

# The Alaskan Philatelist

The Journal of the Alaska Collectors Club • American Philatelic Society Affiliate No. 218



[www.AlaskaPhilatelic.org](http://www.AlaskaPhilatelic.org)

Volume 46, No. 1 • Whole No. 233  
1st Quarter, 2010 • Pages 1–26

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The Journal of the Alaska Collectors Club

ISSN #1096-5963

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Membership information and sample issues of this journal are available from the Secretary/Treasurer. Price of a sample issue is \$2.00 (stamps OK). Membership levels are as follows:

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Contributing Membership ..... \$20.00  
Sustaining Membership ..... \$30.00 (or more)  
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## SUSTAINING MEMBERS—2010

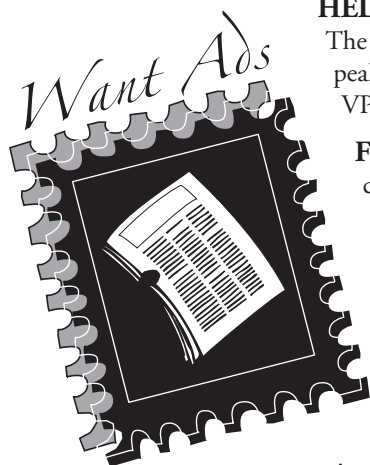
Anchorage Philatelic Society..... Norman Anderson  
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David McCord..... Gary Phillips  
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David Schwantes..... Wayne Selmer  
Michael Senta, M.D..... Terry Shaw  
Robert Spaugy..... Fred Smith  
Peter Tompkins..... Thomas Tonozzi  
Dirk van Gelderen..... Jim Zuelow

## AWARDS

Colopex 2000—Silver-Bronze  
Colopex 2002—Silver-Bronze  
STaMpsHOW 03—Silver-Bronze  
Canada's 7th National Philatelic Literature  
Exhibition 2005—Silver Medal  
NAPEX 2007—Silver Medal  
APS Stampshow 2008—Silver Medal



**WANTED:** *Someone with web technical expertise who would be willing to occasionally update the ACC website. Would require general web maintenance knowledge (nothing too complicated!) and perhaps a couple of hours 3-4 times a year. Please contact Angela Watson (bleumoon@charter.net).*



**HELP WANTED:** Enjoy working with computers and websites? The ACC NEEDS YOU to help keep our website current and appealing! Check our site at [www.alaskaphilatellic.org/](http://www.alaskaphilatellic.org/) and contact VP Angela Watson for more information.

**FOR SALE:** "Grandfather's Collection" Beautiful Alaskan covers, mostly older, 7 hand colored/ drawn cachet with each order. Nice Alaskan covers. 35 covers \$110.00 Guaranteed. Victor Schwez, 10519 Casanes Ave., Downey CA 90241

**INFO:** ACC member Bob Beeman would like to hear from any member who could inform him about past ACC member Paul E. Smith, ACC Member 165, who previously lived at 305 Waldman Drive, Park Forest, Illinois 60466. Smith had, in 1966, been

active in promoting the issuance of a stamp commemorating the 100th Anniversary of the Purchase of Alaska with then Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois.

**HELP WANTED:** I am looking for information about the Anchorage Contract Station 11. I never found anything about it and I do have the numbers 10 and 12 and the existence of Number 11 is then logical. Dirk van Gelderen, Voorkade 74, 2771 ZB Boskoop, Netherlands. Email: [info@esveld.nl](mailto:info@esveld.nl)

**WANTED:** Any old postal cards or covers from the Chitna, McCarthy, Kennecott area, 1890 - 1950. Please send list to: Thomas Kinzer, P.O. Box 107, Chitna, AK 99566-0107

**HELP WANTED:** I am looking for mint and used postcards depicting ALASKA LIGHTHOUSES. Russell Bartlett, 5 Saint Clare Street, Braintree, MA 02184-8239

**WANTED:** Any era postal cards (government preprinted stamps, not picture) used in Alaska. No philatelic, please. Don Glickstein, 1300 University St. #9G, Seattle WA 98101. Email: [glickwolf@earthlink.net](mailto:glickwolf@earthlink.net)

**WANTED:** Censored civilian mail from Alaska and Western Canada from World War II. Eric Knapp, 4201 Folker Street, Unit C102, Anchorage, AK 99508. Email: [eknapp@gci.net](mailto:eknapp@gci.net)

**WANTED:** Mail from the gold rush era Alaska forts. Eric Knapp, 4201 Folker Street, Unit C102, Anchorage, AK 99508. Email: [eknapp@gci.net](mailto:eknapp@gci.net)

**LOOKING FOR JFK FDCs:** I notice that my interest in the 5-cent JFK commemorative stamp issued nationally appears on your web-site. So I ask: Do you have or do you know anybody who might have any 5-cent JFK FDCs from Alaska (i.e. covers postmarked May 29, 1964 with the 5-cent Kennedy stamp? By the way, two more cities can be added to this list: Moose Pass and Seward. Contact Henry B. Scheuer at 800-444-1155.

**WANTED:** Are there collectors of new modern postcards? I am looking for postcards of Aleut Islands, Nunivak, Diomedes, St. Lawrence, King, Pribilofs. Any offer will be welcomed. I can buy or exchange for other postcards. Please email me at: [npc@volny.cz](mailto:npc@volny.cz) Thanks and best regards, Peter Pindak

**WANTED:** I am looking for commemorative covers or philatelic items that feature Alaska dog sled team postmarked in the 1940s and 1950s. Also, if anyone has information specifically on the covers featuring Fay Muridge cachets, I would be interested in that as well. I can via Paypal or via credit card on a secure website. Please contact me at 10 Grand Rue, 34290 Lieuran les Beziers, FRANCE or [label34@live.fr](mailto:label34@live.fr). Thank you, David Thierry.

## TAP DEADLINES

ISSUE	DEADLINE
1st Quarter .....	February 1
2nd Quarter .....	May 1
3rd Quarter .....	August 1
4th Quarter .....	November 1

## Alaska Philatelic Cover Catalog Volume 1 & 2

Volume 2 of the Alaska Philatelic Cover Catalog, covering the Alaska Collectors Club, the Gastineau Philatelic Society and the Northern Lights Stamp Club is now available.

The catalog features illustrations of all major and minor covers issued by the three clubs.

The catalog is 8 ½ x 11 loose-leaf format punched for a three ring binder.

Prices:

Volume 2:

\$25.00

Volume 1, Revised Edition:

\$25.00

Original Volume 1 Update:

\$3.00

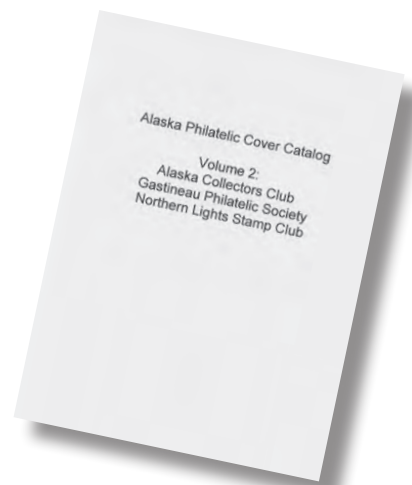
(All prices are postpaid)

For orders or more information, contact:

Eric Knapp

4201 Folker St., Unit C102

Anchorage, AK 99508



# President's Message

by Terry Shaw ([cgsarchxx@aol.com](mailto:cgsarchxx@aol.com))

## *Communities of Place and Communities of Interest*

One would think that after many years of dealing with our out-going President, Jim Zuelow, and our Secretary Treasurer, Eric Knapp, that I'd be up on all their arm-twisting techniques. Jim called some months ago and asked if I would allow my name to be put forward for President of the Alaska Collectors Club. I tried to beg-off with little success. It was not until after I reluctantly agreed that Jim informed me that, by the way, the term of Office was now four years rather than two! And then Eric asked, where is your first "message" as the new President. So, I guess for the next four years we will be sharing this space with whatever may seem of importance or interest to the ACC when the column is due.

I'm starting with some reflection on why it seems to be so difficult to engage more than a strong core of dues-paying ACC members in club activities. I've run the ACC auction for nearly 20 years and never get more than 20 bidders; usually closer to 10. I see from the vote totals in the club election 34 out of 68 active members that we have nearly double the interest in the election than the auction. Maybe we should hold elections more often rather than less!

The issue perhaps comes down to how one engages in their community of interest versus their community of place or residence. In the latter case, one just naturally engages in some activities, be it church, civic volunteering, or work. Most if not all of this activity, when multiplied by many, helps keep the community alive and well. In contrast, for the community of interest, in this case the ACC, club members join via a conscious choice on how to spend some of their limited enjoyment time. Why would they want to carry-over their behaviors from their community place to leisure time? Well, members could do it because they understand that their combined activities in the community of residence do keep it alive and well.

If this armchair philosophy strikes any of you as sensible, then please—*engage!* We need multiple member involvement at a lever higher than reading the Alaska Philatelist when it arrives. Write a letter, or even an article. Ask a question, complain, or bid in the auction. Share with others, why did you join the ACC? You can also help by telling the leadership what you want in the ACC; how could it be tailored to tweak your interest in a way that would lead you to engage in your community of interest, as you do in your community of place.

# Secretary Treasurer's Report

Eric Knapp ([eknapp@gci.net](mailto:eknapp@gci.net))

Happy New Year to everyone in the Alaska Collectors' Club. I hope the New Year finds all of you well.

You will find the club financial report elsewhere in this issue. The club is in good financial shape so we have nothing to worry about there. We just need to be careful as always.

You will also find the election results elsewhere in this issue. I want to congratulate all the new officers and wish them the best. Their terms start immediately.

The following members have made donations to the ACC beyond the normal level of dues: Wayne Selmar, Bob Spaugy, John Beirne, and Jim Zuelow. Thank you.

We have a new member to welcome to the club:

#705

**Wayne Forester**

Marshfield, MA

*Collecting Interests: Postal History, Dog Team Mail, Postcards, Maritime Mail, Geography*

Thank you for joining. I'm going to keep it short this time. Until next time happy collecting!

## **Request from another club**

The State Revenue Society is now compiling material for its next edition of the State Revenue Stamps Catalog. If you are interested in providing material for the Alaska State section, or any State, and would like to review a Catalog draft, please contact Dave Wrisley, [dbwrisley@verizon.net](mailto:dbwrisley@verizon.net), or 941-925-8082.

## **Member Looking for Some Help**

Member Peter Martin is looking for Alaska Cigarette revenue stamps on the cellophane, with or without the pack. He will reimburse the cost of postage.

Peter Martin

P.O. Box 463

Naugatuck, CT 06770



# Raymond Bates Writes Home, circa 1912

*The Raymond and Margaret Bates Correspondence, Part 5*  
transcribed by Eric Knapp

*Ed. Note: This is a continuation of the correspondence from the early days of the 20th century. They are letters to, from and about a pair of brother and sister teachers in northwest Alaska. This letter is the story of the trip from Kivalina to Wainwright by reindeer sled in the middle of winter. This is an amazing story. This correspondence comes from the estate of longtime ACC member Robert Potts. Thank you to Ross Hallan (Robert's son in law) for bringing it to my attention.*

Wainwright, Alaska, Dec. 15, 1912

Dear Folks in the Evergreen State;

According to my promise to give you a description of our journey from Kivalina to Wainwright I now take my typewriter in hand and set about the task. But first a history of some of the things that made the journey necessary may be conveniently inserted here and throw a little light on things written in the diary as I mean to copy here just as I had things in the diary without change, preferring that written in the immediate state of affairs to that written from memory. It will be poorly written but remembering that often writing was done under circumstances not the pleasantest may help to overlook slips of rhetoric.

When the revenue cutter "Bear" arrived at Kivalina last Aug. we were first informed of our transfer to this place and the raise in salary—which made it acceptable. Our instructions were to go on the first boat stopping off Kivalina. Knowing the lack of accommodations on even the best of boats that sail these waters Margaret asked Superintendent Evans to take us on the "Bear" but he refused. Imagine our chagrin upon receiving the next letter from Assistant Superintendent Shields which informed us that he had arranged for us to be transferred on the "Bear." "The "Bear" was coming right up there to take you," he said. But the "Bear" sailed away without us leaving us to pack up and await the uncertain coming of another boat. After being packed for two or three weeks we began to reopen this box and that box for something needed to eat or wear. By six weeks I think there was not a box or roll that had not been reopened, and we were out of sugar, salt, milk, and butter. Our supplies for the

ensuing year having been landed at Wainwright. Sugar and milk we could get from the natives but the sugar was very wet and 15 cents a pound while the milk was frozen and curdled and .5 tins for a \$1. Every morning we climbed the bell tower with the field glass but there was never a speck to gladden the sight with hope of a sail.

It was Sept. 27th. that the natives said there was a red and green light seen passing on the water the previous night going northward. Then we knew that a boat had passed in the night and had not stopped for us. On the morning of the 29th. when I climbed the tower to take another view I saw to the northward, a small schooner coming. At about 11 o'clock it pulled up before Kivalina and we went out in the whaleboat to the place where it was anchored. It proved to be the supply boat having aboard the new teachers for Kivalina and the supplies for that place. By two o'clock every thing was landed and the schooner had sailed away. Margaret had a good dinner ready when we came ashore but the new teacher and his wife and boy ate very daintily although we had fried young ptarmigan & cranberry sauce. We thought their daintiness due to previous seasickness from which they had not quite yet recovered but later discovered our mistake. On the boat came a letter from Shields ordering us to be ready for a launch which he had contracted with to take us to Wainwright, we learned from the new teacher, Mr. Maguire, that this launch was then at Kotzebue and expected to arrive at K. in about three days so immediately turned things over to Maguire and set about packing up again. But 3 days, then 5 days, then 10 days passed and no launch came. At last there was a cold, spell and the sea filled with slush ice and we knew it was certain that no launch or other boat would come again until next summer, then it was that we conceived the plan of going to Wainwright with deer. This would require more waiting probably until the latter part of Nov. unless we had an early season. What of Maguire in the prospect of there being two teachers at Kivalina during the winter?



He took a disliking to us the very first thing but we were not discerning enough to discover it at first. His dislike he showed chiefly in the way of sarcastic remarks vary distant at first but more and more insinuating as the days passed. They were Los Angeles people and have once been in Boston, a fact of which they, like the old spinstres in "The Hoosier School Master" are very proud. "When I was in Bosting" is not an infrequent remark with Maguire. Life in Kivalina is somewhat different from that in Boston, or from that of any other place in the outside world. Coming to a place like Kivalina one naturally brings food, clothes and customs like those of his former home, but a year, even, serves to wean him away to a greater or less extent from all these things. With us a year had served to put us into a good many skin clothes such as mukluks and artigies. They are more light and more comfortable than any other kind of clothes in this country. As the artigie is made on the shirt plan it is not so convenient to get into as a coat but the extra comfort repays the extra effort of putting one on. To one from the outside world direct this must seem nonsense, but anyone having spent a winter here knows it is good sense. And so we were judged by Maguire. They thought we were wearing Eskimo clothes as the eastern greenhorn wears pistol and holster the first time he goes West.

About the first thing on entering the room Mrs. Maguire exclaimed "Why, how clean your floor looks, Did you scrub it this morning?" It being Sunday morning you will at once appreciate the sarcasm of the remark. Now the floor looked no more clean than usual. And the questions they asked would have required an encyclopedia Alaskannica to have answered them. At first we were simple enough to think they were asking for information but later discovered they were asking because our answers afforded a sort of amusement for them. In other words our manners and ways seemed absurd to them and they were having a little amusement over our heads thinking we were oblivious of it. They steadily refused Margaret's cooking and she could not even wash dishes to please Mrs. Maguire. The insinuation was that Margaret was not clean because she wore mukluks and donned an artigie when she went out doors. Now I saw Mrs. Maguire dressing a Ptarmigan lay it on the edge of the slop pail to cut it in two but I never saw Margaret do such a thing in my life. I have gotten so used to Eskimo smells that I think myself pretty well hardened in the line of seeing or smelling offensive things but the sight of Mrs. Maguire

cutting meat on the edge of a pail that has been used for a year as the receptacle of slops that have come from the washings of tubercular ulcers and syphilitic sores – Out of my thoughts.

Maguire did not begin school until a week later than he should hoping that we would get away before he started it. I never entered the school room during school hours but the boys told me Maguire chewed tobacco during school hours a thing you have to promise not to do before you get a contract to teach. If there is one thing the natives asked more about than another it was this question; If I use tobacco will I go to Heaven? The Friends Missionaries of which there are a great number up here than any other denomination answer "no." The missionary as Point Hope who is an Episcopalian answered by saying "you see me smoke? Well, I'm a missionary." I always tried to dodge the issue by telling them tobacco hurt the body and made it easier for disease to get hold of it. Maguire whips out a pipe and tells them it is all right. Maguire said he has never spent a winter in the North. One day later he was telling about the snow in Nome when Margaret unconscious that she was asking an insinuating question said "Oh, I thought you had never spend a winter in Nome" but Maguire was not the least disconcerted. "I rushed over the trail to Valdez," he said. It made me think of that old story of the big gun the darkey was telling; "Dat gun am so big," he said, "dat it tak six yoke of oxen to pull de ball into de muzzle." But how do they get the oxen out again? He was asked. "Oh, da's easy 'nough," said the darkey, "dey jus dribe dem out de touch hole."

Maguire had a great time with the kids in school. They got very noisy and chief among them was his own boy. In fact Maguire had no order in the classroom. "I suppose you had fine order," he remarked to me one day. Maguire bought a small piece of deer meat but considered 20 cents a lb. as too expensive so after the first mess they saved the rest of it for the boy as he is supposed to be very delicate. Now by way of furnishing something towards our share of the grub being consumed I brought the hind quarters of a reindeer and put it in the store room with instructions that it was for all of us. Then Maguire began a talk to his wife like this, "I don't want any of that reindeer meat. Last winter in Nome Dr. Neuman discovered that reindeer meat has tape worms and also trichinae and it is not fit to eat anyway." So for supper we had seal liver fried with bacon.

Maguire when he contracted to teach asked to be transferred to Barrow next year. Now previously we had a letter from Shields saying something like this by way of encouragement. "Next year we may be able to say to you like the humble guest 'go up higher,' and send you to Barrow." But in a letter written afterwards he said, "By the way Maguire wishes to go to Barrow next year if there is a vacancy. In that case he will be your neighbor." But Barrow is a place where there is lots of work: i.e. It has a large school and there are white men to cause trouble, and we like this place, so if we decide to stay another year we want to stay right here. If Maguire goes to Barrow I prophesy he will be a flat failure. I had the reindeer camp in Kivalina in the best shape it has ever been but Maguire began too easy with them and before we left there they were getting somewhat insolent. Maguire said he wished to use precaution as the boys might take a shot at him if he used too much authority. "They are just like the Indians," he said. No statement was ever more absurd. The native likes you more for having authority over him. They like discipline but have no respect for the fellow that is too easy.

Maguire's wife was asking him about Wainwright as Maguire saw the former Wainwright teacher at Nome this summer. "Oh, he liked. W. all right I guess" was the reply, "he stayed there three years, and," he added, casting his weather eye at me, "he'll be back there next year again." "In which case I will probably be promoted to Barrow," I had on my tongue's end but choked it back. About that time my desires for the abilities of a Jack Johnson ran pretty high and it was only after Margaret had sat upon me two or three times that I was able to recover control of myself. Just the night before we started we had our fur clothes in a stack in the front room getting them in order as some needed mending some needed softening and etc. Maguire began a fire over our heads talking to his wife. "When I mushed down to Valdez" he said by way of enforcing the lie he told before, "I did not have a pile of junk like that in the front room. All I needed was a sweater, a canvas parka and a pair of mykluks." But Jimmy Maguire the boy stumped the old, man once. "Papa," he said, "what would you do if you were Mr. Bates? Would you go to Wainwright or would you stay in Kivalina?" Old Maguire was speechless. He was too anxious for us to go so he dared not suggest that he would stay in Kivalina and he was aware that we knew he would not dare the trip we were contemplating. "Papa?" insisted the boy. "Oh, I suppose I would do like Mr. Bates," he said, and Margaret

says smiles broke out all around my mouth. But that night through the partition Margaret heard Maguire tell his wife that we were "crazy" to start out on such a journey and that we would soon turn back.

Now I have said a lot more in the prelude than I will in the diary but you see now some of the incentives that prompted the undertaking and considering that all our year's supplies had been landed at Wainwright and that it was hopeless to think of wintering at Kivalina and that I hoped to prove that I am not so near a bargain for the undertaker as is generally supposed, was not the journey worth attempting? We planned to start Nov. 1st but the boys did not get ready in time and one of them sprained his ankle while catching the deer on the evening of Nov. 1st. It was then uncertain whether we would be able to depart the following day and I was very anxious about the ankle of course. During the evening we were busy packing the sleds in case we were able to start on the morrow. I received a note from the boy with the sprained ankle asking me to come over and "medicine" his ankle as it was painful. Maguire was over in another igloo playing checkers with a native so I went to the medicine chest took some gauze bandages and liniment and went over to see the ankle. Mrs. Maguire took pains however to ask me what I was going to do with the medicine and bandages; not suspecting why she wanted the knowledge I told her. Scarcely had I gotten the ankle into a pan of hot water when Maguire entered the igloo, took up the medicine and bandages I had placed near also the pan of water and poured it out and began to dress the ankle himself. The Lord never gave me a ready wit, or if He did it has never been cultivated. If I can have a few moments to think I can sometimes do the wise thing in case of an emergency but taken on the spur of the moment I am ever at a loss to know what should be done. This lack of readiness on the part of wit sometimes serves me well, sometimes it leaves me in very embarrassing circumstances. When Maguire entered the igloo so suddenly and began taking up the medicine I thought he was going to help me but when the truth flashed upon me I was utterly flabbergasted. He was cool as a cucumber about it. Mechanically I put on my artigie and left the igloo, and well it was that I did for when wit returned it brought temper with it and 5 minutes after I left the igloo I was clenching my teeth and my fingernails made marks in the palms of my hands and my whole soul was a burning wish to be a man in the muscular sense of the word. Oh, just to have gone back into the igloo,



handed that impudent old brute a pair of swell black eyes and then to have pitched him out into a snowbank to reflect upon the result of willful insolence. Although nearly two months have passed since then I still feel it would be some relief to go back and give him a good spanking. That night however, discretion, ( or was it cowardice?) told me since he was of about 6 ft. 2 in. and, #180 in weight that it would probably be me who would be reflecting out in the snow; so instead of going back I remembered how busy we were trying to get the sleds packed up and hastened to the work. Work is a good thing when one pines for activities especially of the nature of those for which I was pining. The old beast, could he not see that we were getting out of his way as fast as we could? That we refused to retaliate because we did not want trouble? That we were trying our best to do our part toward peaceful relations and a sociable good time with the first white folks we had had opportunity to visit with for months? No. He could only see that we wore mukluks, that we were plain simple people, that we had almost lost cognizance of the outside world. And he thought since he had a contract to teach at that place that we were cumberers and had no right whatever to be there and being there that we had no right to the medicine chest or to anything else that belonged to the government. Strange was it not that after the government had trusted me a whole year with all the things there that I could not be trusted after Maguire's arrival? Now I am guessing what Maguire will tell Shields and what Shields will believe and if he does believe anything if we will be able to vindicate ourselves. Dirty piece of business from start to finish and I'm going to know a few things from Shields before I agree to teach another year. Is it wise to try to keep the peace at the cost of personal pride? Of the respect of others? And of one's own reputation? I have made up my mind not to run away from the next fellow who steps on my toes or talks in a loud voice. I am not able to say what I will do but there are some things that I have decided that I will not do.

Now for the Diary:

### *The Log of a Twilight Voyage*

The dromedary has very aptly been called "the ship of the desert" why not call the reindeer "the yacht of the snow-lands"? I know little of the camel but I have read, of its stately careening as it moves over the Waving sands; of the reindeer, I can testify to the exhilarating effect of its frolicking over the drifted snows. Sometimes you are making headway, sometimes you are making leeway and sometimes you are in a dead calm; sometimes you are

tacking sharply to right and to left and sometimes you are packing the binnacle with ice lest the needle get a hot box. Well, accepting that the reindeer is the Yacht of the Snow-lands the following may be called "The Log of a Twilight Voyage."

### *Cookik's Igloo, Nov.5*

Already several days have gone by. We left Kivalina on the 2nd, about noon. Our outfit consists of 6 sleds and 7 deer with 600# of baggage including tent, stove, sleeping bags, skinclothes, grub, beside the necessary things we have to take to Wainwright--bedding, clothes, typewriter and, kodak and supplies. Our caravan is in 2 sections. The 1st consists of two sleds side by side and a sled in the rear each drawn by a deer. It is commandeered by Ko-bra-vok, who rides on the left front sled. I ride on the rear sled. As my deer is a bit wild in the mornings my sled is hitched to the rear of the deer by about 20 ft. of line. In the afternoons when the deer gets tired the line is shortened so that the deer will go better. I sit astride of a roll of bedding and steer the sled around the corners with my feet.

The 2nd section consists of three sleds arranged in a similar way except that the rear sled is hitched up short and that behind it a fourth deer follows as supernumerary. In case a deer lays down or breaks a leg he will be needed. O-na-ilk commandeers this section and rides on the left front sled while Margaret rides on the right front sled.

I say "ride" but there is so little snow and the tundra is so rough and hummocky that we walk most of the time. When we left Kivalina the thermometer was at 31 above and a south wind was blowing which meant probable rise in temperature. The snow on the ground was beginning to thaw and, on the lagoon and rivers there was a thin sheet of water covering the ice. The falling snow was wet as rain, and the trail was so heavy that we made only 7 miles that afternoon. Our way led across a salt marsh and frequent ponds on whose ice the boys contrived, to travel as much as possible.

Just before we halted I shot a ptarmigan with the 22. We spent that night in A-choa-nuk's igloo which was such a small affair that we 4 and the residing family used up all the floorspace when we slept. The ceiling was on such close relations with the floor that it was impossible to stand erect between them. The room, however, was more comfortable than K. has been for the last month. Maguire took a parting shot at us as we left. All our goods which it was necessary to leave for the boat to bring next summer we left in our trunks and some boxes all packed and



roped and addressed. Also there were some things we did not dispose of which we left in a big box, they included 10# of reindeer tallow 10# or a little less of steel cut oats, a number of books and odds and ends also 1/2 case of black figs and half a case of assorted canned fruit. Also 10# rolled oats. The things that are to be shipped I could give no instructions as to what should be done with them and the nicknacks that were left in the box I did not offer to Maguire as that would only give him opportunity to say something sarcastic. But after we had gotten down on the lagoon ready to start Maguire came down and said; "You left a box with some books and things in it we'll pack them in a smaller box and ship them to you with your trunks and other things." I said that he should leave my trunks and things where they were till he got instructions to move them. He may cause us some extra expense just for the fun of sending those things to us on the first boat in the spring, or summer I should say.

Before leaving K. I wrote a letter in duplicate intending one for the folks at home and the other for a certain young lady at Portland. In this letter I expressed some of my sentiments concerning Maguire's conduct toward us. As Maguire's eyes were very prying I was careful that these letters should not come before their eyes. The night before our departure I put them in my suitcase which had no lock and in the morning when I set about putting the letters in envelopes one of the duplicates was gone. Where? I can not say but if Maguire knows he also knows my opinion of his way of doing things and could I know that he had read it I would feel partly revenged. As the letter contained also my opinion of the way Mr. Evans treated us, Maguire may have some fun with the letter but it contained nothing but the truth and I am willing that Evans or anyone else should read it and I will back it up with even stronger remarks if that becomes necessary. You see my fighting blood is up. I expect to hear from the letter later.

### **Nov. 3rd**

We left A-choa-nuk's igloo about 10 A.M. The temperature was about 36 above and we had a high divide to cross. After we had come about 5 miles I observed that the typewriter was missing. One of the boys took a sled and a deer and went back looking for it. He recovered it about half a mile back. Our way was not on the river but up over the tundra then up a long slope that gradually steepened as we neared the summit. There was no trail. It was too early and there was not enough snow for that. The tundra

and the side hill too was often covered with hummocks from a foot to 18 inches high over which the deer pulled the sleds which often caught not being high enough to stride them and then we had to lift them off. But more often the sleds ran up on one side of a hummock and then turned over. Sometimes going around the side hill the sled would roll over several times. In mid afternoon we reached the summit and looking back could see Kivalina school-house in the distance. It was a fine view but in spite of the many pleasant recollections and many friends we had left there we shook our fists at it and turned our backs on it for the last time. The descent was as arduous as the ascent. There was no riding till we were well down on the level again. When we reached the North Kivalina river going was fine for about an hour then at a turn the boys halted, lariatied the deer to some hummocks, put up the tent and we were in camp. The boys said we would not need any tent pegs so I had been wondering how we would set up the tent, but that was easy enough. They drew two sleds up near each side of the tent and tied the ropes to them and for a floor they brought small willows about 3 ft long and strewed them over the snow to about a foot depth. We were quite comfortable.

This was our first camping experience in the snow. Our mukluks and mittens were very wet and had stretched all out of shape like wet buckskin. Our artigies were wet in spots too. Should it turn suddenly cold we might easily freeze. However, we each had an extra artigie which we borrowed from the natives at Kivalina in case of such an emergency. This place is called Oo-ya-a-sa-vik, meaning the place of the rocks. Once a man was killed here in wartimes and a pile of stones was made over his body. Oo-ya-ak means rock. There is a cache of fish near by and the boys brought over a fish but when he began to thaw he got too loud and we told the boys to take it back. They thought we supposed they had stolen the fish and hastened to explain that it was customary for Natives to take things from each others' caches when they were traveling. We kept a fire as long as we could that night hoping to get our things dry but it was a slow process. Fortunately I have a pair of waterboots with me.

### **Nov. 4th**

It was only 26 above and traveling was better. For a long way we glided along up the river without interruption but later began to strike overflows which made it necessary for us to go up on the tundra or where the overflows had frozen again we had to be very careful because the

ice was often so thin that it would sag under our weight and threaten to let us into the water unless we kept going rapidly. When we went up on the tundra it always meant walking. In the afternoon we reached this igloo very tired and hungry. On coming into the warm room I lay down and almost immediately fell asleep but awoke, however, in time to save missing a meal. This place is from K. a day's journey in the winter but we have been three days coining. I hired O-na-ilk to conduct this excursion and he decides when we are to go and when we are to stop. I let him choose an assistant and he chose Ko-bra-vok, the man I hoped he would. On several occasions I have passed it up to the boys to make their own choices and they have never failed to please me.

We did not travel today as there is a fierce wind, blowing and it is a great deal colder. In the forenoon Cookik and Margaret and it went over to the river to fish. My angler's outfit consisted of a small stick 30 inches long having a line made of whalebone of the same length to which was attached a small piece of walrus ivory so carved and stained as to look like a trout fly. The hook is made of a piece of steel set in the ivory but it has no barb, on which account I had, some misapprehensions as to my being able to haul out any of the game and finny. After punching a hole in the ice with a pike Cookik indicated that I was to try my luck in it so I let down and in less than two minutes I had a big trout about 18 inches long. A barbed hook would, only be a nuisance in such a place as you would spend most of your time unhooking instead of hooking the fish. Barbless hooks sound modern, do they not? In about 2 hours we had about 40# of trout and were cold enough to want to go to the igloo. Margaret tried her luck but did not stay with it very long. The ice was only about 4 inches thick and she prefers not to take any chances on ice that is less than a foot thick. She caught a few however in the short time she was at it. I caught more than one of the natives that was fishing near me. He said, that it was the fine nixie (fishing tackle) that I had, but I am of another opinion. Margaret is now cleaning and slicing them for food on the trail. She will put them out to freeze then sack them. Fried trout? Who would ask for anything better when they are hungry? The wind is abating and it is down to zero. I have a thermometer along. It is an old dairy thermometer which we use in developing. One of the boys coming from looking after the deer says that one of them is loose I hope he till not be hard to catch.

I look about the igloo to see how much of civilization has crept in; A sheet-iron stove, pots, kettles, sack

of flour, rolled oats, tea, sugar, coffee, creamery butter, pepper, salt, wash-board, hand sewing machine, lantern, coal oil, watch, candles, Turkish towels, a toolchest, hammer, brace, bits, saw, files, gimlet, folding pocket rule, and nails. I see also a shot-gun, rifle, steel-traps, harness webbing, snaps, blankets, flour-sifter, a Bible, *Ayer's Almanac 1912*, and a *Harper's Monthly*. Think how and by what means all these things have come to this country. It is supertime and the women are setting the table. It is a legless table but it has an oilcloth cover.

### **Nov. 7th**

Last night I was too cold and sleepy to write. We left Cookiks igloo yester morn our trail leading over a series of ridges. It was very rough traveling all the snow being blown out of the hollows between the hummocks. About 4 P.M. we came to a small river called the Ma-soo-to-ak (named after the roots of the sour dock that grows plentifully in that vicinity.) The mountain scenery is grand sawtooth peaks rising in grand profusion all around. We camped on the bank of the river in a little nook sheltered from the wind by the willows. What fine fuel willows are. As it keeps one busy all the time blowing the fire and stuffing in willows I pose as the self constituted fireman. After a day's walking in the cold it is not unpleasant to get near a warm fire. This morning Ko-bra-vok started a fire at 3 A.M. and we suspected that there was a long day's travel ahead of us. You get very little information from a native when you seek it, but just be patient till he wants to talk and you can inform yourself to your heart's content. So we were not always posted on the kind, of day's traveling ahead of us. By 4 we were on the trail although it was very dark and the stars were twinkling brightly. Fingers and toes tingled with the cold. There were several hours of climbing and then we came to the summit and found a little better trail on the other side. Here we discovered recent caribou tracks and the boys placed their 30-30s where they could readily be used. The descent was more rapid and we were soon following the course of a small stream down miles and miles of meandering here and there directions. How a compass ever keeps a clear head in a place like that is food for scientists. At length we came to a larger stream which the boys call the Ku-puk (big river) which empties into the sea near Point Hope, but we are far from its mouth and probably no white man has ever been here before. Our camp is on its bank in the lee of a bunch of willows and we are quite comfortable. There is another divide to cross tomorrow.

**Nov. 8th.** Last night I neglected to write again. We spent all day yesterday crossing divides. Each summit we reached we hoped would be the last but each disclosed another farther on and higher also. There were no willows and we kept on in the hope of finding some. It was after dark when we descended into the bed of a stream that appeared to belong to a different river system. Here it was necessary to halt until daylight in order to take our bearings and as there was no fuel we set up the tent, ate a snack of frozen pilot bread, doughnuts and cookies and lay down in the snow till morn. Pilot bread, if I remember, is not thought much of a delicacy outside and I do not care for it in Alaska except when it is frozen and then it is crisp and fine. Whenever I go on the trail give me pilot bread.

### **Nov. 9th**

This morning the thermometer was 10 below. We crossed two more divides today. The stream we were following last night true to its appearances was of another system. The last divide afforded a sort of panorama of this system. It was so grand that Margaret insisted we get out the Kodak and try some snaps. It is so dark, however, that very little can be expected. Part of the descent into this basin was very steep and the snow was so crusted that the sleds would go sideways almost as readily as endwise. Sometimes we got up so much speed from the momentum that it was necessary to turn the deer up hill in order to stop. As this necessitated sharp curves often the sleds would fly off on the tangent or roll over and over. On numerous occasions the riders also performed skyrocket and pin-wheel stunts in the effort to counteract the momentum. It must have been during one of these performances that our bottle of coal-oil was broken, for when we set about to fill the lantern tonight we found the bottle cracked and empty. Once also the typewriter came off and threatened to pursue its own course down to the bottom of the descent. Having no water to drink last night nor this morning and it being late when we came to a stream we were of course quite thirsty. We found the ice frozen to the bed of the stream and I did not hope to get water without a fire to melt ice. But the boys went to a snowdrift near the bank of the stream and began kicking a hole down in the snow. About 30 in. down they came upon running water and to all had a fine drink. It was the overflow stealing secretly along under the snow. To one unacquainted with the ways of the north there was no appearances of water but these boys know just where to look for it. Tonight we

are camped on the bank of the Pit-me-gak and melting ice for water as wood is plentiful. It is warmer too, being 10 above. There is an aurora but not brilliant.

### **Nov. 11th**

I write this in camp on the beach beside a warm fire. We have all had a big eat composed of reindeer meat, rice, hotbread, honey and coffee. We are rather jubilant to think we are across the mountains and the boys have seen many reindeer tracks and insist that a reindeer camp must not be very far away. They wanted to go further but we came across some good wood and I did not want to take chances of going further so we camped. The boys are singing "My Bonnie Lives Over the Ocean" only they have changed it to "Mountain." Last night and yesterday were the hardest part of the journey. We traveled all day up a hill that promised every little bit further to terminate in a summit but stretched on and on to higher summits. The snow was just thick enough crusted to lead you to think it would support you but always betrayed the trust you placed in it. We walked all day. As we reached higher altitudes the wind became stronger and we had to face it, too. Just as dusk was drawing on we struck a high plateau and took our places on the sleds driving the deer at a good trot. It was the hope of the boys to reach willows so that we might have a good camp. As it became darker the gray sky, and the white ground became blended so that one could only discern a dim gray that looked the same whatever direction you turned. It was like sailing on in a dream. The sled seemed to move through space supported by indiscernible force. While I was rather enjoying this sort of daydream the deer that I was driving arrived at the conclusion that he was traveling in the wrong direction and suddenly changed his course. As I could not negotiate the fine curve that my sled did I took a route by myself and went sailing through space more in the direction of a straight line. Before I had finished this stunt the deer became affected with another change of mind and started with considerable haste toward the other sleds. As I had hold of the rein I naturally followed. The sled being also attached to the deer by a line followed, too. As our course lay along the same line we traveled together and by the time the deer reached the other sleds this sled and I were pretty well mixed up. The sled seemed to be riding on me. I got on the sled again but had hardly done so when the whole performance was repeated. Margaret seemed to enjoy it, but I will forbear telling you what I thought about it; not having the proper shade of ink. At length we were

forced to stop, pitch the tent in the deep snow and go into camp without wood or water. As we decided to sleep in the sleds it was necessary to find other anchorage for the tent. The boys here showed their cleverness as campers in the winter. They used our three rifles and the ax for corner stakes and guyed the middle ropes to boxes and the sack of flour. All our skin clothes were very damp and cold. It was 15 below zero and probably more but the thermometer being of a willful nature refused to register any lower. Despite cold clothing, cold supper and cold toes I slept most of the night. When we arose, this morning the wind was a little keener and in our faces. I froze my nose in about 5 minutes. After about an hour we came to a sudden descent so steep that we had to loosen the sleds and let them go down without the deer. It was quite a sight to see them one after the other take their way to lower levels and glide up over little rises as though they had been the latest invention in vehicles--deerless sleds. At the bottom we assembled the sleds and found our way led down a small creek bed whose channel was full enough of snow to make good traveling. By two o'clock we arrived at the beach and the most strenuous part of the journey, I hope, is over. A journey that Maguire said we could never accomplish, that we were "crazy" to attempt.

Just now the boys announce the arrival of a man with a deer. He says the reindeer camp of the Icy Cape herd is only a little further. The boys want to go on tonight but I prefer a tent to an igloo. I told the boys they might go on and come back for us in the morning but O-na-lik refuses to go unless we go. He is the kind of native for me. The boys have both certainly done well so far.

### **Nov. 13th**

I am writing every alternate day. I am writing this before we start in the morning. After our first night on the beach we drove over to the reindeer camp. It is composed of 5 igloos and as the government apprentices are at Icy Cape in school we moved into their igloo and stayed a day, while the boys get fresh deer from this herd to complete the journey. Hardly had we been in the camp an hour ere a woman came in and wanted me to teach her about "Jesus' words." That is the way it is everywhere we go, as soon as they find out that we are government teachers they want to hear something about the Bible; but if a trader comes along they want to buy tobacco or they would rather he would give it to them. I did not grant the woman's wish but later when the evening came on all the natives gathered in the largest igloo and we held a sort of

service. They enjoy it more I think from the standpoint of music and entertainment than from religious motives. In the afternoon O-na-ilk came into the igloo with his face bleeding. He said that the deer had hurt him. It proved to be a bruise and, a painful one too. The deer had reared backwards striking him in the face.

### **Evening of the 13th**

We started with fresh deer this morning but the Icy Cape herd have not very good grazing grounds consequently the deer are very thin. They are small deer and not so strong as the Kivalina deer. It is about 4 days ride to Icy Cape and as the trail is good we ride all the time only running when we begin to feel cold. It is surprising the amount of running one can do up here in the cold. I put on reindeer pants this morning and as they are made of the winter skin and the hair is thick it is difficult to run. Heretofore I've been wearing sealskin pants. These reindeer pants are very comfortable though they make one look as big as all out doors. Well there is lots of room up in this country. The deer are not well broken and travel is not so fast as we had hoped. We have all been driving deer today, even Margaret has had some fun with one. Clinging to the reins with thick mittens is tiresome and makes the fingers cold. I have three fingers on each hand frostbitten. Little fingers seem to be very hardy. After traveling several miles up the beach we crossed, a sand spit onto a lagoon where we traveled the rest of the day. About dark the boys halted and began to unhitch the deer. "Camp here?" I asked. "Igloo, over there, not far," they said. I looked in all directions through the gray that enveloped us but could discern nothing. After staking out the deer the boys loaded our grubbox and sleeping bags onto a sled and we started over the snow. After going what seemed a quarter of a mile I could yet see nothing but followed the boys. Presently I caught the gleam of a light in the to of a drift and immediately knew that the drift included an igloo. Imagine our surprise on entering to find ourselves in a room though very small all papered with Saturday Evening Posts, lighted by a side lamp and in the daytime by a 4-pane sash. As I write I see a stove, lantern, large looking glass, clock, cooking utensils, flour, sugar, tea, lard, rifle, pictures of The Christ, and a table with legs of ordinary length. The room is only 10 by 7. We will have to squeeze if we all sleep here tonight and by morn the air will have an odor other than that of geraniums. I prefer the tent to an igloo. This is the first time the boys have been so far north. Na-o-kuk, the host is drawing a map for the boys.



We met this man at Point hope last summer.

**Nov. 14th.** Traveled all day today over an unbroken waste. Drove my own deer too. There was not much walking as the deer went too fast for that. We are in a large igloo fairly clean and high ceiling. As soon as we came in the hostess set out tea and hot bread and it tasted fine. She is sister to a man at Kivalina. This place in English is Point Lay. Then I went out to get the reindeer meat from the sled so that Margaret could cook some for supper I found a dog helping himself and he wasn't slow either. I raised him about two feet with the toe of my mukluk and he seemed somewhat surprised. There is a little girl here very sick. Seems to have a fever and cannot breathe well. Something like pneumonia. Fortunately Margaret brought along some medicines. This in Thursday night and we hope to reach Wainwright by Monday night.

Here ends the diary "The Log of an Arctic Yacht." The morning of the 15th I awoke feeling dull and with a sore throat. The little girl seemed better. Our travels were over a long level stretch and much the same as the day before. The boys were making for a small uninhabited igloo said to be about half way to Icy Cape from Point Lay. Very late we arrived but found it such a miserable little hut that the boys said the tent would be better and we thought so too. This was our last camp in the open. In the morning the boys cached the tent and all unnecessary things on the top of the igloo and we made our way on up the coast coming in sight of a house about 2 o'clock. The boys said it was the home of a trader Nelson Holmes a man we knew last winter. As he stopped over night with us once in Kivalina we stopped for a meal with him. Poor fellow he has been up in this country alone for 11 years. I think he will live and die up here. From there it was but an hours drive to Icy Cape where we received a royal welcome by the teachers Mr. and Mrs. Geary. They are certainly fine and very hospitable. They objected so seriously to our traveling on Sunday that we decided to stay over a day. Believe me with such pleasant people it was not difficult to decide to stay. We had a fine visit. After that morning at Point Lay I developed a cold something like La Grippe and had a very annoying time of it. Monday morning we started out again and arrived that night at Mikl-lik-ta-vik about half way to Wainwright. The next day we arrived here safe and sound causing great excitement in the village in general. We were cold and everything was frozen up and we wanted to get a fire as soon as possible and all the natives couldn't wait to shake hands with us and the

chimneys were full of snow and smoke came out into the room so thick one couldn't see and there was no water and the double windows had been taken off for the summer and, -and – and. Well we got things in order finally started school Dec 2nd after taking the inventory and making requisition for next years supplies so as to get them off as early as possible in the mail.

Yesterday Dec 28 the mail came and a letter from you. We are glad to hear that you are at Portage and have not sold out in the East. If you can get along without disposing of that property and not have to work very hard I think that better than trying to go into some business or going on a ranch or taking any risks in a new investment. Margaret says she hopes you will be settled before we go outside but I would like to go out before you settle. Did you ever pay Uncle Walt the money I owe him? \$20 I think? Please mention this as I want to keep Margaret's and my acct straight up here. We will send you by or through the Bureau at Seattle \$600.00 and \$100.00 of it is to be a Xmas present to you from the "Kids." Say, Dad, call over at the Bureau of Education sometime. Mr. Lopp is a very pleasant man. Also I guess Mr. Sinclair but I never have met him. About the first of May you can probably learn from the Bureau whether we are to remain in the service or not and so get the news long before we could write you. Also if we conclude to stay another year which we may do you could see Capt Backland of the Schooner "Transit" and send us anything we want. He has our orders for next year's supplies. His address is; Capt. John Backland, 4107, Linden Ave. Seattle. He is a first rate fellow too.

In this same mail came a letter from Maguire as follows;- Kivalina, Alaska, November, 20th 1912.

Mr. R.A .Bates,  
Wainwright, Alaska,

Dear Sir;

There is at this station a profound composition in which your fine Italian hand and my typewriter are much in evidence.

I am at a loss however to know what disposition to make of it. Mrs. Maguire insists that Anna Laura just ought to have it, but I contend the Kivalina school files would be considerably augmented by such. But Mrs. Maguire is firm so I am going to show you that my heart is in the right place, your opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

Just send, along an envelope with sufficient postage and Anna will get hers and incidentally learn all about this

old geezer and hisn.

Yours etc., etc.,

(Signed) J.H. Maguire.

I turned the letter over and wrote on the back:

Wainwright, Alaska, January 4th 1913

Mr. J.H. Maguire,

Kivalina, Alaska

The disposition of a private piece of correspondence appears to be causing you considerable concern--more evidently than did its acquisition. You would not care perhaps to disclose the means by which it came into your hands. The enclosed envelope will relieve you of your perplexity, however, when you learn that you have only a duplicate, the original having long since taken its journey southward.

In connection with what you are polite enough to call my "fine Italian hand" I have only this to say: That your wit like your heart (the location of the latter notwithstanding) is about as bald as your head and scarcely does credit to such an old geezer and hisn. It convinces me, however, that the "profound composition" is correct in its delineation of the conceited ass that you are.

Yours etc., etc.,

(Signed) R.A. Bates

Now the letter at Kivalina has not my name attached so there is not any danger of anything coming of it. I am willing to face anything I said in it. I believe you have received the "original" as I mailed it to you instead of to Anna. My reply to Maguire's letter is written on the back of his letter that he may not show the one without disclosing the other. No doubt he will attempt to tell Shields a great many things about us but Shields is not much of a hand to listen to gossip. The only thing that may result is that we may be kept from getting a raise next year. For that reason we have made up our minds to go out unless we get a raise. Although should we hear that there are very hard times outside we might decide to stay anyway. We are going to request that when the ship comes along with Maguire on board that he be not permitted to land here, next summer.

School is going on fine so far. I think it the best school I have ever taught. We are trying out the School Republic plan used in the Indian schools outside. They elect their own mayor, judge, president of the council, janitor, fire-

man, librarian, recorder, treasurer, etc. They make their own rules and impose fines. The recorder keeps the register for me. The treasurer has charge of the monies (paper money) and pays the salaries of the officers. Each citizen keeps his own accounts and the struggle is to see who can get the most money. They dislike to be fined very much hence are careful to observe the rules. It relieves me of very much of the drudgery of the work and gives me more time to real teaching. There are 4 double angle lamps in the school room and, as they burn from 9 A.M. till 8 P.M. the work of filling and cleaning is not small. A fire burns continually which would cause me considerable work if I did it, and the sweeping and dusting too, but I never have to speak about these things. I never have to worry about the children becoming boisterous as there are three police officers one of whom are in the room all the day. In other words the school room becomes a club room when school is not actually in session. The students take great interest in the work and strive to do the work well. The latest rule they are thinking of passing is that all the citizens shall speak English in the school room. I think it will pass.

We are very glad that you are with Grandma this winter and we hope that she is well. She is glad, too, that you can be with her. This letter is to her also as by the time I get a few letters of this size written and I use carbon paper making three copies at a time, I am tired enough to wait until another mail. So this letter must do for you all.

While some of this was being written the thermometer stood at -58. Just now it stands at -48. This is the coldest weather we have ever seen. Last winter at Kivalina -41 was the coldest. While it was -58 Margaret and I went out and watched the Aurora for about half an hour. We expected to see it flash pretty fine but were disappointed.

That picture of you in the car at Salt Lake looked pretty fine. Dad looked as slick as a lima bean and ma looked like Adeline Patti. If you could see Margaret and I up here in our fur clothes you would probably disown your offspring now. We have about forgotten the English language, Margaret would shy at the sight of a streetcar and the feel of a high collar would put a crick in my neck. Did you ever think we would come to it? Well maybe next August we will try it outside anyway. Must close. Love and best wishes,

son,

—Raymond



# 2° Worth

*Anywhere else but Alaska, these would be called 2¢ Worth, but up here, you know, we just have to be different. Thus, we present 2° Worth, shorts and notices from the club and the members to each other about interesting related functions and news items. Please submit anything you run across that is Alaska related to the Editor. Thanks!*

## 50 Years Ago...

*1960: The Cold War continued to become colder as the two sides distrusted the other more and tried to influence other parts of the world. JFK and LBJ won the Presidency with one of the smallest margins in history (113,000 votes). The "Flintstones" is shown on TV for the first time and movies this year include "The Magnificent Seven" and "Psycho". Notable technical achievements include the invention of the Laser. Notable names that appear in the limelight that year include "Cassius Clay". The US sends the first troops to Vietnam following the French withdrawal in 1954 in the fight against communist North Vietnam, and the following comments were noted in TAP issues:*

The January/February issue was the first to bear the name *The Alaskan Philatelist*.

The club "cover service" was discussed. The club used the "Postal Bulletin" to send covers for the opening and closing of post offices. In later years the "Postal Bulletin" proved to be less reliable for such announcements and the cover service was discontinued.

An article from the *Fairbanks Daily News-Miner* announced the incorporation of Anaktuvuk Pass as the newest city in Alaska. Another article from the *News-Miner* announced the end of the Hamilton Post Office and the founding of the Kotlik Post Office.

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Refunds for those not available. Donations of back issues appreciated.



## Coming Next Time...

There have been several recent auctions with some amazing Alaska related material, including what may be the earliest letter from interior Alaska. Next issue we will show many of these covers and the prices realized.

# Seward's Follies, Indeed!

by Angela Watson



In 1867, of course, William H. Seward Sr., was noted for the negotiation that purchased the Territory of Alaska from Russia for \$7.2 million (\$95 million in today's money). Often ridiculed at the time, he was later described by contemporary Carl Schurz as "one of those spirits who sometimes will go ahead of public opinion instead of tamely following its footprints." But did you also know some of these little known facts about Alaska's most well known early supporter:

- He was elected to the U.S. Senate in 1848 as a member of the now-defunct Whig Party.
- As devout abolitionists, both he and his wife sheltered fugitive slaves as part of the Underground Railroad.
- He served as Secretary of State in the administrations of both Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson.
- He survived an assassination attempt by the gang headed by John Wilkes Booth on

the same night as Lincoln was killed at Ford's Theatre.

- In addition to being called Seward's Folly, the purchase of Alaska was alternately mocked by the public as "Seward's Icebox," and Andrew Johnson's "Polar Bear Garden."

The \$50-dollar Treasury note, also called the Coin note, of the Series 1891, features a portrait of Seward on the obverse. Examples of this note are very rare and would likely sell for about \$50,000.00 at auction. And at Union College, the campus bus is known as Seward's Trolley, a pun on Seward's Folly.



## ACC Elections

The Alaska Collectors' Club is proud to announce the election of the following people to office in the Alaska Collectors' Club. Our congratulations go out to all of the new officers and directors.

President	
Terry Shaw .....	37
Vice President	
Angela Watson .....	37
Secretary Treasurer	
Eric Knapp .....	36
Director:	
Dirk van Gelderen .....	36
Richard Wood .....	36
Michael Senta .....	37
Jim Zuelow as Immediate Past President	
Change to the ACC By Laws	
Approve the change .....	35
Not Approve the change .....	2

## Gold Nuggets

Lake Lindeman was the terminus of the Chilkoot Pass trail. Many stampeder, exhausted after dragging a ton of supplies over the pass, chose to camp by the side of Lake Lindeman to wait out the winter. When one traveler, Julius Price, who crossed the Chilkoot Pass in 1898, first saw the tent city growing up along the shores of Lake Lindeman, he noted that the vast spread of white tents looked "like a flock of seagulls on a distant beach." By the end of September 1897, hundreds of men and women were in Lindeman, busy building boats for the journey down the Yukon. Their numbers grew to over 1,000 by the end of the year. When the Yukon River began to thaw in late May, over 4,000 people were camped out along Lake Lindeman.



# ACC Financial Report, 2009

*Starting Bank Balance* .....\$6,750.24

## INCOME

Dues & Other Contributions .....\$1,468.16  
Net Auction Profits .....63.98

*Total income*..... \$1,532.14

## EXPENSES

TAP production costs .....\$1,615.73  
Advertising .....160.00  
Two Cover Projects (1) .....217.24  
Purchase of back issue collection (2) .....133.89  
Secretary Treasurers Expenses .....113.01

*Total Expenses* .....\$2,239.87

*Ending Bank Balance* .....\$6,042.51

## Notes

- 1) First Day Cover for all members and Sustaining Member Cover.
- 2) Had an opportunity to purchase a large collection of original back issues for the club records.

## 2009 Auction Report

There was one ACC auction whose results affected the 2009 financial results. The totals are as follows:

Total Sales .....\$435.75  
Total Paid to members.....\$362.52  
Gross profits .....\$63.98  
Total mailing expenses (billed to buyers) .....\$13.60

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# Alaska Machine Cancels, Part 2

by Bob McKain

## *Machine Cancels used in Alaska at Army/Air Force Post Offices (APO's) and Naval/Fleet (FPO's) Post Offices*

*Editor's Note: These pages should have been included with the article that was published in the last issue of TAP. I'm not sure what happened to these pages. Thanks to Bob McKain for providing replacements. I am including the original description from the article.*

Having accumulated quite a hoard of Alaska APO machine cancels both WWII and post war, it was determined that a more detailed listing could be attained to complement the outstanding work on the subject as compiled in the 2 volume edition of Army Post Offices WWII published in 2006 by Bart Billings and the Machine Cancel Society (see references below).

As can be seen in the following, year date changes caused many problems in multiple APO's. It is believed that late arrival of date slugs was the main cause for this problem. Although the earliest APO postmarks contain the APO number in the dial, for security reasons, the government issued regulations effective July 1, 1942 that the APO# could no longer appear and rescinded this regulation effective March 10, 1943. Alaska received this data a few days late (See APO's 937 and 942) and these early machine cancellations with the APO# showing are not common.

We have also been able to list a new early date for the initial use of the Pitney Bowes/Universal Model K machine during WWII. It is from APO 937 and dated July 11, 1942. It predates the previous early reported date of July 27, 1942. The earliest reported machine cancel used at an Alaska APO is from APO 942 and is from an International Model HD and dated June 11, 1942.

The author appreciates any updates club members can provide and they will be reported in TAP, especially the redundant 731 Universal Model K used at APO 731 during January (no year date). It is the Army-Air Force Postal Service/APO 731 type. I can be reached at [57-vette@comcast.net](mailto:57-vette@comcast.net) or 2337 Giant Oaks Drive, Pittsburgh, PA 15241. Scans or Xeroxes of updates would be appreciated.

### *APO 949 Anchorage*



### *APO 986 Amulet Island*



### *Office (FPO) machine cancel used at Adak Naval Air Station*



### *Non APO 949 machine cancel used at Fort Richardson*



### *APO 98723 Galena Airport*



### *APO 98713 King Salmon Airport*



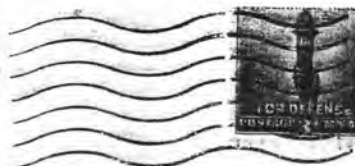
*APO 980 Adak Island*



*APO 733/98733 Big Delta*



*Non APO 942 machine cancels used at Fort Richardson/Elmendorf AFB*





*APO 942 Anchorage*



*APO 736/98736 Shemya Island*

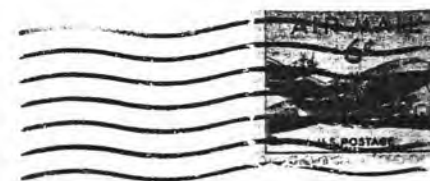




*APO 937 Kodiak Island*



*APO 948 Umnak Island*



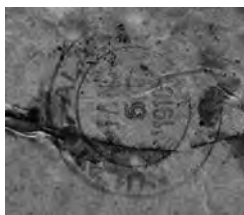
# Some Previously Unreported Territorial Postmark Types

by Dirk van Gelderen



**Tanana Box cancel.**

Is on piece, a soiled piece dated Jan. 5 1910.



**Nulato Double Circle MOB.**

Very light strike on a soiled piece dated Jan. 5 1910.



**Spenard Double Circle.**

On back of a registered cover.



**Rampart Double Circle MOB.**

On back of a philatelic cover bearing type 6



**Kodiak new type box cancel with rounded corners.**

Seen three times on Ebay.



**Kodiak Parcel Post cancel.** This was found on a parcel wrapper along with 3 poor strikes of the box cancel left.



**Cordova box cancel.** Differs from earlier reported box cancel in TAP by smaller margins and slightly larger lettering. Seen on ebay where the year is given as 1926.



Technically not an unreported postmark, this is **Hollis type 4**. Hellock does not have an illustration and their date is 8 months later. Seen on eBay.



**Palmer Box type** on dated piece 12 Jan 1957. Differs from the type reported in TAP in 2000 which has all capital letters.



**Boundary new type** differing from type 1 by in the addition of a point after the town name. Found on Ebay.

# Searching for a Gold Rush Era Link Under the Frozen Yukon Waters

by Angela Watson

*"There are strange things done in the midnight sun,  
by the men who moil for gold;  
The Arctic trails have their secret tales  
That would make your blood run cold;  
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,  
but the queerest they ever did see  
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge  
I cremated Sam McGee"*

—The Cremation of Sam McGee  
(opening and closing stanzas)

The barge that famed Canadian poet Robert Service probably had in mind when he wrote *The Cremation of Sam McGee* has been found, 107 years after its sinking. The sternwheeler A.J. Goddard was found at the bottom at Lake Laberge (40 miles northwest of White Horse) on the Yukon River, according to several sources. Service wrote *Sam McGee* in 1907, six years after the barge sank on Oct. 22, 1901.



*The A.J. Goddard (pictured on Lake Bennett in the 1890s) was a type of steam-powered paddleboat that towed barges on the Yukon's lakes and rivers during the Klondike gold rush of the late 1800s to early 1900s. At that time, an economic depression in the U.S. sent thousands of people streaming northward to stake gold claims in Canada's rugged interior. The sunken wreck of the 50-foot-long (15.2-meter-long), African Queen-like boat--built in pieces in San Francisco and later assembled in Canada--is the only known relic of such a unique, wilderness-ready construction.*

—Photograph #P34-009 courtesy Charles H. Metcalf Collection, Alaska State Library



*Recently photographed for the first time, the gold rush-era sternwheeler A.J. Goddard was discovered sitting upright and remarkably intact in a lake in the Yukon Territory, Canada, in July 2008.*

—Photograph courtesy Donnie Reid

At least 30 shipwrecks exist from the period but in finding the Goddard, a true gem of history has been uncovered. The ship is apparently in excellent condition. And by excellent, we mean that travel bags of the crew members have also been found and will hopefully contain materials of historical interest, although it is unlikely that any written correspondence it might have been carrying would still be salvable.

According to a *Los Angeles Times* article, the forward hold was full of firewood, while the rear hold was full of bags, maybe of coal. What appears to be one of the men's carpetbags was in the hold, but the team has not yet retrieved it. The team hopes it will contain identifying materials.

## A WINDOW TO THE PAST

While an investigational team has documented dozens of broken and abandoned steamers off the Yukon's rivers, the discovery of Goddard is the first find of an untouched ship from the Gold Rush, according to the National Geographic website.

What the team found was that the wreck is literally a time capsule - the boots, and a jacket of one of the crew lie on the deck along with the stove, scattered dishes, and tools. When the ship sank in a winter storm on fabled Lake Laberge in 1901, the crew had opened the fire box of the boiler and had thrown in more firewood to get steam in a futile effort to avoid being ground ashore. The boiler



door still lies open with the lightly charred wood in the firebox. An axe used to chop the tow line for a small barge loaded with supplies still rests on the deck where a crew member dropped it.

A canvas hose running to a pump suggests that the ship was taking on water. The framework of the canvas tent the crew lived in on deck remains. Their stove was on deck as well, and a cook pot was lying in the mud alongside the wreck.

They had a forge on deck for repairs—the tongs were still on it. Their tools had spilled out of a canvas bag across the deck and into the mud. A running light on the side of the ship that would have been lighted by a candle was still in place.



*A windlass—a steam-powered device that hauled up the A.J. Goddard's anchor—was found, mostly intact, on the boat's stern in June 2009. The windlass was extremely large for such a relatively small boat, project leader Pollack said.*

—Photograph courtesy Donnie Reid

### SINKING IN A WINTER STORM

Three men perished in the 1901 sinking, according to news reports at the time, and two were found clinging to the ship's wheelhouse in the icy lake.

The bodies of Capt. Charles McDonald, cook Fay Ransome and fireman John Thompson washed ashore. Engineer Stockfett and crewman Snyder, whose first names are unknown, were rescued by a trapper camping nearby.

The wreck was found during a nearly five year long survey of Klondike Gold Rush wrecks by an international team. The project was designed to pinpoint and document the dozens of wrecks that mark the river and lake routes once used by gold seeking “stampeder” during the last great gold rush at the end of the 19th and the beginning of the 20th century.

### HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

The Klondike Gold Rush was triggered in 1896 when members of the Tagish First Nations tribe discovered gold in the Yukon River valley in northern Canada. Although Indians were rarely mentioned in the historical accounts written up in the 20th century regarding the Gold Rush (due to racial prejudices). A very few whites were smart enough at the time to actually listen to the natives and “cash-in” on their knowledge.

The remote location made it difficult for potential miners to reach the site. The most common route was to travel by rail to the Alaskan towns of Skagway and Dyea, cross the Coast Mountains through the Chilkoot Pass to Lake Bennett on foot, then build a craft to journey more than 500 miles downstream to Dawson City, near the gold strike.

Ultimately, about 30,000 miners made it -- out of about 100,000 who started the trip -- and an estimated 12.5 million ounces of gold have since been mined in the region.

A.J. Goddard, an engine designer from Iowa, saw a different way to make money from the gold rush. He commissioned the construction of two flat-bottomed stern-wheelers (required because of the shallowness of the river and its rapid flow) in San Francisco and Seattle. The crafts were carried in bits and pieces through the narrow White Pass in the winter of 1897, a task that took Goddard and his wife the entire season.

But that spring, the couple established the first steamboat link between the gold fields and the Pacific coast via the railway to Skagway.

Eventually, hundreds of small ships and boats were servicing the route, but most of them were eventually abandoned and destroyed.

In 1901, a trapper camped on the shores of the lake saw Goddard's tiny pilothouse, torn off the sinking steamboat, with two survivors, half frozen, clinging to it. He saved them. Three other crew members drowned, their bodies washing ashore to be buried by the Canadian North-West Mounted Police.

### GETTING TO THE GOLD FIELDS

A.J. Goddard was a small iron sternwheel steamboat built in San Francisco, brought to Alaska, dismantled and hauled over the mountain passes to Lake Laberge, a staging point for the Klondike Goldfields. The steamer operated on the lake and rivers that led to Dawson City as a passenger and freight boat – and as this discovery now shows, the steamboat also operated as a small floating re-

pair shop, forge and kitchen - a self-sufficient depot on the Gold Rush frontier.

After the newly minted A.J. Goddard's parts left San Francisco, they were shipped north to Skagway, Alaska, and the Goddard was laboriously carried over mountain passes to be reassembled on the shores of Lake Bennett at the headwaters of the Yukon. It foundered in a winter storm, sinking in 40 feet of frigid water in Lake Laberge, about 40 miles north of Whitehorse. Its precise location had been a mystery until it was discovered last summer in a survey of gold-rush-era wrecks in the lake.

### Sources:

*Wikipedia.org*

*NationalGeographic.org*

*LATimes.com*

*Author's Note: Doug Davidge, who is widely regarded as the discoverer of the Goddard recently took some time out and talked with me about the search and recovery process. His emails are compiled here and open a fascinating window on both history and the recovery process.*

"I do spend a lot of time research information such as the internet, archives and books. In this case the Goddard research for the most part took place back in the 1980s through the local archives and published material at that time. Keep in mind there is not a whole lot of information out there specific to the Goddard.

:In terms of the field work I have spent many days out on the Laberge searching the shoreline for evidence of wrecks in general. The lake shore is littered with drift wood and almost any place you stop and look you will find a piece of history... pieces of boats, large timbers, planks and such. I think I have probably spent at least 30 days in total working or searching in the area of the Goddard.

"I first detected what we now know as the Goddard in 1997 using a side scan sonar. At the time I we did not have GPS technology so could not get an exact fix on the location. I have always known the lake bottom target could be the Goddard but due to limited time and other commitments I never found the time to go back and verify the target until 2008. In June 2008 we were in the area and were using a standard depth sonar/fish finder and located this target. We had our GPS's with us so was able to get a fix on the position down to about 5m accuracy.

"On the two return trips I made to the wreck site to verify the target, I used a large 22 foot freighter canoe and



*At the time of the ship's 1901 sinking, the boat was on one of its last runs of the season. Around October, high winds usually start whipping over the Yukon's lakes, making boating unsafe. When such a storm overtook the Goddard, the wool-clothed crewmen had little chance of surviving the 40-degree-Fahrenheit (4.4-degree-Celsius) waters. Yet two men--who grabbed onto the detached pilot house--were later rescued, "half frozen," by a trapper in a nearby cabin.*

—Photograph courtesy Donnie Reid

deployed the camera gear and ROV from the boat while anchored next to the wreck. So the diving part came a year later in June 2009 after I verified in 2008 that it was in fact the Goddard on the lake bottom. When we did the diving this past June, the water was just above freezing (34°F); winter lake ice was still floating on parts of the lake but the day time air temperatures were as high as about 80°F.

"At times I went out specifically to find the Goddard. However, the past two years we have been searching for a number of wreck sites mostly along the Yukon River (what we call the 30 Mile River which is the stretch between Lake Laberge and Hootilinqa) and further downstream towards Carmacks. We have documented the wreck site of the gold rush era sternwheelers the "Domville" and the "La France" as well as another unknown vessel. And there are more out there to be documented which we have not had time to look for.

"My day job is with the federal department "Environment Canada" where my work is mostly to do with environmental assessment (my title is "Environmental As-



*A metal-working forge powered by coal or charcoal was used to make tools or other machinery, suggesting that the A.J. Goddard's crew was extremely self-sufficient. Also, among the cooking utensils the diving team found large leg bones that almost certainly belonged to moose, a common source of meat in the region.*

—Photograph courtesy Donnie Reid

"My training is standard SCUBA certification, with experience in open water, under ice, river and hardhat diving, graduate of an environmental science diploma program and lots of hands on or self educated learning in the field and at home. All my involvement with wreck research and searching for wrecks has all been volunteer. All of the video of the Goddard on the internet has been provided free to the National Geographic Society. The funding we have received for doing this work has gone towards paying for field expenses, fuel, rentals and meals.

"The one thing we would like to convey to readers about the Goddard wreck is that despite the fact that it is a Klondike Gold Rush era boat, when it sank in 1901 the "gold rush" as we know it was pretty much over. Those who did well mining gold or doing business in the Klondike were taking their wealth out of the territory most often on the more luxurious sternwheelers that offered very comfortable heated rooms, good food, secure storage for gold and valuables and relatively safe passage either to Whitehorse (and the WPYR to Skagway) or downriver via St. Michaels.

"The Goddard, like so many of the other smaller steamers built in 1898/99, had limited use by 1901 and was probably only doing odd jobs and small contracts moving supplies here and there. ...or were put out of service. If the Goddard had not sank in the lake, it would have most likely not operated much longer and, like it's sister ship the "F.H. Kilbourne" would have been abandoned somewhere on shore and lost to the elements of time."

session Officer"). I have been doing this type of work for almost 30 years here in the Yukon. I have also spent a lot of free time searching for and documenting prehistoric cultural sites, aviation history and aircraft wreck sites as well as underwater filming of fish and fish habitat.

## An Update on a Previous Story

This cover was featured in TAP 232 in the 4th quarter 2009.

1930 (Oct. 12) USA: Crash of Jesuit mission plane at Kotzebue, ALASKA. no mail carried but a letter was found in the dead pilot's pocket (with his blood on it) ms inscription signed by fellow Arctic pilot GA. Tozer letter mailed on Oct. 20 from Kotzebue (bs at Deering), UNIQUE showpiece (see Eisendrath "Crash Covers," p. 76).

Lot 41720 in the October 3-6, 2008 sale, lot was unsold with an estimate of \$1,000 and is still available at the address below:



<http://www.davidfeldman.com/cgi-bin/lotbrowse.pl?lotid=121496>