



This is an 18 or 20 inch greyling caught using an ivory hook. The greyling has it's large dorsal fin folded. Fish caught through the ice in winter in the Nome Rivers strike once and if not hooked will swim away.



## **“So Hago”**

**By Maria Bolanz**

*(Continued from last week, the poignant story of a Tlingit woman, Chin Kley, separated from her infant son at his birth and dying from tuberculosis in a hospital far from the spruce forests and snow-capped mountains of her homeland. Her loneliness and homesickness impels her to write letters to her little son, telling him of the rich heritage of the Tlingit people.)*

### **Chapter Four**

March 14

Just like our village, we are having a late snow... the snow of spring. I watch it from my window falling in heavy flakes and filling the sky. It does not stay long on the earth, for the earth is becoming warm now, and the snow melts back into water as it lies upon it. It is very peaceful, falling snow, isn't it? I wonder, too, if the ice in the stream near here is breaking, and if low along the banks the green shoots are coming through, and if the deer and the beaver and the otter are beginning to feed there. I think of all these as I gaze out my window.

And I think of you also, wondering how you are, how you look this minute and how you are when you are sleeping. And your cry— it must be very strong and often. Oh-h-h, I should be there to rock you. And that little suit I made you — the one with yellow yarn — can you wear it? I gave it to your father this past week when he was here. That is, they took it first to cleanse it so that it would be safe for you. He says that you are good, but he does not know much of babies. If it were not for your nurse, I am sure he would be at a complete loss. Your cry worries him, and he doesn't know what to do.

And the moccasins! Yes, he told me Shah Wat Auth made you little white ones from the doeskin she had bleached, with white fur and the beading design of your clan. I can see them, even before I get the photo your father has promised me. You see, she would write to you and to me, but she cannot for she has never learned to write in the white man's way. I remember her making moccasins during the win-

ter, sewing, shaping the skins, decorating them with beads and lining them with fur. I sat by her side and learned too. In the long winter evenings, while stories were being told, we sometimes sewed.

For our winters are long and the sun sets very early, and the work outside must be done in the few hours of light. It was during those winter evenings, when the work had been done, that we sat around the fire — the women sometimes sewing or beading or tending to basket materials — and stories were told and people talked. Often a neighboring clan from another house would come over, and they would spend the evening storytelling and Indian dancing and eating berries and jellies that were prepared in the Indian fashion. We would have what the white man calls a party.

It was always great fun for the children, and we would play with great excitement. If the adults were dancing in Indian fashion, we would copy them, and if they acted in plays we would watch them, and if they told stories we would listen. Some of the stories I had heard before from Auth and Shah Wat Auth, but others I had not. I can remember the oldest and best storyteller; his face was all wrinkled and brown, and his black hair was just turning white. He sat cross-legged on seal skins, gesturing in a quiet way of what he was telling, and sometimes fingering the abalone shells around his neck. Everyone was silent; even though they had heard the stories before, each person told them in his own way and so they never tired of hearing them.

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# “So Hago”

(Continued from Page Two)

I can remember, as he began we stopped playing, and as he went on we would go nearer and nearer the circle where he sat. I would finally crawl upon Shaw Wat Auth's lap and lean sleepily against her breast. I remember, my eyes were heavy and the last thing I heard him say was...“The daughter of the north wind, whose clothing sparkled and tinkled like bells because it was made of icicles and frost...married a man of high caste, but when she went to him she lost her clothes and so lost her beauty....”