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U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE
ALASKA REGION

Eagle River YCC

1978

U.S. Department of Agriculture, Forest Service, Alaska Region.

EAGLE RIVER YCC. Eagle River Conservation Corps, Chatham Area, Tongass National Forest, Forest Service, Department of Agriculture (P.O. Box 1980, Juneau, Alaska 99835). January 1979, Series No. R10-53.

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Eagle River YCC

What is YCC?

What is YCC? Some might say it stands for the Yakutat Carnivore Control. Some might think it's a place to go have fun and goof off and get paid to do it. Some might think it is all hard work and no fun at all, what with all those rules like bed check, having to get up early, working in the kitchen and being watched all the time.

U.S.

What is YCC? YCC stands for Youth Conservation Corps and it is many things to many people for many reasons. It is a lot of hard work, doing things you might not like to do. It is a lot of fun, doing new things with new friends. It is learning about the nature of the world around us and how to be a better part of it.

During our lives we each have an opportunity to leave our mark on the world. How we do that is our choice. The way in which we choose to leave our mark may in some way determine what our fellows think of us in the future. YCC gives each of us, enrollees and staff alike, an opportunity to leave our mark in a constructive manner. You may not be able to sign your name to your work as an artist might, or receive great publicity as some more famous person, but you should leave YCC with a feeling of having in some way large or small contributed to a richer environment.

The pages that follow are a record of the people, the work and the play that made the 1978 YCC program at Eagle River Camp a great success. As you turn the pages, remember the GOOD TIMES.



OUR CAMP



OUR TOOLS



OUR FRIENDS

OUR FEARLESS LEADERS



PAT THRASHER ... READY TO CONQUER
ANYTHING -- EVEN YCC



PETER STORTZ -- CAMP DIRECTOR

"OUR FEARLESS LEADER?" YOU WANT TO
GET TOUGH WITH ME, SONNY?



STEVE PERRONE -- ASSISTANT DIRECTOR--
WORK COORDINATOR
HE'S GOT CUTE CHEEKS



LINDSEY MASON -- ASSISTANT DIRECTOR--
E.E. COORDINATOR
YOU NEED 2 PEOPLE FOR MY JOB

STAFF PROFILES

Eagle River YCC's 1978 staff hailed from far and wide and their personalities were as varied as the regions they came from. Together, they formed an amazingly successful, although rather bizarre crew that managed to piece a lot of head scratching and "What are we gonna do now's?" into a thoroughly enjoyable summer.

KELLY KELLAM: Swings a mean blacksmith's hammer. Demonstrated in an uncanny fashion how not to do the obstacle course.

PATTY HAMBROOK: Helpless without a tube of Colgate toothpaste. Successfully color-coordinated her rain gear and three sweaters every work day.

KARLA FUNKHOUSER: The belle from Virginia. Well known for her role in the off-Hanus Bay production of the "Hershey squirts."

FAITH BOUCHER: Alaska's California girl. Faith was a major force behind the staff's trouncing of the enrollees at volleyball.

JUSTINE EMERSON: Heavy duty hiker. Justine was "camp nurse" and was indispensable at distributing Band-Aids to the needy.

SISSY ROBERTS: Sissy had a dual role at camp, work leader and propaganda minister for West Virginia although not necessarily in that order.

PETE STORTZ: As Camp Director, Pete was responsible for heaping up a wild and crazy staff. Insisted on buying all the camp's dairy products from Wisconsin.

STEVE PERRONE: Steve was in charge of the work leaders. His unofficial title was "Cutest Rear-end in the Camp." He did a good job at covering his New Jersey past by using a Montana address.

KEL KAHLER: Resembled a gold prospector more than a YCC group leader. Infamous selecting tide pools for solo campsites and cooking stuffed pork chops at Hanus Bay.

KEN POST: Endless fights with Patty over New Jersey superiority. Liked the Amalga trail so he could carry the rifle.

LINDSEY MASON: Mastered the art of being in six places at one time. Alaska's only staff representative. Had more Juneau connections than objects in his hat during the Commencement Night Magic Show.

BILL SMITH: Had to have that morning cup of tea. A real company man: at camp at 8 a.m., gone by 4:30.

The Crews at Work



CREW 1

Crew 1 was composed of Greg Sakar (the mightiest 10 lb. hammer in Alaska), Shannon (slavedriver) Devon, Sergie (Yakutat Carnivore Control) Edwards, Marie Jean Mike (the uncontested giggle champ), Fred (laid-back, can't hack Adak) Jameson, and Scott Clark (who needs no adjectives). As Bill Smith's Blitzkreig Pulaski brigade, they smashed the Moraine Ecology trail, whipped through Auke Village Revegetation, and dropped into Turner Lake for cabin building.

CREW 2

Crew 2 started off the summer with our main project - working a week and a half on building staircases at Auke Village Recreation Area. With the help of Glen "Staircase" Wright, we completed three of the best staircases in the Tongass Tongass National Forest; and here we had our one and only accident of the summer, with Cindy Huelle bruising her finger when we were rolling logs out of the way. (Luckily, no broken bones, just pain.)

From there we tried our hand at trail maintenance on the great Amalga Trail. Here we fought through the brush, waded in knee deep water left by a constant downpour of rain, and had our spirits kept up with the never-ending chatter and laughter of Kelly Palmer. The kids also had fun teasing Patty about carrying the rifle.

We were all glad to move on to revegetation at Eagle Beach and Auke Village Recreation. Maureen Kusick proved to be of great assistance in helping get things done and keeping track of things. This holds true for the eight weeks we were together.

Turner Lake Spike was probably the best for all of us. Finishing up the new Forest Service cabin and tearing down the old one proved to be fun and enjoyable. Steve Lord was forever trying to fish, even during work hours. However, when we let Steve and Darby Rockney tear down the old cabin they went right to town. It was down in no time at all and they really enjoyed it! Pat Steiner became our famed carpenter, doing a lot of work on the bunks inside. During our last week we were at Mendenhall Visitor Center doing trail work on Steep Creek and adding our contribution to the Moraine Ecology Trail by putting up the trail sign.



CREW 3

Crew 3 spent some of the summer working on trail maintenance on the Moraine Ecology Trail, East Glacier Trail, and Nugget Creek Trail. One week we worked on transplanting beach rye to landscape rock barriers along Eagle Beach Picnic Area. On the same area we planted young spruce trees between picnic tables. We did barrier construction, fertilization, and reseeding of old roadbeds at Dredge Lake. We went to Hanus Bay on a spike for fertilization and revegetation work.

It became apparent early in the summer that certain tools and work qualities matched perfectly with some personalities of the people on Crew 3. You would have to physically drag Randy Nidever and Mike Pannone away from work on the days they were operating the come-along for pulling out stumps - not so on other days. Jenny Edwards was the crew's persistent and steadfast raker. Our dynamic duo, Lisa Steiner and Elizabeth Strachan, did everything together. Gentleman Sam Bishop never wanted to stop working - even in the rain. Not to be caught working was Cindy Frederick. Last but not least was Nicky Peters, who for eight long weeks was constantly harassed by "Hey Nick, what time is it?"

CREW 4

"When we first came to this camp...and we named that shack break my back."

An appropriate beginning for Crew 4. From the first week, building the wood shack to the last few days at Dredge Lake, Crew 4 plowed right through project after project! Coming back from Yakutat, we went to work on the bulletin boards, trying many different techniques to get them together. Putty does amazing things, doesn't it Christine?

From bulletin boards to Moraine Ecology Trail was a pleasant change - at least for a day or two. Mike and Paul managed to carry out 100 loads of gravel up and down the trail in between their numerous breaks. David had a good time rolling rocks over his finger and we all had fun lining the rocks up in a STRAIGHT? line.

The sixth and seventh week left Crew 4 as scattered as Crew 6 usually was. Those not out on spike or working on the Mendenhall Inventory worked at Dredge Lake. The crew consisted of members of Crews 1, 3, 4, and 5. With the help of Glenn "Revegetation" Gray, a few extra rakes and "W Va. Tools," and the sunshine, the week passed quickly - it was so quick we even kept working on Saturday.

The seventh week started with a split - Bill and the guys working at Auke Village while Sissy and the girls did a little work on Herbert Glacier. Of course, that was unsatisfactory and the rest of the week we again worked together, particularly at Auke Village. Those blueberries, salmon berries, nagoon berries - they were huge and delicious.

Finally, the last week and our crew was back together! A few more trips to Dredge Lake and Mendenhall Glacier and "Our work's done - but the land was sweet and good - we did what we could!"

CREW 5

Crew 5 always operated in a very special way. The more they fought among themselves, the better they worked. Whether it was John vs. Kirk or Oly vs. Don, if they were bickering you could tell they were working. Silence scared Ken.

For sure, an outhouse is difficult to be proud of, but Crew 5 managed to do as fine a job on that as possible. They took to pouring concrete with such enthusiasm it was hard to get them to share the work.

Then it was off for several days of grass whipping on the Amalga Trail, before spike to Yakutat.





CREW 6

What can be said about Crew 6? Rumor has it -- they really got around! Consisting of Ernie Samaniego, Calvin Logue, Toni Cameron, Cindy Frederick, Theresa Akaran, Wayne Englund, and April Adams, they weren't the most united crew! However, one probably could say they worked on more projects than any other crew.

The strong point of Crew 6 must have been their energetic and domineering crew leader. Last time I heard, they were still looking for someone who could handle that bunch.

Being split up like they were, they had the opportunity to work with each of the other five crews and consequently their projects were varied. Finally, near the end of camp, they joined forces with Faith and Dan Price and headed up to the terrors of Yakutat, only to return home to Eagle River and go their separate ways once again.



Cabin Groups



Cabin 1

Conveniently located right beside the male staff cabin, Tracy, Cindy, Mariejean and Denise always were under a close watch. It made things a little difficult to pull off, but you must give them credit for trying!





Cabin 5

Not exactly a peaceful, quiet cabin! Debbie, Maureen, Cyndi and Kelly kept the staff on their toes at bed-check. The staff cabin next door never could figure out what the noises were in the middle of the night. These girls waited patiently for their serenades -- "Good night Ladies....." before they settled down for a "good nights sleep"?!

Cabin 6

Opposite of their next door neighbors (cabin 5), April, Doris, Oly, Toni, and Liz were the quiet ones - at least as far as the staff knew. However, this cabin also seemed to have trouble waking up in the morning, not to mention their high degree of sickness. Maybe they weren't as peaceful as we thought.





Cabin 7

Secluded in their own area, little is known about cabin 7. Shannon, Lisa, Ellen and Theresa lived in the "rehearsal hall"! Sometimes their singing sounded like music from a radio. They were conveniently located by the salmon berries ("Then you take the berries and you squish 'em, squish 'em...") and latrine. (Get rid of those salmon berries.)



Cabin 10 - Scott Clark, Mike Pannone, Sam Bishop, and Steve Lord

The noise and surprises never died down throughout the summer in this area of camp. The staff couldn't anticipate who'd be hiding up in the bunks or in the bags. There were some down-to-earth talks late into the evening, too. But, all in all, cabin 10 could claim two clear titles: the messiest cabin, and the best and worse hiding places. This was also the only cabin with slaves. Like we said, "Unpredictable!"



Ski Cabin

It boggles the mind, but this group of fellas fell asleep faster than any other cabin. We suspect this was due to the lack of light and ventilation. These types of sleeping habits have been noticed throughout history with all cave dwellers. But most caves didn't have master bedrooms as this one did ----- right, Wayne?! It's believable that the location of the cabin kept its inhabitants from hearing the bell in the morning.....but their alarm clock, too?

Cabin 11 - Kirk, Paul, Greg, John, Mike, and Cal

Nothing short of an earthquake could get these guys out of bed. Paul and Mike were consistently late risers while Greg was just the opposite; he was in a deep sleep come 10:30. There certainly was no shortage of furniture due to Kirk's ability to construct shelves- for a price. The cabin itself looked and smelled like a drugstore with the huge supply of shampoos & aftershave lotions. Too bad nobody in Cabin 11 shaved! If any nickname should be given to Cabin 11, probably "The Hamper" would be most appropriate because of the huge stack of dirty laundry near the back of the cabin





Cabin 9 - Womens Staff

Probably would never get an award for neatest cabin but they lived quite comfortably! Justine, Faith and Sissy were famed for their inability to hear the morning bell. Several interesting conversations stemmed from this cabin, especially some of Faiths intriguing stories. Being secluded, sometimes the cabin got quite lonely, didn't it Sissy?



Cabin 4 - Womens Staff

Luckily this cabin was conveniently located beside Cabin 5 - someone had to keep an eye on Karla, Patty, and Kelly! Noted for being early risers (usually), little could be heard from this cabin late at night except an occasional "Oh no - I gained another pound today - its sit-up time".



Cabin 3 - Mens Staff

The moon shines bright over this cabin. Full of locked lockers with their prize possessions - Pete, Ken, Kel, Steve and an occasional visit by Lindsey and Pat kept this cabin always jumping. Late night talks were part of the routine and sleep was unheard of until the early hours of the morning.





"YOU MEAN WE HAVE TO GO AGAIN?"



"LOOK MOM, SEE HOW
MUCH FUN CAMP IS!"

Group Living

After working hard brushing trails and planting trees, a YCC enrollee might look forward to an evening of hiking or basketball with a bunch of people who has slept late that morning -- the Group Living Specialists!!

We had many trips to the Teen Club, Nugget Mall and other highlights of downtown Juneau, as well as hikes to Herbert Glacier, Mt. Juneau, Last Chance Mine, and the Boy Scout Camp. In-camp activities included talks by Matt Felix from the Juneau Drug and Alcohol Agency, archeologist Madonna Moss and performances by Rich Read and the rescue dogs, Rick Foules and the hammer dulcimer, E.J. and dances, square and otherwise. Environmental awareness activities included plant walks, beach walks, movies, and slide shows. We also went to the circus, the Mendenhall Glacier, and visited the USS Sacramento and Eaglecrest.

But it wasn't all fun and games back at old Southeast Alaska Camp. 10:30 comes every night and the dreaded.....BEDCHECK!!! Patty, Ken, and Sissy with their serenades of "Good Night Ladies", dark figures stumbling through the gloom, snarling "Get to bed, Hardee!.....There are NO bears around"...."I don't care if your laundry isn't dry"... "Where is that radio"?! But revenge was taken on the last night, when even quadruple bed checks didn't coerce anyone into their bed!



Environmental Awareness

Environmental Awareness was always a surprising experience which seemed to keep everyone honest throughout the summer of '78. A lot of the high expectations set down by Lindsey were met. The workleaders, acting as teachers, did an outstanding job in carrying out our Environmental Awareness program.

The salmon hatchery trip, which involved taking female salmon for their eggs, was a highlight of the summer for those who participated. We caught salmon by nets, took their eggs, fertilized the eggs, and put them into egg trays. Oly and MarieJean made a special treat of Eskimo ice cream with some of the salmon that were caught. Along with learning about the salmon lifecycle, the fish hatchery taught us a little about private enterprise. YCC isn't the only way to get rich!

Revegetation and reseeded projects trimmed the summer with active environmental practices. We did a lot of it, and also a lot of revegetating alongside the Juneau, Yakutat, and Admiralty trail systems. The value of trail maintenance in Southeast Alaska would be better understood if any enrollee returned next year to one of the work sites. Recovery is amazing in the Alaskan rainforest.

Among field trips this summer was the Auke Bay Fish Lab, the Alaska State Museum, the Mendenhall Visitor Center, and many interesting excursions which were taken to the Nugget Mall eco-system.

One of the favorite activities was using a compass to find lost people - Fred, Nicky, and Bill. Paul loved the bush-wacking part of the search.

The all-time great "Fine Feathered Friend" award was split down the middle, given to Steve Lord and Sam Bishop.

One of the highly esteemed environmental awareness activities was led by a Mr. Sergie Edwards. Sergie and his "Carnivore Control" people tagged the infamous Fur Seal and Polar Bear in Mendenhall Lake after a rough day of parachuting onto the glacier and measuring the average crevasse width.

Looking back, Environmental Awareness was a fun way to learn, and learn we did! "Test" scores increased greatly at the end of the summer. A nice break from work, E.A. was an important and rewarding aspect of camp life.



"THIS IS A PIECE OF DIRT . . ."



WE WENT OVER THE MOUNTAIN AND
THROUGH THE WOODS

Spikes



WHETHER BY BOAT OR FOOT OR AIR
YCC WILL SURELY GET THERE



NOTHING LIKE GETTING LOADED!

HANUS BAY

It all started when Karla saw a "whale flying into Hanus Bay!" From there the trip took shape rapidly. Our mission was to spread fertilizer and grass seed on bare rock, road cuts, landslides and other areas where revegetation was needed.

Considering the circumstances, camp was set up in record time. It took hours hunting rocks which could be used to anchor the guy lines and floor, since the tent stakes proved useless in the gravelly soil. But, at any rate, the kids set up a fine sleeping area and kitchen.

Work generally started with a long walk, up to four miles to get to our work sites. On these walks we learned about plants, saw bears, ate berries, wondered how much further we had to go, sang songs, watched lots of eagles, and, in general, saw the country.

In camp we spent a lot of time together; before, during, and after meals. This time brought out stories from the day, childhood memories, songs and long orations by Kel on the harmfulness of "all kinds of sugar". (He then secretly ate Karla's candy bars!)

We were a group...we were a family, and we shall never forget.....
...how often Nicky told us the time, and beat everyone at 4-square
Mike secretly wondering what he would do if a bear came, Sam spinning tales, singing songs and being our "naturalist," Jenny taking care of Karla and helping in the kitchen (and giving Nicky a run for 4-square champ), Elizabeth making neat sounds around camp, writing about "delicious dragons" with hellacious appetites," Lisa learning to crack the whip during work and laughing constantly, Karla's smoked salmon cherry pie, sugar cravings, fearless leadership and special plane orders for candy bars and sugar.

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME ?!



YAKUTAT SPIKE - FIRST SPIKE OUT OF CAMP

Yakutat is a beautiful place, especially when it is not raining. The Saint Elias Mountain Range surrounds the area, and Mount Saint Elias can occasionally be seen rising majestically north of the harbor.

Besides all of this natural beauty and magnificent scenery, Yakutat is a thriving fishing village with all sorts of recreational activities to offer. One of the most popular for both year-round residents and visitors is going to the dump to watch the bears eating garbage. A particular thrill for our group was watching not only two cubs but also mama eat out garbage one night. We also visited the salmon weir to count sockeyes coming up the stream. And, of course, there was always basketball and treats at the cafe to fill in the low spots on the schedule.

Long time friends (especially for Paul and Mike) were found in the Yakutat crew. With four of these friends to show us around, we found the hot spots from movies to the moose roast, not to mention the places in between.

Rainy days tried to dampen our spirits, but a few interesting happenings kept us on our toes. Searching for mysterious cabins on Situk Lake while trying to avoid bears was a favorite for Sissy and Loren. Another fun and exciting pastime during the working hours was to see how long one could walk through waistdeep water without getting wet feet. Tracy seemed to be one of the best!

Of course, eating was good. Debbie, our K.P. sweetie, cooked some great meals along with Christine. David especially enjoyed the mushrooms in his spaghetti - it tasted just like ground beef! We all ate quite a bit, and had a relaxing and restful time, but were ready to head back to Eagle River at the end of our time to tackle the rest of the summer.

YAKUTAT SPIKE #2

Crew 5 went to Yakutat July 10-24 with Justine as group leader and Dan Price as crew leader. It rained the whole time and the work was at times quite boring, so what made the spike fun was the people. Memorable ones were Alex Brougle, the spicy German from Fish and Game, and Gordon Woods, out at the Situk salmon weir. (A frequent question for speculation was "Who does Justine really like - Dan or Gordon?")

Bears and Cannon Beach were highlights of the trip. Olinga nearly got eaten by a bear at the town dump, Kirk and Justine turned a corner while jogging and met one, and another visited the crewhouse during dinner one evening.

Back at the crewhouse, we all got fat eating homemade goodies while John Hardee tried to eat a whole loaf of French bread by himself on a dare (he didn't make it). Kirk and Justine pledged to avoid sugar and white flour for the duration in the face of delectable temptations - but Kirk only made it four days. Justine made it until she got back to camp.

Despite a rash of illness, the final verdict on the spike was - It was fun!!

Yakutat Spike - Crew 6

We spent three days at the Yakutat Hilton before flying out to Tanis Mesa. There we had airstrip maintenance ("Get on the mower, Ernie", "Cindy, move those grass whips!"), roof repair ("No, Wayne, hold it with the hammer and hit it with the pliers"), hole digging ("If you don't dig it, Calvin, somebody else has to"), path finding and trail brushing, and painting. For entertainment, we listened to Dan on the radio ("Yakutat...Yakutat... Yakutat...Tanis Mesa single side band?"), and Faith on her broom ("Who made this mess?") climbed straight up the highest hill, toasted marshmallows, watched Willie and George and the baby birds, and watched Teresa draw Mt. Fairweather. Back in Yakutat, the great weather continued until we left Cannon Beach the last time.



GET TO WORK QUICK - THE
BOSS-MEN ARE HERE!

Turner Lake Spike #1

Crew 1, the master builders of Alaska, inhabited the shores and waters of Turner Lake for ten days in mid-July. This crew consisted of Shannon Devon, Scott Clark, Sergie Edwards, Marie Jean Mike, Greg Sakar, and Fred Jameson. Technical assistance was provided by Glen Wright, Steve Perrone, Peter Stortz, and Bill Smith.

During the ten days, a cabin site was chosen and cleared, a foundation set and leveled, walls raised, a roof laid, and doors and windows installed. A brand new, non-smelling outhouse was erected. Main credits for the excavation of the sewage system goes to Sergie Edwards and Scott Clark. Special credit goes to Fred Jameson for his contribution to camp morale.

This spike was not without excitement. During the Adak Island picnic, a small black bear entered camp and demolished Marie and Shannon's tent. Fortunately, they were not in it at the time. Further early morning visits by both the cub and its mother were thwarted by Steve Perrone and his rock. His brave actions demonstrated to all that he is not one to be tangled with in the wee morning hours.

In summary, Turner Lake spike was a success. All the crew and staff were exposed to the area's great beauty, especially as seen in the waterfalls, cliffs, and snow packs. The crew worked hard and well. Turner Lake cabin will serve to shelter the public for many years to come.



"HOW COME I DIDN'T GET A
CARE PACKAGE TOO!?"

A LITTLE RELAXATION GOES
A LONG WAY.



TURNER LAKE SPIKE #2

Crew 2 spent weeks 6 and 7 at Turner Lake. Except for a shower one morning, the weather was excellent with seven clear days in a row. We were there to finish the job Crew 1 had started, a new Forest Service cabin on the East side of the lake. Under the never-ending direction of Glen "Staircase" Wright, we set to work. Adding on a porch and steps helped us to brush up on our carpentry skills. Next the bunks went in with the painstaking labor of Pat Steiner. Counter and table were built with Kelly's hammering skills, and shelves and trim we can accredit to Cindy and Maureen. Steve was the main man in giving the cabin its heat source, by moving in the wood stove. Darby was, between hammering, securing down the roof with steel cables.

The girls, ever so diligently, stained the cabin from roof to baseboard, while the guys fixed up the woodshed. The old cabin disappeared in no time at all - burning its remains took the longest and it sure was HOT! Everyone pitched in on cleaning up the area and putting down fertilizer and grass seed.

Mixed in with all this work were times we will never forget. K.P., at which everyone had his turn, was always a highlight as was eating steak, lots of fish, pizza with the works, stuffed porkchops by Kel (among other things), blueberry coffee cake, and apple juice. Hiking up to the waterfall, walking on the snowfield and Pat seeing the only bear of the entire trip were other highlights. Recreational boat rides, trips down to the West cabin to hike into good fishing areas (we caught 20+), Taku Inlet sunny spots, and the awesome beauty of Turner Lake made it a lifetime experience. Truly Alaska at its best.



"BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WHEN WE
FINISH WITH THESE BOARDS, WE'LL
HAVE A CABIN."



MISSION ACCOMPLISHED !!

HOME, SWEET, HOME!

MCKINNEY LAKE SPIKE

Summer was waning when out of the murky depths of the Juneau Work Center came a call for a new spike out on Admiralty Island. Since all of the crews had already participated on previous spikes, it was decided the certain deserving representatives from each crew would be selected. The net result of that selection was Kirk Rasmusson, Mike Benitinen, Denice Knapp, Shannon Devon, Lisa Steiner, and Sam Bishop. Collectively, they became known as Crew X.

The trip was shaky at the start: Ken, the work leader misplaced half of the food supply the night before takeoff, then, at takeoff, the Otter decided to malfunction twice while in flight and was forced to return.

Eventually, everyone arrived safely and dinner the first night was served promptly at 11:30 PM. From that point on, everything was great. The campsite, formerly a combination swamp-blueberry thicket, was rapidly transformed into a small tent city complete with endless stretches of black visqueen.

Our mission on Admiralty Island was to hack out a canoe portage between Hasselborg and McKinney Lakes. Crew X went at the job with such enthusiasm and dedication that after five days they had already surpassed the expectations of the Forest Service inspectors.

In between the endless pulasking of roots, was a rich supply of good food and comedy. Crew X learned that Pete, Tweed, and Ken were not just Forest Service employees going about their job, but rather a threesome of unique and swinging guys. They sang opera in the morning and particularly enjoyed roasting Mike Benitinen over the fire. The leaders also found out about Crew X's hidden talents and idiosyncrasies. Ken's loving wife, Litza, baked four scrumptious cakes and even boxed them for our dining pleasure. Kirk, always in an acute state of bearanoia, piled the fire with every available scrap of

garbage until the smoke drove everyone from the campfire area.

Who can say enough about the best cook in the Tongass? Pete made some of the tastiest meals and certainly the most original. Never ending portions of steak, fish, sandwiches, and last but not least, Pete's amazing lentil soup--guaranteed to give everyone the "voots".

Environmental education was something special, too: Pete and Tweed arguing over wilderness, sunning oneself at the Hassleborg River, and Pete's classic session on Alaskan soils will always remain close to our hearts.

When camp was being taken down, it was hard not to reflect upon ten days that certainly left a mark on everyone. Good weather, good work, good food, and good company. Isn't that the way it should be?



Etc., Etc., Etc.

SOLO

Walking blindfolded in silence through tall grasses, tidal pools, over beaches and through spruce trees was just the beginning. Finding yourself alone, no one in sight, surrounded by the sounds of the winds, the ocean, and the wild life was just the beginning. After checking out "your spot" it was time to set up a shelter with the plastic sheet and four ropes you were given. Then, if you could start a fire before your six matches ran out, you might do so. A little food from the handful of gorp, but not too much. A sip of water from the quart you were given tasted really fine. Now you were set for the next thirty-six hours, with your thoughts and nature, all alone. Darkness and solitude can conjure up many feelings and fears....getting to know yourself sometimes takes a risk - a challenge. The following people took that risk and in very rainy conditions came back with insights, stories, excitement, and complete smiles.

Cindy Huelle
Maureen Kusick
Steve Lord
Darby Rockney
Cindy Frederick
Lisa Steiner
Mike Pannone
Tracy Clayton
Kirk Rasmusson
Elizabeth Strachan
Sam Bishop



SOLO — A GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO PHILOSOPHIZE.
RIGHT KEL?

COOKS AND KP

Throughout life there are various things which are taken for granted. One action which sometimes goes unnoticed is food preparation. Well, here at camp this wasn't so. Everyone appreciated the time and work Susan and Maggie put into preparing each meal. If you've ever been on KP I'm sure you realize the work the cooks go through to prepare all that food!!

KP was not always looked forward to by the enrollees. If you've ever wondered why, here's a run down on how KP goes. It starts out the night before. Those assigned to KP run around after the bell rings trying to find an alarm clock so they can get up at 6:00 in the morning. By the time they get one they're so tired they doubt if they'll wake up to it anyway!!

As morning rolls around at 6:00, the alarm clock rouses everyone in the cabin. You hurry and turn it off, jump out of bed, get dressed, and head for the lodge. As you enter, hoping to have time for a nice hot cup of chocolate, you notice there is a lot to be done--butter, jelly, and milk must be placed out, sugar jars, salt and pepper shakers, and creamers must be filled, glasses placed out, tables and chairs straightened, and already there is a stack of dishes.

At 6:45 you ring the bell and the other KP'er comes runnin' to help. Breakfast is served at 7:00. After breakfast, lunches are made and camp empties out.

Throughout the morning there are many responsibilities the KP must do. The tables are to be cleared and washed, dishes must be done, garbage burned, dining area floor mopped, porches swept, wash room cleaned, showers cleaned, and the most favorite task of all, outhouses had to be cleaned.

Once these are completed it is usually 12:00 and a lunch is waiting and you have the afternoon to yourself.

As 5:00 rolls around, the KP'ers report back to the kitchen. Once again tables and chairs are straightened, glasses placed out, dishes placed out on the serving counter, and of course, there is another stack of dishes.

After dinner there are stacks an' stacks an' stacks of dishes which have to be done. With friends alongside helping and singing, the dishes are soon completed and the KP'ers soon "hit the hay" after a hard day's work.



Yum.. NOTHING LIKE ICE CREAM FOR
PUTTING ON A FEW MORE EXTRA POUNDS.



AREN'T THESE CLEAN ENOUGH YET?



I THOUGHT KP WOULD BE EASY!

ONE OF THOSE DAYS

The day starts with the ring of the bell. Everyone jumps out of bed. Then you struggle to get up with the bell ringing in your head. By the time your cabin mates are up, the bell is still ringing. Or maybe it's the second bell. And you're still trying to get dressed. You can feel it's gonna be one of those days.

Then everyone takes turns going to the outhouse. When it's not your turn, you're busy getting your hard hat and gloves and whatever else you might need for work. When you really know it's one of those days is when you're the last one to the outhouse.

After the outhouse ordeal, everyone heads for breakfast. As you walk down the trail, you have to run back three times because you forgot something, such as bug dope. It sure is one of those days.

When you finally get to the lodge it is 7:20 and you know as you walk in Ken won't be smiling. You then try to sneak past him hoping he won't say anything. But, of course, it's one of those days and he yells at you.

After the lecture from Ken, you walk into the show line and you're positive it is one of those days when you're greeted by cold scrambled eggs with corn in them. As you go through the line someone snatches the last piece of bacon just before you get to it. To top that off, as you sit down to butter your toast, all the butter and jelly is gone and all that's left is the last part of the pineapple juice which feels like chunks as you drink it. As you eat, all you can think is "that's what you get for being late. Boy this is one of those days."

After you clear your plate, you find out it's your turn to take lunches so you have to go back to your cabin and get your pack. Because you're in such a hurry you don't think you will have enough time to make sandwiches, so you ask Mike P. to make them for you. At last something has gone right. You didn't have to make your sandwiches. Your first, and probably last, break of the day.

8:00 rolls around and everyone's sitting around waiting for the bus. At 8:15 the bus finally shows and not until then do you remember the canteen. So you have to run back to the lodge while the bus turns around. Then, after you've gotten the canteen, you can sit colmlly on the bus, waiting for your crew's turn to get off. All the way there you're thinkin' "It's just one of those days."

When you get to your work area you start work. As the morning moves on you're really looking forward to lunch.

Then, finally, it's 12:00. Time for lunch. You pull out your sandwich and you know Mike is in a good mood thinking about you because you have a peanut

butter, bacon, mayonnaise, and onion sandwich. Luckily there is another one which is plain bologna and cheese, you hope.

After lunch, work goes fine for the next two hours. Then it's time for E.E. You try to take a core sample of a tree. That doesn't turn out at all. You also try to take water ph test but instead of _____ you use _____. Naturally, it's all messed up, too.

Finally, work and E.E. are over for the day. Just a bus ride back to camp and sharpening tools, then comes a nice hot meal.

Yuch!! Sharpening tools!?! Of course, you get a very dull shovel which takes a half an hour to sharpen. You ask Patty six times if it's sharp enough. It always seems to need more. Then the next time it's finally good enough.

After the hard day's work, a shower is in order. So you go to the showers only to find the guys are in there. When they're done it's your turn. You turn on the hot water and it comes out cold.

When your nice cold shower is done you get a good hot meal, which is nice and filling, only to be told three times in the meeting afterwards to be quiet and, of course, you have no mail.

To top off your whole day, for recreation that evening there is a Jacque Cousteau movie which everyone must see for the fifth time in one year.

Then, as you go to bed, you think back on your day and you are surely, honestly, truly, positive it was one of those days.



Moving

The warm water
splashing with each
stroke of the paddles
The hot Sun beating
against my back
As I keep moving on
and on to the
end.
Suddenly the river opens
to sea and
Horizons are broadened
I am a part of the
water, we are one.

Kelly and Maureen



A Tree Is
As beautiful as me
If only the world could see
We'd all be free.

Cyndi

Thank God

Thank God for dirty dishes
They have a tale to tell
While others may go hungry
We're eating very well

With home & health & happiness
I shouldn't want to fuss
for by the sack of evidence
God's been good to us.



I feel the wind
touch me
as the water
hits each individual
rock a thousand
times over
the beating of the Sun
on the water like dew
drops
I am here
I am free
like the wind
water and Sun.

Kelly

The Light in Experience

The Northern Sun softly rounds off its bright silhouette
against the earth and is gone.
Light favors the presence of no creatures
nor any objects...
Through its passing all is revealed;
for those with eyes to see.

Experience seems to shed its light also
as with time it crosses my mind, my body, and my emotions.
This summer has favored neither happiness
nor sadness;
in its light I have laughed
and I have cried.

The wet gray days were occasionally shadowed
with thoughts and words
from my smaller self,
But many nights I felt back over the day before sleep
and recalled glowing encounters
which lent toiling colors to my days,
at times vibrant and exciting,
other times softly pastel and loving.

Living closely among groups of people
I have found the most trying and frightening experiences....
also the most rewarding.

I won't easily forget the moments
I touched another soul;
My heart will not forget the moments
that I myself was touched.

Standing on an Alaskan Lake,
Surrounded by unseen waterfalls,
a splash of stars
and a calm as deep as life.
All reflected in the faces of new friends
with whom I stood.

Sharing food around a campfire,
brushed by a rustling wind
and brisk laughter...
This my day's communion.

Embracing another in a time of deep sadness,
finding tears reaching out....
unable to say enough,
but sharing totally - unashamed.

I have been an eagle
among eagles,
and together we have soared at will.

Life...

Life is so rich -
Through sharing I have touched more closely
the vitality and richness of life.

Now the Sun softly rounds off its bright silhouette
against the gentle earth
and we each go our own way
as though carried on the last rays
of the evening sun....
But my mind's feelings
shall always reach back.

Ke1



AWARDS

Most Rowdy	Mike P.	Shannon
Most Emotional	Greg	Doris
Cutest Eye Make-up		Darby
Hardest Worker	Greg	Debbie
Best Dancer	Hardee	Kelly
Biggest Flirt	Scott	Cyndi
Biggest B.S.er	Sergie	Cindy
Biggest Eater	Calvin	April
Biggest Troublemaker	Mike P.	Tracy
Quietest	Nicki	Liz
Loudest Mouth	Mike R.	April
Strongest Girls		Oleg & Cyndi
Strongest Boys	Paul & Mike	
Biggest Pain	Don	April
Biggest Smile	Ernie	Marie
Biggest Giggers	David	Marie & Teresa
Most Talented	Kirk	Maureen
Grumpiest	Pat S.	
Best Berry Picker	Wayne E.	Cyndi
Best Dressed	Kirk	Tracy
Best BB Players	Mike B. & Paul	Maureen & Ellen
Camp Clown	Calvin	Kelly & Lisa
Best Gentleperson	Sam	Denise
Biggest Hands	Steve	



QUOTABLE QUIPS

Tracy Clayton	"Late night walks"
Greg Sakar	"The Mad Hacker" (the best pulaski)
Shannon Devon	"Knock it off"
Fred Jameson	"Eagle River's Eagle-Eye. On the dot split"
Marie J. Mike	"The warmest smile"
Sergie Edwards	"YCC Yakutat Carnivore Control"
Cindy Huelle	"Olympic Day Rock Collision"
Kelly Palmer	"Earth to Kelly, Earth to Kelly"
Maureen Kusich	"I don't think I can handle this."
Pat Steiner	"Baahh!! See a boy, give 'em a dollar"
Steve Lord	"King of the fishermen"
Darby Rockney	"I try harder"
Cindy Frederick	"Howdy folks"
Lisa Steiner	"Heck of an idea"
Jenny Edwards	"Silent movie"
Mike Pannone	"It's against my religion"
Nicky Peters	"Four-square champ"
Debbie Bodfish	"Even me?"
Christine Sakar	"Gets around"
Paul MeloVidou	"That ain't exactly easy"
David Sisk	"Mushrooms"
Mike Benttinen	"Really"
Oly Smith	"Whatever"
Scott Clark	"The ladies' man"
Doris Candage	"Teen angel la la la"
Ellen Sakeagak	"Endless Laugh"
Kirk Ramusson	"For a dollar"
John Hardee	"Take notes ma man"
Don Vahlsing	"Cases of Shasta soda"
Theresa Akaran	"Let's do it again"
Liz Strachan	"OOOOOHHHHHHH....."
Wayne England	"Ringer at horseshoes"
Calvin Logue	"See ya all later"
Sam Bishop	"Let me tell ya a story"
Ernie Samaniego	"Later man"
Tony Cameron	"Sometimes you feel like a nut"
April Adams	"Quit picking on me"
Denice Knapp	"Shanda's short sidekick"
Sissy	"West, by God, say it with a smile, Virginia"
Karla	"Check out that guy over there"
Faith	"Don't give me that no"
Lindsey	"Da da daa daa da da daa daa da da"
Pete	"Are you happy? Do you like it here?"
Kelly	"I wouldn't do that if I were you!"
Patty	"You will eat it, and you will like it!"
Kel	"Raisins, raisins, raisins, more raisins"
Steve	"Ok, fine"
Ken	"Hey baby, wanna get lucky?"
Bill	"Keep those tools moving!"
Pat	"Someone wanna be my first mate?"
Susan	"I'm gonna set this down and I'm not gonna know what happened"
Maggie	"Get out of the kitchen"
Justine	"Let's meet at the fish weir"

Special Events

THE BIZZARE AND UNUSUAL



TWO LEGS, ONE LEG OR NO LEGS . . .
ALL'S FAIR IN A MONSTER RACE.





"AROUND AND AROUND . . .



AND AROUND THEY GO . . .



AND WHERE THEY STOP . . .



NOBODY KNOWS ."



JUST LOOK AT THE MOVEMENT, THE INTENSE CONCENTRATION IN THEIR FACES, THE GLEE SHINNING IN THE EYES AS THEY OCCASSIONALLY MAKE CONTACT. . . THE STAFF SHALL NEVER FORGET VOLLYBALL WITH THE COMRADES.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

We labored late into the night, constructing the Herbert Glacier on the 1-1/2 ton pickup stake bed. We found (after the stores closed) that there weren't enough napkins so cardboard formed the peaks and napkins the skirts of the mountains. The paint locker in the warehouse gave us the greenery, and Kirk crowned the snowy peaks. The next morning, a gluey atmosphere caused some drippage, but the work of art we had built held together through the whole parade.

The Kazoo band carried a lovely sign, and lips gave out before lungs as the reviewing stand heard Maureen's "Give me a Y!"

Back at Eagle Beach, Dutch baseball, bobbing for bananas, banana 7-up eating contest, and water balloon relay races kept us going until sunset (spectacular). The tide flats left their mark on us all as the enrollees overpowered the staff in the tug-of-war of the year, and the washing machine ran late into the night.



THE JULY 4TH BALLOON CARRY RELAY RACE RESULTED
IN SEVERAL STIFF NECKS AND MANY WET SHIRTS



FIND THE BANANA



JUSTINE PSYCHING OUT AN OPPOSING TEAM



TUCK IT IN!



HAND CHECK!



GOOD THING WE LIKE EACH OTHER

OLYMPICS

The Eagle River YCC Olympics were held on Saturday, August 5. The camp was divided into teams and was off to the beach. We all had great fun as we went through the events. Whenever we're all together, the laughter never stops; for instance, on this particular day an exhibition "blind run" was presented by Cindy Huelle and Kelly Palmer, ending in Kelly guiding Cindy into and over the nearest boulder! Another highlight of the the events was the castle building contest.....and of course the following barbeque rated high as usual.

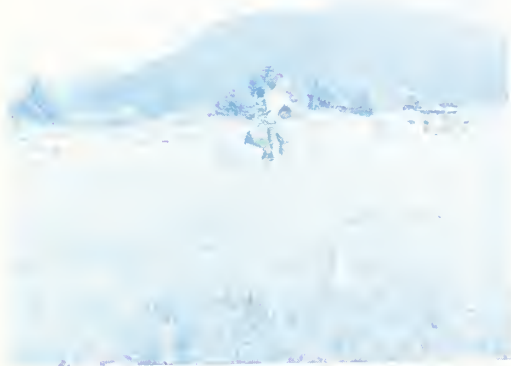




JUST A FEW MORE WINDOWS
AND WE'RE FINISHED.



ARCHITECTS OF TOMORROW.



THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND!



FASTER THAN A SPEEDING (?) BULLET!

MS. YCC 1978

The crowd waited in hushed anticipation for the beauties to enter the room. Slowly they filed in: Feda, wearing bedroom slippers and shocking pink attire, Michele in a long blue gown, Carlita in the new casual-formal look, Samantha in a sensuous red dress, Darbella just stunning in a knee-length skirt and sandals, Joana sporting a 1920's green flapper dress, and Kenni Lee in a sleeveless blue gown.

Contestants were judged on the basis of bathing suits, spontaneous questions and answers, and talent. Many authorities considered this year's show to have the best collection of legs in the Southeast. Perhaps the tightest competition arose during the talent session. Several hit songs were performed in rather "original fashion".

When the final tallies were in, Carlita was the new Eagle River Ms. YCC of 1978. The judges claimed Carlita broke it wide open with her highly humorous replies during the question and answer session. Runner-up awards were Fréda who snared Ms. Poise, Michele winning best gown, Samantha with best bathing suit, Darbella captured best talent with a tear-jerking rendition of "I am a Woman". Joana attracted everyone's eye with the foxiest award and Kenni Lee received Ms. Congeniality for her jumping into the judges' laps on several occasions.

So for a period of one year, Eagle River has a new reigning beauty queen.



LOOK AT THE FORM !!
BALLET AT ITS BEST!



ANYBODY KNOW HOW TO GET THIS
SAW OUT OF THE LOG?



HE DOESN'T REALLY THINK HE'S
HOUDINI DOES HE? HE'S NOT
REALLY GOING TO SAW MIKE IN
HALF!?



SEE -- I DID GET MUSCLES
THIS SUMMER!

WOODSMEN'S MEET

Climb a greased pole? Spit tobacco? Do we have to? After a summer of clearing trails, cutting brush and working in the woods, we all had the big chance of proving our skills at the 1st Annual Eagle River Woodsmen's Meet.

Steve and Lindsey started things off with their great tree-felling skills--felling them on other trees, in the road--anywhere they didn't want to go. Things then got a little better and by Sunday, August 6th, we were ready to go!

Sunday events included dot split, cross-cut sawing, bow sawing, log rolling, pulp throw, pulp split, and tobacco spit.

Of course, the staff, assisted by Tweed, Glenn "Revegetation", Glen "Staircase", Pat, Matt, and Dan set the excellent examples. However, they were given a lot of competition by the enrollees in every event.

Tuesday the 8th, the greased pole and cigar-fire fighting events took place. After several attempts to get the \$5.00 at the top of the pole, we decided team work was the trick to the top. Most of the crews worked well together and, through some very unusual ways, most of them finally got a team member to the top. Not to be shown up, the staff finally sent Lindsey all the way to the top by himself.

Wrapping everything up, cigar fire-fighting had everyone fighting for their lives. It's a hearty bunch to get through with no upset stomachs! Everyone who survived that event deserves some type of reward! How about a bottle of Pepto-Bismal?

Lack of time prevented our axe throwing and fire building events from taking place. Even so, the Woodsmen's Meet proved to be quite successful and, even though "we had to do it", we had a pretty good time.

CLOSING CEREMONY

After eight weeks of hard (?) work in the rain and cold, camp was finally coming to a close and we ended it up in style. Tuesday, August 8th, was the last day we would all be together, so our final ceremonies took place that evening.

With Maureen and Ellen organizing and Sam running the show, the night was sure to be a success.

Dinner started things off, complete with candlelight and beautiful waiters and waitresses (alias the staff) serving delicious Turner Lake salmon, along with other goodies. After the pie and ice cream, we all went outside for the awards ceremony.

Most graduations are long, boring ceremonies, but not true with Eagle River! Complete with singing and dancing girls, magic shows, off-Broadway skits, and beautiful pageants, this ceremony was quite unique.



THE EMCEES

Of course, we had our honored guests and our serious moments. Many thanks were said to the people that helped us, along with the "big shots" who reigned over our Eagle River kingdom. Certificates of Completion were then handed out to each of the enrollees, for without them Eagle River YCC 1978 would have never taken place.

WE THANK YOU!



THE BIG CHEESE --

FOREST SUPERVISOR DICK WILSON (GREAT GUY)





THE ORDER OF THE APRON



A LITTLE LIGHT MAGIC



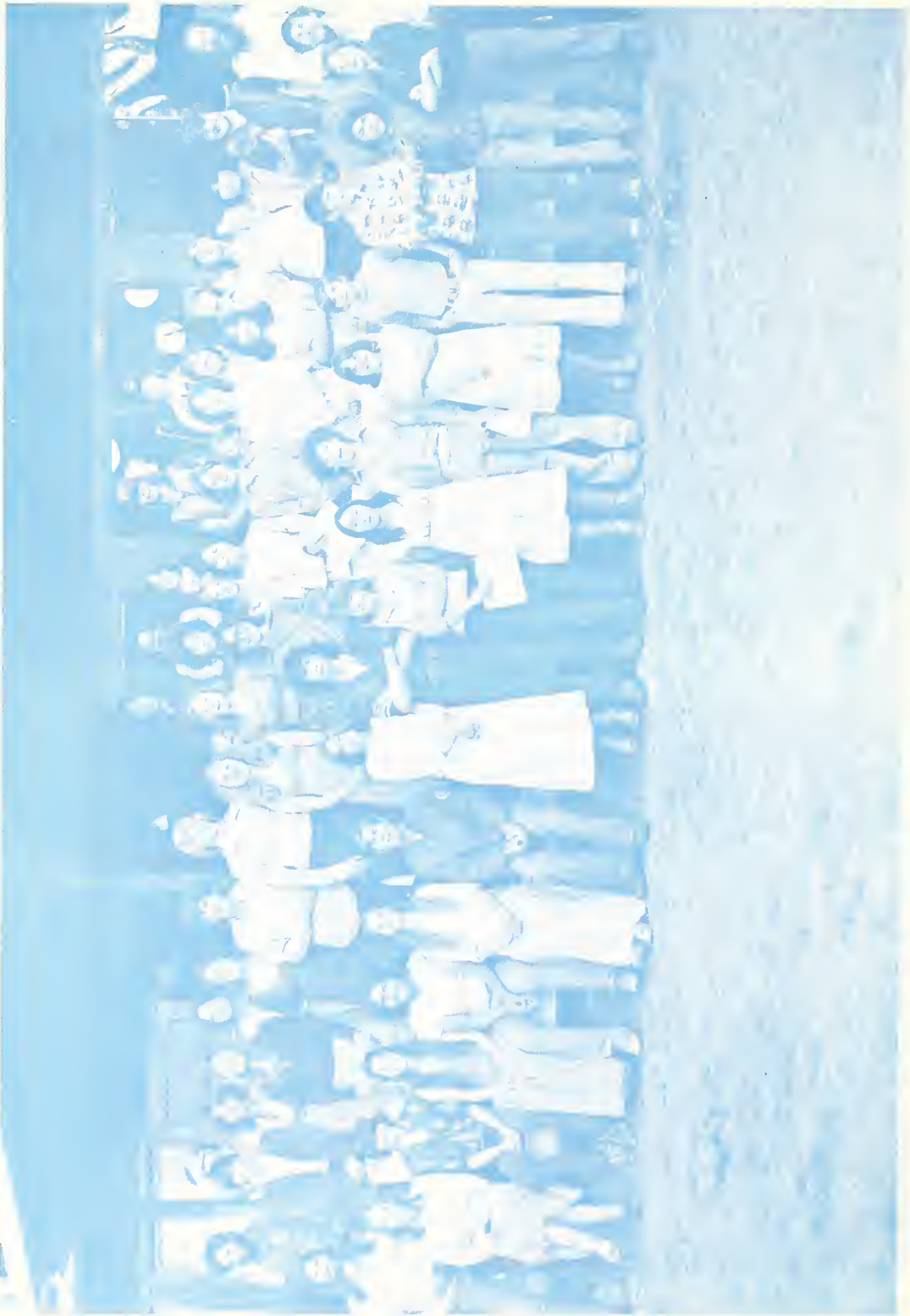
"THERE IT GOES, AROUND THAT HILL . . ."



THE MAGIC WOMAN



"THEY ALL PAY A FORTUNE FOR US,
WE ALL WENT TO POISE AND CHARM SCHOOL . . ."



TOGETHER IN SPIRIT

ENROLLEES

Adams, April
Akaran, Theresa
Benttinen, Mike
Bishop, Sam
Bodfish, Debbie
Cameron, Toni
Candage, Doris
Clark, Scott
Clayton, Tracy
Devon, Shannon
Edwards, Jenny
Edwards, Sergie
England, Wayne
Frederick, Cyndi
Hardee, John
Huelle, Cindy
Jameson, Fred
Knapp, Denise
Kusick, Maureen
Logue, Calvin
Lord, Steve
Melovidou, Paul
Mike, Marie Jean
Nidever, Randy
Palmer, Kelly
Pannone, Mike
Peters, Nicky
Rasmusson, Kirk
Rockney, Darby
Sakar, Christine
Samaniego, Ernie
Disk, Dave
Smith, Olinga
Steiner, Lisa
Steiner, Pat
Strachan, Liz
Vahlsing, Don

STAFF:

Boucher, Faith - California
Emerson, Justine - Pennsylvania
Funkhouser, Karla - Virginia
Hambrook, Patty - New Hampshire
Kahler, Kelly - Vermont
Kellam, Marget (Kelly) - Connecticut
Mason, Lindsey - Alaska
Perrone, Steve - Montana
Post, Ken - New Jersey
Roberts, Sissy - West Virginia
Smith, Bill - Alaska
Stortz, Peter - Wisconsin
Thrasher, Pat - Alaska

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