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Alaska, Nome, St. Joseph's Mission, 1930

William M. Hughes

Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions

Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions

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MISSION SCHOOLS-20
ALASKA
NULATO, ST. PETER CLAVER'S MISSION SCHOOL
1930

40-1

Recd. Feb 13 1930 Amt. _____
 Ass. SW Ent. _____ Nulato, Alaska.
 Folded _____ Mailed _____
 Letter to _____ C. C.
 Order filled _____ Work Exp O.K. _____ P. O.
 Shipt _____ List _____ R. O.
 Copy to SW D.G. or Ref. _____

Rt. Rev. Monsignor William Hughes,
 2021 H Street, N.W.,
 Washington, D.C.

Rev. and dear Monsignor:-
 P.C. The accompanying letter dated Dec. 13th., is just a little memento, nothing more. After writing it, I was busy with Miss Walsh's letter, when a sick call interrupted me, and I had to go. Returning at 2 A.M., I had to go to bed for a little sleep, because as stated in the other letter, I had to hit the trail early next morning, which I did at 7 o'clock. I got back here at 11 P.M. on the 15th., and next morning at 7:30 was again on the sled runners headed down river. From that trip I have just now returned, and am busy catching up with a two week's accumulation of correspondence. Just as soon as I get all that squared up again, I am off once more for the distant outposts of the Mission, a round trip of 500 miles. If therefore I seem to have neglected you of late, please do not be angry with me, because I was not able even to help myself in the matter. I must do all the trail work myself, and it has been plenty so far. To add to my grief the dogs' feet got a touch of frost when the mercury dropped to 72 below zero last week, and then retreated again to 68 below, where it remained for 4 whole days. Twice a day therefore I must be dog doctor, and bathe their feet in Lysol and water, to harden them once more for trail duty. Will write again in a few days.

Devotedly yours,

Francis B. Prange S.J.

Return this COPY to BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS
2021 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

40-1

November 27, 1929.

Rev. Joseph F. McElmeel, S.J.,
St. Peter Claver's Mission,
Nulato, Alaska.

Dear Father McElmeel:

I enclose herewith Bureau check for \$ 5, covering
the gift of Mrs. T. S. Spoerlein of Pennsylvania, which she has
designated for you to buy food.

Upon receipt of this donation, please write a letter of
thanks to the donor and forward it through this Bureau for transmittal
by me to the donor.

Rec'd	FEB 18 1930	Amt.	_____	Ord.	_____
Ans	<i>file JR</i>	Ent.	_____	Dr.	_____
Pol'd		Yours in Christ,		D.C.	
Letter to		<i>Wm Hughes</i>			
Order filled		Work Exp. No.		No.	
Ship't		Rt.	Rev. Msgr. William Hughes,		
Copy to I.S.		D.A. or Ref.	Director.		
		Check sent			

JR

Received the check named above *Jan. 5. 1930*

(Signed) *Joseph F. McElmeel S.J.*
Rev. F. B. Prange

(This form satisfies the Bureau but not the donor. Send me letter for
donor. Pictures mean much both to the donor and to THE INDIAN SENTINEL.)

COPY FOR: *Byllaw*

" " *Special Edition*
spind to done MAR 23 1930 *MW.*

.40-1
St. Peter Claver's Mission,
Nulato, Alaska,
January 5, 1930.

Mr. H. Venn,
River Forest, Ill.

Dear Mr. Venn:

I have just returned off the trail to find a parcel post package from you awaiting me. On opening it, you may imagine my surprise. But I tell you, I danced a Highland Fling in my delight at your splendid gift. Two fur lined leather helmets, such as I never dreamed of ever possessing. They are the ideal head gear for the trail under the parka hood, and they fit beautifully. I assure you, dear Mr. Venn, you could not have thought of a more desirable, a more useful and a better appreciated Christmas present than just those helmets. You will probably realize this yourself when I tell you that we have just come out of a cold spell that reached 72 below zero and are now enveloped in a terrific blizzard. As soon as it calms down a bit we will probably enjoy a 35 to 40 below spell. Even so, next week will see me in the helmet on a 500 mile round trip trail. And as the miles are eaten up through wind and snow by 9 wolf-malamutes, I will be blessing you for my safety against frost. Only last week did I freeze my nose and the lower part of my face. Now this cannot happen again. I will let you know how well the helmets have served me, when I reach the end of the trail. For once I do not dread the trail.

With many, many thanks and as many more God bless you, I remain

Ever gratefully yours,

(Signed) Rev. Francis B. Prange, S. J.

COPIED BY MW.

Return this COPY to BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS
 2021 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

40-1

Rev. Francis B. Prange, S. J.,
 St. Peter Claver's Mission,
 Nulato, Alaska.

Rec'd MAR 5 1930
 Ans. _____
 Fol'd _____
 Letter to _____
 Order filed _____
 Ship't _____
 Copy to I.S. _____
 Copy to _____
 Amt _____
 Date _____
 December 26, 1929.
 Work Smp O.K. _____
 List _____
 D.G. or Ref _____
 Check book _____

Dear Father Prange:

I enclose herewith Bureau check for \$ 40 covering
 the gift of Rev. George J. Dixon of Pennsylvania, which was
 designated for you.

Upon receipt of this donation, please write a letter of
 thanks to the donor and forward it through this Bureau for transmittal
 by me to the donor.

Yours in Christ.

Wm Hughes

Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Hughes,
 Director.

MW

Received the check named above

Feb. 3 - 1930

(Signed) _____

Francis B. Prange, S. J.

(This form satisfies the Bureau but not the donor. Send me letter for
 donor. Pictures mean much both to the donor and to THE INDIAN SENTINEL.)
*N.B. Letter to donor and yourself will follow upon return. Am on
 the trail without writing facilities. To Report*

on the Yukon Trail, below Tanana, Alaska.
March 3-1930.

Very Rev. and dear Monsignor:

O.C. - Please have patience with me just a little longer, and I will make up for lost time. I am still on the trail, 240 miles from home, and out of touch with the mail service, except for a chance passer by. I expect to reach Nulato on March 18th, providing all goes well overhead and under foot. Bad trails and storms may delay me, but I am hoping for the best. I was unfortunate enough to freeze a bad cut on my right hand while travelling at night in 55 below zero weather. It's alright again now, only a little sore yet. I will have many interesting things to tell you on my arrival "home". But till then, please have just a little more patience. With best wishes to yourself and all our good Sentinel friends, I remain
my dear Monsignor, ever gratefully yours in our Lord,
Francis B. Orange S.J.

Return this COPY to BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS
2021 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

40-1

Rev. Francis B. Prange, S.J.,
St. Peter Claver's Mission,
Nulato, Alaska.

Rec'd Feb 18 1930 Amt. _____
Ans. file Ent. _____
Paid _____ Masses _____ Dr. _____
Letter to _____ **February 10, 1930.**
Order filled _____ Work Slip O.K. _____ P.O. _____
Ship't _____ List _____
Copy to I.S. _____ D.G. or Ref. _____

Dear Father Prange:

I enclose herewith Bureau check for \$1, covering
the gift of Miss Martha E. Hopkins, 1301 Homewood Ave., Baltimore, Md.,
designated for you.

Upon receipt of this donation, please write a letter of
thanks to the donor and forward it through this Bureau for transmittal
by me to the donor.

Yours in Christ,

Wm Hughes

Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Hughes,
Director

JR
I am also enclosing a letter which Miss Hopkins has asked me to forward
to you. From this letter you will see that she is sending you a box by
first class mail. You can thank her for the box and the \$1 in the same
letter of thanks.

Received the check named above March 17-1930

(Signed) Francis B Prange S.J.

(This form satisfies the Bureau but not the donor. Send me letter for
donor. Pictures mean much both to the donor and to THE INDIAN SENTINEL.)

Return this COPY to BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS
2021 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

February 4, 1930.

Rev. Francis B. Frange, S. J.
St. Peter Claver's Mission
Nulato, Alaska.

Dear Father Frange:

I enclose herewith Bureau check for \$ 45
the gift of the sixth grade pupils of St. Eabo's School, Indiana
designated for your mission.

Upon receipt of this donation, please write a letter of
thanks to the donor and forward it through this Bureau for transmittal
by me to the donor.

Yours in Christ,

Wm Hughes

MJ:GW

Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Hughes,
Director.

Received the check named above

March 17-1930

(Signed)

Francis B. Frange S.J.

(This form satisfies the Bureau but not the donor. Send me letter for
donor. Pictures mean much both to the donor and to THE INDIAN SENTINEL.)

Rec'd	MAY 13 1930	Amt.	_____	Ob.
Ans.	<i>file</i>	Ent.	_____	Co.
Ref'd	_____	Masses	_____	De.
Letter to	_____	Work Shtp O.K.	_____	O. C.
Order filled	_____	List.	_____	P. O.
Ship't	_____	D. G. or Ref.	_____	Ref.
Copy to S. S.	_____	Check sent	_____	OK

Archives and Institute Repository - Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions

March 21, 1930.

40-1

Rev. Francis B. Prange, S. J.,
St. Peter Claver's Mission,
Nulato, Alaska.

Dear Father Prange:

Enclosed please find check for \$250, the result of an appeal
last October and November for money for your needs.

Yours fraternally,

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Wm. Hughes,
Director.

WH/MCS

Return this COPY to BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS
2021 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

40-1

Rev. Francis Prange, S. J.,
St. Peter Claver's Mission,
Nulato, Alaska.

Dear Father Prange:

I enclose herewith Bureau check for \$60, covering
the gift of Rev. George J. Dixon of Pennsylvania, which was
designated for you.

Upon receipt of this donation, please write a letter of
thanks to the donor and forward it through this Bureau for transmittal
by me to the donor.

Yours in Christ,

Wm Hughes

Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Hughes,
Director.

MW

Received the check named above *March 24-1930*

(Signed) *Francis B. Prange S.J.*

(This form satisfies the Bureau but not the donor. Send me letter for
donor. Pictures mean much both to the donor and to THE INDIAN SENTINEL.)

Archives and Institutional Repository - Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions

40-1

Date Filed 1930 Amt. Nulato, Alaska.
 Amt. March 31, 1930.
 For'd. _____ Masses _____
 Letter to _____
 Order filled _____ Work Slip O.K. _____
 Ship't _____ List _____
 Copy to I.S. _____ D.G. or Ref. _____
 Copy to _____ Check sent _____

Rt. Rev. Monsignor William Hughes,
 2021 H Street, N.W.,
 Washington, D.C.

Very Rev. and dear Monsignor:

P.C.-I have just returned to Nulato after a two months absence on the trail, and the first thing that comes to hand in the heap of correspondence awaiting my attention, is your letter of Dec. 26, anent the letter and shipment last August by Miss Florence C. Ramsey, 328 Summer St., West Somerville, Mass. This letter chased me up and down the trail for quite some time before it finally caught up with me. I do not recall that I replied to it enroute, so will make sure and report, that both the letter and the box arrived here on the last boat, and second last, but that it was impossible to reply to either before the middle of November. Hence my reply and your query crossed trails enroute. I have a letter from Miss Ramsey dated February 15, in which she acknowledges receipt of my registered letter of November. Hence this matter is now in order.

I did not know, nor did I have any indication, that Miss Ramsey was forwarding thru your office. Hence it was that I corresponded with her directly. In future I will direct all letters to her through your office, and I would suggest that you advise her to make use of the same channel. Pending this, I will reply to her direct once more, since her letter came direct, and registered. All future letters I will then send to you.

I am preparing some more material for the next Sentinel.

Devotedly yours in Xto.
 Francis B. Prange S.J.

COPY FOR Bureau
28471 e.

Miss Martha E. Hopkins,
1301 Homewood Ave.,
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Miss Hopkins:

Once more through the kindly service of THE INDIAN SENTINEL, have I become indebted to you for a twofold benefaction. The one an actual donation, and the other an assurance of a box already mailed. I likewise received the letter you sent me through the office of THE INDIAN SENTINEL. For all of which I wish you a hearty God bless you. In your letter you chide me for being too generous in my expression of thanks to you, as it appeared in Winter Sentinel, and correct me more-over as to where the praise really belongs. Having given both points due consideration, I cannot yet persuade myself to detract from the praise already bestowed, nor to deflect it from you to another, even though that other is our faithful Sentinel. My reason is this. In the Gospel of St. Luke, chapter XXI, our Lord praises the widow for her two brass mites above all others, but says nothing about the treasury into which those mites were placed. The substance is the same in our case, though the names may slightly differ. No indeed; there is no call for splitting the praise and gratitude of this Mission between you and THE INDIAN SENTINEL; each is entitled to all there is for the special work of you both. Just as soon as I have reduced the heap of correspondence that has gathered through a two month's absence on Mission tours, I will write again, to give you some idea of what the nature of our work really is, and under what circumstances we are sometimes called upon to do it. In the mean time, may God bless you all as you deserve. Also say an occasional prayer for us, that the work may progress.

Ever gratefully yours in Christ,

Rev. Francis B. Prange, S.J.

COPIED BY HS.

ENCLOSURE 40-1

Mulato, Alaska,
March 31, 1930.

COPY FOR Bureau
28.4.30
Airy to Prange 6/10/30 H.R.

Mr. Francis L. Dooley,
43 W. Mt. Airy Ave.
Mt. Airy, Phila., Pa.

My dear Mr. Dooley:

P.C. - The box of cigars you so kindly favored me with, arrived here on March 10, but I had not yet returned from a two month's trip over my Mission field to acknowledge them then. Hardly had I returned on the 18th., when I had to start right out again on an errand of mercy to an old miner, or rather prospector, who was reported very ill, distant about 40 miles from here. I was three days making the trip. In the mean time I again missed an outgoing mail, which delayed my reply another week. I trust therefore that the lateness of the hour will not detract in your regard from the fine feeling of satisfaction I experienced from the first cigar of the box, nor from the real gratitude I felt then and still feel because of so splendid a repast. Though not an habitual cigar consumer, I am very partial to the quality thereof, much as I regret to admit the fact, and your choice meets with my entire approval. Once more I thank you most cordially. I remain,

Ever gratefully yours,

(Signed) Francis B. Prange, S.J.

Copied by HC.

[ENCLOSURE] 40-1

Nulato, Alaska.
March 31, 1930.

Copy for: *Burand*

" " *S. J.*
" " *N. E.*
orig. to donor 4/5/20 CW
St. Babo's Sixth Grade Pupils,
St. Babo's School,
Ind.

Nulato, Alaska,
March 31, 1930.

(ENCLOSURE)

40-1

My dear children:

P.C.-When I returned home on March 18th, from a trip of over five hundred miles which I made with a sled and seven dogs, I found a letter waiting for me, in which were \$5. THE INDIAN SENTINEL sent me the letter and he told me that you were the ones who had given him the \$5 to be sent to me. Now, I didn't know that I had so many little friends in one place. Neither did I know that these same little friends were all so kind and generous as to remember that away up here in frozen Alaska, was a strange Missioner who might need just \$5 more to make him happy. I see, therefore, that there are a lot of things I do not yet know, even though it is a long time ago that I too was in the sixth grade. But one thing I do know now; and that is that St. Babo's School must be a good one, if it's sixth grade can be so good to a mission.

Maybe you would like to know how we travel by dog team up here? Very well, I will tell you all about it. First of all I have seven dogs, one whole team. The leader's name is Blackhead. She is white and has a black head. Then comes Toxie and Fancy, two gray Siberian dogs and very fast. Toxie was in two Fairbank's races, and one time he won the race. The race course was sixty-four miles long, and he made it in five hours and thirty minutes. After these two come Nancy and Snookums, two bigger dogs than Toxie and Fancy, but also very fast. Last of all are Prince and Warrior. They are the biggest of all. Warrior is a golden yellow color and stands twenty-eight inches high. These seven dogs are hitched to a sled, and when all is ready away we go. Sometimes there is so much snow that we have to go very slow. When the snow is very deep and one cannot see the trail, then I do not ride on the sled, but walk ahead of the dogs on snowshoes, in order to make a trail for them. Sometimes I have to walk all day that way, even as far as thirty-six miles. Last week I took a trip to an old miner who lives alone in the hills and who was sick. I took an Indian boy along to show me the trail, and he walked all the way on snowshoes. It was forty miles; we left in the morning at nine o'clock, and we got to the miner's cabin at seven thirty-five that night. On the way we stopped only once for fifteen minutes to eat a half frozen sandwich. To get a drink of water we would chop a hole in the ice with an axe we always take along and right away we would have ice cold water. The dogs wanted some too, but they could not have any, because to give them water or something to eat on the trail will make sick and then they don't work good. The dogs get only fish every day anyway, and then only in the evening. So you see, that sometimes a sled ride is real nice and easy, but other times it is very hard work to take a trip by dog team. It also gets very cold sometimes. This Christmas where I was, it was seventy-two below zero. On February 8th, I drove thirty-two miles when it was fifty-five below zero. That day Nancy got frozen a little, and I froze a cut on my right hand. It is just beginning to heal now, because I froze it five times after that, and it didn't get a chance to get better any sooner. Now the winter is nearly over. In another month the ice will begin to melt and by the twentieth of May it will be running down the Yukon to be gone till next October. You will have vacations pretty soon now, and when you get back to school next September you will all I hope be in the seventh grade. And when the first dogteam mail comes in next November I hope to hear from you again, but then you must write me a letter also. I don't know if you will have time to write one before school closes.

May God bless you all, dear children for the offering you saved up for the mission. Those \$5 will do more good than you expect and you will never be sorry for having saved it.

Hoping to hear from you by letter sometime, I remain, dear children,

Ever gratefully yours in Christ,

copied by EW

(Signed) Francis E. Prange, S.J.

Rt.Rev.Monsignor William Hughes,
2021 H Street,N.W.,
Washington, D.C.

Rev.and dear Monsignor:

P.C.-I am enclosing herewith merely the signed receipts of the donations received.A letter to each will be sent in this same mail,but under se separate cover.I feared the bulk would be too great if the letters were included and I wish to write good Father Dixon at greater length.I still owe the Father a letter of acknowledgement for your remittance dated December 26,and which I received and acknowledged to you from Ruby Alaska,on February 4th.This same mail will also bring you another letter,wholly for yourself alone.I may also complete my notes for the Sentinel by the next mail,but I cannot promise,because I have still over 100 miles of trail to cover before the snow gets too soft.In another two weeks,safe travel can be undertaken at nights only,when the frost is still able to crust the surface of the trail.Six more weeks and the winter will be over.

Wishing you an abundance of God's blessing,I remain,

ever devotedly yours in Corde Jesu,

Thomas B. Range S.J.

40-1
Rec'd MAY 18 1930 Amt. _____
Ans. _____
Date _____
Place _____
Letter to _____
Order filled _____
Ship to _____
Copy to _____
Check sent _____
Maletto, Alaska. Pa.
April 1, 1930. Dr.
Masses _____
Work Slip O.K. _____
Est. _____
D.O. or Bal. _____
Check sent _____

Return this COPY to BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS
2021 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

40-1

Rev. Frances B. Prange, S. J.
St. Peter Claver's Mission,
Nulato, Alaska.

Rec'd SEP 2 1930
Airtel SEP 24, 1930
Post'd _____
Letter to _____
Order filled _____
Ship's _____
Copy to _____

Dear Father Prange:

I enclose herewith Bureau CHECK for \$5 which is
the gift of Miss Mary McCoy, Rockaway Beach, L.I., New York,
designated for your mission.

Upon receipt of this donation, please write a letter of
thanks to the donor and forward it through this Bureau for transmittal
by me to the donor.

Yours in Christ.

Wm. Hughes
Rt. Rev. Msgr. Wm. Hughes,
Director

mJ:MP

Received the check named above June 18-1930

The letter was sent to
Miss McCoy through
your office, some weeks ago
(Signed) *F. B. Prange S. J.*

(This certifies the Bureau but not the donor. Send me letter for
donor. Pictures mean much both to the donor and to THE INDIAN SENTINEL.)

Copy for Bureau
Orig. to donor
22 1930' JR

Nulato, Alaska,
June 20, 1930.

40-1

Miss Martha E. Hopkins,
1301 Homewood Avenue,
Baltimore, Maryland.

My dear Miss Hopkins:

Since last I wrote to you which was a long time ago to be sure, the ice has come and gone on the Yukon, and summer is again here with its hordes of flies, mosquitoes and gnats. If it isn't one thing up here it is two. But since the Lord made it so, and all His works are good, I suppose we can still make the best of it as Adam did when he found himself outside the gate of Eden. But first to the point, your parcels post package arrived here safe and sound about the 15th of March, when I was still on the trail up river. After my return here the winter mail stopped and there was no communication with the outside till the river opened on the 26th of May. On that day I again started for the wilds, this time by boat, and I have just returned from this last trip with 1,500 miles behind me. This then is the first real opportunity I have had to reply to your note of February 14, and also your second note received from THE INDIAN SENTINEL, dated May 5th. I do not want you to think therefore that I had forgotten you, or failed to appreciate the interest you have taken in the Mission. You may understand perhaps better, if I tell you that I started over the trail on November 9th, and never quit it till the week after Easter, with 1,500 miles trail covered. Some of those miles are a real pleasant memory, but others I would like to forget. Of the latter are those covered in three successive days, when the mercury stood 50 and 55 below zero. The last day was the worst, when I arrived at my destination at 9 o'clock at night, (it was dark already at 4:30) with the flank of one of my dogs frozen, and half of my right hand a solid chunk of ice. I was 250 miles from home at the time, but all is well that ends well and this episode ended very well. There were no evil aftereffects, so there is nothing more to worry about. The winter was really a bad one. The coldest I experienced was at Kaltag during Christmas week, when the thermometers dropped to 72 below zero, and then stuck. Even the mercury was frozen. Then came another cold spell in February when the warmest we had was 45 below, and the coldest 61. This lasted four solid weeks. So you see, that though we are not quite at the north pole, we are neither any too close to Palm Beach.

But I must hasten on to business if I hope ever to finish. I have just received notice from THE INDIAN SENTINEL of another shipment by you to this place. I mention this to show you how prompt THE INDIAN SENTINEL is in reporting such good news. More prompt as a matter of fact than I have reason to expect, in view of my long spells of silence. So when your box arrives I will let you know at once, provided I am not again 250 miles from home. In the meantime I will have something to look forward to besides the coming change in the moon.

With best wishes then to you all three and with sincere gratitude for all your goodness and goodwill to our Mission, I remain, in the Sacred Heart,

Yours ever devotedly,

(Signed) Rev. Francis B. Prange, S.J.

Copied by HS.

Copy for *Bureau*
Orig. to doxoe
JUL 22 1930 *SR*

Miss Marie Huber,
721 Leo St.
Dayton, Ohio.

Nulato, Alaska,
June 22, 1930.

40-1

Dear Miss Huber:

P. C. I am in receipt both of your letter and your splendid little box for which I thank you very heartily. The linens were certainly beautiful, and the altar cloth is just the thing for my travelling chapel. I need not tell you of course that the smokes were a most agreeable mention. May God bless you for your goodness.

I was pleased to learn that you are a reader of THE INDIAN SENTINEL. A peppier magazine scarcely exists, and every page of it reeks with zeal and devotion to the distant Missions. Were it not for this little but powerful friend of the Missions, I fear their lot would be a sorry one indeed. Any support therefore you are able to muster in behalf of the INDIAN SENTINEL, will be just that much more support not only for one but for many Missions.

With many a God bless you when I use your linens during Holy Mass, and when the wreathes of smoke go curling through my little room, I remain

ever gratefully yours,
(Rev.) Francis B. Prange, S.J.

Copied by DG.

Return this COPY to BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS
2021 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

40-1

Rev. Francis B. Prange, S.J.,
St. Peter Claver's Mission,
Nulato, Alaska.

MAILED APR 25 1930
Date _____ Sent _____
To _____
Letter to _____
Order filled _____ Work app O.K. _____
Ship't _____ List _____
Copies of _____
Copy to _____

Dear Father Prange:

I enclose herewith Bureau check for \$ 1.00 covering
the gift of Mr. George Sieke, Illinois, which has been
designated for you.

Upon receipt of this donation, please write a letter of
thanks to the donor and forward it through this Bureau for transmittal
by me to the donor.

Yours in Christ.

Wm. Hughes

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Wm. Hughes,
Director

TR

This donation was received through the office of the
Received the check named above at Belleville, Rev. W. J. Gruenswald, Director.
Propagation of the Faith of Belleville, Rev. W. J. Gruenswald, Director.

(Signed)

F. B. Prange, S.J.

Received July 4th 1930

(This form satisfies the Bureau but not the donor. Send me letter for
donor. Pictures mean much both to the donor and to THE INDIAN SENTINEL.)

Archives and Institutional Repository - Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions

Nulato Alaska,

Rec'd JUL 25 1930

Rt. Rev. Monsignor William Hughes,
2021 H Street, N.W.,
Washington, D.C.

Ans. 8/1/30
Folio _____
Letter to _____
Order _____
Stamp _____
Date _____

Rev. and dear Monsignor:

P.C.-Just as soon as I get time enough to breathe again, I will get down to business and attend to some correspondence due your office. Since the 26th. of May, before even the ice had cleared the river, I have been living in a boat, and seen Nulato only twice in the interim. First up the river then down, then across, every which way, including almost the bottom even, until I feel like a, if not the, wandering Jew. All the while too I had a carpenter at work putting up a house for me, who time and again had to hold up his work because of my absence. Not that he actually had to do this, but that he actually did. All of which convinces me of the simple fact that one man simply cannot take care of 300 miles of Yukon river, and attend to home affairs besides. For me there was no choice in the matter. I had to go, because that was clearly my duty. I had to leave my correspondence untouched, even though I knew the consequences. Several times have I written to you, telling you that soon you could expect a clearing up of all unanswered letters, but always with the same results. This time I will not promise a thing, but I will ask you kindly for a few extra prayers, wherever you can get them, that I can hold out physically at least till help comes. I am all in right now, and the end is not yet. In the meantime too, dear Monsignor, please give my best wishes to all my waiting benefactors. Till better times, at least, I am always in all things and in all

Always, Ever devotedly yours in Christ, Francis B. Pongé, F.

Copy for Bureau

orig. to Fr. Gruenewald

Nulato, Alaska.
July 14, 1930.

Rev. M. J. Gruenewald, Director,
Propagation of the Faith of Belleville,

Rev. and dear Father:

P.C.-From THE INDIAN SENTINEL, Washington, D. C., I received as coming from you, the sum of \$1.00 the gift of Mr. George Rieke of Illinois. Kindly extend to Mr. Rieke my appreciation of this gift, and the assurance that he will be gratefully remembered at our holy Masses.

I also thank you for your goodness in forwarding to me the above donation.

May I ask a small share of your Reverence's intention at the altar, both for myself and for the entire mission field entrusted to my care? God will be your reward.

In union of prayers and intentions, I remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

(Signed) Francis B. Frange, S.J.

Copied by TB.

August 1, 1930.

Rev. Francis B. Prange, S.J.,
St. Peter Clever's Mission,
Nulato, Alaska.

Dear Father Prange:

I have your letter of July 8. Until you have more time, it will be sufficient for you to write one letter of acknowledgment which I can quote to the various donors from whom you receive shipments. The shipment notices sent to you for signature after shipment has reached you will be sufficient acknowledgment for individual shipments. This arrangement should save you some anxiety about acknowledgments over-due.

I hope the coming year will not be so strenuous for you. I am sure of your good will and I hope and pray that your health will hold out.

Yours fraternally,

Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Hughes,
Director

SF:TD

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COPY FOR Bureau

Orig. ~~7/10/30~~
10/4/30 JR

Miss Martha E. Hopkins,
1301 Homewood Ave.,
Baltimore, Md.

Nulato, Alaska.
August 12, 1930.

40-1

My dear Miss Hopkins:

It happened as I predicted in my last letter; I owe you another. The two boxes (in one) of candy arrived safely to my delight. It was a long time since I had tasted some chocolates, but it didn't take much practise to get onto the sack of disposing of them according to Hoyle. Thanks ever much for your goodness to me.

Just at present I am in the midst of housebuilding. The old shack in which Father McElmeel and myself were living in was so delapidated and cold in winter that it became a real hazard to continue in it. Five years ago already it was soundly condemned as unfit for human habitation, but for some reason or other the building of something better was always postponed. The chief reason was of course the lack of funds. But now it could no longer remain a question of funds so it has to be undertaken. As chief carpenter I have an old prospector working for a winter's grubstake, once upon a time a ships carpenter in the British and later in the American navy. He is assisted by two natives of the village, neither of which ever saw a house under construction. Hence they are very slow and deliver a poor quality of work. But I stay right with them, working along side of them from morning till night. Thanks to a hard bringing up in harder school of experience, I learned the carpenters trade from the ground up, as well that of the electrician and plumber, not to mention the painters. All this stands me in good stead now, and I certainly never regreted the fact that the humps were once upon a time hard and frequent, for had they been otherwise, the cost of the building would simply be prohibitive. As it is I do the major part of the work myself and so save on wages-as well as material. In three more weeks it ought to be ready for occupancy. I hope so, because now I am bunking in the school house and it is not a very inviting place to reside in I can assure you. Besides the cold is coming on apace, for this morning we had the first frost of the coming winter.

There are many other things I would delight to tell you about, but time at present forbids. I still have a big stack of correspondence to get rid of before I can really allow myself the pleasure of a mere social letter. In fact I haven't written such since last fall. I am still answering letters I received last winter while out on the trail, and these must first be attended to before any others. At the same time I am trying not to fall behind again, by answering such as come in right away. I figure that the others have to wait so very long already, that a few days more will not affect them much. Sorry as I am for all this, it simply could not be helped, for I had to be on duty along the trail all winter, correspondence to the contrary notwithstanding, for such was my first duty. Now I have Father McElmeel with me again, and he's a regular Trojan for work, who will take over one section of the river, leaving the both of us therefore a little time now and again to attend to all our affairs as usual. But I hope to have a letter from you again soon, to cheer us up when the sledging starts getting tough and the wind blows the wrong way, which is often enough. I hope too to have some pictures for you soon, to let you see from actual photographs just what this corner of the Lord's universe looks like. But please don't get a shock.

COPY FOR

Thanking you and your sister and your good mother for you combined good to us all, I will close with the best of good wishes or all, and the earnest prayer that God may bless you after His own generous manner, both in body and in soul. May I ask yet for an occasional rememo in your prayers.

I remain, ever gratefully your in Christ,

Rev. Francis B. Prouge, S. J.

COPIED BY SP

40-1

September 29, 1930.

Rev. Francis M. Frange, S.J.,
St. Peter Claver's Mission,
Nulato, Alaska.

Dear Father Frange:

I have received your letter of thanks addressed to Miss Carrie Eichhorn of Cincinnati, Ohio, which I have forwarded to the donor.

I have just received a letter from Miss Eichhorn in which she tells me that in your letter of thanks you only mention having received one box from her, whereas she sent two, both by parcel post insured, on July 5. She seems somewhat concerned about this, since she thinks that because of the fact that you received one that you should have received both. I have tried to put her at ease regarding this, telling her that in all probability you received both of them. Nevertheless, I would appreciate it very much if you would let me know promptly whether or not you received both boxes. She says that one box weighed 19 pounds and the other 27 pounds.

Hoping to hear from you soon regarding this matter so that I can inform the donor, I remain

Yours fraternally,

Rt. Rev. Magr. Wm. Hughes,
Director.


JR

Repository - Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions

Postal Telegraph
(THE MACRAY SYSTEM)

RECEIVED AT

STANDARD TIME INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE



ALL AMERICA CABLES COMMERCIAL CABLES

This is a full rate Telegram or Cablegram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

BLUE	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NITE	NIGHT MESSAGE
LOO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER

NA57 20 NL VIA SEATTLE 1930 OCT 14 AM 2-27

231 NULATO ALASKA 13

RT REV MONSIGNOR HUGHES 2011 H ST NORTHWEST WASHINGTON DC

FATHERS DELON AND WALSH WITH PILOT RALPH WIEN INSTANTLY KILLED
MISSION PLANE CRASH AT KOTZEBUE SUNDAY AFTERNOON OCTOBER
TWELFTH RIP

FRANCIS B PRANGE.

OCT 14 1930
10/15/30 WH: JR
10/15/30 WH: JR
Work Exp. O.K.
D.O. or Ref.
Chk. sent
Collect to Sr. Prange 10/15/30 WH: JR

0500

Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES
CLARENCE H. MACKAY, PRESIDENT

COUNTER No. _____
 TIME FILED _____
 COPY FOR FILE M

TELEGRAM

CHECK. 40-1

The Postal Telegraph-Cable Company (Incorporated) transmits and delivers this message subject to the terms and conditions printed on the back of this blank.

SEND the following Telegram, subject to the terms on back hereof, which are hereby agreed to. *straight telegram* [DESIGN PATENT No. 46529] 1/618

To Rev. Francis B. Prange, S.J., October 15 1920
St. Peter Xavier's Mission, Nulato, Alaska. Via Seattle, Wash.

Heartfelt sympathy. Newspaper accounts incomplete. Write fully immediately
air mail.
William Hughes

Sent by Western Union, collect

0501

40-1
October 15, 1900.

Rev. Francis B. Prange, S.J.,
St. Peter Claver's Mission,
Nulato, Alaska.

Dear Father Prange:

I am writing to Father Piet and to Bishop Grimoist expressing our great sorrow over the death of Fathers Delon and Walsh. They are a great loss to the missions. But now we have their more powerful prayers for the missions of Alaska which they both loved so ardently.

I am very grateful to you for the telegram which you sent. The Associated Press had a fairly complete story in yesterday morning's papers. I enclose copy of it.

Would you be so kind as to give me any additional details. Your telegram added this to the newspaper account, that they were "instantly" killed.

Yours fraternally,

Rt. Rev. Magr. William Hughes,
Director.

WH:JR

Return this COPY to BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS
2021 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

40-1

Rev. Francis B. Prange, S.J.,
St. Peter Claver's Mission,
Nulato, Alaska.

Rec'd JAN 19 1931 Amt. October 20, 1930.
Aid. FILED Ent. _____ On _____
Fol'd _____ Messes. _____ Dr. _____
Letter to _____ C. C. _____
Order filed _____ Work Shp O.K. _____ P. O. _____
Ship't _____ Est. _____ R. O. _____

Dear Father Prange:

I enclose herewith Bureau check for \$1.40 covering
the gift of Miss Martha B. Hopkins, Maryland, which she
designated for your mission.

Upon receipt of this donation, please write a letter of
thanks to the donor and forward it through this Bureau for transmittal
by me to the donor.

Yours in Christ.

Wm. Hughes

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Wm. Hughes.
Director

LJ:HS
I take pleasure in enclosing a letter addressed to you
by the donor. Received the check named above

(Signed) F. B. Prange S.J.

(This form satisfies the Bureau but not the donor. Send me letter for
donor. Pictures mean much both to the donor and to THE INDIAN SENTINEL.)

Rt. Rev. William Hughes,
Director, Catholic Indian Bureau,
Washington, D.C.

Back JAN 10 1931 Nulato Alaska,
Ana. 2/4/31 187 Dec. 5, 1930.
FolPd _____
Letter to _____
Order filed _____
Said's _____
187

My dear Rt. Rev. Monsignor:

P.C.--It was in bed this afternoon that I received your letter of November 8 last, telling me of the failure of the Mission Editions of the Indian Sentinel. Sick though I am, and buried besides under an avalanche of worries and troubles, it is no effort I assure you, to prop up my typewriter on my knees, and by going slowly, pick out those keys that will tell you how sincerely sorry I am that the Mission Editions are a failure. For once I am free to forget all else, since I neither gain or lose by the forgetting and can therefore give some little attention to the troubles of others. I had hoped much for the successful working of your proposal, in spite of the fact that I could do nothing all the while to give a helping hand. Many a time I tried to do my little bit, but always something had to intervene between the good intention and the results, leaving me only with one more good resolution broken. Looked at objectively then, it was I that failed you, my dear Monsignor, and not you that failed me. And I wonder with how many other Missioners I share in this. I wonder too, how many others failed you for no other reason than mere negligence, or perhaps disinterestedness, or whatever else it may be called. I for one am convinced that it was not you that failed, but that the Missions failed you, for whatever reason.

This gives me an occasion my dear Monsignor, to put before you a combination of circumstances in Mission work here at Nulato, which no doubt have been considered before, but certainly never fully grasped by those who live outside. Please remember, I am speaking of Nulato alone, and limiting myself to personal experience only.

To begin with, the Nulato Mission extends officially, from Hot Springs on the Tanana River, down to Shaguluk Slough on the Yukon river. The distance between these two points is about 440 miles, distributed as follows; Hot Springs to Tanana, 60 miles; Tanana to Nulato 240 miles, Nulato to Kaltag 36 miles, Kaltag to Shaguluk Slough 104 miles. Practically though our Mission work is limited to the territory between Tanana and Kaltag, a total mileage of 276. In former years, in fact up to 1922, Tanana had its own resident missionary. In 1925 it was made a quasi-parish, to be administered temporarily from Nulato. It has its own chapel and residence. 104 miles down-river from Tanana is the native village, Kokrines, with chapel and small living quarters attached. This building as it stands is entirely useless and needs overhauling from the foundation blocks to the cap on the chimney. Between Tanana and Kokrine are any number of summer and winter camps, with a combined population of about 80 souls. 36 miles below Kokrines is Ruby, the gateway to the gold mines at Long and Poorman, where there is also a chapel with living quarters attached. This building too, though still serviceable, needs attention very soon and urgently. 50 miles down from Ruby is Galena, a native village, with chapel and living quarters attached. This building was never finished, and is already disintegrating. 32 miles below Galena is Koyukuk, likewise with chapel and living quarters attached. This building too was never completed. 18 miles further down, is Nulato itself. Here, the headquarters of the Nulato district, our residence built 40 years ago, became so dangerous from decay, that had I not taken it down this summer, the wind would have done so this fall. The new residence is up but not yet finished, because I lacked both the time and the strength. We are living in it just the same, because there is absolutely no other place in town to live in. Even at that it is quite comfortable, and serves its purpose excellently. Beside this residence we have a church built in 1921, but put up so hastily and with such poor material and by such an unskilled carpenter, (even under direction and surveillance, could have done no better), that this church too is now in sore need of repair. So much so, that unless it is attended to soon, the side walls will simply spread just a little too far, and let the roof down into the middle of the floor. Added to this, the building has become too small to accommodate the congregation. Then there is the school house, built in 1903. It is a two storey log house, since covered on the outside with rustic. Here too the walls have spread, the roof sags dangerously and the upper floor seems to be made of rubber. Last is the Sisters' house, a log building again, built in 1901. The lack of snow this fall during the heavy frost at the freezeup, it was 35 below zero for 4 weeks, caused this building to shift and twist in such a way, that every joint and crack seems to have opened, and the cold pours in from every angle. Being covered also with rustic on the outside, it will be a terrible job to put the building to rights again. 36 miles down the river from here is Kaltag, with chapel and log cabin residence along side. On this chapel I had considerable work done this summer, which I have yet to inspect, when I will report to you about it. Below Kaltag is nothing, only fish and trapping camps. Kaltag is the last village in our district.

I hope, my dear Monsignor I have not bored you with this long description of the Mission. I risked it however for a purpose, which is this. First of all, there are only two men assigned to Nulato, of whom one must always remain in Nulato itself, because of the presence of three Sisters of St. Ann. I say must remain, because such are the orders. This leaves only one man free for the entire outlying district. The man staying at home is expected to answer all sick calls coming from Kaltag, Koyukuk, Galena, and sometimes Ruby.

I say nothing of the camps that are off the Yukon river, of which there are three. The Kayuh Hills, the Ketel river, and the Koyukuk River. The nearest of these is 32 miles, and the farthest, anywhere from 24 to 220 miles.

From this you will see, that there are two distinct tasks that a Missioner here at Nulato must of necessity perform. First the spiritual ministration of his Mission field, and this must be done at any cost, under all conditions, and at all times. The second is the temporal administration of all this field, which calls for two specific operations. The one is to provide the necessary money to carry on, and the second is to roll up his sleeves and do 99 percent of the manual work himself. And this for two valid and sufficient reasons; first, that we never have enough means on hand to hire a workman for this work, and second, there is seldom a man around capable of even beginning the work, letting alone finishing it. Yet this physical work simply has to be done, if we wish to carry on our spiritual ministrations. Father McElmeel saw the need of it, and in his attempt to meet the situation, broke down. Since the spring of 1929, the time of Father McElmeel's collapse, I had to carry the burden practically alone. The man sent to assist me was entirely too old to adapt himself to either the work or the living conditions, and proved unfortunately a hindrance rather than a help. This was by no means his fault, and I think all the more of him for having made the attempt. At that, I could do no more than limit my efforts to the absolutely necessary, and as a final result I am writing to you from my bed.

Yet this is by no means all of it. As a matter of fact, we are obliged on top of all this to provide our own means for the continuance of the work. In other and plainer words, we have to rustle our own support, and this is the most difficult task of all. And unless this state of affairs is taken more seriously and ended soon by a sound financial policy, this Mission for one, will cease to exist. Consider for a moment the financial status as we actually have it. There are outside of Nulato, 6 Mission stations with chapels to be maintained. (remember their condition as stated above) Here in Nulato, is a residence a church, a school house with all equipment, a Sisters' residence, with three nuns, and two priests to feed and clothe. Our annual food supply is furnished us from the Alaska Mission Fund, and amounted this year to \$600.00. Last year it, \$530.00. This is absolutely the only support we receive from the Mission Fund. Every other expense we have met ourselves, which we could do, for the simple reason that before we did spend a nickel, we made sure it was not an inflated dime. All our clothing, except the trail clothes and furs, we took from the boxes sent us for distribution among the Indians. Most of our shoes are obtained in the same way. The Sisters' habits are furnished by their own Province, and are always, or have been as far I know anything about it, ~~have been~~ second-hand. The bulk of our support has come from yourself, dear Monsignor, and whatever this Mission can show as a result of efforts put forth by the staff of priests and Sisters, is to be credited to your own generosity. From June to November 11th, when your check for \$3.00 arrived, I received just \$4.00, and this was likewise a check from yourself. All summer I had not one cent of money and was forced to borrow from a local trader, in order to get my lumber off the boat. I wrote the Procurator of the Missions in June telling him my predicament, and begging for some relief. I sent a wire, stressing the need of funds. I asked Rev. Father Delon to lend his help to pulling me through, and finally on November 12th I receive an answer, but no money. And all I asked for was enough to cover running expenses. At the time when my hopes of final relief were highest and brightest, even though I was almost at the end of my physical resources as well, I receive instead of relief, the news of Kotzebue. That, my dear Monsignor, together with all the rest, is the real reason for my still being in bed.

But there is another angle to all this. You know yourself, from your repeated experience in the office of the Indian Sentinel, by what a slender thread hangs such support as is finally mustered by you with such effort. A lost or an unwritten letter will cut that thread without an effort. And yet, my dear Monsignor, clear as that sad fact is, there have been times when it was utterly impossible to send a letter. Either I was out of touch with the mail route, or there was no mail service at all, or I was so overcrowded with other far more important and essential work, that all I could do was to admit myself defeated and take it as best I could. I will not deny, that many times I have done my share of passing rash judgements on the quality of charity, that apparently, judging from circumstances and experience, seems to be kept alive only by a profusion of thanks. As a matter of fact, my dear Monsignor, I have actually stayed up nights time and again, after a severe day on the trail or in an open boat on the river, and pounded my typewriter for letters of thanks. On one side of me was a list of the letters to be answered and on the other side a pot of black coffee to keep me awake. And unless I did this, I would not have another opportunity for weeks to reply to those letters, and lose as a consequence the good will of the donors. And their help was absolutely necessary, so it became absolutely necessary to write under those conditions. But the time came, when the present was of far more importance than the future, and I simply had to drop my correspondence until such a time as I could resume it without injury to present needs. With nothing to do at present except get well, I am trying to satisfy my disappointed correspondents.

The whole problem then resolves itself simply into these two points; lack of men, and lack of funds. And when the lack of funds has to be dealt with by the too few men already overtaxed with positive Mission work, there can be only one of two or both

*N.B. These
stations were
opened and the
chapels built
when there were
4 priests and
two lay brothers
resident here.*

results. Either the work to be done will remain for the most part undone, or it will be done at the sacrifice of the few men themselves. Here at Nulato, both results obtain.

It is easy to say, "don't overtax your strength", "do what you reasonably can, and then don't worry about the rest", "don't let your zeal run away with your discretion", and so on and so forth. As a matter of fact, however well intentioned such counsel may be considered, or however ethically correct it may be, it is entirely beside the point. To make this clear to you, I must first sum up the more important factors in the case, and introduce these moreover with a preamble.

From Tanana to Kaltag, the only force or influence in behalf of thrift, honesty, truthfulness, purity, soberness, law observance, and respect for authority, is our own Mission. Against this force or influence, is pitted, the combined efforts of white traders, trappers, woodcutters and tramps, who generally hate the Mission with the hatred of hell. They dare not however come out in the open and defy us as they would like, because they know themselves so guilty of any number of law violations, that any case taking them to court might pull the lid off all the rest, and leave them just where they know they belong. Hence all their dirty work is done in the dark and in the absence of the Missioner. To meet these men is always a painful ordeal, in spite of the fact that the meeting is always cordial on the surface. More than that. These same men, accustomed as they are to the hardships of the country, and appreciating every assistance given them in times of need, will go out of their way to help even the Missioner himself. And this they do without exception, to an extent that is truly surprising. I have found from experience, that they distinguish between the Missioner himself and his religion. The former they may admire and do admire him, but for the religion they have nothing but the intensest hatred. The reason is clear. The Missioner is a good sport as they say, because he never interferes in any manner shape or form in their own private and personal affairs, but limits his attention entirely to the teaching of Christian doctrine and the ministrations of the sacraments. But the very ones who profit by these instructions and ministrations are the Indians, who are or have been their victims, both in a moral and financial sense. Hence the religion of the Missioner robs them of so much cash or prevents the promiscuous intercourse to which they had been accustomed. And the better the Indian becomes as a Christian, the more furious becomes this type of degenerate white man. The battle between us is then a terrifically bitter one, and merciless. These men are generously aided by the medicine-man's followers amongst the Indians, or worse yet, by renegade Catholic Indians. There is no bottom to an Indian's malice, and no limit beyond which he will not go to injure the faith and morals of his Christian tribesmen. It is hard to say which is the fiercer adversary, such an Indian, or a reprobate white man. The third great source of trouble is the Bureau of Education employees in the villages. These need constant watching. Their interference is usually in village affairs, and only indirectly in religious matters. Thus far I have met but one teacher who actually commenced to hold religious services on Sunday, and gave religious instructions in the school house, although after school hours. This interference arises mostly out of their colossal ignorance combined with a superb conviction of their own tremendous wisdom. They think themselves doctors, lawyers, theologians and philosophers, and act accordingly. Hence they are into everything. They settle family rows, and thereby start regular feuds. They promote marriages that are entirely illegal not to say invalid, yet permit cohabitation without batting an eyelash. They undertake to suppress the liquor traffic, or turn to making homebrew themselves, both courses ending in endless turmoil and confusion. All this leads to fundamentally false notions in the Indians, to bad practices and worse novelties in matters of morals, which we have constantly to ferret out and correct if we wish to hold our people firm in their faith. Lastly there is the Bureau of Education itself, and its policies. In Tanana it maintains a hospital, with doctor and two trained nurses, besides an orphanage opened there this fall. Since there are as a matter of fact few orphans along here, strictly so called, the Bureau seems to have amended the definition of an orphan to include all illegitimates, as well as those who have lost but one parent. And since it never takes but an exceedingly short time for a child to recover a lost papa or mamma, no child is ever really an orphan. However, the idea of an orphanage is not so bad, provided the children in it are free to receive religious instruction. I am quite certain that the Bureau would welcome our coming to give this instruction to the Catholic orphans, but the plant is 240 miles from here and can be visited only at intervals. The same holds for the hospital, where many of our Catholic people go, only to die. Here in Nulato the Bureau maintains a resident nurse only, whose entire occupation is curative work, and never preventive. Hence in the cause of morality we must also do the insisting on orderliness and cleanliness, proper and decent housing conditions, sanitary surroundings etc. This brings us in sharp conflict with the Bureau, which takes such "co-operation" as interference in its affairs. Or, take it the other way round, if our help is solicited or gratefully accepted by the nurse here, or elsewhere, the cry is raised that we are dominating the Bureau itself. This gives rise to no end of interesting but very trying combats.

Keeping the above in mind, my dear Monsignor, and recalling that we are but two men here and for long periods of time only one, apply the good counsels quoted above, and see what nice misfits they are. To let go even for a moment, means weeks and weeks of hard work wasted. To stop for breath is taken as a sign of weakening and would introduce only another

and yet fiercer campaign. Not that we are afraid to take up the struggle anew, but that the consequences, which ever way the victory points, are hard to retrieve, and in the meantime, the people have suffered spiritually. There is no one here now, or ever has been here at Nulato, who complained about the amount or the difficulty of the work. But all have ever lamented the tremendous amount of work that had to remain undone, because both the men and the means were so scarce. In spite of the fact that we move up and down the river winter and summer, going when and where the needs are greatest, but always moving in the center of a new storm cloud, there is no more chance of relaxing our vigilance, or sparing our energies because of prudence, than there is of converting the whole outfit at one mass-meeting.

If we only could be relieved of the necessity of providing our own means, it would actually amount to a third man, if we could be spared that task. Even if only the essentials were provided. And by that I mean in addition to our food supply, the necessary funds to keep our chapels in proper repair, to provide fuel and means of transportation. These are the things that eat the heart out of a man, and not the 45 and 50 and more below zeros, the miles on miles of unbroken trail in winter, and the dangerous Yukon in summer. It practically amounts to this, that while I am breaking my head and my back both to get a certain chapel into shape again, a whole village elsewhere is raising ructions of the first water, and all but returning to the damnable practices of their ignoble forefathers. It means that instead of being out teaching catechism or busy holding the fort against another attack at some point in our 276 mile front, I am obliged to stay home and worry over some new or the same old financial difficulty, of keeping going.

Of course I know very well the time-worn answer to all this. "We simply have not got the men". But this is true in only a restricted sense. Take for example our present predicament brought about by the Kotzebue accident. Our Superior is gone and with him another most promising young Missioner. These two men will simply have to be replaced, and will be replaced. Their successors will then have to be spared for Alaska. If they can be spared now, they could have been spared before the accident, and have prevented perhaps the loss of these two men besides. For the only reason for the plane was precisely the lack of men. And now because of the plane we are shorter still. But there is another way out of the difficulty, and it is this. To cut down the territory assigned to one man to a size that he can handle successfully, and thus relieve him of the obligation of attempting practically the impossible. For as long as that obligation remains, the men here without an exception, will not stop to consider prudence in living up to it. But there again we meet a stone wall. From Tanana to Kaltag is only one single unit, and each one of our stations is so bound up with all the rest that it is impossible to center attention on only a few without endangering the whole. Either the whole field has to be worked alike, or the whole field will have to be abandoned; there seems no alternative.

By this time no doubt, my dear Monsignor, you must be considering me a thorough dyed-in-the-wool pessimist. Perhaps you are right, for the time being at least. But these are not thoughts and feelings that have come to me since I am down on the flat of my back. I have merely collected some of them for your benefit, with the hope namely, that if they serve any purpose at all, it will be to ease somewhat your disappointment at the failure of the Mission Edition, from which you hoped so much. I merely wanted to show you, that my appreciation of your generous efforts was not to be measured by my apparent lack of interest in the Edition. And to give you an insight, however brief and imperfect, into the actual life as it is lived, and not as it is very often assumed to be from the cheerful glowing articles and letters appearing in every Mission publication. As for myself, my dear Monsignor, when my letters or articles were of the lightest, my heart was heaviest, and only in this way could I pass over the disagreeable and difficult; namely by causing someone else at least to smile. Just at present it is true, I am more downhearted than is good for me, but I blame it all on my illness. As soon as it worn off a bit, and I feel the tough of a sled runner under my feet again, the sky too will be less gloomy. Father McElmeel, who had gone to Tanana and intermediary points on October 1st, heard of my condition and started back to Nulato. Since he had no dogs with him, and the weather was fairly good, he started to walk back. He left on a Tuesday, and the following Monday morning I heard he was leaving Koyukuk afoot. I was in bed at the time though feeling pretty good all things considered. I knew he was coming, but I never dreamed that he was walking it. So I got up at once hitched up nine dogs and started up the trail to meet him. I did meet him 16 miles up, and brought him in on the sled. Two days later, when a sick call came, his feet were still too much blistered for him to answer it, so I went myself. It was a night trip, and I did not get back until the following night quite late. This trip showed me clearly that I was in no condition to take to the trail for good as I had intended to do, and remain on it till the 1st of March. There was no choice in the matter except to wait till Father's feet were in shape again, when he himself started out. As soon as he was out of sight I took to my bed with a sinus infection, threatened pneumonia, and a general down-and-outedness. I am alone again until the middle of February, when good Father Mac returns for the rest of the winter. I hope by that time to be able to stick to the trail till the breakup anyway.

This entire letter, my dear Monsignor, I wish you to consider as addressed to you personally only. I wrote nothing in a spirit of criticism, and where it would appear that I was rather critical of the attitude of others, I did not mean it in an adverse sense. There are however many other points of vital importance affecting this Mission, which help to make it the difficult Mission it is, and which I have not touched upon here, because I realize that to discuss them would benefit little, and to mention them would not add to the purpose of my letter.

There is one thing though of tremendous interest to both of us, but which I intend to treat of in a separate letter. This will give you an opportunity to make use of it as you see fit, without reference to what is contained in this one. It is the airplane venture, so disastrously ended.

When I read the glowing accounts of so many other Missioners of the grand success of their efforts in instilling the faith into their neophytes, and compare these with the very meager results obtained here against such tremendous odds, I often wonder whether it is actually worth the candle. Our people here are Indians, not Esquimox, and I verily believe there is no more degenerate tribe of Indians on the face of the earth. Father Jette, who was and in his writings still is the one last authority on all that pertains to this section of the Yukon, maintains, that these people are not genuine Indians, but that they are the last remnants of the ancient Huns, that devastated Europe in the heyday of their power. From Europe they were forced to the Russias, from there to the Orient, from there again to Siberia, and once more pushed further still into the land of the Esquimox. There are innumerable signs along the coast of their former presence there, but no sign whatsoever of their ever having commingled with the Esquimox. In years past, that is within the memory of the Missions here, these people were still the occupants of the Yukon as far down as Holy Cross and Andreaffski but were forced up the river by an influx of the Esquimox. Today the last Indian, let me call them such still, is at Kaltag only 36 miles south of here, and 200 miles from Holy Cross. Even today they are slowly moving still further up the river, where they become lost in the other tribes along the Yukon, the Koyukuk and the Tanana rivers. Added to this the fact that as a race they are slowly dying out, and you have one side of the picture. The other side is this. They are the most perfect communists imaginable, and have practiced for centuries what Russia is trying today, and what Karl Marx dreamed in his delirium. Private ownership was not recognized, only private use of a common article. When the person died, all his belongings so-called were redistributed to the entire community, to the exclusion of the immediate family, which still obtains for the most part today. Such a distribution is called a potlatch, and forms the backbone of that event. Not only things, but persons were regarded the same way. Hence there is no affection properly so-called between parents and children. Hence too anybody belongs to anybody else whenever they take the notion. This too still obtains except among the better class of christians. They have no form of government, unless public opinion can be called a form of government. This opinion follows no rules, and knows no logic. Hence the most contradictory customs obtain. Their judgement is never influenced by right reason but solely by opportunism. They have very very little intelligence, and the best of them fail miserably in trying to grasp an abstract idea. The intrinsic value of a thing means absolutely nothing to them. Unless it can be shown to bring some advantage hic et nunc, it is useless to offer it to them. Even religion has to be given them in a form that will show them the temporal advantages in a high degree, or otherwise it wouldn't mean a thing to them. To illustrate this. A very good Indian here lost his little girl last winter. Both father and mother were so loud in their complaint of the way God had rewarded their goodness, that the mother threatened to commit suicide, and the father declared that he was through with God. The priest here, the old man I told you of, tried to help them over the hump, but they only got angry at him and abused him. On my return, I went after the both of them, in my own fashion, knowing them as I do. I plainly told them that it was not a case of God rewarding them at all for anything. They still owed God a lot more than they could settle up for, and as proof of this God took the little girl as part payment on the one hand, and as a warning that he was going to collect the rest of it, too. And if they didn't shut up about it and take it that way, they'd pay for it with their own hide. And if they were really as good as they thought themselves, they would pay their bills first and then get drunk, instead of getting drunk first and then promise to pay afterwards. My last piece of advice was, to go home and shut up for good, because everybody was laughing at them for being so "good". And did it work? They thanked me for my sympathy (sic) and neither one has been drunk since, which was what I had aimed at. They do not seem to know the difference between the truth and a lie at the time of telling it. Hence an Indian can seldom be believed. When they need something real bad, or think they do, they simply go and steal it, on the grounds that the thing belongs to the one that needs it most. They know no gratitude, even when taught to say "thank you", and never dream of returning a favor. In fact they take a favor done them as a sign of weakness on the part of the donor, and take the first chance they can get to beat him out of something else. They will never give a present or do a favor themselves out of pure kindness or because they like a person. The motive is always some gain they have in mind to get, and will scheme for months ahead with such gifts and favors. When a gift is offered me, I accept it and put it carefully away. Later when they come and say, "Fadder, I give you present, now you give me present", I answer cheerfully "Sure Mike", and then I get the same one they gave me. They take it of course but

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they depart very much chagrined. Yet they do not say anything, because they know real well even though they are not able to put it into words, that it is certainly a quid pro quo if ever there was any. Such a one never again offers me a present. Neither does he ask me for a favor. In fact I never do any one a favor when he asks for it. I wait and do it of own free choice when and how and where I please. This is necessary if I wish to maintain a working independence. As to their morals, stricte dictum, they are nil, and the least said the best.

Such is the race. A distinction however has to be made between the medicine men followers that are still pagans, and followers that are also christians; between the old people, the middle aged and the young. No matter how good an Indian is, there are times when he is more Indian than anything else. All he needs is the proper setting, and off he goes like a piece of fireworks, supposed to be safe. Hence the tremendous amount of training that is constantly required not only to advance him, but to hold him at his new level. Having absolutely no cultural background, very little intelligence, and no desire to improve himself mentally, it is hard to make him see just where he is short anything. He thinks he knows it all, he thinks himself the biggest jewel in the crown of creation, and therefore regards things as the radio stations, the post offices, airplane service, Bureau of Education nurses and even the Mission itself, as so many servants of his who have to ~~bring~~ deliver the goods or be anathematized. Yet in spite of all this, he is by no means a hopeless case. Given half a chance he can and does make good. But as I said in the beginning the only influence really working for his betterment and which he respects or at least fears with an honest fear, is the Mission, and this is offset by Mr. Indian himself, plus all the other agents enumerated above. Which brings me back to the starting point again, that only continuous and ceaseless effort will get us anywhere, and under existing circumstances of shortage of men and having to rustle our own support, these efforts can be applied only at intervals and often far apart. What effort then can be considered sufficient to satisfy the claims of obligation I dare not venture to define. Neither can I assume the responsibility of determining what is reasonable and what is rashness, without endangering the entire Mission. Do it, or bust, has been the Nulato Mission slogan for years and it is still the same. Only we would like to do a little more for the sake of the poor benighted Indian before the final bust does come, I think you will understand this feeling all the better, my dear Monsignor, and appreciate it all the more, if you consider it in the light of your Mission Edition failure. If I am not mistaken it is your feeling as well. Hence I can conclude with a hearty "cheer up, and an" up and at 'em" just as though nothing has happened, and by continuing as you have done in the past, experience the deep gratitude of all Missions you have so generously helped, and in particular this one of Nulato, even though the work along the line here is of such a nature, that it makes it difficult at times to say just what we would like to say and when we would like to say it. Just the same, the gratitude is there in full measure, and some day I know our dear Lord will reveal it all to your astonished eyes, and present it to you as one of your greatest joys for all eternity. But aside from the gratitude that is justly yours, there is another consideration not to be overlooked. It is the reward that is yours in heaven, whether your work here is appreciated or not. I mention it, not in order to catechise you, but to encourage rather myself.

Dec. 11. - Since I began this letter on Dec. 5, I have improved to such an extent that I can now write sitting at my desk. But at that I must go somewhat easy about it, because I get confused very readily if I continue any length of time. This may account too for any errors in the sequence of my notes and observations on them, which therefore I beg you kindly to overlook. I hope that in the near future I may be able to do better by you, and in fewer words tell you probably more than I have done through six pages. At any rate I trust I have not tired you. If I have just drop this into the waste basket and forget about it, except this one fact, that I am truly sorry for your great disappointment, and I beg your pardon for any and whatever share I had in bringing it about.

Wishing you renewed courage for the coming year, and a superabundant fund of perseverance in the pursuit of the Missions' welfare, I remain my dear Monsignor, with a Merry Christmas yet,

Ever gratefully yours in Corde Jesu,

Francis B. Prange S. J.