

# Wrangell St. Elias News

*"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty"*

Volume Eighteen Issue Six

November & December 2009

\$2.<sup>50</sup>



WSEN staff photo

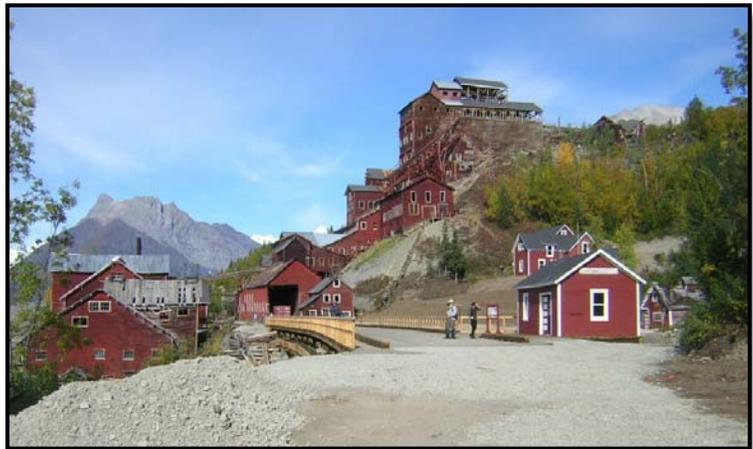
## **Celebration at Kennecott NPS shows progress made on restorations, honors history, culture and resources of historic mining town.**

**D**ignitaries literally came from all over the world to attend the Ribbon-Cutting ceremony at the General Manager's Office (GMO) at Kennecott.

The ceremony began with the flag-raising attended by local children and the person who has lived in the area the longest, Jim Edwards (above).

WRST Superintendent Meg Jensen (below, with publisher Bonnie Kenyon) gave a heart-warming speech as did a number of representatives from the Park Service, Kennecott Copper and several of the Foundations who have supported the work financially.

Other highlights are the new bridge over National Creek (upper right) that replaces the old one which washed out in the 2006 flood. The new bridge has much of the flavor of the original with two sets of railroad rails set flush with the decking, but also has



WSEN staff photo



WSEN staff photo

walking lanes with hand-rails to better accommodate the majority of Kennecott visitors. The little building in the foreground served as the temporary visitor center until recently when the new one was opened (right).

Story on page 7.



WSEN staff photo

# A note from the publisher

BY BONNIE KENYON

Today is October 26<sup>th</sup> and, by the looks of the scenery outside the office window, winter finally showed up in the McCarthy area. It is snowing!

This year's fall season refused to leave and I didn't hear one neighbor complaining. Three days ago our high temperature was 51 and on October 11<sup>th</sup>, we all relished in the warmth of 61 degrees. Folks were burning brush, collecting firewood and doing those outside chores in long-sleeved shirts. Now we are scrambling for our winter boots and pulling out those warm and comfy flannel-lined shirts.

The communities of Kennicott and McCarthy pretty much came to a halt after Labor Day weekend this year. We've had several of those special end-of-season visitors who enjoy the quiet and slower pace of playing tourist without the amenities of the shuttles, eateries, and guide services. But, now, I think the seasonal change is upon us. One sure sign is the snowfall today; the other sign—our local rabbits are now totally white!

WSEN thanks Albina Izmaylova for her contribution on page 6 where she shares her summer adventures with us while working in McCarthy. We also appreciate the willingness of others to let us reprint their stories, such as Bill Sherwonit. Bill's subject matter is the Nabesna Road on the opposite side of the Wrangell-St. Elias National Park from McCarthy. The McCarthy Road gets a good amount of attention, it seems, but there is a lot to say about the Nabesna Road and that area of the park. Bill does a fine job. Thanks, Bill!

After the Sept. 6<sup>th</sup> Ribbon-Cutting Ceremony for the grand opening of the General Manager's Office in Kennicott, Rick and I were

pleased to participate in a walking tour of Kennicott. Our Park Service tour guide was local resident and interpretive ranger, Elizabeth Sehafer. She did a great job! Our first stop on the tour was the new Shuttle Bus Turn-around, located as you first enter Kennecott "downtown."



WSEN staff photo

This picture is of the new entrance sign to the Kennecott Mines National Historic Landmark. I don't think anyone is going to make off with *this* sign!

Rick and I have a favor to ask of all our readers who have an Email address. If you would like to be notified of the availability of the online version as soon as it is posted, Rick

will see that you receive an Email notice. Please send the information to [wsen@wsen.net](mailto:wsen@wsen.net). Thank you, readers!

Because this issue is the November/December WSEN, Rick and I wish you all the blessings of the holidays coming up in the next two months. Thanksgiving—everyone of us have *some things* and *someones* we are thankful for. I am very thankful for all of you, our readers. Christmas—now that is "one" holiday that contains the most precious of all gifts, because that gift came from Heaven to earth, from God's heart to yours and mine. The gift of love, life and peace whose name is Jesus! You are loved.

Wrangell St. Elias News welcomes aboard the following subscribers: Ronald May, GA; Phil Dishaw, AK; Allan Sainsbury, AK; Cathy Eckart, NV; Jean Girard, WA; Nick Nickells, TN; Len Stroik, WI; Fred Stroik, WI; Holly Houghton, AK; Madeleine Mercier, NM; David Harr (online); and Robin Mellor, WVA.

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## Items of Interest

BY BONNIE KENYON

**The Cebula boys:** George's brother Ted arrived on time to enjoy the remainder of the month of August and September's entrance. Ted's oldest son, Mike, returned this year to visit Uncle George, spend some quality time with his dad and take in more of the outdoor activities of the Wrangells. Mike got in a good hiking session with neighbor Jim Guntis and ice climbing with a local guide service. Of course, George's dog, Sophie, was more than pleased to have the extra attention and walks.

Rick and I enjoyed sharing numerous cups of coffee and great visits with Ted this summer. We always appreciate his yearly visits to our town.

The three fellows took in a sightseeing trip to Denali and enjoyed that immensely. Before Ted and Mike left, they were each treated to going away dinners at Jim and Audrey Edwards' house.

**Cal Ward:** Cal is back from a month long visit to Fairbanks. While there he finished up the summer season working for a local tourist guide service. Now that he is back home, he is enjoying the warm fall temperatures our area is experiencing this year. He even dug up the rest of the potatoes

and carrots his brother Art (and wife Ann) had planted earlier in the year.

Cal says he is ready to settle in for the winter and soak up the quiet while working on the projects he left behind. Welcome home, Cal!

**Jim Kreblin:** Speaking of making good use of the lack of snow and the warmer temperatures during the early part of October, I cannot help but think of Jim and his recent project—a new roof on his Long Lake cabin. I'm not sure Jim's place can still be referred to as a cabin now that it has grown to its present height.

On Sunday afternoon, October 11<sup>th</sup>, Rick and I decided to pay Jim a visit. The lake was simply beautiful and the temperature was somewhere in the low 60's in Jim's neighborhood. Although Rick had inspected Jim's project several days prior, I had not. Therefore, I was eager to have a tour.

The basement is looking really nice and is presently serving to house his son-in-law, Kurt Jensen, who is his right-hand man on the project. Instead of commuting daily to and from McCarthy, Kurt spends the week days helping Jim. Their present chore is putting on the roof trusses. As of this writing, they only have 4 more to go. Don

Welty is expected to give Jim and Kurt an extra hand. Plywood, then tar paper and, if the weather holds, the metal roof will completely enclose the main floor and the new upstairs room before the snow flies. That is Plan A. Jim was thrilled with the 64 degree reading on his thermometer. Sure makes life easier when installing a new roof!

Nomad, Jim's dog, was sun bathing on the boat dock when Rick and I arrived on the scene. When he's not busy showing Jim's guests around the place, Nomad might be seen taking a dip in the lake, swimming from shore to shore, or seen floating care free in one of Jim's aluminum boats. Truly a dog's life!

**Jenny Rosenbaum:** I find that in writing this column one "item" leads to another. Mentioning Nomad, caused me to think about Jenny, who is now the owner of her own Australian Shepherd named Jasper. He came from Chitina and is now a local resident of McCarthy. Jasper attended his first mail day event this last week and was quite taken with the mail plane's departure. I guess he thought he should give pilot Dave Parmenter a hand at lifting off the ground. I'm sure Jenny will assure

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Jasper that his help is not needed! Welcome to McCarthy, Jasper.

Jenny has also acquired her own property in Fireweed Subdivision. This is her first experience as a land owner. Her 5-acre plot is without any structures yet, so I expect she will have a lot of fun planning her first building project. Her neighbors include Mark Vail, Carol and Harold Michals and George Mobley.

When I called Jenny the other day, she was relaxing while house-sitting for Neil Darish, who is in the big city of Anchorage for a few weeks. Between the gorgeous fall season colors and the slower pace, Jenny was enjoying the change.

Working for the McCarthy Lodge in an accounting position is a seasonal job, but it keeps her plenty busy. Jenny is the type who loves to work but she also enjoys the chance to visit friends and neighbors. This summer she was pleased to have a lot of visitors—her brother and sister and a college friend. They had a great time together, she said.

On the not-so-nice side of the picture, however, were her two accidents! One on her motorcycle and the other on the 4 wheeler. She described them as the “rough spots” of her summer. Thankfully, she is recovering nicely from both incidents.

While Jenny and I visited on the phone, I heard Jasper in the background barking his disapproval of something or someone. A young moose was inspecting the plastic chair on the porch of the hotel next door. There was a brief lull while she attended to the situation. We continued our conversation after Jasper was safely inside and the curious moose had changed its mind about sampling the chair for breakfast.

She hopes to spend the majority of the winter visiting family and working in Anchorage. We wish you the very best, Jenny, and congratulate you on your new title of “land owner” and “dog owner!”

**DOT surveyors pay McCarthy a visit:** Even Department of Transportation (DOT) surveyors have those pesky “to-do” lists. Michael Benson, survey party chief, and his crew, Greg Nelson, and Jennifer Pfeiffer arrived at our Bed and Breakfast on October 21<sup>st</sup> with a job assignment of “setting out the McCarthy Creek Right-of-Way.” According to Michael, the four corners they are defining are based on a variety of information: a 1921 plat and air photos taken in 1955 and 1969.

DOT claims the right-of-way (ROW) across McCarthy Creek is 100'. If the State of Alaska DOT has done their homework accurately, the new toll vehicular bridge, constructed by Rowcon Services of McCarthy, is sitting halfway on the DOT ROW. The north half of the bridge is located on private property, says DOT, but the southern half on the ROW.

**McCarthy area Starband users** say “thank you” to Tim Nelson who paid the majority of us a visit the week of October 20<sup>th</sup>. Since they were switching to a new satellite, Starband Communications contracted Tim (Mile 11 McCarthy Road) to handle their customers in the McCarthy/Kennicott area. According to Tim, he is servicing approximately 15 folks.

You did a great job, Tim. We appreciate you!

**Baby announcements:** Congratulations to **Kim Asbury Wilkerson** on the birth of her second child, Erynn Jo-Leigh. Kim is **Sonny Asbury's** daughter. His quiver of grandchildren is certainly growing! When Sonny left McCarthy in

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PS Form 3526, September 2007 (page 2 of 3)

late August, he and his dog Mac decided to let the airlines fly them instead of making the long drive south. He didn't want to miss the special occasion of Erynn's birth. He arrived at Austin, TX just in time to witness the event. On August 30<sup>th</sup>, baby Erynn was born. According to her mom, Erynn means “strong” and Jo-Leigh means “pretty.” It appears that she is living up to her name!

Another bundle of blessing made his entrance into the lives of **Joseph and Lolly Hale**. Titus James Hale was born on Sept. 2 in

Palmer, AK. Baby Titus weighed 8 lb. 2 oz. and is the third son of the Hales. I'm sure Beniah and Caleb Hale welcome another brother into their family!

**Walter and Ursel Mueller:** The Muellers may not be widely known by the majority of folks in our area, but the ones who do know them well, wish their visits occurred more often. This special Swiss couple (actually, Walter is Swiss and Ursel is German) live in Wernetshausen, about 30 kilometers east of Zurich, and first visited McCarthy in 1991. They spent that winter finishing the Beaver Creek cabin on Jim and Audrey's property and then continued to enjoy the fruits of their labors in later years. (1994, 2000, 2004 and 2009)

The month of September saw Walter and Ursel returning to McCarthy, their favorite spot in Alaska, and once again enjoying cups of tea with neighbors and friends while catching up on the last 5 years.

While Mark Vail was visiting the Muellers, Jim Edwards stopped by as well. Before they knew it, another visitor came calling. However, it wasn't of human origin! Instead it was a brown bear wanting to join the festivities. Needless to say, the group enjoyed the entertainment but, for some strange reason, the bear wasn't invited to the party.

Rick and I were on the list of locals the Mueller's took time to visit. Plenty of cookies, tea and their good ole' Swiss chocolate was consumed around our kitchen table. The time went by much too quickly and before we knew it, goodbyes were made and the Beaver Creek cabin was once again empty!

We love you, Walter and Ursel, and are already looking forward to your next visit.

**Jim and Audrey Edwards:** There's been a lot of cooking going on at the Edwards' home lately. A few days before the Muellers left for Switzerland, Audrey hosted a going-away dinner for them. Mark Vail,

George Cebula and Rick and I joined the Muellers and the Edwards for a time of reminiscing and another round of goodbyes. Mark brought along his laptop computer and entertained us with video coverage of the wildlife visitors at his cabin in Fireweed Subdivision.

When Rick and I showed up for the gathering on September 29<sup>th</sup>, Audrey pointed out a most interesting sight "growing" in her living room. Sitting in her south window were cucumber and pepper plants that just refused to quit even though the summer season had departed. Good-sized green peppers and slicing cucumbers promised a later harvest than normal for us McCarthyites. Determined not to let them freeze on her front porch, Audrey dragged the pots inside and rescued them. They appeared to be happy and also determined, in their own way, to give her her desired harvest. Congratulations, Audrey!

On the 12<sup>th</sup> of September, 19 folks filled (and that's no understatement) the Edwards' living room for dinner and a slide show presented by Jim. Over the years many locals have had the privilege of viewing Jim's colored slides from the mid-50's and 60's when he, along with his first wife, Maxine, and their two young children, Stephen and Shelly, carved out their home and living in those early days. For some folks, like Rick and me, it had been a very long time since we had seen his slides. For the majority of the 13 mountain climbing guides in attendance, this was their first viewing. Owners of the locally-based St. Elias Alpine Guides, Gaia and Wayne Marrs, were also on hand to enjoy and ask questions. Jim did a fine job of leading us all through those early days and giving us a glimpse into the past. Jim's daughter Shelly traveled to McCarthy especially for the occasion. Much fun was had by all.

Now that all the extra cooking chores are finished, Audrey and Jim are finishing up major improvements to their bedroom. The new addition includes a special spot for the washer and dryer. Audrey is thrilled to report the washing machine is hooked up and ready to do its thing and the dryer is nearly in place, too.

Winter is just around the corner, as George Cebula, our weather columnist says, but in the meantime folks like the Edwards are making good use of the extended fall season!



WSEN staff photo

Bjorn Keller, 4, and Logan McCann, 2 1/2, had quite a rousing playtime in the Kenyons' field. The two boys made great use of the green grass and did their best to plant their feet on every inch of it before winter shows up! Bjorn and Logan, you can come visit me anytime you want.



Photo courtesy Thorn family

Goodbye, Sarah! Family, friends and McCarthy/Kennicott residents mourn the death of Sarah "Saree" Langner Thorn. Please find Sarah's obituary on page 13.

# Summer Work in McCarthy

BY ALBINA S. IZMAYLOVA

There is something about the little town of McCarthy that brings me, like all the other summer residents, back every year. Each of us has a different theory about why people return. Some people say they come back because they like tall mountains, green forests and valleys hidden among the glaciers. Some people say they return to visit the historic mines, famous for producing the world's purest copper. What brings me back is a combination of the majesty of the Wrangell Mountains which stretch through the largest US National Park, surrounding the town and creating isolation from the rush of the big world. But even more than that, my return is instigated by a desire to reconnect with people who have the same spirit of adventure as me.

When I tell people in St. Louis that I spend my summers in Alaska, I can't predict their reaction. I see respect and amazement in some people's eyes (especially, when I tell them that most of the young locals, including my boyfriend, don't have electricity and running water in their cabins). However, only a few can understand why a young person would want to go and live in the middle of the wilderness.

Each summer in McCarthy is special, and I wish this past summer would have lasted longer. Our little town was full of people. The Chakina fire played a big role in it. McCarthy was full of firefighters who stayed in the area to protect local houses. The owner of the McCarthy Lodge, Neil Darish, who sent me an invitation and a job offer to come to the United States three years ago, worked hard making sure that firefighters were well fed and taken care of at the hotel.

There were good, happy, and not-so-happy days at work. Sometimes customer service can be diffi-

cult as a request of "gluten free eggs and bacon"... However, working for the McCarthy Lodge and the Mercantile I met people who I would not imagine meeting in my everyday life. I met lawyers from New York



Photo courtesy the author

Albina, John and Victor at Chitina.

and Washington (it made me excited because I want to be a lawyer myself), a journalist from the National Public Radio, and I got a chance to get to know some of the firefighters who were protecting McCarthy. I met people from all over the world and the United States but mostly important I discovered different sides of people I already knew.

My boss at the Mercantile, Peggy Smith, taught me not only how to bake cookies and cakes but also to knit socks at our Tuesday night

McGrath had a new hat and a scarf knitted by me.

I feel at home in McCarthy, like in Siberia where I was born, even though sometimes I miss speaking the Russian language. That is why I was happy when Neil Darish hired Pasha and Victor, both from Ukraine, to help him to do the maintenance and housekeeping at the Ma Johnson Hotel. The boys came to Alaska on student work visas to work at the fishing factory. Unfortunately, they were laid off in July. They said they were hopeless to find another job in Alaska. Luckily, they met an American man who helped them to find Neil's job offer posted on the Craigslist website. The next day they talked to Neil on the phone and flew to McCarthy on a mail plane.

In the first week of August, the Ukrainians, John, and I went to dip net in Chitina and caught twelve big salmon. Of course, it was John who caught salmon that day. Pasha, Victor, and I did not have fishing permits in Alaska and had to watch John as he was pulling out fluttering bodies of sockeye salmon. Each one of them was so strong that John had to struggle to get them out of the river!

Going back to St. Louis was sad, even though I had missed my school (Webster University) and my International Students' Association where I was elected as President last semester. I am going to miss my friends and our community church in McCarthy. But I also had amazing memories of the dip netting, glacier hiking, and seeing real moose and bears on the McCarthy Road.

"I wish I could spend my summer in Alaska!" my friend from St. Louis left a comment under my pictures after I published them on the Russian Facebook.

"Well, nothing should stop you if you really want it," I replied.



Photo courtesy the author

Albina and Johnny on a glacier hike.

knitting club meetings. By the end of the summer my boyfriend John

# The saving of the General Manager's Office

## A time to celebrate!

BY BONNIE KENYON

**K**ennecott:—The building of the General Manager's Office (GMO) was the dream of Stephen Birch in the very early 1900's. His "cabin"—as he described it—became the core of the GMO, a gathering place for some of the best and brightest in the mining business. Details of the famous and successful Kennecott mining operation were mapped out and overseen in this building.

Over the years, however, long after Kennecott Corp. pulled out, the office was taken over by animals, misused by vandals and exposed to the elements of a harsh climate.

In 1998 Kennecott was purchased by the National Park Service (NPS) and, included in this acquisition was this historic little building. What would be its future? Restora-

tion, a major cleanup, documentation inside and out, the creation of architectural drawings, dismantling with painstaking care, labeling every piece of salvageable lumber, a new foundation, rotting logs and framing replaced and *finally* reconstruction. Member of the crew and a McCarthy resident, Betty Adams, said, "This was the biggest jigsaw puzzle I ever put together in my life." That puzzle is complete now. It was time to celebrate its restoration!

A grand opening and ribbon-cutting ceremony took place on September 6<sup>th</sup> with nearly 200 folks in attendance. Local residents, park service officials, visiting dignitaries and even end-of-season tourists gathered to celebrate the restoration accomplishments. Sticking by the historic nature of the event were even the refreshments of that era: Oreo cookies, deviled ham and pea-

nut butter sandwiches and cheese-it-crackers. After the festivities, a private walking tour of Kennecott took place with park service representatives, local residents, and dignitaries.

In the words of Superintendent Meg Jensen: "Since 2002, the National Park Service has made significant progress on the Kennecott stabilization project. These accomplishments would not have been possible without the funding provided by Congress, support from the Alaska community which believed in the value of this project, the park's partners who were advocates for the effort, and the dedicated and professional work of many employees who have worked on this project over the past twelve years. Thanks to all who have helped to make this celebration possible today."

It was truly a day to remember and a time to celebrate!

## McCarthy-Kennicott Historical Museum holds annual meeting

MCCARTHY: —

**T**he Museum's annual membership meeting was held on Tuesday, August 25<sup>th</sup>. Seven members were in attendance.

Patt Garrett, museum volunteer, presented a report of her summer activities, highlighting the

improvements to the displays, especially reframing the Kate Kennedy papers and refurbishing the once dilapidated display case in the boxcar for a new women's display in the McCarthy Room. In her seven weeks as volunteer, Patt made a good start at updating the McCarthy Walking Tour.

Dianne Milliard, desiring to step down from her treasurer's position with the expiration of her term this year, was replaced by John Rice. Collin Warren replaced outgoing board member Ron Simpson.

The date for the next annual membership meeting was set for May 29, 2010, 6 p.m. at the Museum.

## McCarthy Area Council holds annual meeting

MCCARTHY: —

**T**he annual meeting for MAC was held September 25<sup>th</sup> in the Tony Zak Building.

A Board Meeting with six officers/members was held prior to the General Meeting. Local resident Lindsay Jensen was approved to the

salaried position of Recording Secretary. The Board decided an Advisory Board of 5 persons should be formed to attempt to participate in Front Country Management pre-planning with the National Park Service.

The General Meeting was attended by 19 people. On the agenda

was the subject of cleanup of the 2006 flood debris on the Kennicott River and MAC's involvement.

Another topic discussed was a letter MAC received from Friends of Kennicott in which MAC was asked to take on a larger role in Kennecott issues.

(continued on page 8)

# Revised Invasive Plant Management Plan

## Environmental Assessment Extension for Public Comment

NPS PRESS RELEASE—

The National Park Service has revised its adaptive management plan to control invasive plants in Alaska National Park System units. The NPS received requests for an extension to review and comment on the subject environmental assessment.

The NPS decided to extend the public comment period for an additional 20 days until November 20. Changes in the EA are summarized in a document titled "Changes in the Invasive Plant Management Plan." The NPS asks the public to focus its comments on these changes. Public comments are requested

on the environmental assessment through November 20, 2009.

To comment, please visit <http://parkplanning.nps.gov>, or write to the address above. If you have questions about the EA, please contact Bud Rice, Environmental Protection Specialist, at (907) 644-3530 or email him at [bud\\_rice@nps.gov](mailto:bud_rice@nps.gov).

# Competitive Process for Noatak National Preserve Transporter Permits announced

NPS PRESS RELEASE—

The National Park Service has decided to use an open, competitive process to award commercial use authorizations for transporter services in Noatak National Preserve. Eight permits will be available.

Transporters are commercial operators who carry sport hunters into and out of the preserve. Over the last few years, the NPS has become aware of conflicts between subsistence users and transporters and their clients. To address the issue, the NPS has determined that it is prudent to limit the number of available transporter permits to eight and the total number of cli-

ents transporters may carry to 357 a year. These are the number of operators and number of clients who were permitted in the preserve in 2008 and 2009 when a moratorium on the issuance of additional permits and cap on the number of clients were in effect.

The authorizations will be awarded through an open, competitive process. Companies interested in providing transporter services must submit a written application, including responses to a number of selection factors. The eight companies that submit the best complete applications will be issued authorizations. The award process will include a mechanism to ensure the

total annual number of hunters does not exceed 357.

The NPS intends to initiate the competitive process by releasing an application in fall 2009. It intends to issue the CUAs in winter 2010. All interested companies, including current operators, must compete for an opportunity to provide the service. Preferences established by law will be addressed in the application process. The application will be publically announced as soon as it is available.

The NPS has also begun a big game transportation services plan to find long-term solutions for the user conflict issue in the preserve.

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### MAC meeting (cont. from page 7)

It was announced that the radio station KCHU's antenna move will take place in November. It will be temporarily located at the Ma Johnson Hotel during the winter months. In the summer of 2010, the antenna will be moved to the Copper Valley Telephone generator site in McCarthy.

Guest speaker, Norah Martinez, Chief Ranger with the National Park Service, handed out packets of information and the Wrangell-St. Elias National Park's foundational statement. She also handed out "Nabesna Off Road Vehicle Environmental Impact Statements." Anyone who desires more information or copies of these documents can contact Superintendent Meg Jensen at 822-7202 or [Meg\\_Jensen@nps.gov](mailto:Meg_Jensen@nps.gov)

Annual elections produced the following results: Jeremy Keller, president; Mark Vail, vice-president; Tamara Harper, treasurer/secretary. Board members consist of: Stephens Harper, Gaia Marrs, Dianne Milliard, Bill Morris, Charlie O'Neil, Lyn Plo-maritis, Keith Rowland and Elizabeth Schafer.

Next MAC meeting is scheduled for March 26, 2010.

*"A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying that he is wiser today than he was yesterday." —Alexander Pope*

# Nabesna: the road less traveled

BILL SHERWONIT

Coya stands quietly at attention, eyes focused on the front door. Beside her, Blue whines and wags her black tail so vigorously that her entire body ripples in anticipation. Somehow, the "girls" seem to understand that some grand adventure is in the offing. And the dogs want in.

When I open the door, Coya and Blue streak to the back of Helene's Honda SUV, then leap inside when I swing the door open. Alas, the two are destined for disappointment. Their fate is to be abandoned at a kennel while Helene and I head down the Glenn Highway on our first extended road trip.

After dropping off the girls, my sweetheart and I head to a nearby store for last-minute supplies. It's mid-afternoon before we're seriously on our way, with enough provisions for a month though we'll be adventuring only a week. Our plan: to explore the northern end of the 13.2 million-acre Wrangell-St. Elias National Park and Preserve via the Nabesna Road.

More than 40 miles long, the Nabesna Road is one of two driveable avenues into our nation's largest parkland. But it doesn't get nearly the traffic that the McCarthy Road does, mainly because the latter brings people to a popular, tourist-oriented destination: an early twentieth-century mining district turned national historical landmark. Visitors can explore the ruins of the Kennecott copper mine operation and associated mill town (now being restored). Or they can hang out in McCarthy, Kennecott's former "sin city," now transformed into a seasonal tour-

ist town complete with lodge, restaurant, guide services, and air-taxi operators.

The Nabesna Road also has a mining operation at its end. In fact it was built in 1934 to help move gold from the mine to the port in Valdez. But the Nabesna Mine has neither attained historic landmark status, nor are its owners particularly welcoming to visitors.

Today the Nabesna Road essentially dead-ends four miles from the mine (those last miles no longer maintained), amid a group of buildings, trucks, ATVs, and small dirt airstrip that are privately owned. While national preserve and parkland surround most of the road, it is mostly used by locals and big-game hunters, with occasional tourists tossed into the mix between June and early September.

Both Helene and I have visited McCarthy-Kennecott more than once. This summer, for various reasons, the time seems right to explore Wrangell-St. Elias' "road less traveled." And so we will.

One more thing about the Nabesna Road: streams cross its gravel surface in several places. When conditions are dry, they're no big deal. But sudden, heavy showers can make the road impassable. Travelers risk getting stranded on the creeks' far side if the weather turns wet. Those crossings are one reason we're taking Helene's SUV and not my lower-clearance Toyota. Another is my 1986 Tercel's aging body and engine. Her Honda is newer, tougher, more reliable.

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Since it was established in 1980, Wrangell-St. Elias has been tagged as "North America's Moun-

tain Kingdom" and for good reason: within its boundaries are four major mountain chains—the Chugach, Wrangell, St. Elias, and Alaska Ranges—and six of the continent's 10 highest peaks, including 18,010-foot Mount St. Elias, second only to 20,320-foot Denali in the U.S.

We get our first glimpse of a Wrangell-St. Elias giant on our way into Glennallen, some 180 miles east of Anchorage. The snow-and ice-streaked pyramidal cone of 12,010-foot Mount Drum rises 9,000 feet above the surrounding lowlands and juts into a pale blue sky, a looming, glistening presence.

We stop long enough in Glennallen to fill the gas tank then head for the Tok Cutoff. Even by Alaskan standards, that's a lonely stretch of highway. "The Milepost"—the definitive guide for Alaska highway travel—lists few lodging possibilities along the 140 miles between Glennallen and Tok. The number of eateries is even smaller. That's another reason few tourists (or Alaskans) are drawn to explore this northern end of Wrangell-St. Elias: most people rush on past to more developed, highly promoted places.

By the time we reach the park's northern entrance, its ranger station is closed for the day. We've come prepared for primitive camping, but decide to spend the night in "rustic comfort" at Grizzly Lake Campground, a few miles before the Nabesna Road turnoff. Besides campsites and RV hookups, the place has several small, heated cabins that Helene finds "adorable." At \$55 a night, they're also easily affordable.

Loud, rooftop drumming begins during the night and heavy

rains persist into morning, so we feel no urgent need to resume our explorations. After a leisurely breakfast, we head to the bathhouse, complete with hot, running water. Though we feel a bit like spoiled city slickers, we don't feel guilty about indulging ourselves.

"I love cabin camping," Helene exudes, back in our cozy cottage.

So do I. My appreciation for cabins has grown as I've moved through middle age. It makes all the difference to spend the day exploring backcountry in wet, raw, windy weather, and then return to a roomy, dry, heated shelter where you can strip off wet clothes, get into dry layers, and warm yourself by a stove while sipping hot drinks.

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Hard rain continues to drench the ground when we reach the ranger station in early afternoon. As part of her greeting, the park employee inside asks, "Wet enough for ya?"

Now in her early sixties, fiery-haired Thelma still carries a hint of a southern accent though she's lived in Alaska since 1970. Given her longevity here—and her employment at Wrangell-St. Elias since it was formed in 1980—I pepper Thelma with questions.

She happily obliges with information about the road and other odds and ends. This year's vehicle count is down substantially and Thelma guesses that continued high gas prices have played some part. As we've suspected, only a small percentage of travelers go beyond Mile 29—the first of the road's stream crossings—because "people don't want to risk getting stuck on the other side."

Whatever the reason for this summer's slowdown, traffic is bound to pick up soon, because a hunt for Dall sheep begins Aug.

10. Though most of Wrangell-St. Elias is closed to sport hunting, it's allowed on some 3.5 million acres of "preserve" lands, much of it accessible from Nabesna Road.

Our conversation next turns to cabins. Though you'd never know it from studying the park's official brochure or reading its newspaper-style visitor guide, 13 public-use cabins are scattered through Wrangell-St. Elias. Originally built by miners, trappers or hunters, all but two are in remote backcountry, available on a first-come, first-served basis. One of the exceptions is the "Viking Lodge." Built by an Alaskan with Scandinavian ties, the lodge/cabin is a 10-minute walk from the Nabesna Road at Milepost 21.8.

Though booked for most of August, it happens to be available the next four nights. Even better, as Thelma puts it, "the price is right." Our stay will cost nothing. Helene and I are happily stunned. To find a free, reservations-only public-use-cabin during Alaska's short summer is something of a miracle.

On our way to the Viking Lodge, we'll get our first good taste of the road itself. And maybe, if the clouds lift, the landscape we're passing through.

The pavement ends at Mile 4 and for a few miles beyond the road remains a decent thoroughfare, its surface smooth by gravel standards. Then, bit by bit, Wrangell-St. Elias's main northern entryway deteriorates into a potholed, rutted, and washboarded road.

The route itself is more monotonous than scenic for the first 20 to 25 miles. Much of it passes through lowland taiga forest or wetlands; and the scraggly spruce trees and alder-willow thickets that line the shoulder hinder views

of mountains both north and south.

The weather, too, often works against the traveler, at least during summer's rainy spells. Though miles 15 to 18 are supposed to present "splendid views of high snow-clad volcanoes," an amorphous, gray curtain of clouds now hides all but their bases.

Nor is the Nabesna Road a wildlife-watcher's hot spot. Early on we surprise a cow moose and calf along the road's edge, but they disappear quickly. And we'll see little else within (or near) the road corridor besides ravens and a northern goshawk gliding above the forest canopy.

On the positive side, trails along the route offer excellent access into the backcountry. And traffic is almost nonexistent; we pass only a handful of vehicles during our drive into the cabin, along with one ambitious cyclist and a family of three on motorized "dirt bikes."

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A short, soggy walk leads us to the lodge, a spacious, one-room cabin that's neat and in good repair, with table and chairs, bunkbeds and sink, wood burning stove, counters, and loft.

It's already getting late in the day and the weather remains drearily drizzly, but before settling in we feel a need to stretch our muscles and do some off-road exploring. So we head over to Caribou Creek Trail (Milepost 19.2) for a short exploratory walk.

Though the Park Service touts Caribou Creek as an "excellent hiking trail," it's also open to all-terrain-vehicles. And it sadly demonstrates the damage that ATVs can do in soft, boggy terrain. Drivers have ripped several long, deep ruts and left large mud holes that scar stretches of flat, wet ground.

For all the human traffic it seems to get, Caribou Creek Trail appears well traveled by other local inhabitants. In the mile or so that we walk, we notice moose and wolf tracks and scat piles left by both bears and wolves.

Despite the ATV damage and the day's gray sogginess, there's a moment when the place's innate beauty shines through. Far to the southwest, piercing shafts of golden sunlight pour through a hole in the clouds, setting a series of ridges and valleys afire. While I'm gazing toward those beaming hills, a nearer, tinier fleck of brightness catches my attention. A small and delicately spotted blue-gray butterfly rests upon a violet wildflower. Even when I approach, the butterfly remains still, as if frozen to the flower. Indeed, it may be so chilled it's incapable of flying away.

Helene, too, crouches for a closer look. Together we revel in this heartening revelation of light and life's splendor and their reminder of forces at work, far greater than anything our species can imagine.

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The sun remains mostly hidden behind thick, wet clouds until our fifth day. With deep blue skies signaling a change in the weather, the time is right to explore the Skookum Volcano Trail (off limits to ATVs). That means we'll have to face Nabesna Road's stream crossings, which in turn means high anxiety for Helene.

The first crossing is no big deal. But at Mile 30.8, creek overflow has been funneled into a 10-foot-wide channel that's cut several inches into the road. After considerable should-I-or-shouldn't-I fretting, Helene hits the gas and we bounce through unscathed. Still, she worries: "I'm going to be

haunted by having to re-cross that channel all day. If there's the least bit of rain, we're heading back, no debate."

The first stretch of the Skookum Volcano Trail is an easy, winding path through spruce forest and alder thickets that form a thick, cooling canopy. But a mile or so from the road, the trail follows a boulder-strewn creek channel, zigzagging from side to side. We have no choice but to boulder-hop and splash our way upstream.

The ascent is considerably more challenging than the visitor guide suggests. But it's not so difficult that ambitious, physically fit oldsters—or youngsters—can't do it. Just as we're leaving the creek bed for easier tundra walking, we meet the downward-bound Bond family, whose members include a contagiously high-spirited 9-year-old girl and 4-year-old boy.

All along the way, Helene and I keep an eye turned upward. She worries that the cottony clouds racing across the mostly blue sky will coalesce to form another storm cell, but there's no sign of a build-up—or showers—in any direction. And now that we're in tundra uplands we have our first sweeping views since entering Wrangell-St. Elias. Immediately surrounding us are a series of multicolored and jagged volcanic ridges. These foothills of the Wrangell Mountains drop to broad, lake-splotched and creek-lined basins that separate the Wrangells from the neighboring Mentasta Mountains and Boyden Hills. It is indeed Big Country, Alaska style.

The bright and glorious day is warm enough for short-sleeved shirts until we near our mountain-pass destination. We reach the wind-swept saddle in mid-afternoon, after climbing 2 1/2 miles and 2,800 vertical feet.

We pull on wind-shells and other layers, then grab binoculars and look for Dall sheep, known to frequent this part of the preserve. We do indeed spot some, their snow-white bodies bright against the mountains' earth tones. None are mature rams - a certain disappointment for any hunters who ascend this valley, but OK with us.

Though at first Helene insists "we're not staying long," we linger an hour or more, surrounded by craggy ridges, vertical walls, and steep black dikes that slice through buff volcanic sediments. All are the eroded remnants of what was once a giant volcanic dome. High above us, rain and wind and ice have sculpted gray volcanic ash into fantastic, surreal shapes. One tower resembles a hooded, parka-clad Eskimo. Another spire has gigantic slits that resemble closed eyes on a softly rounded face.

Brisk, chilling breezes eventually push us off the saddle and back down valley. Now relaxed, Helene shouts, "Hey, this is kind of fun" as we scramble and skitter our way downhill. But her anxieties return when we're back on the road. At the Mile 30.8 crossing, she again has to psyche herself up before gunning the SUV through the channel. Again, it's not a problem. Once across, she smiles and wonders, "What was I worried about?"

We both chuckle at that.

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Our last full day we head off trail, toward a pair of distant volcanic benches.

Following the wide, gravelly channels of a braided streambed, we find easy walking until those dry channels bring us to Jack Creek. Recent rains have increased Jack's flow substantially and we see no way to cross it with-

out soaking ourselves. Heading upstream, we circle a marshy, ponded area, then angle back to Jack Creek. Here we find a slow-moving and shallow stretch that Helene crosses easily in her knee-high rubber boots, while I tiptoe across in my bare feet. Once on the other side we begin an uphill slog through spruce forest and tussocky tundra. Along the way we cross a small brook that is bordered by the richest, densest patch of blueberries I have ever seen. Like clusters of small grapes, soft pale-blue fruits cling to bushes less than a foot high. At Helene's suggestion, we make a berry-picking stop, and fill two water bottles in less than 15 minutes.

After 1.5 hours of strenuous walking we reach the edge of a volcanic bluff. A few minutes of rock scrambling and we're atop a grassy knob that gives us our second panoramic sweep in two days. A flotilla of clouds continues to hide the Wrangells' highest peaks, but far to the west are dark jagged pinnacles that mark the remnant perimeter of what was once a gigantic volcano. I scan the lands around us for signs of wildlife, but again come up empty, except for distant sheep in the Mentasta Mountains. When I point them out, Helene playfully yells, "Run! Run for your lives!" this being the first day of sheep-hunting season.

At Helene's urging, we climb higher up the volcanic bench. Along the way, we surprise two hoary marmots. Caught lolling

atop a rubbly pile of volcanics, the large, grizzled rodents quickly dive for cover. Then, topping a "false summit" rise, I am shocked to see a caribou, head bent as it grazes on tundra plants.

I duck down and whisper my discovery to Helene. She joins me and, crouched low, we watch the young bull. After several minutes of feeding, he moves in unhurried fashion beyond our sight.

Naturally we follow. Reaching the top of the next rise, Helene spots the bull, bedded down near a pile of rocks. As I move up, the caribou spots me. Now agitated, he jumps to his feet and gallops away. We climb higher. Still in the lead, Helene sees the caribou rise on his back legs, like a stallion might do. By the time I join her, the caribou is trotting gracefully across the tundra. His high-stepping lope looks so effortless.

Gaining a more distant knoll, the bull takes one final look toward us, then resumes his grazing. We watch a while longer before beginning our descent. On the way down, we hear a whistled call and trace it to the grayish-brown mousy form of a collared pika, hunched atop some volcanic debris.

"Oh," says Helene, "he's adorable."

It's not a description I would have used, but I have to agree. This small, tailless, rock-pile dweller is pretty darn cute. And tough: it's one of the few animals to re-

main active throughout Alaska's long and harsh northern winter.

We reach the road at 8 p.m., now bathed in golden sunlight after spending most of the day in shadow. We're both tired and a little achy, but pleased by our explorations and discoveries.

The clouds continue to disperse, and soon both 16,237-foot Mount Sanford and 14,163-foot Mount Wrangell are revealed, their broad, snow-and ice-covered massifs glowing in the day's last light. This is what we've missed all week and we relish their presence now.

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Sanford and Wrangell are again displayed in all their sun-struck glory as we leave the cabin our last morning in the park. On our return drive to the entrance, we stop once at a primitive campsite to join two other tourists for some mountain-landscape picture taking. Back on the Tok Cutoff, all of the Wrangell Mountains' "big three"—Sanford, Wrangell, and Drum—compete for our attention as they rise, high and pearly white, into the pale blue August sky, not a cloud among them.

*This story originally appeared in AlaskaDispatch.com. Bill Sherwonit is a nature writer and has lived in Anchorage since 1982. He is the author of 11 books, soon to be 12. His most recent, to be published this fall by the University of Alaska Press, is Changing Paths: Travels and Meditations in Alaska's Arctic Wilderness.*

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**"For man, autumn is a time of harvest, of gathering together. For nature, it is a time of sowing, of scattering abroad." —Edwin Way Teale**

**"The Supreme Court will allow the theology of the Declaration to be taught in the classroom as long as it is understood that it belongs to a 'world that is dead and gone,' that it has nothing to do with the world that we live in here and now, that it is not a living faith that holds God to be the source of our rights, the author of the laws of nature, and the protector and Supreme Judge of America." — Thomas G. West (University of Dallas professor)**

## Sarah Langner Thorn—1983-2009

Twenty-five year old Girdwood Alaskan resident Sarah 'Saree' Langner Thorn passed away while hiking on the Devil's Creek Trail in Alaska's Kenai Mountains in the early morning on Thursday June 18th, 2009. Sarah was hiking with her dear friend Betsy Bradbury on the first evening of a two night backpacking trip when Sarah was overcome by a severe headache around 10:30 p.m. Shortly thereafter Sarah collapsed, lost consciousness, and stopped breathing nearly nine miles from the trailhead. Wilderness guide and consummate friend Betsy gave Sarah rescue breaths for eight hours, keeping her warm through the night. When Sarah's vitals were no longer detectable, Betsy hiked nine miles back to the trailhead at Mile 39 of the Seward Highway where she was able to call for assistance. It was later determined that Sarah had suffered a hemorrhagic stroke.

Sarah is survived by her parents Diane Scoffield Thorn, formerly of the San Francisco Bay Area, California, and Stephen Ford Thorn, formerly, of New Orleans, Louisiana; her beloved companion of four years Gerrit J. Van Schaick, formerly of Whippleville, New York; her sister Marie Shanti Ruth Thorn and brother-in-law David B. Williams of Kenecott, AK; her maternal grandfather and his wife, James Carter and Karen Brewer Scoffield, of Ogden, Utah, and 64 aunts, uncles, and cousins. Sarah was preceded in death by her maternal grandmother Ruth Nye Scoffield, paternal grandmother Barbara Langner Thorn, paternal grandfather John Codman Thorn, and cousins Jeremy Eiger and Iyan Hughes.

Over one hundred family members and friends attended a memorial service representative of Sarah's

spirit on Monday, June 22nd, near Hatcher Pass on the Little Susitna River outside of Palmer, AK where her grandmother, Barbara Langner Thorn of New Orleans lived between 1971 and 1988. Simultaneously, friends filled the Glen Echo Community Hall in Sarah's childhood home region of Whatcom County, Washington to honor Sarah. The following day forty-two of Sarah's family and friends hiked together on the Devil's Creek Trail to visit the place where Sarah's journey ended. The hikers who were part of this memorable event have vowed to revisit the trail for years to come. Later that week friend Jeremy Cerutti hosted a second Celebration of Life at the Alyeska Hostel followed by a musical tribute by adored Alaskan songwriter, vocalist, and guitarist Melissa Mitchell and longtime bandmate Jeremy at Maxine's Glacier City Bistro in Girdwood, AK.

Sarah was born to Diane and Stephen Thorn at her childhood home near Maple Falls, WA on July 16th, 1983 and raised with her older sister, Marie, in the foothills of the western Cascade Mountains. She attended Mt. Baker High School in Deming, WA where she enjoyed singing and dancing in drama musicals and sang as a second soprano in the choir.

Sarah attended The Evergreen State College in Olympia, WA. She excelled in academics in the rigorous liberal arts curriculum; professors consistently described her as a thoughtful, talented student who participated conscientiously in all parts of her self-designed bachelor's degree, which she titled *Women's Studies*. She was also a member of The Evergreen State College Women's Crew.

While at Evergreen, she worked as a tutor at the Evergreen Writing Center and helped organize participation of the Writing Center staff in campus sessions centered on privilege and oppression in effort to facilitate cross-cultural, anti-oppression outreach for her peer writing tutors and Writing Center patrons. Her participation in these workshops, and the experiences of volunteering as a cultural studies class instructor at the Maple Lane School for incarcerated youth and as an English as a Second Language (ESL) instructor at the CIE-LO Project at Radio Ranch (dedicated to serving the self-sufficiency and empowerment of the Latino and other underprivileged communities in Thurston and Mason Counties), motivated Sarah to focus her energy on authentic multiculturalism with a deepened understanding of structural injustices and institutional racism.

In the spring of 2003, Sarah traveled to Santo Tomás, Nicaragua with the Evergreen Student Delegation under the auspices of the Thurston-Santo Tomas Sister County Association (TSTSCA). The all-volunteer organization in Olympia, WA funds and facilitates health care and economic, education, and community development projects in Santo Tomás and fosters friendships, community ties, and people-to-people exchanges, most recently adding a college scholarship fund to their efforts. Sarah volunteered at the free children's lunch center (*El Comedor Infantil de Santo Tomás*), coordinated by Rosita Guerrero, where 200 poor and malnourished children ages 3-12 receive nutritious meals each day. TSTSCA trip coordinator Anna Shelton remembers several images most clearly of 'Sarita,' as everyone called her: "I remember walking down a dusty road with Sarah on a hot spring day

(continued on page 18)

# THE McCARTHY WEEKLY NEWS

## 1918 November & December editions

### ITEMS OF INTEREST

They say that one swallow does not make a summer, but any time we hear the voice of the buzz saw we know that winter is upon us.

Our genial shoe maker, H.H. Mitchell, has purchased the gasoline saw from W.A. Huntington and is now in the wood business.

It is rumored there will be some competition in the wood sawing game, as one of our lady real estate owners has sent for an up-to-date gasoline saw, with a view of starting in business.

The official investigation into the Nizina Bridge building took place this week but nothing has been made public as to the decision.

C.K. Brown and Co. have opened up the McCarthy Laundry and are ready for business of all kinds. Brown is an old-time laundry man from Nenana, having left that section on account of ill-health. He expects to install machinery and have an up-to-date plant.

Nov. 2

### DEATH OF TOM FINNESAND

Kennecott and McCarthy & all parts of the Copper River Valley were saddened by the death of Tom Finnesand, who succumbed under an operation for goitre at Kennecott Hospital on Tuesday last.

For many years a resident of this part of Alaska, and prospector all over this country, the deceased leaves behind him a host of personal friends, who deeply sympathize with his brother in Kennecott and

his parents in Norway, while mourning their loss.

At McCarthy on Thursday a largely attended funeral was accorded the departed one.

Funeral services were conducted by J.H. Murray, and attended by a large number of McCarthy and Kennecott people, including the entire force from the machine shop, which was closed for the time being by the master mechanic, Mr. McGavich, as a mark of respect to the deceased.

Nov. 9

### Items of interest

The Eckstrom family left for Cordova today for a few months.

Nov. 16

### OVERHEARD ON OUR STREET

Joe: "Say, Al, that horse has lost a shoe, why don't you have it put on?"

Al: "Why, he only lost it yesterday."

### PERSONAL NEWS

Telegraphic news was received today of the death of Mr. DeBois one of Strelna's most prominent mining men, who died in New York of Spanish influenza.

Sam Seltenreich has today received the sad news of the death of his father at Enid, Oklahoma, at the age of 73 years.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Miss Emma Nyberg and Ed Milhouse at Seattle late in October. Both young people are well known in McCarthy, and we wish them every happiness.

Mr. & Mrs. Andrew Halverson are receiving the congratulations of their friends upon the arrival of a baby girl on Nov. 1st. The Halversons are now located in Seattle.

Nov. 23

### THANKSGIVING PARTY

About seventy five people attended the party given by the A.B.'s on Thanksgiving night & an enjoyable time was had by all.

Dancing was indulged in. Late in the evening a short but effective speech was made by the Hon. J.H. Murray upon the purpose of the gathering, concluding with remark that people have more to be thankful for this Thanksgiving than ever before. After this speech the company joined in singing the "Star Spangled Banner."

All sat down to prettily decorated tables spread with a great variety of good things to eat, attended by a committee of ladies:

Mesdames Barrett, Cloninger, Erickson, Underwood and Huntington. Dancing continued till 2 a.m.

### FATAL CATASTROPHE

#### Engine Submerged in Copper River

#### Fireman W. Herold Killed

Early yesterday morning a serious accident occurred on the Copper River Bridge when the North End Local was making its first trip across. Absolutely without warning, the bridge collapsed beneath it and engine & two flat cars were hurled into the river.

The fireman, W. Herold, was killed instantly, and the other members of the train crew had a miraculous escape.

W. Hines, engineer, Joe Brown and Tim Eckstrom, brakemen, and Hoffman, trackwalker, were all badly bruised and shaken, suffering terribly from exposure and effects of the plunge into the raging icy water.

With the exception of Joe Brown who remained at home in Chitina, they were sent immediately to Cordova hospital.

The wrecker crew and equipment hastened to the scene from Cordova and today the body of W. Herold was recovered.

The cause of the accident is not yet known.

Traffic is temporarily suspended but will be resumed as soon as possible. The dinky engine from McCarthy was fitted up for the emergency and dispatched to the bridge today with Harry Dean at the throttle and Bill Baxter as fireman.

The submerged engine is No. 74, one of the new locomotives imported two years ago to cope with the increasing copper tonnage.

#### GENEROUS MINERS

The employees of the Mother Lode have made a collection this week amounting to the generous sum of \$392.00.

This is to be divided between the Red Cross and the inmates of the Pioneer Home at Sitka.

The amount which goes to the Red Cross will apply on memberships in the Christmas Roll Call, giving the Mother Lode a Red Cross Banner with nearly fifty honor crosses.

The percentage going to the Pioneer Home will give each inmate a personal Christmas token of goodwill from the miners who are lucky enough to have their health and strength, and want to

help their less fortunate brothers have a merry Christmas.

Nov. 30

#### NEWS ITEMS

Tim Eckstrom returned home yesterday after having a few days rest in Cordova hospital following his hairbreadth escape in the accident on the Copper River Bridge last week. He is considerably bruised and walks with a limp, but is mighty glad to have so little to complain of.

Gus Johnson, of the Road Commission has arrived in McCarthy and will proceed to supervise the construction of the bridge over McCarthy Creek.

Bids are now called for the hauling of 250 logs for the bridge.

Specifications can be seen at the Post Office. Bids will close Dec. 12.

Dec. 7

#### BRIDGE LOGS

Several bids were submitted to the Road Commission for the hauling of the bridge logs.

The contract was awarded to G.C. Gwinn for \$1.00 per log. He will commence hauling immediately.

#### NEWS ITEMS

Mrs. W.A. Huntington and son Allen, have moved to Kennecott where they will spend the winter with Mr. Huntington, who is now employed by the Kennecott Copper Corporation. They will occupy the cottage near the school, recently vacated by Mrs. Lisle D. Brown & her mother-in-law, Mrs. F.H. Olleson.

Mrs. F.H. Olleson has accepted a position with the McCarthy Meat and Grocery Co. during the time she is waiting for the return of her son, Lisle D. Brown, from Fort Lisicum.

Dec. 14

Honor roll, McCarthy Public School for month ending Dec. 20. Victor Marshall, Laura May Fry, Dorothy Lubbe, Laurence Barrett, Dora, Mary and Walter McDonald, Fred and Ted Seltenreich and Marion Wills.

Mr. & Mrs. Woodman returned from Chisana and the Skolai Basin after nearly three months in that district. Dick Woodman has been building the shelter cabins on the trail for the Road Commission. They also visited Chisana.

Experiencing a very rough trip they are never-the-less looking remarkably well.

One of the severest storms ever experienced raged on the Skolai on their journey out. This lasted for seven days, during which time the shelter cabin saved their lives.

Dec. 21

#### CHISANA NEWS

Sid Johnson left for Chisana on the 24th taking mail and freight by dog team. He will be back when he gets here.

Dick Woodman left Christmas Eve for the Skolai Basin to finish the Road Commission shelter cabins.

Letters from Chisana state the trapping is very good this year. R.K. Hover, an amateur trapper, has already secured some beautiful foxes.

Mrs. N.P. Nelson has also a trapline with several ermine to her credit.

Mountain sheep are not nearly so plentiful this season as heretofore, the wolves having destroyed great numbers.

Caribou are seen in large herds.

Dec. 28

# Albedo change about to alter Alaska

BY NED ROZELL

**Y**ou can see it on the mountains yesterday. It's in the forecast for here in the lowlands, too. Snow. Our world is about to change.

We knew it was coming, right? The day I'm writing this, Sept. 21, is the average date at least a trace of snow shows up at the Fairbanks International Airport. So says my friend, National Weather Service hydrologist and fan-of-the-cold Ed Plumb.

Sept. 21 is also the date of the earliest measureable snowfall in Anchorage. The average date that snow endures for the winter in Anchorage is Oct. 16. Those in Barrow have already seen the white blanket; their average first date of measureable snowfall is Aug. 26.

Whatever the day, when snow appears and sticks, warmish temperatures usually don't make a comeback. A good case study for this was the abbreviated autumn of 1992 in Interior Alaska. Here in Fairbanks, about eight inches of snow fell on Sept. 13. You can still see some birches bent in an arc they assumed that day, when wet

snow weighed down branches still adorned with leaves.

"When we had this early snow-cover (in 1992), we had a lot of calendar days with low temperature records set," said Ted Fathauer, a forecaster since the 1970s at the Fairbanks Forecast Office of the National Weather Service.

That month became the September with the lowest average temperature for Fairbanks, with a low of 3 degrees Fahrenheit on Sept. 30. More than 24 inches of snow fell in September 1992, and the early snowfall made things cooler, Fathauer said.

"The incoming (solar) radiation was effectively reflected by the snowpack," he said. "It's the quality that physicists have dubbed 'Albedo.'"

Albedo, or reflectivity, has its roots in the Latin word *albus*, or white. Snow reflects as much as 95 percent of the solar radiation that strikes it. With that new white coating and a sun angle that decreases with the day, winter settles into Alaska for good, with a punch like no other place in America.

Soon, cold air will ooze into the quiet valleys, rivers will steam

until they freeze, and lowland bogs will solidify, increasing Alaska's navigable terrain by a wide margin.

And it all starts with snow, which reflects sunlight so well that climbers on Denali's Kahiltna Glacier can simultaneously ski and develop sunburn on the roofs of their mouths as they gasp for air.

That same physical property of extreme reflection is why decreasing amounts of sea ice floating on the northern oceans are a big deal. The less ice, the more dark water that absorbs energy from the sun, and the less ice that forms. On it goes.

Here, a bit farther south than the sea ice zone, the season of white is once again returning. Celebrate if you're a dog musher, and ask yourself what you are doing here if you don't like snow. For up to seven months, and at least portions of the coldest three months, the entire state can be blanketed from the top of Denali on the far south end of the Panhandle, which manages an enduring snow cover even though it doesn't feature a month with an average temperature below freezing.

*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.*

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All competitive offers must be received at the address below, by no later than **5:00 P.M., November 12, 2009.**

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#### NORTHERN REGION

- Windy Hills Alaska Subd. (Nenana: 30 mi. S of Nenana/Rexana Rd.)

#### SOUTHCENTRAL REGION

- Kalgin Is. Estates Subd. 1 & 2 (Kenai: NW end of Kalgin Island)
- Kasilof River Road Parcel (Kasilof: Kasilof River Rd.)
- Snake Lake Subd. (Bristol Bay: 20 mi. NW of Dillingham)

### COMPETITIVE COMMERCIAL LEASES & NATURAL RESOURCE SALES

- Copper Center (Copper Ctr.: Next to NPS Visitor Ctr.)
- Port MacKenzie (Wasilla: Knik Goose Bay Rd.)
- McCarthy (McCarthy: 52 mi. McCarthy Rd.)

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All comments regarding competitive sales and leases must be received in writing, at the address below, by no later than **5:00 P.M., October 30, 2009.**  
  
All comments regarding over-the-counter sales and leases must be received in writing, at the address below, prior to the acceptance of an offer.

### OVER-THE-COUNTER LAND SALES

#### NORTHERN REGION

- Badger Road Parcels (North Pole: 9.5 mi. Badger Rd.)
- Goldstream Road Parcel (Fairbanks: 12 mi. N of Fairbanks)
- Peregrine III & IV Subd. (Fairbanks: 3 mi. Chena Ridge Rd.)
- North Tungsten Parcel (Fairbanks: 2 mi. Tungsten Trail)
- Quota Subd. (Nenana: 30 mi. S of Nenana/Parks Hwy.)
- South Ferry Subd. (Healy: 10 mi. N of Healy)
- Woll Road Parcels (North Pole: Badger Rd. to Bradway Rd.)
- Wood River (Fairbanks: 40 mi. SW of Fairbanks)

#### SOUTHCENTRAL REGION

- Aspen Acres Subd. (Copper Center: at CC #2 Airstrip)
- Damon Plaza Subd. No. 2 (Soldotna: Kalifornsky Beach Rd.)
- Silver Springs Terrace Subd. (Copper Center: Old Richardson Hwy.)

#### SOUTHEAST REGION

- Crystal Mountain View Subd. (Petersburg: Wrangell Narrows West)
- Etolin View Subd. (Coffman Cove: Prince of Wales Island)
- Mt. Point Lighthouse Subd. (Petersburg: Wrangell Narrows West)
- North Chilkat Subd. (Haines: 25 mi. N of Haines Hwy.)
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### OVER-THE-COUNTER COMMERCIAL LEASES & NATURAL RESOURCE SALES

- Broad Pass (Nenana: MP 194 Parks Hwy.)
- Chatanika (Mineral) (Fairbanks: 45 mi. NE of Fairbanks)
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- McCarthy (Blackburn) (McCarthy: Kennicott Rd.)
- Sunshine Mountain (Haines: Porcupine Rd. to Little Salmon Rd.)
- Tanana River (North Pole: Bethany Street)
- Twin Buttes (Mineral) (Fairbanks: 40 mi. NE of Fairbanks)

For more information, please visit the University of Alaska, Land Management website at [www.ualand.com](http://www.ualand.com) or check boxes above and return this form, including your name and address, to the address listed below.

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(Sarah Thorn continued from page 13)

in the late afternoon. We were talking about the role of women's poetry in Nicaragua. As we neared her house, a young girl who was part of Sarah's host family came running down the road to meet us with her arms outstretched, so joyful to see Sarah coming home and so excited to play with her. She literally jumped into Sarah's arms...They had such a strong connection to each other." After hearing of her death, Sarah's host family, the Zepedas, wrote a letter to be shared at Sarah's memorial: "The Zepeda Family has received the news of Sarita's death with great sadness. Our hearts are broken; my mother has always kept a photo of her with the rest of her daughters in the living room of our home. We know that in these moments, there are no words that can provide relief for the sadness that one feels, but as Christians, we also know there is a great God who loves us all and gave us, even for a short time, such a marvelous person in Sarita. In our house here in Nicaragua, we shared only a few short months with her but she filled our lives with beautiful memories that we have held and will always hold in our hearts. Oh, so many sweet anecdotes and beautiful moments that characterized Sarita's endearing ways and great heart that we will always remember."

As a student at Evergreen, Sarah's expository writing reflected her work on social justice and far surpassed the norm. One of Sarah's professors commented, "Sarah's paper is one of the best and most complete merging of rational and emotional, personal and impersonal discourse I've seen from a student."

Following graduation from Evergreen in 2004, Sarah, along with her friend Betsy, assisted Sarah's father Stephen in building a cottage on her parents' acreage in Kennecott, AK. Last summer, she and her

partner Gerrit Van Schaick built a second cottage in Kennecott for her sister and brother-in-law.

In April of 2005, the 21-year-old graduate and her friend Betsy joined the Jazz and Heritage Foundation construction Fest Gator Krewe in New Orleans, Louisiana, beginning what would be a five year tradition of helping to build Jazz Fest. Sarah recognized New Orleans as another forgotten place in deep need of collective support and structural change. To honor Sarah, her former 'krewe' mates are planning a gospel tribute during Jazz Fest 2010.

In 2006, Sarah moved from Washington and Kennecott to Girdwood, AK, where she worked as a banquet captain for the Alyeska Resort and delighted in riding the snowy slopes, hiking and biking the mystic trails of the Chugach, and sharing innumerable meals with Gerrit, friends, and family. Sarah was training for the July '09 Chena Lakes Triathlon, her first. In pursuit of her desire to facilitate equitable access to health care, Sarah had recently applied and been accepted into the University of Alaska nursing program, which she was planning to start in fall 2010.

Sarah lived life to its fullest with a calm and deliberate style and candid sense of humor that endeared her deeply to her beloved family and friends. Her travel, work, volunteerism, love of reading, writing, singing, cooking, gardening, hiking, and dancing all contributed to her innate understanding of life's beauty and impermanence. Sarah's non-judgemental kindness toward people was impressionable to those who met her in passing, and her unique ability to communicate love while expressing an unwavering commitment to justice inspired all who knew her well. We feel a hole in our

hearts that will never be filled, but are blessed to have had the gift of Sarah's presence, laughter, and example in our lives.

Sarah's Evergreen State College mentor and friend Jean Eberhardt echoed our sentiments in a letter she wrote to Sarah after her death: "Sarah, you are surrounded by love. I will look for you in my garden, feel you in the wind that carries you everywhere, and I will hold you present always."

Sarah will be forever missed by her friends, neighbors, and family in Washington State and around the Country, and in Kennecott, Girdwood, New Orleans, and Santo Tomás, Chontales, Nicaragua.

In an effort to perpetuate Sarah's commitment to social justice, Gerrit and her family are directing memorial contributions to:

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<http://www.stthomasche.org/>

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~ Ronald Reagan

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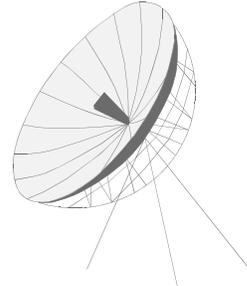
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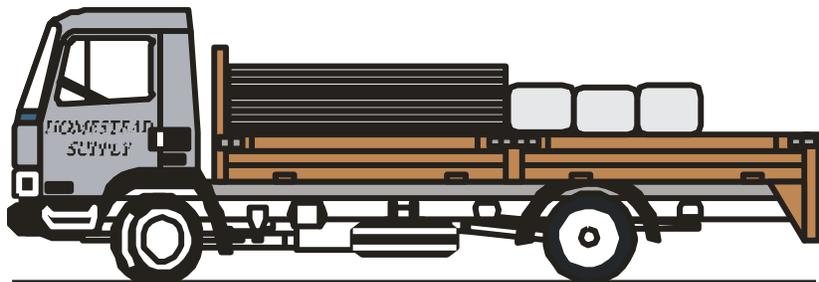
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## Friends of Kennicott meet and discuss future

KENNICOTT: —

On September 12<sup>th</sup>, board members and other participants of Friends of Kennicott (FOK) met at the Recreation Hall in Kennicott to discuss the future of the organization.

Those in attendance reflected on the multiple roles FOK has played in the past and present and the needs, challenges and opportunities for the future.

In a letter addressed to McCarthy Area Council, the Wrangell Mountain Center and other interested parties, current Board members stated: "We generally recognized that no single organization seems to be naturally suited or ready to take on all facets of the Friends of Kennicott mission; therefore, we envision inviting specific organizations to take on specific roles, as follows:

"McCarthy Area Council. MAC already serves as a forum for community dialogue; and NPS has an

established relationship with MAC. Friends could encourage MAC, at its discretion, to invite more in-depth community dialogue with NPS on Kennicott-related topics. This could include expanding existing NPS updates at MAC meetings to include plans and funding priorities for Kennicott, including stabilization, restoration and management. Through such dialogue, and summaries in MAC minutes, more people would have a better idea of NPS plans and be able to offer local input."

"Wrangell Mountain Center. The WMC seems to be most suited to take on the facility management role in partnership with the NPS, currently of the Rec Hall, including scheduling non-NPS Rec Hall use and coordinating with the NPS. Unlike community advocacy, facilitating partnerships in support of education, interpretation and similar non-profit functions seems to be a good fit for the WMC. If the WMC is interested in this function,

Friends would encourage the WMC board to establish a Kennicott committee to maintain continuity with previous Friends of Kennicott management activities."

According to the September 22<sup>nd</sup> letter, FOK hopes to "re-focus on long-term monitoring of implementation of the light touch/partnership vision for Kennicott as described in the NPS Kennecott Mines National Historic Landmark Facility Support Plan (2000), the Congressional legislative record accompanying NPS acquisition in 1998, and other planning documents...Friends would build on its earned credibility and contacts with statewide and national organizations with a long-term interest in Kennicott (e.g. National Trust for Historic Preservation, Alaska Miners Asso.). This option remains dependent on finding new Board members to contribute time and energy."

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"I have sworn upon the altar of God, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." —Thomas Jefferson, letter to Benjamin Rush, 1800

# Cooking with Peggy

By Peggy Guntis

**H**i Friends, I'm greeting you from Tucson. When we left McCarthy the temperature was in the 50's (cooler at night of course) and the leaves were turning a beautiful yellow. As we reached Tucson the temperature was 110 and the adjustment was hard to make. As a matter of fact, the adjustment gets harder every year. You don't think it could possibly be due to the fact that I'm getting older, do you? Well anyway, hope you are all well and ready to try some new recipes.

*The first two are from Kathy Drury. I grabbed these verbally from her the last day Jim and I were in town when we were all at the wonderful year-end party at the Mercantile. Kathy and I were busy filling our plates and cutting back and forth across the porch but fortunately the recipes she gave me were easy to remember. She had commented to me one time that so many of the recipes in the WSEN sounded wonderful but that living in McCarthy tended to limit the ingredients that were available to be used; especially in the winter. I asked what she cooked and she gave me two recipes that I have tried, loved, and will keep the ingredients on the shelf to be available when company is coming. She and Tim live in McCarthy year 'round and if this is any example, they eat really well!*

## CHICKEN

(This is one of those where you will have to determine for yourself the amount of chicken to be used.)

Cut-up pieces of chicken with skin and bone (I used without skin and bone because that is what I had and I filled two 9 X 13 pans.)

1 bottle of Catalina dressing  
1 jar of Apricot-Pineapple jam  
(preserves)

1 package Onion Soup mix  
Rice (optional)

Mix the dressing, jam, and soup mix. Spread over all the chicken and bake 45 min. to 1 hour at 350 degrees or until done.

My stepson Jim dropped in the night I made this for the first time. When I saw how much chicken the sauce was going to cover I offered him a pan to take home for his family (includes 4 hungry boys). I got a call the next day that the boys had eaten and loved every bite but wished I had sent some rice to sop up some of the wonderful sauce. What better recommendation can one get for a new recipe!

*The next one Kathy gave me is just as simple to make and takes even fewer ingredients.*

## PORK TENDERLOIN

1 Pork Tenderloin  
Jar of Fig Jam

Spread the Fig Jam over the tenderloin and follow the directions for baking the tenderloin that come with it. Fantastic!

*The next contribution comes from Hannah Rowland. When my granddaughter, Anna Wallin, came to visit this summer, we went up to the Rowlands to chat for awhile. Anna had helped Laurie with the home schooling when she stayed in McCarthy for a couple of winters. This year Anna was back for a visit while on her way to Homer to become the Nanny of my newest grandson, Robbie Frost (Kim and Richard's son). While Anna and I were visiting with Laurie and her daughter, Hannah, I asked if there were any recipes available and Hannah said she had a great one for Rhubarb Pie. She said it is one of her favorites and that it always disappears quickly at their house and that she would love to share it with you. Hannah takes a large part in tending to the garden;*

*weeding, watering, picking, etc. Earlier in the year she hiked to the Erie mine with some friends—in case you've never done it, you get a breath-taking view preceded by a tough up-hill-climb that requires pulling yourself up by a cable at the very last stretch of the "trail." While we sat and talked she was busy knitting a cardigan sweater for the cold winter evenings coming up. She enjoys rafting and has floated the Kennicott and Nizina rivers many times. She even floated to Chitina once this summer for three days of fun and excitement. In May she shot her first big-game animal—a 6-foot black bear. All that and a pie-baker too! Here's her recipe for:*

## RHUBARB PIE

1 ¼ cup sugar  
1/3 cup all-purpose flour  
4 cups rhubarb cut into 1-inch pieces  
Pastry for a double crust pie  
2 tablespoons butter

Stir together sugar, flour, and dash of salt. Add sugar mixture to rhubarb pieces; toss to coat fruit. Let stand for 15 minutes. Fill a pastry lined 9-inch pie plate with rhubarb mixture; dot with butter. Adjust top crust. Seal and flute edge. Cover edge of pie with foil. Bake in a 375 degree oven for 25 minutes. Remove foil and bake for 25 minutes more or until golden. Serve warm. Makes 8 servings.

## STRAWBERRY-RHUBARB PIE

Prepare Rhubarb Pie as above, except substitute 3 tablespoons quick-cooking tapioca for the flour and 3 cups rhubarb cut into ½ inch pieces plus 2 cups fresh sliced strawberries for the rhubarb. Add ¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg to the tapioca mixture. Continue as directed with the Rhubarb Pie.

*Now, since it won't be long until Super Bowl and everyone is sitting*

*around glued to the TV and EATING, I'm going to pass along two recipes for dips that Barbara Rice gave me a couple of summers ago. Remember Barbara is the one who gave us the wonderful recipes for Marinated Vegetable Salad and French Toast (in the September-October 2009 issue) that she helped prepare for Katrina victims. DIP, EAT, AND ENJOY!*

**CHILI DIP WITH FRITOS**  
 8 oz. of cream cheese  
 1 can chili without beans  
 2 cups grated cheddar cheese  
 6 ounces chopped black olives  
 Chopped peppercini  
 Mix, chill, serve with Fritos

**1943 DIP**  
 8 oz. cream cheese

½ cup ketchup  
 3 tablespoons Catalina salad dressing  
 2 teaspoons onion juice  
 Let the cream cheese come to room temperature. Mix all together and serve with ruffle potato chips.  
 Until next time, everyone. Hope you enjoy the holidays with friends and family and please—EAT WELL.

# ▲ LOOK AT THE WEATHER

BY GEORGE CEBULA

August 2009 will be remembered for its cloudy and wet days. The high temperature for the month was 83 on the 4<sup>th</sup> (73 on Aug. 2, '08, 81 on Aug. 17, '07 and 74 on Aug. 8, '06). There were 7 days when the high was 70 or higher. The first freeze was on the 1<sup>st</sup> as the temperature fell to 32, which was enough to kill a few of the garden plants. There were 2 days when the low was 32 or below. The low temperature for the month was 32 on the 1<sup>st</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> (28 on Aug. 11, '08, 28 on Aug. 29, '07 and 29 on Aug 29, '06). The average monthly temperature at McCarthy was 52.4, compared to 51.7 in Aug. '08, 54.2 in Aug. '07, 51.5 in Aug. '06, 54.8 in Aug. '05, 56.2 in Aug. '04 and 51.5 in Aug. '03. At Kennicott, the high was 81 on the 4<sup>th</sup>, the low 37 on the 20<sup>th</sup> and the average temperature was 52.4.

The August precipitation at McCarthy was 3.64 inches, compared with 4.17 inches in Aug. '08, 1.86 inches in Aug. '07, 3.24 inches in Aug. '06, 3.90 inches in Aug. '05, 0.74 inches in Aug. '04 and 2.30 inches in Aug. '03. There were 27 days with a trace or more of rainfall recorded. The average precipitation for August (1984-

2009) is 2.69 inches. Total precipitation at Kennicott was 5.35 inches compared to 4.30 inches in Aug. '08.

September 2009 will be remembered for the sunny and dry days.

The high temperature at McCarthy was 71 on the 6<sup>th</sup> (67 on Sept. 1, '08, 68 on Sept. 12, '07 and 67 on Sept. 14, '06). The low temperature was 14 on the 29<sup>th</sup> (22 on Sept. 25, '08, 21 on Sept. 30, '07 and 19 on Sept. 24, '06). There were 13 days with the high 60 or above and 5 days with the low of 25 or lower. The average monthly temperature at McCarthy was 44.2 (45.1 in Sept. '08, 44.6 in Sept. '07, 45.9 in Sept. '06, 47.4 in Sept. '05, 40.5 in Sept. '04 and 42.1 in Sept. '03). This was about 10 degrees warmer than the record low of 34.3 in September 1992. At Kennicott, the high was 68 on the 6<sup>th</sup>, the low 21 on the 29<sup>th</sup> and the average temperature was 46.0.

There was no snow recorded at McCarthy in September. (1.0 in Sept. '08, a trace in Sept. '07 and Sept, '06, 00 in Sept. 05, 8.2 inches in Sept. '04, 1.1 in Sept. '03, 00 in Sept. '02 and '01, and 29.5 in Sept. '00) and the total precipitation was 0.40. The average for September (1984-2009) is 2.95 inches and compares with 2.18 inches in Sept. '08, 4.76 inches in Sept. '07, 2.70

inches in Sept. '06, 2.82 inches in Sept. '05, 4.95 inches in Sept. '04, 0.98 inches in Sept. '03, 1.47 inches in Sept. '02, 2.07 inches in Sept. '01 and the record 10.82 inches in Sept. '00. There were 9 days with measurable rainfall, compared with 16 days in Sept. '08, 18 days in Sept. '07, 15 days in Sept. '06, 23 days in Sept. '05 and 13 days in Sept. '04. Total precipitation at Kennicott was 0.40 inches, compared with 2.90 inches and 6.3 inches of snow in Sept. '08.

The first 10 days of October have been cloudy and wet, with about average temperatures. There has been about 0.5 inches of wet snow. The total monthly precipitation so far is almost 2 inches. The highs have been mostly in the 40's, and the lows around 30. Winter should be here to stay very soon.

A few interesting weather facts for the summer of 2009. The high temperatures May through August reached 70 or higher on 51 days (22 in '08, 59 in '07, 45 in '06, 59 in '05 and 83 in '04) and 80 or higher (June thru August) on 24 days (2 in '08, 9 in '07, 2 in '06, 9 in '05 and 31 in '04). The all time high of 87 on Jun 21, 1991 was broken on Jul 8, when 88 was recorded. Total precipitation May thru August was 5.68 inches (10.26 in '08, 6.03 in '07, 7.06 in '06, 12.37 in '05 and 4.06 in '04).

Have a great winter.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sept. 20, 2009

Dear Bonnie and Rick,

I want you to know how very much Jean and John Lamb and I enjoy the *Wrangell St. Elias News*. It keeps us informed on what is going on in your area.

We enjoyed visiting the area that Jim and Jean grew up in Kennicott.

Jean is in a rest home in Denver and John goes every day to visit her.

They look forward to your news. Thank you!...

My Best Wishes to you with love,

Else D. McGavock  
Ogden, UT

To the wonderful staff of *WS-EN*,

Enclosed is an article (and it's source) that might be of interest to you.

It tells how the Kennecott Copper Co. donated an entire railway to Ely, Nevada when it shut down a copper smelter in 1983.

Perhaps this is old news but I thought it an incredible story of generosity of the Kennecott Copper Co. I immediately thought of you all.

Enjoy the story. (I want to go to RailCamp!)

Sincerely,

Mark and Lee Ann Fowler  
Paradise, CA.

(Editor's Note: Thank you, Mark and Lee Ann, for the heads-up and for an introduction to *American Profile* —a magazine that "brings you the positive, uplifting stories of America by celebrating the people, places and

things that make our country great." The article, "Full Steam Ahead!" was printed in the *Hometown Spotlight* section of the July 12-18, 2009, issue.

Because of the Kennecott Copper Co.'s generosity to the small town of Ely, Nev. (pop. 4,041), folks like Mark, Lee Ann and us can actually experience the past.

Antique steam Engine 93, for example, once hauled copper ore between the mines in Ruth, Nev. and McGill where the Kennecott-owned smelter was located. This fine workhorse retired in 1950 but today it is an excursion train for the Nevada Northern Railway Museum. Several other idled locomotives are now repaired and returned to service. The old railway track (approx. 30 miles) has been upgraded and railroad artifacts and records dating back to the early 1900's serve to provide the public with an adventure from the past.

The railway runs 6 days a week from Memorial Day through the end of September. Nevada Northern employees and volunteers also offer "RailCamp" — three week-long camps each year, during which three dozen participants, including adults and teenagers, pay \$750 each to learn to manage a historic railroad, rebuild track and operate a diesel locomotive.

Thank you, Mark and Lee Ann, for contributing this fine article. I know *WSEN*'s readership contains railroad enthusiasts who will find this information something to pursue.

Please be sure to visit [www.AmericanProfile.com](http://www.AmericanProfile.com) for further stories such as the above.)

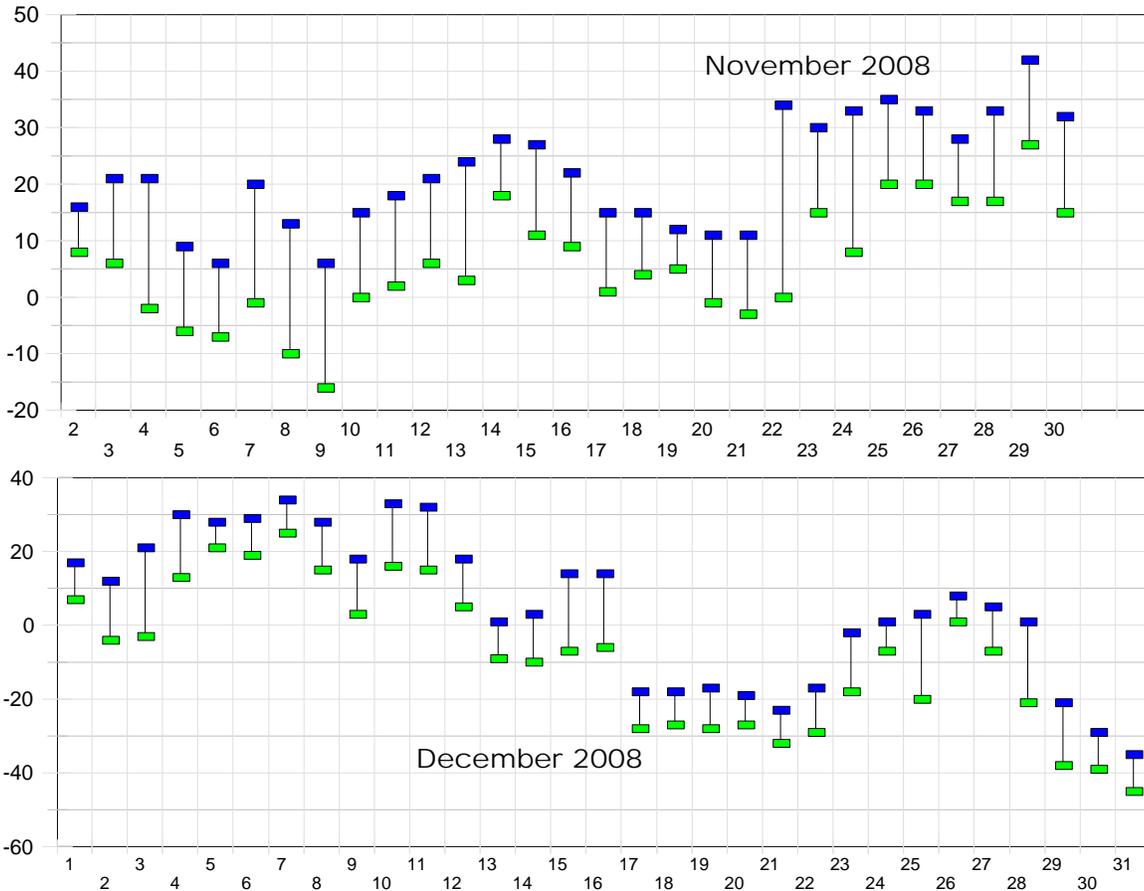
## PUBLIC NOTICE UNIVERSITY OF ALASKA DISPOSAL PLAN MCCARTHY, ALASKA

The University of Alaska ("University") is seeking public comments regarding the 2009 Competitive McCarthy Material Sale Parcel Disposal Plan offering of gravel, sand, rock and other materials ("Material") from an approximately 41 acre parcel of land located at approximately 52 Mile McCarthy Road, within a portion of Section 35, T5S, R12E, CRM. The University intends to sell the Material at or above fair market value.

Additional information concerning this Disposal Plan is available for review online at [www.ualand.com](http://www.ualand.com) or upon written request at the address listed below. Parties interested in commenting on the Disposal Plan must submit written comments to the University of Alaska at the following address, by **no later than 5:00 PM on Monday, November 30, 2009:**

**University of Alaska  
Land Management  
1815 Bragaw Street,  
Suite 101  
Anchorage, Alaska  
99508-3438**

Contact: Laurie Swartz at  
(907) 450-8133



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