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Wrangell St. Elias News

"External vigilance is the price of liberty"

Vol. Ten Issue Five

September & October 2001

Two Dollars

Second Annual Annie Oakley Day at McCarthy!



W&ENistaffphoto

The ladies (as well as a few brave men!) turned out once again for what is becoming an annual event at McCarthy—Annie Oakley Day. Read about it on page 6.

A note from the publisher

BY BONNIE KENYON

Greetings to all our readers! I trust you are enjoying your summer as much as the WSEN staff. It seems like a long time ago that we were evading the hordes of mosquitoes that converged on our small community. Just this past week, Rick, my mom and I went for a walk and we commented on what a pleasure it was to not even "see" one of those troublesome creatures! The tree swallows who return yearly to nest in our homemade boxes must have relished in the over abundance of their favorite food source. Once they flew the nests, the mosquitoes began their departure as well. I was glad.

Since our last issue of WSEN, the printer that produces the finished articles that then go to our Gestetner CopyPrinter began giving us warning messages. We still had a batch of Visitors' Guides to print so Rick went into action. Usually, we begin digging into all the numerous catalogs we collect and shop in that manner. However, since purchasing the High-speed Internet Access, Rick went online and in a short time, researched the available printers, where they were, and who to call for assistance and soon had one heading our way! I was impressed.

In mid July Rick and I drove into Anchorage and picked up my mom, Neta Schafer, at the airport. She lives in Leesburg, VA, and is here for two months. We are slowly meandering

around the neighborhood, showing her the changes that have occurred since her last visit a couple years ago. Sampling the local fare is important so we did lunch at Denise's Roadside Potato after doing a Mill Tour up at Kennicott. Mom and I felt it necessary to follow up lunch with Tailor Made's ice cream cones. It was a beautiful day in the Wrangells! One evening we took in supper at the McCarthy Lodge and a shopping trip to the gift shop next door. Another day Peggy Guntis, Mom and I drove up to our local west side "mall," as the Willow Herb Mountain Depot is often referred.

We want to thank Carly Kritchlen for her guest appearance in this issue's Cooking column. She wanted to drop in and say hello to you before she, husband Kenny, the dogs and the horses begin their winter trip to the lower 48.

Be sure to read Richard Villa's special book review on Ron Simpson's recent creation, *Legacy of the Chief*, a historic novel featuring Chief Nicolai and his grandsons at the time of the historic Kennecott Copper and its Copper River & Northwestern Railway. Rick and I are eager for our copy to arrive. We hope Ron will hand deliver it and pick up a sweet roll while he's here! Thanks, Ron, for loaning your manuscript to Richard so he could give us all a peek into this extraordinary masterpiece.

By the time this issue hits

the McCarthy mailboxes, I'm sure our local readers will have had the opportunity to meet Jim Drewry who is spending the summer in our area. He is a writer (a real one!) and so graciously submitted an article he wrote after taking a glacier hike. We appreciate Jim's expertise to our small-town publication!

CONGRATULATIONS! All of us at WSEN want to extend our congratulations to a new publication covering the Copper Basin — the *Copper Valley Weekly*. Rick and I were so pleased to find a copy of this newspaper while traveling through Kenny Lake recently. The publisher is Sam Lightwood, Doug Vollman, Editor, Suzanne Wilson, Advertising/Billing and Karen Cline is Technical Director. The Weekly is published every other Thursday by Sun Forest Products. If you are like us, you'll want to know where to sign up! The address is: HC60 box 229, Copper Center, AK. 99573. Phone or Fax: (907) 822-3927. Email: vollman@alaska.net. The subscription rate is \$30 per year in the United States and \$45 per year for first class mailing.

Your publication looks great Sam, Doug, Suzanne and Karen!

Wrangell St. Elias News welcomes aboard the following subscribers: Mr. & Mrs. Robert Koenig, AK; Helen and Larry Myers, VT; Darlene Lagesse, RI; Troy Hvass, AK; Copper River School District, AK; Jim Drewry, AK.

Items of Interest

BY BONNIE KENYON

Don, Lynn, Sarah and Rene Welty: "Where has the summer gone?" I ask Lynn. That question came after she told me Sarah and Rene had once again picked up their school books and were busy at work on their new subjects. She reassured me that summer was still here but she and the girls had gotten a jump start on the school year.

Relieved that winter wasn't just around the corner, we changed "subjects." Sarah and Rene spent a week during the last part of July at Victory Bible Camp near Palmer. "The girls hope to make camp an annual event," says Lynn. Sarah and Rene are in total agreement and are already looking forward to next year's activities. Sarah chose Ranch Camp (she loves horses!) and Rene sampled the Alpine Camp's program this year.

Don's been doing a lot of flying for Wrangell Mountain Air this summer season, says Lynn, but they did find time to go into Anchorage and bring their Super Cub airplane back home from the repair shop. They took a family outing this week and found a good blueberry patch. By the way, Lynn, thanks for the sampling which mom and I found in the mail box today!!

Neta Schafer: Speaking of my mom....I thought I better introduce her to you. She is here for two months visiting us from Leesburg, Va. where she lives with my brother Ron and family. Her last visit was 2 or 3 years ago and the neighborhood has certainly changed. Several new cabins and houses are dotting the hillside near us and we are making the rounds and meeting

some of our new neighbors.

The other afternoon we had a visitor—an uninvited one! A grizzly bear who took a liking to my carrot patch. Mom got a good look at this critter who returned three times within about 15 minutes. (I guess he thought we might change our minds and let him browse.) Thankfully, Rick managed to scare him away and he hasn't returned. He must have found better carrots elsewhere!

Nelson Corcoran and sisters: This seems to be the year for visiting family members. Nelson's three sisters, Sharon, Darlene and Patty, all from Rhode Island where Nelson hails from, bravely left their own families to venture out to the Alaskan bush. They arrived in Anchorage July 6th, did a few fun things around the lights of the city, then headed out our way. Nelson made sure they saw Kennicott, McCarthy and beyond. According to Darlene, "We had a great trip, everyone was very friendly (except the mosquitoes) and we would love to come back. I would love to take my daughter

some day."

All four ladies stopped by and brought Rick and me a most interesting delicacy called Coffee Syrup. You place 2 tablespoons of the syrup in an 8 oz. glass of milk, stir and partake. Yum! Thanks again, girls, for educating us to this Northeastern treat!

Jim and Audrey Edwards: Like everyone else around here, Jim and Audrey are busy with those summer-only chores. An outdoor building project is taking much of their daylight hours, but they made time for a flight to Cape Yakataga where Audrey found a healthy supply of blueberries, nagoonberries and huckleberries. I'm sorry to report they got weathered in one night but made it back safe and sound the next day. Since then Audrey has been making jelly for those long winter days just ahead. Thanks also for sharing your bounty with us, Audrey!

Jim's daughter Shelly came out for the "Raised in the Wrangells" event on August 12 in Kennicott. (I was sorry to have missed seeing you, Shelly!)

Jim took his annual hike to the Jumbo Mine with neighbor Cynthia Shidner accompanying him. Not too many people can keep up with Jim's walking speed. If anyone want to join their annual venture, you might want to start training now!

J. Harold and Carol Michal: Although Carol refers to herself and husband Harold as a "couple of old fogies," I



SHARON, PATTY, DARLENE, NELSON.

really beg to differ. When I talked to Carol a couple of days ago I asked her what she and Harold were up to. "Brushing property lines, building a shed, collecting firewood and tending the garden" were just a few chores she mentioned. Keeping up with the Michal's just might tire us all out!

I asked Carol how her garden was growing and she said everything was doing very well this year, especially the peas which were at least 10 feet tall. Neighbor Mark Vail is giving her quite a hand as usual and I imagine his famous green thumb is showing through.

Jim and Peggy Guntis & family: Things were really buzzing up the hill at the Guntis/Northrup house during the last couple weeks in July. Most of us know Peggy's daughter Kim Northrup but we had not had the privilege to meet Kim's sister Kathie and her family—until last month, that is.



WSEN staff photo

PEGGY, REBECCA, KIM, JIM, KATHIE, JOE AND J.C.

Jim had his fleet of motorcycles and the 4 wheeler serviced and ready for action! He, Peggy, Kathie, husband Joe, their son and daughter and Kim took their time touring the neighborhood and taking in the

sights of Kennicott and McCarthy.

They managed to fit in a trip to Valdez where they chartered a fishing boat and came back to McCarthy with packages of fresh halibut.

Kim is doing well in Anchorage where she is presently working and visits her McCarthy home on as many weekends as she can fit into her busy schedule. Joe, Kathie, J. C.(11) and Rebecca (13) Crane are from Tucson and live not too far from Jim and Peggy's winter home.

Kris Rueter: Kris stopped by the other day for a visit so I asked her if she had been doing anything exciting. As a

matter-of-fact, she had. For two Fridays she and Mark Vail, taught a Print Making Workshop at the Tony Zak house. About a dozen local kids showed up to learn how to operate a small table top printing press that Kris uses for her artistry operations. Wood block prints and linoleum prints were the order of the two sessions, said

Kris. The young people did a fine job and seemed to enjoy the classes immensely. This last winter Kris taught art to school-age students in New York and plans to return there this fall. Lots of preparation and plans to cement before she and Sam tie the knot in mid October.

Although most of us here in McCarthy won't be at the celebration, Kris, please know you and Sam are in our thoughts and prayers.

Chris Epton: Chris, co-owner of Glacier View Campground has a variety of hungry patrons show up to relax on his outdoor deck and partake of his famous 1/2 lb. Glacier Burgers. He no sooner finished serving locals Mark Vail



WSEN staff photo

BONNIE, NETA, KIM, RICK, JIM AND PEGGY IN FRONT OF GLACIER VIEW

and Carol Michal from Fireweed Subdivision when a desperate-looking gang rode up. (I don't think Chris realizes how far the aroma of his outdoor grill travels!)

My mom, Kim Northrup, Rick Kenyon, Jim and Peggy Guntis and myself all brought along our appetites and didn't leave disappointed. Thanks, Chris, for being there and doing such a great job.

Joe and Masako Weaver: Joe and Masako returned this year and are once again managing the Kennicott River Lodge and Hostel. Not only do they do such a fine job servicing our area's visitors but they are one of those couples that you just like having around. That's why I was elated

to hear the Weavers are "moving into the neighborhood."

According to Joe, he and Masako have purchased property on the west side of the Kennicott River and have plans to "become residents instead of summer employees." Congratulations, Joe and Masako, on your purchase and welcome to the neighborhood!

Keith and Laurie Rowland and family: Writing about the Weavers made me think about the Rowlands who are planning on moving out here in the near future. According to a recent correspondence from Laurie, the whole family has tentative plans to arrive in full force sometime in mid October. They plan on spending the winter working on their cabin. I'm sure I'll have plenty of items of interest to share with you as the winter progresses. Stay tuned for more on the Rowland family adventures in the Wrangells!

Ken and Carly Kritchen: The Kritchens have recently returned from their set-net fishing site located between Whittier and Seward. Carly reports a "good fishing season and a good crew" (Teal and Tyee Lohse) this year.

Carly relayed a comical account that happened one evening at the site shortly after she and "crew" retired for the night. Their small cabin is located near two beaches and is a favorite spot for other fishermen who anchor their boats during closure times. In the early morning hours, several boats arrived nearby. Carly and her nephews weren't aware that one of the boats belonged to the Lohse family. Ralph, Linda and younger son Trae were aboard.

About 2:00 a.m. a commotion erupted on the porch of the cabin waking Carly and boys. Naturally one thinks such a noise



WSEN staff photo

KELLY AT WORK ON JIM AT THE GUNTIS HOME.

originates from a marauding bear. Carly's dogs were inside the cabin so she decided to let them out to chase away the "bear." As she opened the door, to her utter amazement, there sat the Lohse family dog, Yaeger! Although he had never been to the cabin, he somehow knew the rest of his "family" was on shore and he managed to jump ship and make land. He made himself right at home (like he does when he pays Ken and Carly a visit at their McCarthy homestead), sampling the dogs' evening leftovers and rearranging a sleeping bag for his bed. I'm sure Yaeger wondered what all the hullabaloo was from inside the cabin. When his fellow playmates bounded out the door to chase off the "intruder," I wonder who was more surprised, Yaeger or the cabin occupants.

Stephen and Kelly Syren & family: The Syren family stay on constant call during the summer season. They own and operate the Copperpoint Wayside/parking lot at the end of the McCarthy Road. However, Kelly, who is a hairdresser, found time to do a few "hair-do's" in-between

parking cars. Rick Kenyon managed to capture a picture of Kelly's operation on Jim Guntis. Kelly also treated us ladies to special hair treatment conditioners which was a fringe benefit to us "bush" ladies! Thanks, Kelly, for sprucing us up and thanks, Stephen, for letting Kelly off work.

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Second Annual Annie Oakley Day

BY CYNTHIA SHIDNER

At high noon on August 19th, a group of women (and a few of their loyal fans) gathered by the Kennicott river bar to practice their "markswomanship" at the second annual Annie Oakley Day. This event is an opportunity for local sharpshooting women to encourage other women to gain confidence with their firearms. Participants review gun safety and take turns shooting towards the river at a variety of plastic containers, paper targets, and balloons tied on nearby trees. We notify the local rafting company in advance so that we eliminate the possibility of shooting a moving target in the river. Our safety record is quite excellent, thanks to the experienced gun-handlers who assist those who are just learning.

This year, the participants

were a mixture of new faces and last year's Annie Oakley "alumni." We hosted a visitor from Japan, Masako and Joe Weaver's friend Takahito (Takakun) Yoshiuji. There were 7 men in attendance this year, up from 3 the previous year. However, these men did a good job of blending into the background and allowing the womenfolk to take the lead in this day devoted to "marks-womanship." The men were also gracious about being photographed in their best (borrowed) dresses. If awards had been handed out, there would have been a tie for "best dressed couple" between Jessika Speed /Dan Anton and Mike and Fran Piekert. At the potluck picnic following the shooting practice, Meg Hunt would have won an award for her "ta-blooney," a

garden-grown variation on a tabooli recipe. Since the shooting is for practice rather than competition, there are no awards given for best marks-women. Perhaps as we all gain experience with our firearms, there will be a future Annie Oakley competition and an awards presentation.

Next year, we plan to add more formal target practice exercises, based on the firearm training received by the local park rangers. The founder of the event, Andrea Lucia, and Sheriff Bob Shidner will hopefully be in attendance in 2002 since they were greatly missed this year. All women (and a few of their devoted followers) are welcome to join us for the third annual Annie Oakley Day in the summer of 2002.

Glacial walk

BY JIM DREWRY

A robin flew off as I walked north out the trail In McCarthy. Gravel crunched under my boots and 43 lbs. weighted my back-pack. Serene in their tumbling, mountain size cumulus clouds slowly billowed down the Chitina Valley behind me and I studied the cascades of the Stairway, the Ice Wall, The Stairway Icefall of the Root Glacier—so crystalline, north, with a ragged light blue line crossing the face in the distance. They don't seem too far, I thought.

And there in front of me on the trail was a small pizza size multicolored spat of bear berry vomit. The yellows and the reds and greens hadn't been chewed.

He had just swallowed hundreds of them whole...hmmm.

Must be feeling poorly, I thought.

Twenty feet up a small dollop of the same. Then the alders started shaking off up on the right as what I supposed was the black bear disappearing into the bush. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

Through the re-inhabited ghost town and copper apex of Kennecott and on out the very sweet trail between the glacier and the mountain was no litter, no people, no noise but the buzz of bugs and a few bird and ground squirrel chirps, a small breeze and the seemingly random sliding of grit & rocks

doing the gravity dance. Down onto rock, down onto ice, down into water. The sound of gravity. The rushing, almost friction free, of glacial melt in invisible rivers, under—in the ice.

Shortly Bonanza Creek comes up and is nicely bridged. Then comes Jumbo, Amazon—good little rushing creeks you can drink from. Simply and elegantly bridged in wood. Someone had been trimming trail on this day and a scattering of foot and a half long bush sprigs littered a section for a bit. This mid-July day there were few mosquitoes—unlike the preceding weeks, which had been a blood bath. I left my Deet and net stowed.

Five to six thousand feet above was Bonanza Ridge, capping 10-12 miles of mountain ruggedness. Bonanza was greened up its vigorous 30, 40 and 50 degree slopes. The Tractor Trail narrows to a single file path as it passes under mines, Bonanza, Jumbo, and the aerial tram remains that bucketed 200-300 million tax-free dollars worth of copper and silver to the mill in Kennecott. All this before you draw even with the leading south slopes of Donoho Peak to the west.

Donoho, some 67 hundred feet tall and 37 hundred feet above the surrounding Kennicott & Root glaciers, boasted the Regal Mine deposits. It has a rugged castle tower-like promontory on the front left, and is a striking landmark from the McCarthy footbridge some miles below. There are a couple of small lakes on the toe of Donoho and a good campsite part way up the trail that leads to the Regal. I digress.

The trail starts to peter out and gets narrower while some hundred feet of steep scree separates you from the first narrow moraine of the Root. Its merging with the Kennicott forms a glacier almost 5 miles wide here. This is where you bail out with your mountain bike if you want to ride the Kennicott Freeway on the Kennicott Glacier on the other side of Donoho—but that's another adventure.

Meanwhile, above the Tractor Trail, the Erie Mine and its bunkhouse perch spookily atop its mile high Nicolai Greenstone pedestal.

Like most all the mines here at Kennecott, it is sunk into a mineralized zone between the basaltic greenstone lower mountain and the sedimentary Chittistone limestone peaks. This

isolated lead-painted red structured complex looks like a fantasy mirage. Something from the Twilight Zone. How could it have gotten there?

Could you imagine a week there? A month? A year? You better enjoy your imaginings now, because the hike is getting ready to change. Extraordinary care and attention will soon be demanded.

Soon enough you'll be walking on a narrow ridge path approaching a giant yellow cliff face. Be looking for a faint boot print trail down the scree onto the moraine or you might just have to risk sliding down, hopefully on your feet. The trail cliffs out. Here, near the end of the trail, I run into Ed LaChapelle. Glacier students read his texts. I love this place. He suggests sticking close to the scree along the moraine and of course he's right. We discuss climbing the backside up Donoho Peak and he points out the way—up a radical scree slope to the snow fields and some old diggings. I think, in the height of understatement, he's more experienced than I.

I put on leather gloves here because the rocks are sharp and I'll be amongst them. The gloves come off when I hit the wet ice.

The pace drops by half as your downcast eyes pick the best of loose, wobbly options, with every potential ankle-turning step across the unsettled rock. For me, there is a sort of slow methodical plodding, conservatively placing each foot. I'm not ready for the gravity dance.

The moraine goes straight up towards the Ice Fall.

A solo hiker named Christoff, who I'd met on the trail, veered off to the right along the glacier toward the backside of Bonanza Ridge. If you look on your topo

you see a little blue 3,000 foot elevation line making a circle. After all I'd heard of Hidden Lake and it's annual glacier burst (jökulhlaup) floating and gushing down Kennicott and taking out bridge after bridge in McCarthy, no one had mentioned the smaller, 2nd glacier-blocked lake on the east of the Root at the backside of Bonanza Ridge. Two very pretty cascading creeks drop lustily out of the Bonanza Ridge feeding this annual temporary lake. There were lots of stranded icebergs this mid-July day. Christoff was headed in there to camp and then up Bonanza Ridge. Most likely up and over below McCarthy Glacier on the other side and down its glacial creek to where it joins up with the Kennecott River below the footbridge. He figured 4 to 5, or maybe 6 days out, depending on the weather and the bushwhacking.

The moraine was working for me and we parted ways.

Now don't do what I did here. I'd left camp at Kennicott at 10:30 that morning and it had been a good hike to the yellow cliff's mountain at the end of the trail. Hiking was much more vigorous on my moraine after it split off the scree-edged glacier and proceeded like a desert road straight up the glacier. From my vantage point of wisdom and maturation, (hey, I'm alive—got all my digits,) I'd stop and camp at the lake now. It's a stunning location and plenty far for a first day's hike. I continued up for another 3 hours till the moraine & crevasses go so radical it could have become unsafe. Faint of heart? Fear of heights? Unconfident of foot? Stop here.

There are no handrails on the ice. You can't get into the Zen of hiking and not focus your complete undivided body and mind senses on your walk. Holes

appear as if in ambush with slick ice funnels into icy blue under ice canyons and rivers. Crevasses increase in width and length and you'll find yourself treading, threading, back and forth along them seeking the safest crossing. It's very exciting. Very dangerous to screw up. Terribly rewarding with horrible consequences if you fail.

I realized I'd better stop here and proceed, rested, in the morning. It was 11 PM and the shadows were starting to creep in from the west. The ice wall was in front of me, and had sent tumultuous ice waves of itself crashing, splitting on both sides of my rollicking road.

It was a wee bit chilly on the glacier that night but I had indulgently brought a giant can of Dinky Moore's Stew along, and I ate every bit.

I awoke and breakfasted in my camp, still some 3 hours from the ice face. It certainly looked closer as I donned my crampons and ventured off the moraine and out on the ice. I luxuriated in the traction and security as the cold steel pierced and gripped the sun rotted surface. With gusto I headed off.

Now the ice grows more

turbulent. The crevasses frequent and often uncrossable. It's glorious as the sun rises above Bonanza Ridge and moves down Donoho and strikes the glacier and moraines. No bears here. No birds, no bugs, and no humans but the occasional pilot winging his way off somewhere from one of the many strips in the park.

Body recharged and mind fresh, I tackled the remaining glacier to the Ice Stairway. I moved faster on the ice with the crampons but still had a lot of threading to do. Cool little anthill-like cone mounds of dirt covered glacial ice... sometimes clustered together, sometimes they stood alone, they were scattered about like morels on a gravel bar. Basketball size rocks, some rocks big as boulders, some smaller, stood a foot off the ground, three feet off the ground, on ice pedestals, stranded above the ice as the ice melted around them. The artist renders ice sculptures, rock sculptures, water ponds and rivulets. When a cloud blocked the sun, the deep depths of the glacial blues seemed to intensify. It warmed up and ice was melting. Little pockets melted down a few inches with little

rocks and grit inside. Swirling glacial ponds with white-edged blue ice. Bigger rocks made bigger pockets. Always the occasional clattering of debris and the sounds of running water.

All told, it took some 11 hours of hiking to make the staircase. I did it in a day and a half. I suggest doing it in 2 days and arriving at the Ice Stairways more rested and ready to use those ice axes.

I come to find out that jökulhlaup, the glacier-dammed lake on the east side of the Root, is called Erie Lake. It has an "outburst flood" too, but much smaller than Hidden Lake west on the Kennicott Glacier behind Donoho. They both have lots of intriguing icebergs, left stranded when their clear icy waters went racing out and down in the gravity dance merging with the silty churning melt and headed to the Gulf of Alaska under the footbridge in McCarthy.

I've been back for a few days now and I've showered and eaten, or should I say fed? I'm signing up for more training. I hear at the footbridge, Christoff made it back today. A little ragged, a little hungry, but triumphant.

Fire training to be held in McCarthy

BY BONNIE KENYON

A Technical Assistance Team from Anchorage will be in McCarthy to hold fire training classes on September 14-16.

According to Lane Moffitt, the Team will check out McCarthy, Kennicott townsites as well as the west side of the Kennicott River, water supplies and available fire equipment. Local

volunteers will be advised on structural fire training.

Moffitt described McCarthy's local volunteers as a "Carhardt fire department" which describes the extent of fire control they will be trained to attempt. "No inside buildings will be tackled," says Moffitt, "no risk for the volunteers. Fires will be contained and controlled."

On September 14, the Team

will examine the town and area to be covered and give advice. Actual classroom training will be on the 15th and 16th. The fire training sessions will be held at the McCarthy-Kennicott Community Church. The actual times have not yet been set. For further information you may call Lane Moffitt at 554-4410 or Jeannie Miller at 554-4455.

State considering condemnation for Kennicott River Wayside

BY RICK KENYON

According to Janet Brown, Project Manager for the Department of Transportation & Public Facilities (DOT&PF) on the McCarthy Road Kennicott River Wayside Project, two of the five options to build what amounts to a free, unattended parking lot for locals and visitors would likely result in small landowners in the area being required to sell their property to the state. Two other options are for the state to build in a disputed 200' right-of-way through private property.

The options being considered by DOT&PF as set forth by Ms. Brown are:

1. Build in the 200' right-of-way near the bridge, near the present Copperpoint wayside parking and camping area.
2. Build in the 200' right-of-way somewhere between the Kennicott River and the present National Park Service (NPS) kiosk, at mile 58.5.
3. Acquire private land on the south side of the McCarthy Road, near the kiosk.
4. Acquire the present privately-owned parking lot near the river.
5. No build.

We tried to get these proposals in more detail, but were told that they would not be available until September 12, when the DOT&PF officials will be in McCarthy for public meetings on the project.

Wrangell St. Elias News has

learned that the McCarthy Area Council (MAC) is proposing yet another plan: Utilize the 200' right-of-way all the way from where federal land ends at the kiosk at mile 58.5 to the east side of the Kennicott River, and include such amenities as long-term parking near the kiosk, short-term parking near the river, a pedestrian and biking trail linking the long-term parking area to the bridge, a greenbelt along the trail that would include picnic areas, outhouses and bear-proof trash containers. According to a MAC spokesperson, "the design features...meet three critical goals for the DOTPF and local residents/businesses: providing needed services for visitors and local residents, encouraging local business and providing a welcoming gateway to the area."

At present, free short-term (non-overnight) parking is provided by the NPS near their information kiosk. Slightly closer to the bridge, the Glacier View Campground provides free parking for locals, and charges a nominal \$1 per day for visitor parking. The Copperpoint Wayside offers both long-term and short-term fee parking for both locals and visitors. Overnight parking is \$6 per day, long term parking is less.

Asked why the DOT&PF is proposing to spend nearly a million dollars on a project that would end up replacing the current federally-owned and two privately-owned, attended parking areas with a state owned, non-attended parking lot, Ms. Brown said, "We have heard a

number of problems and concerns. The [DOT&PF] believes that travelers need a safe location to stop and rest where they don't have to pay," she continued.

While Ms. Brown was careful not to use the "C word," condemnation, she did explain the process if the DOT&PF chooses either of the two options that call for acquiring private property. First, the DOT&PF would appraise the property and offer the owner "fair market value." At that point the property owner would have the option of taking the offer, or going to court with the state. Once in court, the state would have to show a "pressing need" to acquire the property. If they are able to do that, the landowner could take the offer or fight for a higher price.

The "build in the right-of-way" options are only slightly less appealing to landowners along the stretch of the McCarthy Road slated for development. The only legal opinion on how wide the right-of-way is was a 1993 ruling by the Department of the Interior's Board of Land Appeals which stated that the correct figure was 100 feet, not the 200 feet the state is now asserting. (See story in the November & December 2000 issue of *Wrangell St. Elias News*.) According to the state Attorney General's office, they have been asked to study the entire length of the McCarthy Road, from Chitina to the Kennicott River, but that opinion will not be ready for another year or so. At question also is whether the state has the

degree of ownership necessary to build facilities such as a parking lot, toilets and picnic areas in an "easement for highway purposes."

Last February, Open House Public Meetings were held in both McCarthy and Anchorage. At those meetings, "Issues and Options" handouts were distributed. These included the initial options that DOT&PF had envisioned, as well as those developed from public input in the preceding months. Interestingly, the option that was the most popular with the public is not being considered—that of converting the existing footbridge at the Kennicott River to a vehicular bridge, and building the wayside and parking facilities on the east side of the Kennicott River on public land administered by the state's Department of Natural Resources. That option received between 48 and 56 votes, depending on how you tally the results. In contrast, building in the right-of-way on the west side of the river only had one supporter. The second most popular response was to purchase the existing parking lot near the river, with 40 supporters.

Asked why the most popular option—converting the bridge, was not being considered, Project Manager Brown told us that the bridge had been paid for with money from the U.S. Department of Transportation's Federal Highways Administration (FHWA) and that they would not allow conversion under this process. A call to Mr. John Lohrey, who is the Field Operations Engineer for FHWA in Anchorage, showed that this was not exactly the case. "To simply open the bridge to traffic by removing the bollards, we would have a problem," said Lohrey. "If they [DOT&PF] took

the steps necessary to see that the bridge was structurally sound," he continued, "we would have no problem." Asked if they dictated the process that DOT&PF would need to use to change the bridge from pedestrian only to vehicular, he said, "No, that is up to DOT&PF."

We followed up with a call to Juneau, to Thomas Brigham, who is the state's planning Division Director for DOT&PF. He told us that what FHWA said was correct, that the decision actually rested with Janet Brown, the Project Manager in Fairbanks. "Her job is to decide what the scope of the project should be," he said. Since by that time Ms. Brown was not available for comment, we talked with Martin Ott, who is head of Planning for the Northern Region in Fairbanks. He confirmed that it was indeed Planning who determined the scope of the project, and that they had determined that it would be "too expensive" to consider converting the bridge.

Wrangell St. Elias News talked to the property owners who are likely to be most affected by the proposed project. Stephen Syren owns the land near the Kennicott River and has operated the parking lot (which he calls *Copperpoint*) for the past two years. Prior to that it had been operated by Mr. Randy Elliott. "I really don't understand the need," said Syren. He said that he currently has room for about 150 cars and is willing to expand to meet any future need. He carries liability insurance for the parking lot and spends the summer months either in the lot or in a camper parked nearby. "I am a willing seller," said Stephen, "but they would have to really be willing to sit down and talk."

John Adams and Carmen Russo own and operate the McCarthy B&B, which is located on the south side of the McCarthy Road, next to NPS land and across the road from the kiosk. John and Carmen are busy writing letters to officials and legislators, clearly very unhappy with the state's proposals. "There is no parking problem," said John. He feels the project is being driven by residents on the east side of the Kennicott River who have opposed a vehicular bridge. "This is more about people who won't take responsibility for their own vehicles," he said.

Chris Epton operates the Glacier View Campground at mile 59. The campground borders the Adams/Russo property and is also being considered for acquisition. "It would put us out of business," said Epton. He said they only have 5 acres, and even if the state elected to build in the right-of-way rather than acquire their property, he felt they wouldn't have enough room left to operate the campground, not to mention their parking facilities being put out of business. "Glacier View Campground is committed to providing parking service for the community," said Epton. "That is, if we don't have to sacrifice twenty-five percent or more of our property to this project," he continued.

Ed LaChapelle is vice-president of MAC, who, along with the NPS originally sponsored the wayside project. Ed is very aware of the right-of-way dispute (he authored the original *Wrangell St. Elias News* article concerning the legal decision back in 1994.) I asked Ed why MAC chose to ask the DOT&PF to develop the entire

disputed area through their neighbors' lands. "I thought the parking area should be in the area of the kiosk," said Ed, "on federal lands." Asked why he voted for the MAC proposal, he told me that they (MAC) "don't always do what I want."

National Park Service Chief Ranger Hunter Sharp said that when the parking lot/wayside project was originally proposed,

things were somewhat different in the stretch of road from the kiosk to the river. At that time the only parking was being provided by Randy Elliott on the Syren land next to the river. Neither Glacierview Campground nor the National Park Service offered parking at that time. "I haven't heard any complaints this year," said Sharp. He indicated they are re-evaluating their support for the project.

The next scheduled meeting on the wayside project is in McCarthy, at the church building on September 12, noon to 3 p.m. Another meeting will be held in Anchorage on September 18 at 4 p.m. at the DOT&PF building at 4111 Aviation Dr. For more information you may contact Janet Brown, P.E. at (907)451-5129.

Easement review proposals now pending in Ahtna Region, others to follow

K. J. MUSHOVIC

Do you know the difference between a "regular" trail and a 17(b) easement trail? Many people don't, but these unique-to-Alaska "17(b)s" allow access to public lands and waters, even when they are surrounded by privately-owned lands. This might be a good time to read the information posted at the kiosk at the head of your favorite trail to see if it is a 17(b), as the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) is seeking public comment on these easements.

Under the provisions of section 17(b) of the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act (ANCSA), easements could be reserved when lands were conveyed into Alaska Native village or regional corporation ownership. The majority of easements are for trails and are subject to very specific rules for use (which is another good reason to carefully read information posted at trailhead kiosks). Any use other than what

is specifically stated is considered unauthorized—essentially the same as trespassing on private land. BLM is looking for ways to work with Alaska Native entities on management of easements crossing their lands, while reaching out to the public to deliver educational messages about allowable use of easements and to request information on how—or if—certain easements are being used.

An essential element in considering easement management is to determine how many easements actually need managing. BLM is required by December 18, 2001, to terminate certain easements that are not being used for the purpose for which they were reserved. Many easements no longer lead to public land, some were reserved but never used, and some duplicate rights-of-way granted by other means. A thorough review of hundreds of easements statewide is underway, one Alaska Native corporation region at a time, beginning with Ahtna

region in southcentral Alaska.

Initial review has determined that nearly all the easements in the Ahtna region remain valid. However, the BLM recently served notice of intent to terminate eleven Ahtna region easements. Comments on the proposed terminations are being accepted through August 16, 2001, (although an extension may be granted if needed and requested). Additional information is being sought to document use on eight other easements in the Ahtna region.

Joseph Hart, Land & Resource Manager for Ahtna, Inc., supports BLM's plans to develop easement management policies. "We each have seen the impacts these public access routes have in regards to resource use, both negative and positive, and how important they are to the local community," observes Hart.

Reprinted from BLM Alaska Frontiers Summer 2001

"When a person's faith seems to collapse without warning, one can be sure it has been the result of inner conflicts—the termites of disobedience."—Quinton J. Everest

McCarthy Lodge – under new ownership

BY BONNIE KENYON

The McCarthy Lodge in “downtown” McCarthy is under new ownership or, perhaps I should say, *old-time* ownership. Brothers Greg and Doug Miller are familiar faces to our local old-timers and even not-so-old-timers in the McCarthy area. Their parents owned the lodge during the early 1970’s, says Doug. He was 19 at the time and has a good memory for the way things used to be. Greg was only 4, but according to Doug, “he has always wanted to come back.”

Well, the Miller family is back in the lodge business after all these years. The new ownership now includes Greg’s wife, Tammy, and Doug’s business partner, Neil Darish. Greg and Tammy recently moved to McCarthy from Yakima, Washington. Doug and Neil are based out of Fairbanks.

Friday, August 24th was their first official day and they are staying more-than-busy—booked solid over the Labor Day weekend. Keeping to tradition, the Millers are bringing in a band for the popular Labor Day Dance festivities.

When I asked Doug what their future plans were for the Lodge, the various outbuildings and property, I’m sure I saw him glance at my notebook. Would I have enough room to write down all the plans that he was eager to

share? Flipping the tablet to a fresh sheet, I assured him I was ready. I quickly begin writing:

The construction of a new saloon—under the new name *The New Golden Saloon*—is slated to begin this fall with footings in place by winter. (Depending on an equipment operator being available before the snow flies.) Location? Just south of Tailor-Made Pizza. The famous bar, mirror and furnishings will have a new home, says Doug.

For those of you who might be wondering if Jim and Jeannie Miller are related to the more recent incoming Millers, the answer is yes. Doug refers to Jim as “his younger brother.”

The entire block which presently includes the pizza place, Ma Johnson’s Hotel and what used to be the Ice House is owned by Doug and the new McCarthy Lodge ownership. According to Doug, we can expect a new face lift for this site as well as all the current buildings, stressing the 1930s style and color scheme. Five new store fronts will adjoin the new saloon, providing retail space for lease. Until a new restaurant is built, the McCarthy Lodge will support a “walk-in, counter space restaurant, dining room and a gift shop.” Coming soon is Starband and email service, says Doug. Future plans include a larger, combined gift shop and

general store, a new two-story pizza place, a move into “mid-range backpacker’s operations and accommodations” with a major upgrade to the infrastructure to include the new construction projects.

New services, a variety of new lodging opportunities, food, and entertainment are in store for “downtown” McCarthy. Major construction is due to begin next summer. In the meantime, and until the tourist season is over, breakfast, lunch and dinner is being served for guests and walk-ins alike. Fresh coffee, a warm lodge and a welcome mat can be expected throughout the winter under the year round management of Greg and Tammy. Doug hopes to spend the first couple winters here as well. I’m sure the “to-do list” is extensive!

I asked Doug about the Copper Valley Telephone contract and if we could expect the McCarthy Lodge to continue providing power for our local phone service. He said they were still under negotiations for a new contract. The present contract runs until the end of September.

We extend our welcome to the new and the familiar faces — Greg, Tammy, Doug and Neil (and I can’t leave out Greg, Doug and Jim’s mom, JoAnn, who makes a terrific cinnamon roll) — and best wishes in your endeavors!

Another Fun Summer of Arts and Lectures in Kennecott

BY NANCY COOK

The McCarthy-Kennicott Summer Arts & Lectures’ series hosted its finale event this past Monday, August 28th with the Porphyry

Productions’ presentation of Bryan Bowers, Master of the Autoharp. Picking tunes with five silver-capped fingers and four different wooden autoharps, Bowers entertained the crowd

with stories and songs til well past 10 p.m. Highlights of the evening included a lively version of the traditional tune “Izekial Saw the Wheel” and a number of “call-back” songs that drew a

willing audience into singing participation. Front row spectators Tessa Bay and Tana Bosshard and even the back row baby Avery Rose were seen singing along. Bryan Bowers was the third marvelous musical event of this summer season. Porphyry Productions also hosted the songs and stories of Matanuska Valley's artist Robin Hopper and Cordova's own David Grimes. Thanks to Ed LaChapelle and Meg Hunt for your generous support of the arts in our community. Music at the glacier's edge is always a delight!

This summer's special lecture events in Kennecott included the ever-popular "McCarthy in the Fifties" slide show by local resident, Jim Edwards. Along with other tales, Jim described the divot he put in the Gilahina trestle during his month-long epic journey to haul fuel from

Chitina along the snowed-in McCarthy Road back when he was one of only seven residents of the otherwise "ghost town" McCarthy of the late fifties. Fireweed Mountain resident, Mark Vail's "Living off the Country" lecture included a moose sausage taste-testing as well as new slides from his year round mushing adventures here in the Chitina Valley. Mark's talk filled the park service building with more than eighty residents and visitors and was followed by a delicious harvest potluck. On August 12th, the Wrangell Mountains Center hosted a public reading by visiting staff of the Wrangell Mountains Writing Workshop. The poems of Doris Thurston were well received as was a personal essay shared by award-winning author, Frank Soos. Earlier in the summer, Kennecott audiences were

treated to the latest update on the "Kennecott Ore Deposits" from exploration geologist, Rob Retherford and Murray Hintzman, visiting professor from the Colorado School of Mines. Other local lectures included a beautiful photoessay by photographer, Dianne Milliard and a personal history of the ANILCA legislation by Kennicott resident Ben Shaine. National Park Service employees Jim Wilder, Devi Sharp and Arvid Hogstrom also shared their special knowledge on Sunday nights during June and July. The Summer Arts & Lectures' series is organized by Wrangell St.-Elias National Park & Preserve, the Wrangell Mountains Center, and Porphyry Productions, but the generous participation of individual speakers and artists is what makes the series a success. Thanks to everyone who shared!

Raised in the Wrangells

BY NANCY COOK

What do eighty-three year old Inger Jensen Ricci and eight year old Tessa Bay have in common? Well, they've both done a lot of x-country skiing in their lives, and neither one is very impressed by the weather in Cordova, but most importantly, both Tessa and Inger were Raised in the Wrangells. This past month, on August 12th, Tessa and Inger joined with nine other women and girls to share publicly about their experiences growing up in the Wrangells. In hopes of gaining a better understanding about the continuum of human history surrounding the Kennecott Historic Landmark, the Raised in the Wrangells oral history event invited participants from various eras and communities to join in a talking circle led

by history scholar and facilitator Thea Agnew. For many years, residents of McCarthy and Kennicott have enjoyed hearing stories from mining era kids during the semi-annual Kennecott Kid reunions. This Raised in the Wrangells event, sponsored by the Wrangell Mountains Center, Wrangell St. Elias National Park & Preserve, and Friends of Kennicott, Inc., aimed to expand on that conversation by bringing in other eras and communities, this time with a focus on women's lives. The event was followed by a picnic on Silk Stocking Row and several excellent readings of regional memoir's essays.

In addition to Inger Jensen Ricci, born in Kennecott in 1918, speakers in the talking circle included three Ahtna Athabaskan

women, Dorothy Shinn, Sharon Faverty, and Ruth Ann Warden who were raised in Copper Basin as well as Pat O'Neill and Shelly Edwards who were raised in McCarthy in the 1930s and 1960s respectively. The Sunday afternoon discussion also attracted lively participation from the contemporary Kennicott Valley generation with Rene and Sarah Welty, Rebekkah Ward, Gaia and Ardea Thurston-Shaine, and Tessa Bay all sharing stories of their lives. Our youngest Kennecott girl, baby Avery Rose Mozen, even put in a howl for the audience. In addition to speakers, approximately 50 residents and visitors listened to the discussion which included themes of shifting values over generations.

(Continued on page 31)

Good news from the Wrangells

BY BONNIE KENYON

I must start off this issue's "Good News" by saying thanks to many of you subscribers who also love to read and share good news. Many times the material I use for this particular column comes from you. Maybe it's an Email received from a friend or family member; the message touched your life with good and it was just too good to keep to yourself. Such is the material for this issue.

My neighbor and friend, Audrey Edwards, passed this on to me last October in an Email. This is a must read!

The Life Line

After a few of the usual Sunday evening hymns, the church's pastor slowly stood up, walked over to the pulpit and, before he gave his sermon for the evening, briefly introduced a guest minister who was in the service that evening. In the introduction, the pastor told the congregation that the guest minister was one of his dearest childhood friends and that he wanted him to have a few moments to greet the church and share whatever he felt would be appropriate for the service. With that, an elderly man stepped up to the pulpit and began to speak, "A father, his son and a friend of his son were sailing off the Pacific Coast," he began, "when a fast approaching storm blocked any attempt to get back to shore. The waves were so high, that even though the father was an experienced sailor, he could not keep the boat upright, and the three were swept into the ocean as the boat capsized." The old man hesitated for a moment, making eye contact with two teenagers who were, for the first time since the

service began, looking somewhat interested in his story. The aged minister continued with his story, "Grabbing a rescue line, the father had to make the most excruciating decision of his life...to which boy he would throw the other end of the life line. He only had seconds to make the decision. The father knew that his son was a Christian and he also knew that his son's friend was not. The agony of his decision could not be matched by the torrent of waves. As the father yelled out, 'I love you, son!' he threw out the life line to his son's friend. By the time the father had pulled the friend back to the capsized boat, his son had disappeared beneath the raging swells into the black of night. His body was never recovered."

By this time, the two teenagers were sitting up straight in the pew, anxiously waiting for the next words to come out of the old minister's mouth.

"The father," he continued, "knew his son would step into eternity with Jesus, and he could not bear the thought of his son's friend stepping into an eternity without Jesus. Therefore, he sacrificed his son to save the son's friend. How great is the love of God that He should do the same for us. Our heavenly Father sacrificed His only begotten Son that we could be saved. I urge you to accept His offer to rescue you and take a hold of the life line He is throwing out to you in this service."

With that, the old man turned and sat back down in his chair as silence filled the room. The pastor again walked slowly to the pulpit and delivered a brief sermon with an invitation at the

end. However, no one responded to the appeal.

Within minutes after the service ended, the two teenagers were at the old man's side. "That was a nice story," politely started one of the boys, "but I don't think it was very realistic for a father to give up his only son's life in hopes that the other boy would become a Christian,"

"Well, you've got a point there," the old man replied, glancing down at his worn Bible. A big smile broadened his narrow face, and he once again looked up at the boys and said, "It sure isn't very realistic, is it? But, I'm standing here today to tell you that THAT story gives me a glimpse of what it must have been like for God to give up His Son for me. You see...I was that father and your pastor is my son's friend!"

My thoughts today are on the four teenagers in this story who each were presented with the greatest story on earth. Lives are changed when that happens. Getting closer to home, is another teenager who I happen to know personally. Sarah, too, heard the Good News and responded. How has her decision affected her life? Let's ask her.

The Masterpiece

BY SARAH WELTY, 16

The sun rose steadily in the cool winter sky. I walked along the Kennicott River, camera in hand, waiting for the perfect picture opportunity. The cold wind blew against my face. I stopped to zip up my parka and place the hood over my head. In my haste to reach the river before the sun rose, I had forgotten to tie my boots and grab a pair of gloves. I hung the camera around my neck and stuck my frozen fingers into

my pockets. I continued to make my way down the frozen river. The bright golden rays of sunlight reflected off the puffy clouds on the horizon. Their orange glow seemed bright enough to take the chill off the crisp January morning. The sun was now almost fully risen. Its rays stretched across the entire Kennicott Valley casting blue shadows upon the snow. After taking several pictures I stopped to watch the sun rise fully into the blue-green sky. Snow crystals reflected rainbows on the ground and the frost sparkled like diamonds on the leafless willows lining the river bars.

Someone once told me the sunrise is God's painting, His masterpiece. He placed every ray and created every color. Right then, without a doubt, I knew it was true. I looked all around me at the beautiful scenery. How could anyone believe this was all an accident, that the world had been formed by a massive explosion in space? This picturesque view proved every theory false and instead pointed to the truth: that God had

created all of it and He made it for me.

More than two years later I found myself walking up to the front of Victory Bible Camp's little Chapel, tears streaming down my face. I thought of the death that God had taken in my place; guilt for the reason He went to the cross and thankfulness that He did flood my broken spirit. Though I was the only one at ranch camp to come forward and rededicate my life fully to God who had given me the life of His son for the scattered remains of mine, I felt anything but alone. Such indescribable happiness and joy welled up inside of me, like my skin was the only thing that was keeping me from doing everything and going every where at once. I felt like I could fly. I thought about the sunrises and I felt a new sun rising on my life, shining the rays of God's love on my heart and filling all the emptiness in my soul. Just like the sunrise, God is painting the paths of my life and making a masterpiece.

Life deals out rough seas to

each of us, but the Good News is: God has thrown to each of us a Life Line, His Son Jesus. At the end of that Life Line is the One Who created you and me. He loves us, has everything we need in this life and the one to come, and only asks that you receive your end of the line. No one can do it for you or me; each of us determines where we will spend eternity, that life to come.

Sometimes we think we must have all the answers to our questions BEFORE we take hold of God's great salvation. If you are reading this article today and have never accepted God's Life Line, don't wait; this life is too short, and too dangerous and God loves you too much!

For God so greatly loved and dearly prized the world that He (even) gave us His only-begotten (unique) Son, so that whoever believes in (trust, clings to, relies on) Him shall not perish—come to destruction, be lost—but have eternal (everlasting) life. John 3:16 Amplified Version..

Laurence Owen Barrett—1907-2001

Laurence Owen Barrett, only son of Josephine and John E. Barrett, was born June 23, 1907 in Bremerton, Washington. Laurence's father came to the McCarthy area in 1898, homesteaded land here, and subsequently located the Townsite of McCarthy on the southeast portion of his homestead. He traveled south briefly for the birth of his son. Laurence was raised in McCarthy and thrived in the Alaskan wilderness, learning outdoor skills, a love of nature, strength

of character and personal integrity. He attended McCarthy's one-room school house until 8th grade when he was sent to boarding school in Detroit and later Palo Alto. He attended Roosevelt High School in Seattle, played football, had his own car and apartment and graduated at the top of his class. Summers were spent in McCarthy working in the Kennecott and Green Butte Copper Mines. Laurence attended the University of Washington where he met his wife to be, Florence, on a blind

date. He graduated with honors from the College of Forestry.

After marrying Florence in 1933, Laurence took a job with the U.S. Forest Service as a ranger in the Ozark National Forest in Arkansas. Moving to South Carolina and later to the State of Washington, Laurence progressed through the ranks to Forest Supervisor of the Gifford Pinchot National Forest and then to one of the prime national forests in the nation, the Snoqualmie. While in the latter two positions, Laurence developed a

(Continued on page 31)

OUR TOWN

September 1926 October

I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT:

The sudden death occurred Saturday of Al Matson, formerly employed by the Green Butte and more recently by Kennecott and the Copper River Railway. He was employed with the section gang and was resting after lunch when he passed away.

POT HOLE BREAKS

McCarthy's famous pot hole which is a yearly attraction, broke Sunday night about 9 p.m. taking out three bents of the second trestle. While not as spectacular as usual, it attracted quite a crowd of spectators.

The piledriver which was in readiness was at work immediately and had the bridge repaired in time for Wednesday's train so that no traffic delay occurred.

PROSPECTING PARTY LEAVES

A party consisting of Wm. Douglas, Martin Harrais and Bill Slimpert, left Friday morning on a prospecting and hunting trip to the head of the Chitina River. They expect to be gone about three weeks.

Sept. 4

I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT:

Jack Meloy left for the White River Tuesday with a number of horses for the

winter range.

Miss Arden of Michigan and Miss Lonsdale of Juneau arrived Wednesday to take over the Kennecott school teaching duties for the ensuing year.

WOMAN HIKER IN TOWN

Miss Nell A. Walker, woman hiker deluxe, came to town Wednesday carrying a pack that would frighten the average man.

Her main ambition seems to be to hike to all the capitals of the world, she having already covered practically all those of North America.

SCHOOL RE-OPENS

School bells pealed again Tuesday morning and McCarthy was treated to the sight of all the children headed toward the "Little School House On The Hill." Another term has begun under the tutelage of Mrs. Harrais.

Sept. 11

I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT:

Bill O'Neill who has put in the season on Chititu Creek, returned to town Wednesday and will go to Cordova by first train.

Mrs. W. W. Council of Cordova is visiting Mrs. F. B. Gillespie, having come up on Wednesday's train.

Charles Anderson and Victor Lindvale came in from Dan Creek Thursday.

Clarence Ulrich came in from Chititu this week.

Fred Pannacheck left Wednesday for the Outside.

Wm. Deyo of Kennecott left Wednesday on a month's vacation to be spent.

Mrs. Harrie of Kennecott left on Wednesday's train for Cordova.

Sept. 18

I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT:

Mr. and Mrs. R. Schneeberger and family left today for the Outside after a sojourn here of ten years.

A dance was given last Saturday evening by J. P. Hubrick as a 'house warming' for his new building on Second Street.

Chris Jensen and Ole Ringstad returned Saturday from a hunting trip.

TO DISCONTINUE WEEKLY NEWS

Owing to the fact that the present management of the Weekly News is leaving the territory in the near future, this issue will be the final one.

The editor wishes to take this opportunity of expressing his gratitude to those who have rendered their assistance in many ways during this two years of proprietorship.

Though discontinuing the Weekly News we will still be prepared to handle job

printing orders until further notice.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON C.R.N.W.

Two are dead, one badly injured and two slightly injured as a result of a head on collision between a section speeder and engine No. 102 at Mile 98 at 5:10 pm Thursday afternoon.

Engine 102 (Engineer Guy Higginson and Conductor D. J. McCarthy) was hauling scrap iron when it came into the speeder around a curve. The injured men were rushed to Cordova hospital, but Nick Gustovich and Victor Marked died on the way. Of the remaining three Chas. Erickson is seriously injured, while John Meyer and Tom McLaughlin are only slightly hurt.

Sept. 25

I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT:

Al Norberg and Fred Seltenreich who have been hunting at Long Lake returned Friday.

Bill Berry arrived this week from the Shushanna where he has been working with W. E. James.

Hi. Jacobson of Bonanza Mine underwent a successful operation for acute appendicitis in Kennecott hospital last week.

P. W. Holmes came in from Chititu early this week and will leave for Valdez

today.

Fred Carlson, Otto Blom, Antone Jenson and Victor Lindvahl have taken up residence in Hollywood for the winter.

Red Campbell is in Kennecott hospital with a smashed finger.

Jack O'Hara and Jack Meloy will leave for Chitina, they will start from there on a prospecting and hunting trip.

NOTICE

It has been decided to continue the publication of the Weekly News by the present management for a few weeks.

NEW RAILROAD DOCTOR ARRIVES ON S. S. ALASKA

Succeeding Dr. J. H. Romig, as physician and surgeon at the government hospital at Anchorage, Dr. R. F. Swartz, formerly of Kennecott, but more recently of Seattle, arrived in the city yesterday from the South. Dr. Romig left Anchorage two weeks ago for Fairbanks where he has resumed his former practice.

GOOD CLEAN UP IN SHUSHANNA

Placer miners coming in from the Shushanna report a good clean up this season in spite of a shortage of water which shortened the season considerably

Oct. 2

I SEE BY THE PAPER THAT:

Cap Hubrick, Jack Schultz and Henry Olsen went to Chitina Wednesday to view the big caribou run.

WANTED

Applications for the wintering of horses at \$150.00 per head for six months.

Apply Emil Isaacson

GREATER INTEREST SHOWN IN FARMING

That agriculture is gaining a foothold in Alaska is shown by interest taken in vegetable growing in the interior this year. Mrs. Ed. Lee of Talkeetna raised tomatoes and cucumbers which matured in the open. The cucumbers reached such a state of maturity that the seed can be used for planting next season, providing for the introduction of a more hardy strain of cucumbers for growth in Alaska.

Many of the prospectors are taking almost as much interest in their gardens along the creeks as the working of the creeks for gold. James Murray, who is hydraulicking on Nugget Creek, in the Cache Creek district, is taking more pleasure in showing visitors the ton and a half of potatoes he raised and the fresh eggs laid by his flock of chickens, than the showing of his stew kettle containing \$6,000 in gold.

E. E. Chamberlajn
Attorney and
Counselor at
Law
McCarthy, Alaska

BRIEF LOCALS

Mr. and Mrs. Marwood left on Wednesday's train for Cordova where they will visit for a few days before going Outside.

Mrs. J. P. Hubrick spent a few days this week with Mrs. N. Tjosvig.

The McCarthy News moved Wednesday to its new home on Barrett Way.

Dud McKinney has sold his interest in the Golden Hotel to his partner Henry Olson. He plans on leaving in the near future for his old home in Shushanna.

Dr. and Mrs. Scruby are again established at Kennecott, having arrived on Wednesday's train.

Fred Penacheck arrived on Wednesday's train from LaTouche to work at Kennecott.

RAILWAY RUN BY DOGS

The only railway operated entirely by dog-power runs northward from Nome, Alaska, for 90 miles. It is known as the Dogmobile road. Eight dogs can haul a quarter of a ton of freight from 40 to 50 miles a day.

ALASKA ROAD COMMISSION

After completing the season on the "McCarthy-Nizina" road, then going over the proposed route for a road to the White River, to report on its feasibility, and then another branch road from the Nizina to the Chitina River. These are some of the activities in road building in this section.

Mr. Sheppard, who is in charge of this work, believes that the White River and

Chitina River should be opened up for settlement and mine development, it being a well known fact that both of these districts are rich in minerals, but owing to its inaccessibilities without trails development can not be carried on by the individual prospector.

The cry for roads and trails goes out from all parts of Alaska, but where is there a place where there are so many opportunities in mining, as in the McCarthy Recording precinct? And where is there another place in "Uncle Sams" possession with a population of about one thousand souls and only fourteen miles of wagon road? Yet in the past season, under Sheppard, Taylor, and Cameron, wonderful work was accomplished on the Nizina Road.

Cap Hubrick, received a letter from Gov. Parks in the last mail saying that he had seen Col. Steese in regard to cutting a double-ender trail from the Nizina to the Chitina this fall, and that he believed it would be done. Now, we are informed by Mr. Sheppard that work will begin within twenty four hours. This sure sounds good to everyone in this long neglected, out-of-the-way place.

Give us a wagon road to the White River, and one to the Chitina, and you will see hundreds of trucks, busy hauling freight and within a few years there will be railroads following up to get the increased tonnage, but first of all, roads, and development.

Oct. 30

Hang Gliders of the Night: Northern Flying Squirrels

BY NED ROZELL

This column is provided as a public service by the Geophysical Institute, University of Alaska Fairbanks, in cooperation with the UAF research community. Ned Rozell is a science writer at the institute. He can be reached by email at nrozell@dino.gi.alaska.edu. He wrote this column in 1996.

After a decade in Alaska without seeing a northern flying squirrel, I held one in my hands the other day. It was soft and velvety. Unfortunately, it was also dead.

This particular flying squirrel rests in a drawer in the basement of the University of Alaska Museum in Fairbanks. Gordon Jarrell, a research associate who manages the museum's mammal collection, showed me a stuffed flying squirrel. Few people see these furry kites of the forest, though they are not rare in Alaska.

The northern flying squirrel's large, teddy-bear eyes hint at why the creature is so hard to spot—it's nocturnal. People usually see them dining at bird feeders in winter or gliding from tree to tree in the twilight of mid-summer. The northern flying squirrel performs its acrobatics everywhere trees grow in Alaska. The airborne rodent ranges as far south as California and the central Appalachian Mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee. Alaska has a healthy population of flying squirrels according to Bob Mowrey, a wildlife biologist who tracked them near Fairbanks in the mid-1980s.

Alaska's flying squirrels are

about as abundant as red squirrels, Mowrey said in an interview from his Olympia, Washington, home. The northern flying squirrel is a well-studied creature in northern Washington because it prefers to live in old-growth forests there, as does its major predator, the northern spotted owl. A pair of nesting spotted owls can eat 440 flying squirrels in a year, Mowrey said.

While tracking flying squirrels in the Bonanza Creek area south of Fairbanks, Mowrey often saw them fly. Using a loose membrane of skin that stretches from each fore to hind leg, a flying squirrel glides on air in a controlled descent from tree to tree. The animal uses its feather-like tail as a rudder. Mowrey has seen a flying squirrel glide 100 yards in the air before performing a "parachute flare" to slow itself and extend its hind feet to land on another tree.

"They have no fear," Mowrey said.

Mowrey broke in a few pairs of boots while following the nightly movements of flying squirrels. The tiny mammals moved as much as 1.2 miles each night in search of truffles, a type of fungus that grows underground.

In winter, when truffles become more difficult to find, flying squirrels raid the food caches of red squirrels. Mowrey doubts if red squirrels even realize flying squirrels have robbed them, because the flying squirrels steal food while the red squirrels are sleeping.

Winter in the north changes the habits of flying squirrels. Instead of nesting in poorly insulated tree cavities, flying squirrels opt for witches' brooms in winter. Witches' brooms are snarls of branches caused when a rust fungus attacks spruce trees. Flying squirrels seek out witches' brooms and carve a hole in the middle of the spaghetti-like tangle. Once they excavate a hole, they line it with mosses, grass, feathers, scraps of wool, and any other dry material they can find. When it gets so cold that Fahrenheit and Celsius scales agree (about minus 40), flying squirrels slow to a state of near-hibernation, Mowrey said. Mowrey noticed that flying squirrels share sleeping quarters in frigid weather. The flying squirrels' behavior gave him a new definition of bitter cold.

"It's kind of like a three-dog night," he said. "In interior Alaska, it's a three-flying squirrel night."

"..[F]reedom requires that very warrior ethic we seem to assume is the exclusive province of national military forces. To assume that someone else will protect your rights is sadly incorrect and we are seeing the evidence of it as our freedoms erode. There is only one person you can depend upon to vouchsafe your freedom and that is you. Once you hire that job out to somebody else, you're finished."—Michael Peirce

This is the story of two people who met again... AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

BY EVONNE SULLIVAN AND JEANNE MORRIS

She was nineteen years old when she arrived in Kennecott, Alaska, in 1929. The new bride of James Allen Moore.

He was a tiny little boy with the cute smiling face, the infant son of Robert and Gertrude Sullivan.



Photo courtesy the authors

"LITTLE MIKE," IN FRONT OF HIS HOME UP ON THE HILL.

Mr. Moore was a mining engineer with the Kennecott Corporation. In the mid twenties he was sent to the Kennecott Mines in Chile, South America to evaluate the ore findings there. He met and married Maria (Mary) Cornejo and soon they were on their way back to Kennecott to begin their amazing lives. Raising three children, Jeanne (Morris), Nan (Henderson) and Jim. All this while Mary was trying to learn to speak English. Yvonne Konnerup

Lahti tells of baby sitting Jeanne while her Mother tried to help Mary with learning English. It is also a fact that dear Mrs. Sullivan kept little Jeanne for a week or two while Mary was in the hospital giving birth to Nan. Mary felt immediately that she had moved into one big happy family there in Kennecott. The Moore family lived there until July of 1937 when Mary left with the children for Tennessee, with Mr. Moore remaining several more months to help with the closing down of the Mines. Mr. Moore passed away in 1963 and in 1967 Mary married O. O. Sisk. He has since passed away. Mary remains in good health and enjoys doing her housework, driving to church and the store, visiting the neighbors, doing her yard work and growing a beautiful garden. Nan, who lives in Knoxville, and Mary are often doing lunch and shopping. Jim and family are in Atlanta and Jeanne is back in Alaska.

Mr. Robert (Bob) Sullivan was Superintendent over the four Mines (Erie, Jumbo, Mother Lode and Bonanza). He had been in Kennecott a few years until he brought his new bride, Gertrude, to Kennecott from Seattle in December of 1929. They lived in one of the houses up on the hill. Michael was adopted by the Sullivans in 1935 when he was only a few months old. They showered him with love and attention. These were happy years for all there, spent as the "big happy family of Kennecott." The mines closed in the fall of



Photo courtesy the authors

MARY—SOON AFTER ARRIVING IN KENNECOTT.

1938. Sometime before this Gertrude and little Mike left for Seattle by way of Juneau, where Gertrude's sister Mabel lived. Some of you might remember Mabel, as she spent several months in Kennecott — as well as Hiram (Hi) Jacobson, Gertrude's brother. Bob Sullivan was also part of the crew who remained behind to close the mining operations. The Sullivans then went to Fatagonia, Arizona; where Bob was again working for a mining company. They moved back to Seattle in 1941 when Bob was stricken with tuberculosis. He passed away in Nov. of 1958 and Gertrude died in 1981.

Mike married a South Dakota farm girl and lived in Seattle until February of 2001 when his wife, Evonne, retired and they moved to a rural area south of



Photo courtesy the authors

MIKE AND MARY IN KNOXVILLE.

retired from Ranier Brewery in 1993. He and Evonne are enjoying their retirement by having their suitcases packed for ready take off whenever the travel bug bites. If you are ever in their area plan on stopping by, if you can catch them in home port. They can be reached through information in the Winlock, WA. directory.

living Kennecott Kid, (Frank Morris thinks that Al Nicholas might be right up there too), and that Mike Sullivan is the youngest living Kennecott Kid. They met again this past June in Knoxville, Tennessee, for the first time since 1937. Kennecott Kid Nan Henderson was there for the happy occasion also. Evonne adds that, "Mary is the most remarkable 92-plus lady and an absolute delight.

"When I came here from Chile I couldn't speak a word of English," said Mary, "but look at me now." Mary has 5 grandchildren and 9 great grandchildren.

Chehalis, WA. They have 2 sons and 6 grandchildren. Mike

So far as we can tell, Mary Moore (Sisk) at almost 93 years of age, is the oldest

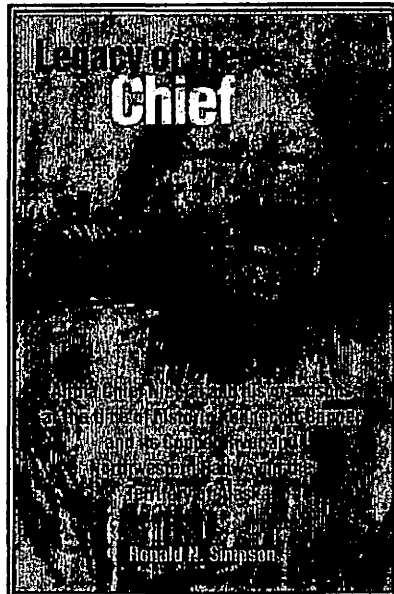
Book Review—Legacy of the Chief

BY RICHARD VILLA

Once in a great while there comes a book about a place that instantly becomes a classic. *The Legacy of the Chief* by Ron Simpson is such a book. For a book of this caliber it also takes an author equal to the task. Ron Simpson is such a man. It only took him 6 weeks to write the first draft after 18 years of research. Ron is the owner of the Copper Rail Depot in Copper Center where he keeps an incredible collection of historically accurate models of the Kennecott Mill and a host of other buildings.

For a man to write such a book he has to be passionate about the subject. Once you read the book, you'll understand the depths of his passion.

In *Legacy of the Chief* you meet Chief Nicolai who tells you the story of the Ravens. Then you follow two natives, Johnny and Cap as they live through the



building of the railroad and of the tremendous change it had on their way of life. Then it takes you on a trip where you get to go in the Erie, Jumbo, Bonanza, Motherlode Mines, and the Kennecott Mill. Finally it takes you to the point when the copper runs out and the Kennecott

Company leaves, but you don't!

It is filled with historical characters like the famed madam, Kate Kennedy, the unstoppable Stephen Birch, and Wesley Dunkle, the geologist who predicted the beginning of the end.

Having read a great many books about the area, *Legacy of the Chief* is by far the most revealing. Loaded with over 200 historic photographs, most of which have never been published before.

If you are interested in the Copper River & Northwestern Railway, the Kennecott mines and the geology that helped start it all, you will really enjoy this book. I highly recommend buying two or three copies. This book is an instant classic that 20 years from now will be worth its weight in gold!

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU EXPRESSED A DESIRE TO GO BACK IN TIME TO VISIT KENNECOTT AND ITS CRNW RAILWAY SOMETIME DURING ITS HEYDAY? *THIS* IS THE BOOK WHICH WILL TAKE YOU BACK AND PLACE YOU RIGHT ON THE HISTORIC AND EVEN SACRED GROUND WHERE IT ALL HAPPENED. *YOU* WILL BE THERE. *YOU* WILL BE THERE WHEN ONE OF THE GREAT MIKADO STEAM TRAINS ROLLS BY AT CHITINA OR ABERCROMBIE RAPIDS LANDING, AND WHEN THE RAILROAD MAINTENANCE CREW STOPS TO TAKE A LUNCH BREAK AT KOTSINA. *YOU* WILL TRAVEL INSIDE THE MINE WORKINGS AND VISIT BUILDINGS AT KENNECOTT, MCCARTHY, STRELNA AND CHITINA-STRUCTURES WHICH ARE LONG GONE. *YOU* WILL FIND YOURSELF IN PLACES *YOU* NEVER EVEN DREAMED ONCE EXISTED.

YOU WILL EVEN MEET SOME OF THE GREAT PERSONALITIES OF THE DAY, SUCH AS THE GREAT MAN HIMSELF-STEPHEN BIRCH, AND SOME OF HIS ENGINEERING STAFF, INCLUDING THE WELL-KNOWN BILL DOUGLASS, SUPERINTENDENT AT KENNECOTT DURING THE 1920s. OR EVEN THE GRAND MADAM OF MCCARTHY, THE INFAMOUS KATE KENNEDY.

MORE IMPORTANT, *YOU* WILL MEET THE AHTNA TYONE HIMSELF, THE *LEGENDARY CHIEF NICOLAI* AND HIS NEARLY EQUALLY FAMOUS GRANDSON, CAP GOODLATAW. *FINALLY* *YOU* WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT THE AHTNA PEOPLE REALLY EXPERIENCED AND HOW THEY VIEWED THE RAILROAD AND THE COPPER MINES IT SERVED. NO ONE ELSE WOULD HAVE TOLD *YOU*.

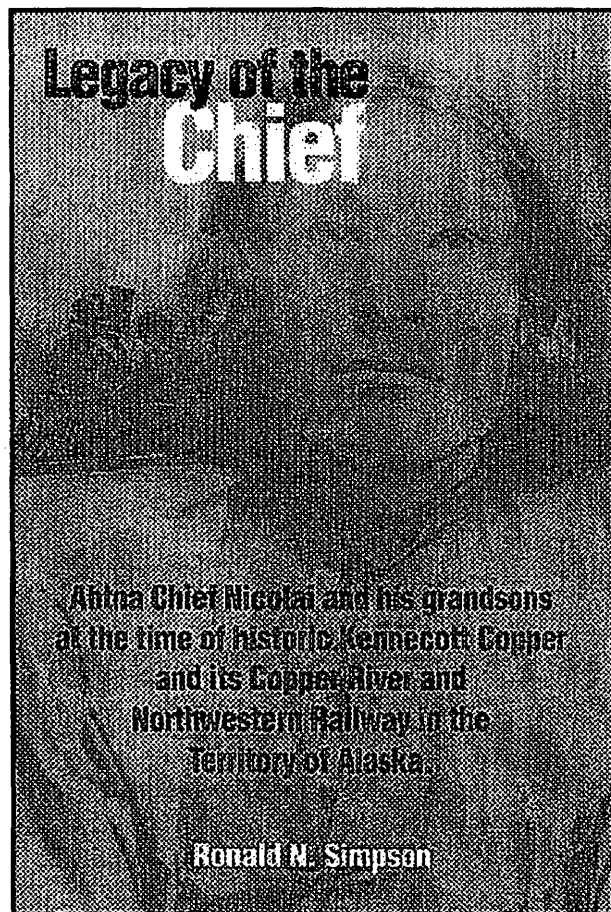
YOU WILL EVEN GET TO WITNESS FROM INSIDE THE MESS HALL THE CATAclySMIC DESTRUCTION OF THE UPPER MOTHER LODE CAMP BY AVALANCHE IN 1927. *YOU* WON'T FIND IT ANYWHERE ELSE, BUT *THIS* AUTHOR IS GIVING IT TO *YOU* HERE. INSTINCTIVELY *YOU* UNDERSTOOD THAT SOMETHING WAS MISSING. *YOU* JUST KNEW THERE WAS A *REALLY GREAT STORY* CONNECTED WITH ALL THOSE RELICS . WHAT IS ACTUALLY BEHIND THAT ENORMOUS AND CAPTIVATING GHOST TOWN AND THE LONG NARROW RAILBED WHICH LEADS TO THIS REMOTE OUTPOST OF ANOTHER ERA?

ENOUGH OF THE HISTORY. *THIS* IS THE STORY *YOU* WANTED TO HEAR ALL ALONG. AND NOW IT CAN BE *YOURS*-WITH THE REAL PHOTOS-LOTS OF THEM. SOME OF BLACK AND WHITE IMAGES MAY BE FAMILIAR, BUT MOST ARE NOT. THE PHOTOS ARE THE PRODUCT OF MANY YEARS OF INTENSE RESEARCH. *THIS* IS THE GENUINE ARTICLE-AND IT'S AN EPIC ONE, INDEED. BECAUSE IT IS MORE REAL THAN *YOU* WOULD LIKE TO BELIEVE FOR A NATIVE AMERICAN NOVEL.

THIS IS AN INDIAN TALE. INDIANS HAVE NO HISTORY. ONLY STORIES. THE TALKING STICK HAS NOW BEEN PASSED TO *US*-WE, THE SAGHANI UTSUUY-THE RAVEN CLAN OF THE 'AHTNA' TUU TS'ITU.' *FINALLY*, IT IS *OUR* TURN. RIGHTFULLY SO. *THIS* INDIAN WRITER WILL NOT LET *YOU* DOWN. *YOU* WILL BE IMMENSELY PLEASED. *YOU* WILL NEVER WANT TO LOAN *THIS* BOOK OUT. IT WILL BE FAR TOO VALUED. BUT IT WILL MAKE A HIGHLY APPRECIATED GIFT. FOR THE PRICE OF A TANK OF GAS IN A GMC SUBURBAN, *YOU* WILL ACQUIRE SOMETHING WHICH *YOU* WILL TREASURE THE REST OF *YOUR* LIFE.

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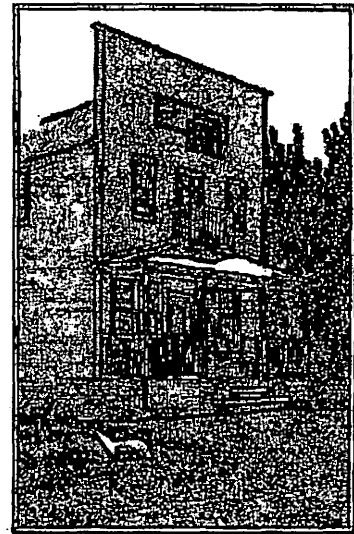
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09/12/01

12:00 - 3:00 pm

McCarthy Community Church

09/18/01

4:00 - 6:30 pm

ADOT/PF, Anchorage Office

4111 Aviation Drive, Anchorage

If you cannot attend the meetings, please call for the project packet (available mid-September). Additional information may be obtained from:

Janet Brown, P.E.
Design Engineering Manager
(907) 451-5129

Christine Storey
Environmental Analyst
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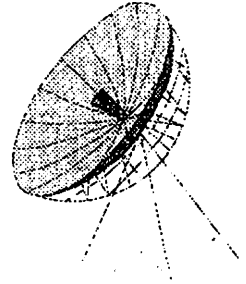
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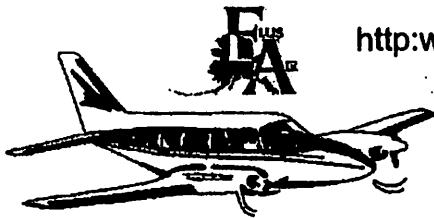


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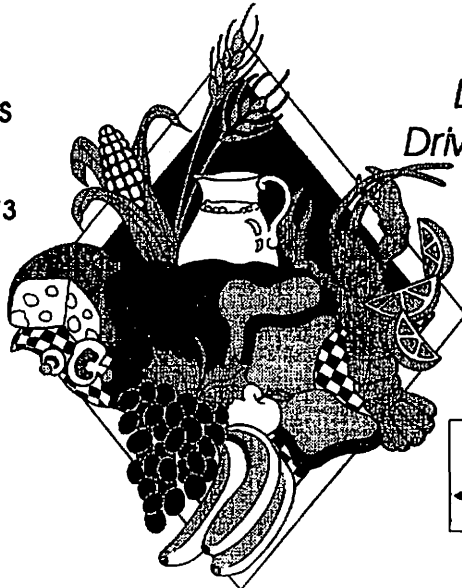
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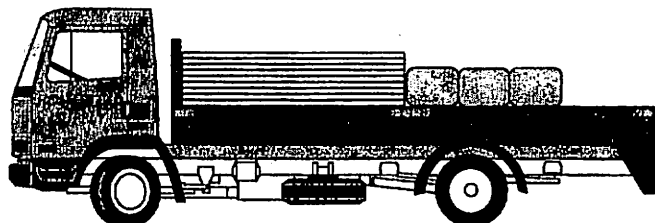
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Cooking with Carly

BY CARLY KRITCHEN

It's been a while since I've written one of these columns, but I thought I should come back at least one more time to share some of the recipes that I've been collecting while I've been gone! I just can't stop myself from clipping interesting looking recipes from magazines and papers, so when I travel I usually come home with lots of pieces of wrinkled paper shoved in my luggage and purse! Sometimes they aren't as good as they look, but here are a few that I've tried and liked.

Since it's the end of the summer, and those of you who garden are enjoying the bounty of fresh vegetables, I'm going to concentrate on new dishes that will use up that abundance (or over-abundance, in some cases!).

I don't know if your cabbage did as well as mine did, but we'll be eating stored cabbage well into the winter. This is an easy, low-fat recipe.

Easy Summer Coleslaw

About one pound sliced cabbage
(or mix green and red)

½ cup light mayonaise
1 teaspoon brown sugar
1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon caraway seeds
1 Tablespoon chopped onion
scant ¼ cup cider vinegar

Combine all of the ingredients, mix well, and allow to stand for about 20 minutes before serving. About 6 servings.

Another recipe for that old favorite, zucchini bread! The

friend who passed the recipe along serves it as a tea-time treat, along with cream cheese for a bread spread.

Lemon Zucchini Bread

1 ½ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg
¼ teaspoon ground ginger
½ cup canola oil
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
grated peel of one fresh lemon
1 teaspoon grated orange peel
1 cup grated zucchini
½ cup finely chopped walnuts

Mix together all dry ingredients in a bowl and set aside. In a large bowl, beat the sugar, oil, eggs, grated lemon, and grated orange. Add dry ingredients alternately with the grated zucchini. Fold in the nuts and stir just until completely mixed. Turn the batter in to a greased loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 55 minutes, or until the loaf tests done with a toothpick. Cool bread for 10 minutes before turning out and cooling completely. Makes one loaf.

This recipe is adapted from a "Sunset" article on Dutch-oven baking. Since I don't usually cook over an open fire, I've changed it into an oven dish. The crust is rich and delicious. Make sure you don't over bake it!

Kennicott River Cobbler

4 cups rhubarb, cut into ½ inch pieces
4 cups sliced peaches (fresh, or drained canned)
1 cup fresh wild raspberries
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ cup water
whipped cream
Topping (recipe follows)

Spread rhubarb evenly in the bottom of a greased 3 quart casserole dish. Spread peaches over the rhubarb. Mix the vanilla and cinnamon into the water, and pour around the edges of the dish. Sprinkle sugar evenly over the fruit. Pat the topping out to ½ inch thickness on a floured board, and cut into ½ inch wide strips. Lay over the fruit in a lattice pattern. Bake in a 350 degree oven about 45 minutes, or until the fruit is bubbly and the top is a light toasted brown. Top with whipped cream. Serves about 8.

Topping

2 cups flour
2/3 cup bran
3 Tablespoons sugar
4 teaspoons baking powder
6 Tablespoons butter
¾ cup buttermilk

Mix dry ingredients in a large bowl. Cut in butter with a pastry blender until coarse and crumbly. Add buttermilk and stir to just moisten dough, then gather into a ball.

"It is more honorable to repair a wrong than to persist in it." —Thomas Jefferson

A LOOK AT THE WEATHER

BY GEORGE CEBULA

So far the summer of 2001 has been a good summer, weather wise, with June and July temperatures and precipitation just about average. The high temperature for June was 81 on the 28th (80 on June 6, '00 and 84 on June 12, '99). The low was 31 on June 2nd and 9th (28 on June 19 '00 and June 6, '99). The average temperature for June was 55.2. This compares to 53.3 in June 2000 and 53.7 in June 1999. There was only 1 day with a high of 80 or above and 4 days with a low of 32 or lower. The total precipitation was 0.95 inches (1.35 inches in June 2000 and 1.93 in June 1999). *Silver Lake had a high of 81 on June 24th (77 on June 6, '00 and 84 on June 13, '99) and a low of 35 on June 9th (34 on June 11, '00 and 32 on June 4, '99). The average June temperature at Silver Lake was 56.0 (54.3 in 2000 and 54.4 in 1999) and the total precipitation was 0.38 inches (0.37 inches in 2000 and 1.29 inches in 1999).*

July was a bit cooler and wetter than last year. The high for July was 81 on the 19th (80 on July 4, '00 and 85 on July 3, '99). The low was 34 on July 9th and 16th (32 on July 23, '00 and 31 on July 22, '99). The July average temperature 54.2, compared to 56.2 in 2000 and 56.0 in 1999. There was 1 day with a high of 80 or above and 3 days with a low of 35 or lower. The total July precipitation was 3.29 inches (1.10 inches in 2000 and 3.34 inches in 1999). *Silver Lake recorded a high of 77 on the 17th and 18th (79 on July 8, '00 and 87 on July 4, '99) and a low of 40 on the 11th and 16th (36 on July 8, '00 and 36 on July 22, '99). The average July temperature at Silver Lake was 55.7, compared to 56.3 in 2000 and 56.7 in 1999. The total precipitation recorded at Silver Lake for July was 2.64 inches (1.97 inches in 2000 and 2.11 inches in 1999).*

Hidden Creek Lake was early this year releasing its water on July 2nd (July 26, '00 and July

17, '99). The water in the Kennicott River began to rise during the late morning and crested at 8 am the next morning. The increase was 3.55 feet in 24 hours. The crest was about the same as the last 2 years and there was no flooding. The river was back to its normal level by the morning of July 5th.

The first three weeks of August were warm and sunny with temperatures in the 70's. Rainfall for the same period was less than 0.10 of an inch. It's about time to think about covering the plants in the garden. The first frost was on the morning of the 10th and a freeze is due any day now. The lowest as of the 20th has been 31.

Freezing temperatures will begin to appear by early September and the first snow should arrive by the end of September. Summer is just about over and winter around the next corner.

CLASSIFIEDS

FOR SALE— Very private 5 acres along Edgerton Hwy between Kenny Lake & Chitina. Beautiful hay meadows & Aspen trees. Mtn. view. \$39,500 (406)436-2743

PROPERTY FOR SALE— 5 acres on the west side of McCarthy with a stunning view. John Adams (907)554-4433

BEAUTIFUL 9 ACRE LOT FOR SALE— Located about 0.7 mile downriver from church on island and 1 mile SW of McCarthy. Good views and river frontage. Asking \$26,900. Possible terms. Call Monte at (907)696-3456

WANTED to BUY—TRAPS— Most sizes and types. Dean Wilson, Kenny Lake (907)822-3852

Useful tips—

Permanent marker on appliances/countertops (like store receipt BLUE!). Try rubbing alcohol on paper towel.

Candles will last a lot longer if placed in the freezer for at least 3 hours prior to burning.

Use air-freshener to clean mirrors. It does a good job and better still, leaves a lovely smell to

the shine.

When you get a splinter, reach for the scotch tape before resorting to tweezers or a needle. Simply put the scotch tape over the splinter, then pull it off. Scotch tape removes most splinters painlessly and easily.

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

WSEN STAFF

The current McCarthy Road Kennicott River Wayside project certainly calls into question the validity of the state's public process. Some would oppugn the public meetings and written comments as merely window dressing, used to add credence to a foregone conclusion.

Step back from the situation for just a minute. Say you are a visitor who is driving the McCarthy Road. If you are an informed visitor, (many aren't), you stop at Chitina—where the state and feds have provided a small but functional wayside park. Now you are faced with a two or three hour drive to McCarthy. (Some say they would like it to take four hours.)

Once at the end of the road, there are toilet facilities, day parking and an informational kiosk at mile 58.5—on federal land, with no charge to the user. At mile 59 there is a campground and overnight parking, with both toilet and shower facilities, as well as an outdoor eatery. Visitors who wish to park overnight are asked to pay a nominal one dollar fee. Local parking is free. Mile 60 puts you at the Kennicott River, where again you find a campground with toilet facilities, a parking lot with an attendant, and footbridge-only access into the town of McCarthy. Cross the river by foot and again you find two toilets, provided by the University of Alaska. Walk on into town and there are more toilets, this time sponsored by the National Park Service.

From mile 58.5 to what would be mile 61 (if the river didn't cause the mileposts to end

at 60) there are at least five places for weary travelers to rest and use toilet facilities. From mile 11—where the privately owned Silver Lake Campground offers overnight camping—to mile 58 there are—none. Many visitors stop at the Kuskulana Bridge at mile 17 (in fact many turn around here) or the Gilahena Trestle at mile 30 to view the scenery, but there are no facilities—only the woods. Frankly, after 21 years of use by folks eager to visit the nation's largest National Park, it is hard to stop anywhere in that nearly 50 mile stretch of road without finding the woods littered with human waste. Pristine? Hardly.

Why, then, is the Alaska Department of Transportation and Public Facilities (DOT&PF) proposing to put as many as three of our local "mom-and-pop" operations out of business by building yet another parking lot? Why, when I asked the DOT&PF's Chief Planner in Fairbanks if the project might be modified to include a facility where it is actually needed, (midway from Chitina to McCarthy) did I get such a quick response? (NO!) Frankly, it is a mystery to me. Obviously someone has an agenda, and it does not appear that it is to give the mass of people what they need or want. What then? Go figure.

In 1978, the Alaska public voted to approve \$275,000 in bonds for matching \$2,475,000 Federal Highway funds to build vehicle bridges across the Kennicott River. Even though the Alaska public had already voted to build the bridge, the DOT&PF was obligated to hold public

hearings because Federal Highway Trust Funds would be involved. Hearings were held in McCarthy on June 14, 1979, and in Anchorage on July 18, 1979. At the hearings the Department announced that the record would be held open until July 31 for further written comment.

However, on July 13, 1979, the money for the Kennicott was transferred to the Gastineau Channel Bridge project at Juneau. Incredibly, the DOT&PF had transferred money for these projects *before the hearings in Anchorage even began and before the official public record was closed*. As they testified before the DOT&PF representatives, the unsuspecting public was totally unaware that they were being misled and that the DOT&PF had already killed the project.

Legislators and the State Ombudsman's office were contacted as soon as these revelations came to light. Senator Kertulla said this in a May 13, 1981, letter to DOT&PF Commissioner Robert W. Ward: "I am distressed that, through the revised program process, all bond proceeds designated for the projects above were diverted to other projects...." and went on to say, "I find that these reallocations represent a breach of promise to the voters of Alaska."

Should we be surprised that the DOT&PF refuses to consider altering the present footbridge access into McCarthy, even when a clear majority of respondents have said that their preference is for parking to be provided on the east side of the Kennicott River, rather than on the west? Surprised, no. Saddened? I, for one, am.

(Barrett, continued from page 15) strong reputation as a consensus builder and negotiator between timber interests and environmental groups. He was respected for his honesty and fairness by both sides and as a result was able to accomplish much in positive development of forest lands. He played a key role in the development of the White Pass and Crystal Mountain Ski Resorts. He served as Supervisor of the Snoqualmie National Forest for 17 years until his retirement in 1970.

Laurence was a devoted husband and family man. He enjoyed giving his children rides to their early morning jobs, helping with 6 a.m. paper routes and tutoring in algebra. He saw to it that they all graduated from the University of Washington and encouraged graduate studies. He had a quiet determination, and a deep sense of purpose with regard to supporting the education of his children and

grandchildren. In addition to the love of family, Laurence loved life, he loved his work, he loved to read and to learn, he loved adventure, exploring and travel. He loved to drive and together with Florence, they drove through all 50 states. Laurence had a strong sense of pride in his country and took an active role in civic affairs through participation in numerous organizations including the Chamber of Commerce, Rotary Club and Pacific Science Center. He also was active in many fraternal and philanthropic organizations.

Laurence's retirement included trips abroad and in the U.S. with Florence, as well as many trips to his boyhood home—McCarthy. Throughout his life Laurence remained very fond of McCarthy and very proud of his family heritage in the Wrangells. In 1966 he and Tony Zak donated sufficient land to the State of Alaska for the construction of the McCarthy

Airport and, thereafter, Laurence donated the property and building which now houses the McCarthy-Kennecott Historical Museum. On a more personal level, the Barrett family recently completed the reconstruction of a log residence at the intersection of Skolai and Nizina Avenue out of what was originally a log barn built around 1907 by Laurence's father, John Barrett, on his original homestead land. All members of the family now enjoy the rich family heritage which Laurence left for them in the heart of the Wrangell Mountains.

Laurence will be greatly missed by his three children: Marilyn, Paul and Patsy; sons and daughter-in-law: Gus, Roger and Glenda; eight grandchildren: Michael, Mark, Wade, Alison, Adam, Zach, Cole and Doyl; two spouses: Loree and Ed; three great grandchildren: Barrett, Carter and Max, and many good friends in McCarthy and Seattle.

(Raised in Wrangells, continued from page 13)

Now a grandmother, Dorothy Shinn remembered back to her childhood pretending to shoot at stumps in a make-believe modeled after her family's subsistence lifestyle. In contrast, Dorothy's thirty-something daughter Ruth Ann, remembered pretending to go to a make-believe MacDonalds even though her Ma would scold that "they serve horsemeat there." A

highlight of the discussion was the memories and descriptions of recreation in the Wrangells, stories which confirmed that some things really don't change over time. Gaia Thurston-Shaine and Shelly Edwards agreed whether it is the sixties or the nineties, digging in the dumps is a dang good pastime for a copper country girl. Sledding and ice

skating also proved to be timeless passions. As for eight year-old Tessa Bay, when asked about what she did for fun, she said, "Well, my life was pretty boring but...it's getting to a 'higher level of fun' now that I have a puppy." On behalf of all who attended, thanks to those Raised in the Wrangells for a fun and informative event.

"The repetition of small efforts will accomplish more than the occasional use of great talents."—Charles H. Spurgeon

Useful tips—

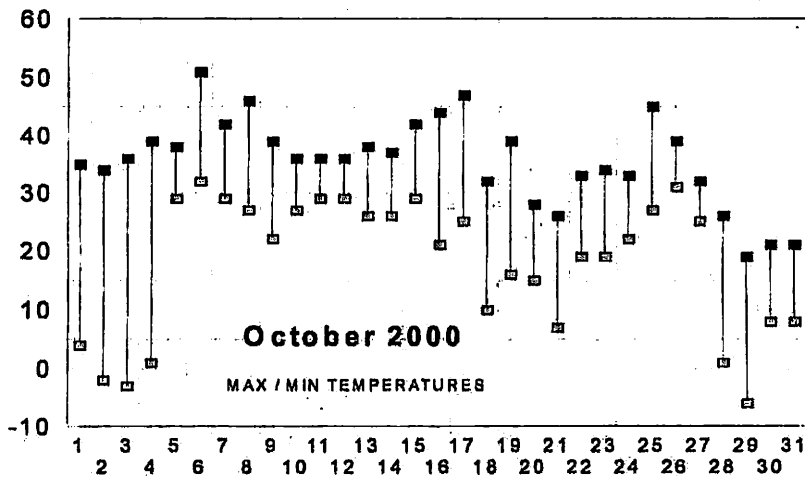
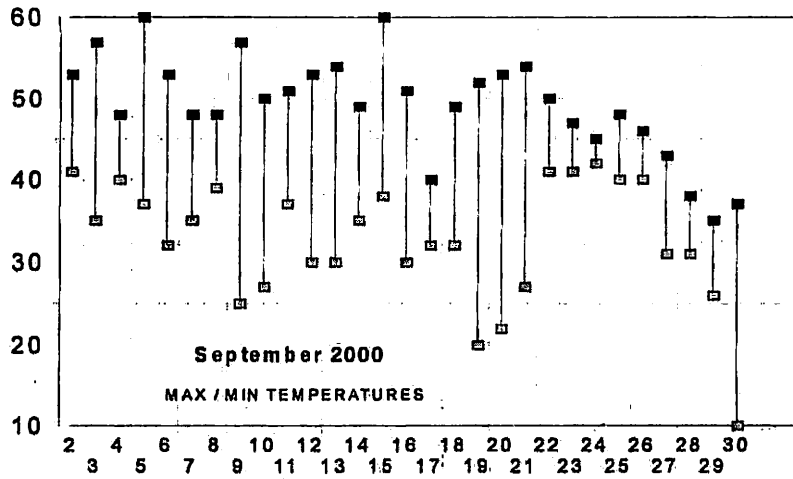
Sealed envelope—Put in the freezer for a few hours, then slide a knife under the flap. The envelope can then be resealed.

Use empty toilet paper roll to store appliance cords in. It keeps them neat and you can write on the roll what appliance it belongs to.

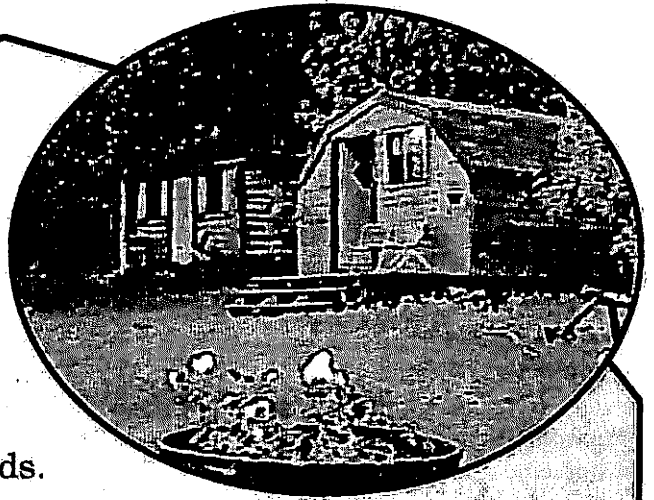
For icy door steps in freezing temperatures; get warm water and put Dawn dishwashing liquid in it. Pour it all over the steps. They won't refreeze.

Weather - What can we expect?

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