

"SHUSHANNA OR BUST" IS CORRESPONDENT SAWYER'S CRY AS HE HITS THE TRAIL



Correspondent Sawyer and Grub-Stake Hitting the Wild Trail That Will Lead Them to Shushanna—or Bust!

By E. O. Sawyer.

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"Shushanna or bust!"

There are 61 of us in this particular bunch of stampeaders to the new gold fields and those three are our watchwords until we reach Scolai pass—or perish!

We came up from Cordova together on the train last night.

Some, who continue to disregard all warnings against attempting to go in without a pack-horse and enough food to last through the winter, shouldered their packs and hit the trail last night.

They didn't get far.

The first six miles are said to be

the worst on any trail in Alaska. This part of the trail skirts a swampy side-hill.

Others of the 61 are taking a day's rest. Some are getting their packs made up.

So we are scattered out all the way from here to Clarkin's road house, nine miles out.

The first 70 miles of this stampede will be over the regular winter trail to Whitehorse. It's a nice trail in winter, for dogsleds. But old Alaskans, who came back today from the diggings for more food supplies, shake their heads. They say it's the toughest summer "mushing" they ever hit.

Poor old "Grub Stake" would probably kick loose, run away and risk