Written Responses:

Brownie camera give-away day. Children crowd the steps of the staff house with free cameras.

A number of "Kennecott Kids" who did not attend the 1990 reunion have expressed interest in participating in the oral history project. This set of interview questions was prepared to allow those interested to participate through the mail. The goal of the entire process remains the same; to acquire the most complete set of information concerning the social history of Kennecott.

KENNECOTT KIDS ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

I. GENERAL INFORMATION

1. NAME:
   Wesley O. Bloom

2. CURRENT AGE:
   Born July 11, 1907

3. DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH:
   Osage City, Kansas

4. CURRENT ADDRESS:
   2615 Squaw Valley Way
   Sacramento, CA 95826
   TELEPHONE #: (916) 366-9201

5. WHAT YEARS DID YOU LIVE IN KENNECOTT AND WHAT WAS YOUR AGE AT THE TIME?

1935-36-37 age 28-30

6. WHERE DID YOU LIVE BEFORE MOVING TO KENNECOTT?
Concrete, Washington

7. WHERE DID YOU GO UPON LEAVING KENNECOTT?
Detroit, Michigan

8. WHAT ASPECTS OF THE MINES OR TOWN ARE YOU MOST FAMILIAR WITH?
Electrical, mill, and powerhouse

RECOLLECTIONS of an ELECTRICIAN at KENNECOTT

By Wesley O. Bloom

I was born in Kansas in 1907, moving to Concrete, Washington during World War I in 1917. After graduating from high school I attended the National Electrical School in Los Angeles, California in 1926 and 1927. I then worked 7 years as motor tender, sub-station operator, lineman, and maintenance electrician for the Superior Portland Cement Company in Concrete, Washington (100 miles north of Seattle). It was the largest cement plant on the Pacific Coast and had a capacity of 7,000 barrels (28,000 sacks, 4 sacks in a barrel) a day. Being the only cement plant in the Northwest, it got all the orders for cement to Alaska. So when I came to Alaska, all the concrete I saw, I knew the cement had come from the Superior Portland Cement Plant where I worked. As it was built in 1900, before I was born. (It was closed and torn down in 1948).

During part of the "Great Depression," the plant would run a couple months and shut down for several months. (That was the time of the 6 hour day and 30 hour week.) Being single I would take this time to find work in the logging camps, if any were running and electrical work if possible. In 1934 the Washington Pulp and Paper Co. were building an addition to their mill in Port Angeles, Washington, and I worked there for several months. I had some large cable to pull and was given 2 extra electricians to help on the installation. We finished a little before quitting time and one of the men helping me was Bill Beech. He told me about working in the copper mines in Peru and Kennecott. I was interested but thought no more about it. About three months later I got a call from the cement plant office (as I was working there again) to answer a long distance call from Port Angeles. It was Bill Beech, he told me that Kennecott Copper was going to reopen after a long shutdown and they wanted him to return and bring another electrician with him. He was having trouble finding one that would leave and go to Alaska. So he went to the Electrical Superintendent at the Paper Mill. He said, "I know just the man you want and I have his name

in the office, and that I had worked at the cement plant in Concrete." So Bill called me telling me about the job, paying $5 a day, 7 days a week and that it worked the year around. He said that if I would accept, to meet him at Pier 2 in Seattle Tuesday morning. This was Friday, I was so delighted at this opportunity to get away from the dirty cement plant. Being single I had no problem getting ready to go. So I quit my job, after being told all the work in Alaska was seasonal, and a promise of my job back, if they were operating. (The Superintendent wrote me 6 months later wanting me to come back and promised 2 1/2 years steady work as they had gotten the contract to furnish all the cement for the Coulee Dam, I wrote back saying I was staying at Kennecott.)

I met Bill at Pier 2, Tuesday morning and we got on the S.S. Yukon heading North after waving goodbye to some friends on the pier who had come to see me off. Also going to Alaska were several other miners, millmen, nurses, and a doctor. This was in May 1935.

I had been in Los Angeles (not working) for 2 months. It was warm, trees were budding and leaves were coming out, so I decided summer was coming and went back to Washington. I got a job at a logging camp setting chokers on the side of a mountain in a foot of snow. O why did I leave L.A. so soon? About 6 weeks later, it was getting warmer, the trees were budding, and I thought summer was about here. This was nearly the first of May. When we got to Kennecott, snow was all over and yet it was winter all over again. In June the trees began to bud, and the leaves began to come out, the weather got warmer, but now I'm in Alaska. So after three attempts to get into summer I succeeded.

I enjoyed the trip, my first on Salt water, when we got to Cordova I was surprised to see several men in the middle of the main intersection talking for over an hour, no cars, no traffic. This was Alaska, not Los Angeles or Seattle. I noticed no concrete was used for building foundations, they were all made of lumber. Lumber was available and cement had to be shipped in from Seattle.

We got on the Copper River and Northwestern Train and headed farther north. We stopped at Abercrombie Canyon and saw what a real river in Alaska was like, and what a surprise to see the Million Dollar Bridge, but I couldn't appreciate how it was built and set into place until after reading "The End of the Iron Trail" by Rex Beech. The Childs and Miles Glaciers were awe inspiring.

It was some time before the mill, mines and tram were operating and I enjoyed every bit of it, working and looking. We had two days off a year, the Fourth of July and Christmas. We had a baseball team and the Kennecott office put up $200 for the winner

between Kennecott and McCarthy, everyone attended that could. The Kennecott baseball field was on the tailing dump behind the West Bunkhouse, this made a good flat area for ball games, ice rink, recreation etc. A good hit would send the ball over the side of the tailing dump behind third base and go another 200 feet down toward the bottom of the glacier. Kennecott lost each time as McCarthy would fly a pitcher in from Cordova and collect the $200.

I really enjoyed riding in a bucket on the trams to the mines, getting on and off at various towers checking the telephones and lines while the tram was running. In the winter I would take my skis with me and get off at the angle station on the Bonanza tram line and have about three mile run coming in at the mill. I often did this alone, but one time as I was coming down the side of the mountain between the Bonanza Tram and the Jumbo Tram, my skis disappeared, I came to a stop and the snow came up to my hips. I looked above and the whole mountain of snow had slipped leaving a break in the snow about 30 feet wide on the hillside where I had skied across a few seconds before. I don't know what caused the slide to stop because it could have been an avalanche and gone another 1000 feet down to the glacier and I would have been there yet.

There were two 10,000 volt power lines from the transformer building by the power plant at the mill to the Bonanza Mine also feeding power to the Angle Station on the Bonanza Tram line. There were no power lines along the Jumbo Tram as the power went through the mine under ground to the Jumbo Camp. there was no way to get from the mill to the mines in the winter except by riding a bucket on the tram, because of deep snow, steep mountains, and danger of slides. If one power line was out of service the other would carry the load. However if both lines were out of service, which did happen, the trams would still operate by gravity. The loaded buckets (about 700 pounds each) going down being much heavier than the empty buckets going back up to the mines made it possible to go back and forth to the mines using the manual brakes to keep the speed of the tram normal not tending to overspeed, till the power lines were repaired. The power lines followed the top of the ridges where possible so snow slides would not take them down into the canyons. If the weather was too severe we would wait a day or two until the storm abated. Then go with our snowshoes to the broken lines, put on the lineman's climbers and make the repairs. When the power was on the 50 horsepower electric motors that controlled the tram would not ordinarily pull the cables but acted as a brake, so no manual brake was used unless power was lost. While the motor acted as a brake to hold the tram at normal speed, it actually generated power and the electric meters were connected in reverse to show how much power was generated while the tram was

in operation. It would average about 10,000 kilowatts a month.

One time they couldn't start the upper half of the Bonanza Tram, one place the tram line was 400 feet over the bottom of the canyon below. Evidently a Williwaw hit the tram line and as it was a long span between these towers it threw one traveling line with an empty bucket over the other stationary line causing a knot in the cable when it pulled into the tower and stopped the upper half of the Bonanza Tram line. It was something that couldn't happen but it did. Fortunately it happened in the summer and no snow was on the ground.

Another time on the Jumbo Tram where the tram line and the buckets came within 15 feet over the ground. A man was coming down from the mine and for some reason the bucket he was riding in came off the stationary lime and dropped down into about 5 feet of snow and for some other reason unlatched itself from the traveling cable, leaving the bucket and the man all by themselves. The tram continued to run normally but the one bucket with the man in it was missing. Whenever a man got into a bucket, the operator would call up or down depending on which way he was going, so the next operator would watch for the bucket with the man in it and they would slow the tram so the man could get out safely. When this bucket didn't arrive, they immediately sent men out with an extra pair of snowshoes to find him before he froze. All went well and he got back O.K. He was still in the bucket as the snow was too deep for him to get out but he said he was getting scared.

One April Fools' Day, Steve Gutano was working at the Angle Station on the Bonanza Tram, and he got an old hat and coat and some weeds from under the station and made it look like a man, then he poured water on "him" so the next morning he was frozen solid. So Steve set "him" in a bucket going down and called the "Bucket Chaser" at the mill saying a man was coming down. They always called ahead when a man was coming down so the "Bucket Chaser" would be watching for him and slow the tram so he could get off safely. When the Bucket Chaser saw him coming (Steve had purposely set him high in the bucket) he said, "Get your head down." The "man" did not move and the Bucket Chaser hollered again "Get your head down" just then his head hit the trip. Well, anyway the bucket automatically came off the line like it was supposed to do, but the Bucket Chaser thought he had killed a man. He sure was happy when he saw it was a dummy, but he was pretty mad at Steve. Jack Morris, Tram Foreman, always used young fellows as Bucket Chasers and Jack and I were up there to watch the reaction. I felt bad for the Bucket Chaser because he was so scared, but this was April first.

The power plant at the mill along side of the glacier had five alternators. One 1,000 kilowatt steam turbine drive, one 500 kilowatt steam turbine drive, one 250 kilowatt Pelton water wheel drive used in summer when water was available, and two 500 kilowatt driven by two 600 horsepower McIntosh-Seymour diesel engines, for a total output of 2,750 kilowatts. There were four oil fired steam boilers to operate the steam turbines and furnish steam heat throughout the entire camp into every building and the homes that were furnished to the married families living there. An oil storage tank located on the hill above the power plant held enough oil to operate Kennecott all winter. This was one of the largest, if not the largest, power plant in Alaska at that time. At 30 degrees below zero the steam plant was a nice place to work.

The two 10,000 volt power lines that went from the mill to the Bonanza mine were about 20 feet apart. When they were first built they dug a hole, set the pole and poured concrete in the hole and about 18 inches above the surface for added strength. This must have been done about 1910 and evidently didn't work out too well, as all the original poles had rotted off at the base. So all of the poles set in the concrete bases had to be replaced by other ones set in new holes. How they mixed the concrete and poured it around each pole from the mill to Bonanza I still don't know, but I believe someone said they could get all the help they wanted from Seattle for 35 cents an hour. So maybe they used a lot of Swedes. Those concrete stumps will stand there forever.

After we got to Kennecott, it didn't take me long to find out that the Swedes were called "Squareheads." I hear that there were a lot of them when they built the mill years before. As all of my grandparents were born in Sweden, I didn't say much until I found out most of the miners were from Finland, and everyone seemed to like them even if they did a lot of fighting in McCarthy. So when someone asked me what nationality I was, I told them I was a Finlander and got along fine. Anyone that knew me up there thought I was a Finn.

There was another 10,000 volt power line that went from the transformer building by the power house along the Kennicott Glacier to the Root Glacier, then up a very steep ridge to the entrance of the Erie Mine. All of the poles had rotted off at the base going up the ridge and the poles and lines were laying on the rocky ridge, and we had to restore power back to the Erie Mine. I looked over the situation and as it was to be used temporarily, decided to dig out the rotted base of the poles and use the same hole as they were not set in concrete and use what remained of the old pole as they were in fairly good condition, with cross arm wire and insulators still attached. After getting the line rebuilt, the wires didn't clear the ridge more than 15 feet in places. But that would be high enough for

the bears, goats, and porcupines to cross under, nothing else would be up there. It was so steep I would not let some of the helpers come up. One fellow dropped a digging bar and it slid about 800 feet to the glacier. It is still there.

One day I was up on a pole putting tie wires on an insulator and directly across Root Glacier, high on Donoho Peak, a snow avalanche started from the top and cascaded all the way down to the bottom and out on the glacier. Then another and another. I hung my arms across the cross arm and saw a most awesome sight that you could probably see only in Alaska. I learned then how rocks got in the glaciers and what started moraines. The avalanches would "bounce" from one side of the gully to the other taking rocks with it, getting bigger and bigger until it splattered out on the glacier. There were 7 or 8 avalanches that came down. This was in June and probably does that only once a year when the weather was just right for the snow to start to slide. My helpers and I had the choice location for that most beautiful sight; I still wish I had had a camera that day. Every year the "Pothole" would break at the end of the Kennicott Glacier at McCarthy. I never saw it break, but got down there as fast as I could—quite a sight, too.

There were two other electricians that stayed at the mines, so most of my work was at the mill and on the lines. In the mine they had electric motors that pushed the ore cars back and forth and for any major repair needed, the parts would be put in a bucket and sent to the shops at the mill for repair.

The mines were 4,000 feet higher than the mill and it wasn't unusual for the temperature from December to February to be 30 degrees below zero at the mill and 10 degrees above at the mines. Sometimes it would be much colder at the mines, but being higher they would get winds changing temperature; however, the mill on the side of the glacier at the bottom of the valley would stay cold all the time until a wind would come and stir up the air and maybe get 10 or 20 degrees warmer. There was a thermometer located on the outside wall of our bunkhouse. I read it at 6 a.m. one morning in January, it was 30 degrees below zero. Then I moved it and put it on the outside south (warm side???) wall of the electric shop in the direct sunlight and at noon it was exactly the same 30 degrees below zero. Absolutely no heat in the sun, only brightness. At the mill on the side of the glacier sometimes the temperature would stay 30 degrees below zero three weeks at a time, night and day, between December and February. The yard crew made up a nice skating rink on the recreation field in October and we had a lot of nice skating until it got to 10 degrees below zero or the snow piled up faster than we could keep it off.

The Company kept a train crew at Kennecott all winter while the railroad was closed down from December to June. They were to move loaded cars to a siding near McCarthy and return some empties every 3 or 4 weeks. One time a group of ladies, children, and men got permission to ride the train to McCarthy for an outing. Art Holt was the engineer and for some reason the brakes would not operate. Some said the train was going 70 or 80 miles an hour when it rounded the curve as it passed McCarthy. They considered throwing some of the children off into the snow banks. However, the train did not leave the tracks and came to a stop at the bottom of the grade where it started to go up a hill. I asked Jimmie McGavock if he was glad when the train came to a stop and he said, "yes, and everyone began to smoke Chesterfields."

Elmer Hedstrom, one of the operators in the power house, wanted to quit and go to Anchorage for Christmas. In no way would he fly in an airplane. Finally, he did agree to come back with Harold Gillam if he could take the last train to Cordova in December. So that was agreed on. He was on Gillam's plane leaving Anchorage with a shipment of light bulbs and other material for Kennecott after Christmas. Fog and clouds closed in and Gillam tried to get out and finally had to make a forced landing in shallow water near Anchorage. Fortunately, they were not injured, but had to climb on top of the wings until they were rescued. And we never saw Elmer again.

I went into the west bunkhouse one afternoon and turned on the short wave radio in the recreation room. A plane had been forced down on the beach on Admiralty Island. He was calling and calling Juneau but getting no answer. So I went to the power house where the master mechanic Jim McGavock was and told him what I had heard. He had a Collins transmitter and receiver at his home, so we rushed back to his house. Jim got on the air right away and they were still calling and calling Juneau. He answered and the pilot of the plane that was down could hear and talk loud and clear with Jim. Then Jim called Juneau and got them immediately. They were unable to hear the pilot that was stranded on the beach, but they could hear Jim loud and clear. They dispatched a boat to the plane and Jim had saved the day in another emergency situation.

I used to check all the electric motors on Sundays, starting at the top of the mill and working down. Jimmie McGavock was about 11 years old, and he would always meet me there and would carry the oil can and follow me all through the mill. He never failed to be there with me every Sunday in the summer.

Jim McGavock, the master mechanic, got into trouble with Richelson, the general superintendent, and he and his family had to leave Kennecott. I liked Jim and told Richelson that if Jim was leaving,

I was too. So after nearly two and a half years, I left Kennecott in August 1937. Telling my friends I was going to New York to see the Statue of Liberty, Radio City, the Empire State Building, and stand on 49th and Broadway. Then I left by train for Cordova. I was there for two days enjoying fresh razor clams before leaving for Seattle.

There are many other recollections of social activities, short and long days, Northern Lights, and howling winds that I still remember.

P.S. I have written that there were two 10,000 volt power lines going to the Bonanza Mine, but only one went all the way. The other turned and went to furnish lights and power for the house and tram motor at Station 2, half-way up to the Jumbo Mine. The line from Station 2 to the Jumbo Mine had been abandoned some years before.

There were about 160 employees at the mill and mines when I was there. Here are a few of the names I recall:

Rich Richelson Superintendent
Jim Duggan Office
Bill Lloyd Office
Al Humpheries Store
Joe Wilson Store
George Burch Office
Charlie Hooks Post Office
Dr. Toohey Doctor
Ed Chivers Commissary
Bill Tolnen Office
Eric Danielson Mill
Reuben Johnson Mill
Fred Hoff Assay Office
Jim McGavock Master Mechanic
Carl Engstrom Shop
Fred Panitchek Shop
Al Dolan Shop
Don Oliver Power House
Gene Oliver Power House
Leo Higley Power House
Pat McCann Pipefitter
Bill Beech Electrician
Hank Gantenbein Electrician
Wes Bloom Electrician
Al Nikolous Timekeeper
Hans Hjelle Mines
Paul Warner Mines
Chris Jensen Carpenter
Louis Wick Mill
Frank Shilkis Mill
Carl Grahm Mill
Jim Moore Mill
Ralph Snyder Mill
Sam Segar Mines
Jack Morris Tram
Steve Gutano Tram
Ed Carlson Tram
Art Holt Railroad

Frank Spadero Railroad
Jack Howard Mill
Nels Gimby Mill
Ken Farley Mill
Sol Brososky Mill
Chick Nelson Mill
Bill Slimpert Mill
George Todd Mill
Paul Wilhelm Mill
Palmer Kulvik Mill
Bill Frame Truck driver
Julius Fless Barber
Jack Conway Watchman
John Heyser Mill
Helen Roemer Nurse
Ida Savage Nurse
Rhea Stevens Nurse
Mickey Hoff Nurse
Helen McCool Nurse
Rusty McDonald Nurse
Nell McCann Office
Esther Ohman Teacher

CHILDREN
Catherine Howard
Frank Morris
Bruce Morris
Lyle Morris
Jimmie McGavock
Jean McGavock
Bill Humpheries
Inger Jensen

KENNECOTT RECOLLECTIONS
of
Jean Elizabeth (McGavock) Lamb

Setting the Stage

The earliest memories of my life are of Kennecott, Alaska, where I lived most of my first 9 years. Both my brother James Robert and I were born "Outside" in Seattle, Washington, as our mother preferred and/or felt it necessary to have her deliveries at Seattle General Hospital where she had trained to be a Registered Nurse. Thus it was that our "coming into the country" at the age of a few months or weeks came about with a week's travel up the Inside Passage to Cordova via the Alaska Steamship Company's ships and the CR&NWRR cars to Kennecott itself.

My father, James McGavock, was the son of Irish immigrants who had settled in Denver, Colorado, in the early 1880's. Dad, born there in 1883, traveled the country coast to coast in the early 1900's seeking work out of the combination of economic necessity and the spirit of adventure. He had no academic degrees. For that matter he had not even graduated

from high school as we know it. But he was a talented machinist with an innovative bent in matters electrical. August of 1909 found him aboard the S.S. Ohio bound for Cordova, Alaska. The journey North was interrupted when the Ohio struck rocks in Canadian waters - in Finlayson Channel off Milbanke Sound - and sunk. My father and several others were forced to swim the half mile to land and were fortunate to escape with their lives. When he finally arrived in Cordova, he found work related to the building of The Copper River & Northwestern Railroad. He worked the winter of 1909-1910 on the building of The Million Dollar Bridge at Mile 49. He remained in the Copper River basin during the ensuing years either prospecting or working at various mining properties such as those of the Great Northern Development Company both on the Kotsina and at Copper Mountain where he lost his only living brother John in a disastrous avalanche. He has also written of helping to drive tunnels on Elliott Creek, Iron Mountain, on the Kuskulana at Archie MacDougall's "promotion," on the Chickosana [Chokosna], etc. Although I am unsure of the actual date he came to Kennecott, it may well have been circa 1917 or 1918. He served as Master Mechanic for the whole Kennecott operation until we left Alaska in 1937, a year before the final closure.

My mother, Jean Black (Scobie) McGavock, was the daughter of Scottish immigrants who had settled in Roslyn, Washington, in the late 1880's. She was born and raised there, leaving home to enter nursing training in Seattle, graduating in 1911. She came north to work as a nurse in the Kennecott Hospital in 1918 and met my father during her Kennecott stay. In 1919 she returned to Seattle for medical attention following injuries received while "on duty." She returned to Kennecott in 1922 to visit friends and married my father at that time. They married in Cordova at St. George's Episcopal Church rectory (by the Reverend Eustace P. Ziegler) September 14, 1922, honeymooned in Strelna and set up a housekeeping of sorts in the Kennecott Staff House until such time as other housing became available. Ultimately, this union was blessed with the birth of my brother James Robert in 1924 and me in 1928. There were no other children.

The "Younger Sibling" Syndrome

Playmates seemed few and far between in my Kennecott years. I did have doting parents: a father, who by virtue of being able to walk to his job, was usually home for three meals a day; a mother whose complete focus was her house-wifely duties and the nurture and continuing good health of her children. And, of course, I had a built in playmate in my brother Jim who was four years older than I. He may have spent years adjusting to the fact that, upon arrival, I was not twins and that the one of me was female. That, plus the age gap, probably left

something to be desired from his point of view.

So, for me, there were many hours of being entertained in the kitchen with baking adventures, the rolling of cookie dough and the beating of cake batter...ad more than a few hours in the living room pricking fingers learning to embroider tea towels. I even learned to knit and purl with the knitting needles. I had a beautiful doll named "Rosemary" who was given to me one Christmas by my Grandmother Scobie and Uncle George. She was my pride and joy, and I have her yet, tucked away in an old trunk, her wig of human hair thoroughly matted by many years of zealous tender loving care. I think she came with another treasure, a lovely wicker doll carriage. These two gifts were bestowed upon me at the annual Christmas party given by the company at the recreation hall. Mother tells the story of how I was carried home by my father, up the hill in the chill December night, refusing to relinquish my grip on the buggie handle. Then there were the summertime tea parties outside on the grass where my little tea table was set with refreshments for my toys: my various dolls, toy dogs, bunnies and bears. Occasional playmates through the years, depending upon when they lived in camp, were Marvel Whipple and later, Mary Jean Moore and Billy Larsen. My only classmate for my three years at the Kennecott School was Billy Humphreys who lived north of the mill down by the railroad tracks.

So my brother Jim was often "stuck" with his little sister who usually didn't quite fit in with his free time plans. I did my best to keep up, playing "Road Commission" with Jim's cars and trucks, building roads in the bank under the spruce tree behind the clothes line and wood shed; trying to tag along on his forays down the hill; feeling disgruntled when he managed to give me the slip and left out when I wasn't allowed in his tree house. Funny...that I should remember the tree house, but I can still remember climbing a tree down beyond the fire house there on the hill where I could spot the train chugging up the grade from McCarthy. It sticks in my mind that either Dad or Jim whacked a few boards up in that tree so that I could have a tree house of my own. I suppose it got me out of Jim's hair.

The House on the Hill

We lived up on the hill on what is now called "Silk Stocking Row" in the southernmost of the four cottages on the north end. It bore the number "19" and, like all the others of its sort, was cranberry red with white trim, two stories with a covered front porch facing west.

In the living room I remember a Morris chair where Dad would sit in the evenings, and I would snuggle

up on his lap for him to read me favorite stories. He would always ask me if I had eaten all my vegetables at dinner, and I would answer that yes, I had tried to, even though I might have left a few. In truth, I hated canned vegetables an did my best to dispatch them elsewhere, sight unseen. And, of course, canned vegetables are what we had all winter long.

Well, back to the chairs...there must have been others. However, I can't recall a sofa. But we did have a beautiful player piano at which Jim and I spent many a happy hour pumping the pedals through all the various musical rolls we had in our collection. Dad loved music but didn't play any instrument, however Mother had studies piano for a good many years and put her music education to good use.

Dad always had a radio in the living room. Pictures through the years show a change in sets. I don't remember listening much, but I knew we got radio reception from some very far away places.

At the north end of the living room was a glassed in bookcase set into the staircase. And there was a steam radiator standing at the north wall near the bottom of the stair. Mother told the story of how I tumbled down the stairs when I was 2 or 3 and burned my wrist badly on that radiator. The scar is still apparent today.

Behind the living room was the dining room where we had a round oak pedestal dining table with captain's chairs. This was the site of family dinners. Mother was a good, albeit basic sort of cook and an excellent baker. My father favored a basic "meat and potatoes" sort of fare, and was fond of standing rib roast of beef, medium rare. I can remember the table set with Mother's Syracuse china and, on occasion, her sterling flatware. I also remember sneaking spoonfuls of canned peas onto some channel in the underworkings of that table just to get them off my plate. Somehow, they were supposed to get into the pedestal...and maybe then, to the floor. (And we did have a dog...)

The kitchen was to the north of the living room. I remember it with lots of cupboards, the topmast of which housed the Syracuse china which was left behind when we moved outside in 1937. There was a wood fired cook stove over which Mother presided and for which Dad and, eventually, my brother Jim chopped the wood. There was also a small kitchen table where Jim and I would sit for our bedtime snack of dry cereal. I've never forgotten that he stuffed me with things like extra portions of Grape Nuts just so he could get more box tops for his prizes. Off the kitchen was a small pantry or back kitchen and rear entry into the back shed.

Our upstairs was reached by the staircase which had a landing with a window at the turn. On the sill

there, Mother kept house plants which would shake and rattle in their saucers when the earthquake tremors came.

Upstairs there were two bedrooms with a bathroom between at the top of the stairs. The front bedroom was Mother and Dad's and faced west towards the glacier. I have always remembered the view from their window.

Besides the sink, the bathroom had an indoor flush toilet and a bathtub with claw and ball feet. I remember Mother telling the story of how my brother Jim got his head stuck beneath the tub when he was a toddler and what a fuss "the rescue" was. The bathroom window faced south along the slopes of Porphyry Mountain.

The back bedroom was shared by Jim and me. The window faced the woods to the east on Porphyry Mountain and was protected on bright summer nights with a dark green shade. Jim's bed was son the outside wall, while mine was on the inside with an overhead bookcase which held the family collection of The Bobbsey Twins among other things. More than once the books fell down on me in my bed. Jim needed excitement, I guess, and, perhaps, I egged him on. There were built-in drawers and closets under the eaves of both bedrooms, and the latter space provided lots of play opportunities on cold winter days.

My father had the only privately owned automobile in camp, so there had to be a place to park it. The garage was to the south of the house and set back a little. It housed the 1924 Buick touring car which was put up on blocks through the late fall, winter and spring months when the few roads of the area were impassable. On the south side, near the Buick, was a work bench under which our dog Ginger had his box with its dogbed for the really cold winter nights. An ell off the back of the garage was the radio room where Dad, a HAM radio operator, indulged in his hobby on many an evening. The radio room was generally "off limits" to me. There was too much dangerous electrical equipment. It wasn't a place to play.

The Other House

There was another house where we lived for a short time during the Depression when the mines were closed and the camp was partially shut down. This was a house down on the railroad tracks just to the north of the power plant and west of the tracks. I thought it was the first house from the power plant, but Jim thinks it was the second. I remember very little about the house except for its crawl space under the house where the steam lines came in. This was a very hospitable area for mice, and my mother wasn't about to accommodate them. I think Jim and I must have spend many a winter evening

down there trying to catch mice with sticks. Then, I got to feeling tender about the poor little mice. Somehow, I can't imagine Mother, with all her antiseptic notions, being very happy about us being down there with the mice either. At any rate, that's what we did that winter.

Pictures show that these houses didn't have indoor toilets, just outhouses out at the end of a back walk. But I don't remember our using an outhouse in the time we lived there.

Living there, we were right on the edge of the lateral moraine of the Kennicott Glacier, and I remember lots of days when I played alone down in the rocks making "rooms" and play space with what rocks I could lift. What an eerie landscape it must have been, but I never thought so. It was just my world.

Dad's Office

My father's office was on the south end of the lower level of the power house, and, occasionally, there was some reason for me to visit him there. Such a visit for a 7 or 8 year old would be unthinkable in a modern facility of comparable size, but I do remember walking by the big boilers and the generator turbines while carefully negotiating the steel walkways and stairways around the diesel engines. I'm sure Dad was never far away.

Our dog Ginger loved to go to work with Dad and could often be found snoozing on a warm spot on the floor in the kneehole of Dad's desk.

The power plant and the machine shop are the only big industrial buildings that I can remember having the freedom of entering. The mill and the leaching plant were certainly "off limits" to me. Of course, the bunkhouses were forbidden, and I was too young to have the opportunity to go up to the mines.

Where We Played

What freedom we had when compared with the restrictions placed on today's urban/suburban children! We had the run of the camp - within reason - although, by virtue of my age and sex, I didn't get so far afield as my brother.

The board side walk up on the hill was probably my first playground. The boards must have worked moderately well for kiddy cars, tricycles and baby buggies, but they would have been useless for roller skates. But even this experience was arranged by the company, and we skated on the wood floors of the Recreation Hall.

We did have the tennis courts north of the mill. I remember going there, but can't recall my having a

tennis racket. I imagine the court was intended for employees rather than the children.

Ice skating came easier...and earlier. The baseball field was boarded and flooded with both water and lights for wintertime skating. Most of us "Kids" skated on ice long before we skated on wheels. The ice skates went to school with us and we exited the schoolhouse doors to the rink outside to skate after school. There were some adults in camp who skated well. I would try to imitate their arabesques but not with any great success, I might add. But I did manage to stay upright most of the time.

One winter, when we had a heavier snowfall than usual, Jim and I were allowed to jump off the shed roof into a high snowbank below. For other snow play, we skied and snowshoed, sometimes on the glacier. And I can remember sledding down the hills in dish pans. On occasion, our dog Ginger was pressed into service with the dogsled and harness. Ginger, for all his malamute bloodlines, didn't like to work that much and would often go slinking away when we rang the harness bells.

What We Wore

Relatives living "outside" indulged us with toys, books, and the latest fashions for school and dress up clothing, but - by and large - our playtime was spent in old fashioned, practical overalls, washed no more than once a week in Mother's Savage washing machine.

Winter found us bundled up more with bulky wool snow suits, shoepacs, scratchy winter underwear, and the long lisle stockings which must have been partly wool. I hated the stockings so and could hardly wait for those warmer spring days when, on my way to school and relieved of cumbersome snow suits, I could sneak down the hill path behind the fire house, undo the garter fasteners and roll those stockings down below the knee. Such wicked freedom! I can remember yet how good it felt. Of course, Mother was sure I would catch cold.

Other Vignettes

I remember a visit to the Iverson farm out of McCarthy. It seemed like another world. For some reason I recall Mrs. Iverson's butter! And I remember how scared I was of the bull out in the pasture.

And the mud in the springtime when the snow turned the wagon road to ooze. But it was exciting to see winter leave.

School celebrations at the school, which was only using one room by the time I went to school. I

remember the cooks from the bunkhouse delivering a big wash tub full of strawberry ice cream. Strawberry was special. It was so pink! I think we usually had vanilla or chocolate ice cream when we had it at home.

And the berry picking in the fall. I remember the tin buckets with their bail handles and Him showing me how to swing the can 360 degrees without dumping the berries. I don't suppose it did the berries much good.

And I remember when Jim and I took piano lessons with "Deanie" O'Neill from McCarthy. We got through at least 2 books of John M. Williams Piano Studies before we left Kennecott in 1937, and, along the way, probably thought of all sorts of reasons not to practice. Ginger helped. We used to put squares of Hershey's chocolate on the keys when mother wasn't around, so the dog could play the piano, too. The state of the keys must have been a dead give-away.

Our dog Ginger, best friend and partner in crime, licker of plates and ice cream bowls and slurper of castaway peas. He was a malamute-springer spaniel mix who looked like the former but had shorter legs. While he made a fine camp dog, he did have a lot of trouble learning to respect the porcupine. Dad had a special pair of needle-nosed pliers which we called the porcupine pliers. Certainly, one of my memories is seeing Dad with Ginger clamped between his knees plucking out the quills. Poor dog! He was a loving companion for all of our family. The most difficult thing about leaving Kennecott for Jim and me was leaving Ginger behind. Our friends, the Don Olivers, took him for that last year at Kennecott, and they eventually brought him outside.

Home made ice cream frozen with the glacier ice which was delivered to our ice box. This was a favorite dessert served often. For us in our time it was made with evaporated milk. In earlier years cows had been kept at Kennecott, but they had proved tubercular, and thereafter, milk was either powdered or canned.

Winter time stars, black velvet skies and hard crunch of footsteps on sub-zero snows. Going to school in the dark and coming home in the dark were all part of our everyday wintertime lives. It was such a wonder to us when we spent our first Christmas outside in 1937 and went swimming at a beach near San Diego. Imagine!

The 1924 Buick

My father was intrigued with any mechanical innovations and modes of transportation, so it only figured that he would find a way to own and house

what I believe was the only privately owned automobile in camp, one I remember as the 1924 Buick touring car. It was a big old thing with spoke wheels and chains on the rear tires, isinglass curtains at the windows, a cloth top and, in a gun case slung over the back of the front seat, was Dad's 10-06 bear gun...just in case we needed it.

Of course, all of this must have been operated at great expense and considerable inconvenience, but it gave us Sunday afternoon mobility to explore was few "roads" there were to be driven and a chance to see the country. Now this was before the age of the jeep, but the old Buick performed admirably on the rough roads filled with potholes and permafrost ooze bridged with corduroy, its high frame taking the fording of creeks all in its stride.

Now, where did we go? I can remember driving to McCarthy and on to Green Butte, once even going to the Mother Lode. But usually we took the road from McCarthy out to the Nizina River where we may or may not have been able to cross over to the other side, depending upon whether or not the bridge had been washed out with the annual floods. Crossing the bridge was always exciting and a bit scary. I remember times, after the washouts, when we walked don the big beams set on the pilings before they were bridged with decking. I held Dad's hand tight. I can still see the silty water rushing down below. At low water, I remember crossing the far channels, carried on Dad's back, but I can't recall how we got back up on what was left of the bridge...a ladder, I guess. I had lots of faith in my father's firm footing at the time, but I wouldn't want to do that again today.

If we could drive to the other side, we went on to visit the Murie's at their roadhouse on May Creek. One of my earliest recollections is of Mrs. Murie who gave me a string of pink beads to wear when I was about 3.

And sometimes we went fishing at Baultoff Lake. I seem to remember hours in rowboat...swatting mosquitoes mostly...trying not to rock the boat or fall in. One time, our dog Ginger, a malamute-springer spaniel combination pup who had been left at home chained up, got loose and followed us down the road and across the river all the way to the lake. He didn't think he should miss the fishing. Poor dog! He must have been footsore.

And sometimes we picnicked at Sam Means' cabin somewhere out near the mouth of Chititu Creek. Sam took a picture of one of our gatherings where we and the Richelsons were all huddled around a smoky fire eating our beans.

But, perhaps, the most vivid memory is of the narrow shelf road cut into the shale on the near approach to the Nizina River bridge spans. Mother

was a rather nervous passenger, and Dad knew just how "to push her buttons." If the bridge was "out," Dad had to turn the car around on that narrow shelf...and it was a fair drop to the water churning down below. So Mother would shout, "Jim, stop the car! We're not going to drown in this river!" He would stop, and she would grab her children, my brother Jim in one hand and me in the other, to exit the car in fear and trepidation, knowing that he was surely going over the side. This must have happened again and again. It was a sort of ritual.

My First Airplane Ride

Dad was very interested in airplanes, and he struck up a friendship with the late Harold Gillam when he first began flying in the Copper River Basin. Eventually, he invested some money in Gillam's business. I took my first airplane ride with this noted bush pilot perhaps in 1932 when I was about 4. I believe that Mother and Jim and I had returned from a trip to Seattle at a time in the winter after heavy snowfall and the train was not running. The only way home from Cordova was for us to fly. Unfortunately, I had become sick on board ship and, in the course of the flight up the river, managed to throw up all over Gillams' cozy down quilt which had thoughtfully been provided to keep us warm in flight.

And Other Modes of Travel

Jim and I became fairly sophisticated travelers in those early years when we ran the gamut from showshoes, skis and dog sleds to the rails of the Copper River & Northwestern Railway, the ships of the Alaska Steamship Company and the planes of Harold Gillam.

Mother made a trip outside every few years, so we became accustomed to the experience of traveling on the CR&NWRR to Cordova with an overnight stop in Chitina and lunches in section houses along the way. Cordova meant a stay at the old Windsor Hotel before boarding the ship for Seattle. Alas, I was a poor sailor, for the Gulf of Alaska came all too soon and stayed too long. But I usually recovered for the Inside Passage. That meant games on deck, admonitions from the stewards to keep us from falling overboard, bunk beds in the cabin, fancy meals where I was served pasteurized milk to drink. That was something we didn't have in Kennecott by the time we were growing up. The milk was totally foreign to me, and I didn't like it. Mother would "doctor" it up a bit with a little vanilla extract and sugar, so that I would drink it down. And there was always a fancy costume party the last night out. I've never forgotten how exotic it seemed to be able to choose from a whole rack of costumes.

Like all children, we took all this for granted, never realizing what a wonderful and different life we had led in these years before World War II when Alaska was still a territory of the United States. In early June of 1937, Mother and Jim and I boarded the train for our last trip to Cordova and "Outside," leaving the Kennecott scene of our childhoods behind. We left with only our personal possessions, and because of high shipping costs, even many of these were left behind. My father followed us in the fall of the year, thus ending our life in Kennecott. Mother and Dad were never able to return, even in later years, to visit what has become a national relic. But Jim and I are drawn by that powerful call of the north county to return again and again to visit that site or our childhood where, for us, something seems still unfinished.

RECOLLECTIONS of a KENNECOTT KID

By James R. (Jimmy) McGavock

The earliest memories of my life are of Kennecott, Alaska, where I lived most of my first 13 years. Both my sister Jean and I were born "outside" in Seattle, Washington. We were taken north after we were a few months old to live at Kennecott.

My father, James McGavock, was the son of Irish immigrants who had settled in Denver, Colorado in the early 1880s. Dad was born there in 1883. He attended parochial schools, as long as his parents could afford it. He left home seeking work and adventure in the early 1900s. Although he had not graduated from high school, he became a talented machinist and electrician. He worked with the large engineering companies all over the west, building mills and smelters and mining for gold, silver and lead. He was also employed for several years building battle ships at the Brooklyn, New York, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Bremerton, Washington navy yards. While working at the navy yard at Bremerton around 1909 the "Alaska Mining Fever" had taken hold of him.

He decided to go north, to Cordova, Alaska. The following is an account of the trip in my father's own words. I left Seattle on the 24th of August, 1909 on the S.S. Ohio. The ship was loaded to capacity with all kinds of freight, including 3 head of horses, many cows, some goats and sheep in the lower hold. The 2nd class as well as the first class cabins held all kinds of people: soldiers, miners, missionaries, and construction workers. On the second day out of Seattle we ran into a heavy snowstorm about midnight, crossing Queen Charlotte Sound. The sea was very rough and the pilot could not see any distance ahead but kept going under a slow bell. Every one was having a jolly time on the ship, dancing, singing and having refreshments. We hit a rock and punched a big hole in the bottom of the

ship. Well the water came I so fast, they could not pump it out, and the poor horses began to scream, al the passengers ran out on deck, and the captain began to send out for Roman candles for help and tried to steer the ship to shallow water. The life boats were swung out and filled up with people, by this time the ship began to lay on its side and it was impossible to lower the boats on the high side, as the water got higher it flooded the fires in he boiler room, and all the lights went out. It was difficult to get people off, after waiting a long time and hoping for a life boat, we could feel the ship sinking fast. A lot of us jumped off and started to swim. It was dark and still snowing, but we could hear the waves breaking on the rocks, so we swam there and by good luck, landed there OK cold wet and hungry and no chance to start a fire, as it was still snowing and blowing. Morning came and we found the rest of the passengers about a mile down the coast. The captain and the purser got together and started to count noses, and we found that five passengers and crew were lost, and four stowaways, so nine in all lost their lives because the pilot was not very careful. A fishing boat picked us up and took us to a large saw mill. We were fed, given dry clothes and a place to sleep, and believe it or not I did not get up for 36 hours. Then the doctor woke me up to see if I had internal injuries, found out I was OK just tired.

My father continued north to Cordova and worked on the construction of the Million Dollar Bridge (the winter of 1909 - 1910) at Mile 49 on the Copper River & Northwestern Railroad. He continued to work and prospect in the Copper River region for the next 5 or 6 years. He was working for Great Northern Development Company at Copper Mountain, when his only brother, who had followed him to Alaska, was killed in an avalanche at Copper Mountain in December of 1912. Although I am unsure of the exact date he came to Kennecott, it was probably circa 1917 or 1918. He was an excellent machinist, welder and electrician, and was promoted to master mechanic at Kennecott.

My mother, Jean Scobie McGavock, was the daughter of Scottish immigrants who settled in Roslyn, she entered nursing training at Seattle General Hospital. She graduated in 1911. In 1918 she came north to work in the Kennecott Hospital, and met my father. They were married in Cordova, Alaska in 1922. I was born in 1924, and my sister Jean was born in 1928.

We lived upon the hill at Kennecott, on what is now called "Silk Stocking Row" in the southernmost of the four cottages on the north end. Our house bore the number "19". The floor plans of the four cottages were identical, with the exception of our cottage, where the floor plan was inverted, the staircase being on the north, rather than the south side of the house. These four cottages featured indoor plumbing and steam heat. Every cottage in

camp was furnished with electricity, our house even had a crank type wall telephone. My father's ring was a short and a long and a short.

Dad built a metal building to garage his automobile, a 1924 Buick touring sedan. He was also a "Ham" radio operator, transmitting and receiving using Morse code "C.W.," later upgrading to voice transmission. His transmitter had a remarkable range. I can recall his transmitting and receiving to Southeastern Alaska and to a Coast Guard cutter far out in the Gulf of Alaska, as well as to Chitina and Cordova.

The power plant alongside the glacier had five alternators. One 1000 kilowatt steam turbine drive, one 500 kilowatt steam turbine drive, one 250 kilowatt Pelton water wheel drive used in the summer when abundant water was available and two 500 kilowatt alternators driven by two 600 horse power McIntosh-Seymour 6 cylinder diesel engines. These engines were very large, the cylinder bore was so big, a man could be lowered inside after the pistons were removed.

The depression of the early 1930s changed our life style somewhat. My father had to take a cut in salary of $100 a month. We had to move from the house on the hill, to another one north of the power house. The company did not feel they could afford to pump steam to the cottages on the hill. A challenge for my father was to find a way to cut the operating cost of one of the diesel engines, which produced electricity for the camp and mines. All that was necessary to produce electric power was one engine.

My father experimented and found this 6 cylinder diesel engine would operate with no more than 3 cylinders removed, this cut the consumption of diesel fuel in half. The power plant was a large building, which also housed four large vertical boilers which produce steam. There was an oil storage tank located on the hill above the power plant with the capacity to operate the power plant all winter.

Kennecott was a self-contained community. We had electricity, steam heat in most cottages, indoor plumbing and telephones. We also had a school, hospital, library, social hall, tennis court, baseball diamond and ice skating rink in the winter. The two room schoolhouse was just south of the west bunkhouse. I attended and progressed from the 1st grade through the 7th grade, most years I was the only one in my grade. There were a few kids in camp near my age to play with.

There was a class distinction in camp. Children were counseled by parents not to hang around or enter the two bunkhouses, where they could be exposed to the hardened life and manners of the

single laborers. Some of us boys ignored that. The upper class consisted of the manager and the superintendent. They lived in very nice homes, even equipped with electric ranges in the kitchens. The manager's home was a large two story frame house with a big rock fireplace. It was built especially for Stephen Birch, the founder of Kennecott Copper Corporation. Single teachers, nurses, engineers, and clerical workers were housed in the staff house and the staff annex, which had a private mess or dining room. There was a nice furnished apartment over the hospital for the doctor if he was a family man. The middle class consisted mostly of families, whose menfolk worked at technical jobs or were foremen of various facilities around camp. All houses of the upper class and some houses of the middle class had indoor plumbing and steam heat. The lower class included single men who did all kinds of jobs and lived in the bunkhouses, which had indoor plumbing and steam heat. There were both white collar and blue collar workers in the middle and lower class. The single men in the bunkhouses had a reading room, pool room, and a card room for recreation.

The staff people liked kids. I was treated fine, I pretty much had the run of the camp, with my father on staff as master mechanic. I would visit the tram house, mill, flotation and leaching plants, as well as the power plant and machine shops. I had a special friend who was an operator in the power plant, Leo Higley. He would let me blow the whistle at noon. He taught me how to read the dials on the big electrical switchboard, and how to start small steam pumps, prior to starting the big steam turbines. Another special friend was an electrician, Wes Bloom. I went around with him and helped oil all the electric motors, from the tram house all the way down through the mill and flotation plants every Sunday. The noises were quite deafening in the tram house, where the ore was dumped from the tram buckets into two big Buchanan jaw crushers. The mill below the tram house was also quite noisy with disk crushers, a Traylor roller mill, vibrating screens, conveyor belt, Hancock jigs, a steel ball mill and the 39 concentration tables. There was the smell of chemicals in the flotation and leaching plants. The power house was noisy and smelled of oil and steam from the diesel engines, steam pumps, turbines, and boilers.

My activities in the summer included trips with my father to McCarthy and Green Butte, Dan Creek, Chititu Creek, and Baultoff Lake. We skied and tobogganed on the glacier in the winter. We could also ice skate on the rink by the school. The only special school activity I can remember was a special Christmas Program. Each year under the direction of our teacher we kids put on a Christmas program in the social hall. The company gave us kids nice Christmas presents. One year we received roller

skates and we skated in the social hall. I also recall seeing silent motion pictures in the social hall.

Orientals were employed at the bunkhouses to cook, serve meals and clean. There was one Japanese fellow, we called "Jimmy the Bed Bug Chaser". We boys could always beg some candy from him at the bunkhouse next to the company store. He spoke very little English, and had Japanese newspapers in his room. The Orientals also operated a laundry at Kennecott, which provided services for the staff house, hospital, staff house annex and dining room, the bunkhouses and even some private cottages.

Some Happenings and Experiences at Camp

The company store and post office was a focal or central place that everyone in camp came to and as children we went there often. There was a storage room for canned goods, a candy storeroom and tobacco storeroom., where there was as much snoose as smoking tobacco. The store stocked dry goods and machinery parts for the mill and mine. One room in the store contained the C.R. & N.W. RR telephone. This single telephone line paralleled the railroad all the way down to Cordova.

I remember running up to the company store at noon one day. A big German shepherd dog took off after me and bit me on the rump. The man who owned the dog worked at the company store. He was aware of what happened but made little of it. I ran home bawling, interrupting my father's lunch. I dropped my pants, my parents were not happy with what they saw. Father took me down to the Superintendent's cottage. I was told to drop my pants again for show and tell. Father informed the Superintendent that if the dog wasn't out of camp by sundown, he would shoot it. I then went to the hospital for stitches. The man who owned the dog was very cool toward us after that.

One Saturday in the month of January, I experienced a real bad bellyache. The doctor was called to come up to our house. After three trips up the hill, he decided I had a bad appendix and his lungs were getting frosted hiking up the hill from the hospital. My father made a phone call and had a company truck come up to the house and take me down to the hospital. Father didn't like the doctor. He felt the doctor drank too much and didn't want him to operate. Eventually father relented, but before they could perform the operation, they had to call for a third nurse from McCarthy who had been an R.N. She had to be brought up by dog team and sometime in the wee hours of the morning they operated on me. When I woke up, my gangrene appendix was in a bottle of formaldehyde by my bed. I had many visitors and laughed so hard I burst my stitches. I was in the hospital for two weeks.

One summer during the depression my mother and sister made a trip outside, thus father and I were bachelors. There was mechanical trouble at the Bonanza Mine, which required him to go to the mine and stay a few days. He didn't want to leave me alone but I was not allowed to ride the tram, so we walked up to the mine. We stayed in a bunkhouse at the Bonanza Mine. The next day the mine foreman (Bob Sullivan) took us inside the mine. We rode the Bonanza skip down several hundred feet. You had to lay down in the skip car to ride in it. We got off the skip and walked through a long tunnel and came out the other side of the mountain at the Jumbo Mine. We returned to Bonanza the way we came and when my father had finished his work we walked back down the mountain to Kennecott.

I was climbing a ladder to retrieve something from the roof of the superintendent's house one day when the ladder slipped and down I fell. I knew something was wrong with my right arm, but I walked home. Dad took me to the hospital, an x-ray showed I had a broken arm. The doctor set my fractured arm and put it in a cast. Later he sent my father bill for $250. Dad was so mad, he almost an the doctor out of camp until he adjusted the bill.

During the years I was growing up at camp, I remember a couple of "badger fights". The organizers would spread the word around camp, that they had gotten a "badger" from Seattle. They would have the head carpenter build a box to hold the badger. The box had a door that could be pulled open with a rope. the box was built with two compartments, one for a rabbit and one for a badger. The organizers always picked a newcomer or "cheechako" to referee the fight. The cheechako was dressed up with shin guards, boots, parka and given a hockey stick to keep the badger and dog fighting and away from the audience of men, women and children. The recreation hall was full of people, almost everyone in camp and half of McCarthy came to watch and bet on the badger fight. The organizers would take bets on whether the dog or badger would win. Just as the fight was to start, the superintendent would storm in and say "No badger fighting and gambling will be tolerated. Everyone get out.". A terrible argument would erupt between the organizers and the super. Then half of the crowd would jeer the super. Finally the organizers would grab the superintendent, rush him out of the recreation hall and throw him in a snow bank. Then the badger fight would start. The cheechako and any people who were not in the "know" were excited and scared. The dog was turned loose and ran up to the box and nearly tore it up barking and smelling the badger. Then a lot of men surrounded the box making a circle about 20 feet in diameter. The cheechako with the hockey club was instructed to keep the badger away from getting him or any of the men, women and children.

He was given the rope to pull open the door so the badger could come out. The dog was frantically barking and everyone was getting him more excited. When the time came, the cheechako with the hockey stick was to give the rope a good pull and the fight would be on, but he had to have the hockey stick over his head so he could protect himself from the badger and the dog. When he pulled the door open, on the end of the rope, tied to its handle was a white "commode" (like they had in every house under the bed before they had bathrooms). "AND NO BADGER." You can imagine all the laughter and embarrassment as the "fight" ended with the dog smelling the commode and wondering what became of the rabbit. The crowd broke up early and everyone went home or continued the party elsewhere. The superintendent even slipped in the back door to watch the fight. Of course the super was in consort with the organizers to make his orders and the argument more authentic. It was one form of entertainment and good clean fun at Kennecott in those days.

Troubles on the Trail between McCarthy and Kennecott

One of my schoolmates at the Kennecott school was John Watsjold. He lived in McCarthy, but had to go to school at Kennecott at that time. He would walk up or mush his dog team in the winter. I would accompany him part of the way back to McCarthy to keep him company after school. One afternoon after school I helped John harness up the dogs and we headed down the tracks for McCarthy. I was riding in the sled and John was mushing. About a mile below camp we came upon a miner laying on the trail. He was obviously on his way back to camp after a good time in McCarthy. He was unconscious and "into his cups". We loaded him on the sled and John took him to the Kennecott hospital. I had to walk back alone, but thought nothing of it. It was below zero and dark. The miner was not even wearing mittens - he lost several fingers on each hand from frost bite.

One summer day an ore train left Kennecott for Cordova. At Blackburn, just north of McCarthy, a Kennecott worker was laying across the tracks "into his cups", passed out. The train could not stop before it ran over him. He lost both legs. A train crew could make a telephone call anywhere along the railroad on the single strand line. The train crew called Kennecott, and the company truck was sent down to pick him up. He was dead on arrival at the Kennecott hospital from shock and loss of blood. Early in the evening my father received a phone call from the superintendent. I figured something was up, and tried to tag along with Dad when he left the house. He said no. I ran over to the brow of the hill to watch. Dad went down to one of the bunkhouses and got four men. They walked to the hospital, shortly after they came out of the hospital with a

body on a stretcher and carried it to the carpenter shop, where coffins were stored. There was no such thing as embalming in those days. The man was buried in the Kennecott cemetery, on the wagon road to McCarthy, because next of kin could not afford to have the remains shipped outside. A wagon road paralleled the railroad right of way to McCarthy, in some places it was right on the edge of the glacier.

Another time some Kennecott workers were returning from McCarthy "feeling no pain" on the wagon road in a closed sedan. Just before you got to "Suicide Point", south of the cemetery, there was a hill. The car stalled on the hill, rolled backwards down the hill and over an embankment about eight feet down to the very edge of the glacier. the men were not seriously injured. I suppose due to the fact that they were feeling no pain and were not thrown out of the closed car. I remember visiting the wreck site with my father who proclaimed, "there was nothing wrong with the brakes on that car after the wreck".

A special friend was Art Holt, a locomotive engineer on the Copper River & Northwestern Railroad. when he brought a train to Kennecott, he would always beckon me to come up into the cab of the locomotive to ride while hey switched cars around. This friendship led to "the wild train ride from Kennecott to McCarthy" , a story I have told many times.

The Wild Train Ride

The camp had been closed down for two or three years in the early 1930s. They decided to resume operations in 1935. The company kept a train crew at Kennecott all winter while the railroad was closed down from December to June, to move loaded ore cars to a siding near McCarthy and return some empties every two or three weeks. They would fill cars here at Kennecott in the sacking shed. They would stack the sacks up on the flat cars. When all the cars were loaded, they would take the full ones down to McCarthy and bring a few empties back. The engineer (Art Holt) seemed to think I was a nice kid and he would always beckon me to climb up in the cab while he switched the cars at Kennecott. One day he asked, "Would you like to ride down to McCarthy with me tomorrow?". I said, "Sure." So when the time came I could hardly wait. It was a surprise to me that there were several women and children going along too, because there was limited room in the cab of a steam locomotive. There we were, we started out going down he hill from the camp. There is somewhat of a grade between Kennecott and McCarthy, and for some reason the brakes didn't work on the ore cars. Wow! Soon we were going 70 or 80 miles an hour. McCarthy went by like a blur. There was a big, long trestle at McCarthy that crossed the two forks of the Kennecott River, and we zipped across it. All the time we were plowing about two feet of snow. There

is an upgrade after you get to the other side, just near the Iverson farm and it slowed us down and we stopped. Then we backed up to the siding, dumped the ore cars, and picked up the empties and went back to McCarthy. The women were scared to death. They wouldn't ride the locomotive back with the engineer and crew. I thought the ride was kinda neat. I wasn't scared at all and they certainly gave some thought to throwing us children off in the snow banks on the way down, but they didn't do it. When we got back to camp, word of the wild train ride soon spread over the mukluk telegraph. I had not asked my parents for permission to go. I was grounded at home for some time.

The Final Years at Kennecott

In 1931 copper prices hit bottom, five cents a pound. The Kennecott mines were closed down through 1934. The last general manager, Bevan Presley, left Kennecott. The mill superintendent E.J. Duggan, who had helped design the leaching plant, was appointed general superintendent. The Kennecott mines reopened in 1935, but these were the years of decline, depression and temporary recovery. One compromise was to close down the operation of the railroad during the winter. We moved back up on the hill here we previously had lived. Throughout the winter the company stored the concentrates and high grade ore next to the railroad right of way or at sidings near McCarthy. When spring arrived, over 56,000 sacks of copper concentrates were stacked at camp awaiting shipment to Cordova. Exploratory work resumed at the mines, but no new ore showings were located. The eventual closing of the mines was obvious to the management staff at Kennecott.

Superintendent Duggan left Kennecott to accept the position of mill superintendent at Climax Molybdenum Corporation in Colorado. Walter A. Richelsen, a petty, narrow-minded mining engineer, who had been at Kennecott for many years, was appointed acting superintendent for the last few years. He had no experience in management, supervision or the guidance and overseeing of employees. There was a lot of friction, disharmony and antagonism between my father and Mr. Richelsen on company policies and management decisions. My father and Mr. Richelsen had a big argument about replacing the traveling cable on the Bonanza tram, from the tram house to the angle station and back. This cable was one inch in diameter 16,000 feet long. Rich felt used cable was adequate, my father insisted on new cable. Rich had to OK the order it was so big. My father prevailed and new cable it was.

By 1937, management had reached the decision to close down late in 1938. Tailings from the ammonia leaching plant were dumped between the glacier and the leaching plant by drag line. These tailings

averaged 4 to 6% copper. My father sent a telegraph to Kennecott corporate headquarters in New York, suggesting that these tailings could be run back through the mill, flotation and leaching plants, making some profit for the company. When Mr. Richelsen learned my father had "gone over his head", he displayed a violent outburst of anger , followed by a frenzied rage. His first action was ordering the tailings sluiced down into the Kennecott River. Next, he summarily discharged my father as master mechanic at Kennecott. So that was the end for my father, he had to move my mother, (my sister) Jean and I to Seattle. This occurred in May or June of 1937. My father, who had been at Kennecott for as long a period of time as anyone, left Kennecott forever, two months later. We left virtually all of our household goods in the cottage on the hill at Kennecott.

The mines closed late in the fall of 1938. Equipment of salvageable value, mostly from the power plant and machine shop, was removed and shipped out before the abandonment of the railroad operations. The last train left Kennecott for Cordova November 11, 1938.

NOVEMBER 1991
KENNECOTT KIDS ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

I. GENERAL INFORMATION

1. NAME:
Jean Presley Bowles

2. CURRENT AGE:
69

3. DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH:
November 14, 1922 Latouche, Alaska

4. WHAT IS YOUR FAMILIES NATIONAL ORIGIN?
Mother and father American, grandparents Danish and English

5. WHAT OCCUPATIONS HAVE YOU BEEN INVOLVED IN MOST OF YOUR LIFE?
Book publishing, New York City, New York

6. IMMEDIATE FAMILY NAMES:
FATHER Bevan Presley
MOTHER Margaret Thaanum Presley
SISTERS none
BROTHER David Bevan Presley
OTHERS LIVING WITH YOU WHILE IN KENNECOTT:

7. WHERE DID YOU LIVE BEFORE MOVING TO KENNECOTT?
Latouche, Alaska

8. WHAT OCCUPATION WAS YOUR FAMILY

INVOLVED IN BEFORE MOVING TO KENNECOTT?
My father was superintendent of the Kennecott mines on Latouche Island. He was a mining engineer. He had known Alaska since his teens; he worked on boats out of Seattle, prospected, and helped build Hinchenbrook Lighthouse (summer work before graduating university).

9. WHY DID YOU/YOUR FAMILY MOVE TO KENNECOTT AND HOW WAS THE MOVE MADE?
My father was made manager/superintendent of Kennecott. Of course, our move was made via Alaska Steamship Co. and the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad!

10. WHAT YEARS DID YOU LIVE IN KENNECOTT AND WHAT WAS YOUR AGE AT THE TIME?
From (summer, I think) 1929 to spring 1932, ages seven through ten (when we left).

11. WHAT ROLE DID YOU PLAY IN THE KENNECOTT COMMUNITY?
"one of the gang"

A. WHAT WAS YOUR FATHER'S ROLE/ OCCUPATION?
Manager/superintendent, mining engineer. My parents hiked, skied, vegetable gardened, took pictures, developed, and printed them, played bridge, and read a lot.

B. WHAT WAS YOUR MOTHER'S ROLE/ OCCUPATION?
Housewife and mother

12. WHY DID YOU LEAVE KENNECOTT?
My father was made head of Alaska Steamship Co. (in addition to the mines).

13. WHERE DID YOUR FAMILY GO UPON LEAVING KENNECOTT?
Seattle, Washington

14. WHAT OCCUPATION DID YOUR FAMILY BECOME INVOLVED IN AFTER LEAVING KENNECOTT?
My father died in 1932; my mother died in 1933.

15. WHO, FROM KENNECOTT, HAVE YOU KEPT IN TOUCH WITH OVER THE YEARS?
Inger Jensen Ricci, Nell Nicklas McCann (she was my father's secretary), Robert Mooney family, Vickery family, Duggan family.

16. DID YOU ENCOUNTER PEOPLE YOU KNEW FROM KENNECOTT AT OTHER MINING TOWNS OR MINES?
IF YES, WHO AND WHERE?

II. HOUSING

1. WHERE DID YOU LIVE WHILE IN KENNECOTT?
The big white square house straight up the hill from the office, beside National Creek Falls; it was destroyed by the people who acquired surface mineral rights in the late '50s-early '60s. The assistant superintendent/manager's house was also destroyed.

2. LIVING ACCOMMODATIONS
   A. PLEASE DESCRIBE YOUR HOUSE IN SUCH A WAY AS TO COVER THE NUMBER AND TYPES OF ROOMS, FLOOR AND WALL COVERINGS, SOURCE OF HEAT, POWER OR LIGHT, PLUMBING, HOUSING COSTS, ETC. (anything you recall will be helpful).
   Downstairs: Living room with stone fireplace with hygrade copper insets (carved); dining room; kitchen; "back porch"—laundry tubs, machine. Also big guest bedroom and complete bath—this was for important company guests, VIPs from Kennecott Copper Co.

   Upstairs: Long hall with four bedrooms and large bathroom.
   Attic: Accessible by ladder through trap door in hallway (hot and dusty up there, a few old things, trunks, etc.)

   B. WHAT HOUSEHOLD ITEMS DID YOU BRING WITH YOU AND WHICH ONES DID YOU ACQUIRE AT KENNECOTT?
   I believe my family owned only a few special furniture pieces—occasional table, desk, etc., plus our own linens, silver, pictures, books, china, pots and pans. (The super's house was also expected to put up overnight VIP visitors, and I imagine that is why the company provided its furniture, etc.—and also since mine managers/superintendents changed more often than other jobs.)

   C. WHAT ITEMS DID YOU TAKE WITH YOU WHEN YOU LEFT KENNECOTT?
   All our personal stuff.

D. DID THE COMPANY PAY FOR YOU TO MOVE TO OR FROM KENNECOTT?
Yes, I assume so.

3. WHAT TYPES OF ACCOMMODATIONS WERE AVAILABLE FOR SINGLE MEN AND WOMEN?
Others can tell of this. I know I loved visiting the staff house—the men and women who lived there seemed such a fine lot, free and energetic and fun—and they were very good to us children, going skiing, on hikes and picnics, etc.

III. DAILY LIFE

1. WAS YOUR FAMILY A "TYPICAL" FAMILY IN KENNECOTT?
We were all employed by the same company and lived in a company town. We were to that extent one family and we depended otherwise on each other in many ways.

2. HOW WAS THE HOUSEHOLD WORK DIVIDED AMONG FAMILY MEMBERS?
We did a lot together— the dishes, helping clean our rooms, getting wood, shoveling snow, helping in the vegetable garden.

3. WHAT CHORES WERE YOUR RESPONSIBILITY?
I loved going to the store, and my father fastened a sturdy wooden box to a sled to pull our stuff back up the hill.

4. IF YOUR FAMILY MAINTAINED A GARDEN, WHAT WAS GROWN AND HOW WAS IT PRESERVED?
My father had a large vegetable garden on the hillside above National Creek. Turnips were memorable! We pulled them, washed them in the creek, and ate them raw! He also grew beets, radishes, lettuce.

5. WHAT TYPE OF COOKING STOVE WAS USED?
Electric

6. WHAT TYPES OF ITEMS WERE AVAILABLE AT THE COMPANY STORE, INCLUDING FOOD AND CLOTHING?
Depending on who was the buyer in the states for the Company (I learned this later). The stock for "Christmas Shopping" could include costume jewelry, dress shirts and neckties, fancy suspenders, a big variety of toys, decorative pillows. Everyday things such as boots and slickers, tools, shovels, mosquito netting, flashlights, knives, shoelaces, handkerchiefs. Every Saturday my brother

and I spent five cents of our ten cent allowance for a candy bar. It was very hard to choose!

7. WHAT ITEMS WERE NOT AVAILABLE IN KENNECOTT?
Books, phonograph records

8. HOW DID YOU OBTAIN THESE UNAVAILABLE ITEMS?
Ordered from the states (Seattle mostly) or sent by relatives. Of course we ordered things from the Sears-Roebuck catalog. I remember we bought shoes in Cordova when we were going through.

9. IN WHAT WAY WAS THE RAILROAD IMPORTANT TO YOUR LIFE AS A RESIDENT OF KENNECOTT?
Our vital link! Mail, visitors, via "speeder" visits to Long Lake, Iverson's farm, etc.

IV. HEALTH

1. WHICH DOCTORS AND NURSES DO YOU REMEMBER FROM KENNECOTT?
Dr. Wilson (his son, J.W.), nurses "Mickey" and Anne Ball (married Charlie Hooks)

2. HOW OFTEN AND FOR WHAT DID YOU AND YOUR FAMILY USE THE HOSPITAL?
In winter, we had "sunlamp" sessions—once a week, I think. It was the vogue everywhere, I believe, to take the "good" rays!

3. WHICH CHILDHOOD DISEASES DID YOU HAVE AND DID YOU HAVE THEM WHILE LIVING IN KENNECOTT?
We had whooping cough. Apparently we had it already when we started off for the states (a business trip for my father) in 1930 I think. Diagnosed in Seattle, my brother and I were quarantined there, and when we returned to Kennecott, we could not return to school for another week. I remember my brother and I built a lean-to on the hill and retired there every day with sandwiches and books, and pretended we were in Africa of all places!

As a footnote—we had stopped to visit an Indian school near Juneau on the trip south. David and I played with the kids there that day and apparently exposed them to whooping cough, for later on many got the disease. (It can be very serious and there was no vaccination then.) I remember being very scared that someone would die. None did, but I think the Department of the Interior must have been very concerned, too.

V. WORK AND LABOR

1. DID YOU EVER WORK FOR KENNECOTT COPPER CORPORATION AND IF SO, WHAT JOBS DID YOU HOLD?
No. My brother David did, however. He was a "bucket chaser" in the summer of 1937 (see George Sullivan's recollections). He joined the CIO-United Mine and Smelter workers. He lived in the big bunkhouse near the store, along the railroad tracks.

2. PLEASE DESCRIBE ANY JOB AT KENNECOTT WITH WHICH YOU ARE AT ALL FAMILIAR, CONSIDERING DUTIES, PROCESSES, MACHINERY, AND WAGES.
My father really supervised all mine activities. He visited one of the mines once a week and wrote reports; I believe he outlined the work (Jumbo, Bonanza, Mother Lode, Erie) regularly. Of course he was in touch with New York HQ, often by telegram (mail was, of course, slow). He also visited the Latouche operation.

3. WERE YOU EVER AWARE OF ANY LABOR/MANAGEMENT DISPUTES? PLEASE DESCRIBE.
No, not in the mines. Somehow we knew, though, about rumors of organizing the railroad men. After all, the railroad had been built as a private enterprise, but the U.S. owned at least half of it on the basis of the "checkerboard" pattern of awarding federal land for railway systems. The railroad unions were strong in the Lower 48.

4. WERE YOU AWARE OF CERTAIN NATIONALITIES OR ETHNIC GROUPS PREDOMINATING IN SPECIFIC JOBS? WHICH JOBS?
It seems to me that the miners were most often Scandinavian, Slavic, Finnish, Russian, etc.

VI. SCHOOL

1. WHAT YEARS AND GRADES DID YOU ATTEND KENNECOTT SCHOOL?
Years: 1929-1932
Grades: 2, 3, 4

2. PLEASE DESCRIBE YOUR SCHOOL EXPERIENCE, NOTING AVERAGE CLASS SIZE, NUMBER OF TEACHERS, AND OTHER PERTINENT INFORMATION. DO YOU REMEMBER ANY TEACHER IN PARTICULAR?
The whole was two rooms and my "class" was three people, mostly. The teachers I remember were: Leslie Brown, Ruth Waters,

and Bertha Kranz. I liked them all—I thought they were so smart! During third grade we had pen pals in Arizona and exchanged letters on our ways of life! I don't know who inspired this, but it was great fun.

3. DID YOU FEEL EDUCATIONALLY PREPARED UPON LEAVING KENNECOTT SCHOOL, WHY OR WHY NOT?
Yes. In fact, because of the two room schoolhouse background, we were "ahead" of children in the states. The grade school in Seattle wanted to skip my brother one grade, but my parents wisely declined this.

4. WHAT TYPES OF ADULT EDUCATION WERE PROVIDED?
I don't know—maybe first aid?

VI. SOCIAL LIFE AND RECREATION

1. WHAT TYPES OF SOCIAL ACTIVITIES DID YOU ENGAGE IN WHILE AT KENNECOTT? (dances, parties, etc.)
All ages went to dances (monthly?) and movies (silents, Saturday nights). The parents played bridge (in our house or others). We had others in for dinner occasionally. We made candy, did jigsaw puzzles. The Christmas program and tree and presents were memorable. The miners were very generous—a fund was got up for the presents—I often asked if they weren't "lonesome" for their families. (My impression was that they were saving up to go home—someone must have indicated this to me, probably my parents—although it sounds very "idealistic." On the other hand, we were not "protected" from other real-life happenings: the garage man going slightly nuts (cabin fever?) and being packed on the train to be sent to a hospital in the states—I remember seeing this event. And a suicide in McCarthy, a man I liked a lot, he chopped the tires on his truck, ranting and raving (they said), and then shot himself in view of his wife and kids. Of course we heard about fights in the bunkhouse and drunkenness and brawls in McCarthy.

2. WERE THESE ACTIVITIES PRIVATE, COMPANY OR SCHOOL SPONSORED?
The company must have provided the silent movies and contributed to the Christmas event, but I am not sure.

3. WITH WHOM DID YOUR FAMILY SOCIALIZE (examples: mine workers, mill workers, administrative staff members, families with children in your age group, single people, married couples with no children)?

My parents did things with other couples—or as families—(sledding, skiing) hikes, skating, tennis with groups, singles, kids, etc.

4. HOW DID SINGLE MEN AND WOMEN FIT INTO THE SOCIAL ORGANIZATION?
Every way, I remember. I got the impression they all enjoyed their lives in Kennecott.

5. WHAT TYPES OF RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES WERE AVAILABLE TO THE RESIDENTS OF KENNECOTT?
Skating rink, tennis courts, community hall (games?), dances, movies, baseball games.

VII. OTHER INFORMATION

1. DID YOU TRAVEL AT ALL WHILE LIVING IN KENNECOTT?
Yes, we visited the relatives in Seattle when my father was obliged to go there for business.

   A. DID YOU TRAVEL LOCALLY, HOW OFTEN, FOR WHAT PURPOSE AND WHAT WAS THE METHOD OF TRAVEL?
   We also took a trip on the Richardson Highway (Tonsina, Copper Center, on down to Valdez) with 2 automobiles and two drivers—our family and the Duggan family. It was summer and we fished and hiked etc. We stayed in Valdez and visited friends.

   B. DID YOU MAKE TRIPS TO THE CONTINENTAL U.S. HOW OFTEN, FOR WHAT PURPOSE AND WHAT WAS THE METHOD OF TRAVEL?
   As above—to Seattle (Alaska Steamship Co.) every other year, I think.

2. WHAT WAS THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN KENNECOTT AND MCCARTHY?
Company Town (camp) and "wide open, free town" Federal law was in McCarthy—U.S. marshal and a jail! Also, "free" women, ice cream cones and sodas, roadhouses, prospectors, explorers!

JEAN PRESLEY BOWLES

Preface to Answers

I have always referred to Kennecott as "camp"— as in "mining camp." It is strange to hear it referred to as a "town." To me, McCarthy was a town.

In more realistic terms (and as it actually was) Kennecott was a "company town"—the difference

being that anyone could choose to live in McCarthy, but not anyone could live in Kennecott. People were employed by Kennecott, the Company. There were no jobs or housing for people not connected with the Kennecott Copper Corporation.

In some ways, and especially for the children growing up in Kennecott, it was like being in a big family. We, the children, could not get lost! It was pretty certain that everyone else in Camp knew who we were and knew our names, who are parents were, and where we lived. Because we were not a large number (20 to 30) we tended to do things together—all ages, both sexes, according to interest, in big groups or small. Occasionally, there were feuds, teasing, jealousies, "fights."

Our activities were mainly outdoors whatever the season, and there was never a great emphasis on toys or "things." We had sleds and skates, balls, flashlights, jack knives and hatchets, skis, snowshoes. We made up some of our games. Pony Express, Cowboys and Indians. We built log cabins and lean-tos and brush teepees. The games were close to real life. We also played baseball, built snow forts, and had mighty battles, made snow tunnels, went exploring on hikes to the Glacier and up the mountains, and had trap lines. We greatly admired, of which there were only two, I think, in Kennecott. We knew the wildlife around us: various birds, ptarmigan, coyotes, and possum, etc. We went berry picking down the railroad tracks and were on the lookout for bears (running rapidly the other way if we thought we heard them in the bushes!).

I liked meeting the trains in summer, although I remember thinking it odd that people wanted to take the trip to Kennecott and look around Camp at how we "lived."

I did not feel deprived of anything—though dreaming of the bright goods in the Sears Roebuck catalog. I did not think our lives were "hard" because of either weather or work, although I did feel sorry for the men who worked down in the mines, that work was hard and noisy and dangerous. I thought my life was wonderful and fun. I think we all loved school—I know I did. I thought our teachers were bright and lively. I thought we always knew all the news—my parents didn't seem to gossip, but would I know! My father did tell us about the mines and how things worked—he loved his work and conveyed his great interest in it, and in the rugged country as well. Both my mother and father told us about life outside Kennecott, when they were growing up in Seattle, and we visited there ourselves. That always made me glad to return—I felt safe in Kennecott and it was my home.

I found it exciting to visit—even just 200 miles away in Cordova. I remember thinking I wished Kennecott also had salt water and docks and fishing

boats! I had loved that part of life living on Latouche Island where I was born. In Cordova, I realized people did a lot of different things other than mining—there was a real newspaper, and different types of stores (not just one), and a movie house that even showed "talkies." There were a lot more children, a bigger school. But I did not want to live there. There were even restaurants in Cordova—the owner-cook of the Chinese restaurant was a friend of my mother. He had cooked at the University of Washington. She was very fond of him. In summer he cooked for the railroad repair crews (parked on a siding with caboose, dining and sleeping cars), and I remember stopping by in a speeder when he gave us a sack full of his huge sugar cookies.

We knew that we were special in Alaska—at least I did—that we were a territory under the federal government. We were remarkably patriotic—I don't think anyone could have had a more typically noisy and happy Fourth of July celebration—flags, costumes, cap pistols, a ball game, 3-legged and potato-sack races, ice cream, and pie eating contests.

When I went to register for my first vote, I was 21 and seeking my fortune in New York City (1944). I turned in my application form and the woman at the desk looked up and said "naturalization papers?" I was astonished and laughed, but then recovered and replied "I was purchased in 1868; Alaska is a territory." The registrars were embarrassed, but nevertheless one went off to call City Hall, since they could not find a qualification in the voting law. The woman came back with smiling apologies, happily accepted, and I was signed up. It was not until Statehood, of course, that citizens living in Alaska could vote there, although they were paying income taxes. Like all the others before them, it was "taxation without representation."

I celebrated when Statehood came by taking my first journey back to Alaska, including a trip to Kennecott where the mill was still fully standing in all its red glory. I returned with my husband on another trip in 1984 and it still felt like "going home."

Jean Bowles
November 1991

ROY'S KODAK PARTY

This information concerning the photograph was from Nell Nicklas McCann—in a visit to her in Fairbanks in 1984.

Roy Omura was "houseboy" at the staff house in Kennecott. (Houseboy was a name applied to Japanese or Filipino servants on the Pacific Coast in the '20s and '30s.) Roy did the chores—cleaning

and tidying, I suppose—and perhaps he also waited table at the staff dining room, which was in a separate building.

Roy was also interested in photography. In 1930 there was a promotion by the Kodak Company for their film, and the Company gave away their Brownie cameras to kids all over the U.S. The Brownie was a snappy brown, simple box camera, with grainy-textured covering to simulate leather. Somehow, we all got cameras, apparently through Roy, and he gave up a party to celebrate!

You can see that we all got dressed up on a summer's day, and Roy took this picture of us on the steps of the staff house. We had lemonade and cookies.

Jean Bowles
November 1991

KENNECOTT KIDS ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

I. GENERAL INFORMATION

1. NAME:
William D. Douglass

2. CURRENT AGE:
73

3. DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH:
December 17, 1917 Kennecott, Alaska

4. WHAT IS YOUR FAMILIES NATIONAL ORIGIN?
Father Scotch/English, Mother born in Ireland

5. WHAT OCCUPATIONS HAVE YOU BEEN INVOLVED IN MOST OF YOUR LIFE?
Lawyer since 1942

6. IMMEDIATE FAMILY NAMES:
FATHER William Crawford Douglass
MOTHER Mabel Dixon Douglass
SISTERS Jean, Sheila, and Nancy Douglass
BROTHERS half brother James Douglass never lived in Alaska
OTHERS LIVING WITH YOU WHILE IN KENNECOTT: Loretta Hallett, a nurse friend of my mother who acted as our nanny

7. WHERE DID YOU LIVE BEFORE MOVING TO KENNECOTT?
Born there

8. WHAT OCCUPATION WAS YOUR FAMILY INVOLVED IN BEFORE MOVING TO KENNECOTT?
Mining in Butte, Montana

9. WHY DID YOU/YOUR FAMILY MOVE TO KENNECOTT AND HOW WAS THE MOVE MADE?
My father was offered the job of mine foreman

10. WHAT YEARS DID YOU LIVE IN KENNECOTT AND WHAT WAS YOUR AGE AT THE TIME? December 1917 until September 1929

11. WHAT ROLE DID YOU PLAY IN THE KENNECOTT COMMUNITY?
That of a child going to school

A. WHAT WAS YOUR FATHER'S ROLE/ OCCUPATION?
Mine foreman, then superintendent of all operations. Mining engineer graduate of the Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Colorado, 1911.

B. WHAT WAS YOUR MOTHER'S ROLE/ OCCUPATION?
Housewife. Former registered nurse in Butte, Montana for the Anaconda Corporation.

12. WHY DID YOU LEAVE KENNECOTT?
September 1929

13. WHERE DID YOUR FAMILY GO UPON LEAVING KENNECOTT?
Seattle, then La Jolla, CA and San Diego, CA, ultimately Kimberley, Nevada

14. WHAT OCCUPATION DID YOUR FAMILY BECOME INVOLVED IN AFTER LEAVING KENNECOTT?
Copper mining in Kimberley, Nevada

12. WHO, FROM KENNECOTT, HAVE YOU KEPT IN TOUCH WITH OVER THE YEARS?
No one

13. DID YOU ENCOUNTER PEOPLE YOU KNEW FROM KENNECOTT AT OTHER MINING TOWNS OR MINES?
No

IF YES, WHO AND WHERE?

II. HOUSING

1. WHERE DID YOU LIVE WHILE IN KENNECOTT?
In the house next door to the staff house along side and below the mill and about 150 feet from the canyon. I understand it has burned down.

2. LIVING ACCOMMODATIONS:

A. PLEASE DESCRIBE YOUR HOUSE IN SUCH A WAY AS TO COVER THE NUMBER AND TYPES OF ROOMS, FLOOR AND WALL COVERINGS, SOURCE OF HEAT, POWER OR LIGHT, PLUMBING, HOUSING COSTS, ETC. (anything you recall will be helpful).
Steam heat, four bedrooms, two baths, kitchen, dining room, living room, carpets—all free to my father as part of his salary. One of the two houses that had steam heat, running toilets inside, and other so-called luxuries. Most of the other family houses were equipped with outside toilets and only a few had steam heat which, with the offices, hospital, bunk houses, store, and school, were connected to the central steam plant. The steam plant was powered by diesel engines and a steam turbine which generated the electricity. The working men paid $25-30 per month for room and board in the bunk houses, as I recall.

B. WHAT HOUSEHOLD ITEMS DID YOU BRING WITH YOU AND WHICH ONES DID YOU ACQUIRE AT KENNECOTT?
Don't know—I believe the house was furnished by the company and we bought new furniture when we arrived in Nevada.

C. WHAT ITEMS DID YOU TAKE WITH YOU WHEN YOU LEFT KENNECOTT?
Everything in the way of [furniture furnishings?], appliances

D. DID THE COMPANY PAY TO MOVE YOU TO OR FROM KENNECOTT?
Don't know

3. WHAT TYPES OF ACCOMMODATIONS WERE AVAILABLE FOR SINGLE MEN AND WOMEN?
Bunk house for blue collar, staff house for white collar.

III. DAILY LIFE

1. WAS YOUR FAMILY A "TYPICAL" FAMILY IN KENNECOTT?
IN WHAT WAYS?
Yes, except my father was the Boss.

2. HOW WAS THE HOUSEHOLD WORK DIVIDED AMONG FAMILY MEMBERS?
Somewhat, see #3

3. WHAT CHORES WERE YOUR RESPONSIBILITY?
Garbage, feeding animals, picking up room, making my bed.

4. IF YOUR FAMILY MAINTAINED A GARDEN, WHAT WAS GROWN AND HOW WAS IT PRESERVED?
Rhubarb, lettuce, radishes, potatoes.

5. WHAT TYPE OF COOKING STOVE WAS USED?
Electric

6. WHAT TYPES OF ITEMS WERE AVAILABLE AT THE COMPANY STORE, INCLUDING FOOD AND CLOTHING?
Fresh fruit, canned goods, fresh vegetables (most of the time). Dry goods, socks, shoes, work clothes.

7. WHAT ITEMS WERE NOT AVAILABLE IN KENNECOTT?
Children's clothing, sporting goods, women's ware, suits

A. HOW DID YOU OBTAIN THESE UNAVAILABLE ITEMS?
Mail order and catalogs—L.L. Bean, shopping services

8. IN WHAT WAY WAS THE RAILROAD IMPORTANT TO YOUR LIFE AS A RESIDENT OF KENNECOTT?
It was an event every Wednesday and weekend when the train arrived. In summer lots of tourists toured the facilities. All our contact with the outside world.

IV. HEALTH

1. WHICH DOCTORS AND NURSES DO YOU REMEMBER FROM KENNECOTT?
Doctors Gillespie, Peterson. No nurses remembered.

2. HOW OFTEN AND FOR WHAT DID YOU AND YOUR FAMILY USE THE HOSPITAL?
Birth of children, father's appendicitis operation, cuts, bruises, insect bites.

3. WHICH CHILDHOOD DISEASES DID YOU HAVE AND DID YOU HAVE THEM WHILE LIVING IN KENNECOTT?
Colds mostly—no contagious diseases because of [Detention?] House and no contact with tourists.

4. HOW WERE MAJOR AND MINOR ILLNESSES AND INJURIES HANDLED?
In the hospital just like now.

5. OTHER THAN KENNECOTT, WHAT HEALTH PROFESSIONALS WERE AVAILABLE IN THE REGION, INCLUDING MCCARTHY, CHITINA, CORDOVA AND VALDEZ?
None that I recall

6. DID PEOPLE FROM THESE OTHER TOWNS COME TO KENNECOTT FOR MEDICAL TREATMENT AND DID PEOPLE FROM KENNECOTT GO ELSEWHERE FOR TREATMENT?
I don't recall any outsiders getting treatment.

V. WORK AND LABOR

1. DID YOU EVER WORK FOR KENNECOTT COPPER CORPORATION AND IF SO, WHAT JOBS DID YOU HOLD?
No

2. PLEASE DESCRIBE ANY JOB AT KENNECOTT WITH WHICH YOU WERE AT ALL FAMILIAR, CONSIDERING DUTIES, PROCESSES, MACHINERY, AND WAGES.
Miners were paid about four dollars per day—some did contract work and earned more. My father ultimately paid $800 per month, plus free house, utilities, etc. He left Kennecott for a three year contract in Kimberley, Nevada for $30,000 plus a company car and free housing in a five bedroom house which was built to his specifications by the company, Consolidated Copper Mines. The mine closed in 1930, he was paid off the balance of his contract in cash in 1931, and we left for California.

3. WERE YOU EVER AWARE OF ANY LABOR/MANAGEMENT DISPUTES? PLEASE DESCRIBE.
There were several serious strikes in the early 1920s and my father was instrumental in their settlement.

4. WERE YOU AWARE OF CERTAIN NATIONALITIES OR ETHNIC GROUPS PREDOMINATING IN SPECIFIC JOBS? WHICH JOBS?
Lots of Swedes, other Scandinavian people, "Cousin Jacks" (Welshmen).

VI. SCHOOL

1. WHAT YEARS AND GRADES DID YOU ATTEND KENNECOTT SCHOOL?
First through seventh (just started).

2. PLEASE DESCRIBE YOUR SCHOOL EXPERIENCE NOTING AVERAGE CLASS

SIZE, NUMBER OF TEACHERS AND OTHER PERTINENT INFORMATION. DO YOU REMEMBER ANY TEACHER IN PARTICULAR?
Only child in my class, then in fifth grade joined by Sonny (Nels) Konnerup, so there were two in fifth and sixth grade. Two teachers for the entire school—two rooms with cloak room (where we kept our skates) and rest rooms in between. School ran from nine to twelve with a 15 minute recess, then one to three thirty with recess. Skating during recess and after school in winter, and almost every night under lights after dinner.

3. DID YOU FEEL EDUCATIONALLY PREPARED UPON LEAVING KENNECOTT SCHOOL, WHY OR WHY NOT?
Yes—good teaching by our one on one leaders, tough lessons and report cards, gold and silver stars for outstanding achievement.

4. WHAT TYPES OF ADULT EDUCATION WERE PROVIDED?
Regular grade school, nothing beyond eighth grade. I think the only adult education was by mail order.

VI. SOCIAL LIFE AND RECREATION

1. WHAT TYPES OF SOCIAL ACTIVITIES DID YOU ENGAGE IN WHILE AT KENNECOTT? (dances, parties, etc.)
School program at Christmas, baseball games in summer, skating in winter, including hockey games between intra-mural teams, hunting, fishing, and horseback riding.

2. WERE THESE ACTIVITIES PRIVATE, COMPANY OR SCHOOL SPONSORED?
Private and company sponsored.

3. WITH WHOM DID YOUR FAMILY SOCIALIZE (examples: mine workers, mill workers, administrative staff members, families with children in your age group, single people, married couples with no children)?
The other twenty families in town and their children, staff members, doctors, nurses, teachers. None of the mine workers were considered acceptable for the children to socialize with. There were some exceptions, like John Letendre mentioned in my earlier report who helped us learn trapping.

4. HOW DID SINGLE MEN AND WOMEN FIT INTO THE SOCIAL ORGANIZATION?
There weren't many and I don't believe it was easy for them.

5. WHAT TYPES OF RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES WERE AVAILABLE TO THE RESIDENTS OF KENNECOTT?
Movies Wednesday and Saturday nights, lending library, see #1.
A big item to Loretta and my mother was picking the local berries, especially currant and raspberry, in July\August and making jellies and jam for storage and use in winter. When we left in 1929 one of the items we took with us were several hundred jars of these. We had to be wary of the local bears when we picked because they, too, loved to eat these berries.

VII. OTHER INFORMATION

1. DID YOU TRAVEL AT ALL WHILE LIVING IN KENNECOTT?
To Strelna on summer vacations. United States in 1922, 1924, and 1927—three months each to Seattle and then to New York to visit grandparents.

   A. DID YOU TRAVEL LOCALLY, HOW OFTEN, FOR WHAT PURPOSE AND WHAT WAS THE METHOD OF TRAVEL?
   To McCarthy for Fourth of July celebration with floats. To various lakes and rivers for fishing and picnics.

   B. DID YOU MAKE TRIPS TO THE CONTINENTAL U.S. HOW OFTEN, FOR WHAT PURPOSE AND WHAT WAS THE METHOD OF TRAVEL?
   See 1A

2. WHAT WAS THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN KENNECOTT AND MCCARTHY?
Distant—except for use of dog sleds and entertainment of males when they could get there for the prostitutes, drinking, etc. No booze in Kennecott store. Our music teacher came from McCarthy where her husband Jack O'Neil ran the hardware store.

3. IS THERE ANY TOPIC OMITTED ABOVE THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO ADDRESS?
See my earlier report dated 3/25/76. Dark almost 24 hours in mid-winter; light almost 24 hours in summer. Mosquitoes terrible after snow melted until late July. All open areas control burned after snow melted and it dried out as a fire precaution about June every year. Huge glacier lake formed every spring between railroad and edge of glacier in "pot hole," approximately one-half mile long and one-quarter mile wide—as melting continued, one day the blockage would collapse and lake would disappear in a few days causing flood waters below.

Many of the men (who could afford it) invested in the stock market (daily telegraph provided stock quotations) and occasionally someone would hit a big winner and leave Kennecott to spend his suddenly acquired wealth.

My father had accumulated approximately $250,000 in Blue Ribbon stock in 1929 and, due to the Depression starting with Black Friday September/October 1929, saw his small fortune dwindle to about $50,000 in 1931 when we left Nevada—still a lot of money in those times.

Once or twice I recall mail order brides showing up on the train to seek out a lonely miner who had written them as a result of magazine ads. They were immediately exported by the Company on the return train. Several winters the railroad was covered by snowslides and we had no train for two or three months. A lottery was run for guessing the time and date of the first train in. We ran low on perishable foods and there was no mail.

The Company maintained a closed-line telephone system between offices and plant. My father's house had a bell ringing instrument—one long ring and two short rings were his call. Twice a week he would put on heavy clothing and ride the bucket tramway to the mines—approximately 30 minutes/5,000 feet in the open over canyons several thousand feet deep—for his inspection of operations, discussions with the miners and their foreman. He always wore a coat and necktie to the office or on these trips.

It was terribly cold at times in the winter, sometimes as low as 30 degrees below zero and we were not allowed outside even to go to school. Normally in winter about zero to ten below zero. Snow 4-5 feet deep in the town.

We had a dog (Australian shepherd) named Joe and a large gray cat who lived inside companionably and were house trained. Occasionally, a sled dog or two would escape from its tethered post in McCarthy and invade Kennecott. Everyone was ordered indoors and the men got out their rifles because these big dogs were considered extremely dangerous to man and beast.

KENNECOTT KIDS ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

I. GENERAL INFORMATION

1. NAME:
Sheila Douglass Ristine

2. CURRENT AGE:
68

3. DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH:
August 18, 1922 Kennecott, Alaska

4. WHAT IS YOUR FAMILIES NATIONAL ORIGIN?
Father of Scotch descent and mother Irish.

5. WHAT OCCUPATIONS HAVE YOU BEEN INVOLVED IN MOST OF YOUR LIFE?
Retailing

6. IMMEDIATE FAMILY NAMES:
FATHER William Crawford Douglass
MOTHER Mabel Dixon Douglass
SISTERS Jean Douglass Girard and Nancy Douglass Clobber
BROTHERS William Dixon Douglass
OTHERS LIVING WITH YOU WHILE IN KENNECOTT: Retta Hallet

7. WHERE DID YOU LIVE BEFORE MOVING TO KENNECOTT?
I was born in Kennecott.

8. WHAT OCCUPATION WAS YOUR FAMILY INVOLVED IN BEFORE MOVING TO KENNECOTT?
Father was a mining engineer. Mother was a registered nurse.

9. WHY DID YOU/YOUR FAMILY MOVE TO KENNECOTT AND HOW WAS THE MOVE MADE?
Father was hired by Kennecott Copper Corp.

10. WHAT YEARS DID YOU LIVE IN KENNECOTT AND WHAT WAS YOUR AGE AT THE TIME?
From birth until about 7 - 1922-1929

11. WHAT ROLE DID YOU PLAY IN THE KENNECOTT COMMUNITY?
Small child

A. WHAT WAS YOUR FATHER'S ROLE/ OCCUPATION?
I believe he was a Shift Boss when he went there and then became Assistant Manager

B. WHAT WAS YOUR MOTHER'S ROLE/ OCCUPATION?
Housewife-homemaker

12. WHY DID YOU LEAVE KENNECOTT?
Father took another job with a copper company.

13. WHERE DID YOUR FAMILY GO UPON LEAVING KENNECOTT?
Kimberley, Nevada

14. WHAT OCCUPATION DID YOUR FAMILY BECOME INVOLVED IN AFTER LEAVING KENNECOTT?
Remained in mining engineering, although switched to gold from copper.

12. WHO, FROM KENNECOTT, HAVE YOU KEPT IN TOUCH WITH OVER THE YEARS?
I have kept in touch with no one. My father (now deceased) and my stepmother have exchanged Christmas cards and notes with Emily Peterson, wife of one of the Kennecott doctors, for many years. They also kept in touch with others but I have not heard of others in recent years.

13. DID YOU ENCOUNTER PEOPLE YOU KNEW FROM KENNECOTT AT OTHER MINING TOWNS OR MINES?
I do not remember any.

IF YES, WHO AND WHERE?

II. HOUSING

1. WHERE DID YOU LIVE WHILE IN KENNECOTT?
In one of the staff cottages fairly near to the canyon and to the hospital, as I recall.

2. LIVING ACCOMMODATIONS:

A. PLEASE DESCRIBE YOUR HOUSE IN SUCH A WAY AS TO COVER THE NUMBER AND TYPES OF ROOMS, FLOOR AND WALL COVERINGS, SOURCE OF HEAT, POWER OR LIGHT, PLUMBING, HOUSING COSTS, ETC. (anything you recall will be helpful). I do not remember much about our house except that it was one story I think and kind of rambling. And I think it was white with green trim.

B. WHAT HOUSEHOLD ITEMS DID YOU BRING WITH YOU AND WHICH ONES DID YOU ACQUIRE AT KENNECOTT?
I do not know.

C. WHAT ITEMS DID YOU TAKE WITH YOU WHEN YOU LEFT KENNECOTT?
I do not remember.

D. DID THE COMPANY PAY TO MOVEYOU TO OR FROM KENNECOTT?
I do not know.

3. WHAT TYPES OF ACCOMMODATIONS WERE AVAILABLE FOR SINGLE MEN AND WOMEN?
There were bunkhouses for the men. I think the only woman would have been the school teacher and I do not know where she lived.

III. DAILY LIFE

1. WAS YOUR FAMILY A "TYPICAL" FAMILY IN KENNECOTT? IN WHAT WAYS?
I do not know.

2. HOW WAS THE HOUSEHOLD WORK DIVIDED AMONG FAMILY MEMBERS?
I do not remember.

3. WHAT CHORES WERE YOUR RESPONSIBILITY?
I do not remember any.

4. IF YOUR FAMILY MAINTAINED A GARDEN, WHAT WAS GROWN AND HOW WAS IT PRESERVED?
I do not remember.

5. WHAT TYPE OF COOKING STOVE WAS USED?
I do not know.

6. WHAT TYPES OF ITEMS WERE AVAILABLE AT THE COMPANY STORE, INCLUDING FOOD AND CLOTHING?
I do not remember about food. I believe most of our clothing came from Seattle, and I think they probably just had very basic work clothing needs. They must have had appliances because one year when the ship bringing our Christmas presents sank Jean received a waffle iron for Christmas which would have had to come from there.

7. WHAT ITEMS WERE NOT AVAILABLE IN KENNECOTT?
Some of our clothing came form the Personal Shopper at Bests in Seattle. Mother would draw pictures of our feet so they would be able to know the size. I also think perhaps we got our "shoe pacs" from LL. Bean. We had animal skin parkas (we always called them "Parkeys") and I don't know where we got them, but locally I believe.

A. HOW DID YOU OBTAIN THESE UNAVAILABLE ITEMS?
see above

DUTIES, PROCESSES, MACHINERY, AND WAGES.
Not any

3. WERE YOU EVER AWARE OF ANY LABOR/MANAGEMENT DISPUTES? PLEASE DESCRIBE.
No

4. WERE YOU AWARE OF CERTAIN NATIONALITIES OR ETHNIC GROUPS PREDOMINATING IN SPECIFIC JOBS? WHICH JOBS?
All of the cooks in the bunkhouse mess halls were Chinese.

VI. SCHOOL

1. WHAT YEARS AND GRADES DID YOU ATTEND KENNECOTT SCHOOL?
First, I guess.

2. PLEASE DESCRIBE YOUR SCHOOL EXPERIENCE NOTING AVERAGE CLASS SIZE, NUMBER OF TEACHERS AND OTHER PERTINENT INFORMATION. DO YOU REMEMBER ANY TEACHER IN PARTICULAR?
I don't remember.

3. DID YOU FEEL EDUCATIONALLY PREPARED UPON LEAVING KENNECOTT SCHOOL, WHY OR WHY NOT?
I don't remember.

4. WHAT TYPES OF ADULT EDUCATION WERE PROVIDED?
I don't know—would imagine none.

VI. SOCIAL LIFE AND RECREATION

1. WHAT TYPES OF SOCIAL ACTIVITIES DID YOU ENGAGE IN WHILE AT KENNECOTT? (dances, parties, etc.)
I remember hockey games.

2. WERE THESE ACTIVITIES PRIVATE, COMPANY OR SCHOOL SPONSORED?
I don't know.

3. WITH WHOM DID YOUR FAMILY SOCIALIZE (examples: mine workers, mill workers, administrative staff members, families with children in your age group, single people, married couples with no children)?
I don't remember, but I imagine administrative staff members.

4. HOW DID SINGLE MEN AND WOMEN FIT INTO THE SOCIAL ORGANIZATION?

I remember vaguely that the school teachers were always young single women and that they used to get married frequently to the many available men. There were very few single women. I do not remember much about the single men, but I believe that they lived in bunkhouses at the different mines and were not around the town much.

5. WHAT TYPES OF RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES WERE AVAILABLE TO THE RESIDENTS OF KENNECOTT?
Hockey in the winter. We used to have picnics in summer and used to go to Lake Iliamna [sic] swimming. There may have been dances, etc—I don't really remember. We all skated—I remember learning on "double runners" and I believe the rink was lighted so we could skate and have hockey in the evenings. There was a Christmas party for the children, I think—with Santa Clause (played by a gentleman named Jack Conway according to my older sister and brother). I think that might have been a company party. Dad was a hunter - wild sheep, goats, and bear. I believe he shot the 12th largest wild sheep in the world according to someone's (?) record. We had two sheep heads and a goat head which ended up in the Ely Hotel in Nevada. We also had a black bear rug complete with head, teeth, etc. Bill and Jean were taught to shoot when they were very young and both of them had 22's. Rhetta Hallet went to McCarthy every Wednesday for a piano lesson. I think she went on horseback. We always had "McCarthy Salad" on Wednesdays (shredded cabbage and apples). My mother did not like to cook, whereas Rhetta loved to. They made lots of wild current jelly, however; I remember the dripping jelly bags and that the jelly served for company had to be completely clear and sparkly. Rhetta was a registered nurse also—she and my mother had been in training together. She came to Kennecott to be with my mother when Bill was born and was with us, except for a brief period, until she died in Nevada. I believe she became engaged after she came to Kennecott and her fiancee was killed in a rock slide in one of the mines.

VII. OTHER INFORMATION

1. DID YOU TRAVEL AT ALL WHILE LIVING IN KENNECOTT?
I think we went to Seattle once - on leave or furlough - we had a cottage on Lake Washington in Medina.

   A. DID YOU TRAVEL LOCALLY, HOW OFTEN, FOR WHAT PURPOSE AND WHAT WAS THE METHOD OF TRAVEL?

Not often. By "speeder" mentioned above to get to McCarthy, I think. I don't remember how we got to Lake Iliamna, for instance.

B. DID YOU MAKE TRIPS TO THE CONTINENTAL U.S. HOW OFTEN, FOR WHAT PURPOSE AND WHAT WAS THE METHOD OF TRAVEL?
I think to Seattle once on leave. By "speeder" to McCarthy, then by train to Cordova (I think) and by steamer to Seattle.

2. WHAT WAS THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN KENNECOTT AND MCCARTHY?
I don't know

3. IS THERE ANY TOPIC OMITTED ABOVE THAT YOU WOULD LIKE TO ADDRESS?
I remember that there were dog teams chained at certain places. When people brought dogs up from the States they were frequently killed by the malamutes and huskies.

INTERVIEW with CHUCK HERBERT, 1992

Chuck Herbert worked at the Jumbo Mine at Kennecott during the summer of 1929. He was a student at the University of Alaska, Fairbanks and along with fellow student Fred Beeler he hiked and hitch-hiked from Fairbanks to Kennecott looking for summer employment in the underground mines. They had written to Kennecott asking for work but the letter was not answered so they went without any promise of employment.

They were the only Americans at the Jumbo Mine so the camp boss had a tough time finding a place for them in the bunkhouse. All bunks were assigned by nationality and there was no American section. To solve the problem he assigned them bunks between the Greeks and the Italians. There were other Americans at the other mines and many of the people working at the town of Kennecott were Americans.

The Yugoslavians were the best liked group in the camp. The Finns were disliked and not trusted. No other nationalities associated with the Finns and they were said to always carry knives. There was a story of a skip operator who deliberately dropped a loaded skip into the shaft on top of a crew killing them all. All of the victims were Finns. There was very little language problem even though there were a variety of nationalities represented. Most of the workers could speak two or three languages and all were surprisingly well read.

The cooks were all Japanese. The leader of the camp was known as the Bull Cook. If you needed something the Bull Cook could usually get it for you. The Bull Cook also controlled the gambling that took place in the camp.

Gambling was prevalent in all of the camps. There were professional gamblers who made the rounds of the camps then disappeared for a few months to go to other mines in the Lower 48. The games were honest but the professionals were "clever" and had the knack of counting cards and keeping the odds in their favor. If one of the workers won a lot of money gambling he would always leave and usually would not come back. There were no families at the mines but many of the men were married.

The crew leaders were mostly all Irish with the exception of one Greek who was well liked and was a very popular leader. Bosses were called "shifters." Dynamite handlers were called "nippers." One of the hazards was to drill into a live stick of dynamite. The nipper was responsible for counting the shots to prevent this.

Many of the men at the mines stayed there for several years without ever leaving the mines. The work was physically strenuous, but there was plenty of help and the working conditions were considered to be very good. Jobs were rotated and employees were well treated. McCarthy was the place where workers went to have fun. There was no alcohol in the camps or in the mill town. There was only one locomotive in the underground workings. It is probably still underground somewhere. All of the bunkhouses were on the surface. The shaft between the Jumbo and Erie mines was punched through just prior to Herbert's time at the mine. Prior to that the ore was trammed to the haul road that followed the edge of the Kennecott Glacier and hauled on wagons to the mill. Once the shaft was opened the ore was hauled underground to the Jumbo adit and trammed directly to the mill. The Erie mine was not profitable but the change in tramming helped cut some of the cost.

In addition to the copper there was a considerable amount of silver extracted at the smelter. There was very little gold taken out and Herbert does not believe that there is much gold in that area because of the type of mineral formation. He also does not believe that there is very much additional copper in the ground around Kennecott. He worked some on the Green's Creek Mine [Green Butte?] while he was there. Kennecott was operating the Mother Lode Mine when he was there.

SIDE 2 (D) 6-17-90 STORY NIGHT

JANE VICKERY WILSON:

I was probably 12 years old, something like that. My mother said one day, "I think, to my sister and me, I think we better go for a walk, down by the garbage pile, and then walk up the trail and see if we can't find a creek where we can have a picnic some night," my father, mother, my sister and I. So we walked up a ways, maybe 3/4 of a mile or something like that, up the trail. There was a tree across the trail that had fallen down. It was sort of high on the side and my mother ... so we decided to get down and go under the tree. While she (mother) was down getting under the tree, my sister, Debbie and I were looking on the bank there and we saw a bear, right there, it was real close! "Oh Mother, there's a bear, there's a bear!" She thought it was just a big brown dog, he had followed us. She hadn't seen it, so she had to back out and look, and sure enough it was a bear! We knew it was a bear! So she said we better go back home. So my sister, being the youngest, she (Mother) said, "Debbie, you run home and get Daddy cause he'll want to see the bear." So Debbie started running down the trail and I walked with my mother. So we walked along and every once in a while my mother would stop and look, and he was following us. Back about 16 feet or so behind us, but he kept following us. Every time we'd turn around and look, he was coming. There were some rocks so I decided if that bear attacks, I'm going down fighting so I picked up as big a rock as I could hold in my hand and kept on going. Pretty soon we got down to where the trail met the road. Where the old garbage dump was, where the road came up from the store and went up around, so the horses could bring the wagon up from town... By the time we got to the road, there was my dad and Debbie and Inger, and Inger's dog named Pola. When Pola saw the bear, or smelled it, she started to bark and the bear turned around and went shooting back into the woods. But I think that bear was so curious seeing and smelling human beings because he had never been that close people that he just wanted to follow along and see how it was. My mother, being very sensible, she didn't get excited. I suppose she was scared but I didn't know it and I thought, well I'm prepared, Debbie will be safe and that was important! So we got back fine and dandy and Inger got to see the bear too. We never thought about Pola scaring the bear. I think mother thought daddy's got to know what happened. Our name was Vickery, he was called Vic, and Vic's got to know what happened to us if something happened to us, but nothing did. So that was a good story! Absolutely true!

FRED SELTENREICH:

Story pertinent to the occasion! ...River in a boat down at Chitina. Five people went in the river and they never found their bodies. Silt weights you down and you sink and you can't find them. After a couple of months they found one of the bodies floating down there so they took it down to Cordova and laid it out on a slab, course they had the clothes off, no identification. So they called in the people to come and see who it was. A man, woman and daughter went in and she said it looked like her husband and daughter said "yes, that's daddy". Just about the time they were making funeral arrangements, they were ready to walk out and the his mouth flopped open and there was a gold tooth. The woman said "well, that's not my husband" and the daughter said "that's not my dad". The coroner came up, slapped him on the chin and said "if you'd have kept your mouth shut you'd have had a decent funeral"!

MILDRED ERICKSON REIS:

I don't know if I can ever top that! Mine is about a lady I think most of you knew, Annie Latendre. His name was Latondre, to begin with, French Canadian. But my story is about Annie. ... They went up to the Fairbanks area to look for gold. Charles made a big strike of gold...they were going down to San Francisco...One night she was in her room, second floor, in a hotel,....she grabbed her coat and slippers, ran out the door and she was out in the street. People were just crazy, screaming...there was a woman running down the street stark naked, screaming. A man came by, had a big coat and threw it at her, she put it on, she never stopped running, she never stopped screaming. After that they finally got...

[Can't hear enough to finish the story.]

OSCAR WATSJOLD:

....We had a school teacher in McCarthy, Margaret Harrais, she was W.C.T.U....At that time the bars...She was always writing to Valdez to the court system, complaining, wanting something done about all these things going on in McCarthy. There was a U. S. Marshal down there, Bob Reynolds (?)...In 1931,...So, the families got together and the only way we could get rid of the school teacher was to get rid of the kids....and myself, we went to Seward to go to school. Eleanor, my sister and my brother came to Kennecott. That only left 2 more kids down there, so they couldn't have a school so they got rid of the teacher. McCarthy never had a school after that...

YVONNE KONNERUP LAHTI:

...This is another one, Inger's dad...He used to go around...my dad would get us all together and...take us around on Halloween. We usually ended up at the house on the hill up here, Chris (Jensen) and Inger's house. Every year, this is the one I remember,...[Inaudible].

BUD SELTENREICH:

I used to run a dog team between...haul the drunken miners back. Take the dog team, hook it up and go down, pick them up, roll 'em in the sled, put 'em in a sleeping bag and head up the trail with 'em....Had seven dogs, they weren't very big dogs. I ran all the way to Kennecott, got a lot of good physical exercise doing that, kept me in pretty good physical condition. Once in a while I'd run into problems with those big guys in the sled and...the sled would tip over. There I was, these guys would go to sleep in the sled, they'd be wrapped up, I'd try to get them out of the sled, roll them out of the sled. Get the sled turned back upright and try to keep the dogs from running away with the sled and me standing there. It was a good experience, even made a little money doing it. They paid me $5.00 for the trip and I got $2.00 and the person who owned the dog team, which was Henry Olson who had the Golden Hotel, he got $3.00. So made a little profit, had a little fun and did a little work and learned a lot...Drunken miners!

GEORGE SULLIVAN:

I worked here the summer of '37(?) when I was 16. I grew up in Valdez and had a job up here chasing buckets. Oscar Watsjold was my shift boss. I remember a couple of incidents that happened up there and one was, you had about 750 lbs. of ore in buckets and you'd tip it down into the grizzly. One time it tipped the other way, and all the ore fell out on the floor. Oscar came out, in his good natured way (laughter!) and said a lot of things to me in Norwegian. ... Another time when it was wet you had to pound the buckets to get the rest of the ore out each time you dumped them. There was this big mallet there and I slipped and went down the grizzly and there was...that I grabbed hold of right at the last second,... so Oscar came out because the buckets were piling up and he couldn't figure out where the hell I'd gone. He brought a bucket over to dump it and I'm trying to crawl out of the grizzly. He was madder than hell because the buckets were lining up and it was his job to make sure that didn't happen. One other thing I remember, that probably is why I never became too much of a gambler; I used to watch some of the miners come down and play cards in the lower bunkhouse, I stayed in the upper bunkhouse. I saw a couple times where they'd come and play cards for three or four days and nights, around the clock. They would have been up to the mine for probably, 10-12 months. They ...made about $10.-$12. a day which was a lot

of money then. They'd lose all their money and go right back to the mine, wouldn't even go to McCarthy. Never would have believed that that happened if I hadn't seen it myself. 'Course some of them only went as far as McCarthy, never made it to Chitina. It was a great camp here though. I only worked here June, July and August, in September I took the train down to Cordova and then back up to Valdez where I went back to school. It was a really great summer.

ELEANOR TJOSEVIG EIDEMILLER:

We spent a lot of time in Green Butte because my dad took care of the Green Butte area when everything closed down. They did expect to open again so that is why they kept him to take care of the horses, and maintain the road, which lots of times kept him pretty busy. I remember one time after the river had a rampage of some kind, he had to hire additional men to come and help him. They set up a camp and had a cook. The cook was pretty fond of me and my family. He wanted to do something special. He made a big ceremony of us coming down to...to have cake, this was made especially for me. It was a three layer cake, covered with pink frosting that looked just delicious. He cut us great big pieces ...and it was made with bacon grease!

JEAN McGAVOCK LAMB:

My father came up in 1909. Times were bad down below, a series of depressions and I'm sure he was...He had been looking for work probably for several years. He worked in the east and came out on the west coast and eventually worked in the Bremerton Navy Yard. Finally, the need for money and the call of the north came and he signed up to come north on the S.S. Ohio.

This was in August of 1909. They got up in the ...Channel out of Milbanke Sound and ran aground. They had livestock aboard, cows, horses, mules and what not; chickens...Michael Heney was also on board this particular ship which went down. Some of them had to swim. The lifeboats tipped and...my father was among those, along with Heney, who had to hit the water. So, I guess they had to spend a cold night on the beach before they were found and picked up. Dad decided he was still coming north, somehow he got himself off to Cordova where he went to work with the CRNWRR. Worked till that winter on the building of the million dollar bridge. Sometime later, he began prospecting, when it wasn't so cold. He worked for Great Northern Development Co. in copper workings on top of the mountain. Someplace along the trail from the Kuskulana Bridge, they don't even call it Copper Mountain anymore, I'm not sure exactly where it is. Those workings were all wiped out in an avalanche one night in 1912, in December

and my father had to dig his brother, Dick, out of the avalanche, dead. That was kind of a blow, but dad took him home and buried him and came back north. Sometime between 1914-1919, we're not sure when, he came to Kennecott and worked here for the power plant and whatever as the master mechanic. Here, he married my mother, who had come north as a registered nurse in 1919, to work in the hospital. So they had a romance and were eventually married in Cordova in 1922. We were off and running. Produced my brother Jim, over there, in 1924 and me in 1928 so Jim would have company to bedevil in our bedroom in the house on the hill. But that's how they arrived! And I think my fondest, well, I have a lot of fond recollections, but I was on the young side and they are not as well formulated, nor as exciting as some of these other people you've heard. But I do like to tell the story about some of our summer drives. Dad had the only privately owned automobile in camp. So this gave us some mobility on these wonderful Alaskan Highways! We would drive down to McCarthy and sometimes out to Green Butte. If the Nizina River bridge was intact, we drove across it and went on to May Creek or fished in Baultoff Lake. Sometimes, the bridge was out and dad would turn the car around there on the shale bluff before you come down to the bridge. He was a tease and my mother was a nervous passenger. He would turn around — there she would scream "Jim! Stop the car! I've got to get out!" She'd grab Jim in one hand and me in the other and out the door we'd go...

DEBBIE VICKERY HOUSE:

... Story about...in the summer we rode with him...Every Wednesday the groceries would be taken up the road and around through the woods to the houses on the hill. Well, this Wednesday...in the McGavock's grocery box was the largest, most beautiful watermelon you ever saw. We eyed it all the way up... when we reached the top he stopped. He took the watermelon out of McGavock's box and put it in the brush! No matter how much we told him he would be in trouble, he wouldn't put it back. He said "I can do anything I want". Well that didn't ease us much. Finally we came to McGavock's house...delivered the boxes. So the box went into the McGavock's with no watermelon. It was a beautiful day and every kid on the hill decided to ride on the wagon. The wagon turned around and started back down. We were still...We stopped at the turn of the road and Lon Morgan(?) got out of the wagon, went back in the brush and brought out the watermelon. ....He cut the watermelon up and we all had big pieces like this, that we all heard about and had seen in pictures but never tasted....

JAMES B. BEANS, JR.:

I don't have any memories really of the time that I was here since I left when I was six months, so my memories are rather vague. However, there is one thing that happened that I am personally

involved in that I could say something about. And I have a memory from right now. Somebody was saying about the old wagon trail and how ... they were and somebody said well maybe they were better than the roads now, my personal experience is, they are and still are! Bernie was taking us down to the BBQ that was held down in McCarthy last night and he seems to be the exploring type, so we were going down the main road and suddenly he stops and backs up, pulls off the side and he says "this is the old wagon road". He was telling about how they used to use it for the wagons to go up and the other road was for a railroad track. He said, "this one's better than the road and he speeded up and we beat both of the people that were ahead of us going down! So, you are right, the old ones were better than the new ones! Someone also was talking about the gambling going on night after night. Well when my father started up here, which was in the spring or summer of 1925, Mrs. Lamb was talking about how there was depression down there. Well there was depression in that day too, still. He was coming up here to get a job and my understanding was that after everything was paid for the steamship and his passage up here that he had $10.00. By the time he got up here, in fact before he got up here, all that money was gone in the poker games. So once he got off the boat and he didn't have any money and nothing paid for so he went into a restaurant, told them he had a job at Kennecott but didn't have any money and they said "fine go eat, you can send us the money" and he did and on the way up the train stopped someplace for a while and he told them "I'd like to have a haircut but I don't have any money but I have a job at Kennecott" so they said "fine, we'll give you a haircut". He got the impression that there were pretty nice people up here in Alaska. And our impression coming up here now is that they are still very nice people. One other thing, after he was here about six months, he sent for my mother and she got here. He wanted to take her out and show her the glacier. He thought that was a wonderful thing. In other places and times they had done much hiking. He took her out on the glacier and was so impressed with showing off his...he forgot some of the basics and fell through a crevasse. Luckily his reactions were very fast and...reached out, it was a very narrow crevasse, so his arms stopped him. My mother and he were able to get himself out. The crevasse was sixty or seventy feet deep! So if hadn't been so fast with his reactions, I may not have been here! I went up this afternoon, walked through the hospital which somebody told me was one of the 2 best hospitals in Alaska. My impression—it is a little dirty there these days! They were supposed to have good doctors. My own personal and my one actual experience with Alaska is that when I was born my name was James B. Beans. My father told the doctor he wanted a middle initial because he didn't like his middle name and he wanted me to be a Jr. So he told the doctor that was what my name was. The doctor told

him that he couldn't do that, that you can't have an initial for a name and there had to be a name there. My father was stubborn and said "no, I just want an initial, it will be James B. Beans". Doctor said "you can't"; dad said "you could"; he said "you couldn't" ; dad said "you could". Finally, the doctor shrugged his shoulders "all right, all right, I'll put it down that way". When I was 12 years old, for some reason I needed to have a birth certificate. So we sent away for it. I found out that my name was James Bernard Beans. I never knew where the Bernard came from, however, if you look at the birth certificate, it is signed by B. E. something or other, and I bet this B. stood for Bernard.

JUDY TJOSEVIG GROTJAHN:

I was 18 months old when we went out to Seattle. My dad had come up to Alaska from Norway in 1900. Mother was raised in Illinois, graduated as a nurse. Her father came up, I'm not quite sure what the date was, and started a blacksmith's shop. He was drowned crossing the river in 1901. In between times, my mother had come up to visit him. Before she first came up, the man who turned out to be my father saw a picture of her and said "that's the woman I'm going to marry" and he did!

INGER JENSEN RICCI:

I thought I'd tell you how my dad got here. He came from Denmark on a Danish merchant marine ship of some kind. He ran away from home. He was on this ship in Seattle and he jumped ship and came to Alaska. He was an adventurous person, apparently. I think it was around 1901. From my pictures, lately, I've been finding out that he has in Katalla in the early days also. I'm just not sure when. We are going there in a week to take a look around, I have pictures from over there. He was here as a carpenter, he did a lot of the building. I have many pictures of him...and I don't know if he was ... here or in Katalla. I know he had some claims but I haven't been able to find out where they were. I have pictures but nobody knows where they are. 1915 he had gone back to Denmark and courted my mother, who was his first cousin, which they did back in those days. She came over in 1915 from Denmark, all by herself. She had a big sign on her that told her name and where she was going. Came by boat, then all across the country and he met her in Seattle. They were married in Seattle and came on up. Now whether they went to Katalla first because this cabin says "honeymoon cabin" and I don't know if they went there or if they went to Kennecott. When she did come up here she was at angle station three or angle station for at least a year or two. She had chickens up there; I have pictures of her feeding the chickens. She used to ski down

to the store and then she would ride back up in the buckets. Frank [Morris] says there have been women since that rode that tram but she was the first woman to ride the tramway. And looking at those buckets now I don't think I'd have done it. My brother came along in 1917 and then I came along in '18. When I was four and he was five, we went to Denmark. Over there he contracted some kind of TB and he died before we came back. We were over there about three months. When I came back, I couldn't speak any English as some of those who went to school will testify! The teacher said, "No more talking Danish in the home, we want you to not have an accent" I wish to this day, I had an.... [remainder not recorded]