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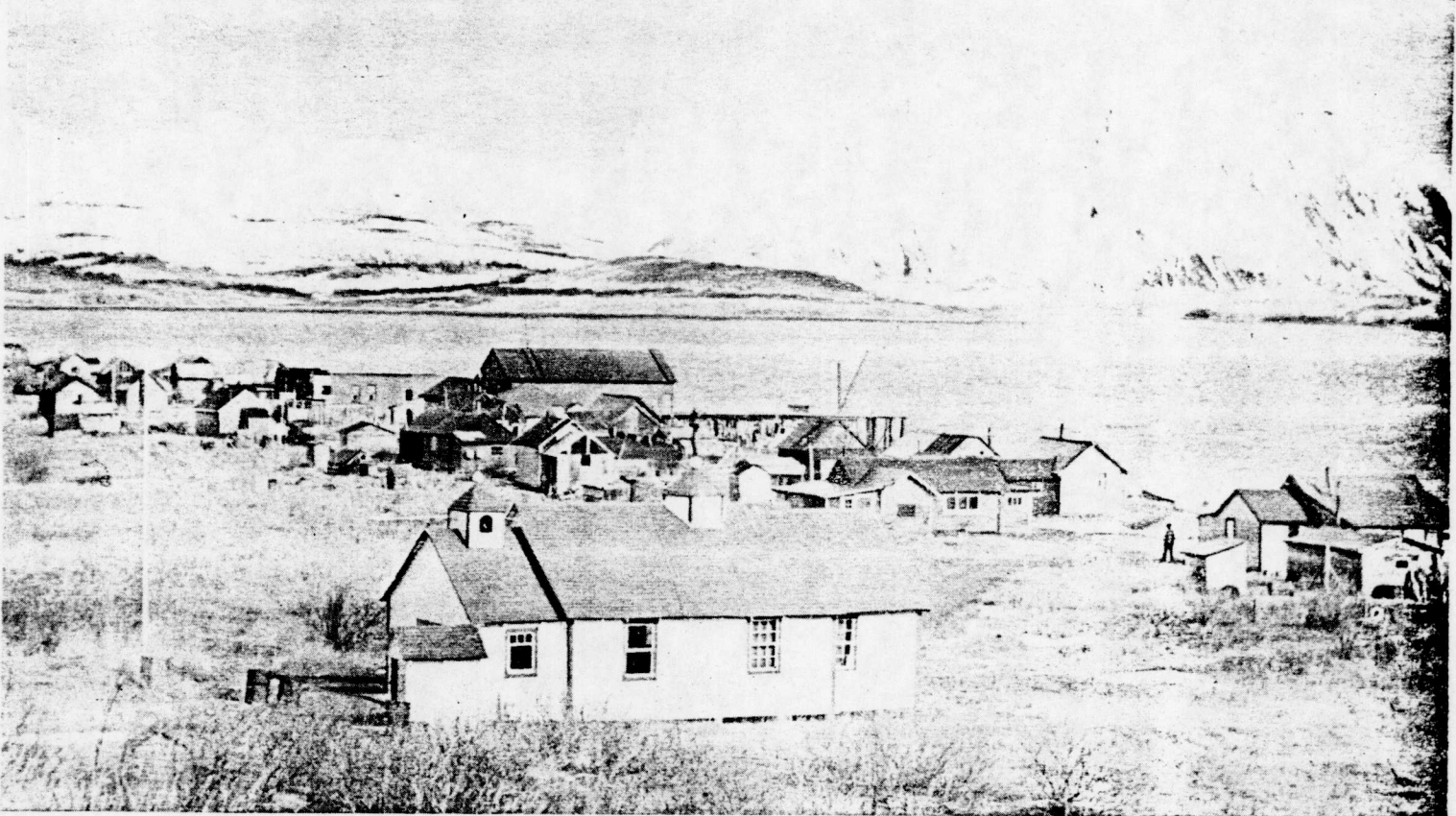
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OLD HARBOR

BY MARIE BEEMER BAILEY



Photos from Marie Beemer Bailey

Backed by snow-capped peaks and grass-covered mountains, facing Sitkalidak Island across the strait, Old Harbor has the most beautiful setting of any village on Kodiak Island. Nor is the climate severe. We are comfortable in frame houses.

TO THE wayfarer who doesn't take time to become acquainted with Old Harbor, on the southeast shore of Kodiak Island, it's just another Alas-

ka fishing village that a number of Aleuts and a few white people call home. To those who pause for a longer look at its eye-appeal and visit with

its inhabitants, Old Harbor has much to offer. Fred and I came here several years ago as Alaska Native Service teachers and find that the longer we stay, the better we like it.

While the men are fishing the women and children gather at the beach to clean the fish. It's more like a party than a chore, for everyone has a jolly time.

Though an ancient community compared to most Alaskan settlements, both its location and name have been changed several times. The ancestors of the Aleut inhabitants once lived northeast of the present village, at the entrance of Sitkalidak Narrows. During the Russian occupation, in a bloody massacre which occurred about 1850, two hundred Aleuts were killed and most of their settlement was burned.

The survivors deserted the narrows location and moved to a site east of the present village, which they named Staragon. Fights, feuds and pestilence caused the inhabitants to move again. They chose Old Harbor, and their village has been known by that name ever since.

Facing Sitkalidak Island and backed by a cyclorama of treeless but grass-covered mountains, with a lagoon to the east and Two-Headed Island to the west, Old Harbor has the most beautiful setting of any village on Ko-



diak Island. From early spring to late fall the mountains are dotted with wildflowers of brilliant hues and many varieties. Alpine buttercups, Russian rice, columbine, paintbrush, shooting stars—to list only a few. All during the warm summer days, which have fifteen to eighteen hours of daylight, we have an ever-changing panorama of floral parades.

In the mountain glen, where a spark-

ing of potatoes, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower, celery, turnips, rutabagas and onions as well as the fast-maturing radishes, lettuce and peas. We have an abundance of wild berries—high and low bush cranberries, blueberries, wine berries and strawberries, besides the salmonberries. It's a joy to pick them, for there are no snakes. Edible herbs including dandelions, marsh marigold, Russian rice, watercress, wild carrots and celery, goose tongue and rhubarb, are plentiful in the early spring. Quantities of wild rose hips are gathered in the late fall for preserves and jellies.

We live comfortably in frame houses and not, as many of our good friends in the States might suspect, in underground igloos or barabaras, and we have no days of complete darkness in winter.

I must hasten to add, however, that it's not always "June in January." We do experience williwaws, sudden changes in temperature, and as many as four or five consecutive days of rain. Then, too, we have an occasional earthquake. In April, 1945, we received radio warnings of an approaching tidal wave, and prepared to flee to the mountains. Fortunately that wasn't necessary.

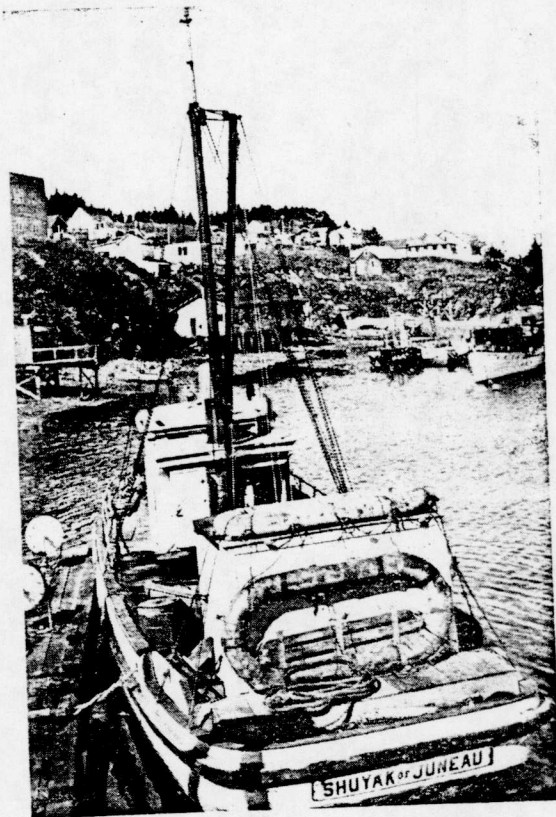
North of the village are the flats and beyond them the lagoon, a perfect protection for small water craft, which the children call the Ol' Swimmin' Hole. North and east of the lagoon is Big Creek, which heads out of what the natives call the Glacier, easily visible from the village. So Old Harbor not only has its seascape and grass-covered, flower-sprinkled mountains, but its snow-capped peaks as well. Big Creek, with the cottonwoods growing along its banks, is indescribably beautiful. Once, after several attempts, I managed to get a picture of a magpie sitting on a cottonwood branch.

Cottonwoods grow along the banks of Big Creek, which heads out of the glacier.

With so much space and so few trees on Kodiak Island, Old Harbor has a tree growing through the sawmill roof!

ling creek winds through dense ferns and shrubbery, myriads of song birds nest and sing. Each spring day brings us new feathered friends—canaries, varied thrushes or Alaska robins, song sparrows, downy and hairy woodpeckers. Once I saw a humming bird among the Alpine buttercups! Among the larger birds are magpies, crows, ravens. High on the mountaintops the bald eagle, emblem of our country, reigns supreme. The bright orange and red fruit of the salmonberries against the dark green leaves of their bushes, and waterfalls cascading down the ravine add all the artist needs for a picture of complete, unstudied beauty.

"Old Harbor is the banana belt of Alaska," our radio operator often declares. And after a year here we could understand why the sourdoughs maintain we have only two seasons, spring and fall. Moderated by the Japanese Current, the climate permits the rais-



The Shuyak of Juneau calls bi-monthly with mail, freight and passengers.

Old Harbor is a typical fishing village. During the salmon run, Big Creek is so packed with salmon that it seems one more could not possibly squeeze in. C. D. Gilpin of Garwood, New Jersey, spent the summer of 1945 in Old Harbor. When he saw the creek packed with salmon, he picked one out with his hands and had his picture taken with it. But he posed with his telescope rod.

"People back home couldn't believe I just reached down and picked it up with my hands," he explained.





Located in the stronghold of the giant Kodiak bear, Old Harbor has many expert hunters, every one with his bear stories and some with evidence to prove them.

I, too, had a fish-picking experience that I'd have difficulty getting the folks back home to believe. Once when returning home after dark from digging clams, we crossed the lagoon, which is dry at low tide. Hearing a splashing among the seaweed, we turned on our flashlights and found stranded fish. We filled our pails and went home to tell about our dry-land fishing.

Every house in the village has a drying rack and smokehouse. After the canneries close and the fishermen are home from the sea, they go to the creeks for their own winter supply. While the men catch the fish, the women and children gather on the beach to clean and prepare them. It's more like a party or a "bee" than a chore. Everyone has a wonderful time. It is then that the tantalizing odor of smoked fish fills the air. New arrivals hasten along the village streets to make arrangements for a supply. I have often seen a new-comer standing with a smoked fish in his hand exclaiming about its deliciousness and asking, "How in the world do you do it?"

The beach is our Main Street, the tide our traffic signal and a dory our auto.



some brown dog we'd coaxed into the house belonged to him. We'd had a little difficulty getting the dog inside, but once accomplished, we couldn't make him go. As a matter of fact, we never really forced the issue. Finally



Practically every house has its Kodiak bear hide nailed to an outside wall.

Old Harbor is also the home of expert bear-hunters. Nearly every house has its bear hide nailed on the wall. The natives are fearless hunters, and several have bagged Kodiak bears "single-handed." Nick Kagueyak told me how it was done:

"It's very easy. Just wait until the bear gets close, stands on its hind feet and opens its mouth. Then you stick the barrel of the gun down its throat and fire."

Easy, perhaps, but easier said than done.

Pete Kahutak, another of Old Harbor's renowned Kodiak-bear hunters, merits much credit along that line, but we shall remember him more for having given us our dog, Brownie. Pete called on us the morning after our arrival, asked us our names and where we were from, and whether we'd like to go with a party to pack out a bear.

We introduced ourselves, told him we were from Michigan and would like very much to help pack out the bear, but first we had to unpack and get settled. Then Pete told us the hand-

Pete told us we could have him. Brownie was born and raised on Kodiak Island. He likes the ocean and is a good swimmer and hunter. Once Fred went out with some seal hunters and when they were out about a mile they sighted a head on the surface of the water. One of the hunters aimed to fire, but noticed it didn't act quite like a seal.

"That's Brownie!" cried Fred. He had swum a mile. They helped him into the boat, rejoicing that he hadn't been killed for a seal.

Once I found an old whaling harpoon that had been buried for many years. I showed it to Evan, and he wouldn't touch it until he had put on his gloves. The natives still have many superstitions regarding these weapons. They are made of slate, and the dust made during their shaping and sharpening would cause infection in the eyes, wounds and small scratches. Of course they had no miracle drugs to combat infections, and several harpoon makers died as a result.

Stepenina Alokli is a veritable storehouse of Old Harbor lore, which has come down to her by word of mouth

from her forebears. She has told me much about the vicissitudes of existence in her earlier years. She has traveled by kayak from Old Harbor to Dutch Harbor and other points along the Aleutian Chain. She has told me of fights with warlike tribes who lived high in the mountains.

When I showed Stepenina the harpoon she threw up her hands in fright, then called the neighbor children, who happened to be in her home at the time, to her side and spoke to them in Aleut. They ran out excitedly, and down the street from house to house shouting, "The harpoon! Get away from the harpoon! Stay away from the harpoon!"

I can understand little of their language, but I could understand that Stepenina was not favorably disposed toward my treasured harpoon!

Stepenina is the oldest resident of the village. The first motion picture she ever saw was one I had taken of her and her neighbors. She enjoyed it immensely.

Rolf Christiansen, a world traveler, long ago chose Old Harbor as the place

Durban Hansen, once ski champion of Norway, had seen much of Europe and America before he settled in Alaska.



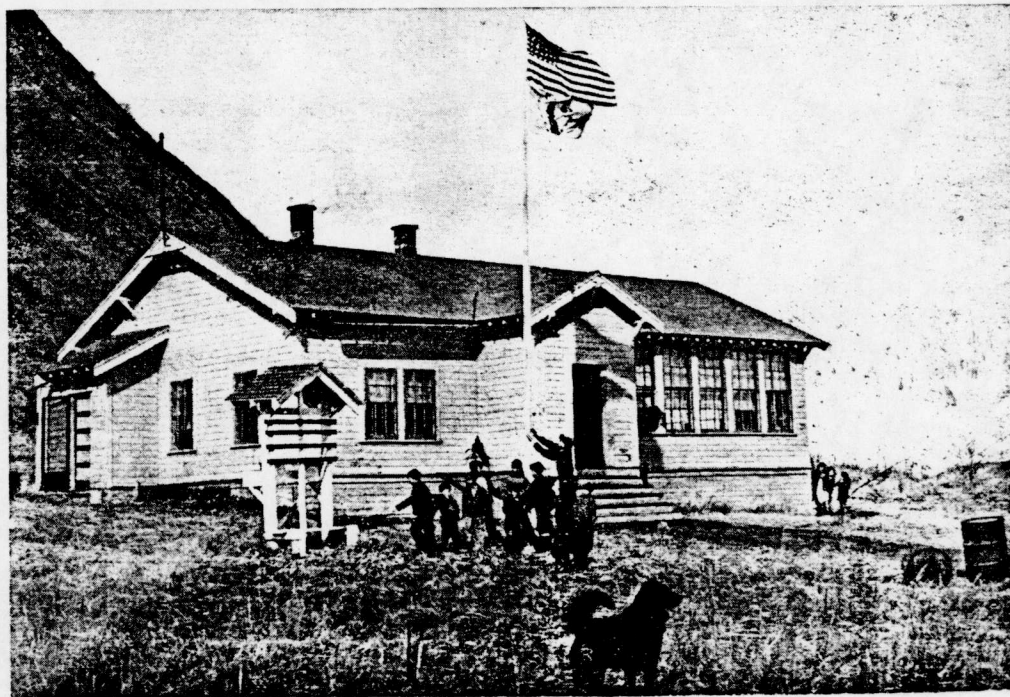
The one barabara, a holdover from ancient days, is now used for storing fish, berries and seal oil. Still habitable, it was once home to a family of ten persons.

to settle down. A Norwegian by birth, he has sailed the seven seas and called at almost every port. He tells of bullfights in Barcelona, of the Kimberly diamond mines in South Africa, of whaling in the Antarctic and sailing down to Rio. He is an expert fisherman, and as such is known as "Nookins" all over Kodiak Island. We have few large families in our village. Rolf's is one of them.

Durban Hansen, long-time Old Har-

borite, is a silver cup winner. A native of Oslo, Hansen was ski champion of Norway in 1905 and '06. After touring Europe he came to the States as a ski instructor. He told me of meeting the renowned explorer, Roald Amundsen, in New York City, and being invited to attend a meeting of the National Geographic Society with him. What a great day for New York City, with two of Norway's favorite sons honoring her at once!

Proudly our school displays its Minute Man flag with the Schools at War emblem, awarded for distinguished services in behalf of the school savings program.





You'll often see a new-comer standing eating a piece of smoked salmon, remarking enthusiastically about its delicious taste and asking, "How do you do it?"

Hansen is locally famous for his rowing. Once he rowed from Three Saints Bay, site of the first permanent Russian settlement in Alaska, to Shearwater, twenty-five miles without a stop. On the way he rowed past Old Harbor, not even pausing to rest and have tea.

Our postmaster is Raymond E. Krautter, from Pennsylvania, who has lived in Alaska forty years and in Old Harbor for thirty. He came here from Curry, then known as Dead Horse Hill, where he worked on The Alaska Railroad. Krautter merits much credit for keeping Old Harbor on the map. He has built many of the houses in the village, and has recently erected a new store. He owns the herring saltery and sawmill, and with his partner, Nels Christiansen, now operates a cold storage plant.

Nels, expert seaman, machinist and engineer, is another Norwegian-

Alaskan. He was born north of the Arctic Circle, so Alaska's climate holds no terrors for him. He is an avid reader, always well informed on world affairs.

Hunting and trapping keep the men busy during the winter months. While the Kodiak bears are hibernating, Old Harborites hunt foxes, rabbits, ptarmigan and ducks, of which there are thousands within easy walking distance of the village. Occasionally geese land nearby, but their favorite feeding grounds are several hours by dory from the village. There are good clam beds close by, and clams are a regular food item. The natives also gather mussels and sea biscuits, and once in awhile they get oysters.

In the early spring the natives gather sea-gull eggs, which they consider a great delicacy. We first ate them thinking they were duck eggs, and liked them. We were unperturbed when told later what we had eaten, recal-

ling that Rickenbacker and his crew ate the raw birds. We also ate "bearburger" thinking it was hamburger, but have often eaten it since knowing what it was.

Cattle and sheep thrive in this area, as there is an abundance of grass and the climate is mild enough for them to pasture the year around. Most grains must be shipped in and are therefore costly, but barley can be grown here successfully. We have fresh beef and mutton from a cattle ranch nearby.

The Russian Orthodox Church is the hub of the wheel of life in Old Harbor. Men, women and children spend much time cleaning, painting and decorating the church, and the services are always well attended no matter what the



The ancestors of the Old Harbor Aleuts once lived at the entrance to Sitkalidak Narrows, above, but the village was burned by the Russians about 1850 and most of the people were killed.

Rolf Christiansen has one of the few large families in the village. A native of Norway, he saw the world as a sailor before he settled down in Old Harbor.



weather or the time of day. There are midnight services and early morning services and special services. There are neither seats nor pews in the church, and standing and kneeling are the only permissible positions for those attending. A short bench in the rear, for the aged and infirm, is seldom used.

Innokenty Inga, the priest, is a good example for his people. He reads the services in Russian, and trains younger members that they may be able to carry on his work. Much of the church service is chanted.

Each church holiday is strictly observed, and there are many. No attention is given to birthdays, but name days call for a church service. On these days, prayers are said for the saint after whom the person is named, or the saint who is honored during the month in which one's name day falls. These prayers, they say, invoke the blessings of the saint upon the person whose name day is being celebrated.

Old Harbor has kept the Russian Christmas customs very much alive.

The western Christmas is celebrated December 24 with a program at school in the evening, a tree, Santa, and the exchange of gifts. Then on January 7 a church service is held from four to six p. m. then again from midnight to two a. m. Immediately after the services, three members carrying star-shaped wheels in graduated sizes lead a procession from the church. The procession calls at every home in the village, singing carols and praying while



Chief Mike Inga, conscientious and capable, comes from a long line of chiefs.

facing a sort of altar in each home where incense and candles are burning before holy pictures.

The stars, decorated with ribbons, flowers and pompoms in pastel shades, are kept revolving throughout the ceremony. Old Harborites have lovely voices, and every man, woman and child who is physically able follows the star-bearers as they go from house to house carolling through the night. No street lamps light their way, so a few carry flashlights.

When arriving at the home of a church member who has sinned to such an extent that the priest feels he needs extra prayers, the procession circles the house three times before entering the door. Of course they can't all crowd into the smaller houses, so those who can't remain outside singing, praying and crossing themselves just as those inside are doing. And all the while the three star-bearers are standing before the group twirling the stars.

I once joined the procession and took part in the ceremonies as best I

could, and one of the natives explained in English what the occasion means. The stars represent Joseph, Mary and the Christ Child. The celebration is in rejoicing and thanksgiving over the birth of the Savior, and in asking forgiveness of sins and the divine blessing throughout the year. As the carol is being sung at each home, guns are fired to frighten away evil spirits.

The procession follows the stars for three consecutive evenings. By the end of the third evening several of the singers are hoarse or have temporarily lost their voices, and we really know we've had a Christmas!

Immediately following the Yule celebration, the Russian New Year is ushered in. Then young and old mask and go from house to house to be identified. The masker does not speak so his voice cannot be recognized, but he has a whistle made by stretching a rubber band between two small, thin pieces of wood, which he blows to announce his approach.

Sometimes three or four maskers will arrive at the same time to be identified. The host is allowed three guesses. If the masked one's name is called, he removes his mask. If not he goes on to another home.

Bear skins, fox furs, sheep hides, fish nets and every other material imaginable are used to hide identity. Some have commercially manufactured masquerade suits, but the older people prefer the costumes used before manufactured articles were obtainable.

When every home has been visited, the dancing begins. Masquerading and dancing occur on three consecutive evenings. Though there is never dancing on Saturday night, masking is carried on as usual.

The Russian Easter is a season of much church activity. As Lent is strictly observed, Easter is heralded with much joy. On Sunday the people go to church carrying flowers, most

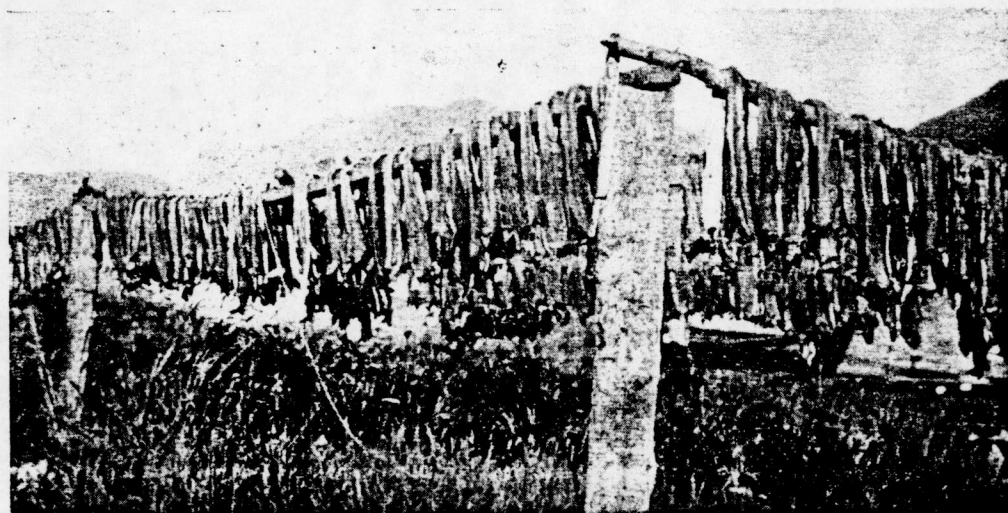


Brownie, shown with me above, refused to leave us once he had decided to be our dog, and we never forced the issue.

of which are artificial because fresh cut flowers are costly and difficult to get at that time of year. But one must look closely to be sure the flowers are artificial, for the natives lavish much time and skill upon their paper flowers.

In the church is a tall, pole-like standard in which many holes have been drilled. As the people enter they stick their—Please turn to page 38

After the canneries close the fishermen go out for their own winter supply of salmon. Every house has its drying rack, and the odor of fish fills the air.



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edge of the world. For the first time we were without the rush of the river's fast current. The silence of the Far North seemed to overwhelm us with its loneliness as the muddy waters of the Yukon slid quietly past and on into the Arctic.

The next morning, 20 days after shoving off at Whitehorse, the bow of the "Yukon Bell" scraped onto the bank at Circle City. Again, a small group of weathered and broken log cabins and frame buildings was all that remained of a city that had marked the high tide of the Gold-rush. The storekeeper to whom we presented Johnny Olson's note was the only white man in town, and even he was building a trailer in which to take his Indian wife and his many children down the Alaska Highway, back to the States. After arranging a ride toward Fairbanks with the local road superintendent who happened to be in town, we went back to the "Bell" and gathered our equipment. We pulled her up as far onto the bank as we could, and walked toward the Dodge pickup truck waiting on the road above. We had drifted 700 miles down the Yukon—for fun! And it was! Try it sometime!

OLD HARBOR

(Continued from page 11)

flowers into the holes, and the standard becomes a beautiful flowering tree on which many species bloom. During the service the flowers are blessed, and afterward they are taken to the cemetery and placed upon the graves of departed friends and neighbors.

A few ancient superstitions, less easily explained than the one concerning the whaling harpoon, are also still very much alive in Old Harbor. One of them is about Ah-hoo-luk, the giant man, who lives far back in the mountains and sometimes visits the village. Men sitting on the beach in the evening shadows or moonlight of the night, waiting for a fox or other game to appear, have reported seeing Ah-hoo-luk. He is about seven feet tall, with long black hair and very large hands and feet. He always carries a club.

When the dogs howl at night, it is because Ah-hoo-luk is prowling about, perhaps hungry and looking for someone's winter food cache. His tracks have been reported seen along the beach, or in fresh snow.

Once Evan Nekeefeer had rowed his dory across to good hunting grounds, and sat in the moonlight waiting for game. Suddenly he was sure he saw Ah-hoo-luk, and he became so frightened that he threw down his gun, jumped into his dory and returned home, breathless and pale as a ghost. In company with some friends and neighbors he returned next day and retrieved his rifle. The tide had washed away the giant's tracks, but the natives are

still willing to leave that particular hunting ground to Ah-hoo-luk.

Old Harbor has one barabara, a holdover from ancient days, which once housed a family of ten and is still fit for occupancy. It is now used as a storage cellar for dried, salted and smoked fish, seal oil and barrels of berries. A few seal and whale oil lamps and stoves, once used for heating and lighting the barabaras, can still be found in the village. Recently Emil Adonga gave me one, the biggest one I've ever seen. It is fifteen inches long and eleven inches wide.

It was Emil, too, who gave me a huge glass ball he found floating in the Pacific, probably lost from a Japanese fishing net. Any cheechako would have been highly elated with one such rare gift, but to receive two on the same day, and from the same friend, was overwhelming. Other prized gifts include an ancient padlock unearthed at Three Saints, and an old Russian gun found by workmen while doing some road-building near Old Harbor.

Our people have given us many such rare treasures, and further to show their regard for us, they adopted both Fred and me into the tribe and gave us tribal names. My tribal name is Ahgounyak, which the natives tell me means, "My Daughter." Fred's is Nenoonyak, "Good Hunter." We understand we are the first teachers in the village to be so honored.

We came to Old Harbor as teachers, but the natives have taught us a great deal. They are good neighbors, kind and generous.

Once we hiked to Barling Bay, about five miles west of Old Harbor. There we found a deserted mining-camp house, equipped and furnished for housekeeping. We had looked over the surrounding territory considerably and spent more time than we had intended, and the rising tide would have made our return trip difficult. So we decided to stay overnight. We made a fire in the stove, cooked our supper of canned foods we found stored in the house, lit candles and talked of the pity that thousands lived in congested city tenements while there were comfortable homes to spare in beautiful Alaska.

WE SHALL not soon forget the display of Aurora Borealis we saw that night in Barling Bay! Never have we seen such flamboyant colors, such spectacular, flashing lights! We were enjoying the phenomenon thoroughly when, out on the water, we noticed another flash, a more subdued light. On it came and then there were more. Suddenly there were shouts in Aleut.

Every skiff and dory in Old Harbor, each filled to capacity with anxious Aleuts, had joined a searching party sent out by Chief Alexei Inga and his councilmen to find us. Some were armed with high-powered rifles, lest a bear might have us treed or they might encounter one in their search. Others

carried lunches and thermos bottles of hot tea. Several walked along the beach with lanterns and flashlights, knowing from experience the danger of falling rocks.

We were glad to see them, and to return home with them. With such loyal, solicitous neighbors and friends, it's no wonder we love living in Old Harbor! On such occasions as when the Pacific runs high, when warnings of tidal waves come over the air, when the williwaws sweep down from the mountains, during an earthquake, or when volcanic ash fills the air, every last one of us here in our peaceful, tiny, isolated village feels a closeness and unity with every other one. We are, indeed, brothers under the skin.

We have tried to explain to the Aleuts some of the ways of the white man. We have told them what it means to live out of the ozone and in the smoke zone, and punch a time clock. We have described our experiences at teaching in cold, congested and condemned schoolrooms in the States. Although they haven't said it in the exact words, they mean, "Bingo bango bongo, I don't want to leave Old Harbor!"

We must admit there are a few disadvantages, inconveniences and so forth to life here. We have no doctor nor dentist, but we can call a plane by radio-telephone and go to one in Kodiak. In an emergency, doctors from the Naval Base in Kodiak have come here. The Hygiene, floating clinic of the Department of Health, makes annual calls, during which the entire populace is X-rayed and examined. Physical examinations are necessary before our young people can be admitted as students to the Wrangell or Mount Edgecumbe Vocational Schools. Old Harbor has some tuberculosis cases that should be hospitalized, but due to lack of facilities they aren't getting the needed bed rest.

The Shuyak of Juneau, our mail boat, calls in twice a month, also carrying freight and passengers. She's always a welcome sight, especially during the winter months when we don't get mail by plane so often as in summer. Robert Von Scheele is her pilot, and we are of the opinion that there isn't a skipper who knows the waters around Kodiak Island better than he.

Though it has been years since the men of the village used skin kayaks for sea-otter and whale hunting, they still make them in miniature, carving them of hardwood by hand, even with miniature hunters seated in the cockpits. Bear gut is used for covering instead of the scraped hair-seal hides used on the bigger ones. Evan Simeon revived the craft and now younger men in the village are trained to carry it on.

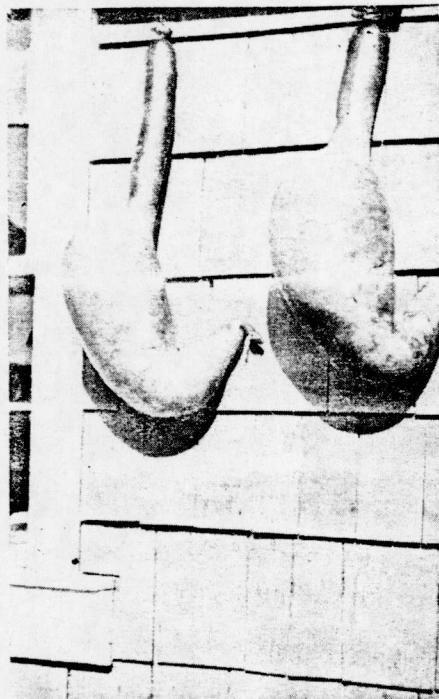
MRS. Fedosia Inga has taught the school pupils to weave baskets, and practically every child, including the boys, can now weave.

The making of a kamleika is a craft requiring patience, skill and time. A

kamleika is a waterproof coat of bear gut, worn by hunters in pre-white days. Tied around the opening of the cockpit, the kamleika kept the hunter and the inside of the kayak dry if the little craft happened to capsize. Skilled navigators though the Aleuts have always been, their little skin kayaks did occasionally tip over. But the occupant could right it, and paddle nonchalantly on his way.

Kamleika making was almost a lost art in Old Harbor at one time, but two of the women, Mrs. Karatina Karakin and Mrs. Marcia Shadula, have mastered the intricate stitching.

Our village is very proud of having been awarded a citation from the



Hair-seal stomachs make satisfactory storage pokes for foods like berries.

United States Treasury department for distinguished services in behalf of the school savings program from 1941 to 1946. Proudly we display our Minute Man flag with its Schools at War emblem. On our honor roll are the names of Mike Inga, William Hansen Jr., Edward Peskrikoff, George Inga, Nikolai Ignatin and Sergei Pestrikoff, Old Harbor boys who served their country honorably and well in the armed forces.

Most of the time they were stationed far down the Aleutian Chain. Mike Inga, now chief of the village, saw action at Kiska. He told me of a remarkable coincidence there. In 1932, Mike attended the Olympic Games in Los Angeles, and saw Earl Meadows pole vault to the world championship. Competing in the contest was a young Japanese lad who showed outstanding ability, and whom Mike was to see again, on the distant field of a far more sinister contest. When going

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"over the top" at Kiska, Mike found a dead Japanese soldier and looked in his pockets for identification. It was the athlete he had seen on that memorable day in the Olympic Games.

I have often thought how fortunate Old Harbor is to have such a capable, conscientious chief. Mike has a fine service record, and has benefited by his experiences. He speaks English, Aleut and Russian fluently, and is therefore a good interpreter. The Aleut and the white man don't always see eye to eye, and it often requires tact and diplomacy on the part of the Aleut chief to smooth out differences. Chief Inga, whose father and grandfather were chiefs before him, possesses that ability. Having seen how small town councils, township boards and such bodies in the States sometimes function, I have much respect for the manner in which Chief Inga and his council manage Old Harbor affairs.

All our boys returned safely from the battlefields, but heading our honor

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roll is the name of a hero who did not return. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster Jones were teachers here before they went to Attu. The story of their fate during the invasion of Attu has been published many times. He was shot down in cold blood and the Aleuts were forced to dig a shallow grave and bury him. Only last August his body was disinterred, and reburied with military honors in Anchorage. Mrs. Jones, the only white woman taken prisoner from this continent, spent three and a half years in a Japanese concentration camp.

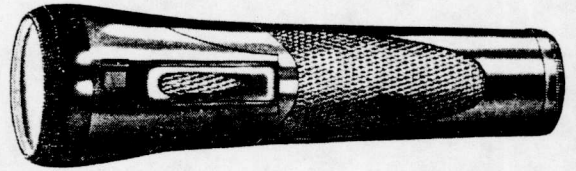
I found a book in the library of our living quarters that belonged to Mrs. Jones, so I sent it to her. When she learned that I came from Michigan she wrote, "If you're ever in Montague, stop and see my sister, Mrs. Smith. Her husband is the dentist there." I replied, "If you're ever at Harrison, stop and see my sister, Mrs. Campbell. Her husband is the dentist there."

Hearing the rumors, myths and fanciful stories about Alaska, then coming here to see for ourselves, was like wading from a sea of fiction onto a shore of truth. We have not been disappointed in what we have found. Here in Old Harbor we can truly say, with the greatest bard, "And this our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything." I would not change it.

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