

LEMON CREEK JOURNAL



INSIGHTS & IMAGES OF LIFE ON THE LAST FRONTIER,
LEMON CREEK CORRECTIONAL CENTER
JUNEAU, ALASKA

April 1, 2024

Volume XXI



Volume XXI, Spring 2024 Issue

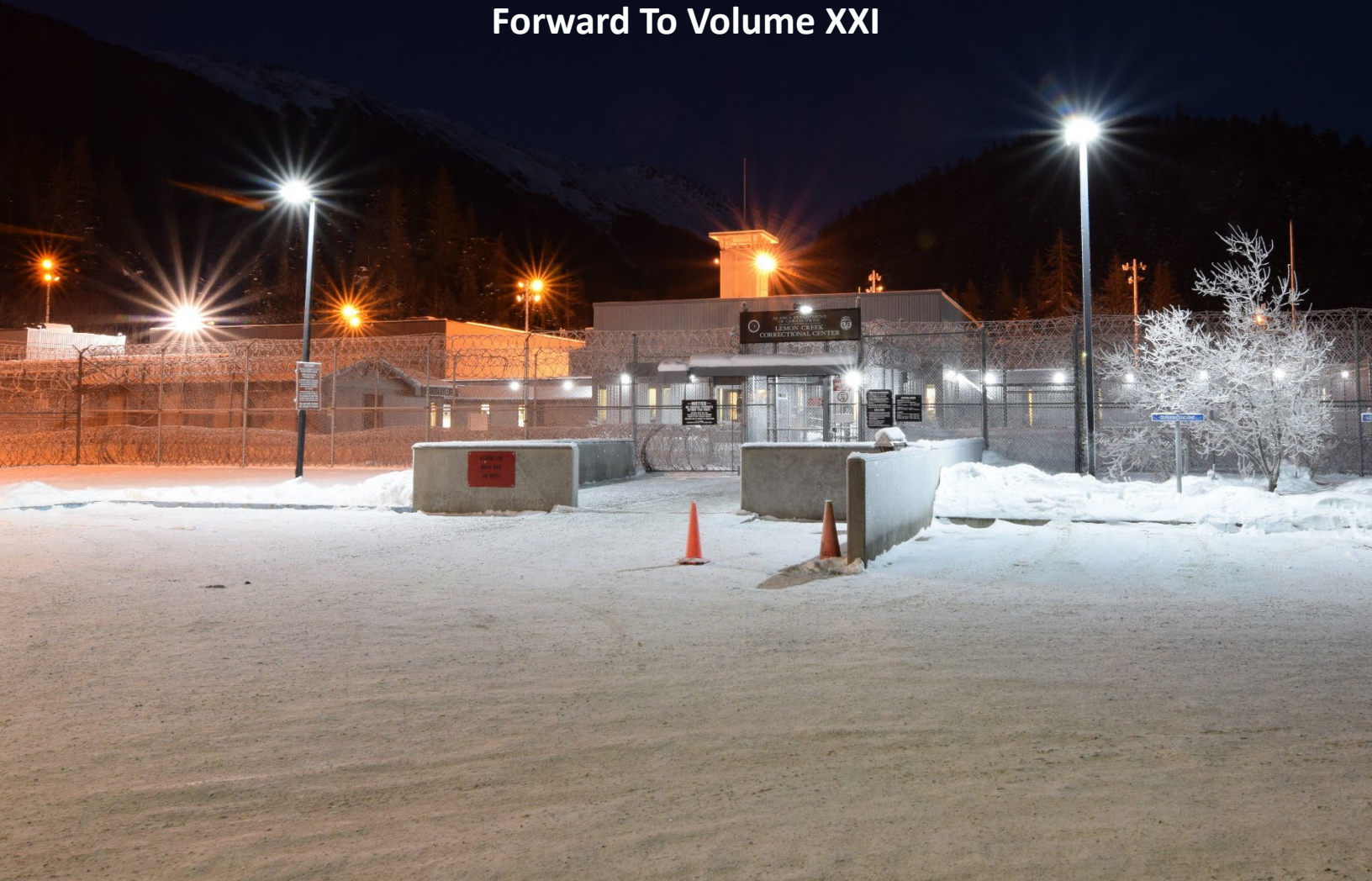
In This Issue:

Forward To Volume XXI	1
Message From The Superintendent	2
Gone Hunting	7
Getting Out On The Water	11
Recruitment	13
Memorable Julys Are Made In April	14
My Journey	16
Incorporating Fitness Into Outdoor Activities	20
Employee of the Quarter	22
Southeast Alaska Outdoors Puzzle	23

To our readers:

The Lemon Creek Journal is a quarterly e-Publication of Lemon Creek Correctional Center, Juneau, Alaska. The Journal's mission is to inform, engage, and challenge Corrections professionals and the public to think critically about the challenges facing Alaska's correctional system. So that we can be more responsive to our readers, please share with us your impressions and suggestions by emailing the Editor at daryl.webster@alaska.gov.

Forward To Volume XXI



The winter just past was cold and white, by Juneau Standards, but spring has finally arrived. What began as a fairly mild season, showed its fangs when January came down hard, burying our town in feet of snow. As temperatures fluctuated, powdery snow accumulated in deep, pristine drifts. Too soon, the drifts turned, first to slush, then compacted and re-froze too solid to shovel, with street accumulations plowed into giant grimy berms that blocked traffic lanes and covered the pavement with frozen sheets that glittered in our headlights during the long winter gloom. Alaska wouldn't be Alaska without snow and the seesaw battle between daylight and dark. And Juneau wouldn't be Juneau if we ever experienced sunshine long enough to be sure of the difference.

The snow and cold are mostly behind us now and summer looms large. In this issue of the Lemon Creek Journal, we celebrate summer's approach, the long days when we look to the clouds and sometimes even see the sun. Temperatures will climb, bears will leave their dens to browse on shoreline grasses and the contents of our trash cans, and salmon will return to inshore channels and streams. We won't be able to use weather as an excuse not to get outside and make the most of the mild season, unless you consider rain to be "weather," which, of course, Southeast Alaskans don't. Check out some different perspectives on summer adventuring in the pages that follow. Enjoy!



Carpe Diem

By

Superintendent Bob Cordle

When Superintendent Webster announced the theme for April's Journal, *Adventuring in Alaska*, my thoughts turned to the many adventures I have enjoyed while both visiting and living in this great state. In doing so, I rediscovered memories that were tucked far back in the dusty corners of my mind and hadn't been reflected upon for many years. Of all the Alaska adventures I have been on, most were fun, some were wet and cold, and a few ended up being quite dangerous. None are regretted! I have flipped canoes in raging waters, lost my footing and fallen while rock climbing, been charged four different times by bears, treed once by a moose, partaken of fish head soup, muktuk, and seal oil, reaped the rewards of perfectly timed mayfly hatches, built and slept in snow caves, and laid under tarps in high starlit alpine meadows.

When my small family moved from Pleasant Hill Oregon to Juneau in 1992, we immediately began exploring and enjoying the outdoor opportunities that Southeast Alaska had to offer. In 1996, a friend here in Juneau, who grew up in Ketchikan, shared personal stories of his outdoor experiences on Prince of Wales Island (POW). I was so intrigued that I decided I had to see it for myself, and I began making plans to head down for the 1997 hunting season. As it always does, life got busy, and as each year's hunting season passed without visiting POW, I reassured myself that I would go the following year! But the missed years piled up, and before I knew it, a decade and a half had come and gone. It wasn't until the fall of 2011, that I drove my 1992 Isuzu Trooper off the Stikine Ferry in Hollis. As I motored down the Prince of Wales road system, it only took approximately twenty minutes for me to realize how late I was in doing so, and I thought to myself, *"If only I had discovered this magnificent place at the age of 23 and not 43."*

My article is titled, "Carpe Diem", which of course is Latin for, "Seize the Day." I am certain that not following through with my plans to jump on a ferry or catch the short, hourlong flight to Ketchikan,

and then a quick boat ride over to POW, resulted in many missed adventures. My message is that whatever it is that you love to do, don't wait. Live your life to the fullest while the sun is still high, because today's missed adventures will never become yesterday's cherished memories. Here are a few of my favorite memories from "Adventuring in Alaska."

My Summer On The Kenai.

My introduction to Alaska came in the summer of 1981, when my Uncle Randy asked my dad if I could spend a few summer weeks with his family up on the Kenai Peninsula. For a Montana farm kid, the short eight week stay with my uncle's family proved to be a series of adventures that richly blessed my young life. I caught piles of salmon, rode horses throughout the vast Kenai Peninsula, participated in painful BB gun fights with my cousins, canoed down the Russian River, learned to drink fresh goat's milk, and even climbed a tree to avoid an encounter with a brown bear. Quite honestly, consuming the goat's milk was a more hair-raising experience than facing a full grown brown bear on the edge of a marsh. Yuck!

Close to the end of my stay, Uncle Randy asked me if I was interested in taking a three or four day canoe trip down the Swanson River. He barely finished asking the question before I blurted out my enthusiastic response. That Swanson River float trip is by far my fondest memory from that summer. The river winds over 100 miles through the Kenai National Wildlife Refuge. We committed to a fifty-mile trip that lasted several days, sometimes paddling and portaging for ten hours a day before stopping to set up camp. For each leg of the trip, we caught trout for our supper, swam in the deeper parts of the river, and slept under the stars. The river was slow flowing, but the reward of the white birch and black spruce treelined riverbank, along with occasional views of the Kenai Mountains are still fresh in my mind.



Canoeing The Swanson River- My Cousin In The Foreground

The most exciting part of the trip lasted about thirty seconds, as my cousin and I rounded a bend in the river to find a cow and calf moose standing in the middle of it. Mama moose was of course instantly furious at the rude intruders who had interrupted their swim time, and pinning her ears back, charged us. I'll tell you, it is quite a sight to see a furious 800 pound wrecking machine moving through the water with ease, like a patriot missile. Literally, at the last second, she spared us and veered away, leading her calf up the riverbank, turning to give us one last dirty look before trotting off out of sight. To this day, depending on which one of us tells that story, someone in our canoe

made lemonade in his pants. Since my cousin isn't here to defend himself, it wasn't me! As my trip all too quickly came to an end and I found myself sitting in a small aircraft on the tarmac of the Kenai Municipal Airport, I understood, even as a fourteen year old boy, that I had done more in Alaska in two months than most grown men dreamed of for a lifetime.



Swanson River Trip – A Younger Me On The Right

You LIED To Me Mr. Cordle!

While serving as a Scout Master here in Juneau in the mid 90's, our troop regularly attended an annual February winter campout. Scouts from all over Southeast Alaska joined forces with Scouts from Canada to establish a winter campsite located between Skagway and the Canadian border. The gathering, appropriately named the "Frostbite Challenge", was a two day and three night event that involved building and sleeping in snow caves and participating in winter games in subfreezing temperatures. One of the winter games was a double-elimination, downhill canoe race, which had a running track length of over 200 yards to the finish line. Teams consisted of five persons per canoe and the key to success was to distribute the weight of the participants so that the front end of the canoe was slightly elevated to prevent drag. Putting the smallest person in the front was the smart move if you were to stand any chance of advancing.

Four canoes were used for this event, due to the amount of time it took to drag them back to the top of the steep hill. When our turn came, our team collected one of the canoes and started up the hillside, which was steep enough that it required all five members working together to get it to the top. As we slowly made our way up, one of our eleven year old Scouts, Raleigh, informed me that he was not very excited about participating in the race anymore. He explained that it looked fun at first, but now seemed questionable. I set about trying to convince him that it would be fine, and that he had to make the run down with us because with only four team members, we were certain to lose. He then told me he was worried about wrecking and didn't want to end up in a pile of snow at the bottom of the hill, because it was too cold. We paused for a breather and watched as the next race began. Within a few seconds two canoes full of wide-eyed laughing and screaming boys and leaders shot by us at a very decent speed. As they reached the bottom, Raleigh opined that it seemed a little too fast and again expressed that he didn't want to crash. Out of breath, I turned to him and explained that we had seen at least a dozen races up to that point and had seen not one

wreck. A few minutes later we reached the top, were given instruction to make ready our ride, and were told to load up our teams.

Soon, both teams' members were seated and ready to go, with the exception of Raleigh, who was gazing with uncertainty down the mountainside. The referee informed him that he needed to climb in or step aside. Some of the boys tried to coax him in and others began demanding that he climb in and sit down. With one last look at me he insisted that I promise him we wouldn't wreck. I reassured him it would be a successful run and that he would love it. He then made me promise that the ride would go smoothly. Smiling, I promised him. Under heavy pressure from his peers, he took his place in the front of the canoe.

The launchers (the men who gave the canoes a good shove over the edge) lined up behind both canoes and started the countdown. Three, two, one! Now in my defense, it still remains a complete mystery to this day how our canoe abruptly jumped off track and began heading west instead of south. As our shiny silver horseless stagecoach rapidly picked up speed, all passengers/victims began screaming loudly for their lives, me included! Within seconds, individual trees became one continuous blurred streak of green. After travelling about 100 yards, in what seemed like 2.5 seconds, the Scout sitting in front of me screamed out, "Do you think we should tip ourselves over?" Before I could respond we catapulted over a large snow mound and were completely airborne. The last thing I remember before making impact about 20 yards down the mountainside was hearing Raleigh screaming at the top of his lungs and seeing his outstretched, stiffened arms and legs protruding from the blue snowsuit that covered his barely four foot five frame. Somehow his body executed a rapid counterclockwise revolution, looking like a puffy blue starfish that had just been launched from a giant slingshot. All I could think of in that terrifying moment was Calvin and Hobbs's unsuccessful downhill wagon ride!

The top layer of the eight foot deep snow was fresh, which helped cushion our awkward landing. As I fought snow and gravity to get up, I saw two snow-covered boys about fifteen yards away laughing hysterically, and another downhill from them giggling as he appeared to be checking for broken bones. I asked them where Raleigh was. A look down the mountainside revealed a size 9 boot sticking straight up out of the snow about 20 yards away from the crashed canoe. We hurried toward the boot, grateful to find the rest of Raleigh attached to it, mumbling something as he was removing snow from his ears and nostrils. I reached down, pulled him upright and asked him to repeat what he was saying. In a very loud tone, he exclaimed, "You are a liar Mr. Cordle!" I couldn't keep from giggling as I and the other boys removed packed snow from Raleigh's hat, gloves, boots, and the pockets of his blue snowsuit.

Though he didn't think it was funny at the time, we came to laugh about it together before the trip was over. In the years to come, we shared many more Alaska adventures through the Scouting program. Raleigh's family eventually moved away, but in 2012 my doorbell rang. Standing on my front porch was a much taller, adult version of Raleigh. He smiled as he introduced me to his wife. He then stepped into my house and gave me a big hug. We visited for a while and laughed over fond memories. He told me he was back in town to see a friend and wanted to stop by to tell me that I had made a difference in his young life, and that he needed to thank me in person. Raleigh recently retired from 20 years of faithful law enforcement service.

My Moment On The Mountain



High Country – Prince of Wales Island

The 2013 hunting season found me and a group of friends down on the southern end of Prince of Wales Island. The first morning of our ten-day hunt was crisp, cloudless, and smelled like fall. Two of my friends had ventured out by boat while I stuck to the road system, determined to get to a place that I had seen the previous year. A six-mile ride on my four-wheeler took me to the base of a mountain, where I began the 2100 foot ascent on foot. Approximately an hour and a half later I broke out of the timber and into the alpine. I was amazed at the copious amounts of deer sign as I quietly made my way toward the top of the ridge. Not far from the peak, I paused, turning around to gaze at the view below me. I could see for miles and was awe-struck by the beauty of the mountains, small satellite islands, and the richly deep blue water of Kitkun Bay. As I took it all in, two wolves began howling on the edge of the timber directly below me, and soon the entire valley was filled with their kindred song. I immediately thought of my dad and the hundreds of outings we shared. No little boy could have had a better father.

Whatever it is that you love to do, do it frequently, while the sun is still high.

Seize the Day!



Gone Hunting

By

Daryl Webster

My wife and I have a handshake agreement about my hunting addiction. I long ago pledged to forego masculine irritants, like inviting unruly friends over to watch football. I never play poker with the grocery money. I never overtly use her underarm deodorant, and when I do, I carefully remove stray hairs from the bar, so she has no cause to suspect that I'm cheating on our deal. In return, she tolerates my spring and fall hunting

disappearances, my endless tinkering with guns and gear, and does her best to appear interested when I drag her to Cabelas and Bass Pro Shop. She's a keeper. But me? Like any hunting addict, I'm either actively feeding my addiction, scheming how to get my next fix, or detoxing from my latest binge. And I stubbornly resist rehab.

It wasn't always this way. I managed to reach my late 20's without hunting anything more elusive than a beer that didn't taste like dishwater. (It's a myth ... like Bigfoot or unicorns). Then unexpectedly, an older officer in my squad took me under his wing and invited me to join his deer camp on 400 acres he owned near McAlister, Oklahoma. To a novice hunter like me, the learning curve loomed like Mt. Everest. It took me a couple of years to even find a deer and a year or two more to stop slinging bullets all over the landscape and finally hit one.

The hunters in our camp were an eclectic mix, mostly current or former Tulsa police officers, an OSBI agent, and a few Vietnam vets. They were all good company, but a little on the spooky side. In the years we hunted together, one managed to shoot off a couple of fingers and add a rather distinctive vertical crease to his forehead, a consequence of trying to balance a rifle between his knees while shrugging into a poncho. He survived, but his wife wouldn't let him play with us anymore. Another fell into a campfire, too blotto to do more than wiggle, and got pretty crisp around the edges before someone stopped laughing long enough to pull him out. He was already wrapping up his 3rd divorce, so permission to play wasn't an issue.

I eventually drifted away and partnered with an old police academy classmate. Knowing that I was in the market for a new rifle, he invited me over to his house to show me his favorite, carefully unloading it, but only *after* firing a shot that perforated a sofa, an intervening wall, and lodged in the back of a shiny new refrigerator. All he could say was, "Oh my God, my wife's gonna kill me!" You'll notice a common thread here. Our hunting partnership didn't last long.

I began hunting solo and despite bumps in the road and my sure but very slow progress, I

persisted and improved. Thirty years later, I've managed to become reasonably good at it without doing myself or my wife's appliances any lasting harm.

Once I gained confidence that I could hold my own on the hunting grounds, I got ambitious and began booking with guide services, hunting a variety of game all over the western U.S. and Alaska. A lot of folks turn up their noses at guided hunts, sometimes rightly so. I've shared spike camps with inexperienced hunters who needed guides to lead them to the nearest bush when nature called. Folks like that give hunting a bad name. My approach was a little different. During those years, I was a decent deer hunter who aspired to be a very competent all-around hunter. My guides were my teachers, and I went to school on them. Eventually I was able to set up my own self-guided hunts for the same species, using the lessons I'd learned to succeed on my own.

So why take up a hunter's life, which seems to boil down to finding wild animals, who are minding their own business, and drilling them? Hunters are motivated by many things, but for me, hunting is a way of putting aside the responsibilities and expectations that constantly threaten to choke the joy out of life. I can forget my obligations for a few days, and venture into uncivilized territory to exercise skills, instincts, and patience in pursuit of a challenge that was once a survival necessity.

For most of human history, people hunted to live. Success put food on the table, failure meant starvation. Such skills aren't necessary for most of us anymore, but that doesn't mean they lack virtue. I hunt to escape what burdens me, to boil life down to basics, experiencing nature as a participant, rather than a spectator. I always return rejuvenated from having visited the natural world that exists all around us, but that has become so alien to our own. I persist,

season after season, because the sport reinforces fundamental life lessons that never go out of style. Permit me to explain.

For purists like me, sport hunting isn't about killing. It is about building aptitudes that are vanishing from our culture, along with the survival mindset of our primitive forebears, and putting them to the test in wild places. Along the way, hardships and failures abound, but even the least productive hunt is worthwhile for having spent time in the field with good friends who share the same values. Hunting helps me understand my proper place in this world, that I am not immortal, nor am I the center of the universe. I'm not even reliably at the top of the food chain, something impossible to forget when hunting in brown bear country. I've learned to accept that no matter where or how we live, we all must be alert, strong, focused, and resilient because if we don't stay on top of our game, both nature and civilization can bite a chunk out of us with little warning.

Hunting is a lifetime endeavor, and difficult to master. No one is born with the necessary skills to succeed at most anything. Those skills come to us from our families, friends, and teachers, and are perfected by personal experience, which includes learning from our own and others' mistakes. After many years of hunting, I still learn something new every time I go out, honing my skills incrementally, and recognizing with humility that I'll never learn everything there is to know about the craft. Hunting is like that. It's all about the journey.

Hunting builds and tests moral fiber. It involves taking the life of a wild creature, which has lived in a state of innocence, and that is a sobering experience, as it should be. Don't be fooled by the jackasses who produce commercial hunting videos, who play gotcha games over the body of a fallen animal. When I follow a blood trail to a game animal whose

life I have taken, I feel deeply exhilarated but also sad. At that moment, the truth is manifest, that my life, like that of a deer or caribou, is temporary and no matter what paths I wander, dangers I dodge, or challenges I overcome, it will all come to an end one day. Hopefully not from someone shooting me, but dead all the same. Every moment along the way is precious and deserves to be savored.

The morality of hunting requires us to take responsibility for what we must do to survive. Most of us, hunters included, still buy meat products from the grocery store. Nearly all those packaged proteins originate from domestic animals that never knew a day of freedom in short lives that led inevitably to the supermarket. Nothing against people who raise livestock or those who process it, both are necessary and honorable endeavors. But purchasing meat off the shelf gives us an easy out, permitting us to ignore the life-taking that made it available and absolve ourselves of responsibility. I can't accept that absolution because I believe that taking the life of a game animal *should* make me responsible for that outcome. I choose to accept that burden with an element of gravity, giving thanks to God for providing for me and giving respect to the animal whose lost life will help sustain my own.

Hunting's ethical rules are largely self-enforced. Game wardens, bless their hearts, are few and far between, so the risk of getting caught violating game laws is pretty slim. But in no way does that justify unethical behavior. Every decision to pull the trigger involves a moral calculation.

A few years ago, while pre-season scouting on a large ranch in Northeastern Oklahoma, I spotted two enormous bucks in velvet, one with exceptionally tall antlers and another with a massively wide rack. As often happens, once the hunting season opened, they

vanished, and I had to settle for nondescript deer until only one tag remained on my tag by the last day of the season. With time running out, I concealed myself on a low hillside overlooking a creek bed and pretty soon a doe came strolling down the opposing hill. With my season about to end, I shot it for meat.

I didn't move for a while, pondering just how my season went so wrong. And just like that, one of the two giants appeared, unhurriedly picking his way down the creek bed, barely a stone's throw away. To this day, he remains the largest buck I've ever seen in the wild. The devil on my shoulder nearly lost his mind:

Shoot it!

I can't, I've already filled my tag.

JUST SHOOT IT ALREADY!!! Dump the doe in a coulee and tag the buck. The coyotes will clean up the evidence.

Through my rifle scope, finger tingling on the trigger, I watched that buck meander slowly away into the brush and never fired a shot. No one would have known, but it wouldn't have been right. Like every serious hunter, I understand the rules of Fair Chase, even those with no laws attached, and I choose to abide by them out of respect for my sport and for the animals I hunt. Fair Chase is a metaphor for moral living, demanding that we live up to high standards even when no one is looking. I still think about that buck and imagine his rack hanging on my wall. I feel good knowing that the spot is still vacant.

Alaskans sometimes take it for granted, but we live on Heaven's doorstep. People in the Lower 48 scrimp and plan and lay out ungodly sums of money to visit and marvel at the wonders we wake up to every morning. I vividly remember being one of those visitors, goggling at the scenery, breathing sacred Alaskan air, and sneaking glances at *real* Alaskans, as if they were an exotic species. Like most adventure tourists you've encountered wandering around our corner of the world, I wanted to fit in, taking great pains to act and dress "Alaskan," and not stand out. And like all of them, I'm sure the practiced Alaskan eye saw me exactly as I was, someone who wished I could live here, but didn't.

Seen in that light, don't we have an obligation to appreciate the good fortune of living in this amazing place, to get out of the house and experience everything Alaska has to offer, and to do it in our own way? We don't all have to be hunters but we should be something more than spectators. On this great Northern playing field, any participation earns a prize. In whatever way we choose to play the Alaskan game, we need to get outside and breathe that sacred air.



Getting Out On The Water

By

Scott Marnon

It's not news to anyone that when you're out in a boat, and your boat is a kayak, you're not exactly going to move quickly. In fact, you will move very slowly. To be honest, keeping up the pace is part of the stress that bombards us from all directions in today's world. We spend time at work and the moment that's done, we're off to spend the rest of the day with our families. We take care of our homes, keep them clean and orderly, complete needed remodels, etc. Wonderful ways to spend your time, but they come with tasks and deadlines and a constant internal push to accomplish just a little bit more. Whether it's getting the kids to the many different practices, playdates, appointments, or school activities, let's face it, life can be a non-stop rush from beginning to end.

I've found a way to slow all that down by getting out on the water. When I say slow it down, I mean slow it *way* down, and there isn't a much slower way to be on the water than in a kayak. A skiff with a decent outboard may reach 15 knots, a solid 24-foot cabin cruiser with a diesel inboard can get you really flying. But my kayak? If I'm working hard, maybe I'll be pushing 2 to 3 knots. It won't get me to any fishing spots quickly, and there isn't much of an adrenaline rush, but that might be exactly I'm looking for. After all the rushing around with everything else in life, decelerating a bit is what I'm after. Over many years of paddling, I've truly come to appreciate how a kayak forces you to slow down and enjoy precisely where you're at.

I grew up in the mid-west, so kayaking was completely new to me when I came to Alaska. I got started working at JYS and participating in Wilderness Experience Trips.

Basically, staff would load up camping equipment, food, and paddling gear and take the kids in the program out for a couple of weeks. Yes, there are great stories that came from those adventures, but the best takeaway for me was an appreciation of paddling a kayak and finding a new beach every day to call home.

I bought my first boat when my boys were young, so safety was my main concern. It was a folding wooden-framed Long Haul, very similar to a Klepper. It had air sponsons, (think long air bubbles incorporated into the canvas skin that went over the wooden frame.) Essentially, if the boat filled completely with water, it would still float, and I could still have access to the boys sitting in the front cockpit seat. I was looking for safety and found it. I used that boat to take each of my boys on their first camping trips. They were maybe five years old. We'd drive down to Sheep Creek, assemble the boat, load it with camping gear, then launch and paddle down the channel to Dupont. It took about an hour and although they were excited to be out on an adventure, they usually fell asleep to the rhythmic motion of the boat and the water. To this day they still refer to Dupont as "The greatest camping spot in the world."

Although I really enjoyed those trips with the boys, I truly love going out by myself. I started with that old folding boat and now I take one of the newer boats that I've purchased. It doesn't really matter, the process is still the same. Drive down to a beach somewhere, load up the boat and take off for whatever time I can manage. A few hours, overnight, or a week if I can make it happen. Once I leave the beach, I feel the stress slip away with every paddle stroke. Is it good exercise?

Sure, but for me the real benefit has always been a kind of mental reboot. I stop stressing myself out over so many things, slow down and enjoy being right where I am.

Anyway, that is one of the things that works for me. Maybe it's something completely different for you. Playing a video game, cleaning a gun, maybe doing a puzzle. Whatever it takes, find the thing that allows you to leave stressful schedules, tasks, and everything else that eats at you behind. There is entirely too much stress in the world. Balance yours out with what works for you. Your blood pressure will thank you for it.

Lemon Creek Correctional Center Wants YOU!



Lemon Creek Correctional Center in Juneau, Alaska employs Correctional Officers, Food Service & Maintenance Specialists, Nurses, and Administrative & Clerical Staff. Check out [Governmentjobs.com/careers/Alaska/](https://www.governmentjobs.com/careers/Alaska/) for job opportunities DOC's Juneau facility.



Correctional Officers at LCCC Enjoy:



- Competitive Pay/Benefits
- \$10,000 signing bonus for first time Correctional Officer applicants
- Financial Relocation Assistance
- Training & career advancement opportunities
- Generous vacation leave
- Living & working in America's most beautiful capital city
- A supportive & team-oriented work environment

For information, contact Lt. Irizarry at (907)465-6288. We look forward to working with you.

Memorable Julys Are Made In April

By

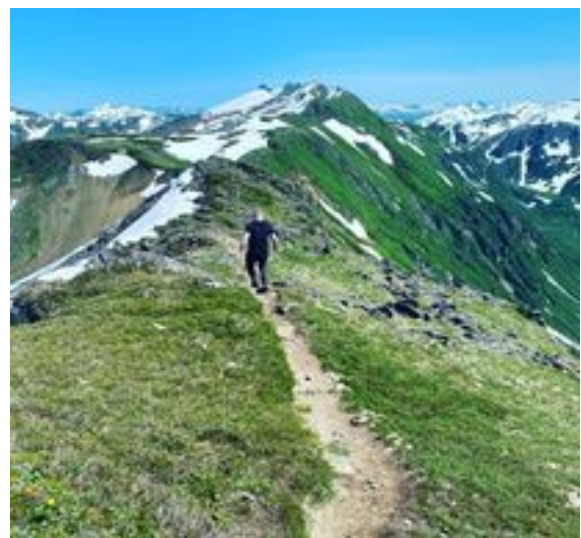
Andrew Shand

The snow is melting, the ice is thinning, and the weather is warming. With daylight rapidly increasing, the harshness of winter 2024 is becoming a memory as spring comes into focus. This is the time to begin laying the foundation to make the most of the summer, whatever that looks like for you. I look forward to being able to access the Juneau trail system in its entirety once again. To do this, spring is a critical time for several reasons. It is important to begin physically preparing to make the most of the summer. This is the time to get the legs and lungs prepared to enjoy the trails to their fullest.

In March, April, and May, I'll begin to get out on the sea level trails where snow and ice clear out sooner than higher elevation paths. As my body finds its rhythm again, I'll begin to quicken my pace and increase the distance. Rainforest Trail, Outer Point Trail, and some of the other trails near sea level, tend to be clear as the weather warms, and provide a flat hike. Additionally, they provide some nice views of Admiralty Island, Lynn Canal, and the Chilkat Mountain Range. As I'm out on the trails again, my mind begins to click back into the correct attitude necessary to enjoy the hike but also maintain the appropriate level of vigilance necessary when in the outdoors. This time of year is also a good time to ensure the hiking pack has all the essentials. It is the time to purchase new gear if you need it. I take stock of my headlamps, battery life, first aid kit, water pouches/containers, the state of my hiking shoes, and emergency supplies.

As the season progresses, I start to transition off the flat trails and start looking for something new. East Glacier Trail and Mount Roberts tram

trail provide some reasonable inclines. They are free of snow and ice relatively early in the season. These and similar trails should be safely traversable with hiking shoes by mid-May. Of course, this varies from year to year. This amount of incline, between 1000-1500 ft, is plenty for most people. These and similar trails provide for excellent hikes and views throughout the spring and summer season. I find that these hikes help to continue to get my cardiovascular capacity and legs ready for the short window of time to enjoy some of the mountain trails Juneau has to offer. Over the past few years, I have found that Thunder Mountain and Mt. Juneau are the first mountains to clear. This happens about mid to late June. If you're brave and confident in your ability, you can get up there earlier, as long as you're comfortable trekking through some snow patches.



Mount Juneau Ridgeline



Mount Roberts

If you have completed Thunder Mountain, and Mt. Juneau, and are still hungry for a challenge, there is more to enjoy. Ideally by this time the legs and lungs are in pretty good shape, you've figured out the amount of water and the amount of sustenance required to comfortably enjoy some of the more taxing hikes Juneau has to offer. It seems to me that July is THE month for Juneau, most likely to provide a string of reliably sunny days. This is the month that you can cash in on all that preparation time you invested in the spring and enjoy the Juneau outdoors at its sunniest, warmest, and clearest. This is when I tackle the last mountains to clear, which would be Mt. McGinnis and Grandchild Peaks. Additionally, this is the time to explore some off trail options with confidence that the environment is as clear as it will ever be, with the assurance that you will be as prepared as possible.

Here in Alaska, we only have a short window of time to enjoy the summer. As with many things, deliberate and thoughtful preparation is an important component to accomplishing something difficult and being efficient in a short window of time. To make the most of your Juneau summer, set some time aside to do your preparation in the Spring.



My Journey

By

Lt. Ed Irizarry

Who would have thought that a kid from a small, one-horse town with stop signs that still say “Whoa” would finish a career with the Department of Corrections after so many years. I enlisted into the US Army when I was 17, retiring after 22 years of service and 21 years with the State of Alaska. I began my career with the goal of challenging myself and changing the way things were done for the better. Now I walk out of state service knowing that, without a doubt, I am the one who has been changed. I gave my best years to DOC, and you all

gave me challenges and friendships that will remain intact long after I have left behind the joy of walking into the facility and greeting everyone each morning.

After working at KCC for 14 years I was given the opportunity for a change of scenery by saddling up with LCCC. I would be remiss if I did not mention that there are a few folks back at KCC who were a great part of my professional and personal growth, and I will always be grateful. I truly have worked in the presence of great men and women. At first, I was hesitant and thought it best to

maybe just ride the journey out where I was. But I soon realized, while getting to know the leadership and my co-workers here in Juneau, that this was the place to be. I wanted to be a part of *this* family.

I accepted every challenge and drove myself to make LCCC better in every way. What I found was a group of comrades who made *me* better in ways that are indescribable. Bonds were forged with some of the most unselfish people with whom I have ever had the chance to work. From coming to work and finding delicious food on my desk (Mitch!), arriving at home knowing that I must shovel the snow from my driveway only to find out someone had already done it, (BO PIERCE!). Walking into the Booking office and being surprised with an impromptu birthday party. I have witnessed Superintendent Cordle take his time to crawl under a co-worker's house to help repair pipes without hesitation. So many resolute folks work here, and I've seen how they bond together, not only backing one another on the job but also gathering with one another off duty.

While sitting with my wife Brenda during LCCC's Christmas Banquet I looked around at all the officers, families, and children. What I saw was an amazing group of folks who I am proud to call my family. I observed all the people who tirelessly worked to make the Banquet successful. As I scanned the entire venue, I saw groups of tables packed with people who cared for one another. I enjoyed the laughter and friendly banter sailing back and forth across the tables. Speaking of the banter, I nicknamed one table the "Loud Troublemakers," Sgt Kyle Schramm, you

know exactly who I am referring to. I would say the table with T. Maake surely ran a close second.

It was brought to my attention that officer Tabadda was outbidding everyone in the silent auction for some really neat items. Someone joked that I should order him to let others bid. So as a friendly jest, I called the facility and had them call Tabadda's cell phone. The Shift Supervisor informed Tabadda that the "Lieutenant" ordered him to report for an emergency transport. I could see the look of distress on his face, knowing that he would have to leave the Banquet to report for duty, but he immediately said, "Yes sir." All this time he was looking at me. He came to me and said he had to leave for an emergency transport. I asked him who gave the order. He looked straight-faced at me and said, "The Lieutenant." Then he saw my grin and his look of confusion lightened with the realization that if the Lieutenant needed him, why would the Lieutenant not just tell him to his face? It was a humorous moment that others enjoyed and so did I, but it was also the perfect demonstration of how unselfish folks like Tabadda and others at LCCC are.

This comradery took me back to my days with soldiers who displayed the same qualities. Watching everyone enjoying one another's company was an honor. As I sat there with Brenda, unknown to everyone else, (well I hope everyone), my eyes teared up and a few ran down my face. Brenda could feel my emotions as she always does and squeezed my arm in support as I tried to hide and wipe away the tears. Having made the decision to retire, I am honored to

have had this moment to observe the troops at play, knowing that other officers were holding the line at the institution and could not be present.

During my time in Alaska, I have had the wonderful opportunity to enjoy the wilderness of this beautiful state, fishing, hunting, camping, and hiking to remote places, only to sit and enjoy the view. I would take my family and trek in 5 miles to a spot where I would open my pack and pull-out Match Light charcoal briquettes, hot dogs, and buns. The kids were stunned but suddenly understood why my pack was heavier than normal. I would dig a hole in the sand, place the charcoal in the hole and light it, grab a few sticks to use and we would sit and eat like kings. It may have not been much, but you cannot get full on fancy. To them it was cool. To me, these were cherished moments that I will never forget. The smiles on their faces fuel my life.

Hunting trips with friends were amazing, even when I did not down a deer, like sheltering in an old trapper's cabin and having to wade out and battle the boat into deeper water, or dragging a deer through nasty blow downs where I felt worse off than the deer. I remember the time we arrived at our hunting area, rushing around like the Three Stooges while setting up camp, only to have to break camp the very next morning and leave because of an impending storm. (Yes Jake Scanlon, you know what I am talking about). Camping trips with my family are also precious.

I remember the one time I left a special treat for JR Pavageau in my truck. He

showed up with the skill of a ninja and quietly retrieved it, but his fancy truck gave him away as he fled the scene. Lastly, when you do go hunting, please try and not have to get rescued by helicopter. You know who you are! I could go on and on about all my great times with friends and family, but all these memories are the rewards for having worked and lived here.

LCCC has a bright future ahead of it. Even though I will not be here to take part in it, I take solace in knowing that I had a hand in making LCCC what it is today – just as you all had a hand in making me the man I am today. I am forever grateful for my career. Life could have taken me in so many different directions. As a young soldier, I knew I was going to challenge myself. Now, as I stand here many years later with another career behind me, I can say that I did my best to be a good person, a good employee, and a good boss – and maybe that's enough.

Before I hang up my professional hat and put on my relaxation hat, I would like to share this with you all. What you do matters. Who you are matters. You may not change the world, but you bring your own special talents to the table, and you are the only ones who can do that. As Hemingway wrote, "You are so brave and quiet I forgot you are suffering." Look out for one another and continue to take care of each other. Family is everything.

It is difficult to put such feelings into words on paper. This is a bittersweet moment for me. Brenda, my devoted friend and beautiful bride, understands so well the emotional struggle I have undergone in

making the decision to retire. It is time for our next adventure, and we look forward to the new chapter and journey that awaits us. Should you find yourself in my neck of the woods in Missouri, yes *Missoura*, (If you question that pronunciation, just ask Josey Wales), please stop in. You will have a place to hang your hat, eat, and drink. Just like my work office, my door is always open to each and every one of you.

I hope that one day when you are saying your goodbyes after a lengthy career, you feel the same emotional peace I feel in this moment. I will deeply miss seeing you all every day, and I will miss the serious and funny challenges you provided. You made coming to work enjoyable. Thank you for twenty-one years of fun, camaraderie, and life-changing moments.



Health & Fitness

Incorporating Fitness Into Outdoor Activities

By

Sgt. Kyle Schramm & Nurse
Charlena Hernandez

Outdoor activities offer a fantastic way to stay active, get outside, and boost overall well-being. Whether you're an avid adventurer or just starting out, integrating fitness into outdoor pursuits can enhance the experience and provide a range of health benefits. This guide explores how to effectively integrate fitness into various outdoor activities, ensuring a rewarding and energizing experience.

Choose the Right Activity:

Select outdoor activities that align with your fitness goals and interests. Options like hiking, biking, kayaking, rock climbing, and trail running provide excellent cardiovascular and strength-training opportunities. Consider the terrain, difficulty level, and equipment required. Gradually increase the intensity as you become more comfortable and fit.

Warm-Up Properly:

Prior to engaging in any outdoor activity, perform a dynamic warm-up to prepare your muscles and joints. Include movements like arm circles, leg swings, and hip rotations. Start with a slow pace and gradually increase your intensity to prevent injuries and improve performance.

Focus on Form:

Pay attention to your posture and technique to maximize the benefits of the activity and reduce the risk of injury. If you're unsure about proper form, consider taking a class or hiring a trainer to guide you, but even a trusty google search can lead you in the right direction.

Incorporate Interval Training:

Interval training involves alternating between high-intensity bursts and low-

intensity recovery periods. This technique can boost endurance and calorie burn. For example, during a hike, mix periods of brisk walking or running with slower, recovery-paced periods.

Utilize Nature's Gym!:

Use natural elements like rocks, logs, and hills to add resistance and variety to your workout. Incorporate bodyweight exercises like push-ups, squats, lunges, and planks. It is healthy and just plain fun! Try yoga or Pilates in an outdoor setting to improve flexibility, balance, and core strength.

Stay Hydrated and Fuel Up:

Drink plenty of water before, during, and after your outdoor activities to stay hydrated, especially in hot weather. Pack snacks like nuts, fruits, and energy bars to fuel your body and maintain energy levels.

Dress Appropriately:

Wear moisture-wicking clothing and proper footwear to stay comfortable and prevent blisters or injuries. Dress in layers to adjust to changing weather conditions and avoid overheating or getting too cold.

Listen to Your Body:

Pay attention to how your body feels during outdoor activities. Rest when needed and avoid pushing yourself beyond your limits. If you experience pain or discomfort, stop the activity and seek medical advice if necessary.

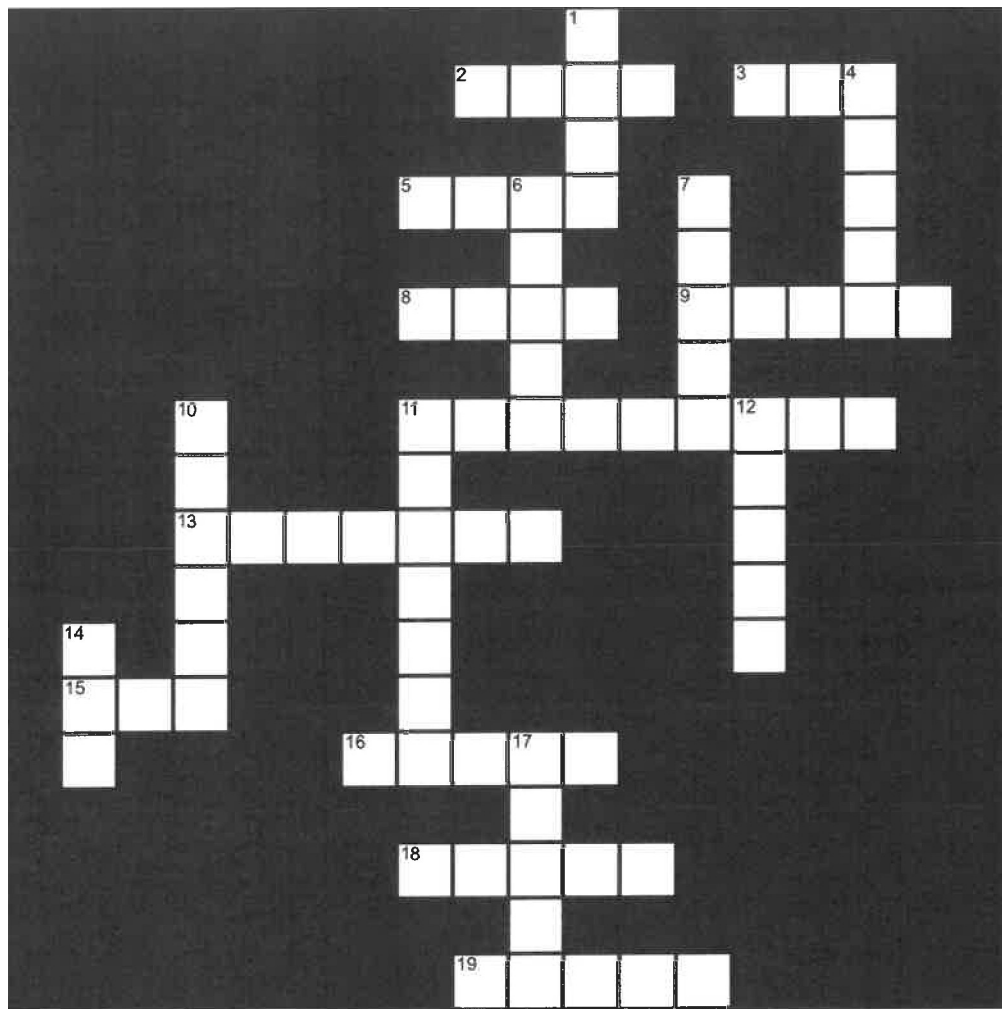
Incorporating fitness into outdoor activities can transform your exercise routine into a fulfilling adventure. By choosing the right activities, warming up properly, focusing on form, and utilizing interval training, you can maximize the health benefits of outdoor pursuits. Remember to stay hydrated, dress appropriately, and listen to your body to ensure a safe and enjoyable experience. So get out there, enjoy the outdoors and have fun!

LEMON CREEK CORRECTIONAL CENTER
EMPLOYEE OF THE QUARTER
COII TEVITA MAAKE



Officer Tevita Maake began his career with LCCC in 2022. From Day One, he has been great to work with, bringing warmth and humor to the workplace and accepting new challenges. Officer Maake serves as a Booking Officer, is basic time accounting certified, and is a certified Field Training Officer. He is fluent in three languages. Known for his cooking ability, Officer Maake spearheads Sunday potlucks and assures that everyone in attendance is welcome and well cared for. He is the ultimate team player and LCCC is honored to name him as Employee of the Quarter.

Southeast Alaska Outdoors



Across

- 2 First to run aground
- 3 Wear a coat in this strait
- 5 To throw a line
- 8 Boat-speak for "left"
- 9 Distance to the target
- 11 A glacial crack
- 13 Baranof or Chichagof
- 15 Catch or cook crab with this
- 16 Use this stroke to prevent a roll
- 18 To search with binoculars
- 19 Sneak up on game

Down

- 1 This repels bugs
- 4 This Admiralty Bay is never old
- 6 Slope of loose rock
- 7 Worn by cattle but never deer
- 10 Stops bait from drifting
- 11 Parallel lines on a topo map
- 12 North end of southbound boat
- 14 Satellite based nav. system
- 17 Sailor's map

Southeast Alaska Outdoors

Puzzle Answers

Across

- 2 KEEL
- 3 ICY
- 5 CAST
- 8 PORT
- 9 RANGE
- 11 CREVASSE
- 13 ISLANDS
- 15 POT
- 16 BRACE
- 18 GLASS
- 19 STALK

Down

- 1 DEET
- 4 YOUNG
- 6 SCREE
- 7 HORNS
- 10 WEIGHT
- 11 CONTOUR
- 12 STERN
- 14 GPS
- 17 CHART