

Death in the Afternoon: Honduras, Hemingway, and Duncan Strong
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by

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Abstract: Archaeologist William Duncan Strong and author Ernest Hemingway are both known for the exemplary works they produced in their respective fields. Most people don't know the shared similarities in the parallel lives of these two men, and the greater social forces that shaped them. This essay takes a Hemingway-like approach to the life of Duncan Strong, using excerpts from Strong's expedition to Honduras in 1933 to draw analogy with the more publicly renowned life of Ernest Hemingway.

It was all very Hemingway-esque, this business with the archaeologist. They drank beers together at the cafe on the upper west side because it was a social stopover but every now and then they transgressed into issues of scholarship, literature, and the meaning of life. This time it was Honduras, and Duncan Strong. "Why? Because they committed suicide?" one of them continued. "It's so much more than that, if you think about it." "Like what?" "Like World War I, and the international travels... and the incessant drinking." "That was just part of that age." "Exactly! The age! The so-called Lost Generation." They sat on their corner of sidewalk and took in the afternoon sun created by the cut of Broadway through the canyon of buildings that made up the city, watching the collegiate coeds through altered eyes. They considered themselves savvy interpreters of American culture. They attended to their Ivy League institution as the great city and its business, art, politics, and crime swirled around them. A girl walked by on the sidewalk and the sun glistened off the steel ring that pierced her exposed belly. She had on platform shoes and a hand-lettered shirt that read I HATE GUILLIANI. The two graduate students watched her pass knowing they should not because they were too drunk to play the game with proper deference to social convention. She walked proud. "He'd probably beat Hillary though." "Does it matter?"

As the shadow of the buildings crept towards them the romantic graduates student continued their conversation. "Think about this, both Duncan Strong and Ernest Hemingway were born in 1899. It was the end of one tumultuous century of change, and the beginning of another. Both men would become intellectuals of the twentieth century, one a renowned writer, the other a preeminent archaeologist and professor of anthropology at Columbia University."

And when did they die?"

"1961 and 1962"

"Incredible timing. They got to see the two big wars and the Beat generation, and missed the hippie revolution. Was that planned or just lucky?" He was a skeptic alright, but his attitude had an element of defensive posturing. It was easy to criticize everything around you and remain aloof. That was how you kept your hands from getting dirty. Too many things in this world were not worth delving into. This one's prosaic perceptions had fallen prey to a common phenomenon in which students of culture feel they have carte blanche to ignore their own society's cultural taboos and political correctness. By virtue of being an anthropologist there is a sense of immunity to cultural insensitivity and a feeling that they can speak their minds in social circles without reproach.

"If you just want to throw out quips then go ahead. However I think the analogy is as close as you'll come to understanding Strong's death, and consequently his life," said the sentimentalist to his obstinate friend. Taking the pitcher in hand he topped off their pint glasses, careful not to spill a drop. They were getting drunk, and that was the point. The evening was just starting to get good. Like most archaeologists he enjoyed idealistic introspection of matters that could never be resolved. The death of a Columbia professor, William Duncan Strong, the Loubat professor of archaeology, provided yet another elevation of intrigue. As graduate students they entered Strong's old office every day, which was no longer his but still had his extensive library of books lining the walls. Someone had found a portrait of him from a previous era of goatees and smoking jackets, like the frontispiece of *Labrador Winter* (Leacock and Rothschild 1994). It was hung on the wall in the student lounge as inspiration to all but with a potential message of warning as well. Artifacts from his work, trophy skulls from Virá and much Peruvian pottery, were across the hall from the archaeology offices in the lab. His death begged as many questions about his life before as it left behind anguished and mysterious questions after.

In many ways they were all alike, past and present. They were the archaeologists of New York City, the students and professors of schools like Columbia on the upper west side, NYU in the village, and the multi-politan city university system of CUNY. They lived off the archaeological community of the city. They were the archaeological community of the city, and they carried out fieldwork everywhere in the world. Duncan Strong had lived at 452 Riverside Drive, just blocks from the classrooms, beer halls, and apartments of the modern urban community of Columbia operators. They carried out research and fellowships at the American Museum of Natural History, whose prominent past formed a legacy of ancient research that sent ripples from the city's west side throughout the world and which spawned the careers of archaeologists like Junius Bird, George Vaillant and others. Like the archaeological past of their studies, the city was the nexus of development and ruin, of evolution and divinity, of opportunities and obstacles and everything that exists between. The antagonists of this circle always came from elsewhere, and continuously left for somewhere distant to gain perspective on cultures far-flung in time and space. They are the purveyors of the science of the past who live and think in the present-day as it is contrived by metropolitan New York.

In their admiration of Strong the stories of Earnest Hemingway had emerged as a source of simile and hyperbole, and the association had grown stronger throughout their

conversation. The devil's advocate perpetuated the debate with friendly opposition. There were enough parallels between the men, their lifestyles, and their contributions to growing bodies of knowledge that their discussion kept on. Duncan Strong is best remembered for his application of the direct historical approach to studying the past (O'Brien and Lyman 1998:156; Solecki and Wagely 1963:1105; Wedel 1982). He was an archaeologist, ethnologist, historian, and naturalist. These views combine in his extensive writings just as they do in the stories and themes of Ernest Hemingway. Introspection on human motivation is keenly set in its historical context and the exotic environs of distant lands. The manuscripts open from a standpoint and progress to a vanishing point to create a record of life.

Strong had finished his dissertation in 1926. When he left for Honduras in 1933 he was 34 years old and staunchly pursuing a career for which he was expertly qualified and which would lay the foundation of the future of the anthropological discipline. In that same year Hemingway went on his African safari, a trip that formed the basis for *Green Hills of Africa* (1935) the similarities between the two began beforehand. The similarities began in 1899. Their lives started in an age that had already seen the nineteenth century version of war, industrialism, and depression. The twentieth century hammered them out young with yet more colossal manifestations, especially of war. They were a generation that grew up close to nature, studying its nuances. They hunted for sport but participated all too soon in the apex of guns and aggression, bearing witness to the ultimate magnitudes through which life can alternate. The forces that shaped their lives are reiterated in their respective fields, and in the legacy of their readers. Under the Bureau of American Ethnology, Strong set out in 1933 on his first expedition to Honduras, departing January 25th and returning July 17th (Figure 1). The principal group included Allan Payne, a research associate from Johns Hopkins University, Norman Haskell, a geology student from Harvard, an engineer named Ralph Walstad, and Herbert Heinecke, a traveler that the group picked up outside Trujillo (Figure 2). They explored northeast Honduras, both coastal plain and river valleys, collecting archaeological and ethnographic data for consumption by an American research community. The daily tales of their trip capture a generation of lives and highlight the reflexive development of anthropological scholarship.

HUNTING AND GUNS

... in the early spring when there had been jack-snipe on the prairie, or when he saw shocks of corn, or when he saw a lake, or if he ever saw a horse and buggy, or when he saw, or heard, wild geese, or in a duck blind; remembering the time an eagle dropped through the whirling snow to strike a canvas-covered decoy, rising his wings beating, the talon caught in the canvas (Hemingway 1961:62).

Duncan Strong was born January 30th, 1899 in Portland, Oregon. Hemingway was born on the edge of Chicago in Oak Park, Illinois, July 21st of the same year. Towns in those days lacked suburban sprawl and they were never far from the raw rural agrarian lifestyle. As part of an age, they saw the Titanic sink in 1912, and were inspired by the life of another prominent New Yorker turned president, Theodore Roosevelt. "For any boy at the turn of the century," as one biographer put it, "Theodore Roosevelt was a living

legend: western rancher, rough rider, hero of San Juan Hill, the President, African Hunter, South American explorer. In popular magazines like *National Geographic*, *Century*, and *Outlook*, his essays regularly detailed his own adventures while preaching the strenuous life" (Reynolds 1986:25). In 1915 Earnest Hemingway wrote in his high school notebook that he wished to do "pioneering or exploring work in the three last great frontiers [of Africa, central South America or the country around and north of Hudson Bay" (Reynolds 1986:29). As an early-era archaeologist Duncan Strong would do all of this, exploring Central and South America, as well as arctic Labrador, central North America, and other locations both central and remote.

Nature clearly had an impact on the lives of early twentieth century boys. Roosevelt had been a naturalist of sorts. Strong's interests were highly influenced by two people, his father Thomas Nelson Strong (1853- ?), and his godfather, William Duncan (1832-1918), the 'Apostle of Alaska,' after whom Duncan Strong was named (National Anthropological Archives [NAA] Box 1, Record Book; Arctander 1909). William Duncan was a missionary who coordinated a settlement of Tsimshian Indians of uncommon proportion in British Columbia (Murray 1985; Wellcome 1887). Thomas Strong was the 'Lawyer Chief' who secured Annette Island from the U. S. government for Duncan's mission of Metlakatla (Drucker 1965; Murray 1985). Strong's father wrote *Cathlamet on the Columbia*, a book that A.L. Kroeber at Berkeley would later call a classic (Strong 1930; Strong personal journal, NAA Box 1). Duncan Strong was destined to follow his father's footsteps and study Indians himself, but as an undergraduate at Berkeley in the early 1920s he studied ornithology and zoology (Willey 1988:76). Among his earliest surviving writings are notes and sketches of birds and other animals from 1914 through to the war in 1917.

Hemingway learned botany from his grandmother, and his father was also an enthusiast (Reynolds 1986:30). Hemingway's father founded a naturalist society in Oak Park and would lead groups of boys on fieldtrips. In addition to their scholastic training, both Strong and Hemingway picked up elements of the natural world as they learned hunting and fishing from their fathers. Everyone owned guns. Throughout their lives neither let a chance go by to flush out a covey of birds or to bait some hooks. Their interests in nature and in hunting paralleled their mutual interests in culture and pursuing the underlying processes that made people what they are.

Strong would go on to become an anthropologist, studying humanity in all facets of the field from ethnographic to archaeological to ecological viewpoints. His archaeological research took him to various institutions of "Natural History," including the Smithsonian's National Museum of Natural History in Washington DC and the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Strong was an assistant curator at the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago from 1926 to 1929. As a kind of literary anthropologist, Hemingway remained a keen observer of humankind and was a frequenter of the Field Museum (Reynolds 1986:228). In his stories and books Hemingway considered the history of human lives to be "the Natural History of the Dead" (Hemingway 1932). The perception rings true even today since the inclusion of anthropology in natural history museums inevitably involves the inanimate, thereby crossing a conceptual divide into the realm of explaining others by the arrangement and

history of their material culture. Hemingway's latent historical viewpoint on the history and role of humanity on Earth shows an allied perspective with Strong's archaeological viewpoint, an outlook that surfaces in the writings of both through their evaluations of cultural interaction and of the past. Strong enjoyed literature and poetry, and his journals are lined with passages and excerpts from various sources. Each man had his own discipline yet each exhibited elements of the other.

Their love of nature and hunting is symbolic in the lives of both men. For both Hemingway and Strong, relationships and leisure pursuits were often formed around firearms and the considerations that they entailed. Hunting was the primary leisure pastime of the 1933 Honduras expedition. Guns were as standard a part of equipment as a pen, a camera, a shovel, or a fork and knife. The guns put food on the table. The guns were also their toys. For a generation, but specifically for both Strong and Hemingway, guns were defining accoutrements of their lives. They were always making accessions for the guns.

Friday February 3rd, 1933 - First Impressions of Trujillo [, Honduras]. Up early, to the club to eat (courtesy of Mr. Horgan - Steward) there to see Mr. Merpick and on to Trujillo via the narrow gauge [railroad]; a swell trip. Along the neck lined with dunes (shell heaps?) past rough pastures with zebra cattle in them - amazing beasts. Mixture of swamps, hills and one river. Grass and brush much like states but trees very tropical many palms of course. Birds abundant: tree swallows, many grackles, avis, vultures, hawks and along shore gulls, frigate birds. Alan saw a raccoon, etc. Past many Carib huts with feluccas (graceful sailing dugouts) on beach or out in bay. Then to Trujillo station. Our polyglot crew swarmed out over town, which leisurely climbs the hill back from bay. An unusual clean and odorless (!) place. Population dark but pleasant and clean. Went up winding stone-paved road to old fort on hill over bay with its crumbling wall, watch towers and old Spanish guns pointed out over bay towards Puerto Castillo all guns dismantled or upended in ground and, over all, flowers and luxuriant tropical flowers.

Back from fort walls was a crumbling house with numerous men loafing on upper veranda and before door - this was the "commondancia" - went in past a pounder gun, a Browning, and another, past laughing sentries and up to see General Filadelfo Mahadeau, Comondante of the District (1-2). A very pleasant, quiet man, small and unassuming in plain clothes, who very courteously read our letters, greeted us in friendly fashion, and had full arms permits made out. Almost all the men carried gun belts, save for the sentries with rifles. The general had a .38 with a cut off holster for shooting from the waist. On the porch were immaculately dressed young Colonels, etc. Military routine in evidence but perfunctory and startling typical. After a long conversation in which the General said the Patuca [River] was safe, a detachment of 50 Honduran troops having just been there after rumored bandits (!), he took us out and showed us over the fort, complaining of the trials of a military life and his desire to return to his farm at San Pedro Sula.

After saying goodbye to the General we walked through the town, saw where Walker was buried and the 1522 church etc. (Must remember the guard mount at the barracks - see O. Henry- and the cuartel!). Stopped to have beer at "the American drug store," Dr. Parham,

a Trinidad Negro educated in Tennessee, a most courteous and interesting person. (Run out of states during war as a British conscientious objector.) Most interesting though pathetic talk. Went back to cars, slept, watched Carib fishermen who's village is on a palm covered point just beyond turn (a picturesque view with blue sea in front and jagged peaks behind), they are marvelous paddlers and expert sailors. Saw a canoe tipped over and righted. Pelicans plunging into the sea. All the town asleep. Finally got started back around 1:30. Another marvelous ride, birds very abundant, all kinds of species. One glorious glimpse of white herons around a jungle pool, and one beautiful dark purple hawk (size of red-tail) with startlingly yellow beak and legs, lumpishly sitting in lush near tracks. Saw other hawks, terns, etc. etc. Big thrill.

Got off near Puerto Castilla and went over to Aduana (customs) and our troubles began - everything was turned out. Medicines, guns, new boots etc. seized and locked up. Ambassador Celio Davilla's visa and General Mahadeau's permits to the contrary, we were not in Washington DC but in Honduras! Nothing but a letter from the minister of war could admit our stuff and there was no minister of war! So after empty hours we finally got all our stuff out, save the all important arms, with a pending bill of \$130. The pistols etc. locked up in a box with a lot of man-eating cockroaches. While Norman and I got the stuff to the house, Allan went to see the US consul, Mr. "Mike" Shroud - very complicated, telegrams to Minister Fay in Tegucigalpa, etc. And endless delay, however, c'est la guerre. Later conferences with General Rosendo Lopez (legal advisor Unifruco [United Fruit Company]) suggested that one could only wait. Had beer and sandwiches at club - heard many stories, many apparently for our benefit. (3) Met our man from the Patuca region, recalled from Corocito, Mr. Frank Gebo (no Gibaux), a most interesting person of French Canadian extraction. Had dinner, went to movies (Cor. Bennet in a predepression "drama") and sat up till 1:30 arranging Patuca trip with Gebo, and listening to a most amazing and bloodthirsty series of tropical and war tales. What a man!? (22 years in Guatemala and Honduras!).

Tuesday February 7th 1933 - Spent part of morning at house. Allan and Norman established credit at the United Fruit Company office. About ten, Wetherill called up to say road car was going to Trujillo, we hurried down and got off with dapper little secretary to commandante (Don Alexandro Martin) just appointed for Castilla. Ride was much as usual, too late for much life. Hawks, white herons (on way back saw over 100 of these crowded around dark pool just back from tracks), usual avis, grackles and shore birds. Saw one red-headed woodpecker on telegraph pole, much like pileated only a bit smaller. At Trujillo a messenger from the governor met us, Governor Alfredo Ordonez was courtesy itself, talked with us about an hour, said he would straighten out Aduana difficulties (and to our great surprise, plus General Lopez', did so in the afternoon). Did some shopping for 10 pounds of heads at Melhado Bros., took photos of fort and Walker's tomb, a squared piece of concrete, "William Walker, Sept. 1860" scrawled on it. When we got back our chariot had departed, military exigency no doubt, and we had to wait for the 1:50 train. Just got back to house when Wetherill called up to say the governor was there and that our Aduana matter was straightened up. Went down saw him, thanked him and General Lopez and hurried to the Aduana. Here after a long wait, Mr. Ochoa came in, he stalled around putting waste paper in basket, etc., then assured us it was too late to get our stuff out that night, *manana* once more. Thanked him copiously

and went back to club for consolation. Spent evening walking around, McKnight not home. Took bearing on North Star - got variation (declination) reading from 6° to 10°, best sights gave us 8° east.(4) Chart says (?).(5) Little Spanish study this evening - hard to do with all this uncertainty.

Sunday one of the Standard Fruit Company men was shot, mistaken for his companion. Later, the killer did some boasting over his double kill, as he thought, near Las Planos, and General Mahadeau went to arrest him - he pulled his gun - Mahadeau shot him six times, reloaded, shot him six more, kicked him in the rear and left him. The deceased was a bad "bravo," boasting of fourteen deaths before Mahadeau got him. As for the latter, his look of quiet resignation plus perfect courtesy, evidently cover lots of guts and deadly ability. This appears to be a very casual happening here.

Friday February 10th, 1933 - Up at 5 AM. Caught train after breakfast. Ford and Brayton (former with United Fruit Company - has mapped Patuca) and later via track car - Huick joined us at Corocito. Long, tiresome trip, everyone armed to the teeth, conductor accompanied by man with gun tucked inside his trousers. We left our guns in our coats, etc. Weird conglomeration of people and arms. Stopped at every tiny settlement along way, mostly Carib villages - pot-bellied naked babies, women with loads on their heads, men in trousers and shirts with machetes. Passed some lively beach scenery before coming to spur. Long-leafed pine mixed in with palms near ocean. Saw a marvelous pair of toucans with brilliantly painted beaks. Got crackers and sardines at Corocito commissary. Got to spur about 3:00, Gebo there. Threw all our stuff off along track in jungle, lugged it down tracks to river (about 1/4 mile) along with Brayton's great pile of stuff. Met "Ralph" our motor man, loaded large cayuca, and chugged down Black River into Ebon Lagoon.

Stopped at Alonso Everett's place and dropped all Brayton's stuff. Had coffee. Picked up a chap here named Heinecke, Chilean and Dutch (?) who wanted to go up Patuca with us. Seemed good sort and good artist so we said OK. From here we went along beautiful lagoon up to Bruner's place. Had light shower, passed several Carib or Miskito families in their cayucas. Norman and I sat in low of our big canoe, thrilling sights to see! Passed old English colony graveyard from end of railroad - "William Pit 1777." There were two forts here destroyed by Spanish, now called Palacio. White and blue herons, white egrets, four parrots (without cages!) flying across river. They have a strange, bent, wing-tip-quivering, flight like a duck. Bright green, medium sized fellows. Saw several toucans and various weird birds. Many kingfishers, like ours only possibly bigger. Got to Bruner's at dusk. Had supper. Slept in various beds and hammocks. Surf pounding right across from lagoon.

Saturday February 18th, 1933 - Left Sipul Rapids [Patuca River] about 8. View with rain clouds lifting over mountains gorgeous. I walked on up river, stopped at house on south side of river - two women, large flock of children - many red haired. Considerable conversation regarding Sumus. One, Nicholas, was said to be at Miskito village of Croatara, or island just above. Took aboard small, red haired, boy, two spoiled pieces of meat and a coffee pot, sent by his mother to her father (Godoy) at Guanquivila [see Figure 3]. Stopped at Croatara, quite a large Miskito settlement, with many "waka" leaf

thatched houses, half naked women and wholly naked children. Inquired for Nicholas, who lived nearby. He had, it turned out, just gone up river to have his new child christened by native (i.e. Honduran) above Guanquivila. Spent some time getting photos, trading (eggs for tobacco, salt, soap, as usual) and fooling around. People thought we were Marines, Lord help us! Payne's military costume and our **khakis**. Payne did much cavorting and magic. I got out my big camera and took three pictures, set around 1/25 and .8. Went on up river.

Forgot to mention that soon after we left this morning we met a Miskito family paddling in shade along shore, woman paddling, man in bow with bow and arrow watching for fish in shallows. Stopped motor and paddled behind him. He shot once but missed. Two children and family gear in pitpan. Bow was a weak piece of palm wood, arrows light cane with long, slender, many-barbed, iron points - like umbrella ribs, no string attached. Bought turtle from him, for tobacco (12 leaves).

Went on and soon came in sight of volcan - Asang Busna "mountain that bums" (Sumu term). Very picturesque, but doubt that it is a real volcano (We have seen scoria-like material along river, but it contains many pebbles, etc. and is probably a conglomerate). Near here we met Nicholas, a real Indian at last! (Sumu). With his wife, face painted red, and two children. Had some talk with him, a few Sumu up the Guampu [Wampu], about six families, a few more up the Patuca. Gave him some tobacco and went on, he passed us when we stopped for lunch on small island just below Guanquivila. Had heavy rain storm here. Went on to a considerable Miskito camp on beach (north side of river) and one large split bamboo house, that of Godoy, a Honduran of French admixture. Here I took photos of "volcan" marvelous cloud effect - and poor sketch. Went up and interviewed one of Godoys (Main man is down river) an emaciated tall man with mustache and scraggly imperial, clad in striped blue overalls in leather puttees - quite military, suggesting the "Emperor" Maximillian in Mexico. He showed us several mounds five to six feet high on one of which his house was perched. Our first archaeological evidence of any sort on this trip! Showed us round soapstone bowl and small metate from one of them. He knows of no "antiguales" near here. Narrated at great length on the horrors of being bombed by U. S. Marine planes, with all his children, on Wanks. He was raided two years ago by bandits from Wanks.

After long talk we left, went around one long "bend" to mouth of Guampu [Wampu], and went in upper mouth. Saw trogons with black and red wings, whitethroated sparrows, and many small birds like avis and grackles, here. Went up about a mile and made camp on beautiful pool below some rapids. Made camp and had another heavy rain at dinnertime, many showers today. Many bottle flies but few mosquitoes. Had good bath as usual. Fished after dinner, Ralph had hard time getting bait. Tied line to full gas can in boat, left it, had terrific strike that nearly pulled can out of boat but big hook straightened out and fish got off. Later I caught nice three pound Roballo and then got heavy strike - fought fish several minutes, almost had it on bank, but just as Jim was about to harpoon it it broke the line. Made terrific splashing, broke the water, etc. Had glimpse of it, Jim and I thought it a "fresh-water shark" (said to be found here - had big dorsal fin and slender tail) but Ralph thought it a big "Roballo." Had no more bites. Went to bed. Saw green eyes across the river, possibly ocelot. Night noisy with insects, "Evinrude" tree frogs, and

an occasional bird. This country, sad to say, is simply overrun with Miskito from Nicaragua, all chased out by bandits, Marines and National Guard fighting on the Wanks. They have come across at Wankquivila and gone up Wampu, and up and down Patuca as far as the Wasparasni. They are desperately poor, living on "wabul" (Miskito term) - baked green bananas, squashed, plus coconut milk (or water) and drink it. (Said to be very good when made with ripe bananas). They have been coming in for the last two years and are all along the rivers and streams - makes the "great unexplored country" seem like Broadway. There is always a canoe ahead or behind and a village on every other playa.

WORLD WAR I

The attack had gone across the field, been held up by machinegun fire from the sunken road and from the group of farm houses, encountered no resistance in the town, and reached the bank of the river. Coming along the road on a bicycle, getting off to push the machine when the surface of the road became too broken, [he] saw what had happened by the position of the dead (Hemingway 1961:82).

As a youth, Duncan Strong was in the Oregon Naval Militia and on Friday April 6th, 1917 they got called to active service as the U. S. entered into World War I (Figure 4). He served as Seaman first class until January 1919. His tour was served on the first USS South Dakota, an armored cruiser later rechristened the USS Huron (*Oregon Sunday Journal* [OSJ], 10 April 1927). Hemingway was turned down by the army for poor eyesight but eventually signed on with the Red Cross to be an ambulance driver. He drove ambulances in Italy until shrapnel hit him in his legs. He spent some time in a hospital and emerged with a bum left leg and a cane. He continued on in Italy while the war was on before returning to the U.S. (Baker 1969).

Both Strong and Hemingway had departed from home for Europe and the war, never to see the world the same again. It was the first time both men would say goodbye to their past lives and resign themselves to whatever adventure fate had in store. Strong's record of ornithological notes, full of wistful observances of birds he had spotted around town and what they were eating, ends abruptly on April 6th with the passage:

It has come! ! We got our 'call' tonight. Spent the evening aboard the 'Swan,' and worked until twelve thirty in the general adjutant's office. Well, at last, Goodbye, or rather 'Au Revoir' old diary. Till We Meet Again. (Strong Diary 1916-1917, p. 106, NAA Box 1.

Although they returned quickly and young the effects of the war would be reflected in the work of both Strong and Hemingway thereafter. Their experiences were a crash-course for the century to come. Upon his return Strong filled in the following page of the journal with: "There followed twenty-one months of Sea Service of the hardest kind, Pacific, Gulf of Mexico, Caribbean, South Atlantic, North Atlantic and then, at last, the Armistice

and home. One hard course in the world of men passed - Now What?" Although they were only nineteen years old, they had been rapidly and irreversibly matured by the Great War, and there would be little peace in their time. Each man took the war experiences and applied them to other ways of understanding people and what they do. Strong first heard the story of "The Typical Tropical Tramp" from the eight inch after turret of the USS South Dakota off San Jose de Guatemala in May of 1917 (NAA Box 1), and his career would go on to become an uncanny parallel to the tale through his own encounters.

Saturday March 4th, 1933 - [Site of Wankibila, Honduras] . Worked on mound, concentrating on north end. Now (noon) about ten feet deep. No bottom yet. Considerable pottery, handles, lugs, bottom cones, etc. Also one perforated stone disk. Little rain this morning but not serious. Plan to map tomorrow. Whole Miskito village watching us part of morning. Flies bad as usual. Heinecke believes he has found another north-south mound parallel to the big one here. If so, site is very large. As it stands, Don Ramon estimates it at two manzanas (4 acres). Found several round handles, ringed bottoms, conical pot legs, and one good, broad loop handle. In afternoon went to work early. About 2:00 found slate tablet with engravings (see p. 46), very interesting. Had broken it but we got both pieces. Also got lots of pottery including large part of one plain pot. Getting some painted ware. Also some surfaced ware and deep red ware with ridges we got near top. Believe occupation here is uniform. At the north end where we are going deep now, about ten feet or so, the burned earth arches down as though showing original mound (see sketch of east end). We run into pockets of gray sand and clay now, getting near base? (6)

Work came to a dramatic close when some Miskito children, much frightened, came running up to tell our men many 'Spaniards' from upstream had landed on beach from raft. Since no 'Spaniards' live up stream this could only mean "bandits" or their ilk. Dismissed men and took stuff to house. Don Ramon much worried. After considerable council of war, getting out of ammunition, etc., a group of them came up towards house. Don R. with his machete and an affable smile and Heinecke with my .38 [revolver] and his passport (to show he was Chileno not gringo) went to meet them. I stood by with the 12 gauge [shotgun]. They went back to the beach where the men (there were only six of them) had a raft made of cedar planks from a house at Agua Caliente. Heinecke finally came back, to send rice, they are a tough looking bunch from Nicaragua coming down stream from there. Wanted to sell a .44 Winchester and kept trying to get behind him. Finally Don R. came up, later three of them came up as we were eating, got some green bananas - they have no equipment at all. One dressed in English high boots - an Englishman was killed on the Wanks not long ago.

They are camping tonight on the playa - nice company. A dog is chained up before each door. All guns loaded and at hand. It was a thrill, and not a pleasant one, to watch the Senora while the others found out about our unwelcome visitors. Knowing if a shot was fired one had to go down fast. What a life these people lead, beautiful productive country but Apaches for neighbors.

Just now we learned that two "Spaniards" have just gone down stream in a pitpan! Nice place. Sounds phony and everyone is quite worried, afraid of some sort of plot. Went to

bed with boots on, buckshot in pockets, shotgun and flashlight - very uncomfortable sleeping! Did sleep, however, save for one hectic period when dogs raised cane - expected anything - indescribable feeling in a dark house in a jungle clearing but, fortunately, nothing did happen. Many animal noises.

THE FINGERS

... on under the heavy trees of the small town that are a part of your heart if it is your town and you have walked under them, but that are only too heavy, that stuff out the sun and that dampen the houses for a stranger; out past the last house and onto the highway that rose and fell straight away ahead with banks of red dirt sliced cleanly away and the second growth timber on both sides. It was not his country... (Hemingway 1961:55).

Both Strong and Hemingway gifted the world by making their experiences explicit. Writing of their adventures has allowed legions of readers to learn from their practice. But as writing molds information it also filters it. The works of Strong and Hemingway are extruded through disciplinary perspectives, one playing to a scholastic archaeological audience and one to a genre of literature. Writing allows the dissemination of knowledge, but it molds information and perception into an affected creation of reality that sanitizes learning through abstraction. Personal experience, on the other hand, must suffer the ingestion of true authenticity. The wounds of an audacious reality can be various and insidious. The exceptional lives of Strong and Hemingway maintained physical and mental scars to attest to their sweeping experiences.

Friday, March 17th, 1933 - Ralph, Heinecke, Haskell, and I went off in "Barbara Loi" with motor for duck hunting down at the south end of Brewer's Lagoon - "Mokabila." Took Dick Wood and others down to where the Indians were gathering coconuts. From here on we saw quite a few ducks, mostly "whistlers" - i.e. tree ducks. Haskell and I got out of the boat and waded waist deep through mud, water, and hyacinths. Got a few shots and a few ducks. Shot more but couldn't find them in the hellish tangle. In the worst of it, Heinecke saw a bog snake on the surface only 12 feet away. After some maneuvering got a good shot at it and killed it, blowing it in two pieces. While he was busy at this I got two more ducks which flew over. The snake was probably a boa, big enough to be quite impressive especially in such watery surroundings. Saw some snakebirds egrets, white herons, etc., also one Miskito harpooner after porpoise or manatee. Got some more shooting, Ralph took my gun and he and Heinecke killed about 6 duck, got about three of them.

Went on up inlet with Heinecke and I went off after more duck and, sitting, shot at several - Heinecke and I went off after more duck and sitting, shot at several - Heinecke fired killing two and I got one or two with left barrel as the rose. Some others went over and I fired my right barrel at them. I must have had water in it, or else heavy charge, for it exploded - taking two fingers off my left hand. It was about 11:30 or 12 AM. Terrible number feeling - whole hand went dead. Dropped gun in water, well over waist deep, and

was too sick feeling to try to recover it. The flesh was taken off my two index fingers on the left hand leaving the bones bare. Not a pleasant sight. Had been watching to see nothing got in gun barrels, but must have overlooked it this time. Heinecke helped me back to the boat, motor worked for a wonder, and eventually we got back to Cocale. Had hand disinfected and put on clean bandage. Had shot of rum, some brunch, and then started for "Point of Rails" with Haskell, Ralph, and two Negroes from Belize boat.

Landed on opposite bar, biked fast down beach from here to Plantain River bar, got Miskito woman to take us across. Went on fast to Payavilla, no man no boat here, Lutz had taken the last pitpan about two hours before. Hiked on, after cup of coffee, to Cocavilla, few Caribs here loafing in hammocks manifested no interest whatsoever but finally Ralph got one man to sail us to Bruner's in small dory with about 1 foot freeboard. Wind held and eventually we got there. Had coffee, and an endless wait while old Bruner messed around pointlessly and Mrs. Bruner tried to get Caribs to bring his motor back. After two long agonizing hours Ralph got two boys, had one hell of a job getting the big pit pan off beach. Finally got going, Bruner's motor worked and solaced by a little Bacardi we got to Bacalar safely, having meanwhile had some nice stories of the prevalence and rapidity of gangrene here which didn't help much. At Point of Rails got into telephone house, finally got connection and got Waterhouse. He was marvelous and sent track car right out, calling the Port where they sent a Red Cross car out to meet the track car from Sico. Long tiring trip but grateful as the last lap. Got in around 3:30 AM having covered about 130 miles since morning. Went to hospital after some pointless maneuvering on part of native staff, got Dr. Phelps who dressed wound and gave me an anti tetanus shot. Went to bed and fell into deep sleep aided by morphine. Was a filthy bewhiskered wreck on arrival!

When he came back, there were large framed photographs around the wall, of all sorts of wounds before and after they had been cured by the machines. In front of the machine the major used were three photographs of hands like his that were completely restored. I do not know where the doctor got them. I always understood we were the the first to use the machines. The photographs did not make much difference to the major because he only looked out of the window (Hemingway 1961:70).

DISCUSSION

"It sounds like it was an incredible trip. I knew Strong had lost some fingers, but didn't know how."

"It was an amazing trip, especially from the modern perspective, which seems so incredibly tame by comparison. Nowadays people go home from the field if they get poison ivy. Strong blew two fingers off his left hand and continued the expedition for another four months! And without any money."

"What'd they do for funds? Wasn't he there during the height of the Great Depression?"

"I'm not sure. I think they hunted and fished a lot, and Haskell had some reserves. They printed in the newspapers that he was lost, or at least couldn't be reached.

The Smithsonian wanted to inform him that he was 'no longer affiliated with the federal payroll' but he was unreachable in the wilds of northeast Honduras." (*Washington Times* [WT], 6 July 1933; *Washington Post* [WP], 18 July 1933).

Like all men with a faculty that surpasses human too, he was sentimental, and, like most sentimental people, he was both cruel and abused. Also, he had much bad luck, and it was not all of it his own. He had died in a trap that he had helped only a little to set, and they had all betrayed him in their various ways before he died. All sentimental people are betrayed so many times (Hemingway 1961: 56).

The music played and the beer flowed and as night took over from day the street was a pleasant venue for contemplation. Strong and Hemingway had died as thousands of other historical figures had done before them. Did that deserve admiration? They had lived the lives of twentieth century scholars, and yet their end defied the means. Or was it death, the 'other' for those who don't fear 'the other,' that gives life its meaning? Strong had mused in 1949, at the age of 50, I suppose everyone at various times mentally composes his own obituary." The writing was on the wall and the two graduate students sat there taking it all in. On temporary reprieve from social responsibility, the student of archaeology and the student of cultural anthropology, whose lives were currently poised between stages of expectation and career and whose social responsibilities were equally ill defined, had ventured into the taboo. In the third person the socially proscribed became poignant. They wanted to be like Strong in many respects, to work around the globe in the arctic, in North America, in Central America, in South America. The discussion, like so many before, had run the course from enthusiasm to madness. Feeling the pressure of the beer, and with a sense that their exchange had run its course, the idealist put an end to it. "Hemingway's death came in his country home in Ketchum, Iowa (Baker 1969). The town is a medium sized settlement in the heart of the Central Idaho Rockies near what is now the Sawtooth National Forest and recreation area. The place was a dark wood chalet nestled among the green hills and alpine lakes surrounded by woods and sagebrush. It was Sunday, July 1st, 1961, 20 days before his 62nd birthday, and they had just arrived from Rochester, New York on Friday. "Strong's untimely death came January 29th, 1962 (Solecki and Wagley 1963: 1102; Willey 1988:95). He was at their country home in Kent Cliffs, New York a small town about 40 miles north from the city and 10 east from the Hudson. The house was a white country lodge set among the woods with a stone chimney and moose antlers on the wall. They called it 'The Nuthatchery' (Solecki notes, NAA Box 60). It was the day before his 63rd birthday and only 212 days after Hemingway had done the same thing."

Now he would never write the things that he had saved to write until he knew enough to write them well. Well, he would not have to fail at trying to write them either. Maybe

you could never write them, and that was why you put them off and delayed the starting Well, he would never know, now (Hemingway 1961:5).

The last rays of the setting sun squeezed through the trees on the New Jersey side of the Hudson River to mix with the streetlights of Broadway and apply an aberrant hue to their unnatural world. The socio-cultural student looked around in his confident stupor.

"What about the others. . . like George Vaillant?"

"I don't know. That remains a mystery."

"See how archaeology affects peoples lives?" he asked rhetorically.

You're still looking at it backwards. It's not how archaeology affects lives, but how individual lives affect archaeology. Science is all in how you teach it. There's pedagogy to knowledge. Nothing happens in a vacuum. And lest you wonder about the impact this has on your life, you need only think about those that have laid the groundwork for your own studies. Look at the statue of Teddy Roosevelt on his horse in front of the American Museum and likewise imagine Strong leading an age of anthropologists and archaeologists that included David Baeris, Joseph Bram, John Corbett, John L. Champe, Clifford Evans, Richard Forbis, James Ford, Eduardo Galvao, Preston Holder, Joseph Jablow, Dorothy Keur, John Landgraf, Eleanor Leacock, Oscar Lewis, Rose Lilien, Betty Meggers, Rene Millon, Sally Falk Moore, William A. Ritchie, Frank Secoy, Carlyle S. Smith, Ralph Solecki, Albert Spaulding, Robert Stigler, David Stout, Robert Suggs, Paul Tolstoy, Charles Wagely, Waldo Wedel, Clarence W. Weiant, Gordon Willey, and Arnold Withers (from Solecki and Wagely 1963:1106).

"Your point, however, is made by comparing the life of Hemingway as well as those of Hemingway's literary characters. You've mixed fact with fantasy."

"Does it matter?"

"I don't know...maybe. How do you know Strong's death wasn't related to something else?"

"I don't."

"Do you want to get another pitcher?" said the cynical student of culture.

"Not really," said the archaeo-idealist. He got up to go home.

NOTES

(1) Strong left a blank in this sentence, as if to fill in later with a known figure, such as 20 pounder.

(2) The word 'another' was added by myself. Strong wrote a word that looks like 'fairs.' Since Browning is a maker of firearms, the sentence context would suggest that the unidentified word refers to some sort of firearm, as in "a Browning and a fairs."

(3) In the second clause Strong had an unreadable adjective that I did not include. The word looks something like 'sanquimary,' as in "heard many sanquimary stories.

(4) After 10 degrees there was a space for a compass reading that was not completed, as in "10 degrees - and".

(5) Strong left a blank here, apparently to fill in a chart reading, but not getting to it.

(6) This sentence had an undecipherable clause at the end that has been left off. It reads something like ". . . getting near base, given sable?"

General Editorial Notes: I have transcribed the wording of the original Strong journal entries nearly exactly, but in some places have done some editing. Strong liked to use dashes to separate phrases as he wrote. In many cases I have substituted commas for the dashes. Additionally, since the passages originally were journal entries, some secondary words were left out of the original text. In a few cases (but only a handful) I have inserted articles or prepositions to make the journal text easier to read. Strong also used variant spellings of place names and frequently abbreviated words such as 'sugg.' for suggests, and 'consid.' for considerable. I have spelled these out, and also added paragraph breaks in places where the subject changed. It is unlikely that the original meaning is misconstrued in any way from my editorial interpretation of words, abbreviations, missing articles, or punctuation marks, but if so it is obviously entirely of my error. Hemingway passages quoted in this essay are taken from the collection of short stories entitled *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, first published as a compilation of stories in 1961 by Scribner and Sons. The characters that frame the dialogue and discussion of this essay were loosely modeled after the two waiters in *A Clean, Well-Lighted Place* (Hemingway 1961) and are completely fictional.

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C. V. Hartman and Museum Anthropology a Century Ago

by

David R. Watters and Oscar Fonseca Zamora

Dave Watters (Section of Anthropology, Carnegie Museum of Natural History) and Oscar Fonseca Zamora (University of Costa Rica, retired) are exploring aspects of the life of Carl Wilhelm Hartman (1862-1941), a Swedish botanist who changed careers to anthropology during the decade of the 1890s. Hartman's transition began on Carl Lumholtz's expedition (1890-1892) to the Sierra Madre region of Mexico. He took over responsibility for archaeological research from the expedition's first archaeologist, A. M. Stephen (Lumholtz used only the initials) who almost certainly was Alexander McGregor Stephen, a somewhat mysterious early Southwestern anthropologist discussed by Don Fowler in *A Laboratory of Anthropology* (our gratitude to Don for making that connection). After that expedition, Hartman worked for F. W. Putnam and Franz Boas at the World's Columbian Exposition for six months. He returned to Sweden and acquired superb archaeological field training under Hjalmar Stolpe who was working on Iron Age cemeteries. In 1896, he went to Central America on a three-year, Swedish-sponsored anthropological expedition, spending about a year and a half conducting archaeological research in Costa Rica and an equivalent amount of time doing ethnographic research in El Salvador and Guatemala. He returned to Sweden in 1899 and worked as Stolpe's assistant at the Royal Ethnographical Museum, mounting an exhibit of his Costa Rican artifacts and publishing his first monograph (Hartman 1901) on Costa Rican archaeology. From this time forward, Hartman based his professional career exclusively in museums.