

# MOOSE PASS MINER

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## LIBRARY BOARD ANNOUNCES SALE OF MEMBERSHIP CARDS

Membership cards for Moose Pass library are now on sale for \$1.00 for a year. The library will be open every Tuesday afternoon from now on with some member of the board present to give out and take in books. The hours are from 2 to 4 o'clock.

Fifty-five new books were purchased by the board during the summer and the membership fee plan will enable them to add more books from time to time. New books now on the library shelves include the following: Drift Fence, Grey; Man the Unknown, Carlo; The Mother, Buck; And So Victoria, Wilkins; Listen For A Lonesome Drum, Cannon; From the Ramparts We Watched, Eliot; Storm Girl, Lincoln; All of This and Heaven Too, Field; West Point Today, Banning; Epic of America, Adams; Tomorrow's Promise, Bailey; Around the World in Eleven Years, Abbe; The Good Die Poor, Clune; The Green Pastures, Connelly; Home For Christmas, Douglas; The Lord's Anointed, McKee; Meaning Of Culture, Powys; White Oaks of Jalna, Roche; Northwest Passage, Roberts; Kingdom In The Cactus, Selzer; Spring Came On Forever, Aldrich; Omnibus of Faith Baldwin; Uncle Sam's Attic, Davis; Smoky, Donaldson; State-ly Timber, Hughes; Little People Who Became Great and Famous Children of Storyland, Large; North To The Orient, Lindbergh; You Can't Have Everything, Norris; Night Must End, Price; Old Jules, Sandoz; One Hundred World's Best Novels; How To Win Friends And Influence People, Carnegie; The Woman At The Door, Deeping; The Langworthy Family, Corbett; The Citadel, Cronin; Seven League Boots, and Flying Carpet, Haliburton; The Friendly Road, Grayson; The Good Earth, Buck; Come and Get It, Ferber; The Album, Rinehart; Gone With The Wind, Mitchell; Spell Of The Yukon, Service; River House and Spawn Of The North, Willoughby; My Son, My Son, Spring; Man The Unknown, Carrel; Hatters Castle, Cronin; We Are Alaskans, Davis; Listen, The Wind, Lindbergh; Old Yukon, Wick-ersham; Story of Orinetal Philosophy, Beck; Arctic Village, Marshall.

When Joe Doshen, Gus Manthey, chief engineer Knolls and second engineer Guy Van Winters of the SS Columbia, were returning to Seward Thursday night from a fishing trip on Russian river, in Mr. Doshen's car, the car skidded in the gravel, turned completely over and fell off the highway. It landed in some trees, then toppled over on its side. The occupants immediately got out of the car, amazed that they were alive after such a spectacular fall. None was injured. The accident happened at a point near the Fred Laubschar home.

## COLORFUL STORY OF A HIKE OVER JOHNSON PASS

On Wednesday of last week, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Stafford left Moose Pass on a hike over Johnson Pass. Mrs. Stafford wrote the following interesting account of their trip for the Miner:

"At last we have gone over Johnson Pass, after seven years' planning to make the trip. We WOULD pick high water and a season after a flood.

The train stops at Mile 34 to drop passengers wanting to go that way, so we took gun, pack sack and started out, voiding the four miles over the ties by boarding the train.

The morning was good, not too hot. With a couple of rainy days behind us, we thought we had clear weather ahead. So, like the early trekkers, we filed up the gradual climb from the track, pushing through alders that had overgrown the old wagon road, watching for old mile posts and speculating on how long it would take to reach the summit. We wanted the thrill of Balboa, coming out suddenly into a vast and vacant space.

Our packsack held flour for hotcakes, a loaf of bread, some sliced bacon, butter, coffee, can of milk and small sack of sugar. We carried tin cans, a couple of plates, forks, spoons, butcher knife and frying pan. We had no accessories more than matches, shells for the gun, handkerchiefs and one pocket comb. We wanted to travel free and easy, taking plenty of time to look around and rest. A two-day trip would make easy walking. Followed Old Wagon Road.

Johnson Pass was the old thoroughfare from the railroad to Sunrise. The wagon ruts show plainly and the path in the middle, made by horses and hikers, is there, packed down so hard that brush will be very slow in filling it. We knew the route had been used steadily every year by Mr. Brewster, an old timer, but his last report was that water and weather had so flooded and destroyed the path that he would have to abandon the railroad end. The farther outlet has been kept open by truck travel.

We reached the summit without unusual difficulty. Signs of game were very plentiful. Thru the day the prowling animals evidently kept out of sight, taking their regular siesta.

Following along the edge of the last lake in the chain of lakes, which we passed at the summit, we struck water from a mountain stream. The trail disappeared and we were forced, either into the alders along the slope or onto the beach. We

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