



Milt Trump
Born 1910
Trapper, Miner, Mail Carrier
Talkeetna, Alaska

Finding your way to Milt Trump's cabin is a bit like a pilgrimage to the cave of a holy man. Four-wheel drive to the boat. Eight miles up the Talkeetna River. Another mile or so on foot. Far above the place where climbers head off for Mt. McKinley, far beyond where the roads end – that's where Milt's world begins.

"I like it here. I mean, I wouldn't live anyplace else now. I hate city, any kind of city. I'm perfectly happy living up here all by myself."

He laughs in that slow, relaxed way of his that echoes his lifestyle. He claims he's better with his hands than his brain.

"I guess it's the old Norwegian Viking in me. I always liked being outdoors. I always hunted and trapped. Everybody thinks, 'Oh boy, you make money trapping.' That's hard work. Real hard work. I figured the best year that I ever had, and I really brought in the fur, considering the time that I used putting in trails and everything like that, I figure I made about 25 cents an hour."

He lives, snug as a bug in a rug, in the little two-story cabin he built with his bare hands. No electricity, no heat, no telephone, no running water or even a well. His water is rain or snowmelt. His attitude is "no big deal."

"I don't know what I'd tell young people today. From what I've seen, you can't tell 'em much. I don't know. Just do your own thing, do what you want. But don't hurt nobody's feelings. As long as I ain't hurting anybody else, what I do is my business."