“In a badly designed book, the letters mill and stand like starving horses in a field. In a book designed by rote, they sit like stale bread and mutton on the page. In a well-made book, where designer, compositor and printer have all done their jobs, no matter how many thousands of lines and pages, the letters are alive. They dance in their seats. Sometimes they rise and dance in the margins and aisles.” — Robert Bringhurst
Parts of a book

1. **Front Matter**
   a. Half Title, Sometimes Called Bastard Title
   b. Frontispiece
   c. Title Page
   d. Copyright page
   e. Dedication
   f. Acknowledgments
   g. Table of Contents
   h. Foreword: This may be something about the book or subject, written by someone other than the author.
   i. Preface or Introduction: This may be something that sets the stage for the book, generally by the author.

2. **Body Matter**
   a. Chapters or sections

3. **End Matter**
   a. Glossary
   b. Bibliography
   c. Index:
   d. Appendices
Interior Sketches II
More ramblings around Interior Alaska historic sites

Text and drawings by Ray Bonnell

Pingo Press - Fairbanks, Alaska
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All drawings and essays related to specific historic sites were originally published in *Sketches of Alaska*, a biweekly column appearing in the *Fairbanks Daily News-Miner*. Some of the essays have been revised and expanded since original publication.

This book would not have been possible without the support of and encouragement from my wife, Betsy, who has been my companion for over forty years, and willingly (no coercion necessary) edits my work and acts as an artistic consultant.

Book design, layout and formatting done at Pingo Press.

Fonts used: Licinia Aged - cover, Gil Sans - headings, Minion Pro - text

Cover illustration: Black Rapids Roadhouse (see page 16)

*Pingo Press*
127 Glacier Avenue, Fairbanks, AK 99701
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(907) 452-5455

Printed in the United States of America
First Printing, November 2015
ISBN 978-0615923192
From Fairbanks to Chicken, a long road for FE Company's Dredge No. 4

The Fairbanks Exploration Company's (FE Co.) Dredge No. 4 (also called the Pedro dredge) in Chicken originally operated along Pedro Creek just north of Fairbanks.

Built by the Yuba Manufacturing Company in California for the FE Co., it was shipped to Fairbanks from Oakland in the spring of 1938. Assembled at Pedro Creek, it began churning the creek's gravels on July 11, 1938. The dredge was specifically designed to extract gold from the shallow gravels along Pedro Creek and was the company's smallest dredge, utilizing 3-cubic-foot buckets. (Most of the FE Company's dredges had 6- or 10-cubic-foot buckets.) By the 1950s the FE Co. realized Dredge No. 4 would soon exhaust Pedro Creek's gravel and made plans to move the dredge to new ground. Back in 1939-40, the company had acquired claims about 200 miles to the east, along Mosquito Fork and Chicken Creek (tributaries of the South Fork of the Fortymile River), as well as a small steam-powered dredge on Mosquito Fork that had been operated by the Alaska Gold Dredging Company.

According to the 1996 U.S. Geological Survey publication, Gold Places of the Historical Fortymile River Region, the Mosquito Fork dredge had been shipped in pieces from Skagway to Whitehorse on the White Pass and Yukon Railroad, and then transported by riverboat down the Yukon to the mouth of the Fortymile River. From there it was skidded during winter behind caterpillar tractors up the Fortymile to Mosquito Fork. And after all that effort it only operated about a year and a half.

The FE Co. contemplated renovating the Mosquito Fork Dredge for use on Chicken Creek, but with the opening of the Taylor Highway in 1953, decided instead to move its No. 4 dredge from Fairbanks to Chicken. No. 4's hull design of welded steel pontoons allowed it to be transported in sections, and coupled with the dredge's compact design, it was less costly to disassemble and truck it from Fairbanks to Chicken than to renovate the Mosquito Fork dredge.

No. 4 was disassembled and trucked to Chicken in 1958, re-assembled, and put into operation in 1959. The dredge had originally been supplied with electrical power from the FE Co.'s Fairbanks power plant. At its new remote location two diesel engines were installed on board to provide electricity.

The dredge operated until 1967, when diminishing gold recovery and operational problems forced the company to permanently shut down operations. The dredge was “parked” on a ledge of bedrock, its buckets removed, and its doors and windows shuttered. The book, The Northern Gold Host: Twentieth-century Gold Dredging in Alaska, relates that No. 4 recovered more than $2 million in gold and silver during its nine years at Chicken.

The dredge sat on the tailings along Chicken Creek until 1998, when Alaska Gold Company (the successor to the FE Co.) sold the dredge to private investors. No. 4 had been sitting north of the Taylor Highway, and its new owners owned property south of the highway, so (in a not-so-simple operation) they jacked up the dredge, put huge trailers under it, and inch it a mile south across the highway. The drawing shows the dredge a year after the move (notice the still-shuttered windows).

After being moved, the dredge's principal owner, Mike Busby, fixed up No. 4 and opened it to the public. The dredge was relocated again in 2009, but this time movers constructed and filled a pond around the dredge, floating it to its new home.

Busby and his partners also acquired all the equipment and parts associated with the dredge's operation, including the dredge's buckets. Because of this, and the fact that its remote location discouraged souvenir hunters, it is one of the most complete dredges in Alaska. Busby told me that it would actually take very little to make the dredge operational. Dredge No. 4 is open to the public every summer.

Sources:
- Correspondence with Mike Busby, owner of Dredge No. 4, 2014
Serif Typefaces

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My sketches of Alaska are from the section of the Eastern Interior connected to the road system. The great bow of the Yukon River as it sweeps northwest from the Canadian border and then southwest to its confluence with the Tanana River delineates its eastern, northern and westernmost points. The Alaska Range, the northernmost portions of the Susitna and Copper River Valleys, and the Wrangell Mountains form its southerly borders. Just north of the Alaska Range and snaking almost completely across the region from east to west is the 582-mile-long Tanana River. All told the region covers about 100,000 square miles, larger than many of the contiguous United States.

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The Smoke of the Country Went Up as the Smoke of a Furnace

7. Fire Hall

“And Abraham looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace.”

Perhaps these words should be inscribed somewhere near this spot, because here at the end of Turner Street was the old location of the Fairbanks Fire Department. Chief J.J. Buckley and the other seven men of the Department never had to battle with “brimstone and fire from heaven,” but more times than one can imagine, the men with their two one-horse fire rigs and six hose lines had to watch helplessly “as the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace.”

The first and most terrible fire in Fairbanks occurred on May 22, 1906, when there was only a volunteer fire department in town. Almost everything from Turner Street to Lacey Street and from First to Third Avenues was a pile of hot debris and smoking ashes on the morning of May 23. The fire had started at 3 p.m. in a dentist’s office in a building on First and Cushman, and quickly spread to the rest of the business district. All the big hotels, saloons, and banks were destroyed, but they began to rebuild within 12 hours. As the Fairbanks News headlined the very next day: “Fire Can Not Stop Fairbanks.”

There have been at least 20 to 30 major fires, which have killed many people, in the history of Fairbanks. The morning after a fire, when nothing is left of a home or an old hotel except smoking charred wood and huge icicles from the water sprayed by the firemen, is one of the sad scenes that continue to haunt Fairbanks to this day. Even the old Fire Hall was not safe from the worst enemy of Fairbanks, and early on the morning of December 28, 1927, it started to burn. The station could have been completely destroyed, but for the fact that a cat, tortured by the smoke on the ground floor, ran upstairs to where all the firemen were sleeping and jumped on the fire chief’s bed. They soon had the fire under control and the building suffered only about $2,000 in damages.
My sketches of Alaska are from the section of the Eastern Interior connected to the road system. The great bow of the Yukon River as it sweeps northwest from the Canadian border and then southwest to its confluence with the Tanana River delineates its eastern, northern and westernmost points. The Alaska Range, the northernmost portions of the Susitna and Copper River Valleys, and the Wrangell Mountains form its southerly borders. Just north of the Alaska Range and snaking almost completely across the region from east to west is the 582-mile-long Tanana River. All told the region covers about 100,000 square miles, larger than many of the contiguous United States.

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Permafrost (ground that remains frozen for more than two consecutive years) defines the land. Most of the region is underlain by discontinuous permafrost, which means that only a few areas—such as some south-facing slopes and lands adjacent to rivers—are permafrost-free.

Annual precipitation is rather meager—limited to about 11 inches annually. (Most snow in the Interior is dry powder snow.) Interior Alaska's annual precipitation is actually low enough to classify the area as semi-arid. What gives the region its abundant liquid water in summer is permafrost that traps water in the active soil layer above it, and a low evaporation rate.

The region is starkly beautiful, dominated by rivers, mountains, and the boreal forest. Salmon, grayling and whitefish course through its rivers and streams; and caribou, moose, black and brown bear, wolf, and myriad smaller creatures roam the land.

Save for a few pockets of humanity it is a wild, and, at least to Western sensibilities, seemingly empty land. During the time period when non-natives came into contact with the area's indigenous groups, two conflicting views of the wilderness entangled each other.

To the native Athabaskan Indians the land was full. They had already attained equilibrium between their population and the land's carrying capacity. Also, for them nature abounded with the spirits of creatures they depended upon. The Athabasans respected and sought balance with.

Most Westerners saw the land as simply a resource-rich wilderness. In their eyes, it was empty and under-utilized. Its resources, whether game or fur-bearing animals, fish, timber, or minerals, were just commodities available for exploitation.

Although sparsely populated, Eastern Interior Alaska is rich in history—from the Indians who have lived here for thousands of years, to the fur traders, miners, missionaries, homesteaders and other Westerners who began settling here in the 1800s.

Scattered across this region are scores of historic and culturally important sites. Although some of these sites are being preserved, many are fading away—the result of development, vandalism, accidents and time. And just as the sites are fading away, so too is their memory, as the old-timers who lived this history die or move away.

I feel it is important to at least record a "snapshot in time" of these sites. Consequently, for the past 30 years I have been tramping the roads and trails of Eastern Interior Alaska: visiting old mining camps, roadhouses, cemeteries, homesteads and villages; taking photographs and notes and producing sketches.

The sketches have become detailed pen and ink drawings, and recently, the notes have become essays. For over three years I have been producing a column entitled "Sketches of Alaska." for my local newspaper, the Fairbanks Daily News-Miner. Each column features one of my drawings plus a short essay describing the site.

Presented here are drawings and essays taken from the first two and a half years of my column. Many of the essays have been revised and expanded since initial publication. I have tried to make each column as historically accurate as possible, gleaning information from numerous sources including interviews with local residents and land owners. Sources for each essay are listed if you want to find out more about a site.

Today, the Richardson Highway (Alaska Route 4) extends some 366 miles from Valdez to Fairbanks. It tends to follow the same route that The Trail followed in its important early days of being the life-line to the Interior of Alaska. But almost all visual signs of the old trail are gone and lost forever. Most of the original old roadhouses, the old, primitive bridges, the telegraph stations, and the telegraph lines have all faded away with the years, and with the man-made changes needed to build and upgrade the modern highway of today.

Overall the Richardson is a wide, paved highway, in good condition, when nature has not torn it up through flooding or by earthquake. It does not follow The Trail's original route so closely that it has all the same steep grades or sharp curves. It avoids some of the long swamps that once caused wagons to bog down in the spring and summer months, and even these wetlands still crossed, now have deep gravel fill over them. Snow plows keep it clear and open during the long winter months.

Where the early bridges, built of logs and planks, once stretched across the rapid glacier fed mountain stream there are now modern, steel and concrete structures that seldom wash out or fail. Today, illuminated road signs keep the traveler aware of all the important information needed for a safe and comfortable trip in our modern automobiles— unlike the treacherous conditions that could lead to danger, and even death, on the unmarked Valdez-Fairbanks Trail.

Instead of the welcome sight of the basic log roadhouse that greeted the tired, hungry trail traveler of The Trail, today's Richardson Highway has restaurants, gas stations, hotels, visitor centers, and every other type of establishment possible for its pampered pilgrim. But these contemporary establishments are not always found every 15 to 20 miles since now there is no longer the need to stop this often. So we speed past the crumbling, rotting roadhouse remains that may sit back off the pavement, without even knowing of their existence, or of the stories and adventures they once witnessed in the early growth of Alaska.

Yet in other ways a trip along the Richardson Highway has changed very little in the last hundred years. The trip, regardless of the season, is still one of great scenic beauty and magnificent views, along much of its path. The same majestic mountains that once saw the chilled stage driver and his warmly robed passengers still line its meandering course for the appreciation of today's tour bus driver with his or her load of wide-eyed tourists. And, perhaps, above all else, is the feeling of great distance and tremendous expanse that has always greeted the new-comer to Alaska.
Take an artistic tour of Eastern Interior Alaska historic sites

For the past 30 years Fairbanks artists and writer Ray Bonnell has been tramping the roads and trails of Eastern Interior Alaska. His destinations have been old mining camps, roadhouses, homesteads, villages, and other historic locations.

Some of these sites are being preserved, but many are fading away—the result of accidents, development, time, and vandalism. A few of the historic structures he has visited have already disappeared or undergone dramatic changes.

Through his essays and detailed pen & ink drawings Ray has been taking “snapshots in time” of these historic sites. Many of those snapshots appear in this book.

- Sixty historic sites featured. Each entry consists of a pen & ink illustration and essay.
- Sites included were selected from the first two and a half years of Ray’s newspaper columns, Sketches of Alaska. That column received the Contributions to Alaska History award from the Alaska Historical Society in 2011.
- All of the sites are on or near the road system, so you can drive or walk to most of them.
- A hand-drawn map of Eastern Interior Alaska showing the general location of sites is included.

Ray graduated from Alaska Methodist University (now Alaska Pacific University) in 1974 with a Bachelor of Arts degree in anthropology and art. He has lived in and explored Interior Alaska for over three decades. Since 2010 he has written a column about Interior Alaska historic sites for the Fairbanks Daily News-Miner newspaper.

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INTERIOR SKETCHES

Ramblings around Interior Alaska historic sites

Text and drawings by Ray Bonnell

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## Sampling of E-reader and Tablet PPI and Screen Resolution

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