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# Wrangell St. Elias News

*"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"*

Vol. Twelve Issue Five

September & October 2003

Two Dollars

## **The dark side of NPS** **Armed Rangers, scientists continue** **heartless war against Pilgrims**



**Heart wrenching story page 6**

## *A note from the Publisher*

BY BONNIE KENYON

**B**etter late than never – goes the saying. The door is closing on our area's busy tourist season but *Wrangell St. Elias News* never closes its door to the news. I guess that's why we are late again this issue; the news keeps happening and we keep writing! Thank you for your patience in the arrival of this issue.

In spite of our busyness this

### ***Wrangell St. Elias News***

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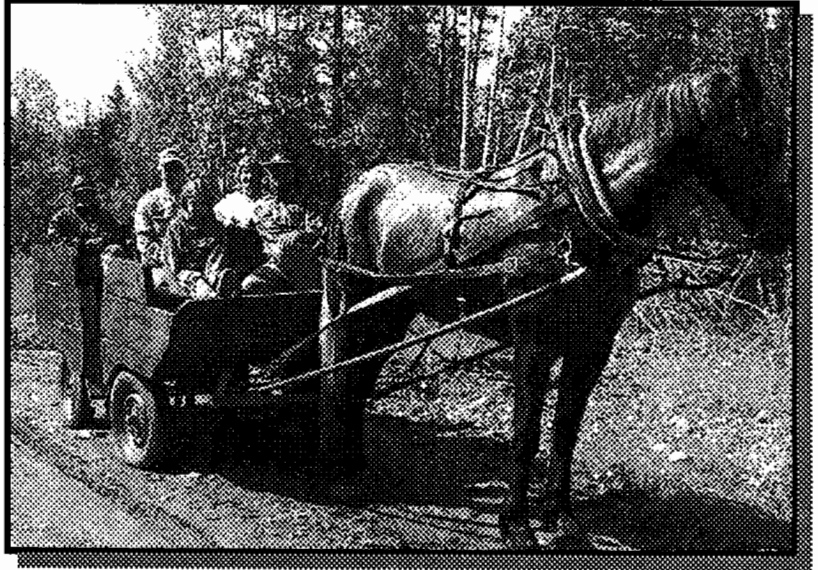
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WSEN staff photo

Our guests (all the way from Florida!) Mike and Joyce Propson enjoy a carriage ride with Joseph Pilgrim. (That's Neta in the back seat!)

summer, Rick, my mom and I had the pleasure of a visit with friends of ours from Sarasota, FL – Mike and Joyce Propsom. Rick and I hadn't seen Mike in 27 years and we had a lot of catchin' up to do. As you can see by the picture, we decided to do some of that while en route to Kennicott. A carriage ride on a super beautiful McCarthy day provided a perfect backdrop for a chat among friends.

As we put the finishing touches on the September/ October issue – this page is usually the last on my list of to-do's – it is September 18. We have been experiencing cold nights this week -- 12 degrees to be exact -- and the leaves are falling fast and heavy. Fall is certainly here and harvest time for our local gardeners (we are on that list) has more than arrived. Although snow has been threatened for

our area, we have not seen it except on the mountain tops.

The Northern Lights have been providing us locals and late-seasonal visitors a grand display this last week. My mom stayed up late night before last and from her nearby cabin took in the "lights" as well as a late-night visitor – a coyote – who seemed oblivious to the show.

WSEN welcomes aboard the following subscribers: Paul Wilfert, WI; Wes Howard, SC; Scott and Salley Wallin, AZ; Bob and Joanie Behrends, AK; Richard Villa, AK; Gerald Green, KS; Sue Miller, AZ; Jim Shephard, AK; Goldie James, NV; Bruce and Flo Walters, AK; Roger DuBrock, AK; Autumn Falls, AK; Jim Frey, AK; Rebecca Houghton, FL; State of Alaska DOT/PF, AK.



# Items of Interest

BY BONNIE KENYON

## Jim and Audrey Edwards:

"How is your garden growing?" Audrey asked when she called the other day. And, so, began a conversation that started at the fact that our favorite cucumber seeds failed to produce, and led to the Edwards' summer guests from Denmark and Germany.

Jim, being a wonderful Alaskan host to numerous out-of-country visitors, enjoys taking them on various hikes throughout the area.

Recently Audrey teamed up with Carmen Russo and provided an outlet for anyone wanting to clean out closets and storage buildings. A garage sale was held at John and Carmen's hangar on August 8 and many of us (ladies and men alike) found goodies that we just couldn't go home without. These two energetic neighbors may well have started the means by which we can not only produce neat closets and organized outbuildings but encourage us to keep them that way. Thanks for priming the pump, Audrey and Carmen!

## Ursel and Walter Mueller:

Recently I received an email from Ursel and Walter in Switzerland, sharing the disappointing news that they will not be able to make their planned trip to McCarthy this summer.

Due to the death of Walter's mom, the Muellers decided they needed to remain closer to family members. They say "hello" to all their friends in the McCarthy area while we extend our deepest condolences to them.

**Kirk and Linda Shively:** The word "pump" brought to mind Kirk and Linda of Sourdough Drilling – our favorite well drillers. The Shivelys spent a good portion of their summer in the

local area finding good water for many of my neighbors.

I talked to Linda recently and she gave me an update on their season's activities. Nineteen successful wells were drilled between Chitina and McCarthy this year alone with the average depth being approximately 60 feet. At least one well that I know about (one drilled several years ago and not by Sourdough Drilling) received remedial attention from the Shivelys and the water quality and quantity was greatly improved.

Another round of thanksgiving to Kirk and Linda for many wells "well done."

## Harold and Carol Michals:

When I heard Carol's voice on the other end of the phone, there was no doubt that this was one excited lady. Her daughter, Sandra Carpenter of Laramie, Wy., had arrived for a 6 day visit – one that Carol described as "a joyous occasion!" Seems Carol and Sandra were renewing their mother/daughter relationship and this quality time together was of utmost importance to these special ladies.

Sandra kept exclaiming to her

like hills. Sandra is a personnel officer with the U. S. Forest Service. She arrived in time to celebrate the drilling of Michals' well (the first well for Fireweed Mountain Subdivision) on July 31.

Congratulations on hitting water, Harold and Carol and thanks for sharing Sandra's visit with us.

**Don, Lynn, Sarah and Rene Welty:** As the summer season comes to a close in the McCarthy area and change is certainly in the air, so goes the Welty family with a variety of changes in their household. Daughter Sarah is off on a new adventure. Lynn escorted her to Jackson Hole Bible College in Wy. over Labor Day weekend. Sarah's school year has begun and Lynn reports that the student is doing very well. We look forward to a full update when she comes home during school break over the holidays.

Rene enjoyed her summer in Cordova spending her time babysitting and trying her hand at commercial fishing. She is home now and has started her 10<sup>th</sup> grade studies under the tutelage of her mom.

Lynn is finishing up her job with the park service and putting on her teacher's hat.

Don finished out his summer flying job with Wrangell Mountain Air and is now at hunting camp. A highlight for him and Lynn was a visit from Don's dad, Don Welty Sr. of New Smyrna Beach, FL. Don Sr. spent time at their McCarthy home and also a short stay at hunting camp.

**George Cebula and family:** Speaking of family visits...George is pleased to have his brother Ted up from Milwaukee. Ted can hardly be classified as a visitor



WSEN STAFF PHOTO

SANDRA CARPENTER AND CAROL MICHALS.

mom that Alaskan mountains made Wyoming's mountains look

because he has been making annual fall trips to the area for a good number of years. Fall just isn't fall without Ted's arrival!

Ted's daughter, Sharon, and her family –husband David and young son Jacob George – preceded Ted by about a month as they were here August 3-9. Rick was out of town the day Sharon and David paid mom and I a visit. Of course it was great seeing them but the main attraction was 6 month old Jacob whose winsome smile captivated us both.

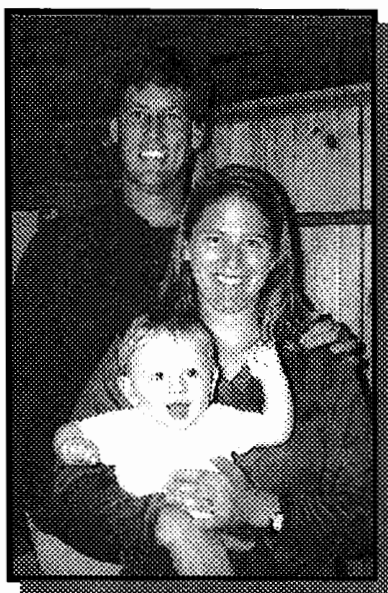
George, thanks for sharing your family with us!

**Elizabeth Schafer, Howard Mozen and family:** NEWS FLASH! I am pleased to announce that Elizabeth, Howard and daughter Avery Rose have chosen a name for Avery's baby brother – Owen Milton (who was temporarily dubbed "Moose" Mozen at birth).

Howard's parents, Milton and Dorothy from Berkeley, Ca., visited McCarthy and their family recently and were seen proudly escorting their granddaughter and new grandson around town.

**Brooks, Diane, Ian Ludwig and family:** The catch is in BIG TIME for the Ludwig family. Brooks, Diane and Ian, 3 1/2, with much gratefulness, announce that they have "caught their limit!" Twin sons, Fin Fisher and Eli Walker were born on July 31, 2003, at 11:41 pm and 11:46 pm in Fairbanks. Fin weighed 6 lb. 13 oz. at 20" and Eli at 6 lbs. 12 oz. also at 20". According to Diane "the delivery of the twins went very well; they are so cute and Ian is doing well with all of it."

As I look out my office window and see the trees turning on their fall colors, I cannot help but think of a poem Diane wrote in 1997 after a successful moose hunt by Brooks. She has graciously allowed me to share it with you.



WSEN staff photo

**DAVID, SHARON AND LITTLE JACOB GEORGE.**

#### Autumn Whispers

In autumn we talk in whispers and the dogs are hushed...

The birch leaves yellow and fall while cranes flying south say goodbye with their call.

We walk quietly through the woods stopping, listening,



Photo courtesy Brooks Ludwig

**FIN FISHER AND ELI WALKER (OR IS IT ELI WALKER AND FIN FISHER? !)**

looking...talking in whispers.

Dogwood leaves redden, sweet Labrador tea and pungent cranberry waft through the cool evening air.

Suddenly the bull steps out boldly, majestically...

And the rifle's sharp crack punctures the quiet...

In autumn we talk in whispers until the moose falls.

In winter, our table is blessed with autumn whispers.

#### Wedding bells ring!

Celebrations resounded through our small community this summer. Two of those blissful events were weddings and receptions for couples Dan Myers and Marcia Bird and Jeremy Keller and Allie McVey. Dan and Marcia were married on August 9 at Hatcher Pass, Alaska, with a reception taking place at Tailor Made Pizza in downtown McCarthy on August 20.

Jeremy and Allie's wedding was on September 10. The ceremony took place near the toe of the glacier. The reception was a community potluck at the Blackburn Community Center in McCarthy.

Many congratulations and well wishes go with these two unique couples!

**McCarthy ladies enjoy second annual Mary Kay party:** When Tammy Rowland, member of the well-known Rowland family, shows up in town she never comes empty handed. Somehow she manages to find room to bring along those special Mary Kay products, new and our old favorites. And, so, this year was no different. On August 21 a Mary Kay party was called and, in spite of the rain and the short notice, ten ladies ventured out to my house to sample Tammy's beauty products.

Among the ladies in attendance, eight were mothers and daughters: Tammy and Kimberly Rowland; Michelle and Tracey Casey; Neta Schafer and Bonnie Kenyon; Peggy Guntis and Kim Northrup. Nancy and Hannah Rowland represented a grandmother and granddaughter team while Kelly Syren did her

best to keep us ALL in line. What fun we had! Thanks, Tammy, for being an expert beauty consultant, on our outer appearance as well as our inner one.

**Downtown McCarthy celebrates Ecuadorian style:** "Come and bring the whole family to our free Ecuadorian Music Concert," read the invitation from McCarthy Lodge and their Ecuadorian Chef, Serge. The free community street event was a non-alcohol family event. Saturday, August 2 was the date and downtown McCarthy was the place. Music spilled out into the streets from the group Alma Andina who performed with great expertise and enthusiasm.

A barbecue off the Lodge's front deck for a small fee was prepared by Chef Serge and served to the attendees by none other than Neil Darish and Doug Miller, owners of McCarthy Ventures, of which McCarthy Lodge is one.

Thanks, Neil, Doug, Serge and members of Alma Andina for all your hard word and service that made this a successful event in our town.

**The Pilgrim Family Open House:** Nearly the entire 17 members of the Pilgrim Family made themselves available to the local community and businesses for an open house and a gospel grass musical concert. The newly-built-this-summer visitor information booth at the Kennicott River bridge was the scene of good food, provided by neighbor and Family alike, a wealth of uplifting gospel-grass strumming and singing that this local family is known for.

People – locals and visitors – gathering around a campfire, listened to the unique Pilgrim family harmony. Plenty of feet kept time with the music, some even sang along with familiar tunes while sampling the down-home cooking.

Pilgrim family, thank you for giving and sharing yourselves with

us!

**Copper Valley Telephone Company says thanks:** The community was invited to the First Annual Copper Valley Telephone Member Appreciation Barbecue on August 20 at the Blackburn Community Center in McCarthy. Free Hamburgers, hot dogs, pop, chips, cookies and small prizes were served to each attendee by members of CVTC management who were on hand to say thanks for the area's loyal service to Copper Valley Telephone.

This special occasion was attended by many from the McCarthy/Kennicott area.

**Fran Gagnon and Linda Warren:** The other day we were thrilled to have Fran and daughter Linda pay us a visit. A terrific time for a break from the computer and sip of hot tea with neighbors.

As most of our readers know, Fran and Al have a cabin at May Creek but take to traveling some in the winter months. It's not winter yet but the Gagnons are in our neck of the woods visiting Fran's daughter Linda and her husband Art who are from Phoenix. They have property down the road from me and are doing some sprucing up on it this fall. The Gagnons are giving them a hand.

Fran gave mom and I a show and tell of her latest beadwork necklaces. Just beautiful!

Thanks, Fran and Linda, for taking the time to come calling.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Annual McCarthy Kennicott Half Marathon:**

Nearly 45 participated in the 2<sup>nd</sup> annual race this year. Proceeds benefit the American Diabetes Association serving Alaska.

This year's race happened on Saturday, August 30 and started at the Glacier View Campground. Dan Myers was once again the Race Organizer.

Because WSEN has been unable to contact Dan since the race, the only info I have at press

time is that the winner for the men's category was Mike Murphy of Kennicott Wilderness Guides. Congratulations, Mike!

**Keith and Laurie Rowland and family:** The Rowland family is going into the fall season full blast ahead. Laurie has donned her home school teacher's hat, the new curriculum has arrived, her students (Kaleb, David, Daniel, Hannah and Jubal on the side) with clean desks (I hope!) are busy doing what all good students do, right? Right, except for those occasional glances out the school room windows for the snow that is sure to come any day now. The Rowland boys (and girl) live for snow, says Laurie. I'd just as soon not push the season as my bunny boots are still tucked away in the storage room.

Jubal turned 4 the other day and that is quite a milestone in the youngest of the Rowland kids. Congratulations, Jubal!

**McCarthy Lodge items of interest for the local community:** Doug and Neil are taking the months of October and November off from work. Over the past three years, they have heard McCarthy is a good place to take a vacation, so they decided to go to McCarthy for vacation this year. Equador, India and the Homestead in Fairbanks are possible additional stops.

After a successful 2003 season (Beth, their administrator, reports a 39% overall increase over 2002), McCarthy Ventures LLC, in their annual board meeting, has announced that since starting the restoration of a portion of McCarthy in 2001, MVLLC has pumped \$237,662 back into the local economy to year around McCarthy businesses and residents. Neil and Doug say thanks to their many local friends and suppliers.

# In Which, NPS Works 'Em Over

BY MCCARTHY ANNIE

FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 2003—

Home.

A little old-fashioned cabin nestled between forbidding, ragged peaks. Papa's guitar and Sissie's fiddle in their places on the wall. The old .375 rifle hanging over the porch, a safeguard against bears. Chuckling stream running purposefully through the yard. Suggestions of wood smoke and wildflowers on the breeze. A tall, quiet young man leading a string of horses to that pleasant little mountain meadow—just over there. Rooster crowing nearby. A small generator shed sitting out back, quiet now, but always ready to do its daily work. A mammoth-sized black-and-white dog laying her sad-eyed, faithful old head on your lap. Happy, busy sounds, sounds of singing, sounds of love and laughter. Sounds of children playing and working, not much caring which is which.

"Look, Mama, I found four eggs!"

Work-worn yet gentle hands cradling his trophies. Boyish glee radiating out from beneath the dirt and freckles.

"Good, Honey. Put them in the bowl. We can stir them into a batch of cookies later."

"Here's some flowers, Mama. I brought them for you."

Small, careful hands offer up a blazing riot of color, as trusting eyes the hue of faded bluebells search earnestly for approval.

"Thank you, Sweetheart. They're beautiful."

Just like you.

In this isolated mountain paradise, this Hillbilly Heaven, there is no store, no hospital, no school, no cushy nine-to-five jobs. Not even any neighbors for fifteen rugged, bone-crunching miles.

All they have is each other... and a little piece of ground to call their own.

Home.

Tuesday morning, August 19. Country Rose smiled as she worked over the smooth, elastic mound of bread dough in her big, homey kitchen. Kettles and pots of water hummed pleasantly as they gathered heat from the imposing wood cook stove which dominated the corner. *Most likely Pilgrim and the boys are talking to those politicians by now, down in McCarthy,* she mused.

A visit from the office staff of the Congressional Delegation had been scheduled for this day, and Pilgrim was their top priority appointment. It seems that news of heavy-handed tactics by our local National Park Land Acquisition Team had reached all the way to Washington, and they were coming to our own little ol' McCarthy town to check it out.

As she pushed and punched, kneading the dough, Country Rose breathed a quick prayer for her husband and older sons. She was glad they were the ones down in the hubbub and bustle of McCarthy to address the political people and try to scrape together enough of a living to put food on her enormous supper table. As for her, she loved the homestead, the quietness, the simplicity of chores and raising the little ones. It was peaceful up here, at Hillbilly Heaven.

Or was, until recently.

She tried not to let her mind dwell on how vulnerable she was—a

woman alone on the mountain, with half a dozen of her youngest children to care for.

Far from help. Far from Pilgrim and her sturdy, capable older sons.

With a suddenness that made her head jerk up, the heavy wooden door flew open. An excited voice called out, "Mama! The helicopter! I can hear it coming! Hurry, come on!"

Alarmed, Country Rose left her bread bowl and scooted out the door.

*What in the world are those parkies up to now?*

It seemed like, ever since the NPS had done their land survey in June, there had been trouble. When the survey team had finished their work, it was clear that the Pilgrim / NPS boundary line cut the Pilgrims' house in half somewhere between the kitchen and living room.

For the millionth time, Country Rose fumed, *Oh, that man Wigger! You'd have thought he could have told us about the buildings when he sold them to us. Why, the house is only half-way on our property, and the shed isn't anywhere close!*

The house, at least, was fixable. Not a big problem, since Wigger had built the structure on skids, knowing that it would someday have to move. The Pilgrims would need to get Wigger's aged bulldozer running and use it to pull the building onto their land. Since last April, when Park Superintendent Gary Candelaria had summarily de-



clared the McCarthy Creek Road illegal and closed it, the dozer had sat near the house—useless, except as a dandy clothesline anchor.

Soon after the survey team went home, however, Country Rose had been surprised by another helicopter visit. This time, the park rangers had transported to the homestead—not a survey team—but Old Man Wigger himself. The elderly man strode determinedly up the hill, crossed over to the rusting, decrepit bulldozer, and without so much as a ‘howdy do’, he had grimly locked up the controls with a heavy chain and padlock. Then he had turned abruptly around and made his way back to the waiting helicopter.

*That was that. No moving the house now.*

**T**here had been other incidents with park people over the summer.

With the dozer no longer usable as a method for getting groceries and supplies up the long trail home, the Pilgrims had bought a string of horses to serve as the family freight wagon. The only problem with horses, however, is that they are significantly more expensive to fuel and maintain than the average bulldozer. So the horses went to work to earn their keep.

Have you ever gone promenading through an antiquated, history-steeped town under the white canvas of an old-fashioned horse-drawn covered wagon, or explored the backwoods trails astride a two-thousand-pound Percheron? It’s an unforgettable experience, one which your savvy, adventure-loving tourist would gladly pay money to have.

On more than a couple occasions, park rangers had stopped Pilgrim family members and

their paying horse riding guests on the road to McCarthy.

“You should be aware that these folks aren’t allowed to do business on park property,” was their terse message to bewildered tourists.

Never mind that they were nowhere near park property with their horses and guests, but on the public road used by all.

**E**arly in the summer, Park Ranger Stevens Harper and some of his local buddies began raising a hue and cry: *The Pilgrims’ McCarthy Camp is on someone else’s private property! THEY’RE SQUATTING!*

A survey was quickly called for, and just as quickly executed. The lines were drawn, and soon the news began filtering down the community grapevine. The Pilgrim Camp, as it turns out, was *not* on private property at all, as Old Man Wigger had said when he passed it on to them.

Rather, the camp was found to be squarely within the road easement between lots.

Not good. But on the other hand, not trespassing, either.

A red-faced Stevens, however, had some explaining to do—and some fast shoveling—for it seems one of *his* buildings was well over *his* neighbor’s line.

A small but, er — *odorous*—building. With a cute little crescent moon cut out of the door, and, uh... well... not much inside, except a seat and some paper.

*Pardner, this lends new meaning to the term ‘squatting’.*

**W**hen your average tourist reaches the Kennicott River at mile 60 of the McCarthy Road, he’s tired, hungry, discom-bobulated, and wondering where to

sleep and what fun things there are to do in the largest national park in America.

Enter the Pilgrim Infoshack.

Quaintly constructed of fresh rough-sawn lumber, the Pilgrims’ “local information station” is conveniently located just a few steps away from the footbridge, and features brochures from many local businesses, local news, hot coffee and goodies. Two or three welcome-smiling Pilgrims are usually on hand to answer your questions, connect you to folks who’ll show you the park in whatever conveyance or fashion your adventurous heart yearns for, and make you feel at home here in the Wrangells.

Why doesn’t the National Park Service do that job? you ask.

And rightfully so. They *used* to do that job at their standard-issue government-construction NPS-style information kiosk, located half-a-mile before you reach the Kennicott River. Great location—inviting building—all it needs is one or two welcome-smiling rangers to answer your questions, connect you to folks who’ll show you the park in whatever adventurous fashion you desire, and make you feel at home here in the Wrangells.

So why not this year? Well, it seems they just don’t have enough money to justify a full- or even part-time ranger to welcome visitors and help them find their way around the Park.

No money for welcoming American, taxpaying visitors, but plenty of money to cart their flak-jacketed hatchet men up and down the mountain in helicopters every day for weeks on end—to the tune of around ten thousand taxpayer dollars a day!

One day a stranger stopped by the Pilgrims' info shack, accompanied by WRST Superintendent Gary Candelaria. Or at least he thought he was a stranger...

Sitting in the shadows, David recognized the man he and his father, Pilgrim, had met with in Anchorage earlier this spring.

The meeting was at the NPS Alaska Headquarters.

In the Director's office.

Yes, the man in tourist-style clothing talking to Joseph just outside was none other than Mr. Rob Arnberger, NPS Head Honcho for the Forget-Me-Not State.

*No time to clue in Joseph. Guess I'll just watch and listen.*

"Hi! I'm Joseph." Joseph greeted the man amicably and extended a friendly hand. "I'm already acquainted with Gary, but what is your name?"

*Why isn't he wearing his park uniform?*

"It's... uh... Dave, yes, that's my name, Dave."

*Not too convincing.*

"Well, uh, Dave, are you here on business, or..."

*Bless you, Joseph, you figured it out!*

"Oh, no! At least, er, well... I'm, uh, on vacation."

*Right. Alaska's Big NPS Boss takes his vacations with WRST's Little NPS Boss. Top destination: The Pilgrim Infoshack. Go figure.*

**T**hey had done the undercover ranger trick on other occasions. Once, it was Jerusalem who welcomed the stranger to our neck of the woods. This 'stranger'—who was actually NPS Special Agent Richard Larrabee—arrived in a cowboy hat and checkered shirt tucked into jeans, with a big, shiny belt buckle.

Only, Rich's name wasn't "Dave". Turns out, much to Jerusalem's astonishment, his name was "MR. I DON'T CARE!"

Same story, second verse. A little bit dumber and a little bit worse.

I ask you: Is this typical park ranger behavior? Or do they reserve sophomoric idiocy just for inholders and locals?



WSEN staff photo

**"WE ARE NOT HERE TO HARM ANYBODY"**

**F**lackety-flackety-flackety-flackety-flackety... The ominous reverberations bored relentlessly into Country Rose's head. The helicopter seemed huge—must be one of those six-man choppers. Her ears and eyes told her the machine was landing near McCarthy Creek just downstream from the homestead.

Country Rose walked hastily to the phone and dialed.

*Ring. Ring.*

"Hello?"

"Pilgrim?" Her voice trembled slightly. "There's a gigantic blue helicopter up here, and it just landed on the river!"

"Hmmm... well, Honey, you'll just have to go out and meet them, and figure out what's happening."

*Better go see what's up. Oh, where are the men in this family when you need them?*

She turned and laid her hand on the young boy's shoulder, as he stood there next to her. "I guess it's up to you and me, Noah."

He stretched his 9-year-old frame to its full height, eagerness in his innocent eyes. What lay in store for them out there?

**T**he scene that met Country Rose's eyes as she stepped outside made her hair stand on end. Four men, dressed in what looked to her like riot gear and carrying heavy backpacks, marched grimly toward her. Each carried a wicked-looking holstered pistol at his side. Then she saw, protruding menacingly out of one of the packs—*was that a machine gun?* Instinctively, she stepped in front of Noah.

Then, one of the armed men spoke. "Hi, Kurina. We are not here to harm anybody."

*Kurina? Where did that name come from? Oh! He's calling me by my legal name. But no one has called me 'Kurina' for at least 25 years!*

Realization stole over her, and Country Rose knew that these warlike apparitions were actually NPS rangers. Under the heavy, bullet-proof gear, she recognized Stevens Harper, her next-door neighbor down in McCarthy. His face had been obscured by the video camera he held up. The one who had spoken, then, must be Hunter Sharp, Head Ranger and Assistant Superintendent of Wrangell - St. Elias National Park.





Photo courtesy David Pilgrim

HUNTER AND HIS STONE-FACED PLATOON OF BODYGUARDS, JACKBOOTS PLANTED WIDE, FORMING AN INWARD-FACING CIRCLE AROUND JOSEPH AND DAVID IN A "BUBBLE OF PROTECTION".

Hunter spoke again. They were bringing with them a team of geologists, biologists, historians, archaeologists, bug squishers, dirt diggers, and weed pickers. These "ologists" would be working near the Pilgrims' house, but, he promised, they would not cross over to their private property.

*A lot of help that is, Country Rose mused, when my porch,*

grims believed they were on their own property, since Old Man Wigger had sworn upon his honor that the parcel encompassed all the buildings. Never mind that this same ranger who was speaking to her had personally seen to it that the only means which the Pilgrims had for moving their house had been locked up and disabled. Never mind that a gentleman's handshake had been utterly trusted

Never mind that there would be about a dozen of them swarming all over the Pilgrims' belongings. Never mind that they would be in the yard, digging through the scrap pile, between the house and generator shed, all over everywhere! *Never mind NOTHIN'!*

"We don't want any trouble," he told her, "and if your family will just leave us to our work, it'll make things go just that much faster."

Now, why wasn't that very reassuring?

**W**ithin half-an-hour of Country Rose's frantic phone call, she heard footsteps pounding toward her from the direction of the airstrip. *Thank God for kind neighbors. Someone has given the boys a mercy flight home!*

Coatless and weaponless, Joseph and David burst around the side of the house, where they found their mother.

"That way!" She pointed them on down the hill. With hardly a pause to catch their breath, they were off again.

As soon as they crested the hill, Joseph and David could see several green-suited men striding purposefully toward them on the road. The two brothers slowed to a walk, and as they neared the rangers, David lifted a small camera to his eye and snapped a couple pictures of the uniformed



WSEN staff photo

THE "OLOGISTS" WOULD BE UNDER CONSTANT ARMED GUARD, AND WERE NOT TO BE INTERFERED WITH, SPOKEN TO, OR APPROACHED BY THE PILGRIMS.

*front door, bedrooms and kitchen are all on park land! Not to mention the water pump, shop and generator shed...*

They would be gathering evidence of "damage to the Park" for a lawsuit against the Pilgrims. Never mind that until the survey was completed, the Pil-

grims believed they were on their own property, since Old Man Wigger had sworn upon his honor that the parcel encompassed all the buildings. Never mind that this same ranger who was speaking to her had personally seen to it that the only means which the Pilgrims had for moving their house had been locked up and disabled. Never mind that a gentleman's handshake had been utterly trusted

Hunter continued. The "ologists" would be under constant armed guard, and were not to be interfered with, spoken to, or approached by the Pilgrims.

men. Joseph called out a "hello," and...

They kept walking.

Right on by those rangers.

HUH?

Fellas, you should have seen those parkies slam on the brakes and fall all over each other trying to do an utterly unpremeditated, unrehearsed about-face.

Might've done your heart good.

Then suddenly, as if on command, the brothers began to *RUN* straight toward the helicopter, which sat a little ways distant and was, at that moment, disgorging several "ologists".

As they ran, David threw a glance over his shoulder. What he saw made his eyes sparkle with glee. Huffing and puffing, with fists tightly clenched and guns and equipment flapping spastically, their pursuers were laboring along behind them... waaaay behind them.

By the time the distraught rangers caught up with them, David and Joseph were sitting a little apart from the chopper and its former occupants, chewing thoughtfully on tender green grass stems.

His face a study in deadpan, David approvingly drawled, "Good to see you boys getting some exercise!"

**H**ow can I describe the scenes which played out in the next week? Hunter and his stone-faced platoon of bodyguards, jackboots planted wide, forming an inward-facing circle around Joseph and David in a "Bubble of Protection".

Bearded brothers, sitting on the dirt back to back, calmly facing their tormentors.

So-called scientists, going about their "evidence gathering"

with unreadable, inscrutable faces—automatons. Never turning their faces toward the Pilgrims. Afraid to speak to—or even look at—the children. *These people are dangerous*, they had been told.

Stevens, our 'neighbor ranger', with his video camera, shooting close-ups of a bunny, grazing on park property. *Evidence!* Never mind that the bunny was wild.

A seething Hunter, with eyes narrowed and jaw clenched, chest to chest with an outraged Joseph. Hunter's words spit out like venom, "*I saw you with a gun... and what I'm telling you is, don't you ever point your gun at my people!*" This last, accompanied by a rough shove. Never



WSEN staff photo

**"REMEMBER THE RULES! YOU CAN'T GO NEAR THE WORKERS! GET BACK, GET BACK!"**

mind that when the rangers show up, all guns get put away, despite the danger of going unarmed in these mountains. Never mind that the Pilgrims have been avowed pacifists since who flung the chunk.

"Ologists" digging through 30-year-old scrap piles and trash... for *evidence!* Never mind that much of it was Old Man Wigger's trash, not the Pilgrims'.

"Ologists" digging through rubble heaps of buildings that had been built long before Papa Pilgrim was born, and had fallen to decay not long after.

Oh, how can I describe the scene, Dear Reader? 11-year-old Job, whose shy freckled smile could make your heart sing, valiantly making his way to the generator shed, flanked by two men, each more than twice his size and armed to the teeth. Barring his way, telling him to *get back, or else...* Job doggedly walking on, finishing his chore—shutting the shed door to keep the rain and prying eyes out—then making his way back to the house. Job, his youthful features etched with fear yet shining with courage, with the baleful stares of those big bullies at his back.

How can I explain?

How 6-year-old Psalms, in her unswerving belief that cookies and a smile can heal any rift, went early in the day to the big kitchen, cracked some eggs, added sugar and flour, and some of the carefully hoarded chocolate chips. Gathered wood for the cook stove. Stirred and stirred and stirred the stiff dough. How she put her cookies ever so gingerly into the hot maw of the oven and kept diligent watch over them until they were just right.

How small, careful hands offered up a sweet labor of selflessness, as trusting eyes the hue of faded bluebells searched earnestly for approval.

How her small, delicate form seemed to wilt as her offering was rejected, and she herself was pushed roughly away back toward the house, with a brusque, "Remember the rules! You can't go near the workers! Get back, get back!"

Not once.

Not twice.

Three times that day did sweet Psalms, with her delicious gifts, try to soften the rancor of the men in her yard. Three times she was sent none-too-gently back. Half terrified, thoroughly crushed.

And the cookies? They remained untouched.

When Papa Pilgrim arrived at the homestead a few days later, he decided to take matters into his own leathery, peace-loving hands.

Hunter Sharp had stated both publicly and often, "The Pilgrims just won't talk to us. We'd love to work with them if only they would talk to us!" And so, with this in mind, Pilgrim set out. *I guess there ain't no time like the present for us to talk, what with them being in my yard an' all. Guess I'll just amble on over there and say hello.*

"Hello, neighbor. How are you doing?" This first attempt at conversation he directed toward Stevens, but his gentle greeting was met only with cold, stony silence—and the ever-present Cyclopean eye of the video camera.

Not one to be easily defeated, Pilgrim turned to the man standing a few steps away from Stevens. The man stared maliciously at Pilgrim, his features tight and unfriendly.

With an easy grace that belied his misgivings, Pilgrim stretched out his wilderness-hardened right hand and cordially introduced himself. "My name's Pilgrim," rumbled his mild Texas drawl. "I don't believe I've ever officially met you—I understand you're Hunter Sharp."

Now, fellas, this next part may make you set back on your heels a mite. Instead of the civil reply you'd expect in response to such

graciousness, Hunter's words slashed and cut with an odd mixture of restraint and belligerence.



WSEN staff photo

**HIS GENTLE GREETING WAS MET ONLY WITH COLD, STONY SILENCE—AND THE EVER-PRESENT CYCLOPEAN EYE OF THE VIDEO CAMERA.**

*"What you mean is... your name is Robert Allen Hale."*

"Why, no, Hunter," Papa gently corrected. "That *was* my name many years ago, but now my name is Pilgrim."

He waited for a response, but none was forthcoming. Hunter's gaze had shifted, and he was no longer looking at Pilgrim. Quiet belligerence had been replaced by sullen hostility.

Pilgrim tried again.

"I would just like to talk with



WSEN staff photo

**QUIET BELLIGERENCE HAD BEEN REPLACED BY SULLEN HOSTILITY.**

you, Hunter, and get acquainted. Seems to me a man ought to be given the honor of being called

by the name he prefers, and I hope you'll give me that honor. Won't you talk to me?"

Once again, Pilgrim waited patiently for a reply, but the only one he received was thick, obdurate, impenetrable silence.

End of subject.

Well, boys, for a guy who's been pulpit poundin' and preachin' well nigh half a year about his overwhelming need to palaver with the chief of the Pilgrim tribe—I'd say ol' Hunter sure played hell with his big chance.

I do not know what causes men to do what they do. To an already hardened heart, I know that power-lust, envy, anger and hatred will do strange things.

Ugly things.

And when envious, angry hearts walk around inside bullet-proof uniforms—backed by the money and authority of the most powerful government on the face of this earth—when they yearn after that last little piece of ground that they can't seem to finagle their way into controlling, why, I believe it's a sure recipe for someone innocent getting hurt.

Someone with small, careful hands and wide, trusting eyes the hue of faded bluebells.

Someone who is tall and quiet, and gentle with the horses.

Someone whose shy, freckled smile could set your heart singing.

Someone who has earned the title "Mother" by a lifetime of self-sacrifice, patience, and encouragement.

Home at Hillbilly Heaven. The Pilgrims have it. The National Park Service wants it. And they're workin' 'em over some-thin' fierce.

My name is Psalms, I live in  
Hillbilly Heaven at the end of the  
road up McCarthy creek.

Yesterday I made a big batch of real good chocolate chip cookies, for the park rangers, who have been hanging out in my front yard. My mama made some coffee and tea and my brothers put a big table with chairs on the grass. My little sister and me set the table and made it pretty. We heard the helicopter coming, so we went up and put everything on the table and the cookies also on a very pretty plate.

Then when all the rangers came and all the people - who were not allowed to talk to - my big brother went and told them the good news. Me and my sister waited and watched from the porch. We saw the people walking by the table, our mouths were smiling, but they just kept on walking by. Lamb...whispered in my ear "maybe they didn't see those good cookies." I thought... they will come back later... so we waited, and waited, till it began to rain and the table was getting wet, so I ran and got my cookies.

Later during the day the ranger Hunter and Marshal were standing around in the rain, so I thought this would be a good time for a delicious cookie (which I had saved) and a cup of mama's coffee. My sister and I put



the cookies in a bag, my brother Job brought the coffee. Off we went, excited!! Ranger Hunter did take the cup of coffee, but refused those yummy cookies. I just can't understand how they could not want one.

A little later all those other people were taking a break on our log pile. "Lamb? Do you want to try again? I'm sure those people are ready by now for some good cookies."

"Ok, Psalms, get a plate and make um look pretty. Hurry. Let's go!!"

We set out again... as we began to get closer to the people, they started to get up. We didn't even get to offer them one, because Marshal refused to let us go near the people. He told us "remember the rule? You can't come past me!"

We turned back once again, sad-den in heart that we had been refused so many times.

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"The only way to make sure that government doesn't abuse its power is to not grant it in the first place."—Tom DeWeese

"Politicians and government bureaucrats are not good at recognizing the unintended consequences of their own actions. ...Most people, most of the time, will behave in a relatively rational manner, and thus government should leave them alone unless they are a clear and present danger to others." —Richard W. Rahn



# Country Rose speaks

September 13, 2003

Letter to the Editor: (Thank you for your faithful reporting)

**A**fter my husband and I got up late last night and read McCarthy Annie from one of our close neighbors (and I mean close not in distance, but in selfless desire to hold out a true hand of love and to stand beside us in the face of trial uplifting truth only), our hearts were so touched; first in awe how someone could so clearly and with a precise accuracy, describe our family. Then reading on we were moved to severe laughter at the ridiculousness of such prideful men to spend all their time acting like little boys playing army men protecting top secret information in our front yard.

When my family and I left the "Blood of Christ Mt." and headed North to Alaska on our Pilgrimage as strangers to a new frontier, we appeared as an old wagon train headed to untouched ground in virgin days of

this country when ground was free and wild.

We loaded up our old trucks— a '41 Chevy flatbed (our old honeymoon wagon in which my oldest son was born), our '44 Chevy and '51 6x6 (which included the kitchen sink) and a cute little tour bus for all the extras. We headed north to find that special spot that God had ordained for this family to live and wait for our Lord's return. A place where we could continue to live a quiet life and work with our hands going about our daily business raising our children in a subsistence lifestyle that we all knew so instinctively.

And here we are, at our "little piece of heaven on earth," where we intend, Lord willing, to remain. Yes, it's been a hard road, but all Pilgrims everywhere understand the road we travel on.

Now, nestled in these quiet majestic masterpieces of God's hand, we are more than busy—

making bread, picking vegetables from the garden, changing diapers, preparing for a cold winter; the list is endless and YET we sit amidst a pile of paperwork— red tape— my FAX machine keeps me busier than my old wringer washer. (I think I'll send those tree-hugging NPS a bill for the paper they wasted, not to mention the trees). We barely have time to tell a bedtime story or chop enough wood to bake that bread that's risen ten times today. And just what will they dream up next...

Yes, my husband and I cried at the very last part, it was all too true, they are working us over. They (NPS) have encroached upon our lives, upon our children and our beliefs. They intend to bring their hell into this little piece of heaven, but these Hillbillies aren't budging and we stand in faith.

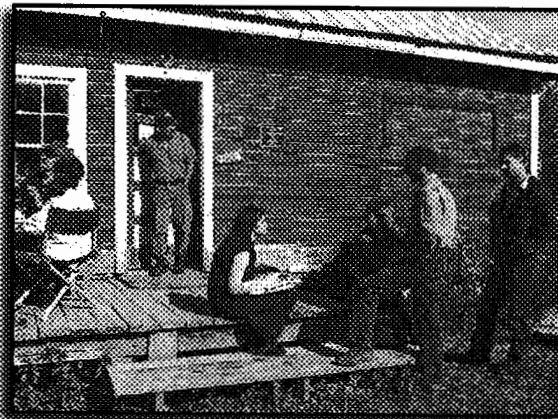
Thank you for your prayers,  
Mama Country Rose

## Alaska Delegation pays McCarthy a visit

by Bonnie Kenyon

**M**cCarthy:— The Alaska Congressional Delegation traveled to McCarthy on August 19 and met with any residents wishing face-to-face contact with Congressional staff. McCarthy was one out of 18 other Alaskan towns across the State where the Delegation does not have permanent offices. The goal was to help residents deal with problems they are having with federal agencies.

The porch of the town's local museum was the place to be on August 19<sup>th</sup>. Willing ears— Ed-



wina Langenberg-Miller and Jason Carroll aides to Senator Lisa Murkowski and Elliott Bundy assistant to Senator Ted Stevens— listened intently to local concerns.

A widely-voiced problem involved the disrespectful and excessive law enforcement maneuvers by the Wrangell-St. Elias National Park rangers to local residents and the deterioration of healthy communication between existing Superintendent Gary Candelaria and many residents.

The visit by the Alaska Delegation was the first of its kind for the town of McCarthy and residents were thankful for the interest and assistance given to them.

# National Park Service comes calling

BY BONNIE KENYON

**K**ennicott: – In a public notice posted at the McCarthy mail shack and other places in the local area, Superintendent Gary Candelaria for the Wrangell-St. Elias National Park invited local residents of the McCarthy/Kennicott area to a meeting with him and Chief Ranger Hunter Sharp. The discussion of present, ongoing and future park projects was the theme of the meeting.

Nearly 33 people attended with at least 6 being National Park Service management. The meeting was held in Kennicott at the Rick Jurick building on September 5<sup>th</sup>.

Those in attendance representing the NPS were: Superintendent Candelaria; Vicki Snitzler, park planner; Marshall Neeck, ranger; Stephens Harper, ranger; Rita Pregana of Hawaii who stated she was on a one month training assignment in management as assistant to the superintendent and Ken Hutchison of the NPS maintenance department. Hunter did not show up for the meeting but was seen outside afterwards. Both Neeck and Harper were in full uniform including body armor and sidearms.

Supt. Candelaria began by addressing the status of the **BackCountry Management Plan (BMP)** which he described as "delayed, but on track." The backcountry for the Wrangell-St. Elias NP/P (WRST) is generally defined, though somewhat loosely, stated Candelaria, as "the road corridors around the McCarthy Road and the Nabesna Road." It had been anticipated that the Backcountry scoping

meetings would occur in the fall but that was contingent upon the completion of the BMP for Denali which has received approximately 30,000 responses, demanding extra time to complete. According to Candelaria, some of the same people working on the Denali project are needed to help on the WRST BMP. Vicki Snitzler, the lead person on the WRST BMP, says she is still very interested in talking about the project although no meetings are planned for the present and none may be occurring until late winter or early spring.

It appears the next session regarding the **Long-Range Interpretive Plan** process could happen end of October. The park has completed nine public meetings in McCarthy, Chitina, Kenny Lake, Copper Center, Chistochina, Slana, Mentasta and Tok. Comments relating to stage one of the planning process have been compiled as well as a revised draft of the plan.

Next on the list of park area projects outlined by Supt. Candelaria was the **West McCarthy Development Area** project which will provide the park temporary or permanent support for some of the future construction activities that are anticipated to begin next year. The infrastructure may include a residence area, materials' storage and staging for the upcoming restoration/stabilization of the Company Store which is scheduled to begin 2004. "Part of the intent for the West McCarthy Development site is to do a more **development comprehensive plan (DCP)** that would encompass that particular area, the potential campground site on the east side of the

Kennicott River bridge and this particular area here as far as regards to housing and any other support facility development," said Candelaria. "There is funding in the park budget for the (east side) campground but I think at this point we decided to hold off on that development activity until the DCP process is complete." Although the eastside campground seemed pretty urgent at the time of its conception, Candelaria remarked, "It doesn't seem quite so urgent now. The DCP hopefully will get funding for 2004 which begins for us on Oct. 1 of this year." Candelaria said it is his intent to "enhance the visitor's experience without turning Kennicott into a Knott's Berry Farm and "maintain the sense of discovery."

The **Company Store** is intended to be the park's main contact area, office area for the Kennicott district ranger, Kennicott chief interpreter and Kennicott maintenance activity and Vicki Snitzler through the summer. This is about a \$2 million project, explained Candelaria. Outside help may be necessary for portions of this project such as wiring, plumbing and heating, electrical and sewage.

Ken Hutchison of maintenance said he anticipates the Company Store project to start next year. "It will be about a 3 year project. We are going to lift and level the foundation... although we do not enough money for all the project, we do have enough for the foundation, stabilizing the sides, redo the siding, windows and doors."

(Cont. page 23)

# Pilgrim update

BY RICK KENYON

Last month, reporters from the *Anchorage Daily News* (ADN) and the *Washington Post* came to McCarthy and spent time with the National Park Service (NPS) and with the Pilgrim family.

Reporter Tom Kizzia from the ADN and Blaine Harden from the *Post* talked with NPS officials, McCarthy area residents and the entire Pilgrim family. They rode horseback up the McCarthy Green Butte Road and spent the night at the Pilgrim cabin. Both reporters plan stories on the controversial drama being played out in the Wrangells. Both men say the main problem they are having is, "the story is too big." Bonnie and I, as part-time editor/publisher/reporters, whole-heartedly agree!

Nevertheless, we will try to give a brief synopsis of recent events. McCarthy Annie has very eloquently covered the activities at the homestead with rangers and scientists, so we will avoid that subject and briefly mention access and citations.

On June 13, Robert Hale Pilgrim (Papa), David Pilgrim and their attorney J.P. Tangen, met with NPS Regional Director Robert Arnberger in his Anchorage office about access to their property in the McCarthy Creek valley. At that meeting Mr. Chris Bockmon (attorney) stated that all ANILCA permits ever done by NPS went through him, and in response to Mr. Tangen's questions as to what form the Pilgrims should use to request access Bockmon and Arnberger said there is no particular form and to just "send something in asking for access."

Based on the comments

made by Bockmon and Arnberger at that meeting, the Pilgrims sent a letter on July 8, 2003, to Superintendent Gary Candelaria asking for a permit for emergency access

Meanwhile, the NPS shut off access to the Pilgrim's underground holdings by closing the Polk adit. Joseph was cited for trespassing and vandalism when he was seen in the vicinity of the adit opening. (Rangers were lying in wait in the bushes.)

The Pilgrims were offering horseback and carriage rides to locals and tourists. NPS sent in an undercover agent who booked a horseback trip to the Bonanza Mine with the family. As a result, Joshua Pilgrim and Country Rose received citations for "conducting business operations within the boundaries of the park without a permit."

As an aside, the agent, who said his name was "Rooker," also booked two B&B rooms with McCarthy B&B (for two nights) and a glacier hike with the Kennicott Wilderness Guides, saying they were for his family. Apparently the "family" did not exist, as neither reservation was honored by Rooker. So far neither business has been reimbursed for the fraudulent bookings. (John Adams, McCarthy B&B, said that when he phoned Assistant Superintendent Hunter Sharp about the reservations, Hunter told him the Pilgrims were responsible. John said that when he pressed him further, Hunter hung up on him.)

Finally, after nearly two months had elapsed, Mr. Bockmon contacted the Pilgrim's lawyer, J.P. Tangen, and told him the application would need to be made on form SF 299. Bockmon

offered to help Mr. Tangen in completing the application. This was done and the application was submitted to Superintendent Gary Candelaria on September 2, 2003.

SF 299 is a detailed, two-page form with such questions as, "Describe likely environmental effects that the proposed project will have on: (a) air quality; (b) visual impact; (c) surface and ground water quality and quantity; (d) the control or structural change on any stream or other body of water; (e) existing noise levels; and (f) the surface of the land, including vegetation, permafrost, soil, and soil stability."

Pilgrim's answers: "Negligible. Very minor. There are no sensitive or thaw unstable permafrost areas. The road crosses very little permafrost of any kind. No significant clearing is needed beyond the existing road. Soil types crossed by the route are such that erosion will be negligible because in areas of significant slope they are generally coarse-grained and not subject to slope instability."

Pilgrim stressed that "there is an immediate and urgent emergency need to transfer supplies between McCarthy and Homestead before freeze up." He stated that, "an application for permanent access requirements will be submitted at a later date."

This time, Candelaria answered in less than a week. "The application does not provide sufficient information to allow us to address the request," said Candelaria in a letter to Mr. Tangen. He went on to ask how many trips were planned, when they were planned, what type of bulldozer, and a request to

"please explain the nature of the emergency." Concerns about crossing the stream and about which route the family would take were voiced.

Pilgrim sent his reply 6 days later, in the form of a 9-page, hand written letter. (Pilgrims have no computer at "Hillbilly Heaven," as they call their homestead.) "I laughed when you said the application didn't provide sufficient info to allow you to address the request," said Pilgrim on page 3. He went on to answer each item on Candelaria's letter in great detail.

"How many trips? It will take 4 trips of food, for animal hay (dogs, horses, goats and chickens) and feed, and another 4-5 trips to provide food, building supplies, tools, sawmill, personal emergency

needs for 17 people; clothing, windows, insulation, roofing materials, bedding and many personal items, such as socks and underwear."

Under "Please explain the nature of the emergency," Pilgrim waxed eloquent. He told about the cabin burning down last winter. "The older family members were out on the trail at the time and 'Mama Country Rose' and her smaller children fought the blaze with courage. Upon return of the rest of the family, only tearful eyes and broken hearts were found standing among the flame soaked smoldering remains of all that we had."

He told about their efforts to resupply last spring, and the frustration they all felt when Chief Ranger Hunter Sharp summarily closed the road just days before

their planned trip with supplies.

The 9-page letter closed with a plea. "We've already had to kill two of our milking goats for lack of feed. Food is very low, windows are broken by marauding bears, temperatures are dropping, no insulation to the point when my wife and I decided to move our bed to another room last night, we found it frozen to the floor."

"We ask you, give us our access that we can begin to work together."

Apparently many environmental groups are pressing the NPS to take legal action against the Pilgrims. The American Land Rights Association has taken up the Pilgrim story. Check for updates at:

[HTTP://WWW.LANDRIGHTS.ORG/AK/WRST/](http://www.landrights.org/ak/wrst/)

## DOT/PF Open House in McCarthy

BY BONNIE KENYON

**M**cCarthy: – The Department of Transportation and Public Facilities (DOT/PF) held an open house meeting in McCarthy on July 23 to discuss a variety of area-wide projects.

In spite of the fact the meeting announcement didn't arrive until the very day of the meeting, approximately 20 local people turned out to hear updates from DOT Planner Janet Brown and DOT Environmental Analyst Sarah Conn. Topics included the McCarthy Road upgrade, the McCarthy Road Kennicott River Wayside and the McCarthy/Kennicott Road slide and the Lakina River Bridge abutment.

The McCarthy Road study is a federally funded DOT project. An Environmental Impact Statement is being prepared, is in the preliminary design and

environmental stage, and scheduled for completion in 2005. The current Statewide Transportation Implementation (STIP) shows the first stage of construction in 2009. Currently DOT&PF in coordination with regulatory agencies such as the Department of Natural Resources (DNR) is conducting an historical and archeological field review locating, evacuating and recommending historical sites along the McCarthy Road.

According to Ms. Brown the Wayside Project was still in the making and, once again, locals at the meeting voiced their disapproval of this project. Since the July meeting, however, the draft of the new STIP reveals no funding for the Wayside Project in the 2004-2006 cycle.

The slide area is located between the town of McCarthy and

the Kennecott Mine on the McCarthy/Kennicott Road. In February 2003 test holes were drilled at the site and a slope indicator was installed. Indicator readings from late May show that the slide is still creeping. A topographic survey is scheduled for fall 2003 and will define the slide, existing road and drainage features. Design is expected to take place during the 2003-2004 winter and constructed in the following season.

The Lakina River Bridge abutment erosion and riverbank protection is undergoing DOT investigation. A topographic survey is also scheduled for fall of 2003 to define the river channel and bridge. Design is expected to take place during the 2003-2004 winter and construction in the following season.

*"The public cannot be too curious concerning the characters of public men." —Samuel Adams*



# Bollards and trail closures—are they legal?

BY RICK KENYON

In the last issue of *WSEN* we published an article by Concerned Citizen (CC) entitled *Closures*. The writer mentioned that there were quite a few trails along the McCarthy Road blocked by wooden bollards and posted with "No Motorized Vehicle" signs.

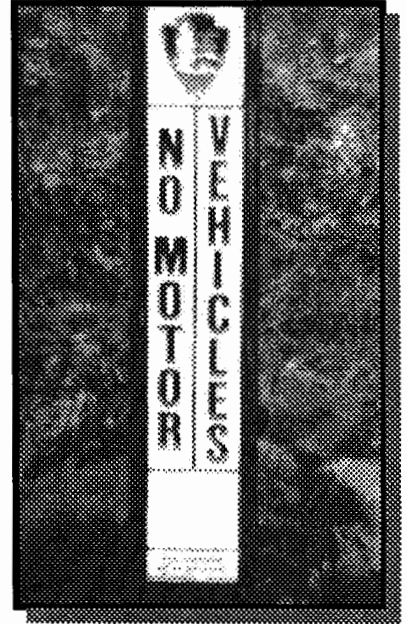
The article cited federal regulations concerning trail closures and asked some questions about the legality of the bollards and signs. We were hoping to hear from WRST Superintendent Gary Candelaria concerning these issues as we know he is an avid reader of this publication. (He even bought a spare copy of our last issue from the Pilgrims at the Welcome

Booth at McCarthy.) Sadly, nothing was forthcoming.

In fact, at a recent public meeting, Candelaria was asked about these bollards and signs. He disavowed any knowledge of them. In fact, all of the WRST management present at the meeting seemed to be in total ignorance of their existence.

One of our readers was at the meeting and heard the exchange about bollards and signs. He kindly sent us photos of the ones at mile 29 near the Gilahina trestle.

As our columnist said in the last issue of *WSEN*, "So, what type of trail closures are we dealing with in the Wrangell-St.



Elias? Are they emergency closures? I doubt it. Expired in 30 days and unrenewable. Temporary closures? Over in 1 year and unrenewable. I doubt that, too. If we have permanent trail closures on the McCarthy area trails and all other blocked trails in the park, where are they "published as rule-making in the Federal Register?" When was our 60-day comment period? And where were the public hearings "in the area affected?" I, for one, would like to know which closure classification was used for our trails to see if proper NPS procedure was followed."

# THE CHITINA LEADER

September 1911 October

## CHITINA TOWNSITE IS BEING IMPROVED

At the unanimous request of the residents of Chitina the Katalla company has taken over the townsite, and are now engaged in making some decided improvements. The price of lots will also be greatly reduced and the affairs of the townsite hereafter will be in charge of William Lawson, the station agent at Chitina.

Work was started this week under the direction of Engineer Forrester for making a good roadway from the intersection of Main and First streets to near the Orr & Co. barns; to connect with the overland trail to Fairbanks and other interior points. Mr. Forrester is doing the work for the railroad company.

A donkey engine was put to work to pull the stumps. Mr. Forrester is having a hard time to find enough men. All of the available workmen were sent to Cordova a short time ago to work on the oil tanks, owing for the fact that there were not enough idle men here for the purpose. The railroad company is constantly recruiting men from the different places and whipping them to the various

points where their services are needed.

Other needed street improvements will be carried on under the direction of Engineer Forrester. A fill will be made over the rocky bed between the depot and Main street. The residents of Chitina are very much pleased to learn that the street improvements are going ahead. It is likely that Fairbanks, First, Second and Third avenues will be graded from Main Street to A Avenue, and thence along that street to the main overland trail. That route will bring the mail and stage out on the main street, about the center of the business section.

## DR. WHITING GOES ON HUNTING EXPEDITION

Dr. F. B. Whiting sailed on the Alameda for Seward where he will join Frank E. Young and spend a couple of weeks on a hunting expedition. Jack Dalton has arranged for the doctor to meet Jim Jeffries and his brother and return with them and go to Montague Island to hunt bear.

During his absence at Prince Rupert Bert McCutcheon has become the

father of a healthy boy baby. Dr. Chase reports mother and child doing well.

## COURAGEOUS MOUNTAIN CLIMBER

Miss Dora Kean and associates made a credible attempt to scale Mount Blackburn, with its 16,200 feet of rugged height. That they were not successful in accomplishing what no other individual had ever done was no fault of the heroic young lady. The adverse weather conditions were such as made the attempt absolutely impossible of accomplishment. A heavy storm has been raging over the mountain for several days.

Miss Kean has secured fame by reason of previous successful exploits in mountain climbing. When she crossed the continent from her Quaker City home to invade the interior of Alaska, all of the people of this section hoped that her daring and courage might be rewarded. That it has not been will not prove a discouragement to the hopeful and sanguine nature of the young lady.

Sept. 2

## RESIDENTS ARE FURNISHED FREE WATER

Again the railroad company, through the prompt action of its efficient employees, has come to the assistance of Chitina. Until recently the principal water supply has come from a large spring of excellent water that comes from the east slope into the stream which runs through the townsite. The public had patronized this spring pretty freely until one morning last week a placard advised the public that the tract was private property, and that water might be had at the rate of ten cents a pail or three for a quarter. A flood of indignation swept the town and especially were the residents of the "Heights" incensed at the arbitrary action of the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Newhouse as they depended entirely upon this spring of water for domestic purposes. The attention of Mr. Forrester, the company's engineer in charge of construction, was called to the matter and he immediately set to work with a gang of men to dig a well. The Newhouses thereupon threatened to buy the ground upon which the well was located, but the engineer was not to be caught napping. He

had dug the well in the middle of the street and informed the purveyors of water that the well was to be public and free to all. When all efforts to stop the digging had failed Mr. Newhouse rescinded the order and offered to permit the free use of his spring again, but the digging went on to completion and an inexhaustible supply of the best water was struck at a depth of sixteen feet. The well was at once curbed and a house will be built over it for protection during the winter. It is to be regretted that any citizen of Chitina should be so shortsighted as to try to corner the water supply of the town while a neverfailing, sparkling stream runs through the townsite, and every surrounding hill holds a hidden reservoir. The cost of living is high enough in Alaska without having to buy water. It is believed the difficulty is settled for the present.

Sept. 9

## THIEVES ENTER CHURCH AND STEAL CONTENTS

The supplies which were placed in the Red Dragon consisting of dishes, cooking utensils and three valuable lamps have recently disappeared and whoever took them left no word as to why or where they were removed to without consent. We must therefore assume that the goods have been stolen, though we are loath to believe that there is a man in all Alaska low enough to steal

from the Red Dragon.

The building and its contents was a donation to Chitina citizens by Bishop Rowe and the Rev. Zeigler of Cordova, and its door is never locked. Here all are welcome to read the papers and library and warm themselves by the fire, and participate if they choose in the services, yet some low down scoundrel with no more principal or manhood than a hungry hyena, crept like the proverbial thief in the night, in at the open door, and carried away for his own use that which was donated as a sacrifice of theirs, for the use of the public. A man who would desecrate the House of God, and steal from the people at the same time, is doubly guilty, and should go hide himself with the brutes of the mountains to which class he belongs.

## LOCAL NEWS

Substantial improvements are going on in the north part of town and more are promised in the near future. T. J. Howland is erecting a residence 20x30, one and a half stories. Geo. Shade, Marshal Brown and William Cameron, Supt. Of the Orr Stage line are each building good houses. The growth of Chitina is slow but sure and every day adds something of a permanent nature in the way of improvements.

Deputy Marshal Brown is putting down a new well and otherwise improving his property around the jail.

Some unusually fine strings of trout and greyling are being taken from the

surrounding lakes and the Indians are offering large quantities of native mutton for sale, while ducks and ptarmigan may be had almost daily on the market.

The horses belonging to the Geological Surveying party in charge of Mr. Moffit were sold at auction Friday but the bidding at no time showed any great demand for the stock, owing perhaps to the high price of feed. The prices of the ponies ranged from \$5 to \$12.50. They were purchased by small operators in the surrounding country.

The development work at the Bonanza mine has opened large deposits of chalcocite. The mine expects to start shipping high grade ore to the Tacoma smelter this fall, the shipments to be taken over the snow. The railroad has just completed its survey for a spur to this property.

Sept. 16

## POTATO RAISING AT STRELNA

The agricultural possibilities in the interior are looming up and from present indications it is quite probable that Cordova will be largely supplied with fresh vegetables by Alaska farms next summer.

There are at present four different ranches under cultivation at Strelna, all of which are close to the railroad. Over seventy acres of land have been cleared, nearly all of which will be plowed before the end of the season.

Jack Howard has ten acres upon which he will raise

a crop of potatoes. V. J. Dwyer also intends to engage in the spud business. He has had men and horses employed in plowing his ranch, on five acres of which potatoes will be planted. This is on the silt alongside of Strelna Creek. If he is successful in growing vegetables on this soil it will mean a great deal for the agricultural possibilities of the Copper River valley.

The railroad company has already promised the ranchers a low rate on their farm produce to Cordova in order to allow them a good margin of profit in competition with the green truck shipped north from Seattle. In order to encourage the tilling of the soil all those engaged in this work will be given employment during the winter months, when the weather will not permit them to work on their properties. Those who own horses are also assured by the company of their assistance in obtaining freight to haul from the railroad to mining properties.

This is the proper spirit and is in keeping with the policy of the Alaska Syndicate to lend every aid to the prospectors and ranchers in their efforts to develop the resources of the country.

Sept. 30

## LOCAL NEWS

The largest nugget that has been brought to town this fall was being shown by Geo. Max Esterly from his Rex Creek property. It weighed a trifle over \$45.00.

Oct. 14

# Federal Subsistence Hunting

BY ELIJAH WATERS

GLENNALLEN FIELD OFFICE, BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT  
FISHERIES BIOLOGIST AND SUBSISTENCE COORDINATOR

It's that time again. The weather is cooling, the leaves are turning, and the caribou are on the move. Hunting season has arrived. The Glennallen Field Office of the Bureau of Land Management is once again issuing federal subsistence permits for Nelchina caribou in Unit 13. Residents of Unit 11 and residents of Unit 12 *only along the Nabesna Road* are eligible for these permits. By the time this is printed, the caribou season will be well under way. The caribou season runs from August 10-September 30, and from October 21-March 31. The bag limit is 2 bulls. Currently, the federal regulations state that the sex of the animals that may be taken during the second season (October 21-March 31) will be announced by the Glennallen Field Office Manager. This determination has already been made; **the second season will remain bull only.**

Permits are available from the Glennallen Field Office at milepost 186.5 Glenn Highway from 7:30 a.m. until 4:30 p.m. Monday through Friday. In order to receive a permit, you must provide a current resident hunting license, a picture id, and a third piece of identification that shows your *physical residence*. Examples of a third piece of identification that shows your physical residence are a voter registration card, a vehicle registration, or an electric bill that shows your physical residence. At the Glennallen Field Office, we

scrutinize eligible personnel closely. If you do not provide the proper documentation, we simply will not issue you a permit. Please do not be upset about this, as it is the only way of protecting the integrity of the federal rural subsistence preference. If you have any question of your eligibility or what is required, call us at 822-



3217.

The 2002 fall population estimate of Nelchina caribou conducted by the Alaska Department of Fish and Game was 34,380 caribou. The ADFG management objective for the Nelchina caribou herd is to maintain the fall population between 35,000 to 40,000 caribou. This population level hasn't been met since 1998 when the fall population estimate was 38,552 caribou. The federal subsistence hunt has been in effect since 1991. Since 1998 when residents of Unit 20D became eligible for federal permits, the Glennallen Field Office has issued about 2,500 caribou permits each year. Since the beginning of the federal hunt, the federal harvest

has averaged about 350 animals per year.

Although the total federal harvest remains stable at around 350 caribou, the timing of the harvest can vary widely. In fact, the peak harvest can be at any time during the seven month season. This is based on the herd's migration timing and availability of the animals on federal public lands. It is certainly not a guarantee that you will be able to harvest an animal at any time, especially when the season remains bull only. However, word travels quickly when the herd is available on federal public land, so dedicated hunters with time and patience can be rewarded.

The federal subsistence regulations are strongly determined by the needs of the subsistence users. Subsistence users may influence these regulations by submitting proposals to change or adopt regulations, submitting written comments on proposals that are on the table, or by attending and testifying at public meetings. We are currently in an open period to change regulations. The deadline to submit new proposals is October 24, 2003. For more information, call the USFWS, Office of Subsistence Management at (800) 478-1456 or call the Bureau of Land Management at 822-3217. Staff at either office is available to assist with writing proposals or providing information.

Happy hunting, and I hope to see you at one of the public meetings.





# BIG PARK



Now pardon me, but is this your land?  
Your hallowed ground on which I stand?  
I sure hate to break the news to you,  
but your National Park is coming through!

Now pardon me, but is this your home?  
The house you worked so hard to own?  
Sure would make a nice hotel.  
We have ways to make you sell.

'Cuz we don't answer to the taxpayers  
Or to your congressman  
and we don't take "no" from anyone.  
We just want to take your land.

Now we'd like to talk about that barn  
You planned to build out in your back yard.  
We have a special building fee.  
Just give us forty acres free!

And if you don't comply,  
We have ways to change your mind.  
We'll do almost anything to get our way!  
So, just sign the dotted line.  
It's for the good of all mankind,  
To give the antelopes another place to play.

Oh give me your home,  
Let the buffalo roam . . .

More than one-third of all the nation's land  
Is in the federal government's hand.  
So don't get mad about what we do.  
We're buying all America just for you.

'Cuz we don't answer to the taxpayers  
Or to your congressman.  
We're just like the State Department:  
We have our own plan. Yeah.

God bless all the animals,  
the forest and the streams.

We'll get rid of all the people  
and build a Big Park of our dreams.

God bless all the animals,  
the forest and the streams,  
and we'll say good-bye to human rights  
and build a Big Park of our dreams!

*Big Park words written by Terry Canady,  
printed with permission of Grant Gerber, executive  
director of the Private Lands Conservancy.*

*Big Park*, and also a second excellent film, a  
Frontline documentary *For the Good of All* with  
Jessica Savitch is available from the ALRA.

The cost is \$19.95 per tape plus \$2 for  
shipping (both tapes for \$40 postpaid). Send  
check or money order to:

American Land Rights Association  
PO Box 400  
Battle Ground, WA 98604

Of order by fax at (360)687-2973 with credit  
card information (type card, card number, &  
expiration date).

More on *For The Good of All*: A shocking 1982  
PBS Jessica Savitch Frontline documentary *For the  
Good of All* on how the National Park Service was  
in the process of wiping out five small towns  
through massive takings of hundreds of homes and  
businesses along with vast tracts of undeveloped  
land in order to establish the Cuyahoga Valley  
National Recreation Area in Ohio.

That documentary accurately captured the  
mind set and tactics of the National Park Service  
in taking private property at least since the early  
1960's (when the National Park Service began a  
campaign to force out 150 owners of homes, farms  
and small businesses in commemoration of the  
opening battle of the American Revolution, of all  
things) but which few people knew about and still  
don't.

# Visits to National Parks way down in 2003

## *Fourth Straight Year of Decline*

WASHINGTON, DC—

Counting a “system wide decrease in visitation,” preliminary figures for the first half of 2003 show a dramatic decline in public visitation to units within the National Park System, according to agency documents released by Public Employees for Environmental Responsibility (PEER). If the trend holds, 2003 will be the fourth straight year with fewer people visiting our national parks, seashores and monuments.

Figures obtained by PEER show that in the first five months of 2003, park visitation fell nearly 8 percent from the same period in 2002. In the January to May 2002 period, 97 million people visited the parks. This year that number declined to 90 million. The downward trend began in 2000, but so far 2003 shows the biggest percentage drop.

Overall, since the decline started in 2000, the National Park Service (NPS) “has had a total decline of almost 16.8 million recreation visits.” One agency memo ascribes the decline to “inclement weather, global warfare and especially the uncertain economic conditions resulting in a disturbing future for visitation to the NPS.”

Nearly three quarters of all NPS units reported decreased visitors and that falloff was “not concentrated in any geographic area but reflects a system wide decrease,” according to another memo. While most parks reported less usage, others, such as the Cape Hatteras and Gulf Islands National Seashores posted sizeable visitor gains.

“For decades our national discourse about the nation’s parks has been centered on how we have been ‘loving them to

death’, yet, for all the hand-wringing, the Park Service never engaged in any credible efforts to prevent that much talked about ‘death,’” commented PEER Board member Frank Buono, a former long-time Park Service manager. “The Park Service should use this respite to rethink its priorities and shift away from edifice building—what we call ‘parkbarrel’—and invest in reversing the decline in the integrity and quality of park resources.”

Despite the current decline, Congress is now debating plans for bigger entrance stations, larger parking lots and expanded visitor centers.

According to figures compiled by PEER, the last multi-year decline in national park visitation occurred between 1985 and 1987.

## Subsistence Resource Commission to meet

COPPER CENTER, AK

The Wrangell-St. Elias National Park Subsistence Resource Commission and Wrangell-St. Elias National Park and Preserve (WRST) invite local residents to a Subsistence Open House on Wednesday, September 24, 2003, from 7 to 9 p.m. at the WRST Visitor Center in Copper Center. Come meet the commission members and learn

about the park’s subsistence program.

In addition, the WRST Subsistence Resource Commission will meet in the Chitina Community Hall on September 25, 2003, to consider a range of issues related to subsistence hunting and fishing in the park. Commission business will include a review of

the 2004-05 Federal Subsistence Fisheries Proposals. The meeting will begin at 9:30 a.m. and will conclude at approximately 5 p.m. or upon the completion of business. The meeting is open to the public.

Additional information may be obtained by calling the NPS at 822-5234.

*“So that this nation may long endure, I urge you to follow in the hallowed footsteps of the great disobediences of history that freed exiles, founded religions, defeated tyrants, and yes, in the hands of an aroused rabble in arms and a few great men, by God’s grace, built this country.”—Charlton Heston*

(NPS meeting from page 14)

Beginning in fiscal year 2008, NPS is looking at a **more comprehensive stabilization package** for the Mill building and other structures along the street. Infrastructure for utilities such as water, power, sewer are being planned that will have to be put into place in order to support both park land activities and also visitor facilities. "That is a very large project – it's probably close to an \$8 million dollar project right now," commented Candelaria.

Getting to the bottom line of the impact of projects at hand

and the future of Kennicott under the management of the National Park Service, Candelaria pointed out, "While we are looking at the impact of \$10-12 million dollars worth of construction activity, it certainly has an impact on things...The long-haul benefits of this development is that we will see the attractiveness of Kennicott as a destination increase...In the next 12-20 years, I think you will see a great deal of change."

Questions from those in attendance covered a variety of concerns such as: pros and cons of impact of seasonal mainten-

ance work at Kennicott on the visitors; increased park-related traffic on bridges and roads; lack of parking at Kennicott; ownership of the road between McCarthy and Kennicott; NPS vehicles parked in the ROW on the east side of the Kennicott River bridge; the exact boundary of the hard park versus the preserve on the McCarthy Road; the park service's purchase of private property; possible restrictions to access in the BMP; trail bollards and NPS signs restricting all motorized vehicles on a variety of trails without public input.

### CLASSIFIED

**FOR SALE OR TRADE FOR GRAVEL ON MY ROAD:** 20KW, 3 phase Detroit Diesel powered generator including 400 gal. tank of fuel on trailer wheels, plus all steel dual axle lowboy. A bargain at \$4,000 OBO. Will trade. Write: J. Harold Michal, PO Box MXY #15, McCarthy AK 99588.

## Nutritional Supplements Online

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*Enriching the quality of families' lives*

## LETTERS TO EDITOR

(Cont. from page 35)

closed the trails. In '99 we hiked out to Copper Lake spending 14 hours hiking through mud, crossing waist deep ice water, struggling over tundra grass knots, crawling through spruce trees and at one point lost the trail. It was a experience I don't ever want to repeat. In the summer an ATV is the only way to get there. Copper Lake is not an area to hike into. Needless to say we were extremely disappointed the NPS had closed the trails and that we couldn't enjoy that part of our national park.

The other thing that we thought was strange was that the Jack Lake trail in Doug's back yard had been closed by the NPS. This trail is in pristine condition. In all the years we have been going there we have never seen it in anything other than great condition, never any big mud holes or earth torn up by ATVs but the NPS closed it and no one at Doug's lodge could use the trail with an ATV to get to Jack Lake. On the other hand the Big Grayling Lake Trail, up the road a mile or so and has no impact on Doug's business, remained open. This trail was a mess, it was all torn up by ATVs and yet it's open and Doug's pristine Jack Lake Trail is closed. The only three trails that were closed in the park when we were visiting all had a major impact on Doug's business and took away for our vacation. Looks to me like the NPS is harassing Doug and trying their very best to put this guy right out of business.

My husband and I work hard each year to save money so we can travel from Maine to Alaska. The money we spend in Alaska helps a lot of people stay in business. Airlines, restaurants,

gas stations, car rental, grocery stores etc. If the NPS is successful and Doug goes under he won't be the only one to suffer. All the businesses that bring guests to his lodge will be hurt as well. I hope someone can get the NPS into shape.

Sincerely,

Cheryl and Peter Collin

Dear Rick &amp; Bonnie

It looks like it's renewal time once again. Please apply the items enclosed to give us two more years of your fine paper coming our way.

Mike being a "Kennecott Kid" (and I one by adoption) want to say Hi to all the "Kids" and we're in hopes they've all wintered well and are feeling fit. We've so enjoyed the reunions and getting to meet many of the unique group of wonderful people. You are all dear to our hearts, as is Kennicott. May we all be granted a next time for another reunion. In the meanwhile take care and God Bless.

Evonne Sullivan (for Mike)  
1122-B Spencer Rd.  
Winlock, WA 98596

Hi Guys!

We would like to subscribe to the WSEN and have enclosed a \$10 check for one year. Our friend in Copper Center—Slim Boner—sent us the May/June issue, and we enjoyed it very much, especially reading about the Pilgrim family.

We stayed at Kennecott Lodge a couple of years ago and spent an afternoon wandering around McCarthy, buying lunch and t-shirts and going to the museum. We loved the visit and the flight to and from. We plan to visit again, hopefully in 2004, and are considering driving.

We look forward to reading

about the spots that stole our hearts completely and hope you guys keep it as unusual and wonderful as it was.

Emily Clements

Little Mountain, SC

Was reading the current issue of WSEN last night and I find it kind of strange (or maybe humorous) that the NPS is claiming budget cuts as the reason for closing the Visitor Information center. Just recently construction finished on a nice new building here in down town Anchorage. It's the new home for the NPS, Alaska Regional Offices. It faces 5<sup>th</sup> Ave. and takes up half a city block. It's just my guess that the NPS must have done a lot of "budget cuts" to have paid for their new regional office.

Again, great job on a wonderful newsletter. I enjoyed it greatly.

Many Thanks,  
Robert

Dear Rick & Bonnie,  
You guys are so sweet!!

I just got my newest WSEN issue and was flipping through it and came to page 27. Awesome review! Thank you. I was real happy that you put the book cover with it and the Contact Info is excellent promo.

And, of course, thanks for the kind review. And back at ya - you are my favorite newsletter publishers! What you do is so extremely unique. When I sit down and read your newsletter I am transported to another realm—real life in the Bush.

Thanks again, you two, and may you both have a great second half (or final third) of summer.

Sincerely,  
Todd Salat



# Cooking with Peggy – Part Five

BY PEGGY GUNTIS

When I was trying to lose weight this last winter, I attended Weight Watcher meetings and adjusted the way we ate. I say "we" because my husband Jim always eats the same thing I eat – just more of it!

I wanted to find some recipes that he would like and that I could serve, unnoticed as diet food, to company. Here are a few of our favorites. I've included some of the nutritional information in case there are some Weight Watchers or diabetics or others who must watch food content.

The ingredients are pretty standard except for the sherry or wine some of them call for. I either substitute chicken broth or use the bottles of cooking wines that you can buy in the vinegar section of the grocery stores.

I always have to prepare a menu for the first week or two in McCarthy before I leave Tucson. We stop in Glennallen and Chitina on the way in to buy groceries to keep us for a couple of weeks until daughter Kim comes in from Anchorage. The recipes that are included are on the menu for those first couple of weeks this summer.

Since I plan to keep the 65 lbs. off that I lost this winter and since I love to cook, I would love to have recipe ideas from others or ideas of what you would like to see. By the time this issue of WSEN arrives at your home, Jim and I will be heading back to Tucson for the winter. You may email me at: jgelec@flash.net.

Oven Barbecued  
Chicken Thighs

*Our company loves this one!*

3 lbs. boneless, skinless chicken thighs (about 12 pieces)

3/4 cup ketchup

1 1/2 cup salsa

1/4 cup honey

1 tablespoon Dijon mustard

1 teaspoon chili powder

1/2 teaspoon cumin

1 tablespoon cornstarch

I trim off any visible fat from chicken. Arrange thighs in single layer in a 9 x 13-in. baking dish. Set aside. In medium sized bowl whisk together ketchup, salsa, honey, Dijon mustard, chili powder and cumin until well blended. Pour sauce over chicken. Turn pieces to coat both sides. Bake, uncovered, at 400 degrees for 45 minutes. When chicken is done, arrange thighs on a serving platter and keep warm. Pour sauce into a small pan, and skim off fat. In a small bowl mix cornstarch with 1 tablespoon water until smooth. Add to sauce. Bring to boil and cook until sauce thickens, stirring constantly. Pour extra sauce over chicken or use as a dipping sauce. 6 servings.

1 serving equals 6 Weight Watcher points, 287 calories, 7.3 grams fat, 0.8 grams fiber, 20.1 carbohydrates.

## Roasted Potatoes

*This is great served with the Barbecued Thighs.*

1 1/2 lbs. small red potatoes, unpeeled, quartered (if using mini reds, just cut in half)

2 medium onions, peeled and quartered

1 tablespoon olive oil

8 oz. fresh green beans, stems removed

2 tablespoons balsamic vinegar

1 teaspoon dried thyme

1/2 teaspoon salt

1/4 teaspoon black pepper

Spray a medium roasting pan with non-stick spray. Add potatoes, onions and olive oil. Mix well. Cover with foil and roast at 400 degrees for 30 minutes. Add beans, vinegar, thyme, salt and pepper to potatoes. Stir until vegetables are coated with vinegar and seasonings. Roast uncovered for 25 more minutes, until potatoes are tender and crisp around the edges. 6 servings.

1 serving equals 3 Weight Watcher points, 173 calories, 2.6 grams fat, 34.7 carbohydrates, 3.9 grams fiber.

## Vegetable Bean Soup

*I didn't think Jim would like this because there are no meat chunks – but he loved it!*

1 (16 oz.) can kidney beans, rinsed and drained

1 medium Zucchini, cubed

2 celery ribs, chopped

3 green onions, sliced

1/4 cup chopped fresh spinach

3 tablespoons quick-cooking barley

3 cans (14 1/2 oz. ea.) low sodium chicken broth

1/4 cup minced fresh parsley

1 garlic clove, minced

1/2 teaspoon garlic salt

1 can (14 1/2 oz.) Italian diced tomatoes, undrained

In large saucepan, combine first 11 ingredients. Bring to boil. Reduce heat. Cover and simmer for 10-12 minutes or until barley and vegetables are tender. Add the tomatoes, heat through. 8 servings.

1 serving equals 1 cup equals 1 Weight Watcher points, 103 calories, trace of fat, 4 grams fiber, 19 grams carbohydrates.

# A LOOK AT THE WEATHER

BY GEORGE CEBULA

So far the summer of 2003 has been a good summer weather wise, with June and July temperatures and precipitation just about average. The high temperature for June was 81 on 30<sup>th</sup> (81 on June 17, '02 and 81 on June 28, '01). The low was 27 on June 1st and 4<sup>th</sup> (29 on June 7, '02 and 31 on June 9, '01). The average temperature for June was 52.7. This compares to 54.1 in June 2002 and 55.2 in June 2001. There were only 2 days with a high of 80 or above and 7 days with a low of 32 or lower. The total precipitation was 1.29 inches (2.18 inches in June 2002 and 0.95 in June 2001). *Silver Lake had a high of 79 on June 11<sup>th</sup>, 13<sup>th</sup> and 30<sup>th</sup> (80 on June 17, '02 and 81 on June 24, '01) and a low of 30 on June 1<sup>st</sup> (32 on June 8, '02 and 35 on June 9, '01). The average June temperature at Silver Lake was 52.9 (53.1 in 2002 and 56.0 in 2001) and the total precipitation was 1.34 inches (0.98 inches in*

*2002 and 0.38 inches in 2001).*

July was about the same as last year. The high for July was 83 on the 1st and 19th (82 on July 8, '02 and 81 on July 19, '01). The low was 33 on July 18th (34 on July 10, '02 and 34 on July 16, '01). The July average temperature 57.0, compared to 56.8 in 2002 and 54.2 in 2001. There was 10 days with a high of 80 or above and 4 days with a low of 35 or lower. The total July precipitation was 2.22 inches (2.77 inches in 2002 and 3.29 inches in 2001). *Silver Lake recorded a high of 85 on the 20<sup>th</sup> (80 on July 17, '02 and 77 on July 18, '01) and a low of 40 on the 9<sup>th</sup>, 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> (36 on July 31, '02 and 40 on July 16, '01). The average July temperature at Silver Lake was 58.4, compared to 56.5 in 2002 and 55.7 in 2001. The total precipitation recorded at Silver Lake for July was 0.57 inches (1.63 inches in 2002 and 2.64 inches in 2001).*

Hidden Creek Lake was early this year releasing its water on

July 3<sup>rd</sup> (Aug 2, '02, July 2, '01 and July 26, '00). The water in the Kennicott River began to rise during the morning of July 3<sup>rd</sup> and crested at 5:15 pm July 4<sup>th</sup>. The increase was 4.70 feet in 34 hours. The crest was about a foot lower than the last 3 years and there was no flooding. The river was back to its normal level by the morning of July 6<sup>th</sup>.

The first half of August saw a full week of warm and sunny weather with high of 80 on the 8<sup>th</sup> and a low of 30 on the 5<sup>th</sup>. Rainfall for the period was about 0.75 inches recorded from the 1<sup>st</sup> thru 12<sup>th</sup>. It's about time to think about covering the plants in the garden. The first frost usually occurs in early August and lows below 32 are not far behind.

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.

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"Being a lover of freedom, when the (Nazi) revolution came, I looked to the universities to defend it, knowing that they had always boasted of their devotion to the cause of truth; but no, the universities were immediately silenced. Then I looked to the great editors of the newspapers, whose flaming editorials in days gone by had proclaimed their love of freedom; but they, like the universities, were silenced in a few short weeks...Only the Church stood squarely across the path of Hitler's campaign for suppressing truth. I never had any special interest in the Church before, but now I feel a great affection and admiration for it because the Church alone has had the courage and persistence to stand for intellectual and moral freedom. I am forced to confess that what I once despised I now praise unreservedly." —Albert Einstein from *Kampi und Zeugnis der bekennenden Kirche*

# FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

**B**ack in the summer of 1993, there were no campgrounds in the McCarthy area. Campers simply found a likely looking spot, built a campfire and pitched their tent. The only problem was, they were nearly always on private property, "squatting" without permission.

Bonnie and I talked to (then) NPS Superintendent Karen Wade, describing the problem and offering what we thought was a simple solution: NPS had a piece of property near the end of the road which would make a good campground. Wade's response was shocking. "Absolutely not," she said. "We don't know where our property is, and I could not possibly justify the expense of a survey for such a project."

Ms Wade went to Washington, DC, where she testified before Congress to her need for more money for the Wrangell-St. Elias National Park (WRST). Money, not for campgrounds or other visitor facilities, but for more armed rangers to "ride shotgun when we visit residents who often have a frontier mentality."

Word of Wade's comments reached Alaska, the public outcry was swift and loud, and Wade returned to Copper Center to clean out her desk. (Disgraced in Alaska, she was sent to North Carolina, where, in 1998 she was named "Superintendent of the Year," and in 1999 was made a regional director. Apparently treating inholders and park visitors as dangerous bumpkins is the route to success at NPS.)

A few years after Wade's ignominious departure, the private sector came to the rescue

and built not one, but two campgrounds. Trespass by campers was almost entirely eliminated. Suddenly, NPS must have discovered where their land was, and they built a no-fee campground right across the road from one of the existing, privately-owned campgrounds. The campground owners complained to Senator Frank Murkowski, who sent an aide to scope out the situation. Two weeks later, the free NPS campground closed. If you ask NPS about it today, they will tell you that they closed the campground because it was located in a "bear corridor." Which is, at best, deceptive. (They recently announced plans to build a two million dollar project with 12 housing units and an RV pad on the same piece of property.)

Two years ago, the Pilgrim family bought the old Mother Lode Mine site. The seller described property line locations in a manner which then seemed reasonable to the Pilgrim family. But apparently, the NPS knew something the Pilgrims didn't—the seller had probably built the house partly off the lot over onto federal lands.

So why did the NPS overreact this spring and blow \$70,000 to do a gold-plated complete retracement survey when their own Geographic Information System capabilities in-house could have, at a fraction of that cost and far less environmental impact, prepared airphoto-based plats showing where those lines were located—plenty good enough for NPS management purposes in a remote area like McCarthy Creek!

Even more interesting is why

NPS managers insisted on creating a new two-miles of visible slash lines through previously undisturbed natural vegetation around the Pilgrim property over their objections and pleadings!

The American Land Rights Association points out that the 2003 NPS field campaign against the Pilgrim family has caused FAR FAR MORE visible impact on undisturbed natural vegetation in the McCarthy Creek valley than anything they are trying to hang the Pilgrims with doing on the EXISTING 100 year old road!

Sure enough, the BLM survey confirmed that the property line goes right through the middle of the house. The Pilgrims, like the NPS in 1993, didn't really know *exactly* where their property was.

The Pilgrims also used their ANILCA granted access rights to use a 100 year old mine road to bring materials and supplies to their land, crushing some brush growth in the process.

This past month, the National Park Service has spent somewhere in the neighborhood of a quarter million dollars to "gather evidence" of "possible resource damage" on the road and on this small, approximately one-acre area adjacent to the Pilgrim home—neither of which has been pristine wilderness for a century. Photos of the area around the Pilgrim home ca 1920 show the brush cleared almost exactly like it is today.

Yet the NPS is sparing no taxpayer expense in its quest to ruin this family with a frivolous lawsuit.

Any good neighbor would have tried to settle the problem in a civil manner. Offer a land swap, let the family restore the

alders, whatever. But not the NPS. They jumped at the opportunity to send armed rangers to scowl and intimidate the family, and a swarm of "resource experts" to document every turned leaf and shredded stalk. For two weeks the Pilgrim family endured endless helicopter flights, surly rangers and stone-faced "scientists" digging and probing in their yard. Chief Ranger Hunter Sharp scaring customers away from their popular horse rides and telling people that the "Pilgrims will not talk to us"—which has about the same credibility as the story of closing the campground due to bears.

In fact, the management at WRST seems to be so obsessed with "getting" the Pilgrim family that they have almost completely

ignored the rest of the park this summer. (Other than to close Doug Fredericks access to his property at Copper Lake, and cite him for trying to repair the trails.) The NPS Visitor Information Center at McCarthy, closed due to "lack of funds" has turned into a junkyard, littered with abandoned vehicles and equipment—yet Candelaria and Chief Ranger Sharp hardly notice.

WRST Superintendent Gary Candelaria now has the army of armed Rangers that Superintendent Wade so badly wanted. But how does one justify an army of law enforcement types in an area populated not with criminals, but hard working pioneer types?

Perhaps by exploiting that "frontier mentality" myth that

Wade talked about. Create crimes where none exist. From Nabesna to Jake's Bar, people report NPS rangers disguised as hikers or campers, trying to find someone breaking park rules, or jumping out of the woods and scaring people with their guns, bullet proof vests and military appearance. People like Doug Fredericks and the Pilgrims are unreasonably targeted for punishment. Their only crime is trying to live the rural lifestyle that is supposedly guaranteed and protected by ANILCA.

Sadly, there seems to be no accountability. Like the lyrics of the song in Big Park, "We don't answer to the taxpayer, or to your congressman, and we don't take 'no' from anyone. We just want to take your land."

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

I just received your May & June issue — great articles. I truly admire all those individuals that participated in the protest drive on the McCarthy-Green Butte Road.

For 14 years I have helped Kantishna miners within the Denali National Park. Hopefully McCarthy won't go the way of Kantishna. The key to beating the Park Service is to stick together and help each other out. A time proven NPS tactic is to get individuals fighting each other and pick off one at a time.

It is extremely important that no one under any circumstances sells any private land to the Park Service. I can't emphasize this enough—never, never sell land to the government. Property rights is all about freedom.

After reading the World Net Daily articles I want you to know that it is nothing new or creative when the Park Service tries to make the Pilgrims look dangerous. Over the years I have had many Congressional inquiries generated on my behalf due to Park Service takings. A couple of times the NPS Regional Director stated that they alerted security when I was in the building. That comment infuriated me since it was likely a lie, at the very least there was no reason for security to be alerted.

I have worked for the NPS before. Honest people don't last or are in the background where they can cause no harm. NPS employees will do most anything to protect their jobs. If they don't, there are plenty of individuals to take their position that will do as they are told. They are rarely held accountable. That

is the reason they can say & do most anything.

Steve Hicks

White Sulphur Springs, MT

7/13/2003

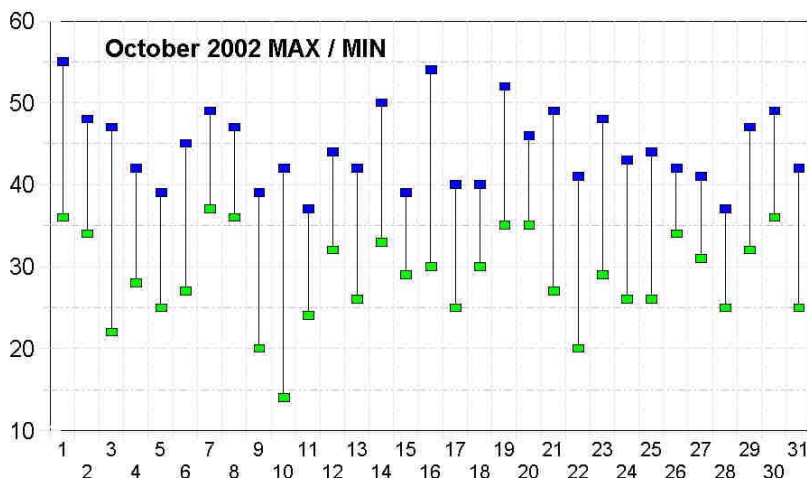
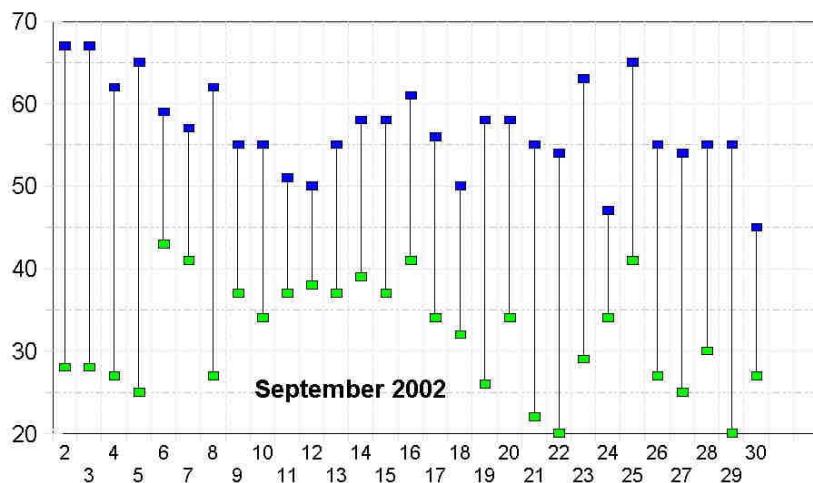
Dear Rick

Thanks so much for the story on Doug Frederick over in Slana. Our family has been going to their lodge since '96. We have often talked with Doug and Judy (Dick and Lucille too) about the NPS and how they were trying to put them out of business. We never took sides because we weren't from the area and really didn't understand both sides of the issue, however after our visit there in May of this year we left feeling like the NPS was harassing Doug.

We were planning on going to Copper Lake on an ATV but couldn't because the NPS had

(continued on page 31)

# Weather - What can we expect?



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