

As I had been wanting to take a big game hunt in Alaska for some time three other men and myself made arrangements early in the spring of 1920 to go for a hunt in Alaska and Yukon. After much correspondence and the exchange of several telegrams we made arrangements with an outfitter and guide to take us ~~in~~ for a hunt in both Alaska and Yukon. #1

I left home on the 29th of June 1920 and met Mr Flaherty in Omaha where we had to wait till after-noon when we left over the North-Western for Wyoming, we reached there the next night as our train was late, the boys met us at the train and we went to the home of Mr Caraway where we each showed our guns and talked for a couple of hours each telling what we would do when we ~~arrived~~ reached the game country. We spent several days around Wyo. and the boys sure showed us a good time taking us around in their cars ~~and~~ to the different scenic places. I was very much impressed with the irrigated sections as you could see two ditches one above the other and the water in one would be running one direction and in the other the water would be running in the other direction and when I stopped to think what a great engineering feat it must of been to of laid out all of these ditches with just the right fall so they would not wash out the banks on the turns I commenced to realize what great engineers we have in the country. The people of Wyo are very much interested in hunting and they have quite a few game heads hanging up in the hotels and ~~also in the pool halls and~~ some of the stores. We started for Seattle the morning of July 5th Mr's Caraway and Graham were accompanied by their better halves as far as Skagway and Mrs Cooper a friend of theirs also accompanied us to Skagway so there was seven members in the party that far, we were like a small army as ~~we~~ we were carrying seven rifles between the four of us besides nine suit-cases, we had a very enjoyable time both on the train and in Seattle where we spent three days doing some

little shopping and buying some things as rifle scabbards which we did not get at home. We also took a drive over the town, the boulevard drive out along lake Washington where we saw a great number of beautiful flowers, after-wards we went out to the park to see the bears as we wanted to become accustomed to seeing them in the cages before we met them out in the open. On the last day that we spent in Seattle Caraway, Graham and myself had our pictures taken as their wives said they wanted a picture to remember them if the bear should get them and I thought my folks might like a picture of me I went along and had mine taken. On the 10th we had our baggage all transferred to pair No. 2 from which place we took the boat Jefferson for Skagway Alaska at 9:00 A.M. #3

The weather was very foggy all day which made it very disagreeable but it was a much better day the next day and I watched a whale with my binoculars and also saw some porpoises which I thought were very interesting. As it was Sunday Rabbi Wise of New York (who was a passenger) gave a sermon in the parlor on the "Brother-hood of Man" which was interesting. The 12th we stoped at Roepoint salmon cannery which was not in operation as the salmon had not started yet, we also stoped at Ketchikan which was our first stop in Alaska and it has nice clean refreshment places and souvenir stores, on the 13th we stoped at Wrangell and we walked up town and met Mr John Fanning who is quite a character we also stoped at Petersburg for a short stop. On the 14th we stoped at Typus Bay where we went through a salmon cannery in operation every thing was very clean even the work-men wore rubber gloves. After going through the cannery I walked or rather climbed up the mountain back the cannery and was very much suprised to see a large number of small ~~and~~ ever-green trees growing in old rotten logs and trees several feet off the ground. We reached Juneau ~~at~~ 10:30 P.M. which is the captial of Alaska at 10:30 P.M. and as the Govener's office had closed we telephoned to Mr. Geo. Folte the Gov. Sec. and asked him if he would meet us in his office so we could get our hunting licences, Mr. Folte being a very accomadeing fellow besides being quite a bear hunter him-self came down to his office and gave us our licences for the neat sum of \$50.00 each. He also showed us two pictures, taken of a hunter that a black bear had gotten ahold off and he was all bits and stracthes from head to foot on both

sides and all over his body,

his rifle had failed on him in a close place and he did not have any thing to protect himself with, this man lived and went back in the hills to look for the bear but when we passed through he had not found him yet.

That night after leaving Juneau I saw the most wonderful display of northern lights that I have ever had the pleasure of seeing and at 12:00 o'clock midnight I read the Ladies Home Journal & with-out the aid of a light out on the deck, the stars were shining but there was no moon. We reached Skagway at ~~12:30 P.M.~~ 12:30 P.M. and the White Pass & Yukon R.R. had a train waiting there for those who wanted to take a little excursion up to pitch-fork falls, our party all went up to see the falls and as this was as far as the three women were to accompany us we went down to see them start on their homeward journey about 6:P.M. it was rather a sad parting as the women seemed to have an idea in their heads that the bears would sure get some of us but I might state here that all of the bears that saw us were greatly disapointed and decided that we would make poor chewing.

It might be well to ~~say~~ say a few words here about the inside passage trip from Seattle to Skagway there are hundreds of islands which are covered with trees down to the very waters edge and farther back are barren peaks many of which are covered with snow and ice and every foot of the way is as beautiful as it can be. *we boarded a boat*

On the next day or July 16th <sup>a</sup> train of the famous narrow guage White Pass R.R. this road is one of the most talked of small railroads of the world being but 110 miles long, but the difficulties and cost of its construction have made it one of the greatest engineering feats of the world's history. For a short distance the train ~~\*\*\*\*\*~~ follows a small stream when it begins to climb the mountains in a zigzag manner, the road follows the old Chilcoot Pass which was made and used ~~well~~ by those who stampeded to Dawson in the years of 1897-98 when every body had the gold fever. Our engines (we had three) climbed up the hill past Dead Horse Gulch so named because it was here that hundreds of tired and over-laden horses in the lively times of those two fabled years, unable to go any farther, tottered and fell over the edge of the slippery mountain, down, down into the weird depths of the forbidding-looking canyon below. Next we came to a place where the train seemed to be crawling under huge boulders, and then hanging almost by the teeth above an almost bottomless abyss with a foaming stream tearing through it. This is where the much talked of bridge spans a canyon 250 feet deep and this where we left the Chilcoot trail. *105* After about an hour and a half we reached White Pass Summit three thousand feet above sea level. Here the Stars and Stripes and the Flag of Brittan float side by side as it is the boundry between Brittish Columbia and Alaska. A great many people have their pictures taken here with one foot on Brittish soil and the other on U.S. soil. Here the train was boarded by one of the much herd of North-West Mounted Police and a Canadian custom's inspector who inspested all of our hand baggage for contraband, our rifles were sealed and taken to the baggage room as we had to put up a deposit on them which I will explain later

When we reached White-Horse Mr Baxter who was to be our guide and outfibr met us at the train and we proceded to our hotel. White-Horse is a town much like Skaguay with many empty buildings which were built during the stampede but now are standing idle and many of them falling down. We spent five days in White-Horse as we had a little stuff to get straightened up before we left for the hunting country and Mr Baxter was not quite ready. It is situated on the banks of the Yukon river and every thing that is shiped down the Yukon river is shiped to Skaguay by water where it is put on the cars of the R.R. and shiped to White-Horse where it is again transfered on to the boats to go down the Yukon river, the same people own the boats on the Yukon that own the R.R. in fact the White Pass people own practically all of the transportation in the country.

#3,

On Saturday Mrs Baxter told us that if we got the fish she would fry them for us the next day so that night we went up the Yukon river above the famous White-Horse rapids to the mouth of Miles's canyon where we caught twenty seven grayling which we had the next day at the Baxter home and they were the best fish that I had ever tasted, I attended mass the next morning after which we all had dinner at the Baxter home. In the afternoon I walked down to the river and saw the steam ship White-Horse come ~~up~~ up from down the Yukon river. In the evening Mr Caraway and I attended ~~at~~ church services after which we climbed up a hill to the south-west of town and took some pictures of the town which turned out quite good.

The next day I chanced to meet Mr M.D. Snodgrass who is the Supt. of the U.S. agricultural station at Fairbanks he had just been out to the states and was taking some stock back with him and was waiting for a boat to take him down the river, he had three short-horn cattle which he had bought in Iowa, also some chickens, two milch goats and what interested me most of was a pair of yaks that he was taking in to cross with galloway cattle. The yak is a native of the Himalayan mountains and these two sure could put up some fight as I helped Mr Snodgrass crate them so as they could be loaded on the boat and they sure kept us on the opposite side of the fence from them. They figured that if they could cross the yak with the galloway cattle that they might get a beef animal that would be able to stand the hard winters and yet have the flavor of ~~XXX~~ beef.

On July 21st we made preparations to leave for the hills the next morning I left all of my valuables at the Canadian Bank of Commerce to be kept until I called for them on my return in the fall, I also left my suit and hat at Taylor & Duray's for them to have it cleaned when I got back.

The next morning we started for the hills at 10:15 with one wagon loaded with all the provisions that were to run us ~~XXX~~ while on the trip or until we got back to town, one Buck-board on which we rode and carried our rifles, the party so far consisted of one cook, one horse wrangler, one packer, ~~XXX~~ we four hunters and the owner of the outfit who owned the horses and saddles when we were out about three miles we had our first trouble which was a loose tire on the wagon and as I have lived on a farm all my life in Iowa and when ever we have anything like this happen we just get a peice of wire and tie it up I looked for some wire here but I soon discovered that wire was a very scarce article in this country so we made some spruce wedges which we drove between the ~~XXX~~ tire and the felloe which held till night when we took the wheel off the wagon and put it in the creek over night to soak, when we were out nine miles while going over a very rough place we smashed the right rear wheel on the buck-board (and as I was sitting on that side they all said it was because I was so heavy) so one of the fellows rode back to town and had a new wheel sent out but when it got out there we discovered that the hub did not have a bearing so we had to send it back to town and have it fitted so in the meantime the wrangler Graham and myself staid to wait for the wheel while the rest of boys proseded onward for the Takeena river where we were to camp the first night. I forgot to mention that we ~~XX~~ were driving 15 head of loose horses with us. when the new wheel arived we put it on the bucl-board and started out after the rest of the boys but when we reached Takeena they were in bed and enjoying sleep in the road-house that is on the banks of the river which is run by Jimmy Adams it is run for the accomadation of the White-pass stages which travel from White-Horse to Dawson in the winter when navigation is closed on the Yukon river but it also accomadates what public that might happen to come through, the next morning Mr Adams told me there was a bear laying on the river bank about 200 yards above the road-house so I walked up to see it, a fellow had seen it in the spring out on the ice and had shot it and as the bear started towards him he beat a hasty retreat and did not go back to see if he had hit it or not, when it was found about six weeks later by another fellow the skin had spoiled.

Page #1 insert No.1, The other three men were G.F. Flaherty of Iowa, B.M. Caraway and Marshall G. Graham of Wyoming and they were all fine fellows and ideal companions for a hunting trip.

Page #1 Insert No.2, When we arrived at the station in Seattle we had a Jap porter cart our baggage to the waiting room for us and on the same cart with our nine suit-cases he had a bag which he was to send up to a hotel for another party but instead he sent up one of Mrs Cooper's bags to the hotel, the Jap insisted that he ~~had~~ not ~~let~~ any other bags off the cart ~~except~~ ~~ours~~ ~~and~~ ~~mine~~ so we had to give up the lost bag but that after-noon the fellow at the hotel who had received Mrs Cooper's bag on looking through it found a small slip with her name on it and the name of the hotel at which we counted on stopping at so he brought it up.

Page #1 Insert No.3, When we checked our baggage at the pier the baggage man put two checks on one duffle bag so that left one bag without a check but Mr Flaherty who was wide awake noticed this before the boat left and it was a good thing that he did for as it was my duffle that was left without a check I would of been without part of my hunting equipment.

Page #2 Insert No.4 Many of the places which are called narrows the passage-way is so narrow that one thinks they are on a river instead of navigating salt water. <sup>It makes</sup>

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