

Wrangell St. Elias News

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"

Vol. Seven Issue Five

September & October 1998

Two Dollars

1998—the year of the bear?

McCarthy—1998 may be remembered as the “Year of the Bear.” Most longtime residents are commenting that they cannot remember so many bears—both black and grizzly—at least in the past twenty years or so.

Fortunately, no one has been seriously injured by the four legged critters. At least not physically. How much emotional trauma may result from spending an hour and a half in a tree that is barely large enough to hold you up, with an angry grizzly bear snapping it’s teeth and pawing the ground underneath you is open to speculation. “I was really scared. It was horrible,” said Carly Kritchen after just such an ordeal.

The specimen shown here wandered into our yard, oblivious to the cameraman until he got within a few feet. (The cameraman had a quick retreat prepared!) Then he sauntered over to neighbor George Cebula’s house, where he looked in the front porch, posed for another picture, then left the area in search of greener pastures.

The description may fit a bear that took some delight in entering several tents at the Tram Station Campground—of course uninvited! He had a white patch under his chest, which is somewhat rare but not unknown in blackies.

Of course some might prefer to call it the “year of the rabbit,” as we have heard reports of over a hundred hares seen on a drive from McCarthy to Chitina. But somehow sighting one or two bruins seems more significant than a hundred of the lesser mammals.



Hey, buddy—could you spare a little grub for a bear in need?

A note from the publisher

BY BONNIE KENYON

TWO months ago to the day in our last issue of WSEN, I wrote that summer had finally arrived in McCarthy. Today as I look out the office window I see signs of fall rapidly approaching! The night before last (August 27) the temperature dropped to 31 degrees and, even though it rained at our elevation, I can see fresh snow on the nearby mountain tops. The leaves are turning yellow and some have succumbed to the winds we had this previous week. Even though I enjoy the fall and winter in the Wrangells, I must admit I miss the exit of summer. While it's true we've had more than our share of bears (black and grizzly), the mosquito population was almost nil. Now that is something to write home about!

I want to call your attention to a new column starting with this issue. It is called the Kennecott Kids Korner. When the Kennecott Kids had their reunion this last May, I had the opportunity to visit with Jeanne Moore Elliott - one of the "kids." If I recall the conversation accurately, she is really the one who gave birth to this great idea.

Every reunion the kids have here, they set aside a night to remember their growing-up adventures in this very special place called Kennecott, Alaska. Knowing that our WSEN readers cannot possibly all show up to hear these great stories and relive the history of this area, Jeanne and I thought, "Why not capture these memories for you in a corner especially set aside

for these many, many wonderful memories?" And, so... Kennecott Kids Korner is making its debut on page 8 with the memories of Jeanne Moore Elliott. I know you will enjoy stepping back in time with Jeanne and with all those who are already sending in their stories for you, our special readers.

This is really a very busy time of the year for Rick and I. We are harvesting our garden's produce and processing it for the upcoming winter months. Before I knew it, it was time to start writing and gathering news items for the September/October WSEN. I couldn't help but feel our August deadline was approaching much too soon. My summer neighbor, Peggy Guntis, offered to help us in any way she could. That was about like dangling a carrot in front of one of Carly Kritchens' horses! Rick and I want to thank Peggy for such excellent proofreading and suggestions on this issue. (I wish you lived here year round, Peggy!!)

As you can see on pages 6 and 7, Ron Simpson has submitted another article rich with historical facts and figures of the Kennecott mines. When he isn't writing or researching for upcoming articles, he can be found planning another model. He recently told us: "The Power plant model project is the latest of several now contemplated, which will include the machine shop, east barracks and National Creek barracks, and the assay office, plus the National Creek dam. That will probably conclude the Kennecott townsite part of

the model, as these will largely fill the space I have allotted for that part of the railroad model (25 ft. of frontage.) The power plant is the largest of these (thank heavens!)."

Ron goes on to inform us that all of the Kennecott models will be temporarily housed in his trailer residence in Copper Center, until they can be more permanently housed.

Wrangell St. Elias News welcomes aboard the following subscribers: Alaska Council of Prevention, AK; Skip Sunnell, AK; Mark Boutier, AK; Ernie Csizmar, NY; Barry & Erin Roberts, AK; Judy Miller, AK; Vito Lopez, CA; Molly O'Neill Huckins, CA; Chris Hostead, MN; Cindy Hendel, AK; Silvia Schrock-Renosto, Germany; Anthea Wallin, AZ; John Hudson, AK; Tom Vaden, AK.

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Items of Interest

BY BONNIE KENYON

Denise, Mona and Al Jantz: August is almost over and McCarthy's summer season is soon coming to a close. Denise tells me she is having a "successful summer running the Roadside Potatohead." Things are running smoothly and the food is excellent again this year. Denise is always quick to put in a good word for her faithful companion and dog. "Yoshi is still as cute as ever!" I look in the direction where Yoshi is peacefully reclining nearby. I know better than to question Denise's description. After all she was in the process of fixing my supper!

Mona and Al, Denise's parents, arrived in the area earlier this month and are already busy on upgrading their cabin's facilities. Mona proudly tells me she now has hot running water and a shower! "I am really enjoying these little touches of comfort!"

While Al makes supply runs for daughter Denise, Mona is combing the area for ripe rose hips and cranberries. She is making her own rose hip/cranberry syrup. Mona promised to bring me a sample taste!

Kim Northrup & Jim and Peggy Guntis: In the July/August issue of WSEN and in *Items of Interest*, I wrote that Kim would not be accompanying her folks to their McCarthy westside property this summer. While it is true Kim didn't come with Jim and Peggy, she did make a surprise entrance!! On Monday, July 27, Rick and I were visiting with Peggy and Anna, Jim's granddaughter,

while Jim was enroute from Anchorage back to McCarthy. We were told that Jim was on a supply run and bringing back a McCarthy Lodge employee for Betty Hickling.

When Jim drove in with Kim in the passenger's seat, you can only imagine the excitement (and the very verbal exclamations) from mom Peggy, Rick, Anna and me!! Of course, Kim was grinning from ear to ear. She says the change in plans came about quickly and shortly before her arrival; therefore, she and Betty were able to keep the "secret" from us all.

Kim and family are expected to be here till mid-September when Kim will return to her job in California and the Guntis's to their winter home in Tucson, AZ.

Don, Lynn, Rene and Sarah Welty: While I'm on the subject of parents, I must tell you how pleased the Welty family is to have Don's dad, Don Sr. of New Smyrna Beach, Fla. and Lynn's folks, Nancy and John Burtch of Xenia, Ohio, visiting them this summer. When I called Lynn the other day, she and her mom were harvesting and processing vegetables from Lynn's garden. (It's always nice to have a "mom" around the house, isn't

it, Lynn?)

John must be quite an adventurer. I hear he, Rene and Sarah took a day's rafting trip with Copper Oar and had a great time! Don and his dad went gold mining at Dan Creek and both "dads" got to fly with Don in his Super Cub.

I have a feeling everyone is having a vacation to remember!

Elizabeth Schafer: Speaking of Copper Oar, rafting and parents...I ran into Elizabeth the other day down at the footbridge. She introduced me to her folks, Cynthia and John Schafer, who are here visiting Elizabeth from Berlin, MD. The weather was terrible that particular day so Elizabeth (who works for Copper Oar rafting) said they would wait for a better day to go rafting. They planned on taking in the local museum instead. I hope the weather improved enough for you to make the run down the Kennicott, John, Cynthia and Elizabeth, and that your stay in McCarthy was a very pleasant experience.

Jim and Audrey Edwards: "Like everyone else we have been overrun by both brown and black bears," Audrey laughingly told me when I hit her up for an Item of Interest. That doesn't seem to keep the guests away, however. A lady from Tokyo, a gentleman from Uruguay and a young man from Fairbanks made up the list of visitors who have come and gone. Audrey says they are expecting even more guests—this time from Spain and Vermont.

Jim still finds time to continue test flying his new



experimental airplane. He says there are always bugs in a new design and the new Zenair is no exception. By the way, the nickname for this latest project is the "Walrus."

Audrey is all set for winter this year and well ahead of the rest of us. Although she is trying to remain quite humble about her latest purchase, I can tell she is very excited. She (and Jim, if he ever gets a chance to use it) will be riding to mail in style this winter on a 1999 Arctic Cat snowmachine. I asked her if Jim would let us have snowmachine races on his airstrip. She's not too sure about that!!

The Edwards say they heard from Ursel and Walter Mueller recently and our Swiss friends send their warm greetings to all of us here in McCarthy. We send ours back to you, Ursel and Walter! When are you going to come see us again?

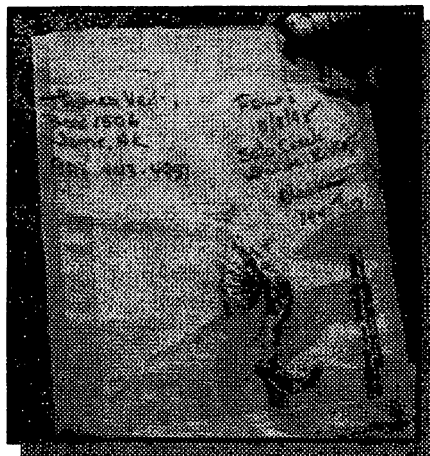
Neil, Margaret and Catherine Stock/O'Donnell: Neil, Margaret and baby Catherine (now 15 months) were in the area a couple of days to oversee the unloading of a truck full of building supplies for their cabin construction project. Dan Morrison and sons from Crystal Creek are in charge of erecting a log cabin for the O'Donnell family.

Catherine is a real doll and has really gotten the hang of walking. She is quick to smile and LOVES computers—especially Rick's. He thinks she is a computer genius already after he discovered she had moved the task bar on his screen all by herself! If you ask her how she did it, she'll give you an answer, but you probably won't understand a word of it. Her smile, however, is enough

to keep you from asking any more stupid questions.

We're looking forward to more frequent visits in the future and wish you all the best in your first cabin-building adventure!

Tom Vadin: Tom, big-game outfitter from Solo Creek on the White River, stopped by the other day. He said he got quite a shock to discover a dead snake at his camp on August 8th. Naturally, Rick and I told Tom there weren't any snakes in Alaska—was there?? Well, no, but this one somehow found its



way up here. Tom preserved the snake skin and planned on dropping by the Fish and Game office to see if they could possibly identify it. Maybe someone out in WSEN land could?

Speculating on how the misplaced southerner got here in the first place, Tom suggested in one of the compressed bales of hay that are shipped up here. Some even come as far away as the lower 48.

All I can say is: keep those critters down there. I'll take moose and bear any day!

Jim, Jeannie, Matt, Aaron and Stacie Miller: When Jeannie answered the phone tonight, I thought I detected a

yawn in process. I was right. She and son Aaron returned from Anchorage today after driving all night. They stopped at the Alaska State Fair in Palmer on their way back yesterday. It was Aaron's 15th birthday (August 27). Congratulations, Aaron!

The Millers are having a steady flow of relatives this summer. Sister Terri and her daughter, Amy, visited last week.

Stacie Miller, Jim and Jeannie's oldest, came home for a visit from Fairbanks. She is attending the University of Alaska/Fairbanks and is on her last year of acquiring a Bachelor's Degree in Anthropology.

Jeannie and I soon got on the subject of gardening and our favorite pastime at this time of year—harvesting! Some time ago Jeannie convinced me I needed a food dehydrator so I ordered one and am finding it to be one of the best purchases I've made in a long time. I used to harvest my herbs and hang them up to dry inside a paper bag which took longer and were sometimes even forgotten! This year I've already dried my winter's supply of the majority of my favorite herbs and have a much better product, too. The dehydrator takes a couple of hours to do what used to take me a week or more. I'm impressed, Jeannie! Thanks for the tip. Now she tells me she brought home a food processor. Hum...

George Cebula: Even though George is Rick and my nearest neighbor, we haven't seen him as much as we usually do. He's having a very busy summer driving a van for Wrangell Mountain Bus. He assures us he is enjoying his work again this year. His smiling face is evidence this is true.

Ted, George's brother, is

expected to make his annual fall trip to McCarthy on September 13; that is, unless Northwest Airlines is on strike! I asked George if he had a big project for brother Ted. He says, "No BIG project but LOTS of little ones!" Look out, Ted!

I expect one of those "little ones" is the installation of George's new diesel generator that is due to arrive at just the right time for Ted to give him a hand.

Kris Rueter: My neighbor, Kris, up the hill behind me is enjoying the summer season, she says, and plans on being here into the late fall. And, then, she will "head somewhere warm" before starting her winter fishing job at Dutch Harbor.

Kris is a very talented artist so I was glad to hear she is finding time to continue her art work through the busy summer.

Andy, Cynthia and Matthew Shidner: While I was talking to Kris, she passed on the news that Cynthia and son Matthew had arrived in Teller where Cynthia has a job teaching school. Andy is in Russia for a week teaching a survival course.

Emily Morrison: Emily was visiting Kris when I called so I got to talk to her as well. She is planning to stay in the area until mid October—the latest she's ever been here. After she closes down the Kennicott River Hostel for the season, she will be "on vacation." Emily says she has really enjoyed her job at the hostel and plans on returning again next year and even stretching her McCarthy stay to 7 months.

Kenny Smith: While Rick and I were on a walk today we met Kenny who was headed our way. I asked him what project

he was working on these days. Because we've had quite a stretch of rainy weather, Kenny said he finally put a ceiling in his log cabin which is always a job and a half.

He's also been doing a little more clearing around his property and his brother Wayne's property nearby.

Kenny is a good neighbor to have around. Whenever he spots a bear (or bears) in our area, he is quick to give us a phone call. Thanks for taking the time to keep us informed, Kenny!

Terry and Dee Frady: "Tourists love to see wildlife," says Dee, who with husband Terry own and operate the Willow Herb Mountain Depot gift shop located on the McCarthy Road. Well, they are seeing bears right and left this year. One black bear in particular frequents the shop. "It is the prettiest, and healthiest looking black bear I've ever seen," comments Dee to me.

We exchange our "bear" stories and agree that this year is the most bear-active year



Photo courtesy Julie Hardy

YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT KIND OF WILDLIFE YOU MIGHT RUN ACROSS WHEN HIKING IN THE KENNICOTT AREA. THIS RARE SPECIE IS JOHN ADAMS, TAKING A RESERVATION FOR HIS B&B ON HIS CELLPHONE FROM HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS!

we've seen since each of us have moved to the McCarthy area.

I'm sure Dee will store up all these stories to relate to her nephew and his wife when they visit our area next week. They are due to arrive over Labor Day weekend and the Fradys are eager to show them around.

By the way, fair warning to all you "locals"—the log mall is closing for the season on September 8. If you want to do any early Christmas shopping, now is the time to do it!

Ken and Carly Kritchen: Since our last issue, the Kritchen household has taken on 2 more members. Teaka, a sorrel Morgan quarter horse cross is getting along really well with Firecracker, says Carly. "Kenny is sure enjoying riding her."

It seems Teaka, who the Kritchens bought in Palmer, didn't come alone, however. It sounds like it was a package deal. If you buy the horse, the dog goes with her.

The "dog" is called Bossie, derived from the fact that he is a Border Collie and Australian Shepard mix. He and dog Otto are having a ball!

While I was talking to Carly on the phone, I couldn't help but hear voices in the background. I found out Robin and Tyee Lohse are here visiting Uncle Kenny and Aunt Carly for a couple days.

Carly passed on a very interesting item. She and Kenny plan on attending Bonnie Morris' wedding in the near future. According to Carly, Bonnie is having a small wedding in Anchorage where she is now living. We send our congratulations to Bonnie and her future husband.

Kennecott—the “Jumbo” of historic Alaskan mines

BY RON SIMPSON

The name “Kennecott” in Alaska refers actually to two groups of mines: the interior group, which includes the Bonanza and the Jumbo, and the LaTouche Island group. Kennecott was a copper producer, with silver as a by-product. No other copper mine in Alaska could even touch Kennecott for production. In order to compare the size of Kennecott activity in Alaska, I am using historic Alaska gold mines. Only the gold production, in dollar value, came close to Kennecott’s copper in value of metal produced. As you will see, Kennecott more than holds its own in terms of production value. In fact, no other historic mine in Alaska—gold or otherwise—quite matches up to Kennecott.

In this year of the gold discovery centennials, it is time to place our own Kennecott in its proper perspective.

I have always maintained that the Kennecott mines were unique in a great number of ways. In this article I will compare some historic production values with other historic Alaskan mines. Because Kennecott was responsible for roughly 90 percent of the Alaskan copper production, I am using gold production—the historic activity for which Alaska is best known—as the basis for comparison.

Kennecott operated five mines in the Copper Basin—the Bonanza, Motherlode, Jumbo, Erie and Glacier—and two mines on LaTouche Island in Prince William Sound—the Beatson and Girdwood.

Out of the five interior mines came 4,625,909 tons of copper ore averaging 12.79% copper—about 591,535 tons produced from the Tacoma smelter. I have taken the average copper prices over the years of production—1911 to 1938—to find a production value of \$207,000,000. In addition, a sizeable quantity of silver was produced—as much as 9 million ounces which may add perhaps \$40 million or more to the total production value of those five mines. During that time, the number of

men employed seems to average around 200, but ran as high as nearly 600—mines and millsite inclusive.

Over at LaTouche Island, which operated until 1930, the Beatson and Girdwood mines produced 5,862,237 dry tons of ore averaging 1.87%, or 109,639 tons of copper plus 1.5 million ounces of silver for a total production of \$109,693,000. The profit for these two mine groups—Kennecott and LaTouche—exceeded \$100,000,000.

Of course, Alaska is primarily known historically for its gold production—a far more valuable metal. There were several large gold lode districts in Alaska (the Copper Basin was not one of them). The largest of these was the Treadwell Mine. The total value of the gold production was \$37,158,816, with operating profits of \$17,125,338. There were three other large adjacent mines: the Alaska-Mexican, the Ready Bullion and the 700 Foot mines with total gold production of \$23,913,036. The last of these closed in 1922.

Across the channel were the Alaska-Juneau, Perseverance and Alaska-Gastineau mines. Of these, the Perseverance

produced \$638,114 in gold and the Alaska-Gastineau produced \$9,740,498, with an operating profit of \$217,878. The Alaska-Juneau produced \$80,277,594 in gold values and had an operating profit of \$23,670,000. The average number of employees there varied from under 200 to about 630—similar to that at Kennecott.

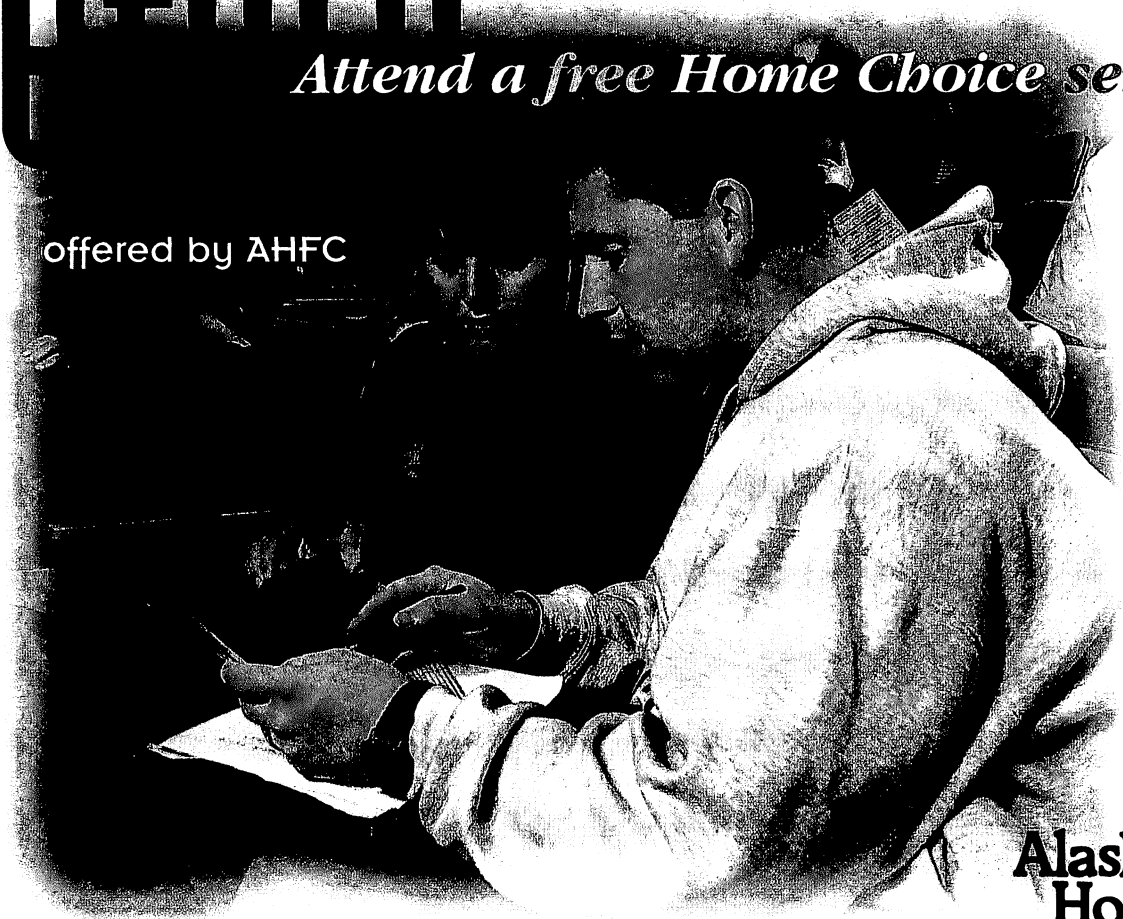
Total gold production at the four Treadwell mines on Douglas Island was 3,200,000 ounces and the A-J produced 2,900,000 ounces of gold. In the interior, the nearby Willow Creek District produced 652,000 ounces, of which the well-known Independence produced 188,000. In its most productive period, 1936 until 1942, the Independence produced 152,420 ounces valued at \$5,334,700 and its median average employment was about 120 men.

Gold lode production in the Fairbanks district was about 225,000 ounces during the period 1910 until 1959, but gold recovered by all dredges in Alaska, for which the Fairbanks district, and the Nome district is best known, was \$119,884,000—about one third the total production values of Kennecott’s Alaskan operations!

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Cindy L. Lamb, Anchorage, July 17, 1998

“It really opened my eyes on how the home-buying process works. Excellent class.”

William MacCarty, Elmendorf AFB, July 17, 1998

To place all this in even better perspective, the price of gold until 1934 was \$20.67 per ounce when it rose to \$34.91 per ounce. Kennecott recorded an average selling price of copper of about 13 cents per pound—a dramatic difference. Most of the copper production in the interior occurred between 1915 and 1929. In 1916, when the large body of rich ore at Jumbo was being

mined, 293,916 tons of ore averaging 18.74% copper was mined. The highest production was in 1923, when 339,374 tons were produced of 11.24% copper. This was during the mining of the enormous 1252 Motherlode stope. After that, production dropped sharply. Only in 1936 and 1937 were production values as high as the 1920's. This was due to an intensive retreat and clean-up

operation in advance of closing down the mines.

In the final analysis, Kennecott, by a wide margin far exceeded any of the historic gold production of even the greatest of the Alaska mines. It outpaced every gold district of the day and firmly established itself as the most significant of the large historic mineral producers in the territory.

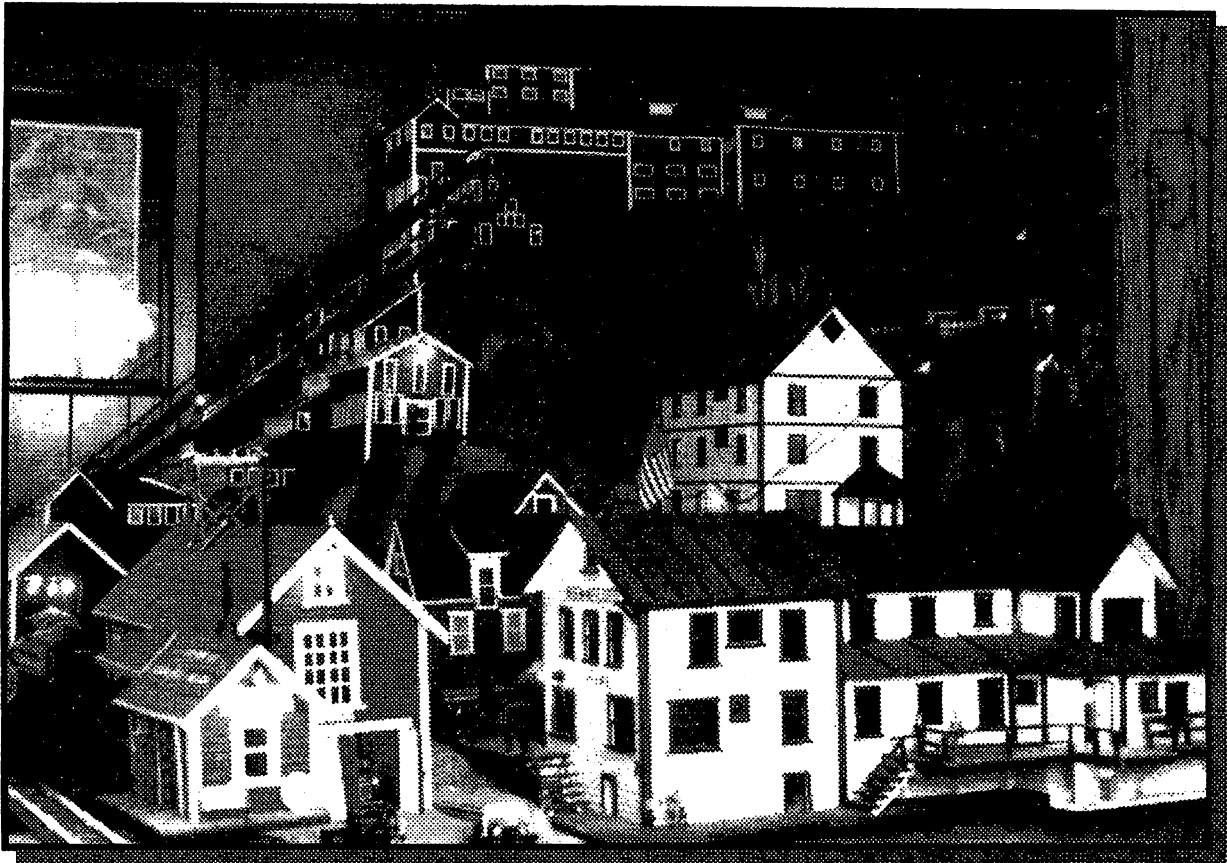


Photo courtesy Ron Simpson

THE 1:24 MODEL OF KENNECOTT "STAFF ROW" IN AUTHOR'S HOME: ALTHOUGH THE LOCATION OF THE BUILDINGS ARE COMPRESSED, VISIBLE IN CORRECT RELATION TO EACH OTHER ARE (LEFT TO RIGHT, FRONT): RAILWAY TELEGRAPH STATION AND HOSPITAL, (MIDDLE): ELECTRICIAN'S WAREHOUSE/GARAGE(GONE), GENERAL OFFICE, STAFF HOUSE (GONE) AND SUPERINTENDENT'S RESIDENCE (GONE). FROM THE SMALL, LOG-FRONT OFFICE A STAFF OF ABOUT A DOZEN ENGINEERS RAN THE LARGEST LODE MINE IN ALASKA, WITH A MONTHLY PAYROLL IN 1924 OF ABOUT \$86,000 FOR NEARLY 600 EMPLOYEES. THE SUPERINTENDENT HERE ALSO OVERSAW THE LATOUCHE MINES OPERATIONS-THE OTHER LARGE KENNECOTT OPERATION, LOCATED IN PRINCE WILLIAM SOUND. THE A-J GOLD MINE IN JUNEAU WAS LARGER SIZED, BUT DID NOT PRODUCE THE DOLLAR VALUE OF THIS SINGLE COPPER MINE (WHICH CONSISTED THEN OF THE BONANZA, MOTHERLODE, JUMBO, ERIE, AND GLACIER MINES-ALL FEEDING THIS MILL FROM TWO AERIAL TRAMS).

Kennecott Kids Korner

BY JEANNE MOORE ELLIOTT



My Dad was James Allen Moore and he was an engineer with the Kennecott Corp. We lived in Alaska from 1929 until Mama and us kids left in 1937, to get started in school here in Tennessee.

Mama is still alive and in good health. Her name is Mary and she is from Chile, South America, where there was another copper mine. Daddy passed away in 1963 and probably died mostly from a broken heart because he had to leave Alaska. My sister Nan and my brother Jim and I returned for the Reunion for the first time in 1994.

I remember

— Mama frying doughnuts in the kitchen of our little cottage there just north of the steam-plant — and me sneaking a few off to put under the pillow on my bed, so I could eat them just before drifting off to dreamland.

— Running away from home one day, but I just had to stop off at the store to get a box of Ritz crackers for my journey. I ended up at the dairy barn and I don't know whether I ran out of crackers, or they found me, but the story had a happy ending.

— Going to the store and getting a BIG bottle of cod liver oil — yuk! — that was our vitamin supplement, I guess.

— My daddy built me the most beautiful little doll house that I ever laid my eyes on. It even had a little light in it. It sure was a beautiful Christmas present.

— My big Momma doll had the prettiest name, I thought. She was given to me for Christmas one year, probably by the Kennecott Copper Corp. (who gave those dolls to all the little girls). We had wonderful Christmas parties in the recreation building, and it was always decorated so beautiful. My dolly was named "Roosevelt."

— I remember carrying my daddy's lunch pail to him there in the leaching plant. It always seemed like such a long way, but actually it was just a short walk. I used

to LOVE to smell the beans Mama had packed for him.

— Picnics at Long Lake with lots of friends.

— Throwing snowballs at all my little playmates and especially trying to hit Frank Morris who was just a bit older and so cute!!

— Ice skating there at the rink at the schoolhouse with all the kids and their parents—ALL THE TIME—before school, at recess, after school, before bedtime...

— The wonderful smell of the bathhouse, like Lava soap — where we kids used to go to warm up, while we were out playing.

— The flowers, the berries, the mountains with their beautiful snow caps.

We lived down in McCarthy for a couple of years around 1934, when my brother Jim was born. I asked Mama "where do babies come from," and her interpretation to me was "from a little rock" — or that's what I thought she said. So I went out and looked and looked for the most beautiful little rock I could find and brought it in and put it in the china cabinet in the dining room and I watched that beautiful little rock every day to see if it was growing.

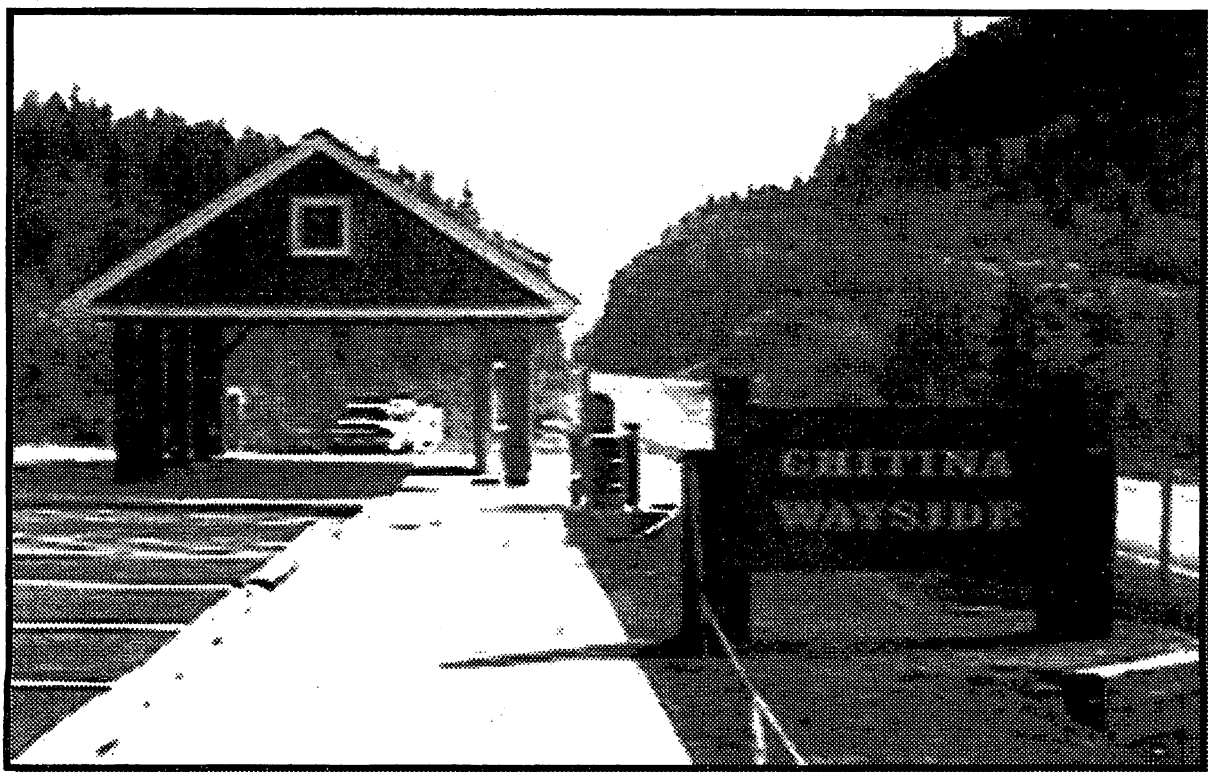
(I think that is the same china cabinet that now sits in the museum there in McCarthy. We lived in the old Snyder house, that is now the Pizza place.)



Photo courtesy Evonne Sullivan

BACK ROW: GENE GARRITY, TIM ECKSTROM, PATRICIA O'NEILL, MIKE SULLIVAN, JEANNE (MOORE) ELLIOTT, FRANK MORRIS, NAN (MOORE) HENDERSON, OSCAR WATSJOLD, YVONNE (KONNERUP) LAHTI, SISSIE (LOMME) KLUH, INGER (JENSEN) RICCI, AL NIKOLAUS, IRMA (PADGETT) HAALAND, DR. JIM BUSEY, CATHERINE (HOWARD) HODGES.

FRONT ROW: MARY ELLEN (DUGGAN) CLARK, JANE (VICKERY) WILSON, MOLLY (O'NEILL) HUCKINS, ELEANOR (GRUBER) SMITH, ELLABELLA (SEAGROVE) WALL, PATRICIA (HUSSEY) BERG, BUD SELTENREICH, GEORGE POWELL, NELSON GIMBLY.



WSEN staff photo

VISITORS CAN NOW TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS NEW, MODERN REST AREA IN CHITINA BEFORE STARTING ON THE MCCARTHY ROAD.

Solar-powered transportation comes to town

BY ED LACHAPPELLE

The little green-and-white car cruising around the McCarthy area this summer is an experiment in electric transportation powered by the sun. The experiment worked...Meg and I are enjoying our new wheels while rolling back and forth to the airstrip and up the road to Kennicott, thumbing our noses at the oil companies all the while.

The car is a Bombardier Neighborhood Electric Vehicle (NEV), another product from the folks who make the familiar Ski-Doo. It's a two-place vehicle complete with headlights, turn signals and seat belts. Top speed is 25 mph with a range of 30 miles under optimum conditions, less when climbing hills. It weighs 1300 lbs., of which 480 lbs. are batteries.

For the technically-minded, propulsion comes from a 72-volt, 4- KW, shunt-wound DC motor geared directly to the

rear wheels through a differential. Energy is stored on-board in 6 12-volt, 105 ampere-hour, sealed lead-acid batteries. An on-board charger plugs into an ordinary 120 AC

With appropriate switching, this array can work through the charger or direct to the batteries. This alters the designed charge cycle from AC, so we don't know how it will affect

battery life, but so far they seem to be doing fine.

The high torque of the DC drive motor gives lively acceleration and good towing power. Going up steep hills or pulling a heavy trailer is easy. Although the 12-inch wheels and short wheelbase make a bumpy ride on our potholed roads, the responsive steering makes dodging a fun game.

What's next?

Well, we hear there is an interesting electric bicycle coming on the market soon. No reason why that can't be solar powered as well. We might give it a try, but in the meantime all those extra solar panels can be switched over to supplement our house array when the days get short.



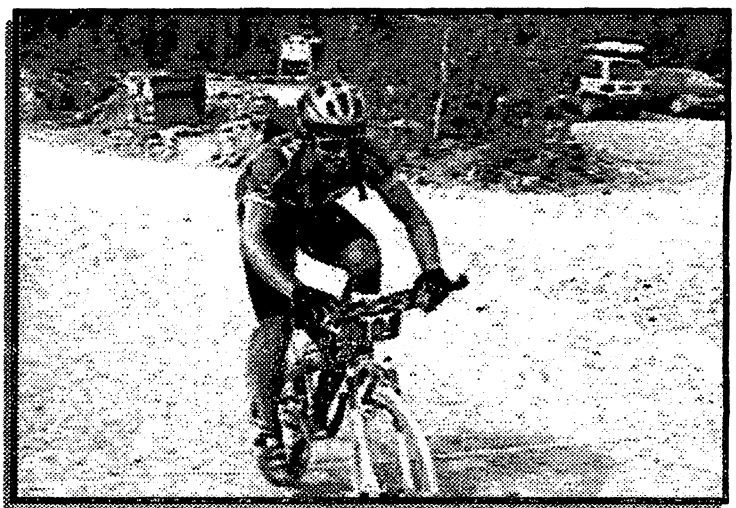
Photo courtesy Susan Bosshard

outlet and takes 8 hours to charge the batteries when they are fully drained.

I modified the charger to work on either 120 volts AC or 120 volts DC, then added fused jacks on the dashboard to allow direct access to the batteries. Solar power comes from an array of 7 75-watt photovoltaic panels delivering 120 volts DC.

Annual Bike Race

McCarthy—Shawn Stratton—No. 104—of Fairbanks is the winner for this year's Chitina to McCarthy Bike Race. The race occurred on August 1 and began at the Chitina campground at 10:00 am. Shawn arrived at the end of the McCarthy Road at 1:25 pm with a total time of 3 hours 20 minutes and 26 seconds. Congratulations to the winner!



A McCarthy institution passes on

Longtime Alaskan resident Anthony "Tony" Zak died July 21, 1998, at Fairbanks Memorial Hospital. Born on April 12, 1915, Tony came to Alaska in 1940 to work at the Evan Jones Coal Co. north of Palmer. He served in the Merchant Marines during World War II, returning to Alaska in 1951 with his best friend, Charlie Klepaski.

Tony used to tell about snowshoeing into McCarthy in the late 40's or early 50's to look the place over. He came over the highway. He fell in love with the area and bought 250 acres from the Territory. When Tony saw Mt Blackburn that

was it—he had to have the land. His favorite pastime was



"MCCARTHY, SUMMERTIME, SOMETIMES." THIS PORTRAIT OF TONY ZAK HANGS IN THE COURTHOUSE SQUARE IN FAIRBANKS.

sitting in his house looking at Blackburn. McCarthy to him was what Alaska was all about—the pioneer spirit, live and let live.

Tony used to enjoy hunting when he was younger. He talked about shooting rabbits to eat when he worked at Ft. Greely. He especially liked hunting sheep.

Tony was proud of his Polish heritage. He is survived by his daughter, Virginia Phipps of Fairless Hills, Pa.; sister Helen Raftovich of Aston, Pa.; grandchildren Stan Niedzwiki of Langhorne, Pa.; Karen McCleary of Bristol, Pa.; niece and nephew, Joann Guglielmo of Pompano Beach, Fla., and David Raftovich of Boothwin, Pa.; two great-grandchildren and three great-nieces and nephews.

Blackburn Center

MCCARTHY, AUGUST 12, 1998— In keeping with the long wishes of longtime resident Tony Zak, his home and land have been donated to the Blackburn Heritage Foundation for use by the people of McCarthy and Kennicott as a community center and library.

It was Tony's intention to establish a place for townspeople to get together and to use his book collection as the basis for a library.

A celebration of Tony's life by the community is planned for the weekend of September 12th at his house. At his request, Tony's ashes will be scattered by plane over the Kennicott Glacier.

Tony was born April 12, 1915 in Wilkes Barre, PA. He passed away July 21 of this year in Fairbanks. Tony established the Blackburn Heritage Foundation, a nonprofit educational foundation. The foundation trustees are Dan Talcott, Tony's longtime

financial advisor, Carol Brice of Fairbanks and Tony's sister, Helen Zak. The trustees have asked that Laura Bunnell serve as the local manager of the foundation with the assistance of Malcolm Vance. Tony's heartfelt goal was to preserve and promote the interests of the McCarthy/ Kennicott community he held dear.

For further information please contact Laura Bunnell at (907) 554 4469 or by e-mail, lab915@aol.com).

Write home!

The following appeared in the McCarthy Weekly News in 1923.

Many inquiries are sent to this paper regarding missing

men and women whose relatives in the States are inquiring as to their whereabouts. Why not get the habit of writing to a relative once in a while and if you do not

care to have them know your address tell them so. It would save an overworked press of Alaska much worry and trouble.

Kennicott—what now?

Kevin Percival, a planner from the Denver office of the National Park Service, was in the Kennicott area this summer working on a management plan for the newly acquired Kennicott properties. Percival talked with residents and held several meetings at Kennicott. The following management options were offered:

Alternative 1: No Action (Continue present course of actions)

A continuation of the present course of activities will be pursued. Generally, this would include primarily periodic "triage" types of building stabilization measures, responding primarily to extreme needs focused on stabilizing the structures and protecting visitor safety. Roving interpreters by the NPS would continue and tours of the mill and other structures would continue. Limited efforts at providing visitor services such as information, water, restrooms, and other elements would occur under independent programs by both NPS and private interests. No adaptive re-use of any NPS structures would occur under this alternative. Artifacts inside and outside the buildings would remain much as they are with clean up and organizational efforts of those artifacts pertaining only to the extreme needs for protection and/or visitor safety issues.

Alternative 2: NPS Stabilized Historic Site

NPS properties would have an identified, prioritized program for building

stabilization and protection. All efforts conducted as part of this alternative would be accomplished by NPS administered programs and funding sources. The old company store building would be rehabilitated by the NPS for use as a visitor contact station, public restrooms, and NPS administrative support. The old community building would be rehabilitated by the NPS in conjunction with the community. This building would be accessible to the community for meetings and community events and would be used by the NPS for further NPS interpretive programs, slide programs, and events similar to what have been held the summer of 1998 in the Kennicott Glacier Lodge. All other NPS structure would remain unused and accessible by guided tour only. Buildings would be more actively stabilized under this alternative than in alternative 1. Artifacts would be preserved in their present locations and condition, but miscellaneous debris would be removed from the site. Tours would be expanded to include tours of varying lengths and subject matter, possibly including selected mine tours/access. Tours would be run by concession agreements, but would be administered by the NPS. A self-guided interpretive program and brochure would be developed highlighting the history of Kennecott. The self-guided tour would take visitors on routes outside the buildings only.

Alternative 3: Managed Historic Site

Under this alternative, a

number of buildings would be adaptively re-used, others would be stabilized but have restricted visitor access, and others would be stabilized but open to the public freely for controlled walk-through and self-guided interpretation activities. The intent would be that the NPS would focus on stabilization of the structures with restricted public access and that adaptively re-used structures would be done under cooperative agreements between private operators and the NPS. The NPS would administer all activities, but most efforts would be provided as part of a contract agreement, including elements like guided tours, self-guided tours, visitor services, security, maintenance, and so on. Artifacts would be picked up, organized according to their location and historic use, and all other miscellaneous debris would be removed. "Non-contributing" artifacts would also be picked up and removed. The NPS would only have a limited on site presence in the old store building, which would continue to serve as a visitor contact station. Other uses in the old store would correspond to the needs of a separate operator and likely include office/administrative space, perhaps a museum function, or other similar type of visitor education/interpretation uses.

Comments should be sent to: Wrangell-St. Elias National Park, attention Vicki Snitzler, PO Box 439, Copper Center, AK 99573.

My Grandpa

BY AMANDA GLOVER

Editor's note: September 13 is Grandparents' Day. Not only am I a grandmother, I was greatly influenced by my own grandparents. I received the following story last year but not in time to include it in our September issue. However, I kept it so I could share it with you this year. I know you will enjoy it as much as I did.

It was a beautiful summer day. I finally had the chance to spend the weekend at our family cabin. Skeet-shooting, canoeing, three-wheeling, motor-biking, were all parts of every weekend spent there. I'd been looking forward to it all week but somehow being out of town felt extremely wrong.

Before leaving town, there were concerns of Grandpa's health but that was common now. That night when my mom called to see how he was doing, we received the shocking news. Grandpa had a second stroke. The next day we returned to spend time at home with Grandpa. Phone calls were made to the children out of state to update them on what had happened. Everyone decided it was time to come home.

Grandma told me that after Grandpa had his first stroke, he had decided that he never wanted to be fed through tubes and that he wanted to be at home to pass on. Although this was a fatherly thing to do, it made some decisions very difficult to face.

I requested time off work so I could join the family. My brother and I are the oldest grandchildren, having ten years separating us from the younger group. Being the oldest, I have memories of an energetic Grandpa that none of the others will have. Because of this, as I began to realize I was losing my Grandpa, life became suddenly difficult.

Within two days, we were a whole family. As each of his children returned to him, some coming from Washington, Oregon, and North Carolina, the look in his eyes began to light up as if he could see that he was now everyone's main concern. Bound now to a wheelchair, unable to feed himself, incapable of speaking, and needing constant encouragement to even swallow a sip of water, Grandpa now had a relative at his side constantly.

As I watched the family converse around Grandpa, I began to realize how much he had taught me growing up. Even though I didn't always see him every day, I was learning his values through my mom.

For so many years he had taken care of his children and his grandchildren. He was self employed. He was heavily involved in church and the Anchorage Rescue Mission. He was a giver, not a taker. For this, he was well known. Each day a friend that he either worked with or helped in some way came to see him. He always had friends surrounding him.

For two weeks we took care of him night and day. As each day passed, he became more difficult to help. He had to drink water through a syringe so that it could be squirted far enough into his mouth that it would activate his swallowing. As I would sit next to him, holding his hand, getting a gentle squeeze when someone told a joke that he happened to get or

a grandchild did something amusing, I was finding that my Grandpa was slipping away. The truth was, he was starving himself and there was nothing we could do. He was unable to eat, his body was slowly falling apart inside.

There were certain questions that everyone wanted answered. How long would he last, was the doctor's ultimate question. Nobody knew. Grandpa was 75, stronger than you could ever imagine and extremely stubborn in his own gentle way.

The last few days he lived, Grandpa was bedridden. He was never alone. Music was always playing in the background, usually church hymns. We read to him, talked softly to him, sang his favorite hymns and sometimes just comforted him with a gentle touch. I told him what a wonderful Grandpa he was and how much I would miss him. I remembered the fun times we had together. In my favorite memory, Grandpa pushed me around the yard in a wheel barrow on a summer day. That one always brought a smile to his face.

Grandpa always said how important it was to treat others as you want to be treated. He gave so much. He was always there for his family. There was never a question of why he did this or that. He always meant it. He never lied. The truth was his base for living. As each of his six children were born, Grandpa made it ever more a priority to

teach them the way of the Lord and the way he hoped they would see was right. His children passed these values to his grandchildren. There was no doubt that he would forever be remembered by everyone that knew him.

The final morning of Grandpa's life came unexpectedly. Unexpectedly because of how it happened. He was calm, ready and loved. That Sunday morning I sat by his side holding his hand and staring into his eyes as gentle hymns played on the CD player. My Grandma and two aunts were sitting on the bed with me making sure to have some kind of physical contact with him. Again, he was surrounded by loved ones. As the morning wore on he began to have difficulty breathing. The movement around the house was quiet and quick with the anticipation of whether today would be his last. By late morning, it was evident to them that his breathing was becoming strained. There was

no movement from him, only his rhythmic breathing. His pulse was extremely faint. There was a sudden explosion of phone call making. It was a signal; the family must be here...it was time.

We began quietly saying comforting thoughts to Grandpa. "I love you and will forever miss you" was the one that came to me. As he lay there with his family all around him, there was a calmness in him. He wasn't scared. He was finally ending with something he had always hoped. All these years he spent raising his children the best he knew how. The quality time he spent with each of his children was being returned to him. Now it was Grandpa's turn to be taken care of, and we were all with him.

Grandpa suddenly took a breath. It made me look up. Tears immediately came to my eyes. I knew. No one had to say a thing. He looked up at us around him and then looked up at the ceiling. His brother instinctively began praying The

Lord's Prayer. All of us joined in as tears slowly dampened our cheeks. As we all watched unable to stop what was happening and as the last few words of The Lord's Prayer were being spoken, Grandpa slowly blinked his eyes for the final time as if to say goodbye. The struggle was now over and he was gone.

Remembering all that he gave, all the advice he shared, his humor, his friendship, the impact he had on each person he knew, and lastly the love that he had for his family, is comforting. Above all, the single thing that I will remember about him is how he treated those around him. He was always thinking of others first and in the end, this was all returned to him.

In the above account, "Grandpa" is Alvin Norman Syren. Granddaughter and author is Amanda Glover daughter of Wanda and Russell Lewis. Grandpa Syren went home to be with the Lord on July 13, 1997.



The McCarthy Road got quite a bit of attention this summer. The Department of Transportation and Public Facilities (DOT&PF) kept a crew working most of the summer. Here they are shown working on what the locals call "Farm Creek," near mile 58. The western grade used to be very narrow and the curve limited visibility.

For a while a second crew from Valdez worked the Long Lake area. They installed many culverts and ditched along the lake where glaciating has been severe in the winter. A third crew cut the brush back from the sides of the road in selected places.

Good News from the Wrangells

BY BONNIE KENYON

McCarthy-Kennicott Community Church holds annual board meeting

The Board of Directors of the McCarthy-Kennicott Community Church, Inc. held their annual meeting on Sunday, July 19. The current board members and officers are as follows: John Adams, president; Doug Schrage, vice-president; George Cebula, treasurer; Bonnie Kenyon, secretary; Doyne Houghton, board member.

The following financial report was given by church treasurer George Cebula at the annual meeting which we make available to you.

During 1997 a total of \$18,160.15 was donated through freewill tithes and offerings.

Expenses for 1997 totaled \$10,461.89. The purchase of building supplies came to \$8,955.89, legal fees \$6.00 and a total of \$1500.00 was given to support Christian radio station KCAM located in Glennallen, AK., Brad and Connie Gavitt, missionaries to the Copper River Basin, Eugene Bell Foundation in its relief work to North Korea and Mike and Linda Fink, missionaries to Mexico.

Summer Wrap-Up

I want to take this time to thank all of you who

participated in services and summer activities at the church. As most of you know, Vacation Bible School was held July 13-17, and an average of 9 children attended on a regular basis. My thanks go out to Paul Moller, Jay Carter, Kate Miersch and Jeff Lang of Chicago, Ill. who took charge of our first VBS. Thank you to the parents who entrusted your children with us and a BIG thanks to the kids who came and participated.



WSEN staff photo

Tessa Bay and Tana Bosshard inspect their VBS craft project.

During the summer months there is a family who hardly ever misses a Sunday. Doyne and Kay Houghton and their 5 daughters travel from Valdez to McCarthy on the weekends to enjoy their "cabin in the woods." Even though their time here is short, they always show up at the little church on the island. Kay plays the keyboard for us and keeps me on track as I lead the singing and, even though I often tell Kay how much I appreciate

her, I feel like I never say it enough! Kay, I thank God for you and your wonderful family!

This summer we all have enjoyed another musical treat. Beth Houghton brought her violin and accompanied Kay during our music time. What a blessing you were to us all, Beth! Thank you for sharing and giving of your talents to us and the Lord!

The rest of the Houghton girls, Annalisa, Holly, Kristi and Rebecca, took turns running the overhead projector that displayed the words to our favorite choruses. Thank you, ladies, for helping out so faithfully!

Father Kermit Syren

celebrated mass in the church on Sunday July 19. Father Kermit is the nephew of Alvin and Claris Syren, who, along with daughter Heidi and her husband Andy Linton, so graciously donated the land for the church.

Father Kermit has land across the road from John Adams and had two groups of young men visit the area as part of his Camp Kodiak Program. During his stay Father had a cabin built on the property and hopes to expand the program next summer to include a father and son session. Mass continued to be celebrated in the church until Father Kermit departed on August 3.

"You are a child of God—CALL HOME!" —from the Nome radio station KNOM newsletter.

OUR TOWN

September 1923 October

PERSONALS

The O'Neill family spent several days this week at Long Lake. They report a fine trip - excellent fishing and delectable meals of native vegetables and fish at the Long Lake roadhouse. If the plans of the proprietor mature, the roadhouse will be transformed into a modern tourist hotel before many seasons pass.

Nels Tjosevig has installed electric lights thruout his home, the power being supplied by Mr. Marshall's Delco plant.

SNYDER SELLS INTEREST IN LOCAL BUSINESS

Roy F. Snyder, who for several years has had an interest in both of the local garages, this week disposed of his share to his partners Henry Olsen and Sig Wold, each becoming sole proprietor of a well established taxi service.

Mr. Snider has also sold his home on Front Street and McCarthy regrets the departure, in the near future, of one of its enterprising young businessmen.

Mr. John McCrary brought in a large collection of furs from the interior two weeks ago. An unusually large wolf skin and some very fine marten skins were included in the collection.

Mr. Longaker, the A. R. C. engineer, returned last

Friday from a 118-mile hike over the Kotsina district north of Strelina, looking for a feasible route for a road to be built by the Commission soon. He was accompanied by Neil Finnesand, who has a silver mine in that district and has hunted and trapped in there for years. They report seeing over fifty bear and fully as many sheep on the trip.

Twelve tourists, mostly New Yorkers, arrived in Chitina Sunday evening on the Galen stage. Some of them found Alaska a "bit rough." At the summit they had to cross a glacier stream by walking on a temporary crossing as the bridge had washed out. This they thought a tremendously thrilling experience. Wonder what they'd think of crossing the Nizina, for instance, on horseback, as Alaskans have had to do.

Sept. 1

PERSONALS

"Barney," for two weeks or so operator of a "Hot dog joint" on Front Street sold everything to Jimmie Hussey and left McCarthy for good on Friday.

David Boyce, who has had charge of the lunch counter at the Golden has signified his intention to return to the A. R. C. road camp. Once more the lunch counter is minus a cook. Mrs. Wills says that the next one stays a year 365 days - or he gets no recommendations when he goes.

Bill Berry is a property owner once more. Yes, sir, he owns a span of mules, bot'em from Mr. Iverson the other day. He expects to put them to work for the road commission.

Con Miller is fixing the Dan Creek telephone line. He says he is having troubles of his own with the Fireweed seed that is floating around these days.

Sept. 8

PERSONALS

John E. Barrett, who is connected with the Green Butte, is making a few days stay in the city for the purpose of preparing his houses and property for the winter.

Mr. And Mrs. Roy Snyder returned from a short visit to the creeks Thursday evening. While at Nizina, they were guests of Mrs. Theresa M. Brown. Roy is laying claim to one of the finest "mud boats" in the country, having made the trip in from the river in two hours without being stuck once.

GREEN BUTTE MAKES IMPROVEMENTS

During the past week eight carloads of lumber, consigned to the Green Butte Mines Co. arrived in McCarthy, and a larger amount has already been transported to the mine. The present shipment of material is to be used in the construction of a first class dormitory at the upper camp. While a crew of men

are busy up above, a large force is putting up a fine log building at the lower camp, and otherwise putting things in shape for the accommodation of a full crew through the winter months.

Through the efficient management of the owners, the Green Butte is now ranked among the copper producers of the district, whereas a year ago it was considered only a mighty good prospect.

NEW SCHOOL BUILDING AT KENNECOTT

Monday school began at Kennecott, with the usual number of pupils. The day also marked the opening of the city's new ultra modern school building, that has just been completed.

The building is properly heated and ventilated, while the lighting system is scientifically correct. The institution is one any town would be proud of.

LOCALS

In addition to her duties of head waitress at Charley Chongs, Mrs. Paul Latham has assumed the management of J. B. O'Neill's clerical department.

Miss Cosby Jackson and Miss Gladys Thomas, both of Bellingham, Washington, are teaching the Kennecott school this term. Miss Jackson is instructor of the high school department.

Sept. 15

PERSONALS

Jack O'Neill has had his store remodeled to the extent of new counter display facilities.

Nels Tjosevig has been busy adding several rooms to the Marshall Hotel.

HUNTERS HAVE A SUCCESSFUL TRIP

Capt. J. P. Hubrick and John Nickell returned today by way of Chitina from a six weeks trip on which the former conducted Mr. Russell Mott, a Chicago lawyer and his son, Cutler. They report a very fine trip, having enjoyed excellent weather until the last week.

The party secured a large number of excellent trophies, including grizzly and brown bear skins, a large grey timber wolf pelt, an eagle with a spread of seven feet eight inches and many fine horns and scalps. Capt. Hubrick also added some interesting pictures to his collection.

Sept. 23

A.R.C. REFUSES LOCAL CREW PERMISSION TO FIX CULVERT

The local engineer in charge, Longacre, wired Valdez for permission to put in a culvert over the washout on second.

Yesterday he received answer to the wire, and permission was refused, in spite of the fact all material was to have been furnished by the town.

It becomes more evident every day that the present heads of the Commission should be given opportunity to practice their talent in other places besides Alaska.

LANDSLIDE BLOCKS TRACK

Friday saw the first train from Cordova that the Copper River & N. W. RR has managed to get past the rock slide that came down at mile 129. It is estimated that approximately six thousand feet of debris was on the track.

At one place the shovel stood for twenty-four hours before it could clear enough track to move ahead on.

Thursday a small slide came down that blocked the track at mile 110, for about twenty hours. Two section gangs cleared the latter slide.

Sept. 29

Mrs. Sam Seltenreich and son Buddy moved into town this past week and are fixing their cabin up for the winter. As soon as the fall work is finished, the two older boys will start to school.

This is a speedy town. Jack O'Neill offered fifteen dollars to get a car of gas unloaded and three men finished the job in two hours.

RESTAURANT OPENS SOON

'Member them fine Sunday dinners we used to get, when we lived down on the farm? We will have a chance to sample something in that line tomorrow, if the new boarding establishment that is to be presided over by Mrs. John Underwood is fitted up to receive patronage by that time.

The place of business is on Second Street and is located in the Allen house.

Oct. 6

TOWN TALK

Mrs. Theresa Brown who

conducts the Nizina roadhouse arrived in town Sunday. She announces that the roadhouse will be closed to the traveling public until next spring. Mrs. Brown is as yet undecided whether she will spend the winter in town or go to the coast or take a trip to the states.

Mrs. Sam Seltenreich has assumed the management of the Alaska Hotel during the absence of Mrs. Kennedy, who has gone to the coast on a business and shopping trip.

SHEEP HUNTER IS KILLED

The second fatal hunting accident during the past week occurred last Wednesday, when Oscar Pritz, of Kennecott, was dashed to death on Mount Donohoe.

Pritz and a companion started out from Kennecott to hunt and when they reached Mount Donohoe, it was decided that the best plan was to separate, Pritz going around on the Regal side.

After some hours absence the companion arrived at the rendezvous and found that Pritz had not yet arrived, so in a short time the search began. Pritz was located at the base of the cliff and brought to Kennecott.

CHITINA NOTES

Supt. Shipp, and D. F. Millard of Chitina and Valdez, respectively, have just returned from a trip to mile one hundred and sixty, on the government highway, where they checked out the A. R. C. cache. They report very few caribou, though several herds of a hundred or so animals have crossed the trail.

A. W. Longacre, the

road engineer, left on Monday's train to Cordova, enroute to Valdez where he will run a survey for a new trail that is to be constructed during the forthcoming season. He will return to Chitina, where he will make his headquarters during the winter.

John C. Richards has purchased Tom Holland's homestead which adjoins the city limits, the farmhouse being within a few yards of Ed Fundeen's residence. Mr. Richards and wife expect to made their home here and enter into the farming game on a large scale.

JOHNSTON TO OPEN POOL HALL

It is reported that William Johnston has made arrangements to open up a new pool hall in the building formerly occupied by E. C. Todd, on Front Street.

The place will open its doors sometime next month, after the interior has been refinished and the building otherwise renovated.

MCCARTHY DAIRY CLOSSES FOR WINTER

Frank Iverson reports that the McCarthy Dairy will be closed down after this week, on account of his and Mrs. Iverson's absence to the states this winter.

He has rented his dairy stock to the Kennecott Corporation and will take animals up tomorrow.

Frank has made arrangements with the Corporation that will ensure an adequate milk supply for the McCarthy babies.

Oct. 23

A Hairy Solution for Crude Oil Spills

BY NED ROZELL

In 1989, Phillip McCrory watched a CNN story on the Exxon Valdez oil spill. Seeing the difficulty volunteers were having cleaning oil from the fur of otters, McCrory wondered if perhaps human hair could be used to soak up oil. His curiosity could revolutionize how we attack oil spills.

McCrory is a hairdresser who lives in Madison, Alabama. After seeing the oily otters on CNN, he brought a bag of hair home the next day. He stuffed an old pair of his wife Sherry's nylons with five pounds of hair, then tied the ankles together to make a ring. After he filled his son's plastic pool with water, he dumped in a gallon of used motor oil. He dunked the ring of hairy panty hose. "In two minutes, the water was crystal clear," he said recently over the phone from his salon. Chicken feathers, wool, and straw are other natural substances used on oil spills, but hair seems to be more effective, said McCrory, who brought his discovery to researchers at NASA's Marshall Space Flight Center in nearby Huntsville, Alabama.

The scientists did further tests: they filled a 55-gallon drum with 40 gallons of water and 15 gallons of oil. Another

drum, which drained at the bottom, was stuffed with nylon bags full of hair. The drum with the oily water was poured into the drum with the hair. When the water flowed out the bottom, only 17 parts of oil per million parts of oil remained, equal to about two drops of oil. Hair does not absorb oil. Oil clings to hair in a process known as adsorption, in which the tiny scales on hair snag and hold oil. Maurice Hall, a NASA engineer working with McCrory, said hair adsorbs better than wool or feathers. The researchers are working with McCrory to develop quilted pillows of hair of various sizes. The current version being tested weighs just more than a pound and will adsorb a gallon of oil in two minutes, McCrory said.

The hair within the pillows can collect oil many times if it is properly wrung out, and the hair can eventually be burned as fuel, McCrory said. The hair, a renewable resource, could eventually replace polypropylene fibers now used to collect oil. McCrory figures about 1.4 million pounds of hair could have snatched up the 11 million gallons of oil leaked by the Exxon Valdez. Hair supply, he explained, is not a problem. About 200,000

salons and barber shops exist in the U.S., and the floors of each gather about one pound of hair a day. He currently collects hair from 12 Alabama salons for the work with Marshall Space Flight Center and hopes to eventually keep mountains of hair out of landfills nationwide. "Two-hundred thousand pounds of hair a day grows, no matter what El Nino's doing," he said.

"It's the same crop, every day." McCrory received a patent for his idea and wants a company to buy his license and start making hair pillows once final tests at Marshall Space Flight Center are accomplished. If a large corporation isn't interested, he said he will develop the idea himself. He's done it before. McCrory, 52, has three patents, including one for a collapsible Christmas tree that hangs from the ceiling to prevent cats from knocking it over. "I don't look for these ideas," he said. "They just come up and find me."

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

For every 100,000 cyclists, the number who are injured while riding: 905

For every 100,000 anglers, the number who are injured while fishing: 141

For every 100,000 golfers, the number who are injured while playing: 104

For every 100,000 hunters, the number who are injured while hunting: 8

Newborn Moose Calves Fight Very Slim Odds

BY NED ROZELL

Any moose calf alive in mid-summer is a very lucky animal. If the calf was born a twin, it has probably seen its sibling pulled down and eaten by a bear. If the calf was born alone, it probably stood close to its mother as she reared on her hind legs and pounded a predator with her hooves.

In late May all over Alaska, female moose find a secluded spot to birth a calf, twin calves or sometimes triplets. In the weeks that follow, many of these gangly newborns fall prey to bears and wolves. In most areas of Alaska, more moose calves die than survive. Mark Bertram is a U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service wildlife biologist for the Yukon Flats National Wildlife Refuge. Early this summer, while a helicopter pilot distracted cow moose from the air, Bertram and others scrambled to birthing sites and attached radio collars to newborn calves. By following radio signals after the calves stopped moving, the biologists were able to find dead calves and determine what killed them. In the study at Yukon Flats, an area larger than Maryland where Alaska's longest river reaches north of the Arctic Circle, Bertram has found the remains of a majority of the 29 moose he collared. Fifty-five percent died in one month. Three-quarters of those baby moose were killed by either black bears, which are abundant in the

Yukon Flats, or grizzly bears. When Bertram approaches a kill site, there's usually not much left to identify the carcass as a moose calf. He said bears generally crush a calf's skull to first eat the brain, tongue and other soft tissue, then work their way back to consume the entire carcass. A moose calf is a major score for a bear or a wolf, as is seen in the woeful numbers of calves that reach their first birthday. "It's real common for just 30 percent of calves to survive their first year," Bertram said.

In studies done elsewhere in Alaska and the Yukon, the numbers agree. North of Tok, 25 percent of calves collared survived their first year. Just 19 percent survived in a study performed in southwest Yukon. Around 30 percent made it through a year in two studies done around Galena and Nelchina. Terry Bowyer, a biologist at the University of Alaska Fairbanks' Institute of Arctic Biology, collared cow moose in Denali National Park and kept track of their young for four years. Only five calves out of 44 made it through their first summers. A vast majority of those were killed by grizzly bears.

There is at least one area in Alaska where the outlook for moose calves has not been as bleak recently. Tanana Flats, south of Fairbanks between the Tanana River and the

Alaska Range, is "Moose Heaven," according to Rod Boertje, a predator-prey research biologist with the Alaska Department of Fish and Game. At three and one-third moose per square mile in the central 2,600 square miles of Tanana Flats, the area has more moose than just about any area of comparable size in North America. Because moose far outnumber the predators there, lots of moose calves survive the first few rocky weeks of life. Fifty-eight percent of the Tanana Flats' calves lived to see their first birthdays. Tanana Flats' moose are able to swamp predators with more calves than they can eat, Boertje said. It's a luxury moose don't have in other areas, such as the Yukon Flats, which has only about 0.3 to 0.4 moose per square mile and more bears than Tanana Flats. Moose calves are often easy prey for bears and wolves until they gain some agility, Boertje said. "Caribou calves can outrun bears in 10 days," he said. "It takes moose calves about five weeks until they can outrun a bear. They're vulnerable for a lot longer."

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

the Languid Lady

Wildflowers of the Wrangells—Part 3: “Late Bloomers”

BY DEE FRADY

As my friends know, I love flowers of all kinds; both cultivated and wild. Our store front on the McCarthy road showcases hanging baskets, window boxes and containers full of summer blooms. It seems the vegetable garden has become almost non-existent while the flowers have increased! These interests have evolved into gathering, pressing and arranging wildflowers as well as hand painting them on magnets and jewelry.

This summer season has been a particular challenge due to an abundance of snowshoe hares, squirrels and voles. All of them consider planting domestic flowers in their wild environment a culinary treat! The hares get up into the wheelbarrow and other containers full of flowers and nibble away. Squirrels, I've discovered, have an affinity for 'Livingston Daises.' The rock garden, at this point, is just a collection of rocks. By the way, in a peak year a hare can have three litters—this seems to be that year!

Getting back to the subject at hand, the following six wildflowers can bloom from late June to August. They mostly occur in July and August depending on their locale.

WESTERN COLUMBINE
(*Aquilegia formosa*) Crowfoot

Family

This is one of Alaska's most beautiful flowers. The showy five-petaled, lacquer-red and yellow flowers project backward into hollow spurs. They have multiple protruding yellow stamens. These flowers gracefully sway from branching, brownish-red stalks that grow 2 to 3 feet high. The dark green leaves are compound and deeply cleft with a grayish tinge on the undersides. The seeds form in enclosed capsules. They grow in mountain meadows to moist woods and like full sun to some shade. One of the easiest wildflowers to grow from seed without any special handling that also transplants well. From aquilegus, water-drawer, the flowers are edible and their long spurs hold a hidden supply of nectar. Some insects that cannot reach the honey at the spur tips bite holes through the flowers to obtain the fluid. This perennial is a common backyard ornamental often added to flower beds. The roots and seeds are for external use only. DO NOT EAT. Mashing the seeds and rubbing them into the scalp is a traditional treatment for head lice.

Blue Columbine (*A. brevistyla*) grows in our area as well. This is a shorter plant, 8 to 15 inches tall, with smaller, blue and creamy white blossoms that have short spurs. The seeds are harder to find as birds eat

them when they ripen. Something of a mystery as the birds will not eat *A. formosa* seeds.

MONKSHOOD (*Aconitum delphinifolium*) Crowfoot Family

Also known as Friar's Cap, these flowers have a deep blue to purple, distinctive hood-shaped upper petal with a beak. Occasionally white. Several blooms occur on stems of this tall, graceful plant that grows to 3 feet or more. The dark green leaves are finger-shaped, much cleft and pointed. They like shady, moist locations best, but thrive in other places too. Can be transplanted, seeds with more difficulty. Long tongues are necessary to reach the honey, so these plants are largely dependent on bumblebees and hummingbirds for pollination. VERY POISONOUS. Contain an alkaloid that paralyzes the nerves and lowers body temperature as well as blood pressure. History shows many interesting uses of this plant. Monkshood used as bait in killing wolves had the old name of wolfbane. This plant used as a spear or arrow poison, paralyzed animals without affecting meat edibility. Roots (the most poisonous part of the plant) combined with cheese to kill rats are another use. Medieval word for Monkshood was thung (a name common for any deadly

plant) and was useful in warfare. The root placed in water holes and wells poisoned enemy water supplies.

In spite of a bad reputation, these blossoms make beautiful pressed flower arrangements and hold their color well. To dry for other uses, hang the plant upside down. Always wash your hands after handling.

LARKSPUR (*Delphinium glaucum*) Crowfoot Family

Name from Greek 'a dolphin' due to flower resemblance. These plants are smaller than the cultivated Delphinium. A purple-blue, irregular-shaped flower in which the petals join to form a spur. There are many florets on a tall, stout, hollow spike (purplish in color) up to 6 feet tall. The flower spike makes up as much as one-third the height of the plant and blooms from the bottom upward. The leaves are large, fingered, sharply toothed, 5 to 7 lobed segments. Larkspur likes moist woods and meadows. Difficult to grow from seed but transplants well (old roots divide well). **POISONOUS**. This plant contains a poison similar to Monkshood but it is less active. Seeds of this plant are medicinal for head lice. Dry Larkspur for use in decorative arrangements.

WILD GERANIUM,
NORTHERN CRANESBILL
(*Geranium erianthum*)
Geranium Family

A very attractive flower with five lavender-blue, red-veined petals on erect, branched stems growing to 2 feet. (The flowers are occasionally albino.) The leaves are finger-shaped with 5 to 7 toothed lobes and are silky on the underside. After the



WILD GERANIUM (NAMED FOR THE RESEMBLANCE OF THE SEED VESSELS TO A CRANE'S BILL)

petals fall the stamens are red and persist. Cranesbill, named for the resemblance of the seed vessels to a crane's bill (long and pointed), curl backward releasing the seeds rapidly with considerable force. Wild Geranium grows in moist woods, dry roadsides and above timberline in alpine meadows. Outstanding for the garden and responds well to cultivation. Geranium is easy to transplant and grown from seed with the following preparation. Scarify and stratify; that is, use sandpaper and cold/moist treatment. As a salad garnish, add edible flowers. Geranium roots have clotting action and astringent properties. Cranesbill has a history of use during the Civil War to stop hemorrhaging.

NORTHERN
GRASS-OF-PARNASSUS
(*Parnassia palustris*) Saxifrage Family

A late blooming flower also called Bog Star and named after the Greek Mount Parnassus. These white blossoms have five large,

pointed petals with green veins. They produce an obvious, center green seed capsule. The solitary, star-shaped blooms are on tall, stiff stems that grow to a foot or more. The small, heart-shaped, light green leaves cluster around the base except for one, tiny, clasping leaf midway up each stem. They grow in damp areas such as margins of ponds, bogs, seeps on hillsides and roadside ditches. They grow from transplants and seeds. Collect tiny seeds when center capsule starts to split. Keep cool and dry and plant in the spring. They germinate in light so do not cover with soil. Grass-Of-Parnassus is circumboreal and a common species in Europe.

YARROW, MILLFOIL
(*Achillea millefolium*) Aster Family

White, tiny, simple daisy shapes in a flat, branched, flower cluster (corymb). These occur on branched, hairy,



YARROW (COMMON NAME OF "THOUSAND LEAVES")

gray-green leafy stems to 24 inches. The leaves appear finely

out and fern-like, hence the common name of "thousand leaves." The plant has a strong, aromatic sage or tansy odor. Yarrow is common on the roadsides and open areas in lower elevations. This plant seeds easily. Mature stalks are gathered, colored and used in bouquets. Yarrow's virtues, reportedly discovered by the Greek warrior, Achilles, are a potent medicinal. Yarrow tea is used to induce perspiration and reduce fever as well as a skin wash for all types of infections and irritations. Historically

called soldier's woundwort as soldiers and carpenters used the plant for its wound healing properties. The only drawback is that repeated use causes sensitivity to sunlight; use sparingly.

Interesting and useful emergency trail suggestions are: toothaches, chew a fresh Yarrow leaf and for nosebleed, roll and place a Yarrow leaf in the nostril. Other uses found are: "poor man's pepper" (made with dried and ground leaves) and rubbing clothes and skin with crushed leaves as an insect repellent. (Fortunately, this

season, not needed!)

As the wildflower season comes to a close I start to look for the first signs of fall. Not hard to spot are plenty of yellow willow leaves on the mountainsides and hues of orange and red throughout the woods. The Fireweed spikes are almost bare of blooms now and the seed pods are popping open. Although the traveler can still see several flowers in bloom the fast approaching fall colors will soon dominate the landscape.

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Personal Information

- Educated at home, private, and public schools.
- Married with three children (daughter NANA stockholder).
- Owner Minchumina and co-owner Nuliaq Alaska Charters (Valdez).
- Vice President of Minchumina Homeowners Association and Valdez Harbor Users Association.

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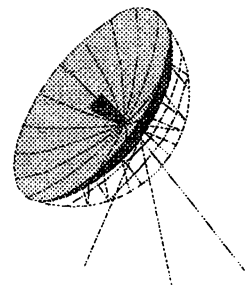
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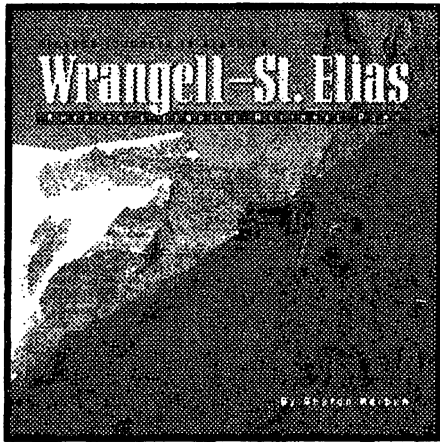
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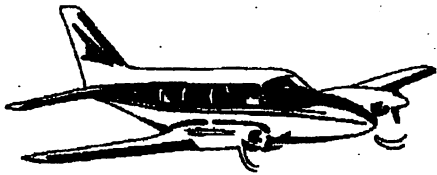


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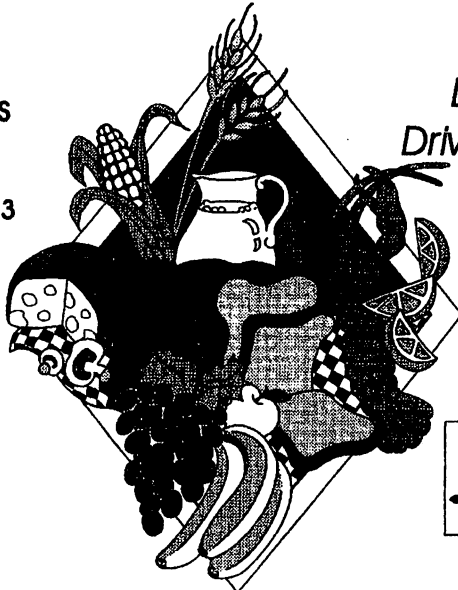
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Cooking with Carly

BY CARLY KRITCHEN

I woke up this morning to another lovely August day here on the banks of the Kennicott River. Although it's still technically summer, it has already been below freezing on several mornings, a reminder that fall and winter are not far behind! Although I'm always sorry to see summer end, fall is also one of my favorite seasons. I love the crisp mornings and warm afternoons, and I really enjoy going berry picking. My husband also likes to pick, and we've spent many enjoyable hours filling our buckets with whatever berries were currently abundant. He also enjoys eating the jars of jams and jellies that our labors produce!

I've collected quite a few old cookbooks over the years, and some of the Alaskan books really have some interesting recipes included in them. I've added instructions for sealing the jars as suggested in the "Ball Blue Book" guide to canning and freezing, as most of them were originally sealed with paraffin, or had no instructions included other than "seal jar." If you're not familiar with making preserves, I suggest you read this guide or a similar one with instructions for safe canning before you get started. The Alaska Extension Service also puts out a good publication with instructions and recipes for wild berries.

This recipe was printed with the note that it "tastes just like Concord Grape Jelly." Try it and see what you think!

Raspberry Jelly

Combine:
2 cups wild raspberry juice
1 cup high bush cranberry juice
1 cup blueberry juice
juice of 2 limes
7 1/2 cups sugar
1 bottle pectin (or 2 pouches)

Boil all ingredients except pectin 1 minute and add one bottle of commercial pectin. Bring back to a boil, and remove from heat. Skim and pour quickly into hot sterilized jars to within 1/8 inch from top. Wipe the rims of the jars with a damp cloth, put lid on and screw band on tight. Invert jar for 5 minutes. Then stand jars and let cool. Check for seal before storing.

In some places rose hips are called "roseberries." I guess that is what they look like! This recipe is from a Canadian friend, Clara Carlson.

Rose Berry and Rhubarb Jam

1 cup rose berries
1 cup water
2 cups sugar
4 cups diced rhubarb
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 Tablespoon grated lemon rind

Use slightly under ripe rose berries. Cut in half and remove seeds. Combine with rhubarb, water, and salt. Boil rapidly for 1 minute. Add sugar and lemon rind. Boil rapidly 1 minute, then pour into hot jars to within

1/4 inch of top. Adjust caps. Process 15 minutes in boiling water bath canner.

(Note: I had to boil it a little longer to get a jam consistency.)

I have several versions of this recipe—the smell while it's cooking is just heavenly!

Spiced Blueberry Jam

4 1/2 cups blueberries
7 cups sugar
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon cloves
grated rind of one lemon
1 Tablespoon lemon juice
1 bottle pectin

Boil all ingredients except pectin over high heat for 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, and immediately stir in the pectin. Skim off the foam with a metal spoon. Pour into hot sterilized jars and seal. Process in a hot water bath for 15 minutes.

I've only used low bush cranberries with this recipe, although it says you can use either variety. I plan to try it with high bush berries this year.

Cranberry Pineapple Butter

3 cups high (or low) bush cranberry pulp
1 cup crushed canned pineapple
3 1/2 cups sugar

Boil mixture over high heat until it thickens, stirring constantly. Pour into hot sterilized jars and seal. Process in a hot water bath for 15 minutes.

"Confidence is that feeling of certainty you have just before you understand the situation." — unknown

A LOOK AT THE WEATHER

BY GEORGE CEBULA

So far the summer of 1998 has been a bit on the wet and cloudy side with June and July temperatures and precipitation just about average. The high temperature for June was 84 on the 30th (84 on June 26, '97 and 81 on June 23, '96). The low was 27 on June 1st (26 on June 2, '97 and 26 on June 15, '96). The average temperature for June was 54.9. This compares to 54.8 in June 1997 and 53.3 in June 1996. There were only 3 days with a high of 80 or above and 4 days with a low of 32 or lower. The total precipitation was 1.22 inches. This was a little less than the 1.58 inches in June 1997 and 1.35 in June 1996. *Silver Lake had a high of 80 on June 30th (85 on June 28, '97 and 83 on June 24, '96) and a low of 32 on June 1st (29 on June 2, '97 and 31 on June 6, '96). The average June temperature at Silver Lake was 54.5 (55.8 in 1997 and 53.5 in 1996) and the total precipitation was 0.25 inches (0.66 inches in*

1997 and 0.60 inches in 1996).

July was a bit warmer and drier than last year. The high for July was 85 on the 3rd (84 on July 1, '97 and 80 on July 19, '96). The low was 30 on July 9th and 27th (37 on July 10, '97 and 35 on July 18, '96). The July average temperature 55.5, compared to 54.8 in 1997 and 56.2 in 1996. There were 4 days with a high of 80 or above and an unusual 4 days with a low of 32 or lower. The total July precipitation was 2.09 inches (3.49 inches in 1997 and 2.09 inches in 1996). *Silver Lake recorded a high of 82 on the 1st and 4th (83 on July 2, '97 and 80 on July 19, '96) and a low of 35 on the 9th (41 on July 10, '97 and 39 on July 4, '96). The average July temperature at Silver Lake was 58.1, compared to 59.9 in 1997 and 57.2 in 1996. The total precipitation recorded at Silver Lake for July was 2.20 inches (1.75 inches in 1997 and 0.82 inches in 1995).*

Hidden Creek Lake waited

until August 10th to release its water. The water in the Kennicott River began to rise during the afternoon and didn't crest until late the next afternoon. The increase was more than 3 feet in 24 hours. The crest was about a foot lower than last year and there was no flooding. The river was back to its normal level by the morning of August 14th.

The greater part of August has been cloudy and wet, with plenty of rain. It's about time to think about covering the plants in the garden. The first frost and freeze was observed on the 4th with a low of 31 degrees. There have been 5 days with lows of 28-31 through the 16th.

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

(CONSIDER—cont.)

There will be the brand new hockey grounds, the clubs, bowling, indoor games of various other kinds, all of which may be indulged in when work for the next year seems too laborious and after a good brisk game, either indoor or out, each will return again to his labors in a happy frame of mind, and renew his work with fresh energy.

Do not begin to knock either the town or your own affairs – both are business suicide and no town can succeed where the people of that town are saying bitter things against it or themselves, for the town, village

or city is what the people in it make it. What is a town, a city or a village? Just what the people are themselves – no more or no less. Every time a person speaks ill of his business he is kicking his own shins and he soon gets a chronic sore from it. It is a canker that eats into him and his business and soon his neighbor feels the effect and he, too, begins to kick. Stroller White once had – or was it some one else who had “house maids” knee? Anyway, Stroller said it. House maids’ knee is nothing compared to “scabby shins” either mentally, morally or physically. Don't kick. Brace up

and work for the good of the old town and by so doing you will help the whole world along.

When the icy breath of winter is upon us we will think of the long golden days of summer and get warmth in the thought.

A good thought is in the following: “Dear God, give us grace to remain silent when it is not necessary to speak.” Each and all may avail himself of the privilege to add this to his daily prayer and welcome, as it is not copyrighted.

Skagway Alaskan (Reprinted in McCarthy Weekly News October 6, 1923)

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

It is always interesting to me to compare the attitudes of the early pioneers to those held by present day residents. Consider these thoughts on tourism taken from the 1923 McCarthy Weekly News. Then see if the editorial about "Calamity Howlers" has any value today. It was taken from the Skagway Alaskan, reprinted in the McCarthy Weekly News, now in WSEN.

This summer's tourist traffic has shown the possibilities of Alaska as a summer playground. The American vacationist who heretofore thought it necessary to hie himself to Europe to see the midnight sun, to climb lofty mountains or to use an Alpine stick on creviced glaciers is finally awakening to the fact that the same thrills may course through his veins in this neglected, maligned and abused, but ever hopeful territory "north of 53."

It behooves every town and hamlet to create an ardent desire on the part of every would be traveler to sojourn awhile within its limits, and further, to provide suitable accommodations and entertainment for him when he comes.

It is safe to state that there is not one region in Alaska but what has attractions – climatic, scenic, industrial, romantic and scientific – to lure the tourist, be he a seeker of health, recreation, information, romance, local color or the unusual. Yes, even McCarthy might entertain an annual quota of summer visitors. Next week we shall set forth reasons why anyone contemplating a vacation might do worse than linger a bit in or near this little town that every tourist who stopped here this summer characterized as being so "typically Alaskan."

(September 1, 1923)

McCarthy as a tourist resort would not, perhaps, make much of a hit with the tourist whose idea of seeing the country is to climb into a "rubber neck wagon" and 'emit' enraptured, "Oh's" and "Ah's" as the man with the megaphone continues, "And that tall building to the right, ladies and gentlemen...." Nor would it attract the summer vacationist who saves all year to spend a week playing golf or bridge with other would be millionaires at "Charleston by The Sea."

But to the outdoor enthusiast or to the real traveler we have attractions a plenty. First, there is our climate second to none in Alaska – and we say it without fear of contradiction. Our delightful summer days last, during June and July, from twenty to twenty four hours. Then as to scenery, we quote the words of a member of the Brooklyn Eagle party, "Your mountains are magnificent; they seem different than any we have seen and how interesting to see this vast stretch of moraine." There is much that cannot be seen in a thirty-minute stop – the drive along the Mother Lode trail to the glacier; Mt. Blackburn, which is easily seen from the Kennecott road, and a majestic panorama of glaciers, mountains, lakes and rivers to greet the eye of the mountain climber. In August we have an added scenic attraction, the "boiling pothole," so called because every year the waters of

a lake, which has a subterranean outlet rush out with such force as to break thru the glacier, boiling up as tho a gigantic fire were giving it impetus.

In addition to scenery, game and fish abound. Within walking distance are several trout streams, and at Long lake, eighteen miles by speeder, fishing, bathing and boating can be indulged in. Or, should one desire something more thrilling, he can secure horses and competent guides here for a trip to Shushanna, over the same trail traversed by the stampedeers, thus getting a taste of real Alaska.

(September 8, 1923)

With the closing of the season, the "Calamity Howlers" again begin to cry about hard times and lack of patronage. They have been so busy during the summer, raking in the good cash, that a let up of that very pleasant business seems to them a great misfortune and they begin to cry hard times instead of being thankful for the blessings already received and getting ready for the great rush of travel that will surely come again the coming year. The higher ups in transportation circles have given out that we will have more boats, more people and consequently more business next year than ever before. Skagway is never at a loss for winter diversion and we should all have the get together spirit and work for the common good.

(Continued on page 29)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

July 8, 1998
Manitou Springs, CO
WSEN:

During May 27, the last day of the recent Kennicott Kids' Reunion, the some two dozen kids gathered at the Kennicott Lodge to tell about their memories of life in what was then incorrectly spelled as Kennecott. As the last teacher (1937-1938), I was among the participants.

As is well known, the temptation on such occasions is to go on at great length. Also, teachers and professors can be especially stricken by this habit of interminable long-windedness.

Therefore, when I rose to speak I decided to make my remarks as brief as possible, and to speak only about one or two items—only one as it turned out, about the rays of the spring sun that shone through the school door keyhole and in inverted fashion displayed on a facing wall a photo image of the whole southern panorama of mountains, thus providing us with an unexpected lesson in optical science.

In my deliberate brevity, I failed to say some things about that school year that could have been of interest to several of the people in our group—about the Kennecott Star, printed on an old job press loaned to us by Mr. O'Neill of the McCarthy drugstore, about the tunnels we dug in the snow where we pulled each other around on sleds during the winter, about how Mrs. O'Neill of McCarthy had to come to the school to teach me how to teach her boy Tommy how to read, and so on.

The pupils at Kennecott during 1937-1938 were Tommy O'Neill, 1st grade; Ronald Brososky, 2nd; Johnny Pytel, 3rd; Billy Humpheries, 4th; Lyle Morris, 6th; Bruce Morris, 9th; and Frank Norris, 10th, with whom I have corresponded; and it was my great pleasure to meet and talk with him quite a bit during this latest Kennicott Kids' Reunion.

After Kennecott, I taught at various levels, beginning with another one-room school at the Independence Mine (1939-1940, after finishing college, 1938-1939), and the Valdez Highschool (1940-1942), followed by conscription during World War II and then Outside for graduate studies. Altogether, my teaching covered thirty-four years, with final retirement from the University of Colorado at the end of 1980.

What I should have especially stressed at the Kennicott Kids' Reunion was that of all the thousands of students with whom I mingled during a third of a century, none were better behaved, gave me less trouble, or were more interested in and dedicated to their school work, than those at the Blackburn School in Kennicott during 1937-1938. This gives me good memories, and at the reunion I should have said so; but there was that strong urge not to go on and on like a long-winded professor.

Also, Marian and I both think the Reunion was a great and exciting event, and a lot of special credit is due to its hosts and organizers. This is an occasion about which we shall

have very pleasant memories.
Jim Busey

McCarthy
August 18, 1998
WRANGELL ST. ELIAS NEWS:

Fall is close and so is our departure back to Germany. We will miss the mountains, the rivers, the silence and the peace of this area.

This year in McCarthy was a very special one in our lives. Thank you to [local residents] for making our life here colorful and happy.

We wish all of you a good time in the future and harmony in your community.

We won't forget this special place.

Harm & Birte
(letter shortened due to space requirements)

Mulino, OR
WRANGELL ST. ELIAS NEWS:

I would like to receive a recent copy of *A Visitor's Guide to McCarthy & Kennicott*.

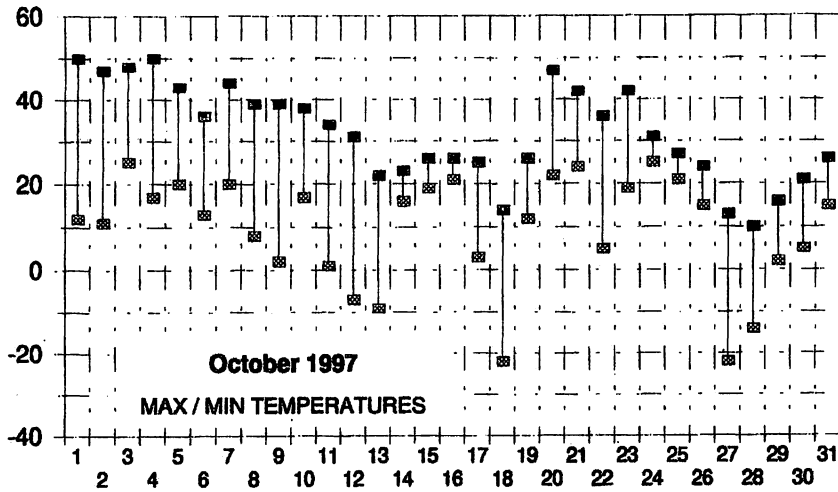
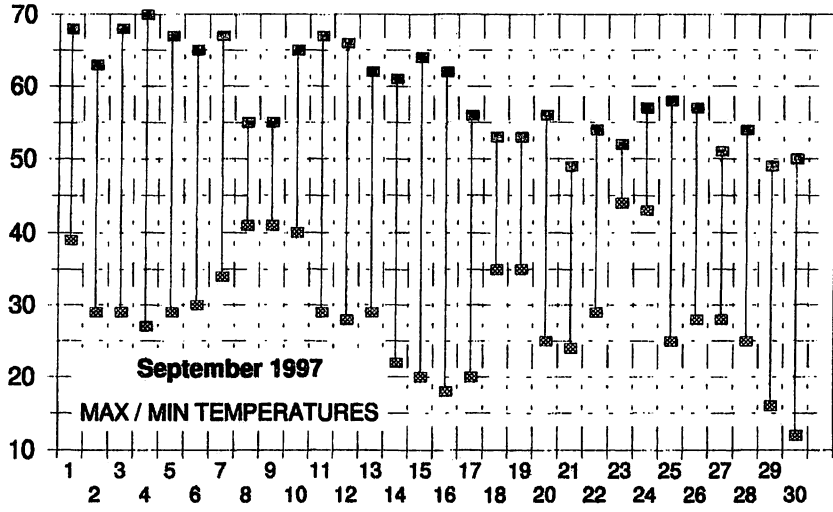
I am especially interested in the Kennecott Copper Corporation, and the mining operation in the 1915-1916 time period. My husband's uncle worked in the Jumbo Mine at that time. He sent several postcards home while we was working there.

Do you know if there is a historical society in the local area, or someone I might be able to write to? Any help would be very much appreciated.

Sincerely,
Wanda Marshall
18564 S. Windy City Rd.
Mulino, OR 97042-9750

Weather - What can we expect?

Wangell St. Elias News
McCarthy
PO Box 144
Glennallen, AK 99588

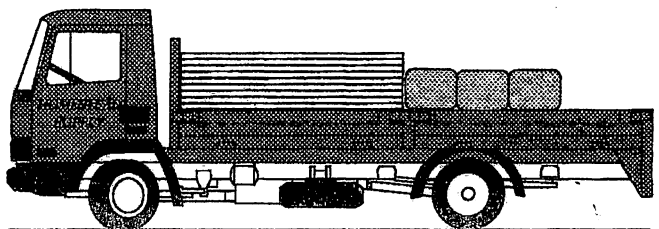


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