

Famous Arctic Sailor—

Captain Pedersen Mourned By Oldtime Eskimo Friend

By THOMAS P. BROWER
Barrow, Alaska

Re: Captain C.T. Pedersen. Many Arctic Eskimos will recall this Captain, as he would always be the first Captain to bring in his ship to the Arctic coast villages with the much needed supplies.

Capt. Pedersen's son called by telephone and told me that his father died not long ago. I was shocked to hear this. I asked my sympathies be passed on to his dear wife.

I didn't ask how, but as I read the writeup in the Seattle Fur Exchange report which reads:

"Captain C.T. Pedersen, who will be remembered by the old-time trading fraternity in Alaska and Northern Canada, and who was the last trader of the old-timers into the Arctic, was found dead a few days ago.

"He will be missed by all of those who knew him so well as a very kindly, wonderful man.

"Police held two escaped convicts today in the bludgeon slaying of a retired sailing captain whose days in the Arctic regions included rescuing a famed explorer and surviving a ship wreck in the Alaska wilderness.

"Police said Capt. Christian Pedersen, 92, died Friday from head wounds inflicted with a blunt instrument. His wife, 74, was in satisfactory condition after a beating.

"The two men, Clarence Galindo, 18, and Joe Jojola, 25, were arrested at the Pedersen home in the San Francisco Peninsula Community. Both had escaped the San Francisco County jail in nearby San Bruno.

"Pedersen retired in 1937 after more than 41 years of Arctic fur trading.

"He also was noted for having rescued explorer Bob Bartlett who had been on expedition with Adm. Robert Peary, discoverer of the North Pole.

"Shortly after the turn of the century Pedersen's ship, the Elvira was wrecked, and he survived a 30-day trek across the Alaska wilderness."

Again I wondered.

In the fall of 1919, Teddy Pedersen and I were in the last

commercial whale hunt with Capt. Pedersen on the three masted boat, "Herman."

We took 18 whales near the edge of the icepack close to Herald and Wrangell Islands. Later, we dropped our anchor behind the bar at Port Clarence in

front of Teller.

We boiled oil for nine days and nights. Experiences like these, one will never forget.

I am sure hundreds of Eskimos of the Arctic will be saddened to hear this, yet I must pass it on to his many, many friends.