

Northern Light

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WRECK OF THE WASP

If ever there has been a narrow escape from the ocean's grasp it was the escape of the survivors of the Wasp. She was caught in the storm some fifty miles at sea off Cape Avinof

The terrific billows tossed her like a leaf. Mountains of water rushed madly at the shell at last tearing a great hole in her side. The engine was soon flooded and the boat left helpless. Empty gasoline tanks were used to buoy the sinking schooner.

At last she rolled over with masts pointing towards the rushing storm. Behind it the six men drenched to the skin, cold and hungry, in an 18ft. dory hugged the capsized boat which served some what, as a shield from the fury of the storm. Again and again great waves would break over the schooner and fill almost to sinking the dory. For 36 hours they clung to the wreck bailing and steadyng by turns. As they were being constantly carried to sea they turned loose from the schooner with about 2 lbs. of bacon and not a drop of water. Hour after hour at 30 minute turns at the two sets of oars they pulled aimlessly. For until stars peeped thru the darkness, they were lost as to direction. Two days, three days, four days rowing, bailing, starving they pulled.

The fifth day land was near. Staggering from the dory they sought water. From natives seal oil and fish were obtained and eaten with a relish.

At a village up the coast a skin

ST MICHAEL GOSSIP

Mr. Koppitz was in Nome some time ago.

The N.C. wharf must have been well built to stand the storm as it did.

Joe Mathews shot every thing in sight, with his camera.

Mr. Ericson had the pleasure of playing the burgler act of in and out the cold storage window, after the storm.

Mr. Moses boat seemed animated with life and alone letook itself to a place of safety behind a large

Traeger's warehouse disintegrated.

A poor Eskimo dog lost his heart because of the superstitions of the owner who cut out the heart and by chanting, and waving it to and fro the storm calmed--in his mind.

Passangers that left for Nome on the corwin, just in the teeth of the storm, were 'Rocked in the cradle of the deep.'

Dr. Fernbaugh has the welfare of the natives at heart, and in every way is assisting Miss Walker, the government nurse.

The saddest accident of the storm was the loss of Hurb Guisler and family.

boat and natives were obtained who took them back to Bethel. Here they rented a building where they staid some time recuperating. It was while here that Mr & Mrs Felder invited them to a dinner fit for a king.

From Bethel they later crossed over the portage to the Russian Mission, where they caught the Hermon for St. Michael.