

"Hitch-Hiking" Around the World

Everyone at some time or other wants to travel — to see new countries and strange people—but because of the lack of opportunities or of the will to make them, very few do. Not so Mr. Arthur Cone, who is at present "hitch-hiking" through New Zealand. Though only twenty years old he has travelled through two continents, and intends to devote another six years to seeing the rest of the world. He has delivered several talks on his adventures from 1 and 2YA, and will complete the series in the near future from 3 and 4YA. In the following article he outlines his wanderings from the time he set out from New York, nearly two years ago.



Arthur Cone.
—S. F. Andrew photo.

ON May 27, 1930, I started out from New York with 30 dollars in my pocket, intending to cover every country in the world. A trip of 125,000 miles was what I had planned. My transport was to be by the method of "hitch-hiking," or walking and getting rides in motor-cars—mostly getting rides in motor-cars.



A family of husky pups, belonging to the Royal Canadian Mounted policeman with whom Mr. Cone stayed while waiting permission to cross the Canadian border.

Starting from New York, I hitch-hiked across the Continent to Seattle, travelling through many States and exploring such well-known national reserves as Yellowstone Park and Glacier National Park on the way. In Seattle I tried to get a job on a ship bound for Alaska, but was unable to do so, and continued on to Vancouver. There I was lucky, for I made the acquaintance of Mr. Keeley, manager of the

Canadian National Steamship Line, who became interested in what I was doing, and instead of having to work my way, he gave me a free passage to Skagway, Alaska. The trip was quite pleasant because we went through what is known as the inland passage, a route passing among thousands of islands along the coasts of British Columbia and Southern Alaska.

When we reached Skagway I had only 2 dollars and 25 cents left. I had planned to proceed on to Whitehorse by railway, and so went to the head of the Railway Company and asked for a free passage. He said that he was sorry, but since I had only 2 dollars 25 cents left, he was afraid I could not get past the Canadian authorities at the border, and they could not take the responsibility of taking me through. I asked if there was any means of communication between the border and his office, and on being told there was a telephone, I repeated my request for a free passage on the train, on condition, however, that I walked to the border to ascertain if I would be permitted through. After walking the 20 miles up the railway,

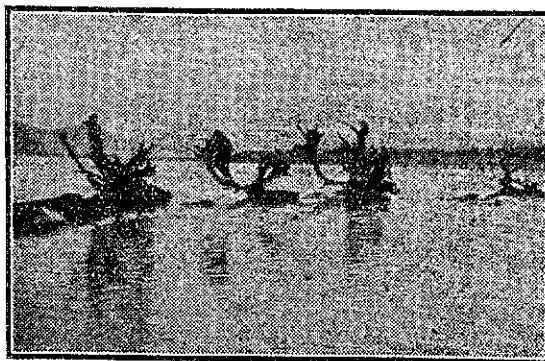
track to the border I found in charge there a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. He was very friendly, and not only gave me permission to go through, but asked me to stop there and spend the night with him. Needless to say, I accepted.

On the following morning he called Skagway, and said he was letting me through. They then advised him that when the train came he could put me on board. When I reached Whitehorse I still had my 2 dollars 25 cents, but this doesn't carry one very far, so I went to the Mounted Police Barracks and asked for permission to stop there for that night and perhaps the next. They not only agreed to this, but asked me to have my meals with them as well.

After remaining two days, I was given permission to work my way down the Yukon River in a river steamer bound for Dawson City. It was one of those flat-bottomed boats, with a big stern paddle wheel about half as large as the boat itself. My job was to help load wood as fuel for the boat's engine. As we were going down stream it took us only about 36 hours to reach Dawson City—a distance of nearly 500 miles. There I again went to the Mounted Police Barracks—I still had my 2 dollars 25 cents—and here I was given a job washing dishes and peeling potatoes. The man whose regular job this was wanted to take four days off to celebrate his twenty-first birthday. While he was recovering I had the job. After four days, during which I accumulated the sum of 17 dollars, the man came back, and I had to be moving. The question was, where to go and how to go there?

I FINALLY decided to travel down the Yukon river, so I invested 10 dollars of my scanty money in a boat which, I discovered when it was too late, leaked so much that it was useless. So I decided to travel on the trail from Dawson City to Eagle, Alaska. When I mentioned this, people in Dawson City warned me I would be passing through the bear country. In Yellowstone I had come in contact with bears, so I wasn't very much afraid of them. This I mentioned, but they told me that these bears were nothing like those in Yellowstone—in the Yukon they were very fierce, especially the grizzlies, and the greatest danger lay in meeting a mother bear with cubs. Since it was the berry season, the bears would be out with their cubs eating berries, fattening up for the winter hibernation.

I didn't have enough money to buy the rifle they advised me to take with me, so I had to think of some other protection. When in Yellowstone Park I had often heard the rangers tell people that if the bears bothered them in any way, (Concluded overleaf)



Caribou swimming the Yukon, taken from the boat in which Mr. Cone journeyed down that river.