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Historical Collections**

**Mary Greene Papers, 1922-1934**

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Apr 1964

Nome, Alaska,  
Alvinia Wallace Young Mission,  
Aug. 17, 1922.

Dear Inez:--

I received your long and interesting letter on the July boat, which arrived the last week of the month, bringing Misses Walthall and Stewart.

You must have the class letter which I wrote to Etta Morley, I sent it off on the June boat, and gave you all my first impressions of the place; I won't repeat them, but will continue the account, and you can send the letter on in the Round Robin chain letter which we agreed to write.

I am on duty this afternoon, as I am every afternoon until four o'clock; some one must be on duty all of the time, and we have just fallen into ~~into~~ our particular work, by instinctive selection, I suppose, as we didn't have any committee meeting to decide just what each one was to do.

Miss Cochran (I originally spelled her name Korn because that is the way the children pronounce it) who had come over from the hospital to fill in until the workers came, returned to that place the day the other two arrived; she is needed there.

Mr. Baldwin retired to the parsonage and left us in possession, except that he comes over in the mornings and builds the kitchen fire and cooks breakfast, which consists of cereal, bacon, sometimes flapjacks for the children or bread. He cooks the flapjacks, as he calls them, on the top of the stove, greases it and uses it as a cake griddle; it does very well, and doesn't make any more smell and smoke than an ordinary griddle does; two of the older girls (seventeen and sixteen years of age) help with the flapjacks.

Miss Walthall does the cooking, except for breakfast; Miss Stewart looks after the mending, and the girls mend and darn under her supervision; looks after the bedrooms, the girls take care of theirs and the boys take care of theirs, but unless someone is tramping on their heels all of the time nothing is done; also she tells bedtime stories; practices with the choir and the older girls (the boys won't try to practice singing and yet they have good voices, but boys are more retiring than girls under some circumstances); then Miss Stewart fixes up sore places, cut fingers, earache, and toothache. She isn't a nurse but she has taken first aid work, also kindergarten work, and knows how to handle children.

On Sunday mornings we have breakfast at eight o'clock; the boys set the tables, cups for tea, spoons and cereal bowls; a big boy lifts the cereal out of the kettle, and carries it into the tables; the tea is taken in large pitchers. Bessie, a large girl, sets the teachers' table, and we have a cloth and plates and napkins, and separate food, we cook smaller quantities for ourselves, and we eat at the same time in the same dining room.

After the meal, which is opened in the morning with a scripture reading and prayer, finished with the Lord's Prayer, in which all join; after the meal, and after every meal,

the moment we rise, that is the signal for all of the children to rise, we wait until they all have finished eating; then every one runs to and from the room, clearing off the tables or just running for the pleasure of getting in the way. There is a boy to each table to remove the food and dishes; two to sweep the room; three boys to wash dishes at one sink, and three to wash pans and kettles at the table; three girls wash at another sink, the dishes from the table where the big boys and girls sit and our dishes.

Miss Stewart sees to the bedmaking at this time; and I see that the dishes are washed and the floor swept in the dining room kitchen and laundry.

Then I dress for church, put on a bungalow apron and come down stairs to keep watch and ward while the other two dress and line up the ones who go to church. (Miss Walthall has put the dinner on the stove to cook and I look after it.)

At eleven o'clock the others all go to church, and I look after the four and five year olds who don't go; Gilbert (one foot, on crutches) Russell and Steve (halfbreeds) Bennett and Ernest, full blood Eskimos. I give Lawrence (half breed, two and onehalf years old) his bowl of bread and milk and put him to bed. At half-past eleven the girls who were in Mrs. Baldwin's class come over to the Orphanage to the Bible room and I teach them their lesson; they all understand English, and are all in the third grade in school.

Miss Stewart brings her class over, girls who are in the first and second grade, some beginners, and Miss Walthall teaches her class in the church, she has larger class of half-grown and adults and uses an interpreter. She comes over before I am through and finishes the dinner, which goes on the table as previously described, only that plates are used, and the food is prepared according to a regular menu; a balanced ration given.

On Sundays the children are not permitted to play outdoors, as they always do so much shouting and bawling; they rush about in the house, look at magazines and tear them up, scattering the pieces over the floor, and clamor to take a walk.

We have supper at five o'clock, and at six the little ones go to bed; at seven the others are lined up to go to church, at eight they come home and go to bed, big and little alike.

I stay at home with the little ones, to see that they stay in bed, they would be running all over the house if they thought they were alone, as it is I have to go to their room and settle them sometimes; then at eight o'clock I go over to the white church; afterward at nine, we sometimes take a walk and sometimes, we come home and go to bed.

On Monday mornign after the dishes and the floors are done and I have set my own room in order, I start the wash. It is the boys' wash, and two of them assort it, fill the washer with water, and when I run them thru the electric wringer they take them into the kitchen sink (which is really a soap-stone washtub, two of them like those we have a Rust Hall) and rinse them, using the hand wringer, then hang them on the lines stretched in the kitchen. We don't hang them outside because we don't have any place for lines, the tundra comes up to the edge of the house all about, and then we are never sure when they will dry out side.

On Wednesday I run the bedding thru the washer, two other boys doing duty; Saturday it is the girls' wash, and two girls attend to the rinsing and hanging, but two boys attend to the water, filling and emptying the washer, and turning the hand wringer for the girls. They are not to be trusted with any machinery, so I always keep watch over the washer, an electric.

\* The girls take their bath on Friday afternoon and evening; the boys on Saturday; Miss Stewart sees that all heads and ears are properly washed, and bathes the infant class, or rather sees that the big girls do it.

On Friday morning I do my own washing, in the tub in the kitchen, I still wear my white dresses, but I have made a number of bungalow aprons of unbleached muslin, they slip on over my head, and cover me to the hem of my dress. I wear a clean one every day, but at night it is far from clean. They are very easily washed and ironed. I am a deaconess on Sundays, but I never wear my garb on any other day; some days I am not out of the house, somedays I go for a walk for about an hour, and one day I was out from nine to three, we were on a picnic with the older children, thirty of them.

On Tuesday and Thursday morning I try to get some sewing done for the girls; but as I am on duty every afternoon, the sewing drags.

Today is nice, sunny, and I am making them stay out doors; we have so few days when it is fit for the little ones to be out all day that I want them to take advantage of this one. But when the rain and the wind are driving a hurricane they all delight in being out in it, without any outer garments on them; a nice day they all want to storm about in the house; the perversity of human nature.

They are absolutely irresponsible, and irresponsible; you cannot tell them to do a thing and expect it to be done unless you stand over them until it is finished; and they are so indifferent about it. They simply pay no attention to anything you say; it sometimes seems to me that they first find out what you don't want them to do, then to that thing. The grown up people are so different, that I wonder just when the time comes when they change and become responsible. And these children have been so <sup>used</sup> to being given everything that they simply take it as a matter of course; in fact, they seem to resent it if they are denied anything. "I need a knife; I need a string; I need a cap." They remind me of Marcella Syn, I believe that all Mission reared children are the same kind, always demanding a living and more as thier natural right from the Church.

With love,

Mary Greene.

Nome, Alaska,  
June 18, 1924.

Dear Inez:--

I haven't heard anything from any of you for a full year, the last letters arrived on the first boat last June, I answered immediately, but perhaps the letter went astray; I had hoped to hear on this boat. It came in on the eleventh, and goes out tonight at five o'clock, but it carried very little mail.

The Revenue boat, the Bear, always makes the first trip up into these waters, and carries the accumulation of the winter's mail; it left Seattle before the Victoria, loaded with twelve tons of mail, but twentyfive miles from Nome it was caught in the ice pack drifting down from the Arctic, three hundred miles wide. After drifting to and fro in Bering Sea for nearly two weeks, the Bear was carried north through Bering Straits into the Arctic Ocean, where it still is, under shelter of East Cape, on the Siberian Coast. It will work its way south through the open leads of water as soon as it can do so safely; it keeps in touch with Nome through its wireless, there is a large receiving station here. Meanwhile we will still have letters enroute; rather interesting isn't it.

The Victoria left Seattle on the first of June, and was expected here on the ninth, but was caught in the same ice pack that took the Bear and when within ten miles of the roadstead; being nearer the edge of the pack the captain worked his ship through open leads until he was free of ice, but it took two days. Once he was onehundred and fifty miles to the west of Alaska, almost to the Siberian shore. On the night of the eleventh, at midnight, he steamed into the roadstead and blew his siren; nearly all of Nome ran down to the water's edge. Misses Rose and Stewart dressed and ran down, returning at four o'clock, but I wouldn't get up, there was no one on board in whom I was especially interested and the boat would be there in the morning so I went to sleep again. It reminded me of the times when we were children and ran down early on Christmas morning to see if Santa Clause had really come.

The captain didn't want to disembark until morning, but as his passengers began to swarm down ropes into the small boats, and one of the lighters went out, he swung down rope ladders for them. It takes a lot of hard work to lower a gang plank, and when there is no dock to rest it against, it is just lashed to the side of the ship, and it is like walking down a pair of stairs that are on edge.

There isn't much to write about, nothing changes here in the work, just the same round day after day; we had rather a hard winter, it was colder than the winter before, but less snow, and the children were sick nearly all the time since January. First it was the flu, only light attacks, but by the it has run through the whole family it takes weeks; then it was tonsillitis; then chicken pox, the last took more time because we were quarantined. I don't mean that the quarantined stretched out the time, but the boys took it first, just a few at a time; after two weeks every one was well and ready to start in school, then the girls began with it in the same long drawn out way. If they had just had it all at once it would have been a

*The Home Guards will remember that the Junior Department furnished a schooner for the mission at Nome, Alaska. It was christened "Jewel-Guard" and saw many kinds of service in Alaskan waters. Mr. Baldwin, the superintendent at the time, tells us about a walrus hunt.*

## A WALRUS HUNT ON THE BERING SEA

W. F. BALDWIN

WE ARE ON board the schooner Jewel-Guard in the river at Nome, Alaska, and ready to sail. On board is a crew of four natives and eight Eskimo hunters. It is the month of June when the sun is shining for twenty-two hours a day, so we have light all the time.

We leave the river about eight P. M. and steer seaward. We go to sea for ten to forty miles. As a rule the ice floe is anywhere from ten to forty or fifty miles off shore. It is upon this floe that the walrus are found. The walrus travel in herds numbering into the thousands. A walrus weighs anywhere from a ton to three thousand pounds. During the months of May and June the walrus travel North on the floes along the American side. In the fall, during the month of October, they go south on the floes along the Siberian side.

As we glide along seaward someone on board gets sight of something in the far distance. It is ice and there is something black upon it. At first it looks as if it might be dirt that has been thrown out upon the ice during the winter months and carried from the

## A WALRUS HUNT

*Continued from page four*

up and the other two edges are brought together likewise and laced. This large bundle of meat is then rolled into a hole which has been cut in the glacier. When the schooner is unloaded then comes the washing with gold dust to get the Jewel-Guard all clean and ship-shape again. We are thankful when it is all done. Now the natives have plenty of kow kow for the winter.

shore when the ice went out with a North wind. All eyes are centered upon this, and it is not long before a native calls out "Walrus! Walrus!" There is great excitement on board. The nearer we get the larger the walrus loom up. They are asleep on the ice and basking in the hot sun. We do not want them to hear the chug of our engine so we slow down. The engine is shut down. We have on board a large skin boat which is put into the water. The hunters get into this boat and quietly paddle towards the floe upon which are the walrus. Two men remain with the schooner. Soon they are within good shooting distance of the herd. The head marksman gives orders to get ready to shoot. All shoot at the same time. Most of the natives have automatic guns and so shoot several times, bang—bang—bang—bang. Walrus are raising up everywhere on the ice and clumsily rolling over the edge of the ice into the water. They are making a great snorting sound. They are coming up and sticking their heads out of the water, snorting and making a great noise. Out of the herd we have killed seven walrus. There they lay on the ice. The skin boat is pulled out upon the ice and the schooner comes up alongside the edge of the ice and anchors. The men now go to work.

First the head is cut off and then the walrus is skinned. The skin of a walrus just as it comes from the animal is about two and a half inches thick and weighs around six or seven hundred pounds. This skin is taken home, and when they get there the women split it, making two skins. These skins are put where it is sunny and dried out.

The skin is used for covering their oomiaks or skin boats and also used in some sections as coverings for their igloos. The flappers are cut off. It is said that the flappers are a delicacy among the natives, and when cooked taste much like pigs' feet. The natives save the intestines, cleaning and drying them, and out of these they make a fine rain parka. This is absolutely waterproof and very, very light. A parka is a very loose-fitting garment drawn on over the head and has a large hood with a drawstring.

The stomach is made into a water bottle or used as a seal-oil carrier. Everybody is hard at work. The meat is all cut up and everything is placed in the schooner. At last everything is cleaned up and in the schooner ready to move to another place.

The signal is given, the engine begins to chug—chug, and the schooner is moving on to the westward. We are on the lookout for another herd. One of the boys has climbed the mast, and with glasses, is looking out over the horizon for more walrus. Before another hour rolls around the one in the mast calls out "Walrus!" We are not long in reaching the other herd. When we have gone as near as we dare with the schooner, the skin boat is put over into the water and the hunters get in and paddle quietly toward the herd. Those walrus in the water are coming up and trying to throw their big heads and tusks over into the edge of the skin boat. If they ever did this they would tip the skin boat over and the hunters would be in a bad fix. All around the walrus are making a snorting and bellowing noise. This time we have killed five. The same hard work is gone through and after a while the schooner is loaded. When all are on board we start for home—tired and very sleepy. As we enter the river, natives come from every direction to find out what luck we have had and no doubt to get a piece of walrus meat. Now comes more hard work. The schooner has to be unloaded. Most of the meat is buried in the ground. This section of Alaska is mostly glacial. They take one of these large skins and lay in out upon the ground. A lot of the meat is piled on the skin. This skin has been slit all around the edge. When they have put in enough meat two of the edges are brought together and laced

*Concluded on page seven*

shorter session, as it was, we had six weeks of it.

Four of our large boys, fourteen to seventeen years of age, are leaving us this summer, going to work, and will not return to the Mission; five of the smaller ones who were here attending school have been taken home by their parents, but these will return in the fall when school opens again.

Miss Walthall and Miss McCleery are down at Cape Nome at the summer camp with thirteen of the smaller children, some of them are tubercular and the doctor wants them all to be kept outdoors as much as possible, so these have been there for a month. They are not yet in the first stages of tuberculosis, but if they can be tided over the years when they are developing the germs that they have, they will outgrow them. Down there it is dry, and there is a long stretch of sandy beach for them to play and dig in it; The snow goes weeks before it goes here in Nome, although it is only fourteen miles south. It is protected by a range of hills on the north, also they have a garden there, for they are not on the glacier.

The rest of us expect to go down as soon as the supplies are cared for, I suppose it will be soon, for nearly everything is done now.

I seldom wear my deaconess outfit for I cannot stand the bright light on my eyes, I have to wear something with a brim that I can pull down to shade my eyes; my hats are of more service to me. During the winter I wear colored goggles every time I put my head outdoors when it is daylight. The courses of the sun is very low on the horizon from November to April and the slanting rays are in your eyes whichever way you look; when reflected against the snow it is like the reflection of a mirror. From April until June the sun comes north rapidly, and the snow doesn't go until the last of May, so we have very dazzling days when the sun shines; just now the sun set at eleven thirty, and rises at one; We have no midnight sun in Nome, but twenty miles north of us the sun dips down to the horizon and soars aloft, but never sets.

Last summer was a nice dry one, my first summer was a rainy one, we didn't have a really sunshiney day until August. This year the ice has hung on so long, there is still ice floating out in the sea, the wind carries it out to sea, and then carries it back again; and we had a month of steady rain and fog, this week is the first sunny days we have had since the ice began to melt. And it has been so cold and damp, from the ice at sea, the wind blew from it all the time.

We have dinner at twelve o'clock and it is almost time for it, and I want to write Mrs. Brubaker on this mail, so I will stop now. Tell me about your work, and the home where you live. Do you know I don't realize that time moves at all. There is so little change up here, that it seems that the whole world must be standing still; it seems only a short time since I came in, not at all like two years. But when one is busy time passes rapidly.

The only place I go is to Lodge; I was urged to send for my transfer card, so I had the secretary do it for me, and was taken in as a full member last August. They wanted me to take an active part in the work, for the lodge is almost in its last gasp. I was chaplain pro-tem for a year, then was elected vice grand, being installed in January. The offices are held for a year here, since it takes so long for reports to reach the District President.

I.O.O.F. Lodge.

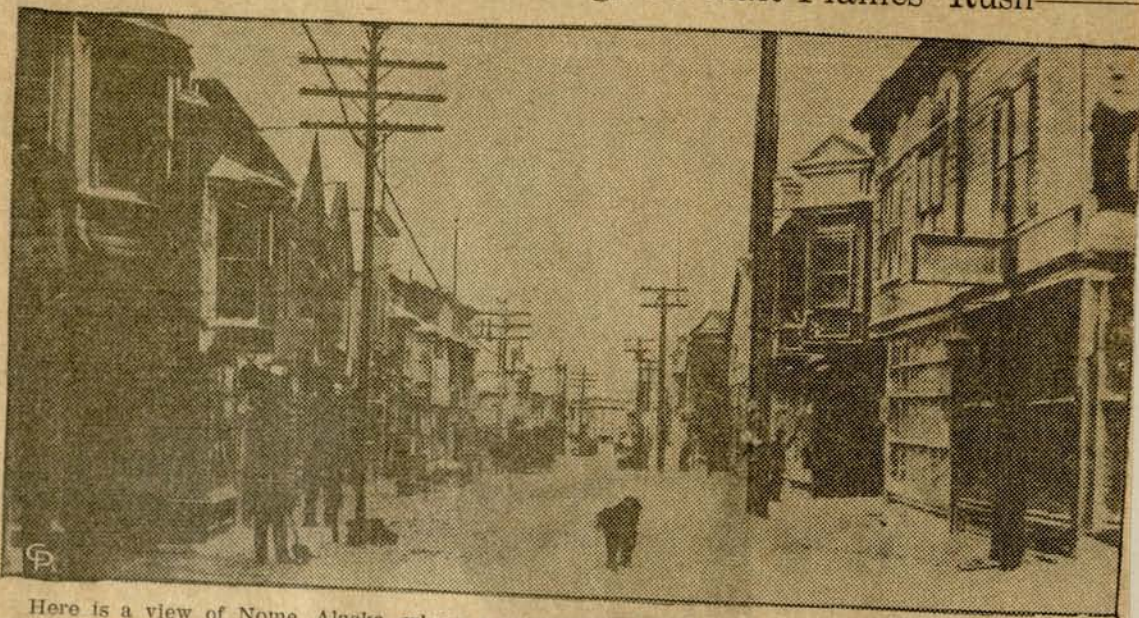
Yours with love,



Y AFTERNOON, SEPTEMBER 18, 1934.

## Million Dollar Blaze Levels City Of Nome

Firemen Dynamite Buildings To Halt Flames' Rush



Here is a view of Nome, Alaska, where a catastrophic blaze has swept away federal buildings, the entire business district, and most of the residential area, causing hundreds of homeless, and more than \$1,000,000 in damage. Firemen dynamited whole blocks of buildings in vain attempt to stem the rapid onrush of the flames, according to Washington reports.

Nome, Alaska,  
Aug. 27, 1924.

Dear Inez:-

I was so glad to receive your most welcome letter, and will in this letter give you the exact conditions of the work here.

First, there is the climate and the extreme cold, but you can become acclimated in a few months, although it has taken me two years to become acclimated; I came in 1922, and that summer was the rainiest one that I have ever known, heavy, driving tempests, like equinoctial storms; it was the fifth of August before I saw the sun all day, and for weeks there was no sun at all, only rain and fog; and it was so cold, I shivered all the time, and I wore heavy knit union suits and woolen stockings all the summer, donning woollens the first of October. When the winter came, and it came in October, the moisture froze dry, and I did not mind the cold so much; I was warmer with the thermometer at forty below than I had been in the rainy days.

Last summer, in 1923, there was not much rain; we had a dry, warm and beautiful summer, and I warmed up; in April I put on my cotton clothing, and in June I discarded the union suits for the thinner and sleeveless ones that I had worn at home. It wintered up again in October and I got into the woollens again.

As for dresses, I wore the linen dresses that I had worn in Washington; when the waists wore out, I wore middy blouses, white, for waists; I had made seven bungalow aprons of unbeached muslin, and I wore them over the dresses, a clean one every day, turning them inside out at noon, for my work has always been in the kitchen and I got very dirty. I prefer to wear white for it always washes well and doesn't fade. The other girls wear pretty gingham dresses, but it takes a dress a day anyway, and the ginghams fade in the washing and wear out readily; they are always making new dresses and I am still wearing my old linens, having shortened them considerably, for we have dirty floors with forty youngsters tracking mud in constantly.

The second winter, 1923, I bought light tan corduroy, matching that dress I had in Washington, and made three more dresses, on the same pattern, for my linens were not warm enough or I felt the cold more; but that winter was more severe than the one before, less snow and more cold winds. The wind here has a piercing quality that I never felt before, even on top of the Alleghenies, "It is a dull, hard bitterness of cold, that stings and bites to the very bone." The only clothing to wear against it is the fur clothing of the natives; The first year I bought a parka, made of reindeer skin, it cost me eighty-seven dollars. Of course, I could have bought a second-hand one, but I was afraid that some Eskimo might have worn it, and I wouldn't wear anything after them, for they are so unsanitary and unclean and diseased, mostly with T.B., and I wasn't taking any chances.

Further more, the native tanning is done in urine, and the odor of their furs is overpowering. I bought the skins for my parka from the Hudson's Bay Fur Agent, and he has all of his tanning done outside, that is why it costs more. He had that parka made especially for me, to my measurements. I am having him make me a fur cap for this winter, when I am out

MEMBER  
AUDIT BUREAU  
OF CIRCULATIONS

PRICE THREE CENTS

## FLAMES LEVEL GOLD TOWN OF NOME, ALASKA

Armed Vigilantes Patrolling  
Streets To Guard Food  
and Clothing.

MANY MADE HOMELESS

Only One Hotel and Ware-  
house Remain Untouched  
In Town's Worst Fire  
Since 1905.

Seattle, Sept. 18.—(U. P.)—  
Property damage in the Nome  
fire totaled between \$2,000,000  
and \$3,000,000, officials of the  
Lomen Commercial company  
announced today after hearing  
from their Nome representa-  
tives.

The loss included virtually  
the entire business section of  
the city, with stock of many  
stores, and large blocks of the  
residential district. All gov-  
ernment buildings were de-  
stroyed.

Nome, Alaska, Sept. 18.—(U. P.)  
—Armed vigilantes, reminiscent of  
the lusty days of Nome's glory, pa-  
trolled the streets today to guard  
food and clothing left after fire  
had levelled two-thirds of this fa-  
mous far northern mining camp.

As in 1898, when gold-miners  
paid \$1 for a slice of bread and \$5  
for a potato, food was the most  
important item saved from the  
devastating flames which originat-  
ed in the Golden Gate hotel yester-  
day morning and swept uncon-  
trolled to the river.

A hasty survey by the Red  
(Please Turn to Next Page.)

## COL. ROOSEVELT

## MAP PLANS FOR NEW CITY FROM RUINS OF NOME

Civic Committees Rushing  
Rebuilding To Beat Cold  
Arctic Winter.

Nome, Alaska, Sept. 19.—(U.  
P.)—While sourdoughs made  
homeless in the \$3,000,000 fire  
which leveled two-thirds of Nome  
were panning for gold in the fire-  
blackened ruins today, civic com-  
mittees made plans to rebuild as  
much as possible of the city before  
the intense Arctic winter sets in.

The new gold rush, lacking the  
excitement of the days of 1898,  
started with the discovery of a  
few ounces in the ruins of the old  
bank building. Soon many of the  
400 persons who lost their belong-  
ings in Monday's fire were poking  
around in the sands, covering the  
same area from which the pioneers  
had extracted many fortunes.

### Shelter Is Problem.

With sub-zero temperatures due  
within two weeks, the problem of  
providing adequate shelter for the  
homeless became the most press-  
ing relief problem.

They slept last night on make-  
shift beds on the floors of private  
homes and warehouses and in  
sleeping bags under hastily con-  
structed tents. They were fed at  
a community kitchen, supplied by  
the government and the Hammon  
Mining company, and serviced by  
(Continued on Page Two.)

## MAP OUT PLANS FOR NEW NOME

(Continued from Page One.)

cooks from the restaurants which  
were wiped out along with the rest  
of the business district.

Several business places opened  
in temporary quarters. The North  
Pole Bakery and Cavey's Coffee  
House reopened in private homes.  
Poley's store used a warehouse  
which had escaped the flames and  
offered its depleted stock to those  
who needed immediate necessities.

There was no shortage of any-  
thing except building material and  
tobacco, authorities announced  
after a survey.

Dr. Max Schwartz, mayor and  
only physician, reported that there  
is an ample supply of drugs to  
guard against any epidemic. The  
drugs were in the hospital which  
escaped the fire. The Lomen Drug  
company lost its supply. The  
coast guard cutter Chelan was due  
today with new supplies and with  
medical experts to aid Dr.  
Schwartz.

Authorities said that no lives  
had been lost nor had anyone  
been seriously injured. Many per-  
sons suffered painful minor burns.  
Governor Troy named a relief  
adjustment and rehabilitation com-  
mittee headed by Frank Jackson,  
president of the Miners and Mer-  
chants' Bank, to direct relief ac-  
tivities.

"It is certain that Nome will be  
rebuilt into a bigger and more  
modern city," Jackson said. "But  
it is too early to announce any de-  
finite plans."

half an hour in the cold my head aches, neuralgic I suppose, and I need the cap. I suppose it will cost about ten dollars. His wife is an Eskimo, and makes parkies and mittens.

My corduroy dresses have all bleached to an ivory-white and I wear one two days; they wash easily in the washer and require no ironing. I have made unbleached muslin petticoats, camisoles, and bloomers; all having elastic in them. This I remove before washing, thus making them easy to iron, and boiling them; it makes it easier to dress in the morning. I just step into them and they are finished.

I put panels in the sides of that narrow black serge dress that I had and I wear it for a general dress in the winter wearing my brown tricolette dress for summer. But this winter I shall make a dress of black jersey cloth, a garb, as I wear garb when I go to lodge, I will explain the reason latter. The serge is wearing out, it is the only woolen dress that I have.

We are at the summer camp now; I came down the last of June, when the trail was passable, and school was out, the children arrived in relays; some of them had come down in April with Misses Walthal and McCleery while the snow trail was still good, when that went out, there was no communication with the camp until the road was fit for teams. It is only fourteen miles, but it is completely isolated; we are on the only road kept up by the territory, it reaches from Seward to Nome, but it is a rough road, hard to travel; ploughed deep with ruts by occasional heavily loaded trucks. For days we see no one but ourselves, then some truck or car will drive thru. Mr. Baldwin has a second hand car converted into a truck, and he comes down three or four times a week, he was here today, and it coming tomorrow to take some of the little girls, breeds, who attend the white school. That school opens the second of September, but the native school will open the first of October, likely; it is always late, for the Bureau of Education agent always finds some carpenter work to be done in the building just when September comes around; they are working at it now. We have six breeds four boys and two girls, who go to the white school.

Now for the food, we live out of tins; the Board sends us our supplies during the summer on each boat, and we have have them all stored in our room; we have a storeroom on the second floor, and a dry goods department in the garret. The goods are the best that can be bought, the butter is very good, it is in barrels, Armour's Brand; we have potatoes in crates and tons of flour. We have food in plenty, and good food, but tinned food is not like fresh food. In the summer the boats bring fresh vegetables, and one may buy them at fancy prices.

Since I have been here I have done everything there is to do by turns. I sewed at first and had charge of the dish-washing and mending; gradually I took more work down stairs, washing, baking, the dining room, helping entirely downstairs, in the laundry and kitchen. At one time I had the girls' dormitory. Here at camp I started in work with the boys, in charge of their sleeping and dining tents, and doing the baking; now I have exchanged places with Miss Walthal and I am doing the cooking. Miss McCleery has charge of the girls, who sleep in the dormitory built upstairs for them.

## Aid Arrives For Fire-Swept City Of Nome, Alaska

Nome, Alaska, Sept. 20.—(U. P.)—The U. S. coast guard cutter Chelan, after a stormy voyage from Unalaska, brought the first aid from the outside world into fire-devastated Nome today.

Shortly after the arrival at midnight with extra supplies of food and medicine aboard, the crew of the Chelan was assigned to patrol duty to aid Deputy U. S. Marshals in protecting the foodstuffs saved from the fire which swept the mining camp Monday, causing a \$3,000,000 loss. Meanwhile, plans for rehabilitation went forward rapidly. The Alaska Steamship company announced a 50 per cent reduction in its rates between Seattle and Nome in order to encourage shipments of building materials and food.

We have two small rooms upstairs for the workers, and a larger room for general purposes: mending etc. Downstairs there are two rooms, a dining room, or living room, and a small kitchen; there is a storeroom built at oneside, under the girls' room. A shed at the back and a stable at the side; It used to be an old roadhouse, and in this county all the sheds and out-buildings are attached to the house, no chance of getting lost in a blizzard.

Miss Stewart and Ross are still at the Mission in Nome they preferred to remain there, and are doing the children's washing with the electric machine. Mr. Baldwin takes it to them each week. We do our own washing her, I mean we three workers. I did it at first, now Miss Walthal does it. I am still wearing my corduroy dresses, but I have hemmed them up to within three inches of my knee. They got so wet and draggled outside, for there is grass and water here everywhere you walk.

There is a well near the house, but it had caved in at the bottom. There is nothing but sand here, and the well is shored up with planks; the bottom ones had fallen, admitting a stream of sand which choked the fountain of the well, and the water could not seep through, so the well was empty when I came down. Mr. Baldwin tried to find a man to dig it out, but in the summer time the men who are still in Nome, are the loafers who won't work, all of the working men are out at the mines, or on their own claims.

The boys and I carried water from a small lagoon half a mile from the camp for a week, then I donned my black bloomers, rubber boots, and old sweater and my felt hat, and with the help of the boys, lowered the ladder onto the well. and went down to dig it out. It is only twenty feet deep; we worked one morning, and got two feet of water; then Mr. Baldwin arrived with a native man and they got the rest of the sand out. Now the well is full again.

Our children are getting less and less all the time, and of course, less workers are needed. The larger boys are going out into the world to earn their own living, and the girls will go when they are married.

There are little ones brought in to attend school, but they come in the fall and go home in to spring. We clothe them, make new dresses and suits for them while they are with us., for they smell of seal oil and various other things when they come to us, and are poorly dressed.

Now for the social side of the work: there is no companionship with the Eskimoes, they can't talk as white people talk, not with white people; they talk to each other, but with us it is a question and answer. There is nothing in common and no point of contact socially. They come to church, they smile, and shake hands with us, when they need help they come to us, but they can't chat.

And there is not much companionship for real Missionaries among the white people in Nome. The place is almost openly immoral. There are respectable people here, but you can count them on your fingers, and their only recreation is dancing card playing, and drinking, and going to the movies twice a week. I have never been to the movies here, but from the description of some of them I think they must be rotten.

The only place I go outside of the church is to lodge; every meeting ends in a card party and refreshments. That is why I wear my garb to lodge. They used to urge me to join the party, but when ~~they~~ I assured them that I would be excommunicated, they ceased asking me to take a hand. But they are anxious to have me attend for it gives them an air of respectability to have the church with them. And that is why I wear my garb. I feel that I need the protection of the church. I want them to know my standing in the church, I am glad that I am a deaconess, and I am glad that I am fit to wear the garb.

All the white people in Nome are very kind to us. The lodge members have been especially kind to me, but nonetheless I find it a lonesome place, for there is no companionship outside of our immediate selves.



Charred wreckage lies in the wake of the devastating fire which swept the waterfront district of Nome, Alaska, doing \$3,000,000 worth of damage in the historic town in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Wide World Photo

Nome Alaska,  
Feb. 12, 1925.

Dear Inez:--

I told Mr. Baldwin to notify Mrs. French that I would not stay another year; then I wrote to Mrs. Street, asking for work among the Southern Mountain Whites; but you must have the class letter by this time and know that.

Now Mr. Baldwin has come to me and asked me to stay another winter, for the Orphanage is to be moved, and it may be difficult to get anyone to come up here for a year, if we are here that long.

I said that I would stay and he has wired my new decision to Mrs. French. He has not heard from her so I don't know whether she will want me, after so uncertain and attitude. I have not heard from Mrs. Street, but she wouldn't get my letter until the last of January.

I will have to send for a new outfit, for after three years wear, the one that I brought in with me is falling to pieces, and won't stay darned. I have made out a list of the clothing that I will actually need and it amounts to \$70.00 It will be twice that if I buy it here. But I will wait to hear from Mrs. French, perhaps I may not need a new outfit.

The committee have decided to move the Orphanage down to Seldovia, down on Cook's Inlet, at the beginning of the Aleutian Islands. The Sea never freezes there, there are boats the year around, and of course, less expensive to keep up the institution. It will seem almost like living in the States to be so close.

A large number of the children have relatives here who will take them, not wishing to see them go away so far; we may not have many to move, perhaps a dozen or so out of the fortythree that we have at the present time.

The diphtheria epidemic passed us by at the Mission. I think it is because so many were praying for us. It seems a miracle; the children are perfectly well, it is the first time that an epidemic did not run through the whole family.

The north wind is trying to blow up a blizzard today. It has been 20 to 40 below zero since January first. Now it is 20 above zero, but oh, the wind! How it cuts! Mail goes out at five P.M. today.

With love,  
Mary Greene.



11.

Nome, Alaska,  
April 16, 1925.

Dear Inez:--

There is just the same thing happening day after day here. I have described it so often that I am sure you are tired of hearing it.

There is something new this time: Mr. Bladwin asked me March 15th if I would be willing to go down to Cape Nome to summer camp with the tubercular children on April first; I said I would go with them and on March 31st a dog team brought Edna Ellayuk and me down to the camp, the children came two days later by horse team.

There was a white man here then, a trapper, and I was glad to have him here. I knew he would be here and I brought Edna as a chaperone; she is 17 years old, also tubercular.

Mr. Baldwin had come down for a week to get things ready for us; he returned with Rohn, who had brought me.

I expected the trapper to be an old white-whiskered man, you know the ideal trapper. I was astonished to see a little Norwegian or Dane, (a Scandinavian, anyway) about thirty years of age, smooth-faced, blue-eyed and pleasant. He was a handy man about the house, cut wood; carried water, built fires; shoveled snow; cut meat and opened milk cans for me. And as he was always at my elbow in the kitchen I kept him busy.

We played dominoes until 10:30 at night, and went walking in the afternoons-- then the remaining seven children came and I had to buckle on my harness and get to work.

Poulson, trapper, sailor, wanderer, stayed a week with us, then pulled his traps and departed. I miss him he was good company; also it was a relief to have a white man here, isolated as we are.

We have Wallace Amalotulik, 20 years old, with us; he is our "man about the house" now, and a very good one. But there is no companionship for whites with Eskimos; we can talk, but they live so entirely different, their interests are so different, that there is no real conversation. One has to cudgel one's brain sometimes to find words to express a thing so that they will understand; their language is scanty of words, and they have no equivalent for so many of our words. Concrete things are easily explained, but abstract things are difficult to explain.

Edna is always asking me to explain something to her, then I have to explain the explanation. She and Annie and Wallace are playing dominoes; but we go to bed at nine o'clock now.

Annie is 19, a hunch-back; the others from 5 to 13 go to bed at seven. There are nine all told, including Wallace.

I spend the mornings in the kitchen; the afternoon around the house; the evenings reading or writing. I take a walk after supper, about three miles, leaving Edna in charge.

We have breakfast at 8 o'clock, lunch at 12; supper at 5. The children wash their dishes and I wash mine; I do not permit them to handle or prepare the food, as I am taking no chances on germs for myself.

I keep them outside the livelong day; They come in to get warm, to eat and to sleep, (with open windows);

but with 5 feet of snow on the ground and more falling, their play ground is limited to the front of the house and the wood-pile. They build snow houses and dig tunnels.

I may be here at the Mission another year; Mrs. Gambill, President of our Board, has written to each of us asking us to remain until the children are moved to Seldovia; we don't know when that will be, perhaps this year, perhaps next year; but I will stay here.

The mail carrier will stop tomorrow, as he always does, for dinner and I will give him my letter to mail.

The trail is heavy; three dog teams passed going south this morning, and the dogs were just wallowing through the fresh, soft snow.

A man came west at noon, walking and pulling his skis like a sled; it was too soft to use them; he was about worn out. I gave him dinner and he rested until two o'clock. He said, that he was making two miles an hour, and it is fourteen to Nome. I went for my usual walk, knee deep at every step, but I made only a mile. Our children enjoy scrapbooks very much and we are glad to get them here.

With love,

Mary Greene.

Nome, Alaska,  
July 29, 1925.

Dear Inez:--

I have both of your letters, the one that you wrote in April, and the last one in July; our last overland mail comes in the middle of April. It leaves Nenana, the terminus of the Alaskan railroad, the last of March; by that time the trail in the southeast is getting soft. When the snow begins to get soft the teams can't travel and drag a sled; the trail breaks up here the middle of May, and farther north the first of June. The sun, for all that it is very hot, has no effect on the snow, the atmosphere is so cold; it is the winds that cut the snow like paper. When it goes there is not much water on the ground, the sandy soil does not hold it; but after the sun thaws the frozen ground we have a swamp that lasts all summer.

I am going to stay here another year to do Deaconess work among the Eskimos, and Miss McCleery is going down the coast with the children; Miss Walthall was married the third of June to a Nazarene evangelist, who has been in Nome two years. He hasn't been preaching, just staying here; he wanted a Mission but couldn't get one, each board prefers its own workers. He has a home in Los Angeles, and I believe that he and Miss Walthall (Mrs. Matthews) will go there this fall. She is still working with us, but he is living in Nome, He doesn't stay at the Mission.

I came down in March, but as I wrote all that in the class letter I will not repeat it. I was here with the tubercular ones two months, then the boys walked down the last of May, for school was out, and the girls came down in trucks. Two weeks later Miss McCleery came down and I went up; then Miss Walthall ( I just can't say Mrs. Matthews) came down and I stayed in Nome three weeks and now she is here and Miss Walthall is in Nome, visiting her husband; he is fifty-five years old and she is forty; but he looks like seventy. He might be her father, and rather a peculiar man. He is a widower with grown children; I can't abide him,

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I prefer to continue working for the W. H. M. S. as long as I am in this work; I promised to work ten years and I will have four years of that time here in Alaska. When I leave here I think that I will never return. It is a hard country, bleak, desolate, barren, not a white man's country. White men and women go down to the gutter here so quickly and all that we can do is to stand aside and look on, and it is heart-breaking. I have made some very good friends among the white people here and yet I can't help them in a spiritual way, they don't care to be disturbed in their lives. They like me and invite me to dinner, and ask me to ask a blessing at the table, and they apologize for playing cards when I am present, but it is all on the surface. I just can't reach them as I would like to do. They want to be good, but they cannot turn aside from temptation; cardplaying dancing and drinking, with all of the

evils that follow drinking, are their amusements.

My work is not with the white church, but I come in contact with the white people more or less in the lodge, the white church and in other ways; I really think that it is easier to work with the Eskimoes, although they are as yet a race in the making, grown-up children, and have many vices of the primitive people, and some adopted from the whites, yet one may rebuke, instruct and exhort them in a manner that one may not attempt with the whites who object to having their pet sins trampled upon. Of course, it takes tact and diplomacy in dealing with all sorts of people, and affection for them.

In the lodge we have little social evenings now without cards. I haven't suggested giving up cards and dancing, but somehow I have given the impression that I would rather not have them, sort of autosuggestion, I guess, and now we have refreshments and a delightful party at the table in the diningroom, conversation, speeches and jesting, and everyone enjoys it more than when they sat at the card tables in the hall. I am trying to get my jewel as noble grand, and unless I am present at a majority of the meetings I cannot get it; I have lost five meetings now when I was here with the sick ones, but I have eight to my credit, and Mr. Baldwin has promised to take me to Nome for each meeting, the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. I was up last week and came down on Monday of this week; the weather is bad now, rainy and windy, with a high sea. Owing to the isolation and the difficulty of getting out the reports, the lodge installs officers only once a year, the first meeting in January, so I will have to be present at each meeting from now until then or I will lose out.

I have bought two strings of ivory for myself, I want to get a sample of different kinds of ivory, the old and the water ivory; the latter is black tusks that have been cast up by the sea from walrus that have died there. It has been in that water for ages and is like ebony. It is scarce and expensive. I paid twenty dollars for a string of old or mastoden beads, and eleven for a string of tundra beads. That is ivory that has been found on the tundra and is almost red; walrus tusks not mastoden. That is all that I have bought thus far, but I have a string engaged of old ivory that is blue, the rarest kind. I expect to pay fifty dollars for that one, but I don't want to lose it; and I want to get some black ivory, then I think that will be all the money that I can afford to spend for it. Old ivory is very scarce now, since tourists have been coming to Alaska, they have bought the most of it.

With love,

Mary Greene.

Nome, Alaska,  
Dec. 12, 1925.

My dear girls:--

I am starting this letter tonight, but I don't know when it will get ~~X~~ finished, these are busy days for me. I am doing parish visiting now; I'll tell you what I did today, and that is like every day.

I rose at seven-thirty, after performing my ablutions and dressing, I carried out my ashes and filled my coal buckets ( I have heard them called pails, hods and scuttles, It all depends upon where you were reared). Then I washed my hair ( I don't do this every day, only on Saturday morning, very early so that it will get dry before I start on my calls). Then I went over to Mrs. Baldwin's for breakfast, for my board is paid there. I usually help with the dishes, but as the children are at home today I came back to my room to sweep and dust. I have a coal stove in my room and it makes a lot of dirt. But in this country every room in which any one wishes to live has a stove in it when there is no furnace in the house; the coal is always soft, and forty dollars a ton. Think of that, you people from the coal districts of Pennsylvania.

After cleaning house I sewed a little, I am making a dress for one of my little girls when I have a few minutes to sit down at it. Inez, the little girl, is from Sinuk, twenty six miles north of Nome. There is no school there and she used to spend her winters with us at the Mission to attend school. This year she hadn't been to school for two months until I succeeded in getting word to her aunt and uncle with whom she lives, her parent are dead, to bring her down as I would find a place for her. They came down by boat, the last of October and I placed her in the home of Nomman Lee, our interpreter; but as she has only the clothing that we had made for her a year ago and is growing rapidly, I offered to make her two dresses. We have gingham here for that purpose. The dress is now two-thirds done, but I haven't started the second one.

At twelve o'clock I went back to the parsonage for lunch, coming home at one-fifteen,; I dressed for my calls. I will tell you how I dress. Bear in mind that we have winter here now, the thermometer has been hanging from sixteen to twenty-four degrees below zero for a month.

First, I remove my house dress and shoes; then I put on a pair of heavy woolen bloomers; then a khaki riding skirt, divided, the kind equestriennes used to wear before the days of riding breeches; then a middy blouse of pure wool, presented to the Mission by the Coast Guard crew; then a sleeveless all-wool sweater; then a pair of fur-lined moccasins; then I pull on my mukluks over the moccasins. By this time I am anxious to get out doors as I get very warm, but I wind a woolen scarf around my neck, wriggle into my fur parka, put on my fur cap and fur mittens, take my khaki bag which contains my Bible, a note book, a pencil, six handkerchieves, my eye glasses, and depart. I am not too warm when I am outside in the wind, which is blowing from the north these days and seems to bite to the very bone. Do you remember the coming of the snow storm in Snowbound?

"A dull, hard bitterness of cold  
That checked mid-vein the circling race

Of life blood in the sharpened face  
The coming of the snow storm told."

I have seventy families on my list and I try to get around them all at least once in two weeks; but I have some who are in need and I go to see them more frequently. Over on the Sandspit across the river, I have two sick men with large families; I went to see every day last week, reporting to Miss Morgan at the hospital later. When the doctor thinks it necessary to visit them he consults Miss Morgan as to their condition. I am not a nurse, nor do I try to take a nurse's place. I report their symptoms and get advice, when I think they need the doctor I tell him, or tell Miss Morgan.

Then I have seven prospective mothers and I call on them twice a week. Little John Apok was born two days ago; little Catherine Stanley two weeks ago. Some of these natives have names given them by white people, others take their native names Henry Stanley was evidently named by some white man, so was Abraham Lincoln.

Today I called on Jennie Albet first, she lives on the outskirts of the town on the north, she was obliged to move out of town because of the house she kept. The neighbors complained about the noise. She is not a good woman and we have been trying to keep her straight; her husband abandoned her five years ago. She has two boys by a first marriage, one seventeen and one ten. Edwin, the older, had been washing dishes in Bahlike's restaurant and had been discharged; When I called on Bahlike about it in an effort to persuade him to take the boy back, he said that the boy had taken to drinking and was practically worthless. "I am about through with hiring natives." he said. "I can't depend on them; when they get five dollars they quit work until they have spent it, and they won't work for less than a dollar an hour, and they are not worth it. I am getting a woman to wash dishes."

I am digressing alot, but I will come to the house again. I knocked and a man's voice bade me come in, I entered and there was Neuman; he rose politely and offered me his hand in an amiable manner, when I did not take it he offered me a chair, which I did not take. I knew the man. A year ago I had two half-breed girls, sixteen and twenty-two years of age, living with me attending high school; this man, a friend of their father's made himself obnoxious by hanging about the house and I threatened to appeal to the marshal when he stopped his visits

"I did not expect to see you here, Mr. Neuman," I said.

"Didn't expect to see me here in my house?"

"Is this your house?"

"Yes, it's my house."

"Then Jennie is living in your house?"

"Yes, Jennie is living in my house."

"Mr. Neuman, you know that white people do not live this way, and you are a white man." (He is a German; every man who is living with natives here is either a Scandinavian, a French-Canadian or a German; there is only one Englishman, but not one native American who has "gone native", as the English say; here they are called "squaw men" and are considered lower than the natives among who they live; they are all a dinking, worthless set.)

"Yes, I am a white man,"

"Are you going to marry Jennie?" She dosen't have a divorce from her second husband, and month ago Mr. Baldwin told me to tell her that the lawyer said it would cost sixty dollers to get a divorce; she had asked him to enquire.

"Yes, I am going to marry her."

"When?"

Then he began to walk about and to shout, sometimes he approach-ed me in a threatening manner, but as I stood calmly and gazed at him without a sign of being disturbed, he would retreat.

"These bloodsuckers of lawyers," he cried. "They will charge me sixty or seventy dollers for a divorce, and her husband left her five years ago."

"Did you expect to get a divorce for nothing?"

"Her husband left her five years ago."

"Is that any reason why she should be living in adultery?"

"I teck, (Whether he meant protect of take, I don't know, he has a strong German accent.) that woman when she is walking the street when she is living on the streets, I teck her when she keep a disorderly house; I provide for that woman; I provide for her boys. Will you keep that woman? Will the Mission keep that Woman?"

"We would have helped her at one time."

"Will you keep her now?"

"It is not necessary, she is able to work."

He continued raving and I left. I called on Mrs. Trigg, an Eskimo married to a white man, they live in a two story house. I went through two sheds to reach the living room, which was about twelve feet square; It had a range, a table, three chairs, and piles of miscellaneous articles all about the four walls; there were two lines stretched across the length of the room and fresh-ly skinned deer legs were hanging there to dry; not a leg of the deer but the skins.

These are used to make muklaks, the sloping shape of the skin over the hoof giving the shape to the mukluk over the ankle, and instep. It is just as though you put your foot inside the deer's foot; It takes two deer legs to make one mukluk as a per-son's foot and leg is larger than a deer leg.

A hunch of deer meat was lying on the warming oven, and Mrs. Trigg, had just put on the range a five-gallon oil can filled with tomcod, a small white fish, to cook for the dogs. An open stair-way led to the upper part of the house, but I didn't see how they could get to it for the things on the floor; there was ~~was~~ just room enough in the center of the floor for one chair, on which I sat. She apologized for the dirt, saying that she had a sick hand and couldn't wash the floor this week; she had rheumatism in her wrist and I told her to keep it warm and to rub it with something; she showed me a bottle of liniment and I smelled it and said that it was good, to use it. I don't know what it was, but it had an odor and would help to warm the skin when she rubbed her wrist. She doesn't speak much English and I spoke little Eskimo, but we got along; on leaving I shook hand with her, and she thanked me for coming "to see".

Then I went to Florence Keok's; she is a widow with only one child of her own, but she has adopted four others, three boys, and a girl. I am wrong, she has two children: the older daughter is married to Arthur Trigg, upon whose mother I had just called, (Mrs. Trigg has two boys, Jerome is ten; she has no girls.)

Art Arthur's wife, Alma, is one of my prospective mothers. Florence has a half-breed daughter five years old; M. Baldwin had that case before the grand jury at that time, and the father of the child, a merchant in town, paid the mother a sum of money to support his child. Florence is well to do in an Eskimo way, for she has a large number of deer in the herd and has some sold every year; her house is clean, but piled full of stuff, Eskimo style. They sleep on beds and sit on chairs and eat at a table, and wash their clothes every week; they always look clean. Since little Rebecca, the half-breed, was born, Florence has been straight; but I found her today mending a parka which she told me belonged to a white man. White men take sewing to these women, for the Eskimos are the only ones who can sew skins and furs; and the only ones who can sew a waterproof seam. Other people can put something on a seam to make it waterproof, but the Eskimo women can sew a waterproof seam. They make hip length waterproof mukluks of seal skin that are better than rubber boots. But it is through the sewing that so many Eskimo women get acquainted with white men, and for that reason, sometimes as an excuse, some white men enter Eskimo houses. I did not like to see Florence repairing that parka.

I went to Luke Loana's house; his wife is another one who likes the white men. She has a younger sister of fourteen who lives with her, and a daughter of the same age; then there is George, an adopted boy of eight; Bessie, five, Willie, three, and the baby. I am trying to keep the older girls from following in Esther's footsteps. Esther is the mother. Luke drives team for Billy Rowe, a white man, and is a steady worker. They live well and don't live on the floor, but have beds, chairs, and a table.

Abraham Lincoln, Luke's nephew, is staying there for the present. Abraham is the chief herder of the Nome herd of deer. All the owners meet in the spring of the year and elect one of their members chief herder. He must be able to read and write English and must be a man in whom they have confidence, and one who can get along with the other herders, also he must be honest for the butchering of deer for market is done under his supervision. Just now they are slaughtering deer three miles east of Nome. These deer are for sale to pay the herders. Abraham lives at the reindeer camp about twenty miles from Nome, but has brought his wife and two children to Nome while he is here. They are staying at Luke's house. I visited with them all, for I had met Margaret Lincoln last summer and knew her. These people all speak good English, having been to school.

Then I went half a mile east to Mrs. Nicoli's, an Eskimo married to a Turk, or Syrian, a man from that part of Asia anyway. She is never well, being tubercular, and just now her daughter is in the hospital with heart trouble. She has three daughters to this husband and two to a former husband, a Russian. The first daughters were given to her cousin to rear when she married Nicoli. These people give away their babies as we give kittens away at home.

Then on my way home I stopped at Fred Tettok's home. He and his wife are both Eskimos; young people and good. It was a relief to call on them; they have two children, boys; Fred, junior, is two years old, and the baby is six months old.

It was dark then and I came home at four o'clock.

It begins to get dark now at three o'clock, and at four the



street lights are on, next week they will be on at three o'clock.

I emptied ashes and filled my coal buckets again; washed my hands, combed my hair, changed my dress, and went over to the parsonage for supper and to report to Mr. Baldwin. We have supper at five o'clock.

"Mr. Baldwin," I said, "I found Neuman at home."

"I found him at home too", he replied.

Neuman had come down there with Jennie, shouting his rage.

"That woman she talk hell to me! Excuse me," with a glance at Mrs. Baldwin. "She tell me that we live in adultery, and it is not true; that make me mad."

(I forgot to say that he had said as I was leaving his house.

"Do whatever you are going to do." I think that the Attorney had talked to him).

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin gave him a hauling over the coals, and he left declaring that he would throw "that woman out of his house tomorrow and you can keep her."

Mrs. Baldwin told him that it wasn't necessary to keep a woman who was able to work.

It is eleven o'clock and I am going to bed.

Sunday 3 P.M.

This will not be a diary this time for what I can't write now must remain as unwritten history.

For my visiting record I have a loose leaf book and keep a page for each family, and each evening after supper I type off the record of each family whom I have visited. If there is nothing of note, I merely give the date of the call. If I have given them any clothing or books, or if they are sick or have asked for any advice, or if there is any reason for special work for them I put it in my records. I wish to keep the record for my own benefit and also for the benefit of my successor.

I began the visiting the nineteenth of October, (the children didn't leave the Mission until the fourteenth), and the first thing that I did was to call on each family, get their names, both English and Eskimo, with the names and ages of all the children, and as much of their history as I could glean from all sources. This is all in my book, and is a great help, both to me and to Mr. Baldwin. He has always kept his church records, but there has not been a record of the parish visiting before, and it was rather confusing at first to me. I didn't know who belonged to us, and who were Catholics. But after taking the names of two families that belonged to the priest, I began to ask as soon as I entered the home; "Do you belong to Baldwin?" The reply was either, "Yes I belong to Baldwin," or, "I am Roman Catholic."

Very few of these people use the word Mr., they call Mr. Baldwin, just Baldwin; some of the ones who can read and write, and the younger ones who attend school, use the title, but not the older generation. One name is enough for them, so why not enough for white men?

We always have a Christmas tree in the church and decorations, the Eskimos help with them. But this year we will not have any entertainment of our own for we have no Mission Children with whom to work. We could make them come to the

practises regularly. So Mrs. Call, the teacher in the native school, has asked permission to give Her entertainment in our church. She gave it there last year in the afternoon and we gave ours later in the week. But this year we will have just the one, and that one will be Mrs. Call's. We will have the Christmas tree the Wednesday evening before Christmas and give the presents out then. I have them ready now, I have been working for three weeks at intervaes, morning and evening, selecting them and pinning tags on each one.

I brought all of the things left over in our attic down to my room, dumping them in the middle of the floor. First the toys, and after I had finished them, I started in on the older boys and girls. Then on the parents. I left the things in my room until I had finished as it would have taken a lot of work to carry them to and fro, besides they were so cold when I brought them in that I had to let them lay all night before I could handle them in comfort. I felt as if I were living in an Eskimo igloo. They are all tagged and in tubs and boxes down stairs now ready to take over to the church. Monday I will start at the dresses for Inez, I wish to get them finished before Christmas.

One of my people, Pushuk (Pqosh-uk), lives on the Sandspit, a mile and a half by the river bridge but now that the river is frozen it is only half a mile over there. He was brought to the hospital two weeks ago early one morning, when I investigated, I found that he was burned inwardly, had inhaled smoke or flames, his brother didn't seem to understand. Three days later Pushuk insisted on going home. Mr. Baldwin is having the hospital renovated on the inside, having raised the money by popular subscription, and Pushuk didn't like the smell of the paint. He said, "Smell plenty strong, white man's Paint."

I called on him and was alarmed at his condition. He was in bed, suffering with pain in his right lung and stomach and he panted when he tried to talk. I told Miss Morgan, and she said it might result in pneumonia and quick consumption, and to let her know each day how he was. He improved slowly but steadily, and when he was able to talk well he told me how it happened. He had torn off the paper from the walls to repair, when a box of matches took fire, and lest the paper on the floor should take fire, he put out the matches with his hands, inhaling the sulphur fumes. No wonder his lungs were cut to pieces and he was sick. That same morning he had gone up to Cripple River with his dog team to work at the reindeer herd, a distance of ten miles. "I feel sick," he said. "That afternoon little bit sick; that night plenty sick. In the morning Philip bring me back home. He no bring clothes, only what I wear and sleeping bag. I no got clothes here, no shirt, all Cripple River. You got some? You give me? I wear this long time no wash."

I hunted out some clothing for him, it wasn't much nor in very good condition, for Mr. Baldwin has sent to Seward all of the clothing and equipment from the Mission; The things that are left are the discarded and worn clothing and coats of the children. None of these things are large enough for men. But as Puskuk is small, I think he can wear them with ease. He also told me that he had some grub. I asked him if he had food, and neither he nor Flora, his wife, understood until I

said, "How much you eat?" Then he said, "Yes, we got some grub, maybe eat one month." They had flour and kerosene, the latter for the lamp, enough to last a month. Some tomcod, and some dried salmon. I urged Flora to bake bread as flap jacks would not be good for Pushuk. She hasn't baked, although she said she knew how. She was reared in the Methodist Mission when it was at Sinuk. Natives make what they call flap jacks on a griddle or frying pan, mixing the flour with water; sometimes they add soda and sometimes they don't.

Pushuk said that he would like to have some deer meat. No one ever calls it venison here. It is reindeer or deer, some times they add the word meat. It used to give me the shivers to hear our children call to some one in the kitchen. "The reindeer is boiling." Or, "Oh, it is reindeer soup!" Pushuk's brother, Isaac Earlook, lives with him. Isaac is fourteen and was with us for four months last summer. I should reasonably expect him to have a fair amount of intelligence, but he seems to know very little. He had said that he had deer in the Teller herd. That is one hundred and eighty mile north of here and that herd belong to the Lomen brothers. The law forbids white men owning deer in Alaska, but there are many ways of evading the law, yet keeping within it. When the deer were brought to Alaska from Finland a number of Finns and Lapps were brought along to teach the natives here how to care for them. These men are paid for their work in deer. Some of them later sold their deer to Lomens and Oglethorpe. Others married native women and remained in the country. Lomens have control of the deer, Oglethorpe seems to be the silent partner, and they have native herders, paying them in deer which remain in the herd, the natives getting the increase.

Isaac's uncle, Tooktona, had deer and had given some to Isaac, as the boy is living with Pushuk he is entitled to a certain number of deer for the boy's keep. Using it for food and clothing for the family. I told him that I would see what I could do for him. The deer that are being slaughtered for sale at Port Davis, are the ones from the Nome herd, and under the control of the Bureau of Education. I first went to Ralph Lomen and explained Pushuk's condition, asking if he could possibly make an exchange of deer with Mr. Range, the Bureau of Education agent. Lomen was agreeable, and said that he was willing to do all that he could do for these natives, and was willing to make the exchange if Mr. Range could do so; to ask Mr. Range to communicate with him. He added that they were bringing down deer to their slaughter pen next month for killing.

I then called on Mr. Range, but he was not favorably impressed with the idea; he said that he couldn't make an exchange, for every deer in the herd belonged to some one. If he gave Pushuk a deer he would have to take it from some one, and he wasn't sure that he could replace it. He looked over the list, of natives who own deer in the Lomen herd and didn't find the names that Isaac had given me. He was sorry, but he could do nothing. I explained it to Pushuk and said that he would have to wait until next month for his deer. He may be able to hunt by that time and will not need it. It may be that they don't have any deer, that the uncle never made the exchange from his name to that of Isaac.

Amuktooluk is having an attack of rheumatism, he lives next door to Pushuk, and I took him a hot water bottle and some flannels. He has ten children, the oldest twenty and the youngest one year old. He has good boys, all a help to him. The three older are boys. Then there is John Brown, a half-breed married to an Eskimo, who is in bed with a touch of sciatic rheumatism. I gave him a hot water bottle. I have two metal bottles sent in on the last boat, as the hospital is supplied I kept these to lend to sick folks.

Missionary barrels and boxes are now added to my business. I unpacked four last month that had come in in October, and answered the letters. We always write to the donors and tell what has been done with the contents. I used many of the for my Christmas presents. Unless more things come in next year we will have a scant supply for presents, as I have sadly depleted the present stock.

One of my fourteen-year-old girls had a sick spell two weeks ago. She was in bed with severe pain in her stomach. I sent for the doctor, but he was busy and didn't come. That evening the mother, Tockbock, who is totally deaf, came into Baldwin's home for me, crying and by signs told me that Ruth was worse. I went home with her and found Ruth crying in bed. Then I went over to the hospital and insisted that Miss Morgan, go to see the girl; she went and said that Ruth was having a bilious attack. She came again with some calomel, ten grains, that Ruth was to take, every fifteen minutes, then a dose of epsom salts. I remained, giving Ruth the calomel until nine o'clock, the last dose. Then I went home, ate my supper and returned at ten to give her the salts. The next morning she was better and in three days was out of bed. Miss Morgan thought that she needed glasses as she, Ruth, is troubled with headaches. I went to the oculist, who is staying in this winter, to make an appointment for her. There had been a fire next door to him and he had packed all of his goods preparatory to moving out, and was now engaged in replacing his stock in the cases. He told me to come Thursday; I went out to the school Thursday afternoon and Mrs. Call let me have Ruth, but Segerstrom wasn't ready. He said to come the next Thursday. Again I went to the schoolhouse and down to his office, again he apologized and said to come next Thursday. But last Thursday when I went to the schoolhouse I was late and couldn't find Ruth. The children were gone and the door locked. That evening she told me that she had forgotten the appointment. I haven't made the trip since. It takes a lot of time, for I dress white style to go down town, and native style to call on natives. I might get seal oil on my coat if I wore it into an igloo; and I keep off Main Street when I am "native". But everyone in Nome, white and native, knows me and my parks.

I have a case similar to Jennie Albet's, but Emma is a widow. Her husband was Jim Taturuk, cross-eyed Jim. Her first child, now sixteen, is an Eskimo; the second, Frances, is a half-breed; the last, twins, are Eskimoes. Her husband never seemed to find fault with her manner of living, but he died last spring of ptomaine poison. She camped near us all summer, and I used to call on her, she was sick, very sick, I thought she

would not recover. She recovered and moved to Nome. I called on her, and took her clothing for the children, and urged her to send Frances to school, but she didn't. Finally, in November I went to see her with the intention of informing her that I would go to Mr. Range about Frances. I noticed a white man sawing wood back of the house, and when I entered Emma was not there only the two girls. The White man walked in the back door and looked at me, and I looked at him. When white men hang about native houses it means only one thing. He knew it, and he knew that I knew it.

I asked for Emma and he said that she had gone up the river fishing. I supposed that it was up Nome river, a week's trip, and I asked:

"Who is looking after these children?"

"I am looking after them."

"When will Emma be back?"

"At three o'clock."

"Then she is out on Snake river?" Within a half mile.

"Yes, she thought she might get some grayling."

"Who are you?"

"My name is Cook."

"Fred Cook?" He had been described to me as a "would-be squaw man."

"Yes."

"I will come again when Emma is home."

When I told Mr. Baldwin he said that I couldn't do anything unless I knew that Cook was living there, so I went several times to the house but didn't find them at home for a week. One afternoon I knocked and a chorus of voices called "Come in." I found Emma, her two children and two of her neighbor's children, and Cook sitting beside the stove smoking.

"Are you living here?" I asked.

"Yes, I am living here."

"I shall have to go to Mr. Harrison." The U. S. Attorney. He looked startled, and I asked:

"Are you going to marry Emma?"

"That is my intention."

"When are you going to marry her?"

"The papers are being made out now."

"In that case I can do nothing. But what about Frances? She hasn't been to school yet."

"That is up to the parents. They may keep a child home from school if they wish to teach her at home. I am pretty well up on these things."

"The school law says that a child is school age at six; she may stay at home until she is seven, but then she must go to school if she is physically able to do so; we know that Frances is able to go to school."

"The parents may keep a child at home if they teach her."

"Is Frances being taught at home?"

"Yes she is being taught her letters."

"We know that Emma is not able, does not understand enough English to teach this child. I shall go to Mr. Range."

I went to Mr. Baldwin at once and told him that I was going to Harrison, but first I took some infant's clothing to Annie Stanley; after which I came home and dressed white style.

I was a deaconess then except for the bonnet, I wore a cap to protect my ears. Before I got started Mr. Baldwin had telephoned to the Commissioner asking if Fred Cook had a license to marry a native woman; Thornton replied that the application for a license was just being made out. Evidently Cook bolted for the Commissioner's office as soon as I left the house.

I went to the court house and found Harrison's office; he was out and the clerk ushered me into the inner room, gave me a magazine and a chair, and I read an interesting article on the Pennsylvania coal strike. When Harrison arrived I laid the case before him. He called up the Commissioner and was told that the application had been made for license. I told him of Neuman, ~~xxx~~ and another case of a man who lives at Safety. He promised to speak to Neuman, but said that he had spoken to the other man who had declared that the native woman was his cook.

I mentioned two girls of fifteen, not Ruth Tockbock, she is a good girl; and he said that all he could do was to call them into his office and talk to them, and he had done so. "Can't the juvenile court help us?" I asked. "We have a juvenile court in Nome," he replied. "But it is for white children, native children cannot be brought under it. ~~When~~ When the government took over Alaska in sixty-seven they made a treaty with the native people by which they agreed to make special laws for them that they would not come under the territorial laws. The special laws have never been made; The Bureau of Education looks after them but even that is handicapped for the want of laws. If the natives break the law of the land they may be arrested, but they cannot be held accountable to any law for what they do in the way of immoral living."

I thanked him and left; he said that he would be glad to have me come to him any time he could help me, or any time that I thought he could help me; but I see no reason why I should go again. and as his reputation is none of the best, I prefer not to go to his office unless something exceedingly grave comes up.

On my way home I stopped at the Bureau of Education and told Mr. Range about Frances; He knew her as she had gone to his school at White Mountain last year. Mr. Range has been the secretary only since last summer. There has been a change in that administration here. Laup has been superseded by Wagner in Seattle and all of the former's men and agents have been replaced, the teachers are continued, but not any one who has been in authority.

Range insisted that since Emma was about to marry a white man, and as Frances is a half-breed she should go to the white school, the territorial school, he called it. I objected on the ground that coming from a home like that it was better for the child to go to the native school; furthermore, although I had given her clothing, it was only the cast-off clothing of the Mission children. But he held his point, I think it was because that if she attend the white school he will have no responsibility for her. A week later he told me that Frances was attending the territorial school. But I had learned as much from the teacher which I meet at lodge twice a month. She said that Frances' father had brought her to school; and said that she had never been to school before. Miss Torgerson was surprised how well the child was getting along. When I told her of

of the case she said that she was glad to know it as it would help her to get Frances in the right grade.

I think that I'm getting extremely garrulous, and so will you; one more case and then I will stop, although I know a lot more to tell.

This case is Martha Co-zena, says she is twelve but looks fourteen; she is one of the girls that Harrison had in his office, in company with another girl and two boys, one a half-breed; Mrs. Call took them there. The marshall came to Mrs. Baldwin to enlist our aid in an effort to get a white man who is leading Martha astray. She has spent two different night at his house; that he can do nothing until he actually finds her there; that if we can let him know what night she is not at home he will get a warrant and raid that house. If he finds her there he will send that man to McNeill's Island. That he has talked to the girl's parents and they say that they want to keep her at home but they can't. These Eskmoes have absolutely no control over their children, and they don't seem to care if a child is home or elsewhere; they seem to be satisfied if she is under shelter.

I have promised to do my part, which is to know when Martha is not at home. This means that I have to go to that house at night to ascertain if she is at home and not to let them suspect why I have come. As I don't do any visiting at night, I have to have a valid excuse for going at that time. Wednesday is prayermeeting night, and she comes with her grandmother who takes her home. Friday is show night and she goes there with some of her family. Saturday the choir, of which she is a member, practices at the parsonage, and she brings her little sister with her. The nights that I must be on guard are Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, for of course Sunday is church night and her whole family are there to take her home. She washes dishes in the evening for Mrs. O'Neill and gets home about seven o'clock. I can't enlist the aid of that lady for her husband is a third rate lawyer striving for the position of U. S. Attorney, and will checkmate anything the present administration does.

Last Monday I went down at eight o'clock to ask Jack, her father, to fill my coal box again the next day. Tuesday night I went to ask for the grandmother's name again and gave them a box of dominoes, promising to teach them to play the game some evening. Thursday I went down but as Olaf wasn't home although Martha was there, I said that I would try to come again sometime when he was home. They were preparing to go to bed and I didn't wish to keep them up that night. I will go again to teach them the game, and if Martha is not at home and if they don't know where she is I will stay until nine o'clock, curfew rings then, and if she is still out I will telephone the marshal when I get back to Baldwin's.

If we can make an example of some of these low cast white men, we may deter others who are contemplating the same thing; but we can do nothing without the cooperation of the authorities, and there is so much bickering and wire pulling among them, each striving for the office and its emoluments that we are likely to be mere cat's paws for some of them.

We have a Methodist minister and his wife in the

white church this year, sent up by the last conference in Washington District, which is in the fall. He is an Englishman who had gone to Australia as a missionary after leaving school in England. He married there and later was transferred to U. S., in Washington about two years ago. They have adopted a child, Winnie, eleven years old; his name is Archie Herd. Very pleasant and agreeable people; every one likes them, they have taken well with Nome. They have never known cold weather; he told me that he might be able to mow his lawn at Easter time. The unkempt appearance of the ground annoyed him. I replied that we would have five feet of snow at Easter time. He looked doubtful, but was too polite to express himself. He said that in Australia it was 120 degrees above zero. I suggested that he might have half that below here. They will all be wiser next year; they can wear sleeveless, gauzy dresses here, and some women do, but not I. I put on every thing I have, and what I don't have I borrow from Missionary barrels. If you decide to send me any outgrown clothing be sure to darn the stockings, I hate to darn stockings.

I am good for another term here, unless something unforeseen turns up. I wish to see some things finished that I have started, or rather, well established.

With love and best wishes for a happy and prosperous year;

Mary Greene.



Nome, Alaska,  
April 13, 1928.

Dear Inez:--

I had hoped to come out this summer. I had written to the Board in January that I thought, and still think, that a deaconess-nurse is needed for this work, but on this mail I received a letter from Mrs. Long that they think otherwise and expect me to remain another year as I had said that I would do so if no one came in to take my place. I will remain since I am promised, but I firmly believe that if I had taken that last year of nurse training that I had wanted to take I could do better work.

These Eskimoos are in fear of the hospital because they haven't the habit of going to it for treatment, and the ones who do go are in the last stages of T. B. and die here; thus they get the idea that if they go to the hospital that they will die. We have had four deaths from that cause in the hospital this winter and two at home and there are four more at home who are in different stages of it, two are mothers with small children, and they may not live six months; the other two, a father of a small family with a new born infant, and the other a mother with two children, may last several years. The half-breed girls who stayed with me two years have gone back to their home in Deering, four hundred miles north, and the older one is dying, also with TB of the throat; a man came down yesterday with his dogs and told us that Therese couldn't live ten days. It is just heart breaking. She made a brave fight for her life; she was at Chemawa, Oregon, a school for Indians, for three years but while there she developed tubercular glands of the neck and was operated upon; they thought then that she would die, but she rallied and seemed to get well. The Superintendent sent her home on account of her health and she wanted to continue her school as she was in the first year of high and we took her in here; she lived with me and boarded at Baldwin's. But in twenty-four she had another breakdown and had to quit school; we kept her with us and also her younger sister who had been sent home from Chemawa for the same reason, except that Marie did not have tubercular glands, it was her lungs from the beginning. Marie attended school here. She was in the seventh grade; but last spring we decided that it was best for Therese to go home and we sent Marie with her. There is a good school at Deering, and I didn't want to be responsible for Marie, she is very wilful and stubborn, and when crossed in anything she is sulky and pouty, like a little child. She is an attractive girls of sixteen and very full of life, and Nome is no place for half-breed girls of any kind. I knew that I would have no control over her, and I wouldn't have her running wild on the streets after school was out, and I insisted that she go home with Therese. She is attending school at home, and I understand that her health is good, but Therese has lost her fight.

The Eskimoos all have TB; the germs are not always active, but become so upon the slightest provocation--a heavy cold, an injury to a limb, or even the a sudden change of climate, and no amount of medical aid can save them. Nearly every one here blames it on the whites, but from what I have gleaned from the Eskimoos themselves I think that while they have been

exploited by unscrupulous white traders and sailors, yet insanitary living and immorality have been their bane for thousands of years.

Mrs. Kinne, the Eskimo wife of a white man, told me that she is a sister of Mrs. Amuktooluk, a full-blooded Eskimo; "Then you are a sister of Gabriel's wife?" I asked her. "No, I am not," she replied. Then seeing my puzzled look she added; "I am a half sister of Mrs. Amuktooluk, same father but not same mother; Mrs. Amuktooluk, ~~xxxxx~~ and Mrs. Gabriel are half sisters, same mother but not same father. In the olden day Eskimos did not marry, but now we marry."

Amuktooluk and Tautuk are brothers, I think that they may be full brothers as they resemble each other closely; but Tockbook is their half sister, same mother but not same father; and Mrs. Bourdon, married to a white man, is Tockbook's half sister, same father but not same mother. And those men and women are all middle-aged Eskimos, I think they are all in their early forties, but as they don't know how old they are I am not sure. Can you straighten out the tangled relationship?

Mrs. Amuktooluk's mother married a white man about twentyfive years ago, she ~~was~~ the first Eskimo to marry a white man in Council; she and her husband are living down the coast and they come to Nome sometimes. He is of the Georgia cracker type and she is a fat, greasy Eskimo; They never had any children, but she had these two daughters to an Eskimo before she married him.

Mrs. Bourdon's mother is a broken-nosed, homely old woman who doesn't speak a word of English, except to 'goodbye' and 'come again' to me when I call. I talk to her in signs, in which language I am becoming expert.

Mrs. Gabriel had three half-breed daughters, each to a different white man, before she married Gabriel; she has five children to him. Mrs. Kinne has been married to Kinne for eight years, and has a five-year-old daughter that is a full-blooded Eskimo, her only child. Before she married Kinne she was married to, or living with, an Eskimo, but had no children.

And there is Esther Luke Looana, married to an Eskimo and has three Eskimo children, and a year-old half-breed daughter. Luke doesn't seem to object. These domestic affairs are beyond my powers to untangle.

With love,

W. G. ...

Nome, Alaska,  
July 20, 1926.

Dear Inez:--

Your letter came in June on the first boat and I am sending the answer on the second boat which sails tomorrow; We are at Cape Nome at the summer camp again, and our mail comes when Mr. Baldwin comes down. He came down yesterday and is going back today, hence my writing.

We have lettuce growing down here in a tiny garden, and it is quite crisp. We had planted lettuce there last year, and some of it went to seed, this is the second crop. We have no soil in our garden, just sand; it is on the old beach line below the road. On the other side of the road in the tundra--and undrained swamp, and you know how fine a garden that would produce. Even if the tundra could be drained, and it is too flat it would be too sour to produce a crop; and the turf is so tough, swamp grass roots and willows, that it could hardly be broken up by hand. At Nome we have a greenhouse and grow small crops, lettuce radishes and flowers.

We came down here for a month on a vacation, Mrs. Baldwin and the three children and I; Mr. Baldwin cannot stay all the time and he comes down two and three times a week, sometimes staying over night. This time he has brought a doctor from Washington, <sup>D.C.</sup> with him, who is connected with the Smithsonian Museum there, and who is making an Alaskan collection for it. He is about sixty years old and is of some foreign birth; he is extremely interesting, as he has traveled in nearly every country except Alaska studying human, animal and plant life. He is an authority on ethnology and anthropology; but this is his first trip to Alaska, and he is getting all the first hand information possible, he sees everything. He and Mr. Baldwin have gone down the road to visit the natives camping in tents, as he wishes to talk with the "Old man," as the people call the old father of Black Jack, we call him "Grandfather;" There is an old native village at the foot of the hill near our camp and Dr. Hrdlicka wishes to get the history of it and Grandfather is about the only one living who can give it to him; our interpreter is with them.

I shall be glad to visit with you when I get home again, and I will tell your mother all about our lodge up here. I am a Past Grand now, but as there was no one who would take the Vice Grand last term I accepted the nomination and held the chair until the first of June, then Miss Torgerson, the teacher, consented to take it and I resigned in her favor; she was installed the last meeting.

Mr. Baldwin and the doctor have returned and brought a Moss-grown skull, and old Eskimo tray and a set of reindeer horns. They were digging in an old village two miles down the coast. They'll dig in the one at the hillside this afternoon. I wonder if they will get the skull from that old coffin? I took it back again and buried it this summer, for Hammond had left it in a cupboard in the camp.

I must help to get the lunch for them.

With love,

Nome Alaska,  
Sept., 29, 1926.

Dear Inez:---

Do you know that we have airplanes here sometimes? We had three different ones this year; the first two came the day the Norge landed in Teller, the planes (two of them with movie outfits from Fairbanks) flew to that place and "shot" the wrecked balloon; for the crew had begun to dismantle it immediately to prevent the taking of pictures. That was the reason that it had not come to Nome.

Then three weeks ago a plane came up from Fairbanks to take the Road Commissioner back to the railroad; and today one arrived with the independent candidate for Congress on a campaigning tour. He will give a stump speech to-morrow night in the A. B. Hall (Arctic Brotherhood).

The Victoria came in two days ago and is going out again tomorrow as it is scheduled to leave Seattle again for the north October the twelfth; It is an eight-day trip if all goes well, no storms to delay it.

I visit from three to six native homes each afternoon; I average 115 visits a month. For the year ending June 30th, but beginning October 19th (that is when I began calling) I made 1042 calls. I keep a loose leaf book record of each family and also of my calls, of the amount of clothing I have distributed; and the number of cases I sent to the hospital.

When I received the report to fill out and return I gave it to Mr. Baldwin, as it was his business to do that. Last year he didn't get it in in time for the book, and I am named as Superintendent of this Home. That is a mistake as Miss Walthall was Superintendent of the Home as long as it was here since 1922, and Mr. Baldwin has been superintendent of the work among the Eskimos here for fourteen years. I hope the report gets in this year, as I don't like to go on record taking some one else's place; furthermore there is no Home here now.

Miss Barrow (one of the nurses) and I went out with a party of natives last Saturday berry picking; The transfer man took us out nine miles among the hills and came for us at four o'clock. I had three quarts and Miss Barrow had four. The natives beat us picking for they had six quarts apiece, and one of them had a baby on her back.

These women seem to have babies on their backs all the time. They stoop over to pick berries that grow flat on the ground and don't mind such a thing as backache, if they ever have it. I should think that they would spill the baby out of the parka hood, but he always sticks tight.

I have just sent a mother to the hospital who is going rapidly with tubercular glands of the neck and infected lungs, she may live days and she may live weeks. She is married to a white man, and he didn't care enough for her to send her to the hospital. Of course, he works and has to be away from home, but that is no reason why that woman should lie there in bed alone, except for a four-year-old boy and a year and a half baby. Neither of whom could help her, and Ruth, the eight-year-old was at school until three-thirty. I spent the afternoon with her until Ruth came home; the father worked from one P.M. until eleven P.M. I found three different girls to work for them one after the other, but none of them would stay more than a few days--too much work and too many children. No white woman would

over.

Nome, Alaska,  
Jan. 2, 1927.

Dear Inez:--

The third week in December the mail carriers had a hard trip, and had been caught in the overflow. They saved the mail but it got wet and came to the office frozen. The clerks had to thaw it before distributing it, and when we got it it was very damp. The mail comes in this year on Monday afternoon, all of Nome is usually there in the office to meet and get it. They come and go for hours, or until the last of the mail is in their hands. Then on Tuesday, at four in the afternoon, no more ~~more~~ mail will go into the sacks for that week. They ~~are~~ are closed and given to the carrier, who makes an early start the next morning, arriving at Solomon that evening, forty miles down the coast. The waiting man take it the next morning fifty or sixty miles and exchanges it for the incoming load. Thus it keeps moving until in April, if the trail is good. The last incoming mail is the last of April, but the last outgoing mail is in March; even then the last mail is often later reaching the states than the mail on the first boat. The last trips, like the first ones, are always hard; the trail is breaking, the snow is getting soft and the ice is breaking up on the rivers and inlets and sea.

Several places the trail goes out on the sea ice around bluffs, and when that is gone, it goes miles inland over the hills, which have not been driven all winter and they have to break a new trail. Then the driver has to break trail ahead of his dogs on snowshoes. When the sea is open the tide pushes the water ~~back~~ back in the rivers and overflows the ice from a few inches to several feet. That makes the ice soft and unsafe, and a driver has to know just where to go and how long to go. At that time in the year we have the long days and the danger can usually be seen in time, but in the beginning of the winter the days are short and travel is unsafe after dark. When the sun rises at ten and sets at two, you can imagine how long we have traveling light. Now on clear days we have grey dawn at eight-thirty and twilight at two-thirty; dark at three-thirty and when there is no moon, midnight darkness at five.

Just now it is dark of the moon, but when it is full moon, the sun will be going down on one side of the sky and the moon will be coming up on the other side; and the next day the reverse, the sun will be coming up and the moon going down.

On the twentyfirst of December, I wanted to take a picture of the sun in its shortest arc and I dressed extra warmly and went a mile east of town to a deserted cabin, where I set up my camera on the south side, thus being protected from the north wind. I left the house at nine-twenty and get there at ten minutes of ten. The sun began to shed its radiance at a few minutes of ten, but as there was a low bank of clouds on the horizon, I waited until ten-twenty-three to take the first exposure. I used the smallest stop and the quickest action. Then I walked a mile down the road and came back to snap the next one at eleven. Then I walked two miles down and back and snapped at twelve. Then I sat down on the doorstep, occasionally rising and walking about, until one-forty-five. Then as the sun was in about the same position, just as far from the horizon as at the first exposure, I snapped again, and closed shop and went

home. I watched and timed the sun on my way and it dropped down behind the horizon just at two. It was twelve below zero when I started and twelve when I came back. The thermometer goes up when the sun is above the horizon, but drops at once as soon as the sun is going down.

Last night was the coldest one we have had, it was thirty below, but absolutely still, not a breath of wind; It seems colder when the wind blows, even if it is only zero. We have heavy winds here. They have a measuring machine at the Coast Guard station, and thirty to forty miles is the average, that much an hour, I mean; but in storms it blows sixty miles an hour. I don't mind the cold, I can dress against that, but I do dread the winds.

I haven't finished the roll of films that I have in my camera, so I don't know how my sun pictures will turn out. When I finish them I will send you some. I hope they will be good. I don't take many pictures at this time of year, no one does; the light is not good, the sun is too slanting.

I have not heard from the Alaskan Board this year, and I don't know if they have any one for this place or not, but they must surely have some one, or be looking for some one. The work is not at all difficult, nor disagreeable, and when one gets used to the climate and the isolation one doesn't mind it. I admit there is no advancement and no companionship in working with the Eskimos.

I wish you a happy New Year, and a successful one.

With love,

Harry Greene.

Nome Alaska,  
Oct. 20, 1927.

Dear Inez:--

I am glad that you like the beads, they were made by our interpreter, Norman Lee; his hands are crippled with rheumatism but he is one of the best carvers in Nome. The next one is Billy Koumanaseul, he makes so many of those things called "Billikens" that he has been given the name of Billiken. I detest the hideous grinning things and wouldn't buy one of them.

Mr. Baldwin is down at Cape Nome for a few days on a hunting trip and as last night was prayermeeting, I had to officiate. Mrs. Baldwin is the organist and she selected the hymns. We use the Methodist Sunday School Hymnal in our church.

It is now about time to prepare for our Christmas work; as I have to select and label the presents I start the first of November; each time I come up from Baldwins I pass the storeroom (the old nurse's home and now the morgue for Eskimoos, the storeroom is the kitchen part) and I carry an armful of stuff with me and dump it in my back room upstairs. Then in the morning I pile some of it in my bedroom and work at it for an hour or two; I visit in the afternoons. I get it all done about the first of December, then comes the real Christmas rush--with the children's programe.

Mrs. Baldwin gave a musical, for the benefit of the boy's clubhouse, last week; It was held in a large hall down town. I don't know just how much was made, but I think about \$200.00 over expenses.

We were busy all week sewing on costumes for the children; the choir sang the national songs of Italy; France; Sweden; Norway; Denamrk; Scotland; England; Ireland, and Wales. And at each song two girls carried that flag forward accompanied by a smaller girl in the national costume. Then we made Gypsy costumes for six little girls.

The choir stood in groups in the background; the men in ordinary business suits and the women in dark skirts, white middies and red ties. They looked nice.

Our music teacher is going outside this winter and I have her piano here until her return. "Old Lady Jenson" is here now playing on it; she plays well although she is a very peculiar old lady.

Lunch time. Goodbye,

With love,

Mary Greene.

Nome , Alaska,  
July. 20, 1928.

Dear Inez:--

I will tell you about my camping first. I went to Sunset by dog team with all my outfit, and I didn't take any extras; a native, Henry Nokarok, took me there it is ten miles. The trail was bad, soft deep snow; water flowing over the ice on the river almost knee deep; but we crossed.

The two women and I lived in a one-roomed cabin; they had each a bunk and I had a single bed, springs nailed to the wall. They thought that I couldn't sleep on a hard bed; it was very considerate of them.

I had expected Mrs. Baldwin to join us later and took five blankets and two skins, so I used one skin on the bed for a mattress and one for a bedside rug; the skins had not been cared for properly and shed hair badly.

They had their traps set all along the hills for a distance of six miles from camp, and we looked at them every day. At first we used snowshoes, and the snow was very soft, it piled up on the shoes making us lift a load at every step. Then when we came to bare spots we stepped out of the snowshoes and carried them. After the first week a soft wind cut away the snow except in the gullies, and we discarded the shoes, also our furs. It had been very cold out there in the hills; but we now wore khaki parkas; calico parkas, as the natives call them.

We tramped on the average of ten miles every day, some days twelve miles; up and down hills; setting traps, or moving them to new holes; being gone six and eight hours. Sometimes a snow squall swept over the hills, almost a blizzard; we carried lunch, and would build a fire, make tea in an empty coffee can, drink it out of empty milk cans, and eat bread and butter; the other two also ate dried fish, but I can't eat that at least not uncooked.

I tramped along with them and carried a pack with the lunch and tin cans. I rattled like Marley's ghost as I walked. I also helped to pack the squirrels and traps.

The two women wanted to carry my pack, but they had packs of their own, and in addition, Mrs. Sims had a baby on her back. I hadn't gone there to put more work on them, so I did my own share and carried my own pack.

But I had never packed anything before and the first night my shoulders pained like neuralgia. Mrs. Sims rubbed them with a rough towel, and I rubbed down well and the next morning was ready for the day. But after that I carried the pack on one hip with the strap over one shoulder, then I could change it when I wished.

We were there two weeks, and the other two got each almost a hundred skins. I had borrowed six traps and they set them, killed and skinned the squirrels, but they called them my skins. There were twentytwo of them. I gave them to Helen Baldwin, she wants a parka this fall. She will need twentyeight more for it.

When we broke camp, Charlie Becker, the son of one of the women, (she is married to a French Canadian), came up the river in his row boat for us; and we packed our light stuff to the Snake River, two miles, storing the other stuff with an



old miner who lived near our cabin. We will get it by dogteam this fall.

I was at home a week, then I went up Nome River, six miles from Nome, with Mrs. Becker to her fishing camp. Her son Charlie, took all our stuff in his boat with an engine in it this time, but I walked up a few days later.

We lived in a tent there, and had nets in the river. We didn't get many fish to dry, but had plenty to eat. We walked to Nome on Saturdays to be at church, and returned Monday or Tuesday.

I learned to row the boat and to look after the net. I put on a bathing suit one day and took a dip, but the water was so cold that I didn't go in again.

We were busy all the time; when it rained we had to pull tarpaulin and tar paper over the leaky spots in the tent, and move bedding and food stuffs to dry corners. In dry weather we cut willows for wood; sometimes rowing up or down the river in search of dry wood. The willows grow about as thick as one's wrist, and six or ten feet high, crooked, twisted, full of branches. They make very poor wood, not much heat, and charr rather than burn; one has to keep filling the stove all the time to have a fire.

Our camp stove was an oblong sheet iron, Yukon stove, two and one half feet long and one and a half feet wide, no oven; the oven was a drum in the pipe. The last week in June Mrs. Becker stayed in Nome as her daughter had her tonsils removed. I had told her I would get someone to stay with me, for she had dogs there to feed; but I couldn't find anyone, white women don't like to live in native tents, and I didn't want to live with every sort of native. It isn't every native with whom I care to eat and sleep. I always have my own bedding, and I had one corner of the tent while Mrs. Becker had the other corner. Still things could crawl across if they wished. And natives are like chickens they usually have mites in their heads.

So I stayed alone that week and cut wood, looked after the net and cooked fish for the dogs; it rained every day, but I wore a blouse, kilted skirt and bloomers of blue denim, and rubber boots and a rain parka, so I was dry, and as I never mind the weather I got along quite well.

We broke camp when Mrs. Becker returned, I came to Nome for a few days and she moved her tent down to the mouth of the river at the abandoned Fort Davis. A number of natives are tenting there, four miles from Nome.

After the Fourth I arranged to camp at Cripple Creek, twelve miles up the coast, with David and Emma Willoye. He is all Eskimo but she is half-breed, reared in the Teller Mission, Norwegian Lutheran. They have five children, seven months old, up to twelve years.

As they live in a cabin, all that I sent up were groceries and some bedding. I intended going in a skin boat with Kowmanaseuk who was making a trip up the coast, but when he was ready to go he sent a boy for me who didn't know where to find me. The boy went to the wrong house, no one was at home there and so the natives thought that I wasn't going, and went without me; I had been waiting two days for them.

I was a bit provoked, but I went anyway, it was

only twelve miles, right along the beach, so I walked. I had coffee and sandwiches with two old miners five miles from Nome, stayed fortyfive minutes there, and made a detour of half a mile to a ford to wade across Penny River, I had to unlace my boots and wade barefoot, and I got to Cripple River at 7:30, I had left Nome at 1:30.

They are up there fishing, with nets and seines, and drying fish for winter. I took some pictures, but don't have them developed. I came down last week with three natives, Edith Brown, Leonard and Ben; we walked and waded Penny River at the mouth, it was knee deep there.

Miss Wilder, the cook at the hospital, is going out on this boat and I wanted to see her. A Mrs. Sweet came in to take the place as cook, I have met her.

In regard to the reindeer skins. They are not tanned, only dried, and if they are not dried properly they shed hair like a mangy dog. Even when properly cared for they shed hair freely,; and reindeer skins, even when tanned, shed when taken outside. It is too warm for them. Native tanning is simply scraping the skins until all flesh is removed. They soak small skins in smelly stuff (urine) and white people prefer outside tanning.

I want to call on a family who have just returned after three months' absence, so will close.

With love,

Mary Greene.

Nome, Alaska,  
Dec. 26, 1928.

Dear Inez:--

I started this letter with a pen made from the quill of a bald eagle, but you see how heavy it writes; I suppose I pressed to hard on it,. I'll have to learn to write with it, meanwhile, I'll use a more modern pen.

I didn't send the ivory this year that I had intended for we have had an epidemic of chickenpox since June, with smallpox slowly spreading in the country all about Nome; and as the natives worked with ivory even when their hands were covered with sores, I thought it wiser, and safer, to delay my gift until after all danger of infection is over. ~~There~~

There are still cases among the natives, some time all the cases are out of quarantine, and then a week later there will be new cases develop; and now the white children are beginning to take it, but slowly, only three white children thus far have had it. I never knew an epidemic to hang on so long; but there have been a number of cases where two members in a family contracted the chickenpox, and a few weeks after the quarantine was lifted the rest of the family came down with it. Two families in each of whom there were ten members, dragged along three months with it.

The smallpox is working its way up the Yukon, and is slowly approaching Nome, from village to village; all mail is fumigated at our post office by order of the government doctor; and traffic is forbidden from the infected points. Three years ago the doctor vaccinated the natives at the school but there was not enough vaccine then to go all around. Our present doctor, Dr. O'Hare, said that at present we are not in danger, and he will tell us when it is time to vaccinate.

In my work I find it necessary to go into some sick houses, to give assistance where the person is living alone. On that account I have stopped going among white people. I think they will eventually get it, but it will not be from me; thus far I have not taken it; I had the chickenpox when I was four years old, and I was vaccinated ten years ago, perhaps that help.

It doesn't effect the children much, they have light attacks, but it is hard on the older ones, five have died with it. These people never came in contact with it before, so the old and young both take it, and they don't stay in bed, nor even in the house, so many take cold with it. Here in Nome where they can be quarantined they stay in the house at least. But in the villages they walk about and they are covered with the sores, or pox, from head to foot. Of course, it spreads rapidly from one village to another.

I have been very busy since October, catching up my loose ends. I wouldn't have been out camping so long, but for this epidemic, there was no one to visit during the summer. The families nearly all spread out into the country every summer. The only ones who stayed here were quarantined and were getting along well; but when the others returned it was cold weather, and then they all began to get sick.

The past two weeks I have been assorting and tying up packages of old clothing from our storeroom for Christmas present for our people. We had enough scrapbooks sent in by the

children's classes to give every child one of them. I pinned ~~the~~ the name on each book, they were nearly all muslin. I didn't make a neat package of them, they were too many, The children were delighted with them; we distributed them all at the boys clubhouse Christmas eve, after the little entertainment, (men's) The mothers' like the clothing to make over, they are all splendid seamstresses. I pinned their names on each package, and gave each according to her needs and members of her family.

I am developing a roll of films, and I must now turn out the light and take it out of the tank.

Yours with love, and prayer,  
Mabel Crane.

October 20 1927.

The housekeeper at the hospital went out last fall and her place has never been filled; a native girl is hired by the month to wash dishes and mop floors, and a white woman is hired by the day to do the laundry work two times a week. The housekeeper used to do that work; the laundry is equipped with two electric washing machines, and a gasoline-heated mangle.

The cook, Miss Wilder, is going out next year, this is her third year here.

We need some one at the hospital who is willing to help us in our Eskimo Church. Sunday School. None of the present staff help us, they all work in the white Sunday School. They have to alternate as these are always two on duty at the hospital Sunday mornings, one day the cook and a nurse and the next Sunday the housekeeper and a nurse; So it takes two to teach one class.

I teach the mother's class; Mr. Baldwin the men and Mrs. Baldwin the girls from 18 to twentythree years. Lately a white man has taken the boys' class, which had been included with the men.

Nome, Alaska,  
Sept, 19, 1929.

Dear Inez:--

I received your letter this evening by airplane, and I know now that you did not receive the letter that I wrote in May, you should have had it in June. But one of the mail boats, the S.S. Aleutian, that carries mail from Seward to Seattle struck an uncharted rock when outbound from Seward and sank with all mail on board. The passengers and crew were all saved except one man who went back to his stateroom after a lucky horseshoe and who went down with his boat. That was the last of May.

I have had a busy summer. When the Northland, the new coast guard cutter, came into the roadstead the 8th of June she brought five children from our Jessie Lee Home at Seward, taking them north to Point Hope, within the Arctic Circle. She, the cutter, goes north on her trip to Point Barrow in August; earlier or later than that she encounters the ice pack; and the captain was determined not to leave Nome with these children on board. He would be patrolling the coast for six weeks before reaching Point Hope; so he appealed to the marshal to find a place for the children. And the marshal appealed to me.

I had an Eskimo girls with me all winter, keeping her until she could be sent to Teller Mission in June, and my house is small--two bedrooms upstairs, two rooms and a shed downstairs; no room for six children and me.

But we were asked to take the children and we could not refuse and fall down on our job; so I offered to take them all to the summer camp at Cape Nome, 14 miles east of Nome down the coast. The road was blocked with snow and ice at the eight mile post at Hastings Creek; but Captain Jones of the Northland, immediately told me to be at the river at 10A.M., the next day with my little Eskimo, and he would send a launch for me, take me on board the cutter and land us all at Cape Nome with our provisions. I nearly lost my breath at the suddenness of it; but I am always ready to pick up and go at any time so I was on time; Bobby Baldwin went with us to see the cutter, boys love boats. Mr. Baldwin made out a list of groceries and it was so complete that we did not miss anything.

We were landed at 2PM., and the sailors carried the boxes and bags up the beach to the camp, and there we were. An old man, Captain Skinner, lives there, but two days after our arrival he went to work on a dredge, so we were alone, but safe and happy. Bobby went home, walked up the halfway and his father met him on the far side of Hastings Creek. They brought my dog with them to Hastings, and I had walked up to get her and when I called her she raced like the wind over the broken bridge to me.

There were twin girls of 16, Frances and Edna; Walter 14; Richard 12; Annie 10, and Margaret my girl 13. Margaret went to Teller the middle of July, and is now in the Lutheran Mission there, I had her seven months.

The captain told me that he simply couldn't have those girls on the boat six weeks that it wasn't good for

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the sailors. It was not good for the girls either the tales they told me were both amusing and boisterous. They evidently had an hilarious time with the sailors.

Their father, Merrill, is part negro, part Portuguese. The children have Eskimo added to that, but they show the negro plainly.

The cutter sent for them the last of July; and I stayed at the camp ten days longer with Miss Childs, a practical nurse from the hospital, then we came to Nome.

Then I had Mrs. Gillis with me, formerly Marie Eschoft, a halfbreed girl, who had once lived with me; she is living in Candle, a small town on Kotzebue Sound, within the Arctic Circle, and came to Nome for dental work. She had her three months old baby with her and I took care of the baby when Marie was at the dentist's office. Marie was with me two weeks; then Miss Childs visited me for over a week, she is going out on this boat and is taking a vacation.

The first of September I took in Dr. and Mrs. Thompson, who had been teaching on the little Diomed Island, native school. They spent three years there and are now on their way outside. The Northland brought them here and they are waiting for the Boxer, the Bureau of Education Boat, to go outside. Doctor is 80 years old and Mrs. Thompson is 77. What do you think of that? They taught school at Wales, on the mainland eleven years ago; they were there three years, and three years at Shismariff,. They say this is their last time in Alaska; they will go out about the last of October.

We are having an epidemic of colds some thing like the grippe. It is very hard on the babies, like croup with them. We lost two. Not many natives in Nome just now, They are out berry picking.

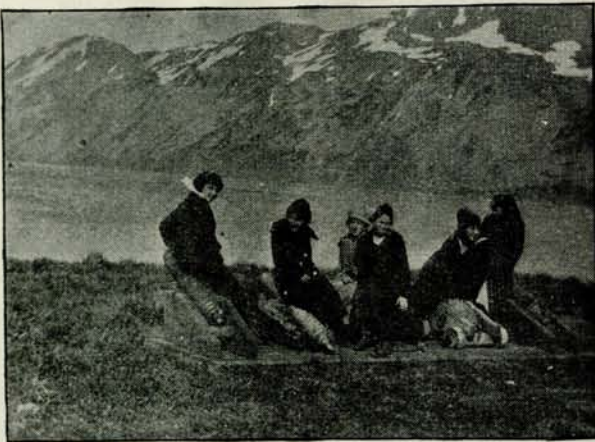
Mrs. May Leonard Woodruff and Mrs. DeVinney were here on a trip and came down to the camp while I was there with the children. You may see them at the National.

I don't know when I will get home, not until Mr. Baldwin comes back. Boat sails tomorrow.

Lovingly,  
Mary Greene.



THE ROAD TO JESSE LEE HOME



BIG GIRLS IN JESSE LEE HOME



"SPOTTY" AND HER NEW FRIENDS



A HAPPY FATHER

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Nome, Alaska,,  
Jan., 21, 1930.

Dear Inez:--

I received your letter of Oct. 21st., and was glad to get it.

Our mails have been so irregular and delayed this winter that I don't believe our letters have gone out of Nome for weeks. I know that the November mail is just coming to Nome now, and by dog team. The air transportation companies of Alaska made a great to-do about getting mail contracts; and the post office her, and at Fairbanks have held all first class mail for the places. Then the pilots didn't fly on account of storms and "poor visibility". The dog team carriers traveled steadily regardless of the weather. It is 21 days from Fairbanks to Nome by dog team, and in good weather, eight hours by plane. But when the plane and pilot stay on the earth, while the dog teams keep on the earth, while the dog teams keep the mail moving about fifty miles every day, the victory goes to the dogs.

The new cook who came to the hospital from the Jesse Lee Home at Seward was 26 days from Fairbanks to Nome by airplane. Rapid transit. The cook who came in on the first boat had high blood pressure and couldn't stand the work, she went out on the last boat. I helped them by cooking for two weeks. There were two native girls who were kitchen maids and the cooking was easy, only I had to be there, Eskimoes are irresponsible and cannot be relied upon. I quit November 15th., to start my Christmas work, and Mrs. Robins, the new cook, left Seward November 13th., reached Fairbanks the 15th., and got here December 8th.

My work goes on as usual, the same thing year in and year out. It is interesting but I have told the same thing so often that I am sure you can see it all. Just now we are having chickenpox again. The children, (white and native) who didn't have it two years ago are having it now. No casualties yet.

We have several cases of T.B. in advanced stages. It is heart breaking to sit beside some one dying by degrees and have them look at you with soft pleading eyes, and be unable to relieve their suffering.

I don't want to work with a tubercular people again.

With love,

Mary Greene.



# HOME MISSIONS

that show beside all waters"

NATI, JULY, 1927

50 cents a year



"Many of you have written to know about our Home and so I am going to tell you about one of our boys of whom we are very, very proud; I am referring to Benny Benson, the boy who drew the design for Alaska's flag. Alaska had no official flag and so the American Legion sponsored a contest open to all boys and girls of the seventh, eighth and high-school grades. A local committee judged the designs submitted and our school had ten designs to be sent to Juneau where the winning design was chosen by a committee from the American Legion, the legislature, and the territory.

"You may be assured that we were jubilant when the telegram came saying that Benny's design had won first place out of 165 designs that were submitted. Perhaps you have seen Benny's picture in the paper and the design that he created; if so, you have seen the picture of one of the finest boys that lives.

"He is of mixed parentage; his father is a Norwegian and his mother was an Aluet. His father was one of many who left their homes in the Scandinavian countries and came up into Alaska, lured by the great catches of fish that were to be had in these waters. Mr. Benson being industrious and intelligent forged ahead and became foreman of one of the large fish-canneries. It was while he had this position that his wife, a pretty native girl, sickened and died leaving him with three children, a little girl Elsie about four years

## BENNY BENSON AND HIS FLAG

Benny Benson is a nineteen-year-old boy in Jesse Lee Home at Seward, who has had the honor of designing the official flag for Alaska. He was one of the children in the old Home in Unalaska and came across to the new Jesse Lee Home at Seward with the other children, in the "Bear".

Benny's flag has eight gold stars on a field of blue. The stars are in the form of the Great Bear or the Big Dipper and the polar star, to which that constellation points. The polar, or north star, stands for Alaska.

Following is an account from Mrs. Charles T. Haten, wife of the superintendent of Jesse Lee Home.

Nome, Alaska,  
July 10, 1930.

Dear Inez:--

When I received your letter on the first boat I had a guest, and somehow I just didn't seem able to sit down to write.

My guest was Miss Kelly who had taught school last winter in Candle, north of here, and who had come over in the plane to make the first boat out. She came to Nome on Sunday, then I met her on Monday and asked her to spend the week with me, which she did.. The boat left the following Saturday.

I enjoyed her visit, one gets tired of living alone. We took long walks, taking our lunch with us. Then spent the evenings talking or calling; went to bed early and rose late. Not an exciting programme, but we both enjoyed it.

Candle is very dull and rough. There are only three white women there--the good, the bad, and the indifferent. A few halfbreeds and men married to eskimoes.. The teacher lives upstairs in the schoolhouse alone; so you will understand why Miss Kelly thought one year there was enough and wanted to make the first boat. A freighter goes up the coast in July, and reaches Kotzebue Sound about the last of the month. Then Miss Kelly might have gone nine miles down the river in a small motor boat to the Sound and come out on the freighter, reaching Nome sometime in August. Her trunk in coming that way, and will be transhipped from Nome to Seattle, but she said she just couldn't stay longer.

There are not many Eskimoes in Nome now; they are out in the country at their camps. The salmon are running now, and they are catching and drying fish for the winter. Then the berry season will come, and they will move their camps again. They will begin to come back in September. We will not have prayermeeting any more this summer. Last week we had only six women and two men; they come in for Sunday services when they are camping within three miles, but the most of them are 12- and 26 miles away. Then the younger men are working for the Gold Company and that is seven days a week.

We have just one class in Sunday School, the same as preaching service. and the regular evening services. It isn't really preaching when one gives a short sentence, then waits the interpreter to translate it, then another sentence and so on for a few minutes.

Charles Menadelook, full blooded Eskimo is my organist, and he has entire charge of the choir. I get my lessons for Sunday out on Monday then give him the list of the hymns I have selected, and he does the rest. These people are splendid singers and love music; so I have six hymns, two choir select-

ions and a solo each morning, and the same in the evening except the solo.

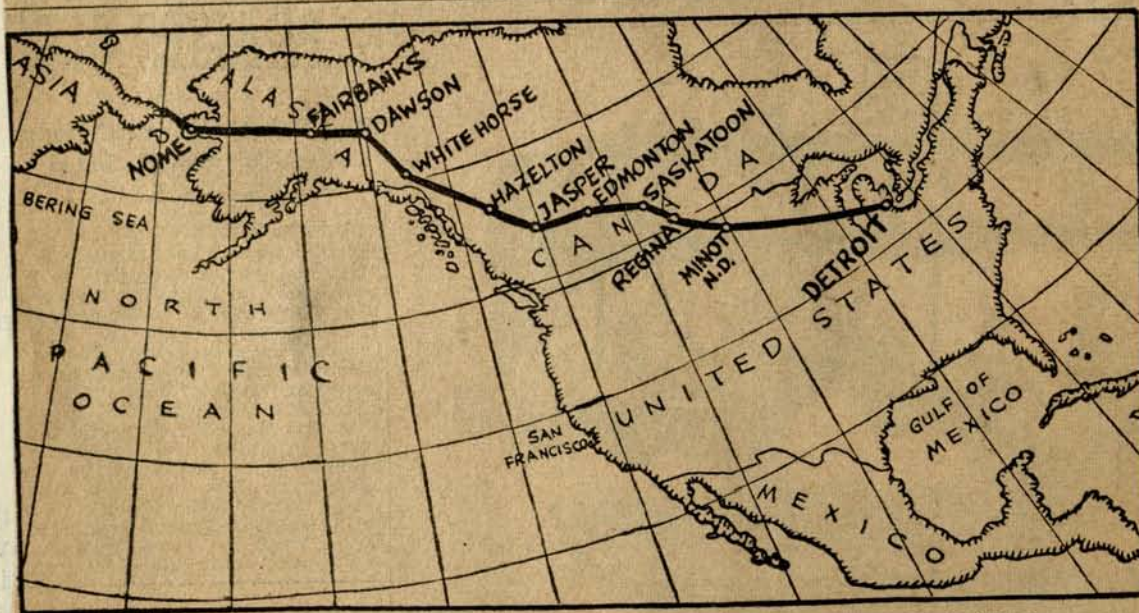
I am planning on coming out next year, and I will not come back to Alaska. There are less Natives every year, they are leaving Nome, and by next year the pastor will be able to do all the work himself.

With love,

Mary Greene.

SUNDAY, MAY 19, 1929

## A Trail-Blazer and His Route



Parker D. Cramer, and the flight in a Warner-powered Cessna from Detroit to Siberia.

Parker D. Cramer, who sprang into international prominence last August when he and Bert Hassell, Rockford Ill. pilot were lost for several weeks in the fastnesses of Greenland while attempting to fly from Rockford to Stockholm via the northern route, recently arrived in New York city, after successfully completing a 10,000-mile flight from Detroit to Siberia and return.

Cramer, who made the flight in the interest of a survey of the possibilities of air travel connecting this country with Alaska, used a Cessna cabin monoplane powered with a Detroit-made 110 h.p. Warner motor. With W. S. Gamble, of Tulsa, Okla., as passenger he took off from Detroit last April 12, flying direct to Minot, N. D. From Minot successive stops were made in Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Jasper, Hazelton, Whitehorse, Dawson and

Fairbanks, arriving in Nome, April 23. At Hazelton the landing gear was replaced with skis and the rest of the trip made paralleling the mountain ranges to avoid the broken and rough ice of the sea-coast. Despite high head-winds the trip to Nome was accomplished in 44 hours flying time, and at an average speed of 95 miles an hour. Leaving Gamble in Nome, Cramer took off, alone, and flew across the ice-filled Bering Strait, dropping packages at Cape Wales and on Diomedé island. Arriving at Cape Deshnef, the easternmost tip of Siberia, he then returned to Nome, after a perilous trip of some 400 miles.

The flight was made in the same plane and motor with which Earl Rowland, Wichita, Kas., pilot, won the New York to Los Angeles air derby last September. Cramer re-

ported that his only mechanical tinkering during the entire flight were adjusting clearances on two valves and cleaning one spark plug.

I am planning on coming back to Alaska. There is no one else leaving Nome, and by all the work himself.

ions, and a solo each

Nome, Alaska,  
Sept. 19, 1930.

Dear Inez:-

The Baldwins did not come in on the September boat, but I expect them on the October boat, wich is the last one of the season. I am planning to go out on that boat, unless they change their plans and stay out this winter, then I'll go out next year. But I think I have been here long enough, and as the work is going down, I think that the Baldwins will be able to get along.

The Bureau of Education is opening a school at Sinrock this fall it is 26 miles west of Nome along the coast, and has good fishing and other possibilities for Eskimoes. A number of our families will move there to get their young people out of Nome. There will be a thriving Eskimo village there in a few years. And more and more of the Nome families will go there to live. There was a village there Before the "flu". That is where our Methodist work started here in Alaska; and is where our first Mission was established under the Baldwins. I would like to be stationed there; as I think some one should be there with the Eskimoes; and as that village really belongs to us, It may be that someone will be sent there. I intend asking for the place, anyway; The W.H.M.S. may not wish to open up work there again.

I like my work, but I don't like Nome, and the time has come when I wish to go outside. I have wished that before, but now the work can be handled from the parsonage, at least I think it can. I think I or some deaconess is needed at Sinrock.

I am doing my regular work, as well as some sewing for my self, and am very busy. The boat sails the 21st.

With love,

Mary Greene.

To the  
Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church  
Greetings

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Just twenty-three years ago we received our Commission from the Woman's Home Missionary Society to enter the Master's Vineyard on top of the World. As Ambassadors of the King of Kings to the court of Alaska we wish to give an account of our stewardship. We are filled with gratitude to Almighty God for His goodness, for His protection and guidance during the years. We have seen this work grow from its infancy to this great plant which is one of the outstanding missions of the Northland: "the land where the long shadows fall." This Mission is a beacon for the whole of Seward Peninsula, which is as large as New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island combined. The influence of this Mission reaches out in all directions for this is the center of the Educational, Industrial, Medical, Evangelistic and Social life of this peninsula. When we were invited into this field by the Superintendent of Education, Mr. A. N. Evans, he told us the work would be among the bummiest of the bum natives. Nome is a white man's town where the lights of a modern Sodom attract the idle, lazy and shiftless of the native race. We have found that the Red Sea and the walled cities of opposition are real in Nome: just as real as in the days of Moses and Joshua. There are those here whose hearts are blacker than the tar on the Devil's feet - laying in wait to rob some Eskimo young man or woman of their virtue. The conditions here especially among the young girls is appalling. Yet, praise God, we know that through the Master whom we serve it is possible to "subdue Kingdoms," "stop the mouths of lions and turn to flight armies of aliens."

During the summer of 1931 the people of Nome had the pleasure of meeting and entertaining many celebrities of the air. The first of these were Post and Gatty in their round-the-world flight. The next were Robbins and Jones who attempted a non-stop flight from Tokyo to Seattle. In August Col. and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh visited us on their way to the Orient. They were guests here for three days and during that time the Eskimos entertained them with their native sports. This little incident happened in Canada while Lindbergh was on this trip. Col. Charles A. Lindbergh's name would be an invaluable asset to such an anti-prohibition organization as the Crusades. They are well aware of it and sent one of their smart men, James G. Hall, to Ottawa, Canada, to intercept the flyer on his way to Japan and if possible to secure his endorsement and membership in the order. It didn't work. "I won't even discuss it with you," was Lindbergh's curt reply to the wet invitation. That young man evidently knows both where he flies and where he stands. The latter part of September Moyle and Allen, who were trying a non-stop flight to Seattle, visited our city.

Every summer the Eskimo population of Nome is more than doubled by the coming of the natives from the different islands to our town. The greater number come from Kings Island. This island is a great rocky cliff rising up out of Bering Sea. It is about 600 feet high. About one hundred and forty Eskimos live on this island and they are called the "cliff dwellers." This island is about fifty miles west and south of Nome. As soon as the ice goes out these Eskimos come to Nome in their skin boats - oomiaks - which are propelled by outboard motors. They come here to spend the summer selling ivory and fur articles or exchanging them for their winter supplies. While in Nome they live in a small village at the east end of town. The latter part of September they go back to Kings Island to spend the long winter carving ivory and hunting for walrus and seal. Last year the Government built a fine school house on this island and appointed one of our young married men as teacher. This young man, Arthur Nagozruk, originally came from Cape

Prince of Wales and is an elder in the Presbyterian Mission at Wales. These "cliff dwellers" belong to the Roman Catholic Church. For years the priest here has promised them a mission and missionary. As soon as the Government built this school and appointed this fine young man as teacher, the Catholic Church got busy and built a mission house and appointed a missionary, a Jesuit, known as Father LaFortune. On the Fourth of July these Eskimos from Kings Island and those from the Little Diomedé Island add numerous Eskimo sports to our program. One of the most popular of these is the blanket tossing. For this game a large, tanned walrus skin is used. Fifteen or twenty men take hold of the edges while one person stands in the center of the skin. Working in unison, relaxing and tightening the great skin, the person is tossed into the air many feet. The object of the game is to see who can be tossed the highest without losing equilibrium on landing. The high kicking contest requires much practice and skill. In this game a ball is suspended by a cord and fixed so that it can be gradually raised. The contestants must jump into the air and kick the ball with both feet. The most skillful can kick the ball as high as eight feet. Eskimo wrestling is a form of modern wrestling, but is different in that it only uses one hold: wrapping the arms around the opponent and forcing him to the ground. The winner is the one who can succeed in doing this. Kayak capsizing is a very interesting sport. A man gets into his kayak wearing a waterproof parka tied around his head and around the opening of his kayak, making it waterproof. He then, with the aid of his paddle, turns completely over. This requires great skill as it is no easy matter to ride a kayak.

We have had a very stormy winter this season - one of the worst since we have lived in the North. Our winter came extra early: the 16th of October we had a blizzard which was a hummer. We have had many since. On the 18th of December we had a storm that capped the storm of October. During this storm the water delivery outfit, a huge tank on runners with two teams and three men, ~~was~~ lost within a half mile of town from 4 P. M. until nine the next morning. The paper boy was lost right in town from about four in the afternoon until eleven that night. One of our neighbors who was caught on the trail in this blinding blizzard drove his team over an embankment sixty feet high. His sled was broken and his dogs bruised. He was lost, but after wandering around, came across a cabin where he remained until help came. His matches were all wet and he was unable to build a fire. He was sick and wet. His family did not hear from him for a month and they thought he was lost and frozen to death. Other cases such as this have been reported, but so far no deaths from freezing.

Christmas Day is always the Great Day. It was a glorious day indeed. Stormy weather had been our portion almost continually since the first storm in October. Blizzard had succeeded blizzard until by Christmas the snow lay in deep drifts everywhere and while we knew a break must come soon, neither new moon nor full moon had brought it to us and we hardly dared hope for such a glorious day for the birthday of our King. For over two weeks our little folks had been faithful to their daily rehearsals. In weather that would daunt many older folks from the States these dear, lovable, eager little Eskimo tots had battled their way here from school. They made a regular game of it and one vied with the other to get the piece first. The typewriter is always a fascination to them and it would be justifiable to suppose they lose their pieces purposely that they might gather around the machine at practice time to see another copy come out. As faithfulness pays in every undertaking so it paid in this, for the girls and boys made us proud of them. How sweet and pretty each little maid from wee Blanche who told

of the love in the air at Christmas which made her love everybody and which she hoped would make them love her. How straight and sturdy and proud each boy from independent little William who carried a snow shovel twice as tall as himself to clear the snow for Santa. You have seen the faces of parents shine? Well, we did that night. To do justice to the Song in Story and the Pantomime by the older pupils would take too much space. They were beautiful and impressive, full of the spirit of the Christ-time. A reverent silence reigned for a little while. Then the lights were all turned on and the eyes of all were held by the beautiful tree and the mound of gifts underneath, all wrapped in Christmas paper and string and seals. We just wish you could get a glimpse of the happy faces as the gifts were given out to all for everyone was remembered this year and mothers were as happy as children. How many times our hearts turned to you who made this possible. It is a large number you made happy last Christmas and many would have no gifts were it not for these that are sent in. Each year we are in need for this occasion with such things as: games, toys, dolls, story and picture books, handkerchiefs, gingham and prints in three to five yard lengths, pins, needles, thread, darning cotton and stockings, etc. These should be sent Parcel Post and to be in Seattle, Wash, not one day after October ONE. Address W. F. Baldwin, Nome, Alaska. The first boat for Nome from Seattle leaves June TWO and the last boat leaves about October FOURTH. Christmas Day closed with the big family dinner in the Boys' Club Fouse to which every native in Nome came.

On New Year's eve the Club members sponsored another good time and program, at which the club house was crowded. At 11 o'clock the Watch-Night service opened with song and prayer and continued until the bells and whistles announced the opening of the New Year of 1932.

The Norwegian Lutheran Church of America has just completed a fine Mission church and parsonage at Shishmaref on this Peninsula. Rev. Elmer Dahle and wife are in charge. We congratulate the natives of Shishmaref for having this splendid mission.

During the past year the Bureau of Education, by an act of Congress, was transferred to the Dept. of Indian Affairs and the reindeer industry placed under a separate bureau. Last summer the Department built a new school plant for the Eskimo children. It is located just one block west from our mission and is a great asset to the native work. The school principal is a fine Christian and his wife is the community nurse. They are both a help to us in the work, and their Christian fellowship is a great comfort.

In the March issue of our Woman's Home Missions we read in the report of our Board of Trustees that "spiritual growth and general interest were never better;" that there is shown a "spirit of eagerness and expectancy in spiritual life. This same spirit prevails in our Alaska work. As Eastertide draws nigh we lift our hearts and voices in glad hallelujahs to the King of Kings, the Risen Saviour, the Redeemer of all.

Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Baldwin

Dear Friends-

There is living in the world a peculiar people, whose habits differ according to their locations, and who number about sixty thousand. The Alaskan population of this people number about thirteen thousand. These people are the Eskimos. The Alaskan Eskimos are a sea coast people. We find four-fifths of them living along the coastal regions of Alaska from the Alaska Peninsula in the south to the Arctic Circle. The other one-fifth will be found along the Arctic coast from the Arctic Circle to Point Barrow. From the far east they have made their living by fishing, hunting and trapping. They were a contented, healthful, peaceful people. Now they are passing through a transition state on the road to civilization. It involves many difficulties for them and they need the guiding Hand of God to lead them through in safety. Our Methodist Church is one of God's agents in this important work. Our Lavinia Wallace Young Mission is on the south shore of Seward Peninsula on Bering Sea. It is a "light on the cross" in this part of the world which is black with SIN. At this time of year our days are short and the nights long; darkness abounds. Where darkness is SIN is more courageous. Amidst the wickedness, in our feeble effort, we are trying to hold up the Christ to the wayward ones. Nome reminds one of a modern Sodom. The bright lights along the streets from dance hall and pool room lure the young Eskimo to pleasures of the world. Many of them are robbed of their manhood and womanhood. Temptations are great. Only the other day an Eskimo came to me and said, "Baldwin, I want to give you my word and honor." He has been a member of the Roman Catholic church, but of late has been coming quite regularly to our prayer services and also the Sunday services. When sober Mike is one of the finest Eskimos in Nome, an exceptionally bright, industrious man. When under the influence of liquor he is a fiend and intoxicating drink is one of the easiest things one can purchase in Nome. Just a short while before coming to me Mike had been drunk, had nearly demolished his home, had threatened his little boy with a hatchet, and his wife and child had run away to hide. After he had sobered up, he came to me and told me: "Baldwin, I give you my word and honor NEVER to touch another drop of liquor." So far Mike is doing well. Pray for him. Temptations are on every hand. Pray that he may be an overcomer.

An unpleasant, rainy summer season has been followed by a severe winter with very little snow, yet our people have been blessed with good health. There have been very few deaths. We read in every magazine of the severe times people are passing through. While among our people no one has an over-abundance, yet nowhere is there real destitution. God is surely blessing us.

Through the winter many special meetings have been held in the Club House. It has been our privilege to obtain many fine speakers for these meetings - men and women vitally interested in the welfare of the Eskimos. Among them have been: Dr. Gordon, chief of education for the Eskimos of Alaska and Dr. Fellows, in charge of the medical work of Alaska for the Eskimos, both of Juneau and passing through Nome on a tour of inspection; Dr. Swartz of Nome; Miss Morgan, our hospital superintendent; Mr. Dickson, principal of the native school and Mrs. Dickson, community nurse; Judge Gore of the second division; district attorney Sullivan. Many vital subjects have been discussed at these meetings among them being: Good Citizenship; Obedience to Law; Tuberculosis; Care of Infants; Venereal Diseases.

Bishop Peter Trimble Rowe of the Episcopal Diocese of Alaska visited Nome this past summer. Bishop Rowe is the most beloved and best known of the Ambassadors of the King of Kings to the Court of Alaska. Six years ago Bishop Rowe told the writer that that was his last trip north as he was going to give up the work to a younger man, BUT the old man is still traveling the Alaskan trails and bringing men and women to Christ.





The whole of Christmas week was a Red Letter Week for the natives. We who live way up here on top of the world are not very far from Santa Claus Ranch. Most any time we can see his reindeer grazing out on the tundra or down at the beach in summer to get away from the mosquitoes. Well this year old Santa Claus came to town rather early. He reached Nome about 1 o'clock on the 23rd stopping at the Fire Department. During the evening of the 23rd he played his role at the Community Christmas celebration and the evening of the 24th he came to our Sunday school Christmas entertainment. He brought one of his reindeer with him. I wish you might have seen him and his deer coming into the church. His deer came in in one bound and old Santa and two Eskimos had to hold him as he came prancing down the aisle. I think it must have been old Prancer he brought with him. The two Eskimos held the reindeer in the corner where the heater was while Santa made the children happy. Suddenly up in the air went the reindeer's hind feet. I think he was trying to knock over the stove for it was too hot for him. He was panting and steaming. At last the boys took him over into the other corner where it was cooler. From here Santa left direct for the States. Santa Claus looks the same as when I was a boy - not one day older. Your response to our appeal for Christmas gifts was so wonderful that never did we have a happier Christmas time. To select and wrap and mark some two hundred presents is a big job, but when friends have so generously sent in enough of the articles suggested to go around it makes the big job a happy job indeed. It was a cold spell that brought Christmas in and we wrapped the gifts in our home and piled them in tubs and boxes ready for the tree. Someone called the house Santa Claus shop and we truly feel that as much happiness went out from these gifts as was ever brought to anyone from Santa Claus land. Our heartfelt gratitude goes out to each giver and we pray God's richest blessing upon your work.

Early Sunday morning - 3.30 A. M. - the choir went on its annual tour of singing Christmas carols through the town. This is one great event at Christmas time that the people of Nome look forward to. There is always someone waiting for them at the bakery and coffee house about 6 o'clock to take the singers in for toast and coffee. This year several of the band were there and played while they sang. Many times have we wished that you could hear our people sing for it is an inspiration indeed.

On Monday evening, December 26th, the natives of Nome held a great Christmas dinner in the Club House. Every family brought something to add to the feast. They had both white man's and native's food. These special times mean so much to the Eskimos and they enjoy this social fellowship together.

There is the greatest joy in making visits among our families and it seems as though each year it brings more pleasure for there are more of the young folks making homes and they speak English better. So few there were who could speak English when we first came to Alaska and visiting through an interpreter or in silence has not the intimacy that speech together brings. How many times we have longed for the gift of conquering an unwritten, difficult-pronouncing language so we could talk things over together in the quiet of the homes. And the feeling has been mutual we find. Visiting not long ago in a home where the widowed mother speaks English well, we were talking and laughing together (and no one enjoys a laugh more than the Eskimos) when a friend who was in the home spoke up in Eskimo. She had been watching us and Florence had translated our conversation and she had joined in the laughs, but there had been something missing. She said to Florence, "O, how many times I have longed to be able to talk English with our missionaries the way you do." Every little baby born into one of our homes is remembered with a gift from their mission church. A few little ones who come into homes where the father is a white man have their layettes awaiting their arrival and a little gift is all the remembrance they need. Others, by far the greater majority, come into homes where no preparation has been made for their arrival. They are welcomed with open arms and hearts and whether the little one be the first or the fifth the parents are happy over its arrival, but the mother has ready no little clothes to put on the baby. It is by no means a

full layette, but it has been such a delight to supply these dear little babies with their first slaps and warm pinning blankets. We have often longed that you who have made these little garments and who have sometimes put such pretty stitches into them might go along with us into these homes and see the light of thankfulness and pleasure light up the patient mother faces and with what pride they show the new baby wrapped up warmly in a blanket or a piece of soft fur. One of the sad truths we noted among the families twenty years ago was the number of deaths among the babies. We feel certain of our statement when we say there are less deaths among infants than heretofore. The teaching of doctors and nurses and the other workers has made an impression and it is an encouragement to all to go forward with the work - to stick not no matter what the discouragements are.

The past fall we reorganized our Primary and Intermediate grades of Sunday school. Now they meet at 11 O'clock in the Club House and have their own opening and closing exercises as well as their individual class work. We have the charts and cards and primary lesson papers for the younger children. The older girls and boys use their Bibles and quarterlies and have the Portal and Target for reading and cards for perfect monthly attendance. With our collections we bought Bibles and book-marks and some of the beautiful Bible Art Pictures which Norman Lee, our interpreter, framed and hung for us. Sunday evening at 7 we meet together in the church for regular preaching service. There is always a wonderful service of song followed by responsive reading and prayer, selection by the choir and the simple Gospel sermon. This is given through our interpreter, a man of strong Christian faith who loves to give the message to his people. There is never an opportunity lost by Norman Lee for testifying before others of the love of Jesus and his acceptance of Him as his personal Saviour. Wednesday at 7 we meet for prayer. It is an hour of sacred communion from which all gather help and strength.

The Lavinia Wallace Young Mission has come to a day of unparalleled opportunity. The influence of this mission is being determined. We have the problem of the centuries on our hands. Pray that we may be abreast of the times: vigilant, unworldly, and baptized with the Third Person of the Trinity. Some one has made the remark that the minister of this period of time must have the strength of Samson, the meekness of Moses, the insight of Isaiah, the patience of the patriarch Job, the sagacity of Solomon, the spirituality of St. Paul, the zeal of Ezechiah, the faith of Father Abraham and the grace of God without measure.

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;

We have hard work to do and loads to lift."

Pray for us that we be able to present the Gospel of Redeeming Grace, the Gospel of divine comfort, the Gospel of life in Christ.

Again we ask your co-operation:

Plain flannelet slips for the tiny baby or  
pieces of " " for making same  
pieces of calico - 5 yds. or less  
(what for those pieces brought you sent last summer)

~~Handkerchiefs - both men and women and children~~

Books from 1st to 8th grade  
Games and marbles and balls and such like  
Neckties and necklaces  
Stationery - Dolls - Toys  
Needles (plain and skin needles) and thread  
Stockings and underwear  
Rag rugs and quilts

Also second-hand trousers and women's skirts

Fraternally yours-  
W. F. Baldwin, Supt.