

Alaska, Atlin and The Yukon—The Land Where the World Stays Young

TO step back through the portals of time into the primitive and primeval, to do this easily and in comfort, is the privilege of those who visit Alaska. In these days of big game hunting in the heart of Africa, of unearthing prehistoric relics in the sands of Asia, of winging across the far-flung Poles, even the most sophisticated of us longs at times for a glimpse of Nature in her untamed moods. This great, pristine land popularly known as Alaska though it includes, from the tourist angle, Atlin and Yukon in Canadian territory, satisfies this desire without the expense of costly outfits, the need of unlimited time, or the nerve exhaustion of wrestling with foreign languages, coins, customs, and the eternal demand for "baksheesh." Comfortably accessible, to be enjoyed at an expenditure of time and money possible to almost every one, this vast Northland embracing Alaska proper, Atlin and the Yukon and which, for brevity's sake, we shall hereafter call Alaska, gives the primitive life of pioneer and Indian, primeval forests, mighty rivers that run silent to the sea, lofty mountain peaks scarcely yet trodden by the foot of man, icebergs dancing in prismatic beauty over sapphire seas, gorgeous sunsets that melt into delicately lovely dawns, Northern Lights that fling tremulous banners across the heavens like faint messages from another world.

Wild Life That Lures

But the thrill of the primeval and the grandeur of the scenery are not all this country gives the visitor. The

animal lover finds a wild life that fascinates, and the big game hunter enough to satisfy the keenest ambition. The Alaska moose is the largest of its kind and can frequently be seen swimming streams. The big brown bear of Alaska has no equal for size. The wise men of the Orient say that animals never harm one who has no fear. But at sight of this brown bear, though one's spirit may be brave his legs are apt to be just plain cowards. So that a train or steamer is the most enjoyable observation point for most of us. Mountain sheep can be glimpsed on high peaks, a wondrous sight against the skyline. Thousands of caribou are in view at certain seasons in their migrations. Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., Associate Editor of *Outing*, lost his life on a visit to Labrador to witness this sight to be seen here from the deck of a comfortable steamer. Fish of many kind throng the water. They respond to the fisherman's enticements in a way to thrill the heart of the angler and to give endless material for the best of fisherman yarns. One sees salmon leaping up streams to their spawning grounds. At canning factories, the catch brought in and which flows in a seemingly endless silver horde through the conveyors amazes. Birds are equally numerous.

The lover of flowers finds here an undreamed of realm of beauty. The flaming fireweed covers the earth with its rosy beauty. Sheets of lupines spread their mantle of purple-blue. Wild roses, slender columbines, bluebells, forget-me-nots (the Territorial flower), and countless other blossoms, by their luxuriant loveliness, add pleasure of an unexpected kind to the trip.

The business man, and also today the business woman, find interest in studying the possibilities of this great North country, the markets it offers, the potential openings it suggests. One may vow a vow to leave all thought of work behind, but the keen business individual finds zest in discovering new worlds to conquer. Alaska is a land of almost unlimited resources. And even if one does not think of them in any connection with himself, he cannot but thrill at the thought that since 1880, Alaska's output of minerals has been worth more than \$585,000,000.00, that in one year recently her fish exports were worth more than \$56,000,000.00, her furs more than \$3,000,000.00, and her copper more than \$9,000,000.00. Her exports in 1927 were worth more than \$80,000,000.00 and her imports more than \$32,000,000.00. And one may say her surface has as yet scarcely been scratched and many of her industries are but the merest infants. There is food for thought in this for the alert business person.

Most inspiring of all, perhaps, is the contact with the work of the pioneers, sometimes with the very fur trappers, gold seekers, sourdoughs, themselves, who have conquered the seemingly unconquerable, toiled over mountains, struggled through morasses, whirled down unknown rapids, penetrated uninhabited wildernesses, that the wonders and riches of this great, beautiful Northland might be made known to the world. One cannot but gain renewed inspiration for his own tasks, whatever they may be, as he sees the work of their hands and hears their tales of winning through.

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An Alaska Totem

Alaska truly fulfills the meaning of its name, "Great Land." One feels like calling it

The Hundred Per Cent Vacation Land

For to the one seeking rest, pleasure, a change, inspiration, health, few places offer so much. As to health, one feels like spelling it in capital letters for the bracing air sweeping over great uninhabited plains, primeval forests, and snow-clad peaks exhilarates like wine. While the comfort in which one travels, the excellent food, the absence of crowds, noise, confusion, together with the scenic beauty, bring refreshment to spirit and body that make one a new creature.

Three Unique Trips

The White Pass & Yukon Route offer three delightful trips, one over the White Pass and to Lake Atlin with its magnificent scenery, another to Dawson, the site of the world's most spectacular gold rush; and the third, the most comprehensive of all, the Yukon River Circle

Tour. And both the Dawson and Circle Tours can include the Lake Atlin trip if desired.

The "great, big land way up yonder" sits like a queen on her shining throne, jewelled with lakes, girdled with flowers, her court musical with the sound of mighty streams and waterfalls, and bright with the glory of sunsets and dawns that are one and the tremulous, prismatic Northern Lights that pulse and fade and flame in faintly quivering loveliness. She invites you to partake of her hospitality, to enjoy the feast she spreads of beauty and unique experiences, to meet her intrepid men and women. She has given overflowing riches to the world. She will give to you rare treasures of enjoyment, health, inspiration, renewed zest in life. Why not accept her invitation this summer?

Alaskaward and on to Lake Atlin

The route to Alaska is by way of the Inside Passage, the most beautiful scenic panorama in the world, many globe trotters agree. Whether this is so or not, it is glorious enough to satisfy the beauty hunger of almost any one. Not only has it scenic grandeur of an unusual character, but it combines other charms quite out of the ordinary.

A number of steamship companies ply northward—The Alaska Steamship Company, the Canadian National Steamships, The Canadian Pacific Railway, and the Pacific Steamship Company—of which the White Pass & Yukon Route will give you full and helpful information, and any of which will provide you with a floating home, spacious, comfortably furnished, and with every need attentively cared for in the thoughtful, alert way that characterizes the perfect hostess. An Observation Room forward enables one to view the scenery while fingers are busy with fancywork or a game

of bridge is in progress and ample deck space gives opportunity to walking, sports, and outdoor lounging. You can embark at Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria, or Prince Rupert, and, carefree and cared for, you float over a sparkling waterway scarcely conscious of motion. Overhead, the sky is an arch of brilliant blue. The air exhilarates with the purity of primeval forests, the crisp freshness of great waters, and the ozone of mountain peaks. The shores are clad in dense growths of spruce, hemlock, pine, and the lighter green of deciduous trees. Here and there is a cabin or little fishing settlement. In the background soar mountains, azure blue, and beyond these others with snowy peaks glistening in the sun. If you embark at Seattle, the panorama is especially spectacular, for soaring into the sky is the gleaming summit of Mount Rainier more than 14,000 feet high, the snow caps of the Olympic Range to the westward, the green heights of the Cascade Mountains to the east, and as you go onward, the serene, snowy cone of Mount Baker rising 11,000 feet, as lovely in its pure beauty as the famous Fujiyama. And should you even at times run into less clear weather, the shifting



Skagway — The Railway Line Can Be Traced Almost to the Summit



Looking Across West Taku Arm — Florence Range and Reflection

veils of delicate mist in their varying shades of tender gray, the glimpses they give as they rise of the exquisite landscape, the sense of seclusion as they enfold, make a panorama as beautiful and varying as that of clear days.

At times, the shores come close. You feel you can almost touch the grasses that lean gracefully over the water's edge, or pick the glowing wild flowers that everywhere embroider the shoreline with a fretwork of color. You wind around picturesque headlands with tiny lighthouses winking friendly guidance. In other places, the waterway sweeps out into great bays and lake-like expanses. Little islands break the vista ahead with their picturesque outlines and graceful greenery. The constantly changing scenery of the water route adds to its enjoyment. You seem floating through an enchanted world.

The chain of islands to the westward that makes this for a thousand miles such a thoroughfare of beauty also performs the practical task of barring old Neptune's unwelcome movements. In only two short places do the waves of the ocean roll in, so that those who look somewhat askance at an ocean voyage need feel no dismay at

the prospect of the trip. So far as inward tribulation goes, it is a smooth sail on inland waters.

Unique Ports of Call

This feast for the eye and rest for the body are not, however, the only pleasures of this part of the trip. There are many stops en route that add enjoyment of another character. Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, a call made by some of the steamers whose starting point is Seattle, pleases with the trim English beauty of its charming homes, its lovely gardens, its impressive Parliament buildings. Vancouver, one of Canada's amazing cities, brings again the bustle of modern business. Alert Bay delights with its primitive charm, the Indian homes each with a totem pole in front making of the little waterside street a weird show.

Prince Rupert, the western terminus of Canada's latest transcontinental railway, the Canadian National, that crosses Canada still farther north than the well known Canadian Pacific, is a town literally hewn out of the rock and mounts the steep hillside on which it is

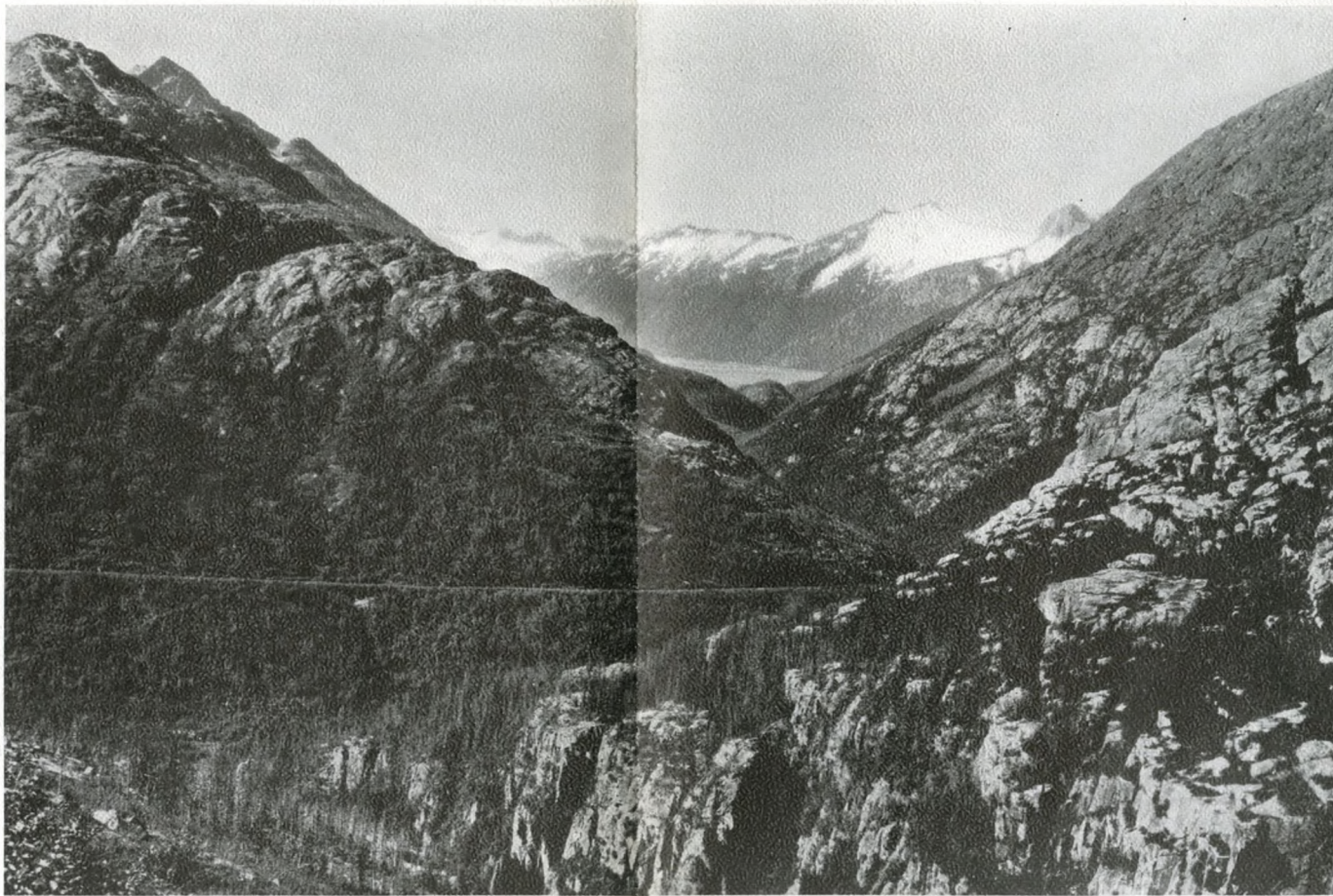
built tier on tier, in some places the plank streets being built on trestles.

Ketchikan, the first American port of entry, also climbs steeply up the mountainside and if your visit is in the season of the salmon run, you will see these fish leaping the falls of the stream that rushes through the town, as they struggle to their spawning grounds. One pauses not only to watch but to wonder what instinct it is that brings them back from miles of wandering in the wide seas.

Wrangell, founded by the Russians in 1834, fascinates with its reminders of the early history of Alaska and with its Indian village where squaws sit in stolid rows, their moccasins and other wares laid out in front of them to tempt the visitor. Here are some of the oldest totem poles in Alaska and a museum of Indian relics.

Juneau has special interest as the capital of the Territory and also as the site of the famous Treadwell mine whose "glory hole" has become world famous because of the amount of gold taken out.

And so you float on and on, day after day, the scenery growing wilder and more beautiful, the towns



Looking Back to Lynn Canal from Inspiration Point

more primitively interesting. A sight you never forget is the visit to Taku Glacier and the icebergs flashing turquoise and sapphire and amethyst that come floating to meet you like a welcoming convoy. For a mile and a half this glacier stretches across the head of Taku Inlet, a wall three hundred feet high of blue-white ice, and back of it rolls a sheet of ice sweeping upward to mountain peaks and the blue sky.

As you near the end of your water trip in the famous Lynn Canal, named by Vancouver for his birthplace in England, you reach a scene of grandeur scarcely believable. For some sixty miles, the route lies between towering gray walls that rise in some places 6,000 feet sheer from the water's edge. Waterfalls leap exultantly down their steep sides and great glaciers wind in shining beauty through ravine and gorge. Here and there as the

walls drop away to lower levels, you see in the distance range upon range of mountains clothed in green on their lower slopes, mistily blue in their middle reaches, dazzlingly white on their snow-crowned summits.

"Soapy" Smith's Dramatic Career

And then Skagway is reached and another wonderland lies ahead. At all the towns at which the boat has stopped, one has time to go ashore, see the North at home, chat with the people, for they are glad to talk with you, and glimpse a corner of the globe that has its distinctive modes of living and working. At Skagway, this opportunity to wander about affords unusual enjoyment, for this town has a history unique in the North. In the gold rush of '98, it was the point of departure for the frenzied thousands that poured into the

Klondike from all parts of the world, and as one strolls about he hears many tales of the feverish days of '98 and sees many reminders of those hectic times. One of these is the grave of "Soapy" Smith, perhaps the most notorious character of the period. Soapy, so called because of a trick of less prosperous days of appearing to wrap a five-dollar bill along with a cake of soap sold for a few cents, controlled a gang of men that terrorized the town. Those going in were robbed of their funds, those coming out, of their "finds." Murder was not balked at if necessary to secure the booty. The depredations of the gang were giving the town such a bad name that finally the better element decided that the lawlessness must come to an end. As a result, "Soapy" himself was shot and Frank Reid, the man who "got him" was mortally wounded. The graves of both are in the little cemetery, a spot tourists are apt to visit since it helps to make real to one's imagination the thrilling events of those turbulent times.

Skagway, however, has pleasanter attractions for those who do not care for the tragic. Its gardens are an amazing and colorful delight. The town has been called "The Flower City of Alaska" and one finds here sweet peas nine feet high, dahlias ten inches in diameter. Pansies are often three inches across and other blooms are of an equally unusual size. In fact, at the towns en route are many evidences of Alaska's astounding fertility. The vegetation at Juneau is almost tropical in its luxuriance. At Haines are raised strawberries that have taken prizes in the States for delicious flavor. Those who have thought of Alaska as the Frozen North find here a world little dreamed of.

Many side trips around Skagway offer varied experiences, but the one that should not be missed is Along the Trail of '98 into the "interior." If time is short, one can take the trip as far as Bennett only or West Taku Arm or Whitehorse. All the steamship companies allow time for a peep at the interior even on the briefest stopovers, and it should not be omitted. But if at all possible, one should go still farther and plan to take one of the longer trips, to Atlin, Dawson, or the Yukon River Circle Tour. Lovely as has been the Inside Passage and the picturesque towns en route, all this is but a foretaste of the sublime grandeur of the interior of Alaska and intimate contact with Nature in her truly primeval dress.

Spectacular White Pass

The building of the railroad through the White Pass was an engineering feat of stupendous magnitude, an impossibility, said many when it was first proposed. Airplanes were a Utopian dream in those days, yet those who first discussed the project said nothing but a flying

machine could conquer the gorge. But man's ingenuity and indomitable will at last succeeded.

Up and up the engine pants, around outthrusts of rock, over chasms, along the edge of canyons where, to locate the grade, men were suspended by ropes. Terraces of bare rock rise steeply. Jagged peaks soar into the blue sky. Waterfalls leap three thousand feet down mountainsides, and you realize as never before how beautiful these great cascading falls of water are. Great glaciers gleam, their dazzling white against the blue sky an epic of beauty. It is a world of peak and precipice, of bare, bleak mountain steeps and snow-filled gorges, of tumbling cascades and deep ravines. Through a tunnel and over a cantilever bridge, the most northerly in the world, the train carefully creeps, and finally out on the level plateau on the top. No matter where you may have travelled, you feel that never in any twenty miles has been crowded such stupendous scenery. The world has seemed on end and you crawling up its side, like a fly on a window pane, except that you are not mounting on your own power but in a comfortable Observation Car, and on this window pane, Nature, the master artist, has painted one of her most glorious canvases.

One sees here and there the trail of the gold seekers worn into the hard granite by the feet of the thousands who toiled over this rugged way bowed under the loads they carried, urged on by the hunger for gold. At one point old White Pass City is visible, now only a few dilapidated shacks, but during the gold rush a confusion of ten thousand people, as many or more horses and mules, tons of supplies, dogs, anything and everything that this wild mob brought on its rush for the gold fields beyond. Leading upward from it and to be seen from the train is Dead Horse Gulch where animals by the thousands gave up the struggle and left their bones to bleach on the trail.

From the summit, the train merrily speeds onward past a little slender lake claimed by many to be the source of the Yukon River, on past other lakelets and sparkling streams until Lake Bennett comes into view. Here it was that the army of stampedeers who had toiled through the White Pass halted and built their boats for the trip onward, the strangest flotilla that ever braved a watery world. Many of the builders had had no experience whatever in such work and the crafts were square, oblong, triangular, any old shape, any old size. They travelled sidewise, any way so they got there. It is said that at one time eight hundred of these started forth on the cruise through lakes, streams, whirlpools and rapids. As you hear these tales, you cannot but think of the madness of men when gold crazed, and as the train today rolls along this beautiful lake for twenty-six miles, you try to picture the wild drama enacted here, until finally Carcross is reached, picturesquely called by the



Looking South Along Lake Bennett, Showing White Mountain

Indians Caribou Crossing, the point of departure by boat for West Taku Arm, one of the short trips, and for Lake Atlin. One begins to touch the primeval at Carcross, for here are log cabins, a fox farm, and many of the wilderness aspect of life. But interesting as they are, if Lake Atlin is one's destination, one is all a-tiptoe to see this marvelous sheet of water, some eighty miles in length, almost as far as from New York to Philadelphia, lying serene and placid in this far northern corner of the world, hemmed in by snow-crowned mountains, and with a great glacier at one end that sweeps its gleaming sheet of ice seemingly up to the very heavens.

The Unusual Beauties of Lake Atlin

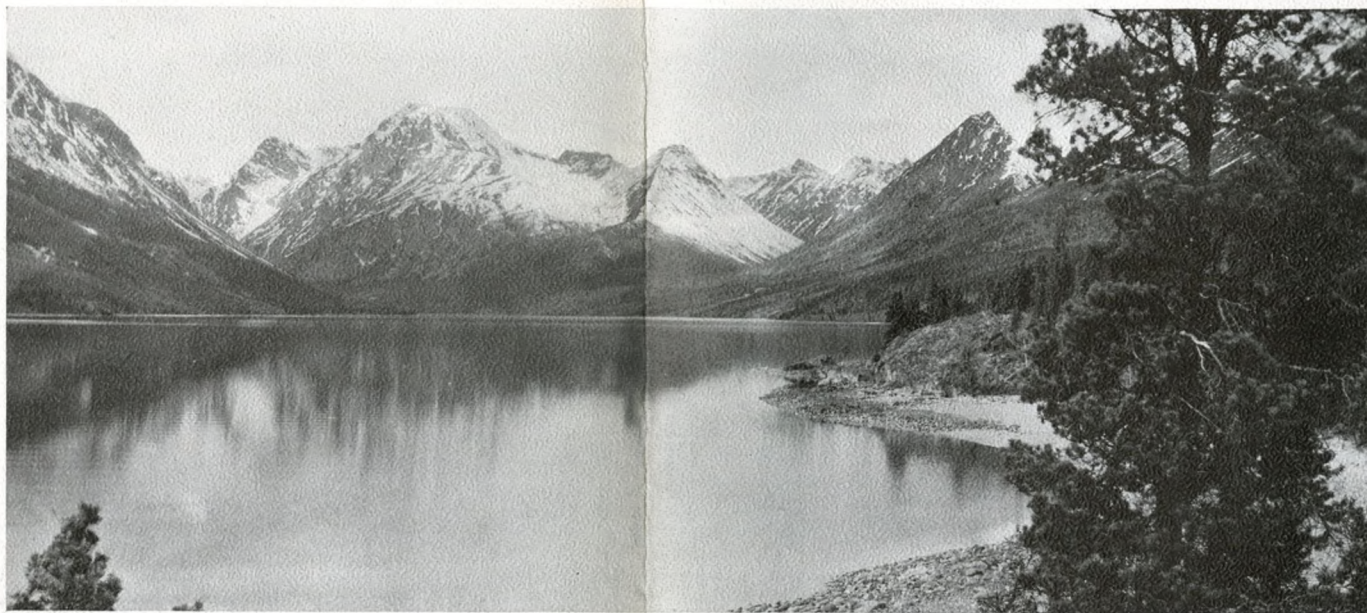
One seems gliding into a world of peace as the boat gently moves out from the dock. Low green hills rise from the shoreline backed in the distance by encircling

snow peaks. The waters are an exquisite blue, touched with rose as night comes on, and reflecting in their placid bosom the green of spruce, the gray of rock, the snowy loveliness of higher ranges. The reflections of this region are noted. One can scarcely tell whether he is travelling through sky or water, for where the shoreline ends and the water line begins is difficult to discern.

Old trails of gold rush times are seen, mines, perhaps a big moose swimming leisurely across some inlet, a thing of beauty in its fearless grace. A short portage is made and thence our journey lies across beautiful Lake Atlin, a vision of loveliness unsurpassed in the world, to the little town of Atlin and its comfortable inn.

Atlin Inn which welcomes the traveller is a delightful, homelike place with a big lounge and smoking room, modern comforts, delicious meals, music, dancing,

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The Encircling Mountains of Lake Bennett

bridge, whatever one may wish in the way of present day amusements. Yet from its windows you see one of the most glorious scenic spectacles, this old world knows, and from its doors you step into an enchanting primeval little town. The streets of the village are wide and grassy, in reality winding roads powdered with wild flowers, among them being bluebells exquisite in their azure shade, and wild roses with pink buds that make a ravishing color scheme, the biggest and pinkest to be found the world over, said Burbank, lupines, and scores of others. In little shops and homes hang priceless pelts brought in by the fur trappers, enormous bear skins, lynx, fox, wolverine, marten, ermine. They come straight from the wilderness and one sees them in all that exquisite beauty of shading that makes them a picture of the sunshine and shadow of snowy winter woods, and which, seen in this environment, seems fresher and far lovelier than when scrutinized in metropolitan stores. An Indian village offers the sights and sounds of nomadic life and one can see here moose and deer skins in the process of being cured. There are delightful hikes farther afield and motor rides out to mines where one sees various phases of gold mining. And ever upon one's return to the Inn that spirit-lifting spectacle from its windows of a great, serene sheet of water reflecting the sunny green of lower slopes, the bare mountainsides of its steeper banks, and high peaks, snow crowned. And when the fragile surface of this marvelous mirror is

broken by a breeze, the dancing life of crested wave and rainbow ripple has equal charm.

Exploring a Glacier

One of the most glorious trips is the steamer journey around the lake through narrow winding channels, along the base of lofty Cathedral Mountain, named because of its resemblance to the spires of a Gothic cathedral, and whose lovely lines and glistening snow peaks are reflected in the water, and at one point in view of glorious Llewellyn Glacier which fills the entire southern horizon with its awe-inspiring beauty. The trip to this glacier is a never-forgotten experience, the kind one seldom gets in these prosaic days. In a launch, one speeds over the sapphire and jade waters, feeling as if he is flying through the clouds so marvelous is the sky reflection. Mountains soar on all sides, and one's spirits soar with them. Through picturesque channels the boat glides, by little wooded islands, past shores brilliant with flowers, the moss campion with its green, mossy coat starred thickly with rose-hued blossoms being abundant, on and on until at last you sweep into a silent, silvery fiord where rock walls rise sheer and gray and waterfalls flash in silvery beauty down their sides, and purple and gold and rose colored flowers cling wherever they can gain foothold. Not a ripple breaks the surface of the satiny water, not a sound the primeval stillness, unless it be the musical ripple of the waterfalls, or the melody of some

happy bird. The boat comes to rest at a little beach at the end.

The climb up on the glacier is thrilling. One seems surrounded by a world of diamonds, as prismatic hues flash from the snowy slopes stretching in all directions until hemmed in by enfolding mountains. From the depths of crevasses comes the musical tinkle of melting ice, and the eye is greeted with the most exquisite of blazing blue tones. The air is bracing, the sky a canopy of blazing blue. One feels as if walking on top of the world, a world never before known, and a sense of awe thrills him as he realizes that here some of the greatest forces of Nature are at work without turmoil or fret carving out valleys and hills for the ages to come, as in the dim dawn of time they did for the world we now enjoy.

If time permits, a climb to the top of Bold Bluff reveals a sight that gives wings to the spirit. Ten great waterfalls pour down mountainsides on one hand. The sweep of Llewellyn Glacier with its snow-crowned peaks fills the view with its shining beauty on another side. Mountain lakes nestle amid green spruce in a third direction, while below the jade green waters of the fiord lie motionless between their sheer walls.

For the big game hunter, this section abounds in mountain sheep—sometimes they can be seen from the steamer on the lake silhouetted on some peak—deer, moose, bear, and birds of various kinds. The lake is famous for its fish. The whole region is a sportsman's paradise.

In fact, so many and various are the attractions of this Lake Atlin trip that it should not be missed by those who can arrange to include it in their itinerary. It is truly re-creation for body and spirit, and the memory of the gentle, peaceful, primitive charm of the little town, the spectacular grandeur of the mountain scenery, the hikes and other unique outings enjoyed, is a joy and inspiration through the years.

On to Dawson

One murmurs the slogan of the gold seekers, "On to Dawson," as he plans to penetrate still farther this wondrous Northland whose loveliness and unique attractions seen thus far whet the appetite for more. The trip to Dawson continues by train from Carcross. The route winds picturesquely by river and lake with no moment when the outlook is not enjoyable. Then Miles Canyon comes into view which in the days of the gold rush was one of the dreaded places on the trip to the Klondike. It is a place where the waters "rip and roar" and many were the lives lost as prospectors undertook the perilous journey between the sheer gray walls in their clumsy, homemade boats. The torrent sweeps through at terrific speed. In the center is a whirlpool almost one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. From here on, the fall is still greater and the current tears onward at a

furious pace. One thinks with awe of the courage of those who dared these unknown billows in their unwieldy craft. Beyond the Canyon are the equally dangerous Whitehorse Rapids with their seething froth, fury and hidden rocks. In fact, the toll of life became so terrible that finally the Royal Canadian Mounted Police took the matter in hand, appointed pilots, without whom no boat could go through, and forbade women passengers.

Looking into Jaws of Death

At Whitehorse, the rail journey ends. Automobiles can be secured to take one out for a "close up" of these dangerous waters. A suspension bridge spans Miles Canyon so that one can look down into these veritable "jaws of death." And as he sees in imagination those boats tearing madly through, sees some going down, hears the cry of the drowning, he realizes as never before the perils of pioneering and the value of heritage that is his today built by the courage and endurance of brave-souled men and women.

Whitehorse is a pleasant little wilderness town with something of the open, flowery charm of Atlin. One has the opportunity here to see the barracks of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, famous the world over for the respect for the law this organization breeds wherever it exerts its authority. The old log church is also inter-



Caribou in Yukon River, Photographed from Dawson Steamer

esting for in its study Robert Service penned his "Songs of a Sourdough."

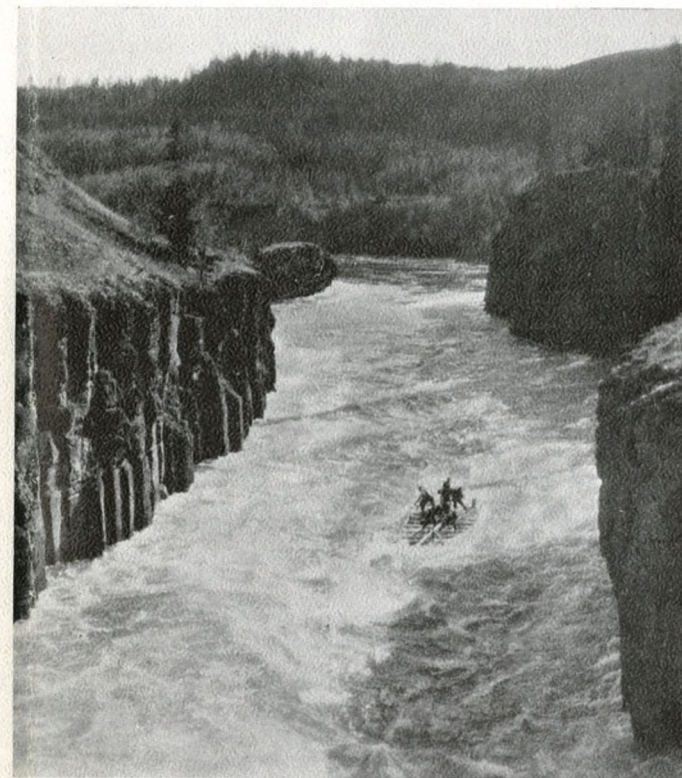
Big game preserves are near here, some of the best on the continent, and big game hunters find here sport of a character to satisfy the most exacting. Moose, caribou, mountain sheep, grizzlies—silver tips they are called in Alaska—and other wild animal life abound. Capable guides can be secured, frontiersmen who in themselves are no small part of the enjoyment of the expedition. A bracing climate, magnificent scenery, and an entourage that rolls a dozen "Virginians" into one, make the trip a unique experience.

Down the Mighty Yukon

But for those not interested in sport the thrill of the trip lies ahead, the journey down the mighty Yukon River to that town which saw the wildest scenes the history of gold stampedes knows. Even the most sophisticated of globe trotters cannot but feel his heart beat a trifle faster as the boat slips smoothly away from its pier at Whitehorse into that great stream that flows vast, lonely, silent, through an Arctic wilderness to empty into Arctic waters thousands of miles distant. He has, however, no sense of loneliness himself. He is on a modern floating palace. From an Observation Room with big, easy chairs he can view the scenery in comfort. The table is loaded with delicacies, and often the delicious meat of moose, caribou, bear, or mountain sheep, figures on the menu. There are few unique river trips left in this complex modern world and certainly none so accessible, so comfortable, and yet affording such a plunge into the wilderness, as this.

High cut banks hem the river in at the start, lovely in their pale yellowish coloring and with spear-tipped spruces bordering their tops, the water reflecting in trembling lines their slender grace. When the high banks drop down to flatter levels, one gets sweeps of grassy shores brilliant with wild flowers and in the distance azure blue and snow-capped mountains. Then out into Lake Le Barge the boat sweeps, a placid sheet of water lovely in its silver peacefulness and with a special interest as the setting of Robert Service's poem "Sam McGee." Then comes the narrow, tortuous Thirty Mile River and one enjoys watching the skillful guidance of the boat, as he does throughout the trip, for the Yukon captains are seasoned men at their work and almost know the language of the water as it ripples over bars or flows silently over greater depths.

The mouths of many tributaries are passed and some of the bars where gold was discovered before the strike on the Klondike. Clusters of log houses are seen bearing the name of a settlement. Sometimes stops are made, sometimes the mail is simply tossed ashore. At all landings an interesting sight always is the dogs who come



Shooting Dice With Death—Miles Canyon

racing as soon as the boat whistle is heard and who stand on the bank or plunge into the water and wait with expectant hungry faces for the food thrown them by the ship's cook.

The Thrill of Five Finger Rapids

Various landmarks on the river arouse interest—Eagle Nest Rock, a great bare bluff almost 1,500 feet high where eagles nest. Tantalus Bluff, so called because, due to the windings of the stream, it has a way of appearing and disappearing without ever seeming to come nearer. A feature always of tremendous interest is Five Finger Rapids. The banks of the river slope steeply upward. In the center of the stream a huge rock seems to block the way. Ahead, islands picturesquely dot the waters. It is a beautiful scene and the racing waters add a thrill. The boat plunges ahead, seemingly straight for the rock, and just as a crash seems inevitable, it swings nonchalantly away as if saying, "The trick's easy when you know how," and then on into the foaming waters of the Rink Rapids which give another thrill as one seems cascading down a shining water hill.

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The scenery grows increasingly wild and primitive. The crater of an extinct volcano is seen. Larger streams flow in, one the Pelly River, and one begins to come into contact with the early history of the Yukon before the discovery of gold brought it into prominence, for it was far not the coveted metal that first enticed the white man into this section. Down the Pelly came Robert Campbell, a factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, who had been exploring in the far north. Crossing from the region of the Mackenzie River, he came upon the headwaters of a stream he named the Pelly in honor of the Governor of the Company and floated down until it united with the Yukon, then of course unnamed and unknown. Here he established a trading post, Fort Selkirk, later burned by the Indians. After its destruction, he journeyed to London to urge the Company to rebuild it, a distance of eleven thousand miles, three thousand of which were done on snowshoes in the dead of winter through a trackless wilderness. As one sees the modern settlement built near the site of the old fort, he gazes on the place with keen interest and realizes that the business man of years gone by put over things quite as big and courageous as those achieved today. The men who established these posts on the Yukon travelled some five thousand miles over an unknown country, taking all their supplies by canoe, primitive carts across the prairies, and on the backs of helpers from one waterway to another, conquering the hardships of blizzards, Arctic winters, tundra bogs, and the ever unforeseen happenings of the unknown to reach their far-flung Arctic destinations. The romance of these courageous adventurers is as great as that of the gold seekers. One's own trip becomes all the more interesting as he touches this long ago history and thinks upon what these men must have endured.

Miners drop off at various stopping places and trudge off on a prospecting trip, pack on their back, face alight with hope. One of the most interesting features of the river trip is the meeting with sourdoughs, cheechakos, and other frontier characters. Fascinating are the tales they tell, if you get them in a reminiscent mood, of experiences in the far North, of hardship, human kindness when least expected, shifts for amusement, "strikes," fights with grizzlies and other wild animals. It's "real stuff" not superheated fiction, and truth outstrips man's imaginings by many a league.

One may be so fortunate as to see a caribou migration. When great herds of this graceful animal are swimming the river, it is necessary sometimes for the boat to make a landing and wait until they have crossed. And seen en masse on the shore their antlers are like a forest on the march.

Victoria Rock, a landmark that shows the profile of a dignified old lady, offers a picture puzzle contest as to



Inspiration Point

Glacier Loop

Lawton Glacier

Site of Old White Pass City

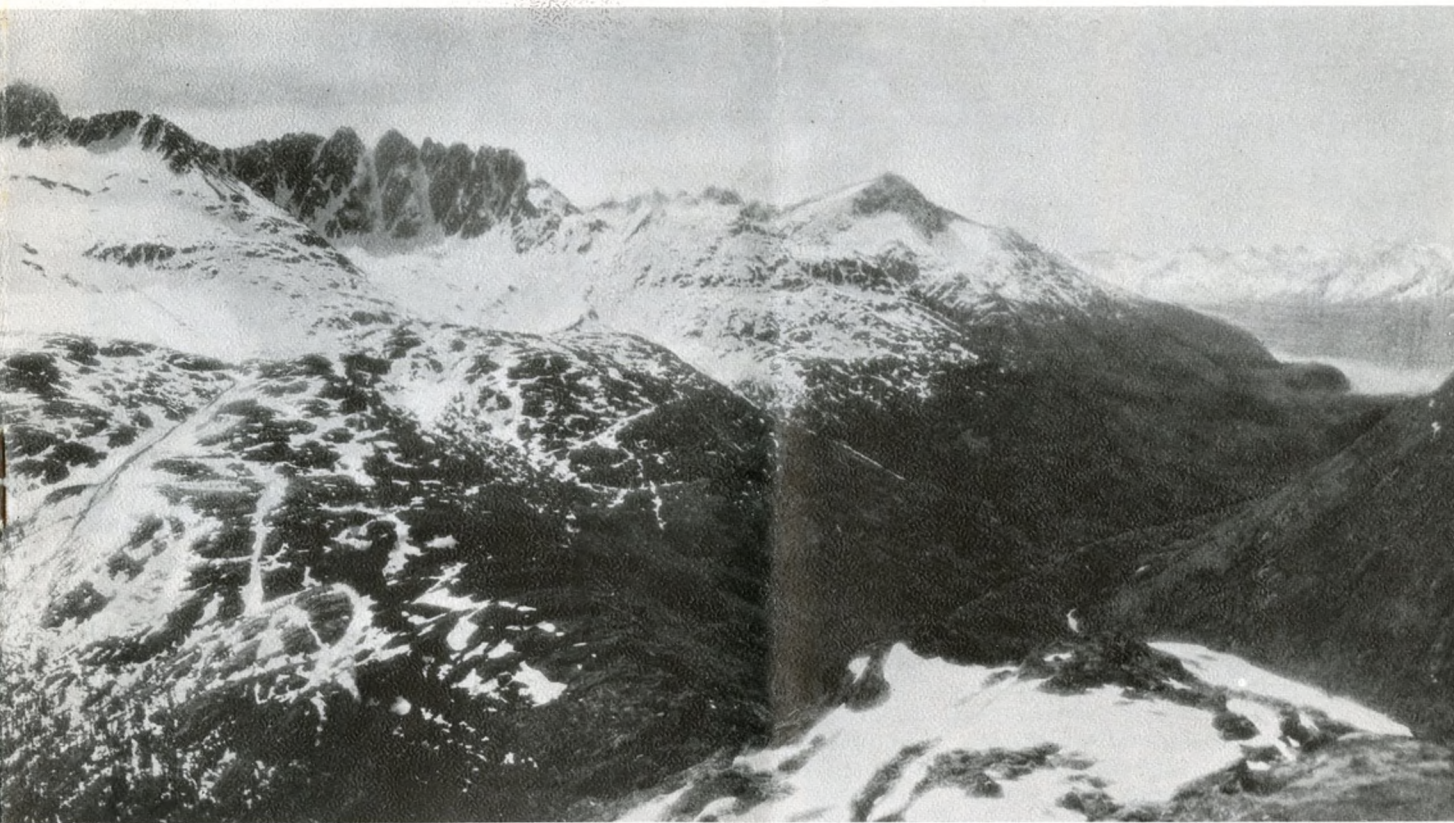
FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE WHITE PASS TO THE SEA

who shall first make out her lineaments. The Upper Ramparts of the Yukon are another interesting section. Here, great bastion-like walls form the banks of the river for miles, the sheer drop of the precipitous face and the level top with the great river flowing between impressing with the sense of power and strength. Farther on, two large streams join the Yukon, one the White River receiving its name from the large amount of glacial sediment and volcanic ash washed in that gives its grayish white color; and the other, the Stewart, named for one of the Hudson's Bay Company workers.

Clasping Hands with History

All through this section, discoveries of gold were made before the rich strike on the Klondike. These finds brought trading posts, many of them founded by three of the best known traders of those early days, Harper, Mayo, and McQuesten. The latter has been called the "Father of the Yukon." Arthur Harper was the first

man who thought of trying the Yukon as a mining field, according to Mr. Ogilvie, the first Governor of the Yukon Territory. In his search for the metal, he met McQuesten and Mayo, and as none of them were very successful in their gold quest, they eventually took up trading. Harper lived in the region some twenty years and prospected over much of the country excepting the Klondike, but never reaped the riches under his feet and eventually died in Yuma, Arizona, of tuberculosis. But he never lost faith in the section and that it had wealth for those fortunate enough to find it. Results proved his vision correct. The three, however, did have much to do with opening up the country and left their impress for good on it in this way, even though they did not personally enrich themselves as did others. Their willingness to grubstake prospectors, the gossip of possible finds and the stories of strikes heard in their posts, all had its influence in the development of the region. One sees and hears much of their pioneer work on this river



Sawtooth Mountains

Dome Mountain

Skagway

— PART OF WHITE PASS & YUKON RAILWAY LINE

trip for wherever there was a strike, they established a post and many of the settlements seen today were originally their trading stations. Mayo, the third of the trio, has recently been honored by having a camp on the Stewart River named after him. It is rapidly becoming recognized as one of the richest silver and lead deposits of the country.

Robert Campbell, the intrepid conqueror of the continent on snowshoes, knew there was gold in the region roundabout the posts he established, but his business was to get furs and he attended strictly to it. Another Hudson's Bay Company clerk writing home of his work in collecting furs said, "There is a small river not far from here that the minister saw so much gold on that he could have gathered it with a spoon. I have often wished to go," and then he concludes with the amazing statement, "but I can never find time." There spoke the Englishman's fidelity to duty. He did the job he was there to do.

Thus restfully but never monotonously, the two days of the trip glide by. The tonic air, the sweep of sky and snow-capped mountains, mighty river and occasional green, flower-carpeted plain, the primitive life glimpsed, the comfort of one's floating home, and the varied and delicious meals served, combine to make a never-to-be-forgotten journey. Then a great dome looms ahead with a scar that resembles a mammoth moosehide and Dawson of the golden sands is reached.

One always longs to pick up a gold nugget in Alaska. To be sure, one can buy them but that is not like finding one, casual like, in the soil. One is not likely to do so but he goes about thrilled with the hope. And surely the place of places to discover it is Dawson. Millions upon millions have been taken from here. "It was so thick it was like chicken feed tossed upon the ground," has said a prospector of the gold rush days. And when one realizes what was "cleaned up" then, one can readily believe the statement.

One sees many evidences of these feverish times. Some of the old dance halls still remain where, after months of the most gruelling toil, miners would throw away in one night their entire gains to some dance favorite or in some game of chance. Many of today's residents were among the stampedeers and will tell you tales of hardship and heroism that make you wonder at man's endurance and thrill at his pluck. People flocked here from the four corners of the globe, coming over the trail we have followed, steaming up the Yukon from its mouth, "mushing" over Arctic wildernesses from the north. The town was a seething mob. It had been but a frozen swamp, and the newcomers lived in the boats in which they had travelled down the Yukon, in tents, in log houses, any how and anywhere. Bottles—and there were plenty of them—were set into the crude window frames of primitive homes for glass. Food supplies ran low. One man made his fortune by raising vegetables, though he was laughed at when he started for thinking anything would grow in the frozen soil. But he was paid six dollars a dozen for stalks of celery, forty cents a pound for turnips, and his "strike" was quite as profitable as some of those on the creeks.

Out to the Gold Creeks

But it is the site of those rich strikes that holds the chief interest for visitors today. One can visit it in comfort by auto, or if he is a good hiker can walk as did the miners in the olden days. The very names of the creeks thrill—Discovery, Bonanza, King Solomon, Ready Bullion—and bring back the amazing scenes of those times when men worked like mad panning, thawing the ground, operating bucket and windlass, their little shacks dotting the landscape, the air thick with smoke from the fires for thawing, cooking their meals in the most primitive fashion, sleeping on hard wooden bunks. They toiled through bogs and blizzards to their claims, the temperature in winter from forty to sixty degrees below freezing. The shovel with which they dug out their fortune was often also their frying pan. Such dishes as they had were seldom washed. From fifty to one hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold might be stowed away in the sordid cabins in which they lived. And then often the result of all this hard work and wretched existence would be flung away in one night's orgy. It was a mad, mad world.

As one gazes on the scene of perhaps the craziest mob life the world has known, one cannot but speculate as to what has become of the fortunes amassed here and tries to vision the ambitions that seethed and surged quite as tumultuously as did humanity. Not all were reckless with their gains. One man who was known scarcely ever to rest from his work was toiling to secure enough to pay off a mortgage on the house back in the States.

One thinks of the home, the wife with her thoughts ever with him, the children talking of "daddy" and the gold he was finding. One hopes he succeeded.

Today, the district is being re-worked with modern machinery and another rich clean-up is being secured. Dredges are slowly eating their way up these historic old creeks, or great hydraulic streams are literally washing away the hillsides. It is a scene of wild desolation, great jets of water everywhere, deep gullies, piles of tailing, shacks of workers, electric power turning wheels, driving pumps and dredges, lighting the place at night. One is enabled to see here now modern placer gold mining in its most efficient form and to study two of its most widely used methods, hydraulicking and dredging, all vastly interesting and informative. One of the most stupendous of the present achievements was the bringing of water for all this work some seventy miles over mountains, morasses, ravines, and valleys. In engineering difficulties overcome, the project was almost akin to the building of the Panama Canal.

The man responsible for the discovery of gold here did not receive the richest returns, as is often the case. Robert Henderson who had prospected in many parts of this section had found "colors" on Gold Bottom Creek. True to the unwritten miners' code, he told some men of his find when he met them as he was returning to camp from a trip for supplies. After a few days they decided to join him. On the way, they shot a moose. One of them while washing a piece of it in a creek saw gold in greater quantities than it had ever been found. Claims were staked, the news spread, the while

Henderson across the divide remained ignorant of the world-astounding discovery he had been the means of causing. He did not learn of it until much of the richest ground had been taken.

Dawson's Other Attractions

Though the golden history of Dawson may be first in one's thought, the town has interesting attractions for the sightseer other than the mines. One of these is Robert Service's cabin. It is a rustic affair situated on the slope of a hill that gives a fine view of the town, the river, and the mountains across the stream. Another interesting place to visit is the headquarters of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police where one may see how the men live and perhaps hear thrilling stories of their adventures in this land where almost anything can happen.

The town itself is unusually pleasant. The people are flower lovers and everywhere blossoms riot. Wild flowers add their lovely note, wild mustard, wild roses, bluebells, and the glowing rosy fireweed making a veritable pageant of color. The gardener of the early days has had many followers and vegetables are grown in abundance. There are shops filled with wondrous furs, others with unique curios, many fine administration buildings, for Dawson is the capital of the Yukon Territory, and farther afield, interesting hikes to the big dome back of the town and to the Indian village. The time here can well be filled with the sights of this world-famous city of the North.

For those whose objective has been Dawson, the return trip to Whitehorse emphasizes afresh the places of interest seen and discovers



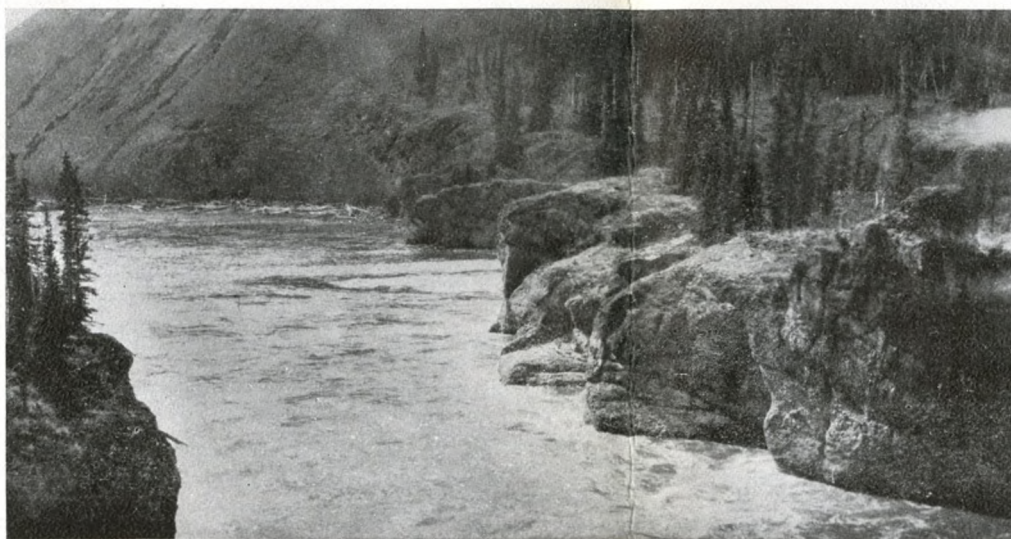
On the Yukon River En Route to the Klondike

charms that may have been overlooked. The time schedule is such that one sees on the return trip places passed before in the night, thus giving to some extent a new journey. The trip against the current also takes a little longer, so that one has the opportunity to see more intimately the scenes passed and more time for rest.

Into the Heart of the Primeval

And now the great Arctic wilderness lies ahead through which rolls one of the mightiest rivers of the world. If one has planned to take the Yukon River Circle Tour, he thrills at the thought of penetrating this "Lonely Land" which yet to the traveller on a spacious steamer with jolly companions, music, dancing, bridge, is not lonely. One can scarcely think of a trip like it in the world, clasping hands with the primeval yet doing it with the utmost comfort—and may one say it?—with cleanliness and sanitation as well. So many of the places one finds off the beaten track today need a good housecleaning and fumigation to make them acceptable to the traveller.

As the boat glides from the dock at Dawson and this wonder journey begins, the landscape ahead is a delightful commencement. A rocky point runs out into the river above which a mountain towers majestically. The stream seems to be running into a cul-de-sac and you say to yourself, "Whither now?" But the steamer slips around headlands, glides between high, rocky walls, and swings out into the broad river.



Five Finger Rapids — On the Way to Dawson

This section is full of the romance and history of early days. A short distance beyond Dawson is the site of old Fort Reliance, a Hudson's Bay Company post long before Dawson came into existence. From it distances were reckoned and early settlements accordingly named. Thus we have Forty Mile, Sixty Mile, and so on. Forty Mile which is soon reached is the oldest gold camp in the North and the "Forty Milers" stand out in Yukon history as do the "Forty-niners" in Californian annals. One's thought runs backward to various groups whose names have lent picturesqueness and color to the pages of American history, the Pilgrims, the Quakers, and others, and whose deeds have had much to do with the making of our nation, and he feels these "Forty Milers" can proudly take their place beside them as having done their part in the development of the country. They not only discovered this section to the world but they had to devise new ways of mining, for different methods had to be adopted for the Frozen North from those used elsewhere. The Forty Mile River which empties into the Yukon here is a stream of twists and curves and on some stretches is called the Kink. Even today, it yields its golden harvest and prospectors who are "broke" find it a never failing source of grubstakes. One realizes here also the terrific difficulties encountered in the early days before transportation was on its present basis. Mail was taken to Valdez, far away on the western coast, brought overland and that means by way of the Copper River country, crossing high mountains, glaciers, morasses, and other of Alaska's barriers, to the headwaters of the Forty Mile River, thence down stream to the Yukon and by boat in summer and dog team in winter to its destination which might still be a thousand or so miles distant. It seemed a task almost beyond the power of man to accomplish. But he did it.

Stories of Past Frontier Life

As interesting as the romance one dwells on in thought, as the boat glides onward, is the romance right at hand in the passengers on board. Not all are tourists. Quite a sprinkling are residents of the country and many are the thrilling stories one hears. A grizzled sourdough tells of an encounter with a bear. "She was some bar," he concludes, "and I nearly saw Kingdom Come," and he shows the scars of the fierce encounter. A piano tuner describes his work. Dreamy eyed, he is, as he gazes on the scenery slipping past. Into many of the little settlements he goes, bringing back melody to some mute piano or to strings jangled out of tune, and the incidents he gives of the difficulties overcome to get a piano or organ into the wilderness show the love of music that reigns here. An old gold hunter who as a lad had come to California after the rush of '49 describes, with eyes lighted

with unquenchable enthusiasm, his claim near the Arctic Circle. He is well over eighty but he is sure he will strike it rich yet. It is also thrilling to learn that here in this out of the way corner of the globe was at one time a mission under the care of Bishop Bompas, son of Sergeant Bompas from whom Dickens drew his character of Buzfuz in "Pickwick Papers." One's contacts carry thought in many directions.

As the boat steams onward, we cross the International Boundary between British and American territory. Yukon Territory in which we have been journeying since crossing the summit of the White Pass is Canadian, but one thinks little of these matters. The old boundary line, marked by a wide, straight clearing in the timber, surveyed by William Ogilvie who later became first Governor of the Yukon Territory, and the one recently made which showed the first to be twenty-five feet within the Canadian province, can both be seen from the steamer. A whistle is blown to indicate when the line is crossed. A high rock at the water's edge called Boundary Bluff is near the line.

Eagle is the first stop in American territory. Snow mountains in the distance make a pleasing background for the little town of log houses and some few administration buildings. Quite modern is the large radio station and an airport. Furs are now sent out by plane and messages wing their way on air waves. One gazes on the primeval as to the aspects of Nature, but science has laid her efficient finger on this faraway spot and brought it into immediate contact with the great throbbing world.

From Eagle onward, the river runs for many miles between high, sheer walls, impressive in their grandeur. The tops in the main are level as a board, though at some places they rise into jagged peaks. The fronts are eroded into bastion-like formations with deep canyons and gulches between. Far in the distance rise snow-



Looking Across the Lake to Atlin Mountains

covered mountains. The river is swift. Not a sign of human habitation is to be seen. For countless miles to the far distant mountains stretches a primeval forest. One of the bluffs is folded and crumpled into strata upon strata of color and has been called Calico Bluff because of its resemblance to a great piece of this well known fabric. Various small settlements and streams that empty into the Yukon are passed. Star City, Nation, Fourth of July Creek, Washington Creek, bespeak the patriotism of the early settlers. It is all ruggedly beautiful, the great, silent river, the tremendous bluffs, the little primitive settlements making a scene soothing of the spirit with its quiet, strong beauty yet full of unique interest.

This is also a section full of wild animals, and one may get a momentary thrill by the sight of a caribou, mother and calf swimming across the river. Or perhaps a family of bears along shore may amuse by their antics, or on some near-by peak mountain sheep may be silhouetted against a vivid blue sky, for the weather throughout the interior is usually apt to be clear, the sky a marvelous turquoise, and the sunshine golden. One of Alaska's moose, the largest in the world, may be seen swimming a stream, a picture of vigorous beauty. And as one gazes on these animals of today, gigantic as many of them are, he recalls that in prehistoric times great

mastodons roamed this section, for miners in their search for gold have uncovered their remains. Coal is found here, showing that at one time a luxuriant vegetation flourished. One speculates as to the tremendous upheaval that wiped out this overflowing life and fused the gold and silver and copper that here vein the earth with richness.

Where Flourished a Great Log Cabin City

But the boat is gliding on and Circle City soon comes into view, at one time the largest log cabin city in the world. It received its name because when founded it was thought to be on the Arctic Circle, but that is yet some miles ahead. When gold was struck in the Klondike, Circle City lost its prominence and to a large extent its people. It also looked as if it was to lose its food. Before the building of the railroad through the White Pass, all supplies came up the Yukon by boat and Dawson, being the one place on the map after the strike, almost all freight was billed straight through. Consequently the intermediate places suffered. One year the last boat up for the season stopped at Circle for wood and found, as it drew up, all the male inhabitants awaiting it decorated with every kind of firearm procurable. The Captain was asked if he had any supplies for Circle and upon stating that the cargo was booked through to Dawson, was told that the correct destination of the consignment was Circle and that he was to unload immediately. He called upon a United States Army officer

who was on board to uphold him, who did his best to convince the settlers that it would be wise to let the freight proceed to its proper destination. But hungry men with hungry wives and children in the background are not going to let food slip through their fingers. The supplies were unloaded, and Circle City ate through a long dark winter.

One sees here the buildings of the Northern Commercial Company which become a familiar sight as one goes onward and which are a link with the early history of the country. When Alaska was purchased by the United States, the Russian Company's trading posts were bought by a San Francisco firm which eventually merging with some independent companies became the "N. C." as it is familiarly called, of today. McQuesten, whose trading activities we have seen on the upper stretches of the river, established a trading post here when gold was discovered in the vicinity. Circle City has in its day known some familiar characters. Joaquin Miller lived here at one time having been sent by a San Francisco paper to cover the Dawson stampede. He came here one winter when it seemed there might be a food shortage at Dawson, possibly the winter when the people of Circle commandeered the supplies of the sister city up the river.

Today the place is but a little collection of log houses and a few stores, perhaps more enjoyable in its primitive aspect than it would be in that of its bustling past. The method of landing at these little river towns is always interesting.

There are no docks or piers, due to the frightful grinding, crashing process when the ice goes out in the spring. This is an amazing sight with the ice upheaved at all angles tearing and crushing the river banks in its jammed fury. Piers would disappear in a twinkling. So the boats head for the bank, turn, seemingly go up stream, and then drift backward. It appears a clumsy proceeding, but the canny Yukon captains know their river and at the psychological moment a deft turn is made, the bank is reached, and a gang plank thrown ashore.

An Unusual Travel Experience

"Wooding up" is another interesting feature of the trip on the river. Wood is used as fuel and is piled by the wood cutters on the river bank. While it is being taken on board, passengers go ashore for a stroll that yields trophies of wild berries and armfuls of lovely blossoms, for many of the grassy meadows where the wood is piled are thick with bluebells, wild roses, purple lupines, rosy fireweed, and other enchanting blooms. Often they have an opportunity for a chat with the wood chopper who is quite apt to be most interesting, and through his eyes one glimpses aspects of life novel and undreamed of. These stops make pleasant breaks in the itinerary.

At Circle City the Yukon Flats begin where the river widens until it seems a great lake dotted with tree-green islands that make it wondrously picturesque and with a maze of channels bewildering to all but the captain. The shores become but a dim line on the horizon, so great is the expanse of water, and for once we lose our accompanying mountains. Through this stretch one is apt to see the strange and unusual spectacle of the midnight sun. June twenty-first is, of course, the longest day of the year, but the sun can be seen at midnight for nearly two weeks prior and after this date, and throughout the summer season it is light almost the night through. The sun seems to sink as elsewhere and there is a glory of rose and gold and purple reflected in the placid waters of the river. Then taking to himself woman's perquisite of changing his mind, or else because he has decided that the earth here is so fair to look upon he cannot leave it, he swings back into sight and we have the faintly delicate, lovely dawn colors. The ordeal of getting up to see the sunrise doesn't exist in Alaska. One stays up to see it and then perhaps goes to bed. Sleep is a negligible matter in this country. One never seems to tire, the air is so bracing. One concludes sleep is nothing but a habit and does not acquire it here.

Having crossed the Arctic Circle one now feels himself "some traveller," and quite the equal of those who have paid due reverence to Father Neptune when crossing the equator. In fact, crossing the Circle is far more comfortable than the other experience for at the equator the heat is sweltering, whereas one is by no means unpleasantly cold in this tonic air of the North.

One of the Old Settlements

Fort Yukon which is next reached is one of the pretentious towns of this part of the river, for this is the oldest English speaking settlement on this upper stretch. It was established in 1847 by Alexander Murray of the Hudson's Bay Company, who crossed the Arctic plain to the Porcupine River and thence down this stream to the Yukon which it enters here. He ante-



Steamship Tutshi Plying to Lake Atlin

dated Campbell's post at Fort Selkirk by a year or so and when Fort Selkirk was burned, Fort Yukon became the chief trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company on the river. The Company was very proud of it and, in the old records, speaks of its commodious buildings, those for officers and men having "smooth floors, open fireplaces, ice and meat wells, glazed windows, plastered walls, gun rooms, and fur press." In 1927, the Winnipeg branch of the Company sent a monument and plates to be erected here bearing the inscription, "To the memory of the Hudson Bay Company's servants, pioneers, explorers, discoverers, who died in the years 1847-1860." After boundary matters were settled and it was found the post was in American Territory, the Company moved their headquarters across the line up the Porcupine River.

The early explorers of the river tell many interesting tales of the place. One, Lieutenant Schwatka, who arrived with food running low speaks of making a salad of the large "buds" of the wild roses and finding it very palatable. He also describes the method of bargaining for furs. To the trader comes an Indian with a lot of furs of inferior quality and a tale of squaw and papooses starving to which the Company's agent listens unmoved. When it is finished, he states what he will give for the furs. The Indian is in despair at the small sum and asks ten times as much. Then begins the bargaining which lasts for hours, the Indian finally accepting the agent's offer. He departs and another follows with exactly the same program. More come, twin brothers as to method. The whole Indian community seem in harrowing straits. By the time all have finished, the first is back with a better lot of pelts and a hard luck tale still more distressing. The same bargaining follows, the same acceptance of the original offer, the same follow-up Indians with their better furs but the same methods. By the time these have been disposed of, back comes the first with really fine furs to be followed by others with their best offerings. Patiently the agent goes through the farce with each, but one would think him a good understudy to Job to repeat such a program a score and more of times as if each rehearsal were entirely new.

One of the attractive sights of the town is the mission school and a hospital maintained by the Protestant Episcopal Church. Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, widely known for his work among the Indians of this section and for his interesting writings about them and the country, was in charge until his death a few years ago. The Indian village here is one of the largest on the Yukon. The hospital is of logs and very pretty with its dainty curtains and touches of flowers. Here at one time Stefansson was nursed back to health after a sojourn in the Arctic during which he became ill. And it was from Fort Yukon that Roald Amundsen flashed

the news of his safety after negotiating the Northwest Passage. One wishes some such news might joyfully startle us again.

But the boat whistle blows and one steams onward. Far to the north, a snow-peaked range shows faintly on the horizon. It is the Endicott Mountains running well toward the Arctic Ocean. One feels he is getting near the top of the world. Tiny settlements are passed occasionally, though for miles one sails without a sign of the habitation of man. It is a restful experience. The low swish of the water, the air, tonic with the purity of primeval forests, the vividly blue sky, the wilderness stretching away on either side for countless miles, the comfort of one's accommodations, lay a magic spell on the spirit. Days drop silently and unnoticed from the calendar of time. One seems in some new world, a world of rest and peace.

Eggs with a "Flavor"

Fort Hamlin, one of the stopping places, has its connection with the gold rush for here at that time freight on the last steamer from the mouth of the Yukon was unloaded and held for the winter, as these steamers could not reach Dawson before the river froze. In the spring, it was reloaded and the journey finished which meant that eggs shipped from Seattle in August reached consumers the following June. Perhaps this is the reason Sourdoughs say that the eggs they get "outside" have no flavor!

The river banks close in again and once more we have the Yukon Ramparts, sometimes called the Lower Ramparts. They are the same steep bluffs eroded into bastion-like effects and traced by wind and water into strange hieroglyphics. After the broad reaches of water, they are a welcome note with the green spruce and poplar and willows that clothe their tops and here and there soften their bare, bleak sides.

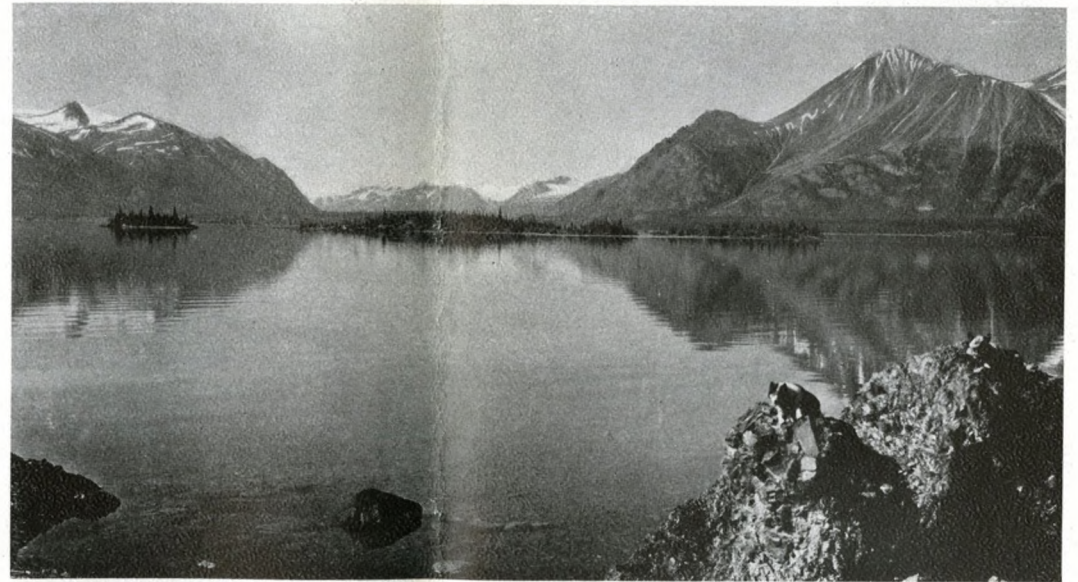
Up the Tanana River

Tanana, the most important town of the middle Yukon, gives opportunity for a delightful stroll past neat log houses with flowers indoors and out.

Some few miles distant at one end is the Indian village and mission and at the other end Fort Gibbon with the broad Yukon rolling in front and mountains on the distant horizon. This point was an important trading post in the early days. Up the river came the Russians and down the stream the Hudson's Bay Company agents to meet the Indians here and bargain for furs.

The steamer leaves the Yukon River here and turns into the Tanana River for Fairbanks. This river is some five hundred miles long and drains a section rich in minerals and with agricultural possibilities. The banks in the main are low, covered with grasses or alders and willows. Occasionally on the horizon, faint, hazy mountains are glimpsed which eventually become a bit more distinct, and on clear days that giant of the North American continent, Mount McKinley, can be seen. Islands dot the stream, wooded headlands project. The scene is peaceful and pleasant and has a gentle beauty that appeals. Small log settlements are passed and sometimes stops made to discharge passengers and freight. Then Nenana is reached, and the unique water trip through the wilderness is ended.

This town sprang into its chief prominence during the building of the government railroad from here to Seward. It is quite modern in aspect compared with the places seen, but one must not expect a metropolis. Here one takes the train for Fairbanks; the most important city of the interior of Alaska, and which had its gold rush, though not so spectacular a one as that of Dawson. It has



View from Atlin Inn, Showing Part of Atlin Lake Explored on a Special Eighty-mile Cruise

ALASKA · ATLIN · AND · THE · YUKON

a number of hotels, many stores, a fine school, and various clubs. There are delightful motor trips to near-by mining operations. Roundabout also are a number of farms where vegetables are raised for the town and the mining settlements and a Government Experimental Farm well worth a visit.

The trip which begins at Fairbanks by the Alaska Railroad to the coast offers beautiful and varied scenery. Mount McKinley Park is passed, and the Kenai Peninsula through which the road runs has been called a pocket Switzerland. Some take this Yukon River Circle Tour by journeying first to Seward, thence over the Alaska Railroad to Fairbanks and Nenana, and then taking the steamer for Whitehorse and the railroad over the White Pass to Skagway, including the side trip to Lake Atlin if desired. Some prefer this up-stream travel as it takes a

bit longer. The Yukon current is strong and the steamer cannot make the same time going up the river as it can coming down. But this enables the traveller to enjoy the far distances more intimately, see the nearer shores and their wealth of flowers and animal life more thoroughly, and to gain even greater rest. We really advise this choice of routes for those who have the time.

Fruitage of an Alaskan Trip

Thus as can be seen, any one of these several trips to Alaska offers day by day pleasures of many kinds. But in addition through all the years to come you will have—

Memory pictures of great, upsoaring mountains that lift the spirit as if with wings.

Memory pictures of placid lakes that rest and soothe by their very peace.



Looking North from Pilot's Knob in West Bay — Lake Atlin

Memory pictures of mighty rivers that thrill with their romantic history and picturesque life.

Memory pictures of wild animals, graceful, unafraid, helping you to feel the kinship of nature.

Memory pictures of the achievements of indomitable men and women that make you take hold of the work in hand with renewed zest.

From the rich treasury of a trip to Alaska one gains these memory pictures, great sweeping canvases of mountains and waterfalls and shining waterways, wild flowers, glowing sunsets, fish leaping in quiet waters, still fiords, delightful companionship, courteous service, all charming bits to ponder over of a quiet evening in the firelight glow.

If the Call of the Wild is sounding in your ears, if the need for health, rest, re-creation is making itself heard

LET ALASKA
GLORIOUSLY
ANSWER IT

Approximate Time Necessary for Round Trip

From Seattle or Vancouver to Atlin, Dawson, or Yukon River Circle Tour.

The time will vary according to steamer to Skagway, time of arrival and departure from Skagway, ports of call and connections at Carcross and Whitehorse.

The length of time necessary for the trip to Atlin and return, including the side trip to Whitehorse, will vary from twelve to seventeen days.

To Dawson and return—seventeen to twenty-five days.

The Yukon River Circle Tour—twenty-five to thirty-four days.

Atlin is taken as a side trip by nearly all those taking the Dawson Round Trip or the Yukon River Circle Tour and another two or three days will need to be added to the times given above for these trips.

Banks

Banks are located as follows:

Skagway—Bank of Alaska.

Whitehorse—Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Dawson—Canadian Bank of Commerce and Bank of Montreal.

ALASKA · ATLIN · AND · THE · YUKON

Travellers' Checks and Funds

Either American or Canadian funds are accepted in Canadian territory.

Travellers' checks issued by banks and express companies are accepted throughout the North by merchants, hotels and the White Pass & Yukon Route.

Table of Distances

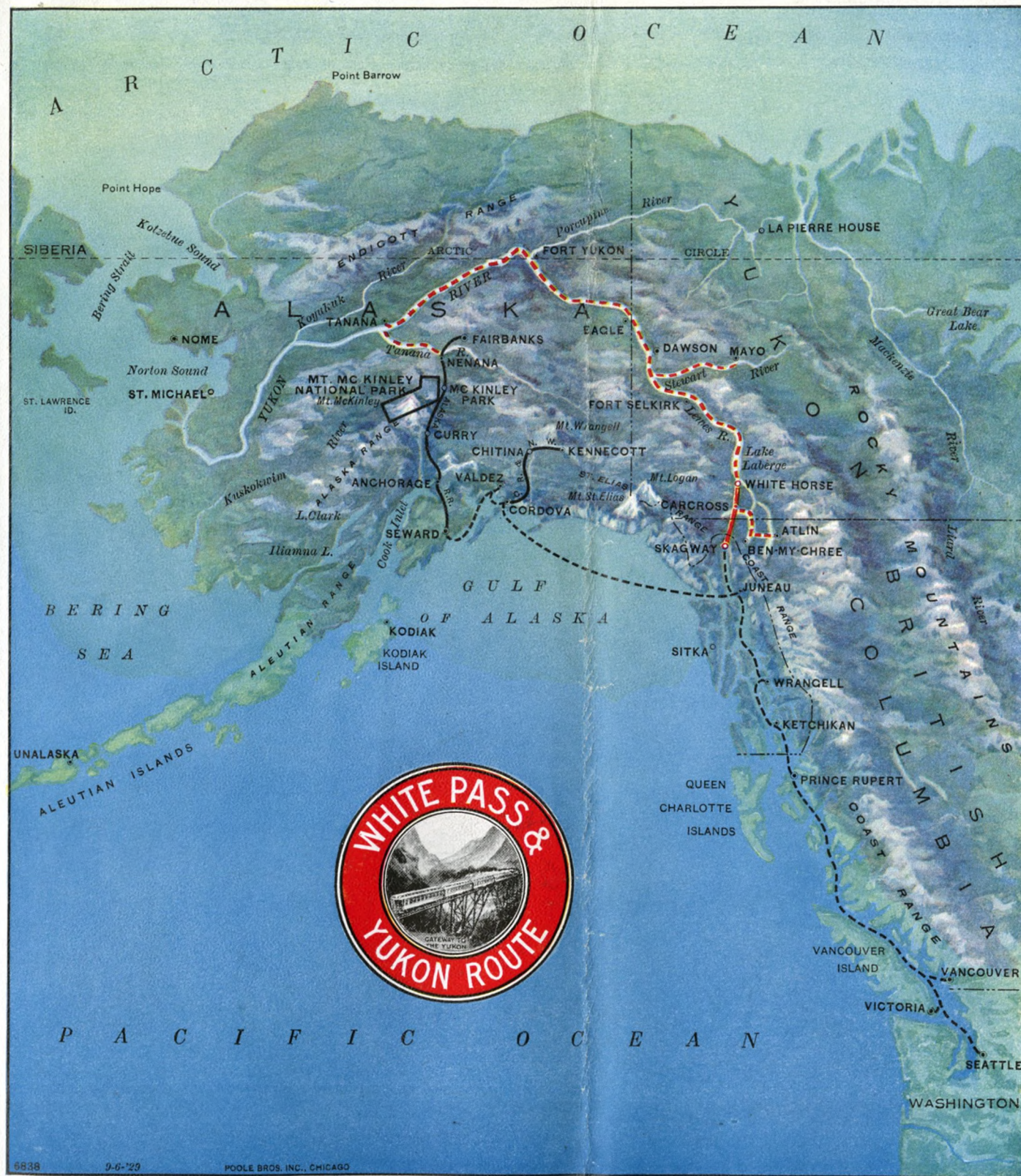
From SKAGWAY to	Miles	From SKAGWAY to	Miles
Seattle	1,000	Foot of Lake LeBarge	170
Victoria	927	Hootalinqua	201
Vancouver	867	Big Salmon River	236
Prince Rupert	433	Little Salmon River	271
Summit of White Pass	21	Five Finger Rapids	337
Bennett	41	Rink Rapids	343
Carcross	68	Yukon Crossing	347
		Selkirk	393
Taku	142	White River	491
Atlin	150	Stewart River	501
		Mayo Landing	680
Whitehorse	111	Sixty-Mile River (Ogilvie)	524
Head of Lake LeBarge	136	Dawson	571

Altitude Above Sea Level

	Feet		Feet
Skagway (Broadway Sta.)	16	Atlin	2,200
Summit of White Pass	2,885		
Log Cabin	2,916	Whitehorse	2,079
Bennett	2,158	Fort Selkirk	1,555
Carcross	2,164	Dawson	1,200



"Big Ones" from Lake Atlin



WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE

Executive and Accounting Departments

H. WHEELER, President and General Manager
2049 Straus Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
407 Douglas Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
G. C. HANS HAMILTON, Vice-President
2049 Straus Bldg., Chicago
C. J. ROGERS, Comptroller
407 Douglas Bldg., Seattle, Wash.
A. C. BLANCHARD, General Auditor, Skagway, Alaska

Traffic Department

J. G. BLANCHARD, General Passenger Agent
407 Douglas Bldg., Seattle, Wash., and Skagway, Alaska
MISS L. ZWERGEL, Eastern Passenger Agent
2049 Straus Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
E. J. FARR, General Agent
311 Marine Bldg., Vancouver, B. C.
G. B. EDWARDS, General Agent, Dawson, Y. T.
J. H. ROGERS, Agent, Skagway, Alaska
J. A. FAIRBORN, Agent, Mayo, Y. T.
R. L. PELTON, Agent, Atlin, B. C.

Operating Department

V. I. HAHN, Supt. Rail Division, Skagway, Alaska
W. D. GORDON, Supt. River Div., Whitehorse, Y. T.
HOWARD ASHLEY, Master Mechanic, Skagway, Alaska

The White Pass & Yukon Route publishes a booklet containing comments of travellers who have made the trip to Alaska, Atlin and the Yukon, which will be found interesting.

Definite and detailed information regarding rates, schedules and reservations will be gladly given by any of the officials of the Traffic Department listed above, or by any railroad or steamship agent, or authorized tourist agency.



The Spirit Lifting Spectacle from Atlin Inn

ALASKA

ATLIN and the YUKON



ALASKA

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