

Wrangell St. Elias News

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"

Vol. Twenty-One Issue Three

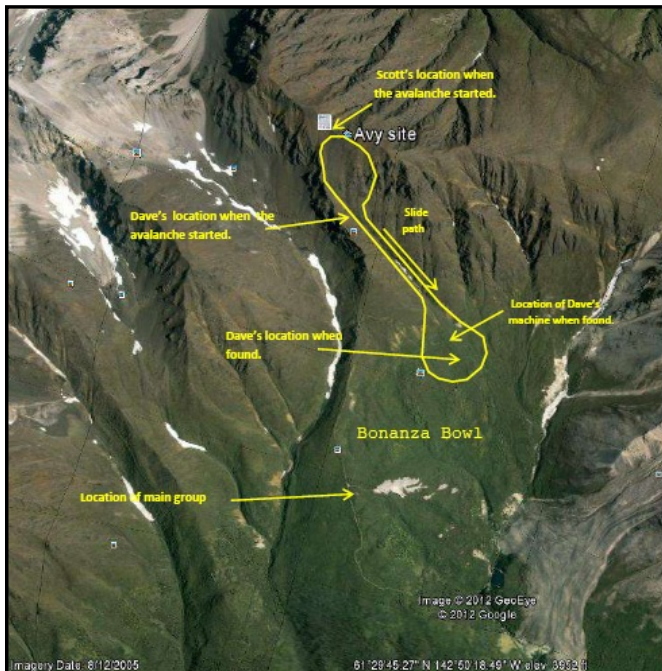
May & June 2012

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Avalanche!

Each year Spring Break brings an “avalanche” of visitors to the McCarthy-Kennecott area. This year a “real” avalanche nearly claimed the life of one of those visitors.

We offer our readers both a detailed account of the incident from the perspective of the victim’s wife, and an analysis of the incident written by the Kennecott District Park Ranger. The stories begin on page 6.



Location of the avalanche.



Photo courtesy Renée Persón

Looking up the avalanche chute from the base. Picture taken the day following the incident,

A note from the publisher

BY BONNIE KENYON

My intentions for the opening of a “note” was the line: spring is finally here. However, when I woke to an inch of fresh snow on the ground this morning, I changed my mind! Today is May 2nd.

Yesterday I could look out the office window and see our grassy field. Not green yet, but, none-the-less grass. I don’t expect today’s snowfall to remain much beyond this afternoon, but the sight of it certainly woke me up quicker than my first cup of coffee!

Rick and I were thrilled with the spring-like conditions so we upped our greenhouse startup date by about a week. It does help that both greenhouses now have their own propane heaters. Tomatoes, green beans, egg plant, squash and cucumbers are reaching eagerly for the overhead light and sunshine. It’s obvious they prefer those conditions to the table near the cabin window.

WSEN wishes to thank all those who participated in the May/June issue. We are never eager to publish obituaries, but we always appreciate those who supply the memories of their loved ones. Thank you, John (Adams), for the inspiring write-up on your mom, Daniela Adams, who was known by many who call McCarthy home. Subscriber Walter Becker steered us to Helen McCrary March’s obituary. Thank you, Walter.

Renée Persón wrote our major story which begins on the cover of this issue. Dave, Renée’s husband,



WSEN staff photo

When the editor is not editing, he enjoys fishing—even through the ice!

was caught, and buried, in an avalanche that took place above Kennicott on March 11th. Thankfully, this story has a happy ending. Thanks, Renée, for sharing it with us.

On page 11 Patt Garrett, known and appreciated for her love and hard work on behalf of McCarthy’s museum, digs into the history of the little red cabin at 23 Kennicott Avenue in downtown McCarthy. Salvaging a piece of

history is what Patt is all about. Thanks, Patt, for putting the pieces altogether for our readers.

As is often the case, a last minute item of interest shows up on our desk after the paper is full. Because “a note” is usually the last article written, I can still include the important information here. Here goes and happy spring-time!

ANNOUNCEMENT: Copper Valley Telecom’s Customer Appreciation Picnics for 2012 include: Cordova, June 15; Valdez, June 20; Glennallen, June 22; Mentastna, June 25; Chistochina, June 26; Copper Center, June 27; Chitina, June 28, and McCarthy, June 29.

Wrangell St. Elias News welcomes aboard the following subscribers: Carol Piatt, OH; Justin Hogrefe, AK; Anna Boslough, AK; Kathleen Shannon, AK; Nancy Cook, OR; Jed and Del Larson, MN; Maia Erickson, WA; Paul Jasper, AK.

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Items of Interest

BY BONNIE KENYON

Larry and Lindee Satterfield and dog Kobuk: The Satterfields' winter stint in Anchorage is now over. They are more-than-pleased to be "home." Here is their item in Lindee's own words:

"We moved back to McCarthy at the end of March. Talk about 'shovel ready project'! When we arrived at our driveway and saw the big berm with 4 feet of snow behind it leading to our cabin, I wasn't so sure I was ready for this project! Long story short...the snowblower was a godsend, but our shovels played a big part in our snow removal project. I think my muscles came out of 'hiding,' finally, by helping to shovel for a few days. We did lay to rest both shovels, as they broke on us, but not without getting the job done first. Talk about a snow job! We did get to see the two foot snow slab slide off the cabin roof. Whooooaa! Intense!

"We have many projects on the "to-do list," but right now we are enjoying the peace and solitude, not to mention the owls hooting to each other at dusk and, beyond, the sound of the Tundra swans flying overhead looking for open water, and some Northern Lights unexpectedly

showing up during "nature calls" in the middle of the night!

"Kobuk, our lab, is enjoying a leash-free environment. He doesn't quite understand yet why he can walk on top of the snow in the morning, but sink and trudge through it in the afternoon! I find it comical myself, just watching him. His nose is on alert with all the smells of what may be lurking in the woods. With the melting snow I can imagine the animals getting restless and moving about. Did I mention Kobuk chased a Lynx into the woods as it crossed the road in front of us—only after it had been treed earlier by another dog! (Next time I won't stop the 4 wheeler to give Kobuk the chance of jumping off for the chase!) Bad Kobuk!!! How do you relay to him that a Lynx is way more 'cantankerous' than a squirrel without him finding that out for himself?

"Ok, in the meantime, we are watching our 'cookie cutter paths' of snow melt to a more welcome puddle of mud! Did I say 'welcome'? YEP! What's a few muddy paw prints on the cabin floor—just knowing spring has sprung!"

Mark Vail: Spring is certainly a main topic when I visit with

neighbors. When I called Mark yesterday (April 20th), he quickly informed me his first Robin sighting for the season occurred 5 days ago. His favorite Swans have returned to the near-by lake. "They trumpeted for a half hour on arrival," says Mark. Maybe they were protesting the lake-covered ice! That is sure to change soon. Our daytime temperatures are warming to the upper 50's.

Mark is outside more than inside his cabin these days. He spotted wolves on the McCarthy Road the other day; a lynx in the yard and moose tracks in the area all point to the fact the local wildlife is on the move. In spite of a wolf being seen near Mark's roadside mail box, a piece of rhubarb pie (a gift from neighbors, Doran and Roni Ward) was not detected. Mark rescued it before the wolf knew what it was missing!

"The Juncos are here now, and a Ruby Crown Kinglet came through," reports Mark. "I'm expecting a bear any day now." In the meantime, he is keeping his eyes peeled for his spring visitors while he tends to his annual gardening projects. He has 22 trays of vegetables and flowers planted: collards, broccoli, celery, parsley, lettuce, tomatoes, Swiss chard,

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strawberries and flowers. He is eager to get the plastic covering for his greenhouse frame. Sunshine is a must, he says, so he transports the trays outside during the warmest part of the day. Not all his garden starts are for himself. He plants extra for his friends at the Wrangell Mountains Center and for neighbors who are always eager to lighten Mark's load!

Brooks, Diane, Eli, Fin and Ian Ludwig: The Ludwig family own property and a cabin near Mark. They enjoy visiting their place as often as they can. The boys' spring-break fell on the last part of March this year, so the family packed up the truck and headed out here for an early spring excursion. Fairbanks is home now and that means a full-day's drive. That doesn't count the trek (through snow) to their cabin from the road where they park the vehicle.

Rick and I don't always manage to squeeze in a visit with the Ludwig family, but this year they paid us a visit. We were thrilled to see each of them, noting how much the three boys had grown. Ian is 12, Fin and Eli (the twins) are 8 years old. Ian brought us a dozen eggs, fresh from his egg-selling business. He has 17 chickens at the moment which keeps him busy. His brothers offer helping hands whenever it is necessary. Thank you, Ian; the eggs were terrific! We really enjoyed catching up with each of you as it has been a long time. Until next time...

Jeannie and Jim Miller: Daughter Stacie didn't answer her telephone, so I decided to try her parents' home. Jeannie picked up on the first ring. She was a bit out of breath. It's time for pre-garden chores these days and Jeannie is

one busy lady. Some of her tomato plants have buds already; the topsy-turvy planters are housing several of those tomatoes. The hot peppers successfully wintered over and the 10 peppers are evidence all is well for another growing season. Her apple tree is coming back to life after a dormant winter cycle. It will soon find its summer home outside. The greenhouse should be up and running in early May, says Jeannie, and then her trays of vegetables will move out of her cabin windows to the extra warmth and overhead sunshine before making their way to the garden plot.

Jeannie is trying to get a jump start on her summer gardening projects before her job as chef for the Kennicott Glacier Lodge begins May 20th.

Jim is continuing his job for the park service in the maintenance department. He and his crew will begin working in early May.

Jim and Jeannie are thoroughly enjoying their spring weather conditions in Kennicott. They reported a high of 65 degrees on April 21st. Jim says it was T-shirt weather and he took full advantage of it.

Stacie Miller and Pete Machado: Shortly after my chat with Jeannie, the phone rang. It was Stacie. Perfect timing, I told her! She is into the gardening scene, just like mom. Her focus is on herbs with a few new ones this year: lemon grass (an Asian herb, she says) and basil. A new and different shrub called a Sea Buck Thorn is a hopeful for this year. It is supposed to come with edible orange berries. I'm really rooting for this one, Stacie, as I'd like to try that one myself.

Pumpkins and small-sized watermelons and cantaloupe seeds

are germinating, big-time, so if you would like to try out a few of these, Stacie says she has plenty of extras to share. The signs of spring/summer are showing. Her iris' and Columbine are poking their heads up through the remaining snow.

The downsize of gardening in the north are the pesky voles (small mice). They did a number on Stacie's strawberries and Jeanie's flowering plum tree.

Stacie and Pete are gearing up for an exciting and flourishing business this season with their Tailor-Made Pizza bus. It's located in downtown Kennicott, on the glacier side. Complete with an amazing view, this couple can certainly put out a variety of homemade pizza. They tell me that we can expect a menu expansion this year. My mouth is already watering, Stacie and Pete! See you when the bus opens.

George Cebula: George and dog Shane returned recently from their winter stay in Arizona. They rode up the Alcan with **Art Phillips** and his dog Auggie. The two dogs are fast friends and are always up for an adventure, especially when it is north to Alaska. This means more freedom on their walks and the occasional wildlife that offers a diversion from their mundane "dog life."

George and Art, on the other hand, consider the long trip a means to get from Point A to Point B. They made the trip successfully with no break downs, just a new set of tires en route. McCarthy had plenty of snow on the ground to give them a chilly greeting and an opportunity to give their snow shovels a good workout.

Art is back to work at the McCarthy Lodge doing pre-season remodeling for owner Neil Darish.

Art's wife, Linda, is planning a visit in early June. Audrey Edwards and I are looking forward to more-than-one cup of tea with her.

George is also preparing for a guest—his brother, Ted, whose annual visit will occur in early August. I expect George is also beginning his “to-do” list for Ted who is a master at many things.

Welcome back, George and Art!

Neil O'Donnell and daughter Cat: Neil and Cat paid a visit to their McCarthy family cabin over spring break. Cat was home from Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire. Besides helping dad do some much-needed shoveling and a stint or two at splitting firewood, Cat was content to curl up in her favorite chair in front of the wood stove, reading a variety of books.

Neil, on the other hand, took advantage of good snowmachining conditions and headed out to visit Kelly and Natalie Bay one day. Kelly took Neil on a tour of the Nizina neighborhood, the cabins and their occupants. He had a great time.

Another outing was a snowmachine trip to Kennicott where they took in some awesome scenery.

Rick and I had the privilege of having Neil and Cat over for supper one evening and a chance to catch up on their activities. It was great seeing you both!

Michael Larson: Michael is a new-comer to *Items*. He graciously agreed to participate. He says he is presently making the transition from winter to spring gear. This winter he stayed in Denise Lopez and Mike Murphy's cabin across McCarthy Creek. It's been a good

winter for him, but he's ready to move on to the next phase—his job in maintenance with the park service this summer. The job starts up May 7th so that is just around the corner. Working with local folks is a plus for him.

Michael first visited the McCarthy area in 2008, then returned the early winter of January 2009. It was -40 degrees the day he arrived; thankfully, that didn't seem to daunt him. He took a job as a guide for Kennicott Wilderness Guides. Last year he went to work for the Wrangell-St. Elias National Park.

Home is Minnesota and Michael says cold winters are nothing new to him. His family which includes three sisters still live there. Welcome aboard WSEN, Michael, and thanks for becoming an item for our readers!

Howard and Chris Haley: Reports on the local “grapevine” travel quickly in our community. A most recent tidbit informed me that Chris was home for a whole week. It's been awhile since I wrote an item on Howard and Chris, but they've been away more than they've been home.

Chris returned my phone call and updated me on their recent and future activities. She is in-between job positions in Valdez so is making much use of her precious time home. Window cleaning, canning last year's smoked salmon and raking up debris in the yard.

Beginning May 1st, Chris' new job assignment takes her out of a daily warehouse setting and into the outdoors. Her new schedule will offer her more chunks of time at home and a few months off in winter, thus giving her and Howard time to do some traveling.

Howard is back at Copper Center—on the job for the park service. His summer may include traveling to the Nabesna area and working on the various trail projects planned for this upcoming work season.

Both are hoping to spend more time at their McCarthy home this year. Congratulations, Chris, on the job upgrade.

The McCarthy Turntable Gear Exchange: New for summer 2012, is the McCarthy Turntable Gear Exchange—a consignment store for gently used gear. They are opening May 15 - Sept. 15 and located in the McCarthy Air log cabin.

They are now accepting items such as: outdoor clothing, camping gear/equipment, ice tools, crampons, helmets, snowshoes, skis, winter and mountain boots/shoes, bicycles and even dress-up clothes and costumes.

Folks will work with you to set a fair price for your items; there is a 50/50 split for sold items; pay will be in cash or store credit when items are sold.

For more information or to set up a consignment, you may call Wild Alpine at 907-529-9624 or email kirin@wildalpine.com.

Copper Valley Telecom comes calling: In celebration of their new Microwave System, Copper Valley Telecom representatives are coming to McCarthy for an open house. Learn more about the many benefits of the new system, the new WiFi hotspot in McCarthy and receive Android Smart Phone training.

The Open House takes place at the McCarthy Lodge on May 23rd & 24th from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. There will be door prizes and refreshments.

Avalanche!

BY RENÉE PERSÓN

Outside, Spring Break may mean big, sunny beaches and parties, but for this group of Alaskans, Spring Break is all about a week of snowmachining fun in the Wrangell-St. Elias Mountains near McCarthy. Anticipation runs high and the competition is fierce for who's got the best machine and who can do the best riding of the year. The clan gathers from all around Alaska. One Rowland family lives year-round in McCarthy. Another Rowland family flies in from Dutch Harbor. The Williams, Randby and Persón families all drive in from Fairbanks. Very often other friends join this core group for the week. Ties of family, friendship and faith hold this crowd together. This particular Spring Break would further strengthen those ties.

Most people arrive Saturday evening, and on Sunday morning they all head up to the Keith Rowland family home for church and potluck. After service and before lunch a prayer is offered up to God asking for safety and good decisions for everyone for the week. Following lunch, most everyone gears up and loads up to spend the afternoon at the Bonanza Bowl, the traditional Sunday afternoon hangout for this crowd. This year was no different and soon everyone was at the Bowl "tearing it up" (clan speak for having a really good time). It was a bluebird day and the powder was just right; the skiers and snowboarders were enjoying excellent runs, thanks to the obliging snowmachiners who towed or rode them up high. The "big boys" were scoping the hills, mountains, and chutes around them looking for the best

ride they could find. As usual, Dave Persón was wearing his GoPro head cam, looking for a rider to follow for some exciting shots to include in the yearly movie.

By 5:15 that afternoon, most were ready to call it a day. Dave and Scott decided to take one last ride up a chute behind The Pyramid. Another rider had ridden up a couple of times and Dave had done it once and decided it was safe for another trip. Dave and Scott discussed running up it to get a good film for the movie. Dave, half-serious - half-joking, asked Scott, "Do you have your beacon on? I don't want to be looking for someone without a beacon." Though a few people had left, most of the crowd lined up across the Bowl, on a knoll, to watch this last run.

Scott hit the chute and began tracing a good line with Dave following close behind. But when Dave hit a couple of holes wrong and lost his momentum he couldn't get back on the line, so he decided to turn out. As he headed back down he noticed a bit of snow following him. He glanced back and realized that snow was sliding, so he sped up a little. Suddenly, from his left, he was hit with a wall of snow and knocked off his machine. Instantly realizing he was in an avalanche he began swimming for the top of the snow.

Meanwhile, Scott had made it up much higher out of the chute and onto an open slope. He completed his turn only to look down and realize that an avalanche was happening below him with Dave most likely in the middle of it. He watched, helpless, as the high mountain bowl slid down the 2,000 foot chute he'd just come up.

Dave wasn't afraid, just busy swimming. However, the longer the avalanche went on, the more exhausted he became. It's hard work thrashing for the top in full riding

Snowmobiler Buried In Human-Triggered Avalanche

BY STEPHENS HARPER
NPS PARK RANGER

On the afternoon of Sunday, March 11th, a recreational snowmobiler was buried in an avalanche above Kennecott within the park. The avalanche was triggered by another snowmobiler who drove his machine up a gully to an open basin at 5,500 feet, causing a three-to-four-foot thick slab of snow to break loose.

The snowmobiler who was buried was about 300 vertical feet below the lead rider when the avalanche was triggered. He turned and tried to outrun the avalanche, but was quickly knocked off his machine. He traveled over half a mile and 1,500 vertical feet inside the snow before the avalanche stopped. He was wearing an avalanche beacon, helmet and other protective gear, though, and had taken avalanche safety training and knew to try and "swim" towards the surface if caught by an avalanche. He was also able to keep part of a hand above the snow as the avalanche stopped. Others at the scene found him with the aid of beacons and then spotted his glove. The rescuers were able to dig him out in approximately four minutes. The victim was unconscious and not breathing; CPR was immediately begun and he began breathing on his own after the tenth rescue breath. He exhibited respiratory distress, a decreased level of consciousness and mild hypothermia, but, amazingly, no physical trauma. His snowmobile was totally destroyed.

The park was notified of the incident shortly after it occurred. The snowmobiler was transported to an NPS facility at the McCarthy airport, where rangers Luke Hodgson and Stephens Harper performed a patient assessment, administered oxygen and treated for hypothermia. A National Guard helicopter was on standby to provide air evacuation if needed, but was called off once the man's condition was determined to be stable and not life threatening. He was rewarmed and released from NPS care that evening. Hodgson and Harper met with the friends and family involved in the incident the following day and learned what had occurred. Thirty plus people who were either directly or indirectly involved spent over two hours reviewing avalanche safety material and made a concerted effort to learn from the mistakes that were made that led to the incident.

Major factors leading to the accident included travel on an avalanche prone slope without testing snow-pack conditions, traveling in an avalanche chute, and riding directly above another rider in avalanche terrain. Many other factors contributed as well. It should be noted that the group did a good job of search and rescue utilizing their tools and education. The patient was literally seconds away from being a fatality.

gear and heavy, chunky snow. Soon his legs were locked in. The snow was compressing and every time it hit a depression or turn in the chute it compacted harder. Eventually, he could feel the flow slowing down. He futilely tried kicking to get his legs free and to get closer to the top. He had one arm up, but both legs and an arm were locked in preventing any movement. As the snow stopped flowing it compressed harder and harder. He thought his ribs would crack. His left arm was extended up and he could move it at the elbow, so he swirled it because it was the only thing he could move. He attempted to take a deep breath to expand the area around his chest but was unable to do so. When everything stopped, he took stock. He was at rest with his feet downhill, he was face up, but tilted to the right with his right arm pressed against his chest. He couldn't move, but he thought one arm was above the snow and he was able to breathe. He took about six or eight breaths before everything went blank.

As soon as the billowing snow was settled below him, Scott headed back down the chute as fast as he could maneuver his machine, jumping down the three and a half foot high fracture line. The avalanche had scoured all the snow from the channel forcing him to ride down mostly on icy rock. He reached the snow-packed bottom and began frantically looking for any sign of Dave. He saw what turned out to be the seat of Dave's 800 and rushed to it.

A half-mile across the Bowl, everyone else was watching the mountain in disbelief and horror as a crack formed and then quickly spider-webbed out and the mountain-side came booming down the gorge. They had seen Scott pop out on top and waited for Dave to appear. When he didn't show they knew it wasn't good. They started their machines to head over. Roger stopped everyone and wisely said, "We wait for it to stop." As they waited for

the cloud of avalanche snow to settle, Roger told them, "Unless you have a beacon and a probe you don't move." As soon as the snow settled they raced over, meeting Scott at Dave's machine. As everyone got their beacons turned to "search" they realized Dave wasn't with his machine. Roger got a reading on his and ran toward the signal yelling "50 feet, 45 feet, 40 feet..." with Jay jogging just behind him, probing. Everyone else followed close on their heels. As they neared the location, Jay saw Dave's gloved hand sticking up out of the snow. They began madly digging.

Soon Dave's head was uncovered and Scott took off Dave's helmet. His eyes were wide open, pupils constricted, and staring blankly, his jaw and lips were blue, and he wasn't breathing. Scott tried to find a pulse with his cold hands and couldn't so he immediately started mouth to mouth. Jay and Roger dug out his chest, while Micah started digging out his back.

Scott performed CPR for ten to twelve minutes before Dave took his first breath. As the other men shoveled they kept yelling, "Fight, Dave!" "Breathe, Dave!" They were praying in desperation. The snow was slippery and kept sliding back into the hole. Afraid that Dave wasn't going to make it, Roger sent the younger men (who'd been pulling the snow chunks away from the hole) to go dig out the snowmachine, about fifty feet up the hill. It seemed forever before Dave at last responded to Scott's efforts. Scott said, "Dave, if you can hear me, blink." Dave blinked very slowly and they realized with huge relief that he could hear them, and was beginning to respond to them. Scott sent Axel over to the waiting crowd to let them know that Dave was alive. Still, it took time for Dave to be able to breathe consistently on his own. He was coughing and gurgling, seemingly trying to communicate, but not making any sense. After they got his upper half dug out, Jay

slid behind him to help get him warm. As soon as he was breathing reliably on his own, Scott kept Dave engaged while Micah did quick compression checks on Dave's arms, neck, and back, watching his eyes for any sign of pain. Incredibly, though he felt nauseous and dizzy there were no injuries. As Dave stabilized and began speaking, they continued to try to get him warm. They found warm mitts to exchange for the cold gloves on his hands, but because of the oxygen deprivation he was fighting them. Yet he kept brushing his hands together in his signature move and complaining about cold hands. Eventually, Scott sent David Rowland over to get Lora, a fourth year nursing student, to help with Dave. They were concerned about internal injuries and wanted her help in assessing potential problems. As soon as Lora came over, Dave calmed down and submitted to her medical expertise. The crew got him up and out of the hole and Jay wrapped his down coat around Dave; Roger took off his snow pants to put on him. As soon as he was alert, Dave said, "My wife is going to kill me."

Though they were not with Dave in the hole, the younger crew worked hard getting the machine dug out and had the presence of mind to watch the chute and surrounding mountains for any other avalanches. They also gave up some of their warm gear to keep Dave warm and kept the older men supplied with whatever they needed.

The group left across the Bowl was huddled together praying, and watching. Until Scott sent Axel to get a sled for transport and to inform them that Dave was breathing shallowly, they had no idea what was happening and could only watch as their men located first the machine and then Dave. They couldn't tell whether or not he was alive, or if he was hurt. Seven-year-old Andu kept asking questions and it helped settle them to answer his questions and keep praying. Kathy decided she

needed to go to the Persón cabin to sit with Renée, who'd stayed back at their cabin for the day.

Lee and Beth had left almost before the avalanche was settled, racing to catch Keith (who'd left just minutes before the avalanche started) and to go be with Renée. They nearly caught Keith by Persón's cabin; but their snowmachine suddenly died. Lee quickly fired up another machine from the cabin and caught Keith at his shop.

Beth went inside the cabin and quietly told Renée, "There's been an avalanche. Dave and Scott were in it. One has come out, but the other hasn't. Lee's gone to get Uncle Keith for some more help." "Oh, God!" Renée's mind started racing. "What do we need to do? What needs to be done?" She started praying, "Help me trust YOU!"

Soon Lee and Keith came back; they'd gotten hold of the Park Ranger, Stephens Harper, and had some information. Keith told Renée, "Dave's breathing, he's hypothermic and not in good shape. But he's breathing and we'll probably get Life Flight to fly him out to Anchorage. You have plenty of time, there's

no rush. We're waiting for word." (They later learned that Dave was not hypothermic, just oxygen deprived.) Just then Kathy arrived. Kathy and Beth packed a back-pack for Renee to take along on the flight to Anchorage. It was decided that Keith should take a sleeping bag and hot water bottles up to Dave. Everything was quickly gathered and Keith headed up to the rescue site.

Thinking that the truck would be a better transport vehicle than a snowmachine, Lee and Beth warmed up the truck and took it up the trail as close to Kennecott as they could.

Renée decided to stay at the cabin and wait for further word. She felt that going to the rescue site would be hard on the men taking care of Dave and hard on her watching them. Soon Tammy called from the rescue site to reassure Renée that Dave was alive and moving! A few minutes later she called back to say that Dave was on a machine with Scott and riding toward them. And a few minutes after that she called again and put Dave on. Hearing his voice was overwhelming and Kathy held Renée while she cried her joy and relief.



Photo courtesy Renée Persón

The snowmachine after a very rough trip down the mountain.

Dave rode down the mountain with Scott, tucked up against him trying to stay warm. As they rode down, Scott kept whacking Dave's leg to make sure he was still responsive. Dave would pound back letting Scott know he was still there. When they met the truck several miles down the trail, Dave climbed in and they rode the rest of the way to the ranger station in warmth.

When Dave walked into the ranger's station there were a few moments of confusion for the Rangers. They were expecting a badly injured man to be carried in and were surprised that the avalanche victim walked in under his own power and announced himself. Dave lay down on a cold table and they gave him oxygen for half an hour. Covered with sleeping bags and two hot water bottles to warm him, Dave answered the Ranger's questions while they monitored his vitals and took brief notes on the incident. Dave drank a couple of cups of hot Gatorade, and sucked on a tube of glucose. After a little over half an hour he got back in the truck and headed for the cabin, ready to end the day with some dry clothes and hot food. Everyone was relieved that he would not need to be flown out for care.

In the cabin he changed out of his wet clothing and sat by the fire while everyone ate dinner. He had a headache and slight nausea until about ten that night. Getting up, getting warm and moving about made him feel much better. He suffered no other ill effects from the incident. The rest of the people involved were much more traumatized. Many had nightmares, all needed to talk. Each had a story to tell and in the various homes and cabins that night the accounts were flowing.

Over the next couple of days many visitors stopped by the Persón's cabin. Every one that came needed to reassure themselves that Dave was really alive and completely

himself. And they needed the chance to share their part of the story. God had been merciful to them and they wanted to spend time together as the shock and fear drained away.

The day after the avalanche most everyone, including Dave, went back to the site to retrieve Dave's machine. The machine was a total loss, most everything was torn off or crumpled. It had obviously had a much rougher trip down the hill than Dave "enjoyed."

Monday night, the whole clan gathered at the Roger Rowland home and watched a slide presentation on snow travel safety. All the riders attend a similar class most years. Safety is important to this group. They all carry safety gear designed for this kind of situation, which in this case saved Dave's life. Even though most of the information was not new to the group, they felt that it was a good time to review what they had done well, and what mistakes were made, so that they could further reduce their risk on future rides. Everyone agreed that the next piece of equipment for the riders, skiers, and snowboarders to acquire should be an avalanche air bag. That evening together also allowed the group to process the incident as a group. Scott and Dave shared what happened from their perspective and many others contributed their thoughts also. The rangers expressed their amazement at Dave's survival and their admiration for the rescue efforts of the group.

There was no single hero in this rescue. Each person had a part and each did it well. From Dave remembering and implementing his avalanche training, to the men digging out and reviving Dave, to the young men retrieving the snowmachine and watching the area for further potential danger, to the group of women and young men praying, everyone did their job. God was merciful to this group and every person

knows and acknowledges it. Dave should be dead — but God was merciful and revived him. It could have taken longer to find him, he could have been buried much deeper, he could have sustained severe injuries like his machine—but God was merciful.

Each person has come away with their own perspective on what happened. Each person has been impacted in different ways. But the one perspective they all share is gratitude. They are grateful that God spared Dave's life. They are grateful that God kept the others safe. They are grateful that they remain a clan. And everyone looks forward to next Spring Break with eager anticipation to see who's got the best machine and who will do the best riding of the year.

The Clan:

Keith and Laurie Rowland – from McCarthy

Kaleb

David (18)

Daniel (17)

Hannah (15)

Jubal (12)

Roger and Tammy Rowland – from Dutch Harbor

Kimberly

& friend David Durst

Julie

& friend Bridger Herrmann

Sharon (17)

Axel (14)

Caitlin (12)

Jay Williams – from Fairbanks

Nick (16)

Andu (7)

Scott and Kathy Randby – from Fairbanks

Lora Anderson – from Fairbanks

Dave and Renée Persón – from Fairbanks

Ben

Lee Persón and his fiancée

Beth Welch – from Fairbanks

Micah Stossmeister – from Fairbanks

Alaska Grown — part 8, Long Lake to McCarthy

BY RICK KENYON JR.

The winter season halted many outdoor projects during the coldest part, and allowed more free time to read and visit with neighbors. Often we would snow machine down to Ralph and Linda Lohse's for a visit. I played with their daughters, Becky, Robin and Lynette. The girls were used to animal pelts that their dad would bring home from his winter trap line. I recall one such occasion when 'Netty was dragging around the pelt of a small critter just like it was a pet! (The Lohse's became close to our family and have stayed in touch after all these years.)

Dad worked in the 'shop' (old army hut) on Harley and Jo King's Super Cub plane. It was in need of total rebuilding and was going to be a major project. When the temperature allowed, he completely disassembled the plane and began to rebuild the fuselage, wings and motor. It would be a long project that took much time and patience. The King's had other property closer to McCarthy and they were interested in a log cabin being built on that property as we had done on Hank's. As spring approached, plans were made to make the move to that property in the summer (1978) and dad began cutting down trees nearby in preparation. I went several times to help delimb those long trees. Harley had an ATV that we used to pull those logs out of the woods to the road while snow was on the ground. (As I recall, it had

tracks similar to a tank that enabled it to go off-road and in muddy conditions.)

We enjoyed watching the local wildlife which included the various birds that lived year-round our area. "Chickadees" were cute, tiny birds that flitted around the trees in search for shelter and food. Harley and Jo had a feeder made out of a tree limb with holes bored through the limb. Inside was stuffed suet or peanut butter which was popular with the little residents of the yard. The birds had a familiar tweet that was easily identifiable to an amateur bird watcher like me. The chirp sounded just like "chick-a-dee-dee." I often wondered if that is how they derived their name.

Another local bird was the infamous gray-jay. This one was not the typical blue jay found in the Lower-48 but dull colored birds that we nick-named "camp-robbers." These birds were larger than the Chickadees and loved to eat their food. They also would eat Sam's dog food (if there was any leftover in his bowl). Sam would get mad and bark furiously at the jay that dared 'rob' his food! These birds loved to get any food scraps they could, providing Sam didn't beat them to it first.

Eagles were plenteous around Long Lake and had a steady diet of dying salmon that spawned in the shallow parts of the lake. Mostly bald eagles, but every now and then we saw a golden eagle swoop down to get its prey. They would sit in the branches around the lake in the

tallest spruce trees. Owls also were plenty in numbers and one could hear hooting at night on a regular basis. The large gray owls had huge eyes that sent chills down my spine every time it turned its head to look at me.

Snow began melting and the break-up soon was in full-swing. Mud boots were the normal attire and light-weight jackets replaced the heavy down-filled parkas. The daylight lengthened and allowed more time to be spent outdoors on various projects. When the road became passable for trucks, traffic resumed for local residents. We made a trip or two to get supplies. The long winter was over!

The Lohse's packed up and we said goodbyes as they drove out to Cordova, their summer residence. Bob and Loni left for their home Lower Tonsina. Cliff and Jewel Collins came back from Cordova to their cabin on the lake. Hank drove back from Oregon. The neighbor activities increased as gardens were prepared and planted. Trees put on leaves and signs of life were everywhere. Ice on Long Lake melted and the summer birds flew back from the lower 48.

I finished my 3rd grade of home school and looked forward to a long break. We began to make plans to move to the new cabin-site at McCarthy that summer. Friends Jim and Delores McGilles from Soldotna drove in with their kids Sean and Jennifer to visit. Dad and Jim went to the new homestead and re-built the floor in the old cabin on the property. (The original cabin on

the homestead built around 1900.) I recall Sean brought a Honda 50 bike and we had a ball driving it around the neighborhood.

After the McGilles' left, we began moving. The old cabin had newspapers that lined the walls like wall-paper. It was interesting to read the old articles from the Chitina newspaper and the local McCarthy newspaper. Mom, dad and I had cots to sleep on in the old cabin while the new cabin was being built. I remember mice racing along the floor of that old cabin at night!



WSEN staff photo

Becky Lohse holds "camp robber" while Sam watches.

Red Cabin's Renaissance

BY PATT GARRETT

The red cabin at 23 Kennicott Avenue, downtown McCarthy, historically known as "Schulzie's Guest Cabin" has a new look. It is now sitting on a new foundation and has been moved back out of the right-of-way. A shock at first, the changes were made to preserve the existing approximately 90 year-old structure. Long term infestations of carpenter ants are just a part of this story.

The cabin, visible in a 1926 C. P. "Cap" Hubrick panoramic photo hanging in McCarthy Museum, was built very close to the ground on large rocks and old growth timbers. The cabin's eight-inch thick wall timbers probably came from the Copper River & Northwestern Railway Bridge spanning the Kennicott River. The cabin's corners are not notched, but rather nailed together using some small lumber. (The photo of cabin on rollers shows these corners very well.) While doing the museum's updated downtown walk-

ing tour, the McCarthy Museum's team studied the cabin and speculated whether the builders were in a hurry to finish the cabin due to bad weather or if they did not notch the logs because they wanted longer log walls, making more room inside. We didn't know why the cabin's corners were so poorly joined. These same four corners created concern for Patt Garrett, the current owner, and for Art Phillips, the man who stepped up with a plan to save the cabin in the fall of 2009.

At this writing, we don't know who built the little red cabin on the 25' x 100' Lot 23, Block B in the original town site of McCarthy, on the John Barrett Homestead. We do know that because of the Shushanna gold stampede, McCarthy was changing from tents to log cabins and two story structures in 1913. Records show Lot 23 Block B was apparently leased around September 24, 1913 to C.J. Iverson. However, it also appears that a warranty deed for Lot 23 was issued to one John McCann sometime in 1917. If the cabin was built by Iverson, Mc-





Cann, or someone else, this writer can only still speculate.

What is known is that Henry Schulz, a long-term McCarthy resident, bought the Nels Tjosevig house sitting on Lot 25, which is next door to the little red cabin sometime after 1938. It is known that Henry Schulz was a well-educated geologist or mining engineer originally from Germany and later New York State. He is remembered as a smallish man with massively large hands. He spent summers in McCarthy to prospect his claims until he was well into his nineties. Henry Schulz used the small, red cabin for his guests. The kitchen's large wood cook stove, according to long-term McCarthyite and past museum board president, Meg Hunt, "bakes the best bread in the valley..."

It appears that Schulz still owned the cabin in the 1960s. Loy Green, now deceased, worked as a cook, baker, and bottle washer in the red cabin during the 1960s. Back then the cabin was The Consolidated Wrangell Mining Company mess hall. Loy, a musician, an artist, and miner is also credited with starting the McCarthy Museum. The depot was his art studio and also held a collection of McCarthy and Kennecott memorabilia. Loy spent his last years in the Anchorage Pioneer Home where Patt Garrett first met him.

Gerald and Nancy Miller bought the red cabin from Schulz's estate. Schulz had no children and his property was left to the State of New York. It is noteworthy that the estate's executor was surprised to discover the property had already been sold by another individual who did not own the property. The Millers may have put the front porch and a new roof on the red cabin. The roofs are old Anchorage newspaper tin print sheets. As the porch roof leaks and the wood rots away, the advertisements and 1970s nordstrom's logo are visible. (Nordstrom's was spelled with a small "n" back then.)

Ed LaChapelle bought the red cabin in 1982 from Gerald and Nancy Miller. Ed and his partner Meg Hunt added the small windows on the south side of the cabin and a new roof. When Ed died, the red cabin went to his son David LaChapelle. David was ill with cancer at the time and the cabin soon became part of David's estate in 2009.

* * *

Back in 2001, lured by Loy Green's stories while he was still living at the Anchorage Pioneer Home and by a friend's recommendation to attend the Wrangell Mountains Center's writing workshop, Patt Garrett first came to McCarthy. Instructor and friend, Nancy Cook, encouraged Patt to write of her childhood in an Idaho mining town, which gave Patt material for a

decade of workshops at Wrangell Mountains Center. She often wrote from the upstairs front rooms of the Old Hardware Store, looking down on the small red cabin and the Green Tjosevig House next door. Both homes, surrounded by fireweed were similar to homes from Patt's North Idaho childhood. She never dreamed Schulz's Guest Cabin could become her retirement home.

Patt knew she could never blaze out alone on the West side or across McCarthy Creek to build a cabin from scratch. One of the first of the aging baby-boomers the logistics of that sort of project seemed like too much, but she was also tired of pitching a tent in the low parts of Tent City. During the summer of 2009, while she volunteered at the McCarthy Museum, she learned David's cabin might become available as part of his estate. That fall, although, feeling very tacky under the circumstances, she nevertheless approached Meg Hunt in McCarthy and David's partner in Colorado.

By that time, Patt's friends Maria Shell and Walt Tague had bought the green Tjosevig house on the corner of Kennicott Avenue and Skolai Street. It is now the summer home of Walt, Maria, and the three little Tague boys. They were busy painting purple trim on the windows, and Maria encouraged Patt to be their neighbor, even offering to share their outhouse and woodshed. Friends Bob and Sunny Cook encouraged Patt to buy the cabin, and Patt's 85-year old father in Wallace, Idaho, was convinced Patt had joined a cult.

Over the winter of 2009-2010, trying to buy the cabin became reminiscent of a long, sad, country western song.... It goes something like this: The Alaska State Registers' Office voiced concern for a "history of fraudulent land sales in McCarthy," and they were reluctant to move ahead. The original town site map was missing from the State of Alaska's records. Land records were

gone. The Copper Center records office burned in 1952 or 1953 destroying most the records for the Chitina Recording District, which included McCarthy. Then the 1964 earthquake's tsunami wiped out the Valdez records office taking out more records of McCarthy, according to the State. Another version of lost paperwork includes a river rafting accident when records were being transferred from McCarthy to Valdez in the early part of the last century. The State of Alaska made all this Patt's problem. The only place Patt knew to start looking for records was the museum, but the copy of the original town site plat had been stolen and the museum was closed for the winter. Fortunately, McCarthy Museum board member, Kenny Smith, stepped up with a copy of the original town site plat. The Alaska State Registers' Office complained "that it was faded..." but they finally accepted it and moved ahead.

But then the title company balked at the cabin's porch being three feet onto the 60 foot right-of-way between the red cabin and the Old Hardware Store. Patt sent the mortgage company photos of mature trees, rock walls, and gardens also in the 60 foot right-a-way. She explained that horse-drawn freight sleds and dog teams seldom use Kennicott Avenue anymore. The title company said okay, but then they wanted homeowners insurance and a survey.... Fears of insufficient funds rattled in Patt's head, but then someone else told her about two original town site survey stakes that were very near the little red cabin and so the survey cost much less than it could have. The homeowner's insurance company in New Jersey still wanted overhead sprinklers, even after Patt explained she hauls water from Clear Creek. Meanwhile the McCarthy Road could not be driven due to breakup.

Finally, on Memorial Day 2010 it looked like the deal would close. Patt's dear friends Sherry and Paul

came down from Eagle River to help with the survey and pack up David's things. They brought along their old, deaf, almost blind dog Annie. Unintentionally, Patt and the three little Tague boys locked Annie up in the storeroom of the museum.... Signs were posted asking for help finding little lost Annie. Several McCarthyites stated "the biggest grizzly in history was seen nearby" and assured Sherry, Paul, and Patt that Annie was probably toast. Sherry, Paul and Patt were pretty bummed-out. Annie was missing three days before a surprised museum volunteer opened the store room door and Annie shot out like a little hairy rocket. That very same weekend Patt noticed the inside floor boards of the little red cabin were bouncy....

Remember in the beginning there was a mention of carpenter ants?

You see, Patt had only gone inside the red cabin one time before making an offer. Wrangell Mountains Center icons Lila Vogt and Doris Thurston were spending the night inside at the time. Feeling intrusive, Patt peeked in the back door and saw FIVE different types of 1920s and 1930s linoleum tiles on the kitchen floor laid out in a log cabin type quilt block pattern. Patt said, "Oh, I love it!" Lila smiled her sweet smile and said, "Yeah, it's cool huh?" Doris smiled and quietly pointed to the low ceiling, saying, "The duct tape on the ceiling is one of my favorite things." She added that Ed LaChapelle had put on a new roof and that the roof no longer leaked.

During the summer of 2010 while Patt continued to pack up David's things, a friend of David's came and took away the old wood heating stove that David built while in high school. Thinking bigger is better Patt bought a new wood heat stove that warms up to 1,800 square-feet. The red cabin is only 340 square-feet. Well! Patt's first trip out in March of 2011, she banked that new

stove up at bedtime hoping for 6-8 hours of sleep, and soon her old poodle dog started to pant. Then he got off the bed and lay by the leaky front door, gasping for air. Patt crawled out of her "good to 30 below zero" sleeping-bag, took off her REI long johns, and had to sleep naked in March with both doors cracked open. That 400 lb. stove is for sale. It sits in downtown McCarthy. U HAUL.

Between the wrong stove and the bouncy floor, Patt started to question her decision to buy the old cabin. She wondered if she could do the right thing by it. The cabin's strongest advocate became James P. Sweeney, friend, ice climber, writer, and dog sitter. He said, "It is a cool old cabin. Bouncy floors can be fixed. Keep it!" Not wanting bouncy floor boards to become an actual cave-in, Patt started asking around for someone to help preserve the old cabin, keep the leaking front porch with the nordstrom's ads, and save the Douglas fir tongue-and-groove flooring, and most of all, save the five patterns of scrap 1920-30s linoleum. The summer of 2010 things didn't look so good for the flooring or the linoleum. In fact, closer investigation revealed rot, mold, piles of sawdust-like carpenter ant leavings, honeycombed floor supports, and riddled bottom logs on the south wall of the cabin. The cabin could buckle in on itself anytime.

Late summer 2011, Art Phillips and Patt first met at the cabin. They walked it and talked it. Patt slept on it and Art pondered it.... Art came up with a plan to raise the cabin, place it up on a foundation, to replace and better insulate the floor, and while he was at it, actually relocate the cabin and center it on the original town site Lot 23, thereby eliminating the encroachment of right-a-way issues the title company had found distressing. Art's price was right. Patt hocked her high mileage, 2004 turbo Subaru Forest-

er, signed up for overtime at work, and said, "OK. Art, let's do it."

Patt pulled up the pieces of linoleum, scrubbed the mold off with bleach, air dried them in the late 2011 summer sun. Some of the linoleum pieces will become a future collage display for the museum. Flattened Blazo cans from around the wood cook stove were also preserved for future use. Art Phillips fell through the floor when lifting the stove. The plan to save the cabin came just in time.

During late August 2011 Maria Shell sent regular email reports of Art Phillips and George Cebula walking, talking and figuring, going first one way and then the other way, around and around the cabin before the cabin's actual lift-off. (See photo with Art's machine under cabin lifting the south side.) The inside and exterior walls, and the weak corners of the cabin were well reinforced. Patt recalled her own playtime in the 1950s; a surreal flashback of using her little brother's erector set, tinker toys, and Lincoln logs—all three came to her mind. But, by golly, the cabin held together. In the process Art found four queen ant nests, hauled them away and burned them. During this time, Patt herself only found one ant nest in a knot of old growth timber. She totally screamed like a girl

and David Conner came running. He disposed of the nest for her.

Art replaced the logs on the south side where the ants had feasted for the larger part of a century. During the work on the foundation and cabin, Mark Vail carried out archeological digs and carefully set aside treasures. Uncovered valuables included bottle shards, china pieces, a rusted fence tool, a double-headed axe, a Washington State 1960s tax token, and Patt's personal favorite, a 1950s pink and black ball point pen from the Illinois Women's VFW Auxiliary. Tamara Egans (Harper) sent progress photos when Patt worked over time and couldn't come down. Art was always available on the phone and was able to translate Patt's vague, artsy-fartsy air drawings and free-fall musings into structural realities. George, Art and Patt all wanted to save the old cabin from ruin.

The little red cabin at 23 Kennicott Avenue now has a new look. It sits three feet to the south, five feet to the west and almost three feet higher. The large stones now in front were once under the cabin, and some of the old-growth, foundation-timber found under the cabin will soon be used as steps and benches. The tin newspaper sheets with the nordstrom's ads are still on the front porch. Stonework will finish the foundation off and a

screened-in back porch is to be added. New windows and doors are ordered for existing openings. The old single-pane windows will move to a greenhouse planned for the future. An outhouse that can be pumped will go up after the snow melts in early 2012. Maria Shell and Patt plan gardens. The fireweed will soon return on its own. The year-round population of downtown McCarthy will soon be increased by one female baby-boomer and her fine old poodle dog.

Many family members, friends, and McCarthy residents, both new and old, helped make this cabin renaissance a reality. Lucky for Patt she found Art Phillips and George Cebula who could work with her, understanding her need to honor what was already there and also willing to preserve it for the future. It has been a lot of work. Art has proved to be both knowledgeable and a man of his word. Additional bonuses include Subaru values holding for refinancing, and that Patt's boss calls her frequently for overtime. Whether the old wood cook stove will continue to bake the best bread in McCarthy remains unknown.

I would especially like to thank Sherry, Jodie, Heidi and Elaine for their diligent and kind proofing of this article.

New NPS Deputy Regional Director named

ANCHORAGE, AK—

Joel Hard, whose career of managing and protecting both public resources and safety in Alaska spans 30 years, has been named the new deputy regional director for the Alaska Region of the National Park Service.

A nearly lifelong Alaskan, Hard has been the superintendent of Lake Clark National Park

and Preserve since 2003. There he has worked with communities to preserve key cultural resources, resolve land ownership and access issues, and protect critical subsistence resources.

In his new job, Hard will help oversee operations in all national parks and programs in Alaska which together host more than 2.2 million visitors and employ about 1,100 people at the peak of the summer season.

"Joel has been a leader among the Alaska superintendents, and recently joined the Service's National Leadership Council where his experience in Alaska is of great benefit. He is a practical problem solver, and brings a wealth of talent to the regional management team," said Sue Masica, NPS-Alaska regional director.

Prior to working at Lake Clark, Hard had a long career as

an Alaska State Trooper. He was assigned in many regions of the state, rural and urban, in assignments that included criminal investigations, drug enforcement and fish and wildlife protection. He retired as Fish and Wildlife Protection Division Director in 2003.

"The extraordinary parks and conservation programs represented by the National Park Service have contributed in

meaningful ways to Alaska and the lifestyles and experiences that continue to draw people here," Hard said. "I look forward to working across the region to help others preserve these world-class resources so they continue to provide support and inspiration important to us as Alaskans and Americans."

Hard's parents arrived in Juneau not long after statehood. He was raised in a family strong-

ly influenced by nature conservation, and graduated from Juneau-Douglas High School in 1978. He is an avid outdoorsman and pilot, and lives in Palmer with his wife of 25 years. They have two grown children.

Hard will officially begin his new position on May 23. Long-time Lake Clark National Park and Preserve Chief Ranger Lee Fink will be the park's acting superintendent.

My father—a great man

BY NIK MERLINO

I was eleven years old when I first set foot on an inflatable rubber raft, on the western edge of Alaska, floating eight days with my father and brother on the Goodnews River through the Togiak Refuge in search of silver salmon.

The river flowed out to the village of Goodnews on the Bering Sea in a sheltered bay of the same name, just to the north of Bethel. The ensuing eight days were complete with a detour through a swamp, mild hypothermia, getting winded in at our last night's camp and then being thankful for the previously maligned wind. That was the only day that the silver salmon were actually running the entire expedition.

The trip finally drew to a close with the three of us, worse for wear, arriving in Goodnews Village a day late. We found a different air taxi's plane waiting impatiently for us with the news that our pre-planned upon plane would not be arriving. It had crashed the day before while flying a separate taxi flight. (Thankfully, it was a minor crash with no fatalities.)

Needless to say, it was an adventure that all three trip participants remembered with varying

levels of angst and reverie. Of the ill-fated decision to only bring jeans and cheapo tents, my Dad would later comment, "That probably wasn't the best decision."

Another decision chalked up as "probably not the best," was the time our boat was pinned on a rock in the middle of the only rapid on the entire river. My father stood on the rock and tried to bounce our boat free while my brother and I both silently considered our options. Was this going to be the story of the last time we saw our dad? One of the bright spots of the trip was escaping the hottest summer on record. We got soaked in for the entire eight-day float in 40 degree coastal weather. It became a point of pride for us—planning for the best, we had lived through the worse.

My father, not believing in TV all that much, was adamant on sharing outdoor experiences with his sons. He made a point to take us on adventures that opened our vision to the natural world around us. He would go out of his way to plan vacations that took us fishing or to remote plac-

es that he heard of through friends. This is how I came upon McCarthy at the impressionable young age of 10.

Although an avid outdoorsman, my father was equal parts city slicker. The experiences I had while "roughing" it with my Dad have given me an internal fortitude that has enabled me to pull through situations that may have seemed daunting if I hadn't been tested mentally and physically on these Father/Son excursions.

The second, and probably best lesson that I learned from my father's bonding adventures is that sometimes it's not necessarily skill and learning that will pull you through a tough situation but sheer stubbornness and quality of character.

My father opened doors for me in life that wouldn't make sense to me until years later. On that trip, in the setting of my pre-adolescent youth, a love was born. Do not ask me how or why, but that trip would launch in me a love of rivers that carries over to this day.

The founding of my company, McCarthy River Tours & Outfit-

ters, was a direct cause and effect that was set into motion those 20+ years ago when my father planned our ill-fated Goodnews River trip. I obviously picked up that torch and carried it further than anyone would have believed at the time, but it was all a direct result of the influences of those earlier expeditions.

On August 11th, 2011, I received an early morning phone call from my brother informing me that my father, at age 64,

had passed away the night before. He had suffered a massive heart attack and subsequent Aortic Aneurysm while on the way to his refrigerator.

The loss seemed unbearable to me! How could this possibly be? How could my mentor and childhood hero have passed so quickly? With no warning or time to say good-bye? In these following months, many emotions have passed through me as I have digested the news— some positive, some negative. Many times it is just too hard to be-

lieve. One thing that has become quite clear to me, through the memories that my brothers and I share of our father, is that the quality and happiness of your own life is directly related to how you share your experiences with those who are important to you.

I am lucky, my father was a great man who helped teach me that lesson— all those years ago on a cold, rain-soaked Goodnews River float in western Alaska.

Helen McCrary March

October 20, 1915—February 13, 2012

A proud Alaska pioneer, Helen was born in McCarthy on Oct. 20, 1915, to Nelson and Mary McCrary. Her grandfather, John McCrary, first came to Alaska in 1898 and homesteaded in Copper Center in 1902. Helen attended grade school in Chitina, high school in Cordova, and graduated from the University of Alaska in Fairbanks in 1937. In college she was very active in student organizations, enjoyed education, history, anthropology and outdoor activities. Throughout high school and college she formed many strong friendships with other pioneers that endured throughout her life.

She married mining engineering student James March in 1937. Helen had a full career at the Alaska State Department of Labor and sat on the Alaska territorial and state school boards. During their early married life, Helen and Jim lived wherever his work took them, including several summers in a tent on the

American Creek gold dredging operation and two summers in a Quonset hut in Barrow. Pearl Harbor found them in Seward, where Jim worked on harbor fortification and Helen volunteered with the Red Cross. He transferred to Anchorage with the Corps of Engineers in 1944, where they raised two sons and lived until they moved to Homer in 1977.

Helen loved living in Homer. She joined the Homer Chamber of Commerce and worked as manager of the Job Service office in City Hall. However, when she realized that work interfered with fishing, she retired permanently. She kept busy by volunteering for the Pratt Museum as both secretary and president of the board of directors. Post-retirement, a succession of little boats, clam-digging, beach combing, and fishing filled Helen and Jim's life on Kachemak Bay.

Helen moved back to Anchorage in 1995, living first at Ches-

ter Park Senior Housing and more recently at Providence Horizon House in Anchorage. She visited frequently with family members and long-time friends, and cherished March family get-togethers.

Helen is survived by her two sons, Tom March (Judy Wallace) and Don March (Bridgette Powers); four grandchildren, Camille March (Michael Brumm), Jamie March, Ryan March (Renee Ryan) and Andrew March (longtime girlfriend Amanda Creasey); one great-grandchild, Henry March Brumm and one more soon to arrive. She is also survived by many nieces, a nephew and several great-nieces and nephews, many of whom live on the Copper Center land her grandfather homesteaded 110 years ago.

A memorial service was held at Janssens Evergreen Memorial Chapel on Saturday, Feb. 18, 2012. A celebration of Helen's life followed at the home of Tom and Judy March in Anchorage.

Daniela (Denny) Adams

October 22, 1922—April 4, 2012

BY JOHN ADAMS

Daniela (Denny) Adams entered into eternal rest April 4, 2012.

She was surrounded by her children at home—as she wanted to be. While our parents are with us, we generally take them for granted and do not consider entirely who they are and what they have done. Everyone's mother is special but my mother was exceptional.

She was born in Gorizia, Italy, on October 22, 1922. She endured the hardships of World War II. When the American troops liberated Italy, she met an American soldier named Frank Adams. He was a cowboy from Montana. She fell in love with him and they were married.

Mom was a city girl and did not know what she was getting into but she was in love. Dad extended his tour of duty in Italy and started a family there. While in the Army my dad had heard tales of Alaska and that became his dream. Upon returning to the United States, the family moved to Montana where my dad's parents had a small ranch.

My mother didn't speak English or know how to cook. However, while on the ranch, she learned to speak the language, cook, ride horses, milk cows as well as other things fitting for country living—things she, a city-bred girl, never dreamed of doing.

After an extended stay in Montana, mom and dad headed for Alaska with their six children.

In June 1957 the family arrived in Homer, Alaska. In December we moved to Eagle River where my dad found work on Fort Richardson as an electrician. Mom got involved with our school activities while working in the lunch room as a cook.

When mom moved to Alaska she had to learn another way of life—that of an Alaskan pioneer homesteader. She learned to hunt moose, grow potatoes, catch fish, pick berries for making jam—all to feed her family over the long winter. We always did everything as a family such as going to hunting camp on the Nelchina River, clearing the fields to cultivate the garden, or going berry picking. Mom loved the Alaskan outdoors, especially hiking with her kids and grandchildren, even if it was just to hunt for that really special rock to take home.

Mom and dad's dream was to homestead when they moved to Alaska. That dream came to pass when they found a piece of property in Chickaloon. Mom stayed on the homestead with us children while dad commuted back and forth to work. After dad passed away, mom finished the improvements that were needed to get the title for the homestead. She worked full-time at the school lunchroom to support the family. Growing up mom was always around us and knew all our friends which kept us out of a lot of trouble. Mom was dedicated to us children supporting all the different things we set out to do.

In 1987 we took a look at a lodge and decided to become lodge owners in McCarthy. Mom was in her 60s by this time. That didn't stop her. After we bought the lodge she became a part of the summer tourist activities of McCarthy. She organized the food preparation for the lodge, keeping it filled with the smells of her homemade pies and cinnamon rolls. One time my sister was testifying by telephone to the state Senate in Juneau regarding a McCarthy issue. When she finished and thanked them for listening to her, one of the senators in the background added, "And her mother makes the best apple pie in Alaska!"

Mom made it a point to touch every visitor in a special way. She was grandma to many of the lodge employees and was a friend to the locals. She was an understanding ear and encouragement to the parents of young people that chose to move to McCarthy. Tony Zak would come in the front door in his loud voice shouting, "Daniela, Daniela, Daniela run away with me." She was never sure whether to run or not. She chose to stay and be pleasant. In doing so, she made many friends with whom she never lost touch. People were always important to her.

One winter she even hosted a young lady who was a foreign exchange student from Germany. Her home was open to anybody that wanted to stop by. She was always making sure that they had something to eat or drink and a place to stay. When the local 4-H Club made a field trip to the Alaska State Fair, she opened her door and every bed to put them up while they were in town. Tour operators who came to McCarthy each season always commented on how busy she was. Her lodge activities might even include the job of babysitting.

McCarthy was her adopted community and she was willing to help in any way she could. Even in the last days of her life, mom talked about coming out to McCarthy for another trip.

As I cleaned my house this morning and was putting some things away, I noticed the bag that I always kept packed for the trip to town. Those trips usually meant going to see mom. I no longer need to keep that bag packed. It is the closing of a page of history. My mother left me an important legacy—putting God first and helping people—both of which she considered went well together.

The McCarthy Weekly News

1921 May & June editions

Tonight Basket ball—McCarthy Athletic Club

Basket ball will be played at the Hall. A Match will be held between the Black and Brown Bears. The ladies' teams will also play a friendly game. Punch will be served. A charge of fifty cents will be made. Children free.

MINING NEWS

Mining on the creeks will soon be in full swing. A large number including the operators of Dan Creek and Chititu arrived last Sunday and went on early next morning to their destination. As it is a late spring, the full force of men will not be employed at once, but as the season advances, about forty will be required at each camp. The Dan Creek Mining Co. is paying \$5.00 per day and board. The Andrus Co. will pay \$4.75 and board. These wages are for a ten hour day. Bob Johnson, foreman at Dan Creek, was in town this week for a few days.

Sam Seltenreich has been appointed School Tax Collector for the school district of McCarthy so get your five dollar bill ready.

Cap. Hubrick left on last Saturday's train for Chitina and Cordova, where he met the moving picture operators sent North by Rex Beach, for pictures of the Copper River valley to illustrate his filming of the Iron Trail.

Messrs. Dwyer and Vanscoy are now at Chitina waiting for the ice to go out of the river at that point as they expect to get some wonderful pictures when the moving ice hits the railroad bridge. They will afterwards go to Childs Glacier and reproduce some of that wonderful scenery.

As the Nizina River has been cutting in on the side close to Shorty Gwinn's house and threatens to sweep the whole shebang away, Shorty and Lubbe have been constructing a

strong dam in the hope of turning the water to mid stream.

Ed Mullen, the genial host at Long Lake is now making preparations for a big run of summer travel.

May 7

\$60,000 FIRE—WHOLE BLOCK DESTROYED

Yesterday, Friday the thirteenth, was another calamitous day in the history of McCarthy. For the fourth time within its past two years, a terrible fire has occurred. This time destroying a whole block.

The McCarthy Hotel, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Pete Johnson, a fine building, fifty five feet by sixty, two stories high with 9 ft. basement, steam heated and combining hotel, boarding house and pool hall, and barn and chicken house with 100 chickens were completely destroyed. Also Mrs. Kennedy's residence of eight rooms and bath, and coal warehouse. Two story building, unoccupied, owned by Gus Anderson, Vancouver, B.C. formerly a pool Log cabin at rear. The Spencer cabin across the street. Store building and residence, unoccupied owned by M. V. Lattin of Seattle.

FIRE EVIDENTLY STARTED FROM CIGARETTE—

The fire broke out in the upper story of the hotel about noon at which time Mrs. Johnson was serving dinner to her boarders, and Pete was at his ranch. Mrs. Kennedy saw smoke issuing from the roof & gave the alarm. As the stoves were burning in that part of the building, it is believed that some careless lodger threw down a cigarette that smoldered for hours. In but a few minutes the whole place was in flames, and there was no time to even start the engine in the basement to pump before the timbers fell in. Leaping to the next building the fire soon caught the coal warehouse,

and the flames almost asphyxiated the fire fighters. Willing workers of both sexes, helped in trying to save Johnson's belongings and when driven out by the flames turned their endeavors to next door, Mrs. Kennedy saving most of her furniture and her wardrobe, furs, etc.

Meanwhile the fire jumped the street and consumed the Spencer cabin. Also continued on destroying two other buildings, so that the only buildings left on the block are the cabin owned by Mr. Lattin. By the use of dynamite and the bucket brigade with blankets, the fire was arrested at this point.

Good work was done by the volunteers and the chemicals. But without adequate water pressure it is impossible to do much. No insurance was carried by any of the sufferers. And much sympathy is expressed for them.

PURSE SUBSCRIBED FOR THE JOHNSONS—

This misfortune has swept away the work of twelve years for Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and rendered them destitute. They are our oldest and most respected business people. A purse is being raised to help them rebuild. \$500 has been raised today in McCarthy and an appeal is here made to all old timers all over the Copper River valley to help.

May 14

People are just beginning to feel normal again since the terrible fire of a week ago and those who were affected by it are planning new homes and bearing their reverses with fortitude. Pete Johnson left Sunday for the ranch, where he is building a barn, and will then begin cutting timbers for Kennecott. Mrs. Johnson is occupying Aron Erickson's house, which he placed at her disposal. She is hoping to make arrangements in a few days to rent a suitable building and

reopen her boarding house. They will rebuild the hotel, but not till next spring.

Through John E. Barrett, agent for W.W. Harvey, Mrs. Kennedy has purchased the building on Front Street, formerly occupied by Mrs. Damon, and has had it entirely repaired and renovated. She moved in yesterday.

At a meeting of citizens held last Saturday evening to discuss fire protection, it was decided to communicate with Valdez fire department to ascertain if hand pumps can be procured. Messrs. Woodman, Kavanaugh & Snyder are the committee in charge.

May 21

FOURTH OF JULY

The Fourth will be celebrated in the usual old time way in McCarthy. Something doing for every hour of the day. Messrs. J.E. Barrett and Roy Snyder have had grand success and report \$250 in cash already on hand. This will make a fine list of prizes and there will be contests for old and young.

A Ball game will be the main event in the afternoon and very probably an exhibition of brick-jumping. In the evening the Arctic Brotherhood will hold their yearly Fourth of July dance.

Restaurants are already preparing for the handling of big crowds.

BASEBALL—A GAME BETWEEN KENNECOTT AND MCCARTHY will be played at McCarthy on the evening of Wednesday the 15th. A good game is promised.

June 4

Mrs. Pete Johnson has leased the building formerly occupied by the McCarthy Laundry, and it will all be in readiness very soon.

Messrs. Williams and Trim, who have secured the contract for the cutting of mining timbers for the Mother Lode Coalition Mines Co. are establishing their camp at the fourteen mile house. Mr. and Mrs. Trim and family moved out on Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Williams leave tomorrow.

June 11

JOE GREEN FALLS FROM TRAM LINE & IS KILLED

Through attempting to catch a bucket on the Bonanza tram line at one of the towers, Joe Green, hoistman at the Bonanza mine fell several hundred feet and was fatally injured and died shortly afterwards last Thursday afternoon.

June 18

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. Harry O'Neill of Cordova paid a short visit to McCarthy this week.

Jimmie Brown arrived in town last Wednesday evening from Chisana, bringing his string of pack stock which are all in fine condition.

Bill Berry returned Wednesday from a trip to Chisana.

Harry Boyden, Charlie Fogelberg, and Bill McLennan have just arrived in town from Chisana. Harry Boyden's pack train, which has been turned out all winter, looks very fit.

Ed Young, Nels Tjosevig and Lou Henderson returned from their trip to the hills yesterday. Ed Young took the train for Chitina the same day.

Cap. Hubrick has received three telegraphic messages asking for information about hunting trips. The parties will probably come here in August.

Mrs. Dwyer of Strelna and Mrs. Bates of Chitina paid a visit to McCarthy last Saturday.

Mrs. Sommer and daughter Evelyn left on Thursday's train to spend a week at Chitina, the guest of Mrs. Bates.

Mrs. M. F. Roberts arrived on last Wednesday's train after a long visit to the states.

FOURTH OF JULY

The Committee wishes to announce that the day's sports on the Fourth will commence at 10 o'clock, the ball game at 1:30 followed by the tug of war and the packing contest.

The Arctic Brotherhood takes great pleasure in announcing that they have secured the services of the Kennecott orchestra to furnish the

music for the Fourth of July dance. There will be Violin, clarinet, piano and drums. The fame of this orchestra is well known, so that everyone will be prepared for a musical treat.

OF LOCAL INTEREST

One of the beauty spots of the Copper River Valley, which is not as well known as it should be, even by the residents of McCarthy, is Long Lake, situated about fourteen miles down the railroad, an ideal place to spend a vacation. The Lake itself, which is two miles long and is a quarter of a mile at its widest point, is nestled down among wooded hills, with a background of white-capped mountains, all of which are reflected in the waters. Trout are plentiful, worthy of the efficient angler, who can be sure of a good string.

The roadhouse, which is located quite close to the railroad, is well arranged for the comfort of visitors: the host, Ed Mullen, is one of Alaska's old timers, and makes everyone very much at home. For the pleasure of guests, he has a fine boat equipped with a Coban motor, so that boat riding is a joy.

Another fine fishing spot is a stream which has its source in the lake, and winds for several miles through the woods. The Lakina River flows from the hills southward and joins the Chitina River a few miles below.

Several fine farms are south of the lake, the best being that of Oscar Anderson who has twenty acres now in crop, principally barley, potatoes and turnips. The average yield per acre of hay is two tons. Anderson has wisely provided modern farm machinery, which is of the greatest help. He will have fifty acres cleared by next fall.

Ed Mullen has five acres under cultivation, chiefly winter wheat, turnips and potatoes. Rhubarb is growing in profusion on both these ranches.

Al Fagerberg and Fred Overlander have also located homesteads and are clearing and planting.

June 25

"Snow mosquitoes": The first wave of summer irritants

BY NED ROZELL

After researching the mealtime mechanisms of mosquitoes, I've come up with a fool-proof plan to keep the bloodsuckers off me this summer.

First, I'll wear light-colored clothing. Second, I'll bathe more often in an attempt to be as odorless as possible. Third, I won't exhale while I'm in the woods.

"Snow mosquitoes," the big, sluggish mosquitoes that are the first to irritate us, survive the winter by bundling up in leaf litter or wedging themselves under loose tree bark. Like many hibernating insects, overwintering mosquitoes depend on supercooling, a process by which an animal has the ability to rid its body fluids of impurities that would trigger the formation of ice, thereby allowing it to cool down below 32 degrees Fahrenheit without bursting its cell walls.

Mosquitoes in hibernation can survive temperatures down to about 25 below zero. But years with a meager snowpack may cause quite a few mosquitoes to freeze and die when the mercury plummets. Yellowjackets, also supercoolers, may take quite a hit in low snow years. But a lack of snow doesn't effect the eggs of mosquitoes. Those eggs are the source of the smaller, faster mosquito species that hatch later in the summer.

Mosquito eggs laid last fall will soon be floating atop standing bodies of water ranging in size from Wonder Lake to a water-filled moose track in the tundra. The dozens of Alaska mosquito species that will hatch from these eggs won't be sluggish to strike — they'll act like a human male in a grocery store: quick in, quick out.

Only female mosquitoes bother us. Females need blood's protein to develop their ovaries and make more mosquitoes. Males survive by sipping nectar from flowers and sucking juices from fruit; females also supplement their diet with nectar. While both males and females have antennae, the males' are much more garish, protruding like large feathers. The males' antennae act as tuning forks, resonating to the whine produced by the wings of females. During mating season, a few to a few thousand males gather together in swarms. Males in the cloud seize any female that wanders inside. Like dragonflies, mosquitoes mate in mid-air.

Once fertilized by the male, the female mosquito searches for a blood donor. Using sensors on its antennae, a mosquito picks up animals' body odor and carbon dioxide (a gas we exhale, along with water vapor). The female mosquito follows the trail upwind to its source. Once mosquitoes get closer, they're attracted to other cues such as dark colors, moisture in the air,

and silhouettes of potential victims. Researchers found that mosquitoes responded to the cues of a calf when the calf was standing 45 feet away, as was reported in the British text, *The Biology of Mosquitoes*. Insect repellents are designed to block mosquitoes' sensory organs with heavy, bulky molecules. When its sensors are clogged with repellent a mosquito is fooled into looking elsewhere for its blood meal.

Mosquitoes may not prefer human blood, though. In the 1949 book, *The Natural History of Mosquitoes*, researcher Marston Bates reported that one species of mosquito laid half as many eggs after feeding on man than it did after digesting the blood of rabbits, guinea pigs and rats. Bates reported on another experiment where mosquitoes were released in a room containing humans, pets and livestock. Factoring in the size difference of each animal, cows were the mosquitoes' favorite target, swelling with 47.6 percent of the bites. Goats followed at 25 percent, then pigs at 13.8, humans at 4.8, dogs at 3.6, cats at 3.4, and barnyard fowl at 1.8 percent.

This column is provided as a public service by the Geophysical Institute, University of Alaska Fairbanks, in cooperation with the UAF research community. Ned Rozell is a science writer at the institute. This column first appeared in 1996.

"[Extending] the bounds of what may be called moral police, until it encroaches on the most unquestionably legitimate liberty of the individual, is one of the most universal of all human propensities."—British philosopher John Stuart Mill (1806-1873)

New Video Tells Alaska Aviation Lifeline Story

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA—

The Department of Transportation and Public Facilities Division of Statewide Aviation produced the first of a two-part series video illustrating how aviation serves as a lifeline for 82% of the communities in Alaska. Filmed in the Yukon-Kuskokwim Delta, the video features interviews with village residents and service providers who describe how important aviation is in their lives.

The second video will focus on the fiscal and logistical challenges of building and maintain-

ing airports in rural Alaska and will be available later this year. The video series is a collaborative effort between the Department of Transportation and Public Facilities, Federal Aviation Administration, the Governor's Aviation Advisory Board, aviation advocacy groups, and other state agencies.

"These videos should serve us well. We will be able to better demonstrate the vital importance of aviation in Alaska, and explain why rural airports are more expensive to build and maintain than their lower 48 counterparts," said Deputy Com-

missioner of Aviation Steve Hatter. "We want to help people understand what we deal with at the local and state level here in Alaska. The videos will serve as a valuable educational tool for federal partners, congressional leaders, legislators, and the public at large."

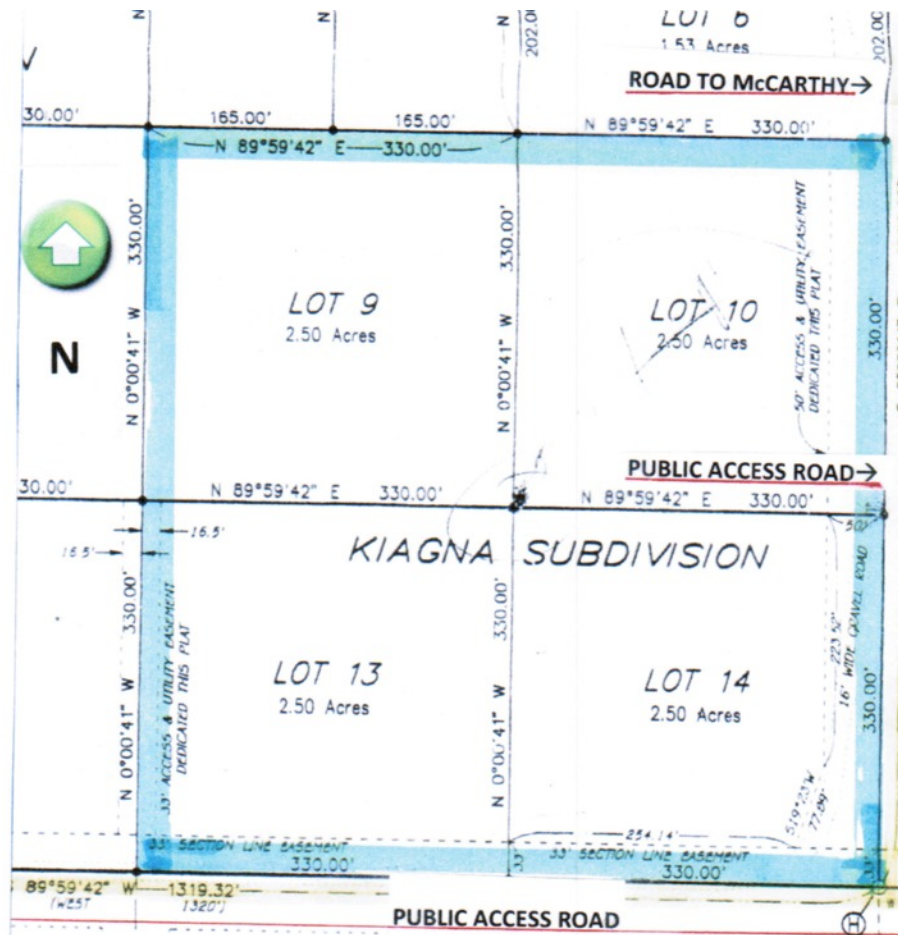
The Alaska Aviation Lifeline video can be accessed on the DOT&PF webpage www.dot.alaska.gov and viewed at these links: Vimeo at <http://vimeo.com/39894638> and on YouTube at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TDGw09IuApE>

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Seeking musicians for John Denver Tribute Concert Finale in Kennecott

BY TERRY BLOSSER

The communities of McCarthy and Kennecott, Alaska will host their fifth and final annual John Denver Tribute starting 6 p.m. on Saturday, June 30, 2012. The event is part of the Summer Arts and Lecture Series sponsored by the Wrangell Mountains Center and National Park Service.

Denver visited the remote, wildly spectacular area in 1975 for his filming of the feature-length documentary Alaska—America's Child. For several days he stayed, worked and played with McCarthy residents. Denver also filmed a comic chase scene in the historic Kennecott copper milling town where the tribute will be staged.

Following a potluck dinner in Kennecott's restored Recreation Hall, scenes from the film featuring Denver in the Wrangell Mountains and Kennecott will be screened and local residents will share remembrances. Then local musicians and vocalists will present about two hours of Denver's music.

Performers of Denver's music interested in donating their talents are invited to contact the organizers to learn more about the tribute. They should contact the Wrangell Mountains Center before June 15 at info@wrangells.org.

The evening will conclude with an audience sing-a-long medley, including the "Wrangell Mountain Song," inspired by the

grandeur of the Wrangell Mountains and Denver's experiences with the "strong and gentle people" of McCarthy living "beside the glacier."

A \$5 donation per person is suggested and additional support is welcome. For more information contact info@wrangells.org or call (907) 244-7717.

The Wrangell Mountains Center is a nonprofit organization which fosters understanding, appreciation, and stewardship of wildlands and mountain culture in Alaska through artistic and scientific inquiry in the Wrangell Mountains. Learn more at www.wrangells.org.

Appeals process begins in Jim Wilde National Park Service case

BY TIM MOWRY /
TMOWRY@NEWSMINER.COM

FAIRBANKS — The lawyer for the 72-year-old Central man caught up in a legal feud with the National Park Service is arguing in a federal appeals court that park rangers did not have the authority to stop the man on the Yukon River because he wasn't involved in a subsistence activity.

"The issue here is what authority did the National Park Service have to stop vessels on the Yukon River on matters that are not subsistence?" attorney Bill Satterberg of Fairbanks, representing Jim Wilde, said Tuesday.

Satterberg on Tuesday filed the opening brief in Wilde's appeal to the 9th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. "The main gist of Wilde's appeal is this: When a government official acts beyond his jurisdiction, the resulting deprivation of liberty is just as unreasonable as an arrest without probable cause," Satterberg wrote in the 59-page brief.

A federal judge in October found Wilde guilty of three misdemeanor charges stemming from a September 2010 run-in with park rangers in the Yukon-Charley Rivers National Preserve east of Fairbanks. Wilde cursed out two rangers when they tried to stop him for a boat safety inspection on the Yukon River and

continued upriver. The rangers pursued him, with one of them drawing a pistol and then a shotgun. Wilde pulled over to the riverbank, where a brief scuffle ensued and the rangers wrestled Wilde to the ground and arrested him. He spent four days in jail.

He filed paperwork with the 9th Circuit in January indicating he would appeal.

Wilde was convicted of interfering with a government agent who was engaged in an official duty, violating a lawful order by a park ranger and operating an unregistered boat. The judge acquitted Wilde of a charge of disorderly conduct. He was fined \$2,500.

Wilde's arrest fueled widespread criticism of the Park Service in Alaska.

"The facts of this case indicate the NPS went significantly outside the bounds of NPS's jurisdictional authority in ordering the stop of the Wilde vessel," Satterberg wrote.

Satterberg contends the Park Service only has authority to patrol Alaska rivers under the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act if it involves a matter pertaining to subsistence.

"Basically it deals with the right of the National Park Service to do vessel enforcement activities on the Yukon River that are not related to subsistence," Satterberg told the News-Miner. "What we're saying is the National Park Service,

through its regulations, assumed authority that ANILCA did not give it and actually excluded it from."

A federal law passed in 1980, ANILCA created or revised 15 national parks and monuments in Alaska and set aside other public lands for the U.S. Forest Service and U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service in the form of national forests, refuges and preserves. At the same time, the law protected the continuation of subsistence uses by rural residents of Alaska, including Alaska Natives and non-Natives, on those lands.

The U.S. government has 30 days to file a response to the brief. Prosecutor Stephen Cooper said it would be "premature" to discuss the case until the appeal is over.

Satterberg is not charging Wilde for the appeal. He has said the case and the underlying issue of federal jurisdiction is a "labor of love."

Though he has tried, Satterberg said he has been unsuccessful in getting the state of Alaska to join Wilde's appeal. The state, which long argued that Alaska's navigable waters are immune from federal control because of ANILCA, filed briefs in support of Wilde's case after he was arrested and charged.

"We're flying this airplane by ourselves," Satterberg said. "If we win (the state) will probably take credit for it and if we lose (the state) will probably blame us for it."

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McCarthy Road Upgrades—2012

BY BONNIE KENYON

The McCarthy Road is receiving further upgrades this summer. Travelers can expect to see minor widening in selected areas, fresh gravel placement and at least two new culverts.

Gravel crushing operations will be located at Long Lake, near the Lakina Bridge at Mile 44. The crushing project will begin in May. Trucks will be hauling from that site to Mile posts 33-53. Ditching, hauling and gravel placement will begin early July.

New culverts will be installed at Chokosna, Mile 26. This work is expected to last between May 9-22.

Harris, Sand and Gravel of Valdez is the major contractor. The superintendent of the project is Dave Hunter. He can be contacted at daveatharris@hotmail.com or cell phone 907-831-0306.

The State and Contractor's Project offices and camp will be set up at Mile 26. There will be specific construction signs set up at each work area with additional signage in Chitina informing McCarthy Road travelers of construction ahead.

A pilot car and flaggers will be used when needed. It is expected that waiting time will be no longer than 20 minutes.

The Project will be sending weekly traffic updates. These will

be posted on <http://511.alaska.gov/alaska511/mappingcomponent>.

The main points of contact with Alaska DOT will be Tyler Straub (Project Engineer) and Audrey Scott. Straub's contact information is: tyler.straub@alaska.gov. His current cell number is 388-8214. His Project cell is 590-8804. Audrey Scott may be contacted at audrey.scott@alaska.gov; her cell number is 590-3644.

A second work zone will be Miles 3-9, expected to take place at the end of the project. Contract completion is October 15.

"The urge to save humanity is always a false front for the urge to rule it."—American writer H. L. Mencken (1880-1956)

International visitation to Alaska up 10%

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA —

A new state research study found that Australia has edged out the United Kingdom to become Alaska's top international market, and that overall international visitation to Alaska grew to 10 percent during the summer of 2011.

The Alaska Visitors Statistics Program (AVSP) Summer 2011 study, done by the Alaska Department of Commerce, Community, and Economic Development and the Alaska Travel Industry Association, found that an estimated 154,100 international visitors traveled to Alaska during the summer of 2011.

Australia, Europe, and Asia accounted for most of Alaska's international visitors during the study period, while an estimated 22,000 visitors came from other interna-

tional markets, most notably Brazil and Israel.

The complete AVSP report was released in late March and outlines statistics on visitor volume, trip purpose, transportation modes, length of stay, demographics, and more on the international market.

"International visitors accounted for ten percent of the overall out-of-state visitor market in 2011, an increase over the last time this study was done in 2006," said Jillian Simpson, director of travel trade and international marketing at the Alaska Travel Industry Association. "And their impact is significant. International visitors stay longer and spend more money while they're here, accounting for \$156 million in revenue."

The report, which also covers Alaska's North American travel mar-

ket, revealed a two percent increase in overall visitation between the summer of 2010 and 2011, a welcome increase after several consecutive years of decline during the recent U.S. economic downturn.

The study was commissioned to collect information from visitors about their Alaska experience, in-state spending, and trip-planning process. The current survey is the sixth in a series of research reports that began in the mid-1980s. AVSP does not include Canada in the international marketing program. Statistics on Canadian travelers are reflected in the domestic report.

Both the international and domestic reports, along with past studies, are available online at <http://commerce.alaska.gov/ded/dev/toubus/research.htm>.

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Young folks score in Long Lake Fishing Derby 2012

BY BONNIE KENYON

This year's fishing derby started off in the right direction. The low temperature was twice as warm as last year. Instead of -35, this year's -16 degrees seemed balmy to the fisherfolk who turned out to try their hand at catching those sometimes elusive Dolly Varden.

March 15th was specifically chosen by derby host, Jim Kreblin, to better accommodate spring break and the families who visit the McCarthy/Kennicott area for a time of recreation. The kids were the big winners this year with the more mature folks rooting them on!

Three 3-year olds took the top prizes: Harlan Loso (parents Mike and Karen); Ezzy Allwright (Lilly and Michael); Luke Allen Jensen (Kurt and Lindsay). Owen Mozen, age 9, kept his line wet and did his share of pulling in the dollies, too. All kids took home prizes—new ice-fishing poles and cool tackle boxes. Harlan surprised all by pulling in a good-sized red salmon which he quickly returned to its winter quarters.

At least 20 folks participated in the derby this year—fishing, ice bowling, roasting hot dogs and marshmallows over a bon fire, and last but not least, sampling Mark Vail's scrumptious homemade chili. Another successful derby with thanks to all who made it so!



Photo courtesy Elizabeth Schafer

Wow! Harlan caught a salmon! Left to right—Ezzy, Maverick (the dog), Mark Vail, Harlan, Owen. Doran Ward in background.



WSEN staff photo

Luke Allen, age 3, grandson of derby host Jim Kreblin, with mom Lindsay, greet the arriving fisherfolk.



WSEN staff photo

Ezzy Allwright, age 3, won his very own ice fishing outfit. Look out next year!

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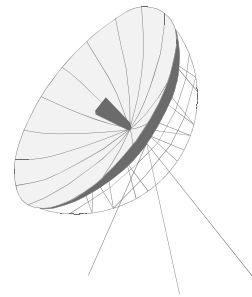
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Museum Open House Gala

Memorial Day, Monday, May 28 from 2 - 7 p.m.

Locals and visitors, please join us for this fun and festive event. Stop by for light refreshments, purchase a new Museum T-shirt, renew your membership or become a new member. And, if it's been awhile since you've visited the Museum, check out what's new: solar lights and propane heat, the new "Historic McCarthy Walking Tour," our centennial replica of the copper spike, Dick Anderson's photo enlargements of magnificent aerial shots taken in 1938, reading room acquisitions and more!

Also, find out about the new Tram Exhibit. Patt Garrett is working on this project and is seeking

copies of personal photographs of the tram across the Kennicott River when it was still in service. There will be a prize for the oldest and most unique photo! Bob Cook, is working on a model CRNW train in the rail car. He hopes to find a railroad buff or two to help get it up and running. And finally, meet and greet Doreen Warren, returning summer Museum Caretaker.

Looking ahead...Mark your calendars! Barbara Rice is stirring up a Museum Pancake Breakfast on the 4th of July at the Hardware Store from 8-11 a.m. You won't want to miss it!

Hope to see you on Memorial Day in our century-old and historic CR&NW Railroad Depot!

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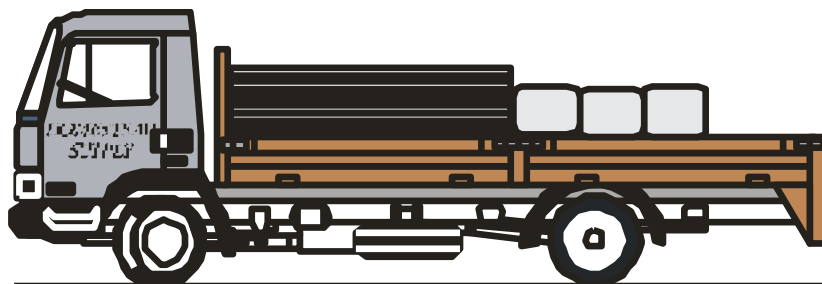
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Cooking with Peggy

BY PEGGY GUNTIS

Hi hungry people! I'm writing this in March and I'm trying to think ahead to what you may want to eat when you're reading this in June. I decided that if you love food the way I love food it doesn't matter what month it is or where you are, you'll enjoy a few new recipes. So here goes:

Last summer, while in McCarthy, Jim and I attended a great presentation by Ben Shaine at the Hardware Store. As we entered the door to the old building we saw a plate of cookies waiting to greet us. Of course we tasted one, and then two and three.....I asked about their baker and found it was Allison Sayer and that the cookies were Fireweed cookies. I can't tell you how good they were. I asked for the recipe (of course) and recently a very eagerly awaited recipe arrived in the mail. Allison was kind enough to send one for the cookies and one for the Fireweed Syrup. Since all of the ingredients probably aren't available to a good many of you, I debated about including them but those who can make them will love them and the rest of you need to come visit us in McCarthy and gather everything you need. The first is for

GLUTEN FREE ALMOND FIREWEED COOKIES

¾ cup rice flour
¾ cup oat flour
½ cup crushed almonds (hand crush or use food processor)
¼ cup powdered syrup
Work in:
½ cup softened butter (dough will be coarse grains)
Stir in:
2 tablespoons Fireweed syrup

½ cup Fireweed petals, if in season

Add water one tablespoon at a time until dough sticks together (probably 5 tablespoons).

Press into the bottom of a pie dish and bake at 400 degrees until light brown on top. Slice into wedges and serve!

Optional: Melt bittersweet chocolate in double boiler and pour over finished cookie.

FIREWEED SYRUP

Allison suggests, "Substitute tablespoons of the syrup for tablespoons of sugar to add a moist, fruity essence to any favorite baked treat! Or put over pancakes or hot cereal or use in cocktails, if you are into that sort of thing!"

20 cups Fireweed blossoms
2 packages pectin
¾ cup lemon juice (Real Lemon is O.K. in McCarthy)
9 cups water
7-9 cups sugar, depending on the sweetness of your tooth.

Boil blossoms, lemon juice, water 10 minutes and strain (save balls of squeezed flowers and set to dry near woodstove for a nice drawer potpourri ball to help your clothes smell nice).

If the mixture has cooled, heat to lukewarm. Add Pectin and bring to a boil. Add sugar and boil hard for one minute.

Pour into hot, clean jars.

To preserve, process pints in boiling water bath 10 minutes.

Makes approximately 6 pints

I can hardly wait for summer in McCarthy with the blooming Fireweed and cookies and syrup!

Now, I'd like to share one I got from the internet. My daughter, Kim, and her family were coming

to visit from Alaska and I wanted to have a Welcome Home party for them but didn't want to be preparing food at the last minute. I went looking to see if it was possible to cook lasagna in the crock pot. I discovered a lot of recipes! I chose by the ingredients, the time it took and the reviews of people who had tried it. I was thrilled with the results. I don't know how many people came up afterwards and told me how good it was. How on earth I had the nerve to fix the main and really the only dish besides salad and chicken wings etc. for 25 to 30 people never having used the recipe before, I'll never know. Hope you enjoy it as much as we did.

MILE-HIGH CROCK POT LASAGNA WITH ZUCCHINI OR SPINACH

1 lb. lean ground beef (I also added 3 sweet Italian sausage links cut into pieces)
1 small onion, finely chopped
2 medium zucchini, sliced thinly into ¼ inch pieces OR about 1-2 cups chopped spinach
2 garlic cloves, crushed and minced
2 tablespoons extra virgin olive oil
½ teaspoon oregano leaves
½ teaspoon basil leaves
¼ teaspoon ground black pepper
1/8 teaspoon anise seeds, crushed (optional, but I used)
1 (4 ounce) can sliced mushrooms (optional, but I used)
1/4 cup snipped fresh parsley (optional)
1 (26-28 oz.) jar spaghetti sauce, any flavor
1/4 cup dry red wine
11-12 lasagna noodles, uncooked (I used Barilla lasagna noodles)

that require no boiling but think any kind would work)

- 1 lb. part-skim ricotta cheese
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1/2 cup Parmesan cheese, grated
- 2 cups part-skim mozzarella cheese, shredded

1. Brown the beef, onions, zucchini, and garlic in 2 tablespoons olive oil in a large skillet, stirring to break up meat.

2. Stir in the oregano, basil, pepper, crushed anise seeds, sliced mushrooms, parsley, spaghetti sauce and wine.

3. In a separate bowl, stir together the beaten egg and the ricotta cheese, beating well until mixture is smooth. Stir in the grated Parmesan cheese, combine well.

4. Grease the bottom and sides of the crock pot (I used cooking spray or butter and since I was tripling the recipe, tried 3 different sizes and shapes of crockpots - all worked well).

5. Layer about 1/4 of the meat sauce mixture in the bottom of the crock pot. Put a layer of noodles on top of that (break the noodles to fit, overlapping is fine). Put about 1/3 of the cheese mixture and sprinkle with 1/4 of the mozzarella. Repeat with sauce, noodles and cheese for another two layers. Top with meat sauce and a little Parmesan and shredded mozzarella on top.

6. Cover and cook on LOW for 4-6 hours or until noodles are tender.

6 servings (1 serving 349g)

Try it folks, it really is good.

Now here is another that I love. I'm trying to maintain my WW goal weight so am always looking for good recipes. Here's one I found but am not sure where I got it.

BUTTERNUT SQUASH APPLE BAKE

- 1 butternut squash (2 pounds), peeled and cut into 1/2 inch slices
- 3 medium tart apples, peeled, cored and thinly sliced into rings
- 1/3 cup packed brown sugar
- 1 1/2 teaspoons all-purpose flour
- 1/4 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 2 tablespoons butter, melted

Arrange squash in a 15" by 10" by 1" baking pan coated with non-stick cooking spray. Top with apple rings. Combine the brown sugar, flour and cinnamon; sprinkle over apples. Drizzle with butter.

Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 40-50 minutes or until squash and apples are tender.

8 servings

This is so good that I eat it almost daily! Now I have to admit that I change it a little to make it fewer WW points but love it. Hint: If you find it hard to peel the squash, put it in the microwave for a few minutes. It should now be much easier to peel.

Now I have two to share that were contributed by two of our church members here in Tucson. Every year we have a fund raiser for the Sunday School and women bring in casseroles with the recipes and they are offered for sale. These are the two I bought this year.

CHICKEN TORTILLA CASSE-ROLE

1. 4 chicken breasts, boiled, cooled, and shredded.

2. Make a sauce with 1 can diced green chilies, sauteed onions and cream of chicken soup.

3. Layer in baking pan, corn tortillas, sauce and shredded cheddar cheese. Keep layering.

Bake at 350 degrees for 35-40 minutes. Serves 4-6

CHICKEN TACO CASSE-ROLE

In a large pot combine:

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup milk

Allow butter to melt. Saute 1 large chopped onion for 3-4 minutes.

Add in:

- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1 can Rotel tomatoes
- 1 pound pepper jack cheese, sliced

Allow cheese to melt, stirring so as not to burn.

Add the meat from 1 whole, cooked and shredded chicken.

Place 10 ounces of Doritos in the bottom of the pan. Then pour mixture from pot over, doing best to cover Doritos. Bake uncovered in preheated 350 degree oven for 30 minutes (or 40-45 minutes if frozen) until hot and bubbly.

These both tasted great but I haven't made them. You'll see that you have to use your good cooking sense a little since the recipes don't include exact amounts sometimes, but like I say, they tasted good, froze well, and were easy.

Now there is one more I would like to give you that I actually gave you back in 2008 or 2009, I think. My sister made it the other day and forgetting that I gave her the recipe to begin with and that actually it had been our mother's, called and said she had fixed this wonderful meal for dinner that I really should try! So I decided that you might not have been in the mood for it back then but might be now so here it is again.

STUFFED MEATBALLS

- 1 pound ground beef
- small chopped onion

1 egg
salt and pepper to taste

Mix all this and divide into portions that you would use to make a hamburger. Flatten to look like a pancake then take about 10 or 12 slices of white bread and break into small pieces and add 1 egg, salt and pepper.

Grate a bit of onion and add enough water to moisten (about 3 tablespoons).

Mix and form into balls the size of a lemon or a bit smaller. Put on the flattened meat. Roll the meat around the filling mak-

ing sure all filling is covered with meat.

Using oil or spray, grease a skillet and brown the meatballs. When brown all over, pour grease out. Pour a can of vegetable soup (Mom always used Campbell's but you can use whatever you like, of course) and a can of water over the meatballs. Let simmer for about 45 minutes. Sometimes I use 2 cans of soup and 1 can of water.

Makes wonderful gravy on mashed potatoes. Don't thicken the gravy—it is good just as it is.

4 servings (By the way WW friends, with one can of soup one serving is about 11 PP.)

O.K. everyone, we're going to be packing up in a while to head up to our home in McCarthy. We're taking the ferry this year from Bellingham, Washington, to Haines, British Columbia, and then on to Tok and McCarthy. I'll be loaded up with seasickness pills and won't be thinking much about food but fortunately that's just a short period of my life and after that will be scouring the area for new people with new ideas. I'll pass them along to all of you, of course. Until then...

A look at the weather

BY GEORGE CEBULA

February and March 2012 were about average in temperature and precipitation.

The high temperature for February at McCarthy was 42 on the 12th and 14th (40 on Feb. 2, '11, 43 on Feb. 18, '10 and 38 on Feb. 18, '09). The lowest temperature recorded in February was -15 on the 19th (-36 on Feb 16, '11, -10 on Feb. 13, '10 and -11 on Feb. 5, '09). The high was 40 or above on 3 days and the low was -10 or lower on 2 days. The average February temperature was 20.2 (5.4 in '11, 16.5 in '10, 13.2 in '09, 6.8 in '08, 1.7 in '07, 11.6 in '06 and 12.3 in '05). This is warm compared to -5.9 in '99.

The February precipitation was 0.77 inches of liquid (1.88 in '11, 0.78 in '10, 1.01 in '09, 0.81 in '08, 0.05 in '07 and 1.72 in '06). Total snowfall was 11.5 inches (16.7 in '11, 9.7 in '10, 14.4 in '09, 9.9 in '08, 2.5 in '07 and 8.6 in '06). McCarthy began February with 24 inches of snow on the ground, in-

creased to 31 inches on the 8th and ended the month with 30 inches.

March was a continuation of February in temperature and well below in precipitation.

The high temperature for March was 48 on the 28th (49 on Mar. 29, '11, 49 on Mar. 28, '10 and 45 on Mar. 26, '09). The low temperature for March was -25 on 13th (-34 on Mar 13, '11, -13 on Mar. 13, '10 and -25 on Mar. 3, '09). The average March temperature at McCarthy was 15.7 compared to 9.6 in Mar '11, 23.0 in Mar. '10, 15.0 in Mar. '09, 21.7 in Mar. '08, 4.2 in Mar. '07, 10.0 in Mar. '06 and 28.7 in Mar. '05. The high reached 45 or higher on only 3 days and the low was -20 or lower on 2 days.

March liquid precipitation was 0.35 inches (0.13 in Mar. '11, 0.03 in Mar. '10, 0.93 in Mar. '09, 0.51 in Mar. '08 0.21 in Mar. '07 and trace in Mar. '06) and snowfall was 4.9 inches (2.7 in Mar. '11, 0.7 in Mar. '10, 15.4 in Mar. '09, 11.3 in Mar. '08, 3.7 in Mar. '07 and 0.1 in Mar. '06). March started the month with 30 inches of snow on the

ground and ended the month with 29 inches.

The first 15 days of April have seen a continuation of above average temperatures. The highs have mostly been in the low to mid 50s, and the lows have been in the low 20s. The Kennicott River ice is still solid and the snow depth on the ground is 17 inches. Just over a trace of precipitation has occurred.

I still have a lot of missing data for January. I'm working on getting this data and hope to summarize the winter months in the next issue.

The snow is usually gone by the end of April, but that might not occur this year. The low temperatures need to stay above freezing at night; so far that is not happening.

May should see a rapid increase in temperatures with highs in the 60's by mid month. Precipitation is usually on the light side with an average amount of less than an inch.

June is usually the warmest month at McCarthy with an average temperature in the mid 50's, highs in the 70's and about 2 inches of rain.



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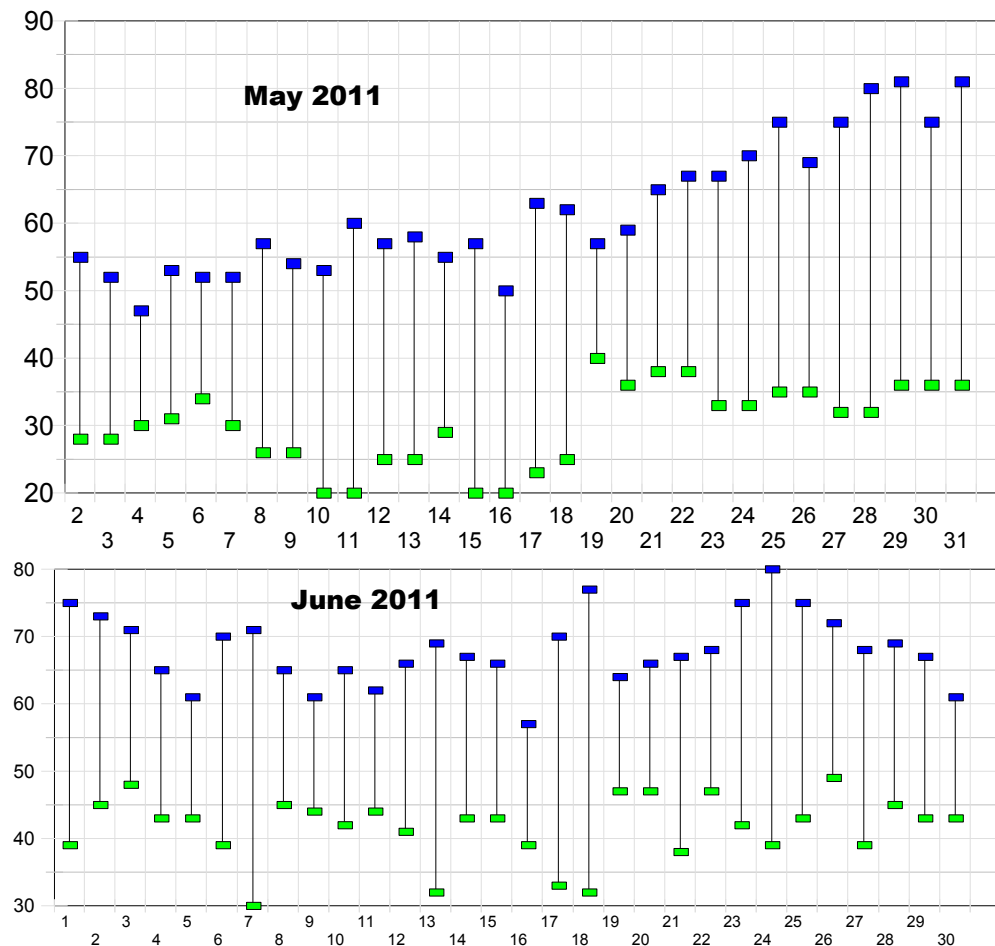
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