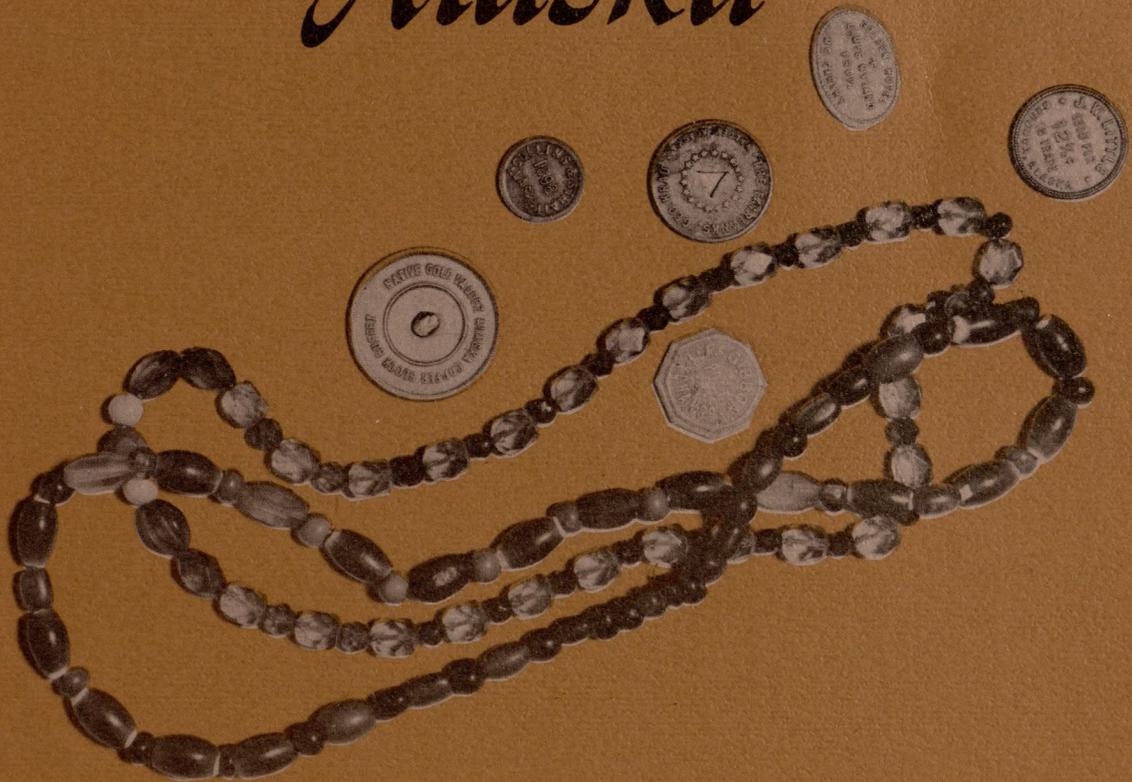


ALASKA HISTORICAL LIBRARY

The Heritage of Alaska



PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL BANK OF ALASKA / ANCHORAGE



Ethel M. Montgomery (Mrs. J.)
3411 Douglas Highway

Juneau, Alaska 1981

These episodes and incidents in Alaska's history were narrated on Alaskan TV and radio by Elmer Rasmuson, Chairman of the Board, National Bank of Alaska. Elmer Rasmuson was born at Yakutat, grew up in Southeastern Alaska and was educated in the East. After a successful business career, he returned to Alaska to become associated with the National Bank of Alaska. Over the years his public service has been legion. The Heritage Library is one of his special interests, as is this series on "The Heritage of Alaska."



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NATIONAL **Bank of Alaska**



Heritage Library

The History of Alaska

WRITTEN BY HERB HILSCHER

*Rasmussen Collection
(1981, Nov 27)*

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The Heritage Library

The history of Alaska includes many different peoples and cultures, from prehistoric Indians and Russian fur trappers to American gold miners and modern day artists. Artistic reflections of these historic adventurers are included in the unique collection of the Heritage Library.

The Heritage Library is one of the largest public displays in the state devoted exclusively to Alaskan culture. Here is a priceless collection of rare books, baskets, weapons, paintings, photographs and various artifacts of the Eskimo, Aleuts, and Athapaskans, Haida and Tlingit Indians.

To help preserve memories of both past and present, the National Bank of Alaska opened the Heritage Library on Alaska Day, October 18, 1968. Originally located at NBA's downtown branch, the library moved to its newly expanded home at Northern Lights and C Streets in January, 1978.



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The History of Alaska

EDITED BY HERB HILSCHER

*Rasmussen Collection
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An outstanding feature of the library is a collection of 1500 books — both rare and popular — on Alaskan history, explorers, Native culture and the Canadian Arctic. The books have been obtained from throughout the United States and several foreign countries, and the collection is constantly being enlarged.

The paintings exhibited here have all been executed by Alaskan artists with the exception of Leon Gaspard, who was born in Russia. Sydney Laurence and Eustace Ziegler, two of Alaska's finest painters, are represented in the library by a cross-section of their best works. The "Limitless Arctic" by Fred Machetanz typifies his work in employing the process used by the old masters, and Rusty Heurlin's "Blizzard Scene" exemplifies the artist's masterful approach to a difficult white-out scene.

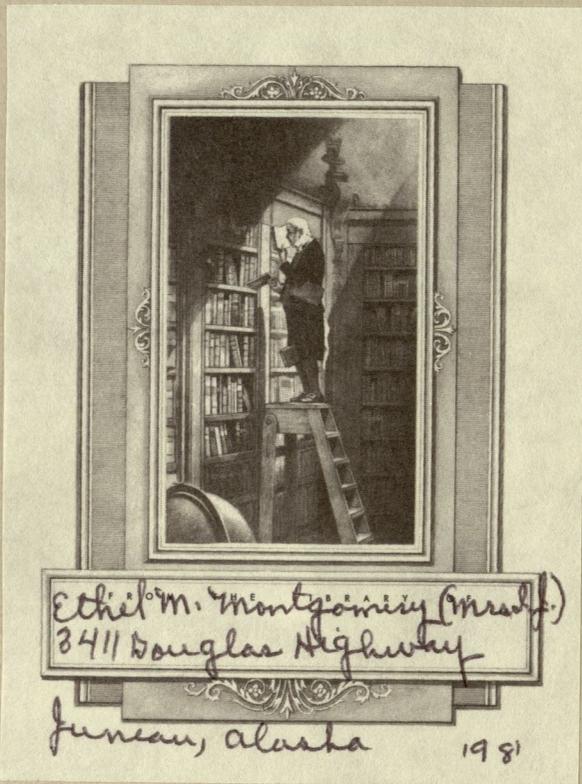
R. T. Wallen's lithographs represent one of the few complete sets in existence and the only complete set known to be on exhibition.

The Native artifacts collection includes clothing, hunting tools, toys, miniature sleds and ivory carvings — some dating as far back as 1700 B.C.

The library's display of Alaskan hand-woven baskets is perhaps the largest and finest collection to be found anywhere. The exquisite Attu baskets are especially worthy of close inspection. Other baskets, made from baleen material found in the mouths of certain whales, originally served as waterproof containers.

Also on display is a unique collection of about 400 tokens and bingles from Alaskan communities past and present.

A photo album of historic 1898 gold rush scenes — reproduced from the original glass plates — preserves the memories of a key aspect of Alaska's pioneer heritage.



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Also included in the Heritage Library are 17 Model 1895 Winchester rifles, trading beads, ship models carved from ivory, a silver tea service and Russian icons. A gold scale used in the original NBA bank at Skagway is also on display.

Open from 1 to 4 p.m. on weekdays, the Heritage Library is supervised by Mrs. Vanny Davenport, who serves as curator and librarian.

We hope you enjoy the library and utilize the resources for research or pleasure.

HERITAGE LIBRARY

MONDAY — FRIDAY

1:00 - 4:00 P.M.

SPECIAL TOURS OR INFORMATION

265-2834



3 3500 00174 6551

The Heritage of Alaska

WRITTEN BY HERB HILSCHER

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Heritage of Alaska

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The Purchase of Alaska

On Friday evening, March 29, 1867, Secretary of State William Henry Seward was playing whist with members of his family at the Seward residence in Washington, D.C.

The doorbell rang. The whist game was stopped in mid-play while a servant answered the door.

Baron Edward de Stoeckl, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Russia, was admitted. Stoeckl was a chubby person with enormous mutton-chop sideburns and an infectious smile. He beamed as he entered the living room.

Secretary Seward greeted him affably.

"I have a dispatch, Mr. Seward, from my government by cable. The Emperor gives consent to the cession. Tomorrow, if you like, I will come to the Department, and we can enter upon the treaty."

Seward, with a smile of satisfaction at the news, said, "Why wait till tomorrow, Mr. Stoeckl? LET US MAKE THE TREATY TONIGHT."

"But your department is closed. You have no clerks, and my secretaries are scattered about the town."

"Never mind that," responded Seward. "If you can muster your legation together before midnight, you will find me awaiting you at the Department, which will be open and ready for business."

Messengers and carriages were dispatched in all directions, and less than two hours afterward light was streaming out of the windows of the Department of State and business was going on there as at mid-day. By four o'clock on Saturday morning, March 30th, the treaty was engrossed, signed, sealed and ready for transmission by the President to the U.S. Senate.

The treaty was submitted by President Andrew Johnson to the U.S. Senate that same Saturday morning. But as the Congress was adjourning at noon that day, and the next session of Congress would not convene for two months, a special session of the Senate was called for the following Monday—April 1st.

Meetings of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee were held on April 1st, 3rd and 5th to consider the treaty. On April 8th the committee announced, "The treaty will be reported favorably."

The next day Senator Charles Sumner, Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, spoke for three continuous hours to a spellbound Senate and packed gallery on why the United States should buy Alaska.

Historians are agreed that Senator Sumner made one of the most learned speeches ever delivered in the U.S. Senate. It was also one of the most effective, and it moved the Senate to speedy action. The treaty was ratified in JUST TEN DAYS after it was received by the Senate. The vote was 27 to 12—only one vote more than necessary. A resolution to make the purchase unanimous failed 37 to 2.

To this day, Charles Sumner's speech of over 100 pages is a documentary source of information on Alaska of that date and its potential for the future.

This speech, and the graphic description of events of the historic signing of the treaty, are contained in a book entitled THE PURCHASE OF ALASKA by Archie W. Shiels, published by the University of Alaska and the Alaska Purchase Centennial Commission.

For more than 50 years, Archie Shiels has been an ardent student of Alaskan history. He has researched every known source of material on the subject. THE PURCHASE OF ALASKA is a significant contribution to the literature of the 49th state, and is a dramatic part of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

The Flying North

February 21, 1924, was a terribly cold day in the Interior of Alaska. Fred Milligan, wrapped in furs, was driving his dog team with the U.S. Mail through the deep snow on the divide between the Yukon watershed and the Kuskokwim. It was a twenty-day run from Nenana to McGrath, and the going was tough.

Suddenly his dogs stopped. They looked back. Then they looked up.

Then Fred heard the noise. It got louder and louder. As the plane passed overhead the pilot waved from the open cockpit. The flying machine disappeared in the direction of McGrath.

Before Fred and his dogs trotted wearily to the end of that day's run, the small single-engine plane passed overhead again on its return from McGrath. It dipped its wings to the veteran mail carrier, and sped on its way.

This event was a milestone in Alaskan history. Ben Eielson, a Fairbanks school teacher turned aviator, proved that carrying the mail by flying machine was practical, safe, economical—and fast. He also proved that aviation in Alaska was here to stay.

By general consensus, Ben Eielson was the greatest of Alaska's early day pilots, and his experiences are recounted with gusto in Jean Potter's book *THE FLYING NORTH*, a story of hair-raising experiences of brave flying men and their temperamental, single-engine airplanes.

Ben Eielson received the Harmon Trophy for being the first man to fly across the Polar Sea from Alaska to Spitzbergen. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. Eielson Air Force Base south of Fairbanks was named in his honor.

Ben Eielson arrived in Fairbanks in 1922 to teach math in high school. But what he really wanted to do was fly. He sold Fairbanksans on forming an aviation company and, after his polar flight, investment money came easy. He brought new planes to Fairbanks and developed a booming aviation business.

Search and rescue was an accepted part of the Alaskan pilot's life. In the early winter of 1929 the American fur trading ship *Nanuk* was frozen in the ice off the Siberian Coast. Eielson and Company was offered FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS CASH to ferry the furs and passengers to Alaska.

From their base at the tiny settlement of Teller, Alaska, facing Siberia, daring pilots made one successful flight to the *Nanuk*. Then came the worst blizzard in years. For thirty consecutive days Ben Eielson and his men were tied to the ground. Tempers grew short and crews snapped at each other.

Finally one pilot exploded at Eielson. "You can sit here if you like, Ben Eielson, but I'm leaving for the *Nanuk*." And with that he took off into the howling storm.

Half an hour later, without saying a word, Eielson and his mechanic revved up their plane and headed for Siberia.

Shortly thereafter, the first pilot made his precarious way back to Teller, foiled by fog, sleet and driving gale.

Eielson and his mechanic were never seen alive again.

As soon as the storm broke, an air hunt, unparalleled in the history of the Arctic, took place over the Bering Sea and Siberia. Eleven weeks later the mangled wreck of Eielson's plane was found in a snowdrift on the Siberian Coast. The plane had struck at full power.

The flyer who discovered Ben Eielson's plane was another of Alaska's famed aviators, Joe Crosson. He and a dozen other pilots pace through the pages of *THE FLYING NORTH*: Sig Wien, Jack Jefford, Jim Dodson, Harold Gillam, Archie Ferguson, and the Glacier Pilot Bob Reeve of Reeve Aleutian Airways.

I know you will enjoy every exciting episode of *THE FLYING NORTH* by Jean Potter. This story of Ben Eielson and the other early-day pilots is an important part of *THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA*.

The Lost Rocker Gold Mine

How would you like to find a lost gold mine—right here in Alaska? A mine with millions just waiting to be scooped up from a plunging mountain stream!

As the story goes, there is such a lost gold mine in Southeastern Alaska. It is called the "Lost Rocker," and it has kindled the adventurous spirit of gold seekers for one hundred years.

The legend of the "Lost Rocker" mine is told by Bob De Armond in his new book *THE FOUNDING OF JUNEAU*.

The book reads like a novel, but it has the historian's zeal for factual accuracy.

The "Lost Rocker" was discovered back in 1867—the year the United States purchased Alaska from the Russians. It was summertime, and a Hudson's Bay Company steamer called the *Otter* was cruising the shores of Southeastern Alaska on a fur-gathering expedition. The *Otter* spied a drifting canoe and, upon inspection, found that it contained the almost lifeless body of a man—and a poke of gold. The gold was worth almost \$1,500—a fortune in those days.

The man's name was Fred Culver. He had been wounded and was almost dead of starvation. As he recovered aboard the *Otter* he told a fantastic story.

He and his partner were prospecting the shores of Southeastern Alaska north of Wrangell. They traveled by canoe, panning every swift mountain stream they came to. One stream looked especially promising, so the men stashed their canoe in the underbrush and started exploring. They followed the stream into a small lake and into yet another stream. Then—bonanza! They found gold in rough abundance.

They built a "Rocker"—a wooden contraption to speed recovery of the gold—and mined furiously for two weeks.

Suddenly they were attacked by Indians. Fred's partner was killed. Fred was wounded, but, with true legendary presence of mind, he grabbed his poke of gold and started running. With the Indians in hot pursuit he made it to salt water, launched his canoe, and paddled to safety. The Indians had no craft to continue after him.

How many days elapsed before Fred Culver was picked up is not recorded by history. The **Otter** took him to Victoria, B.C. where he told his story and showed his poke of gold. He told his story again in Port Townsend, in Washington Territory, where a company was organized to prospect for the mine.

Fred Culver & Associates sailed north to Alaska aboard a schooner in the spring of 1868. Did they rediscover the "Lost Rocker" mine? Well—No! And since that time the location of the exact stream that spawned that fabulous poke of gold has been a topic of conversation whenever oldtimers get together.

Before Fred Culver died he is said to have revealed the exact location of the "Lost Rocker" to a prospector friend in Juneau, Mike Powers.

Mike announced in Juneau's first newspaper, the Alaska Free Press, that as soon as the placer gold was worked out of Gold Creek (in back of Juneau) he would go and mine the "Lost Rocker". But Mike was killed by a cave-in on Gold Creek—and the exact location of the "Lost Rocker" may have died with him.

I know that many an old timer will say, "Yes, sir, you betcha! I, too, have looked for the 'Lost Rocker' gold mine."

No doubt others will be tempted to prospect the streams in Southeastern Alaska after reading Bob De Armond's book. For with **THE FOUNDING OF JUNEAU** Bob De Armond has made an exciting contribution to **THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA**.

Sourdough Sagas

What would you do if you ran out of butter, if there was no store within 500 miles, and you had no cows in the pasture to give cream so you could do a little churning?

Well, you could do what they did on the Yukon River back in 1887, a decade before the discovery of the Klondike. (And here I quote from the new book **SOURDOUGH SAGAS** by Herbert Heller.)

"We ran out of butter, so my partner said to bring in a big set of caribou horns. We chopped the horns in two and then into pieces 10 inches long.

"He gave me a big pot and said to put the horns in it. I filled the pot with snow water and we boiled this for two nights and a day. Then we took it off the stove, took out the horns and put the pot to cool.

"In about two hours there was two inches of white butter on top of the water. We took off the butter, put

in some salt and we had as good butter as any except that it was white in color."

The early Sourdoughs were not only ingenious, but they were practical as well. **SOURDOUGH SAGAS** tells of a sign in a Klondike Roadhouse:

Spiked boots must be removed at night.
Dogs not allowed in bunks.
Candles and hot water charged extra.
Towels changed weekly.
Special rates to ministers and gamblers.

SOURDOUGH SAGAS is the work of two Alaskans separated by a generation—Lynn Smith and his nephew Herbert Heller. Lynn Smith sampled all the gold rushes in the Northland: the Klondike, Rampart, Nome, Fairbanks, Hot Springs, Ruby and Flat. He was elected the first mayor of the village of Chena, but it is said that he lost interest when he found there was no salary connected with the job.

In 1926 when he was appointed U.S. Marshal in Fairbanks, Lynn Smith started collecting the priceless reminiscences of the earliest pioneers—those who came into the Interior a decade or more before the Klondike was discovered. He was always going to publish them—but like many another Sourdough he just didn't get around to it.

It remained for his nephew Herbert Heller, who, a generation later, was on the staff of Alaska Methodist University, to dust off the yarns and prepare them for publication.

SOURDOUGH SAGAS sparkles with original stories. Like the one of Mt. McKinley alias Dinsmore's Peak.

Mt. McKinley had several names before it was officially called after our twenty-fifth president.

The Indians called it Denali, the Mountain of the Sun. And the Russians called it Bolshia, the Big One. But the early Americans in Alaska called it Dinsmore's Peak.

Frank Dinsmore (or Densmore as it was frequently spelled) went into the Interior of Alaska over Chilkoot Pass way back in 1882—a member of the second party in history to cross Chilkoot into the Yukon watershed.

When he returned to Juneau he told of a great spectacular mountain he had seen, higher than anything else in the Northland.

Later other prospectors confirmed his story—and for almost fifteen years the mountain was known in Alaska as Dinsmore's Peak.

But Dinsmore's name was not slated to go down in history. In 1897 the New York Sun carried a story about

that huge, spectacular mountain in Alaska. The story was written by a prospector who labeled the mountain McKinley in honor of the popular president. The name won instant approval in the States. The U.S. Board of Geographic Names made it official. McKinley was in—Dinsmore was out!

SOURDOUGH SAGAS brings to life the adventures and times of the era before the Klondike Gold Rush—a little-known part of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

John Ledyard— Alaska Dreamer

One of the first Americans ever to visit Alaska was so smitten with what he saw that he spent the rest of his life trying to get back to the Northland. But he never made it.

In 1772, John Ledyard was a divinity student at Dartmouth College. But he deserted Dartmouth because he had an "uncontrollable desire to see the world."

In London, four years later, John Ledyard signed aboard Captain James Cook's flagship, The HMS RESOLUTION. This was Captain Cook's third voyage around the world.

On this history making voyage, John Ledyard went to the Pacific Northwest, to Prince William Sound, up Cook Inlet, to Bristol Bay, into the Arctic almost to Point Barrow, to China and on around the world.

While in Alaskan waters, John Ledyard and members of the crew bought beautiful otter skins for only a few beads and trinkets. Later they sold these furs in Macao for a hundred dollars each!

When John Ledyard returned to America, he tried desperately to get backing for a ship to enter the Pacific Northwest-Alaska-China fur trade. His tales of profits to be made were so fantastic that shipowners simply would not believe him.

Undismayed, John went to Paris. There he met U.S. Minister Thomas Jefferson.

Ledyard confided to Jefferson his plan to get a ship, sail it to the West Coast and Alaska. There he would fill the ship with furs and send it on to China.

Ledyard himself would WALK home eastward across the American continent. John dreamed that perhaps this vast unexplored wilderness could be added to the new American nation.

Thomas Jefferson was so impressed with Ledyard's ideas that he sent the young man to London to get backing for his ship.

The plan almost succeeded—but at the last minute his backers withdrew their support.

Still undaunted, Ledyard was so determined to get back to Alaska that he hitch-hiked 5000 miles across Russia and Siberia. Almost at the Pacific Ocean, he was arrested by Cossacks, hauled back to Europe, and dumped over the Polish border. Vaguely he was accused of being a French spy. But rumor had it that Siberian merchants wanted no one to see their wanton exploitation of the Aleutian Islands.

Ledyard, broke and disheartened, accepted the leadership of a scientific expedition to Africa. He died in Cairo at the age of 38—still hoping to get back to Alaska.

Thirteen years later, Thomas Jefferson became President of the United States. He remembered John Ledyard's stories of the fabulous wealth of the Pacific Northwest. With a secret appropriation from Congress, he sent Lewis and Clark on the first overland expedition to the Pacific Coast. As a result of this trip, the American press claimed for the United States everything from California to Alaska. "54-40 or fight."

John Ledyard's dream lived on. Yankee ship owners, 25 years after Ledyard's death, dominated the Northwest trade. Later San Francisco merchants grew wealthy with Alaskan furs.

The amazing story of John Ledyard is told in two interesting books. One is his own—"The Journal of Captain Cook's Last Voyage." The other is "John Ledyard—an American Marco Polo" by Kenneth Munford.

I commend to your reading these books on John Ledyard. They are significant contributions to THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

The First Bells Cast in Alaska

After lengthy research of Russian Orthodox records, it is believed that the first bells ever produced on the West Coast of America—all the way from Panama to Alaska—were handcast in Kodiak in 1795. They were fashioned at least 15 years before bells were reportedly cast in Sitka to ship to the Spanish Missions in California along El Camino Real.

This is how it happened.

When Alexander Baranof arrived on Kodiak Island in 1791, to be the manager of the Shelikof interests in Alaska, he found many problems that needed solution.

He decided that, if the Russian colony were to succeed, the Orthodox Church must be called in to establish schools, churches, and bring Christian character to the community. So one of Baranof's earliest requests to his employer, Grigor Shelikof, was for priests and monks to come to Alaska.

After a wait of several years, the clerics arrived. Shelikof had promised that a church, comfortable lodgings, and supplies for three years would be waiting them in Kodiak. But Shelikof had lied to the priests. No buildings awaited them, and no materials and supplies were en route. How could Christianity, religious doctrine and morality be taught without an appropriate church in the village? And how could a church be important without bells to ring?

Even more distressing, the priests found that most of the Russians had taken Aleut women as common-law wives. These native women were wonderful providers and excellent mothers, but the priests could not tolerate the situation.

They bore down hard on Baranof himself. Wasn't it true that Baranof had accepted the young daughter of Chief Storyteller as his common-law wife, when he had a lawful wife and daughter somewhere in Russia?

Just what kind of deal Baranof made with Archimandrite Joseph is not known. But, in 1795, a modest church was completed. Molds for church bells were crudely made, and bells were handcast.

At the dedication, to quote existing records, "The bells rang forth joyously."

Baranof gave 1500 rubles for the support of the church—a fortune in those days—and an order was issued that all Russians should marry their Aleut wives. All children were enrolled in the church and thus became legal. All Aleuts were declared to be Christians.

How many bells were handcast in Kodiak we do not know. The church had three fires in 148 years and the other bells were probably completely destroyed.

One bell extant was broken in half in the last fire. Using this broken bell as a model, three bells have been cast in identical size and metallic content to the original. These three bells are used in the magnificent Kodiak production of the "Cry of the Wild Ram." When not in use in the annual performance of the pageant, the bells are hung in the Church in Kodiak. They "ring forth joyously" for weddings and special occasions.

The broken bell cast in Kodiak in 1795 and the three exact replicas are a fitting part of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

Heinie Snider- The Bard of Wasilla

One of Alaska's distinguished citizens is a veteran of the Foreign Legion. Born in Holland, he sampled the entire world before he decided on Alaska. He has served in both houses of our Territorial Legislature, and has thousands of friends from Ketchikan to Point Barrow.

This adventurer, politician and author is none other than Gerrit Snider—known the length and breadth of Alaska as "Heinie".

Now a bustling, active, dynamic 81 years of age, Heinie Snider has just completed his third book, "100 Stories of Alaska." He is also the author of "So Was Alaska," a collection of sourdough reminiscences, and a text book on mink farming.

Heinie ran away to sea when he was 14, and, from ship to ship, covered all continents and all oceans.

He spent two years in the Foreign Legion in Africa, and in 1909 made his way north to Alaska. He built a raft at the headwaters of the Yukon, and floated down the river to Dawson.

Placer mining and chasing gold stampedes in the Interior occupied the young Dutchman's time until 1915, when he went south and became an employee at the San Francisco world's fair.

Heinie was 29 and unmarried. He had met lots of girls, but he still remembered pretty and petite Alice Aldenberg in Holland, whom he had met just once when she was 15.

Through a relative in Spokane, Heinie learned that Alice not only remembered the fascinating young Dutchman—she still carried the torch for him.

In his direct, swashbuckling manner Heinie said, "Well, if she feels that way about me, I'll send her the money and she can come over here and marry me."

On May 20, 1915, Alice Aldenberg married Gerrit Snider in Spokane, Washington. Heinie tells with relish, "And I borrowed \$5 to pay the minister."

Mr. and Mrs. Snider celebrated their 52nd wedding anniversary last year. Parents of four children, they now have twelve grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Snider, who is all of 4 feet 11 inches tall, and weighs 98 pounds, swims in Lake Lucille in front of

their Wasilla home every day. That is, from May 15th— or as soon as the ice is out—until the end of October. This daily swim, she says, is the reason for her excellent health.

Heinie brought his wife to Anchorage in the spring of 1916, and their first home was a tent pitched alongside of what is now Fourth Avenue. Their daughter Elizabeth was born that fall, and was the first baby girl baptized in the Presbyterian Church.

Incidentally, Heinie says, "Old Man Rasmuson (meaning my father) and I had to work fast to finish building the church so that it would be ready for christening my daughter when she arrived in this world."

Heinie has dabbled in National GOP politics. As a member of the Alaskan delegation to the GOP National Convention in 1952 he cast his lone vote for General Eisenhower.

To quote Heinie, "I did this only after talking with General Eisenhower and getting his promise that, if elected, he would appoint an Alaskan as governor of the Territory. He kept his word, and Frank Heintzelman was our first Alaskan GOP governor."

Mr. and Mrs. Heinie Snider, Alaskan pioneers, are the ultimate in genuine Alaskan friendship and hospitality. They thoroughly enjoy having guests call on them. A visit to their home in Wasilla is a delightful experience and is one of those treasured events which gives flavor and color to our Alaskan living.

I salute Heinie Snider, whose adventurous life in the Northland is part of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

William Dall— Alaska's Man of Science

Have you ever watched the dashing porpoise that so playfully darts in front of your boat anywhere in Alaskan coastal waters?

His name is PHOCOENOIDES DALLI — and he is named after Alaska's first man of science.

Then there is that superb, beautiful animal that lives high on crags in our Alaskan mountains — the sheep with the gorgeous curled horns so highly prized by sportsmen.

This creature is OVIS DALLI—also named in honor of Alaska's first man of science.

Just who was this man? His name appears at least ten times on the map of Alaska — yet he is practically unknown in the 49th State today.

William Healey Dall was born in Boston in 1845. The famous Professor Louis Agassiz, head of Comparative Zoology at Harvard, took a great liking to youthful William and introduced him to the field of natural sciences.

During the Civil War, William Dall met Robert Kennicott who was in charge of building the Western Union telegraph line through Alaska—a part of the system that would link America with Europe through Siberia.

William Dall, then 19, was hired by Kennicott to go to Alaska as a scientist for the Western Union expedition. His job was to collect mussels, barnacles, starfish, crabs, limpets and all sea invertebrates and send them back to the Smithsonian Institution.

William Dall fell in love with Alaska. In the fall of 1865, from St. Michael, at the mouth of the Yukon River, he shipped back over 800 species and 10,000 specimens — most of them heretofore unseen by any scientist.

But fate was against the expedition. The Trans-Atlantic cable laid by the steamer Great Eastern turned out to be a success, so all work in Alaska was abandoned and the crews departed for San Francisco.

Dall returned to Washington, D.C. Here he plunged into writing his encyclopedia of Alaska. His 650-page "Alaska and Its Resources", published in 1870, is still a major authoritative source on all things Alaskan.

In 1871, William H. Dall transferred to the Coast Survey and in the next four years charted Alaskan waters from the end of the Aleutians back to and including the Panhandle. A new map of Alaska was issued over his signature. Every year Dall carried on some major project in the interest of Alaska. During his long life of public service, he wrote over 400 scientific publications.

Over the years, Dall followed events in Alaska as though the Territory were his child. Nothing escaped his notice or his comment.

He made his final trip to Alaska in 1899, as a member of the distinguished Harriman Alaska Expedition. Out of this leisurely, deluxe tour came Dall's volume on mollusks.

In 1915, in Washington, D. C., a banquet of unprecedented proportions honored Dall for his 50 years in science.

In 1924, when he was almost 80 years of age,

William Healey Dall turned his work over to younger men, and retired from government service. He died in 1927.

The next time a porpoise dashes playfully across your bow, or you stop to admire a beautiful glistening white sheep high on an Alaskan peak, or pass Dall Island, Dall Bay, Dall River, Dall Lake, Dall Point, et cetera, et cetera, give William Healey Dall a tip of your hat.

His life and his heart were dedicated to the Northland. He was Alaska's FIRST Man of Science. He made a great contribution to THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

Fred Machetanz— Distinguished Artist

Alaskans have one distinction known the world around. They are **very** art conscious. There is more original art in Alaskan homes—oil paintings, temperas, water colors and other media—than you will find in comparable homes almost anywhere in the world.

One of Alaska's favorite artists is Fred Machetanz—a painter so highly regarded in art circles that the University of Alaska appointed him the school's first "Distinguished Associate in Art" in 1963.

Fred Machetanz's paintings are the kind that are noticed. They are realistic, they are bold, they are alive. And they have the touch of a master. They are the result of 30 years' personal knowledge of life in the far north, combined with a mastery of the techniques of painting.

Take the painting that President Johnson picked out when he was in Anchorage. It was a typical Alaskan subject—a dog team against a mountain. But it was a dog team with a difference. A dog team of such movement and such bold, but controlled, strokes that you felt yourself a part of the action.

Fred uses the techniques of the old masters in his paintings. He starts with an underpainting of the general composition, then adds layer after layer of transparent oil colors. Each color must dry thoroughly before the next layer is put on.

"This gives a translucence, a depth of color you don't get with the opaque technique," Fred explained. "And with this method, your paintings last forever."

Artist Machetanz is a native of Kenton, Ohio, with a master's degree in Fine Arts from Ohio State.

But in 1935 nobody was buying art for art's sake, so Fred accepted an invitation from his Uncle Traeger at Unalakleet to come to Alaska for six weeks. He became so enamored with the Northland that he stayed two years!

Fred made endless sketches, drawings and paintings of life in the Arctic. When he returned to the Lower 48 he wrote and illustrated his first book, "Panuck, Eskimo Sled Dog." This was followed by "On Arctic Ice."

Fred couldn't stay away from Alaska. He met his wife, Sara, on a trip north in 1946. She was on a vacation tour, but he didn't give her a chance to go back Outside. They were married at Unalakleet, and took their honeymoon trip by dog sled.

Sara wrote a book about this unique experience and called it "Where Else But Alaska." Since then she has written five more books on Alaska, with illustrations by artist Machetanz.

Fred and Sara have an ideal artist-writer home on top of a high ridge just south of Palmer. Though he does most of his painting there, Fred considers all of Alaska his province. His Southeastern subjects are just as popular as his Arctic paintings.

Recently Fred has received several commissions for paintings of historic ships. These came about as the result of the large painting of Captain Cook's flagship, the HMS Resolution, which Governor Walter Hickel ordered for the Hotel Captain Cook.

Although Fred's paintings have what his friends call The Machetanz Look—"you can always tell his style"—Fred refuses to duplicate any of his work.

"It is against my principles to make a copy of any of my paintings, or to dash off a painting for a quick sale," he told me. "Every painting is as perfect as I can make it."

His wife agrees. "Sometimes I think a painting will never be finished," she smiles. "His patience, when he's painting, is limitless."

It is this patience, and this talent, that make Fred Machetanz the distinguished artist that he is. His works are, indeed, part of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

Farthest-North School— The University of Alaska

The farthest-north school of higher learning under the American flag sits on a hill above the Tanana

Valley four miles west of Fairbanks. It is one of America's 68 land-grant colleges, and it attracts students from all over the world.

When the school opened in 1922, as the Alaska Agricultural College and School of Mines, it had an enrollment of six students, a staff of six faculty members, and a president, Charles E. Bunnell, who guided the school for 27 years.

In 1935, the name was changed to the University of Alaska, and over the years great progress has taken place on the campus.

Today, under dynamic president Dr. William R. Wood, the University has nearly 2,000 students on campus, another 3,000 in seven community colleges throughout the state, and still another 2,000 in small community and military evening courses. The University's six colleges offer undergraduate degrees in a wide variety of subjects, as well as master's degrees and doctorates.

The University's physical plant is being expanded to keep up with the skyrocketing enrollment, which is expected to reach 5,000 by 1975. There are already 27 permanent buildings on campus, and more are on the drawing board. The newest additions to the University's facilities are the buildings of the Arctic Research Center. The U. of A. has already acquired a worldwide reputation for the excellence of its research in 11 fields associated with our northern latitudes and the celestial regions overhead.

Most of the structures on campus are named after prominent Alaskans who have been instrumental in building the University, such as Alfred H. Brooks, Andrew Nerland, Harriet Hess, Ben Eielson, William E. Duckering, Terris Moore and Ernest N. Patty.

Two of the buildings are of special interest to the many tourists who visit the University each year. One is Constitution Hall (the Student Union Building) where 55 delegates from all over the Territory met in the winter of 1955 and 1956 to write the constitution for the proposed State of Alaska. The other is the University's Museum, a showplace with over 200,000 items, including Eskimo and Indian artifacts, dioramas, and relics of the gold rush days.

It has been my honor and privilege to be a member of the Board of Regents of this institution for 18 years,

the last 12 of them as president of the board. No public service in which I have been engaged has been more rewarding than my association with the University of Alaska.

In talking with the young men and women on my frequent visits to the campus, I am always reminded of two of the sterling objectives of our university:

To develop competent leadership for the people of Alaska in their continued improvement of the State as a region in which to live; and to strive, above all, to develop in its students, at all levels, those qualities of mind and body which are necessary for life as a worthy human being in a democratic society.

All this, my friends, is a part of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

The Story of The Attu Baskets

1,785 miles west of Anchorage, down the Aleutian Chain, is the island of Attu. It is the last island of the Aleutians, and it is located more than 400 miles into the Eastern Hemisphere.

This is the home of the famous Attu basket, the finest, most delicate piece of artistry developed by any native culture in Alaska. Today Attu baskets are a rarity, practically museum pieces. If you own one, you are very fortunate.

Attu baskets are unique for several reasons. The Aleuts will tell you that the Attu grass is the finest and tallest of all the grasses on the Chain. The grass is cured for several years—then stripped of its outer coating, and only the finely-textured "heart" is used.

Attu baskets take weeks to make, and infinite patience and care are taken in their construction. The grass is kept wet while it is being woven so that it will be pliable, will mesh tightly, and will keep the basket symmetrical.

Before the Russians came to Alaska, the Aleuts wove baskets as big as saucepans and kettles. These baskets were so tight that they held water without leaking. They had distinctive decorative designs made by dyes from berries and bark.

In later years, when trading ships brought silk thread of many colors to the Chain, the Aleuts wove the thread into their baskets to produce different colorful designs and patterns.

Last summer, Mary Louise and I met Mrs. Parascovia Wright, who was born on Attu, and who is believed to be one of the last of the Attu weavers actually making those lovely baskets.

As a young girl, Parascovia was taught the art of Attu basket-making by her grandmother, and, as she grew up, she was regarded as one of the most skilled weavers in the village.

Parascovia was 17 when the Japanese captured the island of Attu in 1942, and took the 57 inhabitants to Japan. She told me that the Japanese officers admired her baskets, and allowed her to take packets of Attu grass along with her to Japan.

But she had no time to weave. During the two-and-one-half years the Attuans were prisoners of war they worked in the clay pits of Hokkaido. Thirty of them died in Japan. Of the 27 who came back, Parascovia was the only one who had the full knowledge and skill of basket weaving.

After the war, the federal government consolidated the dwindling villages of Attu and Atka, and Parascovia lived for a time on Atka. Today she lives in Anchorage, where she has raised a family of four children.

Last summer, Parascovia demonstrated her weaving skill, and displayed her baskets at the Anchorage Centennial's Igloo-Puk exhibit. She created so much interest that several local citizens set about to work out a way for her to pass her skill and art on to the next generation.

I sincerely hope that this can be accomplished. Attu basketry must not disappear from our Alaskan civilization and culture. For it is, indeed, a part of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

38 Musk Oxen and John Teal, Jr.

One of the most promising experiments in our northern civilization is now taking place on the Uni-

versity of Alaska campus. This experiment involves a dedicated man named John Teal, Jr., and 38 musk oxen—those odd creatures that look like hangovers from the stone age.

Since 1954, John Teal, as head of the Institute of Northern Agricultural Research, has devoted his life to the musk ox. His program is (1) to preserve the musk ox from extermination, (2) to mastermind the domestic breeding of the musk ox, and (3) to bring about a great social change in the Arctic regions around the world.

Fortunately, as far as preservation is concerned, the musk ox is now protected by International Treaty. Besides the 38 animals on the University of Alaska campus, there are over 400 on Nunivak Island, and there are herds in Greenland, in upper Canada and in Norway.

John Teal believes he is already establishing, beyond a scientific doubt, that the musk ox can be domesticated.

For example, when the musk ox is wild, its normal lactation period is on a two-year basis. But at the farm, with proper care and feeding, calves are weaned in three months. The breeding cycle is now one year, and production has doubled.

Contrary to fanciful stories, the musk oxen are friendly creatures. They respond quickly to care and attention. When the Teal family goes swimming, the musk oxen insist on joining in the fun at the old swimming hole.

As far as Teal is concerned, the significance of the musk ox program is this. About one-twentieth of the world's land surface is in the Arctic, and at present its economic value is undeveloped. Teal is convinced that the Arctic can be expanded for permanent settlement with herds of domesticated musk oxen. These shaggy creatures, he believes, can bring about a social change on the northern slopes of Alaska, Canada, Greenland and Norway by giving the Eskimos a self-sufficient, highly productive economy.

What makes this unprepossessing-looking animal so valuable? It is the commercial value of the six pounds of gossamer, silky wool he produces each year, and sheds in the summertime. This wool is called qiviut, and it is much finer, lighter, longer-fibered and infinitely warmer than cashmere. One pound of qiviut, spun in the standard 40-strand thread, will give a thread nearly 25 miles long.

Qiviut, when put on the market, will sell for \$50 per pound, producing an annual cash crop of up to \$300 per musk ox. Already fabric manufacturers the world over are requesting that their orders be put on file.

I have the first scarf of qiviut woven at the University of Alaska. Like other garments made from this wool, it is so light you scarcely know you have it on—and so warm it is ideal for extremely cold weather.

As president of the Board of Regents of the University of Alaska, I commend John Teal for his dedication, his zeal, and his contribution to civilization in Alaska, and the Arctic regions of the world. His research is becoming a part of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

The Story of Alaskan Whaling

Have you ever heard of a Nantucket Sleigh Ride? It is the most unique sleigh ride in the world.

"Nantucket Sleigh Ride" was a popular term a century ago when whaling ships plied the Atlantic Ocean. These sailing vessels carried several small whale boats, along with skilled harpooners whose job was to plunge the harpoon into a vital spot of the whale and kill him quickly.

Unfortunately, too often the harpoon missed its mark—and the infuriated whale took off across the blue ocean at top speed. The long rope attached to the harpoon snapped out, and the whale boat, with its crew of six men, took off on a wild dangerous "sleigh ride." Often the whale doubled back and charged the boat. The men were hurled into the ocean, and their boat was destroyed.

As whales became scarce in the Atlantic, the whalers roamed farther afield. In 1848, Captain James Royce sailed the bark "Superior" around Cape Horn and up the West Coast of America to Alaska. In the virgin Bering Sea he found a bonanza. Whales everywhere!

He tried to keep his discovery a secret, but, within a decade, practically all whalers from the East Coast were sailing around Cape Horn and up into the Alaskan Arctic.

Though whales were abundant, the whalers soon discovered that they had more than the "Nantucket Sleigh Ride" to contend with in Alaska. They battled the cold, the ice, and the gales of the treacherous Arctic, and the tragedies made headlines throughout the country:

"Twelve ships crushed in Arctic Ice—
Fifty lives lost."

"Five whalers sunk in violent storm
off Point Barrow."

"Thirty-three whalers crushed in
grinding ice floes of the Arctic."

For 50 years, these gallant sailing ships tried to outwit the moving, grinding polar ice and vicious Arctic storms. The whaling season was short—from midsummer till September—and many a vessel got caught when the ice moved in too early.

There were dramatic stories of escape and survival. In 1871, 1,200 men were stranded when their ships were trapped in the crushing grip of the polar ice. Cautiously they made their way to five ships still in clear water a few miles to the south. These five vessels were crowded beyond belief, but they set sail, and a month later arrived in Honolulu with all hands safe!

Another rescue mission occurred in 1897, just a few years before the romantic sailing whalers were replaced by the more prosaic steam whalers.

Eight ships had become trapped in the ice at Point Barrow, and their crews miraculously escaped over the perilous floes to shore. But how could 265 men survive on short rations until a ship arrived the following summer?

George Fred Tilton, first mate of the *Belvedere*, volunteered to go for help. By foot, dog team and boat he traveled 3,000 miles, suffering untold hardships and unbelievable experiences. But his mission was successful. A herd of reindeer was driven to Point Barrow to feed the crews!

The tales of whaling in Alaska waters are romantic—they are tragic—and they are astounding! I hope that someday soon an Alaskan will collect and publish all these sagas of an exciting era in Alaska's history. They will be a worthy addition to THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

Alaska on the World Map

Have you ever wondered how Alaska got onto the map of the world?

It took a little over 50 years to accomplish, and, basically, five cartographers were involved.

In 1741, when Vitus Bering set sail from Siberia to search for the North American continent, he had to navigate more by fancy than by fact.

The best chart available to him was one drawn ten years previously by a French astronomer named Delisle. The map showed Siberia and Japan in proper position, but the North Pacific Ocean and North America, all the way to Hudson's Bay, was a blank.

Now Delisle, like the other map makers of that day, had to have a gimmick to sell more maps. For his gimmick, Delisle drew in a small, nebulous area just east of Japan which he called Gamaland.

Gamaland, according to Delisle, had been secretly discovered by a Spanish navigator named Fonte. It was described as a fabulous island of gold, silver, jewels and riches beyond description.

So when Bering left on his voyage of discovery he was ordered to sail on a course which would take him to Gamaland. He wasted days searching for this island where it was shown on Delisle's map. He finally decided it didn't exist, and he sailed eastward to discover Alaska.

As a result of Bering's voyage, a Russian map of the North Pacific was drawn up in 1758. This map established the latitude and longitude of Cape St. Elias and a number of islands in the Aleutian Chain.

Three years later, a revised map of the North Pacific was produced in London. This English revision connected, with perceptive imagination, the coastline of America from California to Cape St. Elias. The cartographer guessed, with amazing ingenuity, the shape of the Alaska Peninsula and the general outline of the coastline all the way to Point Barrow. This map became THE map of the North Pacific Ocean.

About this same time, a Russian trading ship, commanded by a Lieutenant Sindo, was sent from Siberia to the Aleutians. The Lieutenant discovered a dozen or more islands, including Kodiak, and drew up a map of his discovery. Although his latitudes and longitudes were inaccurate, his findings added enthusiasm for more voyages of exploration.

Now, Captain James Cook, as map maker Number Five, comes on the scene.

Searching for the Northwest Passage, Captain Cook did a thorough job of mapping the coastline of Alaska almost to Point Barrow. His map, published in 1785, was so accurate that it was used by navigators of all nations **until after the purchase of Alaska by the United States.**

It was Cook's chart that put Alaska firmly into its proper place in world cartography.

These five maps—the fanciful Delisle map that showed Gamaland, the Vitus Bering map, the British revised map, the Aleutian map of Lieutenant Sindo, and the detailed map of Captain James Cook—all play a vital role in THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

Alaska Day-1867

In the afternoon of October 18, 1867, formal exercises took place in Sitka to transfer the sovereignty of Russian America to the United States. Historians describe the scene as "impressive," but imply that it was more or less a cut-and-dried affair.

However, details of exactly what happened, as seen through the eyes of General Lovell H. Rousseau, who represented the United States at the transfer and wrote an official report of the event, showed it to be a traumatic experience for the Russians.

The actual ceremony of the transfer took place on Castle Hill in front of Baranof's Castle, with residents of Sitka—Russians, Creoles and Indians—on hand for the formalities. U.S. soldiers stood in formation to the right of the flag pole, and the Russian company formed ranks to the left. Captain Alexei Pestchouroff of the Imperial Russian Navy represented the Czar.

As General Rousseau wrote in his official report:

"At precisely half past three o'clock, the troops were brought to present arms. A signal was given to the USS Ossipee to start firing the salute. And the ceremony was begun by slowly lowering the Russian flag.

"Suddenly the exercises were interrupted! The Russian flag had caught in the ropes attached to the flag pole! The soldier who was lowering the flag continued to pull at it, and tore off the border by which it was attached, leaving the flag entwined tightly around the ropes.

"The flag pole was perhaps 90 feet in height. Several Russian soldiers attempted to ascend to the flag, but could not make their way more than halfway up the pole. Finally a boatswain's chair was made with a rope, and a Russian soldier was hoisted upward."

The soldier, according to Rousseau's report, detached the flag from the ropes. But, not hearing the commands from Captain Pestchouroff to "Bring it down", he tossed

it down. In its descent, the Imperial Flag fluttered open and fell on the bayonets of the Russian soldiers.

We can just imagine the horror-stricken crowd as it watched mutely while the soldiers retrieved their lacerated national emblem.

General Rousseau's report continued:

"The United States flag was then properly attached and began its ascent, hoisted by my private secretary (General Rousseau's son) and again the salutes were fired.

"Captain Pestchoureff stepped up to me and said, 'General Rousseau, by authority from his Majesty, the Emperor of Russia, I transfer to the United States the Territory of Alaska.'

"In a few words I acknowledged the acceptance of the transfer, and the ceremony was at an end."

The ill-fated lowering of the double-eagle emblem was heart-rending to the Russians present. Princess Maksutov, wife of the governor, fainted and was carried from the scene. Many Russians and Creoles wept openly. It was a sorrowful finale to the Russian occupation of North America.

This story of a day in history, filled with drama and pathos, is part of **THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA**.

The Alaska Dictionary

If a Cheechako says to you, "You Alaskans are eternal optimists! You still believe in the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow—and the paystreak in the next shovelful!" You can answer, "You betcha! It's a way of life with us up here!"

And to prove this beyond any doubt, you can announce that in Alaska there are officially 25 Bonanza Creeks, 22 Gold Creeks, 14 American Creeks and 13 Fourth of July Creeks!

Where do all these names come from?

The answer lies in the new "Dictionary of Alaska Place Names" compiled by the U.S. Geological Survey. This authoritative publication lists over 40,000 place names in Alaska, giving their location, their description and their history.

The dictionary is 1,084 pages long, and it is a fascinating volume. I wager you'll spend hours browsing through it just as I did.

There is a section on the "Origin of Names", explaining how the early explorers, the gold rush stampeders, and the Alaska Native population all put their stamp on the map of Alaska.

The Russians, starting with Bering in 1741, sprinkled names all along the Alaska coastline. Even before the sale of Russian America, hundreds of Russian names had been affixed to the map as far north as the Yukon River.

Although Spanish explorers came to Alaska just a few years after the Russians, no Spanish maps were published for years, so few Spanish names survive. Among the best known are Valdez, Cordova, Malaspina and Revillagigedo.

The English explorers were great name droppers. Starting with Captains Cook and Vancouver, they covered a good portion of the territory, naming everything in sight. After the U.S. purchased Alaska, numerous official U.S. agencies immediately took on the job of applying names to bays, mountains and villages. They retained many of the names which Alaska Natives had given to their villages, like the Indian Klawock, Angoon and Yakutat, and the Eskimo Kivalina, Noatak and Umiat.

Another section of the book, entitled "Sources of Names", gives the history and biography of more than 160 persons and expeditions whose names have become a part of the geography of Alaska. These include the expeditions of John Muir, Rev. S. Hall Young, Lt. Frederick Schwatka, Lt. Henry Allen, Geologist Alfred Brooks and a host of others.

Oldtimers will no doubt take issue with the USGS' derivation of Cheechako in the listing "Cheechako Gulch". The sole notation reads: "Local name reported in 1958 by USGS."

Now all Sourdoughs know that Cheechako means a "newcomer" to Alaska. Oldtimers will tell you that the name stems from the song of the little bird that sings in the springtime, "Chee-cha-ko, Chee-cha-ko".

Now Cheechako means "newcomer" all right, but it's not from the bird! Cheechako is an old Chinook word from the Indians of the Pacific Northwest. It is so old that it appeared in a **Chinook dictionary** printed

in Portland in 1854. In Chinook, Chee means "new", and Chako means "person just arrived."

Years of work and detailed preparation went into the compilation of the new "Dictionary of Alaska Place Names". For the historian, as a reference work, or for just plain interesting browsing, I recommend it highly. It is, indeed, an important contribution to THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

The Capital Move

Alaskan historians are often asked, "Why did the capital of Alaska move from Sitka to Juneau?"

Strictly speaking, the capital of Alaska was not moved from Sitka to Juneau—for Sitka never was the capital! As far as U.S. statutes are concerned, Alaska did not officially have a capital until it became a Territory in 1912.

When Alaska's first Organic Act was adopted in 1884, "the temporary seat of government" was established at Sitka. Sitka had been the old Russian capital, and the first five American governors of Alaska used the long Russian log building adjoining the parade grounds for their offices and living quarters.

But with the discovery of gold at Juneau, and the development of big mining there, Juneauites began agitating to move the seat of government. In any mining camp, easy access to the courts is essential to settle boundary disputes, contracts, payments and a hundred other matters. It was a nuisance to have to travel all the way to Sitka just to see the judge.

In 1900, at the instigation of the residents of Juneau, Congress passed the Carter Act which stated: The temporary seat of government of Alaska is hereby established at Juneau.

As Bob DeArmond, Juneau's historian, described it, "If the District Court would have been moved to Juneau—or—had the judge simply gone there to hold court—the people of Juneau might have been quite content to leave the Governor's office and the Surveyor-General's office in Sitka."

Events bore him out. After the Carter Act became law, the District Court and the U.S. Marshal moved quietly to Juneau. Once the court had moved, there was little agitation to move the remainder of the government. What there was stemmed from a personal clash with Governor John Brady.

Yet it wasn't until Governor Brady started promoting the resources of other sections of Alaska that wheels in Juneau started moving to clip his wings. Juneauites resented this competition—and appealed to Washington.

President Theodore Roosevelt terminated Brady's tenure, and appointed Wilford B. Hoggatt, who had mining interests in Juneau, to the office of Governor.

Hoggatt did not bother to move the Governor's headquarters. He merely opened an office in Juneau. The lone clerk in Brady's Sitka office resigned. The records were boxed up and shipped to Juneau.

Governor Hoggatt rented two residences on Main Street—one for an office and the other as living quarters. Now Hoggatt was a widower, and 14 rooms gave the Governor quite a bit of extra space. Romantic speculation became a Juneau conversation piece. And sure enough—he remarried within two years. His living quarters became the official residence until the present mansion was completed in 1913.

With the Governor firmly ensconced in Juneau—what other official offices were left in Sitka? The Collector of Customs had transferred his seals, sealing wax and papers from Sitka in 1902. There remained only the Land Office to comply with the law.

Late in September of 1906, General William L. Distin, Surveyor-General and ex-officio Secretary of Alaska, boarded the steamer Cottage City in Sitka, bound for Juneau. Forty tons of paper work and fixtures went with him.

This completed the transfer of Alaska's "seat of government" from Sitka to Juneau. The "seat of government" officially became the "capital of Alaska" in 1912—a significant date in the annals of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

Did Dr. Cook Climb Mt. McKinley?

One of the hottest stories to shake the world more than half a century ago involved the alleged first ascent of Mt. McKinley.

Did Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the noted Arctic authority, and president of The Explorers Club, actually climb Mt. McKinley—or was he a faker?

Cook's associates vowed he didn't reach the summit. Cook said he did. The controversy divided into hostile camps some of the biggest names in the explorers' world.

Charges and counter charges—proofs and denials—are documented in a new book entitled *MT. MCKINLEY—THE PIONEER CLIMBS*, written by Dr. Terris Moore and published by the University of Alaska Press. Dr. Moore, a member of The Explorers Club, who climbed to the top of McKinley in 1942, gives an exciting account of Dr. Cook's adventures in the Northland.

Dr. Cook was an M.D. who accompanied Peary on his first unsuccessful attempt to reach the North Pole—and Amundsen on a trip to the Antarctic. In 1903, Cook organized his own expedition to conquer Mt. McKinley. The party couldn't get beyond 11,000 feet on the North Peak, and Cook wrote: "It's as difficult to reach McKinley's unclimbed summit as to reach the North Pole."

In 1906 Cook tried again. For two months his party explored and mapped McKinley's southern glaciers. Their conclusion: There is no possible route to the summit from the south side.

The party broke up in mid-August. One member made a trip up the Matanuska River; another reconnoitered in Cook Inlet. Dr. Cook took his horsepacker Ed Barrill to search for a possible river route to McKinley.

When the party rendezvoused in September, Dr. Cook made the electrifying announcement: "I have been to the top of McKinley." He claimed that he and Barrill had found a new route from the north. They made a dash to the summit in 8 days—and returned in 4.

Cook's associates were speechless. One wrote, "I knew that Dr. Cook had not climbed Mt. McKinley in the same way that a New Yorker would know that no man can walk from the Brooklyn Bridge to Grant's Tomb in 10 minutes."

But publicity made Cook a public hero. He lectured on his conquest of Mt. McKinley to enthusiastic audiences. As his detractors had no positive proof of Cook's deception, they could make no public outcry.

A year later, *Harpers Magazine* published Cook's thrilling story—including a map of the purported route to the summit, and a photo of horsepacker Barrill on the summit holding an American flag. This gave the doubters the ammunition they needed. They were convinced that no one could have forced his way over such a route in 8 days.

As they were about to present proof before The Explorers Club, Dr. Cook left secretly on an Arctic expedition. He was still away when his book *TO THE TOP OF THE CONTINENT* was published—with additional photos of the alleged climb.

A careful study of the photos proved beyond any doubt that the pictures had been faked. The false peak was nothing more than a partially snow-covered rock pinnacle in a foothill range southeast of Mt. McKinley—distant about 20 miles from its actual summit.

In 1909 Dr. Cook appeared before The Explorers Club to answer charges, but he refused to testify. From then on, his day slowly faded away.

Dr. Cook was dropped by The Explorers Club and other official societies, but the public controversy continued. Even after his death, Cook's supporters tried zealously to uphold his claims—though every subsequent climb of McKinley helped to disprove them.

For years, Dr. Cook's alleged ascent of Mt. McKinley has provided speculation and debate for newspapers, magazines and books—and has added a provocative chapter to *THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA*.

Reindeer To The Rescue

A fantastic event happened during the Klondike Gold Rush—an event so unbelievable that the entire episode was swept under the rug as quickly as possible. In fact, there is very little existing official record that the snafu ever happened.

When the steamer *Portland* arrived in Seattle from Alaska in July, 1897, the newspapers of the world blazed with headlines: *A TON OF GOLD ARRIVES FROM THE KLONDIKE*. The stampede started at once. Several thousand men crossed Chilkoot Pass before freeze-up and paddled down the Yukon to Dawson.

For some unknown reason, reports started spreading up and down the Pacific Coast that there was a famine in the Klondike. Thousands of American prospectors were said to be on the verge of starvation. The rumors grew bigger with the telling.

There was no way of authenticating the reports in a hurry, as there was no telegraph station within 1,500 miles of the Klondike. Actually, Uncle Sam was so uninformed about the North country that many Washington officials had no idea whether Dawson was in Alaska or Canada.

Chambers of Commerce bombarded Congress with urgent appeals to get food to the starving Americans. "Do something—and do it now!" the wires demanded.

In December, 1897, an alarmed Congress—afraid not to act—appropriated \$200,000 for the relief of "the people in the Yukon River country."

The funds were turned over to the Secretary of War. He decided—correctly—that the easiest and fastest routes to get supplies into the Yukon Valley were over Chilkoot Pass and the Dalton Trail from Haines.

But instead of rounding up dog teams and horses to transport the supplies over the winter trails—a bizarre, dramatic, wild scheme was hatched. **LET'S USE REINDEER!**

So a party sailed across the Atlantic to Norway to buy reindeer, harnesses, sleds, and 500 tons of reindeer moss. A ship was chartered, and 538 reindeer, scores of Lapland herdsmen, and all equipment steamed at full speed for New York.

A special train waited at the dock, and the reindeer and crews were rushed to Seattle. Another specially chartered craft transported them to Alaska.

By the time they arrived in Haines, it was the end of March—and the breakup was underway. Travel was impossible!

And to the embarrassment of all, it was learned that there had been no famine in the Klondike. Prospectors were not dying of starvation. The Canadian government had the situation well in hand, and a simple check with Ottawa would have revealed no serious food shortage.

What about the reindeer? Those tundra animals were found utterly unfit to travel the timbered routes to the Interior. When the last of their Norwegian moss was gone, they died by the score. Hardly more than a hundred reached the Interior a year later.

The War Department closed the book on this embarrassing episode—and Congress tried to forget all about it. But it made a juicy story around Alaskan campfires for many a winter. This little-known story of the reindeer trek to the Yukon Valley is a unique part of **THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA**.

Elsa Pedersen

Phenomenal Alaskan Writer

Practically every visitor to the 49th state says, "Alaska is such a fascinating place! You meet so many interesting people up here."

We Alaskans hear that statement so often that we take it for granted. But the truth is, I don't know of a place in the world where you **can** meet so many interesting people as you can right here in Alaska.

For example, let's take the fishing community of Seldovia on lower Cook Inlet. This quaint old Russian settlement has a population of less than 400 persons. Yet Seldovia is the home of a writer who, today, has the phenomenal record of having written 10 books—and all 10 of them are currently in print. Before the end of this year, she will have an even dozen books on the market.

This charming lady is Elsa Pedersen, who, I suspect, is Alaska's most productive author.

From 8 in the morning until 5 at night, Elsa Pedersen is the office manager of Wakefield Seafoods plant in Seldovia. Normally, an 8 to 5 job is enough for any one person. But not for Elsa!

From 4:30 A.M. until 7 A.M., Elsa is a writer. She sits down at her typewriter at 4:30 A.M. not just occasionally—but at 4:30 A.M. six days a week. Her formula is this: If you want to be a successful writer, you have to write—and write—and write!

Like most other Alaskans, Elsa was born in the Lower 48. She came to Alaska in 1943 as the wife of a young Alaskan, Ted Pedersen, whom she had met in San Francisco. They lived in Ketchikan, where Ted operated a boat for the Forest Service. In 1944, the Pedersens moved to a homestead in Bear Cove at the upper end of Kachemak Bay, not far from Seldovia.

Elsa started writing on the homestead, and sold her first article to the *Alaska Sportsman*. It was—you guessed it—about homesteading in Bear Cove!

Now the fires to be a writer were kindled brightly. Elsa decided to write for the young adult market, because practically everything written for this age group was about Eskimos, igloos, ice and snow. "Why not tell young people about Alaska as it truly is?" Elsa reasoned.

In 1960, her first book, **VICTORY AT BEAR COVE**, was accepted and published. This was followed by a series of other titles for young adults. Two of Elsa's books have been Junior Literary Guild selections, and several of her books have been published in London as well as the United States. Coming out this year will be her **PROFILE BOOK ON ALASKA** for use in 7th and 8th grades in schools throughout the nation.

"With so many books in print," I asked Elsa, "aren't you going to rest on your laurels and take it easy?"

And what was her answer? "Heavens no! I have

two more books in draft form and two more in outline. I'm just beginning to hit my stride!

"Besides," she added, "with the population explosion throughout the country, my market is getting larger every year. Young people love to read about Alaska. It's fascinating to them."

I salute Elsa Pedersen of Seldovia, a foremost writer of young adult and children's books on Alaska. Her contribution to the literature of the 49th state will become a part of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

How To Start An Alaskan Library

Since starting this series of broadcasts on THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA, I have been asked by a number of people, "How do you go about setting up an Alaskan library? Which books do you buy first?"

This is a difficult question to answer, considering that there are about 35,000 titles on Alaska, covering everything from anthropology to zoology.

However, as a starter, I have picked 10 books which range from reference volumes to novels. Most of them are available through local bookstores. But I warn you—once you get the Alaskan bug, you'll be haunting bookstores all over the country looking for out-of-print items.

First off, I'd buy Bancroft's "History of Alaska", the reference bible on the Northland. It's a 700-page encyclopedia of the Russian era, the purchase, and the U.S. occupation up to 1885.

The Russian era is dramatized in a popular, readable book by Hector Chevigny entitled "Lord of Alaska"—the story of the incomparable Alexander Baranof.

For the best political history of the Territory, I recommend "The History of Alaska Under U.S. Rule", by Dr. Jeannette Paddock Nichols. This is a definitive work describing the insides of Alaskan politics up to the year 1924.

Now, for sheer entertainment, I suggest "50 Years Below Zero" by the famous Charlie Brower of Point Barrow. Charlie came ashore in the Arctic in 1884, and for more than half a century was monarch of the top of the continent. It's a saga everyone will enjoy.

If you are of my era, you probably devoured the novels of Rex Beach in your youth. Rex Beach wrote a number of books on Alaska, including "The Iron Trail", a story of the Copper River Railroad.

Now, here is a sleeper—"Blazing Alaska's Trails", by Alfred H. Brooks—a thrilling volume of fascinating episodes of Alaska, written by one of Alaska's keenest observers.

"Old Yukon", by Judge James Wickersham, is 500 pages of the most readable Alaskan stories you will ever find. Included is Wickersham's version of how Carmack discovered gold in the Klondike.

Now let me tell you about two of the most delightful, true-life books I have had the pleasure of reading. The first is "My Way Was North", by the great naturalist, Frank Dufresne—a fascinating, unforgettable story of Alaska. The second is "Two In The Far North" by Margaret Murie—about a bride who goes with her biologist husband into the far reaches of the Brooks Mountains. This book will cast a spell over you.

There is a new book on the market by the renowned writer, adventurer and lecturer, Captain Alan Villiers. It is entitled "Captain James Cook". Beautifully written, completely absorbing, this presentation will give you a whole new appreciation of one of the world's greatest explorers.

Captain Cook mapped the coastline of Alaska all the way from Mt. Edgecumbe to Icy Cape near Point Barrow. On June 1, 1778, he took possession of Alaska at Point Possession, opposite Anchorage, in the name of King George III. Our Alaskan history might have been very different had George III been interested in this northern real estate.

My friends, I hope that these volumes will whet your appetite to learn more about our great land. For these books comprise only a small part of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

Over The Pole To Alaska

The four-man British Trans-Arctic expedition which left Point Barrow recently to cross the polar ice cap by dog team, brings vividly to mind the first harrowing expedition over the top of the world more than 40 years ago!

It was in the spring of 1926, and newspapers were filled with the fantastic story that a small dirigible, called the Norge, was flying across the North Pole from Spitsbergen to Alaska!

Known as the Amundsen-Ellsworth-Nobile expedition, the flight was commissioned to explore the vast, unknown Arctic region, and determine whether or not there was a continent at the top of the world!

Famed Norwegian explorer Roald Amundsen had interested American explorer Lincoln Ellsworth in financing the flight, and becoming co-leader of the expedition. Commander of the *Norge* was Umberto Nobile, the Italian who had designed and built the dirigible.

The *Norge* cast off from snow-clad Spitsbergen the morning of May 11, 1926, with 16 men and Nobile's tiny dog Titina aboard.

Fourteen hours later the *Norge* was over the North Pole. It was 1:30 A.M. and broad daylight. With great ceremony, the explorers dropped three flags—the Norwegian, the American and the Italian. The first radio dispatch from the North Pole was sent to the *New York Times*!

Now began the adventure over the unknown sector of the Arctic. The wireless went dead. This was a bad omen—the start of their trouble. A large piece of ice, flung from a propeller, tore a gaping hole in the dirigible's metal covering. Huge billowing ice clouds and fog barred the way. On and on they went. Where were they? No one knew for sure.

The third morning a crewman called "Land ahead to starboard". With great excitement they flew low and caught sight of their first Eskimos, who were certain the airship was a flying whale. As the *Norge* headed down toward Bering Strait, bound for Nome, Amundsen recognized Wainwright. The journey was almost over!

Then a violent storm struck. For a day and a night the *Norge* was tossed about in fog, sleet, snow and high wind. Fearful of hitting mountains or the open sea, the crew made frequent changes in course—first inland, then back to the coast. The men were dead tired, unfit for work, and some "began to see visions".

At 7:30, in the morning of May 14th, they spied a small village on the coast. Frantically they threw out an anchor sack on a long rope. In spite of dangerous squalls, they brought the *Norge* to earth.

As the exhausted explorers staggered out of the airship they asked, "Where in the world are we?"

"In Teller," was the reply.

The first expedition across the top of the world had taken 71 hours. The *Norge* flew 3,180 miles at an average speed of 45 miles per hour.

The daring flight of the *Norge* established definitely that there was no Arctic continent. The expedition made a major contribution to Polar history—and furnished an exciting episode in *THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA*.

The Reign Of The Shenandoah

Our history books tell us that the Civil War officially ended with the surrender of General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox on April 9, 1865. But for months thereafter, a ship of the Confederate Navy roamed the North Pacific, burning U.S. shipping and creating a reign of terror in Alaskan waters.

All this happened because the Dixie raider *Shenandoah*—outfitted to destroy the Yankee whaling fleet—sailed faster than news could travel!

The South's most notorious privateer was built in Scotland in 1863, at the height of the Civil War. The vessel was secretly purchased by the Confederacy, and sailed out of Liverpool flying the British flag.

Off the coast of Africa she rendezvoused with a Confederate ship. The *Shenandoah* got a new coat of paint, a battery of eight-inch guns, and the stars and bars of the South. Trained crewmen came aboard and, under command of Captain James Waddell, an Annapolis graduate, the *Shenandoah* started to scour the seven seas for Yankee ships.

The *Shenandoah* was a combination sailing ship and steamer, and one of the fastest crafts afloat. In the South Atlantic whaling grounds, the raider burned eight ships in eight weeks. The crews were given an option: join the Dixie raider or become prisoners of war!

The *Shenandoah* steamed into Melbourne, where she was provisioned for the long voyage into the whaling grounds of the Arctic. As she headed North across the equator, the privateer caught and burned four more whalers, taking prisoners and booty.

It was June when Captain Waddell reached Alaskan waters. As he steamed into the Bering Sea he ran smack into the middle of a Yankee whaling fleet.

The *Shenandoah* traveled from one becalmed whaler to another, pillaging and burning. Prisoners watched in horror as the finest of the Yankee whaling fleet went up in flames.

Several of the captains told Waddell the war was over, but he would not believe them. Jubilantly he entered the Arctic to make another killing. But heavy ice floes blocked his way. As the ice squeezed in, the Shenandoah barely made it back to open water. The whalers in the Arctic were safe!

Leaving a bitter trail of some 20 ships burned and four ransomed, the Shenandoah departed the Bering Sea in July, bound for Panamanian waters. Off Mexico, the raider overhauled a British ship, and read the shocking news in a newspaper: **THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES WAS OVER.** The U.S. Navy was searching the wide Pacific for the Shenandoah!

Guns were dismantled. Ports were closed. The ship was repainted, and the funnel whitewashed. Waddell made a dash for Cape Horn and up the mid-Atlantic to sneak into Liverpool and surrender. He was unchallenged, and dropped the hook in the Mersey River on November 6, 1865.

The Shenandoah captured 38 ships and a thousand prisoners, and was the only vessel to carry the Confederate flag around the world. She fired the last shot of the war in the Arctic Ocean—and added an historical chapter to **THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.**

Dr. Will Chase— Beloved Alaskan

In the early days, the only way to get to Alaska was by steamship from Seattle. Everybody bound for Ketchikan, Juneau, or Seward—or points in between—was on the same ship headed north. If you didn't know everybody on the ship when you left Seattle, you did by the time you got to Ketchikan. And if you were a Sourdough headed for the Interior, you went ashore at Cordova to visit with Dr. Will Chase.

Dr. Chase dispensed pills, medical advice, stories, jokes and bits of gossip. He was a veteran of almost all the gold camps in Alaska, and knew the oldtimers by their first names.

Will Chase arrived at Dyea at the foot of Chilkoot Pass in 1897. He had studied some medicine in New York, and when he saw the scores of stampedeers lying

ill and dying at Dyea, he took off his coat and went to work. Overnight he became **DOCTOR Will Chase.**

In 1908 he opened a practice in the new town of Cordova. When the first law was passed regulating the practice of medicine in Alaska, Dr. Chase became an M.D. under the "grandfather clause".

Over the years, this self-taught physician delivered over 3,000 babies and set hundreds of broken bones. For no fee he ministered to the poor, the underprivileged, and the neglected natives.

Dr. Chase was more than a small-town doctor. He was internationally famous as a big game hunter, and an authority on the Alaskan brown bear. I'll never forget my first glimpse of his reception room! It was a **MUSEUM**—filled with a collection of the largest game trophies in Alaska.

Dr. Chase wrote many magazine articles about big game hunting in Alaska, and a number of books on the Northland, including "The Sourdough Pot" and "Alaska's Mammoth Brown Bears".

He was a man of great foresight. While he was a member of the Alaska Game Commission, Dr. Chase brought deer from Southeastern Alaska to Prince William Sound. Today this is one of the prime hunting areas of the state.

Dr. Chase was a small man with a slight frame—but many are the stories told about his great strength and endurance. When he was in his 70s, Dr. Chase guided two young executives from New York on a bear hunt. The pilot who flew in to pick up the party spied Dr. Chase walking down the beach packing a huge bear hide. Trailing behind him, utterly exhausted, were the two young hunters.

To many Alaskans, Dr. Chase was **MR. CORDOVA.** He was mayor of the town for 17 years! He was also **Grand President of the Pioneers of Alaska,** and he held scores of civic and territorial positions.

He was a man respected and loved by all. The whole town was saddened in 1962 when Dr. Chase, at the age of 88, left for the Outside. The plane that took the beloved physician was a half hour late leaving Cordova because of the crowd—rich and poor, young and old—which came out to the field to wish him **God-speed.**

Two years later, Dr. Chase died in Seattle. But his life and deeds will live on as a lasting part of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

The Edmonton Trail

In the summer of 1897, a promoter ran an ad in the Chicago newspapers: "\$500 gets you to the Klondike in six weeks via the Edmonton Trail. I've been over this route. I guarantee everything."

The nation was in the grip of the Klondike gold fever—and the promoter had no trouble getting customers. On August 25, 1897, twelve men and one woman left Chicago by train for Edmonton.

Among the goldseekers were a young contractor named A. C. Craig, and his equally enthusiastic young wife—the first woman to start out over the Edmonton Trail. Actually, **Trail** was a misnomer. It was nothing more than a supply route for trading posts in the far north. The route led down the MacKenzie River almost to the Arctic Ocean—then up the Rat River—over a portage to the Bell River—and down the Porcupine River to Fort Yukon. Then it went 400 miles up the Yukon to the Klondike.

The party wasn't long out of Edmonton before it became obvious that the promoter had never been over the route. No one in the group knew how to handle a riverboat. They hung up on sandbars, crashed into rocks, and many times barely missed capsizing.

Mrs. Craig took over the cooking—it was either that or starve. She also stood her watch along with the men.

At the end of six weeks—when the party was supposed to be staking out claims in the Klondike—their trip had hardly begun. Winter arrived in the north, and the MacKenzie River froze over.

At Fort Resolution the promoter skipped out—with all the money! The party broke up—but the Craigs were determined to go on.

They survived the first winter by hunting and freighting. When spring came, they whipsawed lumber and built a large row boat. With other prospectors, they struggled down the MacKenzie—rowing, sailing, and portaging the dangerous rapids.

A year after leaving Chicago, the Craigs had covered only half their journey. Grimly they spent the second winter in a camp on the Rat River. For food

and cash, Mr. Craig hauled freight over the portage. His wife helped to build a cabin, prepared fish and game, and nursed prospectors who came down with scurvy.

Another spring meant whipsawing and building another boat. With courage born of a year's survival in the Northland, the Craigs started down the Bell River, then down the Porcupine, and finally arrived at Fort Yukon—broke again.

Mr. Craig worked as a laborer, and Mrs. Craig baked bread for the stampedees. After two months they saved enough money to make the last leg of their journey. They boarded a steamer for Dawson.

On August 30, 1899, they arrived at their destination—two years and five days after they left Chicago! This was the trip which was to have taken six weeks!

And the gold? The Craigs found that every inch of land around Dawson had been staked. They went on to Nome—and in 1915 they moved to the new town of Anchorage. Mr. Craig died there in 1928. Mrs. Craig became a nurse at the Alaska Railroad hospital—and later married Dr. Joseph H. Romig, Alaska's famous dog team doctor.

It was courageous stampedees like these—who experienced incredible hardships to get to the Northland, and then stayed to develop the country—who are part and parcel of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

We Shall Be Remembered

Today as we drive through the Matanuska Valley and Palmer, we never give it a thought that—30-odd years ago—202 farm families from the dust bowl of the Midwest arrived here, determined to build a new destiny for themselves.

These people, through no fault of their own, were the hapless victims of parched and exhausted farm land—and a nationwide depression. This depression dried up wages and incomes and swelled relief rolls into a national crisis.

In an effort to get these farmers back on their feet, the government conceived a plan of moving them and their families to the fertile Matanuska Valley. They were set down on 40- to 80-acre tracts of land—with all expenses advanced on 30-year credit.

What happened when these 202 farm families from Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan arrived in Alaska under the sponsorship of Uncle Sam?

For a factual description of the eventful history of the Matanuska Colony we are indebted to Evangeline Atwood for her perceptive book entitled WE SHALL BE REMEMBERED.

Evangeline Atwood has seen the colony since its inception, and has known many of the colonists personally.

Born in Alaska, she is a keen student of Alaskan history, and for two years she researched the press and official records to get the story straight.

The colonists who arrived in the Matanuska Valley, ambitious and eager to start clearing land and planting crops, soon found themselves chafing under irritating bureaucratic supervision.

In the beginning, they were not allowed to build their own homes. They were told what to plant and how to plant it. They were allowed to buy and sell only through the cooperative store.

Some of the farmers departed. Colonist Walter Pippel, a hard-working, free-wheeling truck gardener, went ahead on his own and showed that financial success could be achieved by old-fashioned muscle-power and ambition.

Despite government restrictions, he sold radishes, onions and other garden truck to Anchorage stores—and finally went to court to get released from what he considered the harsh terms of the Federal contract covering his family and his land in the Matanuska Colony.

After more than a decade, the government finally abandoned its restrictive philosophy in the Valley, and allowed rugged individualism and the American system of free enterprise to take over. The colonists could operate on their own!

In her book, Evangeline Atwood pays tribute to three great men of the Valley: **Don Irwin**, the colony's first general manager, who kept the confidence and loyalty of the people during all the controversial years—**Dr. C. Earl Albrecht**, the warm-hearted physician who stopped a near panic when a scarlet fever epidemic broke out among the children of the newly-arrived colonists—and **The Rev. Bert Bingle**, a pioneer parson who was as handy with an ax and a fish net as he was in ministering to the spiritual needs of the argonauts.

WE SHALL BE REMEMBERED is an absorbing and forthright portrayal of the history of the Matanuska Colony. It is an interesting and significant addition to THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

Sitka

Sitka—in the Thlingit language—means THE BEST PLACE.

Direct jet service is now bringing Sitka into the mainstream of Alaskan travel—and this year hundreds of visitors will discover the magnificent heritage of this community.

Alexander Baranof made Sitka into the Paris of the Pacific. Fur-trading sea captains from all over the world dined and danced in glittering splendor in his castle on top of Castle Hill. Sitka of the Russians boasted an iron foundry, a shipyard, a sawmill, flour mill, tannery, hospital, library—and five schools, including a seminary.

Sitka of the American occupation fell on barren days, with fishing its primary industry. But when World War II made Sitka a naval center, the town started growing. Today, with its historical background and new industries, Sitka has a booming potential.

Mary Louise and I could feel the impact of this community as our Golden Nugget jet came in for a landing at the new Sitka airport. The setting is like a jewel—a beautiful bay dotted with green-clad islands—and off in the distance is the magnificent snow-covered Mt. Edgecumbe. Below spreads Japonski Island with its Educational and Medical Center—and beyond the town the 70-million dollar pulp mill which gives Sitka a stable economy.

Sitka is an exciting blend of the old and the new. Tourists revel in Sitka's picturesque "lovers' lane" of carved totem poles — and the old Indian fort of the "Battle of Alaska." The new Centennial Convention Hall — one of the most striking buildings in Alaska — contains a priceless view into the past: a model of the Sitka of Baranof's day — and an exhibit of Russian furnishings from Baranof's castle.

In downtown Sitka is Alaska's Pioneers' Home, where reside many of the men and women who helped to build our great state. In the center of the main street is the site of the new cathedral—which will rise out of the ashes of the famous old Russian church of St. Michael.

Everywhere you go in Sitka you find history. On a beautiful campus, facing the sea, is the oldest educational institution in Alaska—founded by Dr. Sheldon Jackson in 1878. Today it is Alaska's only full-time junior college, with students from many states and from Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia.

Sheldon Jackson JC has a famous museum of Alaska native arts and artifacts—and a library of rare Alaskana. Its newest building is one in which I have a very personal interest. This is the Edward A. and Jenny Rasmuson Student Center—named after my father and mother, who were Alaskan missionaries and long-time friends and admirers of Dr. Sheldon Jackson.

Adjacent to the campus is the Sitka National Monument—operated by the National Park Service—with a fascinating display of native arts and culture. George Benson, a friend of mine from early Yakutat days, is the totem carver here. Peter Sagana is an expert in stone carving, a new endeavor in native art.

Residents of Sitka are very proud of their community's historic past and its future potential—and well they might be. This town, with its blending of three cultures—is a priceless part of **THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA**.

Judge James Wickersham

Naming Alaska's newest and largest ferry **WICKERSHAM** is a fitting tribute to an outstanding personality in Alaskan history.

Judge James Wickersham was one of the most bizarre, brilliant, controversial and public-spirited citizens Alaska has ever known. He spent 39 tumultuous years in the Northland—as a judge, as Delegate to Congress, and as an attorney in private practice. He was a maverick in politics, and a dominant figure on the Alaskan scene.

Wickersham was appointed a federal judge in Alaska in 1900—and in eight years he sat on the bench in five Alaskan towns. He originated the "Floating Court" that dispensed justice from Valdez to Point Barrow to the end of the Aleutian Chain.

Wickersham served as Delegate to Congress for seven terms, winning each election by a wild-swinging, no-holds-barred campaign.

His political life was totally unpredictable. At various times he ran as an Independent and as an insurgent Republican. In 1912 he was a delegate to the Bull Moose convention. But he finally ended up firmly in the GOP column.

Delegate Wickersham's most important legislative achievement was perhaps his bill for Territorial government, enacted in 1912, and signed by President Taft on Wickersham's birthday, August 24. By state law, August 24 is designated as Wickersham Day.

In 1916 Wickersham introduced the first **statehood bill** for Alaska. It was 40 years ahead of its time—and didn't even get a committee report out of Congress!

His Alaska Railroad bill fared better. After a stormy career, the bill finally passed, and the Alaska Railroad from Seward to Fairbanks became a reality.

One of Wickersham's successes in Congress a generation ago is very close to my heart. By sheer persistence, the Delegate succeeded in getting land-grant status for the proposed Alaska Agricultural College and School of Mines.

Today the magnificent University of Alaska is the inspiring result of a seed planted by James Wickersham 53 years ago.

Wickersham was a man of great vision. He enthralled members of Congress with his description of Mt. McKinley—and his attempted climb of the mountain way back in 1903. Mt. McKinley National Park is the result of James Wickersham's eloquence. He was also largely responsible for naming the town of Fairbanks after Senator Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana, who was soon thereafter elected vice president of the United States.

To James Wickersham we are indebted for the priceless **BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ALASKAN LITERATURE**—covering practically all printed Alaskan items from 1724 to 1924.

His facile pen gave us a thrilling book—**OLD YUKON**—with tales of the adventurous period in Alaska's rough-and-ready history.

He edited the seven-volume **ALASKA LAW REPORTS**—and herein lie untouched treasures of historical material.

Judge Wickersham was an avid collector of Alaskana. He amassed the finest private collection of Alaskan material known anywhere. This collection today is shared by Wickersham House in Juneau and the State Historical Library.

James Wickersham is one of the great men in Alaskan history. His achievements in Congress and his years of dedication to the Territory secure for him a sterling place in **THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA**.

Bob Reeve *The Glacier Pilot*

Everybody in aviation knows Bob Reeve.

They know him as a colorful personality—and they love to hear him answer the question, "What do you do at Reeve Aleutian Airways?" With a twinkle, Bob says, "In addition to being president of the airline, I am chairman of the board, superintendent of operations, finance director, public relations officer, assistant ticket seller and relief telephone operator. I also interview applicants for jobs and listen to hard luck stories!"

Bob Reeve started Reeve Aleutian Airways in a part of the world nobody else wanted. The route begins in Anchorage and serves all the communities, canneries and bases down the Chain. It is the link between the Pribilofs and the rest of the world—and it furnishes commuter service for the Alaska Peninsula.

Bob has always been an individual. As a young man he barnstormed the states and flew the mail over the Andes. Then he came to Valdez and started a one-man, one-airplane bush service. He carried beans and bacon, brides and prospectors. He took off from glaciers and mudflats—and has made 21 dead stick landings!

I have known Bob and his wife Tillie since he was "The Airline" in Valdez. I have flown with Bob, hunted with Bob, and valued his friendship for over 30 years.

During those three decades Bob has acquired 15 airplanes, 160 employees, and a payroll of over two million dollars a year.

He got a big break in 1946 by borrowing \$4,000 as down payment on a surplus DC-3. Shortly thereafter, a shipping strike isolated Alaska. Bob flew 26 round trips to Seattle in 53 days.

With the cash he bought four more airplanes and started a scheduled airline down the Chain. He didn't ask the CAB for permission. The people needed service so he gave it to them.

Bob has been written up in magazines and newspapers—and is the subject of an interesting biography by Beth Day entitled GLACIER PILOT. He has had

many honors conferred upon him—including an honorary doctorate from the University of Alaska.

As Bob tells it — the story was carried on AP throughout the nation. He received two letters of congratulations, and four people shook his hand limply.

Then three years later Buz Sawyer mentioned Bob's name in his comic strip. The Reeve phone started ringing at 4 a.m.—and Bob got over 200 long distance calls, telegrams and a stack of mail from all over. That convinced him that it's not WHAT you know, but WHO you know that counts!

I am proud to pay my respects to the Glacier Pilot—a great Alaskan—and a long-time friend — Robert Campbell Reeve. His contribution to the 49th state is a priceless part of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

Tay Thomas's Book: *Cry in the Wilderness*

If you have an extra dollar bill in your pocket, and a desire to know something about the early history of Alaska, I'd suggest you buy a copy of Tay Thomas's book entitled CRY IN THE WILDERNESS.

This is the history of Alaska through the eyes of the missionaries. The impact they made on the Northland was great. There's not a spot in Alaska which has not been changed in some way by these men and women of God.

The early Russians recognized the need for clergy—and Baranof sent to Russia for priests to bring not only religion but also education and civilization to the colonies on the North American continent.

When the United States took over Alaska, American missionaries found fertile ground. They set up schools and orphanages, built hospitals and churches, and helped to raise the standard of living of the Alaskan Native people.

These missionaries were real he-men who could mush a dog team, pole a boat—and live out when caught in a blizzard.

They were men like Archdeacon Hudson Stuck who made the first climb to the top of Mt. McKinley—and men like Father Duncan who moved an entire village from Canada to Metlakatla for religious freedom.

These dedicated men and women spent months in isolated and lonely Native villages, with no contact with the outside world. They learned to talk with the Natives in their own dialects—and they were teachers, preachers, psychologists and friends.

The Presbyterians, who came to Alaska in 1872, were led by one of Alaska's truly great men—Dr. Sheldon Jackson. Jackson was more than a missionary. He lobbied in Washington for schools for Alaska—and became Alaska's first Commissioner of Education. He bought reindeer herds in Siberia to establish a food supply for our Arctic Eskimos.

Sheldon Jackson realized that his denomination alone could not scratch the surface of missionary work in Alaska—and he solicited other faiths to come north. The Quakers came to Kotzebue — the Moravians to Bethel — and Catholics and Episcopalians went into the Interior. The Congregationalists built a hospital in Nome. The Methodists sent missionaries to the Aleutians, and the Baptists started a children's home in Kodiak.

Other faiths came too—including the Swedish Evangelical Covenant missionaries who were responsible for my Alaskan heritage. My mother came to Yakutat from Sweden as a young woman in 1901—to help in the mission. Four years later my father arrived—also from Sweden—to teach at the Indian school. They were married in Yakutat—and I was born in Yakutat. I was brought up in a missionary home—and I know firsthand the struggles and achievements of these early pioneers.

Tay Thomas covered all source material on early missions and missionaries—and molded it into this first composite history of missionary endeavor in Alaska. *CRY IN THE WILDERNESS* is a must for your Alaskan library. It was written under the sponsorship of the Alaska Council of Churches—and is an important addition to *THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA*.

The Alaska Native Brotherhood

250 delegates to the Alaska Native Brotherhood and Alaska Native Sisterhood opened their 55th annual convention at Saxman, in Southeastern Alaska, by singing in unison the stirring hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers." It was a moving experience—especially to guests

like Mary Louise and myself who had never attended an encampment before.

This opening ceremony dates back to 1912, when the Alaska Native Brotherhood was first organized in Sitka. Representatives from Wrangell, Klawock, Angoon, Juneau, Klukwan and Sitka decided that the Native people of Alaska must band together—and work together—if they were to progress in modern day civilization. With divine help they knew they could succeed—and "Onward Christian Soldiers" became their theme song.

Peter Simpson, the first Grand President of the ANB, dedicated his life to the organization. He often said, "After I die, when you cut me open, you will find in my heart the letters ANB." Another outstanding president of the ANB was Andrew Hope of Sitka. Hope was a Thlingit Indian and a great Alaskan. He served in both the territorial and state legislatures, and was a member of the National Congress of American Indians. A tribute to Hope stated, "He elevated the Thlingit image."

It was to elevate the Native population that the Alaska Native Brotherhood, and shortly thereafter the Alaska Native Sisterhood, were organized. Their first goals were primarily educational and social reforms. Though they concentrated on problems affecting their own people, they also worked for any programs they believed would benefit the permanent development of Alaska.

They became interested in politics—and ANB members served in federal, territorial and city government posts. A number of the brotherhood were elected to the territorial legislature, and several are serving in the present state legislature. Frank Peratrovich, from Klawock, was elected first vice president of the Alaska Constitutional Convention.

In the 56 years since the fraternal organization was started, camps have been established in Southeastern Alaska from Yakutat to Hydaburg. Their accomplishments have been many—and some of the most important are listed on the back of each membership card—as a constant reminder to ANB and ANS members.

According to Dr. Walter Soboleff, Grand President of the ANB, "Achievements of the ANB have made us participating citizens in the mainstream of Alaska and the United States." The ANB and ANS fought hard

to gain recognition of Natives' rights as citizens—to achieve the right of Natives to vote—and to integrate all public schools in Alaska. They also pushed for—and achieved—extended workmen's compensation laws to cover Native people—inclusion of Natives in aid-to-dependent children—direct relief for aged Natives—hospitals for Natives, and other important social reforms.

Today the ANB under Dr. Soboleff, and the ANS under Grand President Lottie Nannauck, are continuing to fight for reforms for our Native population. It was a great inspiration at the National Convention to see young men and women forcefully taking part in the ANB and ANS programs. For the ideals and goals and achievements of these organizations play an important role in THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

Z. J. Loussac - Alaska's First Philanthropist

At the corner of Fifth Avenue and F Street in Anchorage stands the Z. J. Loussac Public Library. This handsome concrete and glass structure cost half a million dollars—and was one man's way of saying "Thank you, Alaska, for being good to me."

Unlike so many of his contemporaries, who came north to "get it and get out," Zack Loussac loved Alaska so much that he gave half his income to his adopted land. In 1946 he established the Loussac Foundation to further the cultural and educational progress of the people of Alaska—especially the young people.

Zack came to Alaska back in 1907—a Russian who had fled persecution by the Czar. He was a pharmacist by profession. In Nome, he ventured into gold mining—and promptly went broke! Then and there Zack decided that his future lay behind a prescription counter—but he never quite got over the gold fever. He was always an easy touch for any miner who needed a grubstake.

Zack ran a drug store in Haines—in Iditarod—and in Juneau. When the new town of Anchorage was born, Zack opened a pharmacy in a tent. As the town grew, he operated two drug stores and over the years started a number of other businesses.

Zack admired and loved his community—and the community returned the compliment. Twice Loussac was elected mayor of Anchorage. He was president of the Chamber of Commerce, Rotary and the Pioneers. He was an Elk, a Mason and a Shriner—and he served on the Territorial Housing Commission and the Pharmacy Board.

Zack was a man of small stature, but with a great capacity for making strong and lasting friendships. He loved Alaskans and all things Alaskan, and he was a great collector of Alaskan books and Sydney Laurence paintings. He was a big contributor to local causes—and was known as the "best fund raiser in Alaska."

Zack managed to escape marriage until the age of 66. But after he said "I Do," he admitted to friends that "Ada was the best thing that ever happened to me."

Though the Loussacs theoretically retired to Seattle in 1953, they spent part of every year in Alaska. In 1962, Anchorage paid tribute to Zack on his 80th birthday with a day-long "Loussac Day" celebration.

One of Zack's last visits to Anchorage was on March 27, 1964. He and Ada were sipping coffee in a Fourth Avenue cafe when the Good Friday earthquake dropped the restaurant and customers over the hill. Miraculously, they were not hurt.

Zack Loussac was Alaska's first major philanthropist—the first living Alaskan to turn over a good share of his wealth to his beloved land. He was the proud recipient of an honorary doctor's degree from the University of Alaska which read: "Zachary J. Loussac—pioneer Alaskan philanthropist and public servant. You have shown by outstanding example how the fruits of the past may be kept as a heritage for the future."

Zack Loussac died in 1965 at the age of 83. But the inspiration of his life will be a lasting part of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

The Magic Town of Anchorage

Over 50 years ago, a man by the name of Andrew Christiansen was auctioning off lots for a new town on the shores of Cook Inlet.

Though the town wasn't built yet, the prices offered for the lots broke all sales records in the U.S. Land Offices. The first lot—appraised at \$400—sold for \$825. The highest-priced lot went for over \$1,100. 655 sales were made in two days—at the rate of one every 90 seconds—for a total price of \$148,000.

Hardly had the auctioneer laid down his gavel than the lucky bidders picked up hammers and saws and started to work. Up went homes, stores and office buildings—in a hurry.

The usually dignified and restrained New York Times found this wilderness phenomenon unbelievable, and ran a full-page article in its August 8, 1915 issue entitled "The Magic Town of Anchorage."

Illustrating the story were two photos. One, entitled "Auction Sale of Lots by the United States Government at Anchorage, Alaska," shows a sea of men crowded around the auctioneer's platform.

The second, taken from Government Hill, pictures a pair of very plain two-story buildings in what is today the Alaska Railroad shop area. As far as the eye can see, a jungle of tents completely covers the Ship Creek flats.

The story related, "An American waste became, as if by white magic, a prosperous and busy town. Not even the records of Colorado and California, when the soil first revealed its precious ore, furnish any complete parallel to this amazing development. For Anchorage came suddenly into being, not because of the deceptive lure of gold, but as a result of that sure herald of commerce and civilization, the government railway."

This spontaneous birth of "The Magic Town of Anchorage" was as much a surprise to officials of the newly-approved government railroad as it was to the New York Times.

Surveyors who came north in the summer of 1914 to lay out the railway route from Seward to the Interior found a vast virgin wilderness. The site they picked for their railroad yards at the mouth of Ship Creek had only a few scattered inhabitants.

When the surveyors returned the following spring, they thought they were in the wrong location! The Ship Creek area was totally engulfed by a bustling tent city of a thousand inhabitants. Reports of railroad construction had sparked a new rush north for land and jobs.

To reclaim the railroad yard site, the government was forced to go into the real estate business. The Land Department laid out a townsite on the bench land south of Ship Creek, with 121 large city blocks and over

1,400 lots 50 by 140 feet. The auction started on July 10—and shortly thereafter the tent city dwellers moved to the new location.

The move was carried out rapidly and efficiently. The New York Times, in three sentences, succinctly summed up Anchorage's amazing beginning:

"In August, 1914, the government commenced survey work on the east side of Knik Arm.

"In April, 1915, the place had developed into a great city of tents.

"And now, in August, 1915, it has become the flourishing town of Anchorage, with broad streets, tall buildings, and provisions for every modern improvement.

In half a century, "The Magic Town of Anchorage" has become Alaska's largest city. Its surprising beginning back in 1915 adds an unusual chapter to THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

A Short History of Dog Racing

On a chilly day in March, 1940, a young KFAR announcer in Fairbanks by the name of Al Bramstedt made the first known radio broadcast of a dog race.

As Al remembers it, "Fifteen teams of Alaska's finest dogs, cursed and cajoled by Alaska's iron men of that time—fought an unbroken trail to the mining camp of Livengood, 90 heartbreaking miles away.

"When the last straggling team of fish burners was in and fed and bedded down by lantern at the Livengood roadhouse, they slept; only to rise before first light in the morning, and a killing grind back to Fairbanks.

"I remember Leonhard Seppala as the star attraction of the show that year. The same Leonhard Seppala who not many years before had made a heroic dash to Nome under frightful conditions, with serum to stem the tide of a diphtheria epidemic."

Dog team racing started in Nome—and the first All-Alaska Sweepstakes held in that gold rush community in 1908 made the Fairbanks race look like a Sunday School picnic.

The Nome course was 408 miles long—to Candle and return. Ten teams mushed for almost five days

over a grueling trail in vicious blizzards to compete for prize money totaling \$10,000.

\$100,000 in side bets were believed to have changed hands in that race. Nome and the rest of Alaska went dog-racing mad. The All-Alaska Sweepstakes race made news in papers throughout the nation, and famous racers like Leonhard Seppala and Scotty Allan became household words.

World War I closed down big-time dog racing in Nome—and it wasn't until 1927 that the sport emerged officially again, this time in the prosperous camp of Fairbanks.

During those early days, drivers for the large kennel owners like Judge Cecil H. Clegg, Thomas B. Wright and District Attorney Julian H. Hurley dominated the racing scene. It wasn't until the mid-30s that individual drivers owning their own teams began to win championships.

About this time, racing rules were changed. The marathon race was on its way out, superseded by a series of shorter races run on succeeding days—the same pattern adopted by the dog mushing associations today.

Though competition ceased with World War II, dog racing took an upsurge after 1946. Those were the days of the Kokrines and Gareth Wright and Charlie Titus and Horace Smoke.

Today mushers can make the circuit of races in Fairbanks, Anchorage, Willow, Kenai, Soldotna, Knik, Tok, and elsewhere. Racers have come from Washington, D. C., New England, California and New York to compete, and Dr. Roland Lombard, a Massachusetts veterinarian, has won three World Championship Races in Anchorage and five North American Championship races in Fairbanks.

Though dog racing in Alaska is becoming more and more professional, it is still a sport for the man—or woman—who thrills to the great out of doors, who feels an affinity for his animals, and who has the stamina to stand up on a grueling trail. It is a sport indigenous to the Northland, and as such is a part of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

David Adler - Merchant of the Written Word

One day a tourist marched into Adler's Book Shop in Fairbanks and announced, "I am a student of Swahili. I don't suppose you would have a Swahili gram-

mar way up here in this Godforsaken country, would you?"

Without looking up, Proprietor David Adler said quietly—but crisply: "Sir, if you will go to the front bookcase—the fourth shelf—and place the fifth book in your hand—that will be 'Swahili Grammar for Beginners'."

Dave Adler has been in the book business in Fairbanks for 40 years, and has always managed to stay a step ahead of his customers. He stocks the best fiction and non-fiction, scientific and technical publications, foreign language books, and a variety of specialized subjects. He is nationally known for his collection of literature on Alaska and the Arctic.

Visitors keep coming to Adler's Book Shop as much to see Dave Adler as to buy his books. He has a dry wit—and he loves to quip and turn a phrase. He has an encyclopedic mind—ask him about any important book published in this century and he can supply the answer. But Dave Adler is not a bookworm. He is a convivial bon-vivant who has long participated in the civic life of the community. For 25 years he was adjutant of the American Legion Post—and for 20 years he was secretary of the Elks Lodge.

Dave got into the book business by accident. He came to Fairbanks in 1923 on a vacation. The American Legion begged him to stay and become the post adjutant—"because I had a typewriter," he explained.

As there was no book store in town, Dave started ordering books for the Legion Library—and then for townspeople as well. "The Bible, The Prophet, and The Bridge of San Luis Rey kept me in spending money," he recalled.

Adler's Book Shop opened in 1929. Dave is quick to tell you that it's been a partnership since 1936, when he married an attractive school teacher named Mary Benjamin. Together they have not only built a sizable business, but have earned the affection and the esteem of the Northland.

Four times Adler's Book Shop has been destroyed by fire—but friends and the book publishers helped him to get going again. The Fairbanks flood of 1967 nearly wiped him out. With water, mud and muck three feet deep in the store, friends waded in and carried hundreds of volumes to safety.

It was almost too much to expect Dave Adler to start over again at age 73. But with the moral support of the Fairbanks community—and a loan which the Small Business Administration insisted he accept — Alaska's oldest bookstore was back in business.

Many expressions of esteem have been showered on Dave Adler over the years. But the most touching was the dedication of the Adler Elementary School in 1966—a tribute to himself and his wife.

It is our privilege to add our testimonial to one of Alaska's most respected citizens—a merchant of the written word—and a living part of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.

The First Man Ashore in Alaska

The first white man to step ashore in Alaska is the subject of a fascinating book in our Heritage Library entitled WHERE THE SEA BREAKS ITS BACK, by Corey Ford.

It is the dramatic story of a brilliant and arrogant young German doctor and scientist named Georg Wilhelm Steller, who was the first man to record the flora and fauna of our Alaskan world.

When news flashed through Europe in the 1730s that Russia was planning a vast exploration and scientific expedition across the Pacific, Dr. Steller was obsessed with desire to make the voyage.

The determined young medical school graduate worked his way from Germany to Russia on a transport. In 1734 he arrived in St. Petersburg—and five years later made his way to Kamchatka. His persuasive tongue and scientific credentials impressed Vitus Bering, and when the St. Peter sailed on June 4, 1741, Steller was aboard.

By the time the Bering expedition sighted land on July 16—after a nightmarish voyage—the commander and many of his crew were ill with scurvy.

Bering only wanted to make his discovery, replenish his water casks, and return to Siberia as fast as his rotting sails would take him.

But Steller was wild to go ashore. After all, he had been engaged as the naturalist, botanist and scientist for this expedition — and he couldn't carry out his mission from the deck of the St. Peter.

When Bering demurred, Steller flew into a rage, and threatened near mutiny.

As a concession, Steller was finally allowed to go ashore with the watering party. In a burst of showmanship, Bering called forth the buglers, and they trumpeted Steller into the first boat to leave the ship.

As the boat approached the land, Steller jumped impatiently to the beach, and thus became the first member of the expedition to set foot in Alaska.

Steller was carried away with the whole new world of plants, animals and birds. Frantically he took samples, made notes and minutely scrutinized the wild-life.

Ten hours later Bering gave orders to up anchor, and Steller, sick at heart, was forced to return to the ship.

En route home the St. Peter was shipwrecked on Russia's Komandorski Islands, where Bering died. During the 10 months the crew was marooned here, Steller worked on his Alaskan journal. He had a photographic mind, and total recall of what he had seen.

Accurately and minutely he catalogued his wildlife discoveries: Steller's Jay, Steller's Eider, the rare Steller's Sea Eagle, and the legendary Steller's White Raven. He discovered Steller's Greenling — a trout; Steller's Sea Cow, which shortly thereafter became extinct; and the controversial Steller's Sea Monkey.

He also indexed and described 211 hitherto unknown plant specimens. Through his knowledge of antiscorbutic herbs, Steller saved the lives of many of his marooned shipmates who were desperately ill with scurvy.

WHERE THE SEA BREAKS ITS BACK brings to life this complex, dedicated man who made such a vital contribution to the scientific knowledge of the 18th century. His name lives on in Steller's Hill on Kayak Island, in Steller's Arch and Steller's Mountain. And his Alaskan journal is a cornerstone of THE HERITAGE OF ALASKA.



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