

that evening. I was too tired that night to sleep. Yesterday I changed all the plants into fresh paper and put them between dried under pressure. This morning I have numbered and cataloged them. It is impossible to attend to these things when one is off on a trip so hard.

I shall never forget the grandeur of the storms as seen from these ridges nor the views of the Canadian Rockies.

I leave here next week and now I must close this long letter for I shall be out exploring and collecting. Things are coming with such a rush.

Yours sincerely

Alice Eastwood

June 29, 1914.

You may like to know how I got along on the horseback trip. It was very hard and I was tired out each evening. My horse was not used to such bad roads or storms or mosquitos and gave me some trouble. He was a single-footer and couldn't go without stumbling on those roads. Twice he went down on his knees to that I was continually on the watch and it did worry me. Then each day I was in a bad storm got wet from my knees to the soles of my feet. I had an as immense slicker to protect the upper part but it was as broad as long and didn't protect the lower part. The views were magnificent as the road wound along the summit of the ridges

but it was bleak and there was no shelter from the storm. I rode to 24 mile house the first day and here was the only good collecting ground. To my ten special colle. I willow collected at Dawson I added four more, two being low prostrate species and one I think is *S. polytrichia* or a related species. It doesn't agree exactly with Gray's manual description. I slept very little that night as my room was not darkened. Next day I rode to Swede Creek house, twelve miles further on and found very little to pay me for the expense and exertion. This house is the highest point around and has deep snow banks on its sides under which a *Ranunculus* was growing and blooming, one related to species I have seen in Colorado high mts.

I got back about six wet as the preceding night. The room was darkened and I slept very soundly, did not hear the noisy pattering of rain on the roof. These houses are mere huts and I slept in a bed in the kitchen. The other room was a bunk house without privacy. The meals were good. The man had caught 10 grayling in one day and he had that fine fish each night for dinner. They kept them on the tundra ice under the moss.

The third morning I started for Dawson again about 11. It was cloudy but again came storms and the very worst with lightning & thunder which scared my horse and hail not which made him back and turn. In the midst after I had become wet we reached the 10 mile house and stopped for shelter and I had dinner there. It was the same ferry across the Yukon that I got



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