



Palmer Historical Society

Preserving Our Past * Sharing Our Stories * Making History for Future Generations
Volume XXX No. 3 March 2014 Newsletter

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Greetings from your PHS President:

March is here! It feels like spring has been awakening since January this year! We anxiously watch our beehive for signs of life – bees have been out buzzing around now and again. Like us, they anticipate the longed for signs of spring.

The Colony House Museum roofing found in the back yard and silt blown through the cracks and crevices of the museum prove once again that Palmer does get its fair (?) share of windy days.

With springtime and sunshine on our minds we plan and look forward to Tent City Market. Tent City Market, held on the lawn of the Colony House Museum, is our PHS annual fun (d) raiser! If springtime weather has got you doing some cleaning and clean-out please consider a donation of your antiques, collectibles, and treasures to the Palmer Historical Society. Contact a PHS Board member for donation details and keep watch in upcoming Newsletters for more info!

Mark your calendar for the first weekend of June! Come visit the Colony House Museum during Colony Days for our annual Open House and the Tent City Market!

May your March into Spring be a historic one! ~ **Sheri Hamming**

We are saddened by news of the loss of June and Clyde Oberg's barn to fire this week. Our thoughts are with the Oberg family in their loss. The "Fishhook Dairy" barn played an essential role in their family and livelihood, and rural beauty of the Palmer-Fishhook area. We shall miss it!



When inviting our readership to submit memories inspired by simple themes, it never fails to surprise me that no two interpretations share the same perspectives, much less the same details or emotions. I've heard people agonize that they forgot or procrastinated, and missed the deadline for submission. A secret tactic? Write it out while you're first thinking about it – in the time you drink your morning cup of coffee. Come back to it during your next break to add to it, tweak it here or there, wrap it up and send it on. Do it now. That said, here are themes for the next three months:

Please email (or send) your paragraphs to blhecker@mtaonline.net by **April 7**.

April: Spring Cleaning
May: How Green Is My Valley
June: Mothers and Fathers

Girl Scout Cookies had their earliest beginnings in the kitchens and ovens of girl members, with moms volunteering as technical advisers. In July 1922, this recipe was distributed with the approximate cost of ingredients for six- to seven-dozen cookies to be 26 to 36 cents. The cookies could be sold by troops for 25 or 30 cents per dozen.

**ATTENTION SCOUTS!
FORWARD MARCH! BAKE!
SELL!**

This is your chance to show how much Scouting means to you.

GIRLS SCOUT COOKIES

- 1 cup of Butter, or substitute,
- 1 cup of sugar
- 2 tablespoons of milk
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon of vanilla
- 2 cups of flour
- 2 teaspoons of baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar, add well beaten eggs, then milk, flavoring, flour and baking powder. Roll thin and bake in quick oven.

(Sprinkle sugar on top.)

This amount makes six to seven dozen.

The verse below was printed on cards and distributed.



COOKIES large and cookies small,
Made by SCOUTS both short and tall.

What's your ORDER? Phone us quick,

So that we may do the trick.
THIRTY CENTS is all we ask,
And we find it is no task
To DELIVER to your door,
DOZENS—one, two, three—or more!
Telenhane

Colony House Museum

Second Annual Docent Gathering

Mark your calendars: the **Second Annual Docent Gathering** will be held at 1:30 p.m., Monday, April 14, at the Colony House Museum. We will be organizing for the 2014 season and putting together our docent schedule. It will also be a time to share tips and stories, and to learn what's new (and old) at the Museum.



We have been recruiting volunteers during the off season, but we can always use more. Our goal is to have two docents for each 3 hour shift. It is always more fun and interesting to volunteer with a buddy. We also try to use the buddy system for new docents. If you are thinking about being a docent and would like to learn more about it please come join us on April 14. I will be sending out a postcard reminder the end of March. In the meantime, if you have any questions you can give me a call. (376-5802) ~ **Barb Thomas, V.P.**

“Temporary Custody Receipt” What Is It?

You may well wonder what a Temporary Custody Receipt is and what it has to do with you. Don't let that official-sounding title fool you. It is merely a piece of paper to be filled out when an item(s) is brought to Colony House Museum and donated to the Collections. It is a very important document.

By signing the Temporary Custody Receipt, you transfer ownership of your donation to the museum. It offers you choices regarding that transfer. Is the transfer unconditional? Do you want your donation back if it is not accepted into the permanent collection? Can the donation be sold to benefit the museum? Is it a loan to be utilized by the museum for a specified period then returned? Any of these and other choices can be selected, or you can write in your own conditions.

You also have the opportunity on this receipt to describe your donation, and detail any interesting notes about it. If the donation is an artifact, information such as what it is, who used it where and when make the donation more “valuable” to our collections: If you're donating photos, we'd like names, places, and dates (if possible.) If it's a document, who wrote it and under what circumstances? You may not know all of this information, but the more you can share the more we like it.

The Temporary Custody Receipt will ask for your name and contact information (kept private, not shared), so we can reach you if we have questions later. If you give your email address we will add you to our newsletter list. You may request a copy of the Receipt to take with you.

All this will take a little more of your time; but it's worth it. Remember, you are donating to the Museum, not dropping something off at the thrift store! And if you're not sure whether we'd like it or not, bring it anyway. That old mule shoe from the shed? Mysterious trunk in the attic? Aunt Fannie's corset? Let US decide!
~ **Carol Lombardo, Archivist**

Sadly, this will be the last printed newsletter some of our longtime members will receive as we have not heard from them or received dues since 2012 (FYI, if you are among those, a separate reminder will be slipped into the envelope with this newsletter.) If you are on the e-newsletter list, you will continue to receive it free of charge. If you have an email address and would like to receive the e-version of the PHS newsletter, please email your e-address to blhecker@mtaonline.net, or me at pls@mtaonline.net with your request. Dues cover the calendar year from January through December. You may pay by check through the mail at PHS, PO Box 1935, Palmer, AK 99645, c/o Joan Campbell, Treasurer. You may pay by check, credit card, or cash at our monthly programs.

~ **Joan Campbell, Treasurer/Membership**

Individual Dues: \$25.00 Household Dues: \$40.00 Patron (business): \$100.00 Lifetime: \$500.00

Please don't miss out on the opportunity to support your Palmer Historical Society!



Please join us Wednesday, March 19th, at 7:00 pm at the Palmer Library.

Musk Ox Farm director, Mark Austin, will give background on the domestication of the Musk Ox. He'll speak to recent developments at the farm and what is happening to sustain this long term project.

Mark will share information about three important upcoming anniversaries.

Lynn Follett, President of the Wasilla-Knik Historical Society, Encourages Collaboration

February speaker, Mr. Lynn Follett, President of the Wasilla-Knik Historical society, discussed potential projects which would invite area historical society volunteers to work in tandem promoting the history, wildlife, recreation, and beauty of the Matanuska Valley. The history of the Wasilla-Knik-Willow Creek area is interwoven with that of Palmer's. Sophomoric rival attitudes that generationally separate the two towns must be dispelled as we forge a united front in sponsoring projects that not only stimulate learning about the Valley, but summon the prospering of our historical societies, our cities, and our society.

Follett did not call us to compete with the tourism industry. Rather, we must find our "niche." What is missing in the local scene that draws tourists and visitors from near and far?

Ideas considered included:

- **Providing signage** along historic trails
- **Sponsoring active events** (for example, the Wasilla-Knik Historical Society, during the *Ididasport*, opened their museum free of charge to all visitors)
- **Undertaking projects** such as the *Iditarod Trail Invitational*, a triathlon of running, biking and walking from Knik to McGrath; or *walking tours* of the Palmer Hay Flats for bird-watchers, etc.

Follett was especially keen on connecting with history through reclamation (from the wild,) signage and promotion of evident and not-so-evident historic native trails.

He stressed that we think outside the box – not imitating or replacing what's already been done, but enhancing and adding to it. Also, we need always bring people into our projects from beyond the historical society. Especially, we must not lose contact with our older members. Their voices are essential as they represent the most invaluable of our archives.

He advocated encompassing our native communities, such as Chickaloon and Knik, not only for their substantiation of our projects, but for what we can learn from their stories.



**Lynn Follett and wife Bethany Buckingham,
Curator of Wasilla's Dorothy Page Museum**

Brown.

Silt.

Wind.



Bless Those Darned Matanuska Winds

I can remember many times when the Matanuska winds would roar through the Valley, disrupting the solitude of a deep winter's day—or perhaps, just breaking up the monotony as I waited for spring.

Sometimes they would creep up on you, like the day I stood in my Palmer driveway waiting for my dog to check her 'pee mail' as I looked for the first signs of spring. The wind would start with the almost imperceptible flinch of a single brown alder leaf. Within minutes, you would hear the distant roar, and then it would arrive with all its fury, kicking up brown sand that quickly turned the pristine air to a gritty, brown mass that stung your skin, and made your eyes feel that if you kept them open, you might go blind from the assault.

And always, you knew once this started, that the blast would go on for three days, so you just learned to deal with it, and carry on, even though you had the sense during your daily walk that the next big gust might well lift you off the ground and plant you in one of the spruce trees along with the array of plastic bags that often hung there after these events.

When we moved to Palmer, they (whoever *they* might be), warned us that, "the sand comes right through your windows."

"Right," I told myself, "Like dirt can blow through glass."

Well, I'm here to tell you that it can, and that keeping it out is next to impossible, so at some point you learn to ignore the dust until the wind stops and you can do your indoor cleaning along with picking up outdoors.

I used to hate seeing the beautiful white snow turn brown with glacier silt, but I now realize that it was nature replenishing the earth, and making the Valley the fertile growing land that has long been treasured by farmers. Sure, sometimes you had to deal with seeing sheet metal fly through the air, or dodge an overturned semi on the Parks, but with the wind came soil and nutrients, and so you dealt with it, and learned to understand.

After all, we are Alaskans, and we are used to living close to the forces of nature. To that end, we stock our closets, with wind-block fleece, gaiters (both for feet and heads), protective glasses, and we even outfit our dogs with "doggles" to protect their eyes. Then, when the wind stops and the clean up is done, we take a deep breath of the pure Valley air, and look around at the unparalleled mountain views as we say a silent thanks that we are among the few who live in one of the last unspoiled places on earth.

~ **Marianne Schlegelmilch**

Marianne now lives in Homer where she measures all wind against the Valley winds. She is the author of eight books of fiction and is a frequent visitor to Fireside Books in downtown Palmer. She often features scenes from the Mat-Su Valley in her books, especially Palmer and Knik River Road. Her new book *Feather for Hoonah Joe*, is the fourth in the "feather series" of Alaska mystery adventures, and should be available around May of 2014. You can reach her via her website: www.marianneschlegelmilch.com or via Facebook or twitter.

Brown. Silt. Wind.

This interesting combination of words is significant for those of us who live here. The fertile topsoil in this area is essentially composed of loess. Loess is pronounced "lures" ('nurse' with an 'L'.) This pronunciation was agreed to about 60 years ago by a group of professionals working in the field of earth sciences.

Loess is a glacier related deposit. As a glacier moves over the landscape, rocks imbedded in the ice grind against other rock beneath and beside the glacier. One result of this is a fine-grained material called 'rock flour'. This material is then washed away by streams flowing outward from the glacier. At times during the year, these streams shift channels, run low, or even partially dry. The rock flour that was suspended in the water is then left behind as a thin layer of dust. It is then picked up by the wind and deposited over the surrounding terrain with areas closer to the source receiving a greater thickness. In any given year, this accumulation could be on the order of 1/100th of an inch. Given enough time loess deposits may grow to thicknesses of several feet. Eventually, this loess becomes incorporated into the topsoil. Our loess soil is generally considered to be some of the most fertile in Alaska and was a prime factor in the selection of this area for the Matanuska Colony. So when it gets really dusty around Palmer just think, "Future Topsoil."

~ **David Matthews**

Anticipation

Late winter stimulates man's optimism, always hoping for a vigorous spring. The world around is masked in dormancy: dead grass protruding from windblown snow banks, trees long bare of leaves, bark of the birch curling in dryness. It's difficult to have a spring-just-around the corner attitude, when it's cold as hell right now.

My close male friends of the late 1940's were nearly all adventuresome outdoorsmen. Winter was special with skiing, snowshoeing, ptarmigan and snowshoe rabbit hunts being our day-time, cold weather forte. Note that I said daytime, as weekend nights were nearly always for basketball games, movies at the Palmer Territorial School gym and great dances at various camp social halls with small live music groups. This was where the girls were - to dance with, to hold hands with, and to get in fist fights over.



As dusty March winds blew, my friends and I became antsy for the rituals of spring. A favorite for Jimmy Herman and me was our annual muskrat trapping endeavor. It was an adventure, but it was also a serious money-making opportunity during the short Easter vacation. A couple carefully skinned and dried furs from those hardy little animals brought nearly a day's pay at the furrier in Anchorage.

The most productive area was the fresh marsh of the duck flats, north across the Knik River from Eklutna Indian Village and the early Russian Cemetery. It was home to a healthy muskrat population. Jimmy Herman and I would make day trips to pin point the densest areas of the rat population. We scouted by ski or snowshoe for the prominent muskrat mounds in the frozen swampy areas and small lakes and streams of the valley.

The land was as flat as soup in a bowl. Rat houses or dens were 2-3' mounds of carefully arranged swamp grasses and reed roots. In April, as the weather warmed and the ice thinned, each inhabited den had the potential of two or more muskrat skins.

We would carefully approach a potential mound and press an ear against its side. We'd thump the mound with our belt ax. Sometimes we could detect a faint squeak, or perhaps a little splash as they leapt through the open escape hole at the bottom of the den.

If any doubt, the interior was opened for observation. We carefully cut an access hole in the side of the mound. With a flashlight one might glimpse beady little eyes. Sometimes we carefully reached in feeling for clues indicating a live den.

Jim and I usually managed to bag a few rabbits or spruce hens during a survey, but mapping the location of muskrat dens was the real fruit from our trips, anticipating spring.

~ Bob Graham

Iditarod 2014 * Iditarod History and Culture

A replica of the original freight sleds used to run cargo along the Iditarod Trail led the mushers, racing dog teams and sleds in Sunday's Ceremonial Start of the 2014 Iditarod Race. This is the backstory behind the building of the freight sled by 1973 Iditarod veteran, Rod Perry: <http://m.peninsulaclarion.com/news/2014-02-22>

Photo courtesy of Karen J. Laubenstein



Helen Hegener, as you read this, is on the trail following her favorite mushers and teams, and watching the skies for aurora borealis (!), and/or better, **SNOW!**



When the days begin to lengthen and warm up in mid-winter, scores of intrepid mushers and their fast-moving dog teams set out from Anchorage to run the 1,000-mile Iditarod Trail Sled Dog Race, which ends under the burlled arch in far-off Nome. It's a test of endurance and training, of wilderness skills and abilities, and of trail savvy and steely determination.

In 1972 a friend invited me to a meeting at the Kashim Restaurant in Wasilla. In the small back room a grizzled-looking bunch was gathered around a table piled with maps, discussing what mandatory gear should be carried by the mushers on this new race; the list of questions was long, and the conversations which answered them longer still. I was fascinated, but I don't think I contributed much to the on goings. We had a small working team at the time, but the very idea of setting out to drive a dogteam 1,000 miles across the wilderness was almost incomprehensible to me. It turned out many of the wives of the mushers felt the same way at the starting line a few weeks later, as some were crying in fear their husbands were going to be lost in the wild. No one was lost, and the winner that first year was a tough and wily miner from Red Devil named Dick Wilmarth. My interest in the sport has broadened over the years to include volunteering for several races, photographing and writing about the sport for almost ten years, and producing a documentary video and several books about Alaskan sled dog races.

These days the trophy presented to honor the winning Iditarod team is a 95-pound bronze sculpture depicting race founder Joe Redington Sr., with his arm around his favorite lead dog, Feets. It's a fitting tribute to a visionary Alaskan legend who ran the race 19 times, placing fifth four times. The winner also receives a large check and a new Dodge truck, and bragging rights as the premier long-distance musher in the world. There are several top contenders every year, and this year's race should be on a hard and fast trail.

Iditarod Fever, as it's known to fans, is rampant this time of year as the teams make their way across the trail to Nome. News reports, videos, articles and interviews, profiles of the mushers – and often of favorite dogs – fill the hours and days as the race winds down to an always-exciting finish. Pick a favorite team or just cheer them all on, find others who share the love of sled dogs and a great Alaskan tradition and track the mushers en route to the finish. It's a fine way to celebrate the coming end of winter!

Iditarod website: <http://iditarod.com>

Iditarod Facebook page: <https://www.facebook.com/>

[IditarodTrailCommittee](#)

Profiles of this year's mushers: <http://iditarod.com/race/2014/mushers/>

Trail Map and FAQ: <http://iditarod.com/about/the-iditarod-trail/>

Iditarod Videos: <http://iditarod.com/video/>

Laurel Bill spoke to us in October 2013. She's a noted Alaska historian, speaker, author, editor, and publisher who enjoys sharing her state's colorful past. Laurel generously granted permission to extract from two recent articles on the Iditarod.



Sled Dogs Led the Way Through Alaska's Rich Past

Natives of Alaska, northern Canada, Greenland and Siberia used dogs as winter draft animals for centuries. Russians arriving in western Alaska during the early 1800s found Alaska Natives using dogs to haul sleds loaded with fish, game, wood and other items. The Natives ran ahead of the dogs as they guided them on the yearly trips between villages and fish and hunting camps. Russians improved the dog and sled system by adding handlebars and harnessing the dog teams in single files or in pairs. They also trained the dogs to follow commands given by sled drivers and introduced the "lead dog." Russian exploration via dog teams was limited to Alaska's coasts, as well as along some rivers, and followed existing Native trails between villages. Both Natives and Russians found frozen rivers also made useful winter trails. Extensive use of dogs for long-distance transportation developed as gold discoveries were made in the late 1890s and early 1900s. Stampeders quickly learned that dog teams were worth their weight in gold. Thousands of dogs were imported from the Lower 48 to help prospectors and adventurers reach the gold fields. (*Senior Voice*, January 2013.)

Iditarod Trail Race Conceived 50 Years Ago

The two legendary visionaries who conceived the 1,049 mile race to Nome hardly could have imagined the success and changes that would happen over the next 40-plus years of the "Last Great Race."

It all started when a history buff living in Wasilla had an idea in 1964. Dorothy Page, secretary of the Aurora Dog Mushers Club, saw that snowmachines were fast taking the place of dog teams and mushing. She thought a sled dog race on the historic Iditarod Trail, which originally began in Seward during the gold rush days and stretched to Knik, then on to the gold camp of Iditarod and eventually to Nome, might revitalize a longtime Alaska tradition. But Page knew that she would have to find a musher to share her dream before it could become reality.

She endured comments such as "Are you crazy?" for two years, until she talked to Joe Redington Sr. during a break at the Willow Winter Carnival sled dog races in 1966. Page explained her idea to the veteran musher (...) His response, "I think that's a great idea!" has been echoed by hundreds of mushers from all parts of Alaska, the Lower 48 and even foreign countries ever since. <http://auntphilstrunk.com/alaska-history-blog>

Facebook Page: <http://www.Facebook/LaurelBillAuthor>

Twitter: <http://www.Twitter.com/LaurelBill>



Margaret Lucaas, in pink, of Palmer Alaska Chapter 942 of the Loyal Order of the Moose, celebrated her 100th Birthday on February 14, 2014. Pictured with Margaret are several members of her family. Palmer Mayor Delena Johnson proclaimed the day "Margaret's Day" and also read a congratulatory statement from the Alaska Legislature. Margaret has been an active member of the Moose Lodge for 64 years. In recognition for her years of service the Chapter has donated \$500 in her name to Moose Charities, designated for Moosehaven. Margaret and her husband Leo Lucas of Palmer Lodge 793 donated the land where the current Moose Family Center is located.

Article and photo courtesy of Joan Campbell, as contributed to Moose Magazine.

Back Row: Granddaughter, Jeanne Novasad, son, Larry Lucas, grandson, Dale Koppenburg. Front Row: Granddaughter, Doni Daggett, Margaret, City of Palmer Mayor, Delena Johnson, daughter, Elaine Battles.

Good Friday, March 27, 1964, 5:36 p.m.

"...there was a great earthquake ...and every mountain and island were moved out of their places." Revelation 6:12,14

The 1964 Earthquake, also known as the **Great Alaskan Earthquake**, and the **Good Friday Earthquake** left indelible memories for those who live to recall it. About 139 persons died as a result: 15 due to the earthquake, 106 due to the subsequent tsunami in Alaska, 5 from the tsunami in Oregon, and 13 from the tsunami in California. Property damage was estimated at about \$311 million (\$2.28 billion in current U.S. dollars.) Downtown Anchorage was heavily damaged. Valdez and its port were destroyed. Structures and infrastructures built on clay, gravel and sand shook, cracked, crumbled and sank. Matanuska Valley townspeople felt the shocks equally strong as other places, but because we built on soil which moved and shifted with the shocks, we did not suffer the same destruction. Here then, are five representative stories of neighbors/survivors of the 9.2 earthquake.

My name is Peggy (Mohan) Wilson and I grew up on the Springer System. Our house used to sit on the empty land with the tall trees (kitty corner) from the Palmer Golf course. Deland's house was across the street from us but Gloria Deland's mom (Irene Lepak) lived there back then. On March 27th, 50 yrs. ago (I was 9) I was in my bedroom lying on my bed (it had wheels) reading Flood Friday by Lois Lenski. Mom was lying with my younger sister, Jon Marie, on her bed. Kathleen was somewhere in the house and Mike was over at Kockritz's. I remember my bed starting to roll back and forth. I put my book down. Mom told Jon Marie it was a little earthquake and it would be okay. Kathleen came to the door frame of our room and just stood there frozen. Then the house started shaking and mom said we need to go outside now. Items were crashing in the kitchen and bathroom. By now my bed was now rolling back and forth, hitting one wall and then the other. I had to push Kathleen out the door and drag her with me. As we stood there we heard a rumble and saw the landslide come down Pioneer Peak. Trees were bending like rubber, back and forth touching the ground. I looked at Kathleen and she was making the sign of the cross repeatedly and saying, "Oh God!" over and over. Mom looked down at us and said "You damn kids, why don't you have on some shoes?" then looked down and said "I am not wearing any either!" We were standing in snow. The house and the chimney were moving back and forth - slamming together with a bang. Then mom was cursing dad - on his way home from Anchorage where he worked for the RR - for never bracing them together. It seemed like it would never stop. Then it was still. Not a sound. Dead silence. We could hear Mike over at the neighbor's laughing his head off, and Charlene screaming "That wasn't funny!" Meantime, dad was on his way home from work, commuting with two or three other men. Can't remember who now, but I remember they liked to stop at Tip's bar on the way home. Well, the story we heard later was that they thought they had a flat tire, or maybe all four tires were flat. When they got to the Knik Bridge they knew what happened. The bridge was swallowed up by the landslide. Back then everyone knew everyone else so many of the people just swapped vehicles with someone needing to go the other direction.

We didn't have electricity for a few days (don't know for sure) we boiled water, had a gas stove to cook on, and we all slept in the living room. I still tense up when we have an earthquake. I can hear/sense when one is coming and I feel a lump in my throat for just one moment.

~ Peggy Mohan Wilson

Hello there and thank you for making this opportunity available for us to tell our individual stories. I'm amazed at how long ago it has been and by the same token how it seems as though it happened just recently. We had lived in Alaska for just shy of two years and resided in Sutton, about a mile up Jonesville Road.

Yes it was dinner time for my family as it was for many. I'm not sure what all we were going to eat, but I do remember there were boiled eggs on a plate. We had only experienced a couple of minor earthquakes in our short time of living here so we weren't too concerned at first. As the duration continued and the severity increased, things started getting intense. The house began shaking violently with whatever was in the kitchen cabinets falling out. As the time and strength got worse my parents ushered us to the door. It wasn't long after that when it seemed like the intensity peaked but there was no sign of it stopping. As we stood in the doorway we could see the trees and power poles drastically swaying as if they were a limp switch. The ground was rolling like waves on a lake. The noise was unlike anything that I had ever heard before and so very loud for such a long period of time. In all of the excitement my Dad managed to go out to the log garage and get the car out. He was afraid the garage might collapse, but it didn't. He came back to the doorway where we all stood and watched the car bounce up and down. The longer the ground shook, the scarier that it got. I know I was beginning to seriously wonder if the ground would ever stop shaking. Yes I was getting scared. When the ground stopped shaking, there was relief but I'm quite sure we were all shaking. We turned around to see our kitchen/ dining room in total chaos. Our dinner was on the floor, as were most of the items that were once in the cabinets. We were about as settled down as a person could expect after going through an ordeal like that, but then came the aftershocks. With each one we would head for the doorway and after each one my Mother went outside to vomit. I never knew a person could throw up that much and not be sick. I can't really remember if I could hear birds chirping, but there was a certain quiet. As damage and fatality reports trickled in throughout time, we realized just how lucky we were.

~ **Dan Michaels**

On the 27th I was preparing supper while supervising the preparations for the Good Friday service at the U.P. Church. The dishes in the cupboard above the stove came cascading down, ruining my meal and breaking a casserole. I yelled at the 4 boys to get out. The dogs had wisely disappeared into the woods before the first tremor. I was working as relief Medical Tech at Valley Hospital and immediately got a call (no power but we had phones.) The regular Tech was on the other side of the Pioneer Peak landslide and I was needed to help with an emergency walk-in blood bank. We drew several units of blood from generous donors with the idea that Anchorage would need them.

~ **Gayle Rowland**

We were living in a trailer park in Anchorage at the time the earthquake hit. My husband was getting ready to go to work and my older son was taking his nap still. When our trailer started rocking my husband made me sit down because I was 9 months pregnant with our second son, while he went and checked on Pierre. Pierre was sitting up in his bed and said, "What's going on here, Daddy?" So he was fine. Water splashed out of the toilet bowl, things fell from the cupboards and the TV which was on a stand bounced across the living room floor. The power went out and was out for 3 days where we lived. First reports on the radio were really bad, but I made up my mind if the baby decided to come, I was staying right where I was. We had a nurse down the street and I figured she would know what to do. My cousin and her husband and baby came over for a while and another friend came by, so my husband offered him a piece of cake. When he went to get it out of the refrigerator it had noodle soup on the top of it; but Clarence didn't seem to mind. After they left, my husband decided he needed to go check and see how things were at Gilman's Bakery where he worked. When he got home he said there wouldn't be any work that night, so we nestled in for a long night, interrupted with many aftershocks. We never knew if it would be another big one or not, so that was kind of hard on the nerves. Craig was due on the 27th, but decided to wait until April 4th to make his entry into this world. I tried to call my doctor, but couldn't get him. Then I tried to call the hospital where I was supposed to go and I couldn't get it. An aunt staying with me told me to call Providence Hospital. The nurse there told me I needed to get there right away. I called my husband and he came home on his break and drove me to the hospital and then went back to work. A couple of hours later Craig was born and we stayed at the hospital for 2 days. I was in a ward with three other ladies and we became friends. One of the ladies and I have been friends now for almost 50 years! One of the worst things I remember about the earthquake were the aftershocks. We had plenty of canned goods and were always prepared for an emergency, and had no damage to speak of in our home. I am thankful that we were prepared and had everything we needed and everyone in my family was safe. The weather wasn't too cold but we had no heat, so we just moved into the front area of our home and kept warm enough.

~ **Louise Bidondo**

I had a friend over at the house on Shady Lane playing Chinese jump rope (with scads of rubber bands linked together) when the shaking began. My mom, my friend and I ran outside and were hanging on to the garbage can that was frozen to the ground. Mom's greatest worry was her roast cooking in the oven. My sister was alone in her 4th Ave. pawn shop. Her husband, Allen, got there in time to get her out as she couldn't open the door. Right after they got out, the shop collapsed. My dad was working under a car lifted on the rack in a Chevron station on Gambell St. The streets were cracking and breaking up around him (he was fine), but that car stayed on the rack! Weird! After the earthquake, our area was okay. We had no power or water, but we stayed with some older neighbors and waited for trucks to come with drinking water. The earthquake taught me to be prepared for anything – a good lesson.

~ **Cathy Sexton**