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COLORFUL STORY OF A HIKE OVER JOHNSON PASS

By Mrs. Ray Stafford

(Continued from last week).

I was alone on the brown bear side of the creek. He was on the other side. Maybe he couldn't get back. Maybe that house was empty too. Maybe he would fall and break a leg. And whatever happened, what was he going to do with me? Supposing there were people in the house. They would have to build a bridge before I could cross. They couldn't tie me to that log so that I would be safe.

I went back up the knoll where I could sight the house. Brown bears behind and a raging stream in front. Cornered! And it wasn't a dream. I was wet too. I would get cold. Walk up and down like a prisoner and keep warm. Pray for miracles - only I can't pray and there are no miracles. Promise yourself over and over that there will be a way. Where have I heard things like that? My husband was gone now. Panic and dark and rain! No smoke showed from the chimney of the cabin. Probably a vacated place, too.

Then I saw three men slowly shambling along the trail from the house. They shuffled along, but still they would reach the stream before I did. I scrambled down from the knoll and rushed to the corner where the bridge was gone, to be there when they arrived. I wanted no wondering nor waiting about me. Scrambling down wasn't so easy either. It meant clinging to scrub growth while I slid over a bank of loose rocks and mud. Rain too, was coming down. I got around that awful corner and faced the bridge again. The men weren't there. What had happened to them? They were closer to it than I was when I had sighted them. Maybe he had missed them. Maybe he slipped in the ooze and got hurt. Maybe they came a different way and had missed him. They didn't show up. By God, I'm really going to do something about this now. I'm not going to stand in this dangerous place any longer and let these people get away from me. My husband was lost. I rushed around that rocky corner again and up the streaming trail, then up the knoll, over the wall of loose rock, mud and wet brush. Desperation this time. If I still could see those men I would wave and yell and stamp until something happened.

They were there, coming my way again from a little side trail. I yelled, but it was useless against the noise from the water below. One of them was my husband all right, I could tell that, and they

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MYSTERY PLANE

Last Thursday evening a plane came to Moose Pass from the north flying very low. It came along over Trail lake, circled the settlement and then seemed to follow the line of the highway. A dozen people who saw it remarked that it seemed to be in trouble - that its engine didn't sound right. It was mounted on wheels.

Out at their Quartz creek mine, Mr. and Mrs. Jake Laubscher and "Bud" Tolson saw it flying so low that it seemed to scrape the tops of the trees. They watched it and are positive that they saw it fall. They immediately went to a large and deep lake where it seemed to fall but could find no trace of it. They reported it to the forest service - members of which formed a searching party without result.

No commercial planes have been lost during the week and most of the commercial planes are on pontoons. It may have been a geodetic survey plane mapping the country - it may have been a private plane piloted by someone unfamiliar with the country - and there may have been a catastrophe.

Pilot Moore of Anchorage, transported an 1100 pound cow by plane Wednesday from the dock at Seward to McGrath.

Sourdoughs claim that Alaska is getting pretty high hat when it thinks it has to have cows.

This week's distinguished visitor to Moose Pass was Dow V. Baxter, associate professor of Forest pathology at the University of Michigan. He was accompanied by two students of forest pathology, Gordon L. Watts of Portland, Ore., and Charles Allen of Huntington, W. Va. They have visited the southern tip of Chugach national forest at Kodiak, spent 10 days in the vicinity of Russian lake and are now en route to Nome.

Dr. Baxter has written a number of treatises on the diseases of trees which are issued from Ann Arbor and he has made intensive studies in the British Isles and Sweden as well as in the United States. He is the originator of the theory that trees are prone to contract certain diseases in youth the same as children.

Dr. Baxter and his students asked the MINER to say that they were grateful for the favors they received while in this section - that they thought Moose Pass a delightful place and so far as they were concerned it is "the capital of Alaska."

Alex Bolam will take the Duke of Sutherland and three (Continued on next page)