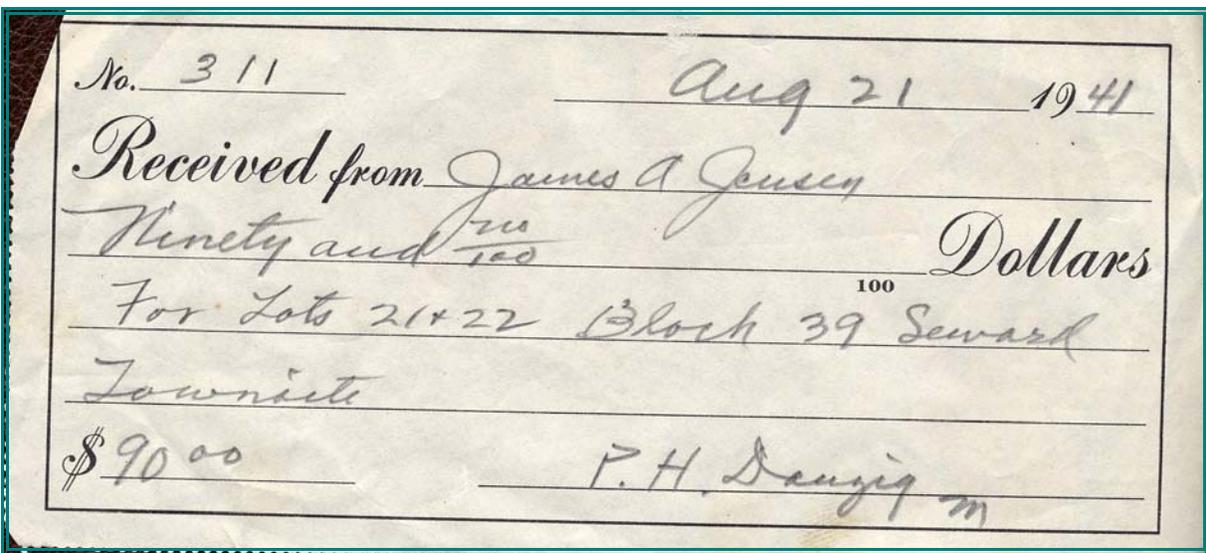


## Dad built a house

It was in 2002 that I rediscovered that dad built a house for mom when he got to Seward. I suppose I knew that before but it was a shock to hear that story again. I vividly remember the house because it was pointed out several times to us kids during walks as a family through Seward. Somehow I had not remembered the crucial fact that dad himself built that house for mom. Mom saved many things, one of them the receipt for the 2 lots they purchased for this little house:



He bought lots 21 and 22 in Block 39 of the Seward Townsite for \$90.00. They were located at the foot of Mt. Marathon on the north side of the town slope. There was a sawmill nearby so he was able to get his lumber easily.

Here it is, two rooms, looking out on Mt. Alice:



This was his love nest, the place he prepared for his lovely wife. Sure, he had a bunch of men help him built it but it was his own, a place that he could call "home", a place that his wife could tend and care for.

The fact that he built a house means he owned a piece of land. I remember generally where it was. Notice in this image that the slope of the land is down to the left. That means the land was north of where Lowell Creek used to run. The house was built in good Scandinavian fashion with an enclosed porch to enter the house. It's on this end of the house and is basically a lock that you enter, closing the door behind you, after which you open the inner door and go in to the house. The porch is unheated but its purpose isn't to keep you warm. It's to keep the winds from scouring the heat out of the house.

When I enlarged this grainy image I was struck with the sophistication of mom's attire so I cut a segment out to show it in more detail. There she is, a 17 year old girl who had enormous courage. She went up to the wild frontier, and believe me, it was wild frontier, to meet and marry her man. It was a long slow trip for a desert girl who had never seen the ocean.

Her appearance was always of paramount importance. She took care of her hair and make up and dressed carefully in clothing she picked for its beauty and fashionableness. This is a beautiful coat with a belt, full sleeves set in so that they flared upward, and a full skirt must have been a joy to twirl in, standing out like an umbrella. This girl knew how to dress and there she is in front of her tiny house in the wilds of Alaska. Tsk, Tsk. Such a woman.



The house set up high on the alluvial fan, close to the foot of Mount Marathon as shown in this image looking westward:

