

Wrangell St. Elias News

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" - Thomas Jefferson

VOL. THREE ISSUE TWO

MARCH & APRIL 1994

ONE DOLLAR



Blackburn School Class of 1937

Kennicott, Alaska

Can you help WSEN subscriber Jeanne Moore Elliott, a former "Kennicott Kid," identify her classmates in this photo? This picture was taken on the steps of Blackburn School, Kennicott, Alaska, says Jeanne. She can identify three "kids" but needs help in putting names to the other faces.

"The whole first row of little ones are children who showed up to school that day because 'pictures were being made,'" writes Jeanne, "so I don't think any one on the first row were students. My little sister, Nan, who was five at the time, is the one on the end with her hands across her chest and she has a ribbon in her hair. The little brown-headed boy in the first row is Pat Hooks. I am the one on the second row with the hairbow in her hair."

Jeanne's father was James A. Moore. He worked at Kennecott for a time before the company sent him to Chile to work in their mines down there. He met a young lady named Mary. They were married and returned to Alaska. The Moores had three children; Mary Jean (Jeanne) was born in Kennicott in 1930. Nan was born in Kennicott in 1932, and Jimmy was born in McCarthy in 1934. It is Jeanne's recollection that they lived in Kennicott until July 1, 1937, then returned to her father's hometown in Tennessee.

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Freighting
Adventures!**

King Floyd
part seven
King Floyd gains a vassal!

OUR TOWN



March &
April
1919

A note from the publisher

BY RICK KENYON

This is the first attempt at "A note from the publisher" made by co-publisher Rick. Please bear with me. It will likely be short.

We trust you got the last issue in good shape and in a reasonable period of time. We mailed them out on January 3. If you have any problems with an issue be sure to let us know so, we can replace it or take whatever steps are necessary to rectify the problem.

The new "printing press" worked fine—even after the tough trip from Anchorage to McCarthy that it had to endure. The increased speed (100 copies per minute, compared to 18 for our "old" machine) and more trouble free operation makes it much more enjoyable for Bonnie and I when it comes time to print the papers. It also uses much less power, so we can even run on inverter power, using our storage batteries.

The Department of Transportation/Public Facilities (DOT/PF) plowed the McCarthy Road just before Christmas, and it has been in more or less constant use since then. By mid February it was getting to the point that only the brave were making the trip, and even experienced "McCarthy Roaders" had some problems with glaciers. We are looking forward to seeing the road grader make the trip in sometime in March. This time they are scheduled to cross the Kennicott River and plow the McCarthy Airstrip.

I think it is time to say a few words about Wrangell St. Elias News and the Park Service. Some people have the idea that we are "anti-park," or that we "hate the Park Service," which is not true. What we are against is the abuse of power described in some detail on page 28 of this issue. (Lest you think these are just stories, made up by

disgruntled miners, believe me, there are plenty of local situations that are all too similar.) What we do hate is the "anti-people" mentality that seems to be the norm at the management levels of NPS. The arrogance of power which leads to the delusion that bureaucrats are the masters, rather than the public servants—this is what we are against.

As long as the Park Service continues to work with groups such as the National Parks and Conservation Association (NPCA), who seem to have little regard for the truth, we will probably clash. As long as the Park Service continues to push agendas that curb our freedoms and do nothing to protect the land or enhance anyone's "park experience," we will probably clash. But we don't hate them. We don't hate anyone!

In the past, we received a document from the NPS called "squad notes." It was a brief listing of things covered at meetings of Park Service personnel in Glennallen, and it gave us at least an idea of what things NPS was doing, or proposing to do. It let us know what questions to ask. It also allowed us to document things like who actually drew the boundaries around the proposed resident zones—the Park Service or the Subsistence Resource Commission. (NPS drew them, then told us that the SRC had done it!) Sometime during the summer, NPS Superintendent Karen Wade stopped sending the notes. When, after several months went by and no notes, we asked why. She told us that the information was too "sensitive" for public dissemination, although she was sending them to several area residents and to M.A.L.A. She offered, instead, to have the Chitina District Ranger, Jim Hummel, brief us on what the Park Service is doing. (Jim told us that she has since stopped sending the squad notes to anyone.)

We have enjoyed getting to know Jim, and appreciate the effort he has made to visit and tell us what he knows. However, as Russel Baker, writing in *The Good Times* said, "Only a fool expects the authorities to tell him what the news is." So, we will continue to look for independent sources of information, as any responsible news agency would do. And, we will continue to report that news in as unbiased manner as we know how to do. When it comes to editorials, we can, and will, "let 'er rip." (Look through some back issues of WSEN, even in the *For Your Consideration* department we have let others voice their views.)

So, there you have it. If you think that the government can do no wrong, and should never be criticized, we will be happy to refund the balance of your subscription. If, on the other hand, you think as we do, that the government is supposed to serve the people, rather than dominate them, I think you will enjoy the balance found in the *News*.

"We appreciate our readers" is not an idle saying. Thanks so much to all of you who have helped and given encouragement to Bonnie and I this past year and a half. If you would like to see something covered in the *News*, let us know. Also most welcome are your stories and other items for publication.

Wrangell St. Elias News welcomes the following new subscribers:

Nancy Lee, Illinois; Doris Tucker, New York; Alice Campbell, Alaska; Lone Janson, Alaska; George Reichman, Alaska; Steve Cremer, Wash.; Bill Paleck, Wash.; Nan Henderson, Tenn.; Steve Borell, Alaska; Peter Janssen, Conn.; Mark Moore, Calif.; Patrick Gallagher, Idaho; Mike & Ruth MacDonald; Pat Park, Mont.; Jim & Doreen Garcia, Alaska; Stephen & Mary Jo Yaksich, N.Y.; Bruce Wallace, Wash. D.C.

Items of Interest

BY BONNIE KENYON

Jurgen Ogrodnik:

People love to dream but, better yet, is seeing dreams come true. Well, Jurgen is about to see a 23 year old dream of his fulfilled. While visiting family and friends in Germany, Jurgen gave a guitar concert. That concert was recorded, he says, and shortly he will travel to Homer where the recording will become Jurgen's first album—a dream come true! Congratulations, Jurgen, we are proud of you.

Tyler Green:

Speaking of being proud of someone...While visiting his grandparents in Oregon this winter, Tyler opted to "try out" public school. Just how is he adjusting to riding a school bus, experiencing his first day at school and making new friends? According to Gary and Nancy, Tyler's folks, "he is doing great and loves it!" He is in the third grade and excelling in Science and Math. Maybe he can teach us older folks a thing or two when he gets home.

Nancy Cook: Nancy is trying out something new herself these days. She working this winter in the Bering Sea for

National Marine Fisheries. She is on a 125' catcher boat that delivers pollock to a floating processor in Beaver Inlet. According to a recent postcard from Nancy, she is doing a bit of weather observing. She writes, "Rick should be glad he doesn't do weather here - it changes every five minutes!" She goes on to report, "Good news is I don't get sea sick." We expect to see Nancy back in McCarthy in the spring.

Matt Hambrick and Richard Villa: If anyone is looking for Matt and Richard these days, just head in the direction of Kennicott and keep your ears open for nail pounding and table saw running. Richard took on a remodeling job on one of the old Kennicott houses. Thankfully, the job is an inside one, except for installing a few new windows. Winter finally hit Kennicott shortly after the fellows installed the oil stove—just in time to give it a good working out. The winds began to blow and the temperatures dropped down to more than 20 below. Matt reported it was at least warmer inside than out, and they were taking the

opportunity to apply a bit more insulation to those drafty spots. (Matt, sorry I didn't bring any homemade cookies to the last M.A.L.A. meeting. I'll try to do better next time!)

Chris Richards:

While I'm still up at Kennicott looking for items that might interest our readers... I thought it would be a good idea to let Chris' mom and brothers know that Chris made it to school every day. As far as I know, he didn't skip one class and he did pass the course. (I'm referring to the E.T.T. class held in McCarthy Feb. 14-18.) Hopefully, he'll write home and give his family a few more details.

Gaia and Ardea

Thurston-Shaine: Gaia's friend, Tara from California, arrived on the mail plane Feb. 11. She is expected to be here for 2 weeks. Maybe that will be a pleasant distraction for Ardea who is "working" on a loose front tooth!

Andy Shidner: Andy reports he has had a steady flow of neighbors dropping in to say hello since he returned from the lower 48. He's managed, however, to finish his loft floor and

do some more sealing around his windows.

Jim and Pat Edwards:

Pat is home and doing well. She arrived in McCarthy the end of December in time to celebrate the New Year with her Swift Creek family. Since then they have had other family members venture out this way for a visit. Steve, Lana and little Ben drove out in mid January. Following the young Edwards' family in was Pat's daughter, Nancy Farrell from Anchorage and grandchildren, Dana and Scott. A full house and more, but Pat loves it! Then son, Joel Sperry from Fairbanks, tackled the McCarthy Road on Feb. 21 and had a safe trip in. Jim is making good headway on his airplane ski project for the RV-4. Now all he and Pat need is a warming trend. Minus 30 degree temperatures are a little too cold for installation and test flights.

Patrick, Phyllis, Rebekah and Sarah Sperry: Never a boring moment in the Sperry household. The wood cookstove has been humming these days as Patrick and Phyllis get the hang of baking their own bread in this

somewhat different oven. I can testify to a delicious product. Patrick brought his own sweet rolls to last Sunday's Bible Study, and they were a hit! Not a crumb was left. Breadmaking day at the Sperry's isn't just a loaf or two either; how about 8 loaves in one day? (Maybe McCarthy could use a good bakery?) The Edwards' "craft" room is getting a lot of use lately as the ladies, including Rebekah and Sarah, work together to outfit the local gift shops with a variety of handicrafts.

John Adams: Well, John isn't exactly working on handicrafts these days, but he is tinkering on something—a 1986 Panther Arctic Cat snowmachine which he brought in from Anchorage just recently. He decided to take a break from construction work in the big city and attend the E.T.T. class in McCarthy. In between classes and studying, John's been seen "making trails" around the McCarthy countryside.

Ken and Carly Kritchen: Ken and Carly got back on Feb. 7 and are busily at work on the cabin. They finally made the "big cut" in their wall and are quite pleased with the extra room their new addition now gives them. Right in the midst of all this

activity, however, Carly took 5 days off to attend the E.T.T. class leaving Ken all to himself. Well, that proved near fatal for Carly! Ken, wanting to help on supper preparation, decided he'd surprise Carly by cooking up his own spaghetti rendition. (Who knows, maybe it will qualify for Carly's cooking column.) After the second bite, Carly knew something was amiss. The innocent looking sauce sure had a bite to it. Ken had mistakenly dumped in a container of left over jalapeno peppers instead of green peppers. In defense of his actions, Ken declares, "I call it creative cooking."

Jim and Jeannie Miller: Jeannie and daughter, Stacie, attended E.T.T. class also. I hope Ken doesn't feel bad, but it sounds like Jim gave the ladies in his family a more pleasant experience. He jumped right in there and did a real fine job in having supper ready for the tired students.

Terry and Dee Frady: Terry and Dee are busy gathering logs for the planned 14' x 16' addition to their gift shop. Although they won't be actually building it this summer, they hope to at least get the foundations in. Now that the E.T.T. course is over, Dee is making good headway on her area cookbook which is

scheduled to be ready this summer.

Mark Vail: Mark has been putting a lot of miles on his dog team. He's had three M.A.L.A. meetings to chair which means a run into McCarthy and back to his cabin at Fireweed Subdivision. Mark and the dogs even ventured out the Nizina Road to attend a M.A.L.A. committee meeting at the Bays.

Spring opening for the McCarthy Road

In a letter dated Feb. 16, George Levasseur of D.O.T. announced that the spring opening of the road is scheduled for the week of March 7th. "This will be dependent on the weather in Chitina as our first responsibility has to be the Edgerton Highway from Mile 0-35." A special thanks to D.O.T. and the Chitina Station employees!

Sightings

Sightings and/or tracks of the following animals and birds have been reported in the area during the month of January and February: fox, lynx, coyote, moose, martin, wolf, magpies, pine grosbeaks, red polls, boreal and black-capped chickadees, hairy and downy woodpeckers, ravens and gray jays.

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Winter freighting adventures

BY ERIC YOULD

My wife, Patty, and I own five acres of land on Bud and Bill Seltenreich's homestead on the Nizina River at the end of the Dan Creek Road (some call it the Nizina Road), nine miles south of McCarthy Creek. We have a small cabin that Kelly Bay built for us back in 1989, and although we are a cozy couple, our 8' x 12' living space becomes close after a relatively short weekend of hard work. Consequently, we have decided to upgrade to a 12' x 16' two-story mansion as an interim step to a larger cabin sometime in the future.

We have decided to build our next cabin using post and beam construction rather than traditional framing. This particular style of construction requires that all the columns and beams of the structural frame be comprised of heavy timbers connected by mortise and tenon joints secured with wooden pegs (as opposed to two-by-four lumber butted and nailed). The exposed timbers become an architectural feature of the house's interior.

We ordered about 10,000 lbs. of rough-cut lumber from Regal Enterprises at Kenny Lake during the winter of 1993, with the intent of having them deliver the load to McCarthy in the springtime shortly after the Department of Transportation (D.O.T.) plowed the road. Then, we could freight the load to the Nizina by snowmachine if snow

conditions permitted that spring, or walk the timbers across McCarthy Creek for summer haulage from the other side of the creek to the homestead using an ATV.

Patty and I had driven the McCarthy Road a few days after the road was plowed and could already see road glaciers starting to reform. If you have never had to drive across these slick, creeping bodies of deep hollow ice, then you have not fulfilled the fourth test for becoming a "real" Alaskan. Nevertheless, we

we do this sort of thing all the time. We call it "mud whopping."

Well, anyone that could confidently claim to be a trucking mud whopper was, as far as I was concerned, eminently experienced to tackle the dreaded McCarthy Road glaciers. Furthermore, there seemed to be a certain divine assurance that our load would make it safely, when we showed up at Regal on that early spring morning. We learned that David would be accompanied on his 80 mile express

passed our abandoned load stuck in a glacier near the Gilahina River. Regal was later able to get our load back to Kenny Lake and stockpiled for the summer where we settled up with them for the production portion of our verbal contract.

Although we had failed that spring, we wrote the episode off to experience, gave up our plans for the approaching summer construction season, and vowed to try a more enlightened approach. Rather than fight the spring thaws, we would

"If you have never had to drive across these slick, creeping bodies of deep hollow ice, then you have not fulfilled the fourth test for becoming a 'real' Alaskan."

were able to get in and out of McCarthy, and immediately reported to Regal that their window of opportunity to meet our spring delivery date was fast shrinking as the approaching warm weather exacerbated the circadian rhythm of the glaciers causing them to expand at night and become structural quagmires in the day.

Finally one weekend, after constantly monitoring the road conditions by way of D.O.T. and our McCarthy friends, we informed Regal that the weather and glacier conditions on the road were such that it was now or never. By then our order had been harvested and milled. We were heartened when we talked to David, our designated Regal truck driver, on the telephone. He told us confidently, "No, problem,

delivery by none other than Joshua, who would be riding "shotgun." David and Joshua told us to go on to McCarthy and they would be about two hours behind us.

Patty and I got to McCarthy at about ten in the morning, after a harrowing experience of reconfirming our claim to be real Alaskans. We immediately began to have doubts about our load getting through! We also became uncertain about the ability of the rotting ice on the Kennicott River to carry the weight of the loaded timber truck.

By 3:00 p.m. we began backtracking the McCarthy Road—only to hear a "carribou clatter" request on KCAM radio for Patty and Eric in McCarthy to call Regal Enterprises. As we fought our way along, we

wait for the fall freeze-up and transport our load to McCarthy, and hopefully, all the way to the Nizina when the Kennicott River and McCarthy Creek would be low.

After a delightful summer of frequent trips to McCarthy, we began to watch the temperatures plunge and the rivers drop in the Wrangell Mountains. Winter began to overwhelm the annual cycle of events. The ideal situation would have entailed little or no snow and very cold temperatures.

Patty and I continued to monitor the Kennicott River situation by keeping a continual dialog with area residents. As it turned out, the fall of '94 was relatively warm and wet—but finally a prolonged cold snap gripped the area in early

November that included a modest 10" of snow. The river had indeed dropped. Randy Elliott had started freighting operations, and area residents were starting to cross the river in their vehicles. The time had finally come!

We called David at Regal Enterprises to set up a

Gilahina River, the snow was fast disappearing and all of the small streams were becoming raging torrents. We even turned around at one point to call off the entire operation, but then decided to press on. If needed, we could stockpile the timbers on the Chitina side of the Kennicott.

As the day wore on the water continued to rise; however, things still looked passable. Finally at about 3:00 p.m., David and our load arrived and, sure enough, Joshua was along as well. Rather than let David and Joshua make an independent evaluation of the situation, I casually mentioned that a little Subaru

of our truck. It wasn't quite up to the flat bed.

David and Joshua left the engine running and crawled out of their cab. They joined me on top of the load. By this time Tom and Paula, our Nizina neighbors, had joined Patty on the shore to observe our dilemma. We were too far out in the river to yell back and forth, but luckily Patty and I had handheld CB radios.

We knew Randy was scheduled to do some river crossings that day with his D-6 Cat, so we tried to raise him on our radio. Unfortunately, without success. He was over at Dan Creek on the other side of Sourdough Ridge and couldn't hear our calls for help.

Bonnie Kenyon happened to be "on-frequency" and asked if we were having problems. By this time, everyone else in the valley was on our frequency and aware of our bonehead plight. Bonnie tried to raise Dan Creek with their home station transmitter but also without success. Daylight, truck fuel and hope were starting to run low, and the river was still rising.

Now it was time for two heroes to emerge. Bonnie's husband, Rick, cranked up his Cessna 170, flew to Dan Creek, landed and explained the situation to Randy who, in turn, jumped in his Tri-pacer and headed for the Kennicott gravel strip downriver from where we were stuck. Rick relayed to Bonnie who relayed to Patty that Randy was on his way. Patty took our Jeep and headed downriver to pick up Randy when he landed.

"By the time we reached the Gilahina River, the snow was fast disappearing and all of the small streams were becoming raging torrents."

date before more snow could ly. We informed him that the river was dropping, and asked if he could get the job done. "No problem," he said, "we cross rivers all the time." This generated that hollow feeling of apprehension that we sometimes all get. Short of a bad snow-storm, what could possibly go wrong?

As we drove to McCarthy from our Eagle River home, we felt the first whiff of the approaching Chinook. We stopped by Regal to reaffirm that they could make it and bought another couple of tons of timbers. We whipped out their supply of 6' x 6's and 1' x 4's feeling as comfortable as a couple of squirrels with all their nuts stockpiled for the long winter ahead. Regal would be coming out the following morning. We discussed the need for an early arrival because of the increasingly warming weather.

As Patty and I crossed over the Copper River it began to rain, and the temperature continued to rise. By the time we reached the

That night we set up a wet camp at the lower crossing of the Kennicott River. We looked with some trepidation at the gray, roiling flow of the river.

Early the next morning, we saw Gary Hickling crossing the Kennicott in his little Subaru. Even though he had water marks half way up his door when he emerged at our camp, he said it was "no sweat." You just had to take it slow and easy. If you bump into any boulders being washed down, stop and back up, or wait for them to wash on by. The Regal truck was twice as tall as Gary's Subaru. We'd let them decide if they could make it.

had made it across earlier in the day without any problem. (I guess that was analogous to telling a 185 pilot that you just saw a 172 set down and take off from a 700' gravel strip with 50' trees at each end).

David gunned the engine and plunged in. I accompanied the load while Patty waited on shore to see if we would actually make it. As we mired down and boulders washed under our axles, visions of road glaciers flashed in my head. We were dead in the water, so to speak, in the very middle of the Kennicott River! Water was rising higher and higher over the tailpipe

Wilderness rafting in the
Wrangell-St. Elias National Park

Copper  Oar

PO Box MXY McCarthy
Glennallen, AK 99588
1-800-478-5292 or (907)822-5292

In the meantime, David, Joshua and I listened to the events on our handheld CB and discussed the weather and the state of the rising water. After awhile, we ran into one of those natural quiet pauses that so often occur in conversations during tense situations in the middle of raging glacial water streams. We were all three sort of reclined on top of the wood pile watching the world flow by when, out of the corner of my eye, I caught this knowing glance between David and Joshua. As the pause lingered, David finally said, "Sooo, Mr. Yould, ... are you a religious man?" Well, there it was. I've never been very good with spiritual discussions, but spiritual was the theme in the middle of the Kennicott River until the cavalry arrived on a big yellow D-6 Cat.

Randy was great, but Patty mentioned he kept grumbling about foreigners trying to cross the Kennicott River who weren't familiar with how its done. Randy walked his Cat into the gray waters and backed up to the front of our truck. He hooked a chain from the Dozer to the truck and proceeded to drag us to the McCarthy side of the river. We looked like a waterlogged duck as we emerged from the frigid gray water.

I raised the prospect with David as to whether he wanted to make a little more by driving across the McCarthy Creek and all the way down to the Nizina. Good sense prevailed and he indicated that McCarthy was the end of the road for him.

We dumped the load behind the McCarthy Lodge and then went back to the Kennicott River where we chained up to the Dozer and got dragged back across the river to the Chitina side.

Rick and Randy certainly saved the day for us, but our freighting efforts were not yet over. We still had to move seven tons of timbers across McCarthy Creek and ten miles down the Dan Creek Road to our property on the Nizina. Patty and I spent that night in our Jeep as the rains fell. The following day we stacked our wood, covered it with a tarp and contemplated how we would go the last ten miles.

As it turned out, some of our friends in Anchorage volunteered to help haul the timbers using snowmachines in exchange for lodging expenses. Betty and Gary had previously indicated that the lodge would be available for such a venture if we were willing to bring the food and do all the cooking. It sounded like a good solution and a fun weekend as well. We scheduled the New Year's weekend for the event and had three long-track snowmachines from Anchorage plus our own Yamaha short-track.

On the morning of the first day of hauling, Gary (our third hero) volunteered his services and snowmachine. That now gave us a total of five snowmachines. The weather was bright and clear—about 20 below—perfect weather. Patty helped with the loading, stacking, and hauling and was the best camp cook that we could have hoped for.

As it turned out, had it not been for Gary's efforts, we would probably still be hauling timbers today. The sleds that accompanied the three snowmachines from Anchorage turned out to be seven foot fiberglass Akkios. Since most of the timbers were in excess of 12' in length, the Akkios were more stable riding on top of the timbers rather than beneath them.

Gary, on the other hand, had a homemade heavy hauling sled and snowmachine that was capable of handling at least 1,600 lbs. with each load. My own sled arrangement consisted of a fold-a-sled plus a homemade sled extension, with a combined capability of roughly 800 lbs. In the end, Gary made four trips over two days. I made five and a

half (the half trip was to pick up some of the trail jet-tisoned Akkio timbers), and the Akkios made three trips each.

Alas, our timbers are stockpiled at the Nizina awaiting the upcoming field season. It has been a long difficult process, but we are happy and especially appreciative of the help we received from all our friends along the way. While we plan to buy more rough-cut lumber from Regal in the future, our freighting experience has taught us how to be much more efficient on the transportation aspects of the operation. We know exactly how we are going to do it the next time.

Help Beautify McCarthy & Kennicott!

Get rid of that old eyesore.

I will remove any car from the McCarthy townsite for \$50. Those outside of town, including Kennicott, for \$100.

You must remove the gas tank and the battery.



April 1 — May 15

Contact Randy Elliott
c/o WSEN

McCarthy, PO Box MXY
Glennallen, AK 99588

Hunting guides-outfitters make concessions list

BY BONNIE KENYON

With regard to implementing a "permanent" concessions program for hunting guide-outfitters in the Wrangell-St. Elias National Preserve, the National Park Service is nearing the end of a process which started over two years ago.

According to Russell Lesko, Management Assistant for WRST, "the purpose of the NPS Concessions Program is to provide those services which are deemed necessary and appropriate for each park unit, and to ensure such services are of high quality and are available to park visitors at a reasonable cost."

Two workshops conducted by WRST in January and February of 1992 focused primarily on the requirements of guide areas and were used by park staff to help establish "reasonable and workable guide area boundaries in WRST." Lesko emphasized, "the hunting guide-outfitter program is restricted to the preserve, as sport hunting is not allowed within the park."

In October and November of 1992, two public workshops were held at the Alaska Public Lands Information Center in Anchorage. Attendance was small for both meetings and included, for the most part, present concessioners. The purpose of these particular workshops was to "obtain input from the guiding

community, and gain a better understanding of the needs of hunting guides, as the park converted from an interim hunting guide-outfitter concessions program to a permanent one," explained Lesko in a recent letter to Wrangell St. Elias News.

In May of 1993 NPS issued a Prospectus announcing 17 opportunities for hunting guide-outfitters in WRST. The Prospectus announced a 60 day period during which proposals would be accepted and described how to go about submitting an application. The application period closed in July '93, applications were evaluated by a panel in early August, and 16 concessioners were selected later in the month. Says Lesko, "We are now in the process of meeting with the successful applicants, discussing individual operational concerns and preparing the concession permits." The permits NPS issues will be valid for 1994-1997.

A list of the guides who were selected last August are as follows:

Mark Collins (Malaspina)
Jungles, Deserts & Mtns.

Paul Claus (Barnard Glacier)
Ultima Thule Outfitters

John Claus (Mt. Holmes)
Ultima Thule Outfitters

Lorene Ellis (Nabesna Glacier)
Lorene's Guide Service

Bill Ellis (Nabesna River)
Devil's Mtn.

Cole Ellis (Jacksina Glacier)
Ellis Big Game Guides & Outfitters

Mel Gillis (Chetaslina River)
Alaska Trophy Hunting & Fishing

Dick Gunlogson (Chisana River)
Gunlogson Enterprises

Roland Hammack (Gilahina River)
Hammack Guide Service

Dan Lynch (Fireweed Mountain)
Lynch Guide Service

Ray McNutt (Horsfeld Creek)
Wrangell "R" Ranch

Terry Overly (Chisana Glacier)
Pioneer Outfitters

Matthew Owen (Snag Creek)
Northern Air Trophy

Daniel Schwarzer (Canyon Ck.)
AAA Alaskan Outfitters

Urban Raho (Ptarmigan Lake)
Ptarmigan Lake Lodge

Thomas Vaden (Solo Lake)
Solo Creek Guide Service

✻

For Sale

Avgas Tanker - Ford F600 1,200 gallon (2 600 gallon compartments) with certified meter. Set up for airport use. Have \$12,500 invested and will consider reasonable offers.

Chuck LaPage Alpine Aviation Adventures Box 1909 Valdez, AK 99686
Phone (907) 835-4304

NPS news

BY RICK KENYON

Personnel change in Glennallen

According to Chitina District Ranger Jim Hummel, Superintendent Karen Wade left the first week of February to assume temporary duties in Philadelphia as Acting Deputy Regional Director for the Mid-Atlantic Regional Office of the National Park Service. Taking her place for the next four months will be Cordele Roy from Anchorage. Mr. Roy was the Damage Assessment Coordinator dealing with the Exxon oil spill.

The announcement came as a surprise, as Ms. Wade had been planning a trip to the McCarthy area in March or April. According to Hummel, this was an opportunity for Wade to "step into a position that will give her training and experience in the next level above superintendent." It is also an opportunity for Mr. Roy to do the same with the Superintendent position in Glennallen. Will Tipton, Chief of Maintenance in Glennallen, took a temporary position as Superintendent at Katmai National Park last year.

Cordele Roy is from Anchorage, and has worked for the Park Service since 1972. He was involved with assessing the damage caused to the parks by the Exxon oil spill. He is also head of the Coastal Resource Management and Science division of NPS. According

to Hummel, Cordele is a Vietnam vet, has worked for the California Division of Highways, and has worked at five national parks. Hobbies? "Besides the typical outdoor ones as hunting and fishing and skiing," Jim told us, "he does woodworking. He's a riflemith and specializes in making gun stocks."

Chisana caribou herd

Representatives from the National Park Service, Fish and Game, Tetlin National Wildlife Refuge and Canadian Game Wardens met to discuss the caribou herd that ranges between American and Canadian, state and federal lands. Jim Hummel told us, "The herd is dropping, and they don't know why." Jim said the situation is a lot worse than that of the Mentastna herd. The consensus of the various agencies was to close off the herd to hunting. So far, this is only a proposal.

Resident Zone Boundary proposal

The proposal to draw boundaries around communities designated as part of the "resident zone" for Wrangell-St. Elias is in limbo. Last year, the Subsistence Resource Commission (SRC) held a public meeting in Glennallen to get input on a proposal which would divide the resident zone into small community units. After hearing public testimony, nearly all of it

opposed to the plan, the SRC came up with an alternative proposal which would put all of the park, and the communities listed as resident zone communities, into one zone. They were supposed to meet last November, finalize the proposal, and turn it in to the NPS Regional Director in Anchorage.

The November meeting never took place, and according to Ranger Hummel there are now two vacancies on the SRC. Jim thinks that the SRC proposal, along with the original NPS proposal (which includes a boundary for McCarthy approximately 200 acres in size that would exclude most of the residents) will be turned in sometime this year—after the two vacancies are filled. He is hopeful that the SRC will get together with the newly formed Regional Advisory Council and submit a joint proposal.

Kennicott Resource Study

Jim told us that Ben Shaine has submitted a proposal to have the Wrangell Mountain Center do the

Special Resource Study for Kennicott, since the Park Service has not been successful in obtaining funds for the study. (NPS did begin the study. Laura Rotegard from Colorado made two trips to McCarthy, in 1992 and 1993. Since then she has been transferred to New York.)

Shaine is best known for his book *Alaska Dragon*, a novel in which "a Berkeley professor labors to preserve the land from miners, and the miners work just as hard to convert it into money." When asked about his interest in preserving what was once the richest copper mine in American history, Ben told us that he is more interested in seeing the 3,000 acres at Kennicott transferred out of private and into federal ownership than he is with preserving the buildings. He said he would hate to see someone "build a hot dog stand" along his favorite trail up the glacier.

Thanks!

Many thanks to Jim Hummel for taking the time to visit with us and pass along the above information.

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New mail shack gets off to a good start

Terry Frady gets ready to haul the logs that became the framework for the new mail shack.



Jim Edwards watches as Gary Hickling straps down a load of drywall and plywood that weighs in somewhere around one ton!



McCarthy area receives emergency training

BY KRISTEN JANNSSEN

Head-on car accidents, burns, broken bones and lacerations are some of the medical emergencies that have occurred in the Kennicott/McCarthy area over the past few years.

This valley is without doctors or medical facilities. Medical emergencies have been handled by the few nurses in town and mostly by good ol' improvisation. As a result of the growing tourist population, there has been an expressed need for more training and tools to deal with medical emergencies that may occur in our town.

During a January McCarthy Area Landowner's Association meeting, Jim Hummel of the National Park Service, brought information on the availability of Emergency Trauma Technician (E.T.T.) training for the community. McCarthy residents agreed this emergency training was definitely needed. In short order, a class was organized by the Copper River Emergency Services (C.R.E.M.S.) of Glennallen.

On February 14-18 sixteen area residents participated in the 40 hour, E.T.T. training course which was held at the Old Hardware Store in McCarthy. The class coincided with the coldest week of winter so far. Temperatures were around 30 below every morning! This cold spell didn't stop the students, however, from traveling via dogsleds, snowmachines and skis. They gathered around the barrel stove to practice with stethoscopes and cervical collars.

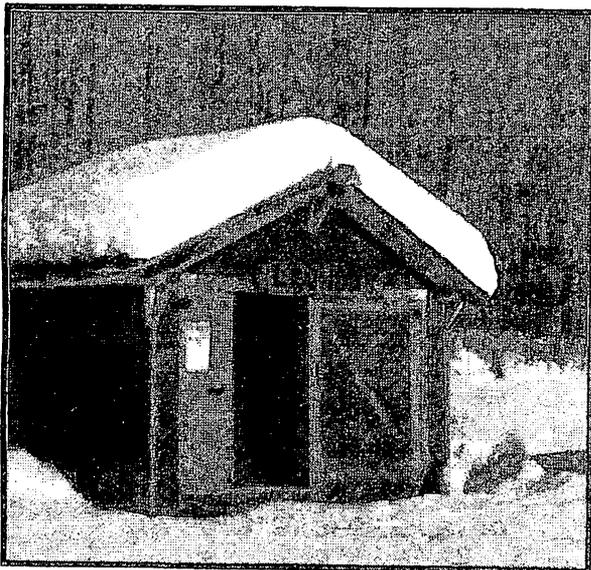
The course format included lectures, videos, hands-on practical exercises and exams. The class focused on 21 subjects related to emergency medical care. Some of which included: spinal injuries, cardiopulmonary resuscitation (CPR), poisonings, burns, amputations and head injuries.

An E.T.T. training is equivalent to a "First Responder" course that is taught in other states. It is specific to Alaska, so when pretend victims were being resuscitated, bandaged and transported, the scenarios often included airplanes, cold weather and rough terrain. An E.T.T. certificate

was given to 15 people the course.

Now that the training is completed, planning is ongoing for the creation of an E.T.T. "cache" at the McCarthy/Kennicott meeting will be held there. There is a possibility of E.T.T. equipment cache that can be used when an emergency situation will be updated if and cache(s) are established.

Congratulations to all who participated in the class! Thanks to those who helped make the course possible, particularly: Jim Manning for the week in McCarthy course; John Adams for feeding Mr. Manning; Mountain Center for the Old Hardware Store; Fred and Howard Mozen for the classroom on those chilly days; Betty Hickling for contributions on TV for the class and Diane Malik, Michael Jim Miller and Kelly for their care.



Above: present mail shack
 Right: While some of us were hauling materials, others were "pounding nails."
 The new mail shack gets its floor and first wall.

McCarthy Area Landowners Association meet

January 7, 1994

Cold temperatures greeted the 23 M.A.L.A. members and visitors as they met together on the McCarthy airstrip. Road maintenance, telephone developments and the Kennicott River footbridge were on the agenda.

Because of the increase of traffic on the McCarthy Road, it was agreed that M.A.L.A. would write a letter to the Department of Transportation requesting the following safety improvements: Warning signs indicating bad corners and narrow places, signs that designate appropriate speed limits, brushing the blind curves and immediate maintenance of dangerous drop-offs and sloughing areas.

M.A.L.A. also voted to write a letter to Copper Valley Telephone reinforcing community support for telephone service. It was also decided a copy of the letter would be sent to the Alaska Public Utilities Commission showing our support for Copper Valley Telephone.

M.A.L.A. will provide a letter to D.O.T. agreeing to provide maintenance on the proposed footbridge, if it is included in the planning and design process by the state.

February 9, 1994

Twenty one residents and visitors met at the Kenyons for a M.A.L.A. organizational meeting. In response to the National Park Service Federal Register's proposed rules for solid waste disposal sites in units of the national park system, M.A.L.A. wrote a letter to NPS in Washington, D.C. The letter requested that Wrangell-St. Elias National Park be exempted from these proposed rules.

M.A.L.A. has also responded by letter to a proposal where state lands within M.A.L.A.'s boundary would be transferred into the Mental Health Trust. The letter protested the action and also asked to be kept informed of future developments.

Ben Shaine was given the floor to explain his plan to acquire \$95,000 in grant money to do a 2 year study. The study would focus on NPS's ability, or inability, to acquire and manage Kennicott "low staff, low budget and low key." Ben and the Wrangell Mountain Center is currently seeking funding for this study from sources such as the National Trust for Historic Preservation and the National Park Foundation.

February 23, 1994

Ed LaChapelle opened up his home for this meeting with twenty three people in attendance. The main issues discussed and voted on concerned the McCarthy Road upgrade and the Kennicott River bridge. Eric and Patty Yould of Eagle River drove to McCarthy specifically to address these subjects and to bring along a "stack" of information meant to assist the community in coming to a consensus.

Some of the issues voted on with a consensus reached were: the following: A pedestrian suspension footbridge, keeping the bridge project separate from the

McCarthy Road Study, establishing the terminus of the McCarthy Road as being the west side of the Kennicott River and a 20 ft. wide road with a desired design speed of 35 mph. A majority of M.A.L.A. members chose "The Historic McCarthy Wilderness Road" as a management theme that they hope will be adopted by D.O.T. for the road study.

If anyone would like to contact the McCarthy Area Landowner's Association for more information, you can write to the following address:
M.A.L.A.
McCarthy
P.O. Box MXY
Glennallen, AK 99588

"If thou love life, then do not squander time,
for that's the stuff life is made of."

—Benjamin Franklin

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PO Box MXY, Glennallen AK 99588

School news

BY KRISTEN JANSSEN

At midway through the school year, the Miller School is humming right along. As our studies resume from holiday breaks, we've maintained our tradition of beginning each day with questions the students have composed. Then we collectively discuss and answer them just prior to lunch break and conclude daily by sharing a fact or insight each student learned during the day.

Highlights of the last month include a school Science Day and a community basketball game. Our January Science Day was comprised of in-school experiments and projects. Zoology was enhanced by curriculum materials which Chris Richards donated. Howard Mozen joined us to teach a lesson in astronomy. Aaron Miller's report, *The Chameleon*, and his poem, *Pets*, were written during Science Day and reflect these students' initiative, curiosity and creativity.

The Miller School's most recent sport activity has been basketball. So far, both the students and the Kennicott Gym have withstood our season's first game! Join us for the next one. (Contact Kristen, if interested.)

The students continue to enjoy much literature. The Thurston-Shaines contributed to the Miller School a script version of one particularly well-loved work, *James and the Giant Peach* by Raul Dahl. We're in the beginning phases of casting and production with Stacie, Matt, Aaron, Gaia and Ardea--already planning their Broadway debuts! If other McCarthy children are interested in performing in the play, please contact Kristen.

Between basketball and rehearsals, we'll be studying away.

The Chameleon

by Aaron W. Miller

The chameleon's backbone is straight and a snake's is not. A chameleon has to stay warm or it will not be able to move very fast. During the chameleon's mating season, they display bright colors.

There are over 3,000 types of lizards. Chameleons are one type of lizard. Their tail is pulled off by preying animals. Chameleons can change color almost anytime they want, especially when they are afraid and on green or brown surfaces. They can climb very well. Chameleons have four legs and can go quickly and escape danger quickly.

Pets

by Aaron W. Miller

Pets

Very noisy

Playing in cages

They're fun to hold

Gerbils.

The museum meeting

BY THE MILLER SCHOOL
(AARON, MATT, STACIE MILLER &
KRISTEN JANSSEN)

The McCarthy/Kennicott Historical Association held a meeting in Anchorage on Tuesday evening, January 18. The meeting focused on ideas for enhancing the historic McCarthy Museum, including creating a curator's position, designating a McCarthy Room and scheduling building improvements.

At the museum meeting, a decision was made to seek out a person for a curator's position. The curator's job would be to open and close the museum building each day, keep the museum clean, provide information on the museum's contents and supply visitors with information. This job may also include gathering and framing pictures

of the area. This person would probably live in the building.

Another idea that came forward was the designation of a McCarthy Room. Betty Hickling is planning to create a McCarthy Room for McCarthy photos and artifacts. She will designate and design one room for McCarthy related material, allowing visitors to clearly understand and identify McCarthy's rich, cultural heritage.

As part of the ongoing effort to collect historic photographs, Bernd Hoffman offered to make area photos available to the association for review.

The association is eager to generate more funds--especially as upcoming projects need financing. Anyone with contributions or ideas for securing additional funds, please contact Bernd Hoffman.

Another item talked about during the meeting was maintenance on the museum building. The association discussed cleaning, repainting and remodeling the building. Loy Green and Ed LaChapelle offered and are planning to put a skylight in the museum's ceiling.

If you know of anyone interested in the curator's position or in contributing to the museum fund, please contact:

Bernd Hoffman
5657 Chilkoot Ct.
Anchorage, Ak 99504

"Above all else, guard your heart, for it is the wellspring of life."

Proverbs 4:23

Outdoors in the Wrangells

Moonlight trapping

BY AL GAGNON

When I think of January in Alaska, I think of long nights and short days. There's little daylight for the mountain of work that it takes to keep food on the table and the cabin warm. The month is often very productive as well, especially for the trapper—good fur, cold, little snowfall.

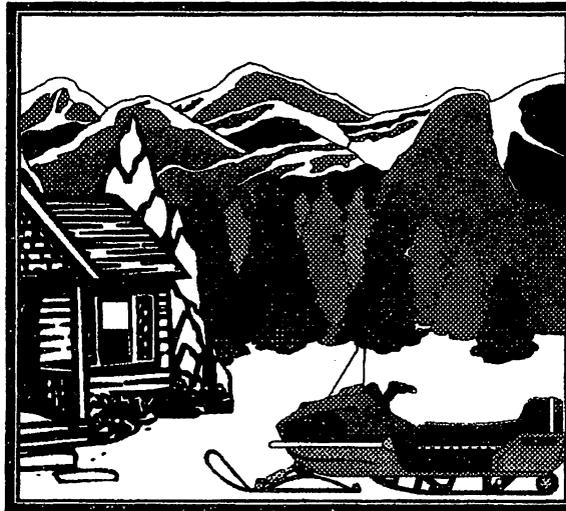
Up at 5:00 a.m., I open wide the woodstove draft and fully load it with four year old cured White or Black Spruce. Immediately, it comes alive—snapping, popping and radiating heat. With a smile on my face, I say to my wife, Fran, "No Standard Oil here."

Placing three hot basalt river rocks in a bucket, I head out into the cold morning. After arranging the hot rocks around my snowmachine engine, I check the outside thermometer. It reads 35 below. Another typical day in January—clear, cold and still. No wonder I'm doing my activities in double time this morning! I'm dressed only in longjohns and a light wool halibut shirt.

I dash inside, bringing a ball of cold air with me. It quickly turns to fog as it contacts the warm cabin air. Shaking myself like a wet dog, I move closer to the warmth of the stove. Coffee awaits me on my side of the table. My day is planned. My equipment is ready. Fran is mixing sourdough hot cakes. A stick of butter, peanut butter, a half-pint of homemade maple flavored syrup and two eggs finish out my usual hearty breakfast. A subsistence lifestyle in this country doesn't give you much time to gain weight. There's no extra fat on me this morning. I figure I weigh 165 soaking wet. Lean and mean. But, then, that describes the north country--no room for the weak,

sick, faint-hearted—whether it's bird, animal or human. This is a country and lifestyle which has no if's, maybe's or gray's. It's a yes or no environment with absolutely no mercy or second chances. Here you're on your own and living on the edge.

A subsistence lifestyle is not for everybody. One needs a lot of country to live this type of life successfully. How much room? Looking around, if you're able to say to yourself, "all mine," then you know you have



enough room. May Creek has this kind of room. Dry wood, moose, mushrooms, fur, game birds, berries. They belong to you, because you're the only one there.

Once breakfast is over, Fran and I talk about the day ahead. She writes down where I'll be. My trapline resembles a wagon wheel with our cabin serving as the hub of the wheel. My wife pays close attention as I dress—checking my homemade chopper mittens, socks and fur hat. When I'm dressed she makes a few adjustments, gives me a kiss and a pat on the derriere, and sends me on my way.

I quickly check the snowmachine, sled, traps, bait and gas. Everything

is ready. Today I'm heading up Young Creek—a 60 mile round trip with 100-150 traps working in double sets. It's my most productive line.

My trail follows the creek. Some years it is miles of overflow ice. The creek freezes solid in sections. Upstream water runs over the ice often only a few inches under the snow. Many times there is no visual warning in these wet sections which constantly shift up or down the creek.

Driving into these overflow areas and stalling your snowmachine means big trouble. When this happens there is only one thing to do. Get off the machine, unhook the sled and work frantically to extricate yourself. Once you and the machine get out of the slush, you have another problem to deal with. Everything wet freezes stiff and solid, so you don't waste any time getting a fire going. One soon learns to avoid—if at all possible—these situations without giving up on traveling the creeks to where the fur is concentrated.

It's now 7:00 a.m and I'm on my way. Most of the day will be dark with only 4-5 hours of light. I spend the day tending my Young Creek trapline. The snowmachine is running good. The day has been productive, and my day's catch is in the sled. By the time I head home, it's already dark. I'm cold—especially my feet and hands—even with the best of foot and hand gear.

I make the last turn on the creek, looking for the May Creek trail. I'm in a hurry to get home, because I know what awaits me. Fran will be there with a welcome embrace, warmth, light, food and good cheer. I know she is listening for the sound of my machine.

As I come down the long straight stretch looking east, I have to stop for a moment. A full moon is just above Williams Peak; the view has opened up, the country showing itself proudly in white with dark shadows. My eyes take in all this world before me, and for a moment I know what contentment is.

I restart the machine and move down the trail turning into the glen where our cabin sits. The shop is my first stop, where I unload the fur and start a fire. Finishing this chore, I walk toward the cabin, but stop in my tracks. I take in the scene before me. Our log cabin with light shining outward through the windows, smoke curling lazily from the stovepipe, and a full moon highlighting it all. To me

this is security--warmth, comfort, food and a warm, soft woman who belongs to me.

Fran knows I'm home. I see activity in the cabin. When I step onto the porch, she hears the clump of boots. Her activity stops and she hurries to the door, throwing it open for me. I step over the threshold and into the cabin. Taking in the familiar surroundings, I know without a word spoken that all is well in this world of mine.

Fran takes off my mitts, face mask, fur cap and parka. Neither of us speak. The ice on my beard, moustache and eyebrows make my face stiff. Fran steps up close to me checking my cheeks and ears, looking for the white blotches of frost bite. I

feel her nearness and see the sparkle in her eyes. Moving to the stove, we gently remove the ice from my face, and Fran hands me a towel. Now I'm ready for an embrace and talk.

The dinner table is set. I smell a buffalo roast and fresh bread. Soon we'll eat. All is well--this world of mine is good--my life is full. This, my dear friends, is called harmony.

Al and Fran Gagnon are certainly not newcomers to this area. May Creek has been "home" for nearly 30 years. Fran is well-known for her intricate beadwork, while Al is always ready to share his Alaskan adventures.

"I love to think of nature as an unlimited broadcasting station, through which God speaks to us every hour, if we only will tune in."

--George Washington Carver

Wrangell St. Elias News



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Wrangell St. Elias News McCarthy, PO Box MXY, Glennallen, AK 99588

OUR TOWN

March



1919



April

SCHOOL NEWS

Honor Roll for month ending Feb. 21, 1919:

- Victor Marshall
- Laurence Barrett
- Arthur McDonnell
- Walter McDonnell
- Ted Seltenreich
- Fred Seltenreich
- Dorothy Lubbe
- Mary McDonnell
- Marion Wells

The boys were not absent or tardy during the month of January and February.

The primary pupils are making rapid progress and are now using pen and ink. Mollie McDonnell, Victor Marshall and Laurence Barrett won in the rapid calculation contest.

MR. LUBBE DIES SUDDENLY

It is with deep regret that we chronicle the death of one of our town's oldest residents, Otto Lubbe, who succumbed early on the morning of the 23rd after a short illness. Gall stones was the cause, and although every effort was made to prolong life, nothing availed.

The deceased was born at Hanover, Germany on October 16th, 1860, and came to the U.S. when 23 years of age. At the time of the Shushanna stampede, he made his way to this section and conducted one of the largest freighting outfits to that point. Since then he has continued in business here,

identifying himself with all community work, chairman of the local Board of Health, one of the pioneer homesteaders of the district.

March 1

DISASTROUS FIRE ON FRONT STREET

LOSS ESTIMATED AT \$40,000

At eleven yesterday morning the dread fire whistle sounded.

The blaze first broke out in the Ketterer block, where Mrs. Ketterer was using some gasoline.

The Ketterers were the only occupants of the house at the time, and while the lady's garments caught fire and her husband tried to smother the flames, the building caught.

Grant Reed, coming in from the shortcut at the rear, saw the smoke and flames through the back windows and immediately gave warning. Mrs. Aaron Erickson, the neighbor behind, ran down Front Street giving the alarm.

At once, many willing helpers assisted the injured ones out of the burning building, and others sent the signals and the fire hose and chemical engines were soon there.

In a very short space of time, the entire block was destroyed which included the Grant Reed's apartments and

the Style Shop and Ketterer Hotel of twenty two rooms.

Soon the flames leapt across Barrett Way which is a narrow street and Chong's restaurant and rooms, a two story building, were burnt to the ground.

Charley had locked up his place to go to help his neighbors; the fire meanwhile destroyed his building.

By this time, the outlook was serious for the whole of that block on Front Street, so the side wall of Chong's place was dynamited, thus protecting the Laurie building, which with a steady stream of water and wet blankets kept the fire from spreading further.

That the fire should have been arrested then, was little short of a miracle. Nothing but the splendid efforts of the firefighters and their helpers, aided by the heavy snow on the roofs and the absence of wind, saved the town.

The Erickson residence of three rooms, which was about twelve feet distant from the Ketterer building on the North side, also caught fire and was badly scorched before getting under control.

So, also, was the house owned by M. V. Lattin on Barrett Way. It was unoccupied.

In the space of half an hour the entire contents of Cloningers, Cope's Restaurant, Lubbe's apartments, Post Office and the Weekly News were removed to safer quarters.

Mrs. Ketterer, who was severely burned, was removed to the Golden, and the doctor communicated with. He came down immediately, and she was

removed to Kennecott hospital, under Doctor Hill's care. Her husband, who in going to her rescue was also badly burned about the hands and arms, is also being cared for at the hospital.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

A meeting of the club was held last Tuesday evening in the A.B. Hall.

These meetings are not as well attended as they should be, only 20 being present.

When seventy people attend the movie show, there should be a better representation.

It is urged that a large attendance appear at the meeting next Wednesday night when the nominations for officers for the ensuing year will be in order.

On account of the strenuous happenings of yesterday, the account of last meeting will be held over till next week.

March 8

TRAIL NEWS

Pete Brenwick left this week for Chisana to investigate the condition of the Murie Transfer Co. horses, wintering at Horsefeldt.

J. Murie returned yesterday from the foot of the Nizina glacier and will leave Sunday with the balance of Johnson and Mullet's freight.

D.A. Simons, on his way out from Chisana, is believed to be stormbound in Skolai Basin.

Mike Knowles and party are traveling over Skolai.

MRS. KETTERER DIES

On Sunday morning last at Kennecott hospital, Mrs. Anna Ketterer died from the effects of burns sustained on the 7th.

While washing a silk garment in gasoline, the oil ignited and in an instant the victim was a mass of flames.

The entire community is saddened by the tragedy, and the deepest sympathy is felt for Mr. Ketterer and family.

TO THE POWER PLANT

Proud of our power plant:
 Our power so great
 Whistle so thrilling
 Ever on duty, never is late,
 Rest never more.
 Protection from fire
 Light to the needy
 And especially the show,
 Not a bit greedy
 To you our thanks go
 For helping us save the town.

Mrs. B
 March 15

EFFICIENT TRAIN SERVICE

The welcome whistle of the incoming train was heard again yesterday after a week's lack of service.

We are exceptionally lucky nowadays in the regular train service that the C.R. and N. W. and its competent officials give us.

Time was, several years ago, when an incoming train was a rarity, and a sixty or even ninety day tie up quite the usual thing.

Jesters used to say C.R. and N.W. stood for CANT RUN & NEVER WILL but now they would have to swallow that, for it has shown that it CAN RUN & NEVER WAITS.

AFFINITIES WERE NUMEROUS

Over in one of the government towns where a moving picture show was recently started, just before the show began, the proprietor stepped up to the front and said:

"Ladies and gents, there's a tough guy outside who says he is going to kill his wife and the man that brought her to this here show. To avoid trouble I'd advise the couple to step out of the rear door right away."

Fourteen couples got up and shot out of the rear door.

Valdez Miner
 March 22

TRAIL NEWS

Messrs. Peterson, Flowers & Graham have taken a contract to string the new telephone cable across the Nizina river.

Fred Overlander, an old time placer miner, has joined forces with Cayouette on Dan Creek and will punish the boulders this season.

Zeke Mullet arrived last night from the Nizina glacier and reports the boys are over the worst part of the Ronen and all perishable freight landed in Chisana.

During his recent visit to the Horsefeldt country, Pete Brenwick found the stock of the Murie Transfer Co. in good shape, only two dying which speaks well for the Chisana climate.

COURT NEWS

In the Commissioner's Court George Anderson and Eli Beklih were fined \$5 and costs for fighting.

Comfort Joe was also fined \$25 and costs.

One day last week Game Warden Erickson reported to the Deputy Marshal that two barrels supposed to contain whiskey were cached a short distance from town. When the marshal went to investigate, the barrels had moved to parts unknown.

April 5

GENERAL NEWS

The various ranchers are getting ready for the season's work. Dad Waxefield is working overtime with a team getting ready to clear ground.

Wily Lille is fixing a chicken house.

Dick Woodman has a large quantity of flower seeds and expects to take the prize for window gardens at the next horticultural show.

Tim Eckstrom came up from Cordova and has been very busy renovating the house and getting ready to move his family. He has re-papered the kitchen, proving himself a good workman.

Depot Agent Sommer and wife move into the Eckstrom house today.

April 12,

SCHOOL ELECTION

The Election for McCarthy School Board was held on last Monday at the Schoolhouse. Unlike other years, no ticket appeared in the field till 2 p.m. & between then and 5. 31 votes were cast.

The following officers were elected:

Mrs. John Barrett,
 Clerk
 Fred Cope, Director
 John Underwood,
 Treasurer
 April 19

GENERAL NEWS

Sid Johnson arrived from Chisana Thursday, 32 miles of the distance was over bare ground.

He brought a beautiful collection of furs, the winter's catch of Hover and Don Green. Foxes, blue, cross and silver, lynx and wolverine were included and were promptly bought by local parties.

TOWN TOPICS

They say the Copper River Bridge went out today.

Automobiles are running regularly now that the snow is all gone and the roads dried up.

The tunnel between the Mother Lode and the Bonanza Mine is now complete and this week the power from Kennecott is being connected up.

Baseball enthusiasts are getting ready to play the game and the boys are practicing pitching every evening.

April 26

King Floyd

THE TALE OF A SMALL TIME DICTATOR

Part seven — King Floyd gains a vassal

BY RANDY ELLIOTT

King Floyd watched as two bald eagles cavorted over the remains of a rabbit they had killed and eaten. He had witnessed the kill. From start to finish it had taken only 15 minutes for the two mates to dispose of their bounty. Now they toyed with bits of the fur, and Floyd toyed with them.

He seemed in no hurry to get on with his day as, indeed, there was no hurry. Life had a certain grace and dignity in the essential land. His reverie was interrupted by a shout, and gazing across the river he could just make out a lone figure. Before he could react, this figure plunged into the river and that plunged Floyd into action.

Wheeling and mounting the royal three wheeler, he raced for the edge of the river about fifty yards down from the spot where he had last seen the stranger. Sure enough, the man appeared tumbling in the currents of brown water not far above Floyd's spot. Wading carefully into the stream and grabbing the man by his collar, the king hauled him, gasping like an enormous salmon, out on to the gravel bank.

"What in sam hill do you think you're doing, pilgrim?" Floyd demanded from the sorry baggage at his feet.

"I need to see King Floyd," the sloppy visitor gasped. "It's an emergency. I can pay you to take me," he said in a saturated Eton accent.

It was an interesting proposition for Floyd. He had never been paid to take someone to visit himself before, and he doubted the man's money was very dry. He paused to consider this development. Being a benevolent dictator

has its downsides, however, one of which is an inability to take money for nothing. Floyd decided to end the strangers agony forthrightly.

"Well, it won't cost you much since I'm him."

"You're him?" the man gasped. "I thought you'd be more..."



"Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you," Floyd said stiffly. "You're welcome to swim back out of my kingdom if you'd like someone more fitting."

"I'm in the kingdom?" the man burst out excitedly, as he sat up to gaze around him.

"Well, technically where those trees start, since all the floodplain is Lord Stategov's dominion," Floyd clarified for his unusual caller.

"It looks just like the first seventy miles," the man said in a disappointed tone.

"Disneyland is just another two thousand miles south, friend, and you'll make it by morning if you get back in and float down the river."

Floyd was getting bothered by this lack of respect for the essential land.

"I'm sorry," the man said quickly. "I meant only that the descriptions of the kingdom had sort of a color to it so I expected it to be different from the Fedgov land."

"Land is land," Floyd explained patiently. "What we call it doesn't change it much." The mention of description had caught the king's ear, however, and he posed a question of his own.

"So how is it that an experienced riverman like yourself knows of me and my kingdom?" As he'd guessed, the compliment got the tourist talking pronto.

"You're famous in Mooringtown." Floyd raised his brows. "Oh, quite so!" The tourist warmed to his new role as informant. "Lord Fedgov has tried to suppress the proclamation for weeks, but some printer kept sending it to the paper until the queen's secretary saw it, and inquired for details."

"I see," said the king, although actually he didn't. His mind was whirling. So Fedgov was plotting after all! "What queen?"

"Oh, dear me," the tourist said, scrambling to his feet. "Nigel Nipple, former Earl of Culture to the court of her Majesty. May I convey the queen's regards and beneficent blessings?" The sopping figure made a sweeping bow, sending a spray of water from his sleeve.

"Right," said Floyd, side stepping the shower to cover his confusion.

That there could be a motive for swimming the Ugly River was beyond his experience. A short silence

followed as the queen's envoy adjusted his outfit.

"Oh, I say, I've gone and made a terrible muddle of this," Nipple continued. Taking a soggy letter from his pocket, he presented it to the chary king.

"This is a letter from Lord Fedgov?" Floyd asked, even more confused.

"Ah, well, yes, by way of introduction and permission, you see?" Floyd's countenance belied understanding and Nigel continued quickly. "The baron has appointed the Duchess of Distraction as Environmental Facilitator." Seeing Floyd's darkening mien he pressed on. "That is, she is supposed to coordinate the completely voluntary evaluation of any squatter lands within the essential lands. I'm here to help you conduct specific impact studies."

"What kind of studies?" Floyd asked politely.

"Site impacts. You know, where squatters have mussed up the natural order of things."

"I haven't been advertising for help," Fred said bitingly, but the stranger missed the sarcasm.

"Yes, isn't it wonderful. The duchess knew that a layman like yourself must be feeling a bit of panic, knowing that your stategov welfare rights would be curtailed if you couldn't write a complete environmental control document— so she begged the baron for eight million dollars to assist you in compliance, and well, here I am."

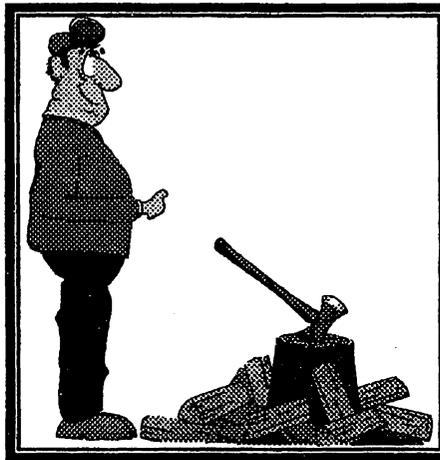
"Hmm," said the king. "If you work for the queen, you are here on fedgov business. Are you a specialist in some field then?"

"Ah, well, no—not exactly, more of a volunteer. As I said, I am the former Lord Nipple. I was in charge of corridor maintenance at the Center for Deviations in Mooringtown when I heard of the program and I volunteered. But I never imagined I would get to meet you so easily." The man bowed again, spraying the surprised king. Floyd wondered what the queen was going to say to this development.

"I would have thought they could have given you a ride in their Jet Ranger if you were working for free?" Floyd suggested gently.

"Well, I guess that's true," said Nipple and a gust of shivering grabbed him. The Ugly River was cold all the time, and a fresh breeze was kicking up as he spoke. "But the duchess needed the appropriation to administrate the program, and that left nothing for real operations. Do you see?"

"Hmmm," said the king again. Seeing the man's discomfort, Floyd automatically helped him board the three-wheeler and offered lunch to the



sopping guest.

After amenities and a hurried sotto voce conference with the queen, Floyd and his guest were seated comfortably in the main audience room of the cabin. This was also the only room, and the guest was seated on the royal bunk—there being a paucity of furniture, which reflected the solitary nature of the royal couple's lifestyle.

Seemingly oblivious to his interruption of their privacy, the man was describing in four-part harmony the doings in Mooringtown. The king and queen listened politely as Floyd cast about for some way to get this interruption back across the river without paying anything. Finally, the food gave out and the man wound down a little. Floyd tried a new tack.

"What made you think I would accept help out here, Nigel?"

"My friends all call me "Nips" for short," Nigel said. Floyd gave the queen a level look to quell his urge to laugh. "Well, actually it was something Lord Fedgov said," Nigel continued. The queen's needles hit a bump and then continued. "You see, they described you as a modern Don Quixote, and so I got the book and in it the don had a servant named Sancho Panza." Nigel paused expectantly.

"I've read it," Floyd admitted, "but how does that fit in here?"

"Well, the article said you lived alone with Queen Maurene, and I figured if you were Don Quixote you might need a Sancho Panza as well. Since I have previous royal experience, I thought perhaps you would give me some consideration for the post."

The king and queen were a little thunderstruck at this simple-mindedness, and Floyd asked another question to give him a chance to recover. "Didn't you say you worked in the Center for Deviations?"

"Er, yes I did," Nigel said.

"I guess you didn't know that I have a policy of not hiring ex-fedgov employees then?" Floyd breathed, believing basic bare bones brevity benefited bartering by belaying brash bantering bravado becoming badly balanced bargains best bruited between benevolent bilingual bravos. Maureen eyed him in surprise but said nothing.

Nigel jumped like a gut shot rabbit. Suddenly he was on his knees in front of the king. Maureen drew back in alarm upsetting her tea which added to her consternation.

"Please don't make me go back. I'll do anything, anything," he sobbed. Now he prostrated himself and continued to beg.

Floyd looked at Maureen totally nonplused and she made helping motions, so Floyd took Nigel by the arm and said, "I tell you what, you chop some wood and the queen and I will discuss the situation and see if a special dispensation might be made here." Nigel almost kissed him. Now it was Floyd's turn to upset his tea and the

man banged both knees and his head getting outside in his rush. The King and Queen of Fine Creek looked at each other for a few seconds and then both burst into laughter. When they had recovered they argued the case for an hour.

"I knew this would happen when you started this silly king business, Floyd," Maureen admonished. "Next they'll be carrying you around in one of those fancy chairs."

"Well, let's just make the best of what we've got Maureen. I'll get Wings to take him back to town as soon as he needs a backhaul."

"Let's hope that doesn't take too long, seeing the amount of grub he polished off for lunch," Maureen grumped, but her heart wasn't in it for she enjoyed watching people eat her cooking as much as the next person.

Stepping out on the porch Floyd observed the new man trying to free his maul from a green spruce round. It was a titanic struggle and finally both Nigel and the log ended up on the ground in a heap. Floyd chose that moment to clear his throat and Nigel leapt to his feet red faced.

"A bit of a slip there—no worries," he said. Floyd just nodded, and placing a foot on the round, levered the maul out of the wood.

"The queen and I have decided to give you a trial period to see if you're worthy to serve, but I wouldn't get my bags unpacked just yet. You'll be staying in the cache until we figure out a tent for you."

"You won't be sorry!" Nigel said excitedly. Taking the maul from Floyd's hand he struck the spruce a mighty blow which nearly cleaved his foot as well as the log. Floyd hurried inside so as not to see the accident that was surely coming.

And so it came to pass that King Floyd had his first official visitor and gained a new vassal in the bargain.



Residents organize chamber of commerce

The first meeting of the Kennicott/McCarthy Chamber of Commerce was held in McCarthy on Jan. 28, 1994. Fifteen people attended with 9 local businesses represented. By-laws, still in draft form, were presented for each one to review. There was an election of seven board of directors.

On March 18th there will be a second meeting at which time officers will be elected, membership fees discussed, by-laws reviewed and voted on. The meeting will be at the McCarthy Lodge at 12:00 noon. Bring your suggestions and ideas to the meeting or you may write to the following address:

Kennicott/McCarthy Chamber of Commerce
P.O. Box MXV
via Glennallen, AK 99588

Special thanks go to Rich Kirkwood and Betty Hickling for all the "leg work" and information gathering that has enabled the chamber to get off to a good start!



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A look at the weather



BY GEORGE CEBULA

December at McCarthy was rather warm and mild with rain in place of snow around the Christmas holiday. This was a fitting end to one of the nicest years, weather-wise, in a long time.

The average December temperature was 7.9 (-14.4 in Dec. 92). The high was 38 on December 19 and 23, (39 on Dec. 2, 92) and the low was -31 on December 14 (-43 on Dec. 22, 92). Thirteen days had readings below zero and seven saw the temperature rise into the thirties. In comparison Silver Lake had an average temperature of 15.5, with a high of 39 on Dec. 7 and low of -25 on Dec. 14, 15 and 16.

December precipitation was on the heavy side. Total liquid precipitation was 1.71 inches (1.56 in Dec. 92) with 0.97 inches falling as rain on the 19. Total snowfall was 3.3 inches (20.4 in Dec. 92). The snow depth varied little with the month starting with 15 inches and ending with 16 inches. Silver Lake had 0.52 inches of liquid and only a trace of snow.

The warm trend continued into 1994 with McCarthy having an average January temperature of 2.9 (-5.3 in Jan. 93). The high was 40 on the Jan. 28 and low -38 on Jan. 9 (-55 Jan. 25, 93). The temperature was below zero on 20 days and reaches above 32 on 4 days. Silver

Lake had an average temperature of 3.3, with a high of 40 on Jan. 30 and low of -31 on Jan. 10.

January precipitation at McCarthy was about normal with most of it falling as snow. The total liquid precipitation was 1.19 inches (1.57 in Jan. 93), with 12.9 inches of snow (24.9 in Jan. 93). The snow cover was 16 inches on Jan. 1, reached a high of 24 inches on the 18 and ended the month with 21 inches on the ground. Silver Lake had just a bit more precipitation than McCarthy with a liquid total of 1.28 inches and 16.3 inches of snow.

January saw a fairly steady increase in the snow depths at area stations. On February 1, the depths

ranged from 12 inches at Nabesna to 25 inches at Tonsina. In between was KCAM at 17, Slana 18, Old Edgerton 20, McCarthy 21, Silver Lake 22 and Gulkana 23.

As we go to press the first week of February had well above normal temperatures with readings near or above the freezing mark. Daylight has reached 7 hours again and heating from the sun will increase a little each day. Well below zero temperatures are still common through February, but March should show a steady warming trend.



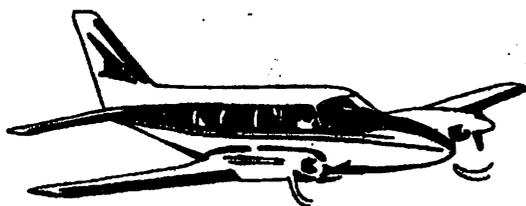
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Access in Alaska—the RS 2477 project

Revised Statute 2477 is a federal law passed in 1866 that granted "the right-of-way for the construction of highways over public lands, not reserved to public uses" to the state. Rights-of-way established under RS 2477 are still valid and provide access for many purposes.

Throughout Alaska, people depend on RS 2477 routes for access to public and private land. Over 1500 potential rights-of-way have been identified statewide. Although RS 2477 has been an issue for many years, new concerns exist as a result of proposed federal legislation and regulations. Changes to federal law could block public use or RS 2477 routes unless they are documented now by the state.

To successfully document an RS 2477 right-of-way, the route must be researched and mapped to show that the right-of-way crossed public land when it was unreserved federal land, and that public users or a public authority accepted the route.

What is being done?

The State Department of Natural Resources, Division of Land, is funded for one year to identify, research, and document up to 500 rights-of-way established under RS 2477. Once trails are identified for their significance to the state, historical records are prepared, land ownership is researched for unreserved

status, and then if we find sufficient evidence, the trails are asserted with appropriate landowners.

Ten important trails have been identified and researched, and are being documented for possible use in court to establish criteria for future RS 2477 rights-of-way. These trails are: Taylor-Serpentine Hot Springs, Eureka-Rampart, Harrison Creek-Portage Creek Loop, Coldfoot-Chandalar Lake, Chicken-Franklin, Eagle-Alder Creek, Poorman-Ophir 1 and 2, Nabesna-Chisana, and Marvel Creek. Over 100 more trails have been researched and are being prepared for documentation. (There are over 100 trails identified in the General Management Plan for Wrangell-St. Elias Park.)

What will happen with all these rights-of-way?

One major misconception about this project is that the state intends to build roads on the rights-of-way that are asserted in this process. Alaska intends to protect its RS 2477 rights. However, protecting a right-of-way does not mean that the route will be improved or maintained. Roads may be built on some rights-of-way to provide access to state resources, communities, and land. Others will continue to be used as they have in the past. Some may not be used at all or may be developed only as hiking trails.

This project is funded strictly to decide where the state owns rights-of-way under RS 2477. The answer is based only on historical facts. This project will not decide how the trails will be managed or developed. Management options will be decided through other public processes.

How can I participate?

If you would like to be included on the project mailing list, you can call or write the office listed below. Please include your name, mailing address, telephone number and the type of information you are interested in receiving in your request.

If you have a trail that you have used, or have knowledge of a trail that has been traditionally used for a variety of purposes, you may complete a State of Alaska Department of Natural Resources, Division of Land, Application to Nominate an RS 2477 Right-of-way For Certification Under 11 AAC 51.010. Describe the use area and provide maps and historical documentation that will help the state assert the trail.

Northern Region
Anna Plager
Project Manager
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Major victory for public rights-of-way

BY RICK KENYON

Access opportunities in Alaska have been greatly enhanced by a recent decision of the 9th Circuit Court of Appeals. On November 30th the court ruled that rights of way established over public lands under an 1866 mining law known as Revised Statute (RS) 2477 are much broader than argued by the federal government. The case involved whether or not a private landowner near Fairbanks could use a right-of-way to cross a military base when the right-of-way was established prior to creation of the base.

According to Steve Borell of the Alaska Miners Association, "This decision is a tremendous boost for private property owners and miners in Alaska. Access in Alaska has been severely restricted by pressure from no-use groups and federal conservation

set-asides and this decision by the 9th Circuit guarantees use of historic access routes." Borell also stated, "The decision by the court also has implication for other western states where the federal government is the major landowner."

The court ruling decided several crucial points concerning RS 2477s, including:

1. An RS 2477 is a "right-of-way" to travel from one point to another and is not limited to a precise route.
2. An RS 2477 right-of-way comes into existence automatically when a public highway is established across public lands in accordance with state law.
3. Continuous use is not a requirement.
4. A recognized right-of-way, although primitive at its conception,

may evolve from a trail to a road as frontier conditions give way to modernization.

5. The condition of the highway, whether paved, wagon-worthy or simply a footpath, is irrelevant if the claimant can show that the right-of-way was used.
6. The manner of travel (by foot, beast or vehicle) is legally irrelevant to the RS 2477 determination. What matters is that the right-of-way was used for travel between two definite points.

Borell said, "We expect the case will be appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court but feel that the 9th Circuit has presented a very sound and well-documented opinion."



Slana gets right-of-way

The Slana Community Corporation received a right-of-way grant from the BLM Glennallen District Office that will enable the corporation to provide access to about 50 homesites, headquarters sites, and trade and manufacturing sites.

The right-of-way allows the corporation to legally maintain and make improvements to the approximately 12 miles of roads in the South Slana settlement area.

The Slana area was the last place in the U.S. opened for federal homesteading. All federal programs relating to homesteading in Alaska expired in 1986.

(from BLM Alaska Frontiers)

Wild and scenic rivers lawsuit settled

Anchorage — Bureau of Land Management (BLM) Director Jim Baca announced in December that the BLM and four environmental groups have reached an out-of-court settlement involving wild and scenic river studies in Alaska and wilderness management of the Central Arctic Management Area.

The settlement resolves a lawsuit that had been filed against the BLM by American Rivers, the Sierra Club, The Wilderness Society and the Northern Alaska Environmental Center. Under the settlement, the BLM will, among other things, include wild and scenic river studies as part of its Resource Management Plan process in Alaska.

"This settlement reflects the BLM's desire to resolve disputes rather than engage in gridlock," Director Baca said. "It establishes the proper study of

valuable resources while eliminating a costly, lengthy court battle."

Under the settlement, the BLM would still be prohibited, as stipulated by Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act, from conducting studies for the sole purpose of considering eligibility for wild and scenic river designation.



"No one is more definite about the solution than the one who doesn't understand the problem."
 -- Robert Half

Telephone update

On January 19, Scott Smith and Jim Gifford made another trip to McCarthy in response to requests from residents for information on the status of proposed phone service to the McCarthy area.

Smith and Gifford covered such topics as cooperative revenue and expenses, site location, service to outlying areas, and licensing procedures. Smith said one of the main things that has held up service is the lack of action by the Alaska Public Utilities Commission (APUC) on issuing the permit. Gary Hickling said that APUC told him they had received a letter from Paul Barrett opposing the service as proposed by CVTC. Smith said he planned a trip to Seattle to meet with Barrett, and that he was

optimistic about reaching an agreement concerning the right-of-way needed to run phone cable.

Jim Gifford explained why it was not economically feasible to place the main equipment on the west side of the Kennicott River, as has been proposed by some residents who are concerned that having the equipment in McCarthy will attract development.

The Hicklings have proposed that the equipment be located on their property in the event that the right-of-way question cannot be resolved with Barrett. This would at least provide minimal service, probably a pay phone in McCarthy and as many radio link phones as the available frequencies will allow.

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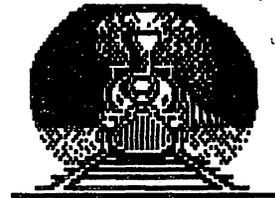
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A PROMISE BROKEN

At statehood, Congress promised that revenues from 218 million federal acres in Alaska would help generate the mineral royalties the new state would need to be economically viable. Today, nearly 80 percent of that acreage, equal to the size of Texas, has been locked up by Congress.

Heavenly Halibut

BY CARLY KRITCHEN

I've had a request to do a column on halibut, a favorite of mine, and a fish that a lot of us have access to at one time or another. My husband and I fish halibut commercially, but I can't think of a bigger thrill than catching a big halibut on a rod. Halibut has a wonderful flavor, and my favorite way to eat fresh halibut is grilled with a pesto sauce. But, it's not summer and there's no basil out in the garden, so let's talk instead about that piece of halibut that's buried in the back of your freezer.

First of all, there is a big difference between fresh halibut and halibut that's been frozen. Halibut that's been frozen tends to be drier and sometimes a little tougher than fresh fish. Two easy ways to counteract this are to marinate it or bake it in some kind of sauce. The old standard of covering the halibut fillets with sour cream and chopped onions and baking them in a 350 degree oven for about 45 minutes is one easy way to do this. Another really simple way to cook fish is a recipe that I got from my sister-in-law, Linda Lohse.

Linda has six children that all love fish! She just cuts the halibut into bite size chunks, (about 1 inch) coats the chunks with corn flake crumbs, and bakes them on a greased baking sheet for about 15 minutes. Serve these crunchy pieces with tarter sauce. Sounds too easy, but it's really good!

Fish & Potato Combo

This recipe is also fairly easy, and is a nice change from a chowder.

About 2 lbs. frozen halibut
4 small potatoes (1 lb.)
2 medium onions
1/4 cup vegetable oil
1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup
1 cup water

1/4 cup white cooking wine
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
1 10 oz. package frozen peas
1/2 pint cherry tomatoes (optional)
1 lemon, cut into wedges

Remove frozen fish fillets from freezer and let stand at room temperature about 15 minutes to thaw slightly. Cut unpeeled potatoes into thin slices; thinly slice onions. In a skillet over medium-high heat, add the vegetable oil, then cook potatoes and onions until lightly brown. With a pancake turner, turn potato mixture occasionally. Stir in soup, water, wine, salt and pepper; cook over high heat until boiling. Reduce heat to low, cover and simmer 5 minutes.

Cut frozen fish fillets into bite size chunks; add fish and frozen peas to potato mixture; heat over high heat to boiling. Reduce heat to low; cover and simmer 10 minutes or longer; until fish flakes easily when tested with a fork and peas are tender. Add the tomatoes now, if you have them, and heat through. Serve with lemon wedges. Makes 4 servings.

Xun Yu (Fragrant Fish)

We had this recipe at a party, and it was absolutely delicious! It's a time consuming recipe, but if you like oriental food, the results are worth the extra effort.

2 lbs. firm, white-fleshed fish fillets — halibut is excellent

Marinade:

2 green onions
2 Tbsp. finely chopped fresh ginger
1 tsp. allspice
5 Tbsp. soy sauce
2 Tbsp. rice wine or dry sherry
1 tsp. salt
1 cup water
2 Tbsp. sugar

Seasonings:

2 Tbsp. finely chopped green onion
1 Tbsp. finely chopped fresh ginger
2 tsp. sugar
2 tsp. vinegar
2 Tbsp. soy sauce
1/2 cup fish or chicken stock
1/2 tsp. allspice
approximately 1 cup oil

To prepare: 1. Cut the fish fillets into slices across the grain. Finely chop the green onion and ginger that you will need for the marinade. Make the marinade and mix with the fish fillets and let marinate at least 2-3 hours. 2. Finely chop the green onion and ginger that you will need for the seasonings. Mix the seasonings in a small bowl.

To cook: 1. Bring a cup of water to boil in a small saucepan. Reduce the heat and add the 2 Tbsp. sugar, stirring until it is completely dissolved. Let simmer. Drain and save the excess marinade from the fish fillets. 2. On another burner, heat about 1 cup of cooking oil in a large frying pan until very hot. Deep fry several pieces of fish until they are a golden brown. As soon as a piece is finished deep frying, drain it quickly and transfer it to the simmering sugar water. Leave in the syrup until just before you have to remove the next piece of fried fish from the pan. Continue this process until all the pieces of fish have been deep fried and then simmered in the sugar water. The fish slices should be allowed to fry for about 1 minute and then to simmer in the sugar water for about 1 minute. 3. Retain only 3 Tbsp. of cooking oil in the frying pan and discard the sugar water after completing the previous step. Heat the oil. Return the deep fried fish slices to the pan and fry briefly. Add the seasonings and the remaining marinade. Bring the sauce to a boil, then remove all the ingredients to a serving bowl. Serve when cool. ☺

McCarthy airstrip upgrade—where are you?

BY BONNIE KENYON

On May 12, 1992, the State of Alaska sent a team of officials to McCarthy to discuss the status of the proposed upgrades to the town's airstrip. Nearly two years have passed, and local residents are beginning to wonder where the upgrades have gone.

Daniel Urbach, Chief of Aviation Design Group for the Northern Region, responded to our inquiry with a letter dated Feb. 3, 1994.

"The project is complete and ready to advertise, however, we cannot

advertise until we, the State, have acquired all land necessary to construct the project. Unfortunately, that is not progressing rapidly," writes Urbach.

Last summer Tony Zak told the "News," he and Paul Barrett were not satisfied with the price offered by the State—reported to be \$1,000 per acre. Tony went on to say they would attempt to negotiate for a higher price.

The attorney for the Department of Transportation and Public Facilities is presently negotiating with the attorneys for the involved land owners. They are

attempting to reach a settlement, but it may well go to court—a situation the State would like to avoid.

Another existing problem is that the U.S. Congress has yet to pass the legislation for the FAA to authorize the funding for the 1994 fiscal year. "From all indications we are hopeful that we will be able to receive funding in March or April of this year," says Urbach.

Being optimistic, the State hopes to have a contract for construction by this fall so that a contractor will have the winter and spring to mobilize.

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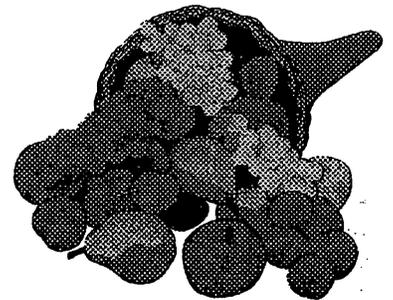
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1918 - Flu epidemic in coast towns -- all mail coming into McCarthy fumigated.

1918 - Copper River Bridge collapses, sending Engine No. 74 and two flat cars into the river.

1918 - Free survey of homesteads in Alaska is authorized.

1918 - The ladies of McCarthy & Kennicott knit 70 pairs of socks for American soldiers in France.

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That's incredible!

Park Service called incompetent, deceitful

BY DENNIS FRADLEY

Most people might agree that park rangers are knowledgeable, helpful and generally nice people.

However, none of those descriptions was used recently to describe the federal bureaucrats who set policy for the National Park Service. In fact, the majority of Alaskans testifying before a U.S. Senate subcommittee hearing at the Anchorage Museum seemed to agree that Park Service bureaucrats are downright evil.

The subject was the status of mining in national parks in Alaska.

The witness list included a dozen miners, a state commissioner, a Native corporation official, a professor, environmentalists, individuals associated with the Alaska mining industry and concerned citizens. One after another, about 30 people testified about their experiences with the National Park Service and its land management policies.

They told horror stories:

- Cheryl Jong, a miner whose family has mined continuously on the Seward Peninsula since 1899, showed the panel a 2-inch thick book of environmental assessment work that the Park Service required and conducted a few years ago—at a cost estimated somewhere around \$100,000—before allowing her to use nothing more than a shovel and gold pan on the family claim. The mine site was enveloped by the new Bering Land Bridge National Preserve in 1980. Since then, the family has tried in vain to get permission to use its bulldozer, necessary to make the mine profitable. She submitted for the record 160 pieces of correspondence between her family and the Park Service, which she said illustrates some

of the agency's foot-dragging techniques. Those techniques have forced out of business all other miners in the region. Hers is the only claim left—but it too is in jeopardy. Last season, the Park Service denied the family permission to do any mining. However, the family still was required to pay its annual \$3,400 lease payment to keep its mineral rights.

- The school of Mineral Engineering at the University of Alaska Fairbanks in 1979 received a donation of 14 antimony mining claims covering more than 300 acres at Stampede Mine, some 50 miles west of the Parks Highway. The 1980 Alaska lands bill engulfed the school's mine site into the expanded Denali Park

the destruction of the historic Stampede Mine in 1987, it blew up 4,000 pounds of old ammonium nitrate (fertilizer), 10,000 blasting caps and bottles of toxic chemicals such as nitric acid—all in the middle of Stampede Creek. This resulted in serious contamination of the soil and river. No one was punished for this offense.

- Attorney Cynthia Christenson, a trustee for a Kantishna mining estate in bankruptcy since 1984, told of the duplicitous treatment she has received from the Park Service. The property involved was previously valued by government assessors at \$4.5 million, then \$2.5 million, but most recently downgraded to a

One after another, each individual told of how he or she was being mistreated by the Park Service. They painted a picture of an agency gone amok—a federal bureaucracy that has become an arrogant despot, trampling individual, property and states' rights at will.

preserve. According to Professor Scott Huang, the school intended to use the mine for research and education, but the Park Service blocked it by limiting access to foot or by air, by prohibiting the improvement of a trail leading to the site and by requiring an expensive, detailed plan of mining operations—just to use the mine for classroom use. The clincher came in 1987 when the Park Service—without consulting the university—directed the Army's Explosive Ordinance Disposal Unit to blow up the Stampede Mine's mill, assay buildings and a concrete shed, denying students the use of these structures.

- A postscript to that incident was provided by the Rev. Michael Hornick. When the Park Service directed

negative value. To reach this decision, the Park Service ignored recent directions by Congress to determine fair market value for Kantishna properties, and instead did the appraisal in secret. Without providing the details, the Park Service assigned the surface of the property a value of some \$200,000, and a debt of about \$400,000 to clean it up. No value was given to the gold deposits beneath the surface.

- The Ahtna Native corporation, awarded a land selection by Congress in the 1972 Native Land Claims Settlement Act, chose land that was subsequently surrounded by the Wrangell-St. Elias National Park. According to John Davenport, Ahtna land manager, the Park Service has denied the corporation

access to its property to do mineral assessments, threatening to confiscate a helicopter if used to ferry surveyors to the property. This, despite a guarantee by Congress that Natives could access their land.

One after another, each individual told of how he or she was being mistreated by the Park Service. They painted a picture of an agency gone amok—a federal bureaucracy that has become an arrogant despot, trampling individual, property and states' rights at will.

Although invited, the Park Service did not participate—other than to have a representative in the audience to monitor the proceedings. On a number of occasions, the committee chairman, Sen. Frank Murkowski, asked the official for a response to an accusation or question that a witness had just made. All he apparently was authorized to say was, "I can't answer that for you, senator," or "I'm not prepared to address that issue, senator."

We'll have to wait to see what, if anything, Sen. Murkowski can do next. He plans a follow-up hearing in Washington, D.C., to ask the Park Service to account for its actions, which one miner summed up as "unprofessional, deceitful, incompetent and possibly criminal."

The tragedy is, the agency may have already grown so powerful that it can get away with all of it.

From the *Voice of The Times* — used by permission.

Dennis Fradley is an editor of *The Anchorage Times*. This article appeared in the Saturday, November 13, 1993 issue of the *Anchorage Daily News*.

"The lowest and vilest alleys of London do not present a more dreadful record of sin than does the smiling and beautiful countryside."

—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Northstar crew gives firefighting recruits a foot in the door

BY ANDY WILLIAMS

The Alaska Fire Service receives many applications each year for smokejumpers, fire suppression specialists and hotshot crews. But turnover is low and vacancies are few. AFS has a program, however, to give would-be firefighters a foot in the door. The Northstar Fire Crew provides entry-level positions into the Alaska Fire Service for individuals with little or no fire experience. Begun in 1987, it was designed as a training crew to develop an experienced pool of potential recruits for the two regular hotshot crews and other firefighting positions. The Northstars operate as a hotshot crew—a hand crew whose members are specially trained to provide quick response to fires that have escaped initial attack. "The focus for recruiting for the Northstars is in the state of Alaska, and particularly rural Alaska because that's where the fire experience is," said Dave Jandt, hotshot program leader. Jandt and Northstar Crew leader Aaron Jokisch said many of the Northstars have worked on emergency firefighter crews in Alaska villages. Northstars have gone on to work on hotshot crews, as smoke-jumpers and fire suppression specialists, and with BLM districts.

The 20 member Northstar crew reports to fire service headquarters at Fort Wainwright the first week of June. After passing a physical fitness test, they undergo a week's training in basic fire fighting techniques.

"The program is basically a stepping stone between emergency firefighter crews and the hotshots," Jandt said. "It's a step up from emergency fire fighting training, and the next step is hotshot training."

After training, the Northstars go to work on non-fire projects for AFS and the BLM districts. Last summer they cleared out trees damaged by heavy snowfall on Fort Wainwright, and worked on the Sourdough Campground in the Glennallen District.

The Northstars receive room and board during the season but no wages unless actually employed on a fire. They receive emergency firefighter wages of about \$12.84 an hour on fires. Last summer, the Northstars spent 35 days on fires. As they worked up to 16 hours a day, their paychecks added up quickly. Jokisch said crew members grossed about \$6,000 last season.

After the Naska fire season ends, the hotshot crews usually are sent to fires in the Lower 48. Often vacancies occur as crew members return to school. Jandt said the Northstars usually place six to eight members a year on hotshot crews. "When we have an opening on the hotshot crews, the Northstars are the first place we look," he said. Jokisch said AFS receives more than 100 applications a year for positions on the Northstars. AFS has a recruitment program for the program but the best advertising is word-of-mouth, he said. "Usually when one person from a village works on a crew, they go back and the next year you see six or eight applications from that village," he said. Application forms for the Northstars must be filled out and returned to AFS by April 1. Forms and other information may be obtained by writing the AFS Hotshots, P.O. Box 35005, Fort Wainwright, AK 99703, or telephoning 1-800-258-7706.

from *BLM-Alaska Frontiers*

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

"Three Cheers for Capitalism"

BY MALCOLM S. FORBES, JR.
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, FORBES

Living in the 1990's we are uniquely able to judge what the American economy has achieved in the 20th century. For this reason, we ought to give three cheers for capitalism. By the term, I mean "democratic capitalism," which is as fundamentally different from the "managed capitalism" of modern-day central planners as it is from the "state capitalism" of old-style fascists, socialists, and communists.

about what to offer and fail, but that is as it should be. There is no guarantee of success in any area of life, including business—there is always risk. The particular advantage of capitalism is that failed businesses don't necessarily equal a failed economy; they make way for successful businesses.

Capitalism is not a top-down system—it cannot be mandated or centrally planned. It operates from the bottom up, through individuals—individuals who take risks, who often "don't know any better," who venture into areas where, according to conventional wisdom, they have no business

Democrats) fail to realize it. They do not, for example, realize that it is the decisions of individuals that really decide how much tax revenue the government collects and how well the economy prospers. Between 1982 and 1986, the American private sector created well over 18 million new jobs, including a record number of high-paying positions. But, in 1987, Congress raised the capital gains tax to one of the highest levels in the industrial world. What happened? New business and job creation declined sharply. The nation was hit with a recession. And tax revenues, which were supposed to rise, went down.

"Capitalism works better than any of us can conceive. It is also the only truly moral system of exchange."

Capitalism works better than any of us can conceive. It is also the only truly moral system of exchange. It encourages individuals to freely devote their energies and impulses to peaceful pursuits, to the satisfaction of others' wants and needs, and to constructive action for the welfare of all. The basis for capitalism is not greed. You don't see misers creating Wal-marts and Microsofts.

Think about it for a moment. Capitalism is truly miraculous. What other system enables us to cooperate with millions of other ordinary people—whom we will never meet but whom we will gladly provide with goods and services—in an incredible, complex web of commercial transactions? And what other system perpetuates itself, working every day, year in, year out, with no single hand guiding it?

How do we become successful capitalists? The answer sounds simple, but it is often overlooked in places where you would think they would know better. (I am referring, of course, to government, the media, and our most elite business schools and economics departments.) We succeed as capitalists by offering goods and services that others are willing to buy. Many capitalists do not make correct assumptions

going, who see vast potential where others see nothing. Often, these individuals literally stumble across ideas that never would have occurred to them if they were forced to work in a top-down system. And they take supposedly "worthless" substances and turn them into infinitely valuable ones. Look at

Even such a simple word as "change" takes on a whole new definition in Washington, meaning change directed from above by well-intended central planners and politicians who think that they "know better" than most people when it comes to making decisions. But, in truth, the most revolutionary sweeping agent of change is capitalism. Look at what has happened in Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union, Latin America, and Asia. When people are free to make their own decisions, they have a

"Letting individuals make their own decisions is what capitalism is all about, but virtually all central planners... fail to realize it."

penicillin. Whoever thought that stale bread would be worth anything?

There is another important thing about capitalism: Failure is not a stigma or a permanent obstacle. It is a spur to learn and try again. Edison invented the light bulb on, roughly, his *ten-thousandth* attempt. If we had depended on central planners to direct his experiments, we would all be sitting around in the dark today.

Letting individuals make their own decisions is what capitalism is all about, but virtually all central planners (now in their heyday under the Clinton administration) and a good many members of the U.S. Congress (Republicans as well as

stake in the economy, and when they have a stake in the economy, they have a stake in serving others, and when they have a stake in serving others, they have a stake in fighting for freedom.

Capitalism is the real enemy of tyranny. It stands not for the accumulated wealth or greed but for human innovation, imagination, and risk-taking. It cannot be measured in mathematical models or quantified in statistical terms, which is why central planners and politicians always underestimate it. As I noted at the outset, it is up to us, then, to give three cheers for capitalism. Who knows? If we cheer loud enough, perhaps even they will listen.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Nov. 3, 1993
Ogden, UT

Dear Rick and Bonnie,

Kudus to you Kenyons! You certainly have done a fine piece of work publishing WSEN the past year and a half. Keep up the good work.

I'm sure it is a challenge living in your community. By comparison, we had it pretty nice the 13 years we lived at Kennecott. Indoor plumbing, steam heat, electricity, and pretty good rail service to Chitina and Cordova.

Sincerely,

Jim McGavock

Jan. 6, 1994
Anchorage, AK

Dear Rick and Bonnie:

Enclosed is my check... which is for a renewal of my subscription for the WSENews and a copy of the 1918 highlights of The McCarthy Weekly News.

I must say, "What a fine job you do." This is especially true when one considers the effort it takes in an area where you have limited communications and other news gathering and publishing hurdles. It is one publication that I read from cover to cover. Even the recipes.

I grew up in Cordova from 1928 to 1940 and knew many of the people who worked on the railroad as well as many who lived in Chitina, McCarthy and Kennecott. Your publication brings back a lot of memories as well as interesting information about current happenings. Tim Eckstrom, Inger Ricci and I always discuss your latest issues.

Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,

Gilbert 'Gib' Whitehead

Jan. 24, 1994
Superior, CO

Dear Rick and Bonnie,

Yes, I do want to renew my subscription to WSEN. I have enjoyed it very much, especially the "Our Town" pages. I am also grateful for the opportunity to keep up with what's happening now with the Park Service and the Kennecott buildings.

I was delighted to find some familiar names in the "Our Town" pages. I remember Sam Means. He was known as "Phonograph Sam" hence the remark about talking the flu germs to death.

Our family could not afford to go "outside" every year for a vacation, so one year we went down to a farm at Long Lake and visited for several days. We did lots of fishing. I don't remember whether it was Frank Iverson's farm, as the name Al Fagerburg also comes to mind as having a farm at Long Lake. Perhaps someone will remember.

We kids made our own amusement for the most part. One of the things we did was visit new arrivals to camp. One of the homes we visited was that of the James Moores, and the shy, pretty young bride was from Chile. When a new baby arrived we visited again, and were graciously received. The baby turned out to be Jeanne Moore Elliott! At that time, as I remember, they lived in a house at the edge of the ball field, just below the Kennicott Glacier Lodge. Families did move occasionally as better accommodations became available.

Another thing I remember is walking to school in the morning when the temperature was around zero and it was very clear. Mt. Blackburn would be a beautiful rosy pink and all the features of the mountain would be so sharply etched.

That is one thing I'm sure hasn't changed through all the years.

Most sincerely,

Mary Ellen (Duggan) Clark

Feb. 1, 1994
McCarthy, AK

Dear Editors,

In previous issues of the Wrangell St. Elias News it was reported that a number of bags of asbestos containing materials were left outside the buildings at Kennicott following asbestos removal activities there. In response to those articles I contacted the Alaska Department of Environmental Conservation (ADEC) and the Alaska Occupational Health and Safety Administration (OSHA) to determine regulations each agency may have for on-site storage of removed asbestos.

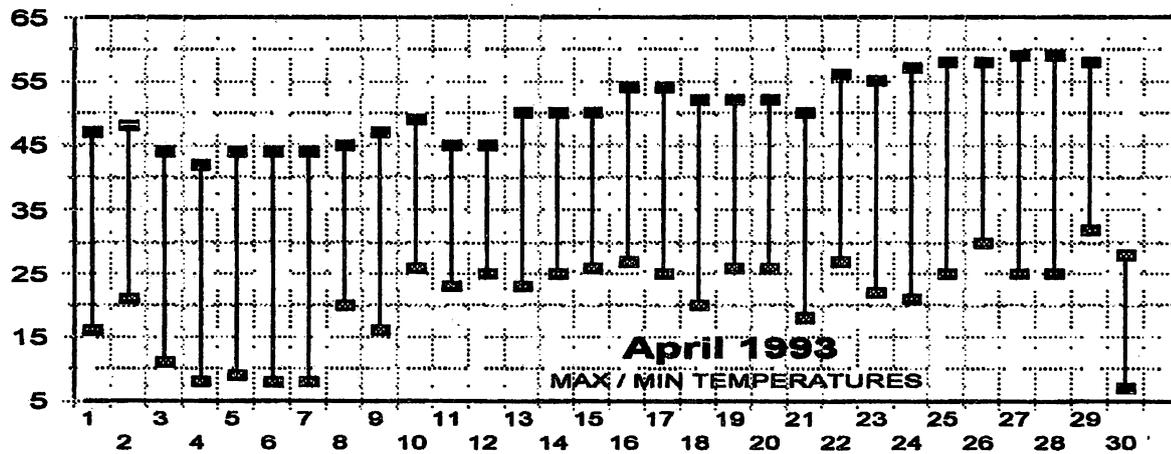
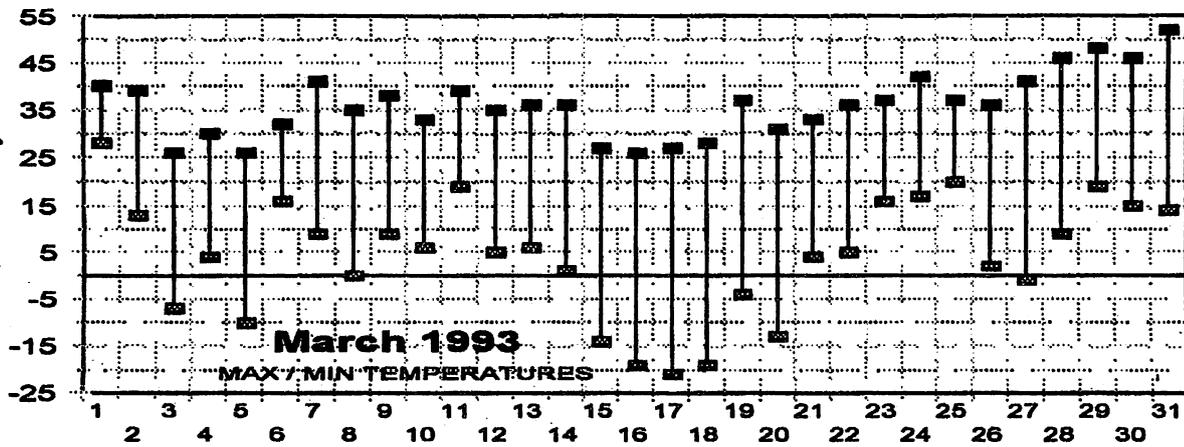
The gentleman from the ADEC stated that the ADEC is only responsible for the final disposal of asbestos and has no regulations or guidelines for on-site storage.

Jeff Carpenter of OSHA also stated that OSHA has no regulations or guidelines as to on-site storage of asbestos. He did state that if the bags remain sealed they pose no health hazard. He also stated that the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) does allow temporary storage of the asbestos prior to disposal in an asbestos landfill.

Mike MacDonald

Weather - What can we expect?

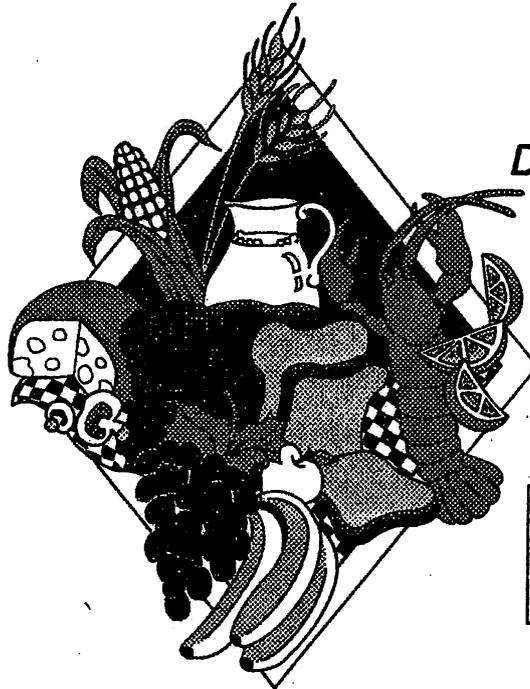
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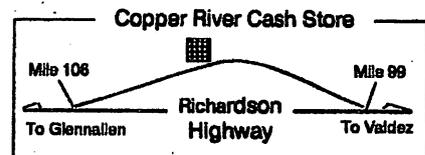
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