

The Alaska Highway

giant trees. Later, telling the story of meeting that "monster" the chief said, "I thought it was the old devil himself, kicking down trees and digging in the earth."

* * *

Even-tempered and philosophical, the Indians couldn't grasp what all the speed was about. They understood that a road was being built, but why, they asked, was everybody in such a hurry?

When told about Hitler's plans for world conquest, one of them said, "What's he want all that land for, he sure die some day."

* * *

U.S. Engineer soldiers arriving in Fort St. John about March 19th sat in pontoons towed behind trucks.

As they rode through the town they waved and cheered from their places in the pontoons, which eventually were used to bridge rivers and streams. It was a new wrinkle for folks in this trading post town.

"Imagine," one woman said as she watched them going through the town, "getting to St. John by boat."

* * *

There's one Indian, George Johnston, of Teslin Bay, who thinks the Alaska Highway is a swell idea.

In 1933, George purchased an automobile after a good season on his trap line. The car was shipped by rail and water about the same time as George realized that cars need roads.



Undaunted, he cleared out three miles of road through the bush, decided to make the car pay for itself by operating it up and down his private road and charging his friends for pleasure rides.

The Alaska Highway may help George's business.

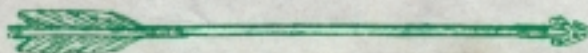
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American soldiers have cursed the pesky mosquitoes in a dozen dialects. The stories about these "dive-bombers" are many and varied. There's one about how two soldiers filled a huge mosquito with several hundred gallons of gasoline before they realized it wasn't a Douglas transport.

* * *

Two mosquitoes in a tent were discussing the merits of two sleeping doughboys. One said, "Let's not eat them here. Let's drag them outside."

"Oh, no," the other replied, "if we do the big fellows will get them."



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EDMONTON

Crossroads of the World

I was born in 1792.

I was conceived in the mind of a trader whose intrepid search for lovely, gleaming, luxurious furs to deck milady's shoulders at the King's Court in London, brought him far up the Saskatchewan River.

I found my first home in the fort which my creator built, sturdy and strong from the pines and spruce. I was nurtured among the Indians and a few whites who came to trade.

I remember the first ox cart. In the eyes of the man and woman it carried I saw reflected my own image. I saw more come by saddle, oxtean, covered wagon. Wives and children joined husbands and fathers.

Their products filled the granaries and the sheds. The railroad came . . . the immigrants came . . . for the land here is good land, the valleys are fertile, the rivers broad and stored beneath are the very riches of heaven—coal, oil, salt.

I sent my sons away in 1914 but when they returned, new life came to me. Strength was added to strength, and my vision grew wide as the great northland itself. Radium, gold, silver, zinc, lead, tungsten, iron.

I am getting along in years now. Soon I shall see my one hundred and fifty-second year. But I am not old. Rather, I am young again. The pride and vitality of youth flows through me.

I strove because I was earthbound. But now I have taken to the air and the world is on my doorstep.

I see Russia, China, Japan, India, just over my borders, and to reach them you must come through my home.

I am not satisfied yet: I saw the fur trader come—I spurred him on, and his bundles are now even greater. I saw the farmer come—I inspired him, and his produce feeds the world of hungry people. I saw the pioneers come—merchant, minister, farmer, builder, newsman, industrialist, pilot. I challenged them all to achieve.

But I am not satisfied. Now I send them into fields they did not reach yesterday.

I am the spirit of a new world; I am the spirit of industry and enterprise.

I am the spirit of Edmonton.—R.T.R.



Dear Danda
I've turned the
page over and see
to see what she
has written back
and she's in the
included of it
I'll write you
name (you find it
me not?)
Burdie
May Belesford
11135-123 St
Edmonton
Phone 82692

(40)



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