Pioneer Life
Full of Work

Alaska Colonists Would
Like to Hunt or Fish, but Duty Is Stern

This is the third of a series of stories on family life in the Malamut Valley.

by MISS MARIE TAYLOR
Palmer, Alaska—(By Mail)—What every man up here would like to do is get out and fish or knock over a bear, but what he has to do is keep working—sometimes until his tongue hangs out.

The summer days are long, but there are not many of them, and the big problem for the head of every family in the Malamut Valley is conception project in to get his family under cover before the snow falls. Tests now being used would be interesting.

Chaswye Poor has found cutting extra logs easy enough even by her good woodsmen.

"It's the mosquitoes, " he said, "That's not cutting the logs, " he said, "That's not cutting the wood, it's the mosquitoes. At first the mosquitoes was so thick I didn't dare take off my hood not to cut us to pieces. Then I just grabbed a bit, off a sandwich and took a nip of coffee. Finally I got the idea to take some sitting into the woods with me and build a little room to eat in. When you're working like we are up here you get hungry.

In the woods by 6 or 7 a.m., the sun rises away off to the north, and timber until what would be midsummer in Wisconsin or Michigan and then sometimes gets back after supper to work until 12 midnight or 1 or 2 a.m. until midnight.

"It's not worth it, " said Carl Erickson, who is aided by a strapping son, Charles. "Scare up here doesn't clear so bad, but there's a lot of mosquitoes.

For the average cabin, 120 logs with 12-inch batter and 8-inch tops are needed. Some men had cut their first two weeks, others are still chopping away.

Two-box lanterns

In the hour to handle the axes and horses, air around the communicated help among freight or build furniture for their own homes.

Paul Juhl and Walter Huntley are the unemployed veterans helping to keep the stock well. They handle logs with jackknives and saw beams cutting with a little beer bottle. Huntley is considered the best saw man in camp. Guarnsey that the milk pails from some men do not touch them.

Huntley is accomplished in other ways as with the very thin fellow. He sings a mean baritone at all times and has a great deal in getting things lined up for a Boy Scout group.

Men with carpentering ability have been assigned to help other colonists improve their homes. That's where a man like Victor Johnson comes in handy. Industrious and in-telligent, he's sold many a sophomore how to chip a log to strengthen his home.

Every Day Is Work Day

For the women folk their "nesting out" life in Alaska is mostly one wash day after another. Here there is not more much dust than dirt for children to play in and not much more than dirt for men to work in. Not central with the family laundring, a few women take in washing from single men in the homing village.

"I made do in three weeks, " Mrs. C. H. Meier boasted proudly. "I don't charge much; just according to what the men are earning and I just get a cut."

With their men busy in the fields, several women are doing all the family gardening and soon they'll be the same winter's supply of beets, cabbage, carrots and wild fruit. They have found out that sometimes they must stay in where the snow outside is.

In any case, tea is a great hazard. The drying equipment that can be pulled from place to place has been made available at some camps. It was planned that the ones should operate them, but Mrs. Meier made a trip to the Point and said herself down on that plan.

Women Must Learn

"You get to learn the women how to run them " the homemaker said.

"Memories of the Sea, " by Miss M. F. Taylor, has been included in the series of stories on family life in the Malamut Valley. It will be read by Miss M. F. Taylor, who has been a teacher in the Malamut Valley for many years.

"Heat of Battle Over"

A story about the battle over the women's rights movement and the women's rights movement described by a reporter.

Colony's First Funeral
Described by Reporter

The first funeral in the colony was held on the evening before Mrs. Walter Hunter said "Good Night Here, Good Morning Up There" and "Sometimes We'll Understand." The women, and children, wiped tears from their eyes. The mother cried on her husband's shoulder and the father, R. H. Koontz, held tight around her shoulders to lend her his strength in her mournful hour.

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me," the prayer quoted.

After awaking the solemn service, the coffin was placed in the back of a small truck and driven to the edge of a brush clearing, with the people filing sadly behind.

March to a Cemetary

Five hundred paces along a path through the newly plowed fields walked the crowd until we came again to the cemetery, at the edge of where the community center will be. They gathered; the flowers around the freshly dug graves and lowered the coffin into the grave to the Rev. E. J. Stingley's "At the Cross." The cross, the tabernacle of God, is within men, and He will dwell with them and they shall be His people and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death,

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