

In the Shadow of
The Pole



A Souvenir of
the Northland

Dawson, Y. T.

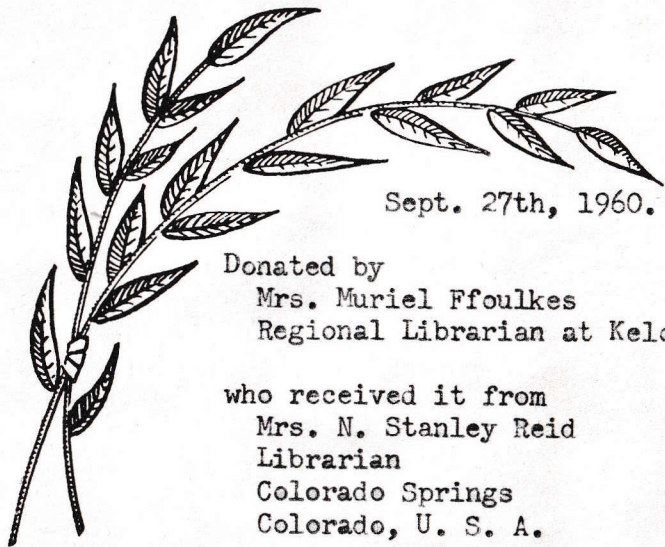
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Les Gray

Yukon Room

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✻ Morte H. Craig. ✻

*As we pioneered together
In that God forsaken weather,
The story twenty volumes wouldn't tell.
They were always just before us,
With their black wings floating o'er us—
The guardians of that Chilkoot hell.*

Printed at Office of Yukon World
Dawson, Y. T.

828N
Gr.
C. I.

Because Why?



THese few pages are compiled and presented to the Linger-Longers of the Klondyke on the impulse of the passing moment, and as the direct result of a suggestion from a too kindly critical friend.

Realizing the glamour of friendship, the author finds far more encouragement in the fact that it is the initial effort of anything of the kind ever offered to the people in Dawson—that the town needs something in the way of a purely topical souvenir, and that most of the selections have been copied and published all over the continent, than which no better evidence can be given of merit.



In the Shadow of the Pole



Dedicatory.

TO THAT band of restless spirits who unloaded their shining tinware and spotless tents at the head of Lynn Canal in Eighteen Ninety Seven, this souvenir of Dawson is dedicated.

No spot on the round green earth, in any of the world's big migratory moves, has been so greatly honored, for the genial, witty, whole-souled brain and brawn of an empire, cinched their packstraps there.

True it is that they were distinctly of the earth, earthy—the accumulation of riches being their one

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feverish impulse, their single purpose; but brave and manly—you bet.

They did not come from that class of men who falsely mark down their prices six days in the week to deliberately plunder the poor, the down-trodden, the hopeless and helpless of our great cities, and then wiggle into their great stone churches to rant on Sunday.

They did not fear their God—they loved Him—and stood before Him in the ball room, at the theatre, on the crowded thoroughfares or in the still and lonely hours of the night, unharmed and unalarmed, with a smile on their happy faces and their heads thrown proudly back.

The tenets of their faith taught them that God was all wisdom and love and power. Being all wisdom He could not create without a clearly defined purpose in His creation. Being all love, that purpose could be for no other than for the good of the object He created, and being all power He could not fail in doing what His wisdom planned and His love dictated.

But swear when things went wrong upon the trail—you should have heard them! It was their one safety valve; and when the blue flames sufficiently purified the atmosphere, refreshed and invigorated, they inhaled deeply of the disinfected ozone—and mused on.

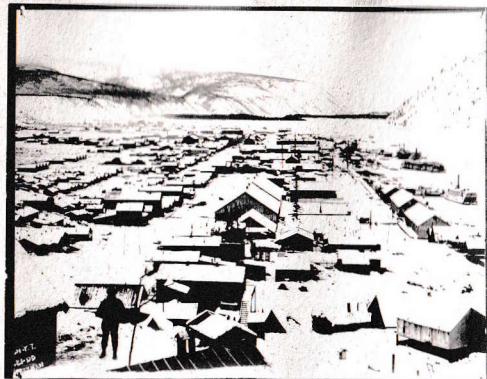
Some have conquered, fawning at the feet of this far-away shrine, by a chance turn of the wheel, some have conquered; some are sleeping in the glaciers, but most of the old push are still stampeding somewhere on the face of the grand old earth under the

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scourge of the world's jockey, in their mad race for wealth and happiness combined—that unearthed diamond, that unrisen star of human destiny, which can never be realized until they awaken on the tomorrow of death. Wherever they are, God and the women love them, for they are of the brave ones of the earth.



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Once again the snow is falling on the Klondyke;
In the southern sky the sun is burning low ;
While the Arctic shadows deepen in the valley,
Our mem'ry flies to days of long ago!



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When we climbed the mighty steps across the
summit,

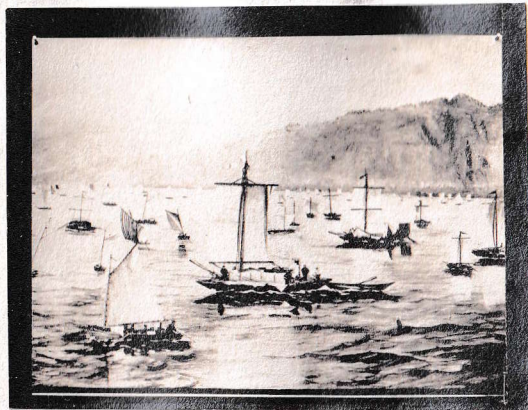
Our hearts were light as any frothing wine,
And when our boat sailed proudly down the Yukon,
No human pulse beat fairer than mine.



Some are dead and some are fled, while others,
toiling,

Thro' the frost of many winters, still are here;
Doing all they can to keep the kettle boiling,
Where the shadow of the pole lies dark and
drear!

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*Oh, the names of the dreamers were legion,
And the dreams, slightly varied, were one,
When the Argonauts recklessly hurried
To the land of the Middlenight Sun.*



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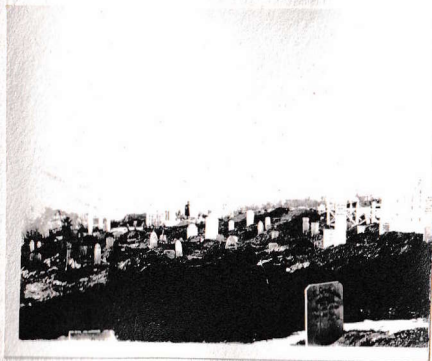


A clasp—a kiss, and a hearth laid bare!
Now many a saddened woman's there
In that far away home under skies of blue,
Sobbing and loving, and trusting and true—
Weaving some prayer that the angels above
May watch over, guard and protect her love,



Who is spending his gold in the dance halls here,
Where women are rife and Black Jack dear—
And that is life—that is life!

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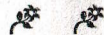


On mountain side and in dark ravine,
With hands all white, and hearts all clean,
Keeping the vigil the angels keep,—
Other boys lie in their dreamless sleep!
Fighting the battle of life they died,
And in unknown graves by the river side
They lie there, waiting the judgment day!
Alas! for the sweethearts far away—
 And that is life—that is life!





A Tribute to the Ladies of St. Andrew's Ball.



THE fairest flowers on earth were there,
In dainty gowns and jewels rare,
With rounded arms and shoulders bare,
At Saint Andrew's ball in Dawson.

'Twas the prettiest picture ever painted
For the saintliest saint that was ever sainted;
Why, even Rafael's spirit fainted
At the sight of our girls in Dawson!

With her rosy cheek and her sparkling eye,
Her little "moue" and her happy sigh,
We danced with her, didn't we—you and I,
At St. Andrew's ball in Dawson?

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And didn't we prop up her pedestal higher,
Divinely enrobed in her richest attire,
'Mid the glint of her jewels, a-flame and a-fire,
At St. Andrew's ball in Dawson?

Yea, little we recked of the beautiful earth
From the day of the dance dating back to our
birth!

'Twas the ladies, the dancing, the music, the mirth,
And Saint Andrew's ball in Dawson!

And how sadly we noted the waning of night,
When we saw that the angels were pluming for flight
Through an ether of sighs as they vanished from
sight,

And Saint Andrew's ball in Dawson!

* * * *

The ball has came and the ball has went,
And today it is only a past event;
But the dearest things in our lives are blent
With Saint Andrew's ball in Dawson.



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IN THE evolution of the race and the progress of civilization we have outgrown Jupiter Venus and other gods and goddesses of the great mythical family. But the lovechild of both Jupiter and Venus we shall have ever with us.

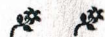
The race will never be too old to bend the knee and pay due observance to Cupid. And as long as Cupid holds supreme sway, so long will St. Valentine, and the prerogatives he gives us, be cherished. Today we publish a charming little St. Valentine ode by Mr. Morte Craig. Written in Dawson, it was first published in the News years ago, and has secured prominence in one of the largest New York dailies for today. We republish it both for its intrinsic merit and because on its former publication we were unable to supply the demand for copies of the paper containing it. Poetical instinct—not mere versification—is rare, and “A Klondike Valentine” we think is one of the gems of Valentine productions.—A. F. George, in the Dawson Daily News, Feb. 14, 1905.



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A Klondyke Valentine.



TONIGHT as I sit in the Klondyke vale,
My fancy takes flight over river and rail,
To where, in those halcyon days gone by,
We were together—you and I,
And I find myself wishing to God that you,
In your far-away home under skies of blue,
Often think of the boy who so longs for the sight
Of your beautiful eyes,—
And your kisses tonight.

I light my tobacco, its powers invoke,
And presto! your astral shines out of the smoke,
A face of sweet beauty, a form of rare grace,
Half hidden by billows of shadowy lace.
You hover above me, O, vision divine,

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And your dear, dreamy soul passes quickly to mine.
So I sit here and silently long for the sight
Of your beautiful eyes,—

And your kisses tonight.

A rich, mellow perfume, while memories roll,
Brings the flavor of age to the wine of my soul;
You fill up the glass, dainty sweetheart of mine,
And I feel like a man who is drunken with wine.
Your soft, gentle voice pulses down thro' the air,
And I thrill with the thought that it murmurs a
prayer—

A prayer for the boy who so longs for the sight
Of your beautiful eyes,—

And your kisses tonight.

On the breast of your astral, oh, lady o' mine,
Let me pin with a nugget my heart's valentine!

***That the gold in the Klondyke in naught can compare
With the velvet meshes of gold in your hair.***

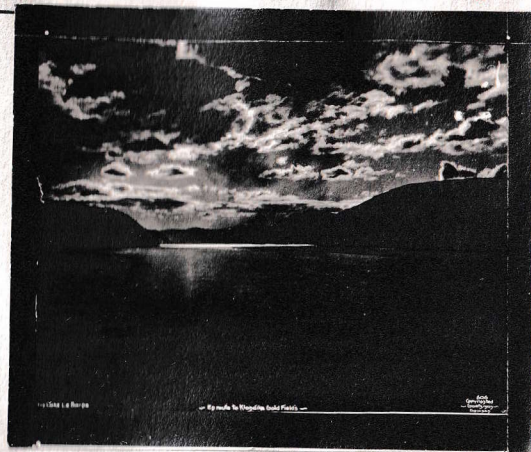
The wine of your breath and the touch of your
hand

Seals my senses in sleep in this shadowy land.
I slumber, and sleeping I long for the sight
Of your beautiful eyes,—

And your kisses tonight.



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An Ode to Yukon.



GREAT Yukon, 'rouse from centuries of sleep,—
Awaken thou from slumber long and deep;
Spring into life reincarnated land,
Thy natal day, a-tremble, is at hand!

Thou who hast passed through darkness and
through gloom,
And lain for senseless aeons in the tomb,
Shake from thy mighty breast each throb of fear,
The envoys of the world await thee here.

The old earth trembles in her labor pains;
The rich blood pulses thro' her frozen veins;
And lo! while the stars sing an anthem grand,
She leaps from the darkness, this new-born land.

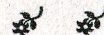
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Propitious is her star beyond compare;
While still the summons trembles on the air,
The pennant of her greatness yet lies furled,
She breathes forth millions to enrich the world.

Roll on through space, thou mighty Yukon, roll!
Press back the gloomy shadows to the pole!
Give, to all nations, of thy vast domain,
And flood thy countless acres with a golden rain.



Just a Few Random Sketches.



'Tis the 14th of November,
In after years remember,
When all these pretty girls are fled and gone,
That no feet flew ever quicker,
And no floor was ever slicker,
Than the A. B. Hall of Dawson in the Klondike.



In a whirl of delight let us revel tonight,
For the season of dancing is waning;
The sluicing's begun and the Middlednight Sun
Bids us work while the tools are in training.

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Back again to their homes in a far distant clime,
To the friends of their youth in the old, olden time;
Back again they go—gaily go,
 Bounding along,
Over river, rail, mountain and plain,
Tho' they find the vines fruited
 And glowing the sky,
The days long and happy, sans sorrow, sans sigh,
On the mystical shores of their
 Dreams may they try
To be with us again and again.



Let the music ring out in its wildest strain
And dainty feet patter in rythmical rain,
While the half of yez feast let the ones that remain
Dance extras! extras! extras!



Reck lightly, my children, of dull days after,
Love deep in the present and music and laughter,
For the king of the fiddle is still in the land,—
All hail "Hiawatha" and Victor Durand!



At times, when you muse over memory's urn,
And the old days of Dawson troop up in their turn,
Uncover this picture and hail with a tear,
The ball and the hall and the friends that are here.