

## More Anchorage

Rained a lot last night, but my tent held up. Did have to reset some of the guylines to keep the fly off the inner tent walls. Need to figure out how to dry things out. The new sleeping pad turned out to be a good investment. I may leave the old one behind. Already dumped the gloves that leak and the gaiters that are too tight. Will probably leave the tie-downs behind since they are 20 years old and it is fitting to leave them in Anchorage where they came from. Theoretically I shouldn't be getting back on a ferry and I know that the big ferries have them.

First trip this morning was to find the train station. The web site doesn't give any good directions and the signage around here is poor. Good thing I decided to check it out since I had to stop to ask questions twice, and the streets do strange things, since the station is down in a gulley near the harbor. Confirmed my reservations and found that there is overnight parking.

Next stop was the closest Suzuki dealer. They turned out to be a boutique type store, like Del Amo back home, and they didn't really have the time for me. Just in case I bought a chain breaker there and a can of the dirty black lube.

Went back up to the north side of town again and found the city museum, which turned out to be fascinating. Parking was expensive. Thought I might as well as try the other Suzuki dealer, and they said to come over at 4PM. These guys were great, Anchorage Suzuki, Arctic Cat. They made time to help me out. Their shop looked more like a real one, like Marina Suzuki back home. Good thing I bought the chain back in Seattle, because their motorcycle season was just about over and most of their motorcycle inventory seemed to be gone. They recommended keeping the old chain for emergencies and sold me a clip type master link for a quick fix. I feel a lot better about going to Dawson City and the Alcan highway, now.

Life at the hostel isn't too bad. The bathrooms are pretty clean and my fellow patrons don't seem to be too bad. Although I'm sleeping in my tent, I can use the common rooms and charge all of digital device batteries. They even had a laundry room so I did a load of clothes. In the drier climes I was handwashing stuff, but that won't work up here with all the rain.

The tent was convenient for my trip to Denali. I could wake up early without bothering anyone. It turned out not to be too cold on Sept 5 when I took off for the train station at 6AM. Stopped at McDonalds again to get some food and to upload some more files. My reservations worked and the train started off nearly on time at 8:15. Scenery didn't really pick up till we got near Denali. Weather was kind of dark near Anchorage, but improved as we got closer to Denali. Going with a major resort was convenient since there was a bus waiting to pick us up. However, they gave me a key to a room that was already occupied. Room was okay, but for wifi you had to go to a lobby, which was nontrivial since the hotel campus was pretty spread out.

For dinner I decided to sign up for their captive dinner theater which had an early Alaskan theme, of course. The salmon was actually moist and the performers could really sing, so it wasn't too bad a deal.

Got up and caught the shuttle for my Denali flightseeing. Finally, a service that ran like clock work, and the weather was fantastic that morning, not getting cloudy till we finished. The view was truly magnificent. I'd missed out on seeing Denali 20 years ago, so I was happy. The flightseeing service got us to the train on time. The return ride wasn't too eventful, but we were treated to a view of Denali from the train. Had lunch on the train which was good since the dining car had picture windows. Got back to Anchorage around 8PM in the rain again. I took a wrong turn and ended up in front of a brewpub, so I decided to go in. All the brews were good and I had some deep fried portobellos since I heard that a DUI in Alaska can cost \$20,000. Caught some of the live act, but had to get back to the hostel to retrieve my duffle bag that I had checked in. It really poured that night.