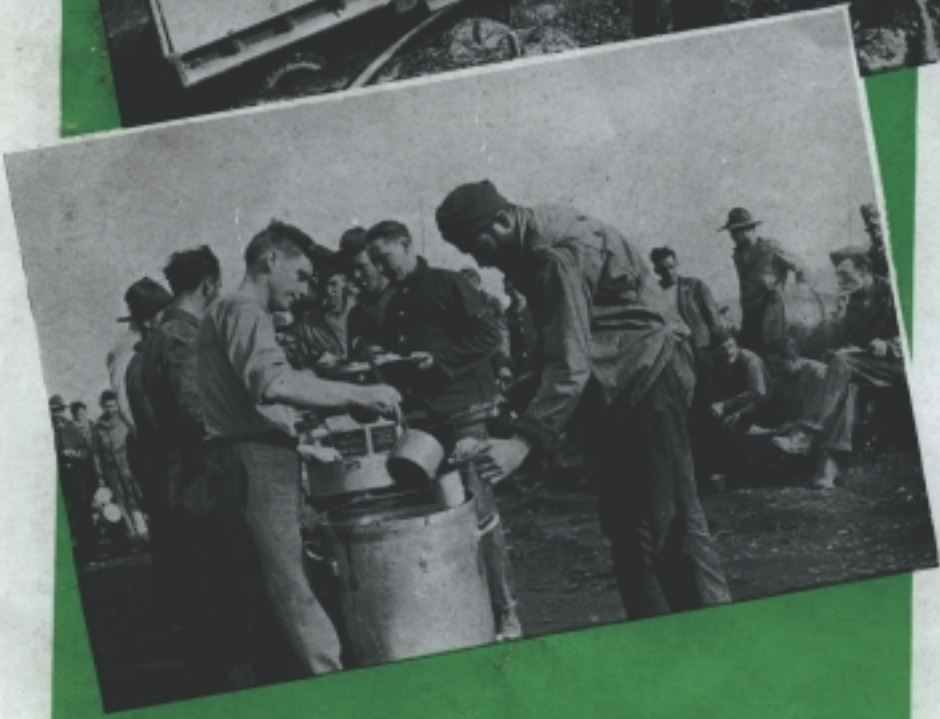
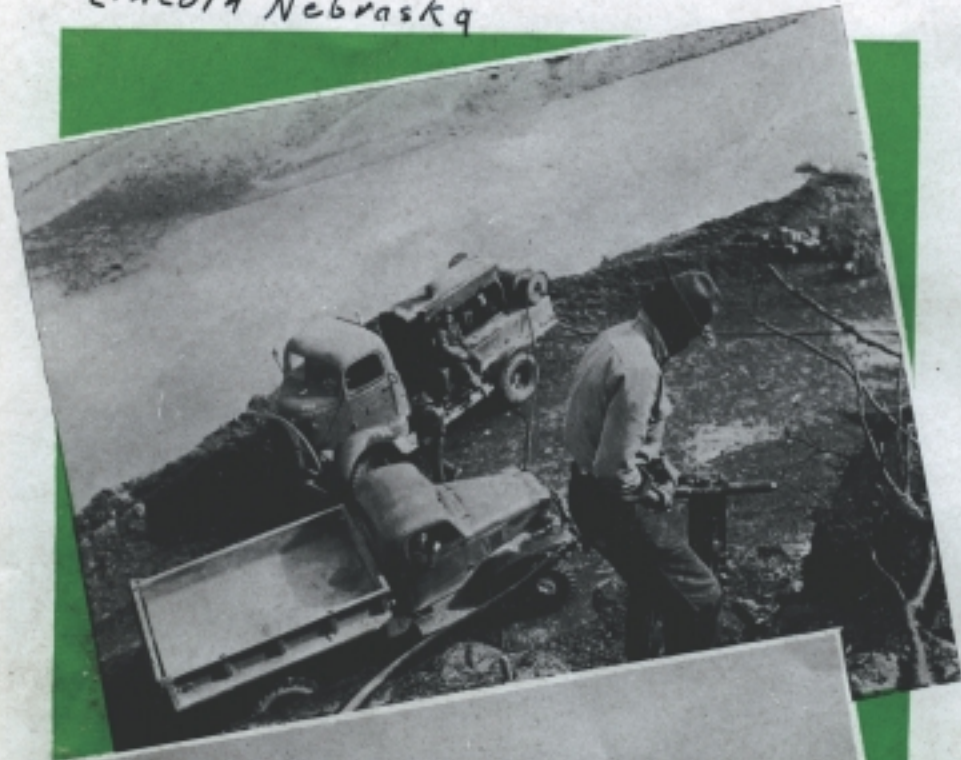


The best of everything
G. Pal Schafersman
Lincoln Nebraska



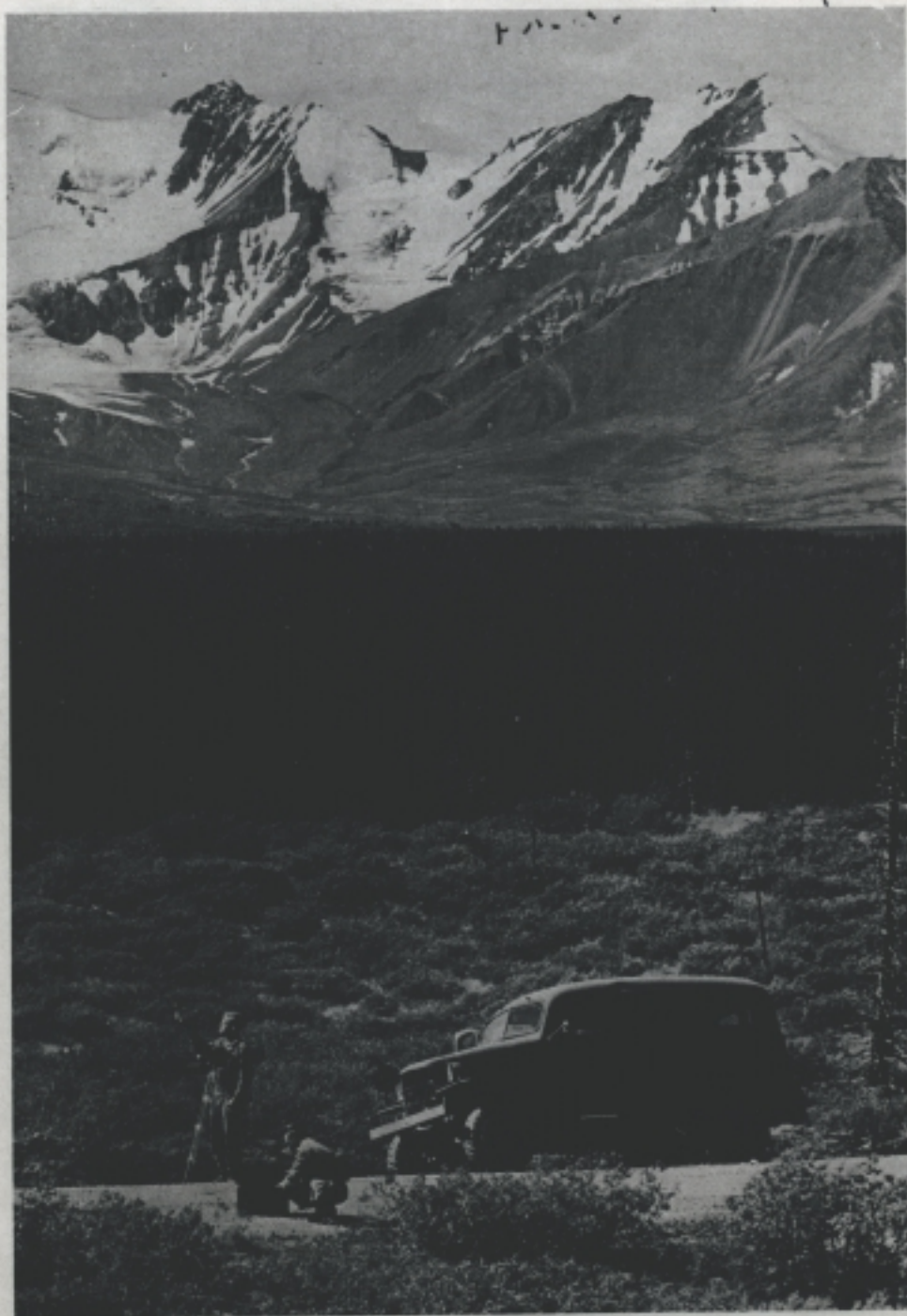
KNOCKING DOWN GLACIAL CLIFF

CHOW TIME

(34)

"The Course"

Johis F. Friendshaw
316 Blair Hill
Golconda, Ont.



(35)

PHOTOGRAPHER'S HEAVEN

Fred A. Ludwig
849 Riverside Drive
International Falls, Minn.
"Where the North begins".



*Julie Kaitzel
Best wishes from a
U.S.E.D. Vagabond
From near the Equator
to near the ARCTIC CIRCLE*

*Best wishes
from
W.S. Yault*

Just around the corner

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

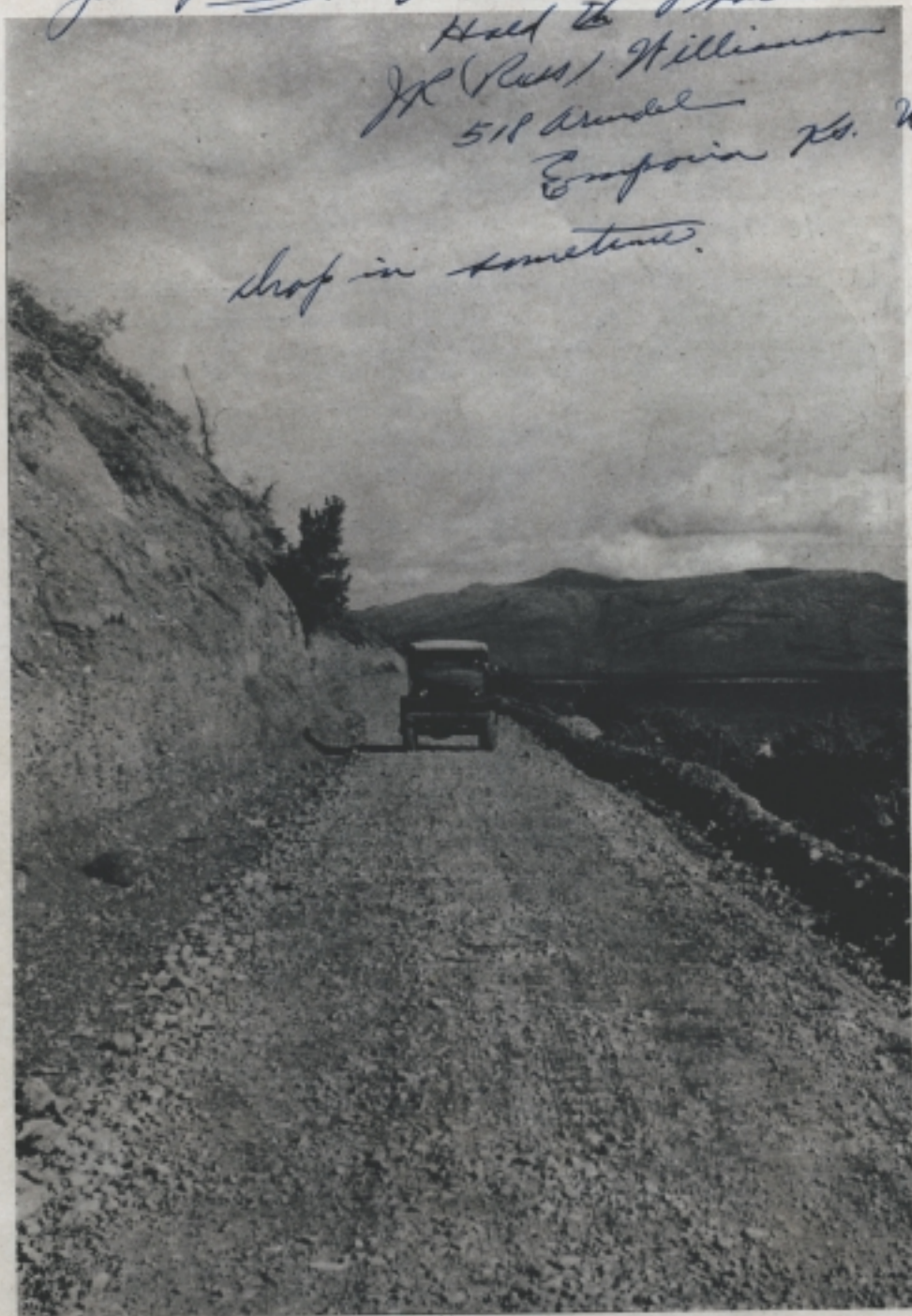
*Don't take Chicago
Don't take Wallaby
K.C. U.S.A.*

(36)

To me American & a nice Canadian
the stop in the Yukon would never
have been complete without
your pleasant quips.

Hold to the Phone
J.R. (Russ) Williamson
511 Arundel
Emporia Ks. U.S.A.

Drop in sometime.



CUT ALONG MOUNTAIN BASE

(37)

Ruth T. Banister

The Alaska Highway

TALES *about the Road*

Who Does He Remind You of
That's Right.
Fred
Xavier
hombradi
The
long Island
Puckling



"COPPER JOE," OLDEST INDIAN
AT BURWASH LANDING

Soft wisps of gray smoke rose from the chimney of an isolated log cabin in the vast, uncharted wilderness north of Whitehorse, Yukon.

Mrs. Dorothy MacKintosh reflected as she watched the flames through the open door in her mountain stove leap and dodge. Sparks broke free, sputtered and died.

She was alone, a lone white woman in a wild, frozen hinterland.

She looked back on the days when she had graduated from Columbia University with the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy. She and her husband had come to the Yukon seven years ago. He was a former member of the Northwest Mounted Police during the Klondike gold rush, and had returned to the country he loved to try and regain his health, taking his wife with him. They

settled at Bear Creek, 100 miles from Whitehorse.

Three years later, in 1938, her husband died while the couple was on a visit to the outside. Life in the north was more attractive for her than her native California so Mrs. MacKintosh returned to Bear Creek.

She operates a little trading post, tending to the wants of Indians, trappers and prospectors.

She smiled as she relaxed in an easy chair. She smiled because civilization, from which she and her husband had fled, had been brought to her own front door.

Yes, construction of the Alaska Highway brought civilization to the door of Mrs. MacKintosh's trading post cabin. And it made her happy.

* * * *

Indians living in the sparsely-inhabited country through which The Road runs thought the white men who came to build the highway were crazy.

One of the chiefs in the Fort Nelson area came upon a huge bulldozer pushing its way through

