

Wrangell St. Elias News

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"

Vol. Eleven Issue One

January & February 2002

Two Dollars

SEVENTH ANNUAL LADIES COOKIE EXCHANGE



WSEN staff photo

The McCarthy "ladies" celebrated the holiday season with their favorite cookies and candies! Husbands, boyfriends and fathers all encouraged their special "lady" to attend and so in spite of the -16 degree temperature, these hearty souls came by foot, snowmachines and trucks to exchange their handiwork with their neighbors and friends. From right to left, front row: Audrey Edwards, our hostess; Dorothy Adler; Betty Adams; Hannah Rowland, our youngest lady; Frances Bursch, Maggie Bursch, Tessa Bay, Natalie Bay, Dee Frady. From right to left, back row: Meg Hunt, Catie Bursch, Laurie Rowland, Christine Johnson, Diane Ludwig, Linda Lohse. (Bonnie Kenyon is taking the picture.)

A note from the publisher

BY BONNIE KENYON

Happy New Year to all our WSEN readers. We trust you enjoyed a blessed Christmas celebration with family and friends. The winter's cold arrived shortly after Thanksgiving and we here

in McCarthy are looking forward to the warmer temperatures the weather service keeps promising us. There are 12 inches of snow on the ground allowing travel by 4 wheeler, snowmachine, vehicles or skis. On any given mail day in McCarthy, one will witness nearly every mode of transportation one can find in the Alaskan bush. One thing is for sure: the bunny boots, heavy parkas, snowsuits, fur hats and our warmest mittens are unpacked and being well used these days.

Rick and I started early on this issue due to the fact we plan on winging our way south the end of December to see family members in Virginia, Georgia and Florida. Our office will be closed between December 25-January 20. If you need to reach us, we will check our email daily so please don't hesitate to say hello or contact us at WSEN@starband.net

This last mail day Rick and I received two boxes and notes from subscribers Ted Cebula and Rich and Gloria Reid. As most of our readers know, Ted is George's brother from Milwaukee who makes frequent visits to our area. About this time each year, since WSEN began in 1992, a hardbound book entitled Wrangell St. Elias News arrives. One arrived this year. Inside are all 6 issues for the year 2001 and an encouraging note: "It is hard to believe another year has gone by and you completed your tenth year of publication—Volume 10, year 2001. Congratulations!" What a

keepsake and source of reference to Rick and I. Thank you, Ted!

The second surprise contained two boxes of licorice and a batch of paperback books. Rich and Gloria Reid from Oak View, Ca. wrote: "Your paper gave away the fact that you like murder mysteries and licorice. Enjoy the licorice and share the books."

When I hear some of our subscribers say they read the News from cover to cover, it must be true. Rich and Gloria must fit into that category. Thank you both. Rick has finished one of the books and, well, I guess I'll go ahead and admit that one box of licorice has quite a dent in it already!

Rick wanted me to remind you that current McCarthy weather (as well as the forecast) is available on our web site mccarthy-kennicott.com (that is, except the time while we are gone from the office). For those new to WSEN, Rick and I are the McCarthy weather observers for NOAA. We collect weather data and take 9 observations a day. In past years our neighbor and weather columnist, George Cebula, filled in for us. This year, however, he is on another adventure which I'm sure he will share with you when he returns.

Wrangell St. Elias News welcomes aboard the following new subscribers: Sam Lightwood, AK; Dave Roemhildt, AK; Doug Vollman, AK; Gregory J. Bachinsky, NY.

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Items of Interest

BY BONNIE KENYON

Dave Hollis: Dave, who is better known to us in the McCarthy area as "Hollis," emailed us the other day with an item. He writes: "Miss Kitty and I are anchored down in Anchorage this winter. We've got an apartment up on Government Hill, and I'm working as the bookkeeper downtown at Muffler City. I've been socializing with some McCarthy area folks wintering here, too. I'm just killing time in the big city until next May, when I plan on returning to McCarthy for Summer Camp 2002. I'm looking forward to driving shuttle bus for Wrangell Mountain Air again—my 7th summer on the road to Kennicott. I now have made about 2,500 trips up, and 2,500 trips back down to McCarthy without ever hitting a chicken in the Miller's yard."

Howard Mozen, Elizabeth Schafer and Avery: Howard, Elizabeth and Avery are also spending the winter in Anchorage where Howard works as a special ed teacher.

Since our last WSEN, Elizabeth emailed me with their change of address (they bought a condo near the Valley of the Moon Park) and an update of their activities.

At the time of the email, she and Avery had just gotten back from the east coast where they attended Kris Rueter and Sam Gregory's wedding in New York City and spent a couple of weeks with her family. Howard only had enough time off work to attend the wedding.

"It was a wonderful time, great weather, lots of Alaskan folks there to hang out with and

sightsee with," writes Elizabeth.

Howard's students had even made a banner and written tons of postcards to NYC. He and Nancy Cook (who was also in NYC for the wedding) hung up the banner and handed out the postcards at Ground Zero to the policemen, firefighters and workers.

"New York City was very welcoming to us. It was wonderful to be able to attend Kris and Sam's wedding. And it was fun to meet all their family and friends," comments Elizabeth.

A more recent item: I just talked to Elizabeth on the phone. I caught her in the middle of "painting her living room." Thea was babysitting Avery. I didn't express my opinion that Avery might be a great assistant. Kids love paint! According to Elizabeth, Avery has learned a new word—balloon. She and Howard may be the only ones who understand Avery's rendition of the word, but, nevertheless, it is quite an accomplishment!

The whole family will head to warmer climes the day after Christmas. Avery hopes to entertain her proud grandparents with her latest vocabulary achievement.

Doug Miller: The McCarthy Lodge is taking on the look of Christmas these days. Doug is busy decorating for the upcoming holiday season and expecting company over Christmas. He also reports he is "feverishly working" on his new web site which includes a vendor's page for the local businesses and is encouraging each of us to turn in a one

paragraph description of our services. He'll even provide us with a link to our own site! Now that's hard to beat. Thanks a lot, Doug.

Keith, Laurie, Kaleb, Daniel, David, Jubal and Hannah Rowland: The Rowlands have spent many memorable vacations here in McCarthy, but as of the end of October, we're now calling this friendly, remote community "Home," begins the Rowlands's Christmas letter to their friends and family.

As most of our readers already know, the Rowlands purchased property at the confluence of the Kennicott and Nizina rivers a few years ago. Since that time they have made many trips out this way to work on their access, (no small task even with Keith's top-of-the-line dirt moving equipment!), poured a cement basement, and recently Keith (and neighbor Chad Reymiller) added the basement roof. The logs for the remainder of the house will arrive in a few months. Then the excitement starts.

"We're hoping to be moved in by this summer, but meanwhile, we've claimed squattin' rights at Keith's parent's house, a 1920's-era CR&NW Railroad building which was used as a mess hall during the Kennecott Copper Mine boom days," continues the Rowland Revue 2001, as Laurie has titled this year's newsletter.

Keith and Laurie have spent 9 years building a sterling reputation, a broad and loyal client base, and a highly specialized niche in the environmental dirt work industry.

Although they recently sold their Fairbanks-based business, Rowcon Services, Keith and Laurie hope to "dig enough dirt to keep food on the table."

Welcome "Home," Keith, Laurie, Kaleb, David, Daniel, Hannah and Jubal!

Thom, Cate, Frances and Maggie Bursch: When Cate answered the phone a few minutes ago, she and the girls were just getting ready to take the dogs mushing. She said they like to get outside at least once a day for some outdoor activity. I was waiting for her to add, "in spite of the temperature," which is presently -23 and falling.

Thom is out of town but due back any day now. The ladies have been keeping the home fires burning. They braved the cold to attend the Annual Cookie Exchange yesterday, December 7th, held at Audrey Edwards's house at Swift Creek. Cate said this was her second time for participating in the ladies-only event as she and the family have been living in Homer, returning this year to their area cabin to spend the winter.

Just before leaving the festivities, Cate received quite a surprise. Frances, Maggie and Tessa Bay decided they would don their winter garb and go outside and play before heading home. When the time came for Cate to gather her girls and head for the snowmachine, she came outside calling for the girls. No answer. This happened a couple of times before Cate returned to the house and relayed her concerns to the other ladies. Perhaps the girls had gotten turned around outside and were lost? Unknown to Cate and the other ladies, the three girls had found a hiding place in Jim and Audrey's shop, right under the noses of the mothers. Observing

Cate's growing distress, the girls just couldn't contain themselves and before long were heard giggling in the background. Needless to say, Cate was much too relieved to give the girls a "talkin' to" and the ladies couldn't resist entering into the round of laughter.

I also learned it was Frances's birthday today and that a birthday party was scheduled for tomorrow. Happy belated birthday, Frances!

Brooks, Diane and Ian Ludwig: One very good sign that winter is truly here is the arrival of the Ludwig family to their Fireweed Mountain cabin. With all the cold weather we've been experiencing since Thanksgiving, Brooks and Diane (along with their area neighbors) are devoting a good portion of the day to collecting firewood for hungry stoves and hauling water from nearby creeks or springs. I asked Diane if they were managing to tackle any other projects besides wood and water detail. As a matter of fact, she said, they have.

Bead work is a great winter craft that Diane really enjoys and she assured me she is finding time to work on her beading projects. She is even braving the cold temperatures by doing some skiing.

Brooks is busy on inside woodworking projects such as a small table for Ian and a booster seat. He even designed and built an air intake system for fresh air movement in the cabin.

A real blessing for Diane this winter is having a few more "ladies" in the neighborhood, Cate Bursch and daughters, Frances and Maggie.

Ian, who is almost two years old, is a popular young man. Whether it is with the Rowland boys and Hannah (who loves to

mother him!) or the Lohse boys, Ian is always the center of attention!

Lane Moffitt, Betty Adams and Kaylin: On my way to mail yesterday, I stopped to see Kaylin and his new puppy. What a cutie! Kaylin, with "puppy" in tow, so graciously posed for me and I just had to share this picture with you (and Denny, his grandmother, of course). Lane



WSEN staff photo

KAYLIN AND "PUPPY."

and Betty are doing their best to help their son come up with a name for his pet, but, so far, none have sounded right to the young master Kaylin. Perhaps our readers could give him a hand.

While I was visiting with Betty (Lane was out grading the McCarthy Road), brother John showed up with a babysitting job for Kaylin—2 fish and 2 snails — and their aquarium. So, it looks like there will be plenty for Kaylin to do this winter.

Betty says she is thrilled to have the Rowland family nearby and the Shidner boys, Matthew and Robert. Kaleb, David and Daniel Rowland visit Kaylin frequently. Kaylin and Betty showed me a sample of the arts and crafts the young men had created this last week. A fine job, boys!

Jim and Audrey Edwards: The Ladies's Annual Cookie Exchange is over for another year. Audrey, hostess for the second year, is recuperating. Now, that's not her choice of words because she loves having us ladies tromp into her house, eat up her deliciously-prepared food and goodies and then leave her with all the dirty dishes. Believe me, we ladies are glad she is glad!

Not only did she begin her cookie/candy preparations long before the "exchange," she made extra to share with the bachelors in the community. They, too, are glad she loves what she is doing!

When I called Audrey yesterday, she said Jim was making good use of the cookies that were left from the exchange but they were quickly disappearing. He was especially fond of Linda Lohse's fudge, trying to make it last a bit longer.

While Audrey's been baking, Jim has been cutting dead trees for firewood and burning brush—a good way to keep warm during this cold spell. Swift Creek, their water source, is spreading out and freezing up again, says Audrey, so Jim will be studying how to remedy that situation. Never a dull moment in the "bush!"

Jim gave Audrey an early Christmas present this year—a plane ticket to see her daughter. She is eagerly looking forward to the 2-week visit with Susan.

Her next major project is to wallpaper her living room and kitchen. Chad Reymiller will be giving her a hand. We ladies might need to take another trip to the Edwards's house to inspect the finished product.

Chad Reymiller: Chad is not having a hard time finding things

to do this winter. He is working on his cabin and hoping to move in before Christmas. When he's not hammering away, Chad is putting miles on his new snowmachine, an 800cc Polaris. It is getting a true McCarthy break-in with trips to visit Tim Mischel at the Angle Station above Kennicott and down the Kennicott River to the Nizina and then over to the Chitina River. (I was glad to see he brought in a helmet this year!)

Jim and Jeannie Miller and family: The Miller family recently returned from a trip to Michigan for Matt's wedding. Jeannie said the trip and the wedding "went great and was beautiful." She and Jim were pleased to meet Julie's family, too. After the wedding, some of the family took a side trip to see Terry, Jeannie's sister, and some of Jim's family.

Shortly after returning home, Jeannie set out for town to do her Christmas shopping. The only down side to her trip was missing the cookie exchange, she said. Now that she's home and so are all the kids, it is time to do some baking. Welcome home!

Al and Fran Gagnon: Fran and I enjoy staying in touch—comparing May Creek and McCarthy weather. I called to see how she and Al are faring with all the cold temperatures our area is experiencing. Fran assured me their cabin was nice and warm, birds were well fed at Al's 50 lb.-capacity bird feeder. (Now that is one BIG feeder!)

"Uptown May Creek," as Fran refers to their cabin in the Alaskan bush, has the bush luxuries such as indoor-piped spring water, a hot shower and satellite TV. All this and peace

and quiet (unless Al is watching his favorite sports programs!) to do her famous bead necklaces. At the moment she is busy filling Christmas orders, she said, and thoroughly enjoying the winter season.

Matt and Julie Miller: Now that Matt and Julie have "tied the knot" I decided they should have their own spot in the Item's column.

According to Matt, he and



Photo courtesy Matt Miller

JULIE AND MATT MILLER

Julie's wedding went "smooth and perfect." They are both in for the winter and presently moving Julie's stuff into their own cabin. Matt says they are staying plenty warm in spite of the cold temperatures (he said he thinks it got down to at least -24) at Kennicott. He's not sure his thermometer is working properly, but that is still cold enough to put their fuel oil stove on high setting.

Congratulations, Matt and Julie, on a fine wedding and thanks for allowing me to include you both on my roster of "items" to report on!

Regulatory Commission looks into CVTC service

BY RICK KENYON

Three Copper Valley Telephone Cooperative (CVTC) technicians sat mute while fifteen co-op members from the McCarthy area told the Alaska Regulatory Commission that although they appreciated having telephone service, the phones just didn't work very well.

The testimony was given at the McCarthy Lodge on December 10 at a three-hour-long hearing on "the quality of service provided by Copper Valley Telephone Cooperative, Inc., in and around McCarthy, Alaska through Basic Exchange Telephone Radio Service."

The hearing had been spawned by an ongoing dispute between Jim Edwards of McCarthy and CVTC. In October of 1999, Edwards notified CVTC that he was having phone problems. Technicians came and looked at the installation, but according to Edwards did no actual repair on the equipment. Edwards was billed for the visit, as CVTC maintained the problem was due to "customer installed wiring," specifically a 12-foot section of wiring cable on the power supply. According to Jim, he was invited to attend the CVTC annual meeting last year to seek redress on his complaint. He did attend, but says he was cut off when he tried to explain the situation to the board of directors. He later drew up a petition to the Regulatory Commission which was signed by 32 local residents. The petition asked the commissioners to reopen Edwards' file, and also stated, "I myself have

experienced, and know that many others have said, that phone service in McCarthy has a poor record of reliability." Apparently it was this petition that caused the Commission to schedule the hearing.

Although it was a billing dispute that led to the hearings, the Commission specifically forbade any talk of billing disputes during the hearing. Only testimony as to the quality of telephone service was allowed. Each person was officially sworn in before giving their testimony.

The testimony of the fifteen CVTC customers was amazingly similar. "Ghost Calls," as Andy Shidner dubbed the scenario where the phone rings, but when it is picked up only a dial tone is heard, was a recurring theme. Al Gagnon told of static, problems with phone calling cards and several outages when the Sourdough Repeater site had run out of fuel. Kelly Bay told of dropped calls, "all circuits are busy" and "out of range" messages, after saying he thought the technicians were doing a good job, but the equipment installed at McCarthy is "junk." Natalie Bay said there was no way to document how much business was lost because people trying to call in often heard a message that the number being called was not in range, or was out of service—leading some callers to surmise that the business was defunct. She gave one specific situation where someone had phoned her from Eagle River, and had to redial 6 times to get through. Each time,

the phone rang, but the first five were "ghost calls," only a dial tone. When Natalie reported the trouble to CVTC, she was told that the person probably was dialing the wrong number. Doug Miller said that he had to dial his McCarthy Lodge number 10 times the last time he was in Fairbanks in order to get through. Most told of problems with data, including Internet, email, credit card approval and accessing banking accounts that required touch-tone input.

CVTC General Manager Tim Rennie didn't come to McCarthy, but spoke via speaker phone from Valdez. Rennie said he was surprised by the testimony, that he did not know there was a problem with the system at McCarthy. CVTC had been asked by the Commission when they expected to replace the switching equipment at McCarthy, to which they replied that they did not have any replacement scheduled. Rennie said that a digital switch to replace the current analog unit was one possibility, but said the co-op had not looked into what kind of equipment was available. One of the commissioners told Rennie that he was disturbed by what appeared to be CVTC's giving its urban customers preference over the rural customers. Rennie argued that all of their customers were rural, except for Valdez.

What will come out of the testimony? No one knows. But while we are waiting to find out, just keep dialing those McCarthy numbers. Most of the time, we are not really "out of range!"

"The Bible was as much America's founding document as the Declaration of Independence or Constitution. The Founding Fathers' beliefs in liberty, equality before the law and representative government came from Sinai. The Constitution is a covenant reflecting a much older covenant." —Don Feder

Airplanes in the Wrangells—Jack Wilson

BY KENNY SMITH

Just recently I read a good book by Jack Wilson, *Glacier Wings and Tales*. Jack published the book back in 1988 and it is still available. There are three more pilots I would like to write about before completing the *Airplanes in the Wrangells* series. They are Herbert Haley, Howard Knutson and Jack Wilson. I chose those three since they sort of round out the Cordova Air Service/Airline legacy that began with Harold Gillam, Merritt Kirkpatrick "Kirk," and my father Merle "Mudhole" Smith.

Herb Haley should have been next in line but it is very difficult getting enough detail together regarding Herb's life. Herb's son, Howard, lives near the Wrangells and is helping me with background research on his father. During the mid to late 1940s and very early 1950s Herb was about the only link to civilization the few people still living in the Wrangell Mountains had. In those days Herb flew for Cordova Air Service/Airlines out of Chitina and was one of the oldest pilots in the United States when he was killed in an aircraft accident near Iliamna late in 1955.

Howard Knutson is the only active pilot remaining from that early group. He lives in Anchorage, fishes in Bristol Bay and just a couple of years ago flew his Cessna over the North Pole.

Jack is not flying but still going strong although last year he told me that arthritis is slowing him down some. Jack was a World War II Army pilot. When he entered the service in 1942 he wanted to be a fighter pilot and in fact was trained as such even receiving expert

ratings in gunnery and flying schools. But, after Jack graduated the Army needed transport pilots more than fighter pilots so Jack's war career was served flying large transports of the day, Army style.

After the war, a natural pilot through and through, Jack headed back to the great American mid-west and the outdoor country where he was raised and attempted to make a living in the flying business. He became a Colorado big game guide as well as a local pilot but Jack still wasn't satisfied and wanted to find a genuine niche of his own. He did, in Alaska's Wrangell Mountains.

Jack came to Alaska in 1951. Finding a flying job in Alaska at that time wasn't easy, as there were quite a few out-of-the-service military pilots looking for work. Few had Alaska experience. Like Kirkpatrick, Jack was also a pretty good aircraft mechanic, which gave him opportunity to find employment in and around the flying game. Even then he did other things; for instance, he even resorted to driving a cab in Anchorage.

In 1954 Cordova Airlines decided to hire Jack in its bush division. In his book, Jack attributes Mudhole Smith's (Smitty) reason for hiring him was due to his mountain flying experience in Colorado and Wyoming. That is true but only part of the reason. I was pretty young when this occurred but I recall Dad wanting Jack not only because of his flying experience but also because he possessed the pragmatic, resourceful "jack-of-all-trade" type characteristics that it took to survive as an only pilot in a remote area of Alaska. Smitty

also wanted Jack to back up and possibly replace Herb Haley at Chitina. The company wanted to use Herb more often at Cordova.

Jack worked under Herb for about a year or so then took over the interior operation after Herb was killed. He did an excellent job for Cordova during that time. Late in 1956 Jack decided to go in business for himself and notified Smitty of his resignation. To say that Smitty was displeased with that decision would be an understatement. Smitty operated Cordova Airlines much the same as early cattle barons managed livestock in the west. They believed they controlled the respective rangeland, even though it was public, and nobody better intrude. Smitty thought the same way except with the air. Jack had decided not only to fly in Smitty's air but in competition with him and worst of all in Smitty's beloved Wrangell Mountain territory. Jack originally based Wilson Air Service out of Chitina. Smitty responded by finding and hiring another pilot of Jack's equal, Howard Knutson. Smitty based Howard in Chitina and the war was on.

When I wrote about Bob Reeve's early flying career in the Wrangells, I mentioned the episode where Reeve's first hair-raising flight took him way out to Middleton Island in the Gulf of Alaska. I told how Reeve said he never went to Middleton again and how scary it was for me, when I flew for Cordova, and we had to go way out over the ocean in single engine float aircraft but never as far as Middleton. I said we always used twin engine equipment to go all the way to Middleton. Jack called me shortly after reading the article. He said that one time when he

worked for Smitty, Smitty sent him all the way to Middleton in a single engine Cessna 170 on wheels. Jack said he figured Smitty was mad at him or something. I wonder if that happened after Smitty got wind of the future Wilson Air Service.

Glacier Wings and Tales not only describes many of Jack's experiences as a pilot but it also gives insight into what it was like to forge a successful guiding and flying service in a remote area. I would love to repeat some of his Wrangell Mountain flying tales here but space is limited so I recommend reading his book.

Jack also flew on the North Slope, before the pipeline days, when things were slow in the Wrangells. His book details many interesting flying experiences way up there as well.

Jack actually was second only to Harold Gillam in establishing an aircraft operation in the Wrangells. As outlined earlier in this series, Gillam's company was "Gillam Air Service" at Copper Center and Chitina, but, since Gillam employed Kirkpatrick and based him in Cordova where Kirk

eventually became an original principle in Cordova Air Service, Mudhole always preferred to give credit to Gillam for starting Cordova Air.

By 1959 Jack had moved the base of his operation from Chitina to Gulkana. At the time I began flying commercially in 1960 I was assigned to Chitina under the tutelage of Knutson. By then the relationship between Cordova Air and Wilson Air was relatively amicable, although Mudhole would get us fired up every so often. I had known and liked Jack ever since I was a kid as I was often around him during the years he worked for Cordova. After I began flying he was still very gracious and pleasant when our paths crossed, even though we were now competitors. Since my old man owned the airline I got a pilots job with very few flying hours, less than 200. I'll never forget Jack coming over to me toward the end of that first season and telling me that he had been watching me all summer and had observed how much my flying had improved. A very much appreciated and kind lie.

In my opinion, history should and probably eventually will, give Jack much more credit for his glacier flying achievements. Bob Reeve and Don Shelton are the acknowledged pioneers in this area. Bob's credits are due to his being the very first ever to operate commercially off of glaciers. Shelton's exploits are connected to Mt. McKinley and all the mystique surrounding it due to its location close to the population centers of Alaska. Jack's glacier flying experience is just as extensive as Don's except that Jack spent most of his time in the Wrangell and the St. Elias Mountains. Those of us familiar with these mountain ranges realize that even today they are almost a closely-guarded secret. Few people connect with names like Mount Logan, which happens to be just a few feet shorter than Mt. McKinley but also happens to be the largest mountain mass on earth. Consequently, not a lot of folks have heard of Jack Wilson, since most of his life he made his living flying off of glaciers in this little-known part of the world.

Long Lake Field Report—2001

BY CLIFF COLLINS, LONG LAKE

5-3-01. The first Swallows today, only a few pair.

5-13-01. 300 foot open, ice free area on west end of the lake. Pair of Common Loons feeding in open water. Many Swallows courting, fighting for territory. Volume increasing.

Bamboo Chickadee nest box on north trail has brood of seven babies, couldn't catch the female, however she wore a band on her left leg, the other leg had a red plastic band. The young birds appeared to be a week old. A second bamboo Chickadee box

close by contained a dead female Tree Swallow. Our Chickadee nest boxes have a 1 inch entrance hole, while the Tree Swallow nest box's entrance is not less than 1 ½ inches. It appeared the female Tree Swallow had squeezed into the smaller hole and couldn't get out; she apparently had been dead more than a week.

A Hairy Woodpecker is again nesting in an Aspen on the North trail. A Northern Flicker is again showing much interest in the log nest box just inside the poultry

yard. For two years she has raised her noisy babies here.

The female Golden Eye is going in and out of the log nest box on the north shore of the lake, then flying to the float at the end of the dock where she meets her beautiful mate. The head and crest of the male are so erected that the head looks small—back and forth they go in the water at the edge of the float. She became so excited she laid an olive green egg on the wood of the bare float. Later in the day I saw her entering the log nest

box, close by.

6-17-01. Joshua and I opened and checked 21 nest boxes. Most had between 5 and 7 eggs.

In an attempt to catch more adult male swallows, we installed a mist net on the lawn south of our cottage. The net was installed when it was sunny, mid day, and when the swallow population appeared to be the highest. Joshua tossed white feathers into the air and let them float gently down; almost like a flash we caught seven birds in the net. They were attracted very well, but then they sharply avoided the mist net. Dozens flew within inches, then turning sharply and abruptly, just inches before getting caught in the fine mesh net. After two hours waiting, we gave up.

The story of #657

I first banded #657 in Nest box #43 that is located on a post, a few feet north of our garden.

She was setting on four white eggs. I particularly noticed the finger nail size white spot at the base of her beak. This is a well known marking on a Cliff Swallow. Immediately I mentally labeled her as a Cliff-Tree Swallow hybrid.

NEST BOX #43. The birds hatched on 7-18-1996. On 8-3-96 when I again examined the nest I found it deserted and the half grown birds were dead (the normal migrating time for Long Lake swallows is July 15).

NEST BOX #33. On 6-1-97 she nested in box #33, which is located on the south post of our sweet pea trellis. She laid six

eggs. Two of the eggs didn't hatch; two birds died and I banded two who later fledged.

NEST BOX #64. On 6/17/98 we found her nesting in Nest Box #64. This box is located on the side of a big cottonwood tree in the center of our lawn and is no further than 75 feet from box 33 in which she nested last year. She laid 5 eggs. One egg didn't hatch. I banded 4 young who fledged.

NEST BOX# 1. On 7/2/99 she raised a brood in Nest Box #1. This box is located only about fifty feet from box 43 in which we originally found her. It is a "blue bird" type box, is easily viewed simply by raising the friction held cover. I always called this the "Observation" box because it was always the one I often opened to show my interested young observers about the "life cycle" of swallows. In 1999 —#657 fledged 5 healthy birds which I banded on July 2, 1999.

NEST BOX # 22. 6-14-00. This nest box is located within a few feet of our much-used BBQ oven and less than 75 feet from both box#33 and box #64 in which she has nested. On 6-14-01 she let Josh and I gently lift her off her pretty white eggs. Both of us, open mouthed, exclaimed "It's 657" when we saw the white spot on her forehead. On 7-2-00 Joshua placed bands on her 5 robust babies while I excitedly watched. (One of her eggs had not hatched.)

NEST BOX #22. 6-14-01. Were we shocked and pleased to find our pretty little "Hybrid" again setting on a nest full of

eggs a year later, and again in the same nest box she nested in last year.

It seemed the spot on her forehead was a little larger and maybe even a bit grayer.

6-30-01. These birds were 5 or 6 days earlier than normal and ready to fly. We placed bands on six. Band numbers following: 1661-77-488, 489, 490, 491, 492 and 493.

They were strong and healthy and ready to go.

Our swallows left on July 17 except a pair of late nesters in Nest Box #5.

Our records show 2101-76-657 is the oldest Tree Swallow on our records since we started banding in 1984. Good Luck 657 on your annual migrating trip to Honduras and Central America.

Certainly hope to see you next year.

At this time I wish to offer my sincere thanks to Mary Ann Ward of Fireweed Mountain and Salcha, Alaska. She is intensely interested, she is an enthusiastic Birder and her help with this banding has been much appreciated.

I cannot say enough to show my appreciation to Joshua Collins, my great grandson, who has been learning, helping and banding with me for several years. His preciseness and ability is remarkable. To watch him place a band on a swallow's leg, alone and with one hand is something for one to see. Thank you Josh—your interest will take you far.

"Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Never excuse yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself—and be lenient to everybody else."—Henry Ward Beecher

Princess Lodge nears completion

BY DOUG VOLLMAN - COPPER VALLEY WEEKLY

With a magnificent view of the Copper Valley and the adjacent Wrangell Mtns., the \$10 million Copper River Princess Wilderness Lodge is taking shape at Mile 1 of the Brenwick-Craig Road near Copper Center. The 85-room hotel is scheduled to open for business May 16, 2002, according to Robert Morgenstern, Marketing manager for Princess Tours in Seattle.

The lodge sits above the Klutina River on property acquired from the University of Alaska and Ahtna Native Corporation. After acquiring 160 acres along the Klutina River for \$750,000 from U of A, Ahtna traded property on the bluff for land along the river, according to lodge manager Jim Bankson. The flatter land above the river was a much better building site, added Bankson.

The Brenwick-Craig Road (Klutina Lake Road) was rerouted off of the scenic bluff and caused protests from local road users. After public hearings and a comment period held in June, the State of Alaska accepted the realignment of the road with the condition that a 15 foot-wide pedestrian easement remain

open to the public from the west side of the Princess property to the scenic overlook along the bluff.

In addition to the hotel, which will have 78 regular rooms, 1 deluxe suite, and 5 handicapped access rooms, the lodge will include a 120-seat restaurant, a 48-seat lounge and bar, a great room complete with a fireplace, a meeting room available for conferences, a gift shop, and a tour desk, according to Morgenstern.

The lodge is owned by Alaska Hotel Properties, a subsidiary of Princess Cruise Lines, and is being built by Alcan Construction of Fairbanks, according to lodge manager Bankson. The Princess Lodge will operate seasonally from the middle of May to approximately Sept. 19th and will employ about 80 people, according to Bankson.

Princess hopes to utilize the local labor force and has planned a job fair at Prince William Sound Community College in Glennallen during the College's grand opening on January 11, 2002, according to Bankson. The lodge will work closely with local tourism businesses, including fishing guides, rafting tours,

flightseeing and sightseeing excursions, to provide their guests with a quality experience in the Copper Valley and Wrangell-St. Elias National Park.

Most of the guests will be part of tour groups that will include cruising from Vancouver, B.C., sightseeing on the Prince William Sound from Whittier to Valdez, and a land itinerary that will include one or more nights at the new lodge in addition to visits to Denali National Park or Fairbanks, according to marketing manager Morgenstern.

Princess Cruise Lines headquartered in Los Angeles, operated 6 cruise ships in Alaska waters last season, according to Morgenstern. Princess Tours operates 4 other hotels in Alaska: the Kenai Princess Lodge near Coopers Landing; the Denali and McKinley Lodges; and the Princess Hotel in Fairbanks.

With the addition of the Copper River Princess Wilderness Lodge, the tour company will now have 1065 rooms available in Alaska, according to Bankson. A grand opening and reception for the new lodge is planned sometime after the May 16, 2002, scheduled opening.

mccarthy-kennicott.com

"The next best thing to being there!"

Current weather and area forecasts. Links to the Online Visitor's Guide, with area information and history. Links to area businesses including Wrangell St. Elias News, WSEN B&B, McCarthy B&B, The McCarthy Lodge, McCarthy Air, Kennicott Treasures and the Kennicott-McCarthy Chamber of Commerce.

If you have a web site offering services in the McCarthy-Kennicott area, increase your traffic with a link on mccarthy-kennicott.com. We also offer web site design and hosting at surprisingly affordable rates. Call Rick or Bonnie at (907)554-4454 or Email us at WSEN@starband.com for more information.

The McCarthy area's premier web site.

Park Complex nears completion

BY DOUG VOLLMAN—COPPER VALLEY WEEKLY

The new Wrangell- St. Elias National Park and Preserve Visitor Center and Park Headquarters construction project is a few weeks ahead of schedule with most of the exterior work being finished before winter, according to Park Planner, Vicki Snitzler. The campus-like layout, which includes a visitor contact station, theater, exhibit building, Park Headquarters office building, restrooms, bus pavilion, and maintenance building, is being built by Ahtna Construction.

The new complex is located on the Copper River bluff near Mile 107 of the Richardson Hwy. and will include a walking trail along the bluff with an excellent view of the Wrangell Mtns. The new facility will have more than 10 times as much building space as the existing visitor center and headquarters on the Copper Center loop.

The Park Service will take possession of the complex in December, according to Snitzler. Park Service employees will work through the winter readying the exhibit hall and visitor contact station.

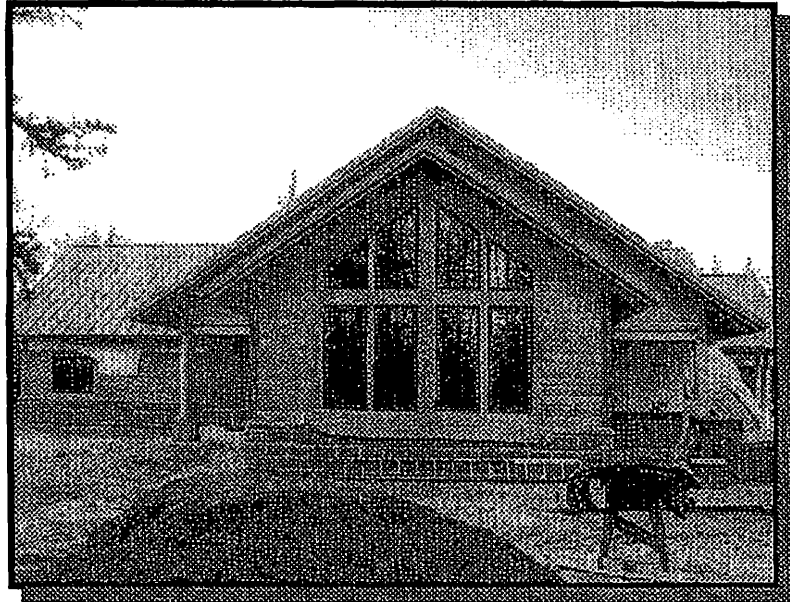


Photo courtesy Doug Vollman

VISITOR'S CONTACT STATION

The multi-million dollar project utilized local labor and resources, according to Contractor Liaison, Randall Ashby. Inside the buildings are hand-made rafters, built on-site by Tom Carew and the Ahtna crew. All around the buildings are log posts crafted by Bob Barnes of Lower Tonsina or by the SAPA wood workers, according to Ashby.

Next Spring, the final landscaping will be completed along with an outdoor amphitheater, according to Snitzler. Also included in the future plan is an Ahtna Heritage museum.

When completed, this magnificent complex will be a fitting visitor gateway for the nation's largest National Park.

Kodiak Island Brown Bear Hunt

Editors note: Although Mike lives in Valdez, he also has a cabin at Silver Lake and we consider him a "local!"

BY MIKE CHRISTENSON

Our application for a permit to party-hunt Kodiak Brown Bear at Deadman Bay, Kodiak Island, Alaska, went to Alaska Department of Fish and Game (ADFG) in May. The 2-month wait was hard to take. The lottery permit results came out in the latter

part of July. My brother Jon Christenson and I had drawn a much sought after permit! There were only 3 permits issued to non-guided hunters. My brother is allowed, under Alaska law, to hunt with me in place of a guide.

We started looking through supply lists and calling for air

taxi service and cabins to rent. Also, calls to ADFG to find out about the bears in Deadman Bay.

On October 22, I drove to Anchorage from my home in Valdez and met Jon. A last minute phone call to our air taxi service, Andrew Air in Kodiak, and we found out bad weather

was moving in and we should get to Kodiak as soon as possible. We also phoned our rental cabin owner Rick Metzger, at Alpine Cove cabins to say we could be late due to bad weather.

We arrived on Kodiak and after picking up our permits at Fish and Game, and a stop at the grocery store for last minute shopping, we went to the seaport to leave—only to learn the weather was too poor for flying. The next day we were airborne and arrived at Alpine Cove in Deadman Bay. Rick Metzger met us as our beaver on floats taxied to the beach. A warm cozy cabin waited our inspection and quick approval, and we moved in.

Brown Bear season doesn't open until October 25 so we had time to look the country over. The next day I spotted a herd of 3 deer coming onto the beach, and took a young blacktail buck for the camp cook. We also saw a few bears.

Opening day had us up early, lunches packed, and breakfast done. After a skiff ride across Deadman Bay, we started up the river, stopping on knolls and brush points to glass for bears. Before long we saw a bear in the river. As we watched, something scared the bear out of the river and into the thick brush. Then we spotted a big boar very high up on a mountainside. It was early in the day and there was about 4 inches of snow on the ground, the temperature around 20 degrees. Jon and I decided to try for the bear. We started up the ridge to get up above the bear but there was ice under the snow in places and since we had no crampons or ice cleats we decided not to go higher. The bear stayed in the same area for

hours. We went back down the ridge to the river bottom.

We sat at a point of trees and watched the area as we ate lunch. We decided to move to the next point of brush across a large grassy meadow. We were about halfway, when I spotted him—a large, dark colored brown bear in the grass. We were



Photo courtesy the author

MIKE CHRISTIANSON WITH 9 FOOT KODIAK BROWN BEAR.

caught in the open so we dropped onto our stomachs. The bear was eating a salmon. As we watched, he disappeared, then reappeared in a different area. We headed towards him, playing cat and mouse. As we got nearer we learned he was in a small feeder stream, feeding on the salmon there. The water should have been crystal clear, but it was muddy, so we knew he was in the water. We stalked forward; no bear in sight. Shortly, he appeared off to our right—sitting up and eating another salmon. When he dropped out of sight into the creek, we ran towards him, then positioned ourselves behind a log about 100 yards away. When he came into sight, I saw that the hide was very nice, and he was big. Jon had allowed me the honor of first shot since I was the older of us. I held the 375 H&H magnum. When the bear was as close to me as his path of travel would allow, I pulled the trigger. Jon immediately fired his rifle, a

338 Winchester Magnum. The bear kept going. I fired again, then Jon fired, and the bear went down. We waited about 20 minutes, watching for movement in the grass where he fell. We approached very slowly and found him dead.

After a short celebration we took pictures and started skinning the bear. Darkness was approaching fast, so we left the skull and the paws in the hide. The hide was wet since the bear had just come out of the creek. Jon, being the younger brother, wanted to carry the hide out. I didn't argue. We put the hide onto the pack frame, got Jon on his feet, but after about 50 yard he fell down. We decided to leave the hide until

morning. We covered the pack and hide with a space blanket and started our walk out to the skiff at the river's mouth. A full moon was shining off the white snow to act as a light. When we got to the beach we called Rick at the cabin on the radio. He said the bay was calm, "come on home." Rick turned on the floodlights and had baked venison, carrots, onions, and potatoes on the stove waiting for us.

The next morning we were up early and off to retrieve my bear hide. We approached the kill area carefully, but only birds were on the carcass. After skinning out the skull we headed back to the cabin where we fleshed out the hide, skinned the paws, and worked on the lips, nose, and ears.

The next day we were up early and off to Alpine Cove for Jon's chance at taking a Kodiak Brown Bear. After parking the skiff at the head of the bay we headed inland along the small

river. Soon we spotted a bear high on the mountain across and up the bay. We decided to leave him and look more in our area. I spotted 3 different herds of mountain goats, and Jon spotted a blacktail across the creek from us, but no bears. We continued up the river until midday and had lunch. We decided to return closer to the mouth of the river. We started walking back, stopping to glass.

As we rounded a knoll, there he was—up on the mountain just above us, and heading towards the area we just came from. The wind was in our favor, so we started to backtrack. As we approached the area where we had eaten lunch, the bear started down the mountain towards us.

Suddenly he appeared on a ledge just above us and looking out towards the bay, not at us. You could see his breath as he swung his head from side to side looking for us. He knew we were in the area. I said, "If you want him, you better shoot now." His hide looked very nice and he had very dark colored legs. We found out later he had a silver color to his hair on the top of his head and shoulder. Jon settled in for a shot. Shortly after the sound of his shot, I shot too. To our surprise the bear came flying off the cliff towards us. I shot again as he fell 50 feet or more into very thick alders. We could hear him but could not see him. All of a sudden he started to climb back up the mountain cliff just like a rock climber. Jon shot again and

so did I. Down came the bear again into the alders. We had heard the bullets hit their target. Now we had a possible wounded bear in very thick alders. Again my younger brother said foolish words. "Mike, you have the larger



Photo courtesy the author

JON CHRISTIANSON AFTER SUCCESSFUL HUNT.

caliber gun so you go first; I will follow." I quickly replied, "This is your bear—you go first." We ate a snack and started moving up into a very small clearing, my brother leading the way. We stopped often to glass for the bear. Finally Jon spotted the bear. We moved in ready, but fortunately he was dead. Jon now had a very nice 8.5-foot Kodiak Brown Bear. We skinned out the bear and headed back to the

skiff.

When we got to the skiff, we looked for the ocean, but it was about 1/4 mile away. I had forgotten about the tide, which had been high when we arrived but now was low. Jon laughed and laughed, but I was not too happy with the prospect of not getting back to our cabin. We called Rick on the radio, and I was relieved when he said he would come get us in the dark. We still had to walk to the water, then wade farther to deep enough water for his boat to run in.

Back at the warm cabin and good hot food, we gave Rick the full details of the "flying bear hunt" and its successful end.

The next day Jon and Rick went duck hunting. Jon was able to shoot Buffalo Heads and Harlequin to take back to Minnesota with his nice brown bear to mount.

As Andrew Airway's Beaver on floats settled on the waters of Alpine Cove a sadness and a triumphant feeling came over us. We were sad to leave such a majestic place, but it was a wonderful feeling of having scored on not one, but two brown bears.

A stop at the ADFG office in Kodiak to let bear biologist Jon Cry check out our hides and skulls, and with all paperwork and seals in place, we were ready to leave the island of Kodiak. Two brothers had taken two Kodiak Brown Bears—what a great ending.

"We fight not to enslave, but to set a country free, and to make room upon the earth for honest men to live in."—Thomas Paine

"Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it."—Abraham Lincoln

"Only our individual faith in freedom can keep us free."—Dwight D. Eisenhower

Cookie Exchange is a Tradition in McCarthy

BY BONNIE KENYON

McCarthy: – The first Friday in December, my neighbor Audrey Edwards kicked off the Christmas season by hosting McCarthy's Annual Cookie Exchange for the ladies in the community. Shortly after Thanksgiving, personal invitations from Audrey to ladies in Kennicott, McCarthy, Long Lake and surrounding areas were distributed at the mail shack and in person, inviting us to attend the 7th cookie exchange—a tradition that began December 20, 1995.

Our first "Ladies only" tea and Christmas cookie swap was the dream of Carly Kritchen who originated and continued the tradition for 5 years. However, two years ago the Kritchens embarked on a new venture which led them to spend the winter in the lower 48. Deciding that the tradition started by Carly must continue, Audrey



WSEN staff photo

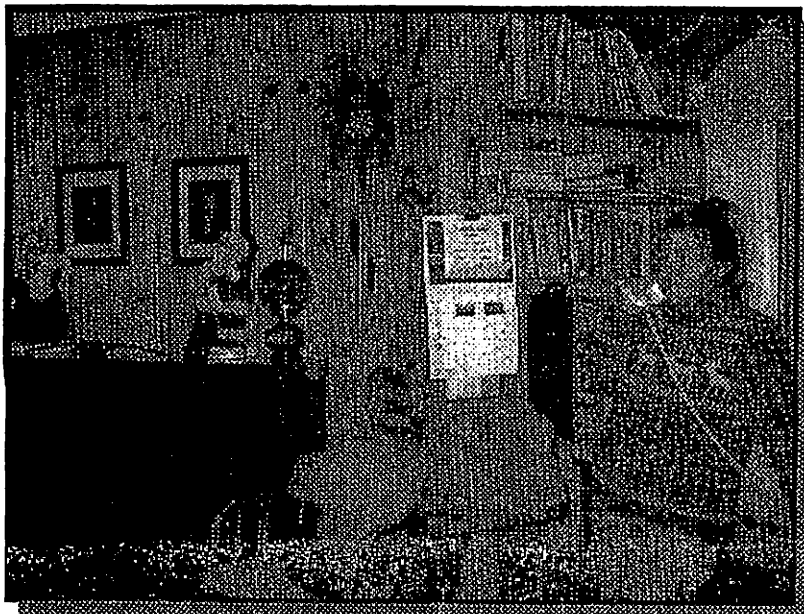
AUDREY (RIGHT) OVERSEES COOKIE PLACEMENT.

took up the baton to encourage us ladies with another celebration together.

After mail on December 7, sixteen ladies gathered at the Edwards's house with our variety of cookies and homemade candy. Each one placed their bounty on the dining table, then began helping themselves to a cup of hot tea (served in real china)

and the luncheon Audrey prepared for the gathering. Most ladies brought more than their 3 dozen cookies so individual plates could be laden with extra goodies for the single men in the community. There was plenty to go around and that's exactly what we did – go around Audrey's table – each taking a cookie until the goodies were depleted. (A few of us managed to sample an item or two along the route!)

While we were still eating lunch, the phone rang and who should be on the other end but Carly! What a perfect touch to the occasion. She and Audrey had it all planned for our surprise. The phone was passed to each lady who was eager to share their special greetings with Carly. Before the final goodbye was said, Laurie Rowland led us ladies in serenading Carly with a rousing, "We Wish you a Merry Christmas." And that we do, Carly! Thanks for starting such a wonderful tradition and, thank you, Audrey, for keeping Carly's dream alive for us all.



WSEN staff photo

HANNAH ROWLAND (IN CHAIR) IS ENTHRALLED WITH MR. SANTA. NATALIE BAY IS TAKING HER TURN WITH CARLY.

Good news from the Wrangells

BY BONNIE KENYON

Prayer – a mighty weapon!

In mid October I received an Email forward from subscriber Steve Borell. The subject of the message was actually an invitation to join a newly-organized group called The Presidential Prayer Team, Inc. Two Christian leaders, Franklin Graham and Max Lucado, were on assignment—a call to arms for those who believe in the power of prayer. Our president, George W. Bush, recognizes his need of strength and wisdom for the challenging days ahead. Congress and our leaders, also, call upon our prayers. Governors and mayors encourage us to pray for the citizens of our cities and our states. Never have I heard the word prayer mentioned, requested and carried out so many times in so many ways as I have since September 11, 2001.

A quote from T. Watson states: "A godly man is a praying man. As soon as grace is poured in, prayer is poured out. Prayer is the soul's traffic with Heaven; God comes down to us by His Spirit, and we go up to Him by prayer."

President Bush is certainly not the only president who believes and relies on God for help. Ronald Reagan was quoted as saying: "America was founded by people who believed that God was their rock of safety. I recognize we must be cautious in claiming that God is on our side, but I think it's all right to keep

asking if we're on His side."

George Washington was a man of prayer; several paintings capture him on his knees. He prayed: "Direct my thought, words and work, wash away my sins in the immaculate Blood of the Lamb, and purge my heart by Thy Holy Spirit. Daily frame me more and more into the likeness of Thy Son Jesus Christ."

Why is prayer so popular today? Because it works! Because there is Someone wiser than you and me who has all the answers. In the Bible—Jeremiah 33:3—God says: "Call to Me and I will answer you and tell you great and unsearchable things you do not know."

Dayna Curry, one of the Christian relief workers held captive by the Taliban in Afghanistan, in speaking of her release and the power of prayer said: "I'll never be able to thank America and the different Christians around the world who prayed for us, literally around the clock. I've realized that we really would not be standing here if people hadn't prayed for us. It truly was a miracle and I thank the Lord Jesus Christ for getting us out and answering all those prayers and for taking such wonderful care of us while we were there."

Pope Gregory tells us: "When we are linked by the power of prayer, we, as it were, hold each other's hand as we walk side by side along a slippery path; and

thus by the bounteous disposition of charity, it comes about that the harder each one leans on the other, the more firmly we are riveted together in brotherly love."

Needless to say, I did not hesitate to add my name to the many others who also believe in prayer. The "A-Team" has now grown to well over 700,000 prayer warriors. I would like to encourage you to join. The Presidential Prayer Team is a charitable nonprofit, nonpartisan organization. There is no membership fee. Each Friday you will receive a weekly list of prayer requests sent to your Email address. Their web address is: www.presidentialprayerteam.org

Subscriber Richard Huff Emailed this prayer to us recently. I pray this for each of you, our readers.

I asked the Lord to bless you
As I prayed for you today.
To guide you and protect you
As you go along your way.
His love is always with you,
His promises are true,
And when we give Him all our
cares,
He will always see us through.
So when the road you're traveling
on
Seems difficult at best,
Just remember, I'm here praying,
And God will do the rest.

OUR TOWN

January 1927 February

FINDS STRANGE STONE IN TURKEYS GIZARD

While cleaning her Christmas turkey, Mrs. J. E. Barrett, found nine stones in its gizzard two red, three blue, two purple and two white. They are about the size of peas and will all cut glass but one white one.

Mrs. Barrett, has the stones and will find out if they are precious, but as the turkey came from the States, it would be hard to trace should it prove worth while.

Jan 1

BRIEF LOCALS

J. J. Price of Dan Creek fame was in McCarthy, early in the completing arrangements for cutting and hauling lumber, for his next season's operations. Mr. Price is also intending to getting out 20 thousand feet for Charles Kraemer of Chittu Creek.

Both mines will increase their operations this coming season, having opened up new bench ground showing high values.

Capt. J. P. Hubrick has been quite ill for several days but his condition is much better today and will be on the job again in a very short time.

Harry Bosch, "poor trapper," came in from his trapping ground this week with thirty fine lynx and a few mink. This is the first catch of the season to arrive in McCarthy.

The wood saw is busy

these days making hay while the sun shines, getting wood piles ready for the next cold snap. The warm weather is a joke on the woodcutters, but friendly to the consumer.

ROUND HOUSE AT CHITINA BURNS

The round house at Chitina was totally destroyed by fire last night. The fire started in the sand house at 6 o'clock and within an hour was burned to the ground. The engines were saved by Ed Anderson and Ed Walsh.

Jan. 8

ALASKA SOURDOUGH STRUCK BY CUPID

Henry Alheidt formally of Kennecott, was married in Indianapolis to Mrs. Betty Lee Conrad, 17 East Thirty-seventh St. Mr. & Mrs. Alheidt are now honeymooning in Georgia and Florida. It is Mr. Alheidt's intention to settle in Georgia and open a general store.

BRIEF LOCALS

Since the Chitina Round House burned, orders have been issued that all layovers of the train service shall be on this end at McCarthy.

Born at Juneau, on December 28, a baby boy to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kearney, formerly of Kennecott.

GIVES SITE FOR PIONEER HOME

Seattle: Mrs. George W. Carnack, widow of the

discoverer of the Klondike, has presented the Alaska-Yukon Club of Seattle, a 15 acre tract land to be used in connection with the establishment of a home for aged old-timers of the North.

The acreage is near Seattle and close to a railroad; Charlie McCay was elected president of the club.

Jan. 15

BRIEF LOCALS

Capt. Hubrick had a slight stroke Tuesday night, but is much improved today.

Early Friday morning the people of McCarthy were startled by the cry of fire. Upon investigation it was found to be the CRNW RR water tank, which is a total loss. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Frank Matthews who has been on a visit to the States for several months will arrive in McCarthy on Sunday's train.

Jan. 22

BARKWELL AND TWIGGER

At Kennecott, Alaska, on Sunday January 23rd, Reverend Kent of St. George's Church, Cordova, united in marriage Dr. Benard G. Barkwell, of Kennecott to Miss Annette Twigger of Portland, Oregon, at the residence of W. C. Douglas.

The witnesses present were Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Douglas, and Mrs. Retta Hallitt.

On the following day a dinner was given for the happy couple at the Douglas home. To be followed by a reception at the Staff House, on Sunday afternoon between the hours of three and five o'clock, under the auspices of the staff employees of the Kennecott Copper Corporation.

The Doctor having escaped from attending a patient in the Ice house, and the Bride from a ship wreck, added intense interest to the romance.

The News extends congratulations to the newlyweds and wishes them a long and prosperous married life.

SITKA TAGGED DUCKS KILLED IN MISSOURI

The Alaska Game Commission has received, through the postmaster at Sitka, a letter from a party in Missouri which states that two mallard ducks were recently killed in that region which bore tags with inscription "Sitka, Alaska," and the date "April 4, 1926."

The Commission is much interested in this, for the reason that the banding of ducks is being carried on extensively by the biological survey, to ascertain their movements and all such information relative to the movements of birds is quite valuable.

BRIEF LOCALS

Mr. and Mrs. J. Neyes formerly of the A. R. C. have

taken over the Lower Tonsina Road House.

Mrs. J. Underwood who is now at Anchorage is expecting to return to her old home at McCarthy in the spring.

Mr. Date, of the C. R. N. W. Railway, was in McCarthy the fore part of the week, tearing down the remains of the water tank. The tank was taken to Cordova to be repaired.

CHRISTIAN TJOSEVIG

Information is desired regarding Christian Tjosevig or Josevig last heard from about 10 years ago. Anyone knowing of his whereabouts is requested to communicate with Geo. Tjensvold Nicols, 511 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Jan. 29

AN AIRPLANE LANDING FIELD FOR MCCARTHY

An airplane landing field at McCarthy is suggested by people who are interested in aviation for Alaska. And another one at Chisanna. This brings Cordova, McCarthy, Chisanna, and Dawson on almost a direct line. The trip could be made along this route from Cordova, to Dawson in three to four hours.

There should be sufficient business now between these four towns to justify an airplane, such as carrying mail, passengers and light freight, and also, landing prospectors with light outfits in some of the remote places.

There is natural landing fields on the upper Chitina River bars, and in fact on bars along most all of the glacier streams. Prospectors could be landed on the upper Chitina River in less

than an hour from McCarthy, a distance of eighty miles.

There is a couple of long straight stretches of good graveled road, forty feet wide on the bench from one fourth, to one half mile south of the town of McCarthy, on the Nizina Highway, which by cutting the brush from both sides, and with very little cost, would make a good landing field for airplanes.

There is seldom any wind here and when it blows at all, it is always from the north, and the direction of this road is north and south.

If necessary an L could be added at no great cost. It would be easy to get more than a half mile in the shape of an elbow of level ground.

Another good place would be on the Barrett Homestead near the Kennecott and McCarthy Automobile Road, between McCarthy and the town of Blackburn. This is also a gravel bench and quite level for more than a half a mile.

Chisanna has a natural landing field that will require very little to put it in a-one condition.

BRIEF LOCALS

Al Fagenberg of Long Lake was a McCarthy visitor the fore part of the week.

Warren Nelson and Son arrived in town Thursday from their property on Copper Creek, where they have been doing extensive prospecting the past year. Their stay in town is indefinite.

Oscar Anderson of Long Lake and McCarthy arrived last Saturday from the States where he met many of the old timers. But Oscar says its good enough

for him up here.

Feb. 5

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Johnson were in town today. Pete has started to haul in lumber for a barn. In the spring they expect to build on their former hotel site.

Feb. 12

DOCTOR GILISPIE'S SUCCESSOR ARRIVES

Dr. Blakemore and wife arrived on Sunday's train from New York to succeed Dr. Gilispie, who resigned as Physician and Surgeon of the Kennecott Mining Corporation. Dr. Blakemore is direct from the staff of the Roosevelt Hospital, New York and a graduate of the Williams and Mary Medical College, and also the John Hopkins University of Baltimore Md.

BRIEF LOCALS

The Poet Trapper "Harry Bosch" arrived on the last train from his trap lines on the Lackina, with a fine catch of fur.

Feb. 19

Mr. And Mrs. J. B. O'Neill and daughter Molly O. returned on Tuesday's train, after a three months absence in the States. Mr. O'Neill made a visit to his old home at Fargo, Dakota, while Mrs. O'Neill visited her daughter Deanie in Seattle. They enjoyed the change for a short time but are satisfied to be at home again and agree with Governor Parks, that Alaska is the only spot where the green grass grows.

KENNECOTT COPPER

Kennecott Copper Corporation is the largest strictly copper producer in the world.

On its combined production of rising 410,000,000 pounds of copper in 1925, Kennecott's

cost was among the lowest in the industry at 8.07 cents a pound including all charges except depletion reserves. On the same basis, costs this year are averaging under eight cents a pound. In 1925 Kennecott earned net after all charges, except a reserve for depletion of \$23,890,044 or \$15.34 a share.

With \$41,294,242 working capital on Dec. 31, 1925, back of the 4,474,424 shares of stock the company possessed a good financial set up. Ratio of current assets to liabilities on Dec. 31, 1925, was about five to one. Cash and marketable securities were equal to almost \$5 a share of stock on the same date.

Each cent advance in the price of copper means an increase in earning of Kennecott of \$1 a share based on current rate of output. Present trend of operation and costs point to a final net of nearly \$7 a share for the stock last year.

The company has substantial ore reserves and can increase production whenever copper prices warrant. In view of its good treasury position, good earnings on a poor copper market and sound physical condition, Kennecott has much to recommend it.

Dividends have been increased in the past as earnings mounted and another increase \$5 annually is expected soon. If directors should decide on increasing the dividend this year at 62 the stock would sell to yield better than 8 per cent. On the \$4 dividend the stock at this price yields 6.4 per cent.

Feb. 26

Meeting the Trapper's Bread and Butter

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.

BY NED ROZELL

While hiking deep in a forest outside Fairbanks, a bird biologist and I saw an animal the size of a cat scramble up a spruce. When we stopped, a marten clung to the tree bark by its back toes and grunted its disapproval. We traded peeks through the binoculars at the pointy-nosed creature scolding us.

Mysterious predators of the northern woods, marten are members of the weasel family with supple, strawberry blond fur, bushy tails, short legs, and long, tubular bodies. Known as Alaska trappers' bread and butter, marten have voracious appetites.

"One trapper aptly described them as walking stomachs," said Tom Paragi, a wildlife biologist with the Alaska Department of Fish and Game in Fairbanks. "They're one of the easier animals to trap."

Like other members of the weasel family, marten hunt and kill small animals, most often voles, though they sometimes eat

snowshoe hares, young birds, and blueberries. Marten feed on red squirrels in other parts of North America, but in Alaska biologists have seen marten in winter sharing squirrels' underground network of tunnels without killing them.

Marten aren't afraid to tackle animals their own size, Paragi said. He once pieced together a marten drama evident by tracks left behind in the snow. He observed where a marten paused during its wandering when it saw a goshawk perched on a low tree limb.

"The marten gave it the bum's rush from behind," Paragi said, adding that he could tell by blood and other marks that the marten killed the goshawk, making a meal of a raptor that could have had the marten for lunch.

"They are fairly fearless," Paragi said.

Marten are loners, roaming forests solo except for a few weeks during the breeding season. They seem to prefer

mature conifer forests for birthing and raising young, and use hollow logs for dens.

The marten is one of a few mammals able to delay part of its reproductive cycle. Marten mate in mid-summer when food is plentiful, but fertilized eggs within females don't implant into the uterus wall until springtime, a phenomena triggered by longer days. Marten kits are born in late March to mid-April. In August, the youngsters go their own ways, beginning solitary lives that can last up to 14 years.

The adult marten Paragi studied in Nowitna Wildlife Refuge usually lived in an area of about five-to-10 square miles. Juvenile marten moved as much as 50 miles before settling into their home ranges. Rod Flynn, a biologist at the Alaska Department of Fish and Game in Juneau, found that marten on Chichagof Island would sometimes travel 65 miles, as far as they could go without swimming.

Avoiding moose encounters

Following is the annual Alaska Department of Fish and Game warning about how to avoid troublesome encounters with what are known as urban moose, that is moose wandering through urban areas. Although the McCarthy area may not qualify as "urban," the advice is still good.

Never get between a cow and her calf.

Don't walk toward a moose if you can avoid it; try to remain at least 50 feet away.

If you see a moose lay its ears back or see the hair on its hump stand up, the moose is angry or afraid and may charge, so back off.

Never throw anything, including snowballs, at moose.

Carry a flashlight or wear a headlamp so you can spot moose in the dark.

If you know a moose is in your neighborhood, kids should probably avoid walking on long paths through the woods where it is dark.

Always keep your dogs under control or leave them at home. Dogs can unnecessarily harass moose and may be seriously injured, killed or lead the moose back to you.

Avoid moose that are near fences or houses; they may feel cornered and charge you.

Remember, moose kick with

their front feet.

Do not feed moose—it's illegal and can be dangerous for both you and the moose.

If you have to get around a moose near your house or car, try

to keep a large tree, snow berm, vehicle, building or fence between you and the moose.

If a moose chases you, run and try to get behind or under something solid, such as a tree or

vehicle.

If a moose knocks you down and starts stomping, curl up in a ball, protect your head with your hands and be still. Don't move until it is gone.

State settles claims from M/V Kennicott construction

\$500,000 to Settle \$53 Million Claim Regarding Ferry Construction

Calling it a tribute to the state workers who supervised the construction of the state's newest ferry, the State of Alaska on November 26 finalized settlement of all claims arising from the construction of the ferry Kennicott for less than one penny on the dollar, Commissioner Joe Perkins announced today.

"Alaska will pay \$500,000 to settle claims that originally amounted to some \$53 million, that's less than a penny on the dollar," Perkins said. "This settlement shows the state managed the Kennicott contract correctly and the claims of the builders were essentially baseless. It is a tribute to our employees at the Alaska Marine Highway System who supervised the construction of the ship and provided the solid basis for the defense against these claims."

Delivered to the state in June of 1998, the 382-foot M/V Kennicott was built by Halter Marine, Inc. (HMI) at the company's Moss Point and Pascagoula yards in Mississippi. Based in Gulfport, Mississippi, HMI is one of the nation's leading commercial shipbuilders and one of the top builders in the world of mid-sized ocean-going vessels.

Originally bid at \$80.5 million, subsequent change orders reduced the price to \$77.4 million. HMI was awarded

a fixed price contract to design and build the ship and the state retained \$2.7 million against counterclaims for liquidated damages for excessive weight of the vessel and for uncompleted warranty repairs.

Following delivery of the vessel, HMI claimed that the Alaska Marine Highway System misled them during the bidding process, made excessive comments during the design phase, and disrupted the construction process by over-inspection and extra-contractual changes. Their claim included \$23 million for disruption and undocumented changes, \$23 million for impact on other projects, and \$7 million for subcontractor claims.

Huge cost overruns on multiple contracts for the construction of deep-sea oil rigs later forced HMI's parent company, Friede Goldman Halter, Inc., and all its subsidiaries to file for protection under Chapter 11 bankruptcy in March of this year. After evaluating the claims, the company's bankruptcy legal staff recommended abandoning the Kennicott claims, stating, "upon evaluating all these factors, HMI has decided that pursuing its claims is burdensome to the estate and that its claims are of little or no net value to the estate."

HMI withdrew its claims, leaving only a remaining major

subcontractor, Jamestown Metal Marine Systems, which asserted a claim of \$7.2 million against the state. Today's agreement provides Jamestown with a payment by the state of \$500,000, along with \$750,000 by Fireman's Fund Insurance Co., which provided surety for the project, for a total of \$1.25 million.

The final amount paid to HMI for the Kennicott was \$74,638,438. The original budget for the entire cost of the ship, established in 1992, was \$86.2 million. This consisted of \$65 million in Federal Highway Administration money, \$15 million from oil spill funds, and \$6.2 million in state general funds.

"The Kennicott project came in under budget and that shows the design build approach is the right way to go," Perkins said. "Now it's time to move ahead with the design/build phase of the next generation of fast ferries to serve Southeast and Prince William Sound."

The Kennicott was the first ocean-capable passenger ship built in the United States since the Motor Vessel Tustumena was delivered in 1964, and she is the largest passenger ship built in the United States since the SS America in 1950. She has design features that enable her to serve as an oil spill or other emergency response ship anywhere in Alaska.

Book Review—Great Ghost Towns of the West

BY BONNIE KENYON

Even though I don't believe in ghosts, I do find it intriguing to read about the towns that "used to be." Teresa Jordan, the author of *Great Ghost Towns of the West* probes what draws all of us to these history-packed towns. The many abandoned, decaying communities you will meet, from Alaska, British Columbia, and Montana to Kansas, California, and Texas were farm towns, railroad towns, mining towns, and logging towns, and each bears its own wealth of stories.

Photographer Tom Till's

evocative photographs capture the towns in both their remnants and their auras. Among the questions that this stunning volume explores are: Where did the people come from who inhabited these towns of the west? How did they get there? What sorts of communities did they build? What work did they do? And why did they leave?

When I received my copy of *Great Ghost Towns of the West* to read and review, I noticed a bookmark drawing my immediate attention. There was a beautiful and vivid photograph of the

Kennicott mill building. I also discovered a two-page spread of Bonanza Mine. I wished the author had provided more text on our area, but then I'm prejudiced!

Great Ghost Towns of the West was published by Graphic Arts Center Publishing. It contains 128 pages, 1 color map and 130 photos. The book is 9 3/4" X 13 1/4", hardbound and sells for \$39.95. Available at your favorite bookstore, online at www.gacpc.com or phone your order at 1-800-452-3032.

Book Review—Living off the Land

BY BONNIE KENYON

"For most Alaskans, and for a great many others, there is a romance in the notion of living off the land," writes author Richard P. Emanuel in Alaska Geographic's Volume 27 - *Living off the Land*.

More than 100,000 people in rural Alaska continue to wrest much of their sustenance from the land and the sea. *Living off the Land* documents this timeless lifestyle, past and present, with vivid photographs, using first-person essays and colorful historical accounts.

Dozens of photographs illustrate many of the plants and animals that make up the subsistence bill of fare.

Interviews with rural residents from Petersburg, Yakutat, Nikolski, Uganik Bay, the Kobuk River and other Bush communities reveal stories of hunting, picking berries and greens, digging clams and other activities from those who have spent years living off the land.

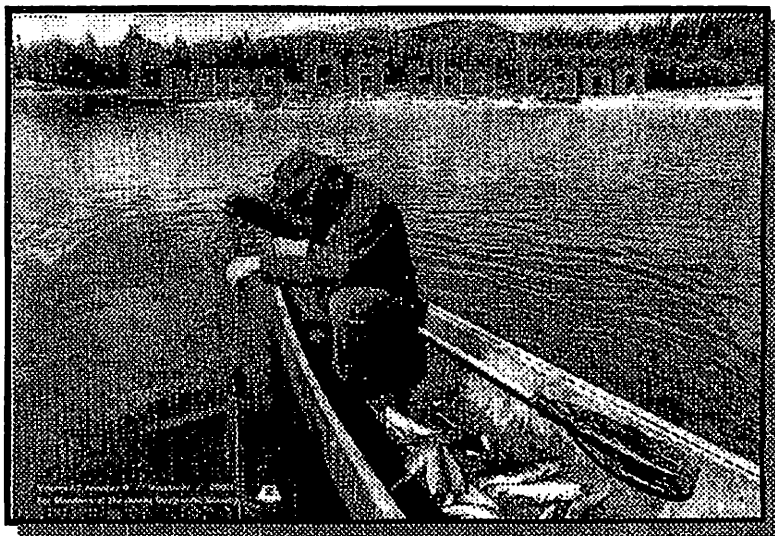
I was surprised to find a photo of Molly and Seth Perkins

who, along with their parents Dan and Birgit, own land in the McCarthy area and are acquaintances of most of us who still live here. The photo showed Molly and Seth checking a net for salmon in Halibut Cove off Kachemak Bay.

Even though Rick and I have lived in the McCarthy area since 1977 and have lived off the land to some degree, I couldn't help appreciate the considerable

amounts of energy in the daunting and sometimes perilous tasks of those who choose a lifestyle of harvesting the good of the land.

Living off the Land contains 96 pages, softbound, and sells for \$21.95. If you cannot find this book in your favorite bookstore, you can place a credit card order at (907) 562-0164 or 888-255-6697.



Book Review—Quilt of Dreams

BY BONNIE KENYON

About a year ago a new children's book by Alaskan author/artist Mindy Dwyer, was sent to me for review. I'm sorry it took me this long to read *Quilt of Dreams*. Hopefully, you have already picked up a copy for your children or grandchildren. Just in case you haven't been introduced to it, let me say that it is a perfect book for story-time with mom or grandma.

Mindy Dwyer loves quilts and the tradition of quilting. It is this affection for the art of "making history" that inspired her new children's book. The story weaves itself around a young girl named Katy. After her grandma passes away, "Katy" and her mom find the beginnings of a

quilt labeled "Kate's." With only one patch completed, Katy and her mom discover how they can



pick up needle and thread to create a window into the past to help them remember those who came before. With each patch,

Katy captures her dreams forever.

Quilt of Dreams celebrates the special relationship of grandmothers, mothers, and daughters and their labors of love that result in spectacular, functional art – quilts. The book also includes histories and illustrations of traditional quilt patterns.

Quilt of Dreams is published by Alaska Northwest Books. It contains 32 pages and 20 color illustrations for ages 7 and up. It comes in hardbound for \$15.95, softbound for \$8.95.

If you cannot find the book at your favorite bookstore, you may place an order by calling 1-800-452-3032.

Going "Outside"

BY MARK VAIL—FIREWEED MT.

For nearly seven years going outside meant looking out the window at the day's weather, dressing appropriately and proceeding the day's activity for that particular season. Last spring word arrived that good friends were to be married. Late summer I decided that I would take up the invitation even though the idea of "going outside" would take on a whole new meaning.

New York was my destination for half my trip outside. I mentally prepared myself for the change of lifestyles that I might encounter as I went from my wilderness home to the pace of life lived in the Big Apple and later in the City of Brotherly Love. The events of September 11th, shocking and disturbing as they were, only served to steel my resolve that travel was in my

future.

I spent my late summer-early fall harvesting and putting up my garden, getting in firewood and laying up provisions for the winter to come. I reflected often on the state of affairs in the world at large and how I might feel their effects when I embarked on my journey. A lot had changed since I'd last traveled to and through Anchorage in 1994-95.

Arrangements made, I worked until the last days in October keeping my resolve—until it snowed. Then I started to crumble. I thought to myself I could wax my skis and go skijoring, I could repair my sled and take out the whole team. I had all the reasons a body could want to stay home. I had inertia on my side. I had my friends here in the valley to reassure me that

my sudden reconsideration was not an unreasonable reaction. They also reassured me that my dogs would be well looked after in my absence. My resolve returned. I could complicate my life. I would go outside; I would even dress for the occasion!

Traffic picked up as I got closer to Anchorage. Fortunately, we were heading to town while the commuters were headed out of town. Conditions were icy and rutted, neither one a pleasure when visiting Anchorage. It didn't take long to realize that the city had kept growing and traffic too had grown. A day in town outfitting and dinner with friends, then it was off to the airport.

Security was efficient and our fully-loaded plane took to the sky on time. A short layover in Minneapolis and once again I was

airborne. This flight was not so full.

A few hours traveling east, it seemed the jet was banking left then right as if to avoid becoming a steady target. Dropping through light cloud cover the fall colors brightened as we descended over eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Banking one last time, down the Hudson River shore, the city skyline appeared dimly. The haze of a warm fall day and the smolder of tragedy hung like crepe over the city still in mourning.

Hoboken on the Hudson. Greeted at the airport we were whisked away into the rhythm of the Metropolis. A puzzle of twisted ramps and runways with speeding cars and rumbling trucks we quickly made our escape from the airport into downtown Hoboken. Our guides and host dropped us into the familiarity of a neighborhood store and long-held friends. From there my travel companion and I took our first foot excursion. We shortly came to a waterfront park and our first exposure at ground level to a view of Manhattan. The brick-paved promenade's southeast facing corner still displayed an outpouring of communion with its display of banners and votives. The locals were taking the late fall warmth and using it to best advantage. We saw sunbathers, cyclists and fishermen casting to an incoming tide hoping to land a striped bass or two.

Later, we met up with incoming friends and our hosts escorted us into the City on the Path train, New Jersey's public transit. The next days were a blur of activities. I learned that for

\$17 you could buy an unlimited pass on the MTA (subway) and thereby gaining access to walking distance of most of NYC. Traveling at non-rush hour I found the system to be clean, fast, comfortable and safer than its reputation led me to believe. I saw museums, art galleries, parks, dog-walkers, street musicians, cyclists, roller-bladers, taxis, limousines as long as buses, buses and more. The natives were helpful and talkative, glad to show their skill at navigating the city that never sleeps. I saw more people each day on my outings than I do in a year in the Wrangells.

Friends, in town to witness the wedding, came together on the morning of the day. We had breakfast on Broadway. We grinned at the fact that a good portion of our town only took up a large round table in this city of millions. Again, this time dressed for the occasion, we gathered at the church in lower Manhattan that afternoon and joined family and friends of Kris and Sam as they were joined in marriage.

The reception that followed was befitting the couple. There was toasting by friends and family followed by fine dining and dancing. It was a lovely reason to be in New York and take part in the healing that joyous occasions can bring to the weary. New York gave to me the reassurance that good people can be found everywhere, sharing their goodness.

My intended goal attained, the noise of the city crept into my conscience that night with each car alarm, screech of tires, siren, street voices, garbage trucks whirring, clanging, whispered and roared. I allowed

my mind to tour the auditory landscape that I'd tuned out easily during the previous nights in the Big Apple. Cacophony.

My last day was spent in Brooklyn visiting the apartment lifestyle of friends and the neighborhoods that make up the community of their lives. A late night stroll on the Shore Drive Promenade to a pier at Owls Head. There I got a nighttime view of the Manhattan skyline with the Empire State Building lit up in red, white and blue, my visit brought to a memorable ending.

The train was a fast and efficient way to Philadelphia and a week-long visit with family. I revisited youthful venues and hallowed grounds where my forebears lay interred.

The week went by quickly as I visited and helped out where I could. I made the world smaller with a visit to a friend's friend, to find they lived only 4 doors from my brother and knew my grandmother in her lifetime. Two nights before traveling home I saw blood red auroras after two weeks of clear night skies. A northern end to my southern trip.

I found that going outside can be fun, a learning experience, a chance to touch friends, make new friends, gain new perspective and share my own. The traffic and noise were the only bother, making me glad to be home with my howling huskies, the hiss of the propane lamp and the crackle of fresh wood on the fire and the full moon on a thirty-below night. I think I'll go "outside," and get in more firewood.

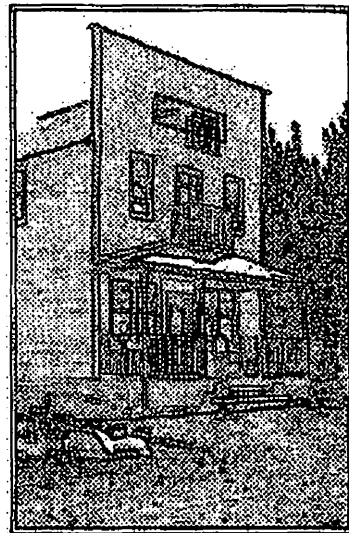
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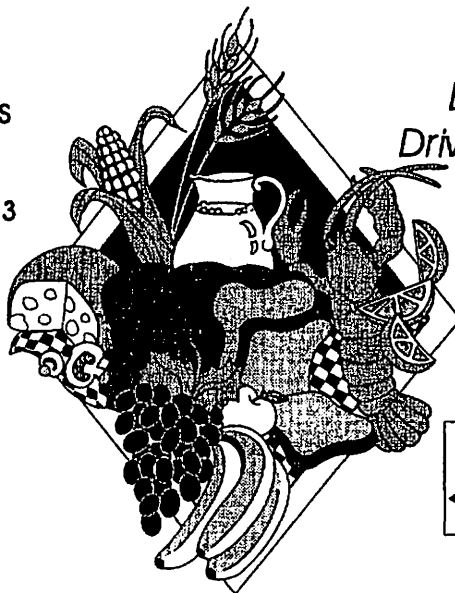
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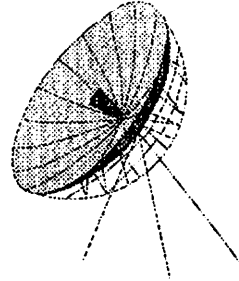


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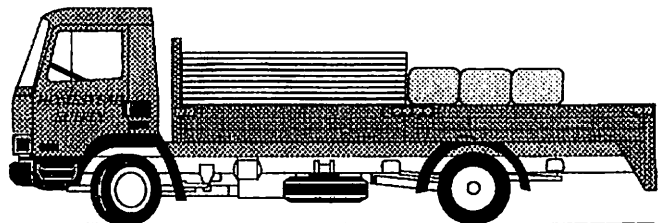
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Cooking with Troy

BY TROY HVASS

Hi all, I trust everybody had a safe and happy holiday season with friends and family. Now it's time to sit back, take a deep breath or two, and reflect on the good times had by all.

Maybe some of us are thinking it's time to strap on the snowshoes, skis, or snowboard and hit the slopes to burn off some of those extra holiday pounds. Either way, here is a tip my mom gave me for cutting the fat in your favorite baked goods. Substitute an equal amount of plain yogurt for shortening. I have yet to try this, but she said it does not effect the taste or texture.

The following are some of my favorite recipes, shared with me by friends and family. The first one is one of my mom's favorites to share when having breakfast guests.

Monkey pull-a-parts (monkey bread)

1/2 cup pecan pieces

3/4 cup sugar

3 Tablespoons cinnamon

pinch of nutmeg

3 large cans or 4 small cans of flaky biscuits.

Spray Bundt pan, pour in pecan pieces, and set aside.

Quarter the biscuits. Mix cinnamon, nutmeg, and sugar in a large zip-lock bag. Place biscuit quarters into the bag of sugar mixture, and shake till well coated. Layer coated biscuits into Bundt pan on top of the pecan pieces.

For the sauce: Melt 3/4 cup butter with 2/3 cup margarine, 1 cup sugar, and 2 Tablespoons cinnamon. Mix until smooth, and pour over biscuits in Bundt pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 35 minutes. Invert pan onto a plate and enjoy.

This next one is for all of us with a chocolate sweet tooth. This is very rich, and best served with a hot cup of coffee or tea.

Toll House Pie

2 eggs

1/2 cup all purpose flour

1/2 cup sugar

1/2 cup firmly packed brown sugar

1 cup butter melted and cooled to room temperature

6-ounce semi-sweet chocolate chips

1 cup chopped walnuts

one 9-inch unbaked pie shell.

Preheat oven to 325 degrees. In large bowl, beat eggs until foamy. Add flour, sugar, and brown sugar; beat until well blended. Blend in melted butter. Stir in chocolate chips and walnuts. Pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake at 325 degrees for 1 hour. Can be served warm with ice cream, but I prefer to let it cool for at least 1 hour, and have it with hot coffee or tea.

For all of you with a freezer full of wild game, my good friend Holly Holm says that any meat is made very tasty by marinating it overnight in a zip-lock bag containing your favorite bottled, or from scratch, Italian dressing.

I hope you all enjoy this sample of some of my favorite recipes as much as I do. Stay warm you all! (Editors note: Troy is a regular visitor in the summer and worked in the kitchen at the Kennicott Glacier Lodge this past summer.)

Territorial hunters needed to protect wild game

Reprinted from the McCarthy Weekly News, Feb. 5, 1927

According to available information obtained on sheep alone this season by an interested group of hunters, about 97 per cent lambed and only 28 per cent could be checked in the late fall.

Until the last few years coyotes and wolves were rather scarce in the Copper River and White River Valleys. Through the

small bounty and insufficient funds, they have increased to an alarming number.

It is time for drastic action to be taken, or in a few years Alaska will be faced with the grave problem of no game.

With lack of transportation, which is Alaska's handicap, game is an absolute necessity to the prospector.

Nature has provided this Territory with an abundance of game, and it is the duty of every citizen to see that it is protected from prying predatory animals.

Alaska is becoming known the world over as a hunter's paradise, and every year sees an increasing number of sportsmen from the States, but unless some protection is afforded game, the sportsmen will cease to come.

A LOOK AT THE WEATHER

BY GEORGE CEBULA

October 2001 was an average October in temperatures and below average in precipitation.

The average temperature for October was 25.6 (26.7 in Oct. '00 and 29.5 in Oct. '99). The high was 53 on October 4th and 9th (51 on Oct. 6, '00 and 53 on Oct. 2, '99) and the low was -15 on October 27th (-6 on Oct. 29, '00 and -5 on Oct. 30, '99). There were 6 days with the low zero or lower and 7 days with the high of 50 or above. *This compares with Silver Lake's average temperature of 26.9 (27.4 in Oct. '00 and 30.1 in Oct. '99). The high at Silver Lake was 58 on October 5th (47 on Oct. 17, '00 and 52 on Oct. 3, '99) and their low was -6 on October 26th (-3 on Oct. 30, '00 and 3 on Oct. 30, '99). Silver Lake had 6 days with the low zero or lower and 5 days with a high of 50 or above.*

The total liquid precipitation was 1.26 inches (2.23 in Oct. '00 and 3.02 in Oct. '99). Only 0.20 inches of the precipitation fell as rain, with a total snowfall in October of 15.1 inches (13.9 in Oct. '00 and 14.9 in Oct. '99). *Silver Lake had 0.78 inches of liquid (1.74 in Oct. '00 and 2.17 in Oct. '99) with 8.0 inches of snow (7.7 in Oct. '00 and 12.5 in Oct. '99).*

The snow depth at McCarthy

began with 5 inches on October 17th and ended the month with 10 inches. *Silver Lake began with 6 inches on October 18th and ended the month with 4 inches on the ground. Silver Lake was completely ice covered on October 26th (Oct. 29, '00 and Oct. 31, '99).*

November was rather cold with below average temperatures and precipitation. The November average temperature at McCarthy was 3.3 (13.2 in Nov. '00 and 9.0 in Nov. '99). The high temperature was 37 on November 18th (42 on Nov. 11, '00 and 37 on Nov. 1, '99). The low temperature was -35 on November 29th and 30th (-16 on Nov. 6, '00 and -26 on Nov. 29, '99). The record temperatures for November are a high of 48 on November 1, '70 and a low of -46 on November 11, '89. *Silver Lake had an average temperature of 3.6 (15.3 in Nov. '00 and 9.8 in Nov. '99). The high was 36 on November 20th (42 on Nov. 11, '00 and 38 on Nov. 2, '99) and the low was -35 on November 30th (-8 on Nov. 6, '00 and -10 on Nov. 5, '99).*

The total liquid precipitation for November was 0.75 inches (0.75 inches in Nov. '00 and 2.26 inches in Nov. '99). Total snowfall was 4.5 inches (9.3 inches in Nov. '00 and 7.4 inches in Nov. '99). *This compares with*

0.49 inches of liquid precipitation at Silver Lake (1.05 inches in Nov. '00 and 1.51 inches in Nov. '99). Snowfall at Silver Lake was 5.0 inches (7.1 in Nov. '00 and 6.2 inches in Nov. '99). The snow depth at McCarthy was 10 inches on the 1st, increased to 12 inches on the 2nd and ended the month with 12 inches. Silver Lake started the month with 4 inches of snow. This increased to 7 inches on the 11th and they ended the month with 7 inches on the ground.

The first snowmachine to cross the Kennicott River ice safely this year wasn't until the second week of November. Al Gagnon safely navigated the ice covered Nizina River on November 29th. This was about 2 weeks earlier than last year when he safely made the first trip on December 18th.

December and January are usually the coldest months with lows falling to -50 and colder. Daylight is down to just under 5 hours by December 21, before it begins to increase again.

If anyone sees a gray and red suburban with an Alaskan plate "CEBULA" in your area neighborhood, please flag us down. Sophie and I will be traveling around the lower 48 for the next two months.

"Give thanks. There is a light that overcomes this dread, dead-ended darkness. There is a Creator who will find those who seek Him and lead them to it. My personal statement remains the same, year after year: If I could identify just two things for which to be thankful, I would choose first to be thankful for amnesty, that is, forgiveness for all those accumulations of sin and error which could otherwise weigh us down and steal away our freedom of spirit and enthusiasm for life. Second, I would give thanks for the promise that one day you and I will see His face." —Linda Bowles

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

Green elitism poisons minds

EDITORIAL BY RAINER HUCK, PRESIDENT OF USA-ALL

Not so long ago I was riding my motorbike in the Temple Mountain area of the San Rafael Swell. This region is laced with old roads built during the uranium mining boom of the 50s. Temple Mountain itself is literally honey-combed with mines, some of which still sport the remnants of implements used by those who sought to supply our government with this once highly prized commodity.

It was quite early morning of a beautiful bright sunny day when I happened across a group of eight to ten people hiking up the road. Most had floppy brim hats and a few came equipped with the ski-pole-like hand assists some folks like to use. I slowed to near walking speed and said hello to each while passing by.

I never saw the faces of some of them, as they rotated to insure their backs would greet me at all times. One covered his ears in an annoyed manner and another held his nose. One, I think, tried to offer a weak smile, but his face just wouldn't cooperate. The others just had that icy glazed look of hatred in their eyes I've come to see all too often these days while traveling on our public lands.

As I left this group I felt lucky in a way, at least no one had flipped me the bird or made angry aggressive moves. But still, the joy of this day was diminished for me because, once again, notice was served that I was the target of hatred.

These people had no idea who I was. Certainly they had never seen me before. I did not behave badly or rudely towards

them. There was no roost or objectionable noise. They hated me simply because I belong to a group that they've been taught to despise. I'm the member of a group they believe must be eliminated, at any cost.

Fortunately, I have never been personally subjected to violent behavior by those who hate while traveling on our public lands. But I have heard stories and have personally found booby traps hidden on motorized trails that could maim or kill; planted no doubt by people who feel that violence is ok just because we are members of a hated class.

On the other hand, I have had frequent pleasant encounters with hikers on our public lands. There have been many cheerful greetings in the back country from people of all ages who seem to have no animus at all to the fact that some enjoy traveling by vehicle rather than by foot.

What's the difference? It's really quite simple. The pleasant people haven't been polluted by the propaganda of green advocate hate organizations. They haven't been taught that it's all right to despise people on the basis of their recreational choices. They haven't been taught that they are superior to all others and are solely privileged to enjoy public lands to the exclusion of the rabble. They haven't come to believe that they are the Princes of the King's Forest.

It's easy to see the difference; I can spot it at 200 yards, even in dim light. The demeanor of hate and resentment hangs about the poisoned people like a cloud of gloom. The difference is

palpable. It seems odd that in a society that is so enlightened and sensitive to discrimination of any kind and supportive of diversity of all kinds, that we tolerate such a bastion of bigotry. Indeed to say "tolerate" minimizes the situation. It's encouraged and promoted, with the cooperation of the media.

The green advocates are seeking to designate the majority of our multiple use public lands, especially those that have scenic or recreational value, as Wilderness. This highly restrictive land management designation excludes all uses except for the few of which they approve. The major obstacle to achieving this goal is the people who use vehicles to travel on the roads and trails in these areas.

The green advocates have organized a smear campaign designed to demonize and vilify these people by characterizing as devastators of the motherland. They run about taking pictures of every track on sand or in wash bottoms and then claim this to be destruction from which the land will never recover. They work to establish a threshold of zero tolerance for any surface impacts from vehicle travel. If they find any evidence at all of vehicle travel, they cry damage and demand closure. The people who use vehicles must be removed, no matter what the cost.

They fill their publications with venom and even encourage their members to report any instance of unpleasant encounters they may (or may not) have had with vehicle users. They want these reports to speak of angry

conflict to serve as a pretext for institutionalized discrimination. They instruct their members to bring cameras to photograph all possible tracks. All of this to assemble a compendium of bigotry and bias.

Their efforts are greatly aided by the media which has chosen to adopt whole cloth the lexicon of environmental doublespeak. Every time you pick up a paper or see a news report, you will find the word "protection" used in describing their activities. This is a loaded and highly connotative word. It gives a warm and fuzzy feeling while at the same time implying that there is some kind of destructive activity happening that must be curbed. Well guess who the "destroyers" are! Most people regard protection as a good thing and those from which protection is needed as bad. In this way vehicle recreationists, in the absence of any evidence, are automatically and repeatedly cast in a negative light.

A perfect example of this kind of built-in bias is found in the headline of a story discussing a bill that would designate 10 million acres of Utah BLM land Wilderness. "BILL SEEKS TO PROTECT WILD UTAH" cries the large bold typeface on the first page of the Utah section Salt Lake Tribune, April 26, 2001.

Well, who wouldn't want to "protect wild Utah?" If any army of crazed Martians arrived and began beaming up Delicate Arch, I'd be on the front lines blasting away at them as hard as the biggest green advocate could ever hope to.

In fact, this legislation has nothing to do with "protecting wild Utah" at all. It is concerned solely with implementing regulations and legal sanctions that will ban people who use vehicles, close roads, and end just about every other use except low impact muscle powered travel. A more truthful headline would be "BILL SEEKS TO CLOSE 50% OF UTAH BLM LAND TO MULTIPLE USE."

Do you think many people would support this bill given the truthful headline? Certainly not! That is why the green advocates work so hard to suppress truth and create a swirling quagmire of distortion regarding the real impact of their agenda. Sadly, the media has been a willing accomplice. I can't remember ever seeing a headline in the form of the truthful version regarding a public land issue in a general circulation newspaper.

It's time we recognize extremist environmental organizations for what they are: special interest groups pursuing an agenda of hate and advancing

bigotry towards a targeted population of hard working, taxpaying, responsible citizens. They are spending millions of dollars to bring the force of government to bear on these people in order to implement their agenda of discrimination and elitism.

It's sad that in our supposedly tolerant society, which often goes to extremes to identify and protect the rights of diverse interest groups, recreation bigotry is sanctioned and allowed to flourish.

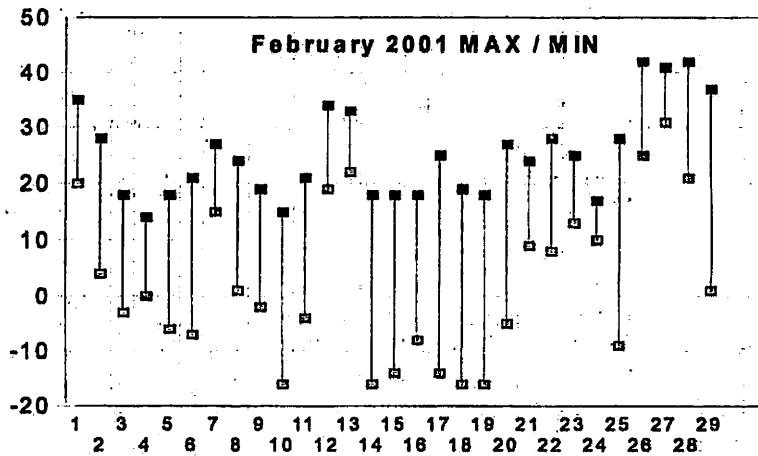
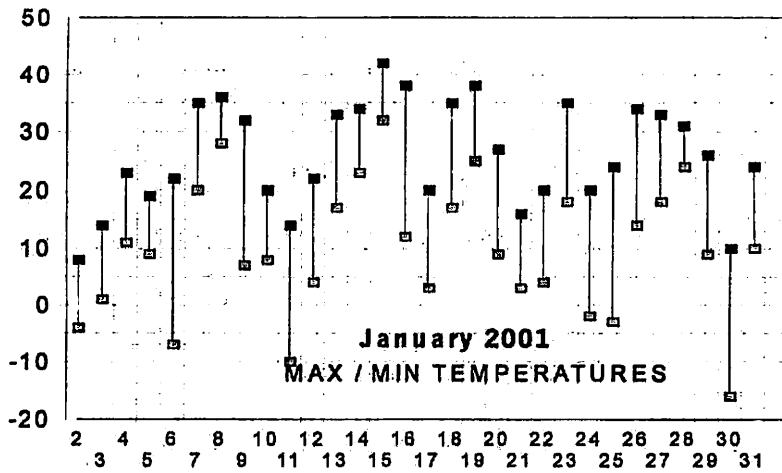
We can't let them win this fight. We must not allow them to cast a false mantle of shame over us. Like all targeted populations in past times, we must unite to insure that their lies are exposed to the light of day. We'll probably lose a lot of battles along the way, but if we don't give up, we will win. We can be certain of this because the green advocate agenda has a fatal flaw: they are trying to steal something valuable from the people. When the truth gets out, their corrupt agenda will be rejected and the tainted fruits of their labors will wither on the vine.

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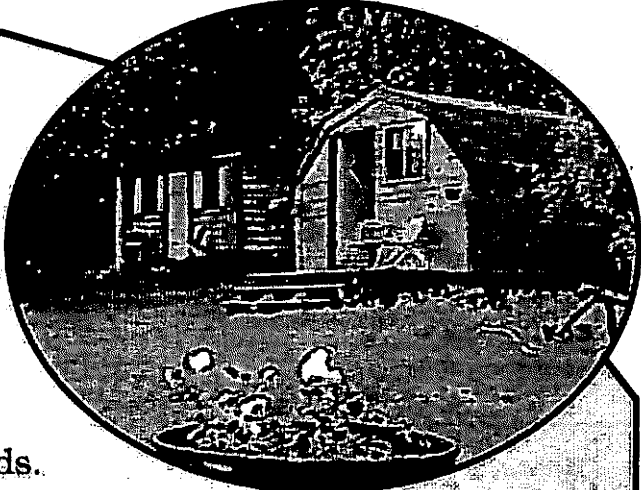
"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated." —Thomas Paine

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