

carry the prospectors. Much has changed since then; the population has slumped but mineral production has gained; \$102,418,000 worth of noble and base metals were taken out in 1972. Asbestos comes from Clinton Creek near the Alaska border, copper from open mines at Whitehorse, silver, lead and zinc from Keno Hill and Anvil Mines. The narrow-gauge White



Pass Railroad now has diesel engines, radiophone communications and auxiliary trucks and buses.

There are roads: the Alaska Highway, Sixty-Mile Road out of Dawson City, a 28-mile spur to the new town of Clinton Creek, and the Robert Campbell Highway, which bisects the 267-mile Canol Road and then bends south to the Pelly River and Frances Lake. There are warm and comfortable houses, built on posts driven deep into the permafrost.

But much has remained the same. When Ida May Burkholder came to Dawson City in 1908, the boom was already past and the population had shrunk to 5,000. She was thirty-five and she came to The Good Samaritan Hospital as matron, or head nurse. She remained some years and met Gustav Edward Bradenberg, a Swedish mining engineer. They were married by the Rev. Arthur Ross of St. Andrew's on October 11, 1915.

Mrs. Bradenburg was one hundred years old last April.

"When I first went to Dawson, I thought I was going to the backwoods and would have no need of afternoon or evening clothes. I gave my nieces all my best things. How wrong I was. We'd hardly been there a week when Judge Craig had a 7 P.M. dinner for the nurses. I had to have a dress. Mrs. Stringer went uptown with me. There was an exclusive French shop and an equally expensive Oriental dress shop. I paid more than a month's salary for that dinner gown. It was hand-embroidered in Japan."

But the felicities of Dawson City ended at the town's edge. They still did when Anton Money and his bride and newborn son left Whitehorse to go to Frances Lake in 1927. They had a sledge, a dog team, an 8 by 12 foot silk tent, flour, rolled oats, dry milk, rice, beans, tea, sugar, syrup, butter, baking powder, salt and pepper, dry soup, dehydrated vegetables, dry baby formula, a slab of bacon, a rifle and ammunition. They followed the broad path made by the tractor train which ran to Dawson City and when the temperature

fell to -45 degrees they stopped over at Carmacks, fifty cabins and tents. When it climbed back up to -20 they moved on, arriving at Frances Lake thirty days after leaving Whitehorse.

There was a year's supply of food and clothing waiting near the Lake at the Pelly Banks Trading Post and a home by the still frozen water — a tiny cabin with two celophane windows, a moss

and gravel roof supported by notched poles and a pole constructed door. "It's all absolutely beautiful," Mrs. Money, who was nineteen years old, said. "We're home at last."

There is no doubt that the people who choose the Yukon love it. Alan Innes-Taylor came to Whitehorse in 1919 at the age of nineteen as a Royal Northwest Mounted Policeman and is in Whitehorse still. "It was a nice little village then, about 2,000 people," he told Jim Sterling in a recent interview. "There was no crime as such in those days. We had set patrols to the outlying areas and we'd stop where we were needed — we might stop off for a couple of days and give someone a hand to build a cabin before the winter set in."

In 1924 Innes-Taylor quit the force and became purser on the wood-burning river boats which ran from Dawson City to Whitehorse and occasionally to Fortymile. His favourite boat, the Whitehorse, was retired in 1952 after fifty-one years of service. It sits on the banks of the Yukon slowly decaying. Mr. Innes-Taylor himself sits in his cluttered office in Whitehorse writing his autobiography, backed by a \$6,000 Canada Council grant.

Whitehorse is the metropolis; most of the people who live in the Yukon live there and in Dawson City, but some, like the Indians of Old Crow Village, live far from such population centers. Edith Josie, an Indian, writes a column about Old Crow for the Whitehorse Star. This is how she describes her home town: "old crow Village is on the bank of porcupine River. It's about 120 miles of south of ocean and about 80 miles north of arctic circle. The Indians are Loucheaux of the Vunta Kutchin-tribe. This is what kind of Indians around here. They make their living by fishing and trapping and hunting. They hunt all year round and cut wood for sale and at summer-time they make raft and bring it into town and at winter-time they work at oil company and they really doing fine. Soon spring-time come and in