

An Invitation to

ALASKA

and the

YUKON

from the

WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE



UP here in the North we live to ourselves a great part of the year. From the middle of September until the beginning of June we have almost no visitors, except hunters who spend most of their time prowling about in the hills. We are a sociable lot, and we like company! So when spring comes and the arctic sun rides high in the sky, turning our fields and valleys into vast flower beds and our forests into oceans of greenery, we are filled with a keen sense of anticipation. For we know that soon we shall be welcoming back old friends from "outside," and making new friends of the folks coming to our fascinating country for the first time.

We never think of our summer visitors as "tourists," to be hustled about from point to point. To us they are guests who have traveled a long, long way to see the wonders of the North, have fun, and escape for a while from their own familiar world into one that is new and different. It is our

pleasure to make sure our passengers enjoy every minute of their trip. Of course a Cheechako, as Alaskans call a newcomer, frequently has to shake loose from a few misconceptions before he can get into the swing of northern life. For instance, you may think of our land as a frozen wilderness of perpetual snow and ice, where Eskimos chase wild animals through forests of totem poles, and where you are likely to be cold and hungry. If so, you will have to get used to being warm and well-fed, in a region of lush vegetation a couple of thousand miles from the nearest Eskimo. This is a pleasant process, full of surprises and no disappointments. What we dread is the occasional traveler who comes to our pioneer country expecting all the palatial elegance and elaborate diversions to be found in luxury hotels and on great ocean liners, for he has to cultivate a different set of values before he can really enjoy himself.



Tagish Lake, where once echoed the crash of gold miners' picks, is quiet now, its solitude broken only by a lake steamer on its way to Ben-My-Chree.

FOR over half a century we of the White Pass & Yukon Route have been providing our passengers with safe, dependable transportation; immaculately clean, comfortable accommodations; and hearty, appetizing meals. But we have not reached the fingerbowl-and-flunkey stage, and we seldom have a passenger who isn't glad of it.

Aside from fancy furnishings, we have just about everything to offer our guests. Do you long for adventure, romance, excitement, opportunity? They are all here and easy to find. . . . Do you yearn for peace and quiet? On the deck of a Yukon River steamer there's a chair waiting where you can rest to your heart's content. . . . Would you feast your eyes on vast distances and towering heights? There is no more magnificent scenery than the mighty mountain ranges, the limitless tundra, the green forests and blue waters of Alaska and the Yukon. Do you aspire to catch a record-

breaking fish, or capture a prize pair of antlers? Sportsmen from all over the world have proudly carried off trophies from our hills and streams.

Can you look at a silt-laden river slashing its way through a colorful canyon and read the earth's history in the layered rock walls? Can you stand before a colossal gold dredge and picture the hordes of grizzled men whose feverishly swirling pans once skimmed the nuggets from the gravel that dredge is resifting? Can you ride for miles along the shore of a mountain-ringed lake and rejoice that there are no quick-lunch stands, no billboards, no traffic lights? Can you look at an Indian's grass-roofed hut and feel a twinge of wistful envy for a way of life so free from the tensions of civilization? If you can do any of these things, then come to Alaska and the Yukon. Don't let anything stop you. The following pages will show you how easy it is to plan your trip. . . .



You'll sail the far reaches of mountain lakes where great glaciers brood above sparkling water. Here, at the end of West Taku Arm, is Lewellyn Glacier, another gigantic finger of ice from the same frozen palm as Taku Glacier which pushes into the sea.

You'll roll through the vast new region opened wide by the Alaska Highway. Below: The Liard River Bridge at Mile 496, one of 133 bridges on the route.

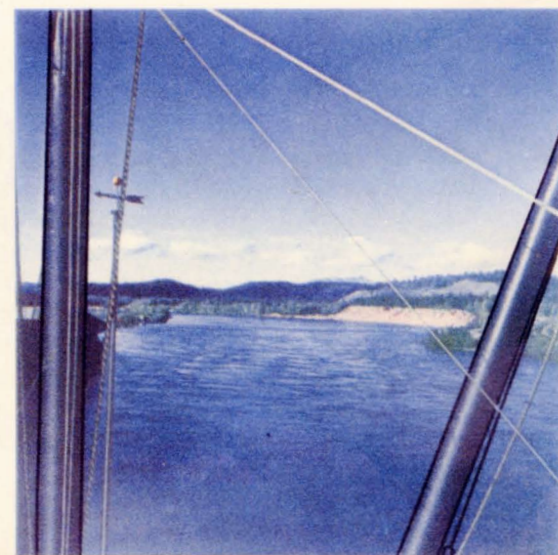


You'll see colorful natives in the towns and out in the wilderness. This smiling little Indian girl shyly offers her people's handicraft for sale.



You'll follow the "Trail of '98", riding a parlor car. Above: The trail curves around Summit Lake, the northern end of which drains into Bering Sea 2,150 miles away, while its southern end nestles against the Coast Divide from whose summit, water runs only 20 miles to the Pacific.

You'll explore the winding Yukon River aboard a comfortable stern-wheeler. Below: A view of this great waterway from the deck of the Casca.



THE White Pass & Yukon Route has three official welcome mats. One is in Skagway, Alaska, where our trains meet the coastal steamships. Another is in Dawson Creek, B. C., for our Alaska Highway bus passengers. The third is at the Whitehorse airport, just up the road from the wharf where our Yukon River steamers are berthed. No matter where we first meet you, we know you will have had a delightful journey. But in order that you may see as much of our country as possible, we suggest that you consider coming up by one route and returning by another.

By sea you leave from Seattle or Vancouver and sail for over a thousand miles up the beautiful, calm Inside Passage to Skagway. The voyage takes about 5 days, and except for a very short stretch of open ocean, the steamship is flanked by the coast range to the east and a chain of mountain-crested islands to the west. You'll see the "Banana Belt," as Alaska's southeastern coast area is called by sourdoughs, with its thriving waterfront towns. But this is only the wrapping on the package. To discover the real North you must cross the mountain barrier and see the great land behind it.

By land you ride over the spectacular Alaska Highway from Dawson Creek to Whitehorse, and on to Fairbanks if you wish. It is possible to drive your own car, but you will be far more comfortable traveling by B. Y. N. bus. This glamorous new way to see the North is fully described further on in this book, and we believe you will regret it if you do not plan to include at least a portion of the Highway in your trip.

By air you can leave almost any city in the United States or Canada on one day and be in Whitehorse the next. However, experience has shown that it is advisable to allow a day's leeway for making connections at Whitehorse, for unfavorable weather conditions may cause some delay along the way. Should you arrive on schedule there are many interesting things to do around Whitehorse, and modern hotels in which to stay.

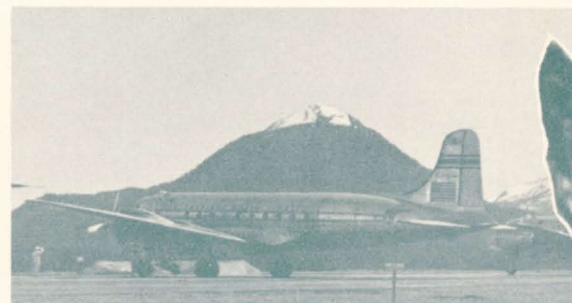
Taku Glacier at tidewater. Just over the mountain is Lewellyn Glacier, shown on opposite page.



A coastwise steamer sails up the Lynn Canal, on her way to Skagway.



Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, the crossroads of the North, headquarters of the White Pass & Yukon Route. Here train, bus, airplane, and river steamer meet, giving you a choice of transport from anywhere in the U.S. or Canada to anywhere in Alaska and the Yukon.



A corner of the \$13,000,000 Whitehorse Airport. International airlines operate fast, frequent schedules between Whitehorse and cities in the U.S. and Canada, also connect with other northern towns. Local "bush pilots" supplement this service. An hour by plane equals a week by dog sled.

Strictly local transport. Not for humans.



A B.Y.N. Alaska Highway bus pauses at Marsh Lake Lodge, hunting and fishing spot 35 miles from Whitehorse. Frequent stops for meals and snacks are a feature of the trip.





Totem poles have no religious significance, are merely family coats of arms. This one says: "I am a member of the Crane Clan and am married to a member of the Kyak and Bear Clans."

Below: A panorama of the rugged "Trail of '98" country from Inspiration Point, 17 miles up into mountains from Skagway by rail. That patch of blue in the background, which looks like a mountain lake, is really the Lynn Canal. Note the railroad's track-bed climbing along the mountainside.



Above: The platform at Inspiration Point. South-bound trains stop here to give passengers a chance to photograph the superb scenery. Notice the name on the side of the car. All White Pass & Yukon parlor cars are named after nearby lakes, of which there are so many the company won't run short of names for a thousand years.

Below: The locomotives really put on steam as they near the summit. Far below is Dead Horse Gulch, where hundreds of heavily overburdened pack animals died. Shortly beyond this point, the murderous "Trail of '98" can still be plainly seen crawling upward through the rocky gorge.



Early morning in Skagway, after a "Days of '98" celebration. Last night the streets were full of merry-makers, with the local residents dressed up in gold-rush costumes.





An easy putt from where the coastal steamships dock, a White Pass & Yukon train waits to carry you along the historic "Trail of '98," up over the mountains, through the White Pass, and into the real North.



The "Trail of '98." The dark line on the mountainside is a human chain. "Never was seen such an army, pitiful, futile, unfit; Never was seen such a spirit, manifold courage and grit." . . . Robert W. Service.



A few old-timers still pan for gold along gravel-bedded streams, stubbornly clinging to the hope of making a sudden rich strike, their spirits soaring with every "color."

Skagway . . . where the railway meets the sea

UP NORTH "canal" means a long finger of ocean poked inquisitively inland, and in the days before this part of the Pacific had been explored and charted, many a sea captain sailed his ship for miles up a canal under the impression he was still following the Inside Passage, discovering his error only when he dead-ended at the foot of a mountain. It's all right when your steamship turns into the Lynn Canal, for it marks the end of the Inside Passage, and at its head is Skagway, start of the "Trail of '98" and southern terminus of the White Pass & Yukon Railway.

As you cruise up this narrow inlet, hemmed in by snow-capped rocky sentinels, you will understand exactly how that bear felt who went over the mountain to see what he could see. You'll be agog with curiosity as to what lies on the other side of those towering ramparts, with eagerness to board the train which is to carry you into the Land of the Midnight Sun.

Between the time your steamship docks and your train leaves you will probably have an hour or so to look around Skagway. Today is it a placid little town of a few hundred diligent, law-abiding citizens. But fifty-odd years ago it was a brawling, sprawling city of 15,000 gold-crazy prospectors, with tents pitched so close together along its gravel bars that a newcomer had a tough time finding a place to set down his pack. The tents are gone, but many of the original wooden buildings still stand, making the

place look rather like the set for a western movie. The town isn't haunted, but it can certainly look as though it were when Skagway folks throw a Days of '98 party, and get themselves all rigged out in turn-of-the-century costumes. Sometimes the festivities start down at the dock with a riotous re-enactment of the shooting of Soapy Smith, the gold-rush gangster. The wind-up is a dance where the edge of the floor is ringed with ancient gaming tables for sky's-the-limit gambling with phoney money.

It's always fun to stroll about, peering at the antiquated merchandise waggishly displayed in the shop windows; stopping at the old Pullen Museum for a look at its bewildering collection of Alaskana; marveling at the exhibition-size blossoms in the flower gardens. But after all, Skagway is the jumping-off place at the start of a great adventure. So, as Robert W. Service said:

*"Let us probe the silent places,
Let us seek what luck betide us;
Let us journey to a lonely land
I know.
There's a whisper on the night-wind,
There's a star agleam to guide us,
And the wild is calling, calling . . .
let us go."*

A White Pass & Yukon train, ready to pull out of Skagway on its way to Bennett, Carcross, and Whitehorse.





THE shortest of the tours offered by the White Pass & Yukon Route is the 82 mile train ride from Skagway to Lake Bennett and back. Passengers making a round-trip on coastal steamships which lay over in Skagway for only one day, can at least get a glimpse of what lies behind the coast by making this "Trail of '98" expedition to the point where the stampede stopped walking and started paddling.

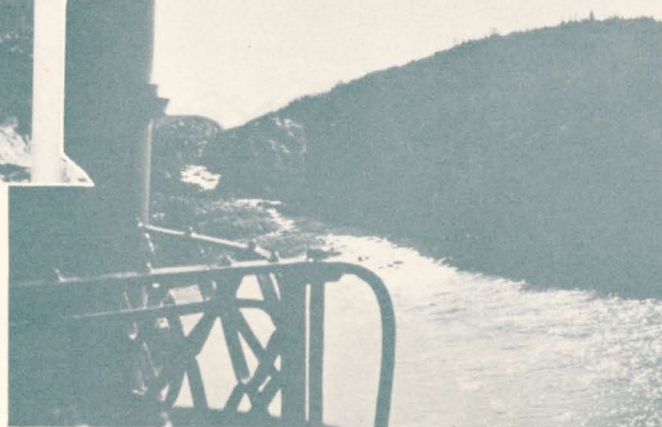
Many of the gold-rushers got no further than Bennett, for the Trail, which was nothing but an Indian foot path, leads through wildly rugged mountain country which is heaven to look at but hell to negotiate on foot. Often the heavily burdened men could make no more than a quarter of a mile in an hour. Nobody bothered to bring food for the pack animals, and as there was no forage for them they died by hundreds before even reaching the White Pass summit.

The opening of the White Pass & Yukon Railroad changed this agonizing ordeal of several weeks into a ride of less than 3 hours. Today, as you sit at ease in a parlor car, following with your eyes the wicked trail, you can be glad the ribbon of steel over which you are riding drove misery and danger from this magnificent land of the White Pass.

Lake Bennett, 41 miles from Skagway, end of the "Trail of '98." The log church in the foreground was built by early prospectors, but the gold-rush petered out before the inside was finished.



Above: The sign at Summit Lake on the Continental Divide. Right: The rushing torrent of the Thompson River, feeding out of the northern end of Summit Lake, comes tumbling down on its way to join the Yukon.



"The Trail of '98" from Skagway to Bennett

AS your train starts rolling along beside the rushing torrent of the Skagway River, heading straight into what looks like a box canyon, you may wonder why, if the Trail of '98 was such a brute, the railroad builders elected to follow along beside it. The answer is: All the other routes are even tougher.

Almost immediately you start climbing up along the gray rock wall that rises nearly perpendicular from the valley floor. The train rounds a bend and you find you aren't in a canyon any more but are out in the open, crawling along the shoulder of one mountain toward a bridge over the river to an apparently insurmountable barrier of "shark-tooth ranges sawing savagely at the sky."

Suddenly the train darts into a short tunnel to emerge into a whole new world of mountains that will overwhelm you with their tumultuous disorder. Over the tops of heavily-forested green domes rear up jagged black giants and steep gray pinnacles all draped in snow and scoured by glaciers. Waterfalls—as many as

22 fed by a single glacier—trek down over yellow, red, and purple cliffs. You spot pieces of the old Trail and wonder how anything but a mountain goat could ever have kept a footing on it.

The train chugs steadily upward until it reaches the summit of White Pass, which is practically at timberline. Now you cross a vast barren plateau strewn with immense boulders left by the retreating icecap that once covered this whole area.

The world grows green again. Little lakes sparkle in the sunshine. The mountains draw closer. You round a curve, and there is gorgeous Lake Bennett, stretching off into the blue distance.

At Bennett you hustle into the big station restaurant where long tables are heaped with delicious food, and you help yourself to all you can eat. In half an hour the train whistles, and the lucky ones who are going on North clamber back aboard. Those who have reached their journey's end comfort themselves with the promise that next time they won't be turning around and going back just when things are getting most exciting.



Left: Fraser Lake, one of the many sapphire blue dots on the high plateau crossed by the train on the stretch between Summit and Bennett.

As the train leaves Bennett a lady waves a vigorous "Good-bye" to those left behind while her companions congratulate each other because they are going on. If the waving lady is traveling alone, as so many of our passengers do, she has probably found out already that up here in the North everybody does everything together, no one is ever left out.





Parlor car chairs are as easily moved as those in your living room, and there is plenty of space so you can angle them for the very best view out the huge, sparkling-clean windows.

"The Duchess," first locomotive in the Yukon, once worked on the 2½ mile portage between Taku Arm and Lake Atlin. It is now out to pasture on twenty feet of track beside the Carcross station.



Carcross . . . Final link in "The Railroad That Couldn't Be Built"

WHEN the White Pass & Yukon railroad was started in April, 1898, it was thoroughly obvious to every one except the engineers in charge of the job that it would never be finished. Most of the roadbed between Skagway and Summit had to be blasted out of solid rock walls so steep and slippery the workmen often had to be suspended by ropes like mountain climbers. News of a fresh gold strike

caused entire crews to latch onto shovels and picks and disappear without bothering to collect their pay. The stretch along the shores of the lake between Bennett and Carcross developed a vexatious habit of sliding into the water, so a new trackbed was laboriously carved through the lake's promontories. Finally, on July 31, 1900, the ceremonial "last spike" was driven at Carcross in a spirit of such exultation that the official maul wielders used more enthusiasm than skill, bending the noble nail so badly it had to be yanked out and replaced at once!



The railroad bridge at Carcross, over the connecting channel between Lake Bennett and Lake Nares. Because herds of caribou used to cross in thousands at this narrow point, the little settlement was originally called "Caribou Crossing"—later shortened to Carcross. Here, just a few feet off the bridge, the final spike on the railroad was driven.

Up North, where there's water there's fish. Here a passenger takes advantage of a short wait between trains to try his luck from the Carcross foot-bridge.





Lake Bennett's quiet shores once teemed with miners frantically building craft to float to the Klondike.



"Standing room only." The scenery along Lake Bennett plays to a capacity audience of camera enthusiasts on the train's back platform.



For 26 miles the train rolls along within a few yards of mountain-bordered Lake Bennett.

BETWEEN Skagway and Bennett, Nature stages a performance where the scenes shift so rapidly you never really get a chance to take in everything that is going on. Now, with a hearty White Pass lunch tucked under your belt, it is pleasant to sit back and relax in your easy-chair while the single, coherent panorama of Lake Bennett sweeps majestically past.

Across the brilliant blue waters, empty except for a few idly-floating ducks, rise up a chain of snow-capped mountains palisaded with high red cliffs which are often streaked with yellow. Surely any one might mistake those bright bands for solid gold, where picks could be wielded on great veins of precious metal. Every now and then you spot an abandoned mine, and sense the disappointment which must have been felt when those siren streaks proved to be porphyry and not motherlode.

You try to picture what this peaceful wilderness lake must have been

like when it was jammed with scows, rafts, and boats "shapeless, grotesque, lopsided, flimsy, makeshift, and crude," loaded with men in search of Dame Fortune, but all too often destined to mate with her daughter, Misfortune. When you pass a tiny island, about half-way between Bennett and Carcross, where a sign marks the boundary between British Columbia and Yukon Territory, you wonder how many of the prospectors who succeeded in reaching this fringe of the magic gold country managed to navigate the 500 miles that still stretched between them and the Klondike.

Perhaps, as you ride along beside Bennett's shining waters, you will think how lovely it would be to sail upon them. If so, you will just be anticipating the treat in store for you! At Carcross, where Lake Bennett connects with an even more glorious lake, the steamer *Tutshi* waits to take you on one of the world's most enthrallingly beautiful inland water trips.



The steamer Tutshi at her dock alongside the Carcross railroad station, ready to take you on an idyllic cruise down Lake Tagish to the tip of West Taku Arm, where a delightful surprise awaits you.



As the Tutshi turns her paddle wheel on Carcross and noses out into Lake Nares, the way ahead seems blocked by mountains.

Right: Scenery at the Narrows is green and gentle — later it grows wilder and more rugged until the magnificent finale when, for three-quarters of an hour, you sail directly into the glistening face of Lewis and Clark Glacier. The Tutshi's forward deck is enclosed rail-high in transparent plastic to shield you from the breeze.





Mama moose hears the steamer but can't be bothered turning to look at it. Junior is more curious.

YOUR overnight cruise to West Taku Arm gives you, in a few brief hours, the essence of our Northern wilderness. It is a 168-mile voyage to the remote southern reach of mountain-ringed Lake Tagish. Passengers making a round trip on coastal steamships which lay over in Skagway for 2 days can take this trip as easily as those planning a longer stay in Alaska and the Yukon. So, no matter how you come North—by sea, by air, or over the Highway—make sure that this enchanting experience is included in your itinerary.

The Tutshi is an oil-burning stern wheeler which glides through the water almost as silently as a canoe. Her immaculate double cabins sleep 110 people. Excellent meals are served aboard.

If you will glance at the map on the center spread of this book you will see that Lake Tagish stretches for over 100 miles on the other side of the mountains that parallel the White Pass & Yukon Railroad. Notice that the upper end of Lake Tagish is the true start of the Yukon River.

As the Tutshi slips along you feel you are in a region so untouched that you might be the first to discover it. As the peaks soar higher and higher their snowy mantles spread down further and further over their rainbow-hued sides. There is no trace of human habitation. Then, about 7 o'clock in the evening, the Tutshi stops below the base of a mighty glacier, and you go ashore for as strange an experience as ever climaxed a cruise.

The regal Florence Range, bordering the West Taku Arm of Lake Tagish on the way to Ben-My-Chree. The waters of Lake Tagish are often so glassy calm that the mountains are reflected with flawless perfection.





BEN-MY-CHREE is the name Otto Partridge gave the home he built for the wife who followed him on foot over the terrible Trail of '98. In his native Manx it means "Girl of My Heart." The Partridges were a cultured and sociable couple, used to the ways of civilization. So when their gold mine, in the mountains back of their house, was irretrievably buried by a tremendous avalanche one would have expected them to return to their old way of life in the city. But they did no such thing.

They remained in their wilderness home. It was snug and warm in winter, and in the summer its magnificent gardens, coaxed into being by green thumbs which must have been nipped by many an icy blast, attracted visitors from all over. So long as they lived the Partridges welcomed everyone with open-handed hospitality. Now we carry on their tradition as best we may, and tenderly care for their incomparable gardens.

Ben-My-Chree

a bit of heaven on earth

*"Here let me dwell in beauty's spell
As tranquil as a tree;
Here let me bide, where wind and tide
Bourdon that I am free;
Here let me know from human woe
The rapture of release;
The rich caress of Loveliness,
The plenitude of Peace."*

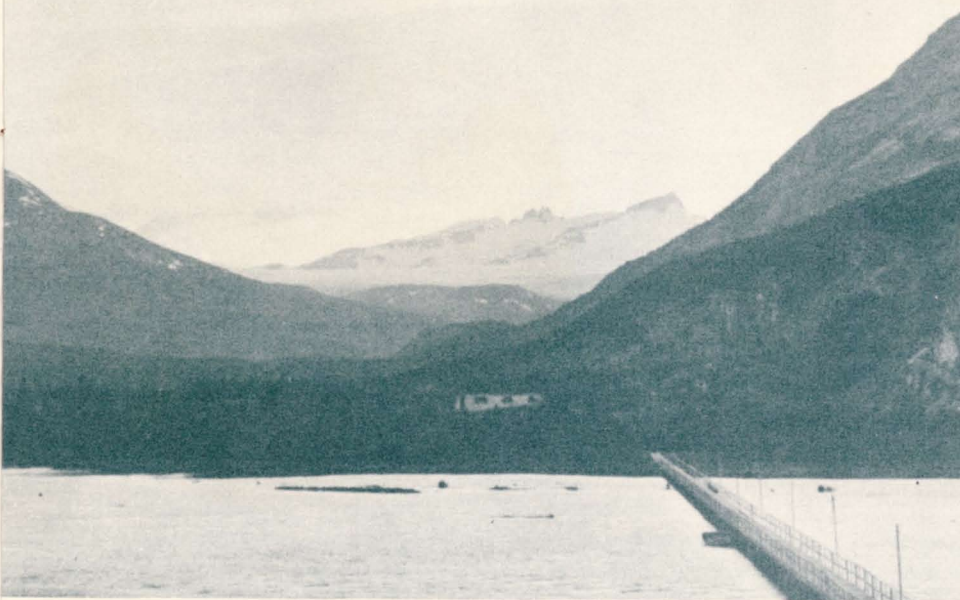
Robert W. Service



*You may want to escape from the others
for a while, and walk along the edge of
the lake to capture for yourself some of
the contentment the Partridges knew here.*

The sail back through the eerie northern twilight, with the moon turning the water to shimmering quicksilver. Perhaps, after the middle of August, there will be northern lights flaming in the sky.





The pier leading to Ben-My-Chree, near the foot of the enormous Lewellyn Glacier.

SAILING down West Taku Arm is a little like reading an exciting mystery story after you have been told how it is going to come out. You know the way it will end, but you can't quite believe it. Not until you actually see the cluster of sturdy log buildings surrounded by their flamboyant flower beds can you accept the fact that there is, or ever was, a homestead amid all this splendid isolation. In the soft light of early evening it is a sight out of this world.

About 40 varieties of flowers bloom here in vigorous profusion, with a complete disregard for season. Tulips flaunt themselves beside dahlias. Petunias, sweet William, gladioli, snap dragons, sweetpeas, poppies, pansies, bachelor buttons, marigolds, calendulas, nasturtiums, stocks and many other less familiar flowers all blossom together, attaining enormous size in a life span of 3½ months.

Inside the main house you get an idea of how the Partridges amused themselves during the many months when no visitors could reach them. A full-sized pool table dominates one room. In another is an organ, a phonograph, a sewing machine, books and magazines. No, they were not lonely. And as you sit sipping a glass of wine or a cup of coffee, and gazing through a window at the gray mountains shouldering the turquoise sky, you may find yourself thinking of some one with whom you, too, could be happy here alone.



The Ben-My-Chree homestead, where gardens flourish in the lee of glacier-draped mountains.



Miles Canyon, about 4 miles above Whitehorse. Here '98ers with the required cash transferred to one of the tram ways which operated along the shore. The rest rafted on through, or at least tried to. The bridge is the only one spanning the Yukon from here to its mouth at the Bering Sea, 2061 miles away.



A fishing party on Marsh Lake. (Marsh Lake Lodge in background.) Grayling, white fish, northern pike, and trout up to 40 lbs. live here!

The Whitehorse Rapids, about a mile above Whitehorse, where many a rafting prospector came to grief. This seething maelstrom got its name from the way in which the spray from its thrashing waters resembles the tossing manes of a herd of stampeding white horses.



Old Log Church, built in 1900. Here Robert Service was a warden. The rector's illustrated lectures on local history are now enjoyed by all Whitehorse visitors.



On the outskirts of Whitehorse is the big open flat where refineries and tanks of the famous Canol Project were formerly located. Almost dismantled, it is a ghostly reminder of the North's wartime role.



Fishing is good around Whitehorse all summer long. Information on where the big fellows are currently biting is always on tap at the White Pass & Yukon office.

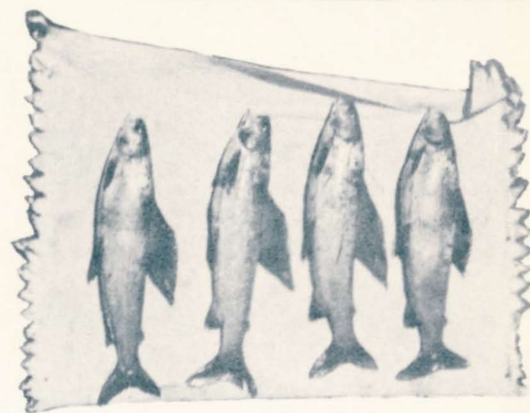
WHITEHORSE, Yukon Territory, is about two hours by rail from Carcross, where you leave the steamer Tutshi after your return from West Taku Arm. The train's line of track is 1/3 the distance of the water route followed by the '98ers. But what was far more important to them, it eliminated the terrifying ordeal of navigating Miles Canyon and the Whitehorse Rapids.

You have only to stand on the brink of this thrashing torrent to believe the river is making one last desperate effort to shake off anything so presumptuous as to threaten an invasion of its privacy. Trams once ran to Whitehorse on both sides of the canyon, but their extortionate rates made most prospectors prefer to risk death rather than submit to being fleeced. The opening of the railroad automatically put the trams out of business. Today their old road beds make dandy footpaths, and an occasional length of wooden rail is all that is left of them.

Whitehorse is the northern terminus of the

White Pass & Yukon Railroad, and the only town on the gold-rush route that has grown in importance through the years. Situated at the head of navigation on the Yukon River, it is the base of supply for an enormous area. From the time the ice breaks out of the river in the spring until it freezes over in the fall our fleet of sturdy steamers shuttle the 460 miles to the Klondike, carrying in everything from machinery to groceries, bringing out bags of silver, lead, copper, tin and coal from the mines. Passengers get genuine first-hand knowledge of what life along the Yukon is like.

Whitehorse also has the distinction of being the largest town between the start and finish of the Alaska Highway. It has comfortable, modern hotels; well-stocked shops; taxis and busses to take you sight-seeing; and excellent fishing in nearby lakes and streams. You'll enjoy any time you may have in this frontier town.



A close-up of the grayling held by the angler above. Better bring your own rods, flies, and leaders. Non-resident license costs \$2.

The Whitehorse Inn, largest hotel in town. Here visitors and local residents gather to dine and dance.



Happy fishermen hold up their prize catch, a 30 pound lake trout.

Swimming at Marsh Lake, where an all-over tan is quickly acquired. The lake isn't marshy—it was named for Professor O. G. Marsh, noted scientist.





FAIRBANKS

Mt. McKinley
Nat'l Park

TRIANGLE
LODGE

TOK

COPPER
CENTER

VALDEZ

ANCHORAGE

SEWARD

CIRCLE

"Shooting of Dan McGrew"

DAWSON CITY

STEWART

FT. SELKIRK

YUKON CROSSING
Five Finger Rapids
CARMACKS

BIG SALMON

DRY CREEK

Kluane
Lake

HAINES JCT.

Lake LeBarge

WHITEHORSE

TESLIN

RANCHERIA

CARCROSS

BEN-MY-CHREE

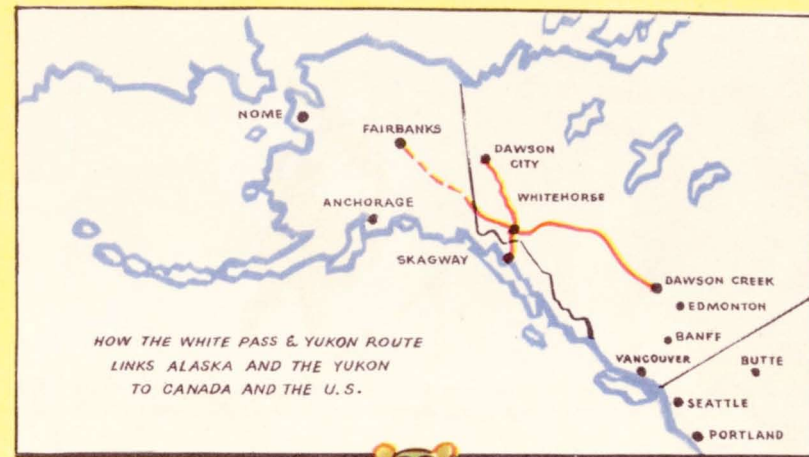
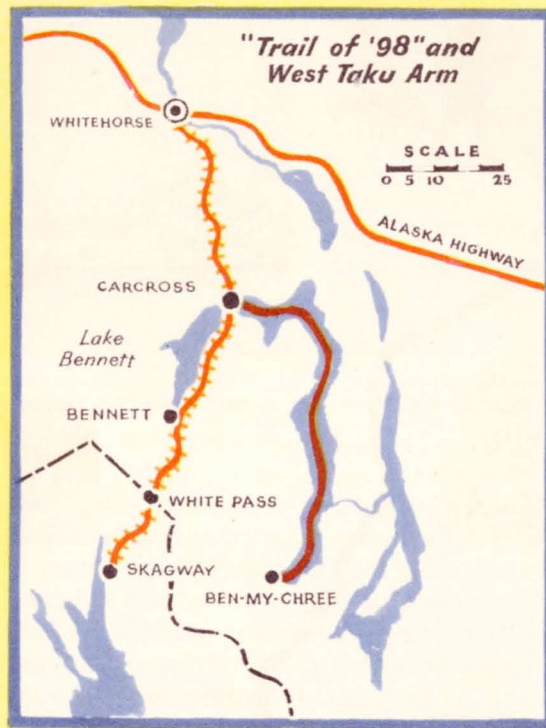
SKAGWAY

HAINES

JUNEAU

SITKA

GULF
OF
ALASKA



ALASKA & THE YUKON

Where to Go and How to Get There

SCALE OF MILES

0 50 100



Men A. Thomas -



LOWER POST

MUNCHO LAKE

FT. NELSON

TRUTCH

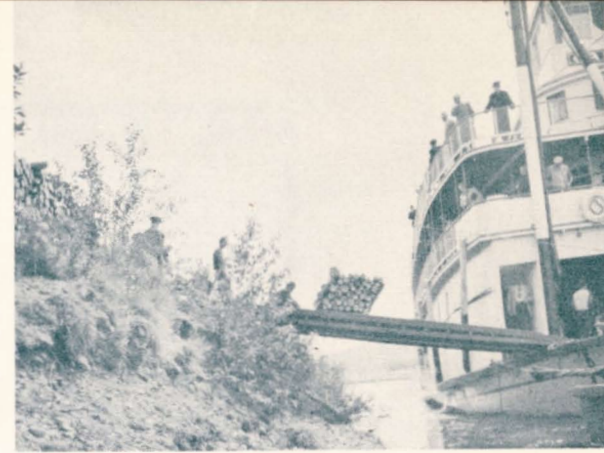
DAWSON CREEK

EDMONTON





The Five Finger Rapids, where the river narrows down and four emperor-size boulders divide it into 5 churning channels, only one of which is navigable. The boat whizzes through going downstream, but must hook onto a cable and battle for an hour to get back up.



"Wooding up." Logs must be stacked out of reach of the river, which may rise 10 to 12 feet in the early spring.

THE voyage down the Yukon from Whitehorse to the Klondike town of Dawson City, not to be confused with Dawson Creek, British Columbia, 1500 miles away at the beginning of the Alaska Highway, has a dreamlike quality about it that makes you feel almost like a character in a phantasy. From the time you lose sight of Whitehorse there is nothing to remind you of the world of today. You quite literally step back 50 years, to a time when living was simple and unhurried, and leisure was something every one had plenty of. Even your wood-burning steamer looks like the retired veterans you saw hauled up on the ways, as no one has ever found a way to improve on those early models, so expertly were they designed and built to cope with the vagaries of Yukon River traffic. Only a stern-wheeler has the enormous backing power necessary to hold a boat in a narrow channel curving around a sharp bend against a swift current. Only a flat-bottomed craft can carry a huge tonnage, yet draw no more than 4½ feet, and slide unharmed over an unannounced sandbar.

The steamers have accommodations for about 90 passengers in double cabins with exceptionally comfortable berths. All cabins open on deck, and are equipped with wash basins, shelves and clothes hooks. There are no private baths, but ample toilet facilities are conveniently

located. There's a glassed-in observation lounge forward and a smoking room aft, with the dining salon extending between.

The scenery along the Yukon changes with every bend in the river, and even the opposite shores are often entirely different. Dense growths of poplar, alder, cottonwood, willow and birch may fringe one shore, while spruce-covered mountains, or high clay cutbanks riddled with swallows' nests, rise up on the other. Sometimes the river narrows down between steep rock walls. Again it widens out and picks its way through coveys of little islands where you are most likely to see big game. You will go to bed reluctantly, but console yourself with the knowledge that what you miss on the way downstream you will see coming back.



The dining salon, where you'll tuck away 4 hearty meals daily—the usual 3 plus a 10 P.M. supper. Fresh fruits, vegetables, and meats are rushed in from the "outside" to supplement local produce.

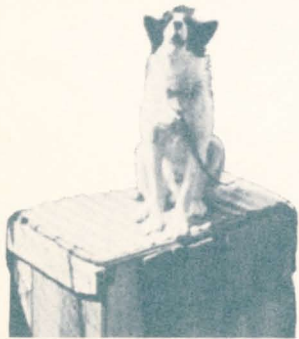
"Eagle Nest Rock," which some passengers insist looks far more like a huge sleeping lion.



The whistle blows. The great orange paddle wheel starts to churn. The Royal Mail flag flutters out from the bow, and the Union Jack from the stern. Your steamer is off on its way down the Yukon to Dawson City and the Klondike!

High in the wheelhouse the Captain watches the channel, reads the water's ripples through an open window. He wants no pane of glass between him and the trickiest river in all the world.

Officers and crew are an inexhaustible source of information and yarns. This young lady may be learning about the landscape, or hearing the one about the glacier that went back for more rocks.



During the summer, sled dogs have nothing to do but sit around and howl. This one parks on his private house, baying because he's left behind.





A trapper's cabin. Note the meat cache set on stilts, out of reach of thieving animals.

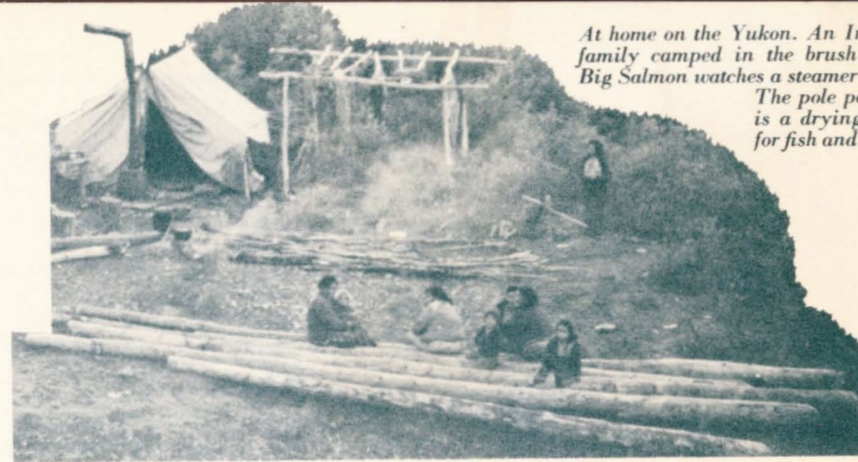
ON your first morning aboard a Yukon River steamer you will wake up full of curiosity as to what is going on. After a light breakfast of fruit, fresh trout, eggs, pancakes, and coffee, you will be ready to explore the boat. It is all yours, from the pleasant observation lounge to the gleaming engine room, and you are welcome everywhere.

Sooner or later the boat will sidle up to the shore to take on furnace wood. For a while you will probably hang over the rail to watch the logs being trundled down into the hold. Then, between logs, you will dart across the gangplank to get a close-up of native life, to take pictures, and perhaps to pick a few of the 464 varieties of wild flowers that grow in lavish profusion throughout the Yukon.

All summer the countryside is gay with pink, blue, yellow, purple and white blossoms. Wherever there has been a burn, brilliant hued fireweed moves in to conceal the blackened earth. You'll find arctic poppies, lupine, roses, daisies, and violets among many less familiar blooms, and the air is often sweet with the unexpected perfume of sage.

Don't worry about mosquitoes on your jaunts ashore. Their prevalence has been greatly exaggerated, and even in the woods they won't bother you if you dab on insect repellent.

Indian version of a pup tent. Intimate glimpses of native life often reward the foot-loose passenger.



At home on the Yukon. An Indian family camped in the brush near Big Salmon watches a steamer pass. The pole pergola is a drying rack for fish and meat.

Sometime before you go to bed your second night out you will have the incomparable thrill of shooting the famous Five Finger Rapids. For a breathless instant it seems as though the boat must dash itself to bits against the rock walls of the channel—but it never does! Equally thrilling is the homeward-bound battle of Boat versus Current, with the boat winning only by the help of a capstan energetically and vociferously hauling on a cable firmly anchored to the land. Be on deck for these events, for they are high spots of the trip, and even folks who have traveled the river for years never fail to get a kick out of them.

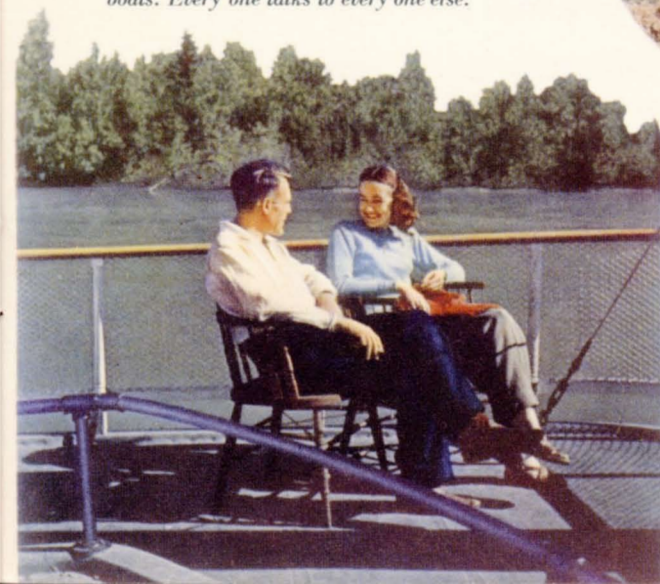
Quiet scenes in dramatic contrast to the wild and rugged shoreline of the Yukon may be discovered just a short walk back from the river. This one is near Stewart.



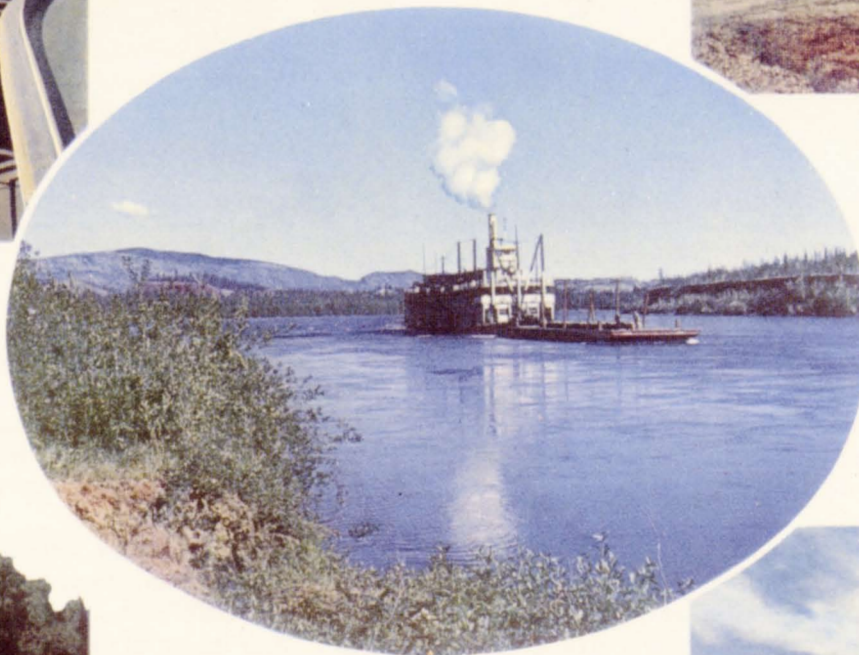


Above: Unloading supplies at a wood camp. Note huge fuel pile. Boats consume these 4-foot logs with the ease of an elephant eating peanuts. About 130 cords are burned per trip.

Below: Lazy hours spent on deck chatting with new friends are a memorable part of a Yukon River voyage. There is no formality aboard the boats. Every one talks to every one else.



Below: A steamer approaches Carmacks, the town named for one of the first men to discover gold in the Klondike. If they choose, passengers can get off the boat at Tantalus Butte and take a 4-mile hike through the woods to Carmacks while the steamer beats its way upstream by way of a long U-shaped bend in the river.



River steamers are stately but cumbersome, and must actually be "skidded" around bends. When you notice the pilot stopping and starting the engines he is using the paddle wheel as a brake and rudder to hold the boat in the channel despite the swiftly flowing current.



Above: Fort Selkirk, an important trading center for fur trappers and a likely place to pick up unmounted skins. (Notice fox pelt being looked at above.) Furs are dutiable and must be declared.

Below: The first Catholic church on the Yukon. There are many churches along the river, and steamer passengers are always welcome.





Below: "Pay dirt" from the dredges is panned in the gold room before it is re-fined. A week's work from one dredge may produce only 2 to 3 cups of pure gold.



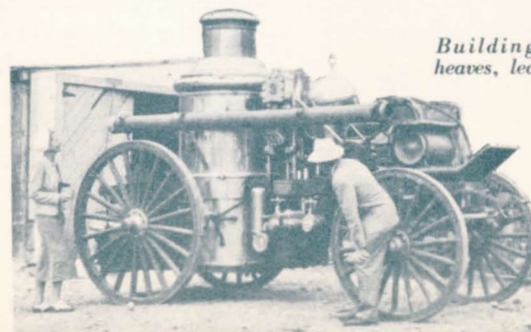
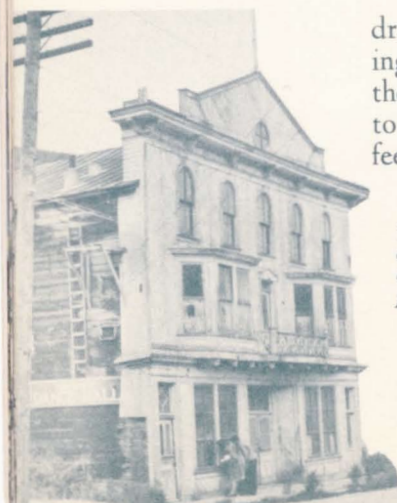
Above: Huge dredges inch their way over ground from which all the "easy gold" was removed by the '98ers. This one can handle around a million cubic yards of gravel a season. A cubic yard weighs about 3000 pounds.

DAWSON CITY is journey's end for the steamer. While she is unloading and getting ready for the return voyage, you will have a full day to explore this incredible old ghost town that once saw 100 million dollars dug from its outskirts in eight hectic years. You may sleep aboard boat if you wish, or if you want to make like a real '98er, you can put up at the Royal Alexandra Hotel, one of the few buildings which have survived the years intact.

Sight-seeing cars drive you out to the gold dredges across roads built high on ancient tailings. Afterwards, you wander about through the remainders of what was once a city, trying to imagine it in its heyday. By boat time you'll feel like the ghost of dangerous Dan McGrew!

The Nugget Dance Hall doubled as an opera house. Inside it is a shambles of ancient scenery, props, busted-up furniture.

Brought up from Victoria in 1906, this venerable engine still works, was used in 1944 when hydrants were flooded out.



Buildings, tossed by frost heaves, lean at crazy angles.



The Royal Alexandra Hotel, famous for its nude art and Flora Dora Dance Hall, is still at the same stand. Bare patch on mountain in back ground was caused by an old landslide; an Indian village is said to be buried beneath it.

On the voyage upstream, as the steamer shuffles steadily along, you'll settle into the serene rhythm of shipboard life. You will sleep like a baby, eat like a returned prodigal, and be content to sit in the sun while the world flows by. When the boat stops you will venture farther afield, confident that you'll be whistled back aboard in ample time. Evenings, you may play cards, sit in on a Bingo game, or join a group singing around the piano.

All too soon you'll be through Lake LeBarge, where Sam McGee met his mythical end, and ahead will be Whitehorse. The steamer sounds the company whistle—whooooooooo-who-whooooooooo, saying: "Look! We're back!" Your dream of sailing the Yukon has come true, and been better than the dream. You'll never forget it, for the Spell of the Yukon is not just a poet's phrase, but something real, deep and inescapable.



Dawson City, the capital of Yukon Territory, was the ultimate objective of the '98ers. Here the Klondike River empties into the Yukon, and the gold that started the stampede was discovered. Once a boom town of 30 - 35,000 people, it is now a stable mining community of about 750, deserted historic buildings being mute reminders of its former peak of glory.



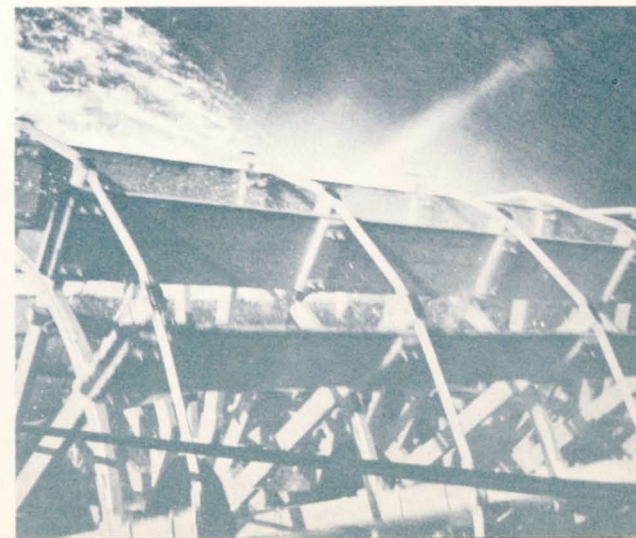
"Go 2 blocks north and turn left." A member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in his every-day uniform is just as glamorous and twice as approachable as one in the famous red coat, for he isn't on parade.



"Your roof is bewhiskered, your floor is a-slant, your walls seem to sway and to swing." So Robert W. Service described his cabin 30-odd years ago, and it hasn't improved any. Dawson folks keep it tidy, plant flowers along its path.



Nugget and mastodon-ivory jewelry, bead and leather goods, made by Moosehide Indians, for sale in a Dawson gift shop.



At the end of the rainbow caught in the spray of a river boat's paddle wheel, is a pot of golden memories all your own when the voyage back is finished.



The start. Mileposts along the Highway identify all places of special interest.

THE Alaska Highway has captured the imagination of more people than any other road in history. Mention that you are going to Alaska, and right away every one wants to know if you will travel over the Highway. Tell some one you have been to Alaska, and you are asked: "What's the Highway like?" You really owe it to your audience to explore this mysterious road so you can speak of it from first-hand experience. Besides, it's a fine economic way to see a lot of wonderful country in comparatively little time.

As we mentioned earlier, it is possible to drive your own car, but you will be a great deal happier and more comfortable in one of the British Yukon Navigation Company's big, heavy busses. This Company is part of the White Pass & Yukon Route, and although it is the youngest of our services it is already rivaling our others in popularity.

British Yukon Navigation Company busses are new, heavy, powerful road-huggers, expressly designed and built to make gravel roads ride as smoothly as a cement boulevard



Dawson Creek, British Columbia, is the southern terminus of the Alaska Highway, 476 miles by road from Edmonton, Alberta, or an overnight train trip of 495 miles. You can get to Edmonton by plane, train, or bus, but should you prefer to drive your own car you will be wise to leave it in Edmonton, as the road between there and Dawson Creek can be very troublesome.

When you travel over the Alaska Highway in a B.Y.N. bus you are driven by experts who know every foot of this wilderness road that winds through almost uninhabited country full of high mountains, deep canyons, and lonely tundra. You have no worries about where you will eat or sleep, because prearranged stops for snacks and lunches are made at carefully selected roadhouses, and a modern B.Y.N. lodge at the end of the day's run assures you a good dinner, bed, and breakfast. All you have to do is sit back, relax, and enjoy the scenery.



B. Y. N. bus station in Dawson Creek, B. C. Good hotels and restaurants here.

The Alaska Highway, a well-graveled, permanent all-weather road, 26 feet wide and 1523 miles long. Built in 9 months and 6 days at a cost of over \$138,000,000.





All B. Y. N. busses have individual adjustable seats, wide-vision windows. Passengers pouwow, enjoy the scenery, and relax in easy riding comfort.

A bus heads into the Rockies. The second day's run between Dawson Creek and Whitehorse takes you high into the mountains. As you ride along the ridges you see magnificent panoramas stretching for hundreds of miles.



The Peace River Bridge at Mile 35, first of the only 2 suspension bridges on the Highway, is 2130 feet long, cost over \$4,000,000. Along here you ride through rolling farmland planted with wheat, oats, barley, rye, and yellow sweet clover. The river once separated hostile Cree and Beaver Indians.

Lum 'n Abner's trading post at Mile 233. One of the oldest in the territory, it got rechristened by Highway workers. Trappers bring in furs to swap for groceries. A coffee stop for B. Y. N. busses.





There's a special thrill about crossing the border into Yukon Territory. You feel you are finally in the real wilderness.



Teslin Lake from Mile 802. The building on the peninsula in the background is Nisutlin Bay Lodge, popular hunting and fishing resort and a lunch stop for bus passengers. Teslin Lake is 85 miles long.



A B. Y. N. bus driver stops at a mountain spring to refill the vacuum jug of drinking water carried on all B. Y. N. busses.

B.Y. N. busses leave Dawson Creek in the morning, and for the first few hours you roll through lush farmland, the last cultivated fields you will see for 1000 miles, and then they will be nothing but a small experimental patch on the landscape. Next the forest takes over, and for miles the road is flanked by birch trees standing like white sentinels.

When you run out of the forest onto a broad, open expanse you see the Rockies in the distance, rising higher and higher as you travel swiftly towards them. At Mile 175 you start climbing a steep grade to the second-highest point on the Highway. 'Tis said you can "see tomorrow" from the top, for you look far out across an ocean of green timbered hills to Steamboat Mountain, where you will be the following day. After a pleasant night spent at Fort Nelson, Mile

300, you head into the Rockies. Better have extra film handy, for you'll work the shutter off your camera today! All the way up Steamboat Mountain you keep getting incredibly vast views of serrated ridges, high plateaus, and writhing rivers. You pass wild and barren Summit Lake, highest point on the Highway. You twist between the towering, multi-colored cliffs of the Toad River Canyon, and follow the shore of Muncho Lake, where red and gray cliffs are mirrored in blue waters. You spend the night at Lower Post, Mile 620. Next day you cross great sweeps of tundra,

flat as a calm sea, with the mountains sometimes mere ripples on the horizon. You skirt long blue finger-lakes, all pointing north. You pass solemn clay cliffs like elephants standing in line. You come to the Yukon River and follow it into Whitehorse, at Mile 919.

Here you will probably interrupt your Highway expedition to take the Yukon River, West Taku Arm, and Skagway trips described on preceding pages.

North and southbound busses meet at Muncho Lake, pause to exchange information on road conditions and deliver messages. This lake is ringed on one side by bare rock mountains, on the other by timbered hills.



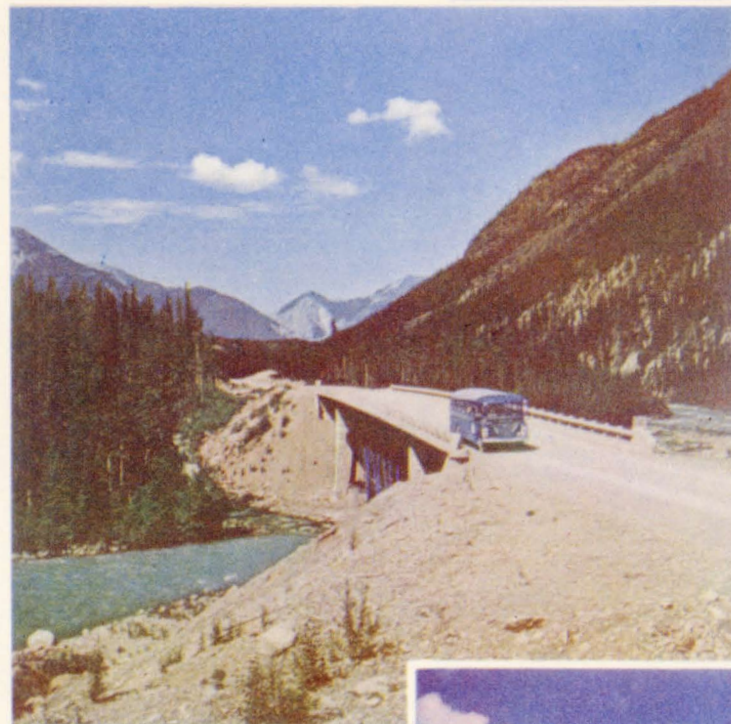


Looking across Nisutlin Bay at about Mile 799. Notice the airfield in the background on the east side of the Highway. Intermediate airfields on the Northwest Staging Route are strung all along the Highway and are connected to it by short side-roads.



A Yukon cabin garnished with antlers testifies to abundant game.

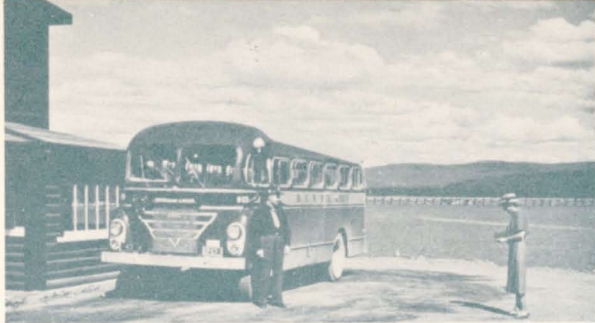
Contact Creek at Mile 588. Here U. S. Army engineers working down from the north met those from the south, and "The Alcan Military Highway" as the road was known, was broken through.



Trout Creek at Mile 476. Innocent looking streams like this often go on the rampage, and in the past frequently tore away the hastily built original bridges. Replacements are of reinforced concrete which ignore the water's angriest tantrums.

Liard Lodge, B. Y. N. roadhouse at Mile 620, Lower Post, second night stop for passengers on the northbound run. Supplies for this settlement once took weeks to deliver by water; are now trucked in quickly over the highway.





B. Y. N. bus drivers are genial hosts as well as experienced drivers, and passengers like to hobnob with them between rides. Here one is being snapped outside Nisutlin Bay Lodge.



These little houses, painted red, white, green, and blue, stand over Indian cemetery graves outside Champagne, near Mile 975. They are about the size of a doll's house.



An old sourdough reaches eagerly for his mail sack. B. Y. N. bus drivers are also mail carriers whose arrival is a big event in the lives of isolated inhabitants along the Highway. Stops are made at all sorts of dwellings, from grass-roofed log cabins to left-over army Quonset huts. Drivers take care of money orders, sell stamps, spread local news.

FAIRBANKS is 2 days' drive from Whitehorse, and for most of the 608 miles the Highway runs within sight of enormous mountains. First comes the St. Elias Range—towering, jagged, and carved into cats' ears by glaciers. Then you pick up the Wrangell Range, with its unmistakably volcanic cones. Finally the snow-mantled Alaska Range makes its appearance and stays with you all the way to Fairbanks.

A mountain really has to have something to rate a name in this part of the world, but several peaks hereabouts have made the grade. Mt. Hayes is the handsomest, a broad-shouldered king with his crown on, caped in ermine.

The Highway keeps running in and out of dense forests, and is often bordered for miles with wideswathes of fireweed, primroses, daisies and other wild flowers.

Sometimes it is hard to believe this can be the "frozen north," until you notice the trees have short, narrow branches that will not break off under the weight of snow they must carry in winter.

You cross streams that are little more than sprawling mud flats in summer, but are flood-making terrors in spring. You skirt lakes of all sizes, from huge Kluane to nameless puddle-dots. You circle the shoulders of mountains above meandering rivers. There's water everywhere!

Dry Creek, where you spend the night, is at Mile 1184. B.Y.N. busses go no further, so you transfer to the Alaska Coachways for the final lap of your Highway trip. This company operates first class equipment, similar to that of the B. Y. N. We hate to lose you, but we leave you in capable hands. So good-bye, and have fun!

*Ahead are the buildings of Fairbanks,
At the end of a long, lovely drive;
You're sorry the journey is over,
And yet you are glad to arrive
For now you can tell of the Highway
That follows the mountains
and streams,
And blazes a path through the land of
Today's modern pioneers' dreams.*



Mile 1523, the end of the Alaska Highway.

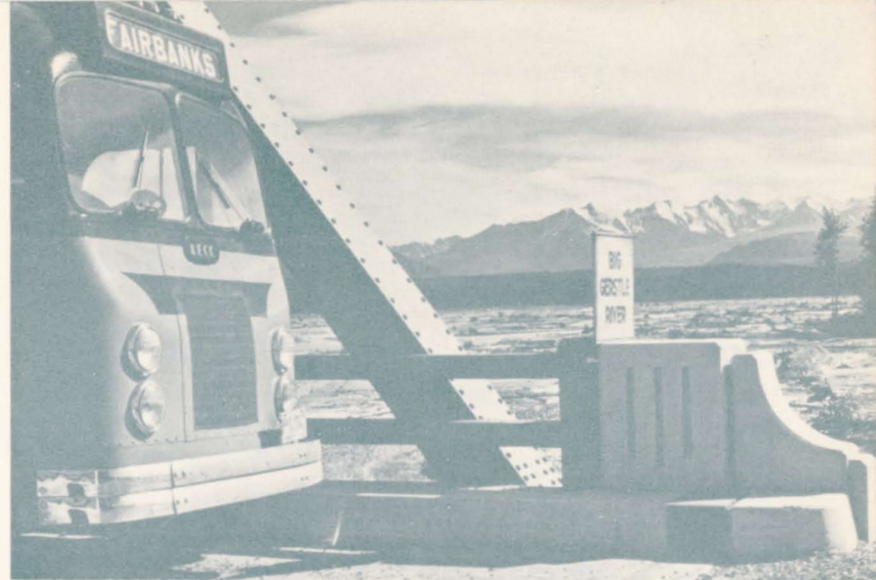
Tok Junction, where U. S. Customs and Immigration officers are located.





At Kluane Lake, Mile 1053, the bus hugs the shore for miles. There's a prehistoric look to this lonely 45-mile-long lake with its stone mountains rising sheer from the water's edge, the ceaseless drifting of volcanic ash across one end, and the swish of waves whispering to winds that blow down from snowy peaks.

The open tundra of the Arctic. This is one of the Highway's few straightaways. The longest of them goes for 24 miles.



Above: Mile 1400. Mountains in the background are part of the Alaska Range which is in sight off and on for 100 miles. Ahead is the Big Delta Game Sanctuary where hundreds of buffalo range and sometimes stray onto the road.

"Dowanna have my pitcher took." But the jovial huskies think it's a great idea. Because many trappers nowadays treat their sled dogs as pets, this once ferocious breed makes safe playmates for children. Come winter, such friendly animals work far better in harness than their abused forebears.



Other Points of Interest in Alaska

THE TRIPS described on the foregoing pages can all be taken in about two weeks from the day you arrive in Skagway, Dawson Creek, or Whitehorse. If you have additional time to spend in the North, you will probably find the following places of particular interest:

Fairbanks: Gold dredges; Ladd Field; the University of Alaska; the farthest north country club in the world.

Nome and Kotzebue: 1200-mile, 2-day round trip flight from Fairbanks. Here you'll see Eskimos at work and at play.

Circle Hot Springs: Reached by bus or plane from Fairbanks; famous for natural hot-spring baths and huge vegetables.

Mount McKinley National Park: 123 miles south of Fairbanks by The Alaska Railroad. Busses run over the 89-mile Park road to Camp Eielson and Wonder Lake, where superb views of North America's highest peak are obtained. If possible, stay over night at Camp Eielson, as Mt. McKinley is most likely to be free of clouds in the early morning.

Anchorage: Alaska's largest city. 233 miles south of McKinley Park by rail; good hunting and fishing on nearby Kenai Peninsula. Mt. Katmai National Monument, "The Valley of 10,000 Smokes," is reached by plane.

Matanuska Valley: 50 miles by bus from Anchorage. This government farming project is now a thriving success.

Seward: 114 miles by rail from Anchorage over the most scenic part of The Alaska Railroad. Connections with southbound coastal steamships can be made here.

Juneau: The capital of Alaska. The Territorial Museum; many foot trails into the mountains; deep sea fishing; 13-mile Glacier Highway bus trip past the celebrated Mendenhall Glacier. Glacier Bay National Monument, 100 miles away, can be reached by charter plane.

Sitka: The old Russian capital. Now a National Monument featuring totem poles and old Russian buildings.

Hints to Alaska-Yukon Travelers

NO passports are required by United States citizens traveling in Canada, or Canadian citizens in Alaska, but some means of identification should be carried.

CLOTHES: The free baggage allowance on trains and boats is 150 lbs.; on busses, 65 lbs. Trunks cannot be handled on busses and won't fit into steamer cabins. Temperatures during the summer months are similar to what you would encounter in Maine or Montana, running between 60° F. and 85° F., with the average about 70° F. The only time you are likely to need a coat is aboard the steamers, when you are out on deck. The ideal topcoat for both men and women is one of light weight, water repellent wool with a detachable lining to put in on cool evenings.

A good basic wardrobe for the feminine contingent may be assembled around a suit having a jacket which can be worn interchangeably with extra skirts and slacks. Jersey and seersucker blouses, and wool or nylon sweaters are ideal "toppers." Add a couple of dresses, perhaps one of corduroy and another of thin wool, and you're all set. Evening clothes are not worn in the North in summer.

Men wear sport clothes everywhere. Slacks, a tweed jacket, a wind-breaker, light weight sweaters and sport shirts are all that will be needed.

Both men and women should bring sturdy walking shoes, bedroom slippers and dressing gown, sun glasses and sunburn preventive.

PHOTOGRAPHY: There are so many irresistible opportunities to take pictures in Alaska and the Yukon that many people unhappily find themselves running out of film long before the end of their trip. If you use color, or anything but the common drug store variety of black and white, you may find it impossible to replenish your supply along the way, so bring as much film with you as you can manage. You can economize on film by asking our personnel where the best shots are, and where pauses are regularly scheduled to allow passengers time to take jiggle-free pictures.

HUNTING: If you want to go after big game, with either a gun or a camera, you can obtain a copy of the current game ordinances and a list of licensed guides by writing the Alaska Game Commission, Juneau, Alaska, or to the Government Agent at Whitehorse, Yukon Territory. Moose, bear, mountain sheep and goats, and caribou are all plentiful, as are grouse, ptarmigan and migratory waterfowl.

The Fairbanks Country Club, a short drive out of town, is open to the public. Guests may be awarded souvenir certificates to prove they have played on the world's farthest north golf course.



Right: Magnificent Mt. McKinley is most likely to be visible in the early morning before the warm air rising from the valley shrouds its icy crest.



Below: Sunrise Peaks, Mt. McKinley National Park. Here there are vast stretches of Alpine moss and flowers.



Above: Flowers of "exhibition" size grow in Alaskan gardens.

Right: Gigantic wild flowers of many kinds border old mining-road trails that lead out into the mountains back of Juneau.



A plane lands on a lake outside Anchorage, bringing in fishermen for a few evening hours of sport. Many such otherwise inaccessible areas are easily reached by air.

Below: In Alaska, little float planes supplement the scheduled airlines, and can be chartered by the trip or by the hour.



The sorcery of the Midnight Sun turns night into day in Alaska and the Yukon, so it's never too late to fish!



Above: The Kenai Range, famous big-game hunting area, seen from The Alaska Railroad between Seward and Anchorage.



Left: Ladies who want to appear to advantage in color pictures or movies will do well to wear red or yellow accessories that stand out against the scenery.



Here Mastodons Once Roamed . . .

THE mighty mountain ranges that sprawl down from Alaska to the tip of South America were born yesterday, geologically speaking. They shoved themselves up during the reign of the giant dinosaurs. The ice sheet which later spread over much of the northern hemisphere caused considerable change to the mountains which got in its way, and evidences of its destructive force are so widespread and conspicuous throughout Alaska and the Yukon that you don't need to be a geologist to recognize them.

On your trip you will cross vast peneplains strewn with boulders dropped by the retreating ice; you will sail down a labyrinth of lakes and rivers carved out by the frozen monster; you will ride along beside mile-high cliffs polished to glassy smoothness; you will see cirques like huge

amphitheatres scooped out of the mountains. And everywhere you will find glaciers still crouching on the mountain tops, licking away the earth with their tongues of melting water in a last-ditch effort to deliver the defiant heights to the sea. Evidence is here, too, that the Arctic was

A glacier busily grinding away a mountain.



not always a cold region. The bones and tusks of mastodons are frequently uncovered by the gold dredges, and coal deposits with their fossilized ferns and trees are proof that not so very long ago this region was covered by a great semi-tropical forest with ample forage for huge beasts. Here and there warm springs still bubble from the earth, a volcano waves a plume of steam or smoke, and layers of volcanic ash, sometimes 6 feet thick, appear in clay riverbanks.

You may never have given it a thought, but you are now living in the Quarternary Period of the Cenozoic Era, and a new geologic age may be just behind the next sun spot. A shift in the direction of the warm Japanese current. . . . a drop of a few degrees in the average temperature. . . . and anything could happen. Better come up here quick, because things are mighty nice just exactly the way they are now!



In the hush of evening the peaks of the Alaska Range seem to float like giant phantoms above the darkening forest.

Summary of Travel Offerings by the White Pass & Yukon Route

**For passengers making a round trip by coastal steamship
between Seattle or Vancouver and Skagway:**

1. "Trail of '98" from Skagway to Bennett and return. 82 miles, 1 day.
2. Skagway to West Taku Arm and return. 303 miles, 2 days.
3. Skagway to Whitehorse and return. 220 miles, 2 days.
4. Skagway to West Taku Arm, Whitehorse, and return. 388 miles, 3 to 5 days.
5. Skagway to Whitehorse, Dawson City and the Klondike, West Taku Arm, and return. 1308 miles, about 11 days.

For Alaska Highway bus passengers:

6. Dawson Creek, British Columbia, to Whitehorse via the Alaska Highway, 919 miles, 3 days.
7. Whitehorse to West Taku Arm and return. 254 miles, 2 days.
8. Whitehorse to Skagway and return. 220 miles, 2 days.

9. Whitehorse to West Taku Arm, Skagway and return. 400 miles, 3 days.
10. Whitehorse to Dawson City and the Klondike, and return. 920 miles, about 9 days.
11. Whitehorse to Dawson City and the Klondike, and return; thence to West Taku Arm, Skagway, and return. 1308 miles, about 11 days.
12. Whitehorse to Fairbanks by bus. 607 miles, 2 days.

For passengers arriving in Whitehorse by plane:

- A. No. 6 in reverse, and Nos. 7 through 12 as above.

Short Circle Trip using bus and coastal steamship:

- B. Nos. 6 and 11 as above, except that at Skagway you would take a southbound steamship instead of returning to Whitehorse.

Longer Circle Trip using bus and coastal steamship:

- C. Nos. 6, 11, and 12. From Fairbanks by train to Mt. McKinley National Park, Anchorage, and Seward, where southbound steamship may be boarded.

Short Circle Trip using bus and airplane:

- D. Nos. 6 and 11 as above, except that at Skagway, instead of returning to Whitehorse, you take a local plane to Juneau where you connect with a southbound international airline.

Long Circle Trip using bus and airplane:

- E. Nos. 6, 11, and 12 as above. At Fairbanks you can get a plane for home. Or you can go by train to Mt. McKinley National Park and Anchorage, getting your return plane there.

All Circle Trips can be made either way.

Mail may be sent in care of the White Pass & Yukon Route's offices in Seattle, Vancouver, Skagway, and Whitehorse. For exact itineraries, costs, and additional information on trips to Alaska and the Yukon, consult your own travel agent or:

A. H. FRASER
General Agent
White Pass & Yukon Route
17 Commerce Building
Vancouver, B. C.

J. G. BLANCHARD
General Passenger Agent
White Pass & Yukon Route
407 Douglas Bldg., P.O. Box 1846
Seattle 11, Washington



On front cover: spectacular Lake Tagish, that winds for 120 miles between snowy peaks and glaciers.

On this side: the Alaska Highway, new link in Alaska-Yukon travel, shown here north of Whitehorse.