

DOUGLAS ISLAND NEWS.

VOL. 1.

DOUGLAS CITY AND TREADWELL, ALASKA, NOVEMBER 23, 1908.

NO. 1.

Boots, Shoes, Rubber Goods
and Oil Clothing

Ladies and Gentlemen's
Furnishing Goods.

Frank Bach,

Dealer in.....

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

MINERS' SUPPLIES, ETC.



LADIES' CLOAKS AND CAPS
LADIES' HATS

FRONT STREET,

DOUGLAS CITY, ALASKA.

F. M. JAMES,

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.



DOUGLAS CITY, is the place to buy your
Dry Goods and Groceries

that is, if you are in the market for a good article.

I am not selling below cost, but selling as low as any
one can and make an honest living.

Miners' Outfits a Specialty.

DOUGLAS CITY,

ALASKA.

P. H. FOX,

DEALER IN.....

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Hardware.

Complete Yukon Outfits.

First-class Bakery in connection with the store.

DOUGLAS CITY, ALASKA.

ALASKA MEAT MARKET

D. MCKAY, PROPRIETOR.



A full line of Fresh, Salt, and
Smoked Meats constantly on
hand.



Poultry and Game
in Season.

Hunter Block.

Douglas City, Alaska.

TELEPHONE NO. 8.

AT THE TREADWELL MINES.

A News Man Spends a Few Hours Sight Seeing. Going Down the Shaft. The Tunnel.

FOREMAN HUNTER AS GUIDE.

Who has not heard of the wonderful Treadwell mines? The greatest mine—the largest stamp mill in the world. One of the first things the News man thought of after locating at Douglas City was a trip to Treadwell, not to go and look at the buildings and see the stamps pound the ore so fine that it looks like buckwheat flour, but to go down into the bowels of old mother earth and follow the ore until it passes through the various stages and becomes a thing of real value.

Our wishes were made known to Foreman Hunter and in part our desire was realized on last Saturday; leaving a portion of our sight seeing for some future time. We met Mr. Hunter at the shaft about ten o'clock in the forenoon and the engineer of the hoisting engines stopped one of the skips and we climbed on. We stood on the edge of the box and were let down so easily and gently that it reminded us of a beautiful dream. We made our landing on the first level, which is down 110 feet below the surface. We were each provided with a candle, for the electric light is not in all parts of the many tunnels through which we passed.

At the place where we landed are numerous iron tracks on which the ore is conveyed on cars to a bin some fifty feet in depth and which holds 200 tons of ore. We started out toward the end of the tunnel, which has a high ceiling and is wide enough for a team and wagon to travel on. Along either side are numerous chutes that are filled with ore, and Manager Hunter informed us that if the blasting were stopped, the ore constantly on hand would be sufficient to run the mill for at least three months. We soon reached two men who were running a drill with compressed air. They had a wall pretty well perforated, but were still drilling in more holes. Two feet was the depth of the holes they made.

"How much ore will you blow out of that place?" asked the scribe.

"About thirty tons," was the reply.

"And how far do you go away when the discharge takes place?" asked the News man.

"Oh, around the corner a little ways," was the reply.

Our judgment was that we would prefer to be away a half a mile and we haven't changed our mind yet on the subject.

We followed that tunnel some four hundred feet until we came to a hole that Manager Hunter told us was 100 feet deep. It extended clear across the tunnel and we had no desire to go any further, and Mr. Hunter no doubt viewed the situation in the same light we did, for we turned and cut across into another tunnel that is still longer and where the cross sections are as numerous. We traveled over 1100 feet through the tunnel, and think of it, from the surface down hundreds of feet through solid ore. This vein is more than 400 feet wide, but just how far it extends in downward course, no one knows, but for more than 500 feet is known to a certainty.

Six or seven little cars are constantly running from the chutes down to where the ore is hauled up to the crusher, which we will see later on. The loading of these cars is done by a man who raises the trap door to the mouth of the chute. The cars are at present run by hand to the place where the ore is dumped into the big bin before mentioned, but the company is arranging to run these cars by electricity. Here the man power stops short. From there the ore is all handled by machinery, and how much do you think the stamps will use in a day? 250 tons. Just think of it, 250 tons of ore is mined, crushed and ground as fine as flour every twenty-four hours.

We wandered around the caverns for some time and returned to the shaft; and soon we were up in the hoisting engine rooms and from there we climbed up flights of stairs until we reached the room in which two crushers get in their awful work. We expected to find a mill, a great big strong iron mill built on the same principle of those

little domestic machines we grind, or used to grind coffee in, and we thought the teeth would be even larger than a Tacoma girl's foot, but the crusher is a most harmless looking machine, and just the opposite of what we expected to see. In the center of the room are two concave disks or hoppers we should probably call them. The ore comes down an incline chute from the hoisting boxes where they are automatically emptied. In the center of the disk is a round opening some three feet wide, and in the center of this opening, a little lower down is a round cylinder two or three feet long that revolves and moves laterally at the same time. The ore falls between this disk and the basin in which it is set and the disk just crushes it into small pieces, and when broken to a certain size it drops down into a bin below. Two men are in the crusher room to keep the large pieces of ore from clogging the hopper. The ore as it comes down the chute is sometimes in large pieces and those employed at the crusher are constantly on the watch to keep out of the course of the heavy pieces of ore.

From the crusher room we go just below, where we see a train of small cars backing up under the chute that holds the crushed ore. There are five or six of the cars to which is attached the cutest little engine you ever saw. It is a little bit of a thing, not over three or four feet high, and is minus a cab and tender. One man runs this little locomotive. The diminutive size of the machine makes the man that runs it look several sizes larger than the ordinary man, in fact we thought he must be between seven and ten feet tall. We didn't get the best kind of a look at him, but we thought he rode the engine like the girls did the old gray mare, when the writer was a boy,—a straddle, but we might have been mistaken.

When the cars are loaded the little engine pulls them into the mill where they empty into bins far above the stamps, into which it is fed automatically.

We next go down several flights of stairs into the room where the stamps are running. Have you ever been in a stamp mill? If you haven't, you never heard any noise. You may think you have but my friend you are mistaken. This mill has 240 stamps, all going at the same time. Talking in there is never thought of. Stamp mill language is by means of signs.

We were only too glad when Foreman Hunter conducted us into a side room, where we could think and talk. It proved to be the office of Mr. Wm. M. Hale, foreman of the stamp mill, who is a genial, pleasant gentleman. We were also pleased to meet Mr. Nick King who is employed in the amalgamating department. Here we bade Foreman Hunter goodbye for the day. There is much to be seen and a great deal to be said as we follow the course of the precious metal at the Treadwell and a future issue will contain more upon this subject.

Saturday was a cold dreary day and our stay at the mines was limited. The new stamp mill which is nearing completion is larger than the one we visited and will contain 300 stamps, but we did not go into the building. We also made no mention of the tunnels one hundred feet below the one we were in, the "glory hole" and the many other places of interest.

When one considers the magnitude of the Treadwell mines, one naturally wonders what master mind is superintendent of this great plant and others, as well as the writer, will be surprised to know that a young man, less than forty years of age, has charge of these works and successfully conducts them—an enterprise that employs some 700 men—included in which is also one of the greatest general stores in Alaska, and equal to those on the Pacific coast. The name of this man is J. P. Corbus.

A Good Chicken Story.

A story is going the rounds of the papers about a man who tried the experiment of mixing sawdust with his chicken feed. The results were so satisfactory that he discontinued the use of meal altogether and fed his chickens entirely on sawdust. Soon after adopting the scheme he set a hen with fifteen eggs. She brought off thirteen chicks. Twelve of them had wooden legs and the thirteenth was a woodpecker.

Subscribe for the News.

THE NEW GOLD FIELDS.

A Trip into the Atlin and Pine Creek Country, by a Douglas City Man

MR. P. H. McGUIRE TALKS.

Mr. P. H. McGuire, of Douglas City, accompanied by a man named G. W. Mathews, left this city sometime during the latter part of last February on a prospecting tour, into the Lake Teslin country. Before returning, the party went down the lakes and were within thirty miles of Pine Creek which has since that time become famous as a new mining region. A trail into these new gold fields has been found and improved, by way of Douglas City and Juneau, and from the fact that the McGuire party passed over a greater portion of this new inlet, the News man concluded that a few items of interest concerning the trail and country could be gained for our readers by looking up the prospector and interviewing him.

"I understand you have once been very near the Pine Creek placer mines," said the News man, "and we would be pleased to have you give the readers of the News some information concerning it."

"Yes, Mr. G. W. Mathews and myself left this place the latter part of February of this year. Of course we knew nothing concerning the strike at Pine Creek and were simply out prospecting. We first headed for Lake Teslin, and the first forty miles is made in a boat, going down the Gastreineux channel to Bishop's point, thence up the Taku inlet 28 miles, which lands us at the mouth of the Taku river on the ice. The mouth of this river is about three miles wide. We went up the river to the head waters of the Taku, a distance of about fifty miles, to the confluence of the Inklin and Knacunaw rivers where the Taku river begins. We then followed up the Knacunaw to the Silver Salmon which was about twenty-six miles. From the Silver Salmon to Lake Teslin is a distance of about sixty miles and is a low and practically level country. We each had a four dog team and carried in all twenty-eight hundred pounds to the lake. The most difficult part of the trail we encountered thus far was in going around the Sinwauklin mountains, which took two or three days of our time. From Lake Teslin we returned to the Silver Salmon over the same route we had previously traveled. We went up the Silver Salmon river into the Atlin lake country where we were within about thirty miles of Pine Creek."

"What can you say as to the practicability of this route you traveled over as a summer route to Pine Creek?" was asked.

"Well, I think the route to be practicable. The packing part of the route in the summer would be about fifty miles. There is plenty of good feed along the way and horses and cattle could be used. The soil is principally of a gravelly nature and very firm. A survey has recently been made which confirms my judgment. For winter travel it is good, all one could reasonably ask for."

"How did your prospecting tour pan out?"

"We found colors on three of the rivers we were on and also several creeks, but did not go to bed rock. I shall return, however, after the holidays and more thoroughly prospect the streams. I know the gold is there and expect to find it. We were probably the first persons who ever prospected on the rivers I have mentioned."

Mr. McGuire further said that he thought small river steamers could go up the Taku river as far as the Inklin during the high water season, and packing can be easily done from there into the Atlin lake country.

Mr. McGuire has been in Alaska for the last two years and at present is employed at the Treadwell mines. He is a man of intelligence and education, a close observer and possessed of a good memory, a good talker and we believe his description of the route over which he traveled is truthful. His appearance denotes a man of abundance of nerve and we sincerely trust that his second trip up the Taku may prove more than successful, yes that he will find more gold than he and his four dog team may be able to pull out into civilization.