

LEMON CREEK JOURNAL

A person wearing a brown hooded jacket, brown pants, and orange gloves stands on a rocky, grassy hillside. In the background, there are rolling hills, a body of water, and a large rainbow arching across a blue sky with scattered clouds.

INSIGHTS & IMAGES OF LIFE ON THE LAST FRONTIER

LEMON CREEK CORRECTIONAL CENTER

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Volume XXVI: Because It's There...

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If you live “*Out the Road*” in Juneau, you can’t miss the distant, jagged ridge of the Mendenhall Towers, seven brooding massifs that loom over the Mendenhall Glacier. Even at a distance, their mass and verticality are overpowering. It was there, after summiting the north face of the main tower that climbers Ryan Johnson and Marc-Andre Leclerc disappeared in 2018. Their story received a great deal of attention because of their prominence in the climbing community, but they are part of an even bigger story.

Every year or two, in the Juneau area, people disappear. Hikers set out and leave no trace, boats sink, bush planes auger into clouded mountainsides, and on rare occasions a bear gets the better of someone. It’s a familiar story in Southeast Alaska. Yet, adventure culture flourishes here, as a disproportionate number of Alaskans flirt with danger as the price of living like...Alaskans. And when they’re not engaged in dangerous pastimes, many report to work each day to earn a living in risk-filled occupations, such as commercial fishing, mining, or serving in the criminal justice system. Why?

In 1923, while touring to raise funds for yet another attempt to be the first climber to conquer Mount Everest, British mountaineer George Mallory was asked why he wanted to climb the mountain. He responded, “Because it’s there.” He wasn’t being flippant. Mallory’s adventurous nature could be explained in no other way. The unclimbable mountain was there. He had to climb it. He made three attempts and died trying in 1924.

In this issue of the Lemon Creek Journal, you will read the stories of everyday Alaskans who have courted risk and will likely do so again. What makes them tick? Read on and find out.

Photograph courtesy of Kenneth John Gill, [File:Mendenhall Towers Wrathier Grub wmgf770.jpg - Wikimedia Commons](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Mendenhall_Towers_Wrathier_Grub_wmgf770.jpg)



You Can't Always See What's Coming

By

Superintendent Bob Cordle

In the fall of 2005, my friend and I joined my dad and uncle for an elk and deer hunt in Southwestern Montana's Big Hole Valley. This would be only my second elk hunt since moving away from Montana in 1987, but one of several trips I had taken to this remarkable valley, that is home to a variety of big game animals, waterways known for its strong population of brown trout, rainbows, and brookies, and cattle ranches that have been owned and operated by hard working families for generations.

Growing up, I remember taking summer trips with my family, driving through Lost Trail Pass, and just before dropping across into the Idaho border turning left, from Highway 93 and onto Highway 43. That turn is met with an almost immediate drop in elevation, and I always became excited when I felt our little 4 door Datsun B210 begin gearing down to descend from the mountainous summit, because I knew the potential for seeing big game was highly likely. The massive valley, surrounded by towering mountains that conceal high mountain lakes, is home to moose, elk, pronghorns, deer, mountain goats, bears, mountain lions, coyotes, and bobcats. I

often saw members of the deer family close to our home, but never large predators. I knew that visiting the Big Hole increased my chances for predator sightings, and I always kept my young eyes moving from the backseat, scouring the hillsides and river bottoms in hopes that I would get a glimpse of a bear or a big cat before they disappeared into their environment. The summer of 1979 would be the last time my family visited this area. The family trips to this magnificent place always produced sightings of hooved animals, but I never did spot any four-legged critters with canines and claws.

When we arrived at the Big Hole for the 2005 ten-day hunt, it was dark. As we patiently waited for the sunrise, I sat in one of the trucks reflecting on great family times spent there. The smell of sage and pine seeped into my thoughts from past hikes and outings, and I realized I hadn't been there for over twenty-five years. With the sun slowly greeting the Pioneer and Beaverhead Range Mountain tops, I stepped out of the truck and took a deep breath. There was no disappointment. The views around me were as spectacular as I had remembered, and I couldn't wait to

explore my favorite childhood place as an adult for the first time.

Each day's hunt began in the dark, with the four of us splitting up to hunt on our own. The evenings were spent talking about each other's adventures, what we had seen, or not, and sharing fun stories of past or almost forgotten memories. My uncle's stories were especially entertaining, and he had us all in stitches almost every night, right up until it was time to prep for the next day's hunt and then go to bed.

The hunt and time spent with each other was nothing short of amazing. Dad filled his tag with a nice 5x5 Bull Elk on day four. We spent all of day five helping him pack it out so he could make the 2-hour drive back home to hang it in the cooler. My uncle informed us that he would ride back with him to give him a hand. He also probably needed to restock his supply of Pearson's Salted Nut Rolls and Coca Cola. He always kept us fed. Before leaving, they informed us they would stay at home for a few days to recuperate, since they considered themselves to be old men. I thought to myself, why waste good hunting days to rest? If I were them, I would be back the next morning and not miss a beat. Now that I am the same age as they were then, I totally understand the need to refresh one's batteries.

Day six of the hunt was more of the same for my friend and me. We both saw a lot of fresh sign and even heard elk mewing and moving in the timber at times, but nothing showed itself. That evening, we discussed that it might be a nice change of scenery to drive to the other side of the valley, almost fifteen miles away, and hunt there for a day. The following morning, we woke up to six inches of fresh snow and did just that. An hour later, and halfway up a mountain, daylight reluctantly showed itself, and a shade of light blue slowly replaced the dark starlit skies. As we rounded a bend, elk tracks could be seen all over the snow-covered logging road. We parked the truck, knowing that they had to be

close by. Wishing each other luck we parted ways. He began making his way uphill as I stepped off the road and headed down the mountain. We were high enough up in elevation that the newly added snow brought the accumulated amount to around fifteen inches in total.

Off to my left I could see a depression revealing a game trail and that there was a set of tracks in it. I made my way over to find that a single deer was headed down toward the valley floor. Daylight was steadily defeating what was left of the long night, as I scanned the timber for game. I took notice of how still the woods were. It was utterly silent as I began moving. Each small, calculated step on the trail produced no noise. I was certain I would either catch up with the deer in front of me or get into a herd of elk within an hour. I was in my groove and thoroughly enjoying myself.

Within about thirty minutes the landscape began to change, as large boulders mixed with stands of Douglas fir and Lodgepole pines. As I continued down the completely hushed, snow-covered trail, I saw that some of the mostly white blanketed boulders were as high and as wide as fifteen feet in both directions. In my younger days, I was passionate about bouldering, and I thought to myself, how great it would have been to have discovered this place when I was active in the sport.

As I moved on, conditions remained the same. The forest was so soundless that I could hear nothing but the faint rhythm of my heartbeat. As I quietly walked out from under a Douglas fir tree that was nestled up against one of the large boulders, I heard a soft thump and turned around to see that a fair amount of snow had fallen from near the top of the tree and landed upon the boulder directly below it. Thousands of snow crystals swirled above the boulder from the impact of the snow sluffing off the tree. I turned back around and steadily made my way forward... then abruptly stopped! Something wasn't right.

No snow was falling from any of the other trees around me. There was no wind, not even the slightest breeze, and the temperature hadn't changed enough with the rising of the sun to cause melting. I turned around to see that the treetop, which was about twenty to thirty feet high, was slowly swaying back and forth. I knew something didn't make sense, but I couldn't put my finger on it. I began backing up in hopes of seeing the top of the massive rock, but it was too tall. Snow crystals continued to swirl and gently floated all around the top of the boulder. Then it hit me! Snow sluffing off from a tree branch would create an up and down motion, not side to side. I wasn't alarmed but was very puzzled. I stepped off the trail and began moving further back, to see if there was anything on the boulder, but it was still too high to see the top. Looking at the undisturbed snow all around me, I could make no sense of what had just happened. By now the top of the tree had become almost completely motionless. I continued to back away from the boulder and tree until I stood next to a deadfall that was mostly covered with snow. I was uncertain of what I was trying to accomplish but still felt that something wasn't right. The fallen tree I was standing next to was approximately thirty feet away from the trail and I could now see most of the top of the boulder. Nothing was there. Still confused, I quietly looked around at my surroundings. The woods remained still. Then, looking off to my right, I noticed that about twenty feet away from me, at the base of the fallen tree was an area where the freshly fallen snow had been disturbed. I moved toward it to take a closer look. It appeared something had fallen and created a large shapeless indentation but then was removed. There were no standing trees near it, so I knew falling snow did not create it. Perplexed, I began looking beyond the fallen tree and saw another indentation in the snow about 20 feet away from the first one. I stepped across the log and made my way toward it. I arrived to find that this indentation wasn't completely shapeless. Pressed into the packed snow, that lay

beneath the last night's falling, was a perfectly shaped, single mountain lion track. About a foot to the left of it, a partial print of its other paw was visible. Fear struck me like a hundred mile an hour fastball and I was instantly covered in goosebumps. With tremendous anxiety I quickly looked in the direction it had leaped. Doing so revealed several more distant impressions in the snow where it had bounded off out of sight.

I had always wanted to see a mountain lion in the wild. Not anymore! At that moment I just wanted to get out of the wild and back up to the truck. I nervously busied myself looking around in all directions for a minute or two and then realized what had probably taken place. The cat had likely rested or slept up in the tree for most of the night and through the snow fall, since there were no tracks leading up to the tree. I had walked directly beneath it while it perched in the tree. In all likelihood, seeing me startled it and the cat quickly removed itself from the situation. I may have felt confident that this was the case, but my goosebumps were trying to convince me otherwise as I continued to rapidly look around for one of nature's most perfect hunting machines, realizing that the experience could have had a painfully different outcome.

After several more minutes I calmed down some. The entirety of time from me walking out from underneath that tree and up until the moment I convinced myself I had solved the mystery was only three or four minutes. During that short time, I experienced a variety of basic emotions, like we all do during stressful or disturbing times. I went from peaceful enjoyment, to confusion, to surprise, to instant fear, to hope that the cat was going to stay gone, to calm, and then eventually to appreciation.

I decided to continue to hunt in that area but thought it best to do so in the opposite direction. I was not going to allow fear, concern, or worry to ruin my day. In fact, as the day moved along, I began to realize what

an incredible experience I had just had and knew it was one that I would never forget. I do have a confession however. Now, I personally have never seen an elk or deer climb and rest in a tree, but for the remainder of the day I spent an awful lot of time looking for them up in the treetops as if they could.

If there is one lesson I took from that experience it is this. No matter how much I prepare, plan for, or try to anticipate what will happen, I cannot always see what is coming. If I had allowed negative emotions get the best of me that day or had decided to quit going into the woods altogether, due to that experience, I would have missed out on countless wonderful, outdoor adventures.

When I was thirteen years old, I once heard a mountain lion scream while on top of Specimen Ridge just outside of Yellowstone Park, while hunting big horn sheep with my dad. It was magnificently eerie as it echoed off the vertical cliff walls of a box canyon we were standing adjacent to. To this day I have still never seen a mountain lion in the wild, but I definitely do not feel cheated.



The Blizzard Baby

By

Daryl Webster

My wife and I lived in Hectorville, Oklahoma, the year my first son was born. Not that you could tell by looking, but it was rumored to have once been a thriving town. In our day, it existed solely as a small country store at a lonely crossroad, ten miles from the nearest actual town. But since this commercial hub sported a “Welcome to Hectorville!” sign and was just a couple of miles from our house, we volunteered to be citizens.

My daily commute from Hectorville to Tulsa was redneck-eclectic. Picture lush pastures, dotted with bass ponds and livestock; small, lazy creeks writhing like snakes toward the distant Arkansas River through densely forested bottomlands, filled with catfish, turkey, deer and wild hogs. Then imagine coyote carcasses draped over the top strands of barbed wire fences, discarded furniture and porcelain toilets repurposed as garden ornaments cluttering the front yards of shotgun shacks, with bottle trees sprouting here and there, decorated to ward off evil spirits. Even under a blistering sun, there

was something distinctly Southern noire about the place, as if anything at all might happen in the shimmering air just beyond the edge of sight, where dusty country roads converged.

It was normally a peaceful drive, though primitive roads and bad weather could make for a dicey trip. Every few days in Spring, towering supercell clouds migrated in from the southwest, tinting dim daylight an unearthly shade of green and lashing the countryside with fierce winds, giant hail, torrential rain, and deafening thunder. Once or twice a year, massive storm runoff inundated the creek bottoms, swelling small streams into quarter-mile wide monsters that overflowed their banks and washed away everything in their path. In dry weather, peer into the woods bordering the creeks near our home and you would see the rusting hulks of vehicles swept away by previous floods.

Winters were relatively mild, though snowfall and occasional sub-zero temperatures weren’t uncommon. But even moderate snowfall created havoc on the road system in poor counties like ours that

couldn't afford to plow. Rain or shine, I drove home after a long workday, over miles of broad urban streets that emptied and withered after leaving the city limits. From there on, poorly maintained country roads meandered through a sparsely inhabited landscape, potholed pavement eventually giving way to dirt and gravel, with one last creek to ford before reaching our place.

In the Winter of 2010, a blizzard roared through Northeastern Oklahoma. At the time, I was a Bureau Chief in Tulsa and felt that my place was at Police Headquarters, regardless of weather. My wife was finishing her graveyard shift at the Broken Arrow City Jail and wouldn't arrive home for another hour, so for reasons that make absolutely no sense to me now, I decided to load my infant son, Max into my Toyota 4x4 and drop him at a Tulsa daycare until I was ready to return home that evening.

Leaving just as the leading edge of the storm arrived, the roads weren't too bad yet. That is, until I made it further north, where snowplows couldn't keep up with the snow dump. It was slow-going through sparse traffic on city streets, and when I reached the daycare, I found it closed, like most other businesses in town. There was nothing for it but to head to the office, baby and all.

Administrative staff had been given a weather day off, so the Chiefs' Suite was empty, except for me and the Chief of Police. He and I settled down to monitor the worsening conditions, just two senior police officials, who managed to cordially dislike one another without coming right out and saying so. And one adorable infant. It was

during this brief interlude that fate winked at me. She would do so again later in the day.

Say what I might about my former boss, he had a soft spot for babies. He stopped by my office a couple of times to make nice with mine and happened to be there about the time Max needed a diaper change. Being the smart child my mother raised, I leaned to one side while removing the diaper, but the Chief held his ground. When the nappy dropped, my blameless baby boy let fly a stream from a tiny power sprayer and drenched the Chief's uniform. I swear I didn't laugh, but God forgive me, I couldn't conceal my wicked pleasure. With mission accomplished, it was time for us all to go home.

Back through snow-clogged city streets we crawled, between and around snow-mounded cars abandoned in the roadway. As apocalyptic as it was starting to look in town, I anxiously wondered what conditions would be like out in the empty countryside. I found out soon enough when we left the suburban city limits for the final ten-mile push. In a world turned starkly white, there wasn't another car to be seen. We were entirely alone.

The wind worsened and blew dense snowfall into drifts, two feet deep in places, on the unplowed road surface. Soon, I could only stay on pavement by steering the midpoint between barbed wire fences that peeked above drifting snow to my left and right. Max and I crept along in 4-wheel drive, he peacefully napping while I sweated bullets, expecting at any moment to bog down or slide off the road. Were that to happen, could Max survive while I carried him a

mile or more to the nearest shelter? At that moment, I was as gut-sick scared as I've ever been, alone in the worst snowstorm I'd ever seen.

With two miles yet to go, the road descended through the aptly named "Snake Creek" drainage before steeply climbing to higher ground. Amazingly, we maintained traction up the grade and soon reached pavement's end. Another mile and we forded the last stream, just in time to lose headway after emerging on the far bank. We slowed, slewed from side to side, then came to a stop. There was nothing I could do to gain another inch. I had no cell signal, and no one could come to help me anyway. But once again, fate lifted my spirits, as in the distance I espied through the shifting white curtain, the flickering lights of home. Tucking Baby Max inside my overcoat I set out, breaking trail on foot. By the time I reached our door, I was cold, sweat-drenched, and done in. But Max, thank God, was bright-eyed, warm, and well. My wife greeted us with customary aplomb, "You look cold," she said. "Now get in here and give me my baby."

Our wintery ordeal eventually mellowed into a cherished family story. But it remains a sobering reminder of the dangers of carelessness and bravado. Equally sobering is the knowledge that as independent and emotionally guarded as they have become as teenagers, my boys watch me closely and take their masculine cues from me. It is obvious by now that one or both will be Alaskan outdoorsmen in their own right, which makes it more imperative that I teach them to balance risk tolerance with common

sense. So, why does risky behavior so often overcome my better judgment?

Personal Risk-Taking:

Most of us shy away from uncomfortable or fear-inducing experiences. "Once burned, twice shy" and all that. I can recall any number of life experiences that were so disagreeable I'd never willingly repeat them. In each instance, there was no clear upside to continuing to endure unpleasantness. But sometimes, I just can't help going back for a second helping, most usually when some outdoor adventure beckons.

- *If I put more effort into preparation, maybe I can alleviate the discomfort.*

Short of an encounter with a kidney stone, I've never endured more misery than in the hours I spent perched in frozen tree stands, wet and shivering, struggling to remain motionless on the off chance that a deer might wander by before hypothermia set in. It was a long time before I could afford good gear, but once I was able to make the investment, I could hunt, if not in total comfort, then at least with a little less discomfort. So why didn't I learn my lesson the first time and stop punishing myself?

- *Discomfort is not the only consideration.*

On the most frigid mornings of Oklahoma deer season, in the fleeting hour before my body heat seeped away and the chill stole in, I was treated to the sublime experience of being alone but safely tucked into a tree stand in the pre-dawn darkness of the woods. Every crackle of rustling leaves or snapping branches was a mystery, the calls of coyotes and owls a disembodied song. When the wind blew and rocked my tree-perch, I might as well have been back in the cradle. It was pure magic and prompted some of the best naps I've ever taken.

- *I don't remain fearful.*

I've accumulated a pretty fair list of times when Mama Nature abruptly stopped pretending to be nice and did her best to violate me. About half of those run-ins were "Four F," (Fires, Floods, Falls, and Four Wheelers). The remainder run the gamut from venomous snakes to tree-felling mishaps. In most cases, fear hits me in a rush, when things go south, then dissipates just as quickly. At other times, as when hunting in Brown Bear country, I always hit the shore afraid and stay that way until I leave for home, even if nothing happens in between. Then I do it all over again.

In a lifetime of kicking around in the boondocks, I've managed to run into serious trouble every four years or so on average and still walk away from it. Rationally, I understand that no matter how many consecutive times a flipped coin comes up heads, the next flip is still just a 50-50 proposition. But the relief of escaping fate is an emotional reaction, and not always rational. I'm comfortable with that, at least sufficiently to convince myself that the next time I flip the coin, it will come up heads once more.

- *Today's uncomfortable or fearful experience is tomorrow's warm memory.*

On balance, life is pretty good, so we tend to take positive experiences for granted and quickly pigeonhole them. But bad times have a way of hanging in there, and we must confront their persistent psychic impact. Many of us do that by transforming traumatic memories into something less dreadful, perhaps even into something humorous.

So, at least as far as those calamities we invite upon ourselves, the greater the discomfort, the warmer the recollection. Joy-riding with my baby in a blizzard, I was filled with anxiety and self-recrimination, both of which began to fade once I realized we were going to make it home unharmed. Sometimes the

experience returns to me unexpectedly, in PTSD fashion, and I must shake off the vision, but since my best stories are nearly all about near-misses, I suppose the occasional intrusive memory is the price I pay to have something interesting to share around the campfire.

- *The term, “Adventure” is grossly abused, but you know it when you see it.*

A quick Google search turns up “Cruise Ship Adventures,” “Bicycling Adventures,” even “Miniature Golf Adventures.” True adventuring requires high stakes and an element of danger. Cruising, biking and putting golf balls are not adventures. They may be enjoyable diversions, but not inherently valuable ones. At the other extreme are experiences that require us to endure fear and hardship in pursuit of lofty goals, or simply to test our mettle. Those who accept the challenge understand that discomfort, pain, and fear are the price to be paid for the challenges, triumphs, aesthetic charms, and camaraderie that are part and parcel of true and personally transformative adventure.

- *Confronting fear can be addictive.*

This explains every child who screams himself hoarse on a giant rollercoaster, only to get back in line to ride it again. There is something about confronting a seemingly terrible consequence and surviving, that gratifies like nothing else. And fear of death isn’t essential to feed that beast. I had an uncle who was an inveterate gambler, willing to wager money he couldn’t spare and put family relationships in peril, to experience the thrill of risking everything on the turn of a card. Amusement park junkies, gambling addicts, and outdoorsmen who confront Alaskan weather and megafauna share an attraction to risk and survival, even if only perceived. It’s a powerful rush.

Catching Up With Max:



Max – 4 YOA, Oklahoma Deer Hunt

Max accompanied me on his first Oklahoma deer hunt at age 4, as a rifle-bearer and lab rat for dad jokes. He was a quiet, keenly observant boy and an excellent companion in the chilly, Autumn woods. He laughed at my humor so we got along famously.



Max – 8 YOA, Admiralty Island, AK Deer Hunt

We eventually moved to Alaska where, at age 8, he joined me on a lengthy Admiralty Island deer hunt. For days it bucketed rain without let-up. Still, we headed out into it, every dark and early morning. I don't know that he was old enough to comprehend, but this was his first potentially hazardous, wilderness hunt in the stormy land of giant brown bears. We talked about bears a lot and what to do if we ran into one, which we thankfully did not. He didn't seem unduly concerned about the risk or discomfort, and he never complained, even though we both were cold and thoroughly soaked by the end of each day.

Fast forward 7 years and my little boy has grown into quite a formidable young man. Max and I have hunted blacktail deer on

Admiralty and Chichagof Islands, and Caribou in Central Alaska and the Aleutian Islands. We've boated, hiked, fished, and camped throughout his childhood. Thanks to Juneau's Scout Troup 6, he has become an accomplished canoeist and four-season backpacker in Alaska, Canada, and the Lower 48. Everything he has become as a young outdoorsman, he has earned, partly with my help and partly despite my not always being a great example.



Max - 14 YOA, Chichagof Island, AK Deer Hunt



Max - 15 YOA, Adak Island, AK Caribou Hunt

Parents cannot take credit nor shoulder the blame for all their children's outcomes, but parental influence is powerful. For better or worse, I see many of my attitudes and obsessions taking root in my children's personalities, introduced as we have worked, played, and adventured together. Max can't possibly remember our crazy ride through the blizzard, but he can truthfully say that on a snowy day, long ago, he began the process of growing into the man and the adventurer he would one day become, when a father who dearly loved him exercised poor judgment and struggled through a powerful storm to bring him safely home.



LEMON CREEK CORRECTIONAL CENTER
EMPLOYEE OF THE Quarter - Food Services Supervisor
Cherie Wolfe



When Kitchen Supervisor Wolfe joined the Lemon Creek team in December of 2022 she hit the ground running. Cherie is a proactive leader who takes great pride in ensuring the food made at this facility is always top quality. She operates the kitchen with the highest of standards and constantly searches for ways to save money without cutting short the quality of the food produced here. Cherie selflessly puts the needs of others first and has often worked additional hours so that her staff may have time off. It is certainly no secret that she makes fantastic tasting popcorn! It is a great privilege to recognize Cherie as Lemon Creek Correctional Center's Employee of the Quarter.

My First Hunt, Douglas Island, Fall 2018

By Officer Chris Bennett

The fog was just starting to lift off the alpine when we crested the ridge on Douglas Island, across the channel from Juneau, Alaska. It was fall 2018, and four of us had climbed through the thick timber and slippery muskeg at first light, sweating under heavy packs, our rifles strapped tight. We were chasing Sitka blacktail deer across alpine terrain, traces of recent snow signaling that the rut was near and the mountain was starting to shut down for winter. The wind was light but steady—perfect. We moved in silence, glassing the open slopes and listening for hooves, cracking alder, or the occasional grunt of a buck. The high country on Douglas has a special quality of silence about it, broken only by the cry of ravens, below shifting clouds that roll in off Stephens Passage. After a full day of hiking and hunting I was tired and hungry. It was starting to get dark, which happens early that time of year. I unrolled my solo tent, made camp and settled in for the night. After heating up some dinner on my Jet Boil, I quickly fell asleep. It was cold, but tolerable, the bracing air and the excitement of tomorrow's hunt running through my mind.

I'm not sure what time it was, but it was dark. I woke to three inches of water around me, confused by the sleet and rain hitting my face. So, I did what a true Bennett does in that situation and got angry. My tent had completely failed when a strong storm rumbled in while I slept and tore the top clean off the shelter. I knew I was in trouble. While trying to make the best of the situation by kicking and screaming at it, my hunting friend came out of his tent, upset as well that he had to get out in this storm. Then he saw me. He came quickly to my side and helped me into his tent. I was so overcome by the situation that I was shaking, the first sign of hypothermia. Not good. We stripped off all wet clothes and made a human burrito, but I could not warm up. I continued to shake.

There was nothing we could do. We were high in the Alaskan alpine, at night, in a bad storm. We had to wait it out. A few hours into this shaking fit I felt something hit my head from outside the tent. My hunting buddy and I both heard the loud huff of a black bear outside the tent, just inches from our heads. The bear hit me again with his head. It must have figured I'd be done in a few hours, and he went on his way. I'm sure not far though. By daylight I was a mess. One of our group somehow got one bar of reception and quickly made a call for help before we lost signal. Then we waited.

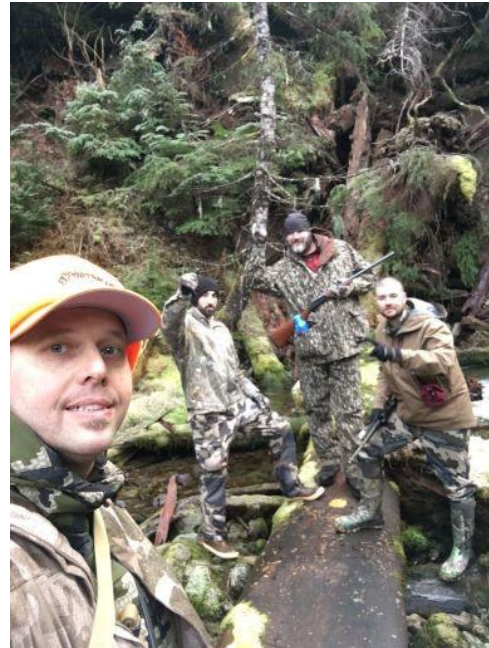
My balance was off and I was shaking, so my friends tried sheathing me in an emergency blanket. I looked like a giant potato wrapped in tinfoil. It was no use and I was getting worse. After what seemed like hours, we made the decision to start moving down the mountain, while I still could. Somehow, on our way, we clambered over a broken tree and forded a river. We then made our way back down the treacherous, steep slopes. I was past the point of exhaustion when I

finally saw the mountain rescue team. They quickly assessed me. My blood pressure was low, and my internal temperature was in the critical range. They explained that we needed to descend a few hundred feet more to the nearest open muskeg. They gave me hot tea, wrapped me in several coats and assisted me down the steep mountainside. When we reached the muskeg, a helicopter was waiting to take me to the ER. Needless to say, I survived, barely. If not for a group of close friends and rescuers alike, I'm not sure I'd be here today. I learned valuable lessons that day.

- Always expect the unexpected. Plan for the worst.
- Buy an Inreach satellite communicator or an emergency beacon.
- Always hunt with one or more friends.



Officer Chris Bennett



Officer Bennett (center) & the friends who brought him safely off the mountain



Employee Profile

SSgt. Jeremy Finlayson

I found myself in Alaska for the first time in 2010, after succumbing to the consistent hounding of my cousin Scott, to visit him and this beautiful place. My plan was to visit in-between semesters of college, but I enjoyed Juneau so much that I skipped the next semester of school and stayed.

Eventually my hiatus had to come to an end. I returned to Las Vegas and reenrolled at UNLV. During the next two years, Juneau was often on my mind, and I realized that it was somewhere I wanted to make home. At the end of 2012 I moved back. Being recently married and starting a new family, I knew my current job was not going to be sufficient to support my family. This prompted me to search for a better paying job with good benefits, and honestly, working at Lemon Creek Correctional Center never crossed my mind. Then I found the Lemon Creek job posting on “Workplace

Alaska,” with \$21 an hour starting pay and benefits. I saw this as a quick fix for my current predicament and one that I could use as a steppingstone to find out what I want to do in Juneau. Little did I know that working at Lemon Creek would become my career, a place I care greatly about.

One of the most misunderstood things about working at a prison is that it really can be a positive, rewarding, fun place to work. The public perception of prisons is skewed by popular TV shows and movies depicting terrible living conditions, corruption, physical abuse, depression, and abuse of power. However, this is not what it is like to work within the walls of a prison, at least not ours. There is no denying we deal with people who are having the worst day(s) of their lives. If we find ourselves focusing on those days then yes, being inside a prison can prompt an overwhelming feeling of gloom, turning us into an Eeyore, sucking

energy from within the prison walls. But if we focus on the positive aspects of our job, which are often overlooked, a correctional institution can be a rewarding, positive place to work. We are afforded the opportunity to be an example, encourage, provide positive reinforcement, provide structure, assist those who are struggling to overcome addiction or manage anger, and teach the concepts of responsibility and consequences. This provides us with an opportunity to build bonds with our coworkers over our common goals. We celebrate and find joy in the improvements or successes not only of our coworkers but of the inmate population. In short, the people you work with day to day can make this environment fun and positive. I know they have for me. Each day comes with new challenges to overcome, earning a sense of accomplishment. It provides an environment where you must lean on the brother/sister at your side and build a cohesive unit. Which brings me to the greatest challenge of being a supervisor inside a prison, consistency.

It is a struggle to create consistency between Officers on your own shift let alone consistency between the different shifts whom you rarely see. Our working environment affords us the opportunity to work different posts with different responsibilities at different times of the day. Sometimes you may go two weeks without working a post, then you have to remember all the aspects of working that post. Or you may work night shift for several months, then have to work day shift. You may have to work overtime on another shift. Just as we follow a movement schedule, a meal schedule, and a programming schedule to instill consistency and establish expectations, there is a reason we need to be consistent in enforcing policies and

procedures. If the inmate population knows what to expect and gets a consistent response, they are less likely to attempt to circumvent rules or procedures, which makes your job easier. If the inmate knows every time, when they are tenting, covering lights/windows, coming out of living units not properly dressed, taking items to the gym, wearing hats in the hall, tucking their pants in their socks, and so on, that they will be confronted and if needed receive infraction write-ups, these things will become a nonstarter and a scarcity.

Watching shifts come together and becoming a cohesive unit by being consistent and supportive of each other is one of the most rewarding aspects of my job. It gives me a sense of pride and accomplishment watching officers put their minds together with common goals, working through the various problems that arise, and relying on each other. It is my recommendation to anyone considering a career in corrections to come into the workplace with the goal of strengthening the shift you are placed on. Be willing to support those around you and in turn, you will be supported by those same people. As you do this you will find the job we do becoming easier and more rewarding. Be a sponge and soak up all the training you can. Set high goals for yourself and please be consistent.

A Trip to Remember

By Jacob Scanlon

In late October of 2017, a friend and I planned to go deer hunting on Admiralty Island, situated about 30 minutes outside of Juneau. We began checking the weather reports a few weeks in advance and finally found a good weather window to give it a try. So, we packed up the boat and headed out that weekend. The water was great, and the weather was too! When we reached the spot we had in mind, I had to drop my buddy on shore with all our gear, get the boat anchored up, and row back in an inflatable raft. Once I got to the beach where I had left my buddy, we hauled the raft up to the tree line and began our hunt. It is kind of a tricky hunting spot with many blown down trees, and only one way in and one way out. My friend had never been to this spot, but I had hunted it many times before, so I took the lead.

About 20 minutes into the hunt, we came to the first meadow, where we decided to split up, about 30 yards apart, to get a better view in case something came to the call. Once we got a good scan of the clearing, we found a likely spot to sit down and gave the meadow a moment to get silent again, before blowing the call. As we blew the call and waited, suddenly we heard a deep, low growl right behind us. That really perked us up. Then suddenly the growl came again, and we heard snapping teeth. I looked at my friend and said, "That wasn't a buck grunt, bud." We both jumped up with rifles in hand and backed away, facing the direction where the sound had come from.

As we slowly retreated from our spot, I realized the sound was coming from our only way out of the meadow. We had no perfect options, either get caught up in log jams and blown down trees, with a hard hike back down, or keep hunting. We stood still and silent for about 6 to 7 minutes, hearing nothing and with no bear in sight. Should we continue on our way, knowing the bear was aware of us, or just call it quits and go home? Since we both had spent weeks waiting for this hunt, we decided to carry on with the journey and finish it. We just had to be more aware of our surroundings and not blow the deer call for a while.

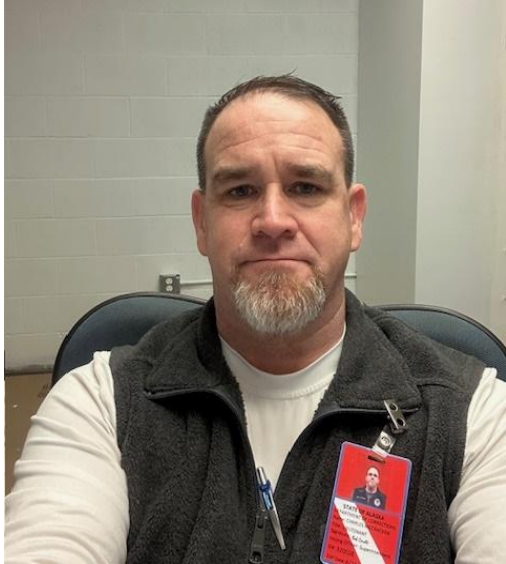
A few hours later, there was still no sign of life around us, no deer, no bears. We decided to head back down to the boat. We were maybe halfway there when we stopped for a drink of water and a breather, before the rest of the journey down. As we stood there, back came the same sound we had heard in the meadow. Deep growls and snapping teeth, yet we still couldn't see where the bear was. I decided that it would be a good idea to fire off a shot and see if it would scare the bear away. Boy, that was a mistake. After only one shot, my ears rang so badly that I couldn't hear anything, which at the time was the only way for me to know where the dang bear was. To make matters worse, we had to go toward the sound to get back down the trail. After about a minute, the ringing in my ears stopped. I looked over to my buddy and said, "Don't stop until you hit the beach. Don't look back. Just go!"

The whole way down, we couldn't see the bear, but boy could we hear him! We finally reached the shoreline with no sighting, but the beach presented yet another obstacle. The ocean. The waves were far too big for me to bring my boat to the beach to pick up my buddy, and of course I didn't want to leave him there alone with the bear close by. He would have none of it, pointing out that the raft was too small for the two of us. So, against my better judgment, I rowed out alone, got the boat off anchor and headed toward the shore. Sure enough, that was a mistake. Waves crashed over the back of my boat's swim step, rapidly filling the craft with frigid water. In a mad dash, we got aboard, but by then, we couldn't get off the beach! I jumped in waist deep and pushed the boat into the breath-robbing, cold surf, waves battering both me and the boat. As my buddy started the engine, I gave a final heave and broke the grip of land. I climbed aboard, we ripped the boat around, and home we went.

You hear a lot of stories about bear encounters in the woods, and as an avid hunter you always want to be on alert. This was hopefully my last bear encounter and hopefully the last time I let my buddy talk me into bringing my boat to a stormy beach when I know better. That whole day was a learning experience for me that I will never forget.



Jake Scanlon is both the Maintenance Supervisor at LCCC and a master outdoorsman. When it comes to adventuring in Alaska, if Jake hasn't done it, it's not worth trying.



Mid Summer's Night Debris

by

Lt. Chuck McCracken

I will remember that night for the rest of my life. Iraq, July 20th 2005, and a night hot enough to make the Devil sigh. We were on a typical vehicle patrol in a suburb of Baghdad that we called Iraqi Village..... Hold on, I need to take you back a few weeks earlier so that you have a full understanding where I was mentally and emotionally.

July 1st 2005, I had just landed in Juneau for my Mid tour leave from Iraq where I was then stationed for my combat tour with the Alaska Army National Guard. I was gifted with the perfect leave, smack dab in the middle of our tour, that lent a sense of symmetry to my time in combat. The weather was perfect, in the 80 degree range, sunny and only rained one night. We spent the days BBQing, out on the lake with the Jet Ski's, and the nights around a bonfire with friends and family. I even caught my first King Salmon. Needless to say, this was the most perfect leave I had ever had during any of my service in the Army.

July 15th, I boarded a plane back to Iraq with a sense of ease and peace of mind, eager to get back and get this tour over with. I landed in Texas where my flight from there to Iraq had been moved back a day and I was put up in a beautiful hotel, with meals to boot. The experience was like something you see in a movie and when I got on that plane the next day, I had an overwhelming feeling of, "This is it! I am probably going to die." Much later, our plane descended into Baghdad and went into a combat landing, which made the teacups ride at Disneyland feel like a Sunday stroll through the park.

Five days later there I was in the Iraqi Village, where we set up a traffic control point (TCP), searching random vehicles for weapons, explosives, etc. When another US Army unit rolled through our TCP, I was in the lead vehicle of our element and the furthest from the main body of our patrol. We had an SOP requiring us to put orange cones out in the front and rear of our patrol when stopped. So, as I was walking out to move the cones for the friendly unit rolling through, I happened to look down at the bumper of one of the vehicles to see what

unit was passing. It was a New York National Guard Unit known for being attacked.

At the very moment I noticed who was coming through our check point, an Improvised Explosive Device (IED) exploded 25 to 30 meters in front of me sending pieces of shrapnel whirling by my head. To my amazement I was not hit. However, this of course caused havoc throughout the position. My squad leader yelled at me to get down, to which I responded, "It is a little late for that!" Nearby, a pregnant woman passed out. Our interpreter was trying to throw water

on her and slapping her in an attempt to wake her up, people were running everywhere. The intended target, the New York unit, took off and left us to clean up the mess and investigate the area. We discovered that because we were there conducting the TCP, the insurgent who planted the IED was unable to aim it without being detected and that was my saving grace that evening.

The events of that night were scary, amazing, and chaotic, and there were many lessons to take away from a situation like this. However, the one lesson I learned best was that no matter how little the show of force is, it can still deter the opposition enough to save lives.

Chasing Risk as Pastime Activity- What's the Appeal?

By Andrew Shand, MHC

Many of us are familiar with someone who could be described as an “adrenaline junkie.” Perhaps we could be described as that ourselves. This is a phrase used to describe someone who has a pattern of engaging in activities that provide a thrill, or an adrenaline rush, often at the risk of harm. People of this nature can be seen engaging in adventurous hobbies such as skydiving, white-water rafting, pushing the line on a motorcycle, base jumping and more. In addition to the rush, they come away with some memorable moments and neat pictures. Some less risky, but still adrenaline releasing pastimes include watching horror movies, going on roller coasters, going to haunted houses, or even procrastinating before completing a project with a hard deadline. Engaging in discussion that can lead to conflict such as politics or religion, can provide a person an “adrenaline fix.” All these examples provide adrenaline, and an experience that keeps people coming back for more, but why?

When adrenaline is released in our system it has several effects both physically and mentally. Many of us are familiar with this as the “fight or flight” response. Our heart rate will increase and beat with more intensity. Some blood vessels will dilate, allowing our muscles more oxygen, and nutrients. Blood flow near the skin, and to the intestine, is reduced to allow more blood to nourish to the muscular system. The pupils dilate, allowing better vision. In addition to these physical changes, increased adrenaline heightens alertness and focus (Adrenaline, Noradrenaline, and the Stress Response in Humans, Crampton, Linda, May 16, 2025). The “fight or flight” response is an ancient chemical reaction in our body that developed in a dangerous world and likely allowed our ancestors access to increased prowess during times of danger or need.

Thankfully for most of us, danger is not lurking around every corner, so how does a “fight or flight” response translate to the modern world? For many people a rush of adrenaline into the system can add a boost to performance whether that be professional pursuits, or physical. In addition, it is simply an experience people enjoy and seek out.

While a positive for some, a need for adrenaline can become problematic for others, and even mirror behaviors of addiction. Behaviors such as driving significantly beyond the speed limit, purposefully starting fights with other people, or engaging in illegal activity for the thrill all can be adrenaline seeking behaviors. Whenever a behavior negatively impacts your personal life and relationships, it may be time to reflect on the underlying motivations and recognize the behavior as problematic.

Adrenaline is a chemical response most effective for short-term, and infrequent scenarios. Excessive adrenaline release can result in some significant negative effects. If we find ourselves increasingly agitated, nervous, experiencing weight gain, having trouble sleeping, or even developing panic attacks, excessive adrenaline in the system may be the culprit. Adrenaline is an amazing tool in many areas and opens the door to some memorable experiences. It is prudent to

maintain awareness of when we are accessing adrenaline, and how it is affecting us. As in many aspects of developing a healthy routine, it is important to strive to achieve balance with a draw towards adrenaline producing activities. The better we are at managing our exposure to adrenaline, the better positioned we are to keep this powerful response an effective, productive boost in our modern lives.

Andrew Shand is a Licensed Clinical Social Worker, with active professional licenses in both New York, and Alaska. He earned his Master's degree in Social Work from Columbia University in 2015. Prior to his current role with LCCC, Andrew was a clinician for Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City, where he worked with patients who struggled Serious and Persistent Mental Illness. Additionally, Andrew has extensive experience in the Child Welfare field. He was a caseworker with the Bethel Alaska Office of Children's Services, and a Supervising Caseworker in the Juneau Office of Children's Services.



3-2-1 Ribs

By

SSgt. Mitch Cook

With the emergence of the Sun this week, I was inspired to make these recipes for summer and with the 4th of July right around the corner this should be on your Summertime list also.



The 3-2-1 smoking method has gained a lot of popularity with home cooks in recent years because of its flawless results in turning out super tender ribs that fall off the bone.

I tend to fall back on these ribs for cookouts because I know that they will deliver that tender, flavorful porky flavor every time. Consistency is super important! And this recipe is consistent.

What is the 3-2-1 Method for Ribs?

Smoking ribs using the 3-2-1 method is by far the easiest way for a new backyard cook to smoke ribs. This method results in a truly delectable, fall-off-the-bone rib. While some “BBQ purists” balk at the 3-2-1 method, there’s no denying that this meat is juicy, tender, and delicious. So, if you and your family like meat that comes clean off the bone with every bite, give the 3-2-1 rib method a try!

So, what is the 3-2-1 method for ribs, exactly? It's an easy way to cook pork ribs! In a nutshell, the 3-2-1 method for ribs is just what the name suggests:

- **3 hours in the smoker.** Start by placing your ribs directly on the grill grates of the smoker for 3 hours to infuse the meat with that good, smoky flavor.
- **2 hours wrapped.** Next up, wrap those smoky ribs in foil (usually with brown sugar, apple cider, butter, and other goodies) for 2 hours to add more flavor and keep that rib meat juicy.
- **1 hour with sauce.** remove the meat from the foil and smother them in BBQ sauce. Finish them on the grill for 1 hour to set the sauce and ensure that the meat falls right off the bone.

Ingredients for 3-2-1 Ribs

Here's what you'll need to make these ribs:

- 1 rack of **baby back ribs**
- BBQ rub of your choice.
- 1 cup of **apple cider (or apple juice)**
- 1/4 cup of **dark brown sugar**
- 3 Tablespoons of **salted butter**
- 1/2 cup of your favorite **BBQ sauce**.

How to Smoke 3-2-1 Ribs

Do you like your ribs falling off the bone? Do you like your ribs saucy? Put some extra sauce on them. I believe that you should cook food the way you like it, and ribs are no different! These are your ribs after all. Make them exactly how you like them! Follow this 3-2-1 rib method for fall off the bone juicy tender ribs.

Here's how to cook your ribs using the 3 -2-1 method:

1. **Preheat.** Fire up the grill and preheat to 180-200 degrees F. Prepare the ribs for smoking while the grill preheats.

2. **Prep the ribs.** Using a paper towel, grip the corner of the membrane on the back of the ribs, and pull to remove it. Next, add a binder I use yellow mustard to help hold the seasonings on the ribs during the cooking process. Season both sides of the ribs liberally with a Sweet Rub or Rib Rub of your choice.
3. **Smoke for 3 hours.** Start with exposing the seasoned ribs to 3 hours of heavy smoke over low heat. I prefer fruity woods (apple or cherry) when smoking pork, but other hardwoods (hickory and alder) also work really well with ribs.
4. **Wrap for 2 hours.** After the initial 3-hour smoke, foil the ribs with a liquid of your choosing (I used apple cider or juice, dark brown sugar, and butter) and cook at 225-250 degrees F for 2 more hours. After the braising period, Look for pulling away of the meat from the bones. You want the bones to be exposed on the end at least 1/4 to 1/2 an inch.
5. **Sauce and smoke for 1 hour.** Lastly, coat the ribs in your favorite BBQ sauce and return them to the grill for a final hour to finish the ribs and set the sauce.
6. **Rest and enjoy.** Remove the ribs from the smoker and rest for 10-15 minutes. Slice into individual ribs and serve!



I guarantee these ribs will be better than any tofu you ever eat.

Summer Coleslaw

What I really like about this recipe is that it's not too sweet or too heavy which makes it perfect for the summer months, and it pairs really well with all your BBQ grilled favorites!

I make this ahead of time for most of our picnics. It's simple to make from scratch, but if I'm in a rush I just use a coleslaw mix bag for the base. If you have a food processor, chopping it that way is much quicker! Make this coleslaw in minutes and keep it refrigerated until serving.



Ingredients:

Cold Summer Slaw is crunchy and fresh! Use an English cucumber and Roma tomatoes for best results, meaty tomatoes and cucumbers with lots of pulp can tend to get the salad super wet and runny.

- **Slaw:** fresh green cabbage, diced tomatoes, diced cucumbers, and sliced scallions come together for a quick summer side!
- **Dressing:** creamy dressing ingredients of mayonnaise, lemon juice, sugar, vinegar, milk, and salt make the perfect tangy and mildly sweet topping.

Summer Slaw Ingredients:

- 1 small **cabbage** about 2 lbs. shredded
- 1 **tomato** diced meat only
- ½ **English cucumber** diced
- 3 sliced **green onions**
- 1 bunch fresh **cilantro**

Dressing:

- ½ cup **mayonnaise**
- 1 tsp **lemon juice**
- 3 tbsp of **sugar**
- 3 tbsp of **milk**
- 2 tbsp of **vinegar**
- 1 tsp of **salt**

How To Make Coleslaw:

1. **Chop cabbage.** Finely grate the cabbage using a box grater or if you prefer longer shreds use a knife or mandolin. I like slaw on the finer side so I will use a food processor or box grater for the cabbage. You can also use a sharp knife to make thin shreds. Use a vegetable chopper to dice the cucumbers and tomatoes, the scallions can be sliced with a sharp knife.
2. **Make The Coleslaw Dressing:** by whisking all the ingredients together.
3. **Combine the dressing** with the cabbage mixture. Serve or refrigerate for at least one hour. Salad can be kept for up to 3 days.



Ssgt. Mitch Cook serves as Training Sergeant at Lemon Creek Correctional Center, where he cooks for staff on a regular basis. His Southern dishes are workplace favorites

Move over Burgers and Dogs: Kabobs are stealing the show!

By Cherie Wolfe

It's cookout season, and while most people automatically reach for burgers and dogs, or in my co-worker's case, a slab of ribs dripping with sauce and a side of slaw so creamy it should come with a warning label, I'm here to offer something just as satisfying and way more colorful: Sesame Ginger Shrimp or Chicken Kabobs, served with a fresh, crunchy Asian Noodle Salad.

Now don't get me wrong, ribs have their place. Somewhere. Preferably far from my plate. You see, I'm the health nut in this culinary duo, and I believe you can still enjoy cookout food without having to schedule a nap and a cholesterol check afterwards. Meanwhile, my co-worker? He considers bacon a food group and...and let's just say he's not the type to get excited about anything that even *resembles* a salad.

But let's get back to the good stuff... flavor packed skewers with a little nostalgia.

Years ago, when my family ran a business in downtown Washington, PA, Friday sidewalk cookouts were our summer ritual. I'd be behind the scenes running the kitchen while my daughter, yes fully in her twenties, so no child labor violations here, worked the grill out front in the blazing sun. Every week brought a new menu, but one of the all-time favorites? You guessed it, these kabobs.

There was a lot of prep involved: slicing chicken into bite-sized pieces, mixing the marinade from scratch, chopping fresh vegetables, and building the skewers just right. It sounds like a lot (and it was), but it gave me something even better than a crowd-pleasing dish, it gave me something rare and meaningful: time with my daughter. In the middle of our hectic workdays, running a business, serving customers, juggling a thousand moving parts, this one task forced us to slow down. While tediously assembling kabobs, we had space to just be together. We'd talk, laugh, share stories, conversations that didn't happen while taking care of customers or managing the kitchen. There was something comforting about the steady rhythm of working side by side, hands busy, conversation flowing, turning simple ingredients into something we

were proud to serve. It wasn't just about the food; it was about the time together that we didn't often get in the middle of a busy day.

At the time, we served them with fried rice, but for a backyard-friendly twist, I'm pairing them here with a zippy Asian Noodle Salad. It's crunchy, sweet, tangy, and best of all, doesn't require a nap afterwards.

Sesame Ginger Shrimp or Chicken Kabobs



Marinade:

- 2 cup Soy Sauce
- 1 cup Seasoned Rice Vinegar
- 6 Tbsp. Brown Sugar
- 1 cup Extra Virgin Olive Oil
- 3 Tbsp. Dark Sesame Oil
- 20 cloves Garlic, minced
- 1/2 cup Grated Ginger

- 1 Tbsp. Cornstarch
 - 2 Tbsp. Cold Water
-

1. Mix everything except the cornstarch and water together. Split in half. Half for marinating and half for brushing.
2. With ½ of the marinade (for brushing), pour into a small sauce pot.
3. Mix the cornstarch and cold water together making a slurry.
4. Gradually pour the slurry into the boiling marinade whisking constantly until it reaches a sauce consistency.
5. Remove sauce from heat.

Kabobs:

- 2 lbs. Large Shrimp or Chicken Breast
- 6 Bell Peppers, 2 colors
- 3 Red Onions
- 1 lb. Meaty Mushrooms
- 1 lb. Zucchini or Yellow Squash
- 10" Wooden Skewers (soaked in water)
 1. Prep the protein: Peel and devein the shrimp, or cut the chicken into bite-sized pieces.
 2. Marinate: Place the protein in a non-reactive dish and pour half of the marinade (the unthickened portion) over it. Cover and refrigerate overnight.
 3. Prep the vegetables: Cut the bell peppers, red onion, mushrooms, and squash into bite-sized pieces, keeping them separated for easy assembly.
 4. Assemble the kabobs: Thread the ingredients onto soaked wooden skewers in a repeating pattern; mushroom, two colors of bell pepper, onion, squash, and protein, until the skewer is full, leaving about ½ inch on each end.

5. **Grill:** Place kabobs on a medium-high grill and cook, turning occasionally, until fully cooked. 165°F for chicken, 145°F for shrimp.
 6. **Finish:** Brush with reserved sesame ginger sauce just before serving for an extra boost of flavor.
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Asian Noodle Salad



Salad:

- 3 packages Oriental-flavored Ramen Noodles (broken, uncooked)
- 2 bunches Green Onions, sliced
- 1 lb. Coleslaw mix (thin sliced green and red cabbage with shredded carrots)
- 4 Tbsp. Toasted Sesame Seeds
- 1 cup Roasted Salted Peanuts or Sliced Almonds

Dressing:

- ¾ cup Sugar
- 1 cup Oil
- 1 cup Rice Wine Vinegar
- Flavor Packets from the noodles
- Chili Flakes to desired spice level

1. Place first 6 ingredients for salad in a large bowl.
 2. Mix second 5 ingredients for dressing in small bowl and whisk together.
 3. 30 minutes before serving, pour dressing over salad and mix until all ingredients are coated. Noodles should have a slight crunch when served.
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So if you're looking to grill something that doesn't have a week's worth of calories and won't leave you feeling like you need a nap, or a cardiologist... skip the ribfest. With kabobs, you get the flavor, the color, and the crunch, all without needing a side of regret.

I'm sure his ribs are delicious and fall off the bone good, but someone's got to bring a few actual vegetables to the party.



Cherie Wolfe grew up in the rolling hills of Pennsylvania, where she spent 30 years running a gourmet popcorn shop that expanded to serve breakfast and lunch, soups, salads, and baked goods. She served for two years supervising 50-60 inmate kitchen workers at Pennsylvania's State Correctional Institution – Fayette, before coming to Lemon Creek Correctional Center as Food Services Supervisor. Cherie believes that home cooking should be healthy and adventurous. “Sure, I’m all about salads and nutrient-packed meals,” she says, “But I believe in balance. Life’s too short not to sneak in that extra cookie or indulge in a bowl of pasta now and then. After all, a cookie in hand makes everything better, don’t you think?”

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

