

J. A. M.

( JUST ABOUT ME )

and

J. A. U.

( JUST ABOUT US p.518 )

BY

Dr. Bertrand K. Wilbur

Volume II of III Volumes

Medical Missionary to Sitka, Alaska

1893 - 1901

Sitka, Alaska

( Pages 195 - 569 )

Haverford, Pa.  
1933

**Appendix of Corrections**  
**Just About Me/Just About Us Volume II**  
**1893-1901**

This appendix lists corrections to the scanned copy of BK Wilbur's autobiography. Page numbers refer to pages as numbered in BKW's text, not to the page number on the scan.

p. 6 of Index: The numbers at the bottom of the index page are 104-109 and are hard to read. The numbers are confusing. For unknown reasons, they go from 101-130 and then start again at 104 and go through 109 (and 110-127 again on the next page.)

p. 214: Part of handwritten sentence is missing. It is: "and when you are short handed that means a lot."

p. 221E: The last sentence is: "So dear children you can find out pretty much of what your father did when he was a missionary."

p. 233: The last three lines are: "But we are to climb the Arrowhead and must be up and doing. Up, we had been some time, and how that delicious mountain air did whet my appetite which ordinarily was so sharp it was dangerous"

p. 237: The last sentences are: "I asked Van how it went, afterward, and he replied 'disgustingly uninteresting.' But the appendix was tumefied and inflamed somewhat, all ready to cause a lot of trouble. I must say for Van that, in spite of his desires to"

p. 289: The last five lines are: "the second floor. A fair sized sleeping room was in front with the same charming outlook, only more extensive for one could look way out to the open Pacific, and back of that a small attic where we had any a jolly chafing dish supper, Mr. Gamble, or Aunt Deal or Mr. Crose. A single 'air-tight' stove in the living room with a smoke"

p. 292: The last sentence is: "shrink until you are a tiny pigmy standing at the foot of this"

p. 451: The last sentence is: "embarrassed and finally said that Mr. Slator made a mistake. He intended to"

pp. 473, 481, and 497 do not exist in BKW's text. Apparently he simply skipped those numbers, because the text continues on smoothly and correctly from pp. 472-474, 480-482, and 496-498.

p. 558D: There are *two* consecutive pages numbered 558D. Re-number the second page to 558E. The following page has already been re-numbered to 558F.

p. 558W: The W in both page number places is not clear. The page that begins with "sight to behold" is p. 558W.

Carolyn Wilbur Treadway  
Daughter of Ross Taylor Wilbur  
January 24, 2017

ALASKA EXCERPTS  
from the memoirs of  
Dr. Bertrand K. Wilbur - Medical Missionary  
Sitka, Alaska - 1894 - September 1901

These memoirs of the seven years my father, Dr. Bertrand K. Wilbur, served at the age of 24 as a Medical Missionary under the Women's Board of the Presbyterian Church shortly after he graduated from the Hohneman Medical College, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, were written from notes and letters of the period after Dr. Wilbur had retired from the chocolate manufacturing firm of H. O. Wilbur and Sons, formerly of Philadelphia and now of Lititz, Pennsylvania.

Because these notes are memoirs, they are interlaced with father's romance and marriage in 1898 at Cincinnati, Ohio, to my mother, Anna L. Dean. Father was quite emotional himself and it would appear that his notes reflect the attitudes and mores of the times. There are also many episodic accounts, antidotes, and stories of hunting and fishing trips with relatives and with native, Indian guides.

Thlingit superstitions, customs, and folk lore jump out at the reader in surprising fashion.

Dr. Wilbur left Sitka in 1901 and lived in suburban Philadelphia at Ardmore, Rosemont, and Haverford. He spent his youth in Bryn Mawr but attended high school in Philadelphia. He raised a family of ten children -- five girls and five boys -- Bertrand H., Harry L. (both born at Sitka), Donald E. (dec.), Elizabeth D. Borton, Nelson C. (dec.), Esther W. Calvin, Ross T.; Anna D., Helena W. Manfield (dec.), and Virginia W. Dimitrevich.

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Dr. Ross T. Wilbur, son  
16 Sherbrooke Drive,  
P. O. Box 56  
Princeton Junction, New Jersey 08550

**Introduction to this Digital Edition**  
**Autobiography of Bertrand Kingsbury Wilbur**  
***Just About Me***

BKW began JAM in 1933 while still in Haverford, Pa, and wrote the final page in 1938 in San Diego, California as he notes at the top of p. 737 in Vol III:

*....It is a long time since I wrote any of this, and I am still anxious to complete it. Having brought old letters and papers to do so with me in anticipation of having lots of time out here, which I have failed to find, I have at last gotten at it. It seems best to describe events as a series of pictures, rather than in anything like history. Its sad enough any way, but it seems to me that you children will want the whole picture.....*

As noted at the top of p. 278, Vol II BKW hand-typed five carbon copies of JAM. These three digitized volumes were scanned from a Xerox copy made from Teddy and Nelson's carbon, when I stayed with Teddy at her small frame house in Haverford during the summer of 1981 and helped paint her eaves from a long ladder. I'm forever indebted to Teddy for introducing me to JAM, and for her suggestion that I make this xerox for my family, particularly since all the original onion-skin copies are rapidly deteriorating. And none of them would have held up to the digitization process.

Please note that in many places BKW apparently had later thoughts and memories he wanted to add after writing the main sequentially-numbered text. In such cases he summarized these added memories on pages which he numbered A, B, C...etc. I suggest that you read the main sequential text first. And then read these lettered addenda pages separately; the events they describe do not necessarily fit exactly where inserted in the text.

#### TABLE OF CONTENTS

Begins with BKW's original 3-page Table of Contents which covers Vol I and Vol II, and later supplemented by son Ross Wilbur's expanded Table covering Vol II and Vol III.

#### FORWARD

Written by sons Bert and Harry during the 1936 'Wilbur Welcomes Wilbur Reunion' in Lavallette, NJ (pictured on p.62 of 'Happy Days') when JAM was only partially completed

#### PREFACE

Written nine days later by BKW after a coronary event during the summer. He describes the genesis of JAM: *.....this took form, and as it did, I pounded it out from my grey cells by the two-finger-and-thumb method...* BKW speaks of spending many evenings with Anna Dean ('mother') writing, editing, laughing, and reliving their life together during the preparation of JAM/JAU.

#### HAPPY DAYS & SPECIAL EVENTS

The 900-page JAM/JAU story ends in 1912 when the family was still quite young and living in the big house with many servants, gardens and optimism for the future. It is unclear why BKW chose to end his story at this point, even tho he lived for many more years and died peacefully in 1945. But World War I was brewing in Europe, tastes and customs were changing, and the business climate was becoming more competitive. Perhaps these were the 'sad' years of which he speaks earlier in the text. And he might have had difficulty recounting those years in JAM.

So 65+ years later, after a wonderful Wilbur Reunion in Virginia in 1980, youngest son Ross Wilbur, then retired and living in Minnesota, was motivated to compile this heartfelt 190-page book of photos and personal memories, that fills-in this later period of the Wilbur Family history to some extent.

To compile this work, Ross interviewed his brothers and sisters who were still alive, excerpted sections from the large trove of personal letters and memorabilia he had accumulated, and added his own unique and loving memories. I flew up from Chicago to visit Ross and his wife Helen during the preparation of this volume, and was honored to help Ross in the its production and distribution to every living Wilbur at the time. So it seems appropriate that Ross' later work be included now in this digital Wilbur archive.

#### SUGGESTED JAM READINGS:

To help readers 'get into' the story of the Wilbur Family, I would like to suggest a few episodes that I have particularly enjoyed:

#### JAM page

1	Early childhood beginning in 1870 in Camden, New Jersey
13	Family trip to Europe by steamship, train and carriage in 1880
170	Arriving in Alaska for the first time
240	Courtship of Miss Anna Dean
249	Hike up Mt Edgcomb in the wilds of Alaska
296	Summer in Gratiot, Michigan
370	Return to Anna Dean and their wedding
486	Cruise of the sailboat Bertha captained by BKW
558P	Meeting John D. Rockefeller in Alaska
562	Leaving Alaska for the final time
592	Beginning work at the chocolate factory, by 'God's direction'
629	Summer at HO's 'salmon preserve' on the St Lawrence River
658	BKW raises money on the Main Line for a YMCA
667	Buying a 1906 2-cyl Maxwell - top speed 35mph
683	BKW joins the first Board of Health; describes early sanitation standards
712	Discovering Lavallette and the New Jersey shore for the first time in 1908
745	Steamship cruise in 1910 from New York to Caribbean & West Indies
755	Early biplane flights from nearby cow pasture
759	Honeymoon in Jamaica by steamship in 1911
781	Early trips to Lavallette in the new 1912 4-cyl Cadillac
787	Harry Backus and the Family's black servants
801	Starting a Scout Troop soon after scouting came to America

Carolyn Treadway and I as BKW's grandchildren, enjoyed discovering, editing and digitizing this massive work. We hope that future Wilburs will also enjoy reading it and passing it on to their children. JAM represents our heritage. For we believe that within each of us dwells the ideals and spirit of the man who was Bertrand Kingsbury Wilbur.

Clark Maxfield  
Son of Helena Ruth Wilbur Maxfield  
January 24, 2017

Medical Missionary to Sitka, Alaska

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## Forward to Digitalized *Just About Me/Just About Us*

Bertrand Kingsbury Wilbur (BKW) lived a long and fascinating life. Born into wealth and imbued with faith and the idea of service, his autobiography *Just About Me/Just About Us* provides a valuable window into the changing times of his life span, 1870-1945.

In 1898, BKW married Anna Dean (ADW), who lived from 1874 to 1952. He took his new bride to Sitka, Alaska, where he was serving as doctor to a mission school. This autobiography provides a priceless record of rapidly changing Alaska, 1894-1901.

BKW and ADW had ten children: Bertrand (Bert), Harry, Donald (Don), Elizabeth (Buddy), Nelson (Nick), Esther (Toni), Ross, Anna (Deanie), Ruth (Helena), and Virginia (Ginno). Toward the end of his life, BK's children urged him to write his memoirs, which he did in Haverford, PA, and La Jolla, CA, from 1933-1939, totaling nearly 900 typed pages. Copies were laboriously typed on onion skin paper and distributed to his children. BK made an abbreviated Table of Contents covering the first 572 pages.

In the late 1970s, my father Ross Wilbur circulated excerpts from *Just About Me*, copied from his xerox of onion skin pages. Early in the 1980s, Ross had his copy of *JAM/JAU* professionally bound. For easier readability, he separated the autobiography into three volumes and prepared a more detailed index for each volume. The index of the first volume overlaps with BK's own index. Volume I covers BK's boyhood and education as a physician; Volume II covers his time in Sitka; Volume III covers his life at the Wilbur Chocolate Factory, Lavalette, family servants, and scouting.

In May 2016, with my husband Roy Treadway, I visited Sitka to donate to the Sheldon Jackson Museum a cabinet door carved by Rudolph Walton, BK's best Tlingit friend. This door was a gift from Rudolph to newlyweds BKW and ADW for their new home, Raven's Nest, which was up the hill directly above the Museum. This door, which had been in my family since my childhood, was thus safely returned to its Tlingit home for perpetuity. While in Sitka, we were honored to meet some of Rudolph's descendants. Talking with them and with Museum curators made me realize how much others wanted to read BKW's autobiography also. Thus began my intense quest to make this valuable historical document available "to the world."

It has been quite a journey, through thick and thin, to complete this digitalized *JAM/JAU*. The end result is three volumes, indexed, with OCR (Optical Character Recognition) added. Standard computer tools such as Adobe Acrobat and Preview can be used for basic searches; more advanced tools can be used for additional searches. This autobiography has been preserved in its original form as much as possible.

I am grateful to my grandfather BKW who deeply shared his life with his children through the written word, and to ADW and their children for encouraging him to keep on writing about his life. I am also very grateful to my father Ross Wilbur who preserved this precious family history so carefully and passed on to me not only the cherished volumes of BKW's life story, but the love of learning family history and preserving it for future generations as well.

Carolyn Wilbur Treadway  
Lacey, Washington  
January 2017

Medical Missionary to Sitka, Alaska

1893 - 1901

J. A. M.

( JUST ABOUT ME )

Pages 195 A - 517

and

J. A. U.

( JUST ABOUT US )

Pages 518 - 569

By

Dr. Bertrand K. Wilbur

ADVERTISEMET FOR HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AT SITKA.

One day I saw a notice on the college bulletin board that a Homeopathic physician was wanted to take charge of the hospital at Sitka, Alaska. Our Sunday School had supported a boy at the Sitka Mission School for many years and I had written to him and we had received many letters fro Mrs. Austin about him and it seemed as if it was just a friend's place. It seemed the open door and it was. I applied without delay, received application blanks, was invited to come to N.Y. and meet the powers and encounter violent opposition

---

\* Editor's note: Father did not separate J. A. M. into volumes which I have done in this binding in order tomake it easier to identify the three periods of his life.

Similiarly, father decided to change the title of his journal from J. A. M. to J. A. U. at the time of Harry's birth after he and mother had been in Alaska for over two years. This change occurs with out notice on page 519.

from Dr. VanLennep and scarcely less violent from Father. He had always opposed my missionary idea, said he wanted me in the business, and when the Mosul plan was dropped he had not said much more about it. Now that there seemed to be a more definite plan I heard from the Doctor, "little out of the way place"; "no chance for a man of my ability and training"; burying myself, &c, &c. Father was never angry about it only hurt and disappointed. I felt I must follow my convictions as to what I ought to do and those convictions were very strong. Mother dreaded to lose me for we were close together, bound by the ties of deepest love, but she gloried in having a son to be a missionary.

So I went to New York to be inspected by the august Secretaries. It was the proper thing at that time for the young men of the better families to wear Prince Albert coats and high hats to church and formal occasions. Church was counted a formal occasion. It seem perfectly natural, therefore that I should don my Sunday best when I went to see the dignitaries of the church, all the more as I wished to make a good impression.

Evidently applicants for distant Home Mission stations did not appear at the Board offices for there was a craning of necks and looks of astonishment as I passed the girl stenographers on my way to the Board rooms and the five or six grey haired Secretaries seemed more than surprised. Then my life was reviewed, my motives questioned, my ambitions, my training and my religious beliefs examined. The field was discussed and my duties to some extent. After that I was introduced to the women Secretaries of the Womens Board of Home Missions who managed the school and hospital work and under whom I would serve if I was appointed. Here the details of the work were more thoroughly discussed, my salary mentioned, with some

hesitation, I thought and glances at that high hat and frock coat. It seemed that a wealthy New York woman, Mrs Elliott F. Sheppard, provided the salary as a special personal gift and nearly fainted when I heard the astonishing figure of \$1200 per year. I think that \$900 was the top figure for married missionaries with lodgings included and about 500 for unmarried ones so that I thought 700 for a medical man was the most I could possibly expect. While money was not the object I tried to appear not too well pleased but said it was entirely satisfactory. The women were business like and sincere and the elderly men were kind and earnest. Nothing was definitely settled and again I ran the gauntlet of the type writer girls as I left the offices and returned to Bryn Mawr.

The Womens Board carried on their work thro an executive Secretary, a minister, <sup>George F</sup> Mc Afee by name and a younger man than those I had met. In a short time he came to Philadelphia to interview my references. Naturally I had given Dr. Van's name for my professional ability and when Rev. McAfee called on him he 'heard an earful'. I was not present, of course, but Van told me about it afterward and what he told McAfee about Mission Boards, Mission Secretaries and Missions in general must have given that heard headed gentlemen plenty to think about. I imagine Van heard some things too for McAfee was not the timid shrinking type by any means. But Van overplayed his hand for he said so much about the folly of sending a man of my ability to the dirty Indians in a little frozen corner of the earth, or words to that effect, that the Board was sure I was the right man and soon wrote asking when I could go.

Thus far, Dear Children, I have written about my boyhood but now it is probable that I will tell about these deeper and more intimate happenings that are for you only. So please do not show or read any of what follows, <sup>to any one</sup> at least as long as Mother and I live. <sup>not</sup>

after

It was probably ~~before~~ I received my final commission from the Home Mission Board, which is dated January 29, 1894 and is in a file of letters and papers I still have, all about my Alaskan life that I was walking down thirteenth street in the city that I met ~~Jenny~~ Jenny face to face. After our greeting I asked if I might walk along with her and she replied, "yes, but I am going to get a bustle." At least that is what I understood her to say. I was somewhat taken aback as she was not one to be quite so frank and, naturally I waited while she went into a store ~~where she went~~ to get that rather intimate article of feminine apparel. In a few moments she returned with a very diminutive package, and remarked, "some ~~men~~ men object to walking with a woman carrying a bundle." Then I knew it was bundle and not bustle she had said at first. It seemed to me that this was an opportunity placed in my way providentially, I was so sure that Jennie was the girl. So I spoke of the appointment by the Board, of going soon, of the opportunities for splendid service and as we turned toward Broad Street Station I asked if she would walk around the Plaza by the City Hall. As we crossed it we were quite away from others and I asked her if she would marry me, and go with me to Alaska. What had become of my Quixotic sense of duty to her father I do not know. If I remembered I disregarded it. Well--- Naturally, she was rather surprised, to put it very mildly. I really hardly knew her, never had called on her, met her socially at church affairs quite often but this---well. She was very much perturbed but far too fine to treat it lightly, said she had never thought of such a thing, it was not possible and I went with her to the train for Bryn Mawr, gave her some roses I had bought on the way and made my adieu. Again I faced a darkening future. Why I did not go on out to Bryn Mawr and then for a longer walk I do not

knew. Probabally she said no so positively I thought there was little hope, perhaps I realized how unreasonable ~~x~~ I had been. Certain it was that I was deeply disappointed, but not entirely without hope.

Then began the busy days of actual preparation. I became something of a celebrity in our little circle, was asked to speak at Christian Endeavor meetings and missionary societies. With the Board's approval I prepared a lecture on Alaska with lantern slides furnished largely by Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who frequently spoke at our church and had visited at our home as a guest. There were no moving pictures then and not so many colored slides altho the early travel lectures by that pioneer, Stoddard had a many of them. Stoddard's lectures were very fine, his personality and delivery very attractive and Mother and Father always had ~~x~~ course tickets and I frequently went with Mother. The lecturer facinated me. He had such a smooth way of talking and the pictures seemed to come on at just the right moment with out any signal from him. I longed to copy his tecnic and tried hard to do it.

Time passed swiftly, Mother happy but but so often said "How I will miss you." There were supplies to list and have approved, surgical instruments, medecines and personal outfit. Conferences with the Beard, the urge of speed for the Beard said there was the hospital all ready for me to step into and begin work and the school children at Sitka in need of a doctor and the native ~~in~~ in far greated need. The Hospital had an ample stock of medecines ~~x~~ <sup>any other but</sup> cept homoeopathic remedies and I did not need to take ~~any~~ of those. Most supplies could be bought thro <sup>l</sup> thro their agent in Portland, Mr. William Wadhams whom I would see when I reached there & C. & C. Everything must be thought of and arranged.

I was very, very busy; taking a course in refraction at the Dispensary, special operations, did some operating under Dr. Vans supervision, polishing up my lecture and so carried on by excitement that I did not feel the hurt of my disappointment very much. Beside I had still some hope for I saw Jennie every Sunday at Sunday School where we were both teachers tho I did not go home with her afterward.

May was drawing near, the month we were to leave. We? Yes, Mother's sister Aunt Dealia Carter was going too as a Matron at the school. She was a widow and not too happy and in some way was led to apply for the position which she secured. Beside "It will be so nice for Bert." Well Bert loved his Aunt alot but would a little rather be free to stand on his own feet. I spent the last week crating furniture, a few special things like my desk, packing books, clothing fishing tackle, guns and what not. Harry, who thought me foolish, or said so but I believe secretly admired me, had a lot of hospital charts and forms printed and gave them to me with I dont know how many thousand Turkish cigarets, the kind Van smoked.

Then Dr. Miller arranged that I should give my lecture in our big Church just a week or two before I was to leave. There was a large audience, all my family with Will and Bessie and the lecture went like clock work. I had a beautiful colored view of an Alaskan bay with snow capped mountains, green forests, tiny cascades and small bergs of floating ice, all in soft sunset colors. It was really beautifully colored and as it came on the screen I swung into a description. I had found it in <sup>some</sup> pamphlet or other, "Alaska/? Skys of amber, of azure of palest green; of red so bold and gorgeous that the ice fields blush; forests of dark and lighter shades of green where tiny cascades and bigger water falls tumble to the dark waters of the bay. Weird islands, lovely and lonely enough to be the prison of man

Enchanting islands, in whose hidden nooks the lovely blue bells grow while crystal pools, along the shore, are filled with the beauties of the sea; carved ice-bergs, ~~float idly by~~ of white and green and every shade and tint of cerulean blue, float idly by to slowly melt away as the clouds of a summer day fade and disappear. I Had worked hard on that lecture and it was quite as effective as ~~it~~ I had hoped.

Then Dr. Miller said some very nice and kind things about me and ended by saying & "In sending Dr. Wilbur to Alaska we are giving our dearest and our best." I felt I did not deserve that and was much embarrassed. Many greeted me afterward, many to say good bye because they would not have another chance and my brother Will who opposed my going and never was free with praise, shook my hand warmly and said "Quite Stoddardesque; quite Stoddardesque." I was a <sup>t</sup> great evening and I felt warmed and humbled by the friendship and praise and upborne by a high purpose.

The last Sunday at home had come and as usual I attended all the services, taught in Sunday School and took part in Christian Endeavor and then went to the evening service. As I was greeting friends in the aisle of the church Jennie rather hurried up to me and said. "Dr. Wilbur will you see me home". Would I? Well I guess, but I was greatly astonished. It was only a short walk from the Church to her home on the corner of Penn St. and Montgomery Ave. but we did not stop at the house but went on out Penn St. where I did not notice only on until she said she must go home. I don't know all that was said except that Jennie wanted me to know she did not regard my proposal lightly and respected and admired and all that, very ~~very~~ sincerely and very kindly. I know I vowed my love and said there never could be another and I was sure then that I knew

that was so. There was nothing mushy or gushy and no kissing or anything of that kind. It was all sweet and sacred. When we reached her house and I must say goodbye I persuaded to writ<sup>e</sup> to me and with much agitation she ~~xxxx~~ wished me <sup>all</sup> success and every blessing. And so we parted. I have never seen her since that night for it was not long after I reached Alaska that a letter came from Mother telling that Jennie had called at the house one day and said that after talking about her promise with her mother she decided that it would be better if we did not write to each other. Ofcourse she married later on for her heart was not tuched and I have heard she had a large family. Why, certainly, Mother knew all about it long before we were married.

With that promise of letters from Jennie I was full of hope and tickled at her spirit and nerve in walking off with me under the very noses of her parents. Aunt Deal and I were to leave early in the week and final goodbyes must be said to closest friends. Dr. VanLennep was curt and gruff and matter-of-fact. Mrs. Van had had a small operation on a foot so was on a couch and I was astonished beyond measure when the tears flowed freely as I held her hand in final farewell. We had always been the best of friends and she had been so kind when I was sick there but I did not think she cared so much.

The nearer the final hour came the more hurried and preoccupied we were so that the last goodbye to Mother was doubtless rather perfunctory for I cannot recall it. I do not think anyone went to Broad Street Station with us to see us on the express for the West tho probabally Father and the boys came up from the factory to see us. The long train, slipping out thro the well know towns toward Bryn Mawr. ~~the train~~ struggled up the steep grades until we passed and

Ardmore, then, on a few miles of easier grade, it picked up speed until, as Aunt Deal and I stood in the vestibule of the last car, there were no observation cars then, we fairly whizzed by Blyn Mawr station. But not too fast for us to see a group of girls standing there, as I expected for they said they would be there, at least some of them did. I threw them a bunch of carnations and caught just a glimpse of Maud Marshall, Florence Humphreys, Emily Clark and perhaps some others and there may have been a boy or two.

On we flew, around the curve at Rosemont, into the cut by Villa Nova; and home and boyhood days and friends of youth were left behind and before me was - - - Alaska.

Oh! It was a good life, this life from which I was so swiftly whirling away: a rich abundant life, full of satisfactions. A host of friends, boys and girls, the respect and kindly interest of many older people, the fine associations of church and the devoted love of dear 'Dominie' Miller; medical friends by the score, unquestioned success in my profession, splendid and most unusual opportunities, the powerful backing and certainly the real love and respect of the most influential man in our School of medicine if not the entire profession; all back there beyond those few miles of rapidly lengthening track.

But I am sure I had no regret except the sense of separation. Certainly I did not feel I was making any great sacrifice or the slightest mistake. Always I had been sure of my 'call'. The ceaseless opposition to my plans had ~~clarified~~ clarified my convictions and ~~greatly~~ strengthened my determination and there was an abiding assurance of a high purpose and of being set apart for unselfish service: a distinct realization that I was honestly, even though imperfectly, trying to obey the Master's command when He said, "Go Ye!"

We went over the Union Pacific, the most uninteresting trans-continental line in my experience and I have travelled on them all except the extreme southern lines and the Canadian. One day of the five required to cross to the Pacific coast, we looked out of our windows to see a huge boldness on which was a metal sign which read ' Summit of the Rocky Mountains, Continental Divide. ' Summit of the Rockies indeed! Where were they? There was not a peak in sight, only hilly, almost rolling country with rocky ledges and boulders all about. The elevation was marked at 8000 ft but one would never guess it and we were greatly disappointed at the lack of scenery.

It was necessary to stay a few days at Portland to complete my list of supplies. Mr. Wadhams, the Boards agent was a big kindly man with a big full beard, who with his brother ran a wholesale grocery business and so saved the Mission a good many dollars in supplies. He began as the agent when the steamers for Alaska sailed from Portland in the early days and was so satisfactory that the Board continued when ~~they~~ <sup>the steamer</sup> later, sailed ~~from~~ Tacoma. In going over the list of things needed at the Hospital it appeared that about the only thing my predecessor, <sup>a contract physician in the government service,</sup> had ordered was a great deal of whiskey and cathartics.

I had medical friends in Portland, a group of brothers all doctors the younger having been a student of mine when I was Demonstrator in Histology at Hahemann. They were fine people and we enjoyed see<sup>ing</sup> them. Off times I took Aunt D on a river trip on the Willamette River and another time we went up the heights back of the city and had a fine view of Mt. Hood, nearly a hundred miles away.

When we reached Tacoma I felt quite at home for I had been there in 1890 and it was still more important place than Seattle. Our trip on the steamer was fascinating, all so new and so full of charm.

and unending surprise at the narrow winding water ways. It was a disappointment to pass ~~at~~ Port Simpson as we could not land in Canadian ports and not to stop at Metlakhatla and Ft. Wrangel was the first town at which we landed. I wandered around the Native village and thought of my coming life among these people for they were Khlinggets like the people at Sitka. It was here that our Sunday School at Bryn Mawr supported their first individual scholar, a girl at the Mission home of Mrs. A.R. MacFarland, that heroic woman who was the first Presbyterian Missionary in Alaska, Dr. Sheldon Jackson being the first to explore and plan the work. The Home had been ~~burnt~~ <sup>burned down</sup> years before but the church work was carried on by Dr. Clarence Thwing a brother of one of Helena's Holyoke chums. He had also been stationed at Sitka for some years but not immediately before I ~~was~~ went there. Then I called ~~at~~ on the William A. Kelly, U.S. Commissioner, representing Uncle Sam at that place. He had formerly been the Supt. of the Sitka Mission and was destined to be the Superintendent again before I left the school. Ofcourse I was smoking cigarettes and offered him one which he rather positively refused and I sensed at once that he did not approve of a missionary smoking at all. I felt sure he thought that here was another big mistake the Board was making in sending such a ~~young~~ cigarette smoking, fresh young men to Sitka. But he was pleasant if not cordial. We later became the best of friends and I was instrumental in saving his life when he had a violent attack of typhoid. Wrangel was hardly more than an Indian settlement for the mines on the Skena River ~~at~~ that had made it important years before were pretty well worked out, as I understood.

Juneau was a fright. The rawest of raw towns, streets deep in mud, some just beginning to be planked, gambling houses, dance houses

shacks and rough men. ~~Mr. L. Jones~~ <sup>The</sup> minister in charge of the Mission station with his wife ~~were in charge of the~~ were very cordial and pleasant. We went thro the small home and school and visited the former church building, made of logs with a log steeple, tiny but very churchly looking. Alas, when the new and larger and much less picturesque church was erected at the Mission this was sold and eventually became a brewery to brew supposedly non intoxicating beer. There were plenty of saloons but no liquor could legally be sold to an Indian but they had plenty of it none the less, and the effects of it were all too evident in the Native village down on the flats near the water, quite apart from town. The houses were poor and mean and dirty, the Indians slovenly~~ly~~ ugly and degenerate and my heart sank as I thought that ~~these~~ <sup>these</sup> were the people I had come to work and live among. But they surely needed saving. What a ~~pl~~ what a terrible <sup>file</sup> that we white men were entirely responsible for their frightful degradation!

Of course we visited the Treadwell mine across from Juneau on the Gastineau Channel where some 400 stamps were falling on the the low grade gold bearing rock, night and day, every day in the year except Christmas and the 4th of July. The mighty roar of the ceaselessly pounding hammers could be heard at Juneau nearly two miles away but the whole place only spoke of greed, inhumanity and the ruin of nature's loveliness.

Glacier Bay made us feel we were indeed getting to the far North as our steamer sought its way among the many berg<sup>s</sup> of floating ice that crowded its waters. Vast glaciers could be seen in every cove and channel as we moved slowly on toward the the great wall that loomed more clearly straight before us. Muir Glacier, the

marvel of every Alaska tourist and of many scientists like John Muir, for whom it was named. There are books telling about it and it would be foolish to do more here that try to give our impressions.

Our steamer edges along until it is withing a few hundred yards of a wall of ice that seems to tower up to the heights of the tallest city building. It is a greenish white with places of deeper blue here and there, with spires and pinnacles and towers marking the skyline. The whole face of the glacier, miles long, is made up of curves and angles and is continually changing form as high blocks of ice break off and fall into the water on which it seems to rest. Many of the pieces of ice are as large as a big office building and they never seem to fall forward or away from the face of the ice but to slip along it, grinding and smashing their way to the mirror like water beneath. The cleavage is almost constant, now here, now there, and the noise is like the a rending roar softened by the a sloshy sound as the berg takes its icy bath. Altho there is no wind our steamer rocks gently with the waves these icebergs make as they begin a new and independant life. I went ashore with some of the other men and climbed it around the rocky edge to the top but it was like any other glacier there, jagged, crevassed and dirty, reminding me of my boyhood visit to the Mer-de-glas on Mt. Blanc. But that ever changing face or rather wall with its towers and castles ever sliding into the sea and its colors changing from green to light and deeper blue, outlined in white, that will never be forgotten. But tomorrow morning we shall be at - SITKA !

I was up early the next morning to catch my first glimpse of the place I was to call 'home' for years to come. Pictures, letters and much reading had created a very clear image of what to expect but it could not reveal half the beauty of the mountains and islands

that would delight our eyes ~~thro~~ <sup>thro</sup> all the years we lived among them. A deep bay and small river ~~was~~ <sup>here</sup> on our left, Katleansky Bay someone said and there on its shore was Old Sitka where the Sitkas had their village in the early Russian days but we could not see any signs of it now. See that waterfall, half way up the mountain? How fast the steamer seems to go, as if it was as eager as we are to see our future home. But there is no sight of Sitka. There seems to be no way out of the hugh lagoon over whose still surface we hurry along. Mountains seem to block each way we turn. The day is clear with wee wisps of mist here and there. The air is keen but we do not notice it as we look and look and look for our first glimpse of of that historic town. Officers, never any too gracious, especially to missionaries are in the pilot house. There seems to be no one to tell us just where and how when. But anyway, I prefer to stand apart and gaze and dream and wonder what kind of life is so soon to be revealed. The years of preparation fulfilled; the plans almost complete; the desire of years almost realized; my mission field.

Now see! We turn to the port; a channel opens before us; smoke and buildings seen thro the haze, straight before us and not so far away, - - - Sitka! A dull boom come faintly to us thro the quiet air. "What was that?" "O! Yu see, they allers fires a cannon when they sights the steamer, so's to let the folks know she's a comin. Only gits here twict a month." So spoke an old miner standing near. We little knew then with what strained ears we would listen for the boom of that cannon, in later years as we tried to do our usual work, subconsciously aware that the steamer was overdue and might come any tide.

Now we are passing thro the narrow channel nearing the wharf. The native village is quite near on the left, really quite nice look-

looking houses, the beach in front covered with canoes of all sizes and most of them covered with mats or blankets. There's the 'Pinta', the little U.S. gunboat that is supposed to keep order in the entire coast regions of the country, a longer coast line than the rest of the entire United States. We almost scrape the side of the tiny vessel altho our boat, "The Topeka" is quite small intself. Now we are slowing down and gliding up to the wharf.

There was no need to hurry about leaving the boat as this was the end of the trip and the steamer would remain here for 24 hours.

So we stood on the upper deck a few minutes and looked down at the rather large crowd of people on the wharf, Whites, Russians and Indians as we soon learned to class the inhabitants of Alaska's capitol. Those people we thought must be missionaries for Mr. Austin was on fulough in the East and we did not know any of the rest. Well, to tell the truth, I was not greatly impressed with the appearance of the people but the natives did look better than those at Juneau. But here are some kindly men asking if this is Dr. Wilbur and Mrs. Carter and then taking our luggage to put on the Mission wagon, one of the three in the entire city, and then leading us thro the town and toward the Mission. It seemed very natural to be there for I had read so much and seen so many views I could call, the larger buildings by name. Around the Greek Church as it was called, really Russian Orthodox, turning right around the sawmill and out on the road along the shore of the Bay and the Mission in full view less than a half mile ahead.

My quarters were not quite ready and when I saw them later I wondered if the good people thought I better not be put out in the woods alone for a few nights lest that city man should be scared and flee for home. So I was given a room in the Boys Home as their

dormitory building was called. Everyone was most kind and friendly and before we ~~xxxx~~ had fairly caught our breath it was dinner time as we knew by the ringing of the large bell hanging in the tower ~~betwe~~ between the two main buildings,

The teachers dining room was partitioned off from one corner of the childrens dining room thro which we had to pass on our way to meals. Waiting for someone to show us the ropes we were a little late in starting so the children ~~we~~ <sup>was</sup> all at the tables when we went by them. There was a host of black eyes turned in our direction to see what the new Matron and 'Doctah' looked like and some friendly smiles but why did the children, boys and girls all look alike except for their cloths? We never could learn to tell face from face we thought, never. But our friends who had been there some time only laughed and said that every new comer had that same experience but it was not long before they wondered how they ever could have thought the children looked alike and <sup>it</sup> <sup>to be</sup> proved true.

At 'the Teacher's Mess', a term ~~induced by~~ <sup>induced by</sup> the Naval ~~at~~ of the town, we met the other teachers, <sup>and</sup> Matrons and I fear my heart sank a little, they were not my kind of people and I was young, ~~in~~ not quite 24. Somehow, no amount of writing or photos or explanation and we had had little of either can quite prepare ~~for~~ the young missionary for meeting his fellow associates at the station., with me it was probably much more difficult for I had had unusual advantages such as few men in the Home Mission field had had. I am sure it did not make me priggish but it did make the adjustments more difficult. And that dining room! I find in a bound copy of the Church Messenger which was Dr. Miller's and was given to me after his death the following description of it altho what I wrote about it was intended for Mother and my family and not for publication. It was not

a complaint." I wish some society of mission band would contribute enough to line and paper the teacher's dining room. It is fearfully bare. The walls are simply heavy cloth stretched over ~~heavy~~ <sup>the</sup> frames, and paper over this. Of course it is boarded on the ~~in~~ outside but not lined on the inside with boards and the wind howls thro this <sup>air</sup>-space and rocks the walls in and out. The paper is old, ugly and faded and literally dropping off in spots. The floor slopes at an obtuse but very noticeable angle while one ~~max~~ lone, poorly-framed chromo of an ocean steamer adorns the walls. There is also an antique and very ugly sideboard, made of a couple of drygoods boxes, I think: a rag carpet on the floor, and a conglomeration of humps and hollows, covered with green cloth faded to a neutral tint, politely called a sofa, standing in one corner. Of course there is an old stove, an old table presenting a choice collection of ups and downs and wooden seated chairs, Stone china graces the board which if not beautiful is certainly strong and of varied patterns. A little money would go so far in that room. We dont want silver plate and Wilton carpet but oh! it is so desolate. "

I am sure that that afternoon I began to explore my new surroundings and sought the hospital first. You remember the Mission Board had urged me to hurry for the hospital was waiting for a doctor but I had learned <sup>on my arrival</sup> that the alterations being made at the hospital were far from complete. I preferred to wander about alone and as ~~in~~ everyone seemed to be busy that was quite satisfactory to everyone. The door of the hospital was locked so I crawled thro a window into the Drug room. What a sight! Bottles, jars, jugs here and there and what a jumble of stuff. It was evident as I went here and there that there was much to be done and altho that was in May it appears from my letters that the hospital was not ready for patients until

early in December.

Just why the Mission Board did not know that there was still considerable work to be done on the hospital when I was commissioned is hard to tell. Probabally some one had reported that it was near-  
ing completion and they thought it would be ready by the time I reach-  
Sitka and doubtless it would have been had the School had enough boys  
to do the work but of the 150 or more pupils in the school there were  
at least 50 girls and also many small boys, while not all the large  
boys were carpenters by any means. The school was faced with the  
problem of how to carry on the necessary ~~work~~ work of supplying fuel  
for the buildings heated by many <sup>wood</sup> stoves; the necessary upkeep &c  
with regular school hours and at the same time have most of the boys  
in the neighborhood of ten years. These little fellows learned  
more quickly, we more easily lead to our ways and to the Chris-  
ian way and much more amenable to discipline but the big boys could  
do the necessary work. We never had enough help to do all that ought  
to be done in fairness to the school and to the scholars. But in  
spite of this I find that in my first <sup>and second</sup> quarterly report to the Board  
that the long ~~delay~~ was due to failure to push the work ~~or~~ to real-  
ize the importance of getting the hospital in running order. I was  
indignant at the condition I found things in and my faith in the  
all-wise, all-powerful BOARD received a severe jolt.

*That night*  
Mr. I.F. Jones, the missionary minister from <sup>Kellumoo</sup> ~~Junesa~~ who was sup-  
plying at Sitka while Mr. & Mrs Austin were on fulough in the East,  
took me to the Ranch, as the Native Village was called, why I was  
never able to learn, ~~that night~~ as he was to return to his station  
on the same steamer on which we came. Mr Jones was a good man with  
a true missionary spirit and a kindly personality and the natives  
stolid faces lighted up as we went to their homes that night. It was  
all new and strange and wierd and seemed ~~it~~ like the real thing in

missionary life and I felt that I was, in very truth, "on my field". We visited five or six sick who were members of or church but we could not call on all the 200 or more homes that made up the village for Rev Jones had many things to do before ~~he~~ the steamer sailed. When the people were told that I was the new Mission Doctor they seemed greatly pleased and very friendly. The dimly lighted houses, the dark faces, the strange odors, not of filth but of wood smoke, a different smoke smell than any I knew, <sup>of</sup> dried fish and beings of a different race; the disorder of many houses and so many persons in one room, all the house had; the silent dark forms we passed outside, often seeming to come from nowhere: all these made a blend of real savagery that made me feel <sup>as</sup> in a country very far from home. Of course, there were letters to send back by that all important steamer for no other mail would go for two weeks and with those written my first day at The Sheldon Jackson Training School was ended.

I had been given a room in Mr. Austin's quarters for a day or two but soon moved to the rooms I was to occupy for many months. They were in a one story building a hundred yards or so from the main mission buildings and consisted in a living room in one corner facing the bay and a bedroom back of it, very comfortable and cosy when my things had arrived and been unpacked and put in order. At the other end of the building Mr. John Gamble, man of all work, had his quarters and between us was a large <sup>unfinished</sup> space cluttered with lumber and building material. Gamble and I soon became the best of friends ~~and~~ a friendship that endures to this day altho I have not heard ~~x~~ from him for years. There was a connecting door from his room to that big vacant space and it was not long before he began to slip thro it, in the mornings, and taking a heavy board he would ~~pick~~ lift it up and putting his foot on it he would slam it down on the

floor with a terrible bang just to let me know it was time to get up and go to breakfast. I could seldom wake up early enough to waken him in the same way. Once in a while I would get up in time to sneak into the big room and hide until he came thro and slammed the board. When I would let out a fearful yell and scare him almost to peices, when I would rush upon him and begin to pummel him. But not for long for altho I thought I was pretty strong he was big and powerful and would simply pick me up and like as not carry me out and drop me anywhere, pajamas and all, or perhaps it was on<sup>a</sup>ta night shirt in those days. Yes, <sup>a</sup>noisy good natured row but we were quite alone and no one else living near. (Note. You will not find that in my copies of my reports to the Board, copies of most of them are still on file.)

At once I began looking after the sick at the school, none very serious except one little girl suffering with consumption whom the devote <sup>d</sup>nurse, Esther Gibson kept in her room in the girls building. Thro all my seven and a half years at Sitka that fine woman continued as the school Nurse and a blessing in her unselfish and untiring service. She was an Irish woman, spare and strong and almost never ill. Physically stronger than most men yet gentle with the sick, effecient, a fine housekeeper and did the work of two and sometimes three with steady, uncomplaining gladness. Altho full of fun she kept in for the picnic times or outings, her rather plain face <sup>bearing</sup> some traces of the hard experiences of her earlier life. But she was indeed a true follower of her Beloved Lord and Master and when she had the opportunity to tell the sick of His love, as often happened, it would light with joy and assurance that was certainly more than comes from any worldly emotion. Necessarily we were much together and, altho we had some pretty warm quarrels, she never questioned my decisions on medical matters or was every the least unwilling to make room for another patient or prepare for an operation, *and when you see*

I can imagine how Miss Gibson must have ~~felt~~ wondered what kind of a man the Board had sent out to be her boss and it <sup>is</sup> pretty certain that she resented having a boss at all. No doubt some description of me and my qualifications had preceded me but I learned afterward, that when she saw that that young spr'g, the 'new doctor' she was certain that the Board had made another blunder altho her strictly professional face and manner did not reveal it.

Well no wonder. I was young and I was boyish and I loved fun and had been about enough not to be subdued by the rather somber atmosphere of the place and beside I smoked cigaretts! But it was not long before I won her respect for <sup>my</sup> ~~her~~ professional ability and before many months we ~~were~~ were good friends, another friendship that continues to the present and we still exchange letters two ~~or~~ or three times a year.

One of the most happy experiences of those first days was to ~~x~~ drop in to the little cottage where Rudolph Walton lived, just across a little lane from the hospital. It was called the 'Miller' cottage named after the dear Old Dominie as our church <sup>had</sup> ~~and~~ contributed much of the money for materials to build it. The very day I arrived I found Rudolph writing to my Mother and this is what he wrote:

"My dearest friend, Mrs. H.O. Wilbur, *June 3, 1894.*  
I am so glad today. I not help to be glad because to receive my friend Mr. Dr. Wilbur. As I see him face to face I think and remember of all my friends in Philadelphia and Bryn Mawr and I remember what I been praying for to see I seen the answer to my prayer. It is God that help us to see each other. I notice it is hardest thing to do, to leave home and mother and father. And for the mother to see the the Child go way from home. But it is for the Lord's sake and his ~~w~~ will.

I think today Mrs. Wilbur thinking and thoughtful and praying for her dearest son. But I think again this way, O Mrs. Wilbur, have a hope that her son is in the hand of the Lord and care for him every day.

I hope you do not think too much about your child and son but keep on praying for us till we meet again. I heard that Mrs. A.L. Austin been to your house. I notice she tell you about me, and all about Sitka friends. I wish to tell you about my work in Sitka last week. I was out sealing, (for the fur seals as they swim along the

the coast well off from the land.) and come back with ten skins, and stay in Sitka for to see Dr. Wilbur. I think I go out again next week. I wish you keep on praying for us. I wish you give my love to Mr. Wilbur and Rev. Mr. Wm. Miller and all my friends. I must close with my best love. Baby Wilbur, (his new born child) is well and big kiss from baby. Goodby from Rudolph Walton."

When we consider that this man, just a little older than I was born in ~~through~~ in a heathen home under conditions of savage paganism, superstition and shamanism and spent his early boyhood there entering the Mission school, I suppose, when about ten or twelve is it not astonishing that he could write such a letter? And he did write and compose it without help. Yes, it is astonishing until we who believe remember that with God "all things are possible" You recall that Rudolph was the first boy ~~that~~ whose school expenses were paid by the Bryn Mawr Sunday School and we had frequent letters from him or about him and for some few years before I went to Alaska, Rudolph and I exchanged letters.

One of the windows in my living room faced the hospital, ~~but~~ a hundred yards away, but the other faced the bay scarcely as distant. Who that has ever seen Sitka Bay in all its changing beauty will ever forget it? How I reveled in it as in the long twilight when work over for the day, now and then I caught a few moments to drink it in. ~~K xxx of~~ The ground sloped gently from my home to the beach but a row of low evergreens made a thin fringe <sup>e</sup> along the shore. Out beyond small wooded rocky islands almost completely closed in the inner bay a half mile from the shore. These little isles were of many shapes and size ~~with~~ <sup>while</sup> every contour varied from its neighbor. They stretched away full twenty miles <sup>as much as the</sup> and <sup>the</sup> on the last ~~an~~ almost perfect cone of Mt. Edgecumb was silouetted against the sky, while the Camel Back lay just beyond. The sun set just beyond these mountains some of the year and I find the following written during my first winter at the Mission.

" Let me picture, if I can, a day in mid winter. The sun rises at nine, glorious in his brightness and soft tints of pink and green. All day he shines on snow whose myriad crystal prisms glisten like jewels in his magical rays. The bay is blue as the sky as the morning color fades away and hardly more than rippled by the gentle breeze. But the sun is as coy as a girl with her first beau and steals along the southern sky until at about 3 p.m. he slips down into the ocean a little east of south. And then the really color-play begins. Shades of red follow those of yellow and blue: tints of crimson and rarest green pursue each other; the snow capped peaks are mellow in the soft pink light illuming them while all is centered in a blaze of glory at the horizon. Then, very slowly, the beauty begins to fade and yet is more lovely in its tranquil death than when it first had birth. So the unspeakably beautiful painting changes from tone to tone until about six when the evening rises over the mountain tops and night peacefully follows day. Still the beauty lingers for the stars sparkle far more brilliantly than ever diamonds can and, now and then, ~~xxx~~ Aurora send her long arms streaming across the sky as if she would bring back again the sun, her lover."

How I reveled in it all! That this was at my very door and mine to enjoy morning, noon and night when I had time to see it and make it all my own. Nothing I have ever seen can compare with beauty of Sitka Bay and this was my home. I was devoutly thankful for it all and enjoyed it to the full.

But there was much more to do than enjoy the beauty all about me for I soon found my sitting room crowded with natives coming to see the new Doctah as they called me and now doubt anxious to try his medecine whether they were sick or not. We never locked our doors and again and again, returning from some other duty, I would find them sitting in my room waiting for my return. There were all sorts of things all about. My sleeping room door was open and often there were scarf pins lying on the bureau but never was my bedroom entered of was there a single article disturbed or stolen.

Still it was not very satisfactory to try to prescribe to a room full and to tell the truth a certain amount of distance did lend enchantment so before a month had passed, I had been able to get the two rooms in the front of the hospital fitted up one as an office and the adjoining one as drug room and make shift surgery.

On the window of the office my sign went up, the same one that hung at 1123 Spruce Street Philadelphia, and I began to hold regular office hours. (In the photo albums you will find many views of these Alaska days altho some are badly bleached by hypo. The water at Sitka was so cold that it was difficult to wash out the hypo but I did not realize it at the time I was making my prints. I did all my own developing and printing for a while but later sent the plates to Seattle where they were eventually lost.)

As a number of sick people were put in my charge the night I arrived of course I made daily visits to the Ranch. To reach it we walked along the curving shore of the Bay, <sup>3/4</sup> close to the water when the tide was high, but at low tide the waves were nearly a quarter of a mile away. As the beach was stony and there was no trash thrown on it and none brought in by the tide it was always interesting and had a characteristic, rather pleasant musky odor. A half mile along the Bay brought us to the saw mill owned by J.P. Mills, who with his son ran a general store also. They were quite influential in the community but were not christian people and rather unfriendly to the mission.

Turning sharply left, around the mill, we passed into Sitka's main and almost only street. I never heard it had a name and on the left, between the street and the bay stood a large two storied log building, the officers club in the Russian days. While the ceilings were low it was quite complete in its appointments arrangement even to a small assembly room and stage. The "Alaskan" the weekly paper occupied a room of two on the first floor as all furnishings had been removed when the Russians went away.

A short distance further was the Greek church standing in the center of the street which divided so as to pass on either side. Just

this side of the Church was a good sized granite boulder split by small cedar tree that flourished in its rocky bend. It was one of the sights of the town.

As we walk around the church the street leads straight on to the wharf with stores on one side and the hotel, little more than a dwelling house, and the Parade ground and the Marine barracks on the other. Opposite the Parade Ground was the hill where stood the Castle which was burnt down only a short time before we reached Sitka. Here Baranoff held the government of the colony and here the nobles and their ladies danced many a night away in almost regal splendor.

We cross the edge of the Parade ground close to the Barracks <sup>and</sup> if it happens that the company of Marines stationed there are drilling we stop and watch. They seldom did more than have guard mount but it always roused my risibles when the top sergeant drew his saber, which seemed to be a yard and a half long and with the rattling <sup>cut</sup> of a cowboy in high heels, ambled up the slight grade to the officer in charge. That top sergeant was a perfect type of the oldtime soldier. Tall and gaunt, his uniform all correct but evidently a second-<sup>with</sup>ary consideration; long drooping mustaches and a serious but decidedly bored expression he always seemed to be exactly the kind you read about.

At the corner of the Parade Ground is a modest white cottage, the GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, while a short distance away, extending out over the water is the ~~warehouse~~ warehouse with the naval hospital, called the Sick Bay, occupying the second floor. Just back of the Governor's house was a black house or fort and a bit of the old stockade that surrounded the town ~~at~~ in the Russian occupation. The gates were closed at night to prevent any sudden raid and we could see the two port holes on the second floor where cannon were kept constantly

trained on the Indian village and from that position they could pretty nearly wipe out the whole town. The old fort had been partly burned and except a small section of the stockade adjoining it the stockade had entirely disappeared.

The Ranch stretched along the beach facing the steamer channel <sup>with</sup> ~~and~~ a large island, called Japonsky, on the other side. The houses on the front row were almost all of modern design, just plain gabled roof buildings, many of them two stories <sup>ies</sup> and some quite large. Back of them were smaller houses set here and there with a path winding between them while a substantial plank walk ran along in front of those in front. A few of the houses were of the old style with a door in the front wall and one, two or three tiers or terraces running around the entire interior. These terraces were like big steps four feet wide and two feet deep, each ~~lower~~ lower than its neighbor while at the bottom of the tier was wider platform with a space covered with gravel on which a fire burned. ~~Above~~, <sup>A</sup> large hole in the roof allowed most of the smoke to escape and an ingenious but simple arrangement of hinged planks could be adjusted to keep the wind and rain out. (On my suggestion that same arrangement was used on the Big House at Camp Delmont) Years ago all the houses of the Thlingits were of this style and I believe they were more healthful than the white man's style.

In these native houses I found some of my patients, stretched out near the fire, the rest of the families, for there were generally two or more families in the same house, sitting on the next tier with their boxes and bundles and a great assortment of stuff on the tier above. Almost always dishes that had not been washed, pots and pans were set on the first step and the odor was that indescribable blend of seal oil dried fish, wood smoke and Thlingits, not es-

especially disagreeable, at least not when you got used to it. In all my years I cannot recall that I ever was offended by the odors of filth of decaying flesh. They did not keep 'khink' <sup>decayed salmon heads,</sup> in their houses but prepared that at their summer camps. Garbage was thrown on the beach which also provided their only toilet facilities, the ample tides, <sup>and the rains</sup> effectively acting as odorless excavators.' The general cleanliness of the village was due to the work of the Captains of the Naval ships stationed there in the earlier days who had each house numbered and held each owner strictly accountable for the condition of his grounds and buildings.

Some of my patients were in the larger houses where we entered the large main room with smaller sleeping rooms around the sides. There were a few chairs, a table or two and many boxes and bundles piled against the walls. Near the center of the village was the house of the chief, Anahootz, ~~xxxxx~~. He was a great man in his time but his nephew, Jackson, a member of our church, was not as forceful or as intellegent as his forebear. There were no totem poles in Sitka but this house was set back quite a way from the general line of the others and was elaborately painted with the totem of the clan, 'hooctah the Bear. Next to his house was that of Mr. and Mrs. Bean, who tho counted as full blood Tlingits must have had some strain of white blood in their veins. Their picture, in ceremonial dress, hangs on the wall as I write. Their house ~~xxxxx~~ was always as neat as a New England kitchen and more than once Miss Gibson or I would spend the night there when we had to be in the Ranch to look after someone who was very sick. The bed in the guest room was provided with immaculate sheets and toilet set, soap and clean towels and yet these people could not speak English and were pagans not many years before. They

were good, nice people and consistent church members. *On a ridge back of the village like a dog kennel on low stilts stood small houses that held the ashes of the dead altho cremation had been given up at Sitka*

The following, entitled 'A Morning in the Ranch, is taken in part from 'THE NORTH STAR,' a four page paper published by U.F. Shall the Supt. of the school Mr. Austin and myself and later I took it over and it cost me a lot of time and money. Copies are among my Alaska papers.

" Office hours over, morning rounds and devotions, orders issued for the day and calling Frank Kiznaak Kininook my helper and interpreter I take up my medicine case and start for the Ranch. ( That medicine case was a drug store, pharmaceutical shop and surgical supply establishment all in one. As I had designed it I was not a little proud of it altho I would have given some of the old time homoeopaths con-  
 nption fits of great violence; Sacrilege of sacrilidges; to carry Homoeopathic remedies in the same case as surgical dressings, throat applications and disenfectants! Oh! Shades of Samuel Hahnemann! We shades or not they were all there in a brown 12 in. cabin bag and a very handy too. I had had a case made of thin metal covered with a thin leather and arranged to carry 15 or 20 tall round bottles These held my remedies mostly fluids which I dispensed in water thus saving time and money. This case or holder extended from end to end of the bag across the center and as it was only about 3/4 in. wide there was plenty of room on each side for cotton, gauze, a pocket surgical case, iodine for the throat &c, bichloride of merc. tablets &c, simply lifting out the  
 By removing this center section there was ample space for more dressing or what ever was needed for some special occasion while the remedy holder could be slipped into a separate cover and make a very good medicine case. After seven years use I could find no fault with in it) "The morning is a bright and sparkling one for we do have such mornings in Alaska Sitka, sometimes. But when it is bright the air is clear as crystal, one vast dome of vital energy. I never have

seen such marvellously clear atmosphere or such wonderfully exhilarating atmosphere any where else. The Natives have grown to know us and I felt greatly impressed with my responsibility and humbled when Frank told me that some of the natives referred to me as "God's man" while another who knew some English said 'You papa to all the Siwash in Alaska'. Siwash is Chinook for Indian. In spite of reputed stolidity smiling faces greet me here and there. Every house of the better sort, has a narrow platform or piazza running along the entire front and today these were full of people all getting a sun bath but not in their birthday suits or even in bathing suits if they ever heard of such a thing. Blankets of many colors flash along the porches while children, but scantily clad run in and out of the houses. A babel of strange and to my ears exceedingly ugly sounds assails my ears as they call to each other or to some one on another porch.

We walk along in the welcome sunshine a half mile, a question here a greeting there, now a man asks me to see his sick wife while here a dark faced Russian Native (Member of the Greek church) scowls unpleasantly for there is a good deal of ill feeling between the people of the two churches and all connected with them.) Enter <sup>my</sup> in a small room or shed built on the side of the last house in the village I find it full of all sorts of odds and ends, a store room for every thing from canoe paddles to dried fish and comodes. In the larger room adjoining is the family. The old grandmother has blackened her face with a mixture of charcoal and oil as a protection against ~~meas~~ mosquitoes and sunburn and more than likely as a sort of soothing cream! for her dry old skin, and is still huddled in bed as the family are just beginning to get about. These natives are most irregular in their habits. They eat any time and sleep day or night if they can. The room is about 8 by 12 feet long and in great disorder, all sorts of things being scattered about it

with a good deal of dirt everywhere. A KY patient, a consumptive mother is sitting on the floor and I do what I can, leave some medicine and try to cheer her a bit. It is good to good to get into the fresh air again.

Little further on I find the family gather outdoors by a fire over which some salmon are broiling spitted on sticks. Another chronic case is prescribed for and I joking ask if they will not give us some breakfast and they immediately ask me to have some. Then I am embarrassed for it is 'gives them shame' to have a guest <sup>refuse</sup> but I plead that I have more sick people to see and say goodbye. And now a man calls Hgun! 'Hosh Koksach,' the Thlingit name of my interpreter 'Dase-sa E to was-see-goo? (What do you want) asks Frank. 'My chest, it always be sick.' 'Where is you pain? (unkeek their <sup>only</sup> ~~singhu~~ word for pain, hurt, a cut, bruise or sickness) and so on, question by question, taking double time thro the interpreter, the patient making many expressive gestures as he describes his condition. A number of other natives have gather ~~by~~ around by this time and as I hand some medicine to my first inquirer another decides he needs some and so it goes. They are strange people when their ills are concerned and love to take medicine and altho wonderfully stoical when cut or injured, they will walk the two miles to the hospital and back to get some neckh, medicine, for the neereast scratch, or a slight ache.

Once more we enter a house, a single room where lives a father and mother, two daughters and the husband of one of them. The other, my patient, Mize, is a cripple. For long years she has been on her mattress, generalit <sup>on</sup> by the floor. Two rude bedsteads stand at one side, an old stove near the center and an old unholstered chair, the seat of honor, is pushed toward me. I always felt afraid of the depths of that chair. The chances of its having numerous previous occupants were indee <sup>d</sup> too obvious. About the stove are scattered a

few cooking utensils and china dishes, mostly unwashed. A bear skin is drying on a frame at one side. The sufferer has an anklosed hip joint on one side and the the other with an ugly sinus from necrotic bone <sup>and</sup> suffers great pain at times. She tells me of how the Apothecary of the Naval vessel came to her and told her he would cure he if she would submit to his advances, told it with tears running down her face, very hesitatingly and haltingly. Even the ~~xxx~~ she is almost as fair as a white girl and rather pretty is it possible there could such a beast calling himself a man? I could not report it to my Naval friends for it would be only her word against his and of course he would lie but I did not doubt her story for a minute. I repacked the sinus, gave her some modicine and then read and explained a passage of scripture and <sup>closed</sup> with a short prayer. Eliza was a wonder and an inspiration. With so little to make life happy and enduring so much pain she still was bright and cheery, always at some needle work unless so sick she could not work. I took care of her for many months and was with her when she passed away in the comfort of the hospital. She grew to love with and intense devotion and made ~~me~~ the little dance shirt for Bert, little Chalk oncowoo, the Eagle chief. When I went away, that day, I was so thankful and happy that it was given to me to add a ray of sunshine to a life that had so so little joy to relieve its monotony.

How I dislike this next visit. The place is a mere hovel of two rooms, in either of them I can touch one wall, floor and ceiling at the same time. The little patient has tubercular glands in his neck, some of them already broken down and draining. As I pass the door of the other room I see a marine from the Barracks sitting on a bed and the Indian woman by him turns her face away in shame. This misery, this filth this degradation is not of Thingit origin, at its worst,

syphilis and consumption were not originally native diseases. They are the curse <sup>brought by</sup> the white coward who ruins the soul and tortures the body to please his own desires. "One more call, Frank and we'll trot home." Frank is a nice boy, one of the Mission scholars and he grins appreciatively at the thought of dinner. We are good friends. We enter a large house near the center of the Ranch. It is painted white and has an air of neatness that is fully carried out by the well scrubbed floor, orderly arrangement and snow white beds in the tiny sleeping rooms. These people have been church members for many years and greet us cordially, but I was not prepared for what was to follow. Like all the girls of her time Mrs. Bean had had her ears pierced for ear rings when she was a child and the heavy ornaments she wore had stretched the holes until they were quite large. Now she was a Christian and these holes gave her great shame. Could I do any thing about it. I assured her that as soon as the hospital was open it would be very easy to close them entirely and she was <sup>as</sup> delighted as a child with a new and wonderful toy.

As we stepped out, the sound of the first bell for dinner at the Mission came faintly to our ears and while chatted together there came again a sense of soul filling satisfaction that I had some share in this God given work.

There is a journal that gives many details of my life at Sitka and it is fairly complete. There are also copies of my reports, letters and a number of letters written to the Church messenger which will be found in the bound volume of that paper which came to me after Dr. Miller's death. It seems therefore, that it would be foolish to go into much detail of these Alaskan days but give a picture here and there. There are also copies of the North Star to which I have referred, tho I doubt if that file is complete. So dear children you can find out more of what I did when I was a

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Not very long after I reached the station a man came to the hospital office evidently struggling to get sufficient ~~xxx~~ breath. Why the poor fellow had walked the mile from the Ranch instead of sending for me I do not know but as he belonged to the Russian church he probably hesitated to ask such a concession by the one so high and mighty as the Doctor. While the priests of that ~~ch~~ church did a good deal of visiting in the Ranch they always maintained a distant and superior attitude. I remember that ~~one~~ of the Russians, not a native but a white man, coming to my office ~~and~~ kneeling down, touching his head to the floor as he begged me to come and see his wife. It was not because that I had refused to go for that was the first time I had seen him but it was a hold over from the ~~the~~ days of the serf in Russia <sup>for him</sup> and it was the proper way of approach, but it made me very angry to have a human being abjectly kneeling to me. I never knew a native member of the Greek church to do that. They <sup>had</sup> ~~had~~ been an independent people for centuries well aware of their equality if not superiority to everyone else.

My patient was suffering from a tumor in the larynx and was being slowly asphixated. An operation was imperative. There was no way to take care of the man at the hospital, which was all torn up with alterations, so we had to do the best we could in his home which fortunately <sup>by</sup> was cleaner than most of the houses altho it was a quite small. Miss Gibson and I got things ready as best we could while friends and relatives began to gather in the small room, coming in without knocking as their custom was and squatting down on the floor quite as tho it was their own home. I was new to them and I did not want to offend and so ~~hurty~~ <sup>hurty</sup> influence so I did not put them out. Of course we had to do all our talking thro an interpreter. A table was rigged up for the operation, a tracheotomy and intubation, there was plenty of boiled

water with which to make bichloride of mercury solution without it for  
 no operation was considered safe. Miss Gibson gave the ether or  
 chloroform and my assistant was the only doctor in town, a Doctor Roger  
 who was also clerk of court and far more nervous than I was.

<sup>el</sup>  
 A was ready the patient on the table, breathing in gasps, his face  
 blue from lack of oxygen and every vein gorged with the effort to  
 to breath; ~~With the~~ ~~the~~ the room full of friends and relatives. With  
 my first cut the blood flew in all directions and an artery <sup>sent</sup> ~~sent~~ the  
 blood clear across the room. My assistant cried out "Oh, my ----  
 You've cut his throat!" Well that was exactly what I had intended to  
 do but not in the way he meant. The artery clips applied and with  
 some pressure the bleeding was quickly controlled but as I glanced  
 about the room the faces of the Natives seemed fierce and menacing,  
 for they too thought I had killed their friend. More vessels caught  
 before I cut again, this time into the trachea and carefully prevent-  
 ing the blood entering the windpipe, for the oozing was still ver<sup>y</sup> free,  
 I pried the slit open and with a tremendous gasp the life-giving air  
 entered the lungs. Almost instantly the man's color changed, as the  
 need<sup>ed</sup> oxygen change<sup>d</sup> the blue to red, the strained agonized expression  
 changed to one of relief and comfort and in a few minutes  
 he was resting quietly in his bed, while his friends repeated over  
 and over again "La kootzie, la kootzie. Klagoo Kloogo," an expression  
 of satisfaction and astonishment. In regard to this case I find  
 the following in a letter sent to The Church messenger, dated Oct.

26, 1894. "It was wonderful how our good nurse seemed to come to  
 that man's house like a benediction. I was rather more clearly than  
 most of the Ranch houses, but altho his wife tried she knew very little  
 of how to make the sufferer comfortable. Miss Gibson would come in  
 and the man's face would glow with pleasure. Quickly his face id  
 bathed and cooled and soothed, the tangled blanket arranged and his  
 pillow turned. Then as a sense of comfort stole over the tired body  
 softly and gently the words of life were spoken and the patient would  
 drink them in with joy. It was beautiful and wonderful and I realized

what a large field of influence belongs to the Christian nurse especially the Missionary Nurse. From being a very bad man and a hard drinker he was led to accept Christ as his Saviour. (The Greek church was so formal that it exerted little influence for good on the lives of the Natives so so that the older missionaries, like Mr Austin, never felt that these people had been really converted) But this man's had been softened by the nearness of death so that with gladness he accepted the Truth."

While Dr. Rogers had been no help at all in the operation he was a most successful publicity agent. He seemed to regard me with awe, as one having almost supernatural power and he sang my praises all thru our little community. My reputation was established among the whites while the Natives, who had probably never seen me a surgical operation before, thought it was a miracle. While I had assisted a many tracheotomies I had never performed one and I believed then as I believe now that in that trying time, my first test of skill, I was given a power higher than my own. Had the patient died it would have taken a long time to live it down. Tracheotomy is a simple operation but it is not so simple with an intensely engorged head, an Indian house and no assistant, and a surgeon who has never performed it before.

Poor Aunt Adelia was terribly disappointed in the work assigned to her. She had been commissioned as Girls Matron and was led to expect that she would be a sort of house mother to the girls and she was well qualified to do that altho she had never reared any children of her own but it developed that she was expected to take charge of the teachers kitchen and teach the girls how to manage it and cooking was about the last thing she wished to do. She was no longer young and not so very strong and it was awfully hard for her to swallow the dose. But she went at it great as the disappointment and hard as it was for her to adapt herself to it. She was a splendid cook and the improvement in the teachers food was very noticeable. That ought to have brought her a lot of satisfaction but she was

not of a cheerful and happy disposition and she found little pleasure in her work. Probably the teachers, and that includes all of us in the general term, rather took ~~matter~~ the improvement as a matter of course and did not express <sup>their</sup> appreciation as <sup>they</sup> we ought. Then, too, the work was hard, physically hard, as she had to rise early and do much of the actual work herself because ~~of~~ the girls were learning to do by doing. From the Messenger, dec. 1895. "Mrs Carter has been struggling to ~~some~~ of the girls from savages accustomed to cook with a kettle and a stick for a broiler into good cooks, Boston style. The transformation is difficult. The same directions must be repeated many times before they produce effect." (Then too is that constant

problem to be solved: how to get the necessary <sup>y</sup> work of the institution carried on and still be fair to the scholars and really teach them. As a result just about the time one group begins to be efficient another batch of new girls are sent to 'help' the Matron (as the cook of the teachers club is called.) "Gradually the girls learn and if they do not become experts at least they have progressed so much it is sometimes hard to remember they had come from Indian homes not many months before."

Poor Aunty, She poured out her woes to me, and it was quite a down pour, too. I hope I was sympathetic but I fear I was not as kind as I should have been. But at heart I did not sympathize for she loved to be a lady, wear nice clothes and receive a lot of attention. She had never lived that way except during the many months she lived at Bryn Mawr with us, but that was what she thought ~~was~~ the world owed her. The appeal of service ~~never~~ never touched her altho she was never unkind to the girls.

All thro those early months I was trying to get the hospital work finished and begin medical work there. But, as I have said, the work dragged. The Superintendent did not seem anxious to push it along. But I kept at it. One difficulty was that each group of boys, working in different locations had to have a supervisor. They were willing enough but they were boys and when one remembers that they had been reared with no regular habits and absolutely no restraint from their baby days, it was a miracle, I mean a real miracle,

that they ever could be made to do any work. With very few exceptions they were willing and industrious workers, but they were boys, just the same and where is the boy that will not talk and play at his work sometimes.<sup>?</sup>

Fortunately for me, I had been trained to regard honest work as never below any man and my summer on Gray's Harbor had given me practical experience in many ways so I volunteered to take ~~xxxx~~ some boys and get the ditch dug so we could get water to the hospital. The Mission had its own water supply, there was no town supply, and ~~x~~ 200 yards of pipe had to be laid over a little hill, in a trench deep enough to keep it from freezing and most of the way thro<sup>stumpy,</sup> rocky ground knit together by roots. So blue jeans for me and high rubber boots, with my boys I started out. I was strong and vigorous and really liked to do things and I worked with the boys, as hard as any of them, and what a difference that makes. I guess the men were rather skeptical about the Doc's ability to do anything out of his immediate line but when they saw the results of the first afternoon's work they changed their minds. The boys, too had been a little inclined to go slow but when they saw that I could and did work, and that I would have no nonsense altho kind and sort of chummy they pitched in and worked like good fellows. And they were. If I could have had my time free from medical work and if the boys had not had to ~~study~~ <sup>spend</sup> at least half ~~x~~ day in the schoolroom, we would have had the line run in no time, but eventually ~~the~~ water was flowing in the office and kitchen. Little by little the repairs were completed. Mr. Gamble had made ~~the~~ heater for the building by cutting <sup>out</sup> half of one end of a 50 gallon iron drum and fitting the piece cut out as a door and then making a smoke hole at the other end. Such stoves were used in the large rooms all over the mission and as they would take high chunks

of wood and so keep a fire quite a while. The teachers' room and mine as well had small 'box stoves', inventions of the devil to try the patience of the saints and test one's resistance to profanity. They are poor heaters, enormous consumers of fuel and if for one single moment you forget them, they burn out or go out with every evidence of satisfaction and glee. Fortunately for my hope of salvation, I did not have to use them very long before the 'ait tight' appeared and our heating troubles with wood fires were practically over.

The upper ward directly over the one below was heated by a smoke drum, an arrangement of stove pipes to receive the smoke and heat from the fire below and distribute it through a good deal of additional radiating space. It was very effective. Finally all was ready, at least we could begin, and on the late afternoon of November 22, 1895 Miss Gibson took up little Agana, whom she had had in her room for months, and carried her to the snowy bed in the Girl's ward. I went along with her but the nurse would not trust me to carry Agana, even part way lest she would not be as comfortable. But the child was little more than a skeleton and as I have said, Miss Gibson was as strong as a husky man tho not a big woman. The hospital was open!!! True it was nearly seven months since the Board had told me it was urgent that I hurry to Sitka to take charge of it, but no matter now, it was open and we were happy. Ofcourse Miss G. moved down with her patient and into her room on the second floor, a corner room facing the Bay and getting the morning and afternoon sun, ~~in~~ when there was any. It was a nice cheerful room immediately adjoining the Women's or Girl's ward. As the hospital has gotten in running order by this time, and it is summer again let us join these tourists when Miss Gibson is showing over the building. From the North Star June 1895. I wrote this article but obviously I did not want to appear to be its author.

"Sitka Mission Hospital, as I named it, was so much my own and I spent so much time in it that I think it is worthy of ~~some~~ full description. In it Harry L. Wilbur was born and in it were fought those many fights with disease and death.

"It was one of Sitka's most charming days as the Queen (the large tourist steamer that ran in the summer time) came to the dock. We had looked forward to this place with much anticipation and lost no time in going ashore. There were four of us, the Judge and Ethel his daughter, the Doctor and myself. The Judge had wished to go to the Greek church at once but nothing would satisfy Miss Ethel but to hurry to 'that hospital that our society is sending boxes to and working for all the time'. Hospitals, especially this one were Ethel's fad and as the Doctor sided with her, he always did, of course we old folks had to yield. It was strange how the Doctor saw things just as the eyes of that pretty girl saw them. "Well, my Dear, lead on" said the Judge, indulgently. "No doubt you know the way for you have read everything about Sitka you could get your hands on" "O, yes, indeed I do. You go straight up from the wharf, around the Greek church and then you go on until the road seems to run into the front yard of a house. But it doesn't. It just runs along the shore of the Bay and you see the Mission. ...."

A delightful walk soon brought us to the Hospital door and as there was no bell we knocked. I must say I had grumbled a little as we passed the Greek church. 'it's a shame to go right by this church just to see a little, poorly appointed house with a couple of cots and by courtesy called a hospital, badly run and none too clean.' I had seen enough of these frontier hospitals to know just what to expect. 'O, well' said the Doctor, 'It won't take long and it will make Ethel happy and' with a sly glance the lovely eyes, 'maybe it will

cure Miss Ethel of her obsession'.

As we waited a moment or two the Doctor remarked, "That sign looks like business. But excuse me, 7.30! Why, I don't get breakfast before eight!" "Yes," said the Judge, "evidently these good people believe in Ben Franklin's maxim, early to bed and early to rise, Eh, Major." "Yes" I grumbled, "they probabally go to bed with the chickens."

A bright faced Indian girl in a neat nurse's costume opened the door. "Is the Doctor in and may we go thro the hospital?" "No sir, the Doctor has gone to the Ranche but Miss Gibson will show you around. Come in." We entered the Doctor's office. A plain table with papers and books placed neatly to one side and a blotter covering the center did duty as a desk. Above it were shelves with bottles and instruments in orderly arrangement. A few plain chairs, shelves with a goodly array of medical books, a wall cabinet and two framed photographs made up the rest of the furnishing.

The Doctor turned to look at the books. "These are not bad, not bad at all but-- see all these quack books." "Why what do you mean?" "These homoeopathic books!" "Why he's a homoeopath." "What? Miss Ethel! You don't mean that. Pshaw! If I had know that I would never have come. You can see sugar pills any time and that's all we'll see here. I'll just wait outside." "Better wait, Doctor. You may get some new ideas?" chuckled the Judge and as Ethel looked a little hurt he did wait but not with very good grace.

Just then the head nurse, immaculate in her cap, and cuffs and snowy apron entered the room and apologizing for keeping us waiting invited us to see the house. She led us to a room on the left where rows of shelves on two of the walls were well stocked with bottles and jars of drugs, all in perfect order. The Doctor eyed these critically. "That's just the way," he growled. "These homoeopaths make

such great claims but on the sly, you see, they have to fall back on the good old remedies we taught them how to use". The nurse closed her lips tightly and gave the doctor a look that, had he seen it, would surely have withered him. Evidently she did not like his remarks but she <sup>said</sup> quietly "Oh, those were left here by a former physician. We find them very useful for salves and liniments and TO KILL VERMIN." The Judge laughed softly but the Doctor, somewhat startled, held his peace. Everything was in perfect order and so clean that I began to think that here was something different from other frontier hospitals. "Here" said the nurse "are our remedies, all kept separately in these compartments."

Returning to the office we entered the a door marked Ward 1. Eighteen beds were ranged around the walls, occupied by Indian boys or men. A large stove near the center of the room furnished heat and some chairs were convenient for convalescents. Our guide took a number of sheets of paper that were hanging near the head of each bed and handed them to the Doctor. "Ah, indeed. Do you keep such a complete record of each case?" "Yes as far as possible, always the temperature record but as we average from ten to fifteen patients and there is only Dr Wilbur and me to do it it is not always easy."

Passing thro the ward we entered the dining room with the kitchen adjoining. Here two Indian girls were preparing dinner. Every thing was plain but bright and clean. Upstairs, At the head of the stairs was the nurses' room, A ~~ENKKEK~~ charmingly bright pretty room, with a superb view of the Bay and mountains, and opposite to it was a good sized room for emergency cases or white patients. The Women's ward was the same size as the men's and directly above, <sup>it</sup> but it was lighter, and the little group of patients here seemed so happy that it looked like a veritable haven of rest.

Ethel was in ~~great~~ ecstasies. 'Oh! There is the picture I sent and what a pretty frame!' 'That was made by one of our boys' said the nurse, 'but, Miss Bronson, are <sup>you</sup> from the society that sent us that splendid box last December? Are you really? I am so glad to meet you. You can't imagine what a comfort the underclothing and those blankets have been, and the picture books and the games have shortened many long hours for our sufferers.'

The Doctor looked somewhat mollified but he did want to get in a rap on that homoeopath. 'This is very nice indeed', he said, 'but what a pity you have a man who does not know anything about surgery. Why I should think it would be most important. But, of course, these homoeopaths don't know anything about - - why - - why, what's that?' for the Nurse had her hand on a door marked 'Operating Room.' 'Wont you come in Doctor?' A good sized, well lighted room opened before us. There was a large skylight in the ceiling while walls, shelves, tables, pitchers and basins glistened in <sup>white</sup> enamel whtie. A chest of drawers held a surprizing array of instruments, all protected by snowy coverings. An Arnold sterilizer stood in its special compartment. 'And you really operate here?' queried our cynic, looking a bit sheepish.

'Yes, quite often. The Doctor is very skillful. We have done laparotomies, trephining, amputations, cataracts and many other operations and we have never lost a case or failed of primary union. 'I told you you might get some ideas, Doctor' laughed Judge Bronson. But our time was passing all too swiftly, as we looked into the orderly store room and the nurse told us that all gauze, tampons, catgut and bandages were prepared in the hospital.

'You have an assistant?' I ventured, and a woman to do the cooking? 'Yes, we have three native girls we are training. One looks after the cooking and the others help me in the wards and the Doctor

gives them lectures.' 'But you have another trained nurse, twenty beds did you say? Surely, one trained nurse could not look after all this.' 'No, there is no other trained nurse but the Native girls are very helpful and we get along very comfortably.' 'I cannot see how you manage it' for when I remembered that in city hospitals one nurse seldom cared for more than six beds and then for only part of the twenty four hours each day I marvelled at the woman, so quiet and contained and evidently master of the situation.

As we bid Miss Gibson goodbye and turned toward the Church the Judge remarked with some warmth, 'That's a fine, sensible institution, clean as wax and I believe they do good work. Most surprising to find a hospital like that way up here next to nowhere.' 'Yes,' the Doctor admitted, 'I'll have to take my hat off to you Miss Ethel, That's worth working for. I'd like to see that homeopath.' "

But my life was not all work and that first summer I went with a party to climb Mt. Verstovia which seemed to rise almost from the hospital yard. Miss Gibson, Mrs. Wade, boy's Matron, Rudolph Walton and one or two other boys took one of the Mission Columbia River boats and after going about two miles we landed in Junction Bay at the foot of the trail. It was a narrow but good trail except one place where hands and feet and knees were needed to ascend it. As we ascended more and more beautiful views of bay and islands and mountains greeted us until we reached the enchanting meadows of deer weed and flowers at the top. Here we made camp. Rivulets from the melting snows supplied the water and the scrub spruce the fuel. After supper Rudolph told us Native folk lore and Mrs. Wade, who had worked among the plains Indians, told of them and their customs as we sat around the camp fire. We spread our blankets on dried grass and moss and

## Mt. Verstovia and the Arrowhead.

and with only the jeweled sky above us we were soon asleep.

Much to our delight the next morning dawned bright and clear, two clear days in succession being sufficiently unusual to be appreciated. ~~DEFINITE~~ No, we did not rise at daybreak. Might as well confess it, at once, for daybreak was about three o'clock a.m. and there is reason in all things! But the views spread out below ~~was~~ us, in ~~rich variety~~ the morning light were enchanting in their rich variety and profusion. Off to the South lay the Pacific, its long swells quietly rolling in to creep up on the dark rocks of the myriad islands outlining them in white foam. The islands themselves were so different in size and shape and contour they never lost their interest and we were always ~~discovering~~ discovering some new beauty. At our very feet lay the Mission buildings, tiny dots bedded in the green and a little way beyond was the town and wharf and tiny Pinta ~~islands~~ glistening white in the crystal clear air. Edgecumbe ~~seems~~ to rise to meet the level of our eyes and we could look more deeply in its crater. All around in other directions were peaks on peaks, tier on tier, those farther from the coast covered with snow. Across Indian River valley was Mt. Shee and The Three Sisters nearer to us. In the other direction Sugar Leaf guarded the entrance to Silver Bay, while the Mountain of the Cross towered high above it. Almost over our heads rose the Arrowhead which from the town and Mission, looks like the summit of Verstovia but it was really a separate mountain connected to our little plateau by a saddleback. The heavy forests covered everything to the timber line, softening the harshness of the rugged peaks but not robbing them of their wild grandeur.

But we are to climb the Arrowhead and must be up and going. Up, we had been some time, and how that delicious mountain air did whet my appetite which ~~was~~ ordinarily rattle was so clear it was dangerous

to carry around. We cached our duffle and just as we were leaving the little camp the sound of the rising bell at the School came faintly to our ears. The sides of the Arrowhead looked almost precipitous but by winding around it was not so difficult until at the very top. Here there was hardly any vegetation, ~~and~~ just a tiny bit of moss here and there <sup>on</sup> the crannies. That seemed to be <sup>the</sup> sharp point of the Arrowhead as we saw it from the valley actually was a fairly level place, 40 x 60 ft. or thereabouts, covered with great blocks of jagged granite. They were mostly split in irregular rectangles their ~~sides~~ <sup>tops</sup> pointing to the sky and as they were six to nine feet high and so close together that there was hardly any space to pass between them they were very hard to negotiate. While they were fairly flat on top the spaces between them there were mostly too wide to step from one to the other and it was quite a problem. Finally by <sup>with a lift here and a grab there and a shove some-</sup> helping each other ~~and~~ <sup>a</sup> somewhere else we did succeed in getting to the top of adjoining ~~the~~ <sup>those</sup> blocks, ~~like~~ looking, no doubt, like figures you see on the top of candy boxes, and there we sat and rested and ate a bite of chocolate <sup>hard tack</sup> and ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> infallible brace for hikes, always compact and efficient.

Before we had half seen all we wanted to wisps of clouds began to drift over us, just mere ravellings of the white masses beyond, but we did not want to take any chances ~~with~~ <sup>in</sup> going down the edge of the of the vast rock in a fog, even tho the trail was fairly good so we hastily descended to our camp in the meadow. Altho I lived many years in Alaska I never climbed the Arrowhead again but I shall never forget that strange and weird workshop of some mighty stone cutter who must have hurried away with his tools but left his mighty building blocks waiting for his return.

Appendicitis - Life at the Mission.

I had gotten into the life at the Mission. Here is an average day. Breakfast at 7.30 <sup>at</sup> Teacher's Mess, which I persuaded to change to "Teacher's Club," I never did like the word Mess. During the winter it was more comfortable to carry a lantern <sup>in the</sup> morning and night. Meals were served promptly and it was not a movable feast so I made it a point to be there on time. Office hours followed to see the scholars that had minor ills. The boys come by themselves but the girls had a Matron with them. Rounds thro the wards followed and prescriptions filled; my bag overhauled and Frank, my helper and interpreter, reported and we were off for the Ranch at least three days a week and often more frequently. It was generally noon and dinner time when we returned and then afternoon office hours. Sometimes some of the scholars reported then and after I succeeded in getting the idea into the minds of the Natives they would come at that time. Odd times, waiting for patients, I studied, arranged supplies or wrote case records. If we had any operations, they followed but more severe ones were performed in the morning and if necessary the trip to the Rancho in the afternoon. If there were no special duties, liniment was to be made, dressing prepared, repairs to be made, perhaps some scholars to see at the Mission, a class for the girls in <sup>the</sup> tracing and before I knew it the bell for supper at five or five thirty. Evening rounds followed and once a week brief devotional services in each ward, Miss Gibson holding these services other nights. Then a call perhaps, sometimes to the Pinto for dinner, in the evening, letters reading and often relieving Miss Gibson for a while so she could get some rest for her night vigil. It was a busy happy life saddened only by the word from Mother that Jennie had called and said she could not correspond with me. I believed I was destined to be a bachelor and tried to be a 'woman hater'.

Sometime in the fall of 1894 or early in '95 I began to have

Appendicitis (This has been a long attack but I'll get at it now!) pains in the right iliac region and was not so very well. The symptoms increased until I was sure it could be nothing but appendicitis. The Naval Surgeon agreed with me but I had more faith in my decision than in his. I had seen so much of appendicitis with Dr. Van, who specialized in it, comparatively a new disease to the profession then and the always <sup>with</sup> fatal results in neglected cases that went on to perforation and peritonitis that I could think of nothing to do but to get to Van as quickly as I could. I could have gone to my friends in Portland, Or. and would have had the best care ~~xxx~~ and I probably should have done so but if I had, I probably <sup>would</sup> have never met Anna Dean, my life's greatest blessing. So, in February 1895 I decided to go home. Arrangements were made for the 'next boat and the night before she came in I had a terrific attack of tonsillitis. I was delirious most of the night and Miss Gibson had to hold me in bed a good part of it. The steamer was at the wharf and not another for TWO WEEKS. In the morning I was better tho with a terribly raw throat and very shaky. It seemed impossible for anyone to go with me even to the Sound (Seattle was always referred to in that way.) so I went aboard, not without serious misgiving it must be confessed. I guess a more desolate you man would have been hard to find than the young doctor as he stood on the deck and ~~xxxxx~~ saw Sitka slowly disappear in the mists but I knew I was leaving true and kindly hearts behind, burdened with doubts and sympathy.

I had my remedies and by the time I reached Seattle I was in very fair shape. The Great Northern was a comparatively new road and I chose it for the sake of variety. There were a couple of the higher officials on the train and they would sit by the window whenever a west bound train passed us waiting on some switch as we slowly moved by. Noting how few passengers there were and there were only a <sup>few</sup> and <sup>feel in our train</sup>

in great distress and swear<sup>ing</sup> at the way the Road was loosing money. All the way across the continent I felt that tumefied appendix move up and down in my tummy as I lay in my berth at night and I was more than a little fearful I would have a severe attack and be put off at some little jerk-water town to die, for large cities were few and far between.

But I improved and was feeling almost myself when Harry met me one night in Chicago where he was managing the Western Branch of H.O. Wilbur and Sons. He expected to find a sick man and had a wheel chair in readiness but when he saw a snappy man with a blue overcoat trimmed with unplucked natural seal skin, walking briskly toward him he was not a little taken aback. I had bought that skin in Sitka and the town tailor made a good job of it. It was very ultra indeed. There is a picture of it in the albums.

Dr. Van Lennep said that if I would stay in the East I would not need to be operated. I had no thought of that; not in the least, for I half suspected he was making another move to make<sup>me</sup> give up mission work. I remember the day I was operated because it was Will's birthday the 25th. of March, a Monday. Sunday evening I sauntered into the hospital carrying my grip having come in from Bryn Mawr on the train and greeted the residents and spent some time chatting with them. The operation was a routine one, Van using the then new method of incising the outer and inner muscles at right angles to each other. I made rapid progress and aside from suffering intensely from thirst (for not a drop of water was allowed the first twenty four hours) had little distress. On the eleventh day I walked to the amphitheatre and saw another case operated for the same disease and soon returned to Bryn Mawr. I asked Van how it went, afterward and he replied "Disgustingly uninteresting". But the appendix was tumefied and inflamed somewhat, ready to cause a lot of trouble. I must say for Van that, in spite of his desires to

Convalescing at Bryn Mawr.

keep me with him he took care of me cheerfully and without any pay for his services and helped me brush up on surgical and medical matters in every way possible.

About the last thing that any one would expect of The Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church was for it to hold 'revival services.' Not that it ~~was~~ did not have many earnest members who felt their own lack of spiritual life but evangelists and revivals did not appeal to either the minister or the people. For some reason the need of a deepening of spiritual life had come to the Session and Dr. L. J. Dunhall had been engaged to conduct a series of special services, <sup>at</sup> afternoon and evening six days a week for three weeks. This was a great treat for me and I attended the meetings gladly as soon as I was strong enough to go. It was such a pleasure to share with Mother these spiritual experiences for it meant so much to her to have me with her. We loved each other dearly but I have had to wait these long years before I fully realized ~~the~~ what it cost her to have <sup>me</sup> ~~me~~ go so far a-way when sympathy and un- <sup>her</sup> ~~derstanding~~ <sup>to</sup> bound ~~as~~ more closely to ~~any~~ other than <sup>any</sup> of her other children.

Mother had written me, now and again, about a certain Anna Dean who was at Bryn Mawr College and with whom gotten acquainted in Sunday School. Miss Dean had been <sup>to</sup> the house a time or two and Mother had grown to like her very much. Naturally she sang her praises which <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>now that</sup> ~~was~~ interested me for was I not destined to be a bachelor. <sup>Now that</sup> ~~was~~ I was home Mother often spoke <sup>about</sup> ~~about~~ Anna Dean and I could not help but be interested. I had of-ten seen this Miss Dean in the Christian Endeavor meetings before I went to Alaska but did not know her name but only as one of the 'Baldwin girls', ~~she was~~ and then Mother spoke of Anna Dean I had'nt the faintest idea of what she looked like except Mother's description which was mostly golden hair *and blue eyes*

and 'such a love-ly girl'. Well, I found my determination to be back-getting elor a little shaky. I was curious, to say the least. So, one day I was going to the station <sup>and</sup> at the 'Baldwin Corner' I saw a girl waiting to cross the street and said to my self; Ah, that't Miss Dean'. and I almost spoke to her but while I never could have been called shy in those/days I was not accustomed to 'picking girls up' as the slang had it but I looked at her pretty intently and fear that that she must have thought me rude. The joke is that it was not Miss Dean ~~at~~ at all!

I cannot remember that I even called on my former friends, the girls of earlier days but no doubt I did. In some way they seem to have ceased to make any impression. I suppose I corresponded with them but I remember nothing about it. As I had only been away a little less than a year I am sure I did not drop them for they were still very good friends and while I may have been thoughtless, at times, I was never rude, intentionally, at least.

It was at the close of one of Dr. Munhall's afternoon services (and, by-the-way, he was Mrs. Albert Smith's father and she is much like him) that I turned half around, for no purpose at all, and a rather unusual thing for me as I generally spoke to Dr. Miller or Dr. Munhall after the services, But as I turned my eyes met those of a very charming girl, standing some distance away toward the back of the room. The afternoon services were held in the Sunday School room now used by the Boy Scouts and unchanged, except by the years,

Without any definite purpose, moved as one would be by the chance to greet an old friend I walked at once to that group of girls and "Is, not this Miss Dean?" She smiled and said 'Yes, and you are Dr. Miller.' I was introduced to the other girls but forgot them also at once as I asked Miss Dean if I might walk to College with her, to which she assented, very naturally and very simply.

The other girls, to whom I had just been introduced, seem to have disappeared and as Miss Dean and I walked toward College in the bright Spring sunshine and talked together it seemed as tho we were old friends and had known each other a long time. What was she like? Different from other girls. In some way she seemed to be separate from all others I had met, one apart, with a vivid personality. Neat and trim; ~~smart and snobby~~, sensible and well poised, sweet and lovely with sunny, wavy hair and wonderful eyes that ~~glowed~~ glowed with an inner light.

Not many days later I took Mother, Helena and Madeline to the college in our stylish surry and span of dappled ~~grey~~ chestnuts, a very showy rig indeed, especially as one of the pair was a showy, nervous horse with high leg action. Helena found Anna Dean in the Bi laboratory but she was able to go with us for a little ride and home to supper. A game of basket ball was being ~~played~~ on the grass near the gym. was ~~played~~ <sup>played</sup> and Miss Dean, Madeline and I got out to get a newer view. The girls were in very buggy bloomer suits and black stockings but we both thought it was a rather imminent capture for ~~out door~~ sports, open to men. Ye shades of those other days! If you could see the ocean beaches!! Before that drive was over and we both felt rather restrained up there on the front seat, Miss Dean had accepted an invitation for another drive.

On the appointed afternoon, not a few of the windows in Pembroke hall hid Anna's friends as they watched to see what that "wisdom" call for Anna and what kind of a team would be have. It was the handsomest rig and the surry converted into a shiny one seater. The carriage was lovely (lucky ladies clothing the green, violets and wild flowers) and I stopped from time to time to gather some, ~~was~~ all too soon it was time to return, but we had arranged for another drive, and I was happy. In love, perhaps no, at any rate I was intensely interested.

The last of the Manhall meetings came around and we who had volunteered for personal work, were told to be sure to speak to some one after service and urge them to become a Christian. I had tried personal work before but it did not seem to run true to expected results, except among the Sissions. However altho a great effort I determined to do my best. In front of me was a young man, a blond with pleasing face, and at the proper time I leaned over the pew and asked him if he was a Christian. He smiled very pleasantly and said he was a friend, and thanked me. Long afterward I found that it was ~~Anna~~ Anna Dean, Anna's neighbor, one of 'her boys' she talked about so often. An expression that bothered me a lot until I learned they were all her relatives.

For our second drive I did not bring the span but only the quiet horse, a fact carefully noted by Anna's friends. You see, I wanted to be able to pay more attention to what my companion said and not so

so much to the team, NO! I did not intend to drive with one hand or to tie the reins around the whip! Neither of us were that kind! So there! We soon dropped all formality and cast aside gloves and hats and were just happy good friends, delighting in our companionship and the beautiful country side. Wild azaleas were in their prime and Miss Dean admired them greatly so she soon had a bouquet. I was accustomed to do that for Mother and Helen so it seemed perfectly natural, but it seems to have impressed Miss Dean as quite unusual. We talked about ourselves, our hopes, my ~~fixxx~~ work and my plans. and we soon learned that <sup>in</sup> the essential purposes and desires we were in happy harmony. And then, just as we were nearing home, for she was to dine with us, I told her about Jennie. It is strange that I should do such a thing, for while I was always frank, perhaps too frank, I regarded that experience as almost sacred and kept it very far from the surface. But in some way I felt I must tell her, for I was to leave for Alaska within a week and I wanted her to know about it even tho we were actually strangers and as judged by the code, and I had no reason at all to think that she would be interested. It is hard to know my reason for that confidence but ~~back~~ in the back back of my head there was the thought, if she should love me ever in the future she ought to know ~~and~~ she, ~~poor~~ poor girl, only thought, "he wants me to know he can never love again."

Miss Dean was charming at the dinner table and bore my father's teasing in good part. In this new light I was all the more attracted by her simplicity and natural grace. ~~Her~~ had a very pleasant love with the family ~~and~~ looking at some Alaskan curios, all together in the big living room and making some soap berry porrage. Anna wiped her hand on her apron and when she saw the pink stain realized she had committed an unardonable sin in the eyes of that New England house-

housewife, my mother.-

Believing that I had not sufficiently recovered to escort her to college that evening, Miss Dean, with her usual thought for others, had arranged with her room mate to send William, the 'lantern man' ~~over~~ for her. It was the custom for this functionary to meet the students at the station when they came ~~out~~ after dark or act as escort in situations like this. Now, whether the room mate forgot or William was busy, or Anna's chum acted with malice afore-thought the lantern attached to a man did not appear for which I am and shall be eternally thankful. ~~But~~ But that night it cause<sup>ed</sup> the ~~happy~~ bonny maiden much distress and she waited and hoped for William, and finally, had to make the best of Bert. I was quite fit enough for that short walk and indeed we found ourselves at the college door before I, at least realized we had quite started. But a very momentous promise was made that night, short as the walk was, for Miss Dean promised to correspond with me, a correspondence that was to lead to so much sorrow ~~but~~ but in so much happiness. As my friend was to return to her home in Cincinnati in a few days, the very day after I planned to leave for Alaska, and as my sister and her little girl were going back with me I tried very hard to persuade Miss Dean to cut one exam and go with us as she did not expect to return to College again. ~~But~~ While I was sorry not to have her company as far as we could go together I admired her all the more because she would not shrink her ~~work~~ work. So, there on the steps of the college we said goodnight and goodbye and parted with a hand clasp and NOTHING more, you accusing villains! For remember, that was in 1885 when love was serious and sweet and sacred. Something to be approached ~~with~~ <sup>repeatedly</sup> slowly and ~~repeatedly~~ <sup>to</sup> and regarded as sacred as in very truth it is. Yes, no doubt we were too extreme in some things but, thank God, when we plighted <sup>our</sup> ~~of~~ troth, we

still had a wealth of affection and caresses to give. We had not a ready sucked the orange dry!

It proved that that we were to meet once more before I started on my 4000 mile journey for Miss Dean and a friend called the afternoon before we were to leave and 'to say goodbye to Mrs. Elliott and dear little Madeline and I?', well I happened to be there too! With Mother, we all stood together in the hall for she could only stay a minute and when the goodbyes were being said we felt shy and constrained, so like a child, I ~~was~~ half hid behind my mother and ~~gaze~~ put my hand around her for the final handclasp. Then after they were gone I kicked myself all over the porch for being such an ass. But that did not prevent me from send<sup>ing</sup> my new friend a lot of modest little buff roses and a little farewell note the day I departed. The third goodbye you see.

Shortly before I was to leave Dr. Van asked me to come to dinner. Mrs Van Lennep was away but the Doctor had asked Dr. Bartlett also. Bartlett had been a lecturer, professor, in mental diseases and could'nt lecture any more than a calf can climb a tree, but it was'nt my dinner table and we had a pleasant meal. After dinner with our cigaretts, Van's special brand of Turkish tobacco, and they with their wine, they began'to work on me' as evidently had been arranged before hand. Van said that if I would stay East he would make me second only to himself in college and hospital and would give me every possible backing. Bartlett said I was a fool to go back. No man ever had better ~~lux~~ opportunities. They both pointed out the fine opportunity to do good and exert a Christian influence <sup>like</sup> such as Dr. Van. Van: said there was a real need for such a man in our school. It was very hard to resist Van for I greatly respected him and maybe, even loved him but I had no use for Bartlett when I had always

regarded as little more than a fool and when <sup>he</sup> began to be personal and to call names it only made me angry and more determined than ever to return. It ended rather unpleasantly. Just a day or two before I started I went to say good bye to Van and after his office hours he took me to the station. As I was leaving he said "no matter when you return, Bert, there will always be a place for you." a promise it is worth while to remember in the light of later events. But it did sadden me to disappoint and hurt Van Lennep.

Mrs. Elliott had been living at home after Roy's death and was anxious to relieve Mother of house hold cares. But Mother could not let go. She did countless things about the house that she should have had the maids do for we had enough help for her to be perfectly comfortable but she did not know how to let others do for her. In certain lines she held the maids strictly to their work and was never satisfied with slipshod methods but there were things she had always done and thought she always should do and she ~~was~~ did not think Helena did them quite as well. So Helena was restless and I guess suggested she go back with me. I am quite sure I did not propose it but I had no objections as we were good pals. Father was certainly good to us. As I remember, I paid my own travelling expenses both ways but the Board continued to pay my salary and of course Helena paid her own expenses or rather Father did for her as she had very little of her own.

Again at Bryn Mawr I tossed some flowers to the platform: Again a little group of girls and I thought I caught a glimpse of a girl with sunny hair, standing a little apart with a friend. And there ~~was~~ was, and as she felt she did not belong in the group of my old friends she and Blanch Hamish did ~~stand~~ stand a little apart but the flowers fell at the feet of Florence Humphreys who gave a few to Miss Dean

and the other girls.

The trip west was uneventful. Madeline was a good little girl and in about two weeks from the time we left Bryn Mawr we landed in beautiful Sitka again. The cordiality of my fellow workers in their welcome to me was delightful and the evident pleasure of the Natives touched my heart. Dr. Van would only consent to my return on the condition that I would take work very easily and providentially the work was very light that summer. Mrs. Elliott and I were soon settled in two of the Model Cottages ~~xxx~~ just across from the Hospital and which happened to be vacant at the time. They were only little four room houses and there was no reason why we should not be comfortable using one for kitchen and dining room and the other for living room and sleeping. Here a very amusing incident occurred frequently. Madeline was afraid of the dark. ~~xxxxxxx~~ I sympathized with her for I remembered the terrors of my own childhood but I did not wish to interfere with Helena's management of her child. Helena would put Madeline to bed after supper, on the second floor leaving the lamp turned low and the door ajar. Soon after she came down stairs there would be a call, "Man-na", and if there was no answer at once the call was repeated with more stress. 'What is it Madeline?' 'Mamma, please come up here?' Helena would go. Perhaps this would be repeated a time or two and then, 'Madeline if you do not keep ~~quiet~~ quiet I'll come up and spank you!' All would be still for a few minutes and then a wailing voice mingled with tears would come down the stairway 'Man-na, Please come up and spank mee-e.'

But we were very happy and Helena soon made friends in town and it was not long before the young Naval officers began to call.

Of course there was a certain amount of routine work for the doctor but the Natives spent most of the summer in their camps on

It's high time you met some of the Mission staff with whom I worked and lived. There were changes from year to year ~~thru~~ but most of these were there all the time I was at Sitka. The group photo in the albums is badly marred but there is a half tone in the Feb. issue of the Messenger as well as a very good view of the Mission buildings. These are in the bound volume of the Messenger.

There is Mr. Austin who came to Sitka in 1880 and had remained here ever since having been ordained to the ministry many years before. He was a kindly genial man with a sunny smile and sincere and devoted. He knew and loved the people and was loved by them. As he had been a homoeopathist at home he had done what he could with his book of Family Practice <sup>to help the Natives</sup> and that was the reason that the Board wanted a homoeo-  
for the medical work there. As a rule men of our school were not accepted by either the Home <sup>or</sup> the Foreign Boards, not <sup>that</sup> they were prejudiced against us but, <sup>doctors of the</sup> naturally, the more popular school had been sent out first and to avoid confusion, their successors and coworkers had to be of the same School of practice. We all ~~had~~ had real affection for Mr Austin. He was the dean of all the Alaska Missionaries. His wife was not a commissioned worker but wrote the 'society letters' and so was a sort of publicity agent. She was thoroughly good and conscientious but somehow did not allow a good story to be spoiled by a lack of a few facts. As a result her letters to the Societies Sunday Schools &c. were the most interesting I ever saw and long before I went to Alaska I heard some of them read to our S.S. When Anna and I had to take over that Correspondence, the Austins having retired from the work, and lacking a sufficiently vivid imagination, we were sorely put to it to maintain the standard set by Mrs Austin. Both these good people were true and loyal friends of mine. They had visited at my home and Mother had corresponded with Mrs. Austin before I went out.

The ranking officer of the Staff was the Superintendent. He had charge of the entire plant and acted for the Board. As it took at least a month for a letter to go to N.Y. and <sup>in</sup> back if anyone wished appeal from any decision he made or rule he issued, you can see that his power was practically absolute. But the men who held that position while I was there were <sup>careful</sup> ~~wise~~ and never dictatorial. <sup>tal.</sup>

I believe Mr. Gamble was Acting -Supt when I first reached Sitka but about July of that year the 'new Supt.' arrived amid much curiosity and speculation. When U.P. Shull arrived from Witicha Kansas, with his wife and three children I think there was a general compressing of lips and some silent prayers ~~that~~ 'May it be for the best.' " Frowsy describes my <sup>ni</sup> opinion of the outfit. However, Prof. Shull had been highly recommended. High School principals &c. &c. and proved to be a pleasant man who took up his new duties carefully but with promising energy. I soon learned to like him and we were good friends and published a four page little paper every month, called the North Star, Mr Austin being an editor also.

Mr. George Beck was the Industrial teacher ~~that~~ is he taught the the boys carpentry, An earnest Christian, he never forgot his objective, to evangelize the school children and Natives alike. He was a little hard to know at first, but we grew to be very good friends and I think each appreciated and found some fellowship in our real interest and the sincerity of our purpose to serve Christ. He is still working among the people and must be nearly my age. We had the pleasure of entertaining his wife and himself when we were living at Anberten.

Mrs. Sadie Wallace was the boys Matron. She had had much trouble in her life and produced rather unfavorable impressions. But she did a lot of hard disagreeable work without complaining, was a true

a true Christian and after a time we were good friends. I have a letter here now that is waiting for an answer.

Mrs Wade was not at the station very long after I arrived and Mrs Wallace succeeded to her position. Mrs Wade was a saintly woman but very human withal. I could sit at her feet and listen to her explain the Bible <sup>for hours</sup> only she did not favor men sitting at her feet, but she did teach the Bible class we workers held once a week and she made it very profitable. She came nearer to being a real mother to the boys, especially the little boys, than most women who accept such positions. We were all very sorry to see her go away.

Miss Hattie Weaver was the Girl's Matron, a quiet, conscientious faithful little woman but ready for a joke when that rather lively young doctor was trying to liven things up a bit. She was a good worker and a good sport.

Mrs Heizer was another widow woman, one of the school room teachers as we designated them. A small little woman and not very attractive, but she was faithful and sincere and I won her esteem and friendship. Being very much ~~worried~~ afraid of infection by the Natives or children she never failed to wash her hands in ~~water~~ a quart or two of water with FIVE DROPS of carbolic acid in each lot and rather looked with pity at the rest of the benighted souls that did not take proper precautions. While very intelligent and well read I could not persuade her that the very dilute solution she was using would not have any helpful germicidal effect. She kept on just the same and was happy in her fancied security but O! how she would have revelled in Life Buoy soap had it been invented at that time. I liked Mrs. Heizer although she was not very popular with most of the staff.

Mrs Saxton was the most ~~unlike~~ refined woman of all and while she was somewhat older than most of the others <sup>but</sup> how she did love a

joke whether on her <sup>self</sup> or <sup>on</sup> some one else. She was a good teacher, a good woman and a good friend.

Mrs. Saxman's husband had been drowned with Louis Paul while on a Missionary journey and MR. Paul's widow Tilly Paul was one of the staff. Altho a full blood Thlingit she had had a better education than many and was a fine type of Native, a good mother to her ~~and daughter~~ three sons who were students in the school. Having charge of the school laundry, her work was hard but she was faithful and efficient, a ~~great~~ an earnest Christian and a valuable help in the many problems that arose because <sup>of</sup> the wide difference <sup>between</sup> ~~in the~~ Native point of view and that of the Missionaries. We were always the best of friends and I hear from her occasionally.

Then there was John Gemble of whom I have written. Probably my closest friend altho he had not had many advantages. He was one of the kindest men I ever knew, free from crankiness and moods and verry efficient in many duties as Man-of-all-work and general right-hand man to the superentendent.

There were others there ~~but they were~~ but only for comparative-ly short periods and did not affect my life to any extent except Miss Gibson whom you already know. Except for some periods of stress we were a happy family but I must have come as a good deal of a bomb shell into the rather quiet and severe atmosphere of the Mess.

Altho the work was light that summer there there was a certain amount of routine work but there were very few Natives in the Rancho as most of the people were away at their summer camps, preparing their winter supply of foods, berries which they put up raw in seal oil, cans of seal oil, dried salmon, sea weed and some of the inner bark of certain trees. Each family had its own place where, year after year they camped and hunted or fished and their grounds were never

used by any other family. Miss Gibson was very tired with the extra work she had had while I was away, the hospital was closed for disinfection and there was nothing needing attention at the school so it was a good opportunity to take a trip somewhere and we decided to go to Kruzoff Island and Mt. Edgecomb and the Camel Back. It must be confessed that, while I was feeling fine I would hardly have allowed a man with a new abdominal scar to go on a mountain trip, but it is hard for a doctor to take his own medicine.

Kruzoff Island, altho heavily wooded, is of volcanic origin the crater of Edgecomb being plainly visible from Sitka. As these mountains lie out-lined against the <sup>blue</sup> sky of summer, their green and red sides scored by banks of snow, and with the glinting waves dashing against their feet, they add a charming bit of beauty and interest to Sitka's already abundant store.

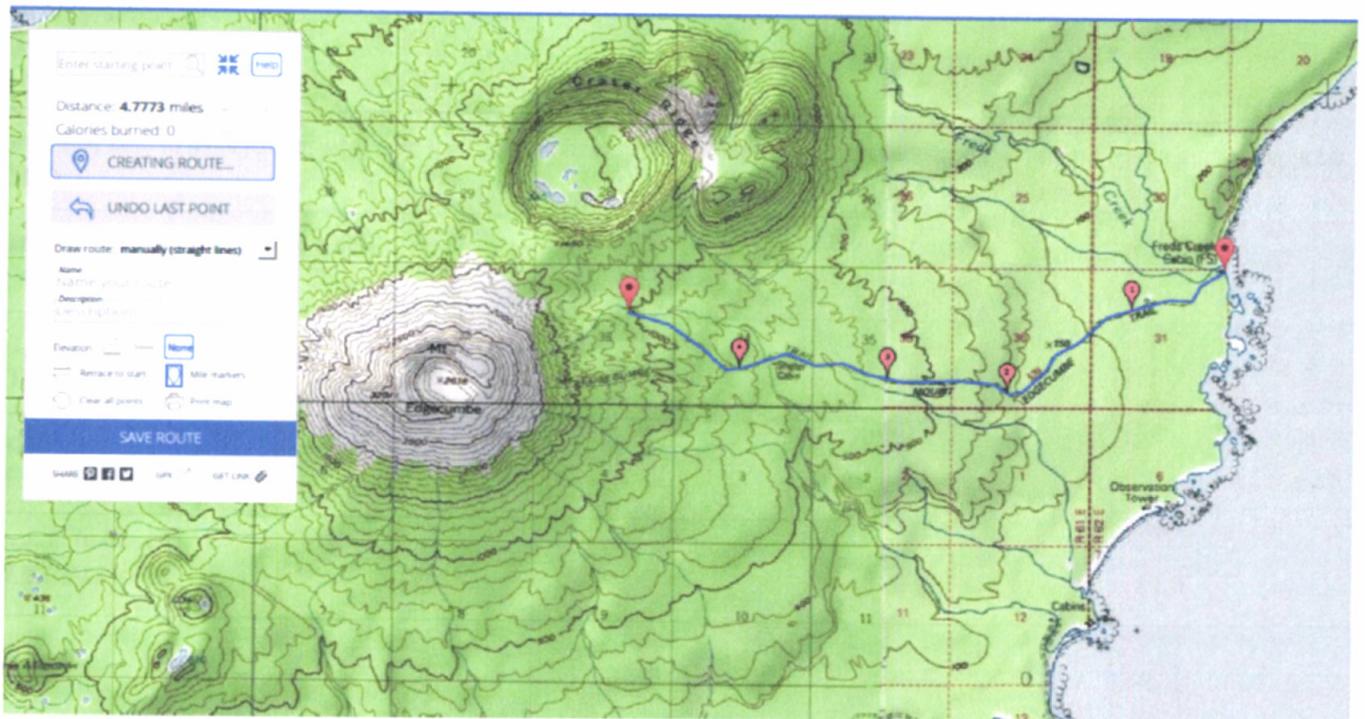
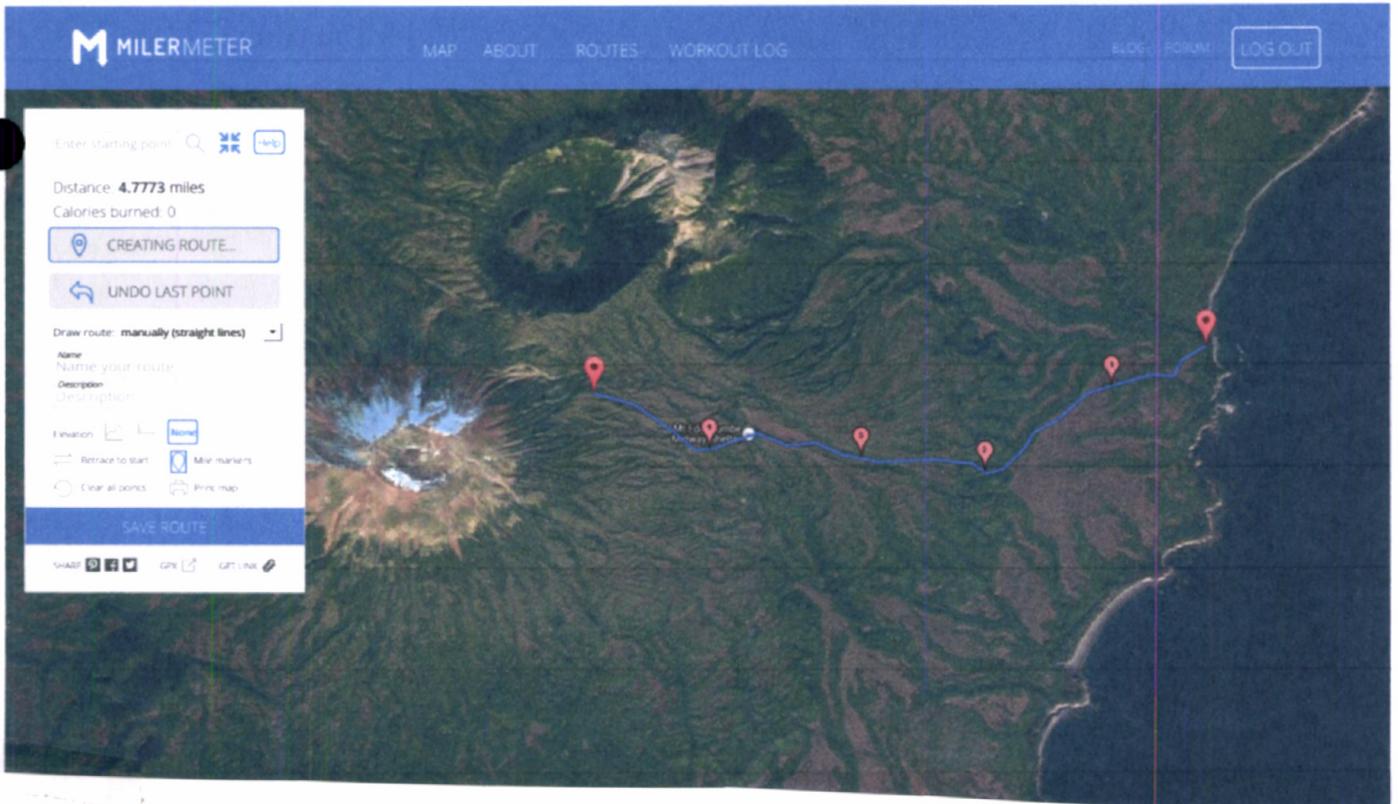
Our party was made up of Miss Weaver, Miss Gibson, Mr. Austin, The curator of the Museum, a man named Frobezex an odd chap but a good sport, and myself with Rudolph, Skoday and two other Native friends as guides and packers. We all went in one of the Columbia River boats belonging to the Mission. They were sharp at both ends, about 30 feet long, cat rigged and with only a short deck at bow and stern, very staunch and sea-worthy. The Natives advised us not to start as it was going to rain, but it takes quite a lot of arranging for so many to leave the station at one time, and as the day was fine we were away early.

A delightful sail of some fifteen miles brought us to a snug little cove on a rocky shore where big boulders stretched far out into the sea. The boat was anchored with greatest care and <sup>we</sup> had lunch on a great bed of lava, while all about were huge folds and waves of the once molten rock, seamed and cracked. Here was an amphitheatre

with reading desk and rows of seats <sup>with</sup> comfortable backs; there, ~~x~~ was a pile of lava whose columns reminded me of the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. Over beyond, the black lava is broken into blocks laid in order like the stones in a wall, while, nearby is ~~ix~~ a big bubble whose top has partly blown away. In some places there are patches of debris and moss from which hundreds of lovely blue bells wave their tiny <sup>bells</sup> chimes.

Our packs are soon made, even I had fifteen or twenty pounds, tho I was foolish to do it. and after following along the beach a short distance we turn into the forest, in ~~along~~ line, single file. Through swamps, wading creeks, over logs, up and down over ridges but with a fair trail most of the way, we camp about three miles from the beach. Even at that the packs seem to have doubled in size, and weight. And now the predictions of our Native friends are fulfilled for the rain that has been drizzling, now and then, settles down in earnest but still it is not very wet, as Alaskan rains go, and we gather round the campfire for devotion and then ~~and then~~, retire in good spirits hoping the morning will find the sun bright and the skies clear, but the Natives shake their heads. There had been a good deal of discussion before we left about taking a tent and because we did not wish to pack too much duffle we decided ~~against~~ against it. However Trobeze took a light tent any way but said nothing about it. It proved to be a Godsend before we reached the Mission again. So the ladies had that that first night and we men slept under some rude shelter put up by the Natives.

True to our weather prophets, the rain was a little better the next morning and so were we as we pushed our way thro tall grass and bushes. But we were out of the swamps and ascending more steeply the spurs of the Carols Back. Another three miles brought us to



Topographic map from today showing probable route taken by BKW from landing, up to 'Camel's Back' saddle between Mr Edgecumbe on south, and old volcanic crater on north.

a ravine not far below one of the humps of the Camel's Back but well within the timber line. Here the guides said we would camp, as there was a small flat of scoria and pumice, well drained and a small stream just below. We were directly facing Edgecomb, perhaps a mile away across a shallow swale.

BUT,---- What is less fun than putting up a tent and making camp in a steady rain? Answer, a bad toothache,-- sometimes. Probeze was jubilant because he had brought the tent almost against <sup>5</sup> commands not to do so, but he did not rub it in and we were humble and said how glad we were, many times. Then we proposed to leave it for the two ladies they would not hear of it for a minute but said we must all share it. I never did like wet clothes and I guess neither did the ~~most~~ <sup>other</sup> of the men so ~~it~~ with becoming reluctance we consented and what a comfort it was to get in out of the wet! The tent was of very thin muslin but had been waterproofed and did good service. It with 2 ft. walls, being only about 8 x 10, with five people, it was not a luxurious <sup>or</sup> was there room to spare. Along one side were placed all the provisions, close to the wall. Along the other side we placed our blankets side by side and they just filled the space from end to end. First there was Miss Weaver, Miss Gibson, Mr Austin, myself and Probeze. Fortunately our blankets were dry and the Natives who did not seem to mind the rain at all got some boughs and had a big fire roaring, a fire that never went out while we were there for it was made of big pieces of logs, 12 or 14 inches in diameter. Three of the Natives hurry away to hunt deer while we settle down to what comfort we can find in a small tent and dripping trees and a fog-bound mountainside.

The next day it rained! It was a time to test one's patience and good nature and self control but all proved quite up to the occasion. Fröbes was a real blessing, good natured, an endless talker

and with no regard for the truth he could spin the most interesting yarns, seriously insisting that they were actual personal experience. He did know a lot about the Natives and told the most astonishing Indian legends and folk-lore tales one ever heard, half true and half imaginary. But he knew that we knew he was romancing and when flatly accused of it he frankly admitted it with the best good humor, and we could not help liking him. Perhaps I should not say too much about Frobeze's veracity for when we were on our way home some one proposed a contest as to who could tell the biggest lie and by unanimous consent I was pronounced the victor!

Some of the Natives had shot some deer and the fresh liver and steaks added to our pleasure and when the sun came sifting thro the trees the next morning there was great rejoicing. A short climb out of the ravine and up a ridge brought us to the rim of a great crater. We were in the saddle of the Saddle Back which, in reality was not a ridge but a great square meadow covered with grasses and dotted with beautiful flowers while at each corner stood four peaks altho only two are seen from Sitka. Up one of these peaks we struggled only to be wrapped in clouds. But we were richly rewarded when these soft banks of vapor were, at length blown away and below us lay views of wonderful beauty. To the east was the bay and its hundreds of islands and beyond, the towering peaks of Verstevia, Shee and the Mountain of the Cross with Sitka at their feet looking half hidden in the trees, looking like tiny building blocks lying in some moss. To the south east was the Pyramid Range and south west the open Pacific stretched away until sky and water met at the horizon. To the north west, beyond the interior of the island we had other glimpses of the ocean while the steep sides of the narrow ridge on which we stood sloped acutely down <sup>200 ft or more</sup> to the floor of that tremendous crater.

With Edgecomb, almost directly opposite to us on one edge of the rim and the Camel Back on the other, that vast bowl, certainly three miles across was an almost perfect oval. The bottom of the huge pit was as flat as a table top, covered with grasses, tiny ponds here and there and great trees reaching up almost to the level of our eyes. How that great caldron must have boiled and roared in ages past! We could see the huge lava waves where they had cooled on their way to sea and we know they had flowed on, two miles or more to form St. Lazaria Island, one gigantic heap of weirdly fashioned lava.

Prof. Libby, who visited Kruzoff in 1886, says that this big crater has not been active for hundreds of years and the Camel's Back and its saddle are remnants of a still earlier eruption. Edgecomb, altho considerably higher than the other peaks, marks the latest volcanic action. "Forces that had lain dormant for a long time at last succeeded in forcing an outlet, piling up mud and scoria around the new vent." We amused ourselves by sending large chunks of lava tearing and bounding down the sides of the crater and were well scolded by the Natives that night because we had scared the deer they were hunting down on the floor. Of course we did not know they were there. Deer were plenty. The Natives shot eight and coming around the corner of a wall of rock, Miss weaver and I who were together saw a band of five of the graceful creatures.

We swapped experiences that night and went to bed happy in the thought that we would ascend Edgecomb on the morrow. During the night ~~at about~~ <sup>it began to rain hard and</sup> in the very early morning I heard water running and it seemed very near. I listened while and was dozing off when Frobeze called out. Hey! We got to get out of here or we'll all be drowned! As we began to stir around ~~the~~ <sup>Called</sup> some one Oh! I put my foot in the water! Then, Jay, the water's running all under our beds!

And, sure enough, it was! The dim morning light revealed a good sized stream flowing thro the tent and directly under our beds! Now well the probabilities of rain on any camping trip in S.E. Alaska the Natives had placed a lot of small branches on the ground before putting the the spruce boughs above them and those branches had held us above the flood. The heavy downpour in the night had so swollen the little brook in the gully below us that it had over flowed its banks and tried to wash us away. Luckily, it had missed our provisions.

The morning was wild and stormy, the peaks were heavily shrouded in clouds and we were pretty damp and discouraged so we broke camp in a hurry and returned to the beach. Directly in front of me in the line of march was Skoday, a good man but not much over five feet tall, and not over proportioned in width but with TWO average sized deer on his back he trotted along so fast that I had all I wanted to do to keep up with him and I did not have much if any pack.

Being wet we knew we could not get much wetter an so had a jolly time sailing home and no one, not even Mr. Austin who was over sixty was the worse for the experience. I never did get up Edgecumb and I am mighty glad I was on that trip wet and disappointing as it was. Every member of the party insisted we had a fine time and we meant it too.

Letters had been going back and forth to ~~Atlanta~~ Cincinnati and I found Miss Dean's letters most charming, revealing so many interests in common and such a fine, well balanced character. She too was interest<sup>ed</sup> in C.E. led meetings, ~~and~~ served on committees and was active in charitable work. I was more and more attracted to her.

With the Natives gathering back from their summer camps and the hospital open again I ~~am~~<sup>was</sup> soon very busy. We hear so much

about the ease with which the Indian women bear their children that I expected I would never be called to help <sup>relieve</sup> ~~assist~~ the suffering a mother must bear as a part of the price she must pay for her children. It was a great surprize therefore when a call came to come to the Rancho at once to see a woman whose child had just been born. Knowing that the custom of excluding women from the house just before and during childbirth I expected to find my patient in one of those little tents or brush booths in which they live at such times. I had seen some of them back of the Rancho in my visits there and had curiously examined the stout stake set in the ground to which the woman clung as in sitting posture she brought forth her young, to be received in an oblong hole beneath her, which was well lined with clean, soft moss.

But my patient was in one of the old style houses, lying on the floor near the fire. The placenta had not been delivered and one of the many elderly women who crowded the house was holding the cord for, if by any chance it was not held every minute it would return within the body and death would surely follow. The patient was a middle aged woman and the condition was one of relaxation as there was considerable hemorrhage and had been for some time quick action was necessary. As I began to roll up my sleeves most of the women buried their faces in their blankets as they turned their faces away. I was by no means sure just how far these friends would allow me to proceed for in older days women would <sup>choose to</sup> ~~rather~~ die and some actually did die rather than expose their persons to a man, even their husbands. Miss Gibson had gotten a bowl which it was necessary to clean before we could make the never failing bichloride solution, and, kneeling on the floor, I looked around that ring of dusky faces for they had come out from the shawls. It was late afternoon, the smoky walls of the

of the small house increased the gloom. Felt far away from white people, cut off from help and advice. The dusky faces of these clan and blood relatives, more potent for harm than husband or sons, because of Native custom, looked fierce and threatening, more menacing than when I did my first tracheotomy. It all seemed wild and savage and Miss Gibson and I, only tiny white dots on the dark flood of superstition. All this passed thro my mind in a flash. But action, not dreams of possible harm, was needed and the condition was soon corrected. Then, amid those exclamations of khlá-goo and le-kootz-ie and many a smiling goon-a-cheesh, thank you, I left Miss Gibson to care for the patient and left the house.

Our boys and girls at the school, there were about a hundred and fifty of them were a happy lot, most of them as fine a group of young people as I ever knew. There were some fine characters among them and a few hard cases. <sup>Maternal</sup> Uncles and Aunts had more to say about them than their own parents for such was the Thingit custom. The students were all indentured to the school for a term of years, the school having absolute control of them for the free board, lodging and cloths they received. When we remember that in their own homes they were entirely without restraint or discipline by their parents it is a marvel we had so little trouble to get them to conform to the rules and regular life and really hard work of the School. They were of all ages from six or seven to sixteen or more and because of the bad influences of most of the Native homes they were seldom allowed to visit their relatives. Had it not been for the indenture their relatives would have had them in school one week and a month and nothing could have been accomplished. School work carried them to about the eighth grade and the boys were conscientiously taught carpentry and building, repair work, wood turning,

shoe making, some blacksmithing and pipe fitting. The girls were taught cooking, sewing, house keeping and laundry work. Very rarely did we have any trouble. Once in a while <sup>some of th</sup> the big boys would run away, get a canoe and it would cause a lot of trouble to find them and bring them back. They were put in a barred room, with limited food and in a little while they were ready to be good again. The boys had a fine band, self taught and with uniforms. They seemed to be able to pick up any instrument and to read music almost by instinct altho the only Native instrument was a sort of rude drum. They all loved to sing and devotional services were held every evening in one of the school rooms. I led one of these services once a week and they were really inspiring to me. Often entertainments and socials were held for the children and they had play time and were taught some games. I often frolicked with them and soon became good friends. They were always ready for fun and loved a joke and were a healthy happy lot. Nice people.

Helena and Miss Gibson soon became good friends and I learned that Miss Gibson would soon be forty years old. Almost on the spur of the moment we decided she must have a proper celebration. As she <sup>was</sup> taking two meals a day with us we invited Mr. and Mrs Austin, Mr. Gamble and one or two others, all sworn to the utmost secrecy. Helena prepared a nice dinner and there were 40 candles hanging on a crescent below the lamp, and a little stand by her place held the presents, most of which were jokes and grinds, a bottle of 40 Olives of which Miss Gibson was very fond, 40 apples and 40 pears. Helena made a very cute doll from an Irish potato and dressed it with tissue paper like a nurse. In one hand the doll held a stick to drive away three <sup>e</sup> pigs made of lemons as our good nurse was greatly bothered by some neighbors pigs. Then there was a silver pin in a cigarette

box, she hated tobacco above all things; some other gifts and 40 potatoes, most of them with faces painted on them at her place.

The guest were all secreted in the wood shed until Miss Gibson had come over from the hospital to the usual evening meal. She was completely surprized and was just beginning to recover when there was a knock at the door and a young Irishman, smooth shaven except for a black beard growing over his neck up to the margin of his chin and jaws, clad in brown knee trowsers with a long ~~tail~~ swallow tail coat and accompanied by a buxom irish woman who sported a heavy moustache, came in. It was Gamble and myself, gamble positively refusing to shape his moustache while I sacrificed mine and most of beard as well. We had hardly been seated when a door swung open on the back of which was Miss Gibson's mountain suit stuffed to life like proportions and with a false head above. As that suit had the legs of some denim trowsers protruding below the <sup>very modest</sup> ~~the~~ skirt it was regarded by most of the staff as rather shocking. I sang some Irish songs with local hits and jibes at Esther (Miss G) and we had a very jolly time Mr. the Austins getting about as much fun out of it as the guest of honor did. But it meant a lot to the faithful Nurse. she had been so long away from home and so much by herself that it was a new and delightful experience to have anyone take any pains ~~to~~ ~~try~~ to make her happy. She simply could not get over laughing at that Irish man. Infact it did us all good for as the songster said, "ther's nothing so good by half as a jolly good hearty laugh". As I wrote in my Journal at that time " Altho some of our workers may be inclined to frown on a frolic I believe in one now and then, provided of course it does not interfere with our work. I am sure that if I do not allow my super abundant spirits to escape sometime I will bust.

Mission life is not different from other life, light and shadow follow each other at varying intervals. I had hard-ly gotten over the birthday party before I was troubled and saddened by a tragic occurrence in the Rancho.

"The Judge wants to see you right away," said a Deputy U.S. Marshall. I was startled for even tho I led an exemplary life the sudden summons by the law was a bit disturbing. "I'll be down at once" I told him 'being down' meaning that I would go to town almost amile away. "Doctor, I want you to do a post mortem. An Indian's been killed in a drunken brawl but the cause of death is'nt clear. Can You do it?" "Certainly, immediately after dinner if that will be all right." This was a new phase of work and I not a little flattered that the Judge had chosen me instead of th Naval Surgeon from the Pinta.

I learned that one of our former school boys, Donal<sup>d</sup> Austin, named after Mr. Austin but no-t related, of course, had been found on the street dead. He was married and lived in the Rancho, a fine fellow, and usually living a good life but once in a while he would go on a spree. We learned that this had happened three days before his body was found and he had not been home during that interval but a terrific row had been heard in one of the saloons the night before.

There were bruises on the body but no external wounds. No bones were broken and the skull was not fractured externally at least. The usual opening was made in the scalp while the crowd of friends and relatives watched with intense interest. There was a good deal of muttering and displeasure when the scalp was turned down over the face for they thought their friend would not look right when he was finally placed in his coffin. While I could not understand what they said could judge pretty well what they were thinking., as I added still more trouble for them by beginning to saw the skull away.

As soon as I raised the top section of the skull I saw a large clot, as big as a man's hand, lying between the pia and the dura and making sufficient pressure on the brain to cause death. No fracture of the inner table could be ~~xxxx~~ found. The routine examination of the rest of the body was made, but all was normal. As I replaced the top of the skull and drew the scalp back from the face and ~~xxxx~~ stitched it carefully into place (for I respected the feelings of these people), and as the hair was arranged so that there was hardly a trace of what had been done the Natives were astonished beyond measure and again ~~xx~~ looked on their 'DOCTAR' with wonder and awe. Here was something else he could do, and in this as in other ways he was kind to them, and acted as their friend.

This man Donald <sup>d</sup> was my friend and I was mad clear through that white men had done this thing. Far more sinned against than sinning. So I was indignant as I went to the inquest, The Judge acting as Coroner and Magistrate. ~~He~~ He was a new man and I supposed he would rule out native testimony and uphold the white man in spite of all testimony to the contrary. Judge Shoupe was a big shaggy <sup>rather</sup> man, rough but aggressive and dominant. It seemed that Donald had been drinking for some time and got into a fight with a big prospector who had ~~xxxxxxxx~~ pumped him up and down by the shoulders beating his head on the floor. It was soon evident that the testimony of the Natives would be received on the same basis as a white man's. It developed that Donald had been left on the floor of a back room, the saloon-keeper believing he was just drunk. ~~He~~ Then when he did not wake up in twenty four hours he was put out on the street late at night and found dead the next morning. The Judge questioned me closely and when I said the injury could have been caused by blows of a broad flat ~~xxxxxx~~ object like a board, he asked repeatedly if it

death could have been caused by such pumping motions as had been described and why and how, with very minute description of conditions I found. Then he turned the vials of his righteous indignation loose and scored the accused unmercifully and declared laws must be obeyed as long as he was on the bench. The prospector, a big wild looking man with a great full beard was held for court accused of the murder of Donald Austin and I was subpoenaed to appear at the ~~trial~~ <sup>in</sup> trial which would be held at Juneau. Altho Sitka was the capitol of Alaska it was much cheaper for the court to go to Juneau than bring prisoners, witnesses &c to Sitka, and besides nearly all the cases occurred in Juneau or nearby ~~places~~ <sup>places</sup>.

So I was forced to go to Juneau and expected to be gone only two weeks but the delays in court procedure kept me there a month, greatly to my disgust and unhappiness. As ~~here~~ there were a number of Doctors in Juneau who practiced among the Natives & it would have been unethical for me to treat the Natives. I might have done a good deal of evangelistic work if I had had an interpreter. But I had ~~to~~ to be in court as we never knew just when I would be needed, and it was a wearisome time.

Juneau was a busy place. There were mines in all directions and across ~~from~~ <sup>a mile away,</sup> the long narrow bay on which it stood was the big Treadwell mine. But there was hardly any town at Threadwell and the miners came ~~xxx~~ <sup>over</sup> to Juneau to 'celebrate'. I had been in pretty raw places in western Washington a few years before but it was highly civilized compared to this 'Metropolis of Alaska.' They were just beginning to plank the streets most of them being quagmires. Saloons and dance and gambling houses were wide open. I wanted to see for myself just what they were like, but I was a married man and did not dare to ~~xxxx~~ <sup>xxxx</sup> give anyone a chance to say, "These blank

blank missionaries! Just damn hypocrites! Get away from home where they think no one will see 'em an they'er no better than the rest. Seen that doctor from Sitka in the Golden Palace last night and damned if he did'nt have his arm around Chilcat Sue!" Now, if I had gone to the Golden Palace those poor, painted drunken Indian girls would have had no attraction for me but these rough men, who seemed to hate all Missionaries by instinct, would not hesitate to add that interesting detail. So I did not go to the Golden Palace or any similar place: I could not take any chance of that sort of criticism.

Winding along the bay somewhat apart from the town, was a board walk which passed in front of a lot of little cabins, just a room or two but with ~~always~~ a large window facing the walk, and not much more than ten feet from it. At night the interiors were brightly lighted revealing a very neat and attractive ladies boudoir, with the lady herself, quite richly clothed, seated or walking about the room. Many of them were engaged in brushing their hair while they looked out seductively at the men passing by or standing watching them, the light from the window revealing the faces of the outsiders very clearly. These women were all white, there seemed to be no Native girls among them.

I must admit that the life in the larger gambling places had its attraction for a young fellow who was weary & with forced idleness and lonely for companionship, for the hotel was barely comfortable the office and living room full of roughs, every time you paid your bill you were invited to take a drink, "well have a cigar anyway" and I had walked all over the town and up some of the trails but it was wet and slushy, the weather is rotten there anyway, and I was not very happy.

At last the trial came and altho Judge Shouse knew the man was

guilty he could not reverse the verdict of the jury, of 'Not Guilty' and after all it was only an Indian that had been killed and who would give a white man's life for and Indians? Very, very few juries in Alaska at that day. What a relief it was to get on the steamer at last and leave that crude, coarse, dirty town, filthy without and within, physically and morally! As I look back now it seems clear that I could have made more of that experience. There were some nice people there and I need not have been so aloof ~~xxxx~~ toward the rougher element and possibly helped them and learned a lot. But I belonged to an ostracised class and I ~~did~~ had no desire to show them that we also were human.

What proved to be a very amusing incident occurred while I was waiting for the case to be called. A doctor, <sup>from the Sound (Seattle)</sup> appeared at the hotel and I was told he had been brought up by the defense to razzel dazel me when I was on the witness stand as it was believed my testimony would go far toward conviction. The M.D. was said to be a prominent life insurance examiner and I certainly did bone my brain anatomy, and felt not a little anxious. But when I got on the stand that man never peeped. It was a case of 'one was afraid and the other das'nt' I guess. One of the defense lawyers was constantly getting up and saying, <sup>in the most pompous way,</sup> "I move the testimony be stricken out. It is incompetant, irrelevant and has nothing to do with the case." Then he would look around at the spectators to see if they were duly impressed by his great learning. I had the greatest difficulty to keep from laughing in his face. The first day I arrived at the hotel I saw one of the two proprietors on the front porch unpacking toilet sets., and asked him, "Do you have meals Tabl de hote or a la carte?" He turned around and eyed me fiercely and said "I dunno, we have dinner at twelve o'clock!"

Christmas was a great day at the school and we all did all we could to make the Children enjoy it. This second Christmas for me at the Mission Mr. Gamble, Mr. Beck and I rigged up a suit or skin for a reindeer and fixed a pair of horns to a frame for the head. Gamble was Santa and Beck and I the deer. Attached to a sled we pulled the old Saint into the childrens dining hall in the midst of their entertainment to the great delight of all and how they did laugh! I can hear the girls saying, " O! my! Mister Mah- G-a-n-blo! O, you look so f-u-n-n-y-e-e-." O! look! Doctah/ Wilbur, He make the the hind legs, see! Some of the little fellows said afterward, "MR! I get scare! I hear the noise; they tramp in the hall. The bells! my! I don't know what coming. My! I get scare!" It was well worth the the trouble.

I had made some very good friends among the officers of the Pinta and was asked to dine <sup>+</sup>with them quite often. The ward room was a small space amidships with curtained stateroom<sup>s</sup> opening along each wall. Just back of it was the Captain's cabin<sup>g</sup> connected by a door and the only way from the galley to those sacred quarters was thro the ward room. As dinner was served for all the officers at the same time we could see the Captain's dinner, in its different courses, passing by as we eat at table and after I got to know the men better and they lost something of the first formality, there would be comments on what the Captain was having to eat especially if he had guests. I never could get accustomed to that strict separation between the Captain and the ward room. it seemd to me so absurd. Only a thin<sup>g</sup> partition between <sup>of</sup> between a jolly crowd of about eight young men and that other man eating alone in single or double. He ask one of the senior officers to eat with him now and then but he never ate in the Ward Room. These contacts with educated, ~~the~~

travelled men of my own class were very refreshing and a great boon to me especially so as the men seemed to like me. Among my friends on the Pinta was the Executive Officer Lieutenant Craven. He was an ardent 'single taxer' and started in to convert me to the theory in real earnest. He came to see me quite often in the early days and insisted on my reading pamphlets and articles, most of them by Henry George. It got a little boring after a time but I was grateful afterward for I had never given taxation much thought and was woefully ignorant on the whole subject. Of course we could do nothing about it as we had no taxes, no elections and most of the time worse than no government. When one called on the Ward Room in the evening one always found out in advance when the launch made a trip to shore so as to avoid a special shore trip to get one home. Then promptly at the appointed time the 'Sargent' of the guard would appear and, saluting stiffly, would announce, "Lanch (Never launch) Lanch is at the side, Sir." The visitor quickly made his adieus and as he went down the side the Officer of the deck would raise his hand stiffly in salute and stand stiffly at attention. As a civilian I always felt I should take off my hat and make a profound bow and say "Quite so, quite so Fine evening, Sir very fine evening.", or other insane remark. I felt that the whole United States government was saluting poor little me and it was some time before I felt free to ask the proper procedure which is to raise one's hat and bow slightly.

There were some very fine men among those officers one or two became life long and dear friends. My best friend, William Croze, and I seemed so near to a quarrel at our first meeting that a deep lasting friendship seemed most unlikely. ~~xxxx~~ On my way home from my frequent visits to the Rancho I would often buy ~~xxxx~~ venison or fish or game from ~~xxxx~~ natives who were sitting along the side walk.

One day as I was dickering for a pair of wild ducks <sup>a native woman</sup> was considering my last offer, and nothing seemed to be doing, a new Naval officer came up and in a rather superior way said, "I'll take those ducks", and stooped down to take them up. Now Crose was no snob, ~~and~~ learned afterward but that morning he may have been in a hurry and perhaps had ~~been~~ heard my haggling and thought I was trying to Jew a poor Indian down and his overbearing manner nettled me, so I paid the price and picked the ducks almost out of his hands as I said "I have just bought these". He looked as tho he wanted to annihilate me then and there as, with a grin at his discomfiture, I calmly walked away. We often laughed about it afterward, each fellow claiming that the other was most rude and offensive. There grew to be a real deep heart attachment between us that lasted until his death a few years ago, and there was a more complete communion between us than with any other man I ever knew, except my dear 'Pater Ecclesiasticus' Dr. Miller.

Miss Dean's letters came quite regularly in answer to mine but as it required a month, at least, to get an answer from the East, and she was far too maidenly to write more often than to answer my letters. <sup>it</sup> Letters and as I seldom had time on streamer days to answer which generally meant a wait of two weeks before another mail would go, the correspondence was not very voluminous. But they were fine letters, so womanly, so kindly interested in my work and so sympathetic in my <sup>and, withal,</sup> troubles, so free from cheap sentiment and mush. I grew to admire her more and more and as her lovely character and wise head were more and more revealed I began to love her. I suppose that more and more some of that sentiment began to creep into my letters but if <sup>it</sup> was always kindly and wisely ignored and the discussion of my problems and opinions was the more earnestly taken up.

Helena and I found the local cottage was not a model of content

comfort in cold weather. Most unfortunately they had been very poorly built and were so cold and draughty that we all had numerous colds. The former Girl's hospital, where I lived when I first reached the Mission, had been remodeled and enlarged to be used as a Manse and Mr. and Mrs Austin moved into it and they very kindly asked us to come and share their new quarters as there was enough room for us all. It was arranged that Helena would cater for the family and for a time she had a Chinese man to cook, but whether his name was One Lung, Two Lung or ~~Sing~~ Ho Lung I can't remember, but I know she had her troubles for like all Chinamen, I judge, he would say, 'yes, Missy, yes, I do him,' and then, he would cheerfully and smilingly proceed to do exactly as he choose which was probabally exactly as his honorable ancestors had done it to the hundred and twelfth generation who lived in the reign of the Emperor Chung. But we were comfortable and happy, at least Helena and I were until our hearts began making trouble for us. The Austins were dears altho ~~as~~ it must have been an inconvenience to have us. ~~K~~ The house was so warm and cheerful it was delightful. Mr Beck and his boys had ~~made~~ <sup>done the work</sup> ~~him~~ and anything that George Beck did was done right as far as it was possible for him to do it.

Altho our community was so small, or perhaps because of it, beside the pleasant evenings at the Pinta there was much social life in Sitka. It was a very popular station for newly married men as they had practically shore duty with sea pay. They entertained a good deal and the Brady family had dinners and socials frequently, and Helena and I did our share. It was no uncommon thing for us to don our evening dress and put on rubber boots, put our patent leather in a bag and trudge away to some function, thro the snow. There was no dancing but games and brain tests made a jolly and informal evening.

Returning late on night from the Brady's I was met by a Native in the Rancho and asked to come at once to see a man who was very sick. Altho in evening dress I went to the house at once to find a man one of the Greek Church people, suffering from acute bowel obstruction, It was hardly a case for evening dress so I went to the hospital, after changeing my clothes, got the necessary things and returned. The cold that night was intense and I remember that as I walked along I found my cigarette did not draw well and then discovered that the moist end had frozen in the interval I carried it in my hand. Smoking was taboo at the Mission and I only indulged in the seclusion of my room or on some special occasion such as this.

Do all that I could I could not relieve my patient and urged them to bring the patient to the hospital but they refused, and the patient died. The family and clan friends where mystified as to the cause of the death and asked me to make a post mortem, which was most unusual. I found that there was a large lump in the bowel which had tightly twisted one loop around another. On opening the bowel this lump proved to be hardened tallow and I then learned that the man had eaten a large quantity of melted deer's tallow which had congealed within the body and caused the trouble.

It is the morning for a major operation and as soon as the morning work and the rounds are out of the way the patient, a woman of bad character, is brought into the operating room and placed on the table. The operating table like all our furnishings had been made in our shop of wood, a plain long table. with rubber covered mattress and pillow. Three of the Hospital girls are in white uniforms, altho two of them have never been at a major operation before. The fourth girl is in and out of the wards to keep a general eye on everything. The Naval Surgeon who is to assist me has not come but as all is in

ready, I decide to begin believing that he will come at any minute. As my custom was I lead in short prayer asking for Divine help for the sufferer and for guidance and help for each of us. It seemed wise and fitting to do this, first because I felt my own need of wisdom and strength greater than my own, and because this looking to God at such a time had a powerful influence for good on the patient.

Miss Gibson gave the Ether, she had become very skillful in anaesthetizing, one of the best girls was assisting and as relaxation was complete I started to open the abdomen. With the first flow of blood one of the new girls went down on the floor in a faint. No one could go to help her and there she lay a few moments until the ward girl came in to help her out. Before long she was back again looking very pale but gritty, only to go down again before many minutes had past. So it kept up. Out in the ward a while, in again, another faint and out again.

But I was too busy to pay her any attention except to keep an occasional eye on her to see that her condition did not become ~~worse~~ serious. The Naval surgeon did not appear, and I struggled to free a huge tumor of the uterus from endless adhesions. An hour passed. two hours, nearly three and the patient growing weaker until I was forced to stop with my work only half completed. There was no time for sutures. Clamps were left in position and the patient gotten to bed, all of us helping to carry her to the single room beyond the ward. I injected normal saline solution into a vein and she lingered on for nearly a day and then passed beyond. It was my first surgical death and I felt very badly. But when I found that I could remove that big <sup>fibro</sup> myoma, post mortem, only with the greatest difficulty. I felt less unhappy. As always, Miss Gibson had told her of a divine Saviour and if her soul was saved, all our anxiety and a

effort and disappointment were not in vain. I never did get any satisfactory explanation as to why that Naval surgeon did not appear, but I always strongly suspected he forgot it. Still that was most unlike him as he always <sup>had</sup> been reliable, a Christian man and a warm personal friend. He was the only one of the ships surgeons that I ~~never~~ ever cared to ask to assist at operations for practically all of them were no help at all. Some of them were present occasionally as spectators.

Of course this case was not typical of our work by any means. There were times, however, when something unusual occurred. Generally everything moved smoothly and with precision. There was one night when an immediate opening of a mastoid of my friend Skodday was imperative. There was no electricity in Sitka and we had a big 'sun burner' kerosene lamp over the operating table for night work. Naturally, we could not use ether and the fumes of chloroform were broken down by the flame and chlorine freely liberated. Before long we all began to feel pretty sick but we could not stop; it was too cold to open the windows for we used so much bichloride solution for washing the wound that every patient was pretty sure to be quite wet in spite of every precaution, and there was danger of getting chilled. We just about did manage to get thro that operation but I felt mean for sometime afterward and my sense of taste and smell was entirely lost for a number of days.

From my story, thus far one might almost think that Mission life consisted of almost everything except religious work but that would be very far from the truth. We were a sincere group of men and women and with few exceptions we were honestly in our purpose to evangelize and help these native people. To do that we realized that our spiritual natures must be kept active and according to our realization of that need we tried to supply it. But that does not mean that we were always talking of salvation, hell and damnation

free grace and sanctification and all the rest of those theological problems that some suppose <sup>are</sup> the constant topic of Missionaries' conversation. No, we talked just like folks and we were. But we attended church regularly in the morning and most of us at night and some of us taught in Sunday School. I had a class of the Cottage boys and their wives and found them very bright and attentive. I generally stayed at the Hospital <sup>in the evening on Sunday</sup> and conducted devotions in the wards so that Miss Gibson and the girls could go to church. Then there was the Teacher's Bible class once a week, which I led for quite a while, and I tried to have a half hour before breakfast for Bible study and meditation.

It was one of Sitka's perfect days, a day that made it almost impossible to stay indoors. I was longing to get away but did not think I ought go pleasuring, when a boy handed me a note from the Superintendent asking if I could take some of the girls out to the islands for an outing. My reputation for handling a sail boat carefully was established soon after I arrived and such a request was not so very infrequent. So <sup>on</sup> after I came I asked a party of teachers to go for a moonlight sail which they gladly accepted. The moon was just rising above the Pyra-mid Range as we left the Mission wharf. I expected it would be high in the sky in a little while. And so we sailed but the moon did not rise. Instead it dodged along the mountain tops and finally began to set! Then some of the old timers laughed at my surprize as they told me that the moon never rose high in the sky in summer.; we were too far north. It was quite dark before we got home.

I took one or two of the Hospital girls and a convalescent or two and with a jolly crowd of girls from the Mission and <sup>their</sup> a patron as Chaperone we were away. While the islands were rocky they

~~were~~ often quite heavily wooded, with the most ~~xxx~~ charming little cove and sandy beaches that made fine landing places. The girls wandered here and there, gathering blue bells of the flowers and roots of the wild rice, bulbous roots with small particles about the size of rice which the Natives used as food. We older ones stayed near the boat as the tides rose and fell with surprising rapidity but we never tired of exploring the tiny sea pool<sup>s</sup> along the rocks, These<sup>e</sup> were veritable gardens of marine beauty with purple and red and green Anemone, starfish, periwinkles and here and there a chiton or 'gum boots' ~~and~~ as the natives called them in English. They also were used ~~xx~~ for food and when boiled were worthy of their name for they were just about as tough and tasteless<sup>s</sup> as a piece of rubber. Sometimes there was a picnic supper and sometimes the Teachers would have a picnic on the islands but that could not be arranged very often. ~~x~~ Those interesting and beautiful Islands were a never ending source of delight.

I have said that at first I like <sup>d</sup> the superintendent, Mr. Shull. He was fond of gunning and we went out for ducks a time or two. Like others he had to learn by experience and had never seen or heard of canvas decoys. So when he saw a flock of very fine mallards in a nice little cove on<sup>e</sup> afternoon he crept through the bushes with greatest care and took a pot shot with both barrells for he wanted duck for his dinner. But the duck<sup>s</sup> slowly sank before his ~~x~~ astonished gaze and when he got<sup>a</sup> about to inves'igate he found a dozen well punctured canvas decoys sunk in the shallow water. They proved to belong to one of the other men at the Mission and Shull paid up but we did not rentire decoys for some time afterward when Mr. Shull was around.

By the end of his first year things began to be ~~slipped~~ <sup>run down</sup>

all over the plant. It was the custom to line the boys who were to work, morning and afternoon and assign them to their various jobs, the superintendent and Mr. Gamble doing this. The boys were never told to do this or that but ~~it~~ it was always, 'John, you may harness the team'. Giving permission seemed to take the sting out of the necessity. Shull got so indolent that he would lean against a wall and with his hands in his trousers pockets lounge there in front of the line of boys. It was hardly inspiring, to say the least and the effect of his negligence was evident all thro thro the work. Discipline grew very lax and at last most of us were thoroughly disgusted, and our relation with Shull became decidedly strained.

Now, the usual method, to follow, under such conditions, was for the workers to send in complaints or criticism to the Board, in confidence, so called. That struck me as a very underhand and mean thing to do and so after much consultation they agreed to my plan to file a formal complaint with the Board, asking for his removal and giving Shull a copy of what we sent. The following complaint was therefore drawn up and signed by all but three of the fifteen workers on the Staff.

Sitka, July 12, 1896. To the Supt. & C&C. (usual heading)

Sir, For the past two years you have been among us as director of the work at this school and it is not without sincere regret that we feel called upon to take this action and to present it to you. To most of us you have been friendly and courteous in your dealings, nevertheless:---Whereas, you have recently made alterations in the Mission buildings, for your personal pleasure, entailing a needless and wasteful expense, with the loss of time of both teachers and boys and permanently injuring the property of the Mission; and; Whereas (Paragraphs omitted.) You have for a year and a half neglected to make needful changes, viz, to extend the sewers of both the boys and

girls buildings and of the hospital in spite of the fact that you had been repeatedly notified by the School Physician that the present condition was and is a menace to the health of scholars and the staff: and:

Whereas:-- Having been notified, on <sup>e</sup> night during the past year, that three girls had run away you not only did not go in search of them nor did you send anyone to search for them and thus allowed these girls to get some thirty or forty miles from Sitka. Your indifference in this caused one of the workers to lose one week's time; allowed two of the girls to be away to be away in the company of men for a number of nights and placed the lives of both the scholars and teacher who went in search of them in jeopardy, while all of this might have been avoided and the girls returned to the school within a few hours of their escape had a search been organized at once when you were first notified: and;

Whereas:-- - Three boys having recently run away from school, you made absolutely no effort to secure their arrest or return in spite of the advice of some of your helpers, the boys being still at large; and;

Whereas:--- You have detained Mr. Gamble, unnecessarily, instead of sending for the winter supply of wood, thus causing him to lose at least, three weeks time when you well knew that this delay would make the securing the requisite supply of wood impossible or extremely dangerous; and:

Whereas:--- You have not a <sup>held</sup> weekly religious meeting for the teachers as required by the Rules of the Board. While it is true that the teachers meet regularly to study the Bible these meetings were not organized nor suggested by you, nor have you been regular in attendance, by any means; nor have you made any effort to have all the teachers attend these meetings as required by the rules of the Board.

Whereas; You do not maintain even fair discipline, allowing both boys and girls to break rules without punishment; permitting pupils to talk to you in a surly and impudent manner; and even to disobey your direct commands:---and:

Whereas:--- You have allowed the entire Mission plant to run down and deteriorate: and :---

Whereas:--- It is our opinion that you are generally ineffecient and that you do not indicate in any <sup>way</sup> that you are deeply interested in the work of the Mission or school:

Therefore:--- We, the undersigned workers in the institution, commissioned either by the Board of Home Missions or the U.S. Government, ask that you send your resignation to the Board at your earliest opportunity. We take this action with very deep regret yet it is our conviction that it is honorable, just and kind. We can only say that before the Great Tribulal of the Universe, we can say we have done our duty, hateful though in truth it is. Let us beseech you to consider this in the spirit of kindness and frankness, in which spirit alone it is offered."

As I was the 'chief conspirator' it became my unhappy duty to present this document to Mr. Shull and I decided to do it in person tho that took considerable will power. It would be so much easier just to send it to him by messenger. The scene, in his office, as one afternoon I walked up there and present<sup>ed</sup> this, is still very vivid. It had been signed by Mr. Austin and eleven other workers, all but three of the Staff and all of those who had been there longest. The Superintendent greeted me pleasantly for, altho our relations had been somewhat strained they were still fairly amiable. I handed him the paper and stood waiting until he read it. My nerve was gone there in those days. Shull prided himself on ~~the~~ never loosing

his temper and I believe he never did but he came very near to doing so that day. Of course I was very ill at ease as I watched him begin to read what he probably thought was a testimonial of appreciation. But after a few sentences his face flushed, his jaws began to grind and he frowned savagely. By the time he had finished he was trembling from head to foot but he did not lose control. I said, "we are sending a copy of that to the Board by the next boat". Scarcely able to speak he said he did not care to discuss <sup>it</sup> at that time and I left the office. All credit to him for his selfcontrol. It was far more than I possessed.

We would have to wait at least a month and much more likely six weeks for any reply to our complaint to the Board. Hardly any of us expected Skull would resign and, of course, things were very disagreeable. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ But they might have been a great deal more so had not Skull shown a really fine spirit. He refused to discuss the matter, ignored ~~it~~ it and let it be known that the teachers had nothing to do with it. It was a matter between him and the Board. A new Matron had come to the school a short time before, a Miss Manning, who proved to be one of the most contemptible women I ever knew. Let us hope she was somewhat demented as I believe she was. She actually kept a little book with her in which she put down anything that was said critical of Skull as she sided with him vehemently. But she was such a fool or a braggart that she actually told some of the teachers on the other side, mind you, about that book. This snake in the grass wrote to the Board upholding Skull in every way and probably calling all the rest of us liars. It was a very distressing time and I was never so unhappy. I have detailed it at length <sup>because</sup> ~~before~~ it is a <sup>part</sup> ~~part~~ of my life there and an important one for it affected me very deeply.

( You may wonder why my page heading do not always cover the story on the page. It is difficult to get the alignment if the sheets. I am making five duplicates, so that at least five of you children may have a copy, if the sheets are put back after writing that page. Hence the headings are put down when I begin each page and I sometimes do not get to that particular subject but at least you know its com'g.)

Helena and the Austins<sup>and I</sup> were very happy together. Helena seemed happier than any time since her husband's death and she made friends with every one, she and Miss Gibson becoming close friends. Letters from Miss Dean came about every month I grew to admire her more and at length, more and, to love her. I belived she was THE girl and so I decided to ask her to marry me. Foolish? Yes, but I was only twenty seven, old enough to know better, but I did'nt. So I sat down and TYPED my proposal! But fates were kind for the very mail I was to send it I received a letter from Miss Dean express<sup>ing</sup> she disliked to type-written letters and I quickly copied it in longhand. Then I waited, thrilled with hope altho she had not expressed any deep affection in anything she had written. Apparently I did my usual work tho how well remains in doubt. So I waited that long month before I could even hope for an answer, and hoped and dreamed.

Before I came to Sitka Dr. Sheldon Jackson, famous in the annals of home Mission work in the middle west and now the Commission-er of Education for the Ex U.S. in Alaska, had built a small frame building at the Mission to hold various Esquimo objects he had brought from his Arctic cruises. These were placed in the care of a group of reliable people, some in and some outside of the Mission staff called the Alaska Society of Ethnology and Natural History, whose object was to collect, study and preserve objects connected with the lives of the Alaskan Natives. When we attended the first meetings we found that they consisted in reading from some book some article sometimes connected with the object of the Society

but more often having no connection whatever. The meetings were dull, poorly attended and the Society almost moribund. I objected to such meetings, said we ought to confine ourselves to the object laid down in the <sup>o</sup>cnstitution and nearly lost the friendship of the entire Brady family by my criticism altho I tried to be humorous and kind in doing it. But it had the desired effect and we began to consider what we could do.

About six mile from Sitka was the site of an old Thlingit village, called Katleansky, or Old Sitka. It had been abandoned many years before and the story will be found in books on Alaska, such as Bancroft's History of Alaska. I suggested that a committee be appointed to explore this village and was appointed its Chairman. When I could leave my work for a while we set out, Miss Patton, Mrs. Brady's sister, Mrs. Wade, Helena, Mr. Patton, Mrs. Brady's father, Gamble, who was camping near getting the winter supply of wood and myself. We were gone three days and it was most interesting. The first day Mr. Patton ~~found~~ <sup>dug up</sup> a fine stone axe while we examined the ruins of dead houses on the ridge back of the village. Under about a foot of moss and earth were many rotten boxes containing charred bones but in two of the boxes were well preserved skulls and jawbones. We knew that formerly the dead, except the Shamans or Indian Doctors, were cremated <sup>on</sup> in piles of wood but we could not account for those skulls. Later we learned from some Natives that ~~men~~ while the bodies of men killed in battle or of great Chiefs, were burned their heads were often kept in their former homes and later placed among their bones. While the graves had been rifled long before with the charred bones we found many trinkets, fused beads, knife blades, pieces of copper, thimbles with holes in the tops,

evidently worn as ear rings or on a necklace. Mrs. Wade who had been a missionary <sup>OR</sup> among the Plains Indians for years, said that thimbles were worn that way by those people at the present time. There were Chinese coins which was very interesting as there is no record as far as we knew of any Chinese in the Territory before or at the time of the Russians. A queer knife Frobese claimed to be a witch knife, one used to kill witches and he said that a peice of fiber rope found in the same box proved that it was a witch--knife because the rope was used to tie up witches. But I think Frobese's imagination was running riot again for the best authorities state that the bodies of people killed as witches were always thrown in the sea. Certainly they were never burned and the ashes placed with those of the rest of the clan. We found a few peices of <sup>mouldy</sup> blanket looking like fragment<sup>s</sup> from the Chilcat blankets of the present time, a fragment of a tattle and one or twu pieces of old storage boxes, with the totemic painting on<sup>d</sup> them still remarkably bright. We had no compunctions in entering these ruined graves for they were so old that none of the Natives seemed to know or care about ~~ham~~ them except in traditions.

I had read in Dr. Jackson's 'Alaska', accepted as the best authority on the Native life and customs, that in former times slaves were sacrificed when a Chief built a new house and at other times as well. When the corner posts of the house were to be placed a live slave was first put in the post-hole and the large tree trunk that <sup>formed</sup> the post was pushed down on top of him. This cheerful custom had impressed when I first read about it and I always wondered if it could be a fact or whether some native had just told the Doctor that to fool him. Natives would do that but it was by no means easy to fool Sheldon Jackson.

Here was a splendid opportunity to confirm that statement for this was an important settlement in its day and certainly the renowned Chief, Kaht-le-an, would have many slaves and would show his power and high caste by killing them on every possible occasion. That was the common custom and the more wantonly a man threw away his wealth, either in slaves or goods the more was his influence and power in the tribe exalted. Nothing remained of the old walls of the houses. Probably the plank and logs had been carried away years before, but, by removing the brush, we could make out the outline of some of the buildings. A large house had evidently stood in the center of the village, just where a chief's house would stand and we began to dig at a corner. Down thro earth, roots and gravel three feet, four feet and still deeper. Each moment I expected to see a <sup>human</sup> bone, then another until until with utmost care we uncovered the twisted broken skeleton of some poor wretch who died in <sup>awful</sup> agony. Deeper we dig the water begins to flow in as we are below tide level and not very far from the beach, but not a bone. we work an iron bar down thro the grave, but it reveals neither the end of the post which would be less likely to rot in the water shut away from the air nor did our probe find anything of interest. We held a council meeting and decide to try another corner but no trace of a horrible, twisted skeleton. But I must get back to my medical work and very reluctantly we start home.

On our way we would pass two or more Shamans or witch-doctors graves. The bodies of these sorcerers were never burned but placed at some lonely place, most often on some high and almost inaccessible promontory, above the water. It occurred to me that it would be a good thing to look into one of the dead houses that held the corpse, if the remains still were there for almost all of these

graves had been rifled long ago, much to my disgust. I wanted to do some rifling myself! But the natives never stole from them. Your could not induce one of the older ones to go near one, they were too scared of the doctor's spirit.

As the others in the boat thought I would have my trouble from my pains and I really did not expect to find anything I went alone ~~in~~ up the steep hill to the ruined dead house. As they had said, there was nothing in it. The roof had been ~~torn~~ off and only a thick layer of moss cover<sup>ed</sup> the floor. Not a single thing was left of all the rattles and charms and masks, necklaces and crowns and many other didoes that were the doctor's stock-in-trade ~~in~~ in his communion and control of the powers of evil: Not a thing. But I'll climb inside the walls a-anyway. Something attracted me to examine the moss in one corner and almost idly ~~I~~ took a stick and turned it back. "What's that?" "A bone? horn?" carefully I drew it out. Evidently it was a curved piece of wood from an old crown, yes, it is for here is the metal band that so often was put around the base. With feverish haste but with greatest care I worked the moss away, shouting to my companions in the boat that I had made a find and here is what I found, a devils club pillow, 17 pieces from a necklace, 5 pcs. from a crown, 7 pcs from a collar, 1 knife, 2 bears teeth, part of a rattle, handle of rattle, 2 bone charms and parts of carved and painted box, undoubtedly the ic-tah box in which the Doctor kept his paraphernalia. I was jubilant. These ic-tahs were of the greatest rarity and value and the parts of the box were wonderfully well preserved. A copy of my report to the Society and a sketch map is among my papers.

Promptly as possible Mr. McAfee, executive for the Board replied. His letter nuncemital, somewhat critical, rather tended to place the blame 'on MR. Shull's helpers who failed to carry out his instruct-

and we thought it was very unfair to us. I was young and impulsive and very indignant about it but, rereading that letter now, for I still have it, I can appreciate more thoroughly the position of the Board and the letter seems fair enough except for a rather too evident tendency to discount our statements. But the Secretaries were terribly upset for, we learned afterward, they had had trouble with the three previous superintendents and had felt sure that Shull was just the man for the place. Then too they had Shull's defense and letters upholding him, from that Manning woman, no doubt. Providentially I was given wisdom and strength better and higher than my own and prevented from foolish and precipitate action for I was boiling mad. Shull never was as active. He literally hustled and with it all showed a true Christian spirit. He attended the Teachers Bible Class regularly but with him and Miss Manning present I could not continue as leader and resigned and he took charge.

It was steamer day and I looked anxiously for the mail but the boat was often days late or very rarely a day or two ahead of time and ~~occasionally~~ occasionally on time., according to schedule. But there was the boom of the cannon at the barracks, for they could see her long before we could, the bell had rung for dinner but I had no use for that for that long expected letter from Miss Dean might be there. I rushed to town and opened my box, No. 22, and saw the familiar handwriting. Backing away from the boxes, behind the crowd for everyone was too intent on getting their mail to notice me, I tore open the envelope and then I knew. Kind, sweet, womanly and tender but impossible, at least at present. I did not know her. How could I love her. She asked that we still remain dear friends and still write to each other but I thought that was only her desire to be kind and I went out and wandered aimless around. I could not

go back to the Teacher's Club for dinner. Nothing seemed to matter. But I felt empty and all gone so went to the only restaurant in town which was run by a Chinaman, Sing Lee. He came to the table rather bleary-eyed for I knew by the odor that he had been smoking opium. and I ordered lunch. But I could not eat, I swallowed a cup of the awful coffee and wandered out.

But it was time for my afternoon office hour and I returned to the hospital and took up my work. Fortunately I had my work. And if Miss Dean wished to continue our correspondence, well I would try.

Dr. Rothganger, the Naval surgeon whom I knew and rather liked, sent word asking me to come at once to Lieutenant Senn's house as Mrs. Senn was very sick following child birth. She had developed peritonitis and was indeed critically ill. He decided to try the opium treatment and began to administer large doses. I knew nothing about that but he wanted me to be with him and as the semi-comatose condition developed either one or the other of us had to be constantly by her side watching the respirations, They must be kept at 12 per minute and the dose of the drug was varied according to the respiration. There was no pressing work at the hospital and Miss Gibson was well qualified to attend to the routine work so I stayed there going home only for change of cloths and to get sleep on my off duty period. Days past. Mrs Senn seemed to gain, to holding her own. The whole town was sympathetic. It was the first baby and she was a beautiful young woman and well liked by all. Her mother was there but utterly helpless and really an awful bother because of entire loss of nerve control. Hysterical she would come into the sick room and make a commotion and Rothganger would say 'Give her some chloral' and she would flop down and any couch handy and go immediately to sleep. Neighbors sent in food of all sorts as there was no one

to look after the meals the Helena did what she could but she had to look after Madeline and the mother being entirely incapable. It had become a Town affair. Soon the dining room table was loaded with all sorts of food from jellies and puddings, cooked meat and pies, to a little roast pig sent in by a warm hearted Irish family living near. Liet. Senn was terribly anxious but calm and controlled and we three men ~~had to do many~~ had to do many things for the patient that usually are done by a nurse. Miss Gibson came when she could but she could not leave the Hospital very long and much of the time Rothganger and I were there alone as Mr. Senn had to his duties on ship.

Then, one night, it seemed the end had come. Rothganger said she was dieing. The house was an old Russian one and the windows were not made to raise but in the sash one or two of the small panes were hinged so as to be opened. Rothganger sat by one of the open panes almost in a blue funk saying he could do no more and would not go into the sick room. I tried to brace him up and then returned to Mrs. Senn's bedside. I could not see that she was any worse, her pulse grew stronger. I told Rothganger she seemed better. He got a grip on himself and before the night was over she was definitely improved and from that time made a recovery. It certainly was a long hard pull and maybe it wasn't good to get all my clothes off and into bed after nearly a week of almost continuous duty.

A few weeks later Mr. Senn came into my office and pulled out the biggest roll of \$20 gold pieces I ever saw and asked for my bill. I told him I was paid for my time and that there was no charge, only too glad to be some help. But he would not have it and insisted on making a generous donation to the hospital if I positively would not accept a fee. Rothganger and I became close friends and the Senns were most grateful.

The Home missionaries were allowed a vacation or furlough as it was officially called, every three years, and altho I had been East in 1895 for the operation they did not count that against me but said I was entitled to the the three months vacation in the summer of 1897. It does not seem to have occurred to me that here was a fine opportunity to show my appreciation of their kindness in keeping me on pay during that three month period, by remaining at work for another year and so saving the expense of lost time and travelling expenses. Mother and father had been out to see me and Helena was still there and I did not even expect to see Miss Dean so there was really no reason for me to go East that summer. But, with the less thoughtful views of young manhood I did not think about it that way and so began to make plans for the summer, a summer that was to prove the most momentous one of my life. It seems almost certain that I ~~was~~ would have missed the greatest blessing of my life had I remained at Sitka that summer. Looks now like on instance where failing to do you duty was a good thing but "exceptions prove the rule."

I did not expect to see Miss Dean because ~~the missionaries~~ we had concluded that we could not understand each other and did not agree very well after all. Our letters had grown less and less frequent and more and more unsatisfactory. I thought she was trying to be very kind and to explain why it could not be and she thought, as I learned long afterward, that I was too resigned, took 'no' too easily and that I did not really love her else I would not so easily think that God had designed me to be a bachelor, in love only with my work. Beside that she wrote there was a note of cynicism creeping into my letters. Her Uncle and Aunt Taylor, her guardians as she had been an orphan for years, took her to Europe to 'make her forget' and finally Miss Dean sent me a book with passages marked here and there

and as I read them I understood why she had sent it. She did not want to hurt me by just writing that she never could love me and that the correspondence was not proving satisfactory and that after a year of letter writing it was really not worth while to continue it. She was too kind hearted to just write that and too fine to cause me any more pain than she had to so she marked a passage here and there to let me know that we had come to the end and so I interpreted it and wrote to let her know she should not feel obligated to write any more but I must have put in some polite phrase about hoping I might see her when I was East. That was the way I understood the situation and I did believe that I was never to marry but 'unhindered' as St. Paul puts it, I would be free to devote my life to Mission service. But I can't say I was happy or even resigned, not much ~~any~~ more resigned than a wild animal who is so tied up he can't do anything. But I did try to see the many advantages of the bachelor's life and thought I pretty well succeeded.

In the spring of '96 I decided that I must find some quarters where I could live. I was not a very heroic type of missionary. I fear that I thought too much about the laborer being worth<sup>y</sup> of his hire and not enough about taking up my cross and following the Master. Not that I was insincere or a time servery or that I lacked conscientious motive or that I did not try to live up to them. Rather, I was too broad in my interpretation of what was necessary for my best work and too prone to think I was entitled to pretty near the best. But we must remember that at that time I did not know what trouble was, not real personal trouble, except this great disappointment that I was denied a life companion, I had always had, moderation, pretty much what I wanted and had never learned the real meaning of sacrifice, tho you never could have made me think

so, then.

One fine day I was exploring a little hill just beyond the Manse and between it and the Girl's Home which was two or three hundred yards beyond and separated from it by a clump of evergreens. The sides of this hill or bluff were almost precipitous grey rock some forty feet high, broken here and there by ledges and crannies in which moss and fern and little plants grew profusely. The top was quite level and had been partly cleared sometime in the past but the views in all directions were superb. I must have a house there. It was not more than a hundred yards from the hospital and really I had no fit quarters. I could not live in the hospital, there was no room in the Manse without inconveniencing the Minister and his family and the other mission buildings were too far away and the empty cottages now had Native families in them. Oh! yes! a house for me was an ABSOLUTE necessity! So I borrowed some money from long suffering father, drew my plan with the help of the mission carpenter and ordered lumber from Portland, Oregon. We had two sawmills in Sitka but they were not equiped to turn out finished lumber or to dry it successfully so the lumber from one thousand miles away was a necessity for a house in a wooded country. At least we thought so but I wonder.

Of course I paid for it all and when the lumber came I put in three solid days hauling it from the wharf. It was not absolutely necessary but very few of the boys could drive the team and Mr. Gamble had more than enough to keep him busy. They would have done it in time but I did not want to interfere with the school work for my personal affairs after having criticized Chull for doing that very thing. True, my time was paid for by the Board but I had their permission to build tho I had no title to the land it being Mission property, and my work was light so in overalls and jumpers back and

and forth thru the town I went with some byys to help, for the better part of three days and, for ~~awonder~~, we had three ~~days~~ clear days together. My dear Mother wrote that she felt I would hurt my professional reputation in doing such work, at least so publicly but I rath- think I gained approval by showing that I could do manual work. The lumber was piled by some Natives in a roadway that ran between the Manse and and the hill and there it stood until toward fall.

Then, one day two strange men walked into the office, ~~one day~~, and asked if I was thinking of building a house. They had seen the lumber piled there and were carpenters, had been hunting gold and were busted and if I was going to build they would do the job very cheap. We struck a bargin and those fellows certainly knew their business and rushed the little house up in a hurry. Mr. Beck, our school carpenter kept an eye on it and we got a good job so that by September the house was finished and the prospectors had money in their pockets and promptly went back to 'God's country' that is the States.

It was just a plain gabled house, about 12 x 20 with the en- trance toward the Hospital where a long flight of steps led to the ground below. Thru a covered vestibule you entered the living room with three windows, giving views of the Bay and islands on two sides and the town and Edgesumb on the other; a bright cheery room with that beautiful outlook over before me. Back of this room was a small bedroom and a sort of ladder and stairway, pretty steep, leading to the second floor. A fair sized sleeping room was in front with the same charming outlook, only more extensive for one could look way out to the open Pacific, and back of that a small attic where we had many a jolly chafing dish supper, Mr. Gamble, or Aunt Deal or Mr. Crose. A single 'air-tight' stove in the living room with a double

drum on the second floor kept the whole house very comfortable. That smoke-drum was a unique affair, very compact and had a sort of damper arrangement by which I could regulate the heat very nicely. It was all very cosy and very comfortable and the most delightful location in Sitka. True, I was too busy to spend much time there but it was so restful to have it to come to when I had a the time. Mr. Gamble and I had put up the first electrical device in Sitka when we put a bell from the office door to the kitchen in the Hospital and we later put one from my ~~living~~<sup>study</sup> room to the Hospital so the Nurse could call me at night when needed.

Some idea of the amount of professional work during those first three years may be had from the following figures. The <sup>actual</sup> time was about 32 months as I was away for the operation and/jury duty part of the time. Visits to the Ranch, ~~1882~~ 1880, to the school pupils or teachers, 478; office prescriptions, 2741, and ward prescriptions, 4876, and 170 operations. In addition there were many times I had to relieve Miss Gibson so she could get the necessary rest, tho it was always hard to get her to take it. There is a letter telling of two hours sleep in thirty six and of nights spent in the hospital when some acute case needed attention. So it was not all play and picnics. But I was well and strong and happy in my work when I did not think about Miss Dean. I tried to forget her but not with much success.

Every summer Mr. Gamble took a crew of the big boys and went to some bay or cove where they would cut logs growing near the water until they had a good sized raft. These they brought back by taking an anchor out ahead and pulling the raft along with a windlass. It was hard, often dangerous work but that raft supplied the wood for all the Mission except for the teachers who bought their own from the Natives.

Shortly before I was to leave in the summer of 1897, just/ as they were getting in the las<sup>t</sup> of the logs for the summer, a log rolled on Mr. Gamble and fractured his thigh. The boys brought him to the hospital where he was placed in one private room across the hall, at the head of the stairs. Of course I set it and put on the usual ~~split~~ splints and counter weight. but it was very hard for a man as active as my friend to face a long period in bed. But we did everything possible and he was a good patient. I hated to leave him but there were two Naval surgeon<sup>s</sup> in town at that time Dr Alfred, a warm personal friend and Dr. White, who was perhaps a better surgeon and as all plans had been made and I was a delegate to the National Convention of Christian Endeavor which was to meet in San Francisco that year and booked for an address or two and as Mother and Helena who had been spending the winter in Redlands, Cal, that is Lena had, ~~xxxx~~ were to meet me there, it was decided best for me to go but I said goodbye to my friend with great reluctance. However he ~~seem to be~~ <sup>was</sup> doing nicely and was over the worst of it and there was really little more to be done for him as the bone united I started South. or as we always said, 'went below'. Shull was still there but we had gotten on a fairly friendly basis again and the Board had written that rather than hurt his reputation by a summary dismissal they had decided to allow him to fill out his time, about a year more. ~~XXX~~ MacAfee said in his letter, "What are the loss of a few hundred dollars <sup>confound</sup> to the loss of a man's reputation?" Well I guess we could stand it a while longer and Shull was doing a lot better in all lines.

The great Convention in San Francisco was an inspiration. We enjoyed it all. Coming from far away Alaska I was something of a novelty and spoke three different times once to the whole assembly

of  
of 10,000 people, a veritable ocean of faces, and I was told I was heard even on the last row of seats, and we had no loud speakers then, that is mechanical ones. Dr. Francis E. Clark, Father Clark as he was beginning to be called, the founder of the Christian Endeavor movement, was present and presided. He was a kindly plain man unspoiled by his world wide popularity. Amos R. Wells, a noted Endeavorer who became president after Dr. Clark's death, gave the most remarkable address on 'giving' to Christian work I ever heard. Years later I used the same plan in a number of addresses to societies and churches and it always created much interest.

Our trip from Seattle to San Francisco gave us some beautiful views of the Columbia River but all day we travelled along one side of a great ~~Yakky~~ valley with ever changing views of Mt. Shasta on the other side, very beautiful.

Mr. J.I. Fobb, and old friend <sup>from</sup> at Bryn Mawr was at the convention and with him a Prof. of Botany at the U of P. A Dr. Marshberger. These two joined us for a trip thru the Yosemite Valley and the Big Trees en route. We were rather glad to get away from Frisco. I never did like the city. But a friend did take us to Chinatown, one night. We had a poor guide and the trip did not amount to much, all the various horrors being painfully absent. But the weather in Frisco was remarkable, days clear and balmy, it was late June, but every evening about seven o'clock, as regularly as clockwork, the fog would drift in thro the Golden Gate and it would get so chill and raw that an overcoat was necessary. It grew to be every unpleasant and monotonous.

The Big Trees were astonishing. You know they do not have many or very large branches and from a distance are decidedly disappointing. As you approach their thrunks they do not seem so large until you place your hands on them. Then, as if by magic, you seem to see ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~trunk~~ <sup>trunk</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> the foot of this

AT BRYN MAWR AGAIN. J.A.M. PG.293.

tremendous giant of the ages. One huge log lay on the ground where we stopped for the night. It had been burnt out thru the center either before or after it fell and we saw men on horseback ride thru it as as thru a tunnel. There was plenty of room for they did not have to stoop to avoid touching. We had seen views of a wagon driving thru one tree that had been cut out at its base and enough of the trunk and bark left to hold it upright and keep it alive but I had always supposed it was some small team that was photographed. We were travelling on a rather large stage with four rows of seats on top, each holding four people, and with four horses. We saw that tree some distance ahead and again it gave the impression of just moderate size. The hole looked far too small to allow us to pass thru. It stood on a short side road while the main road passed to one side. Great was our surprize when our driver turned to the side road and headed for that tree. It did not seem possible we could squeeze thru. But our driver did not slacken the pace but drove straight for the hole. We all began to shrink up, get our heads down between our shoulder blades and prepare to bend way over. But the horses had entered the cut in the tree and in a breathless moment we were in it, sitting straight upright and with plenty of room to spare. It was one of the most decorative things I ever saw.

To Colorado Springs and The Garden of the Gods; up Pikes Peak on the winding cog-wheel rail road, views getting finer and better with each new turn; the summit very near now but what is the matter. Dear Mother grows uncomfortable and does not seem to breathe easily and is not very good color, rather dusky and I feel a bit oppressed. Mother grows worse as we climb the next few hundred feet and as we reach the top I am anxious about her for she is panting for air and decidedly cyanosed. The views were wonderful and we had planned

TO HAVE OUR LUNCH at the summit and stay a while but Mother's condition would not permit it and I was not feeling very comfortable either. Other tourists were around and the trainmen and the family that lived at the top but none of them paid much attention or seemed alarmed so I concluded that the same thing often happened and that it could not be as serious as it seemed. Of course I knew the trouble was the rarefied air for we were 14000 feet above sea level. So we took the same train back and as soon as we had descended a few hundred feet all the unpleasant symptoms disappeared.

But I have omitted the Yosemite. The trip was rather tedious by stage all the way and part of it was very dusty. Harshberger was a rather rotund man with fat cheeks that made nice little shelves below his eyes. He did not bother to wipe the dust from his face and it piled up in little pyramids on these little shelves, most droll to see. But the Valley was a gem. There are so many descriptions of its beauty and wonders that I shall not attempt to describe it in detail but we were charmed with them all: El Capitan, The Half Domes, Nevada Falls and all the rest. From the windows of our hotel we had fine views of the Yosemite Falls and we took a horse back trip up the winding, zigzag trail to the top of the rim and stood on that overhanging rock at Observation Point one always sees pictured in views of the Valley. The views of wild, rugged, bare granite peaks is inspiring while just at our feet is the lovely wooded Valley, a great gash of wonderful beauty in all that tumbled gradure.

The family had rented our Bryn Mawr hose and were living at the Lorraine Hotel, at Broad and Fairmount Ave. in Philadelphia. Every night and morning hundreds of people on bicycles past back and forth to their work. So great was the traffic that narrow asphalt strips had been laid close to the curb on each side of Broad St. to accom-

I was busy attending clinics, working in the Eye Clinic at the Dispensary learning to refract, talking on Alaska to Societies and Sunday Schools, renewing old friendships and trying not to think of a certain fair haired girl I longed to see. But my pride would not allow me to write to her for I thought it would only give her pain and what was the use. She had probabally forgotten me and beside she had indicated that our friendship was at an end.

Father had long been talking of a trip to Wood's Hole for elk and grizzl@ys. That was in the park country of the Rockies, just outside the Yellowstone Park and game was reported plentiful. We had decided to go there on my way west when he found that business made it impossible. So I stayed on until it was nearly time for me to go back to Alaska. Then one night father brought a letter for me that had been address in his care to the office. I knew that hadnd writing. It was Anna Dean's! That could it mean? /ripped it open and this is what I ~~had~~ read.

"The Deanery, Gratiot Beach,  
Port Huron, Mich.  
(The post mark, was Sept. 5, 189

My dear Dr. Wilbur,

May I know something of your plans for returning to Sitka this fall? We leave Gratiot in two weeks and I have been anxious not to miss you if the opportunity should be given for that talk of visit.

Of course your summer at home has been full of work and pleasure. I can fancy your return to Sitka and the ovation that awaits you there in the stolid hearts of your former patients as they come to the dock to meet you.

Please do not think that I am trying to renew the past or to hold on to a freindship that left me so greatly your debtor. Perhaps, I write because, woman like I want the last word or perhaps because I cannot help acknowledging the sweet friendliness of your last letter.

Ever sincerely your friend,  
Anna Elliott Dean. "

September third.

Instantly I wrote that I planned to return in about a week, that I wanted to see her, would be happy to conform to her plans and then added a few words that left her in no doubt whatever as to exactly what she might expect when we met. I had no desire to simple renew

a friendship, face another period of broken correspondance and, perhaps another misunderstanding. No. That was worse than useless. I must be more than friendship or it must be nothing at all. If she answered my letter and asked me to visit her then she must know what to expect and, at least was ready to consider it.

How restlessly I waited for the answer but I did not have to wait long for very promptly a telegram came from Mary Dean ~~last~~ the oldest of the six Deans and the head of their household, inviting me to visit them at their summer home at Gratiot Beach, about a mile from Port Huron, Michigan. When I received that message I was like a crazy man. I ran all over our apartment, climbed the furniture while Mother and Helena tried to get hold of me to see what the telegram said. I hugged them all singly and in groups and then began to tear around the apartment again, much to father's disgust.

A funny incident occurred when that important telegram was sent. Anna was not sure what to do, to say 'come' or to wait but Aunt Helen Taylor who was her confident and really a mother to her persuaded her to at least see me. Of course Aunt Helen did not know all I wrote in that last letter. So Anna, somewhat reluctantly told Mary she could ~~ask~~ invite Dr Wilbur to visit them and then, just as Mary was going to take the car to go to town, Anna called, "Yes, you can send it but it don't mean anything!" a phrase that was remembered by her mischevous brothers and frequently repeated later to her great confusion. That could an invitation to a summer cottage mean more than just an invitation, anyway?

So, on September 14th. 1897, a very carefully dressed young man stepped from the Eastern train at Port Huron about ten oclock in the morning to be greeted by a sunny haired maid and her laughing

brother Morris. Miss Dean and I both tried to talk at once to show how much/at ease we were and to prevent that dreaded pause for each wanted to talk about things that nither dared to talk about, and, beside that, Morris was there. Miss Dean/told the joke about the great drought in England during Queen Victoria's reign only she got fussed and said it had only rained once in England in fifty years. Morris laughed uproariously at Ann's missing the point and I laughed ~~moderately~~ moderately to be polite but I really could not quite see the what was funny. (Just think, my Dears, that joke was in its infancy then!)

A pleasant trolley ride thro the fine little city, passing Edison's early home, brought us the the Deanery and to meet 'her' family none of whom had met me. But they were friendly and cordial and I can't remember that I had dreaded meeting them. ~~Yes~~ We were standing on the front porch of the cottage that faced the beach and Lake Michigan and with-in a few feet was a long glass door with the shade pulled down to the floor. I was facing that way when suddenly the shade snapped to the very top of the glass revealing a girl in travelling dress and hat, blushing violently and then fleeing like a scared deer. It was Bessie Dean, Ann's younger sister who was just leaving for Cincinnati but must see 'that Missionary' before she went. But she pulled the side of the shade a little too hard and snap! there she stood facing him. The brothers and sister roared at her confusion in which I heartily joined when I understood what had happened.

But my train had been late and Anna hurried me to the next cottage which belonged to ~~Miss~~ Doctor William Taylor, Anna's Guardian, Uncle Will, and in my room dainty and sweet, were lots of white asters. She said lunch was all ready for the <sup>y</sup> had waited it for me and she

did ~~not~~ want me to make a good impression. At the table ~~we~~ I had chance to study Miss Dean for Mary was not so crude as to place us side ~~next~~ by side. No, she had not changed much. She did not look as well as when I saw her last, more than two years before. She looked as though she had been troubled and worried or else had some illness. I realized that she was wondering, too, if I had changed and I was fully conscious that the brothers and Mary were weighing me in the balance very carefully. Just what they expected a missionary to be I have never been able to find out but it must have been something very freakish and unpleasant. I suppose it was frock coat, a long face, sanctimonious twaddle and a good deal of hypocrisy. To their unutterable relieve it dawned upon them that I was really human, full of fun and the joys of life and willing under proper provocation and if no ladies were about to say '~~darn~~ darn': It was such a relief that they almost fell on my neck and wept and took me to their fluttering bosoms. Anyway I didn't know what ~~the~~<sup>y</sup> thought Missionaries were like and finding them informal and jolly and friendly I was so at home and quite myself with a constant resolve to be just as nice as I knew how.

I found the first four leaf clover that afternoon and Miss Dean found one too. Who dares say they don't bring luck? We took a swim and again I won approval by being so at home in the water. The girls all wore full skirts to the knees black stockings and full waists. and we took a walk after that and watched the sunset but we found we could not talk very easily about the commonplace and were not quite ready for deeper things but I said I would rather take a walk that evening than to go for a sail in the moonlight.

~~We~~ sit on the porch a while after dinner and Morris goes to see his girl, Marion Cram while George quies him and then in the soft

light of the Harvest Moon, hanging low over the Lake, we stroll away on the Boardwalk. Most of the cottagers have gone for the season and we are nearly alone. We walk to the end and part way back and turn toward the beach trying to make small talk. How sweet she was, so trim and dainty, a bit distraught but so sincere. What lovely hair; what beautiful eyes that would not quite look into mine; what poise and grace! But more than these, there was the out-going influence of a fine and beautiful soul. I loved her and as we neared the secluded shore I told her so. I could not see her eyes, the moon had almost gone, but I knew there was a glad response as we sat and talked.

But soon the old problem returned and all the old questioning. I did not know her. All these years since we saw each other. Even then we did not know each other and people change in two years. How could I know her. How could I know her? And if I did not know her how could I love her; love her enough to blend our lives for a life time? Why, that was not possible. It was such a serious, sacred thing to pledge one's truth, so sweetly sacred. One must not just yield to impulse; one must not be led by emotion. One must think about this wonderful thing, this love. Oh! it must be so true, so deep, so enduring. Surely true love is a divine and how can one love like that and promise to love for life, forever if one does not know?

There seemed to be nothing more to say or do so, troubled and sad we turned toward home. The family were in the living room and it was hard to be natural and unconcerned but my Alaska views helped some and it was soon suggested that I must be weary with the journey and I got away to my room.

I lay and thought and tossed about and slept and woke and wondered and tried to see what it could mean and argued that she did

that she did not love me, she said she did not, not yet, perhaps, sometime. But she did love me I knew it but how could I make her know. No, she did not. If she did why all these doubts and questions? ~~controversial~~ And then I went all over it again. I could not see or understand. I suppose I might as well pack up and go.

At last the morning came and with the sparkling sun some measure of <sup>w</sup> hope. I would wait an see. I donned my best white flannels no dress so stylish for the beach and as I stole down to the sand to follow those footsteps and live again our evening, I heard Morris call, "Oh, Ancy! He's got his whites on!"

And it was well that I followed those footprints in the sand for soon I came to a little bank of sand where, very clearly, two people had been sitting close, side by side, and here were two dainty side combs and a lacy handkerchief marked, A.D.D. in fine embroidery. I stooped and took them up with almost sacramental care and began again to question, How could it be? Anna Dean was not a girl to trifle with a man's love.

At breakfast Miss Dean had lost the look of care and seemed happy and almost gay. But in the moments ~~when~~ we were alone she said no word or referred to the night before. The boys proposed a sail and I could not well refuse. Beside I was afraid that I might be thought to lack the nerve for it was very rough. They were wild sailors but it did not bother me and on our return we all went for a swim and so the morning passed. And still no sign. Well - I guess I better make arrangements to depart but something seemed to hold me. I could not make up my mind to go nor could I find any adequate reason to stay.

After dinner Miss Dean suggested that we go to the woods for a walk but asked me if I cared to read one of Dr. Miller's sermons &

I had mentioned that I had one and we were both very fond of him. It was only to/ his nearest and most loved that he ever gave a sermon for he would hardly allow one out of his hands and never would have one printed. They were beautifully typed and neatly bound and this one was on the text 'All things work together for good'. I wondered if she knew that that was the text and wanted to tell me in that way that, altho she <sup>could not</sup> love me still it would be for the best in the end. But that was hardly possible. So, under the hawthorn tree I read it to her. And as we sat there quietly there seemed to be some bond between us, some sense that we were especially near to each other that we belonged to each other. I could not understand it but I felt it.

Then, when it was ended, she called a little colored girl, Lulu, the daughter of the cook, and asked her if she would like to go to the woods with us. Oh, thunder and Mars! Why did she want to take that girl with us when I wanted so much to talk to her alone. But I could not protest. If she wanted to make that concession to the proprieties, well, after all, perhaps it was best.

The woods were cool and beautiful as the September sun sifted thro the leaves and made dancing patterns on the ground. The first few leaves of Autumn were scattered at our feet but ferns and wild geranium and spice bush were still inviting in their summer green and we both loved the woodland. We wandered on. As if by magic, Lulu had disappeared, apparently into the tin air <sup>h</sup> <sup>n</sup> without leaving even a tiny cloud of dusky dust to mark her going. We were very quiet as we lifted some ferns and put them in our basket, each waiting for the other to speak and I in too great a quandry to know just what to say. Then, as we wandered on in deeper solitude I tried <sup>l</sup> again to tell her of my love.

But she repulsed me nor did she tell me why. I came very near to being angry. Her actions seemed so contradictory. My patience was nearly gone. I began to feel that perhaps I did not know her after ~~all~~ all. Certainly I did not know this temperamental creature that sometimes seemed to care so much and then to almost dislike me. Well - we'd have it out. I'd find out just what she did want and then I'd go away.

So, we rested in a little bow of leaves with maiden-hair fern all about, she sitting on a little log, I, half lying on the on the ground. I was puzzled and worried and almost irritated but I could not be angry with that girl, sitting there so troubled before me and at last, I said "Shall I stop telling you of my love and go away?" "Oh, no! No! Not that." <sup>as we talked,</sup> And then, the doubts and uncertainties fled away for we knew we loved with a great life-filling gladness. Peace and assurance and joy flooded our souls for there we pledged our troth.

Anna, my Anna, did not want to tell the family. She felt it was too sweetly sacred to tell even those so dear to her but I wanted to tell the world; to shout to the far distances of space that Anna loved me! No fear, O, how sweet it was to have her call me 'dear' You must be good. Think of all the sad things you possibly can when we are at the supper table or you eyes will surely tell out secret. She said in 'Our History' "~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~table~~ ~~lamp~~ ~~mercifully~~ ~~hid~~ ~~his~~ ~~laughing~~ ~~eyes~~" "that the table lamp mercifully hid his laughing eyes" and if anyone noticed anything they said nothing about it the Mary, I thought looked at us rather knowingly. Anna's eyes just would not keep the gladness hidden and as for me, I had to double cap and tie my ~~mouth~~ bubbling exuberance to prevent a perfect geyser of joyous hilarity <sup>from</sup> escaping.

As we returned to the house after a little quiet time in the

the grove in the spacious yard, where we decided to tell the family, Mary met us and, on the impulse of the moment, Anna said, "Come welcome your new Brother." To Anna's utter amazement, Mary put her arms about my neck and kissed me. Anna felt so sure that Mary would oppose us but she was dear and sweet and I never forgot her loving welcome.

We went to the beach a while and then I returned to talk to Anna's oldest brother, George who was rooming in the Taylor cottage also. It was a very frank and practical talk but George was fine and gave me a hearty welcome to the clan and went at once to tell Anna that 'he was all right.' Morris had been in his room getting ready for bed and talking over the partitions which did not reach to the the gabled roof. 'How did she like the Doc? He was'nt so bad. How long would he stay? when George came in and Morris wanted to know what it was all about and Mary had been loving Ann and wishing her so much happiness and there was a general love feast. I knew nothing of all this but lay quietly in bed thankful to my God for this great gift, the love of a noble woman.

The Deans always had morning devotions when each one repeated a verse of Scripture and ~~when~~ the next morning, when I repeated, ' Old things are passed away, behold, all things are become new' it pretty nearly broke up the meeting. No longer did Miss Dean sit across the table from me but by my side. We tried to be discrete and proper but hands will wander beneath the board and if they find warm answering fingers, well - - you know - -

There were picnics where I distinguished myself as woodsman, and boat rides and calls and friends and no end of teasing. The boys insisted that that Anna had put those asters in my room with the express purpose to constantly remind me to 'ast her' 'It does not mean anything' appeared at all times and in a variety of forms. I came in

for my full share. I certainly was a fast worker. Was that the way they did it in Alaska? Did I have a good stock of candles? Anna loved candles! And after I had upset a canvas sailing canoe that George had made and dumped us both in the water some distance from shore they swore that I had tired of her already and had tried to drown her and only their timely rescue had foiled my foul scheme. They were inveterate teases and poor Morris could hardly start off to see Marion Cram without someone taking up a megaphone and singing, "does the girl that I adore, love me less or love me more? Starlight, star bright, tell me do you know?" Every cottage on the beach must have heard.

Ofcourse letters and telegrams went ~~x~~ to my family and th hers. My letters home must have been most incoherent for I still have a letter from ~~her~~ <sup>Mother</sup> urging me earnestly but affectionately to think of the practical things and to talk all these things over with dear Anna. Mother had grown to love Anna dearly while she was in college and afterward and the family at Bryn Mawr were delighted. Dear Dr. Miller was overjoyed and wrote us a fine letter, and we were very happy.

I really had not thought of any plan but to go on to Sitka as arranged but that meant leaving in a day or two and it dawned ~~on~~ that it would not be fair or just to do so and I decided to wait until the next steamer. Surely I must see Aunt Helen Taylor and Uncle Will for they were like Anna's parents so we soon packed up and left for Cincinnati. Mr. Gambles parents lived at ~~Wyster~~ <sup>Sydney</sup> and I had promised to see them while East, if possible. So I left the train early the following morning and went to a hotel for breakfast. Never in my life have I seen such an array of side dishes as they served at that breakfast. There must have been a dozen or more of the little stone chafin dishes set about the main dish. Needless to say, I had enough to eat.

I found Mr. and Mrs. Gamble senior, plain, kindly folk who found it difficult to be quite natural in the presence of this strange gentleman, a doctor. They listened without emotion to all I told them about John, thanked me for coming to see them and I left, well knowing that they would treasure and talk about my visit long after I had gone.

Anna and I greeted each other on my reaching her home at 520 Prospect Place, Avondale, as tho I had been away a month, and indeed, it seemed a long time since I saw her about 24 hours before. She had a host of awfully nice girl friends all of whom wanted to see Anna's Missionary and some boy friends too, who did'nt interest me as much. Then there was that interview with Uncle Will and the Dean brothers including Mary's fiance <sup>John Macdonald</sup> lost no time in telling me, early and often how stern and unbending Uncle Will was and what a tough time I would have and how bitterly Aunt Helen felt toward me and as I had barely met these good people they rascals did not quiet my nerves very much.

In due course we were invited to the Taylor's to dinner and of course they were very nice and courteous but my appetite was not up to its accustomed vigor. A Shortly after dinner Uncle Will took me into his office and I told him all about myself, my family, My prospects, income, and very fully about my past and present condition of health. He listened quietly, asked few questions, I left very little to ask about and then told me about Anna's family and her parents and rising took my hand and said it was all right. Anna had been talking with Aunt Helen in another room and nervously waiting our return and when Uncle Will went to her and Kissed her and wished her great happiness she smiled into my eyes and we were very happy. Aunt Helen was sweet and friendly but was not quite ready to take me to her heart, at least not without some reservations. So we sat and talked.

Time passed swiftly, Cl. & <sup>the brother</sup> and I were constantly together. In spite of their teasing ~~they~~ did not interfere. Only little Archer could not be reconciled to his Mama loving anyone else and like all small brothers resented the presence of the unknown stranger who seemed to possess his sister-mother. Jessie was shy and hardly knew what to make of the strange man but was terribly embarrassed when I caught her up the cherry tree one morning. After that we were better friends.

I had written the news to Sitha in time to catch the boat on which I had intended to return and when it got back there came a telegram, "Congratulations from all of us," to which the Purser added, "me too. Curtis." the purser's name. That was nice for Curtis was a gruff fellow and I hardly thought he knew my name. You see the only way the teachers could send a telegram was by getting him to ~~do~~ send it when the boat reached the first port on the Sound.

The last day had come. We had talked much about the wedding & date and I could not see any way for me to return, in fairness to the Board, before my next furlough, three weeks away. Anna fully agreed that I ought not return before that for my duty to my work came first. I was to take the night train and could get aboard at Vinton Place, a suburban ~~place~~ station not very far from the Dean home. John and Mary went with us for Anna would not bear of saying goodbye at home and as soon as we reached the station they discretely withdrew to the other end of the long platform and left us alone. We sat on the steps of the baggage platform looking down the long line of tracks along which that terrible train would come. There ~~was~~ was no one else about as we tried to steel ourselves for that long farewell. Anna was cheerful and apparently happy telling me how much we would ~~love~~ the letters, now that we know and loved and how quickly the

the time would pass and what ~~it~~ joy it would be when I came back to be - - - married. We hardly dared to say it out loud. I tried to do my part to make believe that of all things this was the thing we most wanted to do but <sup>all the time</sup> ~~underneath~~ I knew that deep in our hearts was a dread and ache that could not be entirely stilled.

Far down the track a headlight come into view. The train! Can we not make this last caress <sup>endure</sup> ~~last~~ forever? With what appalling swift-ness the train approaches. "Guess you better come this way, Bert," John calls, "they don't stop long. Goodbye, John. Mary, dear, You've been so sweet." My Darling! "All aboard." I stumble up the steps and into the smoking room <sup>and</sup> to a window. But the station is back there in the night with my sweetheart. The room is empty and I drop into a seat and keep back the tears and strive to ~~xiff~~ stifle the bitter pain. In memory, I live again those blessed days, already slipping so rapidly into the past and as I think of my Beloved, I see, as I never <sup>seen</sup> have before, her exquisite finess, the strength and beauty of her character, her deep and steady piety. She was right, I did not know her, she is so far beyond all that I had dreamed. And then the thought of her great abiding love, unworthy as I felt myself to be, brought strength and peace.

Father had gone to Chicago ~~in~~ on business and I stayed there with him and Harry for a day and then father and I went on to St. Paul where I had to wait over a day for connections. I think father was going prairie chicken shooting with his friend Mr. Lodge. Mr. Lodge had a very pretty daughter, Lett and father had her all picked out for me but something else happened.

Then to Seattle to find that the steamer would be delayed SIX days, it proved to be eight, beyond her scheduled sailing date and

absolutely nothing to do about it but grin and bear it. If I could have afforded it there would <sup>not</sup> hardly be time for me to go East and it did not occur to me that it ~~was~~ might be possible for Anna to meet me at some half way place, and besides I had caught a heavy cold on the train and felt pretty mean. I could probably have made temporary connections with some hospital and seen some operating but there was no homeopathic hospital in Seattle and the feeling between the schools was anything but friendly. On one of my trips ~~west~~ east I had made the acquaintance of a Seattle banker by the name of VanTuyle whom I liked very much and I called on him and was invited to a meal or two, but I could not sponge on them too much, and the weather was vile, drizzly, with a bit of snow now and then, and raw and penetrating. We never had weather like that in Sitka for when it rained the winds came in from the sea and brought the warmer air from the Japan current while the cold winds from the interior were always dry. I frequently heard people say, in winter time, "Why, its so much warmer here than it is in the Sound." (Puget Sound.)

Well I was pretty blue and telegraphed Anna. I doubt if there <sup>was</sup> a long distance phone ~~and~~ and after four or five days I had letters from her and things looked brighter. The first morning after I arrived I saw some report of a meeting of the Synod of Washington in Seattle and I went to one of the meetings as soon as possible and made some acquaintances and was soon scheduled to speak a number of times. I was more than surprized to find Dr. Roberts, chief executive of the Home Board and Mrs. Pierson, who held a similar position with the Womens' Board of Home Missions in attendance. They were my bosses and here I was in Seattle three weeks after I was supposed to be in Sitka! Of course I had told the Board of my

that I was staying over a steamer and why. I had not time to ask them if I could, and would have stayed anyway even had they said 'no'. I ~~fa~~ fear they must have found me rather independent. But if these two knew I was playing hockey they said nothing about it and they would not be likely to know ~~that~~ ~~detail~~ anyway, so I enjoyed the opportunity of talking with them about the work altho I had been to the Board room <sup>while</sup> ~~when~~ I was last. Anna's letters came every day and while she was even more disappointed at this lost time than I was her letters were full of cheer and comfort. But it was tedious waiting, ~~espe~~ especially so because there was no way to tell where the steamer was. We only knew she was on her way from Alaska, if she had ~~not~~ ~~been~~ sunk going or coming. We would have no word of her until she was within about 24 hours of Seattle.

Of course my thoughts were much with my betrothed and an old letter tells of my effort to make her real in my lon<sup>e</sup>liness. "Three letters in your hand writing have reached me safely and I have them all out strewn over my table in 'studied disorder'. With your dear photo so natural, so true to you before me and the look of your hair, I ~~k~~ have created quite an atmosphere of yourself about me."

Then the steamer at last <sup>had</sup> came in, I <sup>had</sup> letters with various commissions to get things, so I went shopping and bought 4 aluminum cups for camping, "we will use them some day I hope", enquired the prices of stoves, settled with the photographer about having my pictures of Alaska printed, bought a coat for one of the hospital girls with money she had saved and sent to me, a rubber hat for Mr. Gamble, type writer ribbon, some medicines, alarm clock, a thermometer for Miss Gibson, book for Mrs. Carter, &c. &c. Finally I went aboard the S.S. Topeka and wrote to Anna, "Fancy me sitting in the cold <sup>l</sup> the ship with donkey engines rattling the boat so that it

hard to write, stevedores trucking and banging, men yelling and Passengers trying to find where they are at. All day long the hour for sailing has been postponed. Ten P.M. was the last, but it is nearly that now and the piles of freight seem scarcely to have been touched. The day has been long and time passed slowly, and the expectation of getting away has kept me on edge. I am so anxious to get to work and feel I have been away too long, but thankful I waited over, for all that. Then, too, I did not get a letter from you but I know its on the way and perhaps the Purser will find it when he gets at the mail after we start and I will have it as a delightful surprise. I have a singular sort of room mate whom, I suppose, will shock me with his ~~xxx~~ mode of life. It is one of the unfortunate things on this trip that one must room with all sorts of people

I must tell you what Capt Craig, one of the best pilots on the run, told me in his rough homely way. Miss Gibson came down to the wharf when the boat reached Sitka on the last trip and asked, "where THE Doctor? Have you got him?" "No" I sez, "he's off gittin married. It was a chance shot, but mighty near the truth. Then he added, "I hope them old maids at Sitka will be happy now they git yu back. They seem so - - - - - anxious to see yu." He thought he was teasing me but really meant no harm.

Port Townsend, Wash was the last chance I would have to mail a letter to Anna until we reached Sitka and I wrote, "----- You will be glad to know that I am finding some pleasant fellow travellers Allow me to introduce the the Episcopal Bishop of Alaska, The Right Rev. Bishop Rowe, who has lived in Sitka for the past two years, a friend of mine, a good man, genial and refined. Miss Dean, His Reverence. Bishop this is my fiancée, Just the sweetest, loyliest woman that God ever blest a man with.

Dr. Moore, of Idaho, graduate of the U. of T. '78, about 45, very pleasant with good principles, apparently, and likely to be very interesting. Rev. Nelson, Swedish, going to Juneau to start a church among the white people. Talk , listening ability, ---, but will doubtless help to while many hours away.

MAN, residence unknown, 26 Or 27, drummer, seems thoughtful, intelligent and, I think, will prove good company.

The rest of the caste is made up of nondescripts, ships officers, and so forth. So you see I have much ahead of me."

The trip of nearly nine hundred miles by the steamer route was monotonous for I was torn between the desire to get back to the warm friends at the Mission and town and to my work and the ever present feeling that every turn of the propeller was taking me farther and farther from my betrothed. Bishop Rowe was always interesting for he had traveled long distances in the Yukon Valley and the interior and was informal and friendly. My room mate's toilet equipment consisted of a pocket comb and pocket mirror but he did take of his coat and trousers when he turned in at night! The drummer soon began to tell the usual kind of stories common to those men and I dropped him ~~and~~ <sup>so</sup> the almost unchangeing succession of snow clad ~~xxxx~~ mountains and rock bound shores slipped by, day after day until we came at last to Sitka.

The girls from the hospital were at the wharf to meet me but Miss Gibson did not come. ~~xxxxxxx~~ Greetings to nearly everyone and many of the Natives and I was soon at the Hospital. They had decorated the door way and my office with evergreens and bunchberry and it was still very pretty even if somewhat wilted by its long wait for the overdue Chief Surgeon, Head of the Board, Chief Resident Surgical side, Chief Resident , Medical side, Manager, Supt. of Hospital, Consulting Surgeon, Consulting Physician, Directors of the Train

Training School for Nurses, Druggist, Microscopist, ~~Staff~~ Chief of the Eye Dept, Chief of the Ear Dept. Chief of the Nose and Throat Dept. Chief of the Dept. of General Medicine, Dietitian, Director of Recreation, Repair man, Ac, Ac,; Well as I was saying this party was overdue and when he looked into the Wards he saw thirty patients, for measles was epidemic! With in a few weeks there were forty patients in the building at one time, floors were filled and every space crowded. But under Mrs Gibson's management she and the four girls handled the situation splendidly and I stayed in the office some nights so that some of them could get the necessary rest. Then Mr. Gamble was still in bed as union had been delayed and I felt very badly about that. How little medical men of the present know of the doubts and questions and difficult decision we had to make, when we had no X-ray <sup>nor</sup> radiographs to tell us just what was the matter or how the ends of the bones approximated. He needed massage of the thigh muscles and I did that. During the six weeks after my return I made 567 prescriptions in the wards, 197 in the office, 40 in the Rancho, 181 in the School dormitories, and performed 7 operations. I had been called in consultation by the Naval Surgeon and made a forceps delivery for him. The poor fellow had been struggling for a long time to get the forceps applied. So, all in all, I did not have much time to pine for that bonny maid 4000 miles away.

In addition to trying to oust the Superintendent, Mr. Shull I had taken it upon myself to recommend his successor, Judge William A. Kelly whom I have mentioned before. He had been superintendent before, and Mr. Austin and Mr. Gamble and the others who had worked with him spoke of him in the highest terms but thought it was very doubtful if he could be persuaded to return. I urged his appointment on the Board and they replied nicely to that. ~~XXXXX~~ Along about the early part of

of the year, before I went ~~ha~~ East, I went to Mr. Schull and we had a long frank talk about our late unpleasantness, and while I still maintained that we had acted in the most straightforward and honorable way, we parted with complete understanding; and when I promised to uphold him in every way possible we parted friends. It was a great relief for I had nearly come to the point of resigning and leaving the work that had become so dear to me.

From a letter in the letter file it seems that a letter I wrote to Mr. Kelly influenced him strongly in his decision to accept the position as the head of the School, and he took up the work shortly after Mr. Schull left. <sup>ed</sup> At once, every department reflected ~~the~~ his wisdom and energy. We were all very happy and gave him our enthusiastic support. He was a quiet man of few words, with a personality that impressed you with his force and mastery. His blue eyes snapped when he was in earnest or aroused but with all, in spite of sandy hair and a big red beard, he was always fair and very kindly and self controlled. We were the best of friends.

Altho I have referred to them I have not told you of the four splendid girls who made up our staff in the Hospital, with Miss Gibson as their chief. Two of them, Salina and Annie Leask were sent to us from Metlakahtla. It was a great compliment to the medical work of our hospital for William Duncan ~~was~~ who ruled that community with an iron hand if a benevolent hand, was most unwilling to allow any of his young people to go anywhere else for instruction of any kind. I have letters from him referring to patients he wished to send to me for treatment and I was not a little proud of this evidence of the confidence he placed in our work.

Salina was the older of the two sisters who were daughters of Mr. Duncan's right hand man. The two sisters evidently had a good

deal, of white blood in their veins and looked more like Irish girls with their blue eyes and fair hair, than like Natives. They were older than most of the girls in the School and <sup>neither</sup> they or the <sup>two</sup> other girls attended any classes except my talks on Anatomy and so forth. They were nice intelligent young women and Selina especially soon became very effecient. Anna Hines was with us the longest of any, most reliable and trustworthy but rather limited in her mental equipment. She was a good girl and never gave us any anxiety. Daisy Dean, (I have no idea how she came by that name as she and Annie Hines were Thlingits,) was typical of her race. Younger than the other girls it was harder for her to conform with the rules but she seemed to take to the operating room naturally and was my assistant there and a very good one too. One time she ran away and I went to the Ranche at once to find her. It was a good deal like looking for a needle in the hay stack but as I wander around inquiring from friends there, a Native woman of not very good reputation beckoned to me to come with her. She led me to her small house on the back path and motioned to me to enter it. When I entered I could not see Daisy. Mary, the woman, motioned to look under the bed and there was Daisy. I ordered her to come out and as she crawled forth she began to curse and swear and call me all kinds of vile names. Nor would she stop ~~or~~ pay any attention to my orders. So I backed her to the wall and began to choke her vigorously while she clawed and yelled and grabbed my necktie and began to pull it tight around my throat. But I had the better hold and when she began to get pretty short of ~~breath~~ breath she suddenly gave up and trailed along behind me back to the Mission without a word. Miss Gibson and I decided ~~that~~ to shut her up alone for a while and as she and Annie Hines roomed together I nailed some slats over ~~the window~~ which had a window in a closet and

ther<sup>e</sup> we locked her up. The closet was large enough for her to lie down comfortably on a mattress that was given her every night but she had only bread and water to eat at first. It was two weeks before she said she was ready to be good but we never had the slightest trouble with Daisy afterward. She was really a very nice girl, full of fun and a fine worker when interested.

I had been treating an obscure case in the Banche, <sup>which I thought was a brain tumor</sup> and one morning, when the steamer was in, I was called to do a post mortem on her. Imagine my surprise when I reached the house to find this patient still alive! The clan relatives said she would soon be dead which I saw was true, <sup>so I</sup> and made some calls and then returned to find that she had kindly accommodated them and, incidentally, me also. Do not think that I was indifferent or hard hearted with these Native people, for I never, was what other faults, I had, but these people seemed so indifferent there seemed to be no need for sympathy.

I began, as usual, and opened the abdomen and then went to the head but at once there was aloud clamor and I was told I could not examine the brain. I was anxious to verify my diagnosis and wanted to see the condition there. It developed in the palaver that they only wanted to get at the abdomen as they were going to ship the body on that steamer and thought they could reduce the freight by removing the body contents. That gave me my clue for I had gotten to know the Native reasoning in some degree, at least. "Well- I said, "You must pay me ^5.00 for what I have done unless you let me examine the brain." Great consternation and much excited talk. Afterwhile, convinced that I meant just what I said, they reluctantly consented and I found that my diagnosis was correct. That saving on freight explained why they were so anxious for a post.

It was good to get to the little 'Nest' when I had time. It was

so cosy and comfortable and those wonderful views from every window. Mrs. Carter lived there for a while and Mr. Gamble at another period. More accurately, he slept there for his duties kept him away at the Mission most of the time. So many nights he would come in and find me writing to Anna and he would say 'There was Docky, with his toes dug into the floor, writing like a good fellow!' Almost every Sunday night we had a chafing dish supper in the little loft room. With an alcohol lamp or two and some canned things and rolls or buns from the bakers I could put up quite a meal. Mr. Crose enjoyed them immensely and came frequently and Mr. Moses once in a while. It was quite a feature.

It must be evident that the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's schedule of sailing dates was only intended to raise hopes in our breasts that were very rarely realized. Mother tells of a Scotch woman she met on her trip Abroad that said, when asked when the steamer on one of the lakes would arrive, "Sometimes it comes earlier and sometime it comes sooner, and I've even seen it before that." But that was never true of our mail boats. Sometimes ~~it~~ they came late and sometimes later and generally even after that. My state of mind while waiting for those 'blue' letters' (Anna always used a special shade of blue writing paper and envelopes) is best told by ~~me~~ my journal November 3, 1897.

"I am so anxious to have the steamer come today for she is three days behind time. I was busy getting the Christmas packages to send off, having finished my office work, but again and again I went out to see if I could see the smoke over the low hills. Suddenly Miss Gibson called, "There's the cannon! and at once I made a dash for the door as if I would rush down town at once. But she chased <sup>me</sup> and caught my coat which I promptly wriggled out of and started off again

plunging into the office where one of the teachers was waiting to see me, to my utter confusion. Of course I had to get my coat and hunt up my professional dignity, and attend to her while I received no end of guffing about letters. Then the sulphur fires must be started to clear the measles out of the wards for the blankets were hung over every window, and the others hung about the rooms and pounds of sulphur burnt and the building nearly burnt down once (and too know now that it was all utterly useless!) Then a man came to see me and all the while blue letters, blue letters, blue letters, was ringing in my brain and they were only half a mile away! Well, at last I did get away and lost no time in getting to Box 22. In my hasteney key stuck and the box would not open. And then, BLUE ENVELOPES! RE PLINTY! I just wanted to shout and I had to say to Mrs. Archangelsky, the post mistress, "What a lot of blue envelopes today." She did not see the point, however, and merely remarked, "Yes, I guess it must be the style." (But a little later she learned what those blue envelopes were and gave me advance news of the number.) Well, it is refreshing to hear from that dear girl whom I grow to love more and more deeply every day. Oh, I don't care. I know I have an awful bad attack, and am not ashamed to own it, for I am very proud of the cause of the malady and very glad I am afflicted. But it was nearly nine that night before I had a chance to read all the letters. I read the first and last almost as soon as I received them but the others had to wait and often they have to wait until after the steamer has gone. Business letters must be answered and ofcourse a final message to Anna and Mother, even if it takes all night as it often does. But Anna certainly does write good letters, 'sure 'nuf' but shades of the Auroxa Borealis! what are letters compared to - - - well, compared to other things ?????? !!!!!!! ? Three years! Ye gods and lit-

fishan!

Perhaps it was just as well that 'steamer day' came only twice in a month, that is theoretically, for the tension in those 18 to 20 <sup>hrs.</sup> was terrific. The ship was supposed to stay 24 hours and generally did so, but it was often three or four hours after the steamer docked before the letter mail was all distributed, the package and paper mail coming later. On one mail I received seventy letters and they were not all from Anna, <sup>and mailed</sup> either. She wrote every day with very few exceptions and the number that came on any boat varied with the irregularities of the ships. I believe the highest number I ever received in one mail was twenty, and that was not half enough for my starved heart. Just think of it! Anna asked a question, say the first of the month, and the very best possible hope of an answer would be the last of the month. But that presupposes that I had time to read that particular letter before the steamer returned sailed from Sitka. If that letter happened to be the earliest or latest in that particular mail it would be read and answered, but more often it would not be answered until the following mail. So most often when Anna asked a question it was like this:-- Anna, March 1st. 'did you mean that you had ~~be~~ not been well in you letter of Feb. 12th?' This rec'd at Sitka about March 15th but not read until March 17th. after the steamer has sailed ~~Mar. 7~~ Mar. 20th. mailed Mar. 28th. first mail possible, '~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Yours of 3/20 asks if I had been ill about the middle of Feb. Yes, I was sick with tonsillitis then but am all right now. I am sorry I did not have a minute to read all your letters before last boat left. Please do not feel at all troubled for I am all right.' Recd by Miss. Dean, April 10th or thereabouts. Net result, inquiry made at Cincinnati March 1st. about ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ my health on Feb. 20th. Answer received at Cincinnati, April 10th, approx. What a satisfactory way of telling a girl that you still loved her. It is a wonder we did not get all

tangled up in misunderstandings but we didn't, yet as the months passed it grew more and more unsatisfactory and I had not been in Sitka long after my return before I began to clamor for a substantial reduction in the time of my banishment. I wrote nearly everyday but mailed the letter, pages long, only when occasioned offered. There was absolutely no other way of communicating with the States, no telegraph, no cable and wireless had not been heard of. Indeed I hardly dare think of what might have happened if we had carried out our original plans as to the date of our marriage.

I found the greatest satisfaction in my surgical work and less and less in medical work in the Rancho. At first I thought I was doing the sick a real service when I went about and dropped my few minims of Homoeo tinctures or dilutions in a half glass of water and told the patient to take a teaspoonful every hour. But I soon learned that it was time and trouble thrown away. They had ~~not~~ little idea of the passages of time and were never methodical. Quite as likely as not they would drink the whole thing at once (it was fortunate that it was a homoeopathic remedy,) or give it to some sick neighbor or just throw it out. Beside this homoeopathic remedies are prescribed on close differentiation of symptoms. How could one hope to do that, when the entire Thlingit language had only one word for sick hurt, pain, wound, ache, bruise. There was ~~sharp~~ hard or bad pain but nothing for sharp pain or dull pain or shooting pain. While they had words for these adjectives they did not know how to apply them to ~~homoeopathic~~ "u-noeke," the word for pain. A shooting pain would mean a pain caused by a gunshot wound and that only. What was the poor Medico to do when one of the school boys comes to the office and in his kind of English says 'It always be sick, on my head, & sometimes!' Or a Native man from the Rancho, thro Annie or Daisy.

who interpreted for me in the office, came in and said, in answer to the usual question, "u-neck-a-ga" ~~klakunokan~~ "There are you sick?" "Klaka uneeke." "I am not sick," and then, with their expressive gestures, he rubs his hand around the back of his neck and says, "Uneeke." Then down his chest and abdomen and across his back and contorts his face and says "U-neck-eee!" "I can almost feel the pain for while I cannot talk thinglit I know what "uneeke" means. His hand passes down one arm and then another and again, "uneeke," then down one leg after the other and around his ankles and pointing to his feet he says "U-neckee." So, after many questions I find the while he says he is not sick from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet he suffers pain. I know I can help him for a bottle of soap linament, which we make in 5 gallon lots, and a compound tablet which I have begun to use will give relief. But we take great care to tell him that the "<sup>ka</sup>noch," medicine is very strong and he must take it just as we tell him to or he may be very sick. Another man is waiting on the porch. I have given him medicine before but he says it has not helped him. I was not charging any fee then tho we decided to later, and this man says he will pay me if I will give him "<sup>ka</sup>klitzeene nockh," strong medicine. It takes quite a lot of explaining to convince him that I am giving him the strongest medicine I have and he goes away not well satisfied.

A young Native woman is the next patient and she has a toothache. One of her molars has a big cavity and I get my forceps and take her to the Drug room and get a grip on that huge tooth. The Natives generally had fine teeth and seldom any trouble until they gave up their harsh, coarse native food and began to eat candy and the ~~eat~~ soft prepared foods of the whites. I put her in a chair, just a ~~mix~~ sturdy wooden chair for we have no other, and pull and haul but the tooth does not bulge. She does not utter a sound, tho I use no anaes

Failing to budge the tooth I finally put her on the floor and with Daisy firmly holding her head there I twist and yank until <sup>comes</sup> out something that looks as if it might have come from an elephant. But never a whimper of a sound and she goes off with much gratitude and the tooth in her hand, very proud indeed. So the time goes.

An old woman has been in the ward with a cataract and again and again we explain what the operation is and what she must do during the operation and afterward. She seems to understand and give promise of being a good patient. In spite of my best effort there is some escape of the vitriol, following the lense and I know I may have trouble. She has hardly gotten to bed before she begins to be very obstreperous. The girls find her with her fingers under the bandage rubbing the eye. In a short time supperation follows and I plead with her to have the eye removed to save the other one but she <sup>says</sup> we are all bad and don't do anything for her <sup>although</sup> she has had constant attention and every possible care, insists on getting up and going to the Rancho. Nothing but physical force will restrain her and we can't use that. So telling her of the danger, over and over again, we allow her to leave and she goes growling and angry and tells all the people how shamefully she has been treated. I feel very badly for it hurts our influence and there is almost no way to combat her lies.

It is especially unfortunate just at this time for the Russian Church has sent out a new priest who has some smattering of medical knowledge, to work among the Natives. There is a good deal of ill feeling between the Protestants and the Russians for we knew that they really had little influence for good over the people. They had done nothing for the Natives in all the long years of Russian occupancy except exploit them and teach them to drink liquor. On the other hand the Russian told their people that we were heretics and

every year when, with pomp and ceremony, they drove the devil out of town they always stopped just at the line of the Mission property, thinking, no doubt, that it was eminently fitting that his Satanic Majesty should dwell with his own people. The priests always saluted me gravely as we passed on the street and I was on speaking terms with the teachers at the orphanage, Mr. Popoff, followed by Mr. Pro-to-popoff and Mr Archangelaky but there was no cordiality. And yet they were good men and we never heard of anything to the contrary about them. Our activities in the medical work <sup>were</sup> having a profound influence, even with their own people and so this new man was sent out to combat it.

Father Anatolious was huge man, big and brawny and in his robes and high head dress looked tremendous. He was an untiring worker, in the Penche constantly, and while he told me he would not interfere with my patients I found he prescribed for anyone asking it. He had a villianous interpreter who told lies about us right and left and while I do not believe Anatolious knew it or sanctioned it, my work was seriously crippled for a time. However, Anatolious had a genuine respect for my surgical if not my medical ability, I believe, and at his own request, was present when I operated one of his own people.

But it was trying and discouraging to see those for whom I had done so much, so easily turned against me. Then I would seek and find strength in my hour of need and go on with greater activity.

It was some time before my trip East that Rudolph, my Ehlingit brother and I decided to go to St. Lazaris Island, one of the last row on the outer edge of Sitka, or more properly St. Michaels Bay. I quote, in part, from my article in the October 1896 issue of the North Star. " Well, Rudolph, shall we take my sailboat or go in a

canoe a canoe," I asked. "I think we take canoe. We got head wind. They is no place to anchor there, no good place at all. Canoe is good, I think." "All right, we'll start at one o'clock, prompt."

Rudolph was ready at one but it was past three when we finally got away as patients will come just when the doctor wants a little extra freedom. Our canoe was quite old and had belonged to Rudolph's family a long time but as it was red cedar and not spruce it was strong and sturdy and unlike most of these boats was straight at the stern and not double ended. Like many of the Natives Rudolph had oars foreward and the man in the stern would help with paddle and steer at the same time. The craft was about twenty feet long, four feet wide amidships for the <sup>u</sup> have a big flare, and while it looked big on the shore it seemd very tiny indeed when we were far out on the Pacific. I took the oars at first and with the hospital staff and the convalescents waving from the rocks at our own little cove we were off for a fifteen mile pull across the outer bay.

As the wind was unfavorable we landed on an island and Rudolph found a pool of rain water high on the rocks and here we had supper. Then in the calm of the evening and the enchanting twilight of the Alaskan summer night we go on over the great swells of the Pacific.

About ten o'clock we land on the shore of Pruzoff Island ~~and~~ as Lazaria is no place to go ashore in the dark if you ever want to get away again, and we hastily put up a tent and start a fire. Rudolph goes off to hunt deer while I hunt my blankets. Again and again I rouse and put my hand out to feel if he has returned but I find his blankets empty. The low hanging sickly summer moon is casting its eerie light directly in my face. Weird lava rocks cast strange shadows all about, low hanging bushes nearby might harbor anything and I

remembered that it was on this very island that Rudolph's father was killed by a bear, but as he was hunting bear they did not blame the bear. I was not hunting bear but I could <sup>not</sup> tell one that as I could not speak to him in Thlingit and I doubted if the bears on Kruzoff would understand English. It was very lonely. I was not afraid <sup>of my side</sup> but I wished Rudolph would come back just the same. It was daylight when he finally <sup>but without a deer,</sup> came and said we better go before the wind began to blow. A sack of hardtack and chocolate and we were off for Lazaria, two miles away.

As we near the island there seems to be clouds of gnats in the sky and on nearer approach these prove to be myriads of sea birds, puffins, cormorants and gulls that swoop over us and toward us and about us. But the Island! What vast work of Nature is this that looms so weirdly before us? Great cliffs of black lava rise a hundred feet sheer from the sea. Tall trees cap their mighty crests on the high bluffs at either end while in the center a low, tide-swept basin is surrounded by fantastic shapes, columns, spires, domes and minarets. There is no beach on either side of the island, two miles long, a narrow cleft in the wall of the basin is the only means of landing. We row slowly toward it while thousands of other birds, frightened by our approach add their cries to those already in the air. Rudolph calls to me to 'ROW' and paddling with might and main he deftly guides the canoe on the crest of a big roller as we are swept almost to the center of the basin. Leaping ashore we hold the canoe against the backwash that leaves the cleft almost dry and before another wave comes we pull the canoe higher and unload our duffle. But the canoe is not safe there and we lift it bodily and carry it up on the rocks. It was the heaviest load I ever lifted and I believe another pound would have stumped me, even tho Rudolph had the bow, by far the heav-

A little to one side, in a glade in a thicket of small trees, above the reach of the tides we make our camp and I start to get ~~some~~ breakfast while Rudolph goes for water for there is a spring of cool sweet water in this mass of ~~calves~~ <sup>volcanic</sup> rock. Mythe coffee is good. But we hardly finish before my Native chum says we must go for eggs for other Natives might come and get them first. "Rudolph, is the rest of the island like this?" "You goin to see it", he replied. "I bin told you some is very dangerous. Some place is awful bad. The ground don't hold on at all, it just slip out from you feet. I think we goin to go now." And what a go! We pass great shallow caves where, high up on the sides, hundreds of cormorants have their nests on the ledges and their ~~xx~~ croakings come to us like the voices of <sup>mocking</sup> ~~demmons~~. Here is a small lake without outlet or inlet that we can see yet it rises and falls with the tide and is full of seaweed. On thro narrow gorges and clefts we come to huge columns of lava where the gulls nest. On hands and knees and feet we climb aloft their steeply sloping sides where the lava has left a series of narrow, rugged ~~xx~~ narrow steps. We gather quite a number of eggs from the shallow nests while the indignant parents swoop about our heads. From the top we we look far out on the rolling Pacific. No island breaks the view, no sign of life except the Revenue cutter 'Grant' lying five miles away, looking for sealers, who may be illegally huntin' the fur seals as they swim north to the Fribolof Islands. Edgecumb seems very near and very high as we look toward Kruzoff Island.

Off to the woodeed end of the Island, Rudolph carrying a stout rope. Here is that dangerous place he told about. The ground is loose vegetable debris and rounds off sharply to the edge of the cliff which overhangs the rocks and ocean far below. The ground is honeycombed with the burrows of the puffins who nest in them. Rudolph

hangs to the rope and goes dangerously down the treacherous slope while I take a turn around a tree and hold the other end. Its not altogether fun in gathering puffins eggs for you are more likely than not to get a sharp bite from a powerful bill as you thrust your arm, full length into the narrow burrow. We got a few eggs for many of the nests were empty and it made me anxious to see my friend take such risks. The eggs did not seem worth it. So tired and hungry we returned to camp.

While I was getting some things ready Rudolph was breaking some eggs into the frypan. To my horror I found he had broken in addled eggs as well as fresh ones and there was quite an assortment of embryo chicks to be scrambled. "Why Rudolph," I said, "You don't eat those" "Why not. They is clean. not anything at all can get in the egg" "They bin all right." But I decided to cook my own eggs. After our meal Rudolph said "I get my sleep now" and pulled his blanket over his head and curled up in the sun and was immediately asleep.

I felt rather frowsy from my broken rest the night before and our early start but not quite ready to sleep. A hundred yards from our camp and in full view was a great natural bridge of lava. It is not less than a hundred feet high and the arch about forty feet each way. Thru it I can see the distant mountains back of Sitka. On the very top of the bridge a single evergreen is growing and below it is a large sea pool, the home of countless sea anemone in brilliant red and green, purple sea urchins, sponges and other marine life, Neptunes garden, very beautiful. Close to one of the columns I found a stone-turn's nest with two eggs and the parent birds filled the air with their peculiar loud harsh cries as they strove to drive me away.

All about our camp the soft spongy ground was honeycombed with innumerable holes, the nest burrows of the stormy petrel. ~~And~~

SLEEPING WITH THE PETRALS.

Kazanka, too near the edge.

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Rudolph's hands were too big to enter them and I could barely get mine in the burrow. A sharp nip was my reward for such impudence, but the birdie's bill was quite soft and I drew her gently out, a little gray bird with the funny feather on the side of her head making her look rather like a little owl. Her thin black shanks were no larger than a wire and the webbed feet seemed far too large and her little beady black eyes were resentful as she fought off every caress. Who was this big brute that had invaded the sanctity of her home?

The weather was fine and we did not bother with a tent and I was soon stretched out on the soft spongy ground. As my head neared the earth, even thro my thin pillow I heard incessant soft cluckings, whispers and low calls and murmurs. It was the underground host of the petrels telling their young<sup>n</sup> it would soon be breakfast time. to be patient until it was a little darker, then mother would feed her babies. Or perhaps, here was a fond mother singing a little song of gladness as she cuddled close her first small/ eggs, and with these gentle pleasant sounds I went to sleep.

What was that? The air seemed filled with birds, literally thick with them. They rustled the leaves, they flitted here and there across the bit dimly-lit sky above our heads, it seemed as tho they would dart down into our faces, and without the least cessation they filled the night with their clear but soft whistles, two notes, about la and so of the scale very distinctly like this, fee, few: pause, fee-fee-fee- few-u. It was interesting but I did not want to study ornithology just then and I did want to sleep and the little rascals would wake me up every<sup>little</sup> while. With the sun up at three Rudolph began to stir around. In spite of being so far in advance of most of the Natives ~~he~~, like them, he ate and slept just as the spirit moved him. Such irregular habits did not fit my way of living, at all, and I was

likely to get worn out at this rate. He had slept all the previous afternoon and thro the night and was as fresh and peppy as an athelete. Well, we did not plan to stay long and I thought I could stand it a while longer for Rudolph was 'rarin' to go and not to bother with breakfast. That was too much/and I insisted on a snak, at least.

Up the jagged columns again for gulls eggs but they had not done much for us. I suppose we did not get more that seven or eight dozen eggs in all the time we were there. Up to the puffins burrows again and I tried my hand at getting them but I was not entusiastc for I did not like that vicious bite of the heavy bill, and those fearful rocks so very far below and the edge so very near. I could get along without puffins eggs very nicely.

A couple of other Natives appeared and the chances they took ~~we~~ were appalling and they used no rope. The Native people never did Rudolph told me. They had quite a lot of eggs, a couple of dozen or more and I bought most of them. It seemed that they had been out on the ocean sealing and had stopped at Lazaria on their way home. The Government permitted the Natives to hunt the seals but no white people. Rudolph and I decided to return to camp for breakfast but we had hardly reached it when one of the men came running to tell us that the other man had fallen off the edge of the cliff and would I come at once. I ran with him to the canoe which their two friends had been keeping near the shore as they did not want bother to run it in the cleft. One glance told me that the man was dead, his head mashed out of shape but I climbed aboard the canoe and examined him more closely to satisfy the poor people. Being assured that he was far beyond the help of anyone, they turned away on their long pull to Sitka.

it must be the 'Devils Potato Patch' so named because of the round boulders that were piled, like a jetty, far out into the ocean. And because it was so treacherous for submerged rocks extended far beyond those I could see. Pulling in the top of the boom and the sheet I changed the course and <sup>our</sup> ~~the~~ handy little craft bore away to the south. Rudolph, tho apparently sound asleep, roused up and looked about. 'Not good to go too close. They is very bad place.' And then went off to sleep again.

I was wide enough awake until we had given that ugly line of angry rocks a wide berth. What a seething caldron of death it must be in a storm! But when we past the end of the Patch and rounded to, there was a straight away, eight or ten miles to the nearest island and Sitka just beyond it. There was no sound save the gentle ripple of the water against the sides of the canoe. One vast solitude of of sea and sky with our tiny craft rising and falling on the great swells of the Pacific. It required scarcely any effort to steer with my paddle as we seemed to drift on and on almost into Eternity.

The surf on the Islands woke the sleeper and maybe me too. The wind had freshened and we speed back to the Hospital cove ~~and~~ as Rudolph said, "I think they be trouble." "What do you mean?" "I think maybe they want blankets". But I could get him to say no more. Trouble or no trouble, how I did sleep when I got into my own little ned in the Nest that night!

A few days later Rudolph told me that the trouble had come. True to Native custom and reasoning ~~they~~ the friends of the man who had fallen from the cliff demanded a payment of blankets from ~~xx~~ Rudolph because he was responsible for his death. The man had eggs, we had bought them, he had to get more eggs and in doing so ~~had been~~

Then I thought of how recently we had been in the very place where he fell on those cruel rocks my ~~thought~~ heart fill with gratitude to <sup>him</sup> who had preserved us from falling.

My chum was depressed and seemed worried. It may <sup>have</sup> been one of his clan relatives for I never could trace that intricate lineage. He was no longer the witty, happy companion he usually was and altho we had intended to stay another day we decided to pack up and go home that afternoon.

We carried our duffle to the side of the narrow cleft and I held it <sup>there</sup> against the waves while Rudolph stowed it away and then, between waves we got in and on the crest of a big wave slipped down the foaming path and pulled away from the dangerous shore. The gentle wind was at our backs and Rudolph put up the mast and adjusted the small sail. It was the usual Native rig, a sprit sail but with guy-ropes from the top of the mast and from the ~~maxi~~ top of the boom with a sheet from the corner of the loose sail. The big canoes carried two sails and while they could do well with the wind abeam they never tried to tack but used paddles in a head wind. No sooner was all snug than Rudolph asked me to steer as he said 'I get my sleep now.' He was the kindest fellow and would do anything for me but he had the Native way of never thinking for the other fellow in little things. It never occurred to him that I was tired and had not had much good sleep since we left home. Had I told him he would have let me sleep but I didn't mind. I loved to sail and never had a chance to ~~try~~ try the Native rig so while he slept among the duffle I sailed on over the quiet sea, just pleasantly ruffled by the gentle ~~wind~~ breeze.

I must have been half dozing in the quiet solitude when I saw ~~an~~ a long line of surf some distance ahead. It seem<sup>e</sup>d to stretch for miles far out into the sea and the long swells were dashing high on ugly masses of rocks all but submerged in the swirling water. I knew

he had fallen and been killed. If we had not bought the eggs he would not have had to get some more, and so would not have been killed. Therefore, we were responsible for his death and must satisfy his clan by paying them blankets. The claim had not gotten to the point of deciding the exact number, as yet. I told my friend to tell them that he had nothing to do with it. He did not buy the eggs; he did not even advise me to buy them. He only told them what I said. He was not responsible. I only was the one who had anything to do with it. I knew very well the Natives would not make any such claim on me and the Magistrates court never recognized such claims nor did the White man have any laws to apply to them. I never heard anything more of it but I am not sure that Rudolph did not make some settlement. In a case like that the friends hounded the alleged debtor unmercifully and their endless talk and demands made life a burden and my pal may have thought that was the easiest way out of it, even tho he had given up the Native customs and renounced his right to be chief by doing it. But he never told me about it if he did make some payment.

The ways of the Natives in finding claims for injury or death of their clan friends were endless. A man lent another man his shot gun. The borrower put his thumb over the muzzle and something caught the hammer and the thumb was blown off. Ofcourse, the owner of the gun must pay for the loss of the ~~gun~~ thumb for was it not his gun and if he had not lent it the injured man would not have lost his thumb. Mr. L.F. Jones, our missionary at Juneau, whom I knew well, in his fine book, "The Thlingits of Alaska" gives other instances of this way of reasoning. I turned the tables on an old fraud one time using this custom to give him 'great shame' than which nothing can be more painful for a Thlingit. The man was Thom one of the long line of

husbands of Princess Thom. I was never able to learn how this old woman got her title. While she was the daughter of a high cast~~father~~ father she was no princess for her father was not even the high chief. Probably some whiteman called her that as a joke and it stuck. It could not have bee<sup>n</sup> because of her beauty for she had none. There is a very good picture of her in the North Star, June 1897 and the only reason I spend so much space on her is because she had a lot lot of publicity in the Eastern press, probably because her name appealed to some reporter whose vivid imagination supplied all the items of interest that her ~~life~~ <sup>long</sup> and unworthy <sup>entirely</sup> life lacked.

This particular Thom, was never called 'The Prince Consort', had an old indo-lent ulcer on his leg and after treating it for some time I decided to skin graft. To make an impression and increase my influence with the Natives I took the ~~tiny~~ small bits of skin from my own arm while Thom and his friends looked on with astonished eyes. The grafts took well and the new skin covered the old sore quite promptly. Knowing well that Thom and the Princess, while members of our church were deep in the old Native customs and traditions I thought I would give Thom some of his own medicine. "Thom," I said, "You have got my skin on your leg". "Yes" Thom replied wondering what was coming next. "And you see my arm, it is sick (sore, painful) because I cut my skin to make you well." "Yes" and the old fellow began to look rather serious. "Now Thom, I don't like my arm to be sick, I want my skin back! With a startled look <sup>he</sup> searched <sup>my</sup> his face. I tried to look very stern and much in earnest. He thought I <sup>must be</sup> ~~was~~ joking and laughed as he said he could not give <sup>it</sup> ~~them~~ back, it had grown fast to him. But I did not laugh with him, but appeared to be getting

getting angry. "Tell", I said in a loud voice, "If you don't give me back my skin you have to pay me blankets! You got my skin; You make me hurt my body; you make me have u-neck, pain, so you have to pay blankets. If you do not pay me blankets, plenty blankets, I will tell all your friends and give you great shame!" With the mention of blankets all idea of a possible joke disappeared and he was in great trouble. He had plenty of blankets as the picture of him on the wall of this cheery room of the Maurice house in Waverford, bears witness but he was <sup>a</sup> close old rascal and exacted the last pennyweight of every pound of flesh. He looked at me and found no comfort. He dropped his eyes. He was in deep trouble. "Come now," I said harshly standing over him and shaking my fist at him. "What you going to do?" He looked like a cornered rat and I wasn't sure he would not try to strike me with his cane. He dreaded to come to the terms and ask how many blankets, and he did not know what to do for he did not dare attack me, and there was no one else in the room except Frank my interpreter.

But I thought it had gone far enough. If I had left him to think it over the whole Ranche would soon have been buzzing like a swarm of angry bees, some siding with Thom and some with me and I was fearful that lest they reason that the Missionaries were following the old customs and therefore <sup>those customs</sup> they must be good. It might make a lot of trouble. So, after an interval of complete silence during which Thom searched my face again and again, I sat down by him and called him, Akh-hoon-ee, "My friend, and then explained that I did not mean to make a claim. That was not the Jesus way. We were Jesus people, he belonged to our church. Jesus did not try to

make trouble <sup>but</sup> to help people to keep out of trouble. He said forgive, He did not demand a life for a life, an eye for an eye. He said love you enemies, do good to those who do you harm and he gave everything He had, even His life, to help other people even His enemies. We must try to do as He did for we had promised to do that. So I would not make trouble, I would not give him shame. I was glad he was better and almost well but ~~expected~~ whenever he looked at ~~his~~ my skin on his leg I wanted him to remember to be kind, not follow the old custom and demand blankets but to do the Jesus way. He listened gravely with many "Aah," (yes, signs of assent of agreement) and every evidence of great relief and pleasure, and we shook hands and parted with many "goon-a-cheeche," (Thank you, thank you.) I knew the story would be told all over the Rancho and set many to thinking and some to better living, also. So we planted the seed as opportunity offered with a prayer to Him who alone can give the increase.

It was about this time that Mrs. Bean (whose photo with her husband is also on the wall as I write) came to me to ask an unusual operation, the closing of the holes in her ears which were pierced in her girlhood for ear rings and trinkets and had been stretched by their weight until ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> were quite large. I have referred to Mr. and Mrs. Bean as having such a clean, nice house and they were nice people. They were consistent Christians and Mrs. Bean wished these marks of heathenism removed. The operation was a simple one and the results very satisfactory and she was greatly pleased.

Anna's letters filled me with joy and revealed more and more of her own fine personality. But they emphasized the distance between us and made me long for her presence with a longing that grew increasingly hard to bear. It seemed to become a vital necessity for

us to see each other during the summer of 1898 and, altho I knew I ought not to leave my work again after my long absence of the previous year, I determined we must see each other even tho we had decided to be married in the Spring of E '99 instead of 1900. I quote from my letter to her of February 21, 1898. " I dreamed last night of appointments, steamers and railroads with you as the focal point, of it all, but all in the wildest confusion. How I long for the mail, first to hear that you will come and then to really welcome you here. I dream of that day again and again, day dreams but very real. I see that we are in somewhat similar positions, each would so gladly fly to the other but 'DUTY' bars the way. And don't you think that when it comes to placing part of the work, we believe to be our duty, on the shoulders of some one else it were better to place it on the shoulders of our own kin than to place it on the shoulders of ~~strangers~~ strangers? Or, to be personal, would not the obligations incurred by your absence from Gratiot for a season be infinitely less than those incurred by my absence from Sitka? It seems to me that I could not conscientiously leave herewithout refunding<sup>sc</sup> to the Board my salary while absent, and that would mean \$300. I cannot wait for your answer, so I will answer for you; You will come, won't you? I do not see how I can come, but the dear, dear Mother writes, 'next to God in line of obligation comes your duty to Anna.' So, I WILL come (i.e. go East) if Raven's Nest is never enlarged, so you see, we will suffer if I do go East. But see each other next summer we must and see each other we WILL, if it please God (and I am morally certain it will please Him.) We need each other and that is reason enough. Reason and Heart have joined hands and Decision says ' Bless you, my Children.' My blood is up. Hurrah! April '99/ PATS!

June '98! For, tho Bertie loses his position at the Sitka Mission he'll see his Anna in 3 months, three months, THREE MONTHS! I am infatuated with the idea; I am wild with delight! And if it only would not bring Mr. Austin up here I'd yell with mad joy! (The Austins lived in the Manse at the foot of the hill, not far away.) I see your problem, dear for reason has not entirely fled, and tho it means more work for Mary and Bessie, and with all love to them, the time has come for Anna, 'just Anna' to turn from them to her betrothed husband for a season. Oh! the joy of it! Your steamer is the Cottage City leaving Seattle ~~Jan~~ Thursday, June 9th. I shall write and engage a berth this mail! honest. So Good night, and God rest thee." But a far better thing was in store for me than a mere visit.

Somewhere about 1887 Dr. Sheldon Jackson and Mr Kelly who was superintendent of the school at that time, started a little four ~~page~~ page paper called the North Star and devoted to the interests of ~~the~~ Missions in S.E. Alaska. It ran for about three or four years, published monthly, and then Mr. Kelly found the burden too heavy and it ceased to be published. Dr. Jackson had furnished the press and type with the idea that the School boys could set the type and print it and thus learn that trade. Mr. Shull revved it with Mr. Austin and me as coeditors and ran it very acceptably until he left, when I bought it as I felt it was helping the work. The boys no longer did the work and the outfit had been placed in the plant of the <sup>town</sup> weekly "The Alaskan." E. OTIS SMITH was running that paper and for the use of the press and type agreed to print the paper at cost. He was a Christian man if a bit eccentric, and so my first issue appeared in May 1897. Mr. Shull, in his last editorial said " In leaving this paper to other hands I bespeak for the readers a good paper and I trust that the well established reputation of the North Star will be fully maintained." Well, I hoped so too, and rolled up my sleeves and grabbed

scissors, paste brush and pen and started in. I even had some hope of improving and surpassing Prof. Shull's standard for journalism. I have a file of the results and I leave you to <sup>judge</sup> as to how well I succeeded. I like <sup>d</sup> to do it and enjoyed the work but it took a lot of time and cut into my other and more important work. I was never free from the burden of copy and the necessity of getting the next issue out on time. The teachers helped splendidly with the wrapping and addressing but that too cut into other work and the burden grew increasingly heavy. Otis Smith told me one day I ought to get the Transcontinental lines to advertise as they went into everything and paid for it in transportation. He had gotten two free trips East on his ads. and the Star had a bigger circulation than the Alaskan. Wow! Visions of free trip for Anna next summer. Wasn't I glad I was sole owner of this gold mine of paper! Why, we'd have enough accumulated credit to take me East to be married and bring us both back again. It was so easy to get, just ask for it and the R.F.s just sent in their ads. in gobs. I asked, but no gobs. A courteous reply 'We do not use this class of mediums', 'Regret, &c, &c.' Thus faded my two way dream and the monthly deficit for expenses loomed bigger than ever for tho I had a premium offer for five subscriptions I could not make the costs. As a matter of fact I did not have time to push it and the Board did not help any, while they did not actually oppose the papers at the different stations, Thwing had one at Ft. Wrangel, The Northern Light, the Board secretaries did not favor them. As the months went on I could not see that the paper was ~~really~~ needed or that it was really doing any good except in a very limited way entirely out of proportion with the labor and expense. So, after a year I reluctantly abandoned this child of my brain but offering to refund all money due on unexpired subscriptions

I regret to say that the obsequies were much like those of Old Joe. Old Joe was the town loafer, so the story goes, and a salesman arrived in town just as the procession was proceeding to the grave. 'Why, whose dead' he asked. Old Joe. Joe? What was the complaint? No complaint. Everybody's satisfied! And so it was when the Star set peacefully in oblivion, there was no complaint. But the Editor did heave a tremendous sigh of relief.

Like all medical work, I guess, my work would bunch up at times until it seemed as tho I was at the breaking point. Of course, such times were exceptional but its interesting to know just what they were like, and in my letter to Anna of December 14, 1897 I find the following:-- " Allow me to introduce you to a being who may be new to you, one who occasionally visits our hospital. He is '~~a strained~~ strained surgeon' and I am ~~he~~ the man. This creature is one whose nerve force is depleted, almost exhausted: One to whom mole hills are mountains; to move is a great effort; to be half civil is almost impossible, even best friends can <sup>only</sup> say aggravating things. It is a relief to be cross and ugly for medicine is a red flag; patients are torments, duties are agonizing; everybody is tantalizing and the case just operated on seems possessed with the Evil One determined to nag your life away. That's a strained surgeon and I repeat I'm it. Cause? no justifiable one but you see, (I don't feel that you would do anything but just give me peace and I am not cross with you, dear, dear Nancy) you see, the operation was very tedious. I dissected, one by one forty tubercular glands from the neck of one of our school boys. Many of them lay directly on the jugular vein and some on the external carotid artery, and it was slow and nerve racking work. Then, instead of turning the patient over to my assistant and going to my Club for a cocktail and a cigar (I don't miss the cocktail) I find it

necessary to remain near or at the patient's bedside as his condition is bad. Of course Miss Gibson, who gave the ether is tired and strained and so is everyone else and it just wears. I was getting a little bit of lunch, about an hour after the operation, for it was too late for dinner and I did not dare to go so far away as the Mission, when my bell rang the signal "come at once" and I hurried back to the Hospital leaving my lunch untouched. If only one could shift a little of the responsibility for a while. It is not that Miss Gibson or the girls would not work until they dropped cheerfully but we are short handed and its never good policy to run a willing horse to death, and well, you know, some one must take the lead. Now, Dearest, don't think that I am complaining. You wont will you. There is just one reason I well you this, it is because I want you to know me when I am working under pressure. This is a Mission Surgeons life and he must stand it or give up. And I just want you to see what a selfish, selfish man I am to think of asking any woman to share such a life. Miss Gibson is lying down for a couple of hours, Salina is with the boy but she is not really competent to be left alone unless I am in easy call for the little fellow is still shocked from the long operation. I must relieve her until 11 p.m. and then sleep on a lounge, 'all standing' for the West is too far away for an emergency." And the next day I wrote:--"I just wont tell you how tired I am for you must be weary of it all and I guess I am a very limp sort of a man to get so tired, anyway. Last night was not very restful this has been a busy day. I went down to Brady's after office hours to see some of the children and had not quite reached the Hospital on my way back when a woman came in great haste to get me to see her baby. So I went back to the Rancho again. Do you see what a Doctor's life is like?

In some way such trifles seem so much more wearing than in the East and I think the reason is that we are shut up so much more intimately with our patients and have to do so much more nursing. Don't you think you have a very complaining sort of man for your betrothed? I am not finding fault, indeed, I am not. I am just giving way to a great longing for some one to tell me they know the strain and that I have done all I could and that I have a great deal to think about &c. &c."

I have found Mother's reply to that letter and I am going to let you have a glimpse of it so that you may know what a comfort and blessing my Sweetheart was even tho she was 4000 miles away. Incidentally, I wrote on the 14th and 15th of December which she received on January 1st. and answered the next day and her letter was received in Sitka January 18th. better time than usual but even at that more than a month later! " I am answering your letter of December 14th. See Laddie, how much you were exhausted and how discouraged, my Lover was. And it was all because he had too much to do. I am glad you did introduce me to the dear 'strained surgeon'. I understand it all, at least, as much as a non-professional can understand, dear, brave Laddie. And you say there is nothing to justify your being exhausted, mentally, physically and spiritually. I feel like quoting the old Jewish proverb 'Physician, heal thyself.' That means sympathize with and rest yourself. Do not be too self sacrificing, for I have entrusted you with the care of one who belongs to me, you know. Why, Laddie, I think you are a marvel and I know that God must help you or you never could do it all. Just think; the physicians here, with half a dozen skilled nurses, an expert etherizer and consultants and every facility are exhausted after a tedious operation and storm away and swear and lose control of themselves generally and there you are with all

the responsibility, watching day and night, some of the nursing and no lunch and the others about half as tired as you were. Bless your dear faithful heart. Why, Laddie I wonder that you can endure it, truly I do, and I want to come and take care of you. Next time that you have an operation that is as tedious and serious I want no letter but be good and lie down and I will meet you in meditation or prayer and rest in our love, in our dreamland. I shall know you are needing me. You really must not use the remnant of your strength in writing to me, sweet as it is to have your letters.

And you call yourself a selfish, selfish man. Oh Laddie! Then what am I? and Miss Gibson is lying down, resting and you sitting up and you are so selfish and your life never seemed so selfish before. And 'wh<sup>t</sup> would I do on a day like that'? Well as Lulu says, 'I a dont jus tesackly'know but I think that love would find a way to k help and strengthen you. I think, perhaps I would slip in and give you a nice hot bowl of delicious soup and then, later, a cup of Wil-burs chocolate. I would certainly see that you had something to restore your nervous exhaustion, and if you would let me, I would take my turn watching and if you could not trust me to do that I would sit very close to you, if I did not intrude for I never want to intrude, professionally. And you are not a 'limp man' anyway. You funny Boy. What do/ you think the average man can endure? About half as much as you do and then he would go around congratulating himself on his endurance. No, don't think that your Sweetheart thinks for one moment that she has a 'complaining sort of a man' and she is k happy that you do tell her of your life and she is so proud of you. How can you see anything in me that is worthy of you? But I'M glad you do and I want to look deep into your eyes and tell you so."

So, dear Children, you have had a glimpse into our very heart

life. Do you wonder that more and more I realized how exceedingly wise and strong and splendid was my betrothed wife and how empty my life was without her?

I had a good many of those neck cases but ~~not~~ <sup>now</sup> quite as difficult or as trying as that one. Do not give me too much credit for relieving my helpers. There was some selfishness in it for I always had in mind a possible emergency and tried to have some of their energy in reserve when it came. But I was young and vigorous and reacted quickly from these times of depression.

Sitka was the greatest place for calling I ever saw. The Naval people were always punctillious in returning call<sup>s</sup> and when Helena was with me she insisted on my doing society at least one night every week and she was right I needed it and it did me good but sometimes it was hard to take. The Pinta had been sent to Mare Island as past <sup>her</sup> usefulness as indeed she was. Every summer she was supposed to cruise in the Southeastern waters and great preparations were made for the event. She was beached on a sandy little cove and her bottom scraped and then she went toward Silver bay and 'swung compass' and when the great day arrived the officers wives and half the town assembled on/the wharf to wave farewell. It was too funny for more often than not she would only go a mile or two and then be back at her moorings with a patch or two blown off her boilers. She would be patched again and after a time generally make her two weeks cruise, remaining tied to her numerous buoys near the wharf, *the rest of the year*

At one time a fine British gunboat, the H.M.S. 'Pheasant' was anchored in the bay in front of the Hospital for some time. Her officers were a fine joyly set. Mrs. Elliot and the Austins gave a reception for them in the Mansc when we were living there. We had a variety of tinned fancy cakes on the table and as I was doing the elegant as

one of the hosts, one of the officers said with full English inflection, "May I trouble you for a biscuit?" A biscuit? There were none on the table. So I said, with what was I thought was the proper English inflection "I beg your pardon". Of course that was wrong for a Britisher just says, "Pardon"? "A biscuit". indicating one of the trays of those little cakes. I had learned some English as 'she 1 s' spoke.'

Those officers arranged a show in a large court room in town and charged admission stating the proceeds would be given to the Mission Hospital. They put on a variety show with boxing, songs fencing and broad sword exhibition, all very acceptable and much enjoyed by our amusement starved community. One <sup>red</sup>red-headed fellow who was just bursting with fun sang a topical song making many clever hits and among them he even poked some fun at the Pinta. I remember that verse.

" Now it really is a sin to  
Make fun of the Pinta.

Noah used her for an Ark, years and years ago.  
She has fishbones all around her  
And tin cans enough to drown her.  
Soon she be an Army post,  
They told me so."

Every verse ended with they told me so and the reference to fish bones is a slam at the time she lay at her anchorage and also that the crew was fed largely on fish while the 'tincans' was the Nautical name for buoys and he was making fun at the number of buoys used to moore the little ship, no less than four being used.

It was all in good part and done so jovially that the Pinta men enjoyed it as much as any one. They made fifteen dollars and with that we had our instrument case of drawers made and put on a little silver <sup>plate</sup> ~~plate~~ which Rudolph made with the source of the gift and the date <sup>engraved on it</sup>. We were sorry to see them go away.

But I was more sorry to see the Pinta go for I had some good friends aboard and had many delightful evenings around the ward

Room table. Of course there were many types of men, for new men would come from time to time ~~but the conversation was never vulgar~~ and very few were active Christians but the conversation was never vulgar though occasionally profane, but in deference to me that ~~was~~ seldom happened. National subjects were discussed; local topics but no mean gossip, "the 'Service' taxes, liquor, missions, all sorts of things, but most of it worth while. It was pleasant and stimulating to me. Other ships, or rather gunboats, followed the Pinta, the Harriette, the Condord ~~and later~~ and finally the Wheeling, to remain, but to cruise here and there most of the time. She was called by some of the officers, unofficially, 'an ugly little brute' and she was wide, flat and pudgy, with small guns sticking from her sides making one think of tooth-picks stuck in a cake. No gingerbread wood work adorned the ward-room or anything else. The ship had just been built and was modern to a fault, all metal and white paint inside, rather cold and forbidding. The officers were more formal, had more to do, kept the men busy and if there was not work enough they made it, and altogether ~~the~~ it was very different from the Pinta days and while I was a guest there, now and then it was not as pleasant as old times, even though some of the former officers were aboard. Mrs. Elliott seemed to attract the Captain ~~and~~ as she did many other men and he had us to dinner occasionally. He was a jolly little man quite ready to flirt as his wife was 4000 thousand miles away. (same old 4000) and Helena had to watch her step pretty closely. It was funny to hear me advising her as to her conduct. Many a lecture had she read me in my boyhood, and now the tables were turned and <sup>I was</sup> telling her why and when. But we never quarrelled about it, for we were bound to each other by a deep and confidential love. I must admit, however, that at time<sup>s</sup> she gave me some anxiety, altho there was probably no ~~reason~~

real reason for me to feel so.

After the Pinta left, the Concord came expecting to be relieved in a few days by the Wheeling, but week after week passed and then a month ~~maybe two~~ <sup>maybe two</sup> and still the relief did not come. Meanwhile the officers were all grouchy because they could have had their families at Sitka had they known they would be there so long. All the while the Concord lay at anchor only a few hundred yards away from Rever's Nest and the bugle at Revville woke me up every morning ~~as~~ <sup>and</sup> I turned out with the crew to go to breakfast.

The Captain, Symonds by name, and his Executive Lieut. Copper-ton, called on me one afternoon and enjoyed their call so much that they stayed an hour and a half or more. When they rose to go Capt. Symonds said, 'Doctor, I have enjoyed this visit exceedingly' and I knew he was not in the least gushy. So I felt quite honored and pleased. Captains and Executive officers had called on me before but it was generally in a formal way and very brief.

The social life of Sitka was surely multi-colored. There were sets and cliques to some extent but it was generally pretty heterogeneous. Our Postmistress Paulina Cohen Archangelsky, the middle dame gives the key to the situation, and one or two others gave a grand ball for the Naval officers. Nearly everyone was invited but as I had not called on the fair, if elderly, Paulina the coy maiden was offended especially so as Mrs. Elliott and I had not included her in any of our affairs. So I was not invited to the ball. I could not have gone anyway as I did not dance and my position at the Mission would make it unwise. It was a grand affair but it was reported afterward that Mrs. Bart refused to do Mrs. Archangelsky's

*...and the replacement Paulina led the grand march!  
...because she was not invited to the ball!  
...and the replacement Paulina led the grand march!*

The very nicest people in town were the Brady family. They lived beyond the Ranche and not so very far from it in the largest house in Sitka. Mr. Brady had bought 'Soldiers Scrip' Gov't. certificates redeemable in Govt. Land given <sup>d.</sup> soldiers in lieu of money at the close of the Civil war. It was the only way to secure title to land in Alaska. Mining claims could be staked and held but the Homestead laws had not been extended to the Territory. Mr Brady had acquired a good many acres on both sides ~~of~~ of a mountain stream and had quite a large saw mill there but there was not enough business to keep it running and lumber could not be shipped out of the District of Alaska. John G. Brady was a street urchin in New York and did not know who his parents were. But he graduated from <sup>Yale and</sup> the Union Theological Seminary was ordained and went to Sitka about 1880 and took up the <sup>mission</sup> work. Before a year had passed he saw that it was useless to train the Natives to work if there was no work for them, and at the end of the year went back to New York to see our Home Mission Board to persuade them to build a saw mill in connection with their work. He was right and among the letters from Miss Dean I find one in which she had come to the same conclusion, <sup>altho she knew nothing of Mr. Brady's experience.</sup> find something for them to do when they have been trained to do something. It is quite characteristic of attitude of the Board, at that time, that they told Brady his business was to preach the Gospel and not <sup>to</sup> bother about material things. The young minister was never one to give up a conclusion he had reached after careful thought and study so he resigned but went back to Sitka and became a resident for many years, eventually being appointed Governor by Theodore Roosevelt. He was a splendid success in that office, and it is a shame that politics prevented his holding the office for life. He was a kind, honest hard working man, very well informed, studious as time allowed, de-

but, with all rather visionary. He was always a good friend of the Natives and the Mission and he and all his family were not only my patients but very dear friends, a friendship that meant a great deal to me in my early days and after Anna came to be with me and one that continues to the present time. Beside Mrs. Brady who was a fine, sensible well balanced woman, there was her father, Hugh Patton, a dear old man who ran their place, garden &c, Her sister Cassia Patton who taught the public school for Natives, the very salt of the earth, Mrs. Knapp, Gertrude, a pretty little woman who had had an unfortunate married experience and the children, one of whom, Sheldon, I helped to bring into the world. I saw Sheldon about a year ago and I never have seen such a startling resemblance of a son to his father.

The Brady's entertained a great deal and always in some unusual and novel way. I find this account of a Valentine party they gave.

"The preparations were quite elaborate as they generally are at the Brady's. The walls were decorated with evergreens and red hearts shot with golden arrows. As each man came in he was given a paper heart on which a riddle was written. The answer was found on the arrow of some lady who became his partner for the evening. A floral story was next distributed, the answers to be filled in as quickly as possible. Then a game something like Old Maid was played. Partners progressed and prizes for the winner and the Booby ~~was~~<sup>were</sup> given. Refreshments were served, a salad with two hearts cut from a bright red beet on each plate. Mr. Beck, who was always joking, said it was a case of two hearts with but one beat. The sandwiches were heart shaped as were also the rolls and the cakes. There were kisses tied in paper with a love poem in each. Altogether it was a very sentimental occasion calculated to move the hearts of the young and susceptible only there weren't any of that kind present. But it was good fun.

Christmas was always a big day at the School and in spite of Mr. Kelly's devotion to work and management, he never forgot the play interests of the children. That year he appointed me to arrange for the festivities as I suppose I was the nearest thing to a kid he had on his Staff and I decided to give a play and proceeded to write one. We were largely dependent on the 'Mission boxes' sent by churches and societies for gifts and they were usually very generous. Our own Bryn Mawr S.S. sent a splendid assortment one year. The School had a special dinner and a Christmas tree and the Church was elaborately decorated with evergreens and it was a happy time.

Speaking of Missionary boxes, it was occasionally a crime to have to pay the freight on them. I remember helping Gamble unpack a barrel that did not have a thing in it but newspapers, long out of date and FINE PILLOWS that had lost their fragrance! Pine pillows and untold acres of evergreens all about us! Talk about carrying coals to New Castle! We had a society ~~the~~ in California that sent the Hospital the most splendid <sup>things</sup> always writing for a list of our needs before they made their supplies. But they slipped up once when some kind soul put in twenty pairs of cotton flannel drawers, but they must have been made for the Mastodons! Of course we could not criticize but only be ~~greatly~~ grateful.

The play which was named, 'How Santa Clause came to Sitka' is 'still extant in the original manuscript'. Mr Austin wrote an account of it <sup>for</sup> in the Star but he could not write of the hours of preparation and training that preceded it. Mr. Austin's account follows.

" Some of <sup>us</sup> had noticed that our good Dr. Wilbur seemed to be acting a little strangely. Rather quiet, far him, a far away look in his eyes and a little forgetful at times. Perhaps he had found some new microbe in the investigation of his cases in the Hospital or,

was he thinking of someone he met on his trip to the East last summer and of how far, far away she was. A part of the secret was revealed when we were all invited, teachers and pupils, to meet in the large dining hall on December 30th, 1897. The Cottage boys and their families were there and quite a number of the Ranche people, who, by some strange Masonary had learned there was to be an entertainment. On one side of the room a large curtain aroused our curiosity. Led by Mrs Saxman, the school sang a Christmas song. Then the Doctor brought out a Graphophone that his parents had given him and had just arrived. First there were Christmas greetings from his family and ~~we~~ as we had met ~~his~~ some of them on their visits to Sitka we recognized their voices. Then followed comic songs and marches by Gilmore's Band which astonished and delighted the children as many of them had never heard such an instrument before. Many were the popping eyes and sagging jaws at the wonder of it.

in a forest

Now the curtain is drawn aside and a Native camp is seen, true in all its details. There is the tent at one side with a fire and a steaming kettle. An old man with his fur blanket and his wife in her blanket and black headkerchief are on one side, while his son and wife and their children are on the other. The old people talk about their hunting and the hope of getting enough furs to purchase a gun and of the trip to the far islands where they can get it. They tell of the bad treatment of the white men and of some of their wars. Then the Grandson asks the old man to tell him the story of the Raven and the bear. After the story the wind rearing in the tree tops suggests *Spir* are around, ever ready to make them sick, or to torment them in some way. The young man says he has heard that there are good white men who really love the Native people, and that they know of a good spirit *TS*

who came down from up-above Heaven) and who is stronger than any evil spirit. The old woman said that this good word made her heart happy and she hoped it was true. The young man says he no longer ~~believes~~ believes in spirits and that the shaman, Indian doctor or Medicine man is a fraud. He brings out an old mask he has found and with a piece of blanket for a cape he imitates a shaman's dance about the fire. In great terror and anger his father commands him to stop, and when the son fails to obey the father snatches the mask away and throws it into the fire. A fight between the <sup>two</sup> ~~tax~~ ~~is~~ seems certain when a voice calling in the distance is heard, and a Native appears and asks to share the camp. (Note. This is not true to the native customs of at the time the play, because a Native would not call in approaching a camp. He would come quietly, if the campers were clan friends he would simply walk in, take his place get some food just as tho it were all his own camp. He would not ask if he could, nor would he greet his clan relatives, for according to their way of looking at it everything in the clan in the way of hospitality must be shared without question ~~with~~ without every other member of the clan. On leaving a village or camp even a husband would not say goodbye to his wife nor would he greet her in any way on his return. The details of his trip or hunt would be told later. However, a playwright must have some privileges.) The newcomer wears the clothing of the white man and the son is surprized and asks why he ~~doesn't~~ <sup>wears</sup> then instead of the Native dress. and is told that he has been in a school in the South for a long time and is now on his way to Sitka. The father ~~says~~ ~~advise~~ advises him not to go to Sitka as the <sup>bad</sup> there are so many white people there who do the Natives much harm. The stranger replies that that is not true now, for a new nation rules there now and there is a school to teach the children and kind teachers and a white man doctor ~~to help~~ ~~the~~ ~~people~~ ~~there~~ ~~and~~ ~~a~~ ~~God's~~ ~~Man~~ ~~to~~ ~~tell~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~good~~ ~~spirit~~ ~~who~~ ~~came~~ ~~down~~ ~~from~~ ~~Heaven~~ ~~and~~ ~~who~~ ~~is~~ ~~stronger~~ ~~than~~ ~~any~~ ~~evil~~ ~~spirit~~ ~~and~~ ~~who~~ ~~came~~ ~~down~~ ~~from~~ ~~up~~ ~~above~~ ~~Heaven~~ ~~and~~ ~~who~~ ~~is~~ ~~stronger~~ ~~than~~ ~~any~~ ~~evil~~ ~~spirit~~ ~~and~~ ~~who~~ ~~came~~ ~~down~~ ~~from~~ ~~up~~ ~~above~~ ~~Heaven~~ ~~and~~ ~~who~~ ~~is~~ ~~stronger~~ ~~than~~ ~~any~~ ~~evil~~ ~~spirit~~ ~~and~~ ~~who~~ ~~came~~ ~~down~~ ~~from~~ ~~up~~ ~~above~~ ~~Heaven~~ ~~and~~ ~~who~~ ~~is~~ ~~stronger~~ ~~than~~ ~~any~~ ~~evil~~ ~~spirit~~ ~~and~~ ~~who~~ ~~came~~ ~~down~~ ~~from~~ ~~up~~ ~~above~~ ~~Heaven~~ ~~and~~ ~~who~~ ~~is~~ ~~stronger~~ ~~than~~ ~~any~~ ~~evil~~ ~~spirit~~ ~~and~~ 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and the people are kind to the Natives and try to help them. The Old Woman asks if he has heard about the strange story of a good spirit. "Oh, yes," the stranger replies, "only it is not a fable it is true for the son of De-kee-on-kow, (the literally, the up-chief, that is God) was born as a little baby and lived on earth and loved the people and helped them in every way he could. This very night was the one that many people all over the world celebrated as his birthday." Then he told them of the funny custom that they had making believe that an old spirit, but a friendly good spirit, came every year at this time called Christmas in a sled drawn by reindeer and gave gifts to every one and everyone gave gifts to their friends and it was a season of good will and kindness. The campers thought that was a very strange custom but they wished they could enjoy that feast and get gifts but old grandmother wanted to know more about the good spirit that came down from the Up-country (heaven). Just then Santa Clause appeared and gave them a great fright. But he seemed so jolly and so friendly and the stranger was not at all afraid of him and as the laughing old fellow gave them each a present and some candy, that they began to laugh and talk. The old Elf said he was going to Sitka and they all said they wished they could go. Then Santa makes a few passes with his whip and lo! he has taken them all to the Mission at Sitka, only it is years later and they find their children and grand children enjoying the feast and entertainment. The good Missionary Mr. Austin is called to make a speech and tells a little of the Good Spirit who came to love and help, and the blessed significance of Christmas. The whole thing was unique. It brought out the contrast between the <sup>lives of the Natives</sup> past and the present very vividly. Even the little ones in the audience could not fail to see the rich blessings the Gospel

has brought them. Many of the old people who were present grasped the meaning of the story instantly and were greatly pleased. I suppose it was the first time they had ever seen anything more than a pantomime or a little charade. I regret that it is impossible for me to give anything but the faintest outline but it ought to be respected for the Natives in the Rancho, all of them. All of the scholars performed their parts well from Kendall, the grandfather to May the smallest of the shok-son-ies (girls) Charley Cutter as the son gave a very realistic shaman's dance. All the actors performed well and may they continue to do so until the last curtain falls. The strange actions of our Mission Doctor are fully explained." Alonzo E. Austin. It was a lot of work but it went over splendidly.

That Graphophone was a constant source of delight. All the family had recorded their greetings on it. I still have that cylinder but hardly know that I dare to hear the voices of dear ones who have long since passed away. Father had sent a cylinder with a darkey song on it whose theme and refrain was, "I want yu ma honey, deed I do!" as being highly appropriate to my chronic state of mind. The great trouble was that I could not make the machine play loudly enough to be heard 4000 miles away. On Crose's suggestion I even took the machine to the Ward Room and played it for the officers who really enjoyed it. It is hard to realize that an instrument so entirely out of date now was so much of a novelty then and enjoyed so much for its really good reproductions of songs and music. I had a lot of fun one night soon after the phone was received. I had Charley Cutter who was a good deal of jokef ~~improvising~~ appear ed on the platform at one of the children's entertainments and sat

down and began to play a fast and difficult <sup>n</sup>banjo selection. The banjo was a strange instrument to them as very few if any had ever seen one. It was the same old banjo I gave my chum, ~~Agnet~~ Al Fuguet when we were boys and which I bought back from him. I had never learned to play it, but I took it along when I went to Sitka. Charlie played along and then, on an agreed signal, got up, but the music kept right on until I lifted a little curtain over a small table placed directly behind him and there was the graphophone, quite unembarrassed, playing merrily. It had been a perfect hoax and the children enjoyed the joke tremendously.

Mr. Austin had decided that his usefulness was over and to the great regret of all of us and most of the town people also, was making preparations to go East. He and Mrs Austin were selling everything that they did not want to take with them, and it was astonishing how you could sell almost anything under such circumstances. White people, Russians and Natives came to see and to buy until nothing was left that they cared to ~~buy~~ sell. Mr. Austin had been the pastor of the little church in town, facing the parade ground where a small congregation of the white people gathered every Sunday night. This was in addition to his Mission work, and every year this group gave him an annual surprize party and presented him with a purse as he received no compensation for his work there. I find an account of one of these parties. "people here say that the town has been ~~unusually~~ unusually quiet this winter altho no reason is given for this lack of social life. But the drowsy were awakened on New Year's eve when a score or more of the Pastor's friends, after giving him due notice, surprized him at his home at the Mission, many who would have come being detained by illness. All the Mission staff was present beside the friends from the town.

Mrs. Truitt, the wife of one of the Gov't. officials, Mrs. Emmons, wife of the Executive of the Pinta, and Mrs Brady, who were the committee of arrangements, quickly brought in two large 'pies' with tissue paper tops, and many strings hanging from their centers. The ladies gathered around one and the men about the other. Each seized a string and, at a given signal, drew forth ~~a paper cap and~~ a gorgeous cap for the ladies and a brilliant necktie for the men. Then began a hunt for partners, each man finding the lady whose cap matched his necktie and any ice that remained was thoroughly pulverized, the whole company assuming a gala appearance with their gay caps and neckties. ~~xxxx~~ Games followed, yes even the old people played and enjoyed it too. After a time of fun and jollity, Judge Truitt with an appropriate and witty speech presented Mr. Austin with a generous purse as an <sup>expression</sup> appreciation of the love and appreciation of the congregation in town. Mr. Austin replied in a bright speech, full of gratitude and kindly wishes. Refreshment were served as the old year greeted the new while the Cottage Band played as the guests made their adieus."

The steamer was in and I went down to get my mail and especially those blue envelopes. Our boxes were just board closets about 14 inches square and when I open my box the Blue envelopes had not yet appeared, but as I gathered my letters I saw one from Aunt Helen Taylor and went down toward the wharf to read it while waiting for the rest of the mail. I sat on the railing along the walk and as I read about various doings, father's visit there and of how much Aunt Helen liked him I came to this<sup>s</sup> sentences " Now for the little sentence at the end of your letter! Is Nancy to be my Christmas present next this Spring?" I did not see how it could possibly be, and yet for

Anna's happiness and for yours I would be glad to see the way clear. It is difficult to explain except in a very long letter, the reasons why it seemed best for Anna to remain here this coming winter but you have found in this Anna's letter in this same mail that those reasons are reasoned away, and if you can arrange your affairs you may come and take dear Nancy away from us next Spring" WHAT IS THAT? "AND IF YOU CAN ARRANGE YOUR AFFAIRS YOU MAY COME AND TAKE DEAR NANCY AWAY FROM US NEXT SPRING!" COULD it be possible? It was like 'a bolt from the blue', so entirely unexpected. The very most that I had hoped for was a possible visit from my Sweetheart during the coming summer and altho I had written I would sacrifice my position at the Mission, if necessary, in order to see her, it is very doubtful if she would ever have consented to that or if I would have actually done so when the time arrived. But this? I could not believe it. I read it again and again and then read on and came to this, "Dear Anna thinks there might be some reason why you could not come, but I cannot agree with her, much as I would like to do so for Mary's sake and my own." I knew what that reference to Mary meant. She and John Macdonald had been engaged for some time and it had ~~been~~ become a sort of unwritten law that Anna could not be married until Mary celebrated her wedding and that depended on when the new Presbyterian church in Avondale was finished, and that would not be before fall, and following Mary's wedding the house must be cleaned out and gotten ready to sell and new arrangements made for the family and much this, and many things all of which Anna was to attend to. The idea had been so deeply stamped on all the Dean minds and Anna had accepted it as her duty and a labor of love for her brothers and sisters, that it was little short of revolutionary, this idea that Anna, who had been managing and running the household ever since

she came home from college and had been mothering Archer and Bessie and just about everything had been placed on her loving and ~~uncomplaining~~ uncomplaining shoulders. Why, of course, Anna could not be married yet. Then too, as the early favorable impressions I had made on the family and the Taylors began<sup>d</sup> to fade with my long absence it began to dawn on them all that after all, they did not know me or, for that matter did Anna know me. Why, come to think about it, she had seen me and known about me in 1894 and met me and and taken a couple of drives with me and a walk or two in 1895 and then, why, Bert just came out to Gratiot and got her to say yes in 1897! Why he ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> almost was a stranger and even if he was nice when he was here we really did not know him and he might just have been on his good behaviour, he was only here two weeks and it's taking a big risk to let our dear little Nancy go way off to Alaska with this man we really do not know. And they were right. No common sense brother or older sister could make anything <sup>else</sup> out of it.

At last the great good news filtered thro my consciousness and here was the word from the most authoritative source, even Aunt Helen herself, that in some way, some how, we could be married in the Spring and that it would not be a mere visit but the beginning of a lifetime of blessed companionship. I restrained my desire to dance and shout with great difficulty. Tourists were passing or miners or ~~strangers~~ ~~strangers~~ strangers but I had to tell somebody and rushed o-ver to the Executive Mansion, a small house on the edge of the ~~park~~ ~~park~~ Parade Ground, to tell the Govern<sup>r</sup>'s wife, Mrs Brady. She was delighted, as I knew she would be and said she would send a telegram for me as she was 'going below' on that very steamer.

After acting like a crazy man at the Governor's house I tore back to the P.O. to find that letter from Anna that Aunt Helen referred to. Which one was it? not this, nor that nor yet this one. I'll take them all and get home where I can be less public. Ah, this fat one, maybe that's it, No this page, nor that, Oh here it is! Poor little girl! It's been a hard <sup>problem</sup> ~~struggle~~ to decide, because she had so felt it her duty to carry on and put aside her own desires for the sake of others. And as I had suspected ~~ex~~ she had not ~~be~~ been very well all winter, and the heavy cramped writing in this letter, so different from her neat and regular style, bore witness ~~me~~ to the bitter struggle between what she had regarded as <sup>her</sup> duty and ~~the~~ loneliness and longing of her heart. And then too, a strange new <sup>marriage,</sup> uncertainty had come, most unexpectedly. Now that the ~~final~~ <sup>final</sup> ~~time~~ <sup>time</sup> was with all its sacredness and finality seemed to near in the possible future, did Bert really love her enough for that? did she love him for all of life and would he never tire of her? and was he really wanting to marry her now or was she throwing herself at him again? It was a time of desperate agony, the result of her overwrought nerves and the unacknowledged <sup>d</sup> longing of the long months of separation. No sooner had the letter been posted than new uncertainties besieged her mind, COULD I come? and then, far more terrible, WOULD I come? If, after all I had found I was mistaken and that I did not care as much as I thought. Death would be better than that.

These were very real terrors but only for a little while for the telegram <sup>sent</sup> I ~~was~~ by Mrs. Brady reached her march 29th, at least a week earlier than she could possibly have expected a letter, and that telegram said, "Coming this spring. Expect to reach you early early in May." And so her dear anxiety was set at rest.

As for me, there was never a moment of doubt. I understood perfectly the strain and half doubt of Anna's letter and knew the reason for it. I would go and nothing could stop me. Providentially, I did not have to wait long weeks for permission from the Board for George F. MacAfee, my immediate Big Boss was on that very steamer making a tour of the Mission stations and he said I could go but to write to the Board as a matter of form. Mr. Kelly also said it would be all right, tho, perhaps with some reluctance. Poor Old Bachelor, I wonder if he knew what it meant to Anna and me? At any rate he was kind and nice about it altho, at that time I did not feel I was as near to him as I was later on, after I had saved his life.

With MacAfee there to be show over the Hospital, and conferences and plans to be made for my most unexpected trip I was terribly busy and could, or did send only the following hurried word to my bride to be. March 25, 1898.

" I can't write much for the Mail must go. I have not been able to read more than half your letters but enough to know the great joy and I am coming. ... But my trip must be brief, two months all told, at the longest. Make it a small wedding. Our wedding trip, as you marry a poor man, must be our return here. Raven's Nest can be enlarged in the Fall and God has answered my prayers better than I asked and will bring you to me and keep you ever by my side. Congratulate George for me. I knew he would. (George had just won first place for Hospital Intern in competition with men from five other colleges) Kiss Mary for me and tell her I love her and do appreciate her unselfishness. The Wheeling goes south Sunday and I will get Cross to mail a letter. Telegraph date to F.R. VanTuyt, c/o Dexter and Horton, Seattle. Yours, soon forever. S

I was sane enough to have some practical ideas and wrote to father, " The steamer has come bringing such news... and about 70 letters for me and the glad word from Anna that has set me wild. Of course it must be next spring and I can scarcely think connectedly and hardly rationally but I must try. First MacAfee says I may go. Next, I will have about \$400 due me but I may not be able to get it before I go as you know the Board in regard to payments. Therefore will you please send me a check for \$300 AT ONCE so that I will not have to wait for money. This is simply until the Board pays up. Details to be arranged later. Dear Father, how we will look to you when we get squeezed. I am coming, sure, about the middle of May but must make a flying trip this year as I cannot be away long. It is quite too bad that this must be so hurried but I am more rushed than ever....."

It was ~~had~~ to/ get down to earth again but the work must go on if, in even ~~thoroughly~~ only about five weeks, I expected to go for my bride. "Anna is coming, Anna is coming" was continually singing thru my brain but duty called and I would not neglect it. I quote from a letter:--

" One of the Naval Surgeons was called to Juneau to court and asked me to take care of a confinement case while he was away. The call came ~~at~~ this morning before breakfast and I have been there all day, a Russian girl, nineteen years old, whose husband, a saloon keeper, is in jail for selling liquor to the Natives. There is something peculiarly sacred about a maternity case that calls for ~~an~~ especial tenderness and care( really I am too selfish, generally, to be a good physician) But I am ~~always~~ always deeply thoughtful when these cases come to my hands, and who could be otherwise? So much is in the balance. It seems as tho the the pains of life is <sup>so</sup> very unequally divided that women must suffer so much. Beautiful self abnegation. The wonder is that they are ever willing to endure it!

Well, my case did not do well and tonight there is some fever. Little woman, How much do you know of such things? How truly do you grasp the cares and responsibilities of a Doctor's life? of the strain of walking amid sickness and death and the appalling feeling of ignorance and incompetency? At times, it almost tempts me to throw away my books and torn blacksmith or something of that kind. And ~~if~~ there is no one near to soothe and comfort. Miss Gibson, who was with me part of the time, did try to tell me she was sorry but she only succeeded ~~in~~ in making me feel that I was more responsible and less skillful. Now wont you put your dear arms about my neck and tell me I did my best? that I was skillful as far as I know and that life is too complex to escape the errors of human judgement, for all that

is true, only, I cannot seem to realize it. Tell me I must study more. No, don't, not tonight, for I do study and if only I could get away from these little things <sup>annoying</sup> how glad I would be to study all the time. O! well, I did what I could and I'm glad for your comfort and the comfort of telling you" And a little later this:-- " Last night I was blessed with but four hours sleep <sup>and that at intervals</sup> and have had a busy day, I really have been rushed, the kind of a day I love but I must confess my patience has not been up to, par. Office work and the Wards, then visits to some sick folk in the Cottages and then down to see Mrs Magee, the confinement case I wrote about. <sup>and who has been getting on well.</sup> I found her all alone. Her caretaker had gone off drunk the night before and no one would come to take care of her. I could find no one in the town to come to her and she was too weak to get about. Now, Love, see the situation. A young Mother, with her first baby thirteen days old, her husband in jail, her caretaker gone and drunk, her mother unable to help, her sister and cousin unwilling to aid and no one to even get her meals save as a neighbor came in to do a very little. Last night she crawled out of bed to keep her fire going. What a glorious opportunity for some devoted woman to sink herself in service. What could I do? Indeed it would have been a great joy to me to have stayed with her but that was impossible. I promised to find help if I possibly could and returned to the Hospital to consult Miss Gibson. But she too had had a very hard night and was not at her best and showed but little interest, tho that was unlike her. I thought I might possibly get one of the Cottage girls to go and went over to see them but met with no success. I could not let one of the Hospital girls go. There were too many possibilities to expose them to them, and I really did not know what more I could do. Think of it. A Russian

applying for help from a Protestant; a saloon keepers wife asking aid from the sneered at Missionaries! What a glorious chance to witness for Christ. True, it meant sacrifice, but the need and the 'open door'. I prayed that Miss Gibson might suggest going herself, and she did, but it was rather in a way that made me feel that I had forced her to do it. As she was getting ready to go one of the Cottage girls came and said she would go so that cleared the situation."

Daisy Dean was going to be married. All was excitement at the Hospital for the staff were making the wedding dress of white cheese cloth and it was to be a church wedding. Her fiance was one of the former School boys, Philip MacKay, a young man of good character. I am sorry we did not get a photo of them. In my best cutaway and grey trousers I took the bride up the aisle and very pretty she looked in her white dress and veil and it was not without some pride but with real regret that we were to lose her that I said "I do" as I gave my first assistant away. She went with her husband to his Village to the south and I never heard directly from Daisy again. But I was glad she had married a good man and had not gone out to all the uncertainties of life in S.E. Alaska.

Mr. Beck had married Miss Weaver some time before this. The wedding was quite early in the morning and the bride and groom left at once in a tiny boat with all their camp outfit to spend their honeymoon on some distant island or secluded little cove.

Father had a folding canvas boat about ten feet long which he sent me and it was a wonderful little craft. I hardly dared to trust the folding device but in the Bay where I often went in it and braced and strengthened it a little and it was a great pleasure. Often on the quieter days I would row down to the Rancho to visit my patients. Even on the quiet days the big rollers would come in and <sup>crashing</sup>

But ~~in~~ the little cove near the hospital was a cosy place and even in storms the force of the waves was broken by a big rock that lay about ~~twenty~~ thirty feet from the shore. From half tide on we could enter the little harbor on either side of the big rock but as the tide fell it was ~~very~~ all around it. That big rock was not only a fine protection but a source of some mild excitement and a great deal of pleasure. When the tides were high the waves would rush thro a ~~max~~ wedge shaped notch in the very center of the rock and it was great sport to ride thro that notch in the little canvas boat on the crest of some big roller. The white water would boil and gurgle all around the frail tiny craft and the the rocks, so close on either side, seemed likely to smash it up with every surge. Beside making a sheltered little harbor the cove had about twenty feet of pebbly beach and, <sup>was</sup> a pretty nook, the rocky walls, surmounted by evergreens and ~~in~~ bushes, curved down to the water's edge on either side. It was here that ~~amexixaxabngixixen~~ on very rare occasions, Mr. Gamble and I would hurry down just before supper time with a kettle and fry pan and row away to some nearby island for an outing supper. He could not be away long as his evening duties kept him at work until nine or later and often I could not be away longer so we hurried back and were home again about the time the teachers had finished their evening meal. But it was refreshing and restful for all that as often, in <sup>the silence of</sup> complete understanding I would paddle home over the quiet sea, in the soft after-glow of the sunset.

One of the strangest experiences I ever had in Alaska, probably the strangest, occurred some time before ~~amexixaxabngixixen~~ I was married. The steamer had hardly tied to the wharf before a rather rough lock-

man came to the office and asked if I would come to see his sister who was on the boat and was not well. He seemed strangely unwilling to give details except to say that she was not so sick as to be kept in bed but that he wished I would come at once. He mentioned Newcastle, Pennsylvania and that reminded me of some strange letters I had ~~had~~ received <sup>once</sup> or twice in the past year. They were evidently from a very ignorant person, written in pencil and asking if I had ever been in Newcastle. It happened that one of the Y.M.C.A. conventions that I attended met in Newcastle and I had been there a few ~~few~~ days as a delegate. So I answered the first letter that I had been in Newcastle but as I did not know what the writer wanted I did not give any details and I did not answer the other letters at all. But as the man was urgent I went with him and he scarcely said anything all the way to the wharf.

As we went along the upper deck a singular looking woman in a steamer chair suddenly leaned forward and exclaimed "That's him!" looking intently at me. "That's him?" who, me? Him? Who was I anyway for I was very sure I had never seen the strange creature before. Her hair hung in curls to her neck, her dress was queer and poor and worst of all she seemed about to grab and hold me so that I would never escape again. Passengers had gathered about all ready to pounce with relish on this man who <sup>must have</sup> had done something terrible to this poor creature and run away and posed as a pious Missionary. The situation was mighty unpleasant and as the woman continued to joyously insist that "that ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> him" I could see the increasing hostility in the faces about me. I had not said a word, had hardly had a chance and of course that did not help my case any. Just about the time when everybody was about to demand "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

the close-mouthed man blurted out, "Haw. That aint him! "C, yes, that's him," insisted the woman. "Hät aint. Whar's his picter?" It certainly was the strangest fix I ever was in and I was really too puzzled to say a word.

The woman fumbled in a much worn haddbag and finally pulled out a newspaper clipping. We all crowd<sup>d</sup> round and saw the advertisement of a quack doctor who would cure anything from perforated bowel to small pox FOR FOR the proper fee<sup>me</sup>. Fortunately for the proud man had placed his photo in the ad. and it was'nt me at all. He had whiskers as well as I but they were the long Dundreary side whiskers with but in big letters, 'Consult Dr. Wilbur! a smooth shaven chin ^ Still the woman insisted that 'that was him' but the self appointed jury which had grown quite large all decided against her. I thought it was time I said something and asked if someone would kindly tell me what it was all about. I was brought here to give this woman medical treatment and as she did not need it I was too busy to stay there but I wanted to know what was what. Gradually the story came out altho evidently the passengers all knew it.

It seems that a quack rejoicing in the good name of Wilbur had landed in Newcastle Pa. and treated this woman for some real or fancied complaint and she had so played on her weak or absent mind that she thought he and he alone had been able to help her. But he had gone away. Probably he was driven out, and in some way I never learned these people had found that there was a Dr. Wilbur in Sitka. So they wrote to me altho the initials were different and finding from my reply that I had been in Newcastle what did they do but got enough money together in some way or other to travel that 4000 miles in order that she might see her beloved doctor again; and be cured! It seemed utterly incredible but it was true. Even tho she was

partially demented and her brother densely ignorant it did seem as though some one ought to have prevented such folly. They had no more money and I was fearful that in some way they might be loaded on the Hospital. I have always felt that I might have been a little more kindly to the poor creatures but she needed no medicine, there was no place they could stay in town and I refused to accept any responsibility and got away as soon as possible. That was hardly what a Christian ought to have done and I have always regretted it. In some way money was raised by the tourists and perhaps some of the town people and they returned by the same steamer and I never heard of them again. For along time I could hardly make myself believe that it was not a nightmare, and that it really <sup>had</sup> happened.

And as the days passed there still rang that little joy-song, Anna is coming, Anna is coming, Anna is coming, constantly thro my mind. And what was Anna doing in these anxious days of waiting? I thought my telegram that Mrs Brady <sup>had sent</sup> was explicit and definite, but still she could hardly believe I was really coming. She wanted to believe it so much but she so dreaded the possible disappointment if I should not come, that she would not let herself accept the full joy of the thought that I would soon be with her. It was not much to be wondered at for I had written so often that I could not come East that Summer and had given so many reasons why I could not leave that it did not seem possible I could brush all those perfectly good reasons aside and come to her, even tho I had written I would sacrifice my position rather than pass another year without seeing her.

My Mother had been to Cincinnati for a few days and ~~then~~ made a conquest of the family and the Taylors and some other of Anna's relatives and Anna had waived May's opposition aside and

gone back to Philadelphia with Mother for a long deferred visit with 'his' folks. She had never met my brother Will and only just met his wife and really did not know father, altho father had made a short visit to Cincinnati some months before. Mother and Anna had a great time talking together on their way to my home, or rather in continuing their many interrupted talks during Mother's visit. To have some one who loved me and knew me and was interested in me so deeply was like water on a weary land to my Sweetheart's starved soul. She became a dearly loved daughter to Mother and when she and Helena had a chance to talk, far into the early morning, one night their lives were bound to each other with a love that ~~has~~ never ended. At a dinner party at Idlewood Farm that Bessie gave on Will's birthday Anna sat next to one of my former profs. and told him of the work I was doing and he bemoaned the fact that I was not at Hahnemann. We <sup>who know her</sup> are not <sup>surprised</sup> that she made everyone who met her admire and love her, friend and family alike and had such a happy time. One day she had lunch with dear Dr. Miller at the ~~Cor-~~ raine, when <sup>my</sup> people were staying, as the Bryn Mawr house had been rented. She wrote she would tell me all about that luncheon but had not time then but she never did find time, for now she knew I was surely coming and on her return to her home wedding plans and preparations filled all her hours altho she did write every day. I wish I might copy here the last letter she wrote so that you might know its beauty and its heart hunger, no longer restrained that it might not make it harder for me in our separation but it is too sweetly sacred for any eyes but our own.

My other 'blue envelopes' were full of questions as to what I wanted her to plan and to get and what kind of a wedding and even

the date for that joyful event. It was very difficult to arrange ~~anything~~ anything at that distance especially with the boats so irregular. I find that a telegram she sent reached me at the same time ~~that~~ <sup>as</sup> a letter Anna wrote 70 days later. Telegrams, you know could only be sent to Seattle, care of the S.S. Company and then come as mail to Sitka. Beside that how could I tell what kind or color <sup>of</sup> dresses I liked. She had always impressed me as so neat and trim and dressed with such good taste and so becomingly I doubt if I could have told what she wore any time except on ~~her~~ blue silk waist that had appealed to me <sup>as</sup> just her color. Anna had given me the option of ~~3~~ three dates and I chose the last one, June 15th. because there ~~were~~ <sup>was</sup> medical work that I needed to clear up before I left and the new minister had not arrived and I did not want to put the care of the morning service on someone else.

And it was a care. I was busy with the Medical work, and we were short handed. Daisy had been married and the the Leask girls time was about up and there did not seem to ~~be~~ any other girls in sight. They did not have enough of the older girls in the school to do the work <sup>for the winter</sup> and the prospects <sup>were</sup> not so bright. Under such conditions ~~it~~ it was a burden to take on additional outside work but it seemed necessary to do ~~some~~ <sup>so</sup> Mr Kelly had gone to Juneau on some urgent business and I had expected to take charge of the School, that is act as Superintendent in his absence, but it was finally decided that Mr. Beck should do that. In order to be prepared for the job I got up at five and went to the boy's ~~sanitary~~ dormitory and then to the kitchens and a general once over. Then to the children's dining room while they had breakfast at six thirty. Then at seven my breakfast with the teachers; to the hospital for office hour and ward ~~x~~ visits and then to the Ranche with Daisy Dean. I do not often take

any of the girls to the Ranche to act as interpreter for Madame ~~Grundy~~ <sup>lives</sup> Grundy ~~xxxx~~ here as well as elsewhere and a rather vicious Madame G. she is. On our way back Daisy bought some things for a party the hospital girls are going to have tonight. So it was nearly noon when I got back and cut up some venison (as I play butcher now and then.)~~x~~ After dinner I helped Miss Gibson clean the stove pipe in her room as the boys had neglected to do it when they were here and being Saturday, I had no afternoon office hour. <sup>Taking down</sup> some shades in the cottage ~~x~~ where Mrs. Elliott and I lived was the next job and after that I ~~x~~ dressed and went to the Office, <sup>and read</sup> while Miss Gibson took the girls to the Lake to skate for a while. By that time two Naval Officers called and we went to the Nest where they stayed until supper time. After supper I thawed out a water pipe at the hospital and did some odd jobs after ward visits, and then went to the Nest to write to my sweetheart. It seems like a lot of trivial things to occupy the time of a trained professional man and doubtless that is so, but those little repairs had to be done or far bigger ones must be made later and with a Staff and School almost continually short-handed what else could be done?

I found that I had undertaken a little too much and one Sunday in April, 1898 I wrote to Anna, "Another headache to day that almost knocked me out. (I had had these severe blinding headaches once in a while and they seemed to follow unusual strain) When I awoke this morning I had the pain and medicine did not relieve it and I did not ~~to~~ give up the Morning service as a number of the teachers were sick and Mr Beck had his hands full. I really thought I would fall down two or three times, there in the pulpit, but the Master graciously sustained me and as soon as the service was over I hurried home and

went to bed. Miss Gibson came over and swathed my head in hot ~~sk~~ cloths and now the pain is all gone. It is nothing serious and it's my own fault for I knew last week that I was exceeding my limit and I would not mention it had we not promised to write all our lives to each other so we could really know each other".

Anna had asked, in one of her letters about the 'plumbing' in Raven's Nest and this is what I wrote her, " Poor Little Girl, You just dont know what you will have to endure when you share my life. How glad I would be to give you all the ease and comfort and social prestige of a city professor's wife but my work is here at present, at least. ~~But~~ as to 'plumbing', 'Raven's Nest aint got ~~any~~ no plumbing'! The is just one pipe and that runs to the woodshed bringing fresh water form the Mission main. So we always have plenty of cold fresh water on the first floor. Yes, My love, Poor Girl, the water does have to be carried up to the second floor tho You shall not do that. When we have our kitchen we will have a circulating boiler connected with the range but with the temperatures we have I do not think it would be wise to run the pipes to the second floor. The pipes are eternally freezing and thawing and bursting and flooding everything. Pretty tough is'nt it for an Eastern girl? But then you know, you don't have to if you don't want to. You don't half know the sorrows of a poor man's wife." And in spite of all that, my dear Betrothed continued to love me and was more anxious, if possible, than ever to come and share it.

With all my hurry and rush and the ever present North Star I found time to send her an inventory of my household goods and called it Bert's Bower Sheet!!! 2 ~~khiss~~ chenille table covers, 1 brown table scarf, 1 gray and white ditto, linen, 1 blue and white ditto, 1 pr. white and 1 pr. gray blankets. curtains for living and 2 bed

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BERT'S DOWER CHEST.

rooms, 6 heavy curtains, <sup>a</sup> 6 striped curtains, cotton, 12 embroidered curtains, 3 short cheese cloth ditto with tasseled edge, 6 ditto, long, antique lace edge, 4 scrim do., 1 blue and white double bed ~~spread~~ spread, 1 tufted ditto, <sup>o</sup> 6 bleached sheets, single, 2 double ditto, 2 cot sheets 3 bolster cases, 12 pillow ditto, 6 ditto, unbleached for camping, 4 table cloths, medium length, I guess, 12 napkins, 12 yellow doilies, 6 ditto blue bordered, 10 crash towels, dish towels I suppose, 13 hemstitched towels, 6 do, colored borders, 8 do white, ~~fr~~ fringed, 4 brown Turkish ditto, 8 white ditto. These are all packed away waiting for YOU. Some have been used but most are new. In addition I have the following which I use every day (N.B. I use <sup>part</sup> ~~parts~~ of them every day!) "and then follow <sup>s</sup> a list of some 73 more towels, bedding table cloths &c &c. " In addition to the above I have a few sundries such as an abbreviated house, furnished, library, stoves, camping outfit, a few, very select, kitchen utensils, chaffing dish, sail boat, clothing (Macauline only) canned goods &c &c. all of which we ~~is~~ guarantee to include without extra charge to the lady taking this back-  
 elor. This is, unquestionably, A GREAT BARGAIN/ COME EARLY AND INSURE THE GOODS!" They all had a lot of fun over my dower chest especially my description of the curtains .

And so April wore away. I had sent a code on the 15th. for no letter would travel as fast as I would but I expected to telegraph often and telegrams cost money and there were no night letters, This included such things as SPEED, I am coming East as soon as possible. Wheels Why do the wheels <sup>not</sup> turn faster. arrived.....today. Family, love to all the family. Realize, ..... (Those were just a few that already little names I called my Sweetheart, do you realize I am in ..... In that way I could say a whole lot and be very VERY affectionate

all in ten words and no operator would be any the wiser.

I had written that I would take the first boat in May which was scheduled to leave May 4th. but as the boat ~~was~~ had been <sup>losing</sup> ~~losing~~ time as near as I could figure it would be anywhere from May 4th. ~~at~~ to the 8th. which ought to bring me to Cincinnati sometime between the 13th and the 17th, and that was not very satisfactory information for my Bride-to-be. Neither the Board or Mr. Macafee had limited me to a certain time to be away but as a matter of conscience, I felt my absence ought to be as short as reasonably possible. It took nearly a month just to go and return and I certainly owed it to Anna's family to spend some time with them so they could get better acquainted with this robber who came from the West to steal their dear Nabby and run off <sup>with</sup> her to the far West. Then there was the problem of going to Philadelphia, involving time and money, both of which were very scarce. Like most young men under like conditions, I was slow to realize how great was the love of my father and ~~mother~~ mother and sister, and how keenly they would wish to have me with them in Philadelphia or Bryn Mawr. I knew, because Anna had written it, that her family felt I was almost a stranger but I did not fully realize just what that meant to them and especially to Aunt Helen Taylor; this thought of having ~~her~~ her loved niece go so far away. All that did not weigh very heavily on my mind for I was thinking "Anna is coming," "Anna is coming." ~~Coming~~ <sup>Coming</sup> to share my life, coming to be with me always; coming away from her not too happy environment; coming to share my work for she was as truly a missionary in spirit and desire as I was and a far wiser one. Never the less, I did not wholly forget these obligations. It would have been such a great pleasure to take my bride east to meet my old friends and a proffer ~~man~~ ~~would~~ ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~hard~~ ~~to~~ ~~find~~, but time and money prevented that.

Then Anna and I planned, by mail, that I should spend part of the month before I was married in a trip to see Father and Mother for not more than a week, altho I fear we both felt it was more of a duty than a privilege, for we begrudged every moment that separated us. It was not that I was not a dutiful and loving son, <sup>I know I was,</sup> but in times like that Anna and our wedding seemed to crowd everything else from my mind. As the years have rolled by I find that such a mental condition is almost inevitable and perhaps it is right that it should be so.

The first of May came soon enough for I was very busy. I had written the last letter I was to write to my Sweetheart from Sitka and could hardly realize it and somehow felt I was saying goodbye to her when I wrote it. May 4th and I was ready to go but the steamer did not come. I hardly expected it would for it had been late for sometime, generally was, for that matter. Once I wrote that it was either "two days<sup>n</sup> early or six days late". It did not come the next day or the next. May 7th: high tide, no cannon; no boat. Three days of the four I had allowed as the extreme possibility had gone. Surely it would come on the the 8th! But it did not nor was there any possible way of finding out where the steamer was, or even if it had started from Seattle! Nor could I let Anna know if I had started on that long rush toward her. The 9th. Another blank! I was getting desperate. I could not work, hardly eat or sleep, and the chances are I was as ugly as a bear with a sore head. The whole town knew about it and my friends were most sympathetic but equally helpless.

Then the morning of the 10th. Mr. Beck came rushing up. "The Court men are going back to Juneau this afternoon on the 'Wigwag'."

You can go too, if you want to." For some reason Court had been held in Sitka that term and quite a lot of lawyers had come over to our quite little town and were heartily sick of it and anxious to get home. Disgusted waiting for that recreant steamboat they had arranged with the Captain of the little cannery tender, the Wigwam. that called at Sitka now and then, to take them to Juneau, about a fourteen hour trip. The Wigwam was really a deep sea tug and nothing more altho she was clean and trim.

Should I go? It was a problem. I knew it would be very uncomfortable with the crowd, the tiny Mess room and no extra berths. There would be a pretty hard crowd aboard and plenty of drinking and every man for himself. I knew some of the men, and there were a few nice ones but they all had their cronies and anyway Missionaries were all cranks, altho I knew they respected me and acknowledged my professional ability. But that did not make me chummy. Still, there was another line of boats running from Juneau to the Sound, for the Klondike rush had brought them in, and I might get a chance to go to Seattle any time. Anyway, I would have two chances to one and almost anything was better than that indefinite waiting.

It was quite as bad as I expected. The little Mess room was crowded with men playing cards and drinking. There was hardly standing room. I wandered out to the grating over the fire room and managed to keep one side warm, at least. The gases finally drove me away from there and I meandered about the narrow decks. Getting thoroughly chilled I noticed some of our party in the Pilot house and went in. The Captain was a higher grade man than most of his kind and really tried to do the best for his passengers he could, and motioned me to a seat on the edge of his bunk which was directly

back of the wheel where he stood guiding the little ship thro Peril Straits, one of the most dangerous places on the inland route. Someone offered him a drink of whisky but he refused hastily as he said, "I don't dast, not while we'r in this place." Altho the Captain was a drinking man he would take no chances on that run.

After a time I leaned back on the bunk and went to sleep in pite of the talk and laughte~~r~~ all around, for I was dead tired. About four oclock in the morning I was awakened by the Captain who said he guessed he'd have to turn in, and I/wandered back to the engine room gratings again for it was daylight. Standing back of the smoke stack to get out of the wind I could not see ahead and was x startled when a big steamer suddenly slid by, close alongside, and ~~xxxx~~ passed astern. It was the 'Queen' the QUEEN! the biggest and finest and fastest boat on the run and generally used only as a tourist steamer in the summer time. AND SHE WAS GOING STRAIGHT TO SITKA! Had I only waited one day more all this disag~~e~~able trip would have been unnecessary. And now I must go to Juneau and wait there until the Queen went to Sitka, waited there 24 hours, returned to Juneau and then started south. It seemed to me I never wanted anything so much as I wanted to be on that big comfortable boat as she towered above our tiny craft and slid away so rapidly, It was indeed 'so near and yet so far.' Well, at least, I'd have the Queen to travel on and a lot of comfort and speed and I'd know I ~~w~~ould be away in another day or two. But Oh!oh!oh! If I only could have gotten aboard of her as we passed so close, there in Chatham Straigh~~t~~,

But that anxious fair-haired girl way off in Ohio did not know that the Queen was in Chatham Straigh~~t~~ and would soon be hurrying south with her lover. She did not know that the steamer was nine days late nor could she find out. Information about the bi-

*monthly*

steamers to Alaska was not to be had in the ticket offices and she did not telegraph to Seattle because she was expecting a telegram from me every day. Then Crose, who had arrived at Seattle in the Wheeling, sent word to his wife that the regular Sitka boat had been laid up for repairs and the schedules were all off and that relieved Anna's strain considerably. However, George told everybody that "Anna had a lover in cold storage in Alaska."

Day followed day, but no message came from the dilinquent <sup>Groom-</sup> ~~Groom-~~ to-be. He had expected to be in ~~Slovak~~ Cincinnati before this, the 15th. of May. The 16th. 17th. 18th. passed and still no word. I wonder if the faintest suspicion that he might have changed his mind even flitted through her brain. No. Not hers, but perhaps some of the family may have wondered, just a little. It was terribly hard for her, far harder than for me for I was on my way at last, lying on a transom in my comfortable stateroom, way up on the upper deck of the Queen reading 'Quo Vadis' looking at the scenery thro the open door, dozing and catching up on my sleep. Fast as the steamer travelled I wished she would go much faster, and time dragged in spite of it all.

Seattle at last! And a code wire to Anna and the first train and how slow it seemed. Chicago and a day there for I must get some things and see Harry. Anna wrote me there, a letter to meet me for she had strictly charged me not to waste money on frequent telegrams as I was wild to do and she wrote "Do you realize that this will reach you the very next day after I write it." It was hard ~~to~~ realize that, and harder not to take the first train to see her. The evening came at last and I was on my last lap of that long ~~ja~~ journey. For almost a month I had been trying to get to my Beloved.

But now, in the morning, tomorrow morning, please God I would be with her. We had been away from each other so long, we had so persistently tried to repress our dreams of being together it was hard to make this nearness seem real. But I was young and healthy and I suppose I slept but ~~I was up~~ I was up good and early on that morning of May 25th., long before it was time to leave the train. I dressed with scrupulous care. This should be no man from the wild and woebly West to greet his Love but one neat and trim, up to date but quietly dressed and in good taste. I was to leave the train at Winton Place, a suburb, the very station where I had said farewell that night more than eight months before. We had arranged it should be so instead of the crowded city station.

The train was slowing down; the porter came for my bag, I prided myself in having only one, "Winton Place Sah, Thank you kindly Sah" as he eyed my generous tip. It was hard to breathe; my heart pounded; my feet seemed to be beyond my control. A glance thro the window but I could not see that dear face. In the alley-way now; can't see out; down the steps, looking this way and that. Not a soul in sight except the agent! What could it mean? Some slip in our arrangement? Maybe she was sick but then, some of the family would have been there. But they weren't and I was surprized and disappointed. I had pictured it so often. Anna and two or three of her family much shouting, everyone wanting to welcome me at once and Anna just maintaining absolute possession; and instead, that long bare platform, I couldn't make it out.

Well, I knew pretty well how to get to the house, altho it was quite a distance. Down stairs, turn to the left under the rail road and straight ahead for a block to the trolly line. There were few buildings on either side of the street and almost no people on

the side walks. A half a block away I saw a girl in a grey tailor made with a trim grey toque and sunny hair and I knew it was my Kat Beloved. Don't think I noticed the dress then, but I remembered it when I saw her wear it afterward. Half a block away, but I knew beyond all doubt. I ought to have chucked my bag, given a yell and raced to meet her, but somehow, the conventions of the 'effete East' held me and rather sedately we walked toward each other and I took her in my arms and never wanted her to leave them again. But I had to, and hand in hand, close to each other we walked to the street car. Then I knew why that platform was bare. Anna had not dared to trust herself to see the train approaching and feared other passengers would be alighting and porters and all and so chose that quiet street for our first glad welcome.

Soon, for time, that fantastic creature, began to fly with outrageous speed, now that we were together, soon we were at the Dean home and brothers and sisters poured forth like a swarm of bees, girls' arms around my neck; men's hands thumping my back; all talking at once in happy welcome until my Loved One asserted her rights saying she had only had one very proper kiss and that was not enough after eight long months. So please stand back and give the patient air, while she administered the proper treatment. It was such a happy, cordial, sincere welcome I loved them all, But most of all I wanted my sweetheart close by my side, and it wasn't hard to keep her there.

The long, long wait was forgotten: the weary days of uncertainty were long ago: the endless miles were over: the dragging months of separation were past and the dreary months of expected waiting were gone. We were together, to be together always, happy and devoutly thankful.

Then began those happy, busy days with my Beloved. We were to married in three weeks and I had lost so much time in getting <sup>to Cincinnati</sup> that the trip to Philadelphia simply had to be given up. Anna had a host of the nicest girl friends and they were all anxious to entertain us and meet 'Anna's Missionary'. There were 'showers' and teas and dinners, no end. And then ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup> were even more Uncles and cousins and Aunts all of whom wanted to see Anna's 'intended' not from mere curiosity only but because of kindly, friendly interest in us and our work. Near <sup>ly</sup> all of them were members of the Society of Friends fine, substantial people and leaders in the Meeting, altho the Dean children attended other churches. So there were calls and dinners with these good people also.

Days passed swiftly and I was always on exhibition and liked it. Of course I wanted to have Anna all to myself all the time but I knew that time was coming and these people were all so natural and cordial and evidently so very fond of my Sweetheart it was just lots of fun and made me feel warm and friendly and happy round my heart. Anna and I did have our quiet times, in between, for I was staying with the Deans. Anna had wanted me to but it is interesting to know that with the higher and I think better standards of those days it was a question as to whether it would be quite proper for me to do so. After much questioning and doubt Aunt Helen Taylor decided it would be all right and that settled it. John and Mary gave up their special twosing place, the Study, to us and the hammock under the apple trees in the big yard was another favorite trysting place, for Anna could lie in the hammock while I sat in an easy chair beside her. I never could figure any comfort for two people in the same hammock.

~~We were so happy, but long months of correspondence had re-~~

We were so happy! Our long months of correspondance had revealed so much of our lives to each other, so much we had not known, perhaps more than we could have know had we been together. As I have reread those old letters it is interesting to see how our love grew deeper and stronger as the months passed by and how, with this increasing knowledge of each other a firm and more reasonable basis for our affection supplanted the uncertain emotion of the earlier days. And yet, while this is true, it is also true that because there was no personal contact in those long months each of us, slowly and unwittingly, created in his mind a new being, a somewhat idealized Anna and Bert, not entirely true to their real selves. But, when we met and with just a trace of shyness began to know the beings we really were there was no ~~trace~~<sup>shade</sup> of disappointment but rather a stronger, wiser love born of those hopes and dreams and this truer understanding of our actual selves.

My dear Lassie did not seem as well as I had hoped to find her. The winter had been a hard strain, far harder than I realized tho I had guessed something of it from her letters and that cruel wait-~~ing~~<sup>ing</sup> thru those days of the uncertainty of my coming had not helped her any. But the joy of being together filled her face with radiant happiness and I guess I broke many a convention in the difficulty I found in even moderately suppressing my own joy. Still, we indulged in no mushy demonstrations. That's true. Our love was more than that for it was, in truth, a union of heart and head and soul, doubly blessed because we found no trace of disappointant in each other as the days passed by.

There was much packing to be done for Anna's trousseau was a liberal one. Down in the half-cellar we packed big boxes and crat-

a few pieces of her personal furniture, a bedstead and bureau her Mother had given her and perhaps a few ~~other~~ other pieces, and as we worked we planned. Mary was for a big church wedding but Anna preferred a quiet home ceremony. The Dean family income came from the estate of their parents and changes in values, especially in real estate had greatly reduced it from the large fortune it was at first. So Anna had a thousand dollars to buy her trousseau and pay for the wedding expenses and she much preferred to use as much of that as possible for her own dear little home rather than spend it in a big reception for partial strangers. I heartily agreed to that and Mary yielded readily enough when I was there altho it was not my affair at all. Of course there were lots of friends that Anna did want to have with her, so it was decided to have a family wedding with supper following and a moderately large reception in the evening which was just what Anna had wanted from the first, only that cost so much more than she wished to spend and the thousand dollars did shrink so fast.

I stayed on at the Dean's and they were the kindest people, making me thoroughly at home. And how they did tease! I had been brought up on teasing and liked it for it never went too far nor was it ever the constant nagging kind. Cherries were ripe and one morning I caught Bessie up the tree in the yard and had my turn to do some teasing for she was the most embarrassed little maiden one ever saw. A few days before the wedding day my fiancee came to me and said that the proprieties required that I move on, so to speak, and suggested a hotel in the city. I was greatly surprized for it had never occurred to me but, of course, I moved tho for a few days I could not see what difference it made as I came to 630 after breakfast each day and in so doing, perhaps I committed the unpardonable again

for I was apt to be too careless about such things. I guess it was not so crude for my Sweetheart would have told me if I was going far astray. And she did that very thing when, on the morning of the wedding day I appeared as usual and found numberless girls in various stages of most informal dress, decorating the house for it was a hot June morning. I was calmly but firmly ~~but firmly~~ told to 'git' amid many squeals and frantic rushing to cover. And git I did with the specific instructions 'not to dare to appear again before 5.30 that afternoon. But I got a kiss and saw that my Lussie's work clothes were neat and trim. I suppose Mary, who was strong on the conventions and prided herself on her poise and perfect command of every detail, was highly scandalized. But Ding! I could'nt see why I could'nt help too.

My family had done me the honor of making the rather long trip in good numbers. Father, Mother, Helena and Madeline coming a few days before the great day to stay at the Alma House, a quiet hotel in Walnut Hills, another suburb. Oh yes! Make the inevitable pun about that name but the proprietor's name was ALMS. Will and Bessie and Willie came the morning of the wedding and Harry in the afternoon. We did little but visit and I fear I did not give them as much of my time as I ought to have done. I know Father went to one 'shower' with us for we have the photo of it and we were all at the Deans for Sunday dinner. I gave a stag dinner at the hotel the eve before the wedding and Uncle Will Taylor was present. It was a rather dreary affair, if the truth must be told, for it was hot and perhaps the meal was not well ordered for I was out of practice at that sort of thing and did not want to spend much money anyway.

We all went to the Deans after dinner for the rehearsal which went off as most of them do, everybody rather tired and a little strained. Anna and I both felt that the marriage ceremony was almost too sacred to be rehearsed even in its formal arrangements and our plans were so free from formalism there was really very little to rehearse anyway. So we soon said goodnight and returned to our hotel leaving the bride to get as much rest as possible for tomorrow was her wedding day.

Of what I did on that 15th of June, 1898 after I was ~~knocked~~ away from 520 Prospect place I have only the vaguest remembrance. I know I spent much time with my beloved Mother for she did not expect to see me again after the reception before I started back for Alaska. I know I selected a suite, sitting room, two bed rooms and bath at the same hotel, and arranged a generous supply of roses in the rooms. In the late afternoon I dressed most carefully in evening dress under Harry's most critical supervision and then went with him, after ~~saying~~ saying goodbye to Mother and Helena, to the Dean home.

As we waited there on the second floor someone said Aunt Helen Taylor wanted me to come to the third floor and I hurried up stairs. A door opened. There was Anna Dean, my Betrothed, in her wedding dress, sweet and dainty and beautiful; her very soul <sup>shining forth</sup> ~~pouring forth~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~from~~ her glowing eyes; a look of almost divine <sup>eternity</sup> ~~eternity~~ illuminating her lovely face. My Darling! I knelt at her feet and kissed her hands and worshipped her virginal lowliness. Dear Aunt Helen Taylor with her rare perception of the deeper things of life and heart had cast convention aside that Anna and I might have that quiet moment of soul union apart ~~from~~ the form and strain of the ceremonial.

The Dean home was a large, double house with a central hall running through to the rooms at the back, with two 'parlors' on one side of the hall and the study and another room on the other with the dining room back of them. All the floors on the first floor had to be covered with white lined for such an occasion, as well as the stairway, and here were palms and flowers in abundance and it looked very festive and pretty.

I believe that my impulsive act of reverent devotion to my Bride-to-be, in that brief moment before the ceremony, fully reconciled Aunt Helen Taylor to the loss of the sweet girl she loved so dearly. It was then, I think, and not till then, that she felt assured of the depth of ~~the~~ my love for Anna and of the tender care I would always give her.

I returned to Harry and in a moment a harp under the stairs hidden by banked palms began to sound the first notes of the Wedding March. We descended to the large parlor, and then to the end of that long room where the minister of the Avondale Presbyterian Church, Charles Frederick Goss, stood waiting for us, the families and a few intimate friends standing on either side of the room.

As we turned to face the double doors Madeline Elliott and Willie Wilbur both little tots in white, came in strewing flowers as they came. Then came Mary Dean and Clara Forbes, a favorite cousin from St. Louis; and then Anna, on the arm of George, her oldest ~~her~~ brother. She was intensely in earnest but so pure and sweet and lovely. As she came nearer her beautiful eyes met mine and poured forth such a wealth of loving devotion and glad joy I was almost overcome ~~with~~ by the intensity of my reverent devotion.

Then the quiet voice of Dr. Goss brought to us the sweet re-

Then the quiet voice of Dr. Goss brought to us the sweet realities of our marriage vows as he began the Episcopal service, "Dearly Beloved"----.

Harry did not forget the ring which was a heavy band of native Alaskan gold made especially for us by Rudolph Walton on my order, nor did I drop it at the critical moment. Nothing marred the sweet solemnity of the ~~marriage~~ ceremony.

We pledged our vows in clear voices vibrating ~~xx~~<sup>with</sup> deep emotion as we looked, each into the loved eyes of the other. So intense was the evidence of our devotion that the minister, a real friend of Anna's and not an entire stranger to me, had difficulty in going on with the service. If every two beings were ~~truly~~ truly united in holy wedlock Anna Dean and Bertrand Wilbur were so united the June evening.

With the last words of the Benediction and the final Amen ~~the~~ and as ~~the~~ harp pealed forth the joyous notes of the wedding march, I took my bride in my arms and for the first time in my life I kissed my wife. The tension relaxed altho poor Aunt Helen Taylor was so deeply moved that she could not come to greet us but crept away and up the back stairs to rest there until she could regain her self control, no doubt breathing fervent prayers for God's blessing on our united lives.

But in the 'Parlor' everyone was talking; everyone grasping our hands and telling us what a wonderful and beautiful wedding it was, they never saw anything like it in its sincerity and deep emotion. My mothers eyes were brimming with tears of joy, Father blowing his nose frequently. Voices were high and nervous laughter

told of the reaction, even though it was happy and joyous; "and how their voices spoke their very souls" "and" "how happy they looked" "and he was so dark and she so fair" "and what a lovely couple" and---

then we were all seated at the tables for the wedding supper, the Bride and Groom at the larger one with their own dear families and the guests at smaller ones nearby. And so we were married.

It was a jolly happy supper with the Dean boys getting in a crack, now and then. All too soon it was time to get ready to greet the other guests and two of Anna's girl friends worked the Groom into his white kid gloves and then the seemingly endless stream began, Uncle Will and Aunt Helen and Father and Mother standing with us. The only clear and definite recollection I have of the reception was of one old duffer with a heavy walrus moustache who insisted on kissing Anna in his soft and mushy way. There was pretty nearly a row right there.

At last we could go and change our clothes, Bessie Dean catching the Bride's bouquet of Lillies of the Valley and Maidenhair Fern. Like other brides and grooms we rushed down stairs amid a shower of rice, for confetti and streamers came many years later, and so out to our carriage. To fool them we had one in front of the house and it had been properly decorated but we did not go to that, but hurried down Mound Street to the next block, where Harry had arranged the real carriage should be, with all the younger guests trailing at our heels. Before we could get there Fessie and Archer had guessed our ruse and out ran us and got into the carriage and stoutly refused to leave it. Harry grabbed Arch and pulled him out only to have him run around to the other side and get in again and repeated that a number of times. While this was going on George and Morris had gotten white ribbons and decorated that carriage. I was beginning to

get peeved. It was going too far. Anna had been under a long nervous strain and I was anxious for her to have quiet and rest. I was just about to bust in in real mad earnest but before anything unpleasant happened the carriage was vacated and we were away.

After a block or two I stopped and tore off the ribbons and decorations but in the darkness I missed a huge shoe that the boys had painted white and fastened to the carriage by a long string. So that went bumping along behind us to the very doors of the Alms Hotel to the great amusement of the bellboys who came to get our bags. We had decided to stay there that night for it would be so much more restful for Anna and we had a number of things to do before we finally started on our long journey. Beside we did not wish to say good-bye to our families in the rush of the wedding night.

The leading papers all had an account of the wedding in their morning issues. I copy one, in part. "The marriage of Miss Anna Elliot Dean and Dr. Bertrand Wilbur, of Sitka Alaska, was a notable event celebrated in Avondale last night. Miss Mary Dean, sister of the bride and Miss Forbes, of St. Louis, attended the bride and Mr. Harry Wilbur, of Chicago, was best man for his brother. ....

The bride was gowned in white taffeta, covered with white ax organdy. Point lace ornamented the corsage and she carried a choice bouquet of lillies of the valley and maidenhair fern. The tulle veil was caught with delicate orange blossoms.

Miss Dean and Miss Forbes wore similar toilets of white organdy over green taffeta. The corsage was of exquisite embroidery and both carried pink carnations. The house was profusely decorated withx asparagus vines, white carnations and pink sweet peas. The stairway was especially effective with asparagus vines dotted with sweet peas.

..... Mrs. Taylor wore a becoming toilet of yellow taffeta with

chiffon of the same shade and carried yellow roses. Mrs. Wilbur, the groom's mother, from Philadelphia, wore grey faille trimmed in out steel. Miss Bessie Dean, the bride's young sister, was very sweet in white ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>with</sup> low cut bodice. Miss Madeline Elliott and Master William Wilbur, niece and nephew of the groom were very sweet in white and enjoyed the occasion quite as much as they were admired. Mrs. Elliott, the grooms sister wore a superb toilet of white brocade with pink silk and point lace garnitures. Mrs. William Wilbur wore taffeta covered with chiffon and ornamented with rose-point lace.

The bridal table was massed with sweet peas and lighted with pink shaded candles. The presents were exceptionally beautiful and selected with with rare good taste. Dr. and Mrs Wilbur left last night for Gratiot Beach, the summer residence of the Deans, for a short stay before going to Sitka for permanent residence." Then followed a long list of the guests, about a half column in all.

Of all the lovely pictures of my bride that linger in my memory none is more beautiful than the one of that little girl that night when, after her bath, in her dainty simple gown, ready for bed, she came to me and put her arms about my neck and kissed me and said " My Husband." It was as sweet and natural as tho she were saying goodnight to some dear girl friend. We kno<sup>l</sup>alt in a little prayer of joy and thanksgiving and then went to ~~xxx xxxxx~~ <sup>she</sup> to her room and I to mine, and being very weary, we slept.

We were up promptly the next morning for we were to leave that night for Gratiot and Ravens Nest and we had much to do. On entering the dining room there was all my family at breakfast, except Harry who had taken the night train for Chicago. It was such

a delightful surprise and we joined them, for it was the last meal we would have together for a long time, as they were returning to Philadelphia at once. That forenoon we had our pictures taken in our wedding clothes for we had not had any photos taken at the wedding, ~~more's~~ more's the pity but it was not <sup>as</sup> customary then as it is now. Back to the Dean home to pack our wedding presents, and odds and ends and dinner and supper there, and then the final farewells and we were away amid another shower of rice.

I had secured a drawing room on the sleeper and when ~~we~~ we unpacked ~~unpacked~~ our bags everything was loaded with rice. I believe it must have been nearly a half inch thick on the floor and as I gave the porter an extra tip the next morning I said "we've just been married George" (did you evr notice that all Pullmann porters are named George?) "Yassah," He said, "I was jus wonerin." At Fort Huron we found our trunks plastered with big red hearts and knots of white ribbon but we did not care, and only laughed with the baggage men and were soon at the Deanery, all alone by ourselves and great chunks of quiet ~~and~~ and rest just waiting for us. But it was decidedly startling to hear a big masculine voice call out the next morning before we were up, "Miss Anna, are you there?" When I went to the back door in my ~~xx~~ wrapper poor Friedenbergs, the care taker, nearly collapsed from shock and embarrassment, until I explained that I was Miss Anna's husband and that we had just been married. The ~~faithful~~ faithful old fellow had watched Miss Anna grow up from a little girl.

The weather was beautiful for the most part altho one rainy <sup>is</sup> day ~~xxx~~ recorded where we had a cosy dinner cooked over the open fire instead of going to the Inn where we had our meals as a rule, and where the waitresses, some of them ~~having~~ having been there for years, were greatly interested in the bride and groom. There is a picture

of the table by the fireside and a glimpse of the interior of the Deanery also. Of course we went to the woods and to Maiden Hair bower and took the photo there which you will find in album of the family history. Sweet as were the memories of that little shady nook they were mere shadows of the greater knowledge and joy of our more perfect love. Hardly any of the cottages were open and there was hardly anyone about and it was good just to be alone and to rest and sleep. It was just what Anna needed.

We had been married on Wednesday and reached the Cottage on Friday morning and on Monday morning Archer came, the forerunner of the family who were coming in a few days for the summer. I was not too well pleased and did not see why he might not have waited in Cincinnati for a few days and Aunt Helen wished him to do so. But he wanted to see his 'Nana' for he never quite forgave me for taking her away and for my part I did not want to share my bride's interest with anyone. Of course I loved her too much to be disagreeable or even to criticize. She had Mothered and loved him and found it hard to leave him.

In a day or two we left on the Grand Trunk R.R. for Chicago and our promised visit to Harry and his wife and I often wished afterward that we had never made that visit. Harry had been married while I was in Sitka and none of the family were very happy about it. I was prejudiced, naturally, and when I met his wife Clara on my way east my prejudice was not lessened. She was older than Harry and rather a hard, domineering type of woman it seemed to me and I found on that brief visit that I was correct. Harry was burdened with business troubles, a crooked partner in The Cobb Chocolate Co. in which Heo. Vilbur and Sons had bought a controlling interest, as they thought

but which, thro ~~xxxx~~ tricky stock manipulation, they seemed likely to loose, and a suit was pending. So Harry had much to worry him and was working very hard. We were to stay to evening dinner and then leave in/ the early evening for St. Paul AND Ravens Nest. It was all planned in advance and we had ample time for a comfortable meal and to get to the Depot afterward. But Harry was a little late getting to his home ~~xxx~~ an apartment or 'flat' as it was called then, and as he expected to go to see us off did not wish to put on his Tuxedo that night as his custom was. Clara, however insiated that he must and was ugly about it too. Harry yeilded and being tired and cross was slow about changing and as a result dinner was late and I always did get cross when meals were very late and we sat down in high ~~xxx-xx~~ ~~xxxx~~ tension. Clara was very formal and had prepared a course dinner to catch our train but we had to leave before the meat could be served ~~xxxxxxx~~ and it was most uncomfortable. Too bad! I never saw Harry again. He deserved a better wife and home. It was a great relief to get into our state room on the train and be alone. But I felt sad, for I was very fond of Harry and we had passed thro some odd experiences together and I felt I had lost ~~him~~ his nearness ~~xxxx~~ to me. But we were now really on our way to Raven's Nest and our own dear home, for "Anna is coming; Anna is coming; coming to her home and we will be together. The joy of it!"

We had to wait most of the day for the 'Trans-continental' so we saw something of St. Paul and Minneapolis. In fact we had such a good time that I almost forgot to have our trunks rechecked and had barely time to do so, pay the extra baggage which was strictly demanded for all weight over 150 lbs. and get aboard before that daily

train pulled out for the Pacific Coast.

What ever the doubts about me ~~and the struggle~~ had been in the Dean family, <sup>and what was the struggle may have been</sup> to allow Anna to be married before Mary and in spite of the regret Mary must have felt in doing so, no one could have made me more welcome or more heartily and lovingly entered into all our plans than they did. When one remembers that Anna was mothering the family and keeping house and had planned to do so much sewing for Mary as well as make all the arrangements for her wedding it is not surprising they found it so hard to give her up. But they took me in as one of themselves in such a sincere and cordial and loving way it made us very happy and I shall never forget it.

I had engaged a stateroom for our four-day trip in that one train, a luxury I felt was fully justified for Anna had been under a long nervous strain and needed all the quiet and rest possible to give her. The weather was fine for summer had not fully reached the plains and it seemed as the some kind fairy had scattered wild roses all along the way from Fort Huron to Seattle. At times the roses were so profuse and so close to the tracks that their fragrance filled our little room. In the "Bad Lands" we were detained for an hour or more by some trouble ahead and we wandered out among the buttes and climbed one to have an extensive view of our weird surroundings. We saw no one, except at meals, desired to see no one and as we felt no obligation to do so, we had just ourselves and were very happy. The journey that had seemed so long on other trips was all too short this time for it was all new to Anna and she enjoyed it all. When we passed Cinnabar with the Yellowstone National Park only thirty Miles away I was very sorry I could not take my bride there for a few days. I had never seen it for the Clerical tickets on which we travelled

at about half the cost of a regular fare, did not permit any stop overs' I always thought 'some other time I will stop' but that time never came.

My good friends the VanTuyles met us at Seattle as we had accepted their kind invitation to spend a day or two with them. They had a lovely home high up on one of the ridges of the much ridged city where only cable cars could climb the steep grades. There were many places where you could enter a store from the street, and climb one or two flights of steps to the store above and pass out to the street on the tier above. The Van Tuyles home had a fine view of Lake Washington and the wonderful Olympics beyond on one side and of Puget Sound on the other. It was almost equal to the views from Raven's Nest but not quite, I thought. They were very cordial and friendly and went to the dock to see us sail and waited there a long time for that uncertain boat to finally get away.

For years 'The Pacific Coast S.S. Company' which ran their boats as far south as Southern California and Mexico, was the only line running to S.E. Alaska. The 'inside passage' that is the one behind the islands, the way we usually went, was very dangerous. There was not a light house from British Columbia north and very few pilots who could guide the steamers through those treacherous winding waterways. So the P.C.S.S.Co. had a monopoly and kept rates just where they wanted them. All freight went by measure, not weight and it was claimed by the suffering shippers that if you sent a wagon by that line the Company would put the pole in front and take that measure and then stand it straight up in the air and measure that and then square those two measurements and that would be the cubic feet to be charged for the freight. With the gold rush to the Klondike other boats began to run to Juneau and Skagway, and the old Company fought

then tooth and nail. A bitter rate war followed and, as a result, instead of \$80 I generally paid for the trip including room and meals for the five days to Sitka, the fare now was but \$ 10. That was cheaper than staying at home, for many people and the boats were crowded. When we went to our room, which I had engaged weeks before I found other baggage in it but thought little of it for the service was poor at best and stewards likely to put baggage anywhere. It would be all straightened out when ~~xxxx~~ we sailed. Later, when we were under weigh toward Tacoma, I found more baggage in the room, rough packs, miner's duffle, I was somewhat troubled and hunted up my friend Curtis, the Purser. "Oh, I'll straighten that out, Don't worry." "At Tacoma, whose original prestige as the terminus of the Northern Pacific, Seattle was fast stealing away, we rode around a bit so I could show Anna my old stamping ground of 1890. As we were returning to the steamer, a decently dressed but rather uncouth looking man rushed up to me and shoved a stateroom key into my hand saying, "Here's the key to our stateroom" "Saw you were going back to the boat, and thought you might want it" and was gone. Our room? Well just whose room is that anyway? And did they know there was a lady in it?

At last we got away from Tacoma and had to go back past Seattle again but rejoiced we did not stop. It was getting time for dinner served at night, and all the baggage was still in our room. Once I found a decent young man and an older one in it but they claimed they had paid for it and even if there was a lady they proposed to stay but they weren't <sup>ugly</sup> about it. Evidently they belonged to the miners packs. We wanted to get washed up and get our bags unpacked and Anna to get a little rest. The Purser had done nothing about it. I hated to bother him again, for I knew he was having his trouble and

at a lot of them. The ship was badly over-crowded and, of course, every-  
one was uncomfortable and cross. There was an unusual amount of  
freight and baggage all of which he had to look after and while he was  
not so close friend I know he would take care of us in time. But my  
Bride had to have the best I could get her so I went to Curtis again  
explained the circumstances and emphasized the discomfort of the lady  
and their need for rest. That did the trick for shortly three grouchy  
grumbly miners came to the room, near which ~~were~~ were waiting, and car-  
ried <sup>The baggage</sup> it off/sweeping. Then the man who had so thoughtfully given me  
the key came along, in ~~an~~ high state of excitement, and wanted to know  
if I had reserved that room and when. I told him and he replied that  
he was a friend of some official pretty high up in the Company and  
was travelling on a pass and he was given that room and showed me  
a letter to that effect. I said I was sorry but as I was travelling  
with my wife I didn't see that anything could be done about it  
as I had reserved the room so long before. All the same I was some-  
what anxious about that pull with the company and afraid that Curtis  
would not be able to withstand that influence. <sup>As our would-be room mate</sup> ~~xx~~ ~~xx~~ rushed away to  
see the Purser I wondered where Anna and I would lay our weary heads  
and especially, just now where we could get a decent clean up and get  
some dinner. But very soon our man came tearing back, grabbed his be-  
longings and bolted off without a word. A madder man I never saw. Ap-  
parently, he was quite ready, I may say anxious, to share HIS room  
with a bride and groom! He never spoke to us again on the entire trip.  
But he had a terrible jolt coming to him on that pass. It seems that  
the kind benevolent S.S. Company granted passes to their friends rather  
freely but these same passes only covered room and transportation  
but not meals. As the price of meals had not been reduced by the rate  
war they amounted to considerably more than the present \$10 regular

fare. So it was much cheaper to buy a ticket than to travel on a pass. That fellow's friend in the company, must have had a grudge against him of large size and long standing.

Meanwhile there were other mixups as was evident when people began getting their luggage out of this room and that, and going ~~to~~ hither and thither, growling and swearing. Finally the explanation came out. In the rate-war fight the S.S. Company had booked everyone that came along to keep the other company from ~~selling~~ <sup>getting</sup> them, and sold the same stateroom over and over again, regardless of the number of people ~~that~~ it would hold. The idea was to get their money and get them off on the steamer and let the ships officers do the best they could. No wonder Curtis had his troubles! It was all the more astonishing, therefore, to have the Purser come to our room after dinner, and thrust ~~in~~ a large box of sweet peas and roses into Anna's hands with a gruff, "Sweets to the Sweet" and then he turned and hurried away before we could more than say "Thank you." As I have said, we were not close friends, probabally our ideals were too far apart and he was a silent, distant, reserved sort of man but underneath there was certainly a streak of genuine kindness.

Anna wrote to Morris, "You ought to see our stateroom, (after we got settled) Three large valises, <sup>a</sup>camers, extra plates, two large bottles, (She does not say what was in them but I'll guarantee it was not alcoholic.) fruit in large packages, box of cake from Mrs. VanTulle, fruits sent to Wrangel by Dr. Twing the Missionary there and now, the Purser's flowers. Dr. Twing was taking a little Native girl east to school and this little Thlingit asked me to take three sticks of candy to her sister who is in the Sitka School."

We were comfortable in our room and the packages all stowed away but the ship was crowded, men sleeping on the dining room tables in the smoking room and two tables <sup>served at</sup> every meal and the food, never very good, worse than usual. The social accommodations on the Topeka consisted of a social hall, a small space about the head of the stairs leading to the dining room below. There was a piano there and benches around the walls and it was always jammed and someone banging on the piano. Then there was the smoking room, not much larger, and no women ever went there <sup>or</sup> ever smoked, at least in public.

But we were happy and kept to ourselves on deck or in our room and Anna was delighted with everything and incessant over the scenery. When we passed Bella Bella, at the northern limits of British Columbia where some totem boards stood in a graveyard near the water and saw those strange totem 'eyes' for the first time she felt she was getting near Sitka which she was already calling 'home'. It was such a joy to have her with me and we found our companionship so satisfactory and restful.

It was the Fourth of July when we reached Juneau. In the morning we took a walk up a mountain side and had a fine view of the frontier town with its board or plank streets and looked out over the wide channel to Douglas Island on the other side, and Anna had her first glimpse of an Alaskan forest. A parade and celebration was the feature of the afternoon and as the battle of Manila Bay and <sup>the sinking</sup> the 'Maine' ~~sunk~~ in Havana Harbor had occurred not long before, Uncle Sam dressed in manilla rope and carrying <sup>a model of</sup> the Maine on his back, led the procession. Sports, tugs of war &c. followed but the most interesting event was a rock drilling contest, something I had never seen before. A big granite boulder had been brought in, there were plenty

of them near by and two men, making a team, mounted it and began to drive a drill, ~~two~~ <sup>three</sup> feet long and an inch in diameter, into the rock with a heavy sledge. One man held the drill, turning it <sup>after</sup> ~~between~~ every stroke to prevent its binding, while the other swung the sledge. Every sixty seconds they would change places, the time keeper counting the last ten seconds, 1 - 2 - 3 - 4 and so on to ten when the change would be made as quickly as possible. This went on for five minutes when time was called and the depth of the hole carefully measured. Then a new team took ~~their~~ <sup>its</sup> place and began on a new hole. It was amazing to see how fast those big drills went into that hard rock and with what precision those men swung those heavy sledges. Not one ever missed a stroke. If he had he would have mashed his partner's hands to pulp. They were a husky bunch and some fine looking fellows among them. The grand closing event was the blowing up of that model of the Maine. From Juneau we went across the channel to the <sup>G</sup> Great Tredwell mine, the biggest stamp mill in the world and it was fun showing Anna <sup>u</sup> around even tho the thousand stamps were quiet. It was <sup>one of</sup> the two days in the year the mine shut down, Christmas being the other one. Except for that, night and day, summer and winter, Sundays and other days they never ceased their mighty roar. We might go to Glacier Bay and have the marvelous sight of the Muir Glacier and much as I wanted to welcome Anna to Raven's Nest I did want her to see the Muir. So we went to our berths not knowing which it would be.

But when I looked out the next morning I saw we were not far <sup>from</sup> Sitka for I ~~kew~~ knew those channels ~~and~~ mountains. We hurried thro breakfast and went on deck just in time for me to point out old Katile-ansky village, Old Sitka, which we had explored for the Natural History society in 1895, and only about six miles <sup>from</sup> Sitka. There

was the bluff where the ruined grave house of the old witch doctor where I had made my big find for the Museum. And see! That little house down by the shore! There is a doctor's mummy still there and I got some of his bones to illustrate my lectures to the nurses at the Hospital. He was a big fellow, that old shaman, almost seven feet tall. I had to get into the house and crawl all over him and pull the wrappings off to get the bones. Oh! see, Nancy! We're going out Cross Sound. We are too far away to see but some day I'll bring you down to that shore there. It's the oddest sight. A very heavy surf comes in there almost unbroken from the ocean and the beach for a mile is just rounded stones almost perfect balls, graded nicely from the size of small marbles to the size of cannon balls. The surf is heavier at one end, than at the other where the islands break its force some, what and that why they are so carefully graded. You see, it's low tide and we can't go right up to the wharf to the town, See it on there? This means we must go to the channel on the other side of the first row of Islands and then back on the inner side of them and so you will have a distant and a near view of the Mission and the dear Nest and the town. This does not often happen. Isn't it luck?

And now, I can copy a description of our arrival from Ann's Letter for it is so much better than mine. " .... As we passed the Mission buildings handkerchiefs were waved from the windows and by the time we reached the wharf the Mission band was there, playing merrily, to give us welcome. Mrs. Carter, several of the teachers the Hospital girls and many town people, the latter not to welcome us, perhaps but they welcomed us just the same. Our fellow passengers, including some Britishers we had met, were much interested

and said we had a hearty welcome. After a little delay at the wharf shaking hands and greeting friends we went up the street and passed the Greek Church and just beyond branches of hemlock were spread in our way for us to walk over in triumphant entry. Bert said it was Otis Smith who placed them ~~xxx~~ there. He is a good friend and publishes the weekly paper. As we were about to turn to the right into that road along the bay that you see in the photograph, some friends on the porch of a house threw showers of rice over us. Coming to the first Mission building, the Boys Dormitory, we were greeted by the ~~xxxxxxx~~ the teachers who could not get down to the wharf and went up to the superintendent's office to pay our respects to Mr. Kelly. In the yard were groups of interested spectators, the school children, who were smiling and waiting for a word of recognition from 'xxxxxxx' 'Doch-tah'.

Then on to Raven's Nest. How good it was to get there. You can have no idea from the photograph, what a perfectly beautiful bit of earth those steps span. It is just a 'chef d' oeuvre' of Nature's art. with ferns and flowers, shrubs and trees until you reach the very doorstep of the Nest. And how shall I describe the Nest? So cosy and comfortable and home-like as the living room seemed that morning when I was welcomed to my new little home. The four long windows reaching almost from floor to ceiling framed those wonderful views of sea and island and mountains; The room, itself, so tasteful and bright. You know the curio corner and Bert's handsome desk with the bookshelves and spaces for his magazines and papers. Opposite this is another well filled book case, not medical books for those are at the hospital office, but just a nice assortment of books. The couch, with some of its assortment of pillows, very familiar to me (Anna had made them and sent them to me,] is between the

the two front windows and there is a Morris chair, three rockers, ~~table~~ table &c. Come and see how cosy it is, you dear People.

Bertrand's room opened from the living room, and the wood shed is back of that you know, for I had to see it all. Then up the 'companion way' (which isn't half bad after all, and gets you to the second floor in such a business like way) to my room over the living room. Bertrand had fixed it up so nicely. (but it was probabally Aunt Deal's loving hands that had kept the dust away those two months since I left it, altho it might have been Miss Gibson. P.I.W.) A gold ~~xx~~ brown carpet, white woodwork, yellow paper, white and brass bed, ~~chef-~~ and fonier, bureau, wash stand, bookcase, steamer chair, upholstered for lounging, other chairs and ~~three~~ beautiful beautiful windows with yellow and white draperies. On the bureau were the Dean pictures, May and Bess and Arch, the only ones Bert had of the family, so you were here to welcome me.

Some of our tourist friends from the steamer wandered up to our house very soon, among them some true Britishers I had taken a fancy to and <sup>w/o</sup> were most genial. One of them remarked, "Your little new home is most terribly cosy, now isn't it?" We did'nt do much that day for our time was so broken by people and things (But we certainly sent letters home telling of our safe arrival, at least. B.K.V.) We took dinner and supper at the Teacher's Club where everyone was most cordial and pleasant. I am agreeably surprised in finding all the workers so nice. I feared they might be cranky but we have very jolly times at the table. (It must have been my fault that Anna had not expected better things from the 'workers' B.K.V.) Mr. Kelly is just splendid, quiet, perhaps, but with a streak of real humor and always thoughtful for others. Miss Gibson has been so kind and good <sup>to us</sup>

(with this, the second volume! of my story I have changed its title which is, now, 'Just about Me and Her.' Hence above. Author.)

We take breakfast with her at the hospital because the other teachers keep such very early hours but that does not mean that we are sloths by any means. Aunt Deal has been so busy that we have not seen very much of her and she is going away in August.

Thursday, the day after we arrived, I was introduced to the sea pools in our very front yard, and found so many interesting creatures, jelly fish, star fish, crabs, and all sorts of shell fish, anemone, sea urchins and beautiful sea weed. The shore is so beautiful. Fancy what the rocks at Newport or Marblehead would be if blue bells and ferns grew out of the crevices of the highest ones and heather and shrubs, vines, deep moss and trees wherever the tides left them undisturbed in the depressions. We had a little row over to a near island (about a half mile away. B.K.W.) in the afternoon and going over I cast my trolling line and caught two black bass, each weighing fully three pounds, I am sure..

We have had good weather everyday but Friday was one of those gloriously brilliant days that Alaskans claim as especially their own. The teachers were busy getting ready for a reception <sup>for</sup> us to be held that evening and as we were not allowed to help, even a little bit and Bertrand's medical <sup>work was</sup> very light we cleared out from under foot by taking the little canvass boat about noon and going over to Blue Bell Cove on one of the Islands, a name Bert gave it because of the lots of blue bells in crevices of the rocks all about. (I caught some fish on the way, too. It is such fun to have a perpetual bait.) We landed on a little beach washed clean by the tides twice a day and the water is so clean and pure it leaves no dirt be-

Bertrand built a fire and soon we had lunch ready with overhanging vines and little flowers peeping out around the edge of the cloth. Oh, it did taste so good. After a climb around the island to points of vantage and secluded little flower dells we came home in time for a swim. The water was delightful, about as cold as Gratiot, but being salt it was glowing.

After a hasty supper at the Club we donned our best bib and tucker for the reception. I wore my white and yellow silk, (and, by the way, all my clothes came in excellent condition,) The rooms on the first floor of the Boys Building, were beautifully decorated with potted plants, ferns and evergreens and such a wonderful ~~xxxx~~ <sup>profusion</sup> of pansies. The way things were improvised interested me, it was so clever and looked so pretty. Sections of clay pipe were covered with white crepe paper with strings around them. Through the strings these great, large pansies were slipped until the whole was covered while ~~into~~ the top of the pipe were great spreading bouquets of ferns, grasses and vines with brilliant colored leaves. The dining room looked so pretty too with circles of pansies on the white cloth. Almonds, olives, rolled sandwiches, chicken salad, ice cream and cake and coffee were served to about two hundred, guests. Just about everybody in town was invited, that is the white people, for there are three classes here, Whites, Russians and Indians, the Russians not being classed with the Whites, tho there are some very nice people among them and some were present that night. So we met, one moment, the Attorney General and the next the clerk of the grocery store; perhaps the Russian priest and then a guard from the jail; ~~the Governor and then, maybe, your Irish washer lady, but all so~~

cordial and polite and clean and glad to see the Doctor's wife. I was so proud of my husband for they all seem to be so devoted to him and, indeed, I don't blame them for he is always so pleasant and kind to everyone. Mr. Kelly and Mr. and Mrs. McClelland, the minister and his wife, received the guests while Mrs. Carter stood with us and presented them to us. I thoroughly enjoyed the evening and it was so kind of the 'Ladies of the Mission' to arrange it for us. It meant so much trouble for them, writing and delivering the invitations, preparing every bit of the refreshments themselves, decorating the rooms and collecting necessary odds and ends of silver and china and linen from their friends. Mrs. Saxman and Miss Gibson were the prime movers but every one helped. We did thoroughly appreciate their kindness. (And maybe, I wasn't a proud, happy man for my wife was so charming, and lovely, making friends with all.)

That was one Friday evening and Saturday afternoon we went out in the large boat with Mrs. Carter and the three hospital girls for a final celebration for Selina and Annie Leask who were to go back to Metlakahtle on Monday as their time here is over. We went to another island Bertrand and I climbed up a steep ledge of rock to the summit of the cliff and then each climbed a wild crabapple tree in order to get above the shrubbery and see the ocean and the bay. Oh, it was wonderful. I just wish I could make the camera give some idea of the beauty. We came down the other side of the cliff, winding our way on hands and knees on the heavy moss, four inches thick, at least, under the low growing crabtrees. The rest of our party stayed on the shore picking the salmon and blue berries that grow here. These blue berries are not like the Eastern ones but are quite tart and many of them are brilliant scarlet. Bert says they are remarkable for they are red blue berries that are white

white when they are GREEN! And that's true. Then we went over ~~to~~<sup>to</sup> another island, they are all so different, and this one is just a small bed of rock that has been cleft into two almost equal parts with tall trees growing on the very top but with almost perpendicular sides. There were many fascinating sea pools and quantities of those ~~beautiful~~ exquisite abaloni shells.

Home again and Miss Gibson came over to supper with us. Bertrand prepared some delicious creamed chicken, string beans, <sup>chocolate</sup> biscuit, (probably brought over by Miss Gibson as we had no way to make them) which with apricots and chocolate cake made up the menu. We spread our cloth on a knoll in our front yard, with ferns and flowers around it and with our new silver coffee pot and tea spoons ~~were~~ were very proud and 'haughty' and happy and everything tasted so good.

We had supper at home several times and Bertrand is just the best cook. One time we had been working hard all day, moving down to the Manse probably, for we were to stay there while Mr. McClelland is away to be company for his wife, and that dear husband of mine thought I looked tired so he invited me to supper at Raven's Nest. I was not allowed to ~~xxxx~~ help but placed on a couch to read until he <sup>came</sup> ~~sakked~~ for me, and soon the daintiest little supper you can imagine. A pretty centerpiece of flowers and ferns from our own yard and a little bouquet at my place. Smoking hot, broiled venison and such good gravy, beans, bread, tea, with sliced apricots and cake, all most appetizing.

There are so many things to tell you but I must close now. One day when we were out in the boat we saw a real live spouting whale quite close to us. Our plans are all made for the addition to the Nest. We shall order the lumber this boat and expect to begin the

the middle of August." In my Journal, a little later I wrote, " We plan for another bed room and a new living room, the present living room to become the dining room. Anna has planned the stair way with paper models and sketches and while I claim that I shall never be able to get upstairs without a compass I really think it is very ingenious. The work will be done by the Cottage boys, at our expense of course, but Mr Beck will help as his time allows and have supervision. Mr. Kelly has been very kind in having clearing done about the house and I know will help us in every possible way. Happy? Well I should shout, only Anna forgets that we live on the edge of the wilderness and objects to my gentle exclamations of delight. Just at this moment I am sitting on the platform at the head of the stairs with Anna only a few feet away, but too far at that; she too is writing and happy as were the early days they are not to be compared with deeper joy that we know now and seem to know a wee bit better every day. We are absolutely planned and executed for each other and earth is so full of joy that I sometimes feel it is but for a moment and must slip away. When I feel that Anna is but a dream and will fade into the distance I have to hold her a while so that she will not and accounts for my having my arm about her so often. Once or twice I have tried to persuade my wife that she was homesick, just to tease, but with no success."

It was a sad day when we had to say goodbye to the Leask girls. They were such nice girls and such a help. We expected Selina back after a visit to her people, but I hated to see them go. Here is a letter Selina wrote to me while I was East. While it was written when I went East to be operated for appendicitis it give some side lights <sup>on</sup> the life there and of the girl herself.

My dear Doctor, We just came home from town where the people enjoyed themselves celebrating the Fourth (of July. I was commandeered, one year, by the Capt. of the Marine company, to make the Fourth of July oration. (in the presence of the Governor and other high officials.) They had canoe race (all native) base ball and such things like that. We enjoyed the fun though and yet we miss you. Oh doctor, if you had only known how we felt the day you left here. (I believe every one in here felt the very same I felt.) Perhaps you noticed me or Us. It was a sad parting indeed doctor. When I left home (the Hospital) I was not feeling so bad as I felt when you bid us goodbye. Annie said to me "It is a very sad thing to ~~met~~ bid doctor goodbye, Selina, So let us not go home." She knew it very well it will make her feel very bad again to bid you goodbye. So you see every one here felt very bad of your going, and yet we hope you will come back safely.

Indeed we were so surprised to hear from you very soon. Miss Gibson read us part of your letter. Yes, doctor, we know you felt very bad when you left here and we hope your absence will not be very ~~ix~~ long.

Since you went away we never go out sailing and maybe we shall never have it till you come back again. ....

While ~~wex~~ were in town this afternoon and while the men were playing baseball a sailor was shot by a white man in Millmore House (the hotel) The bullet entered his chest close to his arm. The people took him now to the Marine hospital. And the white man who did the shooting ran away towards the woods they could not find him yet.

Mr. Gamble is doing nicely as we hope ( E He had his leg broken just before I had to leave.) and doctor, Upon my word, since I came

to this hospital I never saw a patient having so many visitors as Mr. Gamble. Yesterday the boys visited him, and today the girls came and sang songs to him.

We always have prayers in the morning as usual, doctor. Do not think we forget you. Our prayers are with you. Your office looks quite dull without you. Every time I went in there I always expect to see you. the girls too say the same. May the Lord be with you and bring you safely to us is the prayer of, Your friend, Selina".

This letter is in a very clear regular writing, very few mistakes as will be seen as I have not made any corrections and only omitted some of the paragraphs. Even tho the Leask girls had parents who could read and write and much above the average still I think it is remarkable that a girl who had never been away from Metlakahtla to school could write so well. The letter is also an indication of the affection<sup>and</sup> regard the girls had for me, an affection that never became personal or uncomfortable, in any the slightest degree. I was fortunate in being able to maintain, without thought or effort, a happy comradeship when we went on outings or ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ picnics ~~and~~ but with no loss of respect and professional service when on duty. Of course I was most careful never to take any of the girls anywhere ~~whkt~~ without Miss Gibson or some of the other women. Annie Hines also wrote a letter but Annie had poor vision due to conical opacities and was a Thlingit with no help at home in her earlier days. Still her letter is worth preserving here. Dr. Wilbur, Dr. I thought I would write to you this boat. so here I am. <sup>When</sup> Miss Gibson told me to write to you this morning I thought of many things to tell you but when I begin again I cannot think of them, but I will try to tell you all I can for one thing I will tell you that we have been clean-

house this week we clean Operating room. I did not do much. I do very little work. ( She was never very well. B.K.W.) We have the Office and the Drug Room to clean yet but we dont mind that. we will do anything so you can come back quit(quick) so we will have the whole house clean for your return.the Hospital is paint brown and It ~~look xx funk~~ looked like a chocolate cake. Just like a big cake and the windows is paint ~~xxxxxx~~ white and the doors and selamxe(Selina) say It look like the icing. now I will tell you about my teeth. I had very bad tooth ach. and the dentist pull it out. O.my It did hurt. I thought he will have to pull my head out too. but just think I didnt yell. then he fill my front teeth,you know there were two bad ones in front and that was the ones he fill.~~xxx~~. now I have a something more to tell you beside my tooth troublex. Miss Gibson and the three girls went in aboat to Jamestown Bay . and thought their would climb Mt.Verstovis (Verstovia) and so they did. I was only one I was only one to stay home because my tooth was aching so bad, so I stay with Mr.Gamble. when It begin to rain, I couldnt x help but be glad I didnt go. When they was coming back they lost they way,came down the wrong way, an almost reach sew mill Creek (Saw Mill Creek, more than a mile from where they had landed.BK.W.) than had to climb back to where they had landed when they came back they was wet to the skin.they had a good ducking and annie lost one of here shoe. came back with only one shoe. I think it was very funning thing to happenx I(it)was so old (odd) that she wouldnt keep it one(on) her feet. we all had good laughing over it if you was here you would help us to laugh too because we wish for you to see them the looked so funxing. now I will close and hope you are well.

We are all well and thank you very much for the pictures you send us. I make so many mistakes but you know how hard it is for me to talk right so I hope you will understand my writing. so I will ~~at~~ close with best wishes and good luck, good bye. From, Annie C. Hines.

That letter is really very remarkable when one considers what a very little schooling Annie had and what difficulties she had to contend with. She eventually married a fine young Native man, Ralph Young who was a student in the school when I was there, and bore him one or two children before her death. Poor girl, she did not live long enough to enjoy the wealth from a gold mine Ralph found but that comes later. Selina Leask came back to the hospital after a time and married Mr. Gamble later on. What became of Annie Leask I never knew for when I came back from Sitka I rather cut loose from Alaskan life and that is to be regretted. Very good pictures of Miss Gibson and the girls will be found in the albums. There were taken with my camera, the one I still have for I 'blew' myself after Anna said No, by letter and I thought I would always be a batchelor. M Helens took them.

One would think that I did nothing those early days but play but that is not true. There was the usual routine work each day and of that it would only be monotonous to record it. I can honestly say that I never willfully neglected my work or any part of it, except perhaps a time or two when, after a long rainy period, Miss Gibson would come out on the back porch of the hospital and jump up and down in the sunlight and say "I'm going to the mountains and nothing can stop me." Then we might take what girls could be spared and go for a few hours but at that nothing really suffered by it and the urge to get out after the long confinement was almost irra-

*stable.*



The first mile or so was thro the swamps back of the mission and we wore rubber boots until we came to the base of the mountain. There we cashed the boots in the branches of a tree and went on dry shod. There was no real trail and the going was straight up and pretty steep, especially the last few hundred feet. I vowed, as I always did, that I would never carry a pack again, but the minute we finally emerged from the timber and stood in the beautiful swale of deer weed among the peaks it was all forgotten and I was ready for another climb. We went on easily to a higher point and made camp by getting lunch. We were on a ridge with a large snow bank on one side just below us where we put butter and other/perishables in the snow, while the other side sloped away to the valley with the Mission in the distance, all very lovely in the bright sunshine. The boys scattered over the range and soon came back to get the gun and soon brought in some ptarmigan, which also went into our handy refrigerator. Anna and I were glad to rest a while and then went to the snow-bank and had a snow ball fight in ~~the~~ August

Just below our ridge ~~xxx~~ were some of the stunted cedars with their branches all blown out to one side and under these I found a cosy nook, quite level, where I made a comfortable bed with dry grass and moss, and spread<sup>d</sup> our blankets there. After supper we had a little service. I always felt a little nearer to the eternal verities on the mountain tops and then, as it grew darker, we set a larger dead cedar tree on fire, <sup>a great torch</sup> to flume up in gorgeous beauty. It stood alone so there was no danger of a forest fire, something almost unknown there. The woods were too wet. Very soon we crawled into our cosy nook and found it very comfortable, for a very short while, however, for all too soon the mean mosquitoes which had been delightfully absent all day, found us out and we had not netting. So were had

to leave our snug retreat and move up on the ridge where the wiser Native boys were sleeping for a breeze blowing there drove most of the pests away, but, even there, Anna says we had to pull the blankets over our heads with just an ~~ax~~ opening for air. I do not remember that but probably I slept more than she did.

The next morning we had planned to ascend one of the higher peaks but we were so lame and sore we were content just to loaf around altho I did take a run to one of the lower ones. There was no breeze at all and it was almost intolerably hot. The boys had gone off hunting deer. Annie Hines had wandered <sup>ed</sup> off somewhere and Anna and I strolled about on the gentler slopes, coming to a little pool, a few feet wide, in a secluded dell, and we had a refreshing bath for the sun had taken the edge from the snow water. Next morning we were up bright and early and packing our duffle, now considerably lighter we made our way down and were home by three o'clock.

"And what of my life here?" I quote from a letter of <sup>Anna's to</sup> Aunt Helen Taylor of Aug. 5th, " Well it is just as wonderful and sweet and happy each day, and the charm of my new home grows stronger. We have been clearing and leveling a little of ~~x~~ our extended estate." ( And thereby hangs a tale. It was Saturday afternoon when the Mission boys were free and some of them glad to work for a little money. I had been blasting some of the many stumps and we were busy burning brush and what not. Anna had her outing suit on, knee skirt and leggings, just a bit questionable in those days, and we were hot and grimy and rather disheveled. Now Saturday afternoon was the great day for calling in Sitka and Lo and behold! who should appear but the U.S. District Attorney and his wife to make a formal call. Not being able to find us they came around the corner of the house and there we were. The house had prevented our seeing their approach.

it did not bother me but Anna, just from the East, felt quite embarrassed, both as to costume and appearance. But we made the best of it and I am sure we did not lose cast, but if we did I, for one did not care for I had little liking for the lady and no respect for her husband. } "The five little trees we brought from Gratiot seem to be in good condition and we hope they will grow, as each one is taken from some spot that is dear to us and not neglecting a little hawthorn. We have fifty plants of Scotch daisies and radishes and lettuce. This fall we are going to scatter seeds in all the crannies and ledges and stumps for all flowers grow so luxuriantly here, mignonette, pansies, nasturtiums, begonias and fuchias, and poppies.

We have a little garden about twenty feet square. It was cleared a great many years ago as an experiment in agriculture. The stumps and roots form a hedge about it, overgrown with vines and ferns and wild berry bushes, and even creeping little pines and hemlocks. After we build we plan to extend it to the house and try to raise our own vegetables,; cauliflower does splendidly and rhubarb, peas and root vegetables. Come and help us make our experiment in agriculture.

We have gotten our sail boat in order. ( From my experiences in Morehead, I thought a sharpie would be just the boat for me but I was dead wrong in that and it took two boats to prove it. The first one was very elaborate with a fine jointed deck in two colors of wood. That one was wrecked before I ever used it, got loose one night and piled up on the beach. See photo. The next was larger and no fancy work. I soon found that the single large sail was no good so cut it down and put in two smaller ones. In smooth days it was fine but no good in the rough water. Only a staunch, round bottom boat would do for that. It is the second sharpie that Anna refers

"The other day we took all the little boys off with us for a sail, and picnic supper. We made some taffee for them and how they did enjoy it. (I should say they did. It was made from corn syrup and was as tough and sticky as you can imagine. It got on the roofs of their mouths and stuck to their teeth and the grimaces and twisting in their efforts to dislodge it kept us in roars of laughter. They had been taught not to put their fingers in their mouths while eating and nearly stood on their heads trying to get it loose until we told them we would excuse them if they pried it loose with their fingers and how grateful they were and how much more fun they had with the candy then) " We cruised in and out among the islands and had supper in the boat returning about eight o'clock.

I wish you might look out on this sea of gold that lies before me now. About three miles away I see the white surf breaking on a low rocky island while nearer are the green wooded islands. Today we had splendid invitation to go to a distant island with some natives and <sup>across the Bay</sup> a two white teachers, in a big canoe. The natives are going for deer and there are also berries and grouse and salmon streams and even bear. It is a very long trip and takes all day to go and come but, since this is steamer day we could not accept very well and beside it is my dear Bertrand's birthday and we wanted to be alone together if we can find any time.

We had a letter from Baiguire, Cuba, today written by Mr. Moses who was in the thick of the fight at Santiago. It was a long vivid letter and was begun that Sunday morning when he looked up from that letter and was the first to see the Spanish ships approaching. Think of it! It made the war very real and very terrible to us.

I hope you dear people have recovered from all you did to make my wedding day the happy day it was. I often stop in at the Panse

where our boxes are stored , to lovingly caress the 'Js' and Bert never sees them without drawing me to to him and asking if ~~it~~ I realize what it really means."

I have found the actual letter mother ~~xxxx~~ refers to, written a few days after the battle of Santiago, in the Spanish-American war, by my good friend, Lieu. Stanford B. Moses. U.S.N. and I think it is well worth while preserving it here.

"U.S.S. Vixen, Baiquiri, Cuba. Sunday, 6 A.M., July 10, 1898.

My dear Friends:

Just a week ago, the morning of the 3rd, I began a letter to you. I had finished about three pages when someone said 'there goes a big explosion in the harbor'. That was at Santiago; and after having seen the ~~Kink~~ Merrimac make her famous trip, and two or three times watched our ships bombard, a single explosion did'nt astonish anyone. But there came a second explosion, and I walked over to the ships side just in time to point out to our CAP-tain, the first of the Spanish ships emerging from the harbor mouth. I put down my portfolio and now a whole busy week has passed.

As the Spanish fleet came out, firing as they came; and the shore batteries and our ships all open fire a thrill ~~xxxx~~ came over me that I will never be able to describe or forget. It was a most magnificent sight! The Vixen lay close inshore in the track of the oncoming fleet, (this is Commodore Schley's dispatch boat) and from us, extending five miles to the Eastward, came the Brooklyn, Texas, Iowa, Indiana, Oregon, New York, (a splendid ~~line~~ of battle line) and the dispatch boat Gloucester. The Massachusetts and Newark were at Gauntanimo. The Spaniards tried to break thro the Brooklyn end of the line, and consequently she had to bear the hottest part of the fight. At one time she was fighting three ships almost single handed: the other ships not having come to close range.

During the whole battle and chase, which lasted for four hours and extended for sixty miles. The Brooklyn led the column; next came the magnificent Oregon, plowing along ahead, way ahead of all the other battle ships, and firing her forward 13" guns at what was then the only survivor of the Spanish fleet, the Cristobel Colon. Then came the Texas and far behind the New York. The other ships had stopped to rescue men from the Oquenda, Viscaya, and Maria Theresa and the torpedo destroyers Pluton and Furoz. From the Vixen we saw all that one ship could see. Following close on the leading x ships but thereby missing the tail end. We did a little shooting and were in the thick of it for some time. Everyday it seems more wonderful that our ships and men should have escaped with so little harm. One man killed and two men wounded.

On the Brooklyn a Spanish shell went through the side and exploded in a compartment where seven men were stationed. The fragments pierced the decks above and below, and made about seventy holes in different places and no one was hurt. The Brooklyn was hit in many other places with similar results. The shell that killed the only man lost did not touch the ship.

The Vixen spent last Sunday evening in removing prisoners from the surrendered colon and placing them aboard a transport. We kept six officers here for a day or two. until we met the St. Louis

which took them to New York, or Portsmouth, N.H., we really don't know where. ~~know where~~ Monday morning we ~~sixteen~~ steamed in close to the smoking ruins of the Viscaya, Oquendo, Therexsa and Furor. It was a terrible and sad sight. The Colon turned over, not two minutes after the last man left her but she will probably be saved and become the Christopher Columbus of our Navy. The smallest estimate of the x Spanish loss is four hundred killed and wounded and sixteen hundred prisoners. If the Spaniards had not made such a desperate fight it would not seem so extraordinary; but their guns were working steadily and shot fell all around our ships. This fight is a great victory for American constructors and ship builders as well as gunners. The Spanish fleet ~~was~~ of modern English and Italian built ships. They came out ~~prepared~~ for action and with their machinery prepared for an escape. Our ships had given up hope of their attempting to escape and some of them were ~~at~~ their regular the regular Sunday inspection. But they certainly did clear for action in a hurry. One of the Spanish officers told me he thought we had received news of their sortie. I am terribly ashamed of the appearance of this letter (but I can see no reason why he should be. B.H.Z.) but as I am a real tough looking man it ought to seem natural.

Its afternoon now and I have just come from a short walk on shore, the first time I have been ashore for just two months and it is the first time I ever put foot on Cuban soil. I was in the harbor of Havana several days in '92 but I was too wise to go ashore. After looking over the encampment I decided that the Navy suits me. Heat flies, ~~the~~ mosquitoes, dust and dirt are the Army's portion here. We are quite comfortable aboard ship and it is not nearly as warm as in the States. It makes me sick to think we are, nominally at least, at war for such people as these Cubans. They are human beings, I know, and deserve sympathy, but whether they are worth the splendid lives being sacrificed along the front:- that is a different question and finds a different answer. General Wheeler, young Hamilton Fish, Colonel Dodge, Ord and Dr. Gibbs, with their two thousand dead comrades make up a heavy score.

I wish I had finished my letter last Sunday, it was a peaceful, sociable letter. What else but a war letter can you expect when batteries of artillery are being landed within fifty yards of me and the encampment is in sight on shore? I wish these Spaniards would shoot off a hand or a foot for me so that I might come up to Sitka for one or two of those beautiful summer months. But the chances are against it. There are a few small Spanish gunboats at Manzanillo about ninety miles from here and I hope we can get up to try a brush with them. I was ordered to the Vixen the day before the fight and I am glad for we had such a splendid view of the fight. The transfer was made at my own request. The Vixen is Wiedner's yacht Josephine and will probably go to Philadelphia when the war is over. No, honestly, that's not why I came here! I didn't even know the Vixen had been a Philadelphia yacht. I simply wanted to be my own 'boss' again.

They say the politicians will keep the war going. In common honesty, I hope not, to say nothing of other reasons. I don't think there is much more for the Navy to do down here. With the Phillipines, Ladrones and Caroline islands annexed or captured and two fleets destroyed I should <sup>think</sup> Spain would call up the office. You can readily see how my peaceful mind has gone to war seed, but it is only natural we see, eat, hear, drink and feel nothing else. ....

Sincerely, Stanford B. Moses. "

Medical work continued to be light and as there was no one to help Miss Gibson in the Hospital but Annie Hines, now that the Leask girls had gone I put off all surgical work I possibly could. Selina Leask had written that she was not well and could not return as we had expected she would, and from what she wrote it looked rather doubtful if she would return at all. It was a great disappointment as there were no girls old enough in the school to do the nursing work and it did not seem possible to get them. What we ought to have done was to have Miss Gibson or me visit the villages and see if we could not gather in three or four girls, even tho they did not speak English. The practical demonstrations they would see would help them. Perhaps that plan would not have been feasible but at all events it does not seem to have occurred to anyone to try it. When work continued light we could get along. Miss Gibson would never complain about work and would tackle any amount of it but she would use up her reserve in doing so and that was something I did not approve of at all.

It was fortunate for Anna and me that the work was light for we moved down to the Manse in August and so we could build the addition to the Nest. Mr. and Mrs McClelland were living in the end and we had three rooms in the other. Anna had not intended to get into 'society' until we had built and moved in and had 'at homes' but practically all the women in town had called on her right away so there was nothing for it but to return those calls. In doing so she had some funny experiences, and writes to sister Bessie about them. "Yesterday I dressed in my best to make my second round of calls. Helena told me she had never seen such a place as Sitka for calls and I believe her now. Bertrand made me a map and a chart of

my course but it was deceptive as I could not tell a street from a path or an alley. In Sitka you step from the street into the living room as there are no halls or vestibules and once, in there is no escape. You see I have not seen very many of these callers so I never know whether I am in the right place or not. I made one call and did not discover until I was departing that I was calling on someone I had not met as she was in mourning and had not been at the reception and had <sup>not</sup> called on me. But it really did not make any difference.

I called on the U.S. Marshall and his wife who live over the jail and was admitted by one of the prisoners. He had been invited to a dance there so it was a party call. You never saw any thing so funny as the wee little houses even the nicest people live in, and the quarters the Government provides are so odd, some of them in the old Russian buildings, made of logs with walls two or three feet thick. Bertrand met me at the wharf in the little canvas boat and took me home.

One evening it was Aunt Deal's turn to entertain the oldest girls so Bert, Aunt D. and I took them out in the large Mission boat, the North Star. Two girls pulled at each of the four oars and we had a jolly time. The girls, as a rule are happy and full of fun (and they did love to go out on the water. B.K.) The water was so clear that we could see the weeds and fish and marine life on the bottom and clinging to the rocks. Then too we saw eagles and whales.

We began to build about the middle of August and Anna wrote about that, on the 31st. "We have been so fortunate in having perfect weather for our building. The frame is all up and they are shingling the roof today. It is such a dear little house and we have been so happy in seeing it grow. Bert went to the sawmill for the last

cargo of the lumber, landing it on the rocks and helping <sup>to</sup> carry it up the hill. Some of it was for shelves for my pantry which makes me feel very proud and haughty. We are cosily fixed in three rooms at the Mense with our rugs spread on the floor and a few of our presents on the shelves and table. Will Taylor's lamp looks very fine on the table with the Lion of Lucerne, Fra Angelica, Cantigali candelstick, a Rockwood bowl with nasturtiums in one corner. Pillows below the bay window, the bookcase with the Frieze of the phophets and the Madonna above it.

We have been busy since last boat wrapping and addressing North Stars, tearing up everything at the Nest and getting settled here. Every room at the Nest will have its share of <sup>the</sup> tearing out and building on so we had to put everything nowhere and cover it up. I tried my hand at preserving and have fifteen jars of plums and preserved watermelon rind watermelons being so very expensive you see we feel we must eat them rind and all. Bert and I have such fun planning and arranging everything for our housekeeping. We have to think of things we will need so long before hand to have them here when we need them.

There was something very exciting happened at the school this week when the annual outbreak of running away began. Three boys were seen at the wharf at midnight and reported to Mr. Kelly. ~~xxx~~ Search was made of the dormitories at once and three boys were missing. Mr Carty and five boys started in pursuit immediately but the runaways had a good start and it was a long chase. They were not caught until the next morning. These boys had been planning for a long time and were well supplied with hard tack and dried fish. Of course it excites the whole school. The boys had told some of the

girls and it was the girls interest in them and wanting to see them get away that partly gave the alarm. Mr. Kelly is just a wonderful Superintendent and we all like him so much.

There are a hundred questions I want to ask about my home folks. When is the wedding (Mary's) to be and how and where? Oh, I do want to be there to help make everything as sweet and happy for May as it was for me. We are to have a wedding here in a day or two, when the boat comes. Mr. Carty's sweetheart is coming from Iowa and Mrs. McClelland and I are arranging the wedding. We wish the boat were a little more certain for we want to make cake and ice cream.

Bert and I had Mr Carty take supper with us last night to help pass the time of waiting. That is the third time this week we have had a chafing dish supper; venison, peas, baked beans, chocolate, blue berries, my own preserving, and cake was the menu last night. We are very proud of it considering it was prepared without the conveniences of home, but it was all accomplished by Bert's ingeniousness on one chafing dish and our parlor stove."

I had hired two of the Cottage boys, Thomas Cook and William Wells to build the addition and while they were faithful and good workers they needed supervising. Mr. Beck also kept an eye on them at odd times and helped them out when they struck a snag. Willie was taken sick and I hired another of the Cottagers, Howard George, to take his place as we were bearing all the expense. Father's wedding present of a thousand dollars provided the funds altho we figured it would not require more than half of it. Still the work seemed to go slowly and one afternoon, a Saturday half day, Mr. Beck brought his boys from the shop and as he said, "Just rassed things." It

was his only free afternoon in the week and he would not take any <sup>p</sup> ang py for his work. It was mighty kind of him for he was a faithful and conscientious worker and voluntarily took over a number of outside activities such as the Bible class in the Rancho every Sunday afternoon. So the Saturday afternoon for rest or play meant a lot and his freely giving it up was just like him. If he liked you he would do anything possible for you and if he did not like you he tried to like you for conscience sake.

I tried to work as much as possible on the house without neglecting my <sup>medical</sup> work, often going there after ward visits in the evening and working until dark, which did not come so very early, at that season. Late <sup>night</sup> One Saturday I put the sash in all the windows as I feared it would storm and it did but the house was kept from a good wetting which would have been very bad for it indeed. Work dragged on thru September, the boys were really doing very well but it seemed slow for we were so impatient to get settled there. Mr Kelly lent help as much as possible but school work must come first of course.

While we were living at the ~~Rancho~~ Manse a very amusing thing happened one morning about daylight altho it made me angry at the time. Our bedroom was on the first floor and had a back door opening directly into it with a step of two to the ground. I had pretty well gotten the Natives out of the way of coming for me at night as it was a long mean trip to the Rancho at night and more especially because they were like children and would come to get me for the merest trifle and ~~skant~~ almost every sick person feels worse at night. However, it was hard to get them to discriminate as it is hard to get white people to do so, and sometimes they did not come for me when they ought to have done so. We did not move our single

beds down to the Manse as there was a double bed there and we were blissfully sleeping the sleep of the weary when a rough Thlingit voice aroused me and there was a Native standing within a few feet of ~~my~~ our bed. I did'nt wait to see what he wanted but yelled ~~Mask~~ Chook! Chook! the word for <sup>go!</sup> go! git!leave!get out!. He seemed reluctant and not at all embarrassed which is much more than could be said truthfully ~~said~~ about Anna who had disappeared under the bed clothes. I did not handle myself very well that time, for I lost my temper and sent the man away without finding out what he wanted and he may have been in great trouble. It was a strange native but that ought not to have made any difference. He had not committed any breach of custom, that is Native custom, in walking into our room that way. They never knocked when they entered houses but walked right in and never thought anything of it if <sup>they</sup> happened on the most intimate occurrences. Up to that time we never locked our doors but we did after that you may be sure. We were not Thlingits.

In spite of the demands of the building I find that in the two months from ~~the~~ our reaching Sitka to the 3rd of September, when I wrote my quarterly report to the Board, I made 237 ward prescriptions, 172 in the office; 8 in the school. and made 39 visits to the Rancho, and performed 9 operations, most of them minor but one was a confinement. During this time I removed ingrowing toenails from Aunt Deal's feet. Mr. McClelland conducted service at the white church in the ~~the~~ town each Sunday evening and asked me to take charge of the the evening service at the Native church at the Mission. All the school children attended and there was a large number of Natives also, especially in winter. Storms did not keep them away and it was a common sight to see a man hauling his wife on a sled up to church, perhaps

a child or two on the sled with her. So the evening service was just about <sup>as</sup> important as the morning one, and while the sermons or talks were very simple and largely made up of explaining the the II Bible still if a person was in earnest about his address it took time and preparation. Shall often said he could get up and make an exegetical sermon any time, it was no trouble at all. And it wasn't any trouble for him. The trouble was in listening to him when he made ~~it~~ the address. I know I had to put in a good deal of time in preparation.

Along about the middle of October, only two months <sup>about</sup> after we ~~began we started~~ <sup>to build</sup> to move in. So it really did not take so long when one remembers that an alteration job is always so much slower than new construction. Then we found that some of the furniture would not go thru the doors so see how we managed. In the album and the History you will see the Mission Doctor pulling Anna's bureau <sup>inclined</sup> up the ladder to the second floor while the Native boys have to stop work to have their picture taken. I did too, for that matter, only I looked as tho I was working and they don't. There are also pictures of the addition and the work of <sup>the</sup> building. When we got that tall headpiece of the bed thro the window and we had to take the sash out to do it, it was too tall to go under the sloping roof so we had to saw a section out. That did not hurt the appearance very much but I was sad to think we had paid freight <sup>1</sup> on that wood all the way from Cincinnati. Anna and <sup>h</sup> Cristina a native young woman who was very anxious to be our maid, are seen in another view <sup>e</sup> <sub>1</sub> dying some rag carpet a deep crimson as a floor covering in the living room on which to place our handsom rugs, wedding presents. A royal Bokarra from Harry and a Mosul from Uncle Will and Aunt Helen Taylor, a rug that was over

one hundred years old. You can see it in front of the window in front of the window seat in one of the photographs. Both of those rugs are still in use and in good condition after all these years.

Gradually we got settled and the photos in albums and our history give very good ideas of the interior of the down stairs rooms but not the color, <sup>and the bright cheermos</sup> Anna dyed some yellow curtains with a silk stripe in them a deep soft red and used them on the walls of the living room instead of paper. There gave a very warm and pleasing effect and were just the thing with our red <sup>Alaskan</sup> Bokara. Curios, book cases, a bamboo corner settee with a blanket over it, my desk with book shelves above it and pigeon holes at the bottom shelf made just to fit the magazines we took, made a very attractive room but the great feature ~~was~~ was the south west corner which projected beyond the walls about three feet and contained four large windows placed closely together two on a side. It was a novel arrangement, Anna's idea and there ~~were~~ were no others like it in Sitka. The dining room was ~~thus~~ blue paper and a blue rug on the floor. After a time I built a very handsome corner china closet with two tall totam poles, I had carved to order, on either side and a carved floor below a little shelf. It was all made of red and yellow cedar and shows very clearly in the photo of the dining room. My type writer was on a small table in the dining room as there was hardly room for it else where.

We were delighted with our little Nest and altho we could not afford to do more than putax on the priming coat that fall still it was very attractive and fitted in so well with its surroundings. From Every window the most beautiful and facinating <sup>views</sup> were spread before us. The water color on the walls of this room (The Reverie, 231 Panmure Road Haverford, May 9, 1935) is plactically one of them altho ~~th~~ Lislie Jackson, Dr. Jackson's daughter, painted it from the beach

beach in front of the Mission building and so it was a little nearer town and lower down than the Nest. As a result ~~the~~ Mt. Edgecumb seem lower and the Camels Back does not show at all. Still it is a very excellent picture of Sitka and the coloring is very accurate. I think Miss Jackson has succeeded remarkably in creating the intensely clear atmosphere of those wonderful days we sometimes had at Sitka. We had window seats built below those four windows and it made a lovely little nook on clear days. Even in the storms we never felt the slightest alarm for the little house was so well built and so sturdy it only trembled a little even in the worst storms. When the wind howled and raged and the Pacific was no longer true to its name, we could see the great waves breaking far out on the outer islands and the heavy spray leaping high up in the air, wonderful and terrible and rather frightful to me, but Anna loved it and delighted to be out in the wind and rain as she still loves to even to this day.

But I've talked a lot about the Nest and yet you have not really seen all about it. At first we only had the stairway from the hospital side but later I built a log flight of steps leading down to the old Museum and so much nearer to the Mission and town. These steps wound under the trees and went from terrace to terrace ending in a <sup>short</sup> gravel path and <sup>porch and</sup> so to the door into the living room. Double doors connected the living and dining room but they were rarely closed. The kitchen <sup>the spare bedroom in the old Nest</sup> was back of the dining room and a woodshed back of that with the clothes yard and garden beyond and not more than <sup>two</sup> miles away, beyond Indian River Valley, stood Mt. Verstovia, 'the mountain in our back yard' we called it.

From the corner of the living room a door led into a large ~~x~~ coat room under the stairs and a door beyond opened <sup>to the</sup> outdoors. As I

have said, Anna planned the stairway and when it was built it was very convenient. As it practically ran up the outside of the house although all enclosed it did not rob us of any room but it must be admitted, it was rather chilly in cold weather. Come on up! This door leads to the maids room, My old attic where we had so many chafing dish suppers with Grose and Moses and Gamble and Aunt Deal. This is the chimney, you see, and thro this door on the other side we enter my room and see those views! Yes we never tire of them. That's the hospital you see thro that window, that is that's a little bit of it, for most of it is hidden by the banse right here at the foot of those steps. Yes, this is my bed room now and it's just the same as it was before we built and that is Anna's thro that door. Yes, she has to go thro this room to get down stairs for we have no room for a hall way except that little entry at the head of the stairs. Isn't that a wonderful closet for such a little house? I know there is not much head room but it will hold a lot for all that. That? Oh, that's the smoke drum that heats this room. See! When you rotate this handle you not only can regulate the draft but by turning <sup>it</sup> round and round you clean out the soot. One thing you must do with and airtight and this arrangement and that is to be sure to put your stove pipe up backward, this is with the outside of each joint point <sup>ing</sup> up and not down. In that way the condensation, (and there is alot of it) will run back into the stove and not down the outside of the pipe and onto the rug. The two airtights down stairs and these two drums, heat the house comfortably, even in cold weather and there are only a few days in summer when we do not need a little heat in one of the stoves. Rather a nuisance isn't it? Yes rather, especially for the dear wife for a wood range is a pest, especially when one is not accustomed to it.

for cooking, you know, and strange as it is, with all these Natives and this great forest almost at our doors, wood is expensive, \$8.00 or \$10 dollars a cord and you must pay for having it cut to stove size after that. How I hate to burn this beautiful yellow cedar! It seems like a crime and one day it will be a crime, but it is all we can get and is the best for the fires.

Now wasn't that a cosy cheerful little Nest? We thought so even tho the only plumbing was a circulating boiler and hot and cold water in the kitchen, and, a year or so later, the astonishing luxury of a bath tub. Most of the nice people in town went to the Russian bath house and took a sweat and a cool bath after it but I knew too much about the possibilities there to ever patronize it. The Natives built little wickieups on the beach and by pouring water over heated stones would have a good sweat and then plunge in the sea but that was only occasionally.

We loved our little home and before long had flowers along the the border by the porch and here and there and a hot bed in the front yard gave us early vegetables. We put it there for it was the only place that had the best exposure and while not ornamental was very useful. Very soon ~~we~~ we began having teachers to dinner with us in the evening, and felt we were bringing some variety and brightness into their rather monotonous lives. We were very happy.

Before very many months had passed we realized that <sup>a</sup> new life was being given <sup>to</sup> us and it was something of a shock to both of us. Altho Anna had been so well since she came to Sitka she had not entirely gotten over the nerve strain of the previous winter and I hoped she might have a year or more to perfectly regain the buoyant health which was her normal condition. Then, too, she was ill prepared mentally to undertake the burdens of Motherhood. Altho her M

"Uncle -daddy, as she called Uncle will Taylor and her brother George were both physicians, and altho she was very close to Aunt Helen Taylor, no girl ever entered married life more unbelievably ignorant of all that married life involved. Had I not known so well the physical aspects of motherhood and had it not been given me to understand the problems which my dear wife was forced to face, our happiness would <sup>surely</sup> have been ~~xxxx~~ wrecked. Anna had no mother in whom she might confide and no woman friend near enough for such sacred thoughts. Miss Gibson had helped us in every way and been very kind and Anna had grown fond of her but she could hardly supply just that need. So Anna turned to me, her dearest and closest, her husband and, in a way, a mother, and for a while she was very miserable.

It is ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xx~~ ~~xx~~ It is not <sup>very</sup> strange that about this time we had the only quarrel that ~~xxxxx~~ ~~xxx~~ ever marred our married life. That is true. I have forgotten what it was about but Mother says it was this way. The Russian woman who did our washing failed to come for two weeks, maybe three, and we had to have some clothes to wear, so when I was away ANNA started to wash some. [came back rather unexpectedly and I was shocked and no doubt ashamed that My wife had to do such work. Probably I remember <sup>ed the</sup> ~~my~~ fine sounding phrase I had written before we were married when I promised her she would not even have to "carry water up stairs." And here she was carrying it, a lot of it, to the woodshed, for we had no conveniences, not even a wringer. And it was more than likely that she began to wonder if married life was all she hoped it would be, and was she to work so hard when she felt so unwell. So I scolded and she was hurt, doubtless feeling I ought to have felt proud of her willingness and ability to meet the

emergency and I ought to have taken her in my arms and told her how proud of her I was and how wonderful she was to do it so cheerfully and how sorry I was that I was that I could not find some one to do the house work. That is what I ought to have done, but I did not do that and there is no hurt so painful as the sense of injustice and and one word led to another and so on and so forth, and I finally slammed the door as I went out in a huff, and the poor little new wife was left to cry and to wonder if she did know him and to decide that she did not and maybe she never wanted to know him for a few bitter moments. But before very long I came back to ask forgiveness and to be forgiven and we were lovers again.

While Anna had increasing physical discomfort and many new and strange symptoms to plague and bother her very soon that wonderful girl's fine character and splendid self control were manifest in the return of her usual sweet and happy self and she willingly undertook the obligations and opportunities of sacrifice for the child to whom she was giving life. We were drawn <sup>closer</sup> together by the little new life and I found new joy in trying to cherish and care for her tenderly. Again and again I find statement like these in my journal written at this time: "Anna is xvery happy; Anna keeps well and now and then, "we went to dinner at Mrs Johnson's given to the Govenor and were given ~~the~~ places next to the guests of honor."

One day, just as I was going to the Ranche I met Anna near the church, coming back from town where she had been calling. She never looked more handsome than she did that day, in her wine colored brosdcloth dress, black velvet ,high crowned hat trimmed with roses to match the dress. The whole rig just suited he fair hair and blue eyes and I was mighty proud of her and told her so and thregh<sup>a</sup>tened

to kiss her right there in the road and Mission children all around. You will find a half a fish hanging in the wood shed, Dear, and we can have some for supper." "A half a fish? Will that be enough?" "O, I think so." Imagine how Anna felt when she went to the wood shed and saw half a halibut hanging there. I purposely failed to mention the kind of fish.

From my Journal of November 8th., 1898. " We are really very busy in spite of the fact that father writes 'We <sup>have</sup> nothing to do but to hold hands and write letters.' Write letters we must for after Mrs. Austin went away the scholarship letters have been apportioned among the teachers and Anna and I have thirty to write every quarter. You know that various Sunday Schools and Mission bands and some individuals support a scholar here and so we try to keep up interest in them by these quarterly letters and it is often hard to find items of personal interest about that particular boy or girl. Anna does much of this writing and Mrs. Pierson, of the Board, wrote to her thanking her for it and telling what good letters she writes. One of the correspondents also spoke highly of her letters. New work comes in from the school altho Mr Kelly is very just about it all. Anna and I have been asked to arrange for an entertainment for the children for Thanksgiving night and I have photographed all the scholars who are personally supported so as to have pictures for the societies. That takes time. Hospital work is so crippled by lack of help that while we do what is necessary aggressive work is impossible without causing a killing strain fro Miss Gibson or myself and we are <sup>not</sup> prepared for an emergency. I think help must be sent from the East as there seems to be no other solution of the problem. We feel we <sup>are</sup> doing something but I often feel I would like to be home again where

xxx I could see men and do work that is distinctly professional. I wonder, too, if I might not wield as wide and even more helpful influence in college work. In fact, I must say I was never so dissatisfied with Sitka as I am now. Not that I am unhappy but the narrowness of this life seems to hem me in more than ever before. But I am in honor bound to stay here until I shall have repaid the Board for the time I was away and perhaps I shall feel differently about it before that." xxxixxxx. "At any rate we are very happy now in the prettiest and cosiest home in Sitka."

We had had a sort of house warming on Thanksgiving day when we had all the teachers to dinner except four who had to box at the

School, sixteen in all, were with us. Anna spread a fine dinner, cooked by herself, too, and so easily that you would hardly know that anything out of the ordinary was taking place; five courses. It was a fine dinner and a happy time and the insistent rain outside only made the house more cheerful." Medical work is pressing, 275 prescriptions per month and five operations per month for the last quarter, inspite of our lack of help. I have a very interesting old man in the wards. At one time he was accused of being a witch and has suffered the ostracism that always follows. He has a double cataract almost totally blind and seems to be destitute. No one ever comes to see him and the care and comfort of the Hospital seem to be a great blessing to the poor old fellow. He is the nicest old man and not a bit of trouble, so unlike most of the Natives who are generally so very fussy. I did the preliminary operation (iridectomy) on one eye last week, and while it was not a complete success because of an old inflammation, no bad results followed and I shall attempt to remove the lense next week." The lense was removed and he made a

satisfactory recovery. Later I did the second operation, on the other eye and while he saw the light and could count fingers as soon as the lense was extracted, when he fully recovered he claimed he could not see. One night he came into the church which he attended regularly, and was about to sit down on a bench near the window. The light was not good and it happened that I had left my hat in that pew. He glanced at the seat and turned to sit down on my hat and then turned again and looked more carefully, and then moved my hat away so I concluded he could see pretty well, in spite of his claim that he could not.

" I have come across the most pathetic case in the Ranch that I ever saw and yet it has been here all the time and only recently was it brought to my attention. In a tiny room walled off in a mere shed of a house and old man and an old woman live. The man has been blind for a long time and the woman has had rheumatism until she is a thing of grotesque deformity. Their only son, who is married to a woman twice his age, a frequent custom among these people, lives in the same tiny room and is far advanced in tuberculosis. I am not very easily moved, anymore for one cannot but grow accustomed to suffering if one is a physician but I can hardly go to that hovel without getting a littly dusty about the eyes. The utter wretchedness is appalling. They do not lack for the creature comforts, as they count comfort, and I have been able to relieve some of their suffering but all three are hopeless as to cure and likely to drag on indefinitely. I have been rather busy among the Russian people and as I was more lucky than skillful in one or two cases I have gained quite a reputation. Even the Russian interpreter came to thank me and praise me but I do not trust him."

We were comfortably settled and Anna was beginning to have a little more leisure altho the kitchen fire was a great bother and she wrote home that she had to 'rebuild it about six times a day' still things were a bit easier. Annie Hines had come to help us as she was not very well and we hoped the change would do her good. While she could not do much still she could watch the fire and help a bit, here and there. The weather was remarkably warm and I find I wrote on December 18th. the 'the mercury had been up to 60, or nearly that, for for weeks past'. We had gotten our Christmas presents ready and sent fifteen packages to the dear ones in the East.

One day early in the month, Anna noticed smoke in the house and as it was a heavy, damp day she thought the fire was not drawing well as the wood was damp. Still, <sup>as it</sup> ~~it~~ increased she went up stairs and ~~a~~ down feeling the walls for hot places but found none. Windows and doors were opened and the smoke did not seem so bad but it did not stop. About four in the afternoon I came over from the Hospital and Anna told me she was anxious. I went over the house and then to the roof and just then Anna called that she had found the fire. In my excitement I fell off the roof but was not hurt and rushed in with a fire extinguisher. We were to have guests for dinner that ~~x~~ night and Anna went to the kitchen closet to get something and found one corner in flames. The chemicals subdued that but there was more fire upstairs. It was nearly dark and I had to light a lamp and get the ax. As I cut thru the floor in the back room, near the chimney, the flames burst half way to the roof. Anna had gone to the ~~xxx~~ McClellands for help and Annie Hines to the Hospital for another extinguisher and I was all alone. I thought the house must go for ~~x~~ the flames were roaring out to the side walls and up to the eaves.

I turned on the extinguisher only to find that it was empty, and the fire was rapidly gain<sup>in</sup>g headway! It was a moment of real agony and I prayed most earnestly and so was kept from going all to pieces nervously. Still no one came and I was nearly wild in my helplessness. Then someone pushed another extinguisher into my hands. I pushed it into the flames as it did not have a hose and turned it toward the wall and then toward the chimney. The flames went out instantly. I would not have believed it possible but the fire was between two of the floor joist and ran out to the studs and so up to the roof and being thus confined and the draft thus created carrying the gas to the burning wood simply smother<sup>ed</sup> them at once. Miss Gibson was recharging the first extinguisher, meanwhile but <sup>there</sup> ~~the~~ was little need for it there. There were only small boys at the Mission but they came on the run and manfully and efficiently formed a bucket brigade for the fire still crept up the wood casing of the chimney. Then Mr. Gamble and some big boys came and someone in town had seen the smoke and the fire company came boiling and began to carry out some furniture. About the hardest work was to keep them from tearing everything to pieces, but we finally convinced them that it was out and got them out of the house. But we had to tear out the chimney and let out all the dirt with which it was packed, for some one had been careless in building it and instead of using clay to pack it they had used the top soil which was more like peat and there was punky wood and roots in it. These had been smouldering from the heat in the terra cotta flue and had finally set fire to the wood work. You see, our chimneys were built of a terra cotta flue and ~~shank~~ wood casing with about a foot of space between them and this space was filled with clay, as

<sup>st</sup>  
Christmas boxes from home.

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brick are so very expensive. Anna was very cool and calm and as soon as possible Miss Gibson got her to lie down and Mrs. McClelland mothered her a bit. But the dirt from the chimney made an awful mess. When the carpenters tore out enough to see what structural damage had been done it was more wonderful than ever that the house did not go. Nothing but those chemical extinguishers and God's mercy saved it. The actual damage was not very great but it was a job to get it cleaned out, and cosy again. We were devoutly thankful we still had the little home we loved so well.

Our Christmas boxes from home made exceptionally good time and arrived two weeks before Christmas. We did not wish to open them but Aunt Adelia had ordered some things, or my Mother had sent them and she wanted to get her winter coat, dress and so forth so we opened them but not our presents, except another and better canvas boat which Father had sent me. I could not wait for that and we soon had it in the water and a triab trip in it. Anna wrote to Mary, soon after Christmas day, " The Bagdad stripe is just what we wanted and it will give an air of grace to the big doorway between the living and the dining room for its red and blue stripes will harmonize with each room. It is the exact mate to the one that the Filburs sent ~~me~~ me. Did you scheme together? We are delighted and anxious to get our curtain pole from the woods and hang them.

About Christmas; I rather dreaded the day for I do miss you all so much but I could not but be happy with my dear husband. We had such fun with the boxes from Philadelphia. We kept trying to find our presents for each had hidden them from the other. Bert had so many good reasons why he needed to/open his presents it just kept me busy getting ahead of ~~them~~ him. He had a new canvas boat, beard clippers, lens for the microscope, and underclothes. I had some

Japanese blue ware baking dishes, dressing sac, syrup cup and together we had a large standard<sup>c</sup> dictionary, Bagdad stripe, chafing dish fork and spoon, a dozen new graphophone records, and Bert had an attachment for shaving the records so that so that they could be used for new records.

Beside these the box contained presents from Mrs. Wilbur to all the Cottage boys and their wives and children and all the Mission folk (workers) and quantities of candy and chocolate, so you can see it was quite exciting to dispense the presents.

We had Miss Gibson and Mr. Gamble here to dinner Christmas eve while the Graphophone played the new records. Bert carved the fowl with the new carver, (another present) to the music and then every few minutes he would jump up and bring in an armful of presents, mostly jokes and we laughed so much we just ached for Bert had made such funny things. Bert gave me such a pretty blue serge rain coat, the prettiest I ever saw and just what I needed for the watax rain creeps up the inside of my mackintosh almost to my waist. Then we had so much fun surprising each other. Everyone at the Mission was interested to see if I could get ahead of Bert and I did, with their help. Mr. Beck, the carpentry teacher. Bert wanted some tools as it was such a bother to go to the shop or hunt up Mr Beck when he wanted a saw or plane to do a little repair. So Mr Beck gave me the names of the kind to get and I borrowed some money (so I would not know anything about it. Looks as tho I was not very thoughtful in supplying Anna with the necessary but blamed hard to find! B.K.A.) and ordered them in Seattle, getting one of the teachers to mail the letter. "I will copy from my Journal to give some side lights." The serge was a complete surprise to Anna for when we unpacked the boxes soon after

they came so Aunty could get her coat Anna saw it but I managed to lead her to believe it was from Mother to Aunt Deal and she was rather disappointed that it was not for her. Before we were comfortably thru or supper we had to hurry to the school to the entertainment. The children sang well and spoke their peices well but an unusual part of the celebration occidred at the very beginning. A Native couple who had been married by Native custom Ewenty-one years ago now wished to be married in the Christ-way. So the ceremony was performed there. It was another evidence of the power of Christ to change men&s hearts. The Native customs on such things are very loose indeed.

The ladies of the Town had taken up a collection to help make the children happy and so all the children, whites, Russians and our school children also were given a nice box of candy and some fruit. You know what a treat fruit is here in the winter season. A near neighbor of the Mission gave three boxes of apples and a white man married to a Native gave the Hospital a box of apples. So with the candy &c. Mother <sup>and Father</sup> sent, our children were very liberally supplied. Some years there is plenty and others the gifts are pretty scant. We can never tell and <sup>are</sup> ~~are~~ dependent on the societies altho Mr. Kelly feels justified in getting some candy with Mission funds, if it is necessary but the amount is quite limited.

When Anna and I returned to the Neat she did not seem quite ready to go to bed and after a time it developed that she was expecting Mr Gamble to bring a box to her. So I went up and got it. She asked me to open it and there was a fine saw, plane and chisels. I was the one to be surprised, as I had not the slightest inkling that she was even thinking about them.

We hung up our stockings and in the morning, mine was the most

thing Anna writes " I had given Bert a Christmas present , a note telling him there was no board in Sitka suitable for making a box to hold the Graphophone records and how disappointed I was that I could have ~~xxx~~ <sup>it</sup> ready for his present, so he had no idea that there was any more Christmas for him from me. We hung up our stockings and in the morning mine was the most distorted thing you ever saw. It contained a coil of wire, door bell and batteries, book, match box and what I thought was a game of blocks but proved to be the pieces of a towel rack Bert had made to match my furniture. Annie Hines hung up her stocking too and we stuffed two wool union suits into it and at the top a doll made of Chocolate cake and raisens that was just absurd.

The Cottage Boys and wives have a pretty custome of singing carols under ~~xxxx~~ our windows and in town too, at midnight Christmas eve. They really sing very well and their voices in the quiet frosty air and perhaps bright moonlight ~~xxx~~ are very sweet and joyous and reverent, too. We always get up and wish them merry christmas and perhaps have some cake or something for them. I opened my personal presents from you and Letty and Sue Neff after breakfast and had such a happy time. My present from Aunt Helen got lost and the Post master did not find it until the following week."

A few days after Christmas we had the Cottage boys and their families, thrity three in all, come to the West for a party. There was Thomas and Mattie Cook, (Thomas helped build the addition,) Willie Wells and his wife, Rudolph and Daisy Walton, Peter Simpson and wife Howard and Lottie George and some others. There were a few of their parents from the Rancho also, members of our church and especial friends of Bert's. We played the new records which they enjoyed very much as these records are especially fine. Then we made a record of

their Christmas carol on an cylinder we had shaved, and then Bert did his sleight of hand tricks, the same ones he showed the school children on Thanksgiving night as these people had not seen them. These cottage people are of much higher intelligence than the Rancho people and they were greatly interested and saw through some of the tricks, but by most of them they were mystified. Bert had studied them from some books he brought with him and is really quite adept. and as they are mostly sleight of hand and with <sup>out</sup> much of the fancy apparatus they go very well. Then we had ice cream and cake, and <sup>as</sup> some of the old people had never tasted it before it was very funny to see them. At first they spit it out but when they began to taste the sweet flavor they tried again, and then fell to with relish and had three or four helpings. After refreshments we distributed presents, those mother Wilbur sent, some from Aunt Heal and our own and played a few games and it was nearly midnight when we said good-bye after a very happy evening.

As New Year day was Sunday, Bert made some calls on Saturday afternoon but found very few ready to receive. I put on my best ~~ski~~ ~~day~~ but no one called. Some called on Monday but we were out. We have been enjoying the skating on Swan Lake. It is back of the town and a mile or more long. Bert takes me there on a sled and pulls me around. One day a man had a dog in harness and fastened it to the sled and took me whizzing all about. The lake ~~xxxxx~~ extends almost back of the Brady's house and Bert sometimes skates down to the end and hides his skates and tramps over the hill, when he goes to see them professionally. They are very fond of him and he is their family doctor."

Hospital work was not very satisfactory because we had so little help. Some of the girls came from the school a part of each day but they ~~would~~ could do little more than help with the cooking. Early in the year we had an epidemic of grippe and some of the teachers were sick. I had an attack but it was mild and fortunately it occurred before the worst of the sickness. Providentially Anna escaped. Operations had to be put over but I did some repair work for Mrs. Paul and we had some serious cases of pneumonia in the hospital, and I had to be there much of the time.

A brother-in-law of Dr. White, the Naval surgeon, came to town and as he had a partial medical course White allowed him or urged him to practice in the Rancho. There was no law to prevent it. This fellow was unscrupulous and I suspected he was selling cocaine to the Natives, in fact I was pretty sure of it. It was an outrageous thing to do. We never had to cope with drug addicts, but that fellow was trying to develop them. I could not get a clear case but I found he had treated a young woman for some sickness and she died while ~~he~~ under his care, and White had never been called in. I criticised White freely with the hope he would hear what I said and he did. He asked me, one day if I had said thus and so and I said I had and repeated what I had said and told him I ~~thought~~ <sup>thought</sup> he was guilty of neglect, for he must have know about the case as he was certainly <sup>n</sup> responsible for what his relative was doing. We had been fairly good friends before that but that ended it.

Anna writes about this time, "The hospital has been crowded to overflowing and the Nurse has been sick with the grippe and Bert hardly gets home to his meals. One case of pneumonia has required night watching and one on the older Mission boys stays with him at

night so poor Bert gets up several times a night to go and see if everything is all right. My kitchen'lady' has been in bed with the grippe so we have not had many spare moments. But we are perfectly happy and it is so sweet to have each other. I am quite an experie~~xx~~nced housekeeper now and it is such pleasure to feel confident that I know.

We have been having quite an exciting time at the Mission. Mr. Kelly would not let the boys go to a big Native dance and they rebelled and battered down the door of his office where he was punishing one of them and a regular scrimmage followed as our four men teachers grappled with them. ~~Thax~~ As a result the two leaders are lodged in the Sitka jail. Bert said nothing like it ever happened before, since he came. (A word of explanation is necessary. It was not a dance as we understand the word that these boys wanted to attend but rather an ancient ceremony by which peace was to be restored between two clans that had been at war, nominally tho no actual fighting had occurred, for years. We can not understand how these ceremonies mean so much to the Natives ~~xx~~ and as our Church people promised that this would be the last big feast they would take part in the boys were most anxious to see it. The policy of the Missionaries was to oppose all such feasts and potlatches because of the trouble that almost invariably followed and because of economic reasons and they felt that such ceremonies held the Natives to the old devil worship and witchcraft. Perhaps we were not as wise as we should have been in such matters because we did not really know all that was in the Native mind. These ceremonies were interwoven in every fiber of the Native's being and meant everything to him. EK.J.] "The Raven's have built a large house and and had two weeks of constant dancing and

fasting and <sup>feasting</sup> dancing and <sup>have</sup> torn up hundreds of blankets so they claim to have earned the highest totem, the frog and have had a large pole erected in front of their house. Such a festive two weeks has out done all traditions of the last hundred years and has cost thousands of dollars. While it makes the Natives or clan that gives it absolutely penniness it raises them to the highest caste and the other Natives vie with each other to minister to their needs."

There were ten or more large canoes filled with Chilcat Thlingits who came to visit and make peace. Their arrival was celebrated by a dance of welcome by the Sitkas on the beach. I do not suppose any white man could interpret its full significance for it was all symbolic and was watched by the clans, not taking part, with the closest attention. Form and correct movement was most important and very freely commented on. Most of the Native were dressed in the typical Alaskan or rather Thlingit dance costumes and the photos will give a better idea of them than any description could but there were a number dressed as birds or animals. One in particular was so like my little friends of St. Lázaria, the stone-turns, that I recognized him instantly as the dancer hopped about imitating the piercing notes of the bird ~~whaxa~~ almost perfectly.

The canoes of the visiting clan were fastened side by side, decorated with flags on lines from mast to stem and stern, the people <sup>were</sup> in dance dress in part but not nearly elaborate as that of the Sitkas.

Very slowly they approached timing their landing to the finish of the dance and tho the friends watched the dancing closely these visitors searched earnestly for the slightest mistake. If they could find any it would give all the dancers great shame. We really cannot begin to realize how very serious it all was.

~~The women did not dance, that is entirely but they were in~~

The women did not really dance but they were a very necessary adjunct to the ceremony for, dressed in ceremonial costume of blue blanket bordered with red, <sup>border</sup> and row after row of small buttons, <sup>white</sup> they stood along the side lines singing, or better, chanting their weird cadences as their bodies swayed with the rhythm. One or more drums, ~~ax~~ which were more like large tambourines, were beaten with a short wood paddle and it was astonishing how many different strokes they had, a different one for each dance.

Anna went with me and combined a visit to some of my patients with a view of the landing of the Chilkats. To us it looked a little foolish and of course meaningless yet the sense of its seriousness and tension seemed to pervade the very air. The town photographer took a picture and Anna and I can be seen on the walk in front of the houses. She has on a golf cape, Altho we believed in the dangers of of maternal impressions on the unborn babe, I mean the medical profession as a whole believed it at ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> time, it did not occur to me and, of course Anna did not know hardly anything about it, that some of those grotesque and horrible faces might have a bad effect. It was fortunate we did not think of it for if we had she would have missed all those strange and unusual views of Native life and all for no purpose.

I will quote part of her letter describing the ceremony. so when you see the quotation marks in connection with this feast you will know what they mean. "There were, at least, twenty women with ermine head dresses. These are made of long, eighteen inches or more, thin switches fastened at their base to a woven or wooden cap and they stand straight up in the air, tho slightly bent toward the center.

In among these wands or switches eagle's down was twined while from the cap and sweeping the ground and extending perhaps two feet a soft skin veil was covered with ermine skins, as many as could be attached. There were sixteen I counted on one. As they sway and shake their heads the eagle's down fills the air and is an emblem of peace on all on whom it falls. This headdress was only one of many, some of them were almost Egyptian in their costume with head dresses like the animal head dresses of the Pharaohs. Bracelets and rings, valuable blankets and moccasins, little ~~skins~~ bags on chains around their necks containing the ashes of their ancestors or other valuables were a part of the costumes.

The dress of the men were even in greater variety. Some had beaded dance shirts pulled on over stiff bosom white shirts, some with skin shirts, painted with totems and fringed with tufts of hair. Bags and pouches and wallets were hung all over them to flap about as they postured and jumped up and down. They wore blankets, not common trade blankets but rare ones and even the handsome Chilcat blankets. Little touches of dazzle were added, Aboloni shells, hand mirrors and one man had two glass lamp reflectors tied across his breast with a yellow tape measure! Some wore wigs and a few masks and in their hands they carried rattles or dance sticks with which they beat pieces of board painted with totemic designs. Their faces were hideously painted from just a few streaks to one fellow whose whole face was painted black except large white circles about his eyes. He wore a wig of raveled new rope and the effect was savage and grotesque in the extreme."

As a great concession I was able to take a picture of the final ceremony and in spite of poor light ~~it~~ and the fact that they

This page to be read after 3rd. paragraph on pg.443.

Since writing the account of the big potlatch I ~~fin~~ have found such an interesting letter to Aunt Helen Taylor, written by Anna which describes other ceremonies that I copy it in part, as it ought to be preserved here.

March 5, 1899. " Steamer day is but two days off and this time it is to have the added excitement of bringing Helena and Madeline and we are so happy in the prospect. Bertrand is conducting the Sunday night service which he has every other Sunday. It has been snowing all day and after floundering around and getting nearly stalled this afternoon I did not venture ~~max~~ out again tonight, altho I so keenly enjoy my own dear Husband's evening services. Poor boy, he was called out this morning about four and has been tramping all day except when he was conducting Sunday School. How often I thought of thee during the recent potlatch and dances of the Natives. The occasion was the opening of a tribal house at the Rancho when the Chilcat Indians of the same clan came to pay a visit. Rumors were in circulation that the Chilcats were coming, but the time, to be dramatic, must remain unknown. Our Natives had been ready for several weeks, when suddenly, early one morning, the Chilcats, in a dance attire, were seen to round the point giving loud cries as they came. All the Sitkas were ~~xxxx~~ on the beach when they arrived but stood sedately by, waiting for the ceremony of the visitors.

Twenty seven large canoes with high bow and stern, with four-  
bright painted  
teen or more paddles on a side, just raced thro the water. As soon as the bows touched the shore the Natives in dance costume and ~~branches~~  
dance sticks leaped out. Never have I seen anything so picturesque  
hideously  
and grotesque as well. They danced three dances, jumped into their

canoes and paddled swiftly to their camp on a nearby island. The Sitkas followed them closely and from their boats saw another dance on the shore of the Island. Then the Sitkas rushed back to the Rancho, and gathered behind a curtain, perhaps three hundred feet long which had been stretched along the beach. The Chilcats soon reappeared around the point, their canoes lashed side by side, this time, and instead of hurrying to the beach, they came slowly with a sort of ceremony and turned facing the beach but remaining a short distance from it, facing the curtain. This was suddenly drawn aside, and with all the savage frenzy you can imagine, the dance of welcome was on.

After two dances our people all ran, helter skelter, into the new house and shut the door. Soon a man came out and with pantomime and song and dance gave the formal invitation for the visitors to enter, and the Chilcats got once landed and went into the house. FOR three weeks the dancing and feasting continued and thousands of blankets were torn up and given away. (These are later made by Native women who receive them into coats or shirts quite regardless of color or matching stripes. Such garments are considered to be very honorable indeed as they show that the wearer has been to many feasts and had received many presents. B.K.W.) The final dance was the deer or peace dance but Bert thought I better not go to that as it was in the house and there was sure to be a crowd there."...."I never expect to see such barbarism/ again and trust I never shall. Contrast out little settlement in the Cottages and the married Mission boys and girls with this heathenism, and then you see the blessed result of the self sacrificing labor of these twenty years. (And my dear wife did not realize fully what a terrible struggle it was to those Cottage people to refrain from taking part in these festivities. NO one but a *thinker* could fully understand that.)

all had to stand still, no easy thing under such excitement, the photo gives a very fair representation of the costumes.

These ceremonies are not really dances. Men and women do not dance together. The dancers do not run and leap about as we see in the wild dances of the Plains Indian. For the most part they stand in one place and posture or move the upper part of their bodies this way and that. Occasionally some specially good performer will go the whole length of the dancing line imitating some bird or animal which he is dressed to resemble.

But now the final act has come. One man wears a head band in which are two tufts of fur, the deers horns I am told. He gyrates this way and that while another man tries to place a fur covered wreath about his neck. After this goes on for a time the wreath is finally placed about the deer's neck and he is captured and peace is assured. While it is all watched very closely, for the house is packed with spectators, the very few whites are permitted to see it, and there is an undercurrent of intense emotion, there is no wild shout or any demonstration of gladness that the long feud is ended.

I have said very little about the strange Native customs for all that can be read in books, the one by Rev.L.F.Jones, for many years our Missionary at Juneau and a personal friend, in his "A Study of the Thlingits of Alaska" is very complete and accurate. While the official spelling is Thlingit and is often pronounced Thk ink-lets I always have thought that Hkkin- git' with accent on the last syllable, more nearly represents the correct sound.

Anna continued very well but with increasing discomfort, of course. She wrote George in February "I am very well and grow more and more in love with Raven's Nest and Sitka and Bertrand." It was

not a routine matter to make the various prenatal tests, at that time that it is now, Indeed, many of these tests were not known. If the expectant mother was in good health that was thought to be sufficient. So my dear Wife did not have the advantage of these many safe-guards that we know now. Of course I watched her with the greatest care and did everything for her I knew of but I was appalled at the many possibilities that faced her and my own ignorance in so many ways. She, happily, did not know what was before her and I thought it best she should not know. I knew that I must face the coming ordeal without the help of a consultant for the Naval man was practically useless at such times. We looked to a loving Heavenly Father to guide and help and the strength and courage He gave carried me thru that trying time.

The Bay was full of Herring eggs. Every blade of sea grass, every big leaf of kelp, every weed, was covered with its coating of the tiny cream colored globules. I loved to take the sea grass and strip the eggs off with my teeth. They crackled pleasantly as I ate them and were <sup>not</sup> the least goosy or strong. But Anna was not enough of an Alaskan for that. The Natives anchored large branches of hemlock in the water and soon great masses of the eggs would be deposited on them, layer on layer, until the branches looked like huge bunches of minute grapes. The whole thing was then dried in the air and stored for winter use. The Bay was full of ducks, also

Every <sup>day</sup> ~~two~~ <sup>two</sup> Natives, in one of the smaller canoes, would pass by, the man in the bow, with a long ~~thin~~ narrow bladed stick, into the edge of which sharpened nails had been driven, would sweep it thru the water and then over the stern of the canoe and shake off the six or eight herring he would impale at every stroke. It was not

trick at all to fill the canoe, if you had the necessary muscle. The natives boiled the fish and skimmed off the oil to save for the winter. We had all the herring we wished to eat, The flesh was very sweet but they were very oily and full of bones.

After supper on Sunday, April 8th, Anna, Helena and I went down to the beach in front of the Nest and clambered up on the rocks. I tried to get the girls to eat herring eggs which I was enjoying. Helena had come out to be with Anna, Father and Mother were so good to us, and we had a happy time in the clear soft air, for it was quite warm that evening. Three weeks before we had a two foot snowfall. Anna seem so well and joyous. Perhaps it was not the wisest thing to do but the rocks were not high or slippery and Anna loved the little and moss and ferns flowers that grew in every nook and cranny. That night, about eleven o'clock, the pain began and Miss Gibson came over and just as the bell rang for dinner at the Mission on April 10th, a new being came into the world and a lusty baby boy with a lot of black hair was placed in his mother's arms.

Dear Anna bore the suffering with wonderful fortitude and fine self control, hiding her pain so that it would be easier for me. Miss Gibson was efficiently professional but with an added bit of gentleness for I think she had begun to really love Anna, how could she help it? and the Doctor -husband was first doctor and then husband and sometimes one and sometimes the other, almost forgetting that he was also father to this little new baby.

There are holy places in the world and there are sacred moments in life but I have yet to see any thing in that is so nearly divine as a good mother with her newborn babe in her arms. Anna's eyes were full of wonderful love-light when she ~~met~~<sup>saw</sup> her groom, but there

(These letters should have been woven into the story but the letters were not found until afterward and as these are too beautiful an insight into the dear Anna-mother heart to be omitted, I copy them here. Father.)

Sitka, April 5, 1899. ... To Aunt Helen Taylor, "I am so happy. Just think what new joy is coming to us before the next boat comes again. Isn't it wonderful and blessed and joyous? Oh, how good God is to let us come so near to Him in parenthood."

April 22; "Dear Brothers, Be prepared for the shock of an added dignity, for from Raven's Nest comes the salutation of your wee small nephew to Uncle George, Uncle Morris and Uncle Archer. We wish you might see for yourselves what an honor it is to be called Uncle by such a wonderful baby as our Bertrand but, as it is, you will have to take it on the word of his reliable Father and Mother. He is a splendid big boy with light hair and blue eyes and having been here twelve days he has outgrown the first nickname his father gave him "Wee Weary Winkles Wilbur" and bids fair to be as handsome as his Uncle Archer, whose baby picture he closely resembles. He is a very model baby, so far, like those his Uncle George approves of, who do not cry (very often) but sleep and eat with great regularity."

May 6: "Dear Maysie, You must give me a little time to settle down to the wonder of having little Bertrand and then I promise not to always write baby letters but, just now, he is all absorbing. Yesterday I washed and dressed him for the first time and now I am taking entire charge of him and he seems so really my own. Bert is just the dearest father a baby could have and handles the little One so gently and fondly it makes me very happy to see how deeply he loves that wee little bit of humanity. His professional experiences have not dulled his love for this little fellow at all and I think that baby seems just as new and strange and wonderful to his proud father as he does to his mother. Several times we have taken him down stairs in his little blue wrapper his Auntie -May made for him and he looks so cunning and sweet in it.

Last night we had some of the teachers to dinner as a farewell to Mrs. Wallace, one of the matrons who is leaving on this boat. Helena did all the work and Bert carried me down stairs to preside at the dainty table. I have been down stairs almost every day this week and on warm, sunshiny days have had my chair outside where Bert was working on the lawn and flower beds. Bert is so good to me and it has been so sweet to have him with me so much. Fortunately, the work at the Hospital has been so much less serious and next month Miss Gibson goes away on her furlough and the hospital must be closed and home will be Bert's central point so I am looking forward to all sorts of good things.

May 26, 1899. Dear Auntie-Mamma, the dear little coat and cap and pads arrived safely though almost without wrappings for the journey is most disastrous to packages of all kinds. The coat and cap are so cunning I want so much to try them on baby Bertrand but it seems so selfish to put them on the little fellow just to satisfy my curiosity that I have thus far refrained. Now that I am taking care of baby myself he seems so much my very own precious little baby boy. He is so cunning in his little tub. Madeline said to me " Aunt Anna was'nt it just too bad you happened to be sick just the very time the baby came. So Miss Gibson had to take care of him and it really seemed as if she was more baby's mother than you were. But, of course, God meant him for you and Uncle Bert." I am so happy to be able to nurse the little son, he seems so sweetly to belong to me as he looks up so contentedly into my face and seems to be wondering who I am. We find a dozen signs a day to prove how intelligent he is grows and Bert and I laugh over his antics, for he is such a strong little fellow. There, he has just waked up and I can

hear dear Bert go to his crib saying, "there, there, dear little boy." and now ~~xxxx~~ he is coming down stairs to me."

And this letter, written a little earlier, shows so clearly the sweetness and depth of Mother's affection.

"Our dear Auntie Marma, ~~xxx~~ The precious little man has been with us twelve days, a sacred reality since noon, April tenth: 'Bertrand', of course, for the noblest and best of fathers and Henry for his grandfather Wilbur and the dear grandfather Dean. I wonder, had you ever thought that 'Bertrand' is German for 'Raven'? So you see our little one is appropriately housed in the 'Nest'. He is a splendid boy and has been such a good little darling we are so very proud of him and happy in our new joy.

I wish you might see Bertrand as he so tenderly cares for the little son. It makes me so happy to see his love for our baby radiate: oh Auntie, how I love my Bertrands. I wish you could know how tenderly careful he is, my husband, my physician, my nurse; always seeming so happy in caring for me and thinking only of my comfort and happiness.

Helena has been chief cook and Maid, Miss Gibson comes over twice a day and dear Bert has been everything else to me, my own dear husband; How can I ever be thankful enough for such a blessing. My cup of happiness is full to overflowing."

June 21st. "Leisure to write has become so extremely rare amid the happy round of our daily life that I am going to try to get a few lines written to you as his smallness is lying in my lap to have a bit of colic trotted away, dear little boy. He grows more and more interesting and intelligent every day and seems such a sunshiney little fellow. He is ten weeks old and weighs fourteen pounds and a half. His eyes are large and dark blue with a right sparkle and as for his hair; sometimes it seems burnished copper, other times brown and then a very

light blond, so its a littl<sup>l</sup> hard to say just what color it is to be finally, but we do love him, and it is just the sweetest joy to see Bertrand with the little son. Of course, Baby know us now and he laughs and crows when we hold him. Mrs. Brady gave me her old carriage that has trundeled five little Bradys, and although it is de-lapidated it has been very nice for baby and I have taken him to town twice in it. Since our little porch was built I can take him out every bright day. The Nest is so pretty now in its coat of new paint.

Bertrand had some of the Mission boys help him clear more space for our garden and in a plot as largex as a city back yard we have lettuce, turnips, carrots, potatoes, radishes, spinish, peas, beans, cabbage, cauliflower, beets, rhubarb and raspberries. Most of the seeds were given us by Prof. Georgison, U:S. Agent of the Dept. of Agriculture and we must report on them. So we feel very scientific with our labels and records.

Sutka is in the mad whirl of tourists and the Harriman Expedition was here. Helena has been visiting Mrs. Brady and has been in all the gayety, four dinners last week, two receptions and a luncheon beside launch parties (by the Navy people,) and mountain parties and so on. She is just in her element.

Last Thursday Mrs. Brady gave the Governor a surprise birthday part<sup>y</sup> and us a wedding anniversary party at the same time. Aunt Deal came down to take care of baby so we could both go as it was in our honor. I was presented with a large paper boquet. Then we all went to view the bridal presents for two minutes and then made a list of them from memory. Music, vocal and instrumental followed. At the table the Governor eat under a huge pop corn ball presiding over a big cake with fifty candles. At my end was an elaborate wedding cake while I was o'ershadowed and almost extinguished by a paper wedding bell covered with ferns. A Chamoni cow-bell was the clapper, kept in motion all the time by mischevious lads and maidens. We came home at ten for the little boy must be fed."

was all of that love light and and with it, another light, even deeper and more tender in her dear face as she looked up at me and ~~with~~ whispered, "Our baby boy."

Perhaps <sup>the</sup> Doctor's husband had been a little too anxious for his loved patient-wife to be relieved of pain, and so had not been as deliberate as he ought to have been, but, whether that is so or not, some repair work was necessary in a few days and of course I had to do that it. Anna's recovery was quite normal and she had abundant nourishment for the little fellow who seemed to require it frequently. Nor was it for a few days only but all thro his babyhood ~~he~~ he drew his life from his mothers bosom. And that was the sweetest sight to the father, who was beginning to remember that this was not just another baby that he had helped into the world, but that it was HIS baby, 'flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone' the blessed symbol of the mystery of the blending of twain into one new being. As was certain from all she was and ~~is~~ is, Anna was a wise and loving mother from the very first. I did not feel robbed of her love ~~nor~~ nor jealous of that bit of humanity. We read of that sometimes, but it was not consciously my mental condition. Instead, Anna's love seemed to expand and deepen and embrace both big and little Bert in deep and lavish affection. For we had named the baby with his fathers first name and Henry for his grandfather Wilbur and his Uncle Will Henry Taylor, for his second name. I thought Father would be greatly pleased but I guess he was disappointed that we did not call him Henry for his first name for he wrote, "...that youngster that is named after me and Dr. Taylor and a few other people."

We were human, quite so, and the difficulty of a new baby in the house came to us as to others. Of course, night was the greatest problem and I could not get away, for Helena, had my room and the

<sup>house</sup> was small but, at least, we did not have to warm a bottle at night. We made the adjustments as other young mothers and fathers have done but as the baby grew older he had many a spanking he did not deserve and given in spite of mild protests from his mother. I wish I could unspank him in some way. Perhaps, as Tom Sawyer's Aunt Polly said when she discovered that she had given Tom and ~~my~~ Bert undeserved whipping, "Well, it wont come amiss" <sup>Bert received</sup> ~~either~~ those undeserved spankings, <sup>either</sup> were not amiss, for they, or something, resulted in a very fine son whose ~~loving~~ affectionate interest and loving devotion has ever been a blessing to his parents.

We had no maid at this time and not much of any of the time we lived at Sitka, and while I do not intend to take up the 'servant girl problem we had one experience that was, to say <sup>the least,</sup> unusual and terminated just before Bertie was born. A young Episcopal clergyman, Wells Mortimer Partridge, came to us one day to tell us about a woman whose husband <sup>a prisoner in jail</sup> was ~~detained as a witness~~ in town. He said she was an intelligent woman, much above the usual class of domestics, and that she wanted some kind of work and would do anything. He wondered if we would take her in as a sort of maid-companion and we would be doing a real Christian service if we would. At the same time he did not wish or expect us to treat her as a guest ~~but~~ for she would do the house work altho she had not had experience with cooking. Mr. Partridge was a good friend and we liked him a lot and agreed to try it and Mrs. Foster arrived the same day. She was a blond, about thirty, perhaps less, with a refined face, rather demure and sad, a gentle voice and quiet manner. She didn't know anything about house work but tried to learn. Before long, it was evident that she was under a good deal of emotional strain and very often wept when we had

our morning prayers, and then she wept at many other times also, in fact Anna would find her weeping so constantly in the kitchen, at times that she entirely forgot the <sup>fire</sup> ~~fire~~ and it was out. But she would never tell just why she wept, said our home life was so beautiful, we seemed to care so much for each other and so on but she never talked freely but was very self contained and became a good deal of a mystery. Being conscientious people, Anna and I thought she was in the throes of conviction and that repentance and a new life would soon be her portion. The joy of the repentant sinner did not seem to come, however, for Mrs. Foster seemed to hang on <sup>occasionally</sup> sharp rocks of conviction. ~~After~~ she repeated the story of her husband's innocence and how he was just gathered in with the crowd in a round up at Skagway, but she did <sup>not</sup> ~~not~~ talk about him often.

So things went on for some weeks and she really did seem to care for us and was a help in her inefficient way and then, one day the steamer came and she disappeared, totally and entirely. A U.S. Marshall appeared with a warrant for her arrest on the charge of complicity in the crimes of the Soapy Smith gang. The Soapy Smith gang was a band of the worst criminals that had been terrorizing Skagway and Juneau, robbing miners of their pokes, hold ups, gun play and finally murder. They had killed a deputy Marshal ~~wh~~ in the final round up when two or three of the gang were wiped out, and poor innocent Fester, (tho that was probabally an alias,) was one of the ringleaders if not the chief one and Mrs. Foster, our maid, was the <sup>spic</sup> ~~spic~~ and decoy of the gang and probabky not married to Fester at all if she was married to anyone. Well - -, were we surprised? I should say so. But she had not stolen anything from us, and we had some silver and jewelry about, nor had she hurt us in anyway but we

We were greatly disappointed for we thought we were helping her in her trouble and, perhaps we did for her tears were genuine and I cannot but believe that she saw a better life but was too fast in the toils to escape to it. Only the All Wise One knows. We never saw her or heard from her again and how she got away from Sitka is still a mystery. *We found out she had made a birthday cake and food she took to her every visitor's den. as a hiding place for her to be used to break jail*

Dear Helena was our help and standby until Anna was well and stayed with us until Fall. Early in June she went to Mrs. Brady's house for a visit and stayed there quite a while. We built a little piazza on the Nest and a new flight of steps as I have told before. Miss Gibson took Annie Hines for a camping trip and to get a needed rest and that, of course, made more work for me but I was glad to have the faithful Nurse have the change. I planted the garden which had been enlarged somewhat and on June 18th, I have a note: I picked the thirteenth dozen radishes from the garden and they were fine tho small as the season has been unusually cold." We do not count radishes much of a luxury here but fresh vegetables were decidedly so there, and the cool air and long days made all the root astonishingly tender, and vegetables really delicious.

One day the S.S. Elder, that formerly ran from Portland, came into port under charter by E.H. Harriman, the famous railroad magnate, of New York. He had fifty scientists as his guests and the whole town turned out to give them a good time. They had a fleet of small boats, power and sail and the scientific men went all over the bay gathering specimens and birds and collecting data. Mr. Harriman had one of the newest and finest phonographs, a \$300 instrument and wished to make a record of the Native songs and dances tunes, which he planned to give to Walter Damrosch to use as a theme for a symphony

I wrote to Dr. Danrosh, not long ago and asked him if he ever wrote the symphony and he replied, in his kindly, friendly way that he never heard about it before. *He made Foster a birthday cake and sent a letter at 20 he could break jail*

Someone told Harriman that I knew the Indians, as he called them, better than anyone else and could get him the best men to sing for him and so I was asked to see the great man. Very briefly he told me what he wanted and invited me to lunch on the steamer. I got the men together and with his secretary went to work making the record in the Governors house, Mr. Brady was governor at that time. When lunch time came I went aboard, the steamer was tied to the wharf, and was placed next to Mrs. Harriman, her husband ~~being placed~~ <sup>sitting</sup> at the head of the table. As a special favor and that I might have congenial company, the doctor of the expedition was placed next to me and, as he took his place he said "What will you have to drink?" I thanked him and of course declined but those old scientists certainly did not waste the opportunity and bottles were everywhere. My host did not drink but his wife had wine and asked me to have some. They were not strong on Missionaries, evidently. I was very much interested but the Doctor paid little attention to me and the talk was all about what this one and that one had found and where they were going next and things I knew nothing about. After lunch I was introduced to a number of men among them Prof. Muir of glacier fame, and a Dr. Trudeau from Saranac but he was certainly not the great Trudeau for this man was a big husky fellow with a full beard. We went on with the songs after ~~dinner~~ lunch and at the end of the day Harriman asked me what he should give the Natives. I told him what the usual wages were and suggested that sum. He seemed very much peeved and said impatiently he had'nt time to bother to pay

each one. He would give them twenty dollars and let them divide it among themselves. I said that would not do for one or two who had not done anything but sit around, they had come in, uninvited, would get most of the money because of tribal custom. O, well, he couldn't bother and he told his secretary to give them a twenty dollar gold peice and he huddled off. I didn't think so much of Mr. Harriman.

Then it developed, that they wanted to get a translation of the words of the songs so I got Willie Wells and spent the next day with him and the secretary translating ~~the~~ Willie would translate into his kind of English and I would translate that into words that the secretary could understand for there were many reference to Native customs that would mean nothing unless one knew the Natives. I went home to dinner and returned and spent most of the afternoon. Harriman would bounce in to see how we were getting on and rush/out again. He was a small dark haired man, with a small moustache that curved around the corners of his mouth. High strung and nervous and seemed impatient with every one and everything. Not a pleasant personality. Nevertheless, one of the world's great financiers but utterly ruthless.

The Elder was to sail that night and along about five oclock Willie came to me and said he had not been paid anything for his day and as he was regularly employed it meant a loss to him. I ask if they had not offered him anything and he said no. I was hot. Here was a man whose expdation, organized more for self advertising than for any real good it would do, and that would cost \$60,000, and yet took no thought for the poor man that served him. I wrote a brief notek~~x~~ explaining that this man had lost a days work and so five dollars in order to help him and if he did not care to pay

I would, and Willie hustled down to the Elder and got his five dollars just before she sailed. But I did not even get the Great Man's signature!. Of course I did not want any money. I do not think that a single person from the Elder visited the Mission or any part of it. I think the world can well get along without its Harrimans. (We have a two volume report of the findings of the expedition but I purchased them, they were not complimentary) Still it was a glimpse of a strange<sup>a</sup> and very different world and very interesting.

Only a few days after the Elder had sailed for Cooks Inlet a trim white steam yacht came into the harbor with a Mr. Slater and his family aboard. They came from Norwich Conn. and Will's wife Bessie, knew them but they had no letter of introduction as they were only slightly acquainted and she probably knew nothing of their coming. I only mention it because the incident casts another side light on the doings of some wealthy men. Slater and his party went to see the Greek church as it was famous for its odd beauty of the interior. Visitors were not<sup>a</sup> charged any admission but there was a 'poor box' in the vestibule where contributions were gratefully received and the warden or custodian as he was called, my friend George Kostrometinoff, always tactfully pointed it out. Slater dropped in a coin which plunked to the bottom with a pleasing ~~xxx~~ sound of substantial weight and George lost no time in opening the box as soon as his guests were out of sight. A big gold piece, a double eagle, twenty dollars. Some man that Slater, a real prince.

Sometime that afternoon Slater's secretary found George and asked him if he had found the gold piece. George said yes and was most profuse in his thanks. The Secretary seemed greatly embarrassed and finally said that Mr Slater made a mistake. He intended to

to put in fifty cents and wishes the the gold piece! Well poor ~~man~~  
had to give it back, Mother suggests that the secretary was just  
doing a little turn for his own account and all these years I have  
misjudged Mr. Slater ~~xxx~~ and perhaps she is right. Helena met the  
Slaters at the Governor's as well as the Harrimans and their party  
and was just <sup>in</sup> ~~at~~ the thick of it and was having a great time.

Mrs. Brady gave us a surprise part<sup>y</sup> on our first wedding ani-  
versary and tho we found out about it in advance it was just as  
pleasant for all that.

I had been feeling very seedy and trying to get away for a  
few days to join Mr. Gamble who was in camp getting the winter sup-  
ply of wood but press of medical work prevented but when he return-  
ed he took Mrs. Saxman, Selina Leask, who had returned to teach in  
the school and Annie Hines on a camping trip and as work was slack  
I went along. It was a real struggle to leave Anna but she urged me  
to go. We went over to Kurzoff Island to a place called Crab Bay  
and as we were sailing along the Westward passage I saw a whale  
lolling along some distance off. He was swimming mostly on the sur-  
face and headed in our direction but I thought little of it and the  
gentle breeze took us along so quietly we almost went to sleep.  
Suddenly a loud blow, close at hand roused us from our reverie and  
there was that big whale almost under our bow. I was steering and  
sheered off without asking permission of the whale. He was a whop-  
per, thirty feet long, I believe, and it would have been no fun at  
all to have hit him. But he <sup>did not notice us</sup> ~~paid no attention~~ and rolled on without  
paying the slightest attention to us which suited us exactly.

We made camp on the beach in that sheltered pretty place, a  
tent for the women and one for us and a fly for dining room. We  
had to put a rack over the heads of the cots covered with cheese

cloth for the insects were fierce. The mosquitoes and black flies were no<sup>t</sup> bad during the day but as soon as it began to be light in the morning, and that was pretty early at that time of the year, the mosquitoes and flies would come before the midges left for the day. I have camped in a godd many different places but, positively, I never heard anything like the hum, almost roar, of those pests outside the cheese cloth. But they could'nt get thru and we slept in peace.

The weather was fine the whole time and we were a thoroughly congenial party. One morning Annie and I went across to a sandy beach, before the others were up and dug a lot of clams which were thick all over the bay and we started to make some clam chowder, for breakfast. There was no ~~flour~~ <sup>flour</sup> so I put in some farina for thickening. It thickened all right. Thickened so fast that the whole big pot full burnt so badly it had to be thrown out and how they did ~~guy~~ <sup>guy</sup> me about it!

Crab Bay had its name because it was the only place near SITKA where the Pacific brown crab could be found. The blue crab we know were never seen. These fellows were bigger and thicker and fine flavor. We caught over 250 one morning with two dip nets. That beats Barnegat Bay. While I was wading in the water about a feet deep I saw a queer object coming rapidly toward my leg, and jumped to one side in a hurry and then realized it was a devil fish and made a swipe for him with my net. He was swimming head on with his tentacles streaming out behind and swam fast. The minute my net touched him he sent out a cloud of black ink and I could'nt see a thing in the water and he got away. They were quite common but one rarely saw them in the water as they generally were in the holes and cran-  
nies

of the rocks. They were about two feet long, the body about eight inches, and the natives caught them with a strong hook on a long pole with which they hood them and pulled them out. When boiled they were considered a great treat but I could never bring myself to try them.

altho heavily wooded in places Krozoff Island was largely volcanic, you may remember, and among the odd formations there was a column of lava, fifteen feet high close to the water near the <sup>Camp</sup> beach. The top was larger than the base and was covered with thick dry moss and I found a way to reach the top with the help of a log and some roots. It made a fine lookout and I went there to read or write to Anna. Natives or others would come by occasionally and would take a letter back to Sitka. I sent one to her by Nick Bolahanin, a Russian man who was clerk in one of the stores.

At another place, a little distance from camp, a huge block of lave had dropped down from the face of the cliff and most of it washed away. The sea had worked in and torn out the softer rock and made deep cavities on each side that one could crawl into at low tide. In one of them I found a layer of blue clay and it was all very interesting.

One day, while the others were busy, I went to a small river that flowed down from the snows on Edgcomb and tried for salmon trout, at first with no luck. We generally used salmon eggs for bait, the nastiest, gooyest bait imaginable, but the salmon run was over and I tried a spoon, trolling. At first I had no success in the deeper water at the mouth and then I noticed they were jumping in shallow water, not more than two feet deep, something quite unusual. The first time the spoon went over I had a fish and then

in a very few minutes, two more the largest weighing fully four pounds. I never saw them so fierce for the bait. Evidently they were chasing minnows in the shoal water. I believe I could have caught a hundred but I had all we could use and went back the mile to the camp to get the others to share the fun. When we returned the fish had gone somewhere else and we could not raise a single one, but I was glad I had not disgraced myself by being a fishhog, tho the temptation was great.

Solina, Annie and Mr. Gamble had gone ~~to~~ along the beach for a walk, I was on ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~top~~ <sup>egrie</sup> on top the of the column when I heard someone shouting and saw Mr Gamble a hundred yards or so <sup>away</sup> calling, "Doctor bring a gun, Bring a gun." He seemed greatly excited. I hurried down and ran to the tents thinking they must have seen a bear, for there were lots of them on the island, and Gamble was yelling "Hurry, hurry! I feared that the girls were hurt so I grabbed the shot gun and some buchshot cartridges, the rifle and hung a belt of ammunition for that around my shoulders and loaded to the guards, I staggered to meet John. When I got nearer to him he said, "We've got a deer cornered" and grabbed the rifle. In a few minutes we hear <sup>d</sup> a shot and then they came back dragging a deer between them. It seemed that as they were sitting on the beach a deer ran by near them and then into one of the fissures near by. He did not get up when they quietly approached and while the girls stood at the entrance Gamble went <sup>for</sup> ~~for~~ the guns. We needed meat and the liver was certainly delicious.

With fine weather and lots of places to go and things to see and a good crowd we had a fine time and I returned mych refreshed and maybe I was not glad to see my dear family again and vowed never to leave them.

I was puzzled as to how to get a little change and outing for Anna. The weather was too uncertain for a camping trip beside the insects were too numerous for a baby. Some four or five miles up a trail from Silver Bay, a beautiful large sheet of water, almost landlocked, eight miles from the mission, was Pande's Basin where gold had been discovered. One day U.S. Collector Moore and some others walked into my office and asked if I would look at some sand they had brought from the Basin and see if I could find any gold in it with my microscope. Of course I was glad to accommodate them and soon saw plenty of it on the field. I noticed, however, that the particles of gold looked ~~xxxxxx~~ like filings, the edges were plain-sharp and the pieces curved. I mentioned this and they said that it was because the gold was cut away by a glacier and brought down by the stream flowing from it and that the lake at the Basin was literally full of it.

A young man in the town, Chauncey Shaw by name, had taken quite a shine to Helena and was working there and invited her and some other<sup>s</sup> to go and see it. They had chartered a little schooner to take them there and just as they were ready to leave I said that had I known they were going in such a big boat I would have been glad to have Anna and baby go along to stay on the boat while they went up to the mine. Nothing would do but that we must come along and in spite of my protests they insisted. In just an hour we were ready and a fine sail soon brought us to a sheltered cove where Saw Mill Creek tumbled into the Bay and the trail or rather road began.

They were soon away leaving us in our floating home for a few days. And what a happy time we had! Anna had never camped out for more than a day and enjoyed it tremendously, in our little 8x12 cabin.

It was not long before we had the boat all shipshape with a hanging cradle for Baby Bert. In the small boat we ~~went~~<sup>went</sup> to the many pretty coves and beaches about the bay and nearly every day we had a swim in the bracing water. One morning Anna and I were taking a morning dip without our bathing suits as we had not seen a soul. The beach near our schooner was sandy but there were a number of large boulders scattered over it and as we were splashing about a boat appeared around the point a hundred yards away with one man in it. Anna gave a squeal and ran for shore as I called to her to sit down in the water which was only a couple of feet deep. But she scurried to a rock and hid behind it. The boat came on <sup>the man</sup> and proved to be Tom Tilson, the town teamster, a stolid old Swed who never cast a glance in our direction as he went by on his way to the trail.

Just about supper time, one evening, another boat came slowly into the Bay and the single man in it rowed up to our boat and stopped a little way from it looking us over curiously. He was a ~~bearded~~-bearded, tough looking customer and his boat filled with camp duffle of all kinds. He offered no greeting but sat there looking at us and as he was an entire stranger I did not feel altogether <sup>comfortable</sup> to have him hang about. We had Bertie on deck and when the stranger saw him he rowed up a little nearer and watched the baby closely. It came time to go to bed and the suspicious character was still there. Beyond a mere nod I had been able to get nothing from him which was unusual in that frontier country. I brought my rifle up on deck and pretended to clean it for I wanted him to see I was armed and finally we decided to turn in. We couldn't close the cabin for there were no port holes to ventilate and after a time I peeked

out to see what our unwanted neighbor was doing. He had fixed up some kind of a bunk on top of his duffles and pulled up his blankets and was apparently fast asleep only a few yards from us. I slept close to the cabin door and not very soundly but nothing happened and when we went on deck in the morning our visitor had disappeared. Afterward I found that he was a lonely old prospector who hunting the elusive gold lode and the chances were that he had not seen a white baby for years and his heart was hungry for the sight of a healthy wholesome child.

In a few days our party came down from the Basin on <sup>e</sup> evening and after a jolly supper we started home. But the wind went down and Clements, who owned the ship and I rowed her back. It was quite a pull, or rather ~~push~~ <sup>push</sup> for we stood on each side of the cockpit on the side seats and pushed the sweeps and slowly but steadily covered the eight miles, reaching the Mission about one a.m. The other fellows would have helped row but I didn't mind and they were all having a jolly time in the cabin.

As I write <sup>d</sup> these various trips it does seem as tho I did nothing but have a good time going on them. But I repeat, the details of the routine work are much the same from day to day and they were steadily carried on. The lack of help in the hospital made many operations impossible and beside it was summer when my work was always lighter than at other times. Still I find there were twelve operations including two on Mrs McClelland and three confinement cases that summer. One of the operations was most unusual, the removal of two large, 3 small and many minute calculi from the prostate and establishing a new urethra and that's a teaser! for anyone but a specialist, anyway.

There were more than 300 more prescriptions the <sup>that</sup> ~~past~~ summer than there had been the previous one. My work among the white people was increasing and more Russian Natives were coming to us for help. If only we could get more help in the Hospital we could do more and better work than ever before. I continually reported this need to the Board but while they may have written to Mr. Kelly about it we did not get relief. All my white practice paid for my service and it brought in some money for the general hospital expenses.

That Fall the Wards held a truly singular company; A French Jew from Paris, a Metlakhtlan, two Russian creoles and a number of Thlingits. The French Jew whose name was Romeaux, was a singular character. About forty five, bald save a grizzled heavy ring around the sides of his head, blue eyes full of intelligence and humor, I could never be sure whether he was an imposter or a victim of hard luck. He claimed to be on his way to Home but was stranded ~~here~~ and drifted up to the Mission offering his services as a sheet metal worker and he was an expert at that. Mr Kelly took him in and fixed up a bunk in the blacksmith shop where he made stove pipe, ~~air~~ airtight stoves &c. He made a most remarkable airtight for the Superintendents office, very unusual in shape and of fine workmanship, two metal bath tubs for the Hospital, the first we ever had and later, a bath tub for Raven's Nest. He developed some trouble or rather had a chronic condition for which I operated on him and that was how it happened he was in the Hospital wards. In all his wandering he lugged a volume of Victor Hugo and a life of Napoleon with him and as he was most courteous and quite a gentleman we had him to dinner once or twice and heard Anna talk Napoleon and Hugo <sup>and Paris</sup> no end. "Ah, Madame," he would say, "I have <sup>the misfortune to have</sup> a most expensive appetite as he smacked his lips over the good things she cooked."

Much as I condemned myself for putting off writing letters until steamer day, I seem to have led Anna into much the same habit. I find a note on one <sup>of my</sup> letters that reads as follows: "Problem: Mail closes in one half hour. I have four letters to write. How am I going to do it? Ans. I ain't!" So Anna's letters have something of the same plaint but she was very busy with a baby and the house work and those scholarship letters. She wrote to Aunt Helen about her troubles with the 'Societies'. "I seem to get such an accumulation of writing to be done for each steamer for among my duties has been that of 'correspondent' for the school. I have a large mail of inquiries about Jonnie and Mary and what progress are they making, and will I please write an interesting letter to arouse our society's interest in our scholarship; and will I please give the enclosed pressed flowers to Tom, (a big burly boy of eighteen) and is the last photograph of our little girl, that we sent Kate, fading, because we want to replace it if it is. Well, you just cannot imagine what queer people develop<sup>e</sup> in a missionary list at first only names to me.

It is so nice to have it all out of the way, so that I can write to thee until steamer starts, except for the demands for supper, getting dressed and helping Bert get off his necessary answers. It was three p.m. before we got our first installment of letters and we only have until eight to read them and write our answers. I seldom can do more than glance at them before the steamer has gone and then we sit down and luxuriate in a good 'read'. The next day we get the registered mail, other letters and paper mail and packages".

Anna never gave the slightest indication that she was ever homesick and, indeed, I do not believe she ever was, but I did not realize until I reread these old letters how much she longed for the dear ones at home. She never said a word to me of that longing and, man-like, I did not think of it, for she was always so sunny and happy. We tried to get Aunt Helen and some of the brothers and sisters to come and visit us but without success until George came in 1900 but of that more later.

We counted it not only a duty but a privilege and pleasure to bring all the variety and brightness into the lives of our coworkers at the Mission, of whom we really saw but little. So we planned to have all who could come to dine with us on Thanksgiving day. The school had a holiday and a special dinner with an entertainment in the evening and Miss Gibson and I arranged a special dinner at the Hospital for those who could enjoy it, <sup>so no</sup> and no one was neglected. We had gotten some rubber stamps of 'Brownies and turkeys and with these we made our invitations as you may see in the photos. But let Anna tell about the dinner and the decorations. "Bertrand has been having quite a serious time with his eyes. There being no one here to fit him with new glasses he has been trying, with Miss Gibson's and my help to fit a satisfactory glass, and is wearing his test frame and lenses and looks perfectly absurd. It takes so long to get exchange letters with his oculist in Philadelphia that he has be<sup>en</sup> with a useless eye since last February and it is now December. As he cannot read or write we have been planning for the big dinner.

As we had twenty at our table we got trestles and boards to piece out and the long table extended from one end of the dining room thru the double doors and almost to Bert's desk at the end of the living room. Our decoration represented Plymouth with its little bay with

a sandy beach and a few rocks here and there. Up a little hill, scattered among the trees, (tiny evergreens,) were two houses, a church and a blockhouse made of layer caked with paper roofs marked and paper doors and windows. to represent shooks. The water was represented by a peice of green china silk which extended the full length of the table and was ~~e~~ edged with ferns picked that morning in our yard.

On the water, in each room, floated a large caravel with high stern castle and bulwarks made from pumpkins and three smaller boats were anchored in the bay or rested at the beach. The caravals were loaded with nuts and dried fruit and maned by Puritans in broad brimmed hats and white collars, and more men and women in proper garb were on the shore with a few Indians for variety. The figures were made from small pieces of wood with paper clothes and it all looked so lifelike and pretty. My pretty candlebra with pumpkin colored shades gave a bit of brightness and formality.

In choosing my dinner I selected things that could be prepared before hand and warmed up. We had cream of pea soup and soup sticks, creamed lobster in timbal shells, ~~Turkey~~ pickled beets and brown bread; Turkey, wild cranberry sauce, potato balls, creamed turnips and rolls, and tart lemon jelly: Tomato jelly and celery salad and crackers: Icecream in merangue shehhs: Coffee, nuts, raisins &c. After our twenty had eaten I dined eight more in the kitchen. I tried to be as econom ical as possible and without the turkeys the cost was \$4.28, as nearly as I can figure.

But I have ommitted ~~in~~ one of the sweetest parts of our dinner. Of course, dear Bertrand thought of it. After he made a genial little speech of welcome he asked Mr. ~~McClelland~~ McClelland, the minister, to read the 107th psalm and we all joined in the refrain,

"O, that men would praise ~~xxxx~~ the Lord for His goodness and His wonderful works to the children of men." It was so sweet a grace before meat and sanctified the feast. Edward Marsden was visiting and was dining with us and read part of the Psalm. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ We all had a very happy jolly time."

Baby Bert sat in his high chair all thru dinner and was his merry best all the time. He was beside me distributing smiles and chatting to his drumstick until after the turkey course Bert could not resist his da-da, da-da any longer and took the little man to his end of the table for we were sitting at opposite ends of the long table. The little man keeps so well and rosy and has six teeth thro his gums and is creeping all about. He pulls himself <sup>up</sup> by a chair whenever he gets a chance and is just the brightest, dearest little blessing to us both and we are so proud of him." To which I added, "Bertie grows wonderfully and we watch his progress with keen interest and note every evidence of mental growth. Everyone here admires his sunny disposition, which he gets from his mother and his merry <sup>for</sup> laugh, which I hope I may receive due credit."

The new Naval Surgeon, Fitts by name, had seemed quite friendly and we had done some work together. He would not practice in the Rancho or treat the Natives and had a penchant to do operations but he had not had much experience in that kind of work, and I guess I always assisted him in any that he did. Dr. Fitts was called to Juneau as a witness in some case and asked me to take his work at the Marine Hospital, so I was "Acting Asst. Surgeon in the U.S. Navy" but there was no formality in my taking over the work and I sometimes wondered if Fitts ever reported his absence to the authorities I know I never received any pay, but it was interesting even if it was somewhat exacting, for I had to attend sick call at every morning.

There was an Apothecary, as he was officially designated, who had general charge of the Sick Bay but under my orders, and I was mighty careful to request, rather than order, and so got on very comfortably. The service men are all quick to resent any civilian officiousness and quite properly too, and I gave myself no airs as a NAVAL OFFICER pro tem. The work was almost entirely with the Marines and I never had much sympathy with them in the class of diseases ~~they~~ ~~diseases~~ from which they generally suffered. In fact, if I had to do any operative work, I took great pleasure in inflicting as much pain as I reasonably could believing that I was one of those mill-stones of 'the mills of the Gods.' I had seen too many of these blue coated fellows in the Rancho to be very gentle. Nevertheless, I gave them the best treatment I knew, and they seemed to have increasing confidence in my work for I was quite busy the month that Fitts was away and he was complimentary when he returned.

Fitts was certainly a strange combination. Slow of speech and motion he did not inspire confidence and yet had quite a practice among the whites in town. I have heard him give a man a bottle of medicine and drawl, "You can take a tablespoonful of this every four hours if you think it will do you any good." He had a large family, for a Naval man, and I did one or two minor operations on his oldest boy. Fitts continued at the Sitka Station until after I left and we remained good friends but never companionable.

The second Christmas after our marriage came along and there were three of us to celebrate it. The BrynMawr Sunday School sent 12 packages for the school children and we had 18 of our own beside a large box of freight. Think of having a whole U.S. mail sack full of your own mail and no one else's. Mrs. Brady had given Helena some

'commissions to execute when she went East in the Fall and the things she bought were in the large box which had to be open<sup>ed</sup> before ~~Christmas~~mas, but we enjoyed unpacking it just the same, and we hoped we would never reach the bottom it was such fun. The dear Home Folk were so generous! Christmas morning we opened the bundles and then tied up presents that came in the box, and Baby looked at his first Christmas tree. After he had chewed his new doll, about fifteen of the cottage children came in to help him celebrate and each had a little gift from the tree and a pop corn ball and we played a few games.

The local candy was so poor that Anna and I decided to make our own and turned out 27 pounds of it for our various friends. I did not know a whole lot about chocolate then, and as the coating we had did not seem thin enough I thinned it with melted parafine candles! Shades of the pure food laws!!! But it did not seem to do anyone harm. Anna writes to the B.M. Sunday School; "You found just the right chord in the native hearts when you choose those mouth organs (And Anna was no punster, either) It would do you good to hear the hymns and carols and Yanke Doodles that come from all quarters whenever a boy can back up against a tree or a wall and give himself the full enjoyment of his own music.

The children had a very fine Santa Clause indeed, dressed in a complete Esquimo suit borrowed from the Museum for the occasion and it really came from very near Santa ~~Claus~~'s reputed home, the North Pole. Santa distributed gifts to the school children in the morning and then came to our house to play with the children from the Cottages, and again appeared at the Entertainment in the Church in the evening. You see there is so much difference in time between BrynMawr and here that he could easily spend the day with us!

All Thingit Sitka, Russian Sitka, White Sitka and Mission Sitka were at the entertainment. There was a tree so large it would make the Bryn Mawr children onviusous and it was dazzling with candles *and hung with presents* for the Rancho friends and 'potlatches' from the Natives for children and teachers. Fancy a Christmas tree with moccasins and bead bags, fur bags and baskets and baskets and Indian carving weighing down the branches! There was singing and recitations. One piece that delighted the children was a big stocking that made quite an oration from the chimney where it hung, during which it swelled to prodigious size until presents began to fall from the top. It seemed very 'koochtakah', as the Natives say, meaning 'bewitched'. Several of the girls sang duets and solos and were a credit to Miss Willard's teaching.

I wish you could have seen the happy children, their faces all aglow. How often those new ties had to be pushed down or disciplined with a little twist here and a tuck there, and how often those hair ribbons required tying and the new handkerchiefs had to be drawn from the depths of pockets and refolded and laboriously returned! It just made me happy to see how much joy could be hidden in your lovely gifts. (B.M.S.S. had sent the ties and ribbons and handkerchiefs and other things.) We feel those packages were almost a personal gift to us, they gave us so much pleasure, and we thank you all for the large share you had in the joy of the Christmas at Sitka."

Among other things that the B.M. sent were a lot of pocket knives and I wrote to them;" One of our Matrons told me she had to tie up at least six out fingers Christmas morning! But we are grateful just the same. That is the fun in a new knife, anyway, if you

may not cut you finger with it and get lots of sympathy and, perhaps a cookie to stop the pain? I think the boys will agree with me that there is nothing like sympathy and a good sized cookie to cure almost any ache, but I cannot find that treatment in any of my books on surgery! The neckties were very pretty and I do not believe the story that one of the teachers complained about them. The difficulty was, as far as I could understand, that the ties were so loud the teacher could not hear the pupil recite! No, that could not have been true of the Bryn Mawr neckties. Those ties must have been some that came in another box." Of course it was dear Doctor Miller, with Mother's help, that worked up those splendid boxes for the School.

We had the Cottage families over to the Nest for another party and when the ice cream came along it became simply a question of the relative capacity of the freezer and the Natives. The weather turned quit cold after unusually warm weather at Christmas time and Anna and I bundled Baby up in a snug little box fastened to a sled and went to the Lake. Here we ran the sled into a <sup>lonely</sup> ~~small~~ little dell and covered him, head and heels and left him to take a nap while we skated but we were never very far away, you may be sure. It was the first time I ever saw my wife on skates and we did ~~en~~ enjoy skimming over the ice together. She had been on the lake the previous winter but only to remain on the sled for we thought skating a little risky at that time.

That little dell was the most beautiful nook, a veritable frost King's chamber. Never have I seen such beautiful frost crystals as we had at Sitka. Night after night they grew longer and more

varied in form until every blade of grass, ever twig and tiny plant was loaded with glistening gems, sparkling and glowing with <sup>each</sup> ~~every~~ gentle breeze. A tiny rill that flowed too swiftly to freeze ran down in one corner of that little dell and the moisture froze on the little twigs all about, so that the crystals there were unusually large and perfect, a veritable fairie land.

I had been commissioned a colonel in the recently organized Alaska National Guard, and appointed Surgeon General on the Governor's Staff, Governor ~~Barry~~ <sup>Bradys</sup>'s. My new uniform had come and Anna gave it to me as a Christmas present. New Year's Day ~~to~~ of the other officers came to the Nest and asked me to put on my uniform and make ~~x~~ some calls with them. I was not very keen about parading as a tin soldier with so many of the real article in ~~xxxx~~ town, but they insisted so I rigged up. There had been a mistake in my sword as the Adjutant, a Juneau lawyer had ordered a ~~dress~~ <sup>dress</sup> saber instead of the shorter dress sword. The saber was so long it barely cleared the ground when I walked but nothing would do but I must wear it. All went well and we were much admired by the ladies but those two fellows wanted to call on the <sup>m</sup> Comandant of the Marines, Pendelton by name, at the Marine barracks and I tried to beg off but they would'nt hear of it. When we entered I saw the Captain cast his eyes at the silver eagles on my shoulder straps ~~but~~ they were the insignia of a colonel and he was but a captain, but nothing was said and ~~it~~ <sup>the call</sup> was without any formalities. Afterward I heard that he said, in bitter sarcasm, no doubt for ~~a~~ real service man hates a tin soldier, "Why did'nt the Colonel let me know he was coming? I would have called out the Guard to receive him! It was lucky for me that he did'nt know for the poor Colonel would not have known

whether he should salute the Marines, draw his saber or take off his ~~hat~~ cap. Capt. Pendleton certainly lost the chance of his life to put the National guard in an awfully deep hole.

Mr. Beck had organized the little boys of the school into a military company and with wooden guns was teaching them the manual of arms and the simpler drills. The large boys became interested and asked that they might drill also. So they were organized into another company. Before Capt. Pendleton ~~came~~ Capt. Goodrell was the Commandant and brought us a letter of introduction from Dr. Van Lennep. and we had him to dinner a time or two. He kindly gave our company enough old Springfield rifles to equip the large boys and they felt very proud indeed. The regular dress clothes of the boys were uniform dark blue coat and lighter blue trousers so they were alright for uniforms. I wanted to know something about soldering so joined Beck's troop as 1st lieutenant and attended drills and and dug into the <sup>Army</sup> Manual. We went thru Gaurd Mount and various drills and went on marches. One day Beck took us out by Indian River and ordered the troop across it. There was nothing to do but wade in for we must obey orders. So across we went and maybe the Matrons did not have plenty to say to us when we brought all those boys back, wet to the knees or higher! At times we divided the company into two troops and each went in different directions trying to out maneuver the other. Beck caught my company on a narrow trail and <sup>we</sup> promptly wiped us out but, later, I ambushed him and not a man lived to tell the sad tale! One day when we were drilling on the play ground between the two buildings I ordered a bayonet charge by dividing the troop into two companys and double quicking them against each other, the rule being to pass each other in the intervals.

In some way one of the boys ran his bayonet clear thru the thigh of another boy and it was altogether too realistic. Fortunately the wound was on the outer side so no large vessel was cut, otherwise it might easily have been fatal. As it was the wound healed without infection but I had a call down from Mr. Kelly and we did not do that anymore. Another day I was marching my troop toward town tho we never went too near the Marine Barracks, and I saw Capt. Pendleton approaching. I quickly drew up my company at one side and as he went by had them present arms while I saluted with my big saber, and hoped I had redeemed my self in his critical eyes.

Later on I took a squad of the most promising boys and taught them the stretcher drill and also planned a calesthetic drill for all the scholars to be used in the school rooms, something that was very much needed.

Whether<sup>h</sup> it was wise to give the more promising scholars a higher education or not had always been a moot question among the more experienced workers. In the earlier years it was thought best to do so but as time went on the opinion swung the other way. There was no place for these educated Natives in Alaska except the few places open in the Mission or Government teaching service. They could not successfully return to their old homes and tribes and could not be happy there if they did and very few seemed able to find a place for themselves in the States. I soon became convinced that 'education out of environment' was most unwise and the experience with some of the highly educated ones confirmed my opinion.

Three girls returned from the East to help in the school. They were Francis Williard, Flora Campbell ~~and~~ both Thlingits and Olga Hilton, a Russian creole, and while not really needed the Board  
all were  
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EDWARD MARSDEN. J.A.M.a.H. PG. 471.  
sent them to Sitka at least temporarily. Miss Villard had been at the school before, but after an unfortunate experience there had returned East for a few years. She was a fine Christian character, rather attractive, and came under my care for an operation for tubercular glands in the neck. She was a great friend of Mrs. Paul and always a good and loyal friend to me and to the Mission.

Flora Campbell was a pretty girl, younger than Miss Villard, high strung, temperamental and flighty. I had my troubles with her as will be told later. She was bright, and had a great deal of influence with the Natives and was very fond of Miss Gibson who had a very helpful influence on her.

Olga Hilton was quieter, looked like a white person and had no marked characteristics.

I have mentioned Edward Marsden who visited the Mission quite often. He had been educated at Marietta College in Ohio and called on Anna quite often while he was a student there as he knew me. He was well educated, a mechanical engineer and ordained minister and had been trained to succeed Mr Duncan at Metlakahtla as he had been born there and was a full blood Tsimpsian. But he found he could not get along with Mr. Duncan, no one could who had any opinions of their own and Edward had gone to Ketchikan, a Tlingit town not far from Duncan's settlement. Edward was a good man and ~~was~~ anxious to work for the Natives. <sup>He</sup> Had a small steam boat, built like a little tug boat and when he came to visit took teachers and scholars on many trips about the bay. I loved to steer while Edward cared for the engine and once, with a party of school girls aboard, nearly piled his boat up on a rock. We were steaming along merrily one fine afternoon on a little run before supper and I turned into a

channel between two islands. It was one where I had never been before but there was ample room and the water looked deep and was as smooth as glass. I saw the heads and shoulders of two seal ahead which should have warned me but I was too inexperienced and as we moved swiftly toward them a huge rock seemed to lift itself towards the surface, squarely beneath us. It was too late to stop. We had too much headway. That rock did not come up any more quickly than my heart came up in my throat. And then, just as I expected to ~~see~~ hear the grinding crash of the bottom on the rock and to see the steamer turn on her side and spill us all in the water (and not a girl could swim), we were over and never touched and I rang the slow bell and headed for water I knew was deep. Alaska water is no place for a landsman, that's sure, and I was more deeply impressed with that fact the following summer.

So the new year, 1900 turned and Anna wrote another of her ~~inter-~~esting letters about this time. "January 26, Bert is at the Hospital with one of the teachers who is very sick and as I give John his lesson in English, I can write as I superintend his dots of i, s and crossing of the t, s. John, Hollywood is his last name, is a nice boy and so eager to learn that either Bert or I teach him every evening. He has only gotten thru the alphabet and I am having him pick out the letters in words. Their language does not seem to be divided into letters and sentences but/ but rather into ideas and phrases and it is very hard for them to grasp the idea of combining letters to form words. Bert has been having trouble with his eyes for a year and hopes the new glasses will give relief. His oculist tells him that if they do not, he ought to see an eye specialist or come to see him in Philadelphia and we feel that eyes are far too valuable to take any chances with so Bert will go if he finds it

DIFFICULTIES AND PROBLEMS. S.W.A.L.a.H. p5474.

absolutely necessary as the doctor fears there may be some disease of the eyes. Bert cannot go now, as two of the men are away.

We have been having one of our strained times when every thing seems to come all at once. With no other nurse to help Miss Gibson, any serious case makes it hard for there is always the usual ward work, more than enough for one person. The one private room is now occupied by a lady and her new little daughter which means a great deal of extra care. Then Miss Campbell is in serious condition, having had three hemorrhages ~~sex~~ and she is in Miss Gibson's room. After an all night watch with Miss Campbell alarming symptoms developed in one of the school girls and an abdominal operation was necessary immediately, and then a little girl was run over by the wood sled. So the plot thickens, and Bert and Miss Gibson are pretty well tired out. I admire Bert more and more. (Please remember that this is Mother's letter, not mine) He is so brave and composed and patient and good and he always seems to be so happy to get home to his stray meals and is never too tired to have a tender word and a caress for me and to toss the baby who always welcomes him with delight.

This Miss Campbell is a native girl educated by a wealthy New York woman and she has been Bert's sworn enemy. When he edited the North Star, thru some oversight he neglected to mention her name in connection with a camping trip and she was greatly offended and insisted the slight was intentional. So she said she would use all her influence against Bert's work, and she certainly did. As she has great influence with the Natives and worked with the Russians it made it hard for Bert, and worried him a great deal. Poor

Poor girl, she had the vice of so many of these people and would get somewhat intoxicated at times. Mr. Kelly has threatened to send her away again and again but has not done so as he knew the Mission influence was her only salvation. This Fall she had a real change of heart and came to Bert to be forgiven and to offer her help and, of course, Bert accepted it <sup>gaily</sup>.

The Russian Church is making trouble again having opened a school on the Rancho a few doors nearer it than the Government school Miss Campbell teaches. ( Note. The U.S. Gov't. maintained a primary school near the Native village for some years before I went to Sitka The Greek Church or Russians as they really were as all church ~~expenses~~ expenses, and priests pay as well as the priests came from Russia. But they never had a school except the one at the orphanage where about thirty boys were housed and taught, but they were Russians or creoles. So this school for the Natives was a new departure doubtless inspired by the fact that the teachers at the Gov't school ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> nearly always Protestants who had Bible reading, at least, sometime during the day.) Picture a Russian priest with flowing robes and their peculiar tall head dress from which yards of black cloth hung down his back, almost covering his long hair; this man standing there, in front of his school and actually grabbing the children as they pass and forcing them into his school! He has just come to Sitka and has a medical degree they say altho Bert says he has only an apothecary's certificate, but he bribes the children with medicine or threatens them with the punishments of the Church.

After Miss Campbell saw her children thus stolen she determined to have a share in the spoils and imitated the priest by going out in front of her school and collaring her children while ~~she~~ <sup>she</sup> brought

she brought the sick ones to Bert. It is really very funny and ~~can~~ actually occurs every school day, or did until Miss C. was sick. Imagine such a thing, right on the principal street ~~of~~ of the capital of Alaska; a Russian and an American fighting for ~~su-~~supremacy. I just long for thee to see the dear little boy and we will send some pictures when we get enough sunshine to make some prints. Baby Bert is so bright and cunning. He will amuse himself for an hour or two in his crib with his assortment of playthings; a spool on a button hook, a rubber doll and some peices of wood his daddy turned for him, a peéce of rope and a tin powder box and a dear patient cat. Perhaps you remember the little kittens, 'Tis and 'Taint, the ones we had so much fun with last year? This is 'Tkaint and he just loves baby and will let him pull his tail and bury his little fists in his fur and sometimes Baby just lies down on the cat while <sup>B</sup>plying with some of his other toys. Perhaps you will be thinking it's fun for the baby but how about the cat, so I hasten to add that we are always carefully to see that there is fait play. Baby Bert sits at the table in his high chair and occasionally we give him a bone or a cracker. We have tried to add to his menu since he has so many teeth but he has great fondness for his old food (provided by his Mother) . We are still experimenting with mushes, gruels, soft boiled egg and such things to give him one meal a day. He is so well and I am so thankful and happy I think we are just the happiest little family in thw world. We grow in love and, I trust, in the other virtues of grace and I have ever the thought of you ( Aunt Helen Taylor ) and Uncle Daddy before me as my mature ideal. How often we talk of you. Bert reminds me

ME

of Uncle Will for when some question come us in conversation that we cannot answer Bert gets the Enclyclopedia and we settle it at once, just as I remember uncle Will doing."

Mr. McClelland had been having special service and there seemed to be a genuine religious interest and many conversions which we believed were sincere. Mr. McClelland was a good man and a wise one and his wife was bright and cheery and helpful and while they were both friends of ours they never were close companions. I had been having some special services for the scholars, not extra ones but I had had ~~xxxxxx~~ the evening service more often. Both Mr. McClelland and I were most careful to avoid emotionalism or any excitement. The Natives were so easily aroused to intense fervor. They loved to get stirred up. It was a part of their very nature and it was the excitement that made their feasts and dances so attractive to them. But we older workers, in point of service, knew very well that too often the intense fervor was only like a burning paper, intense flame but soon over. So we tried to convince by argument based on interpretation of Scripture. At one service at the School <sup>that I lead</sup> about forty boys and girls arose to promise to lead a Christian life and take Christ as their Saviour and they all stay for a short after service.

Like the finding of a boy possessed by a devil at the foot of the Mount of Transfiguration, it was soon after this that one of the most serious crises of our church life occurred. I quote from my Journal of February 14, 1900. "A wandering evangelist, Miss Miller by name (but what a parody of the Millers we know) with a Native from Wrangel, arrive not long ago. She had been "laboring" among the Natives at Wrangel for some time and had a great

awakening, so she reported. As she came from the so-called, Peniel Mission we were somewhat skeptical for two other Evangelists from the same Misión had caused us much trouble a year or two before. These men, Kent and Davis, had so wrought on the Natives that the Natives were actually going to crucify one of our staunch church members, Skoday whom they had made to believe he should thus imitate the Master. We learned of it only in time to prevent their carrying it out but Skoday was never quite satisfied about it. He of decidedly Asiatic cast of countenance, was a little man but very strong and was the one who carried the two deer on his back down Edgecumb, and had always been a consistent and exemplary Christian, *and a good friend of mine.*

But Miss Miller had been a co-worker with Mrs. Heizer in the South and Mrs. Heizer vouched for her. At first, the methods of Miss Miller and <sup>her</sup> Native helper, Aron, a noted dancer, were quiet and sane but they soon began to develop a Salvation Army style and while I do not condemn such methods in some places they are most certainly unwise for the Thlingits. After about three weeks our Minister felt he must warn the people against mistaking noise and excitement for the evidence of the presence of the Spirit and in a kind and careful yet strong sermon preached to the people about the new movement. This was just after a number of them, including some of the best church members had consulted him about forming an 'army', singing on the streets with a drum and all the rest of that kind of service. He did not condemn it but warned about too much of it, especially in the town, itself. The same Sunday that Mr. McClelland preached in the morning I spoke in the evening ~~service~~, it being my Sunday to conduct that service. I spoke on Faith and Feeling, not to condemn feeling but urging them to be sure what

they believed was what Jesus taught and that doing, not feeling was being true Christians, quoting 'Not everyone who saith Lord, Lord but he that doeth the will of my Father'. I still have the notes of that talk. ~~Neither~~ Mr McClelland and I had not compared notes before hand and we had not arranged to fire two shots at the same target but the Natives thought we had and were greatly offended.

The next day the Minister received a note, in broken English, from some of the members, intended to be very respectful, but asking an<sup>d</sup> explanation, rather demanding one, of what he had said and what I had said and thre<sup>a</sup>ghening to withdraw from the Church. After consultation we decided to have the Natives all come to the church without the children and talk it over. The conference began at 7.30 and ended at 11 oclock. It was exasperating and yet pitiful to see the narrowness and ignorance of those people. Of course all the ~~trouble~~ trouble arose because they had misunderstood what we had said to them. That was the trouble with an interpreter. Willie Wells who interpreted, was faithful and honest but he had no great command of English and their language lacked many of our words so it was no easy matter. I often felt ashamed that I had never learned to speak in their own tongue but there was no one to teach it until Miss Willard came and I did take it up then. But the older Missionaries like Mr Austin had never learned and they really discouraged learning it.

The Natives did not hesitate to openly accuse bot<sup>h</sup> Mr. McClelland and me of not knowing the Bible and of twisting the verses to ~~in~~ suit our own meaning. They said I was angry and Skoday insisted that I pointed my finger at him and shook it at him, and that we wanted to stop the Spirit of God. They did not do it in anger but

they wanted light. Only this made it endurable. Mr. McClelland was well balanced, fearless where he thought duty called but self controlled and we were give grace to be calm and cool and not to lose altho it was very hard to control them at times. out tempers. It was at once sad and absurd to hear these poor ignorant ones tell their Minister how to preach and where he was wrong. Well, the end of it all was that they saw how we had tried to help them and how the misunderstanding arose and the meeting <sup>ended</sup> amicably with nothing said as far as I could see that should have been left unsaid.

Following this pow-wow there was a very decided decrease in the volume of sound from the Army quarters but what is more important is that the church has not been riven and the best of harmony now prevails. Aron did do some 'dancing before the Lord' in one or two prayer meetings but the quiet atmosphere of the Presbyterians discouraged him and he left town. One of my convalescents at the hospital got worked up one night and started to shout and dance and when I asked him to desist he told me afterward that he was like the boiler on a steam boat, he had to let out his feelings or he would bust! As far as I could see the 'dancing before the Lord' was uncommonly like the Native dances I had seen in the Rancho. I have have written thus fully because it was a most important crisis in the church work."

"The local paper has been full of the plans for forming a social club in town to be known as the Edgecumb Club, and I was elected president last week, much to my surprise. It is composed of the heterogeneous elements of a frontier town and is not a moral organization in the sense of being a Y.M.C.A. but as no gambling or drinking are to be allowed it will provide a place for the men infinitely

TOWN MEETINGS.

J.A.M.a.H.pg482.

better than the saloons. My election is a personal tribute to me as all the fellows know how straight laced I am and I thought that, being a Missionary I would not have a very prominent place in the club. I only went in it because I want to help the fellows, if I can for the pull is all one way here and that is straight down. We have a room with papers, games and magazines and for meetings over the fire house in an old Russian building near the church.

A town meeting was called to formulate reasons why the Capitol should not be removed to Juneau. I was appointed a member of a committee of fourteen and also chairman of a sub-committee to draft resolutions. It was my first experience in politics and I enjoyed it. Another town meeting is called ~~for~~ to elect three Republican delegates to a convention in Juneau which will elect a delegate to the National convention in Philadelphia to nominate the the presidential candidate, I would like to go, but I would have had to pay my own expenses and just then we felt very poor altho we had guarded our expenses very carefully. But even if elected I could not have gone as I would not be away from the Mission, altho my eyes were <sup>still</sup> troubling me.

After that second town meetin we gave a reception at the Edgecumb Club and as president I had to make a speech of welcome and had much to do. But it was a great success and the Club increased its membership.

One morning as I was on my way to the Hospital and passed around the back of the Manse I was startled to see Mr. McClelland standing on the kitchen porch, ~~with his hands outstretched~~ in a long Prince Albert coat, his hands outstretched and his face coal black. He looked so dazed and absurd I could not restrain my laughter. But he was very

indignant, and quite properly so, for the sudden cold weather, it had dropped to zero during the night, had frozen the waterback in their kitchen stove and when they made a hot fire, that had exploded and wrecked the range and <sup>both he and Mrs, McClelland had</sup> narrowly escaped being killed. As it was they were both shaken up and shocked and I was most sorry for my untimely mirth. But we had heard no report altho<sup>the</sup> smash had been so severe. One stove lid had been driven clear to the ceiling with force enough to break the plaster. It was a marvel they were not more seriously hurt. He was unable to preach the next Sunday so I took that service. Of course Anna and I did all we could and got help and I apologised very humbly for my mirth.

As a rule the Cottage boys lived very exemplary lives and caused us no concern and while they were far in advance of the Rancho people they were Thlingits and almost all of them had come from heathen homes. Mr. Kelly was having some trouble with them about this time. Perhaps he had been a trifle severe, or too exacting in his demands, but the Natives are so hard to handle it requires such grace and skill that few possess it. At times the most absolute firmness is best and at other time the greatest care and kindness were <sup>ed</sup> necessar<sup>y</sup> to win our ends. Mr. Kelly seem~~x~~ to have lost ~~patience~~ patience about something concerning the Mission band in which some of the Cottage boys played and the whole cottage settlement balked. They will not make any improvements to their homes, they will not work on the Social Hall, a good sized recreation hall being built jointly by the Mission and the boys, near their homes and especially for their benefit. They will only live at the settlement and make the Mission do all the improving. Such is their idle and foolish talk. Probably the trouble would not prove serious but

it is another of those many annoying problems our Superintendent has to solve. Mr. Kelly understood the people very well and finally adjusted the trouble but, after the many favors he had done the cot-tage people, it was very hard to have them act in <sup>that</sup> this childish and unreasonable way, but that is the thingit character, thru and thru.

Miss Gibson had gone on her furlough and she surely had earned earned it for it had been six years since she had been ~~away~~ East and she had worked hard with few periods of relaxation. I see that in addition to her routine work and the special emergency nursing made necessar<sup>y</sup> by having so little help she made 113 yards of cloth into bandages, prepared 20 gallons of disinfected solution, 8 pounds of ointment, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of liniment, and sterilized after cutting ~~x~~ and packaging, 478 yards of gauze. This last item, alone, saved us <sup>on</sup> seventy dollars, ~~xxxx~~ the cost of commercially prepared and packaged gauze. I helped with this work when I had time and I remember that Anna helped in rolling bandages once in a while but Miss Gibson did the bulk of the work. She always kept the entire building neat and clean as wax and was kind and sympathetic to the Natives but did not like to take care of white people altho always faithful to any of the teachers or workers who were sick. Her girls loved her and she mothered them and she really learned to love Anna and the little baby. She was a true missionary, always concerned about the salvation of the people and earnest and devoted in her effort to lead them to see and follow the light. She was a good and constant friend to me and still is one even tho she so ~~exasperatingly~~ frequently irritated me almost past the point of endurance, and, indeed sometimes quite past it. She and Mother were never friendly altho there was no ~~x~~ open breach but she loved Helena ~~al~~ Helena sincerely reciprocated

1  
since  
her love. Even tho it had been so long ~~mins~~ the faithful nurse had been away from her work except on the infrequent trips it was hard ~~to~~ to persuade her to go and there were many times when she decided she could'nt or would'nt or should'nt so I was glad when the steamer finally left the wharf and she could not change her mind~~x~~ altho I knewit would add considerably to my work. Miss Williard came to look after the Hospital work altho she was not a trained nurse and Mrs. Paul came in the evenings and spent the nights. Altho the hospital was closed for some alterations and cleaning I find my report says we had two somewhat serious operations during the summer. Miss Willard proved to be sympathetic and effecient and I commended her work to the Board.

Annie Hines asked for a xacation and as she had been sick or not strong much of the time I let her go altho it seemed an inopportune time. Very often a month or two camping out with their families would restore ~~the~~ <sup>these</sup> ailing scholars to excellent health and it proved so in Annies case. She was such a good girl, so patient and faithful and always willing to work way beyond her strength.

Mr.McClelland ~~xxx~~ went away that Spring on fulough fpr he had completed a term of service altho he had been at Sitka only a little while. Mr. Kelly ask<sup>d</sup> me to take the Sunday morning servise<sup>s</sup> and one evening service a month. Ther there was the mid-week prayer meeting which I conducted twice a month, a scholar's<sup>2</sup> service once a week and I was supertendant of the Sunday School and taught a Bible class. Both Vr. Beck and Mr. Kelly were census officials of some Kind and Mr. K. had to go to Juneag now and then on that work so that gave me a little more to do altho Beck~~x~~acted as Superintendant at such times, so I was pretty busy. I ~~find~~ <sup>found</sup> that my new g~~l~~asses did not

help much and Dr. Jessup, my oculist in Philadelphia, forbade<sup>e</sup> me to do much close work, instructions I found hard to follow with so much study necessary for the Church work. There was no ~~one~~<sup>oculist</sup> in Juneau I could trust and I might have gone to Seattle but that meant a month or six weeks and I could not leave then. More than once when I went to Mr. McClelland's study in the ~~empty~~ vacant Manse to prepare a talk I went to sleep from sheer weariness and it was a rather trying time. But there was a real awakening in spiritual interest among the scholars and I had some personal talks with some of the older and more indifferant ones. Mr. Beck said, one day, "If you don't look out you will have a revival on your hands." The revival did not come but there were some sincere conversions, Perhaps, had I remained at work instead of going for a rest the larger results might have followed, but the rest seemed necessary for Anna as well as for myself. Crowded<sup>d</sup> and exhausting as those days were never did the Spiritual values of life seem more real or satisfying than they were on some of those Spring evenings when, after a full day I sat in the soft twilight on the porch of our little home with my beloved wife at my side.

George Dean had been rooming with a man who afterward showed symptoms of tuberculosis and Uncle Will Taylor, fearing an infection, sent George to the sunny South-west for a while and later he came to visit us, no symptoms having developed.

For a long time I had wished to visit the shores of the outer bay, Sitka Sound as the charts marked it and as summer came on and most of the workers returned Mr. Kelly thought I could take two x weeks for a vacation. So we began to plan a cruise. The Bertha lay near the Panche, owned by an Italian saloon keeper named Clements, the same man with whom I had rowed that craft those eight

THE CHARTER.

miles from Silver Bay the summer before and so established an entente cordiale. I was very doubtful about his being willing to let us have the schooner but I must make a try. It was seldom I ever entered a ~~skinn~~ saloon but I had to then to find my man and he insisted we go down to the shore and look at the boat. Without much difficulty we struck a bargain at \$25 for the two weeks and he seemed very ~~pleas~~ ~~amused~~ pleased. He was a bit 'mellow' I think, and in spite of my efforts to disengage myself, he would put his arm over my shoulder and in this most affection attitude we walked up the main street to his saloon, to the amusement and perhaps the horror of some of the good people.

Continuous rains the latter part of June and early July made the proposed cruise seem rather dubious but the date was finally fixed for the 24th of the latter month. We thought it would be nice for Anna to have a companion and arranged with the daughter of a former carpenter at the Mission, Walela Shields to go with us, and George and I rowed down to the ship and inspected her with much pleasurable anticipation. She was thirty five or forty feet long, canoe stern, trunk deck cabin, good sized cockpit, foreward hatch over forehold for anchor &c., comfortable cabin with four transom berths, cook stove, dishes &c. She was ver<sup>y</sup> sturdy with double planking and carried a jib, staysail, foresail ~~with~~ mainsail and main topsail on the two masts and while slow was very stiff and steady, The only picture we have is on a postal card which, however gives a very good idea of the craft. ~~I~~ We seem to have omitted a camera from our outfit.

We planned to leave on Monday and all the week before as far as I had time, George and I were busy making a table, gettin fishing

AS-SAILING PREPARATION.

tacle, guns and ammunition, boxes and a water butt. Anna was busy baking and packing provisions. I had the Sunday services the day before we were to start and all was ready and then Mrs. Shields decided she could not spare Walela and what to do? We were very anxious for Anna to have a companion for George and I planned to do some hunting on short shore trips and we did not want Anna to be alone. Then it occurred to us to ask Miss Patton, Mrs. Brady's sister to go and she gladly accepted. Walela was a nice girl about sixteen but what a fortunate thing it was that she had to decline for Miss Patton ~~was~~ proved to be the finest companion and greatest addition to the party one could possibly imagine. Altho she was somewhat older than the rest of us <sup>was</sup> she strong and vigorous, not the least cranky, never unhappy, never selfish, always ready for fun or any kind of a trip and yet helpful and good to baby. She was a fine character and a fine woman. We were indeed fortunate to have her in our party.

Monday morning early we began to get our stuff aboard, for ~~me~~ George and I had brought the Bertha adound and anchored near the Mission wharf in front of the Nest. We found that there was a lot of stuff that we didn't need and didn't want aboard and we had to get that out and ashore. Then the cabin and holds had to be cleaned for they were frightfully dirty and with this and that the day was gone and most of our duffle still at the ~~stairs~~ Nest. However, we'd hustle in the morning and get away early.

Anyone who thinks it is a simple matter to pack the out-fit <sup>three people and a baby for.</sup> for a two weeks cruise, down a long flight of steps, fifty yards to a wharf, down the long steps to the row boat, if the tide is low, out to the ship, load aboard and stow away better try it. Never did such an outfit go aboard an eight ton schooner. We claimed it was

TO SAIL.

because the baby was going but, in truth we wanted to be thoroughly comfortable under all condition and we really took but few things we did not use. So instead of weighing anchor at eight it was one oclock when George and I came aboard with our last load, a boat full of fire wood, and a half barre~~l~~ of fresh water. Then it was ~~2 o'clock~~ "All sail" and with anchor up, the helm hard over we slowly drew away and headed for the town wharf and the steamer channel. Soon the light wind died down and I went out in the rowboat to tow, no pleasant or easy task as I learned very well, before that cruise was over.

The wind freshened up a little as we got off shore and very slowly and lazily we passes the wharf, two hours after we had sailed; It must have been as much as a mile! Slowly we passed in front of the Rancho and as we neared the Brady home Mrs. Brady and the children came out to greet and g~~u~~y us for we were hardly moving. Evidently our craft was no speed boat!

Mrs. Brady invited the entire ships company, passengers and crew to come ashore to supper. At first I sternly declined for it would delay us and had we not sail on our great cruise? But on second thought it seemed a Godsend, for the girls especially, so we ~~x~~ anchored near the saw mill and went ashore without stopping to put on our evening clothes! In three hours and a half we had made two miles with ten still to go to our first scheduled stopping place, Crab Bay. That was not exactly encouraging but then, we had two ~~x~~ weeks to make those ten miles so why worry? 'Tis that we'd git thar some time, like as not, mebbe. We had a mighty good supper and a very jolly happy time and then with freshing wind we set sail and headed for the ocean for the daylight lasted a long time. But the Captain, (that was me) was pretty green then. Had he know as much <sup>h</sup>ten as he

## CHARTS

as he did at the end of the cruise that anchor would never have come up that night <sup>nor</sup> would we have left that snug harbor. But then, how did we know that the fresh and favoring wind would so soon die down? But it did and left us becalmed in the Westward Passage. George and I started to tow with the rowboat but it had been a very busy day full of hard physical work and after a half hour we ~~stayed~~ decided we had had enough and went aboard to anchor, about a mile from the Brady's. Down went the anchor and all the cable but it did not reach bottom. We bent on another piece of stout rope. Shades of the bottomless pit! Will that hook never take ground? Another length of line and at last it reached the bottom <sup>at</sup> about twenty fathoms. It was a poor place to anchor and only our great weariness kept us from towing in to some inland cove. But it looked like a quiet night for, just now we did not want any ~~rain~~ wind. As we took in sail and the main boom came over we knocked the top length of the stove pipe off and over it went into the sea. It was a serious loss for the pipe from the kitchen stove now ~~xxxx~~ scarcely came above the cabin roof which meant poor draft and what was more serious, danger ~~from~~ that sparks would set the roof on fire. We set a night light and made everything snug and went below.

Clements had told me there <sup>was</sup> charts of the whole Sound on the schooner, everything we would need and in the many things of getting ready I had not examined the roll of papers in the rack under the cabin roof. As I did not feel very comfortable to be anchored out there in mid channel, for it would be very nasty in a blow, I thought I'd take a look at the chart before we turned in and took down that roll. Horror of horrors! They were no charts but maps mostly torn out of some book and the only chart? of Sitka Sound

BACK TO RAVEN'S NEST,  
 or any detail of any part of the Bay was a MERCATOR'S PROJECTION  
 of the WORLD! Imagine trying to navigate unknown waters, chock full  
 of rocks in the most unexpected places with no better guide than a  
map of the world! About that time it was discovered that we had for-  
 gotten the coffeepot so a trip ashore was evidently a necessity, the  
 first thing in the morning. The girls had arranged the bunks and  
 stretched the curtain fore and aft that divided the men's quarters  
 from ~~the ladies'~~ the Ladies' cabin. Anna slept foreward  
 with baby Bert in a hanging cradle close by, Miss Patton aft, while  
 on our side I slept next the short companion ladder and George for-  
 ward. and maybe we did'nt sleep, as the ship rose and fell on the  
 gentle swells.

But the Captain called all hands early next morning if, indeed,  
 the future Captain, baby Bert had not already done so, and after a  
 hearty breakfast George and I rowed ashore and asked Mrs. Brady for  
 some charts. She looked high and low but could not find any ~~and~~ but  
 said that Cassia, that's Miss Patton, had taken the 'Pacific Coast  
 Pilot' a Government publication giving directions about dangerous  
 place<sup>s</sup>, how to recognize headlands 'etc &c. That was good but I felt  
 I needed the charts also and Mrs. B, offered me a boys bicycle to ride  
 to the Nest as it was about two miles. I have often laughed at the  
 ridiculous figure I cut on that small bike, but it took me along at  
 a good clip. Not finding the charts I needed at DeGroffs, the best  
 store in town and the only place to keep the Govt. Charts, ~~and~~ the  
 other things I needed I went on home. Here I <sup>got</sup> charts, <sup>and</sup> get the coffee  
 pot, some thred and needles Anna wanted and scurried to the black-  
 smith shop for the stove pipe. I had done enough in sheet iron to  
 put a cone cover over a length of <sup>five</sup> ~~four~~ inch pipe and hurried on har  
 to submit to some good natured chaffing from Gamble and Beck abo'

THE CRUISE OF THE BERTHA:

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CRAB BAY.

what fine time we had made to be home so soon! or Had'nt we started yet? That we left yesterday, but I had no better friends anywhere than those two so ~~it~~ only added to the fun.

Now behold the Captain of the palatial yacht, Bertha as he ~~is~~ speeds thru the main street of the capitol of Alaska to resume command of the speedy cruiser and assure his passengers that since he had returned all was well!. In shirt sleeves, a pink cheviot shirt with widish blue stripes, old trowsers almost hidden by long rubber boots which are turned down at the tops and flap around the knees, and an old felt hat, quite without form or comliness, all of this perched on a boys bicycle considerably too small ~~so that~~ <sup>so that</sup> his knees must be held wide apart ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> they would pass the handle bars, a long roll of charts slung across his back, a length of stovepipe under one arm and a coffeepot dangling from the elbow of the other. Thus did the proud Captain sacrifice his dignity that his wife and ~~his~~ child might ~~not~~ be saved from ship wreck and his passenger have the comfort so fully assured! Ah it was a rare sight and Sitka enjoyed it, hugely.

When George and I got back to the ship we found the Brady family visiting and they had brought a lot of fresh milk, a luxury we seldom enjoyed as they ~~we~~ <sup>well</sup> are about the only ones to keep cows ~~and~~ <sup>for</sup> Baby had his own particular supply of extra fine quality. We again said goodbye and made sail and George and I had a hard tug on that long cable. With a fair wind we nosed out to the outer Bay and headed for Crab Bay while the girls got dinner and with all clear water we took turns sailing while dinner was served on deck. It was a delight<sup>ful</sup> sail and we ~~had~~ loafed on deck and took/ it easy. The breeze freshened and we bowled along, entered the narrow channel and dropped ~~at~~

anchor in the land-locked harbor just in front of the place where I had camped the year before. We had had clear weather but it soon began to rain and while supper was being cooked George and I rigged a tent fly we had brought for the purpose, over the cockpit for we intended to stay a week.

Next morning we boys were out early for crabs and they were thick. In two hours we were back with a hundred and a bucket of clams. All that week were tripped here and there, in spite of rain much of the time, for there <sup>were</sup> endless places to go. I took Anna up on my eyrie and to the cave and the girls had their share of crabbing and fishing. We could not use all the milk before it soured so Anna made some into cottage cheese and hung it over the side in the cool salt water at the end of ~~the~~ line. It was just delightful and restful with no winds to bother and no rocks to make the Skipper anxious.

One evening George and I went deer hunting, following up along the fringe of bushes by the swampy land on the slopes of Edgecumb, only four or five miles away. We went slowly, quite a long way but saw no deer. As it grew darker I suddenly remembered <sup>that</sup> the bear were plentiful on the Island and said we better find the trail along the little river that flowed into the bay. It was darker ~~in~~ in the bushes on the trail and we hastened on. I must confess that a panic seized me and I began to run, faster and faster down that trail, to get out before it grew quite dark. Nothing could have been more foolish for I might have run plump into a bear any moment. If there were any about they would have been following that narrow path along the river in quest of any stray salmon. But that kindly Providence that takes care of children and fools protected me that night and I reached the shore, panting and exhausted. There I had to wait for old

AN ANXIOUS NIGHT.

George for not even a whole army would stampede him. He was a good sport, steady, cool and reliable. We were soaked to the skin by the wet bushes but it didn't matter a bit.

Well rested and full of pep we weighed anchor July 30th. and started for St Lázaria, but we were a little late for the ebb tide and an hour's tacking failed to get us thru the narrow neck of the Bay. So we dropped anchor and went to visit a neighboring bay called Indian Lake or DeGroff's Bay. It was a charming place, a long narrow sheet of water with almost straight parallel sides with wooded shores to the edge, and still as glass. We roasted <sup>s</sup> crabs in the ashes and puttered about until the tide had begun to ebb again. Baby Bert in a padded box seemed to enjoy it too.

About three o'clock we had sails up again and with fair wind and favoring tide passed easily out <sup>to</sup> Sitka Sound. That beautiful body of water, extends some twenty miles from the shore of Baranoff Island where Sitka is located, like an irregular M letter U. On one side is Kruzoff Island with Edgecumb and the Camels Back with Lazaria a mile off its shore. At the other leg of the U is Biorka Island and between the two there is sixteen miles of open water unprotected from the ocean.

Darkness came on before we were more than half way to Lazaria and I was forced to run in a poor little cove on the shore of Kruzoff, It was long and narrow with ugly rocks on each side and entirely unprotected from any South east blow, but ~~it was~~ <sup>there was</sup> no choice for the Devil's Potato Patch was not far away and I did not dare to take any chance with that even in the twilight of a summer night. So we nosed in and anchored and went to bed. But I was up every little while to see if all was well and no wind kicking up for we

A LIVELY SAIL.

could hardly have tacked out against a head wind and the incoming waves would have been very heavy as they gathered force all the way from Silver Bay, twenty five miles away. Of course George would have gladly stood watch and watch with me and that is what I ought to have done but I did not want to alarm the girls by any show of anxiety. But Providence favored us again and as the wind was picking up as soon as it was light enough we made sail and got off shore, thankful to get ~~affixhaxx~~ away safely.

Eating breakfast as we went we drew near Lazaria, giving the Potato Patch a wide berth. As a strong west wind came up we could not run to the very small cove near the center of the Island and it soon became plain that we would not be able to land. That was a great disappointment for I was so anxious for Anna to see its wonders. There was no help for it and no harbor close by where we could lay up for favorable weather so we ran in pretty close to the lee shore and let go our anchor to reef sail. The hook did'nt hold a minute and we began to drag off rapidly. It was right lively, for a while, getting those large sails reefed but after some excitement and hard work we tied them in and filled away for Biorka across the open sea.

To us it seemed very rough and probabally we did not have the the right sails up for the ship wallowed frightfully in the cross seas. I had bought a fine round bottom row boat made by Howard George one of the Cottage boys. She had a mast and sail that could be ~~xxx~~ easily taken down and we were towing that astern. It showed a tendency to over run and smash into us and George went aboard it to put some weight in the stern. When he came forward in the small boat, to get aboard the Bertha again, his weight in the bow made the

BIORKA ISLAND.

A rowboat run up along side the schooner and begin to turn over on its side. George was nearly thrown overboard, which in the cold water and rough sea would have been ~~very~~ very serious and the rowboat was in immediate danger of swamping. But George jumped back astern, just in time and I luffed and pulled the ~~the~~ <sup>two</sup> rope in. Then, <sup>scrambled</sup> waiting for a favorable time he got aboard.

It continued to blow and was very rough and Anna went to her bunk and Miss Patton soon followed while I was not feeling any too comfortable. It was time for dinner but the girls didn't care for any. I had an inordinate desire for fried onions and ham! Forgetting the seasick ones I went below, leaving George at the wheel, and cooked some of ~~the~~ <sup>that</sup> most odorsiferous confection. How they did smell, even with all that breeze blowing, and the patient occupants of the cabin offered no protest till I was thru when they remarked that it didn't seem to help them any! We raced on toward Biorka, <sup>in a couple of hours</sup> and were seen across those turbulent sixteen miles of the open ocean.

Biorka island is some ten mile long and about a half mile wide, shaped like an hour glass with a deep bay on each side, almost exactly in its center. About three o'clock we ran into one of these bays on the sheltered side and went ashore for dinner and to get the kinks out of our backs. Rudolph had told us that there were plenty of deer on the island ~~and~~ which was heavily wooded and George went off hunting and Anna and baby, Miss Patton and I went across the narrow ~~isthmus~~ isthmus to the bay on the ocean side. It was a singular sight. Like the one where the Bertha was anchored, it was nearly a half mile wide but literally filled with drift wood, large logs of many kinds of wood and smaller ones, uprooted trees and drift of all kinds, from shores to shore. Miss Patton went searching for

anchor in a quiet harbor, entirely sheltered and everything favorable. I for one was not sorry for all the ~~trip~~ that trip I had been dreading that stretch of dangerous coast and open water, all new to me. Now, I knew the water ahead and it was mostly clear sailing home. I just felt gay!

These mineral springs had been know<sup>n</sup> to the Natives for years and used by them for the treatment of their various ills. I think it was Mr. Brady's partner, Whitford, who had built a small house there planning to make it a health resort but it had not been a success and now was used by anyone, first come first served. There were tubs for the Natives and two for the white people, just wooden troughs to which the water was led in pipes whose only fixtures were wooden plugs in their ends. Conditions were hardly sanitary and it speaks volumes for the antiseptic power of the waters that I never heard of anyone being infect<sup>ed</sup> there in spite of the varied and disagreeable diseases of those who sometimes bathed in them. There were two ~~xxx~~ springs, one called the sulphursurely heavily impregnated with sulphur<sup>ated Hydrogen</sup>-dioxide and the other the iron spring whose red oxide was deposited all among the outflow. The latter water was much cooler and by blending the two almost any temperature could be obtained.

We lived on the ship, took the baths which were very refreshing, and somewhat stimulating, and took trips in the small boat and had a glorious time,, the weather being favorable. There were a number of very interesting graves of old witch Doctors on high bluffs near by, one having an old canoe by its side, high up on a rocky bluff, but, as there were a number of Natives near we did not examine them. George and I hunted assiduously but only bagged two snipe, and as the Natives had no venison ~~were~~ were meat hungry. The girls were planning a birthday dinner for ~~me~~ but the larder only offered ham

and bacon, not so attractive for a special feast. We had had had ham and bacon occasionally before in the past ten days!

On the afternoon of the fourth I was m<sup>o</sup>ssing around on a small island near the boat when I saw two teal standing on a small rock near the water. They had not seen me as they rested there, preening themselves. With all haste I<sup>w</sup> went back to the ship and got George and a gun, for he<sup>x</sup> was much sw<sup>e</sup>rer than I was to get them for we wanted them badly. George landed on the side away from them and crept across the island, with the greatest caution. There they were. Bang! and there was the birthday dinner and a better eating duck than a teal does'nt swim, Chesapeake canvasbacks to the contrary, notwithstanding. ~~Dasx~~ ~~xxxxx~~ Miss Patton, generous soul, disappeared the next morning and returned in a couple of hours, with a big pair of luscious salmon berries. But she had more than the berries for her face, from hair to clothing, was one mass of black fly~~x~~ bites, fairly covered with them. We had not been bothered <sup>much</sup> aboard the boat as the breeze kept them off and we had netting over the cabin openings at night but in the bushes they must have been terrible. Soon the dear woman's face began to swell until her eyes were almost closed. The mineral water on hot compresses help a lot but it was no fun, at that. Our menu was " clam broth, roast duck, cauliflower~~x~~, ~~xxxxx~~ potatoes, crab salad, salmon berries and cake, even with candles." We had brought fresh vegetables from our own garden to last the whole trip.

Rather reluctantly we headed for home the next morning, twenty miles away. All day we faught head winds and made slow progress anchoring in Redoubt Bay about five in the afternoon, not quite half way to Sitka. But we planned to spend a day there so ~~xxxxxxx~~ George ~~x~~ went trolling and soon landed a fine large salmon trout. This Bay

WHICH IS quite long has a low waterfall at its end, the outlet of a lake fully five mile long, whose mountainous sides are wild and ruggedly beautiful. I was most anxious for Anna to see it as it was entirely different from anything else she would see near Sitka. The Natives sometimes dragged their <sup>canoes</sup> ~~boats~~ around the low fall and to the lake and we planned to take the small boat there in the morning.

It was a great place for salmon, just at the foot of the falls and I thought of the night I had spent there with a crew of the ~~Mission~~ Mission boys and the big sein. All night long we cast and cast but caught hardly any fish. I thought then of the Apostles who had'fished all night and caught nothings<sup>s</sup> and felt a little near<sup>er</sup> to them. The aggravating thing was that near us a few Natives were seining also and catching lots of fine fish with every cast for their net was so small they could run around the school before they were scared away while our big net took so long to get out the fis<sup>h</sup> were gone before we made the circle. It certainly is hard work to cast a big sein all night and catch, nothing. ~~xxxx~~

We awoke, next day, to dense fog and felt we could not wait long and <sup>so</sup> there was no sign of clearing we sailed out of the narrow<sup>r</sup> entrance to wider water and were becalmed. Until ~~xxxx~~ late afternoon we drifted idly about fishing but only catching dog sharks, one of which gave birth to a lot of little ones as it lay on deck. When a good breeze came up, the clouds still hanging low on the mountains, we headed home. There was one bad place, before we reached the last point with Sitka straight away before us. It was a straight narrow channel between two lines of ugly saw-tooth rocks not more than twenty feet away<sup>on</sup> each side. But it was deep and free from rocks in

A BAD SITUATION.

the middle. Only a few hundred yards long, with a fair wind it was interesting and I had been <sup>h</sup>thru it a number of times, for it was a short cut to the Springs, the other way around the islands being much longer. So we entered the narrow pass expecting to be home before dark and then, then of all places, the wind died out! And there ~~x~~ lay, rolling and pitching for a heavy sea was running and while we were protected from the immediate wash of the waves the large rollers ran thru the channel. Altho Anna had never been sea sick before that cruise she felt the motion severely and none of us were very comfortable. Darkness was coming on and that was no place to spend the night. So Miss Patton and I got in the small boat to see if we could find a good quiet place to anchor. Just around the nearby point we found a quiet cove that seemed well protected and with ~~plenty~~ plenty of water and soon George and I were towing to it, while Miss patton steered.

The cove had a high bank on one side with trees growing there and as the twilight deepened we worked slowly in. The <sup>long</sup> shadows of the trees made the cove seem narrower than it looked at first and we kept off toward the opposite side. Suddenly I saw the grey ~~x~~ shape of a rock rise in the water below our boat and called out to keep off. But the heavy Bertha had too much headway to turn quickly and before we could think twice she struck on a rock with a frightful crash, <sup>suddenly,</sup> for there seemed to be rocks everywhere. George got ~~x~~ aboard and passed me an anchor which I took astern and we pulled and tugged trying to pull the ship back to deep water as it rose on the waves but we could not budge it.

Meanwhile there was considerable excitement and I was greatly

troubled about Anna for we were expecting another baby about the first of the year and the lamp had been thrown out of its holder and square into <sup>Baby Ponds</sup> ~~the baby's~~ hanging cradle. Fortunately it had gone out at once but every wave lifted the boat and set it down on the rocks with a terrible blow. The whole vessel shivered and and quivered and with each new wave it seem as thro the whole bottom must be torn out, and the rocks come grinding thro, and with it all ~~it~~ ~~HEAVED~~ the schooner seemed likely to turn over on her side for there was deep water on one side. George and I trted again to work her back taking up on the cable with ever rise and slack but it was impossible. Dishes and pans were flying about the cabin and Anna staggered out with baby in her arms and we got the girls into the small boat.

<sup>h</sup> While we were at the Springs I had gotten some of the soft deposite that accumulated along the sides to take home and in going from bow to stern George ~~guk~~ stepped in it and had a bad fall against the wheel but made little of it. We put bedding, provisions and what seemed necessary into the small boat to take the girls and baby ashore when it occured to me that I might get my feet wet in landing them so I went down into the cabin and put on my rubber boots. It was fierce there. How that bottom held was a mystery. The masts seemed on the point of jumping out ~~wt~~ every time the boat came down on the rock and thing were bouncing about like pes in a hot griddle. Fortunately there was no fire in the stove. Just as I was leaving I thought of the ax and passed it to the small boat but it went into the water instead and disappeared.

The girls had behaved with great coolness and we went to the end of the cove the only place I knew there. I was not very happy to set the girls ashore there for some years before I had been ~~t~~ with Rudolph and father when he came to visit us and there were so

many signs of bears that ~~we~~<sup>Rudolph</sup> thought we better not stay. We were hunting bear but we did not want to shoot a whole head! But I was anxious to get back to George who had pluckily stayed in board and while it was not a ver<sup>y</sup> good place I knew of nothing better and cautioning <sup>the girls</sup> to start a fire, but saying nothing about bears, I hurried back to George.

I had hardly started before I heard him calling and thought the Bertha had broken up and George in great danger but more calls assured me that he was safe and conditions somewhat better. I rowed as hard as I could and as I came nearer can you imagine my astoish<sup>n</sup>ment at seeing the ship riding a few feet from the reef, as quiet and serene as tho nothing at all had happened!

George never lost his head and that head was wise and did plenty of thinking. As soon as we got away he began to sound all around the boat with and long oar and finding no rocks in fron<sup>t</sup> of it he loosened the cable to the anchor astern and in two or three waves carried her over to quiet water,, and, Marvel of marvels, he could find no sign of a leak! Together we tried the pump but no water. We waited a while and tried again. The well was entirely dry. We could not believe it but as all seemed safe I went back and brought the girls aboard and by midnight we were fairly settled for the night, utterly worn out.

We thought it was hardly safe for all of us to sleep so I took the first watch until two a.m. when George was to watch until four when it would be light and then he was to call me. It was a tough job, watching those two hours, for I was so tired and exhausted, so sleepy and so miserable and yet so thankful for our miraculous escape that it seemed two oclock would never come. Miss Patton wanted

IN THE MORNING LIGHT.

to take her turn watching and, of course, Anna wanted to take all my watches thru the night, but we would not hear of it. Every little while I tried the pump but there was no sign of leaking and what ever faults the Bertha had leaks were no<sup>t</sup> one of them at any-time. At last two oclock came around. Ordinarily it was a delightful experience to watch thru a summer night. Very slowly the twilight deepened until there was an odd sort of semi-darkness, too dark to read. This continued, on clear nights, from about eleven to two when almost imperceptibly, the sky began to grow lighter toward the East. Little by little the light increased until by four the sun ~~had~~ was rising and the full light of another day had come. It was really enjoyable to watch it, especially in the open; but not after a shipwreck. I hated to call George but I was just about all in and telling him that everything seemed to be in good shape I dropped in my bunk and was asleep in a moment.

Then I awoke, the sun was shining brightly and the girls were getting breakfast for George had not called me at four, as agreed. Everything seemed all right and as it was light he did not see any reason to wake me up. But he did not go back to his bunk, ~~but~~ Instead seeing some Blue herons a little way off he went ~~to~~ out ~~to~~ in the row boat and managed to shoot one. We had it for breakfast and found it very good, not at all fishy as one would expect, but it was rather dry. It was astonishing to find how little there was to eat on that great big bird.

We all felt pretty rocky. I ached from head to feet and George must have been in much pain for I found out that he had cracked two ribs in that fall against the wheel but he said nothing about it and made light of it all. He took a big risk of <sup>a</sup> perforated lung

THE AX.  
but George was game all the way thru. We never would have let him do all that work, pulling and hauling on the anchor had we known he was so badly hurt. Miss Patton had not slept at all. As she lay awake she was figuring how she could raise money to help pay the big bill for damages she expected Clements would charge, altho she was in no way responsible for any of it. But that was the kind of a woman she was.

After a hearty breakfast we all felt better and there was much to do. A good strapping with adhesive help <sup>ed</sup> George considerably but he had to go on the retired list, at least partly. The rudder had been bent so it was useless and George and I took it off and went ashore where we managed to straighten the iron work in an open fire, while the girls were putting things to rights in the cabin.

A short distance away there was that pinnacle of rock that had caused all out trouble. It seemed to be about the only one in the cove. That trecherous half light and those long shadows had fooled us. But, had George not let the scho<sup>o</sup>ner ride over she would ~~have~~ have rolled over, as the tide went down, and probabally foundered. And the tide was low and way up on the side, <sup>of that big rock,</sup> on a narrow little shelf was an object that looked familiar. It was the ax that went overboard the night before, standing, head down, the handle resting against the rock. From the row boat we ~~had~~ could barely reach it.

Just around the end of the rock, only a few boat lengths from where we lay, was the finest little sandy beach, an ideal place for a little camp and I had taken those girls to that rocky, mean place nearly a quarter of a mile away to leave them with the bears. Surely a man ought to know what's what when he goes cruising in Sitka sound.

But our troubles were not all over. We could not get the anchor <sup>up, the one</sup> that I had put out astern. It was wedged in the rocks and nothing

we could <sup>do</sup> ~~would~~ budge it. So we buoyed it to an oar and left it to be recovered later, if possible. There was a very ugly reef of jagged rocks just beyond the entrance to the cove and we would have to pass close to them to get out and, worse than that, there was a heavy sea and they would be on our lee. The cove was sheltered and there was no wind there altho there was a fine, favoring breeze outside. So Miss Patton <sup>and I</sup> began to tow out as George was not fit to do it and beside, <sup>we</sup> ~~he~~ needed him at the helm, for it was a tricky place. <sup>Sails</sup> were set and slowly we moved toward that reef. As we came ~~skxxxx~~ abreast <sup>of</sup> <sup>big</sup> it the waves would recede and leave a great gulf, so close it seemed we were to slide down into it the next moment and then they would rush in and high up on the rocks threughtening to carry us to their very top. The tide was against us and we strained at the oars, pulling with the last ounce of our strength but it did look as tho a worse disaster would befall us and we were surely going to be engulfed. Then the sails began to draw and George manuevered the boat skillfully and the danger was past. Panting for breath we came aboard, not without some difficulty for the ship was making good headway and George did not dare to luff just there, <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ soon we were in open water and Sitka in full view, five miles away.

With sails wing and wing, the stedy old Bertha slipped rapidly along, in lazy comfort, a delightful contrast to the truly frightful experiences of the previous night and our getting away. We were not very hirarious but so thankful we had not lost our ship and perhaps some lives and about two oclock we dropped anchor in from of Raven's Nest, only one day over our allotted schedule, and the ~~xxxx~~ cruise of the Bertha was ended.

It was not much fun getting the duffle back to the Nest. It never is much fun unpacking after a camping trip and we were feeling ~~xx~~ rather tired after our recent experiences and Clements was still to be dealt with and George was to<sup>o</sup> sore to do much. But it was accomplished and the Bertha returned to her berth near the wharf. Clements was very angry, at first, and got the ship up on the beach. Strange to relate, there was very little damage and nothing serious. Small pieces of rock had been driven into the planking and embedded there but there ~~xxxx~~ was no structural damage. To any of us who had seen the terrific blows the boat suffered when the waves would drop her on that rock it did not seem possible. Clements cooled off in a day or two and was very reasonable and we agreed on damages for a comparatively small amount, as I remember, twenty-five dollars, but it might have been less. Anna seemed no worse from the experience and we settled down to our routine life but, for one, I <sup>was</sup> convinced that Sitka Sound was no place for a comfortable cruise unless one knew more about winds, tides, harbors and rocks than I did. Still, as time passed, it remained <sup>a</sup> as a very interesting and increasingly happy memory, and, in those two weeks, Anna had seen more of islands and Bay than I had in all my previous years.

Edward Marsden ~~xxxx~~ <sup>came</sup> in with his Marietta and kindly ~~went~~ took me out to get the anchor we had left buoyed to an oar. What a difference it was in a power boat! After two or three attempts the hook was tripped out of the rocks and we returned ~~xi~~ it to Clements so that was squared up, and I did not have that to pay for.

In September Miss Gibson returned and with her Annie Hines and work began in earnest but we were badly handicapped by lack of help in the hospital. I wrote to the Board at some length as I had before

a number of times but they could not or did not correct the condition and I grew dissatisfied with the limitation of my professional work. I had applied for permission to practice among the white people to add to my income for we found it hard to get along altho my salary was large when judged by Missionary standards and we certainly were economical. Father often wrote urging me to return and while I was not unhappy I was somewhat restless, especially when the Board refused my request and did so rather curtly.

Early one evening I was called down to that little Maternity building in the Ranche where I held office hours twice a week, to attend a Native woman who was in labor. This was very rare for I was seldom called unless there was some complication. Altho there were bedsteads in the building the Natives had rigged one in the native fashion with a moss lined box to receive the baby. It seemed likely to be a slow case and after waiting quite a while I pulled some tables together in the little office and lay down telling the friends to call me in an hour and went to sleep. When I awoke it was daylight next morning and I jumped up and hurried to see my patient. The room was empty. There was not a soul about nor anyone near. The bed was just as I left it and evidently the baby had not come so I locked the door and went home. I never heard from that case again.

Mr. McClelland got the idea that I was not visiting the Ranche ~~as~~ <sup>he</sup> as often as I thought I ought to and, I suppose, wrote to the Board about it. At any rate some one did and I received a carefully phrased letter from the Secretary of the Board, not Dr. MacAfee, but Dr Thompson suggesting that I try to find time to

visit the sick in the Ranch". As my letter is a survey of my routine work I will copy it and the Board's letter also.

My dear Dr. Wilbur, I have very pleasant recollections of my visit to Sitka including my call in your pleasant home. My attention has been called to the physical needs of our Indians at Sitka and I write to call your attention to the same. I am advised that the Russians gain many members to their church there because of their attention in medical and surgical ways to the needs of the natives. I am strongly of the opinion that it will not be sufficient for us to merely preach the gospel to them and teach them but that we must also try to win them by showing our appreciation of their physical needs. I know that you are doing all that can be done of work in the way of your profession in the hospital; but may I suggest that it would in my judgement be wise if you could find time to visit the sick in the native villages at least a few times each week. You will not only do them good but you will attach them to our work by making them realize that we care for their well being- physical as well as mental and spiritual & -

I presume your time during the winter is pretty fully occupied in the hospital but I am sure you will give them as much time in their homes as may be sufficient for their needs and I know you will get your reward.

With kind remembrances to Mrs. Wilbur, believe me,

Cordially,

C.L. Thompson.  
Secretary."

*I was indignant and angry, more at such utter ignorance of conditions at Sitka, and Thompson had been there personally, than at my suggestion that I had neglected some of my work. My reports were on file at N.Y. and had Thompson looked them over he would have known exactly what I had done.*

"Dear Dr. Thompson. Your letter was duly received and contents veryx carefully noted. Indeed, since I received it I have thought about what you have stated. ... Ix am glad I did not write on the first impulse for I am free to confess I was very angry. However, a more careful reading of your letter and cobl thought upon you position has enabled me, I believe, to see the whole matter in a clearer light and I trust you will be enabled to see that you have not realized the true state of my work here.

At first thought, the question of conducting medical work on this field would seem to be very simple yet it is quite complicated and as to what is most necessary, <sup>and urgent</sup> whether hospital, visiting, or dispensary, may lead to a vast difference of opinion. From your letter I gather that you hold the opinion that I do not visit the natives in their homes at all. This is very far from the truth. In the fifty three months that I have been here I have made 1623 visits to the native village or an average of thirty visits a monthh, an average of a visit a day for the entire time of my service. This, you understand is just the Ranche work and does not include Native people treated inx the office or hospital wards.

When I first came here the hospital was not in condition to be occupied and during those early months as many as 325 visits were made in a single quarter. I had a young man who was my special assistant and interpreter and as many as fifteen visits a day were made. But the great majority of cases treated were for minor ills, colds, headaches and the like and when after a long wait the hospital was open I considered it a poor expenditure of my time to walk more than a mile to see a patient who had a cold in the head. Medicine was given gratuitously and as freely laid aside. Here as

as everywhere, what cost nothing was prized as nothing. Under such circumstances I insisted that Natives come to the office when able to do so and we found they were more careful to follow directions. Naturally the number of visits decreased as only the seriously ill were visited and the number of office patients greatly increased. The winter that shows the best work numerically, and to my mind in effectiveness, was that of '96-97 when I not only rigidly enforced office hours but also charged a nominal fee for medicine. In fact it was the evident success of that winter that led the Russian church to establish their medical work.

Here again, Sir, I beg to inform you of an error. The Russians have never had a qualified physician to attend the natives. A priest who left here about a year ago was constantly in the Ranche and gave medicine but he was a quack of the worst kind and had absolutely no idea of medicine. The present priest hires an old sot who used to be a ship's apothecary to dispense medicine when called upon. As to surgery, they never have done any but the most minor work and invariably the more serious cases were turned over to our hospital until a year or two ago when it was turned over to a Naval surgeon who did it for his personal gain.

This last Fall we have had not only natives who belong to the Russian Church but also whites of the same creed in our wards, one of them was a ward of the Custodian of the Greek church who thought so much of our hospital that he paid \$10 per week for his board and treatment.

This letter is growing long and I fear tiresome but I feel I have been misunderstood, perhaps misrepresented, by some of my co-workers. Unfortunately we don't all see what the duties and

demands of our neighbors' life are and because he does not work in our way it is easy to believe he does not work at all.

I realize that not as much was done last winter in visiting the Rancho as might have been but there were three very adverse causes at work that crippled our influence. First, Miss Campbell ~~what~~ who had some influence with the natives and living at the Mission, opposed our work because of personal dislike to me. Second, a Naval surgeon, a man without principle, for the sake of the money he could get, went among the natives and was assisted by Miss Campbell in diverting patients from our hospital. Third. the Russian priest, ~~And fifth,~~ <sup>to</sup> a very incompetant amount of help in our hospital requiring me to much work there that should have been done by someone else. Add to this an unusual number of critical cases and you will see how little time was left.

There is scarcely any work in the Ranch during the summer yet the last quarter, ~~ix~~ I made 132 visits there.

Conditions are more favorable now and as was my custom I expect to visit the Ranch once a week regularly this winter and as often as serious cases make it best to do so. I think it is almpst useless to give medecine in the natives homes but the visits show our interest and lead to bringing cases into the hospital for that is our great aim. There, and there only, I believe we can best help them physically and spiritually.

I believe in personal work and with fifteen or more teachers here there ought to be very much more house to house visiting in the native Village.

Am I wrong in judging ~~from~~ your letter that you think I am devoting too much time to religious work? If you refer to my con-

conducting two of the church services I am sure it is not of my ~~XXXXXXXX~~ choosing. I was never in favor of the pastor's giving up the Sunday evening service and the attendance never has been as good since he left that service to others.

Finally I beg you to remember the many duties that devolve on the hospital physician here. The office work, records, reports, donations, bills, supplies, care of drugs and compounding all must be done by the Mission doctor. Give me a young man qualified to relieve me of this clerical and pharmaceutical <sup>work</sup> and a good and regular interpreter and I will go to the native village every day.

I trust this will explain my side of the matter tho there are many other things I would like to say. Of course I am ready to accede to the wishes of the Board in the conduct of their work but it must be hard to fully realize the position of all your workers here. Yours very truly, "

Well I am not a bit proud of that letter and am tempted to delete it but as this is an attempt to picture our life at a Mission station I think I will leave it in. I hope that letter was written hurriedly for I would hate to think it was the result of mature thought as it claims to be. How Anna ever let it get out I don't know. Probabally she never saw it, but, at all events, it seems to have had the desired effect for I did not hear from Dr. Thompson or any other officer about it again.

But McClelland and I had a warm argument about it for he also came to suggest that I was not visiting the Ranche as often as I should. It made me angry. But we did not let our anger get control and were better friends afterward because of the frank exchange of opinions.

The time was approaching for Anna's second confinement and we had Jonny Hollywood, a half breed boy about sixteen to help with <sup>house</sup> the work. He had been at the Mission but had not advanced very far and his time being up, he was willing to earn some money or, to be more accurate, he yielded to the pressure of his Native mother to earn some, for Jonny could hardly be considered a glutton for work. But he was good natured and was a help to Anna who had her hands full. She never complained but was always her cheerful happy self. She was a wonderful woman then when there must have been so much in her life that was so very different from the life she had expected. Children were not expected in the early years. I had felt sure we could always <sup>get</sup> ~~help~~ help in the house and so that ~~XXXX~~ seemed assured and she longed to share my work in the Ranche, and school, and Hospital and none of these things had worked out as expected. Instead here she was faced with all the discomfort and pain and weariness of a second baby when life was difficult enough without that handicap. But never a frown or sigh, never anything but her sweet ~~XXXXXX~~ cheery self. If there was any sadness or disappointment in her heart, <sup>it seemed</sup> as there must have been, it never appeared <sup>not even</sup> in of her letters to her home people.

With Jonny for a 'maid' the Nest did not seem to be just the place for a confinement case so we planned to go to the hospital and Miss Gibson insisted that Anna take her room altho we were very loath to do it. So all those arrangements were made.

About the middle of December, when the steamer was in, a native man walked into my office and asked for treatment. He was covered with a profuse eruption from his head to his feet and I thought of small pox altho I had never seen a case.

I got at my books at once to read up about ~~that~~ small pox while the patient, who did not seem at all sick, sat on a bench in the office, with a thermometer in his mouth. A doctor never <sup>lost</sup> lost caste in the minds of the Natives by consulting his books while they were in his office. Quite to the contrary. As very few of them could read or write the white doctor seemed all the more wonderful and wise when he read in his big books.

Well - if this was small pox this man ought to have a raging fever and be ver<sup>y</sup> sick indeed. The eruption ought to have a characteristic 'shotty' feel. I never felt any shot under a man's skin but these pimples did not feel as I <sup>thought</sup> ~~thought~~ <sup>pl. t-</sup> would feel, and besides that he had no fever. I thought of syphilis but ruled that out because of the history of rapid onset with a chill and some aching and malaise. There seemed to be but one thing left and that was chicken-pox which was not so very uncommon among the adult natives. I had had an attack when I was with Dr. VanLennep, you may remember. This man said he was taken sick on the steamer and that there were no other people sick in the same way in the village from which he came. This proved to be ~~not~~ a lie. So I pronounced the disease chicken pox, and as we could not keep him and there was no place to isolate him in the Rancho - and it would have needed a policeman <sup>squad of</sup> to maintain quarantine if ~~if~~ he were isolated - I sent him back to the Rancho.

Nothing more was heard from him for a few days when ~~Dr. Pitts~~ Dr. Pitts told me the man had come to see him and was covered with pustules or ulcers where the blisters had broken and that he was sure it was syphilis and he had sent him to a small house on an island just across from the wharf. Altho there was some snow on the

ground and while not very cold was raw and chilly they took that man out side and stood him against the side of the shack, stark naked, and photographed him as a most interesting medical case. And he neither caught cold or was he any the worse for the experience.

A native woman whom I had admitted to the ward with symptoms of grippe began to develop an eruption and for a day or two was quite sick but as soon as the irruption became general she seemed to be in excellent health. Another case of chicken pox. In two weeks the girls who had been in the ward with that woman developed an eruption and went thru the same cycle. Now chicken pox had never been very contageous, a sporadic case, perhaps one or two others and that was all. This was different, evidently much more virulent and the eruption so much more profuse, deep seated and intense. The medical journals had a lot of reports of a disease that was quite prevalent, here and there, thru the States and much dis cussion as to whether it was small pox or not with out any real decision of the question. Meanwhile similar cases were developing in the Ranche, so many that a town meeting was called to decide what was to be done as the white people began to be alarmed.

Of course all the medical fraternity of the town was present. This was made up of Dr, Fitts, Asst. Surgeon. U.S.N. A Russian priest, with out degree but claiming to be a doctor; a Naval apothecary and myself. Fitts held to the theory of syplalis altho he had nothing to sustain that theory in view of later developments, but he claimed it could not be small-pox as so many of the typical symptoms were lacking and in that I heartily agreed but I still believed it was an unusually virulent type of chicken-pox. The priest, however, said

he had seen the same disease while he was at a hospital in Russia and that it was small-pox. Altho he spoke thru an interpreter as he could spekk very little English he convinced the meeting that the dread scourge was among us and the Govenor formed a committee to handle the situation. The people were frightened and had only one <sup>that was</sup> idea, to get the Natives away and they were forced to take the sick to an island tents being provided for them where necessary, and there they were left to do the best they could for themselves. The hospital was full of scholars and some Natives who developed the disease while there for other sickness and Anna was showing symptoms that made it unwise for me to be away. My hands were more than full.

Some time before I had urged Mr.Kelly to have all the scholars ~~examined~~ vaccinated but he could not see how it was possible and still carry on the necessary work of the school. The supply of vaccine had passed its date of usefulness and new supplies had not arrived.

On the 11th of January, Anna and I were having dinner with Miss Gibson in the Hospital when Anna began to have pain and <sup>in</sup> two hours a fine big boy was by her side in Miss Gibson's room. At the other side of the room, a short distance away, a partition of tongue and groved boards separated them from small-pox patients. There was wall paper, hung on cloth, on the room but no building paper in the wall on the ward side. Well, there was nothing else to be done for it was too late to move to Raven's Nest. When I visited them I went <sup>to</sup> my office and changed into another suit of cloths in the drug room, washed my face and hair and disinfected my hands and went around the outside to the back door and so up to the room.

On that mail, for the steamer came just about that time, the

sad news of my brother Harry's death came by letter. All the family were to go to his house for Christmas dinner for ~~he was~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~then~~ Chicago trouble had all been cleared up and Harry had returned to Philadelphia and Father was so happy to have the two boys working together in the business. It was his dream being fulfilled and both were proving excellent business men and were very companionable. Just as Mother and the other's were getting ready to go to Wayne, where Harry and Clara lived word came that he had been thrown while fox hunting and was dead. It nearly prostrated dear Mother for Harry was always most tenderly thoughtful of her and the letter she wrote <sup>to me</sup> a few days later was written with her heart's blood but with true Christian fortitude. Harry was my favorite brother for we were nearer of age and had been nearer together than Will and I ever were and it was a real shock to me. Fortunately, I was very busy. Rudolph Walton was desperately ill with pneumonia and I had to see him frequently that night. Feeling depressed and about all in and with a long hard night before me I did something I never did before or since, I went into the drug room and poured a half glass of whiskey <sup>about 4 oz.</sup> and drank it straight. Beyond keeping me awake it had no other effect which was most remarkable in one who was so totally unaccustomed to it.

Along toward morning I went over to see Rudolph again and was horrified to find his wife and family laying out his grave clothes and making preparations for his funeral. He was still alive and seemed no worse than he had been and I was angry, for he had turned his face to the wall and composed himself to die. That was the way the Natives <sup>did</sup> ~~had~~. Verbally I began to scold him in no uncertain tones. "Here, stop that! Turn your face around. What do you mean? You're not going to die. Behave yourself! You can't leave Daisy, his wife, and

the children! What will they do if you leave them? God wants you here. He needs you. Now stop all this nonsense and behave yourself! Then, turning to Daisy, I said, "Take all those things out of here, every one and everybody get out except Daisy and her Mother, Quick!"

This was something new. They had never seen the Mission Doctor like that before. Rudolph blinked at me with wide and wondering eyes, as he turned his face away from the wall. The friends looked sullen and not inclined to leave until I pointed to the door and, with angry face, told them sharply to 'chook' go away, get out. As Rudolph said afterward "My spirit was all ready to jump out of my body when Doctor came and gave me strong talk and then I get well". He is alive today.

I am very sorry that no letters about Harry, for dear Anna and I decided to name him after the dear brother who had gone to that other ladd such a few days before, have been preserved. I was too busy to write my journal but, from the first, he was a happy sunny baby, whose only fault was a desire to eat more than he could hold and then spill some out <sup>at</sup> ~~and~~ most inopportune times. As Bertie would say later "Mamma, Hadje hoke a dinner." Miss Gibson had Bertie ~~in~~ <sup>with</sup> her in the room across the hall and seemed happy and was most kind. They had a romp every night and altho it seems almost impossible, <sup>to believe now</sup> we had our kitten there and as the little fellow would run about the cat would jump at his bare legs when he would run to his Mother or Mis<sup>s</sup> Gibson, crying "Mins, Mamma, Mins." meaning pins, <sup>Kitty's little chin</sup>

George Dean seems to have been away but returned in February and at once settled all doubt about the epidemic as her had seen it in the East and said the doctors had pronounced it small-pox but

in a modified form, as it lacked a number of the most distinguishing symptoms of the usual disease. It was most astonishing to see patients with a profuse pustular eruption, their whole bodies almost covered with little blisters <sup>full of pus</sup> and ulcers and yet without a pain or an ache and hardly any temperature. Yet that was what usually happened. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ When George told me that the medical men all over the country had been in much doubt about the epidemic being small-pox I felt better and that I had not been so dumb in failing to diagnose it correctly at the first.

Not a white person had the disease but it was spreading rapidly among the Natives. Mr. ~~Reek~~ Beck, who had a true love for the Natives, for Christ's sake, visited them at the island and found them in a really deplorable condition. The weather was raw and wet with flurries of snow now and then and the tents ~~XXXXXX~~ had no floor but the cold damp earth. He got lumber either from the Governor or by subscription in town and put board floors under each tent. He got food and persuaded friends or relatives to look after their own people for some had deserted them and in every way he did all he possibly could. I went over with him as often as I could but I could not leave my many duties frequently, and medicine had little effect at best, The people on the Island were decidedly sicker than those in the Hospital and one or two had the confluent type and died but they were about the only deaths.

When the vaccine arrive all the Mission people were vaccinated and some white people from town but they mostly regarded the school as a pest house and kept away. I vaccinated myself every week for six weeks and did not get what <sup>when</sup> we considered a take until the sixth

time when my arm became inflamed and badly swollen. Yes, I know now that was not a take but an infection and such repeated vaccinations were useless but I had a typical pustule on my arm that sixth time even if authorities say it is impossible, and best of all I did not get small-pox. Our supply of vaccine gave out for this first lot was ordered before any real epidemic began. Of course other lots were ordered from the Sound but their supply was soon exhausted and fresh supplies had to come from the East so there was considerable delay. Fitts and I decided to try to make some that is he agreed it would be wise and I did the making. Taking part of the scab from one of the girls who had been in the school some time so that I knew her health record, it was macerated in glycerine and stored in a cool place for two weeks as I remember. With that we vaccinated the Natives who were rounded up by the Marines and it certainly was powerful but did not cause infection. I had vaccinated the cottage people as soon as possible and not one of them had the disease.

While the epidemic was still active tho waneing, MR Kelly who had been miserable for two weeks but kept about, unwilling to give up or call me in to see him finally sent for me and I found him looking pretty sick, wrapped in a blanket sitting by one of those flat tin tubs which people use in taking a sponge baths. He was badly nauseated and had that enormous basin handy in case of violence. He had quite a temperature and his history of the attack pointed strongly toward typhoid altho there was no other case in town. Mr. Kelly had been away, I think, to Juneau, and there was only one thing to do and that was to take him to the hospital. He protested but was soon convinced it was the only thing to do. There was no way to get him to the room except to carry him thro the ward where there were a number of small-pox cases for the back stairs were too narrow.

He was a very sick man and all of us were depressed by his serious condition. In my report I find "For four days and six hours he did not sleep at all but was in the most violent muscular exertion." Miss Willard and Selina Leask, who had become Mrs. Gamble, helped with the nursing and George Dean and Dr. Fitts were called in almost daily. We did not have the soporifics then what medical men have now else the poor patient would have had relief. It seemed that the end was near and I had placed a vial of a ~~solution~~<sup>dilution</sup> of nitro glycerine on the bureau in case of heart failure.

While he was still very ill and my arm was at its worst very big and painful the wife of one of the Weachers miscarried and needed immediate surgical attention and we had to operate in her room at the Manser. Providentially, she made an uncomplicated recovery and I was very thankful for I had just about all I could handle.

One morning, when it seemed that Mr. Kelly was about to begin his convalescence, he had a very severe hemorrhage from the bowels and immediately collapsed. I happened to be near by at the time and joined Miss Gibson at his bed side. His heart failed rapidly, his face was pallid and clammy. Miss Gibson who was far from demonstrative or easily scared said "He's gone" as she dropped on her knees beside his bed and I could not find the slightest trace of any heart action. <sup>To all appearances Mr. Kelly was dead.</sup> More by instinct than from any process of reasoning I snatched that nitroglycerine and poured a quantity into the gaping mouth. Almost instantly his face flushed, muscular twitching began, the heart resumed its action, faintly, and signs of renewed vitality became increasingly evident. Very slowly and with the help of those devoted nurses he ~~skipped~~ ~~skipped~~ climbed up the long road to recovery and lived until a few years ago. I believed then as I believe now that it was the guiding hand of God that inspired that impulsive

use of that powerful stimulent. Such treatment was not in the books and when I told my medical friends about, it after I returned to the East they shook their heads and said the Nitroglycerine was not the thing to use under such conditions. No doubt they were right but Mr. Kelly fully recovered and we were all devoutly thankful for we admired him and were very fond of him and he was greatly needed.

Father had come out for the Spring duck shooting bringing Mother with him. I had told him of the fine times I had had other years. It was the most delightful shooting I ever had. One day while sailing among the islands I had noticed a narrow channel between <sup>two</sup> ~~two~~ of them a pass as we called it, thru which the ducks seemed to fly from one small bay to another and, later, sometimes alone sometimes with one of the other men, I went there and standing on the rocks on a convenient ledge, on one side, we had great sport. We did not have to wait for cold, blustery weather for the ducks flew just as well in the beautiful Spring days. Leaving soon after three in the morning we would be back to breakfast with a big bag and with visions of all the beauties of an Alaskan morning.

The general vaccination had stopped the epidemic and as Mr. Kelly needed little attention and the wards were nearly empty I was free to go on short trips now and then.

Father and Mother had rented a house near the Mission but took their meals with us and George lived with them. One morning very early with Rudolph, Willie Wells and two other of the Cottage boys George, Father and I went far out in the Bay to fish for halibut. Our lines were the size of clothes line, the sinkers weighed about two pounds and we used <sup>SOME</sup> ~~the~~ Native hooks and some of the usual kind. We fished in forty or more feet of water and when we hooked a fish

it felt as tho we had fouled a log. As we pulled them up there was not a fight or a struggle. We might just as well have been pulling up a bag of sand, until they reached the surface and then they seemed to go crazy. Such floundering and splashing, twisting and turning throwing water in the air and fighting like daemons. The trick was to bring them near the boat as soon as possible and kill them with a club. Toe betide the haplas man, in a small canoe, who got one aboard <sup>it</sup> before ~~he~~ was dead. A big fish might turn the canoe over before the Native could get in a killing blow. We were in one of the Mission boats and there was no danger of an upset but things were very lively indeed when one or two fish, that were only stunned, revived and decided to get back to the bottom of the sea. The natives attached their lines to ~~xxx~~ floats made from <sup>inflated</sup> ~~xxix~~ seal's stomachs and used the Native hook, as a fish once caught on one of these could not get away. The ingenious shape of the hook made it impossible for the fish to open <sup>his</sup> upper jaw and back out. When a fish was hooked these floats would stand on end and with a line of floats out the Native could paddle from one to the other as required. Stone jugs were sometimes used <sup>instead of</sup> ~~for~~ the stomachs. The fishing was good and we returned in the early forenoon with about twenty halibut weighing ~~thirty~~ <sup>to</sup> twenty ~~to~~ thirty pounds apiece. If you doubt see the photo of the catch and the catchers.

Another trip that George, Father and I took was to the shore of the bay near Pyramid Range. We hoped to get a deer and as usual started early in the morning. My fine rowboat, that I ~~have~~ mentioned on our cruise, slipped along swiftly with two pairs of oars over the calm waters of the early morning. We landed on a long beach and spread out a couple of hundred yards apart looking for any kind

of game as we walked slowly toward the woods, especially hoping we might see a deer as it was early in the morning. George had a rifle and Father and I each had a shotgun with buck shot in one barrel.

Suddenly a small animal, looking like a grey goat, came loping down a glade in the forest and turned toward the beach. It was a small buck deer altho it did not look, quite like one. As I was standing perfectly still he did not notice me until I raised my gun when he stood perfectly still looking at me. Altho it was a long shot I knew he would not come nearer and might turn into the trees any moment so I fired rather hastily. He fell but was up again, instantly, and away into the trees. We could find no blood or any trace of him and of course were greatly disappointed that I had failed to bag him.

We fished for a while but Father did not care much for bait fishing since he had learned the charm of the fly, and before long we rowed into a beautiful little cove to cook some lunch. The entrance was so narrow that the boat would just about pass thru it and, like thousands of similar little nooks, scattered about the shores of the Bay, the woods came to the very edge of the water at high tide and clothed the steep sides of the hills as far up as we could see. We landed on a pretty beach and found a veritable storehouse of clams near by. One could find clams almost anywhere along the shore of the Bay but I never saw any thing like this at that place. They were packed in layers as close to each other as they possibly could be and as we took out one layer the one below was of bigger clams. How deep they went and how big they were at the bottom we never found out for there did not seem to be any end to it.

We fooled about, ate lunch leisurely and decided we would go

home. But we didn't, for, when we looked at the little channel thru which we had entered the lagoon, it was a tumbling waterfall with the water in the Bay six or eight feet below the water in the lagoon. I knew that might happen for Rudolph and I had been caught that way one night when we were jacking for deer one night but we had slipped into the lagoon so easily I never thought about it. There was nothing to do but wait for we could not get out until the <sup>Tide</sup>~~water~~ rose again for the boat was too heavy to carry, and there was no way to drag it around the fall. So there we were and it was a rather tedious wait. George went off into the woods and succeeded in shooting a ~~XXXXXX~~ a half grown fawn and that made us a lot happier for we very rarely had a chance to get deer's liver, a treat indeed.

Very soon after Harry's death father renewed his appeals for me to return to the East and with the added plea that he needed me in the business. During <sup>his</sup> ~~the~~ visit that Spring of 1901, he was very insistent that I give up my work and come home. After he and Mother had gotten back to Philadelphia there was much writing about it, ~~it~~ back and forth. Ofcourse Will had to be considered as he was virtually the head of the business altho Father nominally was the head and exercised veto power when he thought he ought to do so. Will was very anxious for me to return, but not to go into the business or to give up my profession. He had a poor opinion of business men and business practices. He never wanted to go into business but always wanted to become a writer and finally only went into the chocolate business to please Father and to make a living. With a very high regard for the professions and especially the medical profession, he really had a high ambition for me in in that work.

Will knew VanLennep quite well and, no doubt, Van had had exaggerated my ability to ease his chagrin that he had not been able to wean me from Mission life. So Will wrote and plead with me not to make any decision about business, if I did decide to come home, but wait and talk it over.

All this made me feel uncertain and unsettled <sup>about</sup> at the future especially as Father and Mother had been to see the Board after their first visit and during the Skull controversy and had been coldly, almost rudely received and naturally, did not have a very high opinion of that august body. Father was as mad as a wet hen about it and he did not hesitate to say so and he never forgave them. We found out afterward that Miss Manning had written to some of the secretaries that my parents were likely to call about the Skull matter and to beware of them as they were trouble makers. That the Board should be willing to take her word, without at least giving Father and Mother a careful hearing as, they had just returned from Sitka, did not increase our respect for their fairmindedness or their good judgment.

But what troubled me more than anything else was the fact that my work was not enlarging as I saw it should and would if we had proper facilities. In spite of all that I had written about the need, no additional help was provided for the hospital and the policy of the school was to get more small girls and very few large ones we could look for no relief there. More serious than even this was the apparent policy of the Board to limit the medical work to the school rather than to increase my service to the whites and adult natives. My later quarterly reports, <sup>show</sup> that with my increasing reputation as a surgeon who could be relied on and the Hospital's reputation for

cleanliness and good service, a real medical center could have been built up at Sitka and a considerable share of the expense could have come from pay patients. I knew this was possible and I think Mr. MacAfee believed it, but he had been forced to change his policy as to the medical work at Sitka for there had been a reaction in the Board, probably from reasons of economy. A letter from them about this time makes the strange statement that "they (the Board) had no authority to maintain hospitals. Their work was to evangelize by preaching and teaching." Of course they were always harrassed by lack of money, to the everlasting disgrace of the wealthy members of the Church, and hospital work is expensive. No doubt, had I been more politic and wise in what I wrote, I might have won them over in the end but I really did not have much respect for their judgement and I felt too independent and too apt to show it. I saw a great future big with splendid opportunities for fine and helpful service, and to have that future limited to the school children and teachers and visiting in the Ranche was a bitter disappointment.

This limiting of my work, the unrest created by Father's constant pleas for my return, the increasing difficulty in meeting the expenses of our increasing family and the probability of being able to do much good with a large income which Father led me to expect if I went into the business, finally made me decide to resign but not without much prayerful thought and many discussions of the pros and cons with my wise and beloved wife. So I ~~resigned~~ <sup>sent my resignation</sup> in <sup>June</sup> April 1901 to take effect the following September which would be three years and three months from the the time of my return after our wedding. This repaid the Board in service for the time lost in going East for my wedding. They would not had demanded it but I felt better to

cancel any obligation of that kind. Beside, it was only fair to give the Board ample time to find a successor, for that was not easy. As it turned out, they did not send anyone until two or three months after I had gone.

Here is what I wrote in :--

Sitka, Alaska. June 15, 1901.

Rev. George F. McAfee, D.D.  
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir,

As it has been the policy of the Board to refuse to allow the Sitka Mission Hospital sufficient help to carry on the necessary work of the institution:

And, as such policy seriously interferes with the successful progress of the Medical and Surgical work, both in the Training School and in the native village;

And, as the Board deems it best to refuse the Surgeon in charge the right to practice among the white people of Sitka;

And, as I believe that God calls me to a wider work, with fewer limitations and greater opportunities:

I hereby tender my resignation as Physician and Surgeon to the Sitka Mission Hospital a position I have held for the past seven years.

This resignation is to take effect September 18th. 1901, at which time my present commission expires.

Very respectfully,

Short, sweet and to the point., but the Board was quite right and wise in refusing me the right of private practice among the whites. A

moment's thought will show so many complications that we almost sure to follow such a plan, but I did not see it that way at the time.

I must confess I did not believe the Board would accept the resignation but that it would clarify the situation and bring some concessions. But if that was my object I certainly worded the document very poorly for it left practically only one course open to the Secretaries and that was just what they did and were not slow about it either. On June 28th Dr. McAfee wrote as follows:---

My dear Dr. Wilbur, Letter rec'd &c. "We seriously regret the apparent necessity for this resignation. However, I must say that it has been a serious question with the Women's Board as to whether they were justified in spending so much money in conducting a hospital, even on the basis of the one at Sitka. They were not organized by

the General Assembly for that purpose, but for the purpose of preaching the Gospel by means of the school, mission~~xxxx~~ etc., to the exceptional populations. Medical Mission work is always to be commended and is usually very successful. We may say that the work at Sitka, has been, in proportion to its extent, as well conducted and as successful as such work done by the foreign Board. However, it is the policy of the Board to curtail expense in this direction wherever it can possibly be done, so that as much money as possible may be used in its direct evangelistic work. We doubt if the Board will consent, in the future, to do other than simply dispensary work and practical medical mission work such as you have been doing among the people on the ranch. However, that is a matter for future consideration.

In accepting your resignation, please allow me to convey to you the hearty thanks of the Women's Board for your faithfulfulness during your seven years of labor under their auspices, and to bid you God-speed in the work that you are about to take up.

Very sincerely yours,  
Geo.F.McAfee.

That was a very decent letter, considering the wording of my resignation. Had my letter been in a more kindly tone McAfee would have been more cordial, for one cannot read the letters that passed between us without realizing that he had a very personal and friendly feeling for me and a real enthusiasm for my work. It was very hard to write the resignation and I guess I had to make myself believe I was very much abused to bring myself to write it at all.

Mrs. Frederick H. Pierson, altho called 'COR. Secretary', was really the executive secretary of the Woman's Board of Home Missions, also wrote me her letter dated Sept, 12, 1901. as follows:--

My dear Dr. Wilbur, At the last meeting of the Woman's Board we ~~we~~ were called upon to act upon your resignation from the post you have held so long at Sitka as the medical missionary and the head of our hospital there. We can appreciate the considerations that have led you to this step, and can understand your conscientious motive in thus severing your connection with the missionary work. We, also, appreciate the faithful service you have rendered all these years, and the spiritual influence you leave behind you.

The great pressure of office work leaves us little time for ~~ix~~ friendly correspondence with our missionaries, but we never cease to follow their service with interest and much prayer, and you may be sure that the our letters have been few we have never forgotten your labor of love in Alaska. We also acknowledge, with sincere appreciation and gratitude, the helpfulness of Mrs. Wilbur not only as her husband's true helpmate, but also as a missionary without commission

or apparent recognition, but whom we have always esteemed as a faithful co-laborer. Though, in the providence of God, your official relations with our Board must be severed, we hope that you will never feel that you are divided from this great missionary cause with which you have been so long and effeciently identified. We shall count you both our co-laborers indeed, wherever you may be led and we are sure that the word of help and information that will further the Home Mission cause will never be lacking from either of you.

The women of the Board send you cordial and earnest good wishes for your continued usefulness and happiness wherever you may settle. With full appreciation and thanks for the faithfulness and consecration ~~that~~ which have marked your service at Sitka,

Very cordially yours,

Emeline G. Pierson,

(Mrs. F.H.)

Now that was a very nice letter indeed, and Mrs. Pierson was a very fine woman, as I have said before.

One may naturally wonder what had become of my high resolve and lofty motive in entering Mission work. Had the vision faded and had I, <sup>found</sup> that the fine service of the Master was only a mirage which had faded into the commonplace of everyday? No, I had found it real and I was assured that a wider and more useful life lay before me. I thought of the possibilities of inspiring men at Hahmemon and other colleges with the vision, so they would go into mission work and thus I would multiply myself many times. I thought of wide usefulness in the church and so, eventually, <sup>to</sup> create a wiser and a better Board. I expected that the large income, I thought assured, would enable me to employ one or more missionaries in the Foreign and the Home field and so carry our influence to so many more than I could ever hope to reach personally. Of course, I did not expect that to happen the first year or the first five years perhaps, not all of that, but it all seemed more than possible int time.

Never the less, when Dr' McAfee's letter came, early in July and I realized I was actually out I felt as I imagine a man feels when he is awaiting his execution. To find that I was not absolutely in-

indispensable was a good deal of a shock and there were many days when I felt I had not acted wisely. It was about this time, I think that I had a dream or a vision, I can't tell which, that has remained in my memory and which I thought of many times after I had returned to the East. Suddenly I found myself on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia feeling strange and out of place. I turned this way and that seeming to be looking for something but not sure what it was. Faces were all strange and altho I stood in the throngs passing up and down the street no one took the slightest notice of me. Then a voice, whether my own or some other I could not tell, said "What are you doing here?" and I could give no answer, for there seemed to be no purpose in life there, no reason why I should have given up my work in Alaska.

In spite of that, much of the time I felt a strange satisfaction in the decision I had made, and it was strange that I should feel so for I loved my work, I loved my native friends, I found much to admire in the Natives and I saw great possibilities for them if given a fair chance and I knew how greatly they needed a friend; I loved the beauty of the Bay and mountains and Islands; I loved Sitka and I loved the little Nest and our happy home, there with my dear Help-mate and our babies. To this day I cannot understand how I could leave it all, for Anna was as happy as I was until these last few Months. Yet, in my last report, written Sept. 14, 1901, the following:

" --- It is with feelings that are well nigh indescribable that I submit, herewith, my report for the quarter just ended and a survey of the work of the Medical Department of the Mission for the past seven years, knowing that it will be the last that I shall present. But, in the months that have past since I sent in my resignation, I have become more positive of the wisdom of such action and while

I regret the necessity of leaving work that has become so much a part of my life, I would not recall my action."

Of course, I did not relax in my work after my resignation was accepted but my duties were unusually light that summer. After the small pox epidemic was over the Natives almost stampeded to get away to their summer camps. Hardly anyone was left in the Rancho. One of the queer results of the disease was the desire of many of the School boys to contract it because the scars were rarely pitted but were quite white and a white skin was something greatly to be desired! *McCloud and fumigated the hospital.* As soon as possible I did a minor operation on the oldest son of the Naval Surgeon, Dr. Fitts, which was unusual as Fitts loved to dabble in surgery, and in August I removed tubercular glands from Fannie Williard's neck. They were deep seated and it was one of those long tedious dissecting jobs. She was in the hospital three weeks.

I can find no journal or letters written that summer and we seem to have passed it quietly with no trips. Naturally, I did not want to give any possible cause for the accusation of neglecting my work.

George Dean had been asked to fill a vacancy on the Rush, a Revenue cutter that was stationed at Sitka in lieu of a Naval vessel, and he was Acting Surgeon, U.S. ~~Marine~~ Revenue Service for a number of months. How I envied his cruises to Native villages, here and there in Southeastern waters for I had wanted to visit them all the years I was in Alaska. I could have gone on one or two trips, I suppose, by getting George to take my work at the Mission but I did not care to be away ~~under~~ under the circumstances. In the Spring George had gone to Nome in the second year's rush. He went with Frobeze and another man. While they made expenses, they did not strike it rich and George returned to the East. *I am sorry we have*

no account of his experiences there but George was never much of a hand to write.

Sometime the Spring or summer I had to go to Court which was held at Skagway that term, as a medical expert in a particularly distressing case. A boy named Joe, eighteen or nineteen years old, who had been at the Mission and never did well there, had returned to the Rancho, was accused of having raped a little girl and infected her with gonorrhoea and I was brought some small portions of her clothing by Court officials to see if I could find any gonococci. While Joe had never done well at the Mission he was not vicious, and we were shocked at such depravity.

I was not a bacteriologist but I knew the typical appearance of the germs and followed the technique as given in my books and found undisputable evidence of the disease. I hated to testify against the boy, not that he did not deserve punishment, but I knew that a term in San Quentin, where Alaskan prisoners were sent for such crimes, would not reform him, but only confirm him in evil, but I had no choice in the matter.

As Anna and I had wanted to get at least a glimpse of the interior of Alaska and as my expenses would be paid and as Helena and Madeline wanted to take the trip on their way to the Sound, we all decided to go. For some reason I could not <sup>go</sup> with the others, and of course Bertie and Harry had to be taken with us as Harry was still nursing, but I followed in a few days on the 'Flosie', a small steamer that carried passengers and mails between Sitka and Juneau and way stations, Killisnoo, Hoonah, and a mine and cannery or two, also going to Skagway. Their trip was uneventful but I had a narrow escape when the Flosie nearly turned turtle in the Lynn Canal. The Lynn

Canal was a narrow body of water, thirty miles or more long and ~~xxxx~~ straight as an arrow, with steep mountains on both sides, whose precipitous slopes came to the very water's edge for ~~almost~~<sup>well</sup> its entire length. There were two long narrow bays at the upper end and at the end of one of them was Skagway, the southern terminus of the White Pass Rail Road, the only rail road in Alaska at that time. Down that narrow gorge the winds swept with terrific violence, at times, for there was not a bend or a headland to break their fury.

Our little craft had been bucking a heavy head wind and had been having some difficulty making headway against it. We had some trouble making a landing at Haines, a little more than half way to the end and <sup>it</sup> was a grave question with our Captain as to whether he dared go out into the main channel again. He could only do so by running backward, broadside to the wind for some little distance. ~~Of~~ course such a wind kicked up a heavy sea for the Canal was deep and before we could turn to head into ~~the~~<sup>the</sup> wind we would have to be in the trough of those big waves and with the wind blowing on the side of the boat it was <sup>a</sup> risky thing to try. I knew the Captain and as there were only a few on board I was in the pilot house when he finally decided to make the attempt. Slowly we left the wharf and I moved backward, protected for a few minutes by the hill at the side of the little harbor. Then, leaving the lee shore, the full force of the wind struck our ship as she rolled horribly in the trough of the big waves.

The Flosie was a sort of a tug boat but had been hoisted in all around and had a small house back of the pilot house. That made her high for her draft and she offered much more resistance to the wind than most boats of her size. As she rolled from side to side

and the wind pressed against her upper works it seemed she must go over. It was nip and tuck for some very anxious moments and each one seemed likely to be our last. A little harder blow, a little bigger wave and we ~~sk~~ would surely have turned over on our side and quickly foundered. Every face was tense; not a word was spoken as the Captain grasped the wheel and held her steady.

Finally, after what seemed hours of anxious waiting, we were clear of the rocks and the Captain gave the bell to go ahead. The little ship trembled and shook and it looked as tho she had not power enough to turn against the wind. Then slowly, very slowly, watching each wave and taking advantage of the smaller ones, our skilful skipper brought her around, head to the wind and we began to forge ahead toward Skagway, which we could see plainly in the distance.

As we neared the town the wind decreased more and more for we were approaching a lea shore, until when we came to the wharf it was only a gentle Summer breeze. I hurried to the room that Anna had and we had a glad reunion tho she had no idea of the danger I had passed, but as our boat was late she wondered what had become of her hubby.

Helena felt she could not wait any longer for me and of course she could not get any word either from or to me, so she had gone over to White Horse that day with Hal McNair, a friend of ours. I found my case would be up the next day, so <sup>we</sup> went down to see the train come in for there was only one train each way a day and it was an event. The tracks ran down the center of the Main Street and the miners were coming out with their summer's clean up. We saw plenty of good sized pokes as they called the bags that held the dust. These were generally white canvas sacks about eight inches in diameter and a foot long. They carried them over their shoulders as nochalantly as one

would carry a bag of flour. They were a happy-go-lucky lot as most of them turned their gold over to the Express Company for shipment and then made for the saloons and dance halls to celebrate.

It was fascinating to think that those fellows had actually picked thousands of dollars out of the ground, just picked it up, and one forgot the long hard journey; the months of fighting the cold; the weary winter, day after day building big fires to thaw the ground and then to take out the foot or two that had be softened enough to shovel into the bucket and ~~and~~ put on the dump, buckets and buckets of earth and stone before the pay dirt was even reached. Then the feverish sluicing during the short summer, working day and night, almost without sleep, to gather the results of those long, hard months of labor. One forgot, in the midst of those lucky ones, the nine men who never made expenses to the one who struck it rich.

The Court had to appoint a lawyer for Joe, as he had no money to hire one, and when that lawyer talked to me about the evidence I would give he decided to plead guilty for his client and the case never came before a jury. So I was free to go or come as I chose.

The following morning Anna and I with Harry took the train leaving Bert with Helena and we were soon climbing up to the famed White Pass, following along the old trail where men, women and children had dragged or carried their outfits over the snow in the mad days of the gold rush of ~~1897~~ '97 and '98, before the rail road was built. There are many accounts of those wild days and I shall not recount ~~the~~ the stories we heard but Rex Beach's books are not much exaggerated.

The grades were heavy but, almost before we knew it we had reached the summit and the train stopped at the International boundary where the American and the British flag flew side beside on short poles that almost touched each other and one of the Canadian Mounted

Police came thru to examine our baggage. He looked mostly for whiskey and was quite thorough <sup>but</sup> ~~by~~ nice about it, and we were soon on our way, down grade, toward the upper waters of the Yukon.

We followed along the old trail past the places where they built their rough boats from lumber whip-sawed by hand, and along by the shore of the lakes, Linderman and <sup>Bennet</sup> ~~Kshxngs~~ and some of the others and about three <sup>or</sup> ~~came~~ <sup>at</sup> the place where any of the passengers who wished to could get out and see Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids if they cared to walk the three or four miles to town. Another man and I got out as the trip was too much for Ann and the baby, whom I left on the train to go on ~~to~~ to the wild and wooly, alone. There was really no risk for them as probabzly no frontier town in the world was better policed than the town of White Horse.

A very short walk thru the open woods brought us to the edge of the gorge where Mile River rushes between perpendicular rocky walls for a half mile. About the middle, the walls bulge out and we looked down on a very nasty whirlpool. It did not seem possible that a small boat could live to pass the Canyon, yet many did in those early days, and many were lost there too. Another ~~ix~~ mile brought us abreast the famous White Horse Rapids, that terror of those early voyagers. The high walls of the Canyon had given place to low rolling banks but the rapids were terrific. Well named indeed for they looked like a lot of enormous white horses, madly plunging and tossing their manes and tails to the wind. Many a poor fellow had lost his outfit here, but some got thru, altho it was not such a job to portage around for the rapids, while fierce were not very long. We could see the town ahead and in about an hour we were there and I found

Anna and Harry comfortably settled in a plain but clean room in the best hotel in town, even tho it was built part of logs and part of canvass, and mighty glad to see the wanderer.

My companion on the walk was a quiet fellow, a little younger than I and he talked but little and we did not get very well acquainted. It was not the thing to enquire too closely in a stranger's past. If he volunteered the information, well and good and if he did not, better let it go at that. This man did not, and I could not help but think how easy it would be for him to knock me on the head, rob me and toss my body into the rushing water and then tell how I had slipped and fallen in, for it was a wild country and we were quite alone.

But he seemed decent enough and had a good face and we had a pleasant stroll.

But we did make the acquaintance of those terrible Yukon mosquitoes and found no pleasure in doing so. They were twice the size of the Jersey variety and certainly must have carried a combination of bee-sting, nitric acid and melted lead handy to their bills for I can't imagine anything else that would ~~cause~~ cause such intense burning pain when they so easily slipped those prodigious bills thru my skin. Fortunately they were not so very thick and did not follow us far after we left the woods, nor were were the after effects of their bites any more poisonous than those of their smaller relatives. (For a very interesting and authentic story of a trip to the Klondike during the 'gold rush', before the rail road was built see the account of the personal experiences of my friend, Bishop Rowe, which will be found in an envelope among the books on Alaska.)

After supper we went out to see the town, which was mostly spread along the river, one of the tributaries of the Yukon. Harry had had his supper and gone to sleep for he had been awake all day, and we paid the chamber maid to keep an eye on him. We strolled past saloons and dance halls, all quiet and orderly, mostly built of logs or canvas, down to the river bank where a steamboat or two were tied to the bank. There were stern wheelers but looked clean and pretty big. It was a temptation to board one and go on down the famous Yukon, but, of course, that was impossible. The river went rushing by and it was a marvel how those boats ever bucked the current to reach the town.

Mounted Police were everywhere, though none were mounted, most of them in service uniforms of dark blue tunic and trousers and knee boots altho a few were in their brilliant scarlet jackets. As we stood watching we noticed a man on a scow that was being moved down stream a bit. Suddenly there was a shout of warning for the scow was slipping under a rope that moored another craft and the rope was likely to sweep the man overboard. Just as he turned to see what was the matter the rope caught him and in an instant he was knocked into the rushing water, fortunately on the shore side, of the scow. Men were shouting and running along the bank, throwing ropes as the man in the water was swept down stream with appalling rapidity. It looked for a few moments as tho he would drown before our eyes. Then a man with a long push pole ran well ahead and he had to run fast to get a-head, pushed the pole far out in the stream and the other caught it and was dragged ashore. He must have been a hardy fellow for the water was ice cold and he was fully dressed, even to his coat and heavy boots.

We walked along the main street with the river and some warehouses on one side and the hotels, and business houses on the other, to the Barracks of The Mounted. There was a large yard enclosed by a high fence or stockade with a tall flag pole in the center and a large building at the back. It seemed to be an important post and the men were everywhere. There were plenty of rough men all about and more in the saloons and dance halls, no doubt, but there was no disorder. I take off <sup>my</sup> hat in profound respect to the way the British police their possessions. Years later we found the same maintenance of order in Jamaica with its teeming black population, only there, most of the police were native Jamaicans.

Before I reached Skagway Anna had had her picture taken with some other of the Missionaries of our church, Rev.S.Hall Young, one of the Alaskan pioneers, Dr.and Mrs Marsh from Point Barrow. way up in the North, beyond the Arctic Circle, and some others, and we still have a copy of that photo altho it is not in the albums. Helena went south to the States and we returned to Sitka but not before I had made a short trip to Dyea, on the other arm of Lynn Canal. It was quite a town of small frame buildings but utterly deserted. In the early days it had been the more popular way to the interior as it was the entrance to the Chilkoot Pass but no one went that way after the rail road was built. As there was no wharf or landing the boats simply landed all freight on the rocky shore, helter skelter and it was up to every party to hunt up and sort out his own stuff and many were the fights about ownership. There were no Canadian Mounted there and the great U.S.did'nt bother. The small houses, a few of them two stories high, lined both sides of the rough trail for a mile or more and not a single person

person in sight. Some of the buildings were boarded up but many of them stood with open doors yet they did not seem to have been robbed of even the window sash. In building Skagway apparently no one had taken the lumber here altho it could have been lightered from one place to the other with little trouble, and lumber was very expensive. Here was a lot of it with doors and windows untouched by even a vandals' hand. It was a testimony to the honesty of the Natives that in spite of great temptation they seemed to have stolen nothing.

So the fifteenth of September came and with it my official connection with the Industrial Training School, and the Sitka Mission Hospital, a name I had given it, came to an end. We could not go East for another Court case would keep me until October and I continued to hold office hours and attend to the children and the teachers but I did no more operating, and very little work in the Rancho. We continued to live in the Nest for I owned that, altho I had no title to the land as was clearly understood before I built. It was on Mission property. I could remove the house but I could not sell it. The teachers and Mr. Kelly seemed to feel badly about our going and Miss Gibson much depressed but no one blamed us unless it was Miss Gibson and that was principally because she thought I had "put my hand to the plow and then turned back."

I had time on my hands and found Miss Patton, who owned the town paper, The Alaskan, the oldest newspaper in the Territory, struggling to get it out with the help of a Marine named Magee who was a printer by trade and a big blue eyed fellow, little more than a boy in appearance, named Sheffler who was detained by the officials as the principal witness in a murder case. With two other men and a woman they were prospecting on the Yukon in American territory and in a row over the woman one man was shot, and killed. The others were arrested and

and brought to Sitka. Sheffler accused the other man whose name was <sup>Bird</sup> King, I think, and was able to convince the authorities of his own innocence. So Sheffler was allowed the freedom of the town except on steamer days while <sup>Bird</sup> King was confined to the jail awaiting trial.

Miss Patton took Sheffler on to set type, but she had to collect the news, write the editorials and arrange the set up and she found it a burden. So I volunteered to do that and for six weeks or more I was Acting Editor, type setter's helper, printer's devil and star and sub reporter! It was an experience but the old Alaskan, that always had caused a smile in Juneau and Ketchikan where the only other papers were published, managed to develop enough life to get into one or two editorial fights with its contemporaries.

At first Sheffler was very quiet and not very cordial as we worked side by side, for the Editor's desk was along side of the the type cases in the front room of the little building just a few doors from the jail. The press was in the other room back of it. As my editorial and other duties were not very pressing I began to help set type and learned to do it fairly well. Gradually Sheffler loosened up and soon was telling me of his experiences in New Orleans and other places but he said nothing about the murder or his Yukon trip except his stay at St. Michaels at the mouth of the river. And none of them were very envyory. He told of printings lottery tickets on a tug boat on the Gulf of Mexico as it was illegal to do it on his shore and other things, not much to his credit, but still I could not help feeling sorry for him and thought he was the victim of circumstances rather than willfully evil. Anna and I even had him up to supper a time or two and he seemed to appreciate the bit of home life. But he ~~seemed~~ <sup>always</sup> seemed to be on the watch for some one or some

or something and never quite able to relax and be at his ease. One night when we were working at the office to get the final copy set up (for there generally were last news items to get in) and it would have been a crime to have failed to get out our weekly issue on Friday and so disappoint our hundred or possibly more subscribers. Why who knows? It might have caused a riot! Well, that night, as we stood side ~~beside~~ at the type cases, someone came in suddenly and, like a flash Sheffler tightened up and his right hand went beneath his coat and slid <sup>below</sup> ~~to~~ his left arm pit. When the caller had gone after giving some bit of news or gossip or just passing the time of day, I asked Sheff, (for it was Sheff and Doc. by that time,) what was the matter. Then he took me into the back room and showed me a heavy revolver in a holster below his left shoulder and he said that he had to be very careful as <sup>Bird</sup> King belonged to a gang and that they were trying to 'get him. He always carried it and I suppose had it handy even at night altho he slept in the jail. Nice quiet company for an ex-missionary to be in! Still I worked on for everyone said that the Alaskan had never been as interesting as it was since I took charge.

One day a tramp steamer came in with the news of the sinking of the "Islander" the night before, near Juneau. It was a thrilling tragedy and I hustled down to get the details, for this was news indeed. The Islander was a fairly large steamer of the competing line that was on its way from Skagway to the Sound with a big crowd of miners and a tremendous lot of gold. From the reports of a few survivors the whole crowd were celebrating, even the officers were pretty drunk. As they turned to run up Gastineau Channel, only a few miles from Juneau the ship struck something, probably a large piece of ice almost submerged, and sank almost immediately altho they

were only a few yards from shore. The shore there is very steep, almost perpendicular, so the ship went down in deep water and carried practically everyone with her. Of course it made a great story and as we went to press that very day we were the first Alaskan paper to publish it, a fact that I did not hesitate to mention in the editorial columns. We got the Brady boys and one or two others to take out the papers as soon as they came from the press and soon the street was echoing their cries; "Alaskan, Just out. Full account of the Islander Disaster!" It sounded very metropolitan but we did not repeat that advanced business method for the newsboys did not sell enough papers to earn their guarantee and it was too expensive for our very limited income.

Generally the Marine, Magee, was not able to get away ~~until~~ from the Barracks until after mess Friday night, and then he would hustle over to the office, make up the forms and while <sup>L</sup>pulled the handle of the press he turned the ~~walk~~ the crank that ran the heavy plate along the flat bed while Chef. took off and folded. In an hour or less the enormous edition was printed. Miss Patton generally came over to ~~work~~ and if we were short handed she was a good as any man in the work. One or twice Magee could not or did not show up and then we three had a dickens of a time making up the forms and printing the paper, and generally succeeded in pieing one or more columns of type. But then, if we did not have enough to fill all the space we went to the box where the old advertising cuts were kept and gave somebody a column of free advertising! by filling the vacant space with the old cuts. *ads*

Once in a while when the steamer was very late somebody would set off a bomb and, believing it was the cannon, everybody would rush

down to the wharf to meet the boat. ~~xxxxxx~~ Naturally, public sentiment ran very high against such tricks and it would have been most unpleasant for the perpetrator had he been caught. The risk of being caught was so great that it only happened once or twice in all the time I was in Alaska.

One night as Sheffler and I were working and the steamer was very late and everybody was on edge waiting for her one of us, and I suspect it was I, said it would be a good joke to fire a bomb and give the people something to do. There was a small yard back of us, surrounded by sheds and no window looked into it so it seemed an ideal place to fire a bomb with small chance of being seen. So after talking it over a bit I got out some money and Shef went to one of the Chinese stores and bought a bomb. The steamer seldom came in after dark but it occasionally happened and the tide was right that night. So Sheff went thru the back room, into the yard and in a moment or two he was back and there was a loud boom sounding almost exactly like the cannon. Of course we were the first to rush toward the wharf yelling "STEAMBOAT" as we ran. Everybody who could yelled "steamboat" when they heard the cannon. People hurried out of the ~~the~~ houses and stores and some got out of bed and dressed hurriedly, no doubt for it was nearly ten o'clock. Everybody rushed to the wharf. Now the lights of the steamer could be seen four or five miles away at night and the smoke in the daytime and these were the signals for the firing of the cannon but no lights could be seen that night. Some Marines sauntered down and said "That's a fake. That wasn't the cannon. That was a bomb." Some one else insisted it was the cannon for they saw the flash. "I said that I had been working in the newspaper office and I hadn't seen the flash of any bomb from the

window, we could not see ~~out~~ the yard from the front room where we worked, and that it sounded to me like the cannon. So there was an argument, back and forth and about that time some of the teachers reached the wharf and when I saw those hard worked women I began to realize it was a pretty mean cruel trick to make them take a two mile walk only to be badly disappointed. Most all the town and a considerable part of the Rancho had assembled by that time and still no steamer was in sight. Then the Serjeant of the Marines came down and said, officially that no cannon had been fired and the crowd reluctantly began to return home, remarking, in no uncertain tones what they thought of the blankety, blank fools who had fired the bomb, and what they would do to them if they ever found out who it was. Like the tar-baby, Shef and I 'laid low and aint sayin nuffin'. But that week the Alaskan had a smoking hot editorial about the 'outrage' and what ought to be done to stop it, and what idiots people must be who would do such a thing but the editor discreetly omitted to suggest that a careful search of the stores might reveal who bought a bomb that night and fortunately for us, no one seemed to have thought of it and we escaped. I doubt if I even told Anna my share in it for when I saw how seriously people took it and how badly they were disappointed I was very much ashamed of it. You may be sure that even if I did tell Anna I never told anyone else. I ~~was~~ was certainly old enough to know better and I am sure Shef would never have done it had I not taken the lead. Behold how rapidly the Missionary has degenerated! Is it to be wondered that his second son, many years later, also set off a bomb but the difference was that he was caught.

The Governor, Mr. Brady, was going haying at Squanshansky Bay and the Brady family were going along to make a picnic of it and

they invited us to go along, babies and all. It was something of an undertaking as we would live in tents for three or four days, We all embarked in a big scow towed by one of the Navy launches and after a pleasant trip tied up along the bank of fast rushing small river along the meadows of lush grass that grew above a man's waist. There were a number of Natives and the men began to cut grass while the rest of us made camp. There was quite a colony of tents and before long we all comfortably settled. The river was full of salmon, you could see their backs sticking out of the water every where. Old Timers said that in their day the salmon were so thick in the streams that all a man had to do to cross one of them was to lay a board on the backs of the fish and walk across! Well, they were not quite as thick as that but there were plenty of them and when the tide came in it filled lots of little back channels, hardly knee deep and the fish ran into them. I heard women laughing and calling, one day, and going over to these little pools I found Anna and Mrs. Knapp, in hip boots wading about in them. Every now and then there would be a little scream and they would reach down with their hands and bring up a salmon two feet long. About the only place they could catch one would be just in front of the tail and as they lifted it up it would thrash about and almost upset them into the water. Sometimes they could hold it long enough to thro it onto the bank but more often they would they would hug it to their heaving bosoms in a strong if not warm embrace and so wade ashore with their prizes. It was the greatest fun<sup>for</sup> and had it not been ~~for~~ the Natives we would have had more fish than we knew what to do with.

One or two days it rained and it rained hard and it was exceeding-

damp and disagreeable especially as the tents leaked. But the Bradys were all good sports and all made the best of it. One of the oddest sights was the men cutting hay in the rain. It upset all ~~my~~ <sup>the</sup> memories of my boyhood days, but as it was to be used for ensilage it was all the better wet.

one day the scow pulled its anchor and then a four foot post and began to slip down stream. I happened to be watching it and ran and made a jump for it for it was four or five feet from shore. The sides were high and I just caught the side but the momentum carried my legs straight up in the air and for a moment I hung there uncertain as to whether I could save myself from flopping over into the deep hold or not. All the camp was watching by that time and holding its breath for it would have been a nasty fall had I gone over. But my feet finally decided to come down on the right side and the danger was past. My idea in getting aboard was to get the anchor down when the scow went out into the bay and so keep her from drifting away. four or five Natives had gotten hold of a line and were trying to hold the boat against the current but were just dragged along the bank and finally had to let go and I off on a voyage of discovery. How they would ever get the scow back I could'nt see as the launch had returned to town. Just then my craft grounded in the rapids and one of the Natives who had gotten aboard and I were brought ashore.

In the Akaskan of Aug. 31 1901, appeared the following to which I will have to confess<sup>s</sup> authorship. "The scow Suchflopsky (named after Such-on-ne, a well known country seat, it was the Brady's place, and Flop, Gov.Brady's mascot bulldog) left the sawmill last week for a load of grass, much against its inclinations. The scow had been ashore for a year and it objected to the salt water which caused

'hard-swellings' of the seams. The launch Wawe, Capt Rader commanding took charge of the Suchflopsky and headed 'nor by west half south' the log showing three miles per hour, or it would have shown that speed if the crew could have 'heaved it' but being a green hemlock log they could not get it overboard.

The interior of the scow was filled with the camp outfit that presented a composite photo of Noah's Ark, "The Old Curiosity Shop" "The Wandering Jew" and Two Years Before the Mast". The bull dog ~~x~~ persisted in lying on the grub box and a bag of flour; The Fond Mam-ma tried to put the baby to bed in one of the cradles intended for cutting grass while the damsels looked at the young men with many long-drawn scythes! It rained that night and the tents leaked so that the situation soon became 'in-tents'. The next day it also rained and what with drying the tears of the babies and the clothes of the children, the Matrons had a busy time. But better things were in 'store' (we forgot to bring them) The Suchflopsky, because of the exceedingly cold water 'seemed' to develop (s)plank(ch)nic rigidity, pulled up her anchor, tore out a four foot post and with the ~~max~~ Patriarch on board, started madly down the river. Jonnie and Doc jumped aboard just as she was leaving, dragging five Natives along the bank. With mothers shouting, babies crying, and men yelling, the staid old scow executed a waltz, a jig and three figures of the Cotillion as the rapids swept her on but stopped very abruptly when she struck the shallows. But the Gov-enor has his hay "And the night winds moan,

With a soft solemn tone, (Quotation from a popular  
For it's all over now". topical song.)

We had a lot of fun in spite of the discomforts but the Nest looked very good to us and it was sometime before ~~the~~ Bertie and Harry got over their mosquito bites.

Miss Leslie Jackson, daughter of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, had been staying at the Mission all that summer, sketching and painting, both in oils and water color and Anna had bought one of her painting of wild rice whose flowers we so often gathered on our trips to the islands and together we bought an oil of the Pyramid Range, the one that hangs in the living room, and the watercolor of Sitka from the Mission that hangs in this room as I write. All her work was exceedingly well drawn and the colors very true to life and she was considered to have unusual ability. The painting of the town of Sitka is almost exactly the view from one of the Windows of Raven's Nest, but being painted from the shore of the Bay and not from the elevation of the Nest, Edgecumb and ~~the Saddleback~~, does not look as high or impressive as we always saw it and the Saddleback does not show at all. Still the picture is very true to life. On quiet days the water of the Bay looked just as it does in the picture and it's nearly high tide while the wonderful clearness of the atmosphere is very remarkably portrayed. We enjoyed the friendship of Miss Jackson very much. It was while we were on a picnic together on an island, that Anna and I picked the bouquet of wild rice flowers and gave them to her. Leslie placed them in the Indian basket and painted them right there. Anna later gave me the picture for a birthday present.

All the months that Bertie was growing us we enjoyed his companionship and development. He and I became great chums and I would place him in a clean half barrel and take him to the garden while I worked. It was just high enough for him to stand in comfortably and he would chatter and jabber away and was very happy. Of course, as he began to talk there were many odd sayings but one of the most amusing was his "roun-an-rouns." He first called some spinning toy a 'roun-an-roun'.

~~When Mr. Beck~~ put up ~~anew~~ overshot water wheel, made by the Mission boys under his direction, and it began to turn Bertie promptly named it 'water-roun-anroun'. Anna had a raisin seeder the kind with metal disk which revolves and removes the seeds and this was a 'raisin-rounanroun' and one day, when he saw one of those music boxes which have a large perforated revolving metal disk, that was a raisin-music-rounanroun.

Anna and I did not want to go away ~~without~~ without some kind of a farewell party for our Native friends in the Ranche. Mr. Brady kindly let us use the large trading room in the old Russian log building which had been a trading post in the Russian days and later run by Whitcom and Brady, and late in September we held a party for them. In the Alaskan of Sept. 28th., was the following account:--

" On Thursday evening, Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur entertained about one hundred and fifty of their Thlingit friends. The first part of the evening the Doctor performed such marvels of legierdmain as to entirely eclipse the arts of the medicine-man! As Koo-se-ton expressed it, "At first it was a surprise, then became astounding and when the Doctor began to eat fire I could no longer even think". When the Doctor showed them how many of the tricks were done they were much ~~more~~ interested. Their host took occasion to explain how easily they could be fooled and told them that that was what most of their Shamans had done to make them believe the spirits gave them mysterious power. He also told them that he had seen many white men do much more wonderful things but that they were all different ways to fool people and he told some of the things he had seen these white men do but the white men did not claim that the spirits helped them.

The voice of Rev. A.E. Austin who had been a friend to them so many years was heard from the gramophone and caused many a "khla-goo" all over the room.

A bountiful repast was served and then games were introduced but as the Doctor and his wife were so soon to go away, hearts were full and demanded relief.

Anahootz, head chief, spoke ~~at~~ at length of their appreciation and gratitude for what these good friends had done for them. Kaat-huooch called for three cheers which were given in the form of a general and hearty "goon-a-cheesh, goon-a-cheesh, goon-a-cheesh!"

Other speeches followed and when tears were about to flow Thlan-teech brought down the house with his pathetic account of his inability to enjoy a meal until the present evening since the blasting began on Japonsky Island. (Japonsky was a large Island just across

the channel from the Rancho where the Government were building ~~with~~ coal bunkers. He intended it for a pleasant bit of fun and the ~~Natives~~ Natives understood it that way but at the same time it was the old Thlingit way of paying us and the refreshments a delicate compliment. This Man, Thl-an-teech, was certainly the most impressive character in the Rancho. Altho a low cast man, by pure personality he exerted probably more power and influence than any of the hereditary chiefs. He was one of the tallest and biggest men in the village and had a most dignified and stately bearing. He could look at one with the utmost contempt and had the power to make one feel how he scorned you. At first, he was very antagonistic to me, he belonged to the Russian church, and quite ignored. But I always spoke to him when I passed him on the street or in the Rancho and, at last, he began to give me a reluctant ~~xxx~~ nod. Finally, when I treated some of his relatives he was won over and became a good friend.)

Addresses by Tah-yurt, Kah-na-goot, and M. Quick, some serious and some in a lighter vein followed and then the Doctor replied with much feeling.

The pleasures of the evening closed about midnight, with the singing in Thlingit, of 'God Be With You Till We Meet Again' (it had been translated by Miss Willard and Mrs. Paul) and the guests departed with hearty handshakes and their many 'God bless You' attested their attachment for their host and hostess."

As Anna and I walked back to the Nest that night, tired but happy and yet sad at the thought of leaving these people who needed help and friendship so much, we said to each other that we had seldom done anything that was more worth while.

It was about this time that the Pande Basin <sup>b</sup> bubble burst with <sup>1</sup> considerable racket. You may remember that I wondered why those fragments of gold from that lake where Helena and some friends had gone on a trip while Anna and I lived on the Bertha in Silver Bay. looked so much like filings. Well a lot of money had been spent there Eastern capital secured, and ~~a~~ tunnel run, and the lake actually drained. And then it was found that instead of the sands of the bottom being filled with grains of gold there was only a very little, here ~~xxx~~ and there. That gold that looked so much like filings was filings! Certain places in the bottom ~~xxxx~~ had been 'salted' and the engineers from the East who had come to examine the bottom were adroitly steered to these places and not <sup>one</sup> of them noticed the appearance

of filings. Perhaps the promoters had used real gold dust after I told them that the sample they showed me looked suspicious. It was just another mining hoax. If I had not ~~xxxx~~ had \$300 in a hole in the ground perhaps I might have bought some of their stock for fabulous wealth for the stockholders seemed almost certain at one time. But I had invested in a mine in Billy's Basin, up the Indian River, valley, by the side of the Three Sisters and its still there. Some very reliable people had the claim and Mr. Austin thought the prospects so good that he invested in it and he had very little spare cash at any time, but he positively refused to advise me one way or the other and all he would say was that he had bought a small interest. A Mr. LaTourette and wife had come to the Mission, the wife to take charge of the Teacher's Club and he to be a general helper. He was a miner of the better sort and together we went up to look over my mine. It was very interesting for LaTourette knew his business both by practice and theory., and pointed out to me indications of quartz, 'faults' and 'gouges' and many other things about quartz mining that I had never heard of. There was a nice little stamp mill on the ground that must have cost a lot of hard work and money to get there and build ~~xxx~~ the whole location and surroundings were almost ideal, the only thing lacking was gold bearing rock, and that was about everything. The prospect was good. Some oldtimer had found the outcrop up on the side of a large ridge; later the 'development' work, (work amounting to \$100 per year must be done on each claim in order to hold title) had made a shallow tunnel lower on the ridge and the vein had again been tapped and then at the bottom of the ridge another<sup>r</sup> and much longer tunnel had been run, but the vein was not found. It is the usual custom in such conditions to 'cross-cut' that is to run another tunnel at right angles to the first in the hope

of striking the vein either to the right or left as most of the out-cropping at the top is only the showing of a vein that follows down the general direction of the ridge. But whoever ran that tunnel ran it in a curve and nearly came out where he went in and failed to find the vein and money gave out and there it is, I suppose to this day. But any interest I had in it has long since lapsed as no one kept up the development work as far as I know. No doubt, the vein is there, somewhere in that small mountain and some day someone may find it but like most everything else it will take money to find it and its a gamble at best.

Altho it was most inconvenient, I had to go to Court at Juneau, for we were anxious to go East, but there was no help for it and the bother of disposing of our furnishings fell upon Anna. Freights were so high it would not pay to take our stuff home with us and generally such things could be sold in town altho it was a lot of trouble to do it, especially if a Native was the buyer. Then it was a slow process. The Native was apt to bring a number of his friends and they would squat on the floor and look about for an indefinite time. Then the price of something in which he had no interest would be asked, just as a starter. After much pricing he would finally get around to the thing he really did want and then much bargaining would follow. At last, when a price was agreed on most likely the man would have to go back to the Rancho to ask his wife for the money and more often than not, he would come back to say that his wife thought the price too high and then more bargaining must follow.

Anna thought she was going to escape all this for one of the new officials thought he wanted to buy practically everything but later decided he didn't, so poor Ann had to sell everything piecemeal.

We put the following adv. in the Alaskan of Sept. 28th.:-

Fors Sale. Hanging lamps, \$2.50 and \$1.50. Chafing dishes, \$5 and \$2. International Dictionary, with folding stand, \$8. Canvass folding boat, Achme pattern, \$15.

While Anna's hand were more than full, at the Nest, I was fretting to get away from Juneau, for I finished my Court business very quickly but there was no steamer for a week and I wanted to get back for there was much to be done. A small steamboat was at the wharf and I went down to see what the Captain would charge to take me to ~~Juneau~~ Sitka. He wanted \$100 and I was sorely tempted first deciding I would and then that I would'nt. He came up to the hotel to see me, but did not come down in the price and was so nasty about my being a four flusher that I decided I would not go with him at any price. Just then I found that a tug <sup>the P.F.Kelly,</sup> from one of the fisheries was going to Sitka that night and I was able to get them to take me along, altho the nice young fellow who was in charge only consented when I plead a wife and two young children and on the distinct understanding that I must not expect any accommodations except breakfast, no place to sleep &c. I gladly accepted for the Nest was at the other end and my beloved and hard worked wife. So we left about midnight, after I had the usual invitation to have a drink when I went to the bar to pay Jonnie Olds, half owner, my bill. It bid fair to be a pretty long night for the days were getting ~~short~~ short at that time of the year, but after a while, one of the men pointed to an empty bunk that one of the crew had just vacated, and said I could sleep there while he was on watch if I wanted to, and I did altho the bunk was very dirty. I was routed out ~~an~~ four hours but was not very uncomfortable for we reached Sitka in the morning, much to Anna's surprise and delight. They would not take any pay for my passage.

There was very little left in the Nest for dear Anna had sold almost everything and at very good prices, some to the teachers, some to the Natives and some to the town's people and we hustled to do the final packing. Mr. Kelly, very kindly indeed, paid me \$100 for a quit-claim to the Nest. There was no reason why he should have done so for I could not take it with me and there was small chance or being able to sell it for removal. I believe he wanted to do something to show his gratitude for my care of him when he had typhoid and took that way of doing it.

The Teacher~~s~~ gave us a farewell dinner and took us in for meals for the last few days. And then the steamer came! How I longed for it to come and hated to see it arrive! It was not the good old trusty Topoka with Capt. ~~Wallace and Capt.~~ Wallace and Capt. ~~Yak~~ Craig but the Senator, with Capt. Patterson, a much younger man and one I never had much confidence in and never liked. He did not run to Sitka regularly but as a supply or on extra boats now and then. But we could not well wait another two weeks and we heard that Capt Wallace was sick and no knowing when he would be on the run again.

The ship was to leave in the early morning, rather unusual, so we went aboard after supper. As was customary friends came aboard to say good bye as we sat in the open door of our state room which opened on the deck. Finally the goodbyes were said and only Miss Gibson remained. I started to take her back to the Hospital and went with her until we turned along the beach road. Then she insisted that I go back to the steamer and would not let me go any further with her. A quick hand clasp, "goodbye"., and she was gone, a dear friend and faithful helper thru all those seven years.

There was just a glimmer of dawn when Anna and I went hurriedly went on deck the next morning. The steamer was just leaving the dock but as she had to run nearly to Silver Bay to turn around had to pass the Mission twice, about a quarter of a mile away and had a dim view of the islands where we had had so many picnics and happy hours. We went to the upper deck, as far aft as we could. All was dark at the Mission but we could just make out the dear West and I could not keep the tears from my eyes. We had turned and were passing again. There is a light in Miss Gibson's room in the Hospital. What is that swinging below her window? It must be a signal to us. Back and forth, back and forth, in along ~~xxx~~ arc, swings a lantern on a cord, a final token of farewell. Lonely heart, to lose her friend and co-worker, and Anna, whom she had learned to love so truly, and the babies too! We had some wind matches and burned them in bunches hoping she would see our answer. The ship gathers speed. A last fleeting glimpse of the home of our honey moon, our first baby's birthplace; of our growing and more united love; slipping away, away; gone: forever.

We quickly pass the wharf, where a few dim forms wave farewell; the Ranche, as I think of true friends and many varied experiences, and then the Brady's home, and what true, loyal friends they had always been; and we turn toward our room, I, at least with a heavy heart. Too sad to find any interest in Kattleanaky Bay or the water falls or rugged mountains, or even in Peril Straits, for there remains now, only the memory of that swinging lantern and the fading lights of my beloved Sitka.

This letter was not found in the bound volumes of the Messenger until I had finished with Alaska. It seems to me it ought to be included in this story because it tells of the Mission before I went there and also because it shows much of Mother's love for the 'Indians' and for evangelism and, also, how much easier it was for her to let me go to Sitka and how much happier she was in doing it. With Father she went on that trip.

" ~~Exchanged~~

"On board Steamer Topeka, Glacier Bay, Alaska, August 6th. 1902.

Rev. J.H. Miller, Dear Pastor, Some one has said, "Our capacity ~~is~~ for enjoyment is unlimited but our power of expressing it is weak".

I feel the truth of this most keenly. From the time we left home, July 13th, until now, the cup of blessing has been filling and at Sitka, Wednesday evening, August 3rd, it seemed to overflow. I must not attempt any description of our journey over the Canadian Pacific Railroad, where after two days ride over these vast plains we entered the Rockies, and from there to the Pacific enjoyed gazing upon scenery, sometimes beautiful, again awful in its grandeur.

Words fail me to tell the delights of this trip but I know you have no interest so great as in Sitka and the mission there.

Mr and Mrs Austin were on the dock watching for us. I need not tell you we had a warm greeting. Rudolph had been there and his brother-in-law, James Jackson, a fine looking man, waited a little way off to meet us. Among the groups of Indian women sitting by the wayside to display and sell their wares, we found Rudolph's mother, his sister Sussie, a really attractive looking young woman and wife of James Jackson, also several members of the Mission Church to whom Mr. Austin introduced, us.

After dinner at five o'clock, Mr. and Mrs Austin accompanied us to Rudolph's home which is near the Mission buildings. We found Rudolph and family awaiting us, Daisy with her infant daughter, one month old, and Daisy's mother who is a widow and lives with them. My

eyes filled with tears as Rudolph took my hands in his and, with a look that was far more expressive than words, said, "I am so glad". I had four friends with me and if ever I should seem too enthusiastic in speaking of Rudolph and William, of the work at Sitka or elsewhere, I would like my friends to testify to the fairness of my statements. One friend asked me later, "Did you see the <sup>a</sup>tears in Rudolph's ~~xxxxxx~~ eyes?" Yes. I had seen them and those eyes followed me and always seemed to repeat his words, "One of my Bryn Marw friends." I shall be glad to show you and all interested some of the silver spoons he makes, <sup>had</sup> having no instruction and with only one tool except a bit of an old razor which he has fashioned to engrave with. I hope some friends will be so pleased that they will order some for Christmas presents. This would enable him to remain at home during the season when tourists no longer visit Alaska. (I believe Mother and Father sent Rudolph a set of tools for engraving, after they returned home but he could not use them satisfactorily, preferring that bit of old razor which he had embedded in a handle of lead. The tools were made to push away from the workman while the Alaskans, and Rudolph too <sup>a</sup>always drew their tools toward them. But it was always a marvel <sup>clumsy</sup> to me how he could do such small and fine work with that piece of of razor. B.F.W.)

We bought the last spoons he had and know that before we left Sitka he was busily at work to make more before the Steamer Queen should arrive, when he always has good sales.

This was Wednesday and the weekly prayer meeting was held in the large school room for the church was not quite finished. Probably twenty five of the tourists from our ship were present and although at this season a large number of Indians are away gathering their

winter supply of wood, fish, berries&c., there must have been a hundred and fifty Indians there. The Scripture reading and exposition by Mr. Austin was interpreted by a young Indian, Charlie by name. He has a small store in Sitka and does a nice business in the tourist season and is known as an honest and exemplary Christian. The interpretation into the Thlinket is needed as the older Indians cannot speak English. The first prayer was offered by an Indian girl, in English, at Mr. Austin's request and, I feel sure would have strengthened you in your work, could you have listened to the thanksgiving for and earnest pleading for a blessing on the friends present and in the East. Rudolph mentioned your name in his prayer, as Mr. Austin says he invariably does. The singing was all in English, by the boys and girls of the school, save one ~~hymn~~ in the native tongue. Not once did Mr. Austin need to prompt. ~~A~~verse of a hymn immediately followed by one or two prayers was the order as is the usual custom.

Such fervor, such rapt expression of countenance, I have seldom if ever witnessed. To have listened to Rudolph's voice in exhortation and prayer; to his mother and sister and her husband and to Daisy's mother, repays me for the long journey thither, were there no other compensation. Mr. Austin desired me to speak to them and I bore to them a ~~prayerful~~ brief message of prayerful interest and love from our Sunday School; told them how eagerly we listened to the letters from Sitka, how William's "Dear Father" impressed and moved us. (The reference is to the letters of William Miller Walton, Rudolph's son who was being educated by the B.M. School, at that time.) At the close of the meeting we were surrounded by a group of eager faces, anxious to shake hands and some called me 'Mother'. It was all so delightful. Not only Rudolph but, but all who respect and honor him

to  
to

Bryn Mawr is a household word.

To more than myself this prayermeeting was the crowning pleasure of the trip, and I feel sure this visit to Sitka has left an impression on some of our passengers that must yield good for this mission and the Indian cause generally.

We had twenty-four hours at Sitka and the following morning I visited the work shops, school rooms, sewing rooms domestic department and had a talk with William. He is very shy; refined in appearance but some anxiety is felt for his health. Only good <sup>was</sup> spoken of him and one teacher, especially, commendatory. I looked into Rudolph's cottage again and an hour and more quickly passed while I talked with them about their plans for the future. He hopes to come East and learn the silversmith's trade. Mrs. James of the Woman's Board has the subject under consideration. It was a joy to hear Mr. and Mrs Austin speak of Rudolph as a conscientious Christian, a helper on whom they leaned and without whom they would scarcely know how to proceed. You know he is an Elder in the church. But I must wait until I see you and our Sunday School for further particulars.

In the afternoon we visited Rudolph's sister, mother and James Jackson in the Native village or Ranch as it is called. They too seem to feel they belong to Bryn Mawr friends and each offered a 'potlatch' which we shall always prize. They were down to the wharf to say goodbye and their tender farewells were touching indeed. Our Captain was obliged to sail some distance up the harbor to turn his ship around but Rudolph, James and Sussie were still on the wharf when we returned and waved their farewells until, with a good glass I could scarcely discern them.

"Again and again I have thought of Bishop Potter's words as peculiarly applicable to the Indian : 'There are lost pieces of silver, aye, and of gold, which have long been missing from the Father's treasury, and have been trampled under ~~the~~ foot of man: lives crowded so full of cruelty, penury and vice, that, though they are God's children, they themselves do not even dream it. But if you can find them in the mire, if you will wash them in your tears and burnish them back to brightness and beauty by your patient and loving touch, you find on them the image of Him who made them, and the superscription of 'His immortal children'."

I feel that the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Sunday School has been permitted to do a little of this work, and I most earnestly pray we may keep love's candle burning and be diligent in searching and burnishing.

Faithfully yours in Christ, Harriet L. Wilbur."

It is not hard to see how I came by my missionary interest with such a devoted and devout Christian Mother, tho I cannot recall that she ever even suggested that I go into Mission work, much less urged me to do it. I do not doubt, however, that she prayed many times that I might be called to do so. When her prayer was answered, it brought a deep joy but with that joy there was much pain. We had grown so close together that she could not let me go so far away with out keen suffering, joyous as she was that she was the mother of a Missionary.

Beautiful trails led up Indian River on both sides. passing thru virgin forests of spruce. The one on the Mission side passed a quarter mile, or so, back of the Nest and once in a while Anna and I would cut back home that way but it was real work. Fallen logs decayed very slowly and others would fall on top so that we had to

There are a few incidents that have not been included in the previous account of our life in Sitka that I wish to preserve and are recorded in these pages.

One of our favorite walks was to Indian River, a half mile from Raven's Nest. Even before Anna came I would wander out there when tired and lonely to be soothed and strengthened by the beauty of the wilderness, the music of the river and the new view of the bay and the mountains beyond. ~~THE ROAD WAS VERY NARROW AND~~ Anna and I went there very soon after she came to the Nest and sometimes we took the babies in the baby carriage Mrs Brady lent us.

The road that led from town to the Mission continued on passing between the hospital and the Bay, by the Model Cottages and then thru the forest whose trees completely arched their branches above it, to end at a rude suspension bridge a little way from where the River flowed into the bay. A very pretty rustic bridge that spanned the river there had been swept away before I came to Sitka and while the suspension bridge was not beautiful it stayed there and foot travellers were able to cross to the trails on the other side. The River was about as wide as the Unami but filled with rapids and boulders and in places the big trees, some of them seven feet in diameter, met above the sparkling water in many places. The description by Bushrod W. James, a Philadelphia physician who had travelled in Alaska is true to life and I copy part of it from his book "Alaska." Altho he is mistaken in saying that Indian River was the only source of good water in or near Sitka, as he does in his notes. There were fine mountain streams almost everywhere, and it was very rare indeed that the Natives came there for water. The prisoners from the jail hauled water from it every day.

And its silvery voice forever  
 Tinkles clearly, where the pebbles  
 Hold themselves against the ripples;  
 Or it murmurs sweet cadences  
 To the moss-grown stones beneath it,  
 Swelling out in louder carols  
 Where the shelving rocks and boulders  
 Fain would stay the limpid current:  
 Falling then to tender whippers  
 That the trembling fern-leaves only  
 May discern while drooping lightly  
 Toward their slender, dark reflections.  
 Then it turns in whirling eddies  
 Round the points of stones, all shattered;  
 Or, it stops awhile in silence  
 Where its shallow bed is deeper.  
 Forming smooth, pellucid mirrors, ~~XXXXXXXX~~ bright  
 Pure and bright as polished crystal.  
 On it flows through fen and hollow,  
 Under spreading trees, with sunshine  
 Breaking through in golden patches;  
 On, still on, as though its mission  
 Touched its heart with sweet compassion  
 And compelled its tide to hasten

-----  
 Under rudely rustic bridges,  
 Over tiny pebbly beaches;  
 Spreading out in broad expanses  
 And then shrinking closely, holding  
 Round its banks the ferns and grasses  
 That delight to lend their shadows  
 For the streamlet's decoration.  
 As it nears the final closing  
 Of its pure, undimmed existence,  
 Swift it speeds, that gleaming current,  
 Fair and sweet it smiles and dimples,  
 And its every wave looks brighter  
 As it leaves its banks to mingle  
 with the channel's ~~XXXXXX~~ deeper waters. "

Dr. James has give a very true and beautiful description of  
 that beautiful little river that fflowed many miles thru the valley  
 Having its origen in the melting snows and springs of the Three Sis-  
 ters. Salmon ascended the river to spawn and natives caught many  
 with a sort of a gaff on long poles. Father and I had some fine sal-  
 mon trout fishing there on one of his visits but he did hate the  
 mussy, messy salmon roe we had to use for bait as they never took  
 a fly and only rarely a spoon.

1  
THE BIG SALMON CATCH.  
(September, 6, 1935)

J.A.U. pg.558-H.

558-H

One evening some of the little boys who often roamed about the woods and trails about the Mission after supper and before study hour in the evening, came running to Mr. Kelly to tell him that " They's plenty salmon at mouth Indian River. Plenty! My! " After a few questions Mr. Kelly told some of the big boys to take the sein<sup>s</sup> in the big boat and make a cast if it looked good. Away they went, pulling with a will, It was less than a half mile away and almost before it seemed possible they had the net out and run around a big school of fish. Everyone who could leave ran out the road to watch the cast from the shore, the little fellows in full force. As the ends of the net were brought to shore everyone who could get a hold on the ropes helped haul and it was soon evident that, like that cast of the net on the Sea of Gallilee, there was danger that the net would break from the great draught of fishes. Over a thousand fish were caught in that one haul, so many that a second cast was not to be thought of. Every one who wanted a fish had one or as many as they could use and the next day there was a great time splitting and salting the fish preparatory to smoking them.

When they were well pickled, they were hung in a frame building ~~xxxx~~ not far from the Nest and fires carefully prepared. It was late in the evening and that night we were awakened by shouting and a bright light flickered on our walls and ceiling as we opened our eyes. At first we thought the Nest was on fire, then the Manse and then we saw the smoke house in flames. As the sides fell away we could see hundreds of fish on the rafters and poles getting x very badly overdone and it made us very sad to see so much good food destroyed, for nothing could be done to save them or the building.

The fire had gone too far to save them before it was discovered. Of course, some one was careless but it was hard to place the blame.

While I did not burn down my smoke house my first attempt at smoking salmon was not much of a success, altho the little fellows thought it was great. After four or five days pickeling in a brine that had salt, sugar, sage and some salt peter in it, I carefully started my fire in a small building near the hospital. The six or eight fish were hung with care and I went on with my work, my mouth watering in anticipation of mild <sup>Q</sup>smoked salmon which I loved dearly. But alas, when I looked into the smoke house after an hour or two, I found I had too much fire, hence too much heat and the fish had cooked and mostly dropped in the sawdust fire and ashes. Anna suggested to call the little boys and did they mind such mere trivialities as sawdust and ashes. Not a little bit and they had a feast that in part recompensed them for that sad morning when they poked among the ruins of that big smoke house and found not even a trace of charred fish to ease their hungry longings. But I tried again for salmon could be bought for ten cents apiece and with just a tiny bit of fire and much smoke and more careful watching the result was delicious. You cannot buy fish like that for being partly cooked and only lightly salted, they will not keep very long. They certainly do not have a chance to keep if I am around.

There were trails along each side of Indian River, the one on the Mission side passes back of the Nest, a quarter of a mile away and sometime Anna and I would climb the steep little hill from the River and tramp thru the woods to come out in our garden. But

not often for it was a task to go even a short distance thru the woods except on a trail. When trees fell they decayed very slowly and as others fell on them big windfalls often formed. One would start to climb over a log and find another and climb to that and before one realized it one would be ten feet above ground and no good way to get down easily. Then there were the single logs six or more feet in diameter that had fallen years ago and were completely covered with moss with often a small evergreen growing out of them. They still had the shape of a log and looked solid but when one mounted them they would suddenly give way and one would find oneself waist-deep in crumbling debris and perhaps an ant's nest.

Unlike the pine woods the undergrowth was heavy. Thickets of vicious thorns, well called Devil's Club, were scattered all about. They are simply impenetrable. The moss is deep and often hides some tiny rill or water hole into which an unwary foot is apt to slip. But in spite of all that it is well worth while to wander there in on a sunny day. The forest floor is lovely in its carpet of green thickly dotted with bunch-berries and their cheery white blossoms or brilliant red berries; a lady-slipper orchid now and then and other flowers; huckleberries in their light green leaves and bright red berries; luscious salmon berries in the open glades where the sun shines bright, dark red and yellow, in countless thousands. More often than not a ruffed grouse goes roaring into a nearby tree, a wood pecker hammers musically on some grey stub, and perhaps a little flock of tiny ruby throated humming birds, like jewels hung mid-air, hover about some alluring bloom. Yes, it was well worth while and that was our back yard. It speaks volumes for our busy lives that we found time to enjoy it only at rare intervals.

In winter time these woods were beautiful in a new way with all<sup>K</sup> the evergreens heavily hung with snow until the first wind came. Then Rudolph and I would find time to wade in among the trees, well bundled up to keep the snow out of our necks and clothes, and often we would find the tracks of the ptarmigan, now snow white in their winter dress and hard to see when they kept perfectly still as they did when frightened. When we saw them they were too easy to kill for they seemed so dumb and slow to fly but they were so delicious for food we did not spare them. Yet in all the time we were at Sitka I don't suppose we had over two or three dozen of them all told.

Sometimes on Saturday afternoons when I was getting that wood from the other side of Indian River Anna and I would get out in the snow and have a romp in snow. It was great fun ~~for~~ we were too busy to enjoy it often.

I have told of some trips I took with father but there is one that was unique and must be included, and that was our trip to Redoubt lake the first time he came to visit us. Always an ardent fisherman and hunter, father was anxious to get at some of the bear and deer that were so common all about us. So we got Rudolph and one of his uncles to take us in a fairly large canoe on a hunt.

Our first stop was in that little bay where we were later wrecked in the Bertha. Landing at the very end of that little bay we left the uncle in the canoe while we went to look for bear in a marsh nearby. We had hardly gone ten yards from the shore before we found places where the bears had been digging up skunk cabbages and clawing trees. We went a little ~~farther~~ farther and Rudolph asked us to wait while he looked about a little, no doubt because he could go so much more quietly. We kept a sharp lookout while he was away

Personally, I had great respect for Alaskan bears even tho we did not have those brown monsters that flourish on Kadiak Island. I could *not* forget that big bear skin that was given me the first winter I was in Sitka, fully eight feet long from tail to nose. Really, I had not lost any bear!

In a little while Rudolph returned and said, "I think we go back. Dey is too many sign! Too many bears bout here! We did not argue the point but went back to the canoe and on to the head of Redoubt Bay where we dragged the canoe over to the lake and a hard drag it was. Redoubt lake is about five miles long by a mile wide. At one time we, were told, the Russians had a saw mill here on the shores of the Bay but no trace of it remained. The lake is surrounded by wild and rugged mountains, with snow in the ravines, and the sides coming down steeply to the water. Still it is very beautiful and we went to the upper end and up the little river that feeds it. Then we three went ashore leaving the uncle in the canoe. A short walk brought us into a considerable valley, very wild and desolate, where we could look across to the opposite hills and over the valley sparsely covered by scrub. We sat for a long time watching to see if anything moved but saw no bears.

Heading down/the Lake again as night was coming on, we decided to spend the night in the canoe and ran it in under thick overhanging branches, that completely hid us and made a fine shelter for ~~x~~ again we had fine weather. Supper was cooked on shore and Father and I slept side by side on the bottom of the canoe in the center with the uncle at one end and Rudolph at the other.

Daylight came early and a few crackers and chocolate served for a snack tho the Natives would not have bothered to eat anything till a more convenient time. Soon after we emerged from our hiding place

the Natives began to talk excitedly, in low tones and Rudolph pointed to a small object in the water, some little way off and said it was the head of a deer swimming. We could just make out the horns as all hands seized the paddles, even Father taking a hand, and dug in with might and main to try to get within a fair shot before he reached the shore. It was a long chase and as my brother Harry said many years before 'a stern chase is a long one'. We gained rapidly but were getting winded with our exertions. Rudolph was in the bow and it became evident that the deer would beat us. Still we pushed on with every ounce of strength we had, gasping and panting. I feared that Uncle, who was not very husky, would split his exhaust pipe, he he was wheezing and panting at such a rate. The deer was nearly at the shore. Rudolph dropped his paddle, grabbed his rifle and stood in the bow just as the deer began to get a footing and rise from the water. Bang went the gun. ~~xxx~~ There was a flash of gray and the deer vanished in the bushes. We landed and it seemed we never would get our breath again as Rudolph looked about. But there was no blood and we decided we had not touched him. It was no discredit to Rudolph for after being so winded with the long chase, to drop a paddle, pick up a gun, aim and fire and hit a moving object at over 100 yards was a very difficult thing to do. Of course we were all disappointed but the Natives had very little to say to each other and it was interesting and exciting anyway.

We had breakfast at the falls, the old saw mill site and got the canoe down hill much easier than we had got it up and slowly made our way home after Father did some fishing on the way.

I only got into the interior of Baranoff Island, the one on which Sitka is located, once and then only for a little way. A min-  
ing

engineer by the name of Becker, his brother Rile and a pal who claimed to have been a cow puncher at one time, tho I always had my doubts. He made a great feature of his big six-gun and one day I happened to pick it up to look at it. He started to grab it and then looked at me as he said, "There ain' many I'd let touch that gun!" I felt highly complimented but I thought he was a bluffer all the same. The three of them batched it in the back section of the village and they had a pile of garbage back of one window that was anything but sanitary.

I had struck up an acquaintance with them and they seemed to like me and invited me to go with them to their claim back of Silver Bay and spent the night and I was glad of the chance to see something of the country away from the coast. Gradually ascending the mountain from the upper end of the Bay we came into a high valley and saw far down in the deep little valleys, small lakes still mostly covered with ice altho it was later in the Summer. Farther on we came into another and larger valley altho still high up among the peaks, and could see the whole length of Redoubt Lake miles away to the south. There were patches of snow in all directions and in the side of the mountain not far away were many small holes which the Beckers said were the entrances to tunnels where assessment work was done. There were a lot of such tunnels all thro that section. To hold a claim a man must do a hundred dollars worth of work, every year, on his claim. Mr. Brady had a number of claims and he and Mr. Patton, Mrs. Brady's father spent considerable time working on them. Tim Haley, the Irishman who lived next to the Mission spent most of his Summers ~~thru~~ on claims, but nine of the many prospects ever produced enough gold to make them pay. We spent the night in a rough but comfortable shack and returned the next day after the Beckers had looked into some of the claims. The trip thru the wild rugged country altho not far from the coast was well worth while

for it was so different from the coast region. There was scarcely any brush and no trees, while Verstovia and Shee were heavily wooded almost to their very tops. I must have lugged my large camera up there for there are 5 x 8 photos of that frozen lake and Redoubt and the prospect holes.

It must have been my first Summer in Sitka that I had an expectant experience. The steamer was in when a messenger brought a note and a letter of introduction from Henry M. Field (a man of considerable fame, whose brother had laid the first Atlantic cable,) inviting me to come and take lunch on the steamer. I was detained and when I reached the ship they had gone to the table. Rather than interrupt and find a place somewhere, I got lunch at a restaurant and returned to meet Mr. Field as he came from the cabins. He was courteous but was in tow of the Governor Sheakley but wow! there was the prettiest girl with him I had seen for many months and I was starved for the sight of a pretty girl. She proved to be his niece and of course I was introduced. But the Governor's son Fred was also on hand and very attentive. Now Freddie, as he was generally called by every one, was a nice, harmless sort of a chap who had formerly been a sales person in a department store. That is nothing against him, but it indicates something of the kind of a man he was. But he was the son of THE GOVERNOR OF ALASKA! And would that pretty niece pay any attention to a poor Missionary? She would not, but laughed and chatted with Freddie while he told her the most marvelous stories of the Natives whether they were so or not. I must have been sadly out of practice for I did not succeed in dislodging Freddie and she certainly was pretty, all in white linen with a complexion of peaches and cream!

Sometime after Anna had come to brighten Raven's Nest Mrs. ~~Matic~~  
Baird came as a guest of John D. Rockafeller. Mrs. Baird was a very wealthy woman, widow of a P.R.R. high official and member of our church and lived at Merion where she had built a huge house not far from the station. I knew the older son quite well and had been at the Baird's for family dinner once or twice. Mrs. Baird was a lovely woman with grace of manner and fine poise but simple and friendly, utterly free from snobbishness. Her oldest son, Ed and daughter Marion were like her in that respect and Marian was with her on this trip. We had heard that if she was not engaged to John D. Jr. she was likely to be any day.

I went to meet them at the steamer and was introduced to the great John D. on the wharf. As he was known to be interested in good works I expected he would express <sup>a desire</sup> ~~an interest~~ to see the Mission intended to and offer ~~ed~~ to show him around. I had visions of a fat donation to the Hospital if not to the Mission as I knew he was an ardent Baptist. Before I had a chance to invite him to see the Mission he said immediately, after the first greeting, "Doctor, Do you know a good place to play 'Duck on a Rock? " I was considerably shocked but told him there was a fine place near the hospital, the nearest as he was not ready to go at once. I knew, and directed them to it. It seems that I did not meet John D. Jr. anyway I do not remember him. Mrs Baird graciously visited the Mission and called at Raven's Nest, but Marian and Jr. were not with her. We invited her and her <sup>hosts</sup> ~~guests~~ to dinner that evening but she said she could hardly make the trip again and there was no carriage in town, but she thought ~~that~~ Marian and Young Rockafeller would be delighted and practically accepted for them. We were in quite a flutter of anticipation, you may be sure.

WE EXPECT YOUNG ROCKAFELLER  
TO DINNER.

J.A.U. pg.558-P Q.

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Meanwhile the Senior had come to the cove near the hospital and was busily playing "Duck on a Rock" or "Duck on Davy" as we called it, for there were nice round stones of the right size for a fine play. What with the Bairds, things to get for the dinner and mail I was too busy to go down and to the cove and probably be invited to join in, and I have always been sorry that I did not add ~~the~~ a game "duck on a Rock" with John D Rockefeller to the other unusual experiences of my life in Sitka. They played there quite a while.

Mr. Rockefeller had his personal physician with him, a well known homoeopathist from Cleveland but I have forgotten his name and he came to the hospital to have a peek. Imagine his surprise and delight to find an ample supply of homoeopathic remedies for some of his supply was getting low. I told him to help himself from our stock and again had visions of a large donation from his principal. When he left he thanked me cordially, glad to see a homeo in such a far off place but not even the pay for the medicines much less any gift to the Hospital was ever received from the great Oil Magnate. To make matters worse, shortly before the time we had set for that dinner that Anna had prepared so carefully we received a note from Marian Baird saying that she was so sorry BUT she found that they could not come for dinner! So we never entertained the man who has since become famous and he never married Miss Baird either. My efforts to make an 'imprint', as Andy would say do not seem to have been what might be called a howling success. But even tho we were peeved that Marian did not send us word earlier in the afternoon, and gave no good reason for backing out and I knew her quite well, we had a mighty good dinner.

As the following was found too late to include in its proper place and as it belongs to the Sitka section and shows how Mother loved me and the depth of her character I write it here. The other letters that follow were also found too late to be written in their proper places.

"Bryn Mawr, Aug. 5, 1899. 6 am.

My Beloved Bertrand, Twenty nine years ago this morning God gave me a treasure of untold worth; and today, the treasure is vastly more precious than even then -- notwithstanding your father's disappointment because the daughter he wished for was a boy. I think he has been more than repaid and is sorry today for the hasty expression he gave to his feelings. What a comfort you have been to us! How we rejoice today in your devotion to the cause of our blessed Lord - in your staunch Christian character and your success in your profession, especially surgery. Surely we have unbounded cause for thankfulness. May your future be richer still in its many-sided experiences. God be with you is the earnest prayer I breathed to heaven for you on this your birthday.

Twenty nine!! Is it possible that my youngest is entering upon his thirtieth year? Why I was only about five and a half years older at your birth than you are now. I can scarcely believe it possible until I consider how the years tell after thirty-five or forty. At your age I was the mother of three children. May your darling boy (Baby East.) be as great a blessing to you, to his friends, to the world as you have been.

You spoke in a recent letter of your narrow life. I do not wonder you often feel so, but, dear, in any mission work you would feel much the same. Your friend Mr. Ely said, with deep feeling  
from the pulpit,

that (Missionaries, generally) found the sense of loneliness ~~and~~ isolation, was so great they must have a quiet half hour with the Master before leaving their room in the morning to make it possible to go on in their routine of their duty. Let me urge you to make the most of every opportunity to let your light shine; to get help from contact with your fellow men, while your steadfast purpose impresses them with the power there is in God. When the Master has a broader field ~~at~~ he will surely lead you into it. I do not know how I could bear this absence from you at a time in life when your devotion and sympathy are so much needed did I not know you are the Lord's.

In fancy I am with you today. I see you go from the Nest to the Hospital; then, perchance, to the Rancho. I hear your words of sympathy and cheer; I see your hand laid in blessing on the sufferers leaving them with spiritual and physical succor. Go on, dear, in God's strength: lean hard ~~and~~ ere long you shall hear the 'Well done!' Do not think of your cramped opportunities. ~~Think~~ Think only of the Master and the work for Him, the small, think of the widow's mite. Possibly He whom you love and serve sees that you are doing more than those whose names are on every tongue. You believe God led you to Sitka. ~~It~~ I do. He will surely go before you when He wishes you elsewhere. Be comforted by this thought in moments of sore trial to faith. I am anxious for your health even though you so kindly assure me there is no need. Take the best possible care of your body. It is the temple where God dwells and He wishes many years of service from you. "..... Believe me my son, Yours devotedly, Mother." My Mother was 65 years old when this was written.

While Bert has been housed we have been doing all sorts of interesting things. Bert got down his big box of sporting goods and we filled just lots of cartridge shells all ready for the great spring rush of game: ptarmigan, grouse, ducks and geese. Hundreds of ducks are already gathering in our front yard (the Bay) Then Bert has been carving some decoys out of three inch cedar plank. The rough head and body are turned at the shop and Bert carves them and paints them. He had a nice flock of canvas decoys to inflate with air but a young, green and enthusiastic sportsman shot them for the real article. It was a good joke but rather annoying for they are peppered too full of holes to be patched up anymore. They were some fine ones of Mr. Wilburs that had descended to Bert who had carefully patched and guarded them.

I suppose you have been picturing us as frozen under, this last month but we have had five weeks of perfect sunshine and the days are already so long that we do not light the lamps until after eight oclock. The windows and doors are open all the time and we do not keep a fire in the house all day. We have wanted to picnic out on the islands but at first Bert could not leave the Hospital for more than half an hour and then he was sick in bed himself, so we have only had our picnic rowing over to the islands for dinner and coming back right away but it was lots of fun. We were in our little canvas boat about as large as your canoe and it is so nice because Bert just picks it up on his shoulders and carries it around to some sheltered cove.

Did I ever write you of our new Captain at Sitka, Capt. Goodrell who was on the New York (in the Spanish war) and then in charge at Baiquiri, Cuba, so he saw all of the war from the first to the last shot. He was a class mate of Dewey and associated

with him on the Bureau at Washington and on shipboard too. He ~~ex~~ brought letters of introduction to us from Dr. VanLenney/so we have seen a great deal of him and <sup>he</sup> is just absorbing in his accounts of the Civil War when he was with Farragut."

September 22, 1899, To Aunt Helen Taylor.

".... We had Dr. Sheldon Jackson to supper and he has just left to conduct a Teacher's Meeting so I shall have along evening though I promised Bert to spend it getting a long sleep for my days begin early and a little dissipation must be made up. The Revenue Cutter "McCullagh," Dewey's dispatch boat in the Battle of Manila that fired the first gun, and also the "Perry" are in the harbor. Last evening Governor Brady entertained for them. We had Anna Hines, the most reliable Native in the Mission come to be here in case Baby awoke and we went down to the party and had a very good time. The Revenue menseam very nice on both of these boats. The Captain is an earnest Christian and has C.E. services on the ship. The Surgeon, for a time was a medical missionary in China and is very interesting and pleasant. As you may imagine this is an unusual equipment for a Government boat. Bert was so glad to get out and we planned to do several things together if our arrangements were successful.

When we got home the first sound we heard was our poor little man's lusty cry, and I hurried to him to find him turned inside out as to his clothes fighting with his little arms. Anna Hines, the reliable, was found asleep on the floor of the closet of Cora's room wrapped up in two blankets and two quilts, the whole house and three closed doors between her and the Baby. That will be the last time we leave the house. I think we will just have to take turns (and it is always so sweet to be together) but the dear little man is so

infinitely sweet and precious we do not feel it a hardship to be denied for his sake, only a sweet privilege. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Parenthood means so much to us in this far away home, where no one but Bert and me cares for the baby. We see every development, every dawn of thought and the merry little smile and the eager arm extended make our hearts so full that they do, sometimes, overflow in tears of happiness as we look deep into each others eyes; - - father and mother!

We have been adding again to the little Nest. This time just a rough big wood shed with drying loft upstairs. We found we could steal one corner for a bathroom and we had a wrecked Frenchman, a convalescent at the Hospital, make us a tin tub. We saw how easily and safely, <sup>in regard to freezing</sup> we could tap our boiler in the kitchen, the difference in the level bring<sup>ing</sup> it to be near neighbor to the tub. ( The ~~xxx~~ bath room was a luxury, almost the only one in the Capital of Alaska! but it required some heroism to take a bath in cold weather. The room was tiny and the hot water made it very x steamy. Then in pajamas and bath robe we had to plunge into the icy woodshed, down a short flight of stairs and into the Kitchen, the floor levels and lack of room making it impossible to cut a door thru into the house. After a few steps thro the kitchen, x dining room and living room came the stairs to the second floor and they were both cold and draughty; thru the tiny attic and so to bed. But it was worth it after years of sponge baths from a x wash bowl! B.K.J.) "My latest accomplishment is washing and iron-washlady, ing. Of course I have had baby's to do but now my, the only one in Sitka, has gone into the restur<sup>a</sup>nt business and we wash at home. I have a Native woman to do the work butx I had to read up and experiment before I could direct her. The first wash was a

sight to behold. I did not know about washing in clear water after bluing the clothes but hungk them up from the blue water. Louisa did not wring them very dry, so every place the water ran and set-  
thetd there was a fine blue watermark. At the clothes line every-  
thing had two indigo stripes with the white stripe of the line be-  
tween; sheets, napkins and tablecloths looking exttemely well, this  
laundered  
way. The shirts and the shirtwaists are my special ~~care~~. Having  
tried the "rag" and the "board" method of starching I hope to strike  
a happy medium tomorrow. I really enjoy all these experiences and  
it is really excellent training for me against the time when I do  
get a servant. I shall feel so much more confident.

We have a great deal of company, semi-informally, to dinner.  
(Dear Anna might have added and occasionally a dinner not so in-  
formal. I remember one we gave to pay some 'duty engagements' where  
brilliant uniforms and stylish ~~wifexxx~~ women were much in evidence.  
There was the Govern<sup>r</sup> and his wife, the Captain of the Naval ves-  
sel, the Commandant of Marines, some of the other officers and  
their ladies gathered about our table at Raven's Nest while Mrs.  
Knapp, the Govern<sup>r</sup>'s sister-in-law d<sup>o</sup>d the 'pushing' in the kitch-  
en and two of the Mission girls acted as waitresses. All went well  
and we were very proud but some of our guests evidently missed  
their wines, (The Bradys did not use liquor,) for the amount of water  
some of those brilliant uniforms with their gold lace, held at the  
end of the meal was appalling. That's the way the women did in Sitka,  
one give a dinner party and another come and manage things in the  
kitchen and not appear on the scenes at all. With such ineffecient  
servants or none at all, many a dinner was made possible that other-  
wise never would ~~hve~~ have been.) "Three or four young men drop in

"when they please for we feel that in this wicked place we must keep open house, especially as we heard that <sup>one</sup> young man had said that the saloons and Dr. Wilbur's are the only places in Sitka that He felt were open to him. There is ~~really~~ nothing in the village, not even a library (this was before the Edgecumb Club) and no young ladies to call on during the winter. So we let them come and read our books and magazines and they seem very grateful and do anumber of little kindnesses for us." From another letter, evidently about this same time. "The Revenue Cutters are in after their interesting cruises and we enjoy meeting our friends on them who are very good conversationalists and tell wonderful stories of their experiences. Dr. Jackson has just come from Siberia on the "McCullough" after transporting reindeer from Siberia to Alaska. The "Perry" has been cruising in the Arctic and was the first boat to visit Attu (the last island of the Aleutians nearest Asia.) The natives were crazy for fresh food and clothes. They were willing to trade all their winter's work and heirlooms for anything from the ship. All of the sailors disposed of all of their old cast off clothing getting valuable Attu work in exchange. The ships surgeon, who called the other day had a dainty <sup>card case</sup> made from silk thread for twining and fine grass, that he had gotten for a pair of old torn trowsers. The case is like that fine one of Bert's. They sell for about \$25 each and are becoming increasingly scarce. They say that only one old woman can make them and that none of the young women are learning her art. It's almost the same here for very few of the young women are learning how to weave these baskets. Some of them are really beautiful, though they are much coarser than this Attu work."

Anna was a Missionary of the National Indian Asso. in which my mother was so keenly and actively interested with her friend Mrs. Amelia Quinten who was the president. The position Anna held was largely honorary <sup>or</sup> but she wrote some letters and made some reports one of which follows. *There was no salary* The Association had given money for a number of the Model Cottages located near the Hospital.

"Living at Sitka within a stone's throw of the Model Cottages and knowing their inmates intimately their positive personal knowledge may be of interest. If the work of the National Indian Association in other fields is as effective in accomplishing great good for the natives as I have seen it to be in Sitka, (and I believe it is) we have reason to congratulate ourselves as used of God for much good.

The work of the Association is practical in its nature and positive in its effects and to this Association belongs the credit of emphasizing the need of Christian home life among the Alaskans and of making the Christian home a possibility.

A serious problem confronted the Presbyterian home when the first Native boys and girls had finished their course at the Training School. Several of them desired to be married and it seemed impossible to allow them to go back to the heathenism and filth of the tribal houses of the native villages. Their many families, a ~~heterogeneous~~ heterogeneous kinship, lived together in one barn-like room; sitting around on the floor in idle gossip or quarrelling; sleeping rolled up in a blanket any place; eating when individually inclined, from a common bowl of dried fish and oil. After years of care and prayer and training in cleanliness and civilization how could they be sent back to such homes?

It was at this critical time, sixteen years ago, that this Association came nobly to the help of the Presbyterian Mission and built eight small cottages on the Mission land near the Hospital. (The money for two of them, in whole or in large part was given by the Bryn Mawr, Church, Sunday School or individual members of the church and were called the Bryn Mawr and Miller cottages, in one of them Rudolph lived. B.K.W.) In these, after a Christian marriage, the young people began their new life. The groom had been required to make a set of furniture, the bride to prepare the necessary linen, the materials being their marriage dowry from the Mission. Together they worked to make their small payments on their home, no interest being charged.

The Cottage boys and girls, as we of the Mission still affectionally call them, take great pride in their little homes and each has added something for comfort or appearance to the original cottage: a woodshed, piazza, scroll work, window boxes for flowers and gardens. One has built an addition, almost as big as the cottage with a large bay window.

Enter one of the cottages and a neat brightfaced woman welcomes you and will proudly show you her home. The parlor or sitting room twelve feet square is carpeted and has a sofa rocking chair, table and bookcase such as we would find in any comfortable home and usually an organ or musical instrument of some kind and perhaps a graphophone. In the small room behind this you will find a cabinet and some pretty china and a few small trinkets cherished by the family. The kitchen and the two rooms upstairs are less assuming but neat and comfortably furnished with the usual furniture. You will probably discover, too, the bright eyed little children of the family, bashfully hiding, at first, and you will find them neat and clean, though perhaps in much patched clothes. Is not this little home a very practical result?

The Model settlement is popular. It is now growing. Five new cottages have been added within three years without help from any society, some of them by older natives from the native village. The Cottage boys aided by the Mission carpenter and Mission boys have just completed a large social hall cutting the trees and sawing out the lumber for it themselves Governor Brady allowing them to use his saw mill to do so, Eastern friends, among them the Indian Association providing the necessary hardware, glass and smooth boards. Here they hold a few of their religious meetings. Here, too, they have a band practice, social gatherings and winter games, for the Cottage Settlement is a happy, friendly community and during the winter the center of much innocent pleasure, which is encouraged to take the place of the old heathen feasts and dances to which they were accustomed in the Native Villages.

(Follow with pg.558-AA

*(BKW)  
their SS. teacher*

Two years ago this band of Cottagers sent representatives to one of the Mission workers saying we have been carried long enough. Now you help us to form a society to help the other natives in the villiage. As a result <sup>"</sup>the New Covent Legion<sup>"</sup> was formed, taking for its motto the text of a strong sermon Governor Brady preached urging them to give up the old customs, "Old things are past away. Behold: All things are become new." Each signed a pledge promising to give up the old native customs and superstitions; to abstain from intoxicating liquors, profanity ~~and~~ gambling; to observe the sabbath; to be earnest industrious Christians; to be married by Christian ceremony and not by the native custom of pay or presents. This society has accomplished great good. All but two of the sixty or more members have stood loyally by their pledge. Few of us can realize what heroism it has required to do this. The ostracism, the tribal disgrace it has entailed. Beside the social and religious league the Cottage Boys have a <sup>business</sup> religious league. Hearing that the Sitku Bay canneries refused to hire any natives last year, these boys with one of them, Peter Simpson, as their leader, built fine, new fishing boats and armed with a proper legal contract drawn by an attorney, sailed away to the cannery. The cannery superintendent came to the wharf telling them it would be no good for them to land; he would employ no natives. Peter spoke up, "You think we are like the Killisnoo natives, but we are not, we are Christian natives. The superintendent looked again, this time at the boats, "Where did you get them?" "We built them ourselves." and the result? They went away with the order to build two boats as well as a fishing contract for the entire season.

The great need of the Alaskan people is to learn the value of self support. They are still a roving race following the seal, the fish, the berries and the deer; perhaps, working for a time at a cannery or a mine but a bountiful nature provides all the need and work grows irksome (The natives, that is the older ones kept pretty busy getting their food in summer for the winter and the men did a large share of the work, not loafing around while the women did all the hard jobs as is the case with the Plains Indians. The boys who were trained at the School were certainly steady and faithful workers, with few exceptions, and were anxious for employment. B. A. W.)

At Sitka there is no regular employment for the Cottage Boys so they so they must be away from home many months at a time to get work at some mine or cannery. As long as the large Presbyterian School and Hospital is at Sitka and, an account of the large amount of money invested it will probably always be there, Sitka will be the center of effort for the Native people. If the Cottage settlement is to continue and to grow in the best way, it ought to be possible for the people to live there and support their families, as well as well as to have the development that comes from regular employment. A cannery at this point, it is believed, could be made a success with a saw mill to prepare the boxes in the season when the salmon are not running. To put up such a plant would cost about \$30 000 and there is every reason to believe that it would yield a fair return on the investment.

The art of Basketry, as practiced by the Alaskan women ought to become a supporting industry if encouraged and protected. The traders give very little for the baskets, taking advantage of winter needs or sickness. I, myself, have seen one give eight dollars

credit on purchases at the trader's store, for three baskets, which the trader would later sell for thirty dollars' apiece!

The Native's summer market, the tourists, ask for gaudy colors and gay, Diamond dyes which have almost entirely replaced the original, truly beautiful Native colors. Our Indian Association has begun the good work of teaching the younger generation the art of basketry and hopes with increase of funds to increase the industry by offering prizes and buying all work that comes in up all work ~~that comes~~ to the highest standard of perfection of dye, pattern and weave.

Do these few illustrations throw any light on the domestic, social, religious and business progress of the Alaskan natives? If they do the National Indian Association can share in the rejoicing for its Model Cottage Settlement has been the center from which the new movement sprung.

Do skeptics ask for unanswerable argument in favor of missions? Point with joy to the Sitka Model Cottage Settlement, the thirteen Christian homes whose Mothers have a Mother's Prayermeeting every Friday afternoon; whose father's are leagued in an effort to be industrious breadwinners: To this settlement where all work together to carry to their people the knowledge of "the Blood of the New Covenant, which was shed for many for the remission of sins." Note, I said at the beginning of this that it was a report but Anna tells me it was a paper read before a meeting of the Association after her return from Alaska. The first part of the paper refers to a 'veteran Missionary' from Alaska being present but she cannot recall whether it was Rev. S. Hall Young or Dr. Sheldon Jackson.

In 1896 Capt. Pendleton who was Commandant of the Marine corps came to me and said I was to make the ~~xxxx~~ address at the Fourth of July celebration and as he was the chairman of the Committee of Arrangements that settled it.

The celebration was a festive occasion in which all the town joined and as the last and biggest event was the canoe race of the Natives they all turned out in their Sunday best. A platform was erected in front of official building at the side of the parade ground and here the Governor and the dignitaries gathered and here the orator of the day delivered his address. Races and contests then followed these exercises, which began with a prayer by the Russian priest or the Minister from the Mission and included the reading of the Declaration of Independence, the Governor presiding and introducing the speakers.

So I wrote my speech with much labor and then committed it to memory and went off to an unused building to speak it aloud, over and over. I had it well in mind when the great day arrived, The weather which had been clear all morning began to cloud up about noon and when I arose to speak, after the Governor's introduction, a nasty drizzle began. Some official, I don't remember whom, held an umbrella over my head as the rain increased and with the increase of the rain the crowd began to dwindle though some loyal souls staid right there. I like to think that it was the rain and not the speech that made the people leave. In fact, I'm sure it was the rain. If any of you ever tried to make the Eagle scream in the 'great and glorious' in an increasing rain to a crowd standing in the open with ~~xxx~~ a man standing with an umbrella over your head thru the dripping drops of which you see your more and more bedraggled audience slowly fading away, well

you know how I felt and how the damp ( preferably spelled without the p and followed by weather.) gradually ~~gradually~~ got into my enthusiasm and the Eagle seemed to have caught cold and would'nt scream. It takes a real orator to whoop it up under conditions like that and I am no orator.

But here is what I said, as I stood near the Govenor with the Naval officers in full dress uniformns and Marine officers in brilliant regalia; judges and U.S. attorney and all the official family. After sort of an apology for being there, putting the blame on Capt. Pendleton and some humerous remarks about their length of my address both considered necessary and good form as the beginning of any such address, at that time, I launched forth in the following:

" It must be unnecessary to tell any American assembly on July 4th why they are come together: why the flags wave; the cannon boom or why fingers or thumbs go shyward with the smoke of bombs and guns that are not loaded. To attempt to do so would be an insult but there is much that makes for godd and increased loyalty in calling to mind again the events we are here to commemorate.

That remarkable document, the Declaration of Independence, which we are to hear read today, is not the only cause of this celebration with all these signs of pride and happiness. The Declaration of Independence, I take it, is but the edge of that entering wedge that split us from the old English block. It but marks the line along which Jefferson and Franklin, Adams, Gates, Green, Sullivan, Wane, Mad, Mad Anthony Stark, Paul Jones and Washintonaxd were to hew out, in an agony of heroic self surrender, the timbers of American Liberty.

With that Declaration came the events of the Revolution and the even more serious days of the building of our Constitution. Like kings of little monarchies, the representatives of the different Colonies met to forge the bands that would hold them together, forever. Perhaps nothing in the war itself was so serious as this. At times it seemed as though all the sacrifice, the struggle, the blood of '76 was in vain. But the men of America, your fathers and mine, were equal to the test. Guided by the matchless patience and wisdom of General Washington, from the confusion arose our Constitution and as Colony after Colony adopted it America, our America, began her splendid career.

In ~~all these~~ those times, great with many great men, two seem to me big in their superior greatness, Gen. Washington and Commodore Paul Jones.

I believe there is record of no greater sea fight in history than that between the Serapis and Bon home Richard. When we remember the <sup>lumbering</sup> ~~number~~ of merchantmen that Jones had for a fighting ship, her stubby bows and heavy movements and recall the superior guns of Old Britian and how Jones lost all his heavy battery at their first discharge, it was a miracle that he ever won. See that man, sublime in courage; most of his officers gone; many wounded; prisoners escaped; his ship shot through and through; yet, in it all, he stands a perfect master still. "Have you struck" shouts the Englishman. "Sir" replies Captain Jones, "I have not yet begun to fight!"

And yet the man was greater than we see him there. In later life, though disappointed again and again by Congress, with promise after promise broken, having well earned the flag of an Admiral but never receiving it, do we find him sulking or turning traitor?

Not Paul Jones! Why--- he did not even try to run for President! True ever, to his America, adopted land tho it was, he lived the life of a strong, brave, patient, unselfish patriot and died as he had lived, a man indeed; courteous, gentle, true to a friend and foe alike: ever placing his country before himself.

Of Washington's skill as a general is there anyone who does not know? Is there one who does not know of his nobility and purpose in life; of his wisdom and perseverance? Americans, we may well thank the God of America for a country whose father was such a man! Search where you will, can you find a greater? Some have surpassed him in winning continuous victories: some may have excelled him in one point or another. But looked at as a man where shall we find such a nearly perfect combination of all that is highest and best. Self control, unselfishness, loyalty, clear headed and rapid judgement and wonderful wisdom join in George Washington to form a character that must ever stand as the highest type of American manhood.

The winter of '76 and '77 was, perhaps, the darkest of the war. It must be said with shame that the desertions from the Continental army were tremendous. But did ever a finer spirit shine forth than that of Washington's on that Christmas night when he crossed the Delaware above Trenton? What was it to him if his generals could not or would not help him? What cared he for the ice or the snow or even the wet powder in the guns of his men? "Give them the bayonet" was his immediate command. So he fought and conquered. Quiet, determined, strong: drawing his power from Divine springs, deeper and purer than many of us find, he meets and overcomes all difficulties.

But you are justly impatient for all that has been prepared for you. Is there a day so dear to the boy's heart as this? Do you remember how we leaped from our beds, jammed on our clothes hurried out of the house in the dampness of that morning of the Fourth? BANG! Jonny comes by. "Hurrah, Jonny! I set mine off first!" "Yebl, mine made more noise any way" answers Jonny. And so the day begins.

Fathers! Let us keep alive these joys in the hearts of ~~the~~ our boys and girls. Let us enter with all the old-time zest into the peculiar happiness of the day and with the noise and smoke let there be lively tales of those stirring days: of <sup>t</sup>he men who struggled and fought; of the women who suffered and prayed.

There are great and beautiful lessons for us all to learn; ~~t~~ there are opportunities for us to follow those giant footsteps. To all of us must come higher and better thoughts, nobler patriotism and purer service as we read and think of those days of '76.

So shall this day, as it rolls to us anew each year, mean more than smoke and noise and the overflow of youthful enthusiasm. With each return our hearts shall quicken to more unselfish loyalty; to loftier devotion; to a more perfect service to our country and to our God."

If the truth is to be told this effort was not greeted ~~with~~ with tremendous enthusiasm. The applause was quite moderate, in fact, and decidedly damp! One old sergeant of Marines, shook my hand warmly ~~and~~ as he said, "I knew you could do it, Doc. I knew you could do it." I appreciated that but I was not greatly exhilarated at the result but rather depressed.

In May, 1902 I attended the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church which met in New York, as a Commissioner from the

Alaska, as I was a member of the Alaska Presbytery, at that time being an Elder in the Sitka Native Church, altho I had severed my official connection with the Mission Board and was living at Ardmore. I made a report to the Presbytery, early in June and from that I copy the following as that Assembly was an important one and the only one I ever attend. The report covers more than five typed pages and I take a paragraph here and there.

"My beloved Brethren of the Presbytery. I want to thank you sincerely and earnestly for appointing me one of your representatives to the General Assembly. It was indeed more of a privilege than I can well express to you. It is a wonderful experience and broadens our point of view and opens our eyes to the splendid organization and wise conduct of the affairs of our religious body. It makes one feel that instead of belonging only to a small congregation in a little out-of-the-way corner of the earth every member of the Presbyterian Church belongs to a tremendous working force. As the feeling of bigness and power of our organization forces itself on one's mind there comes a sense of strength and courage for new effort!".....After noting the large majority of elderly men among the Commissioners I said "we young fellows felt like Children at a grandfathers convention. This fact, the majority of elderly men, is undoubtedly a source of strength for we all must recognize the fact that experience is, after all, the 'best teacher' and, I believe that the nearer we come to the approach of advanced life, the more sincere reverence we have for those who have learned life's lessons; for those whom time has marked as past -masters of experience. Taken as a whole, they were a

a fine looking body of men and the more one heard of their remarks and discussions the more deeply impressed one was with the fact that they were earnest, <sup>and</sup> sincere, working for one purpose, that furthering the cause of Christ at home and abroad.

The election of Dr. VanDyke, (Dr. Henry VanDyke nationally known preacher and writer) for Moderator was acknowledged by all to be an exceedingly wise choice. Dr. VanDyke is, as many of you know, a man of unusual wisdom, of great tact and of the truest Christian principals, as well as a man of decision. He said as soon as he was elected, 'Brethren, you have placed me here as Moderator and as you have placed me here for that purpose I will try to fulfill your wishes. We have thirteen speakers for thirteen hours and I shall have to hold each speaker strictly to his time'. On another occasion a matter came up and was voted on and decided. The Stated Clerk (Executive officer of the Assembly, a permanent salaried full time position) who had held that office for many years and usually just about ran things his own way, the Stated Clerk said 'The matter has been decided thus and so and unless something else shall happen to prevent' but Dr. VanDyke interrupted with ~~the~~ 'Not unless. There is no unless. The question has been decided.' But he did it in a nice, smiling way that took the sting out of it but established the fact that he was in fact, as well as in name, the Moderator. He is an exceedingly witty man and has the gift of breaking into the most serious discussions at just the right time, with some bright story or pleasing remark that relieves the tension and prevents any possible ill feeling. But it would be impossible to imagine a problem as important as the revision of the Creed to be settled in two or three hours without heated debate,

unless

~~unless~~ there had been a Wisdom higher than man's and a Spirit of Love better than human love to rule and overrule and guide the minds of those assembled there.

Before taking up the question of revision of the Creed the Moderator said that while he hoped the question would be fully and freely discussed there would not be unnecessary speeches and unnecessary time lost. The entire discussion which followed, lasting about two hours, was marked by the most dignified behavior and the greatest earnestness. The faces of the Commissioners showed how tense were their feelings and how thoroughly they realized the necessity of wisdom and most careful consideration of the subject before them. Mr. Minton, the chairman of the Committee on Revision made a magnificent address explaining the points of difference; the reasons for the change and beyond question, his address had a great deal to do with the unanimous acceptance of the Revised Creed and The Brief <sup>Statement</sup> ~~Statements~~ <sup>It seemed</sup> to be almost a matter of universal congratulation that the creed has been ~~not~~ revised and that it has been revised with so little discord and without causing a serious division in the church, as was feared by so many.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the Press notices as given by the New York papers were exceedingly wretched almost without exception. If a mere difference of opinion arose in a debate, quietly and without ill feeling, it appeared next morning under the headline of "Heated Debate" Minor things were magnified and important ~~text~~ actions left unnoticed entirely. The New York Sun published an editorial in which it referred to the discussion on Revision as being marked by a strong spirit of levity and went on to say that one speaker was greeted with "yells of derision". Nothing could be farther from the truth the both of these   
 statements

Public meetings were well attended, the one on Foreign missions being presided over by the Hon. John Wanamaker, (then Postmaster General, I believe.) while President Roosevelt (Theodore) was the speaker at another evening meeting, the attendance being so large that a large overflow meeting was necessary. It was an inspiration to see the President of the United States thus publicly acknowledging the power of the church, the good work of the Presbyterian church while he held before the people the standard of righteousness, unselfishness and brotherly love. The President spoke on the night of the day that had seen the birth of the Cuban Republic and he referred to this event as illustrating the growth of righteousness in all walks of life in our country and stating that we had established a new line of action in such cases: not following the lead of any other nation for 'we had acted toward Cuba as no other nation in history had ever dreamed of acting.'

President Roosevelt was so free from pomp and ostentation it was evident that he was a man of the people. We cannot imagine any ruler, even of those tiny monarchies abroad, coming before three thousand people unattended, ~~xxxx~~ <sup>except</sup> by plain citizens altho Secret Service men were doubtless there. There was just a plain friendly man, without pomp or glory, glorifying his office but not being glorified by it. It seemed so much more fitting ~~than~~ for our country than the gold and glitter of military uniforms, and ceremonies. As Mr. Roosevelt entered the auditorium the entire audience rose and gave the Chataugue Salute that is they waved their handkerchiefs aloft. ....

In closing this report I must mention the beautiful spirit of Christian unity manifest in the speeches of representatives of other Denominations. We received the warmest greetings from the

Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Dutch Reformed and, in fact from almost every Denomination, either by personal representative or letter or telegram. Many of the speakers referred to the past when one denomination persecuted the members of another; when a Methodist would look the other way rather than speak to a Presbyterian he might meet on the street. It seemed to be a little of foreglow of the Millennium to see these representatives of former enemies on our platform bringing messages of encouragement and good will. Surely it was the beginning of the fulfillment of the prayer of the Master "that they all may be one even as we are one".

I regret, Brethren, that all of you could not have been at the Assembly. Your lives are so isolated that you need the spiritual uplift and the opinions of others more than we who have the privileges of the East. I sincerely trust that this somewhat rambling report will bring to your hearts something of the cheer and new strength that this Assembly has brought to me."

I also wrote an account of the Assembly for the Teachers' Club at the Mission knowing that my former coworkers would be interested to have my impressions of it. This letter developed into an apology for the Home Board. The letter and the full report of the Assembly will be found in the letter book but as I have written a good deal about my bitterness toward the Board it is interesting to see the change of attitude about a year after my resignation, as shown in the following extract from that letter. It is not only interesting but highly instructive as to the value of a face to face conversation in clearing up misunderstandings that have arisen in correspondence. Here is a paragraph or two:---

"I think we grow to feel that the work of our Board is conduct-

without much oversight, except by a limited few. It was a revelation to me to see how exact, careful and minute was the examination made by the Committees appointed by the Assembly, of the work of each Board. ... They examine the minutes of every meeting of the Board assigned to the committee. the action taken by the Secretaries, the conduct of the office work, the Board's report to the Assembly and employ an expert to go over the accounts. From their findings they make a report, which is different from the report of Board, and this report is made to the Assembly to be accepted or rejected. Now, when we take into consideration the fact that these committees are composed of fifteen or twenty men, ministers and laymen, many of them keen business men, it seems impossible that any serious error should creep into the policy or management of the Boards, year after year. Of course, mistakes may occur, and, doubtless they do occur, but the general trend of the work, under such a plan, must be right and for the good of the Church.

I think you all know how bitterly I have criticised our Home Board and I am frank to say that I went to the Assembly with very much the same spirit or, perhaps, an even stronger one. But, when I understood this method of supervision, how minute and carefully it was conducted I felt more confidence in the work of our Secretaries. In fact, I have become rather a convert to our own Board by having my eyes opened to the larger view of their work. As I saw something of the vastness of the work they carry on, the tremendous amount of detail they must master, the many interruptions they are forced to receive, I think that they are doing much better than we give them credit for. I can see the smile that will pass over your faces as you read this letter. Perhaps you think that some

application of 'soft soap' or a little 'jolly' has wrought this change in me but I do not believe I was such an easy convert, after all. Seven years of growing distrust and criticism led me to a conclusion that no work could be managed more unsuccessfully than our work in Alaska has been. But it is wonderful how different things look when we get a new point of view, and the thought was forced upon me again and again that in the entire work of our Home Board and that includes the work of the Womans' Board also, the Sitka work must, necessarily, receive only a fraction of the Board's attention. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ While this is true I know, from conversations with Dr. McAfee and Mrs. Pingrie, that they are exceedingly anxious to further the work at Sitka in every possible way. I am thoroughly convinced that our Secretaries are getting a more truthful and clearer view of the ~~work~~ the needs at Sitka than ever before and that they are striving, with all earnestness, to do exactly what is best..... Now, my dear Friends, let me urge you not to take too seriously the misunderstandings that may arise between you and the Board in the course of correspondence. The people at New York have your welfare very deeply at heart. They think very highly of you and their only effort is to improve the work in every way. If you feel that they do not understand you, that they do not give you the credit that you deserve, that they are unwilling to adopt your suggestions try not to feel it too keenly but let it rest until you can come East and talk it over. A few minutes of conversation with Dr. McAfee led to the clearing up of a misunderstanding which occurred in the course of our correspondence before I left Sitka. It was then easy for me to see why he had misunderstood what I wrote and a great cause of bitterness, unhappiness and lack of confidence in him was brushed away in a few minutes face to face. I had felt

because of what I believed to be unjust and unkind treatment <sup>that</sup> ~~and~~ I ~~decided~~ I would not see the Secretaries at all. I am now more than thankful that I overcame that feeling and that I did see them for it has shown how easily what we write can be misunderstood and how quickly such misunderstandings can be cleared up in a few moments talk, face to face.

So let us take heart and work with more loyalty to those who are over us in the Church of God. Please remember that tho you are far away on the outer edge there is a tremendous band of workers here in the East who have your welfare and your success at heart. Remember that these people, under whom you work, are going to do exactly the best they can for you and it is only necessary to let them see the needs as you see them to have them adopt your methods."

I suppose there were never before as many representatives of Alaska at any General Assembly. Dr. Jackson, J.Hall Young, Dr.Koonz from the Arctic, Edward Marsden, Mr.Carl from Hoonah, and I. Mr. and Mrs. Austin appeared at a number of the meetings and were heartily welcomed and, naturally, I was delighted to see these dear friends ~~again~~. I never saw either of them again.

And now I come to the last item in these appended notes that bid fair to take more space than all I have written before about our Alaskan life. I hope you will think them worth while.

A nice, clever old maid, teacher of the white school came to me to have her eyes examined. Mindshaw was her name and I had met her here and there. I went thru the usual routine and sometime after learned she had written it up for some club or other, and persuaded her to let me have the story. It's a right funny take off on me, so here it is.

## "MY SPECTACLES."

"My spectacles? Yes, I'll tell you how it was.--  
My Cousin, Anne Maria had been to Washington, D.C. (They do say those two letters with such an air!) and she had come home wearing glasses. "Selina", she says, "Why don't you get a pair? They are the latest style and I read in the 'Ladies Fireside News' that they give a sort of intellectual look to the plainest face. Of course, they might make you look older, and you know, Dear, you couldn't afford that." Mean thing! Nothing could make her look intelligent! And as far as looking old - - Well! The less she says the better! Now, I knew she put that in because she didn't want me to get them, but I was just dying to show her that I could afford them. Well, I wanted a reasonable excuse, of course, not just because of what Anne Maria had been saying, so I went to a young oculist I knew (HE) I was sure he would prescribe them for, of course, it's his business and, beside, he is on very good terms with a firm of spectacle-makers, too! He has a handsome bridge to his nose and wears eyeglasses himself, as a sort of advertisement. I know he looks well in them and I don't think anybody ever saw him without them for he is quite persistent about them. His Baby Son (Bertie) doesn't wear them yet but I suppose he will come in convenient later on when he gets a bit older.

Well, I went to him and he hung up a card with letters on it and asked me if I could read them. 'Goodness! Think I, is the man trying to find out if I know my letters? Then I thought it was no good to be offended so I just named a few of them, (to tell the truth, I couldn't see them very well) and then pretended I had read all I thought necessary.

Then he gave me some drops to put in my eyes, which nearly

~~xxxxxxxx~~ r uined them and were so strong they tased in my mouth and nearly blinded me. I saw through that scheme. It was just that, he might, with a clear conscience, he's a very particular young man, say that Ix needed glasses and, goodness knows, I needed something, by that time!

Then more reading those letters and reading through blinkers of some contraption while I thought, 'If fashionsble spectacles sit as heavy ~~as~~ as that on my little nose I'm afraid I shall have to stay out of style.'

Well, then he got a little spy-glass and sat up close to me - (of course he is a very nice young man,) - - but still - - well, anyway, I was glad that none of our church members happened to see us and Ix dont see why they could'nt invent something to see into one's head at long range, for instance, as they look at those empty craters on the moon. - - - "That all right" says he, at last, quite satisfied. "Your eyes are all wrong! They are not a pair" Who is going about with the othe~~x~~misfits, I wonder? " In one eye there is a stigma" I felt insulted. There never was a stigma cast up to any of my people: "And in the other eye is a - a - a - - ,it's a big long, unpronounceable word. I think it was Russian! - - Think of going about with that in you eye!

Well, he found glasses that he thought would fit me after about an hour. It was worse than fitting on new shoes and I'M always hard to fit. Then the glasses had to be ordered from Philadelphia, that firm of opticians, you know. After a long time they came I can' say they are an unmixed pleasure but "pride must abide" and Anne Maria is mad because no one notices her glasses any more. I get a little mixed sometimes and salute the Presbyterian minister

in Russian, or mistake a Mission boy for the Governor and sometimes I'm a little puzzled and look intently at a person to make him out and try to look as pleasant as I can at the same time and then hear the voice of the lady who is with him snap out " Will you please stop looking like that at my husband!" Husband, indeed! I never could be bothered with one of my own, let alone any one else's! And, if I drop a stitch in my knitting I have to call Anne Maria to lift up my glasses while I pick up my stitch; and I have to be read to which is a waste of time. But I can bear it and will bear it - - only one thing - - that Doctor said, " You must wear them always!" Now, when I pay six bits (50¢) to a doctor for his advice I'm not going to throw away my money by not following his orders. It just show the foolishness of being 'set' in your ways. Add besides that, I've been accustomed to washing my face, eyes and all, every day and nobody knows how hard it is to do it with your glasses on; and as for sleeping in them! Why it feels just like going to bed with your hat and rubbers on! "

I don't think the glasses were as bad a fit as that but I have an unpleasant memory that they were not all I hoped they would be. Still, I like to think I am mistaken.

So I close these notes on Alaska with the words with which I ended my lecture on that land before I went there and which I know from experience are not over rated or exaggerated.

" Skies of amber, of azure, of palest green; of reds, so bold and gorgeous that ice fields glow: weird islands, lovely and enchanting in varied forms: rugged mountains, forest clad and snow-capped, slanting their rocky sides to the water's edge: water falls everywhere, tinkling in bewitching loveliness: miniature icebergs, fantastic in shape, of every shade and tint of cerulean blue that slowly melt away as the clouds in the Summer sky, fade and disappear.

Alaska, my Alaska! Scene of triumphs, of heart aches, of greatest joys, of bitter disappoints! I shall never see thy beauties again but I shall remember and love thee, always.

We found that we were to stop at number of canneries on our way to the Sound to load the season's pack of salmon and I had plenty of time to think over my seven and a half years as a mission doctor. My last report to the Board includes a summary of the Hospital work and I quote part of it. " With regard to the enclosed summary, it will be seen that the hospital has received and cared for 1180 patients during the period I have been in charge. These have averaged about 13 sick days each with an aggregate of 15572. The deaths ~~amounted~~ amounted to 3.33% and recoveries ~~at~~ 76% of the total number treated. The cost averaged forty cents a ~~day~~ per patient for the items of food light, fuel, dressings and medicine, and ~~for~~ \$ 1.25 approximately per patient when all other expenses, including the salaries of the physician and nurse, hired help, some repairs and improvements and a few instruments. No deduction from the cost has been made for income, doctor's fees, hospital fees from a few pay patients &c. Last year this income amounted to over \$600, enough to pay for all the the food bought in town, which includes all our meat, and for the extra help employed. ---- In the office over 9000 individuals were treated and the total number of prescriptions was 27727. In the year 1895 which includes the six months before the hospital was opened, it will be noticed that the highest death rate ever recorded occurred while recoveries ~~were~~ averaged only 52% that year as compared to 85% for the ~~other~~ years, the high death rate being included in the total for the seven years and thus reducing the percentage to seventy six, as noted. --- The hospital is well equipped in all respects except ~~in~~ sufficient help. --- The Natives are more will<sup>ing</sup> than ever before to come into the hospital and that is the only place where physical help can be give them effectively. Trying to help them in

ix their homes is simply time thrown away. Of course a doctor can encourage them and find which cases need hospital care by visting in the Ranch but one might as well throw his medicine inx the Bay as to hope to accomplish many cures by prescribing for them there.

The statistics show that we have treated about 100 school children per year, in the Hospital. Without such provision for their comfort and care I am sure the death rate would have been very much higher. Thirty five of the approximately 700 scholars requiring hospital care, died. of these 23 deaths were caused by tuberculosis, 6 by capillary bronchitis, two following operations and the others by various causes.

While The Board has give little encouragement that the work of the Hospital will be enlarged or even continued<sup>as</sup> at the present I sincerely trust that every effort be made to make the hospital available to the white people of the town and that it will be open to the Natives of S. E. Alaska even more freely than in the past. --- Other denominations, notably the Roman Catholics, are gaining a wide influence all over Alaska through their hospitals and unless our Church is ready to hold what it already possesses and to push forward it deserves to be crowded from the field by those who will do what is universally acknowledged to be the most potent agency for evangelization, Mission hospital work. ---

In closing I desire to accord the very highest praise to the Supervising Nurse, Miss Esther Gibson. A woman of deep piety and real love for the Native people, she has done more than the share of one person, these seven years. She has become a skilled anaesthetist and is worthy of every trust and confidence. Miss Annie Hines, a native girl, the now, more than twenty years old has been

one of our helpers ever since the Hospital was opened. While not in good health much of the time she has been very faithful ~~xxx~~ <sup>and</sup> she has become ~~d~~ an able assistant in surgical work and one upon whom both Miss Gibson and I have learned to lean when hard pressed.

I thank the Board for many kindnesses and much personal interest especially when I was forced to go East for surgical treatment, and I keenly regret the difference in judgement as to the policy of the Sitka Hospital which necessitates my withdrawal from the work."

I am glad that my last official communication to the Board was couched in such kindly language. Had my resignation been in like tone perhaps the outcome would have been different.

It is more than probable that as I reviewed those years at Sitka, at that time, I found little to regret and that I failed to see where I had made mistakes but as I have seen those years ~~xxx~~ as I have written them here there seem to be many times when I lacked the real spirit of deep devotion. I had ever been too independent, too determined to have my own way; too prone to criticize my employers and slow to see the difficulties that beset them and to make reasonable allowances for them. I was not quite 23 when I began my duties at the Mission and was young for my age in many ways. Boy-like, the call of the Bay and the Islands and mountains was strong, too strong to be always resisted when, perhaps, it ought to have been. I realized, before I had been at work in the East very long, and I realize now that I could have done more and I could have worked harder, and as to sacrifice or denial on the field, it simply did not exist. Father and Mother visiting me twice, Helena there a number of times, sometimes for months, My own house and the comfortable Nest and going East to be Married was really missionizing de lux!

In the afternoon of the day we left Sitka were tied up at a cannery on Chatam Strait. It was the first time either of us had seen one at close quarters and while the season's pack had been finished, we wandered up to the long building where the cans were being boxed. Almost all the help at the canneries were Chinese and some of them were passing along the long tables, piled with cans, and with a small metal rod about the size of a 20d nail, they tapped each can. By the sound of the can they could tell if fermentation had taken place since the can had been filled and sterilized and so whether it was fit to be boxed. Very few cans were rejected but to us, every tinkle sounded like every other tinkle and how they could tell seemed a mystery, all the more so as other men were tinkling their cans all about. But there was little else to see and we found the long wait all next day wearisome, for the ship was loading cases all that time.

We had not been aboard very long before we found that the Senator had just come from Nome and had not been thoroughly cleaned. Her water tanks had not been purified and the water was not fresh and we were upset by it. The food was poor and with the slow progress we were making we were not very comfortable.

Our next stop was at Petersburg, at another cannery, and a place never visited by the regular boats. Here more and more cases were loaded aboard as we lay there all night. When we left there the ship had a decided list to starboard, the side on which we had our room but it was explained that it was due to the placing of the cargo and it would be straightened up at the next cannery when more salmon was taken aboard.

The next stop was not very far from Wrangel and all day the

Winches were rattling and groaning as they lifted those interminable cases of canned salmon aboard ship. Already it seemed we had enough salmon in the hold to feed all the United States and then send some to Europe beside, yet those boxes kept coming in a steady stream. The children were good but the change in their routine was hard on them while the racket of loading kept them from their usual naps and they required pretty constant attention. It was especially hard on dear Anna as I was just getting around after two days in my bunk from ptomain poisoning from that poor food and water.

As we left the wharf and headed for Wrangel the ship was noticeably lower in the water but we thought it was due to the extra load <sup>although</sup> but she had not straightened up, as promised, but had more list than before. Still, we did not think much about it as we expected there was more salmon to be loaded. The gong rang for supper and we went below to the dining hall. There seemed to be very few passengers there and no officers and a distinct sense of <sup>tension</sup> pervaded the room. The waiters seemed nervous and anxious as tho something was wrong. It made us uncomfortable and we did not stay long.

When we came on deck the ship was moving slowly and seemed lower in the water and laboring. Or did we imagine it? As we stood looking over the side and feeling somewhat anxious and uncertain, suddenly a lot of stokers, in their grimy clothes, tumbled down the ladder from the upper deck almost knocking us over. Evidently they had rushed up the ladders from the fire room to the gratings, a most unusual thing to do, and as they ran by we heard one say, in a frightened voice, as he glanced over the side near us, "Oh, yes, she's goin down fast!" Well, -- maybe that didn't send the

cold chills down my back with a rush! These fellows had come from the very bottom of the ship and nothing but water rushing in could have sent them up to the deck in that wild fashion. Just then the chief of the U.S. agricultural station at Sitka whom we knew well, came rushing up to us in an absolute blue funk, wringing his hands and saying over and over that he couldn't swim!

Everything I owned in the world was on that ship! Our curios and rare baskets, all the furniture we owned, our clothes, six or seven hundred dollars in cash and checks and my beloved wife and children. I was not much afraid for our lives for while there was some breeze the water was litted more than ruffled and land was all about, not much more than a mile away ~~far w~~ and we could see the lights of Wrangal a little farther off still, a forced trip in the boats meant suffering and anxiety and much discomfort for Anna and the kiddies, if nothing worse and a very serious loss to us all.

We had hardly gotten to our rooms to gather up a few things, Anna just her calm controlled self, anxious for me in my weakened condition, before a steward came and ordered us out of our room as he fastened the door open and then went to do the same thing to all the other rooms on our side of the ship. No alarm had been sounded but in a few moments the steward returned and told us to get blankets from our beds and go at once to a certain boat. There was no panic and Anna seemed to think of everything. We stood at our station with our blankets about us, shivering in the raw breeze. For some strange reason nothing was said about life preservers. We must have had them for I almost never go into a stateroom without locating them the first thing. It was far from pleasant, standing there, to

say the least. with the probability of an undisciplined crew; the many rough men, accustomed to getting what they wanted when they wanted it, many of them most likely without that high sense of chivalry that we read about, "women and children first" and all that sort of thing; no, it was anything but pleasant, waiting there for the boats to be lowered.

About that time a call was made for all the men to meet the Captain in the waist. I would not be separated far from Anna and the children so we all went and they stood a few feet behind me. Capt. Fatterson gathered a circle of men about him and began by saying that there no need for alarm. There was no ~~danger~~<sup>damage</sup> to the ship but in taking such an unusually heavy load the ship had sunk below an outlet pipe that was generally well above the water. So the valve had not been closed and some water was coming in. "Now, he said, I want ten men to go with me to the hold and shift some coal ~~some work~~ so we can get at the valve. There is no danger. How many of you fellows will go? " No one was very prompt to volunteer.

I was anxious to step forward but there were a lot of husky miners in that crowd who certainly did not have a wife and two children with them and I felt it was clearly my duty to stay with my family. Before long the necessary men were secured and went below. Meanwhile the ship was steaming slowly toward Wrangel. No one said anything more about boat stations and we returned to our rooms somewhat assured by what the Captain had said. No one was on guard by our rooms and we went in and soon closed the door and put our tired kiddies to bed. In a short time we were at Wrangel and tied up at the wharf and we heard that the valve had been closed and everything was all right.

After a rather restless night, we found the ship still had a heavy list to one side and she never got on an even keel all the way to the Sound. Capt. Patterson was quoted as having said something to the effect that we were all right if we didn't have too rough weather on Queen Charlotte Sound, so when we came to that stretch of water where the waves came in from the open Pacific, for about two hours, unbroken by any island, we felt pretty anxious. That lop-sided ship rolled badly and we were most thankful when we passed behind the first island and were in smooth water again.

Nothing could be more welcome to our eyes than the wharf at Seattle and I am sure I never was so glad to get away from a ship as I was to leave the Senator. A rumor was spread all about the ship that when we were lying at Petersburg all that night that that being so heavily loaded the ship had settled on a bar at low tide, just under us amidships and that the plates had been sprung by the strain and that was why the water had come in. I never felt quite satisfied by that open valve story.

We had hardly gotten to our rooms in the Ranier-Grand Hotel before a reporter of the principal paper, The Post-Intelligencer (P-I everybody called it) came to the room to interview me on Alaska. I told him, among other things, about the threatened sinking and about the rumor of the buckled plates and suggested he run it down for it would make a good story. Maybe he did but the Pacific Coast S.S. Company was a good advertiser and never a word about any trouble appeared in the paper.

We left by the first train on a new route, the Burlington, which meanders diagonally across the continent from Seattle to St. Louis where we were to visit some relatives of Anna's for a day or two

We had a drawing room which was fortunate as we were pretty tired and strained and to have been in a full sleeper with the two children would have been very uncomfortable. As it was, the children played about or napped quietly, Bartie was old enough to be interested in the novel experience of being on a train and the ever changing pictures from the windows and we were very comfortable. For a little change we could take him for a walk along the platforms for the train was in a hurry to leave the stations when we stopped.

a wide arm of

We crossed the Great Salt Lake on a trestle and saw the Mormon temple and the queer roof of the Auditorium next to it and passed many Mormon farms with their long houses and many doors along their fronts, each holding a little family but only one father for them all. We counted on seeing the wonderful scenery of the Royal Gorge but passed it in the night, much to our disappointment. In due time we arrived in St. Louis without change of cars and went to visit Anna's Uncle and Aunt, the Forbes, Clara Forbes was a favorite cousin and one of Anna's bridesmaids. A few pleasant days here and then on to Cincinnati. I stayed a few days there, visiting kind relatives and renewing old friendships and then I went on to Philadelphia leaving Anna for a longer visit with her family. It was while Anna was there that she had that fine photo taken of baby Harry who earned for himself the title of "Little Sunshine" and he well merited the title.

Philadelphia and home again! It had been more than four years since I last saw it. The old house at Brynmawr had been so altered I would scarcely know it but the welcome from dear Mother and Father and Helen was just as full of love as ever. Dear Dr. Miller's greeting was affectionate as ever altho I imagined there was just a trace of disappointment in him and one cannot wonder if there was.

SOME time after we had returned the Church gave us a reception and I copy from the account of it in the "Messenger" the church paper I had been instrumental in starting so many years before. Dr. Miller wrote it. "On March 7th. (1902) a "welcome home" was reception was given to Dr. and Mrs. Bertrand K. Wilbur by the congregation, to give expression to our gladness in having them with us once more. (cards had been sent to all the families who were members of the congregation.)

The <sup>occasion</sup> occasion was a very enjoyable one and some hundred and ten persons were present to enjoy it. There would have undoubtedly have been more if the weather had been clearer and if the entertainment given by the Haverford Grammer School at the Merion Cricket Club had not drawn away those of our families who have sons in that institution.

The reception was held in our Sunday school room. The room is a difficult one to decorate effectively, but it never looked more beautiful. The platform and reading desk were completely covered with palms and other potted plants. Vases and and pots of carnations and liliks were placed on tables here and there about the room. 'Cosy corners' were tastefully arranged in various places by draping handsom tapestries and rugs over extemporized lounges and covering them with ornamental cushions. It must have required a hard days work for many busy hands to produce such a rich effect in that immense room with its high, bare walls. But it was all 'a labor of love' for the two whom we "delighted to honor", no one complained of the task imposed in making preparation for their welcome.

Those of our people who had been at other church festivities seemed to think that this was one of the best, if not the very best,

that we have ever had. We owe an immense debt to the students of Bryn Mawr and Haverford for their important share in entertaining our guests with their glees and songs. .... Later in the evening the guests were asked to seat themselves for a little while, and the pastor was called on to express in a few words the joy felt by all of us in welcoming Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur to their old church home. Dr. Wilbur responded with much earnest and tender feeling. He spoke for about ten minutes or so, giving us some of the lights and shadows of missionary life in Alaska. The humorous touches were delightful; and the portrayal of the spiritual side of the work, inspiring and beautiful.. This was the climax of the occasion. Refreshments followed and after more singing of college glees came the reluctant good-nights.

We missed a good many faces we had hoped to see, but it was good to see so many of our friends, and especially delightful to welcome among our guests some of the dear old friends, who, though ~~formerly~~ now connected with other churches, are still loyal in love for BrynMawr, the Reeds, Heritages and Martins, who came all the way from the city to share in the welcome given to the "beloved physician" and his lovely wife/ "

It was a delight<sup>ful</sup> time for us and we enjoyed it thoroughly and we knew very well what a lot of work it was for the prime movers, dear friends of Mother's, Mrs. Hart and Miss Hate while ~~XXXXXX~~ Helena worked like a slave. As Dr. Milber indicated, it seemed impossible to make that big room look so cosy and attractive and nothing but an enormous amount of work accomplished it.

Almost as soon as I reached home I went to see Dr. VanLennep