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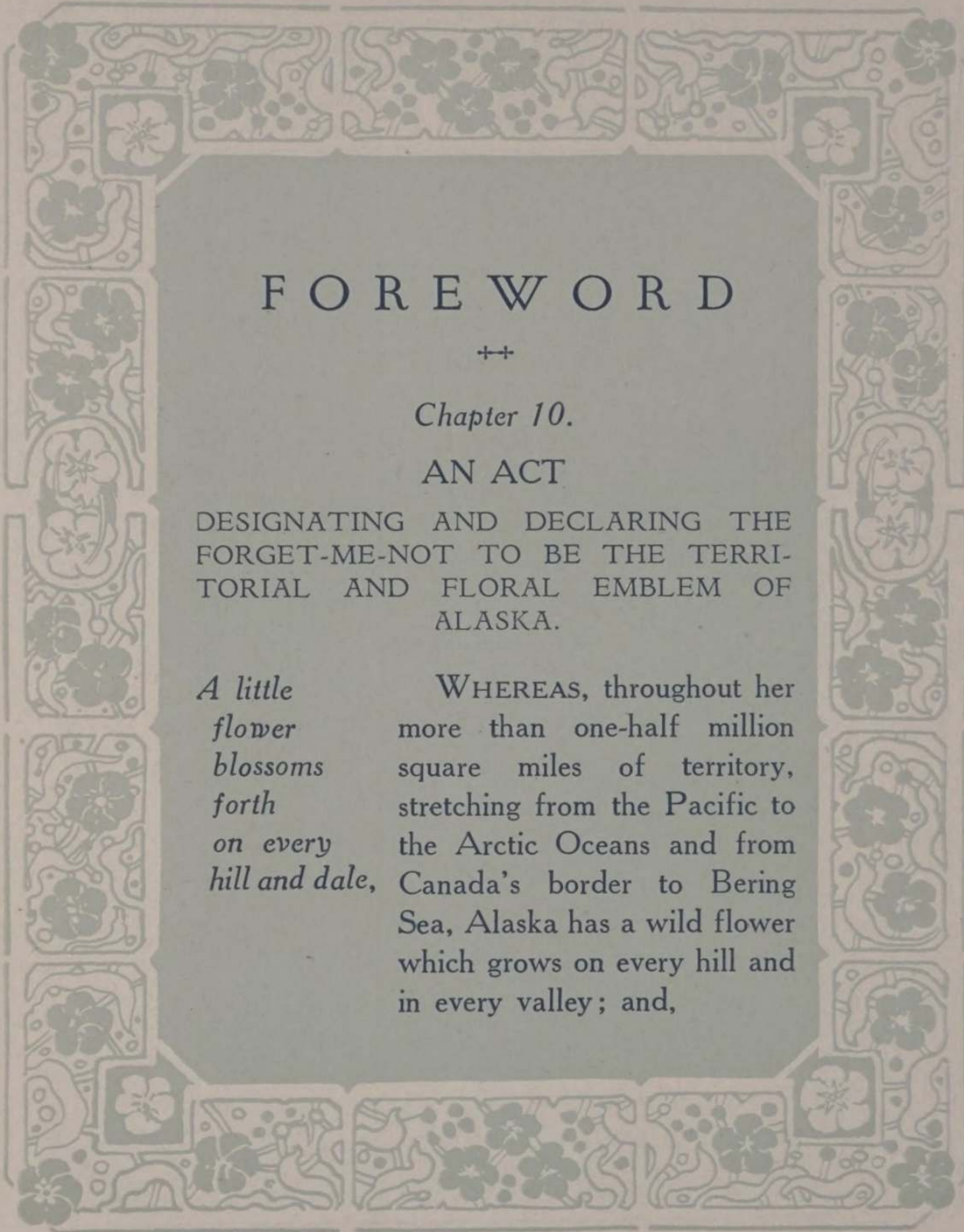
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FOREWORD

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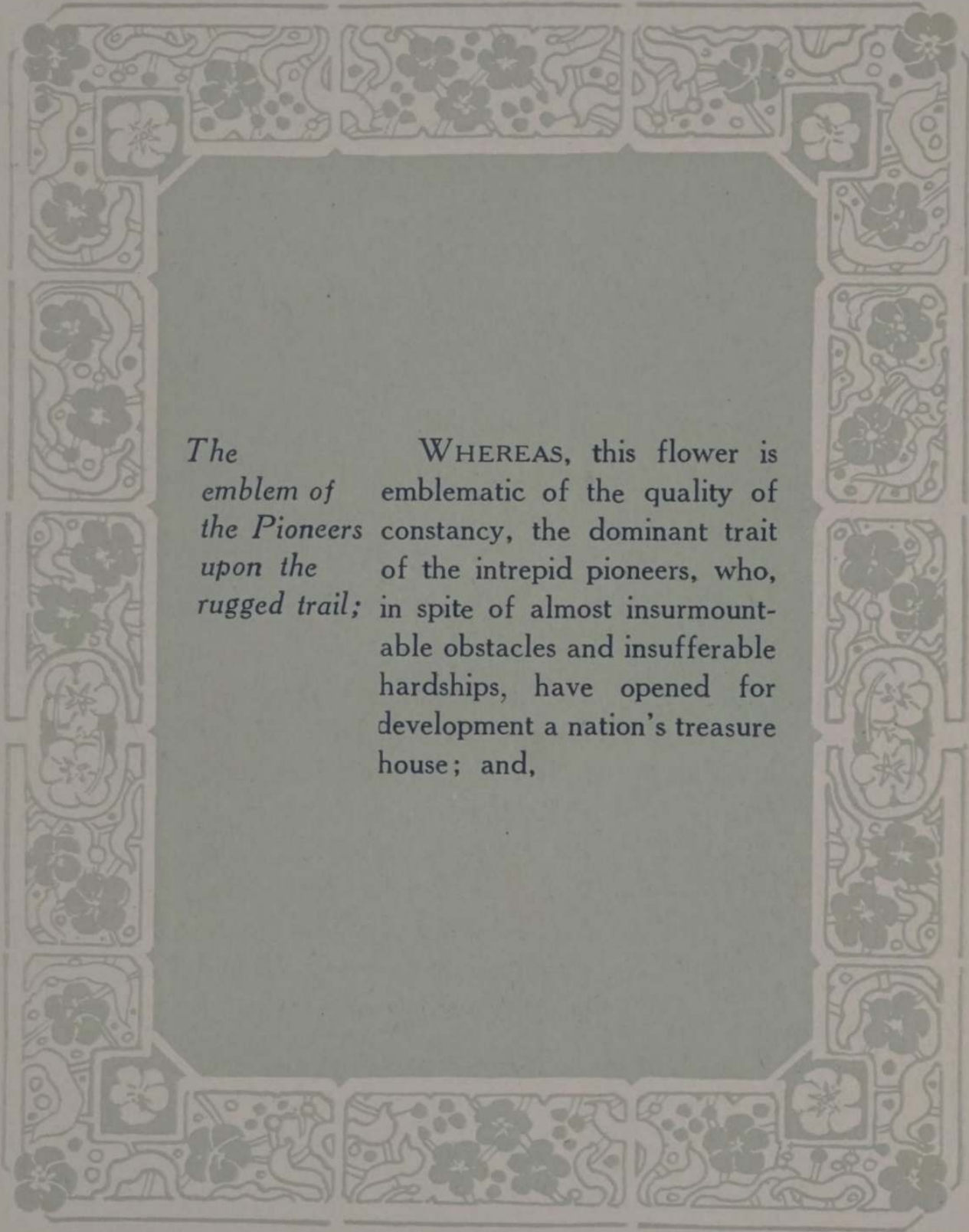
Chapter 10.

AN ACT

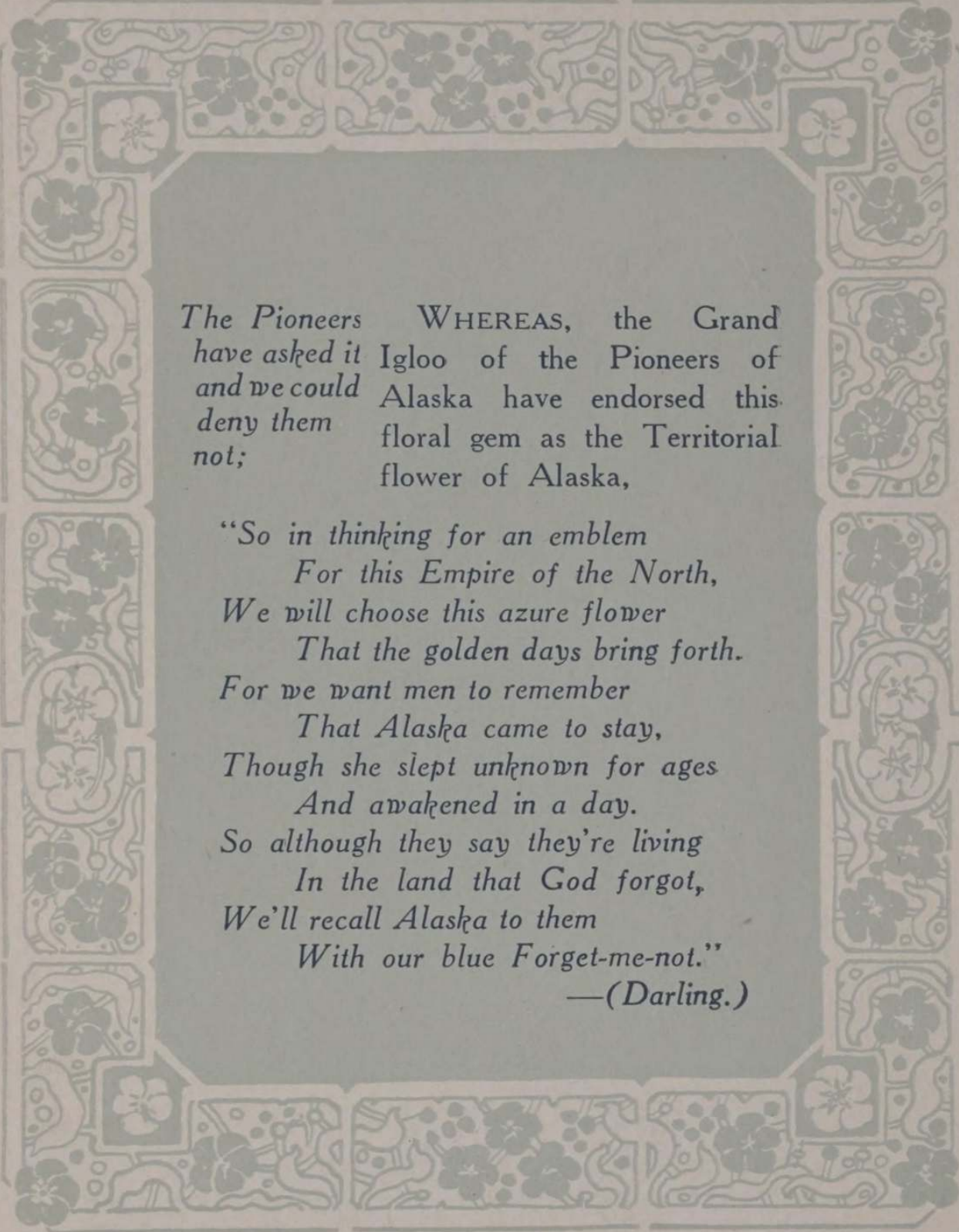
DESIGNATING AND DECLARING THE
FORGET-ME-NOT TO BE THE TERRI-
TORIAL AND FLORAL EMBLEM OF
ALASKA.

*A little
flower
blossoms
forth
on every
hill and dale,*

WHEREAS, throughout her
more than one-half million
square miles of territory,
stretching from the Pacific to
the Arctic Oceans and from
Canada's border to Bering
Sea, Alaska has a wild flower
which grows on every hill and
in every valley; and,

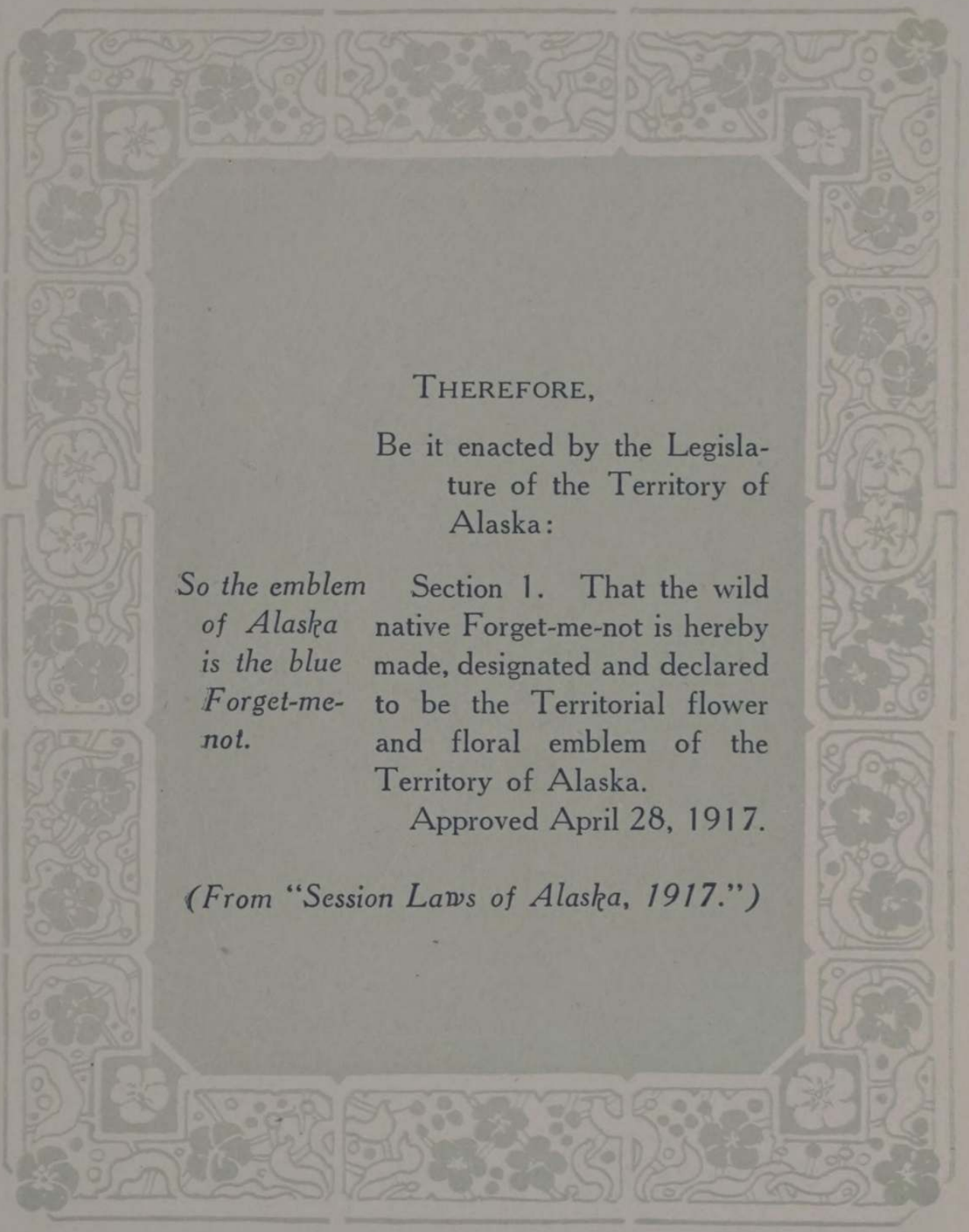


The emblem of the Pioneers upon the rugged trail; WHEREAS, this flower is emblematic of the quality of constancy, the dominant trait of the intrepid pioneers, who, in spite of almost insurmountable obstacles and insufferable hardships, have opened for development a nation's treasure house; and,



The Pioneers WHEREAS, the Grand
have asked it Igloo of the Pioneers of
and we could Alaska have endorsed this
deny them floral gem as the Territorial
not; flower of Alaska,

*“So in thinking for an emblem
For this Empire of the North,
We will choose this azure flower
That the golden days bring forth.
For we want men to remember
That Alaska came to stay,
Though she slept unknown for ages
And awakened in a day.
So although they say they’re living
In the land that God forgot,
We’ll recall Alaska to them
With our blue Forget-me-not.”*
—(Darling.)



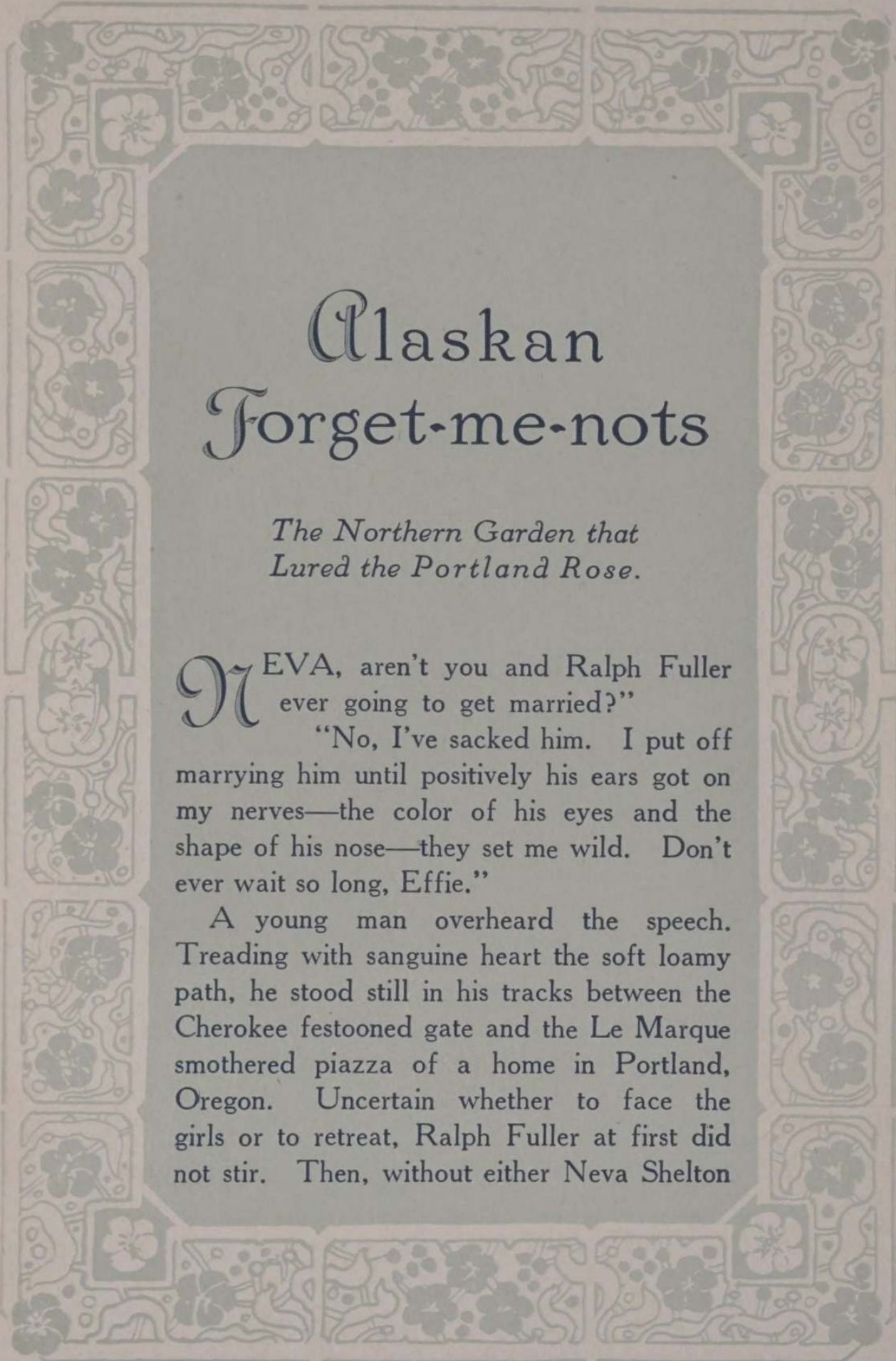
THEREFORE,

Be it enacted by the Legislature of the Territory of Alaska:

So the emblem of Alaska is the blue Forget-me-not. Section 1. That the wild native Forget-me-not is hereby made, designated and declared to be the Territorial flower and floral emblem of the Territory of Alaska.

Approved April 28, 1917.

(From "Session Laws of Alaska, 1917.")

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine pattern surrounds the text. The pattern includes stylized flowers, leaves, and scrolling vines.

Alaskan Forget-me-nots

*The Northern Garden that
Lured the Portland Rose.*

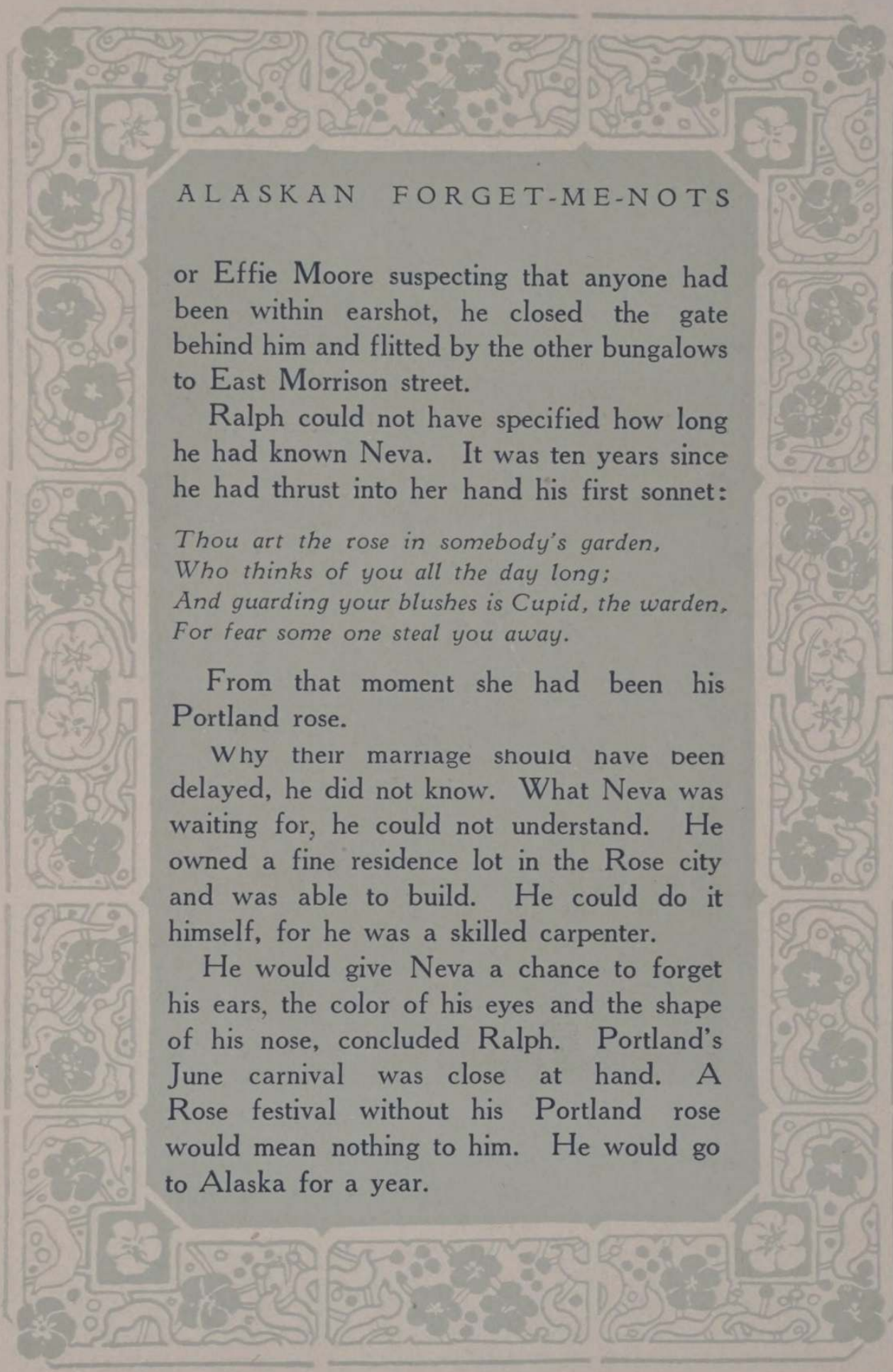
NEVA, aren't you and Ralph Fuller ever going to get married?"

"No, I've sacked him. I put off marrying him until positively his ears got on my nerves—the color of his eyes and the shape of his nose—they set me wild. Don't ever wait so long, Effie."

A young man overheard the speech. Treading with sanguine heart the soft loamy path, he stood still in his tracks between the Cherokee festooned gate and the Le Marque smothered piazza of a home in Portland, Oregon. Uncertain whether to face the girls or to retreat, Ralph Fuller at first did not stir. Then, without either Neva Shelton



*Juneau, Alaska's Capital, where the Legislature enacted
that "the emblem of Alaska is the blue
Forget-me-not."*



ALASKAN FORGET-ME-NOTS

or Effie Moore suspecting that anyone had been within earshot, he closed the gate behind him and flitted by the other bungalows to East Morrison street.

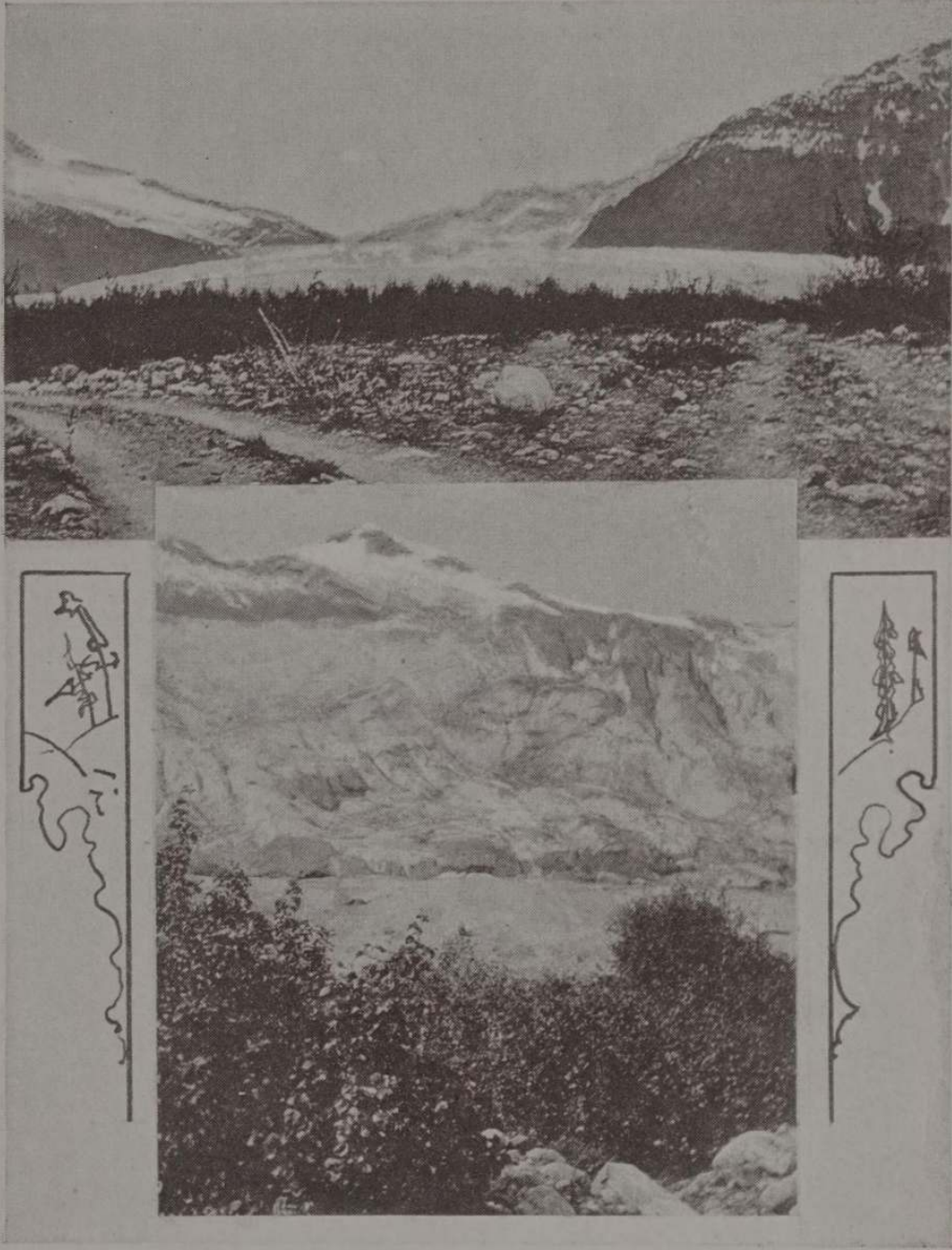
Ralph could not have specified how long he had known Neva. It was ten years since he had thrust into her hand his first sonnet:

*Thou art the rose in somebody's garden,
Who thinks of you all the day long;
And guarding your blushes is Cupid, the warden,
For fear some one steal you away.*

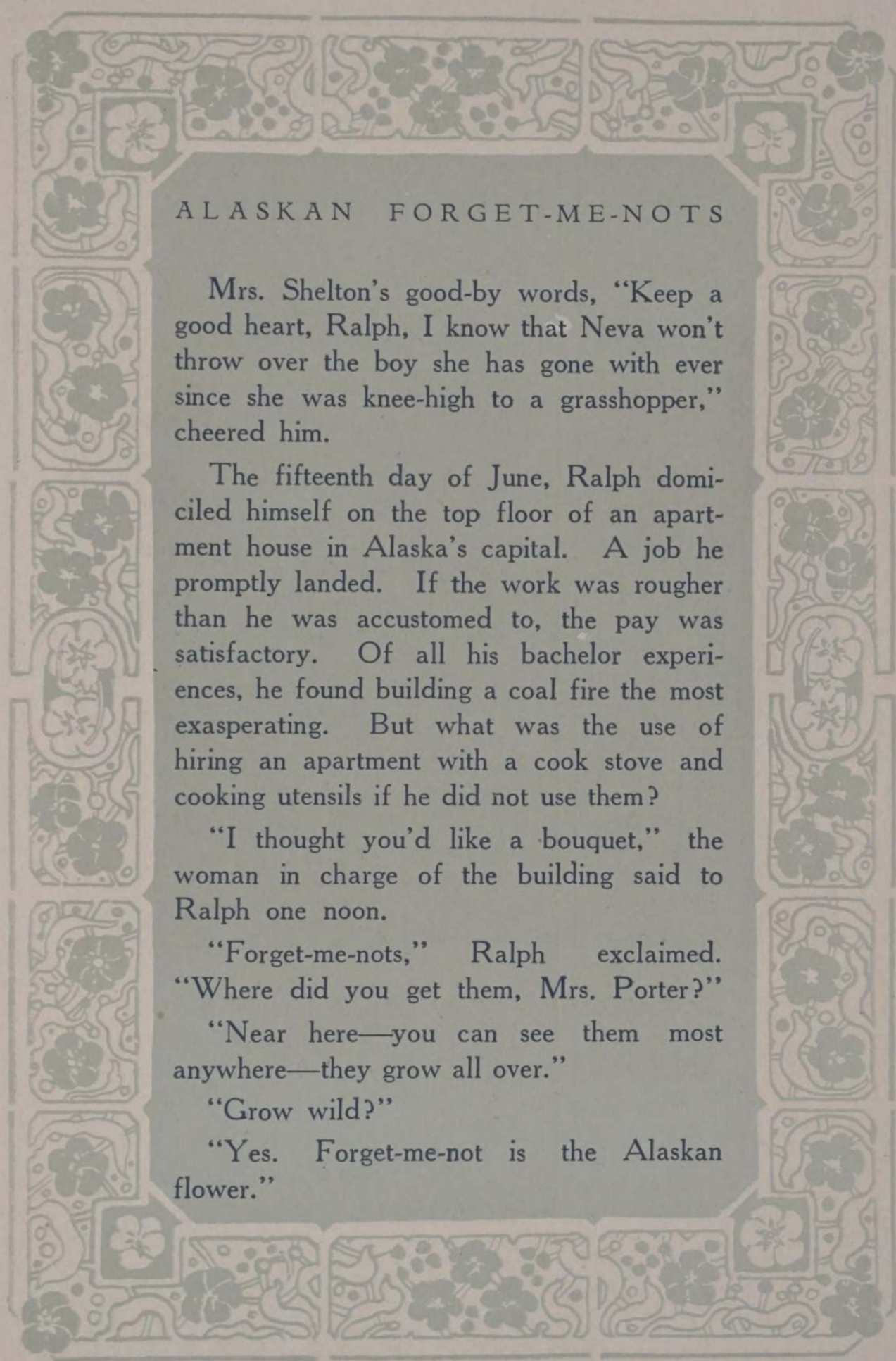
From that moment she had been his Portland rose.

Why their marriage should have been delayed, he did not know. What Neva was waiting for, he could not understand. He owned a fine residence lot in the Rose city and was able to build. He could do it himself, for he was a skilled carpenter.

He would give Neva a chance to forget his ears, the color of his eyes and the shape of his nose, concluded Ralph. Portland's June carnival was close at hand. A Rose festival without his Portland rose would mean nothing to him. He would go to Alaska for a year.



*Mendenhall Glacier, near Juneau, and a close-up
at the foot of the glacier.*



ALASKAN FORGET-ME-NOTS

Mrs. Shelton's good-by words, "Keep a good heart, Ralph, I know that Neva won't throw over the boy she has gone with ever since she was knee-high to a grasshopper," cheered him.

The fifteenth day of June, Ralph domiciled himself on the top floor of an apartment house in Alaska's capital. A job he promptly landed. If the work was rougher than he was accustomed to, the pay was satisfactory. Of all his bachelor experiences, he found building a coal fire the most exasperating. But what was the use of hiring an apartment with a cook stove and cooking utensils if he did not use them?

"I thought you'd like a bouquet," the woman in charge of the building said to Ralph one noon.

"Forget-me-nots," Ralph exclaimed. "Where did you get them, Mrs. Porter?"

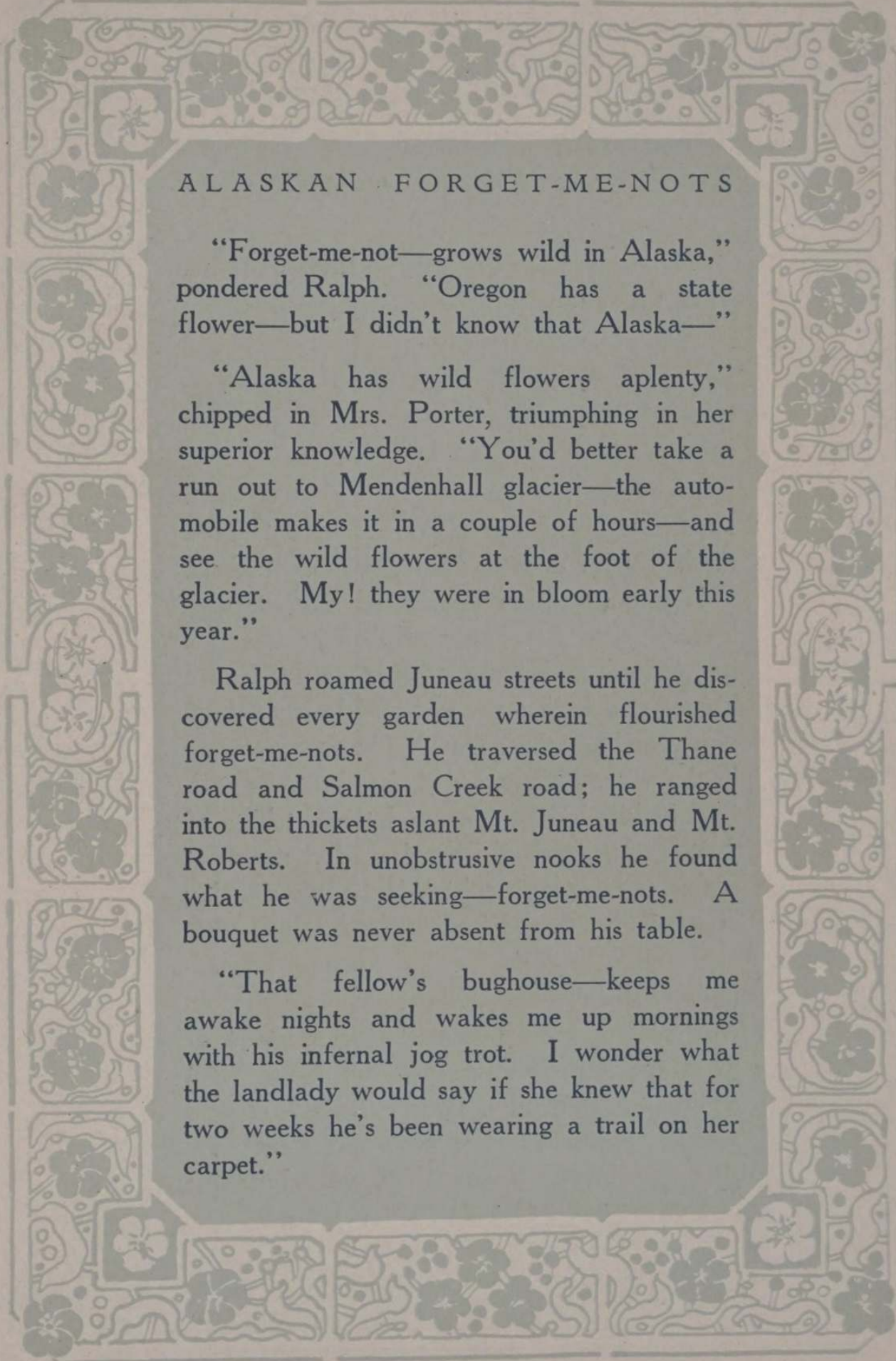
"Near here—you can see them most anywhere—they grow all over."

"Grow wild?"

"Yes. Forget-me-not is the Alaskan flower."



Perseverance Road, near Juneau.



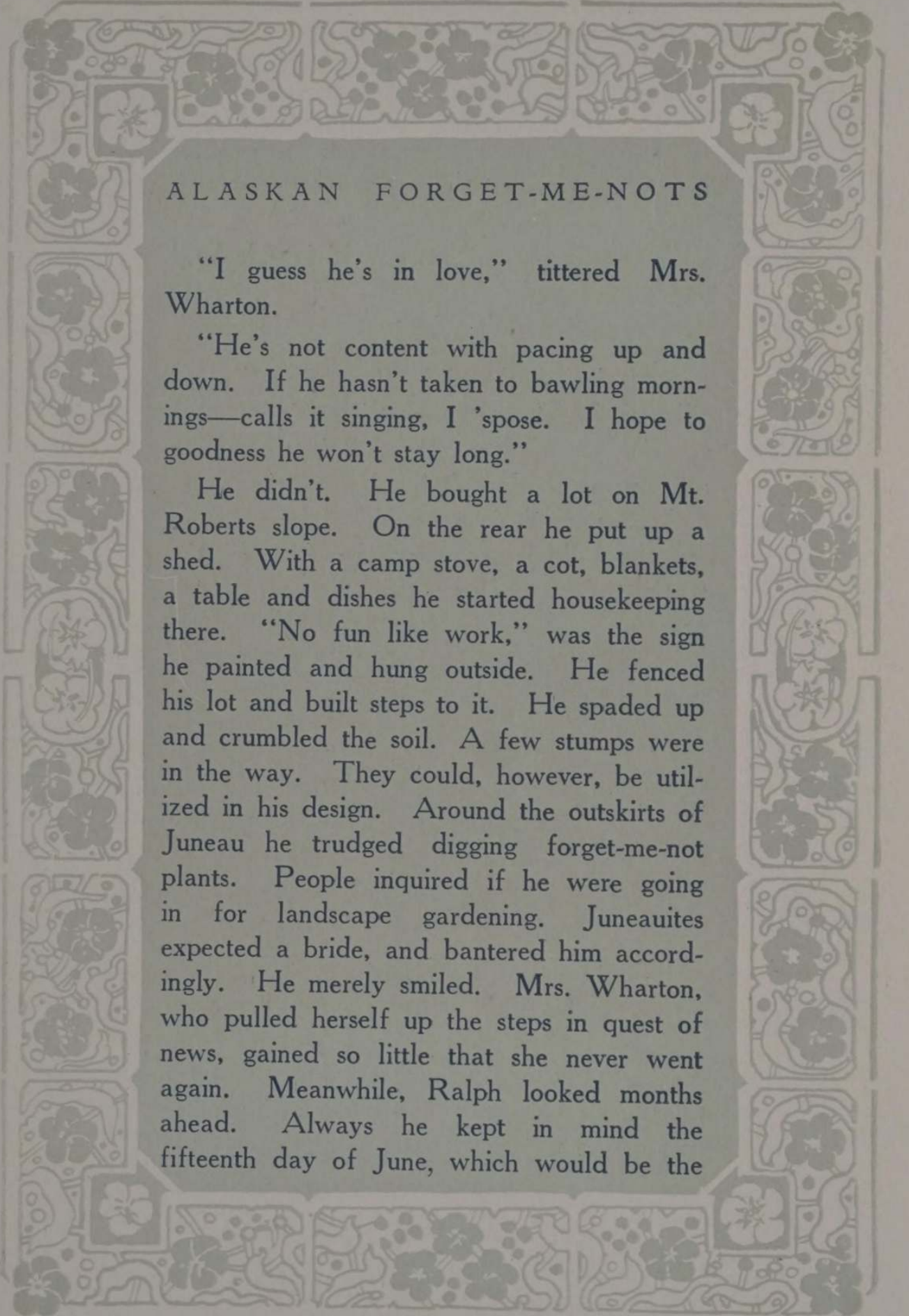
ALASKAN FORGET-ME-NOTS

“Forget-me-not—grows wild in Alaska,” pondered Ralph. “Oregon has a state flower—but I didn’t know that Alaska—”

“Alaska has wild flowers aplenty,” chipped in Mrs. Porter, triumphing in her superior knowledge. “You’d better take a run out to Mendenhall glacier—the automobile makes it in a couple of hours—and see the wild flowers at the foot of the glacier. My! they were in bloom early this year.”

Ralph roamed Juneau streets until he discovered every garden wherein flourished forget-me-nots. He traversed the Thane road and Salmon Creek road; he ranged into the thickets aslant Mt. Juneau and Mt. Roberts. In unobtrusive nooks he found what he was seeking—forget-me-nots. A bouquet was never absent from his table.

“That fellow’s bughouse—keeps me awake nights and wakes me up mornings with his infernal jog trot. I wonder what the landlady would say if she knew that for two weeks he’s been wearing a trail on her carpet.”

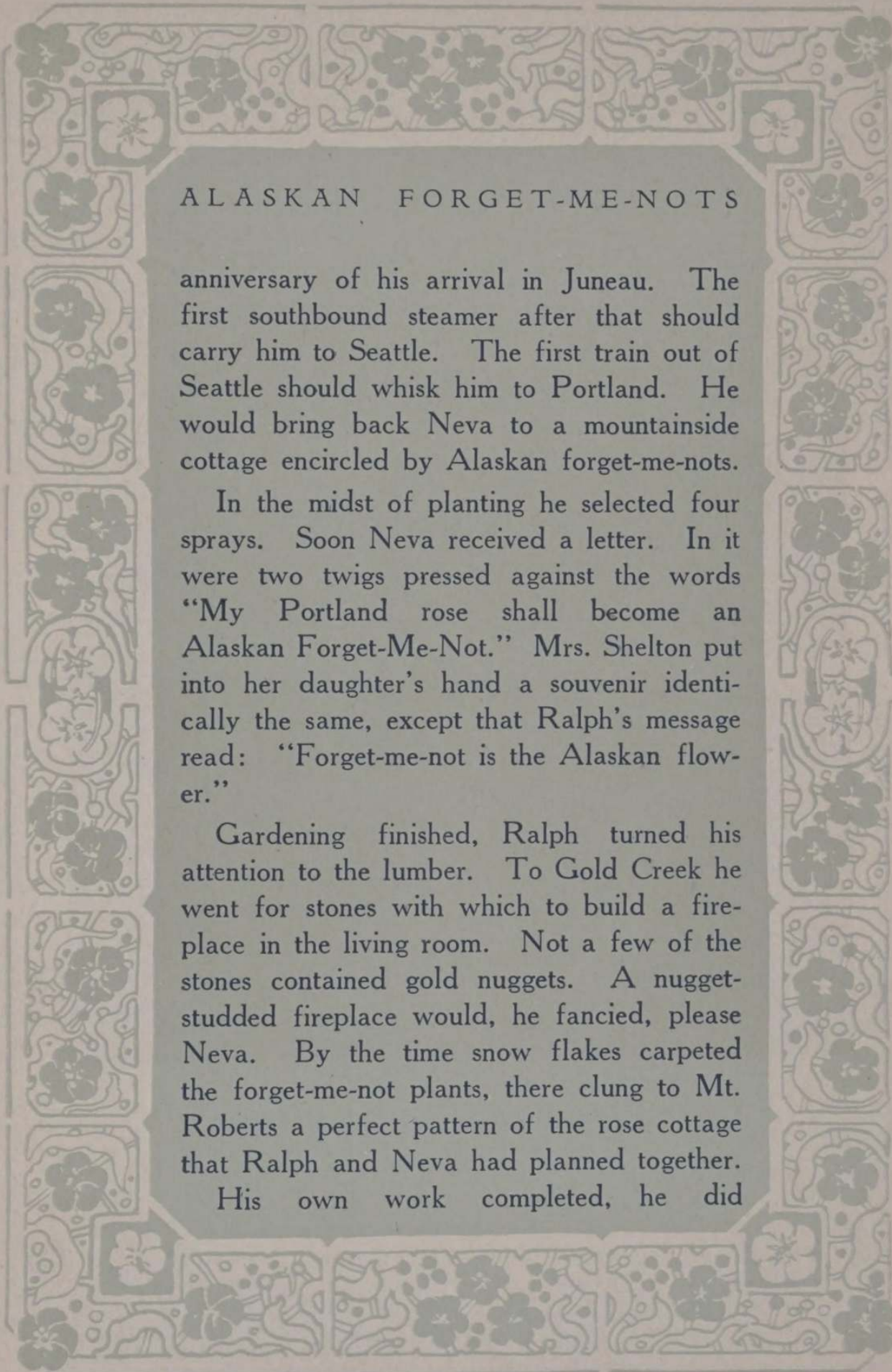
A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine pattern surrounds the text. The pattern includes stylized flowers, leaves, and scrolling vines, creating a classic, ornate frame.

ALASKAN FORGET-ME-NOTS

"I guess he's in love," tittered Mrs. Wharton.

"He's not content with pacing up and down. If he hasn't taken to bawling mornings—calls it singing, I 'spose. I hope to goodness he won't stay long."

He didn't. He bought a lot on Mt. Roberts slope. On the rear he put up a shed. With a camp stove, a cot, blankets, a table and dishes he started housekeeping there. "No fun like work," was the sign he painted and hung outside. He fenced his lot and built steps to it. He spaded up and crumbled the soil. A few stumps were in the way. They could, however, be utilized in his design. Around the outskirts of Juneau he trudged digging forget-me-not plants. People inquired if he were going in for landscape gardening. Juneauites expected a bride, and bantered him accordingly. He merely smiled. Mrs. Wharton, who pulled herself up the steps in quest of news, gained so little that she never went again. Meanwhile, Ralph looked months ahead. Always he kept in mind the fifteenth day of June, which would be the



ALASKAN FORGET-ME-NOTS

anniversary of his arrival in Juneau. The first southbound steamer after that should carry him to Seattle. The first train out of Seattle should whisk him to Portland. He would bring back Neva to a mountainside cottage encircled by Alaskan forget-me-nots.

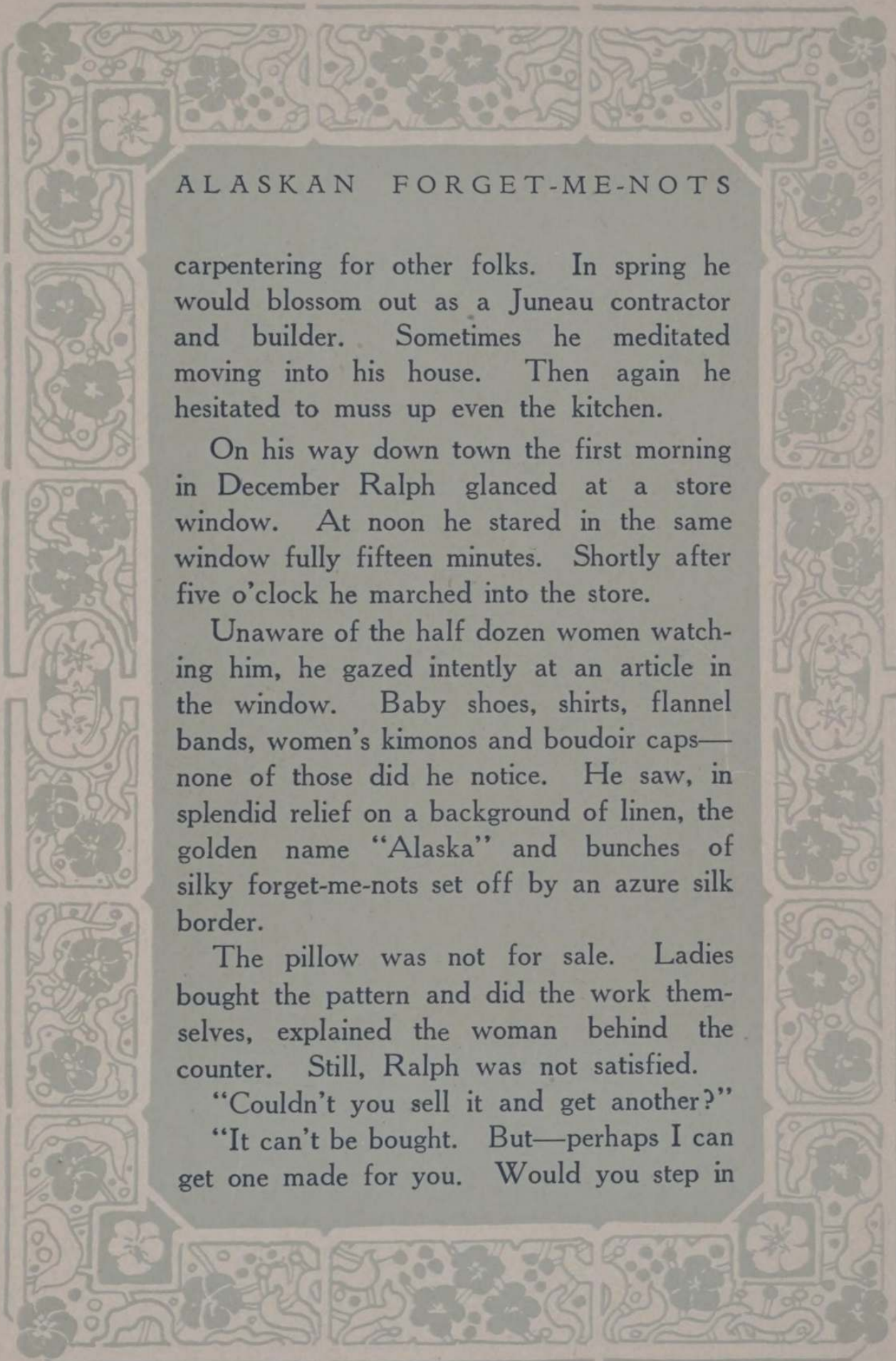
In the midst of planting he selected four sprays. Soon Neva received a letter. In it were two twigs pressed against the words "My Portland rose shall become an Alaskan Forget-Me-Not." Mrs. Shelton put into her daughter's hand a souvenir identically the same, except that Ralph's message read: "Forget-me-not is the Alaskan flower."

Gardening finished, Ralph turned his attention to the lumber. To Gold Creek he went for stones with which to build a fireplace in the living room. Not a few of the stones contained gold nuggets. A nugget-studded fireplace would, he fancied, please Neva. By the time snow flakes carpeted the forget-me-not plants, there clung to Mt. Roberts a perfect pattern of the rose cottage that Ralph and Neva had planned together.

His own work completed, he did



Juneau, from Father Brown's Trail, Mt. Roberts.



ALASKAN FORGET-ME-NOTS

carpentering for other folks. In spring he would blossom out as a Juneau contractor and builder. Sometimes he meditated moving into his house. Then again he hesitated to muss up even the kitchen.

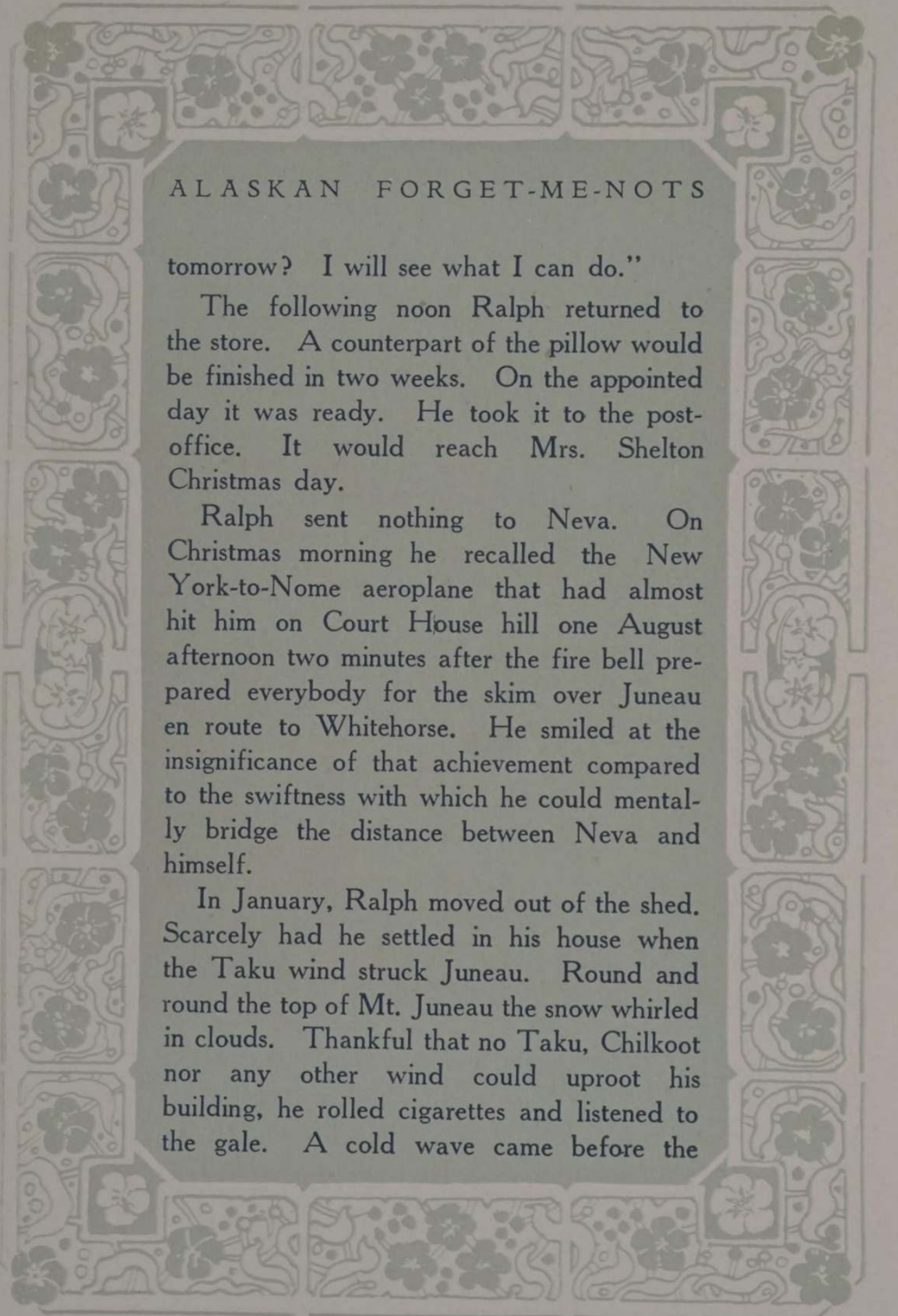
On his way down town the first morning in December Ralph glanced at a store window. At noon he stared in the same window fully fifteen minutes. Shortly after five o'clock he marched into the store.

Unaware of the half dozen women watching him, he gazed intently at an article in the window. Baby shoes, shirts, flannel bands, women's kimonos and boudoir caps—none of those did he notice. He saw, in splendid relief on a background of linen, the golden name "Alaska" and bunches of silky forget-me-nots set off by an azure silk border.

The pillow was not for sale. Ladies bought the pattern and did the work themselves, explained the woman behind the counter. Still, Ralph was not satisfied.

"Couldn't you sell it and get another?"

"It can't be bought. But—perhaps I can get one made for you. Would you step in



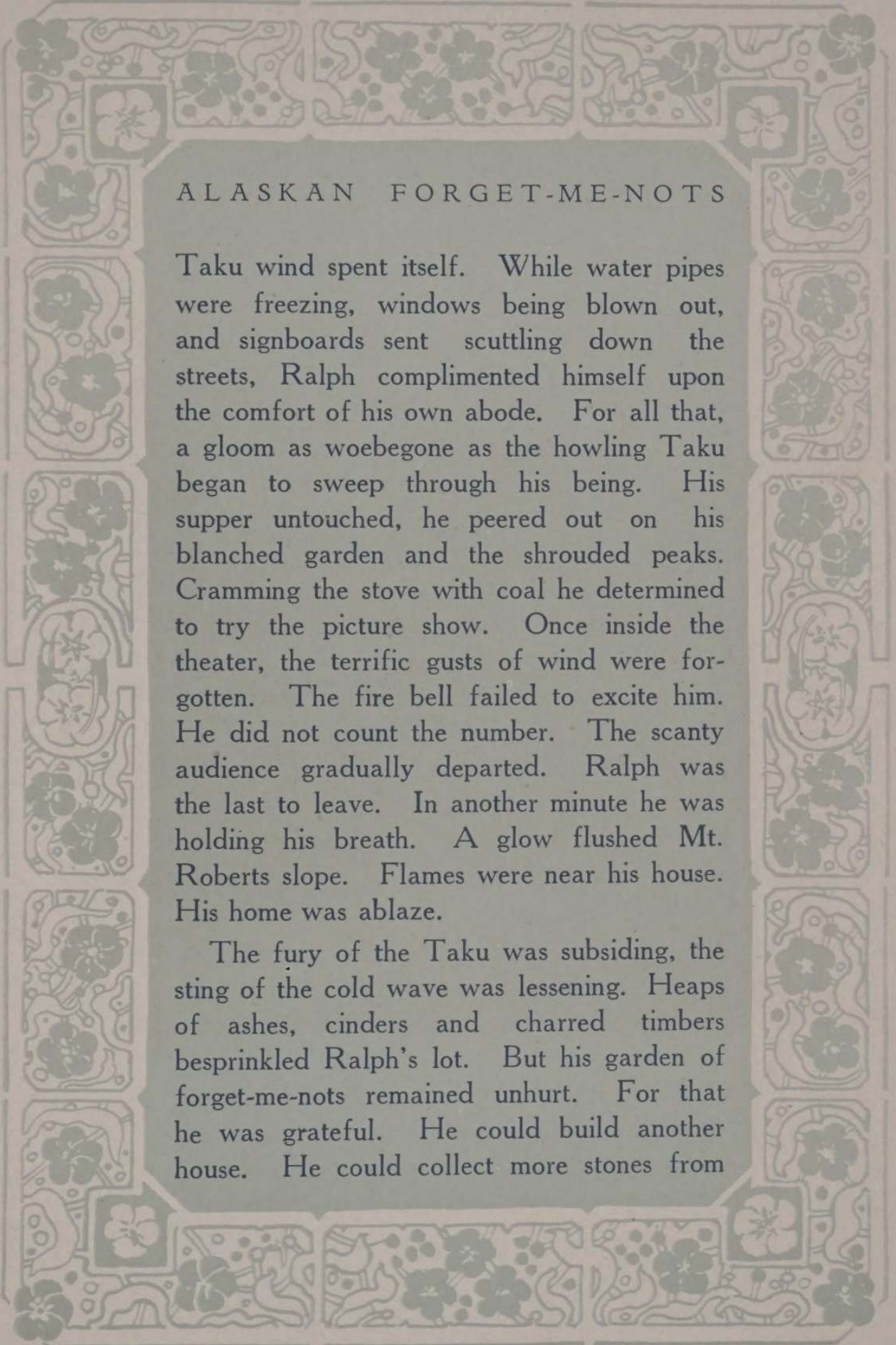
ALASKAN FORGET-ME-NOTS

tomorrow? I will see what I can do."

The following noon Ralph returned to the store. A counterpart of the pillow would be finished in two weeks. On the appointed day it was ready. He took it to the post-office. It would reach Mrs. Shelton Christmas day.

Ralph sent nothing to Neva. On Christmas morning he recalled the New York-to-Nome aeroplane that had almost hit him on Court House hill one August afternoon two minutes after the fire bell prepared everybody for the skim over Juneau en route to Whitehorse. He smiled at the insignificance of that achievement compared to the swiftness with which he could mentally bridge the distance between Neva and himself.

In January, Ralph moved out of the shed. Scarcely had he settled in his house when the Taku wind struck Juneau. Round and round the top of Mt. Juneau the snow whirled in clouds. Thankful that no Taku, Chilkoot nor any other wind could uproot his building, he rolled cigarettes and listened to the gale. A cold wave came before the



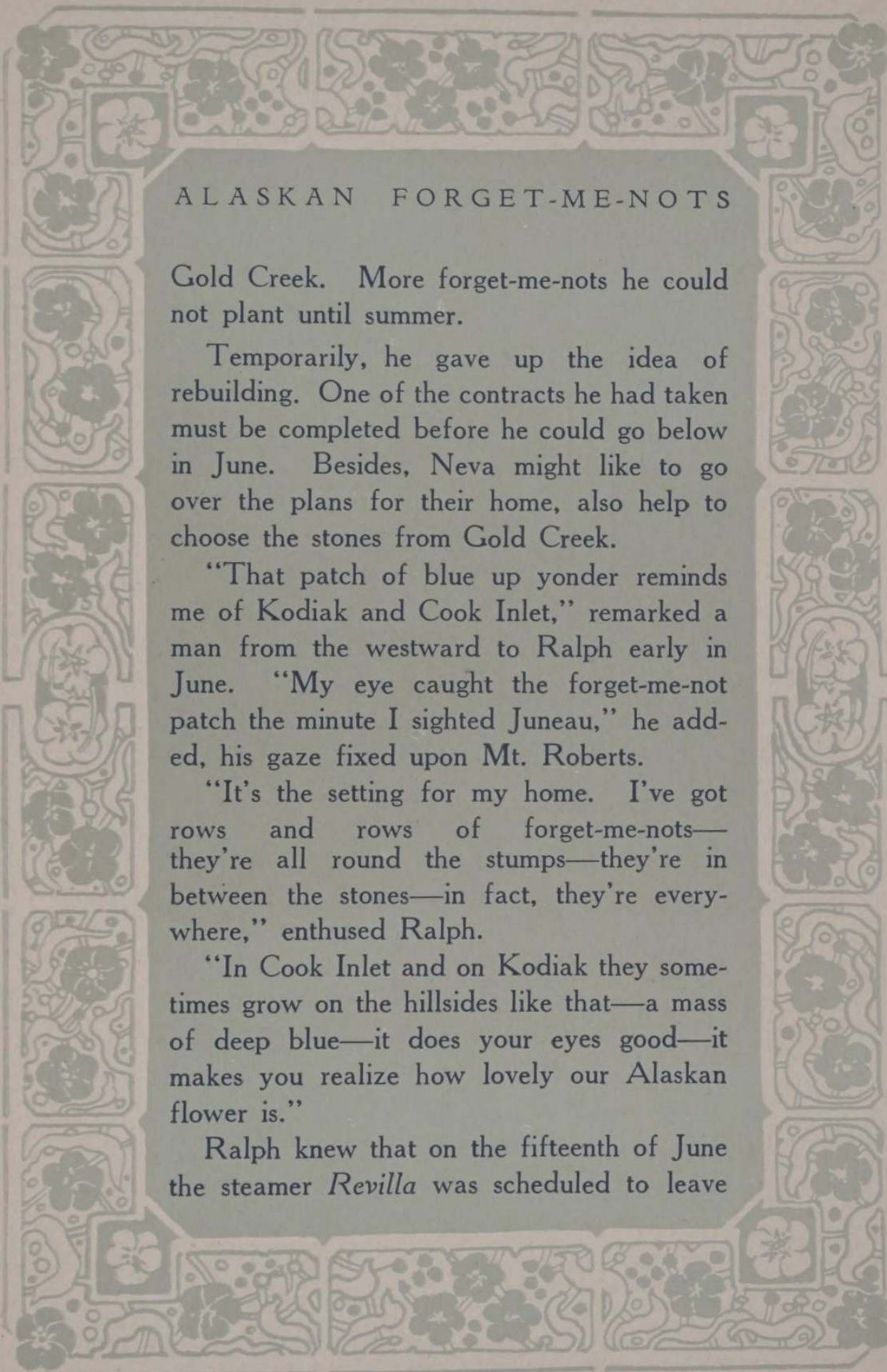
ALASKAN FORGET-ME-NOTS

Taku wind spent itself. While water pipes were freezing, windows being blown out, and signboards sent scuttling down the streets, Ralph complimented himself upon the comfort of his own abode. For all that, a gloom as woebegone as the howling Taku began to sweep through his being. His supper untouched, he peered out on his blanched garden and the shrouded peaks. Cramming the stove with coal he determined to try the picture show. Once inside the theater, the terrific gusts of wind were forgotten. The fire bell failed to excite him. He did not count the number. The scanty audience gradually departed. Ralph was the last to leave. In another minute he was holding his breath. A glow flushed Mt. Roberts slope. Flames were near his house. His home was ablaze.

The fury of the Taku was subsiding, the sting of the cold wave was lessening. Heaps of ashes, cinders and charred timbers besprinkled Ralph's lot. But his garden of forget-me-nots remained unhurt. For that he was grateful. He could build another house. He could collect more stones from



Gold Creek, Juneau.



ALASKAN FORGET-ME-NOTS

Gold Creek. More forget-me-nots he could not plant until summer.

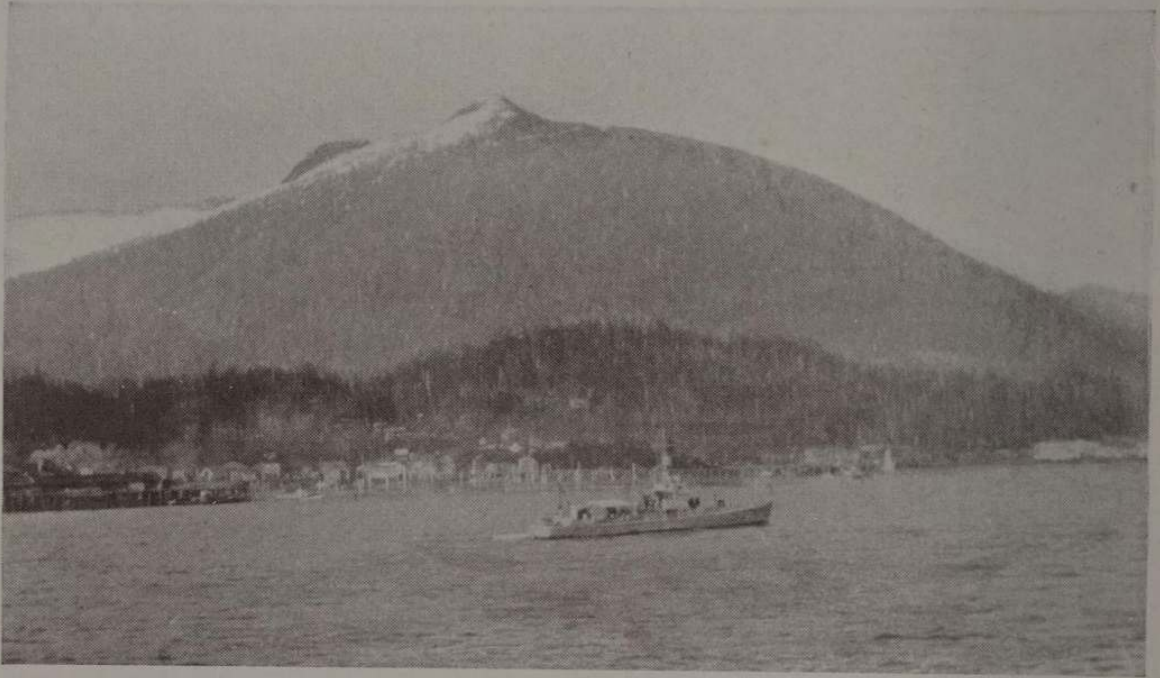
Temporarily, he gave up the idea of rebuilding. One of the contracts he had taken must be completed before he could go below in June. Besides, Neva might like to go over the plans for their home, also help to choose the stones from Gold Creek.

"That patch of blue up yonder reminds me of Kodiak and Cook Inlet," remarked a man from the westward to Ralph early in June. "My eye caught the forget-me-not patch the minute I sighted Juneau," he added, his gaze fixed upon Mt. Roberts.

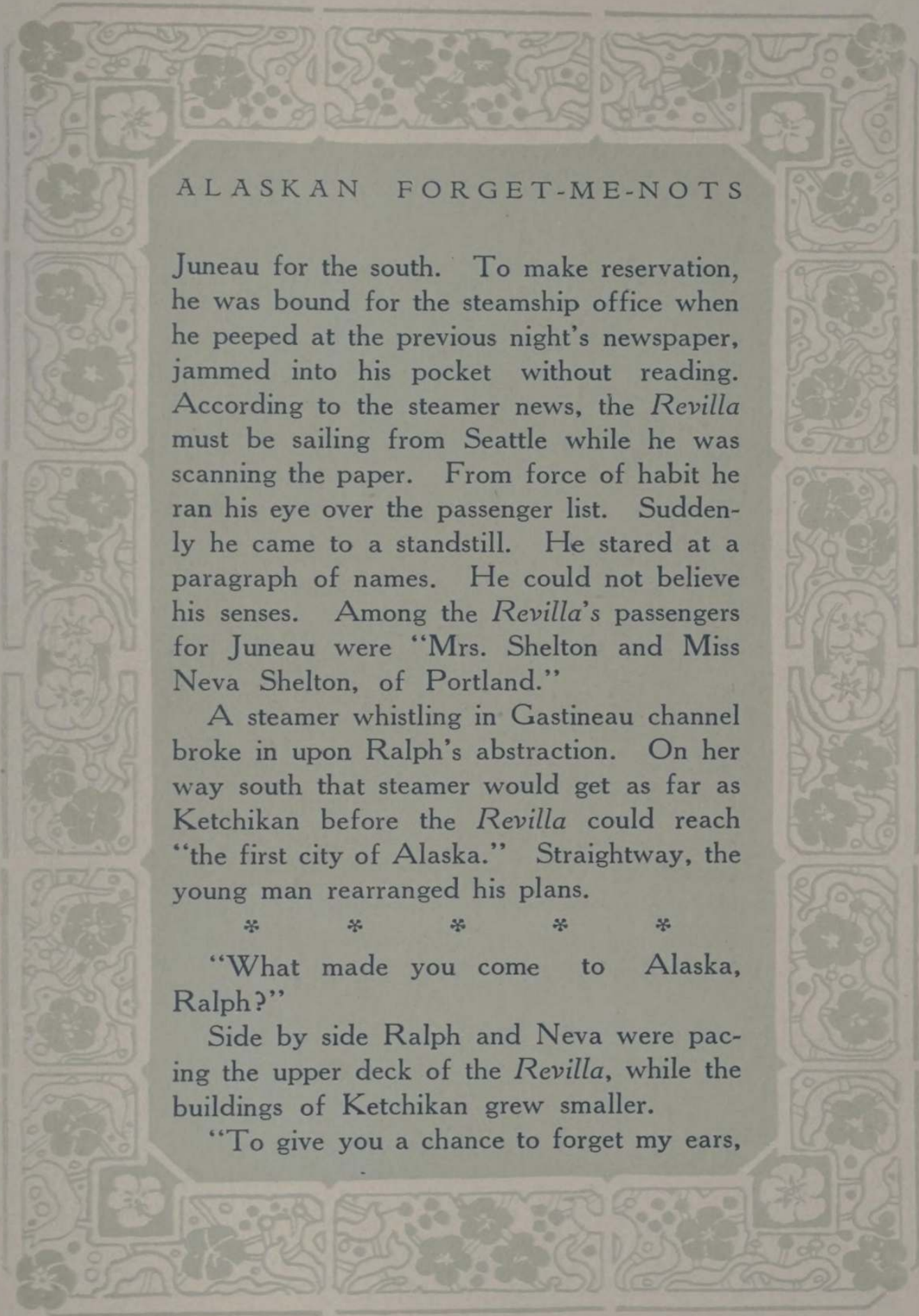
"It's the setting for my home. I've got rows and rows of forget-me-nots—they're all round the stumps—they're in between the stones—in fact, they're everywhere," enthused Ralph.

"In Cook Inlet and on Kodiak they sometimes grow on the hillsides like that—a mass of deep blue—it does your eyes good—it makes you realize how lovely our Alaskan flower is."

Ralph knew that on the fifteenth of June the steamer *Revilla* was scheduled to leave



Ketchikan, Alaska.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine pattern surrounds the text. The pattern includes stylized flowers, leaves, and scrolling vines, creating a classic Art Nouveau or Arts and Crafts style frame.

ALASKAN FORGET-ME-NOTS

Juneau for the south. To make reservation, he was bound for the steamship office when he peeped at the previous night's newspaper, jammed into his pocket without reading. According to the steamer news, the *Revilla* must be sailing from Seattle while he was scanning the paper. From force of habit he ran his eye over the passenger list. Suddenly he came to a standstill. He stared at a paragraph of names. He could not believe his senses. Among the *Revilla's* passengers for Juneau were "Mrs. Shelton and Miss Neva Shelton, of Portland."

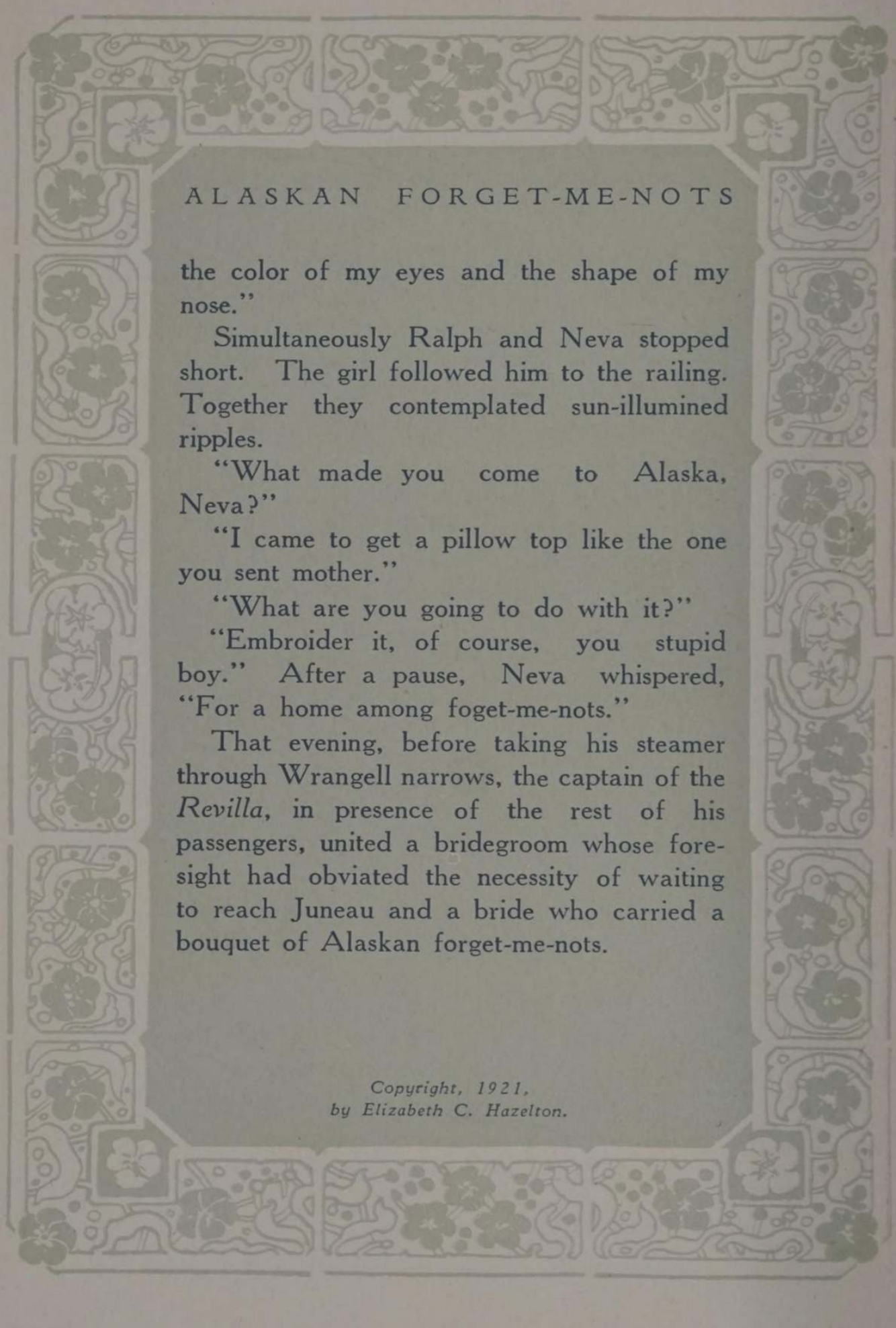
A steamer whistling in Gastineau channel broke in upon Ralph's abstraction. On her way south that steamer would get as far as Ketchikan before the *Revilla* could reach "the first city of Alaska." Straightway, the young man rearranged his plans.

* * * * *

"What made you come to Alaska, Ralph?"

Side by side Ralph and Neva were pacing the upper deck of the *Revilla*, while the buildings of Ketchikan grew smaller.

"To give you a chance to forget my ears,



ALASKAN FORGET-ME-NOTS

the color of my eyes and the shape of my nose."

Simultaneously Ralph and Neva stopped short. The girl followed him to the railing. Together they contemplated sun-illumined ripples.

"What made you come to Alaska, Neva?"

"I came to get a pillow top like the one you sent mother."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Embroider it, of course, you stupid boy." After a pause, Neva whispered, "For a home among foget-me-nots."

That evening, before taking his steamer through Wrangell narrows, the captain of the *Revilla*, in presence of the rest of his passengers, united a bridegroom whose foresight had obviated the necessity of waiting to reach Juneau and a bride who carried a bouquet of Alaskan forget-me-nots.

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