This summer I was invited back to join the Arctic Studies Center at the Smithsonian in the Sub-Arctic. I was first invited to join the team in D.C. at the Smithsonian so I could help edit the official field report, published by the SI press. Not only was I cited in the acknowledgements but as a contributor on the front page! It was amazing to see all the hard work from the previous summer collated in a way that tells the story of the sites that we excavated and recounts all our adventures. Our team was headed by Bill Fitzhugh, the fearless arctic archeologist and Rama-churt expert; there were two returning students including myself, three other new undergraduate students, our wise skipper Perry Colbourne, the Nunatsiavut Archeologist Jamie Brake, and Igor (one of Bill’s post-doc’s). It was a very full boat this year with our maximum crew at about 11 people. I had an absolute blast; I knew what to expect and I was familiar with both Bill’s procedures and how to be a productive member of an excavation. This year I not only participated in the process through surveying and “troweling around” (our catch phrase of the summer) but I was also afforded the opportunity to help set up sites for excavation. I learned how to map a site on a grid system, to take elevations using a fixed level, and to use that information, in congress with the artifacts, to understand a site in context. My profiling and cataloguing skills improved immensely compared with last summer’s. We primarily worked on 2 sites extensively, one site in Rigolet we believe to be an Inuit winter house, we recovered several colored beads and some soap stone in a hearth area. The other Inuit house was at Hart’s Chalet in the lower north shore (Québec), where we uncovered whale bones, harpoon heads, many iron nails, and revealed a clear doorway and hearth features.

This experience was priceless! I not only advanced my practical skills but learned so much about the history of the land and peoples of the Arctic through conversations with the Inuit elders and residents of the Arctic. I was told stories about battles long ago, how and when to catch salmon, and why eating a seal eye is good luck; the islands and hills, that to the casual observer, appear to be desolate were vivified as I listened to the elders recount their first ice hunts and learned the Inuit names given to the lands. My time in the field has expanded my network of global friends, from amazing Inuit elders to world renounced archeologists, and given me more cherished memories than I could’ve dreamt.

A special thank you to the Coss family for helping me take Notre Dame all the way to the Arctic, and for giving me the gift of experience.