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<http://mccarthy-kennicott.com>

# Wrangell St. Elias News

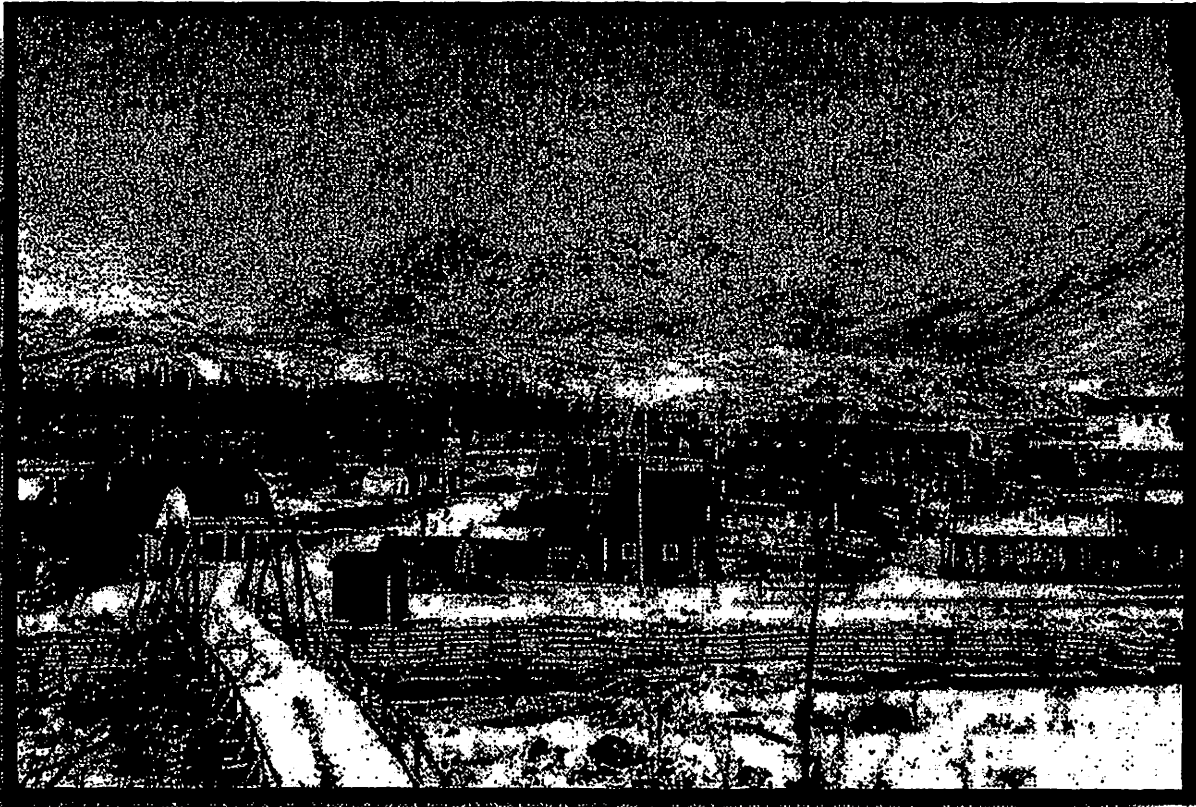
*'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty'*

Vol. Ten Issue Four

July & August 2001

Two Dollars

## McCarthy Creek circa 1918



In light of the recent changes to McCarthy Creek due to flooding, we thought our readers might enjoy seeing what it looked like in 1918!

It is interesting to note the effort early McCarthyites took in shoring McCarthy Creek with abutments in order to prevent uncontrolled meandering. Other pictures taken a decade later indicate this practice was successfully continued for some time.

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## *A note from the publisher*

BY BONNIE KENYON

During the winter months, I dream of days like today. Plenty of blue skies, temperatures in the upper 70's and a generous breeze that keeps the mosquitoes at bay. Such is June 27<sup>th</sup> in the Wrangells!

Speaking of mosquitoes, we are having more than our share of those bothersome insects. However, I wouldn't want to wish them on any of you. It is an unusual year and we don't expect them to be here all season, but in the meantime I'm seeing all kinds of deterrents. Citronella bracelets, head nets, netting jackets that cover the entire upper body, and all brands and strengths of bug spray and a sure item of conversations in the McCarthy area.

Shortly after finishing the first run of "A Visitor's Guide to Kennicott & McCarthy 2001," Rick and I managed to get the garden planted. Our area received a stretch of rain that must have brought smiles to all the local gardeners. Then the warm (hot to us) temperatures arrived and our gardens took off.

The other day Homestead Supply, a Glennallen-based

lumber store, delivered a truck load of building supplies to our area. The truck was parked in our driveway unloading our share of materials when a cow moose and her baby walked through the garden, oblivious to us and my tiny seedlings. One of the most asked questions we get from our B & B guests is, "Don't the moose eat your garden vegetables?" No, but on occasion they pass through it, en route to better grazing, I guess. I'm glad!



We had a most intriguing visitor this last month—a young coyote. The pup was alone and curious. The bird feeder seemed to catch his attention but he soon meandered off to other items of interest. Several of us in the area have caught sight of him since. Rick managed to get a

picture of him on one of those sightings

Since the last issue of *Wrangell St. Elias News*, Rick and neighbor Andy Shidner, installed satellite Internet Access. Thankfully, the inside equipment is minimal as our office is already full of computers and equipment. Be sure to read Rick's article, *High-speed Internet Access comes to McCarthy*, on page 9.

Since that installation, we have changed email addresses. Our new address is:

[WSEN@starband.net](mailto:WSEN@starband.net)

"Reminiscences of Cordova and Mile 13" by C. L. Siebert, Jr. concludes with Part two on page 11.

If you missed the previous issue that carried Part one, it is still available as a back issue. Most back issues can be purchased for \$2.00 each by writing us here at WSEN.

*Wrangell St. Elias News* welcomes aboard the following subscribers: Pat Lynn, Valdez, AK; David Adams, Dutch Harbor, AK; William Douglass, Orinda, CA; Bob Leitzell, Mokelumna, CA.

### ***Wrangell St. Elias News***

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# Items of Interest

BY BONNIE KENYON

**Ken and Carly Kritchens:**  
One of the most-asked questions I hear from visitors is, "What do you do out here?" I know it must look like "bush living" borders on boredom to some but neighbors like Ken and Carly just might give you an odd look if you pose that question to them—especially in the summer!

When I called Carly the other day and asked her what was happening in her immediate neighborhood, she explained how busy her day had been. Gardening, for Carly, is a serious hobby and one she does well, so the daily chores that center around her greenhouse and nearby garden plot are getting much of her attention these days.

The Kritchens' two horses, Tieka and Firecracker, are receiving much-needed help from their owners, as well. The mosquitoes are fierce this year and Carly says she is spraying them with bug spray a couple of times a day to give them some relief.

In between Kenny's commercial fishing periods near Cordova, he is building a rock wall around the base of their cabin. Carly says it is really looking nice. They have found a variety of interesting rocks from the neighborhood to include in their project. Just in case the Kritchens are visiting and you see them inspecting the rocks on your property, don't think strangely of them, just consider it quite an honor if one of "your" rocks finds its way to their wall!

**Don, Lynn, Sarah and Rene**

**Welty:** Don just returned from Cordova where he spent a couple of weeks flying for Cordova Air Service. He is now starting his summer season with Wrangell Mountain Air here in McCarthy.

Daughter Sarah has also returned from a 7-day cruise to Southeastern Alaska with her friend Ellie Claus and some of Ellie's relatives. Sarah reports that she had a fabulous time, sampled rather interesting food (some she says she'll never try again!), got dressed up and even had her hair done while onboard the ship. She brought back lots of pictures to remember this very special time.

Lynn celebrated a birthday on June 9th. Sarah and Rene baked her a chocolate cake. I managed to pop in on them at just the right time. The girls were putting the final touches on the frosting so I was glad to help them celebrate.

Sarah and Rene are getting a taste of house sitting this week for their neighbors, the Kritchens. This is a "first" for the young ladies to oversee the entire household, animals and garden all by themselves. I know they will do a great job!

School work is now over, says a relieved Sarah. Now both girls are eagerly looking forward to attending Victory Bible Camp the latter part of July.

**Jim and Audrey Edwards:**  
Jim and Audrey are finally back from their travel adventures which took them as far away as Peru and as nearby as our own magnificent state. Their first item of interest was a cruise to South America. They "played" with the Sting Rays in the Grand Caymen Islands. As you



can see by this photo, the rays were accustomed to being touched and fed and both Audrey and Jim took right to the velvet-like creatures.

Jim took an aerial tram tour through the Rain Forest in Costa Rica. They traveled through the Panama Canal with the cruise ending at Santiago Chile.

A special highlight was their trip to Machu Picchu, Peru. Jim says the Inca Ruins were a "world-class experience" for him. (Unfortunately, their camera film was stolen on this leg of the trip which contained many of their pictures.)

They met up with daughter Susan and her husband, Rob, in Orlando, Florida, and spent a

wonderful time together at Disney World. Afterwards they visited friends and relatives in Florida and Mississippi, took a train from Memphis to Reno where they caught a show, continued their travel by rail to Oregon to see Jim's farm. By then, the Edwards were ready to return home! After spending a couple of weeks in McCarthy they set out again. This time they hooked up their new 5th wheel trailer to the pickup truck and took off for a bit of sightseeing closer to home. They traveled from Circle to Seward. They both enjoyed themselves so much, I was beginning to wonder if they were ever going to return!

However, there was plenty of projects and chores awaiting them here. Swift Creek had done its number and they had their work cut out for them. Plenty of clean-up from flood damage, says Audrey, greeted them but they were ready to meet the challenge. Somewhere in the middle of all this, Audrey managed to plant a garden and her greenhouse.

You would think it was time to kick back a bit and enjoy being home, but not so. They decided to begin a long-talked-about project—constructing a sun room onto the front of the house. Audrey managed to obtain much-appreciated help of neighbor Jurgen Ogrodnik for this major addition. Things are looking up at the Edwards' household but certainly not slowing down!

**Jim and Peggy Guntis and Kim:** Just recently I was standing outside in the yard listening to the "sounds" of my neighbors busy at work. Nearby George Cebula was maneuvering his trimmer around the

trees in his yard while up the hill the Guntis' were using a saw to cut boards for their first project of the season.

Somehow when Jim and Peggy arrive from their winter home in Tucson, our neighborhood comes alive! I guess we all wake up from our long winter's hibernation and realize that, yes, summer has finally arrived.

Daughter Kim begins her weekend visits from Anchorage to see her folks and give a much-needed hand at this season's projects.

Yesterday I made my way up the hill to pay them all a visit and say hello to Kim who I hadn't seen since last fall. Just as I suspected! Jim had the ladies busy at work. Peggy and Kim were working on a trim board for the kitchen and Jim, well, he was sitting in the corner. I finally figured out it wasn't because he was in trouble with the ladies. He was preparing a spot for the recently-acquired wood stove. I had arrived just in time to help them move it into place.

Jim, Peggy and Kim are pleased to announce they are finally moved into their home on the hill. Although there is still plenty of inside work to be done, they are in a good position to make good headway this summer. Congratulations, Jim, Peggy and Kim!

**Kenny Smith:** Email is a terrific communication tool between us and Kenny during the winter months but having him here in person is much better. Recently, his son Weston, his daughter Pam, her husband Phil and Kenny's two granddaughters, Makenna and Alex visited Kenny. The men stayed busy clearing trees and brush for a driveway to a piece

of property Weston and the Okesons own. Kenny was glad he didn't have to tackle that job by himself.

I asked him if he was expecting family over the Fourth and he said Pam, Phil and girls and wife Donna are due this weekend. Makenna made sure her Grandpa Kenny knew that she didn't want any mosquito bites on her visit to see him. Boy, Kenny, you've got your work cut out for you!

**Neil O'Donnell:** What a pleasant surprise to visit with Neil over supper last night. (Especially since he brought the majority of the meal!) Neil, his wife Margaret and their daughter Catherine stay quite busy in Anchorage. With the completion of their new home in town, Neil found time to make a quick trip to their McCarthy cabin. He said everything looked fine on the property except for the discovery of an unwelcome visitor who had moved into the front porch—a squirrel. He told us that a squirrel is not so bad. His freshly-sown lawn in Anchorage is being regularly assaulted by a black bear and moose who seem to think it a treat to meander through his new yard. Bush living certainly has its drawbacks, but the city of Anchorage has more than its share of wild critters, too.

**The Schrage and Linton families:** Doug and Mary Schrage and family and Andy and Heidi Linton and their family made a trip to their McCarthy "island" property over Memorial Day weekend. They returned again this last weekend for a short visit and I was assured, they would be back before the summer ends.

**Howard Mozen, Elizabeth Schafer and Avery Rose:**

Howard, Elizabeth and baby Avery are back at their place in Kennicott after spending the winter in Anchorage.

I had just typed the beginning of this item when who should appear at my door but Elizabeth and Avery! They stopped by to pick up their propane tank.

Elizabeth tells me Avery just turned one year old. "What a fast first year it has been. We are loving every minute of it as we watch her grow, laugh and play!"

Howard's teaching abilities are being well used these days. According to Elizabeth, he is teaching Avery to "howl like a wolf and roar like a lion."

Howard is busy with his job working for the National Park Service at Kennicott and Elizabeth is giving the new owner of Copper Oar a hand. All three are enjoying the summer season.

Cliff and Jewel Collins and Josh: Phone contact to Long Lake, Mike 45 of the McCarthy Road, is sometimes a challenge so when Josh answered on the first ring, I was thrilled. Grandson Josh will turn 14 in September, says Jewel, and is spending a big part of the summer with his grandparents at the lake. He is Cliff's right hand man. Some days are busier than others and, according to Jewel, today was one of those days. Lots of chores and errands. However, last Sunday afternoon, Josh invited the local area kids to join him for a swimming party. Eight kids turned out to test the water. Also, a table was set up in the yard containing all sorts of "munchies." Jewel wasn't sure which got more

attention, the table with its wares or the lake with its refreshing cool temperature.

Ralph, Linda, Tyee, Teal and Trae Lohse: Long Lake is bustling with plenty of activity this summer. The Lohse family say they are "enjoying sunny summer days, getting their garden going and finishing up some schoolwork."

The family traveled to Washington and Oregon to attend daughter Netty's graduation at Whitworth in Spokane. Ralph says other than a slight mishap outside of Whitehorse, it was a good trip.

Daughters Robin and Lynette visited Long Lake. Trae has been Ralph's right hand man helping him in their Gill-netting business out of Cordova.

A grateful and pleased father reports that all three boys passed the Hunter Safety course that was held recently in Glennallen. Congratulations, Tyee, Trae and Teal!

Dan Myers: One of the nicest advantages of having your own business is the "customers" that drop by. Dan came up for a visit after Rick filled his empty propane tank.

We haven't seen much of Dan this summer, but he's been staying busy with his summer job with the Park Service at Kennicott.

Dan says he is enjoying his work assignment which includes foundation work on the Machine Shop. The only drawback is the mosquitoes which are vying for the same working area and worker.

Kris Rueter and Sam Gregory: This "item" of great

interest is well-publicized in our local area already, but for those outside avid readers who tell me how much they love reading this column, I must pass on the following announcement!

Kris and Sam are engaged to be married on October 27 in Manhattan. A reception will be held on a boat in New York harbor. Sam is one of 8 children and Kris is one of 4 so this is certain to be a family reunion as well as a wedding celebration.

For those of you who are new to WSEN, Kris is a west side property owner (a nearby neighbor of Rick and myself) and Sam has a place up above Kennicott. The couple plan on spending time in the McCarthy and Kennicott area and New York City – "a union of extremes," says Kris.

Kris loves New York and has friends there as well as here. She spent a good portion of this last winter in the big city where she leased an art studio, showed and sold her own art work and taught art classes to children in the city.

"New York City has so much to offer an artist," says Kris. "My art work really took off."

Sam is a successful criminal lawyer with an office in New York but who loves visiting his Kennicott cabin in-between cases.

Both Sam and Kris' families are thrilled with the upcoming marriage and, we here at WSEN extend our warmest wishes to Kris and Sam for a long and happy life together!

## Two hiker fatalities in WRST

Two different hikers died in unrelated accidents in the Wrangell-St. Elias National Park and Preserve (WRST).

Troopers said a 35-year-old German man apparently fell while hiking in the Wrangell-St. Elias Wilderness Preserve. Troopers found the hiker's body Friday afternoon (June 29) at the bottom of a 300-foot cliff near Nabesna Glacier. Troopers report the area is very unstable and they had suspended recovery efforts. National Park Nabesna District Ranger Marshall Neeck said they would continue to attempt to recover the body when conditions permit.

The hiker (whose name is being withheld pending notification of next of kin) was flown into an area commonly referred to as the Green Hills area of the Nabesna Glacier, an area east/northeast of Valdez, on June 19, with a pickup scheduled for late afternoon on June 27. The hiker failed to show for his pickup and Ellis Outfitters flew the area and spotted a tent believed to belong to him, but no signs of activity. Upon their return, Ellis Outfitters notified troopers in Glennallen and

volunteered to return to the area in the morning. Ellis Outfitters flew back to the campsite on Thursday and again found no activity and again, notified the Troopers. A trooper from Glennallen also departed for the site in a Department of Natural Resources helicopter. The helicopter arrived at approximately 4:30 that afternoon and a search was initiated.

Troopers checked a cabin base camp with a written log which had a week old entry from the hiker but no signs of recent occupation. The man's tent was located ten miles away, adjacent to an ice field, but also showed no signs of recent use.

An Air Guard HH60 helicopter, trooper helicopter Helo 1, and the Department of Natural Resources helicopter took part in the search. Two members of Alaska Mountain Rescue Group, the Civil Air Patrol, Alaska State Troopers and Fish and Wildlife Protection Troopers, National Park Service and the Alaska Search and Rescue Dogs also took part in the search.

The second fatality was Travis

Young, age 34. Young was an employee of Wrangell Mountain Air in McCarthy. On July 2<sup>nd</sup>, an Alaska Air National Guard Pavhawk helicopter spotted Young's body at about the 2,300 foot level on Williams Peak. He had apparently fallen while climbing the Dan Creek drainage.

Young had been dropped off at Dan Creek by Wrangell Mountain Air on the 27<sup>th</sup> of June. Young had left a trip plan which outlined several possible routes, including hiking up Williams Peak, a 6,280-foot mountain about 16 miles southwest of McCarthy. When he failed to meet the scheduled pickup on the 29<sup>th</sup>, a search was begun by locals, soon joined by the Alaska State Troopers.

The National Park Service took over coordination of the Search, which included members of the Air National Guard, Alaska Department of Natural Resources—Division of Forestry, Alaska Search and Rescue Dogs, Alaska State Troopers as well as numerous locals and Young's employer, Wrangell Mountain Air.

## Road washes out near Lakina River Bridge

BY RICK KENYON

Hot June weather resulted in high water in many of the area rivers. On June 30, the Lakina River ate into the McCarthy Road at mile 44 to such an extent that the road had to be closed. The river had been impinging on the east bridge approach during the 2000 season, aggravated by heavy rains last fall. (See November & December *For Your*

*Consideration.*)

Cal Datta, of the Chitina Department of Transportation & Public Facilities (DOT&PF) arrived at the scene just before midnight on Saturday to assess the situation. He returned a few hours later with several other state workers, a D-6 dozer, front-end loader, and an AHTNA backhoe.

The crew worked throughout the early morning hours and by 2PM on Sunday afternoon they were able to allow limited traffic flow across the bridge. Later that evening full access was restored. Area residents and businesses were very grateful for the dedication of the work crew as the July 4<sup>th</sup> week is traditionally the busiest week of the season.

Several area visitors cut their visit short when they learned the road was washing out. Several others canceled planned trips to the area. On the whole, though, there was little disruption to the McCarthy & Kennicott area.

I talked with Clarence Catledge, of the Tazlina

Maintenance Station, and he told me that he hopes to "armor the slope" of the road at the bridge area. That is, protect the road gravel by placing large pieces of "shot-rock" along the slope of the road where the river meets the road. DOT&PF is waiting for a permit to blast rock at the east

end of Long Lake, near where the old trestle used to be. The plan has been to lessen the grade of the road as it climbs the hill. The blasted rock could be transported to the Lakina River and used to repair and protect the road there.

## Stranded dipnetters evacuated

BY CRIAG MEDRED AND DOUG O'HARRA — ANCHORAGE DAILY NEWS (PUBLISHED JUNE 19, 2001—USED WITH PERMISSION)

**W**ood Canyon — The heroes drove heavy equipment on Monday.

Despite the rotten cliffs of the Copper River, raining down rock and mud and ice, equipment operators punched open the rugged Copper River Road on Monday afternoon to free 200 to 300 salmon dipnetters trapped by a landslide a day and a half earlier.

But even as grateful fishermen with their coolers of salmon rolled out from the canyon, the slide dumped debris on the newly plowed route. Alaska State Troopers and the state Department of Transportation ordered everyone to evacuate north of O'Brien Creek.

Transportation district manager George Lavasseuer said the state planned to temporarily close the road to try to determine how to stabilize the collapsing slope, near an old U.S. Geological Survey gauging station about 3.5 miles south of Chitina.

"You've got organic (soils) on top of rock, and water seeping through it all, lubricating the surface," Lavasseuer said. "I'll tell you, if we didn't have anybody (trapped) on the other side, we'd be out of here."

The slide struck early Sunday morning, interrupting the pre-dawn twilight with "popping and cracking," then shattering the silence with an immense avalanche of boulders, mud and trees, according to a witness. It buried a 250-foot stretch of the old road and reached 150 feet down to the river. No one was known to be caught.

Dipnetters waited on the downstream side for almost 36 hours while highway crews and private contractor Terry Valentine worked around the clock to reopen the road. The Chitina Volunteer Fire Department organized a flotilla of boats and helped distribute food and water to people stranded in the popular fishery.

As road crews chewed through the debris Monday, a hot sun melted ice and frost from the newly exposed slopes. Mud and boulders the size of shopping carts kept tumbling down as backhoe jockey Valentine and front-end loader operator Garry Caples worked.

A small crowd of stranded dipnetters watched as Valentine's massive backhoe dug, lifted and pushed. With claw and bucket, Valentine pulled boulders out of the pile and tossed them over a cliff. They clattered down the slope and

landed with a ker-splash in the muddy, swirling Copper River.

Inching the backhoe ahead, Valentine first crossed to the other side shortly after 1:20 p.m.

"Careful, Terry, careful," Lavasseuer said as the track clawed over a rubble pile. "I didn't know if he was going to be able to get across there or not."

The slide came down about 2:30 a.m. Sunday, missing at least two vehicles by minutes.

Wing Cmdr. Ian Cameron and Lt. Col. James Gentemann, both stationed at Elmendorf Air Force Base, had ended a lousy session of dipping in Wood Canyon and had begun the slow, bumpy drive back up the canyon toward Chitina, where their families had camped.

About a mile downstream of O'Brien Creek, they suddenly saw a flash of light, like a camera flash, that illuminated a large boulder resting in the center of the narrow road maybe 50 to 60 feet ahead of Gentemann's Ford Explorer, Cameron said.

"There were some folks ahead of us, and I think a rock had fallen off and fallen in the middle of the road" as they passed, he said. "We think they were taking a photograph of the rock."

"That made us sort of stop and look and listen."

With Gentemann driving the truck, Cameron began walking ahead toward the boulder, which blocked the road. He was about 15 yards away when he began to hear pebbles and rocks skittering down the cliff face above the road.

"You could see a spruce starting to go over about 400 feet above the road," Cameron said. "I said, 'Let's get into reverse and get out of here.' But he was on it."

As Cameron ran and Gentemann gunned backward, the mountain slumped off in a tremendous rumbling. "It was one big slide," Cameron said. "Just like an avalanche."

They backed into the camping spot and sacked out. People immediately on the other side apparently drove out, notifying authorities in Chitina about 4:30 a.m.

About 8 a.m., to the surprise of Cameron and Gentemann, Chitina fire chief Dean Lenard appeared in their camp. He had scrambled across the treacherous scree.

"He just told us that the road was going to be closed for some time," Cameron said.

Lenard had gone across on foot to make sure no one had been trapped in the rocks, said his wife, Arleen.

"It was still settling, trying to still come down," she said. "He crossed the slide, and when he did, he said he was not coming back. He caught a boat back" to Chitina.

The road follows a remnant of the route taken by the old Copper River & Northwestern Railway, which transported copper ore from the Kennecott

Mine in the Wrangell Mountains downriver to Cordova. The skinny, cliff-hugging track follows the mountain contours. It has steep grades, crumbling shoulders, blind corners, airy drop-offs and just enough room for two vehicles to pass slowly.

Every year, state crews spend about a week working on the road, cleaning up small slides and stabilizing minor collapses. "It's just kind of a given through that sheer side-cut railroad construction. This has been going on ever since the railroad put it in in 1910," area transportation manager Clarence Catledge said.

Still, officials weren't sure when they could open the road this time. Inspection Sunday night didn't look good, Catledge said.

"It was a little awesome," he said. "The whole thing just kind of slid down in one chunk. A rock plane had slipped; it wasn't just mud. It looked like virgin country across there."

But the Chitina highway crew worked all night, and others worked all day. The road opened to traffic about 2:30 p.m., but Caples kept cleaning new debris.

Dipnetters trapped by the slide didn't seem to mind. They were just happy to have a route out—though most seemed to view the temporary road closure as a great Alaska adventure.

"We're really roughing it," said Frank Wozniak of Fairbanks. "We had fresh pan-fried salmon and baked potatoes, met new neighbors, pooled the food. Nobody was too nervous."

Wozniak praised the highway department—"They did a darned fine job"—and the

Chitina volunteers, who took names and notified family and employers. They evacuated an elderly couple on the river with a son who had diabetes, according to dipnetters.

Mst. Sgt. Logan Rice from Eielson Air Force Base near Fairbanks had planned a quick run to the river with his family.

"We came through just before 2 a.m.," he said. "Fished about an hour and a half and came back (toward the slide) about 4. We stopped about 15 feet before we got (to the landslide) and said, 'Oh -- -- , we're going to be here for a while.' "

The Rice family ended up with Wozniak and a bunch of Fairbanks-area dipnetters in a temporary encampment about 100 yards from the slide.

"It's amazing how people pull together," Rice said. "There was some guy back here with a chain saw cutting up ice for everyone's cooler."

Driving the newly opened road to tell people to leave, Lavasseuer heard more thank-you's Monday than he normally hears in a year. He knew, of course, that it couldn't last. Even as he was trying to get a geotechnical engineer on the scene to determine how to stabilize the failing slope, rumors were circulating that the state was planning to close the popular drive forever.

Lavasseuer said those rumors aren't true. The road will be closed only long enough to make it safe, he said. As a serious fisherman himself, he conceded that what might simply be a closure of a few days to one might seem like a lifetime to others.

"This is not going to make us popular," he said.



# High-speed Internet access comes to McCarthy

BY RICK KENYON

When the McCarthy and Kennicott areas got phone service several years back, most of us were quite happy to turn our CB radios off and switch to telephones. It was quite a treat to call our neighbors or family "back home."

While there has been some level of frustration attached to voice calls, with dropped calls and static a common occurrence, Internet access is where many of us have been most disappointed. For the first several years 1200 baud connections were about all we could expect. Then, technicians figured out how to raise that to 4800. Still not very much fun on the Internet, but email sending and receiving wasn't too bad. It seems that lately, at least for us here at WSEN, we were back to 1200 baud and then it might take a half-dozen attempts to get "connected."

Enough is enough. When a company named StarBand announced its "two-way, always-on, high-speed satellite Internet service," we were hooked. StarBand uses a single satellite dish antenna for receiving AND for sending information—no telephone connection is needed. How "high" is high-speed? According to the company, "speeds will often reach 500 kbps with targeted peak-time speeds in excess of 150 kbps. Current upload speeds range between 40 and 60 kbps."

Fortunately for us, our neighbor, Andy Shidner, decided to become a StarBand dealer. We decided to be Andy's first customer! The equipment was ordered, and soon Andy was here installing the 4-foot satellite dish and special modem. The installation took the better part of a day. What a wonderful feeling to see the Internet coming alive on our computer here in the "backwoods" of McCarthy!

Unlike "dial-up" service, the StarBand system is always on—at least whenever the computer is on. (Which for us, means

with the small dish TV systems, heavy rain or snow will degrade or even cause a loss of signal—not just here at McCarthy, but sometimes the company's "hub," where signals are relayed to the Internet, experiences severe weather and causes a loss of signal. So far these have been short-term and infrequent.

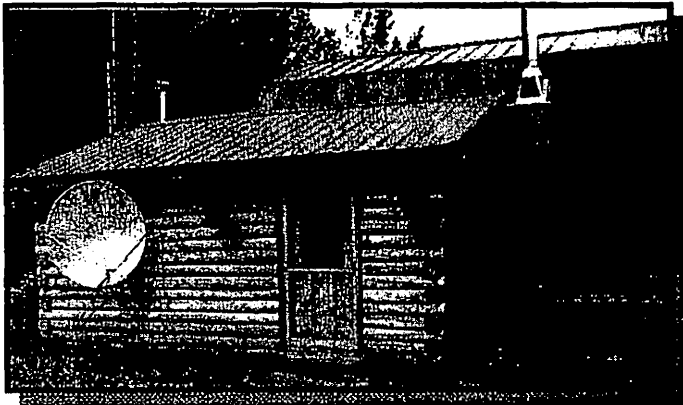
The system will also work through a network. Here at WSEN we have two computers networked together, and either computer can access the Internet or check mail independently of the other

computer. Being new to networking, it took some time to get all of the bugs out but it is working great now.

StarBand just announced their latest satellite modem, the model 360. (Ours is a model 180.) Supposedly even faster than the model 180, the new model also has Ethernet connection options, plus the USB port connection that

we use with the model 180.

So far the system has more than lived up to its high-speed claims. StarBand member services page has a "speed test" page which I have used a number of times. The latest results were 547.2 Kbps, which is right in the usual range that we have seen. (To put that in perspective, 56,000 baud is 56 Kbps, 4800 baud is 4.8 Kbps!) One place this is really noticeable (besides web browsing) is downloading photos. What a difference!



WSEN staff photo

STARBAND HIGH-SPEED INTERNET ACCESS DISH MOUNTED ON THE WSEN OFFICE WALL.

whenever the generator is running!)


One of my questions had been, "Will the system slow down as more users hook up to the system?" According to StarBand, they actively monitor their network traffic, and when the average peak hour usage hour speed nears their minimum targets, they simply add more capacity to exceed our goals. Time will tell.

The system is not perfect. As

If there is a downside to the system, it is the cost. Equipment and installation is in the neighborhood of \$1,500, and the service costs \$75 per month. A 12 month contract is required to initiate service. Sounds a bit steep, but in reality it's not much more than we used to pay for a

lot less service. Due to the lack of a local access number and the slow speeds, our old America Online account used to run upwards of \$60 per month, mostly for sending and receiving Emails, with an occasional ride on the "net."

Wrangell St. Elias News now



has a new Email address: [WSEN@starband.net](mailto:WSEN@starband.net). Please make the change in your address books and drop us a line!

If you are interested in having your own StarBand system in the McCarthy area, give Andy a call at 554-4424.

## McCarthy Roundtable Meeting - Third and Final

BY BONNIE KENYON

**M**cCarthy:—The third "round" of the McCarthy Roundtable meetings took place in McCarthy on June 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup>. Seven representatives of the Alaska Land Managers Forum (ALMF) and the Alaska Department of Transportation (DOT), sponsors of the meetings, met with approximately 20 summer and winter residents of the McCarthy area.

Results of the fall roundtables and input from corridor residents was presented. The two major points heard from participants at the earlier meetings were: lack of formal government was a unique quality that residents wanted to protect, and that locally and regionally there is a need for improved coordination of services and communication.

Prior to the June meetings, a survey containing 12 questions was distributed to residents within the Chitina/McCarthy corridor. Up to the time of the meeting, 55 surveys had been turned in. Twenty percent of the returned questions were from the McCarthy area. The issue that gained the number one priority was the *safety* of the McCarthy

Road. *Visual quality* of the road earned number two priority with a desired 30-35 MPH maximum speed and a time for travel between 1 to 2 hours. Four waysides were envisioned. The purchase of scenic easements took a low rating. Developing science-related youth activities gained interest along with an upgrade of McCarthy's museum. Various areas for preferred protection were listed as mine areas, backcountry historical sites and buildings.

Economic growth is critical and will happen but how will it develop and can the area guide its own growth? The expression "Governance without government concepts" was heard frequently by those in attendance. Specific solutions brought forth by ALMF and DOT were: 1) Use of National Heritage Area status and funds to help protect the area's historic resources; these unrestricted yearly grant monies can be used to tell a uniform story that benefits and protects a particular area—a boundary or corridor example was given as Kennicott to Cordova. Emphasis could be on the McCarthy Road. 2) Designate Historic Districts. 3) Organize a

Landowners Advisory Group, a non-regulatory commission that could bring pressure on businesses to conform to certain agreed upon standards for the area.

According to DOT's Northern Region, an Environmental Impact Statement is in progress now concerning the McCarthy Road. One theme heard throughout the meeting was, "How can we provide a quality drive to a variety of users?"

At the June 6<sup>th</sup> morning meeting the tourists' needs and perspective was addressed. How do people see this area and what do we want them to experience?

Needs such as parking, toilets, trash, freight, sewage, information, showers, tire repair, water, laundry, food, access and a welcoming presence were listed as needs for tourists and locals.

For more information on the results and summary of the McCarthy Roundtable Meetings, you may contact Sara Wilson Doyle, Land Design North, 510 L Street, Suite 101, Anchorage, AK. 99501 or email: [swdoyle@landdesignnorth.com](mailto:swdoyle@landdesignnorth.com), phone (907) 276-5885.

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"Any committee that is the slightest use is composed of people who are too busy to want to sit on it for a second longer than they have to."—Katharine Whitehorn

# Reminiscences of Cordova and Mile 13

## Conclusion

By C.L. SIEBERT, JR.  
CAPTAIN, CORPS OF ENGINEERS

About the middle of August 1942, with basic construction of quarters at mile 13 completed, D Company was transferred to Fort Richardson. My platoon on the railroad was replaced by a platoon of E Company, although a few key people stayed on. At Fort Richardson I learned that the Alaskan Department Utilities Officer was looking for a Post Engineer (Utilities) for assignment at Cordova. I got the job and was back in Cordova in about two weeks. I don't remember just how the organization was arranged, but the railroad operation was under my supervision as Post Engineer, although much of my work from then on was at mile 13, and that is where I was quartered.

During the time I was in Anchorage, and E Company was running the railroad, a ship arrived with a considerable quantity of mail for the troops. The platoon sergeant determined that the load was too much to be carried in a speeder, so he fired up the 4 spot and took it to mile 13 with the mail. I suspect that he also wanted to go for a joy ride, running an engine. Not being a railroad man, he didn't realize how much water a locomotive consumes, even a small one. He ran out of water and damaged the crown sheet. All the engines were equipped with siphons and hose to take water from streams, but he didn't know this either. Anyway, that was the end of the 4 spot. Actually it wasn't a great loss, as it wasn't useful for a whole lot. It was easier to run the bigger

engines, as they were oil-fired, while the 4 was a coal-burner.

Up until this time engines couldn't be turned at mile 13. In fact, they couldn't even run around their train and pull it back tender first, because the siding was occupied by two cars, one used as M-K field office and the other for storing bomb fuses. Freight trains had headed out loaded and backed in empty. Passenger trains had backed empty and run forward loaded. We figured we had better get ready for winter operation with a plow mounted on the engine and a means for turning at mile 13 so the plow could always be on the front. Not being a civil engineer, my experience with surveying instruments wasn't by formal instruction, but something I had picked up on several previous jobs. I laid out a turning wye at mile 13 so the engine could uncouple, run around its train and reverse direction at the same time. We hauled in glacial gravel from the flats to build a fill on which to lay track. I was hoping to find a wide angle switch frog for the tail of the wye, and laid out the curves accordingly. We had to build it with a #7 frog, so there was an ugly kink in one leg of the wye which bothered me as long as I was there, but it worked. I should have checked this out before laying out the wye.

At the same time, we decided that a bigger engine would be insurance to get through the winter. Number 20, an Alco 2-8-0, had been spotted with a tank car at the oil pump house near the dock, to be able to

steam heat bunker C oil and pump it from the big tank on the hill to ships needing fuel. But this locomotive and tank car blocked the passing track, so I arranged with Jack Leidy to clear the passing track for our use, provided that we would furnish a hot engine when he needed it to pump oil. This didn't happen often. Jack was CR&NW auditor, and chief CR&NW representative now that the superintendent, F. A. Hansen, had taken a job on construction of the Alcan Highway.

We had planned to use the 20 as the heavier engine, but Dick Cook got in the fireboxes of both 20 and 23 and found 23 to be in better condition, so that was the one we used. That pleased Tom Burchett, as the 23 was his favorite engine.

Along about October 1942 a detachment of the 713th Engineer Railway Operating Battalion, under Lt. Walter Dorwart, arrived in Cordova and took over from the E Company platoon. By this time we had done about all that was necessary to make a dead piece of railroad into a going concern. I derived considerable satisfaction out of accomplishing this by scrounging and improvising.

In five years active service in the army, I ran across only one man whom I had known before - Lt. Dorwart. He had been with the Pennsylvania Railroad for years, and for a time was assigned in the vicinity of my home town. He had played polo with a local team. But "Red" was more a contemporary of my father's than of mine. He

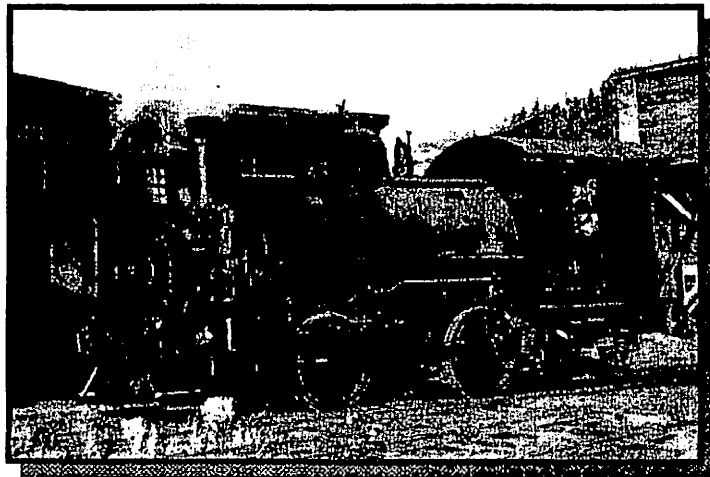
remembered me as a very green kid. This made a somewhat embarrassing situation when his detachment arrived in Cordova to operate under the Post Engineer. I kept a very low profile, and things worked out. Red was a bachelor and quite a social fellow, and may still be remembered by old timers in Cordova. Sometime in 1943 the army inaugurated the Transportation Corps, and railway operating units became a part of that branch of the service. As such, the railroad operation was no longer under the Post Engineer.

As Post Engineer I was responsible for operating the utilities serving the camp at mile 13, plowing the snow from the airfield, completing the permanent water supply, electric plants, and cold storage plant, and operating these. I was also fire marshal. After E Company of the 42<sup>nd</sup> was moved away, I took over the sawmill.

To plow snow from the airport we had two "Snow-Go's." These were rotary snow blowers mounted on Ford 1 ½ ton chassis, with a fairly heavy duty power unit mounted behind the cab. To transmit power to the plow mechanism a drive train ran from the power take-off of the auxiliary engine, under the cab, and back up to the plow. This involved four universal joints, each with a deflection of about 45 degrees. The universals were open centered, and had to be disassembled to be lubricated. The Snow-Go's had been stored

at the dock at Seattle for months before shipment, and the salt air had gotten into the universal bearing surfaces and caused rust. On the first snowstorm we tackled, we blew several of these universals. We needed repairs, and fast, before replacement parts could be obtained from the states.

The nearest thing available was a universal joint used in 1/4 ton Jeeps. These didn't fit, being a bit too large, but had enough material in them that they could be cut down and re-machined to substitute for the Snow-Go parts.



CR&NW#4. ENGINE HOUSE, CORDOVA. MAY 29, 1942

I went to Cal Hazelett, who ran the machine shop in town, and he said he could do it. It wasn't a simple job. The case hardening had to be drawn, the four bearing surfaces machined to the revised dimensions, then re-hardened. The replacement was successful. The spiders of the Jeep universals were not open-centered like the Snow-Go parts, but had a hollow center with an Alemite fitting for lubrication, and were maintained much more readily. We replaced all the Snow-Go universals with the re-worked Jeep parts.

Later on we received a shear plow to mount on a 2 ½ ton 6 x 6

truck, and handled all but the heaviest snows easier and faster with this rig.

There were several buildings destroyed by fire at mile 13, before we had a fire department. The first was a Yakutat hut in which a couple of family size washing machines were used to perform dry cleaning of woolen uniforms, using cleaner's naphtha. Obviously this was a risky business. After a period of successful operation, the inevitable happened—the naphtha caught fire, possibly from a motor spark, and the building went up in flames.

A later and larger loss was a quartermaster warehouse. The fire was started by a malfunctioning oil stove. The warehouse, a wood structure, contained all manner of combustible material, including a number of drums of tent waterproofing compound.

Every time one of these drums caught and exploded, the flames and smoke shot a hundred feet in the air. I have pictures to prove this.

Maintenance of oil stoves was a never-ending function of the Post Engineer. The troubles were often the result of the stoves running out of oil. Water which had accumulated in the float chamber of the regulator would freeze to ice and bend the float arm. Then the regulator wouldn't work. The other big cause of trouble was where the regulator orifice had been enlarged to admit more oil. The stoves were designed to burn #1 stove oil,

but to simplify supply, the army used #2 diesel oil, a little heavier. The heavier oil wouldn't flow as freely through the orifice, and that is why some men enlarged the orifice. The stove would overheat, and this could be a real fire hazard.

Probably the most notable building at the mile 13 camp was the chapel built by E Company for our chaplain, Captain George A. Baker. Most of the buildings at the camp, quarters and warehouses, were prefabricated kits of one kind or another, but not the chapel. It was built of heavy spruce or hemlock logs, was very substantial, and was a beautiful building, inside and out. If the roof has been maintained, I should think it may be still standing, if only as a storage building.

Along about 1943 we had a big snowstorm, which collapsed several warehouses. Two of the big Cowan arched storage buildings broke under the snow like eggshells, and there was nothing that could be done other than clear them away and protect the stored material with tarps. The other collapsed building was a standard theater of operations structure, lightly framed. This wooden building went down easy, like a tired animal. We caught it before it had entirely collapsed, propped the roof from the inside, then put men on the roof to shovel off the snow. We cut 2x6's at the sawmill, used them as additional studs and rafters, and saved the building.

In due time George Robert's 5,000 ties were used up, and we needed more. In early spring 1943 I learned of another thousand or so that had been cut north of the track, back near Sheridan Glacier. The man who had cut them, his name Larsen, I

believe, led me back to where they were, and we went in with bulldozer and low-boy trailer, while the ground was still frozen, and retrieved them.

One night about 1944 we experienced an earthquake. Being from Pennsylvania, I had never experienced a quake, but was wakened in my bunk by the odd movement. It wasn't a damaging earthquake.

Earlier I related the death of a civilian during the period of our operation of the railroad. There was one other fatality. One of Lt. Dorwart's men of the 713<sup>th</sup> used gasoline to start a fire in the stove of one of the railroad coaches, and was severely burned. He died several days later. Another function of the Post Engineer was to provide a burial place. We selected a site out on the flats at about mile 14, and fenced a small area. The army didn't provide for a casket, but the men of his unit took up a collection and purchased a proper casket from the Cordova funeral director. No concrete vault was provided either, so my men made a wooden rough box. He was buried with suitable ceremony. I believe I heard that the body was exhumed and returned to his home location after the war.

During my stay in Cordova I also attended a number of other funerals. These were usually held in the Elks hall. John Vinquist died out with the track gang in the summer of 1942. He sat down to rest on a pile of ties and shortly the stray dog that had adopted the track gang was observed to be beside John, whimpering. John had had a fatal heart attack. Ed Oss also died on the job, about 1943. I remember my courtesy call on his tearful teen-age daughter. Charlie Johnson died about 1944; we

took on Blondie Matthewson to replace him. Jack Leidy also passed on while I was in Cordova, as did R. J. DeLeo, at that time Alaska Steamship Company agent. He was succeeded by his assistant, Frank Burns.

Denny Braid, a civilian clerical employee of the U.S. Engineer Department stationed at mile 13, was quite a wag. In 1943 a new lieutenant arrived for E Company, a bit older than most of us. Denny told Lt. Feldman of the motor pool that Lt. McQuern, the new arrival, was hard of hearing. He also told McQuern that Feldman was hard of hearing. The rest of us enjoyed these two shouting at each other whenever they met for about a week, until the truth came out.

I used to have some fun with Denny myself. He used a Frieden electro-mechanical calculator, which was state-of-the-art at that time. I found out when experimenting with this machine that if you punched in 1 divided by zero, which is infinity, the machine would try to give the answer; it would just grind away without stopping. The only way to stop it was to pull the plug. So, often as I passed by his desk in the office, I would punch in 1/0, and the machine would start merrily away. This really disconcerted Denny, especially when Colonel Ludwig had come over to the engineer side of the post, and was in the office.

As troop strength was reduced at Cordova, E Company left, then most of the 713<sup>th</sup> went over to the Alaska Railroad, where the 714<sup>th</sup> was already stationed. The railroad to mile 13 came back directly under the Post Engineer.

Probably late in 1943 one of the men in H Company of the 138<sup>th</sup> got into trouble with an Indian woman in town, and

knifed her, fatally. A court martial was held, and I was on the court martial board. The soldier was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment.

My fire chief was a professional fireman from New York City—a little older than most of the enlisted men. He knew his job and performed well. He was especially valuable in making fire preventive inspections. But he was a periodic dipsomaniac; he told me so himself. Every so often, when in town on pass, he would drink so much he wouldn't make it back to camp, and was AWOL next morning. This offense couldn't be overlooked, and I would have to bust him back to private. I tried to reason with him to ask for a three-day pass when he felt the urge coming on, so he wouldn't go AWOL. But that never worked out, so he was demoted to private, in time built back up again to corporal and sergeant, only to be busted back again.

About the spring of 1944 a group of navy planes landed at the mile 13 airport, forced there by bad weather. Of course the usual bad Cordova weather kept them there another full week. One of the planes had suffered a slight damage on landing, and it was decided to arrange for a ship to call at Cordova and for us to haul the plane to town by rail and have it loaded aboard. These were Grumman F4F fighters, on which the wings could be folded backward.

We loaded the plane on a flat car, wings folded, and after crossing the Eyak River bridge moved carefully because of close clearance in the cuts. At a couple of spots it was necessary to stop the train and chip away a little of the cut. The plane arrived at the ocean dock safely, and was deck

loaded aboard the ship, just forward of the foremast. As the ship's gear was being stowed, the boom got away and dropped from full vertical squarely onto the plane, breaking its back. I have wondered ever since if this was an instance of sabotage.

After Morrison-Knudsen had completed the two runways at the airport, their crews departed. However, they left several pieces of heavy construction equipment, which were transferred to the army. With these, H&S Company men constructed taxiways connecting with the runways. Upon completion of the taxiways, Lt. Akin took his H&S detachment to Smith Island, a dot out in Prince William Sound. Here they constructed an access road to the top of the island, where a navigation aid was installed after the war. These fellows were not sailors by any stretch of the imagination, but were issued a boat with a compass, and a barge, and told to find the island. Some time after they were established on the island, I went for a visit, traveling by their little boat and staying a couple of days. There was not much visibility on the way over, but steering by compass we made the island without trouble.

Remembering Smith Island brings up the matter of Tuffy, my Chow/Husky dog. Tuffy had been the dog of the Pettijohns, who ran the Cordova Daily Times. He developed a bad habit of knocking down old ladies carrying groceries, so was canine non grata in Cordova. His owners arranged for the post adjutant, Lt. Bucher, to take him over at mile 13. Lt. Bucher was subsequently transferred, and Lt. Akin took over Tuffy. Lt. Akin and I did a lot of things together, including many outings and

hikes with the two of us and Tuffy. On one occasion Tuffy wouldn't cross one of the railroad bridges remaining out beyond mile 13, and jumped into the stream to swim across, as he was a very good swimmer. But the stream was a raging glacial torrent, and he was swept under the bridge, his head bumping on the bridge stringers. We grabbed him as he came out from under the bridge, and pulled him to safety.

When Lt. Akin and his detachment were transferred to Smith Island, they loaded their heavy equipment (bulldozers, etc.) on a barge and headed out to sea. Tuffy was also aboard. Soon Tuffy decided he didn't like this, so he jumped off the barge and swam about a quarter mile to shore. From then on, Tuffy adopted me, and I had him for a year or more.

My photographs, with dates, show that at least one of my original D Company men stayed on at the railroad through the period of operation by the 713th and afterward. This was Sergeant Brindel from Albert Lea, Minnesota, who had been with the Milwaukee Road, and was a locomotive mechanic. I was able to successfully recommend him for Legion of Merit for his devotion to duty and capable work. There may have been others of my original unit who stayed on, that I don't recall.

As the war moved to the west, more and more troops were moved away from mile 13, and by June 1944 the garrison was down to Captain Cuddy, Post Commander, myself as Post Engineer, and fewer than 100 men. I then received orders to go to Tanacross to take over as Post Engineer at the airfield there, which was just being completed

by the Northwest Service Command. I made an unusual request to the Alaskan Department Utilities Officer at Fort Richardson that my jeep be transferred with me, so I could take my dog. The request was granted. So I, my jeep and my dog Tuffy were loaded on the little Army Transport Command ship T-43 and departed for Valdez. I never saw Cordova again.

We spent the night at an army installation at Valdez, and left town over the Richardson Highway. We spent the second night at the army post at Gulkana, and arrived at Tanacross on the afternoon of the third day. My scheme for having my jeep transferred with me almost backfired. I found out somewhat later that I had had a rather close shave in getting through. Thompson Pass on the Richardson Highway had been opened for the season only a few days before I traversed it. About three days after I passed through Copper Center, the bridge washed out and the road was closed for most of the summer.

I nearly did myself in one night at Tanacross. The officers' quarters there were very tight buildings, well insulated, with double windows and vestibuled entries. They were heated by

oil-burning space heaters, one stove for each two-man unit. Ventilation was provided by a sliding trap opening to the air space under the roof. This wasn't the coldest night I spent at Tanacross—a short time before it had hit minus 44 degrees—but it was the most frigid, at minus 20 with a 50 mile an hour wind. It got cold inside, so I hung a blanket over the window and closed the ventilator, debating with myself whether the latter was a safe thing to do. In the middle of the night I awoke with a pain in my chest. I got up, opened the stove door to see the fire, and saw that the flame was nearly out. I stood on my bunk, slid the ventilator open and went back to sleep. In the morning the first thing I did was look at the fire again. It was burning brightly. Apparently the stove, Tuffy and I had consumed nearly all of the oxygen in the room.

I served as Post Engineer at Tanacross until about Christmas 1944, when I was transferred from Tanacross, supposedly headed for Adak. I rode to Fairbanks on our weekly truck run for supplies, just missing the weekly Alaska Railroad train to Anchorage. So I spent Christmas week with the Breads in Fairbanks. By this time Denny's wife had come to Alaska, and they had subsequently moved to

Fairbanks, where Denny had taken another job. When I arrived at Anchorage my orders were superseded, and I was rotated back to the states (now called the lower 48 by Alaskans). Of course I was unable to bring Tuffy back with me. I met up with an older Military Police captain who had just arrived at Fort Richardson to become Provost Marshal. He took a liking to the dog, so I left Tuffy with him. I heard from him later that one day Tuffy disappeared. He alerted his MP's, of course, and in due time his northernmost outpost, fifteen miles from the fort proper, observed Tuffy heading north, and picked him up. Tuffy had evidently been heading back for Tanacross.

I was subsequently assigned as Post Transportation Officer at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, where I operated the railroad on that post.

Shortly after I was discharged from the army, I learned that the engine house at Cordova had been completely destroyed by fire. I never heard the details, but I would surmise that the fire may have been started by spontaneous combustion of the Utah coal for the Brownhoist crane, stored in sacks on unused tracks in the engine house, under a leaky roof.

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# Dedication Ceremony of the 1:24 Scale Model of the Copper River & North Western Railway.

BY JEANNE MORRIS

The dedication ceremony began at 1 PM on May 27<sup>th</sup> at the Copper Rail Depot in Copper Center. Mr. Ron Simpson, builder of this historic model and also the Diarama of Kennecott, along with the Copper Valley Historical Society, invited many folks to attend this Dedication. Master of Ceremonies Fred Williams stated that "this was the first time since 1898 that there had been so many people in Copper Center."

Following the raising of the American and Alaska flags and the Pledge of Allegiance, Mr. Williams introduced Ron Simpson. Ron is a young man and a descendant of Chief Nikolai. It is said that the copper deposits that became Kennecott were revealed to

and etc.) when he was about 5 years old and from then on many, many more dreams. Then, at age 30 when he finally saw Kennecott, it was just the way he had dreamed it to be. Don't ask him—how—why—or what. He will explain as best he can in a book that is soon to be published. But Ron Simpson has a love for Kennecott that is unexplainable.

After a very interesting history of Kennecott, Ron

ing some of her books.



photo courtesy Ron Simpson

ELIZABETH TOWER

Lone Janson, author of "The Copper Spike," spoke of her days in Katella (a Tlingit word for "oil") and how she used to walk the track, and how oil was discovered there, and many other stories of her time in Katella.

Bill Douglass was then



photo courtesy Ron Simpson

NELS KONNERUP

introduced Nels Konnerup. Nels told of growing up in Kennecott and after he finished High School he returned to work there on the tramways. He stated that the CR&NW Railway and Kennecott building operations are "one of the finest feats of engineering in the world." He expressed to Ron how grateful he was for the Diarama and the part it will play in preserving the history of Kennecott and the CR&NW Railway.

Elizabeth Tower, the author of "Icebound Empire" and "Ghosts Of Kennecott," talked briefly about the politics of Alaska. She was seen autograph-

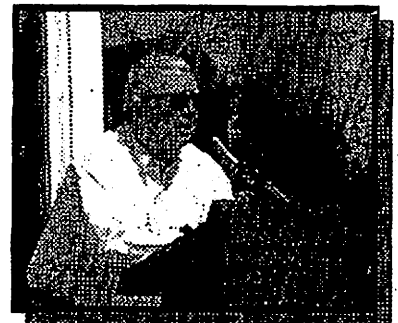


Photo courtesy Ron Simpson

BILL DOUGLASS

introduced. He is the oldest son of Wm. C. Douglass who was the Manager at Kennecott in the 1920's. Bill told of good times he had with his friend Nels Konnerup while they were young boys in Kennecott. He also told of how the summertime baseball



photo courtesy Ron Simpson

FRED WILLIAMS (RIGHT) INTRODUCES RON SIMPSON

early miners by Chief Nikolai. Ron is very knowledgeable about Kennecott and has built the models of the buildings and the CR&NW that are at his place of business, the Copper Rail Depot. Asked why he has such a deep love for Kennecott, Ron said that he had a dream (of red buildings



field became the wintertime skating rink. He left Kennecott in 1929 for Seattle and now lives in California.

Following Mr. Douglass to the speaker's platform was Mr. Al Swalling. He worked on the railroad for 10 years. He spoke



Photo courtesy Ron Simpson

AL SWALLING

of many things, and among them were the wages for the employees. "How they computed their pay was an education in modern math!" He said the CR&NW Railroad was "built for the express purpose of carrying ore."

Ron then introduced Geoff Bleakley, historian, and he told of the effect of Kennecott on the economy of the Copper Basin and how "Kennecott inspired many others to expand their discoveries".

The last speaker was Keith Marshall, who is the General Manager of Kennecott's Greens Creek



Photo courtesy Ron Simpson

GEOFF BLEAKLEY

were all planning a trip to McCarthy/Kennecott following the ceremonies.



Photo courtesy Ron Simpson

KEITH MARSHALL

Mines in Juneau. He was there to represent the Kennecott Corporation. He told of the present day mining at Greens Creek and then he also presented a very generous check from the Kennecott Corporation to the Copper Valley Historical Society. Mr. Marshall was there with his wife, Mo, and her friend from England, Carol Hall. They

At the close of the ceremonies, Ron started the miniature train. As it wound its way overhead from inside the building, on through the miniature town of Kennecott, and then outside over trestles and hundreds of feet of track, Ron gave a

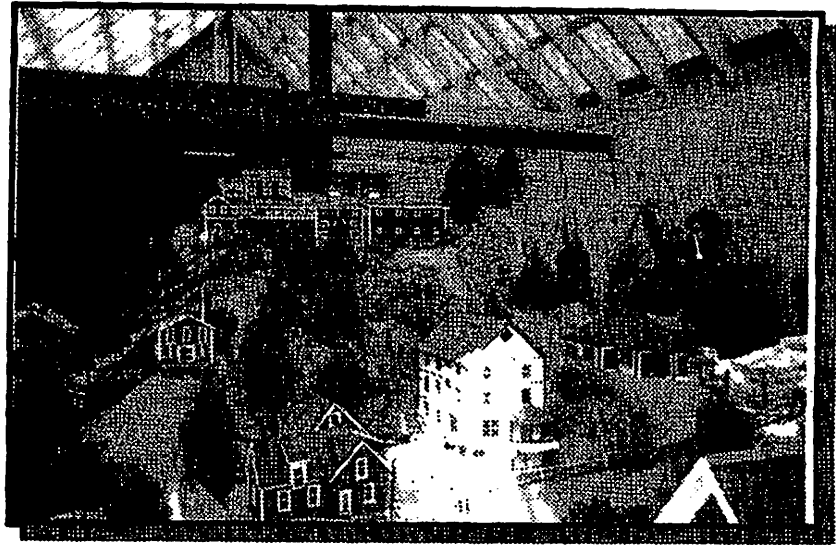


Photo courtesy Ron Simpson

MODEL BUILDER RON SIMPSON WATERS THE PLANTS IN PREPARATION FOR THE DEDICATION CEREMONY

grand salute to Chief Nikolai while the crowd gave a standing ovation.

Following the reception that was held after the dedication, many folks were planning to visit McCarthy/Kennecott. Among them Bill and Jackie Douglass, Nels Konnerup and his son-in-law and grandson, Inger and Charlie Ricci, Pat O'Neill and her cousins Teresa Hartung and Rusty O'Neill Imlach. Kennecott Kid Eleanor Gruber Smith was there with her husband and were having a wonderful time. Frank and Jeanne Morris were there and Frank was interviewed by the Copper Valley Historical Society as was Inger Ricci, Bill Douglass, Nels Konnerup and several others. Prior to the Dedication Ceremony many folks gathered at the historic Copper Center Lodge where a delicious brunch was served and many books were on display and for sale.

Dick Anderson of Anchorage has spent many hours compiling blueprints of the various installations at Kennecott and he also had many albums and these were on display for all to see.

# OUR TOWN

## July 1926 August

### I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT:

Lawrence Barrett went to work at Kennecott Tuesday.

Mrs. J. B. O'Neill received the sad news Monday of the death of her father, Judge C. C. Dalton at Seattle. He had been in excellent health at the time of his death.

The work train which has been on this end of the line for the past two months, was taken off July 1<sup>st</sup> and moved to the Cordova end.

Born at Kennecott hospital Monday June 28<sup>th</sup> to Mr. and Mrs. R. Kronstadt of Kennecott a son, (still born).

Sam Means came in from his ground Rex Creek Tuesday.

Joe Sommers came nearly being seriously injured the early part of this week at Dan Creek when a powder blast went off close beside him. He was badly bruised about the eyes and face and was forced to come in for medical treatment.

Jimmy Brown and Bill Wyers came in from Shushanna Wednesday leaving their stock at Gulkana.

July 3

### I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT:

Word was received Monday last that Wm. Longley, well known by the

people of McCarthy, was found dead at his home in Hyder, Alaska.

Buddie Seltenreich underwent an operation for appendicitis at Kennecott hospital on Wednesday and is coming along nicely.

July 17

### I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT:

The railroad boys gave a farewell party at John Barretts house last week before departing.

Arnold Wold, brother of Sig, arrived from Duluth last Saturday to visit his brother here.

Word has been received by Mr. Marshall that Mrs. Marshall has now fully recovered and will return as soon as she can get sailing on the Alaska boats.

Mason Farrar departed Sunday with Ketchikan or Hyder as his destination.

### HIGH WATER IN NIZINA

The breaking of Scolai Lake forced a huge quantity of water into the Nizina River which flooded all the low points along the left bank and carrying away one bent of the Nizina bridge. A couple of cars were on the other side at the time of the flood but managed to patch up the broken bent and get home the following morning.

### KENNECOTT MOVIES

Sunday July 25th

#### "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS"

DeMilles Mighty Spectacle

with sixteen stars in cast

including Theodore Roberts and Estelle Taylor

News

Mrs. O'Neill at Piano

Wednesday July 28th

Buster Keaton

in

#### "SEVEN CHANCES"

News

2 Reel Comedy

No increase in prices

July 24

### I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT:

McCarthy is delighted to see John E. Barrett reunited in marriage to his wife and returned to town today to make their home here.

Mike Johnson was rushed up from Chitina Tuesday night after having been shot thru the body just above the heart.

Cassius Brown was found dead in a winze at Erie Mine Friday morning.

A ball game will be held at Kennecott, Monday, Aug.

2nd, between the Elks and Kennecott. A dance will follow the game.

July 31

### I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT:

Andy Taylor leaves for Juneau to again act as guide to a mountain climbing party which will attempt one of the high peaks there.

Mr. and Mrs. Jorgensen of Kennecott leave today to make their permanent home outside.

### McCARTHY WELCOMES BACK OLDTIMERS

McCarthy turned out in festive mood Saturday to welcome the return of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Barrett, two of McCarthy's pioneers, who returned Saturday after being reunited in marriage at Chitina.

The citizens got busy and placarded their cabin with very appropriate signs which were greatly enjoyed by the returning couple. In the evening a surprise party took possession and extended a royal welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Barrett.

August 7

### I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT:

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Cloes and daughter, of Cordova came up on the excursion train today.

Mrs. James Muric celebrated her birthday at the Nizina Raodhouse Tuesday by inviting several guests in town. A most enjoyable time was had.

Mr. Geo. C. Hazelet of Cordova died very recently.

Harry Boyden arrived back in town Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Smith came up on today's train.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Leibbe came up on today's train.

Miss Marion Wills, who has been visiting in Cordova arrived back in McCarthy today.

Mr. and Mrs Bill Reid arrived in McCarthy today.

Rusty Reid came up from Chitina today.

Jack Lawrie arrived on Saturday's train to spend a week in McCarthy.

J. C. Leen came up on the excursion train today.

### COMMISSIONER'S CHANGE

Commissioner E. P. Harwood recently astounded the town by announcing his intention to return to Cordova to accept partnership with Mr. Hodge, attorney there and while they rejoiced in his good fortune, they mourned his loss.

His successor Mr. Chamberlain of Seward, arrived Saturday and Mr. Harwood departed Sunday.

Success is wished him on his new venture.

Mrs. Jack Schultz was hostess to a party at the home of Mrs. Chas. Anderson last Saturday when some twenty guests were invited. Dancing was the big idea of the evening, while Mr. Hodge introduced

a novelty in a few slight of hand tricks which mystified his audience.

The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Barrett, Mrs. Chas. Anderson, Mrs. Trim, Bertha McKay, G. Lockwood, Mr. Harwood, Mr. Hodge, Mr. Sig Wold, Mr. Ed Barrett, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Joe Murray.

W. H. (Dad) Wakefield will leave for Seattle tomorrow where he will visit some of his relatives there.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill, Mr. and Mrs. Osborn and Mrs. Harrais motored to the Nizina Wednesday and spent the day at Baltoff Lake.

Aug. 14

### WIDING - CRABB

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at Kennecott at 8:30 Sunday morning when Miss Ruby Crabb, well known hereabouts, and a stenographer in the private office there, was united in marriage to Louis Widing, also very popular here. He was local representative of the Mother Lode.

The happy couple started on their honeymoon to Cordova. They will spend a week at intermediate points and return to Kennecott Sunday.

### OLDTIMER DIES ON WAY OUTSIDE

Word was received here Tuesday by agent C. F. Pugh of the sudden death that day of W. H. (Dad) Wakefield, who was on his way to Seattle for medical attention.

### SULZER TRAVELING AIRPLANE INTERIOR

WISEMAN — Former Governor Sulzer of New York flew from Fairbanks to Bettles, thence to his Chandalar mines, thence to Nolan Creek and Wiseman and departed for Beaver all on Thursday. He landed in fields and river bars with no mishap. He said, "This has been the greatest adventure and most delightful experience in my life. I would not have missed it for all the gold in Alaska." Pilot Bennett flew the plane.

### KENNECOTT LOSES TO CORDOVA

The long heralded excursion arrived from Cordova on Saturday bringing with it the crack Cordova ball team which promptly took the measure of Kennecott to the tune of 11-2.

Batters — Cordova, Warter and Lopez; Kennecott, Schaffner, Joe Fleagle and J. I. Fleagle.

### MYER BLUM DIES SEATTLE

Word was received in the Copper River Valley of the sudden death in Seattle of Myer Blum long time known in these parts as connected with the old S. Blum & Co.

At the time of his death he was president of the First Bank of Cordova; purchasing agent in Seattle for the Lathrop interests, the O'Neill Co. and J. B. O'Neill.

Harry Dean came up from Chitina last Saturday. He will start to work at Kennecott this week.

Jim Rogers came in from Baltoff Lake this week,

and is going to work at Kennecott.

Jack Lawrie who has been in McCarthy for the past week, left on today's train for Cordova.

Aug. 21

### I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT:

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Padgett and family of Kennecott left today for California where they expect to take up their residence.

Buddie Seltenreich was considered sufficiently recovered from his operation to be taken home Wednesday.

Tom Kay went to Chitina by Wednesday's train.

Miss VanAlstyne of the Kennecott nursing staff, left Wednesday to accept a position at the Latouche hospital.

Miss Virginia Harrison of Waterbury, Conn. arrived today to take the vacancy on the nursing staff at Kennecott hospital.

Miss Linda Anderson gave a birthday party at her home Monday last.

Mrs. Smoke of Anchorage arrived on today's train to visit Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Malehorn.

### PARTY FOR CHILDREN AT ROAD HOUSE

On Thursday of this week Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Muric invited the Children of McCarthy to their Nizina Road House for the day. The children and some of the older people went out in cars at noon returning in the evening.

Aug. 28

# Good news from the Wrangells

BY BONNIE KENYON

I just finished writing a brief account of a series of meetings that took place here in McCarthy in June. "How do people see the McCarthy & Kennicott area and what do we want them to experience?" was one question addressed to those in attendance. Many excellent suggestions covered the necessities of life, such as toilets, water and food, to name a few.

One in particular continues to stand out to me, not just for the tourist but also for the local—a welcoming presence.

The amenities still needed in our area to provide added comfort for our guests will come in time, but the welcoming presence can materialize overnight, just by a decision on our part. A smile, a handshake, a comment or question that shows interest in someone's venture, a "welcome to our town" are all things we can do right now. It is not just for the park service rangers or the local businessman at the end of the McCarthy Road; this consideration for others and their feelings is a gift every one of us can give to the visitors and to each other.

You may not live in the McCarthy area, surrounded by the largest national park in the nation, a tourist destination, but your ability to be a friendly person to those you come in contact with is a wonderful asset. The following story came in by Email by one of our WSEN subscribers. I am sorry I misplaced your name. Whoever you are, thank you for taking the time to forward it to us.

**Subject: Not what you say...but what you do!**

Twenty years ago, I drove a cab for a living. It was a cowboy's life, a life for someone who wanted no boss. What I didn't realize was that it was also a ministry.

Because I drove the night shift, my cab became a moving confessional. Passengers climbed in, sat behind me in total anonymity, and told me about their lives. I encountered people whose lives amazed me, ennobled me, made me laugh and weep. But none touched me more than a woman I picked up late one August night. I was responding to a call from a small brick fourplex in a quiet part of town. I assumed I was being sent to pick up some partyers, or someone who had just had a fight with a lover, or a worker heading to an early shift at some factory for the industrial part of town.

When I arrived at 2:30 a.m., the building was dark except for a single light in a ground floor window. Under these circumstances, many drivers would just honk once or twice, wait a minute, then drive away. But I had seen too many impoverished people who depended on taxis as their only means of transportation. Unless a situation smelled of danger, I always went to the door. This passenger might be someone who needs my assistance, I reasoned to myself. So I walked to the door and knocked.

"Just a minute," answered a frail, elderly voice. I could hear something being dragged across the floor. After a long pause, the door opened.

A small woman in her 80s stood before me. She was wearing a print dress and a pillbox hat with a veil pinned on

it, like somebody right out of a 1940s movie. By her side was a small nylon suitcase. The apartment looked as if no one had lived in it for years. All the furniture was covered with sheets. There were no clocks on the walls, no knickknacks or utensils on the counters. In the corner was a cardboard box filled with photos and glassware. "Would you carry my bag out to the car?" she said. I took the suitcase to the cab, then returned to assist the woman. She took my arm and we walked slowly toward the curb. She kept thanking me for my kindness. "It's nothing," I told her. "I just try to treat my passengers the way I would want my mother treated." "Oh, you're such a good boy," she said.

When we got in the cab, she gave me an address, then asked, "Could you drive through downtown?" "It's not the shortest way," I answered quickly. "Oh, I don't mind," she said. "I'm in no hurry. I'm on my way to a hospice." I looked in the rearview mirror. Her eyes were glistening. "I don't have any family left," she continued. "The doctor says I don't have very long." I quietly reached over and shut off the meter. "What route would you like me to take?" I asked. For the next two hours, we drove through the city.

She showed me the building where she had once worked as an elevator operator. We drove through the neighborhood where she and her husband had lived when they were newlyweds. She had me pull up in front of a furniture warehouse that had once been a ballroom where she

(Continued on page 35)

# Far North Grizzlies Develop Taste for Muskoxen

BY NED ROZELL

*This column is provided as a public service by the Geophysical Institute, University of Alaska Fairbanks, in cooperation with the UAF research community. Ned Rozell is a science writer at the institute. He can be reached on e-mail at [nrozell@dino.gi.alaska.edu](mailto:nrozell@dino.gi.alaska.edu)*

One month ago, Badami oilfield worker Royce O'Brien focused his binoculars on a rare Alaska encounter—a grizzly bear standing nose-to-nose with a muskox. Suddenly, the grizzly made its move.

"The brown bear ran up and got behind the muskox like a wrestler would, and got its front leg over the muskox's shoulder," O'Brien said. "It bit into its neck and pulled it to the ground."

The muskox struggled free and got back to its feet to face the bear and its two yearling cubs. The adult bear then flashed past the muskox's horns, duplicated its wrestling move, and pulled the muskox down a second time.

"As soon as it hit the ground, the yearlings were in there," said O'Brien, an environmental technician at Badami oilfield, located on the Beaufort Sea coast about 30 miles east of Prudhoe Bay. O'Brien watched as the bears killed the muskox and began feeding, witnessing an event that was unheard of in Alaska until recently—far-north grizzlies killing muskoxen, sometimes as many as five at a time. Biologists are intrigued by a few instances of "surplus killing," behavior for which grizzlies are not known.

"There's been a dramatic increase in known grizzly bear kills of muskoxen," said Patricia Reynolds, an Arctic National Wildlife Refuge biologist with

the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. "Sometimes a bear kills more than one animal from a group. Why?"

Since 1982, Reynolds has studied the 300 or so muskoxen that live inside or near the borders of the refuge. Last spring, a U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service pilot saw several muskox carcasses while flying over the Canning River. The pilot, Dave Sowards, thought someone with a rifle must have killed the animals, so he called Curt Bedingfield, an Alaska State Trooper who works in Coldfoot. Bedingfield flew into the site and, from tracks and other sign, found that one bear had killed five muskoxen and another bear had killed two. Reynolds and biologists Dick Shideler and Harry Reynolds have now counted eight incidents of multiple kills of muskoxen by grizzly bears in northern Alaska.

Bears and muskoxen have coexisted in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge since 1969, when state biologists moved 51 muskoxen to the area from Nunivak Island. Known for their curved horns and shaggy hair that makes them look like haystacks on legs, muskoxen have thrived in the refuge and elsewhere in the Arctic, ranging from the Colville River east to Canada's Mackenzie River. Here, their range overlaps with brown bears known as "barren-ground grizzlies," which are smaller than grizzlies from more productive areas but are the same species.

These northern grizzlies are some of the most adaptable creatures on earth, and they may have just figured out a method of killing muskoxen, Reynolds said. When threatened, muskoxen often position themselves rump-to-rump, in a circle-the-wagons defense that may work well against wolves but not bears. Male bears of the North Slope emerge from their dens in late March and April, when snow still covers the landscape.

"They're hungry critters up there," Reynolds said. "There isn't a lot to eat." The farthest-north grizzlies now preying on muskoxen are among the least productive of brown bears in Alaska; females don't have their first litter until they are seven years old. These bears eat anything, from tubers of spring flowers to whales, and in learning to kill muskoxen they have exposed themselves to a new risk. After two recent encounters, muskoxen's curved horns allowed them to kill one grizzly and seriously wound another.

Why the bears sometimes kill more muskoxen than they can eat is a mystery, Reynolds said. Maybe deep snow, which slows muskoxen to a crawl, is allowing bears opportunities to kill that did not exist before. Maybe, when surrounded by prey, a bear's instincts churn into overdrive, like a weasel killing chickens in a henhouse. Only the bears know for sure.

## Book Reviews

### ***Exploring the Unknown AND The Accidental Adventurer***

A DUAL RELEASE BY EPICENTER PRESS

**Exploring the Unknown: The Historic Diaries of Bradford Washburn's Alaska/Yukon Expeditions by Dr. Bradford Washburn with Lew Freedman**

In 1911 Bradford Washburn was celebrating his first birthday when Hudson Stuck's party made the first ascent of Mount McKinley. In an era of exploration when much of the mountainous part of this country was unseen by human eyes, many men toiled to be the first to conquer these peaks. Once a mountain had been climbed, it lost its appeal.

Not for Washburn. He set out to see the mountains for himself and to make the unknown known. He captured these alpine peaks through detailed mapping, field surveying, testing, and one-of-a-kind photographs. He then shared his findings with the world. All but his diaries.

*Exploring the Unknown* offers an inside look at mountaineering and scientific history as it was being made from Washburn diaries that have been sealed to the public until now. Stunning back-and-white, large-format photographs of these remote summits accompany the three diaries, and capture each expedition's awesome undertaking.

Bradford Washburn became the authority on mountain climbing in Alaska and through his many scientific ascents of the mountain, his name is synonymous with Mount McKinley—which was once known as Denali—"The Great One." His diaries expose the

hardships and the ingenuity that distinguished early mountain climbing. Expeditions took months instead of weeks and climbers had none of the state-of-the-art, extreme weather gear that is used today. Washburn's camera, which was one of the first to take large-format photographs, weighed 50 pounds and had to be packed up the mountain with the rest of his gear! There were few shortcuts.

*Exploring the Unknown* documents Washburn's 1934 first-ascent of Alaska's Mount Crillon; the 1935 exploration of sections of wilderness in the Elias Range in Canada's Yukon Territory; and the 1951 climb of Mount McKinley's West Buttress. This year marks the 50th anniversary of this historic climb. Of these three diaries, Washburn's Mount McKinley expedition has the farthest-reaching effects. This pioneering climb of the West Buttress proved to be the easiest way up the mountain and opened the floodgates for future climbers. With little embellishment, Washburn's diaries detail life above 13,000 feet—the freezing winds and blazing sun, the stunning view, disappointments, impasses, rewards, and the limited rations and close quarters. His diaries uncover an era of exploration that is no longer, and portray the intimate details of a place that most will never see.

The book comes in a Cloth and Trade Paperback, 9" X 11", 128 pages, 100 B&W photos, 6 maps. The Cloth is \$27.95; Trade Paperback is \$19.95.



**The Accidental Adventurer: Memoir of the First Woman to Climb Mount McKinley by Barbara Washburn with Lew Freedman**

In the 1940s while most brides spent traditional honeymoons in the warmth of a new family, Barbara Washburn left her home in Boston, Massachusetts to spend her honeymoon mountain climbing in the uncharted, icy wilderness of Alaska.

This was just the beginning of a lifetime of adventure with her husband, the whole-renown explorer Bradford Washburn. After half a century, she tells all in her new book. Barbara's fearless determination to be with her husband resulted in her historic ventures into the mountains of Alaska with no mountain climbing experience and no intention of becoming a mountaineering pioneer. All she knew about her adventures was that as the only woman in a party of men, she'd have to measure up. She did.

She became a history maker and an inspirational model for women. Her most famous achievement was her 1947 ascent of Mount McKinley, when she became the first woman to climb North America's highest peak. Earlier expeditions to Alaska included the first ascent ever of Mount Bertha and Mount Hayes.

This was just the beginning. Barbara Washburn had many expeditions ahead of her, and made time to become an award-winning teacher—one of the first in remedial reading. She

was a devoted mother of three who faced criticism for defying social convention by leaving her children for months to travel to remote Alaska. In the decades following Barbara's famous Mount McKinley ascent she helped her husband create a map of the Grand Canyon where she faced the scorching sun, blizzards and precarious helicopter landings. She flew to Africa for a one of the last "old-fashioned" photographic safaris in Kenya—with a guide and thirty-two Native bearers to carry and care for her party of eight—making a stop to visit with Jane Goodall and her chimpanzees. Later years brought trips to Nepal and China in an effort to gain

permission from those governments to begin the first aerial mapping of Mt. Everest. And through it all, Brad and Barbara's continuous fundraising efforts "built" the historic Boston Museum of Science by raising over two hundred million dollars.

*The Accidental Adventurer* portrays an era when exploring was a vocation and many of our nations' mountains were yet uncharted. Barbara's accomplishments, amazing by today's standards, were virtually unheard of in the 40s and 50s earning her an important place in the history of women and exploration. Her story brings to life an era that is long past and the joy and simple satisfaction

that comes from a life lived to the fullest.

The Washburns celebrated their 61st wedding anniversary on April 27 and make their home in Lexington, Massachusetts.

The book comes in Cloth, \$22.95, and Trade Paperback, \$16.95. 6" X 9", 192 pages, 60 B&W photos, 1 map.

TO ORDER: Epicenter titles are available from your local bookstore. To order directly visit [EpicenterPress.com](http://EpicenterPress.com) or call toll-free 1-800-950-6663. Retail orders are available from Graphic Arts Center Publishing Co., Box 10306, Portland, OR. 97210 or phone 1-800-452-3032.



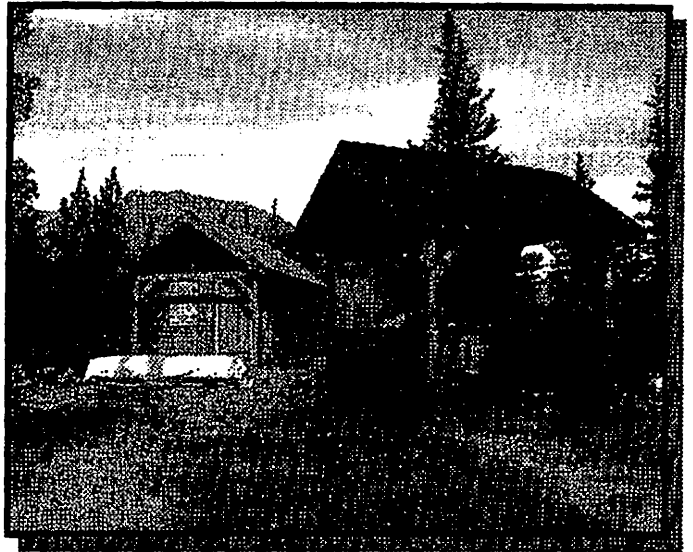
WSRN staff photo

"Range Rovers" arriving at the Kennicott River. Why drive the McCarthy Road both ways? Some folks apparently flew in, and had their cars delivered so they could drive out! Not a usual sight at the end of the road.



WSEN staff photo

How would you like to follow this rig  
in from Chitina?



WSEN staff photo

New NPS kiosk being built behind old one, which  
turned out to be too small. The campground has been  
closed to overnight parking or camping, at least for this  
season.

## Actual Hiker Comments

These are actual comments left last year on Forest Service registration sheets and comment cards by backpackers completing wilderness camping trips: (Thanks to Tonia Alexander who submitted these.)

*"A small deer came into my camp and stole my bag of pickles. Is there a way I can get reimbursed? Please call."*

*"Escalators would help on steep uphill sections."*

*"Instead of a permit system or regulations, the Forest Service needs to reduce worldwide population growth to limit the number of visitors to wilderness."*

*"Trails need to be wider so people can walk while holding hands."*

*"Ban walking sticks in wilderness. Hikers that use walking sticks are more likely to chase animals."*

*"All the mile markers are missing this year."*

*"Found a smoldering cigarette left by a horse."*

*"Trails need to be reconstructed. Please avoid building trails that go uphill."*

*"Too many bugs and leeches and spiders*

*and spider webs. Please spray the wilderness to rid the area of these pests."*

*"Please pave the trails so they can be plowed of snow in the winter."*

*"Chair lifts need to be in some places so that we can get to wonderful views without having to hike to them."*

*"The coyotes made too much noise last night and kept me awake. Please eradicate these annoying animals."*

*"Reflectors need to be placed on trees every 50 feet so people can hike at night with flashlights."*

*"Need more signs to keep area pristine."*

*"A McDonald's would be nice at the trail head."*

*"The places where trails do not exist are not well marked."*

*"Too many rocks in the mountains."*



# What to Do About Aggressive Moose

## *Why are moose aggressive towards humans?*

**M**oose are not normally aggressive; however, they can be very aggressive in winter when they are hungry; tired of walking in deep snow; or harassed by people, dogs, and traffic. Kids and adults sometimes throw snowballs at moose or approach them far too closely for safety. Dogs chase moose out of backyards, and loose dogs bark at them and chase them. Moose consider dogs to be their enemies and will sometimes go out of their way to kick at one, even if the dog is on a leash or in a fenced yard. Give moose an extremely wide berth if you have a dog with you and don't let your dog chase a moose. When moose are on a road, driveway, or trail or when they are lying under a deck or up against a house, they are often trying to rest. When people repeatedly approach them closely or chase them away, moose become stressed. Each moose has a different breaking point, but if they are harassed enough, many moose will act aggressively.

**Are there other seasons when moose tend to be aggressive?**

During the fall mating season, in late September and October, bull moose may be aggressive toward humans. In late spring and summer, cow moose with young calves are very protective and will attack humans who come too close. If you see a calf and not a cow, be very careful, because you may have walked between them, which is a very dangerous place to be.

**Is it okay to feed moose?**

No. It is illegal and very dangerous. Moose that are fed by humans often become aggressive when they are not fed as expected. They may attack the next person they see if the person has no food to offer. Don't feed moose, and ask your neighbors not to feed them. If your neighborhood moose is fed, the chances that it will charge people, especially kids, are increased many-fold. A moose with a history of unprovoked attacks will be shot by enforcement officers to protect public safety. Thus, by feeding a moose, people may be contributing to its death.



**How do you know when a moose might attack?**

The long hairs on its hump are raised, ears laid back (much like a dog or cat), and it may lick its lips (if you can see this, you are way too close). A moose that sees you and walks slowly towards you is not trying to be your friend; it may be looking for a handout or warning you to keep away. All of these are dangerous situations. Back off. Look for the nearest tree, fence, building, car,

or other obstruction to duck behind.

**What if a moose is standing next to your house or car door?**

Is there another door or a way around the moose? If not, be patient. The moose will often move away on its own. It may take half an hour or more, but it's usually worth waiting. Sometimes a loud noise or movement will startle them into moving, but moose that are used to people are usually not easily chased away. If you have to get by, try to keep a large tree, snow berm, vehicle, building, or fence between you and the moose. Don't get near a moose if its only escape route is in your direction, and always leave yourself one or more escape routes. As a last resort, a large squirt of pepper spray will often move them, or at least provide you with some protection if they charge.

**What if a moose charges?**

Many charges are "bluff" charges, warning you to get back. However, you need to take them all seriously. Even a calf, which weighs 300 or 400 pounds by its first winter, can injure you. When a moose charges it often kicks forward with its front hooves. Unlike with bears or even dogs, it's usually a good idea to run from a moose because they won't chase you very far. Get behind something solid; you can run around a tree faster than a moose can. If it knocks you down, a moose may continue running or start stomping and kicking with all four feet. Curl up in a ball, protect your head with your hands, and hold still. Don't move or try to get up until the

moose moves a safe distance away or it may renew its attack.

### Are kids safe around moose?

Yes, usually. The problem is, both kids and moose are somewhat unpredictable. Young kids will take their cues from adults; if you take chances, they might also. Keep kids away from moose. If a moose is hanging out

at a school bus stop, ask the driver if he or she can pick up the kids one or two blocks away along the route. Establish a parent patrol to wait at the bus stop with the kids (more to control the kids than the moose). If your kids walk to school, show them another route to walk if they see a moose on their normal route. If you know a

moose is in your neighborhood, kids should probably avoid walking on long paths through the woods where it is dark and there is no easy escape if a moose runs down the path.

*(Reprinted from the Alaska Department of Fish & Game—Wildlife Conservation web site)*

## Black Bear Fun Facts

### Did you know ...

hat thousands of years before high-performance athletes started to stuff themselves with pasta, black bears were loading up with carbohydrate-rich berries to help them get through the winter? Blueberries are the main late-summer component of the black bear's fat-building diet. Think about that when you're eating your next pop tart.

But the berry season lasts only a few short weeks; the rest of the time black bears are far less particular. When they emerge from their dens in the spring, black bears feed mostly on new shoots and other tender vegetation. After breakfast, black bears set out on a culinary ramble that could include winter-killed animals, newborn moose or deer fawns, insect larvae, bird eggs, and small mammals such as snowshoe hares. In coastal areas, black bears move to streams in mid-summer to feast on spawning salmon.

The bear's fondness for a

well-balanced diet has one major drawback, however; bears that live near towns sometimes acquire an insatiable taste for garbage. Relocated bears have returned hundreds of miles to their favorite dumps. They are



genuine junk food junkies.

Did you know ... that male and female black bears cannot

tolerate each other's company except to breed? Hmm.... You'd think they would have a lot of interests in common—browsing for berries, rooting around for bugs and grubs, and rifling through garbage.

Although breeding occurs in June and July, the fertilized eggs of the female do not begin to develop until autumn. Biologists believe this phenomenon, called delayed implantation, occurs so that the bears' young are born when their chances of survival are greatest. Gestation takes about 10 weeks following implantation. Were it not for the delay, sows would give birth just as winter was setting in. Instead, black bear cubs are born in the safety of winter dens and emerge in spring when food is plentiful.

Cubs are raised in single-parent families; father bears do not help with daycare.

*(Reprinted from the Alaska Department of Fish & Game—Wildlife Conservation web site)*

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**"Everybody is ignorant, only on different subjects."—Will Rogers**

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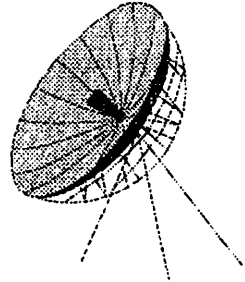
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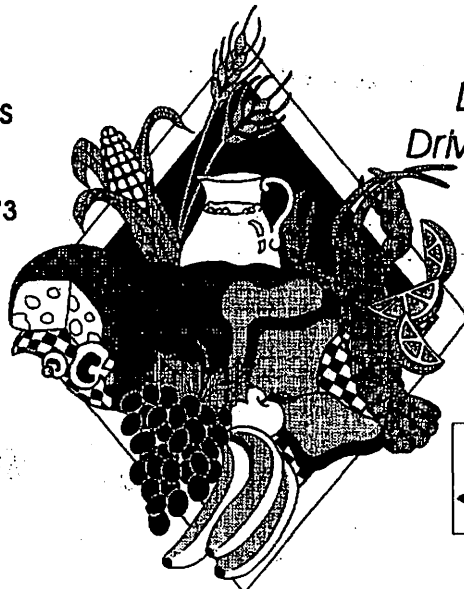
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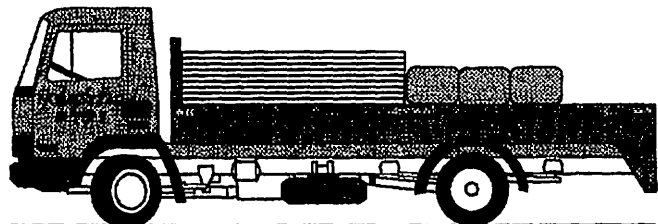
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# JoAnne's Cooking Column

BY JOANNE WOOLEVER

I'm afraid this month I won't have a lot of time to chat. Summer is here and so are the wonderful guests that come here to the Wrangell-St. Elias National Park. Kennicott Glacier Lodge is going full swing as are all of the other businesses in the area. First of all, I would like to thank Keith Rowland's mother, Nancy, for sending me the original Bisquick recipe for Cobbler Crust. I tried it and it was just as yummy as I remembered growing up! And as a bonus the page that she copied for me also included the Bisquick recipe for Strawberry Shortcake. I have included both of these for our readers' enjoyment.

*For all of you peanut butter pie lovers I have included one of my own recipes for Chocolate Peanut Butter Pie that took First Place in a cooking contest back in my "old" home state of Tennessee. Also for the children is an easy no-bake cookie recipe that remains one of my favorite today. The temperatures have been in the mid 70's up here at Kennicott for at least a week so a recipe that doesn't call for an oven is a good thing, as Martha Stewart would say! Thanks for reading and happy cooking.*

## **Peanut Butter Pie My Way**

- 1- 6 oz. pkg. semi-sweet chocolate chips
- 1- 6 oz. pkg. peanut butter chips
- 1- 8 oz. pkg. cream cheese
- 1- 16 oz. container sour cream
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1 pre-baked pie crust, any flavor

1. Melt chips and stir until smooth, set aside.

2. Beat cream cheese until smooth.

3. Add sour cream, sugar and vanilla to the cream cheese mixture, mix well.

4. Add the melted chips to the above and blend well.

5. Pour into the prepared crust and chill well, at least several hours, until firm.

You may use any flavor of chips, any flavor of chocolate, etc. You may use all of one flavor or a mixture as above. You may use low calorie cream cheese, and sour cream substitute if you prefer. Any flavor of pie crust will work, according to your preference and the filling that you choose to use. You also may substitute any flavor of extract for the vanilla, mix or match with the flavor of your chosen filling and crust. Yummy!

## **No-Bake Cookies**

(Kids love these!)

- 2 cups sugar
- ½ cup milk
- ½ cup butter
- 4 tablespoons cocoa
- ½ cup crunchy peanut butter
- 3 cups quick-cooking oats
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Boil sugar, milk, butter and cocoa for 1½ minutes. Start timing after mixture reaches a full rolling boil. Remove from heat; add peanut butter, oats and vanilla. Beat until well blended, then drop on waxed paper by teaspoonfuls. Coconut, chopped nuts, raisins or chopped dates may be added, if desired.

My mom made these by the barrels for my ten brothers and sisters and me. Patty Lund.

## **No-Bake Date Cookies**

- ½ lb. chopped dates
- 1 cup margarine
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 egg

Mix and cook over medium heat, stirring often and boil for 4 minutes. Cool and add:

- 2 cup Rice Krispies
- ½ cup chopped walnuts
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Cool; roll in balls, then in coconut. May freeze. Erma Davies

The above recipes were taken from the *Cherished Recipes* cookbook published and compiled by the St. John Vianney Catholic Parrish.

## **Strawberry Shortcake - Standard style**

- 2 cups Gold Medal Flour
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/3 cup shortening
- 1 cup milk

Heat oven to 450 degrees. Grease round layer pan, 8 X 1½ inches. Measure flour, sugar, baking powder and salt into mixing bowl. Cut in shortening thoroughly until mixture looks like meal. Stir in milk just until blended. Pat into prepared pan. Bake 15 to 20 minutes or until golden brown. 8 servings. For individual shortcakes use a 3-inch biscuit cutter. 6 servings.

With either size, split shortcakes while warm. Spread with butter; fill and top with sweetened fresh strawberries. Serve warm with light cream.

More luscious thoughts! Remember fresh peaches, raspberries and blueberries for beautiful shortcakes, too. And, of course, you can use frozen or canned fruits during the winter months.

**Cherry Cobbler**—To cobbler up means to put together in a hurry. So quickly now, bake a cobbler; plan an instant party for



the family.

1 can (21 ounces) cherry pie filling  
 ½ teaspoon almond extract  
 1 cup Bisquick  
 1 tablespoon sugar  
 ¼ cup milk  
 1 tablespoon butter, melted and cooled slightly  
 Heat oven to 400 degrees. In 1 ½ qt. casserole, mix pie filling

and almond extract. Place in oven 15 minutes or until hot and bubbly. Mix Bisquick, sugar, milk and butter with fork to a soft dough; beat vigorously 20 strokes. Stir in almonds. Drop dough by spoonfuls in 6 portions onto hot cherry mixture. Bake 20 to 25 minutes or until topping is golden brown. Serve warm and, if desired, with light cream or ice

cream. 6 servings.

Note: The Standard-type Shortcake dough that is given above can also be used. Or, you can substitute apple or blueberry pie filling for the cherry.

*From the Betty Crocker Bisquick flyer courtesy of Nancy Rowland. Thanks again!*

# A LOOK AT THE WEATHER

BY GEORGE CEBULA

**A**s in the past, April saw the end of a long winter and the last of the snow.

April 2001 was about average, compared to the rather warm winter of '97-98. The high temperature for the month was 52 on the 23<sup>rd</sup> (56 on Apr. 27, '00 and 59 on Apr. 17, '99). The low was 0 on the 2<sup>nd</sup> (8 on Apr. 10, '00 and -4 on Apr. 8, '99). The average temperature for April was 34.4 compared to 34.6 in '00 and 34.1 in '99.

*Silver Lake had a high of 53 on the 27<sup>th</sup> and 30<sup>th</sup> (55 on Apr. 28, '00 and 61 on Apr. 18, '99) and a low of 13 on the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> (10 on Apr. 10, '00 and 0 on Apr. 8, '99). The April average temperature at Silver Lake was 33.9 (34.3 in '00 and 32.8 in '99).*

The precipitation for April was below average with 0.07 inches of liquid (0.56 in '00 and 0.42 in '99). Snow was observed on 4 days with a total of 1.2 inches. This compares with 3.6 inches of snow in '99. *Silver Lake had only a trace of liquid (0.20 in '00 and 0.11 in '99) and a trace of snow.*

The total snowfall for '00-'01 was 85.2 inches (65.8 in '99-'00 and 38.9 in '98-'99), with 29.5 inches in September.

McCarthy started the month

with 21 inches of snow on the ground and ended April with 2 inches. McCarthy was clear of snow by May 4<sup>th</sup>. *Silver Lake was rid of its snow by the 9<sup>th</sup>, after starting April with 2 inches.*

The temperatures stayed rather cool most of May with highs in the 50's and lows in the 20's. The high temperature for May was under 70, with 68 on the 28<sup>th</sup> (67 on May 30, '00 and 69 on May 14, '99). The low temperature was 18 on the 5<sup>th</sup> (20 on May 11, '00 and 19 on May 19, '99). The May average temperature was 41.8, this compares with 42.7 in '00 and 42.6 in '99. There were only 8 days with a high of 60 or above. *Silver Lake had a high of 68 on the 29<sup>th</sup> (65 on May 29, '00 and 70 on May 15, '99), a low of 18 on the 5<sup>th</sup> (24 on May 8, '00 and 23 on May 12, '99) and an average temperature of 42.0 (43.3 in '00 and 42.7 in '99).*

The May precipitation at McCarthy was above normal with 2.13 inches of liquid. This compares with 0.34 inches in '00 and 1.29 inches in '99. A trace of snow was recorded on the 9<sup>th</sup>. The ground was covered with small hail the afternoon of the 17<sup>th</sup>. *Silver Lake recorded 0.52 inches of liquid (0.91 inches in '00 and 1.29 inches in '99). A trace of snow was observed at*

*Silver Lake on the 2<sup>nd</sup>, 4<sup>th</sup>, and 8<sup>th</sup>.*

May 1<sup>st</sup> saw the ice on the West Fork of the Kennicott River begin to break apart and water was moving over the top. The river was clear of moving ice by May 15<sup>th</sup> and all the shore ice was gone by the 20<sup>th</sup>. *The ice on Silver Lake was too soft for travel in late April and it was completely gone the morning of May 15<sup>th</sup>.*

The first part of June was warmer and wet with a high of 80 recorded on the 11th. The lows were near freezing the first few days and finally reached the 40's by the 5<sup>th</sup>. Summer should be in full swing by late June. June and July are the warmest months with the highs usually in the low 80's. The temperature begins to cool in August with highs only getting into the low 70s. The all time high recorded at McCarthy was 87 on June 21, 1991.

Freezing temperatures should be back by the end of August, although they can be observed at any time. Average monthly rainfall is about 2 inches (June-August). Hidden Lake emptied on July 2, with a rapid rise of the water level in the Kennicott River but no flooding. The first snow usually arrives sometime in late September.

ENJOY THE SUMMER  
 WHATEVER THE WEATHER!

# FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

BY KEN SMITH

“Today the most divisive issue in Alaska’s state

history is behind us. And most Alaskans seem persuaded ANILCA has brought neither all the horrors envisioned by opponents, nor all the blessings intended by advocates. Most are learning to live with what has been termed “the most significant piece of environmental legislation ever passed.”

“ANILCA strove to protect these crown jewels by placing them not in impregnable vaults, but showcases—not to be locked away out of sight or touch but rather, displayed, under guard, for the admiration and enrichment of generations to come. Rather than being “locked up” as some contend, these jewels are locked open, for the enjoyment of all.

Perhaps the most ironic aspect of this incredibly divisive battle between conservationists and developers is the possibility, once oil and the minerals are depleted, ANILCA may prevent Alaska from returning to the traditional “boom-bust” cycle that has plagued its economy since the days of Russian exploitation.

Tourism, I’m told, has surpassed oil as an international monetary medium. In Alaska today, visitors spend more than a billion dollars, maintaining almost 14,000 Alaska jobs and generating millions in revenue to state and local governments. More than 52,000 Alaska jobs are now directly affected by non-resident spending—thousands more indirectly. Eighty-four percent of Alaska’s visitor industry jobs are held by

Alaska residents, and more local entrepreneurs are emerging to accommodate this growing activity.

Tourism has become Alaska’s second largest private sector industry in terms of employment and its third largest among basic industries—including government—following only the military and the seafood industries.

Unquestionably, the crown jewels reserved and showcased by ANILCA will continue to attract those who seek experiences rapidly vanishing from other parts of the world. Barring re-emergence of international hostility such as that which seems to have faded between our nation and the old Soviet Union, Alaska as a visitor destination may indeed prevent the “busts” which followed the fur, gold and oil booms. If so, in some substantial part, ANILCA will have made this possible.”

The forgoing quote is out of former Governor Jay Hammond’s book *Bush Rat Governor*. It articulates one of his rationalizations for the huge federal land set aside called Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act “ANILCA.” Sounds like good logic, doesn’t it?

The Governor believes that when the time comes Alaska must face diminishing economic returns from its natural resources ANILCA will provide necessary relief through tourism, since ANILCA provides a protected environmental habitat for ALL to enjoy.

Since the time is almost at hand where economic meltdown is inevitable if Alaska can not

come up with a sound long-term fiscal policy, let us analyze what we can realistically expect ANILCA to do for us today.

On June 16 the *Voice of the Times* in the Anchorage newspaper said this about the situation: “In later years, the tax-exempt environmental lobbies revved up their engines not only to save Alaska from Alaskans but to reduce the opportunities for people to visit and enjoy national parks across the land. Parks and wilderness areas are not just for the pleasure of Sierra Club executives and high-faluting eco-zealots. They are for Americans all.” The Times also quoted Rep. James V. Hansen, R-Utah who said: “The nation is now at the point where we have lost the proper balance between protecting the environment and allowing the American people to enjoy their own public lands. A prompt and sharp course correction is called for.”

Closer to home, consider the case of our own mountain wilderness Wrangell-St. Elias National Park and Preserve (WRST)—an area approximately three million acres larger than the nation of Switzerland. A few years back, while addressing a gathering in McCarthy, then Superintendent Jon Jarvis and future Assistant Secretary of the Interior, Don Barry, outlined plans for future visitation to WRST with words to this effect: Mr. Jarvis indicated that the policy of the National Park Service would be to minimize “Industrial Tourism” into the area by suppressing visits by persons fitting into this category. In order to achieve this, he explained, the Park

Save

Service was about to spend tens of millions of dollars for a visitor center outside the park near the Richardson Highway. From this observation area these people can gaze upon the Wrangells from afar and be exposed to the magnificence of the Park through a sort of virtual reality experience.

Maybe, if this virtual reality idea works out, a person need not even visit Alaska at all but enjoy it instead back home in New Jersey.

It is time to raise serious questions regarding all of this. For instance: Are those embracing this regressive lock out mentality influential enough

to render the good governor's dream baseless? If so, is ANILCA going to do our economy any good at all, particularly when we get into dire financial straits? The Governor said "for ALL to enjoy," didn't he? What is wrong with that?

(Continued from page 20)

had gone dancing as a girl. Sometimes she'd ask me to slow in front of a particular building or corner and would sit staring into the darkness, saying nothing.

As the first hint of sun was creasing the horizon, she suddenly said, "I'm tired. Let's go now." We drove in silence to the address she had given me. It was a low building, like a small convalescent home, with a driveway that passed under a portico. Two orderlies came out to the cab as soon as we pulled up. They were solicitous and intent, watching her every move. They must have been expecting her.

I opened the trunk and took the small suitcase to the door. The woman was already seated in a wheelchair. "How much do I owe you?" she asked, reaching into her purse. "Nothing," I said.

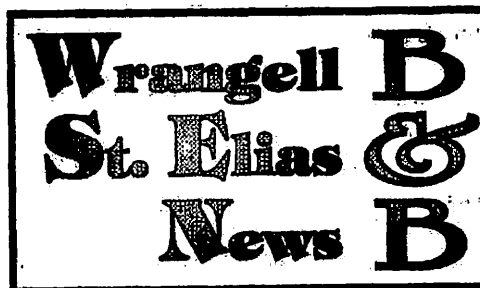
"You have to make a living," she answered. "There are other passengers," I responded. Almost without thinking, I bent and gave her a hug. She held onto me tightly. "You gave an old woman a little moment of joy," she said. "Thank you." I squeezed her hand, then walked into the dim morning light. Behind me, a door shut.

It was the sound of the closing of a life. I didn't pick up any more passengers that shift. I drove aimlessly, lost in thought.

For the rest of that day, I could hardly talk. What if that woman had gotten an angry driver, or one who was impatient to end his shift? What if I had refused to take the run, or had honked once, then driven away? On a quick review, I don't think that I have done anything more important in my life.

We're conditioned to think that our lives revolve around great moments. But great moments often catch us unaware—beautifully wrapped in what others may consider a small one. People may not remember exactly what you did or what you said but they will always remember how you made them feel.

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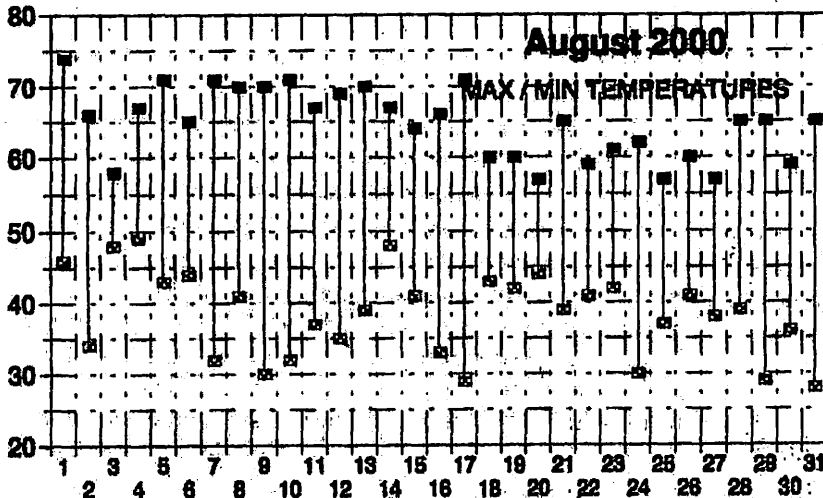
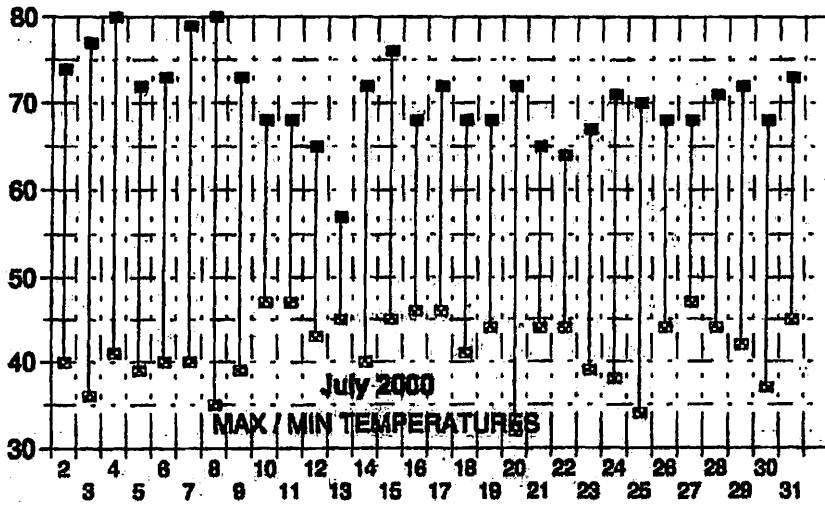


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*Weather - What can we expect?*



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S001

Hello,

My name is **Todd Salat** and I am a full-time photographer. I took this photograph of the **Northern Lights** over the mill site on a clear and crisp evening a few autumns ago.

I used a million candle power spotlight to illuminate the red buildings during a 12 second exposure. The moonlit **Wrangell Mountains** and the **Big Dipper** in the midnight blue sky compliment the scene.

Please believe me when I say this photo has a very rich color to it. It is printed on Fuji glossy **Crystal Archive** paper and will last a lifetime. I have these photographs for sale in several sizes and the Prices are as follows:

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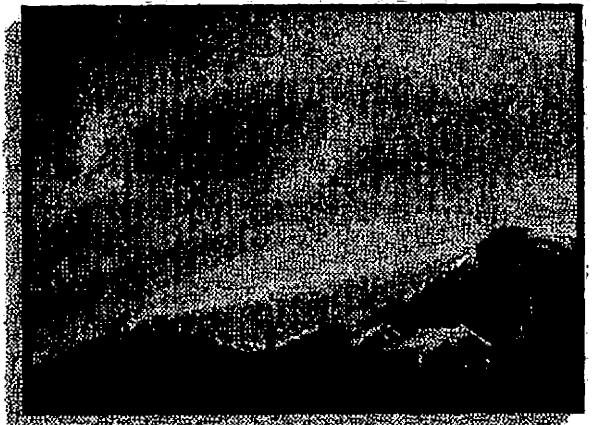
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