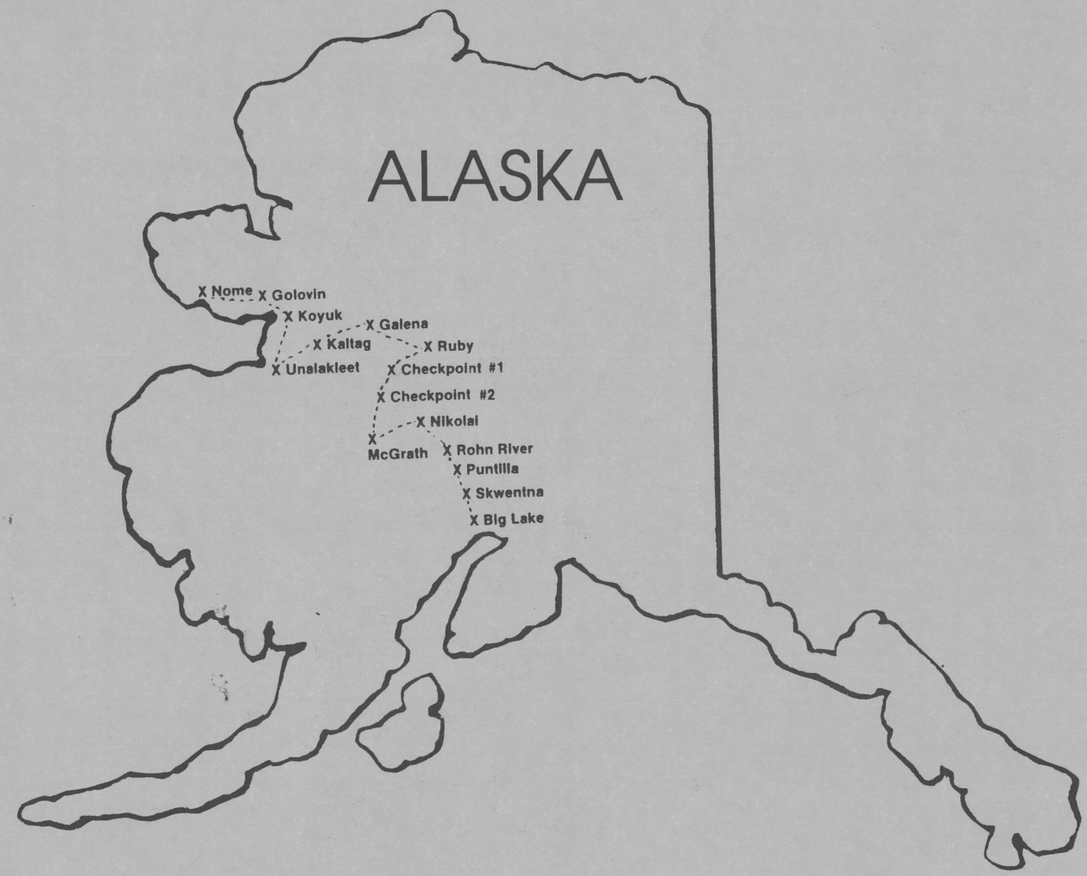
2098 MI *World Longest Snowmobile Race* 2098 MI

GOLD RUSH CLASSIC "IRON DOG"

1993

Big Lake - Nome - Big Lake

10th Anniversary



Special Thanks

To All Board Members - Past and Present

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Special Thanks to Alascom for their help and support in making the

Iron Dog Gold Rush Classic

possible

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HISTORY OF THE ALASKA GOLD RUSH CLASSIC

In March of 1983, Bob Kowalke and Jim Wilke decided that the time was ripe for a new snowmobile race, one that would focus the attention of Alaska on the sport of snowmobiling. While Alaskan snowmobiling was a popular sport, Kowalke and Wilke felt that what was needed was some sort of showcase event, one that would capture the support and interest of all of Alaska and eventually grow into national and international prominence. Many Alaskan sports enthusiasts and snowmobilers had expressed their backing of such an event; all that was required was someone to get the ball rolling.

After discussing numerous race routes and formats, it was decided that a 2 man team race from Anchorage to Nome via the Iditarod Trail would be the most popular and logical type of race; the Iron Dog Iditarod was born.

Since the Iditarod Trail Sled Dog Race had been held over this route for some years, Kowalke and Wilke met with their Board of Directors in an effort to gain their approval. In April of 1983, Kowalke outlined their plans: the Iron Dog race would begin in mid-February and be completed before the beginning of the Iditarod dog race. Kowalke and Wilke felt that scheduling the Iron Dog before the Iditarod would work to the benefit of both races since the Iron Dog would help to stake and break the trail for the dog mushers and the snowmobile race would be scheduled for a time that would guarantee adequate snow cover. At this meeting, the dog mushers had few objections, except for their strong suggestion that the Iron Dog race be scheduled to run after the dog race had begun. Kowalke and Wilke agreed, hoping to avoid a confrontation with the dog mushers.

Plans then began in earnest, with the race scheduled to depart from Big Lake on March 17, 1984. Checkpoints were laid out, gas and oil were transported and the numerous small details were tackled and solved. A Board of Directors was elected and such longtime snowmobile enthusiasts as Joe Miller, Tom Berkley, Shirley Littleton, Chad Ebert and Fritz Livesay, as well as a many others began to set upon solving the numerous problems associated with such an event. Volunteers and racers alike looked forward eagerly to the running of the longest snowmobile race in history.

In early January, 1984, relations with the dog mushers broke down. Charges flew from both sides as each group sought to protect their interests. Finally, at the urging of the B.L.M., the Iron Dog race was rescheduled to March 27, 1984 and entries were restricted to only 20 teams. The race would go on.

However, after battling one obstacle after another, the Iron Dog committee met one they could not beat: the weather. A freak wave of warm weather had left many portions of the trail completely bare. There was no choice; the start would have to be moved to McGrath, some 300 miles up the trail. Snowmobiles were loaded on airplanes and the race began as scheduled. The first Iron Dog Classic was won by the team of John Faeo and Rod Frank, with Steve Deptula and Scott Davis very close in second. Run under near ideal conditions, the race was a smashing success and received high marks from all concerned. Plans were immediately begun for the next year.

This year's race, now known as the Alaska Gold Rush Classic promises to be an even bigger success, as teams from all over Alaska, Canada and the U.S. have expressed interest. Out of the small seed of a dream, the Alaska Gold Rush Classic has become the crown jewel of snowmobile racing, the longest and toughest snowmobile race in the world. Gentlemen, start your engines!

IRON DOG GOLD RUSH CLASSIC WINNERS

YEAR	TEAM	MACHINE	RUNNING OR CLOCK TIME
1984	John Faeo & Rod Frank	Polaris	23 hrs. 50 min. * First year-raced Mcgrath to Nome
1985	Scott Davis & Gary Eoff	Yamaha	38 hrs. (Running)
1986	John Faeo & Dan Zipay	Polaris	47 hrs. (Running)
1987	John Faeo & Dan Zipay	Polaris	51 hrs. (Running)
1988	John Faeo & Dan Zipay	Polaris	Not Available
1989	Scott Davis & Mark Torkleson	Yamaha	Not Available
1990	John Faeo & Bob Gilman	Yamaha	40 hrs. 12 min.
1991	John Faeo & Bob Gilman	Polaris	30 hrs. 10 min.
1992	Dan Zipay & Evan Booth	Polaris	29 hrs. 58 min.

** All times are approximate*

Zipay, Booth take Iron Dog by a whisker

By STEVE McHENRY
Frontiersman reporter

Just twelve minutes separated the first two teams in the ninth annual Iron Dog Gold Rush Classic snowmachine race, an 1,100-mile dash from Nome to Big Lake.

And, if any two teams were going to finish so closely, it would be the two that finished in first and second.

Dan Zipay and Evan Booth won the race in 29 hours and 58 minutes, averaging nearly 37 miles an hour. It was Zipay's fourth time at the top of the race list.

Right behind them was the team of John Faeo and Bob Gilman, who had won the race in 1990 and 1991. They finished in 30 hours and 10 minutes.

However, Faeo has been on the winning team in four other years, including 1986-1988, when he was teamed up with Zipay.

Talk about rivalry on the trail.

The teams of Zipay/Booth and Faeo/Gilman even crossed the finish line neck-and-neck — at 10:22 Sunday morning.

"We left Big Su and had 14 minutes to spare," said Zipay. "We basically took it fairly conservative from Skwentna to here. I didn't want to blow a shock. We got close enough to drag it here if we had to."

Blowing a chock, or ruining other equipment, was one of the things all the racers had to consider, especially this year, because the northern portion of the course was almost clear of snow in some areas.

"It was exceptionally rough," said Faeo.

Faeo said he broke part of his front suspension just 25 miles into the race. He was riding a Polaris snowmachine.

"I caught the only rock out there," he said. "It was heart-breaking. We were very fortunate to have made it."

Zipay, also on a Polaris, said h is team took the lead at White Mountain, outside of Nome, and led at every checkpoint from there to the finish.

As the first team into Galena, about halfway through the race, Zipay and Booth split a prize of $2,000.

One of the advantages of running the race for nine years, said Zipay, is finally getting to know the trail.

"It gets a little more recognizable," he said. "But snow conditions vary so much, it looks different every year, especially on the Yukon."

As defending champion, Faeo said, it was disappointing to finish in second.

"But when a team is running flawless — like Zipay and Booth — it is hard to beat," Faeo said.

Despite a jury-rigged suspension, Faeo said, the ride was fairly uneventful.

He said the creeks were not filled with snow in some of the northern sections of the trail, but riding became much easier once through the Alaska Range.

"It was hard-packed," he said. "Good running and ideal weather. You always worry about a storm coming through and snow covering the trail, but we were very fortunate this year."

Carl Nevada, who usually rides Polaris machines, made his way from Nome to a seventh-place finish atop an Arctic Cat.

Didn't he get some grief from his Polaris sponsor?

"I told him the one thing better than a Polaris is two free Arctic Cats," Nevada said.

He said he teamed up with Don Barnes because Barnes' original partner dropped out and Arctic Cat offered him a machine to ride in the race.

"With a little luck, I'll get a Polaris next year," said Nevada.

This was Nevada's second year in the race.

"Last year was for the experience," he said. "This year I tried to improve."

Nevada had one of the big scares on the trail, he said, when Barnes went thigh-deep into overflow on one of the many rivers along the way.

1985 GOLD RUSH CLASSIC

This race is known as the world's longest snowmobile race. In 1984 the race started in Anchorage, Alaska and finished in Nome, Alaska approximately 1049 miles down the trail. The race is run over some of the worlds most rugged terrain consisting of mountains, tundra, rivers and streams. This is a land where the snow conditions can vary from no snow to 4-5 feet with drifting to 20 feet. From sunshine to blowing snow and howling winds creating conditions that test the mettle and stamina of men and their machines.

The history of the trail begins with the serious interest in prospecting and mining in the region that developed after 1888 when placer gold was found in the Hope area. Strikes in the Sunrise district in 1896 and 1898 initiated a rush of people into the upper Cook Inlet area and established a growing demand for a system of trails to provide communications and supply lines. Crude winter trails for pack horses and dog teams were in existence by 1900 between Resurrection Bay and Sunrise, and from Sunrise on Knik and Susitna.

In 1904 the Alaska Central Railroad was begun at Seward. Following the Seward to Susitna route, this railroad, which had been renamed the Alaska Northern Railroad, reached Kern Creek just short of Girdwood when construction stopped in 1909. After 1906, when gold was found at Ganes Creek, the use of trails was extended into the upper Kuskokwim and Innoko River areas of Western Alaska and in 1908, the Alaska Road Commission called this route the Rainy Pass-Kaltag trail, but due to the popularity of the Iditarod mining district, it became known as the Iditarod trail. Various branch and connecting trails were developed and several segments were upgraded to wagon trails. The trail was heavily used until around 1925, when air travel succeeded in displacing overland travel as a primary means of transportation. Presently, just a fraction of the historic route is maintained as a trail.

Between Knik and Unalakleet, the route continues to be a passable winter trail. Several sections of the historic route are maintained as trails and roads. Except for the trail section in mountain passes and those that are publicly maintained, the route is ill suited for summer travel. The historic trail made use of frozen lakes, rivers, muskegs, and marshes making summer trail conditions poor to impassable. As a kind of side note of interest taken from the diaries of Orvelle G. Herning of Knik and Wasilla, 1900-1947:

"On January 10, 1912 - four dog teams (33 dogs) with 26 cwt of gold bullion arrived from the Iditarod on their way to Old Knik."
"On February 4, 1912 - There were a total of 137 travelers from the Iditarod district."
"On December 31, 1916 - There was 3,400 pounds of gold hauled dfrom Iditarod to Old Knik, comprising 46 dogs."
"On December 3, 1918 - There were teams at the Susitna Station with a ton of gold from the Iditarod."
"On November 30, 1919 - Four dog teams at Wasilla from the Iditarod. One musher had 100 pound of gold dust."
"On November 30, 1920 - Gold team and 40 dogs from the Iditarod on their way to Anchorage with $164,000.00 in gold bullion."

In 1967 a committee was formed to promote the biggest and best dog race of all times. The first race was named in honor of Leonard Seppla and was called the Iditarod Trail Seppla Memorial Race. This was the beginning of the worlds longest race. This all came about due to the many devoted and dedicted people and committee members and especially to one man, Joe Redington, Sr. of Flat Horn Lake. His devotion and hard work has been the light that has made the race what it is today.

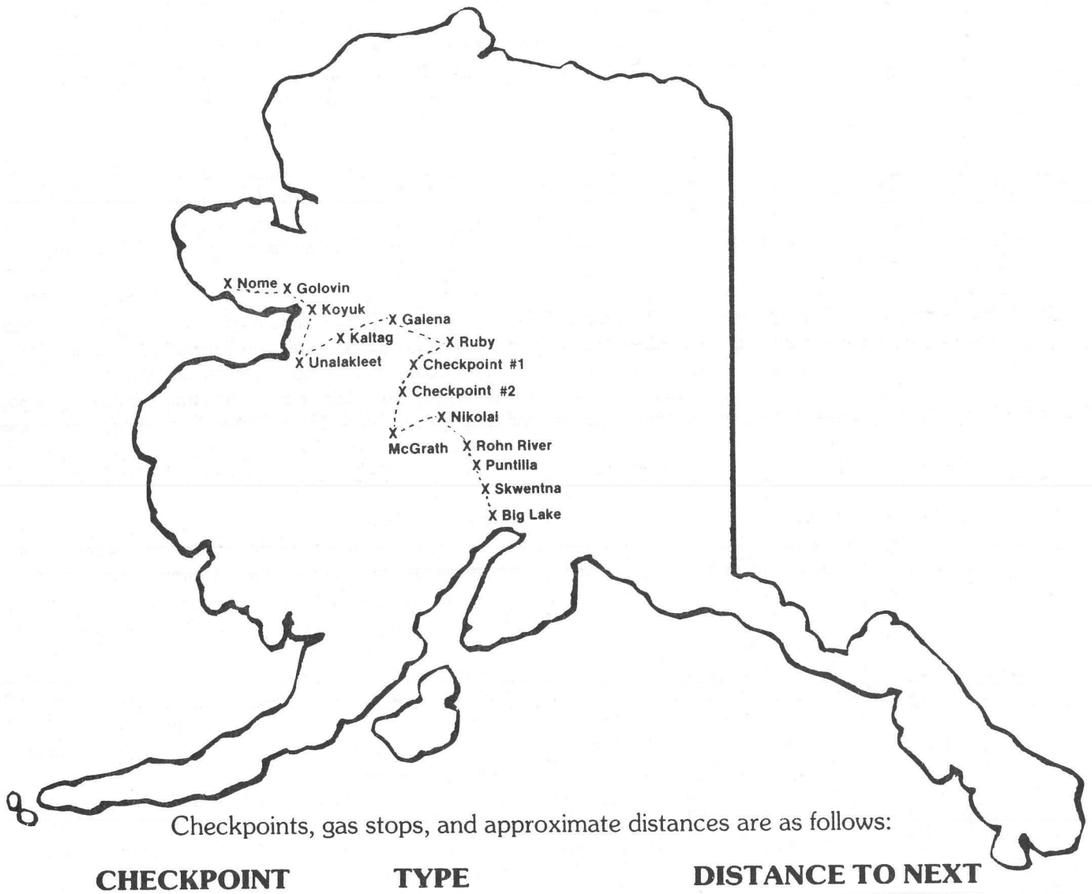
Of special importance is the annual Iditarod Sled Dog Race, an event begun in 1973 which focused regional attention on the trail. This statewide attention contributed to the establishment of the Iditarod as a National Historic Trail in 1977. Some uses of the trail, and not know to a lot of people, was Dolly LaFever (a nurse from Unalakleet) and Mike Salle (a Ketchikan biathlete) cross country skied from Knik to Nome.

Our snowmobile race was inaugurated in 1985 and was called the Iditarod Iron Dog Classic. After our successful 1984 race and out of consideration to the Iditarod Sled Dog Race it was voted to change our name to the Gold Rush Classic. The Gold Rush Classic and the members would like to extend our deepest thanks to Joe and Vi Redington, Sr., Bob Sepp and other members of the Iditarod Sled Dog Association for their valued help and advice in getting our race off the ground.

We ould also like to thank the following village corportions for their help and for allowing us the use of the trails through their lands and villages: Eklutna, Inc.; Knikann, Inc.; Chamiam, Inc.; Gold Creek, Ltd.; Pakathlec-Todin, Inc.; Unalakleet Native Corp.; Elim Native Corp.; Golovin Native Corp.; Solomon Native Corp. and the Sitnasuak Native Corp.

We would also like to especially thank the Bureau of Land Management for bearing with us and making it possible for us to run our race.

Iron Dog Gold Rush Route



Checkpoints, gas stops, and approximate distances are as follows:

CHECKPOINT	TYPE	DISTANCE TO NEXT
Nome	Starting Line Only	95
Golovin	Check and Gas	95
Koyuk	Check and Gas	100
Unalakleet	Check and Gas	95
Kaltag	Check and Gas	100
Galena	Check and Gas	50
Ruby	Check and Gas	101
Checkpoint #1 & #2	Check and Gas	100
McGrath	Check and Gas	55
Nikolai	Check and Gas	75
Rohn River	Check and Gas	75
Puntilla Lake Lodge	Check and Gas	80
Skwentna	Check and Gas	76
Big Lake	Finish Line	
	Total (Approximately)	1097

Anchorage Daily News, February 23, 1992

Zipay, Booth win race to the wire

Late Faeo charge comes up short

By CRAIG MEDRED
Daily News outdoors editor

BIG LAKE -- The shadow of Alaska snowmachine racing legend John Faeo was forced aside Saturday as Dan Zipay and teammate Evan Booth squeaked to victory in the 9th Annual Iron Dog Gold Rush Classic Snowmachine Race.

Three times before, Zipay had won this 1,100-mile race from Big Lake to Nome, but always it had been with Faeo on the companion machine.

When their partnership ended in 1988, Faeo teamed up with Bob Gilman and went on to win two of the next three Iron Dog races. It brought his string of victories to six in eight runnings of the Iron Dog.

While Faeo was adding to his list of championships, Zipay was struggling — with some questioning whether his hard-charging style was simply too much for the machines.

All of that was put aside this year when Zipay and Booth roared across the finish line just in front of Faeo and Gilman. The teams were so close at the end that race officials listed both finishes at 10:22 a.m.

No matter how close the victory, it was plenty sweet for Zipay.

"It feels damn good," he said. "It's been a while since I won."

The first two teams averaged almost 37 mph despite places where the trail is so narrow the snowmachines will barely fit between the stunted trees, despite snowless ravines where machines became trapped and had to be manhandled out this year and despite areas with frozen hummocks and no snow.

Zipay and Booth led from the start in this race that crossed country so wild that racers must travel in pairs for safety.

After nine Iron Dog races, he said he's ready to retire. That was the same thing Faeo said last year, only to be coaxed back.

Aware of that, Zipay was also quick to qualify his retirement announcement, suggesting he could be enticed into racing again.

"If I have a good sponsor (I'd do it)," he said. "(Otherwise), it's too expensive. I'd rather fly my airplane."

Even with a solid sponsor this year, Zipay figures the out-of-pocket cost of competing ran between $4,000 and $5,000. About $500 was spent on food and lodging along the trail, he said, the rest went into equipment and transportation.

"It's expensive," he said.

Iron Dog racers largely compete for the challenge and the adventure, he added, though after pounding across the Alaska wilderness for three days the challenge and the adventure age fast.

"Your butt gets sore," Zipay said.

And the body gets weary. The shoulders start to ache from the wrenching of the skis transmitted up through the handlebars, and the knees start to throb from the constant up and down necessary to ride the machines as they bounce over snowdrifts.

The machines seem to take it better than the people.

Despite running in places without snow, running over trees and brush, and banging across rock hard snowdrifts, Zipay said he and Booth never had a problem with their Polaris snowmachines more serious than a broken spring.

"They're almost invincible, if you don't pound them too bad," he said.

Of the first four teams to finish, all were riding Polaris machines. None of the leaders reported any serious equipment problems, although many reported near injuries.

Third-place finisher James Dick almost got speared by a tree limb, and Booth had his racing coveralls nearly ripped off after his machine went sideways and he got caught by brush.

Anchorage Daily News, February 21, 1992

Snowless trail tests leaders in Iron Dog

Zipay-Booth lead by 50 minutes in McGrath

By CRAIG MEDRED
Daily News outdoors editor

On a sometimes snowless trail across the rolling hills of the Alaska Interior between Ruby and McGrath, snowmachine racers Dan Zipay of Anchorage and Evan Booth of Nome took a pounding on Friday.

But they managed to hang onto their lead in the ninth running of the Iron Dog Gold Rush Classic snowmachine race from Nome to Big Lake.

After a day-long ride, drag or push that covered 200 miles, Zipay and Booth held a lead of about 50 minutes over James Dick and Whitey Davis.

Both teams had decided to take rest stops in McGrath. The 1,100 mile Iron Dog requires stops of 10-, 12- and 14-hours somewhere along the 1,100 mile course.

Running third was John Faeo and partner Bob Gilman, who pulled into McGrath 2 hours, 21 minutes behind Zipay and Booth. Tim and Todd Brannon arrived 1 hour, 27 minutes behind Faeo and Gilman.

Zipay and Booth have already taken their 12, and Zipay said they were looking forward to the 14 in McGrath. His comments came after Booth got him up and dragged him to a telephone.

Takusko House owner and manager Tom Sheets thought at first an interview might be possible.

"He's kneeling on the floor, with his head over the bed," Sheets said when asked to call Zipay to the phone. "I knocked him, and he didn't move."

Sheets handed the phone to Dick.

"It was bad," Dick said. "We had some huge holes."

By that time, Booth had managed to rouse Zipay, a winner of this race along with Faeo in 1986, 1987 and 1988. (Racers are required to compete as teams for safety.)

Zipay said the trail was the worst he'd ever seen.

"It was real rough," he said. "There was not a whole lot of snow from about 30 miles out of Ruby almost until Ophir. It was pretty minimal snowcover."

Forewarned of the snow shortage and of gaping ravines usually bridged by drifted snow, Zipay and Booth left Ruby packing a come-a-long.

They had to use it to haul their machines out of the first snowless creek bed they hit, Zipay said. After that, though, they were able to drag, push or pull the machines out of similar situations.

"We had to drag them up about five creek beds that were 10 feet deep," he said. "It was super rough this time.

"We took it kind of easy. We didn't want to wreck our sleds. (But) my knees are tired, for sure, and my elbows."

Tough trail promised to eliminate any chance of a record this year in the world's longest, toughest, wildest snowmachine race. Racers were a couple hours ahead of the record pace going into the halfway point at Galena, where Zipay and Booth collected a halfway price of $2,000 in silver on Wednesday.

But the pace quickly changed on the nightmare trail out of Ruby.

"That was the roughest year I've ever seen that part of trail," Zipay said. "There wasn't much snow. There's lots of trees showing this year."

The Polarises he and Booth are riding seemed, however, to be holding up well despite the lack of snow. The two drivers bent skis hitting rocks and logs, Zipay said, but otherwise there was little damage.

"Just some willow scratches," he said.

Of course, more trouble awaits.

Now, nearly 750 miles into the race, the snowmachine drivers confront the Farewell Burn and then the Alaska Range.

Official Check Points

Golovin: Gas Stop
Olson & Sons, Inc.
Maggie Olson
P.O. Box 62100
Golovin, Alaska 99762
779-3071

Koyuk: Gas Stop
Johnny Leonard
963-3061
963-3451
963-3461

Unalakleet: Layover/Gas Stop
Unalakleet Native Corp.
Alden
P.O. Box 100
Unalakleet, Alaska 99684
624-3300
Unalakleet Lodge/Food-Lodging
Ansellm 624-3333
Rates: Bunk $45/Night
Single $65/Night; Double $85/Night
Emergency 624-3059 Ansellm

Kaltag: Gas Stop
Lawrence Saunders
534-2234

Galena: Gas Stop/Layover
Transportation Company
Roger and Carole Huntington
Box 26
Galena, Alaska 99741
656-1312
Riverside Inn
Louis Johnson or Steve
656-1343
Food-Lodging-Phone-Showers
Galena Air Service
Norman Yaeger 656-1220
Air-Taxi Service

Ruby: Layover/Gas Stop
Pat McCarty
Box 12
Ruby, Alaska 99768
468-4407
Provisional Lodging and Food Only
(Estimated Cost: $25-$35)
Ruby Roadhouse
Bob and Tommie Calkins
Ruby, Alaska 99768
468-4463
Rates: $100 per day per person
Showers/3 Meals

McGrath: Race Layover/Gas Stop
B J's Fuel
Ben Magnuson
P.O. Box 209
McGrath, Alaska 99627
524-3923
Miners Cafe and Boarding House
Rosa Marie Demelo 524-3026
Food-Phone-Lodging
Takusko House
Tom Sheets 524-9991
Food-Phone-Lodging
McGrath Roadhouse
Joe and Caroline Degnan 524-3466
Food-Phone-Bar-Lodging
Oldest McGrath Establishment
Northern Air Cargo
Ben Magnuson 524-3778
Air Service
Hub Air Service
Daniel Smith 524-3266
Air-Taxi Service
General Service
Pete and Ann Egrass 524-3485
Parts-Supplies

Nikolai: Gas Stop
City of Nikolai
P.O. Box 25
Nikolai, Alaska 99691
293-2113

City of Nikolai	293-2112
General Store	293-2115
Peter Tony	293-2314
(Emergency)	

Rohn River: Gas Stop
Layover
No Facilities for Communications

Puntilla Lake: Gas Stop/Layover
No Facilities for Communications

Skwentna: Gas Stop
Skwentna Roadhouse
John and Joyce Logan
100 Happiness Lane
Skwentna, Alaska 99667
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Big Lake: Finish Line
Klondike Inn
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* The Board of Directors would like to extend our sincere appreciation to everyone that has helped make this race possible.

IRON DOG GOLD RUSH CLASSIC BALLAD

Snow machines are comin'
Racing round the bend
They ain't seen the black top
Since they don't know when
They're racing Nome to Big Lake
Just to prove they can
They long to hear that siren
As they cross the finish line

Those Iron Dogs are howling
Howling cross the miles
Only in Alaska
Now some folks wonder why
They get stuck in ten foot snow drifts
And into trees they crash
They race each other, moose & frostbite
Just to get the cash

Now when the tundra calls them
They can't ignore the call
Those Iron Dogs are running hard
The winner takes it all
Now the first to Galena
The silver they will hold
But the first team to the Klondike
Gets the pot of gold

Family, friends await them
To come in off the trail
They wait to see those headlights
Came racing cross the lake
When the siren starts to crying
Teams are starting to arrive
Thank GOD for Safety and Alaska
And the strength to make the ride

Now next year when the snow flies
They'll team up again
They'll race the Gold Rush Classic
See whose machines will win
They'll get their arctic gear out
The trail they will break
They'll all meet up in Nome again
Then they'll be on their way

By: Jeanene Walker, Feburary, 1990

Anchorage Daily News

Zipay and Booth lead Iron Dog racers into Galena

By CRAIG MEDRED
Daily News outdoors editor

Beneath a bright arctic sun that helped to highlight every dip and bump in the undulating snow of the Bering Sea coast, 35 snowmachines roared south toward Big Lake on Wednesday.

Nightfall found the leaders in the Iron Dog Classic almost 500 miles south of the Nome starting line with Dan Zipay of Anchorage and partner Evan Booth of Nome leading the way into Galena at 7:25 p.m.

James Dick and Whitey Davis followed at 8:08 p.m. and two-time defending champions John Faeo and Bob Gilman of Anchorage arrived at 8:12 p.m.

As of late Wednesday, the rest of the front-runners had passed through the coastal village of Unalakleet and headed across the Kaltag Portage on their way to the Yukon River.

Usually racers stop at the Unalakleet Lodge to take one of three mandatory layovers required in the 1,100-mile race along the historic Iditarod Trail, but most had apparently pressed on to take advantage of the weather.

"It's just such a nice day that most of them are just keeping on going," said Ray Caudill, the cook at the lodge. "I'm surprised none of them are in here. They're usually pretty hungry by the time they get in here.

"But I was looking out the window and saw some of them go flying on by."

Temperatures along the coast were 5 to 10 degrees above zero, and the winds were light, Caudill said. With near perfect conditions, racers were averaging close to 60 mph as they headed south.

Ten teams of two-drivers are competing for a total purse of approximately $30,000 in this the ninth running of the Iron Dog. By arriving first into Galena, Zipay and Booth won $2,000 in silver from Alascom.

Another eight teams are registered in trophy or trail classes which lack prize money. All racers are required to compete as teams for safety.

Faeo Gilman are the favorites. Faeo and various partners have won six of the last eight races.

After pounding south over moguls and drifts for three days on the way to victory last year, a tired Faeo said he would retire from competition in the world's longest and toughest snowmachine race. But the 36-year-old driver, a dominate force in Alaska snowmachine racing the past decade, decided to give the Iron Dog another try.

He and Gilman trailed one of Faeo's old teammates, Zipay, when the racers reached Galena. Zipay, a winner in 1986, 1987 and 1988, and Booth led the race inland followed by James Dick and Whitey Davis.

Race checker Lawrence Saunders in Kaltag said Iron Dog competitors could expect to take a pounding on the way over from the coast to the Yukon River village.

"All the trails are rough," he said. He figured it would take racers almost three hours to cover the 95 miles up the Unalakleet River.

But once through the village, the machines would move out onto the smooth ice of the Yukon where they can, in places, hit top speeds of up to 100 mph.

HEARD IN PASSING

The Jake Linthacum, Dave McKay team this year carried the logo "Nome to Home". After completing the race it looked as if there wasn't enough room in their truck to get all the family home. Jake's wife, Terry, said "you have to suit up and get aboard your snowmachine on the trailer, you did say "Nome to Home"..... Gloria's car save the day. Jake and Dave have grown from Rusty Puppies to Iron Dogs now.

* * * * * *

Dwayne Sakumoto and Martin Stewart were given a very sweet welcome at the finish line. Their wives presented them with leis they had made from candy bars and Ding Dongs! These two deserved a sweet homecoming, they fought like hell to get through the dry creekbeds between McGrath and Galena. To give you an idea of how rough it was for them, it took them almost nineteen hours to go 251 miles. The snowless gullies slowed down many a good team.

* * * * * *

Guess Steve Trammell or his machine were not meant to finish the '92 race. He trashed his suspension on the way to Unalakleet and rode without suspension all the way to Galena. After futile hours working on repairs against a ticking clock, Steve headed for home. Others continued to work on repairing Steve's machine as race official, Cliff McGilvarry opted to join up with Rick Breeden to ride Steve's machine home. Thirty miles out of Galena, Cliff hit a tree and took out the headlight. He backtracked to Galena, he and the machine headed for home by air. Rick was determined to cross the finish line and with part of Steve's machine with him. Browse through this booklet until you find "A Racer's Tale" by Rick Breeden, it is a terrific account of his journey.

* * * * * *

As a note of interest, if you want to find water on the trail, just follow Jake Linthacum, he found the only open water out of Ruby!

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THE 1992 IRON DOG GOLD RUSH GLASSIC - A RACER'S TALE
by Richard G. Breeden

into the finish line...

The first thing we saw was a group of people headed down the bank to greet us. The first thing we heard was the sirens at the finish - it was great to have completed ! ! ! The joy of seeing one's family and friends at the finish is unspeakable. Bert had a cold wet Budweiser in hand for Mr. Grizz and myself. The hugs from Gloria also topped the list. Shorty and the support crew did a fantastic job. The complimentary steak dinner topped off the day. I tried to remove my outerwear and fleece but I put it right back on as the stench was overpowering. I think that topped off everyone else's day! My partner, Steve, was there to greet me and it was really good to see his face. We started the race together and by gosh we finished together. You see I had brought his light pod all the way from Galena just to say that in spirit and equipment Steve had finished with me.

My speedometer now reads 1889 miles. I started with 840. Simple subtraction tells you that there are exactly 1049 miles of pure hell.

Just a short note - My wife had chili simmering on the stove when we got home.... I immediately went to my Mom's house for dinner!!

See You All Next Year !!!!!

Rick Breeden - Team 4

THANK YOU RICHARD FOR SHARING THE LONG TRAIL WITH ALL OF US WHO WILL NEVER EXPERIENCE THIS! MR. BREEDEN WROTE THIS SAGA OF THE IRON DOG AS SOON AS HE FINISHED HIS LONG RACE THAT NITE!!

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THE 1992 IRON DOG GOLD RUSH GLASSIC - A RACER'S TALE
by Richard G. Breeden

I wasn't concerned about the Long teams as William Long has been a friend of my family's for years. A very sturdy and respectable man. He is also Bill Long's father - the 1991 second place winner of the Iron Dog. Riding runs hard in the Long family. Bill's wife, Doreen finished with Bill in 1989, which was the last year of the river trail.

Team 17 headed for Happy that morning to find 10 miles of pure hell riding. Grizz and I also headed out Sunday morning for Happy. We had decided to try and adjust Grizz's track. His front suspension was wearing a 2" hole in the sides of his tub. He was starting to pay the toll on towing Phil for 50 miles over miserable terrain. I was suffering badly from the stomach flu, feverish, blurred vision and nausea. I could barely ride my machine but luckily I got better with G.W.'s help. Happy wasn't straight up with a switchback in the middle as in years past instead it was 10 miles of sidehill riding with one ski hanging over the edge. We had dreaded having chosen RXL's to ride with the SKS (extended track) due to the lack of snow but it paid off through Happy as the power and extra track was there to grip. We each sweated off about 5 lbs but we made it with me only having one close call. My machine was hanging about 16" off the side of the hill when it slipped on its side. The track dug in and stopped it from rolling backwards at the very top of the side hill. Grizz was there instantly to grab my ski. It cost me a belt finishing the climb but Happy was finally behind us.

We dropped out of Happy down into open swamps, it clouded up and we couldn't see or differentiate the terrain. I still felt sick so we turned the rexals loose to 95 mph. It was real fine riding until Grizz found a 6' drop with a 5' rise at about 70 mph. He couldn't see it coming because of the gray skies. His rear suspension snapped and his front snapped a bolt off. The left side tore further. If we lost the suspension we had no way to tow his sled. We looked it over and tightened his spring tension to give him more lift. He had braced his rear suspension where the dial adjustment was. If he hadn't done this he would have been stuck with the decision to go on and ruin his track. We were lucky!

We made it into Skwentna around 11:00 A.M. Sunday. Fueled up, ate and temporarily repaired Grizz's front suspension. Joyce fed us well and we had two or three Pepsi's each. They didn't cost us $10.00 but they sure tasted like they did. We left Skwentna at 2:45 P.M. heading for the finish at the Klondike Inn at Big Lake.

I lead to Big Lake trying to make it easier on Grizz to see the bumps. As I did I started daydreaming about the trip and how good it was going to be to see my family. Grizz pulled up next to me so we stopped. He's looking at me funny so I ask him if he wanted me to speed up? He laughed and said, "You going to go all the way to Deska Landing?" Boy, I was embarrassed. We wanted to "turn and burn" down Big Lake but one mile before Bert's Klondike Inn Grizz lost his left outer rear suspension wheel. I retrieved it and we hobbled

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THE 1992 IRON DOG GOLD RUSH GLASSIC - A RACER'S TALE
by Richard G. Breeden

I thanked God a couple times. Then reworded my thanks to Him. I shouldn't have thanked Him the way I did at first - he had brought me through many scrapes and I appreciated it. When I lifted my cowling I found that my come-along hook was jammed in the steering arm. That stupidity could have cost me my life, as it was it only cost me some pride, a front bumper and a nose cone.

Grizz and I had some fun "turning and burning" through the powder snow and willows. At Hell's Gate or right before Puntilla Lake there was 20 miles of pure hell. Overflow, no snow and tussocks all over..... 10 mph tops and nothing to show for it except a raw butt from tail bone down. When we arrived at Puntilla the checkpoint man ran out and told Grizz and I we made a very fast run. He about died when we informed him we left at 11:00 A.M. instead of 8:30 A.M. I don't think he believed us and I sure felt anything but fast. We informed this polite gentleman that we were the first of a bunch to arrive and we were in a mood for dinner. That's when he showed us to our lodge and our meal. When we opened the door there was a clean rustic lodge, warm with lots of room and bunks. I thought it was great. About that time I heard a blood curdling bellow from the Grizz - it seems he had found our dinner. That's right folks - CHILI! Not exactly chili but rather chili with crackers!!! I immediately inquired as to the whereabouts of the outhouse. Grizz and I probably drank most of the Tang, boy it was good, but you probably could have made a killing on a pop machine at this point. I would have traded my rexal for a six pack!

About 40 minutes after we arrived the fearsome six arrived, teams 17, 15 and 12. They looked like a lynching mob for a chili cook. This was more than team 12 & 15 could stand - I think they headed out at sevenish for Skwentna. Heading for Happy at night is brave. It is the most treacherous part of this years trail besides the Charlie checkpoints. This is proof that the way to a mans heart is through Joyce Logan's cooking. Those boys were risking their lives just for some good vittles.

Grizz talked team 17 into staying and tackling Happy in the light of morning. These boys were all ears after spending the night in a 12' gorge between Charlie 1 and Charlie 2. I had the bright idea of putting some of the caribou sausage Steve gave me into the chili. If it wasn't for that sausage Dwayne, Martin and myself may have not survived the night. Grizz was fresh out of hibernation and was hungry for anything but chili. At this point he must have thought chili was intruding bear sign. Steve had great insight when he gave me that sausage - you see he had been the Grizz's partner in 1990!

I also got to thinking about the Long team, Richard & Terry and their engagement so I added some more caribou sausage to the chili in equal portions. I would have hated to have them be one piece short. I, for one, wanted to see the engagement last. Besides they would need to preserve their energy for Happy.

and the other great riders were finishing the race at Big Lake. I never met some of the teams on the trail such as no. 7 -Shannon & Mike Hayden, a father and son team. But just knowing that they are father and son tells me that their priorities in life are in order. Team 13 - Jack Jaundral & Rodney Young, team 16 - Jim Bagley & Walt Smith, team 8 -Gordon Bartel & Mike Uher, we all fought the same trail and that in itself is something that takes heart.

The Grizz and I headed out of McGrath after I stopped and got a new supply of coffin nails or frost bite starters (cigarettes) and some beef jerky (health food). By this time it was 11:00 A.M. Saturday morning. As we traveled the trail through the Farewell Burns we couldn't believe anybody could make good time through there. Bumps, tussocks, stumps, dead fall, overflow and snowdrifts - this is the worst I've ever seen the Iron Dog Trail conditions and it wasn't getting better. After about 10 miles we didn't care anymore. Grizz took the right side of the trail, I took the left and we put the rexal's up on step and cooked where we could. After the Burns we came to the woody part of the trail. Sure glad I didn't have a Polaris SP front. As it was the ski's were bouncing from tree to tree. When we hit the swamps we let the rexals clean their throats at 95 mph.

We arrived at Rohn River and found lots of machines severely troubled with lack of ski's, headlight pods, and miscellaneous steering problems. One thing we all had and that was enough bark in our ski's and cowling's to start a good fire. Jake was hard at it repairing sleds. The other men were inside bidding on purchasing a single Pepsi that one of the Iditarod people had. When I left the lodge after having some more chili (that is now a four letter word), the bid was up to $10.00 for that can of Pepsi! The Iditarod man was smart and he didn't sell it. I think he was afraid someone would have killed the winner for it. Well, between the no sale on the one can of Pepsi and that chili there was only one thing to do - book to Puntilla Lake Lodge! The Iron Dog had rented the facility and there was food..... We all left except for Jake & Dave. The Longs and their partners were still in the Farewell Burn when we left.

Grizzley Bailey and I headed out first from Rohn to Puntilla. I think the others wanted to follow. They had all heard stories about Grizz and didn't want to be in sight when he turned his 650 rexal loose. I think they liked their goggles just the way they were. On our way I was chuckling to myself "I can't believe it - I haven't even scratched my sled". I looked over at Grizz's sled and it looked in perfect condition too. Well I wasn't quite done thanking God for that blessing when I was woke up by a sickening feeling.... I turned left - I turned right and nothing happened, then something did happen. After dodging trees all day with only one inch of play I did the unthinkable!! It was a beautiful 6" high spruce tree stump - the only one in a 50' radius. I had killed my motor, hit the brake, drug my feet and I still kissed that tree dead center!!

Breaking The Trail For The Gold Rush Classic

Breaking trail for the Gold Rush Classic pits man and machine against mother nature. It crosses some of the most desolate country in the world and puts man and machine through the most extreme weather and snow conditions to be found. Marking and breaking a trial is back wrecking work. Machines get stuck every few feet or so, the riders are constantly jumping off to wrestle their heavy machines out of a snow hole. All of which is taking place at 30 to 40 degrees below zero, which means the sweat and steam of all this labor freezes around a man's face and soaks his clothes. Then imagine what happens when an ornery moose decides it does not want to move! Do we hear any readers out there volunteering to help with this awesome task? Nope, thought not, me either!





1991/1992 Trial Break Crew

Bob Kowalke
Jeff Sandstrom
Pat Reilly
Bill Long Jr.
Pat Crabb
Cort Phalp

1985 - GOLD RUSH CLASSIC ENTRIES

1. Rod Price & Ellis Smith
2. Homer White & David Morgan
3. Michael James Cordova & Patrick Alan Harrison
4. Bob Kawalke & Dan Zipay
5. Jim Knapp & Billy Norman
6. Gary L. Johnson & Leonard L. Lesehaun
7. Scott Davis & Gary Eoff
8. Bruce Morgan & Michael Fitch
9. Tom Maillelle & Gary Richardson
10. Frank Lane & Wally Carter
11. Mark Hordemonn & Larry Favde
12. Donald Johnson & Stan Morgan
13. Mike Smith & Steve Smith
14. Jene Winn & Michael Eder
15. Kenneth Howard & Darrell Howard
16. John D. Faeo & Rodney Frank
17. Raymond Hoffman & Ron Demintieff
18. Frank Gingas & Jim Davies
19. Mike Lie & Bobby Richards
20. Bish Gallahorn & Chris Lie
21. Mark A. Torkelson & Patrick M. Reilly

1985

ELLIS "SMITTY' SMITH
AGE: 41
MARRIED: WIFE--SHARON CHILDREN: 2 KAREY & ERICK

Ellis began his racing career in 1966 and even though he has "Retired'and hung up the helmet a few times, the sport always seems to draw him back again. He has raced the Talkeetna to Anchorage 200 cross country several times, winning his class or placing each time. Other races he has completed and or placed high in are Wasilla Grand Prix, Mayor's Cup, Midnight Sun 600, Hatcher Pass, Kenai-Homer 200 and the Kotzebue 250. With all of these under his belt there was no way he could not take on the challenge of the Iron Dog/Gold Rush Classic.

Ellis raced last years Iron Dog with partner and long time friend Rod Price on Arctic Cats, placing 9th. Ellis and Rod had quite an experience during last years Iron Dog being caught in a blizzard and being forced to hold up in a shanty somewhere around Moses Point. This experience really added to the relationship of the two and proved Ellis could endure longer in the sleeping bag than Rod until a fire was started. Interesting enough the friendship grew greater and they were the first team to sign up to run again this year!! This year they will be riding Arctic Cat Cougar "Specials" for the Gold Rush Classic. Ellis prefers cross country due to indurance and the strategy needed which this years race definately looks like it is shaping up to be. Ellis is President of Ace Supply, Inc., a local petroleum and industrial equipment distributorship.

Ellis and Rod are sponsored by Arctic Recreational Distributors and Ace Supply, Inc. this team hopes to place high in this years running of the Gold Rush Classic. Hopefully the weather will be more cooperative and they wont have to look for that shanty again or eat frozen dried fruit, if not at least the memories will be irreplacable and the race will be as exciting and challenging as last years race.

THE 1992 IRON DOG GOLD RUSH GLASSIC - A RACER'S TALE
by Richard G. Breeden

Tightening barrel bungs and setting up oil and heat for Elmer & Dennis' arrival. I then headed for McGrath at a full "turn and burn". I thought of stopping and building a fire for cooking some of the delicious caribou polish sausage that Steve had given to me in Galena for Elmer & Dennis but I decided that it would make them too thirsty eating spicy food.

It seemed to take a long time to catch up to the Long teams. The trail was narrow where I passed them one at a time. They were still coming carefully and steadily. After passing them I moved to the powder to the side of the trail and set old RXL (pronounced rexal) up on step. I hoped that the trail I left behind would make it easier traveling for those behind.

I reached McGrath and ate my first real meal in 48 hours. I can't describe the wonderful atmosphere there was at the Takotna Lodge. Food, bed, bath and wonderful people. Without this lodge the Iron Dog would suffer greatly!

Grizz & Phil (team 2) had blown up before McGrath. They towed the wounded rexal the remaining 50 miles. Phil learned real quick to duck under the windshield because when the Grizz tows you he doesn't like losing time. I know because in '89 he towed me through Happy - thank God he was riding a Yamaha Viking. They top out at 70 mph. Poor Phil, the 650 RXL is a lot faster.... When I saw him in McGrath his face was still white and it wasn't from the snow before he learned to duck under the windshield!!! Rumor is (no insult intended) that theirs might have been the fastest time to McGrath for the last 50 miles.

Team 9 - Jake Linthacum and Dave McKay busted a suspension. This dropped them to trail rider class. Good old Jake repaired team 17's clutch in minutes by using existing parts and heat - it amazed all who were witnesses. Jake & Dave would need all their mechanical expertise before the trip was over.

Phil reluctantly decided that he didn't want to take the chance with his RXL so he flew out of McGrath. I think if he had the money he would have bought a new sled to finish. A real disappointment for a hard man.

A beautiful thing happened in McGrath - Mr. Richard Long and Terry Richey (team 1) became engaged. There's no better place in the world than the Takotna Lodge where the spirit of the Great North still flows.

Grizz and I teamed up to finish the trail. We heard that Tim & Todd Brannon had broken down further up the trail. We were both saddened for these two brothers are of the finest breed. They were in the front group of riders all the way. If they didn't teach everyone there that Ski Doo is back and strong then we can't be taught. These two will capture your hearts as fine riders and sparkling personalities.

Now before the race started we knew that team 3 -Gilman & Faeo, team 10 - Booth & Zipay and team 18 - Dick & Davis were going to be incredibly fast. As we left McGrath they

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The trail breakers fought this part of the trail up and down and through these gorges. They warned to bring come-alongs, rope and pulleys. They also suggested to amend the race rules so that teams could help each other through the gorges. They knew what we didn't. The money racers voted no to amending their race rules, the trophy class voted yes.

Team 17 - Dwayne Sakumoto and Martin Stewart tried to conquer this section with no come-alongs and no help. It caused them a night of horror when they found the first of eight gorges. It also cost them a clutch spring that put them out of the race and into trail status with me. Thanks to help from team 9 - Jake Linthacum and Dave McKay they could finish as tail riders.

I rode as a trail sweep with Elmer & Dennis from Ruby. You must have a partner to travel this trail, especially this year or you will find hell. We left Ruby behind the Longs, Terry Richey and Cliff Tweedy. They looked in fine shape and a joy to be around.

As we rounded a corner about 10 miles out of Ruby we found Ken Kincaid. He had his throttle stuck wide open and had found the ditch, don't ask how but that boy didn't damage his sled. He proved to be a very fine rider to miss all those trees. That was the last I would see of Darrell & Ken, team 15, until McGrath.

As I rode with Elmer & Dennis I felt pitty and admiration for Elmer as he had a very bad case of stomach flu from the time he left Nome thru when I saw him last at McGrath, and I know he was still sick there for he turned down steak and ate bacon. These two men made a team we all can learn from - they worked like a 20 mule team in perfect rhythm and consistently.

The trail was unbelievably bumpy - we jacked and come-alonged through two gorges. We shared my can of frozen Pepsi. Because of dehydration, I too had the stomach flu but compared to Elmer I was feeling fine. To add insult to my injury I happened to have a frozen milkyway bar that I just couldn't leave alone. I bit into that frozen bar and snapped one of my front teeth out. Don't ask me if I cared - I was hungry!

My snowmachine started overheating and burning belts - running at 15 mph was not this machines duty. After 130 miles of this Elmer, Dennis and I could see that I had to move on yet there were still three gorges to cross. I had a rope a team had lost and a come-along Steve had bought so I took off for Charlie 2 on my own knowing the danger of riding alone. I took it easy and I managed to cross all three remaining gorges with a little luck and lots of power. As night fell the Northern Lights danced across the skies changing from green to yellow to blue - they were beautiful. The temperature dropped into the 20's below zero.

When I came upon Charlie 2 the Longs, Terry & Tweedy were finishing gassing up. These people were diehards. They were enjoying the Northern Lights as they left. I started cleaning all the cans and garbage from the fuel stop.

RODNEY L. PRICE
AGE: 39
MARRIED: WIFE -- PAMELA; SON - RACE ALLEN

Rodney arrived in Anchorage in November 1968 for a four year tour of duty at Elmendorf AFB. Originally from North Carolina a snow machine to him (at that time) made snow. Within a couple of weeks after arrival however his supervisor ask if he would like to accompany him to a local snowmobile retailer where both became the proud owners of 1969 Arctic Cat Panther Snowmobiles. Racing has not entered Rod's thoughts at that time but Fur Rendezvous and the Talkeetna-Anchorage World's Championship X-Country were main topics of conversation around Anchorage at that time and it took very little proding from his military buddies to persuade him to cough up a $35.00 entry fee for the Talkeetna and prove he could just complete such a gruelling race, let alone place. Not only did Rod finish but he placed 2nd overall to nearly 500 racers. Unknown to Rod at that time that first snowmobile, that first race, and the many people he met associated with the sport would have a major impact on his future. He would never leave Alaska.

Rod has been racing competitively every since and has numerous class wins in races such as Talkeetna to Anchorage (including two second overall), the Kenai-Homer 200 (one overall), Valdez Mayor's Cup, Anchorage Mayor's Cup, Wasilla Gran-Prix, Calcutta 120, and Petroleum 150 to name a few. Although Rod has competed in oval and gran-prix ice races successfully his interest still revolves around cross country and endurance type racing.

Rod met his teammate, Ellis Smith, in 1970 while competing and they became instant friends. Even at that time they were running as a team in many of the longer cross-country races. They had developed a system of rotating leading one another between gas stops, thereby resting the trailing driver, until the last stop where it became a head to head race between them. Rod and Ellis competed in the first Iron Dog Race last year and finished ninth on Arctic Cat Panthers. They will be competing this year on 1985 Arctic Cat "Cougar Specials" with Arctic Front Suspensions (AFS) which should prove to be much more competitve that the springer type models.

Rod gave up 12 years of Air Force service to remain in Alaska and has never regretted it. He is presently employed as General Manager of Arctic Recreational Distributors, Inc. (Statewide Distributor for Arctic Cat Snowmobiles) and Suzuki Motorcycle and Marine of Anchorage. Arctic Recreational Distributors has been Rod's primary sponsor over his years of racing and without their help and support none of this would have been possible.

TOM MAILLIE and GARY RICHARDSON

Both Tom and I have never been in any of the big name races, but have a lot of experience in local races. Mostly cross-country 20-40 miles. We've been driving machines ever since they were around. Since we were kids.

Tom started racing in 1975 and has won two (2) races and placed respectively in others. These were all cross-country.

I've been racing since about 1976 mostly in cross-country and oval races. I've always been a tough competitor and placed near the top.

We both lived in the Yukon all our lives and consider it a good setting for training for this race. We're taking this very seriously and we are training hard. Even though we're rookies we've had a lot of experience in this type of racing and survival and we'll ride hard and be tough competitors in the races ahead.

HOMER WHITE
NOME, ALASKA
AGE: 22

I started racing in 1979 at age 16. I have raced the Nome-Golowin race and Kotzebue. In the Nome-Golovin I placed 2nd in class A in 1980, on a TX 250 Polaris, hold the current record set in 1981 on a Polaris 340 Indy, 2 hours 36 minutes, and 9th in 1982 on the same 340 Indy. I was supposed to race in last years Iron Dog, but I broke a wrist in the 1984 Golovin lap race. Raced in Kotzebue in 1981.

DAVID MORGAN
NOME, ALASKA
AGE: 22

In the past six years I have participated in the Nome-Golovin and Kotzebue races.

1979	7th	class A	Kotzebue	TX 250 Polaris
1980	1st	class A	Nome-Golovin	TX 250 Polaris
1982	2nd	over all	Nome-Golovin	Indy 340 Polaris
1982	2nd	over all	Kotzebue	Indy 340 Polaris
1984	2nd	over all	Nome-Golovin	Indy 600 Polaris

KENNY HOWARD and DARRELL HOWARD

Kenny and Darrell Howard (father and son), started racing in 1974. In 1978 Kenny placed 2nd high point in the Oval Ice Race. He also placed 2nd for 2 years in the Big Lake 500 Race.

In 1978 Darrell placed 2nd in the Junior Class Oval Ice Race. Advancing into senior racing in 1983 he placed 2nd in the Big Lake 500 Race.

Since then they have entered and placed in several races including team racing and cross country racing. In 1984 they placed 3rd as a team in the Iron Dog Classic Race to Nome.

After miles of throusting and bouncing along the trail we pulled into Galena and offered a kid $20.00 for a glass of water. I saw the kid coming back into site and my son harassed me so bad, I finally had to say "OK Pecker Head lets go!" Bet you didn't know there could be a dry dry desert between McGrath and Nome and especially in March. Sponsored by Masons Associated.

THE 1992 IRON DOG GOLD RUSH GLASSIC - A RACER'S TALE
by Richard G. Breeden

Team 12 - Dave Barber and Vigo Anderson were very disappointed as they had to buy a shock and do repairs on their machines. This dropped them to trail status. They helped us with Steve's suspension. These two men are quite the pair of good people.

Thinking back I chuckle as I remember! I think that Carl Nevada is going to make some good time this year because there is an Indian in Kaltag looking for the "Cowboy" Nevada's scalp! When we came through Kaltag the old guy was in a rarely good mood..... he told Steve "You know fella I'm usually a real hard ass - but that team 6 fella really got my goat". Well, I sure was glad the "Cowboy" put him in a good mood for us.... The children were laughing and playing on our snowmachines as we downed a Dr. Pepper and a couple of donuts in the town store. They really started laughing hard when we took off at a whopping 30 mph on our 650's.

The next morning it was decided that Steve would fly out in the officials place and the official, Cliff, would ride Steve's machine from Galena to Big Lake. We all left for Ruby - only I decided to take a short cut I remembered from two years previous when I rode with Grizz Bailey. Now this was a good strategy only I turned at 22 mile instead of 35 mile slough. Beautiful powder running with a 650 RXL SKS but after about 10 miles I found overflow. Cliff was behind me doing good but getting tired because he was following my path. At 12 miles in I found logs and the slough was disappearing. I stopped and started to turn my machine around, when I looked back Cliff's machine slid right into a tree that was sticking out horizontally. The tree hit the headlight pod and windshield - also hitting Cliff hard enough in the chest to break ribs. We could have been in a world of hurt with overflow and powder and with only a fresh trail we could not tow the machine. An RXL has a computer box and must have electrical power to it in order to run - with the headlight pod destroyed there was a chance of losing power. We were scared - I removed the pod and windshield and thank the Lord the machine still ran. We headed back to where we entered the slough and decided to send Cliff back to Galena to fly home. Needless to say I was the last to arrive in Ruby. I had decided to keep Steve's pod light with me as I felt Steve's pain and anguish - wanting so bad to finish the race. It costs approximately $15,000.00 per person to run the race, so when you have that much money and hope it's devastating to a person when they can't finish. The pure punishment your body and machine take on the Iron Dog on a good year is like racing moto-cross or trying to ride a bull for 1049 miles instead of 8 seconds.

After Ruby the dread is yet to come.....Ruby to McGrath! At the drivers meeting previous to race start in Nome we were told of the gorges that were 7 to 10 feet deep and there were eight of them. The trail breakers were no greenhorn's and they also have among them some of the world's best riders and when they tell you the snow is scarce, the trail is in very bad shape you listen or you loose.

THE 1992 IRON DOG GOLD RUSH GLASSIC - A RACER'S TALE
by Richard G. Breeden

moved. We soon discovered that one of our axles was missing. We looked for over an hour it was never found. I finally went to the race official and told him of our dilemma, he took us off the clock and allowed me to purchase an axle. The Polaris dealer had none but he knew a man that was parting out an old machine. The man gave me the part and wouldn't take any money for it. He was a racer before and I would bet a good one.

We went back on the clock when I arrived with the part. I was cold - my hands and face were chilled. I finally got it in. Grizzley Bailey and Phil West had made it in early in the morning. They had to rebuild Phil's machine twice, but they were in good physical shape. Steve was hurting from old wounds but had the spirit of a bantam rooster! As I finished the snow machine repairs, Steve went back to the lodge for our gear. As he got to the lodge team 15 came roaring over the bank - looked at Steve puzzled and asked "How in the world did you beat us to Kaltag?". They were very disappointed to find out they had followed a trail made by the National Guard that looped around the river and back to Unalakleet.

We were finally off and running for Kaltag. Taking it easy at first on the suspension and ourselves until we loosened up. I found myself thinking back to John & Bob when we arrived at Unalakleet previously . John or Bob came out and patted me on the back and said good luck. I was too busy thinking of the broken suspension at the time to grasp what trouble we were really in. John & Bob, come to find out, had broken a trailing arm outside of White Mountain. That is probably why we were in second place at Golovin. How can a person possibly go at a high speed with a broken trailing arm? The trail to Kaltag was really bumpy. Steve's knees were torn from the day before and the pain was evident on his face, yet he was riding, and riding hard. I noticed that he was showing signs of fatigue as he was not dodging bumps or lifting up off of the machine before a bump. I jumped out ahead of him so he could follow my tracks to miss more bumps. About five minutes later I looked in my mirror, he wasn't there. I soon found out that if Steve isn't leading he drops his speed about 15 mph.

About 20 miles before Kaltag, the suspension broke again. We had no choice - we knew we were out of the race. We decided to continue to Galena. Steve was in severe pain by the time we reached Galena - I was frostbit from smoking cigarettes with a side wind blowing on my face. We were both exhausted from driving so slow and lack of sleep and food.

Cliff, the race official in Galena gave us both a Pepsi to drink and introduced us to our dinner.....chili. He later shared his sandwich makings with us. Grizzley and Phil were there, along with team 15, team 12 and other teams. We declared a layover, discussed it and decided Steve could physically go no further. Darrell, Cliff, myself and some others rebuilt the suspension on Steve's sled. We finally got some good rest that night.

BOB KOWALKE

Bob Kowalke has lived in Anchorage virtually all his life. He first became involved in snowmobiling while still in high school when he went to work as a mechanic at Anchorage Cycle Sales. Following his graduation, he became a full-time employee, eventually to move up to his present position of General Manager. During this time he has maintained a heavy interest in snowmobile racing and has been very successful, including a victroy in the Big Lake 500 as well as being state U.S.S.A. champion in 2 classes for 1973 and 1974. While business pressures have forced him to cut his racing schedule, he maintains a reputation as one of the state's top tuners and mechanics and was instrumental in conceiving and organizing last year's Iron Dog Classic. He and his partner must be considered as one of the favorites for this year's event.

DAN ZIPAY

Dan Zipay is well know as one of Alaska's premier snowmobile racers. Dan moved to Alaska with his family when he was very young and began racing snowmobiles in 1974. Since that time he has recorded a long string of victories including the Big Lake 500, the Midnight Sun 600 and the Talkeetna to Anchorage race. A successful businessman, Dan finished 4th in the inaugural Iron Dog Classic with his partner, Jim Blanning of Nome. Dan plans to make an all out effort to capture the Gold Rush Classic with his partner, Bob Kowalke.

FRANK GINGRAS

I was born in Pincher Creek, Alberta, Canada. I have been riding sleds for 10 years, mainly in the mountains. I have been racing for four (4) years.

JIM DAVIES

I was born in England and moved to Canada in 1969. I have lived in Pincher Creek since 1975.

I have been riding sleds for seven years and racing for three (3) years.

SCOTT DAVIS

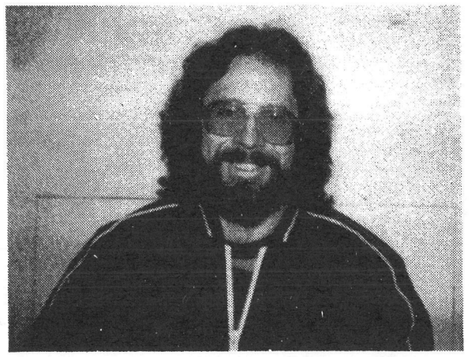


Scott Davis is from Soldotna, Alaska, and he started racing snowmobiles in 1973 as a junior at the age of 14. In 1975 he won overall point champion as a junior for the Kenai Peninsula. In 1976 he raced as a senior and then he was absent because his attention was directed to his dedication to his motor cross racing. In 1984 when the Iron Dog Classic was introduced his interest was drawn back to snowmachine racing and teamed up with Steve Deptula and places 2nd over all.

They will be riding for Anchorage Cycle - Yamaha

Thank You,
Connie Davis

GARY EOFF



I started racing snowmachines in the late 60's and quit in the mid 70's after getting hurt at a race in Eureka. I have won several races overall or in my class, including Mayor's Cup, Wasilla Grand-Prix, Palmer Classic, Petroleum 150 twice, Numerous 100 milers on Big Lake and also some oval track races. My best placing in the Midnight Sun 600 was 2nd in my class. I also was high point man in my class a couple of years in the Motor Mushers there in Anchorage. During this time I also raced Motorcycles and Stock Cars.

Concerning this race I always wanted to get in the Nenana to Nome race is the early 70's but the opportunity never was there, so when this came up it was something I have wanted to do for years and I am looking forward to racing in it.

THE 1992 IRON DOG GOLD RUSH GLASSIC - A RACER'S TALE
by Richard G. Breeden

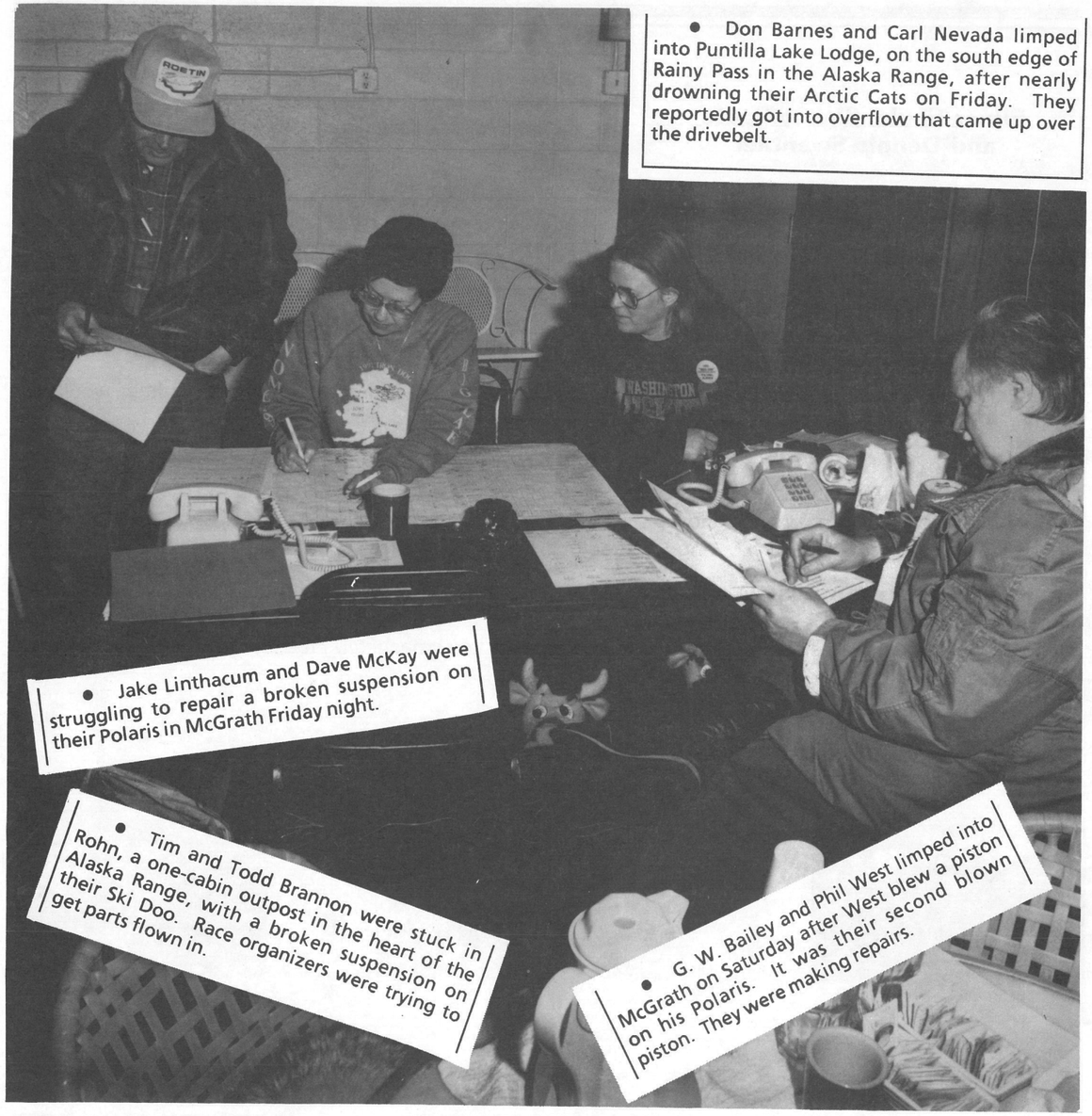
Steve Trammell and I arrived in Nome, Alaska on Sunday the 16th of February to a beautiful sunny day. The conditions were perfect for a very fast race out of Nome. As the rest of the race officials and teams were arriving the weather turned to below zero with strong winds. The conditions worsened as Monday and Tuesday rolled by. As all of the teams prepared for the Wednesday morning start of the 1992 Gold Rush Classic.

The night before the race we were wound for sound and couldn't sleep - finally at 2:30 A.M. Steve turned off his light and went to sleep.

The race started with a man & woman team, Richard Long & Terry Richey. They soon proved to be a couple of loving folks. Team 2 was two very close friends of mine, "Grizzley" Bailey and Phil West. Team 3 needs no introduction but a salute and great respect, for they are both top world riders. They are equally talented with mechanical as well as riding abilities - Bob Gilman & John Faeo. We were team 4 (my speedometer read 550 miles at the starting line). We knew that team 10 - Dan Zipay and Evan Booth where going to eat us alive before the first gas stop, and they did. After they passed we paused to change goggles, I was sure they were fogged up, we soon discovered that it was just their vapor trail.

We arrived at the first gas stop, which is Golovin, to discover that we were running in second place. That puzzled me because John and Bob had left ahead of us. About 20 miles out of Golovin the unthinkable happened. Steve's rear suspension broke. We had not reinforced it. Time was clicking by and we had no part to replace it with. I decided to bind it together with large stainless hose clamps. As we worked on the machine about six teams passed us. The suspension repairs didn't last five miles, so we stopped and wired it up. We lost about two hours by the time we reached Unalakleet. We stayed on the clock to remove the suspension. We were getting nowhere on repairing the part so we declared a layover at 5:20 P.M. We went to our lodge to discuss our dilemma. We came up with the idea to use two front suspension straps, two track adjustment bolts and three hose clamps to support the broken part. That night with only two hours sleep the night before we were very tired as the trip from 20 miles out of Golovin to Unalakleet (approx. 175 miles) with no rear suspension had taken a toll on my partner's body. His old wounds from races past were catching up with him. We needed rest and we couldn't get to sleep because of the excitement and the other team arrivals throughout the night. Grizzley Bailey and Phil West had not arrived - it was 11:30 and we were worried about them. It was 2:30 A.M. again before we got to sleep.

We woke the next morning - there was no place for breakfast at 7:20 something we went back on the clock. We worked on our plan and modified if because of unforeseen problems. We finally got it bolted and strapped together. Something was wrong, during the night our machines had been



• Don Barnes and Carl Nevada limped into Puntilla Lake Lodge, on the south edge of Rainy Pass in the Alaska Range, after nearly drowning their Arctic Cats on Friday. They reportedly got into overflow that came up over the drivebelt.

• Jake Linthacum and Dave McKay were struggling to repair a broken suspension on their Polaris in McGrath Friday night.

• Tim and Todd Brannon were stuck in Rohn, a one-cabin outpost in the heart of the Alaska Range, with a broken suspension on their Ski Doo. Race organizers were trying to get parts flown in.

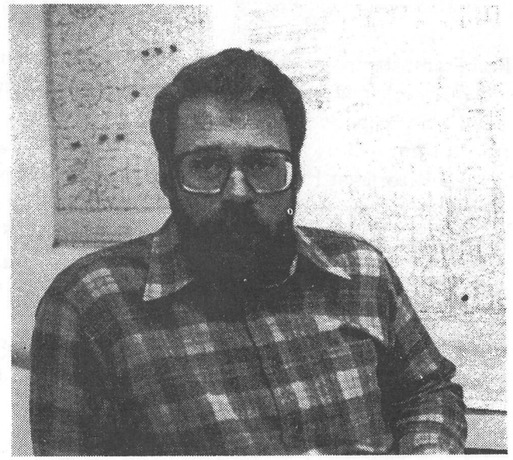
• G. W. Bailey and Phil West limped into McGrath on Saturday after West blew a piston on his Polaris. It was their second blown piston. They were making repairs.

Others back in the pack were having even larger problems, according to race organizers:

Race Headquarters -Klondike Inn, Big Lake
Race Official, Ron Kurtzweil, checking on teams with Gloria Kurtzweil and Terry Linthacum. KMBQ radio announcer, Bob Elyard giving live reports as teams crossed the finish line.

JIM KNAPP

General Contractor



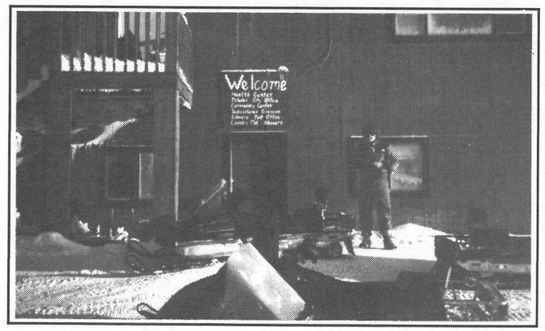
I have lived in Alaska for 38 years, and reside at Big Lake, Alaska.

My wife Lyndan, teaches Junior High School in Wasilla.

Anjanette - 12 and Lorena - 10

I have been racing snowmobiles for three (3) years. I am anxiously looking forward to racing.





BILLY NORMAN

Billy Norman - 37 years old, wife Sandy, 3 children (Jami, Ruthy and Chip) Real Estate Broker and Builder at Big Lake. Moved to Alaska in 1977 and started snowmobiling at that time. Started racing in 1980, did not win any trophies until 1983 and won 5 trophies. Raced in the Iron Dog in 1984, "The Iron Dog was the greatest experience of my life since leaving Vietnam 15 years ago. My goal of the 1985 race is to finish the race and be in the top five finishers.

I have never seen such beauty as the trail provides not seen such friendliness as given by the people along the trail.

I want to especially thank the three (3) lady dog mushers between Nikolie and McGrath that pulled off the trail last year to let us by. I want to thank the trooper in Ruby who fixed us breakfast and let us use his jail to sleep in.

ROD FRANK

Rod Frank started racing in 1969 on a Sno-Jet, racing Juniors for 6-packs of pop. From 1969 to 1974 Rod and his brother and father all raced as a family riding the same machine in different classes. In 1970-1971 he raced a Scorpion in Junior II ending up 8th in class for the year. 1971-1972 season he won High Points for the year in his class. 1972-1974 he rode an Arctic Cat 250 and 340 racing in ovals and Gran Prix, received double victories as High Point Motor Musher for both seasons. Rod went to Kenai to race the Junior Cross-country Championship, he was first overall for Junior II, 2nd overall, setting the fastest day time in the Kenai Scratch Race course at that time. 1974-1975 Rod raced a Arctic Cat 250Z in ovals and Gran Prix. During that season he ran his first major cross-country race placing 7th overall in the Mat-Su Gran Prix. During 1980, Rod placed 8th overall in the Jack Helms Cup 200, he also won 2nd place in the Nenana Pikes Landing Race on a Arctic Cat 6000. He finished the last half of the race on one ski missing a first place victory by 10 feet. 1980-1981 season, Rod won High Points in the 56hp class on a Polaris 340 Indy. He won 2nd overal and his class in the Calcutta 120, and placed 3rd overall in the Talkeetna to Anchorage World Championship Cross Country. In 1984 he raced in the 1st Annual Iron Dog Iditarod with his partner John Faeo and placed 1st overall. 1985 Rod has won 1st place in the trophy class and 7th overall in the Calcutta 120.

Rod was born in Anchorage, Alaska and has always enjoyed the outdoors. Being a private pilot allows him to hunt and fish in his spare time. Rod has been a conductor for the Alaska Railroad Corp. since 1982 and has been with the ARR since 1976 in various different jobs.

JOHN FAEO

John Faeo is well known throughout the State for his snowmobile riding ability. John and his team partner, Rod Frank won the 1st Annual Iron Dog Iditarod Race, by using common sense and their knowledge of the outdoor skills required for such an endurance race. Luck played an important role also.

John has been racing since he was 16 years old in 1972. In 1973, he won his first major race, the Wasilla Gran Prix. With each year of racing, John has competed in more difficult races and has won top honors in every major sanctioned cross country snowmobile race in Alaska. He has won the Talkeetna to Anchorage World Championship five times, the Calcutta 120 eight times, Nome to Golovin three times, Archie Ferguson-Willie Goodwin Memorial 200 at Kotzebue twice. John has also won the Tulusak-Bethel 230 mile race, Jack Helms Cup 200, Kenai-Homer 200, Petroleum 150, Pikes Landing, Valdez Mayor's Cup, North American Championship and numerous other races including cross country, lake races and speed oval races. He has earned Alaska Motor Mushers High Points Award for Cross Country for the last seven years.

John has been a member of the Alaska Motor Mushers for 12 years, serving serveral terms on the Board of Directors and 1st Vice President during the 1983-84 season. John has demonstrated not only to be a true competitor, but also willing to help racers in their time of need.

John also seriously enjoys sports like flying, hunting, fishing, skiing, and other outdoor activities, which leads one to believe he is truly an outdoorsman. John has worked the Alaska Railroad for 10 years as a Diesel Machinist.

Elmer Soule, Shorty Soule and Dennis Swantner

Polaris



Elmer Soule - Elmer was born in Toledo, Ohio on November 14, 1924. On February 11, 1945 Elmer married Florence and together they raised four children. They have nine grandchildren and one great-grand-daughter. Snowmachining is his favorite hobby and Elmer has competed in the Talkeetna to Anchorage and Hatcher Pass races. Elmer would like to thank the Hertz Corporation for their help as sponsors.

Harold (Shorty) Soule - Harold was born September, 1926 and has been a resident of Anchorage for 39 years. He has been married to Betty for 44 years. His first race was the Talkeetna to Anchorage in 1969 and he has been racing ever since. He likes ice racing best. He snowmobiles in the Peter and Dutch Hills area. He is manager of G & J Flooring Contractors, Inc. Hertz Rent A Car is his sponsor.

Dennis James Swantner - Dennis James was born July, 1953, in Detroit, Michigan. He is the son of Jim and Irma Swantner, nephew of Harold & Elmer Soule. This is his first time in the Gold Rush Classic. He is single, a ten year resident of Anchorage and an avid snowmachiner. He'd like to thank all his friends for making this experience possible!















Team 17

Dwayne Sakumoto & Martin Stewart
Polaris

Dwayne Sakumoto & Martin Stewart - Martin and his wife, Dana, have two girls, Jessica & Katrina. He is the regional sales manager for Motorola International Inc.
Dwayne is married, his wife's name is Anne. He is the District Sales Manager for Motorola International Inc.

Dwayne & Martin have been Alaska residents for 8 years. Neither of them have ever entered a race before, but they have been trail riding since 1987-1988. Both men feel the race is a great way to see Alaska and the Iron Dog will give them a sense of adventure.

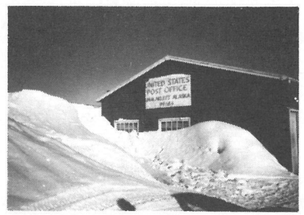


Team 18

Whitey Davis & James Dick
Polaris

James Dick - This is James' second year in the Gold Rush. He will be riding with his new partner, Whitey Davis, on Polaris 440 XCR. Their sponsors for this year's race are Alaska Power Sports and Polaris IND. Special thanks to Jim Wilke and Mike Zipay and Randy Bechard.







DONALD "JACK' JOHNSON
Born April 28, 1959
At Nome, Alaska

He has lived all his life in Nome.

Started racing in High School.

He has participated in the Elim Carnival Race, Nome, Golovin Race, Kotzebue Races.

Last year he flew cover McGrath to Nome for the Iron Dog Race with his airplane.

A picture of him on his snowmachine a Polaris going into the White Mt. Stop on the Nome Golovin Race. 3-17-79.

STAN MORGAN

I was born in Nome. I am 26 years old. I have been racing in the Nome and Kotzebue races since 1975. I won the Nome-Golovin Race in 1976. I was 2nd overall in 1975 and 76 in Kotzebue. Nome 1977 4th, Kotzebue 1977 Scratch. I skipped a few years and started last year with 1983 Nome 5th - Kotzebue 12th. If I'm not racing I usually fly air cover for anyone I know.

I thank the race should be held a week earlier possibly on the 8th or 9th. (1) Closer to a full moon, (2) More time for trail to drift over for mushers.

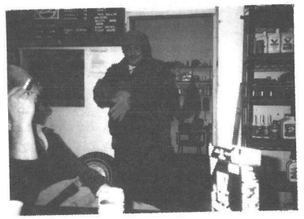
MARK TORKELSON
AGE: 29

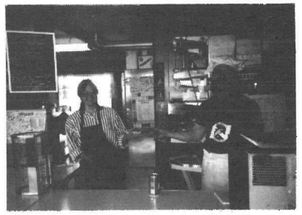
PAT RILEY

I was born and raised in Anchorage, Alaska. I have been riding snowmachines since 1965, and have been racing since 1972. Being competitive for the past 5 years, usually finishing in the top five positions.

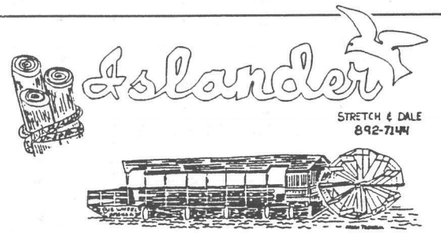
1981 overall winner of Valdez Mayor's Cup as well as Sportmanship Award. 1983-84 overall winner of Valdez Mayor's Cup and "Hatchers Pass 60".







1991 Unalakleet Ray Katchatag (Booba)
Booba has been pumping gas for the Iron Dog for several years now. He and the entire crew at the garage are wonderful people. They make you feel welcome and are always ready to help any way they can, especially telling storeys through the night to help the check point people stay awake!



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"Come Enjoy Alaska With Us"

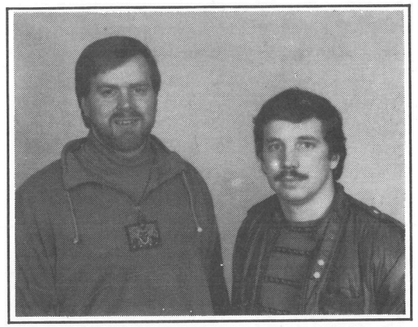
(907) 892-6261

Big Lake

P.O. Box 521020, Big Lake, Alaska

Team 15

Ken Kincaid & Darrell Greenstreet
Polaris

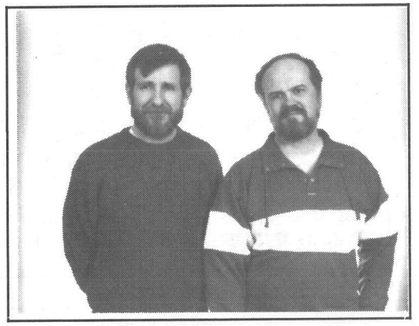


Ken Kincaid - Ken is a commercial real estate appraiser. He and his wife, Beth, have three children; Levi, Mariah and Luke. Ken has lived in Alaska all his life, he enjoys water and snow skiing, basketball and snowmachining. Ken said his worst experience with a snowmachine was finding a large rock at Hatcher Pass on a new Indy 500 with only 100 miles on it. His sponsors are: Maxwell Construction, K.B. Properties, and Shorett & Riely. Ken would like to give a special thanks to Mark Air for all their support and sponsorship.

Darrell Greenstreet - Darrel is a general contractor. He is married to Cathy and has been living in Alaska for 20 years. Ken's worst snowmachine experience was also at Hatcher Pass when he rolled his machine fifteen times. Sponsors are: Greenstreet General Contracting, Mark Air and K.B. Properties.

Team 16

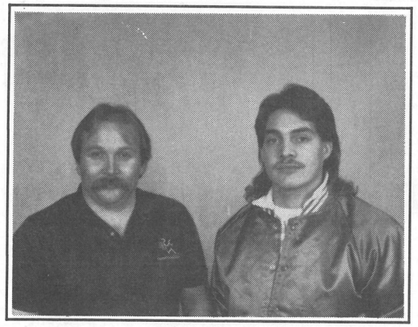
Jim Bagley & Walt Smith
Arctic Cat



Jim Bagley - 43 years old, married with three children. Alaskan since 1949. Self employed commercial subcontractor. Lives on Fuller Lake in Wasilla. Hobbies include snowmobiling, fishing, hunting and flying. He bought his first snowmachine in 1989 and enjoys the sport with his family and friends.

Walt Smith - 48 years old, married with seven children. A ten year Alaskan resident, residing in Wasilla. He enjoys flying, fishing, snowmobiling, motor-cycle touring and living in Alaska. He has been an Arctic Cat snowmachiner since 1968.
In 1991, these guys were rookies, they never entered a race before. Not only did they manage to cross the finish line in with their machines intact, but they were the seventh team into Big Lake.

Team 13



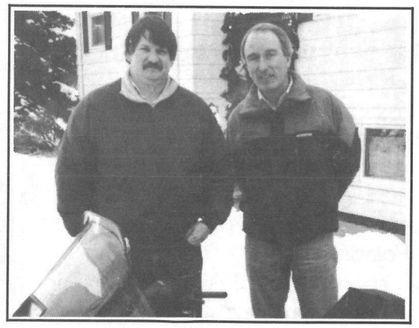
Jack Jaunbral & Rodney Young
Yamaha

Jack Jaunbral - Jack has been riding snowmachines for over 20 years. His hobbies are riding snowmachines and talking about snowmachines. Jack attempted the Gold Rush last year and had to tow his partner for 120 miles. He hopes to have better luck this year. Jack really, really, really wants to finish the race this year!
Sponsors for Jack and Rodney are: Anchorage Cycle Sales, Arctic Pool & Spa, Dewey's Cook Inlet, R-I Corporation, Sports North and Barney's Sport Chalet.

Rodney Young - Rodney graduated in "86" from Dimond High. He went to work for the family construction business and then on to Arizona to go to school. He attended Universal Technical Institute for Automotive. While in Arizona, he raced ¼ mile drags with the help of John Deportez and father. When Rodney returned to Alaska he started racing snowmobiles and he is now working for Dewey's Cook Inlet.

Team 14

Vern Monette & Wilson Hughes
Polaris



Vern Monette & Wilson Hughes - have teamed together for the 1992 Iron Dog. Both have run in previous races. The team is being sponsored by their wives, Alaska Fish & Farm, GCI, Northern Air Cargo, and Mark Air. Vern & Wilson appreciate the efforts of the Iron Dog Board of Directors to make the race a fun and safe success.



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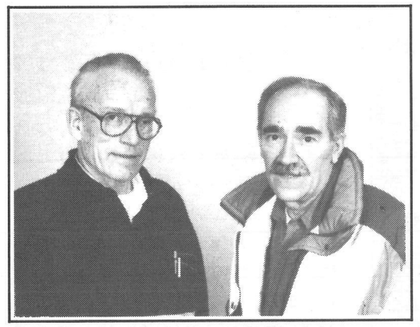
For schedules and rate quotes call or fax:
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Anchorage 243-3331, Fax 243-2031



-30°

1992 Racer's working in Unalakleet working on the track and suspension system.

Team 11



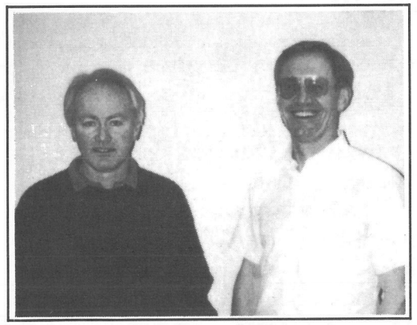
William Long & Cliff Tweedy
Polaris

Dr. William E. Long - Bill Long's son Bill started the family interest in the Iron Dog. "Old" Bill has decided to join his brother and Terry Richey in driving the Iron Dog. Bill pioneered snowmobile transport in Antarctica by taking the first snow machines to Antarctica in 1961 for exploration of the Trans Antarctic mountains; then used snow machine transport for three more expeditions in Antarctica. When homesteading in Eagle River he used snow machines for winter access to his cabin. Today his snowmachines are used daily to haul water, hay, wood and whatever for his horses and chores at Moose Creek Ranch, his home.
Bill first came to Alaska in 1965 as professor of geology at Alaska Methodist University and now is chief of the Hydrologic Survey for the State of Alaska. He has climbed in the Himalaya and participated in five expeditions to Antarctica, wintering over at Byrd Station in 1958. Glaciers and water have dominated his professional and recreational life. The opportunity to drive a snowmobile on water (frozen) from Nome to Big Lake is "an incredibly fascinating experience."

Clifton Tweedy - Clifton Tweedy is a retired general contractor and has lived in Alaska since 1948. Cliff has four sons. He keeps busy by going fishing, dog mushing and snowmobiling. Cliff estimates he puts between 1500-2000 miles on his machine each year. This is Cliff's first Iron Dog and he is looking forward to seeing a different part of Alaska and experiencing the race.

Team 12

Dave Barber & Vigo Anderson
Polaris



David Barber & Vigo Anderson - are looking forward to their second Iron Dog Race. Their participation in the 1991 Iron Dog was a great learning experience and they were pleased to finish. They will be on Polaris 500 SP's. This team would like to thank their sponsors, MarkAir, Northern Air Cargo and the wives for their continued support.

Team 9

Jake Linthacum & Dave McKay
Polaris

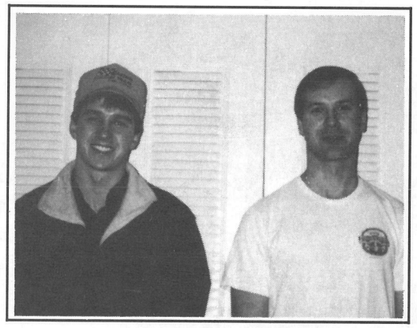


Jake Linthacum - Jake and his wife Terry have two children, Daphne & Cassandra. They have lived in Wasilla since 1986 and he became interested in snowmachines soon after their move. In 1989/1991, Jake became interested in the Gold Rush Classic. He was able to help as a volunteer as a race official in Galena.
For 1992, he has partnered with Dave McKey as Team #9. They are really looking forward to the race. He would like to give a special thanks to Adron and Mike of "Midnight Sun Polaris" and West, of "Big Lake Rent-All", for all their support and assistance. Special thanks goes to Paul Cass for giving him the drive and help in training for the race. A big thanks to all the volunteers and supporters, for without them this race would not be possible. Jake and Dave wish for a safe race and the best of luck to all racers and riders of this years "Iron Dog." "From Nome to Home"

Dave McKay - Dave has resided in Wasilla since arriving in Alaska in 1988. It was here he became interested in snowmachines. In 1991, he volunteered to help with the Gold Rush Classic and was a race official in Rohn. For 1992, he has partnered with Jake to compete as team #9. Both team members are over 30 years old, yet are rookies at this event, so they are competing as the "Rusty Puppies." Jake & Dave have two mottos as their goal; "From Nome to Home" and "From rusty puppies to Iron Dog in 1100 Miles." They want to thank Adron, of Midnight Sun Polaris, Wes, at Big Lake Rental for their assistance and Helly-Hansen. Jake & Dave wish all the racers the best of luck and thank all the volunteers, who made this race possible, especially Cassandra for drawing their number.

Team 10

Dan Zipay & Evan Booth
Polaris



Dan Zipay - This is Dan's ninth Gold Rush Classic. He is teamed this year with Evan Booth of Nome. Dan will be on an Indy 500 and "Riding For The Money." In 1991, Dan's team placed third in the Iron Dog.

Evan Booth - Evan Booth has been with the State of Alaska, DOT, as a heavy duty mechanic for five years. He lives in Nome with his wife, Crystal, & their daughter, Taylor Renee. Baseball and building dirt bikes are two of his favorite pastimes. Evan has participated in many long distance lap runs. He has placed in the top three positions during the past five years in Kotzebue and has finished the Iron Dog twice. His sponsors are: Anchor Tavern, Morgan Snomachine, Earl & Irene Merchant, and Pierre & Penny Boutet.

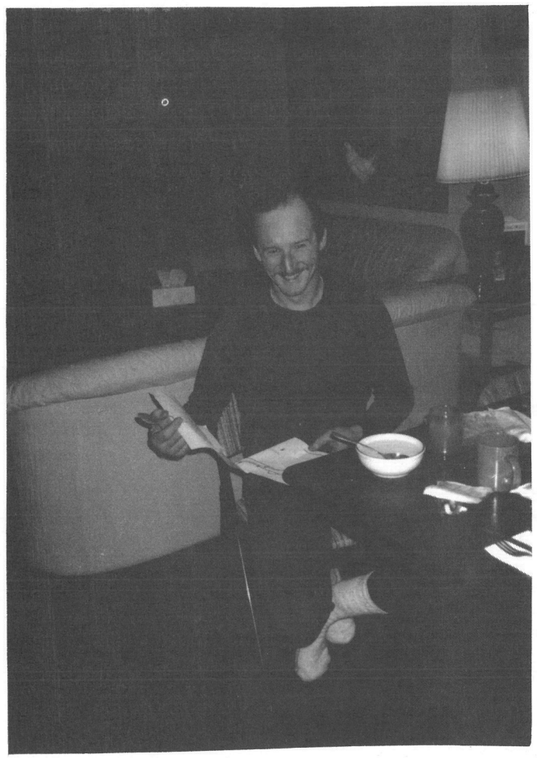
IRON DOG RACERS - 1986

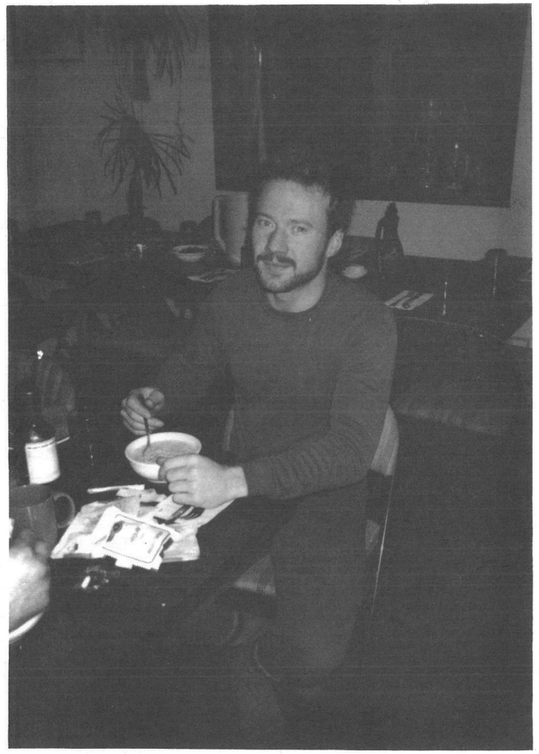
1	Yamaha SR-V	"Bish" Gallahorn, Kotz	Chris Lie, Kotz
2	Yamaha SR-V	Bob Kowalke, Anchorage	Steve Deptula, Anchorage
3	Polaris Trail Indy	Terry Knapp, Big Lake	G. W. Bailey, Wasilla
4	Yamaha Phazer	Bill Byers, Jr., Wasilla	Don Tanner, Wasilla
5	Ski-Doo Formula MX	Raymond Hoffman, Bethel	Kenneth Laraux, Bethel
6	Ski-Doo Formula MXLT	Rod Price, Anchorage	Mark Torkelson, Anchorage
7	Ski-Doo Formula MXLT	Pat Reilly, Anchorage	Rick Thornton, Anchorage
8	Yamaha SR-V	Scott Davis, Soldotna	Steve Tachick, Soldotna
9	Arctic Cat 6000	Robert Adkins, Colordao	Todd Corzine, Colorado
10	Polaris Indy 400	Frank Johnson, Unknown	Merlin Johnson, Unknown
11	Arctic Cat Cougar	Ellis Smith, Anchorage	Billy Norman, Big Lake
12	Yamaha Phazer	Doug Godfrey, Juneau	Del Shull, Juneau
13	Yamaha SR-V	Mike Lie, Kotzebue	Tony Richardson, Kivalina
14	Yamaha SR-V	David Morgan, Nome	Homer White, Nome
15	Yamaha SR-V	Darrell Howard, Anchorage	Kenny Howard, Anchorage
16	Polaris Indy 400	Tim Brett, Wasilla	Steve Hoff, Wasilla
17	Polaris Indy 400	John Faeo, Anchorage	Dan Zipay, Anchorage
18	Yamaha SR-V	Mike Tope, Anchorage	Kevin Shanley, Anchorage
19	Yamaha SR-V	Lynn Lythgoe, Anchorage	Bob Dickerson, Anchorage
20	Yamaha SR-V	Lyndon Thomas, Fairbanks	Jeff Risch, Fairbanks

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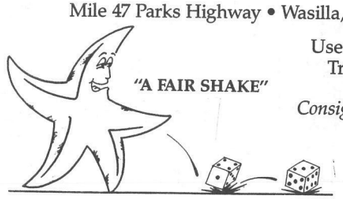
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John Faeo and Bob Gilman gettin a bite to eat at Takusko House.

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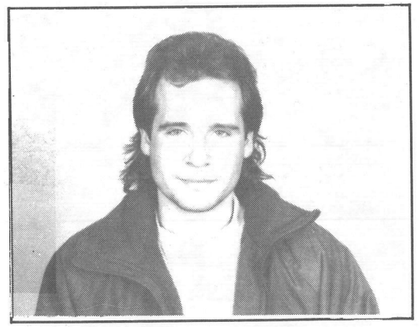
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Team 7

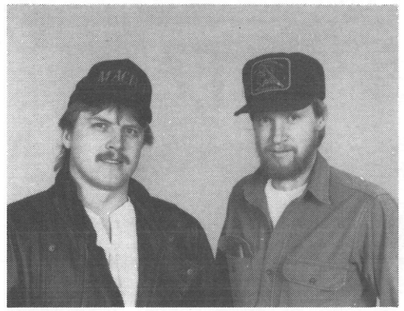


Shannon Hayden & Mike Hayden
Polaris

Shannon Hayden - Shannon Hayden was born and raised in Alaska. He enjoys the outdoors by snowmachining, downhill skiing, and jet skiing. He is an operating engineer for Quality Asphalt Paving. This is his first time in the Iron Dog.

Mike Hayden - Mike Hayden enjoys various activities like golfing, flying, hunting and skiing. He has lived in Alaska since 1964. Connie, Mike's wife, and he have three children and a grandchild. The reason for running the race is he wanted to share the experience with his son, Shannon. Mike & Shannon would like to wish all the riders good-luck.

Team 8



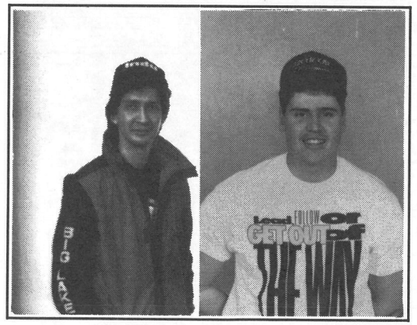
Gordon Bartel & Mike Uher
Ski Doo

Gordon Bartel - Gordon is an equipment operator for BC Excavating. He and his wife, Delene, have one child. Gordon has been in Alaska for ten years and rides for fun. This race will let Gordon see more of Alaska. BC Excavating is Gordon's sponsor.

Mike Uher - Mike is a thirty year resident of Alaska, and he has been riding snowmachines for twenty of those. Mike enjoys hunting and fishing when he isn't riding. Mike works for a plumbing and heating company. Special thanks to their sponsors: B.C. Excavating, C&C Ski-Doo, Aurora Employee Benefits, Forks Roadhouse, Dave Canter, Shoemaker & Associates, Statewide Petroleum, Robco, and Casy Smout.

Team 6

Don Barnes & Carl Nevada
Arctic Cat



Don Barnes - Don is an electrician in the Air Force, stationed at Elmendorf AFB. He has been racing snowmachines for three years cross country and this is his second year on ice.
Don has been a body builder for seven years. He also enjoys hunting and fishing but snowmachine racing has been his priority for the past two years.

Carl Nevada - Born and raised in Anchorage, Alaska. Graduate of Arizona State University. Avid Polaris snowmobiler for 20 years. Active Alaska Motor Musher member and advocate for recreational vehicles within the state. Carl would like to thank his sponsors, Polaris Industries and Suzanne, his wife. Watch out "Cowboy" the Nevada Kid is on your trail!



"I watched him just go in," Nevada said. "He was in water up to his hips and had no idea how deep he would go."

The temperature at the time was about 30 below, he said, making for a very dangerous situation.

"We got the machine out in 90 minutes," Nevada said. "Then we had to chip the ice off of us. We didn't want any more problems. It was the first time that's ever happened."

Nevada said the incident took his team from fourth place to sixth because of the time lost.

He broke a spring outside Skwentna, he said, making it slower going the rest of the way in. Still, he said, he got that much more experience in the longest snowmachine race in the world, and will be ready for next year.

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'87

IRON DOG RACERS - 1987

1	Yamaha	Ellis Smith	Billy Norman
2	Yamaha	Douglas Lyman	Melinda Lyman
3	Ski-Doo	Rodney Price	Robert Tierney
4	Yamaha	Frankie Lane	Chip Fields
5	Polaris	Gene Benson	Terry Bielke
6	Yamaha	Pat Reilly	Rick Thornton
7	Polaris	Jim Wilke	Bob Gilman
8	Polaris	John Faeo	Dan Zipay
9	Yamaha	Scott Davis	Mark Torkelson
10	Polaris	Dave Morgan	Dave Booth
11	Yamaha	Paul Hughes	Wilson Hughes
12	Arctic Cat	Samuel Hill	Andrew Loyer
13	Yamaha	Lynn Lythgoe	Bob Dickerson

NOME TO BIG LAKE

Team 4



Richard Breeden & Steve Trammell
Polaris

Richard Breeden - Rick was born in the territory of Alaska in 1957. He and his wife Kathy have one son, Timothy, age 8, and one daughter, Marissa, age 5. Rick is a state of Alaska licensed mechanical administrator & journeyman plumber. He currently works for the State of Alaska Regeneration Center. In the 1990 Iron Dog race Rick teamed up with G.W. Bailey. In 1991 he ran the race with Ronnie Aklestad as far as Unalakleet. Running the Iron Dog is his way of reaching back in time to the way South Central Alaska was when he was a child. Rick would like to thank Allstar Rent-A-Car, Corporate Sales & Leasing of Anchorage, Alaska Power Sports, Midnight Sun, and a very special thanks to Tim Wetherhorn at Norm's Sports.

Steve Trammell - Steve is married with two children. He is the co-owner of Allstar Rent-A-Car and Corporate Sales & Leasing Inc. of Anchorage. Thanks to Allstar Rent-A-Car, Alaska Power Sports, Norm's Sports, Tim Wetherhorn. His major goal: Not to miss a gas point!!

Team 5



Tim Brannon & Todd Brannon
Ski Doo

Tim Brannon - An Alaskan resident of 23 years. He is married to Debra and has one son named Gunnar. Tim is the service manager at Burkeshore Marina. He enjoys hunting, fishing, snowmobiling and most outdoor recreation. Tim's race experience includes Talkeetna to Anchorage, Hatcher Pass, Calcutta, and Knik. Tim & Todd would like to thank their sponsors: Burkeshore Marina, Johnsons Fuel, Chimo Guns, Weld Air, Alaska Rubber and Supply, Chevron, and Westmark Hotels.

Todd Brannon - Todd is also a sales manager at Burkeshore Marina. He has been an Alaskan resident for 23 years. His hobbies include weight lifting and hockey.

Team 3

John Faeo & Bob Gilman
Polaris

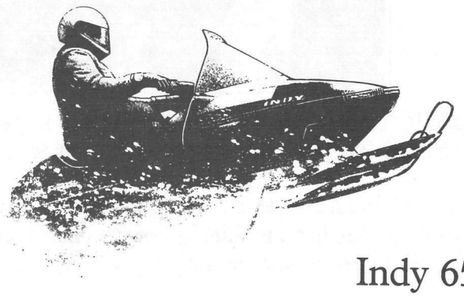


John Faeo - John has been involved in racing snowmobiles for over 20 years. He has a wide range of experience competing in racing throughout the State. He has competed in every Iron Dog Gold Rush Classic. John and his partner Bob Gilman will be riding Polaris' 500's in this years event. John was born and raised in Anchorage and enjoys the Alaskan experiences like flying, hunting, fishing, trapping and other activities. He has worked at the Alaska Railroad for 17 years. John, 36, and his wife Vicki have two sons, John 13 and Scott 8. John would like to thank Kogane Accounting and Polaris Industries for their continued support.

Bob Gilman - This is Bob's 6th Iron Dog race. This will be the fourth time he has run with his current partner, John Faeo. Bob is self employed as the owner of Gilco Construction, has been in Alaska for 12 years and enjoys flying, fishing and hunting throughout the State. He also enjoys spending time with his 3 year old son, Garrett. Bob would like to sincerely thank Polaris Industries for their continued and exceptional sponsorship in this race. He would also like to thank his partner for not retiring yet.

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'88

IRON DOG RACERS - 1988

1	Yamaha	Harold Lambert, Kotzebue	Frank Lane, Kotzebue
2	Yamaha	Bob Kowalke, Anchorage	Pat Reilly, Anchorage
3	Yamaha	Billy Norman, Big Lake	Larry Wilger, Wasilla
4	Yamaha	Scott Davis, Soldotna	Mark Torkelson, Wasilla
5	Polaris	Louie Schick, Nome	Bruce Morgan, Nome
6	Polaris	John Faeo, Anchorage	Dan Zipay, Anchorage
7	Polaris	Andrew Loyer, Anchorage	Tom Hubbard, Anchorage
8	Yamaha	David Morgan, Nome	Bob Gilman, Wasilla

Trail Riders

Yamaha	Mike Baker, Eagle River	Billy Eastham, Sutton
Arctic Cat/Yamaha	Jerry Culhane, Anchorage	Ray Plummer, Anchorage
Yamaha/Polaris	Dale Rosenbaun, Anchorage	Mike Eder, Valdez

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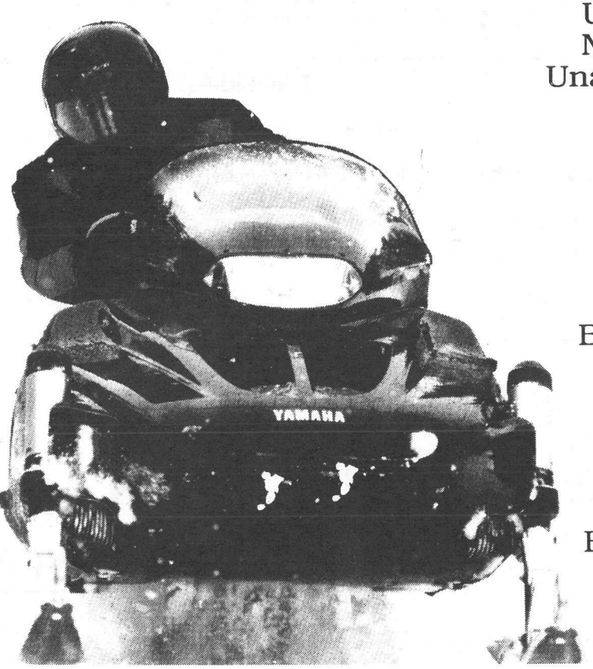
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Team 1

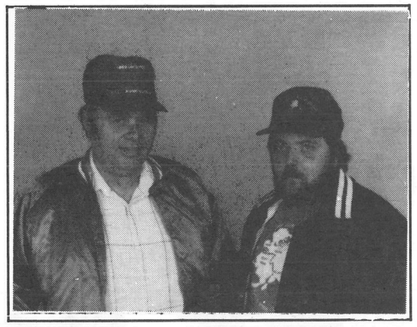


Richard Long & Terry Richey
Polaris

Dr. Richard D. Long, M.D. - Dick Long is an othopaedic surgeon from Carson City, Nevada. Challenges of endurance have attracted Dick Long for many years. He has climbed all of the peaks of the Teton Range in a 24 hour period, skiied the length of the John Muir Trail in two weeks, trekked and climbed in the Himalaya, and made the first ascent of Hummingbird Ridge on Mt. Logan (second highest in North America). Back in 1958 he entered the Mt. Marathon race in Seward during a day off from his surveying work and placed fourth.
Snowmobiling has become Dick Long's favorite winter sport after listening to his brother from Alaska tell of the wonders of driving on a magic carpet of snow with a small machine. Dick takes his Nevada fleet of Polaris snowmobiles to many of the western U.S. snow areas and has explored many of the mountain ranges of the West, often taking friends and relatives on machines he provides. The Iron Dog has become a major challenge to Dick, having heard of this greatest snowmobile event from his brother and his newphew, Bill Long.

Terry Richey - Terry Richey, from Carson City, Nevada, has participated in cycling and hiking the roads and trails of the Western U.S. Cycling 100 miles per day became commonplace for her. During the past few years she has performed as a partner for Dick Long on all of his snowmobile excursions to the mountains and snow country of the west. In 1990 the tour of Yellowstone National Park was one of her most interesting snowmobile excursions.
Terry is a nurse and works in a clinic in Sparks, Nevada. She has long been fascinated with the Alaskan wilderness and has been instrumental in putting together the Long Iron Dog team.

Team 2



G.W. Bailey & Phil West
Polaris

G.W. Bailey - G.W. is the owner and operator of Bailey's Backhoe. He and his wife, Della Mae, have two sons; Jamie and Wade. G.W. has lived in Alaska for 17½ years. He enjoys fishing, hunting, boating, and snowmaching. He has participated in many races, including the Iron Dog. G.W. and his partner, Phil West, will both be riding a 600 Polaris RXL this year. They are sponsored in part by: Midnight Sun Polaris, Bran-Dee Enterprises and Bailey's Backhoe. They would like to wish their fellow racers a safe trip.

Phil West - Phil West is a general contractor and owner of Bran-Dee Enterprises. He has two children Brandi and DeAndra. He has lived in Alaska for 30 years. His hobbies include halibut fishing and snowmachining. He has over 20 years of snowmachining experience.

hill. Jake and Dave pulled the machine the remaining few feet to the top. One more rutted climb had the Puppies laboring for 40 minutes to get one machine to the top, and the rest was smooth sailing to Skwentna.

Fueling up in Skwentna, the decision was made to continue on to Big Lake and the end of the race. While leaving, the headlight on one machine was not working, and it was 9:45 p.m.. Fortunately, plugging back in a loose headlight connection repaired this problem. As they only had 75 miles to go to Big Lake, they agreed to slow down, but within a few minutes of leaving the last checkpoint, they were traveling 90-95 miles per hour. An ice bluff on the river caused large brown stains to be deposited in their underwear and caused the Puppies to slow down again for a couple of miles, only to return to maximum velocity. Another ice bluff and more stains once again slowed them down.

Turning off the Big Su and heading for home gave the Rusty Puppies a false sense of confidence, having traveled this section of the trail at least a dozen times. The dreaded old woman curse would touch the Rusty Puppies one more time as all the trails were marked with similar flagging—orange surveyor's tape. Taking several different trails in the general direction of Big Lake, finally Jake and Dave ended up at a street intersection with two street names never seen before, not to mention unpronounceable. Jake wanted to know which way to go, and Dave always believed in the motto, "Always forward, never back." A few minutes later Jake flagged down an approaching truck and asked for directions to the Klondike. After listening for five minutes to the detailed directions, he then asked how to reach the Call of the Wild, and was informed that the next left would take them past the "Call." Once on Big Lake, the Rusty Puppies started howling, knowing they were just a few minutes from the end of the race. They made a slight detour to the Islander and circled around, oblivious to the Klondike Inn's flashing sign. Once aware of the flashing sign and taking a bead on the Klondike, they cut a beeline to the flashing blue light that signifies the end of the race.

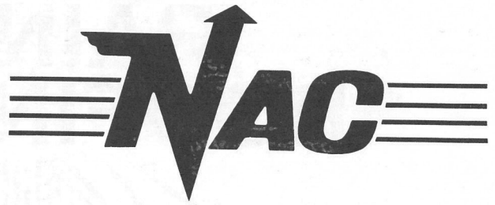
The Rusty Puppies finished their initiation ordeal by reaching Big Lake under their own power and completing the transformation to Iron Dogs on their first race. Many other rookie teams also finished, and they should also be commended. The early teams into Big Lake set a blistering pace with the winners covering the almost 1100 miles in just under 30 hours on the clock. A special thanks should be given all the volunteers that made this race a possibility. Teamwork makes this race a reality for the racers, and you discover that you must trust in yourselves to overcome many obstacles that would end the ride of most recreational snowmachiners.

One final thought is that should you wish to make an offering to the spirit of the old woman, be sure that you make it at the right place, otherwise she gets reeeally pissed off.



Jim Wilke

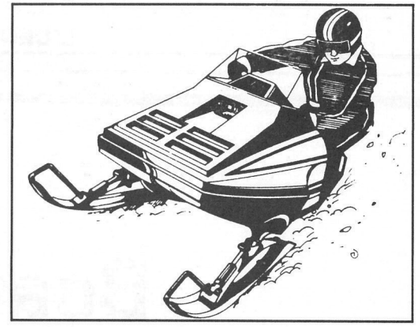
Bob Gilman



This will be the first Gold Rush race for this team, although both are experienced snowmobilers. Bob moved to Alaska from Montana in 1977 and began riding snowmobiles soon after arriving. He spent his first few winters in Alaska trapping in the Kotzebue area, piling up 14,000 miles in the winter of 1980. He also began his racing career during this time, the high points being a 2nd overall in 1981 in the Kotzebue race as well as a 3rd overall, first in class in the 1985 Kotzebue race. Bob has also raced in the Anchorage area races as well. The self-employed owner of Gilco Construction, Bob, 24, is single and makes his home in Wasilla.

Jim Wilke began racing in 1967. Active in snowmobile racing in the Nome area during the 70's, he recorded numerous high finishes in the Nome-Golovin and Kotzebue races, including first in class, 3rd overall in the 1976 Nome-Golovin and second in class in the 1979 Nome and 1980 Nome and Kotzebue races. Upon moving to Anchorage, Jim retired from competition, serving for the past three years as President of the Gold Rush Classic. Jim, 35 is a bartender/truck driver and he and his wife, Lisa, live in Anchorage.

Terry Beilke/Gene Benson



Terry Beilke and Gene Benson have the honor of being the only out-of-state entrants coming all the way from Oregon.

Terry Beilke has been riding snowmobiles for nineteen years. Terry is an agricultural chemical applicator farmer and a snowmobile mechanic. Terry, 34, and wife Debbie have two children Lyle 3, and Erin 5. Debbie seems to think her husband is nuts for entering this race.

Gene Benson has been riding snowmobiles for eighteen years. He is the shop foreman for Automatic Transmission Specialties in Salem. He is one of only two people who has ridden across the state of Oregon on a snowmobile and is looking forward to the challenge of riding across Alaska.

Gene and Terry's motto is: If it ain't broke, don't fix it.

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parts by the truckload." How true this prophecy would become. The foursome arrived in Rohn River well before dark with Jake and Dave remaining for a little shade-tree mechanic work to repair the remains of the front end of Jake's machine which Dave had managed to mutilate. Dwayne and Martin joined up with Team Number 12, Dave Barber and Vigo Anderson, and the scratch team of G. W. Bailey and Richard Breeden, and left for Puntilla Lake, hoping to avoid any of the bad karma that had befallen the Rusty Puppies.

Meanwhile, before dark set in and after the bidding wars for a can of Pepsi belonging to the Iditarod Trail officials, Jake and Dave, borrowing a hacksaw from Team Number 5, Tim and Todd Brannon, and a windshield and instrument pod from Dave Barber and Vigo Anderson, started the task of repairing one severely abused machine. Jake, using a technique displayed by Team Number 3, John Faeo and Bob Gilman, began repairing trailing arms with spare parts, hose clamps, rope, and tree limbs, while Dave performed body work on the ailing machine. Just before dark, Team Number 1 of Dick Long and Terry Ritchey, and Team Number 11 of Bill Long and Cliff Tweedy, arrived with two more bent trailing arms, so shop was once again opened up for repairs. That evening was spent swapping trail stories and sharing each other's trail food; anything but the chili supplied by the Iron Dog race officials. That night, six racers and four officials slept cozily in the small BLM cabin with two beds and little floor space.

The next morning, the six racers departed with the message from the two Iron Dog officials that they were ready to be picked up from their self-inflicted exile, and could the pilot bring some food that required chewing before swallowing. The Rusty Puppies were the last of the racers to leave and soon caught up with the others. After passing through Hell's Gate, Jake and Dave repaired one last trailing arm on Dick Long's machine. The rusty Puppies decided to blaze a trail to Puntilla Lake only to have the wrath of the old woman strike them down again. This time, a spark plug wire that came loose fell across the battery, necessary for the fuel system on a fuel-injected motor, and a plugged battery vent tube, causing the hydrogen gases to vent through the battery caps, which caused a small "thermonuclear" explosion. The only time Jake's attitude was low was as he envisioned only a molten pool of aluminum caused by the spewed battery acid. Dave's optimistic outlook finally surfaced and convinced Jake to ride to Puntilla as quickly as possible. Once in Puntilla, the race official provided a solution of baking soda and water to wash down the engine and compartment. Using a roll of duct tape to repair the top of the battery, they left for Skwentna.

One last trail obstacle remained to be overcome, Happy River Hill. Thee are several steep grades that must be negotiated to the top. The first climb was originally thought to go up and turn sharply to the left on an off-camber hill sloping down to the right. Jake made the run no problem to discover this year there is a flat area you could almost land a Twin Otter on, and was headed to the edge to inform Dave. Dave, in the meantime, had started up the hill timidly, afraid of missing the turn and crashing down the other side of the hill through the alders, and bogged down and stopped a quarter way up the hill. Pulling the sled down the hill, and knowing what the top was now like, Dave hammered the throttle to the handlebars, standing on the left running board. Three quarters of the way up, his butt hit a protruding rock, which pitched him over the right side of the machine, causing him to roll down from the trail ledge to the bottom of the

snowmachine, one on each spindle, and one attached to a nearby tree. Jake would push on the handlebars and operate the throttle while Dave tied the rope around his waist and jumped off the creek bank. An eight-foot bank would require this gyration to be repeated 3 or 4 times. While Dave was climbing up the bank and taking up the slack for the next jump, Jake was straining to hold the machine so it would not fall back down, cursing and swearing the whole time. Remember, at each crossing two machines had to be lifted out; after five of such crossings, the Puppies were beat. The curse of the old woman would descend on the Puppies again with a rear shock failing and the rear suspension of Dave's machine self-destructing. One saving grace of this leg of the trip was the northern lights were truly spectacular. Jake and Dave finally arrived in McGrath, 250-plus miles from Galena, 19 hours later with the last 20 miles taking almost two hours due to whoops that man and machine should not have to travel. The Puppies would once again see the leaders of Evan Booth and Dan Zipay, followed by Jimmy Dick and Whitey Davis, with John Faeo and Bob Gilman in hot pursuit, leave while Jake and Dave prepared to bed down for their 14-hour layover.

Once back on the clock, Dave discovered that it was necessary to weld the rear brackets on the end of the tunnel supporting the rear suspension axle. A boat builder just down the road from the Takusko House in McGrath supplied the necessary service, for which the Puppies were grateful. Jake, being 30 pounds lighter and having a 10-pound lighter gear bag, mounted Dave's machine and Dave on Jake's as yet unscathed machine and headed for Nikolai. Ten miles out, Jake complained of a rough ride and discovered that one of the rear shocks had frozen in the collapsed position, leaving the rear of the machine just a few inches off the ground. Back to McGrath to repair this problem, and after repair work and mopping up spilled gasoline from Tom Sheets' Takusko Garage floor, which could have been a disaster due to the smokers in the garage, they once again left for Nikolai.

Thirty miles from McGrath, Jake and Dave caught up with Dwayne Sakumoto and Martin Stewart, Team Number 17, with clutch problems. Two hours of working on the clutch in -42 degree weather with a camp stove repaired the problem, and the foursome were on their way to Nikolai. During the ride to Nikolai, Dave centerpunched a tree and bent the front bumper and cracked the nosecone. Remember, Dave is riding Jake's machine. "Not to worry, it is only cosmetic," remarks Jake. After fueling up in Nikolai and heading to the community center to warm up, Dave has a hallucination that the official leading them to the building jumps off his snowmachine and jumps onto the dogsled carrying the injection oil and fuel deicer being towed behind his snowmachine to bring his rig to a stop. Actually, while fueling up, another official had gone up to get the key to the community center, and he was the one that hopped on the dogsled. Amazing what cold and fatigue will cause one's mind to conjure up.

Two hours of rest and a few cups of coffee later, this foursome was ready to run across the Farewell Burn. The old woman cast a sleep and lethargy spell on Dave, causing the destruction of most of the front components on Jake's machine. Two accidents bent both side bumpers, one layover swept the windshield and instrument pod off the cowling, one encounter with a tree bent a front suspension trailing arm, and five miles later, another tree wiped out the last remaining front suspension trailing arm and another windshield. Through all these wrecks, Jake's attitude remained "it's only cosmetic, we can buy all these

Frankie Lane/Chip Fields

Frankie Lane and Chip Fields are both from Kotzebue. This is Frank's second time to race the Gold Rush Classic. He was raised in Kotzebue and works for Kotzebue Electric Corporation. Frankie, 23, is an avid snowmobiler and races the Kotzebue race every year.

Chip Fields was born and raised in Kotzebue. This is his first time to run the Gold Rush and he is very excited about it. Chip, 21, is a student at the Tech Center in Kotzebue. He also races the Kotzebue race every year.

Frankie and Chip will both be riding Yamaha's this year.

Drew Loyer/Samuel Hill

Drew Loyer and Samuel Hill are sixteen year Alaskan residents, and have been avid snowmachiners since arriving in Alaska. They enjoy boating, hunting, and fishing in the off-winter months, and spend as much time as possible snowmachining in the winter. They have built cabins in the Talkeetna mountains and manage to make these their "winter retreats" whenever possible. Drew owns his own excavation company, D&S Unlimited, and Sam is a General Contractor, his firm being Designs in Wood, Ltd.

Drew and Samuel first signed up in the trophy class but decided to upgrade to the money class. They will be riding Arctic Cat Panthers.



Bruce Morgan
Louie Schick

Bruce grew up riding snowmachines since his father has been a dealer for more than 25 years. He started racing in 1978 at the age of 16 and has had many high place finishes, including 1st in his class in 1979 Nome-Golovin, 3rd in his class same year in Kotzebue, 1980 2nd overall in Kotzebue, 1983 2nd overall Nome-Golovin, 1984 7th place Iron Dog and in 1986 3rd overall Nome-Golovin. He was born and raised in Nome, Alaska. Bruce is 26 years old, married and has two children, Bruce Jr. and Kendra. He is employed by Alaska Airlines and works in the freight department.

Louie was born in Nome in 1957 and is 30 years old now, however he will turn 31 on race day. He has been riding since he was a child and his father owned a dealership. Louie has been racing for 15 years and his first race was the Gold Rush Classic. He is married with two children and has been working for Ryan Air 13 years as a cargo man.

David Morgan/David Booth

David Morgan and David Booth are both from Nome. David Morgan was born into a famous snowmobiling family. His grandfather and father have been Polaris dealers since 1957 and his grandfather also built one of the first "snowmobiles" in Alaska in the late 1920's. David has had many high finishes in Nome and Kotzebue races. This is the third time for Morgan to race the Gold Rush Classic. Morgan is 24 and single.

David Booth has been in Alaska seventeen years. He started riding snowmachines at the young age of eight. Booth started racing a few years ago and holds the record for the slowest time in the Nome-Golovin race. David, 23, trains by riding treacherous snowmachine trails with Morgan's girlfriend, Tami, and loves ptarmigan soup.

Morgan and Booth will be riding Polaris Indy 400's in this year's race.

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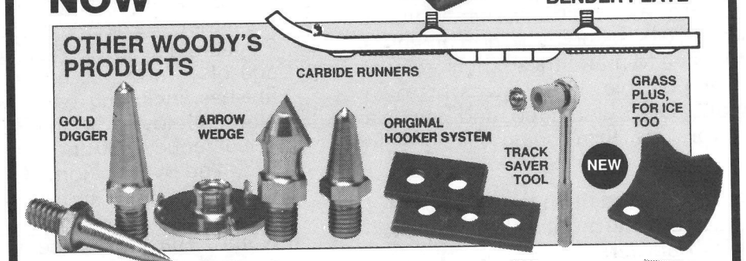
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on the main trail. The first gas stop in Golovin found the Puppies in fifth place, ahead of Faeo and Gilman, and started the adrenaline pumping. A couple miles outside of Golovin found Jake with injector problems on his electronic fuel-injected machine, and they were passed by Team Number 6, Carl Nevada and Don Barnes. After being passed by three more teams, Jake's machine was finally coaxed to full power for the run to Koyuk. The run from Koyuk to Unalakleet was made without encountering another racer across the Norton Sound at speeds over 85 miles per hour. The last half of the Koyuk to Unalakleet leg was rough with little snow on the trail.

Several of the teams decided to take a mandatory layover at Unalakleet, but the Puppies decided to push on to Kaltag, then Galena that night. Along the Kaltag portage, you pass Old Woman Cabin, and there is a legend if you make a food offering to her spirit, the rest of your trip will be uneventful. Unfortunately, it was at 22-mile cabin that the food offering was made, and the old woman would show her wrath before the end of the night and the conclusion of the race for such a stupid blunder. After fueling up in Kaltag, the plan was to drop off the bluffs halfway through town and stay on the left bank of the Yukon River for a considerable distance. The old woman's curse reached out and slapped Jake as he nearly rode off the bluffs straight down 30 feet to the river below. Straightening out the small navigational error took only a few minutes, but was an omen of the next obstacle awaiting the Puppies. Crossing the main trail unknowingly and continuing along the left bank found Jake leading and breaking down the thin ice along a pressure ridge with Dave completely knocking it out and attempting to use the water for traction. Jake, looking in his rear view mirror, noted that it appeared that there was a used car dealership using a skylight to announce its grand opening, only to find out that it was Dave's machine with the rear end bobbing in a deep waterhole with the skis supported by the ice on either side of the original pressure ridge. Overcoming this act of vengeance required one and a half hours. A couple locals (real men wearing blue jeans, long-sleeved shirts, and ball caps turned backwards so the wind from riding their snowmachines 50 miles per hour in -40 degree weather would not blow them off) steered these two lost souls onto the proper trail. The remaining 90 miles to Galena were uneventful and half the race had been completed in 16 hours.

The next day, after a restless night of sleep, the racers used the Armstrong method of preheating their machines. Ten thousand pulls on the starting ropes finally had everyone out of the checkpoint heading for Ruby. Clear, cold and moisture-laden breath would allow the Pups to ride only a few miles before vision through the goggles was completely obscured. Fueling up in Ruby, Jake took the low road to Charlie 1 while Dave took the high road to the local airport. Like mice in a maze and through trial and error, the two riders finally were back together and riding to the next checkpoint. Traveling too fast through a moderate curve found Dave jumping the road berm and porpoising through the deep powder. Jake was rooting Dave on and finally turned around to assist Dave out of deep powder puff from which the machine was half buried. The remainder of the trip to Charlie 1 was uneventful.

The run from Charlie 1 to Charlie 2, the racers would need all the strength and savvy they could muster for the dreaded creek crossing with no snow. Unable to purchase a come-a-long in Nome, the Puppies had a pulley system for getting the machines through these crossings. Two pulleys were attached to the

THE 1992 IRON DOG GOLD RUSH CLASSIC
FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF THE RUSTY PUPPIES

Most people who are aware of the Iron Dog Gold Rush Classic know that it is a snowmachine race that begins in mid-February and ends 3 to 5 days later, after crossing almost 1100 miles of the Alaskan outback, running from Nome to Big Lake or in the other direction. This is but the culmination of a year's worth of work by both the Gold Rush Classic Committee volunteers and the racers who compete in the race. This story is about two such rookie racers who dubbed themselves the "Rusty Puppies," Jake Linthacum and Dave McKay.

The mottoes of the Rusty Puppies were "Nome to Home" and "From Rusty Puppies to Iron Dogs in 1100 Miles." After overcoming their first hurdle, which was to arrive in Nome in time for the Monday evening drivers' meeting, the rest seemed like it would all fall into place — truly a misnomer.

Their trip started Monday at 5:30 in the morning with the drive from Wasilla to the Anchorage Airport. Upon arriving at the airport, they were joined by some of the big names in snowmachine racing, John Faeo and Bob Gilman, the pre-race favorites, among others. Alaska Airlines Flight 51 from Anchorage to Nome left a little late, and during the flight up, racers who had window seats were observing trail conditions. There were several areas of light snow cover and large expanses of open water across Norton Sound. Arriving in Nome, we were greeted with cold temperatures and a brisk wind. Terry Ritchey, the only woman to run this year's race, commented that she was "impressed" by the weather.

Monday afternoon and all Tuesday were spent examining machines and picking up the 1001 small essential items you left on the kitchen counter at home. The Rusty Puppies spent most of their cash acquiring said items. Luckily for them, Nome has a well endowed ATM. It was at the drivers' meeting that we learned there would be several creek crossings requiring a come-a-long, and the race was on to acquire the few remaining in Nome. Tuesday evening found the racers in Mexican, Italian, and various other ethnic restaurants. Tuesday night the butterflies spread their wings in our stomachs and they had 5-foot wingspans. Some of the racers slept better that night than others.

Wednesday morning, February 19th, was cold with a slight wind and the mandatory UA screening for illicit substances. Of course, these were administered after most racers had run "dry." Two minutes to 9:00 with the first team leaving at 9:00, one of the Puppies headed to the restroom while the other worked himself into a panicked frenzy; however, the wayward one returned before the fourth team left the starting gate. Nine-eighteen a.m., Team Number 9, Jake and Dave, a/k/a/ the Rusty Puppies, started their unique adventure across the frozen landscape of Alaska.

Team Number 10, Evan Booth and Dan Zipay, passed the Puppies a couple miles outside of Nome and were not to be seen again until McGrath, several hundred miles down the trail. Following the marked trail led to a cabin on the bluffs of the ocean, and after milling around for several minutes with a couple other teams, everyone in the group headed down to the ocean. More time was spent milling around on the ocean, and finally the lead Puppy took point and headed farther up along the coast, finally climbing up a rounded knoll and back

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POLARIS

1993

Paul and Wilson Hughes, a son and father team, are entering the Iron Dog for the third year. Having completed the Classic twice, they look forward to a third successful trip. Both agree that life would not be complete without a February dip in the South Fork, sleeping a night in a ten by ten cabin at Rohn River with twenty people and being stuck in the overflow on the way out of Hell's Gate. Paul and Wilson spend as much time out of doors as possible. In addition to snowmachining, Paul has completed a twenty four day traverse of Mt. McKinley. The Hughes team is very appreciative of the effort put forth by the board and the many volunteers to make the Iron Dog the success it is.

Tom Hubbard
Drew Loyer

Tom Hubbard and Drew Loyer are long time Alaskan residents and have been avid snowmachiners since arriving in Alaska.

Drew is owner of D & S Unlimited, married with three children. This will be Drew's 2nd year in the race.

Tom Hubbard is 33 years old and single. Being very active in riding and racing for 23 years Tom sharpened his skills on the Hatcher Pass and Talkeetna races. Now he's ready for the ultimate challenge.

Tom and Drew will be riding a Polaris Indy 400. They are sponsored in part by Alaska Power Sports, Zipay Trucking and Gary King Sporting Goods.

ALASCOM

Doug Lyman/Melinda Lyman

Doug and Melinda are the Gold Rush Classic's first man and woman team. Doug and Melinda live in McGrath and mine for gold.

Since the first practical snowmachine came out, Doug and Melinda have depended on them for work and transportation as most of us would depend on a car or pick-up. They have used them for recreational purposes, trapping and work. Not until now have Doug and Melinda taken the time for a trip as long as the Gold Rush or for competition.

Doug and Melinda are riding Yamaha SRV's and were the second team to sign up for the race.

Pat Reilly/Rick Thornton

Pat Reilly and Rick Thornton are both active snowmobile racers from Anchorage. Pat was raised in Anchorage and has been a snowmobiler since 1966. For many of those years, he has been a tough competitor on the racing circuit and has entered races all over Alaska. In 1984 Pat was high point champion in Class V for the Alaska Motor Mushers and was also the High Point State Champion in 1986. Pat, 31, and his wife April own Rain Proof Roofing and have two sons, Chris and Michael.

The one you call on

Rick Thornton moved to Alaska in 1975. Soon after he began snowmobile racing and has been heavily involved since. He has won many races, including the Big Lake 500, and was Motor Mushers High Point Champion in Class VI in 1985. Rick, 31, is the Assistant Manager of Washington Hardware Co. and he and his wife Penny have one son, Justin age 8.

This is the third Gold Rush Classic for Pat and the second for Rick. Due to mechanical problems, the frustrated racers only made it as far as McGrath last year. Pat and Rick have changed to Yamaha Exciters and hope to have a more successful race this year.

Pat and Rick are sponsored by: Spenard Builders Supply, Olympic Stain, Western Sheet Metal, A.S.C. Pacific, Carlile Trucking, Western Insulfoam, Uresco, and Malarkey Roofing.

Our special thanks to Bob Kowalke and everyone at Anchorage Cycle Sales for their help and support in preparing for this year's race.

IRON DOG GOLD RUSH CLASSIC
1992 PARTICIPANTS

TEAM (As positions were drawn)	CLASS	MACHINE	RESIDENT OF:
Richard Long & Terry Richey	Trophy	Polaris	Nevada
G. W. Bailey & Phil West	Trophy	Polaris	Wasilla
John Faeo & Bob Gilman	Money	Polaris	Anchorage
Richard Breeden & Steve Trammell	Money	Polaris	Wasilla
Tim Brannon & Todd Brannon	Money	Ski Doo	Big Lake
Don Barnes & Carl Nevada	Money	Arctic Cat	Anchorage/Wasilla
Shannon Hayden & Mike Hayden	Money	Arctic Cat	Anchorage
Gordon Bartel & Mike Uher	Trophy	Ski Doo	Anchorage/Eagle River
Jake Linthacum & Dave McKay	Money	Polaris	Wasilla
Dan Zipay & Evan Booth	Money	Polaris	Anchorage/Nome
William Long & Cliff Tweedy	Trophy	Polaris	Palmer/Big Lake
Dave Barber & Vigo Anderson	Trophy	Polaris	Anchorage
Jack Jaunbral & Rodney Young	Money	Yamaha	Anchorage
Vern Monette & Wilson Hughes	Trophy	Polaris	Anchorage
Ken Kincaid & Darrel Greenstreet	Trail	Polaris	Palmer
Jim Bagley & Walt Smith	Money	Arctic Cat	Wasilla
Dwayne Sakumoto & Martin Stewart	Trophy	Polaris	Anchorage
James Dick & Whitey Davis	Money	Polaris	Anchorage

CLASSIC



IRON DOG

LEADER OF THE PACK

1989 Iron Dog Gold Rush Classic Race Entrants

Racers	Vehicle	Hometown
Bob Kowalke/Pat Reilly	Yamaha	Anchorage
Bob Gilman/John Faeo	Yamaha	Anchorage
Scott Davis/Mark Torkelson	Yamaha	Soldotna/Wasilla
Jeff Donlan/Jeff Sandstrom	Yamaha	Anchorage
Tom Hubbard/Roger Boylan	Polaris	Anchorage
Mike Tope/Dan Zipay	Polaris	Anchorage
David Morgan/Jim Blanning	Polaris	Nome

Trail Riders	Vehicle	Hometown
Robert Adkins	Yamaha	Center, Colorado
Myron Smith	Yamaha	Medina, Ohio
Elmer Soule	Yamaha	Anchorage, Alaska
Eddie Burke	Yamaha	Anchorage, Alaska
David Griffiths	Yamaha	Wenatchee, Washington
Mike Baker	Yamaha	Eagle River, Alaska
Bill Eastham	Yamaha	Sutton, Alaska
Ron Young	Yamaha	Fairbanks, Alaska
Jim Hill	Yamaha	Fairbanks, Alaska
Garfield Bailey	Yamaha	Wasilla, Alaska
Richard Breeden	Polaris	Wasilla, Alaska
Paul Cass	Polaris	Wasilla, Alaska
Lawrence Wilger	Yamaha	Wasilla, Alaska
Patrick Delia	Yamaha	Big Lake, Alaska
Gerald Culhane	Yamaha	Anchorage, Alaska
Ray Plummer	Yamaha	Anchorage, Alaska
William Long	Yamaha	Anchorage, Alaska
Doreen Long	Yamaha	Anchorage, Alaska
Randy Bedard	Polaris	Anchorage, Alaska
Dale Rosenbaum	Polaris	Anchorage, Alaska
Jim Blakley	Polaris	Trappers Creek, Alaska
Michele Stevens	Polaris	Anchorage, Alaska
Susan Hilton	Yamaha	Anchorage, Alaska
Victor Mollozzi	Yamaha	Anchorage, Alaska
Donald Hudson	Ski-Doo	Anchorage, Alaska
Debby Hudson	Yamaha	Anchorage, Alaska
Verne Monette	Polaris	Anchorage, Alaska
Wilson Hughes	Polaris	Anchorage, Alaska
Paul Hughes	Polaris	Anchorage, Alaska

Richard Breeden - Wasilla
Polaris

G.W. Bailey - Wasilla
Yamaha

Richard G. Breeden is a lifetime Alaskan, born in the Port of Anchorage in 1957. He and his family homesteaded first in Anchorage and then in the Matanuska Valley, owning a dairy farm & butcher shop, a vegetable farm and a horse ranch in succession. Rick and his wife Kathy own and operate "Breeden Construction and Maintenance" which is a General Contracting firm specializing in plumbing, mechanical, fire repairs and renovation.

G.W. Bailey has lived in Alaska for 15 years and owns and operates Bailey's Backhoe. He enjoys hunting, fishing, and snowmachining, is married and has two sons.

Roger Boylan - Anchorage
Polaris
Tom Hubbard - Anchorage
Polaris

Roger Boylan, long time Alaskan is 6'3" and 27 years of age. Roger was introduced to snowmachines at the early age of 7 when his mother Karen, raced snowmachines here in Alaska. This will be Roger's first long distance race. He will be racing on a 1989 500 SKS Polaris. Roger has been employed on the North Slope as a heavy equipment mechanic for the past four years.

Tom Hubbard is 34 years old and single. Been active in riding and racing for 23 years. Tom sharpened his skills on the Hatcher Pass and Talkeetna Races and running the Gold Rush Classic in 1988.

TRAIL RIDERS

Robert Adkins - Center, Colorado
Yamaha

Robert was born in March 1942 and raised on the Texan Gulf Coast. He farmed rice from 1962 until 1978 when he moved to Colorado. In Colorado he farms Coors barley, red wheat, and potatoes. Bob is happily married with 3 girls. When he moved to Colorado he stopped fishing the Texas coastal waters and started snowmobiling in the Rocky Mountains. He enjoys ice fishing and riding on cross-country non-groomed trails. Bob has spent the night in snow caves a couple of times. The 1986 Gold Rush Classic is the only race he has ever entered.

Myron Smith - Medina, Ohio
Yamaha

Myron is 43 years old, and lives in Medina, Ohio with his wife Jayne and son, Jeremy. Myron is a partner in Smith Bros. which is a farming and bark mulch operation. Myron also owns a farm in Alamosa, Colorado where he met his riding partner, Robert Adkins. Myron has rode snowmachines in the Rocky Mountains, the Adirondacks in New York, through Yellowstone National Park, and in Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Michigan, and Pennsylvania.

Elmer Soule - Anchorage
Yamaha

Elmer was born in Toledo, Ohio, on November 14, 1924, and moved to Detroit, Michigan in 1935. After finishing school, Elmer attended an automotive school, studying to be an auto mechanic. In February of 1945, Elmer married Florence and together they have raised 4 children, 9 grandchildren & 1 great granddaughter. Elmer has been in Alaska since 1967 and worked as an auto mechanic and general contractor. He has been employed by Brady's Floor Covering, Inc. for 20 years and has just recently semi-retired. Snowmachining is his favorite hobby and he has competed in the Talkeetna and Hatcher Pass races. When not racing he rides in the Peters and Dutch hills in the Talkeetna area.

Eddie Burke - Anchorage
Yamaha

Edward Burke Jr. known as "Fast Eddie" is 26 years old and has been a resident of Anchorage for 19 years. Eddie graduated from West High and immediately joined the Navy, after being attached to a bombing squadron VA-165 in Oak Harbor, WA. He was aboard the aircraft carriers USS Constellation and USS Ranger during the Persian Gulf and Iranian crises. Afte 4 years of service he received an honorable discharge and began working at Arctic Texaco as station manager. He then purchased his own station "Eddies Chevron". His riding experience is limited to 3 years, first with a Polaris Indy Trail then he advanced to Team Yamaha. Eddie would like to thank CHEVRON USA for sponsoring him in this great race.

MATANUSKA-SUSITNA BOROUGH

PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, the Ninth Annual Gold Rush Classic "Iron Dog" Race is being held the week of February 14 - 23, 1992; and

WHEREAS, this grueling snowmachine race is from Nome to Big Lake; and

WHEREAS, the original Motor Mushers are being requested to participate for this year; and

WHEREAS, the actual race will start at 10 a.m. on Front Street, Nome, Alaska on February 19, 1992 and finish at Big Lake, Alaska; and

WHEREAS, the Big Lake community plays an integral part as the finish to this great race.

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that the Mayor of the Matanuska-Susitna Borough proclaims the week of February 14 to 23, 1992 as:

GOLD RUSH CLASSIC "IRON DOG" RACE WEEK

and urge all borough residents to join in the community activities that will be displayed.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 6th day of February 1992.

Ernest W. Brannon

Ernest W. Brannon, Borough Mayor

ATTEST:

Linda A. Dahl

Linda A. Dahl, Borough Clerk
(SEAL)



Sue Hilton - Anchorage - Yamaha
Victor Mollozzi - Anchorage - Yamaha
Don Hudson - Anchorage - Ski-Doo
Debby Hudson - Anchorage - Yamaha

Sue Hilton is a civilian technician with the Alaska Air Guard and performs sheet metal and structural repair on C-130 Hercules aircraft. Her first experience with snowmachines was eighteen years ago and she has ridden off and on since then.

Victor has lived in Alaska since 1973. He spent 5 years in Skagway, Juneau and Ketchikan. He spent 3 years in Fairbanks heating with wood and has been in Anchorage since 1981. Rode snowmachines in Fairbanks in 78, 79 and 80 and has started riding again this year.

Don & Debby both came to Anchorage, independently, in 1976. Don has been snowmobiling since then and Debby began 3 winters ago. Don surprised Debby on her birthday with a new Phazer and they were married eleven days later. Don and Debby spend most of their free time in the winter snowmobiling at the Forks Road House in Petersville and have also snowmobiled at Lake Louise. They both love Alaska and are looking forward to seeing new places along the trail and taking lots of pictures. They will be riding a Phazer and a Ski-Doo with friends Sue Hilton and Victor Mollozzi.

Verne Monette - Anchorage - Polaris
Wilson Hughes - Anchorage - Polaris
Paul Hughes - Anchorage - Polaris

Anchorageites Verne Monette, Wilson Hughes and Paul Hughes have teamed up for the 1989 Iron Dog Trailride. All three are riding low mileage, 1989 Polaris 500 SKS machines. Verne's experience includes ten years of recreational riding throughout Alaska. Paul and Wilson competed in the 1987 Iron Dog, finishing in a tie for fifth place behind some of the renouned masters of Alaskan crosscountry snowmachine racing. Wilson and Paul presently hold the record for being the only father and son team to have completed the Anchorage to Nome race. With the assistance of Verne they plan to hold it for both directions. See you at Big Lake!

Bill W. Eastham - Sutton - Yamaha

Bill is single and lives at Mile 65 on the Glenn Highway. He is a good woodsman, hunter, trapper, and fisherman. He has a photographic memory for trails and is a snowmachine mechanic. His reason for going is to take pictures and the fun he has with his companions along the trail. From the effort he has put forth in making this a better event, we that know him best, feel his main interest is helping his friends reach home safely.

Dave Griffiths - Wenatchee, Washington Yamaha

Dave Griffiths, a 45 year old native of Washington State, is a member of the Anchorage Cycle Sales Yamaha Trail Team. Dave's snowmobiling experience thus far has been limited to the Cascade mountain regions and as such will be driving the "Cheechako Special". Dave is a Certified Public Accountant, Past Chamber of Commerce and Rotary Club President from Wenatchee. Dave, his wife Jackie and two daughters are all active in a number of outdoor and sports related fields. Like the Chilkoot Trail in the south, the Iditarod Trail holds for Dave, the lure of the last frontier and the people who live in it. The Iron Dog Gold Rush Classic provides the opportunity, in some small way, to be part of that mystic which is Alaska.

Mike Baker - Eagle River - Yamaha

After being in the first trail ride to Nome last year, Mike couldn't wait for this years ride to start, especially since the trail is going to start in Nome. Mike, owner of Anchorage Cycle Sales has 25 years of snowmobiling experience. He feels that this trail ride is the ultimate snowmobile experience available anywhere. Mike, his wife Shari and daughter Stephanie enjoy many outdoor and sporting activities, but feel snowmobiling is their favorite.

1990 Iron Dog Gold Rush Classic Race Entrants

Racers	Machine	Hometown
Evan Booth	Polaris	Nome
Stan Morgan	Polaris	Nome
Jimmie Hill	Yamaha	Fairbanks
Michael Eastham	Yamaha	Homer
Pat Reilly	Yamaha	Anchorage
Bob Kowalke	Yamaha	Anchorage
William Eastham	Yamaha	Palmer
Mike Baker	Yamaha	Anchorage
Doreen Long	Yamaha	Anchorage
Bill Long	Yamaha	Anchorage
Bill Taylor	Polaris	Valdez
Karen Taylor	Polaris	Valdez
John Faeo	Yamaha	Anchorage
Bob Gilman	Yamaha	Anchorage
Scott Davis	Yamaha	Soldotna
Mark Torkelson	Yamaha	Wasilla
Jim Blanning	Polaris	Nome
David Morgan	Polaris	Nome
Donald Hudson	Yamaha	Anchorage
Debby Hudson	Yamaha	Anchorage
Susan Hilton	Yamaha	Anchorage
Victor Mollozzi	Yamaha	Anchorage
Elmer Soule	Yamaha	Anchorage
Shorty Soule	Yamaha	Anchorage
Steve Trammel	Yamaha	Palmer
G.W. Bailey	Yamaha	Wasilla
Ron Aklestad	Polaris	Palmer
Richard Breeden	Polaris	Wasilla
Paul Hughes	Polaris	Anchorage
Wilson Hughes	Polaris	Anchorage
Dan Zipay	Polaris	Anchorage
Roger Boylan	Polaris	Anchorage
Mike Lie	Yamaha	Kotzebue
Harold Lambert	Yamaha	Kotzebue
Alan Cheshire	Yamaha	Great Britain
Michael Doughty	Yamaha	Great Britain
Trail Sweeps:		
Doc B.R. Gerard	Polaris	Valdez
Mike Buck	Polaris	Valdez

ours. Come to find out, Carl had given his tent away to the trapper that helped Steve and him outside of McGrath. We ended up with three guys and all their gear in a two-man tent. Needless to say, there was no place to lay down. I was soaking wet and freezing, so Pat got out a couple of sterno cans and lit one. By this time, we could hear snores coming from Vigo and Dave's tent. They had given us some smoked salmon, and Pat was burning the skin in the sterno can. Whew! What a smell! The first can of sterno was about out, so I figured to turn the burning can upside down to light another can. I ended up pouring sterno all over the bottom of the tent, and now the floor was on fire. Carl was trying to get the hell out the door, Pat was pushing up against the back of the tent, and I was trying to stomp the fire out. What a mess! I kicked the sterno can over. After a few exciting minutes, we did put the fire out. All seemed to be about back to normal when a drop of condensation came down off the tent roof. It landed in the middle of a sterno can and exploded out of the can and back onto what was left of G. W.'s tent. Well, your panicked firefighters were back to work stomping the fire out. After all this was over, we tried to get some sleep. With no room in the tent, we had to sleep sitting up, balancing on our helmets. I fell asleep, fell off my helmet, knocked Pat over and almost demolished what was left of the tent.

With no sleep, we emerged from our tent just before daylight. We consulted the maps and compass and headed in the proper direction to Puntilla Lake. About 10 miles from Puntilla, I ran out of gas. Pat picked me up and we rode double, only tipping over twice. We soon came upon Dave and Vigo. They ran out of gas about five miles from Puntilla. Pat dropped me off to wait for the checker to come back with gas. After about two hours, we were all back together again at Puntilla Lake. I had probably a half gallon of Tang and a bowl of chili, then we were on our way over Happy River Hill and on to Skwentna. This run was pretty uneventful, except for me being stuck all the time, as usual.

At Skwentna, we decided to continue on into Big Lake. Pat grew up on this trail and we were to travel it for some time. We decided to ride over to see Pat's parents, Joe and Norma Delia, to say hi. Going back to the trail, I broke a lower "A" arm. Vigo, Dave and Carl headed for Big Lake and we worked on the broken part. It took at least an hour and a half before we were off again. I started having a problem with my goggles icing up and had to keep stopping to thaw them. Pat stayed behind me to keep me from losing him. When we got off the river and out of the ice, we started picking up some speed. I kept following the pink markers and made a wrong turn onto a dogsled trail. After 45 minutes, we did come out onto a lake. I stopped to ask Pat where the hell we were. He said he thought we were out on one of the little lakes around Burma Road. I said, "Great, now what?" He said we would ride around until we found something we recognized. We went just a short way and recognized a house that was on Big Lake. Evidently, we had come onto Big Lake in a new way to both of us. While we were wandering around on the lake, Ardi and the rest of the group at the Klondike were flashing lights and trying to get our attention. Pat finally noticed the lights and we were off on the home stretch. What a shock when we arrived. There were 20 to 30 people waiting to welcome us and it was 2:30 in the morning. The winners had been in there two days before us. This is the dedication and support you get in this race from all the volunteers and supporters of the Gold Rush Classic.

I would really like to thank all of those people and G. W. Bailey for the use of all his gear. Someday I'll grow up and fit into it. Thanks a whole bunch to Pat Delia for letting me tag along on the experience of a lifetime, and a ton of knowledge that will definitely be useful in future Iron Dogs. I would like to give a special thanks to my wife, Terry, and my kids, Daphne and Cassandra, for putting up with all of this.

So until the next Iron Dog, keep the rubber side down and the plastic side up.

from McGrath), and I almost dove into an eight-foot hole about four to five feet deep. We would come to find out later that Carl Nevada and Steve Trammell had built a fire in the trail to stay warm—Steve's machine had run out of gas.

We arrived in McGrath and I couldn't believe a place called Takusko House. It is the neatest place—a huge modern lodge out in the middle of the bush. The people there were great and treated us like kings. We talked with Carl and he said Steve had dropped out of the race and could he team up with us to Big Lake. We agreed, and after a 12-hour layover, the three of us were headed south. By this time, I felt as if I had been through a meat grinder, every bone in my body was sore. Pat kept saying, "We've got to pick it up and keep going."

The Farewell Burn took its toll on me. If I got just the littlest bit off the trail, I was stuck . . . and I spent a lot of time stuck. We came up to Sullivan Creek and Pat found a way across. There was a snowmachine frozen in a hole in the ice. One of the other teams had broken through the night before. It seemed to take forever to get across the Burn. At one point, we were going over some large moguls and I was so tired that when the back of my machine came up, it flipped me over the front, then ran over me. What a trick, huh? The studs on the track tore holes in the legs of my bibs. Well, we finally made it into Rohn River checkpoint about 4:00 p.m. Pat had been there for almost an hour when I showed up. There to greet me was my partner for the '92 Iron Dog, Dave McKay (Loon), a good friend. Loon offered me something to eat. It happened to be a squirrel sandwich. All of a sudden, I was no longer hungry. I figured we'd take a break in Rohn, but Pat said, "We've got to keep moving." We left Rohn River and started up toward Hell's Gate. We made it through without many problems, but when we reached Ptarmigan Pass, it was getting dark and the wind was blowing pretty badly with white-out conditions. Pat was trying to find scratch marks in the ice from other machines to see the way, and I tried to stay right on Pat's taillight. All of a sudden, the light disappeared. It was as if the ground just left us. We went off a 10-foot bluff and my machine landed right next to Pat's. All we could see was Carl's skis headed over the edge above us. He managed to stop just in time. We got back on the machines and started again. Sure enough, if there is open water, I'll find it. I had fallen into a creek and was soaking wet. Pat came down and helped me get the machine out of the water. It took about 30 minutes, and by then we were both wet. We went back to the top of the hill where Carl was waiting. Paw saw some headlights out in the distance, and when they got to us, we found out it was Vigo Anderson and Dave Barber. We all drove around in circles for about 30 more minutes looking for the trail, with no luck. At one time, Pat tried to climb a little hill. It turned out to be a cliff. Pat hit the top, and he and his 650 RXL rolled back down the hill end over end. When the machine quit rolling, Pat was nowhere to be seen. My only means of survival had disappeared. I immediately panicked and went running through waist-deep snow over to his machine. There was Pat laying under his machine, holding it off his chest as if he were trying to bench press it, and yelling at me to get the damn machine off of him. That machine weighs about four times what little Pat weighs. We finally managed to get it off him and Pat decided we'd better set up tents and wait out the storm before we ended up running out of fuel looking for the trail. I finally realized why Pat wanted us to keep moving—he didn't want to end up where we were now . . . in the dark.

We started working on setting up the tents in the storm. What a trick! Vigo and Dave got their tent up after some minor problems, and we managed to set up

Sue Hilton
Anchorage
Yamaha

Victor Mollozzi
Anchorage
Yamaha

Don & Debby Hudson
Anchorage
Yamaha

Sue works for the Alaska Air Guard and spends as much of her free time as possible in the outdoors. She enjoys four-wheeling, boating, hunting, and especially snowmobiling. Sue plans to ride with the same team as last year, and has every intention of going the whole way.

Victor has lived in Alaska since 1973. After 5 years in Skagway, Juneau and Ketchikan, and 3 years in Fairbanks, he moved back to Anchorage in 1981. He rode snowmachines in Fairbanks in 1978, 1979, and 1980 (very cold) and started riding again in the 1989 Iron Dog. Spent an interesting 3 days camping outside Koyuk. Hopes to make it to Big Lake this year.

After last year's disasterous attempt at the Iron Dog (Debby's broken ankle, 36.5 miles outside of Nome and Don's side trip to Who-Knows-Where) we are back stronger than before, minus 2 screws and washers. We are looking forward to riding with Sue and Victor again, as well as the other riders and racers. But, most of all, we are looking forward to seeing Big Lake on our 1989 Phazers with **all** of our emergency rations and medicines still in their vacuum-packed containers.

Mike Buck
Valdez - Polaris

Age: 35
Married: (Nedra) with two children, (Joe and Megan).
Alaska resident for 12 years.
A school teacher at Valdez High School in Industrial Arts
Owner and operator of Keystone Adventures in Valdez, Rafting and Kayaking.

I have been riding snowmachines on various adventure trips in the Valdez area for the past ten years. I have looked forward to exploring new areas of the state in the winter and felt this would be a new and exciting way to do it. My summer travels have been extensive by water, but a trip of this size by snowmachine will be a new challenge.

Doc. Bernard R. Gerard
Valdez - Polaris

Age: Older than Billy, younger than Bill (Eastham). Occupation: Family Physician - General Practice M.D., with special interest in Wilderness Survival. Snow-machining for 15 years in and around Nome and Valdez, Alaska. Finishing the Iron Dog will satisfy a 15 year desire.

Mike Lie - Kotzebue
Yamaha

Harold Lambert - Kotzebue
Yamaha

Michael Lie, is a lifetime resident of Kotzebue. Birthdate is August 31, 1959, he is presently 30 years old. Michael has been racing snowmachines since 1975. He has won the Archie Ferguson/Willie Goodwin Memorial Overall Championship 5 times. Michael entered the Gold Rush Classic in 1987 with Tony Richardson. They came in 2nd place that year. Michael is currently helping his brother run H & L Yamaha Sales & Services.

Harold Lambert, is a lifetime resident of Kotzebue. Birthdate is August 2, 1960. He is presently 29 years old. He has been racing snowmachines since 1980. For the last 3 consecutive years he has won the Class "B" Archie Ferguson/Willie Goodwin Memorial Race. Harold entered the Gold Rush Classic in 1988 with Frank Lane, they came in 3rd that year. Harold is currently employed with Kotzebue Electric Association for the past 7 years.

Michael and Harold will be riding Yamaha Exciters. They will be sponsored by the following:

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Peter Lambert • Northern Air Cargo • Border Adventures
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THE 1991 IRON DOG - BY JAKE LINTHACUM

This was definitely not a planned event by any means on my part. The only thing I had planned was for my wife and I to be checkpoint officials in Galena. We arrived in Galena around 5:00 p.m. and were greeted by the nicest lady, her name was Carol Huntington. She and her husband, Roger, would be our hosts. They would open their business, Huntington Adventures, for 24 hours a day to help with the race. Carol would also end up cooking all the food for the hungry racers. Roger worked hard setting up a new addition on his building for people to gather and relax. He ran all over town to find places to sleep for the racers that would be laying over.

The first racers to arrive in Galena (halfway point) were Evan Booth and Homer (pee Wee) White. They received the halfway prize money of $2,000 in silver given by Alascom. The next few hours were pretty hectic. The next morning, Pat Delia and G. W. Bailey came in about 10:00 a.m. G.W.'s machine had burnt a piston outside of Unalakleet. When they arrived in Galena, he burnt another one. They declared a layover and started looking for parts. In the meantime, a villager came into Roger's place and told us a team was broken down back the trail a ways. He said the team was up Jimmie's Slough, about 10 miles. Roger gave me his Ovation Snow Go and directions how to find them. This sounds simple enough until you have to go do it! Roger told me just to go down the Yukon River about two miles or so, take the slough on my left and follow the trails. I got down on the Yukon and went into shock. This river is a mile wide at spots and it seemed as if every little crook or tributary could be Jimmie's Slough. There are snowmachine tracks everywhere. About this time, I figured they were going to have to send someone to find me, too. Not to worry, though, I had driven for about 20 minutes and did find a racer. It was Don Barnes. He had flipped his machine over, was out of gas and very cold. He said his partner was about two miles back with a burnt piston in his machine. I went down the trail and found him. It was Richard Kirk. The first thing he did was jump up, come over and put his hands on the warm-up grips of the Ovation. I gave him my warm gloves and we started back, getting both machines to Galena.

When we returned, Pat and G. W. were about to finish their six-hour layover. G. W. had frostbitten his face pretty badly and told Pat he didn't think he should continue. Then, too, they could not get any parts for G. W.'s machine for two days. This is where the true adventure started for me. G. W. suggested I ride with Pat the rest of the way. I thought about it for a minute and then discussed the idea with my wife, Terry. Don Barnes had offered to let me ride his 1991 EXT special 550 Arctic Cat and G. W. offered all his gear for me to wear, so why not? G. W. is only about three times larger than I am, so you can imagine how well his gear fit me.

Pat and I started out the next morning. This was only my second year at riding snowmachines, and Pat is one of the best riders/racers in the state. When he rode at a snail's pace, I felt as if I was at Mach 2 in a controlled crash. The first half day or so wasn't too bad. Pat kept telling me, "Come on, we've got to keep moving." I would soon realize what he meant by that statement. Getting to McGrath was not all that eventful, except it took us about twice as long as most teams, due to my lack of experience. We came around one corner (about 20 miles

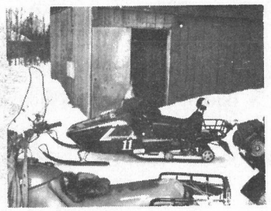


Gary Lee Clark
and William "Cort" Phalp Jr.

Yamaha

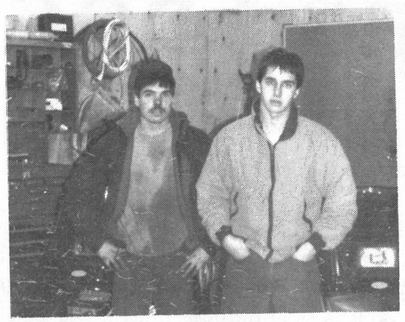
William "Cort" Phalp Jr. - Cort is a general contractor and an Alaskan resident for 26 years. His wife's name is Susan and they have a six year old son, Joshua. Cort has been racing for more years than he cares to count. He has raced motor cycles and cars since 1972 and he won first in his class in the 1988 Rondy Grand Prix. Cort enjoys skiing, going snowmachining and he really loves to make those jet skis hum during the summer months.

Gary Lee Clark - Gary Lee Clark grew up in Alaska, and his parents still reside here. For the past ten years Gary, his wife and child have made their home in Nevada City, California. Gary had his first snowmachine in 1965 and has raced in Alaska from 1970 - 1977. He has participated in many races; Talkeetna to Anchorage, Midnight Sun 600, Big Lake 500, Wasilla Grand Prix, Mayor's Cup and many speed ovals. Gary works in Prudhoe Bay.









Evan Booth
and Homer White (PeeWee)

Polaris

Evan Booth - Age 22, 20 of those years spent in Nome. Evan is a mechanic for the State of Alaska. Racing history includes various small races in Nome, The Nome Glovin, twice in Kotzebue and once in the Iron Dog.

Homer White (PeeWee) - Age 28, 19 of those years spent in Nome, Alaska. Homer is also a mechanic for the State of Alaska. Racing history includes racing the Nome Golvin, Kotzebue, and the Iron Dog twice.

Evan and Homer will be racing Polaris Indy 500 sp model.

Larry Wilger - Wasilla - Yamaha
Patrick Dehlia - Wasilla - Yamaha

Larry Wilger is 29 years old, single and lives in Wasilla. He is employed by Halliburton and works on the North Slope with a 2 on/2 off schedule. He previously lived in Canada for 10 years. Larry has been riding snowmachines and motorcycles since 1970 and racing since 1976. He has competed in some local cross country races. After relocating to Alaska 2 years ago, Larry has been looking for a "good looking woman" who likes snowmachines.

Bill & Doreen Long
Anchorage
Yamaha

Bill and Doreen Long have been riding snowmachines for the past 5 years. In 1989, Bill and Doreen were the first husband and wife team to complete the Iron Dog. Bill is a commercial fisherman in Bristol Bay during the summer. In winter he does construction. Bill enjoys working out at Polaris Athletic Club, riding his Yamaha YZ250 and water skipping during the summer. Doreen works at Uresco Construction Materials. Besides snowmachines, Doreen also enjoys working out at Polaris Athletic Club, riding her Yamaha YZ125, training her 2 year old Quarter Horse and waterskipping in the summer.

Bill and Doreen would like to thank their sponsors, Bush Consolidators, Inc., Uresco Contruction Materials, Inc. and fellow employees for all their support. Also Anchorage Cycle Sales and Polaris Athletic Club.

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1991 Iron Dog Gold Rush Classic Teams*

1	Elmer Soule Shorty Soule Dennis Swantner	Yamaha
2	Dorvell Barnes Richard Kirk	Arctic Cat
3	G.W. Bailey Pat Delia	Polaris
4	Dale Hirsch Jack Jaunbrad	Yamaha
5	James Dick Dan Zipay	Polaris
6	Evan Booth Homer White (PeeWee)	Polaris
7	James Bagley Walt Smith	Arctic Cat
8	Vego Anderson David Barber	Polaris
9	Paul Cass Adron Lewis	Polaris
10	Bill Heariet Mark Torkelson	Yamaha
11	Gary Lee Clark Cort Phelp	Yamaha
12	John Faeo Bob Gilman	Polaris
13	Sam Hill Wilson Hughes	Polaris
14	Carl Nevada Steve Trammell	Polaris
15	Leon Braswell Gerald Braswell	Arctic Cat

*As positions were drawn.

James Bagley
and Walt Smith

Arctic Cat

IRON DOG

Walt Smith - 47 years old, married with 7 children. A 9 year Alaskan resident residing in Wasilla, Alaska. Enjoys flying, fishing, snowmobiling, motorcycle touring and living in Alaska. Has been and Arctic Cat snowmachiner since 1968. Rookie Iron-Dogger.

Jim Bagley - 42 years old, married with 3 children. Alaskan since 1949. Self employed commercial subcontractor. Lives on Fuller Lake in Wasilla. Hobbies include snowmobiling, fishing, hunting and flying. He bought his first snowmachine in 1989 and enjoys the sport with his family and friends. Rookie Iron-Dog racer.

IRON DOG

Carl Nevada
and Steve Trammell

Polaris

Carl Nevada - Born and raised in Anchorage, Alaska. Graduate of Arizona State University. Avid Polaris snowmobiler for 20 years. Active Alaska Motor Musher member and advocate for recreational vehicles within the state. Many thanks to my sponsors, Polaris Industries and Suzanne, my wife. Watch out "Cowboy" the Nevada Kid is on your trail!

Steve Trammell - Snowmachine racing since 1969. Have a daughter, Katie. Employed as Fleet Manager at NYE Ford.
Thanks to my sponsors; NYE Ford, NYE Toyota, Jayco Motorhomes, Korobkin Construction, Truckwell of Alaska, Wrightway Auto Carrier, Nevada Racing Team, AK Warehouse Equipment, Woody's Hilty's Cabinets, Midnight Sun Polaris, Vietnam Veterans Motorcycle Club.

David Barber
and Vigo Anderson

Polaris

IRON DOG

David Barber - Raised in Tampa, Florida, where he began snowmachine racing (believe that?) David has lived in Alaska since 1979. He has run in the Talkeetna and Hatcher Pass races the last four years and, actually, finished a few of them. This is his first Iron Dog and he is looking forward to being in it.

Vigo Anders - Born in Anchorage in 1944, he is looking forward to his first Iron Dog, as a "most green" racer. While Vigo does not have a racing background (this is the first race he has ever entered), he does have a lot of time on the sleds riding the logging trails in Eastern Washington and around the Anchorage and Eureka areas. Since all of the machines he has owned have been Polaris's, it is only natural that he will be riding a Polaris 500 SXS during the 1991 Iron Dog race.

Both David and Vigo are employed by NC Machinery Co and both will be on Polaris 500 SKS's. Their goal? To finish the race near the front and a win wouldn't be turned down! And, David adds, "It would be great to have a sponsor!"