

MOOSE PASS MINER

By L. H. Allen

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(Continued from last week)

COLORFUL STORY OF A
HIKE OVER JOHNSON PASS

By now we were sighting any openings in the mountains for the one that would be Groundhog creek. That is where the Estes boys are mining and where we expected to find first signs of habitation. We wanted to get at least that far before stopping for the night.

There were plenty of openings in the mountains and plenty of creeks and each one we thought was Groundhog until it proved it wasn't. By now we paid no attention to our footing, just so we stayed on the trail. We were wet above the knees. Pretty soon the trail came to water again, deep pools showing up thru the brush, and then it ended. We backtracked a short distance to a fork we had noticed, and this skimmed the edge of a flat we had come to. It was a broken trail, soft dirt mashing away under our feet as we stepped. Mud oozed up and over the in-step. My heel began to hurt. We kept going. We were skirting a great pool that filled the valley from mountain to mountain. It was not long before we discovered the cause. A beaver dam reached clear across the valley forming a cascade and below, not many steps, was another dam, making a double cascade. The valley narrowed and the escaping water rolled into a canyon. Across the narrow stretch of valley a fat black bear browsed in an opening. A mountain stream came tearing down and filled the canyon. That must be Groundhog creek - yes, that must be Groundhog.

My heel was hurting, but not too bad. My feet were wet, my trousers were wet, we were getting hungry. But we would be where soon. The trail continued to peel and mush away and ooze up as we stepped. Alders were getting higher. My fingers would catch in the branches and unless I was careful as I grasped them to press them apart I could easily have broken one. The thrill of the tramp was still with us.

We turned a high point. The trail goes up and down. We followed a switchback and came to a sturdy bridge that crossed the swollen stream we were now following. We sighted ahead and saw the side of a gable roof showing thru the brush. Hooray, the Estes boys' camp. Now we were on Groundhog for sure. We strode along confidently. The day was made, come what would.

How we ever happened to look into the brush and see it could not be figured out. But there was a mile post, the first one
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The Sewing Club will hold its next meeting on Wednesday, August 9, with Mrs. John L. Nelson.

Mrs. Ralph Reid returned Sunday evening from a visit with friends at Hope. She motored to Hope with Mrs. J.H. Flickinger and Mrs. Jean Ironsides. Mrs. Reid says that Hope gardens are beautiful beyond words to describe and that Hope has a world of berries.

Mrs. John Hirshey entertained at dinner Saturday night for the visitors. Covers were laid for Mrs. Ironsides, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Flickinger, Ivor Nearhouse and the hostess.

A number of Moose Pass residents drove to Seward Wednesday afternoon to attend the funeral of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Saxton. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Laubscher, Mrs. John L. Nelson, Mrs. Roy Thurston, Mrs. H.V. Johnson, Mrs. E. L. Robbins, Lyle Saxton and Tom Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Smith, Mrs. D.L. Maples and Miss Eunice Adele Maples came in from Russian River Rendezvous Tuesday and are at home at the Smith cabin.

Mrs. Nellie Neal-Lawing took her guests, her brother Clint Trosper, Mrs. Trosper and their daughter, Miss Lilian Trosper, of Topeka, Kan., on an all-day ride along the highway to Cooper's Landing and Hope, last Friday.

Roland Paul is working with Lewis Tulara at his Grant Lake mine.

A handsome new cash register, also a good-looking and efficient new sink, were installed last week at Hielo's roadhouse.

Here will be a dance at Hielo's roadhouse this Saturday night. Come all - a good time is always assured.

Ed Estes ran his reels of marvelous Alaska pictures Tuesday night at Hielo's roadhouse in compliment to Mrs. D.L. Maples of Deming, N.M. Others who enjoyed the pictures were Mr. and Mrs. E.L. Robbins, Mrs. Ralph Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Smith.

FOR SALE - At Mile 44. Log cabin and 10 acres stake on highway and on creek. Suitable for hunting lodge. In good moose country and in the heart of the mining district. Near Summit Lake. Good fishing in both lake and creek. Price 75 dollars. Inquire at Moose Pass Miner cabin.

Mrs. Harry L. Smith and her sister, Mrs. D.L. Maples left on Thursday's train for Anchorage and a trip to the Matanuska Valley.

A woman should hold onto her youth - but not when he's driving. - Readers Digest