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We used to contact them when I joined the Coast Guard later on. We would watch them through and we would ^{board} watch them and send a doctor aboard. Sometimes we would take a sick man off. One case, I think it was the STAR OF INDIA, but there were so many I can't remember now. One of her crewmen had gone bersek, had got drunk or something, and shot his partner, in the belly, see? He ran up into the donkey engine room and the fires were out so he crawled into the donkey engine boiler and blew his head off. They buried him at sea and we came along and took the man off. That happens to be how I had a picture of the STAR OF INDIA. I remember it because I had a camera and I was one of the boat party that went to the STAR OF INDIA and took the man off, and I had my camera besides me and I said

' Take a picture. ' That was in 1923.

Shaving album

I didn't leave San Francisco in the BEAR; I joined her in Dutch Harbor. She was coming through and I was attached to another vessel, the ANALGA(?) and I wanted to make the trip into the ARCTIC and I managed by this transfer. Then I came home in the BEAR to Seattle. There were no whaling vessels after the first world war, except that a few of them stayed on and became #traders and - One was the old HERMAN, she was well known around San Francisco. She used to be a little steam bark, a little wooden vessel. She was up there quite a few years and she ran aground a couple of times. They brought her down here and fixed her up; took square sails off of her, took the steam out of her, made her into a motor

Interview - Capt. Carlson

I went up to Alaska with the Packers for several years. The first one was a schooner - what the Hell did they call that ? That was a three masted schooner too (Not the THAYER) I were a sailor and one year I were in the beach gang and then I went fishing salmon for about four years. I get my license and I were mate in the ship and I find out, running the ship up to Alaska, I found out I only made half as much money as the fishermen.

→ The STAR OF INDIA, that were my last sailing ship, in 1917. We got caught in square holes in the ice. I were mate in her. The reason I went up there was because I were just married and I wanted to make a short trip. She was laying over at the Packers, Captain Marshon(?) was her skipper. In the olden days, 1910, 1911 and 1912, you have a big gang in those ships, you had twenty men on the watch, all sailors, three watches. When I went up in 1917 you could hardly get a man to go aloft; they were lubbers, God damn it, afraid to go aloft. Of course I had been away, from 1912 to 1917, and they sailed different.

They had the fishermen on board and then the cannery gang, that was mixup of Chinamen, Puerto Ricans. The Chinaman he was the prime contractor for the cannery and he took as many key men as he could - Chinamen - they were used to that. Then he filled in with Filipinos and Puerto Ricans and whatever happened. They had Italians along but they were counted as

Captain Carlson

" white men.

We had a good trip up but we got in the ice when we got into the Bering Sea, but there was no damage. Those ships were strong. There was a ship years before, a small bark too, the HIMALAYA. She come in there in good weather and she get up in the river there up at Bristol Bay. She went in and discharged and all she was had was ballast of coal to take off after the season was over and the ice come in. It took that ship and dragged her forth and back there; two anchors and eighty fathoms of chain out. It drew her forth and back there, over the sand flats, and we were ashore. There were some men aboard, the captain, the mate and the ship's gang, about fifteen men there,

On the third day we look at her and she were all right. She were upright and she was still under control as ^{far} ~~###~~ as we could see. For three days, up and down, up and down, she lay in the sides and her steel sides were as smooth as if you treated her with an emery wheel and the two anchors out. But the ice left her and she happened to be in a place where there was water and she still had her anchors out. All that happene to that damned ship, the rudder had twisted, otherwise there was not a leak. She was an iron ship; I think she was built out of Swedish iron. This here ship there were nothing wrong with her except the rudder. They had to have the ship because they couldn't very well tow her down and her rudder was sticking out like that. But they had smart craftsmen up there.

They get steam on the donkey boiler and heave in the anchors and the anchors were just as smooth as glass. They go down in deep water and they slip the rudder off her. I guess they needed about thirty feet of w for that. They couldn't twist it back. The rudder stock come right up

her poop deck and we had to slip it down. We slipped it down and then we put it on a scow and took it ashore. There it was and they had all kinds of consultation; the men with the knowhow; the superintendent and the blacksmith. They laid it out flat near some rocks and then they made a fire under it. We had wood, coal and oil, everything under the stock there right up to the rudder blade, a fire. They heat it up and then it never get red but it get pretty damn hot. The twist was standing up to a forty five degree but we get purchase on there and heavy weights. They twist it back in shape again and get the rudder straight with that primitive, see ? They took it out, put it on and come down here. They come around to inspect the ship and they say

' Nothing wrong with that rudder; its just as good as the day the ship was built. ' That was sailors in them days.

I were always the doctor, I were the doctor, the mate. They called me anytime. One feller, he cut his throat from ear to ear and I sewed him up. I put fourteen stitches in his neck. That was in the STAR OF INDIA. That happened while we were laying in the ice upthere. I heard an awful commotion, I were in my room working up a sight(?), in the morning, and I hear a Hell of a commotion, up there on the focsle. A fellow come runnin, there and say

' The Captain want to see you ' All right I go up there and there was Marshon. (Marzan ?)

' Carlson ' he says ' See what you can do with that son of a bitch '

' Don't do too much, he'll die anyway ' He had sliced his neck with a razor. Me, I were dirty, pigs and cows on the ship, slacking braces, my hands were just like the paws of a bear. I got a big basin of hot water and carbolic acid in, it was so strong it stunk. Then I get the medicine ches

Captain Carlson

" I got one fellow to hold his head, one to hold his arms down and one on the legs; five fellows all did that. I got iodine and I stuck it there and then I sewed him up, herring bone. The skipper look and say

' Carlson, homeward bound stitches in there, the son of a bitch is gonna die anyhow ' Homeward bound stitches are when you are not particular. Anyway, I sewed him up and I didn't expect him to live but, By God, he did and they had him there in one corner of the focsle but then he got crazy and next morning tore off the bandage and everything and he were wide open again.

He were wide open then and I were out of cat gut. I had to take care of him again. The skipper wouldn't touch him, nobody would touch him. I took care of him, I were the chief mate and I took care of him. I had some cat gut, one needle full of cat gut and I used that up. Then I used regular sewing thread and sewed the rest up. But it were tough sewin because the edges were getting soft, you know. Then I used some adhesive tape and I - we tied his head down so he couldn't move it. When I sewed him up I put my fingers in there and I could feel all the plumbing. So we tied his head down so he couldn't move it and we put him in the donkey room and chained him on there to the winch. I expected him to die. I never touched him after that second time. The bandage was all full of blood and everything; it was just like a cast around his neck. He were getting crazier and crazier so anyway about the fifth day after we landed - they took him ashore and everybody figured he were crazy. They were going to send him to the insane place that were in Sitka. The United States Marshall was in charge and he took care of him, until they get a ship that went down; they didn't have airplanes then. So the Marshall had some shop where he kept him and the Marshall's wife, she cooked for those

prisoners. The Marshall was a young fellow. His wife took an interest in the prisoners and one day she went down and my patient had a big sail needle and was sticking himself all over. They got him down to Sitka and I didn't hear no more about him.