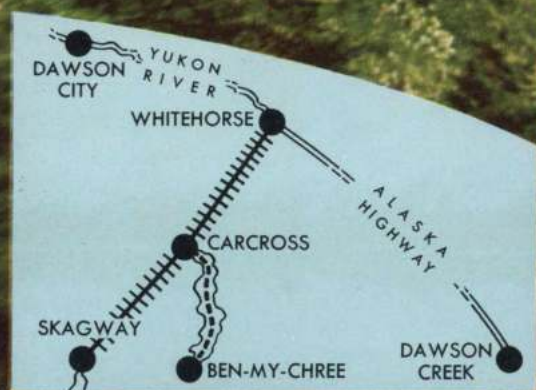


**THE LURE OF
ALASKA**
and the **YUKON**

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WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE

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UP NORTH there's a land where Nature hurled together great chains of mountains, draped them with glaciers, sliced them with rivers, gouged them with lakes, channeled them with fjords, fringed them with forests, and then tossed over their feet vast carpets of flower-dappled tundra. . . .

That's Alaska and the Yukon, where a vacation is more than a pleasant trip with friendly companions—it's an adventure.

You'll follow the same route taken by the gold-fevered prospectors of '98 up the storied Inside Passage, over the high White Pass, down the mighty Yukon to the Klondike. You'll explore the very spots where history was made . . . see places where it is still in the making.

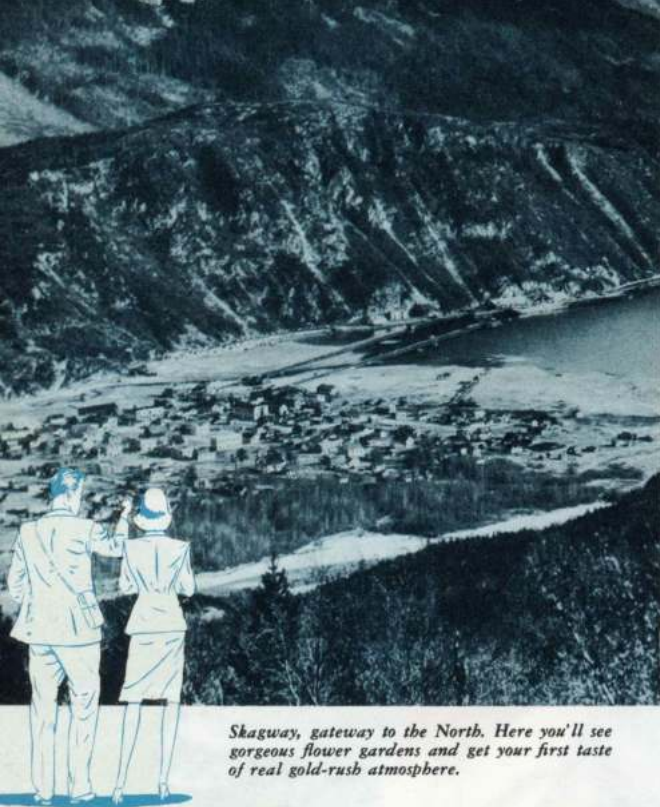
Past your steamer chair and train window will flow miles and miles of snow-capped peaks—hundreds and thousands of them, range after saw-toothed range of them! You'll travel through a primitive, unspoiled country where wild animals far outnumber the humans, where rushing streams are filled with game fish.

From the moment your steamer noses into the calm waters of the Inside Passage and starts threading its way between the wooded islands that stretch for a

Whitehorse Rapids, where the Upper Yukon becomes a foaming cataract. Here '98ers risked capsizing as they shot through on equipment-laden rafts.

thousand miles up the northwestern edge of the continent, you'll feel the lure of the mysterious, exciting North. For three days and four nights your ship glides through an untouched wilderness where mountains poke holes in the sky and close-packed regiments of spruce and hemlock march silently down their flanks to the water's edge.

You'll have time to explore the little towns where your steamer stops—to see the totem poles at Alert Bay; the sprawling, empty, military installations at Prince Rupert; the fishing fleet at Ketchikan; Chief



Skagway, gateway to the North. Here you'll see gorgeous flower gardens and get your first taste of real gold-rush atmosphere.

Shakes' Indian Community House at Wrangell; the magnificent Mendenhall Glacier and the famous Territorial Museum at Juneau.

Finally your steamer heads into the narrow, rock-walled inlet called Lynn Canal. You are nearing the end of the Inside Passage . . . nearing the start of an experience you'll talk about for the rest of your life.

"Greetings, Cheechako!"

Your steamer sidles up to its dock and you are in Skagway, at the beginning of the Trail of '98 that leads to the Klondike and the fabulous town of Dawson.

Although bearded miners no longer storm into the Skagway saloons and bang their pokes of gold onto the bars, the atmosphere of those early days still clings to the town. Many of the original buildings are still standing, making the place look just like the setting for a western movie thriller. Skagway folks have the open-handed friendliness of a pioneer community, and will cordially greet you as "Cheechako," the Alaskans' name for newcomer.

When the first stampeders landed on the Skagway beach in July, 1897, there was nothing there but one lone trading post. As more and more thousands poured in, frame buildings sprang up, encircled by thousands of tents which sheltered the prospectors while they

assembled their equipment for the long, grim trek to the gold diggings.

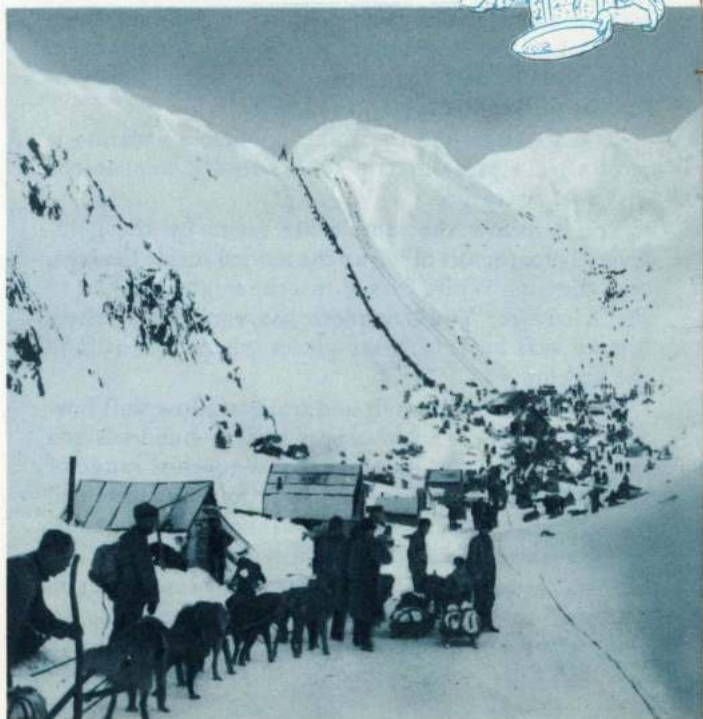
Where Time Steps Backward

Today Skagway has settled down to the peaceful ways of an important railway terminus, the start of the White Pass & Yukon Route. But the shops still display merchandise left over from the old days, and a visit to "Ma" Pullen's museum, crammed with relics of the past, makes you feel you have stepped back fifty years in time.

You'll hear many a story about Soapy Smith, the '98 bad man who terrorized the neighborhood, and you'll want to visit his former headquarters, "Jeff Smith's Parlor," with its outlandish animated waxworks.

When you leave your steamer you'll be in a hurry to board the White Pass & Yukon's luxurious parlor cars for the trip along the original miners' trail. But on your return you'll have time to explore Skagway, and you'll probably spend the last hours before your steamer sails at a rip-snortin' "Days of '98" party uptown. You'll be supplied with wads of phoney money with which to gamble recklessly. You'll cut fancy capers to right snappy music, along with authentically costumed dance-hall gals, sassiety ladies, and high-steppin' sourdoughs. It's a grand wind-up for your trip through the gold country!

The Trail of '98. Actual photo taken in 1898. Shows long lines of prospectors plodding up the winter trail to the top of Chilkoot Pass.





Your train follows mountain-ringed Lake Bennett for 26 miles. Wild flowers spangle the shore line; red cliffs flaunt streaks of "gold."

All Aboard for Bennett and Whitehorse!

The White Pass & Yukon is a narrow gauge railway because much of its road bed, hacked out of solid rock, practically spirals up the sides of mountains. The parlor cars have easy chairs which can be shoved every which way, and enormous windows that eliminate neck-craning.

Between Skagway and Lake Bennett the train follows closely the old route of the '98ers. From your seat you can see many pieces of the old wagon road with its rotted corduroy bridges. You travel ten miles an hour where the '98'ers made three miles a day. At Dead Horse Gulch you can plainly trace the wicked trail on which thousands of overburdened pack animals perished.

As your train crawls around one bend after another, and breath-taking new vistas of magnificent glacier-scoured mountains come into view, you'll be tempted to work your camera furiously. But if you are making the return trip, save your film. On the way back down the train will pause at the most spectacular spots to let you shoot with motionless accuracy.

Bennett! All Out for Lunch!

Here everybody piles into the big dining room in the station, where long tables are heaped with platters of delicious victuals that would have made a '98er's eyes bulge out. Help yourself, but don't dawdle, for you want time to inspect the lovely little log church started by the stampedeers but never finished. Say your

"good-byes" to those who are turning around and taking the afternoon train back to Skagway. It's really a shame they are going to miss so much by not going on!

Now for 26 miles you'll ride along beside mountain-girt Lake Bennett. Once it was jammed with scows, rafts and boats, built along the shore for the long voyage to Dawson and gold. Wild ducks are all that float on its surface today. Notice how the great red cliffs are streaked with what looks like solid gold. No wonder those ledges are riddled with abandoned mines, for any one could mistake that gleaming porphyry for genuine motherlode.

Tales of the Early Days

Twelve miles north of Bennett you pass from British Columbia into Yukon Territory. The jagged, bare rock mountains taper off onto a wide green valley, and soon you come to Carcross, short for "Caribou Crossing."

Here a treat awaits those making the incomparable side trip from Carcross to Ben-My-Chree. On their return Patsy Henderson, a full-blooded Indian who was with one of the first white men to discover gold in the Klondike, gives an enthralling talk about those hectic early days, and tells something of how his people lived before the coming of the white man.

From Carcross you travel over a wide open plain, dotted with ponds, ringed with mountains. You cross the famous Alaska Highway; glimpse the Lewes, or Upper Yukon River; and then you are in Whitehorse.



(Above) As your steamer glides through linked lakes and river, placid surface of the water, wild game stares fearlessly from the banks.

(Left) Famed Five Finger Rapids of the Yukon. Your steamer shoots through downstream—coming back, it inches along clinging to a cable.

MEET THE YUKON

Whitehorse is head of navigation for the stern-wheeled steamers that ply the Yukon. They can go no further upstream, for just above Whitehorse are the rampaging White Horse Rapids, so called because the foaming waters look like the tossing manes of galloping white horses.

Follow the five mile road which runs past the Rapids and on to Miles Canyon, and you'll see why many a rafting stamper, with more courage than skill in navigation, overturned and drowned here.

Pay your respects to the *Bonanza King* and the *Yukoner*, retired river steamers hauled up on the ways near the docks. Attend the illustrated lecture on the glamorous past given by the rector of The Old Log Church. And for violent contrast, take a drive through the maze of abandoned military and Canol installations which, for a brief time, restored to Whitehorse the frenzy of her hey-day.

You Sail from Whitehorse for Dawson

Your cabin aboard the river steamer is snug and immaculate, with a door opening on deck, but you will spend little time there. Who wants to sleep, when it never grows dark, when every bend in the river brings fresh surprises?

The whole ship is yours. There is no formality. You powwow with the officers;

go down and watch the fireman throwing great four-foot logs into the furnace; or drop into the galley for a cup of coffee and a snack. There'll be a bridge tournament, and impromptu entertainment evenings. But most of your time will be spent on deck, watching the world slip by and relaxing down to your toes.

Something Doing Every Minute

Although the scenery gets top billing, there are many other attractions which compete for your attention. Little Indian villages pop into sight along the river, where natives live in store-bought tents but still cook over open fires and dry their strings of red salmon just as their forebears did. When big game is sighted, swimming across the river or wandering along the shore, the pilot toots the whistle to make sure nobody misses anything. During stops at trading posts or to "wood up," you can go ashore, or fish for grayling over the rail. The cook will prepare your catch in his tastiest fashion, which is plenty tasty! These river steamers are noted for the excellence of the food served on them.

At Five Finger Rapids four immense boulders divide the river into five slim fingers, only one of which is navigable. While your heart stands still, the pilot maneuvers the ship through what seems to be a channel impossibly blocked by solid rock, shooting over the rushing, whirling torrent and out into the





...rivers, fish break the
...timbered shores.



smooth waters ahead. Now you'll understand why "swift-water" pilots are held in such esteem among river men!

At Fort Selkirk you may hear a new version of the theory that "Thar's gold in them thar hills." Look closely at the Pelly Ramparts, opposite the old log buildings that were used as military barracks in gold rush days. Those high palisades are volcanic rock—and geologists are saying they are identical with diamond-bearing strata found in other localities.

For 460 miles the mighty Yukon is your pathway through almost uninhabited wilderness. It seems incredible that fifty years ago this lonely river was swarming with all manner of craft, hundreds of them stuck on sand bars, other hundreds fighting to beat the next fellow into Dawson. But when you walk the streets of this fantastic town, where dance halls,

saloons, and gambling joints once ran wide open around the clock, you'll need but little imagination to conjure up a picture of how the place must have throbbed at the height of its fever.

The City that Gold Built

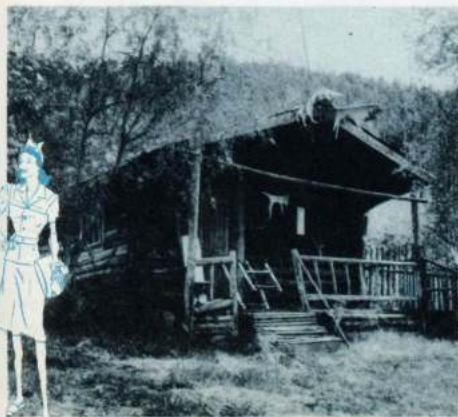
Mining is still going on—but huge dredges and powerful hoses have replaced the pick and shovel. Only a few die-hards still pan for a living along the creeks which earned for themselves such names as Bonanza and Eldorado. Want to try your own luck? Go right ahead! Rumors are in the air that another strike has been . . . will be . . . made. And perhaps—who knows—you might be the one to make it!

Prowl about in the curio shops, which are full of nugget jewelry, carved mastodon ivory, and furs. Pay a visit to Robert Service's cabin. Stroll past the barracks of the romantic Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Eat at restaurants, where bear, moose, or partridge may be on the menu. Above all, talk to the citizens, who fall willingly into conversation and often invite visitors to their homes.

The Lazy Voyage Home

While your steamer beats its way back against the current you lose all sense of time, because there is no darkness to separate one day from another. You'll see the sights you slept through on the way down.

At Tantalus Butte take the four mile walk through the woods to Carmacks, while your steamer labors for two hours to make a difficult loop in the river. At Five Finger Rapids watch how she gets pulled through on a cable, which is almost as thrilling as the headlong dash from the opposite direction. Before you know it you're back in Whitehorse, saying a reluctant "Good-bye" to the captain and crew. If you tell them, "I'll be back!" they will believe you, because so many *do* come back—over and over again.



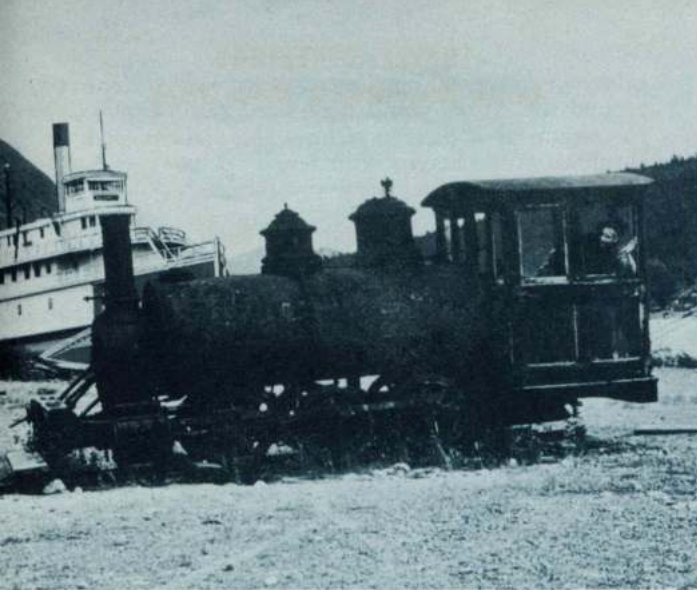
Robert W. Service's cabin at Dawson.



New sights at every turn of the Yukon.



The Midnight Sun from a Yukon steamer deck.



First locomotive in the Yukon—the little "Duchess," now in honorable retirement at Carcross. In rear, the steamer *Tutshi*, which takes you to enchanting Ben-My-Chree.



Dawson City, where the Klondike with its gold-bearing sands empties into the Yukon. Here you will visit the spots that made gold-strike history.

DON'T MISS BEN-MY-CHREE

Would you capture in one short day the essence of the grandeur, the serenity, the inspiration of the North? Would you relive a dream that came true deep in the wilderness where the glory of sunlit peaks is doubled by their reflection in glassy blue water? Then board the steamer *Tutshi* at Carcross, and sail down Lake Tagish for the overnight trip on West Taku Arm to Ben-My-Chree, once the home of a beloved couple who came north to seek wealth, and stayed because they found true happiness.

You sail for almost 150 miles through a land where lakes are like long, wide rivers; where range on range of majestic, white-shawled mountains sweep back in waves as far as the eye can reach; where brilliantly hued flowers trail scarves of many colors around the water's edge, and moose come down to drink. This is different from anything you've seen before—more intimate than the Inside Passage; more soothing than the train ride; more awesome than the Yukon River trip.

A World of Mountains

Late in the afternoon you pass through the narrow Golden Gate, and out into West Taku Arm. You are in a world that seems to belong completely to the encircling mountains and their mantling glaciers. You wonder why the *Tutshi* is nuzzling up to the shore, why you are given the signal to disembark.

You walk along a path and suddenly you are in a flower garden, where dahlias, peonies, stocks, delphiniums and even pansies are growing to such gigantic size they appear to be competing with the mountains that tower up behind them.

You come to a cluster of buildings, with flowers reaching for the eaves—the home that Otto Partridge

built for the woman who trudged on foot over that dreadful White Pass trail to join him, her husband. This is the home he named "Ben-My-Chree," his native Manx for Girl of My Heart, and where he and his wife rejoiced to welcome all comers. They have passed away now, but the spirit of their warm hospitality hovers over this lovely spot. Inside the house drop your card in the box on the table—it will mingle with those of many of the world's great who have made the pilgrimage to this enchanted retreat.

An Adventure in Contentment

All too soon comes the time for departure. As you sail back there may be northern lights ablaze in the sky, and while you watch them you will think how the Partridges must have been delighted by them, sharing their beauty with no regrets for the mine nearby where their hopes of worldly wealth were buried under a tremendous rock slide. You will know why they stayed on, too in love with the country ever to leave it. And perhaps you will find that you have left something of yourself back there at Ben-My-Chree, carrying away in exchange an unforgettable and precious vision of true contentment on earth.

If Your Time is Limited . . . Fly One Way

Both Canadian Pacific Airlines and Pan American World Airways fly to Whitehorse, and many travelers enjoy the startling contrast between swift, modern planes and the lazy tempo of the lake and river steamers. By arriving in Whitehorse on sailing day, in fifteen or sixteen days you can visit Dawson City, Ben-My-Chree, and Skagway, with time left for the voyage home down the Inside Passage.



By Bus Over the Scenic Alaska Highway

New, luxurious "Pony Cruiser" busses now operate over the fascinating Alaska Highway between Dawson Creek, B. C. and Whitehorse, making three weekly trips in each direction. (You can travel by train from Edmonton, Alberta, to Dawson Creek—not to be confused with Dawson City, Y. T., 1500 miles to the north). The 919 mile trip is broken by two overnight stops at clean, comfortable roadhouses, as well as by pauses for luncheons and snacks along the highway.

"Pony Cruisers" have big windows and individual reclining seats. Your driver cheerfully acts as Tour Guide, calling out the sights of unusual interest. Starting from Dawson Creek you roll across wide, flat uplands covered with spruce, with the country gradually becoming more rugged as you approach the Canadian Rockies. The road follows along timbered ridges and crosses rivers flowing into Hudson Bay, the Arctic Ocean, and the Bering Sea. It skirts high mountains and hurries past hundreds of lakes known only to trappers before the highway was put through. Perhaps some day people will talk of the Alaska Highway as the "Trail of the Nineteen-forties," and you will nod sagely and say, "I remember when I traveled it. Let me tell you. . . ."

Ben-My-Chree, beautiful wilderness homestead.



West Taku Arm, on the way to Ben-My-Chree. Be on the lookout for mountain goats, bear, moose, caribou.



TRAVEL OFFERINGS by the White Pass & Yukon Route

For passengers arriving in Skagway, the following trips are scheduled to provide conveniently close connections with the arrival and departure of ocean steamers:

1. "The Trail of '98" Tour from Skagway to Bennett and return. 1 day.
2. Skagway to West Taku Arm (Ben-My-Chree) and return. 2 days.
3. Skagway to Whitehorse and return. 2 days.
4. Skagway to West Taku Arm (Ben-My-Chree), Whitehorse and return. 3-5 days.
5. Skagway to Whitehorse, Dawson City, West Taku Arm (Ben-My-Chree) and return. About 10 days.

Passengers traveling to Whitehorse by bus or plane may arrange for any of the following trips:

6. Whitehorse to Skagway and return. 2 days.
7. Whitehorse to West Taku Arm (Ben-My-Chree) and return. 2 days.
8. Whitehorse to West Taku Arm (Ben-My-Chree), Skagway and return. 3 days.
9. Whitehorse to Dawson City and return. About 8 days.
10. Whitehorse to Dawson City and return; thence to West Taku Arm (Ben-My-Chree) and Skagway. About 10 days.

For exact itineraries, costs and suggestions for other more comprehensive trips through Alaska and the Yukon, consult your TRAVEL AGENT or:

E. B. BARTEAU
General Agent
17 Commerce Building
Vancouver, B. C.

J. G. BLANCHARD
General Passenger Agent
407 Douglas Building
P. O. Box 1846
Seattle 11, Washington

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