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Juneau,
Alaska.

App. 30,000.

One Thousand Miles By Dogteam.

"I am going up the Taku river by dogteam to Fairbanks."

"But you can't do that, there are mountains or something you can't get over, anyway it's no place for a woman." Thus man disposes of woman. That being settled I went quietly about my business of getting ready. Others roared with laughter. "Poor Mary, she will be coming into Fairbanks two years from now, the dogs will be dragging her or she will be dragging the dogs, the dogs will eat her or she will eat the dogs before she ever gets there." Older men more polite simply shook their heads and remained silent.

If a man announced his intention of taking a thousand mile mush certainly no one would think it strange, nor would his statement be greeted with roars of laughter. I as a woman resent the fact that men seem to think they should have the monopoly on all the fun. Is there any reason why a woman should not be as capable as a man. Anyway I had planned on this vacation all summer and it looked attractive to me, everyone to his own tastes. I thought no more of going to Fairbanks by dogteam than you'd think of driving your car through the States, or taking a jaunt to Europe, except perhaps I'd have more fun.

I had planned on going by way of Dawson from Whitehorse, however if I could follow the route of the Pacific Alaska Airways, it would be the shortest distance between two points. The pilots did not know if there were passes through the mountains between the headwaters of the Kluane and the Tanana rivers. It did not look very promising from the air, but Jean Jacquot at Burwash Landing on Kluane lake would know.

And so as the P.A.A. gives weather to all their pilots in Alaska, so now they placed all their facilities at my command, and they were many.

Jean Jacquot wired he had a guide that had gone part of the way. It was possible. His wife made a couple trips a year to Whitehorse by dogteam to visit their children who were in school there. I could meet her in Whitehorse and have company to Burwash.

The P.A.A. suggested I take a radio, but as I hardly knew the code and no time to learn it now, and wishing the operators to be on speaking terms with me when I got to Fairbanks, decided against it. I am only slightly acquainted with the dit and darr of a radio world, besides I could not see myself climbing a tree to put up the antenna on a cold winter night. I was monkey enough, but not that kind of a monkey. There was to come a time when I deeply regretted my decision.

As weight is considered important in an airplane, so it is with a dogteam. Over a well traveled trail a dog is supposed to pull one hundred pounds with ease, but my trails would not be traveled, and there would be stretches where there were no trails at all.

The essentials were, one sleeping bag; supposed to keep one warm at sixty below with snow for a mattress; silk tent weighing nine pounds; small stove weighing less, that fitted into the basket of the sled and pipe that fitted into the stove; Two pair of snowshoes, large pair for breaking trail and a small pair of trail shoes to follow behind the sled. Small trail ax, 30-06 Winchester with case to kill moose and caribou for ourselves and dogs if necessary. Enough smoked salmon for five dogs for thirty days. As one can carry very little meat on account of its weight, one does not kill game unless absolutely necessary.

My own equipment; I am ashamed to say weighed one hundred pounds and I thought I was going to be tough and travel light. I collected and discarded, but there seemed to be little else I could discard. Fur parka; two pair of skii suits, one for every day and one

for Sundays; two pair of corduroy pajamas, I could not bear to think of sleeping in my clothes; one pair of hip length mukluks, they say it gets cold in the Interior; half a dozen pair of moccasins, they get wet and take a long time to dry out. Heavy underwear and light underwear, it wasn't very cold yet; dozens of socks; creepers for glare ice; candles for light; snowglasses; flashlight; tool kit, to fix sled and harnesses; first-aid kit; canned heat for tea at noon when we didn't want to take the time to build a fire; and numerous other things I was to discard later along the trail as not important.

My small vanity case was packed with a thermometer so I would know enough not to travel in weather below forty. At Dawson in the early days, the Mounties would not allow horses to work in colder weather-so why should I. One barometer, so I would not get caught in a blizzard, others have but why should I when I was going prepared with all the weather gagdits.

Compass that a pilot had put on a map and with great pains and patience for over an hour tried to teach me how to use it. It seemed quite simple while he explained, but was a different matter when I tried to use it myself. Why must magnetic north be thirty-two degrees east of north? Do you put north or magnetic north on the lines running north and south on the map? I might end up at Fort Yukon instead of Fairbanks. As "East is East and West is West," why can't north be just simply-north? Another man said, "on account of the mineral in the country, you can't depend on it anyway." However there are times when a pilot's life and those of his passengers depend on his compass, and if it was good enough for a plane, it was good enough for a dog-sled. Besides it was really a nice compass-silver and shiny like a man's watch.

I had maps from Juneau to Fairbanks. Small maps and big maps, plain maps and colored maps. They were really quite pretty. Not the least important in my vanity case was cold cream and cleansing cream.

Woodbury's face soap - after all the ads. say "It gives that skin you love to touch." And Jergens Hand Lotion, if Walter Wenchel is to be believed "It keeps the hands soft and velvety" - perhaps even the hands on the handlebars of a sled. Powder, rouge and lipstick. A woman thus fortified should be able to conquer even the wilderness. But I was better fortified; five pounds of beans, five pounds of rice, moose meat. One pound of coffee, tea, sugar, and butter. Hardtack.

Taku Lodge to Tulsequah.

Finally on the twenty-second day of December, the river seemed sufficiently frozen for safe traveling and I was as ready as I'd ever be. Everything was piled on the front porch and two dogteams were driven around for their sleds to be loaded. The team I was taking; Tip Stikine, Nakinaw, Baldy and Taku. The other team carried extra supplies Inklin, Chesley and Skippy a large white dog and a pet.

I took a last glance around to see if I had forgotten anything, and a last good look as if to imprint on my memory as a picture on canvass the interior of my large lovely log cabin, with it's huge stone fireplace and the trophies on the wall; The black bear from Oregon, the two grizzlies from British Columbia, the three brown bears from Admiralty Island, the caribou from the Cassiar, the moose and goat from the Taku. Funny the way the goat looked as if he had socks on. Here one might spend a comfortable winter if one's feet were not so restless.

We got a late start but were only going twelve miles to the P.A.A. radio station at Canyon Island. The overflow on glare ice was hard on the dogs feet and some of them were bleeding. There were many tracks of moose and here where one went through the ice. I had supposed instinctively they knew enough to stay off thin ice, evidently nature had not taught them everything and I hoped I'd have better judgement. It was nearly dark when we arrived at the canyon but the fastest water on the Taku seemed now to be well frozen. From the howling of dogs I realized other guests were here before us.

The Justice of the Peace of Tulsequah had come down to the radio station to report to Prince Rupert that a man had committed suicide in that district. He said "From the evidence it looked as if the dead man had gone down to the river's bank and jumped in, finding the water rather chilly he climbed out again - went up to his shack took off his clothes and hung them up to dry - put on a dry suit of

underwear and being comfortable, took the butcherknife and slit his throat." The question seemed to be, "to bury or not to bury, with or without the sanction of the law. The citizens of Tulsequah were all for burying, but he wished permission to bury. The Justice himself had very little authority but the weight of it lay heavily upon his shoulders. As for myself it was none of my business, let the Canadians decide their own law.

While I enjoyed a moose steak, the operator increased my appetite by telling me I would get lousy and freeze my toenails on my way to Fairbanks. Why didn't I stay home and learn the code? If I spent just fifteen minutes a day for one year in practice I would become an expert operator. Fifteen minutes out of every twenty-four; Five thousand, four hundred and seventy-five minutes out of a year; ninety-one hours fifteen minutes out of a life-time. It seemed reasonable enough, but did he know that at Fairbanks in the spring of the year they had an Ice Carnival that rivaled the Mardi Gras of New Orleans, the Tournament of Roses of Southern California? Didn't he know I must have "Something to remember, when I grow too old to dream." There is no arguing with a woman and so to bed I went in the radio room, with my big white dog at my feet. I suppose if I were to turn the switch a dit or a darr would jump down on my head. Most assuredly I must learn the code - very sleepily I remembered I forgot my map. How does one get to Fairbanks without a map.

This morning after a hearty breakfast I sent my love and a Merry Christmas to Peg and Bob Ellis in Juneau. Bob sent back a hug and a kiss, which Bob West thought undesirable to deliver on account of a month's beard. Bob Ellis said, "it will only tickle her". We all left about one o'clock and Bob came down to the river bank to see us off. My own two dogteams, with a man from my lodge driving one team, and the Justice, of the Peace, who rides in the basket of the sled with a

native boy at the break, getting off from time to time to stretch his legs and advise me of the bad crossings.

Two hours took us to Tulsequah and here I delivered their two months old mail. The main and only street is one block long, with the river bank on one side and small cabins on the other. Here the Tulsequah river empties into the Taku and the Inklin begins, and here I sat for four days, impatient to be off, while the white men argued the Inklin was 'nt frozen enough and the Indians argued among themselves. As I wanted an Indian guide the decision of the Indians was more important to me. I knew one of the young Indians wanted to get to Atlin perhaps as badly as I did, for reasons of his own, and it would give him considerable prestige among his own tribe to take the first white woman over the Sloko Summit.

Christmas dinner was celebrated with a lovely roast of goat. Our host was an Englishman who had come into the Dease lake country in '98, but had never reached Dawson - so many of them did 'nt. Around his table were gathered prospectors and trappers, Indians and half-breeds, I was the only white woman. After we had all eaten as much as possible, a delicious plum pudding was set before us, whereupon a remittance man rudely pushed back his chair and shouted "I don't want any of that stuff." Quite insulted he was, perhaps if he had tasted the brandy sauce he might have changed his mind. He may have been afraid to mix a sweet with what he already had in his stomach. More than sour-dough ferments in the old stone crock behind the kitchen stove. Anyway he'd have none of it.

The day after Christmas the Indians decided, peacefully I hope, the young Indian would go with me, his father and brother would accompany us over the most dangerous stretches of the river. The father asked his son "Can she walk on snowshoes," and the son replied "I guess so-she's got two pair".

Tulsequah To Inklin House. Dec. 27, '35-Dec. 29, '35.

I was very happy to get started. Up until this time I did not know if I would be able to start for Atlin or have to go back home. My humiliation would be more than I could bear, it could'n't be explained. Skippy my big white dog was sent back, he is used to the luxuries of life, and two of the brothers.

The sled and the five dogs I was taking with me were loaded into a boat and we crossed the river. Baldy, the most timid of my dogs was afraid in the boat, but once on the opposite bank they all seemed as eager to be off as I was, although Nakinaw got in the basket of the sled and seemed undecided whether he would ride or pull. Perhaps he thought going to Fairbanks was a big joke and I'm sure those on the bank thought the same thing.

Amid the barking of dogs and much wagging of tails, we finally got them harnessed and were ready to start when we heard a shout from across the river. It was the law of Tulsequah, "Would you be kind enough to deliver these letters to Atlin?" "I would be delighted. The mail must go through, whether it be King George's or Uncle Sam's.

I had always heard of water as being blue, but for the first time in my life I have seen blue water, the color of icebergs, on the headwaters of the Taku. Blue water, fast, cold and cruel running between it's icy banks. We traveled on gravel bars, crossing the channel of the river on log sweepers with poles from the log to the bank on the opposite side. Chocack Lagoose, Billy Williams to you scolded his two sons and made them put boughs over the poles, so I could not see the water underneath while crossing. "White lady---plenty scared. She fall-- in river--we never get her--out!" I crossed on my hands and knees and the dogs followed like soldiers.

We crossed the upper Taku another place over ripids on huge cakes of ice, three and four feet apart, held in place by sweepers and snags. They put a chain on Tip and as each dog fell in the water they

pulled him out onto another cake of ice. Some of the cakes of ice were only two feet wide, just room for the sled, with water leaping over and gurgling underneath. I jumped over and just made it but they had a chain on me too.

At night I cooked moose steaks, beans and rice. Rice with gravy on it, rice with sugar and butter for dessert, nothing like a change of diet. After dinner old Billy Williams would tell us stories of the Taku in the early days, before the white man came.

Long before Juneau was ever dreamed of and the Taku Glacier blocked the mouth of the river making a lake of the whole Taku valley, once a year all the tribes gathered at Tagun, on the headwaters of the Inklin for potlatch. Here gifts and hostages were exchanged among the different tribes, and here for many days they carried on their wardance and merrymaking. They danced around huge fires, their brown bodies flashing in the flickering light, each chief trying to out-do the other. Nor did these festivities always end as merry as they had begun.

A story is told of a Chief coming from far-off Wrangell, with fifty war canoes and fifty men in each canoe. As the King has his jester so the tribe have their song-maker, and he composed two songs for his Chief with which to woo the Princess of Tagun. As the chief was singing his song and dancing around the fire, the chief from another tribe threw some powder into the fire, (perhaps the powder from a Hudson Bay shell) which exploded, throwing its burning sparks upon the chief and his men. This being an insult from their host, the Taku tribe, war was declared and they entered immediately into conflict. The Chief went back to Wrangell with one canoe and twenty men. High on a sheer cliff I saw today in red Indian dye the picture of a canoe headed home. Above the canoe is a bleeding heart, and to the right as a moon high in the Heavens, the picture of a wolf- meaning the wolf or Taku tribe live high in the sky

and cannot be defeated. The ruins of many war canoes are still on the Taku and the skulls of many men remain at Tagun.

There are many clans in each tribe. A wolf marries a crow, their children take the clan of the mother who was a crow, they in turn must marry a wolf. If they marry a crow it is a deed punishable by death.

One of the Taku tribe killed an Indian from Sitka, but got an arrow back which wounded him. The Sitka Indians came to make war on Takus but were paid in cash with the agreement that if the Taku died of his wounds within the year the money was to be refunded. He died whether it was a violent or natural death will never be known, and the Takus went to collect their money which was at first refused, however before the war-whoop began the money was refunded and peace was declared. These Indians were as clever with their bows and arrows as Read and Soapy Smith were with their pistols.

Tomorrow we reach the Inklin House, trapping ground of the Takus. The tent is very comfortable with its small stove. It was desperately cold today until we passed the "Den of the Northwind." My big toe got frightfully cold, I must have a hole in my sock. I was told to wear silk hose and wollens over them and I'd never get cold. The Indians say "no good," just the same as they say, "fish no good-for- dogs, meat- more better," so they killed a moose on the river. There is no doubt but what dogs get more savage on meat, but I still think on account of the oil in fish it is--more better.

Just the same as before I started out I couldn't bear to think of sleeping in my clothes, so now I can't bear to think of taking them off. Besides I have always hated to get up early, now I don't mind because I'm dressed anyway, perhaps I only hated to get dressed. Long after I had blown out my candle and crawled into my sleeping bag on a mattress of spruce boughs, I could hear old Billy Williams laughing and

joking with his two sons in their lean-to beside an open fire. They are the happiest race of men I have ever known, only the bare necessities of life, the sky for a roof. With all our luxuries we are never content and continually grasping for more. Our greedy hands reach out to snatch their silver foxes and give them a bottle of lemon extract or a plug of star tobacco in return. We who send our missionaries to teach them might well learn a lesson in return.

Inklin House To Atlin.
Dec.31, '35--Jan.7, '36.

Here the Nakinaw empties into the Inklin, and the Inklin branches off to the northwest toward Telegraph Creek. From the Inklin House we traveled to Canoe Landing on the Nakinaw river, the end of navigation by boat. We followed the ice on the bank of the river with fast open water on one side. I had just taken some movies and had not strapped my camera on the sled when it hit an ice cake and before I could grab it the sled tipped over and my movie bounded into the open water. Frank was ready to dive in after it, but they finally made a gaff hook of poles and fished it out.

From Canoe Landing Billy and Steve Williams went back and I started up Sloko mountain with Lakuta Sladanta, otherwise Frank Williams with his sled and two dogs carrying smoked salmon and my Woods sleeping bag. My own sled so heavy in steep places we put seven dogs on and both of us pushed and pulled.

The first day of a new year. As you'r feet danced on hardwood floors to the music of many orchestras in many cities, my feet danced up the side of Sloko mountain to the music in my own heart, and if the music had not been there, only then would it have been a hardship.

We took turns breaking trail. It was very hard for me to find the blazes of the Indians, they do not wish them found. However when I went ahead I took an ax and blazed a trail that a white person might find, if anyone cared to pass this way again. Every time I hit the tree the snow would fall down my neck. The days were dark and cloudy, but not cold

It took three days to reach Sloko Summit and glorious sunshine. As I stood on top of this mountain I could see hundreds of ptarmigan raise in flight from the peaks of other mountains, looking like a cloud of snow blown by the wind. Suddenly I hear the roar of another and more powerful bird, and soon see the silvered Electra winging its way to Juneau.

I wanted to reach up and pluck it out of the sky. It was an intrusion from my own world, I too with my dogteam was presumptuously intruding into a world I knew nothing about. But there in the plane were boys I knew, if I could only feel the clasp of their hands and hear the sound of their voices. I was quite indignant they didn't drop down to reassure me, there seemed to be many good landing fields and cluttered with lakes. As the roar of the motor died away I realized I had left my own world behind-the modern Alaska with its airplanes-I had gone back to the old with its dogteams. But in this world of white madness the wind was beginning to blow and I decided I'd better get going before the Gods became angry, here on a mountain pass was no place to get caught in a storm, there was a time and place for everything, and here was no place for dreams.

We dropped down to Silver Salmon and the protection of spruce trees, crossing the old Telegraph trail to Faulkners cabin, three miles south of Dixie lake. Had I come this way two years before I might have met the mail teams on their way from Atlin to Telegraph Creek, now the mail is carried by planes. Here was a trail that Tip knew well, born in Telegraph he led his brothers over this trail with the mail when he was only six months old.

Although it was only two o'clock in the afternoon, it gets dark at three, I would not move a step farther. Here was a cabin, although the windows were out, and one could see between the logs, it had no door, there was a roof over it and it had a small stove with an Automatic damper. When the chimney got red hot the damper would close. To keep warm one had to rotate continually, when I sat on the stove my feet were cold and when my feet were warm the rest of me was cold. Wherever Mr. Faulkner was tonight I blessed him for building this shelter on a spot where he was forced to stay out in a blizzard because he couldn't make the next cabin.

Frank went ahead to break trail and I cooked supper and fed the dogs. Nakinaw wanted very badly to come into the cabin. One night on Sloko mountain when I was unharnessing the dogs, Nakinaw's feet seemed so cold he could hardly stand on them, he kept lifting one paw and then the other. I thought perhaps they were freezing and I took him into the tent to get warm. He lay on my sleeping bag and took what food that was offered him. After I had blown out my candle he had an idea where the moose steaks were kept and proceeded in that direction. I had to crawl out of my warm bed and tie him up outside. It was a mistake I did not make the second time, he howled for two nights in protest.

It did not take long to cover the trail Frank had broken the night before and soon we were in deep fluffy snow again. Frank went ahead, and I hopped, skipped and jumped to pack the snow down so the dogs could pull the sleds up the hills. I'd take one team up the hill and then go back for the other. My approach was always greeted with enthusiasm on the part of the dogs. I hurt my shoulder lifting and pushing on the handlebars. They say the man that drives the dogs is the biggest dog of all, there are times when I think they're right. Long after dark, we wanted to make Hot Springs on the O'Donnell Road, we finally came to a farm. The light from the window looked so good, my hands were so cold, toes blistered from snowshoe straps, and my shoulder ached.

I rapped on the door and a voice demanded "What do you want?" "I want to get warm", in a very small voice. Was this the Northern hospitality I had heard so much about? I also wanted food and shelter for myself and dogs, although I did not suggest it, it seemed an inopportune moment to do so. Soon two eyes glared out from a glass opening and the voice demanded "Who are you?" "Who am I?" I mumbled something. He had me stumped. How was I to tell him who I am when I don't know myself. It is a question that has long been a question mark in my own mind. "Who are any of us?" It seemed ridiculous standing out there in the dark and

and the cold to explain to him that I just happened to be one member of a human race that inhabited Southeastern Alaska, a Territory of the United States. Evidently there was no such doubt running through his own mind. "Go away--you nobody," a fact I knew, but hoped no one suspected. I should have been delighted to have it explained in so many words and so definitely but I was furious. Soon fear followed indignation and I got away in a hurry. I had heard of men going crazy living alone, some of them go crazy living with someone. After I got out of rifle range I laughed heartily. Learned later the old man had extended his hospitality to others and got two black eyes for his pains. We mushed on, dogs tongues hanging out and crawling on their bellies through deep snow, I felt very sorry for them until we came to fresh moose tracks when they cocked their ears, curled their tails, and all I could do was to keep them on the road. There are times when I think I have a bunch of hunting dogs instead of sled dogs.

After my encounter with the old man, my hands were no longer cold and I felt very happy. It was as if a load had been lifted off my shoulders. The result was even more satisfying than if I had warmed my hands by his fire. It really was quite funny, I shall never forget how his eyes protruded under very heavy eyebrows, and his head was very shiny where his hair should have been. There was a moon coming up, I have never seen trees so beautiful. We traveled a trail of fairyland, with each twig on every bough covered with frost and ice and every tree an Artist's model.

Reached Bruce Morton's Hot Springs at eight O'clock. Here I stayed on the road and sent Frank in to see if we might stop overnight. I was 'nt going to be turned down twice in the same night. From the road I could hear him shout "White woman wants --to stay--all night." Perhaps there was a catch to it after all. Must it be explained I am white? What color am I supposed to be? It must have been the pass word because I

heard "Bring her in." I was received with open arms. This must be hospitality-how georgeous, warm fire, warm house, warm food. I sank into a chair it seemed to me as if I could never walk again, how my legs ached. After you have followed an Indian for twenty-five miles all day through deep snow, you know you've been someplace. They are born on snowshoes.

Mrs. Morton gave me two pair of wollen mitts she had knitted herself to put under my moose-hide mitts. One pair was white and fluffy, it reminded me of a kitten I had had as a child. She warned me to always keep one pair in my belt, near my body so they'd be warm and dry to put on after the sun had gone down. "You'r hands perspire during the day, and thats why they get so cold at night." Stupid of me not to have known.

White sheets and a pillow. I put the pillow very carefully on a chair. Who invented the bed, certainly mankind did'nt give him enough credit, what greater service has been done humanity? I felt like the man in the Insane Asylum when asked why he was hammering his hand, "he said "It feels so good when I stop." I too love to sleep in my tent, it feels so good when I dont have to.

I was asleep when my body hit the bed. A few hours later I was rudely awakened by dogs barking, I sat up in bed and listened intently. One can tell by their barking if they are fighting among themselves or barking at something. The result being if they are merely barking I dont have to get up, if fighting it means to get there as soon as possible with a stick before they kill each other. It seemed to be neither, I could'nt distinguish this sound, but as it kept on I could'nt sleep anyway. I looked out the window into a clear moonlight night and saw a horse chasing the guide's dogs around the trees where they were tied. He would first go after them with his head and then turn around and kick up his heels, always being careful to be at a distance where he could'nt reach them, very thoughtful of the horse. A colt of fifteen summers frolicking in the moonlight. Had he been chasing my dogs I would

have gone out and given chase to the horse.

The next morning I suggested I ride the horse to Atlin, but they said he was unridable. I wondered if they have Ice cream in Atlin, but they dont, funny that I should crave it so. We started up the middle of Atlin lake but had to hit the bank on account of slush ice, and arrived there early afternoon.

Atlin To Whitehorse.
Jan.13, '36--Jan19, 36.

I remained in Atlin six days, mainly because I could'nt seem to get filled up. I was perfectly facinated with the amount of food the guide could put under his belt on the way here, and now I was eating more than the guide. I'd no more than finish a big meal and I'd be hungry again. I wondered if there was'nt a limit to my capicity, but there did'nt seem to be.

I purchased a small four foot saw, thinking it would be safer sawing my own wood than it would be chopping it. From here the guide was going back and I was going on alone to Whitehorse. My load from here on would be much heavier and I realized I should have a toboggan instead of a Yukon Sled, but there were none to be had.

There seemed to be very little activity in this small town, the mail plane from Carcross being the big event. I left Atlin with the feeling that I did'nt want to stop in any more towns. It seemed so terribly depressing, when I had been so happy on the trail. I heard over again all the gruesome stories I had ever heard about the North. From all I could gather the people thought I was crazy, until I began to think maybe they were right. Surely I could'nt be the only sane person among so many insane. I decided however if I was the only one crazy, it was a happy state of mind to be in, and I'd skip it. If they wanted to sit by the kitchen stove all winter and knit, that was their business. I can't knit, it is a pastime I will leave for my wheel-chair days.

I know it is very unreasonable for me to feel this way. A whole town should not be blamed for the thoughtlessness of one man who seemed to know more than all the others combined, and as I think of each individual it is with kindness. But must I be made to die a thousand deaths until I am dead? Must my feet be frozen off my body while I am still alive? I wish to dance again

In contrast to all this were the lovely messages I received from Juneau. Here were friends who had known me a long time. The Pacific Alaska Airways offered every assistance and would keep an eye on me, on their scheduled runs from Juneau to Fairbanks. There were people who wished to help instead of hinder, with instructive advice instead of destructive, with their assistance I need not be afraid. I could rely on a pilot's judgment and so I sought it. He gave me a map of his own and marked the mileage and roadhouses I would come to along the way. He gave me credit for having a reasonable amount of intelligence and did not push me through the ice until I had fallen in. I was deeply grateful.

I left Atlin determined to stop in no more towns. I did not want people to take my happiness from me, it was too precious. Alone in God's glorious sunshine, its rays seemed to penetrate my heart and lift my spirit high into the Heavens, how wonderful to leave man's depressing atmosphere. I headed North traveling on the lake, the dogs clipped along at a merry pace and my heart sang. Six miles out of town I was overtaken by two motorcycles, two boys on each car. The dogs nearly bolted, they had never seen anything on two wheels before or heard the roar of a motor. One of the boys tried to pet the dogs and Nakinaw made a grab for his hand. Alaskan sled dogs are one man dogs, personally I would never think of walking up to a man's dogteam and trying to pet them. It just is not done. Winter sport on Atlin lake--hunting coyotes by motorcycles.

Supposed to travel twenty miles and come to roadhouse on the right bank of the lake. Had followed Indian trail in the middle of the lake all day, it's nearly dark and I can't see the cabin so decide to hit right side and pitch my tent. As I get closer I think I see smoke, suddenly something moving--man or moose? I shout and am shouted back at, a man of sixty-eight helped me unharness the dogs and feed them.

Next morning had breakfast at six A.M., waited for day to break but day never broke. Harnessed the dogs and started across Atlin lake

in thick fog. I thought I should follow my own trail back to the middle of the lake but Napoleon Champoux said he would take me right there. He went ahead and pretty soon we were headed straight back to his cabin. I was well pleased, I thought if an old sourdough could'nt make it, certainly it was no place for a chechako, and they told me I most likely won't be able to find the portage anyway, which is a rode joining Taku Arm and Atlin lake over which they carry freight from Carcross to Atlin by caterpillars in the winter time.

The next day dawned bright and beautiful. Followed the moon going down in the West, like hope in the human heart, now dimmed by clouds now bright with glory. To my right the head of Atlin lake stretching away in the horizon to misty blue distant mountains. Outlined sharply against a northern sky, the mountain of Minto, round and white as a woman's breast, ~~lifts her proud head~~. From out of the East a flaming sun peaks over the tips of jagged mountains, to my left and South the city of Atlin stripped of her former glory. Silence-save for the padding of dog's feet on frozen snow.

Three miles of this and I hit the soft fluffy snow through the woods. Tip broke trail for his team, only his back and head could be seen above the snow, until he became too tired, then I broke trail ahead on snowshoes coming back each time to lift the sled out of the snow and push. It kept turning over. Continued this all day until an hour before dark I realized I could'nt make the roadhouse that night. Only covered a mile an hour all day, the woods of the portage still ring with my blessing heaped on the head of the man who invented sleds with narrow runners. Crossed a small lake and pitched my tent and stove, found the only dry tree on the portage and chopped my wood for the night.

I had the stove all ready to light before I unharnessed the dogs, so if my hands got too cold I could start a fire easily. The harnesses are so cold. Fed the dogs and cooked rice and tea for myself.

I did not get supplies at Atlin because there are roadhouses all the way to Whitehorse. I just didn't make the roadhouse. Usually on the trail one carries rice, beans, salt, sugar, tea and there are plenty of rabbits and ptarmigan or moose. You can't imagine how good a kernel of rice can be especially with a little butter and sugar on it. The bean anyway for breakfast is just a bit hard to get down, but once having come in contact with the stomach, one can travel for hours without getting hungry.

I crawled into my sleeping bag and waited for the wolf to come but he didn't show up even in sheep's clothing. I didn't dare put out the thermometer for had I known it was forty below would have frozen to death. It's a dry cold up here one doesn't mind it.

It seemed even colder in the morning and I started the fire from my sleeping bag and made tea. Harnessed the dogs and dumped everything on the sled. The dogs were frantic to be off and raced down a hill and onto a lake and there were three big moose across the lake. The dogs wanted to go in their direction and I wanted them to go in another. I finally won and two miles down the lake we came to the trail of a trapper. Had wonderful going to the next roadhouse where I stopped at noon. It was cold. Every time they opened the door I felt like shouting "please close that door," even as Sam McGee.

The next day I traveled North again on Taku Arm to Tagish lake. The Arm running north and south gets the full benefit of the north wind which sweeps the snow off. Crossed the boundary line, have passed from British Columbia into the Territory of the Yukon.

Suddenly I hear barks and snarls, and looking across the lake see half a dozen large animals coming out of the woods and coming my way. "Oh dear, and they told me the wolves would get me!" My knees began to shake as they do sometimes at the dual-controls of an airplane. There's never anything I can do about it, only hope the pilot doesn't notice it

he always does however and one feels so silly. I grabbed the gun and wondered how I could hold it steady and then I heard "mush, ^{God damn} MUSH -get ^{Mr-Mush-} out of here!" I put the gun very quickly into the case and hoped I wouldn't catch myself doing it, and all this despite the fact that I had investigated all wolf stories of the North and there's no known instance of wolves attacking man. They will attack dogs if they can lure them off alone, and they will follow a dogteam for miles, but they are afraid of the scent of man. They are the biggest cowards in the world and so am I.

Made Butterfield's roadhouse at dark, it was bitterly cold with a north wind blowing, the dogs were put in a nice warm barn, out of which I had to take Tip half an hour later lest the brothers tear him apart. He tries to put them in their place and they resent him. I discovered both Mr. Butterfield and I had wandered far from our native homes in Wisconsin, and we visited until midnight.

Only twelve miles to Carcross, traveling west again on Tagish lake. No poor words of mine could possibly describe the beauty of this morning. The sun flaming red in the east-white sharp tips of mountains suspended in the clouds-purple snowfields on low rolling hills-azure icefields floating down into the sea. I'm as jealous of this country as a husband is of his wife-I wish you to share its charm and beauty, I do not wish you to possess it. And someday it will all be spoiled by man, herds of men and women will drive out herds of moose and caribou. I'm glad to have seen it before it becomes cluttered up with a lot of funny looking people.

I was afraid to go into Carcross, but I arrived there at one o'clock and had lunch, there was nothing wrong with my appetite. I called at the postoffice for my mail, and the postmistress told me to come back in half an hour and her husband would give it to me, yet she was the postmistress, but evidently her husband did the work. It seemed quite funny.

I went to the telegraph office and had a nice chat with the operator. I was ready to make a dash for the door at the least mention of the perils and the terrors of the trail, but none were forthcoming, and he did not question my sanity. Carcross is not far from Atlin, but the people seem different. The Canadian Mounted Policeman came in, tall and very handsome in his coat of scarlet and asked me to have tea with him and his wife. It was delightful, people with merry laughter. He told me of inspection trips he had taken by dogteam and we compared notes on the grub box, which after all is most important and I laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks about rice and beans. I drank much tea and eat all his wife's delicious cookies. How friendly these people are, perhaps after all towns will be all right.

Lingered one night at Carcross then hit the railroad tracks for Whitehorse. Passed deserted, tumbled down railroad stations. One is reminded of the fact that rather than a new country this has known the days of '98. Crossed two high bridges, the space between the ties seem wide enough for me to fall through. Tip stopped in the middle and stood looking down perfectly fascinated. I kept shouting "Whoa," all the way across, with my toes turned out and my heels turned in running on the rail. Reached Robinson roadhouse, twenty-two miles in six hours, fairly burned up the tracks. People ask me if I ride. "Of course I don't ride, the dogs didn't ask to go to Fairbanks, I asked the dogs, and if they are gentlemen enough to pack my baggage, I should be willing to pack myself".

Left the next morning at nine-thirty and reached Cowley before noon. As the operator at Carcross had telephoned ahead to keep the men with handcars off the tracks less they run me and my dogs down, Miss. Enright had lunch waiting for me--first time I've had lunch on the trail. But they can't fool me about clearing the tracks for me, the day was that of the Sabbath.

Have ben working on the railroad for two days. It seems an endless afternoon to get to Whitehorse and it's almost dark now. I get frantic if I havent pitched my tent, or reached a roadhouse before dark. The wind started to blow early afternoon and has gathered speed toward evening. Finally came to the canyon, now with the howl of the wind I hear the roar of the Yukon. I see a suspension bridgh across the river, and I have that complex-I can't stand to look down from high places. It's dark and the dogs might break a leg. "I will not cross another bridge," especially one that wiggles under me, "with that roar in my ears and under me cakes of ice clashing and grinding." After an eternity I see what looks to be a roundhouse, but tracks to the left of me, tracks in front of me end in snowploughs. Houses across river, which way to turn? And then two figures emerge out of the darkness and come up to me. "Where is Whitehorse?" "Ten miles farther on." By his wit I knew him to be one of the P.A.A. operators. We turned to the left, he took the handlebars and I ran ahead of the dogs into Whitehorse and stopped in front of the Whitehorse Inn.

A man came out. "Let me see--where we put dogs." What did he mean "where we put dogs, here in the north where they are used so much?" "Oh no--not much anymore--everything carried by plane." While he was trying to think I whispered, "Where is the manager?" and was told he was the manager. I was quitely subdued. I had to have them near the hotel where I could feed them, also to settle their disputes if they had any. We drove around to the back, unharnessed them and put them in an old shed after removing the old buggies, scrap iron and what-not.

I wondered why they kept looking at me and finally one of said "But you'r not at all what we expected, we thought you'd be big and masculine, you'r so little." I told them "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I'm afraid I'm as big as I can ever hope to be." There was much laughter and friendliness. I felt immediately that I had known these people all my life. The lobby was comfortable and charming with large

chairs and tables, and as I warmed my hands by the open fireplace, it was almost as if they had all put their arms around me and drawn me close to their hearts. There was no criticism or curiosity in their glances.

A member of the Yukon Council asked me to their "Curling Games" My education has been sadly neglected. Misunderstanding his English accent I thought he said, "Cuddling"--oh you do that in Whitehorse," but told him I was willing to try anything once. He was tall and dignified and everyone laughed merrily. Three Mounties dropped in to say "hello" in their coats of scarlet. Are these the men that get their man? And they answer "Or whatever we go after." "That's what you think." They looked like boys fresh from college, but perhaps those merry blue eyes can be cold and stern, those arms handle a horse and a gun. I drew myself up and put on my dignity. I had been warned against "Scarlet-fever" in Whitehorse.

Ron Greenslade, the operator said "You'll have to hurry, we're going out for dinner." Warm room and a hot bath, how good I felt. On our way over to the home of our host it was explained to me that he was an ex mounted and had spent years in the service. There are many of them around Whitehorse, they serve in the North and are then sent outside where they resign, for after having seen the ice go out in the Yukon for years they are lost, they must come back, although at the time they think they never want to see this God-forsaken country again.

Candles flickered on the table, and silver gleamed from a snowwhite cloth. Civilization again. My host asked me if I were going down to Dawson. "No I am going by way of Kluane." "I don't think you'd better." I stood on two feet and glared at him, while he stood on his and glared back. Out of flashing eyes he measured me and I measured him. Then I do not know what passed between us but I liked him immediately, it was as if we had shaken hands.

Dinner was announced. A huge turkey was set before my host--my eyes nearly jumped out of my head. Turkey in the Yukon the nineteenth

of January, there must be some mistake, how did he get here? I don't know why it surprised me so, but before I could accept the turkey, my mind had to travel back to Skagway on the coast, and up the White Pass and Yukon railroad to Carcross and down the tracks I had been on for two days. My mind having arrived with the turkey I was quite willing to eat him and all his trimmings. And ice cream at last, while unharnessing the dogs I had asked if they had any.

My hostess was an American, who says she keeps these Yukoners in their place by telling them "We won the war." Her husband says she won all battles ever since. Their twenty-two year old daughter went outside last summer to stay a year and came back in one month, but then the operator might have had something to do about that. For the week I was in Whitehorse the doors of this gracious home was open to me both day and night. They'd take us home after a party, feed us and send us off to bed. When I grow older in years I hope I may be as young as they are in spirit.

WHITEHORSE.

Sunshine-cold brisk days-with the snow crunching under one's feet. Log cabins and modern buildings. It all seemed to lay so peacefully under winter's blanket of snow. The river, white and still, yet with that feeling of expectancy as if one were always looking for something. People eager and alive.

Hugh red barracks fill a whole square block, weather worn and windows out. Large enough to house a regiment but ~~no~~ longer needed. There are no lone prospectors coming from Dawson with pokes of gold to be way-laid by murderers who made this their business. And in this building is the scaffold, I looked up with horror, here men were hung by the neck until they were dead. It seemed a terrible retribution, yet they had no compassion on their victims. How can a bright and shiny metal make such beasts out of what is supposed to be man.

Have seen the cabin of Sam McGee, the door was locked but I peeked ~~in~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~window~~ looking cool and calm, in the heart of the

And ~~there~~ sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart of the furnace roar:

And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said, "Please close that door."

Walked up to the Whitehorse Rapids and wondered how a boat could ever get through that mad, white whirling water leaping over boulders and now turned to a jade green on the ice below. It looked so cruel. On the bank of the river is a log cabin dedicated to Robert Service and a guest book where many names are written. I couldn't restrain from putting my own name down and adding, "Taku to Fairbanks by dogteam or bust!"

I talked to the children in school, who were far more interested in my dogs than they were in me, I realized I would have made a bigger hit, had I driven my dogteam into the school-room, but what would the teacher have said?

I visited the hospital and talked to three old prospectors

from Kluane way. "My girl you have a tough trip ahead of you. One glacier to go over in which many lives have been lost, between Kluane and the Chisana. It was a rough road in the early days and no one has been over it for years." "But no, I am not going by way of Chisana." A glacier was something I positively would not go over, I can get cold enough without sitting on an ice-cap. "I am going in a straight line from Burwash Landing to Tanana Crossing, the way the planes fly." "But no white man has ever been that way before. There is no trail. The country is filled with niggerheads."

"Niggerheads"--what are they--with or with-out life. It seemed they had something to do with the topography of the country. Tall bunches of grass, where you have to jump from one to the other, and if you missed you fell in mud and muck up to you'r waist. They sounded like the bogs of Ireland my grandfather used to tell me about. Well perhaps they would be frozen over, at any rate they would be covered with snow and there was an unusual heavy snowfall over the whole of the North this winter. I have known the buck-brush of British Columbia, the devil-clubs of Southeastern Alaska, I must know the nigger-heads of the Yukon.

I had tea with the Sergeant and his charming and beautiful wife. What is it about this country that puts a merry twinkle into the eyes of all men. Is it the "Strange sights they have seen" or do they know the "Secret tales of the Arctic trails?" However men that have danced with mad-women, "going outside with an escort", in their best uniforms and boots on the sandy banks of the Yukon must have some sense of humor. It may-be only the reflection of the Northern lights or star-dust from the cold bright stars.

I climbed up the hill to the landing-field. God must have looked far ahead when he carved this perfect table, high above the Yukon. From the days when men scantily clad broke their hearts to get to Dawson, long days of weeks and months of toiling into an unknown country. Today

boys in wollen ski suits, fur parkas, and mukluks land here in a few hours from all parts of the North.

Joe Crosson and Walter Hall fly down from Fairbanks in the Pacific Alaska Airways Lockheed Electra, dips his wings in salute over Whitehorse and goes on to Juneau. A message from Walter Hall "tell Mary Joyce, its a hell-of-a long ways to Fairbanks. And he measures distance by mountains and lakes and rivers at one hundred and eighty miles an hour, and I measure those same mountains and rivers at twenty-five miles a day if a good trail. maybe he's right.

Vern Brookwater with the big tri-motored Ford of the White Pass makes three trips from Skagway with freight and passangers. Bob Randal with the Pilgrim of Northern Airways comes in from Dawson just at dark. It's forty below and a strong wind blowing, I dash out to help him turn its tail into the wind, put wood under the skis, and tie the wings down, cover the moter and drain the oil. It takes longer than unharnessing the dogs and one's hands get just as cold. Flying during the winter months in the north is not all sitting in a warm cock-pit. He carries perishables and case after case of eggs to Dawson, I wondered what would happen if he had a forced landing. he'd be all over the eggs or the eggs would be all over him.

Have seen the snowmobiles and caterpillars take off for Dawson towing three or four bob-sleds loaded down with freight. The caterpillars replaced the horses and go about six miles an hour, now the snowmobiles are replacing the cats. and can amke from ten to twelve miles. There are two drivers who take turns and drive continually both day and night. Passangers are not catered to, if you wished to spend the winter in Dawson, you should have been there by this time, however if you missed the last boat, you may have an air-conditioned de-luxe apartment on top of the freight. This is an accomodation I do not believe you are charged for but it most likely will be taken out

of you'r hide. Personally I'd rather go by dogteam, or take my chances with the eggs, they at least make a good shampoo.

Whitehorse in the moonlight, stars twinkling in a blue Heaven northern lights flashing across a clear cold sky, diamonds dancing on a field of snow, one Mountie to the left of me and one to the right, we walked down to the river's edge. The old stern-wheelers, large white river boats covered with snow seemed so out of place there on the river bank. What relation could they have to this white frozen river? I asked "What do you do in Whitehorse all winter long--no shows." "Curl," they echoed--"just simply curl." Stupid answer and more stupid question. But what could they answer, I can't answer myself. What is it that grips our hearts and will not let us go?

"No shows? There's a show in Whitehorse every day. The young Indian that freighted for Bryant Washburn on Kaskawulch glacier comes in from Kluane lake with his dogteam, but minus one ear. It seems the dogs got in a fight, and in parting them he fell down and one of the dogs bit his ear clear off. Not content with that the dirty dog swallowed it, or he might have kept it frozen and had the Doctor sew it back on. Stranger things have happened. Everyone laughed heartily and thought the poor dog had very slim pickings--expect no sympathy in the Yukon.

The handsome young officer from Teslin three hundred miles away arrives with his dogteam. Black fur cap tied under his chin, handsome fur parka, beaded moose moccasins up to his knees, beaded caribou mitts up to his elbow. An Irishman in His Majesty's service. He told me "the greatest hardship he's ever had to endure on the trail was when he ran out of marmelade."

A young man fresh from England asked at the Northern Commercial company "which are the warmest, snowshoes or moccasins?" the clerk replied "snowshoes of course." "I'll take half a dozen pair." A new Customed officer was being trained at the Summit on Lake Bennett

In checking over the outfit of an American he came across a double-bitted ax and shouted to his superior officer "Hey, your honor, here's a bloody bloke trying to chate the customs with two axes on one handle."

One night we all snowshoed two miles up the hill and across the landing field through the woods to a log cabin to dance until three o'clock in the morning. A japanese lantern lit the doorway, lighted on the inside by an open fire-place and candles shielded by artistic shades with scenes of the North, moose and caribou. We danced in ski suits and moccassins to the tunes of "Isle of Capri" and "Jingle Bells" This must be romance and if you wish to be popular in the North put on you'r own snowshoes and see that they stay on. Not that our men are not gallant--they are--far more than any I have ever known, but if you make a nuisance of yourself, there are times when you'll get left at home. While it's not always necessary to keep your own hands warm, at least be capable of doing so.

Whitehorse was not all play and no work. Every day I cooked hugh amounts of corn-meal and tallow for the dogs, they were begining to get restless and straining at their chains. Every time I entered the barn their paws would come up on my shoulders. I was told quite sternly I pet them too much which is considered poor etiquette in a dog musher, but I like friendly dogs out of whose eyes gleam love rather than hatred. I also wish to get to Fairbanks in one piece and I want the dogs to have as much fun going there as I am having. They tell me I will be the last one over the trail, that dogs are done, so long as the North stands for romance, so long as there are hearts that dream dogs will never be done. Theres a thrill to driving a dogteam found in no other sport. Though you cannot sing a song, songs will be sung in your heart, thought you cannot write a poem, poetry will be written on your soul.

I exchanged my Yukon sled with its narrow runners that bury

themselves in deep snow, for an oak toboggan. I would have preferred birch because it is so much lighter, but didn't have time to have one made. The handlebars and brake were transferred to the toboggan. The Indians seldom use either, but I like something to hang on to and one can help the shaft dog around trees. They put raw moose hide on its bow which stuck up in the air about two feet, so if I hit anything it wouldn't crack the wood. It looked like an old Spanish Galleon.

The most important thing was food for the dogs and light that can be carried on the sled, one can not cook dog food on the trail. I went over to Taylors & Drury's and they brought out what looked to be sheets of cardboard and yet resembled the skin of a fish. What manner of salmon is this? It had a most unpleasant odor. My mind went back to the Taku to the fat red Kings, bright and silver out of icy salt water, a dog will stay fat all winter on half a salmon a day. I examined it as one does a piece of material, turning it over and over. It seemed to be of good quality, what there was of it. "Is this--the best you have?" "It's all we have." "But Whitehorse is on the Yukon, surely the salmon run up the Yukon." "My dear girl, you are on the headwaters of the Yukon which travels northwest from here till it touches the Arctic Circle and down toward the West to the Bering Sea, hundreds of miles away." I felt like a small child, whose parent was explaining, why I could not play, with my best doll today because it came from China many miles away. ^{Whose parent was} It dawned on me that if the poor fish had to beat his way up the Yukon from Norton Sound across the whole of Alaska and into one of England's colonies, no wonder his bones were broken and nothing left but the skin. "I'll take about fifty yards, and tallow." A dog must have fat especially in the winter time to keep him warm.

Wires from New York to Fairbanks, "Go by way of Dawson. Do not go by Burwash Way." "But why-I must know why?" "Because there is a broken trail to Dawson and shelter cabins all the way, because from Burwash

to Tanana Crossing there is no trail, there are no cabins." But didn't they know I had a tent and stove, there was no trail over the Sloko Summit.

The parting of the ways, the highway or the byway. The highway led to the North, the byway led to the West. To the North a broken but long and lonely trail, Dawson four hundred miles away. To the West a broken trail and two traveling companions for two hundred miles to Burwash. From Burwash Landing to Tanana Crossing - what? I did not know but knew I must find out. If and when I got to Tanana, I would be practically in Fairbanks, and from Dawson I would be still a long ways away.

They have made the road to Dawson sound so easy that anyone could do it, and if anyone could do it why should I? Now while my feet are young let me know the unknown trails, when I grow old I shall go knitting in a wheelchair down the road to Dawson. There is perhaps no human being more stubborn than a woman, unless its amman. I couldn't go by Dawson now even if I had wanted to. The West held a fascination for me that I could not resist.

"The trails of the world be countless, and most of the trails
be tried;
You tread on the heels of many, till you come where the ways
divide;
And one lies safe in the sunshine, and the other is drear and
wan,
Yet you look aslant at the lone trail, and the lone trail
lures you on.
And somehow you're sick of the highway, with its noise and its
easy needs,
And you seek the risk of the by-way and you reck not where
it leads".

Anyway who are these boys from Fairbanks, sailing the uncharted sea of the sky, out of the blue and into the fog. Its as if you said "do as I say, not as I do." Was there fear in yourr heart as yourr determined chin grew more determined and yourr black eyes flashed through the fog at Point Barrow. You were only over the Arctic Ocean. Nice landings.

How about you looking like a school boy, blond hair and merry

blue eyes coming down from Barrow with your winter shoes on. True you needed your skis at Barrow, but what about Fairbanks with the snow and the ice gone? So you go out and land at Harding lake and send for your wheels. And you, did you swallow the cigar you were chewing because you could not light it in the plane, when the sky jumped out from under you and you fell two thousand feet. You said "What would I have done had I been in the hood?" Did you bump your red head when you crashed through the ice at Telegraph Creek. Was there fear in your heart as you flew across the Bering Sea and into Siberia? Fear for your friend perhaps. Are you all so eager and alive today, because tomorrow you may be dead? You are not afraid to live because you may be afraid to die. One walks with head held high and proud, perhaps to hide the fear and terror in one's heart. You who lead the way-should tell me not to follow.

Have lingered in Whitehorse a week, my toboggan is finished, I seemed to be filled up and the dogs leave part of their food. I have gone over my outfit and things that seemed very important at first, do not seem so important now, so am sending my sled and one hundred pounds over the White Pass and back to Juneau.

It perhaps still is a long ways to Fairbanks and although I had hopes of getting there before the ice goes out in the spring I had no hopes of getting there for the Ice Carnival the fifth of March; but despite all warnings the people have been very encourageing.

We danced at the Whitehorse Inn Saturday night until midnight, had supper and danced until dawn. The others went home and to bed. "We'll see you off at seven A.M!" I knew if I went to bed I would'nt get up, so packed my baggage and lashed my toboggan as day was breaking and the Norhtern lights like balls of fire hurried across the sky.

I went through the corridors calling very softly for the manager, and finally in desperation calling very loudly. After all I could go without breakfast, buy I could'nt very well leave without

paying my bill. They might say, "She left between two Suns", its a reputation in the North one can never live down. He finally awakened and I paid my bill, had toast and coffee and hit the trail for a rest.

Chapter 7.

SAFARIE BY DOG TEAMS.
WHITEHORSE TO BURWASH LANDING.
Jan.26, '36--Feb.4, '36.

Mrs. Jean Jacquot wife of the big game outfitter at Kluane Lake and Clyde Wann, who brought the first plane into the Yukon, each driving five big malamutes called for me at the Inn. I brought up the rear and we galloped down the main street with all the stray dogs of the town following us, disturbing the Sabbath morning with their barks and howls. We soon left a sleeping Whitehorse and if I have taken a bit of your hearts with me, I am leaving you part of mine in return.

Bright sunshine filled the world, lighting up the peaks of snowcovered mountains and painting them every color of the rainbow, as we traveled up one hill and galloped down another. At noon we built a fire had hot tea, hardtack and cold meat. It is a luxury I never permitted myself before but now the days are longer and we travel a greater distance. Nothing ever tastes as good as hot tea on the trail, and we had a very good trail. In this land of airplanes it is surprising how many dogteams are driven by prospectors, trappers and the Indians. I suppose the day will come when trapping and prospecting will all be done by planes

The dogs keep up a steady trot all day. I can't walk and keep up to them and every time I jump on the toboggan their heads turn around and their brown eyes look back at me with reproach. I tell them, "well look, the others are riding," and they seem to say "You've never ridden before, why should you now?" They are no doubt spoiled, but I am so accustomed to walking now I almost prefer it, besides its good for one, and I do get a chance to ride down the hills without them knowing it, otherwise its mostly a dog-trot all day.

There are cabins with stoves in them every night to stop at, and hugh barns for the dogs. They used to use horses over this road hauling freight to the gold mine at Chisana. So all we have to do is

chop wood for the night and leave kindling for those that come after us, and woe be the man that does not leave kindling if he is found out, it is an offense not tolerated by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. It has saved many a man's life.

I thought I was pretty good on the trail for a woman until I traveled with Mrs. Jacquot, but then she is better than most men. It keeps me hustling doing my share and keeping up with them, but my reputation depends on it or next time I may find myself traveling alone. Everyone has his hands full taking care of his own dogteam.

Each day is gloriously beautiful, new mountains to gaze on, new rivers to cross. There is much wagging of fifteen dog tails, and much laughter and gaiety among ourselves. I wish that everyone might know the joy of this. The temperature stays around twenty below, just right for traveling without a parka.

Two and a half days took us to Champagne. I was a quarter of a mile behind the others, I can't resist stopping my team and gazing around. The others have seen these scenes before and are likely to again but as I can't take them with me I must enjoy them now and as far as possible imprint them on my memory, I do not want to lose them. I climbed a small hill, and down in the valley below me were perhaps a dozen log cabins, with smoke curling up from the chimneys and my companions unharnessing their dogs in front of one of them. Above these cabins on a high plateau stood perhaps two dozen miniature modern houses, painted white with blue or green shutters and doors and red roofs. It resembled what might be a child's Utopia, it stood so beautiful and bright there in the sunlight.

I took some pictures, the dogs were becoming impatient. Cabins usually meant a rest for them and lots to eat, especially cabins with smoke coming out of the chimneys. I thought I might miss my own lunch, so jumped on the sled, put my foot on the break and we dashed down the

hill. Soon the dogs were unharnessed and after lunch huge amounts of cornmeal, tallow and fish was cooking for them. We decided to remain the next day to rest ourselves and the dogs.

Champagne has two trading posts and the last post-office I would encounter for some time to come. My load was still heavy. I took everything off the sled and dumped it on the floor. If I didn't need all this on the trail, I would want it at Fairbanks. Skates, I should like at the carnival, extra ski suit I might go through the ice. I finally got a box and after filling it, it weighed fifty pounds, which I sent back to Whitehorse to be taken to Fairbanks by plane. My load from here on consisted of the bare necessities of travel.

The next day I fed the dogs twice and wandered around. There are two white men here, one Mountie and the agent at the trading post. I walked up to the doll houses and my Utopia turned out to be an Indian graveyard, with everything in them the occupant might need in the happy hunting ground of the hereafter, even to snowshoes. I decided snowshoes might be an optimistic thought in anyone's hereafter, I hope I need to them myself.

That night we danced in the combination trading post and postoffice. Any event is an excuse for a dance in the Yukon. A huge stove in one end, on shelves and hanging from the walls all kinds of trappers supplies; guns, traps, snowshoes, moccasins, sleeping bags and other necessities. In the warehouse behind bales of this seasons furs were beginning to accumulate; muskrat, beaver, mink, cross and silver foxes, and a few immense wolf hides.

The agent for Taylor and Drury was about to buy the best looking pair of riding breeches in the store until I told him they were girl's. He asked, "how do you know," but I told him if he didn't know he was too young to learn. He said "If you determine the sex of the breeches I will buy." After all he gave me potlatch for my dogs.

one good turn deserves another and I perhaps saved him from future embarrassment.

Dancing with the Mountie I warned him not to bump into that other couple, looking around he saw no one else dancing and asked me if I came all the way from Taku just to kid him. I told him I'd kid everyone I could. I was the first white girl they had danced with for months, but daybreak comes early and I had twenty-five miles to dance the next day.

Today dawned clear and warm, with a temperature of twenty above, too warm for traveling. We had not left Champagne far behind until we were all mushing along barehanded, bareheaded and in very light sweaters, and still the perspiration rolled down my back. The dogs were very lazy only coming to life when they saw a rabbit jump across the trail and Pete (Mrs. Jacquot) shoot it with a twenty-two. They all hoped they'd get it for dinner that night.

About two miles from each roadhouse we would stop and cut small dry trees and pack them on the toboggans to the cabins. The trees around the cabins have been cut down long ago. Many times there were long hills to go down and although I used dog chains and lashed the wood as tight as possible on top of my load, and then tried to steady it with my body, they would start rolling and I often landed at the bottom of the hill in a snowdrift.

We were all very tired that night, it isn't the trail that's killing me it's the night clubs in your cities. The temperature dropped in twenty-four hours from twenty above to fifteen below, which was more to our liking.

I was very anxious to see Bear Creek summit, I had been warned not to come over it alone and wondered if it would be anything like Sloko Summit. It was a small winding mountain trail we climbed in a few hours, however one looked down a thousand feet and had to keep the to--

boggan turned on its side to keep it from slipping. There were no trees to stop one if it started rolling.

There was a heavy ground fog which felt cold and damp. We left our caps and mittens on. Mid-afternoon I wished I had my parka on and late afternoon I put this wish into execution, although one's hands get cold while doing it and usually one is too warm afterwards. In my journey so far I have found a fur parka too hot for traveling unless one rides all the time.

The second night out we arrived at an inhabited roadhouse. It seemed wonderful to go into a warm cabin, no wood to chop, no food to thaw out and cook. The dogs were fed on caribou and they needed it. Here I learned how to mush dogs from a man that had done it for thirty years after all one should learn something in half a lifetime, although I did wonder why he protruded so far in front. He must have become tired of it because he went to Los Angeles and brought back a school-teacher, she was a very good cook too. She told me what she had given up to come to the Yukon—electric lights and stove, hot and cold running water, steamheated apartment and a Plymouth. I remembered the Chrysler roadster I had left in Los Angeles to exchange for a dogteam in Alaska and none too soon either, I had been arrested six times in the last two months I was there. It was very unlikely I would be ever be arrested for speeding with a dogteam in Alaska. We visited a trapper and a few Indians were camped nearby.

The next morning we left at nine-thirty and had gone only a couple miles when my dogs began to growl and I heard something behind me. Looking around I saw two dogteams and called softly to Clyde Wann "There's someone behind us," he gave one look and shouted at the top of his voice "Hey Pete the savages are coming." I was completely startled and didn't know whether to defend myself or not. I had not heard of the Indians being savage since my schoolbook days.

Mrs. Jacquot was a ways ahead but I saw her turn around and heard her voice ring out "They'll go ahead." she stopped her team and holloared "You--go ahead." they hesitated for a minute and then put on their snowshoes and swung their teams out around me and back into the trail ahead of her. It had snowed a couple inches and their going ahead would make it easier for us and they had no loads as we did, although I did feel quite sorry for them, however if I had been told to go ahead by Mrs. Jacquot I would not have hesitated. She can pick a hundred pound dog out of a dog fight and throw him into a snowdrift as I would a rubber ball. An Indian will camp on a trail for a week at a time waiting for a white man to break trail for him. He's not in a hurry, he isn't going anyplace. Later in the day we caught up with them and Mrs. Jacquot went ahead and they swung their teams in behind me. Taku didn't much like another dogteam behind him, he uncurled his tail and seemed afraid they would pounce down on top of him. I noticed it increased his speed and he wasn't pulling much today anyway. I'm told when a dog doesn't work you're supposed to beat him, but I never do, if he doesn't work today he will tomorrow, just so they don't all decide not to work the same day. There are days when I don't feel like working myself and I would resent a beating terribly.

The affair with the Indians in the early morning kept me in gales of laughter all afternoon. Every time Clyde looked around I tried to straighten my face, I was afraid he would not know I was laughing with him instead of at him, not that I think he'd give a dam. We arrived at Kloo lake early afternoon and stopped at a small trading post, there were several small cabins around. The village is built on top of a glacier you don't believe that, neither did I until I dug down a couple inches and struck ice. The trapper was expecting us and had cooked a huge caribou roast with browned potatoes, vegetables and lots of gravy. I'm ashamed to say we eat nearly all of it, and I could hardly move to feed

my dogs. I slept on the floor in the store on a mattress of bear and wolf hides and it felt Heavenly.

We left at eight thirty the next morning after a hearty breakfast. Ten below and a black sky above with a few blue pockets. Came over Boutterlier summit which was quite like Bear summit, except the trail ~~was~~ was very badly drifted and straight down in places, the toboggan kept sliding and although a cold wind was blowing the sweat ran down my back. We arrived at Silver south end of Kluane lake at five-thirty, twenty-five miles in eight hours having taken one hour out for lunch. The wind was drifting the snow so we couldn't see the trail a few minutes after we'd been over it. We started a fire in one of the cabins and after cooking our supper went visiting.

A trapper had just come in with his dogteam and he told me, "It's no news when a dog bites a man, but when a man bites a dog, that's news." It seems ~~a~~ fox got caught in one of his traps and before he could stop his team the dogs were on top of the fox, not wishing the pelt to be torn to pieces he tried to get to the fox and got tangled up with the whole mess-man, fox and dogs. The fox reached up and got the man across the bridge of the nose and under the upper teeth. "What do you mean you bit the dog, it looks to me as if the fox bit you!"

There are three or four white ^{men} ~~here~~ ~~and~~ ~~a~~ couple dozen Indians. One white ~~man~~ ^{man} is married to an Indian woman, they have four children, one daughter about sixteen, tall and slender whose eyes gleamed like black diamonds under black straight eyebrows, black hair and bronze skin. She looked very beautiful sitting at a small table reading by candle light. I walked over and asked her what she was reading, she held up the books and after glancing at them and then her surrounding, I wondered what there could be here to satisfy the soul of a girl who read Keats and Shelly, but perhaps that's why she was reading them.

The wind howled all night but died down at dawn. We traveled

up the lake all morning and entered a small cove at noon to fix our lunch at the cabin of an Indian woman. After lunch we started out again intending to stop all night at the cabin of a white man farther up the lake which we reached at three o'clock. Both "Pete" and Clyde said "Well I don't know if you can stand it or not." "Stand what?" "The odor of the cabin, he keeps mink and cooks the food inside." I told them I had smelled mink food cooking before and many other disagreeable odors. I could stand it if they could for a warm place to sleep.

They drew up in front of the cabin and stopped their teams. I halted mine behind their sleds. A man came out and they went into the cabin with him, a few seconds later they came out, Clyde came back to me and said "go have a sniff." "What do you mean, have a sniff, you are getting pretty finakey." I walked in to warm my hands and closed the door after me. But I couldn't warm my hands. What was it? It hit me in the face and nearly knocked me down. This wasn't mink food, mink food is bad enough, but not this bad. This was something I'd never smelled before. It wasn't anything you could put your finger on. I was curious enough to want to diagnose it. I determined to take one more chance and took one breath. It didn't seem to be any one thing, more a combination of all the most disagreeable odors I have ever smelled in all my life. It wasn't decent, it attacked from all sides and seemed to penetrate one's whole body. I felt that I couldn't live if I took one more breath and so stumbled to the door. I can stand a lot, but not that. I looked around to see if there wasn't an old barn we could stay in, but realized if we did stop here we'd have to stay in the house. Mrs. Jacquot told the man she thought we could make Burwash that night, there would be a moon-- Ah--yes--and God's fresh air.

We went on for a couple miles, but it was getting dark, the dogs were tired, and twenty miles to go. If we unloaded and went in with empty sleds we could perhaps get there by midnight, but then we'd have to come

back for our baggage the next day. "Might just as well hit the timber and camp for the night." Clyde asked me "How big is your tent?" "Nine by seven I think." When he unfloaded it he said "It looks more like a two by four, I dont care for Rag Houses anyway, I've had enough of them." I told him he'd be surprised it was so warm and comfortable. We tied it between two trees and set up the stove. Clyde chopped the wood and I carried it in and started the fire, Pete fed the dogs and after collecting our sleeping bags, cooking uten sils and food we all moved in. There didn't seem to be much room, I most likely was off a couple feet in each direction. We sat around the stove on our sleeping bags with our backs against the walls of the tent. After thawing out our food we cooked and ate it. They kept stuffing the stove with wood and said they couldnt get warm. I moved back into the farthest ~~scornere~~ and finally moved outside to get cooled off. I must be getting used to a rag house.

The next morning after taking down the tent and loading our supplies we left at ten o'clock. The thermometer registered eighteen below, it wasn't long until we were out of the bay and the shelter of spruce trees. We had to leave the right bank and travel up the middle of the lake and here we got the full benefit of the north wind. To reach Burwash we had to head into a howling gale, nor could we cross the lake and hit the opposite bank, we'd only have to retrace our steps and the distance would be too long. The dogs despised it, they dont mind going with a blizzard, it helps them along, but they hated a head wind like this, and so did I. I thought my nose would freeze and drop right off. The wind whistled through the space where my socks hit me below the knees and my parka hit me above the knees. I kept rubbing my cheek that turned toward the northwind. I had once seen a man with a white nose and chin and two white patches on his cheeks and asked what was wrong with his face and was told it was freezing. He looked so like a clown I had to laugh. I did not wish to arrive at Burwash looking like a clown

and tried to keep my head below the sled. My knees had long since ceased to be cold and were just numb, but they seemed to function and I kept hitting them with my hands. There was no excuse for this. I had hip length mukluks in the bottom of my sled, but it had seemed so warm there in the bay. I finally grabbed a pair of moccasins out of the hind sack on the handlebars and tried to tie them around my knees but they wouldn't stay on, it seems moccasins were made for feet and not knees.

After we'd been out in this a couple hours a sort of beard of frost and snow a quarter of an inch thick formed on our faces and eyelashes so that now my face seemed no longer cold and I felt quite warm. Another hour took us to a point on the lake where we turned toward the west, the wind now swept by the hood of my parka, we were no longer heading into it, and there was Burwash in the distance. There was something flapping on the lake and the dogs started after it, they thought it was a coyote to chase, I jumped on the back of the sled. The coyote turned out to be a flag, there were many of them, marking the landing field on the lake.

Coming into these P.A.A. radio stations is like coming home to mother after a long journey, it was my only contact with the outside world. Like receiving letters after many months. Jean Jacquot and the operator, Red Wadell, came to greet me and told me to go in and get warm, but I wasn't cold then, only after standing by the fire in a warm room did I begin to shiver. It was two o'clock, we had only been out four hours and had covered twenty miles, it seemed much longer.

We were all famished. Jean had a roast of sheep waiting for us seasoned as only the French know how. It was my first taste of sheep I had been told it was more delicious than any other game. I was not disappointed. Whitehorse to Burwash--two hundred miles--nine days traveling time and it's sixty below tonight.

You will not find Burwash on the map but it is situated on the Northwest end of Kluane lake. It is a small village by itself. From here Jean Jacquot starts his hunting parties, big game hunters from all over the United States and Europe bag their game here and go back to brag about it to their friends. They pick the largest heads from herds of caribou and moose, climb the mountains peaks for the largest ram and perhaps shoot a bear on the way home. While their friends only see a beautiful mount hanging from the wall, they see the colored rock on the walls of the canyon of the Donjek. A smile plays around their lips, lines of care leave their face and they're again telling stories or singing songs around their campfire, with the Sun going down in the west blessing them and bathing the world in its glory.

From here I could sent messages to Canyon Island which were relayed twelve miles to my own home on the Taku. I received wires from Juneau to Fairbanks. Messages of encouragement and cheer. Masterpieces of wit and humor. If they thought I was going into the wilderness to be lost they gave indication of it but told me of trading posts I could look for on the headwaters of the Tanana. I wanted to tell them if I were lost in getting to Tanana Crossing not to look for me, but I didn't have the courage. I did tell them I would not travel if it got below forty-five. That's what I thought.

I cooked gallons of cornmeal, oatmeal, frozen white fish and bear fat, which looked like huge slabs of bacon for the dogs. The bear-fat seemed to do them more good than all the rest, although the third day Tip turned up his nose at it. The brothers gobbled everything they could get and like myself never could get enough. Jean has the only cows I have seen leaving the Taku and I drank three and four glasses at a meal. I crave milk and ice cream more than anything else. After the second day the cavity which was my stomach seemed to be quite satisfied after a workman's normal meal.

For two nights it has been sixty below and would warm up to forty during the day. I was more than comfortable in a log cabin with a stove, although I had to break the ice to wash my face in the morning, on the trail we all washed in snow. My toboggan needed fixing, so Jean and Clyde strung it up on beams with a heavy weight in the middle and put the hump back where it was supposed to be, I'd lost it someplace on the trail. We took the sleigh bells off the dogs harnesses so we could get caribou and mmse if we needed to and to compensate them put hugh red pommels on the top their clooars. Pete says "they travel much better that way," and they did look striking against their black glossy coats.

For a year little Jean Jacquot age six had imitated Jerry Jones. He wanted to walk, talk and look like Jerry. I could hardly blame him, Jerry is something to look at as he steps out of the silvered Electra in his uniform of blue. But Jean's idol came crashing at his feet when one day last summer Jerry stopped on his way to Fairbanks with Eileene and Gail. He asked his mother "Why---Jerry Jones---go San Diego-buy himself--girl and baby?"

The fourth day Jean packed my grub box and in spite of my proyests besides the old standby of rice, beans and meat added bread a large pound cake, marmelade and other delicacies. We had also cooked a large mulligan. The temperature the last two days has been around thirty, and forty at night. The extreme cold seemed to be over and not and not likely to occur again. Everything was loaded on the toboggan tent, stove, sleeping bag, gun, our own food and all the dog food we could pack. I left my large pair of snowshoes here, I was told I would'nt need them, that Jonny Allen would break trail, all I'd have to do was ride. It sounded very easy, too easy. The next trading post was Snag on the White river one hundred and fifty miles away.

Burwash Landing To Snag.
Feb.9, '36--Feb.16, '36.

The dogs were brought out and harnessed, they seemed to have more pep than they'd ever ~~had~~ before, perhaps it was the bear fat. My weight on the break would not hold them, and Red Wedell hung on to Tip. It was thirty below and we had twenty-five miles to go to the trapping cabin of Allen. Red let go of Tip, I lifted my foot from the break, shouted "all right" and we dashed out the gate and around the corner. When it seemed safe I turned and waved a quick farewell.

We had a broken trail and soon were on top of the hill in a clearing and here the wind was blowing. It had seemed warm enough in the vally without a parka but I needed it here. I took off my mitts, pulled it out of the lashing and with one foot on the break and much difficulty in holding the dogs got it over my head. By this time my hands were quite cold. At noon Allen built a fire, melted snow and made tea.

We followed the bank of the Kluane river, this is the most dangerous river in the Yukon, fed by warm springs which keeps it open in places all winter. The trail so narrow that boughs brushed my cheeks on either side. Every time the toboggan hit a tree gobs of snow would come down on my head. Early afternoon I was running behind a toboggan on whos handlebars I could hardly keep my hands, in and around trees and sometimes getting wedged between them. I became very hot. "So these are niggerheads." The toboggan rolled back and forth like a ship in the trough of heavy waves.

We arrived at Allen's cabin before dark, unharnessed the dogs unloaded the toboggans, and while I built a fire he got rabbits out of his snairs and set them again. He then lined rabbits and caribou around the stove to thaw out for the dogs. We ourselves had sheep chops, bread and gravy, rolls and marmelade for dessert and as always much tea. The thermometer registers forty-five below and the barometer is rising. Sky clear and stars bright.

Feb. 10, '36. This morning it is sixty below. Over coffee I suggested "Perhaps we should not travel today," merely an echo from my own thoughts, but Allen replied "Seventy, eighty, --all same--me go." I knew of course people did not travel in this cold weather unless they had to, and that this would be the coldest weather he had ever been out in. I had no desire to stop myself the second day out of Kluane unless absolutely necessary, and if he could take it so could I. On my shoulders depended the prestige of the white race.

If we could make thirty miles today we would come to the trapping cabin of Tom Dixon and it wouldn't be too bad if we had a cabin to stop in. I had to stop three times to warm my hands before I got my toboggan lashed, and I was able to only harness two dogs when I'd have to dash into the cabin to warm them again. One can not do anything in mitts and gloves are not warm.

I pulled the wolverine on the hood of my parka as close to my face as possible and we left at nine o'clock. The fog raising from the open Kluane was so thick I couldn't see Allen fifty feet ahead of me. We had to go very slow, the dogs were coughing, their coats were white, their breath looked like puffs of smoke from a chimney. I experienced the greatest difficulty in breathing, each inhalation felt like the sharp edge of a knife cutting my lungs. The sun came out about noon ~~max~~ which made traveling much easier.

There was fresh snow on the trail which made the toboggans pull hard and we finally put on snowshoes and walked ahead of the dogs. We were now following a trappers ^{trail} cabin on the headwaters of the Kluane river. The sun went down and it again became very cold, we traveled on and on, bend after bend on the river. It started to get dark. I wondered if we would ever come to the cabin. "How much farther?" "Couple miles"

We'd go a quarter of a mile to the west, a bend, and then a quarter of a mile to the north. Two hours later, we must have covered

six miles anyway, "how much farther, are you sure you haven't gone by it?" "Couple miles--not--far now." I had not minded sixty below too much, but I did mind sixty below on a river in the black of night. More bends, I could not see them but I knew when we turned. I could barely make out Tip at the head of his team, and finally I could not see Taku in front of the toboggan. We were on the edge of the river with huge cakes of ice piled up which made the going very rough. I held on to the handlebars and thought if I do fall between them perhaps my snowshoes will catch and hold me up. I took the flashlight out of the hindsack, but the battery was frozen and it wouldn't light. By this time I couldn't even see the sled and I gripped the handlebars tighter, I could hear the water rushing under the ice. I hoped the dogs knew what they were doing because I didn't. I had long since ceased asking questions, I now knew what a "couple miles meant." I also knew regardless of whether we had passed the cabin or not our only hope lay in keeping moving. It was too dark and too cold to put up the tent and chop wood. Suddenly I felt slush beneath my feet, the toboggan turned to the right and we were going up a steep bank of the river. We had arrived.

I said I would not travel if the thermometer got below fifty and I never even dreamed of traveling in the dark, I had done both. And now that we were in a warm cabin I forgot my terror on the river. Its sixty below, the barometer has gone up fifteen points since morning. Its the first time Allen has been on snowshoes all winter, he says "My foot hurts and I'm tired." I may be tired, I don't know or care, I only know I'm glad to be here. Glad to be able to feel another emotion rather than the dumb despair I experienced on the river.

I tied Taku away from his team to give him the advantage of a dog-house. Evidently he'd sooner be cold than be away from his brothers so I had to get up at midnight and put him closer to them. Allen slept

the sleep of the very tired, and I kept the fire going all night, only toward morning did I fall into a deep sleep and did not wake up until eight o'clock.

Feb. II, '36. After a hurried breakfast and leaving a note for Tom Dixon thanking him for the use of his cabin which we had helped ourselves to, we got away at ten o'clock. It was forty-eight below, but the barometer had dropped five points.

I was both interested and fascinated by the sensation of my hands in the process of getting cold. There seemed to be three distinct stages. No matter what the thermometer registered it always seemed colder in the morning. I would roll up my sleeping bag, we would then tear down the tent and stove and start a fire outside. I would ^{then} start to lash my toboggan. First my hands would feel cold, then they would be cold from this stage on they started to ache, and when I thought I could no longer stand the aching, they would pass into a sort of numbness. When I could no longer use them, it was time to warm them, and the whole process was reversed in thawing them out. It was much easier when we had a cabin to stop in.

We were now off the river and we traveled through the woods. we built a fire for lunch melted snow and made tea which always tastes more like spruce than it does tea. We crossed the Donjek river shortly after lunch, the toboggan was taking them head on today. I kept up a steady dog-trot helping Taku around trees and through the scrub brush. My hands and shoulders perspired even in this cold weather. It was too cold without a parka and too hot with one. Never have I followed a more crooked trail or a rougher one.

We hit the bank of the Donjek again. Tip went to the edge and looked down, space seems to fascinate him. I tipped the toboggan on its side and as we passed I had no desire to look down. The loose snow and cold is hard on the dogs feet. They ball up and the dogs lie down and

bite it off. None of their feet are bleeding however.

The trail led through thick underbrush and for two miles seemed more like a jungle, vines so thickly interwoven could'nt see patch of blue above, many places having to crawl under on our hands and knees. It seemed very good to get out of it. High mountains on either side, unknown, unnamed by a civilization.

We had hopes of meeting some Indians that were trapping in this district and now came across their cache on the trail, although they had not been here for some time. We traveled on and came to a trail that branched off toward the west and written on the snow "Wolf Mountain", This information for my guide I took it. Sign posts in the wilderness. We wanted to find the Indians and get meat if possible, we were running short on dog food, the other trail kept toward the north and we didn't know where the Indians were camped.

Allen decided to shoot. I was standing near my dogs, Baldy and Taku are desperately afraid of a gun, the others look for rabbits or a moose. Allen pulled the trigger and more smoke seemed to come up in his face than went out the barrel. I dashed forward to see if he were hurt, but he was only scared. I must take better care of my guide than he does of me, after all he could get along very nicely without me, but I'd be lost without him. A tiny part near the bolt had snapped, perhaps because the gun was so cold. We listened for an answering shot, but didn't hear any.

We kept on toward the north and came to a small lake, the dogs smelled caribou tracks, put their ears back and took off down the middle of the lake. I had more sense of speed than I've ever had in a plane. We arrived at the head of the lake and found the Indian's tent. They came back after dark from trapping.

Never was one white fleecy cloud more welcome in a blue Heaven than the one that appeared toward evening, only to disappear into a cold bright starry night. However it's warmed up to forty below and the barometer is dropping. WE

Feb. 12, '36. The Indians had killed two caribou the day before which I bought from them. We were getting low on both our own food and dog food. I stayed in the tent while the Indians went for the caribou and Allen went to break trail. I developed a perfect passion for the thermometer and barometer and saw the temperature rise from forty below at six A.M. to sixteen below at six P.M. the barometer dropped fifteen points during the day. We could hope for warmer weather and I was glad to see a grey day.

Feb. 13, '36. The thermometer seemed to creep up on me during the night and actually dropped down again so it was forty below when we left this morning with a caribou and a half to the good. In spite of the trail Allen had broken the day before, the going was hard for the dogs, they kept breaking through and I wore snowshoes. If possible the niggerheads became niggerly and the scrub brush scrubbier. The dogs would jump up on a log and down again, I would lift the bow of the toboggan onto the log, the dogs would pull, the toboggan would balance in midair and slap down with a bang, and I would go over after it less gracefully on snowshoes. Around trees and behind trees, I'd pull the handlebars this way and that way. Suddenly the bow hit something, the handlebars swerved to the right and the toboggan fell over on its side. I must have had a very tight grip or my mitt caught on the sled, because my arm seemed jerked from its socket, I was pulled off my feet and thrown into the snow between two trees. I felt dizzy and very sick to my stomach. It was the most terrifically sudden pain I had ever felt in all my life. Tears sprang to my eyes and rolled down my cheeks, but girls do not cry on their way to Fairbanks, especially if there is no one around to hear those cries and the tears felt very unpleasant and froze on my cheeks.

I gathered myself up. I had not seen Allen since early morning I wasn't even sure I was on the right trail. Miles back one trail had branched off to the left, I hoped it was the trail to the caribou kill.

Tip had followed this trail and I had relied on his judgement. Now I only had one arm to go over and under logs, I went on and on and wondered what I'd done had I broken a leg. I finally caught up with Allen who had tea ready. It's marvelous what a cup of tea can do even for a helpless arm.

As if to compensate for the rough going of this morning, we came to a frozen winding mountain stream and followed it up Wolf mountain. We took off our snowshoes, rabbits darted across the trail, the dogs became alert and started to run. We camped beside the stream at five o'clock. I was delighted to see a cloudy sky, it's only zero and the rag house seemed nice and warm tonight

Feb. 14, '36. From here on I became disinterested in the thermometer. It was fourteen below and cloudy, warm and snowing slightly, but I'd sooner have anything than that extreme cold.

We followed the mountain stream and reached the summit of Wolf mountain at noon. Going down on the other side of the mountain the ice was thin and we had to hit through the woods. We put on snowshoes and Allen went ahead, he went very slowly and seemed to limp. I asked him "what's the matter with your foot" and he replied "it hurts." I told him I would break trail and tried to, but my small trail shoes would bury themselves in the deep snow and become lodged between niggerheads. I'd have to reach down and pull them loose with my hands. I couldn't even go as fast as he could and cussed myself for leaving my large pair at Kluane.

We traveled along the bank and on the stream when possible, there was no trail and the trees and brush were very thick, we made very poor time. Toward mid-afternoon we hit the stream again, crossing from side to side, over and around big boulders. The going was much easier but the ice was very thin. We came to the canyon with sheer rock on either side, there was a bridge of ice on one side and white water on the other leaping over rocks. Allen tasted the ice with an ax and got safely over

but it was'nt so easy with the dogs and toboggan. The ice slanted toward open water and the toboggans would slide. He put a long rope on the bow and I hung on to the tail rope, in this way we got the two teams across. As we neared the foot of the mountain the ice got more solid, but Tip would take no dog's word for it and kept testing it with his own paw before he'd lead his team across.

Feb. 15, '36. We continued on the stream when possible and along the bank when we found open water. Strange as it may seem we were running short on grub and dog food. A caribou and a half does not last long with ten ravenous dogs. We came to the White river and crossed to the opposite bank where it was open, there was one log across on which Allen crossed and cut poles to build a bridge. I sat on the toboggan and rested, I was coughing and had a pain in my chest. It took an hour to get the dog teams across. It was noon and I suggested we have lunch, we could get clear water and have tea that tasted like tea and not like spruce boughs. I felt so weak I wondered how I could put one snowshoe in front of the other all afternoon. I thought it was due to only the coffee we'd had for breakfast. We hope to come to a trading post at Snag on the White river in two days

Allen said "May-be Jack Dolan-no home. Sometime-stay on trap-line two months." It was a pleasant prospect to look forward to, "but we are supposed to be able to live off the country if we have to." There were fresh moose tracks and we hoped to be able to get one, since breaking his own gun Allen has carried my 30-06 on his toboggan.

I felt much better after tea and we went on through the woods. The underbrush was very thick, the toboggan catching on trees, but the dogs going very fast, they smelled game. I had a hard time keeping up with them on snowshoes that were also catching on snags, and branches slapping my face, I fell down many times.

We hit the river again and took off our snowshoes, the dogs were wild with excitement, there were many tracks of moose and coyote, we heard

them yelping in the distance. Never in all their doggy days have so many smells greeted their nostrals.

We traveled down the White river, a coyote appeared in the distance and the dogs took after it at a gallop, we both jumped on the sleds there was no snow on the ice and it was marvelous going after the tough places we'd been through. It was not to last however, the water was soon coming up on our toboggans and we had to hit for snow and the sandbars. The water froze immediately and we had to scrape it off the bottom of the sleds, after a short distance we were able to follow along the edge of the ice.

I stopped to rest my dogs when I heard a shot ring out and Tip took off nearly leaving me with no dogteam. I rounded a bend and caught sight of Allen standing on top of his load with the gun in his hands, his dogs racing madly after a moose, while barks and shots broke the stillness of the White. He finally got his dogs stopped and went over to investigate but the moose had taken off, and there went Hope on four legs if Jack Dolan is not home. How badly we needed it, but a moose is not an easy animal to shoot from a racing dogteam, who seem to have their own idea of how a moose should be caught.

We had to get off the river to camp early for the night because everything had to be taken off the sleds, a huge fire built to thaw off the ice and dry them out. Allen pointed to a mountain and at its base is Snag, trading post of Jack Dolan. While he looked for a camp site I held the dogs. It had been a dark grey day when suddenly the sun burst through clouds and the whole side of a mountain glowed orange like the poppy fields of California.

Feb. 16, '36. The thermometer dropped during the night so that now it registered thirty-eight below. It seemed very cold breaking camp and harnessing the dogs. I hoped Jack Dolan would be home, it would mean food and a warm cabin to sleep in.

Sometimes we traveled through deep snow and other times the

going was very good on the river, although we had to watch out for slush ice. We stopped at noon and had tea along the bank of the White. The whole White valley lay north and south with high mountains on either side, and what looked like a white mist in the dark sky was the sun going down.

Allen again voiced his doubt. "may-be Jack Dolan---no---home" Perhaps he wanted to prepare me for the worst, however I was in no mood to be prepared. A hungry woman is not to be trifled with, especially one with a pain in her chest. "He'd better be home or I'll break down his door!" Allen looked quite shocked, an Indian of course would not dare break into a white man's cabin, but I was quite capable of it. Desperation makes for boldness. What is a trading post without a trader, and a trader's place is a his post.

We had hoped to find snowshoe tracks of some trapper but we came across no signs of human habitation and we were very close to Snag. A coyote appeared and the dogs who are always looking for some sign of game took after it, so that we arrived long before we expected to. There were three or four cabins, but no smoke and no sign of life. We went on a little farther and there was smoke curling up from a chimney. Allen rapped on the door and shouted back at me "Dolan home!" He had arrived two days before from Stewart four hundred miles away and it had taken him two months

Snag. Trading Post of Jack Dolan. Yukon Territory.

Jack Dolan came out and helped me unharness the dogs. He was a little skinny man, much smaller than I am, with long brown hair down to his shoulders. A wide stiff brimmed brown hat sat straight on his head. He didn't walk, he seemed to glide and always to one side like a man that had followed a dogteam for many years. He had come here twenty-five years ago during the Chisana gold rush and had never married not even an Indian. He would sit for hours with his head in his hands, I wondered vaguely what had brought him and more strongly why he stayed, but life does not hold the same meaning for all, certainly he wasn't getting rich buying fur from

the Indians. Very few of them were trapping and most of them were dying from tuberculosis even the children. He seemed rather to belong to that group of men, lone prospectors, who from the early days have written their names across the pages of Alaskan history, though they have not found gold they have found the gold of the sunsets, and through the years clutch hope tight to their breasts.

I was very curious to know how my guide would be accepted here among the Indians. Four years ago he had come with his dogteam and carried off the Chief's daughter to the lake of Kluane. She evidently had not pleased him for he returned her to the home of her father within the year. He said "She wouldn't talk," and I had thought "silence" a golden thing in a woman.

The Indians now came in and drawing chairs close to the fire slumped down with a greeting to no one. For hours they sat humped over like so many statues made of stone. They made me nervous, I asked Mr. Dolan why they sat there and he said "to keep warm, so they won't have to chop wood for themselves." Johnny Allen now came in at dark. He didn't glance at his wife nor did she look up. It seemed impossible to me that they who had ^{once} held each other close in their arms should have nothing to say to each other now.

The second day a young white trapper came in, his Indian wife had died the month before. He spoke of her with sadness in his voice as one does of a helpless puppy they have lost. He said "I'll see that Allen takes back his wife." And here was white man's law speaking with revenge. The Chief himself was over sixty and stood well over six feet. He was like a man already dead, his spirit seemed killed, no hope gleamed from his eyes. His daughter seemed willing to bear any burden that might be placed upon her young shoulders, that love was giving even unto death and made no demands, not like a ball she could catch and hold tight in her hands. They would all come to the trading post in the early morning

and sit all day not uttering a sound. It was very depressing.

I felt very ill myself and so weak I could hardly walk. I had the most severe pain in my chest and a lump in my throat where my Adam's apple should have been. I wondered if I were going to have pneumonia and die here in the wilderness. What would become of the dogs?

The first night we had arrived I had examined Allen's foot that had hurt him all the way from Kluane. I picked out with a tweezers a splinter an inch long which he had very carefully sealed in with "new skin" and adhesive so that it could'nt have come out had it wanted to. I had also asked Jack Dolan if he had any mustard, but he did'nt.

The mentholatum I carried in my own medicine kit would not touch this something that seemed to be closing up my lungs nor destroy the lump that stopped my breathing. What a coward I am, but how lonely the wilderness? How far far away from anyone that cares whether I live or die, and people are dying from the "Flu" this winter with the best of care. I am quite sure now I am going to die, but I should not mind so much if I had someone to hold my hand.

During the long nights I could hear Allen and Dolan snoring in the trading posts, I could have gotten up and with my bare hands strangled both of them there in their beds. I wondered if I got worse whether to send Allen back to Kluane to wire for a plane, but would they take the dogs and I'd most likelt be better or dead before a plane could get here.

There was nothing to do but wait and in the meantime do everything I could. I had so little with me, I had not planned on getting the Flu, but they had all had it at Kluane lake before I'd gotten there. I could not eat but drank hugh amounts of caribou broth. Jack Dolan found a belladona plaster which I applied the second day, and hoped I might be able to leave the next day.

But the next morning I was gasping for breath and could'nt

speaking above a whisper. The belladonna had done no good, I got up in desperation, I must get out of here. I was very indignant. This was a trading post, store and home. What's any of these things without mustard, especially a home, I'd never been in a home before where they didn't have mustard. Perhaps if I got back on the trail I might feel better, anything was better than this.

I got dressed and went into the kitchen where they were having breakfast. "But you must have mustard-somewhere-somewhere." Dolan said "Well I used to have some around, You might find it in the store." I started looking and finally found it behind a lot of boxes. He said "the lid has been off it for three years and it most likely isn't any good." I tasted it and it tasted quite like flour, but this was what I needed an old fashioned remedy. It was a double old fashioned when I finished mixing it. I ripped the belladonna off my chest and applied the mustard very carefully, it felt nice and warm and seemed to give immediate relief. I went to bed and fell asleep.

When I woke up I realized I would apply no more mustard plasters for many a day to come and would most likely carry the scars of this bones to Fairbanks, but I felt much better and my chest was loose. There seemed to be nothing more I could do in the matter of first aid, if anything I had done too much and I might as well take off.

I packed in the evening but the next morning still felt very weak and decided to wait another day. Allen went hunting but returned in the evening with no game. Dolan cooked dog feed and I stayed in bed all day

SNAG TO TANANA CROSSING.
Feb.21, '36.--Mar.1, '36.

Feb.21, '36.- We had been here four days, Allen's foot was better and although I was still very weak, my throat and chest were better. I was really afraid to stay any longer, I did not want people looking for me, and I was afraid to leave. Dolan was going on his trap line as soon as we left, I asked him to wait two days so if I got worse I could come back. We lashed the toboggans and hitched up the dogs. Tip was feeling quite frisky and took a bite at Stikine where upon all the brothers had him down in a minute. I thought they would tear him apart, and all I could do was scream. I can usually manage my own dogs but I could hardly help harness them this morning. Allen got them apart while a dozen Indians stood around open-mouthed. It is always a miracle to me how Tip emerges from these skirmishes without a scratch, and as cocky as ever. The brothers would'nt touch him if he did'nt bother them and they will put up with his growls but as soon as he bites one of them he has the rest of them to answer to.

We had twenty-five miles to go to the cabin of Chief Johnson Allen's father-in-law where we hoped to pick up dried meat for the dogs. Dolan could give us very little as he was short himself. We had a broken trail for two miles and then put on snowshoes, and what snow. I had been told that in the Interior there was always a light snowfall, only on the coast did we get much snow. That's what they say in the Interior. I do not mind breaking trail when my snowshoes only go down to my knees, but I do resent it when I go down up to my neck and the snow gets in my ears. Both of us went ahead of the dogs and very slowly.

Around noon we heard another dogteam behind us and saw Indians coming. I thought to myself "is'nt that just like the Indians to let us break trail and then come along behind?" I wished I could pick up the trail after me, but they very shortly caught up with us and Chief Johnson himself went ahead of Allen. I was very much ashamed of myself, Allen who was tired from breaking trail all morning dropped in behind me. We then changed

the dogteams and put my team ahead. We continued this all afternoon, the three of us walking ahead and three dogteam following with Mrs. Johnson bringing up the rear. We had to camp ten miles this side of his cabin.

Feb. 22, '36. We made Chief Johnson's cabin at eleven-thirty, had lunch and decided to leave the dogs here and break trail ahead. Allen and I broke trail all afternoon returning at dark when we fed the dogs and ourselves. I was very tired and so was Allen.

Feb. 23, '36. We left at nine o'clock and covered the trail it took us all afternoon to break, in an hour and a half. Then deep, deep snow. we were all in at noon but felt much better after tea. We trudged along all afternoon, both of us going ahead of the dogs and coming back to lift the toboggans out of niggerheads, if the dogs stop they can't get the toboggans started again. I now know what niggerheads are. My dogs look at me as if they think I'm crazy and there are times when I think they're right. Paws once lifted to my hands in salute now remain on the ground, eyes that once looked into mine with nothing but adoration now look with reproach.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we came to a lake, and the broken trail of the Scotty Creek Indians, there was three or four inches of snow on it, but it had a solid foundation. Allen stopped his team, took off his snowshoes and jumped on the back of his toboggan. He looked around and said "blue sky-coming up." It was a dark grey day. I looked up into the Heavens and told him "It's the broken trail you found rather than any blue in the sky."

We rode for aways and then went ahead again so as to save the dogs as much as possible. Crossed the headwaters of little Scotty Creek, which flows down into the Tanana. There was much overflow on the ice and we had to put brush on it to keep the toboggans from getting wet. Followed Indian trail across two lakes until we hit little Scotty again at five o'clock, there was deep water so we turned around and camped for the night. It was zero and seemed very hot.

Feb. 24, '36. It's twenty below this morning, the sun is shining and the barometer is rising, we can look for colder weather. We hit Scotty creek again, the dogs were going pretty fast when I heard the ice cracking and saw it bending under Allen's team. We left the creek and hit the edge of a lake with glare ice, as we were rounding a bend the toboggan started sliding and I jumped off to steady it and went right through the ice up to my waist. I screamed for Allen but my own dogs stopped and I was out of it long before Allen could reach me. It was a nuisance having to stop and build a fire, everything froze immediately, I even had to thaw out my socks before I could pull them off and it wasn't too warm changing to corduroy pajamas pants. I had sent my other ski suit by plane, and now my toboggan was all iced down making it twice as heavy to pull for the poor dogs. We scraped off as much as possible. Very shortly after this we crossed the boundary line, one hundred feet of slashed timber marking the boundary between the Yukon and the Territory of Alaska.

All afternoon we have been dropping down into the Tanana valley we came through scrub brush, creeks and lakes, but hit no more slush ice. I doubt if my sled could carry any more without sinking anyway. At four o'clock I had my first glimpse of the headwaters of the Tanana and the village of Scotty. There were anyway a dozen buildings and it seemed gorgeous to see a cabin again. The place was deserted. I picked the largest and most beautiful log cabin to stop in, on the highest hill commanding a magnificent view of the river. I walked up to take possession, I felt as if I'd just as soon spend the rest of my life here, but it seemed that I wasn't going to spend it in this particular cabin, the door was locked and bolted. We went around to all the cabins and the smallest one was the only one unlocked.

We had hoped to find the Indians here to get information about trading posts and food for the dogs, but they seemed to have left the country. We fed the dogs the last bit of dried meat we had, they have been

going on half rations for a couple nights, built a large fire and dried out the toboggans. On the door of one of the cabins is written "God--me--good Indian. I want--lynx--coyote-wolf--mink". It looked as if someone had promised him if he'd be good, all the good things of life would be his. After he's a Christian for a couple of years he will begin to doubt that statement.

Feb. 25, '36. We very reluctantly left a warm cabin and followed an Indian trail down the river. There was no way of knowing how long since the Indians had been over it. It was covered with snow and at least a month old. We were grateful for any kind of a trail. Twenty-five miles farther on we hope to come to a trading post I had been told about before leaving Kluane.

All day we followed the trail, about three o'clock we came to another deserted cabin and Allen pointed to the base of a mountain where a trading post is supposed to be. We kept on the trail until nearly dark when Allen thought the trail was going away from the post, perhaps to some trapping grounds of the Indians. We retraced our trail and came back to stay in the cabin all night. I climbed the ladder to the cache but it was empty.

We fed the dogs on our emergency rations. Ten pounds of oatmeal for ten starving dogs, and a thin slice of bear fat. They wagged their tails in appreciation, thinking this was just a little extra until they really got fed. When they saw, that was all they were going to get, they howled on protest, and I closed my ears and went inside to warm up the last half inch of burned mulligan. I thought perhaps we should save this.

Allen thought the trail led in the wrong direction. I got out the map and compass, the trail seemed to lead to the north. I was so glad the lines on the map, the compass and the trail all agreed, because it really didn't matter anyway, regardless of what any of them read we would have to follow the trail, and just hope it would lead to human habitation and food. We couldn't very well break a fresh trail on empty stomachs, and

the dogs needed a rest and lots of food. There were snowshoe tracks from this cabin also leading toward the west.

I looked around the cabin and found a note addressed to Maggie. Romance on the Tanana. It was not sealed and I read it. "Maggie--I--go--Nabeana. Sorry--I--no see--you!" So was I very sorry indeed I did not see him. Nabesna was just the place I wished to come in contact with. I got out the wire I had received two weeks before at Kluane and read "At Nabesna on the headwaters of the Tanana you will come to a Trading Post owned by a German, he is very hard to understand, on account, he can't wear his store teeth, but a very good egg. He will do everything possible to help you."

I could have cried. Where is this good egg, I don't care if he has'nt a hair on his head nor a tooth in his mouth, just so his cache is full. I'm hungry. Where are the herds of caribou I was told would block my trail, there isn't even a wolf in this country, nothing for them to live on. I even thought back of the eight slices of bread I had so lavishly heaped on Chief Johnson and his poor wife. And so in my selfishness fell asleep.

Feb. 26, '36. I had been so concerned about my stomach I had not noticed how cold it was getting. The thermometer registered fifty below when we got up at six o'clock and had coffee. I suggested to Allen he go take a look and see where the other snowshoe tracks went. He seemed to be gone a long time, but finally arrived with the news "White man--over there lots of food--and smoked salmon--for dogs. Nabesna--thirty miles--north."

We harnessed the dogs and arrived there in half an hour. How good it was to see a white man again, especially one that could bake bread like this. It was actually the best bread I had ever tasted in all my life, and I ate eight slices just to get even with Chief Johnson. We were the first people he had seen in two months and I was the first white person in four. He seemed almost as glad to see us as we were to see him.

He climbed up to his cache and brought down smoked salmon, this was from the lower Yukon and the first I had seen since leaving the Taku. We gave each of the dogs a whole salmon and then started a cooked feed for them in the evening

I sat around all day and ate lots of bread, it tasted better than candy. In the north after baking a batch of bread the loaves are put outside to freeze, and brought in as needed and thawed out, so that it always tastes like fresh bread and never becomes stale. I asked him for the receipt which he gave me in great detail and with more pride than any cook I have ever known. I could not blame him, it was better bread than I have ever known. I'll give it to you, I'm sure he would not mind. I have since tried it myself and can recommend it. It should be good bread, it has all the rising properties I have ever heard of and some that I have 'nt. This is not sourdough bread -

"Three Star Hops," put in tiny sack, 1" by 2". Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. Squeeze.

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup rice

2 potatoes

1 cup sugar

1 tablespoon salt

1 teaspoon ginger. Cooked in 2 quarts water.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, stirred in cold water. Add to the above mixture while still boiling, stir and boil, as in gravy. Cool. When luke warm add one yeast cake that has been dissolved in tepid water. Stir and when cool, put in quart jars. Add these jars to the quarts of fruit in your root house. It takes $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of this conglomeration for eight loaves of bread, and is enough to last all winter. Don't forget to take squeeze and be sure to take out the sack. This is the best bread from Taku to Fairbanks.

Feb. 27, '36. -- It was fifty below when we got up to leave but warmed up to forty by the time we were ready to leave. The old man decided to go with us and visit the town of Nabesna for a couple of days. It was fairly good going but not good enough for all of us to ride. We were not out on the trail very long until I realized he was becoming very tired. At noon we stopped and had lunch. He asked me if anything was wrong with his nose and sure enough it was frozen, he thawed it out with snow and started on ahead of us. I asked Allen to give him a ride when he caught up with him and as Allen passed I heard him say "want ride," but never slackened his team. When I caught him I gave him my handlebars to

hang on to and I ran in front of my team. Allen rode on ahead of us all afternoon. I was indignant and called to him several times, he had a light load as I was carrying what supplies we had on my sled. The old man could not travel fast and he was very cold. I took off my scarf and tied it around his face. I caught up with Allen and told him if we left the old man alone he would most likely freeze to death, and we started out again. It was very late afternoon and getting awfully cold. I ran on ahead of my team and the old man followed hanging on to the handlebars. Allen rode on far ahead of both of us. I had no great desire to ride but I was furious to be left alone and this was not the first time. I put on more speed caught up with Allen and jumped on his toboggan and stayed there until we crossed the Tanana to go into Nabesna, although I would have been much more comfortable walking. It was too cold to ride but it slowed Allen down to our speed, so we all arrived together and intact. There is nothing more disheartening than to be left alone on a lonely trail far behind a dogteam.

I tied Tip and turned over the toboggan. There seemed to be many Indians around but I caught no glimpse of a white man. We all went in and had tea with the Indians, it was fifty below and I wanted a warm cabin to stop in and warm food to eat if possible, and this was where the German trader was supposed to be. I was to learn our traveling companion and the trader were not on speaking terms, which was their business not mine. I now spoke of going there when the old man spoke up and said "Oh no, we das'nt go there, him and me is bitter enemies!" "Well may-be you das'nt, but I dast!" and sent Allen down to find out. When he returned we drove our dogs down to the trading post, and the old man was staying with the Indians.

We unharnessed our team while the trader held a light. He then led the way into the most beautiful log cabin, as he opened the door eight large white animals sprang up and surrounded us. I was frightened for a moment but when he spoke to them they all wagged their tails and

here was the most magnificent dogteam I have ever seen. They all looked like big white wolves but were very friendly and came up to be petted.

He fed us and told me he was coming to meet me but get no information and thought perhaps I had gone a different route. He wanted me stay over a day and rest, but as I had just rested a day and was long overdue decided to leave the next day. I brought in my sleeping bag and spread it on the floor but he'd have none of it. He fixed his own bed for me with clean sheets and a pillow and then put a large canvass around the whole thing making a bedroom and then told me to take off my clothes and get a good rest. I did, it was the first time I'd had them off since leaving Snag and the first bed I had slept in. I was deeply grateful.

Feb 28, '36. He got up the ~~this~~ morning, got breakfast and then called me. Is it any wonder I like to stop at trading posts. He kept up a continual flow of conversation only part of which I could understand but it didn't matter. Our traveling companion of the day before came in and bid me good-by, neither of the men spoke to each other. It seemed quite funny but it was their affair not mine and I was not carrying the quarrels of men down the Tanana with me.

We harnessed the dogs and I wanted to pay for our food and lodging but he wouldn't hear of it. He put on his fur cap and with his eight dogs following him led us out of the town and put us on the right trail. It was a fairly good trail, but we were on the Tanana now where they use twenty-two inch sleds and drive their dogs double, our dogs were driven tandem, and our toboggans were sixteen inches wide. To keep the toboggan in the middle of the trail the dogs would have to walk between the runners where the snow had not been broken down. It was too much to expect from any dog, so they kept in the trail of one runner with the toboggan piling up the snow on one side. It was much better however than no trail at all.

We covered the twenty-five miles to Tetlin in five and a half hours, and arrived there just at dark. There were many log cabins, but all of them seemed deserted, anyway there was no smoke curling up from the chimneys

and that usually meant desertion. The cabins seemed sprauled over the whole side of a hill on both sides of the river, and laid out in city blocks. I was not used to cities. I held the dogs on one side of the river while Allen went up the hill to find someone. He came back with a trapper in tow, who helped me turn my team around and led me back to a large deserted building which turned out to be the hospital. The nurse was on her vacation and I was to stay in this large building by myself, I was not used to so much space. There were many beds, how would I know which one to sleep in. I thought I'd rather put my sleeping bag behind someone's stove. It had all been arranged however that when Mary Joyce came along with her dog team she was to have the best the town afforded. I was deeply touched and deeply grateful. Why should these people trouble themselves about me and be so very kind. It was as if I had been their wandering child come home. I was to learn the meaning of hospitality along the banks of the Tanana.

There was a fire started in the basement of the hospital and I was left to wash up while smoked salmon was brought for the dogs. The school teacher and his wife came down to see me, this was his first position, they had only arrived the day before. They were very young and very excited and enthusiastic. They invited me for breakfast the next morning.

The trader came back and we went over to his cabin to eat. I asked why the town was so deserted and he said "The Indians are out on their trap-lines, they'll be back in March and all their children with them. School starts in April and lasts all summer until they go back on trapping in the fall." It seemed like a good idea but hard to get used to.

Feb. 29, '36. This morning I was awakened and told Joe Crosson was looking for me, the report had come over the radio the night before. I was very much ashamed, if I waited to go through the wilderness it was my own business, but I should see that I got there under my own power. There was no way of sending any report until I got to Tanana Crossing and that would take two days long traveling.

We harnessed the dogs and started at daybreak, the trader gave us

two days smoked salmon as we would'nt come to another trading post until we reached Tanana Crossing, he also sent his son with us for ten miles to help break trail. Our own dogs very tired.

We traveled as fast as we could all day hoping to come to a shelter cabin that was located thirty miles from Tetlin. The snow was deep through the woods even on the broken trail and in the open no trace of a trail at all, much time was lost in looking for it.

Allen had left his snowshoes behind at Nabesna, he had been told we'd have a broken trail all the way and so we did, but it had snowed six inches. Even with two inches of snow once you have become used to snowshoes it is much easier walking with them. I went ahead and broke trail with my team following me, they did not wish another dogteam between us. Allen came along with his team, hanging on to the handlebars, the poor fellow was having a hard time of it breaking through the crust with every other footstep. I'd just as soon leave one leg behind as a pair of snowshoes, one could'nt be much more helpless

It took three hours going up Tetlin summit, and was getting dark when we reached the top. The trees were so heavily laden with snow not one green branch could be seen, they looked like grotesque snowmen. The wind was blowing on top of the mountain and here stretched below me was the whole Tanana valley. I dont think I have ever looked upon a more frightening scene or anything more desolate. I felt very small and understood for the first time why the pilots had warned me not to come this way. It stretched for miles and miles toward the north and south and seemed not so much one river but a hundred different rivers flowing in all directions, some were frozen and some were running white water. It was a disturbing scene to gaze on and put Terror into my heart.

The wind and snow were biting my cheeks as we drove to the edge of the mountain and looked over. "Now don't tell me I have to go down the side of that thing." It was almost straight up and down and at least two miles down. I had not come this far without going up and down a few mountains

but they were usually winding trails. One tipped the toboggan on it's side put one foot on the break and held the sled with the weight of your body and hopped along on the other foot. If you lost your balance your sled tipped over and down the mountain. It was a thing to be avoided at all costs, it entailed a lot of work and might break a dogs leg to say nothing of your own neck if you happened to hit a tree.

None of this seemed to bother Johnny Allen, he seemed more like a part of his sled, although he did get the splinter in his foot breaking the toboggan with his foot instead of a ~~break~~. I had a good mind now to tell him if he got another splinter in any part of his anatomy I would not take it out.

I got out two dog-chains and put a lock break around the bow of of my toboggan, Allen started down first with no breaks and the last I saw of him before I had to turn my attention to my own team he was hanging on to his tail rops, he himself was being pulled along on his fanny with his two legs stuck out in front bracing himself. I stepped on my break which was 'nt much good in loose snow, swung low and the dogs galloped down the mountain. One would be passed a tree before it could jump out at you. It was fun.

We decided we couldn't make the shelter cabin, it was too dark to find the trail so got out the rag house for the night and then found we had left our caribou steaks on the roof-top of the trading post at Nabesna. We came down to rice and beans, what did it matter, tomorrow we get to Tanana Crossing. How I hoped I might get there before Joe Crosson, so I could go into Fairbanks with him for the Ice Carnival. I was now too late to make it by dogteam.

Feb. 30, '36. We left early in the morning, a fog hung low and thick. I went ahead breaking trail with my team following me. About ten o'clock we came to the cabin and Allen went in to look around and there was a pair of snowshoes. We debated whether to take them or not and then decided it would be alright as whoever they belonged to would be ahead of us

on the trail or else at Tanana Crossing. Allen now went ahead.

We stopped at one o'clock to build a fire and make tea when suddenly we heard the roar of a plane, "But no pilot would be out in this fog, that can't be Joe Crosson, it must not be." Up and down, up and down the Tanana it flew, we couldn't see it, we could only hear it. I found myself screaming directions at him as if he could hear me, or as if I knew his business better than he knew it himself. When it seemed as if he were going to take our very heads off I grabbed two burning sticks and waved them at him, I don't know how I expected him to see us when we could not see him. As if in answer to my prayer the plane headed north toward Tanana.

But one does not have planes looking for one if they can help it and if anything happened to Alaska's beloved Joe Crosson one might just as well go into the wilderness and stay there. I wondered if we'd be able to reach Tanana tonight, perhaps with empty sleds, we were going very slow the dogs were tired and we lost much time looking for the trail. The wind had blown all tracks of a dogteam and sled ever having been over it. There were no blazes, there were no trees big enough to put them on if anyone cared to do so.

But I was determined to get word to Fairbanks tonight. "We'll leave our loads here and come back tomorrow for them." I don't know what the guide thought of this, but I ripped the load off my toboggan and covered it with the canvas, and he did the same. We started on and traveled all afternoon. The sun went down, it had gone down in my heart long before. We going through tundra with a scrub-brush here and there, there were no trees, the Tanana river lay to our right but where was Tanana Crossing? I had not known it could be so far. There were no words spoken between us, we saved our energy to encourage the dogs who now could hardly pull empty sleds, or perhaps they had lost faith in us. The wind started to blow and it got dark

We went on and on with our heads down the dogs following and despair in my heart. It was a blizzard by this time. I had heard of men

freezing to death outside their cabin door. Was I to be so close to Tanana Crossing and never get there, but we had to get there, we had left our sleeping bags back on the trail.

I had been told we would come to a landing field first, by that we would know we were close to Tanana Crossing. I have been looking for a landing field for hours and wondered now if we left the sleds if we'd get there any faster. I began to think if it were much farther the dogs would soon be pulling me instead of an empty toboggan.

We finally came to a patch of land where there was'nt even a scrub brush, and in the middle of it are the tracks from the skis of an airplane, and that object there in the dark must be a plane, but perhaps we'd better go up to make sure. "I'm so glad they left a plane or I should'nt have recognized the field."

TANANA CROSSING.

Have you ever been out in some isolated spot where you have'nt had mail for months? Have you ever lived on a frozen river without seeing another woman for six months? I have, and when you get one letter it's as if Santa Clause had arrived, and when you dance it's as if you were dancing into the very gates of Heaven. If you have never known any of these thing then you will never know how glad I was to get to Tanana Crossing. I did not know I'd ever get there until I was there but thats what made it exciting.

We drove our teams up to the P.A.A. station and before we could stop the operator and his wife were out to meet me. I kissed them both and could have cried there in their arms but it would have looked so silly. She said she had been so afraid they'd persuade me to go by way of Dawson and they had wanted to see me. How badly I have wanted to see them for twenty days.

All the dogs in the village started to howl, they smelled strange dogteams, and from across the river every door was opened and Indaians poured forth and came running over and into the satation, nor was it an easy task getting them out but I was hungry. We had dinner and I went in ssearch of smoked salmon for the dogs. Now when I took a good look at them they seemed pathically thin, and Nakinaw was chewing on an old bear skin, we had given him for a bed.

Joe Crosson had gone on two days before. How was I to know he had followed my trail in the sky all the way from Kluane Lake and losing it there had landed on the lake where they told him I had gone on that morning. And a wire from Walter Hall "Tell Mary Joyce I have her otheer pair of pants, got them from Bob Randall at Whitehorse, and for her to put on a little more speed". Wires from Juneau, Taku, Whitehorse, Kluane Lake and Fairbanks. Never mind what was in them, I'm not going to tell all. How good it was to hear from the outside world again.

There was to be a dance tonight any occasion was an excuse for a dance if they needed one. At every Indian camp I have stopped at there has been a victrola and their favorite records are "The Isle of Capre" and "She'll be coming Round the Mountain." I forgot I was tired. The Indians boys were dressed in white shirts and ties, good looking riding breeches and knee length beaded mocassins. The girls wore bright bright colored dresses and were very pretty. When the boys asked the girls to dance they would come up and bow, from the hip down with their hand on their breast, elbow out. King Arthur himself could'nt have been more chivalrous. The boys were very good dancers, they did not know the latest steps, neither did I, but they seemed to possess the music and their bodies swayed to its rythm. I notice my guide giving some of the girls the "come hither look" and they would giggle. He seemed to be the guest of honor, after all he had come "with---white lady--from-lake of Kluane." He did'nt seem to be doing so bad, perhaps that's why it took him months to get home afterwards.

I stayed at Tanana Crossing four days with the "Okerlands," the operator and his wife. There were no planes, a fog low and thick hung over the whole Tanana valley from here to Fairbanks. The first day I had a message from Robbie saying "Will be after you in the morning if O.K. by you." And how it would be O.K. by me.

The Ice Carnival at Fairbanks started the fifth of March and I had been made Miss. Juneau by the Chamber of Commerce. You see when you're in the wilderness you have no control over what they may make you. There had been no contest no one else had a chance, I was merely appointed. I would not lead you astray into thinking I am beautiful.

Here I met the man at who's trading posts I had been receiving so much kindness, with the exception of the post at Nabesna which had belonged to the German. He was a tall dark handsome man, dark hair and eyes numerous mouth and I do not believe I have ever seen so much tolerance

in the face of any man. Perhaps he needed tolerance.

There is a missionary here and a school to bring white man's civilization to the savages. If they are savages we are barbarians. They got along much better before we ever came, and how can we be so sure we are bringing to them something that is better than theirs. We are very conceited to think we can bring God to a people that already possess him. We come in the name of God and if we care to be honest even to ourselves we came to fill our own pocketbooks. We who claim to be so civilized, by what standards do we measure our own civilization? The world war to end wars perhaps. If we must be barbarians let us not be barbarians in the name of Jesus Christ, there are already too many crimes committed in his name.

A trader and a missionary are never on speaking terms. Why should they be? The trader came to trade, he admits it. The missionary came to bring the gospel, but is stealing the trader's stuff. The Indians girls learn to write and after they do their bibles are "Sears and Roebuck" and "Montgomery Ward" catalogues, so they can buy lipstick and pretty clothes to make themselves beautiful so "Indian boy-marry them--in- white man's church," or if they are particularly beautiful "maybe--catchum -- white man". Their demands are getting modern. "Johnny when--you--go Fairbanks--bring me shoes--high heels behind". And Johnny most likely will be heel enough to do it. They sit up at a counter and say "Ice cream--chocolate--taste".

Emma came in one night she was gloriously tight and woe be the white man that gave her the makings. She put her head back and she shrieked with laughter. Emma should be dignified, it is only a few days until her wedding, the bride's gown is already here from "Sears and Roebucks". Emma has been married a couple years, but she's a Christian now and civilized, Johnny shall be made to do right by her. Johnny isn't so sure, he doesn't see why he should be made to marry her twice, and he

does'nt like church weddings anyway.Perhaps he has no pretty clothes.

It was'nt very long until Emma did'nt feel quite so good. There were groans now where there had been laughter before and the words that flowed from her mouth were not exactly the words of a prayer. We put her on a cot, there was a rap on the door and the missionary entered. Silence reigned. He walked over and stood looking down into her face, while she clasped his hand kissing it and said "Jesus Christ-Jesus Christ-Jesus Christ." I have never seen a man ^{so} bowed down by grief, his face ~~was~~ ^{was} the picture of despair and the burden of it seemed more that he could bear.

"The Northern lights have seen strange sights,"but I think the strangest they ever did see at Tanana Cross was that night we bundled Emma up, laid her in my toboggan and with one missionary, one radio operator and one dog-musher, we pulled her and pushed her across the Tanana and it was no easy task getting her up the bank on the other side. I remembered the story of the Marshall that had gone in to bring out a crazy man, how he had broken trail for days ahead of his dogs, starving himself and feeding the man lashed to the sled. How one night he finally reached a roadhouse stumbling and falling down, willing hands assisted him, and the man on the sled sat up and said "Who's crazy"?

The fifth day a plane arrived from Fairbanks. I had planned on leaving the dogs here and coming back for them after the carnival. The surrounding country looked even more desolate and unfriendly from the sky than it did on the trail, perhaps because one could see so much more of it. We flew over the trail I would be taking with the dogs after the carnival. How small the cabins looked from above but I know them to be mansions because I've been there. We saw several moose and a small herd of buffalo which we circled, they did not look very friendly, I am told they sometimes block the road on the Richardson Highway.

Arctic Ice Carnival
and
Dog Derby at Fairbanks
March 6, 7, 8.
Volume XXXI.

Fairbanks Daily News-Miner.

Member of Associated Press.
Farthest North Daily News-
paper in the World.

Cast your Ballots
for
Miss Fairbanks
and
Boost Carnival.
Price Ten Cents.

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA, THURSDAY, MARCH 5, '36.

HEADLINES

KLONDIKERS ARRIVE FOR CARNIVAL.

YUKON GOVERNOR HERE.

MISS ALASKA TO BE NAMED TONIGHT.

QUEENS ARRIVE TO OPEN CARNIVAL.

MARY JOYCE ARRIVES BY PLANE.

Distinguished Guests from all Over Northland come to
Fairbanks For Three Days of Festivities.

15 Hardy Dog Teams To Race In North Classic.

Alaskan Beauty.

Leonhard Seppala, famous Alaskan Musher
To Cast in Lot With Local Racers in Fairbanks
Dog Derby---Grueling Three-Day Contest Begins
at 9 in Morning On Chena River.

"Miss Fairbanks, who is
Segrid Seppala, was born
in Entwine, Alberta, and
has lived most of her
life in Alaska with her
parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leon-
hard Seppala, now residents
of Fairbanks. Segrid is
a blond with blue eyes.

BEAUTY BALLOTING ENDS 12 TONIGHT.

MISS ALASKA TO BE CHOSEN TONIGHT.

Attend The Great Carnival Dances Every Night, Eagle Hall 10 P.M.

International Night Club Dance Tonight---Music and Dancing Starts 9:30

Informal Carnival Dinner Dance and Cabaret Every Night at Pioneer 5 to 1

NOTICE.

Skaters will please refrain
from using the hockey rink
until after the Carnival, as
the ice is being prepared
strictly for hockey.

Custodian of Rink.

The train load of visitors from Anchorage and other Rail Belt
points will be due tonight. Dawson and other visitors are due.

Great events these--to have so many guests come to do honor
to Fairbanks and share in her festivities.

Every man, woman and child who can should be on hand to welcome
the guests with a smile and a hearty hand shake. No reason to hold back.
Step right up and extend the hand of friendliness. It will be appreciated
and help more than anything else to put the Carnival over with a bang.

Fairbanks, Golden City of the North, Home of the Pacific Alaska Airways. All things end at Fairbanks and from here, all things begin. It is the end of the Alaska railroad that has its beginning at Seward, it is the end of the Richardson Highway that begins at Valdez. It is too vitally alive to say it nestles among the hills in a low rolling country, I'd say rather that it perched proudly on the banks of the Tanana, ready to strike back at any attempt to destroy it. Log cabins mingle with modern buildings that house a population of six thousand in whose veins the blood runs thick and red and fast. It mothers and serves the whole of the Interior of Alaska.

We swooped down on it and there was the Mayor, the Carnival committee and all my friends to greet me, how good it was to see them all again. The Fairbanks Ice Carnival starts tonight with the selection of Miss Alaska and would I enter the beauty contest? Not if I could help it. The girls were to parade in evening dresses, ski suits and bathing suits. My clothes had not arrived from Juneau by plane, and anyway I should show the legs that munched a thousand miles.

For a week dogteams have been arriving from Indian villages on the lower Yukon, Nulato, Ruby, Kokrines; from Circle, north of Fairbanks from all small villages around Fairbanks, and a Doctor brought his team from Nome by plane. Some arrived under their own power and others were brought by train. Siberians, Malamutes, Huskies and Wolf dogs all to enter the Grand Dog Derby. Their howls all night mingled with gay laughter of a people who had cast all care aside, the long winter was over, Spring had come and the ice would soon go out. For two days people have been coming by plane from Nome Nulato, Ruby, McGrath, in the Northwest, two hundred strong from Anchorage in the South by railroad, and many from Dawson by plane.

Hockey games and curling games, dances that lasted all night Fairbanks never slept. They'd had the whole black winter to sleep in

and weeks to recuperate. The parade lasted all one afternoon, floats that could rival the tournament of Roses except there were no roses.

The queen, "Miss Alaska", was crowned down on the river where a throne had been built out of solid ice, sixty feet long and forty feet high. The background was painted the most heavenly blue, they told me out of cake frosting. ^{icy} steps led up to it with a painted red carpet in the middle. At the sides were ^{tall} Totem poles out of clear solid blocks of ice. The work of an Artist and perhaps the most unique throne a queen had ever sat on. Thirty floats passed under the Fairbanks bridge, (the Judge's box) and the Pacific Alaska Airways ran off with the honors, and Johnny Allen ran off with the races. (This Johnnie Allen was not my guide)

Fairbanks Daily News-Miner.

Farthest North Daily Newspaper in the World. Member Of The Associated Press

Vol. XXXI.

Fairbanks, Alaska, Monday, March 9, 1936.

Price Ten Cents.

DOGTEAM'S TIME IS LIGHTNING FAST.

Fairbanks is Winner
Of CURLING Cup.
Local team takes two
games of first three
game series for Silver
International Trophy.

Fairbanks won possession of the International Curling Trophy for a year defeating the Dawson team twice in a bonspiel of three games for the trophy, played each night for the last three nights.

The large and beautiful silver cup donated by residents of Fairbanks for International competition will have the name of the home town engraved on it as its first winner. Contests are expected to be held for the cup's possession every year here-after by curling teams of Alaska and the Yukon Territory.

FLASH.

Leonhard Seppala, most famous of all the racers, on approaching the line with his handsome Siberian malamutes one year olders, saw them stop dead still as they shied from the crowd. Leonhard himself still fresh after the long sprint, ran ~~the~~ head of his team, jumped into the harness with the leader and presented a striling picture in his white parka as he raced over the line tugging for all he was worth and holding the pups in place.

Smashing the world's record for a total in three heats over a thirty mile course Johnny Allen, from Kokrines, near Ruby, on the lower Yukon, won the honors and the grand prize of \$1000 in the 1936 Fairbanks Dog Derby. His total time for the three heats was six hours, forty-one minutes and forty-one seconds.

Allen fastest heat was the first made in two hours, six minutes and thirty seconds. His second heat was made in two hours, twelve minutes and two seconds. So far as known his time in these two heats are faster than any other ever made over a course of the same length. Thus with these two records and the record of the total-Allen sets up a high new mark which may be something for mushers to aim at for a long time-at least in the next year's annual classic in Fair

EMPRESS THEATRE.Tonight only at 8.ON THE STAGE

in person

MARY JOYCE
(MISS. JUNEAU)in a short talk covering the highlights of
her exciting trip from Taku To Fairbanks.
Klondikers and Mary J. at Show Tonight.

Manager Don Adler of the Empress theatre announced today that since a number of the visiting Dawsonites here for the Carnival are likely to be weatherbound until tomorrow, all members from the Klondike capitol are invited to be the guests of the house at tonight's show. An entirely different bill from last night will be presented, and Mary Joyce, Miss Juneau will give a talk during the evening on her ~~experiences~~ on her famous mush from Juneau.

I said I would'nt do it, which didn't seem to bother Don Adler. So long as I had two legs to stand on, it seemed I would do it. I stood on the stage with trembling knees while the Mayor mixed the Golden Sands of the Tanana with the muddy waters of the Yukon, and had Columbus discover America, but wanted all there tonight to know that Mary Joyce discovered the way from Taku to Fairbanks. I felt quite proud until I remembered that the Mayor was the President of the Liar's club in Fairbanks.

It was an honor I did not deserve but it was fun to broadcast over ~~WOEH~~ from the cabin of the Pacific Alaska Airways Lockheed Electra high above the city of Fairbanks, but then I ~~guess~~ they were'nt particular because the Liar's club also broadcasted.

Fairbanks Daily News-Miner.
Pacific Alaska Airways, Inc.

Sent all Over States.

For the entertainment of radio listeners in the States these broadcasts on Alaskan subjects are sent out from WOEH, a 100 watt radio station in the airplane and relayed through every NBC long wave station in the States. WOEH broadcasts on a short wave frequency of 12,860 kilocycles.

Juneau Radio Broadcast Is Made Sunday.

Talks By Governor Troy, Don Thompson Picked Up Over Nation

The Pacific Alaska Airways Lockheed Electra flown by W.J. Barrows and Murray Stuart, left the Juneau airport and soared high above Gastineau Channel, with Gov. John Troy; Lyman Peck vice president of Pacific Alaska Airways; Don Thompson, National Broadcasting Company's Special Events Producer; and J.W. Baker, RCA Operations Supervisor.

Producer The same transmitter used in the Phillippine Clipper broadcasts is being used. The keynotes of the Governor's address were the importance of better airfields and aid to navigation. Air mail contracts for Alaska necessary to serve the people, and provide revenue to permit development to carry on. The importance of roads.

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Fairbanks Lies of City Subject of Radio Program.

This is the flying Radio Station WOEH broadcasting from the cabin of a P.A.A. Lockheed Electra high above the city of Fairbanks, with Joe Crosson and Alex Holden at the controls.

Today's program features the "Fairbanks Lies Club", with Mayor E.B. Collins, Postmaster Robert E. Sheldon and Deputy Marshal Dixie Hall telling ~~amazing tales of~~ purported experiences in Alaska.

Until tomorrow then--this broadcast came to you by means of a RCA short wave transmitter through the National Broadcasting Company from a P.A.A. plane flying over its terminal airport in Fairbanks. This is your Chechako Observer signing off, Don Thompson.

From Fort Yukon.

From within the Arctic circle this broadcast is sent to you through the National Broadcasting Company's radio chain, from the cabin of the Lockheed Electra with Jerry Jones and Al Monson at the controls. Talks are given on Alaskan subjects by Dr. Grafton Burke of Fort Yukon and Johnny Fredson, Athabaskan Indian who accompanied the late Archdeacon Hudson Stuck on his famed ascent of Mt. McKinley.

WOEH Goes To Nome For More Broadcasts.

To continue Alaska broadcasts over the National Broadcasting Company's radio chain from over Nulato and Nome, the flying Radio Station WOEH in the cabin of the Lockheed Electra, with ~~theerzifone~~ Alaska Airways left Fairbanks this morning. A program was sent out from over Nulato, with announcer Don Thompson giving a description of the lower Yukon country. The aircraft was to continue on to Nome today, at the controls were S.E. Robbins and Walter Hall. Lyman Peck, Joe Baker, and Don Thompson.

NBC Continues Broadcasts About Alaska.

Continuing broadcasts of Alaska programs for radio listeners in the States, radio station WOEH at one o'clock this afternoon sent out a program from over the intersection of the Arctic Circle and the International date line off the coast of Siberia.

WOEH To Send Out Program From Palmer.

A radio program from the Matanuska farm colony for radio listeners in the States will be sent out from Palmer by Don Thompson and Joseph Baker. From Anchorage the radio party will return to the States as this program concludes the Alaska Series which the National Broadcasting Company has been putting on, from the cabin of a Pacific Alaska Airways Lockheed Electra. NBC signing off from Alaska. Your Chechako Observers Don Thompson and Joe Baker. Goodnight.

Official the carnival lasted three days. It lasted ten days and I was worn out by it, and glad of a chance to get back on the trail for a rest. I was to fly back to Tanana Crossing with Al Monson in the Pacific Alaska Airways Fleetster equipped with skis and all planes in the North carry emergency rations, snowshoes, and sleeping bags. We were waiting for the weather to clear, there were a number of pilots standing around, kidding each other and telling of some of their experiences in the North. One pilot told how he had a forced landing with an attractive passenger fifteen miles from a settlement, how they put on their snowshoes and started to walk, he with the sleeping bag on his back. He said "I didn't think she'd ever make it but she did. Oh well one can always hope anyway." The others told him they'd never tell it and there were some who thought it a down-right insult. We left in gales of laughter, Al in the cockpit and I was back in the cabin with tons of groceries for the radio operator and his wife at Tanana Crossing. We made it.

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Tanana Crossing to Fairbanks.
March 16, '36---March 25, '36.

My arrival back in Tanana Crossing was greeted by wild howls on the part of the dogs. I had to go over and pet each one separately, they all talked to me and told me what a swell time they'd had and how well they'd been fed. They were all plump and peppy and they're black glossy coats gleamed in the sunlight as their paws came up on my shoulders.

For the third time I asked the guide what he wanted to eat on the trail and for the third time I received the same reply "Me no like---white man's grub." I have found out myself I can travel much better on rice, beans and boiled meat than on anything else, with lots of fat. How disgusting. But that does not mean that I object to some of the delicacies and I have noticed that when I take marmelade, the guide eats as much of it as I do.

Every young Indian in Tanana Crossing wanted to guide me as far as Big Delta, One wanted to go clear to Fairbanks, he had no dogteam but he said he could walk, he wanted a divorce. Civilization brings complications. I picked the one that talked the least, I do not like my landscapes cluttered up with a lot of jabbering.

We left the P.A.A. radio station on a beautiful Spring morning. This is what every dog musher dreams of-Spring, blue skies, and a hard trail. The whole town turned out to see us off as we headed our teams down the valley.

At noon we stopped to rest ourselves and dogs. Now instead of building a fire to make tea we drank coffee out of a Thermos bottle. There is perhaps a vast difference between the people of British Columbia and the People of the Yukon. The only difference I have noticed between the Yukoners and the Alaskans is that one drinks tea and the other coffee.

We reached the top of the hill and Tim stopped his team ahead of me. There he stood outlined sharply against a flaming sky, tall and

slender with his hand pointing to the sun going down in the West. This was so much a part of him I could not help but envy him and all his race. Sorrow followed envy. As the sun dies in the West, so dies his race.

We had a long and steep hill to go down, he said "you wait here and after I take my team down I will come back for yours." I told him I could get down all right but he was afraid of it. He started down and my team followed, I would have had a hard time holding them and when he reached the bottom he seemed surprised that that I was behind him and in one piece.

That evening we reached an Indian camp, he told all the Indians about the long and steep hill I had come down and kept repeating "My God that---steep hill--you come down." I had gained his respect. The trader from Tanana Crossing was there with his dogteam on his way back from Fairbanks with a brother of my guide. His dogs looked like big black wolves. They did not wag their tails and I was afraid of them. He told me if they ever get loose he has to set snairs to catch them.

March 17, '36. We all left the next morning early. Two dogteams for Tanana and two for Fairbanks. The second day was much like the first except I wished I had a twenty-two inch sled instead of a toboggan, however one can't change sleds for every locality. We again stopped at an Indian settlement for the night. I had a small cabin to myself, the door was closed and I was getting supper. I thought I was alone and when I turned around there were two Indian women sitting just inside the door. I had not heard them come in nor did they speak until I had discovered them when they started to giggle. But they had come for a purpose to tell me of their troubles. It seemed the Doctor at Fairbanks had not been down for a year and their stomachs hurt. "You give--us medicine--for stomach?" "But I have no medicine with me." And they went into detail about where it hurt and how and always ended up by insisting I give them "medicine for stomach." I did not know how I would get rid of them, I didn't even

have an Aspirin to rid myself of them, how I longed for one. "They said "anything will do, something to swallow or rub outside!" I finally got rid of them by telling them I would ask the Doctor in Fairbanks what would be good for them. I was afraid they would start looking in my baggage for medicine, and I'm sure if I had given them Listerine to gargle they would have drank it for their stomachs sake.

March 18, '36. Another Indian accompanied us this morning who wanted to go to Healy, our next stop, thirty three miles distance. We wasted as little time as possible all day and traveled as fast as we could, even then it was dark when we hit Healy lake, a wind was blowing and it seemed very cold. The Indians could see us coming across the lake and were all out to meet us. We had to go up a steep bank which was very slippery, I was the last and just when I was near the top I lost my grip on the handle-bars and went tumbling down again, the dogs went on without me and I was very much embarrassed and all the Indians laughed. Nor was it an easy task to climb up that slippery bank with nothing to hang on to. When I finally did get up all the Indians came and shook hands with me. There must have been thirty, some with babies on their backs. They turned that I might shake hands with the babies too. Now they were very solemn and dignified. They shook their heads and said "My--you come--long way, we look--for you--long time." How nice it is to have the Indians look forward to one's coming. We unharnessed the dogs and had tea. I noticed two little Indian girls raising a lot of dust in one of the cabins with brooms that were larger than they were. Shortly I was shown to this cabin.

March 19, '36. I got up at six o'clock and cooked breakfast and we started out again, traveling on the winter trail down the Tanana. At ten we came to a cabin where two white men were trapping, they were waiting for us and wanted to send mail to Fairbanks. They had just finished breakfast and asked us in to have some. I said "just coffee" and although I had eaten only a couple hours before, I now consumed a very

large breakfast. I apologized and they smiled. I'm sure they had never seen a woman eat so much before.

Every morning we'd get directions to the next cabin, the number of miles and what to look for on the way. We were now supposed to come to Clearwater, the cabin of a white man, we'd know it by the bridge. At three o'clock we came to where a trail branched off to the left, this must be it but after leading our dogs in we found out it was'nt although the clear water was there and the bridge over it. We went on and on and finally came to it at dark. The river here stays open all winter and the trapper had fresh fish.

All along the way I have stopped at the cabins of trappers and prospectors where they were available, they have always been glad to see some one, their doors are always open and what they have is yours but I have never yet heard one of them speak of loneliness, I do not believe they even think of it. Some of them don't see another man for months at a time and they never see a woman. One told me he was married and his wife was "outside". He wanted her to come back and she wanted him to come out. She said "I never want to see that God-forsaken country again, wasting your life up there when you could have a good position down below." He said "Yes, a white collar job, sitting at a desk all day, I didn't marry a desk I married a woman and by God she'll live up here or else"-Perhaps some day again America will breed a generation of women like our Grandmothers, who could follow their men across the prairie in a covered wagon.

And that is why up here there are so many white men married to squaws, because white women will not live out of towns. It might not be too bad, especially if one could marry a man "with---fast-dogteam". I know men in Alaska who are looking for Rex Beach and women who are looking for Dr. Grueling, because the men once read a romantic story of the North by Beach and Dr. Grueling told them there were ten men in Alaska to every woman and they can't find them.

Why look down on the white men married to squaws? Are they to blame because there are no more women who will pick up their skirts from around their dainty ankles and take a hike up Chilkoot pass. I have met many of them, they are as dainty and feminine as any women I have seen and their grandchildren have something to brag about, ours will have little enough. We might again win back respect of man and God knows there is need for it. Perhaps we do not deserve it.

Love--what men dream of, and poets sing of. Is it not then enough The cause of life itself. The cause of all the beauty and glory, the cause of what despair and misery. You figure it out I gotta go to Fairbanks, but before I do let me tell you- Some of the men in isolated districts have used the mail order houses. I met one of them in Atlin. He wanted to give me ten dollars on account of I might need it before I got to Fairbanks. Anyway he carried on a correspondence with a woman down below. He wooed her by letters and finally won her. They usually exchange pictures, so they have some idea what to expect and will recognize each other when she gets off the boat. This must have been dispersed with because when she landed at Atlin someone pointed him out to her and she threw up her hands in horror. I swear he didn't have a tooth in his gums nor a hair on his head. It was not that he was so old, he just looked so weather-beaten, like an old scare-crow blown by the wind. She remained to marry someone else and he got tight as a tick and took his bicycle at midnight and went back to his diggings. He told me this with tears in his eyes, it is the big sorrow in his life. He did say her husband later returned the fare he had sent her. But he can't forget, it is always before him, especially when he's in his cups.

Another big Swede sent clear to Norway for his bride, though why Norway I don't know, because all the Swedes and Norwegians I know are like cats and dogs. Two days before she got there his comrades got him drunk and kept him in a stupor in his cabin. They met the boat and

and when she got off took her up to his cabin where they had already put another woman in bed with him. She fled thinking he had come upon evil ways since coming to this North country. That's a pal for you. It was some time before he even found out what the trouble was, but he fixed it up, they said he was a good talker.

March 20, '36. After a hearty breakfast we left the next morning and arrived at Big Delta or McCarty at eleven o'clock. This is a hotel on the Richardson Highway and run by Rika Whalen. There was not even a white man here, so it is not men alone that seek the wilderness. It is around here the buffalo roam and some of them with her cattle.

I put a call in to Fairbanks and was told the Grand Curlers Ball was that evening and would I please hurry, or should they hitch up all the stray dogs in town and come out and get me, it was only a hundred miles and they were already starting. The chechakos, I'd like to see any of them behind a dog team, so long as there was one plane in Alaska.

We left, of course after being fed. We were now supposed to travel on the left hand bank of the Tanana for five miles, the right was open running water, there was one bridge of ice we could cross on the right bank and that was all to get up on the Richardson Highway. There were three streams we had to cross first, which meant unpacking everything on the sleds and carrying it across. Three times we had to do this, it took much time, but when we did get started we made up for it. Too much so, the going was so good we must have gone ten miles, and had to retrace our tracks. We found the bridge coming back and crossed to the Richardson. It was dark but the going was very good, many rabbits darted across the road and the dogs took after them. We arrived at a white man's cabin at eight o'clock. He had been looking for us, but had given us up and eaten alone. He now put a big caribou roast in the oven to heat for us and placed our dessert on the table, large dishes of fruit, I was so hungry I ate the dessert first. Tim had better manners or perhaps he was bashful. We talked

and laughed and so to bed.

March 21, '36. Fromhere the guide was going back and I was going on alone, there would be no more rivers to cross. The white man told me I'd had a nightmare the night before and seemed in such distress he almost awakened me. He said "you were mushing dogs." "Well after all thats enough to give anyone a nightmare, perhaps I was hurrying to the Curlers ball."

The guide started back to Tanana Crossing, and the white man walked to the top of the hill with me, he said "the trail is drifted." The road was cut in the side of a mountain and at its edge was a sheer drop of five hundred feet, with the open Tanana below. The snow had drifted on the mountain side and sloped toward the bank, my toboggan kept sliding toward it. We said good-by at the top of the hill.

At noon I came to Richardson where there is a post office, many come here by dogteam to get their mail. There are four or five cabins and one very large log hotel at the top of the hill, deserted. The roadhouses along the Richardson Highway did a flourishing business until the railroad was built, and what a railroad, but "then anything is good enough for Alaskans, they're just a bunch a savages anyway".

I've been on that railroad. I lay down on the seat and tried to sleep and nearly lost my head while doing it, such banging and clanging I'd never heard before. One car would jump to the right while the other jumped to the left and it seemed if they didn't succeed in tearing each other apart they would at least jump right off the tracks. They didn't that time they waited for the next. It takes "brave men and bold" to run the Alaska railroad.

But lets get back to the Richardson Highway, we are about to have lunch with a very charming gentleman, the postmaster of Richardson. I am at a disadvantage here, I cant surprise anyone because there is a telephone from roadhouse to roadhouse. It's really to my advantage because

they always have food waiting for me. I'm afraid they have been discussing my appetite over it, because here was a banquet set before me. I praised the food and ate and ate, he would urge me to have more and say "perhaps you don't like it." "But it was delicious". "But you didn't eat anything." "I couldn't possibly eat any more." "Oh well I guess you don't like my cooking." "Oh I think you're a marvelous cook, that really was wonderful." "Well then why don't you eat something." I had already eaten enough for two men and used up all my adjectives in praising it. I could not get another bite down if I were killed for it.

It was one o'clock, the next roadhouse was twelve miles away, and I was lazy after so big a meal, the wind was blowing. I was afraid to go on but I was more afraid to stay for fear he'd kill me with his food. "She died from overeating." The telephone rang, it was the fox farm and the Aunt of one of my best friends. "Is Mary Joyce there?" I hastened to answer it, "Betty has told me so much about you." "She's told me about you too." "Nothing good I hope." "Yes lots, are you coming on tonight?" "I'd like to but I'm afraid it will be dark before I get there, I'm afraid of the dark." "Wait my husband will talk to you." "Miss Joyce, my wife says you would like to come on tonight." "I would but I'm afraid to travel alone after dark, my dogs are tired and I'm not traveling very fast." "Come along then and I'll meet you at Birch Lake." I went on and I do not know to this day if the postmaster was serious or making fun of me. He may have thought me a glutton and if he did he was quite right.

I had to practically drag the dogs away from that cabin, they thought they just as soon stay there as any place. There was a long hill to go up and I thought I'd never get to the top. They would look back at the cabin and give me dirty looks, after I got them out of sight they were much better. One could see the gravel after the toboggan had been over the road. When I got lower the snow was deeper and I put on snowshoes and went ahead of the dogs. At six o'clock I saw another dogteam

coming down the road, I had not gotten quite to Birch lake.

He waved at me and drove his dogteam up to mine. I dashed out to hold Tip and pull my team off the trail saying "My dogs will fight" I am always scared to death to meet another team on the trail. He said "They won't fight my dogs," and so they didn't. He took all my load and put it on his sled and we started out again, it did not take long to reach the lake and he shouted back at me "do you ever swear at your dogs?" He was a gentleman, he did not wait for an answer but said "You have to cuss em to mush em." He took many short cuts that I would not have known and would most likely get lost in the dark. His wife had supper waiting for us. I felt that I had known these people all my life.

March 22, '36. March 23, '36. I stayed here for two days, it was a very comfortable place to stay. The wind was blowing, we heard over the telephone one car had started out from Fairbanks on the Richardson Highway and got snowed under before it could get out of town. It seemed almost impossible to me, they said "The wind is blowing thirty-five miles an hour in Fairbanks." That did not seem very fast to me, I come from a country where the wind blows ninety-five miles an hour, the Taku wind is famous all over Alaska and very much dreaded, if you don't believe me read what Sherwood Wirt says about it in his "Cracked Ice" and you will know what a Taku wind really is.

TAKU.

If A zephyr sends your hat
All the way to Sundum Flat-
That's no Taku wind.
If the light poles in the street
Crash in solinters at your feet-
That's no Taku wind.

But if your garage
Backs out of your car-
If your suspenders
Give up with a yank-
If chunks of paving
Knock mountains ajar-
If you cant find
The First National Bank-

Stranger, that's a Taku wind.

March 24, '36. We left this morning at eight o'clock. I had thirty-three miles to go to the next roadhouse. The fox farmer took my load for ten miles to a mink farm where we had lunch, then the mink farmer took it for another ten miles. They both shot rabbits along the way for their mink and fox, my dogs thought this was great sport. In the middle of the afternoon the mink farmer turned his team around, gave me my load and he went back to feed his mink. I now had only thirteen miles to go to the next roadhouse. At four o'clock I came to a cabin the man and his wife were out on the road and nothing would do but I go in and have tea with them. This was not hard work. We visited for an hour and I went on where I arrived at "Eighteen mile" roadhouse at seven o'clock. The woman here was alone, it was her husband that tried to get home in his car and was drifted in at Fairbanks, the highway is not kept open during the winter months. She fed me and we had a grand time visiting, she showed me pictures of the Harding party when they were there, when the late President visited Alaska.

And that is the Tanana river and the Richardson Highway. If I never again meet such grand people, I have met more than most people meet in a whole lifetime. There is something about it, something everyone gave me along the way, that can't be bought and paid for, that no one else can ever give me, it is called "hospitality" for want of a better name but part of the heart goes with it.

March 25, '36. I did not leave this morning until ten o'clock. This would be my last day on the trail. I hated to have it over with, I perhaps will never again experience anything like it or possess so much happiness. I had eighteen miles to go, it seemed so short a time until I was coming into the outskirts of Fairbanks, as if the dogs sensed the end of their journey and hurried toward it. There was the Pacific Alaska Airways truck coming to meet me and all my friends in it. We stopped and talked there was much laughter and much wagging of dogs tails. They all

seemed surprised to see the dogs in such good condition, but then they had not seen them when I arrived at Tanana Crossing they were almost eating their harnesses then.

We looked up and saw a little short man coming down the road in a heavy coon-skin coat, he came up to me and said "Are'nt you coming into Fairbanks?" He looked quite hot and quite cross. I didn't know what he meant, he couldn't think I was going to turn around and go back the way I came, especially the same day. He waved his hand toward the Richardson Highway sign and said "The committee awaits," and there was a lot of people I was embarrassed, I had expected my friends to meet me and would have bitterly disappointed if they hadn't. We can impose on our friends, but I hadn't expected a committee. "Would they mind waiting until I powder my nose?" One can't meet a committee with a shiny nose.

I drove on to the sign and felt quite silly, the dogs did not know what to make of it. They had never seen cars before and they were afraid of so many people. I finally got them quieted and here I delivered a letter from our beloved Governor to the Mayor of Fairbanks, and received a lovely silver cup in return. It was more than I deserved, both the cup and their reception. The Mayor of Fairbanks ~~of Fairbanks~~ had been married only a few months, many get a chance to kiss the bride, but I got a chance to kiss the bridegroom and the whole carnival committee--Not bad-

They suggested I drive down the main street, but how would I ever get the dogs through town? Tip followed the P.A.A. truck with his head up and his tail curled and disdained to even look at another dog until we passed Joe Crosson's house and his little wire haired terrier crossed the street with a bone in his mouth. Tip whirled his team around in the middle of the street and started after him. I thought this deep ingratitude to a man who had looked for him on the trail, Joe came out and carried his little dog into the house. Another big wolf dog darted out from a house, I grabbed a snowshoe and one of the boys in the truck

grabbed a crank, I shouted "dont kill him, I meant to only cripple him!"

We drove to the dog pound and there the keeper of the pound told me Tip was the only good dog I had. In Alaska you may run down anything a man possess, even his wife and ge will pay no attention to you, but run down his dofteam and you have a fight on your hands. It would do me no good to strike the man perhaps only tickle him and make him mad as a twenty-two does a bear, besides it made no difference to me what anyone thought of my dogs. They suit me and have followed me fromTaku to Fairbanks or I followed them and have worn out three dogteams. Anyway I liked the man and anything he could say would make no difference today.

They had all waited to have lunch with me, and a jolly lunch it was. During the winter months in Fairbanks the women wear on the street ~~goodlooking ski suits, swanky~~ mukluks from Nome, and jaunty caps if they wear anything on their heads at all, white or brown parkas. Dinner dresses from New York and when they go to dance their husbands pockets are always bulging with mukluks, socks and bloomers that they'd worn there. ^{system}

Fairbanks has perhaps the most unique telephone ^{system} in existance ~~If there is a fire any~~
If there is a fire any place all the women dash to the phone take down the receiver and wait their turn to be told where it is. If the baby is asleep and they wish to go visiting they call the operator tell her where they are going and leave the receiver down, when the baby wakes up and begins to cry, she calls them. If your looking for a friend the operator can tell you she's at Mrs. So and Sos playing bridge and if your looking for your husband there are ten chances to one she'll know where he is although she may not always tell you this. Just one large happy family.

I went to see the Doctor a man that had lived in the country for many years. I still had a pain in my chest, I thought perhaps I had frosted them in fifty below and I wanted to ask him about the Indian

and his wife were charming people
 women with "pains in their stomachs". He was a very charming man, both
 the old and the tale of
 the and his wife, to look at, hunting polar bear on the Arctic Sea and I

9 forgot both the pain in my chest and the old woman's stomachs, and walked
 off with an stitching done by "Angupuk" the Eskimo artist instead of a
 prescription.

to say:

All the old-timers stopped me on the street they said "I want
 to shake hands with the girl who drove her dogteam from Taku to Fairbanks"
 And it was I who was honored not they. Most of them had come into the
 country in the early days. Pioneers, they did me the honor of making me
 one of them. But let the News-Miner tell you of it, they do it in such
 glowing terms-

Fairbanks News-Miner, Daily.

Farthest North Daily News-
 paper in the World.

Member of Associated Press
 Price Ten Cents.

Fairbanks, Alaska, Thursday, March 25, 36.

Mary Joyce Ends Historic Journey.

Fair Musher Is Welcomed To Fairbanks. Picturesque scene marks termination
 Of Thousand Mile Trip From Taku With Dogteam.

Bronzed by blazing spring sun reflected from measureless realms
 of snow, tanned by winds and weather of all sorts, yet with light heart
 and buoyant step Mary Joyce, courageous woman musher made her triumphant
 entry into Fairbanks this afternoon-completing a journey of some one
 thousand miles by dogteam and hanging up a record seldom if ever before
 reached in woman's world of achievement.

Neatly attired in dark blue hiking trousers, heavy blue wollen
 jacket, snug fitting black fur cap and knee length moccasins, Mary pre-
 sented a striking picture as she swung down the home stretch and under
 the great sign marking the end of the Richardson Highway and her long
 trail and goal-Fairbanks, the Golden Heart of Alaska.

Met at the outskirts of the city by Mayor E. B. Collins, Pres.
 Robert J. McKanna of the Chamber of Commerce, Past Pres. Paul Rickert, Finance
 Director Robert Sheldon; Secretary Guy Rivers, and other Carnival Officials
 scores of private citizens, Mary was extended a splendid welcome and
 acclaimed the woman of the hour and heroine of one of the most adventurous
 achievements in the woman's affairs of Alaska.

As the slender and smiling young woman halted her team of five
 beautiful dark-cast huskies under the great arch of the highway, Mayor
 Collins surrounded by other city official and members of the Chamber of
 Commerce, extended her the hand of welcome and the freedom of the city
 and presented to her on behalf of the city of Fairb'ks Ice Carnival Ass.
 a magnificent silver cup, and bearing a suitable inscription-a lasting
 testimonial of her splendid feat.

Modestly extending her hand to receive the cup Miss. Joyce
 spoke softly saying "Why I never expected anything like this. Its the first
 cup I ever won-and I will prize it, yet I have done nothing to win it,
 but I thank all of you."

"Remarkable nerve is possessed by the young woman," observed
 Mayor Collins later, "Just to think of mushing 1000 miles through all kinds
 of weather even to fifty below sixty below zero."

MARY JOYCE ACHIEVEMENT VALUABLE DEMONSTRATION

After mushing with her dogteam more than 2000 miles-the greater part over unbroken trails-Mary Joyce arrived in Fairbanks leaving Taku Lodge, 40 miles from Juneau Dec. 22, '35, she was on the trail three months 52 days actually traveling.

Outstanding achievement this by the plucky 27 year old girl. Many days she traveled in the coldest of weather. It is doubtful if any woman ever before traversed such a long stretch in the sub-arctic region with a dogteam under like conditions.

Of particular significance is the fact that the journey which required three months of laborious mushing is accomplished by the modern airplane in less than five hours, and under vastly different conditions. With one is long drawn endurance, toil and privation. With the other comfort and speed.

In the earlier days of Interior Alaska and Yukon the mails moved by the old process between Juneau and Circle, Dawson and Fortymile and later to Fairbanks and other camps. Old-timers recall how Jimmy Jackson and other pioneer mail carriers brought the first mail over the winter trails from Dyea and Skagway at great hazard after weeks of battling unbroken trails.

Miss Joyce has paralleled the feats of those old time men and in a period when her accomplishment stands out in sharp contrast to the service of the modern passenger and mail plane such as the luxurious ways which last summer traversed the Juneau-Fairbanks route on schedule.

Mary Joyce has proven not only that modern women is possessed of endurance and pluck to challenge that of earlier generations-but has demonstrated how slow is the old method of transport in Alaska compared to the new--all of which sets out the utter folly of expecting modern Alaska to be satisfied with the ancient method mail service and travel when the modern is available.

Mary Joyce has proven herself every inch a woman-and rendered Alaska a great service. Her feat will long be remembered as an outstanding achievement by a splendid specimen of Alaskan womanhood and as a contribution of inestimable value to the progress of the Empire of the North.

MARY JOYCE TO ENTER PIONEER WOMEN'S LODGE

Late President's Wife Only Other Honorary Member Of Fairbanks Pioneer Women's Igloo.

Mary Joyce, famed Juneau woman dog musher is to be admitted as an honorary member to the Fairbanks lodge of Pioneer women of Alaska at a special meeting of the lodge called for this purpose, Mrs. Della Groves, president of the Pioneer Women announced today.

The only other woman upon whom the Igloo has conferred this exceptional honor is Florence Kling Harding, who visited Fairbanks several years ago in company with her distinguished husband, the late President Warren G. Harding.

In the ceremony Mrs. Groves officiated. Miss Joyce was formally initiated and immediately thereafter Mrs. Emma McKinnon, past president pinned the colors of the organization, in the form of long flowing ribbons and a rosette, on the new member and welcomed her to the fold.

Miss Joyce said "I want you to know I am deeply honored to belong to your lodge and thank you from the bottom of my heart. It is a privilege and an honor I shall always be proud of."

MERITED RECOGNITION.

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bership in their notable order.

It was thoughtful and gracious act on behalf of the members of the Fairbanks organization of women who, with their brother pioneers of the Northland, battled their way into the heart of the Yukon and Alaska nearly a generation ago. In honoring Miss. Joyce they gave due recognition to the ability and achievement of young womanhood of the present generation. It is pleasing to see women recognize extraordinary feats on the part of members of their own sex. Such recognition at the same time helps to set up a new mark for others and is an encouragement to the oncoming youth of the land to persist in the ways of the pioneer launching out on new trails and fighting every foot of the country.

The pioneer women who came into the great Yukon basin in the days of the gold rush when there were no facilities of travel save on the trail know well what fortitude it requires to push on and never turn back. Those who are here today are the enduring kind - and have proven home builders and the abiding type which builds for permanent occupation of the land.

Mary Joyce has established her home in Alaska and plans more conquests of her great open spaces and declares it is her intention to make the Northland her permanent abode. It is women of this sort on whom Alaska depends for her future as a homeland - something absolutely essential to the rearing of a populous empire such as Alaska with all her vast potentialities some day will realize.

The pioneer women have rendered a priceless service in their day and are carrying on splendidly in preserving the spirit of progress in the youth of the day on whose shoulders rest the responsibilities of future progress of the Northland.

March 31, '36. We left Fairbanks in the Pacific Alaska Airways large Ford, with Al Jensen and Walter Hall at the controls. There were nine people and eight dogs. Two dogs belonging to a prospector, my own five dogs and a beautiful little Siberian Samoyed that Don Able had brought for me from Igloo on the lower Yukon. She was going to be killed and the radio operator there had saved her because she was so beautiful.

All the dogs were tied in back with the freight, except Tip who was tied to my seat so the brothers could not fight with him. They were very much afraid of the plane especially when the engine roared and we started to take off. Once off the ground they all went to sleep. I went forward to sit down and there was Tip sitting in my seat instead of under it. I would give up my seat for a dog. He was too big to sit on my lap and I couldn't sit on his. He sat there in the front seat as if he were president of the whole works, occasionally looking out the window and down on the ground. I think he thought this was much better than walking.

bership in their notable order.

It was thoughtful and gracious act on behalf of the members of the Fairbanks organization of women who, with their brother pioneers of the Northland, battled their way into the heart of the Yukon and Alaska nearly a generation ago. In honoring Miss Joyce they gave due recognition to the ability and achievement of young womanhood of the present generation. It is pleasing to see women recognize extraordinary feats on the part of members of their own sex. Such recognition at the same time helps to set up a new mark for others and is an encouragement to the oncoming youth of the land to persist in the ways of the pioneer launching out on new trails and fighting every foot of the country.

The pioneer women who came into the great Yukon basin in the days of the gold rush when there were no facilities of travel save on the trail know well what fortitude it requires to push on and never turn back. Those who are here today are the enduring kind - and have proven home builders and the abiding type which builds for permanent occupation of the land.

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We landed at Kluane lake and the guide had not returned, but then I didn't think he'd be in a hurry, there were too many pretty little Indian girls along the way. This time it was no trouble getting the dogs in the plane. They jumped in as if they were afraid they might get left behind and have to walk.

It seemed remarkable to me that we could at the altitude we were flying see our dogteam trail when we flew over it, it looked as wide as a wagon road. I had thought that even if we were lost no one could ever find us. We saw a lonely dogteam and driver at the end of the lake, he seemed to be going very slow and I understood for a moment why pilots look down on dog mushers. I was looking down on one myself for a moment. We landed at Whitehorse and stayed there for the night.

April 1, '36. The P.A.A. plane went back to Fairbanks and we came to Juneau with Mr. Barr of Northern Canadian Express. It is Mr. Barr to you and to every one else in the whole of Alaska and Canada, although he is a well known pilot, I suspect him of having a terrible first name. We flew down the railroad tracks to Carcross, cut across to Atlin and down the Taku river and over Taku Lodge. I was very anxious to get a glimpse of my home but about that time the plane started jumping up and down. The dogs tried to hang on to the floor with their paws and all wanted to get in my lap. I was having my own troubles trying to stay where I belonged.

We had left Fairbanks wrapped in winter and the sun was shining in Juneau and all the snow was gone. We put the dogs in a truck and drove into Juneau and tied them in back of the Gastineau hotel where I was stopping. Now my dogs do not howl at night, they are very well mannered but all the little boys in Juneau came to see them and they had to show their appreciation.

One morning there was the most terrible commotion, the barks and snarls of dogs mingled with the angry shouts of a man's "shut up"

I dashed out in my pajamas as fast as I could and here was another dog-team being unharnessed that had come down the Stikine river. I recognized the drivers and said "I knew it was'nt my dogs making all this racket". But one can't explain that to every guest in the hotel. There were complaints that Dave Davenport reported to Mrs. Biggs-"If Mary Joyce does'nt move her dogs we'll move". Mrs. Biggs said "They should have lived in Cordova in the early days". But as this was Juneau in the year 1936, I thought it would be easier to move five dogs than twenty people, and I was going home anyway.

It was not so easy getting the dogs into a plane on floats. Shell Simmons of the Alaska Air Transport did not have steps for them to walk up on. I tried to lift them, but he pulled them by the chains around their necks and said "Lets treat these dogs as dogs". I thought he was rather rough with them.

We landed in open water five miles below my lodge, I hitched up the dogs and drove home, it hardly seemed that I'd been gone. The ground was still covered with snow and the river was still frozen.

END.

WHY---WHY---WHY.

I have had letters from Mainetto California."I would like to know why a young girl becomes a trail musher? Why you went to Fairbanks? Why you went on snowshoes in sixty below weather!" There are times when I think if anyone asks me why again I'll jump right out the window. I did not pin any one reason down and say "your the one," there were enough of them. Would you understand if I said I had to do it. I was not forced to, there was no one that said "Get on your snowshoes and get to Fairbanks!" On the contrary I was discouraged by everyone and was told I would all but suffer the tortures of the damned.

It was selfishness on my part, I would be the only one to gain by it, Alaska would not be helped nor humanity benefited. There was no need for it, except the need I felt myself. Nor was it just to get To fairbanks that I did it, I could have gone there in half a day, it was the going there that mattered, the happenings on the way.

I was not boosting an International Highway, even had I wanted to, it had been done before. I love Alaska as it is and all its people. I do not want to picture a winding mountain road with every Ford in ~~ten~~ United States headed for Alaska with a tent on one fender and the kitchen stove on the other. Progress-progress be dam. You have it in the States, let it remain there. I ~~perfer~~ prefer the smell of spruce boughs to gasoline stations. We don't have much money but we have a lot of fun. Perhaps I should add that this is not the opinion of many Alaskans and our literature is beginning to look like another Los Angeles boom. I want you to come and look and then go home. Selfish? Perhaps.

Scientifically I would not add to a waiting world. I could not tell you if the glaciers are going forward or backwards, or why they are so blue in certain spots, and I wish someone would hurry up and determine all these things, because so many people ask me and I hate to appear ignorant.

Commercially nothing would be gained unless its the fact that one can travel much cheaper in Alaska by plane than by dogteam,all of which has been pointed out before except you won't believe it.You can take my word for it.I know.

It has been pointed out to me by a well learned and cultured gentleman from Washington,D.C. where all things are considered and considering all things only the right possible conclusion could be reached that I might to better advantage use my energy and endurance to amke one person happy.I might add if justifications are now in order,may I not out of my own lifetime take just three months to make my own self happy.

I did have three months of perfect happiness,I found what I was looking for to the extent we ever find anythig we lose.I saw into the hearts of men and women and found everything that was good and beautiful there,and if there is a God I have been closer to him than I ever have before,and if there isnt"then what is my soul longing for," what are we all looking for?

It took fear out of my own heart,never again will I be afraid to fly over this country,all I could ever find was white sharp peaks of mountains,now I know whats on the mountain tips and thata plane can get down and given a pair of snowshoes I'll get out.I know the wilder-ness is not all desolation.I saw on a dark grey day for one moment God come out and with one sweep of his brush painr the tips of his cotton-wood trees to gold.

It was more glorious and more fun than I have ever known.The only regret I have is that I didn't get lost and be found,for after all what girl would'nt like to be rescued by Joe Crosson.