THE ROAD TO VALDEZ

The road traveled next was the Glen Highway. They do not refer to the roads by their number, but by the dedicated name. The scenery in this direction has changed completely. We see snow covered mountains, many rivers, and wide valleys with solid coverage of spruce trees.

This view, shows Drum Mountain with Wrangell Mountain to the right. The lake was so calm it looked like a mirror. The pullout was so crowded with people snapping pictures by the roll, or disc.

It took 2 days to reach Valdez. The road was made up of frost heaves and 40 mph was a good speed to keep all the wheels on the ground!

Valdez still had fishing derbies going on. Many of the campers in the RV Park were fishermen, and they would filet their catch at the park. Some were even canning the salmon and freezing the filets for taking home.

We visited several sites where salmon were spawning, then dying. At these areas there were thousands of salmon doing their thing. We looked for bears there, but found none. The bears eat only the brains and roe of the female salmon. The rest of the dead ones decay and enhance the nutrient system of the river.

The old town site of Valdez had only a concrete slab left of the Post Office, the rest of the town being destroyed by the 1964 tidal wave. The new town is located 4 miles west of the old one.

This is the terminus of the road trip. We are now going to head south through the Yukon and British Columbia. Marti is enthralled with this perspective of Alaska.

Dave & Bonnie

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