

Wrangell St. Elias News

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"

Vol. Twenty-Two Issue One

January & February 2013

\$2.50

Mail Day at McCarthy



WSEN staff photo

Left: A Cessna 185 is the plane of choice in the winter-time. Copper Valley Air Service flies out of Gulkana twice a week—Monday and Thursday—bringing mail to McCarthy residents.



WSEN staff photo

Right: The McCarthy "Mail Shack" got an upgrade this winter in the form of a 20,000 BTU propane heater. When the mercury hits minus 35, as it did this past week, it helps the mail sorters keep their hands nimble enough to handle the mail.



WSEN staff photo

Above: Pilot Chris Maize is the modern counterpart to the dog mushers of old who braved the harsh Alaska weather to provide mail service to remote areas such as McCarthy. We salute you, Chris!



WSEN staff photo

Left: It is not always easy to recognize neighbors in their winter garb. This is Daniel Rowland behind the protective gear.

Right: Winter mail days typically draw a half-dozen or less hardy souls who brave the weather to gather mail.



WSEN staff photo

Left to right: Pilot Chris Maize, Trig Trigliano and Kelly Bay

Expeditions in Alaska

Starting this issue, WSEN is sharing a 3-part transcription of an amazing account of expeditions in Alaska by mining engineer, Ocha Potter. The first segment, which rivals the exploits of Lewis & Clark a century earlier, is entitled *Alaska*. It opens in 1905 and begins on page 7.

A note from the publisher

BY BONNIE KENYON

The cold of winter is settling over the McCarthy area. Looking out my office window I take in the beauty of snow-covered trees and mountains, a bright, blue sky and the welcome warmth of the sun that streams in through the south window of our cabin's living room. We have already seen low temperatures of -40 and, since the last time I wrote "a note," we gained several more inches of snow, now totaling 14 inches. There is finally enough on the ground to merit snowmachines for local transportation, if one desires.

Rick and I were glad to hear from several of our readers that the November/December *WSEN* arrived in record time. We were on the early side of our schedule, for a change. This issue is coming to you early, too. Rick and I are planning a trip south to spend Christmas and a longer-than-usual stay with our family. We plan on returning in mid-March to begin work on the March/April issue. It will be mailed early April, instead of its normal March. We trust you won't mind the slight change.

We thank Tom Kizzia for permission to reprint his book review on Katie Ringsmuth's "Tunnel Vision: The Life of a Copper Prospector in the Nizina River Country." It first appeared in the *Anchorage Daily News* September 8, 2012. Tom and his family own property in the Fireweed Mountain Subdivision. They visit as often as they can. Tom is completing a book he wrote on the Pilgrim family. It should be available summer 2013.

Sometime ago we were given portions of the true accounts of mining engineer, Ocha Potter's,

exploratory trips to Alaska and to our area in the early 1900's. Potter's story is written in three segments: "Alaska," "Alaska Again," and "A Wife and Child Become Pioneers." We are breaking these accounts up into sizeable portions to fit our publication. His story is such an interesting read. We trust you enjoy it as much as we did. Our thanks to Kelly Bay, Mike Bronson and Kennecott Kid, Inger Jensen Ricci, for making this material available to us—for you.

Our son, Rick Jr., has provided another part of his Alaska Grown series. His recollections of our early days in McCarthy (1978) bring back many memories for me. I could not help but think how times have changed. For instance, CB radio was the "local" phone system among community members. Of course, privacy was not available with this form of communication!

On Thanksgiving Day this year (34 years later), Rick and I had the joy of talking, and seeing, our Dan Creek neighbors, Fred and Irene

Denner. Since the upgrade of our local internet system, we've been able to successfully use Skype to communicate with family and friends.

Fred and Irene were sitting at their kitchen table in their log cabin 20 miles away—Rick and I, on our living room couch. Not only could we carry on a four-way conversation, but we could actually "see" each other. Normally if we get to see the Denners once a year when they come out for supplies or a doctor's visit in Anchorage, that is considered a real plus. Now we can visit with each other without having to travel over creeks and rivers. We've come a long ways from those CB radios!

A final thanks to Mark Vail who shares the Firewise happenings in his neighborhood, giving us a first hand description of what transpires when the Firewise program comes calling.

A Happy New Year to all our wonderful *WSEN* readers. You are greatly appreciated!

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Items of Interest

BY BONNIE KENYON

Mark Vail: Fall was in the air when Mark left his cabin on October 8th. His travels took him to eastern Pennsylvania where his aunt eagerly welcomed his visit. "When I came home October 20th, I came home to winter," says Mark. Minus 12 degrees for our area's low temperature seemed to hang on for all it was worth and snow besides. Thankfully, it wasn't enough to deter the fire crews that had thinned out the brush and trees along the right-of-way to Mark's cabin.

Since his return home, Mark is taking good advantage of the easily accessible firewood and is stocking up for the winter months ahead. (Be sure to read Mark's story on the Firewise project in his subdivision on page 13.)

With the arrival of a few inches of snow, Mark is "reading the animal tracks" and able to see who or what is visiting his property. There are plenty of voles stashing the uneaten sunflower seeds under the bird feeder, he says, a friendly ermine and coyotes.

The winter bird life is picking up, too, with the return of a

rather tame Hairy Woodpecker. This is "Hairy's" 3rd winter in a row. He enjoys the feast he gets from the peanut butter handouts from Mark. When Mark isn't paying attention, Hairy taps on his window. Just a friendly reminder, I'm sure! Chickadees are numerous. A recent investigation with his telescope revealed 3 sheep on Fireweed Mountain.

In a couple of weeks, Mark will leave his quiet niche to assist Mark Bass with a remodel job of a hotel in Fairbanks. Their assignment is to hang wallpaper on the ground floor. They expect the job to last a couple of weeks.

On his way out he plans on stopping off at Art and Ann Ward's home in Salcha. Their son, Ben, is up for a craft class for his home school project this year. This is not the first time Mark has instructed a Ward youngster in a variety of craft projects. This year's creation will be a "diamond willow bench."

While in Fairbanks, Mark plans on visiting a number of friends. One family in particular who is high on the list is the Ludwigs. "It should be interesting and fun!" says Mark. He plans to return home mid-De-

cember. Further work may call him to Anchorage later in the winter. But, then, he has friends there, too!

Mark Wacht: Another Mark in the neighborhood is enjoying the quieter and slower days of winter. After a busy summer season working maintenance for the Park Service, Mark is taking time to attend mail days and catch up with his neighbors' activities.

A new venture is underway, Mark tells me, with his recent purchase of a couple of acres of land in the Blackburn subdivision located off the Wagon Road. He is planning to construct a few rental cabins on his property, he says. Congratulations, Mark!

Although he is not in a hurry to leave McCarthy, he may visit family. A sure thing is a float trip with Nik Merlino down the Grand Canyon in January. A large number of locals have participated in this winter excursion, but this will be Mark's first trip. He is really excited about the upcoming fun-filled time with his McCarthy friends and neighbors. Have a safe float, Mark!

Wrangell St. Elias News (USPS 011301) VOL. Twenty-Two, Issue One, January & February 2013.

Published every two months at McCarthy, Alaska. McCarthy, PO Box MXY, Glennallen, AK 99588-8998. Phone (907) 554-4454. FAX 1-866-487-7657. **E-mail: wsenews@gmail.com.** "Copyright © 2013 by Wrangell St. Elias News. No part of this publication may be reproduced by any means without the express permission of the publishers."

Contributors to this issue: Peggy Guntis, Mark Vail, Tom Kizzia, Tim Mowry, Ned Rozell, and Rick Kenyon Jr. Subscription price is \$14 for one year in the USA. Canada \$16. Other countries \$23. Advertising rates upon request. Deadline for publication in next issue is March 15.

PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT GLENNALLEN, AK. 99588.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Wrangell St. Elias News, McCarthy #42, PO Box MXY, Glennallen AK 99588-8998.

Jürgen Oğrodnik: Jürgen's winter adventures are beginning! Home is McCarthy for him, but his "home away from home" is Germany. His folks reside near Cologne and are very special people to him and he looks forward to quality time with them.

Jürgen's yearly visits also enhance his profession—musician (acoustic guitar music). "I soak up the culture when I'm in Germany; it inspires me to work on my music." A new recording (#5) is in the making, he says, as well. "I really enjoy pursuing my art. I really have a craving for it."

Jürgen pursues his career while in McCarthy. "I enjoy the quiet here; it's harder to find anymore." However, he loves to travel and doesn't mind the 20 hours of flying that it takes to bring him back home where his music all begin. This year he tells me there is someone special waiting for him—a new girlfriend! He is expecting to be gone for 3 months.

Have a wonderful trip, Jürgen, and let us know when your new CD hits the market!

Paul Hanis and Jenny Rosenbaum: There is plenty of "Dog Drama" at Paul and Jenny's Nizina home these days. When I called for an "item" the other night, Jenny was home alone. Paul, on the other hand, was out and about, actually in my neck-of-the-woods, said Jenny. It was evening, darkness had set in, and it wasn't exactly balmy outside either.

Opus, creator of the drama, has quite a crush on Dot, Joe Russo's dog (the lady being pursued). The challenge is the distance between these two.

Approximately 13 miles separates Opus and Dot, but that doesn't seem to deter Opus from making numerous jaunts down the Nizina Road, across the McCarthy Creek and the Kennicott River. (I'm assuming he has successfully figured out how to cross both bodies of water without getting wet!) I doubt he has a "pass" to get across the two bridges that separate him and Dot.

Jenny and Paul seem to be taking turns retrieving Opus. The night I called it was Paul's turn! Thankfully, says Jenny, there is enough snow on the ground to enable them to use the snowmachine. Opus has gained the title of "escape artist" since he now can slip his collar. With counsel from nearby neighbor, Jeremy Keller, Paul and Jenny tried attaching a small log (firewood) to his chain, but that didn't deter him either. He showed up at Kevin Smith's place, just down the road from me. They decided that was not going to work for Opus. Thus, the infamous escape artist is doing plenty of escaping these days.

At the moment Paul and Jenny have 4 dogs in their care. Three of them are theirs: Genaro, Opus and their latest rescue named Priscilla. Dori, Howard Mozen and Elizabeth Schafer's dog, is boarding with them for the next few months while the Mozen family take in sights in Hawaii and Argentina.

Now that winter is here, Paul and Jenny's pig was recently harvested, supplying them with a good winter cache of meat. Jenny says they are really enjoying it, too.

What does the winter hold for them, I ask. Texas for Jenny over Christmas is in their plans. Anchorage for them both in January. Jenny's job as an accountant is on hold at the moment but is due to pick back up mid to late January. In the meantime, the Hanis/Rosenbaum household is full of excitement. You may not have flowers to smell, Jenny and Paul, but, hopefully, you are managing to fit in a few extra cups of hot coffee these cold, wintery days.

By the way, Opus and Dot just dashed by my cabin window. Thought you'd want to know!

Patti Polizzo: A new addition to McCarthy's winter population is Patti. She hales from New Jersey, moved to Colorado when she was 21, and, more recently, spent a year in Anchorage. Snow isn't a bother to her or something of dread. "I love it here!" says Patti. "I plan on spending the entire winter here."

"Here" is Jim and Audrey Edwards' Beaver Creek cabin at Swift Creek. Patti's "challenge of the winter" is learning how to operate the wood cook stove. Some days are better than others but she is making great strides. The largest portion of her day, she says, is collecting and splitting her firewood.

Her daughter, Emily, 30, was born and raised, and still lives in Colorado, on a sheep ranch, says Patti. When I asked Patti how Emily felt about her mom moving north, Patti said "she wasn't surprised" at all. Adventure and a desire for a small-town atmosphere, like McCarthy, is in Patti's veins.

She learned about McCarthy through friends, Jim and Julie

Nyholm. McCarthy locals will recognize them from our previous summer season. Jim worked as a chef at McCarthy Lodge. He and Julie were a great addition to our town and we trust they return next summer.

Patti got a job at Ma Johnson's Hotel working as a receptionist. She loved her job and hopes to return to it this next season.

Winters can be long but Patti is prepared. Her hobbies include making cards out of recycled calendars. She donates them to the Native hospital in Anchorage where they are sold in their gift shop. The proceeds go to helping the elderly receive care. She also sews purses for children's services. Writing is another interest, says Patti. I ask if she is willing to share her winter adventures with our *WSEN* readers in the next issue. She was quick to say yes.

Thank you, Patti, and welcome to the west side and to our town!

Kelly and Natalie Bay: The Bays are back at their winter residence on the Nizina River. After a busy summer season with their Wrangell Mountain Air (and Shuttle Bus) businesses, Kelly and Natalie are enjoying the change in scenery and activities.

When Kelly answered the phone this morning, we quickly compared temperature data. Our early morning low read -34, Kelly's was -33. Close and definitely cold! Natalie soon came on the line and said they were doing just fine, warm and a woodshed full of winter firewood supply. She is taking the opportunity to catch up on her paper work, she says, and finalize their

travel plans over the holiday season. I ask where they are headed. "Cambodia," was her answer. Needless to say, I am surprised. What is happening in that SE Asian country to merit their visit? A nephew, warm weather and a wonderful Christmas celebration with her immediate family who are coming from Australia to meet for a family reunion. Sounds great, I tell her.

Daughter Tessa is traveling from Washington, DC to San Francisco to meet up with her folks and their journey will continue together for a new adventure.

"I'm leaving my comfort zone," says Natalie, but we are really looking forward to it. Seeing family members is certainly a priority but I can tell that the Bays are eager to see warmer climates, especially now after experiencing McCarthy's frigid cold.

Have a wonderful time, Kelly and Natalie. We are eager to get another item of interest upon your return!

Neil Darish: I often wonder what it feels like to undergo "boredom." At mail today Neil said he is experiencing that very thing. I'm amazed since of all people I know, Neil is not one to succumb to such a plight. I quickly realize, however, that Neil is not seeing boredom as a negative, but as a plus. After all, the majority of the year, Neil has more than his share of the "busies" due to his McCarthy Ventures and all its business aspects.

It's the day after Thanksgiving as I write this—several of us converge on the little snow-covered mail building—Neil included. He's one of the major "mail

sorters." Thankfully, his snowmachine started this morning. The temperature was -20. Winter has deeply set in upon downtown McCarthy where Neil resides. He is the only resident in that part of town these days, so unlike the bustling summer season. It's quiet, peaceful, awesome scenery and good walking conditions for his daily excursions. Yes, he is certainly taking it all in these days and enjoying every bit of it, he says. I no longer feel sorry for his boredom.

While sorting mail, I tell him I hear he is going to make a winter trip. He says I'm right. In February he travels to Ecuador to visit Sergio Perez, a well-known visitor to our area. Sergio used to be a very popular chef at McCarthy Lodge. Neil says he now owns and operates a restaurant in Ecuador. Sounds like quite an adventure, Neil, but I suspect you will have to leave your boredom behind in snowy McCarthy! I look forward to another item of interest when you come home. Tell Sergio we all send our hellos.

Christine O'Conner: Another McCarthy resident who is enjoying the quieter side of winter is Christine. When I called her the other evening to see how she was faring, I found her in Anchorage visiting another McCarthyite, Rebecca Bard. Christine and "Max," Rebecca's nearly 3 year old son, were playing with Max's new train set. Sounded like fun to me.

Christine decided to take a quick trip to Chugiak to help celebrate her step-mom's 50th birthday. A possible trip in January could take her to Vietnam to visit her mom and step-dad, if all goes as planned. We may not see her until end of April, she tells me. Now that will make another terrific "item," Christine!

Alaska Grown—A New Year

BY RICK KENYON JR.

Christmas was always my favorite holiday. I looked forward to it with much anticipation and couldn't wait for it to come. Boxes arrived on the mail plane, several weeks prior to Christmas and they were from Grampa and Grammy and another from Grandma Neta. Excitedly I opened the boxes and arranged the wrapped gifts under our tree. The fun part was "inspecting" the gifts, in hopes of guessing what was underneath that gift wrapping! Grandma Neta also included some "no name" gifts; meaning they were for everyone to enjoy and not for one person in particular. We started a Kenyon tradition of opening one "no name" gift each night, just one week prior to the 25th of December. They usually contained a food item and would be used for our nightly scrabble party.

Sam was interested in all the gifts, too. He would sniff around the tree, checking out the packages and we made sure there was a special treat wrapped just for him to open on Christmas Eve. I don't recall him ever tearing into a gift, though. He was well-mannered and set a good example to one particularly anxious boy!

After Christmas was the New Year and 1978 was history. To an eleven year old boy, time seemed to drag and the next Christmas seemed ages away. When the temperature allowed, Sam and I would go outside and play in the snow. I got a pair of cross-country skis, and they allowed me to

go where there were no trails or roads. Deep snow was no problem when you could ski. Several times I opted to ski to mail rath-



er than walk.

Once a winter, some of the neighbors would meet at Jim and Maxine Edward's airstrip and ski up the hill behind his hanger. We called it the Swift Creek Hill. A trail would take one to the McCarthy road. Eric and Joan Wasserman went on one occasion and we went up the hill and came down on our skis and sleds. There was a sharp turn in one spot and it was exciting to try to make that turn without a spill. I had my share of spills there!

That first year in our new cabin, we didn't have a lot of furniture to fill up all the space in the living room. Dad took a back seat out of the old green Suburban to use for a couch. He cut

some wood blocks to set it up to comfortable height. There was no carpet on the plywood floor and it was rather chilly during cold temperatures. We wore thick socks and slippers inside, leaving snow boots by the back door.

Mom learned how to knit from Grammy and worked on a few projects such as mittens and socks. Many of the neighborhood ladies also shared ideas and tips on how to make various garments and swapped recipes. Joan and Maxine were the only ladies on our side of the river, and occasionally got together to visit and have "lady-talk".

Dad spent warmer days in his shop, working on Jo and Harley King's airplane. The shop was a portable army hut, just north of our cabin less than 100 feet. Beyond that, we set up a small shooting range for target practice and sighting in our guns.

Since Dad had gun-smithing experience, he also reloaded ammunition for various guns we owned. When we lived at Long Lake, I had a .22 caliber rifle that he cut the stock for my short arms and used to hunt rabbits and squirrels with. It had a scope on it and was a single-shot. I learned how to make each shot count! Later I acquired a Savage model that had a .20 gauge barrel on the bottom and .22 on the top. It was heavier than the first rifle, and not as light so I didn't enjoy using it as much. (Several years later I traded it for a Rossi pump-gallery .22 rifle and that became my favorite gun for small game).

Alaska

BY OCHA POTTER

Editor's Note: Several years ago, WSEN was given a copy of the following story written by Ocha Potter, a mining engineer who first came to Alaska in 1905 to locate copper and gold deposits. His exploration brought him to the McCarthy/Kennicott area. Our thanks to the following people who helped make this material available to us: Kelly Bay, Mike Bronson, Inger Ricci (Kennicott Kid), Jackie Douglass (typed it from Potter's nearly illegible handwriting) and the Elmer E. Rasmuson Library. "Alaska" is the first installment.

Introduction

Ocha Potter was born in 1878 near the eastern shore of Lake Winnebago in Wisconsin. He attended the local rural school and left to attend high school in Fond du Lac. After a stint in the Army for the Spanish-American War, Potter worked several odd jobs, finally securing a job in the Gold Coast Colony in West Africa on diamond drill mine exploration. After contracting malaria, Potter returned to the United States where he enrolled in the Michigan College of Mines, (now Michigan Technological University). While a student at the Michigan College of Mines, Potter was hired to prospect for copper in the Copper River region of Alaska (1905-1908). After several summers in Alaska and the rest of the year in Houghton at school, Potter nearly had enough credit to graduate but as he had gotten married and had a young son, he needed to work. Several years later he was given a degree, the work he had done in mining considered as credit. In the meantime, Potter began working for the Calumet and Hecla Mining Company. With his college education and former mining experience, Potter soon became mine superintendent

at the Superior Mine and others, ending up at the Ahmiik Mine. With the Great Depression, Potter came to be in charge of state, local and federal relief funds for the Keweenaw peninsula. As superintendent of Ahmeek Mine, he was familiar with the working men's plight during the Great Depression. He planned many countrywide WPA projects, from roadside parks and bridges to the Keweenaw Mountain Lodge, cabins, and golf course. With the start of World War II, Calumet and Hecla began opening mines that had closed. Potter returned to Ahmeek, and was also put in charge of reopening the Seneca Mine. He remained at Calumet and Hecla until his retirement in 1948. Ocha Potter passed away in 1955, and is buried in Calumet, Michigan.

During Christmas vacation of 1904, my good friend, Professor A. E. Seaman of the geology department called me to his office one day. A local syndicate wanted a man to lead an exploring expedition into Alaska. A wild-eyed prospector had come to them with rich samples of copper vein of the same type that had made the Copper Country of Michigan the world's leading producer of the red metal for a generation. He knew where there was a mountain of it—so he said. Professor Seaman would recommend me for the job if I wanted it. I met the president of the syndicate who was also the president of the leading local bank, Mr. G. A. Rice, whom I later learned to greatly respect as an able and just business man—a firm friend. Mr. Rice offered me a good salary, all expenses, a small interest in the syndicate and a free hand. I saw the samples and they were good. My fortune was as

good as made: The Girl and I had been married during my summer vacation. Here was an opportunity to establish ourselves on a firm financial basis! I accepted Mr. Rice's offer.

A few weeks later I was in Seattle in mid winter and met the prospector H. H. Greer. I soon discovered he could give me practically no assistance in organizing the expedition. He could think and talk of nothing but his wonderful copper mountain. I knew nothing of Alaska exploration, only that we were headed for a place nearly two hundred miles in the interior and that we must take from Seattle everything we would need during the next eight months.

Fortunately I found a couple of "sour doughs"—experienced Alaskans. I studied food values and rations and gathered information from every possible source. I bought a couple of horses, hay, oats, cooking utensils, condensed and evaporated foods to save weight, tent, parkas, bedding, Alaskan one horse sleighs—long and narrow—snowshoes, axes, a "ship saw" to make lumber, rifles and ammunition, a Colt .44 pistol, a camera and film, binoculars, an assay outfit and chemicals—and eventually we sailed out of the murky fog-dimmed harbor of Seattle, bound for the fabulous north land.

The boat was small, only 700 tons, and it was slow. We were to land at Valdez, a thousand miles north and seven hundred miles west, the farthest north year-round port in Alaska and the beginning of the only winter trail into the newly discovered Fairbanks gold district and the Yukon. The ship was crowded to the limit.

One or two mining engineers, a dozen sour dough prospectors and “cheechakos”—men like myself making their first trip. In the small open deck space, malemutes and huskies—the native and half-breed dogs on which the Alaskans of those days depended for rapid transit—snarled and snapped at each other and at every one who came within reach. Slowly we plowed our way north through the Inland Passage stopping to leave mail at Sitka, the former capital of Alaska founded by the Russians nearly a century before. Here I saw the enormous totem poles built by the native Indians to preserve the history of their clans. We visited the old Russian church and paid our respects to the priest.

At Juneau we tied up to the dock for a full day. I crossed the narrow channel, introduced myself to the manager of the old Treadwell gold mine and made a visit to the underground workings. A famous gold mine, the shafts were on the edge of the sea and the workings thousands of feet under the sea itself. A few years later, in following the ore body the miners broke through into the bottom of the ocean. The men escaped with their lives but that was the end of the Treadwell Mine.

Finally we sailed westward through Icy Straits, dodging small floating ice fields and big icebergs from Muir Glacier and out into the open Pacific. Now we were to learn how much punishment a seven hundred ton steamer could take and remain afloat. Food was forgotten. All we asked was to live to get to land—and some times we didn't much care about living. I remember one cold winter night when the old tub kept the engines turning just enough to steer the boat. I went up on top by the smoke stack dressed in the warmest clothing I could find and clung

there till day light wondering how it would all end.

But we turned north around Kayak Island, passed into smoother waters, chugged through the narrows into Valdez harbor and tied up at the dock—sixteen days out of Seattle. Valdez was a busy typical Alaskan town of the early pioneer days—wide open, of course. Most of the business houses were saloons, gambling dens, and dance halls. There were a few small stores, hotels, and homes. All buildings were of flimsy wood construction—most of them with false fronts. A high, rugged, snow and ice capped mountain range extends along the Alaskan coast for nearly 2,000 miles with only two or three rivers breaking through to the sea. Valdez lay near the mouth of a small stream running nearly parallel to the coast line. About twenty miles up this stream there was a pass roughly 3,500 feet above sea level across the range into the interior. It was this pass and the near-by year round ice-free harbor that fixed the location of the winter trail into the Yukon and made Valdez the entry port.

The town was built on the terminal moraine at the foot of a glacier. It was treeless and wind swept but the setting was beautiful. A short distance away on both sides and source the harbor bare cliffs rose right up into the drifting clouds, 8,000 to 10,000 feet above. Warm moisture laden winds swept in from the Pacific and dropped their burden along the narrow coast. The snow reached almost unbelievable depths and a few small homes were buried to the eves with tunnels leading from the doors to the snow packed streets above.

The first ninety miles of our route lay along the busy Fairbanks-Yukon trail. The remaining

hundred miles lay unbroken, down the Tonsina River, down the Copper River to the mouth of the Chitina, then up the Chitina to the Lakina and up this small stream to its head at the base of the Wrangell Mountains. To the Tonsina our trail was well broken and there were no serious problems, just hard work. Our real troubles were at Tonsina.

I discovered that a big outfit with about thirty sleds would soon leave for a recently discovered rich copper prospect near the Kennecott Glacier and that our route would follow theirs as far as the mouth of the Lakina River. For us to break trail and haul our supplies with our little two horse outfit would be a heart breaking task. I decided to follow the Kennecott outfit and wait for them to break the trail.

Moving an outfit in those days was a hard tedious grind. Over half our supplies leaving Valdez consisted of horse feed as none could be bought after leaving the coast and it was necessary to feed the horses four months until mid-June after which they could live on the wild sweet yellow poa vines on the river bars in the valleys. That meant we had to relay our outfit from the coast. We stayed in Valdez and each day moved two sleigh loads out about ten miles and piled it alongside the trail in an unguarded cache and returned to town for the night. A canvas tarpaulin cover was the only protection, but this was the common practice.

The unwritten law of the early day Alaskan prospectors guarded our cache. A year's work or men's lives might depend upon that pile of supplies by the side of the trail but it was never disturbed by the old timers. The doors of the prospector's camps were never locked. If we left camp for a few days or a week, food supplies were in plain sight on the shelves or hung from

nails on the walls. If visitors came they used our food only in emergency and left word of their taking. That was the unwritten law. During my four years experience in Alaska I remember only one loss from theft. A wolverine carried away about 150 pounds of bacon in one night.

After five days of moving our outfit ahead we bade farewell to Valdez and pushed on out to Ponto's Road House where we set up our first camp at the foot of the trail over the pass. Another five days to bring up our outfit. Then began real work. The switch back trail up the mountain was so steep that not more than a thousand pounds of freight could be taken in one load. Before day light in the morning we would be on the trail, always following some larger outfit. Reaching the summit, about two miles away, we would pile off our freight and go back to camp for lunch. Another trip in the afternoon and back to camp after dark, a hot supper and pile into bed to be on the trail again next morning before the sun came up. Ten days passed before we were ready to move camp. This was my introduction to the life of a pioneer Alaskan prospector.

Very early one morning we moved out of camp over the pass. Heavily loaded, we were late in reaching the summit. We stopped in a speedily falling snow storm to build a small fire and make coffee for lunch. Suddenly the tarpaulin slid off a nearby cache, a girl popped her head up with a grin and called out, "Hey! How about a cup of that coffee?" She got it. She was the wife of a small trader who had gone back to the base camp for his last load. They were headed for Fairbanks, nearly 400 miles away.

The next seventy days were a monstrous grind. Pushing our loads ahead ten miles until only the camp outfit was left. Then a twenty

mile move and a new camp. Bringing up our supplies to camp and then pushing them on ahead another ten miles. That was the routine.

Late April found us well up the Chitina River but the sun was high, the snow was going fast, water was running on the surface of the river ice. Old timers began to look grim. One day we came to a place in the river where there was swift open water near the left bank. The trail was broken well over on the right side of the river. Experienced men went ahead and sounded the ice, pronounced it safe. Early next morning everybody moved. Our outfit was soon well past the danger spot but back of us the ice suddenly dropped. A driver and his horse and sled load of supplies landed into the rushing current and whirling over and over disappeared under an ice bridge downstream. Men ran to an open spot below the bridge and out from under the ice came the struggling horse and sled with the driver still clinging desperately to the lash ropes of his lead. A rope was thrown. The driver grabbed it and was pulled to the solid ice just as the horse with its sleigh and load vanished forever. The driver was revived and went on with his outfit.

But something had happened to him during those two or three minutes rolling and bumping along under the ice. His mind wandered at times and during mid-summer, a little over a year later, he disappeared from camp one day. His partners could find no trace of him. Months later he was recognized in a laborer's gang on the coast working under an assumed name. He had only vague memories of his past and soon disappeared again, this time permanently. In the meantime, the claims he and his partners had staked became immensely valuable. The property was sold and search was made for years for the missing man who had a

small fortune awaiting him but with no success.

Arriving at the Lakina River we had only about twenty miles to go but we were now alone and must break our own trail. By this time most of the horse feed and much of our own food supplies were gone and we were traveling relatively light. One day I was breaking trail around a short bend in the river and came suddenly upon three big Alaskan lynx evidently settling a quarrel among themselves over some private grievance. I dropped two of them with the Colt .44.

The sun was now high in the sky and the brilliance of the light reflected from pure white snow was dazzling. One day my eyes began to burn. Tears streamed down my face. Soon a million devils were jabbing red hot pins into my eye lids. Cayenne pepper, thrown into the eyes, must have somewhat the same effect. That night I was snow blind. For several days my eyes were bandaged and when I finally recovered we had arrived at the place we had planned for our summer headquarters.

The spot we selected for our camp was in a small grove of spruce trees at the head of a deep valley where two glaciers came down out of the towering mountains. We built a large camp of logs with hand sawed boards for a roof and floor after which we built a combined cookhouse and dining room. We stored our supplies on platforms built high in the trees, Indian style, with sheets of tin nailed around the trunks for protection from wild animals. By the time this work was completed, the snow was gone.

I had been waiting impatiently to see Greer's mountain of copper which was to enrich our backers, enable me to complete my college education, provide me with professional work, and assure my financial independence. The big day

finally came and Greer took me up to the “discovery claim.” One look and my world collapsed. Although my experience in Michigan copper mining had been limited, I immediately recognized the deposit as consisting of a few inches of ore spread on the face of a “fault” in the formation. I drilled three or four short holes by hand and charged them with the dynamite we had so laboriously brought from Seattle nearly two thousand miles away, and when the smoke cleared after the explosions, Greer’s “mountain of copper” and all my rosy dreams had been blown into Kingdom Come.

I made no comment to Greer or to Bill or Claude, the two “sour-dough” packers. There would be no possibility of communication with the outside world for two months. We were as completely isolated as we would have been at the North Pole. Our camp was at the base of Mt. Blackburn near the center of a relatively new district, practically unexplored for at least fifty miles east, west, and south. North of this area the mountains rose almost straight up eight, ten, twelve thousand feet, perpetually covered with an ice cap a thousand or more feet thick with several volcanic vents spouting steam and smoke up through the center, and here and there great glaciers rolling down into valleys or plunging huge masses of ice a thousand or more feet over the cliffs.

Youth is elastic. My dream was shattered but after all, the district was mineralized. The presence of that little spot of copper might mean larger deposits, if we could find them. Sixty miles away a high grade placer gold discovery had been made. So we started pits in the gulches looking for gold. We found a little encouragement and staked some claims, later proved to be worthless. As the snow line retreated up the mountains we followed it almost foot by foot. We found several outcroppings of cop-

per sulphide ore which we also staked and also later proved worthless.

In the meantime the Alaskan big horn mountain sheep, white as snow with great black eyes, appeared above our camp and fresh meat was soon on our table. One day we counted 162 big horns and 14 mountain goats grazing peacefully within sight. The river flats swarmed with “snow shoe” rabbits and ptarmigan, a bird somewhat smaller than the partridge of the States, pure white in winter changing to gray brown in summer with a brilliant red spot over each eye. A small trout stream lay just below camp. Dried and smoked meats lay neglected in our cache.

It had been arranged before I left Houghton (MI) that Professor Seaman was to join our party for the summer and that I was to meet him at Tonsina about 90 miles away on July 5th. So in late May I selected Bill to go with me and with one pack horse carrying our limited camp equipment, we started out. We found deep snow in the passes but we floundered through and camped one night on the bank of a river which with the spring thaw had become a roaring torrent. We were only a mile or so below the glacier which fed the river and knew that the cold night would lower the stream and that we could reasonably expect to ford it without much trouble early the next morning. But I was worried. I finally went to sleep with the roar of the water still in my ears and disturbing my rest. When we woke in the morning everything was mysteriously quiet.

We packed hastily and started across the gravel flats looking for the channel, or channels. (These glacier streams spread out all over the valley near their heads.) We came to small channels. They were dry. We came to the main channel. It, too, was dry. Finally, we reached

the timber-lined bank on the opposite shore without a sign of water. Climbing a small hill we looked upstream and a half mile away we could see the river coming down from the glacier and suddenly disappearing. Looking downstream, perhaps another half mile, we saw it boiling up again and resuming its course down the valley. There was only one possible explanation. Beneath the gravel flat and dry channels we had crossed, was a remnant of the old glacier and the river had found a deep passage underneath or through the ice. On our return journey we found it had reached its surface course and we forded it only with great difficulty and some danger, one of our horses getting out of his depth and being swept downstream.

A couple of days later we reached another river. The ford was in a deep canyon with rapids through vertical rock walls above and below. We had been told there would be a boat on our side of the ford which we could use—but there was no boat to be found. By throwing small rocks into the stream we could tell by the toss of the “plunk” they made when they hit the water that it was too deep to ford, and it was too swift to swim. But a year or so previously some one had strung two steel cables across the canyon and operated a toll ferry. Leaving Bill to do the worrying I climbed up to the cables and sitting on one of them and steadying myself by holding to the other, I hitched my way across. During many years to come I was to dream of that crossing, looking down into that boiling flood and finally losing my balance and falling, falling, but always waking in a cold sweat just before hitting the water. (I was later to learn that it is youth, buoyant, optimistic, inexperienced, with little to gain and everything to lose, that takes the most desperate chances.)

I soon found the boat and re-joined Bill. We threw in our outfit

and crossed the river with old Fannie, our pack horse, swimming desperately at the end of a rope tied to the stern. At the Copper River, a half mile or more wide, we found a camp of Indians who ferried us across and a day later we were at Tonsina Station. Professor Seaman arrived on schedule and we returned to headquarters camp on the Lakina River without further adventure.

During the days that followed I remember only one incident that stands out. One day Professor Seaman and I were in a mountain pass well above timber line. We had been away from camp a week or more and were short of rations. Professor Seaman shot seven ptarmigan through the head with nine shots from his Luger pistol.

Our party was now under Professor Seaman's direction and we spent the rest of the summer prospecting through the mountains without finding anything of importance and in late August returned to the Copper Country of Michigan.

The knowledge and the opinion of a mining geologist or an engineer regarding an ore body or prospect are the exclusive property of his employer. Without any exchange of opinions Professor Seaman and I turned in our separate reports and it was not until years later that I discovered how closely we checked. I stated frankly we had found nothing of value but recommended a two-year prospecting expedition to start the following January. The syndicate directors were skeptical. The disappointment left them depressed. Funds were scarce. My wife and a newly-born son were in Denver so I headed West. A short visit with the family and I decided to find a job, any job, while waiting for a decision from the syndicate. I had only to walk into one of a dozen employment agencies, and within a few hours I

was again on my way up into the Rockies, this time as a laborer in the Uncompaghre irrigation tunnel near Montrose, Colorado.

Our camp was in a high pass above timber line. Tents with board floors were our sleeping quarters. We provided our own blankets. Pneumonia was rampant and the labor turnover was so great that in a little over a week I was promoted to a sort of assistant foreman's job.

I have one outstanding remembrance of this bleak camp. Within two weeks I was down with pneumonia and in a tent hospital which differed from the other tents principally in the fact its occupants lay on canvas cots instead of board floors. The army life again! One day when I was fairly on the way to recovery an assistant superintendent of the typical old western gang boss type was brought in with a crushed hand. He was give an anesthetic and laid out on a crude plant operating table. But the one nurse could not keep him quiet for the doctor to operate. So she called me in. I was very weak but I climbed up on the table and lay across the man's chest and watched while the poor devil's fingers were amputated, sewed up, and dressed. I was a white-faced sick young man before it was finished, and all the time the man was steadily swearing like a pirate. Coming out of the anesthetic he asked the lady nurse in her white uniform if he had said anything improper, cussed or anything like that. If so he wanted to apologize. She assured him with a perfectly sober face he hadn't said a thing that wasn't quite all right. I had a lot of respect for that girl.

As soon as I was able to travel I headed for Salt Lake City, went up to Bingham Canyon and looked for a job in a lead silver mine called the Highland Boy. I went to work the next morning as a drift miner operating a type of machine I had

never before seen. It weighed about 140 pounds instead of 175 to 225 pounds as was standard practice in nearly every big mining camp in the world at that time. The miner operated the machine alone, doing all the shoveling, rigging up, drilling, blasting, etc. All the big camps employed two men on a drill machine. My partner on the opposite shift was a young Finn. We were on contract and during one month we made a drifting record that I am told stood unbroken for many years in the state.

It is a curious fact that the course of a person's life may be changed by some things relatively insignificant and unplanned. I attached no importance to my work in the Highland Boy Mine and saw no possibility of any gain beyond the day's pay. I was working only to meet expenses and to pass the time away until the Michigan syndicate could make up its collective mind on the proposed two year prospecting expedition to Alaska. A few years later that six weeks experience in Utah not only determined the course of my own life, but was a contributing factor in a strike involving nearly 20,000 miners and mobilization of the full national guard of a great state. Of still greater importance, it paved the way to changes in mining practice affecting a million or more men all over the world and billions of invested capital. Blissfully unconscious of all this, I waited impatiently for the telegram which finally came just before Christmas.

A few hours later I was on the way to Denver to spend the holidays with my wife and son. Back to Houghton to arrange final details and in mid January of 1906 I was in Denver again. And then goodbye for nearly twenty months.

(To be continued)

Firewise at Fireweed Mountain Subdivision

BY MARK VAIL

We all remember well the summer of 2009 when lightning struck across the valley along the Chakina River in early July. It had been a warm and dry summer and the spark from that strike took hold and ignited a wildland fire that burned for over a month and a half and consumed more than 58,000 acres.

The action was swift to assess the fire and start the process to evaluate the options available to land and forest managers. Due to the fire's remote start it was allowed to burn in its natural patterns at the beginning. Within the week Canadian air tankers arrived and were used to slow the burn rate as fire fighters were deployed and the community's vulnerability was assessed more fully. A command and control center was set up at the Zak house in McCarthy. Smoke thickened our skies. Agency personnel, including National Park Service and Department of Natural Resources (DNR) folks became community members as the fire grew in size. DNR/Forestry personnel fanned out across the community and with the assistance of local volunteer firefighters from the KMFVD began the arduous task of checking on all the development in the area and considering the short and long-term vulnerability. We discovered that there were far more cabins in our area than anyone had ever considered in total.

As a result of this assessment work, the agencies of interest (State of Alaska, Division of Forestry VCRA Office, Kennicott/McCarthy VFD, National Park Service-Wrangell-St Elias, and Ahtna Inc.) produced a "Community Wildfire Protection Plan." The

plan profiled the community, its climate, fire history, fire protection resources, and assessed the risk for each area of the wider community. From this a mitigation plan was drawn up. The Department of Forestry followed up community discussions at the McCarthy Area Council, by applying for agency funding to follow the plan.

The Department of Forestry was awarded a Wild Land Urban Interface grant this past spring and began the process of mitigation. First anyone in the community was welcomed to have a free assessment of their home site with recommendations for making it fire wise. They offered a 50/50 matching program to accomplish the recommended fuel reductions' program. An owner could do the work themselves and get a 50 % match on the cost (per assessment value assigned), or they could work with a local crew and get the crew's work as their 50% match and lastly they could opt to have the fuel reduction done by a qualified contractor and pay for 50% of the cost.

Secondly, the grant allowed for fuel reductions along State right-of-ways along and into subdivisions. I live in the Fireweed Mountain Subdivision at 50.5 mile on the McCarthy Road and our area was rated for high fire danger due to the surrounding black spruce forest and the narrow driveways accessing our homes. In consultation with area landowners (most of whom got the free assessments) a plan was drawn up and a project designed to thin the right-of- ways to create safer access and egress.

In October a local crew from the Forestry department worked in several areas around McCarthy to reduce fuels along Subdivision

ROW's . I returned from a short trip outside to visit with my 90 year old aunt, and found evidence of the hard work along my access drive in the form of over 100 piles of brush that had been thinned from along the driveway, work was still in progress and I decided that it was time to pitch in and help. It being October and mornings running at -12F with a few inches of snow on the ground I began to burn the brush along the driveway while the fire crew was busy working their way the full length of the mile-long drive. I got something like forty piles burnt in the first two days of work and the crew took to my process and began to burn the brush as they cleared and piled. We finished out the week and together burnt over 140 substantial piles. I should mention that the thinned trees of 3" diameter and larger were bucked and stacked for firewood resources for the local landowners. Thus reducing future danger in the event of a fire and providing a visual context for landowners in the subdivision as to the work that could be done along their own individual driveways. It was great to work with the local crew and accomplish this work towards a fire wise situation for the Fireweed Mountain Subdivision. My friends and neighbors here at Fireweed would like to extend out thanks to the Department of Forestry and the crew that worked in the sub-zero mornings to help make our area a safer environment in the case of future wildfires.

The program continues for the next two summers and anyone interested should contact a local representative of the Kennicott McCarthy Volunteer Fire Department or the Division of Forestry office in Glennallen at 907-822-5534.

Ultra Micro T-28 Trojan

BY RICK KENYON

One of the ways to judge the popularity of a model airplane is by the number of posts on the RC Groups forum. With over 8,400 posts, the ParkZone Ultra Micro Series T-28 Trojan is certainly one of the favorites.

Introduced in 2010, the UM T-28 is generally recommended as the next step for those who have mastered the 3 channel ships such as the Champ that we featured in our first article on RC modeling in the Wrangells.

Somewhat faster than the Champ, and adding the fourth channel of control, ailerons, the T-28 is definitely a step up from the Champ as in the learning curve. However, it still has a reasonable amount of dihedral in the wings, which makes it “self-righting” to a certain degree.

Fitting nicely in the Ultra Micro category, the airplane has a wingspan of 16.5 inches (419.1mm) and an overall length 13.6 inches (346.1mm). The flying weight is only 1.34 oz (38.0g).

It comes with a removable tricycle landing gear and the nosewheel is steerable. The wheels are small, so it is best suited to a smooth landing strip for realistic take-off and landings.

For those who fly primarily from a grass field, like I do, the landing gear can quickly be removed and the plane hand launched, then “belly landed” in the grass. The light weight and sturdy construction make it



quite durable. It is also easily repaired.

The swallows love to fly formation with my T-28 in the spring. When an occasional hawk comes in for what it thinks will be an easy kill, the maneuverability of the Trojan is a real asset. Though to be honest, when a big predator does show up I generally land as soon as possible!

While the T-28 has the same size motor as the Champ, an 8mm brushed unit, it is slightly more powerful than the stock Champ motor. In fact a popular “mod” to the champ is to replace the original motor with one from the Trojan. It is an easy, 15 minute job.

The T-28 originally came in both Ready-to-Fly (RTF) versions that included a transmitter, and Bind-N-Fly (BNF) versions that didn’t. According to the Parkzone website, only the BNF version is now available. A quick search on Ebay showed the RTF are still available there, at least at this time.

If you have the transmitter that came with the Champ, it will work fine on the Trojan also.

However, Parkzone says you should use a “full range Spektrum DSM2 aircraft transmitter.” If you use the champ-style transmitter just keep the plane within a hundred yards or so to prevent signal loss.

The “full range” transmitters come in a wide range of prices and features, from the little DX4e which retails for \$69.99 on up to the DX18 at \$800. The difference lies not only in the number of channels the transmitter supports, but the higher end transmitters add lots of advanced features such as mixing of channels and exponential control. I have gotten good used ones from the RC Groups classified section.

You can see what people think about the micro Trojan and pick up lots of helpful hints by reading the posts at <http://www.rcgroups.com/forums/showthread.php?t=1282886>.

Pick up a T-28, get comfortable with the use of ailerons, and next time we will explore some of the high-performance micros. Stay tuned!

The McCarthy Weekly News

1922 January & February editions

PIONEERS OF ALASKA

Grand President, Alvah Eames writes that he will install an Igloo in McCarthy about the 25th of this month. Those who wish to become charter members will please submit their names to the News office. Twenty five names are required.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

For the purpose of raising funds for the Fire Department, the Commercial Club held a meeting last Monday evening in the A. B. Hall at which over twenty members were present. President J. P. Hubrick stated that there were no funds in the treasury and several accounts unpaid.

A motion was then made and carried that all members be assessed two months dues in advance.

Roy Snyder and James Hussey were appointed to solicit additional funds.

On account of the dangerous condition of the trail across the glaciers to Chisana, the secretary was instructed to wire the Road Commission at Juneau the urgent need of an appropriation of six hundred dollars for restaking the winter trail. The next meeting of the Club will take place Wednesday the 1st of February.

BASKET BALL GAME

An interesting game of basket ball was played at Kennecott on Tuesday evening of last week between teams representing the Mill and Leaching plant on one side and the Warehouse and General office on the other with the Mill and Leaching plant team winning by a 37 to 19 score.

The game was much more interesting than the score would in-

dicade, as both teams were going at top speed from whistle to whistle with the exception of a few times when time out was taken because of injuries to the players.

The Mill and Leaching plant team had Meyers, Morris and McGilvra, a combination that was hard to beat. These three men, with Schultz of the General Office were the bright lights of the game. The line ups follow: Mill and Leaching Plant. McGilvra, F. Morris, F. J. W. Johnson, C. Sheppard, G. Meyers. Warehouse and General Office: C. H. Johnson, F. Schultz, F. Saari, C. Brunelle, G. Wold. Goals from Field: McGilvra-9, Meyers-5. Schultz-4, Saari-4, Morris-3, Johnson-1, Shepperd-1.

Goals from foul line: Meyers-1, Saari-1.

January 7

Under search warrant on Thursday evening, Deputy Marshal Kavanaugh searched the Golden Hotel and Pool Hall for the incriminating evidence under the Bone Dry Law, but no evidence was secured.

January 21

Alaska Pioneers Igloo 25

Twenty two seasoned old timers were put through their paces last Saturday by Grand President Alvah Eames who installed the new Igloo No. 25 here. At the next meeting, which will be held next Tuesday the 31st, a goodly number of sourdoughs will become charter members also, the charter being held open until the 15th of February. Jas. Hussey was elected President of the new Igloo.

At the change of the moon last night the mercury dropped considerably, so that we are now enjoying the first real cold snap this winter. At 8 a.m. the thermometer registered 40 degrees below zero.

POOL

Jan. 21st. Gercken 80 vs Hannigan 55. The opening break fell to Gercken Hannigan broke even after scratching three times. At the end of the fourth the score stood 35 for Gercken and 18 for Hannigan. The game finished in the ninth with Gereken 80 and Hannigan 40. The same evening Frank Cole met H. H. Mitchell, the veteran wood chopper, the former throwing up the sponge in the third frame with a score of 8 to 33.

Jan. 23rd. J. B. O'Neill 35 vs Walter MacDonnell 40 resulted in a victory for the latter in six frames.

Jan. 25th Henry Olson vs. G. Carlson 35. This was a good game. In the lag the break fell to Olsen. Both players scratched in the first which ended 6 to 6. At the end of the fourth they stood 26 to 26. The fifth frame ended Olson thirty six, Carlson thirty who made five balls in the sixth which ended the game, Olsen who was rated at forty only made thirty eight. Harry Nelson and C. Lubbe played a very exciting game on the 26th. Lubby playing sixty five to Nelsons 40. After the first rack was played Nelson was in the lead by one ball owing to three scratches donated by Lubbe. The outstanding feature of the game was made in the 3rd rack when Lubbe pushing his cue with a mighty force sent the eight ball into the four pocket, scoring a perfect three cushion bank. After Charlie had regained conscious-

ness and the crowd had quieted down the game proceeded but ended in the seventh with Nelson the victor by 16, his opponent having too much confidence in his cue which partly accounted for his downfall but took his defeat with a smile on his face but the toes quivered uneasily on his felt covered feet for he had worked hard. This finishes the first line-up.

Those qualified to play in the second round of the pool tournament are as follows: Jack Schultz 125; E. Gereken 80; G. Pitoff 45; F. Stoter 45; Harry Nelson 40; H. H. Mitchell 40; W. MacDonnell 40; Gus Carlson 35; L. H. Woodman 35.

January 28

Pioneers of Alaska McCarthy Igloo

The McCarthy Igloo of the Pioneers of Alaska, held a successful business meeting last Tuesday evening and also initiated four new members. The bylaws were read & adopted after interesting discussions thereon. Martin Harrais, a charter member of Fairbanks Igloo was present and gave an enjoyable talk about early days.

A movement is on foot to purchase the A. B. Hall, which is now on the market at a very reasonable figure. This building, being fully equipped with seats, musical instruments, and gymnasium paraphernalia, together with lights and all necessary furniture, will, if purchased give the members of this igloo a property which will compare favorably with any in the Territory.

The Entertainment committee is planning some social stunts for the future. A dance will be held after the Pioneers meeting on the 15th February. This will be the debut of the new organization. The main event however, is scheduled for the 17th March which will recall the days of '98.

Jimmy Brown and J. W. Nickell, who left last September for Nabesna returned to McCarthy this week, having spent Christmas in Chisana.

Ed McMullen, who has been prospecting on Notch Creek this winter, had an experience recently which might have resulted fatally. While being hauled to the surface by his partners the seat became unhooked and he fell to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of forty two feet. Mr. McMullen received a severe shaking but no bones were broken, we are all glad to know.

Mike Knowles, who made the January mail trip into Chisana with dog team, returned on Monday, making good time considering everything. He leaves again in a few days with mail and freight for Chisana.

February 4

Heavy Snow Fall In This Section

The news of the Knickerbocker Theater catastrophe in Washington, D. C. started several of the residents clearing the snow off the roofs of their houses. With the aid of a rope around Scotty Hannigan's waist and Lubbe hanging on like grim death at the other end, the post office building, which is the highest in McCarthy, was thoroughly cleared of five months accumulation of snow, which was some weight.

February 11

OF LOCAL INTEREST ANOTHER CANDIDATE

Charley Veach, an employee at the Bonanza Mine, was down this week to McCarthy and vicinity with a petition for the appointment of Jack Reynolds as U. S. Deputy Marshal for this precinct.

This petition was signed by a number of the residents of Kennecott and by the miners on the hill.

We did not hear of any signatures being secured here as the McCarthy residents had already en-

dorsed H. H. Mitchell for this appointment.

Mr. Reynolds has been connected with the Kennecott Copper Corporation for number of years and his many friends are working hard to secure him the much coveted plum.

February 18

PIONEER MEETING

A successful business meeting of the McCarthy Igloo No. 25, of the Pioneers of Alaska took place last Wednesday week Feb. 15th. The following applicants were admitted to the order in true pioneer style, making a total charter membership of 33, Mike Tierney, who has been in Alaska since 1900, Aderion Carlson, over 20 years in Alaska, Andrew I. Satra, of Kennecott, who was fishing in Alaskan waters in 1905. Ed Mullen, Long Lake, 21 years residence and Fred Engel with a residence of 25 years. After the Initiation Mr. Tierney entertained the brothers with a short story on early days in this section. After the Lodge closed, a pleasant dance was held, followed by sandwiches, cake and coffee. Many guests from Kennecott were present and all voted the Pioneer a bunch of good fellows.

John Barrett, writing to the News, states that his family has been suffering from the flu, and that the weather in Seattle has been very unpleasant and not to be compared with the McCarthy climate.

Several new sleds are in course of construction and several new dogs are being broken to harness in readiness for the McCarthy Derby which will take place some time in the spring.

February 25

Lake stars and windshield cracks forming all over Alaska

BY NED ROZELL

As Alaska's billion lakes become colder and harder, some of them will sport mysterious, spidery cracks extending from small holes in the ice. This phenomenon inspired a geophysicist to figure out what he calls "lake stars."

"I thought something so pretty and relatively commonly observed should be understandable, so I pursued it," said Victor Tsai, who wrote perhaps the only paper in existence on lake stars.

Tsai, a geophysicist with the Seismological Laboratory at the California Institute of Technology, developed a mathematical model to explain how the stars form. He recently gave a less technical description of the conditions needed for lake stars to blossom:

"You need relatively thin ice, and a thick snow cover," he said. "The lake needs to have just frozen over and then had a heavy enough snow to weigh the ice down enough that the snow can become wet from lake water."

Tsai became interested in lake stars when he spent a summer at Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in Massachusetts. There, he found that, while many people had guessed at what caused lake stars, there was no established theory to explain them. He set up a lab experiment in which he created the stars indoors, using a plate cooled below freezing. Through a dish of slush, he fed a steady drip of water one degree

above freezing. Narrow channels formed in all of his attempts, and he wrote a 13-page paper on "the formation of radial fingers emanating from a central source." He provides here a non-technical version on how the stars form:

From a hole in the ice, relatively warm lake water flows up-



Tohru Saito photo.

A "lake star" that formed on a Fairbanks lake.

ward and infiltrates the slushy snow on top. Water then flows outwards through the slush. Some areas of slush melt more due to variations in water flow, allowing an arm of the star to grow faster. As the arms grow, cold robs the water of heat, slowing the growth of some arms and allowing others to sprout.

Lake stars are somewhat reminiscent of a feature familiar to most Alaskans, windshield cracks. Michael Marder, a physicist at the University of Texas in Austin, once explained to me how they happen.

A windshield, he said, isn't one solid piece of glass, it's two layers pressed around a layer of plastic, which keeps glass from flying during an accident. The

entire windshield is about as thick as a pile of five dimes.

During windshield manufacture, a machine presses glass onto the plastic with a pressure of about 800 atmospheres, which is about 800 times the force Earth's atmosphere exerts on us.

Auto glass formed under such stress shuns blows that would shatter house window glass. Car windshield glass would be as rock-resistant as granite if it were not for invisible flaws, Marder said.

Flying gravel sometimes finds a weak spot in the glass, leaving behind a pitted, round indentation. Water vapor in the air, even in tiny amounts, helps cracks expand across a windshield.

Water molecules act like scissors with edges no thicker than an atom, travelling to the tip of a crack and snipping glass apart.

Temperature differences enhance the growth of cracks. If a windshield's inner surface is 70 degrees Fahrenheit on a 40-below-zero day, a war is being waged within the glass. The cold outside surface of the glass contracts as the hot surface expands. At the interface, cracks expand.

Both the water vapor and temperature scenarios need another element to lengthen lines on a dimpled windshield — bumpy motion, which pulls the glass apart. Because most Alaska road crews spread gravel for winter traction, we have, in good quantity, all the ingredients for cracked windshields.

Book celebrates last of Alaska's hand-tool prospectors

BY TOM KIZZIA

They're gone now, that immigrant generation of Alaskans who came north in the decades between the Gold Rush and the Second World War. Fading too are the stories left behind about those prospectors and hunters and homesteaders and their feats of derring-do.

What a treat, then, that one of the more amazing characters of that era should emerge from local legend as the subject of a new, big, glossy-paged, full-color picture-book biography published by the National Park Service.

In the Wrangell Mountains, Martin Radovan is still remembered as the soft-hearted, unbelievably tough Croat prospector who laid claim to an azure-stained copper claim, thousands of feet up a sheer cliff, that was known to the world as the Binocular Prospect because not even European mountain climbers hired by Kennecott Copper Corp. had ever been able to reach it.

In "Tunnel Vision: The Life of a Copper Prospector in the Nizina River Country," historian Katherine Ringsmuth opens up the old guy's story with the stuff of a sweeping Alaska epic: travel from distant lands, a moving love story, an improbable family reunion and a fox named Bootsie who shared the prospector's cabin.

With a good sense of her tale's special treats, Ringsmuth describes the ingenious Bush engineering and solo escapades that established Radovan's regional reputation—such as how,

working alone, he figured a way to pull a heavy steel cable taut when he erected a handcar tram across an unfordable glacial river. (How would you do it?) Or how he beat darkness home one night by glissading down a couloir with enough speed to leap a yawning glacial crevasse—only to lose, in the ensuing out-of-control somersault, an irreplaceable ore sample.

But the story is bigger than such exploits. Radovan left his close-knit family in Croatia in 1900, when he was 18 and conscription into the army of Austria-Hungary loomed. His name, Radovanovich, was shortened as he passed through Ellis Island, Ringsmuth writes. He made his way to Alaska to help build the Copper River and Northwestern Railway and, after he settled in McCarthy to work on small mines peripheral to the big Kennecott operation, he married a "pretty Norwegian bookkeeper," Augusta Iverson, who had herself left Norway as a child to work on a sugar plantation on Maui in the Sandwich Islands.

Ringsmuth pans through the historical record and the married couple's taciturn private journals to reconstruct a picture of cabin life in the mining camps. Indeed, the author is quite taken with Gussie and intent on raising her from the marginal status accorded women in most old frontier histories.

Occasional pauses to generalize about the immigrant experience or the role of women serve this government publication's primary purpose: to establish the Radovans and their

properties as significant under federal law. Likewise the sometimes shapeless accumulation of local facts, appropriate to the book's origins as a compliance document under the National Historic Preservation Act.

But it is the undertow of emotional mystery—the couple's wilderness bond, the coping strength and self-confident faith of the lone prospector—that carry this Alaska story forward.

The Radovans lived together in their small Glacier Creek cabin until 1944, when Gussie died of a cerebral hemorrhage. Her grieving husband buried her somewhere near their cache and lived on alone in the ghost town landscape. As the mining industry became more mechanized and professional, his reputation grew as the last of the old hand-tool prospectors. Some of his later claims he registered under the names Ki-Ki, Pongo Boy and Boots, after wild animal friends he adopted as companions.

One day, in a grocery store in Cordova, Radovan glanced at a fruit packing box and was shocked to see on the label a painting of his own gray-haired mother, whom he hadn't seen since 1900. He had no idea that his brother, Jack, had immigrated to California and started a fruit packing company under the brand name "Mother." The brothers were reunited in 1951, when Jack flew out to the Glacier Creek airstrip and surprised Martin.

Above all, there is the enduring prospector's dream: the story of Radovan's long labors at the Binocular Prospect and nearby

claims. Years later, he wrote of the delight he felt when his "eyes rested on virgin rock never exposed to the gaze of man since the earth began spinning round the sun."

Convinced he had found a mountain of solid copper, he drilled and dynamited dozens of cramped tunnels into his inaccessible mountain above the Chitistone River, always at risk of setting a fuse too short and getting shot off the cliff like a bullet. To the booster-minded newspapers of his day, the impossibility of the task reinforced the inevitability of great riches. Even at the age of 75, he was still commuting to work up his trail of chiseled steps and rope and pitons.

He finally left the Copper River country when he was 92 and moved to California. He died a few months later, after hearing

that a mining company had flown into Radovan Gulch by helicopter at last to do a full mineral assessment, but before hearing what the mining company discovered.

For all his life's labors, Ringsmuth writes, Martin Radovan was the man who never gave up and never found anything. The only pay he ever got from his years of gold mining, he told a friend in McCarthy, was "two halves of the same gold nugget." His copper claims disappeared from the map as a corporate tax write-off with the creation of Wrangell-St. Elias National Park.

Some Alaskans may consider it ironic that the government agency charged by Congress with bringing down the curtain on the era of hard rock prospecting in the Wrangells should publish such a vivid account under the auspices of its Abandoned Miner-

al Lands Program. But "Tunnel Vision" is reassuring evidence that the new park recognizes its charge is not only Alaska's untrammelled wilderness but also the land's richly trammelled, drilled and dynamited human past.

Editor's note: First published in the Anchorage Daily News 09/08/12. Used by permission.

Limited supplies of Tunnel Vision are still available—for free—at the WRST headquarters in Copper Center, AK. You may call them at 907-822-5234 or stop by for your copy.

Former Anchorage Daily News reporter Tom Kizzia's non-fiction book set in the Wrangell Mountains, "Pilgrim's Wilderness," will be published by Crown/Random House in 2013.

Alaska Railroad solicits ideas for 2014 official art print

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA —

The Alaska Railroad Corporation (ARRC) is now soliciting submissions for its annual commemorative artwork program. The artist selected will be commissioned to create artwork that is the basis for the 2014 Alaska Railroad official print.

Due to a high volume of submissions in 2010, two artists were selected – one to complete the 2012 print artwork and one to complete the 2013 print artwork. This may be the case again this year, depending on the level of response to the call for artwork.

"This program has historically been received very enthusiastically

in Alaska," said ARRC Vice President Corporate Affairs Wendy Lindskoog. "The annual Alaska Railroad artwork has become a favorite among rail fans and Alaska art collectors alike. Every year we look forward to seeing the creative new submissions."

In order to be considered, artwork must include an Alaska Railroad theme. For this year, the Alaska Railroad is particularly interested in artwork that features either the Hurricane Turn Flag Stop service or the railroad's role in the community of Nenana. The flag stop service has long provided Alaskans with unique service into some of the most remote areas along the rail belt, and Nenana was the site

where President Warren G. Harding drove the golden spike to celebrate the railroad's completion in 1923, nearly 90 years ago. While not mandatory, submissions that feature Hurricane Turn or Nenana will receive additional consideration this year.

ARRC retains all rights to the artwork. Once selected, the Alaska Railroad will produce 750 signed and numbered prints, 4,000 posters and several thousand lapel pins. The artist will receive \$3,000, and will be given 10 artist proofs and 20 posters. In return, the artist must agree to participate in sale-and-signing events in Anchorage and in Fairbanks. Additional community locations may be added depend-

ing on the print subject. The Alaska Railroad will pay for the artist's travel expenses.

Artists may request access to Alaska Railroad property for artistic research by contacting ARRC Corporate Communications Officer Stephanie Wheeler at (907) 265-2671. A listing of previous ARRC art prints is available on the railroad's web site at: <http://www.alaskarailroad.com/corporate/Community/AnnualPrintContest>.

Artist submissions should be presented as a single thumbnail

sketch no larger than 11 x 17 inches. To provide some context, the sketch may be accompanied by a few samples of the artist's finished artwork. Submissions should be mailed or delivered in person to:

Liz Baker, Thompson & Co.
Public Relations

600 Barrow St., Suite 400,
Anchorage, AK 99501

Phone: 907-561-4488
Drop off between 9 a.m. and
5 p.m. Monday through Friday.

Deadline for submissions is
Friday, Feb. 22, 2013.

The selected artist will be notified via telephone and by U.S. mail in mid-March 2013. Other artists will be notified of the results, and artwork will be returned to the extent possible. Submissions must include a self-addressed, stamped envelope in order to be returned by mail. Submissions that are not picked up or mailed by April 15 will be discarded.

Business Opportunity for Hunting Guide Services at Katmai

NPS—

The National Park Service has published a business opportunity (prospectus) to solicit offers to operate hunting guide services within Katmai National Preserve. With this public solicitation (#CC-KATM 90X-13) the National Park Service is seeking two qualified concessioners to provide these services for the general public within specific, exclusive, guide areas within Katmai National Preserve. Both guide areas are in the State of Alaska Game Management Unit 9C, and the NPS anticipates these concession contracts to extend for 10 years.

The application period for this prospectus is from November 9, 2012 through January 18, 2013.

The prospectus document is available at:
<http://www.nps.gov/commercialservices/prospectuses.htm>

Hunting and trapping in the 418,000 acre national preserve were authorized by the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act in 1980, although guided hunting took place for decades before the preserve's establishment. Hunting takes place in accordance with State of Alaska general season hunting laws and regulations in addition to the overall NPS requirements to conserve park resources and values in perpetuity.

In order to provide a range of hunting guide opportunities, the two concession contracts will be awarded to two different concessioners. Guided hunting services will be authorized for legally hunted species as defined by State of Alaska hunting regulations, unless further restricted by the concession contract or other closure actions. These species may include moose, brown bear, or caribou. The hunting seasons and bag limits, methods and means are set by the State Board of Game.

Alaska hunting regulations require non-resident brown bear hunters to either use the services of licensed hunting guides or hunt with a close relative who is an Alaska resident. Hunt guide concession operations provide the means for U.S. citizens who are not Alaska residents, as well as non-citizens, to access national preserves for general season hunting.

Katmai National Preserve is managed by the same staff which manages Katmai National Park. National preserves in Alaska are administered and managed in the same manner as national parks except that the taking of fish and wildlife, and trapping, are allowed under applicable state and federal law and regulation. The NPS manages commercial services that are consistent with enabling legislation in a manner that is complementary to the NPS mission and visitor service objectives.

Parkland Cleanup Nets 6 Tons of Debris

NPS ALASKA—

An unusual litter removal project wrapped up this summer in two National Park Service areas in Northwest Alaska.

For the past five years, park rangers have used a helicopter to haul out fuel pods jettisoned by military jets which trained over the western Brooks Range in the 1970s. Twenty-five fuel tanks, weighing a total of 12,000 pounds, have been removed from the parks.

“Each summer we would work with Quicksilver Air out of Fairbanks for a couple of weeks, and they would sling out four to six fuel pods from the remote backcountry of Noatak National Preserve and Kobuk Valley National Park,” said Western Arctic Parklands Chief Ranger Dan Stevenson. The pods would then be staged at a ranger station or a village until they could eventually be moved to Anchorage for recycling. “These were pretty well traveled fuel pods by the time we were done with them,” he quipped.



Photo courtesy NPS

The fuel pods, most of which are believed to have come from F4 Phantom fighter jets, were made of high grade aircraft aluminum, and measured about 15 feet long and four feet in diameter. The units weighed about 450 pounds each.

In addition to the pods, the National Park Service was able to haul out other heavy litter from the backcountry, including a dozen 55-gallon drums, six long-abandoned snowmachines and four-wheeler frames that were moldering away in wetlands, Stevenson said.

Bering Air and Lynden Air Cargo donated aircraft space to haul the fuel pods from villages to Kotzebue and on to Anchorage.

“We hope this project sets a good example about how society’s respect for the land and wild places has changed over the last few decades,” said Stevenson. Noatak National Preserve and Kobuk Valley National Park together encompass more than 8 million acres in Northwest Alaska. They are extensively used by local, rural residents for subsistence hunting and fishing, and offer a remote and largely pristine recreational experience for visitors. Stevenson said additional fuel pods and snowmachine hulks have been found in the parks and will be removed in the future.

Start date set for 2013 Alaska Mountain Wilderness Classic

BY TIMMOWRY

OK all you backcountry hammerheads out there, mark it on your calendars.

The dates have been set for the 2013 Alaska Mountain Wilderness Classic from Thompson Pass to McCarthy, the state’s premier summer wilderness race.

The race will begin June 23 on the Richardson Highway atop Thompson Pass, just north of Valdez, and the finish will be at the Lakina River bridge at Mile 44.3 on the McCarthy Road.

It’s the same route racers followed last year but the start date was pushed up two weeks earlier,

perhaps in part because racers ended up getting caught in a snowstorm last year that dumped 12 inches of fresh snow in the middle of the race.

Last year was the first year the Thompson Pass to McCarthy route was used and it posed a significant challenge. Only seven of 18 racers who started the race finished, led by Luc Mehl and Josh Mumm with a time of 3 days, 22 1/2 hours.

Racers have their choice of two basic routes — a 120-mile overland route with maybe 30 miles of river travel or a 170-mile glacier route with 80 miles of packrafting. Last year, racers experienced some intense bush-

whacking, a mid-race blizzard and the usual assortment of difficulties associated with lightweight backcountry travel in Alaska.

“The overland option is a candidate for the hardest Classic route to date,” Mehl, the race organizer, wrote on his web site announcing the start date. “If you are looking to test your wilderness skill set, this is a good one.”

For more information and accounts from last year’s race, go to <http://thingstolucat.com>.

Editor’s note: Originally published in the Fairbanks Daily News Miner 10/23/2012. Used by permission

Wells Fargo Mobile Deposit Service increases any-time, anywhere banking convenience for customers

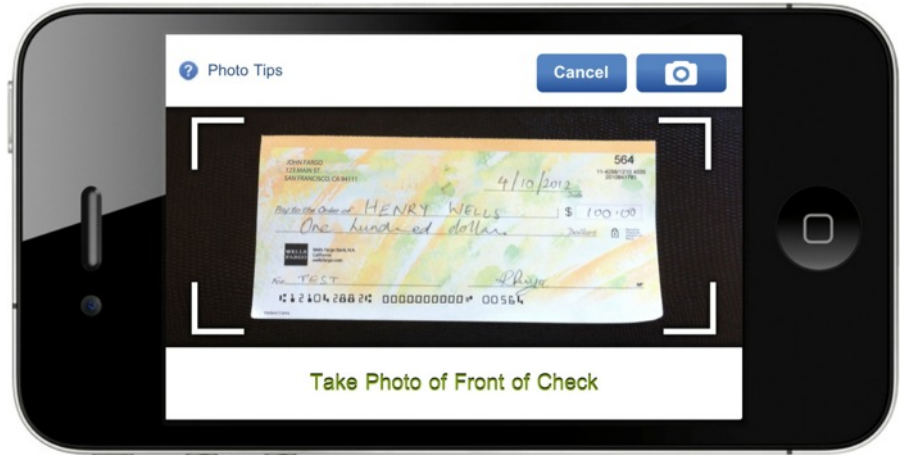
SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 28, 2012 –

In a move to deliver innovation and added convenience for customers, Wells Fargo & Company (NYSE:WFC) today announced the nationwide expansion of Wells Fargo Mobile Deposit. Using an Android or iPhone device, customers across the nation can easily deposit checks into their eligible Wells Fargo accounts by taking pictures of the front and back of the check.

“The exponential growth of mobile banking is fueling the thirst for more futuristic, easy-to-use applications such as mobile deposit,” said Brian Pearce, senior vice president, head of the Retail Mobile Channel, Digital Channels Group, Wells Fargo. “Mobile deposit is a very popular service among our customer base. Customers love the added convenience of depositing checks while on the go.”

“Our mobile banking customer base has grown by more than 30% this year alone to more than 9 million customers,” he added. “We attribute this growth to our customers’ adoption of a new mobile lifestyle. Customers increasingly use their mobile devices to complete every-day tasks including managing their finances.”

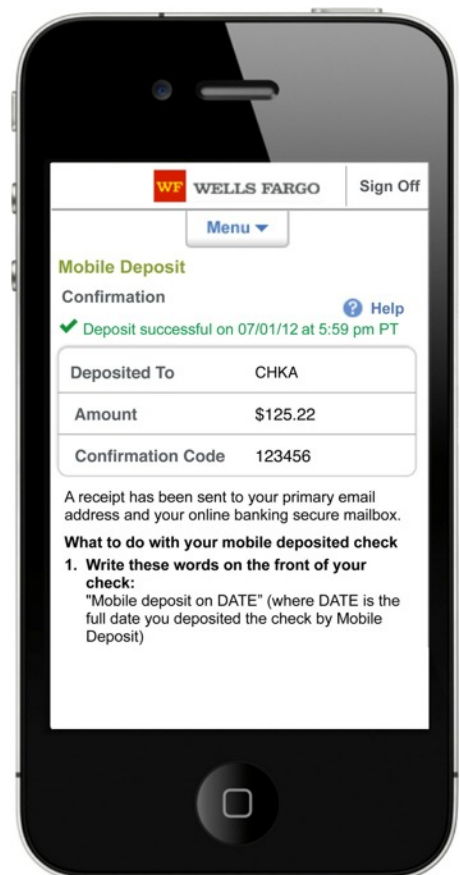
Customers can use Mobile Deposit through the Wells Fargo Mobile app for Apple and Android-supported devices. To make a deposit, customers



choose the eligible consumer or business account where they want to deposit their check, enter the check amount, and use their mobile device to take a picture of the front and back of the endorsed check. After they submit their deposit, Wells Fargo sends a confirmation message. For more details, please see Wells Fargo’s Mobile Deposit video.

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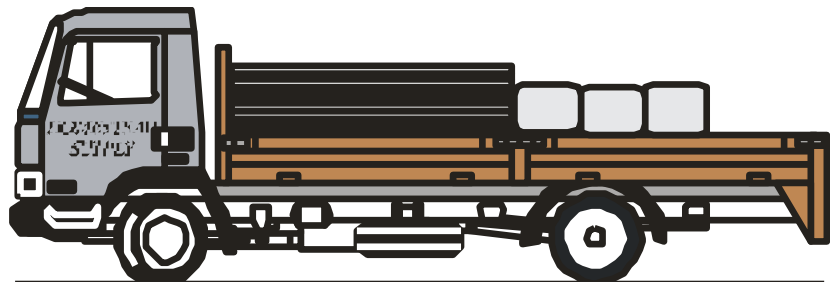
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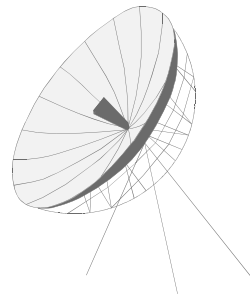
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Cooking with Peggy

BY PEGGY GUNTIS

Happy January everyone. I assume I am talking to all you people who ate way too much over the holidays but enjoyed every bite! Right now when I'm writing this, Thanksgiving is one week away. For those of you who know me, you know that Thanksgiving Day is a busy day for me (33 people this year) and that I probably won't eat much but look out the day after! I'll eat from morning 'til night. I hope you had a wonderful holiday season with family and friends and are ready to start 2013 with new resolutions for your mind, body, and spirit.

I thought I would share some recipes that have been given to me from old friends. I may have given you some of these before but since I'm making them all again and enjoying them I decided to give them to you. There is nothing like sitting down to a bowl of homemade soup on a cold winter day with a good friend. Becky, my friend of 45 years gave me this one that we still enjoy.

SANTE FE SOUP

- 1 lb. ground beef (or 1 lb. cooked chicken breast, cubed)
- 1 chopped onion
- 1 can black beans, undrained
- 1 can pinto beans, undrained
- 1 can kidney beans, undrained
- 2 cans white corn, drained
- 2 packages Ranch dressing (original)
- 2 packages Taco seasonings

- 2 cups water
- 1 can diced tomatoes with green chilies
- 1 can diced tomatoes
- 1/4 mild chopped jalapenos (canned) peppers (very optional)
- 1 lb. cubed Velveeta cheese

Cook the chicken or hamburger. In a large soup pot mix the meat with all the ingredients except the cheese. Bring to a low boil. Add Velveeta cheese and reduce to simmer. Stir occasionally to prevent cheese from scorching. Cook on low and simmer for 2 hours.

I think you could cook this all day on low in your crockpot.

From Carol, another long time friend, I received a recipe that I have made for my family for years. We both had big families then so the recipe fed a few more than I need now! I usually just cut it in half.

SPAGHETTI CASSEROLE

- 8 or 12 oz. of thin spaghetti
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 2-3 lb. ground beef
- 4 - 8 oz. cans tomato sauce
- 1/2 cup hot catsup
- 1 teaspoon oregano
- 1/2 lb. cottage cheese
- 1/4 cup sour cream
- 8 oz. cream cheese
- 1 medium onion
- 1 small green pepper minced
- 2 tablespoons butter (optional - but you can put it over the last layer if it looks a little dry)

Mix cottage cheese, sour cream, cream cheese, onion, and

green pepper. Brown the beef; add tomato sauce, salt and pepper to taste and catsup. Cook spaghetti. In a casserole put layer of spaghetti, then cream cheese mixture, then a layer of spaghetti and cover with meat mixture. Chill for 1 hour. Bake covered for 1 hour at 350 degrees.

Now, from Pat, a wonderful recipe for Maryland Crab Cakes. We all lived in the town of Harrisonburg, Virginia, so we were relatively near fresh crabmeat. Out here in the desert I don't have much of that! But, have used canned crabmeat. I have to admit, it's not quite as good as fresh but it brings back wonderful memories.

MARYLAND CRAB CAKES

- 1 lb. lump crabmeat
- 1 tablespoon mayonnaise
- 1 teaspoon mustard
- 1/4 cup melted butter
- 1 piece bread soaked in milk
- 1 egg
- Salt and pepper to taste

Mix all the ingredients and form into cakes. Place in the refrigerator for about one hour before frying. Fry in shortening until golden brown. Serve with slaw and sliced tomatoes and try a crab cake sandwich sometime. It's great!

Now, since it is winter and we tend to make more casseroles (at least I do), here's one from Joan, also from that little town in Virginia. She made this for me when I went back to visit in 1985.

CHICKEN CASSEROLE

Stew 4 or 5 chicken breasts with carrots, celery, onion, parsley, and salt. Save the broth. Cool and debone the chicken. Line a 9 x 13 greased casserole with the chicken. Top with a 14 ounce can of mushrooms, drained. Make sauce with 1 cup of the broth, 1 can mushroom soup, 1 cup sour cream, 1 cup mayonnaise, 2 teaspoons curry. Spread the sauce on the chicken. Melt 1 stick of margarine with 1/2 cup chicken broth. Toss this with an 8 ounce package of Pepperidge Farm herb dressing. Spread on top. Bake at 350 degrees for about 30-40 minutes.

Now we better have some dessert, so how about some

MAPLE WALNUT APPLE CRISP

- 1/3 cup flour
- 1/2 cup light brown sugar
- 1/3 cup regular oats
- 1/4 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 1/4 cup chilled butter or stick oleo cut into small pieces
- 3 tablespoons chopped walnuts
- 7 cups (about 3 pounds) peeled Rome apples
- 1/4 cup maple syrup
- 1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon

Preheat oven to 375. Combine flour, sugar, oats and 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon in medium bowl. Cut in the butter until crumbly. Stir in the walnuts. Combine the apple and remaining ingredients in a

large bowl and toss well. Spoon apple mixture into an 8" square pan or 1 1/2 quart casserole. Sprinkle with crumb mixture. Bake at 375 for 45 minutes or until golden brown. Serve warm with ice cream. Makes about 9 servings.

Eat well, everyone, and don't forget to exercise! See you in the spring.



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Former McCarthy resident Israel Hale, age 25, newlywed, victim in tragic accident resulting in loss of both legs.

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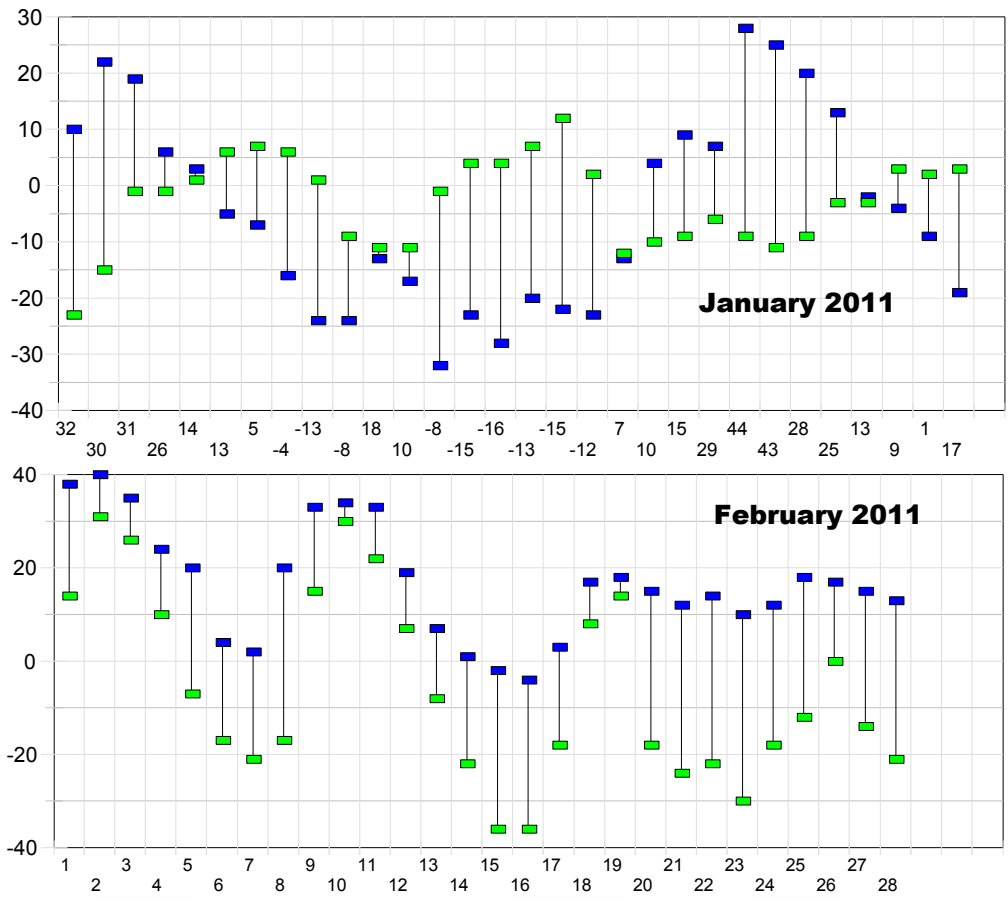
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