part two

Alice Agnes Green (1878–1972)
A spirit of missionary zeal drew Alice to Alaska, which is perhaps best expressed in an article she wrote for *The Alaskan Churchman*, published in November 1907:

**Meeting the Bishop by Letter**

Some many months ago a special number of the *Spirit of Missions* was handed me by a friend. "Do read the account of the winter journeyings of one of our much beloved missionaries away up in Alaska," was her urgent request. Up to this time I had never taken any great interest in Alaska missionary work as it seemed a field too heartlessly cold and barren for a Southerner, unfortunately, to truly appreciate. I had, however, often glanced over many of the articles about Alaska, and would gaze wonderingly at the pictures of the winter scenes, thinking, "How is the Gospel spread abroad there? What enables the workers to stand the severe climate?"

[. . .] When handed this particular article, intuitively I looked at once for the signature, for therein additional charm is often added to a writing. The signature "P. T. Rowe" created immediate interest. Word after word, line after line, was so full of interest, the personality of the writer was clearly portrayed. This same Alaska experience which might have seemed fairy-like, unreal, penned by another, was so realistically told by the Bishop that the possibilities for Christian good, amid the trials and the hardships that must be endured, stood out, as it were, as positive truths in the wonderful word pictures.

[. . .] This article did not reveal the man as he must be, and at once I was eager to know the Bishop and to learn of his wonderful work. But how could I know him, so many thousands of miles intervening? With paper and pen the only alternative, I determined to make the effort. My letter to the Bishop was an expression of the new interest his article seemed to stir within my very soul, while at the same time I could not fail to express my utter astonishment of all he had accomplished. [. . .]

Upon mailing the letter, day after day I thought, "Oh, will the Bishop really have time to reply to a casual letter from a perfect stranger?" My hopes were high. No one could imagine my joyous surprise when in about five weeks a letter did really come. Just a note, however, a few lines of appreciation for my interest in his article. This delightful note did but cause me to wish to hear again from the Bishop, and so a correspondence was begun. "The field is large and the workers are few." Thus wrote the Bishop in referring to the condition of the Church in Alaska.

This seemed an urgent call for helpers; it came to me with great force. And as by letter I met and really learned to know the Bishop, so by letter I applied and received the appointment in one of the Church’s missions in Alaska. My association with the Bishop continues, letters from him still bring encouragement, the words of help and cheer are but a glorious inspiration for me in the new work.

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1 Possibly, Alice was referring to "Bishop Rowe and the Children," which appeared in the February 1907 issue of *The Spirit of Missions*. The piece consisted of an excerpt from one of the bishop’s letters, written at Sitka on December 10, 1906.
The Kenwood Hotel, in Dawson, with Alice on the right, wearing the large hat, Miss Farthing beside her, and Miss Alexander second from the left. Collection of Alice A. Boulter.

In May 1906, Alice had contacted the Episcopal Church headquarters in New York and was accepted as a teacher in their mission schools in Alaska. Her initial letter of appointment at Anvik, at a salary of $70 per month for the nine months of the school year, was signed by Bishop Rowe at Sitka on December 27, 1906. Six months later, on July 30, 1907, Rowe wrote to Commissioner of Education Elmer E. Brown to recommend her appointment, noting that he had, in fact, already engaged her. “Miss B. Sabine is going out this year for a furlough,” he informed Brown, “and a Miss A. Green of Winnfield, Louisiana, is coming in to take her place. Miss Green is a qualified teacher, and has been so engaged in the schools of Louisiana for several years. I can heartily endorse her and respectfully recommend her appointment in Miss Sabine’s place at Anvik.”

Alice left New Orleans by train on the morning of August 2, 1907, passed through Los Angeles and arrived in San Francisco on August 6. Although she had only a few hours there, she hired a taxi to see the city and how few signs remained of the fire and earthquake the previous year. Another train took her to Seattle, where she joined Miss Annie Farthing and Miss Alexander, staying with them at the Rainier Grand Hotel and completing the purchases for her northern wardrobe. Miss Farthing had already spent five years as a missionary teacher in Alaska, including one at Anvik. She had been on leave and was returning to take up a position at the new boarding school for Alaska Native children at St. Mark’s Mission, in Nenana, where Miss Alexander was to be the mission nurse.

The three sailed from Seattle on August 10 aboard the Dolphin for Skagway, stopping briefly en route at Ketchikan and Wrangell. From Skagway, they took the White Pass & Yukon Railway to Whitehorse, then the steamer Casca to Dawson, arriving there on August 22. On August 27, they departed Dawson, where they had stayed at the Kenwood Hotel, for Fairbanks, travelling on the steamer Lavelle Young. In Fairbanks, the three women separated. Miss Farthing and Miss Alexander went on to Nenana, and Alice continued on her own, taking the Schwatka to Tanana and then the Herman to Anvik.

**Government and Mission Teacher at Anvik, 1907–10**

Alice began her journal the evening that she arrived at Anvik, after a journey of five and a half weeks. She was met by the Reverend John W. Chapman, who, together with the Reverend Octavius Parker, had founded the Episcopal mission at Anvik two decades earlier.² While we cannot be certain precisely when Alice learned that she was

² As Chapman explains in *Forty Years in Anvik*, when he volunteered to serve the Episcopal Church in Alaska, he was unaware that the Reverend Parker had already been sent out, a year earlier. The two met up in St. Michael, and shortly afterward Parker’s wife and two sons returned to the United States, “while Mr. Parker fulfilled his intention of going on to Anvik to establish a mission” (3). It was Parker who chose the site at Anvik, which, Chapman wrote, he “acquired from the Indians for a feast and
officially employed by the government, Rowe had written to Brown only a few days before her departure. Quite possibly, then, she arrived at Anvik under the impression that she was a missionary teacher.

Monday, September 9, 1907

Arrived Anvik today 6 p.m. about dusk at the post landing. By special request the captain of the Herman brought us down to the mission, the attractive little hillside village. All friends on the boat interested in my new life to be. Reverend Chapman a joyful surprise. A disappointment in the mission, the home—fishy odor almost unbearable—but soon the smiles of the dear little girls made all things right. My room, disappointment number two. Letters from the Bishop and Mr. Betticher, however, brightened, saved the day. Sweet, encouraging words, cheers and goodbyes of tender affection from the Herman until the bend of the river closed us from view. At home in Alaska.

Alice A. Green to the Reverend Joshua Kimber, Church Missions House, New York

Anvik, September 11, 1907

How delightfully pleasant it is to be settled and at home in my new quarters. Anvik is a picturesque place and I am sure, even with all its ice and cold, cold breezes, I will find it most enjoyable. The children here in the house are so interesting, while my co-workers will be very congenial. The trip to Alaska, though very long, was intensely interesting all the way. Not a moment passed without some bit of pleasure and wonderful surprise being in store for me. In fact the trip was one of marvelous beauty.

In a letter from Bishop Rowe he informs me of my appointment as government teacher in the school here at Anvik. The Bishop writes that the government should allow my expenses in, and he has told me to send my expense account to the Bureau of Education in Washington. Then, when the amount is sent to me by them, I can return it to the Mission Board. I am sending the account to you first as it is not complete, for I do not know the cost of my railroad ticket from New Orleans to Seattle. You sent an order for this, so the cost is unknown to me. Add this amount please, to the full account enclosed and then I can write at once to Washington.

Having had ten dollars over from my expenses, I added more needed things to my outfit and then six dollars remained. If it was an over indulgence on my part to thus use the left-over dollars, I understand that this is to be deducted from my salary. I hope to hear from you as early as possible, and trust that my expenses along the route meet with your satisfaction. [...]
The Christ Church Mission, at Anvik. "The great forest of pine, spruce, and fir was a magnificent background for the Anvik mission," Alice later recollected. "The building on the right housed the dining room, kitchens, pantries, washrooms, and Mrs. Evans's bedroom, all on the ground floor. The dining room was also used as a reception room. Upstairs was the girls' dormitory, and on the right end was my own room. In the right section of the double building at left was the rectory, where the Reverend John Chapman and his family lived. In the left section, downstairs, was the schoolroom and the US post office. Upstairs was the boys' dormitory. In the little gulch between the two buildings was the school playground. In winter the area was firmly packed with snow over the deeply frozen earth, a popular place indeed during the all-too-brief periods of daylight—sometimes a mere hour of twilight at high noon." Hudson Stuck photograph album, in the collection of Alice A. Bouler.

Sunday, September 15

Busy, happy days. All unpacked, assisted by the dear little girls. Visits to the village and the Indian burial grounds, strange sights, evidences of strange beliefs. After dinner a delightful trip in the launch down the Anvik, out to a little stream for wood with Mr. Chapman and five of the girls. Such glorious scenery, but thoughts of home and loved ones come thick and fast. A rainy day with Mr. Chapman in the rectory talking things over, then an inventory of school books and supplies. A pleasant walk up the hillside with some of the children, a visit to the trading post, and quiet moments on the beach alone with my thoughts.
Excitement Wednesday at noon, cries of “Steamboat! Steamboat!” But it did not come any further than the post. Saturday, a day of personal whims and fancies, write a bit, read a bit, some time out in the yard. My last day of absolute freedom. Schoolroom all arranged, two delightful visits with Mrs. Chapman. No word of any steamboat. Letters are wanted, do they miss me at home and elsewhere?

Late rising today, my first Sunday in Alaska. Sweet, but oh! such a newly strange service at the dear little church. Sunday School did not show in the children what excellent material we have to work with. Some few minutes on the river’s edge while waiting for dinner. Met the old native, Simon Kisset, how his face beamed at my mere mention of Mr. Brooks’s name. A lovely walk down the beach with Mrs. Chapman and the children. Marvelous cloud effects gladdened the skies, and the day ended with gorgeous tints of red, blue, pink and gold. Miss Girault my only puzzle, would that I knew her better.³

Sunday, September 22

Monday, my first day at school, a most vivid contrast to the first days in Winnfield or in Bastrop. Impressive opening by Mr. Chapman. The children grow in attractiveness, but I must be strict with them. Happy walks in the woods with the girls gathering autumn leaves for our nature study. After school, delightful walks down the Anvik River.

Wednesday, a day of days—the Hannah arrived! My two lovely friends Mr. Child and Mr. Brooks came ashore for just a minute—Alfred H., dear above all dears except one. What a world of news the mail bag held for me! But above all, Randolph’s letter, so tender, so beautiful, and yet, must I say, a strain of deception or insincerity. “Time will tell.” Yes, I should have a thought for those at home, but the rich experiences I have just had would never have been mine, and Mr. Alfred H. would have been unknown.

Dear, dear W.R., the lamp burns low, the night is far spent, a long time thinking of the contents of my letters. His picture consulted, too.⁴

Friday, another birthday dawneth. The children so sweet in little gifts, oranges and wild flowers and carefully selected stones from the beach. They considered the day a most joyous one, ‘tis beautiful to see their sweet spirit. A delicious cake from Mrs. Chapman and an elegant basket, but thoughts of other birthdays and other times intrude.

³ Phoebe Girault was temporary matron at the mission during the leave of absence of Mrs. F. B. Evans. “Mr. Brooks” was evidently Alfred H. Brooks, head of the US Geological Survey in Alaska, whom Alice must have met at some point on her journey to Anvik.

⁴ In the diary that Alice kept in 1903–7, while she was teaching in Louisiana, at Bastrop and then Winnfield, she wrote about meeting “W.R.,” described as a “lawyer” who “becomes rather dear,” on January 19, 1907. Just a month before, she had received confirmation of her appointment to Anvik from Bishop Rowe. Randolph continued to court her and to “spin air castles” until her departure from Winnfield in May, and the two corresponded for roughly a year and a half after Alice arrived at Anvik. Nothing more is known about this mysterious suitor, whom Alice never mentioned in later life. Especially during her lonely first year in Alaska, however, “Sir Randolph” (as she sometimes calls him in subsequent journal entries) came to symbolize the possible future that she had left behind, one that, at least initially, she dreamed of someday recovering.
Sunday brought more drizzle and snow before noon, but ’twas wet snow, the weather too warm. Sweet service at church, the reward to Caleb and Joshua impressed me very much. Stood godmother for a little native girl. At supper had quite a treat and quite a feast, ate smoked salmon with the children.

The Anvik River—“with peaceful course,” wrote Hudson Stuck, “which no rude storms annoy.” Hudson Stuck photograph album, in the collection of Alice A. Boulter.

Monday, September 30

Last Monday, a day not understood by myself, the children seemed uninteresting, or per-chance uninterested in school. Thoughts on how to spend the last abominable hours of class rather troubled me. But the day brought great possessions, my new boots, charming to look at, the comfort of them greatly anticipated. All the children in my room after supper until I just had to insist upon bedtime.

My spirits better these past days, sparkling weather, good classes, delightful walks in the golden afternoons. Friday, however, a day of intense pain, insult from Miss Girault with whom I have sought to be so friendly. But at school the incident was soon forgotten. Saturday, at twilight, “Steamboat!” ’Twas the Herman with just a bit of mail and some information from the Government. Starlight calm and so beautiful. Slight indications of snow. Sunday, ideal weather, Indian summer truly.
Today, two steamboats!—Oil City and St. Michael. Some tourists visit the house. Had quite a chat with several. Afterwards a fine ramble through the woods with the children gathering spruce boughs for the altar. Poor little Ada met with a dreadful accident, fell into a miserable hole and broke her arm. Miss Girault continues and increases in her surliness. September gone.
Not only during her first rather lonely months in Alaska but throughout her stay, Alice took a keen interest in the comings and goings of steamboats. In such isolated settings, boats were, of course, the link to the broader world, and their arrival provided a welcome disruption of daily routine. But, beyond that, Alice had a personal connection to these paddle wheelers. Commenting many years later on Hudson Stuck’s photographs of the confluence of the Anvik and Yukon rivers and of the steamboat Sarah, Alice said:

Where these two rivers flowed together was a most picturesque point, enhanced as it was by the soft green bushes on the left bank of the Anvik and reflected in its still waters. When steamboats came, however, it seemed as though the little Anvik would groan with pain as its quiet, restful waters were disturbed and tossed about by the great paddlewheels of the boats. The Anvik was a somewhat shallow river and was not navigable by steamboats very far upstream.

The first time I saw one of these great river steamers in Alaska I felt a thrill of joyous amazement, for when I had been a girl in New Orleans a group of us would often take a trip up the Mississippi on just such a boat. Upon first seeing the Sarah, I felt I had met a beloved friend from the faraway Mississippi and that the Sarah and I would always be close. And so she and her sisters remained throughout the summers, which came and passed with my years in Alaska, and were to become a significant tie with all the life I had left behind in New Orleans.5

From a window in the schoolroom at Anvik one could see an approaching steamer, just a speck at first, between two distant mountains. As the boat came nearer, the boys could tell whether she was a wood-burner, an oil-burner, or a coal-burner from the color and density of the smoke. The Indians called them “inside-burning” boats. The children had been given permission to watch for a boat coming around the bend of the river, and whoever would sight it first might begin singing, “There’s a steamboat coming ‘round the bend! Can’t you hear dat whistle blow?” Then the children and I would take up the joyous cry of “Steamboat!” and at once go down, all of us, to the riverbank. Soon the cry would resound throughout the Indian village up the river, where a few Natives lived the year round, and on the point where a greater number lived in tents during the busy fishing season. By the time the boat landed, the Indians would have gathered in great numbers on the bank, those from the point taking to their rowboats and canoes as soon as they heard the cry, trying to be first to reach the steamer.

These steamboats were indeed a bit of Outside for they brought not only freight but our always eagerly awaited mail. [. . .] And so every steamboat, even the smaller

5 The Sarah’s sister ships were the Hannah and the Susie, all three built by the Alaska Commercial Company. At 223 feet long, they were the largest and finest stern wheelers on the Yukon River, patterned after the flat-bottomed, shallow-draft models of the best Mississippi River paddle steamers. Riverboats were built of wood, which allowed for easy maintenance and was also more resilient and flexible on the Yukon rapids. Paddle steamers were well suited for navigating the sand bars and snags in the rivers, and stern wheelers predominated as they were cheaper to build, more manoeuvrable, and easily repaired. Most of these boats were wood-burners, denuding the riverbanks of timber and cover for game, although the Sarah, Hannah, and Susie were oil-burners.
ones, would create this happy excitement when coming to us at Anvik. They made a strange and beautiful sight as they sped downstream in the Arctic twilight, with their many cabin and deck lights all aglow, through narrow channels and between islands covered with spruce and willow as high as the smokestacks, and so near that they seemed like fairy palaces floating noiselessly through the dark green forests.

Sunday, October 6

Tuesday, October dawned cold but beautiful. Rewarding day at school and a splendid walk on the hillside, warmly dressed. Wednesday afternoon a little while at the woodpile talking to two of the older boys. A near disaster on Friday, a fire in the schoolroom! One of the girls put the oil lamp too near a window, setting the curtains ablaze. Thankfully ’twas quickly extinguished.

Saturday, cold, cold, but clear and beautiful. A walk before breakfast down by the Anvik, ice all about, the distant mountains aglow with a wondrous early light. Household duties in the morning and peaceful moments in church while I swept and cleaned it.

Today, a day of great pain. Sweet communion service, after which my mail was given me, a steamboat coming in the night. The letter enclosing clippings of dear Papa’s death came as a shock. The rest of the day spent in letter writing to poor dear Mama and all others whom I love. A warming visit from Mrs. Chapman, her sympathy helped to ease my aching heart. Dear little Fred so tender and affectionate.

Sunday, October 13

A freezing day on Monday, the Anvik a sheet of ice. ’Twas hard to begin school, but best to do so. At noon the Tanana stopped, the last boat of the year. Mr. Jones, the purser, and someone else came up to see me, bringing nuts and fruit. Excellent day in school, the children becoming dearer. Down to the river in the afternoon, a marvelous day, the ice seems so wonderful. But thoughts of home are always with me. Poor, dear Papa, does he know now that I love him?

Tuesday, the Anvik frozen entirely. Before breakfast Mr. Chapman tested the ice, walking carefully over it and bumping it with a stick. How beautiful it was, just as a sheet of thick clear glass. Little fish, and every now and then a large one, would dart to and fro, and the entire village was soon catching them through holes cut in the ice. Out on the ice in the sled in the afternoon, and until supper the whole time was spent on the river, the older boys burning the grass near the banks and the little children sliding and skating. I had my first lesson on skates, enjoyable beyond any and all expression. After supper the girls and I went out again on the ice to watch the grass burning. A strange sight! But oh! what of home and home news? I must content myself, however, with the fullness of each day, the joys that are at hand, for the future may reveal sorrows undreamed of, unthought of.

Wednesday, our whole little world covered with a mantle of snow. A quick toilet then down to the river before breakfast to try skating again. Got along splendidly.
Before school Mr. Kruger took me for my first dog sled ride, the three handsome huskies skimming us smoothly over the frozen river. But then dreadful displeasure from Mr. Chapman with Miss Girault for ringing the school bell before we returned. He came over to the house but I did not see him, the talk was between the two.

A cold, brisk Thursday morning. Exhilarating walk before breakfast down to the Yukon, how peaceful and quiet the hour always is, and how magnificent the mountains are. A long talk with Mr. Chapman about the school bell, the trouble somewhat lightened. The afternoon spent in visiting about the village and some time on the river with the children watching the big boys gather hay. Had a dreadful fall on the ice, senseless for a second or so. How fatal it might have been! After supper a fudge party for the children, successful candy making amidst much fun and folic. The evening stars radiant, with faint visions of the Northern Lights.

Saturday, a fine photo by Mr. Chapman from the schoolroom window, Tom and Fred pulling the sleigh of newly mown hay over the ice and snow. Cleaned the church in the afternoon, but my heart did ache so dreadfully with thoughts of other church days when Papa was with us. After dinner a few visits in the village, then the children in my room to write their Sunday texts. A brief time on the ice before supper. Splendid sunset, the half moon rising just as the sun dropped behind the hills. But oh! that I might know the news from home! And how I wish that loved ones could be with me.

No Sunday School, in memory of little Norman who died suddenly in the early morning. After church a light snowfall, and as evening deepened it fell more heavily, yet softly. Evening service impressively solemn by candlelight, the prayers for the little native boy opened afresh the wounds in my heart.

Sunday, October 20

No school on Monday because of Norman. In the afternoon a short burial service at the church, then up the hill through the snow to the little boy’s last resting place. Who was at Papa’s grave? A sad, strange day numbered with the past.

Tuesday, try as hard as I can, a wearing day with the children. Until bedtime they are in my room, hardly time to write or read. No morning walk, the snow too thick and deep. How I missed the early communion with nature! What will next year bring? It must ever be so, dreaming our futures. The rest of the week, many children out busy at necessary work for their parents. Little Fred grows dearer every day, but when I wanted to talk to him and he covered his ears, I did not love him at that minute. I was so happy when he told me he was only playing. Later he had an unexpected surprise for me, a little wooden cross of his own handiwork and sweetly presented. Splendid times on the ice, but low in spirits, sad, so sad. The children are always with me.

Today, two of the older village boys in for dinner, Ralph and Harry. A week since the last steamboat—how long the week has been. The Northern Lights faintly showing in the heavens. Dear sister Caroline [in New Orleans] must be happy on her wedding day today.
Sunday, October 27

Cold, windy days. On Tuesday a brisk morning walk but the severe north wind sent me home very quickly. Wednesday, to school in a snowstorm. How brave I must be, the children think me a never ceasing informant and companion. The few times I am alone, how precious the moments are! Quite a tiresome day Thursday, school seemed all awry. The children come into my room at night as usual, not a moment to call my own. The Yukon almost frozen.

Friday, the first overland mail of the year. Many Christmas greetings from dear friends at home, but no news from Mama. A pleasant visit to Mrs. Chapman listening to the gramophone and planning for Halloween. A lovely walk home all alone, the twilight hour quiet and peaceful. The great round moon rising from behind the bare trees added beauty to the evening, the cold air only magnifying the glories of the heavens.

Today, another fire! In the early evening one of the girls knocked over the lamp in my room—how dreadful it might have been! Fortunately, I had the presence of mind to smother the blaze. The ever faithful responder to all calls, Mr. Chapman, came to my assistance.
Thursday, October 31

Calm and beautiful on Sunday with a light snowfall in the evening. An afternoon walk down to the Yukon, the great river now completely frozen. Monday, a fine romp on the ice with the children after classes. Had a frightful fall, my right knee badly hurt. The children were sympathetic indeed. Fred caught “Frederick Henry” the crow. Refreshingly glad days in school the rest of the week. Some fine times skating with the boys on the ice after tea. Tom caught his crow “Blackie.” More talk with Mrs. Chapman about Halloween, then such fun bundling up the Christmas packages. This evening the Halloween party in our schoolroom a great success, many of the village natives with us. Home by starlight while thoughts of a dear one fill my mind. The evening sublime, the stars so brilliant. The future, God but knows.

Friday, November 1

The morning cold and clear, then a heavy snowfall about noon. A delightful walk with Mr. Chapman to the upper village to visit a sick child, my first long walk in a snowstorm. Mr. Chapman a wonderful companion, our slide down the river bank was ridiculously funny. The crow “Frederick Henry” escaped while Fred was feeding the dogs. All of us over to Mrs. Chapman’s in the evening to hear the gramophone, then home, and at ten-thirty while waiting for my milk to boil, wrote a few lines in my notebook.

Tuesday, November 5

Warmer on Saturday but another heavy snowstorm continued all day. Sunday extremely cold. A happy walk with Ada on the ice as we watched a native with his fish trap on the frozen Yukon. Tom, Roger and Fred up to my room in the evening while I wrote to my friends at home, and little Henry at my side while I read to him. At Sunday School the children were especially dear. Tom’s “soft answer turneth away wrath” was reverently said and I think the words will sink down into his precious heart and become a part of him. Monday, another day of tears, the missing box of matches. Who? An early morning walk and a lovely greeting from Henry at the wood pile, together we admire the sunrise. An easy school day as so many children out doing necessary chores for their parents with ice and wood.

Today, a visit to Mr. Kruger’s store and to see his dogs. Was almost bitten by “Hoggie” if his master had not prevented the intended snap. Mrs. Chapman, Ada and I visited down by the post and then started back by dog team about twilight—four in the afternoon—when the evening star was in its splendor. An hour or so with a poor lonesome little lady, then home by starlight, the dogs mushing along splendidly with Tom and Fred leading the way with the lantern.

Sunday, November 10

Attempted a walk early Wednesday morning but the deep snow and unruly winds drove me back. No afternoon outing either because of the severe cold. Such a long day! Two
unusually hard days at school, so many of the children out at work with ice and wood. Had a bursting headache Friday but I must possess my patience. Up early Saturday to straighten my much-used-by-children room. Tom and Fred up for their usual morning greeting. Tom met with a fearful accident as he left, falling headlong down the stairs and cutting his hand badly with a new knife he proudly had been showing me. Mr. Chapman rendered first aid and put Tom to bed in the rectory. A queer day, the hours seemed an eternity. Nature called strongly for me to come outside, but I did not venture far as the ice on the Yukon had some water near the bank. A short afternoon nap by the firelight of my stove—dreams, dreams, dreams. Supper with Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, then a candy pulling for the children. A nice little visit from Isaac in the evening until bed-time with his “talking machine.” Tom grows dearer every day.

Sunday, November 17

Particularly good start to the week, paper folding pleased the children. A gratifying talk with Mr. Chapman about how the children must or should spend their evenings. Fred grows worse every day, he is strange indeed. His impudent manners must be stopped. Wednesday, a fine morning, and all day a gentle breeze made the day almost spring-like. A long walk with Ada up the hill then a few slides down the icy slope with the other children before tea. Five of the boys in my room after supper, all of us writing and reading, dear little Lee beside me on his special stool. Fred was as dear and sweet as he could be, just at bedtime he wrote me a little note: “I will try to do good things to Miss Green.” How happy I and everyone else will be if he keeps his promise.

Thursday down to the schoolroom to continue the basket weaving. Mrs. Kruger and her family to help with the process. The evening was spent with Mr. Chapman and the boys weaving “rope yarn.”

Pleasant morning walks alone on Friday, not far but most refreshing, the weather much warmer. Several small falls on the ice, but no one near to help me. I enjoy the little tumbles and the quick get-ups. The children and I skate in the afternoons, the water that came up over the ice on overnight made us a fine skating rink.

Saturday, cloudy and snow-like, breakfast at eight-thirty. A sad little service at church, another village child died. A dozen or so Indian men and women in attendance—how strange they looked all in their native costume. Tom’s hand much better, he began his meals at the house today at dinner. A soothing walk all alone up the hill through the deep snow, then home in a snowstorm with huge flakes falling gently. Mr. Blaine arrived, but little mail, no home news. How my heart did drop! But hope sustains the soul. A visit later with Mr. Blaine to see the mail dogs, nine handsome creatures. A comforting talk
with Mrs. Chapman about my sore disappointment. Little visits about the village, how cunningly dear the new baby is, how wonderful the precious mite did seem.

After evening service a little practice with the children of our Christmas carols. Read to the boys until almost bedtime, and after all the goodnights were said, added more to Randolph’s letter.

Sunday, November 24

Up by moonlight these mornings. Then slowly sinks the wonderful ball of light down behind the mountains, the last touch of brightness has vanished and the dark days are with us. Monday, cold, 15 below zero, but oh! so beautiful. A little run out into the garden to get a pitcher of snow to melt so I can wash. Easy days at school, many children out with chicken pox—Dora, Lena, Mona, Frank and Henry. Ada and I spend happy moments on the little strip of ice near the slough, sliding and sled riding until her toes become chilly.

Tuesday, the children in a splendid mood, the teacher, too. Tom was well enough to join us, but only as a visitor. At one-thirty in the afternoon, Mr. Chapman called us to see a marvelous sight, the Aurora, two pillars of light, all the prismatic colors, so exquisite. School hours were changed, thus making the end of classes by gas light. A pleasant surprise, a box full of wood awaiting me outside my room, put there by Fred. He can be so sweet when he wants to be, but when he is rude I do not love him at that minute.

Thursday, a trip to Mr. Spaulding’s store to get ribbon for the girls’ book markers. Basket making in the afternoon and an evening in the schoolroom with Mr. Chapman and the boys weaving rope yarn.

From now on, yellow candlelight both mornings and afternoons. Busy indoors Saturday with domestic duties, a thorough house cleaning. A very cold day but I suffered none from the weather. A little lay-down before supper, but no sleep as downstairs the children made too much noise. In the evening they write letters to Santa Claus. A dark but lovely night, so quiet and the snow soft. Alone with my thoughts I watched our silent world and before bed added a few more lines to Randolph’s letter. How I long for mail! What news is on its way to me?

No evening service as the gas was frozen. After tea a long letter writing period with none to disturb me. A letter to Miss Farthing.

Saturday, November 30

Happy days in school. Our spelling match a brilliant success. Mr. Chapman changed the hours again so that after school we will have an hour of light for play and recreation. Much fun with the children upon the ice, the severe winds clearing the snow in many places for our runs and slides. An afternoon walk to the village with Cora, my first glimpse into real Indian homes. How the natives need enlightening! Fred suffers from toothache. Tom’s hand is improving wonderfully.
Thursday, Thanksgiving Day. A queer episode in church, my fainting spell. With the aid of Mr. Chapman I was able to get home and to bed, resting. A glad visit from Mrs. Chapman then over to Hubert’s with Mr. Chapman and assisted in a communion service for the bed-ridden little boy. For our Thanksgiving dinner we had real beef, not canned, and mince pie. I took mine over to Hubert. Some of the girls joined us there later for an hour or so of practising their special songs. Then back to the schoolroom where at six I put the candy on to boil. ’Twas not done until after nine and we played games while we waited. I came home tired, oh! so tired. The walk was refreshing, a heavy snow falling, and from the light of my lantern a million and more diamonds seemed sprinkled upon the ground. How differently this Thanksgiving was spent from last year! What, oh what, of my loved ones?

High wind all Friday morning, and at noon and until bedtime a steady but not thick snowstorm. Read to the boys before tea, and afterwards a few minutes to call my own. Re-read Randolph’s letters, wondering and thinking as I have always done, is he true, is he “God’s good man”?6 The girls in my room later to draw and to color with their crayons. Dear girls, indeed.

Today, really cold, but a kind winter’s sun lent some warmth and beauty to the day. Two of the children ill from Thanksgiving candy. Ada and I went out for a little walk while the other girls ironed. Tea with Mrs. Chapman, and afterwards a delicious grouse served for supper.

Sunday, December 1

A most blustering first of December, the north wind blew furiously. To church and back again was my only time outside. Little Fred sick with a toothache. A lovely reading hour after dinner, no one about. No evening service on account of the gas being frozen.

Sunday, December 8

The wind still high on Monday. Up and dressed by moonlight. A tiring day at school, my entire body suffered from a cold in my bones. Small school attendance, so many children out with chicken pox. Little Ada became ill. Tuesday, 20 below. A good day at school but too cold for the children to play outside. The new schools hours work charmingly. Mr. Chapman announced regretfully that the aching in my bones is rheumatism. Oh, how dreadful! God grant that it is only temporary. Another evening at Mrs. Chapman’s and a walk home alone in a night of still beauty, the great round moon rising in splendor.

By Wednesday all was cloudy, no moon, no stars. Am sick for news from home and loved ones, my enthusiasm is rather low. Just one week more and the mail will come. What will it have for me? The morning sky on Friday lovely, the stars out again and softly beautiful. Indoors all day, 30 below and too cold for any outdoor activites. Ada

6 Here, Alice is almost certainly alluding to Marie Corelli’s God’s Good Man: A Simple Love Story (1904), an inspirational romance set in an English country town. Corelli’s rather melodramatic novels were immensely popular at the time.
much better, and Henry is back with us. The children up in my room after school and after supper, too, and until bedtime we all worked on Christmas secrets. To bed about eleven, the moonlight on the mountains sublime from the windows of my “prison house.”

Saturday, snowy and somewhat warmer. After dinner a long while with Ada and Bessie upon the ice and snow. Tried to read after tea but too many interruptions. A pleasant visit to Mrs. Chapman, taking Ada home between the twilight and the dark. Then home myself and a most refreshing turkish bath.

Today, weather moderated to zero, more snow falling during the night, the wind still a bit too high. After Sunday School the children and I plodded through the deep snow to see Hubert, and gathered about his bed we sang our carols. After tea a most delightful evening at the rectory. They all enjoyed looking at my photos and seemed impressed with Sir Randolph’s picture. We laughed and joked the time away with delicious ice cream and cake. The little walk home was a benediction to the sweet, glad day, the stars brilliant even though the moon was bright. And Fred did not forget his sweet goodnight to me.

Sunday, December 15

Monday, calm and clear with some soft snow. Tuesday, letter day, Mr Blaine arrived! Bitter and sweet news. Aunt Fannie’s letters, cruel even though somewhat true. Others from friends, and last but not least two from Randolph, letters which make me love him more. God bless him and keep him well. But no news from home. What of them all? How conscience smitten I have become! Why did I leave Mama? But if God will but guide and protect her from all that may be and give her peace of mind, during my absence, I will, with the same Divine help, assist her as best I can.

Wednesday, balmy and spring-like, the air invigorating. But my bones, poor bones ached dreadfully all day. Meant to stay only ten minutes with Mrs. Chapman after tea but she got down her box of photos and entertained me until nine o’clock. Home in time for a lovely hot plunge, a turkish bath really. Friday, a few romps in the snow with the children and our dear Rover. How they love the dog! In the afternoons we continue our basket making in the schoolroom. Mrs. Kruger and her family to help. Visits around the village and a short hour at Mrs. Chapman’s sewing machine working on Christmas things.

A glad Saturday morning surprise from Henry and Fred. “Holy Night” as a sweet duet. But several little things about the house—foremost the girls trespassing upon my belongings—caused the day to be anything but cheery and all that it could have been. While in the midst of preparing our Sunday school lesson, Isaac came by and invited me over to make candy for his small son Paul. Such a neat Indian home, and quite a pleasant evening.

7 “Aunt Fannie” was Frances Campbell Maxey, the sister of Alice’s mother and the wife of Judge Thomas S. Maxey, of Austin, Texas.
Sunday, December 22

Beautiful weather on Monday, even though the sky was gray and somber. Good morning session in school. In the afternoon up upon the hill with the children to gather spruce boughs for decorations. Wonderfully fine fun! The air was so balmy it put energy into every muscle, up, up through the deep snow we went, and at last on top of the hill found our trees. What perfect Christmas pictures Fred, Tom and Henry did make, way up in the topmost branches of a tall tree, breaking off twigs and shaking off the snow that had lodged in and among the branches. And what a beautiful sight, each child with an arm full of evergreens, tugging them through the snow, the air filled with the sweetness of their singing. With crimson cheeks and snow-covered garments we reached the bottom of the hill joyously tired. We decorated the schoolhouse until the bell summoned us to tea. But I was so tired that instead of going down to the house I sat at my schoolroom desk and found rest in writing to dear Randolph.

No more rheumatics these mornings. Calm days, some snow falls softly. Up bedtime all of us busy working at our Christmas secrets. Radiant, moonlit nights, and up to eight or nine in the mornings the moonlight is golden.

Tuesday, December 24

No school during the holidays. Monday down to the woods for the Christmas tree. Such a jolly time we had, even though the weather was 10 below. Through three feet of beautiful snow, over hill and down again through the deep valley, two hills did we climb before we found the tree we wanted. How lovely the woods were. The boys and dear old Fido went ahead making us a trail. The winter’s sun lent such beauty to the sky and the mountains, gorgeous colors. Back in my room dear little Anna brought me up some wood shavings for my stove. A line added to Randolph’s letter, and then to bed to dream of?

From my eastern window the moon looked in last eve to say goodnight, while from the north window beams of brightness came streaming in at peep of dawn today to say good morning. Just a few household chores and then with the children over to finish decorating the schoolroom. How festive it looks! So much fun and enthusiasm that I was a bit late for dinner. The children very sweet and dear, but as we twined the decorations round and round, thoughts of other Christmases filled my mind and heart. After tea we all finished our secret gifts, then in the wee small hours of the night while all were sleeping I played Santa.

Wednesday, December 25

Christmas Day. At five in the morning Lena’s soft tap at my door awakened me. She woke the other girls and down the stairs they scampered to see their Christmas joys. The boys had long since been up. Then out we started on our carolling. How beautiful the morning was, 20 below, with a tingling crispness to the air. The stars so brilliant and the moon most tender as it shown down on the snow-covered village all wrapped in sleep.
all the homes we went, our crowd dwindling as some of the children’s toes became cold. I enjoyed every second of the time. Last but not least we sang at the Chapman’s door. Reached home joyful and warm as toast. Sweet morning service, the church crowded with natives. ’Twas most pleasing to see so many all in their best native dress. Three such handsome boys among the lot. After dinner, doughnuts in the schoolroom and the children’s singing around the Christmas tree. The evening passed pleasantly, and again ’twas gratifying to see so many natives with us. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman so sweet with thoughtful gifts. Came home so tired but quite happy, a new sort of happiness.

Tuesday, December 31

Did not rise until just before noon the day after our Christmas festivities. A quiet day with a few visits before dinner. Out on the ice afterwards with the children, the air delightfully balmy at 18 below. Home again to write letters but was pleasantly interrupted by Mr. Kruger to “come take a ride.” Over the snow, under the starlight we sped, the dogs, Hoggie, Nigger and Sandy pulling and trotting their best. After tea settled down again to letter writing but still another nice interruption, an invitation from Mr. Chapman to come over to see the new magic lantern.

How perfectly blissful the holidays are! Friday just before noon a solitary walk up the hill, far up on top, out of sight of every dwelling. From the soft snow the stately spruce rose green and lovely, the other trees all jewelled with frost. For many minutes I was on the wrong trail but the sun soon guided me right. Before reaching home, the sun going to rest behind the distant white-domed mountains lent a glorious beauty to the scene—not a sound to be heard, no one near. At night not a star to be seen.

Saturday, a cold, cold day, 32 below, but my room warm and comfortable. A little scamper up the hill with Anna and Dora, the woods beautiful. Several of the village and house children to visit me in the afternoon, all of them in my room while I was in the midst of letter writing. After tea took Marguerite back to the village, a quick run there and back with some of the girls in the intense cold.

Sunday, another very cold day, 42 below, but it did not keep us housebound. Between services many breaths of the wonderful fresh air. Before tea wrote a bit, adding another few lines in a separate envelope to Randolph. Spent a most delightful evening in conversation with Mr. Chapman and his family. A brilliant late night sky, but the bitter cold made me hurry home.

Monday, the glad and sad old year is dying. Glad because I met Randolph, and sad because of dear Papa’s death of which I know so little, and because possibly I ought not to have left Mama. An intensely cold day, 47 below. Holidays are over, school is begun. Quite a nice beginning but the children and I had to huddle close around the stove. For two hours at mid-day, however, the sun blessed us with his light, the snow-covered mountains shimmering. After school an unpleasant talk between Mr. Chapman and Miss Girault about the too-cold schoolroom. Her red eyes reveal that which no doubt took place. Poor Miss Girault, would that I could mend matters some way, somehow. Her non-appearance at tea, secluded in her room, so I had to help a little with the housework.
New Year’s Eve today, goodbye to 1907. An unusual day, Miss Girault still in her room. Had more taste of what housekeeping would be like, think I would like it very much. Attended to getting breakfast then hastened to school leaving two girls in charge of the house, Mr. Chapman coming down to see that everything was right. We all took dinner with Mrs. Chapman as she was kind enough to open her door and her heart to us. After school attended to supper, the girls cleaned up beautifully and then we had our candy pulling. It did not prove very successful but we had great fun. At ten-thirty, the children all in bed, I spent the last hours of the old year adding some brief words to Randolph’s letter. Tried to stay awake to welcome the New Year but my eyes refused to stay open.

Wednesday, January 1, 1908

New Year’s Day and oh! such a glorious morning. Miss Girault still secluded in her room. A long talk with Mr. Chapman before we decided that I should assume the housekeeping duties. Gave the house a good going over, every nook and corner cleaned. Dinner cooked without any trouble, the children thoroughly enjoying the baked fish. Supper put on and had settled down to some letter writing in the neatly cleaned and nicely arranged dining room when Miss Girault appeared on the scene. My brief time as housekeeper ended.

Saturday, January 4

Thursday I resumed my own happy duties in school but at recess had another talk with Mr. Chapman, and his announcement of Miss Girault’s departure came as a shock. I would probably have to accept the responsibility of the home and he would take over the teaching. At eleven I went down to the house and found Miss Girault in the midst of her preparations to leave. In one short hour I got dinner! Afterwards, with all things done, I went to relieve Mr. Chapman for an hour in the schoolroom. Home again to cook supper. Then letter writing—some government reports to go in the mail.

Friday, such a busy day! Mr. Chapman now schoolmaster, but I took classes for an hour in the afternoon. Oh! so weary when day was done. Today, another busy, busy day. General housekeeping and cleaning assumed by a native woman and the dear little girls. Not a moment to read. Two greatly appreciated visits from Mr. Chapman, such a lovely man and a dear friend. Cora and Rachael from the village in for a short visit.

Saturday, January 11

The weather a bit warmer last Sunday. Busy again with housekeeping, but the children were so sweet and helpful that I got along nicely and found more pleasure in my new duties. Tuesday, housework so well arranged that I had time to go out for a little recreation in the blissful afternoon. A merry skip and run with the children on the snow, a new moon lending tender beauty to the hour. A little visit with Mrs. Chapman, she very much an invalid with a frightful toothache.
Wednesday, quite a joyous day. Little Henry Chapman’s birthday dawns. Extra house cleaning in the morning, and after dinner happily preparing for his party. When finished, how lovely all things were. The children made a pretty picture under the soft candlelight around our festive board and after the party we played several enjoyable games. Mr. Chase, Mr. Kruger and Isaac were our only visitors. Just at the close of the happy evening we saw a wonderful curtain display of the Northern Lights.

The children in fine spirits the rest of the week, all duties nicely done. Some few minutes in the glorious outdoors, the afternoons very cold but wonderfully clear. The pink and blue sky beyond the great Yukon mountains adding much beauty to our little world. A very tiresome day Friday, two natives came to “visit” me. They meant well but had little to say, and I was relieved when they finally left. Tom and Fred severely corrected about improper talk. I am content with my present position in life, but oh! how I long for those loved ones who are ever present with me in thought.

Sunday, January 19

A most blustering day last Sunday. Busy, but not quite so busy over the pots as my Saturday cooking for Sunday gave me somewhat of a rest. How the wind did blow and howl at night! On Monday after housework was done Harriet and I enjoyed some fresh air sitting on the porch. Late in the afternoon a fierce snowstorm raged, the mountains lost in the blizzard and even the upper village hidden from view. Isaac had a hard struggle with the elements coming over the snow against the wind with his sled of ice, our water supply. Tuesday, a talk with Mr. Chapman about household matters. I welcomed his praise of my efforts and was glad to hear of his plans for the next school term when Mrs. Evans returns. A typical winter’s day, cold and windy, but the house was warm and comfortable. Trouble, however, with the water. Mr. Chase, our handyman, and Tom worked earnestly at the pipes all afternoon. Harriet and I have a few moments of fresh air sitting out on the front gallery, but the snow and wind soon drove us inside. Another oh! so tired day.

More wind and snow on Wednesday, the storm so thick that the opposite side of the Yukon could not be seen during the morning hours. Housework seems a bit easier but achy joints bother me somewhat. Only a few more days and the mail will come. What messages will be mine? To think that whatever will betide me is now on its way. Would that I had some cheery letters to read tonight! Late, late while the children slept I made my first preparations for bread-making.

Busy all day Friday and, as I feared, the bread was not a success as the fire was entirely too hot. So tired because I felt really ill. A marvelous night, the moonlight almost bright as day. The children romp and play in its light but I was too weary to join in their sport.

Saturday, a day of days, Mr. Blaine arrived! A touchingly sad letter from Mama. Others from new friends helped to brighten my loneliness. A sweet surprise, a letter from Mr. Green, purser on the Schwatka. All afternoon I spent reading my mail. But nothing from Randolph! This night a year ago we first met. How many changes have come
about in the year. And this night I sit a few minutes trying to think and to write while dishes and forks and spoons clatter amid the songs the children sing. A full and somewhat strange day ends.

Today, cold and crisp. A fine sleep after my rather disturbing mail, and I am not one bit tired. The children and I spent the entire evening up at the rectory, the children playing in the kitchen while Mr. and Mrs. Chapman chatted with me. Such a pleasant time we had exchanging bits from all our many letters. Just before leaving we gathered in the kitchen and sang many songs.

Saturday, January 25

Monday, busy day, washing begun, bread started. Very cold indeed. Up late Tuesday with the bread. Wednesday, snowy and windy. Washing finished. Up late again, this time with Paul waiting for Isaac to come from the kazheem to get him, but it resulted in Paul spending the night with us.8 The children are all so dear. Thursday, one of the heaviest snowstorms. It began in the night no doubt, for when I went out to ring the breakfast bell my first peep at the morning was nothing but blinding snow so thick and fast that two feet ahead could not be seen. A thoughtful visit from Mr. Chapman to see how things were. Bread a wonderful success. How pleased I was!

Somewhat warmer on Friday, but about noon a severe wind and snowstorm clouded the day. The unknown stranger on the point passed away. How sad his death seemed to me, but a beautiful day for a soul to pass into the great beyond. The children all down to the house to make candy and play games. Today, mild and spring-like, 28 above, but a deep, flaky snow all about. The unknown stranger laid to rest. A few of the men carried the remains to the church on a sledge. I was spared the sorrow of attending the services. Then up the hill went the silent procession, the men plodding through the snow carrying snowshoes should they be needed. About noon from my own window I watched them with spade and hoe prepare the last resting place, their every effort seemed most solemn and devoted. How pitiful the scene. A poor lone man! All the girls with me during most of the rest of the day, all merry and helpful. A nice visit from Isaac in the evening until bedtime.

Friday, January 31

Sunday, quite early, the girls and I trudged through the deep snow up to Mr. Chapman’s. The morning was beautiful, the moon so bright that it somewhat dulled the luster of the stars. Under the rectory window we sang our morning serenade, “The Holy City.” After a few notes, a light went on and Mr. Chapman greeted us with smiling thanks and a morning blessing. Then home, my heart so rejoiced, the household duties seemed no care. After dinner had time to play a bit with the children and dear old Fido in the deep

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8 The “kazheem” was a feature of Eskimo villages—a large hut where men gathered to hold meetings and conduct ceremonies and into which women were rarely (if ever) admitted. The kazheem also served as a workshop and provided lodging for unmarried men and for travellers.
downy snow. Spring-like days the early part of the week, a little above freezing, much melting and thawing. The boys have fine sport snow-balling.

Wednesday, very early, at five-thirty, I was awakened by the sweetest music I ever heard. My dear precious girls had such a lovely surprise for me—all up and dressed they came to my door and sang so beautifully “The Holy City.” How happy it did make me feel. After the song another surprise, the little voices saying in chorus, “Can we tell you how we love you? Yes, indeed we love you with our own little hearts. By your bed the white angels keep, the bright stars twinkling through the sky. But Miss Alice lies in her bed sleeping.” Such sweet girls, and around my bed they said their morning prayers. How God must love these children as their little voices and their little lives praise Him.

Very busy days, rather mild weather with exquisite skies and heavenly tints of blue and gold on the mountain. Today, quite an experience—a visit with Isaac to the kazheem in the native village. How refreshing prayers and hymns are after such a meaningless entertainment. Great fun with the children racing back and forth over the snow.

Here, with the entry for January 31, 1908, the first notebook of Alice’s journal comes to an end. Her journal begins again on September 6, 1908, in a new notebook, on the cover of which she has pencilled “7 Mos. Missing.” This notebook is numbered “2,” so the notebook containing the missing seven months of her journal must have been lost before she numbered them. Preserved in the National Archives, however, are several letters and a report that help to fill the gap from February to September. From these we learn more about the situation created by Miss Girault’s unexpected departure.

Alice A. Green to Harlan Updegraff
Anvik, March 2, 1908

On the first day of January I was asked to assume the duties of housekeeper here in our mission, as the housekeeper left us all without a moment’s warning. Mr. Chapman agreed to take over the school work and, inasmuch as the school was thus placed in such excellent hands, I was confident the Bureau of Education would sanction our action, the only thing that could relieve the situation.

It was quite a sorrow to give up my interesting work in school with the children, but Mr. Chapman tells me how they, one and all, are doing. I often visit the school and enjoy every minute of each visit. How nice it would be if the Government will furnish our schoolroom for another term; we not only need the furniture, but I think these children really deserve the most attractive room we can arrange. Mr. Chapman is writing in this mail of the transfer of the school work.
John W. Chapman to Elmer E. Brown, Washington, DC

Anvik, March 2, 1908

Miss Green informs me that she has already written to you that we were under the necessity of placing her in charge of the matron’s department here at Anvik, and that I have undertaken the teaching. I was sorry to be obliged to deprive the school of her services as teacher, for which she has unusual qualifications, but we had no other way of meeting an emergency which could not have been anticipated. If agreeable to you, the bill for services, etc. may still be paid to her. They will be sent by the next mail.

The schoolroom at Anvik is not properly furnished. Twenty-five desks and chairs are needed. The present furnishings are neither attractive nor convenient, and we have no means to supply better ones. The room is also in need of repairs and the means to finish it in a respectable manner. A new floor should be laid and, with minor repairs, the cost of putting the whole in good condition would be about one hundred dollars. We can get out the lumber here. The room is large enough for the purpose of the school and we are glad to furnish it free of rent, but our resources are so heavily taxed at present that we cannot undertake any further outlay.

We have a sawmill and planer, gardens under cultivation and a herd of cattle, a bull, two milk cows and two calves, also a few chickens. We have kept cattle for three years and found it perfectly practicable. We also have a blacksmith’s forge—bellows, tools, etc. There is a man of excellent qualifications who could be secured to teach the boys handicraft. He understands wood and iron work, construction and repair work, steam and gas motors, and is of an amiable and obliging disposition—has the respect of the boys and of the natives and whites alike. It seems as though, with these advantages, we should be able to cooperate with the Department toward furthering industrial education. I have written to Bishop Rowe suggesting that he correspond with you upon this subject.

Harlan Updegraff to Alice A. Green

Seattle, May 21, 1908

Replying to your letter of March 2nd, I have to state that the Commissioner of Education directs the services of Mr. J. W. Chapman be accepted as substitute teacher at Anvik until the close of the present term, the vouchers and reports being submitted in your name.

The Commissioner directs that in the future, whenever the services of a teacher terminate, his or her resignation should at once be submitted, and that, except in cases of illness, no substitute should be employed without the consent of this office.
Alice A. Green to Elmer E. Brown

Anvik, June 2, 1908

Again I must express my deep regret in having been forced to give up the school work in January when I really had just begun. The work was continued, however, most thoroughly and uninterruptedly by Mr. Chapman. In April the work about the mission doubled and redoubled itself, and Mr. Chapman’s attention had to be given to the crying needs about him, and so the school was suspended as the April report states. The girls, though out of regular school work, have since been in domestic training, housework and cooking, while the boys have their own duties about the place.

This is the earliest opportunity I have had, because of the uncertainty of our recent mails, to reply to your request of February fourth in reference to my reappointment. I am anxious to continue in the school work here at Anvik for another term commencing September 1908. I trust no one has been appointed to the place during my long silence which has been unavoidable. I shall be in Anvik all summer, and so during the mornings of the weekdays I shall be able to hold a few hours’ sessions to make up for the lost time and to keep the children well up in their studies.

The voucher for my salary for the month of October 1907, was duly sent, but I never received the check for that month’s salary. The September, November and December checks have been received. No regular school could be held in May, so of course no salary is expected this month. As to the matter of salary after the change of teachers, I place this entirely in your hands. With the transfer of teaching to Mr. Chapman did my salary cease? This is a question we are not able to decide.

Alice’s consternation is understandable: at the time she wrote to Brown, she would almost certainly not yet have received Updegraff’s letter to her, written less than two weeks earlier. From that letter, it appears that the Bureau of Education had acquiesced to Chapman’s proposal that the government teacher’s salary continue to be paid to her, on the understanding that he was serving in her stead. However, as Updegraff’s closing paragraph suggests, Brown was not happy that the Bureau of Education had had no say in the choice of a substitute.

Alice A. Green to Elmer E. Brown

Anvik, June 8, 1908

REPORT ON THE YEAR’S WORK AT ANVIK

Considering the somewhat interrupted work due to the change of teachers, the session has been a most successful one. Twenty-two children have been enrolled
with an average attendance of fourteen. Each and every day has been glad and happy. The last hour of each Friday afternoon has always been devoted to an extra program consisting of recitations, compositions and special songs. It was such a pleasure to see the children in these their special efforts, and each child was most anxious to do his or her best, and each effort was encouraging and most agreeable to us, the children’s teachers.

The children have watched their own progress from day to day with great interest and have kept a record of it all. A word must be said on behalf of their deportment in school and of their conduct in general. With “severe sweetness” the children have been governed, the rule or rod not used, and love, just love, has prevailed. In consequence, only slight punishments have been inflicted now and then. Good order has prevailed in the schoolroom and orderly behavior on and about the school premises.

Our nature study has been interesting. In the afternoons when school was over we would look for specimens of whatever nature would hold at each different season. In the depth of winter the snow crystals, the changes of the wind and the heavens were our special subjects. This summer we expect to spend many other pleasant and profitable hours in our gardens which now promise to be most flourishing. Our Christmas entertainment was one long to be remembered. The Sunday School and the day school were combined so as to have one Christmas tree for everyone. More than seventy natives gathered with us in the schoolroom and enjoyed an interesting program given by the children. Washington’s Birthday and Valentine’s Day were celebrated with great merriment and appropriate activities.

I shall send the inventory of the school material by next mail as the last shipped books are still en route.

Sunday, September 6

Rather cold with some sunshine. Many natives and six white men at church, and near the close of service quite a stout lady joined us. Afterwards Fred reported their favorable comments to me, quite pleasing indeed. At Sunday School time the men gathered outside the church, but before lessons were over they all came in and listened to us. Later I had the pleasure of entertaining them until evening service.

Sunday, September 13

Woke up last Monday feeling fine. Potatoes and eggs are so good for breakfast! A beautiful day with more than an hour out in the sunshine. Some candy making in the afternoon for Fred’s steamboat friends. Tuesday, another oh! so beautiful day. Quite a while outside. Only Billy Field’s mother to help with the laundry but the work was nicely done.
Wednesday, one year at Anvik. Weather somewhat cold and damp. About noon the Florence S. came in port. Quite a delegation of men on the river bank, and soon one of them came up to the house and asked to engage board “for a lady.” She came, a Mrs. Hutchinson, had dinner and supper, then she and the girls went up to the rectory. I did not care to go as I had not met with Mr. Williams’s cooperation in regard to Frank’s deserved punishment. Then, too, I remained at home to be with Anna M. who had been put to bed because of naughtiness. Fred soon came home to be with me and to talk rather than to be with the others. The Florence S. in port all day as the wheel needed repairing. Mrs. Hutchinson occupying the housekeeper’s room.

Much activity on Thursday. Late breakfast as Mrs. Hutchinson was tardy in arising. She became more talkative in her uncouth but open-hearted way and presented me with quite a pretty, almost one ounce gold nugget. At dinner the stout lady, Mrs. Taylor, who had been in church came to call with her splendid husky, a Siberian joy. How the dog loved the kittens! ‘Twas wonderful to see them together. Quite a nice visit with her, and she promised to return to spend the night with us as her tent was uncomfortable and cold.

In the afternoon the children and I went up on the hill and had our supper among the trees. Then along the beach and met Mrs. Taylor who came home with us. Mrs. Hutchinson was still at the house taking supper. We all had warm milk, the ladies enjoying it hugely. Then great excitement! Three whistles and the Herman was at the post. Mrs. Hutchinson had to run and left five dollars as a gift to the mission.

No more of the nice Mrs. Taylor, but a sweet message from her through Tommy and Fred. Then up to the rectory to see about the mail. Very little as the Herman came only from Tanana. ‘Twas after eleven, however, before I finished my two letters and papers. Friday and Saturday, busy days with some cloud and rain outside—and some within. An unhappy talk with Mr. Williams, he very dictatorial as to my duties beginning Monday—I had to be teacher as well as housekeeper until Mrs. Evans returned.

Could not go to morning service as Anna J. had a dreadful fit of the pouts and her dish washing was undone. Unpleasantness again with Mr. Williams who insisted on more lenient punishment than that which I had inflicted on Frank. But I had my way. In the early afternoon quite a snowfall covered the ground, the distant mountains beautiful with their new caps of white. Several cheechakos at evening service, and although some were our friends, I could not appear friendly as the village reports of Rosa and Mr. Nelson stirred up my disgust. Such a child, to be married to a man so dreadfully much older! Mr. Williams came to the house to announce that the wedding would be in his parlour. I did go, however, and was a witness to it all. Dear little Rosa looked quite sweet

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9 Mr. Williams is the Reverend Charles Williams, who, with his wife and young daughter, Jane, had arrived to take the place of John Chapman, who had gone on leave with his family, presumably after the end of the school year.

10 In the Chinook Wawa, or Chinook Jargon, a cheechako is someone new to Alaska and therefore inexperienced.
though very shy. Mr. Nelson seemed as proud as could be, the native witnesses who came with the bride all solemn and attentive.

Thursday, September 17

Up at six on Monday, a damp, cold day. The schoolroom uncomfortably cold with the drafts from below the floor, could teach but an hour in the morning. ’Twas such a pleasure, however, to be with the children once again in their studies. Some sunshine after dinner and a nice little walkabout. Many cheechakos ashore from the Ben Hur who would have talked had I stopped.

Tuesday, more dampness, more cold. Housework done and all ready at nine-thirty to begin school, the room somewhat warmer. Taught all morning but could not return to school in the afternoon as I did not feel at all well. Mrs. Williams came down and sat while I sewed, fixing over a waist [blouse], and while the washing was in progress.

Quite a lovely snow covered the ground Wednesday morning and beautified the trees, but by noon ’twas all melted. Up early, but what with the cold schoolroom, dinner in the oven and fires to keep up, decided to hold school in the house. So in the dining room, everyone as quiet as a mouse, lessons were heard while dinner was attended to. A few minutes of afternoon sunshine on the woodpile while Tommy chopped firewood. Then in the house again to be with the children and supper to get. The girls delighted over “Hood’s Sarsaparilla” paper dolls. The Ben Hur left in the morning, the Evelyne, a new boat, stole upon us at dinner time bringing freight to Mr. Spaulding.

Today a day of days! While teaching in the dining room I had occasion to go upstairs for a book and oh! I spied a steamboat! School was suspended, all of us busy preparing for its arrival. As it neared we recognized the Hannah and in some moments Fred announced, “Mrs. Evans is coming!” Many visitors from the boat flocked to the mission, but as I was in such a state of happy excitement I did not have time to entertain them as I might have. Mrs. Evans soon arrived, Arthur and Bob running ahead of her.

Tuesday, September 22

The housekeeping given over to Mrs. Evans! Her room thoroughly tidy and clean, all signs of the uncouthness and abruptness of Mrs. Hutchinson gone. But a week of tears and smiles and all sorts of distresses arising from not being understood by Mrs. Evans. Her disapproval of my housekeeping and of Mr. Williams and of all things in general. But each and every bitterness brought a lesson, the days are never to be forgotten. Bright weather, but freezing and with ice bordering the Anvik. Busy arranging my own room and belongings. Mr. McFerson, the government man, our guest at the rectory for a few days. My birthday on the 20th passed unnoticed.

Wednesday, September 30

A clear day on Sunday. Several white men with us at morning service, the crazy little Englishman monopolized the singing and the talk afterwards. After service a nice walk
with the children up the hill, then down to the beach to see the ice. Glorious sunset, Mr. McFerson photographed it. Quite an interesting conversation with him after tea, and at ten o’clock goodnights were said. Stars so bright, a faint glimmer of the Northern Lights. Perplexing and troubling thoughts make me rather not myself.

The rest of the week and until today, just busy days getting ready for my normal school duties. Mr. McFerson left on Monday. Tonight a dazzling display of the Northern Lights.

Thursday, October 1

School began sure enough today, the children attentive and well behaved. The afternoon spent sewing with them in my room. Brilliant sunshine melted all the ice in the Anvik and the river is quite lively.

Saturday, October 3

Thursday quite cold and sunless, but pleasant as the air was wintry fresh. Mrs. Evans rather sweet and talkative, interestingly so. We did not go to bed until ten. I enjoyed making up with her, she can be so pleasant at times. Tried to bathe in the little foot tub but without much success. Yesterday, an exceptional day at school. Recesses always enjoyable chatting to and with the bright sweet little ones. Today, the Herman arrived in the afternoon bringing some welcome letters from all the home folks, but not a line from Randolph. Shall I remain in Alaska or not? The test of time solveth all things.

Saturday, October 10

Moderately warm last Sunday with some clouds. The Bible hour with the children in my room, then evening service with Mr. Williams at the organ. A walk with the children afterwards and a talk with Mrs. Evans after supper. How wise I am becoming.

Pleasant autumn weather during the week but with high, sharp winds at times. Splendid sunsets. Rather a perplexing day Tuesday inasmuch as I just did not feel well. Wednesday, much thin ice in the Anvik but it soon melted in the warm sunshine. Felt much better in mind, body and soul, helped by a fine walk with Tommy up to the village by the woodland trail. Visited Eliza and Julius—such a neat home. Visits to several other native homes revealed much and showed how great is the need to instruct the adult natives in cleanliness and hygiene. Home by rowboat to accommodate a native.

Thursday, pleasant hours at school with a sewing class, and a wee walk with the tots in the afternoon to see the livestock.

Today, cold, damp and snowy. The children upset the milk after breakfast while playing with Blackie the cat. Dreadful displeasure from Mrs. Evans, tears, but all things soon over. Help with the bread and to bed fairly early.
Saturday, October 17

I do miss dear Mr. Chapman. Some ice about, the Anvik thicker. A little visit to Hubert while the girls were washing up, and a cozy talk with Mrs. Evans before going to bed. Monday, somewhat cold, the boys skate hugging the shore. Mrs. Williams told me of her coming child, her second, and married only a year! Just now, though, ’tis a secret. By bedtime snow was falling. Tuesday, rosy tints in the sky advanced the dawn. Quite freezing, but brilliant sunshine all day. At noon Mr. Williams and the boys skated on the Anvik. A walk with the children in the afternoon to view the Yukon, ice floating down.

By Thursday a three-inch snow had covered the ground and still more was falling. Really a beautiful day, cold and crisp. The children and I have a jolly time at recess sliding down the hill. After school up to the village escorted by Tommy, Fred and Mr. Williams, all of them on skates. Little Rowena and Eliza walked with me. ’Twas so delightful. Then to Mildred, Esther and Ralph for lessons in basket making. Mr. Blaine arrived, coming by boat down the Yukon with the flowing ice, but no Outside mail. The disappointment was great, but Mrs. Evans is teaching me how to brave all such things and to look to the future without fear or failing.

The thermometer rose a bit on Friday and rain was dripping, but radiant sunshine broke out about three in the afternoon to last an hour or so. Mrs. Evans bright and jolly. Choir practice after supper as usual, the sky dark, the ground slick with ice. Today, one month ago, Mrs. Evans returned. So much has happened since then! Quite cold, with snow in the afternoon.

Saturday, October 24

Cold last Sunday but with welcome sunshine to gild the day. As for myself, a little listless. Few natives at morning service, fewer still in the evening. A wee little walk in the snow before evening service—two dog teams seen far off, just black shapes upon the great white land. Mornings are getting darker but with brief moments of light on the mountains before breakfast. By the middle of the week snow clouds thick, hiding the mountains entirely from view.

Played with the children on the snow-covered Anvik. Bitter criticism from Mrs. Evans about my hill-sliding with the children brought tears and distress to me, but after the storm all was calm. Another lesson learned, another day long to be remembered. Started up to the village by myself but ’twas too cold, and as I had not my native boots on I was afraid to venture far, so just walked about the mission in the fresh, cold air.

On Thursday a pleasant walk to the village with Fred, but we had quite a time getting on and off the river as the Yukon water was unfrozen near our banks. Little visits about the neighborhood, went over to see the new Jureau baby. Friday, choir practice in the rectory after supper, quite a few village people with us.

Today, the Yukon running slower than a snail’s pace. A wondrous night, the stars radiant in all their splendor.
Saturday, October 31

Marvelous colors on the mountains these days but the sun is only with us a few minutes in the morning hours. Last Sunday ’twas almost dark before the evening service ended. Over night the Yukon ceased to be active. Somewhat colder as the winds are high. After school, little romps with the children on the Anvik ice. Picked up [wood] chips and walked about in the crisp, cold air.

Some visiting in the village during the week in the cold but oh! so beautiful afternoons—8 and 10 below. A visit to the rectory to spend a day with Mrs. Williams. While she busied herself about the kitchen I worked at raffia baskets and we planned the Halloween entertainment. Today, a brisk house cleaning and then assisted Mrs. Evans with the bread making. Our Halloween party in the schoolroom was quite a success, the children bobbing for the few apples we had. Mr. Williams joined us in the festivities. A beautiful night with the lustrous moon rising from behind the gloomy woods. Kind, kind stars.

Alice A. Green to Elmer E. Brown

Anvik, October 29, 1908

Circumstances prevented my opening the school the first of September. At the outset there was absolutely no one to relieve me of the housekeeping duties at our mission. Moreover, I had received no other communication from the Bureau of Education since the letter of July 11, 1908, in which Mr. Hamilton stated that the Bureau was awaiting word from Bishop Rowe who had asked the privilege of nominating a teacher here at Anvik, as he did not wish me to act in the dual capacity of missionary and government teacher.

At all events, when the former housemother did return the latter part of September I resumed my school duties, to continue only until some definite word was received. As of yet no further word has reached me from anyone, so I continue teaching in the hope that I have, in some way, been granted the privilege and this pleasing duty both by you and by Bishop Rowe.

On October first, school opened with sixteen eager children who had been waiting and longing for school to begin. “We are forgetting all we know” was the constant complaint brought to me by the children during all the unfortunate but unavoidable vacation. “Ring the bell a long, long time,” little Paul said as I was about to call all together that morning, “we are not been to school for a long time.” Although we failed to receive our desks and other needed furniture, the old tables and benches looked cheery and fresh after a good scrubbing. The bare and somewhat dingy walls of the schoolroom were brightened by the clear and kind October sunlight as it streamed through our windows.

From the families now about Anvik there are but four children, other than those enrolled, who could attend school if they would. These four, however, are
young boys who seem to have other interests. One is the sole support of his widowed mother, while the other three are truly mischief makers, having become worldly wise from their experiences as deckhands on the river steamers. These boys would influence the entire school for the very worst. So many of the young girls and boys have married lately. Our attendance at school, therefore, is made up largely of the mission children, but as the church and the school go hand in hand, each one is blessed by the help of the other.

The children are so interested in “Uncle Sam.” It is amusing and so interesting to hear their wonder about this “great person” who they thought, until an explanation was given, was one huge man who, in some mysterious way, lived in Washington. “We love the Government next to Santa Claus,” was a tiny child’s expression of gratitude for her schooling. Though no doubt we have the most crudely equipped school throughout Alaska, brighter, happier and more healthy children nowhere can be found, and our days are golden.

I must now consider the session after this one. Recently my father passed away so unexpectedly, and my mother in New Orleans needs me nearer for comfort and support. At the end of this term would the government bear the expenses of my transportation home? Inasmuch as my expenses to my assignment were not borne by the Bureau of Education I presume to ask this assistance. We are favored with reduced rates both on land and by water so the expenses of the journey would be less. However, if this cannot be granted, do pardon my presumption and, if it is for me to say, I will remain in the school work for another term. I would appreciate a telegraphed reply at my expense to enable me to prepare for my going out or my remaining in, such as the case may be. Further particulars from you could follow by mail.

Sunday, November 1

A bleak Sabbath. All Saint’s Day, but Mr. Williams made no mention of it. Weather too raw for any outdoor recreation.

Sunday, November 8

Monday, so windy and cold indeed, not in mercury but from Mrs. Evans. How changeable she is! A short afternoon visit to Si Von Von in the village with little Katherine and Mary. We were almost carried off our feet by the winds that did blow. Mr. Blaine left with all my mail.

Cold days, 15 to 20 below, but not too severe as the wind lessened a bit, and with enough sunshine to lend beauty to our afternoon skies. Just walked about the mission grounds for some fresh air as I was in mukluks and could not venture far on the slick ground. By Friday the weather somewhat milder, and for needed moments of recreation took a brisk walk to the Yukon to see the great ice jambs. Had a most fearful fall, my
boots with the studded soles slipped from under me and down I came upon the ice. My, how it did hurt! There was no one near to see or to help me up.

Colder on Saturday, 40 below and with very high winds. I could scarcely walk over to the church. Just before noon the fierce wind increased, bringing with it blinding snow for the rest of the day. Helped with the bread while Mrs. Evans sewed.

Warmer today, 10 below. Soft snowdrifts everywhere, three and four feet in depth. No natives at church, all of Anvik, few excluded, down to the river to meet the eels. A slight misunderstanding at breakfast, “I am glad Mrs. Chapman had you to contend with last year” was Mrs. Evans’s unkind remark. How strange indeed the new friend is! Evening service by candlelight as the gas was frozen. Afterwards, a little walk in the lovely snow and then home again to my four walls. How lonely I am! My every action is watched and criticized. How my heart yearns for love.

Sunday, November 15

Monday, a dark gloomy day, snow fell most of the afternoon hours piling up great deep drifts. Tom and Fred out of school busy with work for their parents. Mrs. Williams invited us to sew and to make baskets in her parlour so a merry crowd of the girls and I had quite a sociable time. While at supper, Mr. Chase, our handy-man, came hurriedly in, “Mrs. Evans, the house is on fire!” Great excitement! While Mrs. Evans rang the alarm I ran up to see to my own stove, and thank God ‘twas all right. Smoke was seen coming from the cellar flue, but when Mr. Chase poured a bucket of water down it all was well. How great was our rejoicing over the escape from destruction, for with the high wind the smallest fire would have been disastrous. We were all settled again and ready to go to bed when another excitement—the eel catchers returning, sleigh after sleigh, one great black line across the snow. Bad luck, no eels, as the natives believed some forbidden persons had gone on the hunt which made the eels disappear.

Thursday, Election Day at home, just a cold school day here, little cheer, little comfort. I try to be pleasant with Mrs. Evans but she resists all my little pleasantries. Rather a good day at school but my heart still aches. But the mail is near!

Dark mornings, the sun coming to our little world about ten, but by two ‘tis gone again. A trail is scarcely made before ‘tis covered again. Wednesday, a walk about the mission grounds my only recreation. Thursday, a somewhat provoking day at school as the room was unkempt and the children seemed disorderly, but not unmanageable. A visit to the village to see Rachael and her little boy Albert. I took her the little kitten as Mrs. Evans will not have him in the house any longer. ‘Twas really a grievous pain to me to part with precious Blackie but Rachael will take excellent care of him. How long the days seem now that Mr. Blaine will so soon be here! What is in the mail bag for me?

Friday, a balmy, delightful day, 10 above, the children bright and happy. Had to stay indoors and iron although I did so want to go outside. Mrs. Evans her natural self, really sweet—I am so glad! Soothing starlight and moonlight. Saturday, snow in the afternoon, and Fred and I went up to the village, plodding our way through the still whiteness. How enjoyable the walk was there and back. Several white men in the
kazheem, the “city hotel.” Wondrous starlight, the moon full and bright. One day nearer the mailman’s coming!

Today, 28 above. Quite early, about seven, the white men from the kazheem left with Isaac, his leader dog Rover heading the other ten dogs of the team. Some afternoon reading and a nice little chat with Mrs. Evans at supper while we washed and wiped the dishes. Magnificent sunset. No Mr. Blaine!

Sunday, November 22

Last Monday, 26 above, more snow, but soft and beautiful. Quite a joyous day at school but a dark cloud about supper time. Mrs. Evans greatly provoked over my bringing in some wood instead of having one of the boys do it. To bed with a sick, wounded heart.

Tuesday, a mild morning, the early light as it flashed across the mountains was indeed a marvel. All morning I waited and watched for Mr. Blaine but no such glad sight met my eyes. But while just starting my afternoon session his coming was announced, how long the moments seemed before my mail was given me! Disappointments—no letter from Sir Randolph, sad, depressing letters from Mama, upsetting letter from Government. Mr. Blaine brought news of Mr. Lopp on his way to see our school. A little visit from Mr. Williams while we were at supper to exchange bits of news. To bed late with an almost throbbing brain. No stars!

Such colors upon the mountains these mornings as the sun begins to rise! Eight o’clock and in just another few moments the mountains are all aglow with a magical purple light. School on Thursday with a fearful headache and a heart so full of woe. The mercury down to zero by Friday, and my headache vanished. Another visit to Rachael to see dear little Albert, the cunning baby, and precious little Blackie. Saturday afternoon with Fred up to the village through the deep snow. The skies glorious with glad, bright stars.

Today, a few visits from some of the village women in the afternoon. In the evening a pleasant little time with Mrs. Williams and Jane.

Friday, November 27

Monday, 19 below. Mr. Lopp arrived with his reindeer—great excitement! Took the children down to the river to see the deer, then later went for a thrilling ride with Mr. Lopp, one of the reindeer pulling our sleigh smoothly over the snow. ‘Twas cold and windy but thoroughly delightful. Tuesday, Mr. Lopp left at noon with Isaac and his dog team. Snowy and windy. Spring-like on Wednesday, 29 above.

Thursday, a mild but somewhat gray Thanksgiving Day. Service at nine, too early for any but Si Von Von, the faithful old native woman. Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Jane took dinner with us, the occasion, however, not as festive as last year with the Chapmans, and the day seemed a bit awkward. Poor Mr. Williams, I do feel sorry for him, but Mrs. Evans spareth no one. The girls and I took little Harriet and Katherine for
a ride in the wood sled down to the river. Just a bite for supper as I was not hungry after our good holiday dinner.

Today, more trouble! Mrs. Evans fearfully displeased with Mr. Williams for giving Delia the little silver cross she is wearing. Mrs. Evans wants no one child favored over another. But she, herself, surely favors and spoils Arthur. Delia, however, has been such a help to Mrs. Williams with Jane. The talk between Mr. Williams and Mrs. Evans was dreadful! A long cry as though my heart would break—how awful it all was! A soothing night outside.

Monday, November 30

Saturday, a snowy but happy day. Spent the afternoon with Mrs. Williams, a sweet chatty time so entirely free from gossip. No trip to the village. Sunday, more natives than usual out to morning service. A short visit to Hubert after dinner. Dear evening service but none with us except the children and faithful Si Von Von. Today, a mild day, the sunrise over the mountains sublime. Mr. and Mrs. Williams receive Mrs. Evans’s apology with thankfulness.

Tuesday, December 1

Another bright, clear day, rather good at school. Our clocks are all awry and Mrs. Evans is again boiling over with righteous indignation, this time over Mr. Williams’s lack of attention to them and to the state of things in general. How dreadful it all seems to me!

Sunday, December 6

A dark morning Wednesday, but oh! how brilliantly the sunlight streamed upon the mountains a little later. Mrs. Evans still in a stir, talk rises high, Mrs. Williams telling me about it afterwards. She is so hurt, poor soul. How dreadfully mixed up everything is! Sometimes I feel I could weep until I cease to be. The world is so beauteous, but ’tis the strange people that make the disagreeableness and all the heartaches. Mr. Blaine arrived on Wednesday through the deep snow. All my letters gone, but I withheld the one to Sir Randolph. A lovely night.

Mild and spring-like the latter part of the week, but I feared to tramp through the snow to the village as oh! I did feel so badly, natural and unnatural causes intermingled. The children somewhat upset in school, their strange ideas of geography quite amusing but reminding me again of how much they have to learn. At Friday choir practice I had no voice to sing after the unjustness of Mrs. Evans taking Arthur’s part when the child was indeed in the wrong. She spoils him dreadfully. Today, streaks of welcome sunlight off and on between eleven and two, and at two-thirty the sun sets. Oh! so weary, not from work but from sore-heartedness.
Mrs. Evans, the matron at the Anvik mission, and her adopted son, Arthur, with “Bob.” Alice recalled that, when Arthur was only a few days old, his mother had drowned in Chageluk Slough, while trying to fetch water from a hole in the ice. The infant was carried some twenty miles to Anvik, in the bitter cold, and later adopted by Mrs. Evans. Hudson Stuck photograph album, in the collection of Alice A. Boulter.

Sunday, December 13

Felt pale and weak last Sunday, and did so look it. So many natives at church, the old ones particularly, as they wanted to see the ceremony for Anna M. dressed in her new parkee, a gift on her advent into womanhood. A little visit to Hubert while the girls were washing the dinner dishes. Sweet evening service with just old Si Von Von, the children and I. A visit with Mrs. Williams after services for a long talk about everything. Mrs. Evans becoming less stiff with me, but oh! how bitter her feelings are against Mr. and Mrs. Williams. In the still night when all is peaceful I try to forget our troubles and I wonder about Mama and Sir Randolph. Could I but go home, and could I but live the rest of my days with him—such happiness seems too great for me!
Monday Lena’s birthday. More snow during the week but considerably warmer with much water upon the ice. Silvery moonlight about bedtime and continuing until around 9:30 in the morning. The sun shines only from 10 until 2 in the afternoon. Too dark after school for even a romp outside. Good sessions in school, we practice our Christmas carols in the afternoons. After supper, while I read, Delia combs my hair and brushes my few remaining locks. My hair is so thin these days! Today, a disagreeable south wind. A few morning visits in the village with Mildred, but ’twas hard plodding through the snow, the trail scarcely beaten down. The air was crisp and cold, the sunshine glorious, the mountains beautiful beyond all description, bathed in the welcome light of a winter’s sun. After dinner a short visit to Mrs. Williams to carry a message from Mrs. Evans—the strife still continueth! Oh, so tired, and oh! so lonely for someone nearer, a dear one, nearer.

Sunday, December 20

Last Sunday, somewhat colder. Many, so many natives at church, the Indian medicine man, Nicolai Doctor looked quite scruptious in all his attire and finery. At evening service the gas light went out and so hymns were omitted. One day nearer Christmas, and one day nearer to Mr. Blaine’s coming. More snow the rest of the week, cloudy and dark indeed, but brightness within doors. The days seem full of mirth and gladness as the season deepens, and we live as one large and happy family. Good days at school with the usual petty annoyances. The children and I work on our Christmas secrets. Friday afternoon Frank sighted Mr. Blaine far up the Yukon. When he did arrive at the mission how picturesque it was, the native in front breaking trail, then Mr. Blaine with his splendid team of dogs, then another man in the rear. Some rather lovely letters, the one from Nenana just the one I wanted. The move there looks certain now. The many registered packages were received, all of us so happily delighted with them.

Today, clear and much colder. The sun came out for only an hour or so, but flooding our world for a few minutes with divine light. Late dinner and then a visit to Mrs. Williams to make candy for birthdays. Came home under a Christmas season sky, one bright star resting upon a bank of clouds and shimmering with divine brilliance.

Wednesday, December 23

Sunday, a beautiful winter’s morning. Our little world seemed a fairyland, the bare trees sparkling with new frost and the spruce trees heavily laden with snow. Quite a good many natives at service. Very late dinner, Mrs. Evans pleasant and talkative, and the

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11 “Nicolai Doctor” may have been the Chief Nikolai associated with the settlement of Nikolai, on the South Fork of the Kuskokwim River, a site known to Hudson Stuck. See “Background: The Upper Kuskokwim River Region, Alaska, UKPreservation.com, 2014, http://ukpreservation.com/background/. It seems highly unlikely that this Nikolai was the Lower Ahtna leader Chief Nikolai of Taral, who served as a guide to prospectors along the Copper River (and is generally believed to have died in 1899 or 1900).
meal was agreeably prolonged. A little visit to Hubert. Evening services could not be held as the fire had gone out and the church was too cold. Monday, the shortest day of the year. The children and I out in the woods gathering spruce boughs. Homeward we were overtaken by the horse sled and some of us piled on amid much fun and laughter. Not many lessons as we decorated and decorated the schoolroom. Some letter writing before tea while the children looked at picture books. Fred’s birthday. Today, more decorating and getting all in readiness for Christmas.

Arthur—“demurely conscious of his pre-eminence,” in the words of Hudson Stuck, who nicknamed the boy “Humpty-Dumpty.” Arthur, Alice recalled, “was at times a most difficult child. Mrs. Evans spoiled him overly much, and very strongly protested any punishment Mr. Chapman or I thought necessary. Arthur was quite conscious of his special status as Mrs. Evans’s son and, at times, took full advantage of it.” Sadly, Arthur died when he was only about nine years old. Hudson Stuck photograph album, in the collection of Alice A. Boulter.

Friday, December 25

Christmas Day, my second in this strange land. Very early the girls and I went around the village singing carols at all the homes. The wind was high, the stars like diamonds as we plodded merrily through the deep snow on our rounds. Then home to our Christmas tree and all our presents. Arthur came in to see his tree, soon there was a perfect din of merriment. ’Twas beautiful indeed to see Delia’s delight at her gifts, particularly her
doll. A lovely surprise for me in Miss Sabine’s little gift and card. A much appreciated remembrance from Mrs. Evans and another from Mrs. Williams. Many natives with us at church, and before service the kind winter sun flashed across the mountains.

Yesterday, a sad Christmas Eve in many ways. Finished decorating the school at noon and after dinner trimmed the home with spruce boughs. While I was busy Mrs. Williams came in with the distressing news of Tom, Fred, Lewis and Kate. She had found them smoking in the schoolroom. What a shock it was! I learned more about it in the early evening when I went down to decorate the schoolroom tree. Before supper Fred confessed all that had happened. He had gotten the cigarettes from some white men in the village, and he and Kate had persuade the other two boys to join them in smoking. Fred also admitted he had taken the box of matches we had missed.

Such a conference we had—Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Evans, Isaac and myself. I truly blamed Kate, while Mr. Williams blamed Fred. What an hour it was, almost more than I could endure. Our Christmas Eve somewhat spoiled but Mr. Williams put off the punishment until after the holidays. Quite late the children and I went up to the rectory to sing our carols.

Before dinner today went over to Hubert’s to arrange his little tree. A large, cheerful party for us at dinner—Mr. and Mrs. Chase and their three children, Mr. and Mrs. Jureau and three children, Ruth’s mother, Paul, Theresa and Mildred besides our own family. The table looked most festive, the dinner delicious, but I had to leave before all was over to be at the schoolroom to prepare for our evening program. The children all did especially well in their recitations and singing, and the awarding of the prizes was well received by all. I sorely miss Mr. and Mrs. Chapman.

Thursday, December 31

Saturday, all of us up very late. A crisp and clear day, the new moon rose glowing in a rosy sky. Sunday, the coldest day of the year, 30 below. Many natives at morning and evening services. Still cold on Monday and Tuesday, the schoolroom miserably uncomfortable. Upset school days, too much holiday spirit. Little visits to Hubert and to Mrs. Williams and Jane. Somewhat warmer on Wednesday but with high winds. The boys fly their kites.

Today, the last day of the year. Letter writing again in the afternoon, to Mama and to Miss Sabine at Nenana. Then after supper, at 11:30 and so near the New Year, I closed my letter to Randolph. The year was glad, yet sad—’tis gone now.

Friday, January 1, 1909

New Year’s Day, a glad one, bright and cold. No natives at services except the faithful old woman, Si Von Von. Isaac and his family to dinner with us, quite an event. A grand concert in the afternoon rendered by the gramophone. After supper Mrs. Evans entertained me most pleasantly by showing me her Alaska photos and some of her family pictures.
Alice with some of the female students at Anvik. The oldest of them was Kate, the tall girl on
the left in white, who was sixteen at the time. She is wearing what Alice described as “her always
present furry tam-o’-shanter,” which had been given to her by a passenger on one of the riverboats.
“It can be seen in almost every photo of Kate,” Alice said, “for she could not be separated from it
for very long.” Hudson Stuck photograph album, in the collection of Alice A. Boulter.

Sunday, January 3

Saturday, rather milder weather. As many natives were expected in the village for the
holidays, I knew ‘twould be best for me not to go up. Nine sleds and more than double
that number of Indians arrived, the party halting down by the river bank until the mes-
senger came from the village to say that all was in readiness for them to come in. What
a strangely picturesque sight it was then, the sleds all in line, the cries and shouts of the
drivers, the dogs pulling and racing up to the village. Some time to spin the gramophone
in the afternoon. Mr. Blaine arrived late.

Today, a pleasant visit with Mrs. Watson at her husband’s store and then over to
see Hubert. He talks surprisingly well about his people. A strong wind blew as I walked
homeward across the slough, the moon rising bright and full from behind the snow-
covered hill. Back home I received a terrific bump on my forehead when I hit it on a low
beam over the pantry door. How it did ache!
Harlan Updegraff to Alice A. Green

Washington, DC, January 6, 1909

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of October 29th last. Bishop Rowe has doubtless informed you that the school work at Anvik will during the present year be under the care of the Protestant Episcopal Missionary Society.

Although the school at Anvik will this year be carried on independently of this Bureau, we are greatly interested in its progress and shall be pleased to hear from you from time to time.

I note your willingness to accept appointment by this Bureau as teacher of the school at Anvik for the term commencing September, 1909. The Commissioner of Education has invited Bishop Rowe to nominate a teacher to take charge of the Anvik school during the next term. If you will submit your application, together with Bishop Rowe’s recommendation, it will receive careful consideration.

I enclose herewith for your use the form of application now adopted for the Alaska School Service.

Sunday, January 10

Quite thick headed when I arose Monday morning. A bit of excitement among the children at school when Mr. Simel’s little boy was admitted.

Tuesday, an eerily strange display of the Northern Lights. From the moon streamed a broad band of pale light perfectly encircling the heavens, and apart, almost equally spaced, were four balls of the same luminance, like other moons. And above all a wide arch of the same pale light. The children flew kites for long minutes after tea in the moonlight.

After an early dinner on Wednesday Mr. Williams invited me to visit the fish trap with him and Tommy. All bundled up in Mrs. Williams’s new “ticking” parkee I was snugly fixed in the sled, with Tommy at the handlebars and Mr. Williams mushing to the side as we went. We had Isaac’s gallant dog team and they sped us along nicely. A fine snow clouded the sky and came down upon us unceasingly. The trail was rather rough as the horses had been that way many times, and when within sight of the trap the sled tipped over in a rut and out I went, but the soft snow was there to catch me. The dogs did not stop until they reached the trap and then Tommy brought them back with the sled to fetch me.

Tommy and Mr. Williams found much work ahead of them as the snow, water and ice had covered the opening of the trap. As they worked with pick and shovel I tried snow-shoeing, and for awhile succeeded quite well. But when I had gone some distance

12 Presumably, Updegraff is referring to the letter that Alice addressed to Elmer Brown (see above). It is hard to say when his letter, written in midwinter, would have reached her, although it couldn’t possibly have been part of the shipment of mail received on January 17.
my snowshoes became crossed in the back and down I fell. It took me many minutes to get back on my feet again. Then I amused myself by watching the antics of the huskies as they waited patiently for us. After more than an hour of hard digging Mr. Williams and Tommy brought up the trap—without a fish! The ride home was thrilling, the dogs fairly flew over the snow. No moon, no stars, but tender little snowflakes falling.

Thursday, the trees heavily laden with snow, and for a few hours the soft winter sun lent even more beauty to all nature. Friday, Tommy’s birthday. Saturday dawned gray and misty, the trees still white with frost and snow. A visit to the village, many natives sick with colds. Their homes seemed especially dirty today, the odors almost unbearable. As I left, the sky cleared and a great golden cloud rested upon the mountains and touched the trees with a gilded radiance. Arthur and Frank, with Golden and Bob, ran across the Anvik to meet me, and all of us, boys, dogs and I, had a fine walk home along the river. The excitement of the day—the boys knocking down much of the piled wood in the shed as they tried to catch one of the chickens which somehow had gotten loose.

Today when services were over, the hillsides were such a sight, the trees bent down under their burden of snow and frost, tinted with the golden rays of the sun. Spent some time talking with many of the village folk who came to church. A little visit to Mrs. Chase.

Sunday, January 17

Monday, an excellent day at school, did not have to light the gas until almost four in the afternoon. After school, Arthur and I, with Bob trotting alongside, went some distance snow-shoeing. We did not get as far as the Yukon as our snowshoes were not well fastened and the little boy became somewhat tired. By Wednesday a high wind stripped the trees of all their snowy blanket. In the afternoon Mr. Williams and Isaac brought two infant boys from the village to stay with us, their mother seriously ill. After they were washed and scrubbed Mrs. Evans came in to see them and her approval was indeed welcome. The two little boys, Dan and Wallace, came down to supper looking so fresh and clean. Mrs. Evans told me of their white father who had drowned last spring when he fell through the thin Yukon ice.

On Friday the two new boys came to school. Dan, the youngest, very quiet, while Wallace runs about freely and happily. Just as classes ended Mr. Blaine arrived—such excitement! I tarried until the mail was taken into the post office, and while Mr. Williams was sorting it I stood right at the door. How my heart did beat at the sight of Randolph’s letter, the contents were consoling and refreshing. Other good news, a beautiful box of valentine candy from Miss Wightman at Fairbanks and welcome letters from Mr. Chapman. Up late reading and re-reading my letters.

Today, very cold and windy. Ice, ice, ice in my room in the morning, the house hard to heat. Good congregation at services but the church uncomfortably cold. A visit to the rectory to share the contents of my pretty pink box of candy. ‘Twas even colder in the afternoon, the wind seemed to almost tear me to pieces while going to see Hubert. Began
The congregation in Nenana after a winter service, February 1909. “This sizeable crowd of communicants turned out to worship on a day when the temperature was forty degrees below freezing,” Alice was told by Miss Farthing. Hudson Stuck photograph album, in the collection of Alice A. Boulter.

a letter while waiting for supper but I put it aside to read to Tommy and Fred. Artaban has sold his wonderful sapphire.13

Sunday, January 24

Monday the wind still bloweth, really disagreeable and raw. Busy day in school, little Wallace is beginning to make friends. A short talk with Mr. Williams about my personal account. Tuesday, had great trouble getting the schoolroom warm. Tiresome days in school. Children, children, their noise and their needs, all day! Not a minute to read or write. I deeply long for some fun, some recreation.

Saturday, the weather better, still cold but with some moments of warming sunshine. A short visit to Mrs. Williams in the morning to get a few things to take up to the village. Bundled up quite tight, but did not cover my ears as I thought my coat collar

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13 This Artaban may have been so named by missionaries, or even by Alice, because he owned a sapphire. In Henry van Dyke’s The Story of the Other Wise Man (1895) there were four Magi, not three, and Artaban was the fourth. Along the road to Bethlehem he was forced to sell the gift he was bearing—a sapphire—to continue his journey. Alice owned a copy of this small book.
would keep them warm. Half-way to the village I was forced to turn back as the wind was biting my ears so severely that they were all frost bitten when I got home. Mrs. Evans rather laughed and applied some snow to my poor ears. I was silently provoked. Then, bundled up tightly again with my ears well wrapped, I made a second attempt. Got to the village blowing like a war horse, dreadfully worn out. Went to three homes with Mildred and accomplished my errands and then started home. Such a walk! My ears burned and 'twas difficult walking against the fierce wind. No kind word awaited me, but instead Mrs. Evans’s criticism of me and her praise for Miss Sabine. Days are much longer now.

Today, cold and windy but arose refreshed and rested. Few natives at morning service as the Eskimo visitors from Unalaklik were expected at any moment for the big feast. A visit to Mrs. Williams, she is not too well, and unable to attend church. Nobody at evening service but the children and myself. Learned that Artaban sold his beautiful sapphire to send his small boy Outside for medical treatment. The boy has some strange weakness in his legs.

The columbary at Anvik—"so far as I know," wrote Hudson Stuck, "the only one in the Interior of Alaska." Hudson Stuck photograph album, in the collection of Alice A. Boulter.

Sunday, January 31

The Unalaklik feasters arrived Monday, delayed by deep snow. Very cold on Tuesday, the schoolroom could not be heated and so school was dismissed until recess time. Mrs. Evans frightfully displeased. Mary Simon’s baby passed away. Wednesday, the schoolroom much warmer due to the efforts of Mr. Chase. Before dinner went up the village to see poor Mary Simon. More curious native customs learned. The burial service at the church attended by just the baby’s father, one or two natives and Mr. Williams. Thursday, the school room comfortably warm with the new stove installed by Mr.
Chase. The days are getting longer now, and the boys work before breakfast bringing in our wood and water.

Today, very cold but beautifully clear, and at times a bit of most welcome sunshine. Mr. Chase worked on the church furnace and today the building was nice and warm for service. Many natives in attendance. An afternoon visit to Mrs. Williams who feels quite unwell and does not leave the rectory. Then over to see Hubert. He seemed somewhat better.

Monday, February 1

The new schoolroom stove works splendidly. Today the room was very warm, so much so that my stomach became sick. More Eskimo visitors, the Holikachuk people, arrive for the big feast, sled after sled, a long black line on the frozen river. They halt at the lower village until word is sent that all is ready for them to come into the upper village.

Saturday, February 6

Tuesday, the kazheem in full blast with the visitors, no native women to help with the laundry. After school Mr. Williams, Tommy, Fred, Frank and I went up to the village to watch the festivities. A jolly ride on the river, the boys pulled me, mushing along rapidly along on Fred’s sled. Had a little peep inside the kazheem, very hot and close. The same performances, the same dances as last year’s potlach. On the way home Isaac overtook us with his fine dog team. He put me on the sled and away we went, a gentle snow falling, the moon trying to shine through the thick snow clouds. Home quite early and had a pleasant talk with Mrs. Evans about all the great doings.

Wednesday through Friday, much warmer with light snowfalls. Wallace grows dear and sweeter each day. Good days at school and a short, pleasing visit from Mr. Boulter. The long afternoons are a delight, time now to have a breath of fresh air after school. Many amusing sled rides and slides with Arthur down our hill. From our upper bank could see the snowshoe race in the village. Such excitement and enthusiasm among the crowds of natives! Fred visits the kazheem accidently and witnesses the “spirit feasts.” The mother of little Dan and Wallace very ill.

Today, two reproofs from Mrs. Evans! I came down too early for breakfast, before the bell rang. Then in the evening when Dora was bringing up my kindling wood the poor child upset my water bucket and the water dripped to the floor below. Oh, my! Oh, my! In the morning I called around the neighborhood to see Rachael, Rosa, Mary Simon and Agatha. All the women were in the midst of domestic duties, washing and scrubbing. Enjoyed all the visits, but particularly the one to Mary Simon. Found her talkative

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14 Holikachuk (Doogh Hit’an) peoples were not, in fact, Eskimo but speakers of a Dene language who lived along the middle and upper sections of the Innoko River. As was also the case with the Deg Hit’an (the local people at Anvik), their culture shared much with that of neighbouring Yup’ik peoples. The feasters from Unalaklik would, however, have been either Yup’ik or Iñupiat.
and resigned to the loss of her baby. Then a walk in the refreshing sunshine to see our pigeons, many of the handsome birds sunning themselves out on their perch.  

Quite a confusion all day, the house full of children the entire time. Jennie’s mother came to announce a new arrival in their home and that she wanted something to wrap the baby in. Rachael made us a nice visit, bringing the baby over to see about his “sick face” which was frostbitten. To bed rather late with a deep longing in my heart. All my days go on in ways I cannot understand.

Saturday, February 13

Last Sunday, cold and clear, but oh! so beautiful. Quite a number of natives at both morning and evening services. So many of the village children with us that I announced that the next Sunday we would hold Sunday School in the church instead of at the house. The usual reading hour to the boys, thrilling Jungle Tales [sic] by Kipling.

Monday, quite a miserable time at school, for some reason the children seemed upset. Katherine very naughty, in a fit of temper throwing her books and crayons to the floor. These children, in all their dearness, can be so annoying! Little Wallace’s mother passed away in the evening.

Tuesday, a sparkling day. After school Delia and I had a fine walk, following the horses’ trail down in the wood, crossing the immense frozen pond via the dog trail. Home again facing a terrific north wind. Mr. Chase came in while we were at tea and lingered many minutes. His conversation is always interesting. School much better on Wednesday, and a pleasant time with Mrs. Williams while Mr. Williams cut the pantry door higher so that I would not bump my head again.

Thursday, a day nearer Mr. Blaine’s coming! A windy day so I sought no outdoor recreation other than picking up wood chips. Friday, quite an interesting day at school inasmuch as our usual work is somewhat changed. On his visit last week, Mr. Boulter recommended that the children be given more instruction in mathematics so we spent much time in making a good start toward this.

Today, cold and blustering, the wind almost blew me up to the village. A few interesting visits, but the more I go to these native houses the more unkempt they seem. Saw Jennie’s new baby, such a wee mite it was! Had a dreadful time coming home, the wind so fierce. The longer daylight hours whisper of spring, glorious spring. Up quite late fixing valentines and waiting for the children all to be abed so that I could put the greetings around.

15 Alice said that the pigeons, a dozen of them to start, had been sent to Mrs. Evans from her home in Boston. They lived in the loft of the barn that sheltered the cows and the horses, and multiplied so rapidly that some could be used for food. (Note Alice’s later reference to a dinner “treat” of squab on toast.)
Saturday, February 20

Quite a happy time last Saturday, the children overjoyed with their valentines. Mrs. Evans and I were surprised that we were remembered too. Tommy was the messenger, bringing the children’s sweet thoughts. A large number of natives at church in spite of a fierce, chill wind. Mildred came up to my room to see me, she sat and sat more than two hours. It was hard indeed to entertain her. Many villagers in and out of the house all day so Mrs. Evans postponed dinner, making our dinner quite late.

Monday, such a day at school! The children seemed upset, many village children with us. Just before recess Tommy spotted Mr. Blaine and his team of beautiful huskies on the river, and before long we had the mail, disappointingly small. Fred was delighted over his mail. A refreshing letter from Mr. Chapman and a little note from Mrs. Chapman. No word from the Government about Nenana, no letter from Randolph. Mr. Blaine came in while Mrs. Evans and I were talking and stayed for dinner, a most delightful hour it was. A visit to Mrs. Williams to talk over the mail. Would that my relatives and friends knew the bliss and joy letters bring!

Tuesday, another oh! so hard day at school, no doubt ’twas because I was feeling quite ill. After school a little walk with Delia down to the Anvik toward the Yukon, fell into quite a crack in the ice—somewhat frightened. Wednesday, luckily the tide turned at school, the children really good. They are wonderfully interested in their new arithmetic and multiplication—until bedtime I was jotting down examples for them.

Thursday, the children perfectly lovely. A fine day outdoors as well, cold, but the sunshine so welcome. Mrs. Williams told me of her plan, wanting to go to Nulato to be with the doctor there for the birth of her child. Mrs. Evans thoroughly approves. And oh! Mrs. Evans found cans of fruit missing from her locker! All afternoon we planned our Washington’s birthday celebration. As usual Mr. Williams opposed my thoughts, but that does not matter. A little walk, then ironed before supper until I almost dropped. Mr. Chase came in and talked long and interestingly until much after nine o’clock. Martin Skull returned from the Chageluk with a fair native bride who is the talk of the village.

Today, such a day! Very cold but with the sun shining. A hasty room cleaning and then settled down to letter writing and ordering from the Montgomery Ward catalogue. Some of the boys helped me—a fine time we had. Isaac’s sister came to visit me. I entertained her in the dining room. By supper time I was really worn out with the continued sitting I had been doing all day. Mr. Chase with us again, and he stayed for supper which made everything so much better. At ten o’clock I was in negligee mending my only skirt when Mrs. Evans came hurriedly in and dreadfully worked up—many cans of milk, some butter and several more cans of fruit had been taken from the pantry locker! Oh dear! The suppositions and talk that followed! Mrs. Evans thinks it might be Mr. Williams, but how can it be he? Is it because she never had much trust or faith in him? She said nothing to him, however, and Mr. Williams appeared as shocked as we were. To bed thoughtful and so sorrowful.
Tuesday, February 23

Woke up Sunday still thoughtful and so sad. Mrs. Evans showed me the texts she requested Mr. Williams to read in church, all bearing upon the disturbances of Saturday. After breakfast she took me down to see how bare the locker was. It was truly distressing. Just as we were about to lock the door and leave I noticed a condensed milk can on a rafter. We took it down and found it to be half full. Mrs. Evans took the can upstairs and questioned all the children. Tommy and Fred replied negatively as did all the rest.

Mrs. Evans and I terribly troubled and upset. I did not care to go to service after such a doubt had been placed upon Mr. Williams. How could it be true, I agonized, when he reads the Bible to us, prays and intercedes for us? But I did go, after a little birthday visit to Mary Simon. After service went to see Hubert as I had missed two Sunday visits. Quite a nice Sunday School but my heart was sick and faint. I could not sing.

While reading in my room before supper I heard Mrs. Evans talking to the boys in her room. In some minutes Tommy and Fred came up to my room to confess that they were the thieves. Oh! such a blow it is! They stole the milk, fruit and all else—even Frank did his share. Mrs. Evans and I ate supper almost in silence, we were so saddened. At all events ’twas a wonderful relief to know Mr. Williams is not to blame. But how could Mrs. Evans have ever suspected him? And how could I ever have had any doubts?

No school on Monday as we celebrated Washington’s birthday. After songs we made some candy, quite successful, Wallace charmed. Our party a splendid success. We made paper soldier caps, and the two captains, Fred and Tommy, chose up sides. We formed in line and marched over to poor Hubert’s to sing to him. Then home again we marched. The boys made log forts in the schoolroom and we had our mock battle, Mr. Williams our general. A grand time had by all, and I joined in until my entire body tingled and glowed with warmth. Soft, pretty snow fell during the evening.

Today we were all sleepy after our strenuous holiday. A soft snowstorm all day. School was held, however, and a good one it was, too. Mr. Williams made a list of all that the children wished to give up for Lent—quite an interesting list it proved to be. After school I went in to see Mrs. Williams and she gave me the invitations to put at the supper plates for our Mardi Gras party. An early supper for the children, with Isaac and his family and Rosa with us. The children received their sugar candy, several were left out, Arthur among them, and then we enjoyed Isaac’s magic lantern. The grownups to tea with Mrs. Williams. Returning home, Mrs. Evans was up. We talked over the evening. She was indeed hurt because Arthur had been neglected.

Sunday, February 28

Wednesday, the days are so much longer now. I do not have to dress by yellow candlelight and the gas is not lit until six in the afternoon. Quite a warm day, but I did not feel at all well. Friday, weary day at school. I felt so badly and looked miserably too. Glorious weather, but my letters kept me pinned down and robbed me of any outdoor recreation.
Friday Mrs. Williams in bed with an abscess on her finger, she suffers dreadfully, and Mrs. Evans is much upset by her condition.

Before breakfast on Saturday Mrs. Evans sent Tommy up to the rectory with the “fever medicine” and the thermometer. It was found broken. She went up later and when she returned said that Mrs. Williams’s finger really should be cut, but because of her coming child ‘twas not advisable. She sent Tommy up with some morphine. In the afternoon I went up and found Mrs. Williams unusually bright, even rational, and we talked quite a bit. Mr. Williams, poor man, seemed indeed worried about his wife’s condition.

Today, a day of days! Woke up weak and exhausted, almost faint. Mrs. Evans wanted me to go back to bed for the entire day, but a little coffee at breakfast seemed to revive me. Instead of going to service I managed to get to Mrs. Williams’s and sat and talked a while with her. She was talkative, though in pain, although under the influence of the morphine. Her illness is worse. I combed her hair and rocked little Jane to sleep. Mrs. Evans and I had a long conference about poor Mrs. Williams.

A really nice looking couple, tourists, with us at dinner. As we lingered and chatted over the teacups Kate appeared out of breath and as white as a sheet saying that Mrs. Evans should come to the rectory at once. Mrs. Evans and Kate hurried over, and when Kate returned shortly bringing Jane, bottle and all, I knew that things had taken a serious turn. I assumed household duties and the girls did nicely with the dishes. In about an hour Mrs. Evans came back for a medical book and, much to the surprise of us all, announced the arrival of a fine little boy to Mr. and Mrs. Williams, the mother doing splendidly. The child came at fifteen minutes of three on Jane’s birthday today. Mrs. Evans had to return to the rectory quickly but told me all the particulars later on. How wonderful that she and Mr. Williams accomplished all with great success.

Monday, March 1

Mother and child rested well last night. Today Mrs. Evans brought the little fellow all tightly bundled up to the school for us to see. Such a wonderfully small child, two months early! That afternoon Mrs. Williams’s finger pained so badly that the two “physicians” decided to cut it. Mrs. Evans handled the ether while Mr. Williams did the cutting—a deep, wide, open cut. Felt wretchedly all day.

Saturday, March 6

Tuesday, a slight snowfall. Mr. Blaine arrives for the up-river trip, many of my letters leave. After school I spend a long while on my school reports and oh! how badly I feel. Went in to see Mr. Williams in the kitchen and he gave me my tonic and wine. As soon as I reached home Mr. Boulter was announced. I went down to entertain him, felt quite fine, but while in the midst of supper I had to be excused—oh! so sick. I was so weak could scarcely get to bed. When Mrs. Evans came up at ten, after Mr. Boulter left, I was suffering very much. She advised rest and said if I needed her to be sure to knock. At midnight I did have to rap for her and she gave me some soda water. But this was of no avail, and until five I tossed and tossed, such misery!
Alice on the top step of the schoolhouse at Anvik, with some of the children. Isaac Fisher stands on the left, at the bottom of the steps, with his wife, Agnes, on the right, and in the foreground is the dog Bob. Collection of Alice A. Boulter.
Wednesday, did not get up for breakfast, could not eat anything. At noon I went down to dinner but had to come up to my room immediately, became so sick again. After a while I went downstairs to see Mrs. Evans and Rachael, who is now baby Williams's wet nurse. I tried to work on my baskets but after a few minutes was forced to return to my room again, so sick. Anna M. and Arthur came in to read to me. Mrs. Evans gave me two doses of tonic. I went down to the supper table but had to return again, so sick, to my room.

A wee bit better on Thursday, a morsel at breakfast, another at dinner. At school, the children so considerate. Very cold but with bright sunshine all day. Michael rather furious at the spankings Mr. Williams administers. A long discussion with Mrs. Evans and Mr. Williams about Kate's leaving or remaining at the house created more upset. Mrs. Williams's finger not improved. After supper Mrs. Evans went over to see little Albert Jureau who had sprained his leg.

Friday, felt weak all day, took a dose of tonic before each meal, but could eat very little. After school I sat quietly with the girls while they sewed. Mrs. Evans up at the rectory, but she came home for some rubber tubing to use as a drain for Mrs. Williams's finger. I was sick, oh! so sick!

Today, still sick and could eat no breakfast, only drank some coffee. Mrs. Evans could come in to see me but twice as she had other calls to make. I did manage to get up to the rectory and spent almost the whole afternoon with Mrs. Williams. I cut her hair and attended to the baby a bit. Later Mr. Williams took the little infant to Rachael's to stay until Mrs. Williams is stronger. All day I tossed and suffered. Ate little dinner. About supper time I lay down and sent Kate hurriedly to get Mrs. Evans, I felt so bad. I lay awake amid so much pain. The children played nicely downstairs, several came up to see me from time to time. Little Wallace so surprised to see me in bed. Quite late Mrs. Evans returned from the rectory, but as she was very tired she did not come up, poor me, but sent one of the girls to enquire.

Saturday, March 13

Last Sunday, a day unlike any I have every known. After much effort and after many minutes I managed to get dressed after a fashion. But, Oh! such a sight I was, my face and eyes were dreadfully swollen. As soon as Mrs. Evans saw me she said astonishingly, “You have been poisoned—arsenic!” And sure enough, the “splendid tonic” prescribed by Mr. Williams was the culprit. Thus the mystery was solved and the reason for my thinning hair. Mrs. Evans at last understood my strange ailment which she thought was “hypo,” and which Mr. and Mrs. Williams thought was “love sickness.” Mrs. Williams's almost dying condition the night before was due to the same tonic.

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16 The “splendid tonic” might well have been Fowler’s solution, the active ingredient in which was potassium arsenite. Widely used as a tonic from the time of its invention (in 1786) to as late as the 1930s, Fowler’s solution was also used to treat a wide variety of ailments, from syphilis to rheumatism to leukemia.
Her doses, however, outnumbered mine so her condition was more serious. When Mr. Williams came in, how amazed he was, but with clear evidences against him he tried to deny the charge.

Woke up Monday with a most dreadfully swollen face and much pain. No school, and the children frolic and play at will, hatless, coatless and mittenless. All day I loitered about, not so weak but so achy. No Sunday School, no service of any sort. A wee bit of sewing and some extra room cleaning until my back ached. Went strolling out in the afternoon sun down to the woodpile with Wallace and some of the little village children. Ran to see Rachael and the Williams’s boy, Teddy. Then sat in the beneficial sunshine with Albert and Agnes, holding little Blackie. Golden has been missing for several days, we fear he has become a waif in the upper village. Bob misses him, barks and barks, but no bark in return. He has attempted to go up to the village but each time one of the boys brings him back.

Felt somewhat better on Tuesday and held classes. Mr. Williams seemed surprised, but he did not refer to my affliction. He was most anxious for me to return home and shut up shop for a week. But I decided to keep school open, the children so very good after their enforced holiday. Picked up wood chips in the afternoon, the weather too cold to venture out more than around the mission grounds. Mrs. Evans doctoring little Albert Jureau’s sore leg and continues to visit Rachael.

Wednesday, felt still better but had a horrid pimple on my right cheek and my face was boldly swollen. While Tommy, Fred and I were busy at arithmetic Mr. Williams came in. He was most talkative and worked out a solution in geometry on the blackboard. An unusually happy day at school on Thursday. My swollen face somewhat gone down. Too windy to venture out anywhere, and coming home from school had a dreadful fall, almost dislocating my knee. Old Si Von Von cut her finger badly, Mr. Williams doctoring it for her. Several natives have been trying to take little Dan and Wallace from our home. Golden returned much the worse for his absence.

Saturday, a day long to be remembered. We lingered long at breakfast as Mrs. Evans was quite talkative, telling me much of her family [in Boston] and her life before coming to Alaska. Before we had finished Fred came in to tell us about one of the native men again trying to take Wallace and Dan away. I spoke my mind and insisted that the two little boys remain with us. Mrs. Evans (horrid somebody that she is) sanctioned it. Then I went up to see about Wallace, after discussing the training of an individual native with Mr. Williams, who agreed.

Alice’s journal is interrupted here for nearly a month, where twenty-two pages had been torn out. Her entries for April 10 and April 12 appear on the last remaining pages of notebook 2.

Saturday, April 10

The day before Easter. Went over and gave the church an extra good cleaning, took down and dusted the curtains. The wind almost blew me to pieces as I went from home.
and back. After ironing and mending I helped Mrs. Evans in cooking. I fried the doughnuts as she cut them. To bed around 11:30 after fixing the Easter cards for the children.

Monday, April 12

Easter Sunday morning. A snowstorm raged all night and the morning dawned gray, 17 above. The children happy as usual. I received my new mukluks, but was not too pleased with how Mr. Williams presented them to me. Only five natives at church, the storm having kept the others away. A sweet service however. Little Jane, looking so sweet and pretty and behaving beautifully, came with Rachael. After Sunday School the children and I went over to Hubert’s, Mr. Williams with us taking the portable organ on the sled. He seemed to enjoy our singing. The weather much warmer, 36 above, and we had quite a time tugging through the deep wet snow. At home until tea time I read to Fred. He and Tommy each gave me such pretty little gifts, Tommy a whistle he had carved, and Fred a very nice picture of a pigeon he had drawn on a piece of white birch bark. Thoughts of last Easter, however, filled the day. I missed and even longed for Mr. and Mrs. Chapman and dear Ada and Henry.

Today, Dora’s birthday. We indulged in some songs between the morning school lessons and played games in the afternoon. Another horrible disagreement between Mrs. Evans and Mr. Williams over which native woman should have charge of little Dan and Wallace. Glorious sunshine! Some thawing.
As mentioned in the introduction, one of Alice’s notebooks (number 3) was lost sometime prior to her death. Here, then, her journal is again interrupted, for a period of three and a half months, from the middle of April to the end of July 1909. During this time, an article that Alice had written for *The Alaskan Churchman* appeared, in the May 1909 issue. In it, she describes the beauty of the Alaskan winter, offering the sort of inspirational reflections that were part and parcel of missionary publications:

> We love the summer sun for the joy it brings, glad sunshine fills the sky about twenty-two hours out of every twenty-four. But the “night-time sky” as the children say, is missed and often wished for. During the nightless summertime some child often says with a sigh, “We do not have any more stars.” Another remarked, “What a long rest the stars are taking,” while Lena spoke and said in a consoling way, “The stars are with the angels and they will be so much brighter when they come back. [. . .]”

> Each evening as the moon waxed older, the children and I watched its wondrous growth. [. . .] Our sky seemed somewhat changed then, as the moon seemed “conqueror and queen” and the stars a bit dimmed by the moon’s glory. It was so hard, it was almost unkind, to go to bed without enjoying the magic of the night. We, the children and I, would wrap up warmly and play for an hour or so outside when the weather was not too cold. The moonlight lent a charm to our games of Old Witch, London Bridge, and Birds—mocking birds sing the long night through when it is moonlight, you know . . .

> Off and on during the winter we continued in these moonlight pleasures. The winter days may be dark and cold, but then each day is followed by a glorious and beautiful night. Each evening after all the children were safely tucked in bed, and just before I turned the key in the front door, I would always have one more look at the beauty all around us.

Her journal begins again at the start of a journey by steamer to Fairbanks, during the school break, in part to receive medical attention for a stubborn boil on her face. But the trip was also a holiday for Alice—an opportunity to shop, to socialize, and to see “Mr. Boulter” again.

**Sunday, August 1**

*Awakened at three this morning by Mr. Williams calling, “The Hannah has come!” Dressed in a huge hurry and went down to the river with Mr. Bressler. No lady passengers, nine gentlemen. Had my meals in my room on account of my sad, afflicted face. The U.S. Government man, Mr. Reynolds, very kind and considerate.*

**Monday, August 2**

*Monday, two years ago was starting for Alaska. What changes since then! Quite foggy and smoky today, forest fire near. The Hannah stopped a while during the night on*
account of the smoke. Slept well, through breakfast. I was brave enough to go out for lunch, face somewhat better. Reached Kaltag on Tuesday morning, took on oil for more than an hour. Reached Nulato about supper time, discharged much freight. Roman Catholic brother got off, some passengers came on. Nulato is a bare, desolate looking place, the school and the cemetery on the hill were the prettiest sights.

Slept very late Wednesday, passed Louden and stopped while I was dressing. Some rain during the morning and more forest fires. Met Mrs. Williamson and the prospectors, saw some wonderful gold nuggets. Actually played cards! A nice little chat with Mr. Reynolds out on deck after tea. He and Mrs. Williamson operated on my poor face. A pleasant day, although my face still quite painful. Visited the boiler room and the engine room. Mr. Reynolds proves most interesting, read my horoscope and told me about myself. The “eyes belonging outside” amused me muchly. About eight p.m. sighted Fort Gibbon, but 'twas ten 'ere we reached it. It was raining so hard I did not go ashore—all the other passengers did. Mr. Strangman came on board to meet me, had a pleasant little talk out on deck and made an arrangement to walk out to the mission next day.

Today, the Hannah still lying in port. Got up for breakfast, feeling fine and "looking so fine," so my new friend Mr. Reynolds declared repeatedly. Walked about town to Fort Gibbon with him in the morning, purchased some postals. Then back to the boat where we strolled about on deck. About eight Mr. Strangman came. I put on his rubber coat and off we started on our walk. The woods were lovely, flowers bright, rain and sun on and off all the way—some very hard rain too. Met the minister looking at the fish wheel, we lingered with him and a heavy shower came upon the three of us under one umbrella. Saw the church and Mr. Stangman’s dear little cabin up on the hill. Going back got sopping wet around my ankles—poor gray silk skirt!

All at dinner, the dear old chief engineer calling out to me, “Home again!” Had quite a time drying out. Mr. Murray, the purser, took my shoes to the kitchen and spread my skirts on chairs on the deck to dry out. Had a refreshing rest while waiting. The chief engineer brought a gentleman for me to meet, a southern boatman. Had to talk to him through a crack in the door as I was rather negligee. As soon as I was dressed a U.S. soldier came to see me—a New Orleans man, very fine. He prescribed for my face, went out and ordered the medicine, and while waiting for it to arrive we talked quite a bit, after which he operated on my poor sick face. A large part of the core of the boil came out.

Could not go out to lunch with Mr. Strangman as my shoes were not yet dry, although he wanted to borrow a pair for me to wear. Some last minutes with my friend Mr. Reynolds before my belongings were moved over to the Schwatka. The four boats in port, Hannah, Seattle No. 3, Herman and Schwatka switch about so much, we see them all depart, the Herman being the last. Mr. Reynolds is always somewhere near so we can wave until the Herman turns, then he is gone as we sail upstream. My face very, very painful indeed, was glad to get to bed. The Schwatka seems strange, and so does Mr. Green the purser, but then that doesn’t matter.
Monday, August 9

A warm, bright day on Friday. Did not get up until about eleven as my poor face pained so during the night that it was late 'ere I closed my eyes. Stopped about two hours during the night on account of the fog. Met Mrs. Richmond and her little baby outside my cabin door, found her most pleasant and was pleased to know they were from St. Matthew’s at Fairbanks. While on deck met the cute little fellow from the Hannah who was writing and writing, always writing—a “hopeful prospector.” He did not mind my saying that he should not smoke his cigar while talking with me, but my protests did not deter him from the vile habit. Marvelous scenery, fair skies all day.

Saturday, another bright day. Again did not get up until after ten because my poor face and eye kept me awake most of the night. Everyone becomes friendly, the cute little writer particularly so. He gave me two pennies as souvenirs, seldom seen in this land of high prices. Looked really frightful all day. Pleasant talks with Mrs. Richmond. Late in the afternoon stopped a long time at a wood camp, “wooding.” Afterwards stood out on deck with the cute little writer, he most talkative and entertaining. Glorious sunset. Was to pass Nenana about midnight so did not wait up to see Miss Farthing.

Some rain fell during Saturday night. Delightful trip all day Sunday, passed several small boats and stopped briefly to give some of our freight to the Koyukuk. Passed Chena about two this morning, got up immediately and dressed as I feared we would reach Fairbanks in about fifteen minutes. Actually arrived at five-thirty. No one to meet me as none expected me. Miss Bolster from the mission finally came down to meet me.
Sunday, August 15

Happy days at Fairbanks, shopping and dentist visits and meeting friends all the while. A most comfortable room for me at the hospital. Went out to the gold creeks at Esther, a scenic train ride over the mountains with a fine view of the Tanana River and the Alaska range, great snow-capped beauties. Schwatka did not sail on Friday as scheduled. On Saturday had a fine climb up the mountain and watched the “clean-up” of the winter’s mining, a most interesting process. A very pleasant evening at Mrs. McQuarrie’s charming home. Today, home about six from visiting around and a lovely walk. Then to evening service at St. Matthew’s. Met Mr. Boulter after service and we enjoyed a long walk together.

Friday, August 20

Another walk with Mr. Boulter on Monday, and still another walk with him on Tuesday. Marvelous weather. Miss [Margaret] Graves arrived Tuesday. On Wednesday Mr. Boulter left on the Tanana, Miss Emberley on the Schwatka. A very pleasant evening at Mrs. Whitley’s, met many interesting people.

Today, left Fairbanks on the six o’clock train for Esther to visit Miss Wightman. Rev. Peabody escorted Miss Graves and myself to the train in quite a rain storm, but as we left a vivid rainbow spanned the heavens. A short pretty ride to Esther, and Miss Wightman and an Indian boy there to meet me. A delightful float down the river in a poling boat, scenery and weather superb. A gentle evening breeze made the hour most peaceful. Stopped at the fish camp and met the natives. The river was too low to pole all the way to Miss Wightman’s cabin so a pleasant walk through the woods to her dear little cabin. All a most pleasant surprise.

Tuesday, August 24

Saturday, such an interesting day! After a chatty little breakfast Miss Wightman and I took a long walk in the woods gathering leaves for the altar and chips for the stove. The woods were truly beautiful, slight touches of autumn all among the green. Visited the Indian village, everyone was away but we peeped through the windows and saw the cleanliness of everything. A most enjoyable dinner with Miss Wightman, the peace and quiet that reigns in the little home just suits my nature.

Up rather early on Sunday and all astir. Miss Wightman walked to the village with me and one of the boys poled me up to Esther. There was hard work to be done as the current was strong and swift. The day lovely and bright, the slough most scenic. Passed

17 The town of Ester (given as Esther in Baker’s Geographical Dictionary of Alaska, 1906) is roughly 8 miles west of Fairbanks. By 1910, the gold fields in the area of Ester Creek had mostly been worked out.

18 Not to be confused with Lula Graves, Margaret G. Graves was at this time a missionary and nurse at Fairbanks. She went on to teach at Anvik and then at Tanana Crossing, and, in 1918, she married the Reverend Charles E. Betticher.
many immense fish wheels, the largest I had ever seen. We just did reach Esther in time, the Tanana was steaming up to leave. Saw Mrs. Chrysler from the boat. Had a rather pleasant trip on the Tanana and reached Nenana while at dinner. An Indian boy carried my suitcase down the beautiful road to the mission, so much charmed with it. Miss Farthing’s greeting so kind and affectionate. Met many of the village boys, the mission children most interesting. A nice long talk with Miss Farthing.

Monday, rain overnight, then a delightfully cool day. Miss Farthing good and sweet to me, her management of the household perfectly fine, exceedingly thorough. In the afternoon all of us went to the village to visit, Miss Farthing having to doctor several natives. The children had a dance in the evening, the village boys were the musicians, quite an interesting time.

Today, quite a remarkable day! Miss Farthing was good enough to let me sleep and sleep. In the early afternoon she and I took the children down to Duke’s trading post, all but the two big boys Johnnie and Justin who wanted to wash. Johnnie said ’twas the first time he had bathed and for me to tell Fred [at Anvik]. The Julia B. was in port “wood-ing.” Miss Farthing had a telegram ready requesting my transfer to Nenana. Just at the very moment she placed it in the captain’s hand for him to send, I said “No” because my conscience did smite fearfully. So then ’twas finally decided that I must not think of coming to Nenana. The captain and the purser showed us all over the boat—such a fine boat it was, seemed too bad passengers were not allowed. As we were coming home Miss Farthing and all of us were asked to a native funeral. Quite a delegation of canoes and skiffs crossed the river. Very impressive service, old Blind Moses had a fit before the service began. Mrs. Chrysler arrived on the Delta.

Tuesday, August 31

I was awakened Wednesday morning by the call of “Steamboat!” Up I jumped, had three minutes in which to dress. It proved, however, to be the Tana, a through boat to the Innoko, an independent boat, so my hurrying was all in vain. Sweet hours with Miss Farthing and enjoyed the company of Mrs. Chrysler, too. A walk or two down in the thick woods with the children. Peaceful days indeed! On Friday the upstairs rooms were stained so the children made their beds in the dining room. A native woman, Mrs. “Man-Who-Made-The-Launch,” and a local marshal came at bedtime. Such a pleasant disturbance seeing about some supper for them. They left in the launch Saturday morning, little Eva and I rode as far as Duke’s with them. A pleasant ride, then a short and happy walk home.

Sunday, most enjoyable—delightful and cool. Morning service conducted by Moses, really impressive in its sincerity. Did not go to evening service but stayed at home with the wee small boys while Miss Farthing and the other children went. Monday, an ideal autumn day. Happy hours with Miss Farthing and the children. Today the dining room was stained so we had tea out on the porch. Tuesday all packed and ready to jump up and run at a given signal.
“Summer view of friend’s home near Fairbanks—gorgeous flowers,” Alice wrote. The friend may have been Miss Wightman or Mrs. Whitley. Collection of Alice A. Boulter.

Moses, the blind lay reader at Anvik. Hudson Stuck photograph album, in the collection of Alice A. Boulter.

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Wednesday, September 1

Enjoyed all our meals on the porch today. After dinner rested and then dressed as the Tana was due on her up-river trip at any minute. As we were quietly and peacefully enjoying our tea a boat suddenly came upon us, and it proved to be the Schwatka, the one I was to take. Up we all jumped, luggage was ready, and away we went running down to the post landing. Miss Farthing could not join us but most of the children were at my heels, and in quite a rain shower we soon overtook Mrs. Chrysler who had started before us. The Schwatka was crowded, but a stateroom was reserved which I shared with Mrs. Chrysler.

Sunday, September 5

Thursday, a most enjoyable morning. Mr. Green, the purser, made room for us at the captain’s table. Reached Tanana about one. My first view as we drew up to the landing was Mrs. Williams on the Susie with her two children, and Rachael with Harriet and Albert, on their way to Fairbanks. Mr. Boulter, too, was waiting on the dock—my joy seemed complete. Such a meeting. Many, many pleasant moments followed. Mr. Strangman soon joined us and we met many other friends, then a pleasant walk into town and out to Mrs. Rodman’s exquisite home.

Upon returning to the boat met Mr. Boulter again. We might have had a lovely talk but many friends joined us. Mr. Strangman persuaded me to go to the “Kentucky Kitchen” for dinner—such a merry time we did have. Then a pleasant little visit to Mrs. Williams on the Susie. We saw her depart, then Mr. Stangman and I back to the Schwatka where we sat on deck chatting until it was time for my departure and goodbyes were said.

Spent a relaxing Friday on deck, met charming people, also Miss Bishop and the decidedly nice little Englishman. Most of the hours Miss Bishop and I spent perfectly on the upper deck. Enjoyed a most wonderful sunset. Saturday, up early for breakfast, then Miss Bishop and I went up to the pilot house, had a splendid view of the surrounding countryside. The fall colors on the hillsides were exquisite. The captain was very provoking in all his remarks about missionary work. Anvik was sighted about ten, and in thirty more minutes we were there. The little Englishman most kind and courteous in his goodbye. What a wonderful surprise, and how joyous, to see that dear Mr. Chapman had returned. All the children, too, had a most affectionate welcome for me. Spent the entire afternoon reading my accumulated and cherished mail.

How really comforting it is to be in service with dear Mr. Chapman again. Today met many of my old friends. In the afternoon a visit to Hubert, found him bright and cheery. Good Sunday School, but there is a striking difference between these children and Miss Farthing’s. We have much work to be done here. Visited the cows and the gardens in the early evening and found them all wonderfully grown. Mr. Williams still here...
to help around the mission, the stone furnaces under construction. Mrs. Williams told me that he would be staying at Anvik for a while.\(^\text{19}\)

**Sunday, September 12**

Monday a perfect autumn day, arranged my room, planned for an afternoon party for the children with games and a candy pulling in honor of Anna J.’s leaving us. Unfortunately the candy would not pull and the children had to leave without it. Tuesday afternoon about four the Hannah came up river without stopping, and on Thursday the St. Michael. Had glimpses of some of my friends on board but did not see the dear old chief engineer. Friday, more school cleaning, rubbed and scrubbed the benches in the glorious out-of-doors. A new boy, Dominic, from Holy Cross entered our household, and a little girl, Olivia, from Grayling was baptized. Heavy rain in the afternoon.

Saturday, ideal autumn weather. Still busy at the schoolroom. While Fred white-washed, I mounted pictures and cleaned and painted—I did so enjoy the wonderful day.

Today, a cool, damp Sabbath, not many at service as almost the entire village went on a grand berry hunt. Anna J. and Harriet and Lena very much missed at all times.

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\(^{19}\) While Alice was in Fairbanks, the Reverend John Chapman returned to Anvik, albeit without Mrs. Chapman and the children. The two had decided that Henry and Ada should begin regular schooling Outside, in Seattle, and Mrs. Chapman stayed behind with them. Although the Reverend Williams remained at Anvik to assist Chapman, Mrs. Williams, their baby son, and daughter Jane returned to Fairbanks, where Mrs. Williams could receive much-needed medical attention. She was accompanied by Rachael, who would care for the new baby, as well as her own two children.
in all things. After tea much excitement. A moving light up the river was sighted, the steamer soon proved to be the Martha Clow with another small boat, Innoko-bound. Many acquaintances whom I met at Esther came up to the house and spent some many minutes with us. An old friend of the missions, Mr. Edwards, was with them.

Sunday, September 19

Last Monday, Fred scrubbed well in the schoolroom while Mr. Williams painted for me. An invigorating walk on the hill in the late afternoon with our two lovely dogs, Golden and Bob. Tuesday, quite an eventful day. At five in the morning the “messenger” [Mr. Blaine] came, and just before breakfast I enjoyed my mail. A charming letter from my new friend the little Englishman. And just at breakfast time two steamers arrived, the Herman and the John G. Healey, bringing much freight for Mr. Chase and Mr. Watson. But as the river was low the freight had to be dumped off at the post and the sailboat afterwards brought it all up, towed by the launch. Such busy times hauling up all the boxes and barrels, etc. About ten the Monarch came with more freight and stopped in front of Mr. Watson’s bringing him two bundles of human freight, a young native widow and child. Fred left on the Herman as assistant to the cook, the early mail bringing an urgent letter from his father asking that Fred might come to see his dying mother.

About two in the afternoon another N.A.T. [North American Transportation] boat passed, not even whistling. My work was set aside as everyone was busy with the freight. Then more excitement! Kate almost taken from us, but her parents decided to let her remain until Christmas. A disturbance in the kitchen, too, a pipe burst and streams of water gushed from the stove.

At six o’clock Mr. Watson and the young widow were married. I gathered flowers for the church and arranged a bouquet for the bride of candy tuft tied with long white satin ribbon. Mr. Chapman conducted the ceremony, Mrs. Evans, Mr. Williams and myself present. Quite a sweet little bride, but how could a seemingly nice man like Mr. Watson accept such a native widow for his wife? The sunset gladdened the close of day, and it was at its brightest just when the simple yet impressive ceremony ended.

After supper the children and I, with Mr. Chapman, went up to Mr. Williams’s to hear his new graphophone, the cylinders quite different from our flat records. The music beautiful, however. I am truly glad the really nice little man has it. On the way saw two perfectly beautiful rainbows, one rising from the river in front of the house with the other resting behind the hills. Mr. Watson sent a real watermelon down, the children delightfully surprised, the first one they had seen. They did not like it much, some wanted to dry it. Bananas, also a treat—apples and oranges, too.

Wednesday, a heavy frost overnight but a fine day. Schoolroom floor actually painted. Mr. Chapman and all the boys work at the potatoes. Myself, painted all afternoon in jumper and white duck skirt, with paint all over me before going home. Such a wondrous starlit night, the brilliant orbs of light fairly snapped! Very heavy frost Thursday morning, then a splendid day, autumn sunshine with a cool breeze. Tacked up burlap around the schoolroom walls, and then dinner, after which I joined all hands and
assisted in the harvesting of our garden: seventeen hundred pounds of potatoes, great huge turnips of five and seven pounds, immense cabbages. Mr. Chase had one weighing eight pounds. Choir practice up at the house as the church was too cold.

Friday, truly cold, needed a fire to dress by. Painted all day in the schoolroom. Welcome sunshine in the early afternoon, and a much needed walk with the little boys on the hill after my painting was done. Early on Saturday, about five, the Seattle No. 3 passed from down-river, the purser rang the bell and I heard it. At breakfast the Jeff Davis, U.S. Revenue Cutter, came, stopping in front of the house with mail. Two nice letters for me. Two other boats passed going up-river, the White Seal came down. A cold day indeed. Two Indian women cleaned the church, myself busy with house cleaning and ironing. A short but convivial conference in the afternoon regarding the school year ahead of us—Mrs. Evans, Mr. Williams and myself at the table with Mr. Chapman. Julius’s wife, Eliza, passed away last night.

Sunday, a full, glad Sabbath, quite cold again, a high wind blowing. Had the fire going in church. Went up the hillside to gather autumn leaves for the altar but none to be found. Very few at the service for the mourning over Eliza’s body. After Sunday School all of us went over to visit Hubert and joined in a sweet personal service with him. Then a little visit with the children to see the calf and the ducks. After tea Mr. Chapman read us two chapters from The Golden Age—very good indeed. When the children were all tucked in I went down and put my little gifts around. At ten, thereabouts, the Reliance came up. No mail.

Sunday, September 26

Monday, another birthday for me. Quite a happy one, none but the children were prepared for it. Found several sweet little notes from them under my door when I opened it to go downstairs for breakfast. Mr. Chapman and Mrs. Evans and all were very much surprised at the gifts I had put at their places. Tommy brought in a grouse he had killed

20 Alice refers several times to a boat named the Jeff Davis. The USRC Jefferson Davis was a topsail schooner, launched in 1853, that had patrolled the waters of Puget Sound. In 1862, she was decommissioned, and her subsequent fate is obscure. According to the US Coast Guard, she was converted to a “Marine Hospital Boat.” According to Lewis & Dryden’s Marine History of the Pacific Northwest (1961), however, she was sold and sailed to China. (See United States Coast Guard, “Cutters of the Revenue Marine and Revenue Cutter Service: 1790–1900,” http://www.uscg.mil/history/webcutters/usrc_photo_index.asp; E. W. Wright, ed., Lewis & Dryden’s Marine History of the Pacific Northwest, 60n13). As a full-keel schooner, she could not have navigated the Yukon River, but well-built wooden vessels were often cut down and refitted for use in inland waters once their years of sea service ended. Possibly, then, Alice’s journal sheds further light on the history of the Jeff Davis. For a fascinating history not only of the activities of the USRC service in Alaska but also of the era, see Thomas R. Strobridge and Dennis L. Noble, Alaska and the U.S. Revenue Cutter Service, 1867–1915.

21 The Golden Age was Kenneth Grahame’s first major book, published in 1895, thirteen years before The Wind in the Willows. The volume consists of stories from Grahame’s childhood, transposed into the heroic age of classical Greece.
just for me. Mr. Watson most generous in his remembrance, the cauliflower was quite a treat to me indeed, small but choice. 'Twas decided not to have school as the room was not in exact readiness. About eleven Mrs. Evans sent me up a lovely tray of fruit and flowers with an affectionate greeting card.

After tea the children and I went to Mr. Williams’s to enjoy his graphophone, quite a number of natives were also there. The music was such a treat, but I think I prefer the gramophone records. As a closing feature to the day Mr. Williams took us out to the river’s edge to see some fireworks. A splendid rocket—two dollars!—was the first sent up, the children and the natives all startled at the tremendous noise and dazzled at the great splendor. The Roman candles were a great excitement, too, the children thinking, however, that the stars had been shot down. After our fireworks there was a display of nature’s own glory, the Northern Lights, much motion but no color.

Tuesday, the first day at school, all things very satisfactory and it seemed perfectly natural to be back in harness. The children have not forgotten as much as I feared they would. Quite a cold day, much ice in the slough but fine sunshine all day. At noon, services were held for Eliza’s burial. We all went up to the grave to take part. Poor Julius looked sore distressed and it was all most sad. In the afternoon Mr. Chapman called us down to where the vegetables were piled. We were grouped about the sacks and had our picture taken. A thoroughly enjoyable evening in my room with my new rocking chair. How perfectly delightful it is to have such a lovely chair!

Wednesday was Mama’s birthday, and a glorious day for her here. Much ice in the Anvik, more in the slough. Minnie Kruger was christened in the early afternoon. Several white men near the village, camping on the other side of the slough. A short walk up on the hill with the little children before tea.

When about dressed on Thursday the cry “Steamboat!” gladdened my heart, three boats were seen approaching. We had breakfast, however, and school was begun before they landed. All were N.A.T. boats going down to their winter quarters. A bright little note from Mrs. Williams in Fairbanks and a cordial letter from Mr. Betticher. Rain almost all day, but just a drizzle. Mr. Bernardo married in the afternoon and his child was christened. He had been living with the native woman about four years. Mr. Kruger and his family left for Holy Cross to continue his work on the schoolhouse, he will not return here until the freeze-up. A very pleasant walk down on the beach with the younger children.

Friday, a very rainy morning, went to school under my umbrella. At noon noticed snow on the far distant mountains, it must have fallen during the night or early morning. The clouds broke at noon and the sunlight streamed upon the newly snow-capped mountains. A little walk down to the beach after my ironing was done.

Another wedding anniversary on Saturday for Mr. and Mrs. Williams, their third. Sleeted and snowed quite a bit all morning, the ground very white. Arthur and I had a quiet little walk on the hill but the very wet grass soon sent us home. The Herbert arrived with Mr. Pilcher. Mr. Chapman again read to us while I worked on my black apron, sewing the seams which I had just cut apart. Quite a joke! Bob came to the house
with a dead grouse, and inasmuch as no bullet holes could be seen we think he caught the bird.

Today, an unusually large number of white men at evening service, the Bernardo bridal couple and others from our little hamlet. Then to see Hubert, the service for him is always a spiritual refreshment to me. I trust the others present enjoy the few minutes as much as I do. The little boy has been bed-ridden for so many years! Wallace and I went up to Mr. Williams’s to hear a sacred concert rendered by the graphophone.

Thursday, September 30

Quite a gray Monday, and before I was dressed the ground was white with snow. Very good day in school. Between showers of rain and snow Arthur and I had a delightful walk on the beach, returning over the hill. Big Martha’s husband passed away. Tuesday, coldest day this season, much snow on the ground. Mr. Williams’s talk on the Ingalik [Deg Hit’an] people and their music very much enjoyed. In the afternoon the children and I had a happy walk in the woods up hill and down dale gathering berries and finding pine cones.

Snow almost all Tuesday night. By Wednesday morning it was quite deep and the children coasted merrily down the hill on the newly white ground. About five o’clock the cry of “Steamboat!” excited us all. I wrote a hurried note to Miss Farthing thinking the boat was upon us, but alas! ’twas but a false alarm, the boys seeing some smoke from a fire in the distance. Then “Mr. Blaine!” Another excitement, this time it was but Isaac and Agnes out with their sled getting wood. The new brick or stone furnace started up, the stove in my room moved to accommodate the flue of the downstairs stove.

A short walk with Wallace and Arthur down the beach. A glorious sunset and bright stars. Only prayers at ten as Mr. Chapman was busy in the village and did not return. While waiting for him, the children asked for some musical instruction and I reviewed with them Mr. Williams’s earlier talk on the Ingalik people. Thin ice all the way across the Anvik.

Today, the first sight to greet me this morning as I looked from my window was the completely frozen Anvik. In another moment or so the glad call of “Steamboat!” and Frank announced ’twas the Hannah, and sure enough the beloved boat puffed down the Yukon, stopping at the post. School did not begin until about ten as the boat and the mail created quite a commotion. Rachael, Harriet and Joseph all returned from Fairbanks looking so well. Three white men arrived with outfits, they plan to go up the Anvik and are now occupying Isaac’s cabin.

Dr. Cole came ashore and had a talk with Mr. Chapman, telling him about Mrs. Williams’s worsened condition. At the same time Mr. Williams received a telegram from Miss Knox summoning him to Fairbanks. Quite a gloom was cast over us by this sad news. Ralph and Isaac are digging out the hillside for a guest house.
Friday, October 1

Such a windy, cold day. No school as the pipes were frozen. The children formed a bucket brigade and brought water up to the tank house. The new furnace in operation, the house comfortable and warm. A delightful day for letter writing and really accomplished a great deal. I broke my long sitting, however, by taking the younger members of the bucket brigade for a jolly tramp over the hills. Although the day was cold, the sunshine was bright and cheery.

About noon Mr. Chapman received word that a man was sick and alone in a cabin up the Yukon. Mr. Chapman, with Isaac and others, was about to leave in boats for him when the man suddenly appeared at the mission. Mr. Chapman took him into the rectory and bathed him, and we did not see him again until supper. Such a surprise we had, a neat and gentlemanly sort of man, Mr. Sutton. 'Twas sad to hear his experiences but wonderful to know how he endured it all. To think that the poor man lived on roseberries for four days! After supper he entertained us for quite a while with stories of his experiences. Big Martha’s husband was buried about eleven. I did not go out to the service.

Tuesday, October 5

A much milder day on Saturday. At six I heard a steamboat whistle and my heart really went pit-a-pat thinking of mail. But ’twas the Hamilton and the J. P. Light, government boats which stayed at the post some while but brought no mail. Mr. Sutton came to breakfast looking really stronger. ’Twas pitiful to see how he enjoyed his meal and he was not at all timid about saying how much the food meant to him. About ten the Delta arrived and Mr. Williams left. I did dislike seeing him go, though it was best. I had learned to really like him. Poor man, what awaits him at Fairbanks? I do so wonder, hoping and praying for the best. After dinner while my irons were heating I went out to try my skill at skating and got along splendidly. Was delighted and encouraged with my success.

’Twas snowing when I awoke on Sunday, missed dear Mr. Williams at service, and then all during the day missed him sadly—no merry whistle from him to gladden the hours. Between hours had a pleasant walk down the beach, my usual promenade, then to see Hubert, he always seems to enjoy our visits.

Monday, rather a mild morning. Began school with the little ones while the older children again formed the water bucket brigade. Felt so sick in the morning while dressing but the nausea soon passed. A fine time in the afternoon trying to skate, all the children out with me on the ice. Had several hard falls but no serious hurts except to make my knees black and blue. The guest house is growing rapidly. Mr. Sutton much stronger, so like another man. Isaac over in the evening with his gramophone, his new records most enjoyable. After the concert Mrs. Evans had such a pleasant surprise for us—ice cream! ’Twas so good!
Today, a gentle snowstorm all morning. A very fine day in school, then a delightful time on the river. Almost learned to skate—used a pole just to balance me, only had a few falls. Tommy and Frank had great fun burning the grass along the river bank. Charlie, a village boy, had a narrow escape. He fell through the ice and was rescued just in time, almost paralyzed, only his head out of water, and holding on to the ice with both hands. Tommy and Frank pulled him out and took him to the house for Mrs. Evans to care for.

Sunday, October 10

Wednesday, somewhat cold but clear. The children ironed in the afternoon. About two the Herman passed the mission without even blowing but stopped at the post, and soon the purser came up with a bit of mail. The only news brought down was that ice was floating in the Tanana River and probably the Delta could not make its way up. What of Mr. Williams and his sick wife? Much ice in the Yukon. Tommy and Frank delighted with their cash gotten from filling bags with sawdust for the N.A.T. Company. Frank invested one third of his money in a little lamp. Another fine time skating, got along splendidly, only a medium-sized oar for balance.

Cold and clear again on Thursday. A really trying day at school because I did not feel so well. Tried to skate in the afternoon but my skates were not sharp enough and the wind blew too harshly. Went down for a walk on the beach and to see the great amount of ice running in the Yukon—such a rumbling, roaring sound! A happy climb up the hill and down again before reaching home.

Friday, thawing everywhere, the Anvik ice soft and very unsafe. The bucket brigade at work until ten so had just my village children at school. Mr. Sutton and Mr. Chapman came to our exercises, the children did very nicely. Afterwards a walk on the beach with Paul and Dominic. We could not go very far as the wind from the Yukon was high. More ice running in the Yukon. Mr. Williams had not taken his graphophone and until almost ten we enjoyed a grand recital from the lovely music box. Aroused during the night when Mr. Sutton heard the stovepipe rumbling. He and Mr. Chapman knocked down much soot in the pipe and then all was well.

Saturday, snowy and rainy. Did not feel particularly well all day. After dinner walked in a pleasant little drizzle down to the post via the beach. The ice is running quite swiftly in the channel of the Yukon and piled up in great drifts on either bank. Returned home over the hill, the air fresh and sweet, the drizzle now a soft snow. A visit to Mr. and Mrs. Watson at the trading post and enjoyed myself very much. Mr. Watson so entertaining in his accounts of his travels, saw many interesting postal cards and views of Australia.22

Today, a blustering Sabbath. Very ferocious wind, but many natives at morning service. How I do miss Mr. Williams at every turn and particularly at service, the music seems almost lifeless without him playing the organ. Spent all moments between services

22 Watson may have been one of the many prospectors and traders who followed the worldwide gold rushes to Australia, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and then to the Klondike.
in my room as the wind was too strong to go out. But Frank and the other little fellows did not think so, they rigged up sails, holding them while sitting on their sleds and the wind carried them along at a merry clip. At evening service the six strangers came with Mr. Chase, Mr. Jureau and Mr. Sutton. Afterwards the children and I went to see Hubert—the wind blew so frantically we were actually carried up the hill.

Charlie well recovered from his fall through the ice. He did not start for the village until after dark. He then became afraid and asked to sleep at the mission, and Mrs. Evans sent him out to the new guest house. This morning he reported the many devils all about the house last night and even on the roof top disturbing his sleep. Mr. Sutton is almost well and works about the mission. He has taken charge of the furnace and the pigeons. After supper we all sat around the table and Mr. Chapman read us lengthy and interesting accounts of Dr. Cook and his discovery of the North Pole.23 Spent all evening in my snug bed reading while the wind howled without.

Saturday, October 16

Such a blustering day last Monday, the Anvik frozen solid again and most of the snow blown away, making a fine skating rink. Tommy brought ice in sacks to the house today, our first water of the season this way. Mr. Chase and Mr. Jureau working on the schoolroom furnace. An attempt to go out on the rink but I had gotten only as far as the beach when the wind almost tore me to pieces, so I sought the hills, the two dogs Golden and Bob with me. Up and up we went, the cold so invigorating and the hills sheltering me a bit from the wind. From the top had a most magnificent view of the Yukon, the floating ice as blue as blue could be. The fresh air gave me a splendid appetite for supper. Mr. Wolfe came about supper time with the mail—we were indeed surprised to see him instead of Mr. Blaine. Little for me, but a sweet letter from Miss Farthing and a little note from dear Fred.

Quite a cold day Tuesday, but clear. The water bucket brigade changed to the ice supply company, the children bringing the ice to the house in burlap bags. After a good day at school a jolly time on the ice—got along without the oar. Mr. Sutton went out hunting and taxed his strength to such an extent that he cared not for dinner and spent most of the afternoon resting. Wednesday, another cold, clear and beautiful day, went out after school on the rink and got along so well with skating that I needed no oar or stick for balance. How exciting it was! The children, too, had a jolly time with their sleds and romping on the ice. The stars at night snap and sparkle.

Thursday, still another bright and oh! so beautiful day. Somewhat over-confident with my skating abilities and had two falls, most severe. I did not feel the best in the

23 These must have been newspaper accounts, given that Frederick Cook’s My Attainment of the Pole was published only in 1911. On September 1, 1909, Cook telegraphed the world that he had reached the North Pole on April 21, 1908. Five days after Cook’s announcement, Robert Peary telegraphed that he had reached the true North Pole on April 6, 1909. For a useful summary, see Bruce Henderson, “Who Discovered the North Pole?” Smithsonian Magazine, April 2009.
world. Later managed to get over to Hubert’s and played the graphophone for him. Peter and Dominic accompanied me and carried the magic music box and a few of the cylinders. Mr. Sutton and Isaac put in the fish net under a hole they chopped in the Anvik ice. How I miss and really long for Mrs. Williams. I do hope and fervently pray she is better.

Such a fine cold day Friday. Had a miserably dull headache. In spite of that went skating again after school, well wrapped up, and did splendidly. Four village boys and Tommy with me on skates while the small children had great fun on their sleds. How prosaic and humdrum household chores seem when many letters remain unwritten, books unread and glorious outdoor weather to enjoy.

Today, just an hour or so of sunshine. After breakfast, as early as I could get started, went off to the village on my skates, the strong wind helping me along nicely. I wore my fur hood for the first time and found it indeed most comfortable. But as I went to go ashore I met with a dire calamity, the ice near the shore was very thin and gave way beneath me, and in I went. The water was not deep and I managed to get up without much trouble. Started home quickly but my feet became cold very soon. I could not skate well as I was facing the wind, so I took off my skates and walked home. I was quite wet and had to change all my underclothes by the stove, icicles hanging in my hair. Mrs. Evans terribly critical and provoked with all my falls and tumbles. At times she treats me as one of the children. After dinner, started again for the village, this time skateless and keeping to the shore. Met Harry and Jackson and we three walked up together, the boys rather entertaining. Visited Anna and Mildred—how dirty their homes seem after not having visited for such a long time. Anna promised to come to school on Monday.

Thursday, October 21
Snow all last Saturday night and again on Sunday morning, our skating rink almost covered. A cold disagreeable snow continued all day. After service the two Elizas and I took a walk down to the Yukon and found it running very slowly. Later went over to Hubert’s without Mr. Chapman as he wanted to spend some time with two visiting white men.

Monday, somewhat cold but felt thoroughly fine. Ice running very slowly in the Yukon, the movement scarcely noticeable. Much overflow water and frequent ice jams on the shores of the Anvik. I miss Mr. and Mrs. Williams more and more each day. Kate comes over as often as she has the chance, to ask about Mrs. Williams and Jane. While writing little notes and waiting for supper some of the girls announced, “Mrs. Evans is dressed in her Sunday best” and that Mr. and Mrs. Watson were coming over to supper. Hurriedly I slipped on my pretty blue dress and was just ready when the supper bell rang. How surprised the children were to see me thus enrobed—such exclamations! Arthur asked if I was to be married. The Watsons did not appear after all.

After supper without them, Mr. Chapman played the gramophone for hours while we enjoyed cake and delicious ice cream. Isaac, blind Andrew and Si Von Von were with us. The old woman really came to tell me a story but as the gramophone monopolized the evening her story was postponed. The only cloud to mar the brightness of
the evening was the subdued, the indifferent manner of Mrs. Evans which has been her attitude for the last week or so. Tuesday, Isaac, Tommy and one or two villagers cut immense squares of ice from the Anvik for our water tank. How I did long to spend some of the bright sunshine hours skating but “the demand of the hour,” duty, claimed my attention. After school just a wee bit of skating, but the wind was still too high for me to get along as well as I had hoped.

The weather so fine on Wednesday, six above zero with warming sunshine and fair skies, that Mr. Chapman suggested we go berry hunting. Such a time we had getting our moccasins ready! Agnes and Rachael, with Joseph on her back, led the way. Up, up we went over the hills, through the snow and deep down through the valleys, over two miles we travelled before reaching the berry ground. We all separated to do our picking but three of the dear little girls stayed near me. Our hands became quite cold so our pickings were not too successful. About one o’clock we gathered about a camp fire and ate our luncheon, delicious dried salmon. After lunch continued our picking but the berries were so soft they mashed easily. The girls and I filled a three-gallon pail with blueberries while Agnes and Rachael each gathered a large basket full. A jolly walk home but my fur hood was really dreadfully hot and uncomfortable. We passed a frozen pond and Tommy dug a water hole, the ice only about five inches thick, and around the hole the children lay on their stomachs to drink. Early supper and then to bed early. How splendidly I slept!

Today, another fine day. Harry, an older boy from the village, started to school today, which I am glad of, but means an extra class which keeps me half an hour longer. ’Tis a pleasure, however, to teach Harry, he is so apt and quick and comes to class so neat, his hair well combed. ’Twas dusk before I got out on the ice, and the rink near the shore was in excellent condition. Tommy skated almost to Old Station but I could not make much headway against the strong wind. I managed a little distance, just to be sailed back.

Tuesday, October 26

On Friday a light snow fell all day. Mr. Chapman and Mr. Sutton visited the schoolroom to hear the children recite, and Mr. Sutton talked to them most interestingly about the stars and the heavens and the Northern Lights. Harry came for his second lesson as bright and as eager as on Thursday. The old woman, Si Von Von, came over to tell me more of her story. How thrilling it is. Tommy is a splendid interpreter, and the little boys sat around spellbound. Mr. Sutton caught some whitefish in the net.

Quite a rain fell Saturday morning, snow melting everywhere. Got through with my usual chores and might have had a chance to skate but too much water was on the ice, an immense puddle. Paul and I had a bracing walk up the hill and down dale, the air so fresh. After supper had a longing for the gramophone, and while the girls were washing the dishes enjoyed a lovely concert, Mr. Chapman the only other listener. Mrs. Evans ignored us all. The white men in Isaac’s cabin made preparations to leave today but the rain delayed them.
Held Sunday service by gaslight for the first time this season. A spring-like day, however, with more water on the ice, the snow entirely melted. ’Twas great fun to watch the village boys try to skate through the water and suddenly sprawl into the puddles. The cute little Englishman came to evening service all alone and I actually spoke to him—wish I had said more. Cora and Mr. Bressler arrive, and Mr. Bernardo and another white man, Mr. [Michael] Sullivan, who is occupying the kazheem.

Monday, somewhat colder with a hard rain all night. Mr. Chapman performed a difficult operation upon Mr. Bernardo, a dreadful boil on his back, the incision almost to the backbone. He was put to bed in the rectory and Mr. Sutton moved there to be with him. Hurried a bit with my dinner as the afternoons are getting so short and I longed to be outside. Just as soon as Harry’s class was over had a superb skate going up the river but had to walk back as the wind was too strong. Before bed tried to write but little Arthur kept me busy answering his many questions. The white man who had been living on the beach so long now occupies the kazheem with the other white man.

Today, up before six and out on the rink. Had another delightful time skating up the river, but again ’twas impossible to get back home on my skates because of the fierce wind. Had to walk back zig-zag. After school the little Englishman came with Mr. Sutton to return some books and to borrow others. I talked with him a while and really enjoyed our conversation. A lovely afternoon skate on the river until clouds hid the stars and darkness forced me indoors. Wallace not well so he slept in the rectory near Mr. Chapman’s door.

Rachael and her two children, Harriet and Albert, sitting beneath a rack of salmon. “Hung only a few days before,” Alice recalled, “the fish were not yet dry enough to remove and store.” Alice also recollected that Rachael was only seventeen when this photograph was taken and that the father of her two children was a white man who used to help out around the Anvik mission. Hudson Stuck photograph album, in the collection of Alice A. Boulter.
Sunday, October 31

Quite a snowfall last Tuesday night but still ’twas not freezing. Thawing all day long on Wednesday. At noon while Frank was skating, Leo’s dog team which was in harness attacked him and had him down. Leo managed to pull the dogs off—I saw it all from my upper window. Mr. Chapman, Tommy and I ran over to Frank who was standing petrified to the spot where the dogs had jumped him. Mr. Chapman took Frank to the house and doctored several bites, none of them too deep. Excellent class with Harry. Good skating as the snow on the river was frozen. Wallace in bed all day under the care of Mr. Chapman. Simon’s mother, Si Von Von, came over to continue her story, but Tommy was otherwise busy and could not interpret for me so ’twas postponed.

Thursday, all things frozen. A glorious sunrise while I was dressing, the mountains exquisitely colored. Saw Harry leave with his dog team, will miss him so much. Wallace is somewhat better and got dressed at noon. The snow was frozen quite hard on our rink and on the Anvik ice, but near the slough on a long stretch of glare ice the surface was excellent. Had the best skate I have ever known, while the little children played about me. We came home in a snowstorm, the rising moon curtained by the falling snow and making a strange and eerie column of light. Friday, a light snowstorm all day. Ironed in the afternoon while the three little girls sat watching me all the while and chattering away so merrily.

Saturday, sunrise about 8:30, full of beauty. As our clock is almost an hour behind the sun, its splendor came just as I was dressing. A very cold day. After dinner went twice to see Rachael but both times she was not at home. Joined Mr. Chapman and the boys who were going out the trail to check our supply of wood. A delightful walk, the woods a perfect wonderland of sunshine and snow. Mr. Chapman looked snug and fine in the parkee Miss Graves sent him. Reached home after sundown feeling so fine for the outing.

Today, a cold but oh! so beautiful Sunday. Just after breakfast a large number of people arrived from the Chageluk, the captain of the White Seal with his wife and others—five sleds in all. What a pretty sight it was, the sleds coming in one behind the other. Eight or ten white men at morning service, and quite a goodly number of natives, too. After service Mr. Chapman, the children and I went over to Hubert’s. As we came home the stars were brilliant, and from the bare trees across the Yukon the moon, somewhat old, was rising. The little Englishman paid a long visit to Mr. Chapman. The people from the White Seal occupy the rectory.

Monday, November 1

Sweet early morning service, but only old Si Von Von, Tommy and I. Some of the men leave who had been staying in Isaac’s cabin. A late walk out on the trail. Saw the evening star suddenly break forth from a blue sky and watched the moon rise. A peaceful morning, myself all alone on the frozen Yukon under glorious skies.
Hanging salmon to dry for winter consumption, at the Anvik mission. The boy hanging the fish is Fred, while Tommy hands them up, and Kate (wearing her beloved tam) stands watching them work. During the summer, the local Deg Hit'yan peoples fished off the point of land at Anvik, catching whitefish but above all salmon, which came into the Anvik River from the Yukon, on their way upstream to spawn. As Alice described it, “The Native fishermen at this point used dip nets, but up the Anvik great fish wheels were used. As the Natives prepared some of their catch for winter use, the heads and tails and most of the roe were packed tightly into previously dug holes to rot. The best parts of the fish were cut into strips and allowed to dry. During the winter the buried parts of the fish would freeze, and later they would be dug up and combined with blueberries, which had been gathered in the fall and also stored.” Hudson Stuck photograph album, in the collection of Alice A. Boulter.

Saturday, November 6

Tuesday, little romps with the younger children on the ice and snow and along the banks of the Yukon. Our Halloween festivities were postponed until Tuesday because of the many visitors in the neighborhood. Such a happy time we had in the school-room bobbing for apples! Isaac’s family and Si Von Von and many village boys were with us. Heard the startling news of Anna J’s marriage by the native custom to a youth named Jay from another village. Received a queer gift of a box of matches from the little Irishman [Michael Sullivan]. Harry has not been coming to school this week as he has been escorting the white men about.

Wednesday, a cold but fine day. School as usual, and afterwards went with the smaller children over to the glare ice to skate. Found quite a stretch of clear ice but my feet were too cold, even with my big boots on, to skate much. A visit to the rectory to say goodbye to one of the ladies from the White Seal and had a very pleasant little talk. Thursday, again cold with much wind but welcome sunshine. Two parties got off, the man, his wife and children who were in Mr. Bressler’s cabin and the captain, his wife
Alice Agnes Green (1878–1972)

and others from the White Seal. Two more white men arrived. 'Tis rumored they have come to establish a roadhouse.

Friday, quite a raw day. Pleasant hours at school and Harry returned for his lessons. Today, a few visits to the village during the afternoon, the wind rather strong but the sunshine bright. Met Mr. Sullivan roaming about looking for a lost dog and had a nice little chat with him. Julius was brought from Holy Cross quite sick with a touch of pneumonia. Some natives passing through said they had seen Mr. Williams in a roadhouse this side of Tanana, the first word we have had of him.

Saturday, November 13

A heavy but beautiful snowstorm all last Sunday. Quite a number of natives at church. Mr. Chapman spoke plainly of the liquor question and drew out Nicolai Doctor’s views. ‘Twas a satisfaction to hear the way the old native chief spoke up against the heavy drinking by so many of his people. Mr. Chapman had to make a call in the village, and some of the girls and I went with him and stopped to see Hubert. On the way had a pleasant chat with Mr. Sullivan at the woodshed. I had a dreadful cold, and I looked dreadful, too. The days draw near for the mail.

Most of Monday spent in my “work shop.” Harry came at 1:30 but when he left the village ‘twas but 11:30, that much difference there is between the village and the mission clocks. He tarried until the children were through and then he and I had our class. No time for a walk so the children and I had great fun bumping and thumping down the frozen schoolroom steps, and then a grand slide down the hill. A bright little note from Mr. Sullivan returning The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.24

Tuesday through Friday, mild days and some rain. School as usual with Harry in attendance for his special lessons. With the smaller children a delightful time up through the slough and around the island, coming out beyond the village. Friday no exercise as we are making our preparations for Thanksgiving Day. My throat very sore and oh! how tired and homesick and really heartsick I am.

Today, a mild Saturday and one day nearer the mailman’s coming. Felt so disheartened as Mr. Chapman announced that I had tonsillitis. Nevertheless, after dinner, well bundled up, I started out with Arthur, Paul and Dominic for a little walk in the drizzling snow. Before we got any distance up the Yukon a blinding snowstorm met us, but the snow was tender as it fell upon my face. We came across Nicolai Doctor’s boys setting a fish trap. One of them saw some eels and everyone got ready for the hunt. Isaac and Tommy left about dark.

Friday, November 19

After Sunday morning service took a walk on the ice with Wallace, somewhat cold, the sunshine bright. Later Mr. Chapman came to the house and again examined my poor

24 The Trail of the Lonesome Pine (1908) was a best-selling romantic novel by John Fox about two feuding families in the Appalachian Mountains.
throat. He pronounced such a verdict, that it must be operated on, at the earliest convenience. Oh dear! Before Sunday School I met Mr. Sullivan who went over to Hubert’s with me. He is really nice, his brogue fascinating indeed. Tommy and Isaac returned about 9:30 in the morning with a sled of eels, several gunny sacks full. I got my first look at eels—such a sight, like a mass of snakes and worms.

Monday, clear and cold but another fine day. Lee and Mr. Howard from Nulato came on a visit. Mr. Howard quite wealthy with his hundred or more dollars cash received from the sale of his beautiful fox skins. Frank was caught smoking again. Quite a conference then before supper—Mrs. Evans, Mr. Chapman, Isaac and myself to decide what to be done with Frank. Some of the older children there, too, so that they may be discouraged from smoking. ’Twas determined that Frank should have no birthday party on Tuesday. Had a ramble before dark on the ice with Arthur and Lee. Met Mr. Sullivan and he went over to the store with me to get Frank’s candy. Again, I like the little Irishman, he really has pretty hair. After supper old Si Von Von up in my room to continue her story. Mr. Chapman, Tommy, Harriet and all the little boys there also to hear the fascinating tale. To bed sad about Frank. My cold has vanished and my throat just a wee bit troublesome.

Tuesday, Frank’s birthday but no merriment for the poor child. Mr. Wolfe arrived with very little mail—a dear letter from Mrs. Chapman in Seattle and a package of handkerchiefs from Aunt Agnes [in Louisiana]. Nothing more, and my heart would have been heavy indeed if it had not been for a long walk in the glorious outdoors. Mr. Sullivan with me, as talkative and interesting as could be.

Wednesday, our little world a fairyland again, the trees bending with the frost, and all day they glistened in the sunlight. Harry came to his class so I did not get out for my constitutional until rather late. Thursday, the heavily frost-laden trees casting strange shadows in the snow. A long time out on the ice with the children as Harry failed to come to school. The stars bright in a clear blue sky.

Friday, a terrific headache so I sought the refreshing outdoors and let the stupid ironing go. Katherine and I had a long delightful walk up the Yukon, the great white trees against the pink and blue of the setting sun were lovely indeed. Katherine so talkative all the while, chattering about Santa Claus. The little-more-than-crescent moon rose from behind a hill of white, and soon the evening star peeped out and sparkled from the blue sky. Other stars came out and by the time we reached home the heavens were bright with a thousand sparkles. After supper Mr. Chapman read a very interesting O’Henry story to Mrs. Evans and me.

Wednesday, November 24

Woke up at three last Saturday morning and as I looked from my window saw a superb display of the Northern Lights, very full of motion but utterly colorless, and in the midst of it a brilliant star. There is some sickness in the village. Mr. Chapman is visiting there constantly and advised me not to go because of my sore throat. After dinner Arthur and I, with Bob, started out for a walk. When we reached home Anna M. ran out to tell me
that Mr. Fuller, the school teacher from Chageluk, and his wife had arrived about three o’clock. A very charming afternoon with them, and after supper a gramophone concert.

Sunday, cold indeed, 6 below, and a severe wind blowing. Two more of the White Seal crew came and are at home in the kazheem, the “igloo” these days. Mr. and Mrs. Fuller to service, their singing helped so much. Mr. Sullivan came to evening service with his kazheem companions and officers of the White Seal. The gramophone busy before supper and a little social talk afterwards with our guests—really charming people. Edith’s sister passed away, Isaac brought the news from the village while we lingered over our teacups.

Monday, cold but clear. Mr. and Mrs. Fuller got off about seven, the men from the White Seal leaving some time earlier. Later many villagers with their dog teams leave for the Chageluk to attend a big feast. Tuesday, coldest day of the season, 15 below, but bright sunshine all day. A glorious sunrise upon the mountains and equally beautiful sunset, then golden moonlight. A visit to Agnes for her to sew the ruffles on my blouse. A little social call to Mr. and Mrs. Watson, but also to enquire about my snowshoes. On the way back had a little talk under the stars with my very interesting friend Mr. Sullivan.

Today, another clear, cold bracing day. Over to Agnes again to deliver the material for some aprons. Isaac returned from the Chageluk with Mr. Sutton about dusk, the poor man looks ill indeed. A sweet little note from Mr. Sullivan.

Tuesday, November 30

Last Thursday, Thanksgiving Day. Very sweet morning service, five white men with us at morning service. Exceptionally good contribution from them to be used for medicines. Such a fine day, 15 below, with bright sunshine. A short walk on the ice while waiting for dinner. The white men at the kazheem were invited but they declined as they did not think their clothes suitable. Mr. Sutton was our only guest. After dinner went up to the schoolroom for the children’s Thanksgiving program. Mrs. Watson and Mr. Sullivan were there as well as many natives. Arthur and Mona did exceptionally well in their recitations. While the children were singing I put the candy on to boil and it was about done when they had finished. A very successful candy pulling and great fun popcorn popping. Most of the village people left before we started our games as ‘twas growing late. Home by moonlight, our little world so peaceful.

Friday, another fine, bright day, 20 below. Mr. Sutton well enough to appear at meals. Watched an eclipse of the moon, we thought ‘twas to be a partial one but it proved to be total. It lasted almost two hours, a weird, mysterious shadow as the moon was darkened.

Saturday, coldest day of the year, 30 below. Made several visits to the village, the homes seemed disgustingly dirty to me today, almost all the families were cooking eels. Came home the longest way, through the slough, the cold was really a blessing. After dinner had a pleasant walk with Mr. Sullivan a mile or so down the Yukon. We saw the many sleds of people returning from the Chageluk feast, seventeen sleds, each with a
full team of dogs. As we returned a great golden moon rose from behind the bare trees across the Yukon and was well up in the sky ’ere we reached home. I can hardly forget this walk for a long time, if ever. Mr. Sullivan’s hopes are high and his plans sound attractive.

Sunday, even colder, 35 below. Too cold to venture out on the ice. After Sunday School three of the village girls came in to talk to me. I do wish I could get them to come to school. After service went over with the children to see Hubert, then took Margaret home and saw Mr. Sullivan buying supplies. I thought he was preparing to leave in the morning and really felt sad to think he was going away so I hurried on without a word.

Monday, received a package of very special photos from Mr. Sullivan. Dark, dark after school so had no minutes for outdoor recreation which I sorely missed. Today, the last day of November and a cold, bright day. Came right home after school as ’twas too dark to venture out on the ice, though I should have. Such a very dear letter from Mr. Sullivan, his plans so great, but such things can never be. If the mail would but come, then my heart would not ache so.25

Wednesday, December 1

After answering Mr. Sullivan’s letter last night I felt somewhat better. But our engagement to meet at Mr. Watson’s store did not come to pass, evidently our clocks did not agree. I went, and he went twice, as I learned afterwards, but we missed each other. Would that I might have seen him, there was much to say. Mr. Kruger and his family returned from Holy Cross.

Sunday, December 5

Quite early on Thursday I heard much commotion upon the river—Enoch, who had been occupying the kazheem, and Mr. Sullivan preparing to leave. As I dressed they went to the rectory to say goodbye to Mr. Chapman. I called from my window and watched as they started off with Mr. Sullivan’s splendid dog team, but no wave to me. Just as school was about over Frank gave me a rather crumpled piece of paper which he had carried all day in his pocket—a note from “Mr. Solomon.” It was so welcome. Mr. Wolfe arrived about eleven with two Holy Cross fathers, one of whom I had met while on the Hannah and the Schwatka with my afflicted face. A glorious day and a brisk long walk all by myself down the Yukon with Golden, the air cool and refreshing. Really missed Mr. Sullivan.

Friday, Mr. Sutton came to the school for a short while and gave the children such an interesting talk about birds. Great numbers of natives arrive to attend the grand parkee feast. I saw at least fifteen sleds on the ice at the same time, ’tis beautiful to see

25 Michael Sullivan’s attention certainly flattered Alice and turned her head, and she found his “brogue fascinating indeed.” But, however enticing his plans were, she had just written that “such things can never be.” It seems to have been from George, in Tanana, that she hoped for a letter.
them upon the snow. Saturday, very windy and cold. A little visit after dinner with Mrs. Kruger and a lovely walk with the children deep down in the woodland. The “igloo” seems lifeless—no Enoch, no Mr. Sullivan.

Today, still cold and windy. Few natives at church as the parkee feast is on. About two o’clock a fire at Mr. Watson’s house! All the men ran over, Mr. Chapman taking the fire extinguisher, and after a few moments of vigorous work the fire was put out. Thank goodness it was no worse! A visit to Hubert with the children, ’twas much fun sliding down the river bank in the deep snow. Up to bedtime Mr. Chapman busy making preparations for his trip to the Chageluk.

Sunday, December 12

Paul’s birthday on Monday. Mr. Chapman had early breakfast and Mrs. Evans and I sat with him and talked while he ate. He and Isaac got off about eight just as the first morning light dawned and we all went out to watch them depart. A windy, blustering day, but well bundled up I took a little promenade after school. The children popped corn in my room before supper.

Tuesday, Lena absent from school, her birthday. Where and how is she? Too cold and blustering to take even a little walk, and oh! how I miss the outing. The parkee feasters leave. Wednesday, still raw and cold. No recreation, no cheer, for my heart was sad all day for some unknown reason. Two white men arrive from Fairbanks, one a Christian Scientist, they occupy the “igloo.” The Fairbanks newspapers they bring give reports of gold strikes at Iditarod. ’Tis welcome indeed to have some news. 26

Thursday, still windy but with some sunshine. Too disagreeable to go out after school. Quite cold on Friday, but still. Too dark after school for any outdoor activity. Cora was suddenly taken ill but soon recovered. She often merely thinks she is ill. Two men who had occupied Isaac’s cabin in the autumn have come from the Chageluk and are staying at the “igloo.” They brought word that Mr. Chapman and Mr. Sullivan and others had left Chageluk for Iditarod. Reports of the diggings are far from favorable.

Saturday, the coldest day of the season, 37 below, but with bright sunshine for a few hours. Right after breakfast I bundled up snugly and started to the village. The air was crisp indeed but I was not the least bit cold, my fur hood and coat and mittens perfect treasures. Mildred could not go out as she had planned, her father being quite sick. She had to stay with him while her mother went for wood. Came home the longest way, around the island and then down the Yukon to the trail that crosses the great frozen river. Golden was my only companion and he was most attentive, dear pretty dog that he is. During the night I was really, really ill with such a frightful stomach ache. Mr. Sutton was up all night, off and on, watching the furnace pipes which were kept red hot so our blocks of ice could melt for water.

26 The discovery of gold on Otter Creek, a tributary of the Iditarod River, late in 1908 sparked what would be Alaska’s last major gold rush, in 1909–10. The boom town of Iditarod soon sprang up, located roughly 70 miles east of Anvik.
No service today as no Mr. Chapman. I held Sunday School in the dining room, and while in the midst of singing a hymn a stranger came in the back door and asked in a most pleasant way to house his dogs in our shed. He brought word that Mr. Williams had reached Fairbanks safely and that Mrs. Williams’s finger had been lanced three times. More particulars would follow in the next mail—so near at hand! A very, very windy day, much snow. Some visits in the village, to Cora, Agnes, Rachael and Mrs. Watson. A cup of hot chocolate with the children before going to bed. My heart so heavy all day in the midst of never-idle moments. I am contented but lonely, oh! so lonely.

Alice wrote that this picture illustrates the “exquisite furs” that were commonplace in the Alaska Interior—among them fox, beaver, reindeer, ermine, mink, and wolverine. This photograph was taken in Tanana about 1906, by a photographer now unknown. Collection of Alice A. Boulter.

Sunday, December 19

Last Monday, much milder with a heavy snowfall over Sunday night. Mr. Sutton confined to his room all day with a headache—poor man! Tuesday, Harry came to school for his special class, then over to the house to hear a grand gramophone concert before supper. I enjoyed it so much. While lingering over our tea cups Mr. and Mrs. Watson
came for Margaret, they sat and sat until almost ten. Mr. Watson is so talkative and his wife so pleasant and pretty.

Wednesday, a mild morning but a high wind after dinner. Vigorous practice of our Christmas program during school hours. About dusk the feasters return from the Chageluk—we ran out to see if Mr. Chapman was among them, but alas! he was not. Three dog teams with their owners left the “igloo” this morning early. So near mail day, and the postman not yet come! Thursday, truly an eventful day. Heavy snow overnight, the weather much milder. All things as usual until dinner when Mr. Wolfe arrived. During Mr. Chapman’s absence Mr. Chase had agreed to accept the mail with my assistance—and so we did attend to it. Quite an experience. We finished about six o’clock—three sacks of second class mail and only one of letters. Many nice letters from home, comforting and cheering, but none from Mr. Boulter, Mr. Strangman or Mrs. Williams. Heard the so distressing report of Mr. Sullivan and his shabby behavior on the Chageluk. I trust ’tis false.

Friday, much fine snow, the blustering wind piled immensely high drifts all about. Did not go out at all. Rachael came over and I played the ever faithful gramophone for her. Saturday, heard news that Mr. Chapman is lost, but such is absolutely absurd. Today, snow and some rain, a spring-like day until noon and then it turned very much colder. The day restful and peaceful, late breakfast, very late dinner and no supper.

Friday, December 24

Monday through Thursday, very cold bitter days without, but great cheer and warm glows of enthusiasm within. The children and I decorate the schoolroom and after classes a merry group gathers in my room stringing popcorn. We eagerly and anxiously watch and wait for Mr. Chapman. I made two trips to the post in all the biting coldness, and several over to Mr. Watson’s store, but I suffered not at all from the weather.

Today, Christmas Eve. A bitterly cold day, 40 below, with an exceedingly high wind blowing. Mr. Sutton and I look over the Christmas things, bringing them up from Mr. Watson’s. In the afternoon sorted out the many gifts I secretly hid in the Bishop’s room in the rectory. The children happily excited all day—they, too, were busy with their own secrets. The schoolroom all in readiness, and Hubert’s tree up, too. Quite late, after the children were all abed, I made my rounds of the neighborhood homes with two big baskets full of gifts. Then to bed myself with a glad heart, and the little box from Mr. and Mrs. Williams on the table beside my matches and candles.

Saturday, December 25

Christmas Day, 1909. Mr. Chapman has not yet come! Was awakened about seven by the children’s exclamations of delight. How dear they are! ’Twas so pleasing to see their joy over their Christmas presents. And how delighted I was with the lovely little locket from Mr. and Mrs. Williams. Arthur had his own small tree just after breakfast, the
neighborhood children with their mothers coming in to join us. Then we all flocked over to the schoolroom until it was crowded with about forty villagers. While Mrs. Evans served refreshments I played the gramophone for more than two hours. The natives seemed most appreciative of the music. Later I entertained several of the older boys in my room, showing them photos of my family and friends at home. Just before bedtime the children and I went around to the neighborhood homes to sing our carols. The night was still and dark after a constant and heavy snowfall all day. We missed dear Mr. Chapman. My thoughts were of all my dear ones this day.

Friday, December 31

All of us up late on Sunday, breakfast at 10:15. A mild day, everywhere thawing. Attempted a little walk after breakfast but the heavy trail soon sent me back with wet skirts. My poor bones ached all day. Monday, felt miserably bad, could scarcely wait for school to be over. Then Harry came for his lessons and ’twas late ’ere I got home. Little Wallace not well, he lay quietly on my bed all afternoon. Poor old Barney died, and the dog was taken out and left on the ice. A great quarrel amongst several of the Indian wives was the excitement of the day. I know not the cause of it all. Still no Mr. Chapman!

Tuesday, went to school by brilliant moonlight. About ten in the morning the great golden moon was still hanging just over the mountains when suddenly it disappeared, the morning sunlight robbed it of its brilliance. Quite a cold day. After school Katherine and I took a long walk under the canopy of stars. Wednesday and Thursday, heavy snowstorms but peaceful indoors. No word of Mr. Chapman. On Thursday Mr. Sutton had his kazheem feast for the boys.

Today, the last of December and dear old 1909. Short school session, Tommy with some of the other boys out, the village alive with the bang of guns and firecrackers. Matilda’s baby died. Mrs. Evans walked up to the village in the morning but got there just as the little child passed away. To bed early, my alarm clock awakening me a few moments before midnight. The stars which I had hoped to see were all hidden by snow clouds. In fervent prayer and deep thought I felt the old year with all its gladness and all its sadness pass away and the New Year dawn. Loved ones, though far away, were near in prayer and thought.

Saturday, January 1, 1910

New Year’s Day, 1910. Just the usual Saturday as Mr. Chapman did not return. Several inches of snow fell during the night and more continued all day. I spent most of the hours in letter writing and a visit to Mrs. Watson. Before bedtime much noise and shooting up at the village, while Tommy and Mr. Chase went “halvers” and invested in a sky-rocket and several roman candles. The children greatly delighted with all the celebration.
Friday, January 7

Quite a day last Sunday! Breakfast at ten-thirty. A little walk with the children, but we were all called back by the bell and went over to the church to attend a little service for Matilda's baby. Mrs. Evans read a psalm, we had a prayer, then the children and I sang “Asleep in Jesus.” Then such a sad picture, the forlorn dirty little woman in the midst of eight or ten men, all on snowshoes in a file, following the little box to the grave on the hillside. The snow was entirely too deep for any of us to go. After Sunday School I settled myself to write when someone called out, “Mr. Chapman!” We all went running, and sure enough there he was at the woodshed looking fit and well, and Mr. Sullivan with him. How glad I was to see them both!

While at supper we enjoyed hearing Mr. Chapman’s accounts of his experiences at Chageluk and Iditarod. Mr. Wolfe arrived about ten o’clock and Mr. Chapman was busy for several hours with the mail. But nothing of importance for me! Little Wallace still quite sick and was put to bed in the rectory, crying much of the night. Mrs. Evans and Mr. Sutton went at different times to comfort him and I, too, went to see him.

Monday morning, a mild day, more snow. Wore my leather shoes to school. Rather a trying day with the children after all the excitement of the holidays. Arriving home at noon found a nice little note and a few gold nuggets from Mr. Sullivan. Saw him for a minute or so when he was on his way to the waterhole and had a pleasant chat with him, poor fellow. His heart is so big, his affections so great, my feeling for him is indeed dear. Many natives arrived for yet another feast, fifteen sleds coming in a long line across the snow. Much activity in the village, the many lanterns shining cheerily in the dark night.

Tuesday through Thursday, much thawing, the spring-like weather continues. A sad little episode at school. Frank misbehaving, whistling in the classroom. On my way over to Rachael’s met Mr. Sullivan sawing wood, he was pleasant in our rather long chat. I accepted his invitation to attend the kazheem with him and to go for a dog sled ride on Saturday. I asked, however, to take Frank with us. On Thursday when school was over I went to ask Mr. and Mrs. Watson and Margaret to our party on Friday. The little boys went with me and we had great fun ploughing through the high snowdrifts.

Today, quite an eventful day, our second Christmas tree party—this time for Mr. Chapman. Finished decorating the schoolroom in the morning while the children practised their program. Then assisted Mr. Sutton until after dinner tying up packages for the tree, after which Tommy joined us and helped until we had finished. By the time I put on my pretty blue party dress a great many people had congregated in the schoolroom, Mr. Sullivan among them. The children did splendidly with their recitations and singing, and everyone was greatly pleased. Mrs. Evans came but unfortunately, as Mr. Chapman said, she chose not to see or hear anything. I simply cannot understand her! The little gifts under the tree were numbered and were given to the children according to the cards they each held.

Afterwards, in a gloriously clear night, more fireworks—the splendid sky-rocket and two roman candles. The natives enthused and impressed, ’twas quite a sight to many of
them. Mr. Sullivan at last joined me while we shot off some fire works, then a nice walk home. Later Mr. Chapman and I returned to the schoolroom to take down the decorations. I fell from a rickety bench upon my poor knee—intense pain.

Friday, January 14

Last Saturday was little Henry Chapman’s birthday. A cold day, but beautiful, the snow-covered trees and mountains outlined against the delicate pink and blue of the sky. My view of the colorful sight was through the fringe of icicles hanging from the roof above my window. Went over to Rachael’s to give her instruction in hygiene but little Joseph was so naughty we did not accomplish much.

At three o’clock Frank and I started on our great ride with Mr. Sullivan. We took Golden with us and had a hard time starting as the other dogs were quite upset by Golden trotting alongside the sled. But when on the down-river trail, the team sped along swiftly with Mr. S. at the handlebars, he as interesting and dear as can be. Just before reaching home Frank and I became a bit cold, but Mr. S. seemed comfortable and was actually “sweating” in the 30 below weather. I regretted when the ride was over.

Sunday, very cold. ’Twas refreshing to have service once more. After church Mr. Chapman and I went over to Hubert’s with the children in quite a blizzard, the wind so fierce that I had to close my eyes. Monday, a very full day. Harry came to school and I was glad indeed to see him, but his lessons did prolong my duties and I was so tired. A dear note from M.S. [Michael Sullivan] which did my heart much good.

Tuesday, bitterly cold again. Mr. Sutton planned to leave but the weather held him back. Wednesday, a day I can really never forget. The children so good in school. About three-thirty M.S. came to the schoolroom to borrow a book and lingered while I finished my classes, and read until Harry and I were through with our lessons. Then, outside, we started for our little walk. We beat a hard trail for the short distance between the schoolhouse and the mission, and back and forth we walked and talked. His nature is deep and beautiful and his love almost perfect.

Thursday, over to Rachael’s after school for her hour of instruction in hygiene. The weather rather warm, a little rain and some snow. Another dear little note from M.S. A blizzard at bedtime, high winds and snow. All trails covered.

Tuesday, January 18

Saturday, again quite a day. Snow everywhere very deep, the natives from the village had to come to the mission on snowshoes. Rachael’s lesson in the morning with domestic duties. After dinner M.S. and I started out for a walk, he on snowshoes and I on skis, my first attempt on these. But after a little while we had to exchange as I made slow progress. Some of the smaller children followed us for a short distance, but as it was impossible for them to continue they soon turned back. I did better on the snowshoes, but M.S. could not use the skis because of the soft snow collecting upon them so he
plodded along almost knee deep through the drifts. I can never really forget this walk, my not-positive answer kindled his intense anger and so quickly he turned.

Sunday, snow, snow all day, my heart sick and so weary. The usual note from M.S. rather upset me. In the afternoon went over to Isaac’s to see Paul who is kept at home because of his badly infected face. On Monday, more snow but the wind subsided. About three Mr. Wolfe arrived. Many, many delightful letters, my heart so eased. A lovely note from George E. and a nice letter from Harry Strangman. M.S. came to the schoolroom for a book then walked home with me and we had a little talk. I am truly beginning to like him less and less, he expects entirely too much of me. I cannot and would not give all he asks. Comforting moonlight and starlight. Isaac presents me with a pair of snow-shoes, a long desired want.

Today, very cold but wonderful sunshine all day. In the afternoon had a little snow-shoe walk with M.S. Mr. Sutton quite ill, Isaac with the help of Lewis taking him down to Holy Cross. At noon Dr. Barber, the census taker, arrived from Nulato. A sweet visit from M.S. in school and a pleasant little walk home by moonlight, but still we can come to no definite agreement. Three white men arrive from the Chageluk.

Sunday, January 23

Thursday, another eventful day. Dr. Barber came to dinner, a pleasant man, tall with beautiful eyes behind glasses, a noble forehead and pretty hair. After dinner he attended to his census business. In the afternoon as I was putting up the school books M.S. came in and we had quite a long talk near the stove. He walked home with me and oh! our goodbye which was to be our last. How deep his nature is! Saturday, a sad day indeed. A spring-like day, M.S. busy with his departure preparations. In the afternoon we had a short snowshoe walk. Frank soon overtook us. Quite a snowstorm came up, one could scarcely see a foot ahead. Such a sad, sad walk—again we parted for ever.

Today, how sad and heavy my heart is. M.S. left without a word. I peeped at him as he was packing his sled, but not a glance did he give to my window. Sad all day, sad because he was disappointed in his expectations of me. The tears came thick and fast at times during the day. God bless him and protect him wherever he goes. I had to leave service for a minute because of my sore throat, and to my astonishment I saw Halley’s great comet as it blazed in the southwest, more southerly than westwardly, with its head down and tail upward. Quite a commotion after church as we all watched for it. Went over to Hubert’s after Sunday School with the children and Mr. Chapman. Music’s father died up the river, the natives believe the appearance of the comet caused his death.

Friday, January 28

Monday, a bleak snowy day, and oh! how heavy my heart was. I miss dear M.S., would that I might call him back. Very trying day at school. Went for a little ski, but at every turn, at every nook something spoke of my dear friend now forever gone. Too cloudy to see the comet, no stars even visible. Tuesday, a cold bright day, but really full of distress
for me. Arthur was very noisy in school. Mrs. Evans came to the schoolroom and took
him away. I sent for Mr. Chapman to present my side of the matter but he was not very
cooperative, not wanting to further antagonize Mrs. Evans. The comet a wee bit visible.
Venus radiant.

Wednesday, the coldest day of the season, 50 below, but brilliant skies. Had classes
around the schoolroom stove. Depressed and sad all day. Dear M.S., where and how can
he be? How I wish for some word from him, but alas! ’twill never come. The days are sad
and lonely. The comet visible for a little while though rather dim. Thursday, the severe
cold continues, had school again around the stove. Bright sunshine all day, glorious
starlight, the comet visible for but a few minutes. Try hard as I can, my thoughts still
wander to M.S. How long it seems since he was here, and oh! how I do miss him.

Today, still very cold and clear, 53 below. School somewhat better, my spirits awak-
ening a wee bit, but memories of just a week ago come thick and fast. Had I been brave
enough to have said the word, had I but known then as I do now my deep feeling for
him, his wished for answer might have been given.

After school bundled up and took a long walk on my new snowshoes across the
Yukon and then up river some distance, the fresh air so healing. Dr. Barber returned
from his head-counting on the Chageluk. He came over after supper to consult with Mr.
Chapman and stayed a while listening to the gramophone.

Monday, January 31

Saturday, still cold and clear. The usual morning duties. How I missed not seeing Mr.
Sullivan! Walked down to the post on my snowshoes to settle my bill with Mr. Turner
and found him living in the cabin. After dinner Frank and I took a short walk on our
snowshoes, the little children struggling after us in the snow. Stopped at Mr. Watson’s
to get some candy for birthdays and listened to three or four records. On our way home
started up the river bank and I had a great tumble, around and around, head over heels.
Dr. Barber and Mr. Chapman watched it from afar.

Sunday, 40 below with beautiful sunshine. Wallace’s birthday, the precious child ate
his birthday supper at our table, cutting his little cake and lighting the candles. Before
service Golden and I had a vigorous walk down the well-beaten river trail.

Today, the last of January, cold continues. After rather a good day in school a long
walk up the Yukon with Golden, just the lovely dog with me. Memories of only a few
days ago crowd in on my thoughts. At one moment the sadness is almost more than I
can bear, while a wee small voice whispers, “It must have been for the best.” Dr. Barber
takes dinner with us.

Tuesday, February 1

I am glad the days are flying as my hopes lie in the next mail. Weather bitterly cold, 57
below. Mr. Chapman suggests that we should have school in the rectory guest room,
and we got along very nicely seated on the floor. At noon while waiting for dinner had
a lively half mile walk down the horse trail, the sunlight dappled through the trees. The first time ever the frost gathered on my eyelashes so heavily that my eyes were almost closed before I reached home. When I entered the house the children exclaimed, “Oh, Santa Claus!” And as the frost melted my face became as wet as though I had been in a morning plunge. Delia’s birthday today. Ice cream and the gramophone after supper.

Sunday, February 6

Wednesday, still cold, 40 below. School again in the rectory, but with benches today. At dinner Mrs. Evans’s very unkind and uncivil criticism of my wanting to hold school in the house. Mr. Chapman put a quietus upon further discussion of it. Mr. Wolffe arrived, bringing with him a boy with a badly frozen face from the dreadful elements which raged. Bright stars and the day was done.

Thursday, decidedly more sunlight, breakfast without gaslight all this week. A very blustering day, took no walk at all. Thoughts of M.S. still linger, but the pain is gone. Friday, much milder, held classes in the schoolroom. Did not do my ironing as I should have as I craved the out-of-doors, so went for a long snowshoe walk around the island, faithful Golden my sole companion. Came home by starlight, the constellations dazzling. No comet visible. Much sickness in the village.

Somewhat cold on Saturday, but clear. Rachael could not have her lesson as Joseph wasn’t well, so I went to the village instead, visiting Anna J. and Julia. Home the longest way, around the island on my snowshoes, jolly exercise indeed.

A blustering Sunday today, few at either service because of the blizzard. I stayed close indoors by a snug cozy fire. Simon returned bringing word of the New York disaster by tidal wave!

Saturday, February 12

Weather much moderated on Monday. I awoke with my throat in a frightful condition, great immense ulcers. Mr. Chapman learned more of the news from Simon, word that Roosevelt had been killed in Africa by one of the natives. Nothing more about the astonishing fact. Tuesday, another blustering but spring-like day. Tommy has begun his kite flying. In the afternoon I rested a bit as I was so weary, my throat terribly sore. Harry came by to say he would be gone a week or so at the wood camp and would not be able to attend school. Before supper Tommy and some of the other boys up in my room, we had tricks with cards and spent a most pleasant hour or so.

Snowy and warm on Wednesday. Mr. Chapman and Isaac left for the Chageluk about eight-thirty in clear good weather. After school a little walk with Jack across the Yukon, both of us on snowshoes, and a short visit to Hubert. Felt so weak and exhausted most of the day with fearful pains in my heart. After supper Tommy flew his kite wonderfully, with a lantern on its tail, and the other boys greatly impressed. Thursday and Friday, a little colder, some rain, some snow. Two good days at school, my throat somewhat improved.
Today, Lincoln’s birthday. Beautifully clear but cold. Throat much better. A little visit to Rachael but no lessons as Joseph again was not well. A long snowshoe walk across the Yukon but had to keep my mouth shut tight as the air was indeed keen. Dr. Barber returned, he reports that there is no truth in the stories of the New York tidal wave or of Roosevelt’s death.

Saturday, February 19

Last Sunday, a disagreeably windy day, did not go out of the house. Dr. Barber came over in the morning to look at my throat, also Frank’s. Mine quite bad indeed, but the ulcers have disappeared because of the antiseptics I have used. Little Frank’s really awful. Dr. Barber went up to the rectory to search for the surgical instruments for an operation on Frank’s throat but could not find what he needed. I felt somewhat encouraged, however, as he did not speak too discouragingly of my throat.

He lingered and had dinner with us, after which we had a little social chat, all of us looking at pictures and photos.

Monday, still windy, did not attempt to go outside. During school hours played games in the afternoon in honor of Valentine’s Day. Mr. Chapman and Isaac returned a little before supper bringing a new boy, Ignatius, to stay with us. Mr. Chapman well but a little stiff, and seemed very pleased with his trip. Tuesday, Dr. Barber to dinner again. Too damp to go walking.

Wednesday, snowy. Mr. Wolffe arrived with the mail. Several very dear letters from those at home. My heart seems lighter because my note to Michael Sullivan got off in the mailbag, although I do not know when it shall ever reach him. Dr. Barber with us for supper again, and afterwards a pleasant chat over our teacups.

Thursday and Friday, warm pleasant days. Excellent school sessions, good recitations by the children. A jolly walk with the little boys down to the slough, all of us on snowshoes. After supper much reading to all of us by Mr. Chapman from the new magazines which came in the mail. Just before tea Tommy came running into my room with a beaming face and announced, “Mr. Sullivan has come!” What astonishing news. I had to write a little note to him.

While going over to Rachael’s today saw M.S. by the woodpile and we exchanged a word or two. Then as I left I saw Frank and had him deliver my note. Later, while I was arranging the church, Frank brought the answer, the same dear letter as always. We met in the afternoon and took a walk down the Yukon, and I learned why he had returned and all else. He and Jackson, his partner, are going trapping to the north of here. We had a lovely talk and “made up.” He is really dear and sweet.

Wednesday, February 23

Sunday, yet another blustering day. Few natives at service as preparations for a mask dance were going on in the village. Hugged the house all day as the wind still blew and howled. The evening service seemed fuller with M.S. there again. Monday after
classes a nice visit from M.S. in my “parlor,” the schoolroom. He tarried some while, then I went to service. No one but Mr. Chapman and I. A sweet refreshing little talk with him.

Tuesday, Washington’s birthday. Quite an exciting day. We all assembled around the flagpole, and in above knee-deep snow and as the flag was being raised sang “America.” Then back to the schoolroom where I put on the candy, and while it was cooking we made soldier caps of paper and got all ready for the afternoon’s program. The candy was a fine success and pulled beautifully. After dinner we lined up with our caps and willow-stick guns and had great fun marching to and from Hubert’s. Then our great snowball battle before the fort the boys had made from small logs. To inspire us we sang “The Red, White and Blue” and “Columbia.” Such fighting, such fun! Our side had to surrender as the soldiers were soon tired. Later M.S. and I had another walk down the Yukon, the twilight serene as a great round moon rose in a sky of pink and blue. He was as dear as could be.

Today, another blustering day. Did quite a bit of visiting in the village, to Hubert, Cora, Mildred, Rachael and Agatha. The little girls of the neighborhood escorted me about. Grouse and ptarmigan plentiful indeed, they are being trapped and caught in great numbers.27

Monday, February 28

Thursday, the wind exceedingly high. The children delight in the wind, but as for me I stay as closely housebound as possible. M.S. came to call as usual. He is indeed dear and loveable, and I cherish our moments together. Just a wee bit of choir practice as the hour was so late. The boisterous wind prevents the mask dancers and feasters from returning to their respective villages. Friday still windy.

Saturday, again cold but bright. While on my visits about the neighborhood saw M.S. several times, busy with preparations for his departure. After dinner we had another walk, the last for how long? He has changed, all for the better, so tender and sympathetic. The sunset was lovely, the lingering twilight calm and peaceful, and we parted. My heart not so heavy as it was at our last parting, but only sad because he must go. Tommy had an accident with his gun, discharging it accidentally while reloading. We all were much alarmed but fortunately no harm done except a hole in the woodshed wall.

Sunday, still blustering. M.S. did not leave as his partner was not ready. All day I was thinking of the barrier between us which seems insurmountable. We did not meet the entire day.

Today, little Jane’s birthday. How are she and Mrs. Williams? While getting ready for breakfast saw M.S. packing up his sled. Before school he came running up to say goodbye. ‘Twas just cordial as the children were with me. How hard it was to see him go! In the afternoon visited about the neighborhood. And another month has gone.

27 Here, a few of the children had neatly written their names in Alice’s journal: Jack Kruger, Frank Fanchon, Delia Hamilton, Anna Minor, and Arthur Howard.
Tuesday, March 1

A loneliness about everything. A long snowshoe walk deep in the woods and on the hill. The afternoon still and calm, my thoughts with many loved ones. How far did M.S. get, I wonder? Helped Isaac with a letter after supper and wrote some of my own.

Sunday, March 6

Wednesday, still windy. Mr. Wolfe came for the outgoing mail. The children especially good in school. Not weary any more as in weeks past, but today I am lonely. More visiting about the neighborhood and the village. The wind continued on Thursday, may it bring no mishaps or hardships to M.S. A long, lone snowshoe tramp up on the hill in the afternoon, the great white sheet of woodland much marked by the tracks of rabbits, grouse and other creatures whose footprints I know not.

Friday, yet more high winds but bright skies. Another long tramp into the woods where the wind is stilled, and a calmness prevails which is restful to my heart. Saturday, little wind and some welcome sunshine. Did so miss M.S. in and about the place. After lunch took a long refreshing snowshoe walk deep into the woods, over hill and down dale. Sweet little evening service, the girls in attendance. Golden away for some days, a villager took him and some other dogs to the Chageluk.

Today, a beautiful Sabbath with wonderful sunshine and no wind. By getting-up time the sun is now rather high. Went over to Hubert’s in the bright afternoon, the children and I having great fun along the way sliding on the crusted snow. In the early evening sat on the sawhorse by the woodpile a long time in deep thought watching the sun set in great glory behind the mountains. Golden returned, looking fine and barking his pleasure to be back. These days I am enjoying reading about Napoleon.

Sunday, March 13

Quiet days, some wind and a little snow. Very comfortable schoolroom as the stove had been moved on Saturday. On Wednesday a delightful walk with Katherine down the horse trail and around the hill gathering pussy willows, the woods so still. On the way home met Mrs. Kruger and Minnie, her fascinating little daughter. She brought me my finished gray waist. Am suffering from terrific headaches now, so dreadful. Mr. Chapman concerned and sympathetic and gave me some medication. Thursday, another walk with Katherine, my frequent companion, down to the post. I still feel so badly, cannot understand why. Look somewhat better but my condition not a bit improved. Would that I were nearer a physician. Friday, still windy and snowy. The children recite well in school, and before classes were over Mr. Bressler chanced along and he remained to enjoy their efforts. Katherine and I again walked to the willow thicket across the Yukon but found no pusy willows. Dear M.S., where and how is he? God bless him and protect him.

Saturday, rather mild with snow clouds all day. In the afternoon with Katherine and the little boys we go deep down into another part of the woods, out a side trail from the...
usual horse trail, to look for pussy willows. The woods were magical, the children in high spirits, darting here and there like Indians sure enough, the air balmy. But in some way I caught a shocking cold which did not help my headache at all.

Today, another heavy and steady snowstorm all day. “Twould have been an ideal day for talking and spending all the moments with M.S. whom I longingly miss.

Sunday, March 20

Monday, mail day approaching! Weather much milder. Felt oh! so bad, a huge and most painful headache from my not-exactly-understood condition. After school took a trudge up the hill in the new snow after pussy willows, Golden my only companion. The woods beautiful indeed, not a track, not a mark on the wide-spread carpet of snow. Golden and I left it rather marked up. A pleasant chat with Mrs. Evans over the teacups then up to my room to read a bit to Frank.

Tuesday, how near mail day is! A most excruciating headache all day. Could eat no breakfast. Mr. Chapman insisted that I should not try to teach but I kept on all day. At recess time Mrs. Evans sent me up a tray—some tea and milk. The tea certainly helped and even refreshed me. A heavily thawing day. After school took a stroll wearing my big leather shoes, ground too wet for my huge wide moccasins. Quite late Tommy had not returned from hunting, so after supper Mr. Chapman started out in search of him and soon found Tommy returning home happy and laden with grouse.

Such an eventful day Wednesday! Heavy snowstorm all morning. Felt weak and so badly all morning that at noon Mr. Chapman persuaded me to take a rest all evening. I had just gone to my room when Mr. Wolffe was sighted up the Yukon. How my longed for mail did refresh me! A lovely letter from George E. and consoling news from dear Mama and others at home. All afternoon I lay down with an aching, throbbing head, but somewhat quieted by the joy of my lovely letters. Woke up during the night desperately hungry and tried to satisfy myself with two glasses of water.

A little colder on Thursday, no thawing. How much more refreshed my weary body was and my mind at peace. The future seems so bright and full of hope, but day by day . . . A short visit to Rachael then a brisk walk down the horse trail with dear little Agnes, the afternoon cloudy but the air bracing and the woods so lovely. Her bright little eyes spied a tree with a quantity of splendid gum. Friday, some thawing. Felt quite a bit better. The children did excellently in their practice recitations for Easter. About four o’clock had quite a surprise, Mr. Sutton came walking in looking so well and strong.

Saturday, thawing, thawing everywhere. Rain during the night and soft snow falling thick and fast in the morning. I sat by the half opened window in my room and spent the spring-like morning letter writing, one to G.E. so far away.28 A visit to Rachael after dinner, then Mary, Katherine and I started out on a walk down our usual boulevard,
the horse trail, but had to turn back as the hour of service drew near. No one but Mr. Chapman and I at service, but nevertheless 'twas sweet and impressive.

Palm Sunday today and still more thawing. Felt so much better that my heart was truly thankful for the improvement in my health. Mr. Sutton left after breakfast, he had a day of welcome sunshine for his long walk to the Iditarod.

Sunday, March 27

Last Monday, sunshine in the morning, cloudy by afternoon. Busy with preparations for Easter. Felt somewhat better and enjoyed short walks after service with the children out on the horse trail. A thawing morning on Tuesday, and a perfectly beautiful day up to late afternoon when 'twas clouded over. A little snow. Mr. Byron arrived and is staying in the “igloo.” He reports that the new strike at Iditarod is thoroughly a fake and that but few people are left there. Wednesday, a heavy snowstorm all day. Looked over school papers in the afternoon. Had a most tremendous headache, hence my spirits were down in the depths.

By Thursday the snow ceased and 'twas a clear and thawing day. After school the girls and I went up to the house to clean and scrub, the girls thus earning their Easter money. How they did work! In just a while quite a transformation in the entire house. Supper late as we worked late.

Good Friday dawned gloriously and the entire day was as lovely as one could ever wish, the sky cloudless and blue and the sunshine so warm. Sweet services but few natives in attendance. The boys and I did more house cleaning in the morning. After dinner, a visit to Hubert and a little walk in the woods with Dora, Mildred, Luke and his mother. The other girls very busy with grouse picking, nineteen in all. Arthur’s birthday. After supper he and little Frank spent some time rubbing and scrubbing my silver. Saturday, cold and windy but with glad sunshine. Did not have to light the gas heater until seven o’clock. Busy with Easter preparations.

Easter Sunday today. By six-thirty in the morning the sunlight streamed across the Anvik from behind the mountains on the Yukon side. A high wind but divine sunshine all day and a peaceful sunset—a glad benediction to the holy day. The girls all received communion at service as they expect to be confirmed. A good many natives came in after service to hear the gramophone. Mrs. Evans and Arthur went with Mr. Chapman to hold service for Hubert. A very fine dinner with the delicious grouse, but Mr. Chapman did not sit with us as he had guests in the reception hall.

Just as the first bell had rung for evening service he was summoned to Cora’s, her child was dying. The children and I started over to Hubert’s for our special program. On the way we met Mr. Chapman returning from Cora’s. He said the little girl had probably suffered a dreadful attack of food poisoning but was better and was now sleeping. Hubert was unwell but his little face really beamed when he saw my new Easter bonnet. A brisk walk home, then ice cream and cake before going to bed. Just after prayers saw a vivid display of the Aurora, the entire heavens ablaze with color and motion. Before jumping into bed took a last peep from my window at the remarkable display.
Thursday, March 31

Monday, cold but bright, and no wind. Paul and Theresa sick from the spoiled chicken pie. Visited in the neighborhood all afternoon. Cora’s little girl so much better. I was not well myself with a tremendous headache. Mr. Sutton returned from Iditarod. Before bed another superb display of the Northern Lights.

More trouble on Tuesday with Mrs. Evans about Arthur’s noisy behavior during our spelling match. I had punished him by having him stand in the corner with his face to the wall. Such cold and angry looks she gave me at dinner! Afterwards she awaited me in the reception hall and together we went to see Mr. Chapman. The interview is long to be remembered, but she did not gain her way, not at all, not at all. Her fury was awful, she was almost mad.

Theresa and I had a delightful walk on a branch of the horse trail and saw Tommy at work uncovering the firewood which was buried completely under five feet of snow. The spring birds were singing, the woods beautiful and the sky a boundless blue. To bed with a lighter heart as Mr. Chapman said some very encouraging things to me about Nenana. Wednesday, cold over night, 27 below. By morning 17 below but bright. In the afternoon another walk to the end of the horse trail and met Tommy again at work digging out the wood, the birds singing, the sunshine warming, the woods so beautiful.

Today, sparkling and beautiful but rather cold. Did not feel very well. After school little Frank and I took a long snowshoe ramble in the great white woods. He spied an old squirrel’s nest high in a spruce tree and climbed up to investigate it. Deep down in the valley he found a squirrel’s hole and then a nest in a nearby tree and set a snare. Afterwards a visit to Mary’s little boy who is somewhat ill. A glad day, but alas! when I returned home more trouble with Mrs. Evans. I had to talk to Mr. Chapman about all the accusations she placed against me. The tears came thick and fast. Such a long and dreadful talk. I felt so upset that I could not go to supper. A sleepless night followed.

Friday, April 1

This morning found me still feeling ill. I went to prayers but had to leave just at the close. Another conference with Mr. Chapman and Mrs. Evans—such a meeting I can never forget! How awful it all was, but how understanding Mr. Chapman was. From this conference it was decided that I would go to Nenana. We all were in deep sorrow and ‘twill be long before its sting has left our hearts. A milder day. All afternoon I stayed in my room writing as Mr. Wolfe came unexpectedly and was to leave with the mail in the morning. The children had great fun with April Fool sports, but I had not the spirit to join them.

Sunday, April 3

Saturday, a clear day with comforting sunshine which helped me to feel much better. A short visit to Rachael in the morning but no lesson as she was quite busy. After domestic duties I settled down to altering my too-fancy gray waist. Peter and I took a walk down
“River Boulevard” after supper and saw the great golden ball of the sun sink behind the distant snow-covered mountains.

Today, sharp and cold with glad sunshine again flooding the sky. Many villagers at morning and evening services. Mrs. Kruger called to show me her daughter Minnie’s pretty dress and to present me with a gorgeous pair of rabbit skin gloves. After evening church I took the girls for an hour’s walk down “Horse Trail Boulevard,” the woods brimming over with beauty.

Sunday, April 10

Last Monday a glorious day indeed, no thawing but still and clear. Arthur taken from school by Mrs. Evans, really the best thing that has happened since their return two years ago. She will give him lessons herself. After school a lovely walk in my high boots over the hills and truly far away, deep in the wooded valleys and on the hilltops. No snowshoe tracks marked the snowy ground, but rabbit tracks and other little tracks were everywhere. Rachael reached home just at sunset, we began supper in the glow of twilight and did not have to light the gas lamps until supper was almost over.

Ten above on Tuesday, but a nasty cold wind made the day seem like mid-winter. A visit to Mary, then to Cora, and found both their children somewhat better. Mr. Sutton left to attend to his fish nets, will return shortly. Mr. and Mrs. Kruger with Minnie went away for a ten-day trip to Holy Cross, leaving little Jack with us. The little boy sat beside me in my room while I wrote and read to him and did a bit of mending.

Wednesday, a clear bright day, very little thawing. In the afternoon Golden and I had a splendid long walk over the hill and far away, the great white stillness where we wandered unmarked by any snowshoe tracks. Two white men arrived and are at home in the “igloo.” They brought encouraging reports from the Esther gold diggings.

Thursday, fair and somewhat mild but no thawing. After school Mr. Chapman and I had our weekly meeting concerning school matters. Later the little boys and I took a delightful tramp over many, many hills with Golden, so far that we decided to come back by way of the Yukon as evening was fast drawing to a close. We had a jolly slide down the bank to the river and then Golden made it down in one magnificent leap.

Another spring-like day Friday, some thawing in the sun. Our spelling match at school begun again now that Arthur is removed. In the afternoon the small boys and I with the two dogs enjoyed another walk in the great white woods out “Horse Trail Boulevard.” Saturday, mail day is near at hand! “Keep still my fluttering heart, keep still.” Sun and cloud off and on during the day. Mr. Sutton came back just as we finished supper, quite well and happy. He brought word that on Friday a little girl was born in the Bernardo household. Harry returned late from St. Michael with glowing accounts of his trip.

Today, wonderful sunshine but cold—the mercury dropped to 20 below. Nicholas Martin’s baby Laura was baptized, Mrs. Evans the godmother. After our usual visit to Hubert the girls and I had a fine walk in the woods. A magnificent sunset.
Sunday, April 17

Last Monday bright and cold with just a wee bit of thawing right in the sun. Mr. Sutton dug out the snow in back of the carpenter shop to make a hot-bed for our garden. Golden and I had another fine walk deep down in the woods, over the hills and farther away than ever before. The poor dear dog had quite a terrible experience of being caught in someone’s snare. I was as frightened as he was and really suffered with him until I found a way to release him. He was soon scampering about and quite himself again. On our homeward walk he treed two grouse—would that I had had a gun. Mr. Chapman and Isaac left right after dinner for a little trip up river to Grayling, expecting to be away until Wednesday.

Tuesday, welcome sunshine but a nasty wind. Mr. Chapman and Isaac returned at noon, they cut short their trip as some natives they had expected to see were away. I did not venture out all afternoon as the wind was high and I felt far from the best in the world. Rested for awhile in my room and tried to nap, but the children were too full of life and excitement all over the house for my tired eyes and weary heart to find sleep. Had a pleasant game hour at school in honor of Dora’s birthday.

Rather cold on Wednesday with some weak sunshine. Did not feel well enough to go outside, but lay down and rested after school hours. Mr. Sutton almost finished with the wonderful hot-bed for our planting. Thursday, Golden and I had another walk to investigate the snare which had caught him and found it at rights again, more securely fastened. We came home via the Yukon to be in time for supper. Greatly disappointed as Mr. Wolffe had not come with the mail.

Friday, quite a day of joys! Mona’s birthday, and during school indulged in some games in her honor and held another spelling match. Mr. Chapman was with us, deeply interested. Mr. Wolffe appeared! Oh, joy! By noon I had my letters, all were welcome, even poor, dear Mama’s. A lovely note from George E. and a letter from Mrs. Williams with dear pictures of little Jane. Rested and revelled in deep thought all afternoon with my door shut against the many earnest little knocks. I just had to be alone with my sweet thoughts, even though the children are dear and ’tis a pleasure to have them with me.

Saturday, a glad bright day, just a wee bit cold, much thawing in the sun. A visit with Golden to see Cora’s little girl was my only outing of the day. Another white man arrived to spend the night in the “igloo.” Today, the hot-bed furnace on in full force. Such a beautiful late afternoon, a cloudless sky of tender blue.

Sunday, April 24

Monday was warmer still. Thaw began at noon, no melting in the shade. Tuesday, a fine day with much thawing in the sun. Frank not so well with a bilious attack. Isaac and Ignatius leave for the Chageluk, but Mr. Chapman did not accompany them as Rachael was rather ill with the grippe. After school Jack and I took a happy walk out on the horse trail, playing hide and seek with Golden all along the way. Jack spied a squirrel on a topmost branch of a tall spruce and I guarded the tree while he ran back to the house
to call Tommy with his gun. As I sat in the deep soft snow waiting for them, all was so still and calm and the sky a cloudless blue. Tommy soon arrived but missed with his shot, the little squirrel ran to the very top of the tree amongst the cones. Tommy climbed after him but the little creature jumped from tree to tree getting away from us. Starting homeward, a grouse flew up almost at our feet and Tommy and Golden left in hot pursuit—but again no luck in getting it. At home found Mary and Margaret in great mischief and fun, dressing up in one another’s clothes out on the storehouse gallery. Mr. Sproul arrived and is staying at the “igloo.” A garden was planted in the hot-bed.

Wednesday, yet another glorious day! Mr. Wolffe arrived and to my great surprise brought a letter from Michael Sullivan. It halfway pleased me and halfway did not, but ’twas a pleasure to hear from him at last. The Kruger family returned from Holy Cross bringing a little native girl with them. Jack did not want to go home so his father allowed him to remain with us overnight. Isaac and Ignatius returned from the Chageluk. Several more white men staying at the “igloo” for the night. Golden and I had a long ramble in the woods and found much thawing and melting in progress. I checked my snare but no hoped-for rabbit was caught. Came home weary and foot-sore as my high boots were too heavy.

Thursday, thawing only in the sunshine, spring is truly late. Katherine and I took a pleasant walk on the horse trail, otherwise just a quiet day. Friday, much thawing, a flood of golden sunshine. Mr. Chapman and Isaac leave in the morning for their trip up river. Quite an unsatisfactory day at school, the children all doing miserably in their recitations. An afternoon rest, then a walk with Wallace down to the post and a bit of visiting in the village. Mr. Sutton and Tommy worked much of the day with the overflowing water at the back of the schoolhouse. After tea the children played on the ice and the gramophone entertained us in the evening. The golden sun sank in a bank of dense cloud.

Saturday, Katherine’s birthday. Cloudy and chilly all morning. About two in the afternoon a snowstorm set in and continued all the rest of the day. Katherine, the small boys and I had a long walk in the new snow to check on our snares.

Today, all day a gentle snowfall. After breakfast, about ten, the boys helped me to take the graphophone over to Hubert’s. The little cabin was full with interested village listeners and I turned the crank for more than two hours. After Sunday School a walk with some of the children to the end of the horse trail and down to the Yukon through the deep valley. Frank suggested we should cross the Yukon so away we went. We plodded more than knee deep through the snow and were far from dry when we reached the river. With spruce boughs we got rid of the snow clinging to our clothes and then started homeward. We dried out by a good fire and I changed garments, so all was well. Ate heartily at supper, and to bed early without a lamp. Timothy’s infant passed away in the early morning.
Saturday, April 30

Monday, rain and light snow all morning. Big thawing. Mr. Chapman and Isaac returned about four o’clock, looking and feeling splendidly, reporting that geese have been seen in the Chageluk. Just as I was disrobed and about ready for my bed dear little Katherine called to see me. I entertained her for a few minutes. She is becoming dear indeed. Tuesday, a hard freeze over night, thaw did not begin until noon, then ’twas in the sun only. Lee arrived for a little visit. A walk with a few of the children on the side horse trail, crossing three ponds, but the snow became so soft that we had to turn back sooner than we wished.

Wednesday, still cold, just a slight thaw in the sun and a high wind all day. Mr. Chapman and Isaac left for a little trip down river. Tommy and Mr. Sutton worked steadily all day digging away the snow at the back of the rectory. Exceedingly pleasant day in school, little visits about the neighborhood. Started to bed about nine while the children were still playing on the ice. I did not join them as the wind was disagreeably high. Thursday, Mr. Chapman returned unexpectedly last night while I was in slumberland. I was surprised in the midst of school to hear him talking to Wallace. Too windy to venture out. Tommy in bed with rheumatism, Mr. Sutton’s room the hospital. Mr. Sutton slept with the boys in their dormitory.

Friday, quite an eventful day. Hard snowstorm all night which continued until about noon. A drizzling rain all afternoon, 40 above. Sometime before twelve a baby son was born to Mrs. Chase. The entire Kruger family ill with the grippe. Tommy still in bed. Cranes were seen in the morning, and in the late afternoon Anna noticed an immense flock of geese flying just overhead toward the mountains.

Today, rainy and cloudy with a heavy thaw. The trails are soft and the few natives going to and fro had much difficulty walking about. Some water on the ice, its first appearance. Enjoyed a long hour of reading Under Two Flags and washed my hair.29 Late, just before supper, started out for a walk but the softness and uncertainty of the trail soon sent me back. Mr. Sutton dug a ditch by the side of the house and now the water and melting snow run off quite freely. Several flocks of geese overhead. Little birds singing and chirping all day.

Sunday, May 1

A thawing day with rain and snow off and on. Those who came to church told of the difficulty in walking on the soft trail. Kitty’s baby Conrad christened. He was awakened from a deep sleep in the arms of his pretty little mother and was quiet and good during the service. Did not go to see Hubert as the snow was too soft and muddy. Wallace inside all day as he suffered from the croup during the night. Frank was taken sick during morning service and sent to the hospital, Mr. Sutton’s room. None of the Chase children to Sunday School as they, too, have colds. Damp and chilly at bedtime. Two flocks of geese

29 Set in Algeria, the long-popular Under Two Flags (1867) was a melodramatic novel by the English writer Ouida, the pen name of Maria Louise Ramé (or, as she preferred, Marie Louise de la Ramée).
flew overhead about noon and each flock had many swans with them. Mr. Chapman said he has never before seen the two birds flying together. 'Twas such a pretty sight.

Saturday, May 7

Slight freezing over last Sunday night, more thawing on Monday. School as usual but so many children absent—Tommy, Jack, Katherine, Lucy, Wallace. Wallace quite sick and under Mr. Chapman's care. While at breakfast on Tuesday Mr. Wolffe arrived and oh! how high my hopes were. But alas, only three letters. True, they were cheery and bright but I wished for others, too. Isaac left for duck hunting early in the morning. A warm day with a bit of sun but by noon it clouded over.

Wednesday, a slight freeze overnight, then rain and snow all day. During the night little Hubert passed away—after five years of suffering his rest came at last. A very beautiful service by Mr. Chapman for the dear boy, with all the children and I in attendance. Thursday, an early service, just myself and the children. Rain and snow all day with considerable thawing. Wallace no better. I, too, felt ill all day—really weak, and looked as badly as I felt. Very easy day in school as not many children present. Delicious goose for dinner, first of the season.

Friday, slight freeze again over night, no water running in the Anvik all day. Very cold and raw day. Hubert laid to rest about one o'clock, all of us at the little grave. A solemn and impressive service by Mr. Chapman. An unusual day in school as it consisted mainly of each child reading to me individually. So tired afterwards. After supper, in bright sunshine, the children and I have great fun skating on the long wide strip of Anvik ice near the shore. Tommy and I, of course, had our real skates. Many natives with their sleds left in the morning as the trails are in excellent condition.

At four-thirty this morning Mr. Sutton left, 'twas a surprise to find him gone when I came down. A queer day as regards the weather. Snow all morning, and about noon some brief sunshine. Rain in the afternoon, then a beautiful snowstorm for about thirty minutes—great downy flakes falling thick and fast. Had a climb up the hill in back of our house, on bare ground most of the way. Little birds everywhere singing, saw five fat round blackbirds in one tree, all singing and trilling. Wallace so much better, up and about the house. But how late spring is—it seems as though the grass and running river and flowers and steamboats—hence more mail—will never come! The birds that give us joy, however, tell of promised days of eternal sunshine and joy, so in patience we must wait.

Saturday, May 14

Cloudy most of Sunday, with much more thawing. Service well attended considering the many natives who have gone away to their fish camps. The ground too sloppy to walk anywhere so I played the gramophone for the boys after service and read to the other children until supper time. I greatly missed my visit to Hubert. The sun shone brightly
in spells on Monday, much thawing still in progress. Many water puddles on the river. Went up our hill a little way, but not far as the snow was still deep.

Tuesday, a light freeze over night but a splendid thawing morning. Weather clouded over in the afternoon. Big, big water on the river ice, and more water from underneath the ice running freely in the slough. The infant Chase boy passed away about ten o’clock—only eleven days old. Wednesday, a perfectly splendid thawing morning but by afternoon a cold wind arose. Mr. Chase’s little son was laid to rest in the morning, services were held at church. In the afternoon our weekly missionary meeting, a pleasant and instructive hour with Mr. Chapman talking about Africa.

Thursday, quite a hard freeze over night. The boys were up at four in the morning skating on the wide strip of ice in the slough. I longed to join them but it was much too early for me and I did not feel particularly well. Isaac returned in the night bringing fifteen geese. What a goose picking after school! Friday, a nasty breeze blowing and a little thaw about mid-day, the air filled with the songs of birds. Three robins were seen. A faculty meeting after school with Mr. Chapman telling me some of his plans for spring and summer. Before supper the smaller boys and I took a delightful walk to the top of our hill, quite a bit of it bare. And oh! the birds were so numerous and sweet!

Today, an exceedingly hard freeze over night, the sun very weak this morning, but by noon it shone bright and warm. A thorough house cleaning, four Indian women at work all day. Many more birds everywhere, their lovely voices so welcome after their long absence.

Saturday, May 21

More freezing over last Saturday night and cool on Sunday with a downpour of rain about twenty minutes before my getting up time. The day proved warm and bright with vigorous thawing. Splendid climbs and rambles up the three hills as far as the melting snow allowed us children to go. The birds in great numbers, singing everywhere. A snow-storm about bedtime, great huge flakes. Monday, somewhat cloudy, much thawing. With the longer days now our arrangement of ending afternoon school earlier works charmingly. The children busy with basket making and games after tea. The Anvik rising rapidly. Mr. Chapman and Mr. Kruger return from duck hunting with p-l-e-n-t-y!

The water in the Anvik running all Tuesday night and increasing immensely along either bank. Julius launched his canoe from the village on the point and rowed over—the first boat trip of the season. Warm day Wednesday. Had a fine walk on the hill but could not go far because of the melting snow. By Friday the slough was brimful of water, little cakes of ice were seen floating down. Another faculty meeting, all things going well. Mrs. Evans quiet and friendly.

Today, rather cold and damp. Slow thawing, but the Yukon is rising rapidly and the water in the Anvik is increasing on either side. The middle remains solid. High water is expected and Mr. Chapman and Mr. Kruger tie down the sawmill. All the boats have been moved to the slough.
Tuesday, May 24

Sunday, a comforting service but still a deep longing in my heart. The days cannot pass too quickly, yet I must and do strive to spend each day as fully as I can, with cheer and contentment. What will be the word from the Government about Nenana and from Miss Farthing? Monday, gloriously bright sunshine. Six wee radishes from the hot-bed. Water is gushing down the hillside and the rivers continue to rise. A pleasant walk down to the beach after my hour of rest. Had to keep gingerly to the side of the hill as the footpath is all under water. A romp and play with the children after tea, a thoroughly happy time indeed. Then a long hour of organ practice. I got along astonishingly well and was greatly pleased with myself.

Today, the break-up of the Yukon! I went over the hill on my snowshoes after school to see the river, as news spread that it had broken, great pieces of stray ice came floating down the side streams. About six p.m. with a rumble, grumble, smash, bang, the river did break—whether the Yukon or the Anvik neither I nor anyone else could tell—and I saw one of the most wondrous sights I have ever seen. The boys joined me and we watched the Yukon ice as it came tumbling and racing down to meet the Anvik ice right at the junction of the two rivers. At times the tremendous force of their converging sent a huge solid mass of snow and ice fifteen or twenty feet into the air before it tumbled over. A great grinding and growling seemed to come from deep below, and all this continued for about twenty minutes. Then in an instant it stopped, a great thick column of ice rose up and became stationary, and now it thus stands. How awe-inspiring it all was. Little Frank was so impressed with the marvel of it all.

We walked home over great huge cakes of ice piled three and four feet high. Late for supper but this was a small matter, break-up comes but once a year. Mosquitoes out in great numbers, killed five immense ones in the afternoon. 'Tis impossible these long golden days to get to bed before ten.

Thursday, May 26

The ice quiet on Wednesday, it makes one or two slow moves of a few inches. The rivers continue to rise. After tea Katherine and I walked over the hill to see the Yukon, the great stationary mass of ice remains solid. Our regular school work dispensed with, Mr. Chapman and the boys at work arranging the dormitory upstairs and we girls scrubbing and cleaning downstairs.

Today, a soft breeze with warm sunshine. The girls and I cleaned windows the greater part of the day. All morning the Anvik moved slowly but steadily, and by noon the river in front of the mission was completely clear. By evening the entire Anvik was free of ice and the river reflected the delicate pink and blue and gold of the exquisite sunset. Was ready to jump into bed when someone exclaimed, “The Yukon is going!” The girls had not yet retired and they went down and joined the crowd on the river bank. From the hall window, perched on a trunk in dressing gown and slippers, I watched the Yukon and the great stream of ice pouring into the Anvik for long moments. But the excitement
Alice Agnes Green (1878–1972)

of it all made me dress and join the others. What a rush of ice! Great huge pieces, crashing, pushing and racing downstream. We watched the two rivers until almost midnight. Mosquitoes, great immense fellows, were much in evidence all evening. The water very high, almost over the bank in front of Mr. Watson’s. To bed, all of us with glad hearts.

Tuesday, May 31

Friday, the warmest day of the season so far. Breakfast at nine, then the girls and I cleaned the church windows. Saturday, even warmer. In the Anvik the ice running thick and fast into the Lordly Yukon. Took the greater part of the day to fix my mosquito net—the pests almost devoured me in the night. Saturday there was a precious moment or two for a walk with little Wallace on the hill. Gorgeous sunset at ten p.m.

Sunday, somewhat cool, but even so I shed my woolen undergarments. The sun came out warmly about noon. Wallace and I had another delightful walk up the hill—no flowers yet to be seen but the trees will soon burst into leaves. The Anvik water going down steadily.

Monday, a refreshing day spent working in the garden and raking the school yard. Mr. Chapman spaded the upper garden and the boys and I, after preparing the soil, planted the entire hot-bed and Wallace’s little corner, too. The other beds were too wet to work. The girls busily raked and swept Mrs. Evans’s garden and yard. Mr. McFarlan came in the morning from down river and reported the illness of Mr. Bernardo’s infant, so right after dinner Mr. Chapman left to see the child. Three cheechakos came rowing in from up river. They brought the news that steamboats were running, just the small ones however. The Bressler family returned from up river, the mosquitoes drove them home. Mr. Kruger left for the coast to be gone about a month. Ada’s birthday. I wonder how she and Mrs. Chapman are. A child born in the village to Marion.

Today, Mr. Chapman returned in the night, the Bernardo child much better. Cloudy and cool all day with a burst of sunshine now and then, and for a few minutes a little hail storm. The girls and I started to clean the yard at the back of the house but ’twas entirely too wet. Fixed Hubert’s little grave in the morning, planting a ground pine. After dinner the small boys and I went on a flower hunt deep in the woods in back of Isaac’s home. We went a great distance without finding any, but on the sides of the hills found many cranberries. Saw two grouse and found a bird’s nest with four speckled eggs in it, our first find of the season. What a merry time we did have, ’twas too cool for the mosquitoes. Mr. Chapman, with Isaac and the boys, is still clearing the ground near the smoke house, much dynamite shooting. School over until September.

Wednesday, June 1

Rainy and really cold today, bad indeed for the gardens. I spent the greater part of the day packing Mrs. Williams’s trunk with the many things she had not taken with her. ’Twas a pleasant occupation, Frank assisted me and the little girls watched us with excited chatter over each garment and item I packed away.

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Some of the older girls at Anvik, with what Hudson Stuck described as “the intrusive and ubiquitous Frank.” Second from left in the front row is Dora, and the girl in the middle of the group with the plaid head scarf is Lena. Frank is in the top row, at the centre. Alice said that Frank “was a born ‘ham’ where photographs were concerned and usually turned up in them however irrelevant his presence might be.” Hudson Stuck photograph album, in the collection of Alice A. Boulter.

Saturday, June 4

Thursday, rain and sprinkles off and on all day, no gardening. Mr. Chapman’s birthday, his 52nd, and a very special dinner in his honor. At three o’clock the children assembled in the schoolroom and gave their recitations and songs. Mr. Chapman seemed to enjoy the little program. It was not as much as I had planned, but as school had been over for so many days we had had no time to practice. Much excitement about six o’clock, the mail launch, as everyone thought it was, sighted way up the Yukon. As it neared, we children ran to the top of the schoolhouse hill with the telescope to investigate. It proved, however, to be but a skiff with a house tent and four “birds of passage” who stayed only overnight. Supper very, very late with delicious fresh fish from my net brought in by Andrew.

Friday morning the sun was clouded over and we feared rain, but the clouds soon dispersed and warm sunshine flooded our little world. A splendid day to work in our gardens. Mr. Chapman and the boys planted many potatoes and the girls and I worked in our gardens. ’Twas after six when we finished. Mr. Wolfe came in his gasoline boat and left with our outgoing mail. He expects to return in eight or ten days.

Several cheechakos or “birds of passage” came and spent several hours and then left again. They brought startling reports about the Iditarod gold strike, Fairbanks being deserted, steamboats being built to take people to the new diggings, three thousand
people on their way in, the river “black with boats.” Mrs. Evans’s queer behavior at supper, Mr. Chapman having rightly corrected Bob for snatching food from the table. She spoils the dog almost as much as she does Arthur. We feel now that we are more in touch with the world as at any minute a steamer will actually come.

Today dawned cool and cloudy with some sun at times. Then just before dinner Tommy suddenly called out, “Steamboat!” And truly enough, up the Yukon a huge steamboat was seen approaching—the first boat of the year! Everyone took up the cry, and soon the air was filled with all kinds of voices pitched high and low. We were greatly puzzled to know what boat it could be as everyone differed in what they believed they saw. When at last the steamer reached the bend of the river we could easily see ’twas several boats and barges all tied together, with but one boat pulling. They looked so grand and were so welcome. ’Twas the Monarch with two other boats and four barges. What excitement raged when the whistle blew! ’Twas a great surprise to learn that Rachael and Albert were on board, the little boy quite sick and no better for his stay in Fairbanks. He had to be brought off in his bed and Rachael took him home. The boats stayed about an hour and none of us could settle down to anything while they were here. When they did leave I continued my ironing, then a walk on the hill with Frank and we found our first spring flowers, little yellow anemones. A visit to Rachael’s after supper and found Albert looking wretchedly but so bright and talkative. A sad letter from Mrs. Williams. To think how near she was to Anvik and then had to turn back.

Saturday, June 11

Last Sunday, cold and gray, just weak sunshine now and then. Several rowboats, a launch and a steamboat came during the night. The launches left about ten but the steamboat is still in port under repairs. A walk with Anna J. and Ignatius on the hill after tea. The children and I over to see Albert after evening service and sang to him. Mrs. Evans an iceberg, and I did not attempt any thawing overtures after her asking me to remove my packed satchel from the hallway.

Monday, rather damp, some rain, no sunshine. ’Twas a free day so I read, sewed, wrote, practiced a bit on the organ and visited little Albert. Had a charming walk on the hill between times and between showers. Tuesday, as soon as the boys were astir, Tommy noticed two smokestacks up the river. It proved to be a boat taking on wood at Simon’s woodpile and passed while we were at breakfast, not even bothering to whistle. Worked in the back garden all morning and the greater part of the afternoon. After tea a jolly walk with Katherine over the hills, and up and down the great valleys.

Wednesday, mail day so near at hand! The seeds in the upper bed of the front garden have come up. Just before supper Mr. Chapman noticed an immense amount of smoke far off in the woods. Frank, in his desire to clear a bit of forest, had started a little fire and it had spread alarmingly. Mr. Chapman, the boys and some of the other men went over and after a long vigorous fight managed to put it out.
A glad, sunny day Thursday. The little boys and I took a long walk far over the hills in search of berries but without finding any. I might have worked in the garden had Mrs. Evans not had all the boys assisting her in setting out the berry patch. While happily writing a letter I heard the children cry, “Gasoline boat!” and sure enough Mr. Wolfe had arrived—how excited I was! Before dinner I had my mail, many delightful letters, a cheery one from Mama and a welcome note from Mrs. Williams with a sweet photo of Jane. A pretty postal from M.S. gave me a flutter of pleasure. My letters did me worlds of good and I spent the entire afternoon with them, the time so delightful. A snowstorm of about thirty minutes at bedtime.

Friday, rainy and damp. No school duties these vacation days. In the afternoon paid Albert a little visit and found him much brighter. More rain after tea, thus no outdoors walks. Today, the usual Saturday duties, with drizzle and rain all day long.

Saturday, June 18

Last Sunday morning dawned somewhat gray but the sun broke through the clouds about noon and shone brightly the rest of the day. All of us, including Mr. Chapman, went over and sang to Albert under his window, Rachael’s cabin being too small for us all to crowd in. Ice cream for supper, the last of the season.

Some bright sunshine on Monday but cool winds all day. The boys and Mr. Chapman busy at the sawmill, the first day of its running this season so I had no help in the garden. Thus a most delightful day for myself to read and write some letters, to visit in the neighborhood and to go on flower hunts with the children. Tuesday, still cool but with sunshine. A native girl, Phoebe, married to a white man. During the night she left with Mr. Howard who had chopped wood all day and put it before the door of her mother. Mr. Chapman and Isaac left via canoe for the Holikachuk festival at Unalaklik. Then a grand concert at Rachael’s playing many records for Albert. Dora found several little violets deep down in the woodland, and the smaller children and I had a happy tramp in search of more.

Wednesday, about nine o’clock a steamboat was sighted up river which proved to be the Robert Cur. Such excitement! It stopped at the post and brought little mail, but oh! so much for me. Cheery letters from Mr. Betticher and Mr. Williams telling me of the great change to be—my transfer to Nenana! Too cold and rainy to work in the garden so did much letter writing. Kate’s father, Phillip, came to take her away but he agreed to let her remain until Mr. Chapman returned. Did not go to sleep until after midnight thinking and rejoicing over the news my letters brought.

Thursday, still rainy and really cold, a little ice over night. In the morning I went down to the post with dear little Wallace to see about the baskets and other curios for Mr. Williams. Mr. Turner was very busy trading with some natives for furs so we had to leave without seeing him. In the afternoon the boys and I made a second trip to the post, the trees all green with their new leaves. This time I found what I wanted. We had to hurry home as a great shower was upon the mountains and we feared getting wet. All evening the weather was threatening. How discouraging this is for the gardens. Friday,
however, a bright day, just a bit cool. Wrote letters, worked in the garden and took down the pictures from my walls, the first preparations for my departure. At supper Mrs. Evans remarked about my busy moments and guessed my secret. “I could tell the difference in you right away,” she remarked.

Today, a very rainy day. Did much ironing and some packing. While we were at supper Mr. Chapman returned, he was very wet indeed but well, and delighted with his trip. Afterwards I told him about my letter from Mr. Betticher, and oh! how my heart did ache at all he had to say to me. Dear, dear Mr. Chapman, how I love him. To bed late, happy yet so sad.

Mrs. Evans and a group of children at Anvik, in the summer of 1911. This photograph must have been taken around the time that Alice returned to Anvik, where she and George were married at Christ Church early in July. Hudson Stuck photograph album, in the collection of Alice A. Boulter.

Sunday, June 19

Today, one long to be remembered. After prayers Mr. Chapman announced my coming departure to the children. His words and the exclamations of the children were heartrending indeed. How can I leave?

Delia was first to see the Schwatka way up river, excitement was high. We had finished breakfast when the boat arrived at the post. Mr. Green, the purser, delivered my new suitcase with some fruit inside—he was most pleasant and looked so well. Dr. Barber stopped by for a minute, he is on his way Outside, his census work completed. Two pleasant ladies came in and showed a friendly interest in our school and scholars. Both were teachers from Fairbanks. Many delightful letters for me. My packages also came but were not opened on the Sabbath.
Saturday, June 25

Monday, rainy and damp but with sufficient occupation to keep me busy all day. Was glad to receive Mr. Boulter’s letter. So many friends remembered me sweetly. Most of my clothes came and I was so pleased with them, the brown dress especially. Much amused with Margaret and Katherine, they put two chicken eggs in with the pigeons to see if they will hatch. Could not go to sleep for such a long while as Mr. Chapman’s talk with me, regretful but so understanding, saddened me and kept my eyes open.

The weather broke on Tuesday and we rejoiced in the glad day. A little work in the garden and delightful walks with the girls in the woods gathering bright spring blossoms. The children all so sweet and attentive in their protests against my leaving them. The Ben Hur arrived on Wednesday.

Thursday, a bright joyous day. After dinner an afternoon on the water was proposed. The big boys were busy at the sawmill so just the girls and I went out in the long boat upon the Yukon. Each of us had a turn at the oars, and we rowed back and forth and around and around again as we had promised to keep within sight of the boys. We stayed three hours out on the river, the clear blue sky beautiful with fleecy white clouds, their reflection in the water perfect and the sunshine warm. Back on shore we had some time to spend in the woods gathering flowers. We found a family of varied thrushes, the mother and father were teaching the young ones to fly when we suddenly came upon them. The girls fondled and caressed the pretty little birdlings, but the mother seemed so heart-broken that we put the babies down and went away hoping that peace and quiet would soon be restored in the family.

Another beautiful day on Friday with sunshine until late evening when a drizzle came down for a few minutes. Our gardens have grown marvelously the past few days. A walk again with the children in the woods gathering flowers. The woods were colorful with bright blossoms, but the mosquitoes were terrific and soon drove us home. Delia and Mona killed a temendous mouse and Bob ran down and killed a young rabbit. Quite exciting! Set my alarm for 2 a.m. to see the sunrise, but upon arising a great bank of clouds hid the sun entirely and I had to creep back to bed much disappointed.

Thursday, June 30

Upon jumping out of bed on Sunday the shrill loud whistle of a steamboat broke the stillness of the morning. I thought it was the Sarah and that Henry Strangman would be on board, but when the boat was in sight it proved to be the Schwatka. From behind my curtain I watched much freight put off for Mr. Simel and had a glimpse of Mr. Green. Not many passengers astir. The usual sweet Sabbath, Mr. Chapman’s sermon most comforting, but I felt so used up by my emotions and feelings about leaving Anvik that I felt as though I had been beaten. A little sprinkle in the afternoon. The mosquitoes fierce.

Monday, the sun warm and bright but mosquitoes by the millions and billions. Worked in my garden all morning but had to be veiled and skin-mittened. The little boys busied themselves making smudge fires. The Ben Hur still in port and the dear old
chief engineer came to dinner. Have forgotten his name but he is a Swede and wonderfully interesting, having travelled all abroad. Several dog salmon have been caught. The children fished all their leisure moments right in front of the house and caught many whitefish, grayling and salmon trout. Later a pleasant visit to Rachael and found Albert very much better.

Tuesday, a bright day indeed. Worked again weeding the garden, the mosquitoes simply fierce, but cannot complain too much of the pests as the gardens are flourishing. Wallace and I had a walk on the beach all the way to the post and further. The mosquitoes seemed to be devouring the dear little fellow but he was almost unminding. He scratched and scratched but did not complain. I was in veil and mittens. Coming home we saw a steamboat approaching from up river. I hastened home to freshen up and had not quite finished my toilet when the Susie landed, and to my surprise Mr. Murray called to see me. He was on his way home after a short stay at his mines. I had not seen him for such a long time and ’twas pleasing to talk to him again. He told me news of Harry Strangman—he is back but came in the other way. The boat was crowded with passengers. Very little mail. I was sorely disappointed, not a word from many I did want to hear from. What has become of my Washington friend, Alfred Brooks? Mr. Chapman received a beautiful picture of his two precious children. Some government boat passed in the early morning, stopping briefly at the post. The children fished the greater part of the day, catching many.

Wednesday, a glorious day of sunshine. Worked in my garden most of the day despite the fierce mosquitoes. In the afternoon had a “bacon fry” out on the sawdust pile in honor of Peter’s birthday. ’Twas great fun, each of us roasting a slice of bacon before a genial fire. Mr. Chapman headed the fun. We all sat down and enjoyed quite a sumptuous feast around the festive board of newly-sawn lumber.

Today, quite damp and rainy. A flatboat came in the night bringing some wanderers. One of the flatboat men, a charming New Yorker, came in the evening to hear the gramophone. ’Twas so refreshing to talk with him.

Friday, July 1

Rainy all day without, but much sunshine within. The little New Yorker called up to me at my window to invite me to five o’clock tea at “his house”—he had taken up residence at the rectory. So he and Mr. Chapman and I had quite a nice tea and chat, with chocolate cake of Mr. Chapman’s own baking. The mission fish net was set today and eight splendid dog salmon were caught. Mrs. Hamilton has had a long string of fish drying for two or three days now.

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30 Dog, or “chum,” salmon is a lesser grade of salmon, very bony, and usually reserved for dog feed when dried.
Monday, July 4

While arranging for Sunday service the New Yorker and his English friends came in to see our little church, after which he and I had another delightful chat. The Monarch arrived and stayed several hours at Mr. Watson's unloading freight and taking on wood. All the flatboat gentlemen in for prayers, after which a grand concert was rendered by the gramophone. Sunday, drizzly and damp all day. The flatboat men all leave, their raft towed by a little gasoline boat.

Today, the Glorious Fourth—and 'twas glorious after all. The flag was raised while the children sang “Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.” Then we all had a shooting contest, each in turn using Arthur's new .22 rifle with Frank's bullets. Just as dinner was announced the J. P. Light came in, landing right in front of the mission, bringing much freight for Mr. Jureau and Mr. Chase. Then it moved over to the store to deliver more freight to Mr. Watson and to take on wood. Dinner was delayed about two hours and then 'twas too late to have the “salmon broil” as we had planned. We had just about gotten over this excitement when the Herman whistled her arrival. She left her three barges at the bend of the river and then came into Anvik with much more freight for Mr. Chase and Isaac. While the boat was unloading I had a most enjoyable time watching, unseen from my window, the antics of two rather gorgeous ladies from the boat and their train of male attendants. The little lady in gray who talked to the children seemed gentle and refined. The mosquitoes were at their very best, which is alarmingly fierce, and 'twas fun watching the people battle with them. At eleven the boat left—what a strenuous life ours of the past week has been! An exquisite sunset lent such beauty to our small world.

Saturday, July 9

Tuesday, a somewhat rainy day but a little walk with Wallace down the beach after gardening and reading. Wednesday, another day all my own to spend as I liked, and the hours seemed golden. Isaac and Mr. Jureau's families moved over to the point. We are enjoying treats from Mr. Chase's newly arrived freight—nuts, real eggs, candy and onions. Mosquitoes perfectly fearful in the house.

Thursday, still cool. Three king salmon caught in our net. The Ben Hur departed. Took a long walk along the river, much beyond the post where the beach ended. Many fish traps in this part of the Anvik. Friday, mosquitoes again fearful indeed.

Today, just as I was dressing, the welcome sound of a steamboat's whistle broke the stillness of the morning. 'Twas the long delayed Susie with much freight for Isaac and Mr. Chapman, but not my box. The barrels from the missionary society did arrive and the children and I looked over the clothes and other things they held for us. The trunk and the other belongings of Mr. Williams were sent off, all but the graphophone. Paid a little visit to Dorothy in her cottage by the Yukon. The Yukon raged so today, great whitecaps and such tremendous lashing upon the shore that it did seem as the sea.
Saturday, July 16

Last Sunday, very cool with sunshine off and on, mosquitoes again fierce. Monday, many king salmon are being caught but the general run of fish seems to have slackened. Still cool but toward evening the sun shone warmly. Worked in the garden much of the morning. In the afternoon the boys and I went down the beach to see the remarkable fish wheel Mr. Chapman and Isaac had made. Just after supper the Hannah came in bringing Mr. Kruger safe and well, everyone so relieved to see him.

Tuesday, so cool that the boys kept close to the stove in the morning. After dinner a boat was sighted way up the Yukon and excitement was high. Mrs. Evans put down the rugs, hung the curtains and generally got ready. ’Twas the Herman coming down and stopped at the post. Mr. McManners came up to the house and reported that the boat was crowded and that they expected to take on more people at Holy Cross for St. Michael. Some little mail for me. The letter from Mama was upsetting, but surely God will help and protect her, and I must and gladly will do my part. The Tanana passed coming up river just as the Herman was departing, the two boats very prettily saluted one another.

Friday, the past few days, splendid growth in the gardens. Mr. Chapman reported that Mr. Maddren, the government man [with the Smithsonian Institution], was coming to investigate conditions at Iditarod. A little excitement after supper on Wednesday—someone thought they sighted a boat but it proved naught. Around midnight the Sarah came, landing down on the Yukon beach. The girls and I were awakened by the whistle and we watched from the windows, but as the boat gave no sign of moving down to the mission we quietly but not contentedly went back to bed.

Today at breakfast Mr. Chapman brought us a little mail from the Sarah—a charming note from Mr. Betticher and dear letters from friends in Fairbanks. The little cliff swallows finished their nest in back of the house today. Brilliant skies all day, sunshine hot. Old Simon was taken aboard the Sarah for the hospital at Holy Cross, so ill he was barely able to make the trip.

Wednesday, July 20

Sunday was really cold, had to have a fire in church. More natives at morning service than there have been for a long while. Great bunches of large buttercups graced the altars. Squab on toast for dinner, truly a treat. Little Margaret spent the entire day with us. After evening service the girls and I went up to the rectory with Mr. Chapman to look at his book on birds and to try to identify them. While we were there the Evelyne came in, stopping at Mr. Watson’s to take on wood.

Cold again on Monday, worked in my garden with a sweater on. Showers off and on all day. After dinner Frank rowed little Wallace and me over to the fish camps. ’Twas cold, really cold on the river. We made a great many visits, the homes fishy and dirty but Rachael’s home quite tidy. Albert very bright and well. Mr. Chase and Mr. Kruger finished their fish wheel and put it in the water today. Just about bedtime a steamer was sighted but it proved to be only a ship that passed in the twilight and didn’t bother to whistle.
Tuesday, just as I jumped out of bed a steamboat did whistle and I was sure 'twas the Herman, but it proved to be the White Seal. It stopped at the mission and a poor sick man, almost dead, was brought off. Mr. Chapman did not come to breakfast as every moment with the sick man was precious. By noon the man was much stronger and said he was a Mr. Peterson from Seattle. Had a nice surprise—Mr. McFarlan whom I met at Mrs. Whitley’s came to see me. A pleasant little visit, and some delicious oranges were left for me. The boat went up the Anvik to the wood pile and was gone about three hours, then passed again going up the Yukon. Rain, rain, rain all day. A wonderful catch of a hundred and fifty salmon in Mr. Chase and Mr. Kruger’s fish wheel, and just as many more were lost as the wheel boxes were not set exactly right. About midnight I was awakened by loud talking. I jumped up and peeped out my window and saw men putting freight on the river bank, but no steamboat was in sight. I called to Isaac asking if my box had come but it had not, so I went back to bed again and to sleep.

This morning Frank called and said that my freight had come. The Louise, her first appearance this year, had come and gone while I slept. After breakfast the boys brought my box up, the children crowded around me as Tommy opened it. I had to send them away so that I could be alone to examine my purchases. All things pleased me, but the hat was somewhat large and two pair of shoes did not fit. Rain all day, a contented time indoors. Dear Mrs. Chapman’s birthday today, wish she and Ada and Henry were with us. The children and I wrote birthday letters to her and I bundled up my shoes to send back. Mr. Chapman doctored Simon’s mother, Si Von Von, and put some mustard plasters on her chest. The sick Mr. Peterson somewhat improved.

Sunday, July 24

Thursday, more rain! Some sun every now and then. Mr. Chapman stayed all day with Mr. Peterson, his meals being sent to him. Frank and I visited Si Von Von, she still not feeling too well. Frank kindled a fire and I made tea for her. Sewed and packed all day. Met with a dreadful accident, upset a bottle of ink all over the floor and all over myself. Wonder of wonders! No comment from Mrs. Evans, only a cold frosty look.

Friday, some sunshine with passing clouds. Fixed over my new hat wonderfully and succeeded in altering my new skirts. Great excitement over the dreadful dog fight—Golden, Bob and Nigger. Don’t know quite how it started but Isaac finally got them all quiet. About noon Mr. Turner sent for Mr. Chapman saying that his baby was very ill. Mr. Chapman could not leave his patient so Mrs. Evans went down. She was home again in a short while, the baby seemed all right after some doctoring. Mr. Peterson passed away about six-thirty—how sad, as Mr. Chapman was so hopeful, for the man seemed to be improving all along.

Sunday, quite cool. Hordes of mosquitoes about and very hungry. A long visit to Si Von Von, she is almost well. In the afternoon Mr. Peterson was laid to rest. Mr. Chapman had services in the schoolroom—Mr. Chase, Mr. Kruger and the boys attended. Glorious sunset.
Today, much warmer and beautifully clear. An unusual day, Mr. Chapman did not hold service as he needed rest after his strenuous efforts to save Mr. Peterson. The children and I assembled for a little service then took a delightful stroll down the beach gathering pretty stones, picking bright blossoms and selecting some clay for our pot-making. We watched the new fish wheel for over half an hour, 'twas most fascinating even though it was not fishing well and only nine fish were scooped up in this time. Just after tea a steamer was sighted, most of us were sure 'twas the Susie. Great preparations were made, curtains hung, rugs laid, but it proved to be the Julia B. and she glided past without a whistle.

Sunday, July 31

Monday, the Sarah came during the night bringing the bale of clothing for the children from the Montana mission. Early in the morning the Louise arrived bearing the official news of my transfer to Nenana, with Mr. Williams's letter of the Bishop's doings. Mr. Chapman back with us. We all welcomed him most heartily. Just at breakfast a call of “Steamboat!” made the air ring—the third boat today! We thought surely 'twas the Susie, but it was the Robert Cur and she passed whistleless.

Three birthdays on Tuesday—Anna J., Anna M. and Mr. Williams. The children and I had a delightful outing up the Anvik looking for berries. None were ripe but we found other things of interest, flowers and watching the birds. Our lunch on the river bank was great fun, with toasted fish. On our quiet row homeward we heard a boat whistle and thought again that it might be the Susie. It proved to be the Herman from the Iditarod which had arrived during our absence and had long since gone when we reached home.

Somewhat rainy on Wednesday, a dense fog across both rivers. The children and I happily busy at work all day. Thursday morning just as I was dressing a whistle surprised me. Instantly, the boys who were up and about gave a loud cry of “Steamboat!” It was the Susie at last, headed down-river for Holy Cross. Much mail, dear Mother Boulter's letter from London and Mama's good letter of glad news. 31 The children all received beautiful bibles from Mr. Chambers in Fairbanks. The Jeff Davis passed and saluted the Susie at the post. In a few minutes the Herman came down. The rest of the day was busily spent, the mosquitoes were vile all day.

Friday, cloudy off and on all day, did much work in my garden. The mosquitoes were vile all day. On Saturday I gathered vegetables in the rain but 'twas pleasant as I was well protected from the wet. Mrs. Evans explained the Women's League to me, it seems so interesting and wonderfully full of privileges. We fared sumptuously all day—fresh greens, lettuce, rhubarb and delicious smoked king salmon from Mr. Kruger. Had to have a little fire to bathe by. Mr. Chapman rather feared a freeze over night.

Today, cold indeed, but the freeze did not come. Had to slip on my tights to really be comfortable. None of the village people at church but Harry. Mr. Chapman somewhat

31 Alice’s reference to “Mother Boulter’s” letter suggests that, while he was on leave, George had informed his parents of his intention to marry.
distressed and believes “something is up.” A lovely walk down the beach with the children and found the first blossoms of the grass-of-Parnassus. Watched the fish wheel for many minutes but no catch was made.

St. Mark’s Mission, Nenana. About this photograph, Hudson Stuck wrote: “This picture has historic interest in connection with Nenana, for it had much to do with the starting of the mission. It was made in December 1906, and many copies were sent out—to various members of the Board of Missions during that winter, with the inscription, ‘All these children and no school.’ When I was Outside in 1907–8 and made application on behalf of the Bishop for a grant of $5,000 from the Men’s Thank Offering Fund for the establishment of the mission at Nenana, I learned that this picture helped to secure that grant.” Hudson Stuck photograph album, in the collection of Alice A. Boulter.

Monday, August 1

Clearer today, some warmth, mosquitoes fierce. Before I was up a steamboat whistled and proved to be the J.P. Light from down river. It brought some mail but ’twas of no consequence. Worked in my garden all morning and put it in a fine condition. Simon was called to Holy Cross as his father is not expected to get well.

Sunday, August 7

Tuesday, rainy and cold, needed a fire to go to bed by—winter is coming! Wednesday, still cold, a bit clearer, an indoor day again. The little calf got into my garden over night and played sad havoc with my much cherished plants. Our weekly missionary meeting of much interest. Mr. Chapman spoke more of the Church’s work in Africa.
Thursday, some sunshine. A pleasing day of pleasant duties and several visits around the neighborhood. Supper very late. About ten o’clock Mr. Chapman sighted a boat, the girls and I watched from the upstairs windows to see it approaching, the boys were “loose” out on the river bank. Mrs. Evans and Arthur were busy getting a letter ready. The boat seemed a floating palace, so beautifully illuminated as it glided past, but not a whistle, so to bed after eleven not knowing just which boat it was.

Friday dawned bright and much warmer. The Jeff Davis came in and brought a letter to Mr. Chapman and one to me from the Bishop confirming my government appointment at Nenana. Greatly relieved that my transfer is now assured and that I can positively answer Mr. Boulter’s letter. The J. P. Light arrived, stopping at the post and bringing some second class mail. In the afternoon visited in the village—the tent life lends enchantment from across the river, but nearer ’tis oh! so awful. Many dear little children in the village but they are pitifully uncared for.

Saturday, a slight frost over night but the gardens were not damaged. George, the handsome young native widower, married Clara. A perfectly splendid day. After morning duties Wallace and I, hatless in the warm sunshine, walked down the beach and gathered a great bunch of grass-of-Parnassus.

Today, autumn-like indeed. A walk with the children after Sunday School was shortened as the dark rain clouds hung low.

Wednesday, August 10

Monday, a very slight frost with a deep breath of autumn in the air. The mosquito bite over my eye developing into an immense boil, very bad indeed. Olga, “Billy’s mother’s daughter” from the village, came to live with us. On Tuesday framed more bird pictures for Mr. Chapman. At five-thirty we all went up to the rectory, and Mr. Chapman and the children presented me with my going away gift, the precious Book of Friends—a sweet and most tender surprise, little messages of love and affection written by the children themselves. How lovely and how touching, and how sad my heart is at leaving them all. My boil frightful indeed but clearing up under treatment of soap and brown sugar.

Today, about four in the morning, Kate woke me saying she heard a boat whistling. I, half asleep and half awake said, “Oh, no, ’tis but the dogs.” But sure enough, ’twas the Susie. How I did have to rush and dress! Time only for a quick “Goodbye” call to all the girls and a hug and a kiss for dear little Wallace. Mr. Chapman’s parting words so choked me with emotion that I could not reply. Mrs. Evans not up to see me off. Did not go to lunch on the boat as my eye and face were entirely too awful. No one on board whom I knew, but even so the time did not lag. A pleasant day on deck and a most glorious sunset. The other passengers indulged in card playing and piano thumping but none of it interested me.