

A Trip to Alaska

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MOST people, I think, enjoy travelling. That is, when there are interesting places to visit and beautiful scenery to be enjoyed. With the war going on, Europe is practically closed to the ordinary traveler, and people are commencing to take more trips in Canada and the United States.

Perhaps one of the most beautiful and interesting trips I know of, is one which we took this summer. Starting from Montreal we went by way of Toronto and the Great Lakes to Fort William. Leaving there we went to Winnipeg and Medicine Hat, where we took the Crow's Nest line to Kootenay Landing.

From the time one enters British Columbia until one leaves it, there is a succession of glorious mountain scenery, and the trip on Kootenay Lake and River is a perfect delight. Along the banks, every here and there, are fruit ranches or summer places, and it must be an ideal place to stop.

Nelson is a town built on the side of one of the foothills, and right on the river. It was here that we first noticed the exhilarating atmosphere that is peculiar to the mountains. It makes one feel as if one owns the world or something like that. Here at Nelson we took the new Kettle Valley Railway and proceeded through the Okanagan country to Vancouver.

To me Vancouver is a wonderful place. Ships from China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand and Seattle all come to this port, and here, too, is the place from which the Alaska boats start. You may imagine with all these

ships making port that there would be many interesting people to meet. Not only this, but Vancouver is wonderfully situated. With water on three sides of it and across the bay the mountains towering up.

It was on a Saturday night that we left Vancouver, on the S. S. "Princess Sophia," for Skagway, Alaska. As the boat glided away from the wharf, we could see the lights of the city and the other ships lying in dock. The moon was shining, and it looked like a bit of fairyland. The next day we stopped at a little Indian village, called Alert Bay, where there are a number of totem poles. Most of us had never seen any before and were surprised at the size of them. There are some quite as tall as a good sized one-storey house. They are carved out of wood and colored brightly in all the standard colors. Such crude looking objects one can scarcely imagine. Animals' heads, birds' heads, etc., and each one commemorating some part of the owner's family history.

All the way from Alert Bay in British Columbia to beyond Ketchikan in Alaska, the great industry is canning salmon. At Ketchikan we went through one of the canneries, and were interested to note how clean everything was.

The next day we visited Prince Rupert, but, beyond saying that I wouldn't advise anyone who loves beauty to live there, I shall pass over this town as it is not very interesting, and it rains here most of the time. In Alaska the United States immigration laws are very strict. At Ketchikan, the first place in Alaska that we touched, we had to walk in line down the main stairs in