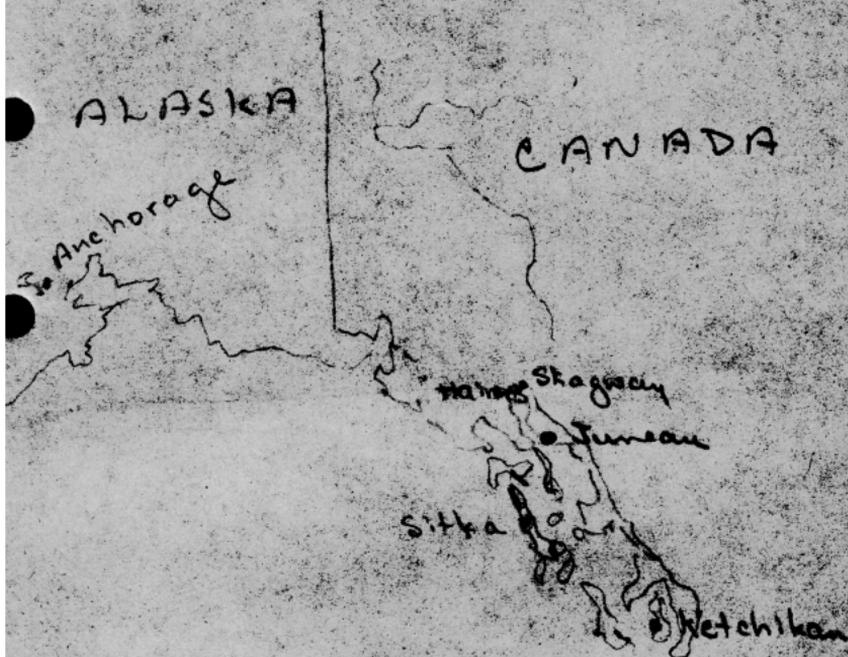


# ALASKA



Polly Goodwin

Sept 1 - 1955



Shelter Isl.  
Long Beach

Juneau

Bear Cr.

Municipal Pier

Admiralty Isl.

Sitka

## *Editor's Note*

*This is the journal of Mary Morgan "Polly" Goodwin's 1955 trip to Alaska. She was an Assistant Instructor after having gotten her Master's Degree at Washington State College. While there, she served as the Outing Club faculty advisor and arranged this personal trip with some of the students who lived in Alaska. She would have been 28 years old at the time.*

*The journal is mostly handwritten in small neat script on 3.5"x6" notebook paper, with sketches. I've included one scan of a full page, and the rest is transcribed with the sketches inserted as they were in the journal.*

*I also included some postcards that Polly collected on her trip that show some of the sights she mentions here.*

*My thanks to Marie and Jeannie Bartlett for help with transcription.*

*Sam Bartlett March 2018*

## Introduction

Even though my trip doesn't officially start until Sept. 1, it really starts sometime in the early Spr. on a Saturday night when Larry Calvin called me even though he would see me on the ski bus in less than 10 hours on Sunday. He asked me if I had decided how to take my vacation. He knew that I had been turned down for a Fulbright scholarship to New Zealand. His bright idea was that I should fly up to Sitka, play around with him for a while and then drive down the hiway with him and his brother. We had tried to think how I could make the trip sometime because he knew how much I have always wanted to go to Alaska. I don't know who was the more excited about it; he told everyone so it wasn't even news on the bus the next morning and everyone who knew anything about Alaska brought me literature.

Gordon Oakes is a new member of Outing Club from Juneau. He is the one who took care of me when I got a bad ankle at Red Mountain.

2.

He is from Juneau so it didn't take much deciding to stop at Juneau on my way to Sitka.

My schedule looks like this:

Sept 1, 7:20 p.m. leave Pullman  
by bus, Meet Dee Belmont.

Sept 2, 1:30 a.m. leave Spokane  
by bus for Seattle.

Arrive Seattle 8 a.m.

Leave Seattle 10 a.m. by Pan Am.

Arrive Juneau 2 p.m. c/o

Gordon Oakes Box 1838 Juneau.

Sept 6, 10 a.m. leave Juneau for  
Sitka, c/o Larry Calvin.

Box 156, Sitka

About Sept 13, leave Sitka for

Pullman via air to Haines

where the car is then Alcan

Hiway. Arriving Pullman

sometime around Sept 20-21.

Sept 2.

all I can say is "Whew!"

I am now sitting comfortably on the Pan Am flight 925, sipping a cup of coffee but it was closer than I care to repeat

I was all packed and waiting (so far only forgot my \$40 worth of travelers checks but I think I will ask Mrs. Wexler to send them - I had <sup>about</sup> \$45 in cash and a \$25 college check) when <sup>(she has been a good</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>friend</sup> ~~she~~ <sup>since 1960</sup> picked me up at 7: p.m. to go to the bus.

I slept a little on the way to Spokane where Dee Belmont took me out to Rena + Bump Blodgett's (her "adopted" family in Spokane).

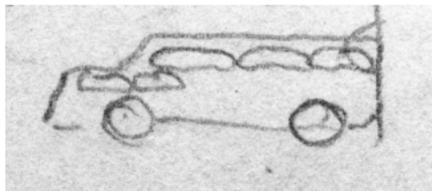
It is the most beautiful combination of modern + colonial I have ever seen! We had coffee + pie while we talked + watched TV then they took me down to the bus again. I

stood in line for the big  
senior cruises



All I can say is "whew!" I am now sitting comfortably on the Pan Am flight 925 sipping a cup of coffee but it was closer than I care to repeat.

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but there wasn't room, so I moved back to the second bus. I finally got on the third one and slept quite well, knowing we would make up our half hour lateness over the desert, which we did. I had light breakfast at 6am at Elensburg, but after that, the trouble began – road construction and one way traffic. I managed to sleep, relaxed, even over the pass, which I wanted to see because the weather was beautiful. I had made a slight miscalculation in the first place. I thought my bus got into Seattle at 8am but it was supposed to get in at 8:55 which gave me very little time to catch the airport limousine instead of ample. When I saw we were late, to boot, I asked the driver when he thought

we would be in and why I was concerned. He said 15 to 20 minutes, but it was a half hour. My bags had gone on the early bus, so they were ready without waiting and I grabbed a cab for the thirteen miles to the Seattle-Tacoma airport. I got there at about 9:55. They had the ramp away and the engines going, but they waited for me and put me on. Do you wonder that I said "whew!"

As I said to begin with (only I could stand a second cup of coffee) we are now flying at 17,000 ft in a DC-6 clipper, pressurized cabin. There are vacant seats but none at the windows at the rear, so I am sitting over the wing which makes visibility hard. The clouds are stacking up anyway so I will sit back and relax.

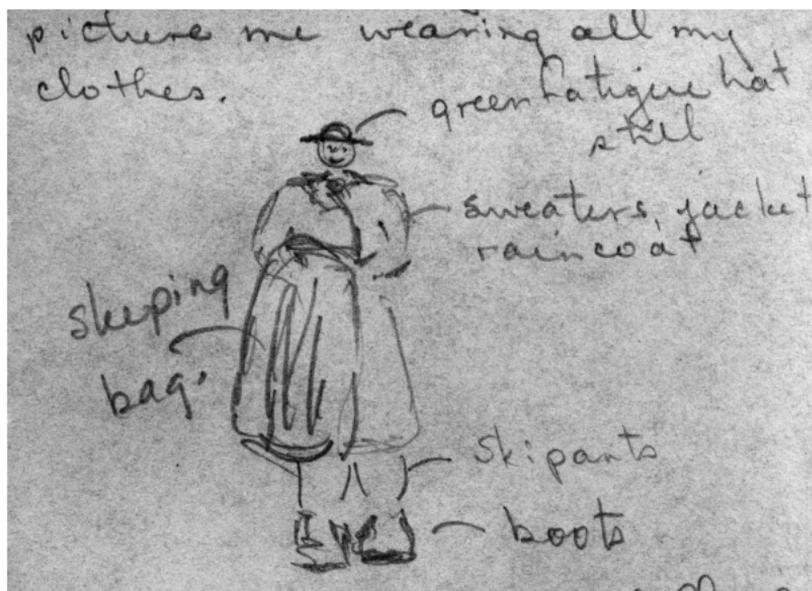
I had quite a time deciding what to bring and how to fit under my weight load. I packed my day pack with tarp, boots, cook kit, primus stove (no gas), light weight ski pants, sweater and sleeping bag – 30 lbs! – (my second cup of coffee just came) – my suitcase came to 20. The only decision problems I had there was what extra dress to take. Last spring, I knew that I would wear my Pendleton jacket and green corduroy skirt (re-dyed and very well if I do say so) so I thought my green plaid cotton dress would be good to take. I sewed up the seams and pressed it, but as I hung it up I saw the tan orlon Mother gave me last year and thought – that is the dress to take. So I wore the green plaid to school only to realize when I got it on that I really wanted

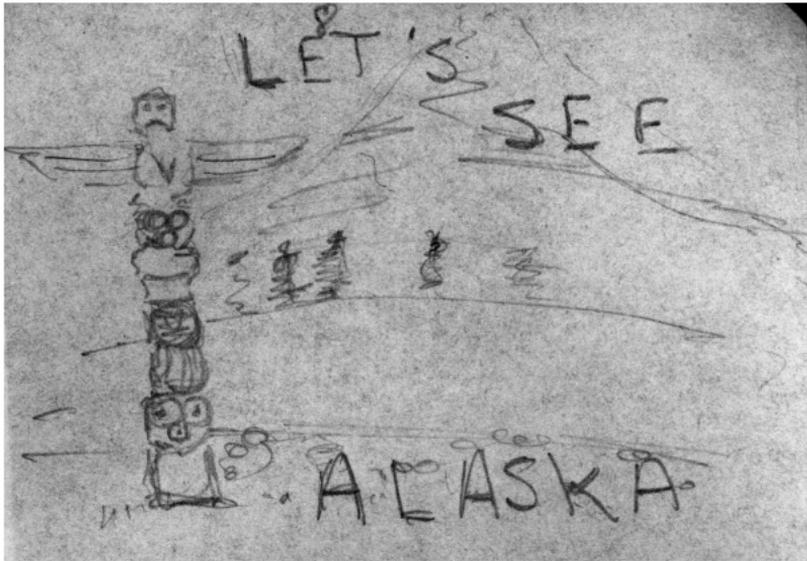
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to take it. So that evening, I washed and pressed it. "Life gets dedious, don't it."

I am allowed 66 lbs to Juneau and from Juneau to Haines but only 40 from J. to Sitka. Especially, if they weigh in my 15# train case I will go over 40#. Some things I can leave there. Maybe they will let me wear "my day pack." If not, picture me with all my clothes.

It is just about completely clouded below with only a few snow caps peaking through.





I was trying to think how long it has been that I have wanted to go to Alaska, and I remembered this poster I did in junior high school, but I think I have wanted to go since I was 10. I wanted to be a teacher or missionary, but my last year at camp (14 year) I heard that the only horses they had were flown in and at that point horses were of utmost importance. My love for the water and small islands has lasted, though, we shall see about the rain and mosquitoes.

# ALASKA SERVICE

## CLIPPER MENU

### Seattle - Alaska

#### *Luncheon*

ROSEBUD RADISHES, RIPE AND GREEN OLIVES  
PAN AMERICAN CHEF'S SALAD BOWL  
CHIVE FRENCH DRESSING  
BEEF STROGANOFF  
LONG GRAIN RICE, ROYALE  
FRESH BROCCOLI, HOLLANDAISE  
PETIT FRENCH ROLLS  
FRESH RASPBERRY SUNDAE  
COFFEE      TEA      MILK  
AFTER DINNER MINTS

***PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS***

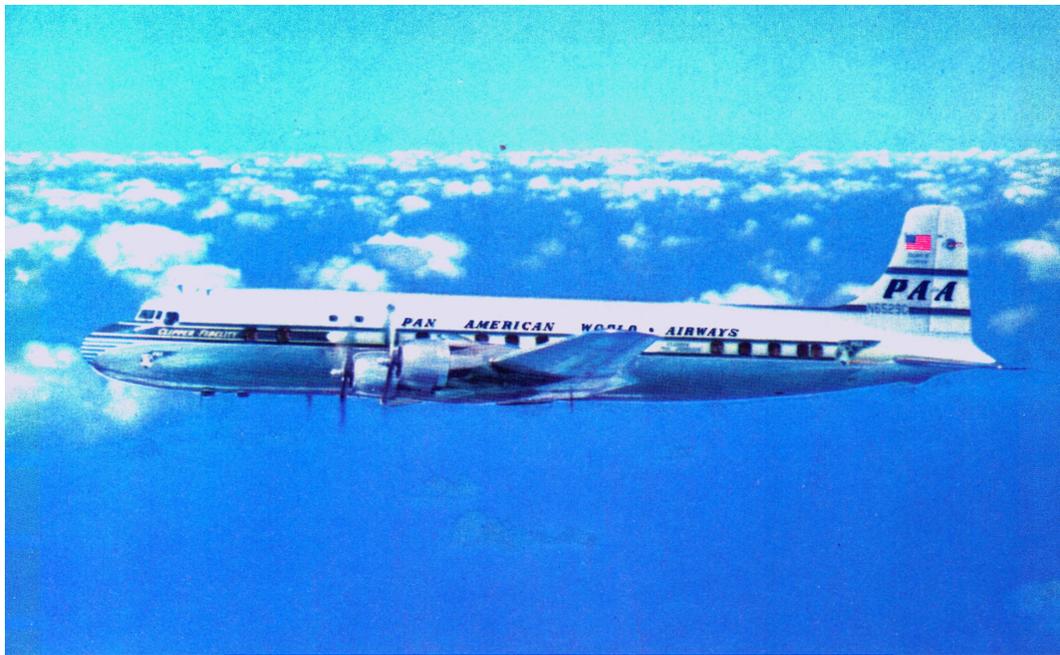
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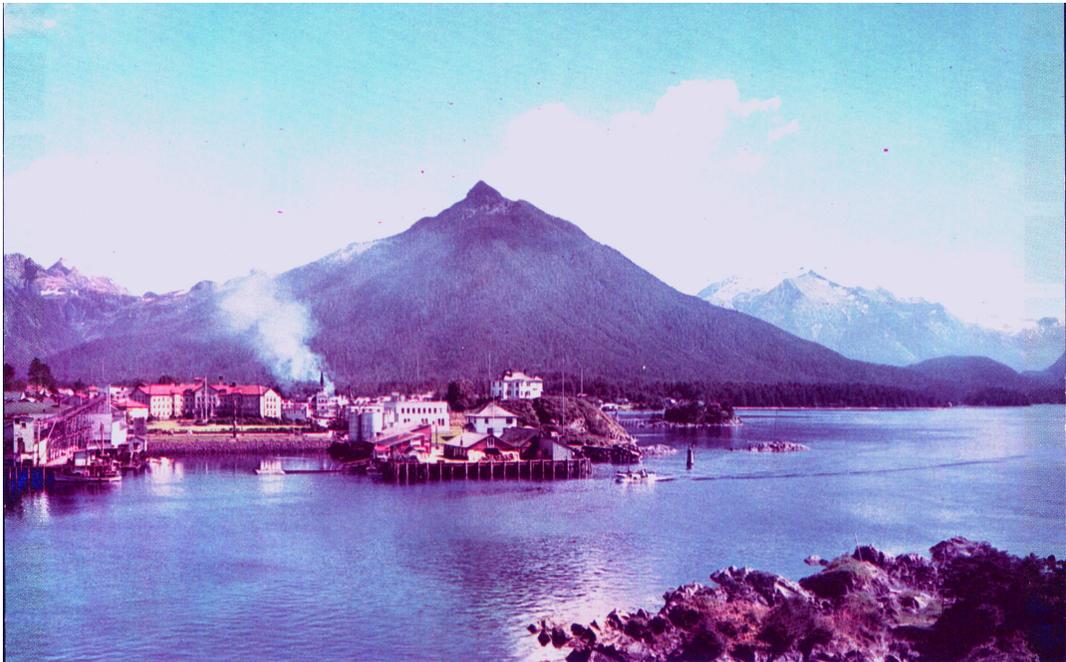


Lunch on the plane was superb. I just felt like a million dollars and wasn't even sleepy so I caught up on reading Harpers. We finally came down into the clouds for a while approaching Juneau, then below the clouds and above all the trees and islands. We came in North and West of J. then upwind (South) into J. The islands were beautiful; the high tide was up to the 6 feet of grass between the water and the trees. We came over the Mendenhall Glacier which goes into a lake. I had heard a lot about it. It is really rough. Gordon and his sister Pat were waiting for me. Pat graduated from WSC in 1953 and has been teaching in Douglas across from Juneau. She



UNION OIL COMPANY'S  
Natural Color Scenes of the West

**JUNEAU**, Territorial capital and third largest city, is in the fiord section of southeastern Alaska. Scenic Glacier Highway from Juneau passes Mendenhall Glacier and beautiful Auk Lake.



UNION OIL COMPANY'S  
Natural Color Scenes of the West

**SITKA** in southeastern Alaska retains much of the historic Russian atmosphere. It is a port of extensive fishing activity.



**SITKA STREET SCENE**

Looking down the main street of Sitka, Alaska  
towards the Russian Church in the background.

**NATURAL**

*Kodak*  
**Kodak**

**FROM KODACHROME**



UNION OIL COMPANY'S  
Natural Color Scenes of the West

**MENDENHALL GLACIER** in southern Alaska is one of the few glaciers in the world accessible by automobile. More than a mile wide, swift streams are forced from under its great weight and sides of valleys along its course are cut and scarred by pressure of the ice.



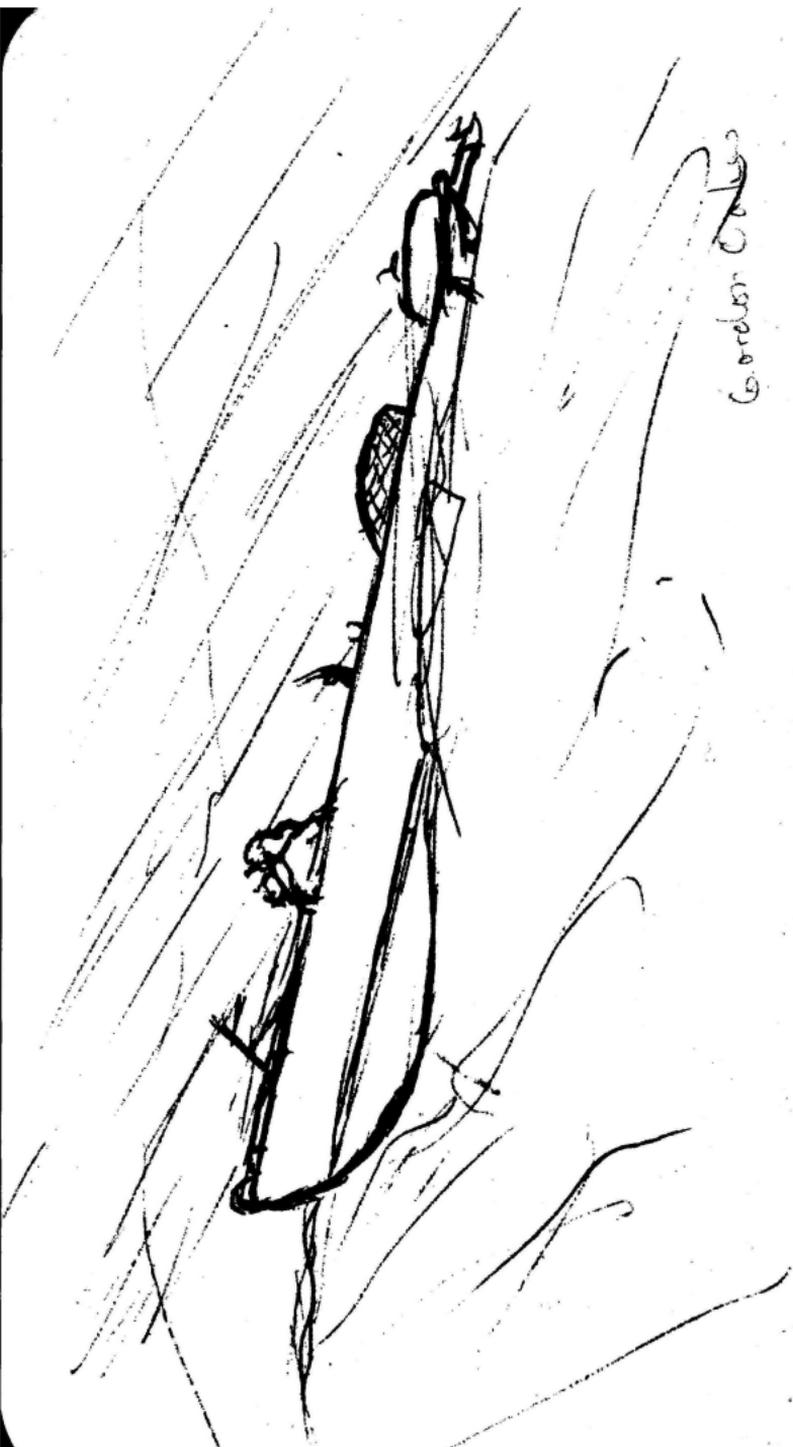
UNION OIL COMPANY'S  
Natural Color Scenes of the West

**LYNN CANAL**, viewed here on the highway about ten miles out of Juneau, capital city, is typical of the scenic beauty of South-eastern Alaska.

plans to come "out" to school to do P.G. work at Pullman next year. Pat went out to the cabin while Gordon left me for two hours at the territorial museum. I had been around the outside cases and just starting the inside when I met Mr. Keithahn whose son Dick I have known at four years at WSC. Mr. K. was very interesting. Two misconceptions he dispelled for me: 1 - the mammoths were not caught in the glaciers. Glaciers did not cover Alaska. The mammoths were either covered by lava dust or mudslides, then the permafrost came up from under them. 2 - very few Eskimos live in ice igloos except as temporary shelters. They make driftwood frames and cover the frames with

sod. In the winter, the huts will be covered with snow but in many places especially in the far north, it is too cold to snow. When it does snow, it is very light and dry but wind packs so it can be cut into blocks. The blocks can be tossed in the air they are so light. When I asked Mr. K why they couldn't teach us the truth in first grade, he said MacMillan asked him to write a book on Alaska but when he included these facts they said "no" and cut them out.

Gordon got me at 5pm and we picked up Mrs. Oakes at the department of Licenses where she works. Next we went to the townhouse which is the second floor of a Alaska-Juneau mine building on the dock. The house is full of Gordon's beautiful woodwork and oil paintings.



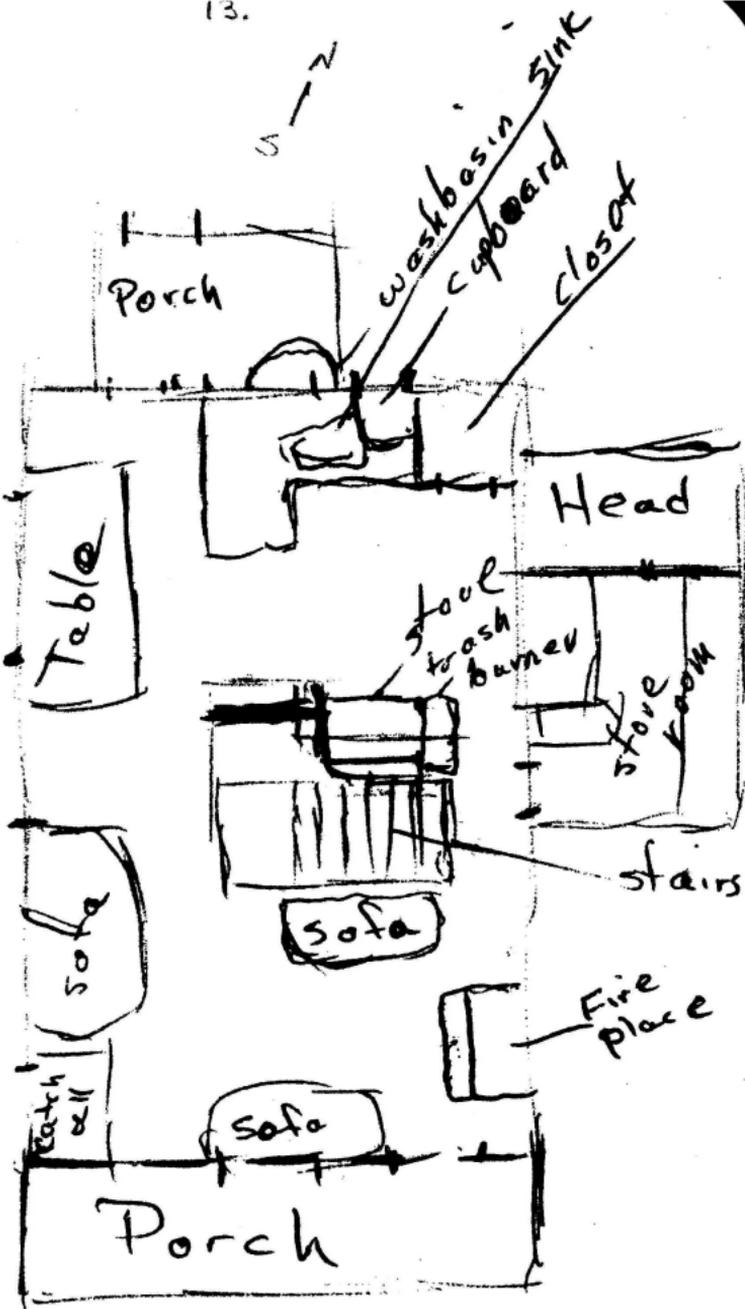
Gordon Carter

From town, we headed 17 miles north to Lana Beach where they have a beautiful log cabin on the beach. Gordon is drawing me the plans of the house but I don't know if I'll get him to do the outside. He did a sketch of us in the boat instead. Pat had a beautiful supper ready for us when we got there and I could look out onto the water while I ate.

The rain had stopped and I wanted to walk along the beach, but we needed ice so Gordon and I drove up to the Mendon Hall Glacier for some. The ice breaks off and usually floats close enough to shore, none did that night. There was a boat there which we just about had in the water when Gordon put his hand through a hole in



front



not exact

the side. No ice that night.

It didn't take me long to go to sleep. I excused myself at 9pm and turned in. The upstairs is a loft barely high enough to stand in. Boys on one side, girls on the other.

Saturday.

We didn't get up until the luxurious hour of 8am. The sun was trying to shine but never was too successful. Pat and Mr. Oakes (Glenn) were in town so just Mrs., Gordon and I were there for breakfast. I picked raspberries from their patch by the door for my cereal. They were delicious!

The weather forecast was not promising, but we got out boots and rainwear anyway. They have an 18 ft boat with a 23 h.p. Seabee on it. Really very seaworthy. We went about 3 ½ miles over to

the south end of Shelter Island. We anchored and Gordon gave me a line and only the barest instructions on what to do. He then put out two lines for himself and we waited. Pretty soon we started to soak up the country from above, besides looking around, but not a nibble on the lines.

We did see plenty of interest though. A school of sperm whales were playing on the other side of the channel and came our way – too close for my comfort as they spouted and sounded (dove) but then I was disappointed when they left. We watched them in the distance and a few porpoises closer, too. There were hundreds of seagulls and squaw ducks but still no salmon. Finally we started trolling north

slowly and fairly soon I got a strike. Every time I just about got him in, he swam away again. I thought my arm would give out before the fish did. I finally got him to the boat and Gordon netted him – a 14-16# Coho salmon (or silver in the states). I was properly excited and impressed with my achievement! I wanted to bait my own hook (a slab of herring) but Gordon insisted. I no sooner had dropped the line over and had maybe 20 ft of line out when another one took it. This time I used the left hand to reel it in. This continued until I had five and Gordon hadn't one! We started to troll back until 2:30 when we were going to quit. It might have been 2:32 when he got a strike and pulled one in.

I got something on my line too but it was a rock cod which I threw back. Gordon got an Irish Lord Cod on his which was a worse looking thing and also went back.

By this time we were both thinking of some hot tea and lunch so we kept the lines in and headed for home. The waves were not high but were bangy as we hit them. The wind was cold and wet! Rain burn but no sun burn. Mrs. Oakes met us at the boat house and took some pictures of us.

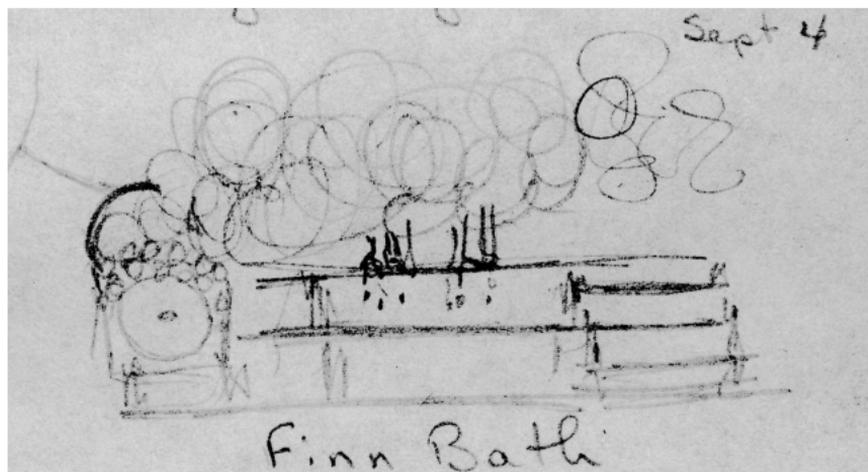
After lunch, we (Gordon) cleaned the fish – gee the eggs in them! We hadn't got wet when we were fishing, but we didn't put our rain clothes on so a change of clothes felt good and some writing by the fire before dinner.

After supper Mr. O. brought in a cloth package about 10" long and very light – for me. I opened it up to find a flight rod. He no longer likes freshwater fishing. It needs a little cleaning but is really beautiful! That with my \$1.40 investment in line, hooks etc. should be wonderful on the highway. A little skill well help too. Mr. Oakes reminds me of Uncle Miles in the way he speaks. Mrs. Oakes reminds me of Mrs. Slater in her youngness and coloring.

We turned the boat around and finished bringing it in with the electric winch. Then Gordon and I went down a few houses to build a fire in the Finn (steam) bath where Gordon, Mrs. and I shall take one minus the

roll in the snow or even a swim in the channel. I want to take a swim, but Larry talked me out of bringing my suit.

Sept. 4.



I knew this would be easy to draw. Mrs. Oakes and I are sitting there dripping. It really got quite hot, then we took a shower and covered ourselves with towels as we relaxed on a bench in the next room. It really was a wonderful feeling.

## Sunday

I didn't even hear Mrs. Oakes get up until breakfast was nearly ready at 9. Berries, ham and eggs and waffles. But then we only eat two meals a day. Pat went out fishing with us too. She may room with me next year. We had a good time talking, but again no fish. We were heading to the North end of Shelter Island when we saw a couple of whales blowing and sounding. We got a couple of pictures but none like the splashes we saw Saturday.

Gordon and I both got fish on at the same time, but his was a "humpback" which was dark and too ready for fresh water. Mine was like yesterday's, 13#. I got another one later too, but neither of the others

had any luck.

The weather cleared off nicely even if not completely. Oh – while we were thinking about something else, a whale jumped in the air 150 ft from us and came down, splash - . We also saw two golden eagles and a bald. The mountains are really beautiful and awe-inspiring. They go straight out of the water with lots of snow.

Gordon took me up to Lena Point where the princess Kathleen hit three years ago. She was a Canadian pleasure cruiser and why she was that far off her course is not known.

We were really ready for dinner at 6. We had

had some hot lemonade in the boat and a couple of cookies, so a turkey dinner tasted awfully good. After supper, Gordon drove us to the end of the road, Eagle Creek Point. There is some real country!

Monday

Sept 5

Another leisurely rise at 9am and breakfast, then Gordon and I took off for Bear Creek on admiralty Island to see what we could see. The tide was way out so we had to tie our boat to rocks way up on the beach. They have tides here from minus 4' to +20'. We started up the stream and saw the salmon going up to spawn. Some were rather beaten up. The trail was beautiful through the rain

forest. There were devil's club taller than we. I had my first red huckleberries!

We didn't see any bear but we saw lots of signs, a fish head here and a rooted up skunk cabbage, there. We loafed along about 2 ½ miles just taking in the scenery as Gordon shifted his 30-06 from one shoulder to the other.

The tide was in all the way and barely showed our anchor rope. On the way home we stopped at an island which had been a fox farm to see three goat kids. They were adorable even in their pen because the owners weren't home. We saw a sea lion on the way. The weather had cleared up yesterday afternoon

but had to start from scratch on clearing up today – rain until about noon. We haven't let the weather stop us but it would have helped some of the pictures of the glacier. Gordon drove me all over the roads north of Juneau. After supper, Bev and Dick Keithahn stopped by to say hello. We had seen Lou on the road last night.

We moved into the town house tonight. The drive in was beautiful. It has cleared off and there is a great big last ½ moon. The wind has changed too so the weather should stay fair.

Tuesday

Sept 6

After breakfast and goodbyes, Gordon showed me Juneau. The sky was blue but a fog was lifting off the bay. It is really a very pretty town even if they have had to build up for lack of land space. We stopped at the curio shop to look around. I got two local books for the kids but I think I'll wait to see prices in Sitka before I buy.

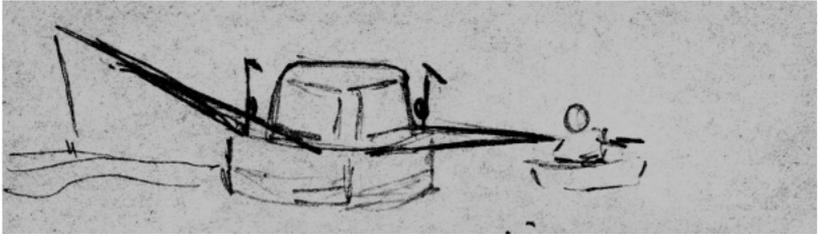
Taking off in the Grummond Goose from the bay at Juneau was quite a thrill and the view was beautiful. It occurred to me that these are the islands I have dreamed about as a child in the car looking at the clouds. The plane didn't put down at any stops in between as I was hoping, but just came straight through.

Larry and his girl, Grette Hodges, came to meet me at the dock. She is a sweet girl but has a lot more than sweetness too. She is going goat hunting with us tomorrow so I'll know her better.

Mrs. Calvin is a very attractive little person! That is about her description. Their house is one of the biggest and oldest on the hill but not built to make the most of the view as it would be today.

We had a short tour of town before lunch, then went fishing in their 25 ft troller [sic]. Grette came too. Our lunch wasn't too good though. We had heard that they were getting fish at 40 fathoms (6') so that is where we tried except Larry got a little deeper

or the map was inaccurate because we bounced a lead weight off the bottom, breaking a pole in the process. Larry had to



get out in the dinghy and mend it, but he wasn't happy. He wasn't any



happier when we didn't catch any fish, either.

The country is beautiful though – I forgot to take my camera.

We got home in time for a baked (stuffed) salmon dinner though, instead of sandwiches on the boat. Mr. Calvin (works in the bank) is equally as attractive as Mrs. Calvin.

Larry is getting stuff rounded up to go on a goat hunt tomorrow. It is likely to be quite strenuous. I hope we get one for our efforts. Ed... was going to go too, but his wife and mother were afraid the neighbors would talk (four of us.)

Sept 8

Wednesday-

So the three of us set out about 10 o'clock with our gear in the boat and went South on the coast about four miles to a stream. It was a glacial valley with the very steep sides and Larry had

quite a time getting the anchor caught. He also strung a shoreline in case a storm came up. We loaded our gear into the skiff and Larry rowed us to shore and brought up the skiff. We had to carry the oars to the upper lake. The brush was still quite wet so Larry led with the oar in one hand to knock off the water, and his rifle in the other. You never go into the woods or fishing without a gun. Gretta was second and I brought up the tail – looking back frequently to be sure we were not being followed. I did not want my back rubbed down by an Alaskan brown bear! Gretta and I had very light packs because there was a cache of gear up farther. Larry and Ed had

brushed the "trail" in places through the Devil's Club which was thick and tall! Through the woods though was beautiful! The sun came through the trees highlighting the light green moss covering everything. The blueberries were thick also but it was frustrating to be reaching for one only to find that you were stepping on the bush and pushing it away from you. The salmon berries were new to me and very delicious besides being a brilliant red and tasting quite good.



I was carrying a pack board which Larry had made with my sleeping bag and day pack lashed on. The board is wonderful! (Like Lawrence Johnson's.) With

the metal core rubber clothesline as webbing across the back instead of a canvas as on most. It was a little long for me though, but Larry taught me how to drop one shoulder to get under downed trees.



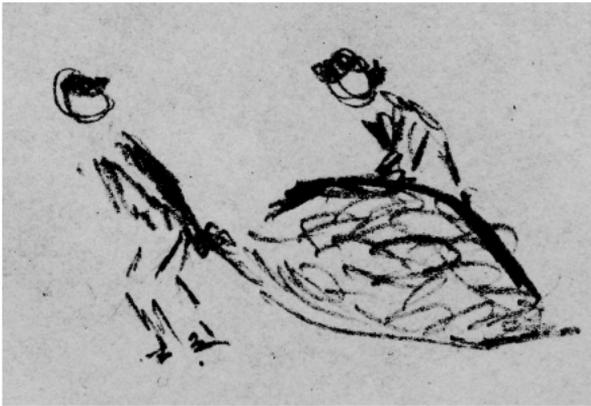
Of course there were logs to cross. The first one, Larry gave me his oar which I should have used for balance, but I propped it in the stream and made it. The next one was worse, but I finally made it. I hate myself but I think I am getting better. The pack bothers me some too. Gretta must be  $\frac{1}{2}$  mountain goat.

She gets tired climbing, but her agility and balance are beautiful and made me feel like a grandmother. The day was beautiful – not a cloud in the sky. There is a lake to follow, so someone has built a skiff in which Larry rowed us and our gear about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile.



We followed the stream away farther, picking up Larry's cache before we hit the open and climbed the only steep part of the whole trip. We only went to 1800' in about 4 miles. It was a beautiful and easy trip only because the trail had been cut and Larry took such a nice pace.

Our campsite lake does not have a name so we will call it Larry's Lake. Gretta and I were starting the fire 5pm and Larry was cutting bows when he spied a goat 1000' above us on the ridge. We tore the fire apart, stuffed Larry's pockets with "smuck" (equal parts, raisins, nuts and chocolate chips) and bid him goodbye. Gretta and I then went to the other side of the ridge to cut bows. I cut the whole trees (bushy mountain hemlock) then made a sled of them to bring them over. We thought we made pretty good squaws.



We really had a swell time chatting as we worked and cooked some soup on the Primus stove.

It was a good feeling to hear Larry's two shots ring back and forth through the valley and about ½ an hour he was down with us after slitting the medium sized billy's throat and piling him with snow.

Our bow beds were very comfortable as we lay looking up at the pale stars in the darkening sky. Before morning I could feel the fog brushing my face, but by morning it had lifted again leaving us another beautiful day to start with.

I forgot to say anything about the bug situation. They were a small fly on the most part with a few mosquitoes thrown in.

They didn't bother much until we stopped. But then they would call all over the mountains that we were there. I had pulled my ski pants up when we were out of the brush and they really picked on one leg. They didn't bite me any place else but they were annoying when we had to pull apart our fire and they would drag their feet across our faces.

Thursday

Sept 9

We were going to get up early, but it was 7 o'clock before we got out of camp. Gretta and I just couldn't move. I was toasty warm and comfortable while Larry made breakfast of juice, chicken soup, and toast and jam.

We stripped our pack boards of gear and headed up to Larry's goat. After

some pictures, Gretta and I climbed further on the ridge to see if we could find a goat for her, but a fog was really blowing in the valley and we couldn't see any where we could see so we went back to Larry to help him "butcher" the goat. The hams made up two wraps and the rest of the meat boned or chops made two. Gretta and I each took a ham, and Larry the rest. Then went down to our camp where we made our packs around the meat. Larry had 72#. I thought mine was only about 35-40, but when we weighed it at home it was 50#! It was Larry's pack board. I couldn't have done it on my rucksack.

Gretta and I started down while Larry strung up the cache of food and equipment we weren't going to bring down. Of course whenever we were alone without Larry, we wondered what we would do if a bear came along. Gretta said to me once, "Do you go into the woods down there without a gun?" You don't up here. I thought of the "Though art a son of God" philosophy. Gretta said that one minister tried it and it worked, but that was only after he had been separated from his gun, was treed, and everything else had failed. That is cheating.

The trip down was very easy and uneventful. We stopped often because Gretta didn't have shoulder pads and Larry carried my pack across the two logs. One of them I caught onto just a wisp

of hemlock which was enough to save me. Gee, I admire Gretta's balance. Of course, the berries were tempting again so if I passed a particularly good bush, I would break off a couple of twigs and hold them in my mouth until I had my hands free for a while. One such time, though, I had one hand free so picked a particularly tempting berry. The problem then was – how to eat one berry while holding the twig, does it sound familiar? I sacrificed two hands to the task of taking the twigs out and putting the one berry in. I passed up most of the others in such cases.

The row across the lake made a very nice interlude for us before the last jog to

the bay and the boat.

Gretta slept most of the way home. She had never hunted or hiked much before this summer with Larry, so still has some hardening up. I felt swell; the pack coming down at the rate we did was not hard at all. We reached home at about 8pm for beer, cheese and crackers, then ice cream, raspberries and cake! Then a hot bath and bed.

Friday

Sept 9

Today was somewhat of a lazy day – I got up at 8 and had breakfast with Larry. He went over to see Gretta and before Mrs. C and I could put the clothes in the washer or do the dishes, Mary Richards came. She is a nurse besides mother and part-time farmer, vivacious

and very interesting. Dishes and wash out of the way, I wrote a few lines in this (still have sent only one postal) before Larry came home and we took Tim's (now on 10-day cruise) deer skin to Mrs. ---- Peter K. John, the Indian woman who makes moccasins. I want to get a pair for each set of nieces and nephews to grow through. She has some beautiful work.

After lunch, Larry and I started to go fishing on Kruzoff Island, Fred's Creek. After a few delays we got there too. Gee, this country is beautiful. We took the skiff ashore, put my rod together, and after long waiting I pulled my first fish out of the water – two inches so back he went. The next one was about 5", a rainbow

so we kept him. Larry had a big pool – a fisherman’s dream if you could get by all the little fingerlings. I really started pulling 6-9” Dolly Vardins out then. I think I got the right thrill and hope to develop the skill. They will make good breakfast anyway.

We started home around 7 and the sunset was beautiful – like a Japanese print with Mount Edgcomb [ed Edgecumbe] (extinct volcano).

The rest of the family had eaten supper, so I waited while Larry went over to see Gretta and bring her back. We had venison chops – about the best meat I have had!

About this time, my right leg started to swell and hurt from insect bites. The thing is I don’t remember getting them but they got me.

I soaked in a tub and put lotion on them, but I may have to take a shot of antibiotic tomorrow. It hurts my pride as much as anything and throws a kink in our plans for a long day tomorrow. I can't complain I have been having a dream of a time.

Saturday

Sept 10

My leg was much better. It was still spotted and swollen, but it didn't hurt to walk on it. We were all much relieved.

The fog had come in during the night and made very slow signs of going out again but Mr. and Mrs., Larry and I took off in the boat anyway. We could see the sun shining through in spots and soon the sky was blue and the sun warm. We "drove" up to DeGroff Bay.

First to see if there were any ducks or geese. Larry and I walked through the back tide flats then Mr. and Mrs. Stood at the mouth to pop at them as they came by. All we saw were signs of bear and humpys and dogs (salmon) going upstream. It was beautiful walking through. I had knee rubber boots so could walk through all the water I wanted – without making a noise.

From there we went to an island across from Crab Bay on Kitchikof [ed Chichagof] and had a beach fire and hamburgers. We couldn't go crabbing or clamming because the tides weren't low enough. It was a very leisurely morning, but Larry warmed me up when we went ashore to look for bear, deer, ducks and geese. I carried the rifle or shotgun, whichever he didn't need.

The woods were beautiful as usual, though we had the fog back again so the sun couldn't come through. Larry went his "hunting" pace which is about as fast as I can navigate in that rain forest. Every once in a while Larry would say to be quiet because we might be coming on some ducks. He had walked around a dead twig, which I stepped on making a loud snap. I understood from his look that was not good technique. I have a bad enough time going with any speed in that uncertain footing without adding the noise element too. The only wildlife we saw besides the salmon in various stages of decomposition were balded eagles by the dozens. There is still a territorial bounty (\$2)

on them but a U.S. fine for more to protect our national bird. In the meantime, they help fewer salmon get up the streams to spawn. They may be supposed to eat carrion, but they do a lot of fishing too.

When we got to the big flats, Larry left me by the trees while he went out to get some ducks or geese. I am afraid to say he came back with one small teal.

I have really enjoyed Mrs. Calvin. We sat on the deck while Mr. Drove and Larry slept.

Sunday

Sept 11

A delightfully lazy day! I got up about 8am and after getting dressed went back to my room with a pen and wrote some postals. We had fried fish for breakfast, then Larry went to take Gretta to the plane which was very late. Esther \_\_\_\_ who had gone to WSC stopped

in for coffee but left before Ruth Hodges and family came back from seeing Gretta off and Mildred Moore and daughter also. About then Jo Cole also stopped in. What a wonderful coffee clutch. I really enjoy all her people and talk from local gossip to Jo's philosophy of education. She is still of the old school where you make the kids work. By the time everyone left, it was lunch time and 2:30 by the time we got up from that. Larry was still very much undecided what we wanted to do that afternoon and Monday so took off to see Ed and Willis while I watched Frank (Mr. Calvin) cut the goat and Gladys (Mrs. C) took a rest.

Finally – I thought I'd write some letters but read a story (very good) in McCall's instead. See what I mean by a lazy day? It was gently raining outside most of the time too but no one wore a raincoat. Supper was salad, mashed potatoes and goat. He wasn't as tender as the deer but had very good flavor. When we finally pushed ourselves away from the table it was 7:30 so we took a ham of goat out to Ruth. Also Chris, who had gone in goat hunting at Larry's lake, has an island across from Ruth's and when Larry saw lights he rowed the skiff over. Chris had seen a few but hadn't brought any out. Larry's plans for tomorrow are to get up very

early and make a one day trip up with Ed and Willis to bring out the hide and gear and another goat if they see one close too. Gladys and I will wrap the meat and then visit friends in the afternoon.

I said something before about what a happy family the Oakes are – always teasing and rough housing. The Calvins are just as happy but in a very different way. Much quieter I guess. I like them all very much and they have made me feel very much at home.

Monday

Sept 12

Another very relaxing enjoyable day. I didn't wake up until nearly 9 – Larry had gone out in the boat but the bay was so rough he didn't want to risk the anchor so he came back for his shotgun and went duck hunting. He got home about 9:30 – dead tired and disgusted with one duck. The barometer is still falling. We thought the wind had changed but I guess not.

After two stacks of sourdough pancakes (very light) a bath, and washing my hair, we wrapped the goat meat and took it to the freezer. Mrs. Willis Hoolis, Peter K. John had left the moccasins at the bank with Frank for me, so we picked them up too. By the time

we did breakfast dishes and I ironed a blouse it was time to pick up Lowella Cambell and got out to Sasha Calvin's, Gladys' sister-in-law. She is one of the original Russian families and very fascinating. Mary Richards was there too and we had pizza for lunch – delicious! I really enjoy hearing them talk about the natives (the Indians prefer to be called natives) collectively and individually. They are glad that natives and whites are going to the same school because it has raised the natives' standards of cleanliness, but marriage is out of the question. A few of the nurses on the island have married natives or Eskimo but now they are neither fish nor fowl. The problem is still here but being handled very much better than in the reservations in the States.

We went over to Mary's where she raises a bull calf, a few goats and ducks and a garden. She is doing an admirable job considering that she works the swing shift at the Pioneer's Home as a nurse.

We went for a short drive north on the shoreline before coming home. Gladys has an ulcer which acted up and she was awake a few hours last night too so she was feeling pretty punk. I did get some new ideas on statehood for Alaska. They don't think they are ready for it yet.

Gay came for supper. He is a big good looking man and just about part of the family. He is a fish buyer and has lived with them quite a few years but not

now. I asked his opinion on the slackening salmon runs but he said it was just two bad years together because of the weather but he was not concerned about the future of the industry.

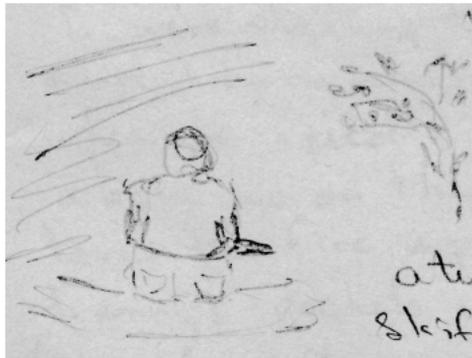
Tuesday

Sept 13

Mrs. Calvin was not feeling well at all today. She had an eye infection which kept her awake as Larry and I helped as much as we could, moved rhubarb plants and did the flat ironing. After lunch she went to the doctor who put her to bed and we went bear and goose hunting. We saw five geese in all. Larry only got a shot at the last two but was too far away.

The first time he left me sitting under a tree right along Mr. Bruin's path. The grass wasn't even standing

up straight yet. As he left me with a rifle I didn't know how to use he said to keep my eyes out and climb a tree if I saw one. I did keep my eyes and ears out! But no bear. I was really just as happy. I want to see one with Larry. The next time he left me was under a beautiful tree with a bush sporting the biggest huckleberries I have ever seen about 6' away, and instructions not to move. I wasn't fair, but I broke off a branch as I left and ate them in the skiff.



They were as sweet as they were big!

We stopped at a few other beaches to look for bear and geese too, but no luck – not even a good clam.

There was a good sea going out with a 4-6' swell. The wind changed to the worse and brought rain on the way back, but it seems to have stopped now with the skies breaking up and barometer rising without a major storm. There is rumor of one before the 22.

Wednesday

Sept 14

The barometer is rising but that didn't make too much difference to the weather. Larry got up at 5 but went to bed again. After breakfast we did some respective shopping and I ironed a few shirts. I am not good but figured maybe

I could do as good a job as Gladys who was perking on one eye but feeling better.

We had fish chowder from halibut cheeks. Gladys had shown me the halibut hole – golly they are big fish!

After dishes, Larry and I went over to the island (Mt. Edgecumbe school and hospital on Japonski Island) to see the hospital. Brownny took us around. She is a wonderful girl about my age or a year or two older – did her RN work at Hanover NH.

Dorothy Bronsema is her real name. Most of the hospital is T.B. either general or orthopedic. It is really pathetic to see so many children deformed from T.B. of the bone. I met the Asst. Director, Miss Daggett

who gave me all the dope to interest Meg. I know Meg would like it because there is such a need. The natives didn't have T.B. before white man came with his "standards" and food.

When we came back Larry and I went through the Russian church. It has priceless pieces in it in jewels, hammered gold and silver, etc. but the church itself is ready to fall down.

I actually had both postcards and time so wrote a few before supper. Gladys cooked then I do up the dishes while she rested before doing more.

After supper we went over to Mildred Moore's to see Ben \_\_\_\_'s bear movies and other pictures of Alaska. They were very

good and maybe even better than seeing the bear.

Ken \_\_\_\_\_ who made the top for Larry's camera which is now mine made one for me for bringing a goat foot out to him. He is making me a belt now too, but on a business basis. These people are so well liked, I get cut rates on everything. I like them very much too – they are fine and educated besides good people.

Thursday

Sept 15

This is my last night to write this sitting in bed to the tune of the fog horn and bell buoy. It has been wonderful! Larry woke me up at 5:45 to go up to the mountain. The weather was lousy, misty and warm but the going was easy without a pack.

We got damp both from within and without. The temp was about 55 but the humidity 100%. Only one objection to the climb. Larry went too fast for me to pick berries. I didn't have any trouble with logs or jumping rocks, which made me feel better.

When we got to our cache, Larry went up the mountain to get the goat hide while I spent 1 hour trying to build a fire in a little sheltered spot because it was really raining. I got it started with the help of a heat tab but never could get it big or hot enough to take any good size wood. It was still pocket handkerchief size when Larry came back. We had the Primus stove so we had some bouillion anyway.

They (bouillion cubes) are standard equipment for me to carry!

Larry had about a 50lb pack coming down. About a 40lb. handicap is right for him to get down to my size. I was on his heels most of the time but it gave me a chance to pick my last blue and salmon berries. Some of the blueberries were nearly the size of plums!

We were plain wet to the bone when we got down to the boat – boy didn't it look good but I wasn't tired in the least – I shouldn't have been. Luckily, I had left my longies in my knapsack which was in the boat so I could change into dry clothes. We made a sight sitting in the boat in our undies.

We got home with slightly guilty consciences but I was very glad we had brought out the equipment. Larry still had not packed though.

Imagine our surprise and delight when we got home to find Gladys feeling so much better that we were having a family dinner. Jack and Soshia Calvin and Gay – venison roast. The guests had to leave after supper to butcher a deer and the boys had to pack.

You know how nerves can get on edge under such circumstances, but thanks to Gladys everything stayed on a very even keel. It is a remarkable family.

The Alaska Hi-Way  
Winding in  
And winding out  
It fills my mind  
With serious doubt  
As to whether the dude  
Who built this road  
Was going to hell  
Or coming out.

Friday

Sept 16

As a send off breakfast Gladys gave us trout Jim had brought and sourdough pancakes. Golly! We were all ready and organized to take the plane to Juneau at 10:30 but when we checked in our baggage, they said we would be on a second plane at 12:30- poor Gladys- now she had to fee us lunch which we ate but not because we were hungry yet. They teased Larry because he would have had enough time to go hunting that morning. We were at the float at 12:30 and watched every plane but ours come in until 1:45.

It was still cloudy to rainy so we flew low but I sat with the pilot and

had very good views. I tried to call Gordon when we got to Juneau at 2:30. He met us in time to give us a big package of smoked salmon before we left at 3:00p.m. He also gave me a knife he had made for me out of a hacksaw blade in deerhorn. Gee, is it beautiful and really should hold an edge. I think they'd give me the whole territory. It makes me feel very warm inside that they like me so much but also makes me feel the responsibility of not letting them down!!

I got a few pictures of the glaciers on our way to Haines but when we approached Haines, all I could see was a mudflat- Haines isn't

too much more.

I shopped while the boys got the car going. Jim got a new tire and had to have the battery charged. We pulled out by 5pm with the backseat and trunk of the 1953 green Chev 2 door sedan comfortably full so we three rode in front.

On our finances we decided to have Jim buy groceries and I'll carry gas on my credit card because I was shorter on money than I should have been. We kept thinking that the weather was going to break on the Chilkoot pass. It is the most beautiful part of the whole trip. The colors were beautiful- red above timberline but I had to take the boys' word that in the clouds

around us the mountains rose straight above us.

If it weren't actually raining, the clouds were blowing mist. We hated to drive through the best part of the trip in the fog when it might clear the next day but we hated to lie out in the wet and we were above timberline.

The boys remembered some abandoned construction shacks on the pass so we moved into one about the size of a one car garage with open windows. It was not the cleanest but we really felt very lucky and comfortable.

Saturday

Sept 17

We woke up about 5:30am- the weather was no better so we had breakfast of tea and cold cereal and hit the road. I got a few pictures but if the weather had been better, we would have been stopping all the time.

I don't know if I've said much about Jim. He is about 6 years older than Larry, which makes him about 27. Mrs. Calvin was telling me about the differences between the two boys. Larry is very vivacious, outgoing, active. Jim is quieter and more "thoughtful of others" though I really loved to watch Larry pay attention to his mother when she wasn't feeling well. Jim is in his last year of forestry after 4 yr.

in the navy. He just came back to school last Spr. Semester. He knows what he wants to do whereas Larry still doesn't know. He is far from a shy introvert though and was a lot of fun.

We wanted to do some grayling fishing but the car felt mighty warm and comfortable compared to the cold drizzle outside.

I wanted to see Whitehorse, Yukon, because I had heard about the riverboats. I got some pictures of them. None is in use now but one looks as if it were kept in condition for excursions. There were 5 in all as big and beautiful as any Miss. Showboat. We never did figure out how they turn them around- the river isn't big enough there-

that's for sure. That is all Robert Service country with Lake Laberge just north of the "town". I thought it would be something but we never did find more than a corner grocery to buy our supplies in. We thought it would be our last fresh milk so we bought two quarts. I forget how much it was but it was diluted powder milk. Lettuce was 50¢ a head but it lasted us the whole trip.

The country by this time was gently rolling hills- a brilliant yellow from the aspen. The aspen were very tall and white. The boys called them birch but I couldn't see any peeling bark. They didn't

even look like gray birch to me but Jim is in forestry and varieties might be different out here. This went on for a day or so until we remembered to check when we stopped- yup- aspen.

Poor Larry, he was always trying to sleep- even at 8:30am when we only got on the road at 6:45. Needless to say- we had fun making it hard for him. We did let him sleep a bit in the afternoon (when I wanted to snooze).

Jim did most of the driving and a very good job too. He was more comfortable driving than sitting. I took it from him some Sat afternoon but I was tired then too, so Jim took it again too.

After a snack of smoked salmon and Canadian beer everyone felt better though and we drove 416 miles Saturday because we knew there was a public camp at Rancheria.

There was a main cabin with a large wood stove and lots of space. There was also a sign saying please do not sleep in the building. There weren't any other campers in the area and even though the weather was breaking we stayed in the building. I had what was left of one candle for light so we really set up housekeeping with the two primus stoves for cooking beans + tomatoes and the woodstove for heat. With air mattresses on the floor we couldn't have asked

for better accommodations. I felt so civilized (and encouraged about the weather) that I even put up my hair. We were asleep by 8:30.

Sunday

Sept 18

Low blow!- The weather caught up to us. So after hot cereal and tea, we hit the road. Again, there was no incentive to stop and fish. We had our nearest car trouble. Jim felt a soft tire before it went flat. It was a small stone cut- cost \$2.00 for the patch. One place along the route, they had a large wrecker truck to pull trucks and overloaded cars over a muddy hill where they had been rerouting the road. We

saw at least three trailers abandoned along the road. They must be very hard on the cars also.

Jim drove until about 5 p.m. when he quit with a headache. But he wouldn't stop sooner. We also didn't know where we were going to stop either. Larry was happy to drive for a bit so Jim and I slept or made an attempt to.

483 miles

Finally, at about 10-10:30 we were just looking for a place to get off the road which was not too good at that point. (mile 342) We turned off on a gravel pit road and were spreading out our sleeping bags on the gravel when the sky started opening up on us enough to make us look closer at a shack on the edge

of the pit and we moved in. It didn't take us long to get to sleep nor had we been asleep long before I awoke with rain on my face and splashing on my sleeping bag. It was coming down in buckets! I could get up easiest so got my tarp out of the car for the top of us but Jim rubbed my neck for me so that was a fair trade. Sitting in the middle in the car, I had been the official back rubber and scratcher as was the demand. I don't know why I was so good to them- they picked on my every time they could. Larry wasn't in the least bit ticklish so I couldn't get back at him and you know

I love to poke people when they stretch. I really can't complain- we had a swell time and it could have been miserable.

Monday

Sept 19

Since there was a sign "No Trespassing" on the shack and we wanted to get on the road before anyone came around, I got up at 5:30 a.m. when the other two started talking but I couldn't get them to budge so I went to the car and wrote some postcards.

We got on the road about 6:15 but stopped farther down the road where there was water for breakfast.

The country was much the same. Rolling hills beautifully colored but still very poor weather.

We were looking forward to Dawson Creek and decided to splurge on hamburgers + milkshakes there. Dawson Creek is still very much of a small, far north, tourist town but also a very good agricultural area- Pease River. We got milk at 18¢ an imperial quart.

We thought of going home via Edmonton and Columbia ice fields south of Jasper but found that that road was about knee deep in mud so stuck with our original plans to go via the Hart highway to Prince George.

The mile by mile guide said that there was a place at Pine Valley where campers were welcome so we got gas there and

inquired. We had only gone 337 miles but after the previous night wanted to stop early. Brown said there was a cabin down by the river we could use. It didn't have any windows and no door on the hinges – just a place to sleep. We said that was all we wanted.

Imagine our delight when we found the typical western log cabin. We moved a

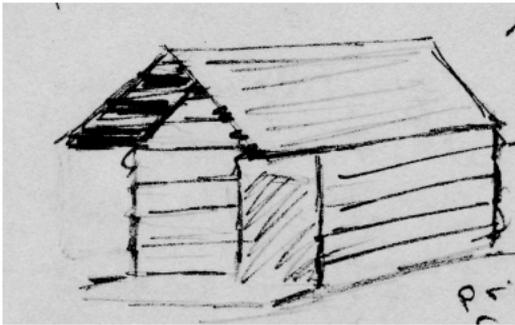


table inside and set up housekeeping with two candles and two primus stoves. We had a beer before

supper while the spaghetti and sauce were cooking. Real luxury as we ate on our sleeping bags + air mattresses. After supper, Larry went up to talk to the owner while Jim

and I did dishes and I wrote more cards.

Tuesday

Sept 20

We were up in good time and on the road again by 6:45 after breakfast of Roman Meal and stewed fruit. I was really glad that they liked the Roman Meal because I was afraid that they were going to balk and we would end up with quick oats or worse yet- Cream of Wheat. As it was- I got a loaf of w.w. bread for myself and white bread for them. If I found a food which one liked the other was sure to kick especially on vegetables of which neither was fond.

I wanted to get a picture of our little cabin and the view we had from it

of the valley but my hands got so cold



while packing the car etc. I could only think of getting into the car with the heater. The weather was still soupy. Everywhere we went they had just got it the day before – we brought it with us but by about 11:A.M. It had broken pretty well and our hopes once more dared to show themselves.

We were quite impressed with Prince George. It was a really modern town. The

country was changing too to be quite agricultural. Even though we had the sun now though, the scenery was not as beautiful because the trees hadn't turned this far south- you can't win.

Larry took the wheel about 3 p.m. as Jim wasn't feeling up to snuff. Larry was game to drive into the night because we finally hit good hard top instead of the mud, corduroy, then dust. Larry finally said he wouldn't mind stopping if we found him a nice campsite along a lake. We did find a

(125 mile) (day's travel 365 mi.

good stream. While we were looking for a good place not occupied, we found a side road and a shack.

Jim got out to investigate and waved us to come in. The road went on to a lake but there was quite a breeze

coming off it and the shack looked clean and dry to us. It was a real hobo's jungle. Apparently when the shack was occupied they had made lean-to's.

Again we set up housekeeping as homey as could be. It was chili and corn for supper with tea and nut bread still from Mrs. Calvin's provisions.

Bed after dishes- there wasn't anything else to do and we were ready for it. I even got the bunk for my air mattress while the boys took the floor.

Wednesday

Sept 21

Larry wanted to get going early so we could make it to Pullman in one day so I let him get breakfast. We got on the road at 6:30 instead

of 6:45. Again, my fingers were so cold I didn't get a picture. It got down to 27° at the gas station down the road.

I looked forward to this last day with mixed immotions(sic). I regretted that it was the last day because I really enjoyed every minute of it- from teasing Larry and talking to them both to – yes – their picking on me. I am ticklish and can't camouflage it. It was particularly unfair when Jim would pick on me because I couldn't pick back while he was driving.

The country became more and more agricultural with orchards taking over from the wheat fields farther north. We called it "Little Columbia" because the dry sage brush contrasted with the

irrigated pastures and orchards found in the Columbia basin.

We passed Kamloops Lake and had lunch at Kelowna before crossing Okanogan Lake. I wanted to get some fruit while I was in that country but didn't think I could take it across the border. We already had some tomatoes so Larry wrapped them in a towel in my sleeping bag. - They never even asked us!

Jim turned the wheel over to Larry about 5p.m. north of Coulee Dam then Jim took it from Sprague to Pullman. We pulled in about 10:00- 409 miles the last day. Total 2270 miles

Groceries- 30.00

Gas- 56.00

Tire- 30.00

Larry + I paid  $\frac{2}{5}$  of gas each and Jim one fifth. We split the tire + groceries 3 ways. That is pretty hard to beat, \$35.

I am a very lucky girl to have such good friends and to have had such a perfect time.