

# Wrangell St. Elias News

*"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"*

Volume Sixteen Issue Six

November & December 2007

\$2.50

## 555 miles down the Yukon—in a canoe!

McCarthy summer resident Barbara Rice and her friend Linda Whitman battle rapids, wind and rain, and their own thoughts and fears to emerge victorious in their little green canoe. See story on page 7



## The most fabulous day of the summer



Art and Linda Warren are new converts to the McCarthy way of life. They are quick to take up the offer by neighbors Jim and Audrey Edwards to fly to the coast and do a little exploring. There they follow grizzly tracks in the sand, and learn how to pan gold from the “man who lives in a tank.” Join them on page 12 as Linda describes what for her was the most fabulous day of the summer.

## Historic photos—a peek into the past

“Visitors are amazed at how much “stuff” is still here. Meantime, many long-time locals lament at how much has been ‘lost’ since they first got here.”

McCarthy Lodge’s Neil Darish discusses the importance of historic photos and how our understanding of the past can change as “new” photos come to light. Story page 11.



### PLUS!

**The Suspicious Death of a Codfish Aristocrat** page 9

**Old McCarthy—and the Volstead Act** page 13

**It pays to pay attention to the Plat Title and Plat Number** page 6

## *A note from the publisher*

BY BONNIE KENYON

**T**oday our mail pilot, Lynn Ellis, commented, "I don't recall ever doing mail this time of year without my winter hat, gloves and boots!" I was curious to check last year's records to compare the beginning of November with this year. Interesting! November 1, 2006, we recorded a high of 26 degrees, a low of 19, but this year we saw a maximum temperature of 43 and a minimum of 28. Last year we had 6 inches of snow on the ground; this year a bare 2 inches. No wonder Lynn was donning his baseball cap!

Two days ago Rick decided to enjoy the balmy weather while it lasted and met Jim Kreblin (the keeper of Long Lake!) at the lake. The two motor-boated over the water fishing, oblivious to the fact "it is winter."

Rick and I just recently returned from a trip to Florida where we saw some of our family members and friends. Getting this issue of *WSEN* to press was the first project on our to-do list. Since our last issue we have met a most remarkable man —Ken Lord. Ken resides in Tucson, AZ, not too far from where cooking column writer Peggy Guntis and her husband Jim spend the

winters. Ken is a retired teacher who writes short-stories. I should probably not have used the word retired, as Ken is not only an avid writer (he has written over 60 books), he is also a very successful "Avon Lady" there in Arizona. He happened to see a documentary that featured the McCarthy area and became interested enough to start researching and writing historical fiction. He graciously agreed to share the first-fruits of that effort with his story, *The suspicious death of a Codfish Aristocrat*. (Page 9) You can find his current work at either of these websites: [www.lulu.com/kenlord](http://www.lulu.com/kenlord) or [www.wordsmith.bigwebpages.com](http://www.wordsmith.bigwebpages.com).

We were pleased to receive an article from subscribers Barbara Rice (summer McCarthyite with her husband John) and her friend Linda Whitman describing their excursion down the Yukon River this past June and July. (Page 7)

Linda Warren (Fran Gagnon's daughter) and her husband Art have decided to make the McCarthy area their new home, at least during the warmer months. Linda shares her thoughts on *The most fabulous day of the summer* with us on Page 12.

Friend and summer regular Ken Smith offers insight into how to stay out of trouble when buying property, page 6, as well as a fun story

about *McCarthy and the Volstead Act* on page 13.

Rick and I were saddened to hear of the death of Kirk Shively, 49, on September 29<sup>th</sup>. He was killed in an accident on a job site in Canada. McCarthy area residents remember and treasure the expertise of Kirk who, along with his partner, Paul Barr, and their business, Sourdough Drilling. The people Kirk drilled water wells for knew he always gave them his best effort to get them water.

His family writes of him: "Kirk was a great welder and worked in the oil field, where he was promoted to driller. Kirk loved the Lord. He liked to hunt and fish and did a lot of work on his house, which he has owned for 26 years. Kirk was a big animal person, and doted on his puppies and kitties. He may have been gruff on the outside, but he had a heart to do right by people. He never hesitated to tell his family that he loved them and was always good for a hug. He was a very generous person and highly respected by those who knew him."

Our love and prayers go to Kirk's wife, Linda, and their family members.

*WSEN* welcomes aboard the following subscribers: Ronald Cone, WI; Sheila Kaiser, WA; Frieda McCord, OH; Ken Lord, AZ.

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## Items of Interest

BY BONNIE KENYON

**Art Phillips and Linda Warren:** Most local folks in the McCarthy area remember Linda's mom —Fran Gagnon—who was well-loved and known in the McCarthy area and in many parts of our state. Because Linda and Art love the fact they are best known as Fran's "kids," I knew they wouldn't mind if I started off their item with that connection (just in case you haven't made Art and Linda's acquaintance yet).

Art and Linda are not new kids on the block. Linda spent many of her early years living at May Creek. She has returned and with husband Art spent the vast majority of the summer/fall season "living" here on the west side of the Kennicott River—not just visiting. That gave me ample opportunity to see more of these soon-to-be full timers.

They recently purchased Ken and Carly Kritchen's property. Just prior to leaving for their present winter home in Phoenix the first week in October, Art and Linda moved into the log cabin the Kritchen's called home for many years.

Art, a contractor, and Linda, a real estate broker, made several major changes on the cabin before settling in. Ted and George Cebula were Art's right-hand men while Linda kept those good home-cooked meals coming for the hardworking crew. Linda was more than pleased with the finished product, along with the added ameni-

ties—running water and indoor plumbing.

In an earlier email, Linda wrote: "Our cabin is so nice and cozy with a lot more room to move around in. Our view of Sourdough is just wonderful. This morning I watched the sun rise—from our bed! No wonder the Kritchens had the bed up on blocks—so they could always see the mountain when they woke up. I love it here so much!"

Welcome "home," Art and Linda, and welcome to the neighborhood.

Before I move onto the next item, I am reminded how often WSEN readers call or contact us, asking for information on property for sale in our area. If you are one of those, please be sure to look for Art and Linda's full-page ad in this issue. Now that they are moved onto their new place, they are offering their previous property for sale.

**Dianne Milliard:** "House raising" is now a term that Dianne is personally familiar with. Dianne, along with at least 20 neighbors and her master-builder Matt Smith, succeeded in raising the timber framework for her McCarthy Creek cabin on October 11. Needless to say, she is thrilled with the summer's accomplishment and the prospect of eventually having her own place to hang her hat.

There are always challenges for McCarthy area builders. This year was no exception! To name a few: the McCarthy Creek flood which took out the footbridge, Dianne's only land access to her

property and then there was the Search and Rescue that called Matt away from the building project to assist in searching for a missing hiker. Eventually things returned to normal and the work resumed.

Congratulations, Dianne! I know if she were here writing this item, she would include a big THANKS to all those who helped make her house-raising a grand success.

**Jim Kreblin:** Now that Jim's summer job with the park service has ended, he is moving on to other things closer to home. His cabin on the north shore of Long Lake is growing and taking on a new look. It can best be described as a tri-level dwelling. The lower level is now enclosed and insulated and will soon become a viable part of his living area, he says. He's eager to put it to good use. Jim is grateful for the helping hands of neighbors **Mark Vail**, who helped in the building aspect, and **Aaron Lang**, who did a fine job with landscaping.

Jim reports that as of the end of October, the lake is still open and free of ice so his means for crossing the water is his motorboat. He did do some traveling on it the other day. Friend and part-time neighbor, **Ralph Lohse**, was in for a few days so Mark and Jim paid him a visit.

A very important event is on the horizon for Jim. His daughter, **Lindsay**, (who most folks in the McCarthy area know and love) has announced her upcoming marriage to **Kurt Jensen**.

Jim, of course, plans on being on hand to help these fine folks celebrate this wonderful occasion. The wedding takes place on November 10<sup>th</sup> in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Jim, please take our best wishes with you!

Several local folks from the McCarthy area are planning on attending as well: the **Welty family, Roni and Doran Ward** and some of the Lohse ladies. There should be a fine representation from our town to meet Kurt and let Lindsay know we haven't forgotten her!

**Roni English/Doran Ward:** The summer has flown by much too quickly as far as Roni is concerned. I called her the other day to see how things were fairing up her way. She was staying way too busy to get bored, she said. Even though she brought in a new sewing machine this summer with the hopes to finish up 3 quilts that her mom and grandmother had begun, outside projects such as building bear-proof shutters for their cabin, clearing brush and filling their woodshed, are keeping her from doing justice to those inside crafts.

Now that Roni's daytime hours are not spent with homeschooling son, Adam, and daughter Bekka, she has a lot of that valuable stuff called time on her hands. Adam is living and working in Juneau and Bekka is back in Washington.

Doran is and has been an airline captain with Alaska Airlines for about 16 years. He comes and goes frequently, says Roni, and they both thoroughly enjoy their time spent at the cabin.

Rick and I were pleasantly surprised to finally be on board a

flight with Doran at the helm just recently. We were returning from a visit with our family and Doran was in the captain's chair of our flight between Seattle and Anchorage. We had a nice visit with him once he landed that plane safe and sound. He told us he would be heading out our way within a few days to give Roni a hand at the homestead. Interestingly enough, as much as McCarthy area folks fly in and out of Alaska, Doran says we were the first of his northern neighbors to actually be on one of his flights. Thanks, Roni, for the update from up your way and, Doran, thanks for the most enjoyable flight!

**Cal Ward, Jr.:** Next door to Roni and Doran ("next door" to a McCarthyite could be a mile but you get the idea!), is Cal's place. For those of you who may not know, Doran and Cal are brothers. Cal is finally settling into winter mode after being gone much of the summer. He left his Fireweed Mountain cabin mid-April, working for Riverboat Discovery in Fairbanks. Although Cal insists "he is

supposed to be retired," others value him too much to let him go that easily. Instead of returning to McCarthy area once his month of work came to a close,

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he traveled to Grants Pass, OR to spend quality time with his dad until Cal Sr. passed away on July 3<sup>rd</sup>.

Cal said he came home for part of July and August until he, once again, received a phone call from his Riverboat Discovery friends, begging him to come back to work for the month of September. At first he declined telling them that would eat into his moose hunting season. He was promised a moose hunt out of Fairbanks, if he would just come help. He agreed and work and the moose hunt was a success. Time spent with family and friends was worth it all, but he is quick to say he is pleased to be back on the mountain. One of the first projects he tackled was the completion of his woodshed and gas shed. I expect filling that new woodshed will be next on the list! Welcome back, Cal!

**Kurt, Peggy and Kelsey Smith:** Traveling in the opposite direction towards the Nizina River, I decide to check on the Smith family. As our readers should know by now, the Smiths operate the McCarthy Mercantile grocery and hardware store, located in downtown McCarthy. Although the “Merc” closed its doors on September 9<sup>th</sup>, ending the summer season’s daily hours, Peggy is determined to try and keep us locals supplied with a few much-needed items this winter. Her first winter “shopping-at-the-Merc” day was October 3<sup>rd</sup>. The next day is scheduled for November 7<sup>th</sup>.

The Smiths plan on being at the store with meat, dry goods and HOPEFULLY ice cream! Peggy expects to have the ice cream available by the half gallon, she says. Now if there isn’t a heat wave when she and Kelsey return from

Fairbanks, those of us who miss those famous mail-day ice cream cones the Smith ladies dish up, just might be able to make our own.

The other great news from the Smith household is that Kurt, Kelsey and Peggy are all in one place—their home on the Nizina—settling in for a long-winter’s night! Kurt got his shop up and is now working on his never-ending list of projects. Peggy says the list would be shorter if she didn’t keep adding to-do items to it. Oh, well, Kurt, you have all winter and it could be a long one!

P. S. Hello, daughter Katy! Sounds like the Florida heat wave found you in Key West. Don’t you miss McCarthy?

**Neil Darish:** Neil, co-owner of McCarthy Ventures which includes McCarthy Lodge and Ma Johnson’s Hotel, always is busy doing something (s). After a busy and a “great year businesswise” Neil says he is “enjoying the quiet time” that this time of year affords him. The hotel and lodge are all winterized now.

I ask him, “What are you doing then?” Without hesitation he answered, “I’m already making plans for another successful season next year, and taking in daily walks to Kennicott and back.” He’s determined to get in shape. I tell him I’m impressed, and I am! That’s about 5 miles, *one way*. Having an IPOD with his favorite music is helping him walk 10 times farther and faster, he shared. I believe him...Now, let’s see... where is my IPOD!

**Wayne and Gaia (Thurston-Shaine) Marrs:** Wayne and Gaia, owners of St. Elias Alpine Guides and Copper Oar, had a memorable summer season. I’m not just talking about the success of their joint business ventures, but their wedding which took place and was celebrated in McCarthy during the first two weeks of September.

Somehow Rick and I missed attending the local festivities so when we got home from our travels, I tried to contact Gaia via email. This was her follow-up message:

Hello! Thank you for writing. I will be on my honeymoon until the first of December. If you are writing about a trip or other business with St. Elias Alpine Guides and would like a response prior to this time, please contact Tim Duffy at: [info@steliasguides.com](mailto:info@steliasguides.com). Otherwise, I’ll get back to you in December! Best, Gaia Marrs.

Needless to say, I contacted Tim right away. He filled me in.

“We celebrated their wedding that Saturday before Labor Day by having a cook-out on the Powerhouse river bar. The wedding itself officially took place along the west edge of the Kennicott Glacier the day before the big flood (Sept. 9<sup>th</sup>) at the end of the season. We went out with a bang! I, acting as marriage commissioner, married them. Tucker Chenoweth and Nina Robin, both SEAG’ers, were present as witnesses. Then on October 6<sup>th</sup> we recreated the ceremony just outside of Mammoth, CA for the small crowd of family and close friends who were unable to make the cook-out in McCarthy. Now Wayne and Gaia are off on their honeymoon to France, Italy and Madagascar.”

Congratulations and best wishes to the Marrs!

**The Copper Valley Abandoned Vehicle and Scrap Metal Removal Project reports great progress for 2007!** This year over 600 vehicles were removed from the Copper Valley. In addition to vehicles, 151 refrigerators were rounded up in McCarthy, Chitina and at the landfill. Another refrigerator and scrap metal collection is planned for May 2008. Individuals who want to get rid of junk cars and scrap metal around their properties, should contact CVDA at 822-5001.



## It pays to pay attention to the Plat Title and Plat Number

BY KEN SMITH

Pitfalls sometimes await those who do not exercise due diligence. Sometime back we wrote about how a potential land disaster might await someone whose property is unrecorded. We gave some sorry and costly examples where land was not recorded. This usually happened because erroneous assumptions were made that parcels were recorded when actually they were not. It is in one's best interest to double check and make certain property is recorded with the Alaska Division of Lands. Recently, we came upon another unfortunate circumstance involving west side of the Kennicott River real estate. This all led to some real anxiety, so we will share it with you.

Most are aware the preponderance of property west of the Kennicott River came into private hands as a result of Alaska becoming a state in 1959. One of the rallying cries for statehood was to get government property into the hands of the local citizenry. In accordance with that mandate our new state moved relatively fast, particularly in the McCarthy area. In February of 1963 a land auction was held at Copper Center during which ownership of a few thousand acres was transferred from state to private interests. The only west side property not sold at the auction was the patented homestead property that had comprised most of the local farms during the mining and railroad heydays.

Jack Ward owned a very popular auction house in south Anchorage back then. Jack purchased a few hundred acres at the Copper Center land sale, with the idea he would subdivide the property and sell the lots at his Saturday and Sunday auctions. Within a month, on March 15, 1963, Jack subdivided the first half of his property and began selling tracts of land. He did so well that on

April 29, 1963, he subdivided the remainder of the property and placed that on the market as well. (Note, in those days a developer need only "paper plat" a subdivision; there was no requirement back then to have a surveyor monument the lots.) Jack's first subdivision was titled, "Kennicott River Land Tracts" Plat number 63-10, the second subdivision was "Kennicott River Land Tracts Addition" Plat number 63-42. Most of these tracts were five acres in size and ideally suited for residential development. Today, many local McCarthyites own this property, including some who live in the area year around, proving those statehood visionaries accurate.

Back to our problem: This summer a party purchased one of these lots off of the internet from a real estate agent. The purchasers hired a surveyor who came out and found the lot for them. Soon after the survey, the new owners began to clear the property and develop access for a cabin.

A fine lady by the name of Marion happens to also own a parcel in this area. She has visited McCarthy numerous times over the years and made friends with locals. It just so happened that Marion ventured to McCarthy this summer in the company of her daughter and a friend. The purpose of the trip was to show the daughter the location of Marion's lot. Much to Marion's surprise, development had begun on her lot.

After much consternation and research, Marion was able to determine who the realtor was that "sold her lot." When she contacted the realtor she was met with a robust denial. Marion, who just happens to be a retired Alaskan real estate broker, obviously put forth a pretty persuasive argument. The realtor asked Marion to give him a little time to digest this matter as well as clear

the fog from his brain. The next day, a very sheepish realtor visited Marion at her home.

What had happened was the realtor made a mistake after he had been given one tract to sell in the Kennicott River Land Tracts subdivision. He sold this lot to the previously mentioned party. The title company then recorded the correct deed and prepared all the documents accurately.

Marion's property is in the Kennicott River Land Tracts Addition. Unfortunately the realtor had mistakenly obtained a copy of the plat for the Kennicott River Land Tracts Addition. What he needed was one for the Kennicott River Land Tracts. He gave a copy of the wrong plat to the buyers, who failed to notice that their new deed was for property in Ward's first subdivision, not in the "Addition," his second subdivision. They in turn mistakenly asked the surveyor to find a lot in the "Addition" which coincidentally had the same tract number as the one they had just purchased in Ward's first subdivision. When the surveyor found the lot they assumed it to be their property. Unfortunately, Ward's first subdivision and his second subdivision have like tract numbers throughout each of the two plats.

This incident just happened to have a good ending. When the realtor gave the news to the buyers it turned out they were very happy with the lot they actually purchased, perhaps they like it even better than Marion's. Marion was happy since the efforts they put into her lot actually improved it. The trees they cut needed to be down anyway since most were beetle killed.

But this ending could easily have been sad for all concerned, so the moral of the story here is to accomplish due diligence by paying very close attention to detail!

# 555 miles down the Yukon—in a canoe!

BY BARBARA RICE

Our Yukon River adventure began on June 30<sup>th</sup> at Whitehorse, Yukon Territories and ended 19 exciting days and 550 often beautiful miles later at Eagle, Alaska.

Linda Whitman, my friend and neighbor from St. Louis, and I had enjoyed adventure-on-the-water trips in previous years. In 2000 we had floated 1,700 miles of the Missouri River in the same 17-ft. Winona Spirit II Kevlar canoe that we were now taking on the Yukon. Before that we had taken a 19-ft. ski boat from St. Louis to Minnesota and then down to the Gulf of Mexico. Now the Yukon River with its colorful history beckoned us.

My husband, John, and I picked up Linda in Anchorage, where we did a little shopping before heading for Whitehorse, in the Yukon Territories. Our gear included 3 bear barrels, 2 dry bags, 1 food pantry, 1 tent, 2 chairs, 3 paddles, 2 sleeping bags, 1 waterproof barrel, 1 blue tarp, 9 gallons of water, 1 jug of wine, and miscellaneous odds and ends. As we packed, we realized that we would be doing this at least 38 more times before reaching our destination. Surprisingly, it all fit quite well and our custom-made canoe cover worked wonderfully.

Before putting in the river we discovered that the tent we were going to use leaked, so in true Alaska tradition instead of buying a new tent we bought a blue tarp and more duct tape. This turned out to not be a good idea!

As we were packing up, a woman “encouraged us” by telling us about two people who had been killed by the river. She said we should keep an eye out for a body. Oh, great!

The river was high, running about 8 miles an hour, much faster than we had seen on the Missouri. We also had not been in a canoe for seven years, so we did a little practice paddling on the Whitehorse riverfront. We had a good first day and camped on a sand island with a picnic table which was a plus. The next day we headed into Lake LaBarge which could be the most dangerous section of the river due to high winds which could swamp us. We spent three days traveling through the lake and met a father



Photo courtesy the author

Any port in a storm! Barbara attempts to escape the wind by napping in the lee of a boulder.

and son kayaking, and a raft that was headed to the Bering Sea.

As we left the lake and entered a protected scenic section of the river, we realized that our biggest problem was going to be finding places to pull out for potty stops and meals, and places to set up camp at the end of the day with enough room to cook and store our food hundreds of feet from our camp. Sometimes we would see a potential spot to stop, but because of the swift current we could not get over to it, and would pass it by. As a result, we often had to camp at sites which had evidence of recent bear and moose activity.

I had read enough stories by people who had floated the river that by the time we got to Carmacks I thought I wanted to quit. The famous Five Finger Rapids and Rink Rapids were ahead, and the water was supposedly so cold that if you survived the rapids but ended up in the water you would die of hyperthermia. I conquered my fear by the next morning and we proceeded down the river. Linda was never afraid.

It turned out that the rapids were stunning, undulating and rather fun.



Photo courtesy the author

Linda peeks out from the blue tarp. We are not sure if those are Barbara's feet next to her or not!

One of the highlights of the trip was stopping and camping at Fort Selkirk, a ghost town of thirty restored buildings with camp sites, water spigots and picnic tables. There, fellow campers shared their fresh cooked fish with us. The mountains and cut-banks were majestic and colorful. There was evidence of numerous forest fires, and there were countless islands that sometimes made it difficult to find the channel. The river became silty as glacier streams came into it. There were a lot of fish camps but since the salmon had not yet gotten to this part of the river no one was there. We passed remains from over 100 years of gold mining, and many cabins that had partly fallen down. We welcomed finding one of those cabins on one rainy night!

Of course, there were many artifacts. Quite a few of the old mines are being reworked with new machinery and technology. The quest for gold is still alive in the Yukon.

We had the river to ourselves most of the time, but we did see and camp with the father and son kayakers and four couples from Canada a couple of times.

We made it to Dawson City, YT, 450 miles from Whitehorse in two weeks and took a day off to sight-see and eat real food. We decided to go another 100 miles to Eagle, AK and have John pick us up in three days. Plans changed slightly as we hit winds of 40 to 50 miles an hour and would have to try to get off the river and wait until it stopped blowing. There is a tourist catamaran that goes between Dawson City and Eagle twice a day which throws up a wake enough to capsize the canoe, so we also had to get off the river when we saw it coming. The leaky tent with the blue tarp that I mentioned in the beginning did not do well in the high wind. We could not set it up, so we staked the corners and covered it with the blue tarp

and then crawled into it like an envelope.

The last day we got off at what turned out to be a commercial fish camp. The owners of the business were there and the captain of the catamaran had seen how much trouble we were having that day and had radioed them that once we saw the roof of their business from the river we would probably be stopping. There was fresh-baked bread and dinner waiting for us. We spent the night and used their sauna which overlooked the river. It was a fine last night on the river.

On the fourth day we made it to Eagle. On the bright side, by the time we got there John knew everyone in town and was able to lead a comprehensive tour of Eagle. We arrived very healthy, happy and with many wonderful memories and hopes of one day making more.

## DOT surveys area

BY RICK KENYON

During the month of September and into October Bonnie and I had the pleasure of having several Department of Transportation surveyors stay with us. Ardelle Gervais headed up the team which was here to lo-

cate flood damage areas along the McCarthy Road and set control for future road repair projects, and survey the proposed tram site across McCarthy Creek, at the south end of Shushan-



Photo courtesy Ardelle Gervais

Above: Greg Nelson taking cross section downstream from Rowland Bridge on McCarthy Creek



Photo courtesy Ardelle Gervais

Jack Smith observes McCarthy Creek attempting to wash away the Rowland's toll bridge. The attempt failed, though the community footbridge was lost.

na Avenue, for property and design considerations.

The survey work at McCarthy Creek had to be postponed to near the end of their stay, as heavy rains brought flooding which took out the



community footbridge and made crossing impossible for a period of time.

Work on the McCarthy Road was done at the following locations:

MP 2-2.8 Kotsina Bluff  
MP 5  
MP 14.8 Strelna Creek  
MP 16.8

MP 18.4 "Hugaboulder Bend"  
MP 27 Chokosna  
MP 44 Lakina River  
MP 57.6 "Mudslide" area

## The Suspicious Death of a Codfish Aristocrat

*Editor's Note: We hope you enjoy this short-story about the murder of "McCarthy Rose." The author points out that the story is built on the sketchiest of information—gleaned from the newspapers of the time. No guarantee is made of historical accuracy.*

BY KEN LORD

The headline of the *McCarthy Weekly News* of March 9, 1918 screamed the message in a two-column heading—MURDER. The woman known as McCarthy Rose was dead at the hands of an unknown killer. Robbery was the apparent motive, but the severity of injury to the victim indicated that something more was afoot. The killer must have wanted only money, for Rose was wearing a lot of expensive jewelry, none disturbed.

Rose Silberg, once known as Rose Levine, was a prostitute. Of that, there was no dispute. A high-priced prostitute, it was rumored, Rose serviced the miners of the large Kennecott Copper Mine of southeast Alaska in the early years of World War I. The story is that many left a week's wages in Rose's purse when they left, and a week's wages at the Kennecott Mine could be as much as five hundred dollars.

It was said that from female companionship to caviar, anything could be obtained in McCarthy—for a price. While there were less expensive prostitutes in McCarthy—Tumbleweed Sal comes to mind—Rose's visitors felt they had received their money's worth. Her weekend calendar was nearly always full, and more if the price of copper, in demand for the war effort, had fetched a good price that week and the miners' pockets were crammed with overtime wages.

Rose was an independent contractor. She wasn't there because of

lack of work in some San Francisco bawdy house. She was there because there was a fortune to be made, and she intended to gain it. Early on her arrival, she discovered there was no need to join a house or work for a madam. Rose was a part of an exclusive club—moneyed people who had come from the East seeking to cash in on the Alaskan gold rush and, as in this case, the bonanza in Alaskan copper. The exclusive club was known derisively as The Codfish Aristocracy. Rose Levine was a Jewish woman whose married name was Rose Silberg. She'd arrived from New Jersey without her husband, from whom she was separated and who'd gone to make his fortune somewhere in Canada.

In the summer of 1917, Rose arrived in McCarthy on the Copper River & Northwestern Railroad, whose acronym, CR&NW, was often derided as "Can't Run and Never Will." The train came to McCarthy twice a week, dragging oil tanks, empty ore cars, freight cars, and passenger coaches. It would bring miners and other passengers and leave with fully-laden ore cars from the Kennecott Mine. All that was assured was that the CR&NW Railroad would arrive—sometime. The trip was often affected by weather, wind, burgeoning rivers, snow and rock slides.

Rose bought a house in McCarthy and hung a shingle—literally—that named the house, in what the locals called "the restricted district," as the Chili Con Carne Parlor. It, besides Rose's unique services,

served certain medicines, otherwise unavailable to the population because of Alaska's new Bone Dry Law, a precursor to the national madness known as Prohibition. Those medicines were, of course, not legal, and neither was prostitution, but the miners weren't about to complain.

The sporadic appearance of anything resembling the territorial law might catch and fine a few of Rose's clients who stumbled along the muddy street, but if they were aware of the source of the medicines, and one can imagine that they were, they took no notice. Bootlegging was rampant in the area, and no church was located there while the Kennecott Mine was in operation. It would not close until 1938, when the price of copper fell.

While games of chance were undoubtedly available, what with several saloons and hotels, there was a preoccupation with pool tables. The most prominent establishment was called the Alaska Billiard Parlor, referred to as the "A. B." No games of poker or blackjack were ever advertised in the *McCarthy Weekly News*. The A. B. Parlor was also the assembly hall for town meetings, movies, community dances, itinerant religious clerics, dentists, and barbers. As World War I continued, it also became the location of volunteer efforts and draft board meetings. McCarthy's quota for the draft was twenty-seven young men. Miners were urged to volunteer to dig trenches in Europe. Citizens were urged to buy Thrift Stamps and War Certificates (think

Savings Bonds) at the McCarthy Post Office, which also doubled as the local lending library.

Rose Silberg lay dead in a rear room of the Chili Con Carne Parlor. She was nude, which may have meant that she was working. Her jugular vein had been brutally severed, from the side to the back of her neck, exposing her vertebra. Several stab wounds and gashes were evident on her breasts and arms, and her throat was slit from one ear to the other.

McCarthy Creek was named for a prospector, James McCarthy. The town of McCarthy, Alaska, was named by Army Lieutenant Oscar Rohn, and dates from 1906, when John Barrett staked his homestead in the one place that would need to be crossed by any railroad built to service the new copper mine in the town of Kennicott.

To gain an appreciation of the wisdom of this move, you need to picture the topography of the area. It is something of a box canyon, open to the south. At the head of the canyon is a glacier, the Kennicott Glacier. McCarthy Creek, a tributary of the Kennicott River, runs through the canyon. It's mountainous territory, and the town of Kennicott and its mine lie in the hills to the northeast, where copper deposits were located all the way up to 6,000 feet.

McCarthy lay on the one stretch of ground suitable for building a railroad. It was the end of the line for northbound trains of the CR&NW, from which ore cars were "humped" uphill to the Kennecott Mine for filling. Kennicott itself had no railroad terminus and the company leased part of Barrett's homestead for a freight yard in 1907, just as construction at the mine took on the urgency of large sums waiting to be earned.

McCarthy Rose owned a revolver, a 32-caliber model. Handling the money the Parlor attracted made that a priority. Occupants of other

buildings in the restricted district reported hearing gunshots as Rose struggled with her assailant. Nobody went to assist her. In the restricted district the discharge of a weapon was a common occurrence, as were frequent fistfights and screams, even after midnight. When US Marshall Joe Feister was summoned from Chitina, he found a bullet hole in a rug and through the floorboard. From markings on the body, it was also apparent that the assailant had turned Rose's gun back toward her as it discharged. It was, however, not the cause of death.

At the head of the box canyon, another homesteader, John Bloomquist, had staked his claim. A town site was established between the two homesteads near the glacier and a camp town grew as miners and laborers flocked to the area for work. The town gained a reputation with the establishment of two roadhouses, one by Bloomquist, which bordered the wagon road, ultimately becoming the railroad's right-of-way. That, plus the existence of several unlicensed saloons in an officially dry region, gave the area the reputation of a lawless, anything goes, township. The area was poorly policed and would stay that way for several years.

The railroad arrived in 1911 and suddenly McCarthy was a destination for miners and visitors wishing to visit not only the Kennecott Mine but also two gold and silver mining camps, Dan Creek and Chititu Creek, active from the first of the 20th Century. The original site of the town of McCarthy became a mercantile and freighting point. In 1912, the town changed its name to Blackburn, the name of a nearby mountain.

The present site of McCarthy was formed during the Shushanna Gold Rush, when hundreds of potential prospectors rode the railroad into the area and had to exit the trains on John Barrett's homestead. The miners set up tents on the

property, much to Barrett's alarm. There was no way to rid his property of these people, so he did the next best thing—he surveyed it and leased lots to potential merchants, families, and entrepreneurs. Among those entrepreneurs were Rose Silberg and Gustave Priesner.

With the formation of the new town of McCarthy, the former town, now renamed Blackburn, fell apart, as people moved to the new town, which had permanent structures, post office service, and the railhead. The town would continue to grow through the 1920s. Ultimately, when Barrett gained full title to his land, he granted his lessors ownership of their properties.

McCarthy's location at the end of the line on the railroad led to lawlessness. Bootlegging was rampant in the area, but because there was no resident law enforcement, officers sent to inspect for violations of the Bone Dry Law would come by train. The train engineers had a special signal for alerting the townsfolk when the law was aboard: they would change the color of the locomotive's smoke far enough away for the town to become respectable. Neither illegal booze nor the means for producing it were ever found. Games of chance disappeared beneath trapdoors or behind false walls. Residents of the "restricted district" were found to be drinking tea and reading magazines.

The winter of 1917-1918 was difficult for McCarthy. The area suffered an intense influenza season. As a result, both townships were quarantined, and the only people allowed in and out were those who ran the trains and the workers and law enforcers who rode them. This produced a ready market for the goods and services available from McCarthy, including those available at the Chili Con Carne Parlor. Rose was selling what the miners wanted, and price was no object. There weren't any banks in McCarthy at

# Historic photos—the keep emerging

BY NEIL DARISH

Photos play a major role in our understanding of the McCarthy-Kennicott history, as well as the natural beauty of the area. Collections of historic photos continue to grow. A newly discovered image from 100 years ago is an exciting find for those of us who collect and share historic images of the area. However, new information about a building or a location is not limited to the images created by the people who lived here 100 years ago. Visitors from the 50's, 60's and 70's have captured images that help us identify some of

leaving enough material where it is that a deliberate "sense of discovery" is kept alive. For residents, any feeling of 'loss' is tempered with the knowledge of how truly amazing it is to be able to live here, still surrounded by much of the original architecture, artifacts, old paper and everything else that is still here! Like first-time visitors, we are always discovering something around here.

The residue of the formidable achievements of those who created this settlement has resulted in a dramatic natural landscape punctuated with strange monuments to industry. The Ghost town industrial remnants of Kennicott can't possibly belong here, sandwiched between dramatic glaciers and mountains. Yet they remain a man made tribute to engineering at the leading edge of mining technology, funded by the largest names in industry at the turn of the last century.

Sometimes, items are found in a photograph that reveal the item to be an antique when you thought it must be something recently placed here. It is always nice to hear from past visitors and listen to what they witnessed on their visits from the 1950's, 60's & 70's. Even better is when someone was so affected by their visit, that they still remember the area and take the time to re-connect with McCa-



Photo courtesy Neil Darish

rthy-Kennicott.

Lee Taylor<sup>1</sup> sent me an email in November, commenting on a particular photo on our website. He wanted to let me know that he recently put all his Alaska vacation photos from his trip from 1973 onto CD and wanted to send me a copy. I knew that there are not many images from that time period in our collection, so I was anxious to see what surprises could be found in these photos.

The interior photo of the McCarthy Lodge in the early 70's indicated that a number of objects that were here at that time are now gone (the furs on the walls for instance). There are also plenty of objects that I just assumed arrived in McCarthy more recently, yet there they are in the lodge photo taken in 1973.

(<sup>1</sup>Lee Taylor passed away on February 20th, 2007.)



Photo courtesy Neil Darish

the items that have been removed, or simply moved around town as decorations.

Visitors are amazed at how much "stuff" is still here. Meantime, many long-time locals lament at how much has been 'lost' since they first got here. In the 70's you could still move an ore cart around at the top of the mill building, not so today. Imagine stumbling on the "Roosevelt nomination" headline in a beam of light in the deserted buildings. Today, while there is plenty of ephemera around, most of the old paper is either documented and in appropriate NPS storage, or in a locals' collection or in somebody's attic somewhere in the world. The rest is lost forever. The park service does a remarkable job of



Photo courtesy Neil Darish

# The most fabulous day of the summer

BY LINDA WARREN

Please let me tell you about what I consider to be the "most fabulous day of the summer." Our neighbors, Jim and Audrey Edwards, have an airplane and invited us to fly down to the coast for a "day adventure." The weather was perfect. Jim headed towards an old abandoned radar installation at Cape Yakitaga, called a White Alice site. It was used during the cold war to keep track of what Russia was doing.

There is an older gentleman that lives in an old fuel tank that he has converted to a house. But I'm getting ahead of myself. First, we are walking along the beach, and it is beautiful and the waves are softly rolling in—no wind, just gorgeous and I notice bear tracks in the sand. They seem fairly fresh to me but Audrey says, "Oh no, they are several days old." So we continue walking and the man that lives in the fuel tank (his name is Ed) comes down to greet us on his four wheeler. We chat and he invites us to coffee.

It was about a four mile walk along the beach to his place but we didn't mind cause it was so lovely. He also warns us that there is a grizzly bear around, that we should be careful. We continue walking and again, here are bear tracks in the sand. I'm getting a little worried because they still look fresh to me and Jim, our pilot/friend, tells me that this is a different bear. The one before was a black bear because of the way the toe nails have left an imprint. These tracks belong to a grizzly bear!

And they were huge! And scary! Naturally we talk about this phenomenon of nature and try to figure out what we would do if the bear were to charge us. Art's solution was to run out into the ocean, Audrey had a .38 pistol that she said she would shoot, I said I would stand there frozen in fear and Jim laughed and said the bear would never attack so don't worry about it.

As we were walking, all of a sudden the sand is a beautiful shade of pink. I marvel at this and Audrey informs me that this is called ruby sand. It doesn't completely cover the beach, just patches here and there with some shades of green also. Audrey tells me that this ruby sand contains a lot of gold flakes and she has some at her house that she intends to pan out one of these days. I find this truly unbelievable that the heaviest metal on earth could be hiding on a beach amongst ruby sand. She assures me that this is so. We continue walking and talking and by this time the bear tracks have wandered up into the woods so we are relieved. There are small shells along the beach and huge trees that have washed up. I picked up several pure white rocks that look like small eggs that must have been rolling around in the ocean for centuries.

So, we are walking along and the guys are oh, 20 yards ahead of us (as guys usually are) and we get onto them about walking too fast and ask them to slow down and enjoy the day. (I just knew that bear was going to get us.) It was so glorious walking on the beach in Alaska with weather as perfect as could be with my wonderful husband and new-found friends. We forded several small streams in our continued walk to Ed's place but we finally arrived. He was such a gracious host. He offered us juice or coffee or whatever we preferred. I noticed that he had several sluice boxes set up beside his house and commented on them. He said, oh yes, he gets gold from the ruby sand! Then he proceeded to get some pay dirt and pan the gold right up. There wasn't much, but you definitely knew it was gold and, man, was I impressed! What fun to live on a ruby sand beach.

He had quite a place there and had been very enterprising in using parts from the old, dilapidated equipment that remained on the site. He had a garden and a wind mill, a garage under the living quarters and a small building where he did his cooking. Jim asked him about his fishing boat that Ed had taken he and Audrey

out on that last time they had visited. He said that he was in the harbor at Cordova and had fallen asleep at the wheel and the boat sank! So no more boat and no more fishing for him.

Eventually it was time to walk back to the airstrip. There were many old houses and cars and a lot of old, rusty pieces of equipment. We walked through the town and there was an ancient graveyard that I had to explore. There was a white picket fence that surrounded the area. It was probably 50 feet by 50 feet. Mother Nature had taken it all back for herself except for the fence. The trees had grown huge there and there were no grave markers visible at all.

Arriving at the airstrip, we took off and flew to Cordova, Alaska. We flew along the coast line and the scenery was breathtaking. Along the way, Art spotted a giant grizzly bear running across a glacier stream. We also saw an old abandoned train in the middle of nowhere. The engine was there and two railroad cars. There was no rail track and we had to wonder how in the world it got there. Such a mystery!

We landed in Cordova on a strip near town, beside a lake. Jim fueled up and happened to know the gentleman who worked there. This man offered his truck to us so we could go into town and eat. We took his offer and went to a restaurant called the Reluctant Fisherman. The weather was still just so beautiful that we ate on the deck and had a good meal. All too soon we had to leave. Jim was a little concerned about the fading daylight.

We flew back a different way than we had come and saw a whole new area of rivers, lakes and wilderness that was beyond description. The fall colors were brilliant in contrast with the snow and ice fields of the glaciers. We arrived back in McCarthy safe and sound and full of joy and wonderment at such a great day full of adventure. Thus ended the "most fabulous day of the summer."



# Old McCarthy—and the Volstead Act

BY KEN SMITH

I was just a kid the first time I visited McCarthy. That happened in the summer of 1952 after my folks purchased the Hubrick photo shop from Steve and Mary Pytel. We lived in Cordova in those days. Today, that old business place of photography is the McCarthy Lodge. However, the original photo shop structure has undergone several major expansions since 1952.

At the time of our stay, a couple, who were the hired caretakers of the Kennecott Copper Corporation's holdings, lived down in McCarthy. These folk were long time friends of our parents. They had cleaned up and made comfortable the tiny north wing of the building in advance of our arrival.

Twelve years prior to this visit of ours, on Friday, November 8, 1940, the main business district in McCarthy had been destroyed by a huge unfortunate fire. My mother's good friend, from the days her and dad lived in McCarthy, Mrs. Ora Jackson, had perished in that fire. Although Kennecott's operations and the railroad had shut down two years prior to the fire, McCarthy had yet to be completely deserted. As the fire raged townsfolk attempted to rescue as much as they could from the various businesses being destroyed. That evening they stuffed much of this salvage inside the closed-down photo shop.

So, in 1952, except for the little north room that had been cleaned up by our friends, nothing had changed inside the Hubrick store since the night of the fire. As my brother and I began exploring, we found that there was so much stuff crammed into both the downstairs and upstairs of the store that it was difficult to even move around. Almost everything imaginable had been put in there, mostly dry goods.

There was also a considerable volume of items that caught our immediate attention. This was the paraphernalia necessary for the distilling process used in the manufacture of alcoholic beverages. Obviously, in McCarthy in the old days, these so-called "stills" had been everywhere.

In 1919 the US Congress had passed the National Prohibition Act. More popularly known as the Volstead Act since Andrew Volstead was the Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee which was the driving force in restricting and making illegal the manufacture, transportation, import, export, and sale of alcoholic beverages. Prohibition wasn't rescinded until 1933.

As McCarthyites know, the big years for copper production at the Kennecott mines occurred somewhere between 1910 and the late 1920s and the mines shut down forever in November of 1938. Therefore, the Volstead Act was in effect during many of the prime years when the McCarthy/Kennecott area was flourishing. In addition, there were hundreds of small mines and prospects in the entire Chitina River country including gold mines at Chisana and the upper Bremner River.

It goes without saying that those hard-working miners, prospectors, trappers, etc., who lived and worked in one of the harshest environments on earth in those days, were not exactly enamored with the Volstead Act. Be that as it may, "bootlegging" began and prospered in Alaska's interior after the act was passed.

McCarthy had to have been the center of all this illegal activity. For instance, quite a few old-timers still resided in the valley the first year I worked as a commercial pilot in 1960. One of those fellows was Lew McFerren who owned the old rail-

road property and buildings at Chokosna. In McCarthy's heyday Lew had worked at Kennecott and for various other mining enterprises in the area. He told endless tales about running bootleg liquor with dog teams out of McCarthy to Chisana and other mining camps.

My guess is that the manufacture of booze in McCarthy did so well that by 1933, when the manufacture of liquor was again legal, residents had perfected their own manufacturing techniques to the point that Alaskans preferred the local product to that imported from outside the territory. Which probably accounts for the reason so much of the paraphernalia was still in town in 1940 when the fire occurred. No doubt too, that the raging economic depression in the world exacerbated the situation by making legal liquor prohibitively expensive in the mid 1930s.

My friend, the late Al Swalling, recalled quite a bit of detail about this period in the history of McCarthy.

Al worked for the Railway for many years. He was on the last train out in 1938 because it was his job, as Superintendent of all railroad structures except bridges, to close down and drain all stations between Kennecott and Cordova. Originally, as a young man, Al had come to Cordova to find employment as a carpenter. Almost immediately the railroad put him on the bridge crew.

Al said that there was a special law enforcement branch established to assure compliance with the act. "McCarthy became one of their many targets. They knew that bootleg whiskey must be being made to dispense in the area. Their mission was to enforce the act and believe me they tried. So, over the many years of Prohibition, they arrived singularly and in pairs. During this entire period, they were never suc-

cessful in catching either a maker or a dispenser of the forbidden spirits. It is true, they may have caught and arrested some straggler with a hip flask, but never a bootlegger. In the few cases they brought before Judge Chamberlain, depending on the season and the height of his woodpile, he was always very modest in his sentencing or levying of fines."

These federal agents were actually titled "Prohibition Agents" but McCarthyites called them Pro-Hi's for short.

At our McCarthy/Kennecott Museum today can be found copies of court summons to local individuals for alleged infractions of the Prohibition Act. *WSEN* publishes articles from yesteryears area newspapers. From time to time these old news articles will relate experiences where somebody was busted or got in trouble for involvement with illegal beverages. For instance:

"COURT NEWS—CASE BOUND OVER TO GRAND JURY—In the Commissioners Court this week before Judge Parker Smith, Mrs. McCullum was charged with infringement of the bone dry law and bound over to the Grand Jury. The informant Thuro Lindstrum was detained as a witness under bonds. This is the first case which has been bound over to the Grand Jury from this town since the enactment of this law. Hon. J. H. Murray was counsel for the defense. A large audience was present at the hearing and followed the case with interest, so much so that one citizen interrupted the proceedings and was fined \$10 for contempt of court."

The following colorful obituary appeared in the *McCarthy Weekly News* on January 5, 1918. This incident may have been indicative of rationale supporting the Volstead Act.

"OBITUARY—On December 31<sup>st</sup> at 12 o'clock midnight — two old sourdoughs who landed on the beach at Valdez early in 1898, breathed a last odorous gasp, and AL. K. Hall and J. Barley Corn were no more. Around the bedside were gathered the B.A.R. Tender brothers, children and nephews of the deceased pioneers while the other relatives K.O. Kane and Mor Phene wept bibulously in the background. There will be no funeral as the remains are too dead to bury."

Al reasons why there were not a lot of arrests or enthusiasm for enforcing the act by the local officials. Agents would visit Jack Reynolds, the local US Marshall, when in McCarthy in attempts to elicit information. "He was always very polite to them, but pleaded complete ignorance as to transgressions. He never announced it publicly, but privately, he would state that he joined the U.S. Marshal's forces as a peace officer, not as a D\_\_\_d Pro-Hi."

As Al explains, most of the train crews were good friends with the McCarthy town folk. They knew right away if strangers, particularly Pro-Hi's, were on board the train.

A favorite anecdote around McCarthy today involves the Copper River Northwestern Railway's alleged practice of blowing the whistle loudly upon approach to McCarthy in-order to warn residents that federal agents, looking for bootleg whiskey, were on board. I always considered this story to be a myth because it didn't make any sense to me. If the town folk in McCarthy could hear these unusual blasts of the whistle, why then would not the agents be tipped off as well? Al might just have proven me pretty much correct in this assumption.

Al recalled the warning signal from the locomotive to be smoke, not a whistle. "Smoke," one of the

earliest forms of long range communication known to man.

An analysis of these contradictions proves interesting. If one takes a look at pictures, taken during the railroad's operating years, along the Kennicott River grade from about mile 56.25 (according to today's highway mileage markers) to where it flattens out on the Kennicott River flood plane, all the trees that might block a view of McCarthy were pretty much cut down. Likewise, old pictures of downtown McCarthy reveal the same absence of brush and trees. Therefore, a person in McCarthy could easily look up and see the locomotive soon after it crossed the Swift Creek trestle, particularly if it was belching huge clouds of black smoke. (During the day that is, and, from historical records the northbound train almost always arrived around midday.)

Taking a cue from San Francisco's opium dens, McCarthy erected buildings that were a maze of "secret trap doors, false walls, buried root cellars and hidden closets."

On these Pro-Hi visit occasions, with the northbound locomotive just having past Swift Creek, the fireman would pour on excessive fuel and black smoke would roll. Then, "By the time the Pro-Hi's arrived in downtown McCarthy, with their warrants, the strongest drink available in the restaurants was black coffee. The men in the pool hall and card rooms were playing rummy and drinking sasparilla or lemonade. In the red light district, shot glasses were replaced by teapots and tea cups. The ladies were reading the *Ladies' Home Journal* or writing nice letters home to mother."

So, as Al said: "Thus ends another day in the life history of McCarthy."

**"We are perpetually being told that what is wanted is a strong man who will do things. What is really wanted is a strong man who will undo things; and that will be the real test of strength."**

—G.K. Chesterton

## Good News from the Wrangells

*“Have a hope-filled Thanksgiving and Christmas season!”*

BY BONNIE KENYON

**Y**ou, WSEN readers, are on my heart and mind this early morning. Sipping on my first cup of coffee, the words “Hope, Thanksgiving, Christmas and You” are rolling around inside me. How are they related? Are they? Am I just imagining the impact these words are having on me? It seems rather early in the morning to be pondering such a serious subject, I think. But, then, I open my favorite book—a book that is always there for me, night or day, with words that continually encourage and catapult me into a brand new day—my Bible.

I don’t recall the last time I wrote you a *Good news from the Wrangells* article. Long enough to cause me amazement when I received a request from a recent online subscriber who asked me if he could adapt and use one I wrote in 2001! Thank you, Ken, for aiding me in putting two and two together and coming up with hope, plus thanksgiving, plus Christmas equaling good news!

When I opened my Bible, it wasn’t to any specific passage as usual, but my eyes fell on Isaiah 50:4: “The Lord God has given Me (this is considered a prophetic scripture referencing Christ Jesus, the coming Messiah) the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him who is weary. He awakens Me morning by morning, He awakens My ear to hear as the learned.” Immediately I knew He wanted to encourage you (and me) with words of hope that will catapult us into a new year.

Two very special holidays are almost upon us. In Thanksgiving, I see hope written throughout, don’t you? Hardship, hunger, despair, danger, sickness and disease threatens the very existence of the early settlers to our great land; however, woven throughout the true story is hope—hope of a new day, another promising seedtime and harvest-time, new acquaintances, a healthier tomorrow and a stronger belief in a kingdom that is not seen with these earthly eyes.

Christmas is another hope-filled celebration, not just written on our December calendars, but taken from an actual event that took place nearly 2,000 years ago in a seemingly insignificant land called Israel. It was a time of darkness, naturally and spiritually. Despair, danger and hardship was a norm for the inhabitants of the small town called Bethlehem. And, yet, another more powerful unseen force was about to enter earth’s atmosphere—hope! It came on the wings of an angel and his words to common country shepherds living out in the fields at night. “Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which will be to *all people*. (Italics mine) For there is born to you this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord.” And then it seemed like heaven itself could not contain the excitement at this hope-filled moment on God’s timetable, for Luke 2:13 tells us: “And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, ‘Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men!’”

The author—his name is Jesus—of this power-filled hope was born that very day, not for a meager few but for “all people.” The good news is that all means ALL and you and I are included in that 3-letter word.

Are you surrounded by things such as hardship, hunger, despair, danger, sickness or disease? (Maybe you can add a few more to this list.) Then you are a candidate for the God-given gift of Hope this holiday season, or any time of the year.

When Jesus grows to manhood and begins his earthly ministry, he speaks these still very relevant words: “Come to Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest, Take My yoke upon you and learn from Me, for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For My yoke is easy and My burden is light.” Matthew 11:28 and 29 NKJV. Are these hope-filled words or what? Did He not say the word “all,” and we know who that means, don’t we?

Jesus is alive and well today. His words are eternal, living and full of power. That means His hand is still outstretched to you and me today no matter what unlovely situation (s) you find yourself in. He holds out to us more than enough hope to go around for any and all despair or hopelessness. Reach out to Him now; don’t wait another moment. This is your time for hope to be built up in you. Come to Jesus as He is calling you today. You can start life over; it’s not too late if there is breathe in your body. Come on! Heaven is cheering you on and so am I.

Have a hope-filled Thanksgiving and Christmas season!

# THE CHITINA LEADER

## November 1915 December

### TWO TRAINS DAILY C.R. & N.W. RY.

The development of the mineral belt tributary to Cordova has resulted in increased tonnage and in order to facilitate the handling of this business the Copper River Northwestern Ry. will shortly inaugurate a train schedule that will afford mine operators needed transportation facilities and cause Alaskans to rejoice in the fact that a new era has dawned for the territory.

While Cordova enjoys the distinction of having the only broad-gauged railroad in Alaska which was constructed at an approximate cost of \$20,000,000 and maintains a regular schedule a distance of 196 miles to the rich copper, gold quartz and placer mines of the Interior, the latest innovation will cause our residents, as well as the people in the states, to marvel at the service about to be inaugurated.

Two trains a day —twelve trains a week —are to be run over this road. One will leave Cordova every morning for Chitina and Kennecott and the other will start from the latter places. Heretofore there has been from one to three trains a week, and in order to give the extra service considerable additional equipment has been ordered, at a cost of several hundreds of thousands of dollars. It includes another rotary, a number of standard make locomotives and engines and many freight cars.

The trains will handle passengers, mail and freight, with dining car attached, and the volume of busi-

ness offering has justified the Copper River & Northwestern railway in going to considerable expense in taking care of it. The Bonanza and Jumbo copper mines at Kennecott are working to capacity and tier output alone has a value of from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000 per month. Extensive development work has been done during the past summer on the Mother Lode Copper Mines property, near McCarthy, and considerable ore has been blocked out and is awaiting shipment to the smelter. The Alaska Consolidated Copper Company has opened up a big ledge on the Kuskulina and will be on a shipping basis this winter, while the owners of the Lakina Mines, on Castle mountain, are now building a wagon road from the mouth of Mill creek to the mine on the mountain, from which part the ore will be hauled direct to the railroad without transfer.

These are among the biggest producing copper mines and when all are shipping their output Falcon Joslin's statement in Washington last year that a double tracked railroad through the Copper River valley would be necessary within the next five years to handle the ore production of this section will be a reality in a much shorter time. With a stimulated copper market many low grade properties are likely to be opened up and negotiations are now pending for the taking over and working of the large body of gold quartz at McKinley lake, but thirteen miles from Cordova, and along the line of the railroad. Mining experts are on

the ground making an investigation and the assays of the ore are such as to justify the erection, at once, of a hundred stamp mill, as most of the ledges have already been cross-cut and show good values.

Every precaution has been taken in order to provide against climatic conditions interfering with traffic on the railroad during the winter months. Three rotaries will be in operation and a "Y" trestle is being built at Mile 39, with snowsheds wherever needed, and the lumber will be here in a few for additional section houses to be erected at Tichel and Shushanna Junction. New trains crews will be put on and more men employed on the railroad than at anytime since it has been in operation, all of which means a season of activity for Cordova.

Nov. 1

### CHITINA, NOV. 5

O. A. Nelson is engaged in driving a tunnel in the hill on the opposite side of the railroad from town, with the intention of using the water from the lake to develop power for an electric plant which, however, will not be ready for use this winter.

Last week a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Nelson McCrary at McCarthy. Dr. Bunch being in attendance. Nelson came to Chitina to meet the family returning home, and got so excited about being a happy father that he bought Jim Rockefeller's automobile and in one day was a full fledged driver and took his family home in style. The



McCrary's have decided that if the population will not come to the Copper River valley, they will populate it themselves.

Nov. 9

### **STAKING TRAIL OVER ROHN GLACIER**

McCarthy, Nov. 13 —Sidney Johnston, the McCarthy liveryman, returned to town last night from a three week trip on the Rohn Glacier, where he with a gang of men has been staking the trail to the Chisana. Johnson states that Cole and Crowe, with the mail, made the trip safely over the bad ice and should be back in McCarthy in a couple of days. He states that the snow on the glacier is four feet deep in places and that great difficulty was experienced in breaking the trail. A number of packers are storm bound at Chisana and on the White River. Those attempting to make the trip by way of Skolai Basin having been compelled to turn back.

After many delays the McCarthy School opened on Monday last. The sympathy of the entire community is with the schoolmarm who has the task of controlling about twenty youngsters who have run wild for a year or more.

M. V. Lattin, our accommodating station agent, has resigned and expresses his intention of spending the winter in the states. It is understood that G. S. Stratman, now at Chitina, will succeed him, while H. J. Brandt will take Mr. Stratman's place.

Nov. 23

### **FREIGHTING ORE FROM THE MOTHER LODGE MINE**

H. W. Sheridan, whose headquarters are at McCarthy, arrived in town this afternoon, it being his first visit here since he left for the interior —twenty-one months ago. "Uncle

Hi," as he is familiarly known, has a host of friends in Cordova who are always glad to see him.

Mr. Sheridan reports that there is considerable activity at McCarthy and thereabouts. The Bonanza and Jumbo mines are employing more men than ever, while the Mother Lode Copper Mines Company is freighting ore over a good snow trail to the railroad, and will shortly make a big shipment of this metal to Cordova. The other mines in that section are being developed, and there is an air of prosperity about the whole interior country.

### **NEW TEACHER FOR KENNECOTT**

Teachers' permits were issued by the governor to the teachers in the Fairbanks' public school as follows: F. J. Karrer, Ralph D. Matthews, Daphne I. Moody, Ione Jones, Mrs. Josephine Tupper, Anna M. Karrer and Florence Gertrude Smith. A permit was also issued to Miss Eleanor Hilda Clark, who will shortly take charge of the Blackburn school at Kennecott, succeeding Miss Marte Dennis, resigned.

### **LACKINAW MINE SOON READY TO SHIP ORE**

J. E. McFarland, who is connected with the Lakinaw Copper Mines, near Long Lake, is in town, and will take the first steamer on a short business trip to the States.

He reports that recent work on their copper claims has disclosed, in two new cuts on one of the groups of the properties, high grade bornite and chalcocite copper ore from two to five feet in width, not heretofore exposed. The vein is of from 600 to 800 feet in known length, with a "gouge" line of demarcation. Work has progressed so satisfactorily that the shipment of ore will begin within thirty days, or as soon as a good winter trail can be built from the mine to the Copper River railroad.

This interior property is being developed on a rather unique plan, originated by J. L. Harper, a mining man of Washington state. There is no company, no corporation, no stock and in fact nothing to sell...The owners control the mine absolutely, and manage it unhampered. They share the "net profits" of operation. It is up to them to see that there are net profits. If the management is good and the mine meritorious they profit immediately. The investors do not have to rely on the appearance of net profits for their returns. From every ton of ore shipped they receive direct from the smelter through their trustee or bank a definite and fixed return. If the mine is rich they reap rich returns proportionately.

Dec. 7

### **CHITINA, Dec. 7**

George Bluen, owner of the Overland Hotel, is under arrest, charged with taking doors or windows, or both, from a cabin on the hill, and his trial is set for December 10. Mr. R. E. Capers of Cordova is his attorney.

The McCrary boys are burning up the trail with their auto, making a round trip to Copper Center almost daily.

Dec. 14

### **ASKS PATENT TO HIS HOMESTEAD**

John E. Barrett has filed in the Juneau office an application for patent to a homestead claim comprising 296 acres in the vicinity of McCarthy. Barrett located upon this land in 1906, and since that time has had it under cultivation, raising crops each year. Several photos of the farm which accompanied that application indicate that the tract is highly productive.

Dec. 21

# Search for missing hiker suspended

NPS

The week-long search for 68 year-old Paul Schoch of Lake Nebagamon, Wisconsin, was suspended as winter descended on the high country of Wrangell-St. Elias National Park and Preserve. During the afternoon of September 23<sup>rd</sup>, the difficult decision to remove ground search teams from the field was made by the Park Superintendent, Incident Commander and the Alaska State Troopers.

Twenty-four men and women from Denali National Park & Preserve, Wrangell-St. Elias National Park & Preserve and local McCarthy residents, who are experienced mountaineers and guides, worked from a base camp at 4,500 feet elevation near the Russell Glacier in Wrangell-St. Elias National Park & Preserve. Ground search teams made grid searches through steep, rugged terrain, augmented by aerial searching via fixed wing and helicopter. The ground search teams were part of a larger group of 45 people who engaged in the search for missing hiker, Paul Schoch, 68, of Lake Nebagamon, WI.

The ground team was called in after aerial searching by helicopter and fixed wing aircraft on September 17th and 18th failed to find Mr. Schoch. Schoch, an avid photographer and backcountry day hiker, was

flown to Skolai Pass on September 12th, but failed to return to the air strip for his scheduled pick-up on September 17th. His base camp was found intact, with most of his food and medications left behind. His camera equipment, jacket and water bottle have not been located, indicating that Mr. Schoch planned for a short day hike early in his trip, but failed to return from it.

During the first day of searching by the ground crews, a camp stool was found in the vicinity of Mr. Schoch's base camp. The stool was flown out to Glennallen on September 22nd to allow for possible identification by Mr. Schoch's daughter. Friends of Mr. Schoch from his home town in Wisconsin have joined his daughter in Alaska to await word of Mr. Schoch's location.

Tracks found on September 21 in softer soils and sand were followed out to the lateral moraine of the Russell Glacier; intensive helicopter searching of the moraine and adjacent glacier yielded no results.

The Alaska State Troopers helicopter "Helo 1" assisted in the search for four days. The ship was released on September 23 to address critical needs elsewhere in the state. A spotter for helicopter operations was provided by the Alaska Mountain Rescue Association.

"We never stop looking for a missing person" said Park Superintendent Meg Jensen, "The search for Paul Schoch covered all high probability areas repeatedly until the likelihood of finding him alive was very small. Blowing and drifting snow and continued snowfall at the search site caused increasing hazard for the search teams. For these reasons, on the afternoon of September 23 a decision was made, with input from the family, to suspend the search mission."

Wrangell-St. Elias National Park & Preserve is itself the size of Switzerland. Wrangell-St. Elias, along with contiguous parks Glacier Bay National Park and Preserve (Alaska), Kluane National Park (Yukon Territory), and Tatshenshini-Alsek Provincial Park (British Columbia), constitutes a world heritage site, at 24.3 million acres one of the largest international terrestrial protected areas on earth.

The huge dimensions and ruggedness of Wrangell-St. Elias National Park and Preserve attract backpackers, hikers and campers seeking wilderness adventure. The National Park Service urges visitors who enter the wilderness to be prepared for any eventuality. Wilderness travelers should have a plan and let someone know where they are going and when they expect to return. Always travel with appropriate survival equipment and supplies. Hiking with a partner greatly increases the margin of safety.

# McCarthy Phone System Upgrade Status

BY JIM GIFFORD  
CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER—CVTC

Copper Valley Telephone continues with the McCarthy area telephone system upgrades. Here is the status as of October 29, 2007.

The new equipment for McCarthy was set up in Valdez and fully tested during August and September. The equipment has passed all of the required pre-installation testing and was shipped and installed in McCarthy on the weekend of October 13.

Engineers are currently in Cordova activating the same equipment; the

Cordova work will be completed in mid November. We are estimating to have this same group of engineers in McCarthy in late November, after the Thanksgiving holiday.

On October 26<sup>th</sup> CVTC technicians installed the new cellular equipment at Sourdough.

CVTC will continue to have technicians and contractors in McCarthy preparing for the system installation between now and late November.

CVTC has taken extra steps to ensure that when the equipment is installed and turned up for service at

McCarthy it is fully tested and operational, with an emphasis on eliminating problems to you, the customers and phone users.

Once the new system is turned on for service at McCarthy and Sourdough, CVTC will be contacting each McCarthy customer to arrange to upgrade your premise equipment and transfer service off the old system and onto the new. The existing phone system providing service today will stay in operation until all customers have been transferred.

Thank you for your patience.

## The Suspicious Death of a Codfish Aristocrat (Continued from page 10)

the time, and the miners had lots of disposable income.

Robbery was the motive. The room had been ransacked and Rose's empty purse was on a table. Ordinarily Rose would have taken her money to the bank in Cordova, but the quarantine had clamped down on resident travel. Now Rose faced a predicament: what to do with that cash. She placed some in safekeeping with her attorney, Mr. Barnes. Some she converted into real estate, buying both business and residential locations. She still had much cash. Where should she keep it? On March 9, 1918, she had a large amount with her at the Chili Con Carne Parlor, and somebody knew that. Dr. J. F. Hill declared Rose dead. Marshall Joe Feister was summoned from Chitina.

As of the pressing of the *McCarthy Weekly News*, authorities had not made an arrest, but "are working hard tracing down every clue." The paper went on to caution that the area had sustained several unsolved murders and enlisted the aid of the town's residents to assist the authorities "that the ends of justice may be met." Because of the war, the newspaper was printed on wrapping paper.

Gus Priesner was another member of the Codfish Aristocracy. He came to McCarthy intent on working a mine and staked a claim. Further, he broadened his business by entering the fur trade. However, mines and traipsing around the Alaskan woods were hard work with dubious and chancy returns. Miners with pockets laden with gold nuggets and dollar coins offered better returns with less effort. Soon after his arrival, Gus bought a business—the McCarthy drugstore. In early February, Priesner announced that the winter fur yield was exceptional, because of the severe cold and that he'd already secured substantial numbers of lynx and fox. A shipment was due from Chisana any day. What

he didn't announce was that he didn't have the money to buy them.

Local contractor Fred Cole had built the drugstore the previous January. Twenty-four feet by forty feet, it had, according to the News, "the most up to date and handsome fixtures, everything under glass. The jewelry department has a special showcase, velvet shelves, in the front center. On each side range candy, stationery, china and cut glass, and leather goods cases. In the rear of the store are toilet creams and soaps, behind which are two prescription cases and an elaborate wrapping desk. On the left is a music room where the latest phonographs and records can be heard. Many mirrors enliven the display." Priesner, a German alien, may not have had an apothecary's license, but that didn't keep him from dispensing medicinal remedies, most of which were alcohol in some form. Certainly, he wasn't about to comply with the German Alien Registration Act.

Because of the impact of the quarantine and because there was only so much real estate for sale in McCarthy, Rose's problem with her cash supply was becoming acute. Her attorney refused to hold more, and she couldn't go to the bank. One of her customers had a safe, however, and agreed—for a price—to hold Rose's cash. As the cash in his safe began to bulge, Gus Priesner—faced with a large oncoming fur debt—began to consider various ways to acquire some of that cash for his personal use. The natural way to handle that was to become not just a customer, but also a paramour of the ambitious Rose Silberg. Thus began a romance, one that Rose encouraged because it kept her from paying a storage fee. Inherent in the arrangement was an occasional tryst at the Chili Con Carne Parlor, where Rose paid her storage fee in a purely physical way.

On the days that Rose wasn't in the store and he wasn't at the Parlor, Gus counted the bags of dollar coins and paper bills she'd stored in his safe. It was reported that there might have been twenty thousand dollars in the safe. On the eighth of March, however, Rose arrived at the drugstore and announced that she wanted to remove her money from the safe, as she planned to take it to the bank in Cordova in the morning. The quarantine had been lifted.

Priesner was, as you might imagine, beside himself. His shipment of furs was due soon and the money he planned to "borrow" would no longer be in his safe. Despite his angst, he was gracious, and allowed Rose to remove her money from the safe, also arranging a midnight tryst. Rose, unaware of danger, serviced her Friday evening customers, bathed and perfumed her body, and met Priesner when he appeared slightly after midnight. For nearly two hours, they talked, made love, and talked some more. By two o'clock on Saturday morning, he'd made known that he needed the money, and she'd refused. An argument ensued, and he began to beat her. Her gun was in the bedside stand, so she retrieved it and tried to fire at him. The first shot was knocked wild, as he forced her hand toward the floor. The second shot entered her left arm, as he forced the gun back on her as she pulled the trigger. From that point, he threw her onto the bed and with his skinning knife did what was reported in the paper the next day.

Bloody from the knife, he ransacked the room, looking first in her purse. It was empty. Like a wild man he pulled drawers from dressers and dumped clothes on the floor. He eventually located the money in a cardboard box buried at the back of a closet. Unsurprised at the lack of response from people in nearby houses—who no doubt were entertaining their own clients—

Priesner doused the candles and slipped out into the dark. There he encountered Joe Petrie, nodded, and passed.

Three days after Rose Silberg was killed, Joe was found dead at the Golden Hotel on Front Street. Joe, a well-known local miner, was discovered when his friend, Ben Richardson, knocked on his door. The two had planned to breakfast together an hour before, and Joe hadn't shown. Because of the death of McCarthy Rose, Marshall Feister was still in town. The inquest had not yet been held.

A postmortem examination of Petrie by Dr. Hill identified that the dead man possibly had been poisoned. The doctor recommended a chemical analysis of the body and turned the appropriate samples over to the Marshall.

What made Petrie's death unsettling was that he had information about the death of Rose Silberg. Could it be that Petrie was murdered to keep his testimony silent? Who might have had access to such poison? A second inquest was scheduled for the following week.

Silberg's inquest had been delayed. A Japanese man, one S. Shimizu, was a client of the madam of the Chili Con Carne Parlor on the evening preceding her death. Mr. Shimizu, a McCarthy merchant, had departed to his native land on business, but his journey was interrupted in Anchorage, just before sailing time. Joe Feister, the US Marshall, journeyed to Anchorage and re-

turned with Shimizu, and the fugitive was locked up in the local jail cell. This, according to the *McCarthy Weekly News* of March 16, 1918, which also reported that "Gus Priesner left today for Fairbanks and further interior on a fur purchasing trip." A week later it was reported that he had been arrested in Fairbanks as an alien enemy for avoiding registration.

During the following week, several court days were spent in inquests for both Rose Silberg and Joe Petrie. They found that "Rose Levine, alias Rose Silberg, came to her death on the 9<sup>th</sup> day of March 1918, between the hours of 2 a.m. and 12 p.m. by reason of three incised wounds in the neck, one of which was sufficient to produce immediate death...said wounds were inflicted by some sharp instrument held in the hands of some person—other than the deceased to the jury unknown." In other words, the murder weapon was never found and no evidence at the scene pointed to the perpetrator. There were similar "concrete" findings about Joe Petrie.

During the week, one of Priesner's customers reported to the Marshall that he'd received, in change, money from the McCarthy drugstore with blood on it. When Marshall Feister went to see Priesner, he was gone—ostensibly on the fur buying trip that would that week be announced in the newspaper. Certain then that Priesner would go first to Fairbanks,

Feister telegraphed his counterpart in the distant city. Priesner was located and held, not on suspicion of murder, but because he'd not registered for the German Alien Registration Act.

Priesner jumped bail and it's assumed that he, with a dog team and sled, made it to Russia. He was never seen again. Mr. Shimizu was released and left for Tokyo.

Today, the Kennecott Mine is closed, the CR&NW railroad stopped running in 1938, and McCarthy, Alaska, boasts a permanent population of forty-five people and a legend. The tourist population stretches to more than twenty-five thousand during the summer season. The area is now designated one of the largest national parks on the North American continent.

*Kenniston (Ken) Lord is a retired teacher who lives in Tucson, Arizona. The author of more than sixty books, he specializes in works of historical fiction, though he's authored mysteries, love stories, memoirs, biographies, and inspirational works of both fiction and nonfiction. For years, he wrote for the computer field — find details by entering his full name into Google. You can find his current work at either of these websites: [www.lulu.com/kenlord](http://www.lulu.com/kenlord) or [www.wordsmith.bigwebpages.com](http://www.wordsmith.bigwebpages.com). At age 71, Ken is a practicing "Avon Lady."*

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"If you will not fight for right when you can easily win without bloodshed; if you will not fight when your victory is sure and not too costly; you may come to the moment when you will have to fight with all the odds against you and only a precarious chance of survival. There may even be a worse case. You may have to fight when there is no hope of victory, because it is better to perish than to live as slaves."

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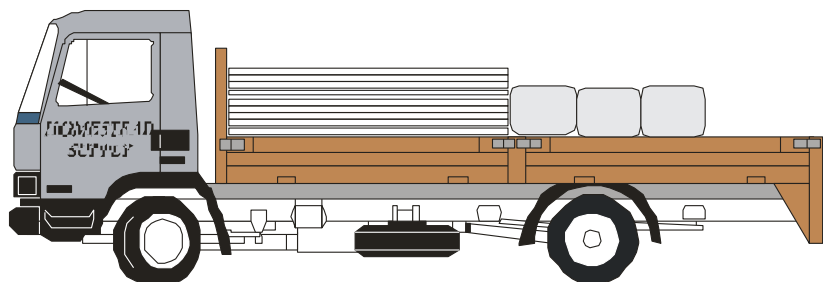
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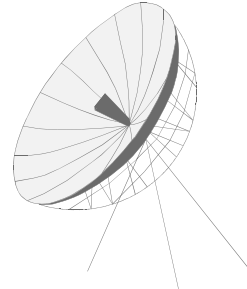
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# Cooking with Peggy

BY PEGGY GUNTIS

**H**i Cooking Friends. Here I am back in Tucson for the winter and the temperature is the same as it was in Alaska for the summer. Is it any wonder I get confused about what the season is or even what the month is. Some would blame it on my "older status," I choose to blame it on the weather.

I hope you tried some of the recipes I gave you last month and enjoyed them as much as I did. I have more great ones from McCarthy friends this time, so settle down to read and get those taste buds workin'.

*Let's start with one from Kurt Smith. He and his wife Peggy own our wonderful Mercantile. It is so nice to be able to say to Bonnie on mail day, "Let's stop at the Mercantile and pick up some groceries and while we're there we might as well get an ice cream cone!" I asked Kurt for a recipe and he gave me a great one that's easy and tastes good and even has a little history connected to it. Any of you out there remember the Liberty Gardens of World War II? Google them if you don't know about them because they are very interesting. Anyhow, the cabbage that was grown in these gardens got the name of Liberty cabbages. This sandwich of Kurt's is called the Liberty Sandwich because it contains sauerkraut or back then, Liberty cabbage.*

## Liberty Sandwich

This is an open faced sandwich. Kurt doesn't give amounts — determine to your own liking.

The first thing called for is a slice of Peggy's bread. (Everyone goes to the Mercantile to purchase Peggy's wonderful bread.) A slice of it then makes this sandwich even better.

Lunch Meat (I used thinly sliced ham but I'll bet during Liberty garden time there would have been a lot of bologna used.)

Sauerkraut

Cheese

Catsup (when I made mine I used catsup on half and mustard on half and liked both)

Heat under broiler until warm and the cheese is melted.

While I was in McCarthy, I had several Liberty Sandwiches made with Peggy's bread, of course, and loved them all.

*Now, I promised you another recipe from Kenny Smith. When he gave me this one he told me that years ago Consumer Reports had done an article about all the taste tests they had done on chilies made with seasoning mixes. Let me give you the recipe that they presented with the explanation given with it. Kenny has made this one hundreds of time so it must be good (I've only made it once but we loved it).*

*Consumer Reports:* "There are probably as many recipes for homemade chili as there are cures for the heartburn that often ensues. Our recipe hews to the basic formula of meat, tomatoes, spices, and beans; we've included variations for those who want meatless or beanless chili. Our taste tests ranked CU's (Consumer Union) chili with the best of the chilies made with the seasoning mixes. The recipe makes about seven 7 1/2-ounce servings. The basic recipe costs about 75 cents a serving (bet it's a little different now!) and takes just under an hour to prepare."

1 lb. lean ground beef (Kenny often substitutes chunks of cooked chicken)

1 clove garlic, minced (about 1 teaspoon)

1 large onion, finely chopped (about 1 cup)

1 medium green pepper, finely chopped (about 2/3 cup)

4 tablespoons chili powder

1 tablespoon cider vinegar

1/4 teaspoon allspice

1/4 teaspoon coriander

1 teaspoon cumin

1/2 teaspoon salt, or to taste

1/2 cup water

2 cups (16 oz.) canned crushed tomatoes

1 16 oz. can red kidney beans, with liquid

Cook beef, garlic, onion, and green pepper in a heavy skillet over medium-high heat, stirring frequently to break up meat. Cook until onion is soft and meat has lost its pink color. Add remaining ingredients. Bring to a boil. Cover and reduce heat. Simmer the chili for 45 minutes, stirring frequently.

Minor variations: To make the chili hotter, add cayenne pepper or Tabasco sauce. For a thicker sauce and fuller flavor, add masa (corn flour). To improve the flavor, let the chili simmer longer; chili often tastes even better the second day, after its ingredients have had a chance to blend overnight.

Beanless chili: Follow the basic recipe. Omit the beans; use 2 lbs. of lean ground beef and 3/4 teaspoon of salt.

Meatless chili: Follow the basic recipe. Omit the beef and water. Use 2 tablespoons vegetable oil to saute the garlic, onion, and pepper. Add 16 oz. can of garbanzo beans and one 16 oz. can of pinto beans.

When I made this for us I didn't have the kidney beans so substituted Chili Beans. If you like things a little spicy, try these.

*Now, another one dish meal from John Rice. John and his wife Barbara have built their cabin in*

McCarthy and have been spending summers with us for the past years. During the winter they live in St. Louis, where Barbara is a real estate broker and John is retired from Boeing. This summer Barbara and her friend Linda Whitman (watch for her recipe for peanut butter cookies) canoed 550 miles down the Yukon from Whitehorse to Eagle. Barbara had left many meals in the freezer for John but he was on his own for some of them. I asked him to give us one of his favorites that he fixed himself. This one is in his words and is called:

### Hot Dogs with Chard

#### Easy One Dish Meal

1. Put frying pan on stove and pour in a little olive oil and add two hot dogs cut in small chunks and some chopped up onion.

2. Put on lid and cook on low heat until onions and hot dogs start to get done.

3. In the meantime wash and tear into pieces several chard leaves, stems and all.

4. Add chard to pan and cover and cook until chard gets limp and tender.

5. When chard is limp it is all ready to eat.

Believe it or not, I had never eaten chard until I tried this recipe. Bonnie and Rick had some growing in the garden and kindly gave me some. It's great! I love finding new

things to eat. Thanks, John, I now have a new lunch menu item.

*Now for a wonderful dinner entrée that is easy to prepare and perfect for company. I try to keep a little list of things I can prepare for unexpected company (quick but really, really good) and this one of Rick Kenyon's goes to the top of the list. Just serve it with a nice tossed salad or Kenny Smith's Caesar Salad (last issue) and a piece of Bonnie's Key Lime Pie (I'll try to put that in the next issue) and you have a dinner fit for a king.*

### Shrimp/Imitation Crab Meat Fettuccine

16 ounces uncooked fettuccine (Rick likes to use about 2/3 white noodles and 1/3 spinach noodles)

1/2 pound uncooked medium shrimp, peeled and deveined

1/2 pound imitation crab meat (Alaska Pollack)

3 garlic cloves, minced

1 1/2 cup butter or margarine

1 package (8 ounces) cream cheese, cubed

1 cup milk

1/2 cup shredded Parmesan cheese

1 package (10 ounces) frozen broccoli florets (or fresh broccoli is great)

1/2 teaspoon salt

Dash pepper

Cook fettuccine according to package directions. Meanwhile, in a large skillet, saute the shrimp, imi-

tation crab and garlic in butter until shrimp turn pink. Remove and keep warm. In the same skillet, combine the cream cheese, milk and Parmesan cheese; cook until cheeses are melted and smooth.

Place broccoli in a saucepan with 1 inch of water. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat; cover and simmer for 6-8 minutes or until tender. Drain. Stir broccoli, shrimp and crab mixture, salt and pepper into the cheese sauce; heat through. Drain fettuccine; top with shrimp mixture. Yield: 4 servings.

*Note: Rick says he often cuts back on the amount of cream cheese but when I ate it, it was exactly the way the recipe says and it was wonderful so experiment a little if you like.*

Here is a little cooking hint I saw in the *Better Homes and Gardens New Cookbook* regarding matching sauces to Pasta:

- ❖ Light, thin sauces are best paired with thin, delicate pastas such as angel hair (capellini) or thin spaghetti (vermicelli).
- ❖ Chunky sauces are best partnered with pastas that have holes or ridges, such as mostaccioli, ziti, rotini, or radiatore.
- ❖ Heavy pasta sauces complement thicker pasta shapes, such as fettuccine.

Have a great holiday everybody and enjoy your winter.

## A LOOK AT THE WEATHER

BY GEORGE CEBULA

August 2007 will be remembered for its sunny and mild days. The high temperature for the month was 81 on the 17<sup>th</sup> (74 on Aug. 8, '06 and 84 on Aug. 13, '05). There were 18 days when the high was 70 or higher. The first freeze was on the 11<sup>th</sup> as the temperature fell to 30, which was enough to kill a few of the gar-

den plants. There were 8 days when the low was 32 or below. The low temperature for the month was 28 on the 29<sup>th</sup> (29 on Aug. 29, '06 and 27 on Aug. 28, '05). The average monthly temperature at McCarthy was 54.2 compared to 51.5 in Aug. '06, 54.8 in Aug. '05, 56.2 in Aug. '04 and 51.5 in Aug. '03.

The August precipitation at McCarthy was 1.86 inches, compared

with 3.24 inches in Aug. '06, 3.90 inches in Aug. '05, 0.74 inches in Aug. '04 and 2.30 inches in Aug. '03. There were 13 days with a trace or more of rainfall recorded. The average precipitation for August (1984-2006) is 2.60 inches.

September 2007 will be remembered for the cloudy and rainy days. The high temperature at McCarthy was 68 on the 12<sup>th</sup> (67 on Sept. 14,

'06 and 68 on Sept. 11, '05). The low temperature was 21 on the 30<sup>th</sup> (19 on Sept. 24, '06 and 24 on Sept. 29, '05). There were 8 days with the high 60 or above and 9 days with the low of 30 or lower. The average monthly temperature at McCarthy was 44.6 (45.9 in Sept. '06, 47.4 in Sept. '05, 40.5 in Sept. '04 and 42.1 in Sept. '03). This was about 10 degrees warmer than the record low of 34.3 of September 1992.

There was just a trace of snow recorded at McCarthy in September, on the morning of the 23<sup>rd</sup> (trace in Sept. '06, 00 in Sept. '05, 8.2 inches in Sept. '04, 1.1 in Sept. '03, 00 in Sept. '02 and '01, and 29.5 in Sept.

'00) and the total precipitation was 4.76 inches. The average for September (1984-2006) is 2.95 inches and compares with 2.70 inches in Sept. '06, 2.82 inches in Sept. '05, 4.95 inches in Sept. '04, 0.98 inches in Sept. '03, 1.47 inches in Sept. '02, 2.07 inches in Sept. '01 and the record 10.82 inches in Sept. '00. There were 18 days with measurable rainfall, compared with 15 days in Sept. '06, 23 days in Sept. '05 and 13 days in Sept. '04.

The first 23 days of October have been cloudy and dry, with about average temperatures. There has been about 3 inches of snow, but only a trace is currently on the ground. The total monthly precipi-

tation so far is less than a half inch. The highs have been mostly in the 40's, with only one day breaking 50. The low temperature has been below 20, 8 times with a reading of +4 on the 19<sup>th</sup>. Winter should be here to stay very soon.

A few interesting weather facts for the Summer of 2007. The high temperatures May through August reached 70 or higher on 59 days (45 in '06, 59 in '05 and 83 in '04) and 80 or higher (June thru August) on 9 days (2 days in '06, 9 in '05 and 31 in '04). Total precipitation May through August was 7.06 inches (12.37 in '05 and 4.06 in '04).

Have a great winter.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Rick & Bonnie,

We love your news letter/paper and enjoy keeping up on all the news even though we visit only once or twice a year. You guys do a great and professional job.

Thanks

Judi Movack (James Sill's sister)

---

October 2, 2007

Hi Rick and Bonnie,

I just read your latest magazine and saw the article about the subdivision. (*September MAC Meeting*, page 9)

Just to set the record straight, the subdivision is now final and has been approved by the State Dept. of Natural Resources last winter. Right now Keith Rowland is putting in the roads and he reports that they are almost finished.

My only ambition as trustee is to create a first-class subdivision, for owners who can share the Alaskan dream with those who are already living in McCarthy/Kennicott. I am obligated to provide income to the heirs of Tony which mandates some land sales, but I also am aware of Tony's wishes for the property

and his fear that the property would become some commercial venture. That was not his desire, nor is it mine.

The Foundation owns approximately 130 acres of land that we won't be developing and through that land flows a creek which then goes under the main road and into what I called Tony's pond. That pond is now inside the airport boundary and no lots are close to it. There are no lots planned that will interfere with the flow of the creek or the pond itself.

Tony always told me that he felt that the pond water went back underground and down to McCarthy. I've never heard of any study done to prove that theory, but it does sound reasonable to me.

If there is any water study that covers this area, I'm more than willing to participate in a dialogue about that study and its impact to the community. At present, my only plan is to run a pipe from my property to the creek and use the water for my personal use. I assume the other trustee will do the same. Outside of that, I have no plans to interfere with the flow of the creek

through the property I'm trustee for.

The foundation had developed 15 2 to 3-acre lots and 10 5-acre lots for sale as well as lots that the trustees own. This is in addition to the land mentioned in the above paragraph.

We are working on the covenants at the moment and will be putting lots up for sale next year.

Keith Rowland is a licensed septic system provider and we are using his expertise to plan for each of the lots as he will likely be the installer of such systems.

Keith has also be given a contract to build the road that will connect our lots with the main road.

There are three trustees at present:

Carol Brice in Fairbanks

Helen Raftovich in Pennsylvania who is Tony's sister.

Dan Talcott Bothell, WA

The trustees have agreed to allow the people of McCarthy the use of Tony's place. Any development to the building or property must first be approved by the trustees. I did give funds to the caretaker to buy



paint and make minor repairs. I talked with Paul Barratt and he told me that a lot of the repairs to Tony's home have been done. Great news and I'm happy that all is going well.

I hope that over time the new owners of these lots will provide jobs to the local residents and pump \$\$ into the economy of McCarthy.

I for one am planning to build a cabin which will be rented during the summer months when I'm not there myself. I also plan to build some rental cabins on some of the land that is being set aside for the grandchildren and grandnieces-nephews of Tony. I will want to use

local businesses as much as possible with these projects.

Let me know if you have more questions. For those who have concerns, I hope I've addressed them. For those who don't want development, I'm sorry, but it is going to happen. I hope and pray that it will all be positive for McCarthy-Kennicott, and I'll do my best as trustee to honor Tony's wishes and to provide a positive impact to the community.

One more item I'll address is the Blackburn Heritage Foundation. This is an educational foundation and once some lots are sold, there

will be investments made and earnings from those investments will be directed to the students in the area. I'm thinking about field trips, contributions to the library at Tony's, and other issues that could be presented to the trustees of the Foundation.

Tony's dream was to give back to the children of the area and I will do my best to make that dream happen.

I guess you could say that I'm recreating the community of Blackburn, just in a different location.

Dan Talcott

## Citizen's Advisory Commission on Federal Areas reestablished

BY BONNIE KENYON

On October 30, 2007, Alaska Governor Sarah Palin, Senate President Lyda Green and Speaker of the House John Harris announced their appointments to the Citizen's Advisory Commission on Federal Areas.

Susan Smith of Chokosna, who is chairman of "Residents of the Wrangells," a McCarthy-based organization of Alaskans with private land holdings within the Wrangell St. Elias National Park, was chosen to serve on the 12-member panel.

The Citizen's Advisory Commission on Federal Areas was created a year after the 1980 passage of the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act (ANILCA). The past Governor Tony Knowles' administration halted its operation in 1999.

The commission was reestablished this year after Representative Mike Kelly of Fairbanks introduced and won passage of House Bill 87, which Governor Palin signed into law on September 28, 2007. The commission is responsible for identifying and reducing any potential negative impact on Alaska and its citizens from federal actions on any of the 239 million acres of federal land in the state.

"No other state holds as much federal land as Alaska, and no citizens have a greater stake in having their

voices heard on issues related to federal lands than Alaskans," Governor Palin said. "The reconstitution of this council will be an important way for Alaskans to make their voices heard on federal decisions affecting our home, and I appreciate Representative Kelly's efforts to win this victory for Alaskans."

Other appointees include: Mark Fish of Anchorage, Ken Kreitzer of Juneau, Charlie Lean of Nome, Alex Tarnai of Tanana, Frank Woods of Dillingham, Rod Arno, Rick Halford and Senator Charlie Huggins, McKie Campbell, State Representative Wes Keller and Rick Schikora.

Fish is a 30-year Alaskan who retired after a 20-year career as an aviation technician and helicopter crew chief with the Alaska Army National Guard.

Kreitzer is a state corrections officer at Lemon Creek Correctional Center in Juneau.

Lean works for the Norton Sound Economic Development Corporation as a fish research and development biologist.

Tarnai works for the National Weather Service as a weather observer in Tanana.

Woods is a traditional hunter and commercial fisherman in Bristol Bay who works as subsistence coordinator for the Bristol Bay Native Association.

Arno is a registered guide, outfitter and pilot and is executive director and former president of the Alaska Outdoor Council.

Halford owns and operates his own lodge business in Alaska, working as a commercial pilot, hunting guide and fishing guide.

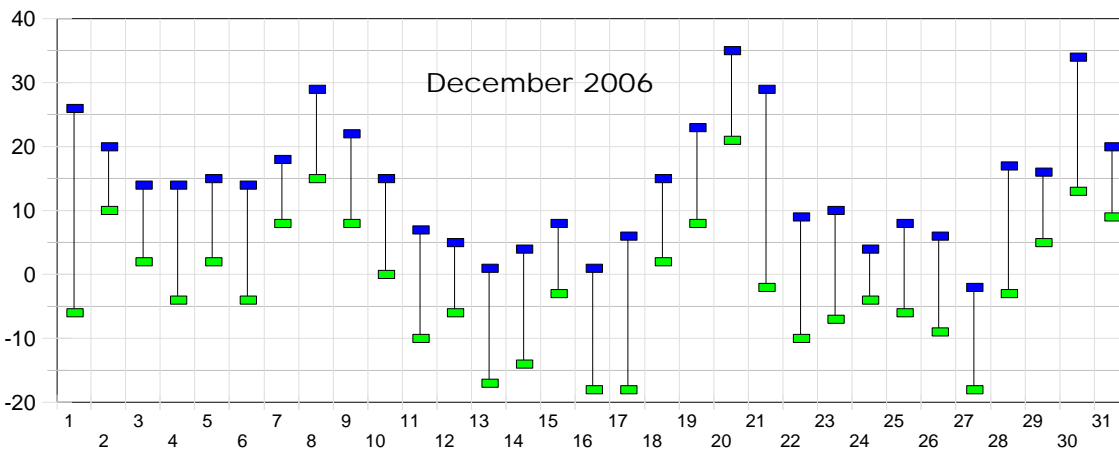
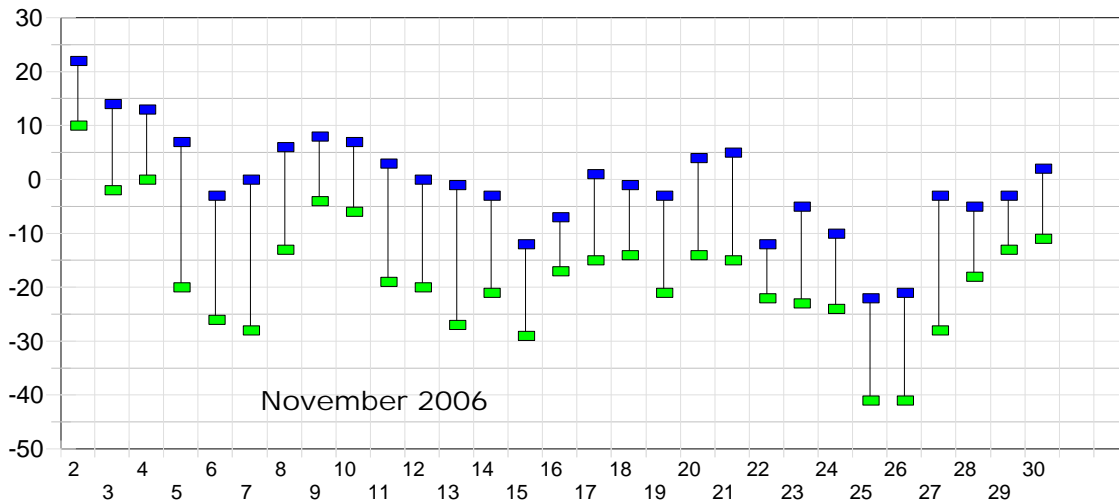
Huggins is serving his second term in the Alaska Senate representing the Matanuska-Susitna Borough area.

Campbell is a former commissioner and deputy commissioner of the Alaska Department of Fish and Game, and an assistant to Governor Wally Hickel on resource issues.

Keller represents the Wasilla area in the Alaska House of Representatives, having been appointed by Governor Palin in July to fill the seat left vacant by the resignation of Vic Kohring.

Schikora is a certified public accountant and serves on the Greater Fairbanks Chamber of Commerce on its Natural Resources Committee.

The first meeting of the commission has yet to be announced. It is tasked with meeting at least three times per year, with annual reports scheduled within the first 10 days of the legislative session.





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