Traveler Recommends Alaska-Canada Trip for Beauty of Lake and Forest

Jacksonville — Mrs. Wayne Reavies believes that more travelers should take the route through Canada and Alaska if they wish to see spectacular scenery and have unforgettable adventure. Mrs. Reavies, with her husband and two children, Jack and Cathian, spent seven weeks touring the northland and has written the following impressions.

Whenever we mention having just returned from a motor trip through Canada and Alaska, it is a rare person indeed who does not wistfully say, "You know, that is a trip I have always wanted to take," and, after having traveled the Alaska highway and most of the highway system in Alaska, I can with all sincerity say, by all means, do take it for it will prove one of the most unforgettable experiences you will ever have.

But in order to enjoy it, you must have a lot of pioneering spirit tucked away in your heart, and go forth as a gay adventurer, prepared for almost anything.

You will encounter more beauty than your eyes and brain can possibly absorb; sweeping vistas of gleaming snow-capped mountains, lakes like a necklace of jewels strung along your path, some partly covered by emerald lily pads wearing jaunty yellow-blossoms, some capturing the surrounding trees and hills in their mirror-like surfaces, and all providing homes for excellent trout and pike in their depths—just waiting for the eager angler to wet his line.

Many Accommodations

We reached Dawson cree, B. C. Milepost "O" on the Alaska highway by way of Calgary and Edmonton, both beautiful, thriving, expanding cities. We then prepared for the days upon days of dusty, empty wilderness. It was dusty alright, there's no getting away from that, and for thousands of miles on either side of the road there is wilderness, but the road itself offers many more service stations, groceries, and accommodations than do many of our highways through the southwest. An invaluable aid on this trip is a small book called "The Milepost," published in Cathedral City, Calif., which gives a listing of every spot on the highway and what services are offered, also campsites and places where drinking water may be obtained, and points of interest.

The road is much more heavily travelled than we had anticipated, and not once did we stop (even for lunch) that someone did not pull up beside us to kindly inquire if we were having any trouble and did we need assistance; which gave us a warm comfortable feeling that there are many wonderfully thoughtful folks in the world ready to lend a helping hand.

At Fort Nelson, B.C., we were detained for three days because heavy rains had washed out the road ahead. Through certain areas the highway is rather difficult to maintain because a comparatively heavy rain in the mountains (which shed water like a raincoat) can have disastrous results in the lower canyons. Then too, there are occasional "glacier boils," a thawing spot in a buried glacier that creates a marshy quagmire, almost impossible to overcome. Thinking about the tremendous obstacles that had to be faced in the initial building of this highway, fills one with great admiration for the intrepid souls who undertook this project—as one negro worker so aptly put it, "There's just miles and miles of miles and miles."

After the road was repaired, we found that in every bad place that might have caused difficulty, there were men on D-8 cats waiting to assist if necessary.

Visit Cemetery

There's a very interesting Indian cemetery in a small village called Champagne in the Yukon where they have little houses over each grave, their belief being that the spirit lives therein until such time as it can travel to the happy hunting ground. On the whole, the cemetery was in much better condition than the village itself, with curtains on the tiny windows and picket fences all around, like a Lilliputian hamlet.

Muncho Lake, B.C., Tesline lake and Kluane Lake, Y.T., are the three largest lakes along the way. The waters of Muncho are ever changing from deep green to glistening turquoise; Teslin holds a serenely quiet village on its banks and some of the hugest fresh water fish I've ever seen; Kluane, the largest lake in the Yukon is a creamy powder blue in color. I think an artist could go completely mad in this country for around each bend in the road there is a color and magnificence that if captured on canvas would never be believed by one who has not passed this way. The great Master Painter really used the magic of the rainbow in the far northland.

Whitehorse showed us the splendor of some of the old river boats that once plied the mighty Yukon. They are now all up on skids, but in standing and looking at them, in your minds eye you can envision the days when their decks were teeming with avid gold prospectors and trappers hungry for the wealth that lay in the gold fields and woods of the Klondike. From the "Yukoner," now paintless and desolate; to the "Klondike," still bearing all her fine brass ornamentation; they all could tell a thousand fantastic tales of heartbreak and joy and treasures won and lost in the conquest of the northern wilderness.

Alaska's paved highways were really a delight after over a thousand miles of gravel. Fairbanks, our first stop, proved to be quite a paradox; an unbelievable mixture of the old and the new, the good and the bad; tiny log cabins nestling on the skirt tails of great, tall, ultra-modern steel buildings; dirty, dusty, narrow streets crossing wide clean boulevards; outrageous prices for food and low clothing prices; churches by the dozen and dancehalls by the dozen; flamboyancy and serenity rolled into one. There's an excellent museum at the University of Alaska, about five miles west of Fairbanks. There they have many fine specimens of native animals and birds, and Eskimo and Indian art.

Northernmost Point

Going northward to Circle, which is the northernmost point which can be reached by highway on the American continent, we passed over Eagle Summit where tremendous herds of caribou go through on their migration. A herd that passed there three weeks before our arrival were estimated at 40,000 head. Wolves always follow these herds, and woe be unto any stragglers. Bounty hunters in planes locate a herd of caribou and shoot the wolves for they can get a $50 bounty and $15 for each pelt. Circle is a tiny village of about 60 people. We were fortunate enough to be there when a river boat arrived from Ft. Yukon, and the entire populace turned out to watch the landing.

The trip south along the Richardson and Glenn highways to Anchorage made us feel very luxurious as the the highway had been newly resurfaced most of the way, almost as if old man Alaska was rolling out the black velvet carpet just for us. There were moose up to their knees in lakes, munching on lily pad roots and they disdainfully ignored our presence; beavers, busy as always; mountain sheep cavorting on precipitous slopes and bald eagles lazily sweeping the skies with their huge wings. And the ever-present, ever-changing mountains. The Matanuska valley was a crazy quilt of velvety looking hay fields and striped brown and green potato and cabbage patches.

Anchorage Thrives

Anchorage is a thriving city, wide thoroughfares and beautiful homes and gardens, and literally buzzing with the drone of thousands of aircraft, both private and commercial. Where our auto traffic is a problem here, their aircraft traffic is a problem there.

The Kenai Peninsula is one of the loveliest spots in Alaska, and afforded us some really fine fishing in Deep creek, which flows into Cook Inlet. The silver salmon and Dolly Varden trout were running and both are a delight to even the most jaded palate. There are canneries along the way where you can have your catch smoked or canned at a reasonable price.

The Richardson highway down to Valdez offers the most spectacular scenery of the entire trip and should never be by-passed by the traveler. You can run the gamut on this one—rolling hills and gigantic peculiarly shaped mountains, high meadows and low birch forests, quiet streams and turbulent rivers. The Worthington glacier can be climbed upon, and you can shudder while peeking down huge apparently bottomless clefts and delight at the brilliant electric blue shadows on its icy face, and even munch on the crystal-like ice you can chip while standing on a shelf over a rushing stream that careens down under the glacier. Keystone canyon, just a few miles porth of Valdez, has sheer rock walls towering sometimes 500 feet above you. It is just wide enough for the highway and the Lowe river, a milk gray violent stream with the mad pace of a fugitive trying vainly to escape its rocky prison. Here, too, are the breathtaking cascades of Bridal Veil and Horse Tail falls, falling almost sheer down 300 feet to the river below.

Yes, it was a memorable trip. Oh, there were times when we'd have traded our eye teeth for the sight of a bathtub to soak in, and a good laundry and a cessation of the hum and buzz of the ever-present mosquito. But, as we shook the dust of the journey from our shoes and unpacked the boxes and suitcases and various impedimenta included on any camping trip, we looked at each other and remembering all the wonderful things we had seen and the fine kindly people we had met—said, "Let's do it again, and soon."

Dead line Sunday Classified is at noon Saturday 10 a.m Monday for Monday; other days 5:30 previous day

Women May Decide Election Head of Foundation Declares

By GAY PAULEY
United Press Correspondent

New York — (U.P.) — The head of the American Heritage Foundation believes that this year for the first time the women may decide the outcome of the presidential election.

Gay Pauley

"That's my own opinion," said John C. Cornelius, president of the non-partisan organization. "I'm not speaking for the foundation."

Cornelius, an affable man who used to be an advertising agency executive, said a look at the figures voters' backed up his prediction.

This year, he said, the Foundation estimates there are 104,866,000 eligible voters — 53,700,000 of them women. Women outnumber the men by 2,500,000.

In 1952, he said, an estimated 31,100,000 men voted, compared with 30,500,000 women. The totals represented 65 per cent of the men eligible to vote; 59 per cent of the women.

Still Climbing

"But," he added, "the percentage of women voting has been climbing since suffrage.

"This year, we expect more women to vote than ever before. And, we expect them to outnumber the men both in numbers and percentage of eligibles."

"That is," Cornelius added, "if they go to the polls with the same zeal with which they've been working so far."

Cornelius said he never had seen women more active in politics than this year — either working for the election of one specific candidate, for a whole party slate, or on a non-partisan level, to increase voter interest.

Why all this femine enthusiasm?

"I think women just naturally have more sense about these things . . . they're realists," he said. "They seem more conscientious than men about their duties as citizens."

Cornelius said that in 1952, some 53 national organizations worked with the foundation to get out the vote.

This year, 144 organizations, a big chunk of them women's groups, are participating in what he called "the campaign against the third party —— the party of indifference."

Well, with the feminine vote increasingly powerful, what are a woman's chances of one day being President?

"Not very good," said Cornelius.

"I doubt if we ever have a woman President. The women themselves will prevent it.

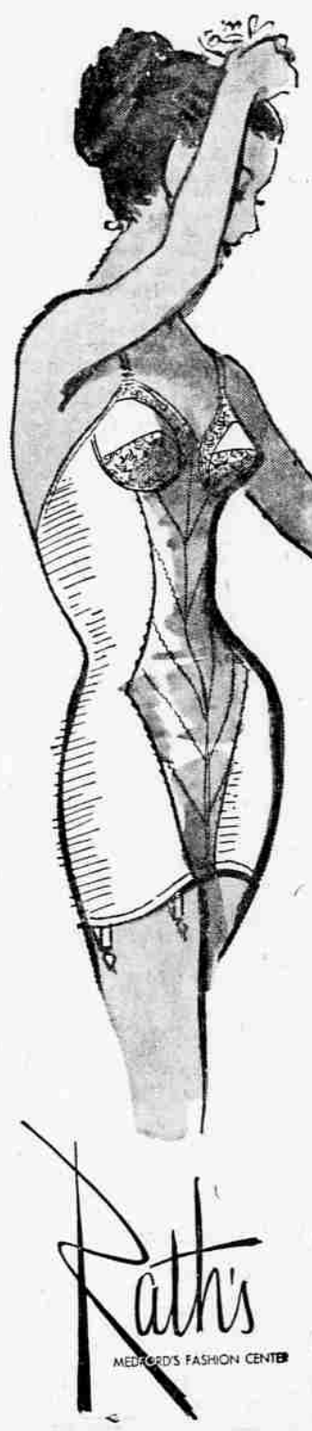
"I've yet to talk to a woman on the subject who didn't say, 'That's one job for a man'!"

One way to conserve butter. Use bacon drippings to moisten bread crumbs for casserole toppings.

Wins Burns Contest

Mrs. Oliver P. Mann, route 3, box 73, Medford, has been named winner of a set of the Encyclopedia Americana in the weekly contest conducted by Eugene Burns, naturalist-writer. Burns' column, "Is That So?" appears four times weekly in the Mail Tribune.

Each week Burns offers a set of the encyclopedias for the most interesting letter or question on wildlife. Mrs. Mann's article was on quail.



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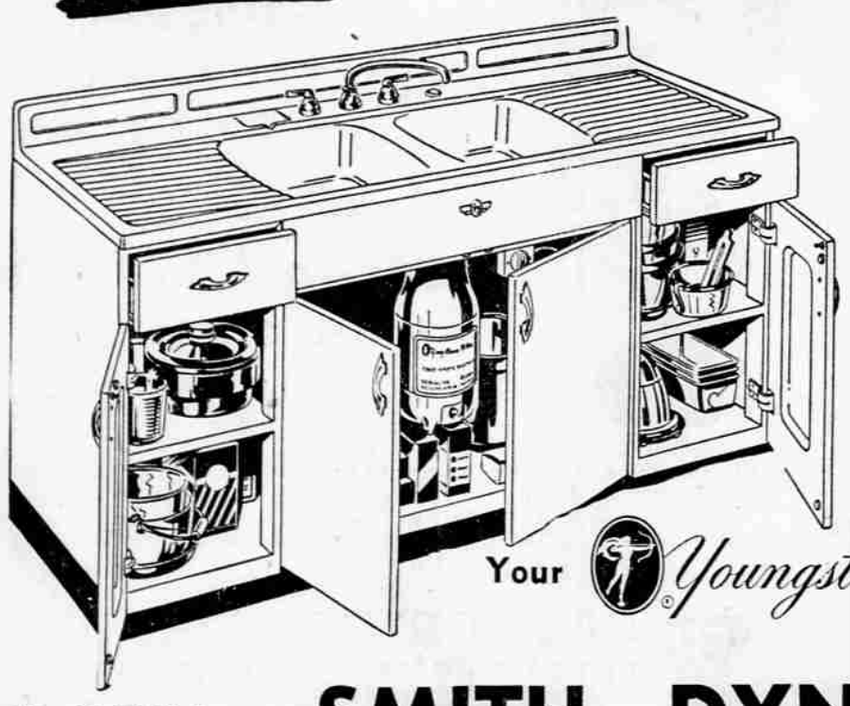

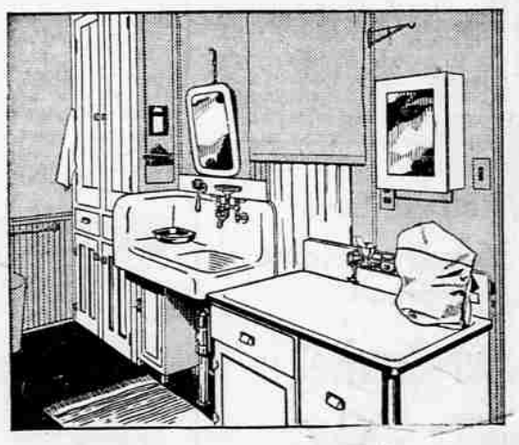

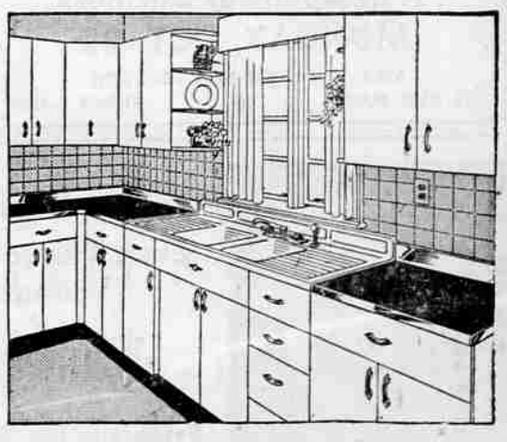

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