

THE ESKIMO BULLETIN.

THE ONLY YEARLY IN THE WORLD.

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OVER THE ICE DRIFTED FROM ASIA. OUT TO SEA.

Special to the Bulletin.

East Cape, Siberia, Mar. 15, 1902
—A party of ten Russian prospectors were landed from a schooner at Indian Point in October. They are now prospecting and staking the region in that vicinity.

An Indian Point native, while sealing recently, discovered two strange men hiding among the ice hummocks. Fearing from their movements that they were trying to kill him, he opened fire upon them and killed one. The other man escaped. They are supposed to be from the American side.

BISMARCK MURDERED BY A BOY.

Big Diomedes Island, (Russian). Mar. 24. — Bismark, the first white man who has ever attempted to winter on the islands, was shot today by Sa-od-le-uk, a thirteen year-old boy.

Bismark had lived with his "woman's" family all winter, but her widowed mother, We-a-ki-se-uk, had become so disagreeable, that he severed his domestic ties, and began to move into another house. He had succeeded in moving about half of his goods, when the boy, at the instigation of his mother, surprised him by firing at him with a rifle. His first shot took effect in Bismark's arm, and the second in his leg, but the third, struck him in the head, killing him instantly.

The woman and her son, are condemned by the natives. They say Sa-od-le-uk has been a bad boy, and deserves to be killed.

Bismark was a boat-steerer from the steam whaler, "Wm. Bayless". He landed here in October with a small outfit of flour, sugar, etc, and a still. But his still was not a success. From the natives, he procured another, with which he has been successful in distilling a crude alcohol from fermented flour, sugar, and molasses. With this "tong-ok," and his "trade goods", he had succeeded in accumulating quite a quantity of ivory, furs, and boots. Some think that the prospect of possessing these may have influenced the woman to plan his murder.

Bismark was a kind and generous man, and well liked by the natives.

Na-tax-ite Ninety-six Hours Without Food.

His Own Story.

On January 29 th., Ne-tax-ite, a young seal hunter was carried out to sea by an easterly wind. As he was known to have got into the water while trying to get to the shore-ice, his people and relatives thought the chances for his saving himself were decidedly against him. Adrift on the ice with wet clothing and no food, they knew that he would freeze to death in a few hours should the wind swing to the north. Fortunately for him the east wind held on, and the temperature was 18 above zero during the night. During the next few days the weather was thick and disagreeable, and the wind off shore. The people thought the current would carry him north of the Diomedes Islands. At his home he was mourned for, as one dead.

Five weeks later, when he put in his appearance at the mission, it seemed as though one had returned from the dead. But seeing that a Diomedes Eskimo accompanied him, the manner of his rescue was evident.

This is his story as given to the Bulletin.

"When I arose about daylight, Jan. 29 th, I found a gentle south east wind blowing. The drifting floes were grinding against the shore ice, so my brother and I concluded to take a chance on it with the other people who were already going towards it.

Without a bite of breakfast, I threw my rifle, seal spear, snow shoes, and "ok-ha-nuk", — seal skin hunting bag containing harness for dragging seal, thong for spear, floating grapple and gut water-coat, — on my back, took one hand-full of dried apples (raw) for lunch, and started. I wore short seal water boots, deer leg socks, and mits, light suit of under wear, seal skin pantaloons, two ar-te-gas, — one fawn and the other muskrat, — and a knit cap.

The shore-ice, was about three miles wide. Reaching the edge of it, we had no trouble in getting on the floating fields that were drifting northward at the rate of two miles per hour.

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After Muk i uk tuk With An Ax.

A Cape Espenberg native by the name of Muk-i-uk-tuk is in town. He has an ugly gash cut over his right eye and is telling his tale of woe to every one he meets. He asserts that one of the white men wintering near Espenberg on the stranded barge "Nome City", stole a fox from his trap. Meeting this white man, when coming to the Cape, he demanded his fox skin. This accusation so enraged the white man, that he punched him in the face with an ax, cutting a gash above his eye. He then drew back the ax, and was in the act of striking him in the face with the edge of it, when Muk-i-uk-tuk grabbed the handle with both hands and twisted it out of his grasp. He seems to think that his life was in great danger. "The man with an ax" has not been heard from.

Battle with Walrus.

In-ed-leet Island, ("Small Diomedes")

Nov. 5th., On Nov. 1st., a large herd of walrus took refuge on the island near the village. After they had climbed up the steep hill-sides, the people got between them and the sea and began a battle which lasted two days, and resulted in the slaughter of almost the entire herd. Fearing the report of guns would stampede them, only lances were used. As the herd was composed principally of large bull walrus, many of the struggles were very exciting, but resulted in no casualties to the natives. A few walrus which escaped to the sea were pursued in skin boats, and killed. No attempt will be made to dry the skins at this season of the year. They will be used for food along with the meat. This "big catch" at the close of navigation, will insure the people of both islands against "starving times" during the long winter months.

First Whale Killed.

The first whale of the season was harpooned to-day, May, 11, by We-a-ho-na's canoe. It is a calf, — about 30 feet long. The natives punctured it with 4 harpoons, to each of which were attached 6 seal pokes, when Al-ure-suk gave it the death-thrust with his lance.