

Wrangell St. Elias News

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"

Vol. Six Issue Four

July & August 1997

Two Dollars

A new chapter unfolds

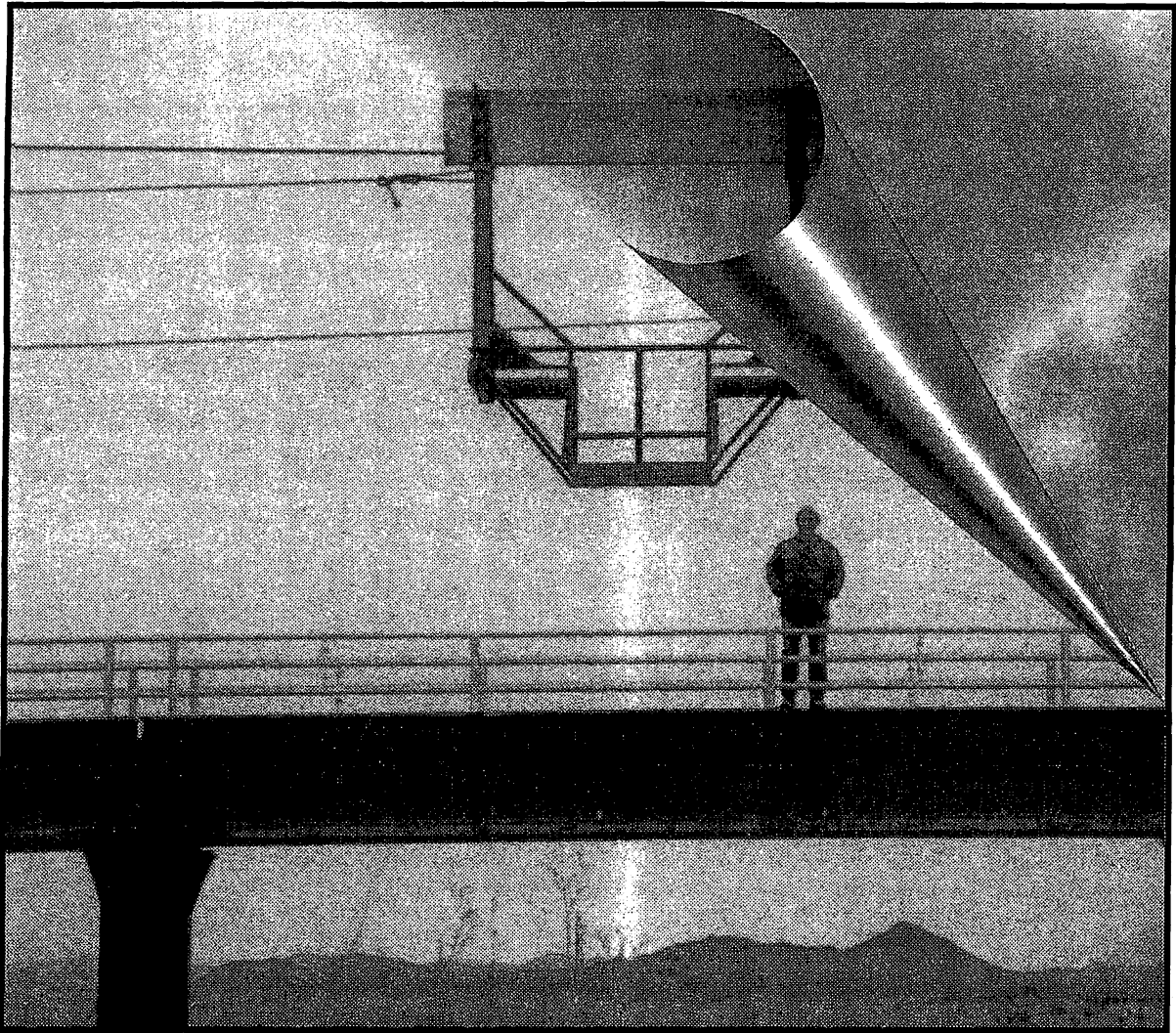


photo courtesy Nancy Ferrell

Local resident John Adams takes a last look at the tram just before it was taken off the cable. The tram car is on display at the platform.

Also in
this issue

How the conservationist "Saved" Alaska
Historian Ron Simpson tells why the CR&NW ran on oil—not coal.

A note from the publisher

BY RICK KENYON

It is June 25 as we go to press with this issue of WSEN. The temperatures for the past few days have been in the 80's. As Russel Baker said, "Ah, summer, what power you have to make us suffer and like it."

The traffic on the McCarthy Road has picked up considerably this week in anticipation of the July 4th weekend. I'm sure visitors this year will be happy to forego the long lines waiting for the tram—even though many will look back with nostalgia at the passing of the old girl.

Speaking of the old ways changing, our friends JoAnn and Frank Price of Meteor Data paid us a visit last week. They brought a new communication system for our weather reporting data transfer. Frank replaced our old "meteor burst" system (which was radio based) with a new computerized system linked to the telephone. Bonnie, our neighbor George Cebula and I enjoyed watching Frank demonstrate a satellite telephone which he uses at several weather reporting stations that do not have regular telephone service. We stood in the yard about ten feet apart and talked with each other — using a signal that traveled somewhere around 50,000 miles to span that ten feet!

We are happy to have yet another story by Ron Simpson in this issue. I had asked Ron what kind of fuel the Railroad used. His story not only answers that question, but tells why. Ron and his models were featured in the April 3rd issue of the Copper River Country Journal. If you

missed it, contact Northcountry Communications at (907)822-5233 for information on obtaining a copy.

During the bridge construction, project engineer Clarence Catledge showed me a copy of a book he had read called *Bridging Alaska — From the Big Delta to the Kenai*, written by Ralph Soberg. It contains a chapter about the building of the Nizina River bridge in 1935. It is quite interesting to compare the methods used then to modern day bridge building.

I tried to contact Mr. Soberg and found out that he died several years ago, but that his daughter, Jackie Pels is still publishing his books. I talked with Jackie and she very graciously gave us permission to reprint the chapter on the Nizina Bridge, which we will do in our next issue. If you would rather not wait until then for a glimpse at this interesting book, contact Hardscratch Press, 2358 Banbury Place, Walnut Creek, CA 94598-2347, phone/fax 510/935-3422. Be sure to ask about the other books on Alaska that they publish.

Another book with a chapter about McCarthy came into my hands shortly after the bridge dedication, where I met Al Swalling. The book is written by Mr. Swalling and is called *Big Red, Too Much Johnson, Others, and Me*. He talks about many of the old McCarthy residents, and how they outwitted the Prohibition Agents. If you would like a copy contact A.C. Swalling, Box 101039, Anchorage AK 99510-1039.

Last but certainly not least, we visited via telephone with

Sissy Lommel Klueh, who told us she recently had 500 more copies of her book *Born in Kennecott—Memories of a Kennecott Kid* printed. If you have not yet read this book about life at Kennecott, see Sissy's ad in this issue of WSEN.

WSEN welcomes the following new subscribers: Lone Janson, AK; Dick and Susan Nelson, WA; Tom and Jan Quayle, OR; Cris and Donna Quayle, WA; Bob and Kathy Van Slyke, UT; Rob Jaeger, AK; Tom Krause, AK; Cynthia Klepaski, AK; Larry Michaels, AK; Phil and Pam Okeson, WA.

Wrangell St. Elias News

VOL. Six, Issue Four, July & August 1997.

Published every two months at McCarthy, Alaska. McCarthy, PO Box MX, Glennallen, AK 99588-8998. Phone (907) 554-4454. FAX (907) 554-4454. E-mail Wsenews@aol.com. "Copyright © 1997 by Wrangell St. Elias News. No part of this publication may be reproduced by any means without the express permission of the publishers."

Contributors to this issue: George Cebula, Carly Kritchen, Ed LaChapelle, Meg Hunt, Ron Simpson, Nancy Ferrell, Lilly Goodman, Ned Rozell and David Hart. Subscription price is \$10 for one year in the USA. Canada \$12.50. Other countries \$20. Advertising rates upon request. Deadline for publication in next issue is August 15.

PERIODICALS POSTAGE
PAID AT GLENNALLEN, AK.
99588.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Wrangell St. Elias News, McCarthy, PO Box MX, Glennallen, AK 99588-8998.

Items of Interest

BY BONNIE KENYON

Al and Fran Gagnon: When it's time to begin my *items* column, I take the opportunity of a neighbor's visit or phone call to glean the latest news from their special "neck of the woods." I hadn't had my computer on long when who should appear on the scene but May Creek resident, Al Gagnon. Naturally, out came my notebook and pen, but not before we sampled Al's (Fran, he always takes the credit!) mouth watering cheesecake. Actually, the dessert was meant for George Cebula, who unselfishly offered to share it with us all. I hear it contained 5 fresh eggs from Jeannie Miller's chicken farm.

Even though Al says it's peaceful and quiet in his neighborhood—I wonder. If Al's item of interest could carry a title it would read: Television and telephones have come to May Creek! When the Sourdough Ridge repeater was temporarily on this week, Al took full advantage of the service. I'm not too sure Fran was impressed, however. She woke up at 3:30 a.m. to the sound of Al's voice. He was placing an order over his cell phone for a TV cart to go with the newly purchased TV/ VCR player. No television stations around here, but plenty of videos available to borrow. Al blames this latest purchase on his friend, George, who introduced him to this bush luxury last winter.

Rick Jurick: In our May/June issue, we showed you a picture of Rick unloading lumber and building materials at his "downtown" Kennicott building site. Located across the

road from Kennicott Glacier Lodge, the construction of his two-story building has begun! According to Rick, the 1,000 sq. ft. structure is being built in phases. The concrete foundation pads are poured (Rick man-handled this phase by himself without a cement mixer!) and the framing crew is expected to arrive after the July 4th holiday. The "crew" consists of Daniel Morrison, Adam Tschappat of Crystal Creek and our own locals, Matt Hambrick and Matt Miller. Rick says he hopes to get the exterior finished this year. With a crew like that, Rick, it's a sure thing!

Kenny and Donna Smith: Kenny and Donna's cabin is up the Swift Creek hill. Kenny and his wife, Donna, are back from "traveling the world." Last fall they visited Australia and New Zealand, then during April and May they took a ship across the Atlantic. Of all the places they experienced, Kenny says he still enjoys McCarthy the most and plans on being here all summer. Daughter Pam and husband Phil are due to visit a bit during the summer. In the meantime, Kenny says he is busy cleaning up the homestead, making it more presentable, and trying to finish all those jobs that are only half done. Say, Kenny, when you get all yours done, how about dropping down here and taking on some of ours??

Ken and Carly Kritchen: The Kritchen "farm" is expanding again. In our last issue I told you about the two horses that came on board. Since then, 3 turkeys and 10 chicks are keeping Carly hopping. Another hen is setting on 5 eggs, so any day

now the chick population is expected to increase. Fence posts are being peeled and stockpiled for Firecracker and Ginger's new corral and a new hitchin' rail is underway next to the barn.

The animal population is not the only "expansion" in progress. According to Carly, Ken has purchased a disc harrow. A recent project for Ken was the successful installation of a power take off system (PTO) for the tractor. A very proud Carly says it worked the first time he tried it!

Terry and Dee Frady: Although Terry and Dee are not very far away—as the crow flies—once summer arrives, our main avenue of communication is the telephone. The Frady's stay busy "running the store." For those of you who are new subscribers, the store is Willow Herb Mountain Depot, gift shop, rental cabin and tire repair. I just got off the phone with Dee trying to dig up an item for those of you who know the Fradys. Things are a bit on the slow side, says Dee, but it is still too early to tell what kind of season it will be. They did finish the outhouse facility for the gift shop and word is out that it is "the best one in the area." Knowing the Frady's past workmanship, I don't doubt it.

Two weeks ago Terry encountered a grizzly bear on their property near the cabin. It appears the animal was nursing an old wound, Dee says, and they weren't sure from what. Fortunately Terry was able to scare it off. Shady, their dog, is doing his part in keeping the homestead safe and secure, too.

The normally quiet behind-the-scene German Shepherd has been spotted running down the middle of the McCarthy Road chasing black bear away from his territory. On a more peaceful note, Dee says she discovered a boreal chickadee nesting behind the store in a willow bush.

Mike McCarthy and Laura Bunnell: Return guests of Mike and Laura's Historic Kennicott B & B, will be delighted to find an upgrade to their facilities this summer—the only flush toilet on Silk Stocking Row. "Hand dug by hired help" makes the addition worth even more to the owners and visitors alike. Congratulations for a job well done, Mike and Laura!

Sam Gregory: Mike and Laura's neighbor (up the mountain, that is), Sam, is in for about a month, I am told, and busy improving his new acquisition. As most of our locals know, Sam is new to our area. He purchased Verna Lee Cantor's place above Kennicott. Welcome, Sam, and how in the world did you get that new hot tub up the mountain??

John and Adam Adams: All kinds of improvements are going on in our little community, but for some reason this beats all I've seen yet. Sidewalks—real concrete sidewalks! Those of you who have such luxuries may not think much of John's property improvement, but as far as I know there never has been such a thing here in McCarthy or for nearly 100 miles away. George Cebula gave John a helping hand on that project. I'm sure that made it easier for John to start his next item of interest—son Adams' house. John and Adam informed me the basement and foundation is done, and by the time this issue goes to print the main structure will be framed in.

If you happen to stop by one of those "construction days," you will probably smell bread in the making. John tells me that as long as his generator is running, he might as well plug in the breadmaker! Adam's older brother, Andy, was here in early June for a short visit from school at West Point. Dad and sons were pleased to spend some quality time together.

Doyne, Kay Houghton and family: The seven members of the Houghton family have started their summer weekend treks to McCarthy from their home in Valdez. Doyne, Kay and the girls were thrilled to have an entire week in the area—puttering around their homestead. On a visit to their place, I could see evidence of their arrival. Fresh green paint on their storage building and a garden being tilled and readied for those Sapa Greenhouse seedlings. When the family had to return to Valdez on Sunday, Doyne graciously offered to stay behind and water the plants rather than return to his barber shop in Valdez. Duty won out over desire—but if you happen to be in Valdez getting a haircut, and the barber has a far-away look in his eye, it is probably Doyne.

Brad Grossweiler: Brad is the owner of a new business located on the west side of the Kennicott River. He stopped by yesterday and Rick and I finally met Brad in person. He is from Fairbanks but is in the McCarthy area gearing up for the grand opening of Kennicott River Lodge and Hostel. While traveling in Australia and New Zealand, Brad says he stayed in a variety of hostels and was very impressed. So much so that he decided to open one here in McCarthy. He and 6 other fellas are busy at work and hope to

hang out their sign tomorrow, Wednesday, June 25. If you're looking for information on Brad's "backpacking hostel" you can give him a call at 554-4441.

Otto and Wilma Seiz: Rick and I were pleasantly surprised to receive a phone call from Otto telling us he and Wilma, had made it to McCarthy for another visit. Switzerland is their home, but the McCarthy-Kennicott area holds a special place in their hearts. Otto's father, Joseph Otto Seiz, worked at Kennicott in the early 1930's. We brought them to our place where we poured over a stack of early pictures he found of his dad and various scenes in Alaska. They presented us with a box of Swiss chocolates. What a treat! Don't expect to drop by and sample it. I ate them all! Thanks so much, Otto and Wilma.



WSEN staff photo

Otto and Wilma Seiz

McCarthy Lodge: Betty says that McCarthy Burgers are back!! Beginning June 15 between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. you can once again get McCarthy Lodge's famous ½ lb. Burger served on a homemade bun with your choice of potato salad or chips. All for only \$8.95!

CONGRATULATIONS! On June 8th Rick and I received the following e-mail from Neil O'Donnell. Neil and his wife,

Margaret Stock, live in Anchorage but own land on the west side of the Kennicott River and are frequent visitors to the area. Because most McCarthy area residents know Neil and Margaret, I thought you would enjoy hearing the news straight from Neil's own hand.

"i am learning to type with one hand because i have a wee one in the other with a bottle. i no longer capitalize words. takes two hands. catherine was born 8:48 p.m. on june 1 and weighed in at 8 lb. 11 oz. she is doing great and hopes to see her friends in mccarthy this summer. she says bye bye."

Catherine's full name is Catherine Aislinn O'Donnell. According to another e-mail letter, Neil says they are having a lot of fun with their daughter—and to quote the proud father, "She is tremendously cute!"

Strelna news: The following item of interest was submitted by Diane Ellsworth right after our May/June issue was already printed.

Strelna is growing! Sammie Maria Ellsworth arrived Feb. 12, 1997, 8 lbs. 1 oz. Sammie is the first resident born in Strelna for who knows how long. Although labor was long (28 hours), the birth was easy, assisted by family, friends and a neighbor who happened to stop by at just the right time. Between Upper and Lower Strelna, we now have 17 residents.

CORRECTION: Please note the following correction to Ron Simpson's, *Ending the Myths: Why did Kennecott leave?* On page 12 of our May/June 1997 WSEN, the correct dates under the first stage of active exploration and development should read 1910-1915, not 1910-1923.

Jim, Jeannie, Stacie, Matt and Aaron Miller: The Miller household always generates interesting items. Jeannie has answered the phone every time I've called lately. Come to find out, she is "taking the summer off" from her business, Tailor Made Pizza. Jim is taking her place, she says, and "he makes good pizza." After all, he learned from her! Tailor Made has 5 on staff this summer. Stacie is home for the summer and is a tremendous plus for the downtown pizza place with Matt and Aaron working part time.

When I say Jeannie is taking the summer off, that doesn't mean she is not busy. If you've ever visited their Kennicott homestead (or should I say farm), you know what I mean when I say she has her hands full. Five baby turkeys, 2 adult turkeys, 13 baby chicks, 12 dogs and I know a cat or two requires plenty of attention. However, she is pleased to have sister Terrie Morrison, nephew Buddy and niece Amie visiting till mid August. Terrie and family are here on vacation from Republic, WA. The sisters are having fun digging up and planting old flower beds that haven't had attention in 4 years, says Jeannie. She is also expecting a visit from Jim's mother, JoAnn Collins, over the fourth.

Before we said our goodbyes, Jeannie asked me if I had been informed about the "chicken campaign" put on by the McCarthy-Kennicott van drivers. I had not. She informed me the drivers were searching for yellow arm bands to wear in protest of Jeannie's stand on keeping her chickens locked up. They are demanding she "loose all chickens" to meander in the road between McCarthy and Kennicott. The band of critters

provide a form of amusement for the van occupants, declare the drivers. Jeannie's side of the story is her garden is still in the infant stage and she refuses the chickens' free range of this protected site. I'll try to keep our readers updated on the outcome of the protest!

George Cebula: Speaking of van drivers...George isn't one YET, but he is gearing up to join the ranks at Wrangell Mountain Bus shortly after the first of July. I wonder if he will be issued a yellow arm band his first day on the job? I hope his new job won't cut into his latest building project—a garage. The materials arrived and the gravel pad is in place, but there hasn't been much action recently. It could be he's just waiting for brother Ted's arrival in September or do 84 degree temperatures slow down a retired weather observer??

Kim Northrup, Jim and Peggy Guntis: I received a phone call from Kim's mom, Peggy. She said the three of them were due to leave Tucson on Saturday, June 21 and hope to be here by the 30th. Because Kim is a close neighbor, we are expecting them to pull up anytime. I'm not sure what all their summer projects are exactly, but you can be sure that Jim will keep the ladies moving!

GET WELL WISHES: Prior to press time we received word that subscriber Larry Kritchen, (father of Kenny Kritchen) underwent a successful quadruple bypass surgery on Thursday, June 26, in Anchorage. We here at WSEN wish the entire Kritchen family the very best and pray Larry has a quick recovery and can return to his home in Cordova as soon as possible.

Kennicott River Footbridge dedication

BY LILLY GOODMAN

Nearly 60 people gathered at the Kennicott River on a damp and blustery Saturday to celebrate the completion of the footbridge which replaces the 14 year old trams. Amidst cheers from the crowd of residents and summer employees, Department of Transportation (DOT) project engineer Clarence Catledge cut the ribbon, thereby marking the end of an era, and welcoming a new one.

McCarthy Area Council president, Howard Mozen, presented a moving speech celebrating the successful cooperation McCarthy area residents have enjoyed with the state in bringing about the construction of the new bridge. Thanking the 180 people who wrote letters expressing their interest in the footbridge, and the 2900 visitors who signed the petition endorsing the building of the footbridge, Mozen said, "This footbridge is a choice that this community has made with the support of the state of Alaska, the United States, and judging by the comments of our international visitors, the



photo courtesy Nancy Ferrell

Meg Hunt and Mark Vail try out new bridge.

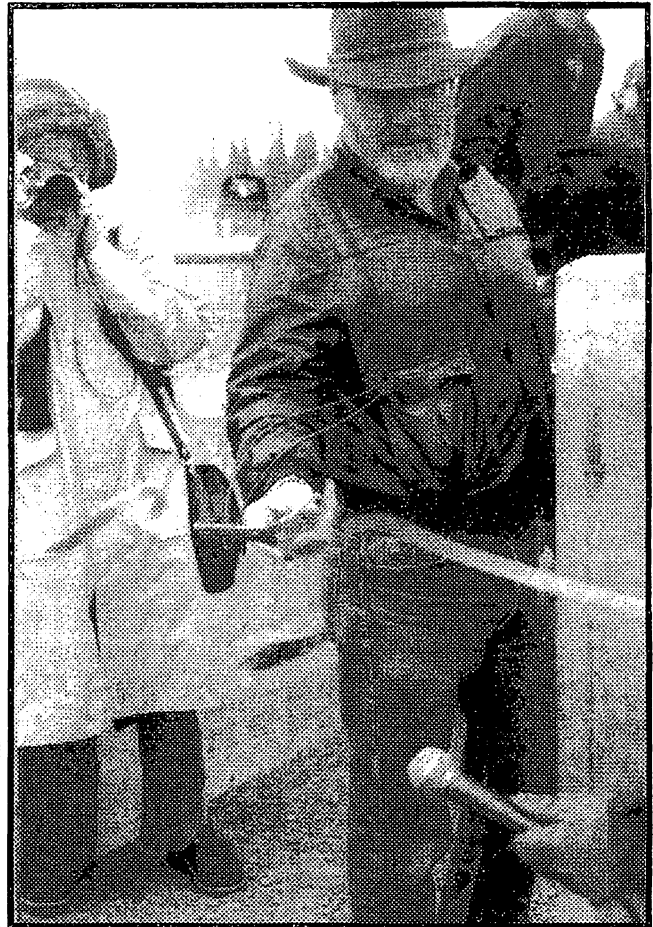


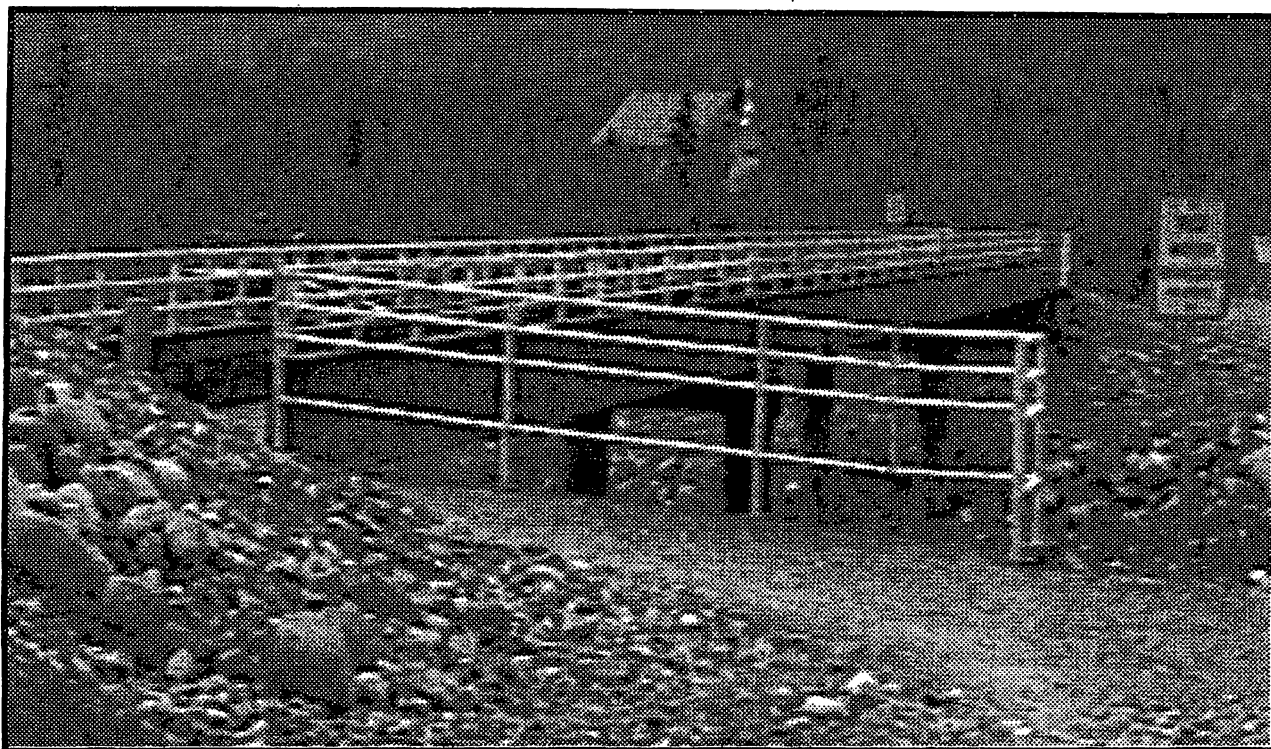
photo courtesy Nancy Ferrell

Project engineer Clarence Catledge cuts ribbon.

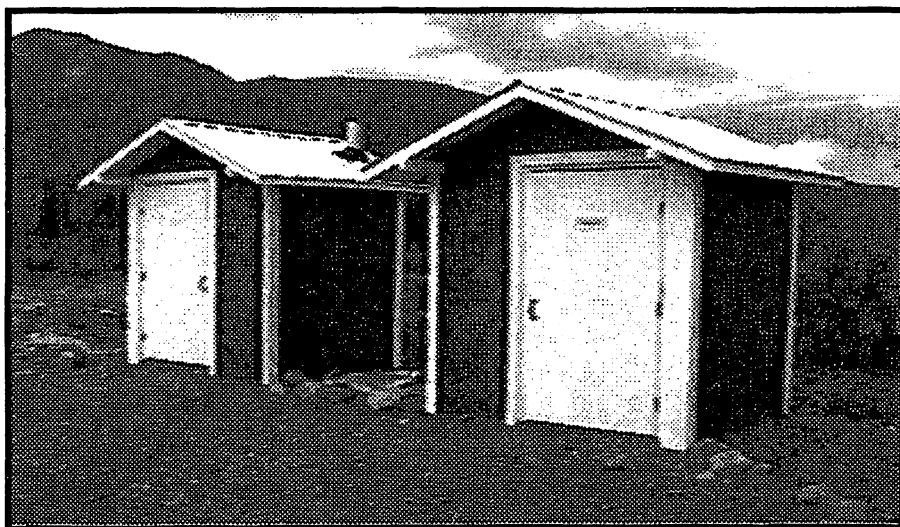
rest of the world."

Mozen also thanked DOT commissioner Joe Perkins, design engineers Joe Johnson and Frank Muchmore, project engineer Clarence Catledge, and Inspector Nancy Hollingsworth, as well as the hardworking Swalling construction crew and the Wrangell-St. Elias National Park personnel for their support of the project.

As balloons flapped in the wind, celebrators enjoyed a potluck barbecue, shot off fireworks and took the opportunity to take one last tram ride across the river. With regrets of many of the residents, and no doubt many of our visitors, the trams will be removed and set up for historic display at the river, and at the McCarthy museum. But despite any sadness at the loss of the trams, most residents appeared excited about the safer, and easier pedestrian-only access and look forward to a future of "carting" their supplies across the new bridge instead of tramping them.



Above — Bridge over the east channel of the Kennicott River, looking west. Although the bridge is not normally used by local residents for freighting, (a culvert just to the north provides vehicle access over this channel except for a few days after the Hidden Lake outbreak each year) it does give pedestrians a shorter route into and out of McCarthy. This bridge is approximately 180' shorter than the one over the west channel.



Above — After crossing the east channel bridge, visitors have the opportunity to use these new restrooms—built courtesy of a grant by the University of Alaska.



Left — This DOT sign at the west channel gives visitors a subtle reminder of why litter is a “no-no” in the McCarthy-Kennicott area.

How the conservationist "Saved" Alaska

Does History Really Repeat itself?

BY RON SIMPSON

What is presented here is a condensed version of the events in early Alaska by which the conservationists, who were also the great "trust-busters," successfully closed down an entire industry to conserve resources and prevent a monopoly. Yet a monopoly is exactly what they got—for only the single richest mines could survive the high cost of freighting in Alaska—and that meant the Alaska Syndicate who were to become the Kennecott Corporation. Lesser companies, lacking the vast financial resources would never have a chance. Is this really all that different from what is happening today in the name of environmentalism?

Each of the political muckrakers in this story: Gifford Pinchot, James Wickersham, Louis Glavis and Louis Brandeis all had their own personal agendas and the banner of conservation (environmentalism) and

anti-monopoly (anti-big business) provided a handy forum for selling themselves as heroes protecting the public interests. Like the modern day environmentalists, these men were early advancers of a form of socialism that gave maximum control of the lands to the federal government.

I am not defending the Alaska Syndicate, for they were certainly capable of underhanded deeds, and were, of course, operating in their own exclusive best interests. Yet without them, the development which did occur, and the rich historic legacy they have left us, could not have happened. The Alaska Syndicate were indeed the boogeymen of the day. For they were bigger than life and so highly visible as to be easy targets. May God save us all from those self-appointed protectors of the public good—the political inheritors of the conservationists of old.

The early history of anti-development forces and radical environmentalism in Alaska may correspond with the discovery of the Bonanza copper ore deposit from which developed the Kennecott Copper Corporation and Alaska's second largest privately financed construction project—the Kennecott mines and the Copper River & Northwestern Railway.

At the height of the Klondike gold rush in 1898 the U.S. Army became engaged in attempts to find a route into the interior of Alaska which would provide an "all-American" route to the Yukon River and the Klondike gold fields.

Captain W.R. Abercrombie headed a military reconnaissance party known as the Copper

River Exploring Expedition based in Valdez. One of the civilian guides attached to the party was Stephen Birch who would later become president of the Kennecott Corporation.

Birch was assigned to Lieutenant P.G. Lowe's expedition which successfully worked out a route over the Valdez and Klutina glaciers to the Klutina River, eventually reaching Copper Center in July 1898. This tent town became a jumping off point for prospectors heading to places ranging from the Klondike to the Nizina River. This glacier route had been abandoned by area Natives years before as too difficult and would soon be replaced by a military road over Thompson Pass. But it was through this early trail that the McClellan group would enter the

Copper valley—and among these were the locators of the Bonanza claims.

The McClellan group and another party led by B.F. Millard sought out Chief Nicolai at Taral, across the Copper River from present day Chitina. They were seeking the source of copper bullets that Chief Nicolai had shown to Lieutenant Allen in an earlier expedition. This led to the acquisition of the Nicolai Mine, which in itself, though somewhat spectacular, was to prove economically insignificant—but which would lead to the discovery by Clarence Warner and Jack Smith, of the McClellan group, of the Bonanza copper outcropping. Chittyna Exploration Company, which was formed to develop the Nicolai Mine, would later claim that it

had grubstaked Smith and Warner, bringing on one of many lawsuits which would plague the Kennecott developers.

The McClellan group lacked capital to develop the Bonanza and other nearby claims, including the Jumbo. Knowing that Stephen Birch, recently of the Abercrombie expedition, was still in Valdez and that he was associated with monied interests who were seeking mineral investments, Jack Smith contacted him seeking money for development.

Those potential investors were Henry Havemeyer and James Ralph. The Havemeyer family had used connections to get Birch assigned to the Abercrombie expedition, but Birch was also sent to seek investment opportunities. Birch had enough confidence in the McClellan group reports to begin negotiating with the prospectors before even investigating the claims. One of the eleven claimants, Dan Kain, contacted Birch to sell him half of his part of the interest immediately. Kain would later locate gold placer claims for Stephen Birch on a tributary of the Nizina River which would then be named Dan Creek in his honor. Dan Kain also assisted Birch in his negotiations with the other members of the group. The investors formed the Alaska Copper Company with Birch as its head in 1901 to pursue and purchase the 45 claims and to assess the mining potential in the upper Chitina and Nizina River areas for both gold and copper.

The Chittyna Exploration Company filed suit against Alaska Copper Company in 1903 for an interest in the claims. This slowed development, especially of the railroad which would

be absolutely necessary for access to the mines. Judge James Wickersham of Alaska's third judicial district ultimately decided the case in favor of Alaska Copper, thus gaining favor with Stephen Birch. Birch had already become a power in his own right and was able to influence the reappointment of Wickersham to the judgeship in 1904 despite significant U.S. Senate opposition.

Now it became necessary to determine a route and line up financial support for a tidewater to interior railway. Believing that the Childs and Miles glaciers blocked access to the Copper River, Birch chose the port of Valdez in the summer of 1904 as the start of the proposed line.

There were four applications for authority to build railroads using Valdez as the tidewater. These had nothing to do with the mines, but were proposals into the interior. The following railroad companies filed for construction permits from the port of Valdez under the Act of May 14, 1898 prior to the Copper River & Northwestern Railway: Akron, Sterling and Northern Railroad Company, to build from the head of Valdez Bay via Marshall Pass to Eagle City (1900); the Valdez, Marshall Pass & Northern Railroad Company, to Eagle City (1904); and the Valdez-Yukon Railroad Company, also to Eagle City (1906). All of these routes had to be relinquished before the Copper River & Northwestern Railway could gain access to the Keystone Canyon right-of-way. It was the last of these, the Valdez-Yukon RR which had brought in the 4-6-0 Rogers locomotive which was later sold to Michael Heney, the builder of

the CR&NW from Cordova to Kennecott, to become engine number 50—the oldest engine on the line and the one shown in the famous photo of the driving of the copper spike.

The Copper River & Northwestern Railway filed for two construction permits in 1906. The first, known as the Tonsina route, basically followed the government trail from Valdez. This route had the most difficult grades, crossing Thompson Pass and then Ernestine divide, then on to the Tonsina River, finally on down to the Copper River. The second and chosen route followed Lowe River to its head, crossed Marshall Pass and followed the Tasnuna River to the Copper.

In lining up the financial support, Stephen Birch succeeded in combining the financial and railroad interests of the J.P. Morgans with the mining and smelting interests of the Guggenheims into a megapartnership known as the Alaska Syndicate. The Syndicate began with an agreement to invest ten million dollars, and with this capital obtained the Kennecott mines, the CR & NW Railway, the Alaska Steamship Company and other interests which eventually included the only other significant copper mine in Alaska, the Beatson on LaTouche Island in Prince William Sound.

The Alaska Syndicate had barely begun development of its Valdez line when its attention turned to a small fishing village on Controller Bay named Katalla. In 1905 a coal rush of sorts had occurred as a result of a new coal law designed for Alaska which enabled individual claims of 160 acres and combinations of claims to 640 acres. Although this legal limitation

was far too small, many illegal claim combination agreements developed, including the Cunningham claims. The lure of nearby coal for railroad and copper mine developers was obvious. The Syndicate abandoned its rockwork in Keystone Canyon, leaving deputy Marshall Edward Hasey in charge of protecting the right-of-way should it be needed in the future.

Valdez was left abandoned without a railroad and was ripe for the likes of the con artist H.D. Reynolds who encouraged the town people to place their own savings and credit into an ill-conceived Alaska Home Railroad. Reynolds actually raised \$106,000 locally. The first railroad equipment for the proposed narrow gauge arrived in September 1907, and crews began working toward Keystone Canyon where CR & NW men still occupied the right-of-way. Reynolds thought he could deal with the Syndicate, believing they would pay him a substantial sum to halt work rather than face lengthy legal proceedings. The Syndicate was already involved in the Katalla operation and refused to deal with Reynolds.

When Reynolds sent his men into the canyon in a desperate attempt to force the issue, the "battle of Keystone Canyon" became inevitable. In a mob rush of the Keystone Canyon barricades placed there by the CR & NW workers, several were injured and one was killed in the shootings which followed. Ill feelings against the Syndicate resulted, and this would only be the beginning. It did not help matters that the Alaska Home Railway failed, leaving the workers owed some \$30,000, the local merchants another

\$20,000 and liabilities in Seattle at \$75,000. In addition, a bank brought in and headed by Reynolds also failed leaving large liabilities. Reynolds eventually was caught and convicted of using the mail to defraud, but much of the ill will would be reserved for the Alaska Syndicate.

In 1906 President Theodore Roosevelt withdrew all Alaska coal fields that had not been legally filed upon by executive order. The withdrawal was justified as a means to conserve natural resources and prevent monopolies. The question was: "Why just coal lands?" Was this the result of

tration were largely conceived by Roosevelt's chief forester, Gifford Pinchot. He proved to be a natural propagandist who believed that the end justified the means. He believed in a policy of holding as many public lands as possible from development. He especially wanted to close down all the Bering River coal claims and place the area under his newly formed Forest Service. He was, to this end, able to convince Roosevelt into creating the Chugach National Forest in 1907 with boundaries which included virtually all the coal lands.

Pinchot especially disliked

"The conservation policies of the Theodore Roosevelt administration were largely conceived by Roosevelt's chief forester, Gifford Pinchot. He proved to be a natural propagandist who believed that the end justified the means."

Eastern coal trusts trying to hold on to their west coast markets by prevailing on the President to withdraw potential coal fields thus maintaining their own monopolies?

The withdrawal limited coal mining to those claims filed in the preceding two years, which included the twenty seven Cunningham claims. The Syndicate took an option on those claims as the means for coal access—half interest in the claims for \$250,000. The commissioner of the Central land Office, Richard A. Ballinger, was prepared to approve the Cunningham patents but an idealistic investigator, Louis Glavis, objected that the claims should not be approved.

The conservation policies of the Theodore Roosevelt adminis-

tration were largely conceived by Roosevelt's chief forester, Gifford Pinchot. He proved to be a natural propagandist who believed that the end justified the means. He believed in a policy of holding as many public lands as possible from development. He especially wanted to close down all the Bering River coal claims and place the area under his newly formed Forest Service. He was, to this end, able to convince Roosevelt into creating the Chugach National Forest in 1907 with boundaries which included virtually all the coal lands. Pinchot especially disliked Richard Ballinger, who as head of the Central land Office had tried to get many of the coal claims to patent. When Howard Taft succeeded Theodore Roosevelt as President, he appointed Ballinger to the post of Secretary of Interior. Pinchot saw Ballinger as far too pro-development and was determined to discredit Ballinger. Then Louis Glavis, who had become a dupe of the conservation forces, handed Gifford Pinchot the ammunition he needed when Glavis found evidence of the secret agreement behind the Cunningham claims—which combined more than four claims, contrary to the 1904 coal law. Pinchot claimed that Ballinger had knowledge of the agreement, that the agreement was fraudulent, and that Ballen-

ger had tried to get the claims to patent without proper investigation—probably in collusion with the Guggenheims. He brought his “evidence” first to President Taft and later to the public through articles in *Collier's Magazine*. Even though subsequent investigations cleared Ballinger of the various accusations, the effect of the controversy was to freeze any Congressional or Presidential actions regarding Alaska coal.

There was already a natural fear among many Alaskans of any large monopoly, and the Alaska Syndicate certainly seemed to fit the bill. With the Keystone Canyon “massacre,” Judge Wickersham found his own cause. The good judge had offered his services to the

second largest fish packing association and much of the mercantile business on the Seward Peninsula centering on Nome. Now Wickersham would claim that the Syndicate was attempting to monopolize the Bering coal fields through the Cunningham claims, and that the Syndicate had controlling interests of all the railroads going into Alaska's interior, which also included the Alaska Central Railroad at Seward and the White Pass and Yukon at Skagway. None of this was true, but little did the truth matter. Like the great trust-buster and radical conservationist Gifford Pinchot, yellow press ally James Wickersham was not concerned about the truth as long as he could discredit the Syndicate.

Northwestern Steamship Company, forerunner to the Alaska Steamship Company guaranteed this vital link. While the CR & NW Railway was only profitable for a few years when the rich ores were being shipped, the Alaska Steamship was always profitable while owned by the mining concerns. The line controlled 15 steamers totaling 28,160 tons, making it the largest fleet of its kind operating exclusively in Alaska. The new company operated four routes that made it highly visible in Alaska: Seattle to Skagway, Seattle to Seward, Seattle to Nome and the mail run from Seward to Unalaska.

The Guggenheims already had a lock on the smelter business, and had acquired one at Tacoma which was built in 1890 to process lead, gold and silver and modified in 1905 for copper reduction. Alternate plans called for constructing a smelter along the Copper River at CRNW mile 40, which would also serve as the branch line to Katalla and the Bering River coal fields. The assumed availability of Alaska coal combined with a nearby smelter would greatly reduce the costs of copper production and would also make possible the mining of lower grade ores. It has been estimated that the use of the Bering River coals might have made possible up to 5,000 jobs in the Chitina and Copper River valleys as railroad freight costs would have been significantly reduced. Combined with access to the proposed smelter, many marginal mining operations would have been made possible.

Meanwhile in Washington D.C. opposing forces were at work. That young, idealistic investigator for the

“Pinchot took the developing controversy and furnished misleading information from government files to the newspapers to advance his cause.”

Syndicate as legal counsel, and much to their ultimate regret, he was turned down. He then ran for Alaska delegate to Congress as an anti-monopoly and particularly an anti-Syndicate politician. The Syndicate countered on election day of 1908, rather foolishly, by loading flat cars with railroaders, bringing them in to Cordova to vote, and coaching them to vote against Wickersham. The Cordova voters rejected the tactics and helped assure Wickersham's victory. Now the Syndicate had an outspoken antagonist with a national pulpit.

The Syndicate already controlled Alaska Steamship, the CR & NW Railroad, the Kennecott mines, Alaska's

It is true that the Syndicate had made some regrettable moves, especially in regard to the Cordova voting incident, but there was never any intention to dominate Alaska's resources or politics. The Guggenheims were only interested in developing very large mines. The Bonanza proved to be just such a prospect, and this required the building of a vertical monopoly, as there was no existing infrastructure to deliver the copper to market. There was no railroad—or indeed any form of overland transportation available until the Syndicate stepped forward with the capital to build it. Then it was necessary to assure uninterrupted delivery of the ore from Cordova to the states.

The acquisition of the

Central land Office, Louis Glavis, had become a willing accomplice of the great conservationist agitator Gifford Pinchot. It was Glavis at the direction of Pinchot who sought to undermine the Secretary of the Interior Ballinger with a very one-sided report to President Taft. After consulting with his Attorney General, Taft concluded that Glavis had an exaggerated notion of his own importance and was advancing a personal agenda (as was certainly the case with Pinchot) by embracing "only shreds of suspicions without any substantial evidence to sustain his attack."

Investigator Glavis was fired for "unjustly impeaching the official integrity of his superior officers" while Ballinger was exonerated. But it did not end there. When Gifford Pinchot had Glavis rehash his accusations in *Colliers*, he pursued the theme that perhaps the Guggenheims were actually running the Interior Department. Interior Secretary Ballinger threatened to sue *Colliers* for libel, and the magazine hired a flamboyant attorney named Louis Brandeis to defend Glavis's articles. Brandeis proved himself the master of the ultimate red herring, and was able to spread so many accusations that Ballinger finally gave up and resigned his post.

He even defied his boss, Howard Taft, and contacted members of Congress directly without clearing the information. For this the chief forester was finally fired. Pinchot, who was a dedicated Teddy Roosevelt conservationist, contacted his former boss, who was on safari in Africa, to let him know that Taft was violating the conservationist and anti-monopolist principles Roosevelt stood for, and that he

should return to once again run for President.

When a terrific storm in the fall of 1907 reduced the breakwater and docks at Katalla to complete destruction, a million dollars of rock work was gone, and so were the hopes of making Katalla the railroad port. The Syndicate had already purchased work started by Michael Heney, the builder of that other "impossible" project, the White Pass and Yukon Railway. The same financial backers of that earlier successful railroad, the Close Brothers of London, also had backed Heney in Orca, (which he renamed Cordova) knowing that eventually the Syndicate would have to purchase the rights for access up the Copper River.

Even with this development, the possibility was held open for using Alaskan coal. The branch line at CRNW mile 40 was surveyed. Other surveys included extensions to Chena, (at that time the Tanana River terminal for the Tanana Valley Railroad) with the branch line to Fairbanks, an extension to other developing coal fields in the Matanuska Valley. Several other lesser spur lines would later be contemplated. One line would follow the Kuskulana at least as far as the North Midas mine, and another would extend up McCarthy Creek to the promising Motherlode mine. In the end, all of these would become historical curiosities of undeveloped dreams, for there would be no coal.

The rich coal lands of the Bering River would become forever buried under the bureaucracy of the Forest Service as it remains today. Although some oil fields were developed near Katalla, production was

low, and a refinery fire in 1934 spelled the end for what little remained of Katalla. Along the Bering River rests an ancient saddletank locomotive and a couple of open freight cars on track remaining from the last railroad there—the Alaska Anthracite Railroad. With 22 miles of completed track, it was the only railroad to actually reach the coal fields. It was a victim of the Forest Service system of leasing brought on by Gifford Pinchot—too little tonnage and thus economically unfeasible.

One of the frequently heard complaints along the CR & NW Railway line, especially at McCarthy, was of the high cost of shipping over the railroad. There were no realistic alternatives, and, by comparison, tariff rates for passengers were 12.5 cents per mile compared to about 2 to 4 cents per mile in the states. Freight rates per ton/mile were 3.5 to 14.5 cents compared to about one cent stateside. Of course, imported coal cost \$15.00 and up, whereas local coal should have cost about \$3.00 a ton. In addition, the presence of the large coal fields so close to the CR & NW would have naturally meant that a ready market would have been available in Fairbanks and elsewhere to the north with the extension of the railroad, thus bringing overall costs down. An extension to Chena/Fairbanks was estimated to cost \$15 to \$20 million. Considering that the whole cost of the original 195 miles from Cordova to Kenecott was \$23,500,000, the extra cost was relatively economical, for the extreme cost of crossing the coast range and the glaciers had already been expended. The surveyed grade into the north presented no

unusual difficulties. Permits to Eagle City and to Chena/Fairbanks were applied for by the CR & NW in 1905 and 1906. Knowing all this, one can begin to imagine the tremendous loss to commerce that the withdrawal of the Bering River coal fields represented for all of the territory of Alaska.

With the completion of the CR & NW Railway in 1911, the company shifted to locomotives run by bunker "C" oil. Some of the older locomotives were left as coal burners because the heavy bunker oil did not do well in extreme cold, but the basic line was now an oil system. Originally, the coal came from British Columbia, but a Cordova "tea party" put an end to that, and Utah coal, which was far more expensive to ship had to be used. The bunker oil came from California refineries, and for purposes of running the existing railway, was the most economical choice.

So in the zealous effort to "conserve" coal resources—at least this is what the proponents claimed—and to prevent monopolistic practices, the coal industry of the Bering River never materialized, the smelter

was not built, no branch lines or extensions on the CR & NW were constructed, and many marginal mines died a quick death. The lack of access to coal could not stop development of the great Kennecott mines, for the ore was simply too rich and there was too much of it. But the members of the Syndicate learned that doing business in Alaska was not

ed out and abandoned the Kennecott site, leaving behind also 195 miles of track and bridges, now written off. The right-of-way to this line was passed on to the territorial government, and in 1942 the U.S. Army began tearing up the tracks. Kennecott had become a ghost town over night, and McCarthy soon followed, especially when the entire

"So in the zealous effort to 'conserve' coal resources—at least this is what the proponents claimed—and to prevent monopolistic practices, the coal industry of the Bering River never materialized, the smelter was not built, no branch lines or extensions on the CR & NW were constructed, and many marginal mines died a quick death."

nearly as desirable as operating in foreign countries such as Chile. In fact, the huge profits made in Alaska at both Kennecott and LaTouche Island were used to develop the great Braden Mine in Chile and to buy low grade copper mines in the states.

Kennecott abandoned the worked out Beatson and Girdwood mines on LaTouche Island in 1930. By 1938 they had work-

downtown core burned up in 1940. Only the still profitable Alaska Steamship as the last remnant of Syndicate activities still operating business section remained behind in Alaska. In 1944, the Kennecott Corporation sold off their interest in the line, and the last legacy of the Alaska Syndicate—the phantom monster which threatened to completely dominate Alaska—was now history.

Wrangell-St. Elias gets Web Site <http://www.nps.gov/wrst>

BY RICK KENYON

Wrangell-St. Elias National Park and Preserve (WRST) now has its own Site on the World Wide Web. People with access to the Web can get basic information about WRST at <http://www.nps.gov/wrst>.

When I logged on June 23, a message told me I was visitor 1788 since March 10, 1997—apparently the date the Site was activated. (It looks like the Site

may get more visitors than the Park!)

A click on the VISIT OUR EXPANDED WEB PAGES link takes you to the Wrangell-St. Elias Electronic Visitor Center. There you can get a map, information on access regulations, backpacking, trip planning, hunting and fishing, public cabins, and much more. Several nice pictures enhance several of

the pages.

The Site is already a bit outdated as it lists the trams as the only access across the Kennicott River.

If you are interested in this area (which you are or you would not be reading this) and you have access to the Internet, (if you don't, you should!) you will enjoy browsing the many pages in this Site.

Biologist back to work after bear mauling

BY RICK KENYON

Kristen Bartecchi, a 25 year old biologist for the Biological Resources Division of the U.S. Geological Survey is back to work and reported to be in good spirits after being attacked and

mauled by a grizzly bear on May 27 of this year.

Bartecchi and her research partner Dan Ruthrauff were counting birds near Chokosna when the attack took place. The

pair were not armed, but Bartecchi reportedly tried stopping the bear by spraying red-pepper-based bear spray three times as it attacked her.

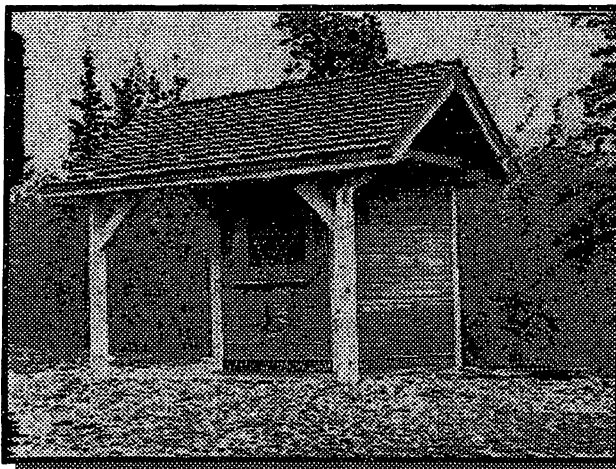
New NPS rest rooms and Kiosk at end of McCarthy Road

Local resident Kris Reuter can often be found dispensing information to visitors at the new Kiosk near the end of the McCarthy Road. This is the first time the Park Service has had a representative near McCarthy on a regular basis. Two new

outhouse type restrooms are available for use on the Glacier Road, just beyond the Kiosk.

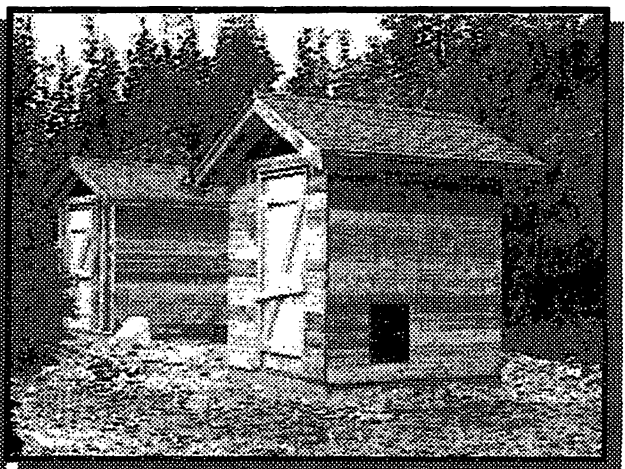
This is one of the few places that federal land is directly accessible from the McCarthy Road. Visitors who desire primitive, unimproved camp

sites can camp along the road, which winds around the base of Fireweed Mountain to the glacier. Check with Kris on the road condition as it becomes unpassable when wet. There are no fees for camping in this area.



WSEN staff photo

NPS Kiosk near end of McCarthy Road



WSEN staff photo

New NPS rest rooms near Kiosk

Kennicott-McCarthy Wilderness Guides

*"In the heart of the
Wrangell Mountains"*

Chris Richards
Box #1, Kennicott via Glennallen, Ak 99588
(907) 554-4444

McCarthy-Kennicott Tours & Transportation



BACKCOUNTRY CONNECTION

Scheduled Van Service & Day Trips

P.O. Box 243 Glennallen, Ak 99588
Phone or FAX (907) 822-5292

Land Manager Group meets in McCarthy

BY ED LACHAPPELLE

A distinguished group of visitors paid a brief visit to McCarthy and Kennicott on June 12th and 13th. The Alaska Land Managers Forum is a recently formed body of Federal, State and Native agencies exploring ways to coordinate land management issues throughout the State of Alaska. Six months ago the ALMF designated a sub-committee co-chaired by Tom Brigham (DOT/PF), Bob Barbee (NPS) and Darryl Jordan (Ahtna, Inc.) to examine evolving tourism in the Copper River Basin and Wrangell Mountains. After several organizing sessions, the sub-committee undertook its first field activity by visiting the McCarthy area. This group, joined by several other interested parties including

members of the Governor's TRAAK Board, drove in the McCarthy Road on Thursday, toured Kennicott that evening, stayed at the Kennicott Lodge and visited McCarthy the next morning for a brief and informal meeting with local residents.

Although the community had very short notice of this event, several local residents managed to turn out at 8:30 Friday morning at Ed LaChapelle and Meg Hunt's house to meet the fifteen-member group. Exploring topics of mutual interest, locals and visitors engaged in a lively discussion covering road issues, trails, and perspectives on tourism. The dialog was constructive, leading to some valuable help for the McCarthy Area Council in dealing with State agencies.

The visiting group consisted

of the following people:

Jon Jarvis, Superintendent, Wrangell-St. Elias National Park
 Vicki Snitzler, Planner, Wrangell-St. Elias National Park
 Bob Barbee, Alaska Regional Director, National Park Service
 Carol Barbee, Wendy Wolf, Alaska Division of Tourism
 Sally Gibert, Alan Phipps, Alaska Division of Governmental Coordination
 Dennis Brandon, CIRI Vice President for Tourism
 Bob Engelbrecht, President, Alaska Visitors Association
 Frankie Pfillant, Juneau Trails advocate
 Helen Nienhauser, Chair, TRAAK Board
 Lee Johnson, E. J. Hilker, Austin Helmers, TRAAK Board
 Odin Brudie, TRAAK Board (DOT/PF representative)

What others are saying

Build it and they will come

"Some of the problems associated with tourism are already emerging in several areas of Alaska: Residents of McCarthy, inside Wrangell-St. Elias National Park, feel not only the benefits, but also the pressures and demands of increased visitation... The very nature of those communities and their residents' lifestyles are being changed."

Alaska Conservation Foundation Dispatch — Spring 1997

Alaska's Spine Tingling Sites

"For a trip off the beaten path into a pristine wilderness setting, venture to the Wrangell-St. Elias National Park and Preserve. Here spectacular views of mountains and glaciers merge with the rich mining history of the area to make it an ideal destination for outdoor enthusiasts seeking a short weekend escape."

"From McCarthy, you can continue on to Kennicott, a mining ghost town that still bears vestiges of the once-thriving copper mine that

attracted prospectors to the area. Then, at the end of McCarthy Road, there is a tram with a pulley system across the Kennicott River. Once you've reached the other side, you can use the CB radio there to call the Kennicott Glacier Lodge for shuttle service to the lodge. A foot-traffic suspension bridge is being built across the river; completion is expected this summer."

"Our expert travel agents will be happy to help plan your ghost-town-and-glacier trip."

AAA's Car & Travel magazine — May/June 1997

Wrangell-St. Elias to be "laboratory" says NPCA

BY RICK KENYON

Writing in NPCA's *National Parks* May/June 1997 issue, Chip Dennerlein, who is Regional Director of National Parks and Conservation Association (NPCA) had this to say:

"NPCA is working with the Alaska Land Managers forum, which includes Alaska Native landowners and representatives of state and federal land-management agencies, to focus on the future of Wrangell-St. Elias National Park. Within the 13-million-acre park are nearly 1 million acres of Native land claims, more than 1,400 right-of-way claims, and nearly 700 mining claims. The park has no NPS visitor center, trails, or rest

rooms. Dennerlein says Wrangell-St. Elias will be a 'laboratory' for management in the 11 parks created in the 1980 Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act. Plans are under way for the park's backcountry, scenic McCarthy road corridor, and other projects."

Since I have visited the NPS visitor center in Copper Center many times, have walked on the trails in the park and used the rest rooms at the end of the McCarthy Road, I phoned Mr. Dennerlein and asked him where he got the information for his article. He said that what he *meant* was that the visitor's center is too small, the trails are not groomed and

maintained by NPS, and that there are not enough rest rooms in the Park.

Asked about the "more than 1,400 right-of-way claims," (there are about 110) Dennerlein said that was a typographical error—he meant to say 1,400 *miles* of right-of-way.

Mr. Dennerlein promised a correction in a future issue of *National Parks*.

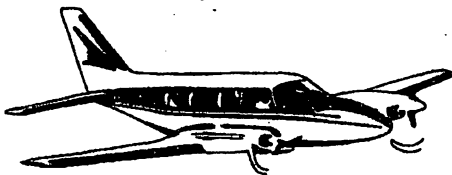
I forgot to ask him what he meant by laboratory — I hope he did not mean a place where they plan to experiment on us. We wouldn't want to end up being a bunch of boiled frogs!*

*see editorial WSEN July/August 1996.

**Sharing food with another human being is an intimate act that should not be indulged in lightly.* — M. F. K. Fisher

Scheduled Air Service from Anchorage to McCarthy with stopover in Gulkana!

**Now you can leave Anchorage at 8:30 on Wednesday or Friday morning and arrive in Gulkana at 9:45, McCarthy at 11:00. Or, you can leave McCarthy at 11:15 and be back in Anchorage by 2:00pm the same day! (Leaves Gulkana at 12:45)
This service is year around.**



RESPONSIBILITY FOR DEPARTURES, ARRIVALS, CONNECTIONS.

Ellis Air will not be responsible for damages resulting from the failure of flights to depart or arrive at times stated in this timetable, nor for errors herein, nor for failure to make connections to other airlines or of this company. Schedules are subject to change without notice. Schedules shown are based on expected flying times. Because weather and other factors may affect operating conditions, departures and arrivals cannot be guaranteed.

Rates:

Gulkana/McCarthy	\$56*
McCarthy/Gulkana	\$56*
Gulkana/MayCreek	\$60
May Creek/Gulkana	\$60
Anchorage/Gulkana	\$105*
Gulkana/Anchorage	\$105*

* Ask about special round-trip rates
Baggage allowance 40 lbs.
(charge for excess baggage)

Rates do not include tax @ 10%

Ellis Air Taxi, Inc.

**Phone 822-3368
800-478-3368**

Gulkana Airfield Box 106, Glennallen, AK 99588

Repeater site still plagued with problems

BY RICK KENYON

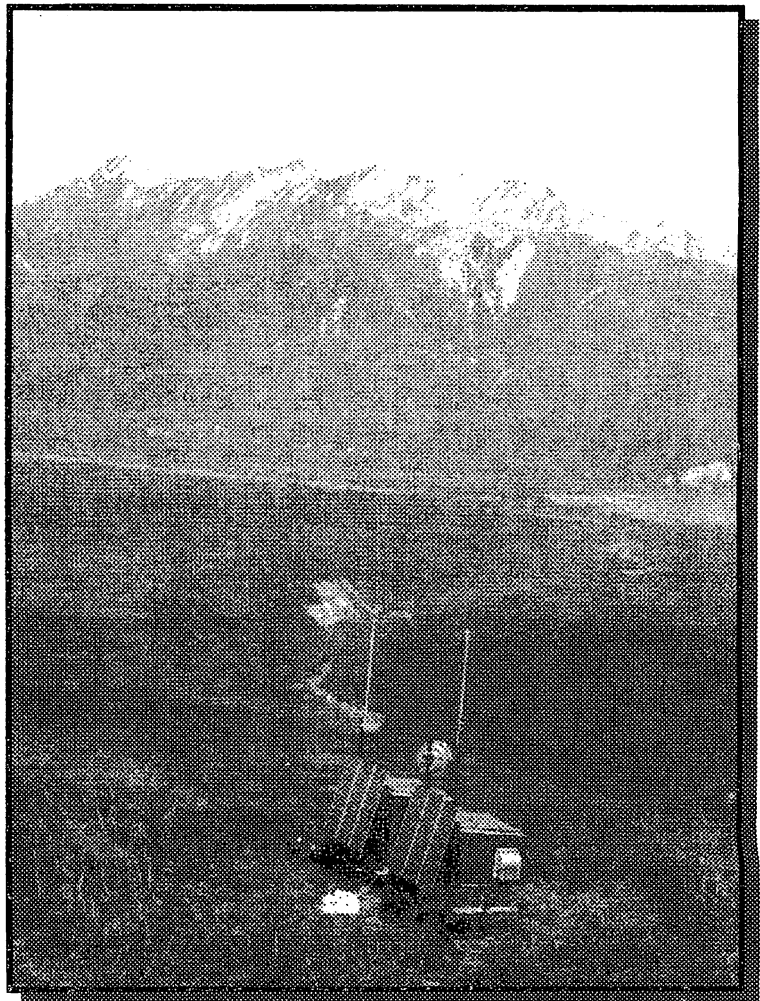
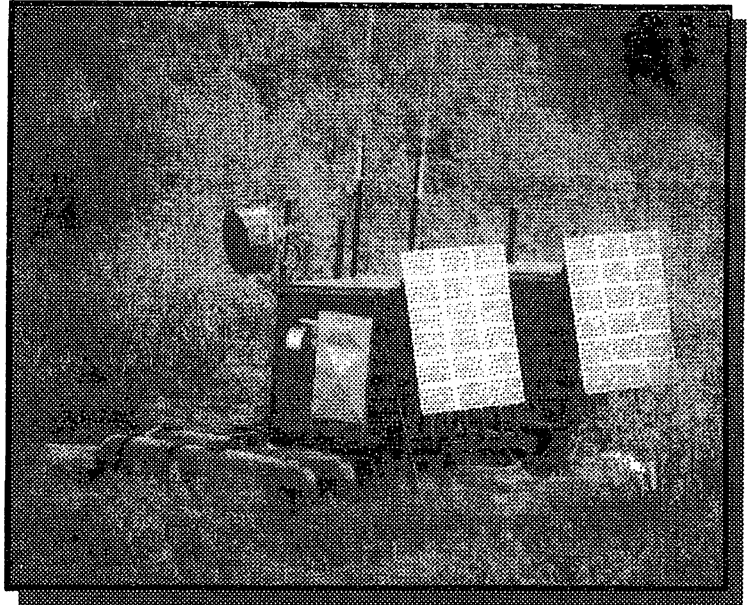
Scheduled to be operational by last February, the telephone repeater site on Sourdough Ridge is still turned off as we go to press.

Copper Valley Telephone Co-op technicians, as well as those from the company who did the installation, New Horizons, have made numerous trips to McCarthy and to the repeater site, (which is only accessible by helicopter in the summer) trying to “de-bug” the system. Each time the site is activated, a flurry of complaints from local telephone users whose phones suddenly do not work have caused them to shut it back down.

This past month several technicians from the company who made the equipment arrived from California. Reports are that progress has been made, but if you are driving the McCarthy Road or going into the outlying areas around McCarthy, better not count on telephone service just yet.

Top photo: Massive solar arrays dwarf the two buildings that house the telephone equipment, propane generators, and invertors. Propane storage tanks for the generators are at the left of buildings.

“Transport of the mails, transport of the human voice, transport of flickering pictures—in this century as in others our highest accomplishments still have the single aim of bringing men together.” —Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

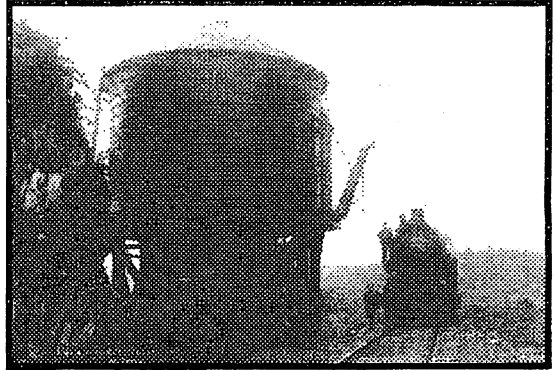


Photos courtesy Nancy Ferrell

Judging by the view, the site should give good telephone coverage to the outlying areas—when it finally is turned on.

They're here! Copper River & Northwestern Railway

1998 CALENDARS!



Water tower at Alameda Station, near Cordova. These 55,000 gallon tanks were placed at frequent intervals to meet the needs of a dozen steam engines that regularly traveled the railway.

F. C. Wood Co.
M.D. 2004
Printed in Alaska

High quality
calendars printed on
card stock. 12 laser
printed photographs
— many never before
published.

February 1998						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

Available at: Willow Herb Mt. Depot (McCarthy)
McCarthy Gift Shop
Copper Valley Historical Society (Copper Center Museum)
Cordova Historical Society (Cordova Museum)
Charlie's Alaska Trains (Anchorage)

These make great gifts!

For mail orders send \$10 for each calendar plus \$1.50 s&h per order to:
WSEN Calendars McCarthy #42 Box MXY Glennallen, AK 99588

Good News from the Wrangells

BY BONNIE KENYON

Part 2 "Preparing for the move north"

What does a Florida girl know about packing for a move to Alaska? Not much, believe me! A house full of "stuff" to sell, give away or keep stared me in the face wherever I looked. It is interesting the things I found extremely important to me at that time. My washing machine was the hardest item to part with. A girlfriend had already spoken for it but I kept putting her off with the excuse I still needed it. Overwhelmed by the enormous job before me, I bowed my head in prayer and asked the Lord to help me determine my priorities. In my heart, I heard Him counsel me to call my girlfriend and tell her to come get the washer as soon as possible. What a relief that one phone call brought to me! I immediately felt like someone just relieved me of a much-too-heavy backpack. Suddenly all our material possessions were no longer "too" important, and I discovered I could hardly get rid of them quickly enough.

In February 1976 my husband Rick, our 9 year old son, Rick Jr. and I began seriously looking for a vehicle and a travel trailer. We visited several trailer distributors in our home town of Sarasota and were told Rolls International made the best insulated trailer for the northern climates. A salesman showed us through a beautiful 29 ft. model on display but when we saw the price tag, our dream "Rolls" seemed beyond our grasp. The layout

and color scheme was a woman's delight. I recall asking the salesman if they had a "used" one for sale. You would have thought I had asked for the moon, by the look on his face. "You'll never find a used "Rolls," he said.

Rick must have sensed my disappointment as we drove out of the parking lot. He suggested we eat lunch at a nearby restaurant. I recall praying and telling the Lord I would trust Him for what we needed and look to Him as our source.

Rick suggested we stop by another trailer sales we had checked at the beginning of our search. Sitting at the back of the lot was none other than a 29 ft. "used" Rolls International travel trailer! I'm sure you can imagine our excitement as we quickly sought out a salesman. Finding one, we asked if we could look inside it. He said he really didn't want to show it yet because it had JUST come in and needed a thorough cleaning before being put on the lot. It took some doing but we managed to talk him into letting us see inside. The salesman had not exaggerated the condition of the trailer. Without a doubt it was in dire need of some tender loving care, but the floor layout and color scheme was the same as the new model! We looked at each other and KNEW this was OUR next home—on wheels.

That trailer served well as our home for about a year. My memory of that special gift from God serves as a humbling reminder that God not only meets my needs but also my

desires—whenever I let Him!

"Father, let me hold your hand and like a child, walk with you down all my days, secure in Your love and strength."
Inspirational spot—KNOM

McCarthy-Kennicott

Community Church update

Sunday, May 18, began our summer services in the church. We want to thank the following people for their love and generosity: Rans and Chris Kennicott of Oakton, Va. for their donation of 24 more hymnals which arrived just in time! New Hope Worship Assembly of Donalsonville, Ga., Neta Schafer, Carl and Virginia Kenyon of Daytona Beach, FL. for the 2 dozen Bibles which just arrived on our last mail plane! Martin and Mollie Flack and Sapa Greenhouses of nearby Kenny Lake for the beautiful flowers and heartfelt thanks to Carly Kritchlen, Kay Houghton and Lynn Welty for helping me plant them!

A group of 24 people comprised of local residents, seasonal employees and tourists gathered on Sunday, June 15 to hear Martin and Mollie Flack speak and share their faith. Thank you, Martin and Mollie, for leaving your home at Kenny Lake early enough to make it in time to fellowship with us. We appreciate you both!

It is always encouraging to hear how faith in the Lord Jesus Christ makes a difference in a person's everyday life. Andy Adams, West Point cadet, and son of John Adams, was here for a short visit during the second week of June. On Sunday, June

8, Andy freely testified how God is taking care of him through the challenges at West Point and being so far from home. We are very proud of you, Andy!

A church building dedication service will be held

at the McCarthy-Kennicott Community Church on Sunday, July 27, at 10:00 a.m. Everyone is welcome to come help us celebrate!

Inquiry: We are in need of a carpet layer who could give us a

hand installing our recently purchased carpet for the church. If you can help us or know someone who can, please call Rick Kenyon at 554-4454. Thank you!

KENYON SERVICES

FAX SERVICE—\$5 FIRST PAGE \$1 EA. ADDITIONAL PAGE COPIES & DUPLICATING SERVICE FLYERS & BROCHURES



Special

500 third-page flyers printed on card stock
Only \$30—Including layout! (offer ends July 31)

554-4454

Kenyon Services — Rick & Bonnie Kenyon
McCarthy # 42, Box MXY, Glennallen AK 99588

Kenny Lake Mercantile

RV Park—Water & Sewer Dump for Campers—Hotel

Laundry and Showers

Patty Ryan's "Silver Fox Cafe"

Propane-Hardware-Gas-Grocery-Auto Parts-Feed

Phone 822-9863 Mile 7.5 Edgerton Hwy. May 31-Sept. 30 Hours 9-9 7 days a week

MCCARTHY CREEK OUTFITTERS

Horseback trips into the Wrangell-St. Elias National Park

Leave McCarthy by horseback, following the old wagon road to the Green Butte Mine. Spend two days at Green Butte exploring the surrounding area or just relaxing at our log lodge, built circa 1916.

We can customize trips to meet your needs.

Family Operated
Licensed-Insured-Experienced
Professional Alaskan Outfitters for 15 years
(907) 822-3410

Copper Oar

Get Out Into The Park

Copper Oar Adventures invites you to explore the Wrangell-St. Elias National Park on fully guided wilderness floats and hikes. Check out our full day float and flightsee, or our multi-day hike/float combos.

Located on the west side of the Kennicott River, near the new footbridge. Walk-ins welcome.

1-800-523-4453, or in McCarthy 554-4453
howmoz@aol.com
Howard Mozen Owner/Guide
McCarthy Box MXY, Glennallen, AK 99588

Silk Stocking Air



Glacier Flightseeing Air Taxi Charters Remote Drop offs

Located in Kennicott
#13 Silk Stocking Row

Michael P. McCarthy
McCarthy #4, Box MXY
Glennallen, Alaska 99588
email silkair@aol.com
907-554-4469

Historic Kennicott Bed and Breakfast

Come experience the Wrangell St. Elias Park while staying in our 1918 Kennicott Mine house. We are located on Silk Stocking Row in the Old Town of Kennicott.

Your hosts Michael P. McCarthy and Laura Bunnell welcome you.

Call or write for Information
907-554-4469

Historic Kennicott Bed and Breakfast
McCarthy #4 Box MXY
Glennallen, Alaska 99588
email kennicotbb@aol.com

OUR TOWN

July 1922 August

PERSONAL

Harry Boyden, Bill Wyers and H. Devlin arrived from Chisana yesterday with 24 head of pack stock which have been wintering on the range at Horsefeldt.

Bill Berry and Ben Jackson who left April 1st on a trip to the interior, returned to McCarthy on Thursday. They traveled over the trail from McCarthy to Chisana by dog team where they built a boat and went down the Tanana landing at McCarty on the Fairbanks trail, where they took an automobile to Chitina and then traveled by train from Chitina to McCarthy.

Jack O'Neill had a marvelous escape last Wednesday evening from what might have been a serious accident. Driving the red car from the warehouse up 2nd St. the machine skidded at the culvert and overturned, pinning him under the car. Fortunately Billy Urlass was close at hand & ran to his assistance so Jack was able to crawl out with a bad cut on the head and a severe jolting. A box of dynamite was in the car and many sticks were smashed.

George Maxwell and partner who have been prospecting in the vicinity of the Kiagna River arrived in town last night.

On account of the high water in the Chitina River they built a raft at the mouth of the Kiagna to make the crossings. Taking their rifles, bedding and supplies they towed the raft

safely about fifteen miles but just below Henagator's cabin the towline broke and the raft was wrecked in a bad eddy, their belongings a total loss. Another chapter of bad luck for the prospector.

An ideal place to spend a short holiday is up on the Nicolai, where the stream affords excellent fishing and the mountain one of the finest scenery in Alaska. This trip is becoming more and more popular. Henry Olsen is now running regular trips and has tents there for the comfort of visitors.

A Dodge car arrived on the last train for Roy Snyder.

July 1

CARS FOR HIRE

To GREEN BUTTE,
KENNECOTT, NICOLAI,
MOTHER LODGE

NICOLAI for GOOD
FISHING — TENTS
FURNISHED

Day and Night Service.
Service Guaranteed

SEE OLSEN

MCCARTHY
GARAGE

A beautiful new Dodge Car equipped with the latest improvements arrived from Seattle this week for Roy Snyder and has been placed in the running with his other Dodge car in the new taxi service.

July 8

THE DODGE TAXI SERVICE

goes anywhere, any time.
Our Motto: "No pushee, no pullee, goes like H__"

R. F. Snyder, Proprietor

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clough arrived today from the states to visit their daughter and son-in-law Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Nelson. Their daughter Miss Lillian Clough accompanied them. They also brought with them a little six months old orphan boy who will be legally adopted by the Nelsons and will be named Phillip Clough Nelson.

AEROPLANE ENGINE FOR WHITE RIVER BOAT

An aeroplane engine with propellers to be used in a boat for hauling supplies on the White River was received here recently by Ben Jackson. Bill Berry built the boat which is all ready for the engine, and there was plenty of work in sight, but on examination it is found that the engine is in a damaged condition several of the rods being broken and only one propeller instead of two. As the parts are all made of aluminum it is doubtful if they can be repaired here. The owners are very severely handicapped by the delay.

PERSONAL

With seemingly a plague of field mice, gardeners round here are

having their troubles this year. Mrs. A. V. Doze tried heroic measures and set traps, to find next morning that the mice had taken trap and all. But the crowning tragedy was when she found a rabbit feeding in the cabbage patch.

July 15

OF GENERAL INTEREST

The McCarthy Mercantile Co. has been taken over by J. B. O'Neill, he having purchased the holdings of the other stockholders. From now on the business will be conducted under the name of J. B. O'Neill.

July 22

U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

The U. S. Geological Survey party, Messrs. Moffitt, Hunter and Holland, have now reached McCarthy, having worked up from Strelna. They are making camp today on McCarthy Creek, where they will spend a short time. Then they will go over to the Nizina River and work on up the Chittistone.

HUNTER TO ARRIVE NEXT WEEK

Mr. William Rindsfoos, of Columbus, Ohio is a passenger on the Northwestern leaving

Seattle today, en route to McCarthy on a hunting trip to the White River country. A. M. Taylor will meet him here and act as guide. They will be about six weeks on the trip with Jack Erickson as chef and Jimmy Brown in charge of the 8 horses.

Cap. Hubrick left last Sunday for Nizina glacier and the Scolai Basin with his panorama camera to make some pictures. Jimmy Brown and John Nickell went also.

July 29

LOCAL

Mr. and Mrs. Anderton have taken over the Alaska Cafe and Hotel. They have been at Kennecott for over a year and are well acquainted and should be very successful in their new venture.

Sig Wold has sold out his interest in the Alaska Cafe to Mr. and Mrs. Anderton and has returned to Kennecott, where he has accepted a clerical position.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Iverson spent a few days at Strelna this week, leaving Will Lubbe in charge of the ranch.

ANOTHER PROOF THAT BEARS ARE NOT HARMLESS

(Hyder Miner)

With one side of his face resembling a hamburger steak & a nose looking like anything except a nose, but still undaunted in his determination to continue pursuing the elusive grass root prospect, J. O. Stenbraten, known in every mining camp on the North American continent

as "Stampede John" returned on Saturday morning from a prospecting trip to the head waters of Georgia River.

Which is a preliminary to the statement that he has emerged victorious from his first and only battle with a bear, winning from madam Bruin by deft strokes of his prospecting axe and outfeinting the lightening swipes of his formidable front feet.

John was working round the brim of a deep box canyon with a fifty pound pack on his back and an axe in his hand.

As he clambered out of a small gully an immense black bear struck down at him from her ambush behind a clump of brush. The blow glanced down the right side of his face, closing the eye, tearing his nose open and lacerating his face from eyebrow to chin.

Simultaneously with her attack John struck blindly with his axe and cut a deep gash in the upper part of her neck, severing some tendons. When he was capable of conscious thought, John was all riled up, so he waded into that bear with his axe and ruined a perfectly prime hide.

Aug 5

LOCAL AND GENERAL

L. A. Jarnagin after a six weeks trial has decided not to locate here permanently and he and his daughter left on the last train en route to Latouche where he has accepted a position and will ply his watchmaking trade in his spare time.

Cap. Hubrick is again presiding over the drug

store, but we understand negotiations are pending and that a new proprietor will purchase the business soon.

CHITINA NEWS

Chitina, August 5th. James Galen and driver arrived in Chitina today at noon, having come over the Valdez trail in a Dodge sedan.

Aug 12

MINING

The recent strike made by Mr. Baldwin's surveying and assessment party on the Regal Mines Copper property at Donohue Peak did not come as a surprise to the old timers in this section.

It has been predicted for a number of years that the big mountain contained a large body of ore which would someday be uncovered.

The fissure uncovered was found in the lime and is rich in azurite and glance, the latter ore showing up better and in larger quantities as the work progressed. The dip of the vein is 80 degrees N.E.

There are dozens of peaks to be seen from our township, all of them without have large deposits of precious metal. With the expenditure of some money for development work, and with patient effort, it is very certain that the time will come when those new paystreaks are uncovered and McCarthy will be the Butte of the North — "The Buckle of the Copper Belt."

Aug. 19

MAKERS OF WHITE MULE MAY LOSE HOMESTEADS

(Anchorage Times)

Parties using homesteads as a blind for the manufacture of moonshine whiskey are liable not only to land in jail, but to have their entries canceled, according to the plans incubating where the homestead inspectors and other officers of the law will act in co operation.

In addition to this danger hanging over the heads of the nocturnal chemists is that of being charged with murder, where the evidence shows that the liquor by which a patient's death was superinduced, came from their hands.

Speaking of this phase of the situation yesterday Assistant District Attorney Julian A. Hurley said he had contemplated filing a murder charge in connection with the recent death of a man caused by drinking moonshine whiskey, but was unable to form a complete link of evidence. Mr. Hurley says that wherever it is possible to secure sufficient evidence to warrant, he will add a murder charge to that of moonshining.

Legitimate homesteaders are complaining that many neighbors are using their homesteads as blinds and therefore make it impossible for the bona fide settler to secure road improvements.

These homesteaders are determined to assist both the officers entrusted with the suppression of moonshining as well as the homestead inspectors, who will hold the settler to the strict letter of the law.

Aug 26

Intrepid gardeners, hardy vegetables

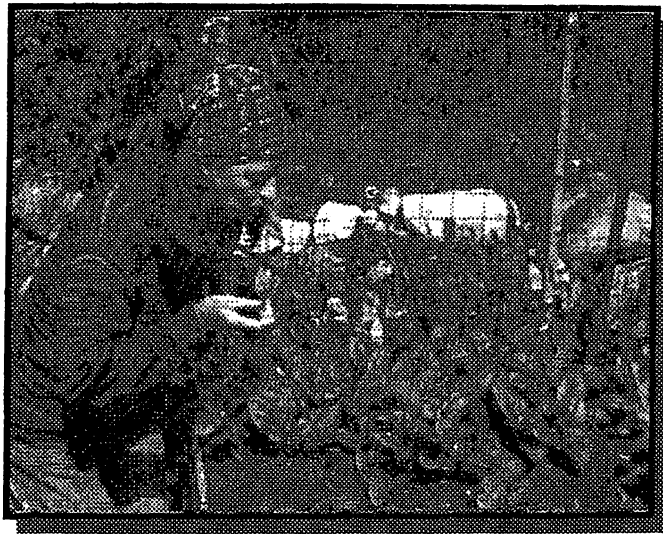
BY MEG HUNT

Visitors to this area are often amazed to see local gardens thriving in this cool climate; they may be surprised to learn that we grow almost everything here that is grown in the lower 48. Of course, that means heavy use of greenhouses, cold frames, row cover, and indoor starting of seeds. It means soaker hoses, barrels, and other means of warming our local water, which comes out of the ground at about 38 degrees F. It means frosts in June and in August. It also means finding the warmest, most protected spots on our land and doing lots of experimenting in pursuit of good food and flowers.

How do we do it? An unscientific survey of local gardeners reveals a variety of styles, techniques, and conditions. I spoke with Diane, at 3000 ft. elevation on the mountainside, and Marci and Jeannie, lower down the slope; Laura, Mike, and Luke in Kennecott; Jenny in McCarthy, where I also garden; Carly and our editor Bonnie in the lower Kennicott valley; and Mark, who gardens on the Nizina river bluffs. We each have a slightly different climate; on a recent cold night, McCarthy had a 35-degree low, Kennecott 33, and Mark's place 26.

Despite the lush vegetation you see in this valley, soil conditions vary widely. The

mountainsides often have very good, fairly deep soil, while the glacier margins, including the two townsites, have none to speak of. Scrounging dirt and composting become art forms. Several local gardeners have benefitted from a pile of very old horse manure from the mining days which was once available in



Kennecott. And when Carly got horses, everyone suddenly started coming down to visit!

Most local gardeners turn vegetable kitchen scraps into soil by one means or another, even if they have plenty of soil. Jenny and I make layered compost piles and let them work the whole summer. Jeannie does it the easy way by feeding everything to her chickens, who turn it into a rich manure. Marci buries vegetable scraps in the walkways between garden rows and, despite the cold ground temperature, finds them turned to humus by the next spring's tilling. Neither Jeannie nor Marci want to set up a pile that might attract bears—another issue we must always think

about around here.

What are the favorite local crops? Most of us love rhubarb, which is a very hardy perennial clear up to Diane's elevation. Everyone grows a lot of cole crops—cabbage, broccoli, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts. Salad is high on the list, since it

comes in early and doesn't bolt as fast here as in hotter climates. Some people grow enough potatoes, carrots and onions to feed the family all winter—Jeannie gets up to 300 pounds of Iditareds, a favored local potato, while Bonnie has success with the Lemhi variety. Jenny grows salad and some cole crops for 20 or so participants and staff of a summer

institute.

Alaska is blessed with fewer pests than warmer places, but we have our scourges. Cabbage maggot is a worry for all of us because of the large proportion of cole crops. Flea beetles eat our bok choy and mustards. Voles often mow down our tender starts when they are just set out. Carly battles cutworms, Luke battles rampant fireweed, and I use netting against white-crowned sparrows. Mike's spinach was ruined when a bear stepped in it. Then there are the non-living hazards: snow and hail bombard Diane's crops frequently in the early summer. And Mark, when asked about scourges, reports, "I have to get up at 5 a.m. to wash the frost off

my plants!" You have to be tough to make it as a vegetable—or a gardener—in this country.

Even the most practical of us have our favorite flowers. Jenny and Jeannie grow dahlias, despite the fact that they don't stand up to even a hint of frost. Jeannie has little flower beds tucked in everywhere around her yard, while Luke grows

sunflowers along with his salad veggies. Marci is trying to integrate some native wildflowers with her domestic plants. Carly's yard and deck are a riot of color, and she doesn't mind all that watering. Bonnie is nursing a lilac bush, hoping it will take hold and flourish; Mike has one that has made it for three years so far.

Gardening isn't just about

growing plants. Many local gardeners talk of deeper satisfactions—of creating a sense of balance, being aware of nature's processes, fulfilling a childhood fondness for playing in the dirt, loving the peace and quiet of patiently weeding while listening to birdsongs, and the joy of spring's renewal. Despite aching backs and late frosts, we will never quit!

Spruce beetle infestation reaches unprecedented proportions

The spruce bark beetle infestation in Southcentral Alaska has reached unprecedented proportions and is now the largest spruce beetle event ever recorded in North America.

Statewide aerial surveys mapped more than 1.1 million acres of dead and dying beetle-infested spruce in 1996, a 61 percent increase over the past two years. The beetle infestation continues to have the most significant ecological impact of any natural agent of change in Alaska forests, according to the recently-released Forest Health Management Report, prepared by foresters from the Alaska Department of Natural Resources and the U.S. Forest Service.

State and federal foresters estimate that 20 million to 30 million trees are being killed annually by the beetle attacks—more than 90 million in recent years.

Foresters stress it's the intensity of the infestation that sets it apart from previous infestations. Because of its intensity, foresters are concerned about the lack of spruce regeneration and other far-reaching impacts.

Jerry Boughton, Program Manager of the State and Private Forestry Section of the U.S. Forest Service, warned that impacts associated with the beetle infestation range from direct economic loss in lumber, forest fiber and real estate values to a decline in scenic beauty and wildlife species dependent upon mature spruce stands. Boughton noted that impacts to fisheries is also a concern as salmon spawning streams need a continual supply of large woody debris, which will decline as large diameter spruce are killed by beetles. Boughton said the intense beetle outbreaks may also kill large amounts of interception vegetation, impacting the dynamics of stream flow, which in turn could pose a threat to the overall watershed.

Boughton warned that "fuel-loading" has increased throughout Southcentral Alaska forests because of the beetle-killed trees. Fuel loading on the Anchorage Hillside alone has risen from about two tons per acre to more than 35 tons per acre, increasing the risks of a catastrophic wildfire.

The areas of most intense

beetle activity are in Southcentral Alaska where 837,499 acres were infested last year, an increase of almost 20 percent over the previous year. Spruce mortality in many areas of Southcentral now exceeds 80 percent. In the Copper River Basin, 234,581 acres were hit by the bug, an increase of 65,000 acres over 1995.

The beetle continues to make inroads into the central part of the Kenai Peninsula around Skilak Lake, the southwestern part of Kachemak Bay near Seldovia, the valleys of Turnagain Arm and the west side of Cook Inlet. In the Anchorage bowl, infestations are moving down the Hillside area and spreading across the city. Beetle pressure also seems to be building in the Mat-Su Valley.

In Anchorage, the beetle activity nearly doubled for the second consecutive year to 15,310 acres. Forty percent of the total, over 6,000 acres, occur on the Hillside.

More than 418,357 acres of state and private land have been hit by the beetle while 338,754 acres of Native timber have been infested. Some 26,772 acres of

national forest lands have been impacted while 346,873 acres of other federal lands have been hit by the bug.

Boughton and other foresters point out that there are a variety of techniques that can be used to prevent, mitigate and reduce impacts associated with beetle infestations. However, before pest management options can be developed, the resource objectives for a particular stand, watershed and landscape must be determined.

Foresters note that properly applied silvicultural practices, including timber harvesting and fire management, can maintain the forest diversity needed to provide the range of products and amenities available in the forest.

In Southcentral Alaska, the logging of beetle-killed timber is the first stage in a reforestation process that will lead to healthier forests faster than if nothing is done. On some federal, state and private lands, trees are being replanted and modern silviculture practices are being implemented to encourage natural regeneration.

The U.S. Forest Service has designed a series of timber sales in the Chugach National Forest to address specific recreation, wildlife and visual resource interests while still accomplishing the objective of logging dead or dying spruce while lowering the fire danger through "fuel removal." Those sales, however, continue to draw opposition from environmental-

ists who contend nothing should be done.

Logging opponents have dominated the public process in determining appropriate approaches to addressing the decline in forest health. Their influence within government agencies has blocked any significant actions toward mitigating the impacts of the infestation and restoring forest health.

Editor's Note: For residents in out-break areas, the window of opportunity to protect large, live spruce trees may be as short as this spring. Contact the Alaska Cooperative Extension at 279-6575 for information.

Reprinted from *Resource Review*, June 1997

"Most [tax revisions] didn't improve the system, they made it more like Washington itself: complicated, unfair, cluttered with gobbledygook and loopholes designed for those with the power and influence to hire high-priced legal and tax advisers." — Ronald Reagan

We have moved to better serve you!

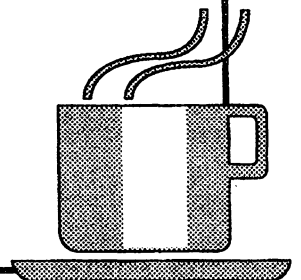
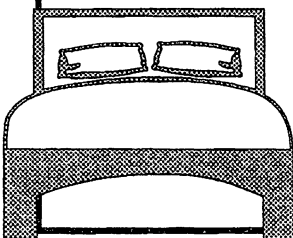
Now you can drive and park near our comfortable, private cabins located on the McCarthy Road ½ mile from the Kennicott River—no need to carry your luggage over the river.

We serve a hot breakfast and offer custom tours and plenty of information on the local area.

McCarthy Trail Rides B&B

*John Adams
PO Box MXY
Glennallen, AK 99588*

(907) 554-4433



Mt. Natazhat's Northeast Ridge

DAVID HART

MOUNTAINEERING CLUB OF ALASKA

“Paul, I don't feel so good. I think I'm gonna be sick.” The unsettled weather was giving our DeHavilland Beaver a rough ride as we flew up the Nizina River and into the Wrangell Mountains. Frantically, I stripped the zip-lock baggie from our hand-held aviation radio. Just in time, I managed to position the baggie into place as a final wave of nausea surged through my body. Last night's dinner from Chitina's “Burgers and Brew” bar wasn't quite as I remembered it.

The Wrangell and Saint Elias Mountains of southeast Alaska are two of the most rugged and remote mountain ranges in North America. They lie within America's largest national park, the 13 million acre Wrangell - Saint Elias National Park. Combined with Canada's adjacent Kluane National Park, over 18 million acres of unspoiled mountain wilderness present a lifetime of climbing objectives for both the expedition and alpine mountaineer.

Sixteen of Alaska's twenty tallest mountains lie within the Park boundary, and most first-time climbers to the area will attempt one of these larger peaks. Mounts Saint Elias, Blackburn, Sanford, Bona and some of the ten other peaks over 14,000 feet may see several expeditions each summer. However, if solitude is more important than altitude, one of the Park's smaller peaks will provide a true wilderness experience. For those interested in the unknown, countless summits below 10,000 feet have yet to receive a first ascent. Or

for those with loftier goals, moderate to difficult unclimbed lines still remain on the larger peaks, as well.

Our goal was Mt. Natazhat (13,435 feet, 4,095m). First climbed on June 18, 1913, the peak had survived eighty-three years before our second ascent in April 1996. Canadian surveyor Frederick Lambart, of the joint U.S. - Canada International Boundary Survey, led the first ascent up the gentle southern slopes from the Klutlan Glacier. The 1915 Canadian Alpine Journal chronicles this first ascent, as well as their other accomplishments made while surveying the Alaska - Canada border from 1907 to 1913.

After its 1913 ascent, Mt. Natazhat's remote location and relatively small stature likely prevented future attempts for the next thirty-eight years.

During the summer of 1951, a Stanford University trio spent five weeks on the 55 mile long Klutlan Glacier making first ascents of Mounts Bear (14,850 feet), Churchill (15,500) and Jordan (12,200 feet), and an early ascent of Mt. Bona (16,500 feet). Their southern attempt on Mt. Natazhat was thwarted by the loss of their gear sled into a Klutlan Glacier crevasse. The 1952 American Alpine Journal summarizes their 53 day wilderness expedition.

Following this 1951 attempt, Mt. Natazhat likely did not see any suitors until 1995, when Anchorage climbers Harry Hunt and Danny Kost were the first to attempt its spectacular Northeast Ridge.

Over the years, Danny has spent hundreds of hours re-

searching unclimbed peaks and routes in the Wrangell and Saint Elias Mountains. He knew that Natazhat's Northeast Ridge was a gem waiting to be plucked. When Harry visited Boston in 1994, Danny suggested that he meet with Bradford Washburn, director emeritus of the Boston Museum of Science, to discuss the feasibility of this route. Over the last 60 years, Washburn has aerially photographed and cataloged every major mountain in Alaska. Washburn's extensive library of black and white prints contains a wealth of route information on Alaskan peaks. After Harry returned home, he and Danny agreed to attempt the Northeast Ridge the following summer. They made it to almost 10,000 feet before illness forced them to retreat.

Undaunted, they made plans to return the following Spring. Unfortunately, work commitments prevented Danny from rejoining Harry. Instead, Harry recruited fellow Anchorage climbers Paul Barry, David Hart and Dave Lucey to join him for a second attempt at this virgin line in April 1996.

“Hey, David. Wake up. I think I hear Paul's plane.” It was just after sunrise, April 6, and still very much winter in Chitina, Alaska (pop. 75). Our pilot, Paul Claus of Ultima Thule Outfitters, arrived as scheduled to fly us into Mt. Natazhat. Claus has over 18,000 hours of mountain flying time, and is the premier mountain bush pilot of the region. Two hours later, we were standing on a glacier amidst a jumble of packs and duffel bags as the distinctive drone of Claus' orange Beaver disappeared behind a ridge. For

the next ten days, the only reminder of the outside world would be an occasional jet airliner cruising overhead at 35,000 feet.

During the flight in, we were able to catch a glimpse through the clouds of our objective. Natazhat's Northeast Ridge presents a striking knife-edge rising over 7,000 feet from the gentle tundra below. Washburn's black and white print "E. Face of Mt. Natazhat - #554" published in the 1944 American Alpine Journal highlights this classic snow and ice route in its entirety. Given this photo, it is surprising that Harry and Danny were the first to attempt this impressive line eleven months earlier.

Interestingly, this interior region of the Wrangell Mountains receives substantially less snow than the infamous coastal Saint Elias Range, only eighty miles to our south. As a result, and certainly to our benefit, our route would not be plagued by cornices or deep snow.

Our base camp was situated on a small pocket glacier at 7,600 feet near the base of the Northeast Ridge. Between us and the summit lay four-and-a-half miles of narrow and, at times, knife-edged ridge. In addition, points 9,150' and 9,564' had to be climbed before the final 4,000 foot summit ridge could be attempted. This final one-and-a-half miles was still unknown terrain, as Harry and Danny had turned around just below this summit ridge.

Harry felt that the route could be completed alpine style in as little as six days, placing three camps along the ridge. The unknown technical terrain above 10,000 feet encouraged us to carry as little weight as pos-

sible. We did resign ourselves, though, to bring 500 feet of fixed line in case the going got really tough.

"OK. Six days of food and eight of fuel, is that right?" With everyone in agreement, we loaded our packs and crossed our fingers, hoping the next week would be kind to us. Just before we left, I began having second thoughts. I couldn't bring myself to knowingly begin a climb in unsettled weather without any food reserves, so I tossed in a couple extra food bags and gas canisters. The extra weight was worth my peace of mind.

Within two hours of Claus' departure, we started up the route. An hour of hiking along a snow-free ridge provided a good warm-up before we donned our crampons and roped up to tackle point 9,150'. Although not technically difficult, an occasional crevasse warranted this precaution. Relatively straight-forward ridge walking found us up and over point 9,150' by early afternoon. An hour later we had traversed some rock gendarmes on their left, and had arrived at our first campsite by 5:00 PM. We placed Camp 1 at 8,800 feet in the saddle between points 9,150' and 9,564'.

"Hey Paul... David... Are you guys awake in there?" Harry shouted from the other tent. It was 1:00 AM, the winds were gusting to about 40 mph and sleeping was difficult, even with earplugs. Last evening, we had neglected to build snow walls around our small bivi tents. Now we were paying for it.

"I'll take the first shift," Paul volunteered as he darted out into the maelstrom. He and Harry spent the next two hours

reinforcing our camp by moonlight. Dave and I knew we were on deck for the next midnight storm shift, but to our delight we were never called upon for the duration of the trip!

Our second day on the route, Easter Sunday, presented a bit more exposure and technical difficulty. We replaced our ski poles with ice axes, and began climbing with either running or pitched belays protecting the steeper sections. Our gear racks consisted of three pickets, six ice screws and ten runners per rope team. In retrospect, this was adequate, although two fewer screws would have sufficed due to the snowy conditions we encountered. Through unsettled weather, we climbed up and over point 9,564'. Several crevasses required some fancy footwork, and a couple of small snow steps necessitated pickets for protection. The descent to the col on the south side of point 9,564' was straightforward with the exception of a few crevasses. Just beyond the col, we reached our site for Camp 2 at 9,300 feet after only five hours of climbing.

"That crevasse is where Danny and I turned around last year," Harry explained, pointing up the ridge. Just beyond camp, we could see a prominent crevasse splitting the ridge. We were all anxious to pass this milestone the next morning, and finally have a go at the unknown crux of the route.

"So, how big should we make the snow walls tonight?" Harry and I joked with each other. While we set up Camp 2, Dave and Paul explored a route to the crevasse to aid our climb the following morning.

"It's gonna be a lot of work. It looks pretty hair-ball," Paul

commented after he and Dave returned from their reconnaissance two hours later. I wasn't really sure what to expect, but I knew that our third day would prove to be exciting.

"How's it look outside, Harry?" I asked.

"Great. Sunny and clear. If you guys would get out of bed, you could see for yourselves!" Our third morning found the weather finally changing for the better. Nighttime lows still hovered around minus 10° F, but the sunshine and calm winds would make for comfortable climbing during the day.

As was becoming our habit, we didn't break camp until 11:00 AM. An hour later, we reached the massive crevasse, beyond which no one had ever climbed. From this point on, we would not benefit from Harry and Danny's prior attempt on the route.

"Wow. How are we gonna get across this thing?" we wondered after arriving at the crevasse. It ran perpendicular to the ridge crest, preventing all forward travel. The only safe passage was to down-climb left off the ridge proper along the edge of the crevasse for eighty feet, to a point where a snow bridge spanned the gap. Once across this bridge, an eighty foot climb back up along the opposite edge of the crevasse re-joined our route.

For the next five hours, every step was hard earned. We eased our way up the narrow crest, using both running belays and pitched belays as we climbed. One or two ice screws or pickets on each pitch provided relatively secure anchors for this airy climbing. Draping our fifty meter ropes on alternating sides

of the knife edge, where possible, also acted as running belay anchors. Frequently, we would find ourselves traversing on front points on one side of the ridge with our arms draped over the crest, plunging the shafts of our axes into the opposite side as a self belay.

The hard snow conditions we experienced made for secure, albeit exposed, climbing. Surprisingly, every time we came to an intimidating section, solid snow or ice made it easier than expected. Unconsolidated powder would have certainly slowed us down.

Glancing at the glaciers three thousand feet below our heels kept our attention piqued all day. Every step had to count. Occasional sixty degree snow and ice steps provided a relief from the tricky traversing and tip-toeing along the crest. I kept thinking how much more difficult and dangerous these high wire moves would be with a stiff breeze. We were very fortunate to have such a calm day, and we all hoped it would last through our descent.

Our most entertaining maneuver of the day was probably the au-cheval position Dave employed while leading across a particularly narrow spot. We were all thankful that barely a breath of wind blew on this fine afternoon.

"David, I'm sick of carrying this fixed line!" Paul shouted to me from the other end of our rope. It was becoming apparent that our 500 feet of fixed line was nothing more than an anchor slowing us down. Agreeing that we wouldn't need the fixed line, Dave and Paul each chopped a ledge and cached our two bundles of nylon joy. Two days later we would

retrieve them on our descent.

After nearly six hours and roughly ten pitches of tricky climbing, our nerves were ready to call it a day. Unfortunately, there was no sign of any suitable, or even unsuitable, campsite. Two pitches above us, the ridge steepened considerably for a pitch, then appeared to blend into gentler snow slopes where we might be able to dig in. This final pitch was certainly the crux of the day. The knife-edge angled up at 60 degrees, and at the same time dropped off to either side at an even steeper angle. The exposure was tremendous!

As Harry led through this final steep and narrow pitch, he disappeared over the lip on top. A couple minutes later his head popped back into sight. "Looks good! We should be able to dig in up here!" We all breathed a sigh of relief.

Camp 3 turned out to be better than we could have ever expected. Harry had discovered a ready-made crevasse camp, located at 10,600 feet along the extreme left edge of the broad ridge. After a bit of probing and shoveling, our bomb proof site was ready for habitation. With three walls and a roof, it was just big enough for two Bibler tents. Instead of a fourth wall, our high camp had a tremendous drop out over the massive 5,000 foot east face of Mt. Natashat. This was certainly no spot for sleepwalking.

We were beginning to realize that campsites on our route were very much dictated by the terrain. Fortunately, we had fallen in sync with the mountain, and were not troubled by the distinct lack of plentiful campsites.

"OK guys, time to get up!"

Harry's voice reeled us all in from our pleasant dreams of sandy beaches and sun-bronzed women.

Emerging from our ice encrusted down cocoons was always the worst part of the day. Any movement in our cramped quarters would knock loose a shower of ice feathers perched precariously from the interior tent walls, hanging like bats inside a cave.

"Ouch! I can't believe I just did that!" The smell of singed flesh permeated our tent. Over the past two days, lulls in our concentration while cooking with our powerful hanging butane/propane stove had resulted in singed gloves, hats and jackets. On this morning, we added Paul's forehead to our list of casualties.

terrain interspersed with steeper steps helped us gain some quick altitude.

By 1:00 PM, we were traversing yet another improbable looking knife-edge at 11,800 feet.

"Paul, why don't you come on back, and we'll drop down and try to traverse below it!" I shouted.

After placing a picket, an ice screw and traversing along a rotten rock ledge, he responded, "I'm almost to easier ground, and I certainly don't want to come back now!"

We were encouraged that he was nearly across, although we weren't particularly looking forward to following his traverse. Paul ducked around a corner and disappeared from sight. We kept expecting to see him

him on the eastern summit. Our hopes of continuing on to the western summit, a mere fifty feet higher and a quarter mile distant, burst as soon as we looked along our intended route. It was not a welcome sight. What we hoped would be a simple trot along the summit ridge appeared impassable. At least three huge gaping crevasses seemed to bar the way. Checking our watches, we found that it had taken us five-and-a-half hours to reach this point. With only five hours of daylight remaining, we were beginning to think that it might be prudent to turn around now.

"Well, we did climb the route," Harry rationalized. Dave and I nodded, resigning ourselves to not making the true summit. We were all disappointed, but not enough to continue on and risk down-climbing back to high camp in the dark.

"Come on guys, let's try a bit further. We can spare an hour or so, and still get back before dark." Paul was the lone dissenter urging us to push on. After all, it was only a quarter mile to the other peak, even though it looked much further.

"OK, half an hour it is," we all agreed. "And then we turn back for home."

Following Paul's lead, we soon found a route invisible from our last vantage point that turned out to be a cruise.

"Welcome to the top of Mt. Natazhat!" was Paul's greeting as I joined him twenty-five minutes later on the higher western summit. Sunny and calm blue skies afforded us clear views all the way from Mts. Logan and Saint Elias to Mts. Blackburn and Sanford, a total distance of nearly 200 miles. All

"Sunny and calm blue skies afforded us clear views all the way from Mts. Logan and Saint Elias to Mts. Blackburn and Sanford, a total distance of nearly 200 miles"

We left for the summit at 10:15 AM, April 9, under sunny and calm skies. It looked like a perfect summit day. Although we had hoped that our high camp would open the way to 2,700 feet of easier climbing to the summit, it turned out that a mistake on summit day would prove equally as dire as on the rest of the route.

Right out of high camp, we were greeted by three pitches of fifty degree snow and ice. Our lack of freshly brewed coffee was more than compensated for by the adrenaline of summit morning. Again, we protected ourselves through this initial slope with running belays using ice screws and snow pickets. Above this, two hours of easier

launching into space after each salvo of rocks that he knocked loose. As I paid out the last of the rope, it came taut and Paul and I began climbing together. Paul had already cleared off most of the rotten snow, ice and rock, so the remaining three of us had an easier time following his lead. A few hundred feet later, a final tip-toe across a rotten rocky crest led to easier snow slopes above.

After a quick lunch break at 12,000 feet, we began the final 1,300 foot climb to the summit ridge. Straightforward thirty to fifty degree neve led us to the unclimbed lower eastern summit by 3:45 PM.

"Oh, no! What a bummer," I bemoaned to Paul upon joining

four of us felt that it was perhaps the best weather we had ever experienced on an Alaskan summit. There was no impending doom of an approaching storm, and no wind knocking us from our feet. It was a true joy to celebrate this afternoon among our group of friends, and especially Paul, with whom I have shared many other Alaskan summits.

"You know, I think the other peak is higher," Paul offered. Both his altimeter and our visual judgement indicated that the "lower" eastern summit was slightly taller than the "higher" western summit where we now stood. Was the map wrong? Had we just come from the taller summit? Did we just go out of our way to climb the shorter summit? The 1913 first ascent party reached this "higher" western summit in a white out, and did not continue to the eastern summit. As such, we were the only ones to have ever been able to make this height comparison. That is unfortunate, as it would have been interesting to compare their observations on this possible discrepancy with the USGS map.

"OK, Paul. Slow and steady on the way down." All too soon, fifteen minutes had passed and we began our descent at 4:30 PM. Four hours later, as the last rays of light began to fade behind Mt. Blackburn, the four of us reached the safety of our high camp. Careful down-climbing and an occasional belay allowed us to make the descent without leaving any gear in place.

Two days later, we arrived

back at base camp after carefully retracing our steps down the mountain, leaving no fixed gear in place.

Our next two days at base camp allowed us the opportunity to explore nearby ridges as we waited for Claus to return for us. Occasional wolverine, fox and sheep tracks dotted the snow reminding us that we were not entirely alone, even up here.

The rich geologic history of the area was fascinating as well. We found localized copper, iron and quartz deposits interspersed among the extensive volcanic features. Later, we were to learn that approximately 1,500 years ago a violent eruption deposited six cubic miles of volcanic material over a 125,000 square mile region in eastern Alaska and southern Yukon Territory. Scientists believe this eruption reached heights of up to 90,000 feet, and left ash deposits as deep as four feet thick. The source of this eruption has been located below the Klutlan Glacier, only 15 miles southwest of Mt. Natashat. Fortunately for us, the local seismic plates were not actively battling during our visit.

"A plane! I hear a plane!" Dave and Harry shouted from the other tent on our third morning back at base camp. Due to the last nine days of great weather, Claus had decided to pick us up a day early. We were all anxious to get home before a huge storm rolled in and trapped us here for a week or more.

Claus landed his Piper Super Cub a snowball's throw from our tents. Half an hour later, Harry and I were airborne. Under calm

skies we were able to marvel at the scenery that was only a gut-wrenching, nausea filled blur on the way in.

Sputter, cough, sputter... Ten minutes from Chitina, my heart skipped a final beat as the one and only engine powering this 800 pound toy airplane sputtered and almost quit. Less than a second passed before Claus flipped the fuel supply switch to the reserve tank. Life was good again.

Our exceptional nine day weather window was quickly closing. The distant coastal Saint Elias Mountains were clouding in during our flight out. By the time Claus returned with Paul and Dave three hours later, the coastal range was completely obscured by the impending storm. We were thankful Claus managed to come in a day early, and aid our escape just in time. I had never been on an Alaskan expedition with no storm delays, and probably never will again.

Training, teamwork and skill carry only so much weight in the success of an expedition. Ours was fortunate that great weather and solid snow conditions cooperated to allow us a chance to make the first ascent of Mt. Natashat's classic Northeast Ridge (Alaska Grade IV-).

Summary of Statistics:

AREA: Alaskan Wrangell Mountains

NEW ROUTE: Northeast Ridge (Alaska Grade IV-), Mount Natashat, 4,095 meters, 13,435 feet, April 6-11, 1996 (whole party), second ascent of peak.

PERSONNEL: Paul Barry, David Hart, Harry Hunt, Dave Lucey

"One of the peculiar sins of the twentieth century which we've developed to a very high level is the sin of credulity. It has been said that when human beings stop believing in God they believe in nothing. The truth is much worse: they believe in anything." — Malcolm Muggeridge

MCCARTHY GIFT SHOP

Just around the corner from the McCarthy Lodge

- ♦ Alaskan souvenirs
- ♦ Groceries
- ♦ Home made cookies
- ♦ Candy
- ♦ Cold drinks
- ♦ Film
- ♦ Batteries
- ♦ T-shirts and Sweatshirts
- ♦ Caps
- ♦ Camping supplies
- ♦ Water
- ♦ Mosquito repellent
- ♦ Cigarettes
- ♦ Post Cards

554-4412

Glennallen Building Supply



We deliver to McCarthy

Box 729 • Glennallen, AK 99588
(907) 822-5005 fax 822-5883

ST. ELIAS ALPINE GUIDES



Full range of guided trips available
Phone (907) 277-6867

Bob Jacobs, Owner, Certified Alpine Guide

In the National Historic District

Kennicott



Cottage

Reservations - Information

907-345-7961

www.alaska.net/~kenncott/kcc.htm
email: kenncott@alaska.net

Why all the harping about HAARP?

BY NED ROZELL—ALASKA SCIENCE FORUM

There are a lot of things I miss about working inside the Geophysical Institute this time of year, but one void in my work routine is that I'm missing calls about HAARP on the Geophysical Institute's information line.

I referred most of the calls about HAARP, the High-frequency Active Auroral Research Program, to John Heckscher, the HAARP program manager at Hanscom Air Force Base in Massachusetts. Before I began the pipeline hike, I gave Heckscher a call to learn more about the controversial project, which is located near Gakona, about 11 miles from the Richardson Highway on the Tok cut-off road. As of this summer, HAARP consists of high-frequency transmitters that send signals from 48 antennas on top of 72-foot posts. The antenna field covers about five acres. When completed, HAARP will be expanded to 180 antennas and 33 acres no earlier than the year 2002. The purpose of HAARP is not to control weather or brain functions, Heckscher said. HAARP is a tool researchers can use to heat a patch of the ionosphere to make it act like a giant antenna. The ionosphere is a layer of Earth's atmosphere that exists from about 50 miles above the ground to 500 miles out. Home to the Aurora Borealis, the ionosphere contains both positively and negatively charged atomic particles called ions and electrons.

When HAARP is activated, the antennas simultaneously

transmit high-frequency radio waves in a narrow beam. Aimed by the alignment of the antennas, the radio waves travel upward and reach the ionosphere in a roughly circular pattern that can cover 6 to 12 miles.

With this beam of high-frequency radiation, researchers can change a small portion of the electrojet—the natural currents along the auroral curtain of about one million amperes. By changing the intensity of the electrojet, researchers are able to use the ionosphere to create extremely low-frequency (ELF) radio waves. Geophysical Institute Director Syun Akasofu says that without a device such as HAARP, an antenna hundreds of miles long would be needed to broadcast in this frequency range. HAARP can effectively turn the aurora into such an antenna. Because ELF radio waves can penetrate into the ocean, submarines won't have to climb to the surface to receive radio signals. ELF waves also can propagate around Earth, making long-distance communication easy. ELF signals deeply penetrate into Earth as well as ocean, a characteristic with other possible applications. By using a receiver to monitor the waves as they bounce back from objects below Earth's surface, it may be possible to tell if tunnels or hidden underground storage areas exist in enemy territory. This is the same technique geologists have used for many years to explore for underground mineral and oil deposits.

Is HAARP dangerous? Well, HAARP signals are one million times less dangerous than

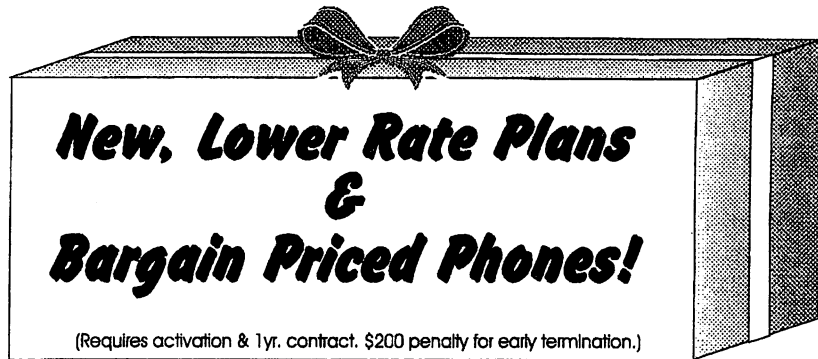
government-approved safety levels for any electrical signal. HAARP's transmitter currently has a power of 1/3 megawatt, which might be boosted to 3 megawatts in a few years, Heckscher said.

He compared HAARP's effect on the vast ionosphere to the warming that would be experienced by the whole Copper River if you dipped in a small electric coil of the type used to warm one single cup of coffee. This is why Akasofu describes rumors he's heard circulating about HAARP as dangerous to people or the environment as pure science fiction. HAARP could present a potential danger to electronic equipment in aircraft that is flying overhead when the transmitter is turned on, but there are safety precautions against that. HAARP operators notify the Federal Aviation Administration with the HAARP transmission schedule and engineers are installing an aircraft-detection radar at HAARP to further ensure the safety of overflying aircraft. This same procedure is followed when rockets are launched from Poker Flat Research Range into the upper atmosphere.

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, a science writer at the institute, is hiking the trans-Alaska pipeline this summer to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the Alaska Science Forum and the pipeline.

"Where there is the necessary technical skill to move mountains, there is no need for the faith that moves mountains." — Eric Hoffer

**Copper Valley Cellular
has a gift for you that keeps
on giving all year long —**

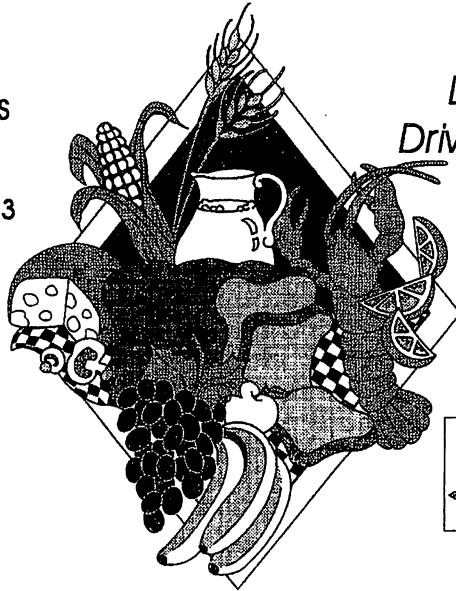


**Another great deal from Copper Valley Cellular—
the company that you own!
1-800-235-5414**

Copper River Cash Store

We handle BUSH ORDERS
with SPECIAL CARE!
PO Box E
Copper Center, AK 99573

We take VISA
Master Charge
Alaska Option
FAX 822-3443



Everyday
LOW PRICED ITEMS:
Drive a little & SAVE \$\$\$\$

Stop by and Check
for the Weekly
IN-STORE SPECIALS



Downtown Copper Center 822-3266
Store Hours 9 am to 7 pm, Monday - Saturday

Inside the Gray Matter of an Arctic Grayling

BY NED ROZELL

On the south bank of the Klutina River, near Copper Center—I'm sitting on a muddy rock, trying to think like an arctic grayling. Nothing's coming to mind.

A couple of guys expended a bit more energy trying to understand grayling in the late 1960's. They emerged with some interesting insights into the behavior of one of Alaska's most popular game fish.

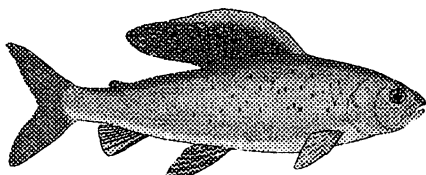
Gian Vascotto, then with the University of Manitoba, and James Morrow, then a researcher with the University of Alaska Fairbanks, spent much of the summer of 1968 on their bellies, peering into McManus Creek in Interior Alaska Using "a brushy barrier for concealment," they studied six pools of the river in great detail, lying motionless to watch grayling for up to 14 hours at a time

In what must have been a buggy but rewarding summer, the researchers found that the biggest grayling seemed to call the shots. Large grayling always lurked closest to the bottom of the deepest pools, while smaller fish hung at medium depths. The real shrimps were found near shore.

Vascotto and Morrow were able to recognize individual grayling, and they found that grayling usually had a favorite spot they occupied all summer.

If a fish was caught, "the subordinate ranks moved up and occupied new territories."

If a pool was disturbed, the grayling all congregated in the deepest part of the pool. When the coast seemed clear, the smallest fish were the first to venture back, boldly occupying the choicest parts of the pool. Then the researchers noted an



odd ritual as the larger grayling returned. A larger grayling would move alongside the smaller grayling as if it were preparing to parallel park. The larger fish drifted sideways toward the smaller one until they were practically touching. One of the fish, usually the large one, would then swim about 15 centimeters ahead and arch its body into a bow, with the concave side toward the smaller fish. Holding this half-moon position, the larger grayling drifted backwards and sank below the smaller grayling. The larger grayling then rose from below the smaller one, which then drifted backward. The smaller one would then drift out of the picture or pull up parallel and take the lead role in the same strange ritual. The researchers watched the rapid display five different times.

They also watched the grayling feed and checked the stomach contents of the fish to

come up with the following conclusions, which may interest a few anglers:

- Grayling fed very little, if at all, on rainy days.
- Large grayling at the head of a pool rarely traveled far to check out drifting food items. Instead, they turned to face the oncoming object and waited for it to reach them.
- When large grayling went up for food on the surface, they ascended slowly, mouthed the food slowly, and sank only slightly faster than they rose.
- Smaller grayling subject to more competition, would often leap out of the water to chase flying insects. In one case, "a 10cm fish chased a crane fly for 2 ½ meters, jumping out of the water four times and capturing the insect in the air on the last leap."

I'll need the same determination as that grayling to cross the roaring Klutina River tomorrow. Or maybe I'll just use the bridge.

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, a science writer at the institute, is hiking the trans-Alaska pipeline this summer to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the Alaska Science Forum and the pipeline.

"We may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did'; and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling." — Izaak Walton

The Time for Action Is Now

Statement on Subsistence: Op Ed By Sen. Frank Murkowski

Fellow Alaskans, beginning Oct. 1, the federal government will be free to implement regulations to take control over our commercial fisheries, both on federal and state and private lands in Alaska and extend its control over game onto state and private lands as well.

Such a takeover would result in bureaucrats in Washington having total control over Alaska's fish, nullifying a key reason for Alaska to become a state. Many Alaskans remember when we were a territory, the failure of federal fish and game management, especially fish management when our salmon runs had dropped to just 41 million salmon in 1958, the year prior to Statehood. Compare that to the 1995 harvests of 216 million salmon—Alaska setting new records for harvests in nine of the last 13 years.

The federal government now controls Alaska's game on federal lands. If the new regulations that the Department of the Interior are considering go into effect, then not only commercial fishermen, and sport and subsistence fishermen and hunters, but all homeowners and businesses seeking to do most anything in the state ... will need to go before the Federal Subsistence Board for permission.

If we do not act NOW, Alaska is heading in the direction of becoming the only state in the nation to lose the right to manage its own fish and

game.

Back in January, I urged state legislators and the Governor to tackle this issue. The session came to an end without a resolve. We must do our best to find a solution to this problem before October 1. And Congressman Don Young and I are in the unique position of leading the committees of the House and Senate responsible for ANILCA, the federal side of this problem.

This is why we must act now to circulate a draft approach that we are releasing today for the input of Alaskans. To do our part to tackle this problem in Congress we will move to introduce legislation by the first of August.

The objective is to provide a clear—absolute—priority to local users of fish and game resources in times of shortage.

This approach combines what we believe to be the best components of past ideas from a wide range of Alaskans viewpoints and unites them with some new ones. While this proposal addresses the federal obligation for the state to regain fish and game management there must be changes to the state's Constitution and the state's subsistence law. The governor and the legislative leadership will be working toward this end and we will do all we can to support their effort.

In releasing this draft legislation we start a process where all Alaskans will come

forward with suggestions. This proposal is not an end, but a beginning of a dialogue to bring people together to craft a balanced and fair solution. This proposal is a real start on a balanced solution designed to protect the interests of ALL Alaskans, while protecting the very wild resources we rely on. The bottom line is that we must solve this problem now and that the process towards a solution must be fair. That is our goal.

We hope everyone will take the time to understand this proposal and relay your thoughts to us. But consider the issue now. We would hope to hear from Alaskans by July 7, so we can actually move forward with a legislative proposal. This is necessary to act by October, to prevent a complete federal takeover of our fisheries.

Our vision of Alaska in the 21st Century does not have room for a return to the failed federal management of Alaska's living resources. No Alaskan should ever agree to federal control. It usurps all of our sovereign authority and threatens the health and quality of our fish runs and wildlife resources.

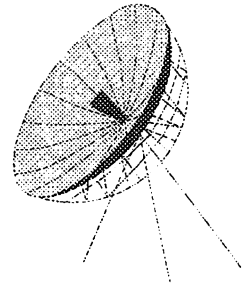
This is clearly the time to put this problem behind us. This debate has gone on for 15 years. Before we lose control of our fish we must resolve this. Subsistence debates can't be allowed to fester unresolved. Fellow Alaskans, the time for action is now.

"A state without the means of some change is without the means of its conservation." —Edmund Burke, Reflections on the Revolution in France (1790).

The New

Caribou Hotel

*Getting tired?
Stop at the Caribou Hotel!
The coffee pot's always on!*



**Warm atmosphere — Hot Tubs — Satellite TV
Full Menu Restaurant**

Mile 187 Glenn Hwy 822-3302 Glennallen, AK

BORN IN KENNECOTT

Memories of a Kennecott Kid



Sissy Lommel Klueh

*Available at Willow
Herb Mountain
Depot and Kennicott
Glacier Lodge or
order from Top Shelf
Publishing at PO
Box 11008,
Olympia, WA
98508-1008 for
\$14.95 plus \$2.50
shipping & handling*

OWN A PIECE OF THE LAST FRONTIER



WATERFRONT, SCENIC VIEW AND REMOTE PROPERTIES FOR SALE BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ALASKA

❖ UP TO 90% FINANCING ❖ OVER 275 LOTS ❖ PRICES AS LOW AS \$2,750
CHECK BOXES BELOW FOR MORE INFORMATION REGARDING THESE PROPERTIES

LOTS OFFERED FOR SALE OVER-THE-COUNTER

NORTHERN REGION

- College Road (Commercial) (Fairbanks-Between Harriet St. and Anna St.)
- Peregrine Heights Subd. (Fairbanks-Mile 3.6 on Chena Ridge Rd.)
- Rickert Subd. (Downtown Fairbanks)
- Woodridge Subd. (Fairbanks-Little Fox Trail)
- Chena Hot Springs Rd. (Fairbanks-Mile 4.5 Chena Hot Springs Rd.)
- Tungsten Subd. (Fairbanks-Chena Hot Springs Rd. and Juniper Rd.)
- Tanana Heights Subd. (Fairbanks-Chena Ridge Rd. to Rosie Creek Rd.)
- Goldstream Alaska Subd. (Fairbanks-Goldstream Rd. to Molly Rd.)
- Wrangell Subd. (Fairbanks-Badger Rd. to Plack Rd.)
- Lakloey Park Subd. (Fairbanks-Badger Rd. to Lakloey Dr.)
- Sullivan Heights Subd. (10 miles W of Fairbanks-Ester Area)
- O'Connor Creek Subd. (Fairbanks-Elliott Hwy. to Old Murphy Dome Rd.)
- Harding Lake Subd. (45 miles S of Fairbanks, off Richardson Hwy.)
- Canaday Road (5 miles N of Harding Lake)
- Windy Hills Subd. (Parks Hwy.-30 miles S of Nenana, Rexana Rd.)
- Chandalar Lake Subd. (180 miles N of Fairbanks)
- Geskakmina Lake Subd. (40 miles SE of Manley)
- Chuna Subd. (4 mile Chena Ridge Rd.)
- Martin (Murphy Dome Rd.)
- Repp Road (North Pole)

SOUTHCENTRAL REGION (continued)

- Super Cub Subd. (60 miles NW of Anchorage, Rainbow Lake)
- Denali View Subd. (14 miles N of Talkeetna Junction, Swan Lake)
- Kahitna Flats Subd. (14 miles W of Willow)
- Skwentna Station Subd. (3 miles NW of Skwentna)
- Snake Lake Subd. (20 miles NW of Dillingham in Bristol Bay)
- Cold Bay (Alaska Peninsula)

SOUTHEAST REGION

- Horse Island Subd. (Horse Island-12 miles W of Juneau)
- Wrangell Island East Subd. (Wrangell Island-2 to 6 miles E of Wrangell)
- Whale Passage Subd. (Prince of Wales Island-NE end)
- Haines (10.5 mile Haines Hwy.)
- Shelter Island Subd. (16 miles NW of Juneau)

SOUTHCENTRAL REGION

- Lake Louise (45 miles W of Glennallen)
- Spruceview Subd. (0.3 miles S of Glennallen)
- McCarthy Creek Subd. (Wrangell-St. Elias National Park)
- Mariners Walk Subd. (Homer-Bear Cove in Kachemak Bay)
- Anchor Point (North Fork Rd.)
- Kenai Townsite, E. Addition (5,000 sf., Lot 5, Block 8)
- Kenai (Kenai Spur Rd.)
- Willow Pointe Subd. (Commercial Lot, Downtown Palmer)
- Northern Capitol Ests. Sub. (Wasilla, 1031 N. Recluse Circle)

REQUESTS FOR PROPOSALS TO LEASE LAND (COMMERCIAL/RECREATIONAL PROPERTIES)

STATEWIDE

- Lake Minchumina
- Rodman Bay
- Wide Bay
- Homer (Agricultural)
- Nuka Island
- Cold Bay
- Kalgin Island
- Sunshine
- Left Hand Bay
- McCarthy
- Coffman Cove
- Valdez
- Chandalar Lake
- Goose Bay
- Soldotna (Damon Plaza)
- Montana Ck. (Parks Hwy.)
- Lake Iliamna
- Ugashik Lake

REQUEST FOR INFORMATION

SEND TO:
University of Alaska
Statewide Office of Land
Management
3890 University Lake Drive, Suite 103
Anchorage, Alaska 99508
PHONE: (907) 786-7780 (24 hrs.)
FAX: (907) 786-7733

NAME: _____
MAILING ADDRESS: _____
CITY: _____ STATE: _____
ZIP CODE: _____ PHONE: _____

To submit requests for information online contact <http://www.alaskanet.com/landsale>

GO BEYOND

THE END OF THE ROAD... WRANGELL-ST. ELIAS



CONNECTIONS TO ALASKA'S WILDERNESS

World Class Flightseeing
Fly-in Hiking & Rafting
Fly-Drive Day Trips to Kennicott (Flightseeing Included)
Twice Daily flights Chitina-McCarthy

1-800-478-1160 (907) 554-4411

PO BOX MXY • MCCARTHY, AK 99588
SEE US IN "DOWNTOWN" MCCARTHY

Cooking with Carly

BY CARLY KRITCHEN

The beginning of summer in McCarthy is really a busy time for almost everybody. While most of the businesses are gearing up for the tourist season, others are busy with projects that need to be constructed during the warmer months. And many of the rest of us are busy planting our gardens.

As I've related in an earlier column, I plant a few seeds early in the season so that I'll have some early greens. Nothing tastes better than that first fresh dish from the garden, and you can rush that season by starting a few lettuce, Swiss chard, beet, or spinach plants in your greenhouse, or in a large sunny window. I also plant all the tiny onion sets that I think are too small for the garden in a box so that I can use their tops as fresh onions. Although I know that most of us don't purposely plant dandelions in our gardens, they are also an excellent source of early greens, and I'll bet you can see some right now if you look out onto your own lawn or garden!

This recipe for dandelion greens was my mothers, and I think she got it from her mother. It may be a little old-fashioned, but it's good!

Dandelion Green Dish

2 lb. dandelion greens (about)
 ½ cup meat drippings (I use bacon)
 1/3 cup vinegar
 salt and pepper to taste
 4 hard boiled eggs, chopped

Take a sharp knife and cut dandelions at the root, pick over carefully and clean them in several waters. Put in a chopping bowl and chop up fine. Heat in

skillet meat drippings and vinegar. Salt and pepper to taste, pour over dandelions and add four chopped hard boiled eggs. Stir all together and serve immediately. (This recipe is just as written, but I use less meat drippings, and heat the liquids to boiling before pouring on greens.)

This is one of my favorite spinach recipes. It's fairly easy to make, and I love the combination of oriental flavors.

Sesame Spinach

1 ½ Tbsp. soy sauce
 a tsp. sesame oil
 1 tsp. sugar
 2 Tbsp. peanut oil
 2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
 2 tsp. ginger, freshly grated
 6 or 7 green onion tops, finely chopped
 1 large bunch fresh spinach, washed
 1 Tbsp. toasted sesame seeds

Mix soy sauce, sesame oil, and sugar. Set aside. Heat peanut oil in a large frying pan, and add garlic, ginger, and onion tops. Saute over medium heat until limp, about 3 minutes. Add spinach and stir until cooked through but not completely limp, about 3 more minutes. Add reserved soy sauce mixture and heat through. Remove from heat, sprinkle with sesame seeds, and serve.

I'm not sure exactly where I got this recipe, but it's one that I've used a lot when I know that I'll be having vegetarian company. You won't even miss the meat!

Fresh Chard Lasagne

10 lasagne noodles (about)
 2 bunches fresh Swiss chard
 1/3 cup chopped onion
 1 clove minced garlic
 1 Tbsp. olive oil
 1 cup grated carrots
 1 ½ cups mushrooms

1 15 ounce can tomato sauce
 ½ cup chopped olives
 1 tsp. oregano
 1 ½ cups cottage cheese (or Ricotta)
 ½ lb. mozzarella cheese, thinly sliced
 ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Cook noodles in boiling salted water for 8 to 10 minutes. Drain. Wash chard well and cook very briefly in a small amount of boiling water, about 5 minutes. Drain and chop. Saute the onion and garlic in the oil in a large frying pan until soft. Add carrots, mushrooms, tomato sauce, olives, and oregano and heat thoroughly. Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Oil a large pan. Layer one-half each of noodles, cottage cheese, sauce mix, and cheese slices. Repeat, placing the remaining mozzarella slices on top. Sprinkle with the Parmesan cheese. Bake for 30 to 45 minutes, or until hot and bubbly. Don't let it over-brown.

I'm not sure if I've used this recipe in this column before (I hope not!) but it's my husbands favorite so here it goes!

Wilted Lettuce Salad

about 2 heads of leaf, butter, Bibb, or romaine lettuce (mix them!)
 8 slices lean bacon, chopped
 1/4 cup cider vinegar
 2 tsp. water
 2 tsp. sugar
 salt and pepper to taste
 1 egg, beaten

Shred the lettuce into a large bowl. Fry the bacon until crisp, do not drain. (If you don't use lean bacon, drain about half the drippings.) Add the vinegar, water, sugar, salt and pepper, and the beaten egg to the pan. Cook just until the mixture has thickened slightly. Pour the dressing over the chopped lettuce, and toss until the lettuce has wilted. Serve immediately.

A look at the weather

BY GEORGE CEBULA

As in the past, April saw the end of a long winter and the last of the snow cover disappear. April '97 was about average to go along with the normal winter of '96,'97. The high temperature for the month was 60 on the 24th and 25th (56 on Apr. 17, '96 and 65 on Apr. 27, '95). The low was 6 on the 18th (-17 on Apr. 3, '96 and 10 on Apr. 7, '95). The average temperature for April was 34.7 compared to 32.2 in '96 and 36.9 in '95.

Silver Lake had a high of 59 on the 25th and 26th (57 on Apr. 18, '96 and 63 on Apr. 28, '95) and a low of 2 on the 2nd (-17 on Apr. 3, '96 and 11 on Apr. 7, '95). The April average temperature at Silver Lake was 33.5 (29.4 in '96 and 35.8 in '95).

The precipitation for April was about normal with 0.34 inches of liquid (0.01 in '96 and 0.25 in '95). Snow was observed on 3 days with a total of 2.9 inches. This compares with only a trace of snow in '96. *Silver Lake had only 0.08 inches of liquid (trace in '96 and 0.16 in '95) and no snow.*

McCarthy started the month with 15 inches of snow on the ground and this was reduced to bare ground by the 28th. Silver

Lake was rid of its snow by the 10th after starting April with only 4 inches.

The temperature stayed rather cool the first half of May with highs near 60 and lows in the 20s. It finally broke 70 on the 20th with the high for the month of 75 on the 20th, 21st and 22nd (75 on May 30, '96 and 77 on May 11, '95). The low temperature was 20 on the 2nd (21 on May 9, '96 and 24 on May 1, '95). The May average temperature was 45.8; this compares with 44.5 in '96 and 47.0 in '95. *Silver Lake had a high of 78 on the 22nd (74 on May 31, '96 and 73 on May 13, '95), a low of 21 on the 2nd and 3rd (23 on May 9, '96 and 26 on May 17, '95) and an average temperature of 46.3 (45.2 in '96 and 46.0 in '95).*

The May precipitation at McCarthy was about normal with 1.17 inches of liquid. This compares with 0.66 inches in '96 and 1.05 inches in '95. A trace of snow was observed on the 15th. *Silver Lake recorded 0.39 inches of liquid (0.32 inches in '96 and 0.16 inches in '95). A trace of snow was observed at Silver Lake on the 18th.*

May first saw the end of the ice crossing on the West Fork of the Kennicott River as the ice began to break apart and water

was moving over the top. The river was clear of moving ice by May 12th and all the shore ice was gone by the 23rd. The ice on Silver Lake was also getting too soft for travel around the first and it was completely gone the morning of May 10th.

The first week of June was hot and dry with the highs getting into the low 80's and the lows occasionally dipping below freezing. The second week saw a return to cooler temperatures and almost an inch of rain.

Summer should be in full swing by late June. June and July are the warmest months with the highs usually in the low 80s. The temperature begins to cool in August with highs only getting into the low 70s. The all time high recorded at McCarthy was 87 on June 21, 1991.

Freezing temperatures should be back by the end of August, although they can be observed at any time. Average monthly rainfall is about 2 inches (June-August).

Hidden Lake should empty around the last week of July, with a rapid rise of the water level in the Kennicott River and some possible flooding. The first snow should be sometime in late September.

ENJOY THE SUMMER
WHATEVER THE WEATHER!

"Do something you love, learn something new every day, find the smartest, most decent people you can and stay close to them, be someone other people can count on, and don't be afraid to take risks—don't be afraid to fail. In my career, mistakes are where I learned the most—I wouldn't trade them for anything in the world." — John Rutledge

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

Noah's Ark - A Modern Tale

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

And the Lord spoke to Noah and said: "In six months I'm going to make it rain until the whole earth is covered with water and all the evil people are destroyed. But I want to save a few good people, and two of every kind of living thing on the planet. I am ordering you to build Me an Ark," said the Lord.

And in a flash of lightning He delivered the specifications for an Ark.

"OK," said Noah, trembling in fear and fumbling with the blueprints.

"Six months, and it starts to rain" thundered the Lord. "You'd better have my Ark completed, or learn how to swim for a very long time."

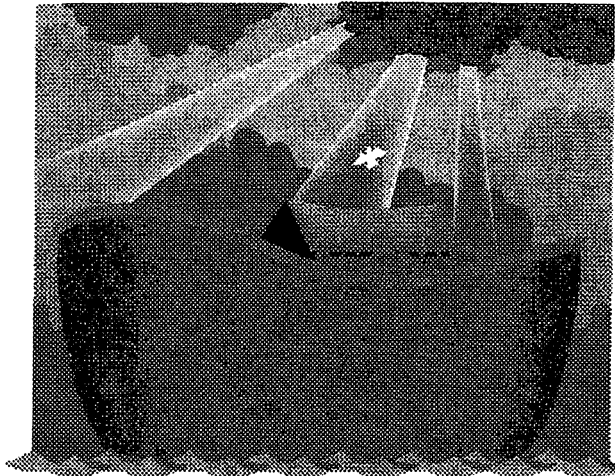
And six months passed.

The skies began to cloud up and rain began to fall. The Lord saw that Noah was sitting in his front yard, weeping. And there was no Ark.

"Noah," shouted the Lord, "where is my Ark?" A lightning bolt crashed into the ground next to Noah, for emphasis.

"Lord, please forgive me," begged Noah. "I did my best. But there were big problems.

First I had to get a building permit for the Ark construction project, and your plans didn't meet Code. So I had to hire an engineer to redraw the plans. Then I got into a big fight over whether or not the Ark needed a fire sprinkler system. My neighbors objected claiming I



was violating zoning by building the Ark in my front yard, so I had to get a variance from the city planning commission.

"Then I had a big problem getting enough wood for the Ark because there was a ban on cutting trees to save the Spotted Owl. Then the carpenters formed a union and went out on strike. I had to negotiate a settlement with the National Labor Relations Board before anyone would pick up a saw or a hammer. Now we got 16 carpenters going on the boat, and still no owls.

"Then I started gathering up the animals, and got sued by an

animal rights group. They objected to me taking only two of each kind. Just when I got the suit dismissed, EPA notified me that I couldn't complete the Ark without filing an environmental impact statement on your proposed Flood. Then the Army Corps of Engineers wanted a map of the proposed new flood plain. I sent them a globe. And the IRS (The tax authorities) has seized all my assets claiming I'm trying to avoid paying taxes by leaving the country, and I just got a notice from the state about owing some kind of use tax.

"I really don't think I can finish your Ark for at least another five years," Noah wailed.

The sky began to clear. The sun began to shine. A rainbow arched across the sky. Noah looked up and smiled. "You mean you're not going to destroy the earth?" Noah asked, hopefully.

"Wrong!" thundered the Lord. "But being Lord of the Universe has its advantages. I fully intend to smite the Earth, but with something far worse than a Flood. Something Man invented himself."

"What's that?" asked Noah.

There was a long pause, and then the Lord spoke:

"Government."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Edgewater, Maryland

June 5, 1997

Letters to the Editor

We are looking for information about my great-uncle, John (Jack) William Adkins, who was in Alaska from 1917-1926. His best friend, Tom McDonough, went with him but later returned to the lower 48 and married John's girlfriend back in Maryland. Following is derived from surviving letters & postcards:

John left Butte, MT in May, 1917 for mining work at Kennecott; or he went to Alaska via the Inside Passage. June, 1917 arrived at Ft. Gibbon, Tanana. On 1920 Census as placer miner, Kako Mine, north of Russian Mission, living at Porters Place, Kako mining camp; May, 1922 left Russian Mission after deciding goldmine he was working not worth it since it only brought in \$1600+ per summer; he hiked 90 miles, hooked up with fishing Co. & went via "Bering Sea, Lake Illyumna, through Cook's inlet to Anchorage" and Juneau. Sept, 1922 through Apr, 1924 in Juneau with mentions of upper Yukon & working on Douglas Island, Jan. 1924; Dec, 1924 in Ketchikan and mentions Wrangell. July 26, 1926 bought 10 \$100 travelers checks from M&M Bank of Nome; July 27, 1926 on schooner Trader from Nome; Aug 1, 1926 arrived on Little Diomed Island, hired skin boat & some natives to take him to mainland of Siberia; Aug 26, 1926 left Alaska on Russian ship to Japan planning to board another ship for Peru, but was

arrested at Petropavlovsk for not having proper papers.

John W. Adkins was born Sept 24, 1889 in Parsonsburg, MD and was 28-37 years old while in Alaska. He joined the IWW (International Workers of the World) either in Penna. or Alaska. After his girlfriend married, he claimed he married an Eskimo woman & had a child. Juneau Vital Records has no marriage record for him. Somewhere in Alaska, he found a gold mine and someone jumped his claim. From Russian files, he had no use for the IWW or the US Govt. in connection with "illegal actions in Alaska" regarding that mine. We plan to publish a book, warts and all, but there are gaps in our record. If anyone remembers him or has any information, please contact me at 415 Plainview Ave., Edgewater MD 21037-3334; tel. no. (410) 798-0860. Thank you very much.

Yours truly,

(Mrs.) Hazel A. Garland

Gwynn Oak, MD

May 9, 1997

Dear Bonnie and Rick:

I just received my May/June WSEN, and there, on the front cover, was the unthinkable—a footbridge over the Kennicott! I thought that a new deck and guard rails on the Kuskulana River bridge was bad enough.

What's next?

Warning labels on the bears? (The Surgeon General has determined that this grizzly may

be hazardous to your health.)

I realize that for you folks who actually live in the area, the new bridges probably make life a lot easier and a lot safer. However, my memories of adventuring into WRST are wrapped around the sweaty palms feeling of inching our truck across the "scary bridge" and then rocketing across the Kennicott on the hand trams.

I first visited the area in 1986 and was totally knocked out by the intensity of the wilderness and the eerie old structures at the mine site. I spent a week, dazed, awed, and often frightened, poking into the old buildings and trekking up the haul roads to camp just below the peaks and the mines.

The whole experience—the drive in, the trams, hiking through the Kennicott area—so stunned me that I had to return. I came back around 1990; by then the scary bridge had been de-clawed, but the wilderness and the mine site were pretty much as I remembered. The Kennicott Glacier Lodge had just opened and I was the first person to get a take-out order from their kitchen! Quite a distinction.

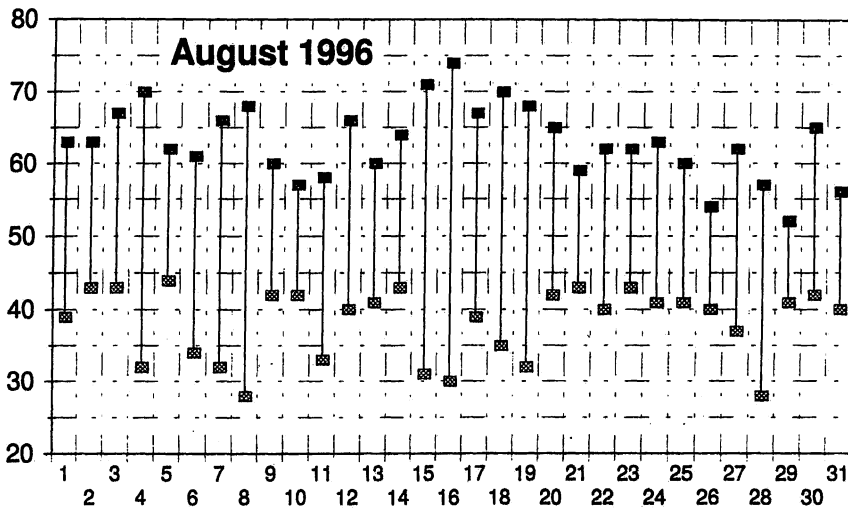
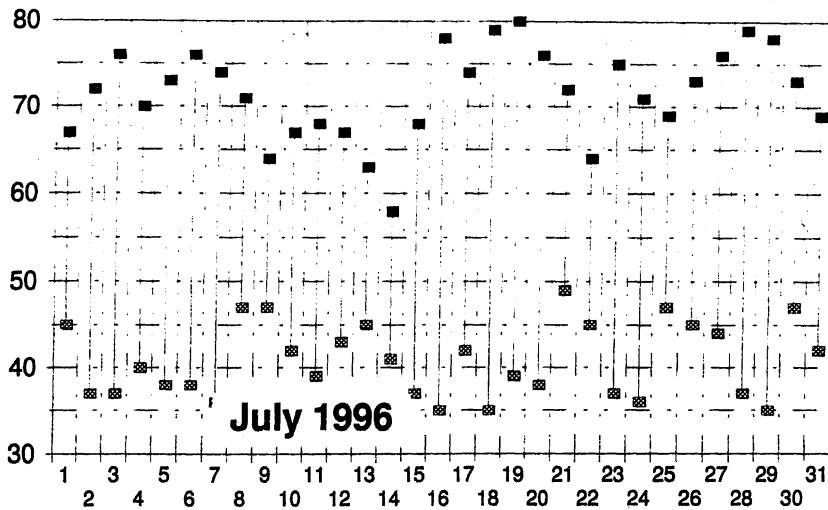
Thanks for keeping me posted with your wonderful publication—even if the news is not all to my liking. At least the footbridge will enable me to bring my wife with me the next time I visit. Just viewing my slides of the old hand tram made her nauseous.

Respectfully,

Reed Hellman

7366707@mcimail.com

Weather - What can we expect?



Wiangell St. Elias News
 McCaffrey
 PO Box 144
 Glennallen, AK 99588



Service Oil & Gas

RESIDENTIAL ● COMMERCIAL

- Heating oil
- Gasoline and Diesel Fuel
- AvGas and Jet Fuel
- Chevron Lube Oils and Greases
- Fuel Tanks and Accessories

*Service sometimes means going more than the extra mile.
 "We appreciate all our BUSH CUSTOMERS"*

**For the First Name In Service, Call
 SERVICE OIL & GAS**



Chevron

PHONE: 822-3375
 Mile 188.5 Glenn Highway
 Box 276
 Glennallen, AK 99588