Proposal for The Sea Runners, by Ivan Doig

Two anchoring scenes of history, like hands measuring a breadth:

> "Last Sunday"--the sixteenth of January, 1853, near Astoria, Oregon--"as some of the settlers were crossing the bay, they found, drifting in a canoe, three men nearly starved to death.... One of the poor fellows was peeling the skin from off his hands and arms and eating it."
>
> Six weeks before, four men had crept from the fort at Sitka, Alaska, headquarters of the Russian-America fur-trading company. Having signed on from their native Sweden for seven years' service at Sitka, the four chose to escape from their indenturement with the Russian frontier regime; all they knew of their chosen destination--the American fur-trading post at Astoria--is its direction, south along the wild coast of Alaska and British Columbia, and its means, an eighteen-foot canoe they have managed to steal.

What stretches between the historical scenes is a desperate voyage of a thousand miles, in North Pacific winter and through the waters of the premier seagoing Indian tribes of the world. The story I'll tell as a weave of history and fiction, The Sea Runners.

The record of that colossal journey exists now as a single six-inch newspaper item, reported to the Oregon Weekly Times by one of the settlers who stumbled across the three survivors in a coastal bay north of Astoria. Besides the above quote, the brief report tells that the voyagers and 17 other men from Stockholm had come to Sitka "in the ship Nicholas" in 1850 and that "after a residence of nearly three years, they found that they could not bear the ill-usage and tyranny which they were receiving, and determined to make their escape." It lists their resources: a couple of compasses, a chart, muskets, powder and shot, some fishing lines. All else of the story--the human components--I will retrieve by setting to work on it with history's exactness of detail and fiction's power of imagination.

The cast of characters:

> Melander, the planner of the escape. Rebelling against the indentured life--"the Russians' oxen," he bitterly describes himself and the other Swedes--he has put together the escape as if he were a man piecing out a chess problem. Tall and museful, he is a commander who believes that events can be summoned under control by patience and preparation.

Karlsson is his first, carefully-chosen accomplice; a skilled canoeman, and a frontiersman who seems to Melander to possess useful depths of endurance. A taciturn figure who has not shown himself interested in much about Sitka life except the native women in the village outside the fort, Karlsson joins the escape mostly from curiosity, to see whether the deed can be done.

Melander's second selection, Braaf, is a thief, and chosen for that reason. He it is who in the months of preparation steadily compiles the necessary pilfered supplies. Braaf, at twenty, is much the youngest of the men, a Stockholm street boy who enlisted for Alaska a jump ahead of the law and is bored to his fingertips by Sitka life.

The fourth man is the wild card flicked into the escape scheme: Wennberg, a clever trapper who discerns the plan when he catches Braaf amid a theft of provisions, and thereby muscles his way into the escape. Wennberg is the most contentious and crafty of the four, a dangerous element for the original three to deal with.

The novel opens at a point several days into the escape, as the four are coming ashore to a dark-forested island for the night. A couple of taut introductory paragraphs introduce the men and the situation, building to a line something like:

"As the four men move from sight, another white wave replaces the rolling hill of water which brought them to this shore where they are selecting their night's shelter, and where one of them is to die."

From there, the storyline steps back to how the escape was plotted and achieved, follows the fugitives through the dangers of the first portion of their journey, then connects again at this major point, about a third of the way through the book, where the death is to occur. Thereafter the story runs a straight line of adventure through the rest of the forty days of voyage down the North Pacific coast.

Throughout the narrative, the sea runners face three constant adversaries: the weather, the Indian tribes spaced along the coast, and themselves. The principal plot developments are a decision to cross a treacherous breadth of water (Dixon Entrance) in hard weather; the death of one of the men at the hands of the Haida Indians; a showdown about leadership; the problem of skirting past the potent sea-going tribes of the southern portion of the journey, necessitating some dangerous travel by night; and the final struggle of the survivors to safety.

The best summary of the novel is that I intend it to be a page-turner. The pace will be rapid; I see this as a book of 65,000-75,000 words, perhaps fewer.

As to what the book will be "like", I might suggest Joseph Conrad's Typhoon; that is, a continuous action story keyed to one powerful element--the impossible escape--as his was keyed to the colossal storm at sea. On one point it might resemble too Guy Davenport's story of the discovery of the Lascaux cave paintings, "Robot": as the sense of prehistory emanates from the ochre wall animals "flowing in long strides down some run of time" in Davenport's story, the black-forested North Pacific coast will be the evolving universe of these men in the canoe.

Or perhaps I should leave it at this, that it'll be a novel of considerable compression, with its focus always on the actions of the men as they try to cope with ocean and wilderness. John Berryman wrote that a mark of modernity is that a person now can live his life without ever having the chance to know whether he is physically brave. Daily for some forty days, the sea runners are whetted against that question.

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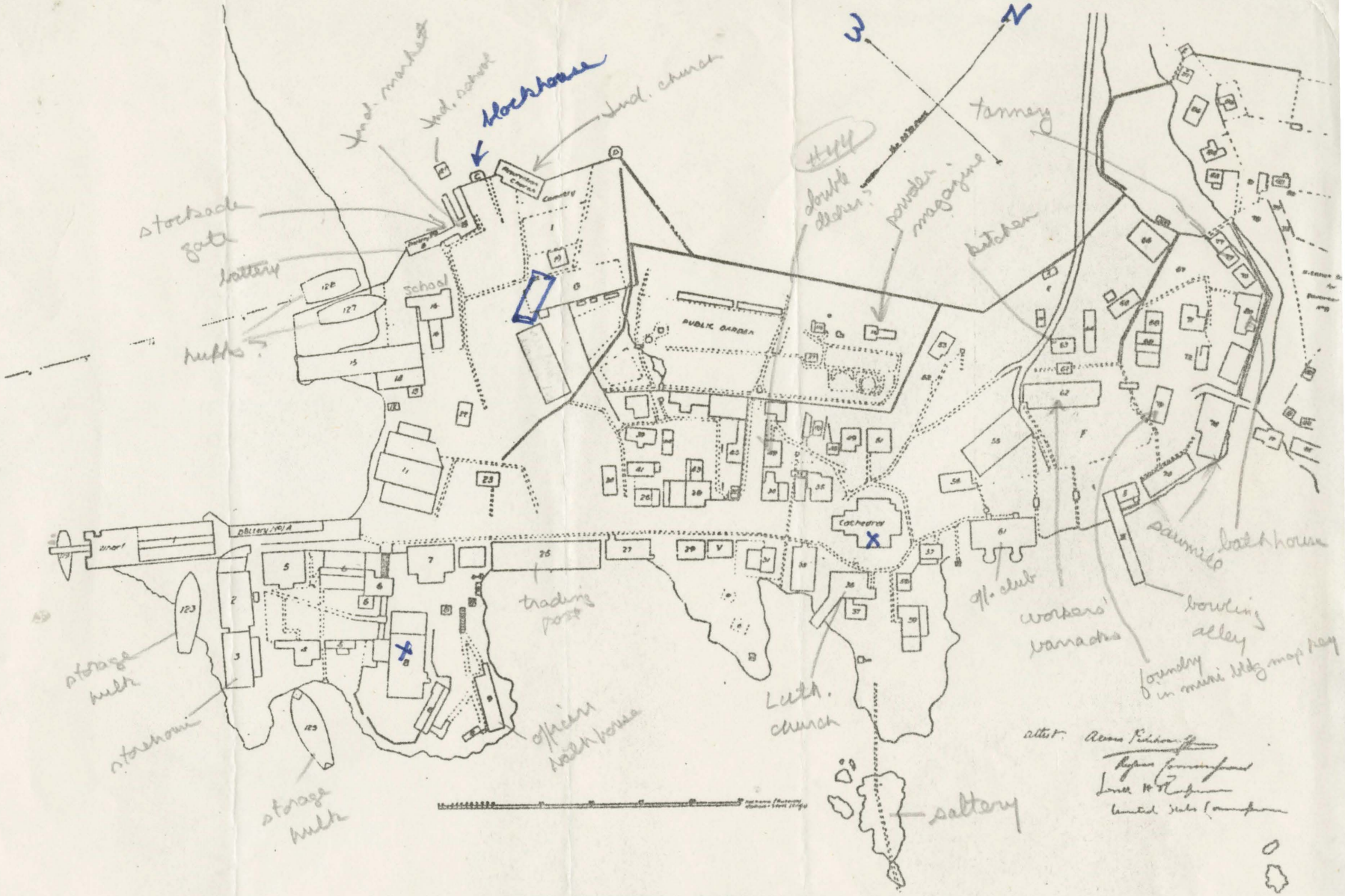
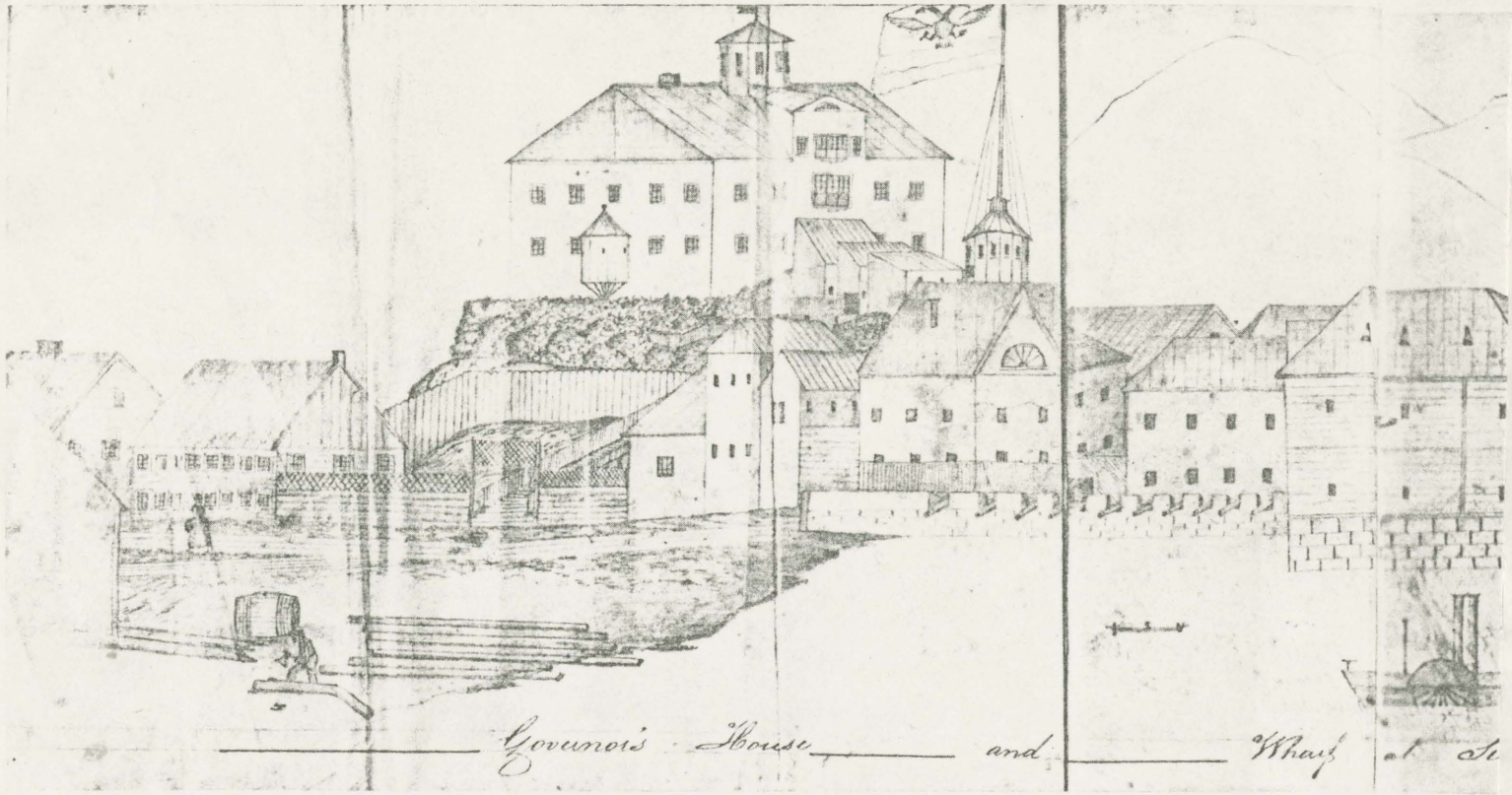


MAP OF SITKA—OCTOBER, 1867

A. Battery No. 1.
B. Battery No. 2, Vralaskian Battery.
C. Blockhouse No. 1.
D. Blockhouse No. 2.
E. Blockhouse No. 3.
1. Warehouse.
2. Shop and Store.
3. Subsistence Storehouse.
4. Tannery for Furs.
6. Barracks, three stories.
7. Office Building, two stories.
8. Governor's House.
9. Wash and Bath House.
11. 12, 13, 14, 15, 22, and 23. Dock Yard and Buildings.
16. School Building.
18. Market for Indians.
19. Lime Kiln.
20. Unfinished Barracks.
25. Bakery, Joinery, etc.
61. Officers' Lodgings, two stories.
66. Laundry.
74. Sawmill.
75. Tannery.
76. Unfinished Bath House.
77. Water Flour Mill.
90. Aleutian Dwellings.
102. Bishop's House, two stories.
103. Hospital, two stories.
116, 117. Arbors on Public Gardens.
118. Powder Magazine.
121. School Building for Indians.
122. Observatory on Japonski Island.
123. House for Observer, Wharf, Garden, Hotbeds, etc.
Cathedral of St. Michael.
Church of the Resurrection (Koloshian Church).
129. Hulk and Movable Bridge.



The Russian establishment at Sitka. From an unsigned, undated drawing in the H B C archives.

The Beaver, summer '55, pp 40-1 NWC N 979.513 B

John Work, who was in charge of the Fort Simpson post for a number of years at this time, has left in his *Journal* a full report of a trading trip to the Queen Charlottes on board the *Llama* commanded by Captain McNeill. They left the west coast of Vancouver's Island on the first day of May, 1835, and after trading around Laredo sound, the ship stood across to Charlotte's Island and in the evening was off Cape James. From the Indians they traded 29 beaver, 16 land otter, 60 martens and 74 mink. No mention of sea-otter is made. By the 10th of May, in spite of baffling winds the *Llama* managed to make Skidegate Harbour. Here a number of canoes came off to trade fish, bearskins and some marten skins. It was noticed that the Indians seemed shy of coming on board and Work soon realized the cause of their hesitation. "Their shyness arose from the loss of the 'Vancouver' last year, as they are connected with the tribe who inhabit where she was lost, and who plundered her . . ."

any is found among them. They grow considerable of potatoes, they have several patches under cultivation about their village."

The trade in potatoes with the Company posts, here mentioned for the first time, might be called the beginning of agriculture on northern shores. Dr. John McLoughlin, for long the head at Fort Vancouver, and under whose jurisdiction all the forts on the coast fell, wrote to John Work concerning the same matter as follows:

"I hope every means will be used to increase our intercourse with the Indians of the Queen Charlotte Islands, and it will be proper to purchase potatoes and whatever property they may bring to induce them to visit the Establishments more frequently, as we will be eventually the gainers by such a course. The potatoes cost a trifle, and provided they are not required at Fort Simpson . . . they may be sent to Stikeen if they could be procured in sufficient quantities to fatten pork, swine may be sent in by our spring ship from which you might breed and kill for exportation, casks being provided at Fort Langley for that purpose."

It is by such glimpses as this that we get a picture of how the Hudson's Bay Company adapted themselves to chang-

Sea Runners - origin of idea

OLYMPIA TRANSCRIPT.

LYMPIA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1873.

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Extra.
Cal.) April 11.
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Latest News Items.

Forty-two snow-storms visited Boston during the season just closed.

Boston is feasting on ripe strawberries, which can be had for $2 a box.

The Nevada Legislature has passed the compulsory education act.

An Illinois Senatorial committee has reported in favor of abolishing grand juries.

Last mail advices received give the Bank of England's rate of discount 4 per cent—an advance of ½ per cent.

English papers state that after June, 1873, the French Government will adopt the English system of tonnage, for vessels.

Forty-two railroad accidents have occurred since Feb. 8, by which twenty-six persons were killed and ninty-seven injured.

The practicability of a ship-canal through Nicaragua has been settled by the labors of the present United States surveying party.

The city of Boston has for 33 years supported its own insane, and now proposes to save about $100,000 a year by calling on the State to support them.

The Legislature of Wisconsin has censured Senator Carpenter and Representative Eldridge for voting in favor of the back-pay grab.

Permits have already been issued in Boston for the erection of 163 buildings in the burnt district since the fire. When the building Acts are amended this number will be doubled.

Two hundred tons of silver ore were shipped from Montana, on the 5th of February, to Swansea, England. The price paid for it ranged from $30 to $50 per ton.

The strike of the colliers in South Wales is at an end. Only a portion of the colliery mashers have yielded, and the ironworkers have gone in on the masters' terms. The strike has cost the men not less than $750,000.

Edward P. Smith, who has just been appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs, was formerly a Congregational preacher, and during the war on active agent of the Christian Commission. Since that he has been an Indian Agent in Minnesota, and is said to be a thoroughly honest and competent man.

The rapidity with which the comparatively new industry of building iron steamships on the Delaware is being developed, is attracting general attention, and the superiority of these vessels over the iron steamships constructed on the Clyde, in several important particulars, and especially in strength, has been demonstrated on several occasions.

A gang of 100 colored miners are on their way from Richmond, Va., to Brazil, Ind., to work the coal mines in place of the strikers.

A banker and his clerk are said to have disappeared from Denison, Texas, carrying with them the whole of the deposits, amounting to more than $50,000.

A San Francisco firm has contracted with parties in Providence for twenty-eight carloads of oysters of various ages, which are to be transplanted in San Francisco Bay.

Miscellaneous.

The Chicago relief disbursements last year were over $2,000,000.

The first production of coal on this coast was in 1852, at Newport on Coos Bay.

Iowa had 5,663,994 acres of land under cereals and hay last year.

"Beerbug" is what some of the sinful papers of the west call Milwaukee.

A Wisconsin justice lately divorced an unhappy couple by repeating the marriage ceremony backwards.

The new national flag of China is said to resemble an old bedquilt with lobsters running around on the edge.

Tom Scott controls sixteen thousand miles of railroad and sixteen acres of legislature.—*Courier Journal.*

A cotempory speaks of a fashionable tailor as being "one of the old war horses of the trade." A heavy charger we suppose.

The inmate of a boarding-house in Hoboken describes the programme of his breakfast as "bells, jangled out of tune, and hash."

A young man in the ardor of his affection promised to cherish one of our young ladies with love that would survive an army over-coat.

A Baltimore Jenkins tells us that the prettiest lady and the leading belle in society there just now is the daughter of a car conductor.

Colfax is the first presiding officer of the Senate who has retired without a vote of thanks from that body.

"Where was the fire" asked a lady of her beau, who rushed out of the opera-house the other night the moment the curtain fell on the first act. "It was a false alarm," said, he chewing cloves vigorously.

The absorption of small farms into large ones is going on at a rapid rate in Bourbon County, Kentucky. One man has bought farms on which lived twenty-four families, consisting of one hundred and sixty one persons, nearly every one of whom moved west.

For the first time since the organization of the city of Fort Wayne, the treasurer has placed money to its credit for sinking fund purposes; which will only be used for the redemption of bonds.

The white marble statue of Queen Victoria, weighing seven tons, has arrived at Windsor Castle, and is to be placed in the vestibule of the State Department. The Queen is represented sitting on a chair, with a dog lying by her side.

An Ohio man attached a medal to an eagle's neck and with much ceremony set it at liberty on Washington's birthday. Two days later the proud bird made a descent on a farmer's sheep-pen and its brief career was ended by a charge of buckshot.

A Chinaman, being examined as to his competency to testify in court was asked what would be his punishment if he should swear to lies. "I shall never return to China, but always remain in New York," was the reply. He was at once sworn.

The appointment of ex-senator Sawyer, of South Carolina, as assistant secretary of state, comes the nearest to a Cabinet honor that that state has

A Story of the Olden Time.

From the Oregon Bulletin.

Here is something that comes down to after the lapse of twenty years. We quote from a letter written at Astoria, January 22, 1853, and published a few days thereafter in the *Oregon Weekly Times:*

"Last Sunday, as some of the settlers were crossing the bay, they found, drifting in a canoe, three men nearly starved to death. They spoke to them, but could not make themselves understood. After taking them to their house they finally succeeded in conversing with them. Their history is as follows: They are Swedes, and belong to Stockholm. In 1850 they engaged to work for the Russian Fur Company seven years, and accordingly embarked, in company with 17 others, in the ship Nicholas, Captain Conrad, and sailed for the northwestern coast, bound for Sitka. After a residence of nearly three years, they found that they could not bear the ill-usage and tyranny which they were receiving, and determined to make their escape.

Of the whole number, but four had the courage to make the attempt. They have been a year and a half in making preparations. Every night they, with the other residents of the place, were in the habit of sleeping in the fort—being the rules of the Company. After obtaining a couple of compasses, a chart, some muskets, powder, shot, some fishing lines, and a few other articles, one dark night they succeed in getting the sentinel who was posted over the gate intoxicated, and one of them took his place, and answered the calls of the other sentinels; his comrades, in the meantime, had opened the gate, and were getting their things into a canoe. A short time before the relief came around, they got into the canoe and shoved off. They were soon missed, and a party of Indians sent in pursuit. When they came up with the fugitives, the Swedes laid down their paddles and seized their muskets, determined to die rather than be taken. The Indians, seeing they were armed, turned back to the fort.

The Swedes continued on, and stopped at a place called Deconvre, where one of their number was killed by the Indians. They next attempted to land at Queen Charlotte's Island, but were compelled to leave amidst a shower of balls which completely riddled the sails of their canoe. After a passage of forty days they got into Shoalwater Bay, in a fog, and when it cleared up they were surprised to find themselves land-locked.

When found, they had been in the Bay seven days—subsisting on roots and berries. They were much emaciated, and looked the perfect pictures of misery and despair. One of the poor fellows, when found, was peeling the skin from off his hands and arms and eating it. Their canoe is about eighteen feet in length by three in width; and with this they have made a voyage of over 1,000 miles on one of the worst parts of the coast. They were well cared for by the citizens, and at present are comfortably situated at Chinook. Their names are Carl Grouland, Carl Wasterholm and Andrea C. Lyndfast.

CAPTAIN C. J. W. RUSSELL.

A Hazar

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See Revision Not calendar

MONTH Jan – Feb YEAR 1853

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
					7 Jan. lv New A	8 dncoast - p. 83
9 along Baranof - p.87 + to N cape	10 along Baranof - p.90	11 C. Commaney p. 93	12 crossing to Kuiu p.94 +	13 amid islands s. of Kuiu p.96 +	14	15 embers p. 99
16 M studies map p.108	17 K. deer p.110	18	19 arm totems p.112	20 along Dall p.116	21 Kaigani crossing p.116 +	22 Tow Hill storm p. 132
23 Tow Hill storm	24 Tow Hill storm p.136 A	25 Hecate crossing p.137	26 amid islands s. of Hecate M comment p.138	27 amid islands s. of Hecate K comment p.138	28 amid islands s. of Hecate W comment p. 138	29 arm. Ainsphrana K comment p.138
30 arm. Ainsphrana M killed - K takes over p.152 +	31 head e. for channel p.162	1 Feb arm in channel	2 in channel - K's bad day p.162	3	4	5

See Runners pilot calendar

MONTH Feb.- March YEAR 1853

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
6 Feb	7	8 in channel - clear p. 173	9 Milbanke crossing p. 176	10 in channel	11	12
13 arr. Qn Ch Sound = p. 177	14 Qn Ch Sound crossing to C. Scott p. 181 +	15 begin Vcvr I.	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	1 March	2 Strait to Shi Shi p. 194	3 Shi Shi to Ozette p. 203 +	4 Ozette & N. - whaling	5 C. Johnson - B dies p. 215 +
6 at 3d Beach	7	8	9	10	11 pass Bay of Harbor, arr Cntr line	12 at Cntr line - storm K counts days

MONTH March YEAR 1853

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
13 in fog, Cont'g lines to Wilmapa	14 K+B found	15	16	17	18	19
20 Colley's letter	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

1230 S.W. Park Avenue
(503) 222-1741

Portland, Oregon 97205
Cable: Histore

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 10th Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

January 11, 1982

Dear Mr. Doig:

A postscript to January 8. Late that evening Colonel D. telephoned with a lengthy observation on Dostoevskii and the powers of the subconscious. The Colonel's subconscious had reminded him of a long forgotten couplet:

Из далека собаки вой,
А за стенной перекликался часовой.

Iz daleka sobaki voi,
A za stennoi pereklikalsia chasovoi.

From afar the dog howls,
And beyond the wall the sentry calls.

He added that he had also remembered that somewhere in literature the sentry calls, "Слушай!" "Slushai!", "Listen!" or "Harken!"

A little Monday morning ephemera...

E.V.

OVER

With which are now incorporated The Battleship Oregon Museum, Oregon Geographic Names Board,
Oregon Landmarks Committee, Oregon Lewis and Clark Trail Committee,
North Pacific (Irkutsk) Archival Research Group

19 Jan. '82

Dear Elizabeth--

Having just received a letter from me declaring for "vnimanie" when you'd just passed along "slushai," you may be wondering what sort of ingrate I am. What happened is that I'd been out of town, my mail was being held at the post office, and I wrote you the "vnimanie" letter during that. Yesterday your report from the nether regions of the Colonel's memory showed up, so I'd better hasten to assure you that "slushai!" it'll be in my book. A Sitka park ranger I've been corresponding with assures me that there's a Wm Blake quote that "art...cannot exist but in minutely organized particulars." In cases like this, I sure as hell hope so.

Thanks again. All best.

OVER

16 Jan. '82

Dear Elizabeth--

Many thanks for your prompt response, and for your reassurance that there isn't, somewhere out there, a scholar of watch calls waiting to pounce on me. I think I'll likely stick with "vnimanie" and let it go at that.

I wish Golovin had been ten years prompter in his visit to New Archangel. From a lot of sources and some imagination I've assembled a New Archangel backdrop for my characters which I think is pretty accurate, but I've been nagged by the lack of some central gabby visitor who would have put into a diary or letters a detailed look at New Archangel exactly in 1852. I suppose working with James Swan's diaries, on my previous book, spoiled me. Anyway, I'm glad to have further verification of the siege mentality of the town; part of the plot of my novel turns on the point of the Russians being so wary of the Koloshes getting in, they overlooked my Swedes wanting to get out.

On the stray chance that his work hasn't reached you, I perhaps should pass along to you the name of: Victor P. Petrov, 5919 Battery Road, Alexandria, VA 22308. He "has published three historical novels on Russian America," and helped me by providing information on Russian Christmas customs. He also sent me one of his books, which my rusty college Russian isn't at all up to, but it's titled Kamerger Dvora--something like Chamberlain?--and is about Rezanov.

I'll try cross paths with you next time I'm in Portland. Say hello to Dick Brown for me, when next you see him; he's been a marvelous salesman of my books.

very best

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

1230 S.W. Park Avenue
(503) 222-1741

Portland, Oregon 97205
Cable: Histore

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 10th Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

8 January 1982

Dear Mr. Doig:

I am delighted to have your intriguing letter! In part, of course, because I am so pleased to think you are so much involved in an aspect of history that I find so utterly fascinating -- but also because your letter spurs me into action. Even since Dick Brown at the University of Oregon gave me This House of Sky I have wanted to tell you how immensely moved I was in reading it, both by the beauty and majesty of your western mind, and by the evocation of the sense of space and aloneness I summon up from memories of childhood summers in northern Wisconsin. A different landscape, but a well remembered awareness of solitude. And with your gift, you touch the memories of others with grandeur.

Well. On to your question. I don't have an answer. That is to say, I've not come across any mention of a watch call in the materials I've been working on. I'm just now preparing Golovin's letters to his mother and sister (written during that same visit to Russian America) for publication; he mentions that watch was constantly kept over the Tlingit/ Kolosh village. But no watch call is mentioned. I called my favorite Imperial Russian cavalry officer to make an inquiry. After we had discussed Pushkin in some detail, with a couple of detours into Lermontov, and a foray into regimental life, he allowed as how sentries in his day didn't use calls. Each had a whistle, and in case of real trouble, he fired his gun. Not much help to you, I'm afraid. But then, life on the Polish border in 1915 was a far remove from New Archangel in 1852. I might suggest that your question is so distilled that it's unlikely anyone will challenge you. Successfully.

over →

Please count me among your most ardent fans and do let me know if you have any more such rarified questions!

With much admiration, and a dearth of space, I see -

Elizabeth Vaughan

With which are now incorporated The Battleship Oregon Museum, Oregon Geographic Names Board, Oregon Landmarks Committee, Oregon Lewis and Clark Trail Committee, North Pacific (Irkutsk) Archival Research Group

E. A. P. Crownhart-Vaughan
Russian Department

In his letters Golovin remarks that the Russian cannon were trained on the Kotosh village 24 hours a day, and that the Russians were ~~almost~~ in a state of siege: "The result is that New Archangel is constantly in a state of siege."

From a letter of 27 November/9 December 1860.

This volume will be out in mid-summer – title is Civil and Savage Encounters.

E. V.

6 Jan. 1982

E.A.P. Crownhart-Vaughan
c/o Oregon Historical Society
1230 S.W. Park Avenue
Portland, Oregon

Your volume of Captain Golovin's 1862 report on Russian America has been greatly helpful to me for the novel I've been working ~~on~~for the past year and a half--the story, based on a historical incident of 1852-53, of four Swedes who flee their indenturement at New Archangel and set off by canoe for Astoria. I'm trying to be right about details of New Archangel life, and one item is proving especially elusive: I wonder whether you've come across it in your scholarship on Russian America. The newspaper piece on which I'm basing my story says that the Swedes escaped by getting a gate guard drunk, "one of them took his place and answered the calls of the other sentinels." The question being, what was the call? The best source I've come up with, the Bancroft Library's manuscript of an 1853 visit to New Archangel by an American merchant named James C. Ward, says that each hour the sentries called back and forth, "Attention!" I've accordingly put "Vnimanie!" into my imagined scene. One Russian America specialist I've checked with maintains "Vnimanie" is too awkward a watch call, it must have been something such as "Storoz!" Another such specialist says he sees nothing whatsoever wrong with "Vnimanie!" It's a small point, but one I'd like to have correct; do you recall any such mention of a watch call in your delvings into Russian America?

best wishes

~~E.A.P.~~

~~6 January 1981~~

Alaska

Imp

PRINTS©

56A-SE

Russian Church in historic Sitka, Alaska.
Photo by Mel Anderson

J & H SALES ANCHORAGE AK.
PRINTED IN AUSTRALIA.

16 Nov. '92--Trying to unclog the office, moving Heart Earth research material into retirement to make way for Bucking the Sun filecards and folders, today I winnowed The Sea Runners file cabinet drawer, disposing of about a foot of photocopied articles etc. on Sitka, Russian America, Indian canoes, Swedish background. Anything I thought of value, I consolidated into the file folder with checking copies and correspondence; that turned out to include notes on the writing and editing, 1st drafts of the book's lead, and similar items which ought to be looked at if I do anything with the Blue as the Odyssey filecard/diary of The Sea Runners.

Maledicta : the Journal of Verbal Abuse articles used for The Sea Runners,
transferred to "lingo" file folder in Nov. '92 winnowing of " " " research files.

FLora -- Sources: Food Plants of British Columbia, Part 1, Coastal Peoples, B.C. Provincial Museum, Handbook #34
Flora of Alaska and Neighboring Territories, Eric Hulten

Blueberries - Indian use: berries eaten fresh, or dried into cakes. Or preserved in oil.
Devil's club - Common in ravines and openings. Young shoots browsed by deer. The Indians sometimes brew tea from the very bitter bark as a tonic, or may strip off the thorns and eat the green bark as tonic. (From "Alaska Trees and Shrubs," U.S. Dept. of Agriculture.
Skunk cabbage - Indian use: leaves used to wrap fish with, and then cooked.
Huckleberry - Indian: eaten in large quantities. Mashed and dreid into cakes.
Salmon berry - both sprouts and berries were eaten in large quantitites by all coastal indian groups. The sprouts were picked in the spring, peeled and eaten raw. Usually eaten fresh because watery to dry into cakes.
Rice root - The rice-like bulbs were dug and eaten. Boile d. Bitter.
Indian celery - Marrow eaten raw; root boiled. Contains sugar.
Red elderberry - fruit widely used.
Thimbleberry - eaten by all coastal Indian groups.

FLORA -- list kept by National Historic Park
Sitka

Blueberries
Bellflower/bluebells of Scotland
Devil's club
Bunchberry
False lily of the valley/deerberry
Fireweed
False azalea
Goats beard
Indian cucumber
Huckleberry
Hudson Bay tea/ Labrador tea
Lambsquarter/wild spinach
Salmon berry
Rice root
Skunk cabbage
Sitka spruce
Spring beauty
Soapberry
Stream violet/yellow violet
Strawberry (wild)
Wild, or Indian, Celery
Trailing raspberry
Wild crabapple/ Pacific crabapple
Western water hemlock
PAcific silverweed
Western hemlock
Alaska, or yellow, cedar
Large-leaf avens
Common yarrow
Red elderberry
Sitka rose
Thimbleberry
Red Alder
Common foxglove
Mountain ash
Buttercup
Laceflower
Skunk currant
Single delight

Olympia Transcript
April 19, 1873

"Last Sunday, as some of the settlers were crossing the bay, they found, drifting in a canoe, three men nearly starved to death. They spoke to them, but could not make themselves understood. After taking them to their house they finally succeeded in conversing with them. Their history is as follows: They are Swedes, and belong to Stockholm. In 1850 they engaged to work for the Russian Fur Company seven years, and accordingly embarked, in company with 17 others, in the ship Nicholas, Captain Conrad, and sailed for the northwestern coast, bound for Sitka. After a residence of nearly three years, they found that they could not bear the ill-usage and tyranny which they were receiving, and determined to make their escape.

Of the whole number, but four had the courage to make the attempt. They have been a year and a half in making preparations. Every night they, with the other residents of the place, were in the habit of sleeping in the fort—being the rules of the Company. After obtaining a couple of compasses, a chart, some muskets, powder, shot, some fishing lines, and a few other articles, one dark night they succeed in getting the sentinel who was posted over the gate intoxicated, and one of them took his place, and answered the calls of the other sentinels; his comrades, in the meantime, had opened the gate, and were getting their things into a canoe. A short time before the relief came around, they got into the canoe and shoved off. They were soon missed, and a party of Indians sent in pursuit. When they came up with the fugitives, the Swedes laid down their paddles and seized their muskets, determined to die rather than be taken. The Indians, seeing they were armed, turned back to the fort.

The Swedes continued on, and stopped at a place called Decouvre, where one of their number was killed by the Indians. They next attempted to land at Queen Charlotte's Island, but were compelled to leave amidst a shower of balls which completely riddled the sails of their canoe. After a passage of forty days they got into Shoalwater Bay, in a fog, and when it cleared up they were surprised to find themselves land-locked.

When found, they had been in the Bay seven days—subsisting on roots and berries. They were much emaciated, and looked the perfect picture of misery and despair. One of the poor fellows, when found, was peeling the skin from off his hands and arms and eating it. Their canoe is about eighteen feet in length by three in width; and with this they have made a voyage of over 1,000 miles on one of the worst parts of the coast. They were well cared for by the citizens, and at present are comfortably situated at Chinook. Their names are Carl Grouland, Carl Wasterholm and Andres C. Lyndfast.

CAPTAIN C. J. W. RUSSELL.

Make a picture in your mind of four canoemen borne atop a wave, a sharp white hill of ocean which carries them up and up as it laps toward the sky. Their high-nosed craft, buoyant as a seabird, at last sleds across the water's curled crest and begins to ride the surf to the dark frame of your scene, a shore of fir forest. Anthony Island, this particular landfall is inscripted on modern charts of the long broken coastline south from the Gulf of Alaska, but as these four voyagers are bobbing to its shore in mid-February of 1853 they do not know this name, and it would not matter to them if they did.

Now the men, Karlsson and Melander and Wennberg and Braaf. For nineteen days they have been together in the slim cedar canoe, dodging from one of this coast's constant humps of fir-and-rock to the next. They have been afraid many times in those days, ~~and~~ brave almost as often. Here at Anthony they land wetly, heft the canoe across the gravel beach into hiding within the ~~timber~~ salal and swordferns, then start off into the timber.

~~their search for shelter from the nightmare~~ As they move from sight,

another white wave replaces the rolling hill of water which brought the four men to this shore where they are selecting their night's shelter, and where one of them is to die.

#

The escape had been Melander's plan.

1st draft

Braaf proved so adept a provisioner that Melander was forced to out sleding ration assignments to him, lest the Russians become suspicious about the blizzard of thievery. By the end of July, the planners' cache held a compass, two tins of gunpowder, a 00 musket and 30 balls for it, several fishing lines and hooks, and a fire flint apiece. In August Braaf added a coil of rope, three knives and a hatchet. Early In ~~mid-September~~ October, the plotters ~~turned their attention to~~ met to talk o canoe equipment. Karlsson, who rarely asserted himself, insisted on put himself deft 00 paddles made by some tribe southward along the coast and which occasionally were traded north. Braaf frowned. It took him alog the next ~~a~~ week to accumulate ~~three~~ a trio of 00 paddles from the native community.

Sept's haul was a 2d compass — M wanted to be ~~as~~ poorer as of morrow not at ~~them~~ — a small iron kettle & a water cask.

"Three?" said Karlsson ~~at their next meeting.~~ when they met again. "What if we lose one?" Braaf cursed ~~quiet~~ in his sweet voice, and went off after a fourth paddle. Claggt

original
4/22/80

Proposal for The Sea Runners, by Ivan Doig

Two anchoring scenes of history, like hands measuring a breadth:

"Last Sunday"--the sixteenth of January, 1853, near Astoria, Oregon--"as some of the settlers were crossing the bay, they found, drifting in a canoe, three men nearly starved to death.... One of the poor fellows was peeling the skin from off his hands and arms and eating it." --

Six weeks before, four men had crept from the ~~fur-trading~~ fort at Sitka, Alaska, headquarters of the Russian-America fur-trading company. Having ~~xing~~ signed on from their native Sweden for seven years' service at Sitka, the four have decided to escape from their indenturement ~~to~~ with the Russian ~~company~~ frontier regime; all they know of their chosen destination--~~Astoria~~ a fur-trading post at--is its direction, south along the wild coast of Alaska and British Columbia, and its means, an eighteen-foot canoe they have ~~stolen~~ managed to steal.

What stretches between the scenes is a desperate voyage of a thousand miles, in North Pacific winter and through the waters of the premier seagoing Indian tribes of the world. The story I'll tell as a weave of history and fiction, The Sea Runners.

The ~~exploit~~ record of ~~this~~ ~~the~~ ~~four~~ their colossal journey exists now as a single six-inch newspaper item, reported to the Oregon Weekly Times by one of the settlers who found the three survivors in a coastal bay north of Astoria. Besides the above quote, the brief report tells that

by Ivan Doig
BY IVAN DOIG
by Ivan Doig

17021 Tenth Avenue N.W., Seattle, Washington 98177
(206) 542-6658

April 21, '80

Dear Tom--

I appreciated your letter. There's little in the world a writer appreciates more than an enterprising editor, in fact.

About all I can say now, Tom, is that I'm going to have to see how things shake down at HBJ. Liz Darhansoff is becoming my agent, and I'll apprise her of your interest. As Liz sorts through the matter for me, I know she'll keep you in mind.

very best

the 4 voyagers and 17 other men from Stockholm had come to Sitka "in the ship Nicholas" in 1850 and that "after a ~~reisence~~ residence of Captain Conrad," in 1850 and that "after a residence of nearly three years, they found that they could not bear the ill-usage and tyranny which they were receiving, and determined to make their escape." It lists their supplies: a couple of compasses, a chart, muskets, powder and shot, some fishing lines. All else of the story I will ~~have to~~ retrieve, by setting to work on it with history's exactness of detail and fiction's power of imagination.

The cast of characters:

Melander, the planner of the escape. Rebelling against the indentured life--"the Russians' oxen," he bitterly describes himself and the other Swedes--he has put together the escape as if he were a man ~~thinking~~ piecing out a chess problem. Tall ~~& patient~~ musceful, he is a commander who believes ~~[illegible]~~ events can be ~~made to obey themselves~~ summoned under control by patience & preparation.

Karlsson is his first, carefully-chosen accomplice; a skilled canoeman, ~~[illegible]~~ and a frontiersman who seems to Melander to ~~have~~ possess useful depths of endurance. A taciturn man who has not shown himself interested in much about Sitka life except the native women in the village outside the fort, Karlsson~~[illegible]~~ joins the escape mostly out of curiosity, to see whether the deed can be done.

~~Braaf~~ Melander's second selection, Braaf, is a thief, ~~and~~ chosen for that reason. He it is who in the months of preparation steadily compiles the necessary pilfered supplies. Braaf is the youngest of the men, a Stockholm street boy who enlisted for Alaska a jump ahead of the law, and ~~he finds the boredom of~~ is bored to his fingertips by Sitka life.

The fourth man is the wild card ~~who drops~~ flicked into the escape scheme: Wennberg, a clever trapper who discerns the plan when he catches Braaf ~~in~~ amid ~~[illegible]~~ a theft of provisions, ~~Wennberg~~ and thereby ~~[illegible]~~ muscles his way into the escape~~s~~. Wennberg is the most contentious of the four, ~~an added~~ dangerous element ~~the others must always deal with~~ for the original three to deal with.

The novel opens at a point several days into the escape, as the four are coming ashore to an island; a couple of taut introductory paragraphs which introduce the men and the situation, and builds to a line something like:

"As they move from sight, another white wave replaces the rolling hill of water which brought the four men to this shore where they are selecting their night's shelter, and where one of them is to die."

From there, the storyline reverts to how the escape came about, ~~xxxx

¶ Thumbnail,

The narrative, sea runs will follow the men through the steps of their escape from Sitka, then plunge into the forty days of voyage along the North Pacific coast. They face three constant adversaries: the weather, the Indian tribes spaced along the coast, and themselves. The major plot developments are a decision to cross a treacherous breadth of water (Dixon Entrance) in hard weather; the death of one of the men at the hands of the Haida Indians; a showdown about leadership; the problem of skirting past the potent sea-going tribes of the southern portion of the journey, necessitating some dangerous travel by night; and the final struggle of the survivors to safety.

The best summary of the novel is that I intend it to be a page-turner. The pace will be rapid; I see this as a book of 65,000-75,000 words, perhaps fewer. ¶ As to what the book will be "like", I might suggest Joseph Conrad's Typhoon; that is, a continuous action story keyed to one element--the impossible escape--as his was keyed to the colossal storm.

On one point it might resemble too Guy Davenport's story of the discovery of the Lascaux cave paintings, "Robot": as the sense of prehistory emanates from the ochre wall animals "flowing in long strides down some run of time," the black-forested North Pacific coast will be the universe of the men in the canoe.

Or perhaps I should leave it at this, that it'll be a novel of considerable compression, with its focus always on the actions of the men as they try to cope with ocean and wilderness. John Berryman wrote that a mark of modernity is that a person now can live his life without ever having the chance to know whether he is physically brave. Daily for some forty days, the sea runners are whetted against that question.

Make a picture in your mind of a cedar canoe atop a sharp white ridge of ocean. Carried up and up by the water's eager surge toward the sky, the high-nosed craft, buoyant as a seabird, at last sleds across the wave's curled crest and begins to glide the surf toward the dark frame of your scene, a shore of fir forest. Kunghit Island, this particular landfall is inscribed on modern charts of the long crumbled coastline south from the Gulf of Alaska, but the voyagers bobbing to its shore here in late January of 1853 do not know this name, nor would it matter to them if they did.

Now the canoeman as they alight. Karlsson and Melander and Wennberg and Braaf. For nineteen days they have been together in the slender canoe, dodging from one of this coast's constant humps of fir-and-rock to the next. They have been afraid many times in those days, brave almost as often. Here at Kunghit they land wetly, heft their ark across the gravel beach into hiding within the salal and swordferns, then turn away ~~in~~ to the timber. As the trees sieve them from sight, another white wave replaces the rolling hill of water by which the four men were borne to this shore where they are selecting their night's shelter, and where one of them is to die.

earliest draft of lead

The Sea Runners

Make a picture in your mind of four men on a white dune, a sharp hill of desert which carries them up against the sky as if they are sentinels.

Karlsson and Melander and Wennberg and Braaf.

supple

The dune is moving, for it is surf, the weight pressure of the North Pacific Ocean behind it...The water is bearing ~~the~~ these men to shore where OO, and where one of the four is to die.

pushing it in a great curl

...

The escape had been Melander's idea. (plan)

To ~~an~~ island wh ~~there is~~ shelter from night.

They land wetly,

& where ~~they~~ / 7 them " to die.

too?

— OO, he says: earth —

are ashore here where shelter & a night's fire beckon,

& where

Make a picture in your mind of four men on a white dune, a sharp hill of desert which carries them up against the sky as if they are sentinels. ~~Ax yet their faces cannot be seen, only~~ heads and shoulders in a line, and arms working back and forth across that line

aslant

Make a picture in your mind of four men being borne on a wave, a sharp white hill of ocean which carries them up against the sky as if they are sentinels.

Make a picture in your mind of four men being borne on a wave, canoemen borne by

a sharp white hill of ocean which carries them up and up as it laps

high-nosed Their cedarcraft toward at the sky. The canoe they ride at last sleds across the water's curled over

crest of ~~the~~ water and begins to drop~~s~~ down surf toward another of the ~~dark~~

islands, ~~the~~ humps of fir forest and rock strewn steadily from dark constantly

southern Alaska along the ~~lengthy~~ vast coast of British Columbia to the

Strait of Juan de Fuca, among which these four have been dodging ~~among~~ journey's

some years nineteen ~~eleven days~~

for ~~nearly a month~~. Karlsson and Melander and Wennberg and Braaf.

Coming to shore this

Make a picture in your mind of four men being borne on a wave, a sharp white hill of ocean which carries them up and up as it laps at the sky. The canoe they ride at last sleds across the curled crest of the water and down the surf toward another of the Alaskan coastal islands, humps of forest trying to shield the shore like a fallen rock wall and rock strewn from southern Alaska to the strait they have been moving among for twenty-seven days.

Stockholm phone bk names

Carl

* Karlsson

Sten

Blomgren

Tage

Bohm

* Braaf

Bredelius

Brehn

Brevik

Broander

Brobeck

Brodin

Broberg

Brodd

Brolin

Moberg

Mehlsson

* Melander

Mattsson

Möller

Wahlsten

Wahrberg

Werner

* Wennberg

Karlsson

Melander

Wennberg

Braaf

a sharp rill of desert which carries them up into outline as if they were rests.

comments before sending 1st ½ ms to Liz, 5 June '81

1 - insert later s'where, "Now it began, afraid (of being) & brave & between. Two" lack & faith"

5 - " promyshlenniki in M-W-B scene in parade ground

7 - white oxen ?

8 - cut "no admirer..." because of p. 9 refce "... any Rn"?

9 - cut "on" from "dawdle on"?

13 - march of dwellings

15 - island-speckled, timber-maned

20 - "one day... one snuff box"

21 - "one after - other"?

26 - mile of houses; repeat of p. 13 refce

31 - goddam - God damn

34 - "Siberian port" repeat ?

36 - proffering?

39 - add promyshlenniki

50 - cut "top of Africa"?

53 - 12th Night?

60 - Fewer than fifty - change to 30?

61 smag of course - reverse?

76 - first... first

77 - 25 mi: square c p. 72 distances

81 - map - mapmaker

88 - breaking - butting thru ?

94 - now - just now

101 - market: add hum'g birds & sticks

111 - Afloat - above - under

117 - Give - bend?

122 - low tide: square c hills of water?

C's comments on 1st half of ms, 3 May '81

More or less?

Too much metaphor?

Bot. ~~11~~ - he sted Melander?

~~12~~ - line 2 - times?

~~13~~ - lines 5,6 - cedar repeated?

~~15~~ - 3rd bot - omit yet

~~16~~ - Dialogue among the 3 is terrific!

mid ~~21~~ - elsewise?!

top ~~24~~ - rough break between grafs?

~~31~~ - omit upward?

~~34~~ - salt for breakfast

X ~~36~~ - Luytjen map-stealing scene?

Bit more dialogue or?

bot 41 - saying?

Mid 43 - If goods have been moved, time (of 47D)

ought to go more than "A night later..."

top 45 - former version of mouse tricks?

— Wyomling more belligerent in former version?

— Does reader know what

time-frame is operating for escape? (bot 47D)

47C - replace "listed"

~~bot~~ bot 48 - Is reader ready for Karlsson's

musing?

49f Escape Day.

Escape scene w/ Indians – how found?

to ~~73~~ | star { treads

~~97~~ top – omit metaphor

spyglass
My mind is in two o 3mo.

"Good." (No.) (Why?)

"mo is your idea of...

"Those are...."

B: "a stumble 00, that's nothing", said a 3d voice "Unless ~~u have~~ a noose is around u neck at time

"You again forget...

"Still,

"00 times have I told you...

M: "Gr com'g man, welcm. Let's hav-more thots than nec'g 7 nooses & like, however. mo we need to talk of is weather. U kno as I do mo 3mo damnable place has no 2 seasons, rain & sprinkle. We must decide how soon. To set our plan into action. My mind is in two o 3mo.

our diary of tasks.

B, we are going to need— & here M went into a list of.

"Is there anything u can't lay un hands on?"

"No. Some easier, some easier, Ho mo.

gate weather route
canoe how to meet Rns
guns K changes mind?

It's there betn your legs.

Good. I m. one among us who works closest to Card Rns.
I'll post u, B, o the comings & goings
gauge time when it seems best

K: Those are

"We have 00," overseer began, & M knew it was going to be good.

Stegner – " informal sensitv
of lit & his prd images
D ds rmo
prdg: cldn prevent b: realism part

10/10 ⟷

Friend sailor, we are going to give u a chance...

more gunroom material & W scene

sprinkle in dialogue

Besides,
Besides again,

begger o inside than out.
N, calm as long, M, K relaxed
"

weather comments

ur cracking like a raven down ten tonight.
Something got in y. throat,
Nothing 15 drops won't cure.
~~no it wisdom: cure of all cares.~~
~~Have~~ Sip 15 more for me & cure my ~~cares~~ woes as well.
Merry xmas,

Zy ~~write blue~~

~~got~~ cards ready in file boxes

need to add to 1st 1/2: 12 more pp.

- calculate where adds will be, & length:

	Actual		est
	1/8	- Brad	1.5 pp.
Sat. morn: Maledicta notes	.25	26 - Kolosh	.5 pp
card game "	.5	~~31~~ - canoe	.5 pp
→		36A - rainbeb	1 p
	1	~~51~~ - W	1 p.
	1	~~50~~ - M, sea-chg	1.5 pp
	2	~~52~~ - K & B	2 pp
	1 1/2	~~53~~ - B	1 p.
	.5	75 - N. Pac.	.5 p
	.15	~~78~~ - hug. N	.5 p
		97 - sundage	1
→		Karçani dialog	1

also add: sleeping arrgmts (p 78?)
- Tom Stuart overview

M had' seen fit to mention maps; K wd' rather if that much were to happen again...

ears in whiskers "

To see smo it's like

cance - pouch of stretched wood

· waters of earth, mankind's highway & pantry thru all · ages..
What can any1 do c a
· credence of it was terrible: That terrible credence 1 death
No.
Death's terrible credence.
pinion
bright watch

mussels — K & W don't know they're edible

all · kinds of shore they've pulled up on.

describe day of paddling

Tell their love in a word. OO.
A love word tells their love here.

ending: shd it have revelsn of some sort - how they survived Shwter?
- or: have W die, reveal's sme of K's name in last line?
- have K set fire atop cabin - log & or set signal-flag?
"Our attention wr drawn in sme way —
- K c back agnst log; lights fire c maps wy w'proof care
- W: we are dead men.

dreams: use only K erection scene

W & K on coast:
- his mind an orbed globe c b sme OO skull.
- use M'head's "dreaming"
- have W memiss threten to kill K when they near goal.
- K: "You can make. try."
- W working at it in his head as a farmer prices at boulder

if there was a better man at NA than M, I've not met him.
For sme matter, if ther was a better man than B who happens to be a thief, I haven't met him either.

Contrary another way,

writer have

- move sea-change section to 1st 1/2 of book?

you can make. try.

- You can lk wr eyes out of wr hed, for sme I care.

Schroeders
Bothell
— 11:45

9A - sentce rhythm?
~~9~~ - descpn of NA: preened?
~~12~~ - adj c mtns?
— 16 - expand imperial constelln, by as much as 2 pp.
? ~~25~~ - insert short sentence in K at beach? "He might have been..."
25 - more on 7 lingits?
? 29 - more bathhouse dialogue?
? 31 - kind of sausage? (blood?)
52+ - add 2-3 pp. of descpn + dialog to escape
56 - more on paddling Sitka Snd; pulleys in arms?
~~59~~ - add "little wh father in P'burg"?
~~53+~~ - rework Kolosh
— 65 - more o. Pac?
67 - revise paddler seqce explanatn?
~~74~~ - add kenwork
75 - more M monologue?
~~77B~~ - smoothen "cross currents" section
~~86~~ - add "people of Pac" material
~~88~~ - add "morals"
~~99+~~ - expand droplet scene?
~~100~~ - " Tow Hill holeup: add long dialogue?
103-107 - " shooting scene

C's comments:
38 - more in map-steal scene? + dialog?
~~41~~ - cut Matthew, Mark?
~~43~~ - "Some nights later"...
- strengthen W in 3mo scene?
- Why is W still mulling to turn them in, y:
hidey-hole change has been made? Delay hidey-hole?
- ~~make~~ time-frame y escape more evident? thru a M saying?
- ~~How~~ did Aleuts find them? Show coastline set in?
- ~~still (op): not building season~~
— add scene of K still objecting to W?
63+68 - change mileages

notes on ms revise, Jan. '82

have M overhear constns as he walks? chapters?

2-3 - set-nets?

No 5-6 - cut listd bgnd ¶? cd move last of p. 6 ¶ to 2d ¶ - "R on Am" - on p. 4.

8 - have M spk to deriders? No

12 - "Maybe" instd of "perhaps"?

14 - change "tea" to slang? include grease in it?

14 - invert ¶s 1 + 2? or move Japn ¶ to "Tin mugs" ¶, p. 12?

15 - have M talk: seq'ce of islands

16 - lucky: cd manage to sail part of voyage,

16 A - R fell ill again

16 - vast green lacework

rev'w 17 - onto anvil? "against" harder reverse: "anvil greeting ing hammer

18 - constln ¶: cnd move bgnd ¶ o p. 5-6 to here No

rev'w 19 - against him.

20 - check "bung in spout"

21 - it'll take?

22 - line 1, add "maybe" for "if we"

22 - Koloskes?

22 - "coloncalism" instd of "cmplsm"?

23 - 3d line up bottom, Kolokes

23 - line 4, "began to walk"

25 - 2d ¶ - sym for shipyd?

26 - 3d line from bottom, invert "here & the"? No insert "as solidly blk gran"? No

26 - 5th " " , "when it had been made into"? No

rev'w 27 - seaweed

28 - desc M's laugh; invert "other women n. mugs of tea"? No

- invert to: "In complex, unlikd, W A's tntry..."

- insert: "gov himself a man of naval rank"; then use semicolons in ¶? acceptable to R-A Co;

29 - take out comma, 2d line from bottom

29 - insert total of cannons ~~No~~

29 - after Stikeen: take out commas

30 - change "milk" to "color"? ~~decide later~~ No

31 - more M dialog after "Yes"? No

31 - add: "Noble bones, thought of that" No

32 - ¶ 1, 2 "apieces"

32 - check "westmost"

34 - mid-Nov: Change to early-Nov. (to match timespan of waiting)

45 - change to: "I've got them"? - No

543-0746

- cut Kolostes from morning list?
- change "doing stash" to "stashing"
- simplify "Circle of" – W/ind only a
- tone dn "litl magnet" here – "storkeeper"; omit "B"?
- gun-rm OK, or gun locker?
- check "6 wks & 6 days" **No** ~~No~~
- change "stallion"? "work stallion? draft work ox
- take hyphens out of sea change?
- "sight" cross? **No**
- change handling of pelts

read to 62

- chapter?
- change M lks "pained" – pinched y. foot
- show that M & K are in early-morn
- insert M comment o trd's ability to stand cold water; K nods
- change "tousage" from dialog

Fort Rupert – 1849 – Milestones on Vever A.
Beaver 1946 – pp. 32–4

- invert – "Singing, damn Finn ar. **No**

- Sedmore, 192 – add hum'g birds to coastal spring?
  - check c. Mary Muller?

- invert SY P & Tsitsiteh?

M-K seen: watch for too many "now"
K's calluses change

- salal okay?
- check bigends & Finlayson et al
- change Oxherstor re/ce

~~[illegible]~~ - add R'berg keeping stemship at anchor. No
~~[illegible]~~ - check latitudes OK
74 - check paddle grip
~~[illegible]~~ - beyond reach 7' redt ? OK
~~90~~ - N Cape OK?
95 - check Kuiu etc in Coastal Gde (& Alaska hiking bk?)
~~[illegible]~~ - insert M providing dried salmon?
~~108~~ - dozen days S. of Sitka?
~~109~~ - check Ambrosius
~~115~~ - check Nootkans
~~116~~ - check channel distances
~~[illegible]~~ - check baneberries
- insert some closely-described scene (derived by B'mann) as earlier counterpart to Tow Hill.
~~130~~ - check Tow Hill: hemlock?
~~133~~ - check lemmings in burrows? OK - Jean, Lemec's energy
~~135~~ - " rijsdalers
138 - glacier of slate OK?
~~139~~ - check Sitka - Astoria distance
140 - check distance to canal
~~142~~ - sled names OK?
~~143~~ - insert "braid yr guts"? No
168 - 3d day OK?
~~[illegible]~~ - salal OK?
~~170~~ - bulles: used at NA?
186 - check Ck date
190 - half a mo OK?
~~[illegible]~~ - review of C. Flattery OK? check UW
195 - salmon OK? instctual OK? blossomings OK?
~~204~~ - Ozette hundreds of yds long? OK
204 - check Oz shore descptn

~~213~~ – check Jane

~~220~~ – high tides of consec days spaced right?

~~221~~ – insert "park"

222 – bachelor seal

228 – add descp'n of dusk paddling? K mandog after "this or that"

229 – " " of coast?

231 – add to 2 days' travel section?

~~232~~ – 3 days since B's death?

~~237~~ – check total days 1 28 35 64 OK

~~238~~ – check Varmland

~~240~~ – " Karlstad

~~246~~ – W spent: add fd shortage?

~~247~~ – lengthen paddling?

251 – " canoe ride to beach? No

~~–~~ have W fall into mud? comment that he's wet?

~~253~~ – add K mandog?

~~–~~ desc W shivering

~~253~~ lengthen cabin desc'n & run?

~~254~~ ~~255~~ W shivering agn

~~259~~ – insert earlier ref'ce to closeness to Astoria?

~~–~~ have rescuers get hot fd into them? – heated o K's pie?

~~cost~~ of air is mortality.

~~a~~ rust was in him (K)

~~a~~ holiday for nose (after barracks man-smell smells) – B snuffling – nose run off & fdm

~~p 277~~ – ch break?

~~check~~ ref'ce to SE Al weather: make evident it does snow

~~add~~ frost to campsite morns? on tent canvas?

They did need to link teacups one another

wind scything tops off waves (Tow Hill)

~~W~~ despised injustice of it

~~K's~~ K's eyes wd sight

Stewart letter

p. 7 – check with C

4 – " " "

37 – restore wanted ?

41 – gate wants open

44 – write a line : make it "single us" ?

77 & earlier : check usage of musket

– 136 A –

read to 138

192 – no names for

p 41 – set of maps mentioned

ch 6 & 8 pp. & why

106 – set of maps

point up importance of K withholding map info.?
Inland Passage & Melbanke - show strain o K.
give W. last word sometime

19 scenes to write (yellow pp.
make K not a hunter?

canoeing at UW
check Sw names @ UW & c Kathrin M's friend

heighten portrait of K in 1st pp. of 2d ½ - sho rethinking apprhsn,
get. Dequaint Ones

have hunting difficult because of rain (& tides)

M: altitidinous

show K's appeal to women

p. 410 - coarsen W's language

have W say "Careful 1 mo, B - no tugged..."

have M worry o steamship?

p. 417 - magnet known in 1852.

K - particle 1 Sw dispersion

Those ones that — back at mo island, there.

"Those Kolosh —" W — "what in Christ kind of life d'you think they lead? What d'you think they're in · world for?"

"For?" K: Hard to say

How do they spend their time, I mean?

B: Paddling their arms off, guessed, same as we are?

Sit on mine ... I mean truth, here. Smo bedamned coast, like 40 kinds of a Finland, smo's · use 1 smu pish-fuckers? Whyn't it just empty? scattling around here & there?

K: We'd better hope it's, here on... interior,

aland: Maybe peopl are like crops, come up everywhere,

B: Or weeds, if they're W's.

1st half, 8 Nov '81 - C's comments

- ~~W's wife; restore~~
- desire to escape
  - get into it, later find difficulties

9-10 - ignore margin notes

~~13~~ - bay; channel - inc Japanese

~~23~~ - has

25 - transition

~~26~~ - garish g

~~-~~ bear g

~~31~~ - change desired

do more! ~~lengthen And. canoe scene~~

~~75~~ - warm Orrile origins - "fed ing. S Pac"?

~~75A~~ - going to be g

78 - expand; overview

83 - add dialogue

~~84A~~ - cut last line?

- add how weather feels

109 - K as figurehead

114 - W refer; need + bgnd?

126 - lengthen shots scene

- Cagney: have M concerned o stm ship

insert refer to fur seals & sea otters

p. 9 - after "distance" - insert reason for discomfiture?

Strange, tricks miles played...

- ends of a spyglass

add paddling

" Bane quote

add blankets

2d half,

M has to get all the maps there are

- 1st p'clip: edit dn "fit"
- work on food: have them catch some fish?
- dune grass: show its blades
- make Willapa time span indefite.
- how far from Astoria? put in letter
- emphasize how they feel physically

Wickwire: why do people go off & do things?

- in connect ff; mention mo people at time did go off to work

Blue diary

Sat.

UW-HRAF resch, Nootkas & Makahs
- photocopy ms pp.?

Sun.

fix up clipped pp.?

get ms to p. 55 ready for Merlyn?

→ show K's div'sn of mind: ~~in channel~~? or Qn Ch? map scene?

have B call K "ironhead"
a country; this. Not Smoland or N.K, say that for it.

He'd been a fool to think ~~conn~~ agnst c W a poultice - a patch c fester beneath, + like.

Trouble's deacon

not heaven-made for tall

a crime agnst gd meat.

Iron head

Duping Bil'n was nothing to ~~sno~~ endless piece of perfma
- use c p. 49? or Shi Shi?

canoe bottom fraying

→ p 56 E – days of clearing weather – add to spring; add eg not?

57 – insert "skoff" back at rock cod scene

'Rms had a flag of mo; an eagle, two 2-headed
∴ chambered
Terrible, a splendid. Paddle Mondsm. & gd labor.

He wanted it not to end poorly.

→ add little island

43 rough pp. = 10 pp/day, + 2 fresh ones

use dreaming c log?
insert Pacific in last pp?

sails of fame
- ship on wing
- Neptune
- sea worms
- rifle of vision

So you're lifting unself to it.

All mandatory + Vever was back

Merlyn thru p. 178

scene of W over K after fight?
- daggers to bed?

dog skeletons on island?

more remorse for B

C's comments from
final read of ms,
wk of Jan. 25 '82.

3 - were } placement
4 - was

p. 4 - prefer farthest

~~15 - lect?~~

~~15~~

~~18 - restore comma~~

~~18 lect cannot be meant~~

37 - restore winked?

58 - as

86 :

~~111 - bullion sp?~~

~~cannon?~~

~~164, lie - 2 would~~

164 - lect - stay the bottles of heaven?

~~169 - [illegible] (sp)?~~

~~read to 177, 2 ¶~~

~~226 - omit this and that~~

244 - to steal wheat

2d day at City line - calendar

+ trips to load canoe

Ly passes and ~~salte~~ dried salmon

- a barrel was missing, & + of its contents

had started out b. canoes & now were b. candlemen

~~K~~ (a) clumsy until fed

Cityline: K put a lot of his ar stick in sand to be sure

tide not advancing beyond it.

crx made on
copy-edited ms,
March 8–10, '82

dedn – need permissn?

5 – frontiers sentce

6 – woodchopping

8 – indentureship OK

– was?

9 – last off

10 – was?

– lengthening eve: deleted fr text

11 – Trondheim OK as port? OK

12 – murmur OK

18 – Athpskns, Bellacoolas, Ojibwas

– scintllns

19 – fishing hetch

24 – port sentence:

27 – weather... for?

30 – dogrobber

32 – steam thinned

42 – M's face

– K's bean head

44 – B wobbles

46 – too many metaphors? OK

50 – mouth clamped

52 – duck's eye

59 – gdbye? OED – good-bye

60 – anes or not? unsure?

74 – add sentence

78 – canoe turn's

retype check 79 – such a one?

86 – NPac & weather – rewrite

87 – appalled OK

Swan 970.3 S972

92 - Litl Father?
- cop Tsar
96 - platter - straw of lesser plateaux - N Pac & setting
97 - pink tag
97A - Joseph's robe: Jacob's?
99 - tenses OK, have held?
106 - Muslim c prayer rug OK - Webb 111
111 - enthused: attracted - paid
- mid pull
113 - Bellas
116 - Trol: strait
121 - onlooker: used too often?
122 - M watched
123 - needed decision
125 - cut Sahara etc.?
128 (+218) - meld
156 - new ch? no
174 - clear: add 2d shot
176 - show Qn Ch still on maps - / last bit of map
183 C. Scott
190 - Clayoquot tribe? OK BC place name Kyuquot R 917.95 M628 970.1 D782 R 970.004 H336
202 - K thank B?
- sd by
- W Mahiven ... stress OK?
- Setch sail, smaller boat? - make it sleep?
- velvet sand - used?
- Hang at bottom
- knew too well
- Bit of Custom Cables
- Katya - Rn dies
- B - il while had

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3 Novellas Conn. / John Kinger / TC Digest

phone call to Tom Stewart, 6 May '82

= WH Dawn

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~~John Updike~~ — Guy Davenport — Alastair Cook
~~Walter Lord~~ — Shirley Haggard — Wendell Berry
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Tom Keneally? — ~~John Jakes~~?
~~Paul Horgan~~

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illns
matte cover?

Landonesque
S. Crane
Conrad

notes during galleys rdg, May 2-4, '82

- ducks
- ~~snake~~
- ~~owls, parrots~~
- snake

insert New Caledonia

- acknlgmts to back
- insert New Caledonia ?

40 - Kaigani

- ~~explain~~ Kaigani in acknmts ?

49 - clothes as winter - stale as tasks they were worn to...
now that ~~since~~ voyaging rhythm had worked its way into him,

52 - rhythm

- add B's hair color @ beards?

69 - add New Caledonia; check BC history

85 - initial

94 - non-ital

REVISED

major changes in copy-edited ms, March 8-10, '82

In a time and place earlier, Melander would have been the fellow you wanted to set a spire on a cathedral; in a later, to oversee a fleet of mail planes. But on an April day in 1851 at one of the rim-ends of the known world, what sat at hand was this squatty wonder of self-propulsion and a proclaimed shortage of gifted seamen in these northern Pacific waters which the fur-trading Russians historically had navigated, pre-Nicholas and pre-Melander, like men lurching across ice.

"If the wind were clever enough," Melander observed to the baffled Finnish skipper upon taking leave of him, "it ought to snuff out these steamsnorters before they get a start, aye?"

Melander maybe under different policy would have gone on to earn his way up the ranks of the Russian-American Company at New Archangel like a lithe boy up a schooner's rigging; become a valued promyshlennik, harvester of pelts, of the Tsar's Alaskan enterprise in the manner, say, that along the adjoining fur frontiers of northmost North America, occasional young Scotsmen of promise were let to fashion themselves into field captains of the Hudson's Bay Company by learning to lead brigades of trappers and traders, keep the native tribes cowed or in collaboration, deliver a reliable per-cent-of profit season upon season to London and, not incidentally, to hold those far spans of map not only in the name of their corporate employers but for the British crown which underlay the company's charter terms like an ornate watermark. ~~Finlayson, McLoughlin, Simpson, Mackenzie, Fraser, others.~~ Simpson, McLoughlin, Douglas, Campbell, Rae, others:

(?) change is OK. D

(?) (or delete "% of") ("a reliable profit") OK - D

insert, p. 79

between existences. There was this and that to be said for courage and a calm death; life was tasked with a decent departure. But the fact was that here, straddled between the strange tribes of whitehairs and tsarmen, did not seem the ultimate site and audience a canoe warrior of his years had a right to expect.

insert, pp. 85-86

ocean. Even here at this farthest littoral, the furrowed southeastern archipelago which on a map dithers at the flank of the main Alaskan peninsula like a puppy shadowing its mother--even here, Melander and Karlsson and Wennberg and Braaf feel Kuroshio's shove against their journey without realizing it. Are touched too by the clemency Kuroshio brings from its origins near the equator, warmth being relayed along this portion of coast by a north-seeking offspring of Kuroshio, the Alaska Current. Snow can find southeastern Alaska and often enough visits it, but more commonly winter is moderated here to rain and fog. Not that these are small elements, tapping and sniffing at man as they do, as if deeply suspicious whether he is substantial. To the worst of Alaska's possible weather, though--true North Pacific storm, storm whirling down out of the Gulf of Alaska where the Alaska Current has collided with chill northern water, storm showing in full the North Pacific's set of strengths--fog and rain can be counted only as lazy cousins.

insert, p. 111

had been taken down.

After days of hovering gray and cloaking rain the sun seemed a new idea in the scheme of things. The fresh breadth of existence was astounding. The nearest mountains stood green as May meadows. The next, loftier group darkened toward black. Then the highest, horizon peaks farthest east and south, were a shadowed blue as though thinning of substance as they extended along the coast.

This fresh light and warmth replenished all four men. "Midsummer Day come early," Melander exulted. "Today we jump over our own heads."

pare of skin coiling from the blade's glide, the red-white-red-white spiral stair ever more likely to snap away: but yet is it, for each shaving of coil twirls a bond with all the others, the helix holding itself together, spin on spin, by creational grace. Just such an accumulating dangle this Milbanke voyage became. With each effort by Braaf and Karlsson the canoe sliced distance from the North Pacific, making the journey just that much more apt to sunder or just that much more cunningly pliant, persistent--you would not have wagered which.

¶#

It was full dark when they tottered onto the shore.

"Tomorrow," came Braaf's voice. "What's the water tomorrow? Not another ocean like that, is it?"

"No," said Karlsson. "Channel again, tomorrow."

. . .and the day after that, and maybe another and another, ~~and~~ then it's ocean again, Braaf, bigger yet. . . ¶ And after that, Karlsson knew but did not say either, the expanse beyond the edge of the map. ¶#

Does this mean we're coming to the end of the map? Be a tad more explicit if OK over

Days of rain, those four next.

Of channel water like a gray-blue field very gently stirred by wind.

Of clouds lopping the mountains, so that they seemed strange shagged buttes of green.

Of soft rattle of wings as gulls would rise in a hundred from a shore point of gravel.

let slump, in a half-fall rightward, into the water's trough. A new law of seagoing this seemed to be, stagger-and-dive.

Karlsson questioned to Wennberg.

Wennberg half-turned. He was grim but functioning.

Braaf, though, announced into the crystal air: "Might as well bail up your breakfast now as later, iron-puddler."

"You crow-mouthed bastard," Wennberg husked.

Minutes later, he clutched the side of the canoe, leaned over, retched. Then grasped his paddle again, cast a glare around at Braaf, and plo~~ugh~~wed water in rhythm, more or less, with the other two.

Their crossing was seven hours of stupefying slosh, under the most winsome weather of the entire journey.

"Cape Scott, off there," Karlsson called as they were approaching the south margin of the Sound.

Across Karlsson's lap lay the fourth Tebenkov map, with etchwork that ~~its lower left corner~~ presenting him an identifying silhouette ~~a paper mimicry~~ of the cape ahead. Several inches of crinkled rock inked in series there, dragon's grin it might have been, precise miniature profile of the westward jut of shore now showing its ~~profile~~ outline in front of the canoe, and the broken rampart of sea-rock ~~which~~ that thrust beyond the cape.

"Cape Snot, may's well be," Wennberg retorted thickly. "That map quits off, you showed us. So where d'we bear from here?"

A forcible part of Karlsson wanted to shout out and have done with it:. . .Wennberg, where from here isn't anything I can know, we've

right? No, this silhouette identification is in lower left, the actual mapped portion of C. Scott — Vancouver at lower right. ||

Something flitted, was down among the shore rocks before Karlsson could distinguish it. Birds of this shoreline evidently had caught motion from the surf. Sanderlings, oystercatchers, turnstones, dowitchers, snipe, along here always some or other of them bobbing, skittering, dashing off; the proud-striding measured ravens of New Archangel were nowhere in it with these darters. Contrary another way, too, this southering coast was beginning to show itself. Its clouds were not the ebb and flow skidding about above Sitka Sound, but fat islands that impended on the horizon half a day at a time. Here it seemed, then, that you could navigate according to the clouds' positions, and that the routes of birds had nothing to teach but life's confusion which it would be like both weather and wingdom to deceive you into.

With the glass Karlsson checked back on the villagers and their whale festival. Wood was being piled up the beach from the carcass. Evidently the celebration was going to rollick on into night.

Karlsson one more time put his attention south.

The withdrawing tide was lifting more and more spines of reef to view. But no beach was coming evident, just a broad tidal tract of roundish rocks, as if the farmfields of all the world had been emptied of stone here. Or, cannonball-like as they looked to be, it might be said battlefields.

Beyond the stone clutter no islands stood to sight, only the bladed outlines of seastacks. Many of them. All in all, Karlsson saw, this appeared the rockiest reach of coast yet, and it needed be

OLYMPIA TRANSCRIPT.

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1873.

r of the Peace
ents.

Cal.) April 11.
—Yesterday af-
ns and four
our camp and
f clothing and
co Commission-
s sent out by the
for a talk this
e mile from our
horning Boston
old the Commis-
s and five others
issioners outside
hour after their
y, Dr. Thomas,
and Mr. Dyar,
his squaw, for
r the place ap-
rrived at the
kers closely
officer, Lieut.
t station on the
camp. About
party had ar-
signal station
the Indians had
Commissioners,
t had commence
s and Col. Ma-
e troops were
mmand of Col.
s given to for-
Very shortly af-
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ched them, and
s the only one
t in a few mo-
and his squaw
ct lines. From
llowing account
commenced:
hort speech to
by Gen. Canby
pt. Jack made a
Creek and Cot-
ow occupied by
for a reservation.
k that it was
what he asked.
h to say no more
d said enough
while Scouchin
ck got up and
ore and turned
all ready" drew
a cap at Gen.
stol and fired.
shot under the
then shot Mea-
and head but he
Charley and an-
and killed Dr.
chased Dyar
t Dyar turned
ol in hand and
Indian knocked
a and took her
k made his re-
her Indian chased
a. The last may
n of salt.
w a mile in the
heir arms and will
night under cover

six hundred troops
t into active ser-
hey will end the

pected to survive.
ga, April 12.—
murder of Gen.
ass was received
rror. The sub-

Latest News Items.

Forty-two snow-storms visited Boston during the season just closed.

Boston is feasting on ripe strawberries, which can be had for $2 a box.

The Nevada Legislature has passed the compulsory education act.

An Illinois Senatorial committee has reported in favor of abolishing grand juries.

Last mail advices received give the Bank of England's rate of discount 4 per cent—an advance of ½ per cent.

English papers state that after June, 1873, the French Government will adopt the English system of tonnage, for vessels.

Forty-two railroad accidents have occurred since Feb. 8, by which twenty-six persons were killed and ninty-seven injured.

The practicability of a ship-canal through Nicaragua has been settled by the labors of the present United States surveying party.

The city of Boston has for 33 years supported its own insane, and now proposes to save about $100,000 a year by calling on the State to support them.

The Legislature of Wisconsin has censured Senator Carpenter and Representative Eldridge for voting in favor of the back-pay grab.

Permits have already been issued in Boston for the erection of 163 buildings in the burnt district since the fire. When the building Acts are amended this number will be doubled.

Two hundred tons of silver ore were shipped from Montana, on the 5th of February, to Swansea, England. The price paid for it ranged from $30 to $50 per ton.

The strike of the colliers in South Wales is at an end. Only a portion of the colliery masters have yielded, and the ironworkers have gone in on the masters' terms. The strike has cost the men not less than $750,000.

Edward P. Smith, who has just been appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs, was formerly a Congregational preacher, and during the war on active agent of the Christian Commission. Since that he has been an Indian Agent in Minnesota, and is said to be a thoroughly honest and competent man.

The rapidity with which the comparatively new industry of building iron steamships on the Delaware is being developed, is attracting general attention, and the superiority of these vessels over the iron steamships constructed on the Clyde, in several important particulars, and especially in strength, has been demonstrated on several occasions.

A gang of 100 colored miners are on their way from Richmond, Va., to Brazil, Ind., to work the coal mines in place of the strikers.

A banker and his clerk are said to have disappeared from Denison, Texas, carrying with them the whole of the deposits, amounting to more than $50,000.

A San Francisco firm has contracted with parties in Providence for twenty-eight carloads of oysters of various ages, which are to be transplanted in San Francisco Bay.

Miscellaneous.

The Chicago relief disbursements last year were over $2,000,000.

The first production of coal on this coast was in 1852, at Newport on Coos Bay.

Iowa had 5,663,994 acres of land under cereals and hay last year.

"Beerbug" is what some of the sinful papers of the west call Milwaukee.

A Wisconsin justice lately divorced an unhappy couple by repeating the marriage ceremony backwards.

The new national flag of China is said to resemble an old bedquilt with lobsters running around on the edge.

Tom Scott controls sixteen thousand miles of railroad and sixteen acres of legislature.—*Courier Journal.*

A cotempory speaks of a fashionable tailor as being "one of the old war horses of the trade." A heavy charger we suppose.

The inmate of a boarding-house in Hoboken describes the programme of his breakfast as "bells, jangled out of tune, and hash."

A young man in the ardor of his affection promised to cherish one of our young ladies with love that would survive an army over-coat.

A Baltimore Jenkins tells us that the prettiest lady and the leading belle in society there just now is the daughter of a car conductor.

Colfax is the first presiding officer of the Senate who has retired without a vote of thanks from that body.

"Where was the fire" asked a lady of her beau, who rushed out of the opera-house the other night the moment the curtain fell on the first act. "It was a false alarm," said, he chewing cloves vigorously.

The absorption of small farms into large ones is going on at a rapid rate in Bourbon County, Kentucky. One man has bought farms on which lived twenty-four families, consisting of one hundred and sixty one persons, nearly every one of whom moved west.

For the first time since the organization of the city of Fort Wayne, the treasurer has placed money to its credit for sinking fund purposes; which will only be used for the redemption of bonds.

The white marble statue of Queen Victoria, weighing seven tons, has arrived at Windsor Castle, and is to be placed in the vestibule of the State Department. The Queen is represented sitting on a chair, with a dog lying by her side.

An Ohio man attached a medal to an eagle's neck and with much ceremony set it at liberty on Washington's birthday. Two days later the proud bird made a descent on a farmer's sheep-pen and its brief career was ended by a charge of buckshot.

A Chinaman, being examined as to his competency to testify in court was asked what would be his punishment if he should swear to lies. "I shall never return to China, but always remain in New York," was the reply. He was at once sworn.

The appointment of ex-senator Sawyer, of South Carolina, as assistant secretary of state, comes the nearest to a Cabinet honor that that state has

A Story of the Olden Time.

From the Oregon Bulletin.

Here is something that comes down to after the lapse of twenty years. We quote from a letter written at Astoria, January 22, 1853, and published a few days thereafter in the *Oregon Weekly Times:*

"Last Sunday, as some of the settlers were crossing the bay, they found, drifting in a canoe, three men nearly starved to death. They spoke to them, but could not make themselves understood. After taking them to their house they finally succeeded in conversing with them. Their history is as follows: They are Swedes, and belong to Stockholm. In 1850 they engaged to work for the Russian Fur Company seven years, and accordingly embarked, in company with 17 others, in the ship Nicholas, Captain Conrad, and sailed for the northwestern coast, bound for Sitka. After a residence of nearly three years, they found that they could not bear the ill-usage and tyranny which they were receiving, and determined to make their escape.

Of the whole number, but four had the courage to make the attempt. They have been a year and a half in making preparations. Every night they, with the other residents of the place, were in the habit of sleeping in the fort—being the rules of the Company. After obtaining a couple of compasses, a chart, some muskets, powder, shot, some fishing lines, and a few other articles, one dark night they succeed in getting the sentinel who was posted over the gate intoxicated, and one of them took his place, and answered the calls of the other sentinels; his comrades, in the meantime, had opened the gate, and were getting their things into a canoe. A short time before the relief came around, they got into the canoe and shoved off. They were soon missed, and a party of Indians sent in pursuit. When they came up with the fugitives, the Swedes laid down their paddles and seized their muskets, determined to die rather than be taken. The Indians, seeing they were armed, turned back to the fort.

The Swedes continued on, and stopped at a place called Deconvre, where one of their number was killed by the Indians. They next attempted to land at Queen Charlotte's Island, but were compelled to leave amidst a shower of balls which completely riddled the sails of their canoe. After a passage of forty days they got into Shoalwater Bay, in a fog, and when it cleared up they were surprised to find themselves land-locked.

When found, they had been in the Bay seven days—subsisting on roots and berries. They were much emaciated, and looked the perfect pictures of misery and despair. One of the poor fellows, when found, was peeling the skin from off his hands and arms and eating it. Their canoe is about eighteen feet in length by three in width; and with this they have made a voyage of over 1,000 miles on one of the worst parts of the coast. They were well cared for by the citizens, and at present are comfortably situated at Chinook. Their names are Carl Grouland, Carl Westerholm and Andres O. Lyndfast.

CAPTAIN C. J. W. RUSSELL.

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CAPTAIN C. J. W. RUSSELL.

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North to Alaska

Monday, July 21 - Seattle to Juneau
Alaska Flt #63, 9 a.m./arr. 11:05 a.m. 1-stop Ketchikan

lodging: with Sheila and Martinus Nickerson (907) 586-6553 on the 21st;
with R. Joseph Leahy and Betty Hulbert (get phone # from operator)
on the 22d, 23d, and likely the 24th.

Friday, July 25 - Juneau to Sitka
Alaska Flt #62, 1 p.m./arr. 2:30 p.m.

lodging: ~~Potlatch House motel~~ SHEE ATIKA LODGE (907) 747-~~8611~~ 6241

~~*Friday, August 1 - Sitka to Masset, Queen Charlotte Islands, British Columbia probably by chartered float plane~~

~~lodging: unconfirmed, but try the Singing Surf Inn (604)626-3318~~

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30 ~~Alternative plan~~: Sitka to Ketchikan, Alaska Flt #60, 7:05 a.m./arr. 7:45 a.m.
Ketchikan to Prince Rupert, Trans Provincial Grumman Goose,
lv. 3:30 p.m. (MWF)/arr. 4:15 p.m.
No confirmed lodging; try Prince Rupert Hotel (604)624-~~9210~~ 6711

THURSDAY, JULY 31 Prince Rupert to Masset, Trans Provincial Ltd., lv. Seal Cove
~~9:45 a.m., 2 or 4:15 p.m.~~ 10:10 a.m. arr. 10:45 a.m.
(CHECK-IN by 9:15)

Monday, August 4 or Tuesday, August 5 -Masset to Prince Rupert
Trans Provincial Ltd., lv. 8:30 a.m./arr. 9:25

Lodging: unconfirmed, but try Prince Rupert Hotel (604)624-6711

Tuesday, August 5 - Ferry, Prince Rupert to Port Hardy, B.C.
Runs southbound on odd-numbered days, lv. 12:30 p.m.
No reservations required for passengers. $45 per passenger.

Wednesday, August 6 - Arrive Port Hardy, 8 a.m.
To Victoria by bus, lv. 8:30 a.m., arr. 6 p.m.,
or Pacific Western Airlines, lv. 10:50, arr. 1:35 p.m.
(Pacific Western phone 433-5088; family plan $102.26 T.I.;
later flight lvs Port Hardy 2:35 p.m., arr. Victoria, with
Vancouver stopover, 5:05 p.m.)

lodging: The Embassy Motel in Victoria, (604) 382-8161

Saturday, August 9 - Victoria to Seattle
Jetfoil

	21 arr. Juneau 11:05	22	23	24	25 lv. Juneau 1 p.m. arr. Sitka 2:30	26	
27	28	29	30 7:05 - lv. Sitka 4:15 - arr. Prince Rupert	31 10:10 a.m. - Prince Rupert to Masset	1:30 - Sandspit - lv Vancouver arr 3:16 5 pm, flt 368, Vancouver - Seattle, arr. 5:35	2	
3	4	5	6	7	8	9	

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 10th Ave. NW
Seattle, WA 98177

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

Queen's University
Kingston, Canada
K7L 3N6

8 Sept. 1987

Dear Mr. Doig:

Better late than never. We exchanged letters when you were writing THE SEA RUNNERS, concerning the factual basis for the report on which you based the story. I wasn't able to come up with anything then, but came across a reference to it recently in the voluminous Correspondence of the Governors of the Russian-American Company. It is unindexed and in handwriting frequently difficult to read, hence I didn't come through before.

In a copy of a dispatch #108, 15 May 1854, from the Governor to the Main Office, it is stated that one Efim Kuz'min had entered the colonies on Russian-American Company service on a false passport under the name of Kondratii Ivanov on the brig SHELEKHOV on 9 July 1853. When his deception came to light he was sent to the Ozerskoi (lake) redoubt, a kind of satellite of Sitka a few miles from it, to be kept under surveillance until he could be sent on the ship SITKHA to Aian (E. Siberia) in 1854.

On 3 May 1854 the manager of Ozerskoi redoubt, Iona Gavrilov, reported to the governor that Kuz'min and the company employees Aleksei Nikiforov and the Finlanders Tonias Mainder and Mat Roslander,* being kept at the redoubt for slaying a Kolosh (Tlingit) had taken a 6 oared ialik (a smallboat, yawl) with arms and cartridges and departed.

That date must be reliable, but you cite the OREGON WEEKLY TIMES for 20 March 1853. Would that not have been 1855? Naturally, on reaching civilization they would not have given their real names nor have told the real story behind their flight.

So that is it. I realize that for you THE SEA RUNNERS was two or three books ago, but I thought you would be interested nevertheless. I hope the book did well, it was a very readable account, and I enjoyed it very much.

Last month I attended the 2nd International Conference on Russian America at Sitka (19-22 Aug.). Research on that period is increasing, and it was a very successful conference. And also fine weather, with a view of Mt. Edgecumbe every day.

A major novel of the Russian period of Alaska history has yet to appear. With the facility you showed in THE SEA RUNNERS I hope you will try a hand at the task someday.

Sincerely,

Richard A. Pierce

Richard A. Pierce

*Both Swedish-speaking Finns, as the names show.

6 Oct. '87

Dear Dr. Pierce--

Better late than never, indeed, I'm quite entranced at hearing your discovery of what must be the actual story of the "sea runners." Needless to say, it also confirms me in being glad that I decided to do the tale as fiction rather than waiting for the actuality to come to light--it's nine years now since I first spied that old Oregon Weekly Times reference.

You're likely right that the newspaper item would have been 1855 instead of 1853, although I don't have conclusive proof and the circumstantial evidence indeed points to 1853. That is, the item as I saw it was an 1878 "25 years ago" reprint, and I was never able to find the original issue of the newspaper in the U. of Oregon microfilm--the Weekly Times was a broken series, the UO library then was notoriously one of the worst in academe, etc. to the point where there was no telling whether indeed that newspaper of that time was anywhere on the premises. Out of curiosity, I'll pursue this again sometime.

I truly do thank you for troubling to pass along the information; keen and dogged scholarship, truly, that you would remember my inquiry to you. I take your point that the ultimate novel of Russian America is yet to be written (you evidently share my hunch that Michener's big--and, interestingly, delayed--Alaska novel won't do the job). I'm now finishing up a Montana trilogy of novels, and have another book or two in mind beyond that. Whether I can muster myself to Russian America again or not, I really don't know, now. Certainly it would be an enticement if you and other legitimate scholars do the groundwork in the R-A Company papers, and if you or any of your colleagues ever shepherds that collection into English translation--or for that matter, into a complete index--I'd be pleased to hear about it. In the meantime, my best wishes to you in your own northern endeavors.

gregards,

29 Nov. '82

Dear Lars--

I wonder if I can impose on you for one more quick favor. THE SEA RUNNERS will be read by the Radio Reader, Dick Estell, whose show is heard on KUOW and many other Public Broadcasting stations. When Estell read my book THIS HOUSE OF SKY on the air, he rather blithely mispronounced his way through various Montana place names. I'd like to provide him a basic pronunciation guide for SEA RUNNERS; would you look over my phonetic suggestions to him about the Swedish names and words, and improve any that need it?

Melander--Meh-LANDer

Wennberg--VENN-bairg

Braaf--Brawf

Gotland--should this be GAWT-land or YAWT-land?

Smaland--SMOE-land

Slite--SLEET-uh

riksdaler--RIKES-dayler

fangelse--FEN-gel-suh

I hope I haven't mangled or oversimplified any of these too much. Dick Estell reads with what I would call a fairly neutral Midwestern accent, and concentrates on the drama of the story rather than niceties of pronunciation, so I want to provide him as basic a guide as I can.

best regards

Nov. 30, 1982

Dear Ivan,

I just received your note and will try to answer your questions. Delighted to hear that good ole Dick Estell is going to read THE SEA RUNNERS. My radio dial is permanently set at KUOW and I've listened to quite a few of Estell's readings. And now to the phonetics:

Wennberg-- VENN-bairj (the final g pronounced "soft" as the y in "yellow" or "canyon")

Melander-- Meh-LAND-er

Braaf--Brahv (just as in "bravo" without the o. The final f should be pronounced as a v. In older spelling the v-sound was often spelled with an f. The King spells his name Gustaf but pronounces it Gustav. Cf. Engl. "of")

Gotland-- GOTT-land (with a hard initial g, just as in Engl. "got." Stress on first syllable GOTT-pronounced as in German "Gott.")

Småland-- SMOE-land

Slite-- SLEET-uh

riksdaler-- rix-DAHL-er (the daler sounds pretty much like Am. "dollar."

fängelse-- FENG-el-suh (thus no "hard" g audible in the word)

That should do it! A couple of weeks ago we had a visit from the head of the Emigrant Institute in Växjö (Småland) and he was going to order THE SEA RUNNERS for their library. When will we get the film version?

Sincerely,

Lars

2 Dec. '82

Dear Lars--

Thanks very much for the help with the names. I've added the various Indian place names in the book, to further test Dick Estell's tongue, and sent off the pronunciation guide to him. I don't yet know when he'll read the book; I expect to find out by the KUOW monthly schedule like anyone else, I'm afraid.

Alas, no prospect yet of Melander looming at us from the Technicolor wide screen! I'm told, though, that the book will be in this Sunday's New York Times Book Review as one of the "recommended" books of the year.

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November 11, 1982

Dear Ivan,

I'm sorry I missed you yesterday when you came to our department. Thank you very much indeed for leaving a copy of your latest book for me. From the reviews I've read it sounds like a very fine piece of work and I'm really looking forward to reading it now. After reading and enjoying This House of Sky my expectations are high! I appreciate your note and dedication as well as finding my name in the Acknowledgments, although I fear that whatever little information I contributed is in no proportion to such rewards. It seems to me that your book, its subject matter and Swedish protagonists ought to be promoted in connection with the ongoing Scandinavia Today celebrations (the King & Queen of Sweden will visit us on Tuesday) and I will suggest that to the head of the Swedish Information Service who is visiting here right now.

Again, thank you so much for the book and your thoughtfulness!

Sincerely,

Lars

Monday, November 22, 1982

Dear Mr. Doig:

Thank you for your book, "The Sea Runners", which I received recently from your published.

I was pleasantly impressed by an excellent job of the publishers and printers, who produced the book. Of course right away I started to read the book, and I must say, read it with the great pleasure.

You wrote an excellent book with a true image of New Archangel at that time. Congratulations! And best wishes to you on your other, future endeavors in the field of writing.

I, myself, have had a new book published this year, called "Cataclysm", which is written in Russian. It is a historical novel based on life of Russians in Manchuria at the time of the First World War, revolution and Civil war in Russia.

By the way, I sold my house which I did not want to keep and occupy since the loss of my wife last year. I am living now in a condominium apartment, which is very comfortable

(over)

There are no house chores any more, like raking the leaves in the yard, taking care of a roof or other household repairs.

My very best regards.

Victor Petrov

My new address:

VICTOR P. PETROV
1016 S. Wayne St.
Apt. 110
Arlington, Virginia
22204

Victor P. Petrov
1016 S. Wayne St., Apt. 110
Arlington, VA 22204

Dear Victor--

I'm thrilled, and more than a little relieved, that my version of New Archangel sounds all right to you. I was in Sitka recently and everyone seemed to like the book. Nobody had even caught on to the few places where I had to make up details of New Archangel life! I hope your own book does well, and that your new abode is a comfortable one. Merry Christmas and happy '83.

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth svenue N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

Queen's University
Kingston, Canada
K7L 3N6

7 October 1982

Dear Mr. Doig:

Many thanks for the copy of THE SEA RUNNERS, which arrived a couple of days ago. I have already read it, and enjoyed it very much. It is well done, one of the few good works in an area which has curiously little worthwhile fiction. There are a few little points about the Russians which might have been stated a bit differently, and I think your four Swedes were actually Swedish-speaking Finlanders. Since that was then part of Russia, there were lots of Finlanders in Russian service, but I have never heard of them sending any citizens of Sweden proper to Alaska. But no matter; where history is too scanty, the writer of fiction can step in and complete the picture. Most of the book is concerned with the journey, and you make it seem as if this is the way it would have been. I hope this one does well, and I wish you success on future works.

Sincerely,

Richard A. Pierce

Richard A. Pierce

28 Oct. '82

Dear Richard Pierce--

I'm gratified that The Sea Runners reads decently. You're likely too easy on me about points of Russian American life. It's intentional, of course, that my Swedes don't always understand the niceties of the Russian American system, and never give a Russian the benefit of the doubt--but beyond that deliberately blinkered viewpoint, if there are details I'm askew on I'd be glad to know of them for possible correction when the paperback edition comes out.

Similarly, if you ever come across something definite on whether Swedes were or weren't in the New Archangel workforce, I'd appreciate having it passed along. My sole source on the actual men, the newspaper report of their rescue, says "they are Swedes, and belong to Stockholm", and the Swedish professor I consulted with couldn't see why their names would be Swedish--Gronland, Lyndfast, Wasterholm--if they were Finns. So I saw nothing to do but have my characters Swedes, and can get by with it in fiction; but curiosity continues.

I hope your own work is going well. I'll soon be seeing one of your colleagues in the field of Russian American research, Elizabeth Crownhart-Vaughan, at a meeting of the Oregon Historical Society. Again, my thanks for helping me on the specific points you did.

best regards

Vern Sternberg

21 Jan. '82

Dear Dr. Pierce--

Many thanks indeed for your copious response on the points of New Archangel history I queried you about. I've amended my novel where needed, and it'll be the better for it. You might like to know, incidentally, that Elizabeth Vaughan at the Oregon Historical Society provided me an indication that the likeliest watch call was "slushai!"

As to my source for the story of the escaping Swedes, I'm greatly glad I chose to do the project as fiction: as you'll see, the enclosed clipping--which seems to be a reprint of a reprint, by freehanded frontier editors--has similarities with the Overland Monthly piece at a few major places (being chased by the Indians, a man's death, ending up in Shoalwater Bay) and almost none anywhere else. Particularly baffling is the newspaper reiteration that the craft was a canoe; from what I've been able to read of NW coastal canoes they could be tacked, in fact couldn't be sailed except downwind, because of lack of keel, yet the Overland Monthly crew seemed to sail blithely whatever the wind. Most mysterious. As I say, thank heaven for fiction.

Again, my appreciation. My book should be out this fall, and I'll pass one along then.

sincerely

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY

Queen's University
Kingston, Canada
K7L 3N6

3 December 1981

Dear Mr. Doig:

Re your letter of 23 Nov., in writing a novel about pre-sale Alaska you have embarked on a major task, but it ought to be a very interesting one.

051 OV #15

The voyage you mention is written up in a short article in the OVERLAND MONTHLY, San Francisco, 1875, December, pp. 554-557, based on the journal kept by one of the four fugitives. The article has them starting on 20 April 1853. You evidently have another source, or perhaps the original journal. Just for bibliography I would appreciate the citation sometime.

Japonski Island is mentioned in Orth: DICTIONARY OF ALASKA PLACE NAMES as a name given in 1809 by one of the Russian navigators. It is also said to have been given "because there were some shipwrecked Japanese sailors living there at the time" (which I doubt). and V. M. Golovnin, another writer of the time claims it was from Rezanov's plan to settle Japanese prisoners there. Rezanov was in Sitka in 1806, upon leaving he set in motion a punitive expedition against Japan, which was confined to a couple of minor coastal actions. I have never seen substantiation to the idea that he planned to have prisoners taken all the way across the North Pacific to Sitka, but that was the story. Where history fails the novelist can take over.

Your character wouldn't have warned his comrades that if the Russians caught them they'd hang. Capital punishment did not exist in Russia in the 19th century except in rare instances of serious crimes against the state, i.e., revolutionary acts. Instead they sent people to reside in remote places in Siberia, which also built up that region. Hence there was no capital punishment in Russian America. In fact, crimes were rare, but there were a few instances of murders, or robbery, in which case the culprit(s) and witnesses would be sent to Okhotsk for investigation and trial. Your character could have told the others that they might be sent to Siberia.

The Indian market at Sitka was a peculiar thi-ng, a kind of small enclosure into which the native sellers were allowed and then the door was barred until the transactions were finished, when they were released. I am not sure of the layout, however, and it would take quite a bit of research to get the exact set-up.

Regarding what the sentries shouted, a Russian here whom I have consulted finds nothing wrong with "Vnimanie" as a call, but thinks that at that earlier time they might have had something else,, like "slushai!" (listen!) or "storozh!" (guard!). I don't know, and it would take a bit of reading about 19th century Russian army life in novels, memoirs, etc., to get the needed detail.

Good luck, and I'll look forward to seeing the finished product in a year or so.

Sincerely,

Rob Pierce

23 Nov. 1981

Dear Dr. Pierce--

I believe Phyllis DeMuth of the Alaska Historical Library has mentioned to you that I'm at work on a novel which begins at New Archangel in 1852. It'll be my fictional version of an incident that occurred that year: four of the Swedes indentured to the Russian-American Company stole a canoe, set out south, and three of them survived the thousand-mile voyage to Willapa Bay, north of the mouth of the Columbia River. Your research and articles, particularly on the Russian governors, have been of great help. As I've gone along in the work on this book, however, I've accumulated some stray questions about New Archangel life, and I wonder if you'd have off-hand answers, out of your knowledge of the settlement:

--Was Japonski Island a joke, or pun, by the Russians--dubbing the first piece of land west of New Archangel "Japan"?

--One of my characters threatens to turn in the others to the Russians, warning them that they'll hang. Am I right in that, that the capital punishment faced by plotters or escapees would have been hanging?

--One source indicates that the Indians were allowed to hold a daily market within the gate of New Archangel, another indicates the market was just outside the gate. Do you recall anything which would indicate whether the market was in or out?

--Finally, I've come across a reference that the New Archangel sentries shouted "Attention!" to one another each hour. The Russian word for this would seem to be "Vnimanie!" which strikes me as a rather awkward watch-call. I'll check with a Russian-language scholar at the University of Washington, but I wondered if you've come across anything about the specific behavior and language of New Archangel sentries.

I'm sorry to take your time with questions, but I do want to be as accurate as possible about the details of New Archangel life. I'll see to it that when my book is published in a year or so that you get a copy. Meanwhile, I hope your own endeavors are going well.

~~best regards~~

Ivan Doig

December 8, 1981

Dear Mr. Doig:

Many thanks for your book, THIS HOUSE OF SKY, which I have already started to read, and find it very interesting right from the beginning.

I was glad to hear from you that the limited information which I supplied to you was found to be satisfactory and helpful to you.

I am mailing to you one of my books on Russian America, which is, however, in Russian, the language which is still quite foreign to you. Even if you cannot read it, the book can be added to your library. It describes a rather interesting period in the history of Russian America, when the colony was visited by a high official of the Russian-American Company, High Chamberlain of the Imperial Court, Rezanov. It is a historical novel, describing a trip around the world, a visit to Alaska, and a romantic episode in California, where Rezanov fell in love with a 15-year old Spanish girl, Conchita, a daughter of the Spanish commandant of Presidio (San Francisco). Of course, this story is well known to you.

By the way, let me know, if you will find the watch-call of the Russian sentries in Russian America.

Thank you again for your book.

With my best wishes

Victor P. Petrov

Victor P. Petrov

22 Nov. 1981

Dear Mr. Petrov--

My deep appreciation for your letter of help on the matter of New Archangel holiday observances. It's a small enough token of thanks, but I would like you to have the enclosed copy of my first book.

Through your advice and information, I have workedoout what I hope is a plausible sequence of holiday events for my novel--Christmas Eve a solemn day, Christmas Day with religious observance in the morning and the Russian men making their visits to one another in the afternoon (when you mentioned that, I recalled that I have a diary entry of a Russian who stayed on after 1867, describing this), and then on the night after Christmas a celebration at the Governor's house.

The sentries' call, or lack of one, still is something of a puzzle. I think because of the tensions at the time at New Archangel--the Sitka Tlingits recently had killed a band of visiting Stikines, and Governor Rosenberg mentioned apprehension about the Indians--there likely was heightened security, with some sort of watch-call. The newspaper article which is the source for my novel mentions that the escaping Swedes "answered the calls of the other sentries". And the specific reference to "Attention!" is from the manuscript of James C. Ward, an American merchant who spent three weeks at New Archangel in July, 1853. Ward was so meticulous observer of all else--he counted the cannons of the garrison, notes the price of lumber, etc.--that I give some credence to his observation that "at every hour. . .the sentries cried 'attention!'" But I certainly agree with you that "Vnimanie!" is an awkward watch-call, and will consult a Russian-language scholar at the University of Washington to see whether there was some more likely word.

In any event, I'm thankful for the help you've extended.

very best regards

Doug

Victor P. Petrov
8919 Battery Road
Alexandria, Va. 22308

November 7, 1981

Dear Mr. Doig,

Thank you for your letter of 30 October. I also received a communication from Antoinette Shalkop, informing me of your interest in some of the old Russian customs. I was very much interested in your project of writing a novel on Alaska or rather Russian America, since that region has been an object of my study and research for over forty years.

You are quite right, you should have a good knowledge and accurate picture of New Archangel during the days, which you want to describe.

Coming to your questions: there was and still ~~a~~ are certain traditional observances among the Russians on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. Christmas Eve, which fell on January 5 in the last century, was, as A.Shalkop said a solemn day, a devout day. It was a day of strict fasting. No food was to be partaken until the first star in the sky in the evening, which was about 6 o'clock in the evening. But first the worshipperes were summoned at six o'clock by the sounds of a church bell to go to the church for the church service. After the service the people hastened to their homes to eat a traditional food for this day. When they came home, they usually found tha table prepared for their feast. It was covered by a layer of straw or hay, over which a sparkling white tablecloth was spread. Hay or straw was to remind of a manger of Jesus Christ in Bethlehem. The food was eaten of a kind which is usually eaten during the Lent, i.e. mostly fish and vegetables. No meat, fowl, or dairy products could be eaten.

Usually, the Christmas tree was decorated during Christmas Eve. No celebration of any kind. Quite often children would go out with a large lighted star on a post in their hands. They walk the streets in the snow, singing Christmas carols. This ends the day.

Actually the holiday begins on the Christmas Day, first by going to church for the liturgy service, and then people go home to really celebrate their holiday,eating wonderful holiday food, specially prepared for this day: goose, duck, ham, and an endless variety of hors d'oeuvres, and wines of course. No special church bells ringing during the holiday, except to summon people to the service.

Please note, that no dinner parties, , banquets, dancing or other festivities were planned for this first day of Christmas. There was a tradition, however, for male population to go

visiting the friends' houses, and it was a "must" to see that every friend's house was visited on this first day of Christmas. The visitors were supposed to extend their holiday greetings to the hostess of the house, and to eat all the wonderful food on the holiday table. A small glass of vodka was drunk first, and then some wine. Visitors, usually were cautious not to eat or drink too much in each house, so as to able to visit every house and not to collapse on the way. Not to visit any of the homes would have been an insult.

It was customary to have a children's "yolka", a Christmas tree party in the evening of this first day of festivities. As to the elegant dinners or banquets, they were arranged, usually, during the following few days before the New Year's day. Thus, if there was any celebration in the governor's house, it was probably on the second day of holidays.

I forgot to mention to you in the beginning, that on Christmas Eve, when people came home from the church, and before they started eating their dinner of fish and vegetables, they were offered a special Christmas Eve dish, which is eaten only once a year. It is called "kutia", which is a boiled wheat, something like a wheat porridge, which is spiced with honey and nuts. After eating this first food, people start eating their dinner.

I am sorry I cannot answer your question about the word the sentries used to call to one another, but it is definitely not "attention". "Attention" means "vnimanie" in Russian, and it has never been used by sentires, first of all it is very awkward word for this purpose. I will try to find out what were the words used by the sentries, although I personally doubt that they used any words to call each other. Nevertheless I will look into this matter.

Well, I hope this information will be useful to you, in your work. My own endeavors in this field were mostly in Russian language for the benefit of the Russian speaking people in this country and other countries, where people of Russian origin reside. So far I published three historical novels on Russian America.

Let me know, if you will need any additional assistance.

Cordially,

Victor P. Petrov

Victor P. Petrov

30 October 1981

Dear Mr. Petrov--

Antoinette Shalkop has referred me to you, as the best source of information about life at Sitka/New Archangel in the time of the Russian-American Company. For the past year and a half I've been at work on a novel which begins at New Archangel in the winter of 1852-1853. That winter, there occurred the historical incident on which I'm basing my story: four Swedes, indentured to the Russian-American Company, stole a Tlingit canoe and sett off southward in an attempt to reach Astoria.

For the purpose of my plot, I thought I would have my characters make their escape from New Archangel during the celebration of Christmas--specifically, during whatever festivity would have been held at the governor's quarters. As I understand it from Antoinette, Christmas Day itself, January 6, would have been a solemn day, a devout day. Would there, then, have been a secular celebration--a banquet, music, dancing--the next night, the 7th, at the governor's, do you think? Or if not, how soon after January 6 might there plausibly have been such a celebration?

Also, I've seen reference to the frequency with which church bells were rung at New Archangel. Do you know whether the bells would have been rung in the night during the Christmas season, say to mark midnight or any other hour?

One other point, this one aside from Christmas. I've read a visitor's account that each hour, New Archangel sentries called to one another, "Attention!" My knowledge of Russian is of the dictionary sort; would the Russian word have been BHUMAT , and is "Vnimats!" the English rendition?

I'm sorry to bother you on such details, but I do want to be accurate about New Archangel life. If you've any sources to recommend on the above questions, or for that matter any other aspect of New Archangel circa-1850, I'd be glad to hear of them. I will send along to you a copy of my novel when it's published, and I hope your own endeavors are going well.

cordially

24 November 1981

Dear Mr. Hanson--

For the past year and a half I've been at work on a novel which begins at New Archangel in the winter of 1852-53--the story of four Swedes, indentured to the Russians, who stole a canoe and pointed themselves south toward Astoria, out of servitude. Mine is a fictional version of the actual incident; three of the four did survive, and were found by oystermen just north of the mouth of the Columbia River.

Your Quarterly has been of considerable help to me on the details of the North American fur trade. There are a couple of points in my manuscript, however, that I wonder if you might have offhand advice about, from your knowledge of how furs were handled:

--There was a small trade in beaver at New Archangel as the other fur sources began to play out, and I've set a scene of two of my characters handling the pelts in the warehouse, preparatory to baling for shipment. Is it accurate to say the pelts would have been folded in half, fur side in, and then put into the screw press to be squeezed into a bale?

--The other point is about the screw press itself. I've assumed the Russian-American Company would have used a press something like Carl P. Russell describes in Firearms, Traps and Tools of the Mountain Men--a big cast-iron version, screwed down by pulls on a lever. Do you know any reason why the Russians might have used something other than this?

I'll of course see to it that you receive a copy of my book when it's published, about a year from now. I'm sorry to bother you about details such as these, but I do want to be accurate as possible.

best regards

THE MUSEUM OF THE FUR TRADE
Route 2, Box 18
CHADRON, NEBRASKA 69337
OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR
TELEPHONE 308-432-3843

December 28, 1981

thanked 2-21-82

Ivan Doig
17021 - 10th Avenue, N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

Your novel sounds like an interesting project and we are glad the Quarterly has been of some assistance.

As to the first question, I don't know if it was customary to fold beaver pelts in half. Ruxton said American trappers folded them "into a square sheet, the fur turned inwards." This seems logical. Since beaver pelts are circular, when folded they would be roughly semicircular and awkward to pack. Ruxton's reference is from ADVENTURES IN MEXICO AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS (1847), reprinted by Rio Grande Press 1973).

We have no knowledge of the type of press used at Sitka but know of no reason why they would not use the type with a large steel screw turned by a bar. They did maintain a special building for fur processing and it must have been completely equipped for the job.

Hope this has been useful. We will look forward to receiving a copy of your book.

Sincerely,

Charles E. Hanson Jr.

CEH/dd

Charles E. Hanson, Jr.
Director

The Museum's exhibits and collections are unique. It is in no sense another museum of the Wild West. Only material intimately concerned with the commerce of the fur trade and the daily lives of traders, trappers and Indians is presented. It is a specialized museum of international importance which offers its visitors a distinctive in-depth treatment of the fur trade.

The Museum maintains a continuous research program on the materials of the fur trade. Its representatives have studied these materials in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England and Continental Europe. Research facilities include an extensive library and microfilm unit.

In 1964 the Museum received a Certificate of Commendation from the American Association for State and Local History "for the development of a broad museum program which combines an outstanding collection and competent scholarship to interpret the story of the fur trade in western America."

TRADE GOODS: A priceless type collection of trade goods from Colonial times to the twentieth century. . . beads, kettles, knives, vermillion, silverworks, medals, tomahawks, trade cloth, hand-forged traps, Russian and Spanish trade goods, Eskimo trade goods, fine old Rio Grande and Indian blankets and countless other items used as trade items or Indian treaty payments.

WEAPONS: The collection of Northwest guns made for the Indian trade from 1750 to 1900 is the largest and most complete in the world. Other displays include Hawken rifles, Indian trade rifles, bowie knives, and frontier weapons of all types.

FURS: All types of American furs including buffalo robes, beaver, wolf, mink, badger, and the rare sea-otter.

OTHER EXHIBITS: One gallery tells the chronological story of the fur trade from early Colonial days to the present century. Another portrays the lives of the British traders, Spaniards on the Plains in 1800, voyageurs, Mountain Men, the professional buffalo hunters, and typical Plains, Woodland and Desert Indians.

These displays include examples of early costumes, saddles, horse gear and complete outfits of personal equipment.

THE BORDEAUX TRADING POST: The Museum grounds include the site of the trading house and warehouse built on the bank of Bordeaux Creek about 1841. It was an American Fur Company post until 1849 and was then operated as an independent trading post for the Sioux Indians by James Bordeaux until 1872. It was finally occupied by Francis Boucher until August 1876, when a squad of cavalry confiscated illegal ammunition being sold to hostile Indians and Boucher abandoned the post.

The site was excavated in 1955 and the buildings were completely reconstructed on their original foundations after painstaking research among traders' descendants on the Sioux reservation. Here the visitor can see a typical trading house completely outfitted—willow bed, kettles on the hearth, and the store shelves stocked with trade goods.

In 1972 the Bordeaux Trading Post was entered in the National Register of Historic Places.

INDIAN GARDEN: In its customary place near the trading house will be found a growing garden of nearly-extinct Indian crops. This botanical exhibit includes the tiny primitive "Mandan tobacco," an ancient variety of midget corn, and early types of beans, pumpkins and squash obtained years ago from the older Sioux, Mandan, Hidatsa and Omaha Indians.

IDENTIFICATION SERVICE: The staff will make every effort to identify and authenticate objects brought to the Museum, but they are not permitted to make valuations. An appointment should be made if possible.

CONSULTATION: Brief inquiries about the material aspects of the fur trade are welcomed. However, written requests must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Research assistance and consultation services for museums, publishers, artists and others can be made available on a reimbursable basis. Prior arrangements must be made in each specific case with the Museum director.

FINANCIAL SUPPORT: The Museum of the Fur Trade is a field project of the Museum Association of the American Frontier, an educational non-profit institution chartered by the State of Nebraska in 1949, and operating under section 501 (c) (3) U.S. Internal Revenue Code. It is supported by gifts, memberships, incidental tourist revenue and assistance through various training and research programs. Gifts to the Association are charitable donations for income tax purposes.

Support is particularly solicited for the Museum's research program which makes accurate data on fur trade materials available to the public.

The Board of Directors has created the following honorary positions for persons contributing various amounts to the permanent or general funds of the Association:

Donors contribute.....$100
Patrons contribute.....$500
Benefactors contribute.....$1000

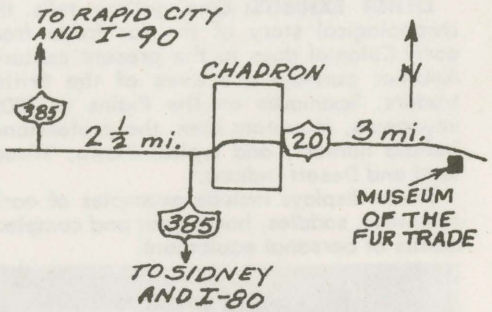
Bequests to the Association offer opportunity for permanent and useful memorials. The following form may be used:

"I hereby give and bequeath to the Museum Association of the American Frontier, a non-profit corporation in the State of Nebraska,

.....

.....

MEMBERSHIP: Everyone has an opportunity to participate in the Museum's activities on a membership basis. Dues are $4.00 per calendar year. Members enjoy free visiting privileges and receive THE MUSEUM OF THE FUR TRADE QUARTERLY, a well-illustrated and scholarly publication devoted to the material aspects of the North American Fur Trade.



HOURS: The Museum is regularly open 8:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. every day from June 1 through Labor Day.

The superintendent lives on the grounds and will open the Museum's exhibit halls upon request during the closed season. In this way visitors from distant points need not be disappointed in attempting to see the museum at any time of year. However, it is suggested that appointments be made either by writing or by calling 308-432-3843.

Admission $1.00 after 1/1/81.

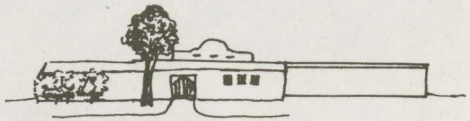
ADMISSION (Tax included): Free at all times to members and their spouses and dependent children (does not include guests).

Other adults over 17 — 75 cents; children tree with parents, otherwise 15 cents

Organized travel groups of 20 or more, half-price

SCHOOL GROUPS: Free if adequately supervised and appointment is made for visit. Students, teachers and one adult sponsor per each five students admitted free.

DEDICATED TO THE STUDY OF THE AMERICAN FUR TRADE FROM COLONIAL TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY



The Museum

Of The Fur Trade

Route 2, Box 18
Chadron, Nebraska 69337

Three miles east of Chadron, Nebraska on U.S. Highway 20

Located on picturesque Bordeaux Creek near the old Fort Pierre-Fort Laramie Trail. The site of the trading house of James Bordeaux (period 1841-1876) is located on the Museum grounds. Parking facilities and restrooms are provided for visitors.

SITKA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
P.O. BOX 2414 SITKA - ALASKA - 99835

January 12, 1982

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 10th Ave. N. W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

Your letter came this morning and with the help of Mr. Harmening of the Forest Service, I will try to answer your questions about Redoubt Lake, as it is called now. He checked out the mileage from Sitka and and says it is about 12 miles from here. It is almost directly south from Sitka, as you will see from the map I am enclosing.

As for Russian-American ships going there, he said that they went there to pick up fish, lumber, etc., and that any kind of a boat could go into that bay provided they were careful of the rocks there. When the Russian historians were here in August of 1979, they were taken down there on the Sheldon Jackson boat, which is about 60 feet long, which probably as long as some of the Russian boats.

We had a little snow last week, too, which left us with some ice, but with temperatures up in the high 30's and 40's with rain, we are getting back to normal Sitka weather.

Good luck with the last details on your novel.

Very sincerely yours,

Isabel Miller

Isabel Miller

1244 Monroe St.
Port Townsend, Wash.
Dec. 2, 1981

Dear Ivan,

Thank you for the opportunity to read a few pages of your new book manuscript. This is somethin new for us and found it extremely interesting. It looks as though the book should be quite exciting and we are looking forward to seeing it.

I took the time to type comments on the pages you sent and address the subjects you mentioned specifically. I also took the liberty of addressing subjects you did not ask about, and added a lot of observations about our own canoe trip from Ketchikan to Port Townsend in the summer of 1979.

Unfortunately, Dee did not have time to sit down and type her comments, but did write a few notes which she handed to me. I immediately mislaid them, so they are not reflected in my typed comments. I have them at hand now.

In the crossing of Dixon Entrance Dee wanted to emphasize the changes in elevation riding the big swells. I agree. Both in Dixon and crossing Queen Charlotte Sound we encountered the big rollers. Of course we could only gauge our relative elevation against the other boat in Dixon, and occasionally they would be on the far side of a crest so it looked as though only their heads were sticking out of the water, then they would disappear completely. Once they disappeared it felt as if we were in a valley. Going through Queen Charlotte Sound we had good visibility and could watch the trees, only a few hundred yards away, disappear and reappear, as though we were riding some amusement park contraption. Dee said she could not reach the water with her paddle when we were going over the crest of a swell, and when there was chop it seemed as though the waves were coming from everywhere at once. It got so noisy going through Dixon that we had to shout to hear each other. She is especially anxious in the Dixon Crossing part that you show how dangerous and how near death these men are.

My own comments follow. If any of them seem unclear, please give me a call and I'll try to explain. Also, thanks for the $50. Dee did not want to accept it, but I am assuming you feel you will get better cooperation by offering payment and will not get the stigma of the "would you look at my manuscript" gang that published authors so often mention. I accept. Any other help we can offer, we offer gratis.

sincerely,

Korte

A few general thoughts:

Canoes have gotten a lot of bad press in the past 50 years from the American Red Cross and many people presume now that a canoe is a toy boat unsafe in any water or weather. They look upon it as part bucking bronco and part sea monster, capable of anything without warning. A canoe loaded with several hundred pounds of gear in the bottom becomes unbeleivably seaworthy because the load becomes ballast that keeps the vessel steady and balanced in almost any water. The only time we have had any trouble with a canoe is when it is empty. They can be treacherous then. When loaded you can almost stand in them (but I don't recommend it).

PP 63-65: As above, the boat will not rock too wildly and won't buck at all if it is loaded, except when loads are being shifted, as in getting in and out. I don't recall that all of the pain went high into my shoulder blades, but it may have, I just don't remember that. I do remember that my legs would get stiff because there were only so many places to put them. You don't say if these men are paddling from seats, thwarts or just their knees. However they were paddling, I can guarantee you their knees and legs ached miserably from being in the same position so long. The darkness sounds fine to me, I really don't know, but there is no mention of the sounds. Novice paddlers will splash a lot, sometimes throw water pm tje back stroke when they accidently catch the tip in the water, and tossing that cold water on your partner's back is guaranteed to bring a complaint, if not an outright howl. The water will make a little ripple sound at the bow, the waves will lap against the sides and the paddles will thunk hollowly against the canoe sides as they paddle, at least occasionally.

P 79: From the water one becomes acustomed to looking for breaks in the trees because it means there is a stream there. The forests are dense, what they were like in the 1850s is beyond me. Logs stick out of the forest, hanging over banks, and many times when they protrude into the tidal area they are clustered over with blue-black mussels.

PP 87 88: Our only encounter with a sealion was at the mouth of the Coie River. The salmon were running and flashing constantly as they leapt out of the water headed for the river. Every 30 to 45 seconds the lion would break the water snorting and crunching the loudly on the bones of a salmon. Seagulls clustered around him in the air, waiting for the leavings I suppose. Dee was charmed, but my thought was that he was big and strong and if he took a notion to see us a a threat he could overturn us and we would lose all of our provisions. I would be real nervous if a whole gang of them came alongside to swim with us because I don't know if they are clumsy, near sighted or mean.

Probably the most unique thing about days of paddling was their sameness. With four paddlers I am sure your boys would make better time than we did. We averaged two knots, and going that pace 10 hours per day, you can spot a hillside far ahead and it takes hours for it to get nearer and finally be passed. The paddling takes up a rhythm and you go with that, marking the time in strokes. Although it is wildly beautiful country, at our slow pace all the waterfalls, snags, beautiful vistas took on a sameness that made us wonder how boring it would be to be on a sailboat at sea for days and weeks seing nothing. How much more boring would it be to have nothing on the horizon when we got tired of the world's most breathtaking scenery? Spotting animals, be they dolphins, sea lions, seals or killer whales was always a high spot because it was out of the ordinary. Watching birds was great, many, many bald eagles live around these waterways, more than you can believe exist. In shallow ways between islands we saw blue herons, sometimes stalking fish from beaches where we were camped. Oyster catchers and puffins were often seen on rocks, isolated from shore with no vegetation but full of birds that flew up in clouds when we apparoached. Dee landed on one of these rocks to collect feathers and found nestlings huddled terrified in crevices. The whole place smelled to heaven with guano. Sometimes a break would be needed to relieve yourself and we often would beach to do this up in the tree line. Sometimes if I just had to whiz and we didn't need a break we could find a low rock near shore in deep enough water that I could step out and take care of business without beaching the boat. We became acutely aware of the weather, watching the sky for any sign of what would happen, always testing or otherwise aware of the wind direction, always watching the kelp for the direction of the current. Sometimes if no beach beckoned, or we wanted a short break without beaching, we would tie the canoe to the kelp, the big bull kelp, and it would always hold us without drifting away. Paddling inside beds of the keolp, between it and the shore, would provide a breakwater for us if the water was a little lumpy. Sometimes the head winds got so strong that the headway we made was not worth the energy spent, and then we would either tie to kelp and hope the wind would die down or beach it and wait. Eating was the high point of each day. We always knew what we would have to eat, fortunately not the same thing each day, but the same thing every other day, and we looked forward to it as a break from paddling, a chance to sit or stand or walk around and talk without paddling, or worrying about which way to point the nose, or whether the kelp would hold. We also looked forward to it just as a chance to eat, because we were burning up calories at an almost unbelievable rate. At the end of some of the 10 hour days I would hit the beach and be so clumsy that Dee would not trust me to do any chores. We discovered, after a while, that I needed more frequent eating periods. We would cook more than we

needed at lunch and breakfast then snack on the rest while in the boats. Cold greasey pancakes would probably gag me now, but they were wonderful snacks then, especially when we made them with wild blueberries.

PP 84-85: This is pretty much the same no matter if you are taking a Winnebago to the Grand Canyon or a kayak across the Pacific, the chores end up being done by the person who is best at them, and the odds and ends get assigned to the ones who seem to be shirking or have no particular talents. We tended to take turns cooking. We had two couples and each couple would cook alternate days. Within our couple one would cook and the other would clean up. I would normally not cook the dinner because I was always exhausted in the evening until after I ate something. I had the back of the canoe, and it would enrage me when Dee would stop paddling to look at something because I had no such option. Usually we were paddling into the wind or the tide and if I stopped paddling we would go backwards. Even if we were not afraid of going backwards, if I stopped paddleing, or at least steering, the nose would go any which way. Dee made up in other ways though, such as in the evening when I was dead. Besides evening chores, there are chores involved in getting the boat loaded and trim for the day's journey. The boats cannot be dragged out of the water loaded because they are so heavy, and if you could pick them up you would take a chance on breaking their backs. This may not be true of a hollowed out canoe, I don't know. You also could not drag it loaded on the beach because all those rocks, and every beach has lots and lots of rocks up there, has hundreds of little (sometimes medium or large) barnacles that are sharp and guaranteed to shred the bottom of a fiberglass or wood canoe. You can only drag over those barnacles so many times before you have done real damage to your boat. These little mothers will cut up your ankles and feet if you fall, and if you throw out your hands to catch yourself they will give you nasty cuts. The rocks that do not have barnacles tend to be slippery with moss, so you do try to walk on the barnackles because it gives traction. Camping is about the same anywhere you do it, but there are some extra problems with camping in tidal zones. Finding a flat space to sleep is easy when the tides are in the low end of their cycle, but when they start coming up to the high end you have some problems because you are caught between the water and the underbrush. You always look on the beach, whetehr it is sand, small or large rocks to see where the kelp line was left from the last tide. You set up camp above that line or you get washed out at high tide, which happens twice a day so one is always while you are trying to sleep. Without a tide book to tell you what time and how high, it will be rough. One night we could not find a kelp line but we could see grass growing and figured it was ok. It wasn't. It was saltwater grass and the tide was slapping at our toes when we woke

in the middle of the night. Surf noise is something you learn to listen to, and when it starts getting close it is impossible to sleep. We would sometimes get up, put a stick into the sand and wait until we could see clearly that it had turned before going back to sleep. Sometimes a storm will drive the tide much higher than it would normally be. That is a real nuisance, and you have to be ready to break camp for high ground at any time. We always set our canoes upside down in high spots, clearly much higher than the tide would ever go, and tie them to a tree or log for good measure. If you lose your gear you are in trouble. If you lose your boat you are out of business.

PP 104-111: Crossing Dixon Entrance in a canoe is something no one would even try to do if they were paying attention to the world around them. We didn't. We skirted around the edge of it, figuring it made more sense to stay near land where you could find a beach for a handhold even if not for a boat. We went from Foggy Bay to Fox Island in six hours through fog so thick that we could not see the shore. We stayed close enough to hear the surf pounding the rocks that make up the shore, but when we actually paddled in close enough to see the waves not just breaking, but literally shattering on the rocks, we had to head back out for fear we would be swept against them ourselves. This for six hours in the fog was no treat. Add to that the fact that we hit a tide rip off Tree Point (or was it ...in fact it was Humpy Point) that really tried to get us. The water was confused as hell. We had to keep the nose of the canoe into or quartered to the chop, but it was coming from all ways at once, it seemed, and we had to tack and tack again to keep meeting the legions of chop that were on us. It was worse than terrible. Waves would curl along the side of the canoe trying to climb in and snuggle up against my legs. One or two did get in, but usually I managed to turn the canoe so they wouldn't. I had to watch the gunwhales while Dee watched ahead and we both paddled like mad. All of this on top of eight foot to 12 foot swells mind you. That rip lasted maybe 20 minutes and it was totally exhausting, but we couldn't stop then because we had to keep going or be carried by the swells against the rocks. Fortunately we ran into only one or two small rips after that, but stayed in the big swells and the fog until we reached Fox Island. Miraculously that is where the fog bank ended and we came onto a fine, white sand beach with bright grey rocks. No place ever looked so good to us. Dee said she thought it looked like Bermuda. We did not have any wind. I don't know about snow, but you don't normally have wind when you have fog.

Something else that occurs to me. When Dee and I actually started practising our canoeing for the Alaska trip she was quite afraid of the water and whenever we would get into some wind or a rip she would panic. I had to split my energies between paddling and trying to calm her. By the second week of our trip she was feeling quite comfortable with the water and at the end of the trip she was regarding the water as an old, and occasionally treacherous, friend.

Most of our paddling was done close to shore, probably between five and 50 feet. We found that we could catch eddies and currents close in that ran counter to the wind or tide when we needed them and could also relieve our boredom considerably by inspecting the intertidal life on the rocks and in the shallows. Out in deeper water you are too far from the land to see anything other than trees and rocks and you miss the star fish, anemones, eel grass and snails. We were constantly watching the beach and juding it for suitability for camping. Flat clear areas with a sloping beach are at a premium and you don't always find one nearby when you want to stop for the night. Sometimes if we found a particularly good beach with easy access, small rocks and a stream we would stop even if it was only mid-afternoon. Tide fetches up Ketchikan way run to about 26 feet, and if you come in at high tide and leave at low tide it leaves you with a lot of real estate to cross on your way back into the water. We thought there would be no portages on a sea trip like this because you never leave the water, but that is not true. Sometimes if you camp on a particularly long-sloping beach you may have to cross 100 yards of beach or more to get back in the water. Fortunately, on long sloping beaches like that the tide comes in fairly fast. You can get good enough to estimate tides so you set the canoe on the beach, pack the gear, sit in it long enough to smoke a cigarette, and you are water-borne without getting your feet wet. Some beaches drop off steeply, and more than once we have been amazed to see what we thought was a perfect beach drop off into boulders and ankle-wrenchig cobbles. Sometimes you have no beach at all and you have to haul everything up a steep bank, and then down a steep bank hoping you won't slip and fall on the moss and hurt yourself. Major hurts, of course, are something you have to carefully guard against when you are three to five days from the nearest doctor. Even minor hurts are a problem and you have to guard against them becoming major.

Back to chores, the leader of our group, Bob Burton, had many outdoor talents, and made Mark Trail look like a sissy in our eyes. Perhaps the most remarkable one was fire building. I swear he could make a blazing fire from wet cardboard and can probably build fires underwater. It was an amazement to all of us throughout the trip. I learned a lot from him, and we learned a lot of things together. One thing we learned is that if there is any kind oflong depression across a beach dont pitch your tent there because when it rains it will

turn into a rivulet or a creek.

Kingfishers live in pairs along the water and when you paddle by they will fly by chattering and screaming. Sometimes you will surprise a seal or an otter on the shore and he will flop loudly into the water before you have noticed him. That will surprise you. Flat rocks in tidal areas sometimes lie at exact keel depth. When you try to paddle over one of these the canoe will stop suddenly rather like hitting a telephone pole at slow speed in a car. Sometimes it will happen more slowly like trying to drive through sand. Either way you have to either rock the boat off or get out and shove it off. I invariably chastised Dee for not doing her job as lookout, but usually the glare off the water made it impossible for her to see such things. She always was able to warn me that we were too close to shore and the water was getting shallow.

You didn't say whether these guys are coming inside Vancouver Island or outside. If outside, it is more ocean than we ever tried to take on. If inside, you can't believe what a hassle it is trying to paddle through Seymour Narrows, even at "slack tide." The damn thing does not act like the rest of the water because almost all of the water behind Vancouver Island tries to rush through there. At that time, in fact any time before 1950, Ripple Rock was at the south end of the narrows and made things worse. Once we got through there we tied up to kelp to smoke cigarettes. We didn't get to finish them because a whirlpool was sucking our kelp bed to the bottom.

6 Dec. '81

Dear Korte--

A first-rate job of help on the Alaska canoeing. It'll aid me immensely, landlubber that I am.

It'll likely be a week yet before I dovetail some of your scenery and lore into the manuscript, and if I have questions, I'll call you then for clarification. Also, I hope to be through Port Townsend maybe about mid-January at the latest, and if I make it will try be in touch then.

Meantime, please assure Dee that the $50, and inclusion in the acknowledgments, is all too little wage for this sort of help. If I was Michener it'd be $500, but I ain't him, in a lot of ways. I think any professional worker with words ought never do a chore of this sort except for money--I certainly never do--because any writing occupation, if done honestly, almost always is going to be underpaying anyway.

Again, thanks to you both.

p.s. My Swedes did come outside of Vancouver Island; that is, I'm having them do so, as the actual men of 1853 evidently did. How that was possible in winter I don't know, but I'm finessing past those 300 miles or so with a kind of prose-poem section which omits day-by-day details. As you know from your trip, it's a long damn coast, Alaska to here, and I'm having to watch out for telling too much of it.

October 24, 1981

Dear Ivan -

This time your story really came to life for me; the rewriting you did accomplished wonders. I liked the suspense in the first part (before the escape). I kept feeling that any little thing could happen and they would not be able to bring it off. I can feel their frustration when Wennberg caught on to their plans and deplored the necessity for including him. Like Pat, I became charmed after the escape itself, charmed with the natural beauty that you describe so poetically and which I love most about your writing. Your metaphors and similes always delight me; they are fresh and somehow just right ("trusting him a whisker's width," "blandness like a cloud against a cliff-face," etc.).

I think you should know that your book is <u>not</u> one I would pick up and read, and I wonder how many women readers it would appeal to. This isn't a criticism of the subject matter, for of course a writer expresses what he knows and feels and wants to write about, but I would not be attracted to the book were it not written by Ivan Doig. Having said that, I am surprised that I like the book as much as I genuinely do - and without characters I can empathize with. Afterall, I wouldn't want to know any of the four characters, but I <u>do</u> want to know what happens to each one of them. I am terribly distressed over the way this half ends; haven't you killed off your best character?

A few things bother me a bit, so I'll try to explain what they are. I know you have a good reason for what seems to be a shifting point of view, but I am bothered when I find a switch to the second person (you) and (to a lesser degree) to the use of the historical present, though I must admit that it does make for immediacy.

The story as a whole does indeed hold my attention all the way and makes me want to read the rest of it - even without Melander.

Thank you for giving me the privilege of this sample of your next successful book!

Sincerely,

Margaret (Svec)

SWEDISH
INFORMATION SERVICE
SWEDISH CONSULATE GENERAL

San Francisco, December 10, 1981.

encls.

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

Thank you for your letter of November 24.

Unfortunately we do not have any information in English on Slite. An Entry in the Swedish encyclopaedia "Svensk Uppslagsbok" mentions the following: Slite is a community of a little more than 2000 inhabitants on the east coast of Gotland at the Slite Bay. It has an excellent harbour and was early one of Gotland's most important ones. Since 1917 Slite has a cement factory which employs ca. 300 employees. The harbour has a 300 yard long pier, there is a customs station and an ocean beach. Othem's Church is gothic from the thirteenth century. Lake Bogeviken south west of Slite is separated from the ocean by only a seawall, through which 7 canals are dug, called "Sju Strömmar" (Seven Streams), which used to be the site of extensive fishing. Nothing is said of what species of fish was harvested.

For your background information about Gotland I am pleased to enclose an article by Michael Salzer: Gotland and Öland. Island Paradises in the Baltic, a map, and a travel folder. If you need more information I suggest that you write to the Tourist bureau on Gotland:

Gotlands Turistförening
Box 81
621 01 Visby (Sweden).

Sincerely yours,

Ulla Wikander Reilly

West Coast Representative Telephone Cable Telex

4 January 1981

Ulla Wikander Reilly
Swedish Information Service

Many thanks for your prompt and helpful response to my inquiry about Gotland and Slite. As you suggested, I've written to the tourist office at Visby for further information.

cordially

Recently I wrote to the Swedish Information Service in San Francisco for information about the community of Slite, and that office suggested I write to you for further information. I'd especially appreciate any brochures or other material which include pictures of Slite and its harbor, and anything about the history of Slite.

One particular interest to me is the fishing site at Slite, as mentioned in this information sent me by the Swedish Information Service: "Lake Bogeviken south west of Slite is separated from the ocean by only a seawall, through which 7 canals are dug, called 'Sju Strommar' (Seven Streams), which used to be the site of extensive fishing." Can you tell me how far back into history the "Sju Strommar" date, and what the principal species of fish harvested there were? Again, any photos of the site would be especially welcome.

Many thanks.

Ivan Doig

October 23, 1981

Dear Ivan,

You ask if the story "holds your attention all the way". After page 50--Yes, I loved it and was sorry to have it end with 127. Your skill with Northwest scenery is superb. For instance, my favorite on pages 112-14 I don't think could be surpassed. I could go on and on with compliments. The dialogue is lively, often amusing, pushes the plot on and reveals character as well. The action is very skillfully done.

But the first 50 pages, though now vastly improved, still give me much frustration. You had caught my attention effectively at the very start with the escape at sea. But I wanted then to feel for the men (at least as a group) and feel real urgency for the escape. I would have welcomed at some point some direct anecdotes of Russian oppression exposing the men's characters and their strong personal motives to get out. I stayed closely with these 50 pages because, of course, they have interest and fine writing but I did miss knowing just what was so awful at New Archangel that a man would risk his very life to leave it.

I wanted to see a map very much all the way through. But this is more of a compliment than a critical comment.

And now lastly one comment for the Pick-Pick Department. Why do you call The Governor Rosenberg? It is a German surname and Place name since @1200. A few Swedes have it. Lots of Jews have it for they adopted it @1800 when they were forced by census law to take surnames. But the name does not seem at all Russian to me and I kept wondering about it in a distracted,irritated, puzzlement.

Thank you for showing me the ms. I hope I can see more when it is available because I really like it. I can smell another success for you.

Love to Carol too,

Pat (Armstrong)

Ivan

You have a good story here and for what they are worth I will make a few comments. I had some trouble finding the tone in the first few pages but after getting used to the style it does become easier. And I was confused by the beginning in medias res, but that also from being uncomfortable with the beginning style.

Your research on Alaska, its flora, fauna, geography, weather is excellent. There are no pines big enough though, to serve as ship masts, they are all scrubby bull pine, and there is so little fir it's not worth mentioning, what there is is at the extreme southern tip. The forests are a mixture of spruce, cedar, both yellow and red, and hemlock. The variety of trees growing in very close prximity makes for an interesting color combination, especially along shores where they are mixed with alder and crab apple, the only deciduous trees, also especially colorful during hours of sunrise and sunset. The cedar are a yellowish green compared to the hemlock and the spruce are the deep forest green. Except in winter when they can appear silver in certain light. I also made note of the "deer cabage" which is called skunk cabage because of its smell in the spring. And it only grows in boggy places, not on the mountain slopes. What turns yellow and brown up there are grasses. Watching the mountain slopes was always a kind of calendar for me. About Halloween the first snow usually appears on them, in spring they almost magically green over night, and in the fall I can tell frost at sea level is not far off when the slopes turn golden.

Dog fish, or mud sharks as we often call them, are not caught in the winter. An equally, even more unattractive fish would be the rock cod, closely related to the red snapper, but living in

shallower water, easier to catch, and a mottled yellow-brown in color. Very spiny and dangerous looking, excellent eating.

The ducks, as I mentioned are not out of season as there are several varieties that remain the year around to feast on small herring that congregate in bays, coves and inlets, especially toward the southern extreme where the danger of these places freezing over is minimal. Grebes, loons and mergansers are the most common and they don't mind spending the winter together as a society.

It might be mentioned that the Indian canoes are always constructed of red cedar, rather than yellow, and that the difficulty in locating just the right tree could often encompass several years of searching. Therefore, the rock through the hull of the native canoe destroyed something not easily replaceable.

I will question the name of the Sitkan governor, because it sounds so German Jewish, but I don't know, I assume you also researched that.

Also mentioned were the totems happened upon by the voyagers, but they had to have become familiar with totems long before in Sitka.

Also made some note of the color of the beaches, the only white beaches I have ever seen in Alaska are around Kodiak, and they are a result of volcanic explosions, the rest are black, also sand itself is uncommon, mostly gravel and boulder. Nor would I have the men sleeping on the beach, the tides reach right up under the trees, I'd put them a little beyond the shore. Fires are built on the beach, then left for the night when it's time to turn in. Also, the extreme range of the tides would sometimes make it difficult for them to even land the canoe, and they would have to pull it into the trees at night.

When they left Sitka in Jan. it was getting dark around four

in the afternoon and not getting light enough to see again until at least nine in the morning. For them to paddle twenty five miles in a twenty foot cedar canoe, two of the men with no experience, against a head wind would be a feat to be sure. I have paddled ten in four hours in a light 16-foot aluminum with another woman, both of us experienced, against a ten mile an hour breeze, and it is a job.

The journey moves quickly and very smoothly, important for the length of it. Are you sure though that it is only a thousand miles, it's almost seven hundred from Ketchikan to Seattle. You have made the trip so far without either too much hardship nor too little. It could be harder, but not necessarily. It is not uncommon for the weather to get cold enough to freeze bays and inlets, but doesn't happen every year. And on the outside coast, I have seen it blow 100 miles an hour in the winter, usually once or twice a year.

Once I caught the style, I liked it. And I like your descriptions of the land, a difficult land to describe without becoming either sugary or high-toned.

I am eager to see the finished product - and what a place to leave me hanging! I am thoroughly caught up in the characters and their growing relationships and interactions - curious, to say the least, as to how they fare together the rest of the journey.

I read it through twice, though, and compliment you on your research and knowledge of S.E. The feel is good.

Diane

A further note: it wouldn't be at all unusual for them to see numbers of black tail deer on the beaches in winter - easy hunting for hungry men

22.x.81

Ivan:

As you requested, verbs (and auxiliaries) are underlined in red. It, it's, and its are circled in blue. I read the ms twice, and the second time took the liberty of putting a few pencil marks in the left margins at the site of comment to avoid having to write page X, line X, and so on here. I hope you don't mind.

Of the whole ms: I like it very much. The first reading (I should tell you that I was underlining/circling as I put one eye to the story, hoping I'd catch omissions & mistakes the second time) struck me as deliberate--almost slow--but the pacing led evenly from one step to another, rising as it went. People who demand a lot of action right now may not like your approach, but I do. Once I learned how to read the ms, I let it do the work: I had continual trouble, however, with the shifts of verb tense (I rather dislike the present, which feels day-glo or unnecessarily emphatic). I tried to find a pattern which made sense. I guess I wanted to drop the whole thing into the simple past as the level from which imperfect, perfect, and pluperfect would unfold; I wanted to drop any "you" or "we" or "our" which pulls the narrative line apart. I don't think the casual "you" works as well in fiction as in non-fiction, at least not usually, although two or three times your use of it was elegant (the constellation of fires down the coast, for one). But, back to verbs: I couldn't seem to sift apart the flashbacks, narrative, and asides into consistent usage--perhaps I just never picked up the right clue, but I did become tired trying. You prefer many more passive constructions than I do, many more sentences beginning with the dependent clauses, and also verb forms with auxiliary "had" or "was," which I always tend to want to simplify (avoiding the repetition of had/was, the sing-song of participles). One thing I liked a good deal was the variety of your verbs, which I noticed in the other two books: a real joy for the push and pull of sound--on that note, maybe a little more onomatopoeia? Kesey's Great Notion taught me how alive the prose is when the writer lets me hear. In one place, where a bullet "blooped," the sound was feeble or I wasn't sure it was really a verb (that may not matter), so I questioned it. Again about verbs: your historical/geographical information provided in the present tense (e.g., 105) only emphasized (to me) the fact that you are passing on information, but not getting the story forward. There is so much assurance in your research and narrative, that I wanted to see such information woven in as thoughts or dialogue or Melander musing/worrying a map, &c, rather than the more history-book approach of setting aside a page/block of information that broke up the flow (the shift of tenses intensifies my feeling, as noted). The front end has a lot of narrative... I wanted scenes more quickly: you hooked me right in, hard, when Braaf gets caught. I very much like the banter and humor here, which rings of another age. On the first reading, I felt a lack of tension; on the second reading, I didn't: I read with much more care the second time, and would trust that feeling more. You give a good visual sense of 1851/2, but I guess I would like you to pull me across the time distance more, to make my senses aroused--more smell, smoke, cold, wetness, mud, ice, fog, the slight warmth of winter sun--things definitely tickling my nose and skin, fingers and ears.

Picky things: I guess I would prefer that the book started with an honest-to-God whole sentence. Page 4: Melander and the Emperor Nicholas I: I was surprised Melander admired a steamship, did not understand quite why. Although you gave me more on that later, it did not seem quite a reason--lousy captain aside--to stay. Disliked making colors into adverbs (i.e., whitely, grayly). Adverbs: maybe a little overdone, esp with dialogue which is clear and strong without the clues. Braaf is a wonderful character; Melander, too. Wennberg is genuinely dislikeable; Karlsson, like his bland character, fades into the background. I like the fluctuation of humor and temper among the men. The opening: good blend of fact into storytelling. Totem pole scene: conveys original surprise of such a find well. Your authority with details comes through quietly and with force, which I like. E.g., 115, experience of the wilderness, dancing with drops from the trees. I was shocked at Melander's death (I forgot you told me someone would die early on: that seems to be a problem with "first-page information": it's forgotten). Also saddened, so you made him matter. You've planted a whale of a narrative hook, because now I wonder what on earth those other three will do from there--when do I find out?

As to your note-card questions: Yes, the story holds me. Once the men escape, I thought technically (not seeing quite how the whole will fit) that going into the Kolosh chief's thoughts, back to the Russian governor with his hangover, took me away from where I wanted to be. I liked the four men wondering whether a ship was coming after them, didn't so much care (or perhaps could imagine) the scene in New Archangel. On a purely what-if level, it seems to me that there would be more suspense and tension if we had not gone back to NA, if we wondered and feared the coming of a ship or canoes... Melander always listening fore, port, and starboard for ships, aft for Russians and Indians.

Any unbelievable points: no. I'm a pretty willing reader. You establish Braaf as a prime stickyfinger and I'll believe he can lift all those things; you give Melander a good headful of sense, so I trust him. I get no picture of the Russians or miserable aspect of New Archangel (freedom being an elusive vision): I'm told they're this way and that, but lacking a scene/s at the mill or smithy or fish-salting factory, some direct cruelty, some direct picture of crummy food or cold barracks or more that makes life there Deathly Dull, I have to take the narrator/men's word for it. From the 20th c. vantage, knowing 19th c. men were hyped, it is still a bit hard to believe men would end up out there: I guess I'd like a bit more about such stories of going off and making a fortune, escaping the law, tales told and pamphletsful of promises.

That there kind of takes care of "what more"; less: as noted, less historifying perhaps unless it's converted to thought or dialogue, the telling of the tale in some way other than clumps.

Prose: delicate and lively and well controlled: yours. Not many writers write your kind of prose. I like it very much. Once or twice I made a notation on the ms--something like "ark" being too heavy--but 99% reads well. The voice is distant; I like to be drawn in a bit more, but you are consistent now. I think it's fine.

Thank you for the opportunity to read this half of the book. I look forward to the whole thing, between hardcovers.

Irene

Diane Zink

- Cedar – silver?

canoe – how far cd travel in a night?

Diane: 15-20 mi on gd day; fog, wind in faces, too

- ID Dixon entrance

canoe paddles, salt spray make hands raw, bruised (betn thumb & index finger)

- M: toughen hands beforehand?
- muscles break in, don't get sore again
- aches in shoulder blade; switch paddle side to side to rest one shoulder
- stern canoeist: steersman
- Ketchikan: Nathan Jackson (Diane has address)
  - native carver; wd pay a canoeing
- wd. be working hardest at first
- paddle has to turn in hand to steer, each stroke; strongest paddler shd steer; B & W as rookies ought be in middle.
- pilot: rock cod; cd weigh 7-8#

- grave totems not all that tall

- 3 times/winter, 80 mph – hi winds often c tide changes – rising tide, rising wind.

  SE winds – W or N winds in real cold weather
  - cd get held up for a wk or so
  - weather clears as they come south
- (1) seasick earlier on
- hypothermia & exhaustion instead of starvation

Box 1008
Sitka 99835

1/12/81

Dear Ivan

A loft in the smithy or in the joiners shop would be good place also. I like the idea of the loft as a place to hide the provisions.

Depending on the year, there were storage hulks beached around the base of "castle hill" and in the area of the park in front of the P.O. The bilge of one of these hulks would be an alternative possibility. A bey would be necessary for access. The "open door" policy of our west did not extend to Novo Arkangelsk.

Watt has dumped alot of dollars on the bishop's house. It will finish the project, but I fear for the minute particulars.

Looking forward to your novel, have enjoyed Winter Brothers.

Best wishes,

Jane

May be leaving the Park Service, note home address. If I can be of any further help let me know.

19 Jan. '82

Dear Gene--

Thanks immensely for the prompt response. And I'm glad my loft idea sounds reasonable to you. You did me the added favor, in suggesting the bilge of one of the hulks, of confirming another of my plot turns. I have my Swedes ~~origin~~ originally using one of the hulks for their cache, being discovered by someone who threatens to turn them in, then having to switch everything to another hidey-hole, i.e. the smithy loft. But I hadn't thought of the need for a key to get into the hulk, so will have to try do something about that, now.

I'm glad to hear the bishop's house is coming along, less glad to hear you may be going from the Park Service. It's really a blighted time for anyone trying to do public service; my wife is a community college prof down here, and this state seems truly on the financial skids.

However it turns out for you, my best wishes. I'll pass along a copy of The Sea Runners when it's published next fall.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 98105

Department of Scandinavian
Languages and Literature

January 21, 1982

Dear Mr. Doig,

Further to our little conversation yesterday I wanted to call you with a further suggestion of a "haunting" dessert. Although the "sötgröt" with plenty of cinnamon and sugar and even a dab of melting butter in a hollow on the top would certainly qualify as the object of hallucinations, our Swede from Nordmark parish (in the province of Värmland) might also dream about "myltgröt," a kind of compote made from cloudberries and sugar and a traditional dessert in the more northern regions of Sweden. This would probably make more sense if the onesided diet of salted fish has resulted in a vitamin deficiency and a craving for these berries which are very rich in vitamin C. The very name of the dish has a somewhat oldfashioned, homey and provincial ring to it.

cloudberries in sugar in syrup.

The reason I am writing this is that I seem to have lost your phone number (maybe I wrote it down on the piece of paper I then gave to you). Thanks to the only Doig listing in the phone book I managed to get your address. I also wanted to mention that a graduate student of mine from the department of Comparative Literature was in my office today. He became very enthusiastic when he saw your Montana book which you so kindly gave me and he extolled it "to the sky." This Thomas Mengert from Tacoma is a very fine and extremely intelligent student. I promised to find out whether you would permit him to contact you. If you have no objections, would you please let me have your phone number again to pass on to him? x Personally, I'm very much looking forward to reading your book.

Sincerely,

Lars Warme

x or else, here's his number:
(1) 584-0994

20 January, 1982

Dear Mr. Doig:

The plants are still pretty dormant early in March. Salmonberry and blueberry buds are beginning to swell. Last year was very unusual and the blueberries were blooming in February. Someone mentioned that the skunk cabbage might begin to poke its nose (rolled leaves) up early in March, but I havn't taken notice of this.

Blueberries, huckleberries and salmonberries all are blooming in April. Hope this information helps.

Sincerely,

Mary

Mary Muller

Hello Joan -
Guess we can't help much on this one.

Don

7 January '82

Dear Gene--

This is partly an overdue thanks, for pitching in with the Mullers to help me be accurate about New Archangel lumber and the wood used by the shipwrights. Also for the Blake quote; I've found in the last year and a half that New Archangel's history is indeed an infinity of particulars to be minutely organized.

One of those particulars is my other reason for writing. I'm doing the checking on the manuscript, trying to verify the details of New Archangel and its life which make up the first third of my novel. One perplexity of my plot has been where my four characters could hide all the provisions for their escape. What came to mind was something I remembered from the blacksmith shops and machine sheds of the Montana ranches I grew up on, boards placed across the rafters to make an impromptu loft; anything that went up there generally was forgotten for years. So I guessed that there might have been something of that order in the New Archangel blacksmith shop. I'd much appreciate it if you'd tell me whether this descriptive paragraph is too far-fetched, and if it is, whether there's some other detail of New Archangel buildings which might provide a plausible hiding place for a canoeload of provisions:

> "The sill loft was a narrow platform, like a span of board ceiling, laid across the center of the rafters of the smithing shop. Wood to make windowsills and doorframes was stowed there winter-long in the heat rising from the forges, to forestall warp or shrinkage; until the summer building season came, no one paid the loft any mind."

I hope things are going well with you. I watch with apprehension the trend in government funding, these days--away from bishop's houses to missiles.

best regards

7 Jan. '82

Dear Miss Miller--

Going over my novel for a final time before shipping it to the publisher at the end of this month, I've tripped over what I hope is the last nit-picking question of detail. I have in my manuscript an offhand reference to the R-A Company steamship paying a visit to the Ozherskoi redoubt "eighteen miles" from New Archangel, but can't find in my files the source for that. First of all, am I right that the steamship could have gone to Ozherskoi? (I don't have access here at home to maps with enough detail to show me.) Second, if it could, is that distance right? I find on p. 156 of Tikhmenev's history a reference to Ozherskoi being "thirty versts" from Sitka--which would be twenty miles--and then on p. 422 "fifteen versts", which would be ten miles. Finally, would be redoubt be best described as southeast from New Archangel, or south?

We've had a couple of inches of snow here this week, and Seattle gets paralyzed when that happens. I've huddled in at home and kept at work.

best regards

7 Jan. '82

Dear Don and Mary--

A quick progress report on the novel, and one more--I hope the last--question of detail.

I met with Tom Stewart, the Atheneum editor-in-chief, just before Christmas, and he said he'd like to bring out the book (did I ever tell you it'll be called The Sea Runners?) as early as possible in the fall, so it can gather reviews. My hope is that'll translate to early September. Coincidentally, HBJ will bring out the Harvest paperback of Winter Brothers at about the same time. Stewart since has read my manuscript and proclaims to like it immensely; I'm now doing my final touching-up of it, which should be finished by Feb. 1. If I possibly can, I'll get a bound galley to you so you can see what this thing has turned out to be.

Mary, I have a paragraph late in the book saying my Swedes have come down from the northern winter into not-winter, and talk a bit there about signs of spring along the coast. The time by then is early March. Is there a Sitka sign of spring, that early, that I could include in this overview--salmonberry starting to bud, certain geese or ducks back from the south (I'd love to use hummingbirds, but I guess they're not till later?), anything that comes to mind to Sitkans as a first hint of spring? If there's nothing that early, that's okay too--I just don't want to miss a bet if there is some notable harbinger.

We've had about two inches of snow here this week, and Seattle has been either stopped dead in its tracks or badly lurching. I've sat home quietly writing.

all best

25 Nov. '81

Dear Korte and Dee--

Thanks for agreeing to look this over for me. I'm no canoeist myself, so anything you can offer will be a bonus to me. I've had these pieces of manuscript read by a couple of other people who've canoed in Alaskan waters, but nobody who has made a voyage of the distance you did.

My book is a fictional version of an actual incident in the winter of 1852-3: four Swedes ran away from their indenturement to the Russians at Sitka, by stealing a canoe and heading south. About six weeks later, the three who survived were found, in rough shape, at Willapa Bay by James Swan's oystering buddies.

So: if you'd look over these ms chunks and see if I have anything inaccurate or inadequate, that'd help. Then if you've any impressions to add, from your own trip, I'd be glad to hear them: what the campsites were like, wide beach or not, or any beach at all, for instance; what was hardest about the trip, what was best, that sort of thing.

A bit of a guide to what's going on in the ms pieces, and my particular concern in each:

pp.63-65--They're escaping from Sitka the night after Christmas, 1853 (Russian calendar, that is: January 7). Is the description of the canoe's motion plausible, and the feel of the darkness and peril of water believable?

p. 79--does this convey the relentless forest along the shore? I came down the route, but aboard the U. of Alaska oceanography ship, not a canoe, and so could use any water-level observations you might have.

pp.84-5--Here I'm trying to show some of the problems of sorting out chores. Anything out of your own experience recommend itself here?

pp. 87-8--Here I'm trying for some sensation of the paddling days. Again, the details are from my shipboard passage, and I'd be glad to have any others.

pp. 104-111--This is their crossing of Dixon Entrance (Kaigani Strait on the Russian map they had). It's meant to be dramatic, even somewhat melodramatic; let me know if it sounds reasonable to you, hmm?

Sorry I haven't been able to get over and talk to you about this; have been tied to the typewriter. If you could manage to get your comments to me by Dec. 7, that'd help a lot.

again, thanks.

24 November 1981

Swedish Information Service
1960 Jackson
San Francisco, California

I'm at work on a novel about four men from Sweden who were indentured to the Russian-American Company in Alaska in the early 1850's, and I wonder if you could provide me whatever travel and/or historical information you have about Gotland, as an aid to me as background for one of my characters. I'd particularly appreciate anything about the community of Slite. One specific question: has Slite historically been a fishing community, and if so, what species of fish has been the most important commercial harvest?

cordially

Ivan Doig

22 November 1981

Dear Mrs. Shalkop--

My deep thanks, both for your own helpful letter and for referring me to Mr. Petrov, who has been of great aid to me on my questions about New Archangel Christmas. It's a small enough token, but I would like you to have the enclosed copy of my first book.

With Mr. Petrov's help, I think now I can fashion a reasonable version of the New Archangel holiday season in 1853--Christmas Eve a solemn day, Christmas Day with religious observance in the morning and the Russian men making their visits to one another in the afternoon, then on the next night a celebration at the Governor's house (from the accounts of visitors to New Archangel in this era, it seems there would likely have been a holiday gathering of some sort).

The one other church matter I'll be mentioning in my novel will be a brief reference by one of my characters who'll wonder aloud if the story is true that the finger of a martyr was buried beneath St. Michael's. Another man answers that he doubts it, how would the finger have found its way to New Archangel? (Since my characters are indentured Swedes, they are not greatly respectful of the Russians and St. Micahel's.) If you can suggest anything I ought to add to or subtract from that tale, which I came across somewhere in my research, I'd be glad to hear of it. But as I say, it will be a passing reference, and the help of you and Mr. Petrov on the holiday observances has been the major aid.

best regards

Ivan Doig

Same as in Europe, Christmas was not a great secular holiday until Queen Victoria's husband invented Christmas celebrations, Christams tree and all those things. You can check out the history of Christmas and see that not much was done until the end of 19 century.

October 20, 1981
Antoinette Shalkop
4980 Castle Court
Anchorage, Alaska 99504
(907) 337-2648

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 ---10th Avenue N. W.
Seattle, Washington
98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

I have your letter of October 18.

It is very kind of Isabel Miller and Phyllis DeMuth to give me credit for a knowledge of Russian Orthodox customs. I will tell you what I can, but the documents I work with do not give details on the behavoir of people that was customary.

First of all let me give you the facts I know. On the subject of "pure Tuesday" there are two possibilities:

> "Velikii Vtornik" Great Tuesday, which the Tuesday before Easter and "Svetlyi Vtornik" which is the first Tuesday after Easter. "Svetlyi" means sacred (literally 'light') and I suspect that "Pure Tuesday" is this Tuesday.

Yes, according to new style, it would have been January 6. To the Russians, of course, it would have been December 25 and the Christmas celebrations would have been held the next day on the 26th. As a rule, religious services and celebrations always came before any other occupations and feasts. The Governor and the officers would have behaved in the most solemn manner so as to set an example to the lower ranks.

For more details and accuracy I would like to refer you to a well known Russian writer, Victor P. Petrov, who has written many short stories, novels and historical studies in Russian language on the subject of Russian America. Mr. Petrov also is very well acquainted with Russian religious customs and would be able to tell precisely how Christmas would have been celebrated in Sitka during the Russian days. I suggest to you that you write to him; you will find him helpful and his advice would be most valuable because it will be authentic and accurate. I, personally, would have to borrow information in various sources and could give you an unsatisfactory description. And I think that it is important that you give a truthful picture in your novel.

I am also writing to Mr. Petrov, myself, and telling him about your inquiries; thus, if you write to him, he will not be surprised.

I hope that you will be able to find the information you need; and, I will be happy to help you with anything I know anytime.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

Antoinette

Mr. Petrov's address:

Mr. Victor P. Petrov
8919 Battery Road
Alexandria, Virginia
22308
(703) 780-2071

18 October 1981

Dear Mrs. Shalkop--

For the past year and half I've been at work on a novel which begins at New Archangel in the winter of 1852-53, and am now at the point where I can take the advice of Isabel Miller at the Sitka Historical Society and Phyllis DeMuth at the Alaska Historical Library, to see whether you can clarify a few historical details about St. Michael's Cathedral.

--One scene I've written is to occur on the night of Russian Christmas. Am I correct that the date of that in 1853 would have been Jan. 6? Also, would the church bells have resounded at specific times that night--that is, at any certain hours in accordance with a schedule of worship?

--Would there have been a celebration--a banquet, music, dancing--that night at the governor's house, "Baranov's Castle;" or would the Russian officials have spent the late-evening hours in church?

I'm sorry to have to bother you on such details, but Isabel and Phyllis tell me that from your research you're the most likely person to have answers, and I do want to be accurate. I might explain that my novel involves Swedes who were indentured to the Russian-American Company, so the Russian Orthodox life of New Archangel hasn't made itself as evident in my research as I might wish. I hope your own endeavors have been going well.

many regards

Ivan Doig

p.s. While I'm writing: I've come across a reference to "Pure Tuesday"; at what point in the Russian Orthodox holy season does that occur?

18 Oct. '81

Dear Bill--

I've hit a point in my Sitka manuscript where I have to begin asking people who really know about things how much I've mucked up my version of those matters. So, if you'd be game to look over these few pages for me...

They're from the part of the book where my Swedes have got out of New Archangel and are about to begin their long stint of paddling toward Astoria, and I'm trying to show--particularly to non-Western readers who think Alaska and Seattle are next-door to each other--the magnitude of water and weather they face. So it's to be a rather rhetorical section, but I also want not to make dumb mistakes that'll leap out at anyone who knows, say, the oceanography or meteorology. Please tell me any problems you spot in this, hmm? I guess I'm particularly concerned about the Japanese Current stuff I have in there. The notion of Kuroshio coming all those miles is seductive to a writer, but can I get by with saying Kuroshio curls north and collides with Gulf of Alaska colder water, or ought I to call that the Alaska Current? I wanted not to introduce one more oceanographic phenomenon if I can get away with it, but the more important thing is to be accurate.

feel free to write in the ms margins →

One more bit of help out of your expertise, if you will. Later in the book--it'll be roughly late-February or early March by calendar time--I'll have a section about the canoemen having passed from winter into beginnings of spring, as they've come south. One of those spring beginnings I'd like to have would be the first creakings, crackings, whatever, of the Alaskan and BC rivers starting toward break-up, some months ahead. Again, am I accurate in that--can get by with saying something like, "within the white (gray?) rivers, currents have just begun to pry at their winter roofs of ice"? If so, can you suggest a half-dozen or so rivers I might name, in a kind of tone-poem--Yukon and Stikene and something and something, that sort of thing?

Well, that's the business part. The pleasure part is, will the Reeburghs be coming to town, pre-Christmas or any other time? We thought we'd pass the word that our house will be available Dec. 20-26--we're going to NY and NJ, for the sake of both this book and holidaying with Carol's folks--if you'd be happening through here any time then. If you're coming earlier, please consider this place home for a couple of days; it ain't the U Tower, but we do have beds. I should be out of the real work on this manuscript by early December--even if I'm not, I'm usually just glazed from about 7 till 5, more or less human by suppertime and evening--and Carol is done with exams by Dec. 10. So, come if you can. Carol and I have had a couple of Sunday lunches at Ivar's recently, practicing up for you.

all best

Ivan

26 October 1981

Dear Ivan,

I received your letter last week and am sorry to have taken this long to reply. I'm glad to hear your Sitka manuscript is moving along.

I've gone over the few pages you sent and took the liberty of bouncing them off of Tom Royer, who made a few comments about currents and weather and suggested enclosing the map. The main thing is that the wind and current were against your Swedes, which makes their feat all the more remarkable.

You had some questions about rivers. "Prying at their roofs of ice"is accurate--rivers don't often freeze solid and there is some water moving under the ice during the dead of winter. The distinctive thing about glacially-fed rivers is how opaque they are-- milky brown usually. They usually clear up in the winter when the glaciers slow down. Breakup isn't as spectacular in Southeast as it in in the interior of Alaska. Rivers and lakes are usually about the last thing to melt here-- the river ice is sort of lifted up and floated away. In Southeast my impression is that breakup is the point where precipitation changes from solid to liquid.

There are relatively few large rivers in Southeast Alaska, The Taku, the Stikine, its tributary the Tanzilla, the Unuk, the Skeena and the Fraser. If you want to get out of your story area, there is the Alsek, the Copper, the Susitna, and in Bristol Bay, the Kvichak, the Nushagak, the Kuskokwim, and on around to the Yukon and its tributaries. Many of the interior Canadian rivers seem to be named after people who probably post-date your Swedes.

Williwaws, which are katabatic winds or density flows from cold snowfields that roar (sometimes in excess of 100 mph) down valleys, often have local names. I recall hearing them called Takus or Taku winds around Juneau.

Carelyn, Nancy, Peter and I were on the East coast this summer and we bought a Dasher wagon and drove it back in August. I was at sea in the Aleutians for most of September. Scott completed his pilot's license last spring and worked in the Brooks Range again last summer. I'm trying hard to stay at home, so it doesn't look like I'll be through Seattle until February or April. I m timing the ski races in the Arctic Winter Games and have been involved in all kinds of USSA stuff this Fall. Peter joined Cubs, so Carelyn and I are back into that.

We're starting to go through college catalogs now. Scott is interested in engineering and it seems like he's interested in Colorado or Colorado State. As a result of the trip this summer, Nancy has decided it's either Northwestern or Wisconsin. Pete is still fired up about astronomy, but we haven't had a good clear night in an age and haven't used the telescope much.

Best regards,

Bill

4 Nov. '81

Dear Bill--

Thanks for the prompt look-over of the ms pages. I'll tidy it in the directions you and Tom indicated.

When Carol and I went to vote last night, lo and behold one of the election judges was Carolyn Cannon (?)--do I have that name quite right, wife of oceanographer Glen? Talked for a few minutes, she volunteered the info that she much enjoyed showing Barbara's kids around Seattle.

Hope we'll see you soon after the New Year, if you make it through town.

all best

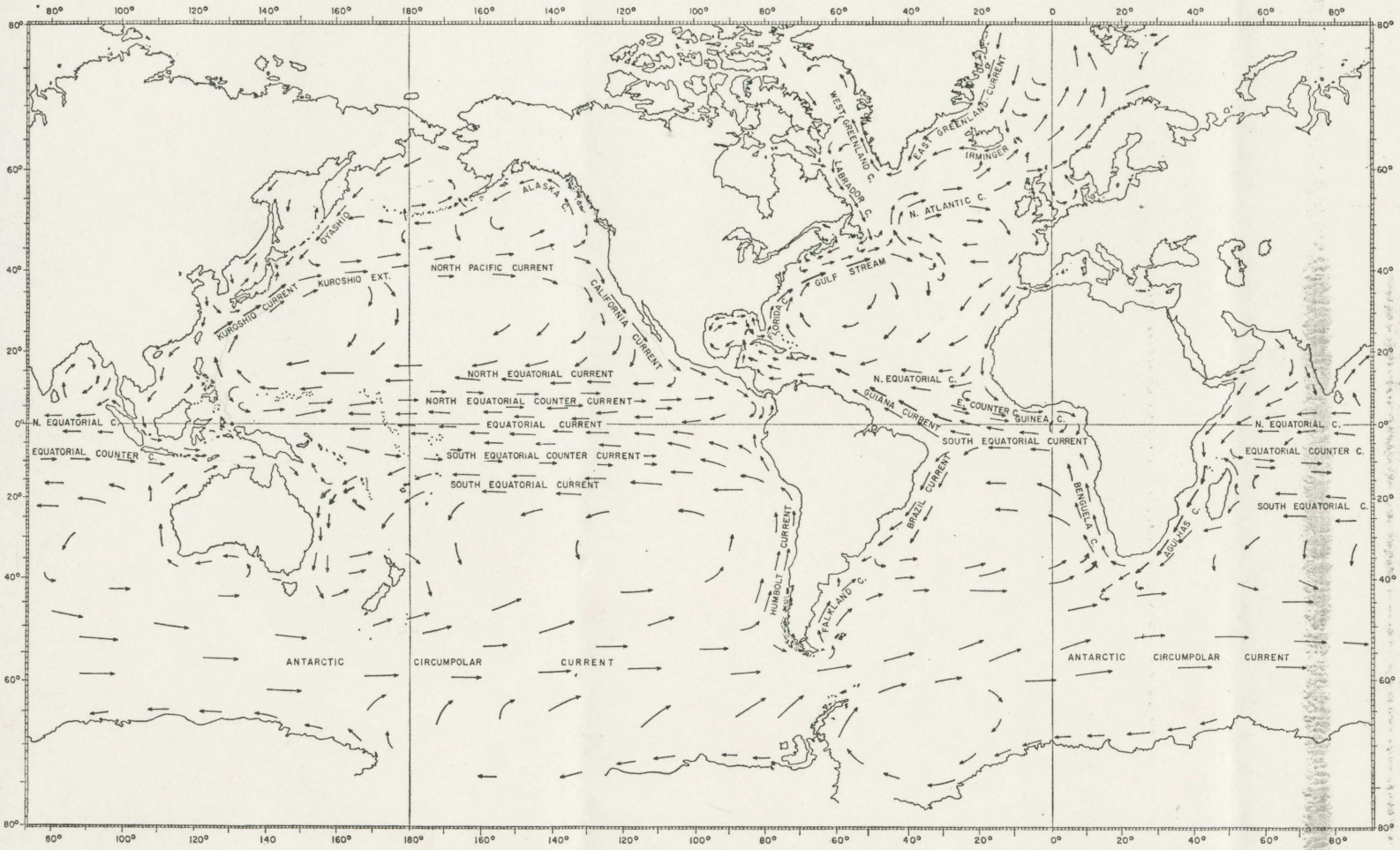


Fig. 7.1 Major features of the surface circulation of the oceans.

The Alaska Current brings relatively warm water northward. It apparently is a very broad and fairly slow moving flow. It does supply enormous amounts of heat to the overlying atmosphere, which creates intense storm systems over the Gulf of Alaska. These storms which feed on the warm water are contained within the borders of the Gulf of Alaska by very high coastal mountains. Thus, storms which move across the North Pacific stagnate in the Gulf of Alaska. They either die there after intensifying or ~~as~~ occasionally move southward along the S.E. Alaska coast to the Pacific Northwest. ~~The~~ ~~storm~~ Regardless of their movement, they will be manifested by northward (southerly) winds in S.E. Alaska.

Alaska trip

need - check c
Don Muller's wife

smell of yellow cedar near shipyds - ambrosial
(white?) - suggested by Gene Ervine

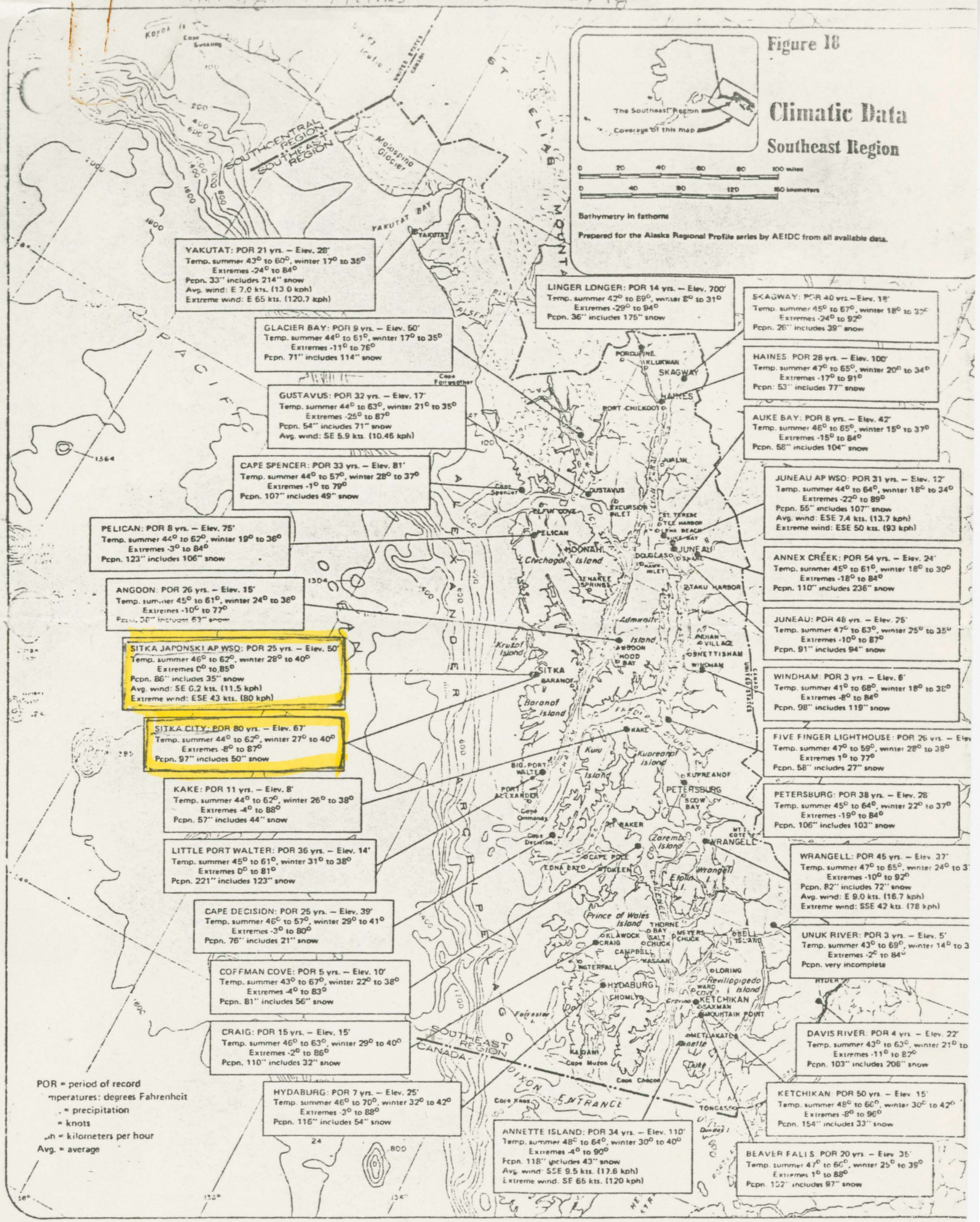


Figure 18
Climatic Data
Southeast Region
The Southeast Region
Coverage of this map
0 20 40 60 80 100 miles
0 40 80 120 160 kilometers
Bathymetry in fathoms
Prepared for the Alaska Regional Profile series by AEIDC from all available data.
YAKUTAT: POR 21 yrs. – Elev. 28'
Temp. summer 43° to 60°, winter 17° to 35°
Extremes -24° to 84°
Pcpn. 33" includes 214" snow
Avg. wind: E 7.0 kts. (13.0 kph)
Extreme wind: E 65 kts. (120.7 kph)
GLACIER BAY: POR 9 yrs. – Elev. 50'
Temp. summer 44° to 61°, winter 17° to 35°
Extremes -11° to 76°
Pcpn. 71" includes 114" snow
GUSTAVUS: POR 32 yrs. – Elev. 17'
Temp. summer 44° to 63°, winter 21° to 35°
Extremes -25° to 87°
Pcpn. 54" includes 71" snow
Avg. wind: SE 5.9 kts. (10.46 kph)
CAPE SPENCER: POR 33 yrs. – Elev. 81'
Temp. summer 44° to 57°, winter 28° to 37°
Extremes -1° to 79°
Pcpn. 107" includes 49" snow
PELICAN: POR 8 yrs. – Elev. 75'
Temp. summer 44° to 62°, winter 19° to 36°
Extremes -3° to 84°
Pcpn. 123" includes 106" snow
ANGOON: POR 26 yrs. – Elev. 15'
Temp. summer 45° to 61°, winter 24° to 36°
Extremes -10° to 77°
Pcpn. 36" includes 63" snow
SITKA JAPONSKI AP WSO: POR 25 yrs. – Elev. 50'
Temp. summer 46° to 62°, winter 28° to 40°
Extremes 0° to 85°
Pcpn. 86" includes 35" snow
Avg. wind: SE 6.2 kts. (11.5 kph)
Extreme wind: ESE 43 kts. (80 kph)
SITKA CITY: POR 80 yrs. – Elev. 67'
Temp. summer 44° to 62°, winter 27° to 40°
Extremes -8° to 87°
Pcpn. 97" includes 50" snow
KAKE: POR 11 yrs. – Elev. 8'
Temp. summer 44° to 62°, winter 26° to 38°
Extremes -4° to 88°
Pcpn. 57" includes 44" snow
LITTLE PORT WALTER: POR 36 yrs. – Elev. 14'
Temp. summer 45° to 61°, winter 31° to 38°
Extremes 0° to 81°
Pcpn. 221" includes 123" snow
CAPE DECISION: POR 25 yrs. – Elev. 39'
Temp. summer 46° to 57°, winter 29° to 41°
Extremes -3° to 80°
Pcpn. 76" includes 21" snow
COFFMAN COVE: POR 5 yrs. – Elev. 10'
Temp. summer 43° to 67°, winter 22° to 38°
Extremes -4° to 83°
Pcpn. 81" includes 56" snow
CRAIG: POR 15 yrs. – Elev. 15'
Temp. summer 46° to 63°, winter 29° to 40°
Extremes -2° to 86°
Pcpn. 110" includes 32" snow
HYDABURG: POR 7 yrs. – Elev. 25'
Temp. summer 46° to 70°, winter 32° to 42°
Extremes -3° to 88°
Pcpn. 116" includes 54" snow
LINGER LONGER: POR 14 yrs. – Elev. 700'
Temp. summer 42° to 69°, winter 8° to 31°
Extremes -29° to 94°
Pcpn. 36" includes 175" snow
SKAGWAY: POR 40 yrs. – Elev. 18'
Temp. summer 45° to 67°, winter 18° to 32°
Extremes -24° to 92°
Pcpn. 26" includes 39" snow
HAINES: POR 28 yrs. – Elev. 100'
Temp. summer 47° to 65°, winter 20° to 34°
Extremes -17° to 91°
Pcpn. 53" includes 77" snow
AUKE BAY: POR 8 yrs. – Elev. 42'
Temp. summer 46° to 65°, winter 15° to 37°
Extremes -15° to 84°
Pcpn. 58" includes 104" snow
JUNEAU AP WSO: POR 31 yrs. – Elev. 12'
Temp. summer 44° to 64°, winter 18° to 34°
Extremes -22° to 89°
Pcpn. 55" includes 107" snow
Avg. wind: ESE 7.4 kts. (13.7 kph)
Extreme wind: ESE 50 kts. (93 kph)
ANNEX CREEK: POR 54 yrs. – Elev. 24'
Temp. summer 45° to 61°, winter 18° to 30°
Extremes -18° to 84°
Pcpn. 110" includes 236" snow
JUNEAU: POR 48 yrs. – Elev. 25'
Temp. summer 47° to 63°, winter 25° to 35°
Extremes -10° to 87°
Pcpn. 91" includes 94" snow
WINDHAM: POR 3 yrs. – Elev. 6'
Temp. summer 41° to 68°, winter 18° to 30°
Extremes -8° to 84°
Pcpn. 98" includes 119" snow
FIVE FINGER LIGHTHOUSE: POR 26 yrs. – Elev.
Temp. summer 47° to 59°, winter 28° to 38°
Extremes 1° to 77°
Pcpn. 58" includes 27" snow
PETERSBURG: POR 38 yrs. – Elev. 28'
Temp. summer 45° to 64°, winter 22° to 37°
Extremes -19° to 84°
Pcpn. 106" includes 103" snow
WRANGELL: POR 45 yrs. – Elev. 37'
Temp. summer 47° to 65°, winter 24° to 3
Extremes -10° to 92°
Pcpn. 82" includes 72" snow
Avg. wind: E 9.0 kts. (16.7 kph)
Extreme wind: SSE 42 kts. (78 kph)
UNUK RIVER: POR 3 yrs. – Elev. 5'
Temp. summer 43° to 69°, winter 14° to 3
Extremes -2° to 84°
Pcpn. very incomplete
DAVIS RIVER: POR 4 yrs. – Elev. 22'
Temp. summer 43° to 63°, winter 21° to
Extremes -11° to 82°
Pcpn. 103" includes 208" snow
KETCHIKAN: POR 50 yrs. – Elev. 15'
Temp. summer 48° to 66°, winter 30° to 42°
Extremes -8° to 96°
Pcpn. 154" includes 33" snow
BEAVER FALLS: POR 20 yrs. – Elev. 35'
Temp. summer 47° to 60°, winter 25° to 39°
Extremes 1° to 88°
Pcpn. 152" includes 97" snow
ANNETTE ISLAND: POR 34 yrs. – Elev. 110'
Temp. summer 48° to 64°, winter 30° to 40°
Extremes -4° to 90°
Pcpn. 118" includes 43" snow
Avg. wind: SSE 9.5 kts. (17.6 kph)
Extreme wind: SE 65 kts. (120 kph)
POR = period of record
mperatures: degrees Fahrenheit
. = precipitation
= knots
ph = kilometers per hour
Avg. = average
SOUTHCENTRAL REGION
SOUTHEAST REGION
Malaspina Glacier
YAKUTAT BAY
YAKUTAT
PACIFIC OCEAN
Cape Fairweather
PORCUPINE
KLUKWAN
SKAGWAY
HAINES
FORT CHILKOOT
JUNEAU
GUSTAVUS
EXCURSION INLET
ELFIN COVE
PELICAN
HOONAH
Chichagof Island
TENAKEE SPRINGS
DOUGLAS
TAKU HARBOR
Admiralty Island
ANGOON
HOOD BAY
INDIAN VILLAGE
OHNETTISHAM
WINDHAM
SITKA
BARANOF
Baranof Island
Kruzof Island
KAKE
Kuiu Island
Kupreanof Island
KUPREANOF
PETERSBURG
SCOW BAY
BIG PORT WALTER
PORT ALEXANDER
Cape Ommaney
Cape Decision
MT. BAKER
Zarembo Island
WRANGELL
CAPE POLE
EDNA BAY
STOKEN
Wrangell I.
Etolin I.
Prince of Wales Island
THORNE BAY
KLAWOCK
CRAIG
SALT CHUCK
MEYERS CHUCK
OBELL ISLAND
CAMPBELL
KASAAN
WATERFALL
LORING
HYDABURG
CHOMLY
WARD COVE
Revillagigedo Island
KETCHIKAN
SAXMAN
MOUNTAIN POINT
METLAKATLA
Annette
Duke
KADIAN
Cape Muzon
Cape Chacon
Cape Knox
DIXON ENTRANCE
TONGASS
SOUTHEAST REGION
CANADA
Dundas I.

- from Isabel Miller

they became three.

In the galaxy of frontier enclaves sparked into creation by imperialism, New Archangel was a mapdot unlike any other. Simultaneously a far-north backwater port and capital of a territory greater than France and Spain and England and Ireland together, the settlement ran on Russian capacities for hard labor and doggedness, and was kept from running any better than it did by Russian penchants for muddle and infighting. New Archangel here fifty years after its founding still stood forth in the image of its progenitor, the stumpy and tenacious Aleksandr Andreevich Baranov, first governor of Russian America and contriver of the Russian-American Company's system of fur-gathering. Historians exclaim of Baranov, like Napoleon, that he was a little great man, for Baranov it was who in 1791 began to stretch Russian strength from the Aleutian chain of atolls down the great arc of Alaska's coast, bending or breaking the native cultures along the route one after another: Aleuts chastened into becoming the Russians' seasonal hunters of seals and sea otters, people of the Kenai cajoled into allegiance by Baranov's mating with the daughter of the foremost chief, stubbornly combative Tlingits--whom the Russians dubbed Kolosh--at last in 1804 dislodged from Sitka Sound by the cannonades of one of the Tsar's gunships.

The dictionary says atolls are Coral in origin which does not apply to the Aleutians.

Baranov had true need of Sitka. The most sizable and best-sheltered harbor indenting the archipelagic shoreline of southeastern Alaska, Sitka Sound represented the maritime ringhold into which Russian influence could be firmly knotted. Along virtually all of that stupendous Alaskan

coast the mountains drop sheer to the Pacific, spruce slopes like green avalanches into the seawater. But at Sitka the deep notch of bay is sided by a handy shelf of shore. And a further grudging bequest of topography, at the shore's southmost hook a knoll of rock some forty feet in elevation and four times as broad pokes up like a helmet. Amid the coastline of shoulder to shoulder mountains, this single odd granite callus is the strategic bayside point: the Kolosh employed the mound as their stronghold and Baranov seized the commanding perch for his own thicklogged bastion.

In this summer of 1852, the estimable Aleksandr Andreevich three decades dead, a double-storied governor's house still called Baranov's Castle squats there in the air at the mound-end of New Archangel's single street. At the opposite extent rises the onion dome and carrot spire of the comely little Russian Orthodox cathedral. Betwixt and around, the habitations of New Archangel amount to two hundred or so squared-log buildings, many painted a ~~pale~~ not pale but bright yellow yellow as though they were seaside cottages. Their rooflines are hipped, slanting down in all four directions from the ridgepole; where gables have been fashioned in, they are windowed with small spoked semicircles of glass, like half-suns which never manage either to set or to rise. A burly-looking low-slung town, New Archangel is, beneath the lording styles of cathedral and Castle.

One aspect further, and this one the startling oddity. This port of Russian America has a larger fleet of ships permantly aland than are usually to be found in its harbor. When they can no longer be safely

sailed, hulks are winched onto shore and then improvised upon as needed. ("The Tsar's notion of an unsinkable squadron," Melander of course has gibed.) Of the first two, beached into usefulness in Baranov's time, one hulk had been used as a church and the other as a gun battery--a pairing of enterprises, canon and cannon, which may have caused the Kolosh to ponder a bit about their new landlords. Its habit of collecting hull-corpses lends New Archangel, as one visitor summed it, "an original, foreign, and fossilized kind of appearance."

The morning after Braaf joined the escape plan, Karlsson emerges from around a corner of the cathedral, on his way from the Scandinavian workmen's barracks a short span to its north, and walks the brief dirt street between God's domain and the Governor's. So deft with an ax that he often is lent to help with the shaping of a mainmast, Karlsson has been delegated to work this day with the shipbuilding crew. But before reaching the shipyard just beyond Baranov's Castle, he veers west toward the stockade gate and the Kolosh village beyond, steps outside and along the wall toward the beach, hunkers and begins to scour the blade of his ax in the pale sand. Polishing away rust, this conscientious timberwright. And second work too, for as he squats, Karlsson from the corner of his eye studies the Kolosh canoes, prows rising in extension like the necks of fantastic horses, in their graceful rank along the beach.

All of New Archangel, stockade and cathedral and Castle and hulks and enterprises and dwellings, sits dwarfed this day by the Alaskan mountains, Verstovia and its throng of minions. Virtually atop the

town in the manner that the spire and dome crown the cathedral, the peaks are precisely those a child would draw. Sharp tall pyramids of forest, occasionally a lesser summit round as a cannonball for comparison's sake. Topknots of snow show here and there, but the color everywhere else on these stretching peaks is the black-green which only a northern coastal fir forest enmixes.

No firs in the Sitka area. Only Sitka Spruce & hemlock

As Karlsson begins hewing pine at the shipyard, Braaf materializes at the southwestern extent of the settlement, beside the eldermost of two schooner-hulks beached there. When Braaf arrived to New Archangel and it became evident that he was not, as listed on one manifest, a shipwright, nor, as supposed on another item of record, a shoemaker, and Braaf with shy innocence denied knowing how such misunderstandings possibly could have come about, a perplexed Russian-American Company clerk assigned him to the readiest unskilled job, as a cook's helper. Daily Braaf manages to use this livelihood to manufacture free time for himself, much of it spent hiding out somewhere within this maritime carcass. The hulk neighboring it yet is in service as a cannon battery aimed into the Kolosh village, but dry rot has made a casualty of this vessel of Braaf's. He slips through a gangway carpentered into the ship's hull when it became a storehouse, creeps to the forecastle, and within a particular one of the several stave-sprung barrels there makes a deposit, a walrus-ivory snuffbox which hitherto was the possession of a Russian quartermaster. Then, per Melander's instructions, Braaf begins to measure by

No pine of any sort. Surely was Spruce!

handwidths the depth and breadth--which is to say, the cache capacity--of other of these abandoned and forgotten receptacles.

Perpetually at combat with the massed mountains around Sitka Sound is the weather, changing even now, for New Archangel lives two days of three in rain and ~~much~~ oftener than that in cloud. One minute the vapor flows along the bottoms of the mountains to float all the peaks like dark icebergs. The next the cloud layer will rise and lop every crag, leaving a broad, broad plateau of forest beneath. Or imprint of stranger sort, clumps of wan light, warmths fallen through chinks in the overcast, now will pinto the forest flanks. Between times a silken rain probably has sifted into the New Archangel air, a dew standing in droplets on your clothing before you quite become aware of it, and it can be four days before you cast your next shadow. Yet the diminutive port within all this swirl is a place of queer clarity as well, its rinsed air somehow holding a tint of blue light which causes everything to stand forth: smallest swags of spruce limbs on mountains a mile off, rock skirts of the timbered islands throughout the harbor. Voices and the barking of dogs carry extraordinarily.

At mid-morning, Braaf reluctantly emerging from the direction of the hulk toward chores for the noon meal, Melander on work-break presents himself from within the saltery being constructed on the point of shoreline southeast of the cathedral. Sitka Sound shares amply in the twenty-foot tides of this region of Alaska, and on the broad exposed tideflat a pig is rooting up clams. His finds,

Tides in Sitka range from minus 8 to plus 13 or a total of 16 ft

one after another, are seized from him by ravens. Melander watches for a moment, then laughs. Other workmen inquire to him over their mugs of tea. Melander points to the raucous gulping birds: "The Castle Russians at one of their banquets." end here

Fully equal in complication and unlikelihood to its architecture and geography and weather is New Archangel's tenantry. The settlement is ruled by the Russian navy, administered by a covey of Russian-American Company clerks and other functionaries, provisioned chiefly by British ships of the rival Hudson's Bay Company, seasonally abounds with Aleut fur hunters, relies for most of its muscle work upon creoles--those born of Russian fathers and Kolosh mothers; of New Archangel's sum of about a thousand persons, this adds up to far the most sizable group--or upon Russian vagabonds given the push out of Okhotsk, and for its craftwork, such as carpentry and smithing, it imports the seven-year men from Scandinavia. Colony within a colony, the hundred and fifty or so Scandinavians mostly are Finns; Swedes such as Melander and Braaf and Karlsson make an even further minority.

Yet not even this social pyramid, sharp-tipped and broad-bottomed as the triangle peaks above the little port, takes in the most numerous populace on Sitka Sound. The Kolosh, the Sitka Tlingits. Their low-roofed longhouses straggle for nearly a mile along the beach west of New Archangel's huddle of buildings, and the stockade wall of defense

26A follows →

these Siberian vagabonds had not been encouraged onward to Russian America for habits such as nudging ducks into paddles. Thugs, thieves, hopeless sots, no few murderers, the flotsam of any vast frontier, jostled among them. ("Where," a governor of New Archangel once wrote home to a grandee of the Russian-American Company, "do you get such men?") But so did debtors, escaped serfs, those whose only instinct was to drift. Melander, by now no admirer of anything Russian, saved his contempt for the New Archangel officialdom. These others, the Okhotskans, simply had made humankind's usual blunder, forgot to get themselves highborn.

Abruptly Melander stood up, a process like staves suddenly framing themselves together into a very large scarecrow. Amid a card game several bunks away, a shipwright from Karlskrona flicked a nervous glance his way. Melander grinned at so easy a giveaway, awarded a mocking nod to his derider, and in galumphing strides went from the barracks.

start here, please

Outside held another sort of confinement, but at least airier than in. Melander as ever glanced up, as if checking a topsail, at the peak which thrust over all their lives at New Archangel, dark Verstovia. Its summit a triangle of rough rock atop a vaster triangle of firred slope, Verstovia sat up there plump and becrowned, the first presence in your life each morning, the last at every dusk. On both sides Verstovia was attended by other, snowier crags. A threefold Jericho, this place New Archangel, walled first by the

stockade, next by these tremendous mountains, and last, the distances to anywhere else of the world.

Melander moved off toward the central street of the settlement and here encountered one of the Company clerks, no doubt on his way to stroll in the Governor's hill garden. Many of the Castle Russians took such a constitutional at evening. Melander considered that more than beds of pansies and fuschias were required to sweeten the soul of any Russian. Nonetheless, "drastia," the lanky Swede said with a civil nod, and was greeted in turn. Since Melander could not rise at New Archangel, he was taking some care to stay level.

This was one of the first lengthening evenings of summer of 1852, the moment of year when New Archangel's dusk began to dawdle on until close onto midnight. The long light copied Swedish summer, so while this slow vesper of the day was the time Melander liked best, it also cast the remindful shadows of all that he had become absented from. His birthland. The sea. And his chosen livelihood. Triple tines of exile. Much to be prodded by.

Only because it afforded the most distance for his restless boots, Melander roved on west through the narrow shoreline crescent of settlement. Past log building after log building; if bulk of timbering were the standard of civilization, New Archangel would have preened grand as Stockholm. Sea-drifter he was, Melander had never got used to this hefty clamped-into-the-wilderness feel of the port-town.

"Log barns and sawdust heads," he called the style of Russian America.

In about four hundred paces from his barracks departure Melander's traipse necessarily ended, the high timbered gate of the stockade here stoppering New Archangel until morning.

Melander still needed motion. He changed course to the north. Rapidly passed the gate watchman yawning within his hut. Climbed the short knoll where the first of the stockade's blockhouses overlooked the gate. In long pulls clambered up the ladder to the catwalk beside the blockhouse. Here met the quizzing glance of the Russian sentry and muttered: "The Finns are singing in the barracks again. They sound like death arguing with the devil."

The sentry nodded in pitying savvy and returned to his watching-slot within the timbered tower. Melander was left solitary against the dusky sky, scanning out beyond Sitka Sound and its dark-treed islands schooled like furry whales, to the threadline of horizon that is the Pacific. end

A time of studying seaward. Then as if reassured that the water portion of the world still hung in place, Melander dropped his gaze until he was

Gordon

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Book of Old Ships
Culver, Henry B.

THE BRIG

THE origin of this type of rig has been variously assigned by students of the evolution of sailing craft. Some would trace its ancestry to a late 16th Century two-masted vessel similar in rig to the buss, or to the buss itself. Others claim that the early brigantine with a fore and aft mainsail was the progenitor of the brig and that the word "brig" is merely a shortening of that longer appellation. Others prefer to think that the brig is an adaptation of a three-masted ship, the mizzenmast being omitted. Whatever may have been their origin, the three terms, snow, brigantine, and brig seem at various periods to have been much confused and applied rather indiscriminately to three kinds of vessels between which we to-day would not hesitate to differentiate.

If the brig be compared with a ship deprived of its mizzenmast, we shall note some differences.

In a ship the main braces lead aft to the extreme limit of the quarter. This method is obviously more or less inapplicable to a brig, as such a lead tends to pull down upon the main yard when it is sharply braced. Although perhaps this was not always the method of leading them, the braces of the main yard as well as the main topsail yard and main topgallant sail yard lead forward. These forward main-yard braces correspond to the preventer main braces often employed in ships for hauling the weather side of the main

yard forward, instead of placing the major part of the strain upon the leeward main brace.

Other peculiarities might formerly have been noted in that brigs during the later years of the 18th Century rarely carried square main courses, their mainsails being of the fore-and-aft character, usually with a boom, the forward side or luff of the sail being attached to the after side of the mainmast by means of hoops sliding upon the mainmast. Such a brig carried a cross jack yard instead of a main yard. These characteristics differentiated the brig from the snow (*q. v.*) which carried a square mainsail in addition to its fore and aft mainsail, the latter normally rigged upon a try-sail mast. Man-of-war brigs sometimes were fitted with a "horse," that is, a vertical rope to which the luff of the fore and aft mizzen was fastened by hanks in the same manner as a stay-sail or jib. Brigs to-day are often fitted with a square mainsail in addition to their fore and aft mainsail, just as ships now usually carry square mizzen courses on their cross-jack yards. Brigs are very handy and many of them sail fast. They were a favourite medium of privateering, and it was a short step from that occupation to piracy. And the brig was what might have been termed the pirate's own vessel.

About a hundred years ago brigs were much employed in sea-going commerce. From the many delightful pictures made by Mediterranean artists, the brothers Roux, Corneille, Pellegrini and others, it would seem as if one of the main events of the career of such a vessel, if not absolutely the most important, was to have its portrait painted at Marseilles or Genoa by one of these delightful and competent artists.

Owing to this custom, we have to-day many intimate and spirited representations of these vessels, with their names and those of their masters, information which gives the key to the history of much of the shipping of the period.

Besides their regular cargoes, our vessels often brought back mementoes and treasures for the dear ones at home, carved coral, mandarin coats, laces, fine Chinese and European porcelains, the latter commodity then practically at the height of its artistic excellence.

To judge by the fine examples of many of these works of art still in the possession of the descendants of America's early seamen, the old-time ship masters must have had almost as good a weather eye for the colour and decoration of a fine Derby or Spode tea-set or the delicate modulation and paste of a Kwang He vase, as for the indications of a coming favourable breeze or for bad weather.

One has only to visit the Essex Institute and the Peabody Museum in Salem, Massachusetts, to see many examples of these treasures and the delightful old-time portraits of the vessels which brought them to this country.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO SHIPS & THE SEA

Edited by Peter Kemp

BRIDPORT, a small seaport on the coast of Dorset, England, where one of the best-known naval *ropewalks of the 17th and 18th centuries was situated. The finest *hemp was grown in the neighbourhood and by instructions from the *Navy Board in London, all anchor *cables for British warships had to be made at Bridport from the local hemp. This rule lasted until the great expansion of the navy during the Revolutionary (1793–1801) and Napoleonic (1803–15) wars against France, when the demand completely swamped the local supply. So excellent was this Bridport rope that all cables used for anchor work were known in the British Navy as Bridports. Rope is manufactured at Bridport to this day.

Originally the town appears to have been known as Buryport and it is under this name that it appears in the Armada map of the English Channel engraved by A. Ryther in 1590.

BRIDPORT, Lord, see HOOD, Alexander.

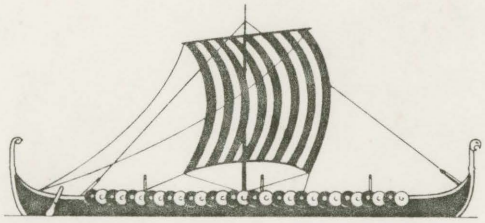
BRIERLY, Sir OSWALD WALTER (1817–94), British marine artist, was appointed marine painter to Queen Victoria and was an artist with very close connections with the Royal Navy. Born at Chester, he attended art school in London and studied naval architecture at Plymouth, and in 1839 he exhibited some drawings of ships at the Royal Academy. Later he travelled extensively, spending ten years in New Zealand. At the invitation of Captain Owen *Stanley, R.N., he accompanied him on board the **Rattlesnake* during a survey of the north and north-east coasts of Australia together with the adjacent islands, T. H. Huxley being assistant surgeon of the ship. He next made a voyage in the *Meander* at the invitation of Captain (later Admiral Sir) Henry Keppel round New Zealand and to the Friendly Isles, an account of which he illustrated. For this, and the notes and sketches made on the previous voyage, he was made a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. He was again Keppel's guest on board the *St. Jean d'Acre* with the allied fleet in the Baltic and subsequently in the Black Sea during the Crimean War (1854–56). His sketches were published in the *Illustrated London News*. After that war he was commanded by the Queen to make sketches from the Royal Yacht of the naval review at Spithead in 1856. He was under the constant patronage of the Royal Family and on the death of J. C. *Schetky in 1874 was appointed marine painter to the Queen.

Brierly was a versatile artist, and the sketches and paintings he produced during his two voyages in Australian waters, his visits to the fleet during the Crimean War, and at the 1856 naval review all show a keen observation and a lively attention to maritime detail. He was less happy when he turned his attention to historical painting and battle scenes, his bold treatment of line and colour hardly compensating for his lack of knowledge of ships of past centuries and how they fought.

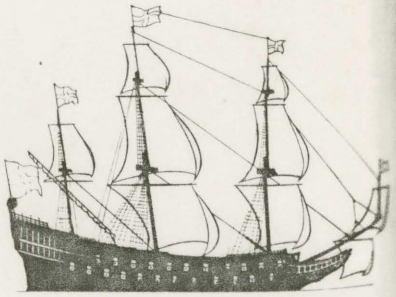
BRIG, originally an abbreviation of *brigantine, but later a type of ship in her own right after some modifications in the original rig. The true brig is a two-masted vessel square-rigged on both fore and main masts. A *hermaphrodite brig, sometimes called a brig-schooner, has the usual brig's square-rigged foremast and a *schooner's mainmast, with *fore-and-aft mainsail and square topsails. Brigs were widely used in the days of sail for short and coastal trading voyages, and there are still a few to be found today employed in local trades. They were also used widely in several navies as training ships for boys destined to become naval seamen, and in many navies were retained for this purpose long after sail had disappeared in them for good. In the British Navy the training brigs for boys lasted into the first decade of the 20th century. For illus. see RIG.

BRIGANTINE, a two-masted vessel, as a *brig, but square-rigged on the foremast and *fore-and-aft rigged on the mainmast. The name comes from the fact that these ships were favourite vessels of the sea brigands, particularly in the Mediterranean, although in their case the vessel they used was more of the *galley type used with oars. But as sea brigandage spread to the more tempestuous waters of the Atlantic and North Sea, the ships used by these new brigands took the Mediterranean name even though the type of ship changed. For illus. see RIG.

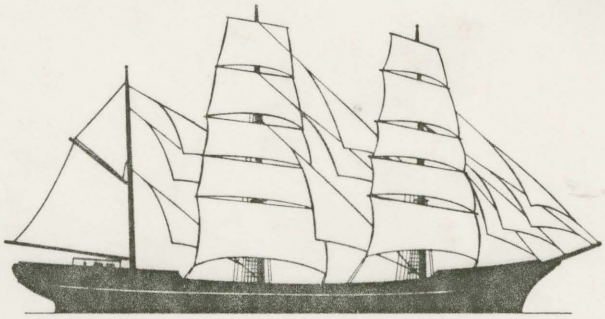
BRIN, BENEDETTO (1833–98), Italian naval administrator, could probably be justly called the 'father' of the Italian Navy when it was formed after the unification of the country in 1870. A naval engineer, he was appointed under-secretary of state of the Ministry of Marine by the minister, Admiral Saint-Bon. These two men worked very closely together, and where Saint-Bon thought out the type of ships best suited for a navy such as Italy's, Brin drew the plans and superintended their construction. In 1876 he was appointed minister and continued to develop the fleet as an organic whole. The large battleships *Dandolo* and *Italia* were of his design, as were the smaller ships of the *Garibaldi* class. He also directed his attention to the operation of shipbuilding firms, dockyards, and gun foundries. He held the Ministry of Marine for eleven years in all, and when he was finally promoted to minister for foreign affairs, he left behind him an Italian Navy which was both strong and efficient, and well backed up by manufacturing and shipbuilding capacity.



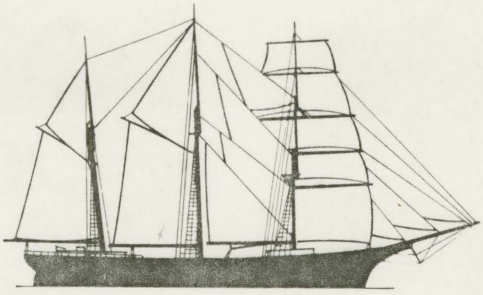
Longship



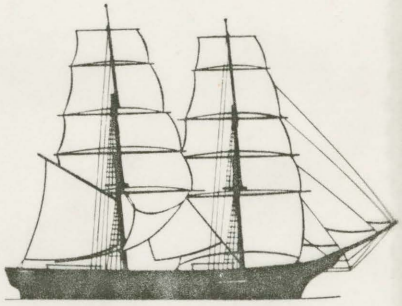
Sixteenth century rig with spritsail



Barque



Barquentine



Brig

*poops, the north European nations developing the *galleon from the *high-charged ship by eliminating the high forecastle in order to provide a more weatherly ship for the rougher waters of the north.

The general picture of square rig by the 15th and 16th centuries was a two- or three-masted vessel, carrying three square sails (*course, topsail, topgallant sail) on each mast, with a *spritsail carried below the bowsprit and an additional lateen or spritsail on the mizen-mast.

The introduction of staysails into the square rig came about the mid-17th century, and the jib replaced the spritsail below the bowsprit about fifty years later. What is known as the ship rig (square sails on all masts) remained more or less standard practice until the end of the 18th century. But with the great development of world trade during the 19th century and the consequent large increase in hull size to carry it, new sail plans incorporating some features of fore-and-aft rig were developed, the barque and *barquentine for the larger three-masted ships and the *brig or *brigantine for the two-masted. These were found to be as efficient under sail as the ship-rigged vessels and had an advantage, in terms of trade, of requiring a smaller crew through the replacement of square sails by fore-and-aft sails on the mizen-mast.

A further development during the 19th century was the introduction of the *clipper ship, though this was less a development of square rig

Mertens, 1829

SECOND EXTRACT;

Containing the Account of an Excursion made by Dr. H. Mertens, *to the summit of the Werstovoi at New Archangel, in Norfolk Sound:—from a Letter addressed to a friend at St. Petersburg.*

PREFATORY REMARKS BY ADRIAN VON CHAMISSO.

"Norfolk Sound (called Sitka or Sitcha by the Russians), of whose luxuriant vegetation this learned Naturalist here displays to our view a striking portrait, is situated in the 57th degree of north latitude, on the north-west coast of America, to the eastward of that extensive gulf formed by this part of the continent; which, again, under the 60th degree N. lat. stretches in an opposite direction westerly, being changed by a great volcanic mountain, and then prolongs itself further W.S.W. to the Peninsula Alaschka and the chain of Aleutian Islands. At the west of Norfolk Sound, a space of 4000 miles in breadth (calculating 60 to each Equatorial degree) extends between the American and the opposite Asiatic shore: interrupted only by the above-mentioned tongue of land of Alaschka. If we compare the lofty forests of Sitcha with the wintry coasts of Kamtschatka, where 4° more southerly, at St. Peter and Paul, the birch only attempts to rise into a kind of tree, we shall here find a confirmation of that law which proves, by comparing the climates of Lisbon and Philadelphia, Paris and Quebec, England and Labrador, Drontheim and Iceland, that countries, situated to the east of the sea, possess a milder temperature than those which are placed on the west of the ocean. This theory fully explains the facts. The sea is the great equalizer of temperature: just as the east winds always blow between the tropics, so do the westerly winds predominate in a higher latitude. These confer on the western shores of the continent to which they arrive, wafted over a warm sea, a milder winter; and, on the contrary, a severer one to those which they reach across a cold and

snow-covered continent. The sea-breeze, that conveys warmth in winter to the north of Europe, has first, as a land-wind from Greenland, carried cold to the island of Iceland; and the collating of meteorological observations proves indeed that an opposite state of temperature takes place in Iceland and in the north of Europe; so that our colder winters and colder months answer to milder winters and months in Iceland, and *vice versa.* But Europe is favoured above all the countries situated under the same degree of latitude. It forms the western border of the continent to which it belongs: the gulf-stream bears into the eastern portion of the Atlantic Ocean a body of waters, warm from tropical latitudes; while the continent of Africa, lying in a position with respect to Europe which in other parts of the world is held by cooling seas, heats the air which thence floats, in the upper regions of the atmosphere, from the Equator towards the Pole. The south winds, those currents of the lower strata of African atmosphere, with their glowing influence, adorn the northern skirts of the Mediterranean with the productions of the Tropics, so that the palms are even seen extending beyond the 43° N. latitude. These are among the most evident, though not perhaps the most decided proofs of the advantages which Europe enjoys as to climate. The sea-winds may not be the sole vehicle for the conveyance of heat with which our northern districts are favoured; for, according to Wahlenberg, the mean temperature of northern Europe is lower than that of the earth. Under the 46° N. lat., an equalization takes place between them; and more northerly the first decreases quicker than the other. In the north of Europe, towards the 71° N. lat., springs and winter-flowing brooks may be seen, the ground does not freeze beneath its covering of snow, and the frost never penetrates into well-protected cellars. To the north of Behring's Straits, on the contrary, the earth never thaws, nor even at the Polar Circle in Kotzebue's Sound; it is found everywhere hard frozen, a few inches below the growth of vegetation; while under that crust, and below a very thin layer of clay, the ice may

be seen in places having nothing in common with the glaciers of our own country. The Esquimaux, being unable to break the ground for the purpose of interring their dead in mother earth, lay the bodies flat on the ground, piling drift-wood above them, and placing blocks of stone on the top, to protect them from beasts of prey. The Tschuktschi, on the coast of Asia, burn their dead.

" If we collect, examine, and compare the accounts of the northern line of coast in Asia and America, the descriptions of these arctic regions will be found to agree, in all essential particulars, with what we have ourselves witnessed at Behring's Straits. The ground is everywhere frozen, and beneath the scanty verdure which sometimes clothes the soil, the ice is frequently as hard as a rock." *

" In the belief that a description of a spot which is remarkable for its botanical productions will prove more interesting to you than a whole sheetful of promises and assurances of regard, I proceed to conduct you, without farther preface, to Norfolk Sound, a place which is rich in every kind of natural beauty; and I beg leave to accompany you in an excursion from the sea-coast to the summit of the Werstovoi. By this means I hope to succeed in giving you a general idea of the vegetation of the environs of New Archangel. As it was quite low tide when we landed, we were obliged to walk for some distance over the stony spots which, at high water, are covered by the sea. A particular state of *Fucus vesiculosus* covers the sharp stones with an olive-green, moss-like covering; and by its slipperiness renders walking unpleasant: the singular *F. saccatus* was also seen here and there, while *F. ulvoides* and *F. punctatus* appeared in plenty, like red lobes

* At the mouth of the Lena and Mackenzie Rivers, what may be reckoned as the tertiary formation contains *Mammalia* of the antediluvian world. In confirmation of this fact, we here only allude to Gmelin (*Fl. Sib. Præf.*), Adams, Wrangel, Mackenzie, Franklin, Georgi (*Beschreib. des Russ. Reiches* 3. 1. p. p. 20.), though more authorities might be quoted.

woven into the green mat. Where the water stood between some of the stones, we were sure of meeting with the beautiful *F. floccosus;* and in similar situations *F. Larix* prevailed, covered with a new species, probably belonging to the *saccatus* tribe. *F. mammillosus* and *gigartinus* were not rare. On small insulated stones, grows a long intestinal *Ulva;* but *F. asplenioides* particularly attracted our attention by its lovely colours; while *F. herbaceus* lay stretched on this red ground, as if ready for the herbarium, displaying its peculiar, lettuce-like, uniform green hue. Nearer the land, you reach the boundary marked by the occasional overflowing of the sea; it is distinguished by a belt of marine plants, from which I only selected *F. Lutheanus* (n. sp.), *F. costatus, saccharinus, esculentus,* and here and there *F. edulis.* We here leave the district of the sea, and proceed, for a time, along the proper strand. *Arenaria peploides, Glaux maritima,* some creeping-rooted *Carices,* and a *Juncus* which seems to hold the place of our *maritimus,* are perhaps the first Phanerogamic Plants that occur. A few steps inland, the *Veronica serpyllifolia,* mingled generally with *V. Anagallis,* is seen growing close to the ground. This is likewise the habitat of *Potentilla anserina* and *ruthenica;* under them occurs, here and there, a very pretty small *Sisyrinchium,* glittering with beautiful blue flowers. Even at a distance, two *Plantagines* and a *Triglochin* are distinguishable from the plants already mentioned, by the peculiar hue of their green. Between these, the lovely *Dodecatheon* generally delights to grow, and in some spots a *Pedicularis* (*asplenifolia?*). But the most numerous plants on this strand are certainly an *Elymus,* that produces a most remarkable spike, and a *Bartsia,** with yellow flowers, often growing two feet high. Large individual stones are covered with a particularly beautiful *Potentilla;* among the crevices of these stones grows a most lovely *Campanula,* with large blue bells; while a three-leaved umbelliferous plant, and a *Selinum,* as it appears (here called *Petruschka*), delights in similar

* Probably our *Castilleja pallida* β. *unalaschensis,* Linn. II. p. 581. (*Ad. v. Chamisso.*)

situations. But in the shade of masses of stone, particularly inland, towards the forests, are found two species of *Angelica* and *Heracleum*, on which I am unable to decide. Among them the *Sarana** and *Fritillaria* are frequently seen. *Pisum maritimum*, *Cochlearia danica*, *Ranunculus acris*, *Galium boreale*, *Geum intermedium*, a *Rumex*, *Turritis hirsuta* and *glabra*, and a *Cardamine*, are also not uncommon. But I will detain you no longer from the forest, towards which, if you enter into my feelings, you must already have cast many a glance, and along whose border we proceeded with some difficulty, bending under branches of trees and climbing over colossal trunks, which frequently impeded the path. But farther it was impossible to penetrate; the high tide reaches the gigantic inhabitants of the forest, and we were compelled to proceed along the boarded path which the enterprising Governor Baranow formed for his own daily walking, and which is in part kept up by his successors. I dare not take you immediately into the thicket, you will be fatigued by the frequent and vain attempt to penetrate through, and thus lose the strength which is requisite for the farther prosecution of our excursion: and this labour would take away all power of enjoyment. Meantime, let us examine a little the general aspect of the Forest. It principally consists of two kinds of *Fir*: of which the species are not correctly determined. The Russians, who inhabit Sitcha, call one of them the *Pine* (*Yely* or *Jelj*), the other the *Larch* (*Listwenj*), though neither bears the least similarity to the trees which are thus named in Russia. Both are referrible to Michaux's genus *Abies*. The *Pine*, as it is called, seems to me analogous to the North American *Pine* (*Pinus balsamea*). Both of these trees must be peculiarly eligible for masts, and building-timber, in general, as they attain an immense height; yet the wood of the *Pine* is not much prized. It is said to be of short duration; that of the *Larch*, as it is called, lasts much longer. Besides these trees, a particularly beautiful balsamic-scented *Alder*, here called the *White Alder*, grows on the skirts of the forest, with a *Cratægus*, now ornamented with its large flowers, and a *Sorbus*, of which the fruit is already set. In the underwood, the *Rubus odoratus* (*R. Nutkanus*) abounds, which is seen in our Europæan gardens; but here it has only white flowers, and produces no fruit. *Mimulus guttatus* encircles the wood, and is nowhere found in greater luxuriance. Now, we have at length reached the much-wished for path, and you will soon find yourself in the heart of these immense forests, among trees, the grandeur of whose massy trunks you never imagined before. The axe scarcely ever echoed in these woods; indeed, the surrounding wilderness is immense, and strikes the beholder with a feeling of horror. For centuries, these trees have never fallen but under the weight of years; and their mouldering remains give rise, without alteration of form, to future generations of trees: again to flourish and again to die! Nevertheless, the abundance of shrubs, herbs, and mosses, which clothe these hoary forests, and rise over the natural graves of their former denizens, impart to the scenery an air of vigour and of youth. Beneath the hills thus formed are dangerous hollows, into which the feet sink among the relics of accumulated years, deceitfully covered, as they are, by a new growth of herbs and Cryptogamic plants. Here are two different species of *Claytonia*, one with red, the other with white flowers: the latter reminded me of our *Cerastium aquaticum*. A *Maianthemum*, with larger inflorescence than that of our country, abounds here everywhere. *Cornus suecica* produces such luxuriant blossoms that it might be mistaken for *C. florida*. *Pyrola uniflora* is plentiful, and *Dalibarda fragarioides* creeps over the decayed stems. A *Calla* (*Dracontium Kamtschaticum*), whose spatha rivals that of *C. æthiopica*, and with zebra-striped foliage, springs up in damp places. The commonest shrub is the large frutescent *Azalea*; mingled with *Rubus spectabilis*, glowing with flowers and fruit. Two species of *Ribes*, one resembling our *R. rubrum*, and the other *R. nigrum*, are equally beauti-

* *Lilium Kamtschatkense*, L.—The state of this plant that occurs at Unalaschka, and which we suppose to be that of America, differs materially from the Kamtschatkan species, and is probably a peculiar one, *Lilium quadrifoliatum* of Meyer, in *Reliq. Hænkeanæ, Fasc. II. p.* 126. (*Chamisso.*)

ful. A *Sedge*, similar to our *Carex Buxbaumii*, is here a particular ornament to the woods; while a *Streptopus* holds the place of our *Convallaria multiflora*, and both the *Trientalis* and *Linnæa* are as abundant as in the woods of Germany. I observed a *Malaxis*, with green and red flowers, and a *Cymbidium*, whose form recalls that of *Corallorhiza*, with *Lathræa Stelleri*, were seen in damp spots. A *Vaccinium*, of which the fruit is daily served up like *Bilberries*, occurs at almost every step. Suddenly the rushing noise of a river breaks on the ear, and a different scene is opened to view. The copious waters seem to expand before you, as the surges of the wild mountain-current roll through their native forests; the banks graced with a totally dissimilar vegetation from what has hitherto prevailed, though the larger trees appear to be the same. Here alone is seen the solitary species of *Salix* which the environs of Sitcha afford; it resembles *acuminata* of Hoffm., yet looks as if distinct. But *Aquilegia Canadensis*, a new *Spiræa*, a *Sonchus*, with flesh-coloured flowers, a *Doronicum*, the beautiful *Epilobium*, a bulbiferous *Poa*, like *P. bulbosa* but two or three feet high, an *Elymus*, that holds the place of our *E. arenarius*, and a lovely *Luzula*, are representatives of plants scarcely before noticed. Here are three or four *Saxifrages*, a *Rumex*, similar to *R. digynus*, and a beautiful *Arabis*, which grows among naked stones in the river. *Epilobium montanum*, *obscurum*, or *tetragonum*, an *Aconite*, and some *Stellariæ*, increase the number and variety of species. Various *Ferns*, which are, however, types of those which prevail with us, grow in great luxuriance. The opposite side of the river wears a similar garb, the wood being the same, only even thicker. But the *Panax horridum*, which had hitherto been met with only here and there, as a little shrub, soon gives to the country a peculiar character; growing in great luxuriance, and in every respect assuming the form of the tropical *Cecropias*. It is difficult to wind through the underwood which it sometimes exclusively forms: sometimes it takes the creeping position, at other times it rises like a *Palm*, and spreads out its broad and umbraculiform leaves. It is fortunate that the prickles, although

numerous and sharp, are tender, being only attached to the epidermis of the plant; so that when the hand is covered with a good glove, it is easy to grasp it boldly, particularly the older stems. A *Saxifraga*, perhaps *Pennsylvanica*, grows on fallen trunks of trees in remarkable luxuriance. At last, by degrees, we reach the foot of the mountain, and commence its ascent; this is truly a work of labour, attended by no small difficulties, which I shall endeavour to describe, and thus aid you to surmount. On the little hills at the base grow *Epilobium alpinum*, and the smaller bushes already noticed. The constantly wet ground (for it rains here almost throughout the year) adds considerably to the unpleasantness of walking: for it yields under the traveller's feet; and if you attempt to climb up by the fallen stems, or to support yourself ever so gently upon one of them, the whole of the mossy bark will frequently strip off from it, and betray you into a fall. Besides, the mountain is, in many places, very steep, and the wood almost impenetrably dense. Happy will you here be if you can detect a gulley, in which a current runs down; though the steepness of its declivities frequently obliges you to return. Though the vegetation is everywhere much alike, yet here the trees become thinner, and the proper region of the *Panax* commences. We had even descried, when out at sea, these clearer spots in the dark *Pine* forests, and mistook them for broad-leaved trees. It is true that in such places the lofty stems of an *Alder*, here called the *Red Alder*, and destitute of balsamic scent, were seen singly scattered among the surrounding shrubs of *Panax*. But the wood which now appears again, in increased denseness, before us, consists particularly of a noble *Thuja*, called, on account of its agreeably scented wood, *Duschnik*, also *Duschnoie derewo* (*scent-wood*). It is the timber most valued here. The tree indeed occurs frequently lower down, at the foot of the mountain, and even to the sea: but so scattered that it is necessary to search for it among the more predominant *Pine trees* which conceal it from view; but here it constitutes almost the entire timber, and the *Pine* and *Larch* are seldom seen: the latter, however, not ceasing quite so soon as the

drops into a chasm, which it makes one tremble only to behold. Here and there, a small *Carex* peeps from the chinks of the rock; a graceful *Juncus* and a *Draba* may also be seen. But near as a *Cerastium* may grow, it is dangerous to attempt to cull it. The *Achillæa*, which forms a rather large patch, may be more easily procured. These difficulties being overcome, you at length reach the summit, perhaps bringing a *Pedicularis*, a *Cerastium*, and a new *Saxifrage* with you; but, once on this elevated spot, where scarcely five individuals can find a footing, the piercing cold forbids you to look round; besides, a dense fog envelops this region, preventing the possibility of a prospect; and with benumbed hands, which scarcely grasp the few specimens that you have collected in the ascent, and trembling feet, you commence a descent, the dangers of which are in reality much greater than those which you encounter in gaining the summit. In returning, we will vary our track, and explore the productions of a swampy moor which lies at the foot of the mountain. Here is a lovely little white-flowered *Gentian*, and a *Carex*, which seems identical with *C. microglochin*, and is the most prevailing plant. This day's excursion may perhaps produce twenty to twenty-five *Reed-Grasses;* and a richer collection of larger plants. Among them are *Veratrum album*, *Scirpus multicaulis*, *Eriophorum Scheuchzeri* and *gracile*, *Drosera rotundifolia*, *Vaccinium Oxycoccos*, and *Vitis-idæa*, and a species near to *V. uliginosum*, *Ledum palustre*, *Andromeda latifolia*, a large *Helonias*, a *Myrica*, *Juniperus prostratus*, *Arbutus Uva-ursi*, *Polygonum viviparum;* on the margin of the lake, which it is necessary to skirt here, are also found *Comarum palustre*, *Potamogeton natans*, *Nymphæa lutea*, *Montia fontana*, *Menyanthes trifoliata*, *Hippuris vulgaris*, *Juncus subverticillatus*, and three different *Sanguisorbas*, as also some *Umbelliatæ*. We are now, thanks to Providence, near the establishment again. *Isopyrum fumarioides* grows on the stumps of felled trees. At last, between the houses, you have again *Chenopodium album*, *Urtica dioica*, *Matricaria Chamomilla* (its flowers without rays), *Sisymbrium Barbarea*, *Alsine media*, and several common weeds.

"Now, my dear friend, you have my botanical account of Sitcha: I wish that you may be pleased with it, as I have drawn it up at some cost of time and trouble, in order to prove to you, however inadequately, the gratification that I derive from the remembrance of those happy hours that I was so fortunate as to pass in your company."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF THE LATE

CAPTAIN DUGALD CARMICHAEL, F. L. S.

By the Rev. Colin Smith, *Minister of Inverary.*

[*Concluded from p. 343, vol. 2.*]

Captain Carmichael returned from the Isle of Bourbon to the Cape of Good Hope with his regiment in the year 1814; and the various success with which he pursued his inquiries into the natural history of the Cape and its neighbouring districts, has been already detailed in the preceding pages. In July, 1815, on a requisition being made by the Earl of Moira, then Governor-General of India, for as many troops as could be spared from the Cape of Good Hope, the 72d regiment was selected for that service, and ordered to proceed for the Peninsula. "As the call was extremely urgent," continues Captain Carmichael, "we were embarked as fast as the vessels could be equipped for us, and each was directed to make the best of her way to Bengal. The Morley transport, carrying the head-quarters of the regiment, and in which I sailed, was the last that cleared Table Bay, and this took place on Sunday the 9th July, 1815.

"On the parallel of 38°, on which we ran down our longitude, we found the weather uniformly disagreeable. A hazy atmosphere, the horizon circumscribed by a muddy bank of clouds; strong westerly winds, increasing frequently to furious gales; and showers of sleet or hail, with a high tumultuous sea that knew no interval of tranquillity. Such

former. A *Blechnum*, which we never noticed before, was not unfrequent in this district; *Pyrola secunda* appeared, now and then, with a little *Lycopodium*, and higher up we found a beautiful *Convallaria*, allied to *latifolia*, but distinguished by its red flowers. A yellow-flowering *Viola* occupied large patches of the ground in the now much thinner wood, where we entirely lost sight of the *Panax*, *Rubus*, *Ribes*, with the other shrubs. A few straggling *Vaccinia* and *Azaleas* alone remain; and although the eye should fail to detect it, yet the scent would infallibly betray the existence of a *Valerian*, which grows only at this high elevation. It is allied to our *officinalis*, or perhaps more properly to *V. Phu*; yet it may constitute a distinct species. The smell of the root is pungent, and more powerful than that sold in our apothecaries' shops; the Russians call it *Koloschenskiai Koronj* (*Koloschen root*), because the aborigines of this country hold it in high repute; employing it in almost every complaint, and ascribing to it wonderful medicinal virtues. On account of the great difficulty which attends the gathering of this plant, it is much prized, and the Kaloschans are very unwilling to barter their whole stock of it. Here we first saw the singular *Pyrola* * of Eschscholtz, which I had begun to despair of finding: but it was only in bud, a few flowers appearing in some sunny situations, while the former year's fruit might be seen along with the young leaves. The wood is hereabout very thinly scattered: the *Thuja* is of stinted growth, and a *Pinus*, very similar to our *P. Mughos*, appears associated with it. This species, which the people call *Tanne* (*Sosna*), is usually of low growth, and may also be found in the less elevated spots, not among the woods, but growing in turf moors.

"But now again we are come to a difficult place, and we reach the first cross. It is not safe to cling to the plants of *Empetrum*; a better hold is afforded by the *Pyrola*, which strikes root among high stones. At this increased elevation, a new vegetation presents itself. The ground is thickly

* Fruticosa, ramosissima, habitu *Azaleæ* aut *Menziesiæ*.

covered with *Andromeda tetragona*, and another species which I propose to call *empetrifolia*; a *Menziesia*, with green flowers, appears among these, and the stones are clothed with a tufted creeping *Saxifrage*, similar to *S. Sternbergii*. In the vicinity of the snow, which here covers large tracts, grow a peculiar *Dodecatheon*, and a *Menyanthes* with reniform leaves, which I had observed much larger in the half-dried swamps below. A delightful *Aster* reminded me of the *Amellus* of our country; *Geum montanum* (?), *Andromeda polifolia*, *Empetrum nigrum*, and, hidden among these, *Coptis trifoliata*, *Azalea procumbens*, some alpine *Grasses*, and vernal *Carices*; these complete the picture of this region: a picture, certainly, which is equally characteristic of the summits of many mountains of similar elevation. But ascending yet higher, and coming to the last cross, we shall find a spacious meadow, adorned with a large *Anemone*, a red-flowered *Bartsia*, an alpine *Ranunculus*, aud many of the plants before enumerated. The shrubby *Pine woods* have altogether ceased here; as well as a kind of shrub, which is generally confined to the tops of mountains, and which I omitted to notice in its proper place. This species seems to have altogether escaped the notice of the inhabitants of Sitcha; none, to whom I showed it, seemed to be acquainted with it. It is an exceedingly beautiful, thickly growing shrub, not described, at least, in *Sprengel's Systema*, with small obovate leaves, of the same colour on both sides.

"Thus I have led you, in description, to the place at which all who have hitherto ascended this mountain, pause, and begin to return: but farther on is the naked rocky summit, which I cannot help inviting you to climb with me. To do so, we must certainly descend a considerable way; but among the snow we shall be likely to find some handsome alpine plants. We slide down, therefore, on the snowy fields, and soon reach the foot of the pyramidal point. It is here extremely difficult to proceed among the perfectly naked stones, which, slipping under one's feet, roll down into the deep abyss below. A single false step, an involuntary trust to the projecting point of a loose stone, and the unwary traveller

OLD HARBOR BOOKS
BOX 1827
SITKA, ALASKA 99835

Juan Doig
17021 Tenth Ave. N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

Hello –

Received your ms. and letter today. Thanks. I am happy to help.

Don Muller

19 August '81

Dear Don--

It's taken a while, but here are the Sitka descriptions from the novel I have underway. If you'd look them over and tell me whether they seem on the mark or not--feel free to jot comments in the margins--I'd much appreciate it. I'm simultaneously sending the same pages to Isabel Miller.

Also, if you can think of anything about the "feel" of Sitka's site and climate that I ought to include, I'd be glad to hear about it. If there are signs of changing season, for example--behavior of the weather, or bird migrations, or change in the appearance of Verstovia--that you as a year-rounder have come to recognize, I'd try work them into the manuscript. I do want to give as accurate an impression of Sitka's climate as possible.

The manuscript is on schedule, should be done by the end of the year and into print in autumn of '82.

Thanks for agreeing to look this over for me. Best regards.

18 Oct. '81

Dear Don--

A quick query--to your invaluable wife, really--to be sure I savvy a detail from the ms checking you did for me. I'd like to use the description of Verstovia in late summer and fall that you provided, something like the mountain then being in a bodice of yellow-orange, the heather and deer cabbage having changed... Another Alaskan friend who's been reading for me says she understands deer cabbage to be skunk cabbage, and therefore the lowland boggy plant such as we have in the rain forest down here. Thought I'd better check: is deer cabbage right for Verstovia, or would it be deer brush (ceanothus integerrimus) such as I just found in the only trees-and-shrubs book I have around here, or even deer fern?

Also, please, an introduction: I'd like to include both your name and your wife's in the Acknowledgments. I think I told you on the phone, but I should say again, how very useful your comments on the draft ms have been. If nothing else, you brought about a cure (probably momentary) of my longstanding habit that every evergreen forest is a fir forest.

One further question apiece for you. I think Gene Ervine, in showing me around the bishop's house, mentioned that Sitka in the mid-nineteenth century likely would have had a smell of yellow cedar. Think I'd be right to have such a smell emanating from the shipyard? So far, I haven't come across a blessed thing about what wood the Russians used in that shipyard, but I'm assuming it wouldn't have been hemlock, so must have been spruce and cedar, Mrs. Muller? And Don, do you have any professional advice about the optimum time in the autumn for this book to come out? My notion has always been the sooner the better, but I guess there's a theory that closer to Christmas boosts some gift-buying; any notions on that?

Again, thanks for pitching in.

best regards

— from Don Muller

1. According to my wife (a botanist for the Forest Service), there are no fir or pine forests in Southeast Alaska, only spruce and hemlock. However, in Melander's time, this wasn't exactly true. What is now called Sitka spruce was put in the pine genus in 1832 and called pine until 1855 when it was reclassified as spruce. What is now called Western hemlock was in the fir genus until 1898 when it was reclassified as hemlock. Hence, the early writings (and now the translations) describe the forests as pine and fir. You should probably use spruce and hemlock in your descriptions: some readers today would gleefully jump on your use of pine and fir as proof that you are an outsider. There is the usual, sometimes myopic, local pride here.

2. Another aspect of Verstovia that is interesting: in the late summer and fall, before the snow covers the mountain top, the bare mossy-looking western slope (actually composed of deer cabbage and various heathers--this from my wife) turns a yellow-orange color. The forest remains dark green, the bare rock is gray and black, but the slope changes--as if Verstovia changed its shirt or put on a vest.

3. It sometimes seems to me during the long summer evenings that darkness really isn't approaching, the evenings just change color. The exquisite moment of dusk is stretched and expanded and goes on and on.

4. Atolls are actually coral islands (Isabel pointed this out to me). Maybe use "continental islands" or something similar.

5. Castle Hill is composed of Sitka graywacke, not granite. I always smile when I hear the word graywacke--it is not the word to use. The second definition of granite in the Random House Unabridged is this: "anything compared to this rock in great hardness, firmness, or durability." So it

is certainly appropriate and correct in that sense.

6. I think this paragraph is very good in describing the weather and changes in the weather. Another element that I associate with the weather here, or with the atmosphere, is the silence, or stillness, which is implied in the last sentence ("Voices and the barking of dogs carry extraordinarily."). The rain, the clouds, the coolness, the dark forests, the strange lights, all seem to combine to create a silence that is overwhelming, a loud silence, a primeval silence. This is especially true inside the forests and on the water but is also present at times on the beaches and near streams. This silence or stillness must have been frightening to the Russians when they looked into the forests and saw endless wilderness. I seem to associate this silence more with the summer than with the winter.

7. In Sitka there is a maximum difference of only about 16 feet in the tides, which occurs over a spread of several months. An average daily difference is about 8 feet. In other words, the extreme low tide is about -3.8 feet and extreme high tide is about 12 feet--but neither extreme occurs on the same day.

8. This may be nit-picking: I don't think of ravens as "gulping" birds in the situation described. Crows and seagulls would certainly gulp the clams (not the shells--I assume the pig is breaking them open) on the spot; a raven would probably grab two or three in his large beak and fly away, to eat in privacy, to feed his young, or to hide them for some future meal. Ravens are extremely cunning, extremely wary, and, I think, extremely humorous. It is no wonder that they play such a large role in Indian legends. There are ravens, and there are birds. Ravens should be put in their own class. A better word might be "mocking" or "greedy." Or, to maintain the feeling of gluttony, you might use gulls or crows as the birds involved, gulls if in early summer or crows later. Gulls and crows rather have "penchants for muddle and infighting" as you describe the Russians on page 21. As I say, this may be nit-picking. Most people seem to look at

ravens as if they were large clever crows.

There, that's it. Overall, in the pages read, I think the Sitka desciptions are on the mark. Expressions such as "hefty clamped-into-the-wilderness feel," "thicklogged bastion," and "a burly-looking low-slung town" are very good.

9/1/81

Dear Ivan:

I hope these comments are what you're looking for. I am very anxious to read the finished book.

Thanks very much for asking me to help.

Sincerely,

Don

I have also enclosed two papers that my wife, Mary, thinks you will be interested in. They were written by botanists in 1829 and 1831 and give more information on the forests, Mt. Victoria, etc.

these Siberian vagabonds had not been encouraged onward to Russian America for habits such as nudging ducks into paddles. Thugs, thieves, hopeless sots, no few murderers, the flotsam of any vast frontier, jostled among them. ("Where," a governor of New Archangel once wrote home to a grandee of the Russian-American Company, "do you get such men?") But so did debtors, escaped serfs, those whose only instinct was to drift. Melander, by now no admirer of anything Russian, saved his contempt for the New Archangel officialdom. These others, the Okhotskans, simply had made humankind's usual blunder, forgot to get themselves highborn.

Abruptly Melander stood up, a process like staves suddenly framing themselves together into a very large scarecrow. Amid a card game several bunks away, a shipwright from Karlskrona flicked a nervous glance his way. Melander grinned at so easy a giveaway, awarded a mocking nod to his derider, and in galumphing strides went from the barracks.

Start here, please

Outside held another sort of confinement, but at least airier than in. Melander as ever glanced up, as if checking a topsail, at the peak which thrust over all their lives at New Archangel, dark Verstovia. Its summit a triangle of rough rock atop a vaster triangle of firred slope, Verstovia sat up there plump and becrowned, the first presence in your life each morning, the last at every dusk. On both sides Verstovia was attended by other, snowier crags. A threefold Jericho, this place New Archangel, walled first by the

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2

stockade, next by these tremendous mountains, and last, the distances to anywhere else of the world.

Melander moved off toward the central street of the settlement and here encountered one of the Company clerks, no doubt on his way to stroll in the Governor's hill garden. Many of the Castle Russians took such a constitutional at evening. Melander considered that more than beds of pansies and fuschias were required to sweeten the soul of any Russian. Nonetheless, "drastia," the lanky Swede said with a civil nod, and was greeted in turn. Since Melander could not rise at New Archangel, he was taking some care to stay level.

This was one of the first lengthening evenings of summer of 1852, the moment of year when New Archangel's dusk began to dawdle on until close onto midnight. The long light copied Swedish summer, so while this slow vesper of the day was the time Melander liked best, it also cast the remindful shadows of all that he had become absented from. His birthland. The sea. And his chosen livelihood. Triple tines of exile. Much to be prodded by.

Only because it afforded the most distance for his restless boots, Melander roved on west through the narrow shoreline crescent of settlement. Past log building after log building; if bulk of timbering were the standard of civilization, New Archangel would have preened grand as Stockholm. Sea-drifter he was, Melander had never got used to this hefty clamped-into-the-wilderness feel of the port-town.

"Log barns and sawdust heads," he called the style of Russian America.

In about four hundred paces from his barracks departure Melander's traipse necessarily ended, the high timbered gate of the stockade here stoppering New Archangel until morning.

Melander still needed motion. He changed course to the north. Rapidly passed the gate watchman yawning within his hut. Climbed the short knoll where the first of the stockade's blockhouses overlooked the gate. In long pulls clambered up the ladder to the catwalk beside the blockhouse. Here met the quizzing glance of the Russian sentry and muttered: "The Finns are singing in the barracks again. They sound like death arguing with the devil."

The sentry nodded in pitying savvy and returned to his watching-slot within the timbered tower. Melander was left solitary against the dusky sky, scanning out beyond Sitka Sound and its dark-treed islands schooled like furry whales, to the threadline of horizon that is the Pacific. ← end here

A time of studying seaward. Then as if reassured that the water portion of the world still hung in place, Melander dropped his gaze until he was

→

they became three.

In the galaxy of frontier enclaves sparked into creation by imperialism, New Archangel was a mapdot unlike any other. Simultaneously a far-north backwater port and capital of a territory greater than France and Spain and England and Ireland together, the settlement ran on Russian capacities for hard labor and doggedness, and was kept from running any better than it did by Russian penchants for muddle and infighting. New Archangel here fifty years after its founding still stood forth in the image of its progenitor, the stumpy and tenacious Aleksandr Andreevich Baranov, first governor of Russian America and contriver of the Russian-American Company's system of fur-gathering. Historians exclaim of Baranov, like Napoleon, that he was a little great man, for Baranov it was who in 1791 began to stretch Russian strength from the Aleutian chain of atolls down the great arc of Alaska's coast, bending or breaking the native cultures along the route one after another: Aleuts chastened into becoming the Russians' seasonal hunters of seals and sea otters, people of the Kenai cajoled into allegiance by Baranov's mating with the daughter of the foremost chief, stubbornly combative Tlingits--whom the Russians dubbed Kolosh--at last in 1804 dislodged from Sitka Sound by the cannonades of one of the Tsar's gunships.

Baranov had true need of Sitka. The most sizable and best-sheltered harbor indenting the archipelagic shoreline of southeastern Alaska, Sitka Sound represented the maritime ringhold into which Russian influence could be firmly knotted. Along virtually all of that stupendous Alaskan

coast the mountains drop sheer to the Pacific, spruce slopes like green avalanches into the seawater. But at Sitka the deep notch of bay is sided by a handy shelf of shore. And a further grudging bequest of topography, at the shore's southmost hook a knoll of rock some forty feet in elevation and four times as broad pokes up like a helmet. Amid the coastline of shoulder to shoulder mountains, this single odd granite callus is the strategic bayside point: the Kolosh employed the mound as their stronghold and Baranov seized the commanding perch for his own thicklogged bastion.

In this summer of 1852, the estimable Aleksandr Andreevich three decades dead, a double-storied governor's house still called Baranov's Castle squats there in the air at the mound-end of New Archangel's single street. At the opposite extent rises the onion dome and carrot spire of the comely little Russian Orthodox cathedral. Betwixt and around, the habitations of New Archangel amount to two hundred or so squared-log buildings, many painted a pale yellow as though they were seaside cottages. Their rooflines are hipped, slanting down in all four directions from the ridgepole; where gables have been fashioned in, they are windowed with small spoked semicircles of glass, like half-suns which never manage either to set or to rise. A burly-looking low-slung town, New Archangel is, beneath the lording styles of cathedral and Castle.

One aspect further, and this one the startling oddity. This port of Russian America has a larger fleet of ships permantly aland than are usually to be found in its harbor. When they can no longer be safely

sailed, hulks are winched onto shore and then improvised upon as needed. ("The Tsar's notion of an unsinkable squadron," Melander of course has gibed.) Of the first two, beached into usefulness in Baranov's time, one hulk had been used as a church and the other as a gun battery--a pairing of enterprises, canon and cannon, which may have caused the Kolosh to ponder a bit about their new landlords. Its habit of collecting hull-corpses lends New Archangel, as one visitor summed it, "an original, foreign, and fossilized kind of appearance."

The morning after Braaf joined the escape plan, Karlsson emerges from around a corner of the cathedral, on his way from the Scandinavian workmen's barracks a short span to its north, and walks the brief dirt street between God's domain and the Governor's. So deft with an ax that he often is lent to help with the shaping of a mainmast, Karlsson has been delegated to work this day with the shipbuilding crew. But before reaching the shipyard just beyond Baranov's Castle, he veers west toward the stockade gate and the Kolosh village beyond, steps outside and along the wall toward the beach, hunkers and begins to scour the blade of his ax in the pale sand. Polishing away rust, this conscientious timberwright. And second work too, for as he squats, Karlsson from the corner of his eye studies the Kolosh canoes, prows rising in extension like the necks of fantastic horses, in their graceful rank along the beach.

All of New Archangel, stockade and cathedral and Castle and hulks and enterprises and dwellings, sits dwarfed this day by the Alaskan mountains, Verstovia and its throng of minions. Virtually atop the

town in the manner that the spire and dome crown the cathedral, the peaks are precisely those a child would draw. Sharp tall pyramids of forest, occasionally a lesser summit round as a cannonball for comparison's sake. Topknots of snow show here and there, but the color everywhere else on these stretching peaks is the black-green which only a northern coastal fir forest enmixes.

As Karlsson begins hewing pine at the shipyard, Braaf materializes at the southwestern extent of the settlement, beside the eldermost of two schooner-hulks beached there. When Braaf arrived to New Archangel and it became evident that he was not, as listed on one manifest, a shipwright, nor, as supposed on another item of record, a shoemaker, and Braaf with shy innocence denied knowing how such misunderstandings possibly could have come about, a perplexed Russian-American Company clerk assigned him to the readiest unskilled job, as a cook's helper. Daily Braaf manages to use this livelihood to manufacture free time for himself, much of it spent hiding out somewhere within this maritime carcass. The hulk neighboring it yet is in service as a cannon battery aimed into the Kolosh village, but dry rot has made a casualty of this vessel of Braaf's. He slips through a gangway carpentered into the ship's hull when it became a storehouse, creeps to the forecastle, and within a particular one of the several stave-sprung barrels there makes a deposit, a walrus-ivory snuffbox which hitherto was the possession of a Russian quarter-master. Then, per Melander's instructions, Braaf begins to measure by

handwidths the depth and breadth--which is to say, the cache capacity--of other of these abandoned and forgotten receptacles.

Perpetually at combat with the massed mountains around Sitka Sound is the weather, changing even now, for New Archangel lives two days of three in rain and ~~much~~ oftener than that in cloud. One minute the vapor flows along the bottoms of the mountains to float all the peaks like dark icebergs. The next the cloud layer will rise and lop every crag, leaving a broad, broad plateau of forest beneath. Or imprint of stranger sort, clumps of wan light, warmths fallen through chinks in the overcast, now will pinto the forest flanks. Between times a silken rain probably has sifted into the New Archangel air, a dew standing in droplets on your clothing before you quite become aware of it, and it can be four days before you cast your next shadow. Yet the diminutive port within all this swirl is a place of queer clarity as well, its rinsed air somehow holding a tint of blue light which causes everything to stand forth: smallest swags of spruce limbs on mountains a mile off, rock skirts of the timbered islands throughout the harbor. Voices and the barking of dogs carry extraordinarily.

At mid-morning, Braaf reluctantly emerging from the direction of the hulk toward chores for the noon meal, Melander on work-break presents himself from within the saltery being constructed on the point of shoreline southeast of the cathedral. Sitka Sound shares amply in the twenty-foot tides of this region of Alaska, and on the broad exposed tideflat a pig is rooting up clams. His finds,

one after another, are seized from him by ravens. Melander watches for a moment, then laughs. Other workmen inquire to him over their mugs of tea. Melander points to the raucous gulping birds: "The Castle Russians at one of their banquets." end here

Fully equal in complication and unlikelihood to its architecture and geography and weather is New Archangel's tenantry. The settlement is ruled by the Russian navy, administered by a covey of Russian-American Company clerks and other functionaries, provisioned chiefly by British ships of the rival Hudson's Bay Company, seasonally abounds with Aleut fur hunters, relies for most of its muscle work upon creoles--those born of Russian fathers and Kolosh mothers; of New Archangel's sum of about a thousand persons, this adds up to far the most sizable group--or upon Russian vagabonds given the push out of Okhotsk, and for its craftwork, such as carpentry and smithing, it imports the seven-year men from Scandinavia. Colony within a colony, the hundred and fifty or so Scandinavians mostly are Finns; Swedes such as Melander and Braaf and Karlsson make an even further minority.

Yet not even this social pyramid, sharp-tipped and broad-bottomed as the triangle peaks above the little port, takes in the most numerous populace on Sitka Sound. The Kolosh, the Sitka Tlingits. Their low-roofed longhouses straggle for nearly a mile along the beach west of New Archangel's huddle of buildings, and the stockade wall of defense

26A follows →

COMMENTS

ON THE

FLORA OF SITCHA ISLAND

BY

MR. BONGARD

(Read on May 4, 1831)

Among the plants which the late Dr. Mertens brought back from his trip around the world, those he collected on Sitcha Island appeared to me as being of particular interest, because the area they come from is part of the Russian possessions, and little is known yet about its flora.

The thesis which I am honored to present today to the Academy contains the comments which these plants prompted. The Graminaceae were examined by Dr. Trinius, who kindly agreed to the task, and Mr. Prescott took the trouble of looking after the Cyperaceae.

But before enumerating here the plants collected on this island, it will not be superfluous to sketchily describe its geographical location, its climate, and the nature of its soil.*

Sitcha Island is located near the Western coast of America, at a latitude of 57°N., in a gulf which the English call Norfolk Sound. A narrow channel separates it from the continent. The entrance of the gulf is marked by an extinct volcano named Edgecumbe, which forms the cape of the same name. By clear weather this mountain can be seen from as far as 10 Italian miles.

Sitcha, which is, so to speak, made of three islands, separated only by narrow channels, stretches over three and a half degrees of latitude; its coastline is lined with a chain of tall

*I owe these notions to the courtesy Mr. Postels, Associate Professor of Mineralogy at the University of St. Petersburg; he traveled around the world along with Dr. Mertens.

mountains, most of them cone-shaped, continuing as far as the eye can see.

The Russian-American Company has its main trading post, named Nowoï Archangelsk, located on this island. There the coastline is infinitely sinuous and dotted with small rocky islands, all covered with thick forests. Among the mountains closest to the Russian trading post, the one called Werstowoi is the most prominent by its elevation, which is about 3000 feet (Parisian measure). It is covered all the way to its top with thick forests, where pinees and firs, which prevail exclusively, sometimes reach the stupendous height of 160 feet, with a diameter of 7 to 10 feet. Only one trunk of one of these trees is sufficient for the Natives to carve a canoe large enough for 30 men and all their gear.

All the mountains around the trading post are made of schistous slate, of shale, and of a conglomerate of quartz, lidian stone and syenite, cemented by a quartzy mass. The first of these rocks prevails. Mr. Langsdorff was thus mistaken when he identified them as granite. Volcanic products are found only on Mt. Edgecumbe, consisting in porous basaltic porphyry, compacted basalt with olivine and different kinds of lava.

The climate of Sitcha is infinitely milder than that of European locales at the same latitude. During the Winter the cold is moderate and never lasts long. But the atmosphere is continually loaded with vapor which, by condensing, causes almost unceasing rains. In the whole month of July there were at most 3 or 4 days where the Sun appeared on the horizon, and then for a brief moment only. The constant humidity reigning there influences the flora tremendously, and all the plants, very vigorous, grow at an astonishing speed. However, there are no clear areas and the soil is ill-suited for agriculture. Indeed there are no plains, but everywhere mountains and deep, humid gorges, covered with a thick forest.

The botanical trips took place in June and during the first half of July; but most of them were limited to the vicinity of the trading post, and a few took place along the coast. There was a visit to Werstovoi. The hostile behavior of the Natives, and an extremely wild natural setting, made the collection of specimens dangerous and very difficult. Imagine tall and inaccessible mountains, steep rocks, narrow gorges, swamps, thick and impenetrable forests, the ground covered and congested with big trees which, half rotten and decayed, but covered with a fragile and deceptive carpet of moss, often mask chasms into which one might fall, and you will have an idea of the kind of difficulties which would restrain even the most enterprising naturalist.

In the space of six weeks, however, the number of plants collected reached 222 species, 35 of them new. Of this number, two form new genera; furthermore, this collection contains many plants which are both very rare and hardly known to botanists.

I only regret that I found no notes about these plants in Dr. Mertens's papers; my work would then have been more perfect and less difficult. On the bright side, Mr. Prescott's herbarium was a considerable resource to me. Rich in plants from North America collected by Messrs. Douglas, Nuttall and Scouler, it allowed me to compare the plants from Sitcha with the original samples from these botanists, so that I could confirm the identification of the different species.

Translated from the French by Claude Ostyn; May 1980.

23 October 1981

Dear Mr. Doig;

Deer cabbage is deer cabbage. The scientific name is either NEPHROPHYLLIDIUM CRISTA-GALLI (nephros = kidney & phyllon = leaf, see picture) or FAURIA CRISTA-GALLI, depending upon which authority you follow. It definitely is not skunk cabbage LYSICHITUM AMERICANUM (lysis = loosing & chiton = tunic; the big yellow "flower sheath" doesn't last long), or deerbrush CEANOTHUS INTEGERRIMUS (doesn't occur in Alaska), or deer fern BLECHNUM SPICANT.

The pictures show the leaves and growth form pretty well. Both pictures were taken in the alpine.

Another bit of information. Deer cabbage leaves turn yellow, but heather is evergreen! Because of its robust leaves, the deer cabbage's yellow-orange prevails over the heather's deep green. Several different heathers occur in the alpine. In some places heather forms dark green mats, in other places heather grows with other plants. Anyway, the yellow-orange of the deer cabbage dominates the mountain tops early in the fall.

I just looked over at Verstovia. Shades of gray. At this moment its an indistinct dark-gray triangle, looming over an even darker-gray, dripping-wet town. I shouldn't complain, we have had pretty good weather this fall.

Good luck on all of your detail checking, obviously a tremendous amount of difficult work. I envy your patience and perseverance.

Sincerely,

Mary

Mary Muller

Old Harbor Books

10/29/81

Dear Ivan:

Enclosed are Mary's comments on deer cabbage.

Regarding the yellow cedar: Gene says yes, the smell of yellow cedar would be present at times at the shipyard, the cedar being used for much of the "decorative" work on the ships. And Mary says yes, spruce and cedar would be the woods used.

I am not really sure what to say about the publication date. It would probably be best for <u>us</u> if it came out in August or September or even July. If we are able to push the book, we can sell it anytime. Nationally, it does appear that Oct/Nov/Dec are the best months

Box 1827, Sitka, Alaska 99835 Phone (907) 747-8808

for Xmas sales, especially when a lot of advertising is done. I don't know. I still don't understand why some books sell and some don't. I guess I would advise you to follow the publisher's advice.

Finally, we are all happy that you are checking out so many details. Gene told me to give you William Blake's quote: "... art ... cannot exist but in minutely organized particulars."

Thanks.

Sincerely,

Don

Roy L. Robeck, capt. of Alpha Helix

7539 NE Hidden Cove Rd., Bainbridge I. (near Port Madison) 842-3068

19 August 1981

Dear Miss Miller--

It has taken a while, but I think now I have the Sitka descriptions in my novel sufficiently roughed out for you to look them over. I'm sending a copy to Don Muller at Old Harbor Books too, Don also having been so kind as to offer to scan my Sitka material. I simply need to know whether my version of the town and the feel of its weather, etc., seem on the mark to you; please feel free to jot comments in the margins of the manuscript pages.

Also, if anything comes to mind about Sitka's "feel" and climate, I'd be glad to hear about that for possible insertion into the manuscript, too. Any signs or weather behavior which herald a changing season to you year-round Sitka residents--that sort of thing. I do want to give as accurate an impression of your town's setting and climate as possible.

Thanks again for offering to look this over for me, and for your help in the research.

Best regards,

SITKA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

P.O. BOX 2414 SITKA - ALASKA - 99835

July 1, 1980

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N. W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

We have been talking over how best to answer your June 22nd letter. If you had asked us the same questions about the 1840-45 period, we would have a better answer since we have recently received three beautifully hand done booklets (70 pages plus each) from Mr. Jarl Enckell of Finland, written in Swedish, and containing several unpublished letters and journals of the Etolin period. Mr. Enckell has translated a little of it for us and the State Historical Library has gotten some other parts translated, but most of it is awaiting someone really interested in researching that period. Good maps and pictures in them.

For the 1850's we have the following suggestions:

The End of Russian America, Captain P. N. Golovin's Last Report, 1862,

Translated by Basil Dmytryshyn and E.A.P. Crownhart Vaughan for the Oregon Historical Society, 1979 1230 SW Park 222-1741 (503)

ordered OHS 11.12.95 - Jul 7 '80

This gives many details of life in Russian-America ,especially from the 1850's on.

A History of the Russian-American Company by P. A. Tikhmenev which I

I am sure you already have since it was published in 1978 by the U. of Washington Press.

F901 A4

Two issues of the Alaska Journal, Vol. 2, No. 2 and 3 in which Dr. Richard Pierce describes the periods when Etolin, Tebenkov, Rosenberg, Rudakov, and Voevodskii were Chief Managers of the Russian-American company here in Sitka should be helpful to you if you don't already have them. They are available for two dollars each by writing to Box 4-EEE, Anchorage, AK.99509.

We will look forward to meeting you at the end of July. Mrs. Marilyn Knapp, the president of out Society, will plan to be at the Museum in the Centennial Bldg., along with me, if you let us know which day to expect you.

Very sincerely yours,

Isabel Miller

Isabel Miller, Museum Chairman

July 7, 1980

Dear Isabel Miller--

Thanks very much for your generous response to my inquiry. How would Monday, July 28, suit you and Mrs. Knapp as a time to meet me at the Museum? I ordinarily try to get underway as promptly as possible; would 9 or 9:30 that morning be all right? My wife and I will likely be arriving in Sitka on Friday the 25th--we don't yet have our living arrangements set--and perhaps it's simplest if I call you that weekend to confirm a time for the Museum.

Both of us are very much looking forward to Sitka and this research. I have the Tikhmenev book and Pierce articles you suggested, and am ordering the Golovin report on Russian America. I would like to see the translated portions of your Swedish material from Etholen's time; I only wish I knew Swedish to handle the rest of it.

Looking forward to meeting you on the 28th; if anything changes my plans, I'll get in touch with you.

best regards

13 Jan. '81

Dear Bill--

I've just written a letter of appreciation to Vera Alexander, and told her in it that I called Dolly Dieter at Seward as she suggested. If there are any other points of etiquette I'm overlooking, please call me collect and steer me toward them, hmm?

Dolly tells me she's not sure I can be put up aboard the ship the couple of nights in Juneau, given the number of mucky-mucks who are coming to town, but I can wangle some place with Juneau friends, if that's the way it works out. I'll be flying to Sitka on the 21st--will be at the Shee Atika that night and the next, should you need to reach me--and then into Juneau on a flight that arrives at 1:10 the afternoon of the 23d. I'll find my way to the ship promptly, and play it by ear from there.

All is well here. Looking forward to seeing you in Juneau. Our sympathy to your flu-ridden wife.

for Acknowledgments page: The crew of the R/V ALPHA HELIX

Roy Robeck

Mike Demchenko

Mike Miller

Carol Baker

Walter Betz

Jerry King

Ed Mooney

Mary ~~Sindon~~ SAINDON

Mike Stirts

Hi Ivan,

Was a pleasure to be of help to you & everyone enjoyed having you aboard. We're only sorry for all the last minute confusion & that things got a bit out of hand. We expect to be at Nanaimo Shipyard until 1st May. If you have time please stop by or join us for lunch. Our phone #762-4990 on ship board.

Holly Butler

– friday – 1 p.m. –

carol –

i stopped out for coffee with diane zink & thought i'd poke my head in your door... but you sounded busy with a student.

have intended to visit many times before, but times & visits never coincided with school hours! i've always intended to thank you for the good teaching i received from you... & to say i'm surviving well in the news room!

ketchikan is <u>great</u> fun! (& the fishing's even better!) i don't know that i'll be there forever, but alaska feels just fine.

i don't get to seattle often (one has to leave ketchikan every once in awhile to keep the moss from accumulating & overpowering!) i'll call again, sometime, or sit down & drop you a note. i really do appreciate the experience you shared in the classroom. hope all is well for you.

take care,

heidi ekstrand

p.s. if you get to ketchikan, stop & visit. the salmon start running in late spring. we'll catch them off the rocks by late july. bring raingear & visit!!

29 Jan. '80

Dear Bill--

The voyage went fine, and I think I gained even more from it than I anticipated. Thanks one more time for having the wit to suggest I make the trip.

We tied up at the Duwamish last night about 10:45, an hour or so ahead of what the captain had been estimating, thanks to a following wind through the Strait of Georgia and a floodtide down Rosario Strait and Puget Sound. Every so often that morning, Roy would look across the bridge at me and say with a proud grin, "We're making 12 knots!" I was much impressed with him, with Mike the mate, with the whole crew, really. I'd asked Roy at Juneau if I could tuck away in a corner of the bridge part of the time, for the sake of seeing things, and he said okay, except when something tricky was coming up, he'd like the bridge clear. But I made it a point to stand the whole morning watch--I'd be in place in my corner a few minutes before Roy came on at 5:45--and then would go up for the last half of Mike's afternoon watch, so they pretty soon saw I was serious, and until I voluntarily left before all the maneuvering into the Duwamish began, I got to see whatever I wanted, whenever.

The real bonus of the trip for all of us proved to be Howard Cutler's wife Enid. She whipped out watercolor portraits of most of the crew--it was worth the price of admission to see her getting the cook, Mary, to pose--and taught me a lot about looking at colors of the land and water. And Howard seemed to enjoy himself, pottering around the ship, gamely bussing his own dishes after meals and the whole bit. I think the Institute scored a lot of points with the two Foundation members, too. (At least that had better be the case with the Anchorage lawyer, Brian Brundin. You've undoubtedly heard from Dolly--perhaps by direct scream rather than telephone--that when she went to the Juneau airport expecting to pick up only the Cutlers, off also got Brundin, his wife, his son, and a couple of friends.) Everyone seemed impressed with the professionalism of the crew.

So, all is well, and I gained a great amount of detail for the book of the Swedes. Now to hunker in and write it. All best to Carelyn--see you whenever you're next through here, we hope.

for Acknowledgments page: The crew of the R/V ALPHA HELIX

Roy Robeck

Mike Demchenko

Mike Miller

Carol Baker

Walter Betz

Jerry King

Ed Mooney

Mary Sindon

Mike Stirts

INSTITUTE OF MARINE SCIENCE

UNIVERSITY OF ALASKA
FAIRBANKS, ALASKA 99701

January 5, 1981

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue, N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Mr. Doig,

Bill Reeburgh did talk to me about the possibility of your riding the R/V ALPHA HELIX from Juneau to Seattle in January. There is absolutely no problem with this, and I have already talked with the Institute of Marine Science Marine Superintendent, Dolly Dieter, and she agrees. When you board, we will ask you to sign a waiver of liability, but beyond that there will be no formalities.

We expect to have the ship arrive in Juneau on January 22nd, 1981, and she will be tieing up at the NOAA dock downtown. We will be having an open house on January 24th, throughout the day, but it would probably be best if you planned to sleep on board that night. In this way, we will be sure you will be there when she leaves. Dolly Dieter can give you more details. I suggest that it might be a good idea for you to telephone her in the next week or so at the Seward Marine Station, (907) 224-5261.

Yours sincerely,

Vera Alexander

Vera Alexander
Director, IMS

VA/nw

13 Jan. '81

Dear Dr. Alexander--

Thanks very much for arranging my passage on the Alpha Helix. I've just called Dolly Dieter, as you suggested, and told her that I intend to fly into Juneau from Sitka early on the afternoon of the 23rd, which I hope provides some reasonable leeway before the ship departs on the morning of the 25th. I assured her, and Bill Reeburgh when I called him over the weekend as well, that I'll check in at the ship as soon as I arrive in Juneau.

Again, my appreciation.

very best

2 January 1981

Dr. Vera Alexander
Director
Institute of Marine Science
University of Alaska
Fairbanks, Alaska 99701

Dear Dr. Alexander:

I believe Bill Reeburgh has already talked to you on my behalf, about the possibility of riding the Alpha Helix from Juneau to the Duwamish later this month. Here, as briefly as I can sum up what will become an entire book, is my reasoning behind the request.

I'm the author of two recent books on Western/Northwestern topics: This House of Sky (1978), which was a nominee for a National Book Award, and Winter Brothers (1980). The book I'm at work on now is based on a historical incident in Alaska in the winter of 1852-53; the decision by four indentured workers of the Russian-American Company to flee Sitka by canoe and head south to freedom. Some six weeks later, three of them were found, "nearly starved to death," by settlers at Willapa Bay, just north of the mouth of the Columbia River; the fourth man had been killed by Indians along the way.

The voyage of the Alpha Helix would provide me an exceedingly valuable chance to experience the stretch of water those men canoed through, at a similar time of year. The expertise of the Alpha Helix crew also would be a great asset to me; my background is in history--Ph.D., University of Washington--and writing rather than seamanship.

I hope, for the sake of the most accurate possible telling of this incident of Alaskan history, that space can be found for me aboard.

cordially

Ivan Doig

22 December 1980
Box 81628
Fairbanks, Alaska 99708

Dear Ivan,

I've checked around here regarding your riding the Alpha Helix from Juneau to Seattle this January. Everything looks real good.

You should write the Director, Dr. Vera Alexander, Institute of Marine Science, University of Alaska, Fairfanks, Alaska 99701, requesting permission to go and giving her a thumbnail sketch of why. She'll approve your request and send a bunch of releases required by the University. It may appear as though you are signing your soul away, but they don't mean anything. Outside of getting yourself to Juneau and home from Duwamish, there'll be no expenses. The dates may change because of weather, but they are planning to leave Juneau at midnight on the 23rd or 24th and will arrive in Seattle 3 to 4 days later. I mentioned that we are planning to have a reception for the Legislature on board the ship, and I'm pretty sure that I'll be there.

You ought to get a good look at what that stretch of water is like during the winter. I think you'll find that the Captain and crew are a really good bunch--- they'll probably have all kinds of ideas on the route your trappers took based on winds and currents, so don't hesitate to pick their brains. I told them a bit about your book when I was out in September and October.

I'm enclosing some reprints of my recent methane papers-- the ones I forgot to bring out when we were in Seattle. We really enjoyed seeing you and the Rodens and appreciate your hospitality. We're looking forward to the day when we can reciprocate.

Looks like its going to be a cold Christmas-- we're above the inversion and it isn't too bad out here, but it's running -30 in town.

Best regards,

Bill

3 May '81

Dear Phyllis--

It was good to see you the other night, if only for a few minutes. The occasion did remind me to pass along to you something I've been intending to. A historian friend sent me--I suppose he meant it sardonically, given the price tag--this notice of a piece of Alaskana for sale. I suppose it's something you already have, although I didn't recognize the item, and I haven't had time to sort through my source cards from when I visited your trove. Anyway, it looked like something more in range of the Alaska state budget than mine, so with my compliments...

all the best. Call the
next time you're in town,
and win a free lunch from
one or both Doigs.

Alan

STATE OF ALASKA

JAY S. HAMMOND, GOVERNOR

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

DIVISION OF STATE LIBRARIES AND MUSEUMS

Richard B. Engen, Director

Pouch G, Juneau 99811
465-2925

September 29, 1980

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan:

I am really puzzled about the tombstone epitaph as I did not tell you about one, and it is all new to me. Anyway, I looked through some Russian manuscript materials and then the Enckell material on Gavrilou, but did not find such a tranlation. I looked at the translations by Dr. Rude and also information sent by Dr. Pierce and Antoinette Shalkop. If something should turn-up later, I will let you know.

Pat Wilson, our reference librarian, is away for a month. I don't know whether she might have made some mention of a tombstone. She has not worked with the Enckell material on Gavrilou.

Sincerely,

Phyllis

(Mrs.)Phyllis DeMuth
Librarian
Alaska Historical Library

PD/pd

7 Oct. '80

Dear Phyllis--

Whoops, that question about the epitaph was my error. One of those odd tricks of memory: I even had the scene in my head of the pair of us standing beside the maps case when you "told" me. Thinking over the possibilities, I believe now it may have been Sheila Nickerson who mentioned the epitaph, and it's not a Sitka epitaph at all; I'll check with Sheila on it. Anyway, my apologies.

Carol and I have had you Juneau and Sitka friends much in mind the past few days, with all the Prinsendam news.

Here, all is well. I've drafted the first 60 or so pages of my novel, and over the next several weeks see what the agent and the publisher think. Most of my time through that period will be on readings and bookstore appearances for Winter Brothers, which comes out in about three weeks, so I have to shift gears from 1852 New Archangel to the present for a while. Then back at the novel in the new year.

Will be in touch. All the best.

Phyllis

22 Sept. '80

Dear Phyllis--

A quick query, to try retrieve something you told me about during my Juneau stint. As I got it down in my notes, belatedly, you mentioned a tombstone epitaph which you thought was very affecting--"Peace be to your dust." I too thought it affecting, and would like to use it in my novel. But the source of the epitaph, as I noted it down (apparently mistakenly), was the Lt. Gavrilov grave in Sitka--and Isabel Miller tells me no, they don't know of it as the translation of Gavrilov's epitaph, or of it being on any other Sitka tombstone. But she also says the rubbing of Gavrilov's epitaph is in Enckell's pamphlet which you have, so she isn't absolutely sure.

So, then: can you straighten me out? Gavrilov's epitaph, or some other--or did I fantasize all this?

all the best

DC is a major mt. ground cover.

In the late summer + early fall it turns yellow-orange. Then it turns to mush.

It is favorite deer food.

Deer cabbage

Mertens cassiope (one of our heathers)

WILLY LÄTH ORD & BILD Word Picture
MÅLVÄGEN 9. 352 51 VÄXJÖ TEL. 0470-81296

Ivan Doig

Växjö 80 09 13

Thanks, for your letter. I received it today. It was nice to hear from America and I will do everithing I can to help you get this information you need to write this book.
I have given your letter to Ulf Beijbom, doctor in history, at the House of Emigrants in my hometown Växjö.
He give me a promice to take this matter first, so you dont have to wait to long for your information. Ulf is in charge for the institute and can have what there is of this three gentlemen from Sweden.
I hope you have contact whith Jay again and I hope you will bring him my greetings. It´s a real fellow. I whish I have the gots to live like him and his lovely wife.

You will hear from Ulf and me soon. I hope there is a copy of your book left...

You have got a new friend in Sweden.
Best wishes from

Willy Läth

POSTGIRO 13 82 15-9

2 Sept. 1980

Dear Mr. Lath--

I was in Juneau, Alaska, last month to do some research on a book I'm writing, and Jay Crondahl suggested that you might be interested in my topic, and be able to provide me some advice.

My book will be fiction, based on the enclosed newspaper version of an 1853 incident, when three Swedes escaped by canoe from their indenturement to the Russian-American Company at Sitka, Alaska. This one newspaper story seems to be the only version that exists; for my novel, I'm using the few facts it offers and then making the book a work of the imagination, even to the extent of changing the names of the men.

The names of the men who actually made the 1000-mile canoe journey, you'll notice at the bottom of the newspaper story, were Carl Gronland, Carl Wasterholm and Andrea C. Lyndfast, all said to be of Stockholm. I believe, from the research I have done so far, that the men may have sailed to Alaska in 1850 on the Imperator Nikolai I, under a captain named Conradi (rather than "Conrad" as in the newspaper version). Prof. Richard A. Pierce has written that the Imperator Nikolai I, a 596-ton vessel built in New York, sailed from Kronstadt "on July 18, 1850" and arrived at Sitka on April 23, 1851; it's my theory that the vessel would have called at Stockholm and taken aboard the twenty Swedish indentured workers mentioned in the newspaper version.

My question: given only the names of the men and this probable date of their voyage to Alaska, is there any method of finding out more about them in Swedish sources? I'm interested in family backgrounds of the men, their ages, their professions--and particularly in whether they managed to return to Sweden after their canoe escape from Alaska. I'll have to do any research by mail, but can you suggest libraries or archives in Sweden which might yield information on Gronland, Wasterholm and Lyndfast?

I am taking the liberty of enclosing a catalogue page about a book of mine which will be published this fall. The likelihood is that the same publisher, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, will publish my novel of the three men who escaped Sitka.

cordially

Ivan Doig

SITKA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

P.O. BOX 2414 SITKA - ALASKA - 99835

September 12, 1980

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

Thank you for sending us a copy of the Olympia Transcript item. We have all read it with interest, and Joe Ashby made a copy of it.

"Peace be to your dust" from a Sitka grave is not known to any of us, but we will keep looking and I will try to remember to ask Mrs. DeMuth about it when I go to Juneau on the 26th. We copied the inscription on the Gavrilov slab, and Mr. Enckell has reproduced the rubbing of it in his booklet, but that is with Mrs. DeMuth at present, but I am pretty sure that a translation of it will not produce your sentence. I checked the grave, too., of Princess Maksoutoff in the hope that her inscription might be in English, but no luck, and Sergei Kan, our Russian scholar has gone home to Boston!

What I do want to say is that someone was in the Museum lately who said that the government of Sweden takes great pride of having kept a record of everyone of their citizens who left that country. If that is true, maybe the Swedish Consul there in Seattle might give you some leads, but maybe you have already asked his help.

At present, I have been having the pleasure of reading one of the copies of This House of Sky that you left at the Old Harbor Books, and I want to say that if you do as well by three Swedes as you have done by your relatives and neighbors in Montana, it will be a good book.

Very sincerely yours,

Isabel

(Miss) Isabel Miller

2 Sept. '80

Dear Mrs. Miller--

I've managed to have a photocopy made of the story of the escaping Swedes which I'm basing my novel on. This version is actually a reprint of a reprint; the Olympia newspaper picked it up from the Oregon Bulletin in Portland. I hope to be in Portland sometime this fall, and will try get a copy of the original article then.

All is going well with my book; the help you and Marilyn Knapp and Joe Ashby provided me has been a tremendous assist.

One loose end I can't find in the research I brought home with me. I believe it was Phyllis DeMuth in Juneau who told me of a headstone--I think she said it was Lt. Gavrilov's--in Sitka which reads: "Peace be to your dust." Am I right that there is such an inscription, and that it's Gavrilov's?

My regards to Marilyn. I hope it'll work out that I'll be in Sitka again sometime this winter.

very best

EMIGRANTINSTITUTET
UTVANDRARNAS HUS
THE HOUSE OF EMIGRANTS

Arkiv och forskningscentrum med permanent utställning · Archives and Research Center with permanent Exhibition

Växjö 1980-10-31

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Av. N.W.
Seattle, Wash. 98177
USA

Dear Mr. Doig,

I've got Your questions from Mr. Läth but I'm afraid we don't have any information available. Most of our register starts around 1860 and the official passenger manifests first in 1869.
I've also checked our biography of swedish emigrants before 1860 but without any result.
I think we have information about Grönlund, Wästerholm and Lyndfast in our archive but in microfilmed churchrecords, newspapers and letters. Unfortunately we don't have any alfabetic register to this , so it's rather timewasting to make the research.
Of course You are welcome to our archive but I also understand it's almost impossible.
At last I will suggest You to contact: Sjöfartsmuséet
Karl Joh. Gatan 1-3
414 59 Göteborg

sincerely
Leif Carlsson

Postadress
Box 201, S-351 04 Växjö 1 (Sweden)

Gatuadress
Museiparken, Växjö

Telefon
0470-201 20

Postgiro
22 55 25-5

Davidsons Boktr/Offset, Växjö

Sitka

Best room at Shee Atika is #530.

Best breakfasts at Sheffield House; okay pizza etc. at pizzeria.

STATE OF ALASKA
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
DIVISION OF STATE LIBRARIES AND MUSEUMS

JAY S. HAMMOND, GOVERNOR

Alaska State Library
Pouch G
Juneau, Alaska 99811
465-2910

Richard B. Engen, Director

August 7, 1980

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan:

Thank you for your letter and reports on your trip. The Edward Blasche item on Medical Topography, translated by J. B. Saunders is of interest and I wrote Mr. Ervine about it. I sent him a Pierce translation of another article on medical practice at Sitka during the 1840's. You should have seen the latter when viewing the Richard Pierce translations here.

In September I am going to California on business and will include trips to the Huntington Library, Bancroft, etc. Hopefully, I may locate items of interest here and hope they are in a sharing mood. Also we will be receiving a large Russian collection if that is inducement for another trip to Alaska for you and Carol. We've had three days of sunshine and everyone is in a much sunnier mood for it too.

Glad the photographs arrived in good order and let us know if we can be of further help. Also we look forward to seeing your research in print and on our library shelf in due time.

Sincerely,

Phyllis

Phyllis DeMuth
Librarian
Alaska Historical Library

PD/bbc

4 August '80

Dear Phyllis--

The research in Sitka and the Queen Charlottes went so well that Carol and I landed home some days early. Awaiting me were the Tebenkov map copies from F Stop; thanks immensely for such promptness, which is unparalleled in my experience. (I remember waiting longer to get photocopies done at the British Museum.) And thanks too for all your time and help, and the efforts of your staff; I had as pleasing and productive stay as possible.

I spent my time in the Qn Charlottes looking at coastline and so didn't get any idea whether the Masset library has anything you'd be interested in. In Sitka, there was one item, a good one, which I don't remember seeing in your library--although it's entirely possible I just missed it because I was relying so heavily on the Ricks guide and the item isn't in that (at least under "Sitka" or "Russian-American Company"). It's called:

> The Medical Topography of the Port of New Archangel, the Capital of the Russian Colonies in North America--
> by Edward Blaschke. Trans. from the Latin by J.B. Saunders, M.D.
> (M.D. Dissertation, Imperial Medico-Chirargical Academy of St. Petersburg, Petropolii, I. Weinheeberi et filii, 1842)

Gene Ervine, the Park Service fellow in charge of the restoration of the Russian bishop's house, showed me this material, which is a census and quite detailed description of life in Sitka in 1838. Gene has it in his masterplan, whatever the Park Service calls such a thing, for the restoration project. If you know about Blaschke, fine, but if you don't, it seems to me highly worthwhile. Will also let you know of anything else of interest I come across.

Best regards. Carol and I had a fine time in Juneau.

Alan

4 August '80

Dear Sheila--

Things went so well in Sitka and the Queen Charlottes that we're home early. I now have Sitka of the early 1850s in my head, and had better work damned hard to get it down on paper, pronto.

The quick Queen Charlottes visit was a double bonus. We flew from Prince Rupert in very dirty weather, so the Grumman Goose skimmed just over the water and I got a thorough look at stormy water. Then the beach point we went to have a look at--Tow Hill--proved to be an astounding place, a sort of mini-Half Dome such as the one at Yosemite, with a black rocky point around it, and a black river flowing beside it. A great setting for one scene of the novel.

Please tell Marlys we had the pleasure of Joe Ashby's company a couple of times in Sitka.

I don't know how to adequately thank you for all the hospitality--except to try repay some of it when the Nickersons next come to Seattle. Anyway, you made our Juneau stay a great pleasure. We'll look forward to renewing the acquaintanceship here at our end, sometime soon.

all best--regards to Nick,
Tom, Sam

p.s. This seems to be our Alaska summer: a friend from Fairbanks will visit us this Saturday.

STATE OF ALASKA

JAY S. HAMMOND, GOVERNOR

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

DIVISION OF STATE LIBRARIES AND MUSEUMS

ALASKA STATE LIBRARY
POUCH G — JUNEAU 99811

Richard B. Engen, Director 465-2925

June 6, 1980

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Ave. N.W.
Seattle, WA. 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

Phyllis DeMuth is out of town until June 16th so I will attempt to respond to your letter of May 29th.

I have enclosed a copy of the author entries in our card file under Russian American Company. We have many subject entries under Sitka History and Russian America. If I can give you any more detailed information, please let me know. If you come to Juneau in July we will be happy to assist you.

Sincerely,

Verda Carey

Verda Carey
Photographs Librarian
Alaska Historical Library

VC/pd
enc.

979.8
Allt
no. 1

and
MICROFICHE

Russian-American Company.
Charters; translated from the Russian by Richard A. Pierce. Prepared under contract for Alaska Div. of State Libraries. Kingston, Ontario, 1972.

109 l. 28 cm. [Alaska. Division of State Libraries. Translation project. no. 1
Microfiche. 1 sheet 9x12 cm.
Contents: (1) The first charter of the Russian-American co., 1799. Ukas 8 July

SEE NEXT CARD

979.8
Allt
no. 1

and
MICROFICHE

Russian-American Company. Charters ... 1972. (Card 2)

1799, granting privileges. (2) Rules of the Russian-American Co. (1821) (3) The third charter of the Russian American co., 1844.

1. Russian-American Company--Charters, grants, privileges. I. Pierce Richard A trans. II. Series.

Mss. no. 4
Box no. 2
4/2/1

Russian American Company, (Sitka.)
Inventory of furniture in various buildings, 1863-1864. [Sitka, 1863-1864; 1872.]

1 v. 30 cm. Russian ms.

Includes entries for some later dates and a child's scribblings. Has journal entries for individuals also.

1. Sitka - Russian American Co. inventory.

33~~1~~2
R
Clip

Russian American Company

Photograph of Russian American rouble used in Alaska during first half of the 19th century. Presented to Museum by Dr. L. S. Snegireff, assoc. professor of Harvard School of Public Health, 55 Shattuck St., Boston, Mass. Nov. 30, 1949.

979.8
Allt
no.7
and
MICRO-
FICHE

Russian American Company.

Russian American Company correspondence; [translated from the Russian American Company records, 1802-67, by Richard A. Pierce]. [Kingston, Ont.]

[72] leaves. 28 cm. (Translation project, no. 7)

Prepared under contract for the Alaska Division of State Libraries.

1. Russian American Company. I. Pierce, Richard A. II. Series: Alaska. Division of State Libraries. Translation project, no. 7.

MICROFILM
Ar3

Russian-American Company.

Records of the Russian-American company, 1802-67. [Sitka]

77 rolls of microfilm. Positive. (Russian longhand)

National Archives Microfilm Publ. M11

These records were transferred to the U.S. Government in the treaty of cession.

Contents include Company letters, 1802-67; Logs of Company ships, 1850-67; Journals of exploring expeditions, 1842-64.

A printed list of contents in ~~vertical~~ file. in top g.m.t. cabinet (over)

1. Arkhimandritov, N. -- Journal. 2. Commerce - Russian-America. 3. Kodiak Island -- Exploring expeditions. 4. Pribilof Islands -- Exploring expeditions. 5. Zagoskin, Lavrenti Alekseevich, 1808-1890 -- Journal. I. Title. II. Title: Sitka Archives

4 August '80

Dear Dick--

Just a line of appreciation. Phyllis and her staff were wonderfully helpful to me during my days of research; I don't know when I've been in a library archive where the people have such a fine knack for being attentive to a researcher's needs. My thanks to all of them, and to you for having them on hand.

I hope your back is improved; it must be hell going through life wondering what a spare tire is called.

all best

Joan

29 June 1980
Box 81628
Fairbanks, Alaska 99708

Dear Ivan,

It was good to hear from you. I'm sorry to be so slow in replying, but I've been swamped ever since I returned from the Bering Sea about two weeks ago. I'm glad to hear that you are going to be in Alaska-- I'm sorry your research won't take you as far north as Fairbanks, though.

I have no plans to be in the Sitka-Juneau vicinity in July. I checked our ship schedule to see if they would be in the vicinity then, but the Alpha Helix will be in Prince William Sound and the Bering Sea ~~then~~. Did your fleeing canoeists go inside or outside on their trip from Sitka? If they went inside, you might check to see how closely the Alaska State Ferry route corresponds to theirs. You might check with the tugs (Foss Lines, Sea-Land) and see if they take passengers for special purposes. In Juneau, you should check with the Alaska Department of Fish and Game about enforcement vessels going down the coast. We know a fellow in Juneau who used to be in the Journalism Department here in Fairbanks. His name is Jerry Reinwand, and I believe he's an assistant to the Governor. It's been years since we've seen him, but he's a good guy and should be able to put you in touch with all sorts of viable prospects. Don't reject the idea of a series of charter flights-- you can cover a lot of coast in an hour of charter flying.

Kevin ct- Meadow Grove, 789-0545

Regarding insect repellent, I feel like I can be a little more help. The idea is to buy a repellent with the highest concentration of the active ingredient (N,N-diethyl metatoluamide) you can find. We use a couple, SportmateII (43%) and Repel (53%). Off, 6-12 and cutters typically run 8-16% active ingredient. You shouldn't have trouble finding a good repellent in Seattle with all the outdoor stores.

If it turns out that you have to use the University of Alaska archives, plan on using us as a base of operations. The archivist, Paul McCarthy, is a good guy and should be able to help you on the phone.

This is another one of those years-- I knew I'd be away from home 3 months on the first of January. I'm due to spend six weeks in the Bering Sea in September and October, and have had two meetings in Europe so far. I'll be in Victoria on the 5 and 6 of August and will be passing through Seattle--I'll call and see if we can get together for a crab and a beer.

It's been quite a summer so far. Scott had an accident a few days after I left on this most recent cruise and almost lost his right eye. He spent 17 days blindfolded and immobilized in the hospital and has been home for about 3 weeks. He has vision and they expect it to improve as the blood clears inside the eye. He's lost some peripheral vision, but every specialist we see marvels over the fact that he can see at all. Nancy goes to Music Camp at the University this summer and enters high school next fall. Peter goes to second grade. We're still busy finishing and maintaining the house-- some of these jobs go so slowly we wonder how we ever built it!

Regards, Bill

7 July '80

Dear Bill--

Much appreciated your highly helpful letter. We were appalled to hear of Scott's accident, and thankful he's coming out of it as well as he is.

You and my wife have about talked me into some plane charter; likely from Sitka down to Masset. I'm also going to try the Fish and Game Dept. as you suggested, and the Forest Service folks.

I'll have a clearer notion after this Juneau-Sitka jaunt whether I have to try the U. of Alaska archives. I have a hunch I may be back, at least as far as Sitka, in early January, which is the time of year this novel takes place; maybe a trip to Fairbanks will eventuate then. Will keep you posted. The novel, incidentally, is beginning to be fun; since my characters were fleeing from Sitka toward Oregon, I've begun to call it "Coming Out of the Country."

We may coincide with you in Victoria; our master plan, which may get amended all to hell, has us arriving there the afternoon of Aug. 6, either on the 6 p.m. bus from Port Hardy or by plane from there. Try us at the Embassy Court Motel--382-8161. We intend to stay on there until the 9th, researching in the Provincial Archives; but if we don't coincide at Victoria, call our number here in Seattle when you get to town, on the chance we may have got here earlier than scheduled. Hope we can coincide with you one place or the other.

all best

10 June '80

Dear Bill--

A quick line to say that, at last, there's some hope Carol and I may get to Alaska, perhaps late next month. But probably nowhere near as far up as Fairbanks.

Sitka and Juneau are the territory. I've begun a novel, based on a historical incident, of four furtrappers fleeing by canoe from Sitka in 1853; forty days later, the three who survived were found near the mouth of the Columbia River. That downcoast journey is the story, sort of a Deliverance in buckskins, I guess. Anyway, I have to see Sitka as background, and ransack the state library at Juneau for historical stuff. Questions for you:

--Any chance you'll be in the Juneau-Sitka area on any research then, roughly July 22-1st of August?

--Any suggestions for a way we might hitch, beg, borrow, steal, or even hire, a ride from Sitka south to Dixon Entrance? My fleeing canoeists went there, and I should see whatever of the coast I can. I've thought I might try the Coast Guard, and Fish and Wildlife; any other prospects you may know of?

--Are we gonna get carried off by eagle-sized Alaskan mosquitoes that time of year? What kind of dope do you use against them? We're years out of date on that kind of combat.

My gosh, it's been an eon since we've seen you guys. All is well here, but has been busy. We went to Montana for 3 weeks, got caught in the Mt. St. Helens ash cloud at Bozeman, came home by a great circle route southward. Carol's been on sabbatical, taking courses at the U. of Wash. and rewriting her own courses. I have a book coming out this fall, called Winter Brothers. Other than things of this sort, we don't know where the times goes. And you?

- love to Caroline

best

Avan

Jul 15: phone call from Chief Massey in Juneau: said he would okay my request to the pub affairs officer at Ketchikan, Lt. jg Nelson (phone 225-5181), so that we could see if a CG patrol--a day or two-day cruise might be possible--is going out when we want; he said a weekend probably isn't a very good bet, which may mean Monday Aug. 4 would be the best date to shoot for. CG boat would be 95-footer.

27 June 1980

Commander, 17th Coast Guard District (DPA)
PO Box 3-5000
Juneau, Alaska 99802

Dear sir:

In late July, my wife and I will be traveling to Juneau, Sitka and Ketchikan to research a book I'm at work on, and I wonder whether there's any opportunity for us to hitch a brief ride aboard a Coast Guard vessel out of any of those ports.

The book, based on a historical incident, will tell the story of four men from Sweden who were in the service of the Russian-America Company at Sitka in the early 1850's, eventually decided to flee, and canoed down the coastline, hoping to reach Astoria, Oregon. In January of 1853, the three who survived indeed were found by settlers near the mouth of the Columbia River. For the purposes of the book, I'd like to see any of the coastal waters between Sitka and Dixon Entrance. If there's such a thing as a daily Coast Guard patrol into any of that area, that would be ideal; do we have any such prospect?

As to credentials: I've written a couple of hundred magazine articles, and my fifth book will be published this fall. My 1978 book, This House of Sky, was nominated for a National Book Award, and seems to be known among the Alaskans I've been corresponding with by having been read over National Public Radio stations some months ago. My wife has had several years of magazine and newspaper experience, now is a journalism professor, and accompanies me as my research photographer. Joe Leahy of Juneau, who I believe has done some writing on Coast Guard history, I think will vouch for our work.

cordially

No heat in the place the night we were there in July; one thermostat works entire side of the wing. Ask for room 32 or beyond to get away from bar noise; 32 faces the back, also much preferable.

Food is ok, but high. Much better prices at Armed Forces snack bar.

27 June 1980

Singing Surf Inn
Box 245
Masset

I'd like to reserve a room for my wife and me for the nights of August 2, 3 and 4; a double bed would be fine. Can you quote me the rate? Also, what is the preferred payment method--is a VISA card acceptable?

cordially

22 June '80

Dear Evelyn Bonner--

Recently I wrote to Tracy Allen at the public library to ask about research toward a novel I'm at work on, and she advised me of some holdings of your library, and of the Sitka Historical Society, which sound pertinent to what I'm doing. I intend to come to Sitka, probably the last week in July, and thought I'd better check to be sure I won't be hitting a vacation period when the material might not be available.

I'm interested in details of life at the Russian-American Company's Sitka settlement in the early 1850's, specifically 1852-53. My novel, based on a historical incident, will involve four men from Sweden who were in the service of the R-A Company at the time, and anything which tells of Sitka life then would be useful to me.

I'm very much looking forward to Alaska, and this novel. I've just finished a book set along the Strait of Juan de Fuca in the last century, and my first book--This House of Sky, which was nominated for a National Book Award last year--was set in Montana, so I seem to be steadily working my way north. I'll look forward to meeting you in late July.

cordially

phone call from Joe, offering spare bedroom; I said the nights of 22-23 would be most welcome, he said make it the next night as well if we want.
After we arrive and are picked up by Sheila, call Joe at 586-1644; or Betty Hulbert at 586-1224. Betty is with the st. museum, Joe is director of mining museum.
Asked me to watch bkstores here for Alaskana: anything on rev. svce, lighthse svce, Pribilof Is; or mss, esp to do with CG

30 May '80

Dear Joe--

It's beginning to look as if my wife and I can make it to Alaska this summer, perhaps just after mid-July, for some research toward a novel I'm going to do. I've been writing to librarians to ask about pertinent holdings, but it occurred to me to ask some general advice from you as well.

The story, based on a historical incident, is the escape of four Swedes from the Russian-American post at Sitka in 1853, and their subsequent canoe trip down the coast almost to the mouth of the Columbia. I need two things: details of Sitka life at the time, and to see as much as possible of the coastal route they took.

My notion is to start in Juneau--pending word from the state library, but I imagine they have some material on Sitka and the Russian-American Company--and then go to Sitka, and probably take the ferry on down to Prince Rupert. A question: is there a chance of bumming a ride with the Coast Guard (or anyone else) into the waters south of Baranof Island, say down as as far as Dixon Entrance? How would I go about inquiring? Also, do you have any advice on lodging for a few nights in Juneau? We intend to travel with a sleeping bag, so if you or anyone you know would want to put up with paid lodgers for a little while, we are candidates.

My James G. Swan book will be published this fall, and the Wolcott cruise material has been cut down to not much more than a mention, so it's clear sailing for you on any use of his journal.

Looking forward to seeing you, if we can get this Alaska trip off the ground.

all the best

Evan

12 March '80

Joe--

Eventually, I guess I'd like to have the Wolcott journal back, but there's no rush at all. Who knows, I might make it to Juneau to pick it up from you in person. (There's some chance I'll be making an Alaska trip, maybe later this year.) Incidentally, I've just done a final cut of my Swan ms, and most of my Wolcott journal came out; about all I do now is mention that he went.

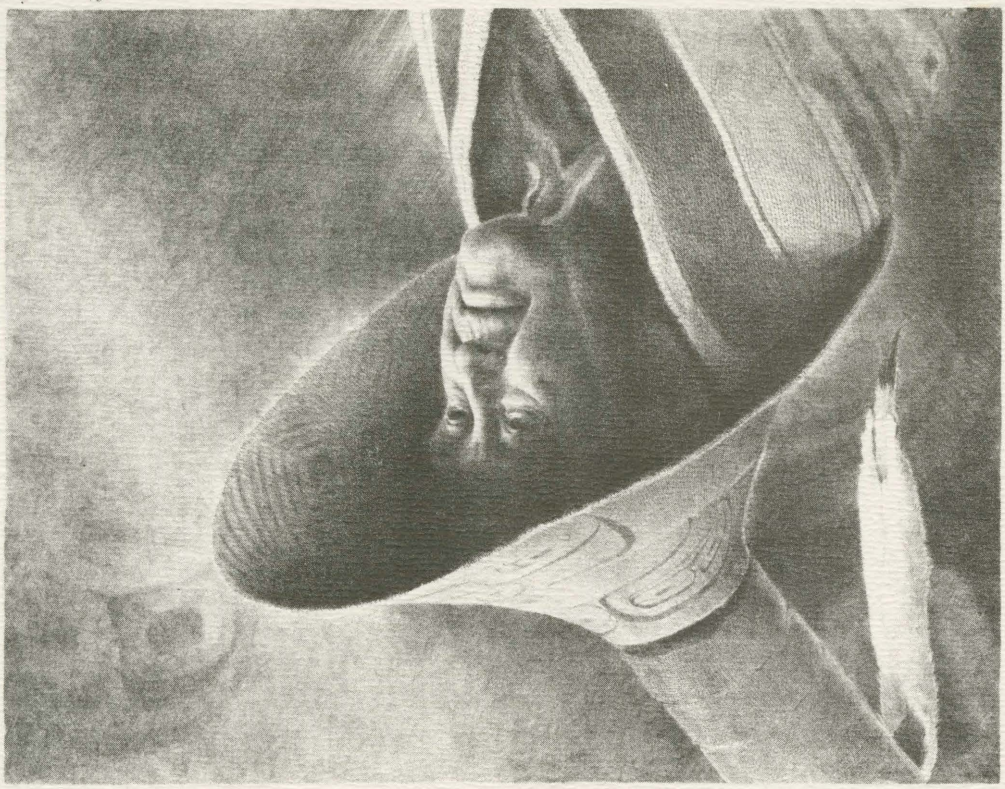
Wonderful card you sent. See you sometime.

IVAN...

your promptness shames
my own tardy habits.
Thank you for your
help ... and papers.
Did you intend for me
TO RETURN...

Thanks AGAIN

JOE



Tsulxan Gowukan **"PEACEDANCER"**

"Tsulxan" in the native Tlingit language is the mighty and beautiful Mount Fairweather on the Southern Coast of Alaska, visible from afar on the North Pacific and in the old days a weather forecaster for Tlingit Sea Otter hunters.
"Gowukan" is literally the Sitka deer but in this context is used in the sense of a peaceful creature, a Peacemaker or Peacedancer — A title of respect for a person who has served in a ceremonial hostage exchange during the arbitration of an important tribal dispute.

THIS PORTRAIT OF GEORGE DALTON SR. OF HOONAH, ALASKA WAS REPRODUCED
FROM A 1971 STONE LITHOGRAPH BY R.T. WALLEN.

© RTW 1978.

M. JOSEPH LEAHY (Coast Gd Historian)
R 4 BOX 4332
JUNEAU, ALASKA 99803

26 Feb. '80

Joe--

Here's the photocopy of Swan's Wolcott journal. I'd like it back eventually, but there's no rush.

I see some of the pages are rather dim; hope it won't be too great a problem to you. You might notice that on Swan's p. 52 is his list of the Wolcott's officers; on p. 66 begins the incident of recovering the body of the army paymaster lost in the wreck of the George Wright (more on pp. 70-1). About all I'm going to be able to use in the Swan book I'm finishing is his reunion with Kit-tairlkh at the wedding feast, and his viewing of the young dead woman.

I'suppose by default I'm the current expert on Swan's handwriting. If anything totally stumps you, I can try help. Glad to have met you yesterday, and I'm sure our paths will cross again.

regards

Alan

29 Jan. '81

Dolly Dieter
Marine Superintendent
Institute of Marine Science
Seward Marine Station
Seward, Alaska 99664

Dear Dolly--

I don't know when you'll be back in Seward for this to catch up with you, but whenever it does, it can convey my thanks, and vast appreciation, for my voyage on the ALPHA HELIX. I gained a great amount of coastal detail to use in my book.

The crew couldn't have been more helpful, and when it comes time for Acknowledgments in the book--it should be published in the fall of '82--I'd like to be sure that along with you, Vera and IMS, they're all included. Roy recited the names, but suggested I verify the spellings with you. (He also was bashful about including himself, so please help me with his last name, which I caught only during the hubbub of the dinner at Douglas.) When you get around to it, if you'd check the enclosed list of names for me for spellings, and to see if I've omitted anyone, I'd much appreciate it.

I know it isn't easy to have someone like me dropped into the middle of your work. Thanks again for putting up with me.

all best

29 Jan. '81

Dr. Vera Alexander
Director, Institute of Marine Science
University of Alaska
Fairbanks, Alaska 99701

Dear Vera:

Just a note of thanks, and vast appreciation, for providing me the opportunity of the ALPHA HELIX voyage. I gained a great amount of detail to use toward my book. When it finally emerges to publication--most likely the autumn of '82--I'll see that it acknowledges IMS and the ALPHA HELIX crew.

The crew, incidentally, couldn't have been more helpful. It can't be easy to have an observer perched like an owl in their working hours all that time, but they never flinched.

very best

phone call from Sheila,
arranged to pick us up at airport, put us up the 1st night.
Said they have 2d car avbl.
Plans to give suppertime buffet, 5-8, the 23d, for us to meet Juneau writers/poets.
We'll know her at airport by brown and black bag she carried, saying something like
"Poets and Writers of Alaska"

28 June '80

Dear Sheila Nickerson--

Please excuse a letter from out of the blue, but in Billings a few weeks ago when I did a reading from my book This House of Sky, I met a drama professor who knows you--Vicki whose-last-name-I-can't-quite- recall. Her touting of you and your work came to mind as my wife and I began to put together an Alaska trip. We'll be in Juneau, doing research for a novel involving the Russian-America Company and Sitka, from July 21 to the afternoon of the 25th, when we go on to Sitka. Is there a chance to get together with you during that time? ← Coffman

We've just been visited by yet another Montanan, Jim Welch (Winter in the Blood) and his wife Lois, who'd been to the Midnight Sun Writers' Conference in Fairbanks. They said it made for very, very long parties.

Hope to see you.

by Ivan Doig
BY IVAN DOIG
Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N.W., Seattle, Washington 98177
(206) 542-6658

28 June '80

Dear Mike--

Please excuse a letter from out of the blue, but as a fellow ASJAer and writing pro, you'll recognize the logistical reason behind it. My wife and I are coming to Juneau July 21-25, to do some research at the State Library toward a novel involving the Russian-America Company and Sitka. Do you know anybody in town who runs the equivalent of a bed-and-breakfast enterprise; or barring that, simply would rent us a room for those days? I'd happily have any name you can supply, and any other lore of surviving in Juneau while traveling on one's own money.

Would very much like to see you if you're going to be around then. I hope things are going well at your typewriter. I'm waiting around for a book to come out this fall, and counting the nickels being earned by the trade paperback of House of Sky.

very best

Ivan Doig

Ivan - Just returned from camping in the Yukon to find your letter. Tried to call you as I transitted SEA/TAC Monday en route to New York, but you were out. I'm at a bit of a loss to suggest a bread-and-bkfst home. We don't have any I know of. (Our own home, unfortunately, is totally occupied with Marilyn and me plus daughter and grandson. In addition to the more tourist-used hotels (Baranof and Hilton, $50+) you might contact the Driftwood Lodge ($35) or the historical Alaska Hotel ($20 to $30, some rooms w/bath "down the hall." Best buy, if you bring your own sleeping bags, would be the AYH hostel in the basement of Northern Light Church. ($2.00 per night) Give me a call when you get to town, at 586-3067. Sorry not to be more help.

— Mike

14 July '80

Dear Mike--

Thanks for the accommodations info. (Was startled to receive it in an envelope of the Hotel Tudor, which is where I've fetched up a time or two on visits to the publisher.) Friends of friends have offered us a bedroom, and I think we've got things under control now. I'll indeed give you a call, and hope to buy you lunch, when we get to town the week of the 21st.

all best

7 July '80

Conrad Reinke
Information Officer
Region 10, USFS
Junean, Alaska

Dear Mr. Reinke--

In late July, my wife and I will be traveling to Juneau (July 22-25) and Sitka (July 28-August 1) to research a book I'm at work on, and I wonder whether there's any opportunity for us to hitch a brief ride with the Forest Service out of either place.

The book is about the Sitka fur trade in the time of the Russian-America Company, and is based on the historical incident of four men from Sweden who fled their service there in the early 1850's and canoed down the coastline in hope of reaching Astoria, Oregon. In January of 1853, the three who survived indeed were found by settlers near the mouth of the Columbia River. For the purposes of the book, I'd like to see any of the coastline between Sitka and Dixon Entrance. If there's such a thing as a day flight or boat trip by USFS people into any of that area, that would be ideal; do we have any such prospect?

As to credentials: I've written a couple of hundred magazine articles, and also the history of the Pacific Northwest Experiment Station in Portland--working under Louise Parker there. My fifth book will be published this fall; my 1978 book, This House of Sky, was nominated for the National Book Award, and seems to be known among the Alaskans I've been corresponding with by having been read over National Public Radio stations some months ago. My wife, who does research photography for me, has had several years of magazine and newspaper experience and now is a journalism professor.

cordially

Ivan Doig

City and Borough of Sitka
KETTLESON MEMORIAL LIBRARY

~~P.O. BOX 79~~ · SITKA, ALASKA · 99835
P.O. BOX 518

July 9, 1980

Ivan Doig
17021-10th Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Mr. Doig,

Unfortunately, I have not been successful in arranging accomodations for you and Mrs. Doig in a private residence for the requested dates. Housing will be available at the Sheldon Jackson College campus beginning Sunday, July 27. The rates are: room and board--$28.00 each per day; room only--$15.50 each per day. Velma Stone (Sheldon Jackson College, Box 479, phone--907-747-5262) handles the arrangements. Two hundred students participating in the annual Fine Arts Camp will be at the campus through the 26th. The campus, museum and libraries are all within a comfortable distance to each other.

Delighted that you have scheduled a meeting with Miss Miller. She certainly is a fountain of knowledge about Sitka.

Cordially,

Tracy

Tracy S. Allen
Librarian

July 14, '80

Dear Tracy--

Thanks very much for inquiring around about accommodations, and for the information about the college lodging. I think we can fend now. Carol and I look forward to meeting you, and seeing the library, in a couple of weeks.

best regards

28 June 1980

Dear Tracy--

Please excuse yet another letter from me, but it occurred to me you may be the logical person to ask: do you know of anybody in Sitka who'd be interested in renting an accommodation to my wife and me for the week or so we'll be in town? A bed-and-breakfast situation, or a room, or the house of someone who might be out fishing--anything of the sort would be workable for us. If you can think of anyone, I'd happily have their name, or have them write or call me collect. We'll be arriving in Sitka the ~~morning of August 1~~ afternoon of July 25, will go on to Ketchikan the morning of August 1.

regards

22 June '80

Dear Tracy Allen--

Thanks immensely for the informative letter about the holdings of Sitka's other libraries. I'll write to Isabel Miller and Evelyn Bonner to be certain of using the material, and I'll certainly come by your library. I'm flattered that you have a copy of Sky.

See you in late July.

City and Borough of Sitka
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P.O. BOX 518

June 12, 1980

Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N.W.
Seattle, Washington, 98177

Dear Mr. Doig:

This letter is a response to yours of May 29th concerning material for your new novel.

Although the Kettleson Memorial Library maintains a small Local History Collection, unfortunately, no diaries, travelers' accounts for that period are included. The Sitka Historical Society Museum (Isabel Miller, Chairman; P.O. Box 2414, Sitka) has recently received material in Swedish about life in Sitka in the mid 1840's when Etholen was governor. This information will be translated eventually. The Stratton Library (Evelyn Bonner, Librarian; P.O. Box 479 Sitka) at the Sheldon Jackson College campus maintains quite an extensive Alaskana collection. A map (slide) of Sitka for 1846 is available there. Also, the Alaska Historical Library of the Alaska State Library (Phyllis Demuth, Librarian; Pouch G, Juneau, Alaska 99811) may have some research material.

Mr. Doig, do stop at the public library when you are in Sitka. Perhaps you could be persuaded to autograph the library copy of This House of Sky.

Best regards,

Tracy S. Allen

(Mrs) Tracy S. Allen
Librarian

19 Oct. '81

Dear Jim Wickwire

I understand Jean Walkinshaw is in both our lives currently, and Jean mentioned during our work on the Winter Brothers script that she'd found out you're familiar with that book. I knew I'd signed a House of Sky to you, but it's a bonus to me that you searched out Winter Brothers as well.

Now I wonder if you could be bribed, gently, to help me with a point on my current manuscript. I'm at work on a novel deriving from an actual adventure whichooccurred in the winter of 1852-53--a canoe voyage from Sitka to Willapa Bay by three Swedes who were escaping from seven-year indenturement to the Russians. According to what account I have, these three men--they were found and cared for at Willapa by James Swan's fellow oystermen--were terrifically exhausted. That's what I'd like to talk to you about, if you'd be game: the effects, the feel, of extreme expenditures of energy such as you've done in your mountain-climbing. It may not sound like much of a lunch topic, but I d be enthralled, and of course would buy. Could you manage an hour or so with me anytime in November?

best regards

SMÅLANDS MUSEUM OCH UTVANDRARNAS HUS I VÄXJÖ

sevärdheter i världsklass

Highlights in Växjö Sweden: SMÅLAND'S MUSEUM AND THE HOUSE OF EMIGRANTS

Sitka By The Sea

Photo by Mike Anderson

R/V ALPHA HELIX

Dimensions: 133 feet in length

Range: 30 days

1966: built with a grant from the National Science Foundation.

1966 - 1979: operated by the Scripps Institution until the end of 1979.

1980: transferred to the University of Alaska, Institute of Marine Science.

Equipment: originally designed and equipped to conduct experimental biological and biochemical research in remote regions.

The ship is now being converted to a general purpose oceanographic vessel capable of servicing the rigorous needs of high latitude scientists.

Impact on IMS: the *ALPHA HELIX* will allow the institute to expand inshore and nearshore work. It also has some ice strengthening and will be able to move into deeper water.

Up to 15 scientists can be accommodated at sea.

A shipboard minicomputer will assist in data acquisition and real-time data analysis. Previously data had to be analyzed post cruise, much like survey work. Experiments can now be altered at sea.

1981 Cruises: 153 sea days have been scheduled between early May and mid-November.

NSF funding will support six projects totaling 148 sea days.

Private industry is supporting four days.

The State of Alaska is supporting one day as part of a new project which will take students to sea to learn data collection techniques.

CARVED HISTORY

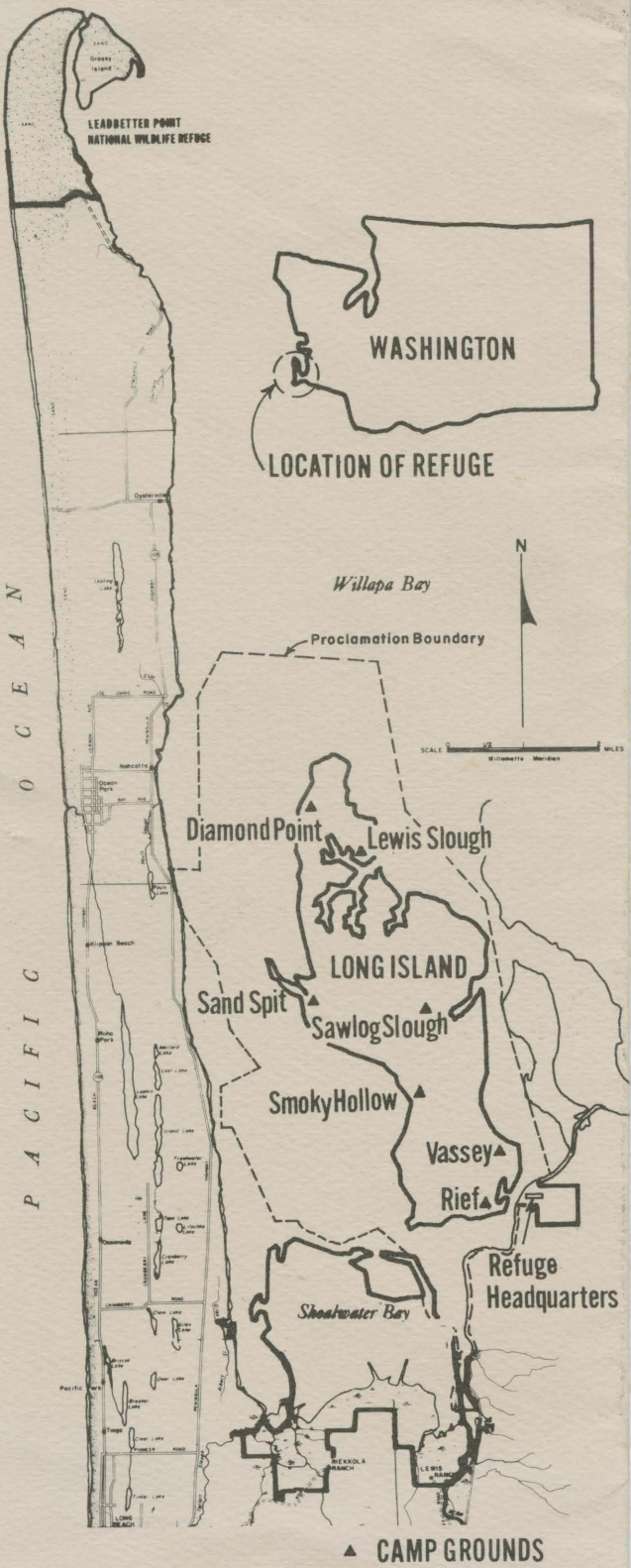
The Totem Poles & House Posts of Sitka National Historical Park

Preserving The

RUSSIAN BISHOP'S HOUSE

NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR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Headquarters
Shoalwater Bay
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Oysterville
Klipsan Beach
Pacific Beach
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LEWIS RANCH
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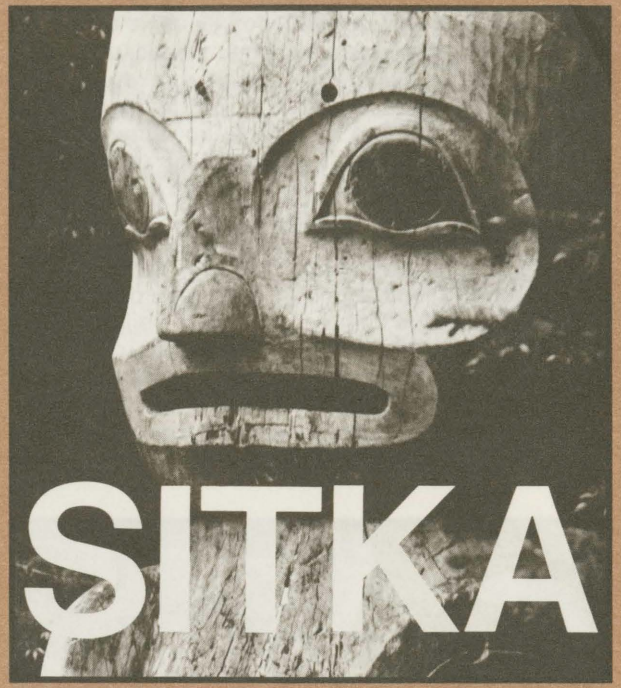
SITKA

Scandinavia Map and Travel Facts

Denmark
Finland
Iceland
Norway
Sweden
1981

RUSSIAN TRADERS IN ALASKA

By Charles E. Hanson, Jr.

Comparatively speaking we have little published material in English on the every day operations of the Russian fur trade in North America. Alaskan natives and mixed-bloods managed many of the trading activities conducted by the Russian-American Company, and journals or diaries by company men are extremely rare.

Special interest is therefore due the observations of Frederick Whymper, an Englishman who served as an artist in one party of explorers for the Western Union Telegraph Company in 1865-67. The Company embarked on an ambitious scheme to connect Russia and North America by an intercontinental telegraph line. The project was dropped, after construction was already underway, upon the successful completion of the Atlantic cable in 1867.

Before going to the Alaskan interior, Whymper visited Sitka and the Kamchatka Peninsula of Siberia by ship.[1] At that time Sitka, or New Archanel, was dominated by the Governor's house, often dubbed "Baranof's Castle" because it was built by Russian Governor Aleksandr Baranov in the early 1800's. Here was the American headquarters of the Company where the peltries from twenty-one different trading stations passed into the warehouses each year.

Whymper noted many similarities between Sitka and the city of Petropaulovski in Kamchatka. The latter had formerly been a Company station and was a typical Russian colonial settlement. Of Sitka, he wrote, "The colouring of the town is gay and the surroundings picturesque. The houses yellow, with sheet-iron roofs painted red; the bright green spires and dome of the Greek Church, and the old battered hulks, roofed in and used as magazines, lying propped up on the rocks at the water's edge, with the antiquated buildings of the Russian Fur Company, gave Sitka an original, foreign and fossilized kind of appearance."[3]

In the fall of 1866 the party reached St. Michael's, or Michaelovski, the principal post for the Yukon area and the Indian trade of the interior. It was founded by the Company about 1833 and was situated at latitude 63° 28' N., and longitude 161° 44' W., on Norton Sound near the mouth of the Yukon.

Basically Michaelovski resembled all the other trading forts from the Mississippi to Slave Lake with its enclosure and blockhouses, a staff of mixed

Aurora at Nulato

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Date 26 Aug.

nationalities and the ever-present Indian village. However it had the deep stamp of Russian, rather than English, culture against the universal primitive New World background. Whymper wrote:

"The station is built on the model of a Hudson's Bay Co.'s Fort, with enclosure of pickets, and with bastions flanking it. Inside are the store-houses and dwellings of the employees, including the 'casine' (caserne), or general barrack, bath and cook-houses. These painted yellow, and surmounted by red roofs, gave it rather a gay appearance.

The inhabitants of the fort — all servants of the company — were a very mixed crowd, including pure Russians and Finlanders, Yakutz from Eastern Siberia, Aleuts, from the islands, and creoles from all parts. They were not a very satisfactory body of men; . . . much given to laziness and drunkenness. Fortunately, their opportunity for this latter indulgence was limited, usually, to one bout per annum, on the arrival of the Russian ship from Sitka with their supplies; whilst the 'Provalishik,' Mr. Stephanoff, the commander of this fort, who had charge of the whole district, stood no nonsense with them, and was ever ready to make them yield assistance. His arguments were of a forcible character. I believe the knout formed no part of his establishment, but he used his fists with great effect! . . . The Russian American Company, however, gave these men salaries proportioned to their deserts: 1½ poods of coarse flour (about 60 pounds) per month, and from 5d. to 10d. per day was the average allowance, and most of them were hopelessly in debt to the Company. Fish and game at this post were not reliable resources; and their pay would barely keep them in tea, tobacco, and clothing. The tea used was a superior and expensive kind (worth 5s to 5s 10d a pound in the Company's store).

* * * *

Outside the post, besides other buildings, there was a small chapel, in which on 'Prasniks,' or holidays of the Church, and on each Sunday, a service was performed. A priest of the Greek Church, resident at the 'Mission,' on the Lower Yukon, comes down occasionally to baptize the natives.

* * * *

St. Michael's though threatened by distant Indians, has never been seriously attacked. A small village of Indian houses — underground, or excavated in the hill — exists near the fort . . . "[4]

The party found a Russian steam bath in regular operation at Michaelovski, and at every other settlement they visited. It appears that everyone became a firm convert to the baths and found them refreshing.

The next Company post reached by the party was Unalachleet, on Norton Sound at the mouth of the Unalachleet River. This was a much smaller post, with pickets but no blockhouses. The 'bidarshik' or head man lived with his family in a single room. The 'casine' was populated by a few engagees and a host of cockroaches. The windows in the buildings here had translucent fur seal gut instead of glass. A large common 'pitchka' or bake-oven stood in the yard.

Near this post stood a large village of Malemute and Kaveak Indians. A large proportion of the Indians had flint-lock or percussion-lock guns, generally obtained through inter-tribal barter with Hudson's Bay Company posts far to the eastward. They lived generally on caribou, fish, and berries and were energetic fur gatherers. Most of them used both pipe tobacco and snuff made from Russian leaf tobacco. Strangely enough, tea and sugar do not appear to have been regular articles for Indian trade but were generally reserved for the traders themselves.

On November 15, Whymper's party reached the post at Nulato, on the Yukon River, making a grand entry with gunfire. "All hands helped the sledges up the incline leading up to the station, and a few minutes later we

were lunching at the 'bidarshik's' table on raw salt-fish and bread. It need not be said that the 'samovar' had been prepared as soon as they sighted us in the distance. The poorest Russian never neglects the sacred rite of hospitality, and we pledged each other in massive cups of strong tea. Later in the day we had something stronger.

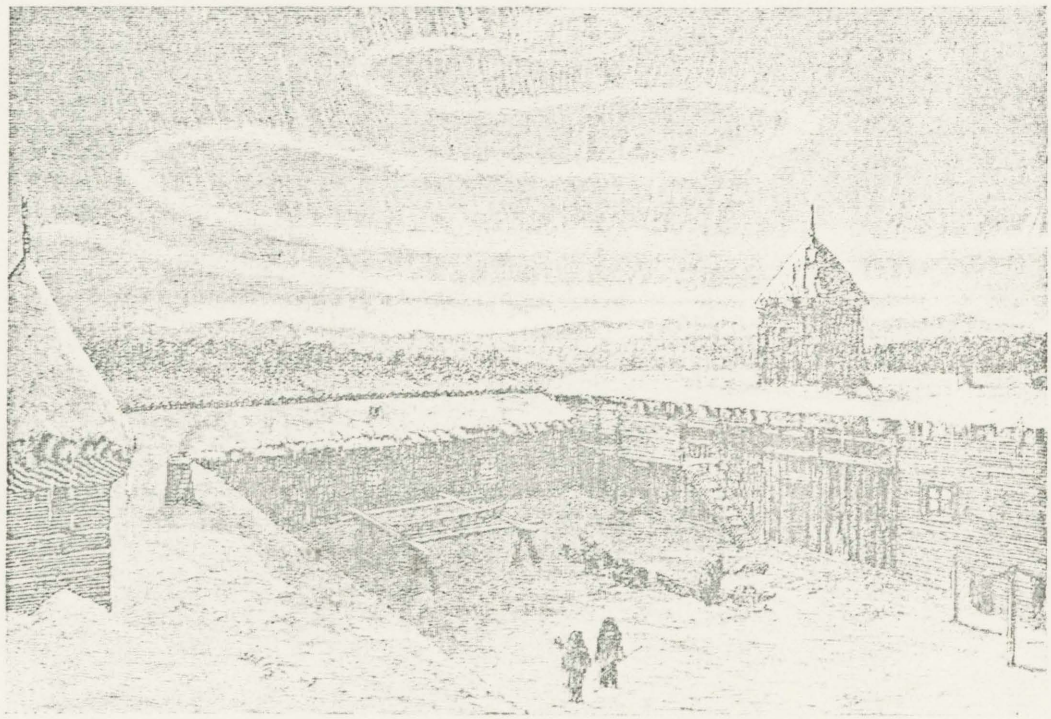
* * * *

We found the quarters appropriated to our use — a low building forming one of the boundaries of the courtyard — to be large and reasonably comfortable. The place had been cleaned out, a large fire lighted in the 'pitchka,' or oven, straw laid on the floor, and, in short, everything done that was possible with the limited means at command. Later in the day we took a delicious steam-bath, and soon came to the conclusion that, after all, life in Russian America was perfectly endurable." [5]

Nalato was a picketed fort with two watch-towers and a gate that was always shut at night. The log apartments formed part of the fort enclosure. The water supply was kept in the ubiquitous water barrel filled from the river a quarter-mile away. The only special problem there was keeping a water hole open. Ice formed to a thickness of nine feet on the Yukon. At one time in December the temperature fell to —58° Fahrenheit.

Like the buffalo hump and beaver tail of other places, there was a special delicacy for the Russians at Nulato. It was the rich, oily liver of a large black fish called the *Nalima*.

Life at the post included many small social events that sound like those at some Missouri River fort subject, however, to the omnipresent Russian overtones: "This day we gave a dinner-party to 'Ivan,' the bidarshik, and his clerk 'Iagor.' Ivan, a half-breed, had been prooted to his present position from the fact that he was a good trader; in other respects he was an ignorant man, able neither to read nor write. We found him a pretty good fellow. Our banquet of baked ptarmigan and fried ham, pancakes (known, reader, by the poeti-



Fort St. Michael's, or Michaelovski, Alaska

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Date

cal name of 'flap-jacks) molasses (known by us as 'long-tailed sugar'), and coffee, pleased our Russian friends well, but our tea was not to their standard. They universally use a superior kind. In Petropaulovski, a merchant told me that he had once imported a quantity of second-rate tea, and had to re-export it, for the poorest Kamchatdale would neither buy it nor take it as a gift." [6]

In June, 1867, Whymper and Mr. Dall of the Smithsonian traveled 600 miles upriver to visit the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Yukon. Upon his arrivel there he was moved to draw a comparison. "After our experience of the rather dirty Russian forts it was quite a relief to find newly plastered walls, glazed windows, capital floors, open fire-places, and a general appearance of cleanliness." [7] He did observe, however, that the tariff at Ft Yukon was "rather higher" than that at the Russian forts. In fact, he considered some of the prices to be very high. The goods traded by the two companies seemed to be similar and Whymper particularly noted the amounts of dentalia traded by both. One exception was the fact that the Russians did not trade guns or ammunition on the Yukon. [8]

Familiar as he was with trading operations in Canada and the United States, Whymper predicted that light steamboats could go up the Yukon and open up a trading empire. The Russian had apparently made no move toward such a venture.

Whymper's day by day narrative of the Yukon trip is replete with observations that have a familiar ring to any student of the fur trade. In addition there are many things that hark to the days of the old French trade when a few whites struggled to carry on commerce in a vast area with limited capital. There is the same feeling of a far-distant and unconcerned royal court which choses to be represented by a few soldiers and a black-robed priest or two.

NOTES:

1. Whymper's experiences were published as "Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska; by Frederick Whymper, John Murray, London, 1868. A similar narrative by a member of the Siberian telegraph party was published as "Tent Life in Siberia" by George Kennan, G.P. Putnam Sons, New York, 1867.

2. See: Russian America by Hector Chevigny. The Viking Press, New York, 1965.

3. Whymper, op.cit. pp 74-5.

4. Ibid. pp. 128-31.

5. Ibid. pp. 167-8.

6. Ibid. p. 175.

7. Ibid. p. 221.

8. Ibid. p. 189. Dentalia were small tusk-shaped shells.

~~OVT~~ 051 OV #15

Overland Monthly, Dec. 1875, pp. 554-7

– byline in vol. contents p. – Charles ~~W~~ M. Scammon

"yet there are strange coincidences in the case. I was not thinking of this being the anniversary, until my ears were arrested by a singular moan."

"I heard it," said I, "but thought it was the sudden swelling of the wind."

"And so did I!" exclaimed my son and daughter.

"If it was the wind," said Cousin William, "it is the only blast we have had to-night."

"What became of his wife?" I asked.

"She returned to her family."

"And the fair woman of the mountains?"

"I afterward ascertained that she died in the arms of Sir Hugh. It was her summons that called him away on that memorable day. Grief for his desertion killed her. Her last words were, 'Meet me soon!'—words that it seems were but too faithfully obeyed.

A RUSSIAN BOAT-VOYAGE.

IRVING, in his *Astoria*, speaks of the hard-drinking and iron-ruling government of Russian America, which, according to its early history, maintained an existence for many years under the fostering care of the renowned Baranoff. The chief metropolis of the territory was situated on an island bearing his name, and known as Sitka, or New Archangel. The *employés* imported from the old country were of a class inured to hard labor and frugal living, aside from their inordinate indulgence in strong drink.

Military rule was exercised over the colony, and at the capital the discipline was punctiliously strict; moreover, a watchful eye was ever kept upon the different departments to prevent desertions. Notwithstanding this vigilance, it appears from the record that at one time several restless spirits concocted a plan of absconding, which was carried into effect successfully, but at great hazard. As usual in such cases, the tale is prefaced with complaints of ill-usage in justification of appropriating the Russian company's property to private uses. The journal kept by one of their party begins as follows: "This perilous voyage—launching out on the broad Pacific Ocean to seek harbors for fresh supplies of water and provisions, among wild Indians, on a rough coast not known by any of us to contain any settlements of civilized people before reaching the Columbia River, a distance of nearly six hundred miles—was undertaken to liberate ourselves from one of the most tyrannical governments on the face of the earth, under which a laboring man, and even the best mechanics, receive but a trifle as wages."

One of the confederates, named West—a sail-maker—while ostensibly employed repairing and making sails for the company's vessels, contrived to complete the sails for their own boat, but with a hair-breadth escape from detection. A scanty supply of other indispensable articles of outfit being at last collected, at two o'clock on the morning of the 20th of April, 1853, they silently embarked in a canoe or boat previously selected, and began their flight. A dead calm prevailed, and a gloomy darkness. Once they thought they heard the plash of oars, and again the voice of the sentinel as he reported the hour. With anxious hearts they plied their oars, and prayed fervently for a favoring breeze to widen the distance from the fort before daylight.

At five A.M. the wished-for breeze

sprung up from the northward, when all sail was set, and they cut through the ruffled waters, winding their way through whirling narrow passages between rocks and islets, or running along the open coast, as their southerly course led them. At daylight they saw three canoes at some distance containing Indians. "Not knowing their disposition toward us," reads the journal—"whether they were friends or enemies—we fired a shot over their heads, which they understood and turned their canoes back toward the shore."

On the morning of the 21st they passed the island of Baidarka, and at noon were up with Emheline; toward evening the island sunk in the distance as they dashed along with a freshening wind from the south-west. Every preparation was now made for rough weather. "A new mainsail was bent, some new rigging was rove, and one of the party (a carpenter) repaired the main-gaff; a new cleet for the main-halyards was made, and a tight canvas bag to keep tobacco in." From this one might infer that they placed great value on the weed.

On the 22d they were under all sail, running rapidly along the coast. About eight A.M., they saw two islands. At three P.M., Bilur Island was seen, and at midnight the wind came out at north-west, clearing the haze, when the Queen Charlotte Islands were seen in the distance.

Early on the morning of the 23d they attempted to land on an island, finally succeeding after barely escaping total wreck; the boat struck heavily in the surf, which started leaks, and all articles aboard were wet by a roller breaking over them. Luckily, however, all was saved, and the boat hauled high up the beach. Then Ridderston and West, two of their number, being boat-builders, improved every moment to make the necessary repairs, while the others got the fire-arms ready for use, and in the afternoon went in search of fresh-water, which, to their great relief, was found in abundance, and a supply brought to the boat. "To celebrate our success," says the journalist, "in being free from Russian bondage, we prepared a bowl of warm toddy, and drank a toast to a brighter future." Toward evening the whole party went for an additional supply of water. While on their way one of their number discovered a quantity of gum, some of which was afterward used in paying the seams of the boat.

The 24th was ushered in with a dismal rain-storm, that lasted through the day; nevertheless, all hands were busily engaged in repairing the boat. At night, being fatigued and drenched with the incessant rain, "made another bowl of toddy," and toasts were given, "hoping that the number of our friends might exceed the number of our enemies."

The weather proved pleasant from April 25th to the 28th, permitting the completion of the repairs on their crazy craft. On the evening of the 28th they launched it. Unfortunately during the operation they lost an anchor, and the boat sprung a new leak; however, with great risk and difficulty all was at last embarked, and they made the best of their way along the shores of the island until a smooth bay was discovered, which they entered and there landed without difficulty.

The 29th, a pleasant day, was improved in again repairing the boat. In this bay they "shot two sea-birds."

April 30th, at midnight, they left the harbor, using their oars. At eight A.M. they were out at sea; the wind came fair and fresh, soon increasing to a gale, but they made good way with a reefed mainsail—a mere speck of sail.

May 1st brought a change of weather; the wind lulled and the sea went down. At meridian two canoes with Indians were seen making toward them. They

immediately tacked their vessel and stood out to sea. Soon after the canoes changed their course, and were last seen making for the land. The fugitive vessel again resumed her southern course. Night set in with thick weather and rain, obscuring the land from view, and they groped their way as best they could by a pocket-compass, which was now and then consulted by the faint flicker of a transient light of pitch-wood. At dawn on the following morning an island was seen to leeward; their prow was immediately turned for it; in a few hours they landed, and "killed six sea-birds and made a good meal of them." At this place they remained until the 8th, high winds and rainy weather prevailing, and during the time they succeeded in killing ninety "sea-fowl," which afforded them a supply of food. At this date the diarist remarks: "We were also fortunate enough to find some mussels and small lobsters, and fish also; consequently we enjoyed ourselves, and had a good time and felt happy."

May 8th, in the evening, they left "Happy Harbor," using their oars until the offing was gained, when, a light wind springing up, they set sail to it, but made little way. On the 9th, the wind came from the north, which carried them along at their utmost speed.

At daylight a heavy squall struck them, carrying away the mainmast, with all attached. Luckily the squall passed quickly over, when, mustering all their strength and resolution, they succeeded in picking up the broken spar and saving the sail. The mast was soon temporarily repaired and sail again set, but the wind settled into a hard gale, which obliged them to heave-to. In a few hours the wind abated. On the morning of the 10th it came from the south, compelling them either to head seaward or close in with the land. They chose the latter alternative. The wind soon became a gale again, to which they shortened sail, but held their course and steered for Vancouver Island. On gaining the southern side of it, they were enabled to land. Here they found mussels as well as other kinds of shell-fish in abundance, on which they feasted until the cravings of hunger were satisfied. A good supply was then taken on board for a sea stock. Stormy weather prevented their departure until the 13th, when at an early hour they sailed on their course with a favoring breeze.

May 15th they passed a point of land, and soon after found themselves among shoals and breakers. The vessel struck on a sunken rock. "It seems," mentions the chronicler, "almost a miracle that we got through this dangerous place and into deep water again." The same day they attempted to land again, but the natives fired at them; so they continued along the shore and landed at another part of the island, but passed an anxious night, fearing another attack. At an early hour on the 16th they were again under sail, with a light wind.

The 17th was a still calm day, without a breath of air to ripple the undulating swell as it swept along the coast. As the day dawned nothing was heard but the distant sound of the surf dashing against the rock-bound shore, and the shrieking of sea-fowl, as if boding a coming storm. The sun rose out of a thick haze, betokening wind, but none came. The supply of half-putrid provisions, consisting entirely of shell-fish, was nearly exhausted, and with heavy hearts the famishing party gazed almost hopelessly in all directions as their frail vessel rose and fell with the waves. At length one of their number thought some black-looking objects could be seen toward the shore. Anxiously every eye was turned in that direction. Soon twenty canoes came dashing along with their savage crews, who proved nevertheless to be friendly. They had come out for

the purpose of fishing, and all were at once busily engaged in the sport.

As the glaring sun went down a light air sprung up, wafting them slowly southward. Before parting with the fleet of canoes they were given a supply of fish, which proved a timely addition to their scanty fare. The following three days they coasted along with light fair breezes, but dared not land, as the Indians seen daily in their canoes appeared to be hostile.

On the 21st they passed two canoes, when the Indians fired at them; fortunately no one was injured.

On the 22d they landed at a place called "Dearmost," where one of their party, named Ridderston, was shot dead by an Indian. The starving fugitives re-embarked and fled for their lives, setting all sail to a strong fair wind.

"May 23d," reads the journal, "we got into shallow water, the sea high and breaking. We were very near being wrecked, but the Almighty saved us from the calamity."

This place proved to be Shoalwater Bay bar, and we most sincerely agree with the narrator that their escape from being overwhelmed by the breakers was quite providential.

After passing the bar they were unable to land, on account of the rough shallow water, so they lay at anchor from the 24th to the 27th, anxiously waiting a favorable time to get on shore.

May 28th they saw a boat with White men in it, but they could not communicate with them, as a broad flat intervened. The following day they ate the last morsel of their provisions. On the 30th, the weather becoming more moderate, they left their anchorage, sailed up the bay a few miles, and landed. Immediately two of their number set out in quest of game, or anything to appease their craving starving hunger; nothing was found but some wild fruit, which they voraciously devoured. Soon after they heard the report of fire-arms. On going in the direction whence the report came, to their great joy and relief they found, to use their own expression, "civilized Americans."

Quickly did those distressed men manifest their wants, and as quickly were they relieved by our countrymen, who gave them meat and drink from their haversacks, and conducted them to their dwellings on the banks of the Palla.

Here ended this voyage of hazard and suffering, and when assured (in answer to their overanxious inquiries) that they were in a free country and would not be molested, the voyagers' past adventures seemed nothing in comparison to their inexpressible joy at realizing their fullest anticipations.

It may be well to add that the brief journal closed as follows: "The names of those four gentlemen who so kindly received us after our long and perilous passage, and who we all with sincerest gratitude shall remember so long as we live, were Captain Plig, Charles Dunlap, August Fairfield, and Edward Banks."