ALASKA'S MAGAZINE

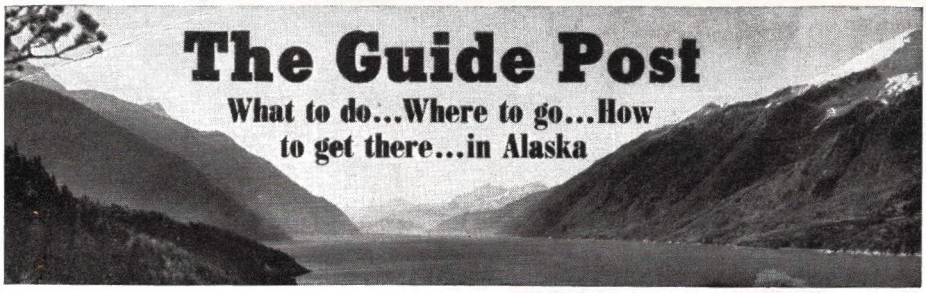
OCTOBER, 1957

35¢

THE Alaska Sportsman

MOOSE PIMPLES

By Buford V. Seals



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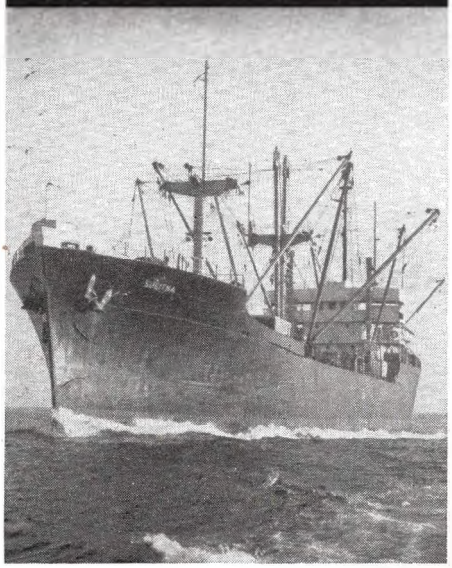

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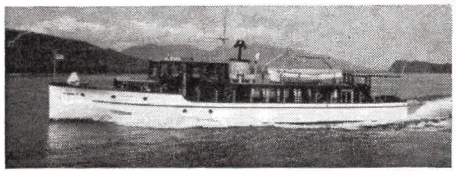

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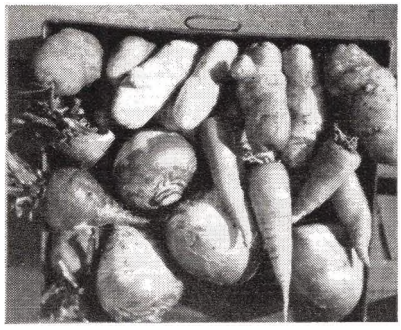

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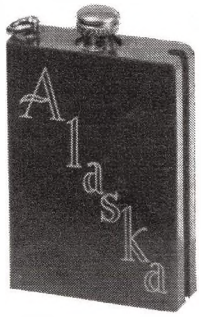

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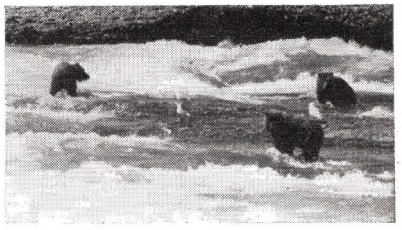

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LETTERS
from Our Readers

My husband and I have just returned in the last few months from spending two wonderful years in Anchorage. Each month your magazine makes us relive our experiences there and wish we could go back.

Your editorials are "tops" and have helped me to realize the problems Alaska would face in the event of Statehood.

I have one comment about your August, 1957 issue. The Frontispiece on page six states "Alaska huskies are her favorite models." There is no such thing as an "Alaska Husky." They may be "Alaska sled dogs" or "Siberian Huskies." Siberian Husky breeders have a hard time explaining to people from the States that all Alaskan dogs aren't "Huskies" and when an Alaskan magazine prints a statement like this it makes their case just a little harder to explain while trying to be loyal to the Alaskan publication.

MRS. LOU I. RICHARDSON
Arlington, California

You are correct in stating that there is no such breed of dogs, strictly speaking, as the "Alaska Husky." There are "Siberian Huskies" and "Alaska Malamutes." However, the term, "Alaska Husky," is in general use now to describe any breed of Alaska sled dog and it is in this sense that it was used in the caption on our Frontispiece for August. In support of this statement, we would refer you to "The Modern Dog Encyclopedia," edited by Henry P. Davis, who is an authority in the field. His book says, on Page 239:

"The origin of the name 'Husky' is rather unusual. It is said to have been a term given the Eskimos by the early North American explorers. In recent years, it has come to mean any northern dog which is used for sled work, whether or not he is pure bred. The Siberian Husky is the only breed in which the term has become part of the proper name."—Editor.

Recently, quite by accident, I came into possession of several copies of your magazine and have reveled in their contents most gleefully. The reason for my great enjoyment is that I spent my childhood in Dawson City during the years 1900 to 1908, the time of its glory and also its decay, and all those interesting and exciting times are recalled to me. Especially have I been interested in the serial "I Married the Klondike" by Laura Beatrice Burton, and more so when I discovered that the lady is none other than the erstwhile kindergarten teacher, Miss Thompson. How well I remember her black pompadour and dark eyes and lovely red cheeks! My own kindergarten teacher was a Miss Wilson and I think Miss Thompson succeeded her. Everything she talks about is exactly as I remember it and I recognize so many of the names. My uncle, Dr. Alfred Thompson, was a member of Parliament from the Yukon Territory for many years.

ELIZABETH MILLER NEUMILLER
Stockton, California

. . . We enjoy every issue and how many dream trips we plan! Maybe some day they will come true—here's hoping!

HAROLD A. HITCHCOCK
Bangor, Maine

We sure enjoy your magazine as we are mountain people. We read it from cover to cover and sure don't want to miss any of the story of Soapy Smith. My Dad knew him in the old days and I played with his little dog, named "Soapy." She was trained to do all kinds of tricks. He left her in the care of the miners at the Golden Age mining camp where my Dad worked. We enjoy the stories of mountain climbing in Alaska as I make pitons and hammers and other mountain climbing equipment.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT BRUNING
Boulder, Colorado

It doesn't seem right for me to keep on enjoying *The Alaska Sportsman* without saying a word of appreciation to you. I have enjoyed every word of it for four years. Where do you get all this material? At present, I'm all keyed up over Soapy Smith—pretty well written, too. I'm an Easterner but may yet see Alaska. It will have to be soon as I am now 68 years old. More luck to you!

JULIAN CAMPBELL
Justice of the Peace
Kirkwood, New York

The material is all from enthusiastic Alaskans or former Alaskans, nearly all non-professionals with at least one good story itching to be written. We are proud of our authors and happy that so many submit manuscripts. Some, first seeing print in The Alaska Sportsman, *have since published books.—Editor.*

I want to compliment you upon the forthright editorial in regard to Statehood for Alaska appearing in your issue for August.

When my father opposed the Territorial form of Government during the early years of this century, he was subjected to all kinds of criticism and abuse. Even some of the business leaders in Alaska thought he was wrong, but a number of them in later years went out of their way to tell me how much wiser he had been than they.

As you know, Alaska was at that time a "District" which was somewhat akin to what is now known as the "Commonwealth" form of Government. He advocated attracting people to Alaska for permanent residence by the device of certain freedom from taxation.

You are quite right about the tremendous cost of doing business in Alaska as compared to the States, and granting "Statehood Now" would place a still greater burden upon business. I most certainly do hope that the Representatives and Senators from the State of Washington will consider what is best for Alaska, and drop the Statehood issue at this time, no matter what they might think about it from a political angle.

I am taking the liberty of photostating your editorial and am sending it to our two Senators and all of our Representatives.

HUGH P. BRADY
Seattle, Washington

We are pleased to hear from the son of the fifth Governor of Alaska, the late John Green Brady, former missionary and U. S. Commissioner, who was appointed by President McKinley in 1897 and who served for nine years during the Gold Rush days and early part of the century—Editor.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE TERRITORY OF ALASKA BY ALASKANS

"HOLDING A MIRROR TO LIFE ON THE LAST FRONTIER"

The Alaska Sportsman

DEVOTED TO A FULLER APPRECIATION OF THE GREAT OUTDOORS

VOLUME XXIII OCTOBER, 1957 NUMBER 10

EMERY F. TOBIN, *Editor and Publisher* CLARA M. TOBIN, *Managing Editor*
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WRANGELL NARROWS

Photo by
Walter Weston

Wrangell Narrows, twenty-one-mile passage between Kupreanof and Mitkof Islands, is like a two-way river with its swift opposing currents and shores close on either side. Twisting lines of lights and buoys mark the channel and small craft have few mishaps here, but an occasional steamer, miscalculating the stage of the tide, has run aground and had to wait release on the next tide.

Main Trails and Bypaths

THE FIRST EFFORT in Congress to obtain statehood for Alaska was that initiated by Delegate James Wickersham on March 30, 1916. After that the question of statehood was more or less dormant until 1948, when the Eightieth Congress held hearings. Since then all Congresses have studied the question, and committees have taken favorable action, but Congress as a whole has not. Why?

The answer is found in a little-publicized minority report of the Committee of Interior and Insular Affairs of the House of Representatives in the present Eighty-Fifth Congress. Six members of this committee signed their names to the following report:

AFTER careful consideration of all the factors involved in the proposed grant of statehood to Alaska, the undersigned are convinced that statehood would be contrary to the best interests of this country. . . .

The first statehood bill for Alaska was offered in Congress in the year 1916. Since then, Congress has considered and deliberated upon every conceivable argument advanced in favor of statehood. Congress has repeatedly repudiated this proposition and rejected every Alaskan statehood bill. The facts are no more favorable today than they were previously.

The total vote cast in the 1956 Alaskan general election was only 28,767. The United States Bureau of Census estimates the population of Alaska to be 161,-000, exclusive of military personnel. This amounts to less than one one-thousandth of this country's population.

Statehood would grant an average representation of one United States Senator for each 80,500 of its population. This power is wholly disproportionate and excessive. It would enable this small population to cancel out and nullify the Senate representation of any State regardless of the size of its population.

In the event of statehood, Alaska would become entitled to elect three presidential electors, one for each 54,000 of its inhabitants. The 170 million people of the United States are entitled to elect 531 electors in a presidential election, one for each 320,000 inhabitants. The population of Alaska would have a six-to-one advantage in the effectiveness of their votes in electing a President of the United States.

Statehood would give to the people of Alaska the power of the representation in the United States Congress of two Senators and one Representative. In addition, it would have three electoral college votes. Basically, this amounts to a transfer of power from the people of the forty-eight States to the people of Alaska. The power that is now exercised by the legislative representatives of the forty-eight States would be proportionally reduced by that fraction of the whole power that is proposed to be granted to Alaska.

The right of suffrage in the election of a President would similarly also be reduced for the forty-eight States.

THERE is a most serious question as to whether the Alaskan economy can finance the added burdens of statehood. The economy is an artificial one, bolstered by huge Federal handouts. The 1958 budget provides for a total civil-Federal expenditure in Alaska of $122 million. In addition thereto, the military defense and military construction expenditures amount to $350 million annually.

The income from all private industry totals only approximately $160 million per year. The economy is dependent to the extent of more than two-thirds of its income upon Federal expenditures. The Territorial taxes, on a per capita basis, are higher than in any State of the Union. The prohibitive taxes discourage the saving of capital for investment. Alaska's development is being retarded by its unsound economy and fiscal management.

In order to sound out the sentiment of the people of Alaska for statehood, Congressman A. L. Miller initiated a poll. Dr. Miller is the ranking minority member of the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs. In March, 1957, he asked five newspapers in the largest cities and the ten largest radio stations to publicize and propound this question: "Do you favor immediate statehood for Alaska?"

As of April 30, 1957, the answers were: Yes, 516; no, 1,361. This large return confirms that there is widespread apprehension of the economic and political consequences of statehood. Certainly, Congress should not impose the status of statehood upon a people who are unwilling, or believe that they are unable, to assume the attendant obligations.

The admission of Alaska would set a questionable precedent. It would become the first State to be separated from the mainland of the United States by foreign lands or international waters, the minority report concludes.

Alf Madsen

There he lay against a background of autumn colors, a wonderful moose, the kind you see in ammunition ads in the magazines.

Moose Pimples

by Buford V. Seals

EVERYONE has had goose pimples at one time or another, but just wait until you've had moose pimples! They are like hives by comparison. My skin was crawling like the hide on the back of a dog. It was as bumpy as a frog's. I was having my first severe case of moose pimples.

But, I'm getting ahead of my story. There is a little preliminary planning before you shoot a moose.

We drove some six hundred miles north of Seattle to Whitewater Lodge, northwest of Quesnel in northern British Columbia. Even when you're hunting something as big as a moose, a six-man party is too big for a trip like that. It's a job to make all the plans and get the party up there. It's an even bigger problem to find the moose, outwit them, then pack them in on horses, haul them to the river on trailers, across the river in boats, up to the lodge in jeeps. By the time you get them halfway there, you wish you'd been hunting something small like Sitka deer. Then, when you've accomplished all that and are back home with a bull moose in your locker, you feel you should work a little harder now that you've had your hunt.

I'm no guide, but I've planned a good many hunting trips. Toward the last I always go through the same sweat of wondering why I took the responsibility, hoping we'll find game and wondering whether we will, knowing that if for any reason we don't get the game, I'll be to blame.

This time we were optimistic about having meat to bring back. We took two trucks and a Ford station wagon. Another party had gone in for the first ten days of the season, and on their way out they telephoned us advising us to allow eight hours for the last sixty-five miles from the Chilako Ranch to Whitewater Lodge. We didn't take that very seriously.

They also told us that only trucks would be able to negotiate that last sixty-five miles, but Dr. Big took his Ford station wagon right to the lodge. When he got there we were told that his was the second automobile ever to get all the way back in to Whitewater Lodge.

It was a cold night when we went in, and raining. Sliding down those mountain grades along the edges of canyons hundreds of feet deep, at times with little room to spare, we watched the truck ahead of us with Johnny and Earl in it and could tell they were using every trick to try to keep their wheels from locking and sliding. Sometimes they went down in compound low. At times we would see their truck skid out until it would have only a foot or so between the wheels and the brink, knowing we would follow the ruts they made and hoping we could stay on the road too.

In the valley we would come to deep mud holes, with detours leading off around the trees in all directions. We'd look around for a while with a flashlight, then dive in. The amazing thing was that we always made it.

One mud hole appeared to be worse than the average. Small trees had been cut and thrown into it, indicating that someone ahead of us had had trouble. My partner, Pammy, was driving at the time. He tore into the mud hole with me screaming into his ear, "Don't stop! Don't stop for anything!" Our truck spun clear around, knocked down several small trees and came out at the same place where we'd gone in. But Pammy obeyed orders and kept going. In fact, we had to keep going for quite a while before we found a place where we could turn around to tackle the mud

hole again so as to proceed on our way.

Pammy is a great hunting companion. He was as excited as a bird dog, just to get out there and get at 'em. I have hunted with him for years in several different states. I think one of the reasons I like him so much is that he always provides plenty of enthusiasm for the hunt. I went goose hunting with him one time at Klamath Falls. We put up at a hotel where we heard geese flying overhead. He didn't sleep a wink.

On this particular night, going in to Whitewater Lodge, Pammy kept up a lively chatter about what we'd do to get a moose. I'd noticed he threw in a couple of duffel bags and a suitcase, saying, "It's wonderful that for once we have plenty of trucks and plenty of room to bring everything we want to bring!" Then he started to tell me about the little block and tackle he had brought, how it was made of nylon, and how many thousands of pounds it would lift.

"Why," he declared, "if we should get stuck in a mud hole with this truck right now, we could hitch it onto the bumper and a tree, and it would pull us out."

Lively With Anticipation

He made the night lively with anticipation of the hunt.

We arrived at the lodge about three o'clock in the morning and woke Bill Gimmel, the owner and operator. Soon we were bedded down, three to a cabin, but I slept very little. I could hear it pouring down rain all night, and all I could think of was spending the winter trying to get out of this place. In the morning I learned that what I'd thought was rain was the ripple of a creek just back of our cabin.

It took almost a three-alarm fire to resurrect the six of us in the morning, after only a few hours' sleep. Mrs. Gimmel and her sister had a hearty, gorgeous breakfast prepared. We ate around a large table in the big kitchen, right by the stove. I wonder sometimes why we don't make more homes like that.

We put away quantities of hot cakes and coffee, then went out to line up our horses and equipment for the hunt. I noticed that the horses were in good condition, and had been freshly shod all around. The saddles were western type, with stirrups easily adjustable. I was glad they were not the center cinch type, as I've always preferred the western saddle.

When I suggested to Gimmel that maybe instead of hunting we'd better start trying to get back to the highway, he laughed and said, "I have two jeeps. We'll get you out after the hunt. Don't you worry about that!"

I quit worrying about the road, and when we were going out with three moose on the truck, I learned that most of the road is rock just underneath the mud.

Gimmel introduced us to the two Indian guides, George and Jim. George had guided for more than twenty-five years, though he didn't look to be much more than thirty-five years old. He was the guide George Turner mentioned in his book, *Grass Beyond the Mountains.*

Hewitt's Photo Shop

A fine rack makes a permanent souvenir for a hunter to show his friends, and if he brings the meat home he may even convince his wife that the moose paid for the hunt.

Although there were lakes and rivers all around us, we were a mile high and the cold was penetrating. When Pammy came out dressed for the hunt, he was wearing everything from long-handled underwear to three coats. I've always had a lot of confidence in him, but I was tempted to wonder whether he'd snitched some of those clothes from a missionary barrel. He had on almost every color you could think of. I noticed right away that he was not wearing his usual smile.

"Pammy, what's wrong?" I asked.

He blurted out his heart-breaking confession that he'd overlooked bringing along his little nylon block and tackle.

"Well, that is a tragedy!" I remarked. "From the way you look right now, we'll need it to pull you up into a tree and let you down on top of a horse."

I looked at George, one of the Indian guides. He had on moccasins, cotton levis, a cotton shirt with the collar wide open, a light jacket, unfastened, and a cowboy type straw hat. Some contrast to us hunters! I asked him whether that was all he had to wear. He smiled, and the wrinkles of his tanned face fell into place, indicating that most of them had been made by smiling.

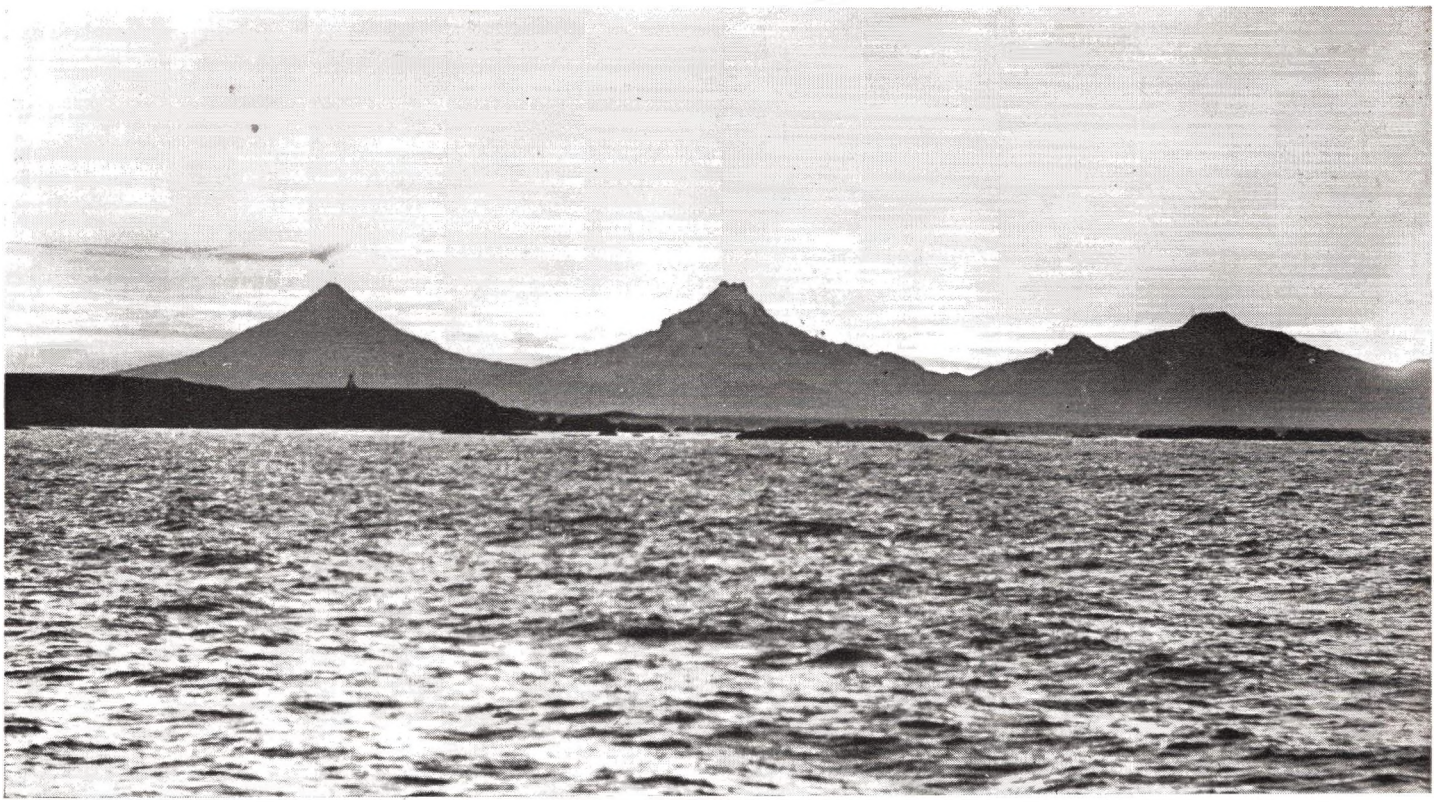
"We wouldn't dare put on our winter clothes now," he replied, "or we'd freeze when winter comes."

We do the major portion of our hunting on horses, one guide and two hunters together. Most of the time we just ride until we find game, and get off and shoot, or we ride until we can't ride any more. When you're not used to having your legs bent around a horse, your knees about kill you for the first day or

—Please turn to page 46

You don't often see a moose out in the open, as shown below. Usually they are looking through willows or around a stump or tree, and their color blends into the background.

Harry Johnson



When at last we came into the lee of Unimak Island, above, the storm subsided and the other passengers began to appear. The sight of those familiar volcanoes, Pogromni, Shishaldin and Isanotski, roused excitement in sourdoughs going home to Nome.

Soldier at Saint Michael

by Charles H. Corlett

Major General Charles H. Corlett, who went from West Point as a second lieutenant to a now abandoned sub-Arctic outpost, achieved a distinguished military career. From Saint Michael his assignments took him to the far corners of the nation, to Europe during World War I, and to the Hawiian Islands. In 1941, as a Brigadier General, he returned to Alaska to command the Army base at Kodiak, and during the absence of General Simon B. Buckner he commanded the Alaskan Department with headquarters at Adak. He organized, trained and commanded the American-Canadian task force that landed on Kiska, then trained and commanded the 7th Division in the Marshal Islands campaign.

Immediately afterward he was ordered to England to command the XIX Army Corps, which landed in Normandy, took Saint Lo, closed the Falaise pocket, were the first allied troops to enter Belgium and the first to break the Siegfried Line, between Aachen and Geilenkirken. He then returned to the States and commanded the XXXVI Army Corps. At the close of World War II, General Corlett retired after thirty-seven years in the United States Army. He now lives on a ranch in New Mexico.

THE Secretary of War gave us our diplomas on June 12, 1913, in a hot morning ceremony out on Trophy Point. The goat (lowest in the class), as usual at West Point, got the most applause. Those of us who were not getting married left post haste for New York City, singing such doleful furlough songs as:

Take a taxi to the Astor,
Tell the driver, faster, faster,
As we leave on our furlough.

That night the great, human city of New York literally shot the works for us. Every employee of the Hotel Astor from the manager down to the lowest bus boy entered into the spirit of the celebration, all fully aware that the tips would be meager. That night we owned the place.

The next morning the long gray line melted away to destinations far and near. Dennis McCunniff, later Brigadier General, from La Jara in the San Luis Valley, and I entrained for Colorado. He had been my roommate for four years. Both of us had been prominent in the "horsey circle" of the Academy, mainstays on the polo team, fair-haired boys with the cavalry instructor, Lieutenant Johnnie Herr, later Chief of Cavalry.

In our class, however, the Cavalry was a popular branch—and we selected branches according to class standing. Although Dennis and I did not attain the goat glamor, we were too low in the class to get first choice. We were both assigned to the Infantry, Denny to the 6th and I to the 30th, stationed in Alaska. We were not downhearted, however, and we became intensely loyal to our branch.

The Infantry, the Infantry,
With dirt behind their ears.
You can never lick the Infantry
In a hundred thousand years.

Incidentally, Dwight Eisenhower and Omar Bradley, who were graduated two years later, were also assigned to the Infantry.

We had a great summer in the San Luis Valley. I got bucked off an outlaw horse and broke a bone in my foot, but even that did not interfere with the good times. On September 1, Denny went to San Francisco and I, with two large trunks filled with uniforms and equipment, started my long journey to a tiny outpost at Fort Saint Michael, Alaska, near the mouth of the Yukon River and across Norton Sound from Nome.

Sailors Washed Overboard

After a delay in Seattle, I boarded the old *SS Victoria*, which steamed gaily out of Puget Sound into the broad Pacific. Then the Pacific went on a rampage which old Captain O'Brien said was the worst in thirty years. Dishes would not stay on the table, even in racks. My outside stateroom had a foot of water sloshing around on the floor. All passengers went to bed in the upper berths. Two sailors were washed overboard. We never saw them again.

The storm lasted ten days—until we got to Unimak Pass in the Aleutians. I was desperately sick the first two days. On the third day I got up and, holding fast to any stationary object to compensate for the pitching of the ship, sloshing through the briny water in my stateroom and on deck, I went in search of human companionship and something to eat. Other passengers stayed in their staterooms until the storm subsided.

My companions for the next eight days were members of the crew, a pessimistic lot. Hadn't they lost two members overboard? The second officer told me the *Victoria* was old, her bottom was rotten, and he didn't think she could take it. The Gulf of Alaska had the worst water in the world.

When at last we came into the lee of Unimak Island and could see the sun peeping weakly through the overcast, and the lighthouse station on the island, the other passengers began to appear.

From Alaska Historical Library

Trees, felled and washed down by the mighty Yukon and smaller rivers with timbered drainages, furnished Norton Sound Eskimos with wood for building and burning. Native homes near Saint Michael were different from those farther north, as shown above.

The Bering Sea was fairly smooth. The old sourdoughs who were going back to Nome to spend the winter, after the bright lights of Seattle or San Francisco, were high-spirited.

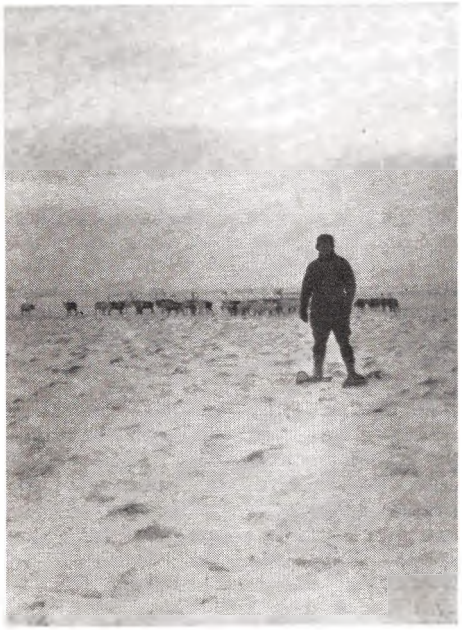
"Look at that tundra! See those hills! We're getting back to God's own country!"

The four-day trip across the Bering Sea was not uncomfortable, and when we dropped the hook in the Nome roadstead, about five miles offshore, the sea was quiet. Taken by surprise, the small boats at Nome were a long time getting started out to the ship, and by the time they reached us the sea was becoming rough. Late in the fall, the weather in these latitudes is most uncertain. As it appeared to be a major feat of gymnastics to go overside and board the small boats, the passengers decided to wait until morning.

Not so the young ship's doctor and I. As the small boat ascended toward the clouds and started down, we jumped and landed squarely on her deck. Two old sourdoughs, eager to get home, followed our example, and the little boat shoved off for the shore. As we neared land, the surf was so high on the Nome beach that we tied up to a cement pier about thirty yards from shore and were pulled to land in an improvised basket on a cable.

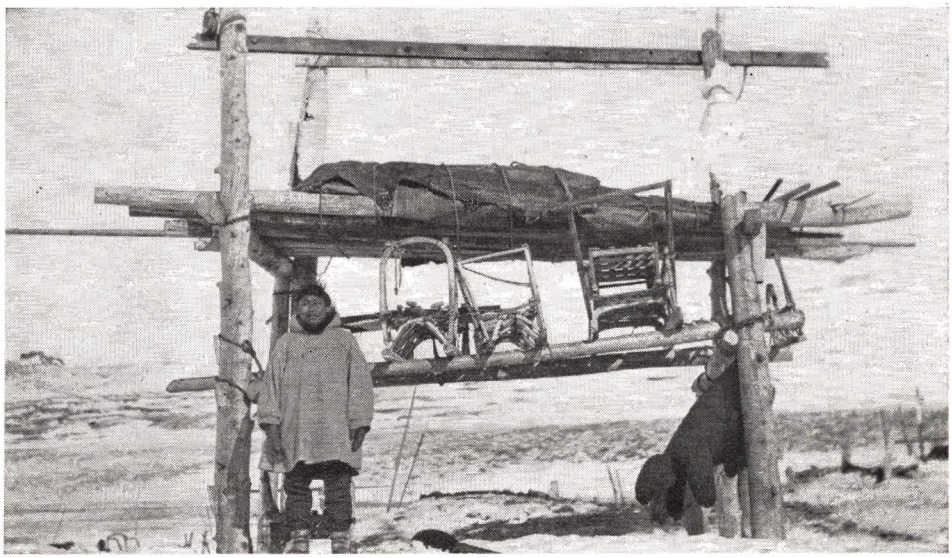
Solid ground under our feet felt fine. We began to think about matters of comfort and amusement. One of the sourdoughs who had landed with us explained that the Elite Hotel was the newer hostelry of the two in town, but the old Golden Gate Hotel, farther back in the tundra, was also fairly good. The doctor immediately voted for the Elite, but having read Rex Beach's novel, *The Spoilers*, I held out for the Golden Gate until the doctor gave in.

Having no luggage, not even a toothbrush, we paid for our room in advance.

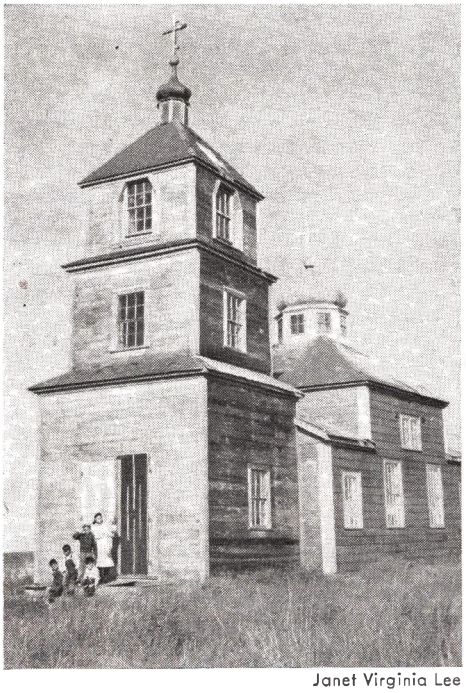


Small native-owned reindeer herds grazed the tundra on the mainland, as shown at left. The photo below shows a herder beside his cache of equipment stored for winter use.

Lomen Brothers

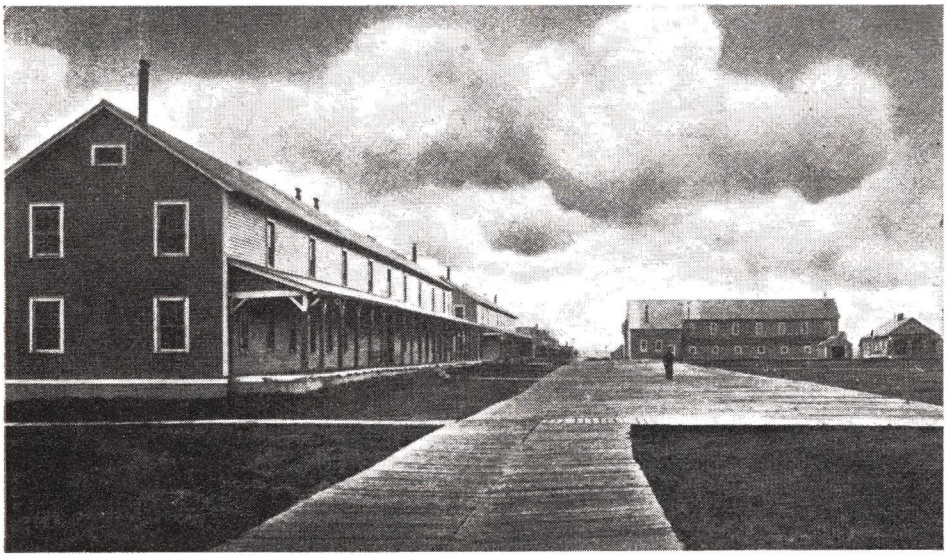


The bright, clean cold of the high North settled down and the starlit night became continuous. The photo above was taken on the post at twelve noon, December 21, 1913.



Janet Virginia Lee

Fort Saint Michael, one-time headquarters of the Alaskan Department of the U.S. Army, was now a little two-company post. Boardwalks over the tundra connected the buildings, as shown below. Far older than the post was the Russian church, above, left.



We were not asked to do so, but we wanted no slip-ups. Then we went to an excellent restaurant and had a fine dinner, saw a movie, and about eleven o'clock returned to the hotel and slept soundly until morning.

We had paid no attention to the shrill shrieking of the wind the night before, thinking it was just part of the "North Countree." That morning it was different. We started to our fine restaurant of the night before, and met the Bering Sea in mid-town. The restaurant, the movie house and the Elite Hotel had been completely erased during the night by a tidal wave. I was most grateful to Rex Beach.

The poor old *Victoria* with her weary passengers and crew had to put out to deep water, where she rode the storm out for seven days.

During this time the doctor and I were accepted into the lavish hospitality of Nome. After the first night we were no longer strangers in a strange land. We were entertained by the United States marshal in his attractive home, and in several other homes. We went to a dance with the marshal's wife and met a number of very good-looking girls.

Were the people of Nome downhearted because of the tidal wave? No, they were philosophical. It had happened before and it would happen again, so what the hell! As the *Victoria* would be the last boat until the ice broke up in the spring, so lost supplies could not be replaced, Nome would run short on some things. But, after all, there was plenty to sustain life for all, so why worry?

It is my experience that the people of this far North country eat more, drink more and laugh more than any other people on this globe, and they are intensely loyal to the Northland.

Examples of the havoc wrought by the storm were numerous. It is a scant three feet down to perennial ice in the tundra. When a corpse is buried in a grave five or six feet deep, preservation is perfect to the millenium. The cemetery had been washed out by the storm. Also the cold storage plant had been wrecked. Eskimos were salvaging quarters of beef from the mud. A few feet away, protruding from the same mud, was a corpse, long dead.

I Buy a Cow

A small dairy barn at the edge of town had been destroyed, with all the grain and hay for winter feeding. The cows had been moved back on the tundra. Now the owner was getting ready to butcher his fine Jerseys. I selected one and asked him to save her until I got back, then sent a radio message to the commanding officer at Fort Saint Michael asking whether I could purchase hay and grain from the quartermaster to feed a milk cow. The answer was yes. I bought the cow for a hundred and fifty dollars, put her into a crate and took her along with my other baggage.

Arriving in Saint Michael, we tied up to the Northern Commercial Company dock and looked around. The beach in the harbor was dotted with stern-wheel river boats. The gold rush over, they were no longer needed for traffic two thousand miles up the river to Fairbanks, Circle and Dawson. They had paid for themselves on their maiden voyages.

The Northern Commercial Company's store and warehouses, filled with long racks of fine furs, were impressive. Farther up toward the Russian church and the radio station was the establishment of Traeger and Williams, independent traders. There were other commercial establishments, but they were waning fast. Eskimos, dressed in mukluks and parkas, were everywhere, it seemed.

Farther in was Fort Saint Michael, one-time headquarters of the Alaskan Department of the Army of the United States, now a little two-company post, almost forgotten. The barracks, officers' and noncom's quarters, warehouses and utilities were all connected by boardwalks over the tundra. These walks were paralleled by a little rail-

Admiral Wilkitsky was not the first Russian explorer to call at Saint Michael, above. Captain Michael Tebenkof, charting the coast of Russian America, visited the port in 1831 and returned two years later to establish a trading post, Redoubt Mikaielovsk.

road track over which the ever present Army mule pulled little cars from ship side to storage.

On the outskirts were the large quartermaster dog kennels. They were filled with ferocious malemutes and huskies, waiting for the first snow to pull sledloads of supplies to the isolated telegraph and radio stations at far points upriver and inland.

First Lieutenant Jim Blythe, who had been in command of the post, invited me to live with him, which I was glad to do. Blythe had received his commission the hard way. A Scotch boy, he had run away at sea at a tender age. From cabin boy to ship's master, then through the grades of the American Army to first lieutenant, he was now in his thirties. During his upward climb, without the aid of schools and professors, he had become one of the best educated men I have ever known. He taught me many things that were good for the soldier and the man.

Max Lough – now Major General Lough and a three-year prisoner in Japan–was the only other second lieutenant. He lived by himself in quarters that also housed our bachelors' mess. A college graduate, Lough had started his military career as a Philippine Scout Lieutenant. He had been around, and was my social mentor and genial companion.

Charles Elliott, first lieutenant and adjutant, was married and had two children. He was my immediate boss as senior subaltern of Company B, 30th Infantry.

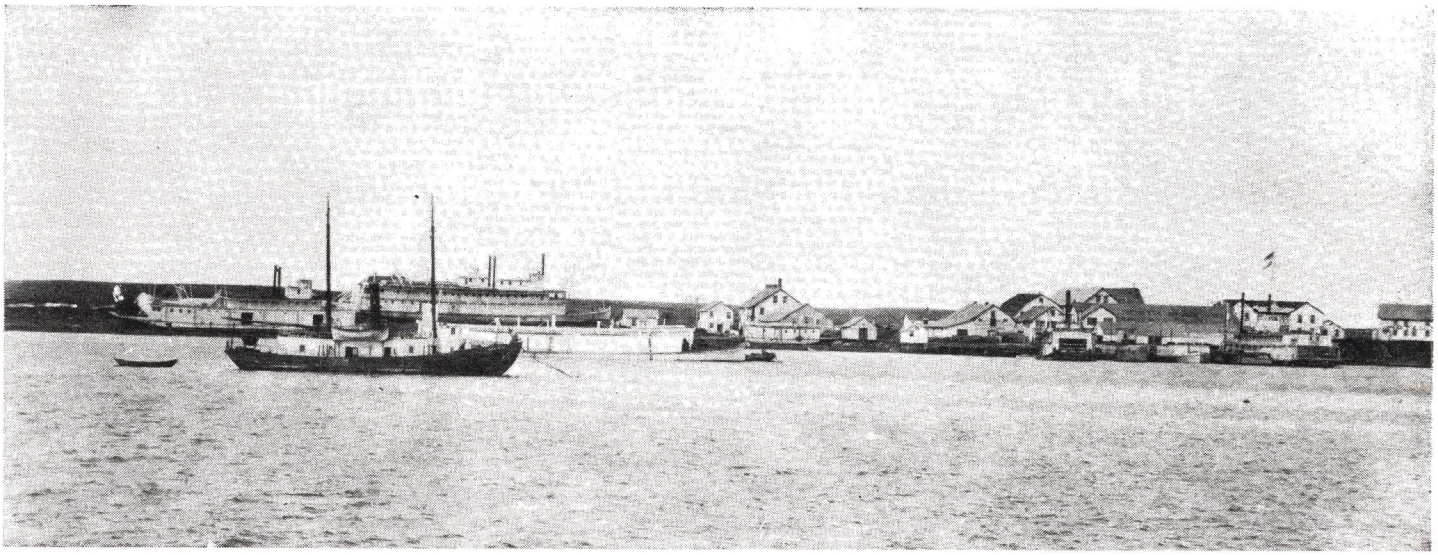
Our doctor, First Lieutenant Farenbough, the only doctor within hundreds of land miles, was married.

Our new post commander, Captain Threlkeld, was married and occupied the Big House with his wife, Aunt Betty, and their young son, Tom. Captain Threlkeld, who had been graduated from West Point in the early '90's and was now in his forties, was the most pious and religious man I have ever known. He was a hard-shelled Baptist and his wife, Aunt Betty, was an ardent, life-long Methodist. Outwardly they respected each other's views, but I am sure each was skeptical of the other's route to heaven. Poor little Tom read the Bible all day Sunday.

As junior subaltern in Company B, I was assigned the jobs of engineer officer, ordnance officer, athletic officer and recreation officer. These jobs in addition to my primary duty with Company B kept me fairly well occupied, but I killed my share of ptarmigan and waterfowl and made extensive lone hikes across the tundra with my gun on my shoulder in the early fall.

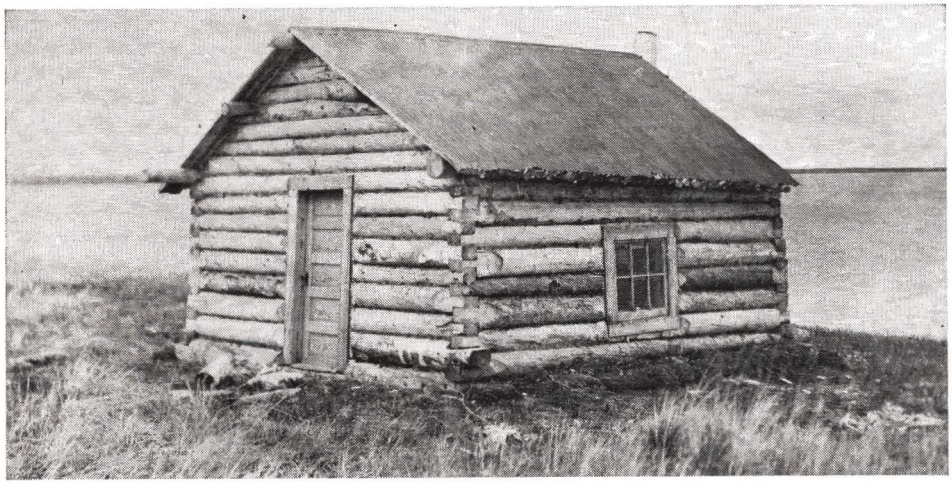
The outstanding social event of my time in Saint Michael, and perhaps in the history of the post, was in progress at the time Captain Threlkeld and I arrived. Two majestic battleships flying the flag of the Czar of all the Russias were anchored in the harbor. They were

Redoubt Mikaielovsk failed to prosper because of unfriendly natives up the Yukon. Hutchinson, Kohl and Company of San Francisco purchased the buildings and stock from the Russian American Company, took over in 1868 and improved trade relations. Saint Michael's position as transfer point from ocean to river steamer caused mushroom growth during the Klondike gold rush. The War Department chose the location for the Army's Alaska headquarters largely to maintain order among the stampeders.



E. Douglas

Dog teams hauled freight to telegraph stations upriver and brought mail twice weekly from Fairbanks, fifteen hundred miles away. Shown above is Leonard Seppala with one of the most famous dog teams in history. Below is a Government trail cabin at Golsovia.



It was a long journey from the horses and sunshine of the San Luis Valley to the dog teams and cold of the high North. Other officers were mildly amused at the young second lieutenant, shown below, who liked to hunt with Eskimos on the white tundra.

the *Taimer* and the *Vygatch*, commanded by the distinguished Russian nobleman-explorer, Admiral Wilkitsky. After a long voyage in the Arctic on geographical and hydrographical work, which would change future maps, they had called in at Saint Michael the day before, hoping to replenish their supplies of coal and fresh water.

Lieutenant Blythe, the temporary post commander, had our poor little reveille gun shoot the customary salute, then hastily donned his best uniform, borrowed a boat from the Northern Commercial Company, and paid the proper boarding call on Admiral Wilkitsky on his flagship, the *Taimer*.

When the admiral returned the call in a few hours, Blythe invited the officers of the ships to a little reception in our tiny mess. The only type of refreshments prepared were of the cocktail variety, which did not concur with Captain Threlkeld's views, but it was too late to change the plans when he arrived.

Commander Slighted?

One other problem arose. The book Jim Blythe had studied about international courtesy required a boarding call on the flagship only, but this was not the Russian custom in the days of the Czar. The executive officer of the *Vygatch* arrived in formal naval dress, with medals, and stated that his commander had been slighted. If a call was not made within twenty-four hours, the slight would become an affront.

Blythe, who was shaving at the time, explained that he was just getting ready to make the call. He borrowed the boat again, made the call, and everyone was happy.

Our little reception went off fine until a Russian baron mistook a bottle of whisky for ginger ale. After drinking most of it, he passed out.

The next evening we were invited to a party on the battleship *Taimer*. Ladies were included in the invitation. Only the doctor's wife accepted. At the appointed time we boarded the admiral's barge, which he had sent in for us, and were conveyed to the ship. Our reception above decks was most formal. Everyone saluted everyone else about three times. In the senior wardroom, all formality disappeared. Each black-bearded officer rushed up to kiss the hand of our attractive little lady, the doctor's wife. She was overwhelmed with attention and had a fine time.

From a table in the center of the wardroom, they began serving the most elaborate hors d'oeuvres I have ever seen. There were numerous varieties of fish in oil, caviar, pemican, pickles, cheeses, olives and other delicacies. It was the Russian custom to quaf some vodka from a little silver cup before each tidbit. When one of the Russian officers, in full dress uniform with medals dangling and black beard almost to his waist, bore down on me with vodka cup extended, it seemed to me that international friendship was definitely in jeopardy if I didn't take some. On the other hand, our new command-

ing officer did not believe an officer, especially a second lieutenant, should drink anything, and I was reminded of this fact frequently by my mentor and self-appointed guardian, Second Lieutenant Max Lough. I was between the devil and the deep blue sea, but I survived the ordeal without giving cause for a declaration of war.

We all thought this was the party, and were thinking of doing a polite fade-away when dinner was announced. We were conducted into the main dining salon, where course after course, accompanied by the appropriate wines, was served in splendor. It got monotonous! How many times the President and the Czar were individually toasted, I have forgotten. I thought there would be a riot when the Czar's name first came up as an excuse for another drink of good French wine. Captain Threlkeld merely raised his glass and touched it to his lips, not drinking a drop. I thought two or three of the Russians would explode through their beards. But when Captain Threlkeld failed to drink to the President, they began to catch on, and when the gutteral *Yok-She-Oh,* or skoal, thundered through the hall, everyone smiled.

As the dinner was waning, about eleven p.m., a Russian ensign beckoned to each of the younger American lieutenants and took us to the junior ward-room, where a big copper samovar was bubbling with good coffee. Here, with the younger Russian officers, we had our coffee and smoked cigarettes. Not a Russian in this group spoke a word of English, and we spoke no Russian. One boy played a guitar, and every Russian there sang *John Brown's Body* in English as a drinking song. When the leader stopped singing suddenly, and a member of the group sang the next word, he had to take a drink of Chartreuse.

Richard Harrington from Three Lions

Water systems don't work in winter in the far North. The Army post got water in the same way as the most primitive Eskimos, by chopping and melting fresh-water ice.

J. Sherry

Although the broad Yukon, above, fifth-longest river in North America, enters the sea about seventy miles from the island of Saint Michael, and the port is too shallow to dock ocean-going vessels, it is the only protected haven anywhere near the Yukon's mouth.

What would Josephus Daniels say? What would Captain Threlkeld say? That was more important to us.

Captain Threlkeld, a new broom and ardent reformer with the power of a Czar at this outpost, decreed that liquor in any form would not be sold, given or countenanced on Saint Michael Island. The post exchange had a large stock of near beer, dear to the soldier's heart, which was securely locked up but not destroyed.

The captain's next step was to chase "Diamond Tooth Lil," the local madame, off the island along with two or three amoral little Eskimo girls, old-time friends of many soldiers.

These righteous reforms were not welcome to most of the soldiers, and the village dock hands, dog mushers and loafers were downright mutinous. Captain Threlkeld even took the sacramental wine away from the little half-Russian, half-Eskimo priest. The village was in a fix. No one could get married or buried.

Things really broke loose on my first tour as officer of the day and commander of the guard, which came very soon after I arrived. In my young professional pride, I was so eager that this tour should be perfect! From nine p.m. and on into the next morning, all hell broke loose. Weeks later, after I had won the confidence of the soldiers, I found out what really happened. The soldiers, disgruntled about the new reforms, noted that a new shave-tail lieutenant, probably a stuffed shirt from West Point anyway, was officer of the day. He represented the authority that had deprived them of just about the only things that would make the long, dreary ice-bound winter bearable.

"He isn't familiar with the post," they reasoned. "He doesn't know his way around. Why not have one last big

—Please turn to page 43

Bare spots appeared on the tundra, the ice broke up in the bay, the great Yukon groaned and so did every soldier in Alaska. The Inspector General was following the breakup.

Photos by Anne Woods

Bleak little Shishmaref, above, on the northwest shore of Seward Peninsula, is birthplace and home of Alaska's foremost Eskimo artist. In this apparently barren land, George Aden Ahgupuk finds the subjects and materials for his unique Arctic drawings.

Artist of Shishmaref

by Anne Woods

Ten-year-old Stella, with Ahgupuk in the photo below, and the three older children show artistic talent, but would rather draw cartoons than the typical scenes of Eskimoland.

"I FELL down a mountainside and became a new man," said George Aden Ahgupuk.

We were sitting in the lounge of the Anchorage Hotel. I had just asked what it was that had turned him from the customary life of an Eskimo on the shores of the Bering Sea to life in a modern Alaska city, and to his art, which represents a high point in Eskimo culture.

He spoke with the simple directness born of a way of life that deals with the pith of a situation.

George Aden Aghupuk is Alaska's foremost Eskimo artist, an invited member of the American Artists Group and the Grand Prize winner in New Mexico. His one-man shows are invariably sell-outs. He holds the top prizes for drawings throughout the Territory. He is entirely self-taught. But George Ahgupuk had to fall down a mountainside to develop his remarkable talent.

George was an outdoor boy of strong physique, born and reared in the lonely, wind-swept village of Shishmaref in northwestern Alaska. To look across the

—Please turn to page 41

The tom-cod fishing scene, above, and trapper's cabin, below, are typical Ahgupuk subjects. Lost in reproduction, however, are the warmth and fine detail of the originals, drawn on skins tanned and bleached by a process developed patiently by the artist himself. Lacking paper, Ahgupuk began drawing on skins, and continued to use them because they are right for his work.

Underwood and Underwood

It is possible that early-day Denver, above, was a better town for "Soapy" Smith's presence. He controlled the underworld, tried to prevent crimes of violence, forbade his gang to prey on local residents and gave lavishly to churches and the poor of the city.

The Fourth of Nine Chapters of "The Reign of Soapy Smith"

Benefactor and Bad Example

by William Ross Collier and Edwin Victor Westrate

JEFF SMITH'S entire life was guided by circumstance. He was, distinctly, an opportunist. He rarely planned far ahead. When circumstance opened the way, he was swift to grasp the opportunities which were offered him and made the most of them. The moment the episode had passed, he relaxed into an easy, haphazard mode of life and waited for new circumstances to develop which would provide him with a new chance for a more spectacular foray. As a result the record of his life is one of peaks and valleys. Three times in his career he reached unique heights when his twisted genius flared forth brilliantly, and each successive high point towered above the preceding. Of these, Creede was the first.

The peculiarly conflicting elements of good and evil which made up Smith's character prevented him from capitalizing his talents to their fullest extent either for good or for evil. And, apparently, this conflict within him made him indifferent to his real possibilities and kept him content to make a temporary most of individual opportunities which circumstance provided for him. His latent genius was such that he might well have become one of the greatest outlaw chiefs of all time, but he lacked the ruthlessness and the oneness of objective to lead an enterprise wholly evil. On the two occasions when he was an undisputed king of outlaws, at Creede and, later, in the Klondike, he demonstrated the unmistakable and powerful qualities of leadership which he possessed, but he could never be a sustained villain.

What he might have done had he devoted his talents and his energies entirely for good is, of course, a matter of pure speculation; but that he could have become great, there is little question. He proved this constantly by the manner in which his magnetic and forceful personality won the friendship and the unwilling acclaim of those who, fundamentally, from a moral standpoint, were his bitterest enemies. The evidence multiplies through the record of his career that he wanted, and often deliberately sought, the esteem of those from whom he had alienated himself; but, with the stubbornness peculiar to his nature, he clung to the end to the false path he had chosen, a victim of his own misplaced loyalties.

Thus, when the Creede dictatorship faded, he wasted no time in vain regrets. The episode was over, so far as he was concerned. He was not yet thirty-three years old, and life held plenty of promise. The fact that he left the silver-boom town with little cash worried him no whit. So long as gullible human nature remained the same, he was confident of his ability to keep himself well fed and comfortable. One thing the Creede experience did do to him and his outlook on life. The power and feeling of substance he had possessed there left their indelible mark upon his mind. Never again was he to be content with the life of a mere street hawker. He was destined to pursue that vocation frequently as he plodded the valleys of his life, but always he aimed for a better position.

After he abandoned Creede, he followed the line of least resistance and gravitated back to Denver, taking what remained of his troupe with him. The solidarity of the gang was somewhat broken after Creede. Simons was gone.

Tom Crippen was now with Bat Masterson. "Fatty" Gray had wandered to other pastures. Several of the underlings, never too closely held, had drifted away. But there were always new candidates, and from these Soapy continued to select those whom he wanted as his assistants.

Needing an immediate stake before he decided his next move, he went back to his corner on Seventeenth Street and once more began his soap business, with as great success as ever. His ambitions briefly aroused, he did not immediately squander his income from these efforts, but waited until he had amassed a reasonable sum. Then he opened the Tivoli Club, patterned after the Orleans Club of Creede. This was his first effort at operating a housed institution in the Colorado capital, and it immediately regained for him his old position of precedence in the sporting fraternity there.

Dixon's Suggestion

The Tivoli had an elaborate bar downstairs, the upper floor being devoted to gambling. At this time Denver was more wide open than at any other period since its earliest days, but, as a sop to the law-abiding citizenry, the police occasionally raided various sporting institutions. Having no desire for such an invasion of his own place, Soapy sought the counsel of Syd Dixon as to ways and means of offsetting the possibility. Dixon promptly offered a suggestion to which his chief acceded heartily.

"Put a sign at the head of the steps," Dixon advised, "one that will definitely warn people against coming up. Then, if there is any complaint to the police, you can put up the defense that the sucker knew what he was going up against."

"All right," Soapy agreed, "we'll have the sign, but we'll write it in Greek or some other language the people don't understand."

"I have it," Dixon announced, after a moment's thought; "we'll use a warning that's come down through the ages so nobody can complain that we're springing something new on them. It'll be 'Caveat Emptor.'"

"Huh?" demanded Soapy. "What's that?"

"It's Latin, and it means 'Let the buyer beware.'"

"Good enough," Soapy replied and detailed Dixon to have the sign painted. It was duly delivered in a gilt frame, and when it was on the wall, Soapy viewed it with considerable satisfaction.

"That ought to do the trick," he said. "If anybody asks us what it means, we'll tell 'em the truth, but we don't have to tell 'em unless they ask. And nobody can say we didn't warn 'em."

While the Tivoli won instant success, Soapy did not abandon his soap game. There being no necessity for maintaining a superior dignity in Denver, he spent two or three hours a day collecting the five-dollar offerings of soapstand patrons, this being money too easily acquired to pass up. The rest of his time he spent at the Tivoli.

Soon he was riding higher than ever in Denver. Business was excellent on all fronts for him, and the outlanders were plucked with such consistency that the Denver press referred to the bunco chief as "the hayseed educator of Seventeenth Street." But trouble was lurking around the corner. One night, while walking down the street with the shell man, Tom Cady, he persuaded his companion to accompany him for a drink at Murphy's exchange, the Slaughter House.

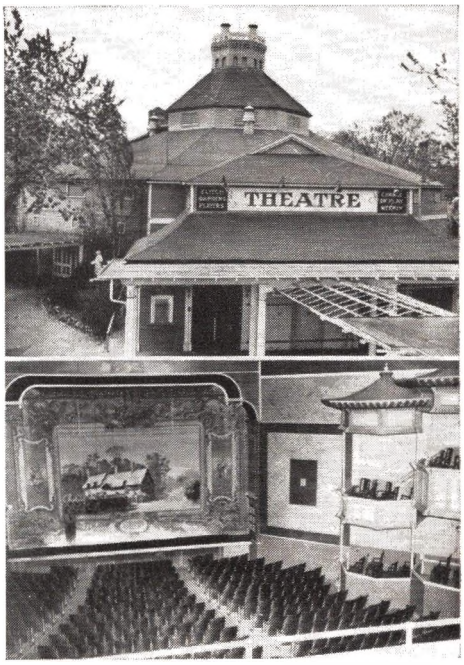
Cady entered somewhat unwillingly. He was not on friendly terms with Murphy and usually kept as much distance as possible between himself and the exchange's proprietor, but, urged by Soapy, he consented to go in. As they walked into the barroom, Murphy himself, Cort Thompson, gambler, Jim Jordan, alias Henry Gilmore, gunman, and Cliff Sparks, gambler and plunger from Saint Louis, were at the bar.

Smith and Cady, the latter, as usual, carrying the loaded cane he bore for self-protection, passed the groups and ordered drinks for themselves. As they stood imbibing, someone in the Murphy group dropped a remark derogatory of the "soap gang" which Cady overheard. In a flash of anger the shell man turned and swung his cane upon Murphy's head. A mêlée started immediately, in the midst of which a shot was fired and Sparks, who had taken no part in the altercation, fell to the floor, mortally wounded.

An excited crowd poured in from the street, among them a tinhorn with the appropriate name of Bill Crooks. As he glimpsed the body of Sparks, a cry of anguish burst from Crooks's lips, and he dropped on his knees beside the body, wailing pitifully.

"You've killed him!" he moaned. "My old friend Cliff! The best pal I ever had!" In the violence of his apparent grief Crooks laid his head upon Sparks's breast and clutched the body in his arms. Bystanders, deeply moved, lifted the mourner tenderly to his feet. Huge tears rolling down his cheeks, the snuffling Crooks slowly made his way to the door and disappeared.

A few moments later it was discovered that Sparks's diamond stud, a

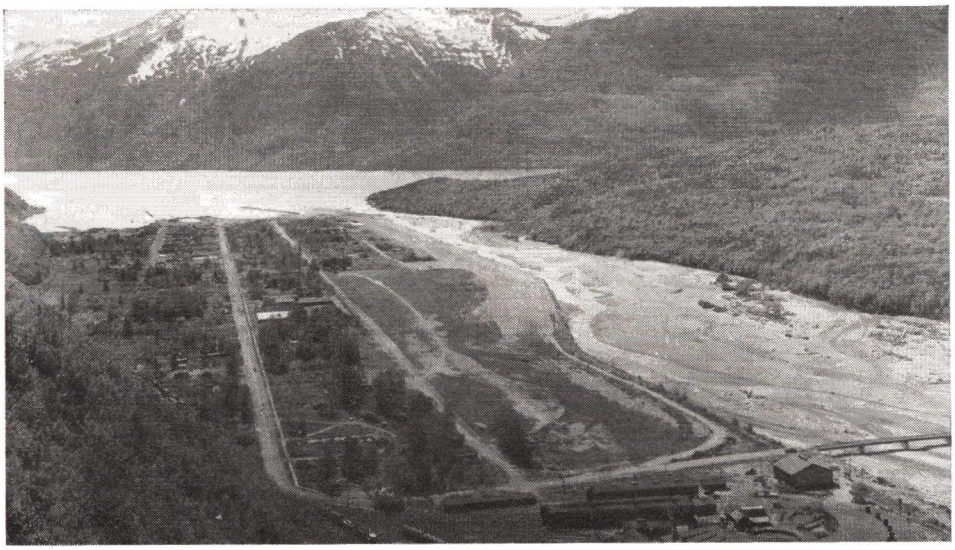


Wide World Photos

In Soapy's day, Denver was a great city in the making. Above are exterior and interior views of the famous Elitch Gardens theater, built in 1891, which had high standards and attracted the finest players.

Another historic landmark in Denver is the Windsor Hotel, the height of elegance in the 1890's. Among the great of the Windsor's guests were Authors Stevenson, Twain and Gilpin, whose faded portraits are still in the lobby, below. Unlike the Elitch, which is a proud tradition in Denver, the Windsor Hotel and its neighborhood have degenerated.

Wide World Photos



Howard G. Robinson

Of the three towns at one time dominated by Soapy, Denver is now the nation's alternate capital but Skagway, above, and Creede are near-ghost towns of about the same size. Denver and Creede are located in productive areas; Skagway is only a transfer point.

$2,500 gem which had adorned his shirt front, was missing. Crooks, in his feigned demonstration of sorrow, had bitten out the stud as he was supposedly listening to the last heartbeats of his "best pal" and came up with the jewel in his mouth.

Cady and Jordan were jailed for the murder, and Smith had to come to the front for his gang mate. He convinced the authorities that his cane was the only weapon Cady had brought into use and that no shot had been fired from the shell man's pistol, so Cady was released. Jordan was placed on trial but was acquitted. The day following the shooting, Denver newspapers carried full details in which Soapy Smith was given due publicity. Peculiarly enough, it was not unfavorable. The Denver *Republican*, an extremely conservative paper, now out of existence, published the following comment:

"Kind-hearted, generous Soapy Smith is known to many men. Many know him, too, as a man who would stand by his friends to the end. Many others know him as a bitter enemy. When he thinks he is right, he stands by it, and when he thinks the other way, he stands by that, too."

Against Murphy, however, the newspaper comments were anything but favorable, and the killing was pointed out as another black mark against the notorious exchange. Murphy had the typical shoddy record of the gambling-den proprietor of his day. He had been an engineer on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad and was leading a respectable life when, in a fight, he received a gunshot wound which incapacitated him for further effort at the throttle. He turned to gambling and, in due time, opened his exchange in opposition to the Arcade, then the leading gambling hall of Denver, establishing a saloon on the ground floor. From the start, the place had an unsavory name, and it gradually became notorious as the center of shooting affrays. Eventually Murphy indulged in one of these himself, shooting his wife in a fit of jealousy. He was committed to prison for fifteen months, but, after serving his time, returned to his den and rounded up a considerable following. In the more sober Denver of a later day, the Slaughter House, fittingly enough, became a mission and shelter for homeless men.

After the Sparks affair matters moved smoothly for a time for Soapy Smith, but more trouble was in store for him. The high-handedness with which the games were operated at the Tivoli began to bring intimations of official disapproval. The climax came when two southern California real-estate dealers dropped fifteen hundred dollars at the Tivoli and registered an official complaint.

Soapy Is Arrested

Soapy was promptly haled before the Fire and Police Commission to give an account of himself. Wholly unabashed, he declared that he would act as his own counsel and, when called upon for his defense, expounded his case with as brazen and impudent a harangue as was ever heard in any court.

"Gentlemen of the commission," he began, facing his investigators with a nonchalance and ease that was disarming, "in addressing your august body, I represent not only myself but the competent and trustworthy aides I have employed to assist me in my business. It is true that these gentlemen, the complainants, in pursuit of fortunes easily gained, if you hold the right hands or call the right numbers, visited my institution, the Tivoli. It seems—and the defense does not deny it—that the fickle goddess gave them the run-around. In other words, they didn't break the bank. The bank broke them.

"Now who are these strangers? I am informed that they are en route to New York, their purpose being to dispose of waterfront property somewhere in the vicinity of Los Angeles. It has been hinted that their lots are all wet at high tide. But far be it from me to criticize their occupation. They are intelligent business men, and they are working a good game. I am not one to expose their practices, but it destroys my faith in human nature to see these so-called sports run whining to you for help after trying to beat me out of my hard-earned dollars. Here they ran up against another man's game, and the pity of it is that, when they failed to win, they squealed. Just think of it, gentlemen! The sharp-

Unloaded from ships at Skagway, goods for the Klondike gold fields had to be freighted across White Pass, as shown below, to Lake Bennett, then down the upper Yukon River.

ers squeal and squawk. They violate all the ethics of the profession and abuse our hospitality. Their whole purpose was to beat us, but now they are wiser if not better men.

"As a matter of fact, gentlemen, I wish to assure you that we should not be classed as gamblers. We do not conduct a gambling establishment. We are reformers in the true sense of the word! There are many so-called legitimate gambling places run openly in this city where the victims play day after day and night after night. I conduct no such unsavory business.

"At the Tivoli I am running an educational institution!

The "Educational Institution"

"The famous Keeley institute provides a cure for the drinking habit. At the Tivoli I have a cure for the gambling habit. The man who steps into my place is faced with the sign, 'Caveat Emptor,' which hangs upon the wall. That is the danger beacon, a warning to all to slow up before rounding the curve. The stranger is not compelled to play. He must use his own judgment. But if he wants to play, he is not discouraged. Why should we tell him it is useless to buck our tables? Let him learn for himself by actual experience. So we take him in hand and give him a cure for the gambling habit. He has, of course, no chance of winning a cent, because, in my games, the player cannot win. When he leaves, he has learned a valuable lesson, one which he will never forget. He is disappointed, naturally, but he has had experience of the greatest value.

"In fact, gentlemen, I should be recognized as a public benefactor! Instead, I am hustled in disgrace before your commission as a malefactor, one who openly defies the law. I could name many men who have renounced gambling and who have been cured of avarice and cupidity and restored to moral health by taking my treatment. Contrast my own business with the evils attendant upon real gambling in this city, backed by magnates who have no conscience. How many young men, employed by the mercantile establishments and banks of our city, have been ruined in these houses? The victims are numbered by the hundreds.

Praise or Censure?

"My associates and myself devote our time and attention to the transients, the newcomers, the strangers, and we leave the local people alone. A vulgar prejudice has cast odium upon our profession, and none cry so loudly against us as these so-called legitimate gamblers. Why is it that there is no popular indignation against the swindling broker who despoils the estates of widows and orphans? There is little criticism of the shyster lawyer, the fake doctor, the rascally produce merchants, the swindling spiritualists, clairvoyants, and fortune tellers. So why pick on us? We, at the Tivoli, are engaged in the worthy cause of instructing and reforming those grasping and selfish souls who can understand only the kind of lessons which we teach. Praise, instead of censure, should be our portion.

"Gentlemen, I have laid my cards upon the table and ask for the dismissal of this complaint. The defense rests. I leave my reputation in your hands."

The sheer effrontery of the speech left the commission gasping when it was not chuckling. At its close there was no doubt of the result. Smith was given a unanimous vote of acquittal.

Publicly exonerated by the commission, Smith now entered upon a period that, in retrospect, was as nearly peaceful as any in the turbulent years of life which still remained for him. His life was always full of interesting incident, but he was now progressing through one of the valleys of his career during which he plied his craft of ensnaring easy dollars virtually unmolested. At this time, too, he acquired a new member for his gang, no less than his own brother, Bascom, who had been intrigued by the tales which drifted to Georgia of Jeff's thrilling life and success and came up from the South to join him. Bascom was considerably different in type from his more or less illustrious brother. He lacked the equanimity and easy-going disposition of Soapy and was prone to permit his irritations to overcome him, a condition of temperament which later brought him to grief.

Meanwhile, as the money continued to roll in, Soapy had plenty of opportunity to indulge in the habit which kept him constantly impoverished but provided his chief source of pleasure. This was his never-ceasing distribution of

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E. A. Hegg

Dyea, above, competed with Skagway as the port of entry to the Klondike, but Chilkoot Pass out of Dyea was even more terrible in winter than White Pass. When White Pass was chosen for the rail route to the Yukon, Skagway won and Dyea almost vanished.

The nucleus of Soapy Smith's nefarious gang, shown below just before its forced departure from Skagway, has been called the most brilliant group of sharpers ever assembled.

Case and Draper

Photo Shop Studio

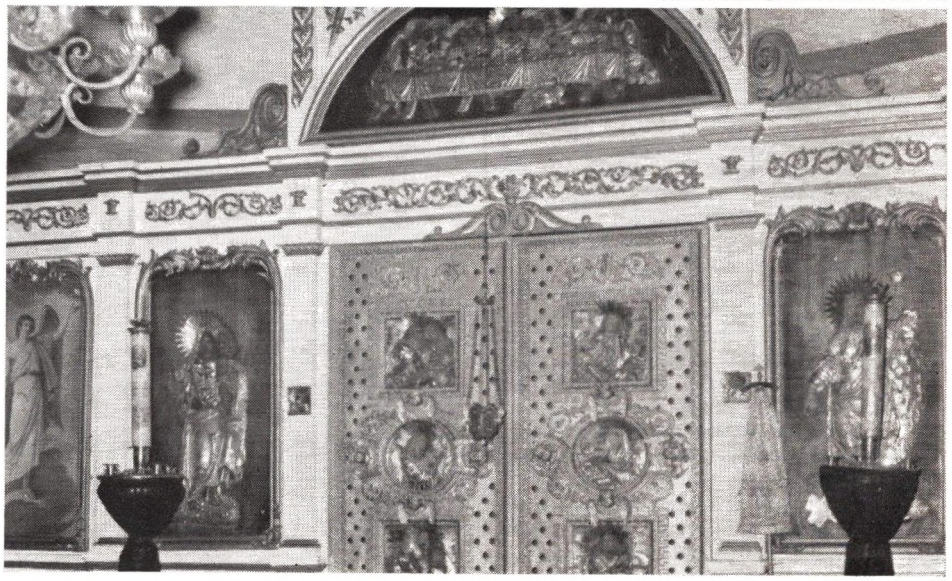
Only the everlasting hills, the Three Sisters, are familiar in the old Sitka photo shown above. The parade grounds over which the Stars and Stripes fly in the photo, scene of many Russian and American ceremonies, are now grounds of the Pioneer Home.

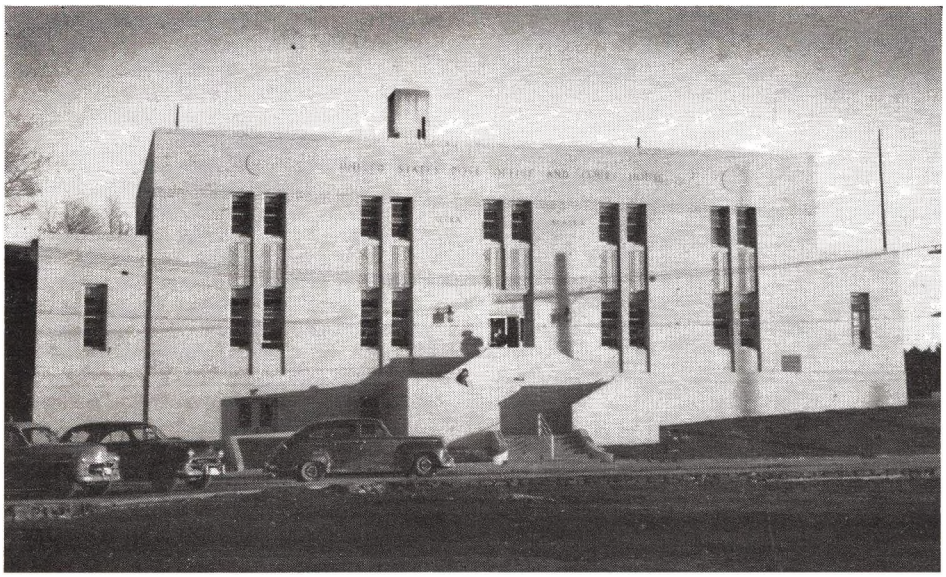
T-Day in Sitka

by Jim Couch

Once North American headquarters of the Russian Orthodox Church, still Alaska headquarters, Sitka's Russian church is literally in the middle of the main street. A 113-year-old structure of hewn logs covered with drab siding, it houses treasures of religious art.

Photos from Couch Alaska Archives





Oldest in Alaska, established even before the transfer, Sitka's post office is now housed in a modern Federal Building, above. The pioneer statue, at right, on the grounds of the Pioneer Home, symbolizes the sourdoughs who, in searching for gold, explored Alaska.

FEW men in history have been ridiculed so nearly unanimously for so-called empire building through the acquisition of land for their government as William Seward, Secretary of State, for the purchase of Alaska from Russia. Yet today, Russia would give much more than she would openly admit for possession of that same "Seward's Icebox." In Russian ownership today, Alaska would provide the Soviet government with a launching platform which would insure the Kremlin a world dominance never yet enjoyed by any power.

This thought-provoking fact, which could scarcely have been foreseen by Secretary Seward nine decades ago, has its place in the minds of the men and women of Sitka as they prepare to set aside personal cares on October 18, 19 and 20, 1957, for the observance of the ninetieth anniversary of the purchase of Alaska.

October 18—Transfer Day—has become the most significant date in Alaska's history, for it was on this date in 1867, at Sitka, that the actual transfer of ownership of the Territory from Russia to the United States was made.

Sitka is the cradle of Alaska's history since the white man's occupation. It was the first permanent Russian community in Southeastern Alaska, the capital of Russian America, and the American capital of Alaska from the purchase until 1900. It was the site of the transfer of ownership, and the home of Alaska's first United States post office.

In fact, a United States post office was established in Sitka three months before the actual transfer, on July 18, 1867. Philatelists interested in Alaska's postal history have been searching for years, with little success, for envelopes postmarked in Sitka from July 18 through October 17, 1867. In some twenty-five years of collecting and recording Alaska's postal history, I have seen one cover bearing a reputedly authentic Sitka postmark of August (day of the month not legible), 1867.

There was a logical, common sense reason for the establishment of a United States post office in Sitka before the

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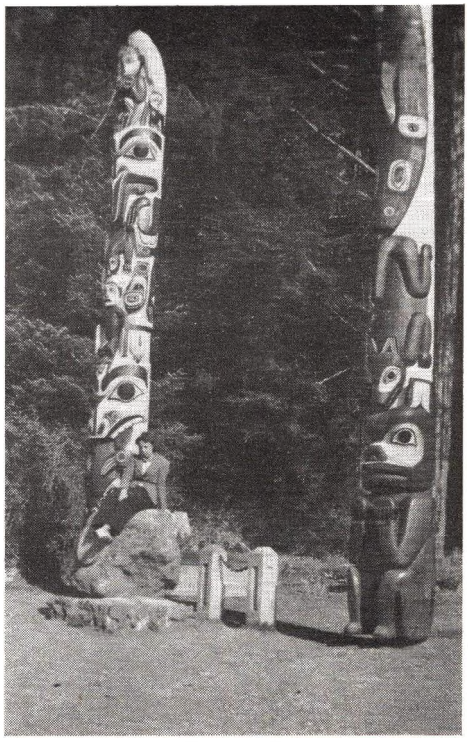
'Teen-agers in styles of past generations and descendants of the Kik Sitis in garments of pre-Russian vintage join in a celebration older than the memory of the oldest Sitkan. Totem poles in Lovers' Lane, right, remind present Sitkans that the Tlingets came first.

Joe Ashby for Couch Alaska Archives

Jo Dawson



Ruth Jackson

In forty-five years of tramping the woods in bear country, I had never met a Black bear I couldn't bluff by yelling at it. The little Black bears won't hurt you, I'd always said.

Take a Snozzle Stick!

by W. H. (Handlogger) Jackson

Hearing a sound above me, I looked up and saw the reason for the bear's concern.

Alf Madsen

I'VE always maintained that the Black bears of Southeastern Alaska are harmless, but after an experience I had with one recently, I have to qualify that statement a little.

Part of my work with the Fish and Wildlife Service is stream surveying—counting and reporting on the escapement of salmon to the spawning grounds. As this involves a great deal of wading in swift water over slippery boulders, I usually carry a walking stick, which my wife and I have dubbed my snozzle stick. A stick with which to rap the bears over the snozzle if they don't get out of my way.

Last season, 1956, my wife had a new .257 Roberts rifle that I intended to try out on a bear if I found one that would growl at me, but all the bears I encountered either pricked up their ears in a friendly manner or went woofing off through the underbrush. Even when I growled at them they refused to growl back, so I quit carrying the rifle. I need one free hand, and a gun on a sling doesn't handle so well when a man is down on all four crawling under logs and along bear trails through tangled brush.

So, on September 28, when I went to check one of the creeks at the head of West Arm in Moira Sound, on Prince of Wales Island, I leaned the rifle against a tree at the mouth of the creek and, wading the stream with the help of my stick, proceeded upstream counting my salmon.

A short distance upstream I found the creek blocked by a clump of uprooted trees, so I climbed up onto the bank to get around them. A big fallen tree made a good trail, and I was walking it when I noticed the brush waving on the ridge above me. Something was coming toward me. I shouted a warning, as it is poor policy to startle a bear headed toward you when it is close.

Nothing happened, except that whatever it was appeared to be moving faster and straight down to me. Then I saw that it was a bear, and shouted again. Now I was sure it increased its speed. Twenty yards, and coming fast. Maybe it was blind and deaf!

Neither Blind nor Deaf

At fifteen yards it emerged into a clearing, and I saw that it was a Black bear. It was looking directly at me, now running fast, with ears flattened, little pig eyes blazing, lips curled back with fangs bared, popping and huffing and growling. This bear was neither blind nor deaf. Lacking only in speed and the blood-curdling, coughing snorts, it was making a very good imitation of the charge of a Grizzly—with which I am only too well acquainted.

I yelled like a Comanche, waved my arms and brandished the stick, but it didn't slacken its pace. After forty-five years of tramping the woods in bear country, I had met a Black bear I couldn't bluff by yelling at it. All the Blacks I had ever encountered and most of the Brownies would stop when shouted at, and usually go away. I wished I had brought the gun. Any gun! This fellow was the one in a thousand that was looking for a fight, and I had to stay and fight with what I had. It was useless to try to run.

When the bear's teeth were only a foot and a half from my legs, I swung the heavy, water-soaked stick in a wide arc and came straight down across the top of its nose. Maybe in my excitement I did hit it a little hard in a tender spot, for it shut its eyes, ducked its head and, whirling around, ran back the way it had come without making another sound.

That Fool Black Bear!

I went back too, and looking over my shoulder, saw it standing on a knoll watching me leave. I went back to the mouth of the creek, exchanged the walking stick for the rifle, then went right up the creek again. I was mad all over. Mad that one fool bear had made me lose all the confidence in and respect for the little Black bears that I had had all those years.

I took the main bear trail back and at fifteen yards saw it standing on the knoll watching for me. One shot with the little .257 Roberts, and that bear was as dead as if I had used my bear gun, the old .405 Winchester. On ex-

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FROM KETCHIKAN TO BARROW

Each month these pages carry items of current or historic interest about Alaska or Alaskans.

● On Sunday, April 7, at the Cathedral of Saint Michael in Sitka, Deacon Michael Oskolkoff was ordained as a priest of the Russian Orthodox Church. The ceremony, one which has not been held in Alaska for many years, was performed by the Right Rev. Ambrossy, Russian Orthodox Bishop of Alaska.

The Russian Orthodox Church of North America, which separated from the mother church in 1917, was founded in Sitka in 1793, and was the first to bring Christianity to Alaska. Eventually its headquarters were moved to San Francisco, but Sitka remains the Alaska headquarters. The Rev. Mr. Oskolkoff, a resident of Anchorage, was born and reared in Alaska. He and Mrs. Oskolkoff have six sons and four daughters.

● The death of Volney Richmond Sr. in Seattle last April 2 recalls the history of Alaska's oldest and largest commercial enterprise, and in fact a business as old as the United States itself. Richmond, eighty-six years old, was chairman of the board and former president of the Northern Commercial Company.

The NC Company, whose house flag flies over thirty-five branches in Alaska and Yukon Territory, from tiny trading posts grossing a few thousand a year in remote villages to a modern department store in Anchorage which sets down its annual gross receipts in ten figures, and who handles everything from sewing thread to airplane equipment, traces its lineage back to the Shelikof-Golikof Company organized in Irkutsk, Siberia, in 1776. Although other companies, both Russian and American, and dozens of *promyshleniki* (independent Russian traders) grabbed at the rich fur trade on the newly discovered islands of the North Pacific, the Shelikof-Golikof Company managed to buy out, beat out or absorb its competitors and in 1799 obtained from Emperor Paul I of Russia exclusive trading privileges on the northwest coast of North America. As the Russian-American Company, it flourished under the management of Alexander Baranof, then declined steadily under the governorship of a series of officers of the Imperial navy.

While negotiations were in progress for the transfer of ownership of Alaska, a group of San Francisco businessmen later organized as Hutchinson, Kohl and Company went to Sitka and purchased the properties of the Russian-American Company from Prince Maksoutoff, who signed all deeds and transfers as "Late Governor Russian Colonies in America." Three years later, in 1870, the HK Company obtained from the Treasury Department a twenty-year lease of sealing rights on the Pribilof Islands. The Alaska Commercial Company was formed as a subsidiary to carry on the sealing trade, and gradually bought itself from the parent company. For a time the AC Company had sealing rights on the Kommandorski Islands, and the attendant obligation to maintain three Siberian trading posts.

■ Why, that poor little puppy! They have him chained! Yes, and for good reason. The brown-eyed innocent shown below is not a dog pup, but a wolf pup, two months old, and even at that tender age his teeth were sharp enough and his jaws powerful enough to crush the bones in a man's wrist. He was captured for purposes of experiment at the aeromedical laboratory at Ladd Air Force Base near Fairbanks, and retained as a pet. Persons of no less authority than Herb and Lois Crisler, who spent a couple of years in the far North photographing True Life Adventures for Disney Studios, claim that wolves are gentle as dogs. In fact, the Cristers have had seven pet wolves in all and treated them like house dogs. But there are many of equal authority who distrust the wolf, and the master of the pup in the photo was taking no chances. Though a full-grown wolf can exist on what would be starvation rations to a domestic dog of smaller size, it seems this little fellow couldn't endure the security of three unsolicited square meals a day. He died, presumably of captivity and kindness, when he was less than three months old.

Couch Alaska Archives

■ One of many spots in the Ketchikan area that call the visitor back again and again is Nooya Lake, shown above, a mirror of intense blue reflecting high, sheer cliffs of purple granite near the head of Rudyerd Bay in Behm Canal. Some who have seen the scenic wonders of other lands have pronounced Nooya the most beautiful lake on earth. The first white men, and probably the first persons of any race, to see Nooya Lake were W. H. (Handlogger) Jackson and his brothers-in-law, Bruce and Jack Johnstone, of Ketchikan, who have no doubt covered as much of Southeastern Alaska on foot as anyone, white or Indian. They named the lake in honor of their sister, Katherine Johnstone, but neglected to have the name recorded by the Bureau of Geographic Names. A decade or more later, a party from Campbell Church's yacht Nooya visited the lake and, as it was not shown on existing charts, named it after the yacht. Duly submitted to the proper agency, that name became official. Jackson and the Johnstone brothers found a barren lake some thirty years ago, a precipitous falls in the outlet stream preventing access to fish from salt water. Enthusiastic sport fishermen themselves, they corrected this shortcoming of their lake by collecting what they believed to be rainbow trout fry and packed them in. The transplanting was a complete success except for the fact, bitterly disappointing to the Jacksons and Johnstones, that the tiny fry grew up to be Dolly Vardens instead of rainbows. But they are numerous and fat, as shown below, and lively on the hook end of a line, and their presence in Nooya is no disappointment to later visitors.

When the hectic gold stampedes multiplied the demand in the North, various other companies entered the supply and transport fields. Competition was so keen, with so much duplication of facilities and overhead, that in 1901 none of them broke even. After some mergers and purchases, business in the North was continued by sons of AC Company founders under the name of the Northern Commercial Company of California.

Volney Richmond, born in Hoosick Falls, New York, in 1871, had left a small dairy business and followed the gold rush to the Klondike in 1897. He failed to strike it rich, and in 1900 he took a job in Saint Michael with the AC Company. He became manager of the Fairbanks branch, then in 1910 became company superintendent. In 1921, Richmond and other employees purchased the company, reorganized it as the Northern Commercial Company of Alaska, and changed its purchasing and supply headquarters from San Francisco to Seattle.

Richmond was active in both company and community affairs almost until his death. Volney Richmond Jr., who started his NC service in Nenana when he was twenty-one years old, is now company president. Howard E. Richmond, the younger son, who entered the company in Mayo at the age of twenty-one, is one of three vice-presidents.

● In addition to the minority report quoted in this month's editorial on H.R. 7999, the bill to grant statehood to Alaska, the following minority report was issued by the Honorable Craig Hosmer of California, also a member of the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs of the House of Representatives:

". . . The population of the Territory is far less than that of any of the 435 congressional districts in the existing forty-eight States. It totals less people than the capacities of many college football stadiums.

"Under the circumstances, there simply does not exist in the Territory of Alaska the basic minimum number of people to warrant or support statehood status.

"Although some States had no more population when admitted than Alaska today, the situations are not comparable due to reasons of geography, economic potentialities, and time in history."

Although the evidence presented is indisputable and the logic is valid, these minority reports do not reconcile the injustice of taxation without representation perpetrated upon Alaskans by their present Territorial status. Alaskans do not desire a voice in Government out of proportion to that enjoyed by other citizens of the United States. They do, however, strongly desire their fair share of the rights and privileges, as well as the responsibilities, inherent in citizenship.

● Traffic hazards have been lessened somewhat in the Big Delta area by the death of "Old Joe." Patriarch of the Big Delta bison herd, Old Joe was one of

its more antisocial members. He never caused much trouble in other respects, but he hated automobiles, and about once a year he would stage a one-bison attack upon the enemy. Old Joe was big—his weight had been estimated variously at eighteen hundred to three thousand pounds—and when he tangled with an automobile the resulting damage was considerable, at least to the automobile. For example, his fifth victim, last November, was a Territorial Police car on which Old Joe inflicted damages amounting to some four hundred dollars. After only one of these annual campaigns did Old Joe appear to have sustained any injuries.

Nor was it an automobile that finally brought Old Joe to the end of the trail, unless, of course, frustration of purpose had something to do with his demise. It looked as if he had simply lain down and died. A Fish and Wildlife Service agent found his remains late last March, with his fifty widows standing mournfully by.

Wrote the agent in the obituary, "Old Joe passed away at his favorite winter feeding ground, the military garbage dump, where for many years past he has enjoyed a diet of cardboard beer cases and roofing paper."

● More than a thousand volunteer "sky-watchers," comprising the Ground Observer Corps in Alaska, have been dismissed with thanks for a job well done. For five years the GOC has operated as an aid to the Dew Line, or Distant Early Warning radar network. The Alaska Communications System and other agencies have now taken over the job, the Alaska Air Command headquarters announced.

● When Fairbanks had its big fire, on May 22, 1906, the late Volney Richmond Sr. of Seattle was Fairbanks manager of the Northern Commercial Company store. Along with the job went operation of the power plant on which the city's fire-fighting equipment depended for water.

Firemen were frantically playing hoses on burning buildings, but the fire was consuming Third Avenue and heading for Fourth. On Third, water pressure was weakening; on Fourth it was feeble. "More pressure!" the firemen screamed. "More pressure!" townspeople were shouting. But Richmond was stuffing wood into the fire boxes as fast as it would burn and the needles on the pressure gauges wouldn't go any higher.

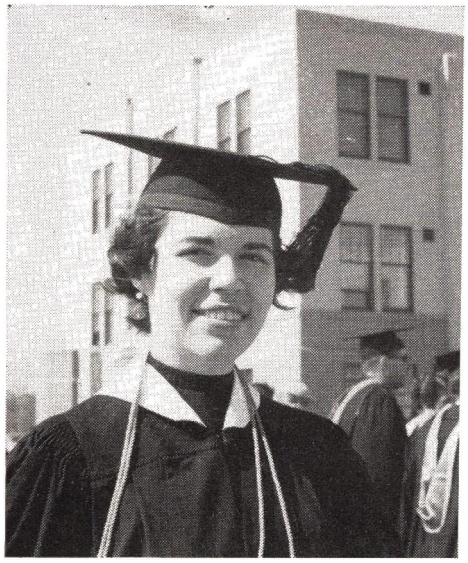
Then Richmond had an idea. He called for all the bacon in N.C. warehouses. Teams of horses that had galloped up the streets with wagonloads of goods from the burning areas now turned to hauling slabs of bacon to the power plant. Five hundred pounds went into the fire boxes. The pressure began to rise. Nine hundred pounds, and again firemen could play streams of water into the burning buildings.

Two thousand pounds of bacon went into the power-plant fire boxes that afternoon, and the fire which had threatened to wipe out the homes and businesses of six thousand people was confined to four square blocks. Bacon was worth forty cents a pound over the counter in those days, but that ton of bacon that never went over the counter was worth four-fifths of the city of Fairbanks.

● Pickings are going to be slim for some eight hundred reindeer on Saint Matthew Island in the Bering Sea, unless someone does something soon. The question, now being studied by Fish and Wildlife Service biologists, is what to do.

The Saint Matthew herd got its start from twenty-nine animals transplanted there by the Coast Guard in 1944, while World War II was still far from won, there were American service men stationed in the Bering Sea and Aleutian

■ Other attractions invite the visitor to linger on his way up Behm Canal. The scene above is near the mouth of Ella Creek, on the shore of Revillagigedo Island, where several natural soda springs bubble up from the beach below the high tide line. The United States Forest Service built a rock fountain for the spring shown in the photo. The water tastes much like commercial soda water, though slightly bitter. The young lady, incidentally, is an attraction not usually found on Behm Canal. She is Miss Margaret Locke from England, who toured Canada then crossed the border for a look at Alaska, liked what she saw and took a job in Ketchikan. Many place names along the canal remind Miss Locke of home. They were bestowed by her compatriot, Captain George Vancouver, who charted much of Southeastern Alaska's rugged coast in the early 1790's at the time the Russians were entrenching themselves on Kodiak and the Aleutian Islands far to the west. Captain Vancouver's charts were so accurate they were used without revision for a hundred years. Shown below is New Eddystone Rock, which towers some two hundred and thirty feet from the middle of the canal, a volcanic plug spewed out in the camparatively recent geological past in what may have been the same eruption that turned on the flow of soda water at nearby Ella Creek. Impressive now, it must have been vastly more so when it first settled down, as the island and shoals surrounding it are composed largely of sediments eroded from the rock. Vancouver chose New Eddystone's name because of the rock's resemblance to the lighthouse rock off Plymouth, England, and the name of Rudyerd Bay, a few miles farther up the canal, in honor of the engineer who rebuilt the Eddystone Lighthouse after it was destroyed in 1703. Watching the stately rock from the deck of the Manana II, below, is John Grainger, now of Taos, New Mexico, a former Ketchikan resident back to revisit well-remembered scenes and have some real fishing.



Couch Alaska Archives

■ If Miss Margaret Simpson from Oak Park, Illinois, at left, carries out her present plans, the language of the Alaska Eskimos will someday be reduced to writing. Miss Simpson, graduated with honors from the University of Alaska last May, received a Fulbright scholarship to study the language and customs of the Greenland Eskimos in preparation for work as a linguistic anthropologist in the Alaska Arctic. Miss Simpson went to Denmark to study in the graduate school at the University of Copenhagen, then will spend a year in Greenland. The Greenland Eskimo language, she explained, has been reduced to writing, and a knowledge of it will facilitate her future work. Miss Simpson has studied several other languages, and lived for a time with Eskimos in Barrow. The University of Alaska awarded forty-five bachelor's and five advanced degrees at its thirty-fifth commencement exercises in May and reports a greater-than-ever enrolment for 1957-58.

areas, and no one knew whether the next supply ships would reach their destinations. With neither human nor animal predators to decimate the herd, it has now surpassed the grazing capacity of the forty-four square-mile island.

Most of Alaska's twenty-five thousand reindeer are semi-domesticated and are under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The newly formed Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife, however, has the responsibility for management of the few herds, including those on Saint Matthew, Umnak and Atka Islands, which are living in a wild state on the treeless areas.

● Southeastern Alaska's dream of a hydroelectric power project to deliver a million kilowatts has been put aside for the foreseeable future. Known as the Taiya Hydroelectric Development, to be undertaken by the Aluminum Company of America, the project would have cost approximately four hundred million dollars. It called for construction of a dam, a huge power plant and an aluminum smelting plant in the Taiya Valley between Haines and Skagway. The power facility would have supplied electricity at from two to three cents a kilowatt to most of the panhandle region.

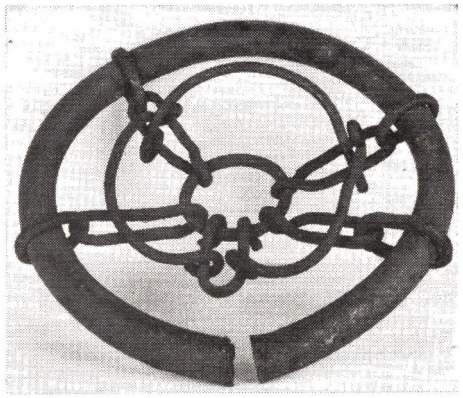
For several years Alcoa was ready, willing and able to proceed with the development, which Southeastern Alaskans considered their greatest immediate hope for industrial expansion. It would have required diversion of the headwaters of the Yukon River, however, and long negotiations with Canadian officials ended recently with their refusal to permit it.

● "I've seen hundreds of bears in this country," said Jack Brounty, "but I never had one come for me before!"

Brounty, formerly in charge of the Territorial Employment Office in Ketchikan, now living in View Cove on nearby Dall Island, took his two small sons

■ When W. J. Crawford of Stewart, British Columbia, took a contract recently to move a quarter-million pounds of awkward, bulky mining equipment and supplies from the sea front to an inland mine over rugged, snowbound mountains by horse, some thought him plain crazy. He was not. Experienced in methods of transport from knapsack to caterpillar train, he chose horses for the job and got it done without mishap or delay. Freight was loaded onto "go-devils," as shown below, drawn by horses on snowshoes. The lead horse pulls a light load, as he must break trail. As seen in the photo, the man without snowshoes sinks into the snow at every step, whereas the heavy horse stays on top. The American Indians invented snowshoes for human use. Who adapted them to the horse is not known, but they have been used successfully by a few packers in northern British Columbia for seventy-five years. Canvas on round willow frames was first tried, but the canvas wore out quickly. Light, round boards didn't work because the wood had not enough resilience. The successful horse snowshoe is a three-quarter-inch iron pipe bent into a circle, as shown at right, with chain links to the center and clips to hold the shoe to the hoof. In half an hour's practice a horse usually learns to walk on snowshoes, packers say, and if a shoe comes loose, the horse will stop at once and wait for the packer to adjust it. Crawford's recent transport job required what he believes was the largest snowshoe pack train ever used—twenty-four horses on ninety-six snowshoes.

Morley Shier, from Francis Dickie



across the cove last June to prospect for trout in a small creek. They beached their skiff, went ashore, then saw a good-sized Black bear which saw them at the same moment. The bear started to charge. Brounty stood his ground, but sent the boys scurrying back to the boat. He shouted at the bear. It hesitated, then came on. He dropped it only yards away with a .38 revolver.

"I'll never again be tempted to leave my gun behind!" Brounty declared. "Having it that once paid off for all the miles I've carried it and never used it."

● Pacific Northern Airlines is this year celebrating its twenty-fifth year of Alaska service with a proud record of one hundred per cent passenger safety. PNA was organized as Woodley Airways in Anchorage on April 10, 1932, by A. G. Woodley, who is still the company president. In 1945 it became the first Alaskan air carrier certified by the CAA for scheduled operation. That same year its official name became Pacific Northern Airlines, Incorporated.

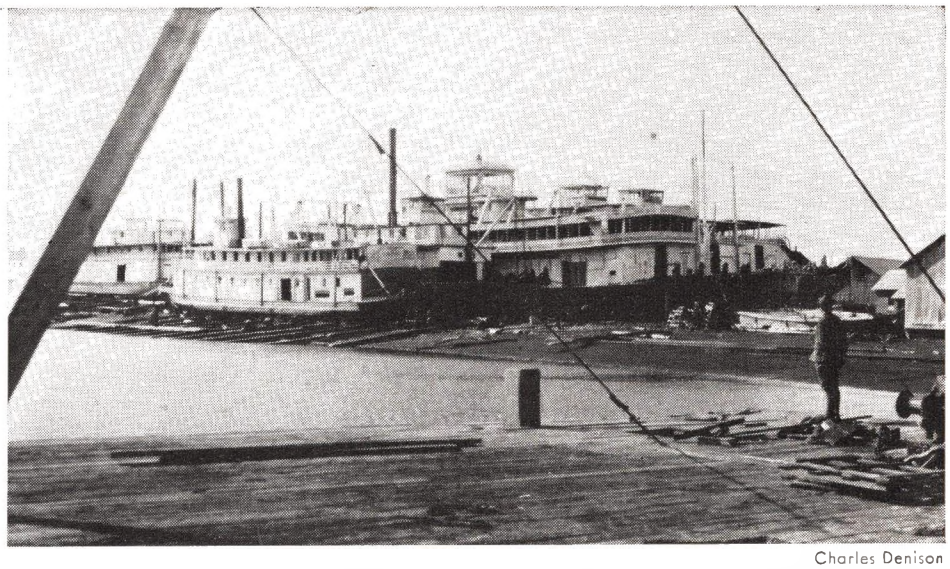
Woodley started business with a single-engine Bellanca. PNA now operates a fleet of Lockheed Constellations and Douglas DC-4s and DC-3s. Woodley, in his first year of operation, flew 11,203 miles and carried 53 passengers a total of 7,763 passenger-miles. Last year, PNA flew 25,392,780 miles and carried 117,032 passengers for a total of more than 92 million passenger-miles.

PNA began flying between Portland, Seattle-Tacoma and Alaska in 1951, and now has three scheduled round-trip flights daily between the Pacific Northwest and Alaska. Although its home offices are now in Seattle, the company carries more passengers within Alaska than any other airline.

● No longer must the white bride going to the very-far North learn by trial and error how to prepare the foods available in the Arctic. Canada's Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources has issued a cookbook just for her.

There are instructions for preparing salad from caribou moss and seaweed, for a mixed grill from seal liver, ptarmigan and seal meat, for fricasseeing the "low-bush moose," or Arctic hare. Comments on bear meat, for example, are as follows: "Polar bear makes delicious steaks. Remove excess fat or meat is likely to taste too sweet. Broil over hot fire or boil in pot with onions. Bear steak may also be ground into beefburger, or simply cut into thin steaks and allowed to freeze until they will not bend. Most palatable raw with a little salt, particularly when eaten with Arctic blueberries."

Whale meat is not for the surprise menu. Says the book: "Whales are no problem if you can just talk someone into carving them up for you. Mutlituk [whaleskin, known in Alaska as muktuk] has a rubbery texture and tastes like fried eggs. Delicious eaten raw, or fried. Whale meat is best served as steaks."



Charles Denison

■ The first steamer ever to venture up the Yukon River was a stern-wheeler fifty feet long with a twelve-foot beam, appropriately named the Yukon. Hutchinson, Kohl and Company—forerunner of the Alaska Commercial Company, in turn a forerunner of the present Northern Commercial Company—bought the Russian holdings at Saint Michael the year after the United States bought Alaska, and outfitted the little Yukon to make a bid for the river trade. On July 4, 1869, under Captain Benjamin Hall, the Yukon put out from "Saint Mike," and on July 31 she reached Fort Yukon. She proved that, contrary to a Russian report, the river was navigable to that point, and she carried Captain Charles Raymond, U.S. Corps of Engineers, bound for Fort Yukon to serve notice on the factor that the Hudson's Bay post there was on American soil. Astonished Indians gaped at the sight of the strange craft, and marveled at the gifts received by those bold enough to approach when the Yukon came ashore. These same Indians, incidentally, had burned a Russian fort at Nulato in 1838. It was rebuilt in 1842, but nine years later the Indians massacred the resident Russians and a party of British guests. The H.K. Company experienced no such resistance, however, and a picturesque fleet of river boats followed the Yukon's course to build up a brisk fur trade during the ensuing decades. But the fleet was wholly inadequate for the sudden, tremendous volume of business which came with the gold rush to the Klondike. Every available craft was put into service on the Yukon—and abandoned when, almost as suddenly, the transportation boom ended with the completion of the White Pass and Yukon Railway and the end of the gold rush. In 1918, when the photo above was taken, there were sixteen river boats slowly disintegrating at Saint Michael and twelve more in a slough across from the old trading post at Andraefsky a little way upriver. Third from the left and largest in the photo is the Will H. Isom, with a bridal chamber just aft the glassed-in pilothouse. She was so big and so expensive to operate that her maiden voyage on the Yukon was also her last. The Politkofsky, shown below as she looked in 1915, had a much more useful career. A Russian-built schooner, she saw the ports of the North Pacific from San Francisco to Saint Michael on business of the Russian-American Company, and later under the flag of the United States. She was thought to be more than a century old when she fetched up on the beach at Saint Michael.

Alaska Historical Library

This Arctic cookbook, the world's first for non-native women, was inspired because an increasing number of white women are going into the Canadian Arctic as homemakers.

● Three moose calves, orphaned or abandoned in the wild state, spent last summer in Cordova under the care of the moose-raising committee of the Isaac Walton Club. Matilda, Lucy and Phyllis by name, they made themselves quite at home with their benefactors, first in the yard of the Hollis Henrich home and then in a spacious corral built especially for them. Matilda displayed a reticent personality. Lucy was an extrovert who played to the grandstand. Phyllis, the youngest, was the inquisitive type. There was some concern about Phyllis at first, as she was flown to Cordova and the altitude was hard on her. Artificial respiration and oxygen were required to revive her after the flight, but she was soon cavorting with the others. Matilda and Lucy were being fed from buckets when Phyllis arrived, and they showed marked jealousy when Phyllis got her rations handfed from a bottle.

As soon as the calves were able to feed on natural moose fare, they were to be taken to join the transplanted herd on the Copper River flats. This herd, started some years ago with similarly obtained calves, is reported to be thriving. It got off to a dubious start, however, because of the first half-dozen transplanted calves only one was a female, and under the mating system of moosedom the ratio should be reversed. At present there are about fifteen mature cows in the herd, and at least one was seen last summer with twin calves.

■ Robert Jones, Fish and Wildlife Service agent at Cold Bay on the tip of the Alaska Peninsula, keeps a weather eye out for Brown bears as he goes about his routine work. The Peninsular Brown bear is considered the largest on earth, and in fact the largest ever taken was killed in the vicinity of Cold Bay. One day last spring, Jones was moving along a lake shore when he noted that one of several bears he knew to be nearby was moving along in his direction. It began to look as if the bear's destination was himself, and the distance between them was too short for comfort. When Jones could no longer doubt the bear's intentions, he shot it with a .375 Magnum. The bear veered in its course but passed within feet of him. He shot it again and killed it. The hide was not the best—rather thinly furred and battle-scarred—but the size of the animal struck Jones as unusual. He removed the skin and sent it to Jonas Brothers of Seattle, who mounted it for display purposes. "We handle more than a thousand Black, Brown and Grizzly bears a year," said President Bert Klineburger of Jonas Brothers, seen beside the mount in the photo below," and this is one of the largest we have ever mounted. We estimated its live weight at fifteen hundred pounds. The skull, officially measured and entered in the Boone and Crockett competition, places well into the world records." The mount will be sent to Anchorage for display in Jonas Brothers' newly opened office there, Klineburger said.

● Two Sitka youths, Lester Radach and Don Noreen, who set sail for Seattle June 9 in a fourteen-foot sloop, the *Par-Lin*, reached their destination July 31, half an hour late. The two nineteen-year-olds had no trouble finding their way down a thousand miles of the Inside Passage, but in Elliott Bay they had to get a harbor patrol boat to direct them to the pier on which relatives, friends and a committee of Seattle Seafair officials were waiting to greet them.

The boys made most of the journey under sail, but used a seven horsepower outboard motor as an auxiliary and accepted a tow across Queen Charlotte Sound. Their outboard broke down before they reached Bellingham, where they stopped overnight with Noreen's aunt, Mrs. Norman Hermstad. They borrowed another motor and used it most of the way on to Seattle.

They experienced only minor difficulties along the way, they said, but their meals became monotonous. They longed for fresh fruits and milk. Young Radach expected to enter college in Compton, California. Noreen planned to continue sailing, but in the Navy. They hoped to sell the *Par-Lin* in Seattle.

● A terse note in a jar, found last July on the beach near Yakutat, cast some light on the disappearance of sixteen-year-old Orville Rude of Juneau almost a year earlier.

Young Rude, already an experienced commercial fisherman, was known to have left Elfin Cove on August 1, 1956, alone on his father's thirty-foot troller *Linda*, to fish in North Inian Pass between Cross Sound and Icy Strait. Four days later the crew of the fishing boat *Phoenix* found wreckage in North Inian Pass which Stanley "Skip" Rude, the boy's father, identified as parts of the *Linda*.

The note, found by Mrs. Jennie Welsh, employee of the Bellingham Salmon Canning Company at Yakutat about a hundred and fifty miles northwest of Cross Sound, was written in pencil, folded and stuffed into an instant coffee jar. It read: "If anyone should find this note, please send it to Skip Rude at 1314 Harborway, Juneau, Alaska. I can't keep up with the pump and can't make it to land, so this is it. Goodby and pretty soon I'm going under with the boat."

What caused the wreck of the *Linda* is still unexplained. The weather in the area, according to U.S. Coast Guard reports, was calm and clear at the time. Young Rude's father said the boy had earned free use of the boat by proving his ability to handle her.

TAKE A SNOZZLE STICK!

(Continued from page 24)

amining it I found that it was in prime condition, and the largest female Black I ever saw—and I have seen hundreds and skinned scores of them.

Hearing a sound above me, I looked up and discovered the cause of the bear's aggressive behavior. Two cubs were perched high up in a hemlock tree. But at no time had I gone between the mother and the cubs, nor had I disturbed them in any way. Neither had she given me the usual warning to stay away.

So my advice is, if you intend to prowl through the brush on Prince of Wales Island and haven't a gun, take a snozzle stick and a big one, even if I did tell you that the little Black bears won't hurt you. ▲

T-DAY IN SITKA

(Continued from page 23)

transfer date. First, no one, including the top echelon officials, could predict just when the transfer could be effected, because of weather and travel conditions. Second, the two governments, much more cooperatively disposed in those days than is the current fashion in power politics, agreed that a post office established before the transfer date would aid considerably in the receipt and delivery of the necessary papers involved.

Sitka has not been without an active post office since July 18, 1867, which of course makes it the oldest post office in Alaska in point of both date of establishment and continued service.

Alexander Baranof was not interested in making history on July 7, 1799, when he arrived in what is now known as Sitka Harbor. He was looking for a snug harbor for himself and his retinue of Russian-American Company aides and employees, who had worn out their welcome among the native residents of the Aleutian chain. Baranof was a ruthless but efficient administrator, definitely not the Dale Carnegie type, as the subsequent Sitka massacre stands in time-muted evidence. He wanted the site now occupied by the city of Sitka, at that time occupied by the Kik Siti tribe of the Tlinget Indian nation.

Baranof's Iron Rule

Baranof, his aggressive nature somewhat tempered by unpleasantries with other Tlingets on his voyage from Kodiak, did not press his quest for the desired site. Rather, he settled with Skayeutlelt, the elder chief of the Kik Sitis, for a site about six miles to the north. Here he built his fort, Redoubt Saint Gabriel, and began the iron rule of Southeastern Alaska which ended with the purchase of the Territory by the United States for the sum of $7,200,000.

Ironically, miners have for decades been taking more in gold annually from Alaska than Seward's "folly" cost the nation, and the annual take of fish from Alaskan waters varies from three to five

times the original purchase price of the Territory.

Highlights from the history of Sitka, new and old, dominate the scene when Sitka celebrates Alaska Day. Months before the event, men put away their razors and begin growing the face hedges which have long been a universal symbol of frontier celebrations. The women rummage in attics, storerooms and caches relocating the long, full-skirted dresses, swallow-tailed frock coats, bustles, hoop skirts and colorful waistcoats in which proud Sitkans live during the anniversary party.

There are picnics, fish fries, dances, parades, speeches, historical tableaus, countless mug-ups, teas and informal get-togethers with old friends from every corner of Alaska. Hospitality is never absent in Sitka, any day of any year, but during the Alaska Day celebration it permeates the atmosphere like a full-bodied wine, leaving all partakers mellowed and aglow with the spirit of friendship.

In past years, governors of Alaska have attended the celebration and delivered appropriate addresses, and Territorial politicians have made the "pilgrimage." Governors and others possessing the requisite sense of humor but not the foresight to lay aside their razors for a few days, have found themselves among the beardless defendants in kangaroo court as part of the fun. This year Michael A. Stepovich, Alaska's first home-born governor, plans to participate in the celebration, with or without beard.

"In This Place"

Two program highlights planned for Sitkans and their visitors during the ninetieth anniversary celebration are an enlarged presentation of the traditional pageant, "In This Place," and a series of free visitations through the Russian church, which will have on display, for the first time in history, the world-famous Cushing collection of icons, numbering more than a hundred pieces.

Annually, during the traditional flag-changing which marks the anniversary of the actual transfer of ownership, a small cannon is fired. This feature was missed in the 1956 program because the person designated as cannoneer failed to show up.

"It will be fired in 1957 if I have to do it myself!" vows Dick Calhoun, a moving spirit in all things Sitkan.

The way all Sitkans are busying themselves in preparation for the ninetieth anniversary of Alaska Day, there can be no doubt that the 1957 celebration will be the biggest, liveliest and most memorable thus far. Calhoun and others declare that Sitka is working up to the hundredth anniversary, when a full week of pageantry will surpass the two- and three-day events which have been marking Transfer Day for more years than any present Sitkans can remember.

For those historically minded visitors who attend the 1957 Alaska Day festivities in Sitka, there is a special significance involved in their taking a room in Russ Clithero's Sitka Hotel. This comfortable, congenial hostelry stands on the site occupied by the first trading post in Sitka. ▲

BENEFACTOR AND BAD EXAMPLE

(Continued from page 21)

largesse. He had an irresistible impulse for charity without thought of any personal advantage to be derived therefrom. Living sumptuously himself, he could not endure the thought of fellow human beings in distress.

He performed many of his acts of generosity through the medium of the Church, contributing the necessary funds and keeping himself entirely out of the picture. In this mode of charity his chief assistant was Parson Thomas Uzzell, founder of the People's Tabernacle in Denver, a rough-hewn but kindly soul who spent most of his time extending a helping hand to the downtrodden. Uzzell had only to mention a case of distress to Smith, and the necessary cash would be forthcoming immediately. Whenever he was short of funds himself, the Tivoli proprietor went openly to his friends and demanded subscriptions—and he never returned empty-handed.

The friendship between the parson and the bunco king was one of those extraordinary relationships which sometimes spring up between individuals at opposite ends of the social order who find one common ground and meet there with unique and beneficial results. So it was with Smith and the parson. Utterly at variance in their outlook on life, they had a mutual respect for each other which endured through the years.

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," the parson once said, "and if ever there was a cheerful giver, Jefferson is that man. He always finds a way, and it is ever his delight to shame the greedy into giving to the needy. He has the attributes of genius, but he has chosen the wrong road of life. I have told him so myself repeatedly and sought to turn him from his path, but if through his agency I am enabled to accomplish good in this sad world, why should I refuse his aid?"

Isadore Leon relates that upon the occasion of an important religious convention held in Denver, Parson Uzzell was piloting a group of delegates on a tour of the city when they encountered Soapy, whom the guide introduced to his astonished confreres as "the greatest confidence man in America—and my friend." Then, in a deeply earnest voice, not unmoved by genuine emotion, Uzzell said impressively:

"Jefferson, a man with your talents who would devote his life to the teaching of the Gospel would make one of the greatest servants of the Lord in the present generation. Why don't you join us?"

Soapy received the words gravely, then pushed back his hat and, with a grin, replied, "Parson, I would, if I thought you were on the square."

"I am, and I'm going to take you up on that in a way you don't suspect," the

parson replied. The result came sooner than Soapy himself expected and resulted in his performing one of the most extraordinary and incredible acts of his life. Shortly after the meeting on the street, Parson Uzzell came to Soapy and requested him to speak before the men's Bible class at the Tabernacle. Soapy was dumfounded by the invitation, but the minister assured him that he was in earnest.

"A man of your type ought to be in a position to say something worthwhile," he said. "I want somebody to talk to these young men on the question of temperance. Now, you're a temperate man. You're not a teetotaler, I know, but you know the value of temperance and how it's necessary even in your own walk of life. Tell them about that. Will you?"

Only a genius in psychology could know what actually lay behind Soapy's acceptance. Judging from his general scheme of life, the most logical reason seems to have been a simple desire to "give the parson a hand" in the commendable task of guiding his young men along the paths of righteousness which he himself had avoided. Even as a leader of sharps and thugs he retained an innate sense of decency and a desire to be helpful, and apparently he was inspired by a sincere desire to help others to avoid the traps which had caught so many in his own circle.

An Astonishing Speech

So it was an amazed group of young men to whom Parson Uzzell introduced the bunco chieftain on the following Sunday, but their immediate astonishment was no greater than that created by the unique address which Soapy made. Parson Uzzell had not misjudged his man.

"Young fellows," said Soapy, "I am here, not as a preacher, but as a bad example. You see before you a man who has had wonderful opportunities but who has thrown them aside for worldly things. The good parson has asked me to say a few words to you concerning temperance and decent living, and I can speak of this with authority because I am constantly up against the results of failure to live temperately and decently in the people with whom I associate daily.

"It is my observation that the smartest men in the country, the men who have advanced to leadership in all lines, are men who do not indulge in liquor. Those that drink fall by the wayside and soon are forgotten. I am no water-drinking champion myself, but many times I have been obliged to discharge men from my service because they could not resist the temptation of good fellowship at the bars. Even in my profession the drinker cannot hold his own. He can't find his wits when the time comes to use them.

"By the same token, lay off the cards and the dice. You can't beat them. If you buck the sharper's game you will be badly fooled and may plunge yourself into a desperate situation from which you cannot rescue yourself.

"There is some hope for you young men. There is no hope for the old-timers in sin. They are past redemption, and most of them are down and out. You have your chance now. Keep away from the evil things, now and always. Look at me. I am supposed to be successful, but today I am poorer than almost every one of you in this room.

"Keep your minds and your bodies clean, boys. Keep them clean. Listen to what the parson tells you and walk the straight line. It will pay you. And don't be so anxious to know the worst about the world."

There wasn't a soul in the room who hadn't seen Soapy at his soap stand on Seventeenth Street, not one but knew much of his Tivoli activities. When he first began to speak they were skeptical and inclined to scoff, but in a few minutes his earnestness and evident sincerity won them. For half an hour he continued his discourse, and when he sat down he was rewarded with the hearty, unstinted applause of his auditors. It was Soapy's only performance in this unusual rôle, but it knit the bond between him and the minister more closely than ever, and the bunco king was even more assiduous thereafter in according the preacher his own peculiar type of support.

Herbert Southard, then a police sergeant in Denver and now a resident of Los Angeles, recalls a notable example of the devious methods Soapy followed to offer this support. Parson Uzzell was accustomed to providing an annual Christmas feast for the poor at the Tabernacle, but one year, as the holiday season drew near, found the church treasury empty—a not unaccustomed state—and the prospects for the Christmas dinner seemed slim. He went to Soapy and made known his need. The bunco expert told him not to worry and guaranteed that the needy would not go hungry.

That day Soapy had an unusually successful session at the soap stand. With the substantial proceeds he hastened to the Arcade gambling hall and indulged in his favorite pastime of bucking the faro bank. Luck was with him from the start, and when, late that night, he arose from his chair, his profits were five thousand, five hundred dollars. Shaking off his companions who, he knew, would be "on the touch" immediately, he skipped downstairs, gulped a drink at the bar, and summoned a hack.

"Drive to Parson Uzzell's home," he called out. The trip was long, and it was past one o'clock when he arrived at his destination, where he began a loud rapping on the door. Finally aroused from his righteous slumber, the parson thrust his head through an upstairs window and demanded to know who was calling.

"It's Soapy—Soapy Smith," shouted the visitor. "I've got something for you."

The parson, in his nightshirt, descended the stairs and opened the door.

"Here, take this and set up a Christmas dinner for your people," said Smith, thrusting a large roll of greenbacks into Uzzell's hand. Then, before the preacher could even express his thanks, he turned swiftly about, jumped into the

hack, and hurried away. Uzzell found himself in possession of one thousand, five hundred dollars. On Christmas day a particularly bounteous feast was provided for the poor at the Tabernacle.

Smith also established a custom of sending new twenty-dollar bills as Christmas gifts to a long list of needy friends and acquaintances every year, a custom which was adopted later by Lou Blonger, who was Soapy's successor as bunco chief of Denver. It was common report that the most prominent banker in the city entrusted substantial sums to Smith for distribution among the destitute. A large part of this was turned over to Parson Uzzell, and the remainder was distributed with a free hand by Soapy himself.

At one time, when the parson made an appeal for funds to help a needy family in actual suffering, the bunco man's fortunes were at a low ebb, and business in general among the sporting fraternity was below par. But, never without resource, Soapy organized what proved to be the strangest auction sale in Denver's history. He summoned his crowd and other friends and instructed them to contribute marketable articles for sale and also to go out and gather other merchandise. The assembly of goods which followed was unique.

One man, assigned to the red-light district, returned with an express-wagon load of garish furnishings and finery, mostly obtained by threats. Joe Palmer secured a collection of six-guns and other lethal weapons. The Duke of Halsted street threw in an assortment of his own well-made garments, all still extremely serviceable. Jimmy Thornton donated a horse he had won at a raffle. Yankee Hank Fewclothes contributed half a dozen pails of honey. High Yaller, a new hanger-on of the gang, offered some sure-thing dice, together with a stack of well-thumbed dime novels. A bandit barber sent a collection of shaving mugs with the gilded initials of departed customers and a discarded barber's chair. The "Reverend" Bowers was acclaimed when he appeared with a pure white French poodle of guaranteed pedigree. Not to be outdone, Ice Box Murphy added a mottled cat with a pink ribbon about its neck. Even the patrolman on the beat entered into the spirit of the occasion and made his entry with a truckload of carpets, rugs, and furniture picked up in his territory. Doctor Fat of Chinatown, placid—and notorious—proprietor of a prosperous opium joint, made the prize contribution of all, a costly opium pipe. Ling Chan, boss laundryman whose undying gratitude Soapy had won by using political pull to save the Chinaman from an infraction of the law, sent handsome silks and valuable *objets d'art* imported from the Orient.

Then the bunco steerers, shillabers, cappers, and boosters all joined hands in drumming up a crowd on the day of the vendue. Banjo Parker, seated on a high box at the entrance, whanged out thrilling ballads which, together with the ballyhoo, snared a full house.

Radiating dignity, Jeff Smith himself officiated as auctioneer and performed nobly and with telling effect. The queer array of goods brought excellent prices, and when the sale was ended Soapy turned over more than nine hundred dollars to Parson Uzzell for the benefit of the stricken family.

"And, besides, we have something else," Smith announced and thrust the fuzzy French poodle into the parson's arms. "Give it to the kids of the family. They'll have a lot of fun playing with it. One of my own men bid it in for me. It's paid for, too."

New Frauds Introduced

During the early days of 1893 matters flowed along swimmingly for Soapy Smith and his gang. Prosperity showered itself upon them, and there was no portent of the storm which was destined to break in the near future. Cards, dice, shells, and the soap racket continued to be the mainstays of the gang, but in order to accommodate the increasing number of prospects they eventually introduced new forms of imposition and fraud.

One of the most barefaced of these was conceived by two of Soapy's lieutenants and was worthy of the master himself. This was a sure-thing swindle, known among the operators as the Up and Down and involved the operation of a fake stock exchange decked out in a most convincing manner. It was designed definitely to trap the outlanders who wandered into Denver and, in this respect, proved a tremendous success.

The Up and Down was installed in one of the large poolrooms. A blackboard carried the names of fictitious mining stocks, and the equipment included ticker and tape. An operator sat in a room a few doors away and sent in quotations throughout the regular trading hours, the speculators who crowded the place being given the opportunity to gamble on whether the particular stock in which they seemed to invest would go up or down. They received instantaneous action for their money. A man at the tape sang out the ticker report, which was chalked up on the board, while cappers circulated what they whispered as sure-fire tips.

"Investments" could be made in any amount from two dollars up, and the speculator had to wait only a minute or two to learn whether he had doubled or trebled his money or been wiped out. The last was the most customary result.

Local and visiting crooks, knowing the Up and Down to be an open-and-shut swindle, viewed its tremendous success with envious eyes, but it remained for two Kansas City tinhorns to solve the situation. After snooping about for a day or two, this pair learned that the quotations for the tape were made up in toto a day ahead of time and that the manipulators worked in the back apartment of a downtown hotel.

The method employed in deciding the trend of the stocks for the following day was charming in its simplicity. A pack of cards was placed in a faro bank and then drawn, one by one. If the face of the card was higher than that preceding it, the quotation of the stock under consideration was boosted; if lower, the stock dropped. The record of the cards was duly listed upon a sheet and turned over to the operator next morning to be sent over the "wire."

The Kansas City pair rented a hotel room facing the alley directly opposite the apartment where the quotations were fixed. At a pawnshop they purchased a pair of strong field glasses. Having no suspicion that they were being spied upon, the market framers kept the shades up, and thus the watchers were enabled to make a complete record for their own use of the fluctuations of the market due to occur the following day.

There was some stir and a vaguely growing doubt in the Up and Down market when the tinhorns came in and made some lucky plays, but for a day or two they did not press their "luck." Then came a day when they suddenly plunged heavily and, while a bewildered and wrathful group of manipulators of the "market" looked on helplessly, the pair called the turn on stock after stock. When they had finally ceased trading they walked out of the house with a profit of $18,000, never to reappear.

The operators became highly suspicious of a leak and hired a private detective agency to run down the mystery. It was finally solved when a bellhop divulged that he had observed the strangers using field glasses at their window and the pawnshop where the glasses had been bought was located. The pawnbroker readily identified the two strangers who had purchased the glasses from the description given by the detective. Thereafter the market fixers made their quotations behind drawn shades, and the Up and Down lost no more money—for its operators.

A Humiliating Slip

In the spring Soapy sustained an accident of which he took an amusing advantage. While crossing Larimer Street, he attempted to evade a rapidly approaching horse and buggy but slipped in the mud and was run over. While the driver came to a quick stop and a crowd gathered, Soapy arose to his feet, roaring his indignation.

"This is the first time in history that a man has been trampled by horse's hooves and ground down under wheels and escaped without broken bones," he exclaimed, resentfully. "Think of my feelings, lying there, uninjured, with my face in the mud! Somebody's got to pay for this. It's too humiliating."

The driver of the rig, a local brewer, well-known to Soapy and with a face the color of a Hood River apple, apologized profusely. He admitted that he was not wholly sober and had not been driving carefully, but Smith sternly demanded satisfaction, finally ending with:

"Your beer collector shows up in police court a good deal, and I know he squares a lot of cases."

"Yes, just so," replied the brewer.

"Well, what I want you to do is this," said Soapy. "You tell your beer-collector fixer to look after the interests of my friends when they're brought to court, just as he looks after your customers. Do this and I won't sue you for damages for this terrible accident—and I'd just about made up my mind to sue for $50,000 for ruining my suit and my dignity. The humiliation of being unhurt is worth almost twenty-five thousand more."

Finally understanding that he was being "ribbed," the brewer agreed heartily to the proposition and kept his word, and thus Soapy gained another friend at court.

But trouble for Soapy was in the offing again. Early in 1893 there drifted into Denver, from California, Harry "Shotgun" Smith, no relative of Jeff's, but widely known among criminals for his dexterity with firearms and his participation in notable robberies. He gained his sobriquet through a hold-up at a roadhouse near Los Angeles where, single-handed and armed only with a double-barreled shotgun, he lined up the proprietor and a dozen guests and made away with their money and jewels. He had been deported from Salt Lake City and run out of Ogden as an undesirable, but he received protection from Soapy when he came to Denver and asked for Smith's assistance. But Soapy held no brief for his profession, having always been opposed to highwaymen, and there was no employment to be found for Shotgun.

"I can start on the road here and do a good business," said Shotgun.

"Oh, no, you won't," Soapy declared vigorously. "I have enough responsibilities without trying to shield a hold-up. I don't want any of your game. My boys use their wits to get the money. Strongarm stuff doesn't go. If you want to stick around with us, all right, but I won't stand for any rough work."

Shotgun put up the argument that he knew nothing about bunco effort, but he dared not leave Smith's sheltering wing. So, barred from raising funds with his gun, he hung about the Tivoli, disgruntled and quarrelsome, daily becoming more disagreeable and incurring the special dislike of Bascom Smith.

The Feud's Climax

The fatal climax of their feud came in June, 1893, on a night when the bunco men assembled in a back room of the Tivoli to divide the day's loot and plan tomorrow's activities. Inquisitive concerning the session, Shotgun invaded the room, uninvited. Bascom brusquely ordered him to leave. Unaccustomed to taking peremptory instructions from anyone, Shotgun stood his ground and declined to move. Bascom leaped to his feet, his face red with anger.

"You will get out!" he yelled. He grabbed Shotgun and pushed him violently through the door. Shotgun tumbled to the floor of the barroom. Whether he attempted to draw a weapon is uncertain, but without further ado Bascom pulled a revolver and fired.

Shotgun rolled over, mortally wounded, and lived only a few minutes. Bascom was arrested immediately and charged with murder. Soapy found himself faced with a harder task than usual in going to the front for his brother. Bascom insisted that he had fired in self-defense, but the stories of the witnesses were vaguely uncertain on this point. However, Soapy exerted his supreme efforts and, finally, by using every ounce of "pull" he possessed, managed to have his brother released; and the case never came to trial. Whether the shooting actually was in self-defense never was cleared up fully.

In those early months of 1893 events were on the move in Colorado, and black shadows were creeping up on

Soapy's world, though neither he nor those around him recognized the omens. The lawlessness which had gained a new foothold after the temporary reform wave of 1890 had reached its untrammeled height in Denver. The wide-open town element in the state capital enjoyed high favor with the police and sheriff offices. Corruption, graft, and bribery were at their worst. Crime was rampant. Shootings were increasingly frequent, and justice was consistently defeated when slayers were brought to trial. As the latest move to hamstring the law, a new form of defense for murderers was successfully introduced, destined to become increasingly popular and notorious in the decades which followed.

At Murphy's exchange the renegade son of a wealthy Kentucky family added another chapter to the bloody record of the Slaughter House by killing an innocent customer, shooting him down in cold blood at the swinging doors of the saloon.

"This defendant," said the young man's lawyer at the trial, "was suffering from a brain storm and, therefore, was wholly irresponsible. He had been drinking steadily for a week, which so affected his mind, temporarily, that he cannot be held accountable for his act."

The plea was successful. The jury agreed with the lawyer for the defense and acquitted the slayer. Later, in another "brain storm," he took the life of a dance-hall girl, but again used the same defense and once more escaped punishment.

Corrupt Officials

Some of the justice courts reeked with corruption and were prolific sources of blackmail and petty pilfering. One justice ran a crap game in his courtrooms after hours, and, on the bench, whenever he asked for a drink of water, he was served whisky in a tin cup. He built a one-cell jail in the basement beneath his temple of justice, where he proposed to incarcerate the city's chief gambling-house proprietor who had refused to lend him money. The threat was effective, and the justice's name was added to the payroll of the gambling boss.

Another justice and his bibulous constable went out together for a "big night" and eventually found themselves out of funds in an underworld resort conducted in ostentatious style by a leader of the demimonde newly arrived from the Pacific coast. To the intoxicated justice the solution of his dilemma was simple. He ordered his hostess and all the girl inmates and servants in the place to assemble and thereupon conducted an impromptu court. At his instructions, the staggering constable waved a bunch of papers at the gathering, announcing thickly that they were warrants for the arrest of all before him. While the "madam" and the girls shrieked with laughter, thinking the entire affair a joke, the justice found his hostess guilty of conducting a disorderly house, promptly fined her fifty dollars, and when she demurred,

she suddenly discovered that the farce was a matter of complete seriousness so far as she was concerned. She was forced to disgorge the fifty dollars, after which the justice fined each girl and each servant ten dollars, which the constable duly collected, after which the "arms of the law" departed to continue their carousal elsewhere.

At elections all the hacks and omnibuses in town were hired by corrupt politicians to round up fake voters. On their rounds they would stop at Chinatown, where stupefied opium addicts were dragged from their bunks and hauled to the polling places, there to cast ballots as instructed. Throughout the day vehicles packed with "repeaters" would hasten from polling place to polling place.

Confidence men patrolled the streets on a time schedule, as exact and regular as that observed by the policemen on their beats. The bandit barbers of Seventeenth Street continued their efforts unmolested. Brigand hack drivers played the tourists for all the traffic would bear. Policy and lottery games filched dimes and dollars from a speculative public. Fake mining concerns prospered. The red-light districts ran wide open. Criminal actions were squared in the courts. Suckers were browbeaten or driven out of town before they could reach the police with their complaints. Justice court mills worked overtime. Warrants of arrest, summonses, subpœnas, and writs flew in all directions, the crooked courts holding open the sacks into which the costs dropped.

Populace Up in Arms

Such was the Denver of 1893. But revolt was in sight. Aghast at the conditions which had developed, the populace at large determined to do something, anything, to end the existing situation.

In the state elections of that year, the rebellious citizens of Colorado saw their chance. While conditions were worst in Denver, they were duplicated in a lesser degree throughout the state, and the respectable elements of the entire commonwealth were up in arms. As their hero for the occasion they selected a white-whiskered and fiery zealot by the name of Davis H. Waite, who was running for governor on the Populist ticket. Sweeping wholesale reform was the keynote of Waite's campaign, and his foes promptly dubbed him "Blood-to-the-Bridles" Waite when, in an inflammatory speech, he promised to "fight iniquity until blood runs as deep as the cavalry's bridles."

The liberals jeered at Waite's campaign and looked forward to their customary victory. But they did not realize how thoroughly the state had been aroused, and when the votes were tallied their laughter faded, for the Populist candidate was swept into office. In the state capital itself Waite's election was pretty well discounted, and the wide-open protagonists were inclined to view the situation with calmness because their forces still controlled the city. But they reckoned without Waite.

The new governor took his campaign pledges seriously. He determined immediately to uproot all graft, corruption, and lawlessness throughout his domain and, in the course of his survey, cast a particularly critical eye upon conditions in the capital city. The fact that the condition was one of municipal and not state authority did not deter him for a moment. Observing that his opponents were strongly entrenched, he leaped into the battle of cleaning up Denver with a vigor that made up in sound and fury what it lacked in wisdom.

Apparently Waite lost all sense of balance when he plunged into his warfare against iniquity with authority in his grasp, taking it for granted that his election had given him the right to use any methods, no matter how unreasonable or violent in themselves, to achieve his purpose. In a perpetual state of fiery indignation, the patriarchal governor devoted himself unstintingly to renovating Denver itself.

From the state capitol he issued pronunciamentos, edicts, orders, and ukases, all aimed to wipe out the evils of the day. He peremptorily ordered the Denver Fire and Police Commission to "clean house," and when they paid no heed to his demands on the grounds that his authority did not extend to them, he called the commissioners sharply to task. Infuriated anew by their sniffing at his policies, he demanded that they resign—only to receive a flat refusal.

Enraged beyond discretion, the governor made swift plans to execute a grand coup to restore dignity and authority to the gubernatorial office and issued a warning that, unless the commissioners bowed to his will at once, he would call out the militia and show one and all who was boss of Colorado and all its inhabitants.

Events moved rapidly after that. The gravity of the situation and the complete seriousness with which the fanatical Waite made his threat were not comprehended by a good-natured public which had been vastly amused by the political fireworks. The liberal leaders, however, began to sense something of the deadly earnestness of the state executive and, as the situation became suddenly crucial, they, headed by Soapy Smith himself, volunteered their services to the Fire and Police Commission and other City Hall departments which had drawn the wrath of the stormy governor. The climax came when Waite's patience—never too great—was exhausted and he abruptly ordered out the troops, as he had threatened. What ensued next day became famous as the Denver City Hall War, and a review of the events of the day discloses that only by a hairbreadth did the city escape a wholesale slaughter under the orders of the raging state executive.

The order for the troops went out in the evening, commanding them to march on the City Hall the following morning. Report passed swiftly throughout the Hall that the governor planned to go to the utmost extremes to force through his plans, and the civic departments, driven to the wall, prepared for a vigorous defense. As darkness fell, word was sent out, summoning Soapy Smith to the City Hall. He went at once and, after a hasty conference with the fire and police commissioners, was given command of various phases of the projected defense for which he promised to supply his own army. Meanwhile the municipal officials and employees against whom the governor had directed his verbal attacks foregathered at the City Hall, determined to guard their posts with their lives.

Soapy Smith moved swiftly. He gathered a veritable army from the sporting fraternity, assembling as desperate a crew of dry-land pirates as ever united under the banner of a single leader in the West. Their first duty that night was to raid all hardware stores and pawnshops and acquire every available rifle and pistol these places contained. Then, in the early hours of the morning, Soapy distributed dozens of his men along the streets bounding the City Hall, with orders to enter the buildings and take positions in the second-story windows overlooking all the approaches to the Hall. The remainder of his men he took to the Hall itself. They had scarcely reached there when their weapons and ammunition arrived.

Smith, in person, directed the unloading of five hundred pounds of dynamite and many cases of rifles and revolvers, brought to the Hall in an express wagon. By this time the entire police force had assembled at the municipal building, together with a contingent from the fire department. These were stationed on the lower floors of the structure.

Explosives Ready

His own gang, Soapy took up into the tower. There, at vantage points, he stationed experienced powder men, most of them former miners, to whom was entrusted the prospective task of hurling dynamite bombs upon the expected attackers. These men were ordered to delay hurling the explosives until the Hall was fired upon and then throw them into the midst of the besiegers. Others of the band were armed with rifles and placed at various points in the tower. Repeating rifle in hand, Soapy himself perched high above the others, whence he issued his orders. Then quiet descended, and all stood at their posts, watchfully waiting for the dawn.

In the early daylight the tramp of martial feet resounded on the Denver streets as three companies of the state national guard infantry and a battery of light artillery moved into position. They marched through the streets to Cherry Creek and prepared for the attack, only to find that the City Hall was packed from tower to basement with a host of defenders, armed with deadly weapons and prepared to fight it out.

Keeping in close touch with the movement of the soldiers, "Blood-to-the-Bridles" Waite, apparently ready to prove his right to the name, sat in his residence, guarded from threatened assassination by a squad of plainsmen. Apprised of the defense preparations,

the truculent executive only snorted.

"Take the City Hall!" he commanded.

Artillerymen trained their pieces upon the main entrance from a point a block distant. Infantrymen attached bayonets to their loaded rifles. A battering-ram to smash doors inside the Hall was hauled up and placed behind the field gun, to be used when shells had shattered the entrance. Soapy's dynamiters and sharpshooters watched the proceedings from aloft. Every policeman awaited the command to shoot. A hundred unseen rifles were aimed at the heart of the innocent young gunner whose duty it would be to fire the first shell.

General Brooks, in command of the militia, was quickly aware of the strength of the defense and, having not the slightest desire for the unwarranted bloodshed which seemed in prospect, called for a parley with the commissioners. The latter consented but stood their ground, refusing to surrender, whereupon the general sent an urgent message to the governor.

"If a single shot is fired," he stated, "they will kill me instantly, and they will kill you in fifteen minutes. But if you say fire, we'll fire."

Impending Carnage

There was no immediate reply. It appeared that Waite had been fully prepared to demolish the City Hall in order to prove his authority, provided the bloodshed was not extensive and his own safety was assured. But General Brooks's message made him hesitate. In the meantime word of the impending carnage had been sent to General McCook of the regular army, who assembled seven companies of infantry, with orders to suppress rioting and halt the killing, if it began, although Waite himself had refused to call out the federal troops.

Denver sat upon a volcano that morning. An ominous silence hovered over the scene, as the troops in position awaited the final word from the governor who had it within his power to launch a holocaust. The streets in the vicinity of the City Hall were entirely empty of citizens. They had fled at the first sign of the threatened warfare. With the exception of Soapy Smith's henchmen in the upper floors, the buildings along the streets were likewise vacated by human beings. That imposing battle array was entirely too business-like to warrant any ordinary civilian's lingering near.

As time passed and still no word was received from the executive mansion, General Brooks declined to take upon himself the responsibility for senseless butchery and sent a final communication to the governor, again declaring that he would not order his men to open the attack without a personal order from the state executive. In the meantime a group of Denver's most prominent citizens had gathered swiftly and determined to take it upon themselves to halt the attack, if possible. A committee was appointed to wait upon the governor immediately and went directly to Waite's home, where they found him raging about his room, denouncing his enemies in furious language, but still hesitating to issue the order for the attack. By the most determined efforts the committee finally succeeded in calming him and, upon their unanimous and vigorous insistence, he at last agreed to withhold his order to fire and allow the courts to settle the question at issue.

When this word emanated from the governor's mansion, a wave of relief swept the city, and the embattled occupants of the City Hall gave vent to thunderous cheers. The militia, gratified by the turn of events, marched back to the armory; Jeff Smith and his cohorts slipped down from the tower; dynamite was speedily removed from the building, and the guns taken from hardware and pawnshops were returned. The battle that was never fought had come to a bloodless end.

Waite found ordinary legal methods of procedure much more effective than his spectacular display of arms. The fighting commissioners with whom he had staged his warfare were ousted by order of court shortly thereafter, and a new administration was installed to carry out the governor's policies.

The police department was cleaned out from top to botttom. This was the most disturbing factor in the situation, so far as Soapy Smith and his brotherhood were concerned; but, for the immediate moment, their alarms proved groundless. An undertaker had been pressed into service as temporary police chief, and a squeaky-voiced farmer was made head of the detective force. As neither had the faintest inkling concerning the business of crime suppression and criminal chasing, little progress was made in the enforcement of law, and these early days of the reign of the Populist police department were attended by much turmoil.

The gamblers and confidence men took quick advantage of the situation which actually left Denver more wide open than ever. The sporting elements and bunco men thrived exceedingly and enjoyed an era of unprecedented prosperity.

The fifth chapter of the life story of Jefferson Randolph Smith, the notorious Soapy Smith of the old West and Alaska, will appear in the November issue.

ARTIST OF SHISHMAREF

(Continued from page 16)

Bering Strait was to glimpse the equally bleak shore of Siberia. His formal education was of late beginning and early termination. His interests lay in hunting, fishing, trapping and the fashioning of weapons.

The year 1930 found George a strong young man of nineteen, well experienced in the arduous but to him very satisfying pursuits of his people. Sometimes on the wet sand of the shore he would outline a hunting or fishing scene, or the pounce of bear on seal, or the snarling, tangled fight of the sled dogs. The sea would wash away the pictures. Sometimes he did idle tracings on the hard-packed snow. The never distant flurry of snow or blow of blizzard obliterated them.

There remained only the ivory miniatures, carvings from the tusks of walrus or teeth of whales, shaped in the long winter hours when families were winter-bound in their igloos. But this was not an unusual pastime. Eskimos have no written language. Their fingers record the saga of life—the drama of life and death of man and beast, the exuberance of a successful hunting or fishing incident, the joy of a full stomach. Eskimo fingers have always artfully carved and shaped driftwood, baleen, tusks, bone, skins.

One day George had a toothache, a deeply impacted tooth that sent an ache clear down his throat. He did what any intelligent Eskimo would do in this age of the white man's medicine. He hitched up his dog team and set out for Nome, two hundred miles away, and the only dentist in northwestern Alaska.

Lost Footing

It was on the return home, while hunting ptarmigan for supper, that George lost his footing on a steep hillside, to crash down onto broken boulders and lie with an injured leg.

Painfully he dragged himself back to his camp and staked dog team, and eventually to his home in Shishmaref. But Shishmaref had neither doctor nor nurse, and the healing of the injured leg did not include a mending.

For four years, with increasing difficulty, George carried on. Finally he was persuaded to go to the Alaska Native Service hospital in Kotzebue, north of Shishmaref, at the mouth of the Kobuk River.

In Kotzebue, George underwent an operation. A cast on his leg kept him a patient for six months—the six months that changed his life.

In spite of good food and attention, George was a homesick Eskimo boy, chafing at his inactivity. One of the novelties of hospital life was toilet tissue—a commodity much too precious to be put to its intended use, to George's way of thinking.

With a cheap pencil he sketched the things he knew and loved and longed for. The fine details of the animals he had hunted over the years, their living forms, the bulge of their muscles, their expressions of fight, fear or placidity, all from the memory of close observation—observation on which depended not only the success of the hunt, but often his very life.

These pictures he drew on panorama lengths of toilet tissue.

George's nurse, Nan Gallagher, was impressed with his obvious talent and bought him paper and crayons. He made her Christmas cards and received his first money for drawing. Two dollars. When he left the hospital to return to Shishmaref, he had what was to him a small fortune, ten dollars, all from his drawings!

At home again, George picked up the weapons that were his means of livelihood, yet ever and again his mind turned to his new-found expression. But in the little Eskimo village there was no paper on which to draw.

Then he had an inspiration. There were skins! George's hunting now had a dual purpose. Meat for the family and skin for parchment.

His first experiment was with moose skin. He wanted it tanned to a certain whiteness. After weeks of careful tanning it still had a yellowish tinge. There was caribou, there was seal, there was reindeer. There was much trial and error as George experimented with skins. So much to be considered! Texture, strength, pliability. The skin of the prolific Arctic hare was thin and tore easily. A flaw in a skin was a literal blot on the landscape. Only prime skins were of value, and they had to be green and split to the last layer, and every vestige of hair must be as if it had never been.

Finally George formulated his own special process of tanning and bleaching that turned hide into a fine parchment. It would stand up to ink and to time, and was of the desired whiteness.

Sometimes a tourist would drop out of the skies. Before he took off in his little private or chartered plane, he had probably bought a George Ahgupuk picture. The small accumulation of his sketches made during the winter went out to Alaska gift shops. They were always quickly, encouragingly sold. Teachers at the Government school sent many examples of George's work to friends in the States.

George did not, however, buy paper with this money. With an artist's unerring instinct he knew he had a medium of exceptional value. His characteristic sketches of etching-like quality had a soft warmth that no paper could impart. He drew everything pertaining to Eskimo life, on large scale and episodical. Imagination and humor were not lacking. George Aden Ahgupuk of Shishmaref was on his way to recognition.

It was in the late 1930's that Rockwell Kent, on an Alaska tour, came across George's work. On his return to the States he told of this Eskimo genius in glowing terms. An invitation to join the American Artists Group resulted from Rockwell Kent's enthusiasm.

This appreciation of his unique drawings Stateside was a new incentive to the artist, who concentrated on a col-

lection of drawings. George went to New Mexico to widen his knowledge and art, and in 1950 captured the Grand Prize with a great map of Alaska done on reindeer skin, showing animals and native people. This drawing was purchased by the First National Bank of Anchorage, where it is displayed.

Edward L. Keithahn, a former Alaska Native Service teacher at Shishmaref and now curator of the Territorial Museum in Juneau, brought out *Igloo Tales*, a collection of Eskimo myths and legends. The tales were told by the old men of the village and translated into English by George's sister, Bessie. The illustrations are by George. The book is a fine collection of his drawings, and the tales, although written for children, hold the fascination of folk lore for all.

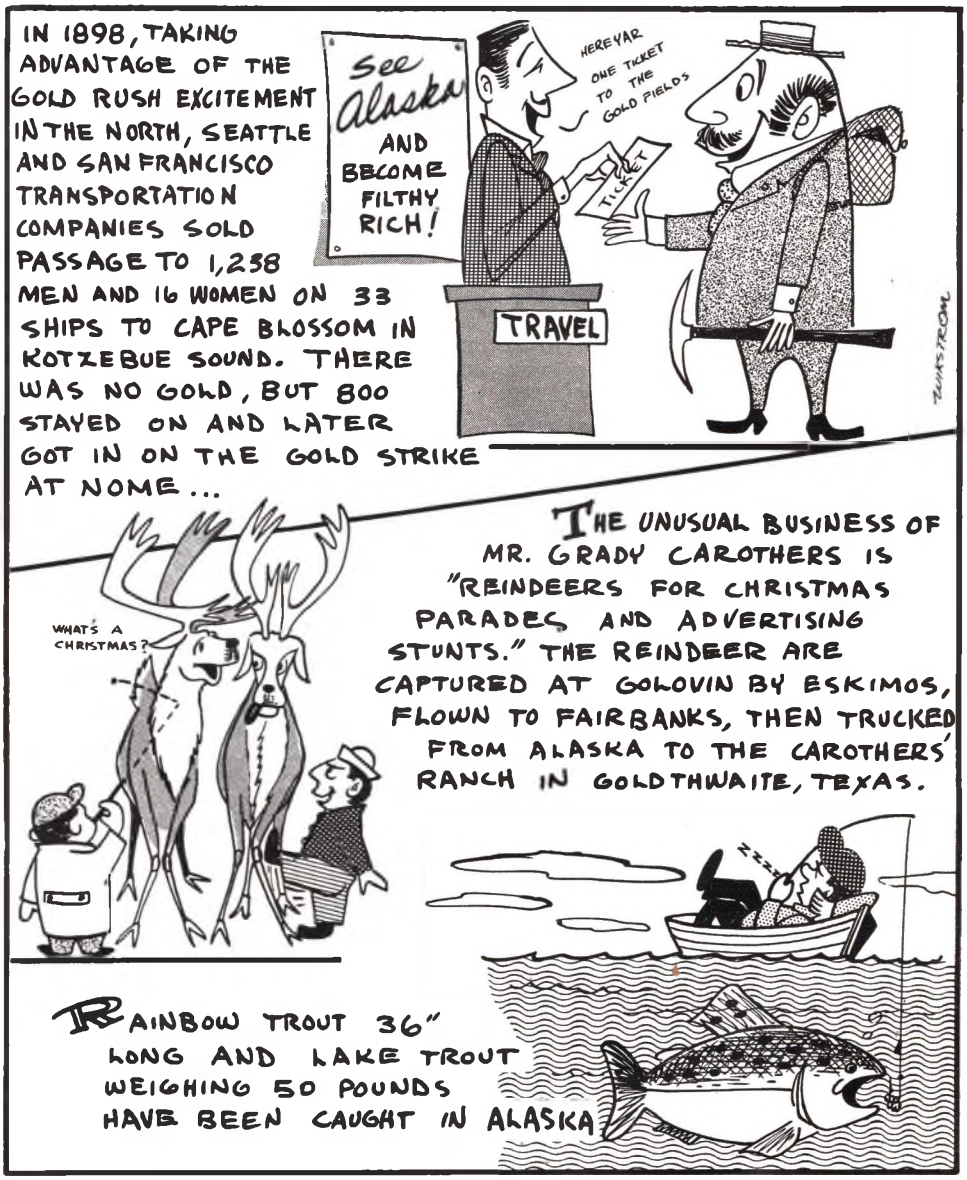
It was at this point in his career that I first met George Ahgupuk. He came into the Westward Gift Shop in Anchorage at the moment I was purchasing *Igloo Tales*. Now, years later, on a June evening in the lounge of the Anchorage Hotel, I was listening to the pleasingly soft voice of the artist as he told of his life and his furthering career.

Far from turning his back on his people and his culture, George has become a village leader, bringing the useful from the white man's world to theirs. His wife, Kara Allockeok Ahgupuk, is a Shishmaref girl and his four children are growing up in the village of their parents. Ruth, Henry and Ralph are in their 'teens. Stella is ten. All four show artistic talent, but George confessed that they do not draw the activities of the Eskimos. They want to draw cartoons!

To be prized along with *Igloo Tales*, there is now a collection of drawings brought out by George himself. It is a series illustrating the Eskimo's idea of

Alaska Oddities

by WIKSTROM



the history of the white man and his coming to Alaska. The succinct captions are priceless truths. The excitement and the greed attending the discovery of gold in Alaska are embraced in one pithy sentence. The housing situation in Alaska following World War II is dealt with just as concisely, in a caption humorous by virtue of its truth.

George mentioned a recent visit to San Jose, where he held a completely successful five-week exhibition of his drawings at the Rosicrucian Gallery.

While there he purchased a new type of German-made pen for sketching, and he spoke of it enthusiastically. But his medium has not changed. In the fall he hunts the moose, the caribou and the seal, as he requires about two hundred skins a year for his drawings.

So, artist and hunter remain mutually dependent. Success can not separate George Aden Ahgupuk from his people and their way of life. ▲

Soldier at Saint Michael

(Continued from page 15)

party? It's Government property and partly ours, anyway. We're citizens of a free country."

I think my guards were in on it, but I couldn't pin anything on them. After the soldiers had broken into the quartermaster warehouse and stolen several gallons of grain alcohol, and got safely away, the sentry on that post yelled his head off. "Corporal of the guard, Post Number 3."

Hearing the call, I rushed with the corporal to the post. The Irish sentry, apparently highly excited, had his story all ready and was breathless.

"Lieutenint, Sir, while I was inspectin' the fire at the incinerator, that is clearly called for in me special orders, some dirty spalpans must have wrecked the lock on the warehouse. It must have been some of thim bums that come down the river in the last boat."

I inspected the barracks immediately. All was quiet and serene. Everyone was present, and the noncommissioned officer in charge of quarters helped me look for the missing alcohol, which, of course, we did not find. When I got ready to leave he said, "Lieutenant, Sir, how could anyone be so depraved as to drink raw alcohol?"

Three hours later he was dead drunk.

After I had reported the theft to First Lieutenant Jimmie Reisinger, the quartermaster, and got the lock on the warehouse repaired, things were quiet for a bit. Then, about two hours later, I heard a wild cry: "Corporal of the guard, Post Number 4."

I rushed down. The excited sentry reported the double lock of the commissary broken, saying that as he had come from the far end of his post he had almost apprehended the "dirty, sneaking thieves." He couldn't tell who they were in the dark, but they had run down toward the bay.

"We will have to look out for them dirty rats from upriver," he warned.

An inspection of the commissary revealed that all the vanilla, lemon extract and listerine were gone. I searched everywhere to no avail, and my heart sank lower and lower.

Shortly after midnight I saw what appeared to be a hundred-yard dash between a man and a woman across the little parade ground to the commanding officer's house. Both contenders began pounding on the commanding officer's door. It was Sergeant Rose (that was not his name), of Italian and Irish ancestry, and his wife, who was all Irish and about as wide as she was tall.

About the time I got there, Captain Threlkeld came to the door in his long flannel nightshirt. He was so innocent that he didn't know both his visitors were drunk. The sergeant got in the first word.

"Beggin' your pardon, Sir! This dirty little slut that calls herself me wife just shot me in the ear with a .22 rifle! See it bleedin', Sir?"

Mrs. Rose got her word in: "Also beggin' your pardon, Sir, this dirty swine needs killin' right away! I try but I can't put up with the likes of him!"

Sergeant is Happy

Captain Threlkeld, in a soothing manner, told them all about the blessings and benefits of holy matrimony, and soon had them both in tears, vowing eternal allegiance to each other. As they left, he called me back and told me to look in on the Roses in about half an hour. I did, and Sergeant Rose, meeting me at the door in his nightshirt, was all smiles.

"Come in, Lieutenint, Sir! Everything is just foine. Come see me little wife, there in bed. Ain't she the sweetest thing you ever saw?"

From then on until daylight, I filled the guardhouse with drunks. Each soldier arrested was most respectful in spite of his state of intoxication.

What a night! The next morning the commanding officer and adjutant took over. This was too serious a matter for a new second lieutenant. Try as they did, they never could get evidence for a single conviction except for the offense of being "drunk and disorderly."

Soldier men, collectively, were much rougher and tougher forty-five years ago. The inducements for men to enlist were very meager. The private was paid fifteen dollars a month. This princely wage did not attract the high-powered executive type, nor the boy whose soul was stirred by restless ambition and the urge to "serve and climb the ladder." At that time, in this fair land of ours, certain theaters bore the sign, "Soldiers and dogs not allowed."

Loyal and Ready

Yet these men of whom I write, with an occasional exception, were not mean nor vicious. Their loyalty to a good leader was almost pathetic. Their brand of patriotism was very fine. In an emergency, they were always ready to give all. I have always loved them.

The story is told about a lieutenant troop commander who overstepped the

bounds of propriety, became very drunk and disorderly, and as a result was placed in close arrest in his quarters. The next morning the first sergeant marched the troop to the officers' quarters and when the lieutenant came out onto the porch, the sergeant called the troop to attention, saluted the lieutenant and asked, "Sir, what would the lieutenant like the troop to swear to at the court martial?"

As time went on, the bright, clean cold of the high North settled down on Saint Michael. The salt water in the bay froze seven feet deep. It being impossible to run water in pipes, our drinking and bathing water was stocked in the back yards in the form of large cakes of ice. At times the thermometer dropped to sixty degrees below zero. Our drills were in the gymnasium, or for brief periods outside on skis or snowshoes. The malemute came into his own, and the glittering starlit night became continuous.

Several of the "bums from upriver" had finally succeeded in getting in jail, where the pot-bellied stove was warm and the U.S. marshal set a good table.

News From Far Away

The mail came in twice a week over fifteen hundred miles of snow, down from Fairbanks on dog sleds. Every letter was at least six weeks old. A newspaper was published in Nome. It relied upon a daily forty-word bulletin, which came in over the Government wireless, for news of the Outside. How the editor stretched those forty words to fill his front page each day was miraculous.

There were no white girls in Saint Michael. In addition to the *Chicago Tribune*, our bachelor's mess subscribed to *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair* for the pictures.

Our little mess was a delightful affair. After contributing milk for all the babies on the post, we had plenty of milk and cream from my cow. With plenty of ptarmigan, caribou and reindeer and occasional chicken and beef from the cold storage plant, we fared sumptuously. Corporal Lutchman's wife, a talented cook, worked for us under the competent supervision of Max Lough, the mess officer and a gourmet *par excellence*. All of us gained weight.

In early February, when the sun skimmed the horizon for a few hours each day, I became restless and wanted to see new country. Surprisingly, neither the soldiers nor officers at Saint Michael appeared to be interested in hunting, although every facility and inducement was there. My expeditions were viewed with mild amusement. I believe my mess mates considered me young and foolish.

Not so the big King Island Eskimo, Soxy, and his sometimes companion, Clubfoot Nick, half Russian and half Eskimo, who were my hunting companions and staunch friends. Soxy had a fine Siberian racing team and a sled that was in the Cadillac class.

After several short expeditions we decided on a ten-day trip, and I went to Captain Threlkeld to ask for leave. To my astonishment he said he would like to go along. That complicated things. Soxy and I had planned on a light, fast outfit that would follow the flank of the caribou herd. This meant another sled, and when the captain decided we should also take two soldiers, things were further complicated. We finally settled upon two heavily loaded sleds, and employed Clubfoot Nick and his outfit.

I think Sergeant Elixon, a Russian boy, and Corporal Stahl went, not because they particularly wanted to go, but because the captain asked them to go.

Our caravan got under way, and had to make timber on the Golsovia River before night. The first eighteen miles were easy going, on the ice across Norton Sound, following the well-traveled mail trail through the snowdrifts and pressure ridges. Alternately running and riding, we traveled fast. Just before noon, Soxy, Clubfoot Nick and I began picking up little pieces of driftwood for a fire, so we could brew a customary can of tea.

When exercising in the intensely cold climate of the sub-Arctic, the human body needs large quantities of food, and some of it should be hot. Tea, light in bulk and easily made with water from melted snow, is the answer, as every traveler in the far North knows. If you drink about a quart of hot, weak tea along with good, staple food, the result is almost intoxicating. You feel fine. If you don't, you have to slow up.

No Tea!

Captain Threlkeld ruled that we didn't have time to brew tea, and got a sustaining vote from Elixon and Stahl. The Eskimos looked at me almost in mutiny, but I had to give in. We dug some boiled ham and light bread out of the tightly packed load. Both were frozen as hard as rocks. We hacked off pieces and ate them like popsicles. When this unappetizing food hit our stomachs, it didn't do us much good.

After our noon stop we left the trail and started up-grade over and through very deep snow. At frequent intervals, when passing over submerged buckbrush, all nine dogs of the leading sled would drop through the crust and almost out of sight, and the sled with its load of fifteen hundred pounds would tilt up and follow them. Someone had to get out in front on snowshoes and break a trail, while another husky individual at the handlebars of the sled had to twist and push to help the dogs. Both jobs took stamina.

Clubfoot Nick, who had once been left to die by a white traveling companion, had had both feet frozen off to the instep and was not much good except for routine easy travel. Captain Threlkeld and the two soldiers were not in training, and they were soon so exhausted they needed to ride whenever possible. Soxy and I alternated at breaking trail and manning the handlebars of the leading sled, with Soxy doing the lion's share of the work.

Darkness closed in and the trees, our hope of shelter and warmth, were not in sight. But Soxy knew the way—a most fortunate thing for us.

After what seemed hours of grueling work we topped a hill and, thank God, saw in the valley below the stunted Sitka spruce. While Soxy and Clubfoot Nick unhitched the dogs and fed them their daily ration of one smoked salmon each, which disappeared down the ravenous maws in an instant, I broke out the ax, felled four trees and chopped off their branches. In the deep snow, we tied the guy ropes of the tent to the tree trunks and set the tent poles on chunks of wood. The evergreen boughs, covered by a canvas, floored the tent. Pitch knots roared in the little Yukon stove, set up inside the tent. With sleeping bags for chairs, we ate a hot supper by the light of the lantern. Everything now was just fine.

The next day we toiled up the valley of the Golsovia almost to its source, stopping at noon for a hot meal which even included fried grouse and ptarmigan shot along the way. The evening camp was pleasant and in good hunting country. Captain Threlkeld decided we would lay over next day.

The following morning, Sunday, Soxy and I got up, had our breakfast and left before the rest of the camp woke up. Returning laden with small game in the late afternoon, I met Corporal Stahl at the outskirts of camp and asked whether he had hunted.

"Naw," he replied, "the captain wouldn't let us. We've been having pray meetings all day."

The next morning we topped the divide between the Anvik and Golsovia Rivers. It was a beautiful winter scene, with the timber on the Anvik far below. The wind-swept slope from the crest dropped steeply but evenly for more than a mile from the divide.

Captain Threlkeld, on his big snowshoes, was already a hundred yards down the slope. Enjoying the view, I had not noticed Soxy detach the towline from the sled. He handed me the end of the line, to which nine powerful dogs were hitched, and without a word kicked up the claw brake on the sled. Riding high on the handlebars, he shot like an arrow down the steep slope. This was too much for the dogs. They started down too. I was jerked high into the air, but I held onto the towline and coasted on my stomach.

The dogs hit Captain Threlkeld about midway of the towline, resulting in a tie-up. Dogs, towline, snowshoes, captain and lieutenant rolled helter-skelter down the hill after Soxy and his sled. No one was hurt, but we got rather well acquainted.

So went our trip for six days, sometimes plodding uphill in deep snow, sometimes bowling along at twelve miles an hour over hard-packed snow or glare ice on the river. This glare ice was caused by hot springs in the river valley.

Near one such spring, about an inch of rubbery ice covered rapidly cooling water underneath. Attempting to negotiate this ice in slick sealskin mukluks, I slipped and fell on my seat. The ice broke and I got wet.

Soxy, horrified, ran to me and almost threw me onto the sled, jerked blankets out and covered me up. Then he put the dogs into a high run to a point where he saw a dead tree. Working frantically, he built a big fire and backed me up to it and refused to move until he knew I was thoroughly dry.

At the end of the six days, as we neared Norton Sound and the mail trail, the rest of the party left Soxy and me to our own devices. But we didn't get a caribou.

Soxy, a physical giant who could do his sixty miles a day through the mud and slush of the spring breakup with a tremendous pack of mail on his back, was not very talkative. When we were alone, however, he often loosened up.

Once he said, "My old man him no good. Him medicine man." Then he told me of the shams his father put over on his tribe.

Another time he said, "Do you know my brother, Igluck, him just three days older than me." At my surprised look he laughed and said, "My old man got five wifes."

An Offer of Marriage

In the spring, after my hunting trips, when the ice went out and the Yukon awoke, Soxy was at loose ends. He had heard that an Army transport was coming up to take the 30th Infantry away. He came to me and propositioned me thus:

"You like to hunt too well. Army no good for you. Stay here, I get you nice girl from Unalakleet, or maybe my sister from King Island. You make marry. Girl can sew, make music and cook good. You and me, we start trading station and get rich like hell."

Maybe Soxy had something there. Wherever he is, I wish him good hunting.

The ice began to break. Cracks of blue water crisscrossed the bay and the mighty Yukon was groaning throughout its serpentine length, when far to the south, a thousand miles or more, at Regimental Headquarters at Fort Seward, later known as Chilkoot Barracks, the Inspector General arrived from San Francisco.

In that day and age, in the Army, the Inspector General was bad medicine. He was definitely out to skin someone, and the more the better. Regimental Headquarters and our third battalion, stationed at Fort Seward, were having a rugged time. We heard about it in detail every day over the Government land telegraph line. We learned and studied the Inspector General's whims, hobbies and idiosyncrasies, how he liked his eggs for breakfast, how much sugar and cream he put into his coffee. From the lowest private, everyone was all out to beat the inspector.

Of course, it would take him at least a month to get to us. We could apply a lot of spit and polish in that time. As engineer, signal and ordnance officer, I was responsible for shining a lot of property. It was all on my papers.

The ordnance was the worst. For fifty years, more or less, the War Department had been shipping ordnance to Saint Michael. Batteries of artillery, gun parts, tools and all sorts of junk that had long ago become obsolete. It was so far to the nearest ordnance depot that it wasn't worth shipping the stuff back, but it had never been condemned or dropped. It all had to be inventoried and entered on my return of ordnance property to the Chief of Ordnance.

In our small garrison, the only soldier who could be spared to care for this vast assortment was Sergeant Tittle, a man with enlistment stripes above his elbow. He was an outstanding model of faithful industry. He wanted above all else to be an ordnance sergeant. The ordnance warehouse was his wife, family, all he lived for.

When he heard about the Inspector General his eyes gleamed, and he went into high gear. How one man could accomplish so much work was a mystery to everyone. You could have shaved with the old brass cannons as mirrors. All the screws, nuts, bolts and washers, counted and artistically labeled in their receptacles, had not a speck of rust—and Saint Michael has a damp climate.

By the time the Inspector General had finished Fort Seward, near Skagway, Fort Liscolm at Valdez and Fort Gibbon at Eagle, a thousand miles up the Yukon, I could not suggest a single improvement in answer to Sergeant Tittle's eager query.

We knew by telegraph the day, hour and minute the inspector started downriver on the little stern-wheeler *Jacobs*, Army transport on the Yukon, if you please, for Saint Michael. We got reports on his humor and disposition from soldier telegraph operators from Kaltag, Iditarod and other stations as the boat passed. Finally, came the eve of the great day. The *Jacobs* would dock at Saint Michael at eight o'clock tomorrow morning!

Stuck on a Sand Bar!

The whole post was nervously expectant and jittery. The reception committee lined up on the dock to pay homage to the colonel—but the *Jacobs* did not arrive. It developed that the little ship had got stuck on a sand bar on the ever-changing Yukon delta, but we had no way of knowing about it. All day and all night we waited. Finally, at nine o'clock the next morning, the harbor master sighted the *Jacobs* about half an hour out.

I rushed over for a final check on my responsibilities. When I entered the ordnance warehouse, my heart almost stopped beating. The place was a mess and Sergeant Tittle was dead drunk in his little office. The twenty-five-hour delay had been too much for him.

I threw a bucket of water on him and when he was sufficiently revived to display some understanding, I told him to go away somewhere and hide. He promised to do so. I borrowed a very intelligent substitute for him, we tidied the place up and ordance passed the inspection with flying colors.

The last thing on the day's agenda was the inspection of men in their full-dress uniforms, standing by their bunks in barracks. When we entered the barracks behind the inspector, my heart almost stopped again. Down the line I saw Tittle, in full-dress uniform, bleary-eyed and weaving beside his bunk.

Nearing Tittle's stand, the inspector jerked the rifle out of a recruit's hands, took the bolt out, handed it to the recruit and said, "Take it apart."

The recruit, already scared, began to fumble. The inspector jerked the bolt away, saying, "I'll give it to someone who has had some service."

His eyes fell on Tittle's sleeve, with hash stripes representing twenty-one years of honest and faithful service. Normally, Tittle could have made that darned bolt, but now, alas, he was helpless.

We got many skins during that inspection, but this was the unforgivable crime. A drunken man on duty before the Inspector General! The commanding officer caught hell. I caught hell. The whole post caught hell. Tittle, of course, was inconsolable. I worked hard on him for a long time to rebuild his self-respect.

A few weeks later, orders arrived from the War Department transferring the 30th Infantry from the five little posts in Alaska to the Presidio in San Francisco. We were to be relieved by the 14th Infantry, which was already sailing north on the Army transport *Buford.* ▲

Moose Pimples

(Continued from page 9)

so. By then you have other sores that claim part of your attention. They say caribou have an extra bone in their ankles so they can run better. Why couldn't hunters have an extra joint in their knees for bending outward?

My son accompanied me on a hunting trip near Big Lake some time ago. Every time we stopped he took up his stirrups or let them out. On one occasion when he dismounted, he folded up on the ground. His legs wouldn't support him. I accused him of being a tenderfoot, but he said his feet weren't where he was tender. He moaned and groaned, rubbed his knees and remarked, "There must be some easier way to get a moose than this!"

That first afternoon we hunted out from Whitewater Lodge. I drew Dr. Poise for my companion. That isn't his name, but I've known him for many years. Gimmel was our guide.

We visited some likely looking feeding grounds, got acquainted with our horses and adjusted our saddles. Part of the time we would ride the edges of the swamps. Then we'd ride the ridges and search the valleys with our field glasses. One advantage of hunting on horseback is that you can take along extra equipment, such as field glasses and raincoats.

This was my fourth time to hunt and kill a moose. I warned Dr. Poise that they were difficult to see, as usually they are looking through willows or

around a stump or a tree, and their color blends into the background in a marvelous way. I can't describe it. You just have to see it to understand.

On the second morning we were not quite a mile from the lodge, with Bill Gimmel in the lead on a beautiful horse named Chestnut. Dr. Poise was next on a pinto mare he had named Susy-Q, and I was riding a white horse, a dandy, named Ghost. He had been used as a pack horse just enough that he remembered to clear the trees with room for my knees, and in such a country that is important.

We had an understanding that when Gimmel got off his horse, it was the signal that he had sighted a bull moose. It was just the right kind of day for moose hunting. We were riding into the wind, when Bill suddenly dismounted. I was by his side quickly, as I had my gun slung over my left shoulder for quick action. I could get off my horse, let him go, and always have my gun with me. To me this is important, as I once saw a fellow let a bull moose get away while he was trying to get his gun out of the scabbard. His horse got excited, knowing there was going to be some shooting, and the delay was costly. Sometimes the moose does not wait for you.

Dr. Poise was soon by our side, whispering, "Where is he? Where is he? I don't see him!" His eyes were revolving like the headlights on a streamlined train, taking in not only the swamp but the mountains round about as well. The guide was pointing to a clump of small evergreens at the edge of the meadow, where a bull moose was lying down in the tall grass with just his head and neck showing.

Finally Dr. Poise saw him, and by now it was getting exciting. He raised his .300 Magnum and looked through his four-power 'scope. I held my breath until I was about to die. When I felt certain he was going to shoot, he took the gun down and whispered in the guide's ear, "Where shall I shoot him?"

"Shoot him in the head! That's all you can see," replied the guide patiently.

He raised his rifle again. It was about this time that I began getting moose pimples, and I suspect Dr. Poise was having them too. He had borrowed a fine leather quirt from Bill to use on old Susy-Q. It was hanging from his right wrist, and recording all his vibrations. He looked through the four-power 'scope again, and finally squeezed the trigger.

As soon as he fired, my gun went off, and my old .30-'06 sounded like an echo of his big .300 H & H Magnum. We both missed. The bull jumped up and started for parts unknown. The first shot had calmed me down somewhat. I slammed a 180-grain bullet into his hump, just a little too high to be fatal—but moose have rib-like fins reaching up into the hump from the spine, and a lick there is terribly shocking. He staggered and nearly went down, then started going again but not so fast.

He was soon out of sight. I thought he would go up the ridge, so I ran around a little knoll about fifty yards. If my doctor could have had a cardiograph of my heart, I'm sure he would have put me in a hospital for a month.

The moose went up the ridge as I had anticipated. I began firing frantically, but he was going through enough trees to make my bullets ineffective. Finally I settled down, saying to myself, "I'll be out of ammunition soon and he'll be gone." I picked a small opening and as he passed through it, tagged him with the last shell in my gun.

Just then Dr. Poise came rushing up, and if I wasn't afraid he'd read this, I'd declare he was whipping himself with that quirt! He had gone right out across the windfalls and fallen logs, he'd fallen down and jumped up, climbed over the next log and fallen again, but he finally made it up the hill. He reached my side, huffing and puffing, just as I'd stopped the moose briefly with my last shell.

"Shoot, Doc, shoot! Shoot!" I yelled with tears in my voice. "He'll run off yet!" No need to whisper now, after all that noise. I was yelling like a Comanche, and trying to reload my rifle, but it seemed to take ages. "Shoot, shoot!"

I begged. "He can carry off all the lead we've got with us and still get away! We want him! We want to get him down!"

Dr. Poise pulled up, cold and casual again, and held his breath for one brief moment. He put the cross hairs on the shoulder of the moose and folded him up.

"That's enough," Bill shouted. "He's done for."

We moved over to him cautiously, for they can be dangerous even after they fold. When we got near him he got to his feet. The hair was standing up along the ridge of his shoulders and back like the hair on a wild boar, and there was fire in his eyes.

I think the reason some people love to hunt is that they do get excited. Even Bill got excited then. He fired at the bull's head with his .30-30, missed the first shot, reloaded quickly and fired again. That shot struck the bull in the head and he dropped to the ground.

A Marvelous Moose!

There he lay among the windfalls, with a background of fall leaves on the trees. A wonderful sight! A marvelous moose! The kind you see in ammunition ads in the magazines. When we dressed him out we found that he was nice and fat. We dragged him far enough with our horses to load him into a jeep later and take him into camp in one piece. We pulled him up into a tree with a block and tackle (not Pammy's, however), and later loaded him into a truck and took him to Seattle.

Trying to be magnanimous, I begged Dr. Poise to put his tag on that moose, but he said, "No, you hit him first. If I take a moose home, I'm going to take one that I killed." So I put my tag on him, and Doc went out and got an even better one. The other fellows got theirs too, but that's another story, and I hope I can sell it to some magazine to help pay for another hunting trip.

Moose pimples are something awful! It's a wonder they don't leave scars, like chicken pox. But in spite of that, I'd love to look through a four-power 'scope at a moose once more.

Every hunter is interested in knowing the cost of a moose hunt in British Columbia, so I'm going to give you a clue. When I got back from this hunt and had more than four hundred pounds of meat wrapped up and in the locker, I computed the cost of the hunt and the value of the meat and found I broke exactly even. I don't dare tell you what price I put on the meat, though, as my wife might read this story. Up to now she has been happy over the fact that I broke even.

My partner, Pammy, has a better answer than mine. When I was at his home for a moose dinner, he bragged about the texture and flavor of the meat. Then, glancing at his wife to see how his story was holding, he added that the thing he liked best about moose meat was that it's free—doesn't cost a thing. All you have to do is go to Canada, shoot the moose, bring it back and put it in your locker. ▲

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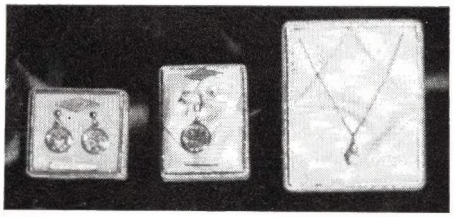

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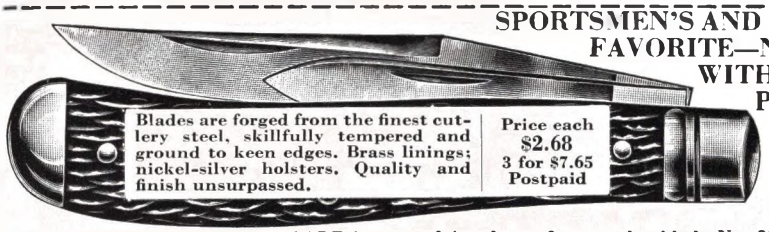

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