

On board S.S. Dawson en route  
Stewart River (City) to Whitehorse  
Tuesday June 8<sup>th</sup> 1926

My darling Lois

It seems an age since I have heard from you and a long time even since I have written to you but it is not much use writing except when there is a mail boat.

I shall take it for granted that the last letter you have seen from me was the one I wrote Mr. Gilman on Sunday May 30<sup>th</sup> just after my visit to Dawson City, and which letter I asked Mr. Gilman to show you.

We left Dawson on the S.S. Casca (the same boat we arrived on), getting aboard on Saturday evening and sailing sometime during the night so that we passed all day Sunday making the 74 miles up ~~the~~ stream to the mouth of the Stewart River. It was strange to be panting along and only making about 5 miles an hour against the current.

On Sunday after noon or evening (May 30<sup>th</sup>) we reached Stewart River and changed to the S.S. Canadian for the trip up from Stewart to Mayo. This is one of the most beautiful sections of my whole trip. The mountains might be Eastern townships or Scottish hills on a large scale wooded principally with spruce but with a good deal of lighter tones from the spring foliage of cottonwood

poplar birch and alders and a good many large patches of green without trees where we would look for animals. Whenever the officer on the bridge would see a bear he would blow ~~his~~ a series of little toots on the ship's whistle and everyone would come out on deck. Usually it would be a black bear. One we saw quite close who raised up on his hind legs to look at us before running ~~at~~ away up the hill and out of sight. (Once it was a black bear which was just a jet black moving point away up on a sunny slope but which could be seen quite clearly with field glasses. And once we had quite a good view of a big brown bear on a sunny slope with a smaller black bear apparently following him about at a respectful distance of about 30 feet. We see two or three black bears every sunny day. One tried to swim the river at Stewart the day before yesterday but they shot him and I saw his skin. There is no close season here for the Indians or for the trappers who have got to get moose and bear and fish as the regular diet for their dogs.

Today we heard a series of blasts and on going out on deck had a wonderful view of a moose without horns running along the bank

parallel to the ship. It had swum the river but could not get away because of the rocky cliff which came right down to the waters edge and afforded us a splendid view until finally the moose turned and trotted back astern of us and began swimming back to the meadow land on the opposite shore.

Well I was telling you that we started up the Stewart River in the S.S. Canadian on Sunday evening May 30<sup>th</sup> to get to Mays, a distance of 172 miles and requiring 2½ days against the current. Monday and Tuesday we therefore passed en route and we arrived at Mays after midnight on Tuesday. Spent Wednesday morning while Mr. Wernicke attended to some affairs in Mays and on Wednesday afternoon drove from Mays to Keno City a distance of 39 miles up grade over a very bad road cut up by reason of the heavy trucking of ore and supplies so that each car carried an axe and a shovel as part of its tool kit.

I stayed overnight at a hotel kept by a Jap and his wife at Keno (while Mr. & Mrs. Wernicke drove on up to their home at the mine - a distance of 3½ miles. Mr. Wernicke had been away for six weeks so I thought

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He would like to have a day to himself.  
 Fortunately I ran across a very interesting prospector named John<sup>#</sup> Carpenter, one of whose sisters is married to Dr Baddley in Sherbrooke and another is married to Gustavson the photographer in Sherbrooke a brother J.W. Carpenter is the owner of Carpenter Hotel at Norton Mills. Mrs Charles Walton, Asst to Chief of Transportation CNR Montreal is a niece and lives at 570 Earncliffe Ave

And so I spent Thursday with Carpenter walking up to Settlements + Birmingham's camp a distance of 6 or 8 miles over a mountain on the top of which we had to wade for a time through water and snow. Settlements + Birmingham were the editors of the Dawson City News. When business got so quiet last year they left the newspaper work and started prospecting. It costs them about \$150<sup>00</sup> a ton to mine and ship ore to the smelter as compared with about \$50<sup>00</sup> a ton at Hollinger so they must ferret around and dig out ore worth about \$200<sup>00</sup> a ton in order to make any money. They have one of our 8 x 8 Portable compressors and a Sullivan Jackhammer but fortunately for them the rock is very soft and they can pretty nearly dig out the ore with a pick and shovel.

We found Mr Birmingham, who is a good looking big man with a pointed beard - digging in a

trench and using a long handled shovel. He took us to the cook house dining ~~the~~ room and managers bunk house combined where he entertained us with an accordion solo on the Edison cylinder type phonograph. It was odd to have the Chinese cook digging around to find the particular records which Mr Birmingham thought would appeal to us.

Then we had a good lunch and walked back to Keno. At 5<sup>30</sup> Mrs Wernicke appeared in the Dodge touring car with her son Theodor known as Ted aged about 15 and daughter Clare aged about 11 and a young woman whose name I forget who is Mr Wernicke's secretary and who was born in Aspen and knew the Browns, Mary Findlay etc.

I had dinner with the Wernikes, played bridge and stayed the night. In the morning Friday June 4<sup>th</sup> saw the mine which is down 600 feet and the mill which is equipped with 2 - 165 Horse Power Diesel oil engines. Their air is furnished by one of our Compressors.

~~To the~~ Bay the way when we woke up there was an inch and a half of new snow on the ground and the whole place looked like winter but it soon disappeared when the sun came out.

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In the mine there were <sup>6</sup> large sections where the sides were thick with hoar frost and in places ice was <sup>still</sup> forming a couple of feet thick from overhead drips. In spite of this the temperature seemed pleasant and the ventilation very good. Back of the house the mountain rises about 1500 feet about the height of the ~~rock~~ "Owl" above its base at Mayo and on these hills there is heavy snow on which the children sometimes slide when they are energetic enough to climb the first 1000 feet.

The Wernicke's were so nice that I left with them my beautiful box of maple cream which I had been hoarding and I feel as though I had lost a friend or at least the touch of my Lo's hand. But at least I saved a couple of chunks and I have just nibbled one to give me inspiration.

What else can I tell you? At 3 o'clock I regretfully said Goodbye and drove down to Keno and then on to Mayo having dinner at a road house en route and arriving at Mayo 10.30 PM. Friday June 4<sup>th</sup> - The road house is owned by a very nice widow woman who gave us an excellent meal for \$1.25. She has a fine home made conservatory which we could duplicate for \$250<sup>00</sup>. From it she got us tomatoes and lettuce and parsley for all of which people have a great

craving out here after the long winter season when greens are not available. But on the whole people out here expect to feed better ~~and~~ than people with corresponding income in the East. Everyone is equal and a gentleman and nobody carries another mans bag or performs any menial service. Twenty five cents is the smallest coin and silver is preferred to one and two dollar paper money. There is no bank in Mayo and my taxi driver was carrying 50 and 100 dollar bills in a roll in his pocket. Currency is scarce and a cheque with Mr Wernecke's name on it might be used as currency for an indefinite period. I particularly ~~also~~ asked that my cheque endorsed by Wernecke should not be allowed to wander but should be forwarded immediately to the bank at Dawson.

The next day, Saturday, was spent in Mayo waiting for the boat to get loaded. They posted a notice that the Dawson would sail at midnight and so we went aboard but when I woke at 7 o'clock she was still at Mayo and did not leave till 9 or 10 on Sunday morning June 6<sup>th</sup>

We had a lovely sail down the Stewart River

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on Sunday but it was rather lonely in the absence of my nice travelling companions. On Sunday night I went peacefully to bed expecting to pass Stewart in the night and to be well on my way to Whitehouse by morning but to my disgust I was put ashore at Stewart at 2<sup>30</sup> in the morning as the boat had received orders to go to Dawson.

A fine old Scotch lady Mrs. D.C. Shand runs a hotel at Stewart. A few raps on the door roused the hired man who led me to the second story of the log house where I found eight or nine beds one of which was occupied by a man peacefully snoring. They were all neatly made up and I chose the one next my friend the hired man and was soon asleep.

The next morning I made friends with Mrs. Shand and she lent me a wash tub scrubbing board sunlight soap and a wringer and soon I had a very respectable looking washing out on the line. The dear old lady offered to iron my things but when she looked tired I finished the job and so today a month and 3 days after leaving home my wardrobe is all fixed up again and just as clean as the day I started which feels pretty nice I can tell you.

Of course I am wearing my winter clothes and I have never felt better or ~~any~~ more comfortable in



my life. When I say that the thermometer registers from 32 to 62 degrees you might think it too cool but in the sun the thermometer says about 70 or 80 or even higher and I have got such a good tan that people thought I was probably from California. Since reaching Mayo I have been wearing khaki shirt and ~~buckram~~ riding breeches and usually with high boots but today I changed into my dean city clothes for a change. I have a large stateroom on the top deck almost as big as Alice's room at home. It is a corner room and from my transoms I have a glorious view of water and mountains and rocks. There is a rock in <sup>(about as high as the ship)</sup> front of me just ~~down~~ # now. I only wish I could reproduce it. It reminds me a little of the Bermuda rocks for some reason. It is blue gray but touched with old rose and ornamented with moss, some green and some yellowish-red like rust. The hill behind on the right is covered with tall slim spruce while on the left the slope looks as smooth as a lawn and runs back away from the river until the next thing I see is a gravelly bank like our place at the Little Lake at Sherbrooke and on the bank are the same light green aspens or cotton wood or birch and a mile or

So behind is my mountain slope covered with evergreen and touched by the best rays of the sun because it is ~~now~~ just ten o'clock and I must turn on the electric light in my cabin as I am trying to take good care of my eyes. I find for the first time in years that I can leave off my glasses for hours at a time without discomfort so long as I am out of doors. —

Looking down at the water I can see the rosy reflection of the sunset. The fighting and howling of the dogs told me that we were getting into the Indian town of Selkirk and sure enough here are ~~four~~ dogs trotting along the bank in front of me in the hope of some bone or other scraps which the cook may throw out. The poor beasts are howling and yapping and barking as the Indians do not give them much to eat.

Now it is eleven o'clock. I have been ashore talked to Miss Polly White, the nice young girl who flew by airplane from Selkirk to Dawson and then came back on the boat with us last week. I asked her if she had got any thrill out of it. She said "No, but her mother had when she unexpectedly stepped out of the plane at Dawson after she and the aviator had treated the town to an exhibition of fancy flying." She is the school mistress at Selkirk teaching the children of the 3 or 4 white families. I also met Mr Ward, the

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telegraph operator and his wife who got himself transferred to Selkirk so that his children could have the advantage of proper schooling!

We have just had our late supper standing up in what you might call the butlers pantry and I have come back to finish my letter. I never cease to marvel at the midnight light. Just now it is as dark as it will get, just about the point where it would be getting too dark to play tennis any longer, but I have turned out my electric light and can still see to write quite well.

Last night at Stewart young went Chester Tabor of the Signal Corp who is Govt Radio Operator at Mayo started about this time in a rotten old rickety boat to drift down the river, 72 miles, to Dawson to attend some convention. He did not look as though he had ever rowed before. I hope he got to Dawson all right. It must have been lonesome and chilly on the river although I could easily have done it in a canoe myself and reached Dawson before breakfast.

The glow of the sunset remains in the sky until the glow of the sunrise takes its place only a little over to the right.

Well as I was saying I spent yesterday

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Monday June 7<sup>th</sup> at Mrs Shands hotel at Stewart  
 washing my clothes in the morning and walking  
 and pitching games with horse shoes and rowing  
 a boat until finally the Dawson got back again  
 just 22 hrs after marooning me at Stewart - So  
 I got aboard her again at one o'clock (AM) this  
 morning and found my cap where I'd left it in  
 the dining room and then crawled into bed in  
 my old stateroom just as though I had never  
 left it.

And so, it now being 11.30 and a heavy two  
 days loaping ahead of me for Wednesday and Thursday  
 I shall hit the hay with the ~~same~~ feeling  
 of having told my dear little wife everything that  
 has transpired since my last letter and I hope  
 my rambling has not quite completely exhausted  
 your patience.

I suppose the children are about to start their  
 exams and that you are beginning to think of  
 moving out to Como. Best love and Good Luck to you  
 all from. Your affect Husband  
 Edward S. Winslow.

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I think you might keep this for me as it is more or less  
 a diary of my trip W. Mrs. might be interested in some of it.  
 W.