Chilkoot Trail

from Dyea to Summit with the '98 stampeders
Chilkoot Trail
Chilkoot Trail

Historic Data Compiled by

ROBERT L. SPUDE

for

Klondike Gold Rush National Historical Park
Skagway, Alaska
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The Chilkoot Trail, one of several routes to Dawson during the Klondike Gold Rush in 1897-1898, was infamous for its relatively short, but grueling, climb over the Chilkoot Pass. It became the main route to the Klondike as thousands of hopeful people sailed from Seattle and other west coast ports with tons of supplies to find their fortunes in the gold fields. Those who chose to float or haul their equipment down the Yukon River to Dawson could take two trails from the Alaskan coast to lakes Lindeman and Bennett and the head of the Yukon. One trail began at Skagway and crossed the mountains through White Pass; the other left Dyea and went over the Chilkoot Pass.

The men, women, and children bound for the Chilkoot Pass in 1897 landed with their gear on the mud flats near the Chilkoot Tlingit village of Diýèt (Dyea) on the Taiya River, and they used the Indian's trail to the summit of the pass. As the rush for gold grew to immense proportions in 1898, the town of Dyea swelled and the lower part of the trail became an improved wagon and pack animal road with bridges and roadhouses. Other boom towns developed on the trail (Canyon City, Sheep Camp, Lindeman City) to accommodate the masses of people headed for the Klondike. After 1899 when the rush was over, the structures built along the Chilkoot Trail were removed or abandoned, and what was left fell into ruin. The trail fell back into the silence of occasional use; and some of it all fell into the Taiya River.

This album of Chilkoot Trail memories contains the impressions of the stampeders during that frantic year when the town of Dyea mushroomed and the lower trail became a road. Combining diary entries, excerpts from books, letters, newspaper clippings, and over 100 photographs taken during the stampede, historian Robert Spude brings this brief period of Alaskan history alive again. He has retained the Klondiker's curious
grammar and spelling and has included display advertisements, coupons,
and tickets printed during the rush. He comments briefly throughout the
text, adding background and information on trail conditions.

Spude has hiked the trail with knowledgeable guides; and he combed
archives and spoke with old-timers while collecting gold rush memorabilia
for the Klondike Gold Rush National Historical Park. Copies of all the
items in this book are on file at the park's research library in
Skagway.

K. Fiedler Morack
Editor, Anthropology and Historic Preservation
Cooperative Park Studies Unit
University of Alaska, Fairbanks
The Chilkoot Pass has become the symbol of the Klondike Gold Rush. Although the stampede may recall the gold-laden SS Portland steaming into Seattle or the frivolity of Dawson City or the muck in the mines, the snow-covered pass with a string of hundreds of packers inching their way up remains in our minds as the epitome of the Klondike fever. Much has been written about the gold rush; these books have given us glimpses of the overall episode, the glories of the boom towns, and the black frustration of the trail. Yet, none have detailed the specifics: the exact route of the trail of 1897-1898, the role of the Indian packers, the amount and type of goods, and the various means used to cross the pass.

This study, for the most part, lets the words of the stampeders retell their experiences—from their first soggy steps off the vessels anchored in Dyea Inlet to the summit of the trail at Chilkoot Pass, the first stage in their journey to Dawson City and the Klondike. Some 20,000 stampeders may have packed across the Chilkoot. According to the Seattle Post Intelligencer of July 21, 1898, Seattle steamship companies alone sold 21,741 tickets to Klondikers eager to reach Skagway and Dyea between July 1897 and June 1898. A majority of these ticket holders packed over the Chilkoot Trail. Mounties stationed at the pass checked 13,000 stampeders between mid-February and May 1898.

The following sections about the Chilkoot Trail between the summer of 1897 and the summer of 1898 have been gleaned from the numerous documents referring to the trail. Each portion of the trail is treated here as an entity unto itself; each step is described through the words of different stampeders at different times of the year. The multitude of documents about the stampede—from diaries and contemporary newspaper articles to over a thousand articles and books and hundreds of photographs—eases the task of reclaiming the past.
Many people have helped with the collection of material in this book. The staffs of the Alaska Historical Library in Juneau, the University of Alaska Archives in Fairbanks, the Yukon Archives in Whitehorse, the Anchorage Historical and Fine Arts Museum, and the Special Collections at the University of Washington in Seattle were most helpful. Skagway old-timers, especially George Rapuzzi, Oscar Selmer, and Virginia Burfield, aided with research and memorabilia. Parks Canada wardens Manfred and Christine Hedgecock gave information and comforted my weary body while visiting Lindeman City. Special thanks go to Caroline Carley, Bob Weaver, and Bob King, University of Washington archeological survey team, National Park Service historian Melody Grauman, and the staff at Klondike Gold Rush National Historical Park. And I wish to thank especially Margaret L. Jensen, back country seasonal ranger at Klondike Gold Rush National Historical Park, who guided me to most of the sites along the trail.

Robert L. Spude
December 1979, Skagway, Alaska
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1867</td>
<td>October 18 - Russian America transferred to United States through Secretary of State William Seward.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1874</td>
<td>Spring - Prospector George Holt, Chilkoot Jack, and two Indian slaves cross pass.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>May 27 - Klotz-Kutch, Klockwatory clan leader, agrees to allow prospectors over Chilkoot Pass.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1882</td>
<td>May 28 - Arthur Krause, German scientist studying Tlingits, crosses pass.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1883</td>
<td>June - Lt. Frederick Schwatka reconnoiters route, publishes map.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1884</td>
<td>- Edgar Wilson opens trading post at Dyea.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1886</td>
<td>- John J. Healy becomes new trading partner at Dyea Indian village, operates Lynn Canal steamer Yukon.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Spring - 200 prospectors cross pass.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- Major gold discoveries on Fortymile River, a branch of the Yukon.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td>Spring - 500 stampeders cross pass, head for the Fortymile.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>June - William Ogilvie, Canadian surveyor, runs traverse across Chilkoot.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- Dyea population: 138 Natives.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1888</td>
<td>June - Indian packers' war. Chilkoot chief Klau-Naut killed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1893</td>
<td>- National Panic: demonetization of silver causes collapse of such mining camps as Tombstone in Arizona, Silverton in Colorado, and Wood River in Idaho.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- Gold discoveries near Circle City on the Yukon.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1894</td>
<td>April - Peterson builds hoist on pass.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1895</td>
<td>Spring - 1,000 stampeders cross pass, head for Circle City.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1897: March 25 - SS City of Mexico leaves Seattle with 600 stampeders.

       July 17 - SS Portland arrives at Seattle with over "a ton of gold on board." Klondike stampede begins.

     August - Skagway platted.

       October - Dyea platted.

1898: January 12 - First issue of Dyea Trail newspaper.

       February - Mounties man the pass.

       March - Dyea population estimate: 10,000 people.

          April 3 - Avalanche above Stonehouse, 52 die.

          April 21 - War declared against Spain.

     May - Chilkoot Railroad and Transport Company tramway completed.

                             - Ice breaks on Lake Lindeman.

1899: Spring - Chilkoot tramways removed.

1900: June - Dyea population: 122 people.

1901: Spring - Plans to build railroad over Chilkoot collapse.

    September 16 - President McKinley assassinated. Theodore Roosevelt becomes 26th president.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Adney, Edwin Tappan</td>
<td>Reporter for Harper's Weekly, he published his travel account as The Klondike Stampede of 1897-1898, New York, 1898. Best of all travel accounts, although Adney crossed the pass too early to chronicle later developments.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black, Martha Louise Munger Purdy</td>
<td>Reminiscence published as My Ninety Years, Anchorage, 1976. Woman's view by one of the Yukon's best known commissioners.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clum, John P.</td>
<td>Ex-mayor of Tombstone, Arizona, he toured Alaska as postal inspector, lectured in &quot;the states,&quot; and published travel account on back of a series of photographic stereopticons.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cotton, Aylett</td>
<td>Unpublished reminiscence, Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley. Summer 1898.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Craig, Lulu Alice</td>
<td>Glimpses of Sunshine and Shade in the Far North, Cincinnati. Reminiscence with warm insight. Sparse.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crawford, Jack</td>
<td>Captain Jack, the poet scout, published verbose but honest letters in Dyea Trail and other newspapers.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cryder, Henry C.</td>
<td>Diarist from New York. New York Historical Society, New York City, houses diary. Too brief in places, the diary was written at the height of the stampede of '98.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


Graham, Robert F. - Diarist and stampeder who crossed the pass during height of stampede. Copy of diary donated to Klondike Gold Rush National Historical Park by granddaughter Lucile O'Neill.


Howard, Martin - Papers at Washington State University, Pullman: 1898 letters, receipts, notes.

Kolloon, Ingred - Copy of diary at Klondike Gold Rush National Historical Park, gift of Sam Ensley. Charming diary of religious, hard-working young woman.


LaRoche, Frank - Famed Pacific Northwest photographer. Photograph captions serve as travel account, summer 1897. En Route to the Chilkoot Pass and Skagway Trail, Chicago, 1897 and 1898. Photographs at University of Washington. Negatives at Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma.

Larss, P. E. - Staff photographer for E. A. Hegg. Abbreviated diary at Alaska Historical Library, Juneau.


Lyon, Thomas R. - Letter in Dyea Townsite File, National Archives; copy at Klondike Gold Rush National Historical Park.

McRae, J. A. - Carpenter and diarist, he hiked White Pass rather than Chilkoot. Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Burton donated original to Klondike Gold Rush National Historical Park.


Mizony, Paul T. - Reminiscence at Alaska Historical Library. Young boy's account.


Pattullo, T. Dufferin - Secretary to Yukon Territory's first commissioner. Splendid letters, though too full of praise for Commissioner Walsh. British Columbia Archives, Victoria.


Silvertip - Unnamed sourdough reminiscing in the *Pathfinder*, 1923. Early.

Steele, Samuel Benfield - *Forty Years in Canada*, Toronto, 1915. At times, braggadocio mountie account. Sprinkled with details.

Strickland, D'Arcy - N.W.M. police officer quoted from Friesen.

Suydam, Harry L. - Reminiscence published as series in *Alaska Sportsman*, February-September 1942. Came early to Dyea, helped plot townsite, and packed on trail.


Yanert, Sgt. William - Reported on Chilkoot conditions to Major Rucker, Letters Received, Camp Dyea, Department of the Columbia, NA. Terse.
Sources of Historic Photographs

Adney, Tappan, account: page 7
Andrews, Clarence, scrapbook collection, Archives, University of Alaska: pages 7, 11, 15, 22, 23, 29, 43, 51, 93, 138
Alaska Historical Library: pages 5, 6, 26, 40, 70, 71, 99, 110, 152
Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas: page 91
Anchorage Historical and Fine Arts Museum: pages 13, 18, 54, 136, 139
Archives, University of Alaska, Fairbanks: pages 12, 46, 67, 109, 128, 130, 144, 145, 146, 168
Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley: pages 100, 115, 122, 153
Dedman's Photo Shop, Skagway: page 94
Denver Public Library: page 134
Library of Congress: pages 10, 24, 25, 57 and cover, 60, 62, 66, 82, 106, 111, 112, 118
Missouri Historical Society: page 4
National Archives: pages 20, 22, 28, 34, 44, 52 (two), 68, 162
Price, Julius, account: page 79
Provincial Archives, Victoria, B. C.: pages 8, 38, 42, 50, 85, 102, 104, 108, 124
Report of Governor of Alaska to Department of the Interior, 1898: page 58
Seattle Historical Society: pages 90, 156
Sheldon Museum and Cultural Center, Haines, Alaska: page 14
Sincic Collection, Paul Sincic, Juneau: pages 36, 47
University of Washington, Seattle: 21, 30, 64 (two), 80, 86, 96, 98, 120, 126, 140, 142, 148, 150, 154, 158, 160, 163, 164, 166
Washington State Historical Society, Tacoma: pages 72, 78, 95, 116
Yukon Archives, Whitehorse: pages 16, 32, 45, 74, 76, 88, 92, 105, 107, 132
Chilkoot Trail
Don't--If you have intended going to the Klondike--Don't, Don't, Don't!

January 29, 1898, Editorial, Engineering and Mining Journal

We are going to the Golden Klondyke to seek our fortune. Perhaps never to return, but time will tell how we shall fare.

February 4, 1898, first entry in diary of J. A. McRae

Each stampeder saw the Chilkoot Trail differently. The words they scribbled in diaries and letters or printed in books echo these differences, differences caused by the weather, time of year, progress in road construction, or how much coin one had in his purse. Yet, all tell of that one objective—to get across the land bridge between tidewater and the head of the Yukon River. Using their words and contemporary photographs, we can journey with the Klondike stampede in 1897-1898 on the Chilkoot Trail.
Step 1 From Ship to Shore

On the Rocks, Summer 1897
Lightering Goods and Passengers, Summer 1897
Ship to Shore

To get from ships anchored in Dyea Inlet across the tidal flats to the beach was no simple task. Stampers found themselves thrown about from ship to barge or lighter to wagon and, in some cases, onto some Indian's or sailor's back before landing at the low tide line. A lucky few stepped from steamships onto a wooden wharf after the completion of the Howell or DKT wharf, but they faced a three-mile hike over a troublesome wagon road to Dyea.

Later, the Dyea or Long Wharf, completed in mid-May of 1898, ran from deep water back to a ramp at the end—nearly a mile across the tide flats from Dyea. None of the stampers, however, could walk off the deck of an ocean steamer across a wharf and directly onto the streets of Dyea; the town never did acquire those luxurious and coveted facilities—a major factor in its demise.

The stampers tell how they got to shore in the following accounts.

There was no wharf where our goods could be landed, and we were forced to carry them ashore in the ship's boat, and land them among the rocks on the beach....It would be difficult for one to imagine the confusion that existed when the tons and tons of boxes and sacks and barrels came ashore, where no steamship people were waiting to receive them, and where each one of the eight hundred passengers was hurrying about looking for the goods that bore his private brand.

August 18, 1897, Robert C. Kirk account
SEATTLE CLIPPER

We will take your orders for Horseless merchandise or any kind of goods, purchase them for you below and deliver to you promptly and save you money and annoyance.

Main Office and Warehouse, Corner First and Scott Sts., DYEA, ALASKA.

Controlling shipments of Mercury, Camden, and Columbia, also the men noth large Ajax, Ej, Cjax, Djax and Ejax, also handling freight for various other lines of ships.

E. W. JOHNSTON
Manager

Barges on the Tideflats, 1898
We dropped anchor three miles from the tiny village alongside a big flat boat. There was feverish haste. We all had to help unload from the steamer to the barge, amid shouts of "Hurry, the tide is turning." Everyone was making a panicky finish. The steamer pulled up her anchor and swung down the canal. We were standing still on the barge. Why? In an hour we were gently grating on the bottom. In twenty minutes we were high and dry, and wagons were coming out on the sandy bottom to get us. The tide had dropped thirty feet, and as far as the eye could see the Linn Canal was empty.

December 1897, Addisen Mizner reminiscence

We proceeded to Dyea. It was very dark and cold that night, with some wind. The tide was going out and after being on our journey for a while we ran hard and fast on a sandbar. We tried to sleep on the cushioned settee, but everytime a large wave hit the boat we would all go rolling in a heap on the deck. Quite an experience especially with two drunks aboard.

Come daylight and with the turn of the tide the launch was raised from the sandbar and we journeyed slowly towards Dyea. There were no wharves or piers built then so the boats would go toward shore as far as they could without being grounded, then the crew would put on hip boots and carry the passengers pig-a-back to shore. Where there was a large amount of freight it was transferred from the ship to a scow which was then shoved as far as possible toward the shore then the freight was loaded on horse drawn wagons where it was taken uptown.

January 2, 1898, Paul Mizony reminiscence
Dyea had no dock, and the City of Seattle could not continue its voyage up Lynn Canal.... At Skagway the Monitors and their freight had to be transferred to smaller vessels. Battered by a furious north wind, the men boarded the little steamer Yukon with their hand luggage, having loaded their freight on lighters which would follow them through Lynn Canal to the shallow flats around Dyea. There they encountered more trouble, for even the tiny Yukon could not get close enough to allow them to set foot on dry land. They disembarked some distance below the town, wading ashore in icy water above their knees.... Later in the day the lighters deposited part of their freight on a sandbar two miles below the settlement. From this precarious spot, "by means of small boats and with lots of hard work," the men transported what they could get their hands on to Dyea.

February 1, 1898, Carl Lokke account

[From Skagway to Dyea] they put people with a little hand baggage on an open barge and transport them in the middle of the night; but for freight they have a well covered and protected barge which they transport during the best time of day, namely, forenoon. That wretched company called the "Washington and Alaska Steamship Company," ought to receive severe punishment for that stroke of genius....

Our freight, that is, our outfit for a year, food and clothing, was now hauled [by wagon] from the barge to town. Everything was mixed. Now we realized how important it was to have everything in strong canvas bags with name and address marked plainly on each piece. One ought never have more than 50 pounds in a sack or box.

February 15, 1898, B. Harsted letter
DKT Wharf

In October 1897 the Dyea-Klondike Transportation Company of Oregon located ground three miles from Dyea for a wharf and warehouse site. The company constructed a wagon road and toll bridge to the town and, with the completion of its wharf, shifted the landings of the stampeders from the tideflats to their wharf. From mid-February through mid-May 1898, most stampeders arrived from Skagway via small steamers and landed at the DKT wharf. Barges, still carrying the bulk of freight, continued to beach on the tideflats.

DYEA HAS A WHARF

At exactly 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon the last plank was laid and a team which had been started from the docks and warehouse of the Dyea-Klondike Transportation Company at deep water stepped off the approach on the tideflats and proceeded on its way to the company's barns without having made a stop from beginning to end of its trip. Without any blare of trumpets or the burdening of the air with promises the Dyea-Klondike Transportation Company has completed the first wharf in Dyea and from this time on teams will be going and coming over a good roadway to and from deep water.

February 11, 1898, Dyea Trail

The weather had been very stormy since the 15th, and when I boarded the boat, accompanied by Constable Skirving, who had come with me from Macleod, we found the wretched craft coated with six inches of ice from stem to stern and the thermometer several degrees below zero. At Dyea when we were landing on the ice-covered wharf several lost their footing and fell into the sea. Their clothes soon froze solid, and they had to be hurried to shelter lest they should be severely frost-bitten.

February 1898, Samuel B. Steele reminiscence
Freight Yard on Scow Street, Dyea, 1898
Wednesday, March 9, 1898.
Hard time to transfer tug Alert. Rough trip to Dyea. Colt and I had to foot it from dock to town, two and a half miles, carrying bag and guns. Late in the afternoon met Mr. Meyers, of Dyea Klondike Trans. Company and there got my bearings.

Thursday, March 10, 1898.
Weather: rain, medium. Up at 6 a.m. Walked to dock 3 miles to go to Skagway and find Tony. Stood in rain three hours. Leather coat fine. S.S. Alert could not make landing. Went on Lady Lake, 10 miles. Sick men. Very rough. Fare $1. Came back on Alert about 5 p.m. Dog and I pretty tired and wet. Stuff all loaded on scow.

Friday, March 11, 1898.
Weather: cool, snow flurries. Outfit all landed and sorted by 1 p.m. Fifteen minutes later had it put on wagon for Canyon City.

March 9-11, 1898, Henry C. Cryder diary

(April 14) We then left for Dyea which is just around a head land on the other side of Linn Canal from Skagway. We arrived at what is known as the Dyea dock at 11 a.m. We got our baggage ashore at 12 noon. This dock is 2 miles down the mountain side from Dyea with a road along the hillside to the town or should say what passes for a road....We will have our freight moved up to the town by tomorrow, for which we will have what we pay now apply on our bill, if we make up our minds to have it moved by team to Canyon City.

(April 15) We put in the forenoon knocking about waiting for our outfits to come up from the dock. It began to arrive at the warehouse at 2 p.m. We stayed at the warehouse, looked right after it, and whenever any of ours showed up, we took it and piled it by its self, in that way we had no trouble with it. But those who did not look after their stuff had more or less missed or damaged.

April 14-15, 1898, Harly Tuck diary
## Washington & Alaska Steamship Co.


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### PASSENGER AND FREIGHT RATES.

*(subject to change without notice.)*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>From</th>
<th>To Wrangell</th>
<th>To Juneau</th>
<th>To Dyea, Skaguay or Haines' Mission</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tacoma, Seattle, Portland</td>
<td>1st Class</td>
<td>2nd Class</td>
<td>1st Class</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Townsend, Victoria or Vancouver</td>
<td>$25. 13.</td>
<td>$32. 17.</td>
<td>$40. 25.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

which includes 150 lbs. of Baggage. Extra Baggage, 1c per pound. Miners' outfits are classed as freight.

*Freight to Wrangell, $8 per ton.  
Freight to Juneau, $9. per ton.  
Freight on merchandise to Dyea, Skaguay and Haines' Mission, $10. per ton.  
Horses, $22.50 per head.*

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### AGENTS OF

**Washington & Alaska Steamship Co.**

**TACOMA** ........................................... DODWELL, CARLILL & CO.  
**SEATTLE** ........................................... CHAR. E. PEABODY, Seattle Mkt.  
**PORTLAND, ORE.** .................................. DODWELL, CARLILL & CO.  
**SAN FRANCISCO** ...................................... E. L. KRUSE  
**PORT TOWNSEND** .................................... A. L. MCGINTY  
**VICTORIA** .......................................... DODWELL, CARLILL & CO.  
**VANCOUVER** ......................................... JOHNSON & BURNETT  
**NANAIMO** ........................................... A. E. JOHNSON  
**JUNEAU** ............................................ F. E. BURNE, Chief Agt. In Alaska

---

All correspondence should be addressed to

**DODWELL, CARLILL & CO.,**  
**General Agents,**  
**TACOMA, WASHINGTON.**
L. D. Kinney had first projected building a mile-long wharf from Dyea to deep water in October 1897, but little work was completed until the infusion of capital from Seattle investors, the Chilkoot Railroad and Transport Company, and steamship companies. The first section was completed in May after the majority of the stampeders had gone up the trail. Some of the freight to be transported by the Chilkoot Route tramway landed at the wharf until the completion of the White Pass and Yukon Route the following year. Most of the freight, however, continued to arrive by scow or barge beached on the tideflats.

DYEA'S NEW WHARF

The new wharf extends from low tide to deep water, and has an easy approach for teams by an incline roadway. It has a depth of 34 feet at the shore end and 60 feet at the outer end. The piles have been driven from 25 to 50 feet in solid ground, and, being substantially braced and constructed, is capable of resisting storm or force of tides. A warehouse 50 x 100 feet is being built at the south end. One line of steamers will use it exclusively for its terminal, and several others express their intention of doing likewise. The steamer City of Seattle enjoys the distinction of being the first vessel to discharge her passengers and cargo at the new wharf.

May 14, 1898, Dyea Trail

The boats landed the freight at the wharf, and from there it was hauled at low tide over the hard-packed sand beach to the warehouse at the townsite proper. It was excellent hauling when the tide did not cover the beach.

All freight was brought to the big Vining and Wilkes warehouse, and no one was allowed to touch it until it was all in and properly checked. You can imagine what the main office was like when a whole boatload of gold-crazy men crowded into it and for a hundred feet around outside, all demanding their freight at once. Frequently it was necessary to have six-guns in evidence to prevent mob action. Many times they would have taken charge of the warehouse if they had not been restrained by a show of force, so anxious were they to get their goods and be on their way. All they thought of was hurry, hurry, hurry! What a crazy mess of humanity!

May 1898, W. C. Wilke reminiscence
Chilkoot Railroad & Transport Company Warehouse, Dyea, April 24, 1899
We only remained [in Skagway] long enough to get our baggage through the customs, then took the ferry boat for Dyea, six miles distant, a pleasant little run through lake-like scenery into a completely land-locked bay on which stands the town. The water is so shallow that carts come some distance into the water, and back right up against the boat that lands passengers from the ferry. The Chilcoot Aerial Tramway, though not starting until Canyon City, some seven miles further on, practically commences at Dyea, as the company takes over goods here and includes in their charges portage by wagon the intervening distance.

June 1898, Julius Price account

Dyea as yet has no wharf, being very much behind her sister city in that respect. Goods are transferred from the steamers at Skagway to barges and taken around the point five miles and beached. At low tide the scows are unloaded, the goods being hauled a mile or more and piled on the ground or in warehouses.

July 21, 1898, Seattle Post Intelligencer

Today visitors to Dyea can find traces of piers and the two wharves. The charred ends of the DKT wharf piers reveal the ravages of a July 1899 fire. The long wharf fell into disuse shortly after its completion. Its piers are still visible during low tide, far out in the middle of Dyea Inlet. Other piers leading from the now tree-covered townsite of Dyea across the tidal flats were part of a projected connection to the long wharf and, later, were strengthened as part of Kinney’s proposed Lynn Canal Shortline railroad to Skagway. The project came to nothing. Isolated groupings of piers were built in order to tie up lighters and floating docks, the largest belonging to the Pacific Clipper Line.
EXHIBIT B.

SURVEY OF U.S. RESERVATIONS NO.1,2,3 AND 4
SITUATED IN THE TOWN OF Dyce, Alaska.
Surveyed August 13, 19, and 21, 1899
by THOMAS WHITTEN
U.S. Deputy Surveyor
Scale 3 Chords=1 inch.
Step 2  Dyea

Dyea, Spring 1898
HEALY & WILSON

PACKERS AND GENERAL MERCHANTS

WILSON'S PASS—The Only Route to the Yukon.

100 lb. Flour

100 lb. Sugar

150 lb. Salt

Healy and Wilson's Trading Post on the Chilkoot Pass.
Dyea

On an island formed by the branches of the Taiya River and the Lynn Canal, Dyea rapidly grew from the trading post of Healy and Wilson and the homes of Indian packers into the largest town in Alaska. From October 1897 to May 1898, the city bustled with its transient population of up to 10,000. To the stampeders Dyea was a brief stopping point; it was a place to purchase forgotten supplies, post letters, get a hot meal and a dry bunk, or seek distractions—moral and otherwise. Once finished, they continued their journey to the gold fields.

Dyea's collapse followed soon after the April 3 avalanche which scared stampeders into taking other routes north. The end came after the completion of the railroad from Skagway into Canada in February 1899. But, for eight brief months, Dyea had vied with Dawson, Skagway, and St. Michael in the national headlines.

The words of the stampeders describe what they experienced during that eventful year 1897-1898.

Dyea is a comparatively old settlement, its principal, it may be said only, house, the store, dwelling and post-office occupied by the firm of Messrs. Healy & Wilson, having been established as an Indian trading-post thirteen years ago. One of the partners, Captain John J. Healy, six years ago organized in Chicago the North American Transportation and Trading Company, and is now at Dawson as its general manager. Dyea is chiefly an Indian settlement. To the northward of the post office and close by the bank of the river is the village, composed of small, dirty tents and little wooden cabins crowded close together. There are no totem-poles nor the large houses of more southern Alaska. But for the few permanent cabins, it would seem to be what it largely is, a small settlement where Indians congregate from various quarters, the Chilkats from the westerly arm of Lynn Canal, the Stikeen Indians from down Fort Wrangel, and the Chilkoots, a branch of the Chilkats, who belong here.

August 1897, Tappan Adney account
Chief Donaraux and Chief Isaac, 1887
The town of Dyea is composed entirely of huts and hovels that belong to the tribe of Dyea Indians, the only white man who lived there at the time we passed through being a trader in charge of Healy & Wilson's store.

August 18, 1897, Robert Kirk account

Monday, we packed our three ponies, took packs on our backs, and, leading the ponies, proceeded up the trail through Dyea. Dyea was a scattering of tents and two or three log shacks. Most of the inhabitants were Indians; a few white men seemed to belong. Then over in the forest at the foot of the mountain, perhaps one-fourth mile, there was an Indian village of five hundred Indians--so I was told--I didn't go over to see. I was told, also, that the Indians had formed a branch of the Salvation Army. We could hear singing over there in the evening.

August 1897, Robert Medill reminiscence

Dyea is, up to the present, merely a name, with perhaps 100 campers, three saloons, one combination store, hotel and restaurant, and a large camp of white and Indian packers. Meals and lodging are 75 cents each. The harbor is poor. The anchorage is bad, the water shoaling rapidly from forty fathoms to nothing. A long wharf is being built. Vessels now are unloaded either on lighters or the cargo is put on a rocky point about a mile from the beach, whence it is hauled off in wagons.

September 1897, F. LaRoche

Dyea is very different from Skaguay. Having been for many years the regular point of departure for the overland journey to the Yukon, it has grown to be a substantial camp, with several frame and log houses. There are stores and saloons, and some lots have been located and staked off, but there is no appearance of a permanent settlement of any size, as at Skaguay. There are several hundred tents and a population of five or six hundred, but nearly everyone is on the move and the population is daily changing. From the stories heard at Skaguay I had expected to find several thousand men here. The conditions were soon explained. Although four or five thousand men had come to Dyea they had delayed little, and most of them were well on their way over the pass.

September 1897, James S. Easly-Smith account
The Platting of Dyea

No townsite existed at Dyea until October 1897 when speculators who had profited on the Skagway boom arrived and platted the townsite. An anticipated winter blockade on the trail and an expected grand rush after spring breakup caused businessmen to rush in, construct structures, and wait to cater to the stampeders. Hurry was the motto of the day. Buildings went up in record time. Utilities and facilities were installed post haste. Time meant money, and the quick lucky few made fortunes.

After learning of the move to Dyea, Bob Meyers and I arranged to accomplish the six-mile trip from Skagway on board a scow loaded with lumber....We...went on shore in boats and started staking lots. There was a great crowd of people there who had heard of the large quantities of lumber being put ashore. When we commenced to stake out claims we told the bystanders of the merchants who were coming to Dyea. At this news the people ran about as if they had taken leave of their senses.

A man would take off his coat and throw it on the ground, intending it to hold a lot for him. Some men ran up the trail and brought back their tents. Hurriedly they pitched them on the lot of their choice. All hands paced back and forth and measured with a tape, if they happened to have one, from the stakes of the marked lot nearest them. Lots were all supposed to be fifty by one hundred feet. I staked a corner for myself on the principal street, called Broadway and carried several boards to it to indicate ownership....Hundreds of people were milling about and fighting over lots that only a few hours before nobody wanted or thought about. It was a full-fledged stampede. People came running from everywhere.

The news of the stampede at Dyea soon reached Skagway, and boats loaded with men and outfits were set out to join the boom. I returned to Skagway myself to get an outfit so that I could camp on my lot at Dyea. I figured that I could easily make several hundred dollars by selling it to someone in a few days. However, my partner persuaded me to stay in Skagway. Several days afterward I learned that a man had jumped my lot and after holding it for two days sold it for five hundred dollars.

October 1897, Harry L. Suydam reminiscence
Yes, this is real, rigorous pioneer life. Blessed California, how lovely and fair you are, conjured up by the imagination of your lonely sons in this northern land! As I write, I am sitting in a so-called "bunkhouse." It measures 14 x 18 feet and has sleeping quarters for twelve people. Let me open the door and show the reader the furnishings. There is no window, otherwise you could peek in through it. Along the side walls are nailed three tiers of bunks made from unplaned boards. They are filled with hay in lieu of mattresses, and sacks stuffed with the same material are used as pillows. A big packing box serves as a table. On it stands a tallow candle which is supposed to light up the whole house. Some sawed-off tree stumps stand here and there, inviting a person to take a seat. A clothes-line, on which hang wet socks, mitts, and woolen shirts, is stretched clear across the room, while in the middle of the floor stands a large Yukon stove, glowing hot, doing its level best to warm up frozen hands and feet as well as to dry the clothes on the line. The air is thick and sticky, so much so in fact that if a person had a really sharp Norwegian tollekniv (sheath knife), it should be possible to cut it up in sections. Some eight men are sucking away at their pipes and cigars which, despite the tobacco smoke, brings almost a pleasant change to one's nostrils....

I am now busy setting up the tent Bishop McCabe gave me. Because of the strong winds constantly blowing here, I am forced to lay a frame foundation to keep the tent from being torn away. I have bought a large stove which I hope will give sufficient heat. My plans are to be ready for meetings in a week's time. We also intend to use the tent as a reading room. Fortunately, I arrived just in time to secure a lot for the church on the corner of West and Fifth streets. All the lots were taken when I came, but through a friend I managed to obtain this one, which is centrally located. May God grant us progress and victory in our work. I expect to see many souls won for God during the winter. I have visited several sick people and was well received....

November 18, 1897, Rev. C. J. Larsen letter
I have been here six weeks and it has been a busy time with us. When we came, the town had just been surveyed and about all the lots were located. We located one, and bought two others for $185. Big buildings are going up so fast that it is impossible to keep the place supplied with lumber. We just completed a building on one of our lots and will start the other tomorrow. We could turn our lots in now and get five dollars for every dollar invested, to say nothing of the buildings, but do not think it time yet for the rush is hardly on. This is a mushroom town that you read about. One who has never been in the hot bed of a gold excitement cannot realize how crazy men get. It is worse, I suppose, than the stampede of wild cattle. Many a fortune will change hands this summer. Many a man will curse the day he ever set foot on cold Alaska, and many will hail it in after years as the source of his happiness. All of us hope and think we will be classed among the latter.

December 22, 1897, William Schooley letter
My business in Vancouver was thriving, both retail and manufacturing, but when the Klondike gold discoveries were made my attention was turned to the north, not from the point of mining but for the commercial opportunities that would be offered in all lines by the flocking of several thousand men to that region. I wanted to make money faster than I could even in Vancouver, the same as everyone else, but I think my way of going about it did not have as much chance in it as there was in mining. I got together a big shipment of furniture, crockery, and some lines of hardware and started off for the head of Lynn Canal. It was too late to get it in to Dawson by water that year, so during the winter I had the goods packed over the Chilkoot Pass to Lake Bennett in order to be ready as soon as the ice broke up to start down to Dawson.

In the meantime I was not sitting idle in Dyea for I jumped right in as a contractor and builder, and in ninety days I made a quarter of a million dollars providing accommodation for some of the thousands of people who were collecting there by every steamer and had to wait for the opportunity to get on to the goldfields....

As I say, I jumped into the building line and found plenty to do at big prices. Speed was the main thing that was demanded, for accommodation could be rented at fancy figures and with the northern winter coming on people were not in a humor to wait. For instance, one day I got an order for the building of a three-storey hotel of about forty rooms, with dining-room and bar-room, all furnished and the building heated throughout, the keys to be turned over to the owner in three days. I did it! It would be thought a tall order even in a city like Vancouver. Of course I had any amount of furnishings right there on the spot in what I had intended for Dawson, so there was no delay in that regard. I also built a block of five stores in five days, and rented each one as it was finished! The first two were occupied and selling goods before the last one was completed. There was lots of labor available among the men waiting there to get on to the mines, and they were glad of the chance to make some money to pay their expenses while they were waiting. I paid a dollar an hour for any sort of labor, which was thought big wages--and was big wages then--and looked as big then as ten dollars an hour would look now. For a team of horses, wagon and man I paid ten dollars an hour. Winter 1897-1898, F. W. Hart reminiscence
RELIEF SUPPLIES.

Oregon Brings a Large Consignment.

PACKTRAIN COMING.

A DISASTROUS WEEK

Sea Craft Have a Hard Time of it on the Canal.

The recent cold and stormy weather was disastrous to sea craft bound for these parts. It is more than probable that much less damage has been done than has been reported. All sorts of alarming rumors were set in motion, and for a time it seemed that every boat on the way hither had either gone on the rocks, been blown ashore or vanished from the surface of the water.

GOODS IN BOND.

The Rules on Entry and Transportation.

THROUGH THE U. S.

sengers or cargo for Alaskan ports, and which does not desire to proceed, must transfer her cargo to another American vessel. If destined to a port in British Columbia the transfer may be made to either an American or British vessel. Foreign vessels from a foreign port, entering St. Michael with a cargo destined for Alaskan points on the Yukon or Interior rivers may either proceed or transfer their cargoes to an American vessel only. When the cargo and passengers are destined to points in British Columbia the transfer may be made to either an Ameri
The next morning after paying our hotel bill, father counted his money and found that he had just $1.75 left. By good fortune we met an old family friend (Mr. F. W. Hart) that we had known years before, in Vancouver, B.C. He had a furniture store and gave me a job as clerk and handy man. Father and mother got a job in a large hotel as first and second cooks.

Some of my duties were to see that the fires were kept going, clerk in the store, collect money on goods sold and in a pinch, try to do a little cooking. Four of us were living in one large room....

In about six weeks my parents had enough money together, about $200.00 to start a small business of their own in a tent.

They baked pies and made doughnuts, they sold a small piece of pie or two doughnuts and a cup of coffee for 50¢. I helped out by waiting on the trade and washing dishes. The men were hungry for home cooked pastry and we did a big business. A couple of weeks later we sold the business for $600.00.

January 1898, Paul Mizony reminiscence

A bank will be started in a short time. Parties are now here making arrangements.

The sawmill is nearly ready to run. A contract for 600,000 feet of logs was let on Monday and the mill wants as much more.

Two new breweries will be built at once. The Seattle Brewing and Malting Co. is behind one. The machinery for both is here.

Next week the post office will be in new and more commodious quarters.... Postmistress Richards feels the necessity of new quarters very severely, and at no time more so than during the rush of this week.

Capt. Purvis' new hotel, the Palace, is receiving its finishing touches. Without exception the Palace is one of the most substantial buildings in Alaska.

January 19, February 11, 1898, "Dyea Doings" in the Dyea Trail
STOKES BROS
Corner 2nd and Main Sts
Provisions, Clothing, Merchandise. Miners complete outfits.
Shallcross & Macaulay, one of the largest outfitting concerns in Alaska, have just completed a large addition to their downtown store.

The Dyea Trading Co., one of the oldest firms in the city, have moved into their spacious new store on Main street.

The first scows built in Dyea were launched in the past week. They were constructed from start to finish within three weeks for...the Northern Trading and Transportation Company.

Sunset Telephone Company--communications with Skagway and all points on Dyea Trail.

Ernest R. Cheadle will at once open a first class hotel on Main Street between First and Second.

Carroll, Johnson & Co's. big 50 x 100 building on River Street, near Third, is going up rapidly.

The building boom increases steadily. No part of the city is exempt from it. Everywhere big and little structures are arising. Hotels are being finished and thrown open daily. New business houses are as plentiful as hotels and restaurants yet nothing is overdone.

Ross, Higgins and Co. are building a two-storey 30 x 50 structure at Fifth and Main Streets.

Ex-Mayor Edward S. Orr of Tacoma is here. He did not come with the intention of locating, but he is inclining that way. [Beginning twenty-year career as stage line operator in Alaska and the Yukon.]

Dyea will have a hospital and dispensary. It is being built on Main Street next to Clancy & Billings Potlatch Hotel and will have accommodations for about 40 guests. A trained nurse will be in charge. The name of the institution will be the Dyea Hospital and Dispensary. The promoters of the affair are Dr. L. Price and others.

Stokes Bros. fine store is done.

January 19, February 11, 1898, "Dyea Doings" in the Dyea Trail
Hotels and shops are being built every day. There is a press of business that has no equal. Yet there is such a large number seeking work that it is not advisable for anyone to come here empty-handed. Many give up here, or they must postpone going inland until they have procured about 1100 pounds of provisions. All kinds of business is represented here. Almost every other house is a restaurant or boarding house. It seems to me that the only thing that would pay would be to have milk cows. Milk sells for 38¢ per quart. With the exception of fresh meat which is 20¢ per pounds, ham and bacon 12 to 15¢ per pounds and flour $1.75 per 50 pounds, prices are not unreasonably high. One can get an acceptable meal for 25¢ to 50¢.

February 1898, B. Harsted letter

We remained at Dyea nearly six days awaiting our luggage and freight, where we had comfortable quarters in one of the hotels, and very good meals. The freight quarters at Dyea, which were situated right on the beach were very crowded and densely packed. The luggage was piled high into the air and there was much scrambling after one's effects....During the entire winter I seldom needed to be dressed far from my usual custom, though I walked out every day. The greatest difference in our dress was the flannels and footwear. I wore the heaviest of jersey for the former and German socks and moccasins were required over the ordinary hose for the latter, during the coldest weather.

The six days that we spent at Dyea were novel ones indeed, and much enjoyed, though we were somewhat impatient to move on. Dyea was an example of what might be called a mush-room town, so quickly had it sprung into existence. We overheard some talk about the wickedness of the place—that one could scarcely step out upon the street without hearing an oath. In fact, the minister made a similar statement in his pulpit the Sunday morning that I attended services in the humble, neat house of worship. Yet we ourselves heard no oaths in the streets of Dyea, and in this we were particularly fortunate during our entire trip, and heard very little coarse language used.

In our walks through Dyea we saw some Indians, Malamute and Huskey dog teams....The United States soldiers sent in by Congress were encamped here at this time.

February 1898, Lulu Craig reminiscence
Waiting for Mail - Dyea, Alaska
Our party went on to Dyea. I shall never forget that night in Dyea. After sleeping on a board floor in a log cabin with only my fox robe wrapped around me and my traveling bag for a pillow we arose with the sun and made preparations for that part of the journey that everyone so much dreaded. It was 23 degrees below zero that night. We started in company with about a thousand others....

February 1898, Louella Day reminiscence

Darkness overtook Gunderson and his men this Monday night when only part of their gear was in hand. They had succeeded in reaching Dyea, and there they spent their first night in Alaska. Their stoves and tents had not arrived, and they were obliged to seek shelter at the Palace Hotel. In this makeshift hostelry they slept on the floor in their own sleeping bags for fifty cents apiece. They ate acceptable meals also for a half dollar at a restaurant across from the hotel.

February 1, 1898, Carl Lokke account

The United States post office (at Dyea) is located in a log cabin about 14 x 20 feet, and in front of this office may be seen Monday morning to Saturday night a line of people anywhere from a couple of dozen to 300 to 400, waiting their turn to inquire for mail. The post master will permit no person to ask for mail for more than two names, consequently if a man comes down 15 or 20 miles distant to inquire for mail for eight or ten persons, it may take him all of one day, and perhaps part of the second before he can find out that no new mail has arrived for at least two weeks.

February 20, 1898, Carl Lokke account

We...found a lodging house got our supper, and went back to the boat to get our blankets as we hired bunks at 25¢ each. Sat. we spent the day in looking over the town and found it similar to Skagway in many respects although the timber is not nearly as heavy and the soil is very sandy. The town is not as large but a great deal neater. The Hotel Olympia is a nice three story frame building, but there are not as many log buildings and more tents. The Soldiers are stationed in town business is lively do not have time to stop for Sunday or any thing else. Mon. We got our goods sorted out, and ready to move.

March 1898, Ernest Keir journal
Mar. 6 Left Skagway and went to Dyea--first in ferry, then row boat, men very kind to me. Mr. Morton helped me find a room in the IXL Hotel. Emma and Minna came also. Met Frank and Murphy stayed here all night.

Mar. 7 Looked all day for work without success. Would like to return. Played cards in evening had music and singing and fortune telling. Very pleasant hotel, still feel bad and have cold.

Mar. 8 Accepted work at San Francisco Hotel. Not feeling well.

Mar. 9 Frank and Co came to say "good-by" as they start for Sheep's Camp. Oh, how sad I feel, left alone, and no letters about my little ones to let me know how they are.

March 1898, Georgia White diary

Put up at Portland Hotel on Broadway [in Dyea]. Got double room $1.50 a day. Great confusion. Everybody lying. Late in the afternoon met Mr. Meyers, of Dyea Klondike Trans. Company and there got my bearings. Colt lay down all p.m. Lost $75. Dog and outfit will not arrive until tomorrow afternoon. Gave Adjutant 14th Inf. map for Captain Eastman.

March 9, 1898, Henry C. Cryder diary

The Olympic Hotel of Tacoma...has just completed the construction of a three story hotel building on River St. [in Dyea]. It will contain 100 rooms outside of dining room and kitchen and will be the most complete building of the kind in Alaska. It cost $12,000....

March 12, 1898, Dyea Press
March 12th. Saturday Arrived at Skagway at 8:00 A.M. Had breakfast aboard the Seattle. After breakfast we put our baggage on board a scow and went to Dyea but had to stay on scow or pay twenty-five cents to go ashore in small boat. Winters went ashore and bought some cheese and bread for lunch. Waited until 4:00 P.M. for tide to go out and then walked ashore and carried our baggage to the Palace Hotel. After supper, got the dogs. Paid $1.00 per meal and same for bed.

March 13th. Sunday Got our hand sleds and took our baggage and went up a small river on the ice and called our first camp "Camp Evanston" and then went back after another load. Weather is warm, slept in three tents.

March 14th. Monday Fixed up our tents and went after another load of goods. Had dinner at the Palace Hotel and hauled home a large load of goods and got very tired. Weather still warm.

March 15th. Tuesday Stayed around camp until noon and then finished hauling goods and got everything to Camp Evanston.

March 1898, Robert F. Graham diary

Wed. March 16 We anchored at Dyea dock at 2 P.M. and remained there in the warehouse until the 17th. We arranged our beds on the floor.

Thurs. March 17 Today I have been to Dyea City twice. The town lies low and there are ------ everywhere. Shall sleep in the warehouse again tonight. I talked with Mr. ------ in Dyea.

Fri. March 18 Today we have taken all our supplies from the dock to the City of Dyea. Have now set up our tent on a sand bank near the river. It rained this afternoon ------. The tent is full [of] wet things--boxes and clothing ------.

March 1898, Ingred Kolloon diary

Vogee Photo Studio, 1898
Dyea is laid off into blocks and streets and aside from two or three buildings it is made up of shacks and tents and of every conceivable size and shape. When we arrived at Wrangell we heard of a big snow slide on this trail and it was given out that there was 2 or 3 hundred lives lost. On arriving here find that there was a slide in which 52 lives were lost....

Found George Myers here running a black-smith and wagon shop with Stiller as a helper. We are stopping in the bunk house and restaurant that Stiller ran when he first came here. Tomorrow we will get our tent up and go to house keeping. Saturday if the weather is right Shaw and I will take a run over the pass and back by the Skagway trail then we will know what to do, sell our outfits or move them on.

April 1898, Harly Tuck journal

During those two days in Dyea, I had a good chance to take in the town. Like Skagway, Dyea had grown by leaps and bounds. It was now a city of about eight thousand. From that primitive Indian village of the year before, the place now had everything--hotels, eating places, banks, stores, a newspaper, even though many of them were housed in very crude frame buildings. I stayed one night at the Olympic Hotel and the other at the Woodlawn. The last evening, I walked along the Midway toward the first bridge. I was surprised to see there was scarcely a vacant lot left in town on that broad U-shaped flat between the high mountains. At Dyea, there was plenty of entertainment. Dance halls and saloons were going full blast! I stopped to see a show to kill time and saw the Cashey Sisters. Sewell of Dawson was there, too. Yes, Dyea was a typical gold-rush town. There was no doubt about it--even to its prostitutes, gamblers, and "sure thing" men! But it didn't have the sinister atmosphere of Skagway. It was mighty good to know that Soapy Smith did not hold sway here! And for good reason--they has a very firm-fisted constable in Dyea.

I was hoping for a restful sleep that night of the 23rd, as I was leaving the following morning to tackle the big climb up Chilkoot. But, great Scott! It did not turn out that way! There was too much commotion going on in the next room and the thin partitions were like sounding boards. How many visitors that "daughter of joy" had during the night. I lost count! But, at close intervals, the squeaky door would open, there would be stealthy footsteps going down the hall and, in a moment more stealthy footsteps creaking up the hall and a woman's hoarse, grating voice called, "next!"

May 22-23, 1898, Ed Lung reminiscence
Mother Was A Lady.

Words by EDW. B. MARKS.

Music by JOS. W. STERN.

Voice.

Andante moderato.

Piano.

Dedicated to Mrs. JAMES J. ARMSTRONG.

Spoke to her familiarly in manner rather rude;
Give me Miss! I meant no harm, pray tell me what's your name? At

She first she did not notice them or told him and he cried again. 'I know your brother too."

But Why

one remark was passed that brought the tears drops to her eye,

And He'll

facing her mentor, with cheeks now burning red,

She'll

looked a perfect picture as appealingly she said,

Take you to him as my wife, for I love you since you said.

Words they were chatting in a jolly sort of way.

And every word she uttered seemed to touch their hearts with in.

They

when a pretty waitress brought them a tray of food, They

sat there stunned and silent until one cried in shame, "For..."
You wouldn't dare insult me, Sir if Jack were only here. No one knows what makes a song go over, but that wild ballad was in time the theme song of the Klondike, responded to with tremendous applause long after it had become a current chestnut. For these massed wanderers, heading through dangers and misery for the opportunity of a lifetime, sentimental ballads were the chief click. Actually there were fixed crying spells in the routine programmes of the Honky Tonks during which the saddest of ballads regarding home and mother would bring about what might be termed a community sob. The strangest detail of this proceeding being that the very people who arranged the gag would frequently be wet-eyed during the rendition. Following such songs, of course, the gay-tunes rang out.

1898, Wilson Mizner reminiscence
HOTEL RIVERSIDE

Corner Fourth and River Streets.    -  Dyea, Alaska

Everything Modern and First-Class
The Best Furnished Rooms in the City

Table Unexcelled  F. H. GRIFFITH, Prop
The town of Dyea is not quite so lively as Skagway, due largely to the effect of the avalanche in the Chilcoot, but in "toughness" it is no whit behind. Having no introduction to its "gang" we kept both eyes wide open. Here again the footprints of civilization: a solitary Gurney Cab! A sign: Ici on parle Francais" & next door: "A square Meal here, 25 cents" --and let me remark parenthetically that both in Skagway & Dyea & at all the camps along the trail one can get meals more or less "grand, square & upright" at prices no bigger than in most towns of the U.S.--Charlottesville, for instance.

May 1898, Frank Berkeley letter

While looking about Dyea to find a place to pitch our tents, Captain Spencer became acquainted with a young man who most generously placed his rough board shack at my disposal, while he, the owner, bunked with a friend next door. It was a small one-room shanty, 12 by 14 feet, furnished with a sheet-iron cookstove, two chairs, and a table. It had a built-in narrow bunk and some packing box cupboards. The men set up tents for their sleeping quarters, and we lived here pleasantly for a fortnight.

June 1898, Martha Black reminiscence

Dyea consists of one long, dusty, straggling street of wooden and canvas shanties, and is nearly two miles in length. It can boast of a fairly good hotel for a place of its description: in fact, it is reputed the best north of Victoria. We were not long afterwards in realizing that this was no fictitious reputation, and often had occasion to wish for even its meagre comforts. There was some unexpected delay in getting our things over from Skaguay, so I decided, rather than waste time in this uninteresting place, to go on ahead....

June 1898, Julius Price account

At Dyea, we arranged to have our baggage transported by wagon, air-lifts (a kind of tramway) and pack mule. We then bedded down for the night in a so-called "hotel" which was really nothing but a glorified shack. Walking through the streets, we carried a rifle and a revolver. Fortunately Steuart and I were both big men and nobody tackled us.

July 6, 1898, Aylett Cotton reminiscence
Hotels, hardware and grocery stores, dry goods and meat stores, dance halls, saloons and theatres—in fact everything to cater to the needs of man. Buildings costing ten to fifteen thousand dollars were common, and the furnishings and equipment were comparable with the buildings.

Of course, like all mushroom towns of those early days, Dyea had its dispute in regard to land titles. Sam Herron was a representative of Healey & Wilson, or Mrs. Healey, as a claimant to the land as against the later occupants. And a railroad was even contemplated, the line having been surveyed up as far as Canyon City....

Among those whom I remember as being in business in Dyea in those halcyon days was Frank Clancy, who ran a dance hall; the Decker Brothers, who kept a merchandise store; C. W. Young, of Juneau, hardware, Sol Ripinsky, of Haines, was also there doing business. And in addition there were innumerable people from Seattle and other points in the states whose names I do not now recall.

After the slide the bottom dropped out of Dyea, and any building in the town could be purchased at from $50 to $500....

1898, Silvertip reminiscence

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Dyea's decline coincided with the breakup of the ice on the Yukon River. The stampeders floated away, leaving the boomtown residents with only the tramways to attract business. The construction of the Skagway railroad, underway by May 1898, soon won the freight contracts. After future attempts to build a railroad, Dyea businessmen abandoned their buildings—taking their wares to Dawson, Atlin, or nearby Haines, Skagway, and Juneau.

Mr. Frank Grygal went to Dyea for the purpose of learning why the necessary deposit [for a townsite survey] was not made with the Surveyor-General, and he informs me that all the people who had sufficient means to leave Dyea had departed therefrom, and it is his opinion that those remaining are neither willing nor able to advance the deposit required to effect the preliminary survey.

August 4, 1898, Thomas R. Lyon letter

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The Dyea post office, which had been established July 6, 1896, discontinued May 19, 1902.
Today only one historic structure stands on the Dyea townsite. The site of Healey & Wilson's Trading Post has disappeared into the Taiya River bottom. Scattered everywhere are bits of metal, wood, and fabric. An old barn, a false front and collapsed walls or near collapsed walls of other structures can be found among the spruce and cottonwood, but these do not tell truly how large Dyea had been.

DYEA GOES--Houses Being Moved to Juneau on Scows.

Scows are now being loaded at Dyea with knocked down houses and will be taken to Juneau. C. W. Young, the lumberman and general merchant of that city bought up many houses at Dyea. As there is no use for them there, he is taking them to Juneau. It was he who moved the big Olympic hotel to Douglas. Mr. Young is also taking what machinery, boilers, etc. he has an interest in to Juneau.

August 29, 1903, Daily Alaskan

Dyea, with its former streets dimly marked by indentations in the sand heaps, its warehouses still bearing names of merchants, hotels, banks, and dwellings slowly yielding to the ravages of the elements and the vandalism of the Skagwayans, its wharves, once laden with produce of immense value, fallen to decay, is to-day absolutely deserted. Its name remains on the map, and is mentioned in the Alaska directory as "a discontinued postoffice with telephone communication with Skagway." The "telephone communication" belongs to a man who has a homestead claim in the "suburbs" of the deserted city, and who raises a few vegetables for the Skagway market.

1906, Leslie's Weekly

Fire destroyed a landmark in Dyea during the past week. The building was known as the Wilson and Healy trading post and was made famous as the first scene in the famous novel by Rex Beach, "The Iron Trail." The fire is said to have originated from the chimney.

Mr. Robinson, the manager of the Pullen ranch at Dyea on which the building stands, did all in his power to put out the flames, even to the use of milk and cream in the absence of water, which was not on hand. The building was a total loss, but the movable contents were saved.

January 1921, The Pathfinder
Wagon Road on 1924 Homestead Plat of A. T. Wilson
SKETCH OF THE
DYEA AND SKAGUA TRAILS
Sept - 1897.
by
C. B. TALBOT, SITKA, 
Alaska.
Dyea to Canyon City

The easiest stretch of the trail ran eight and a half miles along the wide Taiya River valley to the mouth of the canyon. The stampeder's complained of an overabundance of water, and during the first stage of the rush they followed three different routes to either avoid or to make use of the stream. Some packed their goods along a foothill trail, others crossed and recrossed the numerous stream and river channels, while others hired Indian canoes or built skiffs to float their goods up the Taiya. When winter came and the river froze, packers sledded their goods over the ice.

While the stampeder's moved along the trail, some individuals stayed at certain locations—improving sections of the trail, building toll bridges or roads, and opening trading posts, stores, and shops. These sites included L. D. Kinney's bridge and trading post, Patrick Finnegan's corduroy road, and the Head of Canoe Navigation. By the summer of 1898 the route was improved to the point of being no more difficult than any country road.

The trail began on River Street in Dyea and passed through the town for approximately a mile and a half. At this point the wagon road crossed Kinney bridge to the Kinney trading post on a long narrow island. For the next four and a half miles the wagon road crossed the Taiya River tributaries and branches until it reached the Head of Canoe Navigation or "Falls City." From there to Canyon City the wagon road ran across the rocky flood plain of the Nourse and Taiya rivers.

The following accounts from May 1897 to July 1898 reveal the changes on the lower part of the Chilkoot Trail.
Forty Indian Canoes at Dyea
The next morning, much to the surprise of all the stampeders, Indian Joe Whiskers brought his canoe around in front of our camp and helped us pack our supplies. Then we started up the rushing Taiya River. As the canyon narrowed down and the water became swifter, the Indian and Stacey got out and walked along the bank, pulling with long ropes, while I stood up in the canoe and pushed and guided the craft with a long pole. The Indian wore a curious harness around his head and shoulders called a "tump line." With this contraption, he pulled with great strength.

Halfway up the canyon, we passed several men who had been deserted by the Indian packers. They certainly were in bad straits!

Now we realized more fully just how fortunate we were. Dozens of men were going up the canyon as best they could and had to pack and relay all their goods on the rugged, stony trail which followed along the river.

It was nine miles from Dyea to Canoe Landing at the head of the canyon and it took us nearly two days to reach that point. Once, we tipped over in the rapids, but it happened near shore, luckily. Quickly, we grabbed our supplies and righted the canoe. Fortunately, nothing got wet, as we had carefully packed everything in watertight oilskin bags.

At Canoe Landing, we thanked the Indian for his faithful service, and we paid him, we said, "You've been a wonderful help, Indian Joe, and we shall never forget you!"

After the Indian had left us, Stacey and I viewed our hundreds of pounds of supplies with much concern, especially when we saw the steep, slippery trail leading from the river up the canyon. We knew we would have to make a number of back-breaking relay trips to establish our first cache. Quickly, we began dividing our supplies, making about sixty-five to seventy-pound packs for each. Then we started.

May 1897, Ed Lung account

The first six miles were along a rapid stream where the rough track ran from side to side, over sand and boulders, with from six inches to two feet of water, and a very swift current; thence over boulders with fair footing to a canyon which was the end of the so-called wagon track.

August 1897, T. C. Down account
Camp at Finnegan's Point
From the Indian village (at Dyea) the road follows the western bank of the river to the ferry, where horses can ford in the early morning. Thence the road continues, crossing and recrossing small branches of the Dyea eight or nine times, to Finnegan's Point (a distance of about five miles from Dyea). The foot-trail makes but two fords in that distance. From Finnegan's Point is a horse-trail one mile to the head of canoe navigation, and thence, over a level waste of sand and loose bowlders, to the mouth of the canyon.

Healy & Wilson's pack-train of ten or twelve horses, in charge of two men on horseback, runs daily from Dyea to Sheep Camp, carrying two hundred pounds per horse, returning the same night, with hardly ever an accident. Both horses and men know their business. A good many of the miners push their little hand-carts to the end of the wagon-road, and then pack on their backs or by horse; while others build large flat-bottomed scows or skiffs, into which they pile all their goods, and tow them, with much labor, to the head of canoe navigation.

It is impossible to give one an idea of the slowness with which things are moving. It takes a day to go four or five miles and back; it takes a dollar to do what ten cents would do at home. The blacksmith is either at Skagway, or is drunk, or has left his tools behind. That has been the main trouble with Leadbetter--half his horses are laid off without shoes. A horse loses one or more shoes about every trip. The same story is told by all. They have arrived here with outfits and means of transportation; they have thought their expenses ended, but they have only just begun. Where a party has calculated on getting over in days, it is taking weeks. Yet how much better than at Skagway! Here people are moving; there the trail is choked, and no one is getting through. Six burros belonging to the outfit take 800 pounds to Finnegan's Point, and I pay a wagoner to haul the rest to that point.

Twenty tents, including a blacksmith-shop, a saloon, and a restaurant. A tent, a board counter a foot wide and six feet long, a tall man in a Mackinaw coat, and a bottle of whiskey is called a saloon here. At the hotel a full meal of beans and bacon, bread and butter, dried peaches and coffee is served for 6 bits, or 75 cents. It is run by two young women from Seattle. One of them is preparing to start for Sheep Camp with a two-hundred pound cooking-range. The Indians bring in salmon and trout, and sell them for 2 bits, or 25 cents, each. The salmon weigh from ten to twelve pounds; the trout, two or three pounds.

The slowness of the pack-trains is disheartening; horses laid off from loss of shoes, no shoes, not even nails to put them on; many are sore, and the poor ones fall out.

August 1897, Tappan Adney account
A good wagon road leads from the beach to the first crossing of the Dyea River. The bridge crossing the river at this point was washed out this spring, so all goods have to be ferried across, at a cost of $5 per ton. Passengers are charged 50 cents each.

After crossing at the ferry the trail continues up the river for a short distance, when the river is again crossed by a ford. In September the water is about knee deep, but in the spring a ferry is used. A bridge could be built cheaply, the river being about fifty feet wide at the ford. The trail continues directly up the hill, crossing a number of small streams. None of them, however, presents any difficulties—and most of them are so small they can be jumped across. The trail here is excellent.

The third river crossing is at Finnigan's point, where the stream must be again forded; width in September, fifty feet; depth eighteen inches. A large camp, and an excellent one, is located here, and bread and meals can be bought here. From Finnigan's to the head of navigation the trail is not very good, with a number of boulders and considerable mud. It winds along the hill above the river and could be put in shape at small expense. At the head of canoe navigation the river is crossed again, this time on a foot-log, with a good ford for animals just above the log. In going up this trail goods can be brought up to this point in a boat and from here taken to the Scales, just below the summit. Animals cannot get over the summit with a load, but can be taken over light, and they can then travel to Lake Linderman without difficulty.

From the head of canoe navigation to the beginning of the canyon of the Dyea the trail follows the river. It affords excellent walking, with no perceptible gradient.

September 1897, F. LaRoche

Horses, burros, oxen and even dogs are being used to pack goods!

For a distance of six miles there is practically no rise and traveling is easy. To this point the river is navigable for canoes, and the Indian packers float goods up as far as possible. The loaded canoe is pulled along or drawn by a rope after the fashion of a canal-boat. At the head of canoe navigation there is a small camp. Soon after leaving this place the trail enters the Dyea Canyon and becomes rough and uphill.

September 1897, James S. Easly-Smith account
Monday night, September sixth, found us camped on the far side of
the stream, at the ferry. Our tent was pitched on the high bank,
with the door overlooking the stream, and I unrolled my sleeping
bag with the head to the front of the tent.

I awoke at gray dawn, rolled over on my stomach, raised the
bottom of the tent, and hooked it behind my head. I looked out
on a most peaceful scene: a great stillness, the stream moving
quietly along with patches of fog rising from its surface, a clear
sky and a spring-like mildness....

Getting back to the problem in hand, we soon had camp broken and
with two hundred pounds on each pony, Harry and I went on up the
trail toward Finnegan's Point. Duncan was to follow with the
balance in a wagon which we had engaged for the purpose. Finnegan's
Point was four and a half miles away, and the end of the wagon
trail.

Always studying our maps and mileage and picking up what information
we could from those we met on the trail, about what to expect ahead,
we were usually forearmed.

Knowing we would ford the stream several times, beyond the Point,
and, as we meant to try to reach the entrance to the Canyon, I had
pulled on hip gum boots, to my grief later.

At the Point, we rested till the wagon came up and unloaded....

We packed the ponies again, and Harry and I went forward to the
mouth of the canyon. Sometimes following the trail, sometimes...
along the stream on the gravel or sand by fording back and forth.

When we reached the canyon's mouth, which is a narrowing of the
valley, we cached our packs on the left side of the stream just out-
side the canyon. Here was a high, wide sand bar or bench.

My feet were so sore from the nine and one-half miles walk in the big
gum boots, I pulled them off and returned in my socks. Where the
trail got too rough for my feet, I rode the pony, perched in the pack-
saddle....

When we reached the canyon, I had made some nineteen miles of travel
for the day, so I remained at the canyon, and Duncan returned with the
three ponies, tied halter and tail. There were as many as thirty
horses tied thus on the trail at times, two men handling the bunch.

September 1897, Robert Medill account
During the winter of 1897-1898, stampeders pulled their goods on sleds over the frozen Taiya River. Improvement of the Canyon City wagon road continued, and L. D. Kinney completed his toll bridge just north of Dyea. By spring breakup most people used the wagon road.

Having been safely landed at Dyea with our outfit we proceed at once upon the trail. For the first nine miles we followed the course of the Dyea River to Canon City and found the road a comparatively easy one.

February 1898, John Clum account

On the morning of the fifteenth of February our freight and luggage were packed in wagons and taken to Sheep's Camp. We could have ridden, but the day seemed pleasant and we thought we would enjoy the walk. So about noon we started to walk this distance of fourteen or more miles.

The sun shone brightly and though the wind blew quite a little, we found the walk pleasant for a short time. Then the wind increased and as we got out quite a distance from Dyea we found a badly drifted trail; this together with the keen, strong wind that we faced made the walking very tedious, and with great effort our strength held out until we reached Canon City, nine miles from Dyea.

At Finnegan's Point, five miles from Dyea, we had rested and refreshed ourselves with hot coffee and doughnuts.

February 15, 1898, Lulu Craig reminiscence

We arrived at Dyea between March 10 and 15, and we were told that it was impossible to pull a loaded sled from there to Sheep Camp. But after inspecting the road for a ways, we decided we would make the attempt nevertheless.

We made use of the ice on the river where it seemed strong enough. It is 9 miles from Dyea to Canyon, and almost level; but since the ice was poor, 300 pounds made a good load. Consequently, a man with 1500 pounds of provisions had to make five trips in order to move all his belongings.

March 1898, Andrew Nerland letter

Weather: Cool, snow flurries. Outfit all landed and sorted by 1 p.m. Fifteen minutes later had it put on wagon for Canyon City. 10 miles. Road awful condition. Arrived Canyon City at 7 p.m. Walked nearly all the way. Had to put up tent and pile stuff under and sleep thereon. Canyon breaking up, must get through or packing will commence. Lem and I handle 5 tons freight today. Sleeping bag O.K. Took picture of Colt, dog and outfit on leaving Dyea.

March 11, 1898, Henry C. Cryder diary
Tuesday Arthur and I started for Sheep Camp. One load of goods went with us. It cost us 1 3/4¢ per pound to get our goods to Sheep Camp. Roads were very rough and stoney as far. And Canyon City a little town situated at the mouth of a big canyon. Stopped for dinner and changed the goods from the wagon on to sleighs. Did not leave Canyon until 6 o'clock.

March 1898, Ernest Keir journal

Monday, March 21st We got up at five this morning, had a little coffee first and then W. and A. went for a load of our supplies. When they got back, we prepared breakfast and the men went after another load. ------ I pulled three sacks on my sled, and it went pretty well. There are hundreds of people here dragging or carrying their supplies, all striving to reach the Klondike. Some have horses and still others have dog teams ------ although for the most part the people take it with surprising self control. I have baked bread and biscuits and cake ------ and yellow peas, the only thing I had. Our stove does not bake ------ so I had to ------ in order to get it baked. We had chicken for dinner, which is a luxury here in Alaska.

Tues. March 22 We were up early today and dragged a load of our supplies to the next stopping place. I dragged one sack this time because I was so weak that I could not do more than that. When we got home I was very tired, and after we had eaten I became quite ------ although I remained on my feet until six o'clock. Then I went to bed but did not go to sleep until nine o'clock. They played and sang for us which I thought was delightful and uplifting, especially the songs which were sung to Jesus Christ and which turned our thoughts toward Heaven. My conviction and my constant thought is that in God I am happy and content. There has been a strong wind today and some snow has fallen.

Wed. March 23 I felt better today when I got up, although I was not entirely well and therefore I did not go out. Today I have stayed at home and have written letter. The weather has been mild and the snow is melting fast. I like it here, and am disappointed that I will have to move tomorrow.

Thurs. March 24 Today I will have to beg forgiveness. I was content where we were. We moved a few miles further north and are now established in Canyon City.

March 1898, Ingred Kolloon diary
Finnegan's Point, 1897
Between Dyea and Canyon City there was a creek which we crossed at what was called Finnegan's Point, where Pat Finnegan and his two big sons put up a corduroy bridge and charged a toll of two dollars a horse. I remember one instance when the freighters demanded that he cut the price to one dollar a horse, as they figured they had already paid the price of ten bridges. The old man and his sons stepped out of their cabin with loaded rifles. But the freighters had a hole card that Finnegan hadn't counted on.

The U.S. Mail rig was the last in line, and after some twenty minutes the driver came up. He demanded in regular old-style range language that the way be cleared for the U.S. Mail. He gave Finnegan twenty minutes to make arrangements with the freighters, or the Government would take over the bridge. Rather than lose a good thing, Finnegan and his boys finally agreed to one dollar a horse.

April 1898, W. C. Wilkes reminiscence

We can contract [our goods] hauled from the dock where it is to Canyon City for 1 & 1/4 cents per pound with the privilege of keeping it here in town for a week if we want to. Canyon City is 9 miles from here. The sledding in the Canyon is played out so it will have to be packed from Canyon City to the summit.

April 14, 1898, Harly Tuck diary

When about an hour out [of Dyea] we came to a small glacier way up on the mountain side. The canyon from Dyea to Canyon City is about 1/2 mile in width and is really a small valley. The canyon proper beginning at Canyon City. The river is small except when there is a freshet at such times it covers nearly the whole valley. There is no soil here, nothing but boulders and sand. The wagon road goes as far as Canyon City from there on goods have to be packed except in the winter when there is ice and snow. We reached Canyon City at 9:50.

April 17, 1898, Harly Tuck diary
A brief description of the trail from Dyea harbor will, perhaps be appreciated at the time. Dyea, the newest, most pretentious, and most northern city in the United States, is situated on a high, dry and sandy beach, in a beautiful valley, at the head of Lynn Canal, nestled and sheltered between towering eternal snow-capped mountains. The Weisman and other living glaciers tower high on either side. Two branches of the Dyea river flows to sea on either side of the city. The valley is about one mile wide and extends to Canyon City, a distance of nine miles. The summit can be seen from Dyea. It is not as high by a thousand feet as the mountains on each side, and has the appearance of a saddle in a gap of the mountain. The city of Dyea has some very fine and substantial buildings, and there is scarcely a vacant lot for a distance of three miles. At that point we come to the famous Kinney bridge, over a thousand feet long—a toll bridge, which the prospector must cross in the summer time, this bridge crosses the west or main branch of the Dyea river to an island of about 60 acres which is heavily timbered.

In fact, the entire bottom land on both sides of the river are well-timbered. From the island the trail runs along the edge and river bed clear to Canyon City. The river is low in winter months and frozen over.

It is very shallow in places and changes its channels frequently, making the bed of the river, which is full of boulders all the way, from a half to three-quarters of a mile wide. Most of the teaming is done in the winter and spring time on the bed of the river.

About five miles from Dyea we come to Finnigan's Point, which makes out from the mountains to a deep and rapid place in the river.

This point has been located and a short toll road built across it to what they call "head of navigation"—called so because Indians sometimes in the summer manipulate their canoes up this far. From this point leads up the old rocky river bed in a go-as-you-please zig-zag way, to Canyon City, a very picturesque spot.

April 9, 1898, Dyea Trail
Shell Game, Chilkoot Trail, 1898
From Dyea a very good wagon road leads for 8 or 9 miles to Canon City & we could have secured seats in a wagon but had determined to walk & carry our light packs. The "Bunco Men" along this route "take the bakery" for impudence. We passed one party of half a dozen 3 times on the trail. They would be apparently absorbed in their shell game as we passed, staking piles of "20s." Then, jumping into a wagon, they would drive on a few miles ahead and repeat the process as we came up. Hapless the fellow alone & unarmed that met that crowd! Along here as my notebook shows we passed a squaw trudging along behind her (white) lord & master & singing as she went. And singing in passable English "Just tell them that you saw me"--and I said that I would.

May 1898, Frank Berkeley letter

It was now early morning of May 24th as I started up the Chilkoot Trail from Dyea, joining that steady procession of sweating stampeders. Many were carrying very heavy packs, others traveling light, like myself, with only a knapsack. Yes, I was among the lucky ones, all right. Certainly, this new aerial tramway was a wonderful godsend!

I hurried along the crowded trail passing over the thousand-foot Kinny toll bridge which led from the west or main bank, of the Dyea River and passed over to an island of about sixty acres timbered with cottonwoods. From this island, the trail crossed to the opposite bank and then took us along the river toward Canyon City in the direction of Chilkoot. Five miles from Dyea, we came to Finnegan's Point and deep rapids in the river. It was here our canoe had tipped over the year before and we had nearly lost everything. How well I remembered good Indian Joe Whiskers, who had helped us!

A toll road had been built to the head of navigation from where it was now "zigzag, go-as-you-please" to Canyon City.

May 24, 1898, Ed Lung account

June 15 Left Dyea on the stage for Canyon City. Mr. Flynn went with us as far as the bridge. Mr. McLennan went with Minna and I. We met Mr. Karn one of the proprietors of the Linderman Hotel. Arrived at Canyon City a distance of nine miles at half past twelve. Had dinner at Mr. Hudelson's.

June 15, 1898, Georgia White diary
Quite an organized line of waggonettes and other vehicles run from Dyea to the foot of the mountains at Canyon City, thus saving what would have proved a very tedious and irksome walk, as we soon discovered. For the sum of one dollar we got seats in quite a smart trap, with good cushions and springs, and an awning to protect one from the almost tropical sun.

We started at 9 a.m., our two game horses dashing through the long street of the town in blissful ignorance of the tough journey in store for them. We had two fellow-passengers, a middle-aged man and a Jewish youth of about eighteen. Both, as it turned out, were characters in their way. Travelling makes strange bed-fellows, and probably nowhere more so than here. Mr. Hart, the older of the two, was an undertaker by profession, about to start a branch establishment at Dawson City; and the youth was making his way to the same place, with three big piles of American newspapers of more or less recent date, which, he informed us, he hoped to sell by degrees on the way, and so pay his expenses "and perhaps a bit besides." This sounded a big proposition till we learned that he charged fifty cents a copy! Fancy paying two shillings for an out-of-date newspaper!

The road, after leaving Dyea, passed through a broad, smiling valley, that looked very beautiful in the glory of its spring verdure in the bright morning sunlight. By degrees, however, we realized that the idiosyncrasies of the "road" would debar us in a measure from enjoying the scenery as we should have wished to, for in a short while we were travelling over a rocky track that could not, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, be denominated a "road." Our light vehicle, which was quite unfitted for such work (it came direct from the streets of Victoria, I learned), rocked and heaved about from boulder to boulder, till one expected at any moment something or all would give way, we the while clinging as though for dear life to the backs of the seats, and bracing ourselves with our knees so as not to be thrown out. Nor was this the worst, for we shortly reached a wide shallow stream, which we afterwards had to continually ford and re-ford, the water in many places rising as high as the floor of the carriage, and rushing past at such a speed as to threaten to overturn us as we rose and fell over the rocky bottom. It would have been fairly amusing had it not been for the idea of getting the contents of one's sketching-bag and kodak ruined. These seven miles certainly appeared the longest drive I ever made, and it was with no slight feelings of relief that I learned we had at length reached our destination, though I saw no signs of a city anywhere.

June 1898, Julius Price account.
Actresses Crossing the River
The next morning we were driven in wagons over the roughest creek bottom imaginable for about 8 miles.

July 1898, Aylett Cotton reminiscence

We left Dyea on July 12 at noon, to walk the dreaded trail of 42 miles over the Chilkoot Pass to Lake Bennett....With staff in hand, at last I had taken my place in that continuous line of pushing humans and straining animals. Before me, behind me, abreast of me almost every man toted a pack of 60 to 80 pounds, in addition to driving dogs and horses harnessed to sleighs and carts, herding pack ponies and the odd cow, while one woman drove an ox-cart.

We were lucky enough to be travelling light. We had let out a contract to a company of packers for the transportation of our clothing, bedding, and "grub," which weighed several tons. After much haggling we had secured a "reduced" price of $900 spot cash--this, in the words of the packers, "a damn low figger."

A quarter of a mile from Dyea we crossed a toll bridge, and after the attendant had collected our toll of $1 each, he abused us because we would not buy a $5 steering paddle to use on the lakes and rivers on the other side of the Pass. Fancy paying this price for it and carrying it over the trail too!

For five or six miles we followed a good wagon road, through cool, shady woods. We forded several clear mountain streams by stepping from stone to stone, and now and then I was carried across pick-a-back. (I weighed only 110 pounds those days.) The trail became rockier, and we scrambled over tons of enormous stones and boulders, through four miles of a valley, with hardly a tuft of vegetation. It might have been the playground of the gods, so wild it seemed! My bulky clothes made the walking hard. My pity went out to the beasts of burden carrying their heavy loads. At three o'clock we stopped a half-hour for refreshments at a wayside cabin, kept by a widow and her little son. She brewed a cup of strong tea, and as we ate substantial ham sandwiches, told us gruelling stories of the rush of the year before.

Refreshed and undaunted we continued, soon reaching the little settlement of Canyon City.

July 1898, Martha Black
Head of Canoe Navigation, 1897
Leading up the valley a distance of nine miles is a fine, level wagon road. Hauling can be secured over this stretch for from 1/4 to 1/2 cent per pound. At Canyon City, the end of this wagon road, the goods are now transferred to the Chilkoot company's bucket tramway.

July 21, 1898, Seattle Post Intelligencer

The exact routes of all the gold rush trails from Dyea to Canyon City are unknown. The route of the wagon road, however, is easily traced from Dyea along the west bank of the Taiya River to the crossing at Kinney bridge. One abutment of the bridge remains near the east bank. Indications lead to the conclusion that the wagon road from Kinney's trading post to a place near the Head of Canoe Navigation was used as a logging road by the Hosford family during the 1940s and 1950s. Today, hikers on the Chilkoot Trail follow this road for three and a half miles. From the Head of Canoe Navigation to Canyon City the wagon road and trails are indiscernible. Since the wagon road crossed the rocky river bottom and flood plain, this section has probably been washed away by the Taiya River. Traces of the wagon road can still be found leading into the Canyon City townsite.
PROFILE AND MAP OF
RAILROAD & AERIAL TRAMWAY
ACROSS CHILKOOT PASS

Ready for Business, January 15, 1898

The Only Short, Easy and Safe Route to the Klondike.
Canyon City

The mouth of the Taiya River canyon had been a natural camping site for Indian packers and early prospectors decades before the stampede began. During the summer and fall of 1897, the Klondikers cached their goods on the sandy banks of the river, forming a transient community. They crossed the river on a foot log to ascend the steep incline of the summer trail on the rim of the canyon. A more permanent settlement of log houses and businesses grew after two major freight companies—the Chilkoot Railroad and Transport Company and the Dyea-Klondike Transportation Company—began construction of tramway power houses. By May 1898 Canyon City had become a prosperous village and freight transfer station. It was the fourth largest settlement along the trail, after Dyea, Lindeman, and Sheep Camp. Within a year it was gone.

When we reached the canyon's mouth, which is a narrowing of the valley, we cached our packs on the left side of the stream just outside the canyon. Here was a high, wide sand bar or beach....

Tuesday morning, the seventh, while waiting the reappearance of the boys, I wrote some flowery notes in my book about the grandeur of the scenery at the mouth of the canyon. Just as well I did, for it would be some time before I saw any more beauty.

September 6-7, 1897, Robert Medill diary

Once on the trail, the party was forced to rebuild several bridges which had been washed out by the unusually heavy fall rains and the flooding Taiya River. The bridge at the foot of the Taiya Canyon was one they had to rebuild. The task took some time, necessitating an overnight camp. At breakfast the following morning at 6.30, a wall of water 15 feet in height sent the policemen and their Indian packers scrambling for their lives as it descended on the camp. The flash flood, which found its source in the collapse of a glacial ice-dammed lake above Sheep Camp, washed through that camp, drowning one man and submerging tons of irreplacable supplies. Fortunately, Strickland's supply tent was well pitched and thus suffered only a thorough soaking.

September 17-18, 1897, D'Arcy Strickland account in Friesen
Before entering the Canyon a toll bridge is crossed, professional packers being charged $1 and miners 50¢ for passing over it.

December 14, 1897, Tacoma News

During the winter of 1897-1898, two freight companies building tramways over the Chilkoot decided to build their power stations at Canyon City. The Dyea-Klondike Transportation Company built a steam-powered plant to generate electricity for its electric-powered tramline from the Scales to the Chilkoot summit; they also generated electricity for Canyon City. The Chilkoot Railroad and Transport Company began a grander scheme of building a railroad from Dyea to Canyon City and a tramway from Canyon City over the summit, completing the tramway in May. These two companies gave Canyon City its tenuous permanency.

The place dignified by the name of Canyon City was a hamlet of about twenty log cabins and tents. The word "canyon" was appropriate, for high mountains towered on either side of the floor of a narrow gorge in which the cluster of human habitations stood. Crudely lettered signs identified a cabin or a tent as "Saloon," "Real Estate," "Dr. Rice," "Teaming," "Hotel." One board shanty announced that it was a "Packers Lunch Counter."

February 1898, Carl Lokke account

The trail...brings one to Canyon City (30 houses).

February 29, 1898, Sgt. Yanert letter

At Canyon City there were no accommodations for women, but thoroughly worn out we were glad to find a seat indoors, while the gentlemen went out to find the best quarters the place afforded, which were poor indeed. But we had a good meal and after an uncomfortable night we arose early, breakfasted and resumed our journey to Sheep's Camp only six miles away.

February 1898, Lulu Craig

...Canyon City, a very picturesque spot. Here we find at the foot of towering mountains a new and not unpretentious city--there are comfortable hotels, restaurants, saloons, and business houses [and] the mammoth power house of the Chilkoot Railroad and Tramway Company.

April 9, 1898, Dyea Trail
[John J. Cavanaugh mortgaged to Healy and Wilson the log Cavanaugh House in Canyon City along with a bar and bar fixtures, four hanging lamps, three tables, and one large heating stove, also 500 cigars contained in said building, [and nine pack horses] named as follows, Frank, Billy, Roan, Dick, Nig, Madge, Kitty, Guy, and Iondo, four sets of double harnesses, ten pack saddles and fittings, one Mitchell 374 wagon....

April 13, 1898, Skagway Book of Deeds 1, pages 83-85

We reached Canyon City at 9:50. This city is made up of few log cabins and quite a number of tents. There is stores, cigar stands, barber shops, and the ever present saloon.

April 17, 1898, Harly Tuck diary

Arrived at Canyon City at 1:30 where found the boys and outfits. Here the stuff is unloaded from the wagons and carried from [to] the scales on pack horses. We will stop here for the night as the pack trains which is to carry out stuff is up the trail now and won't be back till night. Here I find A. B. Cavanaugh who use to be in the dairy business in Seattle. Here also we get our first batch of bread of our own make after Ed and Gill had "chewed the rag" about which should make it it was decided that Ed should be the first to try his hand at "poisoning" us. After he had stirred up some stuff and put it in the oven I thought to myself that it would be just the stuff to knock a sick "Burro" on the head with, which lay behind our tent greatly needing to be put out of its misery. But to my surprise, and to all the rest, it came out as light as could be and was so good that when the meal was finished there was none left. My stomach has felt better today, so much so that have been able to eat quite hearty this eve. Shall be more careful of bacon fat in the future.

April 21st. Canyon City. Ed was trying to get Gill out at 5 a.m. to get breakfast and finally gave it up, proceeded to get it himself. Between them we had breakfast on time. We had tent and blankets rolled ready for the horses at 7:00....

April 20-21, 1898, Harly Tuck diary

Canyon City, where the comparatively level stretch of eight miles of the flats is at an end and the real ascent of eight miles to the summit of the Pass begins, had grown into a little village with three saloons since I had last visited it, only two weeks before.

April 20, 1898, Frederick Palmer account
...reached Canyon City at 1 p.m. in time to catch the Dyea stage...I had just
time to run into the Red Onion Hotel, change my socks and moccasins and eat a
plate of ice cream tendered by the landlord before jumping on the stage. One
can get as good a dinner at the Red Onion as he can get at the Waldorf Astoria,
if he is hungry, so "what's in a name?"

May 1898, Jack Crawford

Ray Bracket, electrician for DKT [Dyea-Klondike Transportation Company] at
Canyon City, has returned to San Francisco.

May 14, 1898, Dyea Press

Canyon Post Office, established May 18, 1898, with Kenneth Murray as postmaster,
discontinued November 18, 1898.

...to Canyon City, a new settlement squeezed between canyon walls 200 feet apart.
And here at the foot of towering, spectacular canyon walls of breath-taking
grandeur, thousands of feet high, was the new, mammoth powerhouse of the Chilkoot
Tramway Company. Everything here had been constructed since Stacey and I passed
this way in 1897. I marveled at the great ingenuity of man. Inside the power-
house, I watched the machinery and the huge drum, a spool-like wheel slowly
winding thirty miles of heavy cable. They said they were trying it out today,
and that this cable was pulling loaded freight buckets, starting from Sheep Camp,
several miles above Canyon City, up to the summit of Chilkoot Pass, and bringing
them back empty to Sheep Camp again for reloading.

May 24, 1898, Ed Lung account

A regular electric plant had been set up at Canyon City to serve the
needs of the bustling stampede town. It was a beautiful sight,
believe me, when returning down the trail from the pass, to see the
bright lights of Canyon City glittering in the winter dusk.

Red Onion was the name of the bar in Canyon City that I bought with
my savings from the pack-train business. It was a small bar. I
didn't and would not call it a gambling house. There were lots of
loafers, however, and they would often start a little game of poker
or blackjack just to pass the time away. Of course there was always
money involved, but never any big stakes.

June 1898, W. C. Wilkes reminiscence
Canyon City is the high-sounding appellation of a small collection of rough wooden shanties and tents. The indiscriminate use of the word "city" out in the far West is very misleading till one gets used to it. Then one never expects to find much more than a primitive village, and is seldom disappointed. We drove up to "Canyon City" Hotel, a hut somewhat larger than the others, where we proposed to "lunch" before continuing our journey on foot towards the pass. It may be imagined our repast was not an extravagant one, though the price charged for the unappetizing food put before us would have paid for a nice little dejeuner at many a London restaurant.

June 1898, Julius Price account
Metal stoves, broken glass, pieces of machinery, logs, and a steam boiler indicate the site of Canyon City today. The wagon road, forming the main street, leads along the ruins toward the Taiya River. The bridge has washed out and the trail up the steep canyon wall is no longer used. The Chilkoot Railroad and Transport Company's powerhouse has vanished, a victim of dismantling crews in 1900. The Dyea-Klondike Transportation Company's steam boiler still remains, but its electric generator is gone. Today, a spur trail takes hikers to the Canyon City site.
Conditions as they exist
March 1st, 1898

--- Finished Wagon Road
--- Trail

Scattered Ties

X Cable Towers or Supports for Cables
■ Very Light Construction

Station for Aerial Train

Burn's Wire Hoist

At present there are about 3000 Tons of freight at Sheep Camp and 300 Tons on the Summit (Orex) and 500 Tons at Stone House. About 40 Tons per day is being hauled to Sheep Camp from Dyea on river bed.

Burn's Wire hoist is lifting 3 Tons per day from the Scale to the Summit.

No other method is being employed to get goods over the pass excepting what the men are carrying on their backs.

No attempt has been made to cross the Summit for the past ten days, Feb 26-1898-on of Storms.

The wire Trams may be in operation by the last of April.

Three soft days, such as today no Teams can get above the Camps.

Feb 28, 1898
Step 5  Canyon City to Sheep Camp

Taiya River Canyon, 1898
In the Canyon, 1898
Canyon City to Sheep Camp

The stampeders followed two routes from Canyon City to Sheep Camp. One, a summer trail, crossed a bridge at the mouth of the canyon then zigzagged up the canyon slope until reaching the canyon rim. It followed the rim for two miles, then it crossed another bridge to the west bank of the river at Pleasant Camp. For the remaining two and a half miles, stampeders used either the trail along the contour above the river or one along the river's edge. The winter route from Canyon City to Sheep Camp lay across the frozen river. Its use began in January and lasted only until April when the ice broke up.

The summer trail below Pleasant Camp—with its muddy bogs and steep inclines—was considered the worst section of the Chilkoot Trail. Individuals corduroyed and improved the trail, charging tolls along the way and at the two bridges. The winter trail was improved by the Canyon Road Association in January 1898 so that wagons and bob-sleds could use the frozen river as a natural wagon road to Sheep Camp. By May 1898 the canyon road had melted away.

After the Indian had left us, Stacey and I viewed our hundreds of pounds of supplies with much concern, especially when we saw the steep, slippery trail leading from the river up the canyon. We knew we would have to make a number of back-breaking relay trips to establish our first cache. Quickly, we began dividing our supplies, making about sixty-five to seventy-pound packs for each. Then we started. The trail immediately crooked up, narrow and slippery. As we climbed, we threw our weight toward the inside of the trail, hugging the precipitous walls. The fact that we must make several trips over this trail for the rest of our supplies was hard to bear.

After two days of hard packing, we succeeded in relaying all of our goods to the rim of the canyon. Yet miles stretched ahead up the mountain. It was only the first lap of our journey! On up the steep trail of Chilkoot we trudged through the snow; winding, zig-zagging toward Sheep Camp....

May 1897, Ed Lung account
Tampiking above the Canyon, 1897
Soon after...the trail enters the Dyea Canyon and becomes rough and uphill. For six miles it leads through marshes, over boulders, across streams and along rugged hillsides to Sheep Camp, where an elevation of twelve hundred feet is reached. On this portion of the trail the roads have been cleared and corduroyed and bridges have been built, and a toll of fifty cents for a pack-animal and twenty-five cents for a man is charged.

September 1897, James S. Easly-Smith

That six miles of canyon cost us nearly everything but our shirts. It was one grand splash, slide, and tumble. Horses going down all along the trail. Ours went down off and on. Once, all three were down at the same time.

The canyon was a narrowing of the valley. The sides were steep and timbered, changing to steep and rocky the last two miles.

Some enterprising fellows had seen a Klondike right there. They had begun improving the trail by bridging ravines and corduroying bogs, charging tolls to those who crossed, and that meant everyone. It was impossible to go any other way. One poor fellow had tried to pass around one of those bridges just as I came up. He got his horse to the edge of the deep ravine, but it could not hold its footing, and went rolling and sliding to the bottom where it landed on its back, feet up. I thought he would have to shoot the horse where it lay, but he got it freed from its packs, got it onto its feet, and led it away down the ravine, gradually coaxing it up along the steep side and eventually coming out on top. Incidents of this kind were happening more often as we advanced, evidenced by the increasing number of dead horses we came upon.

We were Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday battling in that canyon. The last two miles were the worst. To make matters worse, it rained Thursday and Friday. But by Friday night we had everything at Sheep Camp. Everything was wet, of course, ourselves included, after two days in the rain.

September 1897, Robert Medill account
The trail over the gravel-bars was good, and we experienced little difficulty, but when we encountered the trail along the mountain side and began the work of ascending the grades, and then creeping over the corduroyed sections, we found it particularly trying to both men and animals. Three enterprising men had built a log bridge across the swift river, too deep to be forded, and had spent considerable time corduroying the more impassable places, taking their pay for the work by charging toll across the bridge. The trail was bad from this bridge on through Sheep Camp, and from the latter place to Stone House it was abominable. The mud was so deep that burrows were wholly unable to travel, and the rocks were so slippery that a number of horses suffered broken limbs and had to be shot.

September 1897, Robert Kirk account

Before entering the canyon the river is again crossed, this time on a bridge. The trail then climbs sharply up the sidehill. The footing is good, however, and the ascent is but short. After this rise the trail continues along at almost the elevation it has gained. This is the worst piece of trail on the route, fairly muddy, with many boulders, and with some short, steep ascents and descents in and out of small gulches. This only extends about a mile and a quarter, however. A party of eight men and a foreman are kept constantly at work on the trail, corduroying, removing boulders, etc. The work they are doing is good, and will soon put this piece in shape. They are paid from the proceeds of tolls collected at the bridge crossing the river at the end of the canyon. Tolls are as follows: horses, etc., professional packers', $1; horses, etc., miners', 50 cents.

Camp Pleasant, at the upper end of the canyon, is an excellent stopping place, with good water and plenty of wood. From this camp to Sheep Camp is almost two miles, on a good trail along the river bottom. Another trail follows the hillside, which is probably used during high water.

September 1897, F. LaRoche account
Collecting Toll at the Pleasant Camp Bridge, 1897
Dyea, Monday 25, 4 A.M. Drizzling rain. Our baggage in shape and our Indians started for Sheep Camp fifteen miles distant. Major Walsh with his servant followed and later Capt. Bliss, Philip Walsh, and myself mounted our horses. 11:30 we reached the Canyon, four miles from Sheep Camp. From here the ride is up and down almost perfectly straight mountains. The trail is in a deplorable condition and frequently so narrow that we were obliged to lift our legs and rest them on the horses necks in order that they would not be crushed on either side. Capt. Bliss' monumental figure was too much for his charger on the awful hills and he was frequently obliged to dismount. Philip Walsh and myself rode right through without once dismounting and we were afterwards informed that this was unprecedented and that it was a miracle we were not killed. Had our horses slipped or made a mistep we might have been hurled hundreds of feet below. Fortune favored us. Arrived at Sheep Camp at 1:30 where Major Walsh had preceded us.

October 25, 1897, T. D. Pattullo letter

The trail then climbs sharply up a side hill. The footing is good and the ascent short. The trail through [above] the canyon, a mile and a quarter, is the worst on the route, being somewhat muddy, with many boulders and some short, steep ascents and descents in and out of small gulches. Between Camp Pleasant and Sheep Camp the trail is good.

December 14, 1897, Tacoma News

The road through the canyon has been so improved by the Canyon Road Association that now teams can drive to Sheep Camp without the slightest trouble. Mr. A. Hammond is the manager of the association.

January 19, 1898, Dyea Trail
We arose early, breakfasted and resumed our journey to Sheep's Camp only six miles away.

The day was pleasant and though we were a little stiff and sore from the exertions of the day before we enjoyed the walk, particularly that part that took us through the winding canyon which was picturesque and pretty.

On our way to Sheep's Camp we were overtaken by an ox-team, the owner of which lifted little Emily and placed her on the loaded wagon, which gave her quite a rest.

There were so few children on the trail that our little girl attracted a great deal of attention and every one had a smile for her. One day a man said, "God bless you dear, you are just the size of my little girl at home," and tears sprang to his eyes as he pathetically spoke of his child.

We reached our destination before noon....

February 1898, Louella Craig account

The road through the Canyon is a toll road built in the winter on the ice and snow and in the spring it all goes out with the flood's and cannot be traveled in summer. All goods has to be packed over the mountains in summer. The canyon is very beautiful in places just wide enough for a sleigh to get through. Arrived at Sheep Camp about 8 o'clock in the evening, piled up our goods and went to bed.

March 1898, Ernest Keir journal

Saturday, March 12, 1898.
Weather: Mild, little snow. Up at 6 a.m. trying to get team to haul to sheep camp. Canyon breaking up....Slept poorly on a pile of sacks. Loaded stuff on wagon,--three teams and started for Sheep Camp. Snow four feet deep. Hard time digging out hole and tent, finally found vacant hole. Both very tired. Bed cold at the bottom. Crowds of people here, fully 6000.

March 12, 1898, Henry C. Cryder diary
Tues., March 29 Today we moved from Canyon City to Sheep Camp. The trail in from Canyon is narrow and crowded, lying between two steep mountains. If one looks up one sees only mountains over one's head. The snow has turned to water, so progress has been very difficult. Ida and I pulled a loaded sled together through the Canyon and heard many comments about it. We heard one man say he wished he had had such a "tram" as we were. Some of the men took off their packs and laughed at us. We have now set up our tent here in Sheep Camp. The snow is thick under our tent.

March 29, 1898, Ingred Kolloon diary

In going into the canyon you find only room for a single team. The road is only available in the winter when the river is frozen over. In the summer it rushes madly through the canyon in a tremendous volume, which makes it utterly impassable after the ice breaks up, which is generally about the first of May.

The Canyon is simply a scene of grandeur--only about forty feet wide, with perpendicular mountains rising thousands of feet, and almost closing together at the top. The Canyon is very crooked--winding, like a corkscrew--for a distance of four miles. Going through the Canyon the first thing which one notices is that he is going uphill.

Emerging from the Canyon at the upper end you come to Pleasant Valley--a romantic spot covered with spruce and cotton-wood trees, making it an ideal camping spot. One mile further on and up at the foot of two towering mountains we come to the famous Sheep Camp....

April 9, 1898, Dyea Trail

From here we took what is known as the summer trail along the mountain side and for the most part it is several hundred feet above the bed of the canyon. The snow from here to Sheep Camp being from two to three feet deep and is melting very rapidly. Two miles from Sheep Camp we come to a small tent town known as Pleasant Camp. Here we strike the river again and cross it frequently all the way to the scales. We have more or less tents all the way from here to Sheep Camp with cached goods all the way which are being moved ahead as fast as possible. We arrive at Sheep Camp at 1:30 p.m....

April 17, 1898, Harly Tuck diary
Pack Train at the Mouth of the Canyon, 1887
I climbed the steep trail to Pleasant Camp, a rather good stopping place among the cottonwood trees. Here, I rested and ate hungrily from my knapsack. Had I been packing, as so many others were, I probably would have camped here. In a few minutes I again joined that sweating, plodding procession of weary stampederers mushing their dogs and prodding their horses upward, always upwards along the snowy, slippery trail....

May 24, 1898, Ed Lung account

It was a pretty stiff up and down climb, with much mud in places, but we did it in good time. The Aerial Tramway ran alongside the trail most of the way, so we had an opportunity of admiring its wonderfully ingenious workmanship, whilst not a little regretting that human freight could not be taken by it....By a curious coincidence we reached Sheep Camp just as our canoe, slung between two buckets, passed majestically through. As ill luck would have it, the kodak was not handy, as it would have made a most novel snapshot.

June 1898, Julius Price account

Refreshed and undaunted we continued, soon reaching the little settlement of Canyon City. Here we struck the mountain trail which led to Sheep Camp, at the foot of the Pass, where we planned to spend the night. As we travelled we began to realize that we were indeed on a trail of heartbreaks and dead hopes. On every side were mute evidences—scores of dead horses that had slipped and fallen down the mountainside (so few got over the Pass), and caches of miners' outfits. We looked into a deserted shanty, where lay a mildewed ruined outfit. "Home of two brothers who died from exposure last winter," they told us. And was I glad to call it a day when we arrived at Sheep Camp....

July, 1898, Martha Black account

The present-day trail follows the historic trail from about mile 8.6 to mile 10.5. It leaves the historic trail from mile 10.5 to Sheep Camp where it crosses the Taiya River bridge at Pleasant Camp. Traces of the historic trail, however, remain on the west bank of the Taiya.
The contents of the rock and ice with the sides of the canyon caused a cloud of steam and smoke to rise in the air in the path of the torrent.

When the tower of water and rocks struck the camp, it was nearly forty feet high. An instant later two-thirds of the tents, tents, log huts, supplies and provisions of all kinds were carried away.

Men ran shrieking, and women behind rocks and trees out of harm's way, and watched their possessions being carried toward the sea by the rushing torrent.

Previsions valued at $5,000 were utterly destroyed. One man, Morris Chayna, perished, and two others are missing.

In the picture, S shows the summit of the trail. At 4 the lake of water formed between the chutes forced its way out and started in its death dealing career down the canyon. The picture was drawn by an eye witness of the horror.

Newspaper Sketch of September 17, 1897, Flood
Step 6  Sheep Camp
Sheep Camp, Fall 1897
Sheep Camp

Sheep Camp's beginnings were unglamorous—early hunters stalking mountain sheep had used the spot as a base camp. In the summer and fall of 1897 the stampeders first cached their goods here below timberline before ascending the final leg over the pass. A half-dozen businesses served the transient population. But when winter storms halted or slowed traffic during February to April, Sheep Camp grew rapidly. Merchants, saloonkeepers, hotel and restaurant owners, and others set up in make-shift tent, woodframe, and log shelters to serve the estimated population of 6,000 to 8,000. By May the majority of stampeders had packed over the pass and Sheep Camp dwindled. Until its removal in 1900, the Chilkoot Railroad & Transport Company's power plant and transfer station continued to operate, supporting the diminishing population.

We started down the trail and on arriving at timber line, as luck would have it, we encountered a tent that had been erected by a man named Vaughan, who had taken up a homestead above the Healy & Wilson store on the Dyea flat or mouth of Dyea river, and he had just commenced to move up a few goods with his dog team, his intention being to establish a small trading post....

Spring 1897, Silvertip reminiscence

There was a little log cabin at Sheep Camp that the owner said was an hotel, and men who had given up reaching the gold-fields that autumn, and had gone to work carrying goods for those who had not, ate their meals there, and paid a shilling (twenty-five cents) each night for the privilege of sleeping in their own blankets on the plank floor. I believe, however, that this and a tent saloon belonging to Arizona Charley, a Wild-West character, were the only evidences of civilization the camp could boast of....

September 1897, Robert Kirk account
Packers on the Trail near Sheep Camp
Sheep Camp is at the timber line, a most desolate-looking place, with two eating houses and one gambling saloon.

September 1897, F. LaRoche account

Sheep Camp is thirteen miles from Dyea. It is a town of tents, scattered, to the number of several score, among spruces, along the bowlder-lined shores of the Dyea River, here a stream a rod or two across, and so swift as to be scarcely fordable. The population of Sheep Camp may be classified as follows: those who have packed their own stuff thus far and are wavering, discouraged by the bad weather; those moving their goods right through with horses or on their backs; professional gamblers, and a great swarm of men packing over the summit. These last are mostly hangers-on from Juneau, several being deserters from the revenue-cutters, while others are men who were bound for Dawson, and who had the wit or presence of mind, which few others seemed to show, to recognize a gold-mine when it came before their eyes, even if it was not a Klondike one. They are making great money. The rate to Crater Lake is 12 cents a pound; to Lindeman, 30 cents a pound. Many of them take one pack from here over, and then make one or more short packs over the summit, in this way making as high as $26 a day. It is the hardest kind of work, though, and after a while the feet and ankles get so used up that the men have to give up and go home. It is not always with full pockets that these men are going back, for the crap men and the faro men about a mining-camp seem special creations for the purpose of relieving certain sorts of men from the temptation to spend their hard-earned money in worse ways.

It has been a continual downpour for the past week. My goods are all here, stacked under canvas and rubber covers; but it seems a hopeless task to keep goods dry. Horses have almost no value, just the price of packing for one day; but it costs $10 for a set of shoes. Everything is the color of mud—men, horses, and goods.

Sheep Camp has a hotel. If any one is in doubt on that point, a huge cloth sign on the front of the building announcing the fact in letters three feet high is sufficient evidence. That the proprietor, a Mr. Palmer, is a modest man is evident in that he has not placed his own name in letters equally large in front of the simple but gigantic word "HOTEL."

It is one of the two wooden buildings in town, built of rough boards, and in dimensions about twenty by forty feet, comprising a single room. A portion is partitioned off at the back by a calico curtain, and here live the proprietor, his wife, and a large family of small children, and here the meals are prepared for several hundred hungry packers three times a day as fast or faster than the pack-train can bring the grub from Dyea. At noon, but more particularly at evening, the floor of the hotel is crowded by a wild, dirty, wet, unkempt crew of men from Chilkoot, who advance in relays to a long table, where the beans, tea, and bacon are thrown into them at 75

(continued on page 121)
Sheep Camp, September 1887
cents each, payable strictly in advance. The fare depends greatly on what the pack-train has been able to pick up at Dyea. There is always enough, although sugar or milk may be a bit scarce. The men eat like wolves. "Still, there are some who kick at the price," says Landlord Palmer. "Why, the price they pay hardly pays the packing on what some of them eat."

When supper is over, the floor is thrown open for guests. All who have blankets unroll them and spread them on the floor, take off their socks and shoes and hang them on the rafters, place a coat under their heads, and turn in. By nine o'clock it is practically impossible to walk over the floor, for the bodies. The first night I spent in Sheep Camp I spread my blanket under the table, sharing it with a fellow-traveller who was not so provided. No charge is made for the sleeping privileges of this hotel. In the morning the lavatory arrangements are of an equally simple sort. One simply walks outside to a brook that flows under one corner of the building, and, after ablution in water from a glacier up the mountainside, lets the water dry on his hands and face. I noticed that most of the men did not take even this much trouble....

September 1897, Tappan Adney account

Sheep Camp, Tuesday, Oct. 26th 4 A.M.

Strong south wind and sleet. Preparations being made for crossing the Chilkoot today. We secured about fifty packers who started for the summit with packs. It was not sufficient number to take all our baggage and Major Walsh decided not to attempt the ascent of the summit until tomorrow....

October 26, 1897, T. D. Pattullo letter

We pitched our tent at the junction of the river and the trail. The trail bowed out in a half circle to the "Big Tent Saloon." The creek ran straight like a string. Again the trail crossed the stream and ran up and up.

There were two or three shacks and a couple of hundred tents straggled along the floor of the gorge, and that was Sheep Camp. Nothing with more brains than a sheep would ever have camped there. There were no dance halls, gambling joints, and no "ladies" plying with their ancient profession. It was just a beehive of energy, with everyone working to get their stuff to the top of the Pass....

January 1898, Addisen Mizner reminiscence
It is quite a village, I guess there is about forty log houses and over 200 tents....The oxen...cost me about $100....I shall kill him or sell him in a few days. Can get a good price for him. Beef is worth 30 cts. pr. lb. here by the side. Guess I can sell him for $200. Wish I had of had money enough to of brought more with me....

February 12, 1898, Martin Howard letter

Father bought a stock of general merchandise in Skagway and we headed for Sheeps Camp, which was about fifteen miles up the valley from Dyea. While my parents ran the store, I was established at the foot of the famous Chilkoot Pass....

February 1898, Paul Mizony reminiscence

Mr. B. S. Foss, the pioneer merchant of Sheep Camp, and John E. McCabe, a leading merchant of Northfield, Minn. have formed a copartnership for the purpose of carrying on a general merchandise business in Sheep Camp. Before leaving the east Mr. McCabe made some heavy purchases of goods suitable for Alaska trade. An invoice of five thousand dollars worth of shoes and rubber goods from the North Star Shoe Co., of Minneapolis, and a stock of woolen goods worth in round numbers $8,000, from the well known Minneapolis Woolen Mills, will make their stock one of the largest and most complete on the Chilkoot trail....

February 25, 1898, Dyea Trail

We reached our destination before noon and went to the Seattle House, which was kept by a gentleman and his wife who looked after the comforts of the guests and did all they could to be courteous and kind to them.

We were given a large room in which were several beds built rudely of rough timbers. This was the only private room in the hotel and was given to our use alone. That night we had our own soft beds and warm blankets, and laid very comfortably compared to the night before at Canyon City, which was the only cold, uncomfortable night that we had to endure on the entire trip. I will describe our beds that gave us so much comfort. They were made of the finest sateen-covered down comforts--two above and two below--stitched together on the sides, and the center of the upper part was left open a short distance from the top, to enable one to get in and out more conveniently, and ribbons were sewed on either side of this opening to tie it up when the weather was severe, and thus keep out the cold, leaving the entire bed closed but the top. And when the weather

(continued on page 125)
made it necessary we, of course, had blankets to put over these beds but
the majority of the winter we did not need them....

We were held at Sheep's Camp for nearly two weeks by a blizzard. Most
terrifically did the wind blow at sixty miles an hour, carrying fine particles
of ice and snow in the air, which cut the face almost like glass.

Most of this time the thermometer stood between six and fifteen degrees below
zero. Even the packers abandoned all work....

Sheep's camp presented an odd appearance made up of so many little tents, all
huddled so closely together; so many men costumed and masked so queerly, some in
very picturesque garments, others in very grotesque ones, all rushing hither and
thither, and some calling out to their dog teams they were driving, made our
walks quite interesting on the days the weather was such that many were out.

Some of the tents had been pitched upon the snow after which heavy snow storms
had come and the wind had drifted the snow over these tents and almost covered
them—in several instances the stove pipe was the only thing visible, but if
one entered the small opening in the snow and walked on a few steps he would
soon come to a warm and comfortable Arctic home, lighted by candles where one or
more men were seemingly enjoying life, or at least, getting the best they could
out of it under the circumstances....

While at Sheep's Camp there was one death at the hotel. A strong young man
hastily stricken down. He came in after a day's hard work and had a severe
chill. After several day's sickness he died—it was thought he had eaten
something poisonous in canned meat. He was a member of a lodge, who cared for
him well, and neatly laid him out in a pine coffin covered with white cloth.
After a short and impressive service the body was taken in charge by the lodge,
who shipped it to his family in Seattle.

On Sunday evenings an interesting service of prayer and song was held at the
hotel addressed by a young Canadian. His earnest words were well listened to.

The day the boys went over to Lindermann to get the camp ready for us, we walked
out with one of our friends to the two saw-mills in operation there, and found
it quite interesting to watch the great rough logs sawed into nice boards, which
were not finished smoothly, though they had ready sale at Sheep's Camp at that
time....

February-March 1898, Lulu Craig
Sun. Apr. 10  Easter morning dawned clear and beautiful and the weather has been pleasant all day. This morning early I went out for some small fir twigs with which to cover the floor and fixed up everything as well as I could. For dinner we had bacon and eggs together with the lemon pie. In the afternoon Ida and I went to see Mrs. Huseth. She gave us coffee and almond pie. Mr. Jacobsen has shaved off his beard. Mr. Norland remembered our names which he had heard mentioned in the hospital lodge.

Mon. Apr. 11  Nice weather today also, and A has packed over the Summit. Ida took up dinner for them. I lay down to sleep when she left and slept until she returned. In the afternoon I was at the Drange's. They have moved.

Tues. Apr. 12  Snow has been falling all day. I was on my way to the Summit, but had to turn back because of the storm. Sandvig and Anderson also came back. They could not work up there.

Wed. Apr. 13  Strong winds today, so the men have not worked. They have remained at home. I have baked bread. I was over at Mrs. Paulsen's and baked my bread there. This afternoon I was at Mr. McClonkey's and he came with me to K. He wanted to see him.

Thurs. Apr. 14  Today I have been at the Drange's--have helped them a little. They are very busy--have a good business. The weather has been good today, but a change is coming. It began to rain this evening. H. came to Drange's and took me home.

Fri. Apr. 15  There has been rain and snow all in The Landing, and Anderson was up to the Summit. He took a load up and then he had to go home. I have not felt well today and have stayed in bed most of the time. Henry was here shortly after dinner. Time goes slowly, or at least it seems that way when one has to remain in a tent the whole day long. I am bored and weary with this place, and wish I could get away from this dirty Sheep Camp!

April 1898, Ingred Kolloon diary

Sheep Camp is a rough, rugged, rocky spot with little space for a town site, and today there is scarcely an inch of available ground. It is covered for over a mile square, with tents so thickly set as to prevent one passing between them in any instance. There is but one street and that a semblance of one--it being only about sixteen feet wide, and winds haphazard along the bank of the river. Numerous small stores do a thriving business here, as well as the many saloons. There are two drug stores, a hospital, fifteen hotels and restaurants, coffee-stands and lodging houses too numerous to mention. There are also two laundries, a bath house and several store houses....

April 9, 1898, Dyea Trail
Those who have never visited a booming frontier mining camp will find it difficult to appreciate the rapidity with which such camps acquire a population and metropolitan importance. The city of Sheep Camp had no excuse for an existence excepting the fact that it was the last halt on the trail to the Chilkoot before passing above timber line. This fact made it the great transfer station where Klondikers cached their supplies and from which they transported them in installments to the summit of the pass. There are few cities in all American history which have had a more rapid growth, or a more sudden and complete collapse than Sheep Camp.

Sheep Camp is located on either side of the Dyea River, which, during summer, is a rushing torrent from 30 to 40 feet in width. Mountains of Alpine grandeur rise on either side and the gorges are filled with great glaciers. In the fall of 1897 the city consisted of about 150 tents with a population of from 300 to 400 persons. At the time of our arrival in Sheep Camp on April 5th, 1898, it presented a busy, unique and weird spectacle. Tents, shacks, shanties and buildings of varied shape, size and hue were crowded along either side of the road which follows the narrow ravine towards the pass. Thousands of people of all ages and nationalities, women as well as men, were camped here. Throngs of adventurous gold seekers were moving hither and thither in every direction, surging over snow drifts or along the narrow, winding and picturesque streets, with heavy packs, or tugging away in a persevering endeavor to drag their heavily laden sleds towards the summit.

The population of the city at that time was estimated at from seven to eight thousand. The business of transporting supplies over the Dyea trail was a profitable one to those who had at their command the necessary means of transportation. The rates charged between Dyea and Lake Linderman during the earlier period of the crusade were appalling to those Klondikers who were not liberally supplied with ready cash. Several pack trains were operated between Dyea and Sheep Camp....

Dr. Jones has "hung out his shingle," or rather painted it on the roof of his tent, and Mr. Winter engaged as his assistant. The fame of the doctor soon spread abroad in this portable Arctic city and his practice grew apace. Klondike fees were charged and collected, and thus the doctor retrieved a goodly portion of the money he had invested....

Passing along the main street we observe a few more or less pretentious merchandising establishments with a liberal display of such supplies and wares as are most needed in an Arctic mining camp. These stores are of rude and cheap construction, usually thrown together of such material as chanced to be most available, and without further architectural design than simply to afford shelter.

(continued on page 131)
In some of these establishments we find a combination of general merchandising establishment, drug store, restaurant and lodging house. The unprotected manner in which the goods were displayed in front of these stores indicates the absolute confidence which was reported by the dealers in the integrity of the argonauts, and it should be added that this confidence was seldom violated.

Courtney's store and post office, Sheep Camp [was] a combination of grocery store, post office, laundry, and hay and grain warehouse, as well as a Miner's Exchange; for one of the signs on the front post announces that outfits will be bought as well as sold. We also observe that "spuds" are valued at seven cents per pound, while the pleasant, smiling features of the little girl...assure us that the happiness of children is never dependent upon their environments. Mr. Courtney, the proprietor, was fortunate in having with him his family....

The sign over the doorway advertising a "five cent mail," or ten cents from Dyea to the lakes, would not be understood by a stranger. It must be remembered that we are now very near to the international line which divides Alaska from Canadian territory. At this time no provision had been made by our Government for the transportation of mails beyond Dyea, and therefore the thousands of people who were moving their supplies to and beyond Sheep Camp found it necessary to arrange for a private mail service from Dyea. For several months a fee of ten cents was charged for carrying a single letter from Dyea to Sheep Camp, and 25 cents for carrying a letter from Dyea to Lake Linderman, but Mr. Courtney was a man who believed in competition and therefore established an opposition mail service, contracting to carry letters from Dyea to Sheep Camp for five cents each, and from Dyea to the lakes for ten cents. This private mail service developed into an extensive and profitable business....

It was our fortune to arrive in Sheep Camp just in time to witness the melancholy results of the fatal snow slide which swept across a portion of the Dyea trail on the morning of April 3, 1898, burying beneath its ponderous weight nearly three score of these adventurers. The work of rescue was already in progress and as the bodies were recovered from their frosty sepulchre they were placed on Yukon sleds and carefully transported to a large tent located near the center of Sheep Camp which had been temporarily transformed into a morgue. As fast as the bodies were identified and claimed by friends they were removed and prepared for burial. It was indeed a saddening and awful spectacle....

April 1898, John Clum account
Sheep Camp post office, established April 4, 1898, discontinued October 21, 1899.

John J. Cavanaugh of Sheep Camp mortgages to Healey & Wilson of Dyea the Cavanaugh Restaurant and Saloon and contents of said building "as follows to wit: 6 double spring mattresses and bedding including blankets, pillows and quilts, two single canvas bed quilts, pillows and blankets, one cook range, complete furnishings for same also all dishes, kitchen and dining room furniture now in said building at Sheep Camp. Also ten hanging lamps, bar and barroom fixtures in said building. Also four thousand cigars, and four butts of tobacco."

May 11, 1898, Skagway Book of Deeds 1, pages 83-85

J. Selix of Sheep Camp mortgages to C. W. Young of Dyea four tons of hay, one tent 18 x 16, fourteen cans of coal oil, one house and lot on east side of river for $400.

May 24, 1898, Skagway Book of Deeds 1, page 207

Farrell & Spaulding Hotel & Saloon of Sheep Camp mortgaged to C. W. Young of Dyea for $1200. Building completed March 26, 1898.

May 25, 1898, Skagway Book of Deeds 1, page 204
And was I glad to call it a day when we arrived at Sheep Camp, the small shack and tent village of one street huddled between precipitous mountains. There seemed nothing permanent about it save the isolated glacier that glittered and sparkled in the sun above our heads.

We stopped at the Grand Pacific Hotel. In writing home a description of this to Father and Mother, I said, "Look at your woodshed. Fit it up with 'standees,' and you have the Grand Pacific." But I had no such uppish attitude when, weary and footsore, I staggered in, and when I left, my heart was warm with gratitude to the elderly couple who kept it. In addition to the regular supper bill of fare I had half a canned peach. I was given the only "private room" in the house—a cubicle partitioned off by a wooden wall, two-thirds the height of the room, with a built-in bunk filled with hay and covered with two pairs of grey army blankets—and comfort of comforts!—a real feather pillow!

After a wonderful night's sleep, a hearty breakfast of corn meal mush, bacon and cold-storage eggs, condensed milk, prunes, and a whole orange—the last in the camp—and settling our hotel bill (meals and bunk $1 apiece), with high hearts that glorious July morning we started to climb that 3,000 feet of steep, narrow, icy mountain trail.

July 1898, Martha Black
Sheep Camp, July 1899, Population 18
Today, artifacts, partially and totally collapsed structures, and traces in the earth reveal the site of Sheep Camp. The present trail meanders through the eastern portion of the settlement. Below the shelter hikers view cast iron stoves, crumbling log ruins, and interpretive signs.
Step 7 Sheep Camp to Summit

Very pleasant morning taking photos on Chilkoot Pass...photograph and April 7, 1898, diary entry—by P. E. Larsen
September 1897
Sheep Camp to Summit

The final four miles to the summit of the Chilkoot Pass became the most photographed section of the trail. The stampeders slowly climbed the distance, caching their goods at Stonehouse, along Long Hill, at the Scales, and at the summit. The Golden Stairs—the 45-degree climb from the Scales to the top—took the stampeders approximately an hour per trip, but its vision stayed with them the rest of their lives.

Stone House is a huge rock which toppled down the mountain and stuck on the rim. At a distance, it resembles a house.

Packed our load to the summit. We climbed in snow all the way. The summit is a "corker"! Almost 90 degrees angle. I have not the heart to see what the other side looks like! The scenery is something grand and inspiring!

June 13, 1897, Ed Lung account

It is a steady climb from Sheep Camp to Scales, a rise, estimated, of 1,800 feet in three and a quarter miles. The trail is fairly good, without mud, but contains some large bowlders, which could be easily removed. The country after leaving Sheep Camp is absolutely barren, with no wood of any kind, but a few flowers and some grass. Starting from this camp, fuel must be carried for about twelve miles, to Deep Lake, the next place where timber in any quantity is found.

At the Scales—so called as packs are weighed there—begins the last and only really hard climb on the pass. The mountain rises 1,000 feet in a horizontal distance of about half a mile. There is absolutely no danger of falling, the trails, as there are several, running in and out behind big bowlders, over rocky points, up the beds of small streams, etc. It is hard on one's lungs and legs....

September 1897, F. LaRoche
The valley begins to rise rapidly, and the trail is very bad. A mile above Sheep Camp, on the left hand, a huge glacier lies on the side of the mountain, jutting so far over and downward that every moment one expects a great chunk to drop off and tumble into the river. But it does not, and only a small stream of water from its melting forces its way to the bottom. A mile farther on is "Stone House"--a large square rock, crudely resembling a house; it stands on the river's brink. At the base of the mountain is a great mass of slide rock, some of the bowlders being nearly as large as the one by the river. Some of these rocks have piled on top of one another so as to form small caves, which the Indians use for shelter. These also are called "Stone Houses." The valley here makes a sudden turn to the right, and the trail begins to grow steep. The valley is filled with great water-and-ice-worn bowlders. The trail climbs from one to another of these. There is no vegetation, save a few alders here and there, and these cease just above "Stone House."

The trail enters a cul-de-sac, climbing higher and higher. The valley seems to end; a precipitous wall of gray rock, reaching into the sky, seems to head off farther progress, seaming its jagged contour against the sky--a great barrier, uncompromising, forbidding--the Chilkoot Pass.

Horses and men with packs are ahead of and behind us. The sun has broken clear, and shines down on a strange scene. In a pocket under the cliff are some score of tents and huge piles of baggage. The tents are held to the earth by rocks on the guy-ropes. Men are busily at work making up the goods into packs and unloading pack-horses. Adding to the animation the rocks are covered with bright blankets spread out to dry. The men take up the packs, and this is what happens: They walk to the base of the cliff, with a stout, alpen-stock in hand. They start to climb a narrow foot-trail that goes up, up, up. The rock and earth are gray. The packers and packs have disappeared. There is nothing but the gray wall of rock and earth. But stop! Look more closely. The eye catches movement. The mountain is alive. There is a continuous moving train; they are perceptible only by their movement, just as ants are. The moving train is zigzagging across the towering face of the precipice, up, up, into the sky, even at the very top. See! they are going against the sky! They are human beings, but never did men look so small.

Other men are coming back empty, as if dropping back to earth. "The Scales," as the foot of the precipice is called, is one of the most

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wretched spots on the trail; there is no wood nearer than four miles, and that is poor. The wind blows cold, and everybody and everything is saturated. "The Scales" gets its name from having been in former years a weighing-place for goods hoisted or packed over.

We start with our packs up the side of the mountain. Chilkoot deceives one in this; it seems to tower directly over one's head, whereas the actual average slope is about forty-five degrees, consisting of a series of benches alternating with slide rock. The trail winds from bench to bench, and there are a number of trails all reaching the crest at about the same place. The general slope of the path is not great, and the labor of climbing so little that when we pause to take breath and look back we find we are half-way up. In several places, however, the trail is very steep; one must climb on hands and knees from boulder to boulder—much, I fancy, as one would go up the pyramids....

September 1897, Tappan Adney account
Then we followed a very bad bit of trail that brought back memories of experiences at Skagway, until we reached Stone House, an immense square-shaped rock somewhat resembling a house, and under which was a spacious cave partly filled with dry leaves, where the Indians, and sometimes the miners, crawled for a night's rest or shelter from the storm. From thence on the trail grew gradually steeper for about one and a half miles, over great rock masses that plainly showed evidences of glacial action, until we reached a little depression, with a flat, rocky floor, known as the Scales, where the final ascent of the Chilkoot summit is begun. Since leaving Sheep Camp we had been travelling over a very rocky district, where there were no trees and very little brush.

The ascent from the Scales to the summit was made among great masses of immense rocks that lay promiscuously on the steep slope, but through which we had no difficulty in finding a trail....A new horse-trail was made about that time from Stone House to Scales, but between that point and Crater Lake horses were useless....

From the Scales our goods had to be carried on our backs--something we were very well used to at that time--up the steep, rocky inclines to the summit, and then down on the other side to Crater Lake. The season was rather late, so the packers raised the price per pound to fourpence (eight cents) from the Scales to the lake, a journey they could complete three times a day. A man ordinarily took a hundred pounds at a time, and the day's earnings of a packer would often be five pounds (twenty-five dollars).

Up to this time horses had never been taken over the summit of Chilkoot Pass, because the thing was thought to be impossible. But it always requires a new-comer in a district to demonstrate to the older inhabitants that impossible things are possible, and it fell to the lot of a Seattle man--everybody came from Seattle, it seemed--to prove that the thing could be done. Accordingly, he started one morning with a big white mule, an excellent pack animal, and began the slow, tedious work of finding a trail over which the animal could walk. The man with the mule was laughed at for his folly, but he had the last laugh, for he succeeded before noon in getting the animal, which was somewhat cut about the legs by jagged rocks, but otherwise unhurt, over the summit to Crater Lake. Others followed the example set by the Seattle man, and soon there were many horses and mules packing between Crater Lake and Lake Linderman. Goats and sheep, and even cattle, were afterwards driven across to the lakes to be slaughtered....

September 1897, Robert Kirk account
To my knowledge forty or fifty horses had to be shot, from Sheep Camp to the foot of the pass, during our sojourn on that three miles of trail. Probably two hundred lay along the trail from the mouth of the canyon to the foot of the pass. We sometimes were obliged to step on one where it lay in a hole on the trail with a bullet hole in its head. They wore out and starved till they could go no more and lay down. Served their masters faithfully to the last step. It was pitiful.

We got our stuff to Stone House by noon except a load for one horse and a pack on two of our backs. Our second horse went down as we were returning in the forenoon. We were obliged to leave it there for the time, thinking it might be up when we returned. If not, we would shoot it. But some one must have thought we had deserted it, and he put it out of its misery. We were incensed but couldn't blame him much. The poor brute had about reached the end....

September 1897, Robert Medill account

We are able to hire enough packers and Major Walsh commanded me to lead off the detachment consisting of two of our own police, and Lake Superior Indians and packers giving me orders to let no man pass the Scales at the root of the summit until his arrival there. Accordingly I started off at 7:40 and at 8:15 passed Chenyiskiey's grave. Wind and sleet increasing. 8:30 snowing hard and several inches deep. 8:45 the snow and sleet blinding. Can't follow trail still and as we go up trail the depth of snow increasing. 9:00 a.m. snow three feet deep, a climb on hands and knees over snow covered boulders and up perfectly straight ascents. 9:30 snowing harder and up to our arm pits. 9:55 struck the red flag which marks the entrance to the Pass just below the Scales....

October 1897, T. D. Pattullo letter

Next morning the storm was still raging. Shortly after I had wired to Supt. Perry the cause of the delay, Corporal Pringle came down the mountain from Belcher's camp on the summit and reported that they were ready for work, and I sent him back with orders to Belcher to begin collection [customs duties] next day, February 25. (By summer collected $150,000 worth of duties.)

February 1898, Samuel B. Steele reminiscence
Well, Azora, here I am on top of the mountain and will just sit down long enough to write you a line. It is a beautiful day. The sun shines bright, and I can see down to Lake Linderman on one side and looking back the other way it is a sight to behold away back to Dyea. The trail as far as one can see is just lined with people. You never saw anything like it. I would just like to have a picture of it and send you. Mountains on all sides all covered with snow. It is only about 1/2 mile from where I am to where we drove with our oxen. Have got most all of our stuff up as far as we can drive. Now we have got to carry it up here on our backs just like going up stairs, but you ought to see them slide down. All one has to do is to sit down and away they go. That part of it is fun, but I tell you one never knows what work is until he begins to carry goods up here. Some carry one hundred lbs. at a time, but most everyone only carries 50 lbs. I wish Louis was here for a few minutes, just long enough to slide down once. I guess the snow must be about twenty feet deep....

February 12, 1898, Martin Howard letter

Upon his return to the Yukon from a leave of absence during January, Inspector Strickland was sent to the summit of the White Pass to establish a port of entry on February 9, 1898. At the same time, Inspector Belcher was ordered to establish a similar facility at the summit of Chilkoot Pass. The rush for gold had taken on gigantic proportions as men moved their provisions to the heads of Lindeman and Bennett. Nearly 30,000 men, women and children were on their way to the lakes and would start for Dawson when the waterway was free of ice. As a result, nearly 30,000 tons of goods, much of which had been purchased in American territory, were subject to Canadian customs duties....

(continued on page 153)
Inspector R. Belcher, with Corporal Pringle and Constable Boyd, arrived in Dyea where lumber for the proposed customs post on the Chilkoot summit was purchased. Getting the lumber to Sheep Camp was one matter but having it and the large quantities of supplies moved to the summit on the cable tramway required the judicious expenditure of government funds to "grease the packers' palms a little" to avoid any possible delays. On February 11, the three policemen pitched what was probably the first tent in the narrow cleft of the Chilkoot Pass. The following day, an appropriate site was cleared and levelled on the snow and the 12 by 12 foot cabin was erected. The walls were constructed of one inch thick green wood planking while the roof was made of a canvas box. The green planking of the walls soon shrank, leaving large cracks through which the incessant wind drove the finely powdered snow. Once inside, the shower of snow melted, soaking clothing, beddings and papers. Subjected to the constant dampness, the contents of the cabin mildewed, adding an all-pervading aura of mold to the discomforts to be endured by the occupants. Inspector Belcher, who occupied the building with his assistant through the winter, complained that once wet, the blankets never were given a chance to dry until spring, forcing them to sleep in sodden beds for the whole of the winter.

Reinforcements arrived on February 14 to complete the strength of the Chilkoot guard. The 15 additional men with 2 horses established a camp below the summit on the ice of Crater Lake. Service on the Chilkoot was fraught with tremendous hardship. On February 18, as a prolonged blizzard was beginning, water on the ice of Crater Lake began to rise, reaching a depth of six inches before the morning. To keep their beds above the water, the men dragged the supply sleds into the tents and slept on them, only inches above the icy liquid. It was no wonder that the men complained of colds and kidney troubles. The same storm that had impeded Inspector Strickland's progress on the White Pass finally forced the police camp off the lake as several tents were blown down and the tent in which the men were quartered was barely saved by the policemen who anchored the supporting poles with their own weight. When the blizzard abated slightly on the 21st, the tents were moved to a nearby knoll and the horses were sent back to the post at Bennett as it was impossible to keep them at the summit. The situation was improved and although the cold and the damp continued, the vigilant policemen no longer had to wade through a shallow sea to their meals and beds. Notwithstanding the hardship and discomfort, the collection of Canadian customs duties was begun on February 26 on the Chilkoot Pass....

February 1898, Richard Friesen account
At the Top of the First Ascent
The first two miles above Sheep Camp bring one to the scales, a point 2195 feet higher than the former, and this portion of the route is conceded to be the worst and most laborious of the trail to the summit. The ascent is by no means a good use one but consists of a series of steep niches which it is utterly impossible to surmount without ice coupers, especially if one is hampered by a pack or sled. The scales mark the point at which goods are weighed previous to being taken from here to the summit, the charges for transport by packing from this point upward being very much in excess to prior ones. I reached the Scales as Opar having left Sheep Camp at 7.30 a.m. subsequent experiences showed that it would have been easier to pack up this distance than to pull a sled. The ascent beginning at the scales is very abrupt....

March 1, 1898, Sgt. Yanert letter

We had waited for a pleasant day and we certainly were favored in the selection we made. The sun shone brightly and it was rather quiet until we reached Stone House--so named from a great pile of stone which bore the form of a house. To this point the walk was very pleasant, as it needed no great exertion to ascend this gradual incline. But here the wind increased and the ascent became so steep that going from Stone House to The Scales, in my opinion we found the hardest part of our journey.

The incline was so precipitous, so smooth and slick from the large amount of travel and coasting down on sleds that it seemed impossible to keep one's footing and we were assisted up this part.

Two of our friends got a large strong stick, and took hold of either end of it, urging me to grasp the center and lean heavily upon it. This I gratefully did and was thus helped up the steepest portion.

Little Emily roade on a sled, drawn by a dog, from Sheep's Camp to the Scales and from there was borne on the shoulders of our friend, Dr. H., up the summit of Chilkoot Pass.

The wind being so swift and the ascent so rapid, our progress was impeded, but we at last reached The Scales where we rested and lunched. I think that that day was the greatest effort of my life without exception, especially going from Stone House to The Scales.

After our rest we resumed the ascent to the Summit, which the rest of the way was made by going up steps cut in the side of the mountain.

March 1898, Lulu Craig
Now we are at the Chilkoot Pass. . . . Many lose their gold fever here and return home and many have turned back before reaching this point. It is blowing hard today and the weather is somewhat dark, so not as many are going up today as in bright weather. One can not go up every day in the week. A little to the right is the so called, "Peterson trail" which is not quite so steep but somewhat longer.

We now divide our load and each puts his pack on his back. The sled must also be carried. When one looks up only and not down and is careful about his footsteps he gets along above all expectations. The grade is so steep that one's pack bumps the one ahead when we walk close together.

March 3, 1898, B. Harsted letter

Tuesday, March 15, 1898
Weather: Clear, warm. Left this a.m. at 9 with LaFarge to walk up to the summit 4 3/4 miles. The scene going up there and at the Scales was wonderful. At the Scales other packers had steps cut in the snow. It was one continual stream of men for three-quarters of a mile. At another place, men were hauling up outfits by ropes. Loaded sleds going up carried up by men on the other sled going down. Arrived Summit 1 p.m. Hard climb. Creepers necessary. LaFarge, Colt and Tony sick. My heels still sore, but myself all right.

March 15, 1898, Henry C. Cryder diary

We struck camp at Sheep and had our bedding and camp outfit consisting of 303 lbs. packed to the scales at the rate of 1 1/2 A. Jack and I provided same and with two small packs we arrived at Scales at 9:00 a.m. Jack climbed Summit and there met Dr. Woods and it was arranged with him to take a load down to Lindenman, but pack train with camp outfit had trouble en route and did not arrive at Scales until 2:30 p.m. Jack and I took a light lunch. We had 210 lbs. packed up Summit by Hen Johnson of Horr and another packer. On arrival on Summit, time taken in ascent being 30 minutes, we found Dr. Woods gone. After taking a cup of coffee and pie, we started for Lindenman with 45 lbs., time 4:00 p.m.

April 1898, Ed Banon diary
Long hill...is something the shape of a whale back. It is the most tedious and tiresome strip of the whole journey—even more so than the summit. It is about half a mile wide and slopes off right and left toward the mountains, forming on each side a sort of ravine. Here many prospectors would pitch their tents and cache their goods, dragging them piecemeal on dog sled to this point, then go back to Sheep Camp for another load, and when they have gathered all their stuff together they stake a tackle and fall on the top of the hill, fasten their sleds to the rope and by merely taking hold of the up hill end, walk down and draw the sled loads up and continue this until it is all over.

It was in one of these ravines that the awful slide occurred. From the top of Long Hill, which takes about an hour to walk up, they go down a short incline and then up another even steeper than Long Hill, but not so difficult to climb. Over this hill and you are at the Scales.

The Scales is like a big basin, in the top of a mountain. There is from ten to twenty feet of snow here most all the time. Shacks and tents are mostly eight to ten feet below the surface of the snow....

The town is composed of about forty tents and five or six buildings. Messrs. Fuller and Joppe had a fine restaurant there and did a big business.

The Scales derived its name from the fact that in times gone by, the packers had a pair of scales at this point to weigh the freight.

There are three tramways in operation from the Scales to the top of the summit, and they do very effective work. They have a capacity of 20 tons per day, and the big Chilkoot Tram, which has its cables laid from Canyon City to Crater Lake, and which is now about ready for operation. Men can easily pack 150 pounds up and over the summit. Steps are made in the snow, and in good weather there is a continual string of people going up these snow stairs—men and women and children. The packers go up this way, and in coming back slide down a sluice or a rut made in the snow—it is like going to the top of a big hill and coasting down again on the seat of your pantaloons. The distance is about a quarter of a mile.

April 9, 1898, Dyea Trail
April 3rd. Sunday This morning there is about 2 feet of new snow making it about 5 feet on the level. At noon a report that 40 men and 2 women were caught in a snow slide in the canyon. In the afternoon they took out 17 dead men and one woman and 2 live men.

April 4th. Monday Not snowing this morning; went up to the goods and found them all right. The snow slides were very bad from the Scales to Calamity Hill; the snow is from 5 to 20 feet deep. Saw them digging out the bodies. A very sad affair.

April 5th. Tuesday Stayed in camp all day. More bodies coming from the slide. Wrote a letter to William. Weather warm and snowing. Miners won't allow anyone to go over the pass until the bodies are all out of the snow. What the miners say is law in this country.

April 6th. Wednesday Went to help dig for the bodies; took out seven where we were working which makes 60 all together. Weather cloudy and windy tonight. Men will be allowed to go over the pass from now on but a party will continue to dig for more bodies.

April 7th. Thursday The weather fine and the sun shining. Goods hauled up the hill with a rope to the scales and part of them to the Power House. One body was found here today which makes 23 found here altogether and that is all that were in the Power House—they were working for Tramway Co. Mailed letter to wife.

April 1898, Robert F. Graham diary

We left Sheep Camp at 1:00 p.m. and then the actual ascent began. The grade being just about as steep as a horse can climb with any pack on his back and in some places one wondered how they got up at all. The canyon here is quite wide until one arrives nearly to the foot of the scales. The snow being soft and in some places hundreds of feet deep.

When about a mile from the summit we came into full view of it, and I just halted and gazed, for it surely is a sight of a lifetime, and the first thing that came to mind as a comparison was an ant hill on a stupendous scale. A short distance farther on we passed over the snow slide under which no one knows how many poor fellows are still buried and won't know till the snow melts.

On we still climb with hundreds of others till we finally reach the very foot of the scales. Here we find hundreds of tons of supplies cached at which hundreds of men were working. Here we find the power house of the aerial cable beside restaurants, saloons, and bunk houses or rather tents all nearly buried out of sight in the snow. By the time we had reached here the storm had passed away and the sun was shining and we found there was no danger whatever from slides.

April 17, 1898, Harley Tuck diary
Alaska Railroad & Transportation Co. Powerhouse and Tramway
In the early morning we set out to climb the rugged Chilkoot pass. It loomed above us about 3500 feet, looking very ominous—we were told that an avalanche had recently swept this part of the country, killing many people. This knowledge did not add to our confidence.

There was no bucket tramway up the pass, but we put our freight on the end of a pulley hook and hoisted it up. Steuart and I then commenced walking 2 or 3 miles straight up on steps cut in the snow. We fell on our faces every few feet, as the steps were very slippery and we were carrying 50 pounds each on our backs. The temperature was just above freezing. At the summit there was such a terrible blizzard blowing that we could hardly remain upright....We didn't stay long.

May 1898, Aylett Cotton

Reluctantly abandoning my charge I overtook my impatient comrade & we made the climb which presents no special difficulties to a sound person. A large part of it is by steps--(there are 1378 of them) cut in the ice & for long distances ropes are stretched as a further precaution & assistance. Soon we were in the midst of a violent snow storm & on the summit it raged so we could hardly see objects a few yards off, & was cold "as blazes." Just beyond the summit was the British flag & Police camp where again we were politely treated by Capt. Belcher, Sargt. Green and 25 men....

May 1898, Frank Berkeley letter
As the day advanced the trail became steeper, the air warmer, and footholds without support impossible. I shed my sealskin jacket. I cursed my hot, high, buckram collar, my tight heavily boned corsets, my long corduroy skirt, my full bloomers which I had to hitch up with every step. We clung to stunted pines, spruce roots, jutting rocks. In some places the path was so narrow that, to move at all, we had to use our feet tandem fashion. Above, only the granite walls. Below, death leering at us....

Mush one....Mush on...or die!

"Cheer up, cheer up, Polly!" I hear George break the long silence. "Only a hundred feet to go now." One hundred feet! That sheer wall of rock! Can I make it? In some inexplicable way the men of our party get round me. They push and pull me. They turn and twist me, until my very joints creak with the pain of it. "Don't look down," they warn. I have no strength to turn my head, to speak. Only 10 feet more! Oh God, what a relief!

Then my foot slips! I lose my balance, I fall only a few feet into a crevice in the rocks. The sharp edge of one cuts through my boot and I feel the flesh of my leg throbbing with pain. I can bear it no longer, and I sit down and do what every woman does in time of stress. I weep. "Can I help you?! Can I help you?" asks every man who passes me. George tries to comfort me but in vain. He becomes impatient. "For God's sake, Polly, buck up and be a man! Have some style and move on!"

Was I mad? Not even allowed the comfort of tears! I bucked up all right and walked triumphantly into that broker's tent--an ancient canvas structure on the summit. I had made the top of the world but "the wind that blew between the spheres" cut me like a knife. I was tired, faint, hungry, cold. I asked for a fire, and was answered, "Madame, wood is two bits a pound up here." George, who was really concerned about me, spoke up: "All right. All right. I'll be a sport. Give her a $5 fire." One heavenly hour of rest. I took off my boots, washed my wounded shin and poured iodine on it. I dried my wet stockings, had a cup of tea, and got thoroughly warm....

June 1898, Martha Black account

June 16 Left Sheep Camp at 5 a.m. for our tramp to Scales. Mr. McLennan and Mr. Mahoney was with us. The road is rough, rocky and bad smelling from the dead horses and dogs. We arrived at Scales and drank two glasses of lemonade and rested then started up the summit which is very steep. We stopped every few minutes to rest and take a sip at the bottle and dear Minna walked back of me so I could not fall. We reached top of summit at 8 and as the Customs Officers were not up yet we went and had breakfast and it was cold and windy and as the bottle had gone a little to my head and standing and waiting was tiresome so seeing a pan lying beside me and some walnut shells I commenced a shell game and had the men laughing. I even called up one of the officers to show me he was a man of means he came and examined them. Then we paid our duty and started down the summit....

June 16, 1898, Georgia White diary
Golden Stairs and Surface Sled Hoist
From the Scales to the summit of the pass is not a great distance, probably not more than a thousand yards, but, owing to its terrific angle, is about as fatiguing a climb as could well be imagined. Without exaggeration I should say the angle must be about 45 degrees. A thin rope-line has been fixed to posts the greater part of the way to enable the carriers to pull themselves up the series of steep steps in the deep snow that have been formed by the thousands of persons who have passed this way during the last twelve months. I personally was very glad to make use of this welcome, though icy-cold, safeguard, for I am subject to vertigo, and a false step or sudden look down the abyss behind me might have resulted in serious mishap. By dint of stolid plodding, with an occasional pause to take breath, we reached the summit.

June 1898, Julius Price account

By the summer of 1898 the stampeders had crossed the pass and were headed for Dawson City. In their wake they left a sea of garbage (now artifacts) under the snow. The tin cans, stove parts, tramway machinery, and bleached wood continue to attract visitors—hikers awed by the bulk of material pulled, hauled, and hoisted to the mountain's crest.
November 1979 photograph by Meg Jensen
Remains of Tension Station on Chilkoot Pass (Meg Jensen photo)
The stampeders of 1898 continued on to the gold fields of the Klondike and Alaska. Eighty years later, what they left behind lures hikers to follow the Klondikers' footsteps on a half-week trek over the Chilkoot Pass. Many of these people are reliving the experience of the gold rush by looking at the smaller historic details, the details which lingered long in the minds of the participants—the last of whom are nearly gone.

Some of these historic details appear in letters and photographs from the gold rush. Some of them are still visible on the trail itself: wagon tracks, collapsed tramway stations and log buildings, and piers from wharves and bridges no longer there—all fragile ruins of the past. Today, the National Park Service administers the Chilkoot Trail as part of Klondike Gold Rush National Historical Park with Parks Canada, which administers the Canadian side of the trail. Since the establishment of the park on June 4, 1977, more and more people have used the trail; rangers counted 1,671 hikers in 1977, 2,046 in 1978, and 2,283 in 1979. This present-day rush over the trail has made the visible remnants of the stampede even more valuable.

Since increased use has strained trail and structure maintenance and there are more demands on the four shelter cabins, the Park Service—which has guaranteed the preservation of this historic corridor—needs to manage the trail carefully. Hikers interested in information about the trail and visitor use policy can address their questions to Superintendent, Klondike Gold Rush National Historical Park, Box 517, Skagway, Alaska 99840. In Skagway, there is information about the trail at the visitors' center on Broadway Avenue.
The "historic route" of the Chilkoot Trail refers to the well-worn route of 1898, after spring break-up. The Tlingit Indian trail, or the trail used by the pioneer prospectors until 1897, was undefined—crossing the river at tree falls and bushwhacking up the canyon. The "Chilkoot Route" is a better term for the early trail or trails leading from Dyea to Lake Lindeman prior to 1897. The Chilkoot Route lacked bridges worthy of the name and could be traversed by men, women, or children on foot only. Horses and other beasts of burden were useless except on the flats above Dyea.

With the stampede of 1897-1898 came a flood of change. Bridges were built, and the trail widened. Sections were corduroyed or cleared for use by wagons. Toll gates and houses appeared. Transportation companies were formed to construct improvements. By the summer of 1898 the stamper could ride by stage from Dyea to Canyon City. There pack horses carried him past Sheep Camp to the Scales. The only section he had to walk was the steep incline from the Scales to the summit. Most stampeders, however, walked the entire distance from Dyea to Lindeman Lake. It should be noted that most Klondikers crossed the Chilkoot when snow covered the ground and when ice made the river a natural highway for men pulling sled-loads of goods; this occurred roughly from December 1897 to April-May 1898. Before and after that period, stampeders used the summer trail—the historic trail described as follows.

Taiya Inlet to Dyea Townsite

Until February 1898 all stampeders were dumped on the tideflats or rocks and forced to wade the mile or two to Dyea. When the DKT wharf was completed, a portion of the stampeders who arrived at the dock then hiked or rode by wagon over the company's three-mile wagon road along the west side of the Taiya Inlet to Dyea. The wagon road is still visible. In May the completion of the Dyea Wharf offered the Klondiker a third point of departure. The wharf piers still stand above low tide. Stampeders chose one of these three routes—the tideflats, DKT wharf or wagon road, and Dyea Wharf—for their first steps toward the Klondike.

River and Trail Street:
Dyea to Kinney Bridge

The townsite of Dyea was platted in the area presently covered by trees just north of and bounded by the tideflats. From Dyea the trail paralleled the river for a mile to a point south of West Creek where it crossed the Taiya River at Kinney Bridge. The portion of Trail Street by the Dyea cemetery was washed.
away by the river. The street and artifacts along it are discernible south and north of the Dyea Road forks. John McDermot's farm road is part of the historic wagon road/trail. Beyond the McDermot farm and on the east side of the Taiya River can be seen piers, part of Kinney Bridge, and larger piers from the logging road bridge used in the 1950s.

Kinney Bridge to Finnegan's Point

The historic wagon road led north along the east bank of the Taiya River. It crossed the minor branches of the river an undetermined number of times, probably paralleling the present route of the wagon road. How far the historic wagon road and the 1940s-1950s logging road are one and the same is unknown. It is possible they are the same between mile 1 to Finnegan's Point.

Finnegan's Point to Canyon City

The historic trail location is unknown from Finnegan's Point to Canyon City. The wagon road may have followed close to the riverbed, crossing and recrossing the Taiya. If so, it has been washed away by the Norse and Taiya rivers.

The historic trail may have followed the telegraph line which is presently visible above mile 5 for brief sections. The telegraph line ends at mile 5.5.

Canyon City to Sheep Camp

The wagon road into Canyon City can be traced running north through the ruins to a place near the end of a sand bar that pinches out at the mouth of the Taiya River canyon. Here, a pedestrian and pack horse toll bridge crossed the Taiya and led to the switchbacks up the canyon wall. The switchbacks join the present-day trail near mile 8.7. From there to mile 10.5, the present trail and the historic trail are the same. At mile 10.5 a toll bridge crossed the Taiya River to Pleasant Camp on the west bank. The present trail follows the east bank, while the historic trail is discernible through the brush to Sheep Camp. Undisturbed artifacts lie along the route. Passing the remains of buildings in Sheep Camp, the historic trail crosses the Taiya River near the log hotel ruins.

Sheep Camp to Summit

Artifacts have been seen along the present trail from mile 13.5 to the summit, suggesting that the trail follows the historic route. From the Scales, the present trail follows the historic trail up the steep incline of the Golden Stairs to the summit.
Along the Chilkoot Trail stand a number of visible remnants of the gold rush. The following list of historic features begins with those located along Taiya Inlet and ends with the artifacts at the summit of Chilkoot Pass.

DKT Wharf and Wagon Road to Camp Dyea

The DKT wharf was located three miles south of Dyea, on the west shore of the Taiya Inlet. The Dyea-Klondike Transportation Company, a concern formed by Boston and Portland investors, operated a transportation system connecting Dyea with the headwaters of the Yukon River. The first link in this system was the wharf and three-mile toll wagon road to Dyea. On February 14, 1898, they completed their wharf which extended approximately 100 feet to deep water. Warehouses were built at the wharf approach. Between February and May, the peak months of the stampede of 1898, passengers and freight bound for the Klondike reached Dyea via the DKT wharf and wagon road, the tideflats, or Dyea Wharf. References to the DKT wharf are in the reminiscences of mountie Sam Steele, letters of Captain Jack Crawford, and the diaries of Harly Tuck and Henry Cryder. Once the stampede had ended, the DKT Company agreed to rent its warehouses to the military for use as barracks. On October 8, 1898, Camp Dyea was established at the site. The military and freight company used the dock until July 28, 1899, when a forest fire consumed the buildings and the dock.

The DKT wharf's charred piers are still visible. Traces of the wagon road can be followed from Nelson Creek, near Dyea, to its end. The impressive bridge across the west branch of the Taiya River (now dry) is gone—except for a few pilings.

Dyea Wharf or Long Wharf

A row of piers extending into the Taiya Inlet stand isolated at the end of the Dyea tideflats. These piers are the remnants of Dyea Wharf, a structure originally projected to cross the tideflats for two miles from Dyea to deep water. In 1898 piers were driven south from Dyea and north from the water, but the two ends never were connected. Instead, the deep water end was planked past the mean low tide line; from there a ramp sloped to the tideflats. The piers extending from Dyea remained unused.

As many as six companies planned wharves at Dyea. Promoter L. D. Kinney sold his scheme to the backers of the Chilkoot Railroad & Transport Company and the Washington & Alaska Steamship Company, a group comprised of Tacoma investors.
The Tacoma investors were funding the construction of the largest tramway over the pass. The wharf was a necessary adjunct to their transportation system. The "completion" of the Dyea Wharf corresponded with the completion of the tramway in May, 1898. Stampeders bound for the Klondike could contract with Tacoma agents to get them and their goods from the Puget Sound to the headwaters of the Yukon--the wharf became a part of the Chilkoot Pass route, a transportation system of steamships, wagons, tramway, and pack trains. References to the wharf are in the reminiscences of Martha Black and the travel account of Julius Price.

After the dismantling of the Chilkoot tramway in the spring of 1900, the wharf fell into disuse. L. D. Kinney and other promoters talked of building a shoreline railroad across the wharf to Skagway, but the schemes never reached fruition. The wharf timbers and planks were partially burned or were removed for their lumber; today the string of piers across the vacant flats are the most ghostlike reminders of boom town Dyea.

Dyea Townsite

The Dyea townsite includes seven major features in the area once covered by a city of 10,000 transient "residents." This area extends from the tree-line bordering the tideflats on the south to near West Creek on the north, and from the Taiya River to the banks of the now dry west branch of the Taiya River. The seven major features are (1) remnants of the waterfront activity, (2) structures located within the former business core, (3) the Dyea cemetery, (4) Indian Village near Healy & Wilson's store, (5) the wagon road or Trail Street and its corridor of structures, (6) remnants of the Pullen dairy and farm, and (7) Slide Cemetery. Dyea is the epitome of boom and bust gold rush towns. Begun in a small way as a trading post for Natives and itinerate prospectors, the village exploded into a crazed boom town overnight. In October 1896 Healy & Wilson's trading post and approximately two hundred Tlingits resided at Dyea; in October 1897 Dyea was platted and within five months the city had 10,000 people walking its sandy streets. The largest hotel north of Victoria opened in April 1898, two newspapers boasted the town's glories, and the town's commercial enterprises compared with any Pacific coast city. By October 1899, all but a handful of businesses had closed; the gold rush passed. Skagway and its railroad dealt the final blows. Dyea, as one editor phrased it, had "turned up its toes to the lilies."

A farmer, E. P. Klatt, took over the town. He planted potato patches on once valuable real estate. Buildings were knocked down and sold to Skagway, to Haines, and to Juneau. Klatt was thorough--very little of boom town Dyea is left.
Dyea Townsite: Major Features

(1) Remnants of the waterfront activity. Unfortunately scarce are reminders of the bustle along Dyea's waterfront. The domineering two-and-a-half-story Chilkoot Railroad & Transport Company warehouse burned down in 1899; and only the piers remain of the company's Dyea wharf.

There were other warehouses along First Street; all but one have disappeared. That one waterfront warehouse is the last reminder of waterfront activity in either Skagway or Dyea. The structure dates from the spring 1898, and its use may have been by a small-scale transportation company similar to that of Vining and Wilkes. The reminiscence of W. C. Wilkes describes the freightling business of that partnership.

A mound of sawdust, now partially covered by grass, is all that is left of J. B. Agner's sawmill. Built in January 1898, the sawmill supplied rough-cut lumber for local use during the following spring.

(2) Structures located within the former business core. Most of Dyea's major business streets--River, Main, and Broadway--have been washed away by the flooding Taiya River. West and Scow streets still remain between First and Seventh.

Two historic structures remain in downtown Dyea: a false-front building, located at either Fourth and Main or Fifth and Main, and a nearly collapsed structure at what may have been Fourth near West Street. The false front appears to be a building photographed by E. A. Hegg in the spring of 1898, which was remodeled and photographed by H. C. Barley in 1899. The facade in the second photograph shows the words "A. W. Gregg Real Estate" painted on the structure. Mr. Gregg remains a mystery, but his false front is the last one standing in Dyea.

Another structure nearby has begun to fall into its own basement and will eventually collapse and disintegrate. All that is known about the building is a board with the lettering of a Skagway lumber company. It dates from about 1897-1898.

(3) The Dyea cemetery. No names are discernible.

(4) Indian Village near Healy & Wilson store. The location of the Indian village is uncertain. Stampeders described it as beyond and behind Healy & Wilson's store. This major reference point and historic site was lost when it burned in 1920; the trading post site is presently on the opposite or east side of the Taiya River.

Tlingit Indians resided in homes similar to those of the white settlers, and they lived in the area longer (into the 1930s) before moving to Klukwan and
elsewhere. They consider the area a part of their heritage. Two collapsed buildings adjacent to the road to the Dyea townsite are part of the Indian community.

(5) The wagon road or Trail Street and its corridor of structures. Just south of Healy & Wilson's trading post, River Street became Trail Street, the beginning of the Chilkoot Trail. From Healy & Wilson's store, the trail or wagon road followed the west bank of the Taiya River to the Kinney bridge, roughly a mile upstream and near the junction of West Creek. Businesses and temporary camp sites lined Trail Street during the spring of 1898.

Today, the river-eroded lower portion of the wagon road reappears as the entry road into McDermott's farm. South of there, the overgrown wagon road is identifiable by the parallel piles of tin cans and rubbish until it falls off into the river.

The structure at the junction of McDermott's road (the historic wagon road) and the Dyea road dates from the gold rush; it was the residence of William Mathews, a Tlingit who homesteaded 160 acres, patented it in 1922, and spent most of his 90 years in the Dyea area. The roof has collapsed and a porch has fallen away since National Park Service photographers documented the building in 1959.

The McKermott log farmhouse dates from 1898 and is presently in use. Beyond the McDermott's farm the wagon road is again overgrown, although tell-tale signs of building foundations and tin cans make it easy to follow the road to the Kinney bridge site.

(6) Remnants of the Pullen dairy and farm. Harriet Pullen, operator of the well-known Pullen House in Skagway, homesteaded the site of Dyea in 1918 and used the land as her dairy and farm until the 1940s. Her barn, with its bowed roof and leaning walls, still stands as the most visible ruin in Dyea.

(7) Slide Cemetery. The Slide Cemetery is the major attraction in the Dyea area. Tour taxis, private vehicles, and hikers visit the white headboards marking the graves of the victims of the April 3, 1898, avalanche. Bearss discusses the events of the avalanche. Only 22 bodies may have been interred at the cemetery, although 44 graves may have been dug by the military in 1898. There are 49 headboards today; 10 are illegible or marked unknown, while others are inscribed with the names of individuals killed in the avalanche published in 1898 newspapers. The following lists were transcribed and compared by Dyea ranger David Clabaugh.
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<th>No.</th>
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<td>Weidelein, L.</td>
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Ten headboards illegible or marked "Unknown"
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<th>Remains shipped outside</th>
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17 William Falk
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26 C.R. Homer
27 E.J. Hudson
28 E.P. Haines

39 King, Albert F.
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41 McNeil, C.L.
42 Morgan, John A.
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44 Riley, W.L.
45 Smallwood, Joseph
46 Smith, G.F.
47 Sprague, Frank
48 Turner, Curtiss C.
49 Uelen, O.A.
50 Weidelin, L.
51 Ziebarta, Gus

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29 C.P. Harrison Seattle
30 Harry Holt Tacoma
31 Rosmus Hedeyard Baker City, Oregon
32 T.R. Johnson Spokane
33 H. Jueger
34 C.H. Kinney Prescott, Arizona
35 A.S. King Tacoma
36 G. Loon
37 George Lewis Spokane
38 G.J. Milton St. Paul
39 J.R. Morgan Jefferson County, Penn.
40 Mrs. Annie Mozer Redding, Cal.
41 John Merchant Vancouver, Washington
42 E.F. Miller Butte, Mon.
43 Frank Miller Elk River, Minn.
44 C.L. McNeil Portland, Ore.
45 Sanford McNeil Dixon, N.D.
46 J.M. Murphy Redding, Cal.
47 Austin Preston Tacoma
48 J.B. Pearce Wisconsin
49 J. Reese Chicago
50 George Ritchie Seattle
51 Mrs. W.L. Riley Baltimore
52 Mrs. Ryan St. Paul
53 Matt Schona Portland, Ore.
54 Joseph Smallwood Chicago
55 Gus Seaborn Seattle
56 Gus Seabarth Seattle
57 Steve Stevenson Seattle
58 Frank Sprague Tacoma
59 C.F. Smith Wooley, Washington
60 J.W. Smith Idaho
61 Jeff Soley Wooley, Washington
62 O.A. Uler Kansas City, Mo.
63 L. Weidin San Francisco
64 M.M. Warner Menlo Park, Cal.
65 ----- Wiltzem

Alaska Mining Record (Juneau)
List Published April 13, 1898
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Kinney Bridge Site

In 1897 the stampeders had to cross from Dyea which was then an island to the opposite bank of the Taiya River. During the low water months of April and May, a cottonwood log served as a bridge. Canoes ferried people and gear through the summer until freeze-up. Promoter L. D. Kinney built a wagon toll bridge across the Taiya during the spring of 1898. Around the bridge clustered businesses: Kinney's log trading post, the Chilkoot Hotel, and temporary camps. By 1906 the bridge had washed out.

The pilings for the Kinney bridge still stand on the east bank of the Taiya River. Hikers visit the site by leaving the trail, after it levels off from the first hill, and bushwhacking south 100 yards. Larger pilings among the smaller diameter older pilings remain from the 1954 sawmill road bridge which was washed out the following year. The sawmill road overlaps the wagon road.

Sawmill

The sawmill at mile 3 was built by E. A. Hosford in the early 1940s. He and his family lived in the small log cabin and operated the sawmill, cutting spruce and cottonwood in the Taiya River valley. Mr. Hosford's descendants still live in the Dyea area, but the sawmill ceased operation in the 1950s.
Canyon City   Canyon City grew up at the mouth of the Taiya River canyon nine miles north of Dyea. The settlement consisted of scattered tents until two transportation companies proposed building expensive plants to run tramways to haul the stampeders' goods north over the Chilkoot Pass. By the winter of 1898 the Chilkoot Railroad & Transport Company and the Dyea-Klondike Transportation (DKT) Company began construction. Log hotels, restaurants, and other businesses along the wagon road served the workers as well as the swelling numbers of stampeders.

The most imposing feature at Canyon City is the steam boiler. The DKT Company built a boiler plant and connected an electric dynamo for its proposed surface tramroad of electric haulage cars. The company supplied electricity to the town by April, but the electric tramroad was not built because the Chilkoot R & T Company completed its aerial tramway. In the summer of 1898 the DKT Company merged with its competitor, but kept its boiler plant. When the White Pass & Yukon Route bought the Chilkoot tramways and removed them in 1900, they left the DKT Company boiler.

Remains of structures, especially the foundations along what was once Main Street, are not clearly visible today. One remnant of the community's approximately thirty log or wood frame structures is a business house with walls only two or three logs high.

The Historic Trail: Mile 9-10.5

The present-day trail faithfully follows the historic trail for a mile and a half above the Taiya River canyon. Hikers with sharp eyes can see the telegraph wire and poles or trees which became impromptu poles. None of the insulators remain; all have disappeared. Dyea promoters initiated the construction of a telegraph line from Dyea to the Klondike, but it reached only Lindeman City by the spring of 1898. Fallen towers of the Chilkoot Company tramway can be found along the trail. One tramway tower is above the interpretative sign at mile 9.3. There are two cleared tent or cabin sites at mile 10; their historic use is unknown.

Pleasant Camp

Pleasant Camp was a level spot on the west bank of the Taiya River (at mile 10.5). A toll house and restaurant were built here in 1897. Stampeders crossed from the east bank to the west bank of the Taiya River over a toll bridge which has long since been washed out.

The Historic Trail: Mile 11.3

On the west bank of the Taiya River, opposite the present Chilkoot Trail, the historic trail can be traced from mile 10.5 to Sheep Camp, except where the river has washed it out.
Telegraph Line Remains near Mile 9 (Meg Jensen photo)

Log Cabin Ruins at Sheep Camp (Meg Jensen photo)
Sheep Camp

Sheep Camp was the largest settlement between Dyea and Lake Lindeman. By the gold rush in 1897-1898, it had become a well-known stopping point just below tree line along the trail. At least one cabin stood on the site when the first wave of stampeders arrived in 1897. A tent city arose which shortly gave way to two rows of log and wood frame structures, one on each bank of the river. The junction of the two main streets was just northwest of the present log shelter. Stampeders raised their tents in between the streets, along the trail, and in the frozen river bottom. The estimated transient population of Sheep Camp in April 1898 was 5,000. The camp had hotels, saloons, a lumber dealer, restaurants, a hospital, and a tramway power station; packing was the major business.

The stampede crossed the pass in the spring and summer of 1898; by 1899 the camp had 18 residents. With the removal of the tramway in the spring of 1900, Sheep Camp died.

The vegetation at Sheep Camp creeps up among a legion of ruins. For a half-mile along the Taiya River—from north of the present log shelter ranging south past the ruins of the tramway power station—sprawl the remains of businesses, tents, stables, and streets of the settlement. Major features include the tramway powerhouse and remains of log structures west, north, and east of the ranger station.

The Trail: Mile 14-15.5

Features between mile 14 and mile 15.5 include a stampeder's grave, the Chilkoot Railroad & Transport Company tension station and towers, Stonehouse, and the Alaska Railroad & Transportation Company powerhouse.

The grave, referred to by Pattullo, is possibly that of Chenyisky who was killed September 17, 1897, in the Sheep Camp flood. The wood frame of the Chilkoot R & T Company's tension station at mile 14.5 and the power poles in a line north of there were put in place in 1898. Stonehouse or Stonehouses refers more to a group of large house-size boulders rather than one individual stone. The reports of Schwatka and Adney mention that the Indian packers would find shelter among the rocks north of Sheep Camp. By the spring of 1898, the name Stonehouse was used to refer to the area above tree line, roughly mile 14.8. There LaRoche photographed a triangular-shaped rock on the east bank of the Taiya in 1897, calling it Stonehouse. The ruins of the Alaska Railroad & Transportation Company powerhouse at mile 15.5 include the collapsed main structure and nearby outbuildings built in 1898. The tramway tower north of the powerhouse, part of the Alaska R & T Company's system, is the last remaining upright tower along the trail. Adjacent to the tower stood a tension station on the Chilkoot Railroad & Transport Company's tramway. Its collapsing framework still remains.
Knockdown Boats at Chilkoot Pass (Meg Jensen photo)
The Scales and Summit

Avalanches still occur in this section. The chutes on the mountain side are visible to passing hikers.

The area from mile 15.8 to mile 16.5, the Scales to the Summit, takes in five major features: the DKT boiler and powerhouse site, the debris at the Scales, the hoists of Archie Burns, the knockdown boats, and the Chilkoot Railroad & Transport Company's tramway towers ruins.

The Dyea-Klondike Transportation Company (DKT) built an aerial tramway from the south edge of the Scales to the summit and had it operating by February 1898. During the spring after the stampede, the operation fell into disuse and most of the machinery was removed. Below the site lies a boiler probably used by the DKT operation.

The 1897-1898 ruins at the Scales are marked by interpretive signs.

At the summit of the Chilkoot Pass are the remains of three hoists, two gasoline-powered and one horse-powered. The wooden horse-powered whim at the summit most likely belonged to Archie Burns who built one there in 1897; it is one of the most significant artifacts along the Chilkoot Trail. The other two hoists also probably belonged to Archie Burns who laid claim to the summit in 1897 and kept all but the aerial tramways from using his right of way for hoisting works. By 1898 he was operating a steam-powered hoist and gasoline tramline as well as the horse whim. The gasoline-powered hoist machinery sits on skids at the summit. The drum and line counter of another hoist, possibly part of the steam-powered one, sit at the top of the first ascent.

The knockdown boats at the summit date from the gold rush; their origin is unknown. One possible answer can be pieced together from bits of information. George Rapuzzi, owner of Soapy Smith's museum in Skagway, has part of one of the boats and an 8 1/2 x 11 inch 1897-1898 handbill which refers to them. The handbill titled, "Are you going Down the Yukon" states, among other things,

Undersigned, who are established in the transportation business in Lake Linderman [sic], will have on sale two boats, the Nonpareel Water-Tight Canvas and the Chicago Metal Portable Sectional Boats ....These are the only boats which can be transported across the passes without great inconvenience....Boats will be on sale at Lindeman, Bennett, Dyea, and Skagway....[the undersigned] own their own horses, boats and steam launches on the lakes. Large parties transported with dispatch from the summit to the lakes....Flowers, Smith and Co. exclusive agents.

Mr. Rapuzzi displays one of the boats at his museum and explains how poorly and illogically it was constructed--purely a gold rush era swindle. The name
Flowers, Smith & Co. appears in the Dyea Deed Books (located in Skagway City Hall) as the platters of "Lindeman City, Alaska" townsite. Flowers, Smith & Co. offered lots for sale in their Alaskan town located in British Columbia, Canada. When the Canadian N.W.M. Police arrived, conflict was unavoidable. According to the notebooks of historian Clarence L. Andrews (now at the University of Alaska), "old man Flowers" and partners were evicted, his townsite claim lost, and his dock and warehouse at Lindeman City confiscated. The "Nonpareel Water-Tight Canvas Boats" at the summit of the Chilkoot may have been part of the items confiscated in 1898.
Chilkoot Tramways

During the Klondike gold rush, three aerial tramways and at least three surface hoists operated over the Chilkoot Pass. Two of the tramways are significant for engineering feats. The Chilkoot Railroad and Transport Company crossed a distance of 2,200 feet in one span, then the world's longest; and the Dyea-Klondike Transportation Company was one of the first aerial tramways powered by electricity. Reminders of each tramway and hoist remain along the Chilkoot Trail—the most exciting artifact being the wooden horse-powered hoist drum and arm near the summit of the pass. This was Archie Burns' tram, the first on the Chilkoot Trail.

These tramways and hoists were important final links in the chain of developments to make Dyea and the Chilkoot Pass the dominant route to the interior. However, they failed to successfully compete with the Skagway railroad—the White Pass and Yukon Route, and their remains spark the questions: Who built the lines? Where and how did they operate? What is the historical significance of the few physical reminders left along the Chilkoot Trail?

Part of the questions can be answered. The following individuals or companies operated hoists or tramways.

P. H. Peterson, and inventive ferry operator from Juneau, installed a simple hoist in 1896—before the Klondike gold rush, but after the discoveries at Fortymile and Circle City. Stampeder William M. Stanley described the operation:

[Peterson] anchors a pulley at the top through which he passes a rope, to which is attached a box, rigged on runners. A loaded sled is made fast to the rope at the bottom, the box is then filled with snow, to which is added the weight of the inventor and such other men as may be at hand. When this loaded box descends it pulls the sled up, where it is detached. The box is then unloaded and drawn back to the top when the operation is repeated as before.

Previously, in 1894, Peterson had attempted to do the same operation with seal skins instead of a box with runners. Bernard Moore relates its failure. Peterson returned and rigged up the above described gravity hoist. According to a sourdough known only as "Silvertip," Peterson charged four bits a load. On February 17, 1898, Peterson leased his "tram" to J. F. Hielscher of Dyea for
Gasoline Hoist on Chilkoot Pass, 1979 (Meg Jensen photo)

Remains of Archie Burns' Hoist, Chilkoot Pass, 1979 (Meg Jensen photo)
five months—the peak months of the Klondike rush. He received a half cent royalty on each pound carried by the operation.

The location of this, the first tram on the Chilkoot, is unknown. The at times inaccurate reminiscence of Silvertip records the hoist as running from the Scales 3/4 of a mile to the summit along the same route later used by Archie Burns and the line of stampeders hiking the Golden Stairs. Photographs taken by Juneau photographers Winter & Pond in the spring of 1897 show the top of the Peterson tram. Yet the scenes lack details which would differentiate between the hoist being at the top of the Chilkoot Pass or Peterson Pass.

Many questions arise: Which pass was Peterson's hoist on? Where did the name Peterson Pass come from? Could it have been P. H. Peterson? And what became of him? What remains of the hoist?

One can only suggest answers. Peterson probably operated on Peterson Pass instead of the nearby Chilkoot Pass. Arriving stampeders associated P. H. Peterson's tramway with the pass and thus linked the name with the pass. Peterson, like Archie Burns and other packers and freighters, probably moved on to the Klondike and Dawson City. Because of its simplicity, Peterson's hoist parts may still be on top of the pass. Hook pulleys and lines remain there. Yet, the odds of finding the exact one used by Peterson are slim.

Archie Burns' Hoist

Archie Burns, a veteran of the rush to Fortymile and Circle City, anticipated the rush to the Klondike and in late 1896 claimed the summit of the Chilkoot Pass for a trading and manufacturing site. His goal being the installation of a hoist and freight outfit to haul stampeders' goods from tidewater to the lakes. During the spring of 1897 he operated a horse-driven whim which pulled sleds from the Scales to the summit. Burns also opened a hotel at Sheep Camp and owned a train of pack horses.

The melting of the snow during the summer closed the hoist operation, but by December 1897 the operation had reopened. A steam-powered hoisting drum was installed that winter, followed by a gasoline-powered tramline. Burns associated himself with C. W. Young of Juneau and Dyea. Young's freighting and trading company operated the pack trains while Burns managed his three hoists. Burns charged 2¢ per pound for goods hauled from the Scales to the summit. Business was brisk and one estimate made in March 1898 estimated that Burns lifted 5 tons per day, or $200 worth.

By the summer of 1898, with the cushion of snow gone again, Burns left and hauled supplies to Dawson by scow. During the winter of 1898-1899, the hoists were used for a final season, profiting in part from the Atlin rush. Competition from the aerial tramways and the new Skagway railroad convinced Burns...
to shift his field of operations to Nome and later Fairbanks.

The November 24, 1900, issue of the Skagway Daily Alaskan mentions that Archie Burns returned to remove his machinery from the Chilkoot Pass that fall. How much he took is unknown. At the top of the pass are three different pieces of machinery that may have been part of his operation. At the top of the first ascent is a drum without an engine. A second hoist and gasoline engine rests on skids near the summit. These two may have worked in conjunction with each other: one hauling sleds up the steep first ascent, the second hauling sleds to the summit.

Archie Burns may have removed part of one of the engines, but never finished removing the second engine and hoist, even though it was placed on skids. There is the possibility still that Burns removed all his machinery. Where, then, did the two other hoists come from? And would Burns and the others have been able to all work in the narrow notch at the pass? It is doubtful.

A visitor to the pass in April 1898 after describing Burns' hoist adds, "There were also a number of other schemes of a similar character, but all working about the same way, and charging about the same for service."

Other sources only mention Burns' gasoline hoist, but do mention a horse whim and Peterson's hoist. The above quote may cover these two or may just be newspaper rhetoric.

Burns' original horse whim still remains in pieces at the top of the Chilkoot Pass. A horse collar, hoist drum, and wooden braces, reappear during snowmelt in late August. These rare items, part of a nineteenth century horse whim—once common around Western mining camps, should receive high priority for documentation and stabilization.

The DKT Company operated the first aerial tramway over the Chilkoot Pass. Initially, the promoters planned an electric-powered haulage system from Canyon City to Lake Lindeman. Realities of finance and competition from the parallel Chilkoot Railroad & Transportation Company forced the DKT to complete only part of its proposed system. A 2,400-foot cable alone ran from the Scales to the summit and back. Fragments of the uncompleted system still remain along the Taiya Inlet, at Canyon City, and at the Scales.

Thomas Nowell, a Boston capitalist owning and operating mining companies near Juneau, projected the Dyea-Klondike Transportation Company's proposed system of wharf, railroad, and aerial tramway. Press releases in the fall of 1897 announced construction well under way, but the collapse of Nowell's mining companies caused him to redirect his efforts. Portland investors represented by F. C. Hammond took the project over and by mid-February 1898 had the wharf
Alaska Railroad & Transportation Company at Dyea completed and an electric power plant at Canyon City in operation. Power lines ran from there to the tramway located at the Scales. On March 14 the Portland press announced the opening of the DKT tramway--actually two aerial tram lines operating side by side from just south of the Scales to the summit. Two buckets, each with a 500-lb. capacity, carried goods to the summit and came back every fifteen minutes. At one point the buckets were 300 feet above the ground.

In April 1898 Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout and a veteran of the Apache Indian wars, went over the pass and left a description of the DKT system. Goods were landed at the company's wharf three miles south of Dyea, then hauled by wagon to Sheep Camp through the frozen river canyon. The distance to the summit was crossed by pack horse. A blizzard briefly halted the aerial tram operation where the supplies were taken over the summit. Pack trains transported the cargo the final distance to Lindeman. To have seven tons of freight moved, Crawford paid 9¢ per pound or $720.

During May the opposition Chilkoot Railroad & Transport Company began service. Rather than compete, the DKT Company worked in conjunction with the CR & T Co. The combination advertised as the Chilkoot Pass Route. In June 1899 the tram system was sold to the White Pass & Yukon Route railroad and removed.

George C. Teal of Portland, however, held a mortgage on the DKT system; the railroad, therefore, did not remove all the DKT equipment and some still remains. A steam boiler, probably used by the company at the Scales, rests in the gulch below the DKT powerhouse site and debris. The Canyon City electric plant boiler still sits on its site, but only the foundation bolts remain of the electric dynamo. The DKT wharf south of Dyea was destroyed in a June 1899 fire; the piers extinguished by the tide still remain.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Company, a San Francisco-based corporation controlling railroads and steamship lines along the West Coast, built the second major tramway over the Chilkoot Pass. The tramway's powerhouse was used as an impromptu morgue after the avalanche of April 3, 1898. The Alaska Company operated barely a month before the tram combined with the Chilkoot Railroad & Transport Company. After the rush the machinery was removed, but parts of the system still remain: the collapsed powerhouse, the only standing tramway tower left along the trail, and the collapsed terminal building south of Crater Lake.

Little is known about the construction of the Alaska Railroad & Transportation Company tramway. The system in operation by April 1898 was a gasoline motor-powered aerial tram with buckets along a 6,000-foot line. The powerhouse two miles north of Sheep Camp and just north of Stonehouse served also as a ware-
Alaska Railroad & Transportation Company Tramway Tower with Chilkoot Pass Route Tramway Tension Station
The tram towers were short, and the buckets moved slowly above the pack trail where packers easily stole items.

The line operated as part of the Chilkoot Pass Route until June 1899 when it was acquired by the White Pass railroad. Removal followed in the spring of 1900.

The grandest aerial tramway over the Chilkoot Pass looped 45 miles of metal cable the 9 miles between Canyon City, Alaska, and the banks of Crater Lake in British Columbia. In May 1898, nine months after the gold ship Portland arrived in the Puget Sound, the Chilkoot Railroad & Transport Co. had surveyed, constructed, and begun operating a transportation system which included a wharf, wagon road, and an aerial tramway with the longest single span in the world. In July 1899 the route was sold to the White Pass Railroad and idled. Within three years in inception, the tramway was gone.

Men of finance and transportation conceived the company. Hugh C. Wallace, an official of the Washington & Alaska Steamship Company, was the company president; G. B. Pearce, company vice-president, was general manager of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Other investors included an assortment of monied men from Tacoma--bankers, steamship line managers, and mill owners--and one Samuel Stine Bush, a millionaire from Louisville, Kentucky, who while on a summer tourist excursion in Alaska got caught up in the Klondike excitement.

The group incorporated the Chilkoot Railroad & Transport Company and by early October 1897 the nation's press reported the line under construction. On October 12 the New York Times announced the breaking of ground for a broad-gauge railroad to run the eight miles between Dyea and Canyon City (the railroad never got beyond the survey stage). The Chilkoot Company, the Times article continued, had contracted with the Trenton (N. J.) Iron Works to construct an eight-mile aerial tramway over the Chilkoot Pass. Aerial tramways were recent transportation inventions made feasible by the perfection of high tension metal cable in which the Trenton company excelled. Their engineers had completed over fifty throughout North America. They had already built the world's longest; the Chilkoot Company's would have the world's longest single span.

Pack trains carried coils of cable up the Chilkoot Trail to where laborers erected supports of metal and wood. A 50-horse-power steam boiler was hauled by wagon to Canyon City. Another boiler went to Sheep Camp. The straight-line right of way was clear-cut and the cable laid along the earth in preparation for the erection of towers--one loop would run from Canyon City to Sheep Camp, the second from Sheep Camp over the pass to Crater Lake. Larger supports to keep up tension were built below the pass. A crib of rocks at
Crater Lake served as anchor to the system. Crews worked slowly through the winter, halted by blizzards from December to March 1898.

The terrain and isolation created restrictions. Engineers used a lightweight 7/8-inch cable for the track or tension cable which supported the buckets and freight. A second even lighter cable served as the traction cable to pull the bucket's wheels along the track. The "two rope" aerial tramway operated much like a modern ski lift.

Besides building the tramway, crews worked on other units of the Chilkoot Company's transportation system. The railroad from Dyea to Canyon City had proven too costly and urgent work time was spent building a wagon road along the surveyed route. The Tacoma backers of the tramway also purchased control of the Kinney wharf at Dyea and saw to its completion from deep water to over a mile across the broad tide flats towards Dyea. Kinney's wagon bridge across the Taiya River was also hurried to completion. The company constructed a telegraph and telephone line between Dyea and Lindeman. Toboggan and later wagon freight lines connected with boat transfers across the lakes to Lindeman City.

Hugh Wallace, son-in-law of U. S. Supreme Court Justice Fuller, saw to the legal end, completing the filing of the articles of incorporation, and getting the required government sanctions. Wallace engaged George Bracket in a battle of words printed in the *Seattle Times* and *Post Intelligence*. Bracket, while supervising the construction of a wagon road up White Pass, had considered Wallace's advertising promotions of the Chilkoot route as deflammatory to the Bracket road. Wallace accused Bracket in like manner. Wallace wrote,

Sir: You maliciously endeavor to show that I am responsible for having turned the bulk of travel through Dyea...[it] is absurd.... Unlike you, my efforts have been confined to pushing a legitimate enterprise on its own merits....Your ill-tempered, gratuitous, and unjustifiable attack upon me...might properly be treated with that contempt which the motive that inspired it deserves, but.... [he concludes] Your shaft of abuses are pointless--your assumptions of truth farce--your letter a tirade of misrepresentations, which are, in fact, but the venile walings of a desperate and disappointed man.

Meanwhile, engineers on the passes discovered the problem of winter construction in Alaska. Blizzards halted work. Supplies arrived late. Timbers for towers sunk in shipwrecks. Until March most of the work "consisted of shoveling snow." Then a clear period was shattered by the April 3 avalanche which killed 52 people, including part of the tramway work force.
The proposed completion date of January 1 continued to be pushed back. By May all the towers were finally up and the wheels and cables began to turn, pulling the first load over the summit. The Dyea wharf was completed that month. The Chilkoot Railroad & Transport Company's system was ready, but the main body of the stampede had already passed. Also during that month the White Pass & Yukon Route broke ground at Skagway for its railroad. The railroad would prove the tramway's undoing.

In June the three major tram companies consolidated as the Chilkoot Pass Route. The system charged 7¢ per pound to haul goods from Dyea to Lindeman. The guaranteed two-day delivery time was too often ignored. Goods stockpiled at Dyea; the summer and fall 1898 freight kept the trams overloaded. Winter storms blew the cables off their supports and froze the wheels. Again the trams closed down as engineers and crews replaced weak towers with stronger box-like tension stations.

While operations on the Chilkoot continued, the WP & Y railroad reached White Pass in February 1899. The railroad's backers, rather than risk competition, bought the Chilkoot Pass Route for $98,829.19. The system was idled the summer of 1899. In March 1900, wrecking crews were sent to dismantle the tramways. By that summer the three boilers, 45 miles of cable, and accessories were moved to the Dyea shore. The Chilkoot Pass Route had passed into history.

Reminders of the Chilkoot Railroad & Transport Company are few—the railroad wrecking crews were thorough. The piers of the Dyea Wharf or Long Wharf, financed by the tramway company, can be seen at Dyea.

Today's hikers can follow the wagon road for four miles. At Canyon City and Sheep Camp, the powerhouses have all but vanished; the tramway towers have collapsed and can be seen along the trail near mile 8.3 and above Sheep Camp. The tension stations at mile 14 and mile 15.5 have collapsed and their guide wheels have rolled downhill. The stone crib terminus at Crater Lake continues to crumble.
The engineers used lightweight single-truss trusses of the Chiswell and Adams trusses. The frame was supported by three 500,000 lb. steel cables to form a circular arc. The lines were laid out in a circular arc, and the lines were operated by a locomotive with a 500 hp steam engine. The Fairies River was the first to be crossed, and the company constructed a wooden bridge across it.

Ye: You emphatically endeavor to show that, it is impossible for having turned the bulk of this through work, fared so well... Unwise, my efforts have been confined to gaining a purchase, especially on our own ports... Your ill-timed, pretentious, and the others...