

“THE ROSA PARKS OF NOME”

Alaska’s Anti-Discrimination Act of 1945  
and Two Women Pivotal to Its Passage

*Presented by Jacquelin Benson Pels*

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR, Friday, March 3, 1944:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is a long story, but will have to make it as brief as possible. ...

I believe we Americans and also our Allies are fighting for the purpose of freedom. Many of our early ancestors fought for the very same purpose, so their children and children’s children, etc., would be free. ... I only truthfully know that I am one of God’s children regardless of race, color, or creed. You or I or anyone else is not to blame what we are. But we are all proud to be what God has made us.

Why was it Thomas Jefferson and his men signed the Declaration of Independence? You or I know for certain that they did not fight and had thousands injured and killed for nothing. It has been known and said through centuries that all American citizens have the right to go, do, and say what they please.

What has hurt us constantly is that we are not able to go to a public theater and sit where we wish, but yet we pay the SAME price as anyone else and our money is GLADLY received. We are not allowed even to go to public doings, only when money is concerned for the benefit of the so-called society people of our city. ...

Every so often Red Cross donations are contributed by all the people regardless who they are, for the aid of foreign countries surrounding America. We gladly offer and give help to those in need but when Red Cross social entertainments are given, we are entirely left out. It looks as though we are not good enough to be invited. ...

... These people trying to be so-called society people, are only following the steps to Hitlerism.

*[signed]* Alberta Schenck

I CAME ACROSS THIS LETTER on microfilm at the Alaska State Library in Juneau when I was balancing two projects—researching the history of the Jesse Lee Home for Alaska Native children, built in Seward in 1925, and editing the autobiography of an African American man who grew up in Jim Crow-era North Carolina.

For some reason I pictured the letter-writer as a middle-aged woman, but I soon learned that Alberta Schenck was a 15-year-old high school student when her letter was printed in the *Nome Nugget*. One source was territorial Governor Ernest Gruening’s memoir *Many Battles*, in which he praises Alberta and talks about the Anti-Discrimination Act of 1945, one of the progressive governor’s more hard-fought “battles.” Another was a friend who grew up in an Inupiaq-Swedish family in Nome. Did she know Alberta Schenck? “Oh yes,” she said. “We call her the Rosa Parks of Nome.”

Yet another source was an article by Alaska historian Terrence Cole, who tells Alberta’s story and also says, “During World War II, a visiting war correspondent noted in 1943 that the social position of Indians and Eskimos in Alaska ‘is equivalent to that of a Negro in Georgia and Mississippi.’”<sup>1</sup>

All these references may be familiar to this group of historians, but I am at most a history-student-come-lately. Reading them, I was struck by two thoughts:

One: Thanks to Judge Henry Ramsey’s autobiography, beginning in the Jim Crow South, I had a very good idea of what that correspondent in World War II Alaska was talking about. And—

Two: I had my own early schooling in various Alaska towns and villages from first grade through 12th, but until that visit to the state library in 2006 I had never heard of Alberta Schenck *or* the Anti-Discrimination Act of 1945.

Of course I fault myself for ignorance as an adult. But in the early 1950s, as the civil rights movement in “the Lower 48” was gathering intensity, I wrote an earnest editorial for our high school newspaper (there were 11 of us in Kenai Territorial High School, so everyone had a role)—“trouble brewing in U.S. cities,” something to that effect—and the adviser actually laughed out loud when he read it. “Write about something you know,” he said. “Something closer to home.” Apparently he didn’t know about the Rosa Parks of Nome either.

Professor Cole again: “The majority of white residents in pre-war Alaska took public discrimination against natives for granted. Scars from such discrimination were largely invisible to those who did not have to suffer it. This hidden plague of prejudice was especially hard to cure in Alaska, because so many whites chose to believe it never existed.”

[*Photo: 1928-29 Jesse Lee basketball team, Benny Benson holding the ball.*]

Perhaps that’s why one never reads about the difficulty that Alaska’s famed young flag designer, Benny Benson, and the rest of the hotshot 1928-29 Jesse Lee Home

basketball team would've had finding a place to eat in nearby Anchorage, for instance, with its NO NATIVES and NO DOGS OR NATIVES signs that fueled Gov. Gruening's anti-discrimination campaign. Maybe Thoburn Hatten, the white superintendent's son, center in the back row, could have brought some lunch out for the rest.

[*Photo: Girls in back of truck, c. 1940.*] A couple of Jesse Lee girls—now my fellow grandmothers—laughed when we looked at this photo. “We went everywhere in that truck,” Esther Munson Ronne said, “standing up in the snow or the rain.” “And we *sang* wherever we went,” exclaimed Anna June Wilson Ollestad—“I've always wondered what the townspeople thought!”

There must have been some music-lovers among the townspeople, but around the time of this photo a petition was circulated in Seward to bar Jesse Lee kids from attending high school in town, for alleged reasons of health and hygiene. The principal said he knew nothing about the petition—some high school girls reportedly had written it. By the time pioneering journalist E.F. Jessen wrote about the petition in the Seward newspaper, four city council members were among those who had signed it.

That attempt was squelched, and the girls in the photo probably never knew about it. But two of them (Anna June, who sang alto, and her friend Elizabeth Olson, a soprano) had their own encounter with the “plague of prejudice” when the Jesse Lee Home was closed for the duration of World War II. During a stopover in Juneau on their way to Wrangell Institute in Southeast Alaska to finish high school, they picked a restaurant for lunch and were immediately asked to leave. “We were good kids,” Anna said 60 years later. “We didn't know why we were singled out.”

THE COUNTERPOINT OR MAYBE COUNTERPART TO SEGREGATION was assimilation. [*Photo: Carlisle graduates, “Educated Eskimos ...,” c. 1900.*] The first superintendent of Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania, where a number of early Jesse Lee Home residents were sent, is much quoted: “A great general had said that the only good Indian is a dead one. ... I agree with the sentiment, but only in this: that all the Indian there is in the race should be dead. Kill the Indian in him and save the man.”<sup>2</sup> Or the woman.

It may be unfair juxtaposition, but the portrait from Carlisle in Pennsylvania always makes me think of this less “assimilated” photo from Wales, Alaska. [*Photo: Eskimo toddler c. 1946.*]

A church publication in the 1930s said about one Jesse Lee graduate: “It is interesting to think of her as a little girl from the Aleutian Islands who probably would never have seen an automobile nor had a vision of anything beyond the fishing and basket weaving of her native islands, if she had not come to the Jesse Lee Home.”

The ironies in that sentence are obvious in 2010. But as another writer notes about the assimilationist period in the Lower 48, “Thus was developed the notion of government boarding schools for Indians in which native children could be safely ensconced during their formative years. Today this approach strikes us as invasive to an

outrageous degree, but we must remember that the reformers were arguing against strong public opinion that considered Indians to be an inferior and, as Secretary of State Henry Clay put it, ‘not an improvable breed.’ ... Under the circumstances, one must actually regard the reform movement as the liberal approach of its day.”<sup>3</sup>

One reviewer of my book about the Jesse Lee Home at Seward, though generally enthusiastic, seemed to be disappointed that there were not more unhappy incidents. Sad and bitter memories are there, along with lighter childhood stories, but from all I have read and been told, Jesse Lee was overall a benign institution, not in a category with the Bureau of Indian Affairs institutions recently and infamously in the news. Throughout the Home’s 75-year history at Unalaska and then at Seward, however, the announced aim was to de-Native the kids, albeit benignly. An early superintendent wrote, “One small part of one generation is scant time to work perfection. Scientific experts in eugenics [*aside: the “science” of eugenics ...*] tell us that to get near perfection in a human we should begin with the great-grand parents, but at least a start is made in the right direction.” At Jesse Lee as elsewhere, the route to perfection wasn’t a bridge between cultures but the elimination of one culture (or many) and the triumph of the other. Or as a Jesse Lee boy who was at the Home in the 1960s said, “The trouble was, they wanted us all to be *white*. And we weren’t.”

[*Photo: Matilda at Wales, c. 1946.*] “The night we got there,” said Matilda Wemark Vanderpool, eight years old at the time and the older sister of the tundra toddler, “one of the housemothers took me upstairs to her bathroom, put me in the bath tub and scrubbed me and scrubbed me again and again, then she dried me off, ran some more water and washed me all over again. She must have been new; I don’t think she realized that this little brown Eskimo girl wasn’t going to turn a lighter shade no matter how much she scrubbed. It’s a good thing I was so young or it would have hurt my feelings.”

Matilda and her siblings grew up at Jesse Lee because their parents were patients at the nearby TB sanatorium established in Seward after World War II. “From the first day we were there we weren’t allowed to speak any Inupiaq,” Matilda told an interviewer. Lost languages are a topic for an entire conference. But she went on:

“About once a month one of the houseparents would take us over to the San to see our parents. As they got better we were allowed to go more often. If there hadn’t been a Jesse Lee Home our family could have never stayed together the way we did.”

The history is not always a simple one.

[*Image: Nome Nugget letter.*] AROUND THE TIME her high school essay was printed as an open letter in the *Nome Nugget*, Alberta Schenck was fired from her job as an usher at Nome’s Dream Theater for protesting the theater’s segregated seating. Later that spring she went to see a movie on a date with a young army sergeant, who insisted she sit with him in the “whites only” section. Ordered to move to the Native section, she refused and was forcibly evicted from the theater and jailed overnight.<sup>4</sup>

(“Schenck's protest was spontaneous, not planned,” the *Anchorage Daily News* noted recently, in referring to the comparison with civil rights icon Rosa Parks. It didn't get “the massive press coverage received by Parks and the Montgomery bus boycott [11 years later]. But the effect was similar. Following Schenck's show of determination, dozens of Natives went to the theater and sat anywhere they chose—and were not arrested.”<sup>5</sup>)

A white friend of Alberta's Irish father and Inupiaq mother, Major Marvin “Muktuk” Marston of the Alaska Territorial Guard, encouraged Alberta to wire her story to Gov. Gruening, who promised his support and complained to Nome mayor Edward Anderson, who in turn apologized for the incident, though whether to Alberta or the governor is not clear.

Alberta had said in her letter, “In other parts of Alaska all people are treated equally. Seemingly Nome is the only town in Alaska treating the natives and breeds as outcasts.” But Alberta was mistaken. Unlike Jim Crow statutes in the Lower 48, “racism in Alaska stemmed from custom, not law. But it was real, nonetheless,” as one writer has noted.<sup>6</sup> And it was not limited to Nome.

In Southeast Alaska a less dramatic but more organized campaign for equal treatment had been under way for decades. In the 1940s two prominent activists, out of many enlisted in the struggle, were Roy Peratrovich, Grand President of the Alaska Native Brotherhood, founded in 1912, and his wife, Elizabeth Peratrovich, Grand Vice-President and later President of the Alaska Native Sisterhood, established in 1915. Roy is quoted as saying that his wife urged him, early in their marriage: “This is your home and your people. Why don't you go out and help them?”

“She was the manager,” he said. “She saw the possibilities. She never once stepped out in front ... [but] made it look as if I made my own way.”<sup>7</sup>

Among Elizabeth's actions with other women of the ANS was a visit to the Selective Service office in Juneau to demand that a “NO NATIVES ALLOWED” sign be posted in the window to correspond with other such signs throughout the capital.

THE TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE gathered in Juneau in January 1945 for its biennial session. Nome's ex-mayor, Edward Anderson, now a territorial representative, and Nome Senator O.D. Cochran introduced in their respective chambers a bill to prohibit racial discrimination in Alaska. With Gov. Gruening's encouragement, Alberta Schenck's ordeal was spotlighted as an example of the prevailing treatment of Natives.

A similar bill had been voted down in 1943, and prospects for passage this time were far from encouraging. The House passed the bill with little debate, however, 16-5. But the measure met fierce opposition in the Senate. Why should people with “5,000 years of recorded history behind us” have to consort with those who are “barely out of savagery,” one senator asked. The legislation was premature, a church leader testified; thirty to a hundred years would be needed for Natives to reach equality with whites. And so it went.

Asked to speak for the Native community as leader of the Alaska Native Brotherhood, Roy Peratrovich noted the governor's strong condemnation of discrimination and quoted an anti-discrimination plank recently adopted by the Alaska Democratic Party. Some members of the present Senate were on the committee that helped frame that plank, he pointed out. "Either you are for discrimination or you are against it accordingly as you vote on this bill," he said.

Elizabeth Peratrovich was among those in the packed gallery that day. The custom of the time permitted comment from the audience; she asked to be heard and was invited forward. [*Juneau paper with "master race" headline.*]

"I would not have expected that I, who am barely out of savagery, would have to remind gentlemen with five thousand years of recorded civilization behind them of our Bill of Rights," she began, with the quiet composure for which she is remembered, and went on to describe humiliations large and small with which she was personally familiar.

But did she actually think, a senator asked, that legislation could eliminate racism?

"Do your laws against larceny and even murder prevent those crimes?" she asked. "No law will eliminate crimes. But at least you as legislators can assert to the world that you recognize the evil of the present situation and speak your intent to help us overcome discrimination."

Applause erupted from the gallery and even on the Senate floor. As one report describes the scene: "Her plea could not have been more effective. Opposition that had appeared to speak with a strong voice was forced to a defensive whisper at the close of that Senate hearing, by a five foot five inch Tlingit woman. The Senate passed the bill 11 to 5 on February 8, 1945."<sup>8</sup> Eight days later it was signed into law.

[*Photo: Gov. Gruening signing the bill; from left, Senator O.D. Cochran, Elizabeth Peratrovich, Rep. Edward Anderson, Senator Doc Walker of Ketchikan, Roy Peratrovich*]

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

"All citizens within the jurisdiction of the Territory of Alaska shall be entitled to the full and equal enjoyment of accommodations, advantages, facilities and privileges of public inns, restaurants, eating houses, hotels, soda fountains, soft drink parlors, taverns, roadhouses, barber shops, beauty parlors, bathrooms, resthouses, theaters, skating rinks, cafes, ice cream parlors, transportation companies, and all other conveyances and amusements, subject only to the conditions and limitations established by law and applicable alike to all citizens.

"Punishment. Any person who shall violate or aid or incite a violation of said full and equal enjoyment, or any person who shall display any printed or written sign indicating a

discrimination on racial grounds of said full and equal enjoyment, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by imprisonment in jail for not more than thirty (30) days or fined not more than \$250.00 or both. Approved February 16, 1945.”

THE 1945 ACT DID NOT END RACIAL DISCRIMINATION IN ALASKA, as “Muktuk” Marston optimistically proclaimed that it had in his book about the era.<sup>9</sup> But it did make a significant statement. Twenty-six years later came the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act, which has had its own 180 degrees of analysis. A former Seward city official, white and a lifelong Alaska resident, insisted that there *was* no racial tension in Alaska *until* ANCSA, when Natives—including, or in her view especially, Natives living Outside—began “making demands.” Elsewhere on the scale, the authors of a book on cultural politics refer to ANCSA as “the biggest reversal in Alaska Natives’ efforts to control their material and symbolic lives.”<sup>10</sup>

An ex-Jesse Lee Seward boy living in Cordova had his own story about the transition. “It was long before the Native land claims,” he began.

“We met her I think it was in the bar or someplace, and I said, ‘Hey, hi there. You’re Janet Johnson [name substituted]—you’re from the Home, aren’t you?’ She said, ‘My name isn’t Janet, my name is Jan Carlson.’ Something like that—she was married then. ‘You’re not Janet Johnson?’ ‘No.’ She walked away. Then 1971 came along and I get a phone call: ‘Yes, Fred, I have to get verification of my Native—I’m Janet Johnson from Jesse Lee Home. I’m now Jan Carlson, but I’m Janet Johnson.’

“‘I never heard of you,’ I said.”

Eighty-seven-year-old Fred Lange looked weary as he told the story. “I wish I hadn’t done that,” he said.

“After, I got to thinking. ... I remember when she came to the Home. Her dad brought her up there to the steps, where the Hattens lived. I was with Barry there at the time and we were doing something. Here comes this guy—I think he was from—pretty sure from Sanak, or Unga, or somewhere out there. Sand Point, or Chignik, or someplace. And he told Hatten, he says, ‘I’m so-so Johnson, this is my daughter Janet, and I want you to take care of her. Goodbye.’ Turned around and walked away. Never heard from him again. He disappeared and left Janet Johnson there. He said his name, her name, where he was from, said take care of her, left. Never signed nothing or anything. That’s why I felt bad about—But the way she denied being in the Home, and then come up with the—with wanting to verify her Native—”

His account trailed off in exactly that way. Unsaid but understood: It has not, since whites arrived, been easy being Native in Alaska. Fred knew about that first-hand, beginning as a child who heard his father dismissed as “squaw man.”

A boy who grew up at the Jesse Lee Home in Unalaska and moved Outside as a young man in the 1920s soon saw that being Native in California wasn't any better than being Native in Alaska. He told people he was Scottish American (like his father) and French (instead of Inupiaq like his mother). Eventually he confided in his wife, but he said that if she told their children about his Native heritage he would commit suicide.

His white son-in-law wrote recently: "John Carpenter still was very reluctant to 'come out of the closet' when the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act was passed, but his wife ... insisted that his kids should get the benefit, even if he would turn the benefits down for himself. So by the late 1970s, he acknowledged his heritage. That turned out to be pivotal. ... Not particularly due to the few hundred dollars of Aleut Corporation dividends, but because of the influence on life decisions we all made thereafter."

John Carpenter's son John Jr. spent one summer as an intern for the Aleut Corporation. After receiving his law degree, he served for a time as vice president. In turn, after receiving her Ph.D. in medieval comparative literature at UC Berkeley, daughter Nancy switched fields and taught Native American Studies at the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe, New Mexico. She worked in that field for 17 years.

CHILDREN CAME TO THE JESSE LEE HOME from all over Alaska—the Aleutian Islands to the far Arctic, Cook Inlet to the Chukchi Sea. But an early Jesse Lee matron's letter to a missionary publication is just one example of the prevailing attitude toward individual heritage:

"I am so thankful there is a home missionary society, because if there were not there would be no Jesse Lee Home where 127 Eskimos are taken care of. I love all of them. [*Photo: Jesse Lee boys—12 "Eskimos" of various backgrounds.*]

"A very lovely lady said to me not long ago, 'How can you love a clamoring, dirty Eskimo?' Another lady said, 'An old maid cannot love Eskimo children, there is no mother love there.'

"But I will say I love every one of them, especially the little ones. If you had a little boy come to you and say, 'I your boy,' wouldn't you love him? If one came and said, 'I your friend,' wouldn't you love him? They come to my bedroom and say, 'We are going to have our prayers with you.' Could you turn them away?

"When they sing, 'O me! O my! we will get there by and by; if anybody loves Miss Beedle it's I, I, I!' don't you think you could love an Eskimo? ..."  
[*Photo: Jesse Lee girls—9 "Eskimos."*]

It's not my intention to single out sentimental Miss Beedle *or* the Jesse Lee Home. This ignorance of or disregard for the children's own cultures was almost universal. In some cases, owing to deaths and other family or community misfortune, the

children themselves literally knew nothing of their own backgrounds—except that they were something to be apologized for.

[*Photos: 1927 flags; Benny Benson & daughters* ]

ALASKA'S FLAG WAS FIRST RAISED on July 9, 1927, at the Jesse Lee Home in Seward, for the very good reason that its 13-year-old designer was in residence there. On the 80th anniversary, Alaska Flag Day 2007, young dancers from the Qutekcak Native Tribe in Seward performed for the crowd at the Benny Benson Memorial on the outskirts of town—the first official participation by the Native community in what has become an annual event.

Qutekcak is also a village corporation under the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act, one of only two—Valdez is the other—without a claim to its own land. Esther Munson Ronne, one of the Jesse Lee girls who rode that old truck to high school in Seward, grew up to be a social worker. (She says, by the way, that without hesitation she would choose the Jesse Lee Home over foster placements she has had to make.) Among her other significant roles she is also a founding member of Qutekcak.

The people of Qutekcak have petitioned the U.S. government for official recognition as a tribe. They are descendants of the original residents of the Seward area (before there was a Seward). They are former patients or families of patients at the Sanatorium. They are former residents or families of residents of the Jesse Lee Home. And after generations of discrimination and disregard and “assimilation,” they must prove that they are Native enough, and cohesive enough, to earn that recognition. One question asked in support of their petition: “Did the kids at Jesse Lee eat Native foods?” Esther’s succinct response: “We ate what they fed us.” My response: Does moose meat count? (Of course not—white Alaskans eat moose meat. And fish. And berries, and wild greens.) [*Photo from the Jesse Lee kitchen.*]

But I’m neither an advocate nor an authority here—the quarter I studied Federal Indian Law at UC Berkeley, my husband told people I was majoring in depression. Qutekcak’s petition is still making its way through whatever it has to make its way through, and the tribal center on Third Avenue is always busy, from language classes to family counseling and much between.

Meanwhile, when the young Qutekcak dancers and the elders who are shepherding them appear at events in Seward now, they introduce themselves, one by one. These young visionaries are learning who they are. [*Photo: Children and elders of Qutekcak, 2008.*] And with permission from Qutekcak:

Back row, far right: My name is Ariana. My mother is Melanee. My father is Howard. My grandparents are Hollis and Nadine Bates and Leo and Olga Kunnuk. I am Passamaquoddy and Penobscot.

Middle row, from left: My name is Priscilla. My mother is Esther. I am Yupik.

My name is Alex. My mother is Marge. My father is Carl. My grandmother is Judi. My *poppa* is Carl. I am Aleut.

My name is Amber. My mother is Lisa. My father is Jimmer. My grandmother is Pat. My grandfather is Tom. I am a Native of Alaska.

My name is Joveahnte. My mother is Charlotte and my father is Andrew. My grandmother is Arlene and my grandfather is John. I am Cupik and African American.

Front row: My name is Henry. My mother is Amanda. My grandfather is Leo and my grandmother is Olga. I am Inupiaq and Yupik.

My name is Adorah. My mom is Amanda. My father is Chris. My grandfather is Leo and my grandmother is Olga. I am Inupiaq and Yupik.

My name is Jesse. My mom is Carmen. My Dad is Edward. My grandmother is Josephine. My grandfather is Steve. I am Tlingit.

The elders, starting with the back row left to right: Elder Marge Christiansen, mother of Alex Christiansen. I am Aleut.

Elder Leo Kunnuk, grandfather to Ariana, Henry, and Adorah. I am Inupiaq from King Island.

Elder Josephine Dudley, grandmother of Jesse. I am Tlingit.

Melanee Stevens, youth coordinator, mother of Ariana Stevens.

And in the center, elder Ellen Simpson, whose brothers grew up at the Jesse Lee Home: I am a Siberian Eskimo from Unalakleet.

[*Photos: Alberta and Elizabeth.*] AGAINST THE ODDS OF THEIR TIME, Alberta Schenck and Elizabeth Peratrovich knew who they were, knew their own worth. And today, Alaska schoolchildren get to know them, too.<sup>11</sup> Since 1989, just over 30 years after Elizabeth's death from cancer, February 16 has been observed in Alaska as "Elizabeth Peratrovich Day." In 2004 she and her husband were posthumously awarded a congressional gold medal "in recognition of their outstanding and enduring contributions to the civil rights and dignity of the Native peoples of Alaska and the Nation." And a film on PBS last year told the story of both women. The director of *For the Rights of All: Ending Jim Crow in Alaska* traveled to Anaheim, California, for the only known interview with Alberta Schenck Adams, conducted not long before her death from congestive heart failure. "She provided a lot of details and context that were not previously known," Jeffrey Silverman said. "We were really lucky there."<sup>12</sup>

Alberta's adult life was lived outside the spotlight. But as her obituary notes, the Rosa Parks of Nome "was blessed with longevity [and] a warrior spirit."<sup>13</sup>

[Final image: Timeline.]

NOTE: *Personal stories not otherwise attributed are from Family After All: Alaska's Jesse Lee Home, Vol. II, Seward 1925-1965, compiled by Jacquelin B. Pels, Hardscratch Press, 2008 (www.hardscratchpress.com). Thanks to Melanee Stevens for the photo and statements of the Qutekcak children and elders.*

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<sup>1</sup> "Jim Crow in Alaska: The Passage of the Alaska Equal Rights Act of 1945," Terrence Cole, in *The Western Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 23, No. 4 (November 1992).

<sup>2</sup> Quoted from *Americanizing the American Indian*, in *Federal Indian Law: Cases and Materials*, Getches, Rosenfelt and Wilkinson, West Publishing Co., St. Paul, Minn., 1979.

<sup>3</sup> *The Native Americans: An Illustrated History*, Betty and Ian Ballantine, eds., Turner Publishing Inc., Atlanta, 1993.

<sup>4</sup> This sequence of events is from an interview with Alberta Schenck Adams in *For the Rights of All: Ending Jim Crow in Alaska*, Blueberry Productions Inc., Anchorage, Alaska.

<sup>5</sup> <http://www.adn.com/2009/10/17/977688/tlingit-civil-rights-pioneer-celebrated.html>

<sup>6</sup> Ibid.

<sup>7</sup> [http://www.alaskool.org/projects/native\\_gov/recollections/peratrovich/default.htm](http://www.alaskool.org/projects/native_gov/recollections/peratrovich/default.htm)

<sup>8</sup> Ibid. Also, "Alaska Celebrates Civil Rights Pioneer / Peratrovich's Efforts Pre-Dated Martin Luther King," by Dave Kiffer, Feb. 18, 2008. <http://www.sitnews.us/Kiffer/Peratrovich/021808>.

<sup>9</sup> *Men of the Tundra: Alaska Eskimos at War*, Marvin R. "Muktuk" Marston, October House Inc., New York, 1969, 1972.

<sup>10</sup> *Cultural Politics and the Mass Media: Alaska Native Voices*, Patrick J. Daley and Beverly A. James, University of Illinois Press, Urbana and Chicago, 2004.

<sup>11</sup> See 3/16/2010 assignment at

[http://www.asdk12.org/staff/miller\\_roger/pages/Alaska\\_Studies/Daily%20Log/Current%20Class%20Log/AS%20Spring%202010.htm](http://www.asdk12.org/staff/miller_roger/pages/Alaska_Studies/Daily%20Log/Current%20Class%20Log/AS%20Spring%202010.htm)

<sup>12</sup> <http://www.adn.com/2009/10/17/977688/tlingit-civil-rights-pioneer-celebrated.html>

<sup>13</sup> <http://www.albertaschenckadams.com/>