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# MOOSE PASS MINER

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## COLORFUL STORY OF A HIKE OVER JOHNSON PASS

By Mrs. Ray Stafford

(Continued from last week).

It was real. Groundhog creek was in front of us, roaring out of the mountain and crashing into the creek we had followed at a perfect right angle. The bridge that should have carried us across it, was hanging by one badly bent log, the ties dangling uncertainly from the log and the other cross beam broken and lying in the boiling water below. The bridge was useless, the creek was boiling and flooded. We were caught in a corner and to make matters worse, from a high point we could see across the creek and a little distance beyond, the roof and chimney of the cabin we had so long hoped to reach. There was no way to get there, no way to attract the attention of the men there if they could help us, for the roar of the creeks would drown any sound we might make. It was doubtful whether they would even hear the shots from a gun. And who would want to go back the way we had come?

My husband said, "We'll eat some supper, then we'll figure it out." I didn't want to eat. My breath was gone, my arms were weak, and appetite had fled. I wanted to do something. "We will have to do something about it."

There was a small knoll above the trail where some scrub hemlock grew and where we could build a fire and keep our backs to the hemlock, thus keeping fairly dry. It was showering again. It was getting dark. We stirred up hotcakes and made coffee. We talked of what could be done and decided to climb the mountain to the head of the creek and cross over where it was narrow enough to jump.

That Groundhog creek was the toughest creek we have ever noticed in any of our climbing. It was chiseled from a rock canyon until it came to the place where the bridge had crossed. There it was slightly more level and carried a very narrow shoreline. The walls of the canyon were steep, and over them and up the sides of the mountain, the alders snarled and sprawled. It was the most desperate looking climb I had ever faced. But that awful water! "I can't go back there - I can't even look at it again."

The rain sizzled into our frying pan. Ashes settled on the batter as I baked. I was clutched by fear, but I thought something had to be done. I called on all the reserve courage I had, to find there was none. There was no chance for a miracle to happen. The creek wouldn't

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## DEATH OF SOURDOUGH

Mike Sullivan, tie inspector for The Alaska Railroad, well known in this section, died last Saturday morning at Anchorage at the age of 72. Mr. Sullivan participated in both the Klondike and Nome gold rushes.

An epidemic of measles at Palmer and other points in the Matanuska valley, has prompted the Colony health officer to close the moving picture shows, churches and other public gathering places.

The Sewing club will meet with Mrs. Ralph Reid on Wednesday afternoon, August 16.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Estes and infant daughter, Kathrene Louise, have moved to Mile 44 where Mr. Estes is employed by the United Mining and Milling Company.

Mrs. J. H. Flickinger of Seward, was a Moose Pass visitor Friday afternoon.

Remember - the Moose Pass library is open every Tuesday afternoon from 2 to 4 o'clock.

Mining claims in this section were recorded during July as follows:

Wyman Anderson and Clarence Miller, lode, west face of the mountain between Victor and Ptarmigan creek, 1,000 feet above Kenai lake, Mile 21 on Alaska Railroad. Kenai No. 1, Kenai No. 2, Kenai No. 3, lode and mining claim; 1500 linear feet.

W. H. Williams, placer, 20 acres ground, Veldee No. 1, 20 acres Veldee No. 2; east side of Canyon creek about 1 1/2 miles and 1 3/4 miles from where East Fork enters Six Mile river.

I. Isle, same as foregoing, about 2 miles from where East Fork enters Six Mile river. "Veldee No. 3."

Harry Veldee, same as foregoing, about 2 1/4 miles from where East Fork enters Six Mile river, "Veldee No. 4."

Estes Brothers - Edward R., Samuel M., Robert R., on Bench creek; placer, below Discovery, Bench No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6. Bench creek is tributary of East Fork of Six Mile river.

Gordon McCann, placer, on Six Mile creek Mile 61 1/2, "Gold Bar;" Mile 61 3/4, "Big Slide"

R. E. Baumgartner, lode, 1500 feet on Slate creek side of the hill between Slate and Summit creeks, Mile 44, "Egyptian Lode Claim."

The dollar you spend in Alaska, in one form or another, will return to you. The dollar you send to Seattle helps to build a greater Seattle. Think it over. Are your interests in Alaska or in Seattle?