



Alaska *and the* Yukon



▼ WHITE PASS and YUKON ROUTE ▼

GO NORTH



Where the World is Young

by

Federic Hiven



Alaska . . . land of reflections and moods.



F. S. THOMAS, PASSENGER AGT.
C. R. I. & P. RY.
ROCK ISLAND, ILL.

● WHITE PASS AND YUKON ROUTE

The HIGH NORTH *Land of the Midnight Sun*



Segesman

- *Slowly, in a sky of gold the sun swings almost to the horizon before it mounts to take its place in the sky once more.*



The railway can be traced from near the summit down to the sea . . . Lynn Canal in right background.

SUMMER makes its puma-pounce and, to live, we think of all cool things we know: bulrushes and water-lilies, cows knee-deep in ponds overhung by ruffling shade-trees, ice-bbergs, milk-shakes, the old mill wheel. But the heat holds. Night is too short to cool the city's stone and steel. The street intersections are a weariness; the signal-lights directing our movements, with their *Stop* and *Go*, and the bells, annoy us; the honk of the automobiles is a burden and the clang of street-cars likewise. Where to go, where to escape?

If we be in a city of the Pacific Coast a hint comes to us that does not carry to the Middle-West save in imagination. For in the coastal cities we hear, at times, on certain streets, at certain fortunate crossings, a husky-throated sound richly penetrating the clash of the street-car gongs, the insistence of the motor-horns, the buzzing of the directing bells. A steamer is putting out to sea at the docks. Go north! That is the implication through the city's heat and din.

The Inside Passage . . . Go north to Skagway—all the way: that's the suggestion of the muffled, mellow blast. Take the Inside Passage up the coast of British Columbia and Alaska's pan-handle. There is an exotic quality about this coastal trip northward. Carven totem-poles at Indian villages where we go ashore, play their part in that effect of far travel into strange lands. Ribbons of islands lie along that littoral, the steamer twining its way between them.

Forested islands drift past, their reflections painted as on watered silk. Crossing the three short openings into the Pacific . . . Queen Charlotte Sound, Milbank Sound, Dixon Entrance . . . you may see, against the horizon, the blowing of whales and the humping of them through the sea. "Sea-shouldering whales," Keats called them. On a specially clear day you may even observe a stationary cloud—the mountains of Queen Charlotte Islands.

Young folks play shuffle-board and quoits on the boat-deck. Tree-draped islands rise up and loom and pass as if forever, countless, such mountainous islands as Captain James Cook, away back in 1778, made mention of in his log, "that formed a beautiful prospect, as one vast forest," and Captain Vancouver, some years later, rejoiced to see. The notes of the dulcimer call you to meals. At the door of the dining-saloon, the orchestra plays; or, in the evening, in the dance-room—for those who are not on deck watching the Pole Star draw nearer . . . and this or the other piece of music, heard again years after, will bring back to you the magic and spell of that coastal voyage, its varied beauty and majesty.

You will remember that first day out, all America steaming to the sun behind you, and the pulse of the engines well upon their travel-beat. Big things and little things of beauty you will remember. Taku Glacier (on which the steamer makes a special call), filling the end of Taku Inlet, a great wall of blue-green ice, cracking from time to time and setting adrift small ice-bbergs, ice-calves, that, drifting past the steamer, first warn





The railway ascends the western slope of the Coast Range . . . through the steep, precipitous gorge . . . climbing the famous White Pass.

us of our approach to its immensity, you will remember; and an old lamp in the museum where you went ashore, a lamp carved in stone, with a little age-worn figure at one end holding its crumbling hands to the place where the flame used to burn. It was found under a foot of earth near Knik, on Cook Inlet, some old Chinese talisman coins (to be seen also in that museum) lying beside it, a trinket or two, and the skeletons of those who owned these lovely things in ancient years.

There is a grand finale for the steamer-trip on the day you draw near Skagway, yes, even if by some chance the sky should lower like a ceiling. Transport companies can do all things for us save regulate the weather. You may but see cataracts pouring down out of the clouds, pouring down the green-gleaming slopes of mountains that are topless. But the chances are . . . your trip being in summer . . . that overhead will be a great space of glittering blue, and that you will see whence these cataracts come: from the hanging glaciers that, one after the other, are draped along the crests. Their draining creeks pour down into the upland valleys and then appear again over immediate precipitous slopes, falling in wavering white frills or, in an eddy of wind, at times blown out along a cliff—cobweb of silver.

Skagway . .

Skagway is the end of the sea-voyage, of the Inside Passage, but to turn back at Skagway is like knocking at a door and running away. You will realize that when you go ashore and from the streets of Skagway look up the long fissure of White Pass. For the sake of the old wild stories of the days that were, you will perhaps want to see the grave of Soapy Smith. The original wooden memorial at the place some morbid curio-hunter carried off; a later stone one was chipped by others, filching flakes of it as souvenirs.

Other souvenirs, even if intangible, you may prefer—a memory of a murmur, like that in a shell held to the ear, of a mountain torrent that gushes from a rock above the town as if Aaron had smitten it with his rod, memories also of austere ranges that encircle the place. Blue are the shadows in the creases of the peaks. And the white glitter of high wedges of snow and glacier fronts is tinged with a drift of mauve. There is color here. There are gardens here.

The long days of summer make them glorious. If figures be desired as well as the scent of blossoms, know that in the Blanchard garden—any one in town will tell you the way to it—the pansies are three and one-half inches in diameter and nasturtium vines grow three inches in twenty-four hours. Here is summer, but a summer that is not wilting. You can sleep o' nights. Yet—as was already noted—to go to Skagway and turn back, is like knocking at a door and running away. Skagway is voyage's end to be sure, but as surely is it journey's beginning.





Ancient Indian lore in picturesque array.



Blanchard's Garden, Skagway . . . the flower city of Alaska. Mount Harding in the background.

White Pass . .

There is a sense of expectancy, tensility, sitting in the train that is to carry you onward up White Pass. Sufficient inklings there have been already, if by no more than looking up the Pass behind the city, that you are going into another world atop the world. All aboard! She is under way. She crawls out of town into dank freshness of the bottoms where Skagway River swerves among its pebbles and overhanging bushes bow to it incessantly. When the locomotive begins to *whoo-whoo* for the curves, in the stereotyped manner, there is excitement in the coaches. But a little way out of town, the last houses passed, we are, it seems, in wilderness. When the train takes a bend it leaves behind it an encroaching loneliness. That's the feeling; and yet uncounted men, even before the railroad was built, have trudged up that valley. Their interests were not here. They tramped through, under austere peaks, intent only on grabbing their share of the distant gold.

We leave the valley and begin the ascent of the slopes. The train cannot go slowly enough to please us. At the windows we crane upward, we crane downward. Not only the grandeur of the scene impresses. One cannot but be impressed as well by the engineering feat of this White Pass and Yukon Route. From Skagway to well beyond the summit the work was all blasting solid rock. Gravel for ballasting had to be brought

up from Skagway River below, or from a gravel pit at Fraser, over the divide. There is one mile of road that cost two hundred thousand dollars to build. Labor troubles the builders had also: every fresh gold excitement depleted their staff. Rumor of gold found in the Atlin Country left them with scarce a man—and scarce a shovel or a pick; for men rushing off to a new placer discovery need picks and shovels.

In winter, as an official of the White Pass recently described what befalls, "The North Wind comes along and says, 'Who made this scratch along the walls?' and promptly smears it over with snow." Then the locomotives, three in a string, snort up from Skagway to answer the North Wind's challenge, thrusting a rotary snow-plow into the drifts. But we are summer visitors, like the humming-birds up from south in the gardens of Skagway. For us the track



ICEBERGS



GLACIERS



MINING

WHITE PASS

...through an ever-changing Grandeur of Canyon and Mountain Peak



● *Man's ingenuity rides above the gorge where lies the trail of '98.*



1898 . . . the trail of cold, hunger and exhaustion in quest of gold.



Today's comfortable trail for travelers seeking unusual scenes and experiences. Trail of '98 in right background.

is all clear and on the air is no driving snow, only the robustious scent of sun-warmed firs.

We turn at the sound of a tumultuous hiss, under a trestle, of a tributary torrent and look up its gulch to see whence it comes. That is the way to Denver Glacier by a trail slipping in under the forest-eaves.

One has not come to the summit of White Pass before a sense of the immensity of this northern world is felt. Round that great funnel the train climbs upward, as it were in grooves on it. In the valley below there is a gleam, among the brush, of a sun-bleached roof. It marks all that remains of the old "city" of White Pass, chiefly a tent city, once with a population of ten thousand, where men rested before starting on the trudge up the trail of '98. Torrents drape cliffs above and foam under bridges, hurrying down. There are regions in which one makes expedition to see one mighty waterfall: here waterfalls are on all sides. When the train stops that we may survey the scene and taste its air for a few minutes, the sound of them fills that monstrous funnel, blending with stirring of winds in cotton-poplars.

Further on we see the old trail. It comes at a tangent to meet us at the summit, a foot-wide scar in a rambling crease of the range. Here and there rock-slides have wiped out parts of it, but in between these slides it shows clear from the trek, those years ago, of uncounted feet. Here is Dead Horse Gulch where, by hundreds, horses used for the packing dropped and did not rise again. That was a callous trail. The stories one hears of men whose motto was not, "Devil take the hindmost," of men who mercifully put an end with a shot to weariness of a beast on its last legs or, seeing another gold-seeker fallen by the trail, helped him on his way, are good to hear. They atone. But those callous days, lit now and then by some piece of humanity and chivalry, though they are but of a little over three decades ago, seem far away today. White Pass City is one with Nineveh and Tyre. That scar on the hillside, which Nature tries to obliterate with rock-slide and scrub, is all that remains to tell of the doings of those days so recent, yet so far off, among the austerity and the majesty of White Pass.

Summit and Beyond . .

We reach the summit where two flags, the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack (Alaska and British Columbia touching there) flutter side by side, and are on a height of the world. Summer is on the little lakes into which and out of which the streams, we note, thereafter run northward. Here is the place of strange-scrawled rocks, lonely sky. Fragments of the old trail we glimpse again and can imagine what it must be like when winter is in charge. Empty—it is all empty. Even in summer it is No Man's Land and





A pause in the upward climb to look back at Lynn Canal . . . a tiny emerald set in mountains . . . from Inspiration Point on the railway.



Patsy Henderson, Carcross . . . inimitable lecturer, never to be forgotten. (See text).

we are intruders. Strings of ptarmigan glimpsed and lost across the expanse have it all to themselves now. Drawing near Lake Lindeman you can see—perhaps there may be someone on the train to give you the direction—the scar of another old trail, the Chilkoot (which started from the now untenanted city of Dyea up the next inlet to that at the end of which Skagway stands), snaking down out of its pass among the surge and splendour of the surrounding ranges. Cloud shadows, large as an old-country shire, drift across space, leaping hollows and rippling their blue up long leisurely rolls.

Log Cabin . . . men have stumbled to the door of the cabin, dog-tired in the August trudge under their packs.

Men have shuffled to that door, blizzard whirling round them, carrying upon their backs some chilled and unconscious man they had come upon by the way.

Carcross . . . The train coasts Lake Bennett, darkened once by the rafts of gold-seekers, but disturbed now by no more than a ruffling wind or the spatter of water-drops behind a string of ducks rising to fly, clicks along the rails round the bays and promontories, rumbles over a bridge and stops at Carcross. The moment you alight there you know it for what it is—a jumping-off place into the great hinterlands of twisting water and thronging mountain ranges. The stern-wheel steamer lying at the Carcross wharf goes the other way, to West Taku Arm.

At Carcross an Indian makes a talk to travelers. He has, in the Indian way, taken a white-man name for the ease of white men talking to him, and calls himself Patsy Henderson. Find out when he is going to make his talk, whether going or coming your schedule allows you to hear him. Go and hear him. It is a lecture that *is different*. He summons us with a tom-tom, drumming at a corner across the railway-track, then leads the way into a little hall close by. On the floor, as you enter, you see a collection of traps. Along the walls are forms and when we are all seated there, "Well," says he, and begins. His talk is not stereotyped. Sensitively he is cognizant of the frame of mind of his audience.

When those who sit around the hall are clearly keen upon his talk he is *on his toes* in response. He shows you how his people catch bears in a dead-fall, salmon in a salmon-trap; how they snare fox—moose—and the rest. He gives you the calls that bring to the hunters





The railway follows the shore of Lake Bennett . . . it's entire length . . . about 30 miles.

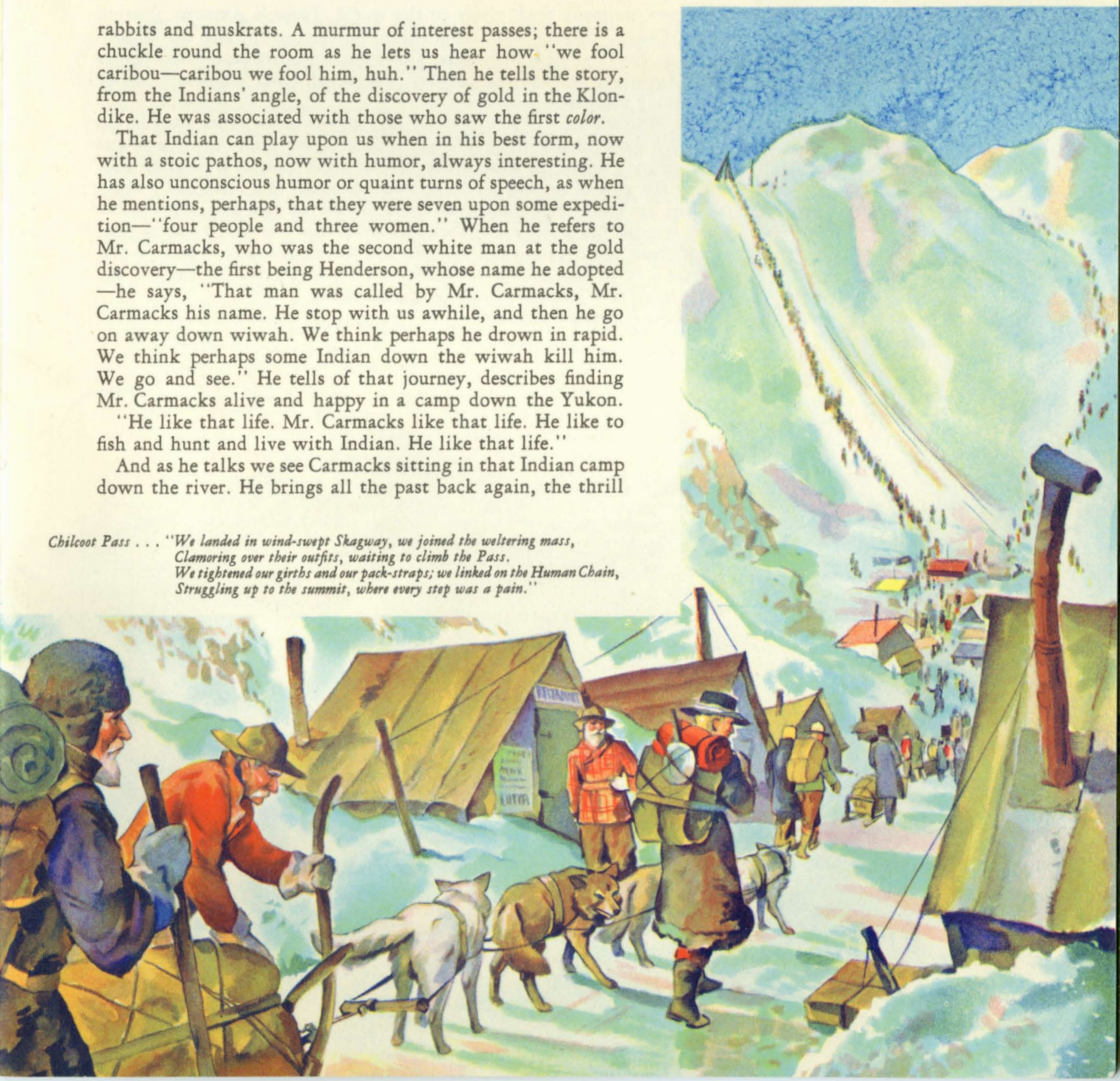
rabbits and muskrats. A murmur of interest passes; there is a chuckle round the room as he lets us hear how "we fool caribou—caribou we fool him, huh." Then he tells the story, from the Indians' angle, of the discovery of gold in the Klondike. He was associated with those who saw the first color.

That Indian can play upon us when in his best form, now with a stoic pathos, now with humor, always interesting. He has also unconscious humor or quaint turns of speech, as when he mentions, perhaps, that they were seven upon some expedition—"four people and three women." When he refers to Mr. Carmacks, who was the second white man at the gold discovery—the first being Henderson, whose name he adopted—he says, "That man was called by Mr. Carmacks, Mr. Carmacks his name. He stop with us awhile, and then he go on away down wiwah. We think perhaps he drown in rapid. We think perhaps some Indian down the wiwah kill him. We go and see." He tells of that journey, describes finding Mr. Carmacks alive and happy in a camp down the Yukon.

"He like that life. Mr. Carmacks like that life. He like to fish and hunt and live with Indian. He like that life."

And as he talks we see Carmacks sitting in that Indian camp down the river. He brings all the past back again, the thrill

Chilcoot Pass . . . "We landed in wind-swept Skagway, we joined the weltering mass, Clamoring over their outfits, waiting to climb the Pass. We tightened our girths and our pack-straps; we linked on the Human Chain, Struggling up to the summit, where every step was a pain."





of the moment when another Indian, bending down to a creek to drink, 'saw something glitter on a rock and asked, " 'What you think that, George?' and Mr. Carmacks say, 'That gold!' "

He tells of the resultant change. Once, sitting there, you could look out at the door and see the wild creatures close by, but the gold brought the stampede, brought the white man, the railway, the steamboat, the policeman! He thinks, as do many white men, that anything may happen again such as happened before—the discovery of '96 that caused the rush of '98—in that great north, that it has an unpredictable future ahead of it. "This Yukon country, this big country."



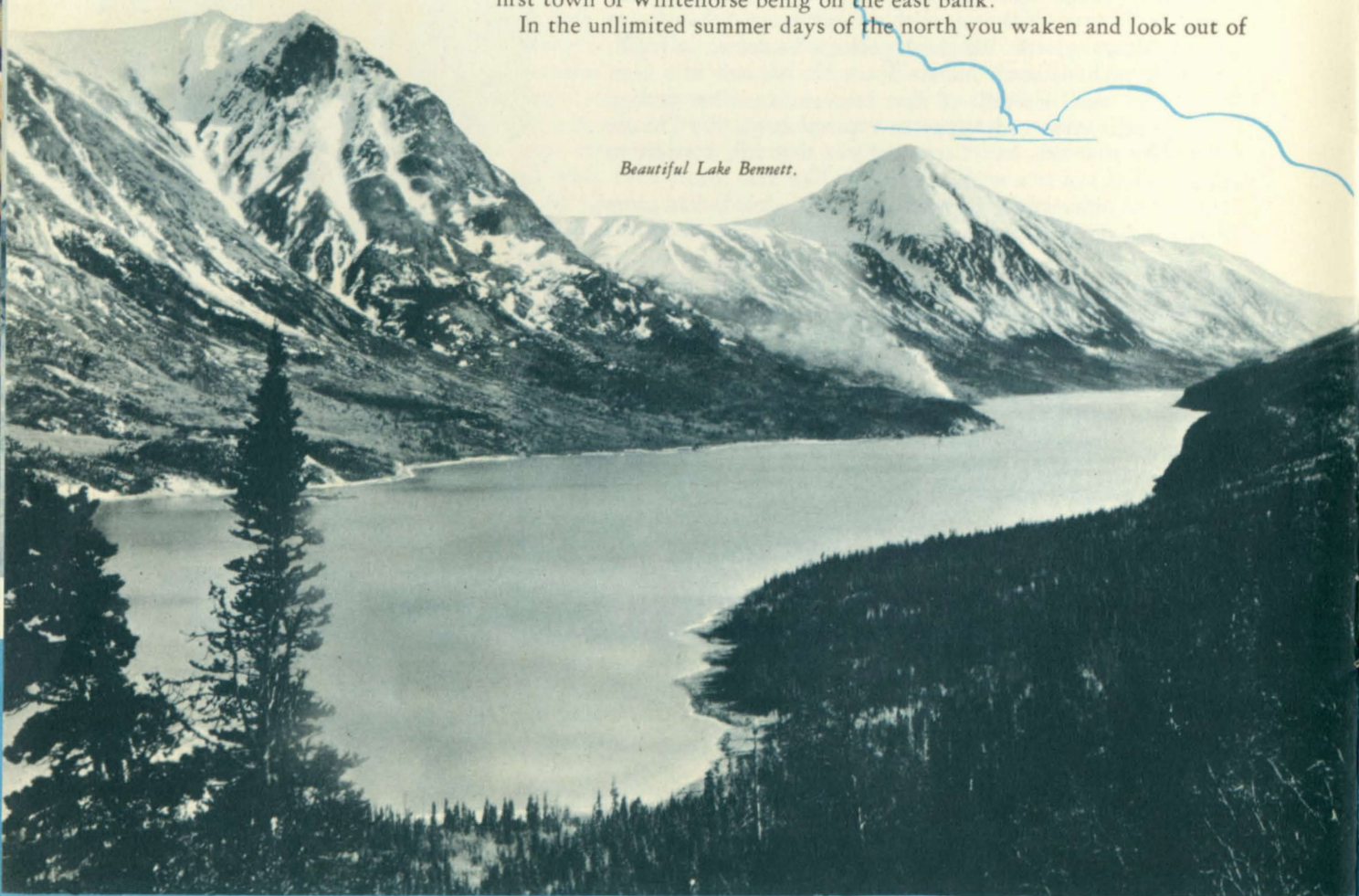
Corduroy road of '98 . . . through Skagway River Canyon.

Whitehorse . . . At Whitehorse, to which the train continues from Carcross, we are introduced to The River—an impressive introduction.

There are many great rivers in the world. There is Amazon, flowing east; Congo, flowing west; Mississippi, flowing south; and the mighty Yukon, flowing north then west. The labyrinth of its headwaters makes the highways of that big country, extending 2,100 miles and finally emptying into the Bering Sea.

At Whitehorse, the end of steel, they motor us to Miles Canyon. In the old days rafts of the gold-seekers came down there, and the boats, and many a novice in water-transport the river took in a gurgling toll, with the suck of an eddy or the triumphant whirl of a comb badly negotiated. By the side of the canyon's end, on the western side, we still can see, lying in the grass, a rough wooden truck that was used for portaging, and along the canyon's rim are still the wooden rails on which it ran. There was, in fact, such a portage track on both sides of the canyon, the first town of Whitehorse being on the east bank.

In the unlimited summer days of the north you waken and look out of



Beautiful Lake Bennett.



Where clouds play hide and seek among the mountain peaks.

the hotel window in Whitehorse. No one is stirring, but all is clear. A sledge-dog or two loaf along in the void streets. Flowers give their colors to the light round the houses, but no smoke comes from the chimneys. You look at your watch. It is midnight. It is midnight, and yet day. You look north and there is a radiance in the sky there, away off in infinity, that may be of sunrise or sunset, the light of the long day, the unlimited day, the queer exciting day of the north, beyond the skyline. Time is out of joint; you have come into a region of another dimension. A queer country, this Yukon country. Magic and mystery are here.

The note-paper of the Whitehorse Inn provides indication of the possibilities of the district. It is "close to the famous Miles Canyon and Whitehorse Rapids;" there "Robert Service wrote his first poem," and you may "view the cabin of Sam McGee;" it is "an outfitting point for big game hunting parties," goat, sheep, caribou, moose and grizzly bear the game in question. Local guides take trophy-hunters to White River and Kluane Lake districts, where the natural hay, in August, stands girth-high, and from which, in the words of one of the guides, "a man returns newly set-up and with such a healthy appetite that he could eat the knots off a pine tree." "Head of navigation on the famous Yukon River" is another of the comments on the margin of that note-paper.

To go to Skagway and turn back without climbing White Pass and having at least some impression of the beginning of that world atop the world is truly like knocking at a door and running away. To come to Whitehorse and turn back is to do so with the knowledge that some day you will have to return and go down the river. It invites you there, chuckling off into the Northland that has that strange light beyond its ranges, the light of the long summer days. In winter, in place of that, there are the marching searchlights and the whiplash flickerings of other lights, up to the zenith, gone, and lashing again—the Northern Lights, the Aurora Borealis. Yes—sooner or later you will go down that river.

There is a feeling of metropolis about Whitehorse when the hour draws near for the boat to hoot and glide away. It is not then a place of empty homes in their gardens (gardens glowing at midnight with an eerie radiance that might be either the beginning of



Summit of White Pass . . . Where two nations set an example of friendship to the rest of the world.



Church erected by stampedeers of '98 stands like a sentinel at head of Lake Bennett.



FLAGS AT BORDER

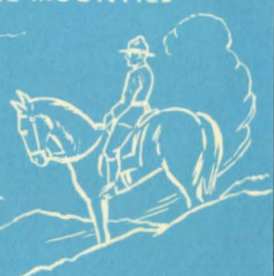


JAGGED MOUNTAINS



BEAUTIFUL LAKES

THE "MOUNTIES"





Alaska is the home of thousands of glaciers.



Modern transportation.



Mountains and lakes of rare beauty await the true nature lover.



Transportation methods of '98.

sunset or the first of a bright dawn), given over to the loafing sledge-dogs that have nothing to do all summer. Crowds are gathering. Why all this fuss about a bit of inland voyaging? Why all these people looking up at the boat as though here were New York and she the Mauretania?

There is a reason, for this is a big country, this Yukon country, and the river puts a spell on us, and on its boats. She is getting ready for a great voyage, inland voyage though it be. Steam is up to take her down the river that flows north. These sternwheel vessels are but great shallow-draught barges built upon with tiers of decks and cabins, but the result is a stately craft. That there is scarcely any rake to the funnel adds, no doubt, to that marked effect of swan-like stateliness.

On the Yukon...

The warning whistle blows and is answered at once by all the dogs—dogs that do not bark. Throughout the town they raise their voices in a canine keening, answering the siren. By the noble look of them, these animals should bay basso-profundo, or should have bell-voices like that of the Great Dane. But no; there are even notes at end of their reply to the siren like the high shrill ululation of coyotes. The volume of it subsides and a dying fall of peevish whimpering makes an end of it.

On the wharf the people watch those trooping up the gangway as though they were going on a long voyage into strange lands. The captain mounts up into the pilot-house and thrusts the window open, a monarch of the river, looking down on the final bustle. Ropes are cast loose. Away she goes. Sweeping round she faces downstream, and at once her speed increases as with a bound in the pull of the current. Back she surges past the wharf, her siren crying a parting, "whoo-who!" and all the loafing dogs of Whitehorse raise their heads and answer.

The river is as a life-time's study to the river men, and well they watch her, coming and going, noting her changes of mood. For always she is changing. They study the face of the waters, know the significance of every ripple, every dark boiling. She is erratic; she changes her channel from time to



OLD LOG CHURCH.. BENNETT



STAMPEDERS' FLOTILLA - 1898



INDIAN
TYPE

LAKE BENNET

High in the Mountains



- *A striking land mark, the Church adds a solemn dignity to the classic serenity of Lake Bennett and its towering mountain guards.*



Bringing the outside world into the strange romantic Yukon country.



The friendly Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

time as gravel from fallen banks of her head-waters and her great tributaries is swept down. One year the steamer will hug this shore, next year the other. Nothing is fixed here; this is still a land in the making, and Yukon River is the highway, the water-highway of that tremendous land. Two days she takes to go down to Dawson from Whitehorse and four to come back against the current. Often, hearing that, people remark, "It must be a bit tiresome coming up river," but it is not so. She does not come up too slowly; she goes down too quickly.

You go upon this river to the gleaning of memories for life. You will never forget it, whether you be of those who say, "I want to come back," or of those who but say, "Well, I'm glad to have done it once." In May, when the ice is breaking, in October when the ice is forming, the pilots and captains and staffs have their excitements, and at times their ardors and endurances. A book could be written upon the piloting on Yukon. Some stories of those seasons you may gather from the navigators when they are in stretches of the river where they can unbend, where it does not claim all their attention.

What is the order of your memories you may forget unless you keep a log of the days and their doings as the skipper keeps a log up in the pilot-house. But many a stretch of the stream, many a landing-place, will be in your box of memories. You will remember mile after mile where the flood is a twisted azure ribband (not silty there), a series of linked S's. Were you to stop at an Indian camp and ask how far it is to such and such a point, the answer would be not so many miles, not so many hours, but so many *looks*. That is to say, so many bends at which you can see a long reach both up-stream and downstream.

In all probability you will hardly sleep all the way down to Dawson, the long



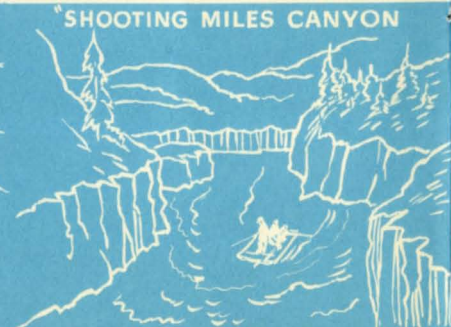
Just before the fish fry.



CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE



IMPERISHABLE ROCKS



SHOOTING MILES CANYON

daylight and your excited interest in the river upsetting the wonted routine of your hours. It is hard for anyone to believe, arriving at Dawson, that but a week ago he, or she, among the blare of the motor-cars and the clang of the street-cars sought escape and took the hint of the steamer's husky call to go north, so packed with beauty and magic has that week been, "I have lost track of the days," you hear on all sides. You will remember, in that strange light of midnight, a great slow eddy like a plaque of gleaming gun-metal embossed upon jade. You will remember, perhaps, Hootalinqua: the name catches you.

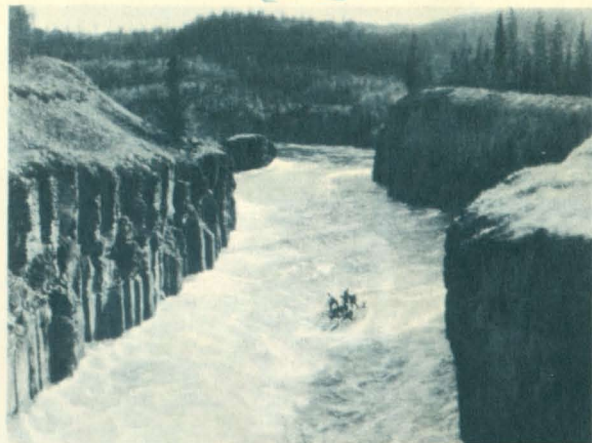
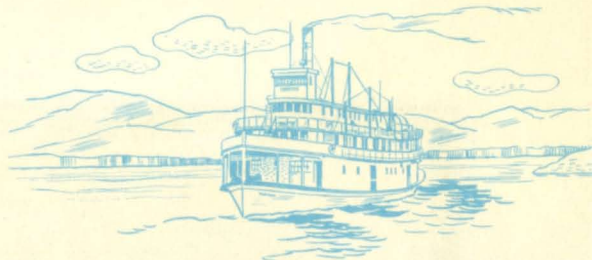
From your reading of the old North you recall that it is at the mouth of the Teslin River, a tributary of the great Yukon system. During the days of the rush to the Klondike there were those who, instead of entering by the White Pass or Chilkoot Pass, went up Stikine River to its head-waters, portaging to the Teslin head-waters, thence passing down Teslin Lake and River. A cluster of cabins on the river bank, a thin tall pole or two in the eerie light, the butt-ends of a wood pile, a gas boat or two nuzzling up to a jetty: Hootalinqua—somewhat thus you may recall it—is left behind.

You remember landings where there was but a home-made mail-box atop a stake, quick landings to do no more than thrust one letter and a bundle of magazines into the box; or another, it may be, where there was not so much as a soap-box atop a stake, nothing, when the steamer stopped, but the minor threeping of some bird in the empty forest. A gangway was thrust out and down it went two men leading saddle- and pack-horses, rifles slung on their shoulders, they passed from sight.

The Caribou Herds...

Caribou herds, swimming the river on their great spring migration from winter quarters westwards to summer pasture-grounds eastward, will often troop through your mind, remembering. In his high perch the pilot usually sees them first and sounds the

Whitehorse Rapids, the graveyard of many hopes during the gold rush.



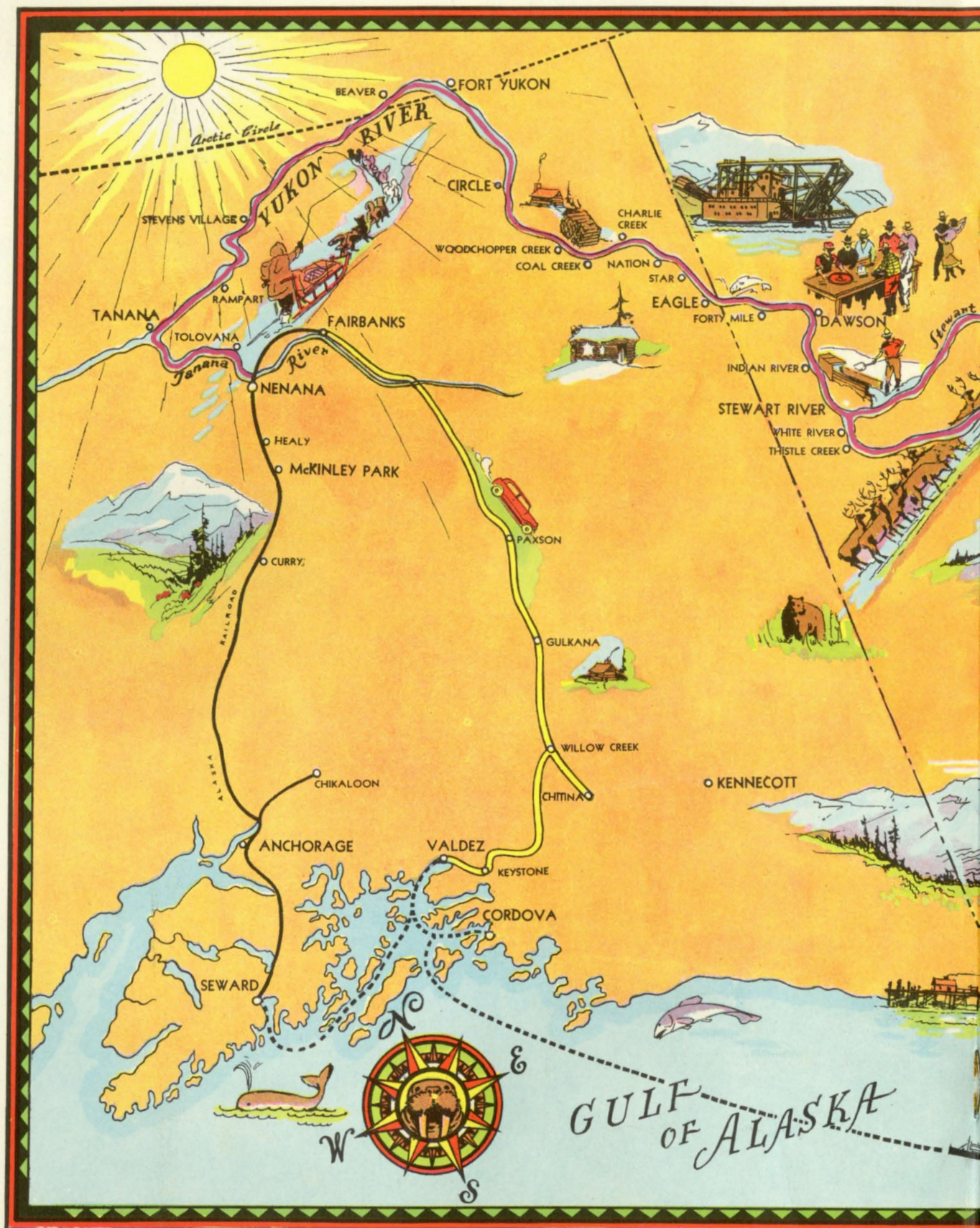
Riding the comb . . . rafts shooting Miles Canyon . . . in '98 one of the dreaded places on the road to the Klondike.



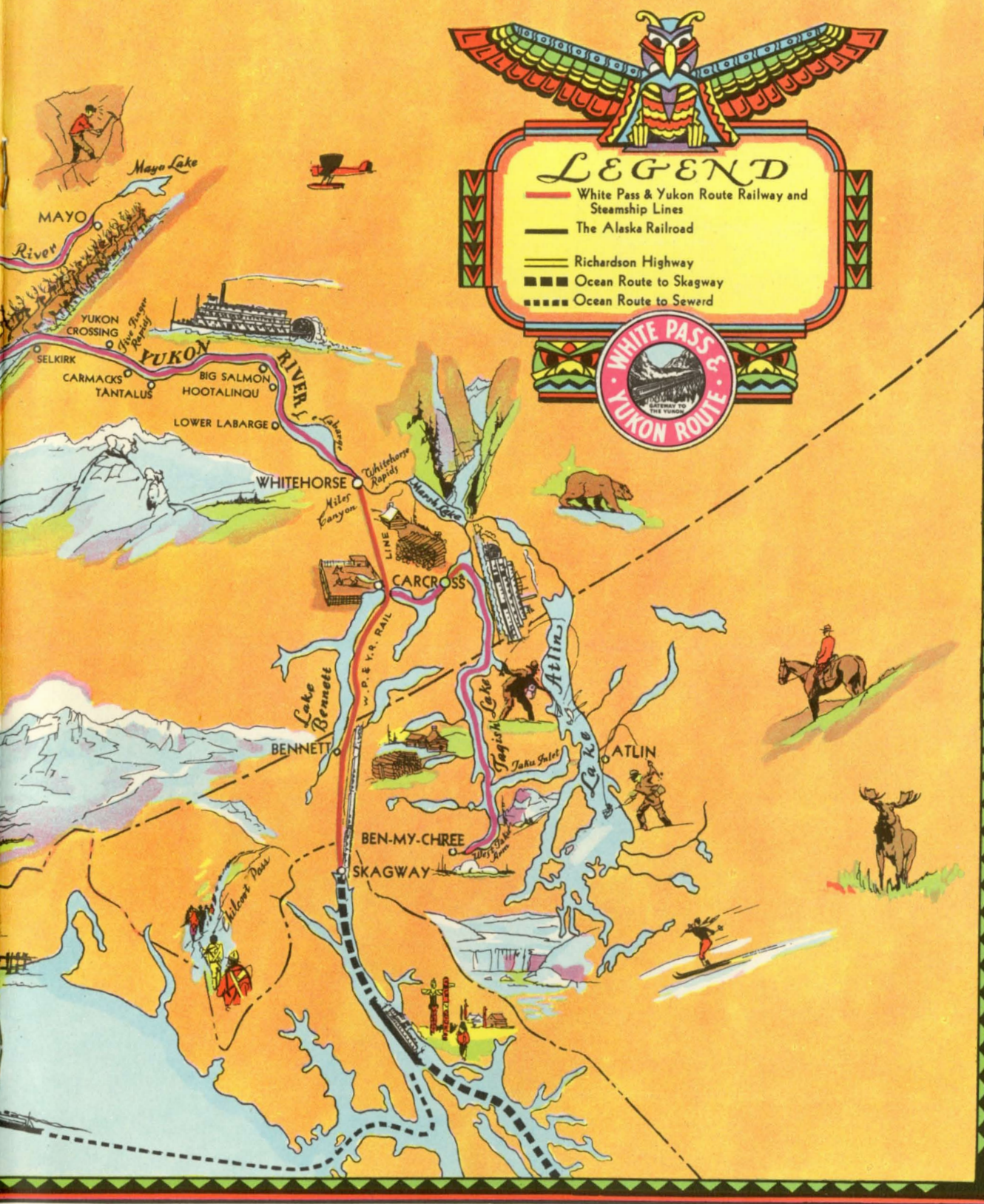
Serene lakes, high in the mountains, reflect beautiful clouds in their mirror-like depths.



ALASKA, YUKON AND



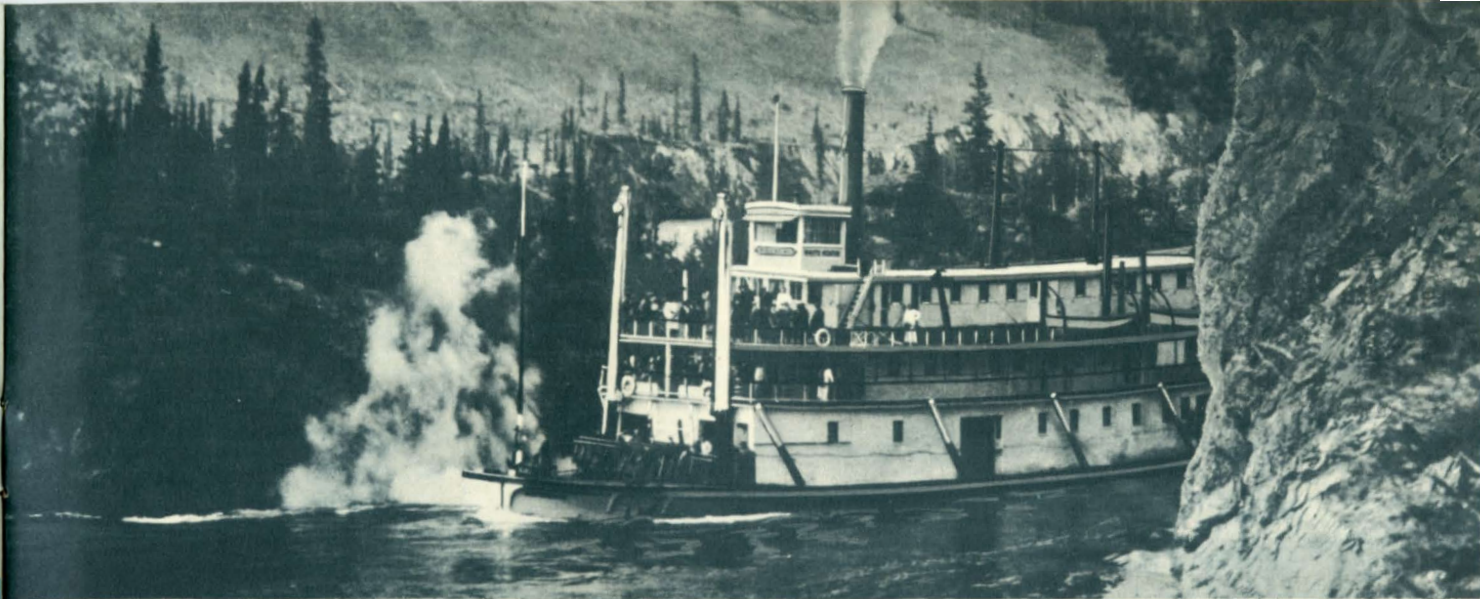
Alaska . . . Klondike and the gold rush . . . the Arctic Circle . . . land of the Midnight Sun . . . land of the
gorgeous sunsets and delicately lovely dawns . . . primeval forests abounding in big game and rivers te



On the Yukon



- *Five Finger Rapids . . . the thrill of excitement of swift motion is in perfect balance with the rapture of rugged river beauty.*



The excitement and gripping appeal of swift water. Navigation in large vessels makes the trip to and from Dawson a never to be forgotten experience.



Yukon native and husky pack dogs.

siren as a signal to passengers that something is afoot. The blast does not trouble the caribou. The boat does not trouble them. You can see them, half-way across the stream, treading water to let the steamer go by, and then continuing their crossing, rising buoyant and strong over the wake. Or they may put on speed to swim across the bow, then give it up, drift alongside so close that you can note the color of their eyes and see their nostrils dilating as they swim.

You will observe fawns, when a herd crosses at a broad stretch, beginning to tire and laying their small heads on their mothers' haunches; or will see a doe turning back to encourage a fawn that lags. You will see them at times land upon a wooded shore and suddenly, in alarm, take to water again, scenting, perhaps, their enemy, the wolf. They prefer to land on bald and rocky places whence they can climb, with an open view, to rolling slopes of grass. The abrupt banks are in many places furrowed with their trails.

You may see them sometimes, coming along just after a band has swum the river, strung out up the slopes from beach to crest. Atop the ridge, made monumental and immense there, silhouetted against the sky, a stag turns to look down, his head proudly upheld with all the glory of its antlers. Some, in the autumn, before the ice begins to form on the river, return the same way. Small herds, in fact, may remain in sheltered valleys inland for the winter. It's a question of fodder and, in winter, of shelter. But the major part of the migration, the migration as a whole, is roughly, eastward in the early summer across Yukon in the neighborhood of Selwyn, Selkirk, Stewart.

Thence on into the Macmillan and Stewart River countries they pass, make a wide sweeping curve, feeding on the way, to north, to northwest. They cross the Yukon below Dawson on the return, the great herd, that takes weeks to pass, heading southwest, back to winter quarters in the comparatively sheltered valleys toward the Alaskan Mountains or it may be between the St. Elias Range and the Coast Range. The only other similar spectacle on the continent was the migration, north and south, of the buffalo on the great plains before civilization and progress wiped them out.





Caribou migration . . . as seen from Yukon River steamer enroute to Dawson.



The leader . . . man's friend and companion during the long night of winter.

Five Finger Rapids . .

Nearing Five Finger Rapids somebody comes along on the down-river trip and says, "We'll soon be at the rapids." You look ahead and see a stretch of polished water and at the end of it some natural castles of rock. They seem still a good way off; there is time to go leisurely for your camera. But there is not. You must hurry; for these castles, by the time you have found your camera, are rushing to meet you. The steamer picks up speed. Away she goes. She is in the rush of it, she is in the roar of it, and there are whirls of water along sprayed walls. There is a bable of the compressed flood—and she is through. It is that sort of thing, no doubt, that the old river-pilots and skippers have a dread that they may miss when the day comes for retirement. Life in a rocking-chair will seem spiritless to them.

But coming up Five Finger Rapids is not just a flying moment of adroit navigation. You have the feeling that the vessel labors on her way, but resolutely heads for the opening, noses into the cliff at the rapids' end and poises, with a full head of steam on, hissing and roaring back to the bellow of the stream.

The first mate and deck-hands cluster forward with an air of tensiety, as though they were going over the top and awaited the signal of zero hour. The steamer's bow throbs closer to the cliff where an end of wire-rope is anchored. It hangs down into the river. Where the other end is one does not yet see. The tussel with the cable begins. With a pole like a boat-hook one of the men is making passes to snatch it, others standing by to aid when he has hooked it. When he does so it has at once to be wrestled with, for the river tugs at it, not wanting him to have it.



Fourth of July in Dawson . . . gold rush days.

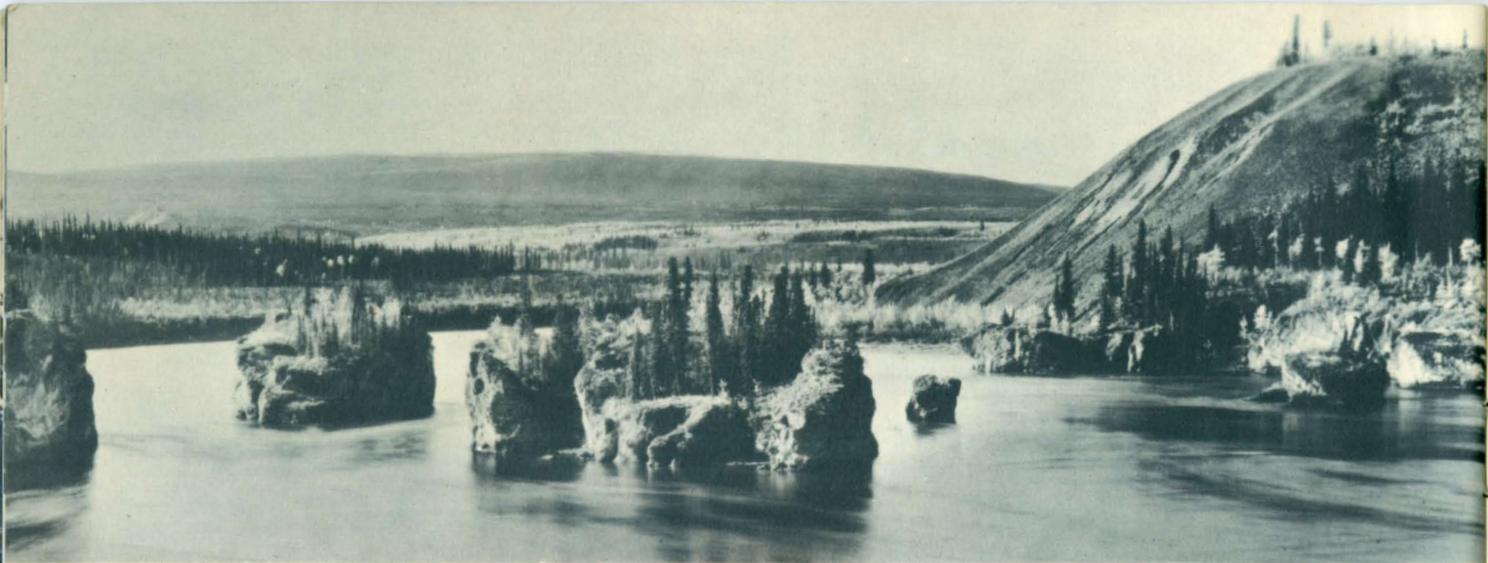


DOG TEAMS

DAWSON

City of Gold . . .





From the Yukon river steamer . . . broad vistas of rolling hills . . . great meadows and heavily timbered valleys . . . a peaceful contrast to the exhilarating mountain scenery of the lake country.



Stream fishing for Grayling.



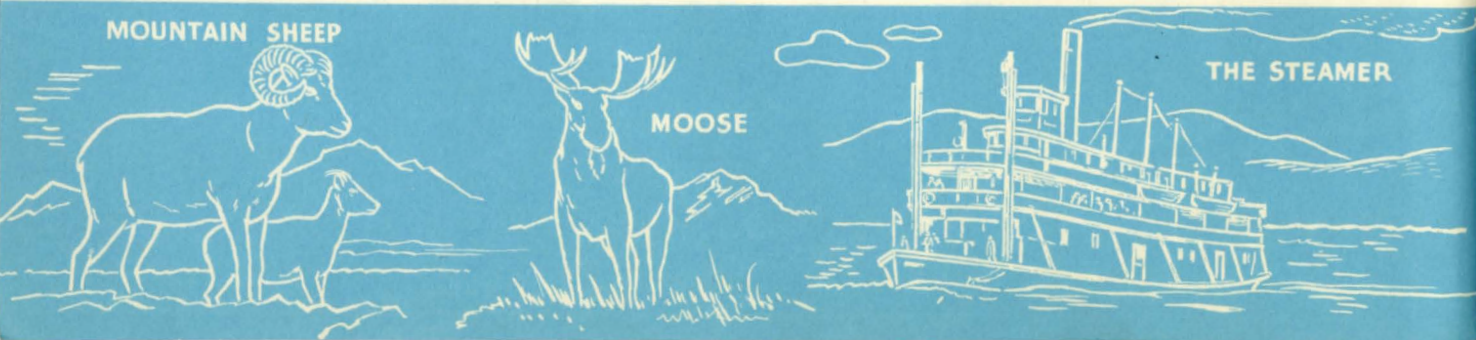
Robert W. Service cabin at Dawson.

They are like a group of men fighting for a strangle-hold upon a boa-constrictor. If the water be high we witness a fierce struggle. They hang on; they will not let go. They lurch to and fro, are dragged to the ship's side down on the main deck, and wrestle back again. They will not let it go. They haul it inboard. The mate has already slipped the fought-for slack into the chocks beside him. Now they have it over the winch. Now they have given it two turns. The donkey-engine splutters, the cable tautens, and we advance, we mount up the watery hill, our stern-wheel thrusting us, the winch hauling us, the river yelling its rage at us.

The pilot swings her toward the opposite cliff till we are a mere foot or two away, and between us and it is but a great swinging cushion of water. Then we see where the other end of the rope is. Several hundred yards above, it is anchored to a cliff beyond a bay, the further slack of it now rising out of the water and violently thrashing it. We have more steam than we know what to do with, so we eject it sideways against the cliff. The hiss of it rises to a roar. A tuft of some adventurous bush, in a cranny, beckons furiously as we make the grade.

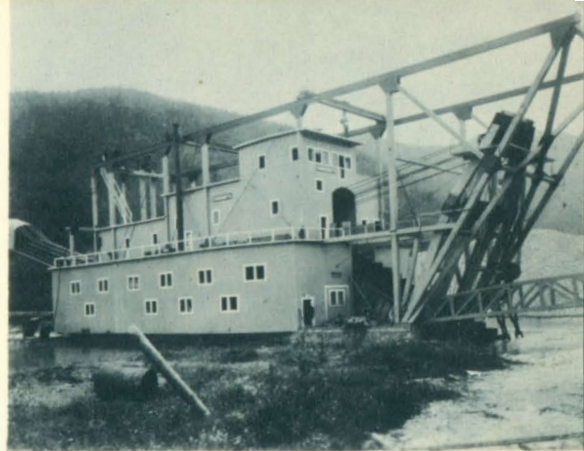
The twists of the rope round the winch are loosened and then we hear, the shouting of the river less clamant, less violent now, the worst over, "Let her go!" The captured snake is released in unison by all hands and falls into the water to lie there for the next boat to come upstream. We have done it; we have done it! And, forward on the upper decks, the voyagers suddenly and spontaneously all burst out cheering and clapping. The men go off to other duties with a sort of hop, skip, and jump. They have been over the top and got back safely.

All is over too quickly, coming up as well as going down. The river rushes; life rushes. The chances are, back in Whitehorse, that you will, ashore from your experience of the Great River, be subdued and a little sad with that



most poignant of all human regrets—or one of the most poignant—the desire to live the past over again. If you stay in Whitehorse instead of going aboard the train at once for the south, your feet will carry you to the wharf when the warning whistle blows.

You will have the urge to go aboard again, to pay no heed to imperative time tables or schedules you may have drawn up for the systematic direction of your life. You will hear with secret emotion, when the hour comes, the siren of departure and the dogs of Whitehorse reply. You will watch the stately steamer longingly as she churns upstream and takes the turn. And as she sweeps past, her wheel flying and the current catching her, and gives her fanfare of farewell, there will be a pinch of regret at your heart that she is going downstream without you.



A monster gold dredge in the Klondike.

Dawson . . . When you see, ahead, the houses of Dawson on the right bank (and know them for Dawson beyond doubt, from many photographs you have seen, by the scarred dome behind) you are as one awakened out of a dream. It seems incredible—such has been the magic of the way, so packed with majesty and beauty have the hours been—that only a week ago you left the last city of the ordering bells and lights. Truly you have escaped. If you hear it once you hear it a dozen times, "The date? I don't know what the date is. I have lost track of the days."

To be taken as it were into the family at Dawson you have only to be seated on one of the chairs on the sidewalk before one of the hotels, or come to anchor on one of the forms beside the wharf-sheds. Something of the present activities in the region you may hear; but of the past they talk much. The eyes of the older men, the sourdoughs, grow bright when they turn from chatter of what to them is a tedious or vapid today, to reminiscence of that yesterday with its adventure, its weariness on the way, its close calls, its hectic, tragic gaiety, its abandon, its high hopes, its excitement.

Some aspects of the old life remain. You step into a bank and observe the usual legends over the openings in the grills—*Accountant*, *Teller*, and so forth, and then your eye alights upon *Gold-dust Teller*, for gold dust still comes into the banks at Dawson.

You climb the Dome. There are, by the way, two Domes—one just called the Dome behind the town, with the bald wedge of a slide down its face, and the other the Midnight Dome, or, as it is sometimes called, King Solomon's Dome, twenty miles off. It is usual to climb either of them about midnight to see the sun drop down and swing up again while you wait, but in the forenoon each is a fine vantage-point for viewing the land. You see mighty Yukon both above and

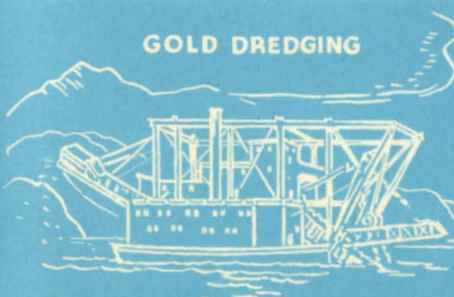


Early days . . . scows landing at Dawson.



Royal Alexander Hotel, Dawson . . . Strange are the tales one hears of an evening in the lobby.

GOLD DREDGING



LOG CABINS



OLD TIMER

DOWN THE Yukon



Segesman

- *An intimate association with unspoiled nature. Everywhere color and beauty enhanced by great distances. One shares, for a fleeting instant, the age-old home of the monarch of these primeval forests . . . the caribou. And, in one's memory linger forever these scenes of grandeur and romance.*



Lake Labarge . . . "The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was the night on the Marge of Lake Labarge
I cremated Sam McGee."

below the city, swaying down from south, twisting north. You see Klondike River and Bonanza Creek (on which the great gold discovery was made in '96) above the town and the huge modern gold-dredges scarring the valleys with their rig and furrow. You look away into the northeast and see the Rocky Mountains, eighty or so miles away, in a dropping perspective toward a radiance as of infinity—the polar light.

You potter round town and see Service's cabin. You visit, perhaps, the Indian village of Moosehide. You go out by motor-car to observe the present activities of the region, very different in magnitude, though not in method, from those of the old days of shovel and sluice-box and pan. You see the gravelly devastation of the hydraulic workings and the gold dredges. The car comes to a halt where you can view—and hear—a dredge at work, see it thrusting through the land in its own pond, thirty-five feet deep, taking its pond with it to float it on its way, wearing out the lips of its buckets at the rate of—someone will tell you the rate if such statistics interest you. And ahead of the dredges the land is being thawed out by the cold-water process, much as a housewife thaws out frozen mutton.

It may befall you at night to waken in your hotel bedroom and wonder what has happened to you. Has the clock turned back in this bewitched region? You hear voices upraised in riotous laughter. And the music that you hear (it sounds as of a gramophone with a loud broadcasting attachment playing records of mechanical pianos) is, "After the Ball is Over," and "Washington Post," and "See Me Dance the Polka." Yes. It is '98 in their hearts. Fain would they keep the past alive and with "Washington Post" attempt some miracle such as that which made the sun stand still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon. Or, at any rate, they would live up to a tradition!

The Floradora Dance-Hall still stands, with some of the old pictures that decorated it in its heyday (considered very naughty by some then, no doubt) still hanging there. Tourists now, for the fun of the thing, dance in that hall where once the men with the pokes of dust from the placer-discoveries took a whirl with the waiting ladies—and had to call twice round the floor a dance. Costly days. The owner of one of these places in Dawson made his fortune at the rate of a dollar a minute.



Near Fort Yukon . . . at the edge of the Magic Circle.



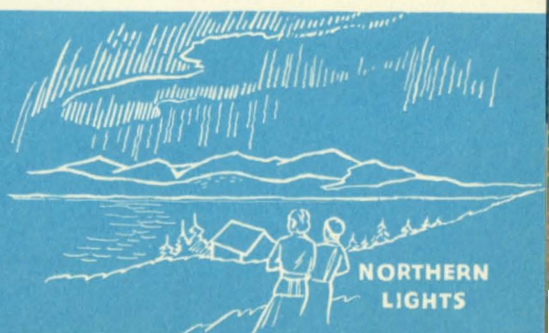
The midnight sun . . . from the deck of a Yukon River steamer.



ESKIMOS



MIDNIGHT SUN



NORTHERN LIGHTS



Dawson, the center of the Klondike.



Calico Bluff . . . below Dawson . . . so named for the gaily colored strata of rock.



Native fish wheel on the Yukon.

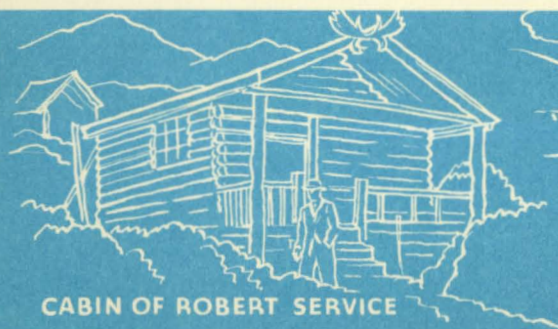
Yukon River Circle Tour..

Each year finds the Yukon River Circle Tour increasing in popularity. The seasoned traveler learns that here is one of the most comprehensive, unique and varied trips to be offered anywhere, a comfortable ride through the most wild and primitive section of North America; a pleasant and thoroughly well conducted trip through the last frontier. The trip takes the traveler through the heart of Alaska and the Yukon, crossing and recrossing the Arctic Circle.

At Dawson we board another river steamer and as each pleasant day succeeds another the officers and passengers become as one happy family. Northern hospitality is well exemplified by members of the steamer *Yukon*. As the steamer wends its way down the river the immensity and grandeur of the Arctic wilderness inspires a feeling of awe which all the inventions of the modern world could never succeed in creating. Frequent stops are made and we eagerly go ashore to visit trading posts, the picturesque wood cutters, and primitive natives happy with bare existence. It seems unreal and impossible to be living in modern comfort—afforded by the steamer—in the midst of such surroundings. It is not long before the inhabitants of the frontier settlements make us feel that we, too, are a part of this north country.

We learn with interest that Circle City was a fair sized town before Dawson was thought of, but as soon as the Klondike was discovered, the interest shifted to Dawson and the Klondike Valley. It was at Circle City that Joaquin Miller spent the winter of 1897, having been sent north by the San Francisco Examiner to cover the Gold Rush.

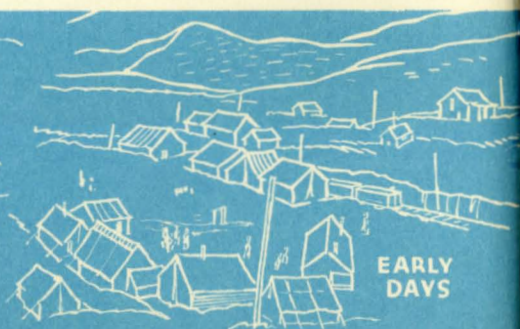
Leaving Circle City we start into the Yukon Flats in which the river widens to a great breadth and is laced with many channels between myriads of small islands. From this point on for some distance, we note the absence of the mountains that we have come



CABIN OF ROBERT SERVICE



KLONDIKE DANCE HALL



EARLY DAYS

MOUNTAIN LAKES

Breathe Romance



● Many lakes of rarest beauty are found in the north country.



*"There's a haven of sure rest
From the loud world's bewildering stress."*



Three of the Yukon's finest.

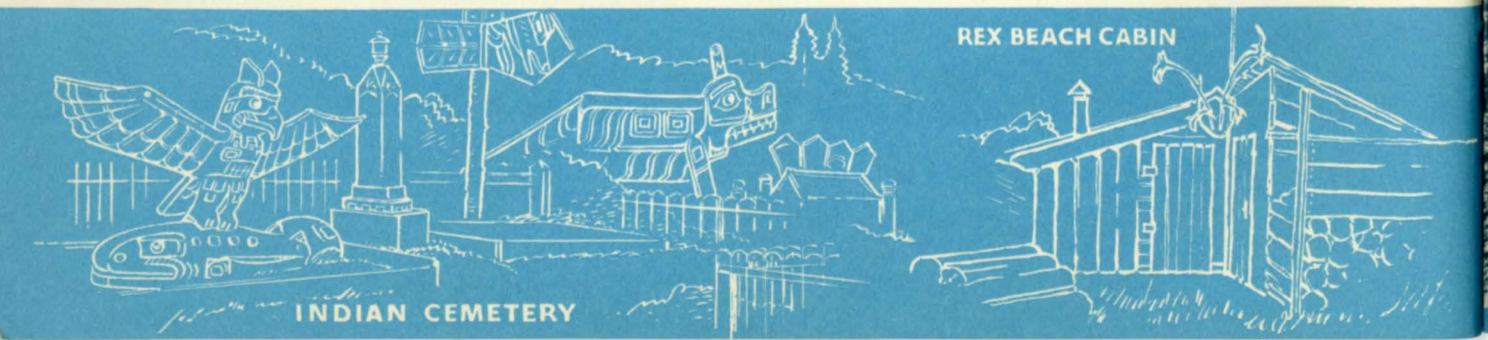


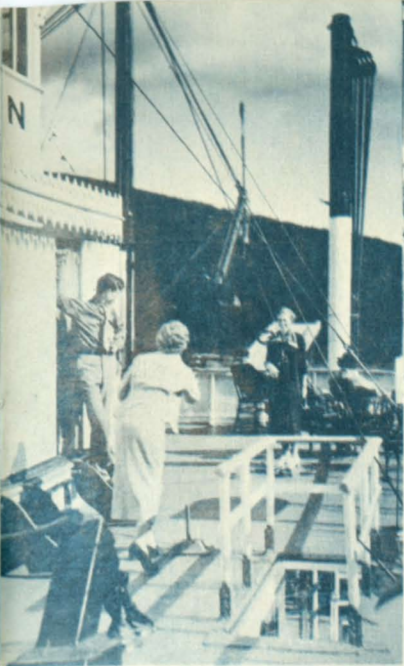
Beyond Dawson—the mighty Yukon wends its way toward the Arctic Circle.

through all the way. Shortly the steamer comes to the Arctic Circle. This is the place where one is initiated into the mysteries of the Order of the Midnight Sun by King Boreas, his Prime Minister and Lord High Chamberlain, Keeper of the Keys. After crossing the Arctic Circle one may then feel that he has something in common with the Arctic explorer.

Our steamer continues a number of miles farther within the Arctic until it reaches historic Fort Yukon. Here we seem to catch the spirit of the old traders who bartered with the Indians for furs. Fort Yukon was the original site of the Hudson's Bay Company's fort built in 1847 by Alexander Hunter Murray. When it was first established it was thought to be on the Colville River, which flows into the Arctic Ocean, and it was many years before it was realized that it was on the Yukon. In 1869, the Hudson's Bay Company relinquished its post to the United States, which had purchased Alaska two years before, and retired up the Porcupine River across the International Boundary. Fort Yukon has the distinction of being the oldest English speaking settlement on the river. What changes science has brought to this far country! Today furs are sent out by planes instead of being transported by dog teams, and messages are flung upon the air waves by a modern radio station in lieu of the long weeks of waiting for mail via overland trails and water routes. Many voyagers upon this trip arrange their time table so that, at Fort Yukon, they may take their own pictures of the Midnight Sun as it touches the horizon but does not disappear.

Although the regular habitat of the Eskimos is along the rim of the Arctic Ocean we learn with interest that a colony of these little known people had migrated to Beaver. Occasionally when the Eskimo spirit urges—the colony will graciously perform native dances.





Sportsmen's and vacationists' paradise.

PURGATORY! It is amusing to learn that this small settlement with its colorful name was called that by one Sergeant William Yanert attached to the Eighth Cavalry and sent there in 1898 with an expedition to "penetrate from the Coast through the Alaska Range to the waters of the Interior."

At Fort Hamlin we are beginning to reach the lower end of the wide flat country which we first noticed at Circle and we begin to find the river again confined to definite banks with high hills surrounding. This narrowed portion of the river must handle the entire winter ice from the wide

river above when the spring breakup comes and it is in these places that the terrifying ice breakups can be viewed in the early season. It is a sight that brings even the oldest sourdough on the run to witness. It is comparable in nature to a great storm at sea, or an eruption or earthquake, which at odd times man is fortunate enough to witness. The breakup, however, occurs regularly every spring, with large cakes of ice shooting in the air, falling back and diving under the surface of the water, turning end over end ceaselessly grinding, with a roar that can be heard for miles. It is truly an awe-inspiring sight.

In 1898 Rex Beach came down the river and built a cabin at Rampart, where he wrote a number of books between times cutting wood for the steamers. As we view the old landmark we try to picture some of the rugged characters, in his books, right in this very spot.

Snow capped mountains mirror their majestic beauty in icy lakes.





Whitehorse—a fine type of frontier town.



The cabin of storied Sam McGee.



Ashore on the edge of civilization.

THE river journey ends at Nenana. It is with regret and with a feeling of leaving old friends behind that we say good-bye to the officers of the good ship *Yukon* and entrain for Fairbanks.

Fairbanks is the most important city in the interior of Alaska. It is quite modern and is the center of a large mining area. The University of Alaska is located here.

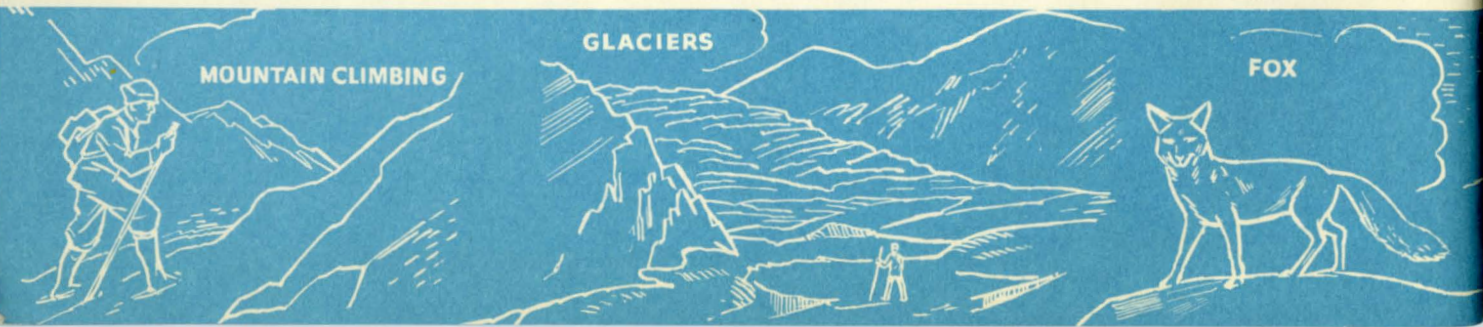
Fairbanks to the coast by way of The Alaska Railroad, is a trip through varied and beautiful scenery. There is a stop-over at Mt. McKinley National Park, named for the highest peak on the North American continent. Thence we travel to Seward and there go aboard ship for the homeward-bound voyage.

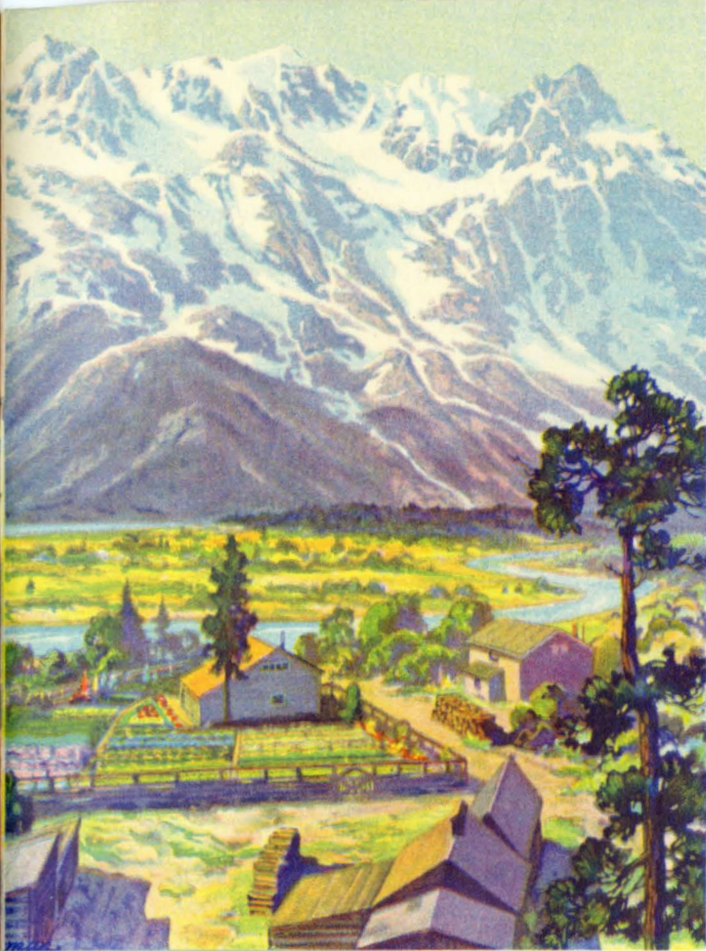
This trip may be taken, if so desired, in the opposite direction—that is to say by steamer to Seward, by rail to Nenana, down Tanana River and up Yukon to Dawson, thence to Whitehorse and West Taku Arm and Skagway. To take it so is perhaps preferable; for, as already stated, rather is the steamer-voyage down Yukon too speedy, in the urge of its current, than the voyage up-river too long.

West Taku Arm...

A scenic trip for the traveler with limited time. The voyager leaves the train at Carcross and embarks on the steamer *Tutshi*—pronounced Too-shy. In the officers and crew again we meet the open friendliness of those in a pioneer land.

Soon the boat glides forward and although we have just come through a succession of lakes and mountains—we seem to be entering a new world of mountains and lakes for here the water is of a different blue, and we scarcely know whether we are right side up or not for this is a region of beautiful reflections. We seem to be closer to the high snowy peaks and the innumerable glaciers blow their chilling breath upon us as we pass underneath their shadow.





Ben-My-Chree, at farthest end of West Taku Arm . . . a living legend and a point of pilgrimage.



"A painted ship upon a painted ocean" . . . steamer Tutshi on the way to Ben-My-Chree.

Presently we see a surveyor's slash up the mountain-sides—the boundary of British Columbia and Yukon Territory. On one side of the lake it is a single scar; on the other, because of a correction made in the original survey, a double one. The skipper, Captain McDonald, may try to tell you that it is a trail made by the moose coming down to drink; and if you ask why on one side it is single, on the other double, he will reply that, for some occult reason, upon one side the moose have made a two-way trail, one to come and one to go. There is something about the north that tends toward experiments in the thing called "folk imagination!" But the true stories of the country are wilder and stranger than any of its flights of gay fancy.

"Where do we go from here?" passengers used to ask, when the roofs dwindled behind, only to be disengaged from the boulders by their sun-scorched gleam and rectangular shape. "Wait and see," would be the reply. For a great part of the magic of that voyage's end was its element of surprise. But those who have been there talk. News of it goes *out*. News of it goes far. World-travellers on both sides of the Atlantic, when they muse upon their journeys, are back at Ben-My-Chree, at the farthest end of West Taku Arm, and they speak of it to friends as a place unique.

When gold was found in place in the neighboring mountains, Mr. Partridge built here a home that would be worthy of a woman of civilized refinements, and banked it around with flowers. *Ben-My-Chree* he called it, which is Manx for *Girl of My Heart*.

You walk here along the floating side-walk then follow the path. You come to a garden, flowers are

Florence Range, West Taku Arm





Mr. and Mrs. Otto Partridge built Ben-My-Chree . . . a home in the wilderness.

in bloom—a pool of color under the sheer precipices. You come to a house beside which is a conservatory. There look back at that tended and multi-colored enclosure, at the contrasting severe summits, deeply aware of the quiet ashore here, the throbbing of the steamboat's engine and thrash of her stern-wheel no longer sounding in your ears.

Steal off alone beyond the house, up the slope a little way, look at the place where Mrs. Partridge lived. Get beyond the voices. Feel the enfolding silence, the silence one reads about, the silence of the Yukon. The sense of all being but a dream within a dream catches you; the strangeness catches you; the silence catches you. In fact what you feel here is perhaps the spell of the North of which you have often read. You realize that, for better or worse, it might easily take hold of one—till death do us part, as it were—and it was a spell, it seemed, at one and the same time tranquil and sinister, beneficent and terrible. Then you will understand the Lure of the North, that Lure other than the one that is in the hope for sudden fortune in the fold of its rocks and sands. These phrases one reads—"Come and find me;" "What lies beyond the ranges;" and so forth—are not mere nonsense. You tear yourself away from that arresting and detaining quiet, that spell, and join the others below.

Ben-My-Chree was once the voyage's end and surprise. Now it is a living legend and a point of pilgrimage. "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" Here one can see what sort of lodge Otto Partridge made.

The White Pass & Yukon Route present to all visitors there a small souvenir booklet to carry away in memory of their visit, and that booklet tells in full the story of Ben-My-Chree. The feeling is that for all you know the bells may long since have stopped buzzing at the street intersections, the lights ceased to flash their *Stop and Go*. San Francisco, New York, Chicago—these seem here but fictions, imagined only. And back in your home-town this, in turn, will be as a dream, a fiction, something you have imagined only: Ben-My-Chree, a garden in the wilderness, at the end of that great inland fiord.

Get in touch with the nearest office of the White Pass & Yukon Route

... OR YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

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You . . . come to Alaska.



The peaceful serenity of sunset on the Yukon.

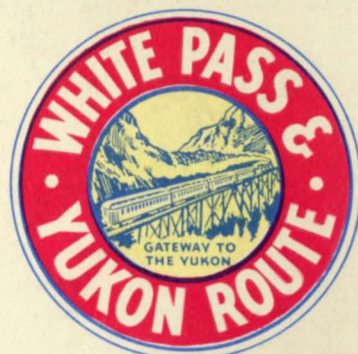


A colorful character of the Yukon, 92 years old.

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Alaska

AND THE YUKON •



*I've stood in some mighty mouthed hollow
That's plum full of hush to the brim;
I've watched the big, husky sun wallow
In crimson and gold, and grow dim,
Till the moon set the pearly peaks gleaming,
And the stars tumbled out, neck and crop;
And I've thought that I surely was dreaming,
With the peace o' the world piled on top.*

*The summer—no sweeter was ever;
The sunshiny woods all athrill;
The grayling asleep in the river,
The bighorn asleep on the hill.
The strong life that never knows barness;
The wilds where the caribou call;
The freshness, the freedom, the farness—
O God! how I'm stuck on it all.*

*The winter! the brightness that blinds you,
The white land locked tight as a drum,
The cold fear that follows and finds you,
The silence that bludgeons you dumb.
The snows that are older than history,
The woods where the weird shadows slant;
The stillness, the moonlight, the mystery,
I've bade 'em good by—but I can't.*

*There's a land where the mountains are nameless,
And the rivers all run God knows where;
There are lives that are erring and aimless,
And deaths that just hang by a hair;
There are hardships that nobody reckons;
There are valleys unpeopled and still;
There's a land—oh, it beckons and beckons,
And I want to go back—and I will.*

—Robert W. Service.

