her to get in touch with me so that maybe when she gets back to Seattle, I shall be able to make arrangements to have her down to Wenatchee to talk to the Columbia River Archaeological Society. She has had one botanical article published in the National Geographic magazine and has also published two books, one travel and one fiction. Several months have been spent by her in Greenland and this should be a good subject to talk about at Wenatchee, if she comes, for she has some Greenland slides with her. Today Miss Hutchison found a new species of some flower and was very pleased. She plans to return to Scotland via Japan and the Trans-Siberian Railroad, which sounds like a very interesting trip.

Monday, August 10th. A very nice, sunny day. About nine o’clock we all started off in Captain Dempwolf’s boat for the cave, Dr. White accompanying us. It was only a short trip to the place where we landed, about an hour and a half, but very delightful. The mountain we had to climb was very steep and the cave 1500 feet up. It was so steep that we found the best way to climb it was to do so on all fours in the manner one would climb a ladder. Vegetation was thick and tall at the bottom but grew scarcer as we ascended and by the time we reached the proximity of the cave it was just moss and shale rock. The spot where we landed from the boat was covered with a great profusion of the most luscious salmonberries. They had a wonderful taste and were big, so big that I measured some of the best of them and found them to be between 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 inches in diameter.
Dr. White, Osborne and I climbed together and we were the first to reach the cave level. Then the difficult work of progressing along the cliff-like wall of loose shale commenced. After I had gone part of the way, I got cold feet and was too scared to go further, so very gingerly and slowly made my way back to comparatively safe ground. Dr. White and Osborne got thru to a spot just above the cave, and here Osborne lowered Dr. White down on a rope, as this was the only means of getting there. All of which I think was rather foolish, taking such chances. However, there was nothing in the cave and it did not lead anywhere. Rumor around Unalaska had it that the cave went thru to the other side of the mountain. Anyway it was a very pleasant trip and the view from high up was stupendous.

Coming down the Doctor shouted, “Come over here, this is the way down.” I explained that I had come up this way and received the abrupt reply, “You did not!” Flatly contradicting my statement, in which he was totally wrong. Fortunately he was quite some distance off or there would have been some hot words over this. As I was with Dr. White and Osborne, with whom I had gone up and we were returning the same way, they were highly amused, but I was mad clear thru. By sitting down on the soft mossy undergrowth one could slide down very easily, but had to keep grabbing hold to slow up one’s speed. The three of us got to the bottom twenty minutes before the Old Man, and he had a hard time when he found himself on the wrong side of a ravine. We all filled up on the luscious salmonberries while waiting for him.

In the afternoon we went back over to the site to work for a short while and took back to Unalaska two packed specimen boxes and put them in the warehouse there. Gordon took us back again in the evening for a lecture in his outboard.

Tuesday, August 11th. A nice, sunny day and again it was comfortably warm working without a shirt. Nothing of importance turned up however. After lunch the Doctor took photos of the site, after having had me clean up the whole site for a couple of hours to make a neater photo.

After supper Connor and I escorted “Smitty” down to the Chelan for the movies. Lieut. White had asked her to [attend] them but did not show up to take her down, and was she mad about that!

After this I rummaged around in the hospital basement and found a box in which I packed some of my specimens from the caves. Later Connor, Gordon, and I walked down to Pat’s Cafe and had a beer, and so to bed. There are more drunks in this town than any other I have ever been in. They are to be seen at any hour of the day or night. A common breakfast for many of the workingmen, mostly Scandinavians, is two or three glasses of beer.

I find out that Johnson, coxswain on the Chelan, once lived in Wenatchee, on Methow Street. The weather is getting colder in the early mornings and late nights now.

Willis was saying that when the extra hundred men or so are in here for the herring season that the A.C. store is limited to selling only one thousand cases of beer a night.

On clear days looking down into the bay one can see that the water is full of plankton, turning it a dull reddish color.
Wednesday, August 12th. Cloudy day but fortunately no rain. Nothing extraordinary in the way of finds. The Doctor has asked me to see if I could sell the Queenie and outboard, so I asked around about possible buyers and find that Gordon is interested in it. So tonight he took us over to the island again in his outboard and went to see the Doctor about it. The Old Man expected him to buy the motor sight unseen and would not allow it to be uncrated so he could see it, so of course the deal fell thru. What crazy ideas the Old Boy has—said it would take two or three hours to uncrate the motor and pack it up again. Willis guaranteed he could do it in five minutes, and I see no reason why not. Next time I try to help the Old Man sell anything, I don’t!

On the black board outside the A.C. store tonight the Vega is posted as sailing from here on the 15th. Here’s hoping that this is right.

Tonight I had to go and visit Mrs. Dempwolf to tell them that the Doctor would like both of them and Captain Keilhorn of the Chelan to come to tea with him at the house tomorrow. Am sure hoping that I am not in on this as I can see it will be embarrassing for the visitors.

The last few days we have been going over to the island with the working crew landing at the radio station dock and walking across the island from there.

A very fine brick building, containing six five-room apartments is where the naval ratings live, with their wives. The radio masts seem very tall when standing under them, but are really only 225 feet tall.

This evening we again went back to the island for a lecture but it was not up to the usual standard. Afterwards I dropped in on Mrs. Bean, for a few minutes. Mrs. Sheridan was there too, as they live next door to each other. Their husbands are both officers on the Surveyor. Bean is quite interested in collecting any archaeological material—he has a small amount of nice stuff, which he has picked up here and there. Mrs. Bean was saying that she thought they would be in Wenatchee this fall, so hope I shall see them then.

The Lakina (pronounced Lack-een-awe) is due in here at 3 p.m. tomorrow morning and the Dellwood sometime tomorrow. Both these boats carry passengers and are full up. Am told that there will be a hot time in the old town tomorrow night, as many of the Bristol Bay fishermen will be on shore from these two boats, lousy with money. Drunkenness and fighting will be the order of the night.

Thursday, August 13th. Raining cats and dogs when I woke this morning, but like good soldiers we went over to work anyway. The Old Man asked Connor and me to see to it that the packed boxes were taken over and put in the warehouse, so before going to the site we trundled boxes and barrels down to Dutch Harbor dock. At one o’clock we took them over to Unalaska and had to carry them by hand from the dock to the warehouse. This was because all the hand trucks were in use, as the Lakina was in dock and 120,000 barrels of herring [154] were being loaded on her. Late in the afternoon the Lakina moved over to Dutch Harbor and took on another fifty thousand.
Before leaving we cleaned up the diggings and in the rain I went out and picked a bunch of Alaska cotton to send home, for when dry it makes a nice everlasting flower. Unfortunately I forgot to bring them when returning with the specimens. However, I had told the Doctor what I wanted them for and that I was going to pack them in a box and send them home—but in spite of this he had given them to Mrs. Dempwolf when she was there to tea. I made a special trip over on the boat to pick them up, not knowing they had been given away, so it was just wasted time. With Connor and Jacobson of the Alert, I walked way out of town back of the cemetery to try and find some more, but was unable to find any.

Pedler has asked us to the party given for the Chelan officers tonight. Apparently everyone is ashore from the Lakina and liquor flows like water, with drunks all over town. It is disgusting to see white men, even if they are mostly Scandinavians, accompanying these dirty looking native women. It is bad enough after dark, but sickening in the daylight. It is done quite openly; men take these natives with them into store and cafe. I noticed one native woman with a white man at the cafe—they ordered beef sandwiches—the woman wrapped it up in a paper napkin and put it in her purse.

Two women schoolteachers got off the Lakina at Dutch Harbor and came over on the ferry with us. They knew all about the work the Doctor was doing and wanted to know if they could get to the diggings, so gave instructions how to get there. They are to be stationed at Unga.

I have just heard that one fisherman won $3,069.00 gambling on the Lakina on the way down from Bristol Bay.

Osborne and Corner stayed digging while Connor and I took care of the specimen boxes, and the Doctor gave his tea party. At the last moment Osborne came across a skeleton, which was a great joy to the Old Man. It is in fair condition and only the third from this site.

Walking over to the Doctor’s house this morning, Wright, naval radio inspector, came running out and shouted to us that the Vega would be in at noon tomorrow. Later this was altered to tomorrow night and also added that it would sail sometime on Saturday. In this case we should be in Seattle about a week later, and I shall be glad to be there.

Friday, August 14th. Very high wind blowing this morning and the bay is in a ferment. Raining hard too. Connor and I are just hanging around waiting to load the lighter with our specimen boxes and barrels. Apparently it is too rough now to get the lighter alongside the dock.

The latest dope is that the Vega will be in at six o’clock this evening and that we are all to be aboard before midnight. However, with this storm raging the Vega maybe delayed. Have done as much of my personal packing as possible but cannot finish till we are thru working.

The party last night at Pedler’s was just the usual thing—did not attempt to dance.

It is too bad, but the Star carrying the mail will not arrive here till the day after the Vega leaves, so there’ll be no more news till we hit Seattle. Was talking to some fellows who came up on the Vega and they say that there is no accommodation for passengers at all as they are
carrying thirty extra recruits. We are hoping that at least we can get a place to ourselves. Hear that there are several women returning on the Vega, some from the Pribilofs and some of the radiomen’s wives from Dutch Harbor.

Saturday, August 15th. Woke up this morning on the Vega to find that it was still in Unalaska Bay—very disappointing, as I had hoped we would have been well on our way by that time. The lighter did not get over to Unalaska docks till the middle of the afternoon yesterday, and when it did arrive there were about 120 half tierces [an English unit of volume, one tierce equal to 42 gallons] of herrings on it. Of course this had to be unloaded before we could load the lighter with our many cases. Connor and I helped to unload the herring barrels and got to work loading it with our own stuff and got thru about six o’clock. About an hour later the Vega dropped anchor in the bay—it is too large a boat to dock here.

The Old Man came along about eight o’clock and insisted that we get aboard right away—all of which was foolish, as some officers of the boat had told us that it would not leave till midnight at the earliest. Went around and said “goodbye” to all the folks I knew, leaving a small present at the hospital for Dr. White, whom I could not find. Connor told me that he would come out with Gordon later if he missed me on the tender. Osborne and Corner were on board when I got there and the Old Man, who insisted we get on board about eight o’clock, did not show up till after ten o’clock. Connor arrived at one in the early morning, a bit the worse for a farewell party. Luckily I had guessed what had happened and waited up for him to show him where to tumble in. All of us, including the Doctor were given bunks in with the men, but were to eat in the Ward Room. Of course the Old Man kicked about his having been put in with the men. It was all that could be done as the extra cabins were occupied by women. In the end the Doctor got a folding bed and put it up in a tiny storeroom, but got himself generally disliked by all on board who had come into contact with him on this question. There are six women, one child, and one baby on board as well.

Unalaska to Seattle

The Vega pulled out from Unalaska Harbor at seven a.m. and three hours later it was rolling quite badly. At the Pribilofs the boat took on 52,000 sealskins and at Seattle they are expecting to take on about five million feet of lumber, before going back to Boston via the Canal.

The Vega is a large boat, 465 feet long, and at present riding very light, the plimsoll line [the loading line painted on the ship’s hull] being ten feet above water, and part of the screw is out of the water. Eleven knots is an average speed and apparently we will not get to Seattle till Saturday. The seamen always claim they go faster back to the States than they come up from them, as then they are going downhill. We have had fog all day and the foghorn has been sounding off every five minutes. There are 13 officers and 95 enlisted men. Filipinos and negroes act as waiters in the Ward Room. The food is excellent, the best we have had on any boat yet.
This afternoon I was talking to the engineer officer and was astonished to learn that he really believes that he will live to see a war between Japan and America. Anyway, the Navy won’t be caught napping if such an event should happen.

I have about a score of letters in my pocket given to me to post in Seattle by different folks at Unalaska.

One of the crew tells me that this boat will roll all the way into Seattle—here’s hoping it will not. I can see it is going to be a very long week.

The sealskins from the Pribilofs are packed in barrels with salt and are put in cold storage until sold after they reach Seattle. Mr. Christofferson, the man in charge of the Government seal industry under the Bureau of Fisheries Department, is on board—a very quiet and unassuming man, spends a great deal of his time going back and forth to the Pribilofs. All the seals killed each year are supposed to be three year old males he tells me.

**Sunday, August 16th.** Rain with a strong wind and big sea. Hard job to even walk in the small available space that there is. Towards evening the sea let up a bit, which was quite a blessing. Corner and Connor missing for lunch—seasick. Nothing to do all day but sleep and read. Fortunately there is a small library on board. Movies at night, the one last night and tonight were both rotten but at least it helps to pass a couple of hours time. The movies are held on deck here and it gets pretty darned cold before they are thru.

According to Christofferson female seals have two uteri, the pups being born first in one and then the other, alternately. The time of gestation is twelve months, less five days. All sealskins are dyed. Skins sold on the auction direct from the Pribilofs average about ten dollars apiece, but when tanned and cleaned are worth about thirty-five dollars. It takes six skins to make a coat and practically all coats are made from narrow strips of sealskin sewed together. Baby seals cannot swim and have to be taught by their mothers.

**Monday, August 17th.** Today the sea has quieted down a bit and everyone is thankful for this. It is still foggy although the sun did try to get thru for a short time this morning. Have already read two books from the library, but one gets tired of reading all day.

Meals are served in two sittings, the officers eat together and the passengers eat together.

Tonite’s picture I had seen before but it helped pass the time. The days seem very long.

**Tuesday, August 18th.** A very nice calm, sunny day, and what a pleasant change it is. Sitting on the upper deck in the sun sure is delightful after all the fog, rain, and wind we have had.

The Doctor, a bit talkative today, evidently he is feeling better. He told Connor, not in my presence, that I owned the best specimen of an American Indian pipe that he had ever seen. He told me that the Wenatchee Valley was a very important district and that something should be done towards getting a museum started there.
Strangely enough, he volunteered to see Dr. Heye (Heye Foundation, Museum of the North American Indian) to see if he would give me a job, and suggested working at Nushigak or Point Roberts, providing such work was forthcoming. It seems as if I must have pleased the Old Man very well to have him offer to do this of his own accord.

The Doctor asked me how old I was—he said he imagined 45, so when I told him he was five years off he said I must shave off my grey beard. This afternoon I visited the ship’s barber and had a haircut, beard trim, and curled moustache cut short again, all of which only cost Two Bits [25 cents].

Another hopeless picture tonight.

Wednesday, August 19th. Another beautiful sunny day, even warm when one could get out of the wind. Am told that the boat could get in on Friday about four in the afternoon, but for reasons known to the authorities alone, the speed has been reduced so that we shall hit Seattle at eight o’clock Saturday morning.

Item of interest acquired from Christofferson; each whale, for every foot in length, averages one ton in weight.

Looking at a map today I notice that the sun is setting in Attu at the same time it is rising in Maine, Attu being the westernmost point of the American continent.

Last year one and a half million dollar’s worth of sealskins were shipped from the Pribilofs.

The wind rose again this afternoon and by evening we had quite a swell. A murder mystery movie tonight, which was a great deal better than the last few pictures that we have had.

Thursday, August 20th. Big wind last night and it got pretty rough. The boat was rolling too much for comfort and could not sleep—to much movement, noise of wind, and creaking of ship. It has been pretty rough all day, but fortunately I seem to have found my sea legs.

This morning the Doctor talked to me for better than an hour about the possibilities of obtaining an archaeological job. He wants me to send him an itemized cost account of a proposed three months excavation work at Point Roberts. Suggests starting a small private museum open to the public at a small charge, assuming that it will grow and eventually be the means of creating a city or county museum.

Again the Old Man stated that he would definitely approach Dr. Heye with reference to work for me. Says that Heye is very interested in Alaskan and Aleutian specimens, but is doubtful if Heye has any money for this work now. Anyway it is mighty decent of the Doctor to do this for me, even if nothing does come of it.

Had a wonderful lunch today, a Navy Special, curried chicken with nine or ten side dishes, such as chopped peppers, ground bacon, ground nuts, raisins, chutney, pickles, eggs,
coconuts, tomatoes, and many others. All these are mixed together with the curried chicken and it makes some dish.

**Friday, August 21st.** Another very long day, with nothing of interest happening. Foolish picture [movie] in the evening. At dusk we reached the Strait of Juan de Fuca and passed Port Townsend before ten o’clock. We dropped anchor about midnight and will pull into dock tomorrow morning. And shall I be glad to be back again!

**Saturday, August 22nd.** Seattle in the distance when I got out on deck this morning and we were waiting in the bay for the pilot to take us in. About eight-thirty we were tied up to the dock. A railroad car was on the dock waiting for the 72 boxes and barrels of specimens, and so we were all through. The trip, approximately 6,500 miles, was ended.
CHAPTER 2

THE 1937 ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION

Our meeting place at Seattle will as usual be the Arctic Club; and I should like to see you there, at the latest, on the morning of May 19th. I may need you that day, and we may be obliged to go aboard the Northland the same evening. I had quite a few applicants this year, but am holding the party down.

— Letter excerpt, Aleš Hrdlička to Alan May, April 19, 1937
Seattle

Seattle. [Wednesday,] May 19th. This morning I met the Doctor at the Arctic Club. He is very fit and does not appear to be a day older than when I saw him last.

“May,” he exclaimed, “you look years younger—it is the missing beard that does it.” As I think of it, of course he knows me better with my grey whiskers than clean-shaven.

We found ourselves a couple of chairs and the Doctor then outlined the proposed trip for this summer. It sounds fine. We are to sail as far as Juneau on the Northland. Unfortunately, due to some last minute repairs, the sailing day has been postponed till the 21st, a day later than expected. The Doctor is hoping that the ship will stop at Ketchikan and Wrangell, as there are some people he wants to see there. Anyway it is assured that we are going up the “cow-path,” as the Coast Guard call the Inside Passage, which is fortunate. We expect to reach Juneau on May 25th and we then leave the Northland and go aboard the Tallapoosa, staying with this ship until such time as we return to Seattle about the first of September.

From Juneau we are sailing to Sitka, not to work, but obtain some information. Also here the Doctor is going to try to obtain a collection of archaeological material for the Smithsonian from the relatives of a gentleman who has just recently died. Slightly to the north of Sitka are two sites, not named on the map, which we shall visit next. Then we proceed to Hinchinbrook for a “look-see” at a site there. Next we are to stop at Uyak Bay, Kodiak Island, where we spent five weeks last year. Then on to Unga to search for more rock shelters such as were found by Dr. Dall in the 1880s. From here we proceed to Belkofski to interview the priest, Father Hotaviski, who refuses to put what information he possesses on paper. Thence to Unalaska and four other nearby sites. Atka is to be the next stop, and here we are [to] spend approximately a week excavating, and after this about the same length of time working on Adak. Then once more we visit Kagamil, to find, if possible, more mummies. Then on to Amchitka, Agattu, and Attu.

Permission to land on the Komandorskis [the Commander Islands] has not yet been received, but the Doctor expects it will arrive before we reach Unalaska, and to visit these islands later. The Doctor has also asked for a permit for himself only to land somewhere on Kamchatka and wants then to proceed overland to Moscow and Leningrad and back via the Atlantic. I hope that he will be able to arrange this, but I hardly expect so. If this should happen then I expect I should be put in charge of the party until we returned to Seattle.

This proposed itinerary will doubtless have to be modified to meet conditions. We shall see how much we deviate from it—quite a bit I expect.

Three of the boys who are going along turned up at the Club while we were chatting. They were Paul Guggenheim, medical student of Washington College [University], St. Louis. Paul Gebhard, studying anthropology, from Denver University. Walter Wineman of Indiana State Teachers College. Another boy by the name of Seashore has not yet turned up. Connor is in Seattle but I have not yet seen him.

Hrdlička (1945:252, 256ff) describes their visit to Nuchek, an Alutiiq village occupied until the late 1920s.

Gebhard was born in Rocky Ford, Colorado, in 1917 and received a B.S. from Harvard University in 1940.
At Unalaska we are to pick up Dr. White and he will be with us until such time as we return there. It will be nice to have him along, for he is a decent sort.

[U.S.] Commissioner Jack Martin of Unalaska, the Doctor tells me, has been claiming damages to the extent of $4000.00 from the Smithsonian. He claims that the foxes on the island killed their young after seeing our party there last year! This seems somewhat far-fetched, but he has a reputation of being somewhat of a slicker.

Father [Bernard] Hubbard, the Glacier Priest, and his party are travelling on the Northland also. The Doctor calls him a “mere publicity seeker” and told me the following story concerning him. Hubbard once had a fine dog with an exceptionally beautiful tail, the said tail creating much favorable comment and publicity for him. After this got kind of old and the publicity not so good, the good Father then cut off this tail, and the dog again became a drawing card for him. A tailless dog! “Keep to yourselves,” said the Doctor. “Do not mix with Father Hubbard’s party anymore than you can help, and do not have anything to do with Hubbard himself.”

The Doctor wanted some information about some of the islands from the captain of the motor-ship Northland, and also from Bowman of the Kanaga Trading Company. For some reason or other he passed this job on to me, and so I spent most of the morning finding out what I could. I found out that the captain was at sea, so there was nothing doing there. Up in Bowman’s office I found that he was in Tacoma and not expected in for a day or two, but had quite a talk with his secretary. She told me that one Sergi [Sergius] Golley, a native of Atka, was in Seattle, and she was of the opinion that he could give us considerable information about the islands near
Atka. It would probably be worthwhile trying to contact him. Wheaton, who was running the store for Bowman at Atka last year, pulled up stakes without letting Bowman know, so now the store is not operating.

Figure 19. “The Doctor talks confidentially with Father Hubbard” aboard the *Northland* (1937-7b).

While [I was] talking to the Doctor at the Club, a Mr. Eyerdam, a botanist, came in to see him. He has been in Kamchatka and the Aleutian Islands, working with Dr. Hulten of Sweden, who is the foremost botanist in the world. The Doctor had no time to talk to Eyerdam then, so I promised to drive him out to Eyerdam’s place tomorrow night.

May 20th. Seattle. For some reason or other the Doctor wanted all of us to meet him at the Club at nine o’clock this morning. Apparently it was just so we could get together and to keep the “boys” out of mischief.

Connor turned up and later I drove him around the city, winding up at the University Museum. Here we met Drs. [Erna] Gunther, Hulse, Jacob, and Garfield. [We] had quite a talk
and we all went out to lunch together. Dr. Jacob (linguistics) told me that he thought that Sergi Golley would be in his office after lunch, as he was working on the Aleutian dialects with him. Later I found Sergi there. He was a fine looking native and quite intelligent, but his information was rather vague. I reported what I had learned to the Doctor but he pooh-poohed it before I was half thru. If he is not interested, then why ask me to look this man up and waste my time?

At the Club again later in the afternoon I received a message from Bowman’s secretary saying that she had contacted Bowman and that he had sent word that the Doctor and his party were welcome to use any of his buildings on any of his leased islands. This was very decent of him, so of course thanked the secretary on behalf of the Doctor.

Mr. Eyerdam had left a message at the club asking the Doctor and myself up to his place to dinner, so we started out about five-thirty. Eyerdam is a very interesting person. I find that he is a cooper by trade and is now working at the Horluk Brewery. He is a bit of an archaeologist and anthropologist and is a botanist, an ornithologist, and a conchologist. He has been around the world several times and was with the Whitney South Sea Expedition. His collection of shells is indeed worth seeing, and he claims that it is the largest private collection in the country. Indeed I do not doubt it—he has over twelve thousand shells. He has botanized in Kamchatka and the Aleutians and collected shells in Haiti and the South Seas. He writes varied articles and showed us some that had been published on botany and ornithology. Apparently he knows most of the authorities in these lines and has correspondence with people all over the world. He collaborated with Dr. Hulten in his work on Kamchatka. His collections of various items are indeed fine, and he has some wonderful ethnological specimens. In his home, almost covering one wall of the living room, there is an exceptionally fine painting, about six feet by eight, which he brought back from Tomsk. It was unfortunate that the Doctor was in such a hurry for I would like to have spent a long time looking over his collections—we did not see half of it. Some time I hope I shall be able to return to look it over. In order to obtain some coopering tools which Eyerdam had promised the Old Man, we drove down to the Brewery after an hour or so to get them. Here we were introduced to the head salesman, who immediately issued us in to Mr. Horluk’s private office and ordered sent up oodles of beer and all sorts of sandwiches. At the Brewery there is a very fine bar for the employees where [they] can drink all the free beer they want when off duty. Eyerdam demonstrated another extraordinary feature at the brewery—he picked up an empty wooden beer barrel in his fingers and carried it a hundred feet. A feat that can be equaled by few men.

Seattle to Alaska

[Friday,] May 21st. At sea. After breakfast I drove down to the Club and there picked up the Doctor and Connor and their baggage and took them down to the Northland. Afterwards I returned and took down two of the boys with my own baggage.

There were quite a few people down to see the Northland off. Captain and Mrs. Dempwolf were there and they introduced us to Captain [Frederick A.] Zeusler of the Northland. He is a fine appearing chap, apparently very popular.
Father [Bernard R.] Hubbard and the other three members of his party were very much to the front, strutting their stuff and enjoying the limelight so to speak. Of course there were several newspaper reporters and photographers there fussing around, and everyone almost had to pose for two or three pictures.

A large basket of flowers had been sent down to the ship and it had been placed conspicuously on the quarterdeck. Later I looked at the card on it, and found it was addressed to Captain Zeusler, Father Hubbard, and Dr. Hrdlička, and was sent by Painless Parker, an advertising dentist.

The Northland cast off at one o’clock. A large parcel was delivered at the moment we cast off for Father Hubbard, but the ship was moving and in the effort to get it aboard, it fell into the sea, much to everyone’s amusement. The Atlanta, a Coast Guard ship stationed at Seattle, escorted us out for a mile or two with the relatives and friends of the men on board. With a final blowing of the horn they turned back—and we were at last on our way. The departure of the Northland is usually quite an event, for it does not return till late October. It is the first vessel into Nome each year, opening a channel thru the ice for other ships to follow.

[Saturday,] May 22nd. At sea. The boat is very full and there are many passengers. Last night eleven of us, all civilians, slept on the floor or on cots in the men’s mess room. Above us in hammocks slept part of the crew. I chose the floor but found it very hard and a terrific breeze came down one of the ventilators. We were routed out at six o’clock in the morning and then unfortunately had to wait till eight o’clock for breakfast.

There are three fellows from the University of Washington on board doing some oceanographic work. One of these fellows is the nephew of the Captain; he comes from Ellensburg. Also there is a man from the Weather Bureau who is going to Nome.

Already, many of the men have had their heads shaved, according to custom. It gives them a strange appearance.

The Northland is a slow ship and I hear that we are not making any stops until we reach Juneau, something to do with hitting the right tides. Have talked to Father Hubbard and find that he appears to be very pleasant if a bit egotistical. He proudly showed me his new pair of field glasses. “Only three such pairs in the country,” he explained. They were, however, exceptionally good ones—made in Germany of course.

Sandy Chisholm and Ed Levin, Father Hubbard’s stand-bys, who always accompany him on his trips, are certainly big husky bruisers. Levin stands 6’2” and weighs 210 pounds, and is an ex-prize-fighter. He claims to have been in 54 fights without being knocked down. Also, he tells me, he has done quite a bit of wrestling. His nose is broken and is more or less flat on his face, which makes him a mighty tough looking hombre. However, I should judge that he is really a mighty good sort and just pretends to be so tough. Chisholm is an inch taller than Levin but not so husky, tough and wiry, quite a bit quieter and probably more intelligent.
Yesterday, Guggenheim turned up at the dock in a yachting cap of all things. I thought the Doctor would have a fit, but apparently he did not say anything. Guggenheim is a Jew, related in some way to the fabulously rich Guggenheims.

We had a movie show last night and Father Hubbard showed one of his movies, it was very good too. This afternoon Chisholm showed me some of his pictures taken on previous trips with Hubbard. Naturally they were interesting and there were some excellent scenic photographs among them.

It is a beautiful sunny day and we are now just passing a small village on Vancouver Island.

The Doctor and Hubbard are sleeping and eating in the officers’ quarters, all the rest of us are with the crew. The food is very good, but the quarters are pretty cramped.

Hubbard’s party, by the way, are going up to King Island and will not return for eighteen months. They have hundreds of tons of supplies and will be living in comparative luxury for they [are] taking every possible thing they could need.

Sunday, May 23rd. At sea. It was rather dull when I got on deck this morning, but by ten o’clock the sun came out on a smooth sea.

Last night we passed an open stretch of water after we had all turned in. We were all sleeping peaceably when suddenly the ship commenced rolling and before we knew it things started falling around and all the cots and those sleeping on the floor started sliding back and forth across the room as the ship rolled. We had to get up and lash the cots down and those on the floor had to wedge themselves in or continue to slide about. Even then it was too rough to sleep till we reached sheltered waters again.

There are two of Father Hubbard’s dogs on board, Magiek and Wolf; they weigh 100 and 110 pounds, respectively, and are fine looking animals, both malamutes. Magiek is very friendly and always gets up and wags his tail and fusses around when he sees me going towards him. He has almost white eyes, which gives him rather a mean appearance.

Father Hubbard was saying that he understands that Roosevelt has made some sort of an agreement with Japan to the effect that if they will buy our surplus cotton, then he will not kick about the Japanese fishing boats off the Alaskan shore. The Father improves on acquaintance—if he would only forget that he is such a big shot, he’d be a dandy fellow. Chisholm and Levin, too, improve on acquaintance. The third member of Hubbard’s party is his nephew. He is quite a youngster and it is his first venture north.

Yesterday at lunch we had fried oysters, salad, and ice cream, which seems rather a queer combination to me and came as quite a surprise.

A French freighter passed us yesterday, which shows we must be travelling very slowly. The best speed the Northland can do it eleven knots.
It is warm today but the sun is not very bright, no wind at all.

I was told not long ago that the Coast Guard Service was senior to the Navy, but have just found out that this is not so. However, the Coast Guard has been in existence longer than any of the other services.

There is one man on board who is returning to the Tallapoosa; he says it is doubtful if we shall have any more room on that ship than here. Sure hope he is wrong in this, for there is nowhere to lie down here if seasick and no comfortable place to sit around.

Yesterday I saw the Doctor talking very confidentially to Father Hubbard, so I took a picture of them together. (When I showed it to him later he said, “You should not have done dat, dat is bad.”) Sometime after, the Doctor told me that in a long talk with the Father, he had warned him against exaggerating too much and so forth. “He took it very well,” said the Doctor, “and then offered to give us a tent.” The Old Man was very delighted with this offer, so presume that now he will think a great deal more of the Father.

Hubbard claims that he has never been seasick. He does not know how lucky is! Levin and Chisholm get seasick every year, but so far of course everything is all right.

Talking to one of the crew yesterday and I found out that he had visited a cave full of human remains, not very far from Unalaska. I found the Doctor and had him talk with this man. Probably we shall visit this cave as it is fairly close to one place we are to visit.

There are several men interested in boxing on board and they have sparring matches on deck sometimes. Chisholm and Levin have a workout every day. Levin, who says he only looks like a Jew because of his broken nose, astounds the Old Man by telling him that he is a geologist studying for his Ph.D. at Stanford and that he likes music and books. The Doctor cannot figure him out but is interested in him. Levin told me that when not at the University or up North, he works for a railroad and gets $250 a month. Also claimed that he was offered $450 a month this summer, but preferred to come with Hubbard. Hubbard’s nephew told me than a large number of men had written to the father offering to pay for the privilege of working with him—$5000 being the largest sum offered.

Monday, May 24th. At sea. A pleasant day but not so sunny as yesterday, when I found at night that my forehead was quite sun burned.

After Levin and Chisholm had been sparring for quite a while on deck in swimming trunks, the Doctor cornered Levin and had a long talk with him. He thinks that Levin is over doing it and may die of athlete’s heart or some such thing. Says Levin afterwards, “The Old Boy gave me plenty to think about.”

Levin has offered to send me some specimens from King Island if I will collect small pieces of lava from the different places we visit, which seems fair enough.
“Dutch,” the bosun, just came in and was kidding Levin who was writing letters, as he openly said, to all his girls. “He’s like God,” said Dutch. “He loves them all.”

This afternoon Father Hubbard gave me a pamphlet of one hundred of his photographs of Alaska. It is really very excellent and it was nice of him to give it to me.

We passed Ketchikan in the early hours of the morning and we are not very far from Wrangell now. So far no rain, which is most extraordinary.

Almost all the seamen on board have a high school education and there are several college boys among them. There is a waiting list for enlistments in the Coast Guard, and only the best type of boys are now taken on.

We have a very young Doctor on board who has never before been to sea—he seems very lost and lonely and does not mix with the other officers.

Captain Zeusler usually comes down on the aft deck where we spend most of our time, and has a chat with us each day. Last year he visited Kukulik on St. Lawrence Island, and saw the archaeological work done there by [Otto] Geist. He considered it a terrible mess and was quite disgusted with it—said it was too bad the Doctor could not have done the work there. The Old Man gave a lecture to all those who cared to attend on Sunday afternoon. It went over very well and the crew seemed quite interested.

We have breakfast at 8 a.m., lunch at 11:30 a.m. and supper at 5:30 p.m. Movies commence at 6:15 p.m. and of course it is daylight for a long time after they are over. This evening we had another of Hubbard’s movies. It was a silent one so he talked as it was shown. Unfortunately the acoustics in the mess hall are terrible and it was impossible to hear half he said. In what little I did hear I noted many exaggerations.

Fire, collision, and semaphore drills were held this afternoon; all seemed to go smoothly.

One of the seamen told me that this ship rolls 60 degrees in a bad storm and that the surfboats on the upper deck sometimes filled with water when she rolls. Hope I do not see any such movement as that.

This year we passed thru Wrangell Narrows in daylight, and here in the very narrowest part we met the Yukon returning to Seattle. The Narrows are very beautiful and Petersburg lies at the far end—we did not stop here. Just beyond Petersburg we ran into some miniature icebergs, which came from a glacier nearby.

Juneau

Thursday, May 27th. Juneau. Have not had an opportunity to write up my daily notes till today. When we got on deck Tuesday morning were alongside the Government dock at Juneau. The Tallapoosa was also there and about noon we all moved our baggage over there. On the Tallapoosa no one seemed to know just where we were going to bunk, so we let it ride for the
time being. Mr. Anderson, whom I had met on the *Tally* last year, told me that I would have a
cabin aft—that is in the officers’ quarters, and had my baggage moved there after I had left the
ship. When I got back I found that the Doctor would not let me stay there—I must stay with the
boys to keep an eye on them. Baloney. It was a mean trick and Connor was even more furious
about it than I was. At night Connor and I were assigned to bunks, but there were none left for
the other boys so they had to sleep on the floor.

The men’s quarters are very cramped, the bunks are three high, canvas stretched across a
metal frame, with very little room to move around between them. There is nowhere to put our
baggage, so at present it is under the bottom bunk on the floor. Three extra bunks were put up the
second night for the boys, so now at least we all have somewhere to lie down. The crew seem
very decent, especially so considering we are more or less upsetting the whole ship, and if it was
not for our party the ship would be on its way to Savannah instead of the Aleutians.

Mr. Stolfi, who was on the *Tally* last year, is still with the ship. This year he is engineer
officer; last year he was the navigator.

We cannot leave till Friday as they have just been cleaning out the boilers and have not
quite finished.

After we arrived Tuesday, Connor went off to see Smitty (nurse we met at Unalaska last
year) which left me to take charge of the boys. I took them up to the museum and showed then
around a bit, while the Old Man talked with Father Kashevaroff. Stayed there about a couple of
hours and then I left and dropped in on Ordway, the Flying Photographer. Was very surprised to
find that he recognised me. Stuck around a while and then Mr. and Mrs. Ordway, a Mr. Neff who
works there, and I went down to Percy’s for supper.

In the evening Connor took me up to Smitty’s apartment and before long quite a gang
collected there—Mr. and Mrs. Soley, he is chemist and she a nurse, Ensign Dean of the
Northland, Dr. Walcot of the *Northland*, Lieutenant Stolfi of the *Tally*, and one or two others. A
couple of bottles of Scotch were broken open and we stayed and chatted till midnight.

Returning to the ship during the day, walking on the sidewalk, I heard a terrific honking
of automobile horn and turned to see a truck headed for me. It drove up on the sidewalk, and as I
tried to run out of the way, followed me along. Then it stopped and in it were Levin and
Chisholm, grinning their fool heads off! They just wanted to tell me to be sure to collect some
lava samples for them, which of course I will do if possible.

Connor and I dropped into the Nugget Shop and had quite a talk with Mr. Simpson, who
is either the owner or it might be that he is only the manager. He has some wonderful stuff
there—we bought one or two inexpensive items. The Sydney Lawrence paintings seemed more
attractive than ever.

Wednesday afternoon Connor and I walked part of the way to Douglas, over the new
bridge. We got pretty wet for it has been raining steadily since we arrived here in Juneau.
Returning we did a bit of shopping and then took the Ordways out to supper. We went to Percy’s
again for this seems to be about the only place to eat in Juneau. The Doctor was talking on the radio in the evening, so we went back to Ordway’s store to listen in. He made a very good talk and after it was over came up to Ordway’s, where we all saw some of his colored movies. They were excellent. Strange to say, the Doctor went back to the ship in a taxi, taking us with him, and he paid for it! It appears that one can get a taxi in Juneau to go anywhere within the city limits for two bits.

Seaplanes are continually arriving and departing, but it seems strange that there is as yet no airmail service to Seattle.

This morning Connor and I took a bus and got off at the nearest point to the Mendenhall Glacier. The driver told us it was a three-mile walk, but it turned out to be nearer five. About half way there we got a lift on a CCC [Civilian Conservation Corps] truck and even then had a long walk when they put us down.

The glacier is indeed a very wonderful sight—stupendous and magnificent. We walked a long way up the side of the glacier but did not reach the top. The blue and green coloring of the icy depths has to be seen to be believed. Coming back we walked to the CCC camp with the hopes of getting a ride in to town. We did get a lift alright, but the driver dropped us off at an unknown crossroad and showed us which way to go—just a quarter of a mile to where we could catch the bus. The quarter mile turned out to be a full mile and we missed the bus, so commenced walking. Very shortly we got a ride on the Auk Bay Grocery truck. We found out that we had walked to Auk Bay. The driver was a tough looking bird, but intelligent and humorous and kept us amused all the way to Juneau.

Went back to the ship with a few last minute purchases and then came on up to Smitty’s apartment, where I can write this in peace and comfort, which is more than could be done on the ship. Smitty is at the hospital.

A few statistics about Alaska that I have picked up. The coastline is 26,364 miles, almost 14,000 more than the coastline of United States. In area it is one-fifth of that of the U.S. The population (1930) is just under 60,000, only one-half being whites. This is one-tenth of an inhabitant to each square mile, whereas in [the] U.S. there are 43.3 to the square mile. Alaska was first discovered in 1733 and purchased from Russia in 1867. There are 18,000 Eskimos in Alaska but less than a thousand Aleuts.

Lieutenant-Commander Anderson, executive officer of the Tally, says that taking our party out on this trip is a tough assignment. To start with the ship is too small for the distances we have to go. It will only carry just enough fuel to get to Attu and back again, provided there are several stops on the way as is intended. The ship will probably have to return to Dutch Harbor to refuel sometime before we return from the west. According to regulations the boilers will have to be cleaned again before leaving Juneau on the return trip. This will mean a two weeks’ stopover at Juneau so I rather expect that this work will be done at Unalaska, where we can do some work. If we do have two weeks in Juneau, Connor and I have been offered a job in the Nugget Shop by Mr. Simpson, classifying the specimens there and segregating them.

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May’s figures here are not necessarily correct.
Simpson does not know what the half the stuff is that is in the shop. Instead of paying us in cash he would give us some specimens, which is fair enough with us.

Dropped into the office of the Department of Indian Affairs in the Federal Building to try to obtain a booklet of theirs. The headman in the office was Mr. Hawksworth and had quite a talk with him. He is the authority on all affairs in connection with the Indian schools and was apparently quite interested in my views on them. I found out that the coal which I used at Attu last year belonged to his department and not to the Navy, as I had been told.

I have been told that Kiska is now supposed to eventually become a submarine base, not an air base as I heard last year.

There are two decent hotels in Juneau and I find that one of them possesses the only elevator in Alaska!

A couple of times I have met a Mr. Arnold, he is the manager of the radio station. He came up to Ordway’s last night with the Doctor to see the colored movies.

The local papers, thru some mistake, have stated that Dr. and Mrs. Alan May as well as the others are going on this trip. Hope the Old Man did not see this, for his name came after ours. Have not even talked to a newspaperman, so do not know how on earth they got this way.

Have had some photos developed and printed at Ordway’s and the results with my new camera are very satisfactory, in fact I am very pleased with it.

Met Mr. and Mrs. Stolfi on the street and he told me that he had heard that we were not going to Sitka. Also that the stops in Bristol Bay had been cut out too. We shall see.

The Doctor is going to give a course of thirty-six lectures while on the ship. They will be given in the Ward Room as that is the only possible place, and so all the officers are asked to be present if they wish.

This evening Connor and I had dinner at Smitty’s. A Miss Dygard was also invited. She, too, is a nurse. Came from Norway in 1914, unable to speak a word of English. She, like Smitty, is another large woman, but very amusing and bright.

Juneau to Unalaska Island

Friday, May 28th. At sea. A nice sunny morning, a pleasant change from the rain we have been having. Plans are now changed and we are not going to Sitka after all. Am disappointed for I would like to have seen the place.

Our first stop now is to be Yakutat and then Nuchek and there may be some more stops between there and Unalaska. We left Juneau about noon and the ship moved over to the Standard Oil dock for refueling earlier in the morning.
Everyone is remarking that this weather is like California, most “exceptional.” It is a peculiar fact that near the Mendenhall Glacier the weather is generally far better than at Juneau—there is more sunshine there. Perhaps that is why the CCC camp is there. This camp was built to accommodate 40 boys, but today there are only fifteen there. The boys have been working on the roads and are building a skating hut of stone and logs by the lake at the foot of the glacier. The largest rifle range in Alaska is located here, too, with targets up to one thousand yards.

Shortly after leaving Juneau we had a man overboard drill and a gun drill in the afternoon.

We passed by three or four large glaciers this afternoon, very beautiful in the warm sunshine.

Anderson has just told me that the gyrocompass has gone haywire and at the moment is not sure if it can be fixed or not.

On board we have a Warrant Officer VanDeVenter, who was on the *Northland* with us. He is going to Port Hobron on Sitkalidak Island, just off Kodiak. Here he is to enforce the new whaling regulations. As I understand it laws have recently been passed making it illegal to kill a female whale with calf. There is no way of telling the sex of a whale when swimming, so if the calf does not show up and the whale is killed it would be a tough break for the owners of the boat. Certain whales must be fifty feet in length or better when killed. Wonder what happens, if one is killed that measures 49’11”? One cannot take a yardstick and measure them when swimming. There is a $2000 fine for the man who kills any of the protected whales, and a $10,000 fine for the company that he is working for. This all seems rather absurd to me, but of course I have not heard about it all.

It is a beautiful evening and we shall soon be out in Icy Straits and there should be some icebergs to be seen there. It is getting cooler.

**Saturday, May 29th.** Leaving Yakutat. A nice morning, the ship is rolling quite a bit, but not as much as it did last night.

We passed several more glaciers before reaching Yakutat. Among them we saw the Malaspina Glacier. This is the second largest in the world—am told that the largest is in Greenland.

Yakutat is a small native village and there is also a cannery here. After we got into the dock we had to wait around till the Doctor found the manager. Sitting on the deck in the sun I was astounded to hear a feminine voice hail me from the dock. An elderly lady, whose face was faintly familiar, was the speaker. She turned out to be Miss Le Roy, a nurse, whom I had met in Unalaska last year. She told me she was not quite positive that it was I, for when I met her last year I had a beard.
Strange to say, here there is a railroad, named the Yakutat and Southern. The rolling stock consists of one engine and six flat cars. There is also a Buick coupe fixed up with railroad wheels. On this, nine of us travelled almost the whole length of the railroad. Of course some of us were on the top and some on the fenders and bumpers. Our first stop was at Lost River, which is the end of one branch of the line. Here we obtained a boat and ferried ourselves across the river with poles to a point near an old village site.

An old carved village post marked the site, but the village had evidently been occupied since the coming of the Russians for one of the first things I dug up was part of an old gun. The barrel was found later. A copper ornament was also found before leaving. The fellow deputized to show us around by the cannery manager found a very good pestle on the riverbank. Considerable time was spent in digging up what the Doctor thought were graves. We found just under the sod and moss, charred logs, three or four in a place, sometimes two deep, about six to seven feet long. They were laid touching and parallel to each other and did have somewhat the appearance of a grave. Seven or eight of these we dug up, but they were all the same. In one or two cases the ground underneath had been disturbed for about two feet. The Doctor said that perhaps they were the remains of cremation fires. I cannot think that this is so, for if they had been, surely one or two of the smaller bones would have escaped being picked up and have been found there.

After leaving Lost River we travelled on the Buick to Situk. Here again is an old abandoned village site with a few frame houses which are occupied by natives in the summer time. We came across some peculiar graves here, quite recent ones. One, that of a chief, had an elaborate fifteen foot cross at the head, dated 1869. Another chief, of later date, was buried in a large slab of concrete, about 8 x 4 x 3 [feet] dimensions, and the concrete enclosed in a well built house about 12’ square, three sides of the house having glass windows, while the roof was of shingles. There were other smaller grave houses and some grave roofs set on posts. Also there were some ordinary concrete slabs with pebbles stuck in the concrete to form the letters reading Mrs. P.T., Mr. W.A., and so on.

One slab had a large cooking pot set in the concrete. Some of the more recent graves had regular tombstones. One, that of a child, had the kid’s kiddy-car on top of the grave. The kiddy-car was completely covered with heavy moss—a forlorn and pathetic sight. We returned by rail from here to Yakutat.

There are only a very few white people here at Yakutat, most of these being connected with the cannery. Miss Le Roy only has five other white women to hobnob with, and so, quite naturally, she does not think a great deal of the place. Unalaska is a regular city in comparison, according to her. Here in Yakutat there are exactly two miles of road and there are four automobiles. The strange part of this is that each car has to pay a license fee of ten dollars for the privilege of using these two miles of road!

We reached the dock in a terrific rainstorm and were too late for supper, but they fixed up something to eat for us very cheerfully, so all was well. It is now 8 p.m. and the bosun has just piped “All hands on deck” and we are casting off. We hear that our next stop is at Nuchek.
At Yakutat there is a vast expanse of flat country, parts of it with very few trees, whereas other parts are covered with forests. It is pretty too, but very wet under foot, grassy and mossy. Marsh buttercups and violets are just out, but the latter have a very washed out color here.

Sunday, May 30th. At sea. Last night the sea was rough, so much so that hardly anyone was able to sleep. I managed to get up and eat breakfast and then lost it twice. There was a very fine dinner today, chicken, cauliflower, candied sweet potatoes, apple pie, and candy, but I could not hold it. I commenced to eat but then got seasick. That over, I went back and ate a piece of pie and managed to keep it down.

The sea quieted down after supper and for some reason or other we are now anchored in the lee of Kayak Island. This is where Captain Cook landed when he sailed up the western coast of North America in 1778. He sailed from here to Nuchek Bay, is which marked on present day maps as Port Etches. While in this vicinity he named Cape Hinchinbrook and Montague Island. This island is the largest in Prince William Sound.

After supper we set off in the launch for the old village of Kayak. Strange to say, the village of Kayak is on Wingham Island, and not Kayak Island. Here we were to try and find the old pre-Russian site and divided into two parties, the Doctor taking one and I took the other. We found nothing of importance, but the Doctor’s party found some graves, but they were comparatively recent. There was a house on the island, but no signs of anyone around, so we looked in the windows. Suddenly we saw a man get up off a couch and was he surprised! He did not know there was anyone else on the island except himself. He has some foxes there, which could be heard barking in the distance.

Returning to the Tally we ran into a rip tide and were bounced about in a big way. After being seasick on the Tally it was funny to find that the greater movement in the launch was quite a relief.

Sometime tomorrow we expect to reach Hinchinbrook Island—we are on the way now.

The life on board is not particularly comfortable. As this is Sunday and more or less of a holiday, the phonograph has been going all day. The only place to get away from its raucous noise is on deck and it has been raining all day. Unfortunately my bunk is right alongside the companionway, and men are coming and going by all the time. Maybe I’ll get used to it after a while. This is certainly an excellent place to learn self-control.

Another gang of the men had their heads shaved today and now that makes at least half the crew going around bald-headed.

Today we were followed by about a score of albatross but no sea gulls. It appears that they never mix—either all sea gulls or all albatross follow ships. The latter is more graceful than the sea gull, rarely moving its wings.
Every day except Sunday lights are put out at 8:30 p.m., which seems kind of early, but it makes no difference to us. Am hoping that the men will get tired of that phonograph before long—it is very tiresome. And the smells peculiar to a ship are not pleasant either.

Kayak Island is very different from the islands we visited last year. Here I noticed ferns growing on the trunks of big trees as high as twenty feet above the ground. Many of the trees were festooned with moss hanging to considerable length.

Later. We have been here (Prince William Sound) all day. A storm commenced after breakfast, with williwaws tearing down the canyons from the mountains. Presently a strong and steady wind arose, increasing as time passed, until the velocity was that of a full hurricane. Everyone on board is thanking their lucky stars that we are riding out this hurricane in good shelter. There are two anchors out now and the engine is turning over 45 revolutions per minute, which is equal to about five miles per hour. In spite of this engine power, the anchor chains both remain taught. Mr. Collins was just saying that usually on such a night they get a call for help. Heaven help us poor landlubbers if such a thing should happen!

I noticed today that the mess cooks and waiters had to line up for inspection before lunch. The shop’s doctor then walked down the line inspecting their hands for cleanliness.

The phonograph continues to grind out the same old tunes—there is nothing to do. Reading material is scarce and have been reading almost all day. More heads have been shaved today and the last of the seamen is now being operated upon. Only the officers, warrant officers, chief petty officers, and radiomen now have their hair.

Commander Searles, who is commander at Unalaska, last year forbid the men to raise beards. Such an order had never been issued before and the men were quite irate. After all, in such an outlandish place why deprive the men of such innocent amusement? Commanders have four stripes, but the Coast Guard call Mrs. Searles “The Five Striper,” as she appears to be the boss when there. I wonder how Searles, or rather Mrs. Searles, will like the shaven heads? There were none up there last year. Maybe it is the men’s idea of a comeback at Searles.

The wind continues to shriek and howl—“Lights Out” has just sounded, so to bed we go, altho it is not yet dark.

Tuesday, June 1st. At sea. The velocity of the wind was better than ninety miles per hour last night and in the early morning it let up to about fifty per. Since then it has been blowing steadily stronger again. By radio we hear that two boats have been missing, and we are now searching for them. Eventually we sighted a small halibut boat and our surfboat went over to them to see if they were in trouble. It was raining in sheets, and the rain was driven with such force by the wind that it was physically impossible to look into the wind direct. To see the boys putting the surfboat in the water and rowing away in such a storm was quite a sight. The halibut boat was quite all right and not the one reported missing. The boys in the surfboat were tired, cold, and wet when they returned, but surprisingly cheerful.
The hatches are now being battened down and the ship commences to roll more and more as we approach the open sea. Everyone is expecting a mighty rough night, so am writing this now, as I may be unable to do after a while.

And still that damnably phonograph continues to grind out the old tunes. It seems funny that the boys do not get as sick of it as I do.

**Wednesday, June 2nd.** Nuchek. The ship was rolling badly last night after we had been in bed for about an hour. Sleep of course was impossible as we had to hang on to the bunks. Suddenly a shout rang out, “All hands on deck, boat crew prepare to launch away.” I forgot my seasick feeling when I heard that a freighter had been sighted on the rocks, and rushed on deck to see the excitement. Sure enough there was a large freighter on the rocks, but there was no sign of life on board and no lights. It was just turning dusk. It turned out eventually that this freighter had been there for five years. This being Captain Ricketts’ first trip up the Alaskan coast, of course he did not know about it. It was a Japanese ship and one could see a plate or two stove in at the stern.

About 5:30 a.m. I was awakened and told that the Doctor wanted to see me, so hurried into my clothes and rushed to his cabin wondering what was wrong. The Old Man was very excited, like a cat on hot bricks. I was to get the boys up immediately and have them prepare their bed rolls as we were going ashore at once. We were to be left at Nuchek until the *Tally* returned from the search for the lost boats. A barge that had carried away from its tug was also to be searched for, altho there was to no one on it. Part of the duty of the Coast Guard is to “protect life and property.”

About 7:30 a.m. we set off in the launch and came shortly into the bay leading to the old village site of Nuchek on Hinchinbrook Island. Here we found a house of sorts, which had obviously been lived in last by natives. Climbing in thru a window I opened the locked door and we all went in to look around. The Doctor decided that four of us would sleep here and he and two of the boys would sleep in another fairly dry shack near by.

It was a very beautiful location; the Pacific is in front of us and huge breakers are rolling in on the beach. Behind us there is a lagoon, the ground is covered with a soft mossy turf and blue spruce are dotted sparsely around.

We found signs of the old village site almost immediately, but it looked pretty recent. Continuing our search we found two cemeteries in which most of the graves are marked with the Russian Greek cross. They appeared far too new to be of interest to us. The Doctor looking around found one old grave without a cross that looked pretty old, so he told me to go ahead and take Gebhard and excavate it. Three feet down we were digging in water, and here we came upon a well-preserved coffin, painted red. I was not very keen on doing more, but the Old Man was nowhere near, and “orders is orders,” so we opened up the coffin. It was full of water of course and floating in the water were the bones of a man with decomposed flesh adhering to them. This was too much for me—it was not archaeology or anthropology, so I quit and went to find the Doctor. He came over and agreed that we were not looking for such recent burials, so we gave this old chap another burial. This particular burial could not have been less than forty or
fifty years old, but evidently the water had some preservative action. Later in the day we found some older burials. These again were in coffins and the coffins were protruding from [the] bank above the beach, the sea having washed away part of the cemetery. We worked on a couple of these only to find that the sea had washed all the bones out. The Doctor then decided that we had better commence digging in part of the old village site, so went over there and started. This at least was amusing, for here we found door-knobs, shoes, parts of watches, mouth organs, stoves, scissors, shotgun shells, china ware, etc. Some of the latter was Royal Ironstone, made by Johnson Brothers of England. It would be interesting to know how it got all the way out here. Some of the other china was old Russian. There were many Russian beads, and these [the] Doctor allowed us to keep. We also found three limestone splitting adzes and a bone fish line winder. The beads are the same as those Russian trade beads that are sometimes in the graves along the Columbia River.

In the house here we found a kerosene lamp, so we are writing these notes with the aid of the lamp. In one corner of the bedroom there is a sort of small altar, surrounded by old icons and religious pictures. The walls of the rooms are papered with pages from various magazines dated from 1912 to 1935. The house itself was in a filthy mess, but we have cleaned up the one room we are sleeping in. On the floor there were two lynx skins and a bear skin on the bed.

We are cooking (?) in a lean-to shed, because we are afraid to use the stove in the house. Food for three days has been brought along the Doctor tells us, but it is possible that the Tally will be back tomorrow. A sealed emergency box has also been brought which is supposed to be enough for all of us for another two days if necessary.

It is fine to be on shore again and at work, especially at such a delightful place. Up to this time, the Doctor has always insisted on seeing after the food and implements that are to go ashore. When we started to get the first meal we found that he had forgotten the gasoline stove, but we had five gallons of gas! He had also forgotten the cooking pots and the plates, not to mention the butter, and he came without any sort of fruit or vegetable. Now, he has turned over the responsibility of the supplies to me for the future. One of the boys is to be responsible for seeing that sufficient shovels and picks are brought along at future landings. The Old Man came away this time two shovels too short, so we could not all work at the same time.

I find that there is a sewing machine in the house, but it is not in working order. A large accordion let out a terrific noise when I picked it up. Literally hundreds of magazines litter up the tables and floor, and seven homemade child’s boats were found in various places.

Friday, June 4th. At sea. We were all digging away yesterday morning when we heard the Tally whistling. Immediately we stopped work and got everything packed up and carried down to the beach to be ready when the launch came in. Boards, which we had taken down from the windows, were replaced and the door locked on the inside as we found it.

The captain and Mr. Collins came in the launch and took a short “look see” at the site before returning to the Tally. We found out that the Tally had been cruising around since they had dropped us off but had found neither the boats or the barge. They had had a pretty tough night too, for the sea was very rough. It was still rough after we started off again and as soon as I
had had my lunch I lost it. I lay in my bunk till suppertime feeling pretty miserable and positively sure that I’d never again get on a ship smaller than the Queen Mary! Managed to get up for supper, but had to run after a mouthful or two. Was pretty sick this time and felt considerably better afterwards, but still could not eat anything.

Before leaving Nuchek I had cleaned the mud off my hip boots, and Guggenheim noticing this, asked me how I did it! I told him. I washed them in water. Then he wanted to know where! The whole Pacific Ocean lay in front of him, a four-mile long lagoon behind him, a large lake on his left and innumerable ponds, potholes, and streams within a stone’s throw. And he wanted to know where!

The Doctor wanted to explore a bit after breakfast but said he was afraid to go alone, would I go along? Of course I was glad to go, so taking a good club, we explored around a bit, but found nothing. There were many deer tracks and one or two bear tracks were seen. The Doctor was afraid of meeting a bear alone and so that [is] why he wanted someone to go with him.

This evening some of the crew are making “square knot” belts. They do some fine work and it is astonishing to see the infinite variations of patterns that are made.

On deck Captain Ricketts showed me a wire he had received from Searles with orders to continue the search for the missing boats “until all possibilities are exhausted.”

A fishing boat was sighted last night and from this boat the Captain learned that they had sighted the barge a[s] total loss, and that they were of the opinion that the other boats were lost with all hands.

We anchored for the night in a bay of Montague Island. This morning no one seems to know what we do next. Stand-by seems to be the word at the moment. It is quite possible that we shall go in to Seward for fuel and water.

For the first time we had an orange for breakfast, altho we have had apples about twice a week. The apples are Fancy Stamens, Ruby Brand, from Wenatchee; they are not in good condition. Last night a large pail of mixed nuts was brought out for everyone to help themselves before going to bed.

Later. We are again under way, travelling very slowly, and so far I have been unable to find out where we are headed. I think only the Doctor, Guggenheim, Wineman, and I so far have been sea-sick, tho the rest of them have not been feeling too good.

Saturday, June 5th. Leaving LaTouche. A nice day and we are still cruising around—this is the fourth day and still no sign of the missing boats.

About 10.30 a.m. we docked at LaTouche, and practically everyone went ashore to stretch their legs and have a look around. LaTouche is a deserted mining town, which was originally owned by the Kennecott Copper Company. It is obvious that millions of dollars have
been spent. Two or three people live here as caretakers and there are one or two natives around. Most of the heavy machinery has been removed, but there are thousands of tons of scrap iron, machine parts, drills by the thousands, rails, etc. rusting away in the rain. We found a bowling alley complete with pins and balls and here some of the men spent their time playing bowls. In the laundry we found many Japanese books and in the assay room were samples of ore and many small crucibles. The whole place was an astounding display of waste. The hospital was the only building that was locked. This is fully equipped still. Naturally everyone had a lot of fun poking around to see what they could find in the way of souvenirs, and almost everyone came back to the ship with something or other.

The purpose in docking at LaTouche was to obtain some water, but we were unable to obtain any, and rumor now has it that we are on our way to Seward. I hope so for we can then mail out some letters.

It seems as if I’m beginning to get my sea-legs, for I feel fine now, even tho there is a big swell and plenty movement to the ship.

Anderson was saying that the upkeep of Alaska costs more annually than all that is taken out of it. That there is a net loss to the Government for each seal killed on the Pribilofs. In other words, that the cost of patrolling, owning, and keeping up the two towns on the islands, and the natives being wards or the government, costs more than the total derived from the sale of the furs. Anderson thinks Alaska is a white elephant and that U.S.A. would be better off financially if they gave it back to Russia. The schooling and medical care is all out of proportion to the necessity. Schools and hospitals are being operated in the most remote places, even where the population is very meagre.

No one has had a bath since leaving Juneau, as there is not enough water for such a luxury. We are hoping to be able to get a shower as soon as we get in to Seward. Rumors are rife that we are headed there, or else Valdez or Cordova.

This afternoon we passed thru flocks of millions of whale-birds, and a few whales showed up in the far distance.

The snow here is almost down the sea level—this morning at LaTouche we were in the lowest of the snow.

Monday, June 7th. Seward. We arrived here last Saturday night. Connor and I went up to look the town over and were very disappointed. The business section is confined to two blocks and in these two blocks are eight beer parlors and six liquor stores. The population is only about 800, which was surprisingly small. The mountains surrounding the town are very beautiful and the town itself has a fine setting. When buying some magazines we were told that the rumor around town was that the Tally had sunk with all hands during that storm. Late last night one of the missing boats was reported safe and sound. It had holed up in a sheltered bay and stayed there till the storm was over.
On a Mission downtown there is a sign on the wall which reads “Jesus leads, let him lead you home,” and the letters are made from beer bottle caps.

On Sunday twenty-five of the seamen and three officers hired a truck to take them to Lake Kenai for a fishing trip. I was fortunate enough to be asked to go along and I naturally was only too glad to have the opportunity. Our first stop was at the liquor store here the men obtained what they needed “to keep warm.” Many of the men carried rifles and automatics as the bear season is still open, but most of them had fishing rods. Sporting equipment such as fishing tackle, skis, [and] baseball equipment is kept on the Tally, the property of its complement.

We had a pleasant trip out as far as Mile 18 on Lake Kenai—the scenery was very similar to that seen on Puget Sound. At Mile 18 we went in three different parties in a motorboat to Ptarmigan Creek. It was lunchtime by the time the last boatload arrived there so we set about making coffee and got out a fine lunch that we had taken with us. We all followed our own inclinations after lunch till it was time to return in the boat. There is a highway here which I am told goes on to Hope from Ptarmigan Creek. At present there is no road from Mile 18 to Ptarmigan Creek, but this stretch is soon to be completed.

Near the dock where we landed there is a home owned by one Nellie. I found out that Nellie [Neal Lawing] is a well-known Alaskan character. Stolfe and I visited the good lady and found that she was an interesting talker, even tho she could not stop once she had commenced. She showed us two envelopes addressed to “Nellie, Alaska,” one mailed from London, England, and the other from Philadelphia. Nellie is 63 years old and was out digging in her garden when we found her. Her husband died a few years ago and she now carries on alone. She runs a tourist resort during the summer season and some of the conducted Alaskan tours visit her place. She has a good-sized greenhouse and here she grows her own lettuce and tomatoes. In one of the log buildings she has a museum and here one sees many mounted animal heads, practically all shot by herself. Moose, deer, elk, and mountain sheep were very well mounted and stood around the room or the heads alone on the walls. Nellie claims to have shot the biggest moose in Alaska, and at the time it was shot was a world’s record. Once she was mauled by a grizzly bear, but eventually shot it and proudly shows the skin.

After looking over the museum she insisted on showing us her kitchen and bedroom. In the kitchen she showed us how she fished from the window; she throws a line out thru the window and has it so arranged that when she gets a bite a bell is rung in the kitchen. In her bedroom she has a piano which once graced a honky-tonk in Dawson City. She then showed us a valuable nugget necklace presented to her by the city of Seward. It was for saving the life of a mailman who was hurt when driving a dog sled. Last fall she went “out” to Hollywood and she showed us pictures of herself taken with many of the Hollywood stars and radio headliners. Now she has just written a book which is the process of being printed. I asked if she would mind if I took her picture, and this tickled her to death. First of all she had to fix her hair, then take off her apron and glasses, and pull up her stockings, then she was ready to pose.

When we all got back to Mile 18 we found that the total catch of the 28 men was four fish and one ptarmigan, which was not recovered!
One old timer there told me that 10 or 15 years ago he always knew when the Coast Guard had been fishing, for he could see tobacco juice spat all over the rocks. Now, he says, he knows when they have been around because of the number of candy bar wrappers that he sees!

Moose are very prevalent around Seward and am told that they are often seen close to town. We all expected to see some yesterday—I think I saw one disappearing into the brush by the lake, but am not sure.

Lake Kenai is 27 miles long and where we were at Ptarmigan Creek is just about half way up the lake.

The price of milk in Seward is fifty cents a quart and there is only one dairy in the vicinity. Ice cream costs twenty-five cents for a tiny dish in the drug stores. They told me that the ice cream is shipped in from Seattle as that was cheaper than making it up there.

Daffodils and hyacinths are just commencing to bloom and have only seen one garden in the whole town with any flowers in it.

Last night Connor and I went to the movies. It was amusing, not the show, but the way it was put on, the building, the reaction of the crowd, two breakdowns, and thunderous applause at the end. The building was full and movies are only shown three days each week.

The Tally is docked down at the cannery, about a mile from the town, as this was the only available space free when we arrived. This morning we moved up to the Standard Oil dock for refueling—they had made a space for us there.

Seward is the ocean terminal of the Alaskan railroad and today owes its existence to this fact. Am told that there is practically no mining around there any more.

Tuesday, June 8th. Leaving Sitkalidak Island. On deck this morning before breakfast found that we were close to land, but this country looks more like the Aleutians for there are no trees here.

Before noon we anchored off Port Hobron for we were unable to dock as was a big freighter there. Port Hobron on Sitkalidak Island is a whaling station, one of the two in Alaska. Unfortunately there were no whales there at the time we came in, but the stench remained. This season 18 whales have been caught up to this time. The largest one was a blue whale which measured 85 feet in length. The processing of whales is quite a methodical and routine affair; six whales can be cut up in one day if necessary. Every part of the whale is processed with the exception of the baleen from the “whale-bone whales.” The beaches near here are covered with large chunks of this baleen—fortunately it has no smell.

We looked around for signs of any old sites but were unable to locate any. Meeting at the dock again, we set off in the launch for McCord Bay where there was a reported site. Here we found a farm, a Mr. and Mrs. Padgett and a Mr. Russell living there. They have about 800 head of sheep and 200 head of cattle. They were telling us that last night five ewes gave birth to ten
lambs, which seems to be some sort of a record. The sheep and cattle do very well here and there are no losses from bear and wolves, as they do not exist on the island. It seems strange that no bears have swum over here from Kodiak Island, for this island is off-shore from Kodiak, and it cannot be more than a couple of miles across at the nearest point. Everyone returned to the *Tally* for lunch except the Doctor and I—we were waiting to see Mr. Russell, who would not be in till noon. Considerable information was obtained from Mr. Padgett concerning this island and he gave the Doctor a very fine semi-lunar knife he had found some years previously. At the farm they have a police dog, a mean looking dog, and they told us to be careful, as it was not trustworthy. Coming out of the house after lunch, for no reason at all, it sneaked up behind me and bit my leg, drawing blood and leaving it quite sore. According to Padgett this dog has very remarkable hearing, and will hear a boat leaving Old Harbor, nine miles away. The dog commenced barking as soon as the launch left the *Tally*, which was at least three miles away and out of sight. The site Mr. Russell took us to very small and did not amount to much. Unfortunately we had no time to visit the other four sites he told us about.

VanDeVentor leaves the *Tally* here at Port Hobron where he is to enforce the new whaling regulations. On our return to the station we found VanDeVentor installed in the local doctor’s house. Dr. and Mrs. Darling live here at the station as he is employed by the whaling company—she is the only woman on the island. Both of them and VanDeVentor expect to do some archaeological work, as they will have plenty of opportunity. The Doctor gave them instructions as to what to do before we left.

Some of the men at the station make small gadgets from whale teeth and sell them when they go out. We looked some over but the prices were terribly high—they even wanted a dollar for just a small whale tooth. For ear bones they asked three or four dollars a pair.

There are some foxes on the island and occasionally the Padgetts get one. She showed us one large cross fox pelt, but I did not care for it at all. They sell quite a lot of meat to the whaling station, and boats going near there stop in and pick up fresh meat. Kodiak village is not far distant and Padgett sells considerable meat there, so they seem to be doing pretty well.

We are now on our way to Uyak Bay on Kodiak Island. Connor was telling me today that when he was walking with the Doctor at Nuchek, they saw me in the distance. The Doctor said “Vy, who’s dat? Oh, it is Old Man May.” Today however he kept referring to me as a boy!

Before breakfast I did a bit of skipping with a rope for exercise and found out later that Captain Ricketts was not very pleased about it as I had performed right over his cabin and had woken him up. We played with the medicine ball last night before retiring, Stolfe and his engineer, Connor, and I.

Stolfe gave me a new slant on the possibility that this trip may be disrupted. At the present time the *Tally* is on “sea otter patrol.” If we should happen to run across a Japanese boat that showed evidences of catching sea otter, then according to international law we should have to escort that boat to the nearest port of the country to which it belonged. So it seems that there is yet one chance in a million that we may yet land up in either Kobe or Vladivostok [Vladivostok]. It would rather fun if such an event should occur.
**Wednesday, June 9th.** Anchored in fog off Kodiak Island. After leaving Fort Hobron yesterday afternoon, we ran into a dense fog, so the Captain put into Shearwater Bay Cannery for the night. There is nothing here except the cannery and this is only a small one. Ran into a Mr. Armstrong, a friend of Dr. White of Unalaska. He is a young fellow working here in the summer as first aid man and part time radio operator. He has been teaching school in Kodiak but is going to a medical school at Portland next year. Talking to a fisherman who told me he had a son graduating from Yale next summer. The cannery is not operating just now—the fish have only just begun to appear. Speaking of fish reminds me that we saw a school of about twenty five killer whales cruising along the shore of McCord Bay yesterday. They have a large black triangular fin in the centre of their backs, and are no good for oil as they are too small.

Had a long and interesting talk with Mr. Collins last night. He was telling about one time when they landed at a small village on the northern Siberian coast. Permission had been granted for the ship to land there, but in spite of this they were met in boats by soldiers and natives with rifles leveled. An interpreter was eventually found and some men were allowed to go ashore. A soldier was appointed to follow each man—they were allowed to go so far and no further. Soldiers were stationed at each house and they were not allowed to enter. Nothing could be given to the soldiers or to the natives. A group of men who were called miners were living in an enclosure, with quarters described by Collins as worse than a pig-pen. They had no mattresses or blankets and were probably exiles at hard labor. The natives were practically slaves and worked for the soldiers. The latter were in command of a sergeant who had absolute authority, even to execution without trial.

Collins also told me about how the Loman Brothers exploit the natives on Nunivak Island. Once Collins was one of an investigating committee appointed to look into conditions out there. Once the natives found two reindeer that had died a natural death, so they set their traps nearby. When [the] Lomans heard of this they charged them five dollars per trap rent, as the reindeer belonged to them. The result of the investigation was a scathing indictment of the people concerned. Unfortunately the Lomans are some relations of Volstad (of prohibition fame) and he stood up for the Lomans and said the report was all lies, and it was squelched. Since then conditions have been just as bad. This year, however, the Doctor tells me that one of [J.] E[dgar] Hoover’s undercover men is making an investigation.

Another tale of Father Hubbard was told by Collins. When the Glacier Priest and his party arrived one time at their destination, he asked the people there to send out the report that he and his party were missing. He just wanted the extra publicity.

Last night at Shearwater Bay, Guggenheim returned to the ship with his hat full of sea urchins, starfish, and jellyfish. He wanted to bottle the fish in alcohol to take home—he was very thrilled and excited over finding them.

Later. All afternoon we have been anchored in the fog—rumor has it that we are lost! Really I cannot imagine how we shall get along in the Bering Sea if we get lost down here.

This evening we had one of the Doctor’s lectures. It was very interesting and helped to pass the time. Too bad we cannot have more of them. When there is nothing to do.
Quite a lot of gambling goes on among the crew. Poker, pinochle, and thirty-one are the principal games played for money. None of them play bridge. It is nothing for some of the men to make or lose fifty dollars in an evening. However, I suppose at the end of the trip they are more or less even.

The men have a peculiar custom of suddenly, for no reason at all, all crying out together trying to imitate dogs barking. There is no telling when or why this cry comes.

**Thursday, June 10th.** Whale Narrows. Last night we anchored outside Whale Narrows and this morning are going thru. It is a pleasant trip, taking about an hour and a half, with Kodiak Island on one side of the ship and Afognak Island on the other.

Last night word came thru from Washington that our party would be permitted to land on the Komandorskis, provided the landing was not in July or August. The names of our party had to be sent to the Soviet officials, so now we expect a permit to arrive at any time. This is great news but it is a pity that the permission did not include Kamchatka. It is assumed that the men on the Komandorskis are out for the [fur] seal killing in July and August and that this is the reason they do not want us there at that time.

It is said now that we shall sail straight from Uyak to Unalaska and then straight out to the Komandorskis. It seems better to me to commence work at the farthest western point and work back this way. In this why it would be easier to gauge the time at our disposal with the number of places we want to visit.

The men are now painting the ship, endeavoring to make it look smart and snappy before reaching Unalaska, where Commander Searles will undoubtedly inspect it.

**Later.** Leaving Kodiak Island. We dropped the anchor off the Larsen Bay Cannery, in Uyak Bay, about noon. The Doctor told me to take two of the boys to the site and go to work. He took the other boys to the cannery to obtain some boxes and crates for packing specimens. They joined us later after sending out the boxes to the Tally. The few hours we spent working here proved very fruitful. We obtained sixteen good specimens and came across four skeletons—one child, one adolescent, and two males. One of the male skulls had occipital flattening, the other was normal, and both were in excellent condition. Last year five of us worked here for three weeks before we came across the first skeleton—this year we came across them right away. I came across the first slate arrow point near one of the skulls. Spear points have been numerous, but this was the first arrow point of this type found here in the five years that excavations have been carried on. Also found a very finely made ivory labret, but it was similar to those found last year.

It was great to get out and work again—the sun was out and also the bugs. A head net would have been most useful—we had to tape handkerchiefs around our necks and ears, but got many itching bites in spite of this precaution.

Stolfe and Collins came along with us and helped in the work. The Captain came ashore too but went off gold panning. This morning the Captain gave the Doctor instructions on how to
pan gold. He had a wheelbarrow of sand brought out and mixed up some gold he had in it to demonstrate. Collins got a great kick out of the work and grew very excited when the first skeleton came to light. He worked hard to dig up a specimen that the Doctor would let him keep but had no luck, so I gave him a broken chisel the Doctor gave me.

It was too bad that I did not get down to the cannery for I would have liked to have seen Gordon Jones, the manager, and Graff the book-keeper again. They sent us a message by one of the boys who saw them.

The crew apparently have little use for Captain Ricketts. They say that he is afraid of everything and will not travel at night in the vicinity of land. He was oceanographer on the Atlantic Ice Patrol for five years and was one of the best men they ever had on the job. Too bad he could not have stayed there, as he liked the work. Last year, Captain Imlay took the Tally right in to the dock at the cannery but this year we dropped anchor at least a mile off shore.

It is said that we are now on our way to Unga and will spend the night there or at Sand Point, near by.

The sea was very smooth coming thru Shelikof Strait—it is usually very rough. Fortunately the sea still remains smooth.

Friday, June 11th. At sea. A storm got up last midnight to gale proportions and am too seasick to write. Had to hold on to the bunk all night in order to stay in it. Got up for breakfast but threw up twice before eating so went back to my bunk. Hear we are now hove to in the lee of Semidi Island.

Saturday, June 12th. At sea. We pulled into one of the bays of Semidi Island and so were fortunate in having a quiet night. Now, breakfast is just over, we are headed out to sea again, and it looks pretty rough. At times yesterday the ship dipped and rolled so much that the surf boats hanging seven feet above the deck hit the water. The bow was constantly under water. Several of the crew were sick, so I have nothing to be ashamed of. There was a fine supper of baked beans, brown bread, salad, and fruit, but I lost it all within five minutes.

This evening the ship broke out a barrel and a case of beer and furnished crackers and cheese to go with it. This after we had dropped anchor in Kupreanof Bay, the weather being too bad to proceed to Unga.

The idea was to give the men a bit of fun and a change. At this celebration various members of the crew sang songs and everyone joined in the chorus. The Filipino mess boys gave solos on banjo and guitar, and stories were told. At the commencement the songs and stories were quite decent, but they soon got ribald and later just plain dirty, but it was all in fun and everyone had a good time. The Captain and the Doctor were the only two missing; all the other officers were there. Anderson grabbed a banjo and sang a song and topped it off by telling two or three stories. He seems a pretty good sort of an egg and is an efficient executive officer, but I think he is rather stuck on himself. Ritchie, the junior officer, is a fine lad. The day before sailing from Juneau, he flew to Sitka and got married—no one found out about it till a day or two ago.
Collins, navigating officer, seems a nice fellow, but is not very popular on board. Stolfe, engineer officer, is as good as they come and has a very keen sense of humor always—has something to say that will raise a smile. Captain Ricketts is a peculiar bird, undoubtedly a clever man and a great student. He is however, too fearful of damage to his ship or the men in his command. At times he acts like a schoolboy and at others as if the cares of the whole world were on his shoulders. He is absolutely nuts about panning for gold and goes off with his gold pan every time he gets ashore. Dr. Doane, the ship’s doctor, is just plain nuts, goofy. Of the five boys in our crowd it begins to look as if we had two poor specimens. Guggenheim and Wineman seem pretty hopeless. The former is very bright but has absolutely no common horse sense, and is not the least embarrassed when he makes a fool of himself. Wineman will not work, and I think he has an idea he is a big shot and knows it all. He refers to Mr. Anderson as “Andy” and calls the ship’s doctor Doc and so on—just a Smart Alec. He annoys me very much, to say the least.

The last of the apples are gone, so I am told, but we still have plenty of oranges, which will help. We shall probably pick up some more fresh fruit at Unalaska.

Sunday, June 13th. At sea. We anchored off Belkofski about 6 p.m. and went ashore in the launch towing the surfboat. The men in the launch transferred to the surfboat when close to shore and we rowed in to the beach. No one came down to meet us and we saw no smoke from the chimneys, so started walking up to the village. We saw no one in or near the houses, so went on up to the school. As we reached the school, the schoolteacher came out of the door. She is a white lady, being the only one in Belkofski, by the name of Mrs. Culley. From her we learned that everyone with the exception of one old man, a child, and herself, had left some days ago for King Cove. The whole village goes there each season for the work in the fishing cannery. Father Hotaviski, whom we had stopped to see, was also there at King Cove. Mrs. Culley did not seem to think it was anything out of the ordinary to be left there alone. However, she did want to go to Unalaska, and had expected to go there yesterday when the Star called. Unfortunately the sea was so rough that it was impossible for them to get a boat ashore, so she had to stay here and, what was worse, she received no mail.

The Doctor then proceeded to tell her that the Tally could not take her to Unalaska, as it was against the rules. The funny part of this was that just about the time he got thru telling her this, the Captain walked up and learning of her predicament, told her that he would be glad to take her there! So she immediately packed up a suitcase and went back to the Tally with us. Connor and I took a hurried walk around the village. Came across the graveyard a long way from the church and found that it is divided into two parts, the old and the new. Many of what appeared to be coffins lay on the top of the ground, but I rather imagine that they maybe copies of the coffins which are buried. The church itself is an excellent state of preservation, but unfortunately it was locked. Thru the windows we could see some old Russian glass and chinaware displayed on shelves.

Belkofski [is] supposed to [be] one of the best native villages in Alaska. Father Hotaviski sees to it that the natives work. If they won’t work then they don’t eat. I understand that the Father collects their wages from the cannery for them and also spends it for them. Anyway at the village they have electric lights, radios, washing machines, sewing machines, and so forth, which, one must admit, is somewhat unusual for a native village.
I hear that we are to stay here at anchor tonight and then to go on in to King Cove in the morning to try and find Father Hotaviski. Then only one more stop before reaching Unalaska.

Monday, June 14th. King Cove. We are just leaving here on our way to False Pass. We found Father Hotaviski here and the Old Man had a long talk with him and thinks he has obtained a great deal of information. In fact the Doctor is all pepped up about what the Father has told him concerning a cave near Kashega. Apparently he has completely forgotten that I sent him all this information, together with a map, last winter. I heard about it from Mr. Bean of the Geodetic Survey.

Father Hotaviski is a middle-aged man, almost fat, with a good-natured face. I think however that he exaggerates a great deal and is not too reliable on the sort of information that we want. He owns two fishing boats and each year he brings his natives down here to work.

King Cove is quite a village. The cannery buildings, belonging to the Pacific American Fisheries, compose most of the town, altho there are some few native houses. There is also well-built sloping skid-way into the bay with the facilities for dragging boats up out of the water for repair. The cannery put out 180,000 cases of salmon last year. They are now closed down altho they have been operating for a little while this season. A big salmon run is expected very shortly.

When we were all ready to leave Dr. Doane was missing. The Captain asked me to look for him and questioning every kid I saw I eventually found him chatting in a native house. Collins tells me that he has before delayed the sailing of the ship for as long as three hours, just sitting around some one’s stove. He was quite unperturbed over it. The officers think he really is a little bit off.

Mr. Anderson told me today “to inform my gang” that the Captain always enters the launch last when leaving the ship, and is the first to get out on the return. “I suppose what you really mean is that you’d that like me to tell the Doctor that,” I said. A great grin spread over his face and he let it go at that. Twice I have seen the Old Man jump out ahead of the Captain and have noticed annoyance flit across Ricketts’ face.

Tuesday, June 15th. At sea. After lunch yesterday we reached False Pass. This is just a small cannery belonging to the P.E. Harris Company. At the time we arrived there was current of six miles per hour flowing thru the pass from the Pacific to the Bering Sea. We made an attempt to dock, but got swept past the dock like a leaf and dropped the anchor about a mile away in the channel, exactly off the very tip of [the] Alaska Peninsula.

On going ashore the Doctor, Mr. Collins, and I set off to try to find Mr. Gardiner from whom we hoped to obtain some information. We found out that he was away fishing, but eventually found his wife and had a talk with her. She turned out to be a native with three or four half-breed children running about in the house. She told us that she was born in Belkofski, went to school in Unga, and now has her home here at False Pass. The Doctor was able to obtain a little information from her and the oldest boy, and he bought one or two specimens from her, which she brought out to show him.
We next visited Mr. Davis, the manager of the cannery, at his home and stayed chatting to him till it was time to return to the Tally. This cannery averages about 125,000 cases a year, Davis told us, and he has been here for nineteen years. The native labor comes in to work during the season from all the nearby places. The natives average about five or six hundred dollars a season net, and are paid $90.00 a month with board and room, plus overtime. Davis spoke very highly of Father Hotaviski explaining how he had got them out of the native barabaras and into comfortable frame houses with running water, electricity, and modern appliances.

False Pass village, or cannery, is on Unimak Island, at the easternmost point. Shishaldin, the tallest active volcano in Alaska, 9360 feet, is only seventeen miles away. It is unfortunate that the weather has been so cloudy, for we have not been able to see it so far. Just before coming to Belkofski we passed Pavlof Volcano, which we were unable to see on account of the fog.

There are three large Japanese floating canneries operating near here in the Bering Sea, much to the disgust of all the nearby canneries. Nothing can apparently be done about it as these ships remain beyond the three-mile limit. However I got the impression that trouble was brewing over this matter.

Something has happened to the machinery that raises and lowers the anchors on the Tally, and there is talk that she might have to return to Juneau for repairs. In its present condition it is dangerous for the men in the chain locker who stow the chain away. Anderson and Ritchie have offered to do that work if any of the men object. We, that is, our party, are hoping that it can be fixed in Unalaska. If not there will be an upset to our plans, or we shall have to be transferred to another ship. The Captain seems to have a hard time making up his mind about anything. He gives orders and then changes them a few minutes later. Last night we had the anchor almost up preparatory to proceeding to Unalaska, when he changed his mind and decided to stay there at False Pass all night. Rarely does he let out less than 90 fathoms (540 feet) of chain when anchoring, when in most cases 30 or 40 fathoms would be sufficient. It is usual to let out three fathoms of chain for each foot.

**Unalaska Island**

**Wednesday, June 16th, Unalaska.** About 7 p.m. last night we docked at Unalaska. The *Samuel D. Ingham* and the *Morris* were at the dock when we arrived. The former ship is one of the new four million dollar cutters commissioned this year. It is a beautiful ship, the largest cutter that the Coast Guard have ever had in the Service.

Everyone from Unalaska was at the dock to see us come in. Dr. White hailed me from shore long before we docked. Naturally Mr. Pedler was there and with him was his new wife—he got married again last winter. Talking to them I felt a hearty slap on the shoulder and there was Butch Philips, who [on] last year’s trip was on the *Chelan*, but now on the *Ingham*. It was fine to see him again—as usual, he was full of pep, and insisted on Connor and I going aboard the *Ingham* to look it over and see the movies. Before going aboard we ran into McMillan, whom we last saw at Atka, he was the schoolteacher there. Now he is going “out.” Quarter Master Bourg, whom we knew on the *Chelan*, turned up glad to see us again. He too is now on the
\textit{Ingham}. Brown, the U. S. Marshal, came along full of smiles and cheerfulness. Several others we knew by sight but not by name greeted us—in fact it almost seemed like getting home again!

We were shown around on the \textit{Ingham} and it is really a very fine ship. The Ward Room is large, extending across the whole width of the ship, and it beautifully fixed up, even having a fireplace. The seamen’s quarters I thought were a bit cramped, but the officers’ cabins were very spacious. We met nearly all the \textit{Ingham}’s officers in the Ward Room; Commander Ryan is in charge of the ship. A Dr. and Mrs. Link were also on board for the movies; they are from the hospital at Unalaska. They came up last May on the \textit{Ingham}, and I think that he will take Dr. White’s place when he goes out this fall.

After the show was over Connor and I went down to see Pat. We had expected to get some of his most excellent pie from the cafe, but found that he had closed up the cafe. He has bought out Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner’s small shop and he sells odds and ends, tobaccos, candies, curios, and so forth. Then he has a liquor store as well. Lindy, his cook last year in the cafe, is now working for the A.C. restaurant, and Johnnie, the Aleut waiter, has also gone there. Later we looked in at the A.C. and again met several people we knew. Having a glass of beer at the counter whom should we run in to but Bosun Johnson, late of the \textit{Shoshone}, but now on the \textit{Ingham}. He was a bit the worse for wear and fell on our necks with joy, somewhat to our embarrassment. The old barber had to come over and shake hands with us and later I had him give me a much-needed haircut.

Before returning to the ship we looked in at the “squaw-hop,” as the dances are called up there. There were about 30 Aleut girls and women dancing with the seamen. They were not a
very attractive lot; several of them must have weighed about 200 pounds. One or two not too bad looking breeds were all dolled up in Sears and Roebuck evening dresses and very high-heeled slippers. The dances are now run by Pat and he has also taken over the Blue Fox Theatre, where movies are shown once or twice a week. The movies and the dances take place in the same room, chairs being put in for the movies and the floor cleared for dancing. Pat seems to be branching out and has his fingers in many pies. He has now stocked his fox island with some sheep and has imported some chickens here and is able to sell the eggs for 65 cents a dozen. He tells me that there are now twenty Japanese fishing boats operating in Bristol Bay and that there is going to be a big row about it soon.

The Doctor sent me into town this morning to find out what I could from [Alexei, also Alexis] Yachmeneff [also Yatchmeneff], who calls himself the Chief of all the Aleuts. However, the Doctor saw him personally, which was better. (Yachmeneff died in October 1937, 76 years old.)

Went in to the A.C. office to shake hands with Mr. Nye and Gordon. The latter is now married, his wife having come up here last winter from Victoria to marry him tho she had not seen him for six years.

Outside I met Mr. and Mrs. McMillan and went up to their room at the hospital for a talk. They showed me some nine or ten pieces of Attu and Atka basketry—some of it was very fine, but I could not talk them into selling me even one piece. Mrs. McMillan is very attractive and both are much less nervous than when I saw them last at Atka. Gordon told me that when they arrived here that they were almost nuts—think the natives scared them in some way—there is plenty of drunkenness there and there has been a couple of murders in the last few years. They had signed up for three years but only stayed one year and ten months, but then, they were not the right type for a job like that. They showed me some fine blue fox pelts and an auction price list which showed number one blues selling for $93.00. Fur prices are going up.

After lunch we all piled into Pedler’s launch, the Amoknak, and went over to Dutch Harbor and walked to the diggings where we had worked last year. I lingered behind at Dutch Harbor to drop in and say hello to Mrs. Bean, and I also met Mrs. Gordon, who was out picking wild flowers.

At the diggings we had fair success—I was fortunate in finding three exceptionally fine pieces. One was a bone point with some beautifully designed incised decorations, a new diagonal type.

It was very delightful out here today, for the sun was out for about the first time in a month. We returned in the launch to the Tally about 5 p.m. The Doctor was invited to Pedler’s for dinner and, as I know that Pedler does not like the Doctor, imagine that his new wife insisted on it. Have met Mrs. Pedler a couple of times and she seems to go out of her way to be nice. She is a Jewess of course.

We are to go on the Morris for two or three days to visit sites and caves near here, while the Tally repairs the anchor hoist. I had to go over to see Mr. Carpenter, the skipper of the
Morris, after supper, to make arrangements as to when our gang should move over. I learned that the Morris is to go to Dutch Harbor tonight for fuel and will then return here, and we are to be on board in the morning.

Commander Searles is evidently not holding to the “no Beards” ultimatum this year. Some of the men from the Ingham have the most astounding tonsures. A baseball game this afternoon between the Ingham and the Tally. The Ingham beat us by 6 to 1. We were working so of course unable to attend.

At the diggings I came across a whale’s caudal vertebra and told Guggenheim that last year we called them Aleut loaves. They do really look a bit like loaves. Guggenheim then asked, “Is it really a petrified loaf?”! He is collecting sea-urchin shells and says he is going to silver plate them and use for decoration when he gets home. Of course he will never get them home unbroken, as they are quite delicate.

Unalaska to Kagamil Island and Return

Thursday, June 17th. Kashega. We left Unalaska this morning about 9 a.m. on the Morris and about two hours later we reached Winslow [Wislow] Island, our first stop. It is a very small island, probably not more than five or six acres in extent, of practically solid rock, with vegetation on the top only. Here innumerable sea-parrots breed. We were extremely fortunate in having a quiet sea, for it would have been impossible to have landed in any sort of a swell. We circled the island in the launch and then landed at the best looking place. After a short search we found a small burial cave, but some one had beaten us to it and practically cleaned it out. At one time there must have been about a dozen burials there judging from the number of long bones we found. The skulls had all been taken, but we found four mandibles. Working with Seashore we found quite a few specimens—obsidian knives, points, smoothers, etc. Seashore is a good lad to work with and knows how to work. Nothing outstanding turned up however.

The Doctor left us at the cave to do a bit of exploring and before leaving told me explicitly that he wanted only the crania, long bones, atlas, and axis kept, as well as any pathological specimens of course. Naturally this was all I kept, throwing the other bones away. When he returned he balled me out for throwing away scapulae [shoulder blades], clavicles [collar bones], patellae [knee caps], calcanei [heel bones], and breastbones. It sure made me sore.

The island is volcanic and even what appeared to be loose rubble and gravel was cemented to the rock mass itself. It was raining while we were here and pretty slippery.

We left Wislow about 3 p.m. and headed for Kashega, reaching there about 8:30 p.m. We did not stop at the village itself but near Split Rock. This is the place I found out about from Mr. Bean and reported to the Doctor last winter. We are to go ashore first thing in the morning. The village appeared to be very small, but there is a good-sized church there. Probably not more than a dozen houses.

All the bunks on the Morris are of course full, so they have supplied us with cots. Three of us are to sleep in the mess room and three in the men’s quarters. The Doctor sleeps in the
Ward Room, which is only big enough for a table, which will seat four people. The food here is the best of any that we have had on any Coast Guard vessel. They have a Negro cook, a decent follow, but he sure does know his cooking. Makes the most excellent pies and doughnuts.

Mr. Carpenter, who has one and a half stripes, is one of the youngest men in the Service to have command of a ship. He only looks about 25 years old, and seems to be most efficient.

Yesterday, before leaving Unalaska, I ran into Mr. Schroeder, the man who has the trading rights at Attu. He left this morning on his boat, the Martha, for Attu. While talking to him, a native came up to me grinning widely and holding out his hand. He turned out to be Prokopiof, the second chief of Attu, so I told him to tell Mike I’d be seeing him in a week or so. Prokopiof was returning with Schroeder.

The Old Man insisted I go along with him last night to witness his talk with Commissioner Martin about the claim on the Smithsonian for damages to his foxes. Everything went off very smoothly and there were no hard words. Martin gave himself away by saying that it was all right for us to visit Kagamil this year after the middle of July. That there would be no danger of the foxes killing their young after that time. We were there in August last year, so of course his claim is absurd.

I met a Mr. Harris at Unalaska, who knows the Kashega and Chernofski district very well, for he is the manager of a sheep ranch there. He talked to the Doctor and is going with us to show us around some caves he knows. Harris is a graduate of Oregon State University and is in charge of the Oregon Worsted Company’s ranch here. He seems like a very nice sort of chap, but he only has one hand—the other being off at the wrist. This does not seem to bother him; he does everything himself, even to tying his shoes and tie. Says he can do anything but row.

Guggenheim and Wineman continue to be a pain in the neck to all of us. Connor, Harris, and I called on Mrs. Ross, the nurse at the hospital who has taken Smitty’s place, last night. She is a Dane, and has not much to say.

Friday, June 18th. Chernofski. We left our anchorage near Split Rock about 8 p.m. this morning and reached Chernofski about two hours later. Here we are in a well-sheltered bay and staying here for the night as it blowing mighty hard out in the open. It was too rough to land on Split Rock this morning so we came on here and hope to stop at Split Rock on the way back to Unalaska.

We landed from the launch near the house in which Harris lives and as it was fairly bright the Doctor decided that he must take a picture of “all his boys.” Almost twenty minutes were taken up with this, while we stood there in a freezing wind. He made us pose for him, standing with hats, and kneeling without hats, and so on. After this was over the Old Man told me to take Wineman and go with Harris to one of the caves he had spoken of. He led the rest of our party for “other worlds to conquer.”
Taking the launch back to the Harris [house,] we there picked up a lunch and then had the launch drop us on the far side of the bay, near the ranch of the Aleutian Livestock Company. Here live met a Mr. Eubanks, the vice-president of the company—he is also the agent for Aetna Life Insurance for Ogden, Utah. This is a different company from the one Harris works for, but both have certain leases on the same island, Unalaska. Harris’s company leases about 300 square miles on the island whereas the other company only has a small fraction of that amount. However, the Aleutian Livestock Company have about 9000 head of sheep, but the Portland Company has only 3500 head. It seems to me that the sheep should do pretty well in this district. The land is not nearly so rough as it is further west, and is low and rolling. Very little feeding is necessary in the winter. The biggest trouble they have to contend with is the loss by eagles. They carry off the young lambs and will even attack ewes and kill them. At one time I counted eleven eagles in the air at the same moment, and counted twenty-six on the trip to the cave and back. Harris killed one, which measured 8’4”—that is wingspread.

The cave which we set off to find was two or three miles away from Eubanks’ house over a hill. We found the cave easily enough and saw skulls and long bones lying on the surface. There had been an adult, an adolescent, and a child buried here. Unfortunately they had been disturbed, probably by the sheep taking shelter in the cave. Originally there had been a wall built up in front of the cave. Most of the bones were in poor condition, but two skulls were in fair condition. It was impossible to save the baby’s skull intact, so took back the pieces. It had been wrapped in some sort of a grass matting and was able to save a few odd scraps of this. When we were thru here we ate our lunch and then I thought as long as we were there had better look over
part of the surrounding country. There appeared to be many caves which would bear investigation. We visited several of these, and in some cases large whalebones had been placed upright in front of the caves. In one such cave I dug a bit and immediately turned up a couple of vertebrae. Of course I thought I had burial, but altho a few more human bones came to light, there was no complete skeleton or skull.

By this time we had been gone from the ranch about four hours, but had told them we expected to be back in about two hours, so we started walking briskly back along the beach. Suddenly an eagle fluttered out from almost beneath our feet and landed fifteen or twenty feet away. It had been injured and was unable to fly, so I got a couple of pictures of it.

When we got back to Harris’s shack there was no sign of the others so we set off looking for them. We found them all, except the Doctor and Seashore, digging away in a rock-shelter, surrounded by a pile of human bones. It was too bad, tho far few of them were worth keeping. There were about a dozen broken skulls and at least eighteen mandibles. When the Doctor turned up, we packed up the best of the bones, reburyed the others, and returned to the ship. It seemed terrible to me, the way the Old Man dropped everything into the sacks altogether. He put in obsidian points, skulls, lamps, smoothers, knives, eagles’ skulls, all one on top of another. Without a doubt a great deal of this stuff will be broken. There was no reason not to have segregated this material.

After a wonderful supper on the Morris the Old Man, Connor, and I packed up all we had found. The plans for tomorrow depend upon the weather; if it continues to blow like it is now we shall stay here, but if it quiets down we shall go to either Split Rock or Nikolski—a village on Umnak Island.

There are two old sites within a stone’s throw of Harris’s shack, one pre-Russian and one post-Russian. Snooping around the post-Russian site I came across the top an old samova, made of copper.

There is absolutely nothing to read on this ship, and this is a great draw back. The colored cook made some most excellent doughnuts this evening and put out some very good steamed rice for supper.

We have two natives on board who are returning to Nikolski, where they are to be picked up by the Penguin, together the eight other natives to be transported to the Pribilof’s for the sealing. One of them told me he got $75 a month with room and board for his work there.

Saturday, June 19th. Chernofski. There is still a storm blowing and we cannot land at Nikolski in such weather, so we are staying here.

We worked this morning on a pre-Russian site. It looked very good but did not produce anything very worthwhile. A whale vertebra bowl was about the best item found. The wind was blowing so hard that it was impossible to work on the shore side of the site. Connor and one of the boys returned to the overhang and finished up there. Harris came around and talked for a while—one would think that he would be pretty lonely. Was in his shack this afternoon and it is
an awful poor sort of place to live, but it appears as if he had enough groceries there to last a year or so.

Returning to the Morris for lunch we found that it was lucky for us that we did so, for they served baked ham, candied sweet potatoes, carrots, spinach, and peaches. What a lunch!

In the afternoon I helped Connor and we came across two burials under a large whale scapula. About the time we had the scapula exposed the Old Man came along and finished the job himself. Then he took movies of us, not working, just pretending to work! We had to pose and all that.

There is a large amount of greenish rock here that looks like nephrite, and there is also [the] same sort of rock red colored. The Doctor says that both [are] silicate, [with] coloring caused by copper and iron oxide.

Some of the boys from the Morris came ashore to hunt eagles, but only one of them was successful. The one he shot measured 7’6” from wing tip to wing tip.

Sunday, June 20th. Nikolski. Umnak Island. After breakfast we hoisted anchor and set off for Nikolski. As soon as we got outside the bay and into the open sea, we began to notice the movement of the ship. It was not long before we were into pretty rough water and I was seasick until we reached our destination.

As we approached the shore in the launch a group of natives gathered to watch us land. They seemed sullen and surly. The Doctor got hold of the chief and the native storekeeper and we went into the store to talk—to try to find out if any of these natives here know anything about a large cave reported by Veniaminov on Umnak Island. For a long time we could not find out anything, but they loosened up a bit later on, altho we learned nothing worthwhile.

I seem to be getting to be the official photographer. The Doctor spotted two good “types” of natives and had me photograph them—that is the second or third time he has had me take certain photos for him.

Nikolski is more or less at the foot of Vsevidof Volcano—it loomed up this evening very beautifully, looking similar to the pictures one sees of Fuji Yama.63 There are only about 100 people in the village. There are no streets and the houses are just dotted about anywhere. A fine church stands at one end of the village; a sign over the front door says “Saint Nicholas The Thaumaturge [Wonderworker].” The village is overrun with rabbits of all colors and sizes. The store is a large building but there was practically no merchandise in it—belongs to Bowman of Seattle.

I bought a fine greenstone drill from one of the kids for a nickel, but on showing it to the Doctor he said, “Please keep it for me—give it to me later—here is a nickel.” What a man!

63 Mount Fuji, near Tokyo, Japan.
One of the men from the ship bought four rabbits for a dime apiece and is taking them back to Unalaska—Heaven only knows what will become of them.

Looking out across the water from the village, the Islands of the Four Mountains stands out. Mount Cleveland, cone-shaped, is emitting a cloud of smoke or steam. We expect to go to Kagamil or Chuginadak of this group after leaving here. Mailed a letter at Nikolski, wonder if it will ever reach its destination?

Monday, June 21st. Kagamil. Going on deck this morning we saw the Star anchored nearby. This is the mail boat that goes to all the small villages and out of the way places, delivering and collecting the mail. This is the farthest west that the Star goes and it commences its return trip this morning.

We got under way after breakfast and reached Kagamil shortly after lunch. The anchor was dropped far from shore for the sea was rough, so it was a long and wet trip in to land. We landed near cave number one of last year and here we split up into two parties. The Doctor, Seashore, and I were to work in cave number one while the others under Connor set off for cave number two quite a distance away. Many good specimens were excavated in cave number one and it was, of course, very interesting. Apparently we did not miss many mummies in our rush of last year, for only one more was found. It was that of a baby, which I found under about three feet of debris. Two mummified birds were found also, and one skull in fair condition. In cave number two the boys found three skulls, and Connor found a very beautiful inlaid wooden labret.

When it was time to go the Doctor sent me off to find the boys at number two cave to tell them to come along. The Doctor had forgotten what a distance it was and what hard going. About half way there I noticed an overhang and climbing up to it saw skulls and long bones laying exposed. I was picking up these surface skulls when the other boys came along. They too had noticed this overhang on the way over. We brought back six skulls from this place. On the strength of this find the Doctor has decided to stay over tomorrow so we can work it out.

Near cave number one I climbed up to another overhang and here I found shaped boards, set up endwise, evidently at one time to mark or cover the entrance. There were two bone pins driven into two of the shaped boards, which is something I have not noticed before. Maybe it has a meaning. However, the Doctor was not interested in these bone pegs—he did not even keep them. He did dig a bit, tho, and turned up part of a skull, partially decayed. “It is no goot,” he stated. “Just another rotten skeleton.” I cannot understand him; surely this place should be excavated, even if the skeleton is partially decayed something else might come to light. I was surprised, when the Doctor gave a partially broken kantag and let me keep all the specimens of matting and gut rope that he had discarded.

It was very hot digging in the cave, the ground being warm, almost hot, to the touch. In one place I dug down until steam came up and it was impossible to go further.

Rain was falling all day and we were lucky we had the caves to work in, but we got wet thru climbing around, and tonight we again have that mummy smell. So far no one on the ship has remarked about it.
Apparently we shall have to return to Unalaska soon as the food supply is getting short, for this trip was originally supposed to be for three days and this is now the fourth day since leaving.

Tuesday, June 22nd. At sea. The sun was shining when we hit the deck this morning. In front of us lay Mounts Cleveland and Carlisle. Cleveland, snow capped, was belching forth a fine cloud of smoke and steam, and Carlisle, 8150 feet high, was a beautiful sight.

We set off for shore in the launch after breakfast and landed at the same place as yesterday. The Doctor then instructed me to take Gebhard and do a bit of exploring to the north. We had only gone about a mile when we found that we were blocked off by massive cliffs, so we had to return almost to the launch and then go up and over these high cliffs. It was a long way over and quite a climb. The flowers were beautiful; as usual, violets, lilies, hyacinths, and what looked like wild strawberries were the most numerous. On top of the cliffs we found a very unusual condition. The ground was wet but warm to the touch and the very grasses and flowers were warm. In many places steam arose from the imprint left by one’s foot. Small jets of steam puffed up right thru the sod and vegetation. It was all very new and interesting to me. An old barabara was found on top of the cliffs and when we were able to descend again to the shoreline we saw some large caves. They looked good for the possibility of being burial caves, at a distance, but when we got into them they proved to have been uninhabited. Several large caves were found near here, but all were empty, too close to the water line.

Just before noon we were picked up by the launch, which the Doctor had sent for us. We were very grateful for it had been a long and hard hike. On the way over I had fallen and hit my knee on a rock hurting it quite a bit, so I was especially thankful not to have to make the return trip back over the cliffs.

Lunch was eaten near the landing place. Hot coffee, of course, as no lunch is worthwhile without it, according to the Doctor, and hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches.

The rest of the party had spent the morning at the overhang or rock-shelter, which we found yesterday, and here they had had good success. The place had once evidently been a mummy cave, but was almost completely covered by a landslide. We all went there to work after lunch—Connor and I working together. Approximately, thirty-two skeletons were found. All the wrappings were badly deteriorated and it was impossible to save much. A few mummies were intact, but most of them were practically nothing but bones adhering together. One skull, which I dug up, had the hair still on, neatly coiled at the back of the head, tied with grass. Some fine kantags and bowls and other specimens were excavated. There was one particular wooden dish, fan shaped, something new to us.

During the lunch hour one of the seamen wandered off and was crawling into a small rock shelter, when he felt a tug on his hip boots. Looking around he saw it was a fox. “Like to scared me out of a year’s growth,” said he. Many seals watched us intently while we ate our lunch—they seem curious sort of animals. Some of the men on the Morris, which was anchored several miles away, reported that they saw some sea otters.
Finishing work at the rock-shelter we packed everything in gunnysacks and hauled them
down to the launch, and the _Morris_ came to meet us after we had left the shore. Once more
aboard, we headed straight across the straits for Chuginadak. We saw nothing that looked
worthwhile here and so started for Chernofski. Here the Doctor hopes to obtain some more
gunnysacks—one of the sheep outfits will probably have some they can let us have.

It has been a glorious sunny day, no one on the ship has ever seen such a day out here.
From Chuginadak we could see Mount Vsevidof, but it was not smoking.

Our next work is at Ship Rock, which is at the entrance to Umnak Pass on the Bering Sea
side.

This evening we saw many hundred killer whales. As far as the eye could see their black
fins and backs could be seen rising above the surface and down again.

**Wednesday, June 23rd.** At sea. The Old Man came in and woke me up early this
morning. He could not talk, somehow or other he had completely lost his voice, so he wrote me a
note. Could he borrow a dollar, as he only had sixty cents on him? I found out that we were in
Chernofski Harbor and we had stopped here especially so that the Doctor could try to obtain
some more gunnysacks. From the Aleutian Livestock Company he obtained half a dozen sacks
and a few old packing cases.

I hear that we are now on our way to Split Rock, near Kashega. It is a small island, and,
as the name implies, it is split into pieces, one large and one small. The Doctor has an idea that
he can place a ladder across from the small part to the large. One can climb to the top of the
small part but not the large, so we are taking a ladder with us.

After arrival at the island just one look at the “split” and I knew that even if the foot
ladder did reach across that I was not going over it. Anyway the ladder is not nearly long enough.
I told the Doctor that I had been informed that the top of the large part of the island could be
climbed in one place only and that a rope had been left in that place to assist climbing. The Old
Man pooh-poohed the idea, so I set off to see if I could find it. Sure enough I found the place and
there was the rope. It was quite a climb but I managed to get to the top all right. It was silly of
me to attempt it for my left knee had been giving me hell all day from the fall of yesterday. But
the Doctor has said that no one could get up, and I had been told that it could be done at this one
place, so I had to show him.

On the top were the remains of old barabaradas and evidently some natives had lived there
for a considerable period of time, for in places there was a depth of about two feet of debris. I
picked up several stone arrowheads and a large lava smoothing stone from the surface. From the
top I could look down on to the top of the smaller part of the island. I could see a grave or two. I
called to the Doctor and told him about it so he took Gebhard up with him and worked these
graves. Two skeletons in fair condition were found but no artifacts were buried with the remains.
I came across a place where two graves had been dug which, at one time, had been marked with grave markers. These markers had been worked in a manner new to me, but they did not interest the Old Man.

Here, on top, were thousands of sea-gull nests and all of them had either two or three eggs in them. Out of the thousands of nests I only came across one that had hatched out and in this nest were three very young gulls.

Walking along one suddenly finds that one’s foot had dropped down about a foot into the earth—evidently into a sea-parrot’s burrow. Oft-times the parrot would fly out of a hole from somewhere close by—the first time this happened it half scared me to death. Once when I dropped down a burrow I must have trod on a parrot, for a noise like that of a grunting pig came forth from under my feet, and the bird came fluttering out.

Today I noticed a bird that was new to me—it had a long straight beak of an orange red color and the eye was the same color. It was larger than a sea-parrot but far more slender.

While I had been exploring on top, the “boys” had been working in an overhang just above the level of the beach and by the time I returned they had excavated ten skeletons. Working with them I turned out two more. Many fine specimens were found here but the most exceptional find was that of two oblong stone lamps, one fitting inside the other. The material looked like polished slate, a shiny black color. They were quite new to us and are the only oblong lamps, if that is what they are, that have been seen in the two years’ work on the islands.

Returning to the Morris we set off for Ship Rock, not far distant, at the entrance to Umnak Pass. When we were close to the island we found that the current through the pass was so swift and rough that it would have been impossible for the launch to survive such water. So we had to give up the idea of landing and we are now sailing back to Unalaska, expecting to reach dock about 10 p.m. For the last two days we have been out of bread so the cook has been baking the most delicious muffins and biscuits—far better than bread.

It is a beautiful evening and the sun is shining. The view towards Mount Makushin is something to marvel at. A pleasant close to a cold, blustery morning.

**Unalaska Island**

Thursday, June 24th. Unalaska. After we arrived here last night about midnight Seashore and I went up to the A.C. cafe and had some coffee and ice cream. We had hoped that by the time we returned the men would have finished reading their mail and have turned in. This, however, was not the case, and on our return to the Morris we found many visitors from the other C.G. ships, so it was impossible to put our cots down for lack of room. About two o’clock in the morning the last visitor left and we were able to get to bed.

This morning the Doctor went down to see Commander Searles concerning our future plans and turned over the packing of the material just found to Connor and myself. We obtained five second hand herring barrels from Mr. Pedler and used a box or two as well. It was well into
the afternoon before we were through with this job—we now have nine packages in all, packed ready for the trip back to Washington.

Quite a few people gathered at the dock where we were packing, making facetious remarks and occasionally asking an intelligent question.

At the Post Office we collected the mail—I found three letters waiting for me, which was [a] help. Since last year the Post Office has been moved. It is now in an old store building, considerably better than the shack it was housed in last year. Judge Finch who was Post Master last year has been quite ill and is now unable to handle the job. Mrs. [Victoria] Gardiner is now the Post Mistress. Last year she and her husband had a small store where they sold nick knacks and liquor. It is said that she often cannot be bothered to put mail on the ships southbound, and that she reads all the interesting letters going in and going out! Dutch Harbor last year had no Post Office, but since at Unalaska it has changed hands, they now have one there as well.

This afternoon I had a long talk with Gordon; he asked me to go to dinner tomorrow night, so hope to be able to do so.

It is now expected that we shall leave on the Tally about the first of next week for Atka and Adak. Work on the anchor hoist is progressing favorably and they expect to be finished by that time.

This morning we moved our bedrolls back to the Tally. The whole crew seemed glad to have us back with them again—heaven only knows why, for it is just that much extra work for them.

Friday, June 25th. Unalaska. Out to Amaknak again for work this morning. At Dutch Harbor we picked up some planks and the wheelbarrows we left there last year. The day’s results were good, but no one found anything exceptional. Searles and Mrs. Searles, Miss Summers, niece of the Commander, and some others came out to the digs to watch us for a while. Miss Summers is probably about 25 years old, not good looking but interesting—by far the most attractive girl I have ever seen in Unalaska—the athletic type. Both Commander Searles and his wife were very pleasant, but can well imagine that she is the boss around here.

Mr. Pedler asked the Doctor, Connor, and I over to dinner at his place tonight. After the dinner the Doctor gave a lecture lasting an hour and a half. As I had heard most of it before and the room was very hot and seat very hard I was delighted when it was all over.

The dinner was very formal and the elite of Unalaska were there! On my right sat Father Theodosia who cannot understand very much English, and on my left was Commander Searles. We found plenty to talk about and got along pretty well. Present also were Mr. and Mrs. Pedler, Mrs. Searles, Dr. Hrdlička, Captain Ricketts (Tally), Captain Ryan (Ingham), Miss Summers, Dr. Bingman, Judge Finch, Connor, and two federal steamship inspectors. The centrepiece was made up of dandelions and strange as it may sound was quite attractive. They grow very large here and have a bright color. I was informed by Miss Summers that she had measured some of the dandelions in the centre-piece and that some of the stalks were twenty six inches long and some
of the flowers ten inches in diameter. For dessert ice cream and cantaloupes served by the half-
breed native girls who work for Mrs. Pedler. Cocktails were served before dinner and I was very
surprised to see the Doctor take one.

After the lecture Mrs. Pedler served coffee and cake and later still after certain people had
departed Mr. Pedler served drinks of Scotch. Connor and I were, surprisingly enough, asked to
stay for the drinks, which we did.

My face had been burning all evening, not from the drinks, but from sunburn received
this morning. It was a beautiful day.

Saturday June 26th. Today was another beautiful sunny day. Some of the boys got badly
burnt, as did Mr. Collins (Tally), who came out and worked with us all day. He quite enjoyed
himself—it was all new to him.

Our results were about as usual. I found one extra fine piece; it was made of ivory and the
use problematical. The Doctor says it is a drill, but I think perhaps it is a toothpick. I have seen
similar specimens of recent make from the Arctic.

Returning to the Tally Connor and I hurriedly changed our clothes for we were to go over
with Gordon to dinner. We took a small rowboat and rowed across the narrow strip of water to
Amaknak Island and then walked in to Dutch Harbor. Mrs. Gordon seemed pleased that we had
managed to come. She was very pleasant but judging from the meal I cannot think that she has
done a great deal of cooking! Later on in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Bean, who live next door,
came in for a chat, so we had a very pleasant evening. We left about 11.30 p.m. and found our
way back over the hills to the rowboat with the aid of a spotlight.

Sunday June 27th. Unalaska. Strange! Another beautiful hot sunny day. Am getting
considerably sun burnt for I am not wearing a shirt when working this weather. Mr. Collins came
over again today and, stripped down to the waistband, got a terrible case of sunburn. No one that
I have spoken to remembers three such consecutive hot days. The wind got up in the evening and
it turned quite cool so maybe the weather is about to change.

Today I worked with Gebhard—we got along quite well, but he is inclined to be lazy and
does not do half the work he should do. Five lamps turned up today. There were many visitors as
it was such a lovely day, among them Mr. and Mrs. Bean. He sent over a fine specimen of a
stone to the Tally for Doc in the evening.

Yesterday Collins had lunch with us at the digs and he did not think very much of it, so
he told the cook he’ld have to do better than that in the future. Today the lunch was better and
bigger in every way—half a fried chicken for each person as well as sandwiches, tomato juice,
blueberry pie, and coffee. All of which was pretty fine.

My knee has been bothering me a bit still but can almost walk without a limp now. Once
in a while it seems to give way for no reason at all and aches quite a bit at night.
Monday, June 28th. Unalaska. A nice enough day but we had no sun till afternoon. When it did come out it was hot—am beginning to tan now. Mr. Collins is pretty sick; he has a high temperature and is suffering a lot from sunburn.

At the digs we now have a fine exposure of two or three hundred feet, in places the cut being twelve feet tall. Today again I found an exceptional piece. It was of stone about eight inches long of peculiar shape. Perhaps a club head or slave killer. It is more or less cylindrical in shape, one end being curved up and other tapering off slightly. The Doctor suggests that it might have been used for breaking open shellfish. This seems rather absurd to me, for nothing like [this] has been found here or elsewhere, and it is too fine an artifact to have been used for such a plebian purpose. Any old beach stone would do to break open shellfish.

Back on the Tally, as usual, the crew were eating when we returned in the mess room I was greeted with laughter and dog-barking and a shout of “May, look on the mast head.” This is the place where all notices are posted. Here I found a cartoon addressed to me, showing a woman with four babies telling a visitor, “I get so lonely sometimes—my husband has been on an archaeological expedition for over four years.” And did I get the horse laugh! Of course, it was all in fun and shows that they must consider I am one of the “gang.”

Rumor now says that we are to go over to Dutch Harbor Wednesday evening to fill up with fuel and depart for Atka the following day. If the Soviet permit should come in the mean time, then plans would doubtless be changed again.

The Doctor is now talking about trying to go back via the Trans-Siberian railroad. He has wired the Smithsonian to send him a passport and additional funds to the Consul at Petropavlovsk if permission is granted for this trip. If this should happen no one seems to know whether the Tally would go on to Petropavlovsk or whether a Soviet ship would pick the Doctor up at the Komandorski Islands. It would be a wonderful break for us if we got to go to Petropavlovsk.

After supper I took some clothes down to the laundry and on the return met a procession leaving the church. It was a funeral. The priest was all dressed up in elaborate clothes and was leading and singing the procession out of the churchyard. It was all very serious. As soon as the priest reached the pathway beyond the limits of the church property he was through with the funeral and turned back and laughed and joked with a native waiting for him. I went up to the priest and asked if I could take his picture. He said that I could take his picture. He said that I could so if I would send him one. Not that he wanted it for himself; he wanted it for his wife at Umnak. I found out that his name was the Reverend Gregory Kochergin and that he is the priest of Umnak, but is acting priest here in the absence of Father Theodosia. The latter has gone up to Nome on the Ingham, which sailed last Saturday.

Tuesday, June 29th. Unalaska. Cloudy but warm, a nice day for all that. In the morning the Doctor told me to stay at Unalaska and make arrangements to obtain certain supplies from the C.G. Connor also stayed with me and we went up to the headquarters of the C.G. Here we obtained one large tent and one small one. The small one was for the Doctor, and the large one was commodious enough for all of the rest of us. I also obtained sleeping bags for the Doctor and
for two of the boys who did not have them, as well as two gasoline stoves, a gasoline lamp, and a couple of canvas water bags. We took all this equipment down to the dock by the *Tally* and here tested out the lamp and stoves before putting everything on board. When we were through with this, Captain Ricketts rowed us over to the island, as he said he needed the exercise.

![Figure 22. Alan May in front of twelve feet of midden exposure on Amaknak Island, Unalaska Bay, in 1937 (1937-55c).](image)

Nothing very exciting happened at the digs, altho I did turn up new type of fire stick holder—small, cylindrical and compact with incised decorations on it.

Tomorrow I understand we are to leave Dutch Harbor after fueling for Atka, then out to Attu and back to Agattu, Kiska, Iliaga, Amchitka, and Adak. The Doctor will, after visiting these places, then decide on which island he wishes to spend three weeks, and the *Tally* will take us
there and then return to Unalaska for boiler cleaning. Then after the boilers are cleaned the *Tally* will come out and pick us up again and bring us back to Unalaska. If the Soviet permit should come through after all, then these plans will necessarily be changed again.

I shall be glad to be on the way again for we are not accomplishing a great deal here.

Mr. and Mrs. Pedler visited the site this afternoon with Mrs. Searles and Miss Summer. Mrs. Bean also came out and asked Connor and I if we could go there for dinner before we left. Unfortunately this will probably be impossible.

I am still bothered quite a bit by my knee. It makes me slow and awkward and far from agile.

*Wednesday, June 30th, Dutch Harbor.* At 7 a.m. the *Tally* left Unalaska and moved over to the dock at Dutch Harbor to fill the fuel tanks. It was a dark dreary sort of day but of course we set off to work as usual. About 10 a.m. Captain Ricketts came out to the digs with a radio message for the Doctor. It was to the effect that we had permission to land on the Komandorskis, with some more concerning the proposed return trip of the Doctor’s through Russia. This was indeed good news. The Doctor left immediately to make arrangements with Commander Searles, while we stayed and worked. At noon the rain started coming down in sheets and it did not let up till two o’clock. The site became very muddy and sticky and the work was made that much harder and unpleasant.

Later in the afternoon some of the crew of the *Tally* came out to see what we were doing, so I got some them to lend a hand at the digging. The Doctor returned about four o’clock just as I had got everything together ready to take it back to the *Tally*. It was fortunate that some of the men from the ship were still there for they helped us carry it back. By five o’clock everything had been cleaned up and was on board.

This was the last opportunity to get some letters off till we return here so spent some time writing.

After supper all the unpacked specimens were packed up in boxes and Connor and I took them over to Unalaska in the launch. I found Mr. Pedler and from him obtained the key to the warehouse, where we placed the packed material.

Returning to the office with the key we met Mr. Carpenter (*Morris*) there chatting with Mr. Pedler and he asked us to go over to the house for a farewell drink. Naturally we all accepted, but first I ran up to Pat’s and bought a few highly colored beads and necklaces in the hopes that I may be able to trade them at the Komandorskis.

We stayed talking at Pedler’s till we had to leave to catch the last launch over to Dutch Harbor. Mr. Pedler seems much more sociable this year—perhaps it is because he has married again.
The Doctor is very pleased that the permission has at last come through, as are we all. He is now wondering if he will return the other way. I told him that I thought that I was capable of carrying on the work that is to be done on the return trip if he left us at the Komandorskis. “Yes,” he said. “I know you could.” So that’s that.

Apparently there is a very little chance that the Tally will take him to the mainland. Plans are now changed again, of course. We leave here early tomorrow morning and stop at Umnak, Atka, Attu, and Ilak if the weather is propitious, and then on to the Komandorskis. We expect to work on both Bering and Mednyi islands before leaving them.

**Unalaska Westward**

Thursday, July 1st. At sea. Off Umnak. On our way again at last and a beautiful day to start. At noon the sun was too hot to sit in and even the tar between the deck planks bubbled from the heat—and this in the Bering Sea. On board we have Mrs. Searles and Miss Summer who are on their way to visit Mr. Eubanks at Nikolski village on Umnak. I met Mr. Eubanks at Chernofski a week or so ago. We also have two native men and a woman on board going to Atka. Sergi Golley is one of them and the woman is a relative of his. In two month’s time this woman is to have a baby, but she says she will be glad to get back to Atka to see her husband as she has been away for over a year!

This afternoon the Doctor suggested that I might try to obtain some information from one of the natives on board. I patiently explained to him for the second or third time that one of these natives was Sergei Golley, whom he had asked me to look up in Seattle. That I had made notes of this information he gave me, and that he, the Doctor, had not been interested in them when I showed them to him. “Vell, I did not know,” he relied and then proceeded to drop some hints that he would like me to find Sergei Golley for him. As I did not take the hint he sent Connor to find him and talked with Sergei for fifteen or twenty minutes.

Friday, July 2nd. At sea. We passed Bogoslof Island yesterday afternoon. This island is apparently the crater of a submerged volcano and is still active, changing the shape and size of the island every few years or so.

Not long after passing Bogoslof we dropped the anchor in Nikolski Bay, Umnak Island, and here Mrs. Searles, Miss Summers, the Captain, and the Doctor went ashore. An hour later the Doctor and the Captain returned, the ladies staying with their host on the island. We headed westwards as soon as the Captain got back and expect to reach Atka some time today.

Connor was telling me today that Guggenheim has a monthly spending allowance of $150 from his father, as well as an apartment and a car supplied. Talking with the Old Man he said that he wished he had not brought Wineman along—so do I, he is such an insignificant little squirt who thinks he knows it all.

From the bay at Nikolski, Vsevidof Volcano shows up majestically, a most impressive sight. The Doctor who seen Fuji Yama thinks that Vsevidof is the most beautiful of the two. It
was a surprise to me that we could see the Islands of the Four Mountains from Umnak—they showed up clearly on the horizon.

The use of fresh water for washing purposes has been cut down till it is almost negligible. Great grumbling by the men, of course. Using water in the normal way the Tally will only carry enough for about a week’s cruise. The water is being conserved because no one knows just when the next opportunity for obtaining water will occur. As there are no docks anywhere in the Aleutians west of Dutch Harbor, any water obtained will have to be “boated.” This means that surfboats are towed in to a creek and filled with water by pump or hand, rowed back to the ship, [and] the water pumped into the storage tanks for use.

There are rumors prevalent that the good old Tally will not becoming back to pick us up again after it has once arrived back at Unalaska. Maybe a faster ship will be sent out for us, possibly with the intention of taking the Doctor over to Petropavlovsk. I do not for a minute believe myself that the C.G. will take him there.

Later. Have been most horribly seasick again—guess I’ll never make a sailor. It is usual after getting on one’s feet again to be asked by half a dozen of the crew if you saw Mr. O’Rourke. There is evidently some play on the word O’Rourke—a similarity to the noise of heaving! A radio message has just been received thru various channels from Moscow. It states that a new situation has arisen and that the Doctor’s associates will not be allowed to land until permission is granted for them, and the authorities at the Komandorskis are notified. Just what the new situation is I am not sure. It may be possible that repercussions of the Russo-Japanese fighting over the islands in the Amur River have something to do with it.

Surprisingly enough I now find that from sunburn I can pull off long strips of skin from my shoulders and back. It is the last thing I ever expected to do out here.

Atka and Amlia Islands

Later. Nazan Bay, Atka. Reaching Atka village about 6 p.m. we went ashore in the launch, only to find that practically the whole village was away for the fishing. The Doctor had wanted to talk to Chief Dirks, Constantin Golley, and Snigaroff, but all these natives were absent. The store was closed and looking thru the windows I could see that there were no staples left. Sergi Golley, fortunately for himself and relatives, had brought several boxes of foodstuffs. Connor and I tried to get in to the church but it was locked—we noticed four separate graveyards. Mr. Anderson was ashore with us, but he returned shortly to the ship, telling us the launch would return later, so Connor and I took a walk of two or three miles. It would have been very wonderful if the weather had been decent, but it was typical Aleutian weather. On our return to the village we found that all the rest of our party had returned to the ship in a native boat, so we had to wait. Mr. Stolfe came back in the native boat with the idea that he might be able, with the assistance of Sergei, [to] obtain an Atka basket. This he was unable to obtain.

I hear that a native has been sent to find the chief [in] hopes that he will turn up tomorrow or possibly tonight. After the Doctor has interviewed him, we shall sail westwards again.
Saturday, July 3rd. Nazan Bay. Atka. We are still at anchor in the bay. Early this morning Chief Dirks came aboard to see the Doctor—he had arrived back at the village late last night. After a long talk with the chief, the Doctor decided to engage a native by the name of Makari as a guide, for he is supposed to know of some cave burials. Makari is a short broad shouldered little fellow with quite a cheerful disposition. Standing alongside him the top of his head reaches to about the flap of my shirt pocket. Am told that the father of Chief Dirks was a German, his mother an Aleut. He is much taller than the average Aleut, [with] rather a sad and unhappy face.

The wind has been blowing hard all day from the north. This is unfortunate for our first stop is to be made on the northern side of Amlia Island, weather permitting. If this wind keeps up we shall not be able to land there, but we could go to the Pacific Ocean side of the island and maybe land there. Makari says that one can walk across the island in two hours, for it is long and narrow, and he claims to know of a mummy cave thereon. It appears as if we shall make the attempt tomorrow, and this rather disgusts the men for tomorrow is a holiday, as far as any day is a holiday at sea, for it the Glorious Fourth.

The Bureau of Fisheries ship the Penguin pulled into Nazan Bay about supper; they are looking for more men to take to the Pribilofs for the sealing work.

At the moment Guggenheim and Gebhard seem to have a craze for writing poetry and free verse—the object apparently being to see who can slam the other the worse. This tiring, Gebhard made a good cartoon and I stuck it on the masthead where it amused all the crew.

It is rumored that we shall leave here early in the morning for our destination at Amlia.

Sunday, July 4th. Amlia Island. Just back to the ship again after crossing Amlia and back again, and am sure tired. But to commence at the beginning. Because of the bad weather we were unable to land where we wanted to on the north side of the island. Consequently Captain Ricketts sailed around the east end of the island and put in to Sviechnikov Harbor on the south side. Makari told us that the place he wanted to show us was straight across the island from here and that we could walk across in about an hour and a half. Actually it took us three and a half hours going over and four hours returning, and we probably covered about fifteen or sixteen miles. We waded thru swamps on the lowland and over hills and down dales, the tundra being very soft except at the tops of the hills. It was raining when we landed on the beach, so we made for the shelter of a cliff to distribute evenly the amount of stuff we were carrying with us. Obviously the thing to do was for each man to carry his own lunch—we could have put in our pockets—but the Old Man would not hear of such an idea. The coffee pot, coffee and sugar had to go, so he insisted in packing all the lunch in one big box, which we had to carry over with us. Fortunately I had had enough presence of mind before leaving the Tally to “accidentally” leave the mugs, plates, and cutlery out—this saved us carrying a lot of extra weight. We took over picks shovels and two gunnysacks full of gunnysacks, so we had plenty to carry. We exchanged loads as we progressed. After we had been travelling for about an hour, the Old Man suddenly discovered that he still had his life jacket on! He would not let us leave it there to [be] picked up on the way back—we had to carry this too.
Arriving on the other side of the island we were pretty wet, for the wind had been blowing the rain in our faces all the way over. The Doctor had lagged behind and while waiting for him we almost froze to death. Upon questioning where the mummy caves were, Makari vaguely waved his hands in the direction of some cliffs, but he would not take us to them. The caves failed to materialize, but under some huge boulders we found a couple of skulls, nothing else. All of us except the Doctor wanted to eat lunch here under the boulder where it was dry, but the Doctor had seen an old trapping barabara about a mile away and insisted on lugging all the material down there. The poor old fellow was terribly disappointed about the cave, so I suggested that I take Connor and explore a bit further along the shore while the rest prepared lunch. To my surprise, this suggestion was accepted immediately, so Connor and I set off. About a half mile further along the shore we came across two rock shelters, quite close together, so Connor worked on one and I took the other.

In my shelter I excavated three skulls in good condition and some long bones. Up in a crevasse, about twelve feet above the ground level of the rock-shelter, I saw a well-built platform. I thought surely, here, I had an untouched mummy, as laid away. After worming my way up this crevasse or chimney, I was disgusted to find that there was absolutely nothing there at all. The platform was sturdily built from drift logs. The bottom crosspieces were set into notches cut in the rock, and the top pieces were adzed to shape of planks. I have never heard of this sort of a burial platform before.

When I was through I went over to Connor’s rock-shelter and helped him and the first thing I found was a delicately carved piece of wood or bark, probably a decorative part of some object.

Seeing the Doctor waving to us we went back to the barabara for lunch which the boys had ready. The barabara was comparatively dry but very dirty. In the centre of the floor the Doctor had lighted a fire for the coffee and as there was no outlet for the smoke other than the door, he succeeded in smoking us all out. He insisted that each one of us have a cup of coffee, but all but two of us, I noticed, threw it out when he was not looking. It was terrible stuff.

After lunch we returned to the shelter and the Doctor came along later. He looked at the platform and said that he had never seen anything like it before. In this second rock-shelter we excavated three more skulls, a most excellent kantag, five barbed bone points twelve to fifteen inches long, remains of a kayak, and many other pieces.

Five of the skulls found were dolichocephalic. Obviously not Eskimo for the central ridge or keel is missing. The question is who were these people and where did they come from? Are they the same people who originally inhabited the Uyak Bay site? It is very doubtful in my mind if these burials were more than 250 years old, judging from the condition.

Anyway, it was a pretty successful day, eight good skulls and plenty of other good material. The finding of the rock shelters made the Old Man feel a lot better—the trip was not futile, at least.
It stopped raining about the time we started the return journey, the sun even breaking through for a minute or two at intervals. The Doctor was very tired, altho of course he would not admit it, and lagged so far behind that I thought I’d better drop back and walk with him. We did not arrive at the beach for half an hour after the others had arrived. At the beach we found that the launch had been there waiting for us since two o’clock according to the Doctor’s directions, and it was now eight-thirty. The Captain had sent ashore our bedrolls for a storm had arisen and he thought that he might have to leave the anchorage at any moment. However he stayed there until we were on board. It was a very rough, wet, and exciting trip back in the launch, and when we were alongside, we found that every one, including the officers, radio men, cooks, etc., were on hand to help hurry the launch aboard, and prevent it smashing against the side of the ship. We immediately weighed anchor and set sail for Adak. Got to quit, am getting quite seasick again.

**Adak Island**

**Monday, July 5th.** Bay of Waterfalls. Adak. We had a wonderful day yesterday; I cannot remember when I enjoyed the Fourth as much. Was dead tired when I got back, and in spite of that could not sleep because of the cold wind and rain coming down the ventilator almost above my head. The sea was very rough and I did not feel too safe! The foredeck was awash most of the night. I managed to get up for breakfast but had crawl back into my bunk after.

Yesterday being Sunday, the fourth was celebrated today, a twenty-one-gun salute being fired in honor of the occasion. I was so sick I did not even notice it. The Pacific Ocean in which we were at the time certainly belied its name.

We re-entered the Bering Sea between Kagalaska and Little Tanaga, and proceeded on to Adak. Here in the Bay of Waterfalls we dropped anchor and it is a great relief to be in quiet water once more.

The surfboat and the launch are now being launched for some fresh water is to be “boated” from one of the waterfalls.

The Doctor went ashore with Mr. Anderson in the launch, the former to see if there was a site here, the latter to see about “boating” water. The Doctor sent back word that there was a very rich site here and for all us to hurry up, bring shovels and picks and take the launch over. We set to work as soon as we arrived, but after twenty or thirty minutes’ work I began to wonder how the Doctor got the idea that this was a rich site. We stayed at work till 9 p.m. and all we found between us was a broken knife and a point of stone! Anyway we enjoyed getting ashore to work again, and it did us all good. The site in itself was small, only about a dozen barabara depressions, and in my opinion, not very old. While we were at work it was interesting to watch the hair seals popping up out of the water to watch us.

The crew were “boating” till 10 p.m. and the water tanks were almost full so tonight we were able to got that much needed shower. Each surfboat full of fresh water holds approximately one thousand gallons.
Tuesday, July 6th. Leaving Adak. After breakfast the crew “boated” some more water, and kept at it till the tanks were full again. Then once more we proceeded on our way, which I am told is Three Arm Bay on Adak Island.

It is foggy and cold this morning and we, that is Connor and I, were glad to be able to get below, after we had finished packing the material obtained from Amlia on deck.

Makari tells me that he makes his own tobacco. He uses wood shavings mixed with ashes from the fire, with just a touch of real tobacco mixed in. It smells rather peculiar, but might be mistaken for tobacco.

A dense fog set in about noon, so the Captain dropped anchor in Chapel Cove, Adak. The Doctor sent word to me to take Connor and Makari and go ashore and see what we could find. In spite of the rain and cold we enjoyed our three or four hours ashore. On a knoll we found remains of a very small site, perhaps a summer fishing village, but it is very doubtful if it would be worth excavating even if we had the time.

Going into shore today the engine in the launch broke down, so we rowed back and started again in the dory with an outboard motor—then this quit on us, but [they] were repaired in fairly quick order.

Good news awaited us as we climbed aboard the Tally again. Mr. Anderson shouted to us before we were aboard that permission for all us to land at the Komandorski had been received. So that is fine.

Adak to Attu Island

At six in the evening we set sail for the Komandorski, going south of the islands to within thirty or forty miles of the route taken by vessels sailing the Great Circle route.

Wednesday, July 7th. At sea. At last we are really on way to the land of Soviets. The morning we passed 180 degrees longitude, so we are now in the Far East. It will take about three days to reach our destination.

Mr. Collins told us a story on himself today. About ten days ago, at Unalaska, he was walking up to the pistol range by himself, when he heard some one calling for help. He went to see what the trouble was and found a girl who wanted him to come to her shack to help her. She was a native, of course. When he got there, the girl pushed a small boy out of the door and told him not to come back for half an hour. Then she locked the door. The girl then told Collins to sit down and asked for a cigarette. He produced cigarettes and asked her what she wanted. Already he was suspicious and getting scared. The girl then proceeded to try to take his coat off, but Collins was not having any of that. He asked her she did for a living. The answer was, “It’s none of your business whether I’m a professional or just a Goddamn whore.” Collins wondered just what the difference was, but said nothing. When he heard that her name was Francis he remembered what he had heard about her. She had both gonorrhea and syphilis, so he dashed for the door and all but ran screaming for help himself! At least that’s his story.
One of the men is now busy making a Soviet flag—the hammer and sickle and a star on a red background.

**Thursday, July 8th.** At sea. Altho I have not actually been seasick the last two days, I have been feeling pretty punk. Smoking by others is obnoxious to me, and of course I have been unable to smoke myself. However, I’ll be all right just as soon as I get ashore again.

Our guide, Makari [also Makary], whom we took on board at Atka, is still with us. The Doctor had intended to return him to Atka before this, but as we sailed immediately for the Komandorskis upon receipt of the permit this was impossible. Makari, whose surname, by the way, I have just found out is Zoachney, is to receive two dollars a day for each day he is not working. He may be useful in the Komandorskis as all the natives there are Aleuts who were transported there from the islands by the Russians. According to Makari his mother was born on the Komandorskis and he still has some relatives there.

It has been stormy and foggy all day. After passing Agattu this evening the fog was almost impenetrable, so we returned and anchored in the lee of the island.

**Friday, July 9th.** Off Agattu. We left our anchorage early this morning and shortly after dropped anchor again off the same island. Now the fog has lifted a bit, but we still remain here. The Doctor is very disgusted at our slow progress and I can’t blame him for that.

A radio message from Commander Searles just received. We are to go in to Attu and fix the radio there and bring back some reports from Schroeder, the trader. This will eliminate the necessity of going in to Attu on the return trip, but the whole idea annoys the Old Man, as he is so anxious to get to Bering Island. He has given up the idea of returning thru Russia, owing to the difficulty of obtaining a passport.

There are great arguments going on as to just what happens when we cross the date line. The more one hears the more confused one becomes we shall wait and see and then all arguments will be settled.

This morning Makari was showing me how a couple of Aleut games are played. He carved the necessary pieces out of a bit of wood. Also he made and gave me a miniature throwing stick. It is strange that not even part of such an implement has been found so far either this year or last year. Makari told me he thought that I would understand Russian, as I looked like a Russian! Those whiskers again!

**Sunday, July 11th.** Nearing Mednyi Island. When I went to bed last night [it was] Friday, but on getting up this morning I find that it is Sunday. We dropped a day because we have crossed the International Date Line.

After lunch yesterday we weighed anchor and proceeded on our way to Attu, reaching Chichagof Harbor about six in the evening.
Attu Island

On going ashore I found that all the natives seemed glad to see me again. They all had a big smile of welcome and insisted on shaking hands. Anastasia, the Chief’s wife, after shaking hands said, “I am glad you come back again.” Many of them thought that I was going to stay there again and appeared disappointed when I told them that this would be impossible. It was indeed pleasant to be so warmly welcomed. Chief Mike was of course glad to see me too, but he was much impressed by the Doctor and some of the other officers who had not been there before, and he had not much to say to me. The Doctor and the Captain took him down in the Ward Room to find out what they could, so I only had a moment or two in which to talk to him. Unfortunately he had no basket ready for me and this was quite a disappointment for I really expected that he would have one saved for me. He did say, however, that he thought he could get one for me at later date. Mike appreciated the big candles I sent him for the church and said if I would send some more, he would send me another blue fox pelt.

I had quite a long talk with Maggie—Rock of Ages the C.G. call her, but she does not like this. She promised to make me a basket if I would send her some records for her phonograph. I’ll do this later and see if I get a basket—probably it will turn up in due course. She wanted me to take a picture of her and one of one of relatives, which of course I did and will send them to her after I return home.

I took ashore twelve packages of cigarettes but before leaving had to ask for one to smoke.

The Chief’s brother called up to me saying, “You want see bones?” I said yes, but asked him if he had shown them to “my boss.” “No show him,” he replied. “Give bones you.” I know what the “give” meant for I experienced plenty of “giving” last year. He gives me something, then I give him something. I followed him to his room and from under the floor he pulled out a skull. It was in good condition but had no mandible. The skull was dolichocephalic and that of a woman. I gave him four packages of cigarettes for it and he was tickled to death. As I stood examining the skull the Doctor walked up. “Ah,” says he, “just vot I was looking for.” He took the skull away from me, which was all right, for it was one that he wanted. He might have asked me for it I think, after all the native never would have given it to him and he would never have seen it but for me. Later I asked him if he was going to keep it or if it was mine. Of course I knew he was going to keep it, but I just wondered what his answer would be. “Of course I am going to keep it,” said he. “Then it will cost you just thirty cents for four packages of cigarettes that I gave the native for it,” was the best reply I could think of. I got the thirty cents right there and then.

It was amusing to watch the Doctor. He’d call to a native, “Come here you. Lot me look at your head.” If the native came he’d yank off his cap, pull his head down to see the shape of it. The natives were very plainly astonished and they did not know whether to laugh or get sore. “All right, all right,” said the Old Man. “I won’t hurt you. Look, look, see, you may look at my head,” and he pulled off his cap and lowered his head. Strangely enough several of the natives had dolichocephalic heads, but so far I have been unable to extract any comment concerning this from the Doctor. Possibly there may have been two variations of Aleut stock, one with
dolichocephalic and one with brachycephalic heads. There are only a very few of the former still living.

Naturally I paid a visit to the church and here I found that my candles were still in use, about a foot being left yet. Two of the large religious pictures that I had sent to Mike were framed and placed behind the altar. Some of the smaller pictures I noticed in the homes. Electric lights had been installed in the church since I was there; these were very proudly switched on and off for my benefit.

Speaking to one of the natives whom I did not recognise he told that he was not here last year when I was there. Then he said, “Oh, you the ole man, Gee Whiz, who do all that work, such short time last year. I know all about you.” And he grinned all over his face and kept on shaking hands. Apparently he was under the impression that he had missed something by being away last year. He said I was known as The Man who did all the Work.

Dr. Doane visited the Chief’s youngest son, who was sick. He has some sort of growth under his tongue, and according to Dr. Doane, may have to go to Unalaska to have it cut out.

Attu to the Commander Islands

It is a clear morning and am told that we should be sighting Mednyi Island any time now. Have just been up on the bridge looking the charts and I find that Nikolskoe, the village on Bering Island where we are headed, is only ninety miles from the mainland of Kamchatka and only 425 miles away from the nearest Japanese possessions, the Kuriles.

Did not get to bed till after midnight last night for got to talking with the fellows in the radio room. It must be interesting work.

Monday, July 12th. Off Mednyi Island. All yesterday the weather was clear and the sea quiet and calm. In the late evening a storm came up and with it the fog, and so instead of being at Nikolskoe this morning, we are now anchored off Mednyi Island waiting for better visibility.

After lunch it cleared up a bit and we hoisted anchor. At least we expected to hoist the anchor, but found that it was missing! We have doubtless been drifting since it was lost. Since that time we have been travelling slowly along, but only a few minutes ago the ship went into full reverse. I heard later that land and ice had showed up ahead of us thru the fog.

Everyone is laughing or cursing, as the case may be, at the Captain’s cautiousness. Am sure he is a better man at his old job on the Atlantic Ice patrol. Nevertheless it is better to be over cautious rather than reckless.

Bering Island

Tuesday, July 13th. Nikolskoe Harbor, Bering Island. At the moment the sun is actually shining as we sit here waiting in the bay. The Captain, Mr. Anderson, and the Doctor have gone
in to shore to see what is what, so to speak. In the mean[time] the Tally is flying the quarantine flag and absentee flag (for the Captain) on the mast.

There was quite a storm yesterday afternoon and we dropped anchor here just before the fog set down. It is peculiar that these islands appear to be different from the Aleutians. They are low and comparatively flat with miles of sand dunes in places. Snow lies in large patches along the beach and on the slopes.

Even altho the sun is shining it is not warm. Writing this on deck one needs a coat.

Later. 7 p.m. It is still nice and bright. Nearby some of the men are fishing and at their feet are several Irish Lords and cod. Most of the cod in these waters have a parasitic worm in them, so spoiling any food value that they might have.

It has been an interesting if somewhat disappointing day. When the launch came back it was followed by a Russian boat bringing some soldiers from the village. Here is the story as told by Mr. Anderson. The launch went in direct to the village, but on nearing shore they were waved off and directed to go to a beach about a mile or mile and a half way. The Captain, Doctor, and Mr. Anderson actually did get ashore with a couple of the crew but they were not allowed to go any further. A great confab took place lasting almost two hours. The trouble, of course, was understanding what each person had to say. The Doctor’s Russian was very rusty and he claimed that the inhabitants did not speak good Russian. Makari had gone with them and he was able to help out in the capacity of interpreter a little. During the discussion one of the crew started walking up the beach. He was followed by a soldier and turned back. When the launch returned to the ship, as soon as it was within hailing distance, the Doctor stood up and shouted, “No photographs, put cameras away.” This was unfortunate for I was all ready to snap the Russian boat following behind the launch.

Five Russians and one Aleut came on board—all the Russians were soldiers and in a uniform that looked more like the navy than the army. The man in charge of the soldiers had one and a half gold stripes on his sleeve with a gold star in the red centre. I do not know what rank he held. He wore a dark blue tunic with gold buttons, dark blue serge pants, and a peaked cap. The next in command was dressed the same but had no insignia. The soldier’s uniform was similar to that of the navy. They had sailor jumpers with square collars, dark blue serge pants that buttoned up the sides. Their caps were somewhat similar to the British navy caps, but had two fifteen inch long back ribbon streamers falling down at the back of the cap. Around the stiff apart of cap was МОРЛОГРАНОҲРНА Н.К.В.Д. The Doctor told me later that he thought this meant Border Patrol. The men, I am told belong to the Border Patrol branch of the Army. It is this same Border Patrol that is now fighting for possession of the islands in Amur River. The headman, I’d call him a Lieutenant, was a very mean looking guy. Short, wiry, squint eyed, a tough looking bird, with silver (?) teeth. The junior officer, I found out later was the Commissar of Police, but also an Army man. He looked like a mighty decent sort and was the only decent sized man we saw on the islands. All the other men were small. Considering that their post is so far from civilization I thought that they were very well turned out.
None of the men who came on board would accept a thing—not even a cigarette or piece of candy.

The first thing that the Lieutenant did was to lock, seal, and station a soldier at the door of the radio room. Then a conference took place in the Captain’s cabin. Later a particularly fine lunch was served. The Russians toyed with their food and positively refused to drink anything. It appeared as if they thought that they might be poisoned! After lunch the Lieutenant called a parade of every officer and man on the ship. The Captain called off the names and the Lieutenant watched him check off each person as he passed. Our party were called off last and it took the Doctor a long while to explain that “the boys” were students. This done the Doctor had to explain me to the Lieutenant, for he would not accept me as a student, I was too old. Eventually the Lieutenant was satisfied—he was told that I was a graduate student and the Doctor’s assistant. The Lieutenant put me down on his list as “assistant professor to Dr. Hrdlička.” It is humorous to think that of all the places in the world it is in the U.S.S.R. that I am registered as an assistant professor!

The next demand was that every camera on the ship had to be produced. This done they were all placed in the radio room which had been opened for that purpose. The door was then locked again and sealed. There the cameras still remain.

The two Russian officers then demanded an inspection of the ship and they inspected it very thoroughly too. They demanded the opening of the main hold, the armory, the ice room, and so on. And were the Tally officers sore! After all one cannot blame being sore for they had to put up with more indignities and insults than they thought possible. Such things had never happened before.

Another long conference in the cabin and while [it] was going on a Russian soldier was stationed in the engine room. When the Russians came on deck again they were ready to return to shore. They had extracted a promise from the Captain that the Tally would not leave without the permission of the Lieutenant. We are within the three mile limit and therefore under their jurisdiction. The result of the last conference was that a radio message was figured out to be sent to Petropavlovsk by the Russians, requesting further instructions, and they expect a reply tomorrow morning.

We gathered that if we landed without permission that the Lieutenant would be shot. So far he has not heard a word about our coming. There are about 200 people in the villages and all very much under the thumb of this Lieutenant. It may be that he has authority of life and death here, as is the case in some other Siberian outposts.

The Lieutenant told the Doctor that he knew a vessel was coming for he had received word when we passed by Mednyi Island. Evidently they must have a look out there with a small radio to contact Nikolskoe.
Our time on the ship is different to theirs by twenty-two hours. We are still on plus eleven and are using minus eleven time.64

I really do not think that [we] shall receive permission to land tomorrow, but am keeping my fingers crossed and praying that it may be so.

Wednesday, July 14th. Off Nikolskoe. Bering Island. We are still here waiting for the reply to the wire which we presume was sent off yesterday when the Russians returned.

Late last evening the Lieutenant came out to the Tally and told the Captain to move out beyond the three-mile limit—he did this and we are still there. A fog has been hanging low over the water and it is only occasionally that we caught a fleeting glimpse of the island.

The sea gulls here seem to be different to the common ones. They are quite a bit smaller and have black wing tips. Someone told they are called Napoleon Bonaparte gulls.

Quite a lot of fishing has been going on for lack of something better to do. It is surprising to see such a variety of highly colored fish in these waters. Bright red, purple, blue, and yellow are some of the colors seen. Bass, cod, halibut, and Irish Lords are the only fish caught that I know the name of. In some cases two cod were caught simultaneously on one line.

The Doctor now seems reconciled to the fact that we may not be able to land here after all. He says that he has done all that it humanly possible. Perhaps he has, but it seems to me as if the whole thing should have been settled in Washington before he left. Definite permission in writing should have been obtained from the Soviet officials in Washington, and he should have seen to it that the Soviet officials informed the authorities at Nikolskoe that we were coming. I think that if we had some such document with us that all this trouble here would have been prevented. After all the only authority that we had to show the Lieutenant was a radio message.

Today the Doctor told us that we must not write up anything about yesterday’s incident. I will not do so, for it is already done. Guggenheim told the Old Man that he had already done so, and the Doctor replied, “Then just cross it out.” And just what is the point of that, I wonder?

Makari has made a most excellent throwing stick for the Doctor. Have offered him two dollars to make one for me, but he is full of excuses. He does not like to work unless he feels like it. I doubt if he will ever make it for me.

Friday, July 16th. Between Komandorskis and Attu. Shortly after writing the above on Wednesday the Captain decided that he would have to commence the return trip to Unalaska that evening. The anchor was almost up when, from out of the fog, very dramatically at the last moment, appeared the Russian boat. The anchor was lowered again and the same Russians came on board. They told us that permission had come thru for us to land, and they were full of regrets for the incidents of the last two days and so on. They had been out in the storm and fog searching

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64 It is likely that the Tally not only kept its home port time but also did not change its date when it crossed westward over the International Date Line. This could account for the twenty-two hour discrepancy. (See entry for August 1, 1938.) Hrdlička (1945:279) noted, “Since crossing the 180th meridian days mixed up, everybody arguing about it.”
for the *Tally* for five hours before they found us. They suggested that the *Tally* follow their boat in to more sheltered waters. They wanted a party to go ashore with them in their boat for the first official reception. The Captain, the Doctor, and I were the ones to make the first call, so we went on their boat, and the *Tally* followed to drop anchor in quieter water.

It was an exciting ride in to shore for the seas were high and waves [were] breaking over the Russian boat. About thirty feet from the shore they dropped an anchor and slowly backed away from it towards shore. When the water became too shallow for the rudder they pulled it up and laid it on deck. As the water became more shallow yet they raised the propeller which was on a universal joint, and so in this way were able to get to within about eight or ten feet of the beach. A plank was then dropped to the beach and we were able to walk ashore without getting wet. A clever arrangement.

It was about eight o’clock now and almost dark. The only sign of life that we noticed when we arrived on the beach was a fox, which came up and sniffed at us from a short distance. A sudden shout from the Lieutenant and from out of nowhere several old people and children appeared. They followed along behind us to the village, which we could see electrically lighted in the distance, not even trying to converse with us.

One building quite a way off from the village, the first that we passed, we were told was used for rearing foxes in captivity. The Lieutenant took us over there so we could see, but it was too dark to see much. The foxes in the pens looked just the same as the wild ones. The place was well kept up and quite neat and clean, if somewhat smelly.

As we started walking thru the village I noticed that each house was numbered and dated—the earliest date being 1880. The hospital was pointed out to us as we passed by, as were the barracks and the social hall or clubroom. The latter used to be the church. It now has all the religious decorations pulled down. Unfortunately they did not offer to take us inside.

The Lieutenant led the way up to one house and we were invited to enter. Here we were presumably introduced to some other Russian. One of them had an odd word or two of English and I gathered that it was his home we were in. We asked to sit down at a table set with knives and forks, plates, and [a] large dish of cold fish in the centre. The fish was passed around with some pickled onions and we ate this. I thought it was raw fish but it may have been pickled, but it did not taste like anything I had ever eaten before. We were told, thru the Doctor of course, that this was a special dish for us, the famous Kamchatka herring.

The gentleman who had a word or two of English at his command was, I think, in charge of the weather and radio station. He had lived two years in Iceland and his wife and daughter were in Moscow. He seemed a well-educated and intelligent man. The only lady present was a schoolteacher. She taught industrial work and animal husbandry, which included the raising of cattle, hogs, horses, caribou, and foxes. She was a small woman of about thirty-five, homely but vivacious. Another Russian whom I liked was named Georgi Dimitri Poliakov, but I did not learn what his occupation was. The big junior officer was a fine chap too, his name was Nikolai Antipov and held the job equivalent to that or chief or police, altho he was an army man also. Then of course the Lieutenant was with us and two other Russians.
Later four Aleuts came in all dressed up in their Sunday best. One was the Chief, another the priest, and the other two must have been important personages or they would not have been asked.

Conversation was necessarily very limited amongst us. The only Russian word I knew was for thank you, so I used this on every possible and probably impossible occasion.

The fish being finished and the conversation being somewhat stilted, some bottles of vodka were brought in with some glasses and cups. The normal drink is apparently about one cupful, so we took this and bowed and smiled to each other and drank. It tasted like raw alcohol and was mighty potent. I took a mouthful and set it down. The Lieutenant, who was sitting next to me, dug me in the ribs with his elbow, and making faces indicated that that was no way to drink. He took his cup and downed it all at one gulp, so I did the same—I was not going to let that bird put anything over on me!

They filled the glasses and cups again, everyone’s with the exception of the Doctor who put his hand over his glass. They did not press him, respecting his age I think. Captain Ricketts does not drink or smoke, but they insisted filling his cup again, and he just sipped and pretended to drink it. The Doctor heard one of the Russians say that he acted like a lady and told the Captain this, so not to be out done by the lady school teacher seated next to him, who demonstrated how to one drink at one gulp, he downed his second drink. These two drinks were probably more than he had ever had in his life.

Now two huge steaming platters of meats were brought in and set on the table. We were informed one was suckling pig and the other a young reindeer, both of which had been killed in, our honor. Homegrown potatoes and gravies were also served.

I chose the reindeer meat and the Lieutenant heaped it on my plate. It [was] most excellent and very tender. The vodka was again taken around and the cups and glasses filled. More toasts were given to better relations between the two countries and so on. The Russian who owned the house we were in then stood up, waited for the attention of everyone, and very seriously said, while holding up his cup of vodka to us all, “America, Good-bye.” Naturally we did not tell him of his mistake and drank to it. This gentleman later left the party and did not return. Neither did he show up the following day. We were told that he had had too much to drink and was sick. He had been very loquacious, but we had not expected such far-reaching effects.

It was strange that there was no butter served for the excellent home made bread. The salt was served in clamshells.

Having finished the huge helpings of reindeer the Lieutenant insisted that I have some of the pig. I assured him with the aid of gesticulations that I could not eat any more. However, he insisted and took my plate and filled it up with more than I had had on it the first time. It was so good that I ate it all anyway.
More vodka and by this time I was just itching to talk to someone but had no one I could talk to. The Captain was holding his liquor very well and I could see he was enjoying himself, and we shouted back and forth across the table one or two times. We were too far away from each other to talk. Besides everyone in the room by this time was talking hard and fast and the there was plenty of noise.

Eventually the meat courses were finished and some very fine homemade cookies were brought in. They were so good that I wished I could have put some in my pocket. Another drink or two and I would have done so probably.

In came another bottle of vodka. We were told it was the last bottle. It was in a hydrochloric acid bottle, but they assured us that it was not acid they were giving us. By this time, we would not even have noticed the difference!

After the dessert the table was cleared, and in came some especially tall glasses. Tea was poured into them and then a perfume bottle was passed around. For some reason or other the perfume bottle was given to me first. Not knowing what to do with it, I smiled and bowed, said thank you, and passed it on. The native on my right passed it to the Doctor. He likewise did not know it was and passed it on. Eventually one of the Russians took out the stopper and poured a teaspoonful into his tea and then put in five or six teaspoons of sugar. When it came round to me again I did likewise and found it to be a very palatable drink. Apparently the contents of the bottle was some sort of an essence of berries. This was bitter and sour and the sugar counteracted it. The correct way to drink was to leave the spoon in the glass and keep it out of one’s eye with the forefinger.

Throughout the meal the Russians passed around their cigarettes. They did not consider that they were good ones they told us. They were the usual Russian type with attached pasteboard holder and only one and half inches of tobacco in the end. I was glad that I had five packages of cigarettes in my pockets, for these I passed around and they seemed to be much appreciated. I noticed, however, that the Aleuts liked the American cigarettes better than [did] the Russians.

While we played with our tea they gave us music on their portable phonograph of which they were very proud. Some the records were Russian made and some of the others were Victor records made in Japan.

Furniture in the room was scarce. There was only the table, upright chairs, and chiffonier. A large mirror almost reaching the ceiling stood in one corner. Flowers in a vase were on the chiffonier. A built in Russian type stove took up practically all one wall, reaching to the ceiling. Half of it was in this room and half in the adjoining room, which I think was the kitchen.

A young girl waited on the table and when the meal was over she stayed in the room to listen to the music. She was not introduced to us, but the cook, who came in with the tea, was introduced. She was a fine looking woman, the peasant type.

65 A cabinet or chest of drawers.
Several times the Doctor tried to break away, but they would not let us go and it was not
till one o’clock in the morning that we set off for the boat.

On the way back to the boat the Captain and I walked along together. When we walked
up to village we had not noticed that the road was so rough. It seemed strange that we both
stumbled so unnecessarily along the road! The Captain told me that the schoolteacher’s hands
were very soft, but he never told me how he found out!

Arriving back at the boat we found that the tide had gone out and left the boat high and
dry, thirty or forty feet from the water. It was impossible to move it, so we returned to the
village. By this time all the lights were out.

It was arranged that the Doctor and I should stay with Antipov and the Captain with the
Lieutenant.

When we arrived at Antipov’s home he knocked on the window and his wife let us in.
She had been in bed and had a coat wrapped around her. She did not seem disturbed at all and
was very pleasant to us. She found some blankets while Antipov went to get a cot. There was a
sort of built-in bench in one corner. I was to sleep on that and the Doctor on the cot. The house
was very neat and clean. Geraniums, fuchsias, and nasturtiums were growing in tin cans at the
windows, and in the kitchen some cucumbers.

In the morning Antipov gave us each a clean towel and showed us where to wash in the
kitchen. There was a tin basin and soap. On the wall above the basin was a container with a lid
holding about two gallons of water, but I could see no method of getting the water out of the
container. I found, eventually a little knob at the bottom which when pressed let out three four
drops of water at a time. Then it dawned on me that this was the method used—a water saving
contrivance, for I only used about a cupful of water, instead of basin full, by this method.

Before leaving the house Antipov showed us his books and the local newspaper. Here in
Nikolskoе a newspaper is published every six days—these were all kept on file. Antipov showed
us a newspaper from Petropavlovsk and in this paper was a Russian translation of the article
about the Aleutian Islands, copied from the London Times, written by Miss Hutchison.

He showed a beautifully illustrated book about the voyage of the Cheluskin. This was the
first boat thru the Northeast Passage—the boat was wrecked and the crew rescued by aeroplanes.

There was [a] radio in one corner of the room. Antipov put on the earphones and
switched the machine on and we could hear someone talking Russian. He indicated that
everything was all right, but I rather think the performance was put on just to show us that the
radio did work.

Of course there was a large picture of Stalin on the walls, as we noticed in every building
we went into before leaving the village.
I was astonished when Antipov brought out a modern gas mask and proudly showed it to us. He also showed us his rifle. In the very early hours of the morning the soldiers could be heard at rifle practice. Next he brought out a large piece of rock from Mednyi Island, about half of which was free copper. We were told that there is a great deal of free copper on the beaches there.

The Doctor found out also many other items of interest, among which were the following. A new canal has recently been finished from Leningrad to the White Sea. This enables ships to sail direct from Leningrad to other parts of the world. Forty-three commercial vessels reached Vladivostok last year via the Arctic Ocean, the Northeast Passage. The previous year sixteen vessels were able to get through. It is, I believe, only four or five years since the first vessel ever got through. The Second Five Year Plan had just been completed—seven months ahead of time. The Third Year Plan is now in operation.

There are only two hundred and ten people in this village, but they donated 2700 rubles to the Armament Cause. (Possibly they were afraid not to give.)

It does not get very cold here in the wintertime but there is a snowfall of up to fifteen feet. The normal weather is rain and fog, cold and dreary.

An earthquake was felt here yesterday—one large shock and then some two minutes of rumbling.

For the first time in the history of the world, the Russians are trying to raise sea otter on Mednyi Island. Antipov showed us some pictures of these animals in large pens built on the shore. Also we found out that they are trying to raise fur seals in captivity. At least this shows initiative.

We returned to the Tally for breakfast, taking the Lieutenant and Antipov with us. About half way back to the ship we met the launch with Mr. Anderson and Mr. Stolfi coming in with some of the men to see what had happened to us. About the last thing the Captain had said before leaving was that we’d be right back and not be gone very long. It seemed strange to me that he did not try to signal the ship from shore when he found he could not get back. Mr. Anderson had become worried a bit wondering what had happened.

After breakfast the Lieutenant stated that only our party and the ship’s officers could go ashore. Our party only would be allowed to take cameras, and the cameras could be used only for scientific purposes. This was very disappointing, but it turned out all right as it happened, as can be seen from the photos. Later the Lieutenant had a change of heart and allowed ten men from the ship to come ashore for one hour only. Then these men returned and another ten men were allowed ashore and so on.

At the landing place we were met by more soldiers and they stayed with us. If we split up into different groups there was always at least one soldier with each party. We offered them cigarettes and tobacco and candy, but they could not accept anything, even when out of sight of the Lieutenant. They appeared afraid of doing so. Antipov, however, accepted a cigarette but
would not accept a package. Later, when I put a package or two in his pocket, he pretended not to notice it, so I was able after all to give him fifty or sixty cigarettes.

In daylight the village looked well taken care of, the buildings were sturdy and in good repair, but not all buildings were occupied. Most of the Aleut inhabitants were away [fur] sealing, for there were only a few old men and women and children around.

Many pigs roamed around the village and the young ones ran up to us as would dogs. The foxes live under the houses and are comparatively tame altho one cannot pick them up. They act as scavengers. On two occasions I noticed a fox following a large hog and could not figure it out. Wherever the hog went the fox followed at a distance of about four to six feet. The third time I noticed it I found the answer—the fox was waiting for the hog’s droppings to eat. Economical, at least.

Reindeer calves were out pasturing with the calves of cattle. Large herds of fine looking large cattle were to be seen. The cattle themselves were considerably larger than those seen at home. There were many square miles of flat lush pasture, and there were ploughed places, perhaps where the potatoes were raised.

I took a long walk out thru the village and up the river looking for signs of an old site, but saw nothing.

The beach was strewn with bones of the whale, cow, fox, dog, and reindeer. Antlers from the reindeer were very common and I saw some of the largest I have ever seen lying on the beach.

By occasionally dropping behind the party I was with, I was able to get a few pictures of the village, and in getting off on my walk alone I was able to get a few distant snaps of the village.

Returning thru the village from our explorations we were told by the Lieutenant that we could go into the school. Here we found about fifteen children from five to eight years old, playing games and singing songs. As we entered they all turned to us smiling and said in the Russian the equivalent of good morning, good health to you. They were clean healthy looking kiddies, both Russian and Aleut. I imagine that they were all dressed up in their Sunday best for our benefit.

In this same building in another room were two women dressed as nurses who took care of the infants and babies, while their parents worked. In another room there was a kitchen where hot food was prepared for the school children.

With exaggerated gesticulations the Lieutenant indicated that I could take a photo in the school, if I wished—naturally I tried it. Also health charts and seems as if they working on some sort of a health program in the schools.
Later we met another teacher, a young good-looking fellow from Moscow, who taught the older children. He was very interested in our cameras.

Outside the church, or rather the building that once was the church, we found Bering’s grave. The Lieutenant said that it was his grave and gave me permission to photograph it. However, I believe that perhaps it is more of a monument to Bering than his actual remains. Steller, in his journal, states that Bering was buried on the side of the island, near where they camped. Possibly his remains were removed to the village after the church was built there.66

Unfortunately, we were not invited in to the social hall or the barracks. I would have liked to see the latter.

There was no store in the village so it is probable that the supplies were rationed out to the inhabitants.

The Aleut houses were just about the same as these occupied by the Russians. There were some buildings which were two houses in one, being divided in the middle and having a door at each end.

The natives looked very healthy, as did the Russians. One of the Russians had a broken rib and he asked the Doctor to bind it up for him. For this work they went into the hospital and Antipov asked me to go along as well. There was [a] cheerful elderly nurse in charge. Everything was as clean as could be but it was a poorly lighted building and was a dismal place. Compared to our hospitals it was very poor, but for such an out of the way place, it would serve the purpose very well. There was a sort of waiting room adjoining the operating room, and here on a table I saw forty or fifty pamphlets obviously dealing with medical studies. The walls were covered with colored pictures and drawings of various diseases, with instructions for treating them.

I noticed two log buildings, one was the barracks and one was a sort of warehouse down where the boats land, but there was nothing in it. The logs must have been brought from Kamchatka for of course there are no trees on the islands.

Not nearly as much refuse was noticed along the beaches as is seen in Alaska, and what there was was a long way from the nearest buildings.

It was explained to us before we left that the lack of knowledge of our arrival was due to the inefficiency of our U.S. officials in Moscow! Anyway, they were all very friendly once we had landed. I think and hope that we left a good impression.

Generally speaking from what I saw of this Soviet outpost it was astounding to see its progressiveness and efficiency. I was indeed surprised and favorably impressed.

66 In September 1938, May added the following note in his diary: “I found out this year that this is not Bering’s grave. It is a monument erected to Bering and his companions by the crew of the Russian Naval ship Aleut, one hundred and fifty years after Bering’s death. The anchor and chain are from Bering’s ship, the St. Peter.”
The only contact with the outside world is thru the radio to Petropavlovsk and the three vessels, which call at the village in the course of the year. I think they are doing good work here, they are educating the natives and children, hospital service, teaching physical culture and first aid, and doing experimental work in agriculture and stock breeding. It appears as if all of this should amount to something in the future.

However, I seemed to sense a feeling of fear behind it all. Perhaps the fear of displeasing those in authority there. Everyone seems fearful of someone else—the refusal to accept small gifts from us indicated that. It was very obvious that the natives were afraid of the Lieutenant, but outside of this I sensed the other rather than saw it.

When we were ready to leave practically everyone came down to the boat landing to see us off and the Lieutenant and Antipov came out to the Tally with us, where we said good-bye to them. It was pretty rough in the bay and we got into some terrific waves when we got in to the open. Getting aboard the Tally was quite a job, but fortunately no one got hurt.

**Commander Islands to Attu and Agattu Islands**

Back once more on the Tally I noticed Makari and then realized that he had not been ashore with us, altho I knew he had been asked to go. Upon questioning him as to why he had not gone ashore he was very evasive, but I think the real reason was that he was scared of the Lieutenant. Perhaps he thought that he would be kept there to work. I am told that the Aleut population there today were brought there years ago from the Aleutian Islands against their will to work for the Russians.

Steller, in his journal, states that in 1741 there were no inhabitants on Bering Island and that he saw no signs of previous occupation. This in itself seems very extraordinary, for the island can be seen from the mainland of Kamchatka. If a site is ever found here it should produce some interesting information.

I had to hold on to the bunk to prevent being thrown out. Have been feeling very seedy since, altho not actually seasick. Probably feel better if I was. Expect to reach Attu tonight, and if the weather is good enough to permit us to enter Chicagof Harbor we shall boat some more water from one of the rivers there.

Saturday, July 17th. McDonald Bay, Agattu. Yesterday morning we reaching Attu again and strangely enough it was a beautiful sunny day.

The Doctor took the boys out to my last year’s excavations while I went to the village. I was to see if I could find a chart of Agattu in Mr. Schroeder’s cabin so that the Doctor could look it over. I knew that Schroeder had many charts there and thought I remembered seeing one of Agattu last year, so I was detailed to find it. At the village I found that practically everyone had left for the time being. Some were fishing over at Sarana Bay and some had gone with Schroeder trapping live foxes. The Chief’s wife, the old crippled man, and a few children were all that were

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67 May is in error on this point.
living there at the time. I got the key to Schroeder’s cabin from the Chief’s wife, but found that he had taken all his charts with him, so it was a useless trip, but at that, pleasant.

Walking over to last year’s site, I found the crew of the Tally boating water at the river, this being the objective of this call.

At the site a few specimens had been turned up, altho they had not taken a shovel with them. The Doctor seemed to be very satisfied with the work I had done last year. Already the site was practically covered with grasses and weeds. Back on board again at noon and we set off for Agattu, getting into a strong blow as soon as we got out of the harbor. We were busy all afternoon checking supplies and packing up our gear.

As we now had full tanks of water I was able to get a shower and later got a haircut from one of the Filipino boys.

By six o’clock we had reached McDonald Bay but there was such a high sea running that it was impossible to land. The Captain said that he could wait till morning for the storm to abate but no longer as he had to get back to Unalaska. Naturally this made us feel pretty blue for if the storm did not quit we would have to return to Unalaska. It was the lack of fuel that necessitated this immediate return.

At three o’clock in the early morning we were all routed out of our bunks in the dark and we proceeded to load all our equipment into the launch and surf boat.

The wind had dropped and the sea was comparatively quiet and we landed here at dawn. It is delightful situation and could not be better and is just as I reported last year to the Doctor. There are two shacks right on the site and the Doctor, Gebhard, and Guggenheim are going to live in one and the rest of us in the other. The shacks were very dirty and we had a time sweeping them out without a broom, but with the aid of gunnysacks and sea gull wings picked up off the beach we succeeded in doing a very fair job. There are four bunks in our shack, but they were built for Aleuts and are only five feet long. This was easily fixed by knocking out the end board and placing a couple of packing cases at the end. We are to split the supplies in proportion to number in each shack and cook our own—this is fine. Seashore says he can cook so he is duly elected and I think he’ll do pretty well.

After we had cleaned the shacks and moved our stuff in we got breakfast and immediately went to work. I had only been working a few minutes when the Doctor came up and suggested that as it was such a fine day I had better go off exploring to the northwest. This was most enjoyable and I was followed closely by a couple of foxes which trailed along behind like dogs. I came across two dens with four and five pups in each respectively. They are exceedingly cute little devils and not at all afraid, quite like very young police puppies. I walked about six miles and returned to the shacks. I found another site, very much larger than the one on which we are working, about a mile away. It probably covers about six or seven acres. Where we are now working I should say is only about two acres or less in extent.
Then the Doctor wanted me to go out with him in the skiff, which we had brought with us. We rowed about three miles exploring the cliffs, which could not be done by land. We came across a rookery in which thousands of sea gulls, cormorants, sea-parrots, and some other birds were nesting. I had not seen these other birds before and do not know what they are. At a distance they look for all the world like a small penguin [probably murres]. Finished up the day by working at the site. Quite a few specimens were found right from the beginning. Connor came across a burial first, that of a child. Later he found another, a dolichocephalic male.

It has been a perfectly beautiful sunny day, have been stripped to the waist all day. Only hope it will stay this way for a few more days.

Sunday, July 18th. Agattu. It rained hard last night and stayed raining till noon, which was not so good. The Doctor told me this morning to go to take Gebhard and go to the site I found yesterday and commence work there. I find it takes about twenty-five minutes to walk there without hurrying. The first hour or two our work was somewhat discouraging, but from there out we started finding plenty of specimens. We probably found twenty-five or thirty good specimens before the day was over. Most of the specimens were bone points, a few ivory and some broken stone points. Three broken lamps turned up. However, the big thrill of the day was when I turned up a sculptured ivory head—perhaps that of a doll—who knows? It appeared to me that it had been used in some way, for some of the carved features were smoothed off in places as if by continual rubbing. When I showed it to the Doctor he actually agreed with me that it was a wonderful find. He says that it is not Eskimo work and is the first doll’s (?) head to be found in the Aleutians. Jochelson found some heads carved on small implements at Atka, but these were of a different type, they had an almost Easter Island type head. This head I found showed tattooing across the cheeks. The type of artifacts we found differed considerably from those found where the other boys were working and doubtless there are two different cultures here.

At the home site the Doctor found a couple of burials which have not been taken out. The skulls are obviously in excellent condition—the Doctor is leaving them in situ so that he can photograph them tomorrow.

Seashore, as a cook, is doing fine. He quits work a little earlier than we do and goes and prepares the meals. Afterwards he washes the cooking pans and cleans up and then gets back to work. We each wash our own plates, cups, knives, spoons, etc. Fortunately Seashore likes this so it makes it fine for all in our shack. In the other shack the boys are having a hectic time with the Old Man and do not get much in the way of good meals, for the Doctor insists on doing all the cooking.

I want to take skiff to the other site tomorrow, for I figure it will be much easier to row a wheelbarrow there than wheel it. Also I can tie a rope to a couple of planks and get them there that way. Probably the Doctor will object and expect me to drown if I try it. We shall see.

Monday, July 19th. Agattu. Dull, dark and dreary until late afternoon and then it turned out quite nice.
Got the wheelbarrow and some planks over to the site in the skiff this morning without the Doctor knowing about it. Again we had good results with many good specimens turning up. The best piece was a fine semi-lunar knife, the first to be found on Agattu.

The Doctor came over to see how we were progressing after lunch—the first time he has visited us at this site. He was quite satisfied and then set off to look over the site. Shortly afterwards he came back and suggested we commence at some other spot higher up the hill. We were working just above the beach line.

We had no sooner commenced digging here when we came across specimen after specimen—mostly large crude knives and blades. In about twenty minutes we dug up fifteen perfect specimens about and about forty broken ones. The Doctor came back and got very excited over these finds and sent for Wineman and stayed and worked himself. It appears as if this place where we were digging must have been a workshop, for it all came from the same layer. A great many of the blades have the appearance of paleoliths. Many more came to light and now we are all to work here for some reason or other.

This morning, before the Doctor came over, found a female skull with the occiput missing. The strange part of it was that part of another skull had been placed there in its place. The other two skeletons found yesterday were not complete. One had part of the pelvis and a whole leg missing, and the other had an arm missing. Is this, I wonder, evidence of cannibalism?

The Doctor, referring to Guggenheim as “Dat big lummox,” says he will not even make a good dog doctor let alone an M.D. Wineman, he says, is just “To gut, nobody can work with him.” Gebhard will, I think, be all right if taken care of according to the Doctor. Seashore, he admits is all right, “but he wastes so much time cooking.” All of this information was given to Connor and I this evening when we were alone in the shack when he came in.

Tuesday, July 20th. Agattu. We started off this morning in a dull drizzle but it soon cleared up and in the afternoon we actually had some sun again. For a while this brought out some gnats, which were bad enough to make the Doctor and two of the boys wear their head-nets.

The results were again very good and numerous. We carried back to the shacks to be packed about 125 pounds in weight of mostly these large somewhat crude blades. Not much else came to light but if we work here long enough we should come across some skeletal material.

Indications tonight are for a clear day tomorrow and if this happens Connor and I are to walk across to the north side of the island to try to find a reported cave somewhere over there. According to the map it is about seven or eight miles across in a straight line. We shall take food for two days, for if a fog set down we might not be able to get back. The Old Man wants us to carry sleeping bags as well! We may start off with them to please him and cache them and pick them up on return the trip. It will be a nice break for us if we can get away for a day like this.
Everything goes smoothly in our shack, but not so in the other one. The Doctor did not like the beans so he gave them all to us, so now poor Guggenheim and Gebhard have to go without any. The Doctor also made Gebhard bring over their share of catsup to us, for he did not like it and said it was not good for them! We have some apples and oranges with us and the Old Man likes apples not oranges, so he gave the boys the oranges and kept the apples! This does not really matter for I’ll trade my apples for oranges any day if they want to do so.

Last evening Seashore cooked up a mess of beans that were surely tops—he is a fine cook. We have a light breakfast and lunch and a large meal at nights.

Wednesday, July 21st. Agattu. Just two months ago today we sailed from Seattle but it seems much longer than this. It was not too nice a morning but the Doctor thought it was all right for Connor and I to start across to the north side of the island. It was foggy at breakfast time but we thought it would clear up, which it did later. Before leaving for work the Old Man gave us many detailed instructions, such as be sure and wear hip boots and carry sleeping bags, etc., neither of which we did. We made ourselves knapsacks out of gunnysacks and put three days’ rations in these together with our slickers and started off at 8 a.m.

We have had a mighty strenuous day, walking for better than ten hours, covering about twenty-five miles, which I consider quite a good day considering the going was all over tundra and rocky shoreline. We have seen no trace of the cave, but have located two new sites of about four or five acres in extent. Both sites look as if they would be worth working.
It has been a beautiful day for the trip; the sun came out about ten o’clock and enjoyed every minute of it. We had to cross a mountain range and in so doing, took what was perhaps a childish pleasure, in naming the peaks. We named them McDonald, Hutchison, Hrdlička, The Three Sisters, Hurlin, Ve Hope, Connor, and Aluella—that is from the north going south, naming four apiece. The pass we went through we called Khyber Pass, because in many places it resembled pictures of this pass that I have seen. The scenery here on the pass was very different from any other that I have ever seen in the Aleutians and it was a pleasant change.

Here in this trapper’s shack we are settling down for the night. It is filthy in the extreme, but we have cleaned up the worst of the mess. We are debating whether to turn in [on] these Aleut bunks filled with old dry grass, or whether to sleep on the floor. There is a stove here but as part of the stovepipe is missing we cannot use it. It will doubtless be cold before morning without blankets.

As we do not know how long it will be before we get back again we are conserving food. The possibility of being fog-bound is uppermost in our minds for it would be far from pleasant. Tonight we are eating very little altho we are both frightfully hungry. A can of soup between the two of us, three crackers, and candy bar is [to] be our supper, with some tea. For breakfast tomorrow we shall have the same minus the candy and one cracker. For lunch two crackers and an orange. Not very much for so much walking but it will be good for us.

There are a great many foxes and cubs on this side of the island, tamer even than those on the on the other side.

It was impossible to clean the table in the shack enough to eat from so we had to use the only paper we had for a tablecloth—toilet paper.

Near this shack stands a seven-foot tall Russian Greek cross made from 4 x 4s over a grave—probably a trapper who died here.

From the top of Khyber Pass we could plainly see Attu in the distance; it was a beautiful sight.

Thursday, July 22nd, Agattu. Up this morning at 3 a.m. before it was daylight. We had both found it almost impossible to sleep because it was so cold. It appeared to be the longest and coldest night that I can remember. Before going to bed we put on all we had with us including slickers, but it did not help much. Getting up at this unearthly hour was far better than lying there shivering in the dark waiting for the dawn.

After our very light breakfast, and the hot tea was very wonderful, we set off up the beach to try to find the cave. It was not long before we were again quite warm and it was daylight before we left the cabin. We feel sure that the cave is not where it is reported to be, or that it has been covered with a slide. Nothing interesting seen or found except quite a few of these Japanese glass fishing floats which were on the beach. About nine o’clock we were back at the shack and then had a second breakfast or early lunch, call it what you will.
The day was dull and overcast so we decided that we had better return to McDonald Bay while it was possible, so started off back over Khyber Pass. We were very tired and the trip up the pass seemed unending—so much further than we thought. About two thirds of the way up we noticed fog coming down. Soon we were in it and then we did not know what to do. We felt too tired to go back to another day or possibly more of mighty scant rations and freezing nights, so we took a chance and pushed on. We knew at least we could not get lost till after we commenced down from the top. At the summit we sat down to talk things over and eat an orange, then went down the other side. We had gone more than a mile when suddenly the fog lifted and we could see right across the island to the other side. What a relief this was! To the north we saw another island and decided that it must be Semichi. It was heavy going across the central plateau and the cairns we had setup did not show up where we expected them. This did not matter for we could see what we thought was McDonald Bay. By one o’clock we were about played out so we sat down in a sheltered spot to eat our fill. Both of us were asleep before we knew it and I woke up about an hour later. Then on again and we reached “home” about four o’clock.

I thought I would not be able walk another step for a week, but after a couple of hour’s sleep and some warm food I felt pretty fit again. It was fortunate for us the we had not worn hip boots, and we both felt that it was better to freeze over night as we did rather than lug a heavy bed roll with us there and back. We estimate that we covered between forty and fifty miles in the day and half and none of it was easy walking.

The good Doctor was glad to see us back for he too was worried about the fog. Back here he had found another sculptured head somewhat similar to the one I found and he was very tickled over this.

Friday, July 23rd. Agattu. Another blustery sort of day, dull most of the time with an occasional minute or two of sunshine. Worked with Gebhard today at our first shoreline excavation with good success. It is more interesting to work here than at the site a bit higher up. The best “find” today was a beautifully carved ivory seal. Connor uncovered another skeleton late in the afternoon at the site above us.

I was not nearly so tired and stiff as I expected to be this morning, but must admit my feet were sore. Of course our boots were wet thru all [the] time the last two days from wading streams, but had I worn rubber boots they would have been terribly blistered. The knee I hurt on Kagamil gave me hell last night after I got to bed and it is a bit stiff this morning. It is strange that it always aches at night after work and not very often do I notice it during the day unless I kneel on it.

Tonight after supper we lit a fire in the stove for the first time. Normally we cook our meals on a gasoline stove and we do not need the stove. Firewood is scarce and we do not want to use that which the natives have left here, they will want it when they come back. On the fire we heated up a couple of pails of water and cleaned up a bit. I also tried to wash a few clothes but was not too successful, but in the attempt my hands became cleaner than they have been for many a day. Seashore is now in the process of taking a bath in a pail—not very easy, but better than nothing he says.
Last night shortly after eight o’clock I went over to report about the other side of the island to the Doctor, but found that he was already asleep in bed. He has not asked about it since.

Saturday, July 24th. Agattu. Not at all a bad day with a little sunshine this afternoon. Again working with Gebhard in the same place, and although we had fair success we were not as successful as yesterday. Some good bone points and one or two nice stone pieces were discovered.

This evening the Doctor is doing some packing so I helped him with this. While doing so he told me that I could keep any specimens without asking him, provided I was sure he had duplicates of the same. He added if I showed him the piece I wanted to keep and asked him for it, he would “just have to say no.” It was mighty decent of the old chap. He finished by saying, “My Goodness, I surely trust you not to keep anything that is of special value to me.”

I gathered from what he said that tomorrow we are all to work on the upper site in order to speed up the work there so that we may reach a barabara before leaving. He seems very keen on reaching this particular barabara for some reason or other.

Connor and Gebhard have gone fishing this evening; they must have had good luck for it is almost dark and they are not yet back.

Sunday, July 25th. Agattu. A dull and dreary day with rain in the afternoon. We all started working on the upper site this morning and then the Doctor sent us off elsewhere trenching, so was at this all morning. In the afternoon I joined the rest of them. The Doctor seems to have an obsession that he must reach this barabara ahead [i.e., in front] of him. This is now his main objective. It does not look as if we had the time to do the immense amount of work necessary before the ship comes to pick us up. Right now we are still twenty-five or thirty feet from the nearest point of the barabara and our cut is twelve to fourteen feet deep and twenty-five feet long. I went up on top to look the situation over and then suggested to the Doctor that we try to go in to the barabara from the creek side, which looked nearer. I was astounded when he replied, “Dat is a good idea, May. Take Gebhard and start in there.” He usually pooh-poohs any sort of a suggestion.

Now Gebhard and I are working in from the creek to the barabara. We found a few specimens this afternoon and a lone femur.

Last night I went over to the Doctor and asked to borrow his hatchet to cut some wood. We have been using a mighty dull one that was in the shack. “No, no,” he said. “I lent it to vun of the boys and it got a nick in it—I must keep it for my boxes.” So I had to use the dull one. He sure [is] a funny old boy.

Find I am getting pretty tired at nights now and my knees bother me considerably; it will bend very easily. Tonight we had a lecture concerning ancient man in South America; most of it was about Amaghino [or Ameghino, Argentinia] though.
Monday, July 26th. Agattu. Quite a miserable day, rain most of the time Gebhard and I continued on our new cut to the barabara. I had started a seven-foot wide cut, but today we widened it out to ten feet. This appears to so about the minimum width that two men can work with a wheelbarrow. Not very much was found.

On the other side of us Connor found a male isolated skull in fair condition. The gasoline supply for the cooking stoves is getting low. I had put down twenty gallons on the list but the Doctor had insisted that ten gallons was enough, so that is all we have with us.

Our dish washing is a very simple affair. We have not gas enough to heat hot water, so we take dishes outside and wipe them clean with wild parsnip leaves and then wash them in cold water. I am glad to have brought my own dishtowel. We only have one knife, fork, and spoon apiece. The cooking utensils brought by the Doctor consist of two cooking pans, two six-inch frying pans, a coffee pot and a dishpan. Yes, and two pails. With this he had expected to camp out with six other fellows. Heaven only how we should have got along had not there been some utensils in the shack here.

The evenings are pleasant here; we all do something or other to amuse ourselves. Tonight I have been carving a large sea lion’s tooth. Seashore is making a spear thrower. Wineman is making inane remarks and laughing loudly at his own attempted jokes. Connor is busy writing up his notes on the day’s work.

Tuesday, July 27th. Agattu. A miserable day. Windy and foggy and raining like hell all day. We were in ankle deep mud at work all day. I found a very fine ten-inch blade and also a femur, two tibiae and fibulae, part of a pelvis, radius, and the bones of two feet, all jumbled together. The Doctor found a very good chipped knife shaped for hafting.

Guggenheim tells me that he and Gebhard are now being rationed on sugar, as it is getting low. I asked what exactly the ration was and he said that they get none and the Doctor forgets about the rationing and uses it! Today the Doctor borrowed Guggenheim’s slicker to wrap around his camera to prevent it getting wet in the rain. Guggenheim of course got soaked.

We had a very interesting lecture tonight on the normal variations of humans.

Wednesday, July 28th. Agattu. A dull windy day making it a bit unpleasant at work. During the night it blew up quite a rain and windstorm. The shacks literally shook with the blasts of the wind.

At last Gebhard and I reached into the barabara, but nothing particularly interesting was turned up yet. It is still very muddy where we are working so have decided to work off to the left at right angles where it will not be quite so bad. So far the Doctor has not been up to see this excavation, so I do not know whether to feel complimented or insulted.

Seashore came across a skeleton today but he has not yet finished excavating it. Guggenheim, somehow or other, broke a shovel this morning and this made the Old Man mighty sore and he balled poor Guggenheim out to a fare thee well. The Doctor now refers to
Guggenheim as “my affliction.” Nothing the “affliction” can do is right and everything he says is wrong. At that Guggenheim is not a bad egg, but then the Doctor is living with him and I am not—that may make quite a difference.

Tonight we have the stove going to cook some beans, so heated some water and had a shave and clean up—feel much better. After my tonsorial efforts Seashore said I looked like Kaiser Bill and Connor referred to me as Old Frosty Whiskers.

We have just formed a Ship’s Pool, entrance fee 25¢. The total sum to go to the person guessing the day on which the ship arrives to take us back to Unalaska.

There has been a south wind for the last two days. However, [the] Old Man insists it is a north wind in spite of the fact we have two compasses to show which way it is blowing!

Thursday, July 29th. Agattu. Another miserable sort of day with a hard wind and rain most of the day. We all continued to work at our respective cuts and we all had fair success. I found what was probably once part of a bone shield. The Doctor came across a ground knife ten inches long. When I remarked that this was different, that it was concave instead of the usual convex, he became quite excited. He had not noticed it.

Usually each day someone rows the skiff over to the site so that the specimens may be brought back that way—this being easier than carrying them. This evening the Doctor started to row it back for the first time, but there was such a wind blowing that he could not make it, so we had to carry them back.

More tonsorial work this evening. Have just finished trimming and shaving Connor’s beard, giving him a Gloucester fisherman effect, which, as his beard is red, looks all right. Next I fixed Seashore’s moustache. This is his first attempt at growing one and he was surprised how well it looked after I had finished with him. “From now on it is permanent fixture,” he says.

Friday, July 30th. Agattu. Not a bad day at all with occasional bursts of sun, which was most acceptable. Working at the same place we had good luck today with quite a lot of specimens. The Doctor came over to visit us today for the first time in this cut, and then returned for his camera to take a photograph of it. He had no suggestions or adverse criticisms and seemed quite satisfied and we are to continue on here.

Tonight the Doctor has taken Seashore fishing. The joke of this is that they have taken the skiff and are fishing for flounder or cod, but the Doctor does the fishing and Seashore does the rowing.

Guggenheim has just been over to tell us that the Doctor has told him that he cannot eat with them any more, and he has to move in with us. This won’t work, for the frying pan we use, the one we found here, holds just enough for the four of us, and we have not enough gas to cook two batches of anything. Just what will happen I do not know. It appears that he complained about the food over there and for this I cannot blame him. Just because the Doctor does not like beans and potatoes, the two boys are not supposed to like them either; what is more they don’t
get any. As beans and potatoes are about the main sources of food it is not surprising that
guggenheim thinks he is not getting enough to eat. The Doctor rarely cooks rice “as it takes too
long,” so consequently their food is mostly soup, bully beef, and hardtack. None of us want
guggenheim over here but at the same time we are sorry for him. For some reason or other the
Old Man will not let them cook beans and potatoes on his stove! The whole thing is too utterly
absurd.

Saturday, July 31st. Agattu. A dull morning but later in the day the sun came out and it
was really lovely and warm.

Working again in the same place and I was thrilled by finding two carved ivory sea lions
(?) and one particularly elaborate bone point. Of course the usual amount of material such as is
found every day also came to light.

We are now uncovering part of the floor of the barabara and find that the floor was of flat
stones placed as close together as possible. After we had exposed a considerable piece of the
floor I called the Doctor over to look it. He claimed that it was one of the wall benches, which
are usually around the walls of the barabaras. In this, however, I am sure he was wrong for we
already moved about fourteen by sixteen feet of flat stones, so could have been nothing but floor.
The Doctor went and got his camera to photograph what was left and then told us not to bother
with it any more.

Connor seems to have the best place to work for he has come across most of the
skeletons. Today he uncovered four more, two adults and two children, but they are not yet fully
exposed.

There does not seem too much point in carrying on with the cut Gebhard and I are
working on, as far as I can see, so I suggested to the Old Man that we join them again at the main
cut. The reply was “Ve must reach the barabara.” Considering that Gebhard and I have excavated
thirty square yards of the barabara, his reply was typically absurd.

The Guggenheim-Doctor rumpus seems to have at last been patched up and Guggenheim
is to stay over there. This of course is most agreeable to us in the other shack. No wonder
Guggenheim does not think much of the food put out by the Doctor. I hear that what the Doctor
calls a stew is composed of two [cans] of soup, two cans of water, and small slice of bully beef.
The Doctor calls this a solid dish, “Something vich you cannot buy in a restaurant.” The Lord be
praised!

This evening the Old Man is in a good humor and he has again gone fishing with
gebhard and they have just returned without even a bite. Last night he was successful in catching
one solitary Irish Lord, and this was used for bait tonight.

Two weeks ago today we arrived here—the time has gone very fast. We expect the ship
to pick us up within the next few days. We are all hoping that it will be the good old Tally rather
than some other Coast Guard vessel.
Sunday, August 1st. Agattu. Not too bad a day, dull and foggy but fortunately no rain.

Again Gebhard and I worked at the same place but when the Doctor came over about four in the afternoon I talked him into letting us work on the main cut. It was an average day for “finds,” nothing extraordinary.

The Doctor tells me that the day after tomorrow he has a particular job for me but he will not tell me what it is because he says, “It might take my mind off vork.” I cannot imagine what his job will be—only hope that ship does not arrive before the job is accomplished, whatever it is.

Nowadays we all [are] watching the bay and the horizon to see if the ship is in sight.

Between the shacks and this site we are working on there is a small fresh water lake. Each night between five and six o’clock sea gulls are to be seen flying in a continual stream to and from this lake to the rookery nearby. Nearly all those returning to the rookery have some food in their bills and after leaving the lake they flutter themselves in the air, in the same manner a dog will shake himself after swimming. It is curious to note that it is usual for the food-laden gulls to fly at a lower altitude than the others.

Last night Gebhard and Guggenheim went fishing in one of the creek near the shacks and came back with twenty two small trout, six or eight inches long. These were cooked by the Doctor but the boys were only allowed to eat three at a meal! The fish were evidently enjoyed by the Doctor for I am told he even ate the heads.

Monday, August 2nd. Agattu. This morning I woke up with a kink in my neck. I was busy massaging it when Seashore burst in the door as naked as door he was born. He said he been for a swim in the bay but none of us believed him. “For two bits I’d go in again,” he said, so I took him up on it, grabbed my camera, and went down to the sea with him. Sure enough he went in all right and said it was fine. It did look good, so good in fact, I tore off my clothes and rushed in myself. As a matter of fact the water was as cold as I had expected, but I only swam a few strokes and then came out. After a short run up the beach I was soon warm again.

At work today Seashore was sent over to work with Gebhard and I, for where he had been working with the Doctor, Guggenheim, and Wineman was getting a bit crowded.

By noon my neck was very stiff and any sudden move shot a pain right down my back. It is so long since I had a kink in my neck that I had forgotten how painful they can be. Probably it will be gone tomorrow.

The surprise job that the Doctor has for me tomorrow I find is to open up another barabara depression. What a let down! I had expected something especially interesting. Of course am glad to do it but not by any means as thrilled as the Old Man expects me to be.

Found a skeleton today about twelve feet from the surface. It was so badly squashed that it was impossible to save it.
After lunch we moved all the packed specimens down on the beach so as to be ready for the ship when it arrives. The fifth is the date that the Doctor expects the ship to arrive.

Tonight I am tending to the beans which are cooking on the stove and the boys have gone fishing. Seashore tells me the beans have to boil for three hours and that means splitting a lot of driftwood.

**Tuesday, August 3rd. Agattu.** A dull day but no rain. It seems as if we had worse weather than normal last year, or else it is better this year.

Commenced on the new barabara depression with Gebhard this morning. Had been told to start wherever I wanted to, so picked the place easiest to work. This barabara is on the lower level where Gebhard and I started first, about two weeks ago.

Up above the Doctor and the others are cleaning up the place to leave it in good order. Whilst doing this they came across a female skeleton and six skeletons of children. “Just superficial Aleuts,” the Doctor said. They were all brachycephalic. Near them was found a fine lamp, about twelve by nine inches and three inches deep, a very fine specimen.
Guggenheim came down to me in the afternoon and asked if he could work with us. He was supposed to be working with Wineman, but they cannot get along together. I told him it was fine with me if the Doctor did not care. He set to work with a will and altho was hardly room for the three of us to work in this cut we made the dirt fly. It was quite pathetic to see how glad Guggenheim was to get away from the Old Man for a while. He was just bubbling over with enthusiasm and talking a blue streak. He tells me that he is collecting sponges. There are many different varieties of sponges to be picked up on the beaches here. Some of them have very peculiar shapes and Guggenheim has collected some of these, which he has named. The names of some are “Plato and Aristotle going for a walk,” “Embryo playing a guitar,” “The bogey man,” “Stomach and Duodenum.” Very foolishly he told all these names to the Old Man and he [Hrdlička] said that a ten-year-old boy was too old for such foolishness.

Wednesday, August 4th. Agattu. Another fair day with no rain. In the morning the Doctor came over to where Gebhard and I were working on the lower level barabara and told us that it was no good going on further here. We are to work again on the original site we started on the lower level. Before leaving, in cleaning up, we came across a very fine lamp, somewhat similar to these found at Chernofski. With it or nearby was a fine poignard, at least that is what the Doctor called it. It is my opinion that it was a root digger. It was eighteen inches long and that is too long and clumsy for a poignard, and it was curved as well.

Up above us while still cleaning up, five more skeletons were discovered. Two of them were Aleuts, two were mesocephalic, and one dolichocephalic.

No sign of the ship yet and food is getting low. Everything is just about finished altho we have some hardtack and one large can of bully beef left and oodles of coffee. In our shack we plan to eat as normally as possible and then when food runs out rustle up some or go hungry. It is not very likely that we shall get very hungry, for there are plenty of birds, sea urchins, snails, slugs, and so forth, and we could cook up some sarana [wild rice, also Kamchatka lily]. With this sort of a diet, however, we would not be feeling very much like work I expect!

Connor has just finished his notes and he and Seashore have gone fishing. Connor gave me his notes of yesterday to read; here I’ll quote a paragraph of his: “In the afternoon we bare a “canary,” [?] remove a little dirt from around it to square up matters. While the Old Man was squinting at the one large liquid eye of his Eastman camera, I surreptitiously pick dirt away from the jaw, so that we can see it. Following the photo, we, the Doctor and I, haul out the skull and joggle at the surrounding bones, which we finally, after what seems [like] hours of cold feet and mud, discover to include seven skeletons. Not having exposed them at all we have quite a tangle of bones and sticky mold—but finally finish with a minimum of breakage and information.” From this can be figured the opinion of Connor of the Doctor as an archaeologist.

Have been troubled with cramps in the thigh muscles the last week or ten days. One can always slide out of a bed if taken with cramps, but to have them in a sleeping bag is not so good. Woke every one up last night trying to get straightened out.

A description of our shack might be in order. It is eighteen by ten feet with a door at one end. There is a window opposite the door and one in each side. The stove is in the center of the
room and there is a bunk in each corner. In front of each window is a small table and on these we eat, Connor and I together and the other boys have a table apiece. We set up our gasoline stove (we only have one more filling for it) on top of the wood stove and this is most convenient. Over each bunk there is a shelf, so we are really very comfortably fixed indeed. The other shack is very similar but a bit smaller. The boys there have been banished to the attic because they snore!

At five o’clock this morning I heard the Doctor pounding away at some boxes, so realized that he had got up early to do some packing.

Thursday, August 5th. Agattu. A dull morning which developed into a most wonderful sunny afternoon and evening. Connor, Seashore, and I were up early before breakfast this morning to visit a cave Seashore had discovered not very far away along shore. He had told us it was a sight worth seeing and could only be reached at low tide. To enter the cave we crawled through a hole about three feet in diameter then found ourselves in a large elongated cave. The waves dashed in at the far end and petered out on some sand at the end where we were standing. The cave was approximately 100 feet long and 20 feet wide, the ceiling tapering down towards the back end. It was indeed quite a sight well worth seeing.

Working on the lower level again and about ten o’clock in the morning the Doctor and Wineman joined us. After lunch the Doctor stayed at the shack to finish up some packing. It was a perfectly beautiful afternoon and the sun was warm and as the Old Man was not around I decided to have a swim again. I ran down the beach and swam about a hundred yards and enjoyed it. The water seemed warmer than the first time I was in. Felt just fine and even a bit cleaner—it was really invigorating.

Later I came across a baby’s skeleton. The bones were so very small it was probably a premature birth. Several other extra good pieces showed too.

At four o’clock the Doctor came out with his camera to take some pictures, so we had to clean up the site for this. We are taking everything back to the shack this evening and working there until the ship comes. I had volunteered to take the skiff back with the wheelbarrow and towing the planks, and then I found that the rope which is usually kept in it was missing. In the bow there was a short piece which could not be untied, so I tied the planks to this and rowed stern foremost. We had quite a load in all, shovels, picks, specimen boxes, two wheelbarrows, in the skiff, and towing eight planks twelve feet long, twelve inches wide, and two inches thick. Gebhard came with me and we had a mighty hard time getting started. Could not get the planks off the beach, each wave would take them back. Eventually we got everything back safely.

Today Connor, Seashore, and Guggenheim have been working on the site near the shacks and they found some fine material. It appears to be slightly different from the other two sites.

The potatoes are all gone and we are cooking the last of the beans tonight. The hardtack and bully beef will last about three days longer with care, and from then on we shall have to forage for ourselves.
Friday, August 6th. Agattu. Occasional showers today but not so bad as a whole. All of us are working here on the shack site today and we found some odd pieces. The Doctor just dropped in—I am here all alone now—to tell me to be sure to see that the boys are all ready to board the ship at a moment’s notice. Of course this is silly for cannot pack up as we use everything we have with us. Last year, by the way, when the Shoshone stopped at Kiska to pick him up, he was about to have lunch. His fire had gone out, but he insisted on relighting it and making coffee while the ship waited for him.

Seashore, Connor, and I went fishing in the fresh water lake this evening after supper. Between us we caught sixty-five fish, and as I caught twenty of these I can now call myself quite a fisherman. The only fishing paraphernalia we had was some hooks and these were really too large, but answered the purpose. We used driftwood for poles and string or sewing cotton for fish lines. Brook trout, rainbow [probably both Dolly Varden], and young salmon were caught in about equal proportion, and they were from five to eleven inches long. This fishing is now a necessity and not a pleasure, for we need the food. We are now rationing out the supplies for each meal, but we are certainly not going hungry by a long way. However, I’ll admit I’d like an honest to goodness square meal soon.

It appears as if the Doctor is anxious for the ship to come—for my part, do not particularly care whether it does or not. We are not going to starve even if it does not show up for a while. Have been trying to figure out how I could catch some birds, but it seems to be quite a problem. Think perhaps the best bet would be to make some bolos and try that method. Even sea gulls or parrots would be quite acceptable. The trouble is that the Old Man expects us to work all day and rustle up food in the evening. The evenings are getting shorter and noticeably cooler. It was quite dark tonight before we got the fish cleaned.

It is now blowing up a storm; the bay is very rough, so hoping that the ship will not turn up till it quiets down. The Doctor will be like a cat on hot bricks until everything and everyone is once more on board.

Saturday, August 7th. Agattu. A miserable day, just typical Aleutian weather. We went out to work in the rain but it was miserable and no one could raise any enthusiasm. I worked with the Doctor starting in a fresh place near the house. We found a few good specimens and parts of skeletons. Some of the boys went out after shellfish this evening with the hopes of making a chowder out of them. Connor tried eating them raw with catsup and assured me they tasted like oysters this way. Thank Heavens I don’t like oysters!

A hint was dropped by the Doctor that I might quit work a bit early and try my luck fishing. This I did and tried the stream just twenty feet or so from the door off our shack. In thirty-five minutes I caught forty-five brook trout, and Heaven only knows how many I lost. It was rather fun. Sand fleas were used for bait.

Foggy out at sea and a storm blowing—probably after it is over we shall see a ship out there waiting for us.
Later. Between supper and the lecture the Doctor gave tonight I had forty minutes to spare, so again I went fishing and caught thirty three more, amongst them some nine eleven inch brooks. I gave these to the Old Man—he was very pleased.

Sunday, August 8th. Agattu. (Leaving). To work this morning as usual, a fair sort of day, it was dull but the wind had dropped.

I suggested to the Doctor that the two of us collect some driftwood after lunch, as we now no longer have any gasoline. “Dat is the goot,” said he. “De boat vill be here today or tomorrow.” So I let it go at that. Sure enough, just one half hour later, the motor launch from the [USCGC] _William J. Duane_68 landed on the beach in front of the shacks! The _Duane_ itself was not in sight and we were eating lunch when the boat came in. Of course the Doctor got all excited telling us to do this and do that and hurry up. This was at 12:30 but we did not finally pull away from the island until 2:45, so of course we had plenty of time for packing and cleaning up the shacks.

We loaded up the motorboat with a full load of specimens and it took these to the _Duane_ and then returned to towing the surfboat. The remainder of our gear was put into these two boats. When everything was loaded and we were all ready leave we found the Doctor was missing. I found him up at the shack doing nothing in particular and not in any hurry.

**Agattu to Attu Island**

And so we left Agattu, a place that I had learned to like very much, and headed out to sea towards the _Duane_, which had not come into sight. In comparison with the _Tally_ the _Duane_ is a huge ship. It is, of course, painted white, as are all Coast Guard cutters, and looks like a colossal private yacht at a distance.

The _Duane_ is in [the] charge of Captain Roach and he met us at the ladder, the very essence of hospitality and after the formalities were over had us shown to our quarters and our baggage taken care of. Connor and I are together in a fine large cabin and there is everything that one could possibly want here. If what we want is not here we are to ring the bell for a Filipino to fetch it for us!

Two of the boys are in the sick bay and the other two in one of the petty officers’ cabins. I have not seen their quarters as yet. The Doctor has been given the cabin which is just off the Captain’s dining room, just under the bridge.

Am told the Doctor, Connor, and I are to eat up with the Captain and the other boys in the Ward Room. This is fine of course, but I would have preferred to be in the Ward Room myself. The Captain’s dining room is very nice, large, and comfortable. There are several upholstered armchairs, desk, bookcases. All chairs are covered in white slipcovers giving the room rather an odd appearance.

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68 May incorrectly names it the _William G. Duane_.

Later. We have just come down to our cabin after having had dinner. The dinner itself was indeed all that could be and was desired, and was served by a Filipino in white uniform. We had tomato salad, soup, squab, fresh peas and potatoes, mixed fruit salad, and cookies and, of course, coffee. Quite a change from what we have had lately. The Filipino brought around cigarettes and cigars after the meal was over. The Doctor’s table manners are really terrible and he embarrasses Connor and I a lot.

Captain Roach, who by the way is nicknamed Cocky, seems to be a mighty decent sort and is quite a conversationalist.

Of course there is a movie show each night on this ship, but do not think I shall go as I have these notes to write up.

Once again we are on our way to Attu—this will make my fourth call at this island. Some dental work has to be done there by the dentist on board before the ship sails east again.

Just exactly what the rest of the plans are I do not yet know, but it appears as if we shall make a few more stops for investigation before reaching Unalaska. Am told that the Tallapoosa left Unalaska for Seattle today so this doubtless means that we shall return on the Sirius.

Our cabin boy just brought in a whole bunch of letters for our party. I found five for me which were most welcome. It is a long time since we received mail last.

Was delighted to find that our old friend Dr. Bingman was on board. He had only recently been transferred to the Duane from the Ingham. Dr. Arnold, the dentist whom we met in Unalaska this year, is also on board.

I told Connor that I thought it would be a good idea if he suggested to the Doctor that it would be a courteous thing to do, if he sent me ashore to thank the Chief, on behalf of all of us, for the use of his shacks on Agattu. He did this and the idea went over fine and I was sent off full of instructions to see Mike. At this time we are again in Chichagof Harbor—it only takes a short while to reach Attu from Agattu.

**Attu Island**

Drs. Bingman and Arnold were going ashore with their kit to work so I went in with them.

Mike was busier than a bird dog doing this and that and getting the natives ready for the doctor’s examination. Dr. Arnold operated in the Chief’s house, an apple box being used in place of a dental chair. About fifteen teeth were extracted altogether from people of all ages. Even Maggie, Rock of Ages, had a tooth pulled. There was no fuss or outcry at all, which was very different from the hullabaloo put up at Yakutat under the same conditions.

Gorga, the Chief’s son, who had a growth under his tongue, had this cut out by Dr. Bingman, and apparently thought it was quite a joke. It did not bother him at all. It turned out to
be an ordinary cist. And this is what Dr. Doane of the *Tally* wanted him to go to Unalaska to have out!

Maggie called me aside very confidentially while the extractions were going on and gave a list of things she wanted me to send her for a basket, which she promises to make for me. I made a note of it and it was curious that she was so insistent that I send her a letter at some time. She is quite a character—used to be the best of the Aleutian dancers.

Later Mike beckoned to me and took me outside, round the corner, then looked to see if anyone was following, and then told me that he wanted some more candles like I sent him last year. In return he will send me a couple of fox pelts, but just why all the secrecy I do not know. Maybe he is afraid of Schroeder.

Ten sacks of flour on board the ship have been landed here for the destitute natives. They were given by some church. There are no destitute natives, of course, so Schroeder took charge of the flour. Perhaps he will eventually sell it to the natives but even so, I think this is better than giving it to them. It [is] just such fool things as this that is going to spoil these people. Right now they have too much contact with the authorities. I think that they would be better off if a Coast Guard ship only visited the island once a year. Recently an order came out that calls for a C.G. ship to visit the island of Attu at least once a month. It is a great pity.

Schroeder visited with Captain Roach while we were ashore so I did not get to see him.

Some of the natives came out to the ship to try to buy some stuff from the canteen, but for some reason or other the Captain refused to let them buy anything. I wonder if Schroeder prevailed upon the Captain not to open the canteen so that he could sell more of his stock?

In one of the native’s boats I noticed a well-carved fish club and after much arguing I was able to purchase it. It is nothing very fancy, but well designed and most serviceable and is the first fish club I have seen here.

**Monday, August 9th.** Attu. How delightful it is to be here [on board the *Duane*] in such luxury. We were well fixed on the island and really exceptionally well off but this is very different and a great contrast.

The first thing I did yesterday was, of course, to take a piping hot shower. And did it feel good? I played around in it for half an hour before coming out.

We are still here in Chichagof Harbor and this ship is so large that, in comparison with the others, it seems to almost fill the whole bay. This is the first of the new cutters to enter here. At the moment the radiomen are working on Mike’s radio and as soon as they are thru we are leaving.

Lieutenant Commander Grogan, the executive officer showed me all over the ship this morning. He tells me that William G. Duane was Secretary of the Treasury under President Jackson. The *Duane* is 328 feet long with a 40-foot beam, but only draws 12 feet of water, which
seems almost unbelievable. She can do 22 knots but the normal cruising speed is about 19 knots. Supplies, provisions, water, and fuel can be stored in such quantities that the ship can travel for between five and six months without putting into port. The ship is all electrically operated even down to the anchor hoist. The galley is a model of neatness and should delight the housewife’s heart. Everything is cooked, washed, and dried by electricity. All the fixtures are of Monel metal [a trademarked nickel and copper alloy] and the whole galley is spotless. The engine room seems to be a complex mass of pipes, valves, and gadgets—it seems almost impossible that any one man could understand it all. The Warrant Officers and the Chief Petty Officers each have their own mess and quarters and those are most comfortable. On the bridge there is plenty of space and there are all sorts of complicated electrical devices for assisting in the navigation of the ship. There is even a special fireproof room for storing the numerous reels of movie film that are carried.

At noon today a cold lunch was served, very excellent but not too large, fine as long as we are not working.

I find that we have on board a cat, which yesterday gave birth to six kittens. There are also two dogs and a monkey, so the ship is pretty well fixed for livestock.

**Attu Island Eastward**

*Tuesday, August 10th.* Tuesday. Off Semisopochnoi. In spite of the fog this morning we seem to be making good speed. If it clears up we should sight Tanaga after lunch; however, if this fog gets any worse we may have to anchor somewhere.

At ten this morning we had an Abandon Boat drill—I am in number six motorboat on the port side.

We hope to get to the island of Ilak, which is only about two hour’s run from Tanaga. It will have to be a clear and calm day for this tho as this island is one of those that are “impossible” to land upon.

All the furniture on board is made of metal, chairs, desks, berths, closets, dining room service fixtures, bookcases, and even the doors. It is very neat and should stand plenty of hard water.

*Wednesday, August 11th.* Tanaga. It is still foggy. We arrived off Tanaga yesterday afternoon but it was not safe to stick around so we have been cruising about all day. It appears doubtful if we shall be able to land here now. The Captain says he must go on and from what he said I do not think he will wait longer than this evening to land here.

Back aft, the officers’ cabins are, I find it, very noisy when the ship is cruising. It sounds for all the world like traveling in an express train. So far I have not been seasick on this ship, but the sea has not been really bad at any time since we came aboard.
We are having the best of food. Last night roast duck and ice-cold casaba and honeydew melon for breakfast this morning.

Dr. Bingman has an Attu fish basket made by Maggie, which he says he will let me have. Shall take him up on it as it may the only chance I shall ever have to obtain one of those.

There is a very good library in the Ward Room so we are not lacking for reading material. Lieutenant Guill, who has the cabin opposite to ours, has lent me some *Lifes* and *Esquires*, so the time passes very easily.

Sent off my dress shirts to the laundry today. My underwear was so dirty that I was ashamed to send it, so am going to wash it here in the cabin.

A wonderful steak with fried potatoes tonight and I sure appreciated it. The Doctor usually eats his meals with great noise of mastication and says not a word. The Captain, Connor, and I do the talking.

Dr. Arnold came in with a huge pair of clam (?) shells for me. They weigh about twenty or twenty five pounds and come from Howland Island. The *Duane* went to Howland Island to land all the equipment for the making of the landing field for Amelia Earhart. They had a great many difficulties to overcome, as everything had to be landed through the surf. There is no fresh water on the island and not a tree. Water was landed in fifty-five gallon steel barrels. The barrels were filled with fifty gallons of fresh water and dumped overboard and floated ashore. I would have thought that would have sunk.

The picture tonight was not so bad—got quite a few laughs out of it.

**Thursday, August 12th.** Tanaga. A clear morning but the sea is still choppy. As I went in to breakfast I found the Doctor already eating. I said, “Good morning, Doctor.” “Umph, not ready I see,” was all the reply I received. Apparently we are to go ashore after breakfast. Maybe he thinks I am a mind reader. Not knowing anything about going ashore, Connor and I did not have our working clothes on, so hence the remark he made. I told him if he was going ashore right away it might be a good thing to inform the other boys, as they knew nothing about it. “Vat can I do?” he said. “I do not know vere dey are. I can do notting.” Just helpless beyond words! All he had to do was to press a button in his cabin for the Filipino boy and send a message.

Eventually all was ready, even down to the omnipresent coffee pot. Because of the choppy sea, orders were given that only four of us were to go at a time. The launch would return to get the others. The Doctor told the three boys to wait on deck and come as soon as the launch returned. However, we were gone several hours and kept the launch with us. In the mean time the boys waited on deck in the cold.

We looked around all the likely places but no sign of a cave was seen. We were looking for a reported cave with mummies. It was not the right sort of country for caves. The south side of the island is low and flat—the mountains could not be seen because of the low clouds and fog.

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69 In the central Pacific Ocean between Australia and Hawaii.
It was a very rough trip and if we had had anything else but a self-bailing launch we would have sure gone to the bottom. Spray covered the boat almost continually and we had to hang on for dear life. It seemed as the launch would tip over in some of the troughs of the waves, but of course there was no danger of this. I for one was very glad to get back on board the Duane again. Dry clothes and warmth again felt pretty good.

Since we got back on board, the Duane has moved position, and I hear that we are to look for another reported cave again in a short while.

Later. Ilak. The ship anchored off Ilak and we set off in the launch on the long trip to the shore. We landed on a beach of large boulders and set forth to look for another reported cave. Eventually I found this cave, or rather it should be termed an overhang. Crania and long bones were lying exposed on the surface. I shouted to the others and they joined me here. We excavated the overhang and we found several good specimens but no burials. Several broken kantags were found, but they were too far gone to save. One bowl made from a solid piece of wood was in fair shape. These are not very common, only one or two having been found before. The cave had been previously despoiled by trappers, so naturally the results were disappointing.

Orders to leave had been given by the Doctor but I was to wait for Connor (who had been sent to look for more caves) to tell him to hurry back to launch. Instead of sitting down I naturally snooped around a bit more. In doing so I came across another cave with a small, concealed opening. It was dark as pitch inside, but I could see with the aid of matches that it extended into the mountain quite a way. I picked up six skulls just scratching around with my hands. Three were in fine condition and the others pretty well broken. Also brought back a sack full of long bones but had no time to do any work. When Connor came along he told me that he had found three other caves on the other side of the island, altho there was nothing lying exposed to view in them. Strange as it may seem, the Old Man says it is not worth staying here another day. He is absolutely incomprehensible. There is a rumor of a cave on this island that extends clear thru the mountain and out on the other side. Possibly this second cave I found connects with one Connor found!

This evening at dinner the Doctor put his lips down to his tea to drink, without even dragging the cup and saucer towards him! Even the Aleuts move the cup and saucer to the edge of the table before doing this. He knows better but guess he just does not care.

We did a lot [this] afternoon and it was really enjoyable to get back to fine warm quarters, take a shower and then top it off with an excellent meal and a movie show. Quite different from Agattu with no hot water or heat.

Many sea lions were seen but only a few foxes. There is a shack on the island and here we gathered for coffee before the long return trip to the Duane which [was] quite a way off shore.

Ilak is somewhat different from the other Aleutians in that it is mostly granitic, whereas I think all the others are volcanic. On the chart Ilak is as marked as one island, but we find that there are three close together.
Friday, August 13th. Between Ilak and Tanaga. We remained anchored in the lee of Ilak all night and I understand that we are now headed for Tanaga.

Connor and I were asked to pack yesterday’s acquisitions, but we had no packing material, saw, hammer, or lumber for box lids, so we had to go and bag it from different departments of the ship.

Later. At sea. The Old Man is crazy. After lunch we set off to explore some islets off Tanaga according to his specific instructions. Only yesterday he would not go to them because, “Dey are not de ones.” Today we travelled four miles in the launch to those same islets to explore and then the Old Man will not let us land. On the way there we passed some very likely looking places for caves. I pleaded with the Old Man to drop me to look it over, but nothing doing. Instead he directed the launch back five or six miles to an island we passed yesterday. This particular island had looked like a pretty fair possibility to me yesterday and I asked to land there, but again got the reply, “It is not de one.” So today we make this extra trip back to it. As it happened there was nothing there. Nevertheless I cannot see how the Old Man’s mind works. Here today we have the time, the opportunity, the full co-operation of the Captain, and yet he refuses to look over or let anyone else look over likely places. He will, of course, report nothing here, but this is true of only two out of six likely places. I give up.

We saw again many sea lions and two pairs of eagles. Wanted to get close enough for a photo of the sea lions, but altho they were curious about me I could not get close enough for a good picture.

After dinner tonight we dropped anchor off Adak. Kanaga can be seen in the distance but the volcano is hidden by the fog, which is creeping down.

Saturday, August 14th. Adak. We are now anchored just outside the Bay of Islands and it is raining hard. We arrived here last night but a storm blew up and we were driven out, so cruised around all night and came back again.

Instructions were given us last night by the Doctor to be up for a six-o’clock breakfast. At a quarter to six I went up to the Doctor’s cabin and found him in bed. “Vat can ve do, it is so stormy,” was all I could get out of him. There was no breakfast at that hour so we went back to bed again. Very typical of the Old Man that he would not inform even one of us that we could not go ashore as intended.

The table manners of the Old Man about reached the climax last night, when he picked up his soup bowl in one hand and poured the remains into a spoon held in the other hand! Fortunately the Captain was not there at the moment. The Doctor’s method of eating an apple is curious—he sticks the apple on a fork, peels it with a knife, cuts it into small pieces, lays down his fork, and spears the pieces with his knife and pops them into his mouth!

Later. We are still anchored off Adak but in a few minutes we are hoisting the anchor and heading for Atka and we should be there in the morning.
After lunch this morning the Captain decided that he would let us go ashore. There was a pretty rough sea and it was raining and foggy. The launch was to tow the surfboat and Seashore and I were to go in the latter and be dropped off at West Island. This a small island in the Bay of Islands. The others were to go on to the site that the Doctor has thought so much about, and the one where he wanted to spend three weeks this year. We had hardly started when the towrope broke from the terrific jerks caused by the large waves, but this was soon remedied. Near West Island the surfboat was cast off, and Seashore and I and two sailors rowed in. The sailors then departed again to be picked up by the launch.

West Island is very rugged and practically all rocks. It looked like a very good place for burial caves, but in this I was disappointed. The island was very small, about four miles in circumference and perhaps a mile across at the widest place. On the north side there was a seal rookery and here I tried to sneak up on some without success. When we returned to our starting place after having been all round the island, we were both wet through with sweat and rain, and there was no launch there. The fog was thicker now, and we could only see about a hundred feet, so we began to wonder if we were going to be there for the night. We tried to build a fire with some driftwood, but I had lost my knife and Seashore had left his on board. After trying for [an?] hour we gave it up and by this time we were certainly wet, cold, and miserable. The launch was late because of the fog, and we were very lucky in the fact that the fog lifted for about ten minutes just when they were looking for us.

The rest of the party had found the site all right and had done a bit of digging [and] found some specimens, but the Doctor did not think very much of the site. The Captain has told him that he will stay another [day?] if work should be done at this site, but Doctor does not want to stay. I cannot understand the man, for this is the site that he was to land at, sight unseen, for three weeks work and now he will not even stay for one day.

Seashore and I were just about frozen when we got back to the Duane and I never enjoyed a hot shower more than I did tonight. Then afterwards, straight up to a squab dinner—most excellent but insufficient after all the climbing around I had done. Tonight’s show was not much good.

**Atka Island**

**Sunday, August 15th.** Atka. Woke up to find that we are anchored in Nazan Bay. Altho I have been in here four times before, this is the first time that I have ever been able to see all the bay. It is very much larger than I thought and is one of the few good harbors in the Aleutians.

About nine o’clock we set off to the site where we worked for a day last year. It is about three miles from the village in the launch. Before were reached our destination a strong wind and rain had begun. First of all we searched the peninsula for caves and I was fortunate in finding one. I worked in the cave all day and the Old Man sent Wineman, of all people, to help me. I rather believe that this cave is the one reported by Jochelson in his book. We found quite a few specimens and many disassociated human bones. Jochelson in his book makes several references to seal penis bone flakers, and in this cave I came across two, the first that we have ever found. Knives, wedges, points, fire-stick holders, and rubbing stones were also found.
A gale was blowing on the return trip, and once more we got thoroughly soaked. It seemed as if buckets of water were being thrown at us, and the wind whipped the water from the tops of the waves. These self-bailing launches are wonderful boats.

After supper tonight the Doctor gave a lecture to the crew—it was interesting and very well received. He made a wonderful tale of the Kagamil trip of last year, exaggerated it considerably, and gave an amusing account of it. After the lecture a second rate movie.

Monday, August 16th. Atka. We left Nazan Bay early this morning for the westernmost point of Atka, but soon ran into a 56 mile per hour gale with heavy rain and fog so returned again.

The Chief of Atka, John Dirks, came on board yesterday—he is going to Unalaska. After lunch the Doctor and I were talking to Dirks in the cabin and we find out that according to him, there are several mummy caves on the island and he has seen some of them. It is strange that the Doctor did not find this out when he talked to Dirks last year or again when he talked to him a few weeks ago. He made a special stop at Atka to talk to him. Probably he went at it in such a roughshod way that Dirks got scared or sore and would not tell him. This time, however, when the Old Man started to get too overbearing, I could butt in and so we got quite a bit of information. How much can be relied upon is hard to say. We have passed many of the islands that Dirks mentions and it is too late to return. However, weather permitting we can visit one cave that Dirks mentions when we get to Korovin Bay. It is really somewhat depressing working with the Old Man—there is a sense of futility in it, he does not take advantage of his opportunities.

After this confab was over, I ran into the Captain and asked him to show me the official pictures of the work at Howland Island. This he did and they were very interesting and there were some beautiful photos. Howland is the island that Amelia Earhart was heading for when lost. I understand that through some treaties, [the] Government could not make landing fields on those islands and used the fact that she had to land there as the excuse for making it there. Some of the Army Air Service men stated that even if she had landed there it is very doubtful if she could have taken off without damage to her machine, because of the millions of birds nesting there. Four hundred young coconut trees have been planted there and it is hoped that when they grow they will attract rain to the island. It never rains there, altho it does rain on an island forty miles away, where there are some trees. Captain Finley of the *Shoshone* was also down there and one night he had 125 fathoms of water under his bow, the ship swung around and the stern hit the beach. No damage, however. It took the *Duane* five days to land all the equipment, which included tractors, stone boats [sleds for hauling stones and other items], plows, graders, houses, and all supplies for the five or six persons who are to live there. None of the equipment was lost altho one of the special floats made to land the large tractors broke up under the weight but the tractor was saved. The other tractors had to be landed in pieces. One boatload capsized in the surf and the four sailors would have drowned but for the prompt action of the two Kanakas [Pacific Islanders] who were on board.

Tuesday, August 17th. Korovin Bay. Atka. A 60-mile per hour gale blowing with rain as well when we arose for breakfast. It quieted down after lunch and the Captain decided to try for
Korovin Bay. Before we reached there, however, the fog became almost impenetrable and it would [have] been impossible to land there under such conditions. The Captain turned around and headed for Umnak. Five minutes later the fog lifted and Korovin Bay could be seen behind us. Very decently the Captain again put about and ran into the bay and anchored. It was after six in the evening before we set off in the launch for shore. Dirks’ cave proved to be a dud; there never had been anything in it. Further searching discovered a small cave, which had four burials in it. All the skulls were dolichocephalic and three in good condition so made the trip worthwhile. Anyway, it was a good work out and I did lot of climbing around, altho I found nothing myself; I did succeed in getting thoroughly wet in the weeds and grasses which in places were head high.

**Atka to Umnak Island**

We have just pulled out for Umnak and if the weather remains clear we shall probably be there at breakfast time tomorrow.

The question of age came up when the Doctor, Dirks, and I were talking this afternoon. The Doctor asked Dirks how old he was and he said 56. Then the Doctor asked him how old he thought I was. “Him, umph, him older dan me,” said Dirks!

**Umnak Island**

Wednesday, August 18th. Umnak. We dropped the anchor here off Nikolski about noon and went ashore directly after lunch. I was detailed to take Wineman and go to a site at Driftwood Bay of the Pacific side of the island. Nikolski is on the Bering Sea side. It only took about an hour to walk across to the bay and we came out right at the site itself. To the east there were some likely looking cliffs with the possibility of caves so we explored these but had no luck. It was an interesting walk, massive cliffs of sheer rock rising perpendicularly for three hundred feet or more, straight up from the beach.

The site which we found occupied a long low hill and covered an area of about 600 by 100 feet. Here we did a bit of digging, pot-holing here and there. Several specimens were turned up, the usual sort of thing, no human bones.

Back at Nikolski we found that the Doctor was very excited for a native had just dug up three dolichocephalic skulls. The native had been leveling off some ground for a building when [they] found these skulls. We are to stay here and work now in the hopes of more skeletal material. Sandwiches and coffee have been sent for and we will stay till dark.

After the food arrived the Old Man insisted that we carry it up to Eubanks’ house, better than half a mile away, “so that ve can sit at a table and enjoy our coffee.” We all went up to the house and there met Mr. Stacy, manager for Eubanks, who very generously supplied us with real cream for our coffee, so this time the coffee was really enjoyed.

Returning to the place where we were working the sun came out and it was a very beautiful sight. Nikolski village, with the church predominating, the bay in front and a lake...
behind, lay in front of us. In the distance sheep were grazing and near at hand were many rabbits. Back of all this Mount Vsevidof was seen in the evening sun, towering majestically towards Heaven, with what looked like a plume of steam issuing from the summit.

After our return to work I came across a burial of an old woman. The skull was again dolichocephalic and in quite good condition. The Doctor was very pleased with it. We were almost in the village itself, within twenty feet of the nearest house. Because of this we had to refill the holes and trenches we had dug. Just before nine in the evening we took the launch back to the Duane. It was a fine trip for the moon was out, almost a full moon, too.

At dinner tonight, or I should say, late supper, the Doctor said that this had been an important day. It showed that the present inhabitants of Nikolski had come from elsewhere. The old people were longheads whereas today’s inhabitants were round heads. The Doctor is of the opinion that these longheads that we have found in so many places are the same people that have been found at Vancouver, B.C. and at Kodiak. They are neither Indian nor Eskimo, but the characteristics lean towards the latter [rather] than the former.

We expect to stop at Ship Rock tomorrow if it is possible and go from there back once more to Unalaska.

It’s funny how the Old Man forgets himself. Tonight at dinner when the Filipino boy came round with the sugar for his tea, he carefully laid down his knife and fork on the tablecloth and then helped himself to the sugar! A mixed fruit desert was finished to the last drop by picking up the saucer shaped dish and drinking the juice from it. Was my face red! I was wondering what the Captain thought of all this for I noticed that he watched it.

Ship Rock

Thursday, August 19th. Ship Rock. Ship Rock is situated in the centre of Umnak Pass on the Pacific side and we arrived here before noon this morning. This is the island that we tried to reach when on the Morris but were unable to do so on account of the very strong current at that time. We have heard of a mummy cave here on one or two occasions and one of the natives of Nikolski also mentioned it.

We were able to land without difficulty. I thought I had spotted the cave from the launch and immediately set off towards it. It was the cave all right, under a massive cliff. Some mummies lay exposed to view and others I could see behind a sort of sloping fence made of driftwood and whale scapulae, placed leaning against the face of the rock. The place had never been touched since the last natives buried their own there. The sea-parrots, of which there were millions on the island, had burrowed all through the cave and disturbed things to a certain extent.

There was only room for four of us to work there and the other boys were sent off to find some more caves. In digging I once caught hold of something warm and alive and then felt a bite on my finger. And was I scared? It was just a mother sea-parrot in her burrow with two young fluffy young ones. They refused to leave the nest and had to be taken away. Many others were dug up in the course of the excavating. In all we found about 35 skulls and partial skeletons and
about a dozen mummies, but only about half of the latter were in good condition. Naturally many specimens [i.e., artifacts] were found. Among them was an old type painted wooden hat, such as were worn by the old time Aleuts. This was the first one we have ever found. Kantags, wooden bowls, shields, ivory diggers, and stone points as well as bone implements were the most numerous pieces found. A few carved wooden pieces and a broken throwing stick also showed up. I found a piece of wooden armor, but, sad to relate, it was not complete. It was composed of small round rods of the same size, held together with sinew cords. Dall has reported on the finding of a complete piece of wooden armor, which was at that time, 1878, “the only piece of this aboriginal armor in existence.”

All of the skulls we found were dolichocephalic and I presume that the mummies were of that type also, but of course we did not unwrap them.

There were many huge rocks, which had apparently fallen from above. I was working under one, which stood on end, measuring 10 by 7 by 4 feet. I had mentioned to the Doctor a couple of times that I hoped it would not fall on me. The second time he came over and looked at it and was positively emphatic that this would be impossible, for it was too big to move. I really gave it but very little thought. Then, for no reason at all it commenced to fall. Something warned me, maybe I heard it, but I gave one mighty jump and got into the clear. It broke into three pieces and fell with a sickening thud just where I had been a moment before. The smallest piece caught my foot, and though it hurt for a while, thank goodness no damage was done. Luck was with me this time and I was surely favored by the Gods for the rock must have weighed many tons. If I had not jumped when I did I should have been flatter than a pancake. I really felt more sorry for the Doctor than I did for myself, for he was even more scared than I. The rest of the afternoon everyone had the jitters. Each time a little pebble rolled we all looked for a good safe place to jump. Today my shovel remains under this huge rock—it was a good shovel, I used it all last year and this one too.

When we had finished excavating here Connor and I took a walk while waiting for the launch. The three boys who had been looking for more caves had come across an overhang and had dug there obtaining some skeletal material. They had returned to us saying that they had finished work there. Connor and I found where they had been working and with a stick dug up another skeleton and three more mandibles. And Guggenheim, Wineman, and Gebhard said they were through!

Ship Rock is one of roughest islands I have been to. The shoreline is a mass of huge rocks, many as big as houses, one on top of another. I found that one could walk in under one of these rocks and come to the surface maybe a quarter of a mile away. There are literally millions of birds here of all sorts. Thought I could make my way up to an eagle’s nest I saw, but could not make the last twenty feet or so.

This is our last day’s work and verily we wound up in a blaze of glory, so to speak. Working in the cave I counted as far as twenty skulls, including that I took out myself, and then lost track. I had the best place to work as I was there first. Some of the pieces of matting from the mummies the Doctor gave me.
As soon as we were back on the *Duane* the anchor was hoisted and we are now on our way back to Unalaska, where the *Sirius* is waiting for us.

Sold my rubber hip boots tonight; they have seen two seasons work up here and I got within a dollar of what I gave for them.

**Unalaska Island**

*Saturday, August 21st, Unalaska.* There was no opportunity to write up these notes yesterday, but from now on all I have is time. Seven days with nothing to do for we are now on our way to Seattle.

Yesterday the *Duane* dropped anchor in the bay instead of going into dock. I think the idea is that the hull is to be painted. I also hear that it keeps some of the men away from the town and the drink.

Mr. Pedler came aboard after breakfast in the *Amaknak* [also spelled by May as *Amoknak*] and we loaded all our specimens from Ship Rock into this boat and took them ashore for packing. The other packed specimens were sent over to the *Sirius*, which was also here in the bay. We unloaded on Pedler’s lighter, proceeded to get some barrels, and packed right there. Commander Searles and Mr. Pedler came along to talk to us and see what we had, but they were too late to see the mummies as we had just finished packing them. All the other barrels and bones which had in the warehouse we brought down and put on the lighter.

At the post office I found three more letters waiting for me. There will no use in answering them, as I shall be in Seattle before the replies would.

When all the packed specimen boxes and barrels were on the lighter, the *Amaknak* came along side and we hitched it to the lighter and went with it to the *Sirius*, where all our material was unloaded. Then we returned to the *Duane* for a last lunch. This being over we packed up our personal kit and loaded it into the launch, which took it over to the *Sirius* for us.

The speedboat from the *Duane* was in use, and the Doctor and I went to the *Sirius* in it and then back to Unalaska. It is a 28 foot Chris-Craft boat and does forty miles per hour—a beautiful job, but very rarely does an opportunity to use it occur.

On the *Sirius* we were shown where we were to sleep and we carried our kit down there and left it. We have a small room, which is under ordinary conditions a reading room for the men. It has been turned over to us for this trip, which is very much better than the quarters we had last year on the *Vega*.

At Unalaska I went in to see Mr. Nye and Mr. Gordon and found Judge Finch there. Then I called on Dr. Arnold to see if he had been able to procure a yuchuck [sic] and parka for me. He had told me on the ship that he thought he might be able to get these items for me, but only the parka was available. It was one which Father Theodosia had obtained in Nome, just a plain reindeer skin parka, and I think it might make a good sport coat.
Mr. Pedler had previously asked Connor and I to drop in to his house for a glass of beer so we did this. Here we met a Lieutenant and Mrs. Webb, two other fellows whom we had met last year, and a couple of the officers from the Cyanne. Mrs. Webb was rather a fine looking blond girl with naked ears, indeed very attractive—but then she knew that, too.

I met Mrs. Searles and Miss Summers and they stopped and chatted for quite a while about the trip.

The Alert came into dock in the afternoon and we met some fellows from this ship whom we knew from last year when we travelled on the Alert.

I called on Pat to say goodbye to him. He had hoped to have had some ivory in from the north since we were there, but none had come in.

Connor and I ate supper at the A.C. Cafe and returned aboard the Sirius in time for the movie. We met the Captain who seems like a mighty decent fellow and quite young. Mr. Holden, the executive officer, was very nice and apologized profusely for the poor accommodation given to us. I was glad to be able to tell him that it was much better than what we had last year on the sister ship Vega.

We have to be up each morning at six o’clock, roll up our bedrolls, and fold up our cots. They have given us cots to sleep on, which is much better than the floor. We are eating too with the crew, but the food is not to be compared with that of the Tallapoosa. Breakfast today consisted of figs, beans, and bread—no butter, coffee of course. It was not at all appetizing.

The ship is very crowded, too crowded. First of all there are fifty extra recruits on board and then there are thirty-two civilians, men, women, and children. There is positively no chance of eating in the Ward Room for there are too many civilians and of course the women and children get the best available quarters. Some of the civilians are the working party that come up here each year from Bremerton in [the] charge of Mr. Wright. We met him last year at Unalaska and he came down on the Vega with us. This year he is again with us on this ship. So also is Mr. Nydal of the Fouke Fur Company of St. Louis—he also went back with us last year on the Vega. I hear, but have not yet ascertained, that there is another scientist on board from the Field Museum of Chicago. The Doctor has a cabin to himself this time but it is strange that he has not enough interest to come and see or inquire how we are situated.

I can see that it will be a terribly long seven days to Seattle. We have only recently started and are just now opposite Priest Rock.

Yesterday at Unalaska it was a beautiful warm sunny day and some of the fellows there went in swimming and surfboat riding. Pedler appeared wearing a farmers straw hat. Commander Searles and Miss Summers are as tanned as if they had been in California. They play tennis quite a bit every day and of course as they wear no hats this helps them tan quite a little. There has been much more sunshine than usual last month at Unalaska.
Mr. Gordon was telling me that a woman writer had been in Unalaska for just under two weeks while we were out west. On her return to the States she is going to write a book about Alaska! She asked all sorts of questions and she was given foolish and absurd answers, which apparently she believed. She knew all about Hrdlička’s expedition and said that she knew me or of me. I cannot imagine who it could be; all Mr. Gordon could remember of her name was that her first name was Louise.

Talking to one of the crew today who is from Virginia and he told me that every night a special train passes through his hometown, seventeen box cars full of Camel cigarettes. It is on the way to New York and has the right of way ahead of passenger trains.

**Unalaska to Seattle**

**Sunday, August 22nd.** At sea. So far the sea has remained very quiet, hardly any movement is noticeable. Only hope it remains this way all the way in.

There is nothing to do, but there is a library of sorts on board, so this helps. The food, altho wholesome enough, is not to be compared with any of the other ships we have been on this year. But what of it, only six more days.

Last night the Doctor slipped and fell in the shower bath and broke a rib. The ship’s doctor is up there with him now so have not seen him today. Mr. Holden told me about it.

The *Sirius* and *Vega* class of transport vessels were built during the war in ninety days and are some of the very few satisfactory vessels built at that time.

**Monday, August 23rd.** At sea. Yesterday afternoon I went up to see the Doctor and found him all bandaged up and feeling pretty sore. Today, however, he is on his feet again but far from being very nimble.

Mr. Holden tells me that this ship with a full cargo has a draft of 26 feet, but now being almost empty it is only drawing nine feet. To a landlubber it would seem as though it might possibly tip over in a good storm.

The weather continues to be quite nice but there is no sun and there has been little fog.

There is a movie show each night, which helps to pass the time. The one which was shown last night I had seen before, so I went to bed and listened to it.

We are making good time and so far have had a following wind. We made 281 miles yesterday and 296 the day before. At noon today there are 1082 miles to go.

**Tuesday, August 24th.** At sea. A strong following wind last night with rain and a high sea, but fortunately it did not bother me.
Ran into the Captain whose name is Carney, and we had a long talk. It was mostly about fishing, but then, I am quite a fisherman now! The Captain said that if everything remains as favorable as it has been so far, we ought to be in Seattle by Friday noon. If we run into fog it will not be till Saturday. There are 807 miles to go as from noon today.

The Doctor tells me that the chap from the Field Museum “is just a preparatory,” apparently very low is the scale museum personages. He prepares groups of animals in their natural background and he learned this work from Carl Akeley.\(^70\) I have not yet seen this fellow to talk to.

**Wednesday, August 25th.** At sea. A very pleasant day with sunshine this afternoon. Then was a muster inspection this morning—this is the equivalent of a full dress parade.

The Old Man is not feeling so well for his rib slipped out of place last night. The ship’s doctor called on me and asked me to see if I could make the Old Man go to bed, he said he could do nothing with him. Connor and I went up to talk to him but had no more success than the ship’s doctor. Whilst talking to him Captain Carney came in and made some amusing remark about Connor’s beard. This gave the Old Man another chance to say how terrible it looked and how he wished he would shave it off. He went on to say that I was the only one who looked decent with a beard—in fact I should keep it. “You look like a distinguished Frenchman,” said he. “It is fine.” So? Last year he told me to shave it off, it made me look too old.

As near as I can find out we shall be in Smith’s Cove, Seattle by Friday noon, but the ship will not dock till ten or eleven o’clock on Saturday morning. This, of course is a nuisance, but “vat can ve do?” Doubtless we shall be able to get ashore on one of the launches, but we shall have to wait till the ship docks to get our kit.

Had quite a long talk with the Old Man this afternoon. Apparently he is very well satisfied with my work and concluded by saying, “Vel, I have always considered you my representative ven I have not been dere.” This has not been very often. Connor, he says, will never make a scientist and the inference was that I might. Already he has some plans in mind for next year, altho I rather doubt if he goes himself. He might even perhaps make me some sort of a proposition when the time comes. I am sure that he feels that I could carry on up here when he quits, but, as he said, “You have no reputation.” However, I assured him that if he supplied the credentials the reputation would not matter. I am sure I could get along with the authorities better than he can at least. Last year I suggested that it would a fine thing if he could place an archaeologist on the *Brown Bear*, the Biological Survey ship. Today he put forth the idea as his own. Let us hope it works—I would like the job myself.

Captain Carney calls Mr. Nydal “The Bull Seal,” which is not a bad nickname for him. He is charge of the seal furs and himself weighs about 250 pounds and is six feet three and a half inches tall. Mr. Gray, Nydal’s assistant, the Captain calls the “Seal Pup,” for it is his first year out here and he is a small fellow.

\(^70\) 1864-1926, the father of modern taxidermy.
A long talk this morning with the Captain, mostly about dogs. I find he is quite a dog fancier and favors the Chow.

**Thursday, August 26th.** At sea. Another nice sunny day most of which was spent on deck. We passed a Japanese freighter about noon, which was rather surprising considering the slow rate we travel. Many rumors are rife as to when we shall arrive in Seattle. Only 261 miles as from noon today, so this looks as if we shall be in Smith Cove at least by noon tomorrow. Apparently we are to anchor there as it is not yet decided when the ship will dock.

Was sitting on the deck this morning by myself when the Captain came swinging along and planked himself down beside me. He is democratic to say the least. We talked for a while and then adjourned to his cabin to look at some of his photographs. He is a very interesting man and seems to have been everywhere.

In a talk with the Doctor today he actually made a couple of personal remarks. He told me that he had been married twice and had no children. He was glad he had no children considering what a mess the world was in today. I learned that his present wife’s sister had a lunatic son (hydrocephalus) who died at the age of five. This led to a discussion of the pros and cons of doctors being allowed to hurry the death of people afflicted with incurable and painful troubles.

The Doctor’s cabin is under the bridge next to Mr. Holden’s with a bathroom between which they both use. I asked the Doctor if I could use his bathroom for a shave, for we have no hot water where we are. “But I have no bathroom,” he replied. “It belongs to Mr. Holden.” Anyway, one more shave in cold water will not hurt me, but how petty the Old Man is. Mr. Holden offered me the use of his room to read and write letters in the second day on board, but have not cared to use it.

The broken rib is still very painful to the Old Man, but he will not rest. This morning he received a wire from Wetmore of the Smithsonian asking him to visit Prof. [Luther] Cressman of the Oregon State University at Eugene, for they have discovered another “ancient man.” The Doctor thinks it is just a frame up to get him there so that he will give a lecture.

Mr. Albrecht of the Field Museum is an amusing person. He is interesting but long-winded and full of his own importance. He says that he has seen everything and been everywhere, so now he is ready to pass on at any time! He calls himself a big-game hunter and showed me some of his pictures taken in Africa, Abyssinia, and India. He tells me that Haile Selassie is a friend of his and once even offered to have his throne moved so that Albrecht could photograph it to better advantage. He knows Martin and Osa Johnson\(^\text{71}\) and says that Osa had all the brains and initiative and that Johnson himself was just a lazy Swede.

Mr. Holden has just broken down and told me that we could have eaten in the Ward Room by having three messes, but the Doctor did not want us to do so. I suppose we’d cramp his style. He does like to exaggerate but if we were there it would not be so easy to get away with.

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\(^{71}\) 1884-1937 and 1894-1953, respectively; authors, adventurers, and filmmakers.
Vancouver Island came into sight about four o’clock this afternoon, so we should be in by this time tomorrow.

**Friday, August 27th.** Seattle in sight. After the show last night Captain Carney asked Mr. Nydal and myself to his cabin for coffee. The Captain is an entertaining talker and told us some amusing experiences of his in different parts of the world. He is a great fellow, one of the best, and it has been a privilege to know him.

We are now in the Sound and rumors say that we shall dock at eleven o’clock. Here’s hoping.

I hear that when the Doctor was on the *Sirius* two years ago they nicknamed him “Old Mount Vesuvius,” which was not so bad at that!

**Later.** We docked about eleven o’clock but found that no boxcar was there to receive the material we brought back. The Doctor had sent a wire ordering one and it should have been there waiting for us. We had to wait around till it came in order to load our boxes and barrels in it. About two o’clock the car came and then some bird came along and told us we could not load it, we’d have to hire some union men for the work. After much talk, telling them that all this material was Government property and had no commercial value, they sent for somebody else higher up to settle it. In the end we loaded it all in ourselves.

This completed the work for the Smithsonian for 1937. A successful trip in every way, a great deal of material and information had been obtained. There had been no serious accidents and in spite of some unpleasantness we enjoyed ourselves. The trip this year covered between 8000 and 8500 miles.

In the late afternoon we met at the Arctic Club to say Goodbye, the Doctor giving a dinner for “the Boys,” but I was unable to attend.
Figure 25. Alan May at the end of the 1937 field season. “Home again, tired but happy.” (1937-ad1).
CHAPTER 3

THE 1938 ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION

The time is approaching when it will be necessary for you to definitely let me know whether or not you will want to accompany our party. I should be glad if you could come once more but I must not in the least urge you, for your and Mrs. May’s interests must come first.

— Letter excerpt, Aleš Hrdlička to Alan May, March 5, 1938

I am very glad to have your letter of March 18. You will be very welcome and I trust we shall once more have a good season.

— Letter excerpt, Aleš Hrdlička to Alan May, March 26, 1938
Seattle to Kodiak Island

Thursday, May 19th, Seattle. Once again, for the third year in succession, I am here to meet Dr. Hrdlička, so that final preparations can be made before sailing tomorrow on the 1938 Expedition.

Again the Expedition is to sail north on the Northland and sailing time has been set for 11 a.m. tomorrow. It has been reported that the Northland will go direct by the Outside [route] to Uyak Bay, Kodiak Island. If true, this is unfortunate for we shall miss the smooth water of the Inside Passage and also a visit to Juneau.

This year there are four university boys going with us and sizing them up from just one meeting I imagine that they will be all right. Probably better than the gang we had last year. Two of the boys are from Buffalo by name of Botsford and Cowper. Botsford is 6’5” tall and has been on an expedition up Nova Scotia way a year ago. The two other boys by name of Clemes and Laughlin are from Willamette University, Salem, Oregon.


Our plans at the moment are somewhat indefinite. Our first stop, the Doctor tells me, will be at Uyak. Here we shall pick up some boxes and packing material and if possible do a little work on our old site there. It will be nice to see this site again. From here we shall proceed to Unalaska and from here on our trip will depend upon the Bering Sea Patrol. The Doctor wants to go to Tanaga and Amlia and to one or two other islands nearby, but expects to do his main work
on Amchitka. The Bureau of Fisheries has given permission for us to use one of their new buildings on Amchitka and this of course will be a great help.

As yet the Doctor has not received any definite permission to work on the Komandorskis. Neither has he permission to return via Russia, which he wants to do, so it seems rather doubtful if we shall visit Kamchatka. Possibly the permit will come through later as it did last year. Here’s hoping anyway.

Going down to the Arctic Club to meet the Doctor I met him on the street nearby. He looks much the same as ever, but judging from his slow walk and the way he puffed up the hill, I think he must be physically on the downgrade. He will perhaps be more active on the islands where it is cooler.

This afternoon I drove out to the university and saw Dr. [Erna] Gunther. She wants me to collect some Aleutian island shells for her if I can. Dr. [Frederica] de Laguna is just leaving Seattle for Denmark to attend the Anthropological Congress being held there this summer. She is to deliver a paper on arctic pottery at the Congress. After she returns she is to teach at Bryn Mawr.

In the evening called on Mr. Eyerdam and find that he is leaving shortly on an expedition to South America. Evidently it is big expedition for there are to be scientists from several different countries represented. They will be in many countries as they expect to cover the whole of the Andes Range. An airplane will be used to reach some of the more inaccessible places.

Friday, May 20th, Puget Sound. At ten o’clock I was down on the dock to meet the Doctor. Botsford and Cowper were already there and Clemes and Laughlin turned up a few minutes later. On the Northland I found that I knew many of the men, altho only about half the crew are the same as last year. Going up with us there is a Dr. Goodman (D.D.), who is returning to Point Hope where he has been since 1925. Also there is a botanist from Juneau, a Mr. Anderson. The son of Captain Ryan (Commandant of the Seattle Division of the Coast Guard) is also on board going up to Unalaska. He is just a kid, am told he is seventeen, but he only appears to be about eleven or twelve. News photographers and reporters turned up before sailing time and I was called over to be photographed with the Captain, the Doctor, Mr. Anderson, Dr. Goodman, and one or two others. If this keeps up I’ll soon be a celebrity!

Captain and Mrs. Dempwolf did not show up till the very last minute so unfortunately I did not get a chance to talk to them. They boarded the Atlanta, which escorted us out in to the bay carrying friends and relatives of the men on board. One of the officers told me before casting off that it had been decided that we were to go Outside straight to Uyak. Most unfortunate.

Lashed on deck I noticed a monument and this I hear is to be placed at the spot where Wiley Post and Will Rogers crashed. On board also are two bicycles being sent up as a gift from Mrs. Post to the two Eskimos who reported the crash.

Captain Zeusler I know pretty well for he was in command of this ship last year when we sailed on her. This afternoon I had quite a long talk with him. He told me that Father Hubbard’s
party got into a scrap and that Levin and Chisholm threatened to quit and return home. According to the story everything was patched up by Hubbard promising Levin and Chisholm a trip around the world when they got back. The Captain says that Hubbard’s party will never again travel on his ship if he has anything to say in the matter. He calls them troublemakers, but he did not go into details and I did not like to ask him.

Dr. Goodman tells of an old Eskimo village site being washed away by the sea at Point Hope. Captain Zeusler has seen it and also gives a similar account of the site, and he asked me why I could not go up there to see what could be saved. Apparently he’d be glad to take me along on the Northland. I told him that I’d very much like to go but did not think that the Doctor would think much of such a suggestion if it came from me. “All right, then,” said the Captain. “I’ll suggest it to him.” Unfortunately I am afraid that the Old Man will not listen to such an idea. I would very much like to go—especially so as now the chances of working on Russian territory appear so small. The Doctor said today that he thought that even if permission was given, it would be for himself alone and for no one else.

**Saturday, May 21st.** Inside Passage. A very beautiful day—bright, sunny and warm, a perfect trip this far. Last night cots were supplied for our party down with the crew and of course we are eating with them too. The Doctor has a cabin with two bunks in it and I was told that I was supposed to sleep there too. However, the Old Man would have none of it, not that I cared in the least.

The food seems to be very excellent but of course we still have fresh milk and vegetables.

This morning we passed several small Indian villages and one fairly large summer resort on Vancouver Island.

Of course the story that we were going Outside has proved false. We are taking the Inside Passage but according to reports not stopping anywhere till we reach Uyak Bay.

Last night at the show the Doctor got up in the middle and walked out. This is the first time I have seen him do this. He told me later that such movies were made for morons and prostitutes. The movie was “Follow the Fleet” with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire—I did not see anything particularly terrible in it. The Old Man then continued at length about the prostitutes of America. He said that at least 350,000 girls “went wrong” each year and he considers this an enormous number—maybe it is. The average life of these girls after they “go wrong,” he says, is only five and a half years.

Today for some reason or other we had two shows to help to pass the time, and at these the Doctor stayed till the end. Shirley Temple and Jane Withers are the Doctor’s favorite movie stars.

A lecture was given by the Doctor in the Ward Room after one of the shows. Altho I had heard it before I found it very interesting as did all the others who were present.
The sun has been very hot and already some of us are getting quite sun burned. It is a pity that this weather cannot last much longer.

**Sunday, May 22nd. Inside Passage.** Another beautiful hot sunny day with exceptionally fine scenery as we progress northwards.

Mr. Sarrat (Executive Officer) was talking to the Doctor and me and some other officers on deck this morning and told about stopping some place at an untouched graveyard, quite old, where the graves had all the Eskimo weapons and implements on them still. So to the Doctor I said, “You ought to send me to this place and to the site that Dr. Goodman spoke of so that this material can be saved.” Surprisingly, he replied, “I only wish I could.” As long as Captain Zeusler has asked me to go along with him, I don’t see why the Doctor cannot let me go. Am afraid that there is very little hope of this however.

Mr. Anderson, the botanist, is a funny little man, homely as a mud fence, but a cheerful and interesting person. For many years he has owned a flower shop in Juneau, but he recently sold it. For the past twenty-six years he has been collecting Alaskan flora and has covered all Alaska except the Northwest coast. This district he will cover this year as he staying on the Northland till she returns in October. This trip is the culmination of his life’s ambition and he certainly appreciates being able to make the trip with the Coast Guard. After he returns he expects to eventually publish a book or books on Alaskan flora which he hopes will become the classic botanical book on Alaska.

In the wee small hours of tomorrow morning we shall drop mail off at Ketchikan, so now, 8 p.m., everyone is busy writing letters.

Am beginning to think that the two boys from Oregon will turn out better than the two from Buffalo, but think they will all be pretty good.

Today I told the Doctor about Gebhard, who was with us last year, having developed Hodgkin’s disease. He said very little at the time, but some hours later he came up to me and said he was worried about him and was afraid that if the diagnosis was correct it would probably be fatal.

Already several of the men have had their heads shaved according to custom. Mr. Stoll, one of the junior officers has also had his shaved. He is very homely anyway but this shaved head makes him terrible. He appears to be about the only officer who is keen on physical exercise and he puts in an hour of strenuous exercise each afternoon. All the crew think he “tops” as an officer.

I have heard many more remarks about the Father Hubbard and his party and some of them are far from complimentary. Hubbard is not well thought of in Alaska.

Today I got an awful razzing from Mr. Surrat for saying something about fetching something from “downstairs”—I should have said below decks, of course.
Monday, May 23rd. Inside Passage. Another perfect day and again very hot. About noon we started thru Wrangell Narrows, which is one of the most beautiful parts of the Inside Passage. After passing Petersburg, at the end of the Narrows, we came across many small icebergs floating down from Baird Glacier.

Just now I am trying to write these notes down in the men’s quarters, but it is rather trying, for the Northland’s nine piece orchestra is practicing. If noise counts for anything, they ought to be good.

Mr. Anderson tells me that he has made twenty-five trips from Seattle to Juneau or vice versa, but in all these trips he has never seen such perfect weather as we are having this time.

Again Captain Zeusler spoke to me about staying with the ship to collect some of the Eskimo material up north. It would appear as if he really wanted to have me go with him. He said that he would speak to the Doctor again about it. This afternoon I brought the subject up with the Doctor myself in a roundabout way. It appears that he really has considered the idea, but it looks pretty hopeless. Altho the Doctor says that he considers the Russian trip off, he says that he needs me along just in case the permit came thru and he returned across Asia. In that case he would want me “to take care of the boys” and bring them home. However, I have not yet completely given up hope, altho I don’t suppose that there is one chance in a thousand. It would be a wonderful experience.

Later in the afternoon the Old Man told me that I had better start making a list of food supplies for the stay on Amchitka. When I asked him how long we were going to stay there, he said that he did not know, so am wondering just how he expected me to draw up a list of supplies!

Have been quite troubled with something that seems [to] have all the indications of lumbago and have been unable to rest in any position. Hope the sun will bake it out before we get to the West.

Tuesday, May 24th. Gulf of Alaska. At last we seem to have reached the real Alaska. When I got on deck this morning we were just leaving Icy Straits and it was raining and foggy—the weather that we shall see so much of later on.

The ship commenced rolling as soon as we reached the Gulf and in a couple of hours it was pretty bad. I lost my breakfast but felt better afterwards, but am not feeling very chirpy yet. Botsford and Laughlin have also been seasick, but Cowper and Clemes have not altho they do not feel too good. Have not seen the Doctor around but am pretty sure he is seasick too, for he always is if I am.

Apparently we shall not reach Uyak till the day after tomorrow. For some reason or other the trip seems much longer this year. Am told that it will take more than two days to reach Unalaska from Uyak. I know that all of our party will be glad to get on shore again, even if we do not have time to do any work.
Yesterday the Doctor told me that the State Department had written a letter to the Russian Embassy to ask if it would consider a request from Dr. Hrdlička for permission to work on the Komandorskis and return via Russia. As far as I can make out this all that has been done to obtain the permit and so far no reply has been received. It is essential that everything be done thru the regular official channels the Doctor says. It begins to look almost impossible that a permit will arrive in time now. I believe that if the Doctor knew that the permit was not coming that he would let me stay with this ship to collect what I could up north. What a wonderful trip it would be! Right up to Point Barrow, stopping at all the Eskimo villages along the way and also stopping at northeastern Siberia. I heard the Old Man say to some of the officers before it was proposed that I go, that the specimens meant nothing to him, he only wanted the skeletal remains. To me he said that if I did go the specimens would have to be bought as the Eskimos would not give anything away. It seems a shame to turn down such a wonderful opportunity for the one in a thousand chance that our permit comes thru.

Dr. Goodman came “out” by plane to Fairbanks and he thinks that flying is as cheap in the long run as any other mode of transportation.

Wednesday, May 25th. Gulf of Alaska. It was pretty rough last night. In the middle of the night the boys’ cots started sliding back and forth with the rolling of the ship. They did not bother to lash them down till one of them got thrown out. Anticipating such an occurrence, for the same thing had happened last year, I had lashed my cot down. While in my bunk I did not feel too bad, but felt pretty woozy when I got up. The ship was rolling too much to set tables for breakfast, even with side boards, so the food was set in large dish pans which were tied down. Coffee was served in a huge pot hung from a rope and we helped ourselves to what we wanted. Was able to eat a little but lost everything a couple of hours later. Laughlin is really sick and I feel mighty sorry for him. He was retching all night but could not throw up; anything he eats comes up right away and now he appears to be pretty weak. I got Dutch to let him put a cot down in an out of the way corner and have asked the pharmacist’s mate to ask the ship’s doctor if he can do anything for him. I rather think the ship’s doctor is seasick too, for I have not seen him around. Botsford, the boy that I thought would be the best on this trip, seems to be turning out rather a poor sport. He has been sick all right, but he makes out that he is so much worse than he is and gets Cowper and Clemes to wait on him. He just hasn’t got what it takes. Laughlin, on the other hand, is asking no favors and is taking it like a man, so am sort of looking after him myself. The main trouble for all of us is in not having any place where we can lie down when feeling bad. A large amount of discomfort could be avoided if we each had a bunk.

Captain Zeusler met Mr. and Mrs. Albee when they were at Cape Prince of Wales and thought they were a fine couple doing a good job. It will be remembered that Albee recently had a very interesting article in the Saturday Evening Post about their school teaching job with the Eskimos. They arrived at Wales to teach school not knowing a word of Eskimo language. After a year they were doing fine and liked the job. Then the authorities that were told them that they could not stay as they lacked some certain teaching certificate. They wanted to stay for they liked the work and the natives, but the authorities would not let them. Actually, according to Captain Zeusler, the Albees were let out because they used some PWA [Public Works Administration] lumber to make a bulwark to prevent the school building from being washed away by the high
tides. The authorities considered that this was theft, for the lumber did not belong to their department!

Captain Zeusler told also of another PWA project. The authorities decided to build an $1800 trail from a native village to the top of a nearby cliff, where the natives collected eggs. The trail was four miles long but only free from snow for two months during the year. The natives still go straight up the cliff to collect their eggs, using less energy and time. The extraordinary thing is that this trail was considered of more importance than piping good water from a spring a half-mile from the village. The natives still use snow and small pools close by their igloos rather walk the half-mile to the spring. The pipe could have been put in for probably less money than was expended on this useless trail, and might have prevented a possible outbreak of typhoid at some future time.

The Old Man just came in to see how we were faring. He said that he had only just got out of bed and it is just 2 p.m. All of us, with the possible exception of Laughlin, would be feeling pretty good too if we had a bed to lie down in.

Thursday, May 26th. Off Kodiak Island. Last night the sea was again pretty rough. Three times during the movies I had to run out to feed the fishes. Felt pretty bad and my throat was very sore from retching. Botsford got Cowper to set up his cot, lay out his sleeping bag, take his shoes off, and help him to bed last night. He just has no guts, for he is not half as sick as Laughlin. Many of the crew have been sick too.

Getting on deck this morning I found we were between the mainland and the Barren Islands. It took all the forenoon to pass Cook Inlet. Afognak Island showed up in the afternoon and now we are off Kodiak. It is rumored that we shall reach the cannery at Uyak about 5 p.m. tomorrow. It has been a nice sunny day but now a haze is coming up.

The Doctor tells me now that he definitely will not send me north on this ship. So that is the end of another wonderful dream. It is too bad for right now it does not look as if there was one chance in a hundred of us reaching the Komandorskis.

A list of supplies for a stay of four weeks has been made out by the Doctor. Am praying that one of the ship’s officers helped him make it out. I asked if he had any fresh fruit—apples, oranges, etc. Yes—he had been able to obtain some apples but not oranges. The fact is that we could have had both for the asking, but he does not like oranges, so consequently we do not have them. We have been having Wenatchee Arkansas Black’s on the ship. They are in poor condition, not fit to eat.

Dutch was giving me some interesting yarns today about some of his experiences up north—of hunting seal and walrus to be given to the natives for food. He tells me that this year there is to be a big walrus hunt by the ship’s crew to supply meat for one of the Eskimo villages. Speaking of ducks, Dutch told me that the eider duck had a life span of 200 to 300 years. I doubted it and for that matter still do, but Dutch said that he had seen it in an encyclopedia.

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72 South of Anchorage near the entrance to Cook Inlet.
Had a wonderful rest last night. The motion of the ship was not nearly so violent and this is the first night since I had that lumbago trouble that I have not been troubled by it. It has been very painful, but now fortunately it seems to have disappeared.

**Kodiak Island**

**Friday, May 27th.** Leaving Uyak Bay. The cannery here was seen in the distance about 6 p.m. last evening and we dropped the anchor off shore about an hour later. On going ashore we found that Mr. Jones, the manager, had not yet arrived from San Francisco. However, one of the men took us to where many crates and packing cases had been stored for us. These we are taking for our specimens to be packed in. Boxes of all sorts are scarce out here, but Mr. Jones had saved these for us. The Doctor asked for some nails and was showed several kegs and asked which he wanted. “No, no, dose wont do; ve vant old ones, rusty ones,” he said. So after a while some old rusty bent nails were found and given to him. This made him quite happy for he had saved a few cents by not buying new nails! About a dozen sacks of sawdust were also obtained from the carpenters shop to be used for packing. All this material we took down to the ship’s launch, which took it out to the ship while we walked out to the site. The weeds and brush, especially the nettles, have now grown up all over where we have dug. In a couple of places the natives have put in small gardens and some vegetables are growing. We returned to the *Northland* about 9:30 p.m., and all of us felt a great deal better for our trip ashore.

Radio dispatches report a hurricane at Unalaska, the wind blowing 90 m.p.h., so the Captain decided to stay here for the night. In the morning we went ashore again and did a little excavating with shovels borrowed from the cannery. Near Wash Creek the Doctor was shown by a native where a skull had been dug up. He stayed there and dug up the skull, which had been reburied. He also found another skull nearby so he was quite delighted. Both skulls were Aleuts, male and female.

I took the boys out to the site where we worked with only moderate success. The best piece which was found was a bone spoon and this was the only piece the Doctor kept. He gave the rest of the specimens to us and to one or two of the ship’s officers. I got a good knife of ground slate, which the Old Man let me keep.

**Kodiak to Unalaska Island**

At noon we had to return to the ship for we were getting under way at 1 p.m. Everything has been lashed down and we are now headed out into a 70 m.p.h. gale with expectations of a bad beating.

The ship’s doctor whose name I have not yet heard has very kindly offered me the use of his cabin and bunk during the day if I want to lie down. Told me to use his desk for writing and offered me writing paper and even stamps! It is certainly mighty decent of him. He came ashore with us this morning and was quite interested in the work.

It is strange that the Old Man with two bunks in his cabin has not even thought to offer the use of one bunk to Laughlin when he has been so terribly sick and weak.
Saturday, May 28th. Shumagin Islands. We took quite a beating last night after we got out in to the open. The storm we had anticipated materialized just when and where expected. There was a wind of 10 strength, which is equivalent to 80 m.p.h. The highest registration of wind is 12 strength, which is of hurricane force.

Above and below decks everything was lashed down, but in spite of this there was quite a breakage of small items. For the evening meal we had chili con carne and strangely enough I was able to retain most of this till early morning when I threw up everything I had. During the night and early morning the ship rolled 46 degrees to port and starboard, and of course with this movement it is impossible to stand, walk, or sit without holding on to something. The Northland has been recorded as rolling 62 degrees, but I am glad it did not get that bad last night, 46 degrees is enough and too much for me. The tables have not been set for meals for quite a while now.

Right now we are passing between the Shumagin Islands and so it is a bit sheltered, but we are anticipating some more rough weather before reaching Unalaska, perhaps tomorrow afternoon.

This morning I availed myself of the use of the ship’s doctor’s bunk and dozed for a bit. No one was able to sleep last night and this morning I found myself quite sore from being rolled about on my cot.

Unalaska Island

Sunday, May 29th. Dutch Harbor. We arrived here about 3 p.m. today after a rolling trip since yesterday. The ship stopped here to refuel and fill the water tanks. It is now 10 p.m. and this job is almost completed and we shall move over to Unalaska tomorrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Pedler were here to meet the ship. Mrs. Bean and Mrs. Woodbridge, her neighbor, were also down to get the mail.

The Doctor and Dr. Goodman and I walked over to the site here. The Old Man thoroughly enjoys showing the site to people and explaining it to them. “Vandals” have pushed down all the nice vertical [excavation walls] that we left last year, as the Old Man calls the souvenir hunters.

The more I see of Dr. Goodman the more I like him. Today he told me about his Christmas Day celebrations at Point Hope. He has a Christmas tree which is made up in sections, obtained from Sears, Roebuck and Co., which he uses each year. It is almost the same as a real one, costs a dollar a foot and apparently lasts forever. On Christmas morning there is first of all a church service. After this follows a feast, which lasts till evening and then a dance, which goes on till about 3 a.m. Twelve of his younger boys he has taught to play harmonicas and these boys act as an orchestra for the dancing.

Took a walk after supper but did not get very far for it came on to rain and I had to turn back. I find that it is much colder here this year than either of the two previous years we have
been here. There is quite a lot of snow on the hills yet and in sheltered places the snow reaches
down to the sea. Am told that the ground was still covered with snow two weeks ago and that it
has snowed once since that time.

As I could not take my walk tonight I went to the movies on board. They had two full-
length features, both of which, strangely enough, were quite good.

Monday, May 30th. Unalaska. After breakfast we moved over here from Dutch Harbor
and are now tied up at the dock. The Ariadne is the only other Coast Guard ship here.

The sun is shining, and it would be very pleasant but for a nasty cold wind. As this is
Memorial Day a service was held at the graveyard. It was in [the] charge of the Coast Guard and
the American Legion Bering Sea Post Number Ten. Practically everyone in town walked out to
the graveyard service, but the service itself was very short and did not amount to much. The
pastor of the Mission officiated. Everyone seemed to have a camera and pictures were taken as
the service progressed. The native children wrestled on the grass and had a wonderful time.
Three volleys were fired by a Coast Guard detail from the Ariadne and the whole affair was over
in half an hour.

Before it was time for the service I walked up town and ran into Gordon. Both he and his
wife have been “out” for six months and now they have moved into a house here rather than stay
at Dutch Harbor. Shortly after meeting Gordon I ran into almost everyone I know. Judge Finch
appears to be failing rapidly. Mr. Nye is just the same; he is the type that never seems to change.
Lindy, the cook at the A.C. Café, had a big grin for me, as did Logan, the native pilot of the A.C.
boat. The barber was of course glad to see me for I usually have him do some work for me. Mr.
Hope is acting postmaster in the absence of the Gardiners. Father Theodosius remembered me
and gladly posed for a picture, and after I was thru taking him, he insisted on snapping me. Mrs.
White and her two delightful children were at the service, and I walked back with her and some
of the Northland officers. Dr. White was busy at the hospital, so have not seen him yet this year.

The Doctor introduced me to Captain Alger, the Commandant of the Bering Sea Patrol
and he seems to be a mighty decent sort. Nothing has been arranged yet concerning our future
plans; but I have a hunch that we shall be going west shortly on the Ariadne.

Dropped in to see Pat but he was not in the store or the restaurant, which he has reopened
again this year.

It is strange that the Old Man did not have us go to work today at the Amaknak site. He
did not even mention it. Never before have I known him to “vaste” a whole day.

One of the crew told me a good tale on the Doctor this morning. Some years ago the
Doctor was working up here by himself and eventually two Coast Guard seamen were allotted to
help him. They found several skeletons and skulls and one of the seamen decided to hold out a
couple of skulls. Two days later the seaman took the skulls to the Doctor and told him that he
found them. Then the Old Man bought them from him—the very skulls that he had dug out
himself! To any one not knowing the Old Man, this may not seem very funny, but if you know him, it really is funny.

Commissioner Jack Martin was very affable to the Doctor and I when we met outside the A.C. This was rather more than I expected for it was only last year that we squashed his claim for $4000 against the Smithsonian Institution. He must realize now that he pulled a boner.

After lunch on the ship I went to the hospital to see Dr. White and found him not looking too well. The Doctor insulted him in some way last year and altho Dr. White has some good information along our lines he says he will not tell the Doctor about it, but will excavate himself if the opportunity occurs. The story is of a cave with mummies and there is also reported to be a kayak there with a mummy sitting in it. It is quite possible but nevertheless one of those things one has to see to believe.

In the evening I met Mrs. White wearing a very beautiful red fox cape. It was quite short but a very lovely thing. She told me that it took six pelts to make it, altho they could be made with four.

At Nikolski, Umnak, yesterday a terrible accident happened to some of the men in one of the surfboats of the Surveyor. There were eight men in it when it capsized on a reef and two were drowned.

The Doctor gave me his list of food supplies for Amchitka to look over, so have revised it as I saw fit and returned it to him.

There are some native shacks at Amchitka as well as the Bureau of Fisheries buildings and the Doctor says that he will take Laughlin and Clemes with him and I am to take the other two with me in another shack. There is no doubt that he has chosen the two best boys, but last year he sure got the worst of it.

Makari Zoachney of Atka, our guide last year, is dead. He was trapping by himself on Amchitka and disappeared completely. Also two of the navy seamen stationed on Kanaga disappeared last winter. No one knows what happened to them and their bodies have never been found. The information about Makari I obtained from Agefangel Prokopiof whom I met here on the street. I thought I did pretty well to recognise him and call him by name. He is the second chief of Attu and is here with his wife and they are returning with Schroeder, the trader, on the Martha next month.

Someone told me that Dr. Goodman buried his wife at Point Hope some years ago and that this is the reason for his attachment to the place. It is reported that he has a coffin under his bed with full instructions for burying him beside her. It all sounds rather farfetched.

The Northland’s orchestra played for a squaw hop here at the dance hall tonight. I looked in for a while and found most of the Northland crew there and three officers. There were one or two white girls, at least they looked white, there that I had not seen before. The four “boys” were there strutting their stuff.
Then I dropped in at Gordon’s by invitation and their place is just across from the dance hall. When leaving there I saw Cowper of all people reeling out of the dance hall. He had evidently had too many beers. It is a good thing that the Old Man did not see him.

A drunken Bristol Bay fisherman gave me some information relative to a cave on Little Tanaga. The information came from a native whom he said had been to this cave. This man also told me of all the dangers of the fishing in Bering Sea. He said that in 1934, 32 boats were lost with 64 men. Every year some boats and men are lost according to this fellow.

Tuesday, May 31st. Unalaska. This morning we went over to work at the site on Amaknak Island, returning to the Northland about 4 p.m. Nothing much of importance was found, but we did find a new type of labret. This was made of ivory and the outside was made in a point instead of being flat or blunt. This is the first pointed one we have found anywhere in the islands.

We are to go west on the Ariadne tomorrow. The Ariadne is one of the 165 footers and is the type that takes the most punishment during heavy seas. She is very low and squat and has a cruising speed of about 12 knots, but can do 16 knots if necessary.

After supper we took our baggage over to the Ariadne and later took over the food supplies, which had been obtained from the Northland. Unfortunately the Old Man left the moving till the very last minute and he told me to see that the food supplies were taken over. I found out that he had no list with which to check the supplies, but I got all that I could find that had been set out for us. Am beginning to wonder what we will have after we get there.

There is not much in the way of accommodation on the Ariadne. Two of the boys have to sleep in the men’s mess room, and two others have bunks forward with the men. The Doctor has a cabin with one of the officers and I am sleeping on the bench in the Ward Room. It looks rather narrow.

When saying goodbye to Captain Zeusler, he was quite insistent that I call on him in Seattle when he returns. This I shall try to do.

Today Cowper said with reference to last night’s episode, that someone gave him some Seagram’s, “whatever that is”! He claimed that he only had two beers as well. Anyway it went to his head and he felt very badly this morning. “Never again,” he says. I told him that if the Old Man ever heard about it he would probably send him home, for I know that he would. I don’t think Cowper will be doing any more drinking in the near future.

Our plans now call for Chernofski, Ship Rock, Umnak, Amlia, Tanaga, and Amchitka. I shall be glad to arrive at Amchitka to feel settled for once.

There are about forty men on this ship and it looks as if we were not too welcome, for, but for us, they would remain here at Unalaska.
Unalaska Westward

Wednesday, June 1st. Chernofski. We left Unalaska on the Ariadne this morning at 7 a.m. for Dutch Harbor where we took on fuel and water. This took a couple of hours and then we started off for Chernofski.

Already I have found out that this ship rolls about badly for I was quite actively seasick this afternoon. Chernofski was reached after supper and we are staying here where there is good shelter for the night.

In the evening the Doctor, the Captain, and I went over to the headquarters of the Aleutian Livestock Co., to see if Mr. Eubanks, whom we met last year, was there. Two young fellows were living in the farm buildings and they told us that Eubanks is not expected for another couple of weeks. After the Doctor had explained what he was doing and looking for, they brought out a box of specimens that they had dug up at the site nearby. The Doctor found five specimens that he wanted and asked the boys to give them to him which they gladly did. I wanted to buy the remainder but unfortunately the Old Man would not even let me make an offer on them. These two boys had dug up a skeleton at this site and reburied it. They had been digging on the site near where Harris was living last year and where we put in two day’s work. They told us just where they had reburied the bones, so when we left we returned to the launch for shovels and went out to the site. I found the skeleton without much effort—it proved to be an adult male Aleut in pretty good condition.

It is not too comfortable here on the ship. If sick during the daytime I cannot lie down, for the bench I use to sleep on is used at meals. Tonight Captain Stenchcomb and Mr. Hewings, whom I met last year on the Duane, have been sitting here talking and drinking coffee till after midnight. It is now almost one a.m. and I have not yet turned in.

We are eating with the crew, that is all but the Doctor, for there is only room for one extra in the Ward Room, which is very small on this type of ship. So far the food is better and served up more attractively than on the Northland.

Thursday, June 2nd. Off Umnak. We started off this morning about 5 a.m. for Ship Rock and in less than an hour, in fact as soon as we hit the open sea, I was again feeding the fishes. It makes me mad. The Doctor said, “Vy don’t you take some Mothersill’s pills?” I told him that I did not have any and that anyway I did not think they would do me much good as I tried them once. “Vell,” he said, “I have some and I take them all the time.” But he did not offer me any to try.

The Ariadne anchored a long way off Ship Rock, so it took quite a long while to reach the shore in the launch. The Old Man told me to take one of the boys and walk round the island to look for further caves. I took Clemes with me and we had a very interesting trip but unfortunately found no more caves. We came across an eagle’s nest with two young eagles in it and later on I found quite a large dead eagle. Returning we found the others hard at work at one of the over-hangs. Laughlin had already unearthed two lamps, both of a new type. One was triangular and the other had a seal’s head on the outside. Later I found two more, both of them
were good too. Many human bones were found as well as knives, points, etc. At noon the Doctor wanted to quit and return to the ship. I told him that I was not nearly thru where I was working and that it would be a shame to leave it unfinished. Well, he was going to quit anyway. So while he was “making fire” for his essential coffee, I grabbed a sandwich and went back to work, figuring that I could at least get the best part of another hour. After a few minutes I had turned up two skulls, one of them an Aleut and the other one these much-desired longheads. I sent word to the Doctor by one of the seamen who was with me and after a while he came up. After seeing the longhead he decided that maybe after all it would be a good thing to finish up the job. So we stayed till about four or five o’clock and by that time we were really thru. Four more longheads were found, as well as six or seven Aleut skulls. If the Old Man had had his own way he would have missed all these skulls. I cannot understand him for the Captain told him he could stay as long as he liked—then he wanted to quit before finishing.

Figure 27. Aleš Hrdlička delivers a lecture to his crew and others aboard the Ariadne, 1938 (1938-16b).

Returning in the launch we found that the wind had arisen and the water was very choppy, so Captain Stenchcomb decided to take the whole party across to Umnak Island and send the launch back to the ship with two men only. On Umnak we had to walk about five miles along the shore to a place opposite the ship. The sun came out and it was a fine walk. We passed one large old village site but for some reason or other the Doctor did not seem much interested in it. A wide, deep, and fast river had to be crossed and all of us, except the Doctor had hip boots on, so it was no obstacle. Here I learned that the Old Man has come up here, of all places in the world, without any hip boots. And he was always so insistent on the remainder of us having them. It looks as if we shall have to carry him across all rivers and in and out of the launch at most landings.
After the launch came in for us we had a lot of trouble in getting off again for the wind was blowing towards the land quite strongly. Half way to the ship we were suddenly engulfed in a williwaw, with waves breaking over us and the water whipped up by the wind thirty or forty feet in the air. It was really quite exciting. We shipped two enormous waves, which began to make me wonder if everything was going quite as smoothly as it should. The Captain, who had remained with us, shouted to us to bail with anything we had, as there were only two bailers in the launch. By the time we had just started bailing the williwaw had passed on, so we arrived back at the ship thoroughly drenched and cold. There is still a very strong wind blowing, so we are staying here for the night to see what develops.

Friday, June 3rd. In the lee of Ananolak [Ananiuliak, also Anangula] Island. At nine o’clock this morning we left our anchorage not far from Ship Rock for Umnak. It was only a little time after weighing anchor that we ran in to heavy seas again. The ship rolled each way every three to four seconds, and this, I imagine, is about as fast as a ship ever rolls. I felt pretty bad all day but was not seasick so perhaps I am at last getting used to the sea.

Twice a year this ship has to have a speed trial and this took place today. The Ariadne made seventeen knots in a none too quiet sea. Possibly one of the reasons for the ship’s hard riding qualities is because it only has a 23-foot beam as against a length of 175 feet. These ships
were not made for service in Alaskan waters. The five officers, Stenchcomb, Hewings, Wilson, Myers, and Pearson, today were discussing service in the Atlantic, so I asked them which was the better of the two, the North Atlantic or the Bering Sea. It was voted unanimously that the North Atlantic in the winter months was better than the Bering Sea in the summer.

Here in the lee of Ananolak we met the *Spencer*. This is one of the new four million dollar ships of the Coast Guard Service commissioned last year. A launch from the *Spencer* came over with the Paymaster to pay the men of this ship, and we had several bags of mail and some motion picture film for them. Ananolak is a small island near the entrance to Nikolski and provides the only shelter near this village when the wind is from the North. The seas are piling up in the bay in front of the village so it is impossible to land right now.

Since our specimens were sent back to the ship yesterday, two of the lamps have been stolen. It is a mighty unfortunate occurrence. The Old Man is fearfully mad about it, and one cannot blame him. What makes it worse is that the two stolen ones are the two new type lamps. I think that they will probably turn up after Mr. Wilson has had his talk to the men.

The doctor on the *Spencer* is waiting to go to the village to look into a report that diphtheria is existent. We are waiting to go ashore to see if any arrangements can be made for living quarters, as the Doctor wants to do some work here later.

They have a pretty fair library in the Ward Room, so have been reading when my head has been clear enough.

**Saturday, June 4th.** Lee of Ananolak Island. A foggy day with a strong wind still blowing. The *Spencer* is still at anchorage near us. They are apparently waiting till the seas are quiet enough to permit her [the ship’s] doctor to land. We too are waiting till the Doctor can land to see what can be arranged in reference to staying here for a few weeks at some future date. The ship continues to roll badly in spite of the fact that we are in the lee of the island.

This morning a message came over from the *Spencer* asking the Captain and the Doctor to lunch and requesting a talk from the Doctor afterwards.

I dropped a hint or two to Mr. Hewings after lunch to the effect that it would be nice if we could get ashore on Ananolak to stretch our legs for a while. He thought it was a pretty good idea and so ordered the launch in the water for 1:30. The boys came along too, that is, all but Botsford, who apparently [was] too lazy or lacked interest. It took us a long time to land on the island. The shore was all rock and very heavy swell was running. Eventually we all succeeded in jumping, one at a time, to the rock cliff—fortunately no one slipped. I told Clemes and Laughlin to walk one way and I went with Mr. Hewings and Cowper the other. Mr. Hewings took along a rifle to see if he could scare up any eagles and before the afternoon was over we had several shots at some eagles and found an eagle’s nest with one eaglet in it. We could not bring an eagle down, for altho Mr. Hewings is an expert shot, an eagle on the wing is a difficult target for a rifle. We also had some shots at some ptarmigan, but these were also missed. Nothing was seen in the way of an old village site of any sort, but when we rejoined Clemes and Laughlin, they had been more fortunate. They had come across a small space where some flint artifacts had been
picked up on the surface—there was no sign of any village they said. This was certainly a very much more pleasant afternoon than we would have had sitting on the ship with nothing to do.

This evening, the crew and Hrdlička’s party were invited over to the *Spencer* to the movies. The boys went along but I did not. Captain Stenchcomb tells me that he heard yesterday on the *Spencer* that Chief Mike of Attu is seriously ill and may not pull thru. It will be quite a loss to the community if Mike should die.

**Sunday, June 5th.** Lee of Ananolak. We are still here in the same place waiting for the seas to abate so that we can land at Nikolski. The *Spencer* also waits for the same reason.

We were invited over to the movies on the *Spencer* again this afternoon. I did not go for had a chance to getting ashore on Ananolak for a couple of hours. Some of the crew were given shore leave, so I went along with them. Some of them were hunting eagles and others rabbits. The rabbits had undoubtedly been taken to the island from Nikolski. The place reported by Clemes and Laughlin was found easily enough from their description. It appears to have been a sort of workshop and covers quite a large area. The place is remarkable in that most of the flints chipped from the cores are much longer and thinner than average. I picked up quite a good collection of specimens and these I can keep. Before leaving I suggested to the Doctor that he had better come and look, but no, he preferred to go to the show—“dere is nothing dere,” he said. A foolish statement considering that he had never been on the island and had no means of knowing anything about it.  

After we returned to the ship the *Ariadne* moved up close to the stern of the *Spencer* and we proceeded to take on some water. I was sorry that we were able to obtain water this way, for if we had not been able to do this, we should have had to have pulled in at Kanaga for this purpose. This is where the Naval mine sweeper *Swallow* was wrecked last winter and still remains on the rocks.

For some days I have been trying to persuade the Old Man to stop at Kagamil again and now apparently the notion has soaked in, for he tells me we are going to stop. It is possible that we may not be able to find anything else there, but as long as the opportunity presents itself it, it would seem foolish not to take advantage of it.

Considerable fishing goes on all day over the side while we are anchored here. Many flounder, cod, and Irish Lords have been caught. Only the flounder have been kept and these were cooked for supper tonight. Five rabbits were killed on the island this afternoon, but they, don’t look very appetizing to me.

The ship continues to roll steadily at anchor here, but am feeling fine now.

**Monday, June 6th.** Kagamil. Islands of the Four Mountains. When I got on deck this morning the sun was shining brightly. Vsevidof Volcano loomed up a few miles away, a magnificent and gorgeous spectacle.

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73 As it turned out, excavations at the Anangula archaeological site from the 1950s to 1970s established it as the oldest (at the time) and one of the most significant sites in the Aleutian Islands (McCartney and Veltre 1996).
After breakfast we followed the *Spencer* in to an anchorage not very far from the village. The seas were much quieter this morning. The Captain, the Doctor, and I went in to Nikolski and also the doctor from the *Spencer* and some of their officers went in. Apparently there are two or three cases of diphtheria—these are now being taken care of by the schoolteacher to the best of his ability.

The Doctor and I went first to the sheep camp to see Mr. Stacy, the manager. He told us that he could take care of us when we came to work here. As this was all we wanted to know and he was very busy working with the *Spencer*’s radio man on the radio, we did not stay longer but returned to the village.

Outside the schoolhouse we met a white man named Casey. He is a fisherman who has married one of the native women here. He worked for Bowman of Seattle at one time and claims to know Kanaga and the nearby islands like a book. He told us of a cave on the west side of Kanaga that sounded as if it might be a burial cave. On Adak Island, he claims that he knows of 26 old village sites, and on Kanaga he has noticed seven of them. I have tried to get the Doctor to ask the Captain to stop there, but he said that he would not ask. Am in hopes that I can persuade him to do so before [we] reach there however. Casey also told us of a cave on Ilak, which from the description is evidently not one which we found last year. He says that there were mummies in it last year according to the native trappers. “What about going there to look for it, Doctor?” I ask. “Dere is nothing to it—I am not interested,” he replies. What can one do with a man like that? Inconsistent to the n°th degree. The whole thing may be a fairy story, but the only way to find out is to go and see. We are passing right by Ilak anyway, and all he has to do is to ask to stop. One half day would enable us to check on the story and IF true it is exactly what the Old Man is looking for.

In the village I met a Mr. Woodbridge, the dentist on the *Spencer*. I met his wife in Dutch Harbor. The *Spencer* has just returned from Attu and Woodbridge was ashore and bought a basket from Maggie. She told him that she was making it for someone else, so perhaps it is the one she was making for me. The story about Mike being seriously [ill] is apparently wrong—it is the old ex-chief who is bed-ridden with tertiary syphilis.

Going in to the village from the ship we passed thru the gap in the reef where the two men from the *Surveyor* were drowned last week. Casey and the schoolteacher were both in the boat at that time. Casey received two broken ribs and the school teacher was also hurt. One man was drowned and one man killed when the boat hit him on being capsized. Two boats were in the accident and both were lost of course.

We were back on board the *Ariadne* for lunch and then set off for Kagamil, which could be seen looming up in the distance. Mount Cleveland was spouting forth a powerful jet of steam and Mount Carlisle from this distance appears as a perfect snow capped cone.

At Kagamil the Doctor told me to take three of the boys and one of the seamen to explore in a direction away from the caves that had been so productive the last two years. He took Botsford to examine the district near where the launch landed. Unfortunately neither of the parties found anything. We, however, had a very pleasant walk and came across an old site by a
river but of course had no time to excavate. We were looking for caves anyway. This southeast part of the island is quite different to that where the caves were found. It was 8 p.m. before we were back on board the Ariadne again and shortly afterwards we started off for Amlia. I did my best to persuade the Old Man to stay another day and explore along the cliffs near the caves where the possibilities of finding something would be infinitely greater than the part of the island we were exploring today, but he would have none of it.

Already the ship is rolling badly and am beginning to feel a bit squeamish.

Tuesday, June 7th. Sviechnikof Harbor. Amlia. It was a tough night for the violent movement of the ship made it almost impossible to sleep.

We were abreast of Seguam when I got on deck this morning and started thru Seguam Pass, between Seguam and Amlia shortly afterwards. Here the ship did some fine cavorting around, pushing her nose down under the sea and rolling till the decks were in the water. Am feeling pretty proud of myself for I was not seasick, but must admit that I did not feel too good.

We came into Sviechnikov Harbor about 11 a.m. and here we have an ideal anchorage, altho the entrance is very narrow and dangerous. This bay was reached last year after we had walked across the island to get here and were unable to find the cave we were looking for. Once more we are looking for this same cave. Going ashore after lunch once more we commenced our search for this cave we have heard about so often. I found the cave at last, hidden away between two tall cliffs. It was impossible to see the cave from the top of the cliffs or from the sea level—nature had hidden it very well. To our great disappointment we found that someone had been there before us. The mummies, if they were ever there, had either been destroyed or removed. However, I found a couple of skulls, one longhead and one Aleut, and one of the boys found a kantag. The cave was a big disappointment to the Doctor. Finishing here I took Clemes and we walked along the rough shores of Hell’s Kitchen—this being the Doctor’s name for a particularly rough part of the coastline near here. It was a scenic district but Clemes and I were unable to find any more caves.

In the meantime the Doctor was working at one of the old village sites with the boys and we found that they had dug up quite a few specimens when we returned.

The Captain and some of the crew came ashore to fish and to shoot eagles. Never before have I seen so many eagles, and I never expect to see so many again. When the first rifle was fired I counted twenty-three eagles in the air at the same time. During the course of the day I am positive that I saw over fifty different eagles. The place was just alive with them.

The day was overcast and it commenced raining before we returned to the ship. Am told that it is expected that we shall stay here another day. The Exec. says he hopes we stay a week. Actually we could stay more than that length of time and be busy on the sites here.

Mr. Hewings showed me a set of chessmen this evening that he is making from walrus teeth. He will have a beautiful set when he gets them finished.
**Wednesday, June 8th.** Sveichnikof Harbor. Altho it was raining and foggy this morning it cleared up in the afternoon. In the morning we set off for an old village site on the opposite side of the bay from the one we worked yesterday. After we landed there the Old Man told me to take Botsford and look for caves along the shore. The shoreline did not look at all likely for caves whereas the other side of the bay, where we were yesterday, looks very propitious. I asked the Doctor to let me look over the other side as well after I was thru here, but again, “No, dere is nothing dere.” How could he possibly know? Botsford and I found nothing on our trip and returned to where the gang were excavating about lunchtime. We worked here on this site till evening and found a fair number of the usual type of Aleut specimens. A good lamp turned up just as we were about to leave. Also in the last few minutes the Doctor came across a skeleton, which he pulled out. It was that of a young male in pretty fair condition.

Tonight Captain Stenchcomb was telling me how the Pribilofs were first found by the Russians. A Russian vessel sailing along in the fog suddenly noticed a peculiar odor—after sailing along a short time more the odor disappeared. Being curious the captain had the ship put about until they were into this same odor again. Following the smell they soon heard strange animal-like noises and found they were approaching some islands. These islands of course were the Pribilofs, which the Russian ships had passed by many times in the fog without even knowing that they existed.

Mr. Hewings has been surveying the bay today and after supper he went out to obtain a few more sights, so I went along with him. From this survey Mr. Hewings will make a blue print chart and send it in to Division headquarters for publication to the Coast Guard Services.

If the weather is decent we expect to leave here early in the morning and be in Kanaga about suppertime. We have to enter Kanaga harbor in daylight as it has a very narrow and dangerous entrance, something like the entrance here.

**Kanaga Island**

**Thursday, June 9th.** Kanaga. We left Amlia at 4 a.m. this morning and as soon as we got out to sea we ran into a storm. It was bad at breakfast time but far worse from then till noon. I was again very actively seasick. The seas quieted down a little in the late afternoon and we reached the entrance to the bay here about 5 p.m. The Naval mine sweeper *Swallow*, which was wrecked here last February, lies on the rocks right at the entrance to the harbor. We passed within a few hundred feet of where she is being pounded to pieces. We find that there are six Navy men here in [the] charge of Lieutenant Kellerman—they are operating a radio and weather station here. The Lieutenant took us out to a site nearby where we found two skeletons, less skulls, which had been dug out and left lying there. One of these skeletons had been in a sort of little hut, just large enough for one person to enter. Driftwood stakes had been set up wigwam style and then the whole covered with sod. This is the first sort of burial of this type that we have found on any of the islands. House burials are unknown out here. It seems almost unbelievable, but the Doctor did not seem to be very interested. We were told of two more sites, one close by across the bay and the other about four or five miles away. It is reported that this latter site has twenty graves such as this “house burial” just mentioned. I asked the Doctor if he would let me get up at daylight and start off with one of the boys for this site. It should be looked in to, but the
Old Man would not let me go. Heaven only knows why; I don’t. Perhaps it is because he is unable to go himself. It is really sad to see how he is failing physically—he is unable to do half what he did last year.

The site we visited this afternoon looked very interesting and now the Doctor says that he wants to return here for a couple of weeks or so after going to Amchitka. The funny part is that he refused to come here when I requested him to do so at Nikolski. The only reason we did come in was because Captain Stenchcomb got orders via the radio to do so and deliver a message to Lieut. Kellerman.

The Doctor also refuses to attempt to reach the reported cave on the other side of the island.

Last winter two of the Navy men here just disappeared and nothing has been seen or heard of them since that time and neither have the bodies been found. Some years previous to this three other men disappeared. In this case, however, the body of one man was found after many months. Then, since the Navy men have been stationed here, they have had one man go crazy and had to have him sent out. On account of such happenings the island has an unsavory reputation.

Lieutenant Kellerman was telling me in all sincerity that here one can sometimes catch a certain fish that has vivid blue flesh, internal organs, and blood. None of us believe it till we see it, so he is going to try to catch one to show us.

The Navy leases some of the Kanaga Trading Company’s buildings here. It is stated that this company has invested $80,000 in the buildings and small dock. It seems very absurd to have put up such fine buildings on an uninhabited island. I noticed that even the warehouse ceilings were sealed and there is a very fancy barn in which goats were kept.

The Navy ship that came up after the Swallow was wrecked came within an ace of piling up at almost the same spot, according to Captain Stenchcomb. He says it is rather a touchy point with Kellerman. This is a very dangerous place to enter. It is narrow with a reef on each side and if there is any sea at all waves can be seen breaking across the whole entrance. It was this way when we came in—it did not look possible to enter.

The wind is getting up again this evening but as we expect to stay here tomorrow anyway, it does not matter.

The Doctor was told today of another cave on Ilak containing mummies. This is two that we have heard of and he still refuses to ask the Captain to go there, altho I really think he wants to go. It might turn out that these two caves are the ones we visited last year, but the descriptions do not fit at all.

Rumors from the radiomen say that the Doctor received permission to go to the Komandorskis three days ago. The Old Man will not admit that he has heard anything, and I do not think that he has—the rumors are probably intercepted radio messages. As far as his trip
across Asia is concerned he says, “I might have to wait a month or more for a boat to take me on from Petropavlovsk.” Which is quite likely. Am wondering if he ever really thought this proposed trip over before he applied for permission to make it.

About one week ago there was a heavy earthquake here. Kanaga Volcano, over 7000 feet, is on the northeast corner of the island and still active.

Figure 29. Buildings of the Kanaga Trading Company, Kanaga Island (1938-27a).

Friday, June 10th. Kanaga. A strong cold blustery day. The Doctor told me to take the boys over to the site which we visited yesterday and commence work there. He did not turn up till three in the afternoon, I rather think that he was not feeling very well.

The findings were exceedingly poor—in fact I cannot think of any other day that has produced so little. Two knives, one grinding stone, and bone point were all that were found all day. Of course tomorrow might be the best day we ever had, that is the way it goes. Now, however, the Doctor says he will not want to return here. This is a beautifully situated site at the entrance to the harbor—the Swallow can be seen about a quarter of a mile away across the water.

Captain Stenchcomb and Kellerman went fishing today to see if they could catch one of these all blue fish. Two of them were caught and brought back for our inspection. They are a dark brown color, with irregular orange spots on the sides and belly. The mouth and tongue are blue and when cut open, sure enough, the flesh and intestines were the same vivid blue color. There was no blood left in them for had been caught some time, so do not know if their blood was also blue or not. I should call it a deep vivid robin’s egg blue. Mr. Pearson, when called to
look at it, said, "There ain’t no such animal—I don’t believe it,” as he stared at it. The Captain took a colored movie of it to prove that it really does exist.

The other night the Doctor had his notebook in Ward Room when he knocked it on the floor by accident. In picking it up a paper fell from it and I could not help but read the heading at the top of the page in the Old Man’s printing, “My Last Will and Testament.” It is to be hoped that he is not anticipating any serious ill health or accident on this trip. I do feel sorry for the Old Man; he has aged so much in the last twelve months. The same night I had a terrible dream. I dreamed we were at Amchitka and that the Doctor had died. There were not enough planks to make a coffin and I did not know what to do with the body or where to bury him. It was a nasty and very realistic dream.

On the way to work this morning we got into a swamp and before he knew it Cowper was in thigh deep and scared to death. Probably there was no danger for we got him out easily enough. I did wonder tho if there were other worse swamps elsewhere on the island that might account for the missing men.

Kellerman says that Bowman made $100,000 a year for the first three years he operated here. He had plans of canning cod here, which accounts for some of the larger of the buildings. Now I understand he is about broke. There are still a few milk goats here which I saw this morning.

Cowper and Botsford said today that they wished to God they were back in Buffalo. I wish they were there too.

Not long ago the wind here registered 110 miles per hour according to Kellerman. During the month of March the wind blows all the time.

**Saturday, June 11th.** Ilak. A beautiful sunny morning with no wind, the bay being almost glassy. Weighed anchor after breakfast and drew out of the bay and then dropped the hook again not far from where the Swallow lay. The Captain had decided to send a party to board the **Swallow** for he wanted to obtain the anemometer for his ship. I asked for permission to go with boarding party and this he very decently granted. We rowed over in one of the surfboats and climbed up the side of the **Swallow** with the aid of ropes. The ship is a wreck all right and of course full of water. Considerable oil had been cast overboard and now this covers everything, making it impossible to walk on the sloping decks without holding on to something. Practically all the small moveable items have been taken by the Navy men, but there are still thousands of dollars worth of machinery and other material remaining. We took away two boat loads of material, such as small anchors, chains, blocks and tackle, electric motors, fire hose, blankets, electric fittings, chairs, paint, and many other sorts of ship’s gear. I obtained some souvenirs, plates from over doors, etc., and a battle lamp as well as some other items.

It is too rough to continue—must lie down.

**Sunday.** What a night! The worst yet and of course seasick again. We shipped water by the ton, which made the ship shudder and jolt in such a way that I began to wonder if it would
hold together under the strain. There was no sleep for anyone—at least half of the crew were sick—even the Captain.

We were supposed to have reached Amchitka harbor at 5 a.m. but altho it is now 8 a.m. we have not yet sighted land.

We were on board the Swallow about an hour yesterday. It was an interesting experience for me. As soon as we got back aboard the Ariadne we started for Ilak.

Kanaga Volcano showed up majestically but not smoking, it is another perfect cone. On Tanaga, the next island to the west, there is another similar volcano.

Ilak Island

We landed on Ilak at the same place we landed last year and I was detailed to take three of the boys to look for the caves reported to be on the other side of the island. The Doctor was going to look for a cave reported to be on the eastern end of the island near where we landed. Again both parties were unsuccessful, for the only caves found after going completely around the island were those that we found last year. If we had had time it probably [would] have paid to have dug out the second of these two caves. It is about forty feet long and quite dark inside.

Skirting the island I got stuck on a rocky cliff. The boys had gone on ahead and having more mountain climbing ability than I did were able to go along a very narrow ledge and then jump across a chasm fifty or sixty feet above a rocky bottom. If I had known what they were doing I would not have let them try it. Anyway, I did not have enough nerve to try it and started to return the way I had come. It was not long before I found out that I could not get back that way, for I had slid down a sloping flat rock and found there was no means of getting back up. For a while I must admit I was a bit worried for I did not think that I could make the boys hear my shouting by this time. After considerable shouting Cowper heard me and returned to see what was the matter and came around to give me a hand up the sloping rock it had been so easy to slide down. Fortunately all ended well. It is better surely to admit you’re scared than have an accident.

By the time we were back to where we had landed a storm had begun and the Ariadne was nowhere in sight. It turned out later that she had moved to a position where there was more shelter.

Amchitka Island

Sunday, June 12th. Amchitka. Constantine Harbor. Here we are at last in our new home that is our home for the next four weeks. We did not reach here until 9 a.m. because of the storm and then it took all morning to get our equipment and supplies ashore. We ate lunch on board and then came ashore to get settled down in our new quarters. There are three new buildings here belonging to the Bureau of Fisheries, but we have permission to use only one of these. The Doctor, Clemes, and Laughlin are going to live in that one and Botsford, Cowper, and I are going to live in one of the native shacks a few hundred yards away.
Actually I find that we are fired up much better than the others, for we have a table, two chairs, shelves, and so on. There are bunks too, but only five feet long, but we can probably fix these to use easily enough. It is now after ten p.m. and am writing this in the failing daylight. The *Ariadne* has just whistled its farewell whistle and is disappearing around the corner of the headland.

There are several old barabararas and four native shacks as well as a church. This church is quite nice and kept up by the natives who live here in the winter months for the [fox] trapping.

The site at which [we] are to work is only about a quarter of a mile away. Only hope it will turn out to be as good as the one we found at Agattu last year.

I find that the Doctor’s idea of sufficient equipment for us three to cook and live with is one small frying pan, two pots, and one pail. No plates, cups, or anything else. As soon as I found this out I commenced rustling around the native shacks and here found almost all the other necessary items needed. Now we are fixed up very comfortably. The Doctor complains that he has no knife, fork, or spoon for himself “and now de ship is gone”! So told him I thought I could fix him up from the shacks.

It has been a miserable cold rainy day, a nasty day to arrive here, but at that, am glad to be settled here at last.

Botsford who saw this shack before I did came and told me it would be just impossible to think of living in such a place! I am just tickled to death with it and would hate to have to trade houses with the Doctor even if his is new.

There are fish to be caught near here in one of the streams for one of the crew went fishing and came back with a goodly number of small trout.

We are expecting that the Bureau of Fisheries ship the *Penguin* will be in here some time before we leave. This will make a nice change for us and enable us to replenish our food supplies if necessary.

**Monday, July 13th.** Amchitka. It was raining this morning and dull and foggy the rest of the day after it let up. The poor old Doctor has a bad case of lumbago or rheumatism and was unable to do anything all day. He told me to take the boys out to the site and to start in two different places. In the afternoon I uncovered a skeleton, so sent word to the Doctor and he did manage to come out to take some photographs. The site itself is small but from present indications it appears to be rich in specimens. It covers a small promontory and I put Botsford and Cowper to work on one side of it and the other two boys and myself are working on the other side. The skeleton that I found was that of a male Aleut, the skull and long bone being in good condition, but the pelvis and scapulae were pretty well rotted. Many specimens were found but nothing of especial importance. Many wedges, some knives, bone and stone points, lamps, a bone spoon, and some unknown pieces were found. All in all it was a good day and an auspicious beginning. It has been decided in our house that Botsford is to be the cook. This suits
him fine for he quits a half hour before we do to prepare the meal. So far he has done very well, and right now he is preparing a bread pudding.

Our food supplies seem to be somewhat off balance. Apparently the Doctor ordered exactly what he wanted and paid no attention to my revised list. It is doubtful if we have enough hardtack, but we were lucky in being able to get some bread from the ship. We have fifty pounds of coffee and only two coffee drinkers amongst us! With half a pound of bacon per person per day the Doctor at the last minute decided to get another side! Then there is also a large amount of cheese, 75 pounds, but only three of us eat cheese. However, we’ll get along all right, for we can always fish if we have to.74

We have brought along gasoline stoves for the cooking and now the Doctor says that his will not work. In his house there is a fine range, so he is using that and using the coal that is there too. We have just enough gasoline for cooking, not enough for heating water for dish washing. When I found out that the Doctor did not need his gasoline stove I asked him if we could use his gas so that we could have hot water for dishes. However, altho he has no use for it he will not let us have it.

There is a fine sandy beach in front of the shacks, better than a mile long. It is the only one of any size that I have seen on any of the islands. At low tide the beach is dotted with jellyfish of all sizes.

In our shack there is the usual little shelf in the corner with icons and candles and colored paper decorations. I only found one back scratcher in the shack—usually one finds one by each bunk.

Tuesday, June 14th. Amchitka. It has been a really nice day, the sun shining for seven hours. The Doctor came over to the site for about an hour this afternoon but did not attempt any work. He says that he is feeling better, but he is very poorly yet. We, that is, Clemes, Laughlin, and I were working along in fine shape and then when the Doctor came out he had so many suggestions (not criticisms) to make, had to show the boys how to dump a wheelbarrow and so on, that he generally upset things. He never gives a word of appreciation or praise no matter how well the boys do. He is a hard man to work for at that. While he stayed around we could only accomplish about half as much work, for it always, “Vait, Vait,” and then he slowly bend down to pick up this or that; or tell the boys they were not holding their shovels the correct way and so on. Discouraging.

The great joke of the day concerns Clemes. He was walking back to work and was almost a half-mile from the house when the Old Man called him back. Entering the house Clemes said, “Yes, Doctor.” No reply—the Doctor staring hard at the accumulated possessions of Clemes placed tidily on the floor. “What’s the matter, Doctor?” “Look, look.” Clemes looked and saw nothing wrong. “Well, what is it, Doctor, I can’t see anything wrong?” “Look at your shoes, vun

74 In a charming comment, Hrdlička (1945:353) describes his own abilities as a cook: “Make wonderful cooking inventions! At every meal have something new and tasteful—and never a drop or crumb left over. Cooking, right cooking such as ours, is not a drudgery but a high art, art to make much from little, and that tasteful. And there is no end of possible inventions. Time and again the boys wonder where I get it all, yet it’s the same few substantials…”. 
points vun vay and vun the other. Place them correctly, heel to heel, not toe to heel.” Clemes did so and rushed out before he laughed in the Old Man’s face. He was laughing all day over this incident.

Not many specimens today—most of them were wedges, awls, and points and two or three lamps. It begins to look as if this site may not turn out to be as good as expected. It is small and only shows a general depth of about eight feet and there seems to be no indication that it is old enough to contain many longheads. We shall see. It might be that the longhead found by Dr. Murie last year was one of the more or less recent longheaded Aleuts.

The sun came out again last night after supper, so I took a short walk and took a few photos. It did not get dark till after ten o’clock.

Laughlin tells me that Botsford wanted to return home from Unalaska and that Cowper would have been willing to have gone with him. It would probably have been the best thing to have done. However, Botsford is a good cook—the pudding he made yesterday was fine.

The wind is getting up this evening and it is cold here in the shack without any fire.

*Wednesday, June 15th.* Amchitka. A nasty cold windy day. Wore two sweaters all day and was not too warm. The temperature in the shack in the evenings is 54 degrees or less, according to the thermometer I salvaged from the *Swallow*.

Working again with Clemes and Laughlin and put in a good day’s work. The result in number of specimens was good, but it was all typical Aleut material. Twenty-two wedges, two lamps, bone and stone points, knives, awls, harpoon points, rubbing stones, and needles were found. The Old Man did not show up at the site all day, altho he told me to send for him if a skeleton showed up. He is far from his old snappy self.

After supper tonight I took a walk along the beach to a lake about one mile away. Right now Botsford is endeavoring to put up a small stove, which he found in one of the other shacks. We can use the Bureau of Fisheries coal but will have to cut our own kindling from driftwood.

Big discussion going on now between Cowper and Clemes as whether women are inferior to men or not—subnormal, as they call it. Clemes tells me that he won the West Coast Universities Debate held at Denver a few months ago. He is a good talker but very positive. His parents are missionaries and so he has travelled extensively.

Tonight Laughlin and Clemes brought over the pictures of their girls to show us. Clemes calls his girl Oscar, so I asked why such a name and was told it was short for osculating [i.e., kissing]!

*Thursday, June 16th.* Amchitka. Another nasty morning, dull and foggy, but the sun came out for short intervals during the afternoon. The Doctor arrived out at the site just before noon and found Botsford and Cowper standing around watching the rest of us work. This made the Old Man fearfully mad and he bawled Botsford out unmercifully. The strangest part of this was
that on the way back to the shacks for lunch the Old Man apologized to Botsford. This is the first time I have ever known him do such a thing, right or wrong. The Doctor is of course still bothered with a very painful back and he has a hard time to bend over, or even get up after sitting down. I feel very sorry for him for I know he is just itching to be out at work. He came out in the afternoon and took a picture of the cut we were making and then took a short walk. The first day he came out to the site, I pointed out to him a hill a short distance away and said that I thought that it looked like an old village site on top. He looked at it and said most emphatically that it could not possibly be one for it was too high above the water. He inferred that I was a fool to even think of such a thing. This afternoon he visited this hill and came back and told me that it was an old site. No apology tho.

The best pieces found today were a fine labret and a bone knife quite similar in shape to the ground stone we are finding.

Botsford built a fire in the stove that he erected last night so tonight we have some hot water and can clean up a bit.

After supper a long lecture from the Old Man on American Archaeology, which was very good and interesting.

We have decided tonight to have a “silent night,” that is, no debating or talking, so we can write letters or notes. Each night Clemen and Laughlin come over to our shack and spend the evenings there. Presumably to get away from the Old Man.
It is raining now and looks as if it will keep up all night.

Friday, June 17th. Amchitka. A miserable day with a strong cold wind, fog, and rain. Again the Old Man did not show up at the site all day. The usual number of specimens were found, nothing unusual. Yesterday I found a broken sea lion’s skull and told the Doctor that I thought I would keep it. He told me to wait till I found a good one and I could keep that. Hope he does not change his mind too often about this, for when I found a pretty good one complete with lower jaw in the afternoon, he then said that I could keep the next one if found!

At the moment our cook is trying to make a rice pudding. Cowper is reading and the others have gone. We saw our first sea otter last evening, but it was swimming quite a long way from shore. I hope that I shall be able to get close enough to some of them so that I can get some photographs.

Saturday, June 18th. Amchitka. A dull cold morning, which turned out into a nice afternoon with the sun shining from four till nine o’clock. I came across a skeleton in the morning, which I exposed for photographing. Was surprised to find that it was a longhead after all. This seemed rather peculiar for it was only about a foot under the surface. It was a male and the bones were in good condition. Nearby, possibly buried with the body, were found a knife, awl, nosepiece, and sinker. The Doctor came out in the afternoon to photograph the burial but he is not yet working. Tonight we are scheduled for a lecture, so I suggested to the Old Man that we might postpone it till tomorrow, as it was such a lovely evening. No, he would not postpone it—there would be many more such beautiful evenings. All of which made me sore for we’ll probably never see such an evening again while we are here.

When the day’s work was over I took the skeleton over to his shack and then asked him to please excuse me from attending his lecture this evening but I was going to explore a bit and try to get some photos of sea otters. Smiling, he raised his hands in the air in despair and said, “May, you have the vander-lust, you had better go. There vill be no lecture. Tell de boys.” I found out later that he too took a walk and enjoyed it.

It took me about twenty minutes to reach the north side of the island and the evening was so beautiful I was really enthralled. I even ran from one point to another to see what was there. I felt like a kid out of school. I have never seen such an evening or such scenery before on the Aleutian Islands. It was magnificent. The snow-capped volcanoes of Semisopochnoi could be clearly seen to the north and one of the volcanoes was smoking. The word Semisopochnoi is the Russian equivalent for Seven Burning Mountains [or Seven Volcanoes]. The shoreline was very rocky and the sea has carved many fantastic shapes out of the rocks. I only hope that some of the photos I took will give a small idea of the magnificence of the scenery. For about five miles I followed the shoreline to the west and then followed a fox trapper’s trail back. Generally speaking the island is low and not mountainous and on top of the plateau, which is rolling country, there are thousands of lakes.

This should be a very interesting island for an ornithologist for I saw a great many varieties of birds, many of which I have not seen on other islands.
Many streams run across the island and at the mouth of two of these small rivers I found two small sites.

It was disappointing not to see any sea otters—I thought that I saw two playing in the sea, but could not be sure. I saw some seals and a couple of foxes. Cannot understand why the sea otter are not more prevalent. Last year over two thousand were counted on the island and the largest herds were seen around here.

This morning I asked the Doctor if he would let me go to the other side of the island to see if there were any large sites there. He refused. I told him that it was only two and a half miles according to the charts, but he said, “Vun cannot trust dese charts, you would never get dere.” So that’s that.

**Sunday, June 19th.** Amchitka. Not a nice day, drizzling this morning and a cold wind as well. Two outstanding pieces were found today. A labret with concentric circles incised on it and dots drilled on the outside edge, and another ornamental piece of unknown use. The Doctor started to do a little work today and worked with Botsford and Cowper in their cubicle, as the small cut they have made has been named. He found a broken skull and some other odd human bones, “Just teasers,” he says. About three hour’s work was all he could do. Poor old chap.

For a treat this morning the Doctor tried his hand at making some cookies. Laughlin and Clemes came over to our shack after lunch just laughing their heads off, and showed us specimens of these cookies. They are black in color, too hard to break, and bounced off the floor! The boys call them shrunken pancakes. They are black in color, too hard to break, and bounced off the floor! No baking powder is used, “for dat is bad for vun.” This time the results were better but not too attractive—the outside was hard but the inside very gooey.

Yesterday the Old Man actually gave me a word of praise. When he came to photograph the skeleton he said, “Dat is fine vork, May. Dat is professional vork,” and he called the boys over to show them.

Tonight we are to have the lecture postponed from last night, “Because May had the vander-lust last night.” It was peculiar that he had no interest in the two sites I reported to him that I found last night. I really think we should do at least one day’s work there to see if the same type of culture is found there as here.

**Monday, June 20th.** Amchitka. Not a bad morning but it commenced raining after lunch and about 3 p.m. the O.M. came over and told us we might as well quit. Many the time it has rained twice as hard and we have worked all day in it other years. The Old Man is changing a lot.

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75 Laughlin (n.d.:11) adds charming details to this episode: “… Hrdlička could not go to work because of the abject pain caused by his accident on the *Ariadne*. When Clemes and I left for work in the morning he sadly announced that he would have a surprise waiting for us at the evening meal. When we returned he was sitting on the stoop, abysmally dejected, and announced that his surprise had ‘turned out like sinkers’ [i.e., stone fishing weights]. On two boards he had arrayed the scorched black results of his attempt at cookies. We included a few for the Smithsonian collections in a box with the good specimens of bone and ivory artifacts.”
Came across a very beautifully decorated harpoon point this morning of a new type. I took it in to the Old Man at noon; he looked at it and said, “Did you really find this here, May?” What an extraordinary question—guess he must have been daydreaming.

There was an earthquake last night according to the Doctor and Cowper who felt the houses shake. It did not wake the rest of us up, so it could not have been very severe. The Doctor, however, with the interest of the boys at heart, woke them up to tell them about it. Laughlin, kind of sore at being woken up in the middle of the night for nothing said, “It’s only one of your cookies falling on the floor.” Which did not go over so well!

As it is raining I suggested that the Old Man give us another lecture. He agreed to do this after supper, adding, “Den if you get de vander-lust again vun vine evening, you can go.”

We moved over to where Botsford and Cowper are working today because their position was sheltered and in our cut a strong cold wind was blowing right in. I doubt if the two of them have excavated one tenth of the amount that we have. Of course, it should be remembered that there are three of us to their two.

The last few days I have been getting the breakfast in our shack. Botsford was too slow and it was too much of a job to get him out of bed. I made a dicker [i.e., a bargain] with him to the effect that I get the breakfast and in return he is to wash my dishes after each meal. So far it has worked fine and I can prepare breakfast in less than half the time it took him.

After the lecture tonight the Old Man started reminiscing as he often does nowadays. He was telling us about one time when he was living with some Indians in South America, and how one of the women flirted with him “in a nice vay.” He wound up by saying, “And I never even kissed vun of them.” We all howled—trying to picture the Old Man kissing a squaw. He almost implied that he felt that he might have missed something!

Clemes and Laughlin are over here now writing letters. Clemes of course is writing to Osculating Oscar and he tells us that he is going to send her one of the Doctor’s cookies for a souvenir.

Tuesday, June 21st. Amchitka. A nasty sort of day, windy with some rain. Found a skeleton in the morning, that of a mesocephalic female, about 18 years of age. It was in fine condition but only about a foot under the surface. The burial had evidently been disturbed by a landslide or earthquake, for a considerable portion of the skeleton has slipped away from the other, but still mere or less articulated. Over and under it were pieces of whalebone, and a small lamp was found near the pelvis. I carefully exposed it for photographing and when I told the Old Man about it at noon he said he did not want to bother with it, as it was only an adolescent. However, he condescended to walk out after lunch and look at it and then immediately sent one of the boys for his camera. “An interesting burial and important skeleton,” he exclaimed. Personally I cannot quite see the importance of these comparatively recent skeletons—it seems doubtful to me if they were even purebred types.
Late this afternoon I came across a piece of chinaware about eighteen inches below the surface. This is the first indication of the influence of white men at this site and according to my interpretation this will mean that the upper layers here are comparatively recent.

Twice already I have dropped my watch and it is now no longer reliable. This morning, on account of this, we turned up for lunch thirty minutes early. The Old Man sent word, “Tell May his watch is no goot; tell him to throw it away.”

A bone finger ring was also found in the work this morning. Nothing of this kind has ever been found in the older sites.

We seem to have plenty of food, but it is somewhat monotonous. For breakfast we have oatmeal one day, then bacon and eggs the next—alternating every other day. Our lunch is always the same, soup and bully beef. For supper we alternate with onions and potatoes fried together and ham. Of course we have hardtack and jam all meals if wanted and sometimes we have rice and occasionally canned fruit. Botsford’s pudding too makes a very acceptable change.

Wednesday, June 22nd. Amchitka. There was a very strong wind last night and the shack trembled and shook with every blast. It was blowing hard when we went out to work this morning. A fine poignard was found this morning but that was about all of any particular interest. The Doctor came out this afternoon and told me to take Clemes and commence a cut on the farther site on the hill. This is the place that he said was not a site when I first pointed it out to him. This again proves to be a small site and is about sixty feet above the bay. No sooner had we started digging than we commenced finding specimens. One of the most interesting pieces was a new type of hafting handle. Two good poignards were also found. In fact the site looks quite promising, but so did the other when we first commenced work on it. Clemes was not feeling very well, stomach and head ache—he thinks perhaps that it is from the Old Man’s cooking.

Clemes tells me that the Doctor has said that he tried to obtain some work for me along these lines with various museums, but that they insisted on having men with academic degrees. Also that he thought that I would make a better field man than museum man—in which I heartily agree. Apparently he is still under the impression that I should organize a museum at Wenatchee. Thinks I could raise the money and everything if I tried! It is a pity that he is mistaken in this. And again, why does he have to talk to Clemes about this and not to me?

For some reason that I have not yet figured out the Doctor is over fed up with Botsford and would like to send him home. I don’t see how it can be done now. It is true that Botsford is a slacker, and Cowper is lazy, but on each trip so far the Doctor has had boys of this type with him.

It is cold tonight and the wind is still blowing hard.

Thursday, June 23rd. Amchitka. A beautiful sunny day, the sun shining till nine o’clock this evening. It was an exceptional day and even warm in the sun. The wind, however, still remains cold.
Clemes was sick today and did not work in the afternoon. To offset this the Doctor worked all today for the first time. Laughlin worked with me and we had a good day. One new specimen was found, a sort of ring-shaped gadget with a handle but cannot figure what it was used for. In the morning we came across parts of a skeleton scattered over an area of about fifty square feet. Unfortunately we could not find the skull altho the mandible turned up. The long bones were particularly long and strong and were just under the sod. They interested the Old Man a great deal. “Ve must find the skull,” he said.

A seal was seen this afternoon in the bay just below the site, playing with a fish. The seal would shake the fish, throw it away, chase after it, and toss it around, much in the same manner as a dog will play with a bone. A couple of sea gulls sat on the water within a few feet of the seal, waiting for remnants of the fish.

I set off for the other side of the island after supper, but on reaching the highest point in the vicinity discovered that I was not going in the right direction. From this vantage point I could see all the southern end of the island and of course could see across the island at its narrowest part, so headed down for this place. A huge mountain looms up in the northwest but I hardly think that it is on this island. Semisopochnoi was also again clearly visible. At the bay I went to I found an old site with two barabaras still in use by the trappers. Two small dories were also found under a lean-to shelter. In one of the barabaras I found a modern adaptation of the old stone lamp. It was an oblong piece of tin with the sides bent up to hold oil, and at each corner lay a half burnt wick. In this barabara I was astounded to see on the wall a colored picture of the Queen Mary! This southern side of the island is not nearly as picturesque as the north. There were no shells on the beach but many of the peculiar shaped sponges common to these parts. No sea otters were seen either which was another disappointment.

Friday, June 24th. Amchitka. Not a bad day but a light fog came down in the afternoon and in spite of this it was the warmest day we have had yet.

Last night Laughlin took a walk; he tried to trail me across the island and came back with badly blistered feet. Today [he] is limping around somewhat painfully. Clemes is better but not yet up to the mark. The two sick boys worked together and I worked by myself, for a change, and found it delightful! Found a nice labret and one of those very thin delicate needles with a microscopic eye, such as have been found at Kodiak and Agattu. The Doctor came out to take some photos in the afternoon and then stayed and worked with me. We got along fine together, but he is very slow. He told me that he was keeping me in mind for any exploratory or field work that might turn up, but that all such work is now being cut down to the minimum because of lack of funds. I was surprised when he suggested that I write an article on the Aleutian Islands for the Saturday Evening Post, but he would want me to submit it to him for approval before sending it in. I told him that I had thought of trying to write a short article illustrated with many photos for the National Geographic or the Illustrated London News. He thought this was a good idea too, and expressed a preference for the latter publication and said that he subscribed to it. Then he went on and gave me some pointers in public speaking and told me that I should apply to the school board to give a series of lectures to the different schools—for pay, of course! He thought that it would be essential to use slides in connection with lectures. In this I thoroughly agree with him.
At the lecture tonight he stated that totem poles were of comparatively recent origin, 
based on the fact that none of the early Russian explorers mentioned them. It is inconceivable 
that had the Russians seen them erected at the village that they would not have made some 
mention of them.

A day or so ago I asked the Doctor if he still had hopes of reaching the Komandorskis 
this season. “How could ve go,” he replied, “ven ve have no passports?” I was completely 
floored for I had understood that all applications had been made from Washington. We had no 
passports last year. The Old Man was probably daydreaming.

The Penguin is expected here in a few days, then, says the Doctor to me, “You must get a 
wrench or some pliers from them.” I don’t want them but we do need them. Think of coming 
way out here without even a pair of pliers or a hatchet!

Saturday, June 25th. Amchitka. A cold dreary sort of day. Worked by myself in the 
morning. The Doctor came up and worked about three hours with me in the afternoon. At lunch 
time I went to see him, as he had not showed up, and asked him if he was going work this 
afternoon. “Of course I work, but nobody seems to vant me to work with them.” As I was talking 
to him I had naturally to say I wished he would work with me. As a matter of fact I don’t, for he 
cannot make a straight line and generally messes up my nice clean-looking cut. Every once in a 
while he sends the boys over to look at my “professional” work, but he does not seem to realize 
that he spoils it when he works with me.

Came across some more of the widely spread about skeleton that we found previously 
this afternoon. The first, second, and third lumbar vertebrae were grown together thru arthritic 
condition—one of the worst cases I have seen. This piece pleased the Doctor very much—he is 
still determined that we are going to find the skull that belongs to this skeleton. A very nice bone 
scraper, made from the scapula of some animal, was found today.

The boys are now reading or writing while Botsford is making a pudding for tomorrow. 
The Old Man will have nothing to do with Botsford nowadays and will hardly even speak to him.

This morning the Old Man sent me over to set Botsford and Cowper straight in their cut, 
“for dey are like rats in a box.” They certainly do make a mess of the place and am afraid lose 
about half the specimens, for I nearly always find some on the dump pile when I go there.

Sunday, June 26th. Amchitka. A cold wind again today with some fog. Worked by 
myself in the morning and the Old Man worked with me in the afternoon. We are now in about 
the centre of aakashim [from Yupiit for a ceremonial structure] and the Doctor tells me that I had 
better commence another cut elsewhere as we are not finding very much in the way of specimens 
or skeletons. I would have preferred to have gone on straight thru the kashim so as to have a 
vertical cross section of the whole thing to inspect. A new type of foreshaft came to light today 
and fifteen sea otter jaws. It is strange that we never find a complete sea otter skull.

I overheard the Doctor finishing a conversation with the one of the boys tonight. His 
concluding sentence was, “And dat is true, for vatever I say is correct.”
There do not seem to be as many varieties of flowers here on Amchitka as on the other islands. So far I have only seen six or seven different varieties in bloom. The later season may have something to do with it. I would expect more flowers here for it is the most southerly of all the islands.

Monday, June 27th. Amchitka. A pretty nice day with the sun shining most of the afternoon. Again I was sent to get Botsford and Cowper straightened out. After doing this and helping them for an hour and having things looking halfway decent again, the Old Man arrived and then gave them totally different instructions. And was I mad! Botsford was sent to work with me in the afternoon, but I prefer to work with the Doctor. Botsford is the essence of laziness and has absolutely no interest in the work. We found two fine poignards, one had a seal’s head carved on the handle and the other was dagger-shaped. These poignards pleased the Doctor very much.

Again today a seal was playing with a fish in the same place down below us. It was interesting to watch it—perhaps it is the same seal we watched before.

After supper tonight I walked along the north shore to Kirilof Point and then back along the south shore. It was an interesting trip. Three foxes followed me for several miles, playing hide and go seek among the rocks. I tried sneaking up behind a rock to try to get a photo of one of these foxes. When I cautiously looked round the rock the fox was gone and then I suddenly saw him very studiously watching my antics from another rock away above my head. One of the biggest whales I have ever seen I watched swimming lazily along the shore. Three different varieties of ducks were seen—the prettiest being large black and white ones.

These evening walks on top of an eight-hour digging day make one hungry and sleepy. Unfortunately my bunk is so hard that it is not conducive to restful sleep.

Clemes and Laughlin just came in and say that the Doctor now wants to stay here another two weeks after our time is up. I cannot understand why as only yesterday he was complaining of lack of skeletal material and specimens. It seems to me that two weeks spent on any of the other islands would be more productive. Why not Kanaga where we know we could get comfortable accommodation? It is no good suggesting anything to the Old Man, no matter how reasonable, so will keep my mouth shut.

Am still hoping that there is a chance to reach the Komandorskis, altho if we do not hear anything before July 7th shall give up all hopes.

Tuesday, June 28th. Amchitka. A dull foggy and rainy morning, which cleared up in the late afternoon. The Doctor worked about six hours with me today, as he did yesterday. The usual run of specimens was found. The boys on the lower site found two nice labrets. One was of stone, the other bone but much wider than the average.

Walking round the corner to where Botsford and Cowper are working the Doctor found Cowper lying down and Botsford sitting down. This caused him [to] explode and he balled them out to a fare-thee-well. Later, when I thought he had calmed down, I told him in the nicest way I
could that nowadays all organizations employing many men always gave a recess of a few
minutes both morning and afternoon. That even the Army insists on five minutes’ rest for each
hour’s march. That this was the accepted way to get the most work out of laboring men. The Old
Man snorted and grunted and said I was all wrong and everyone else was wrong too. So I told
him it was his privilege to disagree with all the world if he wished, but nevertheless it was hardly
likely that he was right and the whole world was wrong. The rest of the afternoon he sulked like
a kid and never said one single word.

A very interesting lecture on the Aleuts after supper, the Doctor talking and answering
questions for a long time after he was thru with his lecture. Apparently he has recovered from his
sulks.

The Old Man has not mentioned to me the fact that he is considering staying here an
extra two weeks, but he asked Laughlin what I thought about it!

Wednesday, June 29th. Amchitka. A nice morning but slight fog in the afternoon. Today
I commenced taking off an eight-foot section from one side of the cut that the Doctor did not
want finished. The Old Man was not out in the morning. Botsford and Cowper came over with
part of a pelvis and scapula and wanted to know if they were human. They were, so I moved over
to their hole. Here I found a skeleton, so tried to show them how to expose it for a photograph.
Cowper seems to try hard enough and evidently has some interest in the work, but it is too bad
that the same cannot be said for Botsford. It was hard to make much of a showing of this
skeleton for it was in black mud. When finished I found that it was disarticulated, probably some
use had been made of the skull, for here again it was missing. The mandible, however, was there.
This is the third skeleton that we have found with the skull missing. The Doctor was quite
excited over this when he came out in the afternoon and took several pictures. Today we found
many specimens amongst which was part of a comb made from bird bone. Then we also found
three lamps, four broken poignards, numerous wedges and awls, and some fine bone points.

Today the Doctor was telling me all about the methods of using bayonets in France
during the War. All of which was quite amusing for he was working at the Institution thru out the
War.

In the course of conversation I made the statement that last night there was an extra high
tide. “Ugh,” grunted the Old Man. “There should not have been.” Some day he will be like
Joshua and command the sun to stand still! (Clemes now remarks, “That’s nothing. I once knew
a man who made the moon-shine.” Well, well!)

This is the day that for no reason at all the Old Man expected the Penguin to arrive. So
far no sign of it and it will soon be dark. If she does come in the Doctor wants to get them to take
him out to the two small islands at the entrance of the bay. I suggested, perhaps foolishly
knowing the Doctor, that we did not have to wait for the Penguin. There is a small dory hidden
in the grass near the church, so I told him about this. “No, impossible, de boat is too big,” is all
the reply I could get. When I asked him if he had seen this dory he had [to] admit that he had not.
As a matter of fact three of us could carry the dory anywhere and it is only large enough to hold
four.
An interesting piece was found today by Clemes. It looks like part of a lamp, but the Doctor calls it part of a stone pot. It is less than an inch in depth and has straight sides tapering inwards towards the bottom. It is a mighty small “pot” if such it be.

At the time the Doctor was getting ready to take his photos of the skeleton, I climbed up to a position which I thought was the most advantage place and said, “I think you’ll find this the best place to put your camera, Doctor.” He glanced up. “No, dat is not de place—it is no goot there.” In less than sixty seconds he was setting his camera up in this identical spot and from here took all his pictures! This is the sort of thing that happens every time that anything is suggested. It is always wrong. I am now getting to the point where I find it really amusing.

Thursday, June 30th. Amchitka. A nasty cold wind again this morning and some fog, but this disappeared in the evening and we then had a couple of hours’ sunshine.

Many fine specimens were found in our respective cuts today. A couple of nice labrets, one net sizer, an unknown piece, two new types of foreshafts and another half of a so-called pot. In regard to these so-called pots the Doctor has been raving about—he now says that these small ones are dishes, not lamps, but that one piece found was from a large stone pot. This seems much more reasonable. Botsford and Cowper were working within sight today, and it appears as if Cowper is becoming interested in the work. He kept coming over to ask me about this and that and seems to be trying to learn. Botsford’s ambition seems to be to “get by” with as little output of energy as possible.

After supper tonight I went out and obtained some dry (?) grass to put on my bunk to act as springs or mattress. It appears as if a bug or two has come in with the grass, but I’ll try it out tonight anyway.

Another very fine lecture tonight. Anyone dropping in during the lecture would be amused. Sitting on a box in the middle of one wall is the Doctor, with his feet in another smaller box. Behind him on the wall is his blackboard, made of building paper. On the floor to the Doctor’s left sit three of the boys with their backs to the wall. To right, in the corner, I sit on a box, and beyond me one of the boys sits on the floor leaning against the wall. In front of the Doctor on the other side of the room is the range. This is the only piece of furniture, if such it may be called, in the room.

Speaking of ranges, Clemes tells me that one morning the Doctor, searching for a cool place to put the bacon, put it in the oven and closed the door. When he found it all burned he said, “I did not know that the oven was hot.” He could not blame the boys for he had lit the fire himself, but they nearly killed themselves laughing over this.

Botsford refers to Amchitka as the Devil’s Island of America. He seems to think this the equivalent of being in prison and is absolutely astounded when I tell him that I like it here.

Friday, July 1st. Amchitka. Not a nice day, a cold wind again. In respect to specimens found it was a poor day too. The Doctor was working all afternoon and a couple of hours this morning. He always works with me nowadays, but I really think I can do better working alone,
altho of course not as much. The Old Man gets so aggravating at times and I get so disgusted with him that I just can’t work with any enthusiasm at all. At other times he is fine.

Today’s highlight concerns Cowper. When dumping a wheelbarrow full of dirt over the dump, he, somehow or other, went over with it. The dump is approximately fifty to sixty feet high and more or less almost straight up and down. Both wheelbarrow and Cowper rolled erratically down the hill, the wheelbarrow occasionally bouncing up in the air. In the excitement I heard myself yelling, “Get the hell out of the way of that barrow.” Fortunately, indeed very fortunately, the wheelbarrow did not fall on or even hit Cowper. It would have been just too bad if it had done so. The Doctor seemed quite unperturbed and he demonstrated how to dump a wheelbarrow to Cowper after he got back again. Cowper did not realize what a narrow escape he had had until it was all over.

According to the Doctor we cannot go to the Komandorskis until he receives his passport. It was left at the Russian Embassy for a visa, but this could not be given until permission to go there had been granted. If the permit comes thru the passport is to be forwarded to Unalaska by the fastest available way. Then we expect to go to the Komandorskis and the Doctor goes on to Petropavlovsk afterwards. He is feeling considerably better today and talked enthusiastically about the trip.

A lone duck egg rolled out of one of the clumps of tundra which we tumbled down the dump this afternoon, so am going to eat it for breakfast tomorrow.

I had the best night’s rest last night that I have had since arriving here. The grass which I placed under my sleeping bag was a wonderful success. The other boys are following my example in this matter now.

Cowper showed us a cutting from the Buffalo Courier this evening, with reference to this trip with the Doctor. It was very amusing and I thought it worth copying.

Saturday, July 2nd. Amchitka. A quiet, dull, and cloudy day. The Doctor worked about six hours today with me. He always works with me—perhaps because I am the only one who really does work. These kids are all so damned lazy that they would never be able to hold down a real job.

We found a skeleton this morning and I was thoroughly disgusted with the Old Man. I suggested that I expose it for a photograph for it might be of interest, but no, he was so anxious to dig it out that “it would be no advantage to excavate.” He proceeded to take his pick and took it out piece meal, breaking three bones in the process. If exposed in the proper way it would have made an interesting photograph. The skeleton happened to be that of a female and had been buried almost laid out straight, just a slight flexing of the knees. This is the first burial that we have found in the islands that has not been in the flexed position. In addition the skull and feet were missing. It seems as if the Old Man grudges the necessary time it would take to expose it properly. If I had broken three bones like he did thru carelessness, he would have raised hell, but as he did it he said, “It does not matter.” As a physical anthropologist he is doubtless tops, but as an excavator he is the bunk. Not long ago I asked him if he had a photograph of the child buried
with a fox in its arms, which he had found at Kodiak. “No,” he replied. “I have no photo of it. I do not remember vy now, but for some reason I could not take a photo.” It is my guess that he took it out bone by bone without first excavating.

On the top of this site are great chunks of tundra standing isolated like small islands. Some of them are four to five feet high. These hunks we roll off in huge pieces; sometimes we get together and roll off a piece six or seven hundred pounds in weight. Today three of us were straining our guts to roll one of these huge pieces over the dump when we found the Old Man’s camera tripod in the way. “Vait, vait,” cried the Doctor. “Mind the tripod.” He puts out one hand to hold the tripod while we grunt and groan to push this quarter ton of grass and dirt around his tripod. It did not occur to the Old Man that he could have picked his tripod up in one hand. It was so funny that we pushed this huge clump around the tripod rather than ask him to move the tripod. The old chap is absolutely loco in many respects and rarely has normal reactions. But in spite of all this, I still like the poor old nut.

After I had got into my bunk last night a fox came in the open door and looked around. He ran out the as soon as I called the boys’ attention to him. Have an idea that he lives close around here for I have seen him several times outside the shack.

Sunday, July 3rd. Amchitka. A dull, quiet day. Worked at the same place all day, the Doctor joining me in the afternoon. Very little was found but Clemes and Laughlin did pretty well down at the lower site. Botsford wielding the grub hoe plunged it down thru a skull. He was scared to death and expected to be balled out by the Old Man. However the Doctor said little
about [it] for it only made a small cut about two inches long in the vault, and in no way injured the skull for measurements. It was a mesocephalic skull, probably belonging to one of the skeletons already found.

This afternoon the Old Man told me that he hoped we would find plenty of specimens, for he’d like me to have a good specimen of each type. It was nice of him to mention it, but knowing him as I do, I do not expect to get these specimens. Then he went on talking about how he wished he could get me connected with some institution as field man. He mentioned the Point Roberts site and wondered if he could obtain an option on it. I told him that this would impossible as an option had already been given. He asked who held it and was quite upset when I told him that it was confidential information. He now wants me to find out all about it when I return and let him know. This of course I shall be glad to do. He says that the Point Roberts site is so flat that some sort of a derrick or dragline to pile up the discarded dirt after examination would have to be used.

Last night I was awakened by an earthquake. There was considerable vibration and jolting together with a rumbling sound. For a moment or two I was quite scared and could not imagine where I was or what was happening.

I walked across the point and beach-combed this evening—this is always enjoyable in pleasant weather. Since I was there the last time the tide has brought in tons of seaweed, mostly kelp, which is a foot or more deep on some parts of the shore.

Monday, July 4th. Amchitka. Have just come back from the lecture and walking from one house to the other I thought I heard the sound of a motorboat. It is quite foggy so I could see nothing. Not long afterwards, sure enough, there was a motor launch coming in the bay. I thought, of course, that it was from the Penguin. In this I was wrong, for it was the launch from the Ariadne with Captain Stenchcomb and Mr. Wilson in it. They brought us some mail, the first since we left home. It seems that they have come to pick us up to take us to Umnak where the Doctor can be reached by radio by Captain Alger, the Commandant, if needed in reference to the Komandorski trip. It has been settled that the Doctor is not to be allowed to proceed across Russia, but apparently we are to go to the Komandorskis after his passport is received. This will be about July 23rd, as far as I can ascertain. The Shoshone is to pick us up at Umnak and take us out to the Komandorskis and bring us back. Now the Old Man says he does not want to leave here for he thinks that almost three weeks at Umnak will be too much time there. I suggested that he take two of the boys and go there so that he can be in constant touch with Captain Alger, whilst I would stay here with the other two and be picked up on the way to the Komandorskis. I was quite astounded when he said that he thought that this would be a good idea. Then the trouble arose as to which two boys he should take with him. He would not take Botsford and Cowper and I would not have them here. The Doctor then asked Captain Stenchcomb if he could take Botsford and Cowper with them when they return to the States on July 10th from Unalaska. The Captain said that it could be done with permission from Captain Alger. So that is how it stands now—the Doctor has quite forcibly suggested that these two boys return and has left it to them to think over, so what will be the outcome I don’t know.

It was a wonderful surprise to have these “visitors” today, in celebration of the Fourth.
This morning it was foggy and has been so all day. We finished work on the upper site and moved down to the lower one in the morning. Here the Doctor and I commenced on a new cut. Shortly after he left to prepare lunch I came across a skeleton. I stayed and excavated this skeleton for a photograph instead of going in to lunch. I was afraid that the Old Man would pull it out if I left it till he returned. It was that of a young male and I rather astounded the Old Man by “diagnosing” it as an Aleut boy about 19 with an extra large head of about 1600 cubic centimeters, in which he agreed. There was a small fourth molar in the upper jaw, which is rather unusual. The skeleton was in fine condition, flexed, and I think is the first absolutely complete burial we have found. The Old Man was very pleased when he saw it. “Ah, a vine job, May.” He sent for his camera immediately. As this was the Fourth, the Doctor told us we could all quit at three o’clock in the afternoon—if we went fishing. This is indeed an occasion for it is the first time that he has ever given us any time off like this. It was at Clemes’ suggestion however. All of us but Botsford and Cowper, who were too lazy, went fishing. It took all the time we had before supper to locate a good place to fish, but I did catch one nice eleven-inch trout before returning. It was amusing for Laughlin is supposed to be quite a fisherman and he stayed out an hour longer than I did and came back with nothing.

This being a special day I opened up my can of corn on the cob and distributed it around. Everyone enjoyed it except the Doctor who would not touch it.

Tuesday, July 5th. Leaving Amchitka aboard the Ariadne. We went out to work this morning to clean up the site and take some final pictures. This done, everything had to be brought back to the beach—that is, picks, shovels, wheelbarrows, planks, etc. Then we commenced to pack and clean up the shack. Captain Stenchcomb, Mr. Hewings and Mr. Myers were ashore all morning and the Captain asked me to go back to the ship with him for lunch, which of course I did. The Doctor was not asked and I think he felt a little bit hurt. It was pleasant to be back on board again with our old companions.

By four in the afternoon everything was packed and aboard the Ariadne. The first thing, of course, that we all did was to take a hot shower. We sure needed it badly and it gave me an extravagant feeling to have so much hot water. I spoke to the Doctor last night about sending the boys home. It appears that he wants to send Botsford, but is quite willing to keep Cowper, but as they came together he thought perhaps they had better go together. I told the Old Man it would be pretty tough for Botsford to be sent home and have to explain to his father that he was no good. “Why?” said the Doctor, so I dropped the subject. Evidently the Old Man must have pondered over this for now everything has been patched up between the Doctor and Botsford. The Old Man is going to give him another chance. This seems to be the best way, but I doubt if it works and I feel sure we’d be better off without him. Had a long talk with Botsford about the affair last night. He said that he would not go home until the regular time, but wondered how he would put in almost two months on the West Coast without his father knowing about it. He is scared of his father but not in the least abashed in any other way. A queer duck—the result of too much money and no discipline.
Amchitka to Umnak Island

We are now headed out in to a stormy sea. It looks bad for us for we have lost what sea legs we ever had.

The Penguin arrived in the bay yesterday morning and started unloading a large quantity of supplies. Two men are staying here on the island until September. Evidently the idea of putting a man and wife on the island for three years did not work out. These two men seem to have enough provisions to last them at least a year. They have brought every sort of tool imaginable and have a radio plant as well. Two steel radio poles have brought along in sections to be set up.

Wednesday, July 6th. Off Seguam. This has been one of the most miserable days I have ever spent at sea. Last night we ran into a full gale as soon as we were clear of the harbor and was seasick twenty minutes after weighing anchor. I ate a small breakfast this morning and since then I have thrown up seven times—have nothing left to get rid of and my insides seem to be tied in knots, not to mention my head.

Thursday, July 7th. Ariadne. Off the Four Mountain Group. Another bad day. Unable to eat and still seasick with a terribly woozy head. We plunged, rolled, and ducked about all night, shipping tons of water, the deck being under water most of the time.

Captain Stenchcomb has intercepted some radio messages from Captain Zeusler to headquarters. He states that none of the native motorboats are carrying two copies of Pilot Rules, signal flags, lights, life belts, or emergency rations. All motorboats in United States have to carry these items, but of course the Eskimos pay no attention to these rules. It appears as if Captain Zeusler is trying to show the absurdity of such laws being applied to the Eskimos and perhaps trying to get a ruling on this. When one thinks of an umiakpak with motor installed, full of native families, their baggage and dogs, one can hardly expect such regulations to be carried out.

Umnak Island

At noon we arrived at Nikolski and the Doctor and I went ashore at once to see what our living arrangements were going to be. At the sheep farm we found that they were in the midst of their shearing, with nine extra men living at the farm, so that let us out. Mr. Benson, the schoolteacher, came and offered us accommodation in the schoolhouse, so here we are going to live. The schoolroom and the Benson’s living quarters are in the same building.

We are now more or less settled down in the schoolroom. We have removed all the desks but at that it is not any too large. The Doctor is using a small bedroom in the Benson’s quarters and is going to eat with them. The Lord be praised! The four boys are sleeping in the schoolroom and I am sleeping in the attic.

Our cooking is to be done in the schoolroom and we really seem to be fixed up pretty well. Mr. and Mrs. Benson have indeed been very helpful and accommodating and this evening we were all asked in to supper. The Bensons are from New Mexico and have a very southern
drawl. They seem to be glad to have us—I suppose it does break the monotony of their routine life. Benson tells me that they are going to stay “in” here for six years without even a trip “outside.” He is a funny sort of a bird, large, ponderous, and slow and likes to hear himself talk. Mrs. Benson seems very pleasant and goes out of her way to anything she can to help us. At supper they both enjoyed telling us about the accident to the Surveyor’s boat—the time that the two men were lost. Benson was in the boat at the time it capsized and received a couple of broken ribs.

The Doctor tells me that tomorrow I am to take Cowper and Clemes and go with one of the native boys as a guide to look over a site a couple of hours walk away. This should be interesting.

Father Kochergin, whom I met last year, came down to shake hands with me and seemed very interested in all the activity. All the small boys of the village lent a hand in bringing up all our supplies to the schoolroom and seemed to get a lot of fun out of it.

The population of Nikolski is about 105 people, but the place does not appear to be that large.

It was extremely funny to listen to Benson giving the “boys” a lecture on upright living after supper tonight. They must leave women and drink alone, etc., etc. The Old Man put him up to it and he talked for fifteen minutes, repeating himself all the time. The boys could hardly keep their faces straight.

Friday, July 8th. Umnak. A dark, dreary, and foggy morning. In spite of this, however, the Doctor thought I might as well start off with the boys to look over the site one of the native boys had told him about. As usual it was a great deal farther than expected, for it took us better than three hours to reach the site. Kuproff, our young guide, was joined by two other small boys who came along just to see what we were going to do I think.

We followed the shore for several miles and then cut up over a hill and again along the shore. It was a pleasant trip. About half way there we ran into a gang from the Surveyor setting out to do some work. Further on we came to their camp situated in a delightful spot by a large waterfall. There are three men and a Filipino cook in [the] charge of a Mr. Riddell. At the camp there are three tents with board floors and everything is fixed up very nicely.

When we reached the site we found that it was a large one, probably covering between six and seven acres. One shack was built right on the site, which [i.e., the shack] belonged to the sheep farm and across the gully was a barabara with a steam bath house. These bathhouses (there was one at Amchitka) are partly subterranean and here a fire is built on the floor under some rocks. When the rocks are hot, water is dripped on to them and a steam bath results. The natives stay in these bathhouses lying on grass covered benches for two to three hours. The chimneys are built of wood and sod.
We commenced making a cut above the bay and found a few specimens before lunch. Then at lunch time one of the native boys told me he had found human bones, so I went to investigate. The human bone turned out to be part of skull lying exposed to the elements. I took this out, but there was no mandible. Digging here I came across some whalebone and under this I found several “mixed up” skeletons, those of men, women, and children. They were so jumbled that it was impossible to distinguish one skeleton from another. After taking out two complete skulls and four broken ones, I decided to leave the balance of the bones there and return again tomorrow, for there was no time to do a decent job of it now. My idea was to return equipped to stay the night tomorrow and find out just what we have here.

Leaving the shovels behind we started back with two gunny sacks full of bones, skulls, and specimens, and one particularly good skull I carried separately. The skulls are mostly Aleut, but at least one is mesocephalic.

Arriving home about suppertime we learned that the Old Man had been on a rampage all day. Nothing had happened to suit him and everything the two boys did was wrong. He had found two skulls and broken both of them pulling them out. He did, however, seem pleased with our results at the distant site. The specimens we found appear to be slightly different to those found here near the village.

Tomorrow I am planning to take Clemes and Laughlin with me, but I rather expect that the Old Man will make me take Botsford, who will be worse than useless.
Mr. Benson informs us that most of the natives here have head lice, so this information does not make the idea of sleeping in the bunks in the shack at the other site very attractive. It will probably be too cold to sleep anyway for I shall only take one blanket.

A lecture this evening which was attended by Mr. and Mrs. Benson, Mr. Stacy, the Rev. and Mrs. Kochergin and the Chief and two other natives. Am afraid that the poor Aleuts got very little if anything out of it.

Saturday, July 9th. Shack at Okay [Okee] Bay. Umnak. As it was raining hard this morning the Old Man said that we had better not go on our proposed trip to Okay Bay. As we had left our shovels there yesterday we had none with which to work so Clemes and I went over to the sheep ranch to see if we could borrow some from Stacey. We found that Stacey was not there but an Aleut girl, who said she was the cook, took us to the barn to see if we could find some shovels. She was a saucy little chubby thing and obviously on the make. Clemes got quite a thrill out of it, I think, and I was much amused. We found the barn was a fine and very large building equipped with electrical shearing apparatus. There were no sheep in the barn at the time, but a couple of nice looking colts came over to sniff at us. Ten riding horses are kept for rounding up the sheep. The shearing is late this year because of abnormal number of rainy days lately, for it is impossible to shear sheep when they are wet.

Arriving back with some shovels we had obtained in the barn the Doctor told me that we had better start out after all as the rain was not coming down so hard. Getting our supplies together we started off and soon it was raining harder than ever and we were uncomfortably wet and miserable.

We stopped at the Surveyor camp and Mr. Riddell asked us in for a cup of tea, so we stayed about fifteen minutes trying to get dried off a bit.

The Doctor sent Botsford and Clemes with me today, for Cowper could not go because yesterday he raised some blisters on his heel. It seems to me that the present generation of youngsters is awfully soft. It was my idea to come over here with a blanket apiece and hardtack, butter, and tea. But no, that was good enough for these kids, they each took their sleeping bags and we wound up with an assortment of beans, soup, meat, rice, oatmeal, hard-tack, butter, jam, milk, tea, sugar, and so on. The point is of course that if we are fortunate in finding any amount of specimens or skeletons, we have to carry them back, as well as bedrolls, shovels, and picks. Without trying to blow my own horn I know that I can out-work, out-dig, and out-walk any of these kids we have this season. Reaching the site, wet and weary, Clemes and I set about getting water and driftwood so that Botsford could get the stove going to prepare lunch. Botsford could not get the stove to work; all the smoke came out into the room instead of going up the chimney. Leaving Botsford to fix it, Clemes and I looked over the site and commenced excavating. After an hour we returned to the shack to find that absolutely nothing had been accomplished and the fire not even burning. Investigating the trouble I found that all that was wrong was that the damper was fixed the wrong way! Leaving Botsford to clean up, we returned to the site to work. Parts of skeletons were found of individuals of all ages. One skull of a young female Aleut was found in good condition along with three mandibles. Many specimens were found as well, two or
three quite good ones. After supper I went out and poked around a bit more and found some more specimens, returning about 8 p.m.

It was been a miserable day for the trip, dark, dreary, and wet. Botsford on such a trip is worse than useless. Actually he did less than an hour’s work all day.

Vsevidof arises majestically just across the bay and yesterday we had a wonderful view of it, but not a sign of it can be seen today.

Tonight my feet are sore caused by walking six miles yesterday after my hip boots had accidentally been full of water. I was walking along on the way home when suddenly I sunk down over my boot tops in a bog. With the boys there to help me out I was saved from getting much wetter and muddier. These bogs do not show up and you only know they are there when you start to sink in them.

On the stove here in the shack as I write this is a skull and some other human bones drying out. All the bones are thoroughly saturated with moisture.

After we had arrived on this site and were walking thru it to the shack, Botsford turned and asked, “Where in Hell is this damned site?” I did not think it possible that he could be so dumb after seeing as many sites as he has already on this trip.

Sunday, July 10th, Nikolski. Have just finished supper after returning from Okay Bay. It was pretty cold last night—the stove was a poor one and of course not large enough to hold a fire all night. About 2 a.m. I got so cold that I decided to start a fire. There was no dry wood and the wet wood smoked like the devil but threw out very little heat, and sudden gusts of wind would come down the chimney and blow the smoke into the room. At 5 a.m. I was up again to light another fire and get breakfast merely because I was too cold to lie there on the floor. The two boys had elected to sleep on the Aleut bunk while I chose the floor. They of course were warm enough for had brought all their blankets and bedrolls. Thank Goodness I have not got all that extra bulk and weight to carry back.

It has been a dull day with rain up till noon but after this it cleared up a bit.

Many more specimens were found at work this morning. Botsford found the prize piece. It was a part, about two thirds of an exceptionally fine labret. Also two other ornamental pieces were found and some chipped and ground knives with drilled holes for hafting. Strangely enough no awls were found, but many wedges and points of bone. One good skull and some parts of a skeleton were also found.

About 2 p.m. we commenced our return trip, taking plenty of time for we had quite a load to carry. Again we stopped in at the Surveyor camp for a cup of tea and a chat with Mr. Riddell and arrived back at the school house just about supper time. Outside the village, on the shore, we noticed a group of natives with Benson and Stacey, standing around something lying on the beach. When we reached them we found that the object on the ground was what was left of the body of one of the men lost from the Surveyor about a month ago. It was not a pleasant sight.
Practically all the flesh was gone—eaten by the fish and crabs—the bones were held together by the clothes and sinews. The remains were wrapped up in a sheet and then sewn up in a tarpaulin to await the arrival of the *Surveyor*.

Monday, July 11th. Nikolski. A nice day but there was a strong cold wind blowing. The Doctor did not go out to work this morning but told me to take the boys out and set them to work. Here at the site I found a terrible mess. Evidently the Old Man had become excited at finding the longheads the two days I was at Okay Bay, for I found that he had commenced to dig in three or four different places. He had piled the dirt up into a hill behind him and was completely in a hole. I cannot understand how he ever did such a thing for he is always preaching against this. Even an amateur would have done better.

I got all the boys to work trying to get this mess straightened out and with Clemes I started to cut out a trench thru this dirt that had been piled up behind, so that we could wheel dirt away from the main cut. In a short time we came across a skeleton buried under whalebones. Before leaving the school for work the Old Man had insisted that I was not “to vaste” any time exposing skeletons for photographs. Consequently we took out this skeleton piece by piece as excavated. The bones appeared to be in good condition but they were very soft and even with the utmost care I found it impossible to get many of them out without breaking. With this burial we found four good stone points and ten bone harpoon points. The skull fortunately was in good condition and that of a dolichocephalic male.

Just as I had finished this burial a native came along and said that he knew where there was another skeleton. So I took Clemes and went with the native and we dug in the place he indicated. Sure enough we found a burial but it was comparatively recent and that of an Aleut woman. A nice rubbing stone was found near by the burial.

Back to the main site and then I came across another longhead in fair condition, but there were no artifacts with this burial. A child’s burial was uncovered after this, bones in very poor condition. The Doctor came out in the afternoon and worked with me. Almost right away we found another longhead and we found that another skeleton lies under this. This bottom skeleton we left till tomorrow. The other boys did well too, for they uncovered two longheads. I understand that five skeletons were found the two days we were at Okay Bay.

Now we have, I think, ten longheads from this site and fine prospects for many more. This hill on which we are working is almost like an Indian mound and is evidently one of their burial places. Most of the burials seem to be in the top three feet of debris and soil. This is composed of dirt and rocks on top and under this shell and fish bones. It is rather a puzzle as to why all the rocks and soil was carried up and dumped on top of the shell and fish bones.

Near the site there is a good-sized stream and today the natives of the village have been very busy erecting a fish trap.

It was decided, via the radio, to bury the remains of the man drowned from the *Surveyor* here today. This morning the gang from the camp came to town. Some of them dug the grave in the churchyard and others made the coffin. Father Kochergin held the services in the church and
in the churchyard. It was a pity that no one told us the burial services were to be held this afternoon. The first we knew of it was when I saw the men at the graveside. I suggested immediately to the Doctor that the courteous thing to do would be go over and attend. “No,” said the Old Man. “It will be all over very shortly.” As a matter of fact I feel rather badly about it. Here was a white government employee being buried on a faraway isle, in a native graveyard by a native priest, while we, six men also working for the government, paid no attention to the matter, and were even within sight of the graveyard service. It is not my fault. If they had told us what time the services were to be held I expect the Doctor would have attended.

A large herd of sheep have just been brought in to the barn at the sheep camp by three “cowboys,” all wearing hip boots and spurs! Imagine that these rubber boots are far from comfortable for riding.

I took a walk around the village this evening and find that it really an awful dump. In the graveyard I saw a great big old sow nesting by a grave, while on this afternoon’s burial the rabbits played. I find that the church, Saint Nikolas The Thaumaturge, has an electric light plant all of its own. There is a service there this evening and the boys have gone to attend on my recommendation.

Figure 33. The school room in Nikolski Village, Umnak Island, where the crew stayed. From left, James Botsford, William Clemes (?), Harold Cowper, and William Laughlin (?) (1938-60b).

Benson is quite a character. He talks all the time he can get anyone to listen to him and in his own opinion he is a great important fellow. He has shown us copies of some of his letters for he fancies himself as a letter-writer. One he wrote to the Director of Education is a perfect scream—eight pages of single space type, mostly praising himself and his ability. Later on when
I know him better I want to ask him for a copy of this letter. He tells me that the rabbits, which infest the village, are never eaten by the natives even when practically starving. Mrs. Benson sometimes has him kill one for a change in their diet. He has shot a couple for us and I tried a piece and found it not bad. Originally these rabbits were brought here by a schoolteacher and let go wild when he left. They only live in the village and do not spread over the island because the foxes kill them. The foxes here do not come anywhere near the village.

Tuesday, July 12th. Nikolski. We appreciated today for wind was not blowing, but dull and overcast. Our results were again good, for we found four more longheads and many fine specimens. Only one of the longheads was unbroken and this I took out in fear and trembling lest it crumble. The broken skulls are in large enough pieces so that they can easily be reconstructed. Two really beautiful stone blades, which the Doctor calls whale points, were uncovered today. One was ten and quarter inches long and the other seven and a quarter inches. They are only five-sixteenths of an inch thick. These are the finest and largest blades ever to be found in Alaska, the Doctor says. A very fine decorated lamp was also found today.

This is a church holiday in honor of St. Peter and St. Paul and the end of Lent, so consequently the church bells have been ringing almost all day.

A church service was held this morning and this evening there is to be a dance. Mr. and Mrs. Benson have invited us to go to the dance with them, so guess I’ll look in for a while. Unfortunately the dance does not commence till ten o’clock which will make it pretty late turning in.

We are told that the Surveyor will be in here tomorrow so perhaps it will have some mail for us.

Later. Have just returned from the dance. They have a seven-piece orchestra of banjos, mandolins, guitars, and drum. None of the natives have ever had any music lessons and they have just picked up the tunes they play and I think they do exceedingly well under the circumstances. It is evident that the leading socialite amongst the Aleuts is Mrs. Casey. She arrived in a long orange colored evening gown with high-heeled slippers. I find that the cook for Stacey is her sister and she also was dolled up in a long gown and high-heeled shoes. The native women appear to be pretty good dancers, but apparently only a few of the men try their hand at it. I only stayed about fifteen minutes and then left, with Cowper, who also does not dance. What really made me decide to leave was that Ladies Choice was called, and as I did not want to dance with any natives (with head lice) and neither did I care to hurt their feeling by refusing, I left. It was very apparent that Mrs. Benson cannot dance and was afraid that I could not get along with her so did not ask her.

One good thing this dance has done is that it made all the boys shave! Now they look so much better.

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76 May 31 to July 11 is the Apostles’ (Peter and Paul) Fast; July 12 is a Russian Orthodox feast day in honor of Saints Peter and Paul.
The Doctor did not like it all when he learned that Benson had asked us all to go to the
dance, and apparently bawled Benson out for doing so. Benson took me out on one side and
asked me what was the matter with the Old Man. I had to tell him that he thought of nothing but
work, that this was his whole life, and that he expected other people to think likewise. Benson
replied that he thought the Old Man must be in his second childhood—maybe he is right.

I asked Benson tonight if he would give me a copy of his letter to the Director of
Education—he was very flattered and said that he would do so.

Wednesday, July 13th. Nikolski. A nasty day with some rain. The Doctor called it a day
at 4 p.m. but we were pretty wet by that time.

The Surveyor has not showed up yet, we are all hoping for some mail on her when she
arrives.

Every morning at six o’clock or even before, the Old Man comes stamping out of his
room calling, “Time, Time.” This means that we are to get up. The silly part of it is that he does
not expect us to be at the site before eight o’clock, and we can prepare and eat breakfast in less
than an hour. It seems to me that we lose an hour’s rest by getting up at six instead of seven.
Today I asked the Old Man in a perfectly nice way why it was necessary to get out of bed at six
to be at work at eight. He blew up like a volcano! He was running this expedition and he wanted
us up at six o’clock in the morning. No other reason than this was given. He has cooled off now
and perhaps regrets his uncalled for outburst, for he gave me some broken pieces this afternoon.

The site is still in one hell of a mess. On our main cut we are at least four feet above the
bottom of the site. I dig a hole to see if I could find the bottom but had not reached it at four feet
below our level. There is no way to commence again on the bottom level without rehandling the
huge pile of dirt thrown out behind. I can’t figure out why the Old Man went off half-cocked like
this. I know that he [is] now mentally kicking himself over it.

We did not do quite so well today for we only uncovered two longheads and one Aleut.
The longheads were broken. The Aleut burial was obviously superficial and recent. The skull
vault was badly eaten away in places from tertiary syphilis.

Some of the longheads found here show evidences of scurvy, all or most of the teeth
having been lost and the alveolar process almost flattened out.

After supper tonight as I had nothing to do I made a call on Father Kochergin. He seemed
glad to welcome me to his house and I know he appreciated the cigar I gave him. He introduced
his wife and it seemed strange to see the priest’s wife accept and smoke cigarettes. They have a
small boy living with them and they hope to be able to adopt him if it can be arranged. He is a
smart little kid and knows some English. When I was leaving he said, “Goodbye, see you again,
you bet you, come again you betcha.” The Father tells me that all the natives here have nothing
to eat but fish. The Bowman outfit is not operating the store claiming that the village natives are
in debt to him to the extent of several thousand dollars. From what I could find out it seems that
the poor natives are getting a pretty dirty deal. They have the red fox on this island and when
Bowman was operating here all he gave them [for] it was seven dollars a pelt. It seems to me that the Bureau of Indian Affairs might do well to investigate Bowman’s activities. The Father is an Aleut and is one of the two native priests in Alaska, all the others being Russian. He tells me that he [is] sixty years old but I think he looks younger than I do. He told me that Bowman’s store charged exorbitant prices for everything—for instance butter at Unalaska is fifty cents while here they charged eighty cents. The Father wanted to buy a kitchen stove and Bowman wanted to sell him one for two hundred dollars. He sent to Montgomery and Wards however and obtained a far better stove for only fifty-nine dollars plus freight of about eighteen dollars.

We had some of the local rabbits for supper tonight. Benson took Laughlin out to shoot them. They were not so bad.

Another large whale blade was found today but unfortunately the tip was missing. Undoubtedly the blade was originally over twelve inches long.

Thursday, July 14th. Nikolski. Still no sign of the Surveyor so guess it is not coming after all and we shall not have any mail. I hear however, that the new mail boat, which carries neither passengers nor freight, will be here about the 20th so we can at least get mail out on this, even if it has none for us.
It has been a dull foggy day but not wet. Four longheads, three male and one female, were found. One of those I found was an extreme dolichocephalic, which the Doctor fairly gloated over. Many good specimens were dug too. Another whale blade nine inches long I found nearby some scattered human bones. It is strange how many odd human bones occur thru out the diggings. With one of the burials we found a nice earplug and a very finely made stone point. This morning the Old Man did not come stamping in at six-o’clock crying Time. We did not see him till we got out to work and consequently we all had an extra fifty minutes in bed. Evidently he must have thought the matter over and regretted his outburst. Nothing has been said by anyone about his not coming in to get us out.

Last night the Doctor told Benson that he must not let the boys use his 22 rifle to shoot rabbits with! There might be an accident he said.

Some of the native girls came over to watch us at work today. One of them was all painted up with rouge and lipstick and was also smoking a cigarette. They commenced talking to two of the boys who were working some distance from the Old Man. As soon as the Doctor noticed this he rushed over and stayed with the boys till the natives left. “I would not leave you till that prostitute vent away,” he exclaimed. Obviously Benson has told the Doctor that there is a prostitute in the village, but the Doctor might have given the girl the benefit of the doubt for she was NOT the one, for I asked Benson this evening.

I borrowed Stacey’s stallion to ride over to the sheep barn this morning to try to repair my shovel. The barn is 135’ by 75’, which makes quite a place and is built of corrugated sheet
metal. They have 9000 head of sheep here and of course most of these are ewes. Eighty percent of the total number of ewes is the average production of lambs per year. Each sheep averages twelve pounds of wool and this Stacey considers pretty good. He told me that at certain times here in the winter the beaches are literally covered with Emperor geese, and claims that there are actually millions of them.

The Doctor told Mrs. Benson last night to tell her husband that he was not to take the boys to any more of the dances.

Friday, July 15th. Nikolski. A nasty dull wet day again. The Old Man was sore about something all day, but no one knows what, and for that matter cares less. Our work produced good results in every way. Plenty of good specimens were found, but the climax was reached just before quitting time, when I came across a cache of fifty pieces. Most of them were knives, scrapers, drills, and points of greenstone. There were also four whale teeth, which had been used for grinding, some awls, and a foreshaft. Even this magnificent haul did not raise any enthusiasm or even a smile of pleasure from the Old Man. I washed these specimens after supper and displayed them preparatory to photographing them, but could not get the Doctor to even come and look at them. On the way back to the school he had told me not to show them to Benson. Fine treatment for our host who has been so decent to us. As it happened Benson came out of the back door as I going past with these specimens and asked to see what I had. Rather than tell him that the Old Man had told me not to show them to him, I showed them. There was nothing else I could do.

It is cold tonight and we have a fire in the stove for the first time—using good government coal.

At the site our exposure is now eleven feet tall but no skeletal remains have been found deeper than five feet. From here on down the site is practically all shell and bone, but where are the burials of the people who made this huge deposit?

Saturday, July 16th. Nikolski. As I write this the church bell is tolling and I can see Father Kochergin, all dressed up in his robes walking to the church to hold the service.

It is a fine bright evening for a change but we had a dull and wet morning. Only two skeletons were found today, both female, one longhead and one medium.

About eight feet down the Doctor found a very beautiful two-piece foreshaft of ivory, something quite new to the islands.

I found five pieces of these stone pots or dishes, but no complete one has yet been found. One piece was four and half inches deep and must have been a real work of art. These are not bowls in the archaeological sense, for the sides meet the flat bottom at an angle.

In the lecture tonight the Doctor was talking about shell and stated that it had been found used as a cover or plug in trephining cases in South America, such as silver plates are used today for bad skull injuries.
Sunday, July 17th, Nikolski. A nice sunny day, which was indeed appreciated. Only one burial today but it was that of a longhead. Specimens were not quite so numerous as in the past few days but some good material was found. The Doctor let me work alone today, a change which I quite appreciated. At noon he had me start on another new cut on a level about three feet lower than our present floor level. Even now I am not on the bottom. Later in the afternoon he told me take one of the boys and survey around the lake so took Laughlin along, but found nothing. At lunch time I went up to get Father Kochergin to unlock the church so that I could take some pictures. He put on his robes and opened the church for me, and suggested posing in the picture. As this was quite agreeable with me he donned his special robes of gold cloth and even brought out the communion plate or whatever it was and placed it where it could be seen. The inner room of the church containing the altar has an empty glass coffin representing the bier Christ lay on. This is what I understood it to be from his description.

The other day Mrs. Benson very kindly gave us a loaf of her homemade bread. Now she tells me that the Doctor has told her that she is not to give us any more luxuries!
A letter was received this morning by Mrs. Benson from [name], the girl the Doctor called a prostitute. She asked her to invite the “college boys” to a farewell dance tonight. Evidently we are expected to leave soon.

I took about a seven-mile hike this evening, as it was such a splendid night. Walking out towards the southwest end of the island, Vsevidof showed up magnificently. It was hard to refrain from taking a photo each time I looked as it appeared more beautiful than the last in the changing light. To the west I could see the Islands of the Four Mountains; two of the volcanoes were throwing out considerable volumes of steam. Last October Casey tells me that Yunaska blew up and that not a living thing was left on it. Anything that Casey says can be taken with a grain of salt tho. He also said that the level of the island had been raised twenty-two feet by the lava, but of course I don’t believe it.

Stacey and his “cowboys” brought in about 1000 head of sheep this evening for shearing. He tells me that the foxes will kill the young lambs. I counted ten dead sheep and lambs in my walk this evening, but imagine that this means nothing out here.

Casey and some natives were seining for salmon as I returned from my walk. They caught 44 red salmon in the first haul.

**Monday, July 18th.** Nikolski. Another bright day, bright and sunny at times. About 9 a.m. one of the native boys came over and told us that the mail boat was coming in. Going to the top of the hill about 100 feet away I could see it anchoring in the bay. I suggested going in to see if our mail was going out on it, but the Old Man said to wait till noon. At 11 a.m. the boat’s whistle blew for leaving and I was sure mad and made a beeline for the school to see if I could get my outgoing mail aboard. Mrs. Benson told me that all the mail had gone aboard, so I gave her my letters and she said that she would try to get one of the natives to take them out to the ship in a row boat. At noon I found out that she had been able to get my letters aboard in this manner so I was lucky. The Old Man seems to grudge one even a minute off to send out mail. There was no mail for any of our party, which was somewhat of a disappointment.

Our results today were good. I uncovered a mesocephalic skull, which was in perfect condition. One oblong chipped and ground celt [stone axe] was found, the first from this site.

For some reason or other Botsford did not come out to work this morning. He said he was not feeling well. The poor fish did not even know enough to tell the Doctor that he was sick. Naturally the Old Man was sore about it. “He does not even have such manners as an Aleut,” exclaimed the Old Man. Then the Doctor seemed to have the idea that perhaps Botsford had sailed off on the mail boat. When he found out that this was not so he was quite disappointed. “It is too bad he did not go,” said the Old Man, but no one can figure out where he got the notion that it was likely to happen.

The natives are seining again this evening and seem to be getting quite a large number of fish. The main salmon run should be on now, but it has not yet commenced.
This evening the Doctor gave a special lecture on evolution. The boys had requested the Doctor to give this talk. However after the Doctor had finished his lecture, not one of the boys had the courtesy to say a word of thanks or appreciation. These young kids of today seem very irresponsible and crude and have no thoughts for others at all.

Tuesday, July 19th. Nikolski. Not a very nice day, a light rain or drizzle most of the time. Last night we heard on the radio that the *Shoshone* would be here today or tomorrow to pick us up and then leave immediately for the Komandorskis. This morning a message came thru that altho our party had permission to go, the Coast Guard had not yet received permission for the *Shoshone* to take us. We did not receive this last message till after lunch time and by that time we had brought back to the beach all the shovels and wheelbarrows, etc. Of course we then had to take them back to the site.

I found two skeletons today. One was incomplete but the long bones of this skeleton were the longest, largest, and strongest yet found on the islands. A stone labret was also found with this burial. The other skeleton was complete, but buried on top of a large piece of whalebone instead of underneath a piece as is usual. It was a longheaded female not in particularly good condition.

One of the boys found a nice spoon of what appeared to be fossilized bone this afternoon, and many of the usual specimens were excavated.

As we expected this to be our last day’s work here I asked the Old Man if he would let me try to find the bottom of the site. He was not in the least enthusiastic about it but did finally grudgingly give his consent. The bottom I found to be just six feet below the level we are working on. At the point where we are now this would give a depth of 15 1/2 feet and it will probably be considerably more as we progress further into the mound.

This evening the Doctor asked me to help him fix the broken handle of a wheelbarrow. I was quite astonished to find that he did not know how to go about it for he is a pretty good handyman. When I had finished the job the Old Man actually admitted that he had learned something that he did not know before. I have never known the Doctor [to] admit anything like that before!

Now, of course, we do not know how long we shall be staying here. Our food supplies are good for a few more days and fortunately we are strong on hardtack and butter.

Many fish were taken from the fish trap this morning, this being the first decent haul of the season.

Casey gave me a fine large red salmon yesterday so in return I gave him about a half pound of cheese. Both he and his native wife thought that this was a very wonderful exchange.

Wednesday, July 20th. Nikolski. No further news regarding our visit to the Komandorskis. The Doctor does not now think that our chances are very good, but I still think we shall go there.
After breakfast the Doctor started the day off on a fearful tirade about Botsford. He took me on one side and kept repeating, “Vat shall I do? Vat shall I do?” Then he added, “Your advice at Amchitka was no goot, but for you I should not have him here now.” I most certainly did not advise the Old Man to keep Botsford with us at Amchitka, but I did point out that it would be quite a disgrace and that Botsford had told me that he would not return home until the trip was over. He seems afraid of his father.

Today Botsford claims that he has hay fever. The fact of the matter is that he is allergic to horses, but in spite of this he was playing around with Stacey’s stallion last night. Maybe he wanted “hay fever.”

The Doctor had quite a talk with Botsford and I guess he told him that he wanted to get rid of him. Anyway today Botsford has gone over to the Surveyor camp to find out when their ship will be here. Also to see if he can get passage on it to Unalaska. Personally I am hoping that he will be able to arrange to leave this way. I think it would probably be better if his pal Cowper went with him as well.

Four burials were uncovered today, two males and two children. One of the male burials (longhead) was found to be 5’3” below the surface, and this is the deepest burial found here so far. Specimens were as numerous as usual but nothing of special interest was found.

We missed Botsford at noon, for he is still the cook. If he does go we will have to get reorganized some other way.

After the lecture tonight Mrs. Benson took me to see an old woman who is making a kamleika for her son. It is a fine piece of work but I did not like to ask her if she would sell it. The stench in her house was something not easily forgotten. Some young sea gulls were kept in the kitchen and they are in the process of being tamed.

Thursday, July 21st. Nikolski. A nice sunny day but quite a strong cold wind blew up in the afternoon.

Botsford came back after dark last night all pepped up. He has made arrangements to leave on the Surveyor from the other side of the island tomorrow. However, he has to obtain a letter from the Doctor asking the Surveyor to take him in to Unalaska. Botsford has definitely quit the expedition and Cowper has also decided to do so.

Cowper told the Doctor that he was going to quit with Botsford this morning. The Doctor refused to let him. Then Cowper came to me and asked me to talk to the Old Man to try to persuade him to let him leave with Botsford. As long as the kid wanted to quit, it seemed foolish to me to make him stay here dissatisfied, so I went and talked to the Old Man. He thought it over during breakfast and then called them both in and said that they could both quit provided that they write him a letter resigning from the expedition. This was done and now they are on their own. They made arrangements with Stacey to hire one of his horses to pack their kit across the island and Casey is going along to bring the horses back. As I understood it they were supposed to be at the camp at 11 a.m., but in their usual unhurried way they did not leave here until 9:45
a.m. Peace descended upon us after they had gone and we are again all at work in harmony. We found no burials today, the first day without any since our arrival.

It is decided now that Laughlin is to be our cook, but actually he knows less about it than I do.

This evening I was talking to one of the native boys in the schoolroom when suddenly walked Botsford and Cowper. Was I surprised? It turns out that they missed the launch, which was to take them out to the ship, by about ten minutes. However they did not seem in the least abashed—just as breezy as ever. I don’t think they even realized that it was entirely their own fault that they missed connections. The Doctor is thoroughly disgusted. “Just when everything was so peaceful they have to come back,” he said. Now Botsford and Cowper have severed connections with the expedition the Doctor says that “They must fend for themselves; I will not have them back here.” I think the Old Man is quite right in this, but am wondering what will happen. As far as I can see about the only thing they can do is to obtain accommodation at Stacey’s place. At least they could sleep in the barn there if the worst came to the worst.

One of the natives came in tonight to see me to sell me a small sealskin, a throwing stick, and a red fox pelt. For the three items he wanted three dollars so I bought them. The fox pelt is not worth much but think that it ought to make a good winter cap.

Laughlin has gone up to the ranch to see if there is any news on the radio concerning our trip to the Komandorskis. He is also to tell Botsford and Cowper, from the Doctor, that they cannot stay here in the schoolhouse with us.

Figure 37. Mrs. Benson, Anfesia Golley, and Mr. Benson, Nikolski Village, Umnak Island (1938-74a).
Later. Botsford has just returned here and he tells me that Benson says he can stay here for this is his place and the Old Man has no say as to who shall stay here or not. This sounds reasonable enough but of course when the Old Man hears about it Hell will be a-popping. Developments in the morning should be interesting.

Friday, July 22nd. Nikolski. A beautiful sunny day but with that cold wind blowing again. At last the Botsford and Cowper affair seems to be more or less smoothed over. They have rented a room over the store—this room being vacant as there is now no storekeeper here. Actually they have better quarters than ours and they should be quite content. It is a good thing that they are no longer living here in the schoolroom with us. I think, however, it seems quite possible that there may be more trouble with them yet. Right now Laughlin and Clemes are up in their room and I know the Old Man will not like this if he hears about it. Just how Botsford and Cowper are going to get home now is somewhat doubtful. The Boxer, a Bureau of Education ship, is expected to be here soon and they might be able to arrange transportation on that.

It is strange but the Doctor has told them that they may work if they want to do so. They asked the Doctor if they could and they also asked if they could attend the lectures. The Doctor is making a mistake I think, for as long as they do not now belong to the party, he should make a clean break to save further trouble.

At the digs today we had good luck finding many fine specimens. Came across one pathological specimen of an animal bone. It was indeed a queer looking condition. The Doctor said that it was a bad case of osteoperiostitis.\footnote{Inflammation of the membrane, the periosteum, lining the surface of bones and of the underlying bone.}

Most of the sinkers found here are banded about one third of the way from the narrow end which gives an egg shaped stone a bottle shaped appearance, quite different from the usual sinker.

I found one male dolichocephalic skeleton but the skull was partly crushed. Parts of another skeleton also were found and many odd human bones.

When it was just about time to quit work I came across another burial about seven or eight feet deep, so I left this to work on tomorrow.

Yesterday was bath day for the community at the community bathhouse. The one here is larger than the one at Amchitka. All day natives were coming and going to and from the bathhouse. Passing by the bathhouse in the evening I saw Anfesia Golley about to enter the door with an old woman, so I shouted, “Going to take a bath?” “Sure thing,” she replied. “Why don’t you come and join us?” Anfesia is fourteen years old and has the happiest disposition of any girl in the village. She is as pretty as any of the girls, polite, and not smart as are many of them, and is my choice of them all. She lives with Father Kochergin and is an orphan. I am told that she wants to go to live in Seattle, but I think this would be a horrible mistake.

As usual, this being Friday night, there is to be a dance. The boys are going, but they’ll have to get started earlier than ten o’clock if I am ever to drop in again to watch the doings.
Bensons attend all the dances—apparently they consider this one of their duties. Benson admitted to me today that he only had one vice, and that is smoking! He is one of the queerest birds I have ever met. He is happiest when trying to orate but to listen to him is mighty painful. However he has been mighty decent to us and helped us in every way he could.

Saturday, July 23rd. Nikolski. Another cold dull day with rain in the late afternoon. Now it is raining in sheets. We had a successful day and a peaceful one too, for Botsford and Cowper were not with us. Three longheads were excavated, two male and a female. I took out the one I found late yesterday and this proved to be buried eight feet deep—the deepest one yet. As the Doctor was not out to work for quite a while after breakfast I decided that I would expose this burial for a photograph. So far none of the dolichocephalic burials have been photographed “in situ” at this site. So I did this and had only just finished when the Old Man turned up. To my surprise instead of bawling me out for “vesting” time, he was quite delighted. “It is the most important skeleton we have found yet,” he exclaimed. It does definitely prove that the lower stratum belongs to the pre-Aleuts, which of course we had always assumed but never known positively. This deep burial did not have any covering of whalebones as have almost all the all the shallower pre-Aleut burials. Also the body was not flexed as much as the other less deep burials—the body had been laid on its side facing the east. The Old Man proceeded to take four photographs of this burial and then explained to the boys that this was a “real professional” job of excavation. The boys will be getting pretty sick of this soon! Naturally he said not a word this time about “vasting my time.”

In the afternoon the Doctor came across another burial that was approximately eight feet deep. Then, wonder of wonders, he called me over and told me to take care of it. He actually insinuated, altho he did not say so outright, that I could do a better job of it than he could. I know very well I can. Unfortunately this burial was under some large stones and almost all the bones were badly crushed and disintegrated and it turned out to be quite a disappointment.

Figure 38. Excavations at the Chaluka mound, Nikolski Village, Umnak Island (1938-76a).
We have absolutely no tools for preparing a skeleton for photographing. Not even a trowel or a brush. I made a makeshift brush by cutting off part of an old broom I found and tying the bristles together. This was considerably better than nothing.

Another burial came to light later in the afternoon quite near the surface. It was in pretty fair condition and with it was a cache of fourteen bone points. Here again there was no whale bone covering and in my opinion the points looked to be more Aleut than pre-Aleut, so I expected to find an Aleut skull. However there was no skull there at all—the rest of the skeleton was complete except the axis and atlas were also missing. Another of those peculiar things that are hard to figure out.

We now have a vertical wall varying from eight to eleven feet tall and about one hundred and fifty feet long. Today the Doctor said that we would have to fill in against the wall so that there would be no accidents after we left. To me this seems to be an archaeological crime, for the site is hardly touched as yet. If we should fill in it will ruin it for future excavations. What makes it worse is that our ground level is still six feet from the real bottom of the site. Surely a few fence posts and a couple of strands of wire would be all the protection needed and this expense should not break the Smithsonian. Anyway I don’t think any of the native children would fall over the edge. They might however commence burrowing for specimens and be buried in a cave in. We are only fifty feet from the nearest shed and maybe about seventy feet from the nearest occupied house.

Laughlin as cook is not so hot. He is very slow and I have done at least half of the cooking myself to speed things up a bit. Anyway he’ll soon get the hang of it and I find it a great relief to be without the other two boys. Now they are no longer with us the Old Man comes in and kids us about our cooking. He said tonight that I had made good cocoa, but not as good as he makes it. At least I had not put in a huge dessert spoon full of butter, as he does!

Sunday, July 24th. Nikolski. A nasty dull dark day with average results for the day’s work. Another skeleton, that of a young person, was found without the skull. Many odd human bones were turned up but for some reason or other there were more arm bones than any others.

We have now straightened up the wall along the whole length of the cut. This the Doctor had been working on for some time so that he could take a photograph. We completed this about four o’clock in the afternoon. Of course anyone else but the Doctor would have then called it a day, especially as it is Sunday, but not he. We commenced on another cut which if completed will take away the large dump of earth that he piled behind him when he started out. Starting in afresh at this hour of the day for some reason makes Clemes boiling mad. These kids sure are lazy; they do not seem to know the meaning of an honest day’s work. At twenty years of age they act like children of ten. They know everything and whatever they do is right and anything they say is positive in the extreme. Maybe it is that I am getting a bit intolerant, or do I expect too much of young kids?

The Doctor found a very beautiful earplug just before he quit. It was made of ivory, tubular in shape, three quarters of an inch long and very delicately incised with a design of dots.
and circles. It was doubtless Aleut for the designs appeared to have been made with steel tools, but this in no way detracted from it as a work of art.

I made the extraordinary discovery this evening that it is a mighty hard thing to unravel a sock. I wanted same wool to some darning and tried to get it by unraveling an old sock, but failed miserably in the attempt. I must find out how this is done—there must be a method of some sort.

News is expected tonight on the radio so two of the bays have gone up to listen in. It will be a terrible blow to us if we do not get to the Komandorskis after all, for we have all been banking on this.

It appears that Botsford and Cowper spend most of their time in bed nowadays. They have not showed up at work as yet, altho they asked permission. This is all to the good as I see it. They did turn up tonight for the lecture. I really don’t think they are in the least bit interested but it helps pass the time for them.

There was quite a severe earthquake last night, which lasted for almost two minutes. Some bottles from one of the shelves in Benson’s room were shaken down and broken. The boys tell me they did not even wake up.

Monday, July 25th. Nikolski. Still quite cold but not a bad day. Working today clearing away the dump the Old Man made the first few days. Altho we have commenced lower than the last level we are still far from the bottom of the site. Yesterday I dug a hole down to the bottom to find out the real depth of the cut and found that it is fifteen feet. As we are yet quite a long way from the highest point of the site it would indicate that the site is at least twenty feet deep or maybe more.

Another skeleton was found today without a skull. It makes one begin to wonder if warring tribes took some of the heads home as trophies.

The top three feet of the surface in some places seem to have been disturbed, but this may have been done by the later Aleuts.

Came across a rare pathological specimen this afternoon—a case of iliosacral synostosis—a joining of the sacrum with the pelvis. This, the Doctor says, is a very rare occurrence. Mandibular hyperostosis [excessive bone growth] is quite prevalent in the pre-Aleuts, and several different cases of exostoses [abnormal growths of bone on a bone surface] have been found.

The highlight of today’s work was the finding of a bone mask. It was made from the caudal vertebra of a whale. It is small and only measures seven by five inches. It has eyeholes bored right thru the bone and is hollowed out inside. It has a flattened nose and an offset mouth and there is a topknot of what I presume is meant for hair on the top. Two holes had been drilled, one on each side, presumably for tying on. The problem is for what and on what was it used, for
it is really too small to cover a person’s face. Even tho the Aleuts are of small stature they do not have abnormally small faces.

The average Aleut is about 4’6” tall whereas so far all indications point to the fact that the average pre-Aleut must have been about 5’6” tall. It is also evident that in the latter period of the pre-Aleut’s existence, they intermingled with the regular Aleuts. This may be the reason for finding very occasionally a dolichocephalic Aleut still living.

Today I worked with the Doctor again and found this quite a relief after being with one of the boys for some days. These young kids are what I term egotistical weaklings. When not working, however, they are decent enough, they just don’t savvy the meaning of the word work. There really should be some definite news concerning the Komandorski tonight, for there was no news last night. Clemes and Laughlin have been invited out to Botsford and Cowper’s for supper tonight. Apparently a farewell dinner party. Am glad they did not ask me. Washed out some clothes after supper and now, being alone, I can write this in peace.

One of the native boys brought me some specimens which he had found this evening. There was a nice labret among them, so bought all he had, paying about a nickel a piece for each specimen.

Mrs. Benson, when shown any of our finds always says, “Well, I swan!” Really she is awfully dumb but nevertheless mighty good to us.

Conversation overhead today between Laughlin and the Old Man. Laughlin: “Is So and So married, Doctor?” “I don’t think so,” snapped the Old Man. “I never inquire into other people’s misfortunes.” He sounded quite serious. From the very few remarks he has let drop I infer that he does not get along very well with his present wife, but thought his first wife, a French lady, was the finest woman that ever existed.\(^\text{78}\)

Tuesday, July 25th. Nikolski. A dull, dreary sort of day with that cold wind blowing again all the time. Work progressed as usual, many good specimens were found. The best pieces today were an exceptionally large net sizer and a larger than normal labret. Three burials were found and again one of these had the skull missing. The other two, male and female, were dolicho and meso respectively.

Working with the Doctor again today. When we found one of the skeletons he said, “I vill take this vun out.” As usual he went at [it] hurriedly and roughly and one of the first things he did was to poke his stick into the facial bones and smash the face all to pieces. Not content with this he carelessly did it again. If I had done it my name would have been Mud. As it happened this burial was in excellent condition and should have been taken out without breakage.

At noon we found the gang from the Surveyor camp at the schoolhouse. They had come up to do some surveying near the village. The Doctor asked Mr. Riddell if he would make him a

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\(^{78}\) Hrdlička’s first wife was Marie Strickler (sometimes identified as Marie Dieudonnée). She died on October 18, 1918. He married Mina (Vilemina) Mansfield in 1920 (Montgomery and Chien 2006:9).
map of the site and Mr. Riddell very kindly consented to do this. He and his gang spent a couple of hours making a sketch and getting the outline and height.

![Image of an Aleut woman](image.png)

**Figure 39.** A 94-year-old Aleut woman in Nikolski Village, Umnak Island (1938-79c).

I went up to the radio shack with the Benson’s last night. The Doctor also went along to send a message to Captain Alger. He told him that if we could not leave for the Komandorskis before Aug. 3rd that he would like to be picked up and returned to Unalaska as soon after that date as possible. There was no news from Unalaska. Dr. White, who was speaking, said that Captain Alger was working on this Komandorski deal and would let us know as soon as anything developed. The Doctor still has hopes, he says, of reaching these islands. So have I—I think that we may hear any day when we are to leave.

It was funny to see the Bensons walking to and from the ranch holding hands like young lovers.

Our food supplies are getting quite short in some items, but we are now exchanging from our surplus supplies for those we need with the Bensons. Of course we are very lucky to be able
to do this, for otherwise we should be going without some things we need—for instance, rolled oats. If we stay till after Aug. 3rd, it will be necessary to obtain some more supplies somewhere. Am down to my last can of cigarettes and have only a few more pipefuls of tobacco. The few cigars I brought are all gone too.

**Wednesday, July 27th.** Nikolski. A strong wind all day but we had the sun out in the afternoon. There was no news on the radio last night—a disappointment.

It appears that Botsford is now sick and Benson insists that he has T.B. Botsford is sick all right but I think that this coughing that he is doing is caused by being allergic to horses and being around them. It is quite noticeable that he forgets to cough when interested in something or when the Doctor or Benson are not around. At least not to nearly the same extent.

Benson has now taken Botsford under his wing, so to speak, and has told the Doctor that he ought to radio Dr. White and suggest that a ship be sent to take Botsford to hospital! If the Old Man does mention it to Dr. White I expect that the answer will be to the effect that it is not an emergency case and none of his, Dr. White’s, business. Anyway all this fuss pleases Botsford greatly and I am sure that he will now go home (eventually) persuading himself that he left the expedition because of ill health. It is easy to imagine him making a great hero out of himself at home giving out tales of hardships endured and so on. But maybe I am being unfair, but this is the impression he gives.

The results today were not up to average, for we found no especially fine pieces. During the last hour at work I came across a skeleton and have already taken out part of it and have left the remainder for tomorrow. It appears that in this burial the body was laid out straight. First I found the feet and have been work along and have reached about the dorsal vertebrae now. The skeleton is that of a particularly large male, doubtless a pre-Aleut. The strange thing in this burial was that a broken skull was found between the ribs and the pelvis. The broken skull was small and from the position in which it was found it could not have belonged to the skeleton. Am hoping that tomorrow I shall find a fine large skull in its proper place.

Mr. Riddell and his gang were up here again at noon so they came in and ate lunch with us. One of the fellows was telling me that Sarah, the woman that the Old Man called a prostitute, is the Butter Barrel mentioned by Max Miller in *Fog and Men on Bering Sea*. If so, the Old Man’s guess was not so far wrong after all. Later on I heard more of the local scandal. This time I was told that Sarah is the mother of the little boy that Father Kochergin wants to adopt and that Stacey was the father. This does not sound impossible. I also heard that Sarah objects to being called a prostitute for she says she has never accepted any payment for her love! So that’s all the scandal of the village, at least that I have heard. No, I just remember some more, which developed from something that occurred last night. One of the two white workers at the sheep camp came down to see the Doctor to get him to fix a broken rib. This fellow also had a black eye. Peculiarly enough this fellow says he is going to marry Sarah. These two “poor whites” had gotten into a fight and according to the fellow with the broken rib it was over who should put his feet on a chair. It is rumored around tho, that the fight occurred because he heard Sarah in this other chap’s room. She went in because she had something wrong with her thigh! Well, it is all quite amusing here on the spot knowing the people, but it may sound rather drab.
One of the boys from the **Surveyor** camp I find is from Soap Lake [a small town about 40 miles east of Wenatchee] and knows several folks in Wenatchee. He is going back to college next summer. One summer up here is enough for him he says.

The salmon are now running and this morning Casey and some of the natives were out seining. They obtained over 1100 humpies—these are the pink salmon. The natives were gutting and cleaning these fish till dark and this is the first time I have seen them really do any work to speak of.

**Thursday, July 28th.** Nikolski. A miserable dark morning and it commenced raining very heavily about 9 a.m. The wind was blowing so hard that the rain seemed to be driven almost horizontally. Because of the rain we quit work about 10 o’clock, being already pretty well wet thru. We went back to work after lunch for then the rain stopped. Now, it is 7 p.m., the sun is shining, and wind has ceased blowing.

![Figure 40. Aleš Hrdlička photographs a group of Aleut boys in Nikolski Village, Umnak Island (1938-82a).](image)

Finishing the skeleton I had commenced on yesterday, I found the skull in very poor condition and it was not all there. Then later, when packing, the Doctor discovered that the broken skull on the stomach was part of this same skull. The mandible was about fifteen inches away from the nearest portion of the skull. Earthquakes or rodents must be responsible for such an occurrence. I also found part of a very fine stone pot; near the top a hole was drilled which was doubtless made for a handle.
Today is another church holiday, that of Saint Lattimer—whoever he was. A church service was held this morning, which lasted from eight o’clock till noon, and tonight there is a dance for it is the “name day” of one of the natives.

Forrey just came in and brought me a carton of cigarettes from the camp. Am very glad to have it for am using my last can now. He tells me that he gets $72.50 as seaman on the Surveyor. This seems like a pretty fair salary for of course he gets his food and quarters as well. Mr. Riddell I hear is nicknamed “The Boy Wonder” on the ship and is evidently not too popular. He seems like a mighty decent sort to me however.

Today Clemes asked the Doctor if he had read Stepping Stones from Alaska to Asia by Hutchison. He replied that he had not read it. Clemes then said that he thought that it was written by a very well known botanist—a lady. “Den dat is worse dan ever,” the Old Man said. “Dese women write such foolishness—stay away from their writings.” So?

Friday, July 29th. U.S.C.G. Shoshone. There was no news on the radio last night after all. Dr. White was not even on the air. He was not well the last time he talked so he may be sick.

After a rainy night we had a dull and cloudy morning. Early in the morning the Old Man found a burial and called me over to take it out after he had broken the skull! With this burial were found eight fine bone points and one of the finest blades ever found in Alaska. It was fourteen inches long and three inches wide at the widest part and less than a half inch think. A wonderful work of art. The Doctor was enthralled. Very shortly after finding this we heard a ship’s siren whistling thru the fog and we assumed that it was the Surveyor coming into the bay. Mrs. Benson came out after a few minutes to tell us that it was the Surveyor for she recognised the sound. Next one of the native boys came rushing up to tell me that a cutter was entering the bay. I walked up to the top of the hill to see but the ship was so far away it was impossible to tell which it was, but it hardly looked like the squat Surveyor. In the meantime Clemes shouted over to me that he’d bet me forty to one in nickels that it was not the Shoshone, so I naturally took him up on this. It was the Shoshone so I won two dollars and this is one bet that Clemes will be tickled to death [to] pay, for of course this means that we are on our way to the Komandorskis.

About noon the launch from the Shoshone was seen coming in to the village towing a surfboat. There were several officers and a shore party. Captain Trebes of the Shoshone also came ashore to see the Doctor and find out when we could be ready to leave. Mr. Paden, who was on the Shoshone two years ago when she took me out to Attu, is now the Executive Officer.

Some of the crew immediately went to work getting the packed specimen boxes into the launch and taking them to the ship. We cleaned up the site and packed up as fast as possible and were all thru with this by about three o’clock in the afternoon.

Between noon and three o’clock the natives put on a dance for the shore party and they had quite a time. I looked in for a few minutes and everyone seemed to be having lots of fun.

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79 Isobel Wylie Hutchison (1937).
The Doctor took Captain Trebes and the other officers out to the site and explained what we were doing and finding, while we were cleaning up the wheelbarrows and so forth.

We had a lineup of native kids at the door while we were packing up waiting for anything that we did not want, especially in the way of food. We gave them quite a little, but the best of what we had left went to our good-natured host and hostess.

Father Kochergin came over to ask me to sell him a few packages of cigarettes, so, as I can now easily get more, I sold him half I had and gave him the other half.

Here on the ship we each have a cabin to ourselves and have all the comforts of home. It is so much more pleasant to be able to travel on these larger ships for they have more room and accommodation for a few extra persons. We are all to eat with Cabin Trebes in the Cabin. This of course is fine, altho I would much prefer, given the choice, to eat with the officers in the Ward Room. The Captain tells us that we are to make ourselves at home, to consider the Cabin as ours, use his typewriter, and so on. He is hospitality itself.

Across the passage from my cabin is Lieut. Guil whom I met last year on the Duane. It is rather peculiar, for our cabins were situated in the same position on the Duane. It is pleasant for me too for of course I got to know Guil quite well last year. He tells me that the Shoshone came up here all the way from Oakland for the express purpose of taking us to the Komandorskis. Also that this last delay has been caused by the trouble in obtaining permission for the Doctor’s party to land. Permission for the Doctor to land and for the ship to go there had previously been granted.

When leaving Nikolski everyone came down to the beach to see us off and here we said goodbye to our native and white friends. Botsford and Cowper looked very forlorn and lost as they stood on the beach and watched us sail away. I feel sorry for them, but it is their own fault entirely.

Umnak to the Commander Islands

The ship seems to be rolling quite a bit now so will quit writing and get into my most inviting looking bunk.

Saturday, July 30th. U.S.C.G. Shoshone. It has been quite a stormy day. I managed to eat breakfast but lost it, so did not attempt lunch. Staggering down to dinner I managed to last half way thru and then had to run. The chairs were of course lashed to the table, which is fastened to the floor. My lashing broke and I went sliding across the floor in my chair for about fifteen feet, knives, forks, spoons, and plate following me on the polished floor. It would have been amusing had I been feeling fit. Before evening I had thrown up four more times so feeling pretty low and going to crawl into my bunk and try to read a bit.

Sunday, July 31st. U.S.C.G. Shoshone. This morning the sea was quieter but it still remains foggy. Evidently we have been making pretty good time for there are only 510 miles to go. It may be that we shall arrive at Nikolskoe tomorrow night.
Mr. Chaffee, the navigating officer, has just shown me an Attu basket made by Anastasia, the chief’s wife. It was beautifully made. Both Mike and Anastasia were in Unalaska when the Shoshone left there. They were leaving the next day on the Martha with Mr. Schroeder for Attu. Mr. Chaffee says that when they were not eating ice cream at the restaurant they were to be seen wandering hand-in-hand thru the village, enjoying their visit to “civilization” to the utmost.

Captain Trebes is very easy to get along with so I have dropped a hint to him about how nice it would be to stop at Attu for a day. Have also talked Mr. Paden into wanting to stop there, so it is not impossible that we may make a stop there on the return trip.

Mr. Paden tells me that altho Captain Zeusler of the Northland had permission to land at three different places in Siberia this year, he was not allowed to land at two out of the three places. At the third place, finding he was getting nowhere in his interview with an impassive faced Siberian, he wound up by vigorously pounding the table with both fists, swearing like a trooper and repeating, “Report to Moscow, report to Moscow.” The magic word Moscow must have penetrated the thickened skull of the Siberian for it produced action. Soldiers were ordered to place flags in certain places and then the men from the Northland were allowed to land but had to stay on the ground within the limits of these flags. As this is all second hand information, I cannot be sure how much is true.

Mr. Madacey, the engineer officer, told me today that Pedler gave him $50.00 to give to me so that I could obtain fur caps and Russian dolls in the Komandorskis for him! It seems to me that Pedler should know better, for I told him last year that we could not buy anything, not even cigarettes, and did not even see a store.

There were two movie shows today as this is Sunday and strangely enough both of them were pretty good—the best shown on this ship so far.

About this time tomorrow we expect to sight Yujni Point, the southeastern tip of Mednyi Island. This means we will probably be at Nikolskoe the following morning.

**Monday, August 1st, U.S.C.G. Shoshone.** A nice quiet day, even the sun tried to break thru the mist for a short while. An interesting evening last night talking with Paden, Roberts, Brown, and German in the Ward Room till after midnight.

This morning about 10 a.m. we crossed the International Date Line, so it is really Wednesday now and not Monday.\(^80\) Am told however, that we shall not change our time. A radio message has been sent to Petropavlovsk informing the authorities that Dr. Hrdlička’s party will arrive at Nikolskoe tomorrow morning. The message also stated that permission had been obtained for the ship to bring the party and for the party to land. Maybe this will pave the way just in case they have not been informed of our coming. If they know nothing about it this radio message should start them inquiring at least.

We reached Yujni Point about 5 p.m. and are now travelling slowly so that we will not reach Nikolskoe before daylight.

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\(^80\) The day should have changed from Monday to Tuesday, not to Wednesday.
A pretty fair picture again this evening that helped pass the time. Was reading in my bunk after the show when the Exec. came to ask me if I thought the ship ought to fire a salute when she enters the bay tomorrow! With less than a dozen soldiers in the village this will hardly be necessary. If they did fire a salute the islanders would probably think they were being attacked.

Everyone is wondering just how we will be received tomorrow. Some of the crew are hoping that we’ll be sent right back without being able to land!

### Bering Island

**Tuesday, Aug. 2nd. Nikolskoe. Bering Island. Komandorskis. Whew! What a day!**

However, to commence at the beginning. At six this morning I was up on deck and found that we were off Bering Island and about a couple of hours later we dropped the hook in the bay right in front of the village of Nikolskoe.

A tiny rowboat came out from shore after a while and in it were two soldiers whom we had seen last year and the Lieutenant in charge. The one who was so discourteous and overbearing last year. The rowboat was not built for three men and on approaching the ladder of our ship they came within an inch of capsizing. The Lieut. let forth a string of words, which I should interpret as a thorough good bawling out of the two soldiers. It was really very amusing tho it may not sound so.

The three men came on board, the Lieut. approaching the Captain, the Doctor, and the officer of the deck, who were there waiting for him. The Russian came to attention and saluted them quite smartly. He shook hands with me but did not smile—I don’t think he likes me—maybe I took too many pictures last year. A long conference then took place in the Captain’s cabin to which I was invited. All the conversation was of course between the Lieutenant and the Doctor in Russian, but the Captain and I got quite a little amusement out of it. This Lieutenant’s name I learn is Lazerof; I did not learn it last year. Lazerof asked, thru the Doctor of course, if he could inspect the crew and the ship. This request was flatly refused by the Captain. It was explained to Lazerof that this is a government war ship and that such procedure would be against all regulations. Lazerof accepted this explanation in good grace and everything went along smoothly. A map was produced and arrangements were made to stop at about eight different places on the two islands, with Lazerof accompanying us. Everything having been arranged we were invited ashore. We were told that they had been informed we were coming this month about four months ago!

At the village I found many of last year’s acquaintances, Paliokof, Antipov, the schoolteachers, and many others. They all insist on calling me professor with the accent on the “or,” in spite of the Doctor’s explanation.

This time they told us they had a store and then took us in to it. We were told that we could buy anything we wanted as long we used Russian money, but of course there was not a ruble amongst us. They presented us each with a bar of chocolate—it was made in Russia, of course, and just as good as ours. There were some very good looking Russian boots in the store
made of a very soft pliable leather, which looked very comfortable; I should have liked to have bought a pair had I been able.

Once again they took us in to the school and kindergarten. All was very clean and neat. In one room all the coats and hats were hung on pegs on one wall and towels on another wall, a washbasin in the corner. In another room two women took care of the infants, while elsewhere a room was used as a kitchen to prepare hot foods for the children.

There are a great many more pigs about this year than last year, but no reindeer. The foxes are just as tame as ever, even running in and out of some of the houses. Cattle roamed the village at large, as did the hogs, foxes, and cats. I noticed that young foxes will play with the cats and kittens. There are no dogs here.

Many gardens are fenced in and here I saw potatoes, beets, onions, parsley, and cabbage growing. They seem to thrive nicely in spite of the lack of sun.

At noon the Captain, the Doctor, and I were invited to an official reception dinner at the home of Antipov. This is the house in which the Doctor and I slept one night last year. Many weird concoctions were served—I tried them all not knowing what they were, and not appreciating them very much. Wine was served before the dinner and vodka with the dinner. Many toasts were drunk, such as to better relations between America and Russia, success to the Russians now fighting with the Japanese and so on. As each toast meant at least a half tumbler of vodka, it was not long before the Captain and I began to feel the effects. The Doctor only drank one glass full of vodka and would not let them refill it. The Captain started giving more toasts and in each case this meant filling up the glasses again. Seeing how things were going, the Doctor prevailed upon the Captain not to give any more toasts. Antipov started the phonograph and this seemed like a good opportunity for the Captain to ask the hostess to dance, which he did! Not to be outdone I asked the girl who was assisting the hostess, a Mrs. Chernofski, the wife of a schoolteacher. We got along fine, whether it was because she was such a good dancer or whether it was the effect of the vodka on me I don’t know! The only place to dance was in the bedroom adjoining the room where we were being dined.

Before leaving one more toast was drunk—everyone was happy and congenial. After leaving the house I stumbled over something (maybe the vodka) and in falling put my thumb out of joint. It is still very painful.

At the party beside Mr. and Mrs. Antipov and Mrs. Chernofski, were Paliokov, the biologist, Ayleesh, the director, another Russian whose name I cannot remember, and the native chief.

We gave Antipov some oranges and apples last year when we were there. Today Antipov very proudly showed us an apple tree growing in a pot in the house, which he called the Hrdlička apple tree! He had grown it from one of the seeds of the apples we gave him. It was almost two feet tall. All the houses have flowers in the windows.
During the meal Chernofski, the schoolteacher, came in and said that the village handball team would challenge the ship’s crew to a hand ball game. Thus an international hand ball game was played in the afternoon. The Russians and natives of the village won four games out of five, but it appeared that they followed one set of rules and the ship’s team another set!

After the game we were taken into the old church building, which is now a social hall. The main part of the building is used for dances and a stage has been built at one end for theatricals and very occasionally they have some movies. The smaller part of the building is used as library. Here they have many books and magazines full of propaganda, and there are tables for chess and checkers.

We were given to understand last year that the grave outside the church was Bering’s grave; now however, we learn that it is not a grave at all but a memorial to Bering and his companions. The memorial was erected by the officers and crew of the Russian naval ship Aleut in 1891, the 150th anniversary of Bering’s death. The chain and anchor around the memorial are from the St. Peter, Bering’s ship that was wrecked on the reef at Komandor Bay on this island.

This evening the Doctor, Mr. Paden, Mr. Roberts, and myself are returning to the village for another reception party, so it is not likely that we will be back on the ship before midnight. Our time, we find, is just 22 hours behind their time.

Later. 2 a.m. Just back again from the village after an interesting evening. The dinner party was held this evening in the home of Director Ayleesh. This is where we were entertained last year, and the Director is the fellow who had too much vodka and was unable to turn up the next day.

It was almost dusk as we walked up to the village. In the village I noticed some of the native children playing with the fox puppies. There must be more than a hundred foxes living right in the village, and I saw one of them enter the door of a house and start out with a fox rug.

Near the home of Ayleesh we came across a fine looking horse browsing around. I went up to pat it on the neck but evidently it did not think much of me, for it turned round and let fly with both hind feet—much to the amusement of the Doctor and the officers. Fortunately I ducked in time.

At the reception besides the Doctor, the ship’s officers, and myself, were Ayleesh, of course, and Mr. and Mrs. Antipov, Paliokov, Lazerof, the lady schoolteacher who attended the reception last year, the native chief, and another native. We were informed that they had killed two young suckling pigs in our honor. These were served up on a large dish garnished with parsley and beet leaves. It looked very attractive and tasted as good as it looked. Some other indefinite dishes were also passed around, but I could not make out what they were. The first thing they gave us to drink was what I would call a lemon liquor. It was very sweet, not too potent, and the tumblers were filled to the top. It would have made a nice liqueur but was sickening by the glassful. Wine and vodka was also served later. Towards the end of the meal a terrible looking hot drink was placed before us in cups. I was astounded when they told us it was coffee, but on trying it found that it was most excellent and before leaving I drank five cups.
In the course of the conversation we were told that in Russia the government pays a pension to all people unable to work for any reason, regardless of age. I have my doubts about this, but maybe it is supposed to be so. We were also told of a new town that they commenced to build somewhere on the Sea of Okhotsk three years ago. Now they claim that there is a population of 40,000 people in this town and that they have built over 400 miles of road in that district.

Of course they played the phonograph for us and it was amusing to hear an American song, “Oh Susanna,” sung in German on a Russian record. Many records were played which we had to pretend we enjoyed.

Quite naturally there were quite a few toasts to drink, but fortunately not so many as we had at lunchtime. The wine that was served had the word SALVE in English letters on the bottles, and this did not tend to make it any the more attractive to us.

When the dinner was over we were taken down to the Social Hall to a dance that was being held there. It was very interesting and amusing. They danced to the phonograph and later to the music from a Russian who played an accordion. In the latter case, each dance lasted until the accordion player gave out, and this of course made very long dances. Natives and Russians danced very vigorously, wearing their best clothes in some cases and work clothes in others. The native men wipe the sweat from their foreheads on their sleeves and the native women, perhaps to be more delicate, use their dress collars. Mr. and Mrs. Chernofski put on two typical Russian dances for us, throwing their legs forward from a sitting position with arms folded in front of them, with great abandon. They seemed to thoroughly enjoy it too, and they were very good at it. Mrs. Chernofski could pass anywhere in the States as an American. She has reddish hair, a somewhat homely face, full of freckles, and is full of vivaciousness. The dance was in the charge of a young Russian who acted as master of ceremonies. He wore a red band around his sleeve, which presumably was the master of ceremonies’ badge. Very carefully he explained what was going on to the Doctor, so that he in turn could tell us. The old Aleut women who could not dance sat together on benches and watched and apparently seemed to enjoy themselves. Each one had a shawl over her head and to me they appeared to be a fine looking lot of natives. Before we left they found some two-step phonograph records which were played for us and we were asked to join in the dancing. Everybody from the ship made a stab at it except the Doctor. The music was not a two-step or any other time that I knew and I made a horrible mess of my attempt. This is the first time that I have ever danced in a church too.

Last year very few natives were in the village when we were there, but this year they are all here. They seem to be a quiet, happy, and contented lot. They appear well fed and clothed, and their homes are well built and kept.

We were extremely fortunate in arriving here on a perfect day. Such a day, we were told, is only seen a few times a year. There was no wind and the sun was shining brightly. We noticed that many of the desks from the schoolroom had been moved outside into the sun and classes were being held outdoors, while pigs rooted around very close by the desks.
Wednesday, Aug. 3rd. Sea Lion Rock. Off Bering Island. A dull, foggy day, quite a let down after such a wonderful day yesterday.

Lazerof, who is to accompany us around the islands, came aboard about 7 a.m., and we then hoisted anchor and left the bay.

Some few days ago the Doctor said that he did not want to dig here on these Russian islands, but merely to find indications of the early inhabitants. Now I have prevailed upon him to let us dig for a short while, at least if any indications are found. It seems very unlikely that we shall not find some traces of pre-Russian inhabitants. Even if we only dug for a half-day we should be able in that time to obtain a pretty fair idea of the comparative cultures here and in the Aleutians. I think that we shall find about the same type of specimens here as in the Aleutians, but probably we shall find pottery here too, as it is so close to Kamchatka.

Shortly after breakfast we dropped the anchor off Podvodni Point and went ashore in the launch towing the dory. About a half-mile off shore we found a rocky bottom only about three feet deep, so we had to transfer to the dory to get ashore. Lazerof was with us, of course, but never having been here before he was not sure if he was at the right place. Anyway he set off up the beach and eventually we reached a small settlement called Syevexnoe. Here found two or three houses and some sheds, some natives, and a Russian named Petrovitch. He was a young fellow, a biologist from Moscow, who was in charge of the [fur] seal rookery, which could be seen in the distance. There were probably between one and two thousand seals lying on the rocks; some of the bulls looked enormous. For some reason I did not understand, they did not want us to go down to the rookery. This was a pity for I would have liked to have obtained some photographs of the fur seals.

When we arrived at the first house I was surprised to see a lot of dogs piling in together in a general mix-up. It turned out that they had seen a poor little kitten and had jumped on it. The dogs were hitched to a sled and the native who arrived too late to save the kitten had quite a time untangling the team and this he did in no gentle way. The leader of this team I found was quite friendly but the others were not. There were eleven dogs in the team, two abreast with one to lead in front. We were told that these dogs come from Siberia and are used quite extensively on this island, both in summer and winter.

We saw a great many blue foxes as we walked up to the settlement and the remains of many seals, doubtless left for the foxes after being skinned.

While the Doctor was talking to Petrovitch one of the natives tried to entertain me by showing me some seal pup skins and the club they use for seal killing. This club is not the same as is used in the Pribilofs; it is much longer, being as near as I could judge, between seven and eight feet long, and heavy to handle.

We did not stay here long, just long enough for the Doctor to talk to Petrovitch to see if he could obtain any information about old sites. The natives seemed cheerful and of course very surprised to see us; their homes [are] spotlessly clean.

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81 Most likely Severnoye, at the north end of the island.
We returned to the ship for lunch and after getting aboard the Shoshone left for Saranna Bay, which was about seven miles from Syevesnoe.

At Saranna we found several buildings scattered about, a smoke house, and sort of warehouse. About fifteen or sixteen natives live here. Near the warehouse there were a couple of acres of flat ground covered with drying racks on which were more fish than I have ever seen before. Tons and tons of fish hanging up to dry and of course the stench around here was not too pleasant. In the river nearby there was a fish trap, just about the same as at Nikolski, only being short of planks they had used some wire netting. Before leaving it was suggested that the ship could use some salmon, so immediately some natives ran down and pulled out some fifty or sixty large salmon for us. We had nothing to give them except cigarettes and then we found that we only had eleven of these left in the whole crowd of us. However, they seemed very satisfied.

We looked around here for indications of an old site. I came across what I told the Doctor was an Aleut site, so he came along to look at it. After looking it over the Doctor decided that we had better do a little excavating to see what was there. “We vill return to the ship and come back and vork here tomorrow,” he said. As I understand it we only have about a week to cover the entire two islands and here was the Old Man wasting five hours of good daylight to return to the ship to do nothing and then come back here again tomorrow! I told the Doctor that I would stay and work with the boys till dark and that probably by that time we could tell whether it would be worth returning tomorrow or not. He raised no objection to this and sent for the shovels, etc. and supper from the ship and decided to stay himself.

It did not take long after I had set to work to discover that this was a purely superficial Aleut site of recent occupation. The greatest depth of accumulated debris that I could find was only a foot. After about an hour’s work the Doctor decided that there was nothing here for him at all and we were back on the ship by 6:30 p.m. and had supper on board after all.

The Captain immediately started off to our next stop at Staraya Gavan and we will arrive there some time tonight and so be ready to go ashore first thing in the morning. This is certainly better than sitting around on the ship off Saranna. The Old Man is the most incomprehensible person I have ever met.

While digging at Saranna this afternoon I suddenly heard a Yip Yipping and looking up saw a dog team, eleven in number, tearing along over the tundra at a fast pace, dragging a man on a sled. These teams are the main mode of transportation here. We were told that a forced journey with a team of eleven dogs would be about a distance of forty miles, that is across the tundra, in a day. However, thirty miles per day is considered quite good. There are many dogs of all ages here at Saranna and they are evidently an important part of the life of the natives here. Dried fish is the main food for the dogs, as in northern Alaska.

The Doctor tried to get some information from an old native here who was about seventy years old. He was born here, as were his parents, and he has never been off the island, but he could give no information of any use to us.
We found that the warehouse was full of dried fish tied up in bales and in one corner were several tons of coal. There are several barabaras and sod houses here too. I was in one house in which some natives are living. There was only one room and a large brick stove took up most of the space in this. The only other furniture was a table, a chair, and three iron cots. The windows were literally covered with large black flies and the place smelled to high heaven. The ever-present picture of Stalin was on the wall and icons and candles in the corner. This is the only dirty house that I have seen on these Russian islands so far.

Some of the natives here wear quilted coats and pants, similar to those worn in China. These clothes with an occasional Russian fur cap give a very foreign appearance to the scene. In this dirty little shack there is a telephone which communicates with Syevexnoe, and for some reason or other Lazerof called up Syevexnoe. Possibly this line may go to Nikolskoe, but I was unable to find out. The Doctor refuses to ask many questions about things I would like to know.

Thursday, Aug. 4th. Staraya Gavan. Bering Island. Mr. Chaffee woke me up this morning to tell me that our party was to have breakfast at seven o’clock and we were to go ashore immediately afterwards. A steady wind was blowing and it was dull and cloudy, but this cleared a bit later.

At Staraya we again found shallow water a long distance from the shore and we had to make use of the dory to get ashore. Two houses comprise this little settlement. All these places where there are any natives living are called settlements. Natives lived here but we only found one at home, the other three having left for Nikolskoe by dog team only yesterday. We went in to this native’s house to talk to him. It was very clean and did not smell as bad as most of them do. Again the large brick stove and oven, two iron cots, a table, and two chairs. There were five guns of various kinds on the walls. Brass shotgun shells are used so that they can refill them.

The vegetation here is very tall, reaching to a height of seven feet in places. Thistles are very common and tall and I think I saw for the first time an ordinary wild rose. Then, too, there is one species that looked very much like a rhododendron, but it was low and squat, not more than a couple of feet tall.

Nothing was seen here in the way of a site altho we covered the ground quite thoroughly.

Returning to the ship the wind was still blowing quite hard and we had a very wet and rough trip. It would have been impossible to have made the trip if we had not had a self-bailing launch. We were all wet thru before we reached the ship, waves breaking over us in sheets.

No sooner had we got aboard again that we started off for our next stop at Komandor Bay.

Later. We had lunch on board, which was fortunate for us for today is a day that the Coast Guard celebrate. It is the anniversary of the founding of the Coast Guard in 1790, so an especially fine lunch was served. We had turkey and cranberry sauce, mince pie and all the other fixings. It was very good indeed.

82 The year in which the Revenue-Marine, the precursor to the Coast Guard, was created.
After lunch we went ashore again and found that we were not at Komandor Bay after all but at Polovina Bay; a few miles away. We found a house here where people were obviously living but there was no one at home. The place was exceedingly neat and clean.

Looking around we could not find any indications at all of any old sites. In the river nearby we saw some flounder-like fish with bright yellow stripes on them. They lay on the sandy bottom and the boys from the ship caught quite a few of them and threw them on the bank. After they had gone I threw them back and they buried themselves in the sand. Here, where this river entered the sea, we found a great many of these Japanese fishing floats, glass balls of various sizes. Doubtless fifty or sixty of them were taken back to the ship from here. Later on many more were found and altogether there must have been a hundred or more taken back for souvenirs.

Komandor Bay was about five miles away, so some of us walked there and others went in the launch. I walked with Guil and one of the seamen. About half way there we came across a small stream and the seamen, being quite a fisherman, took a look and came back quite excited, telling us of the beautiful large trout he saw in one of the holes. He wanted to catch some of them to take back to eat. Knowing nothing about fishing I suggested that he get in the stream and chase them down towards the beach where it was wide and shallow. This he did and Guil and I then kicked them out. In this stream we caught about fifteen beautiful trout about twenty-one inches long. This is easiest fishing that I ever did!

We all met at Komandor Bay and here Lazerof found what he said was the keel of Bering’s ship, the St. Peter. It was only about thirty feet long, but one end was broken and missing; the end that was there was slightly curved upwards. It was hand hewn and had large hand forged nails in it. A discussion amongst the officers of the ship came to the conclusion that it probably was the keel of the St. Peter. It is known that wood will last for a very long time in these islands, the only matter of doubt was if it would last two hundred years.

On the hill near a river is a large cross erected over the grave of Bering. The original marking of the grave was a mound, which still exists. Then many years ago a small cross was put up to mark it. This rotted out at the ground and then in 1914 a large cross was erected which still stands. Two depressions not very far from the grave might have possibly been where some of the survivors of the wreck lived after they were flooded out on the flat below.

Five Aleuts rowing a boat came round the point of the bay and they must have had the surprise of their life when they saw us all on the beach. They came in and Lazerof talked to them. They had in the rowboat a catch of fish and a couple of seals. There were four men and one woman in the boat; the woman was very talkative but the men seemed rather taciturn.

Returning to the ship in the launch, when the launch was about a half-mile or so from the shore, we hit or slid over a reef. No damage was done, but doubtless this was the very same reef on which the St. Peter was wrecked. After the St. Peter was wrecked the storm carried the vessel over the reef and washed it up on the beach. Considering that our launch only draws about three feet of water it can readily be realized that the St. Peter would have been badly hurt when it hit this reef. In stormy weather doubtless waves break over the reef but today the sea was quiet and the reef not seen until we slid over it.
Mednyi Island

Friday, Aug. 5th. Korabelni. Mednyi Island. Going on deck this morning I found that the ship was anchored quite close to shore near some jagged looking cliffs. The cliffs here are quite steep and this gives one the impression that this island is a taller one than Bering Island. Actually this is not so.

The Doctor told one of the boys that we ought to be thru with Mednyi by this evening! I wonder what crazy idea he will have next. He comes all the way out here from Washington, only obtaining a permit after a great deal of trouble, and is allowed to stay till Aug. 20th and now he talks of being finished with this island in one day. I must admit that right now it does not appear likely that we shall find any old occupation sites, but having got this far, surely we should keep on trying. Captain Trebes is giving us his full co-operation and says he is in no hurry to return.

Noon. We visited three places this morning, Korabelni, a place about a couple of miles away that has no name, and Shuskinskaya Buchtta. At the last named place we found some house sites, but doubtless they were Aleut habitations of within the last hundred years. This is the conclusion the Doctor came to and he did not even attempt to excavate altho we had shovels and picks in the launch quite near. The same thing happened at the place without a name.

At Korabelni we found signs of a large village. There was one house there in which two men, a woman, and a child were living, Aleuts of course. The Doctor did not even bother to look at the site, but I walked over it and imagine that it covered ten acres at least. It would have been interesting to have dug here to see if there were any indications of an earlier people under the Aleut debris. However, the Doctor was not interested. The natives told us that this place had been inhabited for “many many” years and that Russians lived there at one time, as well as Aleuts.

It would seem reasonable to believe that if this place had been inhabited for about a hundred years or so, that it must be in an advantageous position. Thus, reasoning along the same line of thought, one could well imagine that earlier peoples, if any, might also have originally have occupied this little bay.

On a small hill there is a graveyard, with a dozen or so crosses still standing, and many more crosses lying on the ground.

We found the Aleuts’ home again quite spotless, the floor scrubbed shiny and everything in its place. It is certain that this cleanliness is not for our benefit, for we dropped in out of the sky, so to speak, as far as the Aleuts are concerned. It seems that the Russian Aleuts are cleaner than those of Alaska. It is true that the homes in Attu are clean, but they are the only clean ones that I have seen. In Nikolski, Umnak, and in Unalaska, the homes in many cases are very dirty.

Today I asked the Doctor if he had formed any ideas as to why, apparently, these islands were not occupied before Bering’s time. He says that as yet he is unable to come to any conclusions, but if they were not occupied before that time, it might indicate that the occupation of Kamchatka is comparatively recent. Jochelson reported indications of Japanese influence in
Kamchatka, so it is possible that they migrated along the Kuriles into Kamchatka. Then, perhaps later, the Koriaks, Kamchadals [Itelmen], and Lamuts came in from the North.

I have prevailed upon the Old Man to go on to Glinka Gavan at the south end of the island instead of returning to the North to Praeobrajenskoe, which is the only real village on the island. Praeobrajenskoe is to be the last stop and Lazerof is to stay here for a while.

It has been a really beautiful day, the sun has been out and even the warmth from it could be felt. The top of Mednyi has been enveloped in fog the whole day in spite of the sun.

Later. We landed at Glinka Gavan after lunch. Here we found three buildings and in one of them lived three men, two women, and two kiddies. Near the house was another comparatively recent site, not very large. Here again we found the house spotlessly clean. As usual I passed around cigarettes to the Aleuts. One of the women took a cigarette when it was offered to her and then proceeded to break it up in a small box. She then rolled a cigarette in a piece of newspaper using only about half the tobacco. I believe that cigarettes are more or less luxuries with these natives. All Aleut women smoke cigarettes—sometimes they are accepted with a smile of gratification and other times the natives take them without any change of expression or thanks.

We did not stay here very long for one of the natives told the Doctor that he knew where a skull was buried. The Doctor of course wanted to go and find it so we set off in the launch to the place mentioned by the native. This happened to be the isthmus at the south end of the island called Peresheek, about two hours’ time in the launch. Arriving there we dug at the place indicated by the native but no skull or even bone was found. This particular native looked very dumb but am wondering if he was not pretty smart, for he was the only one who got a ride in the launch, which was probably the finest boat he had ever seen! At Peresheek, Mr. German and I walked across the island to the west side. Here we found a house, but there was no one there. A fox pen was built near the shore and in this were some blue fox pups. The west side of the island seems far more rough and jagged than the east side, probably caused by the prevailing wind.

After taking the native back to Glinka we returned to ship and headed for the village of Praeobrajenskoe. When we arrived there was a dense fog on the sea and the island could not even be seen. It lifted for a minute or two about 9 p.m., and we could see the village. It appears to be almost as large as Nikolskoe.

Once more the Captain, the Doctor and I went ashore to receive the official reception. Again we were wined and dined and had to listen to the phonograph, but this time we had no vodka. That may be because the Director of this island is a native by name of Zykov—perhaps natives are not allowed vodka. We dined at Zykov’s house, a large old fashioned one with a ten-foot ceiling. An immense Russian type stove, half in one room and half in another, covered a large part of one wall. The furniture was scarce, there being only a chiffonier, table, and chairs. We were served by a large native woman who was mute; she was the housekeeper for Zykov. Several unknown dishes appeared, as well as salmon, black bread, and, of course, tea.
After the meal was finished the two oldest men in the village were sent for. They were 70 and 68, respectively, and born on the island. These men were questioned by the Doctor but they could not give us any information of value. One of them was a particularly fine looking chap—it was a pity that it was dark otherwise I should have had his picture.

For many days recently I have been at the Doctor to try to find out where the sea otters are that are kept in captivity on this island. Up till now he has said that he would not ask the Russians because they might think that we were prying into their affairs. Tonight, however, when Lazerof was not present I prompted the Old Man to ask Zykov. This he did and we learn that we have already passed the place twice. Zykov seemed pleased that we were interested and sent for some sea otter skins to show us. These pelts were very beautiful and soft, worth about $1000 in the U.S.A., but here they do not seem to think a great deal of them. The pelts shown us were about five feet long, but they told us that sometimes they reach six feet in length. Sea otters are protected by the Russians now, for they too are trying to increase the herds. During the Russo-Japanese war the sea otter on the Komandorskiis were practically exterminated by the Japs.

Zykov also told us of a place at the north end of the island where many fossils and free copper are found. I then asked the Captain if he would be interested in stopping there and he said that he would be glad to do so if the Doctor wanted to. In fact he wanted to visit the place himself. When I asked the Doctor if he would stop there, he replied, “I would like to obtain some fossils for the Smithsonian but I would not ask to stop.” What an opportunity thrown away. I very
much doubt if the Smithsonian has any fossils from here. Maybe I can talk the Old Man into stopping yet. I know very well that we would never have been able to go to see the sea otters if I had not been at him to do so many times.

After our dinner party was over we were taken to the social hall to watch the dance. The social hall is a building used for that purpose only, not the church. The church stands at one end of the village and as far I could see was not used for anything and is badly in need of repair.

The population of Praeobrajenskoe is about 150, while that of Nikolskoe is about 200, and there are about another 150 people scattered around on the two islands. Here in Praeobrajenskoe they have an electric light plant. It is only run in the wintertime as the summer evenings are long, and in this way they save considerable fuel. In answer to a question, we were told that they have 1300 hogs here, but I rather think they misunderstood the question. Only a few hogs were seen around the village. The island is divided into sections with four men to take charge of the foxes in each section. The foxes are fed the year round, counted, and branded each year, and a certain number killed for pelts. Just how they catch all the pups to brand them is a puzzle, and I wonder how they brand them without spoiling the pelt in some way.

The radio here receives the daily news and this is taken down in shorthand. Later it is written in long hand and bound in a daily pamphlet which goes from family to family to read. It is then filed away by the Director. The news is 36 hours old when received.

Saturday, Aug. 6th. Praeobrajenskoe. Mednyi. A dull morning with fog and clouds overhead altho on the water it was clear. We are just about to leave here, headed for Tanaga, so now all hope of stopping at Attu has vanished. I was unable to persuade the Doctor to stop at the north end of the island to obtain a few fossils. It really is too bad that he is such a queer sort of duck.

About 8 a.m. this morning we left in the launch for the village to pick up Lazerof and Zykov, who were to accompany us to Gladkuvskaya Stanovishche where the sea otters are. Zykov could not come, for he had duties to attend to as three small whaling ships had come in to the bay. They were part of a Russian whaling fleet we were told.

Gladkuvskaya was about ten miles away from the village we saw a great many whales. Many of them we chased in the launch to try to get some photos, but we were unable to get very near them.

At Gladkuvskaya we found four or five buildings and about ten people. The Experimental Station, as this sea otter project is called, is in [the] charge of a biologist from Leningrad. He was the only Russian living here. Cats, hogs, and foxes played around the buildings. A few foxes were kept in pens also. Three bulls were also seen; one, a particularly fine animal, was tied up.

The sea otter pens are in a salt-water lake in which the tide rises and falls. In all there were nine sea otters, but no pups. One pen was situated on a creek, and here this biologist is finding out whether the sea otter can live indefinitely in fresh water. Steller mentions in his Journal seeing sea otters playing in the lakes on Bering Island, but they did not live there.
The swimming ability of the sea-otter is simply marvelous. They can even roll over and over, like a log spinning in the water, so fast that one cannot see anything but just a blur. While doing this they can swim forward, in spirals or in circles. They seem to enjoy turning summersaults, both forwards and backwards. Swimming on their backs seems to be a way of resting. These animals have many human characteristics. They use their front paws and legs much in the same manner we use our hands and arms. I watched this biologist give one of them a fish. Floating on his back, the sea otter took in both paws and commenced eating it in the same way in which a person would eat a piece of watermelon with their hands. When thru with the fish, he washed himself for about five minutes. First of all he combed off specks of fish on his chest. Then he washed his face in exactly the same way people do, even to going behind his ears, and brushing his whiskers back. After this, he washed his hands, rubbing them together much after the fashion of the Jew who sees a prospective customer. When swimming or resting on the back the hind legs are used to scratch the chest and chin.

They have poor hearing, fair sight, but particularly fine powers of scent. They make a noise something between a whine and a moan. A female having lost her pup makes a very human cry. Steller records a case where a female found her pup dead and how she carried this dead pup with her until it fell apart. The females are very devoted to their pups and have been known to die [from] what is generally termed a broken heart after the pup dies. They will protect their pup when attacked and hiss like an angry cat. When wounded and knowing they are about to die, the sea otter will draw up its hind legs, cover its eyes with its paws and lay on its side till dead.

The life span of a sea otter has not been definitely determined but it is thought to be about eight or nine years. In the water they sleep on their backs with their forelegs in the air. It is thought that they can communicate with each other by various noises that they make.

Sea otters do not fight amongst themselves. They are very intelligent and all indications point to the fact that they would make excellent pets.

They have no regular mating season as do most other animals, and consequently their pups are born at all times of the year. In mating they embrace each other with their front legs, face to face. The period of gestation has not yet been determined.

Strong friendships are formed among sea otters of the same sex and they grieve greatly when separated, even to the point of death.

A female plays with her pup, throwing it into the air like a ball and catching it. Like the seal, the sea otter pup has to be taught how to swim. The mother then puts the pup on her belly in the water and pushes it off, picking it up again when it is tired. On land the female carries her pup in her mouth.

When escaping capture by man the sea otter runs for the water and if it succeeds in reaching the water, it will turn at a safe distance and apparently laugh and wave a forefoot at the man on the shore. If the sun is in its eyes, it will hold its forefoot over the eyes to shade them, as do humans.
The main food for sea otters is fish and crustaceans, principally sea urchins. Some seaweed is also eaten. Their fur is at its best in the spring, April or May.

Returning again to Praeobrajenskoe, we ran in [to] a great many whales. Once more we chased them to try for photographs but they were very elusive.

At the dock [Vasili] Lazarev83 said goodbye to us all and the Old Man, then more or less ordered the Captain to take us back to the Shoshone without even going ashore. There was nothing to see here way, according to the Doctor—it was dark when we arrived last night. Naturally the boat crew wanted to go ashore and I told the Doctor I wanted to take some pictures.

The Old Man is so damned selfish—just because he did not want to go ashore, he tried to prevent anyone else going. However, after some argument, the Captain let those go ashore who wanted to for ten minutes.

Praeobrajenskoe appears to be about the same size as Nikolskoe but the houses are not so scattered. Foxes, cattle, hogs, and cats roamed about, but I did not see any working dogs. The church is not used and is in a very dilapidated condition. The people seemed quite cheerful and fairly well clothed and most of them were busy at one thing or another. Sheets of tin are used for roofing in many cases, and in a sort of warehouse some women (natives) were cleaning these sheets that had been taken off a roof, and others were repainting them.

Those not working came down to the dock to say farewell as we left. Instead of returning straight to the Shoshone the Captain went over and circled around the three whaling ships that came in early this morning, so that I could obtain some photographs. I thought this was pretty decent of him. The three ships were tied up together in the bay, but there were no whales alongside.

The Doctor says that he will definitely state in his report that the Komandorskiis were uninhabited until Bering was wrecked there in 1741. I quite agree with him, but if I had his reputation I would hesitate to publish such a statement considering the short time we have been here. After all we have only examined the islands in most cursory and superficial manner. I feel that I would want several weeks or perhaps months on the islands before I was perfectly positive, altho doubtless such a statement would prove right even after more detailed and extensive work and exploration. The best way to accomplish this would be to go around the islands in a small boat, walking along the shore where possible.

Now assuming that there were no early inhabitants here, this precludes any possibility of migrations from the Kamchatka Peninsula and on across the Aleutians. This seems to indicate the pre-Aleuts and Aleuts must have occupied the Aleutians from the East. There is a possibility that perhaps a few boatloads of natives landed on the Aleutians from parts of Siberia above Kamchatka, having been forced in that direction by storms, or perhaps a few people accidentally might have arrived there on ice floes.

83 Hrdlička (1945) spells this as both “Lazarev” and “Lazarov.”
The nearest of the Kuriles is about 400 miles in a southwest direction but I can hardly visualize any occupation from there. Nothing has been found that shows any Japanese or Ainu culture.

The Doctor said that perhaps an examination of these longheads which we have found this year might show them to be of proto-Eskimoid type. If so, then such information will [be] entirely new and it will mean that the pre-Aleut is pre-Eskimo with the possibility that the Eskimo derived from them. If this should be so, then this same longheaded type of skull should be found in the Arctic. I mentioned this to the Doctor and he said that probably they were buried too deep in the frozen ground and that might be why they have not yet been found there.

As for the possibility of the occupation or the Aleutians from Japan or China or northern Siberia, the Doctor says that if such a migration had occurred one or two thousand years ago, then there would have been no typical Chinese or Japanese indications found, because at that time these peoples varied very considerably and were not distinct races! The people who first occupied the Aleutians obviously arrived with a well-developed culture, but the puzzle still remains—where did they come from?

**Mednyi to Kagamil Island**

_Sunday, Aug. 7th. U.S.C.G. Shoshone._ At sea. A foggy day but reasonably quiet sea, for which I am thankful. Reading, writing, sleeping, eating, and attending the movies seems to be the sum total of all I have done today.

After lunch the Doctor gave a lecture in the Ward Room for any who cared to attend. The room was full and overflowing, some of the men listening in from the balcony above. It was an excellent talk and the Old Man had everyone there interested.

Dr. Browne tells me that he was only married just a week before sailing off on this cruise.

Talking to the Captain this evening and he was saying that he only wished the Doctor wanted to go to the Pribilofs, for then he’d have a chance to see them himself. I don’t suppose that the Old Man will entertain the idea, even to please the Captain who has done so much for him. If this cannot be done because of the Doctor, I suggest that the next best thing would be to stop at Bogoslof on our way back, as it would only be a few miles out of our way. The Captain says that he will stop if the weather is good.

A visit to the Pribilofs would be an ideal way to close this trip. It would fill in the time between arrival at Unalaska and the departure of the Vega.

In the course of conversation today the Doctor stated that when Columbus arrived in America there were 20,000,000 Indians living there. The Smithsonian has estimated, knowing the birth and death rate of the Indians, probability of disease and warfare, etc., that one couple could increase to 20,000,000 in 2200 years. (These figures seem rather extraordinary—it may be that my notes are not correct, but these are the figures I have down.)
Monday, Aug 8th. Shoshone. At sea. We are in the midst of a violent storm and the barometer is still steadily falling. The ship is rolling viciously and it is mighty unpleasant. So far I have not been seasick.

Tanaga was passed this morning but no stop was made, as the seas are far too rough to attempt a landing. If conditions do not get any worse we shall reach Kagamil tomorrow evening, but unless the seas calm down it will not be possible to land there.

After leaving Kagamil the Doctor wants to visit Kuliliak Bay on the south side of Unalaska Island. The Captain is not at all keen on going to the south side of the island for it is considered quite dangerous. From the map it appeared to me that if we went to Kashega, on the north side, it would only take about an hour or two to walk to Kuliliak. I mentioned this to the Doctor but he would have none of it, didn’t even bother to hear me out.

Tuesday, Aug. 9th. Shoshone. At sea. We had a bad night last night. We were thrown around so violently by the movements of the ship that it was utterly impossible to sleep.

Next year the Doctor tells me, he intends to visit Russia, via Europe of course. He does not intend to do any excavating but merely visit the important museums to find out what has been found along the southeast part of the Kamchatka Peninsula. He also tells me that he has commenced work on his book concerning the excavations at Uyak Bay, Kodiak. I put forth the idea that this work, as well as accounts of the findings on the Aleutians and the Komandorskis, should be done right away, just in case of an accident happening to him. He says that he will not have any accident. I hope he is right. It would be a terrible thing if he were accidentally killed for it would [be] practically impossible for anyone else to write up a good account of his past seven year’s excavations from his notes.

The Smithsonian retires all men at seventy, altho if they can obtain a special dispensation they are allowed to carry on. Now the Doctor claims that he will be seventy in March (he stated he was 69 when he visited Wenatchee in 1935) and he will have to have a medical examination in order to obtain the special dispensation. I rather think he is worried about this, and am doubtful if he will obtain this much-desired dispensation. If he does not get it he intends to carry on his work using his own funds for the purpose.

Wednesday, Aug. 10th. Chuginadak. It was very foggy when we reached the Islands of the Four Mountains last night, so instead of anchoring we cruised about all night. This morning a storm seems to be brewing and there is a forty m.p.h. wind blowing now. Unfortunately the wind is in the wrong direction, making it impossible for us to attempt a landing.

The Pioneer, one of the Geodetic Survey ships, is also near us sheltering in the lee of Chuginadak Island. We dropped the hook here after daylight.

The wind lasted all day and we are waiting in the hopes that tomorrow we may be able to land either at Kagamil or Chuginadak. We are anchored right at the foot of Mount Cleveland, an active volcano 7000 feet high, but the summit has of course been hidden in the clouds and fog all day.
Thursday, Aug. 11th. Kagamil. A very interesting day. The Shoshone moved ever to a place nearly opposite the caves on Kagamil after breakfast and we landed near cave #2. The seas were still running fairly high and some difficulty was experienced in landing, and altho some us got wet, we had no accidents.

Last year the Doctor and I worked in cave #1 and Connor and the boys worked in cave #2, so this year we spent some time in #2 seeing what had been left there. In one hard-to-get-to corner I found four skulls, one of them broken. Of the three good ones, one was mesocephalic and two were Aleut. Near these skulls I found three broken kantags. The Old Man gave me one of these. Quite a quantity of odd pieces of matting was found which the Doctor also let me keep. While I was working in this corner the others were busy in other places and they turned up a great many human bones, but no mummies or skeletons, and some specimens among which were a couple of nice stone labrets. In all when we had finished we had two gunnysacks full of material. These sacks we left on a rock by the shore to be picked up by the launch, while we walked to cave #1. It was quite a long walk entailng quite a bit of climbing and very rough going. There were many deep holes and cracks in the ground from ten to sixty feet deep. These could not be seen on account of the rank foliage. They were usually less than two feet across and in some cases the foliage, bracken, and wild parsnip was between six and seven feet tall. This may be accounted for by the warmth of the ground, as this part of the island is still very active, steam jets and pot holes of boiling water being very numerous. After one near accident it was decided that we should go in pairs holding hands as a matter of precaution. This we did and no accidents occurred. I went with Mr. German, the engineer officer, and on one occasion, the fact that we were holding hands prevented him from falling down a crack with vertical walls the bottom of which we could not see without the aid of a flashlight. It was at least fifty feet deep and had boiling water at the bottom.

On the way, at one place I noticed some driftwood markers high up in a small cleft in the rock. Climbing up with Mr. German’s help I found some human bones and an Aleut skull. It was in perfect condition and bleached pure white. With it were the remains of two kantags and one wooden bowl, but these were too far gone to save.

Arriving at cave #1, the hot cave near the large steam fumarole, we set to work excavating, for we knew that we had not finished last year. We were glad to reach the cave for it had been raining quite hard all the way over and of course we were miserable wet from pushing our way through the tall foliage. We found many specimens in this cave, two eighteen inch bone dart points, labrets, lamps, and matting, etc. Five [of] us struggled for a long time to lift up a huge flat slab of rock covering several square feet of ground and eventually we were able to tip it on edge. Underneath we found the cremated remains of five or six persons. The Old Man insists that they were slaves killed after their master died. Maybe he is right but as far as I can see there is nothing to substantiate his theory. I asked him why he thought that these particular cremations were slaves, but the only answer I could get was, “Vy, sure dey had slaves.” And this of course was not any answer at all.

Working in this hot and terribly dusty cave soon brought us all out in a sweat and this together with already being soaked by the rain made us all perfectly filthy. It’s a wonder they ever let us back on the ship.
There were no gnats in the cave, but on the way there we were eaten up by them. They were worse than I have ever seen them in Alaska. Walking they were bad, but if we stopped they just about drove one crazy. Fortunately their bites altho they itch and sting badly at the time, do not raise large welts as do the mosquitoes.

Back on the ship there was [a] run on the showers, needless to say. And did a shower feel good? Gosh, it was wonderful.

Our trip to the caves has proved indeed well worthwhile. The extraordinary part of it is that altho we were here on this island a few weeks ago, only a few miles from the caves, the O.M. would not bother to visit them. At the time I suggested we go there but only got a shrug of the shoulders and “Dere is notting dere.”

Tonight at dinner the Old Man started off a tirade about women smoking. “No women who smokes can be a vine women,” he says. “I even caught May here trying to make a waman smoke,” he continued. I think he must have been referring to the time when I offered the Russian women cigarettes after the dinner. All the Russian and native women we have met smoke like chimneys anyway.

Our next stop depends upon the Captain; it may be Kuliliak or it may be at Nikolski, Umnak. The Captain does not want to sail on the south side of Unalaska. So the only way to reach Kuliliak is to go to the other side and spend about an hour walking across the island. But the Old Man says he does not want to go unless he can land right there! Now he is suggesting two or three days at Nikolski again. This would be fine for the later we reach Unalaska the more likely we are to find the Vega there waiting for us.

**Umnak Island**

**Friday, August 12th.** Nikolski. Umnak. Reaching the bay in front of the village about 11 a.m. we set off in the launch for the village immediately. For some reason or other the Old Man made us take lunch with us and just as soon as we landed we went to the schoolhouse to eat. We could just as well have eaten on the ship and saved a lot of fuss and work in the galley.

We found the Bensons just as usual and apparently glad to see us again. Since we left they have done quite a bit of digging on our site and besides specimens they have three longheads and one Aleut skull. The Doctor insisted that Benson give these skulls to him and this Benson very grudgingly did.

Mrs. Benson told me that before Cowper and Botsford left they were mighty sick of them and glad to see the last of them. The Bensons had come to the conclusion that Botsford was faking being sick, for he did not cough once after the Doctor left.

At the site we found that all our beautiful vertical wall, about 175 feet in length, had been sloughed down to about an angle of forty-five degrees. According to Benson, Botsford and Cowper started digging and then put the native kids at it.
We did some work and had some of the ship’s crew to help and the Old Man disappeared and left me in charge of the gang. I don’t know where he went or what he did but he never showed up at the site again, which is not like him.

We had good luck, for almost immediately I came across a burial which turned out to be that of a longhead male. With the burial was one of those very beautiful long blades. It was fourteen inches long and three and half inches wide. Three other burials were found before we quit, one longhead, one mesocephalic, and one Aleut, all female. Some good specimens were found as well.

One of the seamen working near me told me he had obtained a carved ivory fish line sinker from one of the natives at Nunivak. He said he would show it to me and later on the ship he brought it around. I admired it so much that he gave it to me—he refused to let me buy it. It represents a walrus holding a seal in its paws.

**Umnak to Unalaska Island**

The ship weighed anchor as soon as we returned aboard in the late afternoon and I hear we are headed for Kashega. A heavy fog has descended and we are crawling along sounding our foghorn at intervals. Presumably if we are going to Kashega we are going to walk across the island to Kuliliak Bay, altho the Doctor has said nothing to me about it as yet.

We have been indeed fortunate in the weather this year. Wherever we have gone we have had pretty good weather and as soon as we leave the weather turns bad. The Bensons told us that it had rained at Nikolski every day since we left.

**Saturday, August 13th.** At sea. Right now we are on our way back to Nikolski. The Captain received orders last night to turn back there to pick up a sick girl and bring her in to the hospital at Unalaska. Just how this will affect our plans in regard to stopping at Kashega, I do not know. It may be that we shall not be able to go there, but have to return direct to Unalaska. It is still foggy and we are only making half speed.

The seaman in charge of the ship’s laundry has been in bringing back some of my laundry. He seemed like a mighty decent sort of chap and we had a long talk. His brother is a dentist in Seattle but he has not seen him for about a dozen years. The laundry prices on the ship seem extraordinarily cheap as compared with home, and there is good service too, only one day being required to do the work.

**Bogoslof Island.** Apparently our plans have not been changed. We are proceeding to Kashega and have stopped on the way at this most interesting island. The Captain had the launch lowered and we set off for shore with the expectations of landing. As we approached we hear the dull roar of the sea lions, which covered the beach. As we came closer they left the beach and came out to meet the boat and several hundred of them formed a circle around the boat as we went in to shore. It was indeed an interesting sight. I was astounded to see some of these huge beasts leap clear out of the water, as does a porpoise. Some of the largest bulls I was told would weigh about two tons. It is impossible to say how many sea lions there were but obviously there
were several thousand. On the shore and swimming in the water near the shore we could see many of the pups, while the mothers kept a watchful eye on them. The Captain decided that it would unwise to land, as there were so many of the beasts all around us. I was very disappointed for I did want to explore a bit on this famous “disappearing” island. Last year two seamen were almost killed by sea lions on this island and were only saved in the nick of time by the boat crew coming to their rescue. The island is still alive and steam can be seen issuing from the cliffs in many places. There is a lake there which has a temperature of 140 degrees. If we had had enough time perhaps we could have landed on the other side of the island where the sea lions are not supposed to be so numerous, but this could not be for the Captain was in a hurry to get off again as the fog was coming down.

The little girl we picked up at Nikolski is nine years old; she has trachoma and hereditary syphilis. Dr. Browne was just down in the Ward Room looking for some magazines with pictures so that she could entertain herself by cutting them out. He is very nice indeed to her trying to make her not feel so lost. She has never been away from the village of Nikolski before.

Tonight the Captain asked the Doctor if he wanted to go to the Pribilofs. The Doctor turned the offer down in spite of the fact that the Captain had said that he would like to make the trip, but could not do so unless the Doctor wanted to go there. It was dammably selfish of the Old Man for he is really only putting in time now until the Vega arrives to take us back to the States. Unofficial rumor has it that the Vega will be at Unalaska on the 16th. So here’s to hoping.

At the show tonight Dr. Browne brought down the little Aleut girl and gave her a front seat. These were the first movies she had ever seen (if she could see them, for her sight is quite bad). Arrangements had been made to show three comedy cartoons for her benefit, which, I thought, was a mighty nice gesture on the part of the ship.

A radio message has been received that the Vega will be in Unalaska on August 15th and depart at noon the same day. Another message came from Captain Alger saying that under the circumstances the Shoshone had better return to Unalaska right away.

We are now anchored off Kashega and the Doctor does not want to leave here till tomorrow night, but this [is] crowding things too much. If a heavy fog should come down we might then miss the Vega. As far as I can see that would be all right for then we would go down on this ship for she is returning about the same time as far as can be ascertained. In fact I have suggested to the Doctor several times that he see if he could not arrange to return on this ship.

**Sunday, August 14th.** Kashega. We went ashore this morning with the idea of walking over to Kuliliak Bay. At the village we found Harris who is now living there. We met him last year and he was quite a help to the Doctor. He is the manager of a sheep ranch out here. Harris had been to Kuliliak Bay and he told us that there was very little there and it was not worth walking over to find out, so the Old Man decided not to go after all. Then Harris took us to see an old Aleut to see if he could get information out of him for the Doctor. Thru an interpreter we found out that there was a large cave on Grass Island**84** nearby. Coming out of this old native’s house we were astonished to see the Cyanne entering the bay. She had come in to take the census

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84 Probably the Buck Island on current USGS maps, which include a “Grassy” survey point near its western shore.
not knowing we were here. One the *Cyanne*’s boats came ashore in [the] charge of a Mr. Mellon and they were able to accomplish their work in a very little time. There are only 26 inhabitants here. The two houses I was in were quite clean but not scrubbed to the point of shining like so many of the Russian Aleut houses. There is a nice little church of course. All the women had donned their best clothes for the occasion and some of them had put rouge on their cheeks.

We went to Grass Island after leaving the village to look for the cave reported by the old Aleut. This was easily found for it was a large one and formed by the action of the sea—consequently of no use to us. From this cave we returned to Kashega to pick up Harris who is going on to Unalaska with us. Unless we take him out he will have to go on a small ship, which travels 1500 miles before touching at Unalaska. Naturally Harris is tickled to death for he had no idea that we were coming in and still less had any expectation of getting to Unalaska.

The *Shoshone* got under way as soon as we were all aboard and we hope to reach Unalaska early this evening.

The Doctor has sent a radio message to Unalaska to the effect that he will give a lecture there, as promised tonight at 8 p.m., if still desired.

**Unalaska Island**

Later, 2 p.m. Dutch Harbor. Just back from a party at Dr. White’s and I had a most enjoyable time. Dr. White had quite a few archaeological specimens, which he showed me and then gave to me—a gift that was very much appreciated. He also promised to give me a kamleika tomorrow; he has it down at the hospital. I was asked up to his home with six or seven of the other officers of the *Shoshone* and here he broke open a bottle of Scotch and the party was on. Later we moved over [to] the place next door where Mrs. Jorgenson, the schoolteacher, lives. Her living quarters are quite large and part of the school buildings. Captain Alger joined the party and dancing commenced to the music of the gramophone. The Swedish Gavotte, the Swedish Polka, and the Ham Bone were the dances danced. The only two ladies present were Mrs. Jorgenson and Mrs. White—they must have been very tired when the evening was over for they had to dance every time.

Under the most excellent tutelage of Mrs. White I actually learned the polka and the gavotte, and I thought that I really got along very well! If I could only remember it. These dances are what I should call a sort of three-step and look much more graceful than the usual type of dances seen at home.

The Pedlers were down at the dock to meet the launch in which we came over to Unalaska in from Dutch Harbor. The first thing Pedler said to me was, “Is the Doctor going to get those two boys out on the *Vega*?” Apparently Botsford and Cowper have become quite a problem in the town. Later I met Captain Alger and he talked with me for quite a while on the subject of getting these boys out of Unalaska. Later he talked with the Doctor and the Doctor refused to say that they were part of his party so that they could travel on the *Vega*, even after the situation was put up to him by Captain Alger. It seems that they cannot possibly leave by passenger boat before another month has passed. The consensus of opinion seems to be that the
Old Man should relent and get them put aboard the *Vega*. Captain Alger, after talking to the Doctor, buttonholed me and told me to use what influence I had to see if this could not be done.

Figure 42. “Captain Trebes dumps a load for us at Amaknak” (1938-116b).

Mr. Paden has told me that the Doctor has spoken to him with reference to returning on the *Shoshone*. Paden feels quite sure that this can be arranged, but the Doctor will have to ask the Captain. Unfortunately it seems that the Doctor thinks the Captain should ask him! What a man.

It appears that Botsford and Cowper returned here from Umnak on the *Surveyor* thru the courtesy of Captain Sobierolfsky. Regulations forbid him to carry passengers and he took aboard with the understanding that they would stay out of sight. However, Botsford and Cowper, not content with roaming the ship as passengers, even had the unutterable gall to go up on the bridge! If I had been in charge I’d have put them in irons for the rest of the trip.

**Monday, August 15th.** Unalaska. It was raining this morning but we went out to our old site anyway to work. In the course of the morning Mrs. Pedler, Mrs. Woodbridge, and Mrs. Temple came out to see what we were doing. The ladies and ourselves were asked back to the ship for lunch by the Captain. After lunch the ladies smoked a cigarette with the rest of us and later the Old Man said, “It turns my stomach to see women smoke.”

The Captain has received a newspaper cutting from the *Oakland Tribune* with a picture of the Doctor lecturing on the *Ariadne* and another of myself digging up a skull. This cutting he showed us at lunch but the Doctor refused to read it. Perhaps it is just as well.
In the afternoon Mrs. Woodbridge and Mrs. Temple came out to assist us in our work. To be candid we could do a great deal better without them. Our results were not very good.

The Doctor and I have been invited to the Pedlers’ for dinner tonight—there are to be several others there too.

I have asked the Doctor to ask the Captain if we can all travel down to the States on the Shoshone. After much argument he consented to do so and finally actually asked him. The Captain said that he would be only too glad to take us out, so I presume we will stay here on the Shoshone now.

I also approached the Old Man about Botsford and Cowper but I did not get very far. He is adamant. He did say, however, that if the Captain of the Vega will take them back as ex-members of the expedition, that he will ask him to do so. Technically the Captain would have to refuse but of course he can use his own discretion about the matter.

Later. Just back from the dinner party. Present were Mr. and Mrs. Pedler, Dr. and Mrs. Woodbridge, Judge Finch, Mr. Nye, Captain Alger, Captain Trebes, the Doctor, and myself. In the living room after supper the Doctor talked or rather controlled the conversation for a couple of hours. It is extraordinary how he can make a wonderfully exciting story out of a commonplace incident. He also exaggerates a great deal and even lies at times. However I don’t think that this is done intentionally; it is that his enthusiasm carries him away.

After the Doctor left Pedler asked the rest of us to stay and have a talk and a drink. Captain Alger got me on one side and whispered, “We’ll pull out as soon as we can and go up to White’s. We can shake a leg there and you can practice up on that new step.” However, by the time we reached the White’s they had gone to bed or at least there were no lights in the house. The Captain suggested a walk so we walked almost up to the cemetery and then he came back with me as far as the ship. He tells me that the Shoshone is waiting till the 18th for Corey Ford and Alistair McBain but not a day longer. These two men are writers and are on the Brown Bear, the Biological Survey ship; apparently they are writing some articles for the government on the Aleutians.

It seems that this year there are two social cliques in Unalaska, one headed by the Pedlers and the other by the Whites. I was told that if anyone ever visited the Whites that they were never asked to the Pedlers’!

Captain Alger told me another story about Dr. Goodman, which does not jibe with the one I previously heard. He said that Dr. Goodman was at one time the pastor of Trinity Church in New York City, one of the richest churches in the country. His wife died and, wanting to get away from it all, took up this work at Point Hope.

I hear that the Vega is still at the Pribilofs waiting for calm weather to finish loading. It cannot possibly leave here till the August 17th and it will probably be later than that. Surely the Old Man will now arrange to take the Shoshone down to the States. She would beat the Vega
down even if she started a day later. As for Botsford and Cowper, Captain Alger thinks that they will have to take either the Shoshone or the Vega. If the Doctor is wise he will try to arrange this.

Talking with Captain Alger on the walk this evening, Attu was mentioned and I said it was too bad that we had been unable to stop there. The Captain said that if he had only known that I had wanted to stop there for a few hours, he would have ordered Captain Trebes to put in for a medical inspection. And at Atka too if I had wanted it! It is too bad that I did not have a chance to talk with him before we left for the west.

Tuesday, August 16th. Unalaska. A beautiful sunny day and even warm at times. At work very little was found—only one piece of exceptional interest and that was a fine large labret of different shape to the usual ones. Mrs. Bean, Mrs. Gentile, Miss Brown, and Harris visited the site in the afternoon. Miss Brown is the daughter of Willie Brown the marshal and goes to the University of Washington. Willie shows plainly that he is partly Aleut, but the daughter does not.

There is no word yet from the Brown Bear as to when she will be in so our date of leaving is still indefinite.

After supper I went up to the hospital to visit Harris and Mrs. Ross, the nurse. Dr. and Mrs. Gentile and Mr. Christianson of the Base Staff also dropped in later. Later Harris took me up to the home of the Pattersons (the Pat of Pat’s Café). Pat is very proud, and rightly too, of his collection of ivory. He has some fine specimens but most of them are modern. Mrs. Patterson has a collection of baskets, which of course she showed, among them three fine Attu baskets. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon were also there when we arrived, for which I was glad, for I had called on them only to find them out. They are about to have a baby.

Wednesday, August 17. Unalaska. Another pretty nice day with the sun shining as set out for the site. At noon Bosun Johnson came over with a message for the Doctor to the effect that the Shoshone would be leaving tonight. In spite of this the Old Man insisted on staying at work till four o’clock—even when Johnson told him that the officer of the deck was expecting him to get his gear back right away.

After lunch the Old Man evidently got a feeling of big-heartedness for he told us that we could keep all we found. Very shortly after this Laughlin dug up a nice bone point. He was tickled to death for he expected to keep it. Foolishly he showed it to the Old Man and he decided that this was an “exceptional” piece and he’d have to keep it! As a matter of fact it was a good piece, but not unique, not a new type, in fact there was nothing special about it. After this display of greed on the Old Man’s part none of us showed him what we found. I was fairly lucky finding quite a few pieces—a net sizer being the best piece.

At the ship we found them all waiting for us so that they could get the specimen boxes aboard and stowed away. These were stored in one of the A.C. sheds, so I went down and checked them out while members of the crew took them to the ship.

The ship is to sail at 8 p.m., so as usual the last few hours were very rushed. I had to go up town to say goodbye to Dr. White and many others. The doctor was not at the hospital; I
found that he was at home sick in bed. He gave me a kamleika and very decently sold me a small
Aleut model of a bidarka. These are very scarce now for few of the Aleuts left know how to
make them. Then Mrs. Pedler sent word that [they] would like to have the Captain, the Doctor,
and myself in to dinner. I did not want to go, for I had many other things to do, but could not
refuse.

At the farewell dinner party were Mr. and Mrs. Pedler, Dr. and Mrs. Woodbridge,
Captain Alger, Captain Trebes, Dr. Davidson and Mr. Barnaby of the Bureau of Fisheries, the
Doctor, and myself. After dinner everyone walked down to the ship as it was about time for her
to leave. Harris and several others I knew were down on the dock to see us off. There always
seems to be a certain thrill in the departure of a ship, especially if one is on it.

Unalaska to Seattle

In my cabin, after we had pulled out, I found [a] package from Harris. It was a small red
fox pelt—not worth much but a very nice gesture. I had been able to help him quite a bit in
obtaining his passage on the Shoshone to Unalaska and doubtless this was his acknowledgement
of this fact. Through Dr. White, Harris [had] been able to obtain transportation on the Vega, so
he is indeed fortunate.

Botsford and Cowper are aboard this ship. Because the Doctor would not say they were
part of his party, Captain Alger had to take the matter into his own hands. He gave them a pretty
stiff lecture and I don’t think that this time they will be running all over the ship and up on the
bridge. They are living with the crew and have to stay forward.

Thursday, August 18th. At sea. A nice day with quite a strong swell—the sun is shining
for the greater part of the day. Nothing to do of course except read, sleep, and eat. Got off a radio
message giving the day of arrival in Seattle. Many of the men are now shaving off their beards.
Mr. Roberts, who looked like Mephistopheles with his beard, has taken it off. So has Mr.
German who looked like Grandi of Italy. Mr. Paden, looking like Lenin of Russia, still retains
his.

Friday, August 19th. At sea. Another nice day, bright but no sun. Nothing happens, but
we are getting closer to home. I find that I am getting quite tired of listening to the Old Man talk
at meal times and his table manners seem to get worse as time goes on, so it will be a good thing
to separate in a few days.

Played medicine ball with Mr. Roberts and Dr. Browne this afternoon till I was all tired
out, but this is doubtless good for me.

Monday, August 22nd. At sea. It was quite rough again last night and because of the
movement of the ship one had to hold on to the bunk to prevent being rolled out. There was not
much sleep. I must be getting used to the feeling of this ship for I did not feel seasick even.

By this time (noon) tomorrow we should be in Seattle. The sea is quieting down now—it
is bright but no sun.
There are to be no more movies for we have seen all of them.

Only 1200 more miles to go at noon today.

**Saturday, August 20th.** At sea. A wonderful, quiet, warm sunny day. After lunch most of the officers were up on deck in shorts for a sunbath and exercise. Several of us played medicine ball quite vigorously. Was pleased to find that I could hold my own with these chaps averaging at least fifteen years younger. We should sight land on Monday.

**Sunday, August 21st.** At sea. The ship is rolling quite a bit today and occasionally the sun broke through. After lunch all the remaining bearded members of the crew got together to have their photographs taken, and [we had] some movies.
Later. We have just run into some thick fog and have had to slow down, so it begins to appear as if we may not be in till tomorrow evening.

If we get in at noon, the Doctor says, “Ve vill have our usual dinner at the Club, the Captain vill come and of course Mrs. May must too.” To the Captain the Old Man adds, “May has a very nice wife, altho you might not tink so,” and then giggles foolishly at his joke.

Tuesday, August 23rd. We were in the Sound when I got on deck this morning. It is hazy and warm. The trees on the shore look strangely familiar for it is now over three months since I saw a tree. We docked at the Coast Guard dock about noon and thus ends another season’s work in the Aleutians. Back home at last.

Postscript (undated)

This was the last of the three expeditions in which I took part under the leadership of the well-known Dr. Ales Hrdlička. “The Old Man,” as we called him was, to say the least, an odd character but in spite of all his strange idiosyncrasies I sincerely liked the old chap.

He was the foremost physical anthropologist in the country but he definitely was not an archaeologist. I think his interest in archaeology was merely a means of obtaining more skeletal material. He wanted human bones, often he would say, “Don’t bother with that; vat ve vant is bones.” There is no doubt in my mind that by failing to use the accepted stratigraphical method of excavation he ruined more than one site. Of course he had extensive knowledge of archaeology and he gave many interesting lectures on the subject. He did not have the patience for this type of work.

The Old Man was a hard man to work for. It was rarely he ever gave a word of commendation and just saying Thank You appeared to be an effort for him.

Actually he was an enigma, totally incomprehensible, for he was egotistical, imperious, domineering, arrogant, and selfish while he also had many childlike qualities.85 Despite all this I learned to like the old chap, though of course there were times when I detested him. Ofttimes his manners were atrocious though he knew better. When the occasion warranted it he could turn on the charm like a faucet and when he wanted he could indeed be most charming.

Dr. Hrdlička arrived in New York as an immigrant at the age of thirteen with only three cents in his pocket. He told me he threw this small sum overboard so that he could truthfully say he arrived penniless. From this lowly beginning he worked his way up to the top of his profession, an admirable achievement.

Altho the Old Man did not get to Russia by way of Bering Island, he finally made it in 1940, and two years later86 he died. Yes, I liked him, admired his erudition even though he was quite impossible most of the time.

85 Montagu’s (1944:116) perception was much the same: “Hrdlička was a kindly soul, and appeared much more formidable than he really was. … In some ways Hrdlička reminded me of a little boy, a shy little boy.”

86 Actually, Hrdlička died in 1943, on September 5.
APPENDIX 1

The Papers of Alan May at Archives and Special Collections, 
University of Alaska Anchorage/Alaska Pacific University Consortium Library

Alan May’s diaries of his Aleutian expedition with Hrdlička are but a portion of a large body of his materials at Archives and Special Collections, University of Alaska Anchorage/Alaska Pacific University Consortium Library. A full guide to these materials is available at https://archives.consortiumlibrary.org/collections/specialcollections/hmc-0690/.

The Archives may be contacted at:

Archives and Special Collections
University of Alaska Anchorage/Alaska Pacific University Consortium Library
Suite 305, 3211 Providence Drive, Anchorage, Alaska 99508
Phone: 907-786-1849
https://archives.consortiumlibrary.org/

The following summary information is excerpted from that guide:

Collection number: HMC-0690.
Title: Alan G. May papers.
Volume of collection: 5.4 cubic feet.
Language of materials: Collection materials are in English.
Collection summary: Papers, photographs, and journals of an amateur archeologist who participated in expeditions to the Aleutian Islands from 1936-1948.

Collection description:
The collection consists primarily of papers concerning Alan May’s archaeological activities and travels, including journals and scrapbooks documenting his archaeological, anthropological, and personal travels from 1915-1986. These journals include various documents, letters, maps, drawings, clippings, articles, over 5,000 photographs, and other memorabilia. The collection also contains articles by and about May, as well as other articles and unpublished manuscripts by other authors such as Theodore P. Bank II, W. W. Bolton, Walter J. Eyerdam, and Ales Hrdlicka. Additionally, there are letters written to May by Bank, William S. Laughlin, and other correspondents, five albums of photographs documenting May’s archaeological expeditions and personal travels from 1927-1986, glass lantern slides depicting the 1937 Smithsonian Institution Expedition to the Aleutian Islands and artifacts from May’s military service during World War I.
APPENDIX 2

Itineraries of the 1936-1938 Smithsonian Institution Expeditions

The itineraries below provide a broad overview of each of the three years’ expeditions. They are based, in part, on itineraries compiled by Archives and Special Collections, University of Alaska Anchorage/Alaska Pacific University Consortium Library. As in the main diary, spelling of place names has been changed here to conform to modern usage. Only selected ports of call, archaeological site locales, and other places are included here.

1936 Expedition

May 15          Seattle
May 16-20       S.S. *Yukon*
May 20-21       U.S. Coast Guard Patrol Boat *Tallapoosa*
May 22          Larsen Bay, Uyak Bay, Kodiak Island
June 27         U.S. Coast Guard Patrol Boat *Alert*
June 30-July 1  U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *Shoshone* at Unalaska Island
July 6          U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *Shoshone* at and on Atka Island
July 7-8        U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *Shoshone* at and on Kiska Island
July 9-10       U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *Shoshone*
July 10         Night on Attu Island
July 10-26      Attu Island
July 26-27      U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *Shoshone*. Kiska Island July 26
July 27-29      U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *Shoshone*, stopping at Kiska Island July 28
July 30-August 3 Unalaska Hospital, working on Amaknak Island
August 4        U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *Chelan*
August 4        U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *Chelan* at Makushin Village
August 5-6      U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *Chelan* at and on Kagamil Island
August 7        Unalaska Hospital, working on Amaknak Island
August 15       U.S.N. *Vega*. Naval Transportation Service
August 22       Seattle, Washington
August 24       Wenatchee, Washington

1937 Expedition

May 18          Left Wenatchee, Washington
May 21          Seattle, Washington
May 25          Arrived Juneau, Alaska
May 27          Mendenhall Glacier
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<td>May 29</td>
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<td>Adak Island, West Island</td>
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<td>August 15</td>
<td>Atka Island, Nazan Bay</td>
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<td>August 16</td>
<td>Atka Island, Korovin Bay</td>
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August 18  Nikolski Village, Umnak Island
August 19  Ship Rock
August 20  Unalaska Island
August 28  Seattle
September 1  Wenatchee

1938 Expedition

May 20  Seattle
May 26  Uyak Bay, Kodiak Island
May 29  Dutch Harbor
June 1  Chernofski Village
June 2  Ship Rock
June 4  Anangula Island
June 6  Nikolski Village, Umnak Island
June 6  Kagamil Island
June 7  Amlia Island
June 9  Kanaga Island
June 11  Ilak Island
June 12  Amchitka Island
July 7  Nikolski Village, Umnak Island
August 2  Nikolskoe Village, Bering Island
August 3  Podvodni Point
August 3  Syevexnoe Village
August 3  Saranna Bay
August 4  Staraya Gavan
August 4  Polovina Bay
August 4  Komandor Bay
August 5  Korabelni Village, Meydni Island
August 5  Shuskinskaya Buchta
August 5  Glinka Gavan
August 5  Paresheek
August 5  Praeobrajenskoe Village
August 6  Gladskuvskaya Stanovische
August 6  Praeobrajenskoe Village
August 10  Chuginadak Island
August 11  Kagamil Island
August 12  Nikolski Village, Umnak Island
August 13  Bogoslof Island
August 14  Kashega Village, Unalaska Island
August 14  Dutch Harbor
August 15  Unalaska Island
August 23  Seattle
APPENDIX 3

Poem by William Clemes

May included the following poem by William W. Clemes, a member of the 1938 expedition, in his papers for that year. It is titled “Poem made up by Clemes at various times during the course of the trip. It can be sung to the tune of Clementine.”

We’re the boys from old Amchitka
Who have dug all summer long
Eaten prunes and beans for supper
And have organized a song.

In the tundra of Alaska
We arrived with pick and spade
Looking for the buried Aleuts
And the weapons they had made.

When we ambled to Amchitka
With our shovels and our spades
With the Doctor as our leader
Settled down for daily raids.

For the purpose of instruction
We will introduce our band
Let you know how each one functions
And have shoveled dirty sand.

Here’s the Doctor, here’s the Doctor
Who has combed the U.S.A.
For the boys with mighty muscles
And their brains of straw and hay.

Here is May, here is May
Who has got the “vander-lust”
Who’s as tough as Doctor’s cookies
And will roam until he busts.
Here is Laughlin, here is Laughlin
Who has bought a pair of pants
That resist the stormy weather
And protect him from the ants.

Here is Botsford, here is Botsford
With a dissipated look
“He’s a goner,” says the Doctor
But by God, he sure can cook.

Here is Cowper, here is Cowper
Who can drink his whiskey straight
Walk around without assistance
Even tho it’s Goddam late.

Here’s the Doctor, here’s the Doctor
Every morning just at six
Bellows “Time” and grunts a warning
Better start to swing your picks.

Fries the cookies in the washpan
Pours the butter in the sea
Makes us sniff his queer concoctions
Tastes like kelp weed from the sea.

Here is May, poor old May
He sat up the whole night thru
Making fire, cutting driftwood
So we’d sleep and keep warm too.

Here is Benson,87 here is Benson
With a midriff fat and wide
In a chair with many cushions
Plants his heavy bottom side.

At Nikolski in Alaska
Rules he Aleuts big and small
Supervises all the dances
To prevent a rowdy brawl.

87 Mr. and Mrs. Benson were the schoolteachers in Nikolski Village, Umnak Island, in 1938.
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