

Wrangell St. Elias News

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"

Volume Seventeen Issue Four

July & August 2008

\$2.50

Ellis Air 30 Years in Alaska

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WSEN staff photo

Adventure is BIG,



Photo courtesy Scott McMurren

pizza the best at Wrangell-St.Elias

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Reminiscences of Cordova and Mile 13

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A note from the publisher

BY BONNIE KENYON

Rick and I are overly eager for you to receive the July/August issue of WSEN. We believe you will find it full of interesting adventure stories and historical accounts. The major story, "Reminiscences of Cordova and Mile 13" by C. L. Siebert, Jr. has been one of our most popular accounts. Because of this we were asked to reprint it for the sake of our newer subscribers.

Speaking of Cordova, the Cordova Chamber of Commerce is celebrating their Aviation history for their Centennial Celebration 1908/2008. Cordova Airlines is specifically in the spotlight. Round trip packages starting in either McCarthy or Cordova include an historic and scenic DC3 flight up or down the Copper River, a tour of the Copper River Delta, Childs Glacier and the Million Dollar Bridge with dinner and guest speaker Ken Smith, son of Cordova's pioneering aviator Mudhole Smith. Be sure to check out the chamber's ad on the back cover of this issue.

On a bit of a sad note, we McCarthyites (and others) had to say goodbye to Lynn Ellis, our "mail pilot" who passed the baton to Dave and Carla Parmenter of Copper Valley Air Service. My neighbor Jim Edwards says, "I remember a number of times when Lynn would deliver the mail even if it was Christmas day, or whatever. And sometimes he actually drove his truck half way in the MXY road if someone would meet him to take the mail on to here." I, too, recall those Thanksgiving meals we had because Lynn was determined McCarthy folks got their turkeys on time. Lynn, thank you for all those years of dedicated mail and passenger service to our town!!

As I was typing the above paragraph, **Brian MacMillan** dropped off the following important announcements from the **Kennicott McCarthy Volunteer Fire Department** (KMVFD):

Red Card DVDs @ The Mercantile: Forestry Field Day for Red Cards 7.06.08 1 pm. Tony Zaks.

The self-taught Wildfire Responder DVDs are available free at the Mercantile. Anyone interested should go see Peggy Smith and sign two out. Mike Trimmer will be out for the 4th of July and will be teaching a field day on Sunday the 6th for anyone interested in receiving their Red Card. This DVD set replaces 32 hours of class training and takes some time so those interested should get started early in order to complete it. Anyone who has held an AK. Red Card in the past 5 years can just attend the field day in or-

der to get recertified; it should only last 3-4 hours.

KMVFD Softball Tournament and BBQ Fundraiser Saturday July 5, 1 pm. at Bosshart's Field.

Start getting your team together for the first annual KMVFD Softball Tournament. If we get three or more teams to participate, we will have a round robin event. There will be burgers and dogs at the BBQ and the Wrangell Mountain Center will be selling salads and sweets to raise money for Porphery Productions to bring Edgeware Productions Shakespeare presentation to McCarthy. Come on up and join the fun!

WSEN welcomes aboard the following subscribers: Lynn Grams, AK; William Golden, WI; Phil Collins, AK; Sergio Perez, NY; Stephen Bolejack, NC; Jim Sartin, TN; Bryan Campbell, AK.

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Items of Interest

BY BONNIE KENYON

Mark Vail: Once again it is time to gather what always turns out to be items of interest from Mark's neighborhood or, as Mark now calls it, "his Fireweed Report." Of course, I find his report full of interesting sightings and happenings.

The morel mushroom season this spring proved to be the "best morel season" Mark can recall. He's been picking and eating those mysterious morels almost a month now (today is June 17th) and has a good supply dried for winter. When Mark uses the word mysterious to describe these tasty morsels, it is only because many of us have not yet discovered the "why" some year's harvest is abundant and others, slim-pickin'. Mark did mention the possibility of a "cool, dry spring." That is certainly a good point and a perfect description of the McCarthy area spring season this year.

Although Mark doesn't spend his days hand-feeding the local birds, he does provide a garden full of earth worms that draw in the nearby nesting robin family. He suspects the baby robins are growing faster than usual due to the wonderful dinner fare. Another family is developing on the lake, a pair of returning Swans.

For 20 years Mark has patiently waited to see a pair of swans produce a family. He's hoping this will be "the" year. Mark says the mama has been sitting on her nest since the first of June.

All kinds of berry bushes are pumping out a lot of blooms, reports Mark, so locals can expect a good harvest in that department. On a sad note...Mark's raspberry bushes he planted in the fall were found to be very tasty with the winter rabbit population. He may have to rig up a good fence this winter, he says, to help the bushes survive and produce next summer.

By the way, Mark has seen 7 black bears in the last 6 days so heads-up when hiking or biking the McCarthy Road and vicinity!

Jim, Audrey and Shelly Edwards: Jim is finally starting to catch up on filling their woodshed for the upcoming winter months as well as our still rather cool evenings. He's glad to have an extra hand at this project. "Shelly has been helping me stack them as I split the logs. The heater woodshed was getting full, and there was still some wood on the trailer. Shelly commented that it 'might come out nearly perfect.' We just finished the job as the last available spot was filled, so I had to reply that her guess was BETTER

than 'nearly' — it was ABSOLUTELY PERFECT!!"

I also think it could go something like this: Jim cuts and splits the wood, Shelly stacks and Audrey keeps the home fires burning!

Jim and Peggy Guntis: Although summer has not "officially" arrived, the folks who call McCarthy home this time of year have arrived. The Guntis' left their winter quarters (and over 100 degree temperatures) in Tucson and exchanged them for the almost wintry temperatures of Alaska.

When Jim and Peggy opened up their house on May 29th, they soon discovered someone (s) had taken great liberties during this last winter. The intruders? Those pesky red-backed voles. (For you readers who wonder what a vole is, it is simply a small mouse.)

Peggy's first few days were spent cleaning cabinets. Now that that chore is done, she is finding time to read and visit her neighbors and friends.

Locals remember Kim Northrup, Peggy's daughter. Kim, husband Richard and their two foster children, TaPanga and Keith, spent a week in McCarthy. The kids (and some adults) en-

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joyed flying kites and the children found the sport of throwing rocks in the river a grand form of entertainment.

Jim was so thankful to have Richard's help in putting another coat of oil finish on their pine-sided house. Peggy just called and said Jim put the final stroke to the back wall.

Prior to the Guntis' arrival, Jim and Carl Bahr of Arkansas, a friend and fellow electrician, completed a new display for McCarthy's museum. It shows typical Knob and Tube wiring from the early 1900's. Be sure to take a walk through the museum's Railroad car and inspect this most recent addition.

Welcome back, Jim and Peggy!

Kenny Smith: Kenny and his wife, Donna, are back in the good ole' USA after a cruise around the continent of Africa. The voyage was billed as the 73 day "Grand Africa Voyage." They left Anchorage March 9th flying to Ft. Lauderdale where they boarded Holland America's Prinsendam cruise ship. Kenny described the ship as fairly small but designed for long voyages. Their cabin "pretty, nice complete with a patio of their own." The first three stops were at the Caribbean Ports of Grand Turk, San Juan Puerto Rico and St. Maarten. The day after Easter they visited Casablanca. From there it was down the west coast of Africa and all the way around the continent almost to their starting point. They did visit Spain and ended in Portugal.

Although the world seems very large to most of us, it can sometimes appear very small indeed. Kenny describes for us an interesting example of this:

"For you McCarthyites, the first morning at breakfast a real nice couple from Florida was seated next to us. As we became acquainted, discussion took place as to where

we all hailed from. When they found out we were Alaskans they mentioned they had a son who lived there. He had been in McCarthy for 30 years and he is a pilot, they said. At that point I said, stop, let me guess, Gary Green and his McCarthy Air? Yep. It is Gary's mother and step father, who are real nice people and also on board for the entire trip. Maybe you have met them before, as they visit Gary every so often in McCarthy, the last time being summer before last."

In an April 6th email Kenny writes: "When one experiences Africa, there is quite a difference between a guided safari inland into remote protected national game parks, visiting fake Zulu villages, staying in fine hotels in the large South African cities and actually getting out into the hinterlands and rubbing elbows with indigenous folk in their world. Over the last week or so we have been accomplishing the latter."

While in Togo, one of their stops was at the campsite of a nomadic tribal fishing community. A local independent outfit that contracts with Holland America Line works these shore excursions, which are few and far between in this seldom visited area. They put on this particular shore excursion and provided the escorts and busses. Kenny said this one was very interesting to him because the fishing they did was with drift gill nets, much like those used on the Copper River Flats except in microcosm.

In the same email entry, Kenny wrote, "Of the areas we have visited so far, I rate Agadir, Morocco as the place I would most like to visit again." Since Kenny and Donna have traveled the world over, I consider this rating of great interest!

By the way, the ship had less than 600 passengers even though it can carry over 800. Each week they consumed: 12,040 eggs, 3,000 potatoes, 18 lbs. of caviar, 120 gallons of ice cream, 2,500 pounds of butter,

6,400 pounds of red meat & pork, 4000 pounds poultry and 2000 pounds of seafood. Many calories and miles later, Kenny doesn't look any worse for the wear! Welcome back, Kenny!

John and Barbara Rice: Another welcome back to the Rices, who arrived at their summer home on April 27th. It didn't take long before they got out their paint brushes, painting floors and the newly-built landing and railing that Don Welty constructed for them prior to their arrival. Now their upstairs guest quarters will be safer and cozier for its occupants.

The first week in June, Barbara and John flew down to Greenville, North Carolina to attend the high school graduation of their granddaughter Kate McGonigle. John shares: "Kate's graduation was wonderful with all the family there. Barbara's sister and brother and spouses and our middle daughter, Elizabeth, were there in addition to daughter Laura's family."

A side trip took them to a very historical town called New Bern which was established in 1710. The tour of the town on a non-air conditioned trolley was in 104 degrees temperatures! Barbara longed for the cool, dry weather of McCarthy! Before returning north, they made sure they took time to relax on Atlantic beach.

Since they got home, neighbor Kevin Smith began the huge project of painting the exterior of their house, a Kennicott red color.

Barbara chose planting her garden in place of climbing a ladder. She is leaving that to the men folks but enjoying the finished product of a job well underway.

Welcome back, Albina and Rene! Albina Izmaylova and Rene Welty are two young ladies well-known in our town. Albina has been living with Barbara and John Rice in St. Louis, attending college and working on becoming a citizen of our country. Most of us met Albina

2 years ago when she came to work for the McCarthy Lodge. This year she has returned and splits her working time between the lodge and serving folks at the McCarthy Mercantile.

Rene, youngest daughter of Don and Lynn Welty, is visiting family and friends until around the third week of July. When she isn't serving up those scrumptious ice cream cones from the "Merc" Rene is adding more hours to her pilot's log book with the expertise of her dad and her flight instructor, Martin Boniek, both pilots with Wrangell Mountain Air.

Kurt and Lindsay (Kremlin)

Jensen: Many locals remember Jim Kremlin's daughter, Lindsay, from her past summer visits. Well...Lindsay has returned but she has not come empty-handed. She is now married and brought her new husband Kurt who is working for Wrangell Mountain Air in their office and is managing to fit in a few shuttle runs for Wrangell Mountain Bus. They are living at Long Lake, keeping Lindsay's dad, Jim Kremlin, entertained! Actually, Lindsay says her dad has been so much help to her and Kurt, building shelves and setting up a hot water system for them.

Lindsay has reopened the ice cream shop at the Lakina River, Mile 45 of the McCarthy Road. It is now carrying the new name: Lakina Island Ice Cream Shoppe. The favorite ice cream flavor, says Lindsay, is Alaska Wild Berry with Moose Cake and Copper Coffee flavors following a close second and third.

Espresso drinks are also available. Something new this year are Lindsay's own hot bagel sandwiches.

The Shoppe's hours are from approximately 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Be sure to tell Lindsay I sent you!

Harold and Carol Michal: Fireweed Subdivision at Mile 50 of the McCarthy Road is Harold and Carol's summer residence. I don't usually give folks' ages but Harold

and Carol are pleased to be living such long, enjoyable lives. Harold is 96 and Carol 79. Their nearest neighbor is Mark Vail. Carol rides a motorcycle approximately 15 miles (one way) to pick up and drop off their mail. She says she is ready to sell her trusty motorcycle, however, due to the fact it is not as comfortable dodging those McCarthy Road potholes as it used to be. I expect we'll begin seeing her on their 4 wheeler which should take the bumps easier.

Harold and Carol are celebrating their titles of great, great grandparents on Harold's side of the family. Angela is 4 months old now, says Carol. She and Harold traveled to Salem, Oregon, this past April to get an "up-close" view of this special little girl. Carol was glad they could pick up the ferry at Haines and then dock at Bellingham, WA. (Much less traveling discomforts, Carol?)

Now that they are settled in at their cabin, the Michal's are nurturing their summer garden crops: peas, carrots, squash, swiss chard, spinach, onions and potatoes, to mention a few.

Brad Grossweiler: Brad, owner of Kennicott River Lodge & Hostel, arrived the last part of April and has kept busy opening his business, planting his summer garden and "lots of flowers." He says he does better with the flowers than the edible portion of his planting but he still enjoys the yearly project.

The other day Brad stopped by and brought along his niece, Meghan Von Boeckman. Meghan is here for the summer and helping Brad with the various tasks that come with serving the many visitors to our local area. Meghan lives in Arlington Heights, Illinois, and is finishing up her Masters Degree in education while working as a full-time nanny. Welcome to McCarthy, Meghan. We hope your summer is action-packed and fun-filled!

Another item of interest I gleaned from my conversation with Brad, is the birth of Jamie (Esler) and Brandy's baby girl on May 12. They are presently living and working in Idaho but Brad expects them to return to McCarthy next summer and give him a hand at the Hostel.

Chris Epton and Chuck Gretzke: Chuck and Chris of Glacier View Campground and Grill are up and running for the season. A new 16' x 20' deck with screened enclosure (nicknamed the VIP room) contains 4 extra tables for dining. That will come in mighty handy for those buggy, rainy days.

The famous Glacier Burger remains the No. 1 choice with guests, but pizzas are following close behind. New this year, says Chuck, are their lemon pepper, barbecue, and teriyaki chicken sandwiches. Also, they've added salads, soup and chili to their menu. Their hot dogs have been renamed so be sure you request the "Alaska sled dog."

When Chris and Chuck are not flipping burgers or serving up all the other goodies hot off the grill, they are planning their float for the July 4th parade and their fireworks' display that evening. Alaska style is to wait until you have some semblance of darkness which means staying up until 11 to 12 PM before the festivities begin.

Sourdough Drilling visits McCarthy: Paul Barr, of Soldotna and owner of Sourdough Drilling and his "jack-of-all-trades" handyman, Milton Bristow, Nikiski, arrived in McCarthy area the third week of June. Westside property owners, Dave Gutierrez, and Brian MacMillan (BMac) both received good producing wells at 40', says Paul.

He is expected to return the last week of June to put in several more wells.

Congratulations to the successful well-drillers and to Dave and Brian!

Ellis Air 30 Years in Alaska

BY MARY ODDEN

Gulkana—On Friday, May 30, Lynn Ellis piloted his last load of mail to McCarthy and May Creek as the owner of the aviation company he started with his father in 1978. Ellis Air Taxi now belongs to Dave & Carla Parmenter of Copper Valley Air Service, along with the familiar C-185 and C-206 Cessnas of Ellis Air.

Ellis says he doesn't have a lot of particular plans to fill up the spare hours that he'd normally spend flying agency folks or fishermen or hunters or tourists or the mail. But he says, "I have never had a summer off since I was 12 years old, so I have plenty of things to catch up on."

With 18,000 piloting hours on his logbooks, Ellis says he still has only seen "one-third of Alaska" so he plans to do some travelling and adventuring in his Super Cub, and maybe even work on his house—things that other Alaskans do if they don't grow up in a flying/wilderness lodge family where all the profitable economic activity of the year is scrunched into the few long daylight hours of the Alaska summer.

Lynn got his commercial license in 1971 when he was eighteen years old, and started flying and guiding for his dad Bill Ellis. Bill and Lorene Ellis owned and operated Devil's Mountain Lodge, at the end of the Nabesna Road, and Jack Lake Flying Service.

In 1978, his dad helped Lynn buy Jack Wilson's flying service based out of Gulkana, and Ellis Air Taxi was born. Bill worked with Lynn for several years, then backed out of it to the helpful role of filling in on the occasional mail run, while Lynn took on more and more flying jobs. Those jobs included many hours of fire detection work with the Bureau of Land Management and later with state forestry.

In the mid-1980's Lynn took a two-year hiatus in Hawaii "to become rich in the heli-tour business" while Ken Bunch of Gulkana Air Service did Lynn's flying in the Copper Valley. But when the Hawaiian enterprise didn't work out like he wanted it to, Lynn was glad to come home to Alaska with its ever-changing seasons and views.

"Hawaii was okay the first couple of trips around the volcano," he said, "but it got old very quickly. In thirty years, I never have gotten tired of flying around in the Wrangells. It's remarkable what the back side of Mt. Drum looks like—that's the direction that most of the volcanic eruption went—with all the changing vegetation, and the rock cathedrals, and the over-hanging glaciers."



In the last 8-10 years, Lynn says, flight-seeing tours have been a growing proportion of Ellis Air Taxi's business. For most people, he says, that's the only way they are ever going to see the back country in the National Park.

And what a wonderful way to see the country.

Lynn took Glennallen Postmaster Terry Keizer along on the last Wednesday McCarthy – May Creek run so that Keizer could personally experience how the US Mail has been delivered every week since 1981, twice a week since the early 1990s. The pair even stopped at Dan Creek for a visit. It was a typically Alaskan thing to do—drop in for a cup of coffee, be welcomed and warmed in a back country that still depends on the supplies and food and mail that small airplanes bring.

Congratulations to Lynn Ellis on thirty years of service to our region's residents and visitors.

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Citizens Advisory Commission on Federal Areas meets

BY SUSAN SMITH

Imagine all of the federal agencies within the Department of the Interior in Alaska with the same standardized policy toward access across federal lands. Imagine the National Park Service (NPS) User's Guide and Alaska National Interest Lands Con-

servations Act (ANILCA) 1110(b) Right-of-Way Certificates of Access (RWCAs) being adopted by all agencies in the State. The Citizens Advisory Commission on Federal Areas (CACFA) envisions this scenario.

The second CACFA meeting was called to order by Chairman Rick Schikora on the morning of June 5,

2008 at the Department of Natural Resources (DNR) building in Fairbanks. Melanie Lesh, Special Assistant to the DNR Commissioner and Legislative Liaison, conducted a roll call of the members.

Commissioners present were Governor Palin appointments Mark Fish, Ken Kreitzer, Charlie Lean,

Frank Woods III, Alex Tarnai, and myself, Susan Smith. Also attending were Senate President Lyda Green appointments Rod Arno and Rick Halford, as well as Speaker of the House John Harris appointments Rick Schikora and Jim Pound, for State Representative Wes Keller.

Agency representatives in attendance included Dick Mylius, Sally Gibert, and Melanie Lesh of DNR, Tina Cuning of the Alaska Department of Fish and Game, Hans Neidig (Special Assistant to the Secretary of the Interior for Alaska), Vic Knox (NPS Deputy Regional Director), and Greg Dudgeon (NPS Superintendent of Gates of the Arctic National Park and Preserve.) Others attending were Roger Kaye of the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service, Karen Gordon of DNR, Fairbanks attorney Lynn Levengood, and Dick and Mary Bishop of Fairbanks.

After introductions, the agenda was approved without objection. The February meeting minutes were also approved. Chairman Rick Schikora presented his Chairman's Report summarizing his activities since the last meeting. Much time was spent setting up the Executive Director (ED) and Administrative Assistant (AA) staff positions for the commission. An attempt has been made to fill the AA position first since many tasks need to be accomplished soon. DNR staff suggested that an existing department employee could provide assistance under a Reimbursable Service Arrangement. Karen Gordon has already helped with acquiring office space for both positions.

During February and early March, DNR staff helped to prepare the ED position description, job classification request paperwork, and information for the Personnel Board meeting in March. The partially-exempt job position was approved in May and was posted on Workplace Alaska; twelve applications have been received.

Melanie Lesh finalized the acquisition of office space in the Fair-

banks DNR building. She also arranged for the purchase of computer and office equipment for the areas. Representative Wes Keller offered the part-time services of his Professional Aide/Paralegal Jim Pound to assist with commission tasks.

Melanie was the first speaker at the June meeting. She gave a report on the Code of Ethics and noted that Chairman Rick Schikora is the commission Ethics Supervisor. She also reviewed travel authorization documentation requirements.

Hans Neidig reported on current land legislation and agency plans out for review, including the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) Bay Resource Management Plan. Commissioner Woods cited problems in his area with that plan's comment process and distribution of information to the public.

Special Assistant Neidig encouraged CACFA members to follow a number of important issues. He believes that the new NPS User's Guide and RWCAs should be adopted by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, BLM and U.S. Forest Service, to standardize policy among all Department of the Interior agencies in Alaska. Other significant policies meriting attention include cabin use, predator management, trail closures in the Nabesna area of Wrangell St. Elias National Park and Preserve (WRST), participation in agency planning processes, proposed wildlife corridors, and establishing good relationships with agency Regional Directors.

A public comment period followed. Fairbanks attorney Lynn Levengood spoke on behalf of several clients who have been cited by federal agencies in the State. Traditional access has been challenged or lost, federal agencies are attempting to exercise control over navigable waters, subsistence hunting registrations are disguised as contracts, and photographers are being told they need commercial use per-

mits, even when on State land taking pictures of federal land. Under federal management, the Nabesna caribou herd has declined alarmingly and Levengood asked for the State to demand unmonumenting of the area so it can take over management of the herd. He suggested that CACFA poll user groups to document like instances of abuse similar to those he described. In his opinion, Alaskans have a collective legal defense in statute, but in reality have no individual defense.

Dick and Mary Bishop of Fairbanks spoke next. Mary addressed the loss of access when certain 17(b) easements were lost or unrecognized as a result of native selection transfers. These easements were designed to provide access across selected private lands to otherwise inaccessible public lands. Commissioner Halford stated that a 17(b) easement should not disappear unless the block of public land it accesses is no longer there. Dick Bishop, President of the Alaska Outdoor Council, named access, navigable waters, RS2477s, Federal Subsistence Board actions, and ineffective monitoring of spring waterfowl hunts as key issues.

Sally Gibert, ANILCA Coordinator for DNR, spoke next about the coordination between state and federal agencies. She provided commissioners with a "Selected List of Projects/Plans/Policies" to watch in the near future. Literally thousands of pages of State comments on various federal management plans have been written since 1984 when her ANILCA Coordinator position was established and the State is having trouble keeping up with all of the new plans coming out. Some agencies use and enforce park compendia which attempt to change regulation and law. NPS regulations from 1996 assert authority over State navigable waterways, despite ANILCA Section 103(c) which prohibits federal regulations from affecting non-federal lands.

Dick Mylius gave a presentation on RS2477s, 17(b) easements, and State navigable waters. He explained that the test for navigability is satisfied if the lake, creek, or river will float a 1,000-pound raft and is at least susceptible to being floated.

During the lunch break, Commissioner Rod Arno spoke about BLM's Eastern Interior Resource Management Plan. He stressed the importance of getting involved early in the scoping process of subsequent plans in order to significantly affect the alternatives which are proposed. Tina Cuning advised that the scoping processes are different between ANILCA and the Federal Land Management and Policy Act.

I was asked to speak next about the new NPS User's Guide and RW-CAs being issued in WRST. I presented some background about injustices in the park under a previous administration, the formation of the inholder group Residents of the Wrangells, the testimonial packets that were prepared and distributed, and Governor Frank Murkowski's

assistance throughout the process. RW-CAs are a unique, new approach to access, created specifically to address the requirements of ANILCA law in Alaska. They are now being offered to inholders without fees, individual environmental assessments, or time restrictions, and are recordable and transferrable. Inholders in WRST have an improved relationship with NPS, whose change of attitude toward access confirms and documents our ANILCA rights in perpetuity.

NPS Deputy Regional Director Vic Knox addressed access issues as they relate to ANILCA law. He summarized NPS cabin use policies and provided information about off-road vehicle issues. I pointed out that trappers in the interior regions of the State are being asked by BLM to provide proof that 25% of their income is derived from trapping to qualify for a commercial cabin use permit. BLM will not provide permits for private recreational cabin use on their lands. The Alaska Trappers Association has offered to poll

its members to identify other problems with federal agencies.

In summary, Chairman Rick Schikora indicated that the ED would be on staff soon after further work on job descriptions, recruitment, and advertising. Commissioners Schikora and Arno comprise the hiring committee.

Action items for CACFA include; a letter to Hans Neidig urging other federal agencies in the State to adopt the NPS User's Guide and RWCA; education for user groups on federal management plans and scoping processes; comments on Resource Management Plans; and, outreach to users to identify injustices through the use of a standardized CACFA form.

The next CACFA meeting is tentatively scheduled for middle to late October. As we get an ED and AA on staff, and identify more of the problems encountered by Alaskans with federal agencies, we can begin the most important part of our task as commission members; to ensure that our ANILCA rights are recognized and upheld.

KMVFD Responds to SEAG Sauna Fire

BY BRIAN MACMILLAN

The Kennicott McCarthy Volunteer Fire Department got their Red Card Recertification certificates on Friday, May 30, 2008. Mike Trimmer from the Department of Forestry in Tazlina came out to administer the test and deliver some equipment for our truck, including a drafting hose that was missing. Dave Hollis, Jason Lobo, Matt Smith, Brad Grosweiller, Brian MacMillan, Chris Chester, Ian Giori and Malcolm Vance all got recertified. After the test the crew took our brush truck up to Bosshart's field to fill the pump packs from the well and inventory all the gear. Trimmer and his crew headed out to Mile 55 afterwards to

finish clearing brush at the Forestry kiosk.

About an hour after leaving the brush truck at the Tony Zak, Fire Chief Malcolm Vance got a call from Saint Elias Alpine Guides director Wayne Mans saying that their sauna was on fire. Vance dashed down his back stairs and sprinted towards the Zak, at the same moment Nathalie Bay had rushed into the McCarthy Lodge looking for any VFD members and found Ian Giori and he tore off on his Honda 3-wheeler to respond. Giori and Vance rushed to the scene and backed out brush truck up to the inferno, the 12x20 sauna shack was engulfed in flames. "I thought, whoa, we are way out of our league here, this is a full on structure fire." said Vance later that evening.

The two fired up the pump and deployed hose immediately knocking the fire back. After a little over 10 minutes, the tank was drained and they drove to McCarthy Creek to fill it back up. Unfortunately the draft wasn't taking and they made a quick decision to head back to the well up at Bosshart's. Before leaving the scene they passed out pump packs to the SEAG guides and instructed them to keep spraying the flames. Within 15 minutes they were back on the scene and dousing the last of the flames. Trimmer visited the scene the next day and gave Marrs some advice for limiting his fire risk around the SEAG compound.

"Character is the single most important ingredient of leadership." —Gen. H. Norman Schwartzkopf

Adventure is big, pizza the best at Wrangell-St. Elias

BY SCOTT McMURREN

It's official: The best pizza I've ever had was cooked on a little camp stove just up the valley from the Tana Glacier inside Wrangell-St. Elias National Park.

You've got to get creative when you're traveling in Alaska's backcountry. Our guide, Tim Duffy with St. Elias Alpine Guides, had all the ingredients: "Boboli" flatbread, which he fried in the pan, pepperoni, onions and shredded cheese, topped off with some marinara sauce squeezed out of a Zip-loc bag.

The "kitchen" was nothing more than a flat rock next to a rushing creek that poured out from a hanging glacier. There was a light breeze, so the five of us sort of huddled around the stove—mostly to see whether we could get any warmer standing next to the tiny flame.

Like many of Alaska's parks, Wrangell-St. Elias National Park has one main road, the McCarthy Road, which leads to one primary destination: McCarthy and the historic Kennicott mining district. And it's worth visiting the park just to see that area. There are comfy accommodations and plenty to see and do within hiking distance. But the park

is much bigger: about 13.2 million acres. It's America's largest national park

To get to the rest of the park, you have to fly, walk or float down a river. Wrangell Mountain Air is one of several air services that offers remote drop-offs and pickups throughout the park. Owner/pilot Kelly Bay chose a DHC-2 Beaver and a Cessna 185 for all of the gear to do an overnight ice-climbing adventure. Tents, ropes, harnesses, crampons, helmets, ice axes, sleeping bags—there's a comprehensive gear list.

Once Kelly dropped us off on a sandbar, we had to load up all of our gear and go find a place to camp. There is no porter to tip. We all hauled our 50-60 pound packs across the snowfields and loose scree until we came to a flat spot surrounded by glaciers. There, we set up our tents and headed up to explore the ice.

In addition to the incredible variety of adventure—glacier hikes, ice climbing, trekking and rafting—we had to be prepared for every type of weather: sun, sleet, wind, rain and snow.

Whether you're an experienced backcountry adventurer or just a

beginner, it's worth it to get off the beaten path to see the park. In addition to ice climbing and mountaineering, St. Elias Alpine Guides offers float trips, day hikes on glaciers, backcountry hiking and multi-day base camp adventures.

In fact, it was only after taking a daylong glacier hike with some ice climbing that I got the idea of venturing out for an overnight trip.

Many folks are happy just to see a glacier from afar. Others are content to strap on the crampons and walk around on top of these giant ice flows.

But once you understand that you can safely descend into crevasses and be surrounded by the deep blue ice—it opens up a new world of exploration.

Never mind camping out. Forget about your cell phone, your laptop, traffic and all the noise of the city. Trust me—after climbing around on the glacier all day, you'll sleep great!

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Backcountry Hiking in Wrangell-St. Elias National Park

BY SMITTY PARRATT

The drone of the bush plane fades into the distance, and you and your companions are left in silence. If you are looking for a world class opportunity for solitude, reflection, and unconfined recreation and adventure, you have arrived. Enveloped by a wilderness of huge peaks and giant glaciers, many miles from the nearest road or trail, you are

beginning a hiking adventure within the largest national park in the United States. At 13.2 million acres, Wrangell-St. Elias National Park & Preserve is the size of Switzerland.

Advance planning, proper skills, and appropriate equipment are essential to a safe backcountry trip in any wilderness, especially here where help is far away in distance and time.

Be sure to leave your itinerary with friends or family and register at one of the park's ranger stations. Bring equipment which will allow you to weather sun, wind, rain, snow, fording rivers, and a longer stay than anticipated. Poor weather can pin you down and delay a pickup by a bush plane. Bring a friend or friends; most serious problems are with solo travelers.

Insure that you have appropriate navigation equipment, including detailed maps of the area you plan to travel in. Many travelers carry GPS units, but you should in addition insure you have a compass in case your electronics fail. Carefully consider bringing communication equipment, such as a satellite phone or emergency location device. They could save your life. Again, carry a non-electronic communication device just in case, such as a mirror.

You will be traveling in bear country, and are required to store all of your food and other bear attractants in approved bear resistant food containers. Make sure you cook at least 100 yards from where you will be sleeping and that nothing you

bring into your sleeping area has food odors on it. Make enough noise while travelling to insure you don't surprise a bear at close quarters. Make yourself familiar with how to avoid a bear encounter and what to do if one occurs. The park biologist recommends bringing along bear spray as a deterrent. Check at a ranger station for more detailed suggestions.

Much more hazardous than bears are river crossings. Glacial outflow streams are deceptively fast, deep, and numbingly cold. Since they are laden with glacial silt, you cannot see how deep they are. Floating icebergs or rocks rolling on stream bottoms can knock you over. At times there is a sort of quicksand along the river courses, difficult

to detect in advance. It is best to cross streams in the early morning before the sun's heat increases their volume. The more people crossing connected together, the more potential safety margin. Study stream crossing techniques carefully if your trip will involve them.

A backcountry trip in Wrangell-St. Elias can be an adventure of a lifetime, with cherished photographs and memories to take home with you. Make sure you plan thoroughly in advance, bring appropriate equipment, and have the needed skills and knowledge before your trip begins, so that you will all come home safely.

Smitty Parratt is Chief of Interpretation at Wrangell-St. Elias National Park

Sue Masica Selected as Alaska NPS Regional Director

WASHINGTON—

Sue Masica will be the new regional director of National Park Service sites in Alaska. "My loss is Alaska's gain," National Park Service Director Mary A. Bomar said. "In addition to being passionate about national parks, Sue is a rare individual who can handle numerous issues at once, advocate for visitors, work with partners, and find solutions because she truly understands how the federal government works."

As the National Park Service's chief of staff since 2006, Masica served as senior advisor to Director Bomar and other park service executives. She coordinated key strategic and operational issues, participated in all significant policy,

budget, and personnel decisions, and oversaw the day-to-day operations of the Director's office.

Previously, Masica served as the Service's Associate Director for Park Planning, Facilities, and Lands. In this capacity, she was responsible for the formulation, justification, and execution of National Park Service infrastructure programs for construction, deferred maintenance, asset management, land acquisition, roadways, and planning. In recognition of her leadership in these areas, Masica received the Presidential Rank of Meritorious Executive in 2004. Masica also served as the Associate Director for Administration, in charge of the Service's budget, training, personnel, contracting, and other support functions.

Prior to joining the National Park Service, Masica worked 10 years on the staff of the United States Senate Committee on Appropriations as staff director of the Subcommittee on the Department of the Interior and Related Agencies. Masica began her Federal career as a Presidential Management Intern with the Department of the Interior.

Masica earned a Master of Public Affairs degree from the University of Texas (Lyndon B. Johnson School of Public Affairs) and a Bachelor of Arts in Political Science from Austin College.

Masica replaces Marcia Blaszak, the Alaska Regional Director since 2003, who recently retired.

Captivated by an Alaska adventure

BY SUNNY COOK

Early in the last year of the 20th Century, my husband Bob sent a bid to the University of Alaska on a 10-acre lot with a small pond in the new McCarthy Creek sub-division. It was our daughter Nancy's idea we purchase the property -- theoretically to protect the view from her little cabin on the ridge above. That her father might actually build on the lot may never have occurred to her, and certainly not to me. Be careful what you ask for!

By late March our 40,000 pounds of White Spruce logs were bumping down the McCarthy Road, squeezing under the Lakina River Bridge trestles with inches to spare. Reaching that place where the now defunct Copper River & Northwest Railway once crossed the Kennicott River, a yellow Caterpillar tractor towed the flatbed trailer across the frozen riverbed. Continuing on through the deserted ghost town of McCarthy, the heavy load moved past a dysfunctional powerhouse, across the frozen McCarthy Creek and half a mile up the Nizina Road. There the beetle-kill logs were off-loaded at the old abandoned McCarthy Creek airstrip to sit under blue tarps for a couple of months. We received a telephone call from the pay phone in front of Ma Johnson's Hotel confirming the delivery.

I recall another call placed a few years earlier from that same pay phone.

"Mom, Remember when we walked to the Beaver Pond on your first visit to McCarthy?"

It is one of those tinny time-lapse telephone calls Nancy usually

placed from some distant port of call in the Aleutians. "Where are you?" I ask, hearing my echo ask, "Where are you?"

"On the front porch of Ma Johnson's Hotel at the new pay phone. I'm making a bid on a piece of property near the Beaver Pond.

"You're what? What? You're looking for property at the End of the Road on the far side of a river and creek without bridges? Bridges? Are you crazy? Crazy?"

Slowly putting the phone back on the receiver at our home 2400 miles away in Richland, Washington, I'm in my own tinny time-lapse. Little do I know the echo of my voice is beginning to weave its own way into the human part of history lived at the toe of the receding Kennicott Glacier in the Wrangell Mountains of Alaska. Growing up in New York State in the 1940's and 50's, Alaska was as far away as Hawaii or the Moon; the 49th star not even sewn on the American flag until the year I went to college. The history major in me never glanced at the lure or lore of the Last Frontier, nor did my bookworm ever think to crawl that far.

By mid May, the same spring of our bid and log delivery, my husband is bumping his own way 2400 miles **North to Alaska. Another rush is on!** We spend the summer living in separate states. I arrive in McCarthy after Labor Day to celebrate Bob Bunyan Boone's 60th birthday within his log walls without windows, his floor without a door, in view of Nancy's cabin. There are more bears than people on this far side of a creek crossed on a ridiculous handmade excuse for a bridge. Through weeks of non-stop rain I fear for my mental health but, somehow, I manage to sweep and write my way through to mid October. As we depart to drive the Al

Can Highway home, I'm far from certain I will ever return to Alaska.

The trail from McCarthy to the Nizina River became a well-traveled wagon road a century ago when gold was discovered in the upper Nizina region. The completion of the Copper River Railway in 1911, (the same year my father was born), helped make possible the last stamper to Chisana, also known as Shushanna. Thousands of prospectors passed within a stone's throw of our little pond on their incredibly long and difficult trek to the gold fields. Some may have even stopped to swim.

At some point in that first decade of mining heyday, the citizens of McCarthy built a bridge over McCarthy Creek, thereby connecting the CRNW depot with the wagon road to the Nizina River and on to the interior. Forging the creek was rarely safe, often impossible. Having watched my husband, daughter and neighbors build new bridges across the creek nearly every year of my tenure in McCarthy, sometimes more than once a year, I suspect that first bridge was replaced often.

The years come and go as predictably as rain turns dirt roads into mud puddles and deepens the potholes on the Nizina Road visible from our pond; time passes as quickly as floods carry away bridges over McCarthy Creek. Over succeeding summers I begin to adjust to the wild chaotic Alaska scene, the absolutely magnificent natural setting and the human community I have been unwittingly dragged into. Reading *Legacy of the Chief*, Ron Simpson's historical novel about the Kennecott Copper Mining era, I study an old photograph of Bonanza Ridge. Then, looking out our big picture window to the north, I fully recognize and appreciate the historical significance of the view in front of me for the very first time. "Aha."

Finding my niche in the local community, I begin to volunteer in the McCarthy-Kennicott Museum housed in the railway depot built in 1924. In the sometimes-sexy (☺) history centerfolds of the *Wrangell St. Elias News*, I read a piece about the railroad agent, Mr. Pugh entitled, "Wedding Bells for Pugh & Rosburg: the bride from Hamburg, Germany after a 31-day trip across the Atlantic.... trip negotiated for more than 15 months with immigration authorities. Ceremony performed by the local commissioner." Immediately I picture the small German Bible on display in the Museum and wonder if the bride carried the Bible with her from Germany? In a later *WSEN* edition I read, "A daughter has been born to Mr. & Mrs. CF Pugh on May 13th, 1926, 7 lbs." I can't help but smile, feeling like I know them.

Sitting in the museum reading *Mudhole Smith, Alaska Flier* by Lone Janson, I notice the photograph of a small log cabin built by Cordova Air Service in the late 1930's, to avoid the cost of boarding their pilots in downtown McCarthy. I recognize that cabin as the place our young friend Aaron squatted a few years back. Into his third summer of building, my husband went to town and found Aaron washing dishes at Tailor Made Pizza. The 20-some second-generation hippie was delighted to earn money putting screws into our hot tin roof. Roped and harnessed, at Bob's insistence,

he gravitated to pseudo climbing on our 27' peaks.

Quickly endearing himself to me at our kitchen table, Aaron developed an easy, "Whatever you say, Bob," rapport with my husband. I vaguely noticed the girl training him like a shadow. As summer ends, he tells us of plans to squat for the winter in a 12' x 15' log cabin down the Nizina Road near the airstrip. Unfurnished. No source of power! Dirt floor. I send food from our shelves to help the California boy sustain himself through a long cold and dark Alaska winter.

A few weeks into the following summer Bob finds Aaron again on the Nizina Road. As they drive into the back yard I see my young friend appear to brush tears from his face. Over coffee I learn he has just returned from a backpacking trip on the glacier to find his little squatter cabin in total disarray. "It's the second time a bear has broken in." At day's end, Bob and Aaron go back down the road with our 12-gauge shotgun, 2 x 4's, lag screws and power tools needed to secure the door and three low windows of the historic shack we will forever call the Bear Hut.

When Nancy returns to McCarthy the following spring she calls me from the now familiar pay phone. "Athena has just given birth to Aaron's baby in the Bear Hut with the Pilgrims as her midwives." It's difficult for me to smile about a baby born into such primitive circumstances; but three years later I

smile broadly at the beautiful curly-headed toddler showing me her rock collection in front of the little cabin where she was born. It's the same cabin where Cordova Air pilot Mudhole Smith slept in earlier years, a cabin that may some day get a National Park Service plaque now that Mudhole has been inducted into the Aviation Hall of Fame.

Preparing for another Wrangell Mountains Center Writers Workshop in the old Hardware Store, I continue compulsively working on my "Captive and Captivated by an Alaska Adventure" manuscript. Comfortably settled into our log cabin on the far side of a river and a creek now spanned by Rowland's bridges; being in Alaska begins to make a bit more sense now that a brand new granddaughter will soon be our closest summer neighbor in McCarthy.

Nizina Elizabeth Pinney Cook, named for a Glacier, River and/or Road, was born to Nancy on the Winter Solstice. May She Walk With Grace. May the Light of the Universe Smile Upon Her Path!

"And May She Keep Her Little Patsies Out of Centennial Pothole Puddles."

(Her mother, editor and Writers Workshop Coordinator, offers the closing line.)

Sunny Cook, a summer resident of McCarthy, attends the Wrangell Mountains Center Writers Workshops in the Old Hardware Store each summer. This piece was prepared for the closing reading of the 2007 workshop. She volunteers in the McCarthy-Kennicott Museum and was recently elected to the Museum Board.

Robert 'Pilgrim' Hale Dies in Jail

BY BONNIE KENYON

Robert Hale, 67, spent the last day of his earthly life at the Anchorage Correctional Complex, under hospice care. Since his arrest on rape and incest charges in September 2005, Hale's declining health from advanced cirrhosis, diabetes and blood clots, eventually took his life on the morning of Saturday, May 24.

A chaplain and Hales' wife and sons were able to visit him that morning; however, Hale was not able to respond. According to a family member, this was the first time any of them had visited the head of their family of 17 since his sentencing last November. Reportedly the court ruled that the family wasn't allowed to visit, but because he was dying, they gave them special per-

mission. On May 31st, the morning of Robert Hale's burial, the second son of Hale's oldest son Joseph and wife Lolly, was born. Writes Lolly's sister, Sharia: "God worked out the time perfectly to give us life at the time of death...and a promise for a new future. Joseph and Lolly named him Caleb Joseph after Caleb in the Bible who conquered the mountain filled with giants."

Reminiscences of Cordova and Mile 13

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

The 42nd Engineer Regiment (General Service) was a Regular Army unit activated in March 1941. The regiment comprised six line companies and Headquarters & Service (H&S) Company, with a strength of about 1200, including 45 officers. At the time of activation, four of the officers were Regular Army, and all the rest were reserve officers, professional engineers representing a wide variety of specialties: highway engineers, bridge designers, utility company engineers, a hard rock mining engineer, and so forth. It seemed that in every specialized part of training our troops, there was some officer that had experience in that particular specialty.

Our enlisted men came mostly from the area of New York and northern New Jersey, although we did receive filler replacements from the Midwest in the summer of 1941. We trained our own men, as this was before the completion of the big training centers which trained most of the recruits during World War II. We participated in the 3rd Army maneuvers in Louisiana in the summer of 1941, then returned to our home station of Camp Shelby, Mississippi.

We were placed on alert immediately after Pearl Harbor, and departed from Camp Shelby on January 11, 1942, en route to Camp Murray (part of Ft. Lewis), Washington, where we encamped while supplies were assembled for our movement to Alaska. The regiment was split up for Alaska service, A and B Companies going to Juneau, C Company to Yakutat, D and E Companies to Cordova, and F Company to Unmak. Detachments of Headquarters & Service Company accompanied the several line companies.

Our battalion commander, Major V. L. Womeldorff, flew to Cordova sometime in February to look the situation over and establish contact with the U. S. Engineer Office and the Morrison-Knudsen superintendent, who were constructing the airfield at mile 13.

Traveling on the S. S. Baranof, which was chartered from the Alaska Steamship Co. for the trip, D Company and a detachment of H&S Company arrived in Cordova on or about March 15, 1942. While the ship was being unloaded and supplies taken by rail to mile 13, we ate and slept on the Baranof in comfort for about four days and nights. At this time trains to mile 13 were operated by a number of former railroaders recalled to duty, temporarily on the Morrison-Knudsen payroll.

En route to Cordova, the steward personnel of the Baranof had arranged for the production of a variety show by our troops, which was put on one of the nights on shipboard. This show was really pretty good, and the men had a lot of fun doing it.

Someone got the idea that it would be a good way for the troops to meet the citizens of Cordova by repeating the show for them, and this was done one night at the Masonic Lodge, I believe, while we were still quartered on the Baranof. It was a real success.

In the spring of 1941 the army had arranged for rail to be taken up from the abandoned Copper River & Northwestern Railway for use at Fort Richardson at Anchorage. The army, in its usual "hurry up and wait" practice, wanted rail removal to start without delay. It was early spring, and the sand sheds on the Copper River flats were plugged with ice and frozen sand, so rail removal had to be from mile 29, the location of the first sand shed. Rail was pulled up as far as mile 13 dur-

ing the spring and summer of 1941 and stored at Cordova. This rail hadn't yet been shipped out when we arrived in March 1942. Morrison-Knudsen had fired up a locomotive when necessary to take heavy equipment out to mile 13, using locomotive 100, an 1888 Baldwin Mogul (2-6-0) which had been purchased at least third-hand from the still-born Alaska Central, and had been used as the Cordova switcher. This engine was to go to Fort Richardson, and by the time of our arrival had been made ready for the trip. It was loaded onto the S. S. Tanana on March 19. Locomotive 101, also a 2-6-0, but somewhat newer (Alco 1909) was fired up and hauled our freight to mile 13.

With the Baranof unloaded, the three passenger cars available at the time were coupled up to engine 4, the only survivor of the original coal-burning saddle tank engines, and took D Company to mile 13. The trip was uneventful except for the derailment of one of the cars at the switch at the Cordova station, which required about a half hour to get back on the iron.

At mile 13 we put up our pyramidal tents, a far cry from the comforts of the Baranof which we had been enjoying for the past week. Someone had determined that the tents could be heated by the Coleman oil-burning stoves which were later to be used in our Yakutat huts when we erected them, so the Sibley coal-burning stoves usually used to heat tents were not provided. This was a mistake. The oil stoves were fine for an insulated building, but didn't put a dent in the cold in a tent. A pan of water placed on top of the oil stove would contain a solid cake of ice by morning. And this was spring, not winter. Another oversight was that the Coleman stoves each needed an elbow. We had lots of 6-inch stovepipe, but no elbows. Major Womeldorff went to the

Cordova Commercial Company, who came to our rescue with a couple hundred 6-inch stovepipe elbows. The Cordova Commercial Company continued to amaze us by getting out of one hole after another by the diversity and quantity of their stock.

It was determined that the army should run the railroad to mile 13, and I was selected to run it with my platoon. I wasn't a real railroader, but in my three years with General Electric had worked for a time in GE's locomotive works at Erie, and I had an interest in railroads as far back as I can remember, so of the officers available, I was the logical choice. My platoon moved back to Cordova, bunking in the top floor of the railroad warehouse. The top floor was a dark tunnel of a place, but the men thought they were better off than in tents. I bunked in a little room at the west end of the building, also on the second floor. It had windows, and was very comfortable.

At mile 13, the Yakutat huts were erected in a row in the clearing north of the railroad. These huts were prefabricated 16 x 16 wooden structures, furnished in 4 x 16 floor sections and 4 x 8 wall sections, and were easy to erect and very comfortable. After about eight or nine of these had been erected, orders were received from Ft. Richardson to disperse them in the woods, so these were taken down and reassembled. The first hut took more than a day to erect, but the men became quite good at it. In a competition some time later, huts were erected in much less than an hour.

On March 22, E Company arrived and went into camp at mile 13. By this time the boats carrying supplies started arriving in a steady stream. At times one wasn't unloaded before the next one showed up. To keep the freight moving required two trains, one at the ocean dock switching cars within reach of the ship's gear, while the other ran out to mile 13, unloaded and returned.

For this we needed a second road engine, the 4 spot not being suitable for the job, so engine 102 was resurrected. The 102 hadn't run since the road had shut down in 1938, and was really a rust bucket in appearance until we got some time and covered the rust with paint, but she ran all right.

Yates, the Morrison-Knudsen superintendent, a very capable and cooperative man, had arrived in Cordova some time before the army, and had found out what former CR&NW employees were in town and available. Six of these men, Tom Burchett, Dan McCarthy, Charlie Johnson, Norval Miller, Ed Oss and John Vinqvist, were picked up on the U.S. Engineer Department payroll, and were invaluable in operating the remnant of the railroad. We used the CR&NW men as engineers and conductors, with soldiers as firemen and brakemen. Tom Burchett, engineer, and Dan McCarthy, conductor, with two soldiers were one crew. Charlie Johnson, engineer, and Norval Miller, conductor, with two soldiers constituted the other. Ed Oss was man of all jobs, especially for operating the 15-ton Brownhoist locomotive crane. John Vinqvist supervised our track gang.

I still remember how elated I was when the snow on the ground melted and uncovered all sorts of scrap material—timber, old tanks (a supply of boiler plate), switch parts, etc., all junk, but material that could be used to improvise repairs and keep the railroad running.

In addition to running freights, we ran passenger trains three nights a week, when boats weren't being unloaded, to bring the men in to town on pass (the equivalent of liberty in the navy). At first this posed a problem. The [local] Indians living in Eyak village learned that oil-soaked journal packing was good for starting fires, and had robbed the packing from a number of the cars stored in the yard. So when we ran passenger cars, we had to take pack-

ing from freight cars, and vice versa, as there wasn't enough to go around. You can bet that my first emergency requisition was for two bales of wool waste to be shipped from Seattle. Lubricants were obtained from Standard Oil of California at Cordova, as they had supplied the CR&NW.

There was also necessity for a considerable amount of individual travel between mile 13 and town during the day. Some men were detailed with the Alaska Communications Service in town, there was business with the U.S. Engineer Office, and on paydays, a pay run from the bank. To provide transportation we ran a scheduled speeder service, with trailer, if necessary, two round trips in the morning and two in the afternoon. The superintendent's 1928 Erskine sedan was used for this, and one of the speeders. The speeders were forever breaking down in this service, being pretty much worn out, and not very powerful to begin with. I had a mechanic assigned from the motor pool who was a whiz with these old gasoline engines, and was kept busy maintaining them. I ordered two big Fairmont speeders, but they were a long time coming.

Morrison-Knudsen got their men back and forth to mile 13 by speeder trains—a big speeder and five trailers, out in the morning and back in the evening, and occasional trips during the day without trailers, as needed. These M-K operations were of course performed under orders from our dispatcher. The only fatality caused by a moving accident during our operation occurred when one of the M-K speeder trains, cleared only to mile 7, came on through without calling for orders at mile 7 and hit our track gang's speeder on one of the curves along Eyak Lake. Our speeder was demolished. One of the Morrison-Knudsen men back in a trailer suffered a head injury and died several days later.

In the early months of our time in Cordova we had an unusual labor arrangement for unloading ships. Obviously military labor was available to serve as stevedores, and was to be used. According to the Alaska Steamship Company's labor agreement, the stevedores had to be paid. But military personnel couldn't accept pay in addition to their army pay. As a temporary arrangement, the wages the soldiers earned as stevedores were paid by the steamship company to the several company funds, for the benefit of the enlisted men who earned it. In a few months this bizarre arrangement was discontinued, and the soldiers worked as stevedores as part of their army duties. But by this time a considerable amount of money had been accumulated in the company funds, and had to be spent for the benefit of the men who had earned it. It was decided to let each company have a night on the town, for free. I don't remember whether their credit was good at all the bars, or just at certain ones where arrangements had been made. But, believe me, each company had a grand bash!

When cargo was being unloaded from ships, we worked in a frenzy to get the ship unloaded and on its way. The men worked in 12-hour shifts, I think. I worked at the lock about 16 hours and would be relieved by an officer from mile 13. We were running out of unloading space at mile 13, so some materials, such as aerial bombs (unfused, of course) and barrels of asphalt for use in paving the runway, were simply kicked or rolled off the cars along the track where there was room. Bombs and asphalt barrels cluttered the right-of-way for a couple of miles west of mile 13. These were later picked up by the Brown-hoist crane, reloaded on cars, and taken for use or proper storage.

The freight cars available for our use were seven gondolas, eight steel flats, and one stock car with the spaces between the slats filled

in, so it was essentially a box car. There was a combine coach at mile 13 as M-K office and a box car full of bomb fuses. At the ocean dock were another combine and another box car, used as office and warehouse for Standard Oil of California, until their new facilities were built about 1943. The shipments arriving for use at the mile 13 camp included a lot of materials, such as electrical equipment, that shouldn't get wet, and with Cordova's usually rainy weather, needed shelter en route. One box car wasn't enough.

There was an old box car without trucks on the ground outside the car shop. It was obviously pretty rotten, but the only thing around resembling another box car. And here was an old wooden flat car on the lumber track, so water-soaked it was green with moss, but it had trucks. These were ancient trucks, bearing UPRR initials and a date in the 1870's. I had never seen trucks like them—not only the bolsters, but the transoms were of wood, but they were trucks. The box car body was really rotten—every time we attacked a rotten board, we found the one next to it rotten. The draft timbers were rotten too, and we scabbed together some replacements. Our repairs would not have met AAR standards, but they served. I realized that this car, though providing shelter from the weather, was weak, and shouldn't be loaded heavily, so painted a stripe inside, half way up the sides, with the inscription "DO NOT LOAD ABOVE THIS LINE."

On the first trip out for this car, to carry material unloaded from ship, I had worked at the dock until late at night as usual, and was relieved by the Quartermaster captain. The Quartermaster captain evidently didn't believe in signs. I was greeted next morning by conductor Dan McCarthy, who was taking a train out to mile 13. He told me, "Lieutenant, you couldn't get another box of corn flakes in that car." There wasn't much to do but

proceed, but take it easy. He made it all right through the curves along the lake, and got as far as mile 7, where the impact of going through the passing track frog was enough to collapse the wooden transoms on one of those old Union Pacific trucks. It couldn't have happened at a better place. He shoved the car into the passing track, wheels scraping on the underframing, and left it.

By afternoon a couple of flat cars were empty, so I went out with a detail to unload the box car. The contents completely filled two flat cars. All that afternoon we kept a lot of mosquitoes happy, or maybe it was no-see-ums. I don't think any of us had ever been eaten so much. It was bad at mile 7. We got the car back to town with the crane holding up one end. Shortly afterwards, a newer pair of trucks from under a caboose someone had bought became available, and the box car was retrucked, and ran as long as we ran the railroad.

Winter storms on Eyak Lake had eroded the edge of the right-of-way along the lake, so it was necessary to dump gravel fill along the outer edge of the track. We restored locomotive steam shovel X-35, which hadn't run in years, and laid a switch and track into a former gravel pit at about mile 5. To get the shovel running, we took on Dick Cook, Cordova's milkman. Dick, who was in his 60's, had been a machinist on the railroad. He had four cows, and fed them hay shipped from Seattle which cost him \$36 a ton, a high price in 1942. He worked for us in the afternoons, after he had finished his dairy duties.

To haul the gravel we needed dump cars, but only one had survived, as an idler car for the X-61 ditcher, a small steam shovel. We spotted the ditcher on the B&B track, and relieved it of its dump car, but that wasn't enough. There were about a hundred wooden dump car bodies piled in a heap at the edge of Eyak Lake, where they had

been picked off their underframes and discarded. The steel underframes and trucks had been loaded aboard ship, and sent to Japan—to be shot back at us. There were two tender underframes, from engines 21 and 22. The tender tanks had been sold and shipped away. The tender underframes were about the right length to take a dump car body, but the side sills prevented the dump body from tipping far enough to unload. We built up a structure using old bridge timbers, higher than the original dump cars, to allow them to tip far enough to clear the load. Of course there was no air dump on these cars, so they were loaded heavy on one side, and the chain released from the other (high) side at the dumping site. The tender bottoms had couplers at only one end, so we coupled them front-to-front using the drawbar that had connected them to the engine. The gravel operation was carried on for a month or longer.

About May 1942 two infantry companies arrived, Companies G and H of the 138 Infantry, a National Guard unit from somewhere in the Midwest— Ohio, I believe. Their Quonset huts were not erected at the time they arrived, so they bunked in the abandoned naval station at mile 7. The men were used as work parties at mile 1 under supervision of engineer troops, and this made for passenger runs to and from mile 13 until they moved to that location. These troops were to be the garrison to defend the airfield if necessary.

The commander of G Company of the 138th was Captain Wardell, in civilian life a telephone man, experienced in telephone line construction. In conjunction with the Alaska Communications Service in town, he installed a 26-pair lead cable from town to mile 13, strung on the poles which carried the iron wire railroad dispatcher circuit. He taught his detail of men to be pole climbers. When this line was completed, the dispatcher's circuit was

cut over to a pair in the cable, supplanting the old one iron wire and ground circuit, which was unreliable in wet weather. But after a year or so this cable became unreliable in wet weather. What happened was that the cable, being pretty light, about as thick as your finger, flapped in the wind at the west end of Eyak Lake. This motion caused the cable to chafe on the suspending rings and wear through, admitting water. The problem was solved by burying the troublesome section of cable. Captain Wardell transferred to the Communications Service and was subsequently moved elsewhere.

The warehouse at Cordova contained a fair amount of railroad supplies which we could use, but its most interesting content from a historical point of view was the collection of weird and wonderful small gasoline-powered motor cars from the early years of the railroad. The almost mint condition of some of these bespoke that they probably didn't get much use because they weren't very reliable. But they really constituted a museum collection. I found a roster listing and identifying all of these by manufacturer and date. For my own use I took the earliest of them, more rugged than most, a 1909 Duntley, which could carry two men, three if you had a tail wind. This ancient machine had no throttle. To go slower or stop you simply cut the ignition on one or both cylinders. It had been used by the foreman at Chitina, and in a crossing accident, had killed a horse. In 1944 I carelessly ran through a switch with this machine, and splintered a wooden front wheel.

On Memorial Day 1942 the troops, at least the 42nd Engineer companies, put on a parade for Cordova. A special train was run and Tom Burchett and Dan McCarthy dressed up for the occasion, Tom in a brand new set of overalls and Dan in his Sunday suit and American Legion cap. The troops were under

arms in class A uniforms and World War I tin helmets, and made quite an appearance. Photographs of the parade and the train are, I believe, in possession of the Cordova Historical Society. Just five days later, on June 4, the Japanese bombed Dutch Harbor. I learned about it from Jack Clawson, manager of Cordova Commercial Company, hours before the news came through military channels.

Shortly after the Dutch Harbor bombing, and the Japanese had taken Attu and Kiska, we were directed to make a reconnaissance by air of the CR&NW beyond mile 13. It was feared that the Japanese might gain control of the Pacific and interfere with our supply by ship. An alternate supply route would be the Alcan Highway, then under construction, over the Tok cut-off, and through Chitina to Cordova, if the railroad were restored. A plane was chartered from Cordova Air Service and our post commander, by then Lt. Colonel Womeldorff, two other officers and myself made the trip. We flew over the line to Chitina, noting its condition. To make the reconnaissance complete, we got hold of O. A. Nelson in Chitina and traveled in his rail bus to McCarthy, where the plane met us and returned us to Cordova. I don't think I shall forget the experience of crossing the fast-flowing Copper River at Chitina in Nelson's long skiff which was spun around by the current end for end numerous times during the crossing. Every time this happened, Nelson would just pole (or paddle, I forget which) in the new direction without missing a stroke.

It wasn't long after this that Colonel Womeldorff was recalled to the states, promoted to full colonel, and placed in command of the 50th Engineers. The 50th got to Attu, and was involved in the Japanese counter-attack. Colonel Womeldorff was a fine officer. He was succeeded as

Post Commander at mile 13 by Lt. Col. Lowell H. Ludwig of the 138th.

In the first months of the camp at mile 13 there was no mechanical refrigeration, so a truck would be sent up to the glacier and shoveled full of glacial ice. As this melted, you could see the huge crystals characteristic of prehistoric ice, hexagonal in shape, as thick as your finger, and three or four inches long, outlined by the mud which was in the mixture.

During the time that troops were stationed at mile 13, several big movie personalities visited the camp to entertain. In the summer of 1942 there were Jerry Cologna and Frances Langford. Later on there was Ingrid Bergman, and there may have been others whom I have forgotten. At least in 1942, when Cologna and Langford visited, there was no building at camp suitable in which they could perform. So Colonel Womeldorf arranged for the performance to be held at the theater in town, and invited Cordova citizens to fill the surplus seats.

Like most passenger cars of their vintage, those on the CR&NW had been built with clerestory roofs—the kind with a row of little windows that could be opened for ventilation. These were a nuisance to railroads and trolley lines everywhere, because they usually leaked. They have long ago been eliminated in subsequent designs. In Cordova's wet climate, the leaks were evidently a real problem, and the roofs had been modified by enclosing the clerestory windows, producing a turtleback roof. This was done on all but one car, the coach-observation car. That roof would leak, and drip water inside for a week, if dry weather lasted that long.

We did not reactivate the big power plant boiler which had furnished "house steam" to heat the railroad buildings, make hot water, and provide steam to start up a cold oil-burning locomotive. Instead, we kept one locomotive hot all the

time for this purpose, coupled up to the house steam line. Boiler tests were made by a couple of old hand Coast Guard officers who came through once a year. I don't remember just how I made this arrangement with the Coast Guard, but it worked out well.

The track needed considerable rehabilitation to support as much traffic as we were running, and that meant we needed a supply of ties. Somehow I learned that George Roberts had cut about 5,000 ties on the mainland somewhere around Sheep Bay. These had been cut for use on the CR&NW, but when the road closed he was stuck with them. I contracted with Roberts to purchase these ties, delivered to Cordova. He had an old wooden barge, formerly a steamer, on which he would transport the ties. When this job was to be finished, I also made arrangements to take the barge to Katalla, to load a Fairbanks-Morse/Brill motor car, about 30 passenger capacity, much larger and heavier than our speeders. It would have been ideal to get over the flats to mile 13 in the winter, when snow drifted across the tracks, on which occasions we had to run an engine and passenger car, because speeders couldn't get through. The ties arrived with the old barge swamped. If the load hadn't been timber, it would have sunk. But within the next week or so Roberts and his two men were lost out in the sound in a storm. I never pursued the Katalla motor car matter further.

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

how the organization was arranged, but the railroad operation was under my supervision as Post Engineer, although much of my work from then on was at mile 13, and that is where I was quartered.

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

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

(continued on page 22)

THE KATALLA HERALD

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NEW NOTES OF ALASKA

Ringwald Blix, proprietor of the Hotel Holman, at Copper Center has been appointed commissioner for the Copper river precinct. This precinct at present includes the Valdez creek mining district.

The Guggenheims have offered the government the use of their grade through Keystone canyon for road purposes. The road commission has accepted the offer, and the acceptance is considered a recognition of the Guggenheim right of way.

Local and Personal

L. J. Caswell, division engineer of the Copper River & Northwestern, returned on the Pennsylvania from Seattle, accompanied by Mrs. Caswell, and they now have their home at camp 1.

Probably the most extensive collection of photographic views of this section, from Sitka to Copper river, is owned by W. A. Thompson, who is a clever photographic artist, whose work evinces care and skill.

According to a number of local authorities, at least 125 bear skins and 400 lynx have been brought to town during the past few months, besides pelts of various kinds, including sea otter and seal.

M. J. Heney, the Cordova railroad contractor and boomer, is a passenger on the Pennsylvania en route to his town from Seattle.

Piling is Completed

E. R. Ramsey, who came in yesterday from camp 7, Martin river, says that the piling for the lower bridge across the Copper river has been completed. The railroad track will be laid on the piling until the new steel bridge has been built.

JULY 4, 1908

Telephone Line to Cordova

It is stated that the Katalla company will extend its telephone line from

camp 7, Martin River to the lower crossing of the Copper river, where it will be connected with the railroad company's line to Cordova. If this be done, Katalla will have telephonic communication with Cordova. The telephone line from Cordova to the crossing is now practically completed.

Across the Copper

Trains are now being run on the railroad from Cordova to the lower crossing on this side of the river so it is reported, the first locomotive reaching the crossing on July 4. It is now stated that the intention of the railroad people is to push the construction up the river to Abercrombie canyon as rapidly as possible.

RAILROAD AND OTHER NEWS

A story which comes by way of Cordova is to the effect that "the Morgan interests are now in control of railroad operations in this section, and that those interests favor Katalla as the ocean terminus for their railroad system, and that they have acquired the Alaska Pacific Railway & Terminal company, and favor Martin point as a site for a breakwater." Supplemental to this story is another which embraces an alleged proposition made to the railroad people by a big financial concern of the outside, which agrees to erect a breakwater, docks, etc. if the railroad will guarantee a certain amount of tonnage at a stipulated rate per ton for all coal, ore and other material handled, pending the building of smelters. It is also stated that the breakwater company agrees to handle coal as soon as the railroad can deliver it. Such are the stories, and they may be taken for what they are worth. The Herald does not brand as genuine any of the "railroad news" heard nowadays.

TREED BY A BEAR

C. Johnson Has a Startling Experience

To be treed by a big black bear; to have the animal then follow him out on a big limb of the tree in which he had taken refuge snapping and snarling viciously in an endeavor to reach its enemy, was the experience of C. J. Johnson a few days ago in the Carbon mountain country. Johnson has been in the employ of Surveyor C. S. Hubbell and one day last week Mr. Hubbell, George Nysten, John Strebolt and Johnson were making their way to their camp at the foot of a steep hill, on the summit of which, close to the trail, stands a big tree with big outstretching branches. In climbing down the hill it was the custom of the men to seize hold of a projecting branch thus start themselves gently down the steep incline. The other day Johnson and Strebolt were making for the camp, Strebolt in the lead and he had swung himself down on the limb, Johnson following. The latter had just seized the limb to follow his companion when, on hearing a noise close behind him he looked back and a few feet away, coming straight at him, mouth open and eyes gleaming like balls of fire, was a big black bear. Johnson, who is something of an athlete, made a spring and pulled himself up on a friendly limb, just in time to escape a vicious swipe from the bear's paws, the blow falling short, striking the heel of his boot. Then he began to climb, the bear following. Johnson finally climbed far out on a big limb; the bear followed, but not liking the position, it descended to the ground went to another tree about forty feet distant and gazed at Johnson. Then returning it again climbed the tree and limb and attempted to dislodge him from his lofty perch. The bear finally abandoned the job and again returned to the ground.

In the meantime Strebolt, who had seen Johnson's predicament returned with Hubbell and Nylan. They had axes but no guns, so they attempted to frighten the bear. But she made a bee line in their direction, apparently, but stopped, returned to her lookout underneath the neighboring tree, while the rescuing party also scampered to a safe distance. Finally Johnson, watching his opportunity reached the ground, and joined his companions in safety. The bear evidently had cubs, probably, in the tree under which she watched except while making diversions up Johnson's tree and intimidating him.

So fast did Johnson climb the tree, so the story goes, that he overtook a squirrel. "Get out of my way," yelled Johnson, "and let someone climb who knows how."

Katalla certainly "did herself proud" in the celebration of the Fourth, and those who were so largely instrumental in making it such a success are deserving of unstinted praise. Vive la republique! Vive Katalla!

Local and Personal

The first home grown lettuce of the season was from the garden of Mrs. B. E. Axe of the Yukon cafe, and it is of choice quality.

The Herald is indebted to Armer Frank Lawton, of Strawberry point, for a fine bunch of delicious radishes, grown at the Strawberry point farm.

JULY 11, 1908

An Exciting Horse Race

The Fourth of July pony race, which was postponed until July 12, was pulled off with great success, and no little interest at Palm point Sunday afternoon last. the distance was between a quarter and a half mile, and there were four entries, two by Jack Hartigan and two by the Katalla company. A horse owned by the latter, ridden by Billy Rowe, took first place, and Jack Hartigan's buckskin, with O. Lambert in the saddle, took second money, although it was the opinion of many that the buckskin was the fastest horse. Rowe, however, was a better jockey than Lambert, and he won with comparative ease. A good many bets

were offered and not the least interesting feature of the race was the number of fat rolls that were exhibited.

Local and personal

Martin Barrett, the well known pioneer, is among those whose faith in Katalla never waivers, and he is adding to his real estate holdings. Mr. Barrett this week bought from A. M. Miller a lot with 44 feet frontage on Front street, on which are located two houses and a blacksmith shop.

JULY 18, 1908

Cordova News Notes

Cordova, July 20-Fourteen buildings are either up or under way in the new townsite. O. W. Kennedy will engage in business here. Dr. Council will be employed by the railroad company at camp 9.

A report has reached here that Valdez is to have another railroad boom. Rex Beach is still here. Last Sunday Dr. Chase, formerly of Katalla, and Dr. Brooks caught 260 pounds of trout - the biggest catch of the season. Pangingi is the only game open here now but there is a ice cream parlor, and the town is frequently out of fresh meats.

Will Return Next Week

Chief Engineer E. C. Hawkins of the Copper River & Northwestern, who accompanied President Eccles on his trip to the coal country will return to Katalla some time next week. Speaking of the progress being made on the Copper river line, he said that steel had been laid to the lower crossing, and material was being assembled for the steel bridge which will be built there. Mr. Hawkins also added that the line would be completed to the canyon this season.

JULY 25, 1908

HORSES TO PACK SUPPLIES

Tugs Sylph and Triton, of the Katalla company arrived from Cordova Thursday evening. On the Sylph was E. C. Hasey is the man who was tried last spring at Juneau, for the killing of Reinhard, in Keystone canyon, last fall during the riot, between the employees of Reynolds and the Guggenheims. He was acquitted however. Hasey came

over for horses, which, it is said, will be used to pack supplies into the Copper river country, from Valdez. Supt. Dwyer, of the Katalla company, will ship about 30 head. They will be towed on barges to Cordova, and thence sent to Valdez.

WORK ON BRIDGE

At Lower Crossing of the Copper River

Work on the piers in Copper river for the steel bridge which is to span that stream at the lower crossing is progressing steadily, it is said, under the direction of Bridge Engineer A. C. O'Neill. already one pier is in. Piling is first driven and then sawed off about ten feet under water, and then concrete is laid. A large amount of bridge timbers, piling, cement and other material is being assembled.

The piling which was knocked out by a barge which broke loose above, was merely temporary, and the damage was trifling.

The bridge at the lower crossing when completed, will be about 3200 feet in length.

Local and personal

Work on the wagon road being built through Keystone canyon by the Alaska Road commission, has progressed far enough to permit a wagon to go half way through.

AUGUST 1, 1908

Population of Katalla

Although Katalla cast 115 votes at the delegate election on August 11, which represents only about one-half of the voting strength of the precinct, the old story of complete depopulation is still working overtime. One irresponsible individual is reported to have made the statement recently on a steamer, that there are "only seven people left in Katalla." It is true that the population has decreased largely in the past six months, but what remains is of the permanent kind and numbers more than two hundred. It has reached low water mark, and its growth hereafter will be substantial, for, it has the coal and the oil.

August 29, 1908

Alaska taking shape near Yakutat

The forces shaping Alaska never sleep, especially near Yakutat.

I visited the fishing town of about 800 people and many dogs a few years back. My assignment was to write about scientists studying Hubbard Glacier, which slammed the door on Russell Fiord in summer 2002, creating the largest glacier-dammed lake in the world for a few weeks until the dam broke.

The relentless advance of Hubbard Glacier takes center stage in Yakutat, but the area surrounding the town is one of the world's great examples of geology in action.

To the west of Yakutat, Mount St. Elias rises like a white pyramid to an elevation of 18,008 feet in one of the world's most dramatic transitions from sea to summit. The Yakutat block, a chunk of Earth's crust larger in area than Pennsylvania, is responsible for forming Mount St. Elias and the other mountains of the St. Elias and Chugach ranges. The Yakutat block formed somewhere off the West Coast of the U.S. or Canada and, in a trip that took a few million years, rode the top of the Pacific plate to its present location along Alaska's Southeast Coast. The Yakutat block rams into the North American plate at a speed of about two inches each year, twice as fast as India is shoving into Asia to form the Himalayas, according to GPS measurements by researchers

with the Geophysical Institute at the University of Alaska Fairbanks.

Near West Nunatak Glacier, about 30 miles northwest of Yakutat, scientists including Chris Larsen used GPS receivers to find a hillside rising toward the sky at one-and-one-third inches each year. The rise is due to the ground rebounding from the weight of melting glaciers, and to a lesser extent earthquake activity. Along with the Glacier Bay area to the south, the land around Yakutat is rising faster than any other place measured, except for scattered volcanoes that are inflating with molten rock.

Running through the mountains east of Yakutat is the Fairweather fault, a weak point in Earth's crust and a tectonic feature that would be famous if it cut through a more populated area. The side-to-side slippage of the Earth along the Fairweather fault is about one-and-three-quarters inches each year, compared to one-and-one-half inches along the San Andreas fault in northern California.

These rapid rates of stress buildup within Earth's crust and complex interactions between the faults, Earth's plates, and the Yakutat block cause huge earthquakes, such as three giants that hit the area in September 1899. The earthquakes, occurring a few days apart, had magnitudes

of 7.8, 8.2, and 8.6. After the 8.6 earthquake, an area near Haenke Island north of Yakutat rose about 47 feet.

Along with all the Earth's moving and shaking near Yakutat, the mountains to the southeast of town may be the wettest place on the planet. There are no rain gauges in the high country between Glacier Bay and the Pacific Ocean, but a computer weather model based on real data from 1961 to 1990 predicted the area should receive more than 450 inches of precipitation each year.

That would top Alaska's current champion, Little Port Walter in the Southeast, which gets more than 220 inches of precipitation, and the world champ, Mount Waialeale in Hawaii, which gets more than 400 inches of rain per year.

Yakutat is also the Alaska leader in days with precipitation of .01 inches or more, according to the Alaska Climate Research Center. Yakutat has 235 days with at least that much rain and snow, topping Annette at 223 and Cold Bay with 225.

Along with the largest, the fastest, and the wettest, Yakutat is also home to some of Alaska's smallest. Walking outside a bunkhouse one night, I watched a little brown bat pick insects out of the night air. It worked its delicate wings less than 30 miles from a glacier that is larger than Rhode Island.

This column is provided as a public service by the Geophysical Institute, University of Alaska Fairbanks, in cooperation with the UAF research community. Ned Rozell is a science writer at the institute. A version of this column first appeared in 2002.

THE KATALLA HERALD

KATALLA, THE COMING METROPOLIS OF ALASKA, WHERE THE RAILS MEET THE SAILS

Vol. 2, No. 2 KATALLA, ALASKA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1908 PRICE TEN CENTS

RAILWAY PROGRESS

Mr. Hawkins Talks of Work Under Way

The completion of the railroad to the Katalla coal fields by the Copper River & Northwestern Railway company, has been definitely abandoned until such time as the railroad company can come to terms with the coal land owners.

This is the substance of a statement made to The Herald this week by Chief Engineer E. C. Hawkins of the Copper River & Northwestern. "The road could have been completed this fall, and we could have been shipping coal, if there had been coal to ship," he said. But it would seem that the new coal land law is not satisfactory to the railroad people, and the coal mine owners are not disposed to be at all liberal in their offers to induce the railroad company to build to the coal fields. So a waiting game is being played, until next spring, anyway.

Mr. Hawkins came over from camp 7 on Saturday evening, returning on Monday afternoon. Speaking of the progress being made on the main line, he said: "We have established a camp and are cutting a right of way between the east channel of Copper river and Miles glacier, and we are sending supplies to Abercrombie canyon and we will have camps there in the next few days. On a slow section of four miles are finished which will be able to lay a mile of track a day towards Miles glacier, with the idea of having fifty-six and a half miles of road in operation this year. This will be accomplished if the weather permits.

"The main abutment for the bridge at the lower crossing, on the west side of Copper river, is nearly completed. All the piles have been driven and the first course of masonry will be completed this week. Piles have also been driven for three river piers in the main westerly channel. We have sand scows, cement mixers, etc. right on the

ground and we have a good quality of rock close at hand. The roadbed already completed is a fine one, and a train can travel over it at a speed of forty miles an hour.

"We expect to have the steel bridge completed across the Copper at Flag point, next summer, and we also expect to work on the caissons for the Miles glacial bridge, the coming winter.

"At Cordova we have built a wharf 80x740, running north and south, with two tracks for the handling of material and supplies."

As one result of Mr. Hawkins' visit the most of the remaining portion of the material and supplies at camp 1 will be shipped to the Copper river camps. This will include about ten miles of thirty-pound rails which will be used for the branch road from the main line to the Bonanza mines.

AUGUST 15, 1908

Glacier Bay Issues Prospectus for Cruise Ship Services

GLACIER BAY—

The National Park Service has issued a prospectus under which multiple concession contracts may be awarded for the operation of cruise ship services within Glacier Bay National Park.

The contracts will include the initial allocation of a limited number of vessel use days in Glacier Bay during June through August of each year of the contract term. The anticipated term of the contracts will be January 1, 2010 – September 30, 2019.

A total of 153 use days, with no more than two per day, are available

each summer. The NPS anticipates awarding 71 of those use days to Holland America Line and Princess Cruises, both of which are considered historical operators with the right under the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act to continue the same level of service they were engaged in prior to 1979. Those companies also have the right to compete with other cruise lines for the remaining use days.

Glacier Bay National Park and Preserve is located at the northern end of Southeast Alaska's Inside Passage approximately 60 miles west of Juneau. The 3.2 million acre park and preserve receives about

438,000 visitors every year, the majority of whom arrive by cruise ship.

The prospectus is available on the Glacier Bay website at: www.nps.gov/glba/parkmgmt/cruise-ships.htm. Proposals will be accepted through 4 p.m. August 18, 2008. The opportunity to apply for cruise ship vessel services into Glacier Bay National Park shall remain open throughout the contract term. However, it is expected that all of the available use-days for June through August of each year will be awarded during the initial allocation to companies who submit proposals by the time and date referenced above.

"The greater the difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it. Skillful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests"—Epictetus

(Cordova, continued from page 17) was hoping to find a wide angle switch frog for the tail of the wye, and laid out the curves accordingly. We had to build it with a #7 frog, so there was an ugly kink in one leg of the wye which bothered me as long as I was there, but it worked. I should have checked this out before laying out the wye.

At the same time, we decided that a bigger engine would be insurance to get through the winter. Number 20, an Alco 2-8-0, had been spotted with a tank car at the oil pump house near the dock, to be able to steam heat bunker C oil and pump it from the big tank on the hill to ships needing fuel. But this locomotive and tank car blocked the passing track, so I arranged with Jack Leidy to clear the passing track for our use, provided that we would furnish a hot engine when he needed it to pump oil. This didn't happen often. Jack was CR&NW auditor, and chief CR&NW representative now that the superintendent, F. A. Hansen, had taken a job on construction of the Alean Highway.

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

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

In five years active service in the army, I ran across only one man whom I had known before - Lt. Dorwart. He had been with the Pennsylvania Railroad for years, and for a time was assigned in the vicinity of

my home town. He had played polo with a local team. But "Red" was more a contemporary of my father's than of mine. He remembered me as a very green kid. This made a somewhat embarrassing situation when his detachment arrived in Cordova to operate under the Post Engineer. I kept a very low profile, and things worked out. Red was a bachelor and quite a social fellow, and may still be remembered by old timers in Cordova. Sometime in 1943 the army inaugurated the Transportation Corps, and railway operating units became a part of that branch of the service. As such, the railroad operation was no longer under the Post Engineer.

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

To plow snow from the airport we had two "Snow-Go's." These were rotary snow blowers mounted on Ford 1 1/2 ton chassis, with a fairly heavy duty power unit mounted behind the cab. To transmit power to the plow mechanism a drive train ran from the power take-off of the auxiliary engine, under the cab, and back up to the plow. This involved four universal joints, each with a deflection of about 45 degrees. The universals were open centered, and had to be disassembled to be lubricated. The Snow-Go's had been stored at the dock at Seattle for months before shipment, and the salt air had gotten into the universal bearing surfaces and caused rust. On the first snowstorm we tackled, we blew several of these universals. We needed repairs, and fast, before replacement parts could be obtained from the states.

The nearest thing available was a universal joint used in 1/4 ton

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

Later on we received a shear plow to mount on a 2 1/2 ton 6 x 6 truck, and handled all but the heaviest snows easier and faster with this rig.

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

A later and larger loss was a quartermaster warehouse. The fire was started by a malfunctioning oil stove. The warehouse, a wood structure, contained all manner of combustible material, including a number of drums of tent waterproofing compound. Every time one of these drums caught and exploded, the flames and smoke shot a hundred feet in the air. I have pictures to prove this.

Maintenance of oil stoves was a never-ending function of the Post Engineer. The troubles were often the result of the stoves running out of oil. Water which had accumulat-

ed in the float chamber of the regulator would freeze to ice and bend the float arm. Then the regulator wouldn't work. The other big cause of trouble was where the regulator orifice had been enlarged to admit more oil. The stoves were designed to burn #1 stove oil, but to simplify supply, the army used #2 diesel oil, a little heavier. The heavier oil wouldn't flow as freely through the orifice, and that is why some men enlarged the orifice. The stove would overheat, and this could be a real fire hazard.

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

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

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

The man who had cut them, his name Larsen, I believe, led me back to where they were, and we went in with bulldozer and low-boy trailer, while the ground was still frozen, and retrieved them.

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

Earlier I related the death of a civilian during the period of our operation of the railroad. There was one other fatality. One of Lt.

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

During my stay in Cordova I also attended a number of other funerals. These were usually held in the Elks hall. John Vinqvist died out with the track gang in the summer of 1942. He sat down to rest on a pile of ties and shortly the stray dog that had adopted the track gang was observed to be beside John, whimpering. John had had a fatal heart attack. Ed Oss also died on the job, about 1943. I remember my courtesy call on his tearful teen-age daughter. Charlie Johnson died about 1944; we took on Blondie Matthewson to replace him. Jack Leidy also passed on while I was in Cordova, as did R. J. DeLeo, at that time Alaska Steamship Company

agent. He was succeeded by his assistant, Frank Burns.

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

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

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

Probably late in 1943 one of the men in H Company of the 138th got into trouble with an Indian woman in town, and knifed her, fatally. A court martial was held, and I was on the court martial board. The soldier was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment.

My fire chief was a professional fireman from New York City—a little older than most of the enlisted men. He knew his job and performed well. He was especially valuable in making fire preventive

inspections. But he was a periodic dipsomaniac; he told me so himself. Every so often, when in town on pass, he would drink so much he wouldn't make it back to camp, and was AWOL next morning. This offense couldn't be overlooked, and I would have to bust him back to private. I tried to reason with him to ask for a three-day pass when he felt the urge coming on, so he wouldn't go AWOL. But that never worked out, so he was demoted to private, in time built back up again to corporal and sergeant, only to be busted back again.

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

We loaded the plane on a flat car, wings folded, and after crossing the Eyak River bridge moved carefully because of close clearance in the cuts. At a couple of spots it was necessary to stop the train and chip away a little of the cut. The plane arrived at the ocean dock safely, and was deck loaded aboard the ship, just forward of the foremast. As the ship's gear was being stowed, the boom got away and dropped from full vertical squarely onto the plane, breaking its back. I have wondered ever since if this was an instance of sabotage.

After Morrison-Knudsen had completed the two runways at the airport, their crews departed. However, they left several pieces of heavy construction equipment, which were transferred to the army. With these, H&S Company men constructed taxiways connecting with the runways. Upon completion

of the taxiways, Lt. Akin took his H&S detachment to Smith Island, a dot out in Prince William Sound. Here they constructed an access road to the top of the island, where a navigation aid was installed after the war. These fellows were not sailors by any stretch of the imagination, but were issued a boat with a compass, and a barge, and told to find the island. Some time after they were established on the island, I went for a visit, traveling by their little boat and staying a couple of days. There was not much visibility on the way over, but steering by compass we made the island without trouble.

Remembering Smith Island brings up the matter of Tuffy, my Chow/Husky dog. Tuffy had been the dog of the Pettijohns, who ran the Cordova Daily Times. He developed a bad habit of knocking down old ladies carrying groceries, so was canine non grata in Cordova. His owners arranged for the post adjutant, Lt. Bucher, to take him over at mile 13. Lt. Bucher was subsequently transferred, and Lt. Akin took over Tuffy. Lt. Akin and I did a lot of things together, including many outings and hikes with the two of us and Tuffy. On one occasion Tuffy wouldn't cross one of the railroad bridges remaining out beyond mile 13, and jumped into the stream to swim across, as he was a very good swimmer. But the stream was a raging glacial torrent, and he was swept under the bridge, his head bumping on the bridge stringers. We grabbed him as he came out from under the bridge, and pulled him to safety.

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

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

As the war moved to the west, more and more troops were moved away from mile 13, and by June 1944 the garrison was down to Captain Cuddy, Post Commander, myself as Post Engineer, and fewer than 100 men. I then received orders to go to Tanacross to take over as Post Engineer at the airfield there, which was just being completed by the Northwest Service Command. I made an unusual request to the Alaskan Department Utilities Officer at Fort Richardson that my jeep be transferred with me, so I could take my dog. The request was granted. So I, my jeep and my dog Tuffy were loaded on the little Army Transport Command ship T-43 and departed for Valdez. I never saw Cordova again.

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

I nearly did myself in one night at Tanacross. The officers' quarters

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

parently the stove, Tuffy and I had consumed nearly all of the oxygen in the room.

I served as Post Engineer at Tanacross until about Christmas 1944, when I was transferred from Tanacross, supposedly headed for Adak. I rode to Fairbanks on our weekly truck run for supplies, just missing the weekly Alaska Railroad train to Anchorage. So I spent Christmas week with the Breads in Fairbanks. By this time Denny's wife had come to Alaska, and they had subsequently moved to Fairbanks, where Denny had taken another job. When I arrived at Anchorage my orders were superseded, and I was rotated back to the states (now called the lower 48 by Alaskans). Of course I was unable to bring Tuffy back with me. I met up with an older Military Police captain who had just arrived at Fort Richardson to become Provost Marshal. He took a

liking to the dog, so I left Tuffy with him. I heard from him later that one day Tuffy disappeared. He alerted his MP's, of course, and in due time his northernmost outpost, fifteen miles from the fort proper, observed Tuffy heading north, and picked him up. Tuffy had evidently been heading back for Tanacross.

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

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

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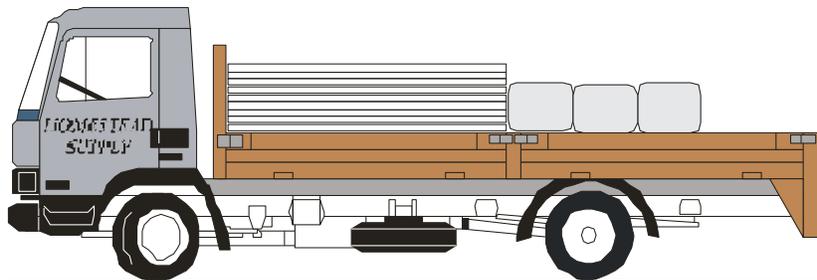
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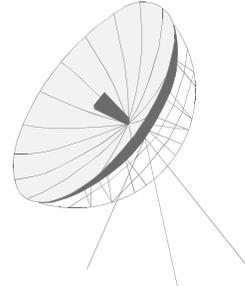
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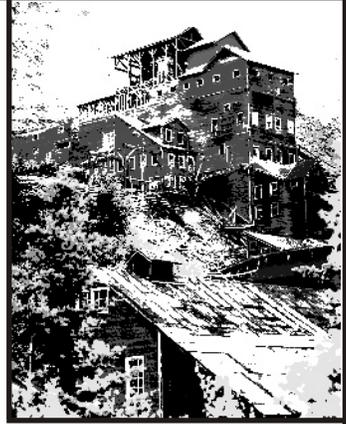
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More questions than answers in Bristol Bay

(continued from page 35)

meet their needs, as well as the rest of the world's consumers. Before you conclude that China is our problem, I neither advocate unmitigated development nor careless extraction of our resources to meet worldwide demands.

What I am implying is that our country, with strict regulations, and a people's forum for input through the environmental impact statement process, is less likely to do global harm in the extraction of our resources, than those countries either devoid of such constraints, or lacking effective enforcement

mechanisms. I would even suggest that those who, under the guise of being "green," imply that we cannot develop responsibly, and are, in reality promoting unmitigated pollution and global environmental harm, by pushing the supply machine into areas without restraint, regulation or review.

Let us diligently, carefully and wisely develop our own resources, when that development can meet our permitting standards, and not, by default, cause careless regimes to further pollute our planet by irresponsible resource extraction.

Perhaps the "greenest" person of all is the one who demands thorough science, provides for full accountability, and insists on responsible development in a country where there is a rule of law.

If this is true, then paint me "green!"

This planet is so small, if anyone pollutes, we all pay!

Editor's note: Glen Alsworth, Sr. is Mayor of the Lake and Peninsula Borough.

(Reprinted from the April-May 2008 issue of RESOURCE review)

Cooking with Peggy

BY PEGGY GUNTIS

When you receive this, I'll be basking in the wonderful Alaskan coolness and the friendliness of my McCarthy friends. I'll also be ready to fill my freezer with halibut and salmon that my daughter and her husband so kindly contribute to our summer fare. This month I'd like to give you a few recipes mixed with some cooking tips that have been very helpful to me.

TIP #1: To avoid overcooking fish — cook the fish 10 minutes for every inch of thickness (judged by its thickest part).

A great **SAUCE for HALIBUT** that I don't know where I found but I do know that Jim loves it and that's good enough for me to make it many times.

1 cup mayonnaise
 ½ cup sour cream
 1 ¼ cup grated parmesan cheese

Mix those ingredients together and cover a piece of halibut that you've already laid slices of onion and lemon on and bake. Sometimes I even double the sauce so I have plenty for those who love to really scoop it on their fish.

Now how about some **ALMOND SALMON PATTIES**. Again I think I found this recipe in a magazine some time ago. The page is all covered with food and sauce drippings so it's one of those that we really like.

2 eggs, separated
 1 cup (8 ounces) sour cream
 1 ½ cups soft bread crumbs
 2 tablespoons minced chives
 ½ teaspoon seafood seasoning
 ¼ teaspoon salt

Pepper

2 cups fresh cooked salmon or 1 can (14 ¾ oz.) drained, bones and skin removed

I like to use left-over fresh salmon when we have some

1 ¼ cups finely chopped almonds (I like to toast them after they are chopped and then add them).

A small amount of vegetable oil.

Lemon wedges which may be optional to you but aren't in our house. They are a must!

Combine the egg yolks and sour cream in a bowl. Add the bread crumbs and seasonings. Stir in the salmon. In a separate bowl, beat the egg whites until stiff; fold into the salmon mixture. Shape into 7 or 8 large or 12 smaller patties and coat with the almonds.

Heat the oil in a large skillet and fry the patties over a medium heat for 4-5 minutes on each side or until golden brown. Serve with the lemon slices. (Between you and me I might even try making the sauce I gave you above, heat it and offer it with the patties and the lemon slices.)

TIP #2 - To end those tearful onion-peeling sessions, store your onions in the refrigerator. No more tears and no more odor.

TIP #3 - To make those hard-boiled eggs easy to peel, drop them into iced water and refrigerate them until cool. It works great!

I don't know about you but I always keep packages of different sauces, etc. around just in case I'm out of the ingredients or the time to make it from scratch. I know some of you wouldn't like to use a mix but I love the packages of taco sauce and fajita sauce mixes. My next recipe uses a package of Hollandaise sauce mix and I found that it works just fine. One of my old bosses gave me this recipe for **SIMPLY SAUCY FISH BAKE**.

1 16 oz. package of frozen ocean perch (of course you can use

fresh and I would say any mild white fish could be used)

½ teaspoon salt

1/8 teaspoon pepper or more if you would like

1 tablespoon butter or margarine

1 package (1 ¾ ounce) Hollandaise Sauce mix

1 package (10 ounce) frozen asparagus or green beans (if you are using fresh, steam them first)

Paprika

1 can (3 ½ ounce) French Fried Onion rings

Thaw fillets just enough to separate. Heat oven to 475 degrees. Arrange fish in a 11 ½ x 7 ½ x 1 ½" dish leaving space in the center of the dish. Season the fillets with salt and pepper; dot with butter. Bake uncovered for about 15 minutes. Prepare Hollandaise sauce as directed on the package. Remove fish from oven. Place vegetables in the center of the dish. Pour sauce over everything. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake uncovered for 5 minutes or until fish flakes. (Remember Tip #1) Sprinkle onion rings on the fish, and bake about 2 minutes longer. Serves 3 or 4

TIP #4 When choosing the best baking pan for the job: I was having a problem with some biscotti I was making. Sometimes it was burning (or deliciously darkened according to Jim) before it was even supposed to be done so I went to the Internet to see what I could find out about pans. I found a great site—[Baking 911.com](http://Baking911.com).

Glass or heat-proof pan—best for breads and pies—heats more quickly and retains heat longer than most metal pans, giving food a darker, browner crust and a deeply baked exterior; glass manufacturers recommend reducing the oven temperature by 25 degrees F. when using their products.

Heavy-gauge metal pans or black steel—best for breads, pies and tarts—intense heat conductors cook quickly. Watch your baking time carefully as it may be less or reduce the oven temperature by 25 degrees F. These pans turn out appealing, dark crusts.

Lighter-colored—best for delicate cakes and brownies—gives a paler crust.

Light-colored aluminum and shiny stainless-steel—best for cookies, delicate pastries; the sugar and chocolate ones are less likely to

burn. Great for pound cakes. They reflect more heat than glass and dark metal pans. This may mean your baked goods will need a bit more time to finish cooking.

Flexible pan—not recommended because they do not bake evenly.

Now, just one more recipe - one that can be used as a side dish or as a dessert and is it easy and so.o.o. good: **MURIEL'S PINEAPPLE STUFFING.**

6 slices white bread torn into pieces
4 eggs
½ cup butter

1 cup sugar
1 20 ounce can crushed pineapple
Cream butter and sugar
Add and mix 1 egg at a time
Add crushed pineapple

Stir pineapple mixture into torn bread. Put in 8 x 8 pan (I used pyrex) and bake at 350 degrees for an hour or until brown.

Well, that's it for another month or two. Hopefully I'll be able to get a few more recipes from those wonderful cooks in McCarthy. Have a great summer.

▲ LOOK AT THE WEATHER

BY GEORGE CEBULA

April 2008 saw average temperatures and precipitation. The high temperature for the month was 59 on the 27th (56 on Apr. 22, '07, 50 on Apr. 22, '06 and 70 on Apr. 20, '05). The low was 0 on the 18th (-4 on Apr. 2, '07, 0 on Apr. 1, '06 and 1 on Apr. 4, '05). The average temperature for April was 34.1, compared to 34.4 in '07, 33.1 in '06 and 37.4 in '05. The lowest average temperatures for April were 22.4 in 1972 and 24.7 in 1986. Kennicott had a high of 59, low of 3 and an average of 35.5.

The precipitation for April was about average with 0.50 inches of liquid (0.01 in '07, 1.14 in '06, 0.08 in '05 and 0.77 in '04). There was 7.0 inches of snow (trace in '07, 10.2 in '06, no snow in '05 and 8.7 in '04). Kennicott had 1.40 inches of liquid and 7.2 inches of snow.

The total snowfall at McCarthy for '07-'08 was 73.4 inches (44.7 in '06-'07, 84.0 in '05-'06, 79.4 in '04-'05, 110.6 in '03-'04, 46.0 in '02-'03, 74.2 in '01-'02, 85.2 in '00-'01, 65.8 in '99-'00 and 38.9 in '98-'99). Kennicott had 79.7 inches of snow

(60.0 in '06-'07 and 96.9 in '05-'06).

McCarthy started April with 21 inches of snow on the ground and ended the month with only a trace.

The temperatures were about average for May. The high temperature for May was 70 on the 28th (74 on May 25, '07, 76 on May 26, '06 and 76 on May 9, '05). The low temperature was 22 on the 14th and 19th (24 on May 8, '07, 24 on May 17, '06 and 21 on May 2, '05). The May average temperature was 44.8, this compares with 45.5 in '07, 45.0 in '06, 48.8 in '05, 49.3 in '04 and 44.4 in '03. There was 1 day with a high of 70 or above and 6 days with the low of 25 or lower. Kennicott had a high of 70 on 27th and 29th, a low of 27 on the 14th and an average temperature on 47.0.

The May precipitation at McCarthy was well below average with 0.12 inches of liquid. This compares with 2.50 inches in '07, 0.47 inches in '06, 1.64 inches in '05 and 1.05 inches in '04. There was a trace of snow on May 6th. Kennicott had 0.60 inches of liquid.

The ice on the West Fork of the Kennicott River began to break apart around April 28th and water was moving over the top. The river was clear of moving ice by May 7th and all the shore ice was gone by May 11th.

The first half of June was cool and cloudy with highs in the high 50's to mid 60's. The lows were mostly in the low 30's. There was about 0.50 inches 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 sometime in July, with a rapid rise of the water level in the Kennicott River and some possible flooding. The first snow usually arrives sometime in late September.

ENJOY THE SUMMER WHATEVER THE WEATHER!

"We are apt to be deluded into false security by political catch-words, devised to flatter rather than instruct."—James A. Garfield

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

More questions than answers in Bristol Bay

BY GLEN ALSWORTH, SR.

A cursory review of the sockeye salmon ex-vessel prices for various regions of Alaska reveal a consistent trend of fisheries with better prices than others.

Prince William Sound produces the highest price per pound for sockeye salmon, with the Copper River Reds fetching upwards in excess of \$12 per pound for the early run.

The bottom of the sockeye value per pound comes from Bristol Bay.

While there are experts who can explain all of the variations for market access, quality, availability and a myriad of other factors, I want to raise the question of how salmon prices may be affected by oil, gas, mining, industrialization and urban sprawl.

There has been fear cast on fishermen that development will be the death knell for all Bristol Bay fisheries. While we must be extremely careful and be most diligent in our application of the best science to protect and enhance opportunities for subsistence, sport and commercial fisher people, we need not paralyze our economy by precluding responsible development.

Such development is threatened by legislation that would preempt the stringent and rigorous environmental impact statement process, as well as state and federal water quality laws, in favor of a political solution to a perceived problem, which may not be one at all. Let me digress.

The prized and valuable Copper River Reds gather back to the Copper River. At its headwaters is the famed Kennecott Copper Mine. The mine produced copper and other

minerals for 27 years, ending in 1938.

Additionally, in 1989, the Exxon Valdez spilled crude oil in Prince William Sound. It was the largest spill in Alaska history. Oil still remains buried beneath some beaches.

Yet in spite of an old mine at its headwaters and the oil spill in the Sound, Copper River Reds remain at the top of the value totem pole for Alaskan sockeye.

Cook Inlet holds the number two spot on the value per pound list. Over half the population in Alaska is centered in the Cook Inlet watershed, home of 16 active oil and gas platforms operating in waters where the salmon migrate. This is not to mention all the potential for pollution from the 350,000 or more people living there.

Where's Bristol Bay's spot? It is last in value of sockeye per pound.

But how can this be? Bristol Bay is the last pristine place on earth! It represents all that wild, pure, untarnished, natural, organic, delicious sockeye salmon stand for.

Before jumping to the erroneous conclusion that all Bristol Bay needs is a large mine at its headwaters and vigorous oil development to bolster its value of sockeyes, let me say that what these prices demonstrate is the "headwater" and "no development" arguments are perhaps a little overstated.

People making these arguments claim it would be devastating to our region and fisheries to even consider the development of our other resources. However, reality indicates that our resources, like minerals, can be utilized in cooperation with the enhancement of our fishing economies: subsistence, sport and commercial.

It's a small world after all

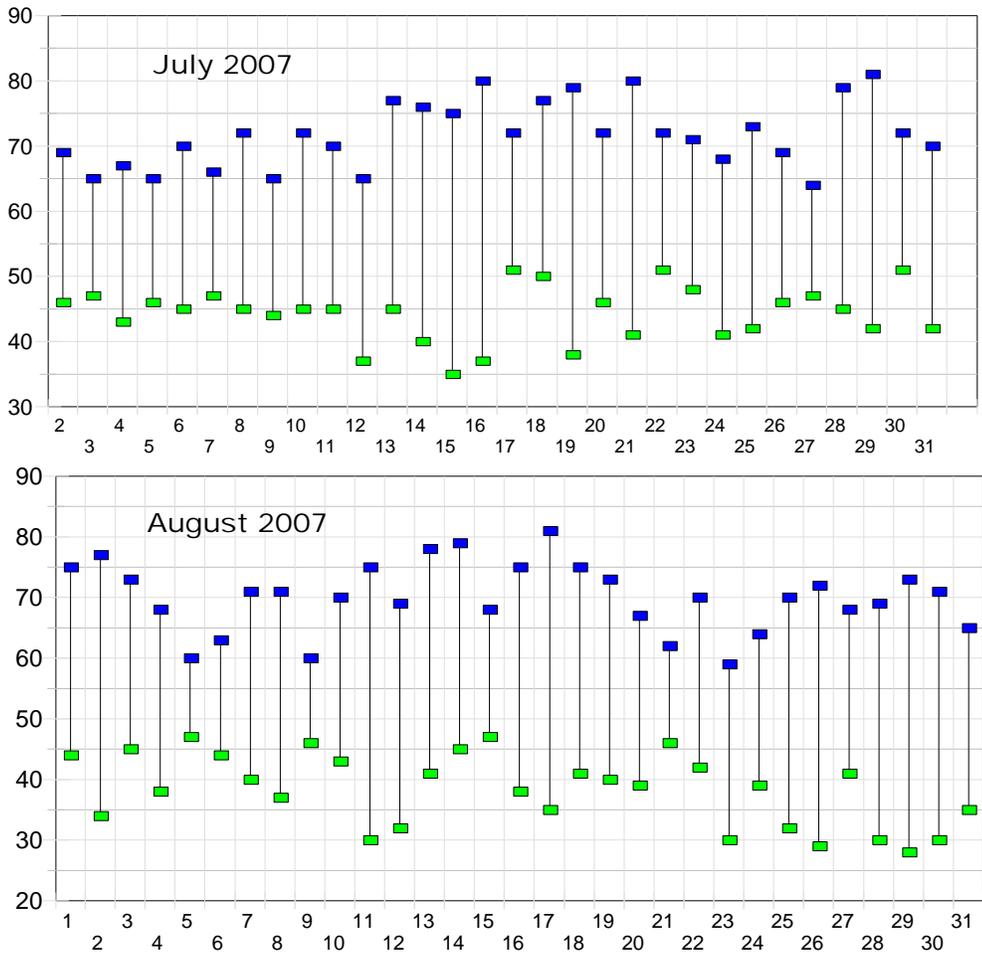
Climate change and soaring energy costs are frequent subjects of no little debate these days. Trying to establish who to blame is easy. It is obviously everyone else except me. If these issues were viewed as assets instead of liabilities, there probably would be no end to the individuals and entities lining up to take credit for their creation. Since that is not the case, I offer a few thoughts on who actually are the most environmentally-conscious folks on this planet.

Although some people seem to have all of the answers, I may have the most questions.

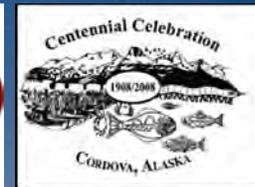
- Will humankind likely consume more or less in the coming years?
- Comparing environmental standards in the U.S. to other countries such as the Democratic Republic of Congo and China, are our standards (more) or (less) stringent?
- Assuming environmental requirements for development are the same worldwide, are enforcement procedures and recourses (more) or (less) assured in the U.S.?
- In many countries, the government itself is the developer of resources. If resources are developed by the government, the enforcer of environmental policies, where are the restraints and the citizen's forums to insure proper evaluation, review and protection of the environment?

China alone is home to more than 20 percent of the earth's population. As an emerging country, with an insatiable appetite for resources, its demands for energy, raw materials and other resources could grow exponentially. The law of supply and demand will find ready producers to

(continued on page 32)



Take the historic and scenic DC3 flight down the Copper River to Cordova, Sunday August 17. Flight includes: Round trip McCarthy/Cordova in a chartered DC-3, accommodations and dinner at the Reluctant Fisherman Inn with guest speaker Ken Smith, son of pioneer aviator Merle “Mudhole” Smith. Tour of the Copper River Delta, Childs Glacier and the Million Dollar Bridge, centennial coin, Return to McCarthy August 18.



All for \$600

\$250 mostly refundable deposit required



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