

From Lt. Henry T. Allen's *Report of an Expedition to the Copper, Tananá, and Kóyukuk Rivers*, 1887:

The following is from Fickett's journal:

They [the Indians] had left a few scraps lying around, and these, that neither they nor their dogs would eat, we were forced by hunger to gather up and make a meal on. This is Lieutenant Allen's birthday, and he celebrated it by eating rotten moose meat.

If we had been so fortunate as to obtain even rotten moose meat a few days later, there would have been none of the party too dainty to enjoy it.

From Mary Hitchcock's *Two Women in the Klondike*, 1899:

Not a star has been visible in the heavens since we left St. Michaels, and tonight, as we sat in our little corner of the barge, peacefully discussing that and other astronomical subjects, we were startled by an unusual invasion of mosquitoes, which attacked so ferociously that even our shields afforded little protection, and we were driven to our cabins, there to wage war until 5 a.m., when the attack suddenly ceased. We fell into a delicious sleep, which lasted about fifteen minutes, then chairs were dragged from under the tables, and the stewards, who were sweeping the dining-room, engaged in loud conversation.

Groans were heard on all sides, and when the bell rang calling passengers to breakfast, they would gladly have had quiet and sleep in preference to all the delicacies of the season.

From May Kellogg Sullivan's *A Woman Who Went to Alaska*, 1902:

The man who had predicted that we would find no comforts in Nome proved himself a true prophet. There were none. Crowded, dirty, disorderly, full of saloons and gambling houses, with a few fourth-class restaurants and one or two mediocre hotels, we found the new mining camp a typical one in every respect. Prices were sky high. One even paid for a drink of water. Having our newly-found Alaska appetites with us, we at once, upon landing, made our way to an eating house, the best to be found.

Here a cup of poor tea, a plate of thin soup, and questionable meat stew with bread were served us upon nicked china, soiled table linen and with blackened steel knives and forks for the enormous sum of one dollar a head; which so dumbfounded us that we paid it without a murmur....

From Robert Dunn's *The Shameless Diary of an Explorer, 1907*:

We cursed and stumbled through snags and muck; staggered across open tundra; hacked the dense alders of treacherous cricks; halted to re-cinch one horse, while thirteen stampeded, wedging packs between the spruces. It was the familiar old game. Off bucks the Light Buckskin, his fifty-pound flour sacks spraying half an acre. Chase him, catch him, hunt the sacks, lug them up, re-saddle, re-cinch— while again the train wanders away, scraping off its load.

The Professor took things stolidly. I think he would face death and disaster without a word, but through the insensitiveness of age and too much experience, rather than by true courage. I cannot believe he has imagination; of a leader's qualities he has shown not one. He seems our sympathetic servant. I suspect no iron hand behind his innocence. He doesn't smoke, and that makes me uncomfortable....

From Addison Powell's *Trailing and Camping in Alaska, 1910*:

All day, we trudged on solid ice and jumped yawning crevasses. Streams of water poured into the apparently bottomless ones, and into some of those we dropped large rocks, but never heard one strike bottom....

The next day, we crossed the divide at 5,000 feet altitude in a blinding snow storm. At this altitude and under these conditions, one's heart action is about as irregular as the stroke of a single-cylinder gas engine. In a similar blizzard, about a month later, a man by the name of Skelly, from San José, California, was frozen to death. I broke through a crust of snow that covered a crevasse, and with one leg swinging around in space beneath, declared I never again would attempt to cross that glacier.

From Hudson Stuck's *Ten Thousand Miles With a Dog Sled, 1914*:

If there be a good trail, if there be convenient stopping-places, if nothing go wrong, one may travel without special risk and with no extraordinary discomfort at 50° below zero and a good deal lower. I have since that time made a short day's run at 62° below, and once travelled for two or three hours on a stretch at 65° below. But there is always more or less chance in travelling at low temperatures, because a very small thing may necessitate a stop, and a stop may turn into a serious thing. ...A trace that needs mending, a broken buckle, a snow-shoe string that must be replaced, may chill one so that it is impossible to recover one's warmth again. The bare hand cannot be exposed for many seconds without beginning to freeze....