"Forty one days of census taking in Southeastern Alaska"

From the moment I learned that I had been selected to perform this work until my final report was turned in to the chief special agent at Juneau, there was not one hour any day that did not present something of unusual interest.

My territory consisted of all the towns, camps, ranches and settlements located on Chatham Strait, Icy Strait and all their bays and inlets. That was my first assignment. After that was finished I was given a part of Lynn Canal and Stephens Passage, and practically all of Gastineau Channel outside of Juneau and Douglas. My mode of travel was by gasoline launch which the Department chartered for the purpose. I was there accompanied throughout the work by Mr. B. F. Dennison, owner and skipper of the launch, and his eleven year old son Dewey who acted as assistant engineer and pilot. As the work had to be done in the winter season

our instructions were to begin anytime in the latter part of December when the weather seemed favorable. Accordingly we left Hoorah, on Chicago Island early on the morning of December 21. and headed at once for the southernmost part of our territory. Our aim was to reach Warm Springs Bay and Murder Cove as soon as possible in order to have the dangerous waters in the vicinity of Point Gardner off our hands before stormy weather set in. This bring at the winter solstice and a clear day we were able to note very accurately the length of the shortest day of the year in this latitude. The sun rose at 9.10 a. m. and set at 2.55 p. m. We caught the time of sunrise as it came up over the water, but the sunset had to be timed from the vanishing light on the snow-clad peaks. It is quite safe to say therefore that the shortest day, day at Point Augusta - the junction of Chatham and Icy Straits is less than six hours; probably about five hours and fifty minutes. While on this subject I will

state that on the fourteenth of June with the same boat and crew I was out till 12.30 at night trying to escape from a storm in the vicinity of Coronation Island and the only dependable light we had to travel by was the twilight in the north. This showed up as though the sun was not more than fifteen degrees below the horizon at midnight.

On our first day we made sixty five miles and anchored in the southwest shelter of Peninsular Point, at 7.15 P.M. Up to this time we saw no person. We did however pass a steamer at a distance of about four miles which we took to be the Jefferson, one of the mailboats plying between Seattle and Skagway. On a previous visit to these waters we observed that here at Peninsular Point, which lies just across Chatham Strait from the village of Killisnoo is a bluff several hundred feet high and probably a mile long of pure marble. It is right on the edge of deep

water where large steamers might anchor and take on a cargo. This is only one of many opportunities that lie waiting and have lain waiting for untold ages for development. Think of it, in a climate that seldom has weather as cold as Zero, or as hot as 80° above. There too with water transportation to all Pacific Ocean points. On the morning of December 22nd a steamer passed very near us but on account of darkness at 8.15 a. m. we could only see her lights. We learned later that it was the Georgia a 250 ton mail boat on its regular trip from Juneau to Sitka.
Being now fairly in the field of my labors we planned to take Chatham village, Fairway Island Light House, Kelp Bay Logging Camp and Warm Springs Bay on the west side of Chatham Strait and then cross over to the east side and get Tyee (Murder Cove), White Water Bay and Hood or Hoot Bay then recrossing to Basket Bay we should thus complete a

quadrangle of the worst water and have our work well in hand to continue to the northward. As soon as it was light enough to see to travel we felt our way around Morris Reef with the intention of entering Sitkoh Bay and going to Chatham which lies five miles up that body of water. We had scarcely cleared the reef when a strong south east wind set in from the mouth of Frederick Sound with a clear sweep of fifty miles and white caps of a most discouraging aspect. Mr. Dennison was at the wheel and he informed me that Chatham was off the map for today unless we took chances of being bottled up there indefinitely. Our launch was only thirty five feet long and ten feet beam and had tentatively been ruled out once on account of its small size, but as the department chief could not readily secure a larger one and as I was particularly anxious to have the expert services of Mr. Dennison we finally

decided that the Fairway with its ten horse power engine could handle the job. But no launch could hope to escape from Sirkoh Bay which opens right out at the entrance of Peril Strait, not in a storm beating inshore. Reluctantly we passed on to Kelp Bay cutting out incidentally Fairway Island Light House too, for Fairway Island lies just within Peril Strait.

As the water was growing momentarily rougher, and while I was wondering what I was to look to for support since both my feet persisted in shifting the responsibility I heard Mr. Dennison say here comes Gallagher! Well, if a dark object two miles dead ahead was Gallagher I had no particular objections, and when the skipper explained that Gallagher belonged at the K. B. logging camp and that he was on his way to Ishbatham P.O. for the mail I became interested. Here was a person to be enumerated. As yet I had not written a word in my population schedule - had seen no one.

As our newly discovered object was rapidly taking on form it soon became apparent that it was a launch, a small one to be sure but it had two men aboard. I therefore had found at least two people; or, may be I had lost two, if they were headed for some place other than the post-office. I was now standing near Mr. Dennison, and giving the wheel a slight turn so as to head more directly for the other boat he explained to me that he would hail the captain and get their exact location of their camp for the mouth of Kelp Bay is as big as Arapahoe county and as full of wooded islands a dog is of fleas.

When the boats were within fifty yards of each other Dennison had his meerschaum in hand and many gesticulations began delivering it to Gallagher. Gallagher too had recognized his old friend and companion of former days. Gallagher too had a message. He began his delivery at the same instant that Dennison began

his. They were both shouting and wildly gesticulating when the boats met and passed. In fact these loud vociferations and pantomimic gyrations ended only when they had passed completely beyond hearing of each other. For either one to try to turn around or even to stop meant imminent danger of falling into a trough and being overturned, because in addition to the waves caused by wind a heavy ocean swell was coming in. We reached the "South Arm" of Kelp Bay at noon and explored it a few miles up to where it was frozen over. Then turning our attention to some of the islands we put in all that afternoon searching for the logging camp. We found a few hundred new cut piles and a camp that had been abandoned before the last snow. Several deer had made beds in the camp but the human occupants were all gone. The next morning a heavy snow storm was on, and we explored the "Middle Arm"

a mile or two. There remained only "Portage Arm" and the islands. Mr. Dennison remembered that all the best pile timber had been cut out of Portage Arm two years ago.

We began circumnavigating islands. This soon proved too dangerous a proposition for the launch because of the rocks and reefs. Anchoring the launch where a view of the main entrance could be had I was left to watch for the possible return of Captain Gallagher while Dennison and Drury took the skiff and began tracing the coastline of Crow Island. This island is about one mile long, and half a mile wide. A few minutes before noon they came back and reported the discovery of the Kelp Bay Logging camp on that part of Baranoff Island lying just within the south side of Kelp Bay. Including Gallagher who returned that evening I was enabled to place fifteen names on my list.

Of this number I had one Jap, six Indians and some Irish, Swedes, Norwegians, Canadians and one or two from the United States. On the morning of the 24th we started for Warm Springs Bay. We had scarcely got under way when we were driven back by a head wind and head tide with such a decided crash that we had to seek shelter near the camp. We were thus bottled up till ten P.M. Then the wind suddenly quieted down, and as the full moon was shining and well up toward the meridian we decided to take at least one fall out of the weather by traveling at night. We thus made the nineteen miles to Warm Springs Bay where we cast anchor at 1.30 a.m. Christmas morning.

Talk about scenery! If I were John L. Stoddard I might describe it. His description of the Himalayas by moonlight is a mere suggestion of the beauty and grandeur of the snow capped peaks

of Baranoff Island as seen from the waters of Chatham Straits. The water that brilliant bright was like a mirror. In order to heighten the effect we held a course one mile off shore. Every mountain form was therefore reproduced in inverted form between us and the waters edge. The tide was well up so there was no dark line along the beach visible. Perfectly symmetrical forms in and out of the water. The air was so crisp that frost crystals on the peaks became prismatic with a pale whitish blue tint. They have a saying up in Alaska that it is worth a million dollars to see an Alaska full moon at its best. Just as we passed Cosmos Cove the high mountain back of it and the two that wall in its sides took the form of an immense arm chair or throne covered with a white mantle. The little valley formed the seat and

the cove or bay an amphitheater. All along the route we had been naming the various forms of the panorama and suggesting likeness to objects as they appeared to us. On reaching this greatest of all it was impossible to think of it otherwise than as the abiding place of some deity. Early habits of life and training are tenacious; but had any one told me before that any scene however grand could inspire in me - a man well beyond sixty - the thoughts and incidental reflections that I then experienced I should have looked upon him as wholly ignorant of my nature.

But now what were we to do. Christmas Day. We are not supposed to work holidays. And tomorrow Sunday. We positively must not work on Sunday. This work ought to have been done yesterday or the day before. But we were unavoidably delayed. Waiting here till Monday might mean

Yes, it almost surely would mean more stormy weather, and may be, may be worse of delay. We decided to take no such chance. By 1 P.M. Christmas Day all the inhabitants of Warm Springs Bay were enumerated. And hour later we were on our way to Point Gardner, only seven miles away. The water for the first five miles was very quiet, then just as the sun was disappearing a breeze set in from the southeast and before we could make the short distance of three or four miles into Murder Cove we sure had all we could wish for in the way of a rough house. I think every article of furniture on the walls lit on the floor and seasickness was very close at hand for at least two of our crew. The "Pilot Book" says the waters in and near Murder Cove and Point Gardner are usually characterized by heavy tide rips and that the reefs and rocks although

well covred with kelp are dangerous at all times even to small craft; and advises the absolute necessity of local knowledge in navigating them. In this as in many subsequent instances we acquired "locall knowledge" as we went up against the various propositions demanding it. That evening we enumerated the ten men at Tyer. Tyer otherwise known as the whaling station is a place where whales are brought for dissection and are converted into oil, bone, and other products for the market. Quite a large force of men, and several whale steamers and many smaller boats make this a busy place in summer; but in the winter season only watchmen and caretakers are here. Those in charge served a fine Christmas dinner in the evening, and the excellent roast beef, turkey cranberry sauce and real cows milk made us

forget for the time being that we were in far off Alaska, where such fare is not supposed to be found. / The barometer at the whaling station stood well up toward thirty indicating less rather than more storm so we remained tied up to the dock till morning. Conditions seemed tolerably fair this Sunday morning so we decided to push on in the hope of finishing all on the east side before any bad storms materialized.

On our way out while passing Point Gardner we encountered the usual conditions there but aside from dismantling our walls, jumping the lids off the cookstove and throwing half a dressed deer from the top of the cabin into the salt chuck we suffered no inconvenience.

Heading northward and keeping a good two miles off shore to avoid the numerous obstructions that mark the course to Killisnoo we reached the logging camp

in White Water Bay about noon. This camp, unlike the one where the piles are gotten out, is here for the purpose of obtaining spruce logs for a saw-mill in Douglas.
As the camps will not be in operation for a week or two I enumerate the only man there. He is a Finlander and is acting as watchman. This seems a long distance for two men, a boy and a gasoline launch to chase one man - 21 miles, just to count him. But Uncle Sam's orders is to count every body. Besides this is Sunday and may be after all I shall have to apologize to some one for thus taking liberties. Making our way out of this bay we go on a few miles more and enter Hood Bay. Here we find a family living on a homestead. This is a truck farm. As it is one of about half a dozen I found in the course of my travels I take pleasure in stating that the canneries need such supplies as this kind of a place
(produce)

can furnish and it would seem that the farm and cannery are mutually beneficial.

Monday Morning December 27. we again head for the west shore. Since passing down we have learned that there is a man twelve miles up Peril Strait a watchman for the "Sook Bay Logging Camp." So we head right past the light house in order to get him. Fortunately on our way up there we find another man. He is a miner from Douglas. He worked hard all summer so when winter came he got into his launch and is headed for the hot spring at Warm Springs Bay. He had not been enumerated so had to be taken.

Perhaps it is well to state here that where ever there is a city town or village of sufficient size to support a school, the teacher was the census taker. Our gas-boat outfit was only one of half a dozen or so employed to get the vital statistics - so to speak.

Before reaching that part of Peril Strait known as Sadok Bay night came on. Probably I should say rather darkness set in about half past three owing to a heavy snow-storm.

Not only darkness, but a fierce wind-storm, and it did not come from off the water either. It was distinctly a land breeze and seemed to come from a crack or gorge of some kind between two ranges of hills or low mountains. Coming down upon us where we were anchored only a hundred yards off shore it had not swept enough to make the water very sought but it sure did do a few things to the launch. The first really meaningful thing it did was to make the boat drag anchor.

That was about nine P.M. To offset this Mr. Dennison took a second anchor aboard the skiff and dropped it a few fathoms from the first. The two anchors held firm but the wind would catch

the launch first one broadside then the other, the ropes would slack when the wind slack; then she would plunge to the limit of first one tether and then the other always hauling up with a yank that almost threw us out of our bunks. This threshing and crack the whip stunt was kept up nearly all night. On looking over our chart the next morning we discovered that we were anchored in Hanus Bay otherwise known as the Portage Arm of Peril Strait. A low sand spit connects this arm with Portage Arm of Kelp Bay, and a torturous range of hill each side of it, so them converts it into a kind of trough. It is said that whenever there is any wind in this neighborhood at all that it draws one way or the other through this fosse with extraordinary force; probably because the crack is so small and there is so much wind that has to be stuffed through

it in a given time. That night however as we learned a few days later there was a heavy southeast wind all along Chatham Strait and many of the passengers aboard the Georgia were seasick. One of them, a man of twenty years experience as a sailor told me that he never before knew what seasickness was; but that night when the Georgia turned from Chatham Strait into Tenakee inlet he had to leave the main deck and go down into the hold. where ~~There~~ he rode a sack of spuds for ten miles. When the steamer came to Anchor at Tenake Springs he was still trying to make up his mind as to the various differences and advantages of high popalorum and low popa high-rum. Having enumerated Saook Bay we took the Fairway Island Light House and the six persons at Chatham P.O. Chatham is the location of "The Geo. T.

Myers Cannery. The canneries like the whaling station have many people in summer and few in winter. It might be ask why not take the census in summer? The reason is this in summer the Indians are scattered to the four winds. some at the canneries, some at saw-mills or mines and some just scouting around any old place. In winter they are at their homes in the villages sending their children to school. Since the bulk of the population is Indians it is obviously best to enumerate them at their homes. Leaving, or attempting to leave Chatham the next morning we discovered that the snow which had been falling during the night had formed a slush ice and frozen. We were frozen in. This is a condition we had feared we should have to face, but expected it to happen farther north. Possibly in Dundas Bay or more likely in Excursion Inlet.

Fortunately the ice was not very heavy and by using a heavy pole to break the ice in front of the launch for two or three miles we succeeded in extricating ourselves. Probably five degrees more of cold would have bottled us up until the next weekly trip of the Georgia when it would have been broken up for us. On our way out I enumerated two fishermen at their camp near Morris Reef. Basket Bay we found tenantless. The Indians belonging there, and also those at Fresh Water Bay having gone to Hoonah to attend a potlatch. Tenakee Springs was reached the evening of December 29th and on the 30th and 31st its 125 inhabitants were enumerated. This finished up the work for December.

On the morning of Jan. the first we were for the second time up against a holiday and a Sunday. Conditions were ad

little less serious and only a little than at Warm Springs Bay just a week previously. Tenakee is a rough harbor if it deserves to be called a harbor. The last two nights we were there I slept ashore because the boat rolled and pitched so that sleeping on board was nearly out of the question. Then too about twenty five miles ahead of us was Point Augusta. If we should encounter a north wind at Point Augusta we should simply have to turn back and wait till it stopped. Having established a precedent Christmas Day we decided to use it and headed for Gypsum Cove, where we enumerated 24 persons connected with the Plaster of Paris mines there. Late in the evening we rounded Point Augusta and headed for White Stone Harbor. Here we intended to be real good and lie all day Sunday. The night was excessively dark and I think we never should have found

our way in had it not been for a halibut boat already in there. We saw her lights when we were three miles out and were thus enabled to make the entrance. We wondered why they had anchored so near the entrance, but not for long for they came out on deck and warned us to look out for ice. But we had little need of the advice for we were already up against it.

After supper I exhumerated the five fishermen and as soon as daylight made it safe to do so we all got out. Our good Sunday resolution was broken right there. We could not let the waves pound us up against that ice. Well now where? Not across Chatham Strait to Hawk Inlet. That belonged properly to our final journey to Juneau. The only other safe harbor in reach was at home, Hoonah. By going to Hoonah I could compare notes with the census agent there concerning the Indians there and at

Village Point, at both of which places pot latches were to be held. Then to o besides placing us fifteen miles nearer to my next days work it would enable me to visit at home a few hours. We arrived in Hoonah Sunday afternoon.

Monday morning Jan. 3, we started for Dundas Bay the farthest point to the westward we should have to reach. The distance over there is something over forty miles and on the way I enrolled two fishermen at Flynns Cove. After enrolling the two watchmen at the Dundas Bay Cannery and the next morning taking on a supply of gasoline we started for a logging and prospecting camp on Pleasant Island. Just after leaving Dundas Bay while traveling close in shore to avoid a headwind and also to get the benefit of an eddy a most ridiculous incident took place. Mr. Dennison

Was at the wheel and noticing that the
tiller ropes were loose he pulled one of
them up tight and was just in the act of
fastening it when he glanced out of the
window and discovried that he was headed
straight for the shore. At this point the water
is very deep right up to the rocky beach
which is almost vertical. When he
saw his predicament it was to late to turn
so he reversed the engine and called to us
to look out for ourselves. When the stem
struck the rock it threw me and Dewey
off our feet and threw the cook-stove forward
several inches. Supposing that the bilge
was rapidly filling Dewey and I got busy
bailing but as the bilge was nearly empty
and no more seemed to come in Dawson
ordered us to desist. It seems the stem struck
the rock just above the water line and
the force of the blow was so distributed as
to do absolutely no visible damage.

Just ahead of us, and not so very far ahead either, we encountered some real trouble. We had to pass the entrance, or rather the exit of Glacier Bay for it is out of Glacier Bay into Icy Strait that the icebergs that are thrown off from the great Muir Glacier and the Johns Hopkins to say nothing of some smaller glaciers. It is here that a continuous south wind held back these glaciers until the whole twenty eight of Glacier Bay was one continuous ice gorge. Then at the end of that time a strong south wind came and drove them all out into Icy Strait. Drove them out just in time to catch the steamer Yucatan. On Feb. 16. 1910 the Yucatan was coming in from the ocean during a heavy snow-storm and although it was in broad day light the ice bergs so completely surrounded her that in trying to pick her way through she was rammed and sank just as she struck the beach only a mile away. I think it is not quite true that she sank in eight minutes, but the chief engineer says the water came in at

the rate of fifty tons a minute. However ice in less quantity lay just ahead of us, and in addition to the necessity of averting collisions we had to reckon with a head wind, head tide, and tide rips complicated with an ocean swell. Of course the head wind was the chief factor to be reckoned with. There were times I think when we were not making half a mile an hour. The temptation to fly for shelter must have been very great I know, but the possibility of the storm lasting several days or even of growing more severe kept us on our course. After three or four hours of this conflict we drew under the shelter of Pleasant Island and by about 4 p.m. I had the pleasure of enumerating those three prospectors. At dusk we entered Excursion Inlet and soon after tied up to the dock at Bells Cannery. Going over to the bunk house I enumerated the two watchmen in charge & took supper with them. The morning of Jan. 5 we moved up toward the head of the inlet where I enumerated the "Forbes Cannery"

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settlement and the Kane and Hillman Saw-mill" settlement. My total enumeration for Excursion Inslet was thirty one - the largest single neighborhood so far with the exception of Tenakee. Jan. 6th took Village Point and crossed over to Hawk Inlet where it was thought several families lived. On reaching there we found empty cabins but no people. The next day denumerated twelve at Funter Bay. This is the site of the "Klinket Cannery." [This is a] large establishment, and it was their logging camp we found in Kelp Bay. We came into Funter Bay on Friday Jan. 7th and had the delectable experience of being bottled up by a storm for six days. In shifting the boat one dark night from one part of the bay to another, a thing we frequently had to do to escape destruction ~~during that siege~~, we lost one of our anchors overboard. The wind and waves seemed bent on driving us out of that bay. The storm outside was so fierce as to tie up the big steamers. Inside it was playing "puss in the corner" with us, and everytime it said

seat we had to hike. Had it not been for a small island and an unused steamer that was anchored out I dont see how we could have escaped being driven on the rocks. On Monday morning we made an attempt to escape but were very glad to come back in and fight it out where the trouble stated. Finally on Wednesday morning we got away. The wind by this time had settled down to a steady hard blow from the north. Ten miles to the northward of us lay Point Retreat. This noted promontory is a long ridge at the extreme north end of Admiralty Island that separates Chatham Strait from Stephens Passage. Upon it is located The Point Retreat Light House, guarding a sunken reef that projects Westward into Lynn Canal. Point Retreat actually splits the wind that comes down Lynn Canal, sending a part of it down Stevens Passage and the remainder down Chatham Strait. In my judgment this junction of three bodies of water is the most dangerous one in Southeastern Alaska.

Only one more man to enumerate. If the light-house keeper at Point Retreat can be taken the work of my district will be complete. One effort had been made and one failure recorded. The second effort was finally made on escaping from Funter Bay on the morning of Jan. 13. A creditable showing was made. We bucked that northwind successfully for five or six miles. Then with the rising sun a patch of clear sky showed upon the horizon. It came from the northeast and fairly raced for the zenith. In this part of the world, during the winter season a clearing sky means a high wind and a rough sea. And the rough sea was not long coming. For a brief time we forced our way along but at 9 a.m. we availed ourselves of a slight lull to face about and flee before the wind. But whither to go? that was the question. Not back into Funter Bay; we had seen too much of that place. Swanson Harbor lay just around beyond Point Coverdon

and we could go there; or we could go twenty one miles further to Hoonah. In either case we must round Point Couverdon. Heading straight for that point we put out twenty five yards of sail so as to steady the boat and at 10.05 we passed round it into Icy Strait making the twelve miles in one hour and five minutes. From here into Hoonah we had a fair wind and a fair tide - a most unusual combination it seemed to us. In Hoonah we found several halibut fishermen and very unexpectedly added twelve names to the population schule. So far we had 297 names and believing my work done I made out my report but instead of sending it in I tried to develop a plan to secure that man at Point Retreat. First I saw the captain and the purser of the Georgia, and they agreed to put me ashore by means of a lifeboat, give me a few minutes time to enumerate the light keeper and then take

me on board and to Juneau for one fare plus five dollars.—Provided the water was not too rough to make a landing. In the latter case I should have to go to Juneau and put up at a hotel for four days when I could pay my fare and return to Hoonah.

A letter addressed to the chief setting forth the case brought by return mail a command to take my chartered boat and try again, and to come on to Juneau prepared to take a second assignment of territory.

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This command was gladly received and promptly obeyed. Leaving Hoonah at 8 a. m. Jan. 24 we passed Point Retreat at 2.15 p. m. incidentally making the acquaintance of Mr. Galvin Keeper of the Point Retreat Light House. "When she was good she was very very good &c &c" certainly fits here for the water that day was ideally calm and peaceful, and as will be seen later the "horrid" had its inning too.

The day proved too short for us to reach Juneau so we anchored for the night at Fritz Cove on the west side of Douglas Island and the next day went into Juneau, going over the Bar at high tide. As this Bar is destined to cut an important figure in our subsequent proceedings a description of it here seems necessary. Douglas Island has a perimeter of approximately fifty two miles. Thirty one miles may be credited to Stephen's Passage, eleven to Gastineau Channel and ten to Gastineau Channel Flats. The flats otherwise known as the Bar begin about four miles south of Juneau and extend westward and southward past Mendenhall Glacier to Fritz Cove. An elbow of stove-pipe would well represent its ground plan. At extreme low water the Bar is dry all over with the exception of a tiny stream along its center fed by smaller later rivulets from rain

of melted snow. At extreme high water it is all covred except one or two small rocky islands. The bottom being of gravel and glacial mud the water is seldom clear enough to trace out the little channel; and it is only by following it very precisely that a boat drawing five feet of water can ever go over the Bar.

The advantage in going over it is that in going that way from Point Retreat to Juneau the distance is about eighteen miles less than to go the other way around Douglas Island.

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Arriving in Juneau at noon I went at once to the office and handed in my report for my first district, and after receiving instructions concerning my new territory I enumerated two families who happened to be temporarily in Juneau, but belonged at the Eagle River Mine. This Eagle River propo-

sition proved to be one of the leading features of my new "Lynn Canal District."

That night we tied up at one of the Juneau docks, and as this dock and much other property in the channel was totally destroyed by a storm two days later we had cause to be thankful that we made our visit early and avoided the rush. The next morning after stocking up on groceries and fuel we went out over the Bar incidentally enumerating one man at Fish Creek and anchored for the night again in Fritz Cove. Jan. 26 enumerated six at Jenks Cove, six at Spuhn Island and twenty at Tee Harbor. Tee Harbor is located in a saltery. It seems that in earlier times, before the days of fish canneries there were many of these salteries in Alaska. In my travels last summer I found one at Kake, and the abandoned site of one in Glacier Bay but they are apparently being superceded by

later contrivances. Tee Harbor is a long lagoon, probably two miles long, oval at the ends, and half a mile wide. Its long diameter is parallel to Lynn Canal and is separated from it by a low timbered ridge. This ridge has a hiatus of about three hundred yards about its center; the opening thus forms the entrance through which vessels come into the harbor.

This lagoon has a creek coming into it at each end. Before going there we had been told that it was one of the quietest and best of harbors. But when the great storm of Jan. 28 came destroying docks floats, launches, even seriously damaging large freight steamers in the harbor at Juneau - when all this was going on we were witnessing one of the worst tantrums Tee Harbor was ever guilty of exhibiting. The inhabitants actually apologized for its rude behavior in the presence of strangers.

Said strangers consisted of one U.S. Census boat a small fleet of halibut fishing boats and a small steamer. The lagoon seemed to have just discovered that by bringing in an unlimited supply of air through the creek valley at one end and discharging it through the creek valley at the other end it could shake loose everything within its shores. We were tied up in an angle behind the saltery dock where we thought no wind from any source could disturb us. A few hours before day light Friday morning our boat began rolling and pitching and bumping into the dock and colliding with the other launches as though it had suicidal intentions. And all day Friday we were seemingly riding out an ocean storm. The white caps started at the very grass roots at one end of the bay and the billows increased in size till by the time they reached the other end they were

a seething mass of foam, and were whipped up on the rocky beach all along the sides like lather. Our boat travelled up and down enough to make a respectable day's mileage if it had been straightened out. I took advantage of low tide to walk about five miles on the beaches and complete my enumeration of the settlement. Saturday morning the storm inside the harbor had subsided, but on attempting to go out we found Lynn Canal very boisterous and we returned to anchor. At 1 P.M. we, along with one of the halibut boats got away, and about 4 P.M. we anchored just outside of Salt Lake among a bunch of Islands. This anchorage is about two miles from the Eagle River wharf and is as close to that shelterless dock as it is safe for a small boat to lie at night. Rowing over to the dock we learn that Sunday is Georgia Day. That

means that the mail carrier from Amalga where the Eagle River Mine is located will be down to meet the steamer. It also means that I may arrange with the mail carrier to take me in his bob-sled the seven miles back from the beach among the mountains in order that the miners may be enrolled in Uncle Sam's books as a fraction of that ninety millions.

As the Georgia was due at 2 P.M. I was there before one o'clock so as not to be left. The Georgia true to its habits came at 4 a.m. Monday. I did not sleep good that night. What if the Georgia should be one or two days late? In that case I might walk. The snow on the trail where the three horse team travled over it every few days was reported to be two feet deep. But, should one step outside the trail it was five feet or more. Is the trail plain? I asked. Oh yes quite plain in the

timber, but out in the river bottoms the wind sometimes obliterates the trail. On asking how much of it was in the timber I was told that about three miles was thus protected and four miles was in the open. It was while figuring on the possibilities of this trail proposition that I heard the familiar whistle of the Georgia. Blessed Georgia, I have said unkind things about you. I hope I shall never do so again. Dear Georgia, I am yours forever. You may take me out on any kind of seas. I make me sea-sick, or even keep me up nights watching for you when you are hundreds of miles away and headed for some other post - but for this blessed piece of timely rescue I shall always treat you with respect and reverence. And its a fact I have never cussed the Georgia from that day to this. Bob-sledding even at ten above zero it fine. But I had a trans-

portation problem ahead of me for that day that beat the bob-sled and beat any other experience I had ever tried in the way of travel. The stamp-mill post office store and officer's residences are down near Eagle River. The mine- well you see that hole up in the side of the mountain that's the mine. That little hole in the wall is one thousand feet higher than the stamp-mill, and it is approximately three eighths of a mile to it by aerial trolley. To get up there you walk up a trail through five feet of snow - a good half days job. Or if you are in a hurry you take the tram. I was in a hurry. I just had to go back to the beach that night when the carrier took the mail down, for there might not be another trip down with the team for five days. Am I afraid to ride up in the bucket? Oh no, I am not afraid

I never used to be in my younger days.
In fact I never saw that kind of a carriage.
Presently I was taken up four pairs of
stairs to the top of the stamp mill.
Then my attention was called to two
objects coming out of that hole up
there. They seemed to be about the size of
bricks, but they were two tram cars loaded
with ore. When they reached the bottom
and were dumped of their cargo the engineer
told me to take a seat in the front car and
drop my census bag into the other. The wisdom
of this arrangement was evident for I
think that by no known method of
trunk packing could myself and
the satchel have been forced into one car.
measuring from stem to stern the car
was thirty inches long, the bottom was
twelve inches wide. I am five feet five
and weigh 185 or 190 lbs. No sitting
flat in that car. Fortunately the sides

slant outward a trifle and I squeezed in. But crumpling up my feet and legs so as to sit on even keel is a problem. Then by way of adding a finishing touch of advice the contrivance just between my feet is carefully explained. This interesting piece of junk consisted of a peg, or rather a flat piece of bar iron three inches high projecting upward. Over this, and over a vertical standard outside of the car was dropped a two inch iron ring. If the ring is moved up the car dumps. Now dont touch that ring, dont even wiggle your toes, but keep absolutely quiet and will do the rest.

Starting from the top of a four story building, sailing through the air three eighths of a mile and up a thousand feet. Time three minutes. I would not have missed the experience for fifty dollars I would not repeat it for thousands.

Going up I sat facing Eagle Glacier only a mile away. I saw it not. The tall hemlocks below me looked like trunkless Christmas trees stuck in the snow, & barely saw them. The three minutes of time seemed like an interminable wait at a railway station. The lightning calculations relative to a thousand and one possible mishaps grew into a blur of cataleptic hallucinations. The whole experience was so awfully grand and satisfying that I walked down the trail. Time thirty minutes.

Yes, I walked, or rather waded, down the trail, but not until I had enumerated all the denizens of that lofty perch. And not until I had a Skookum lunch; and then I had a miner for a guide. This man had been up there eleven months; and never patronized the tram in all that time. Two loaded cars come down and pull two empties. A wire clothesline

winds around a drum. A man with iron brake controls the speed. the force of gravity performs the trick.

Returning by bobsled too late to hail the launch. I sleep a second night at the house of the watchman on the beach. Early on Tuesday morning Feb. 1. we make a start for our most Northerly territory on Lynn Canal. Sentinel Island Light House, Berners Bay, Comet City and a shore light near Comet City. Not a one of which we ever succeeded in reaching. However on this occasion we managed to make half of the ten miles to Sentinel Island, then seeing that a landing could not be made in so heavy a sea we put back to Salt Lake and anchored. Here an inviting proposition awaited us. A mining camp four miles back in the mountains and 560 ft above tide water had to be taken. Leaving the launch at anchor we rowed

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two miles down the beach to the foot of a trail leading to the camp. Mr. Dennison and Drury went ahead and hunted out the trail, which fortunately lay mostly through heavy timber. Mr. Peterson, the mine owner, keeps this trail open by means of a mule hitched to a small sled. It is his outlet to the world of commerce and civilization. The depth of snow near the beach was only five or six feet, but up near the mine it was ten feet or more. The necessity of keeping in the beaten path was quite obvious. In the trail the loose snow was about two feet deep. We made the ascent without much difficulty in about two hours. Having finished my work and partaken of a hearty lunch I started down alone. Mr. Dennison after making a crank-pin in Peterson's shop to replace a damaged one in our engine soon overtook me. A foot of new snow that fell

while we were up there made the return trip a very laborious one. The strong wind brought down great quantities of snow from the tops of the tall spruce and hemlock trees almost hiding the trail in places. Only in a few instances did we flounder off the trail and then a scramble for a minute or two put us back into the path and out of breath. We regained the beach about 4 p. m., and of course found our skiff full of snow. That was soon put right, but the surf heavy and rapidly growing heavier. An attempt to launch the skiff resulted in its being thrown back onto the beach with a crash. The skiff was staunch, almost new, and capable of carrying eight grown persons - under ordinary conditions; but when we finally made it stay launched on this occasion the danger of swamping was so obvious that it was decided to take aboard only two.

Mr. Dennison and Drury both being expert oarsmen, and accustomed to doing team work together, were to go first. Then I was to try and make my way along the beach on foot past two rocky points around which the heaviest of the breakers were beating. As the tide was high there was no bare beach, and the deep snow on top of the large boulders that lay on the beach made walking a very slow and precarious undertaking. I lost track of the skiff and its crew almost immediately. My hands and feet and eyes and brain had all that they could do. In half an hour I had passed the first rocky point, a distance of two hundred yards and, besides being drenched by a breaker had gotten into and out of several holes between the rocks. The next rocky point was yet a quarter of a mile away and beyond a little cove with better beach.

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The rocks along this curved stretch of shore were much smaller, and I made good speed for a while. But, on nearering the second rocky point I found it much steeper than the first. The boulders too were larger, some of them eight or ten feet high, and so numerous that a fall into the spaces between them might lead to very serious consequences. I must however pass this point - by not directly on the beach then on the top of the bluff through the timber. After a few fruitless efforts to scale the rocky back I finally landed on top of the bluff. Among scrub alders and low spreading spruced shrubbery bent down with snow, and soft snow up to my waist to walk in it was a most uninviting situation. There seemed to be no alternative, so after recovering my breath a bit I began to move forward - I could not say I set out for that would im-

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ply more motion than was involved in the process. My plan now was to walk along in the timber parallel to the beach until I reached a point beyond the rocks where Mr Dimmison could see me and pick me up. In attempting to carry out this plan I discovered that I was in a ravine between two hog-back mountains that extended back from the shore. The one to my left, which was the one I must pass over, rose quite steply from the second rocky point. I succeeded finally in crossing it. Just as I reached its summit however I began to doubt the wisdom of trying to connect with my rescuers.

In the first place the storm was so terrible on the water that I did not believe they could safely undertake the trip. Another and better reason lay in the fact that at the foot of Petersons trail there stood an unoccupied cabin in which I might hope to find shelter for the night. But being at the top of this ridge I finally decided to descend to the beach

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and try, by Mr. Dennison's help to reach the launch; though I had little hope that he could fulfill his part of our plan. On emerging from the edge of the timber however I found myself upon a precipitous bluff more than a hundred feet high. Nowhere could I see a way to get down to the water's edge. My work was now plainly cut out. I must shift for myself for the night. Darkness had now set in and soon it would be very dark in the woods. In attempting to regain the top of the hill by retracing my steps I lost the track. Blinding showers of snow came sifting down through the branches of the trees whenever a puff of wind came up. Coming down the hill had been an easy proposition. Getting up again was an irksome process. But worst of all I could not keep a steady course, and after I had climbed and puffed and perspired for half an hour or more, and was still on a steep hillside in a dense forest

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I realized that I was lost. I had not held to any definite course. Evidently I was keeping too far to the left. I would endeavor to correct this fault, so pressing on through snow waist deep and over and under logs I made a few rods more. Then stopping a minute or two I took a careful inventory of my situation and of my own physical and mental condition. First admitting that I was lost and that I might be out all night-about fourteen hours yet till daylight-what resources did I have for protection against the elements. I had a sealed bottle of matches, a jack-knife and fairly warm clothing, though the latter were pretty wet from wading in the snow and from the splashings on the track. The weather so far as temperature went was ideal; the thermometer about twenty and as it never does change more than from two to five degrees here in twenty four hours there was nothing to fear from that source so long

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as I could keep on my feet. The question of making a fire however was one of great uncertainty. Dead branches of any kind of wood in this locality are always saturated with water, and absolutely refuse to ignite. The only reliable material to be found is pitch. In daylight this can be secured from almost any spruce tree; but at night the chances of finding even pitch would be very doubtful. Referring to my physical condition I note that I am tired, very, very tired. I am a little hungry, I have two hand tacks, two of the big cart-wheel kind - six inches in diameter. I decide to save them, for I may need them worse. Thirsty, I believe I never was more thirsty. Why had I not noticed it before. Eating snow soon corrected this state of affairs. As to my mental condition. Well subjective introspection is a very difficult process but here goes for a try even at that. For I must know all I can of my capabilities. I have stood here

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resting probably five minutes. My breathing is not yet normal. I am still puffing from my recent exertion. To correct that I promise myself to walk slower and stop oftener. My muscles, besides being tired have a tendency to twitch and placing my thumb and any of the fingers of the same hand in contact they shake considerably. I decide that the situation is worrying me a bit. I will try not to worry. I will not sit down, and I will not yield to drowsiness. I can live one night even in worse conditions. How now can I determine which way to go? The moss on the north side of the trees is such a huge joke that I almost laugh aloud. Up here the moss grows all around the trees and from the ground to the topmost branches. Then I listen for some sound. Happy thought! I hear the surf. Of course I do, it has been booming on my ears for hours. But where, in what direction is it most pronounced.

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The place where it is lowdest is at Rocky Point No. 2, that is evident. Now I can map my course. What a fool not to think of it before. But mapping a course is not all, I must travel it too. I soon make my way to the top of the first ridge and then down into the ravine where I suddenly encounter a patch of devil clubs. Gingerly making my way through and around these despicable disturbers of the peace, and escaping with the least possible number of thorns I climb over a few snowy logs and under a few and begin the ascent of the next ridge.

Then I suddenly discover that I am all of a tremble, out of breath and in fact that I have broken practically every resolution I made only twenty minutes before. I had not lain down for a nap and I think that is about the only rule I did not break. The rest of my self imposed discipline was all shot to pieces. But what was the odds?

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I now knew the way to the cabin, and unless I fell into some deep hole or over a precipice I was safe-absolutely safe. The last mishap mentioned did almost happen a few minutes later. I had just crossed over the last hog-back and was within a hundred yards of the cabin when what seemed an easy descent to the beach presented itself. I took the bait all right. It was a gully filled with snow, snow that had blown into it from the whole neighborhood. I slid down into it or rather under it always. I think that gully must have had snow twenty feet deep in it. I think that knowing that cabin was there inspired my efforts considerably. At any rate I extricated myself and about 7 p.m. I reached the double log cabin. Going to the door I experimented with the heavy chain and padlock long enough to make sure they spelled "No Admittance" Then wading the snow to a window I found

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that of the three lower lights the middle one was broken out. Presently the one next to it was also out, and peeling off my rubber coat and census bag and stuffing them inside, I followed suit. I landed on top of a table and, Great Scott!! in getting off the table I put my hand upon a box of matches. Well I had matches of my own in my pocket. But Mr. Peterson is a thoughtful man. Two candles, one of them in a wooden candle stick and half used; the other a whole candle. I wished I could have gotten in without breaking that light of glass and the mullion or whatever you call it between the two panes. But I simply could not. And only seven hours ago I dined with Peterson. His hospitality I now repay by breaking into his cabin. But John G. Peterson will understand. I find also a kitchen stove and wood. I therefore make a fire and dry my clothes. Some I take off and hang upon a line and some

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I dry in situ on my back. By turning round and round I make a sort of clothes horse of myself and dry my duds. I spare those hard tacks till the coming day, and thoroughly investigate two bales of hay. With these I make a bed to sleep upon, or rather in. When nine o'clock arrives I bank my fire prepare some kindling and lie down to sleep. I always did favor nine o'clock bed time. Now this hay was of the prairie variety and was pressed into laminations or bats. Each bat had a little snow or ice in or about it and though I put a plenty on by 1 a.m. I found that I was very cold. But that four hours sleep was mighty good. Rising with chattering teeth I built another fire and warmed the room a bit. At two o'clock I took another nap. At three I made another fire and skirmished round to find a new supply of wood. At 4 a.m. I made my last attempt

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to rest my weary bones and sleep a bit. Those bats of hay could not be mad to stay in place. As soon as one was warmed it rolled away and reaching for another I would try to warm myself. So about five o'clock I changed my tactics. First I built a fire Then splitting up the chopping block and sawing a piece of scantling into blocks. I snoozed the remaining hours away by the stove. I also put a candle near the window for a signal. But this precaution was not necessary for at peep of day Dennison and Drury were climbing in at the window. Of their experiences for the night I can do no better than quote his words as he expressed himself to me and my wife after reaching home, about as follows:— "Yes Mr Everett, it was something fierce outside when we left you, she was going some! The waves were a mile long and ten feet high, and curled over at the top. We knew

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we could not go close round that point, for if one of them waves got a whack at us she would slop us full the first splash. So we put our nose into it and struck straight out; far enough out to make both rocky points on our way back. Then we watched our chance and made a quick turn in the trough between two waves. But she was too swift for us and caught us slap bang a broadside; and just boiled into us from stem to stern, and filled the boat half full the first splash. If she had got another whack at us it would have been all over. But we made the turn, and cutting in behind the first one of them islands, headed straight for the Fairway. The bay was a solid mass of foam. The Fairway just hoisted her nose straight up into the air and came down slaffity bang on the water. Then up would go her stern, down she'd go slam bang, and up would go her nose again. She would tug at one anchor, then yank on the other and pitched and rolled something fierce. We could no more pull along side than fly.

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so we watched our chance and I threw Drury aboard, and he made us fast. Then I got aboard and stayed there. The wind howled and screeched around the cabin like a thousand devils; and you can gamble there was not much sleeping done aboard. The only thing I was kicking myself all night for was that I hadn't made Mr. Hewitt comfortable in that cabin before we left. That would have saved us some of the worrying."

During the night the weather improved materially; yet it was so rough that a second attempt to reach Sentinel Island had to be abandoned. True we got nearer to it than before but only a little. The wind swept away the thin clouds and about ten a. m. the sun came out and shone brightly all the rest of the day — It was ground hog day too, and though we saw our shadows we did not "take a tumble". Coasting with the wind and waves down the east side of Shelter Island to its southern extremity I enumerated a family of four — homesteaders who had

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established there a farm and truck garden. A large cellar filled with potatoes attested to the richness of the soil. Good buildings and other evidences of thrift were apparent. Crossing back to the main shore we cast anchor for the night in Auk Bay. Feb. 3. we crossed over to Fritz Cove as it was the closest anchorage for reaching the people in the vicinity of the Bay. At 9 a.m. Mr. Dennison and Drury took me in the skiff to the north side of the channel where I started for the Knudson Farm Settlement. Although I had only a mile and a half to go, the snow was so deep and there was so much pan-cake ice on the beach that it was nearly noon before I reached the settlement. After finishing my census work I tried to hire a horse or conveyance to take me back over this field of snow and ice to the beach but Mr. Knudson informed me that he would not put a horse into so dangerous a place

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as he would expect it to break its legs, and he could not afford to take such a risk. He did for me a better thing however — he went ahead of me on foot and broke a trail. In doing so he broke through ice, and occasionally fell into holes, but he knew the ground so well that he took but slight risk. Following him I avoided most of the pitfalls and had no worse experience than wading waist deep in snow or occasionally stepping into six inches of water. All work up to the Bar was now done and that beyond it could best be reached from the Juneau side. So at 3.45 p.m. we started for Juneau. As the neap tides were on there was no hope of crossing the Bar; the only way was to go around Douglas Island via Stephens Passage. That meant a journey of forty-five miles to get five.

We expected to go only three miles that evening and tie up at a small cove on the west coast of Douglas Island. But on reaching this cove we found the north-west wind from Lynn

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canal blowing straight into it. There being no suitable anchorage on Douglas Island ahead of us for some thirty miles we searched the chart to see what was best to do. Plainly the proper thing to do was to turn back to Fritz Cove and wait there till morning for there would be no moon and a snow-storm was threatening. A second choice seemed promising. At this place the channel was barely two miles wide, and just across the channel on Admiralty Island and twelve miles distant lay Auk Cove. This is a landlocked harbor and even safer than Fritz Cove. Disliking very much to turn back we decided to try to make Auk Cove. It was now 4.30 and by 6.30 we ought to make that distance. We kept close to the Douglas Island shore for a mile or two then as we had to pass out around a fish trap we headed from there for our destination. By five o'clock it was quite dark and as it soon began snowing very hard we lost sight of land. Mr. Dennison

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requested me to give him the time every ten minutes, so he could tell when to expect to find land. Before dark I noticed three or four large icebergs some distance ahead and became a little apprehensive of trouble from that source. Presently I said Mr. Dennison what are you steering by. "By the only thing that's left" says he, by the impact of the waves under the boat." Though a little uneasy I tried not to show my anxiety and kept calling out the time. When I called 6.30 there was no land 6.40 and 6.50 no land 7 o'clock and still no land. Evidently we are sailing down mid channel said Mr. Dennison. So changing his course he headed as he supposed for the Douglas Island shore. In five minutes we came to land. The place seemed to be a little bight - a kind of recess of the shore, and as it seemed but slightly swept by wind and waves we cast anchor. After cooking and eating our supper and when it was bedtime

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I asked Mr. Dennison if he was not going to put out a second anchor so that if the wind freshened up we should not be in danger of dragging anchor. No, said he I do not care to have two anchors to take up if any thing should happen that might cause us to have to make a quick run out of here.

To facilitate speed in case we had to go we left the lamp burning and lay down with most of our clothes on. Pretty soon I heard Dennison lightly snoring. Thinks I that will not do. We dont know where we are so, I'll sleep with one eye open - that is I'll stay awake if necessary all night. About 8 p. m. I remembered the boat shifted ends. This was a good sign as it showed that the tide was stronger than the wind, and when the ebb set in the boat turned in response to it. At 9.30 at 10 ~ and at 10.30 I observed that Dennison was still sleeping. Occasionally the boat would turn partly around, and that would make it roll some but not heavily. I did not realize

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the fact but I too must have fallen asleep. Some noise aroused me and then the door opened and Mr. Dennison stepped inside. He was in his shirt sleeves, bareheaded and covered with snow from head to heels. What time is it and what have you been doing? It is a little past two o'clock, and I have been re-anchoring the boat says he. Well, just what had happened was, the tide turned a second time and the boat instead of retracing its course had swung on round to its first position. In doing this the anchor line had fouled the upper fluke and pulled up the anchor. As soon as the anchor began to drag Dennison felt the new motion and woke up. Before he could re-anchor we were considerably farther off shore than we were at first, but managed to hold there till morning. After breakfast we went out on deck to try to determine where we were. On the Douglas Island side of course. There is the low ridge of timber near the

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beach, and the high peaks back in the distance just as they were back by the fish trap. Everything seemed to tally and I could see no more room for doubt. Presently Mr. Dennison says do you see that island? He was pointing to an object about four miles away that looked like a hay cock with a sheet thrown over it. That says he, is Skull Island. Well says I what of it? Why nothing only we are on the Admiralty side of Stephen's Passage. Juneau lies up this way and not down there - that is enough isn't it? Yes it is enough, its too much says I and I dont see how that measly little bunch of sea weed out there on the horizon has got to do with it any way. Well its true. Its Skull Island then, pointing to the map, here we are and if we want to go to Juneau there is the trail. But how did it happen? Well as we came down the channel we reached a point where the wind drew inshore over that low land toward Seymore Channel. The farther

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we came the more we turned to starboard because the axis of the waves shifted as the wind shifted. We had thus described a figure somewhat the shape of a fish-hook instead of a straight line. About the time we had reached the place on the hook where the bark should be we had shifted short to port and run in shore. Had we turned sooner we might have headed out into the widest part of the passage and traveled all night, or had we delayed a few minutes longer we might have gone round in a circle or done any one of half a dozen ridiculous things.

As the water was too rough to recross and as we had camped just outside the entrance to Auk bay we pulled into that body of water for temporary shelter. At one o'clock the wind was drawing off shore so we made for Douglas Island with the wind at our back. We knew that as we neared land the wind would draw either up or down the coast.

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If it would draw toward juneau all right, we would go no matter how rough. If in the opposite direction we would go back to Fritz Cove and start all over again; for we now knew there was no intermediate place that we could stop. Of course it turned out that we had to go to Fritz Cove. When we got there however we came up against more trouble. That southeast wind was coming right down off the mountains and drawing through the valley of Fish Creek into Fritz Cove struck so heavily that the boat dragged anchor. Thinking to overcome this difficulty we threw out a second anchor. The bottom here is of fine sand and gravel, and presently we noticed that we were drifting slowly astern and plowing two furrows in this loose bottom.

As we got out farther from shore we began going faster and as we were now backing in the direction of a line of fish trap piles we had to start the engine to avoid a collision.

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I suggested that we let her back through between two of the piles and then hitch to one of them, but Mr. Dennison pointed out the fact that as they seemed old looking they might be so eaten by toredos as to break off. In that case if we escaped having them fall bodily on the launch we ran the further risk of being stranded on the Bar. Hastily getting under way we started to seek more secure shelter, not however until we disengaged the skiff which had slipped between the pilings and seemed bent on locking horns with one of them when we attempted to go ahead.

We now headed for Spuhn Island three miles distant. This little island of four hundred acres is shaped somewhat like a dumb-bell, having a harbor on each side. The beauty of it is if a storm runs you out of one side you can in ten minutes go to the opposite side and find shelter. Going to the northwest side we drew into

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the little bay and found quiet. It was a welcome find tos for we had done absolutely nothing in the last twenty six hours but seek safety from the storm and though we had travled more than fifty miles we were only three miles from where we started and not a mile nearer our destination than at first. But, with the low tides we were having there was no other way of reaching Juneau so the next morning early we made another start, and as the wind now favored us we reached Juneau and tied up at the city dock at 2.15 p.m. Sunday and Monday was occupied in enumerating the people in the vicinity of the Bay. This territoy lay along the mainland shore from Mendenhall Glacier to Juneau, and the Douglas Island shore from the Winter camp of the Treadwell Ditch to Douglas. It was the winding up of my work and yielded thirty five people three banks and two chicken ranches.

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Our mode of travel for these two days was pretty evenly divided between launch skiff and pedestrian exercise. One mountain trail, two miles long and 900 ft. high turned out to be a very easy proposition because it was in daily use for moving lumber. It did seem unique though to walk in a snow-path only two feet wide whose walls were too high to look out over. Tuesday morning we settled our accounts with the Chief for January. My schedules were so damaged from the wetting they got the night I was lost in the woods I was permitted to take them home and copy and restore them. Groceries and fuel were taken aboard and at 11.25 a.m. we started for Hoonah.

We took the Stephen's Passage route and at 6.05 p.m. we passed round Point Retreat into Chatham Strait. Looking back at it now I think it was the most foolish and ill considered thing we possibly could have done. Instead of going ahead we could have lain

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on the lee side of Shelter Island, and made Point Retreat by day light. Once we passed the point however, there was no turning back for a stiff north wind was blowing. The extenuating circumstance though was that a storm once set in might keep us at Shelter Island for several days. Only last November a fleet of fishing launches and the Steamer Georgia lay there three day at anchor waiting for a lull in the storm. We knew we could make the turn past the light house but we did not know how infernally dark it could get before we could make the sixteen miles to Swanson Harbor. Now we did not realize how quickly a mild, tame kind of storm can change into a gale. It was not a hurricane for the wind blew persistently in one direction, but it blew harder than any other straight blow I ever was in on land or sea. By 6.30 the darkness was so complete that we could only get an occasional glimpse of our white skiff in tow.

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Before seven Mr. Dennison ordered the sail taken in because it interfered with the steering of the launch; white caps were so thick that the water looked like a field of snow wherever the light from the boat fell upon it. As the wind was at our back it enabled us to make excellent time, but there was so much pitching and rolling, and even shipping of water that we would gladly have gone slower. From Point Retreat to Point Comerridon we had to pass rocks and reefs by the score that look formidable in daytime and how we ever happened to escape all of them in the dark is a mystery. At 7.10 we had orders to bail out, as the water was threatening to stop the dynamo. At 7.20 the dynamo stopped - the engine stopped. Just as we opened the hatch to the bilge to begin bailing our lantern - the only reliable light - took a header into the bilge and before it could be rescued the globe ex

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floded. We bailed in the dark. When the engine stopped Mr. Dennison ordered us to stop bailing and light the lamp. This wall lamp was a cripple, the top being loose from the bottom. We had no other. and as the wind persisted in blowing it out I had my hands full holding it from going to pieces and striking matches to give it new life. Finally I took this as my steady job and finding a corner a little free from wind I got on some better. Drury now was promoted to "Pilot" as Mr. Dennison had to pacify that bucking engine.

We took everything apart cleaned out the water, put everything together and tried to turn the fly wheel, but it was so heated that no efforts he could bring to bear had any effect. No use to take it apart again he said. The journals had to be cooled. We applied pounded ice and snow and cooled the journals - and then he started it going. All this time Drury was

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at the wheel. All the boy could logically do was to keep the boat at right angles to the waves, and this he did. It was a relief to me when the lynx eyed Dennison was once more directing our course. And the storm - it was churning a way regardless of the crippled condition of our machinery. At 8:10 The launch careened so that it seemed to be lying almost flat on the water. This meant that we were in a trough and traveling lengthwise of it.

It also meant that we were leaving Chatham Strait for the comparatively quiet waters of Icy Strait. It meant God bless Dennison, and his well nigh perfect seamanship. At least to me it meant that - certainly nothing less.

The little roughness that we could get now seemed trivial still The sea was choppy. It took on more of the nature of an exaggerated tide rip than a gale.

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The problem now was to make the entrance to Swanson Harbor, presumably a mile and a half to the northward. In order to do this we must pass around one long reef and then quickly head inshore to avoid another. We went around the first reef; that is we went around that part of it that was out of water. The part that lay four feet under water we went on. The Flamingo draws four feet six inches. We went on that rock with a force sufficient to hold us fast and hard. The ten horse power engine could not back up with force enough to move it the least little bit.

Every time the rising tide would lift the boat the wind would drive it higher up the side of the reef. Should this process continue till midnight the ebb tide would set in and by extreme low tide we should be so high out of water that the wind would overturn us.

Mr. Swinson was too busy to even talk so setting down my crippled lamps I went out on the after deck to try to study

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up some plans of escape. I had given up all hope of getting the launch loose, and was groping about on my hands and knees for the painter of the skiff. Not finding it readily I was on the point of reporting it lost when I accidentally discovered that in the sudden stop it had shot ahead past the launch and the rope was pulled alongside the cabin. Just then Mr Dennison called to Drury to bring the little boat. I wondered if he too had abandoned hope and was thinking of flight. But no, he was only preparing to work out his plans. In the bow of the skiff with a sixteen foot pole, and Drury at the oars he explored every yard of space for a hundred feet in every direction. Having found the direction of the deepest water he carried one anchor out into it as far as the line would reach. Then he took the other anchor out in a slightly different direction and dropped it so that they stood about thirty degrees asunder. All hands on forward deck! these were the first words I had heard for an hour. Drury and I were there in jigtime. Then Mr. Dennison explained to us carefully what kedging is. Here is the plan - all hands pull on one anchor line as long as anything moves, then

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drop that line and haul on the other; then on the first again and so continue. I think we kept up this see-sawing almost an hour. One thing we did from the start was to stop that climbing up process. Later the boat seemed to budge a trifle and when at 11.03 P.M. we were nearly exhausted from straining at the ropes we had the delightful satisfaction of feeling the launch slip down from its perch into the water. It now only remained for us to take up our anchors and try to enter Swanson Harbor. One anchor locked horns with some boulders and had to be pulled loose with the engine. Swanson Harbor we could not find in the darkness, but daylight disclosed that we were just outside its entrance. The remaining twenty one miles to Hoonah was made as soon as we had temporarily repaired the rudder shoe, the tiller ropes and the engine. Our trip ended at 2 p. m. Feb. 9. We had been afield forty one days, traveled nine hundred and seven miles and enumerated four hundred and twenty three persons.

Finished writing at K.C. Pub. Lib. at 1.45 p. m. May 3. 1910 J.E.H.