

S.S. Princess Charlotte
en route Skagway-Prince Rupert
Saturday Morning June 19th 1926

My darling Lois

I received a telegram from Vancouver on the 11th telling me that my mail would be on the Princess Charlotte. Imagine my disappointment after so many weeks when I found no mail. It must have been delayed in the Vancouver Post Office. I have wired Vancouver and I have told the C.P.R. at Skagway to return my mail when they receive it but I do not see how I can get it now for another ten days. I am sure there must be a lot of letters from you because I have only got yours of May 9 and May 10th up to the present.

Well, it cannot be helped. After leaving Skagway on Thursday I danced in the evening wearing winter clothes but changed the next morning and even at that it feels rather hot after the nice cool weather further North. The first people I saw on the return trip were "Carrie" Nation with his father and sister and her husband McKerr of ~~Vancouver~~ Victoria. There are also two nice girls who work in a bank in Portland, one, my Cousin Catharine Robertson, a writer named Mr Longstroth (spelling?) who knows Mr Theo Morgan, in fact was at his wedding. He is commissioned to write an authentic story of the Mounted Police for the Canadian Government. He will be in Ottawa

engaged on this work for about a year. His home is at Lake Placid Club and he has promised us an invitation to come down there in the Autumn if he is able to get away from Ottawa.

I think that the only part of my trip I have not described to you is the part after leaving Whitehorse a week ago. Well I left there, came a few miles West or South along the railway to Carcross took the boat called the ~~Tushki~~ ~~Tushki~~ ~~or something~~ like Tutshi (pronounced "Too shy") at about noon, got ~~to~~ went through Lake Nares then through Lake Tagish to a little place called Takin Landing where we transferred to a tiny train and went 3 miles then transferred again to a little boat called the Tarahne for 6 miles and landed in Athin at about 10 o'clock, arranged for a pair of horses to drive me 16 miles up a mountain road to the Athin Silver Lead Co. It took from 7.30 AM till 12.30 noon the next day to get to the mine and it took 4 hours to drive back. The road was not rocky or dangerous. Just a dirt or else a corduroy road up a fairly heavy grade around the side of a sloping mountain covered with evergreen and other trees. Had lunch with Mrs Ruffener, the wife of the Mine Manager at the mess house along with my driver known as Frank.

With no incident worth recording we returned to Atlin and left in the evening by the Tutshi for the Engineer Mine where we arrived at about 10.30 to be met by Mr & Mrs Brinker, the manager of the mine and his wife. I slept at the bunk house. My room-mate was Father Godfrey who has left me a treatise on religion which I am to leave for him at Prince Rupert today. The next day I visited the Engineer Mine and found it a very business like looking outfit. And had a very satisfactory day, leaving in the evening again for Carcross where we found ourselves when we awaked in the morning. I renewed my acquaintance with Constable Blatter and his wife and 2 or 3 year old boy called Ralph. Borrowed his canoe and paddled about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile to the old cemetery where I saw the tomb of the famous Bishop Pompas, Bishop of Selkirk about whom I had heard your mother speak. From memory I think he was born in 1834 and died in Carcross in 1906 to be succeeded by the present Bishop Stringer. Near his grave lies the first or Indian wife of Carmax, ^{one of} the discoverers of the Klondike. She was known everywhere as Kate Carmax. Another grave I saw with a white head stone surmounted by a small beaver and bearing the name Tagish Charlie and I think that stone also bore the date 1906 aged 40 years - evidently one of the "originals".

I saw the Indian school up an inlet to my left but did not paddle up but I met the principal at Mr Blatta's house.

I forgot to tell you that the time I landed at Carceron from Whitehorse I went on a picnic with Mr + Mrs Blatta + Ralph + Mr Longstroth, the writer. Or rather I paddled and they followed later in a motor boat. I walked in my running shoes up the mountain for an hour and a half and got a great view of the surrounding country but did not reach the top as they arrived and I came down to lunch, then helped dig a cellar for a summer house he is going to tow there on a raft then had about a thirty second swim and came out tingling I can tell you, then went home again by another motor boat, towing the canoe and they all had dinner with me at the hotel.

The trip from Skagway to Rupert is a repetition of the trip north which I have already described.

My cabin mate is a police constable named Scroggs. Don't you think that is one stage worse than Spragge? He is a young fellow - strong on philosophy - reads a book by "Skopunbaev" or something like that and composes weird stuff on the piano as he goes along. He professes to think women are useless and in consequence they are all chasing him wherever he goes and root him out from every corner of the ship.

He lost his last five cent ⁵ piece under the carpet
or somewhere and as we both get off at Rupert
I shall probably have to buy him a meal to save
him embarrassment with his Sargent.

I expect to leave Rupert for the Premier Mine
at Hyder tonight, then back to Cranby and then
Vancouver again and which I shall be mighty
glad to see, ^[Vancouver] because between not getting mail and
knowing that I have stayed north so far beyond
my plans - I am just a little uneasy.

However I hope that you and the office are both
getting ^{along} alright. I shall certainly have things to
think about and talk about for the rest of my life.

My best love to you and also to mother and Dad and
the children.

Yours very affectionately

Edward S. Winslow.

June 19, 1926

Forget-me-not

E. S. W.

Picked at Carcross, Yukon Territory
on June 17th 1926

W.