

Poem

(Teller, Alaska about 1954 to 1957)

Candles for light,
paper sacks for tissue.
Pails for water,
water for milk.
Berries for candy,
greens soaked in seal oil.
One small plane,
dog teams for travel.
Driftwood for fire.
One room homes.
Poor strong people,
rich strong land.
Couple families of outsiders,
always teacher's and preacher's.
I was a half breed,
in the land of the Eskimo's.

—Mary Jane Brower