Editor’s Notes

Another successful gathering of Retirees (17) and Employees for the annual Reunion and Cake and Coffee. Again, our sincerest appreciation for the work done by Joette and Val for their work in putting this together.

A special thanks to Regional Administrator, Bob Lewis who has supported the Reunion and the publication of the OUR TIME.

Mark your calendar for next year’s Reunion!

ANNUAL RETIREE & EMPLOYEE REUNION ~ CAKE & COFFEE
FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 2013
FAA Regional Office, 8th and A St.

Lost & Found - Thanks to Al Bruck, we were able to locate the whereabouts of Frank Babiak. Frank’s Email address can be found in the Our Time Directory - for those who would like to contact him.

How about Marge Tideman? Anyone know her whereabouts? Let Our Time know.

It’s a small world. On our flight to Alaska back in May we ran into several friends, including Henry and Bernie Dodd - also - Ken and Sis Hill. The ‘Snowbird’ migration was alive and well. The Soldotna Fred Meyer and the Kenai Golf Course are good places to see old friends. Jim Shave for one as well as Bob and Lori Drewes, Jack & Kathy Hummel, and Dwight Kramer.

We see Herb Stanley and daughter Sandy regularly. Herb is loving his move north to Alaska. Sandy’s daughter, Andrea was married July 28, 2012.

Of course the long time Kenai residents Dave and Marge Simpson, John and Helen Groeneveld
and John Lowe are still making the trek north; returning to Arizona before the winter bite.

Randy Rogers, former Kenai AFSS Manager retired in June. Dottye and I were unable to make his retirement party. We were in Anchorage. Also - Tony Wylie Alaska’s Air Traffic Manager (I hope I got that title right - there have been so many changes to the FAA) also retired this summer. OMG...... I cannot believe that one. I hired Tony when I was in the RO - That Long Ago! - and - Mike Tarr too - last November.

I know there must be others who retired. Let Our Time know and we will get the word out.

Congratulations Jim & Geraldine Schave on celebrating you 55th wedding anniversary on June 15th.

Congratulations Jim DiFalco on celebrating your 90th birthday this past May.

Every now and then when I talk with Herb (Stanley) he mentions that he spoke with Ken Woods. Some of you old, old timers will remember Ken. He was an Air Traffic Division Specialist back in the 60's and 70's. He also was the Anchorage FSS Chief at one time. Herb also hears from Rogene Thompson. Rogene retired from the Anchorage Center in the early 70's. And Herb says Frank and Maxine Jackson are still making those trips to Arizona. Herb also keeps in touch with Mary Nelson and Mary Zamorski. Both ladies are doing just fine. Dottye says, “What’s with these old time Air Traffic types-they live forever.....just like the Energizer Bunny.

I keep in touch with Carl Bailey. He celebrated number 89 last May. Carl still hangs out on his Farm in Cisco, Texas. I am happy to report his health is doing much better and we are glad to hear that.

And, from time to time I touch base with Fred Keller, Jerry Wieber and Joe Brunner. All are waiting for the fish to show up.

So far this summer is a disaster for king salmon. The entire State is in shut-down mode. The run is that weak. And the Halibut are not doing much better. The limit in Southcentral is still two a day, but reports are they are small and some reports from Homer say the fish are ‘mushy.’

Memorial Day weekend May 26th & 27th, 2012; we flew our WWII BT-13 to Hollister, California Air Show. A marine cloud layer moved in and it was windy, but the air show proceeded with a few cancelled events. On May 28th we flew six low level orbits around the 500 acre National cemetery at Vacaville/Dixon just as the ceremony was ending. The crowd was pleased to hear the sound of freedom, (The BT-13 is noisy,) honoring our fallen veterans who had given it all. We were not scheduled on the program but our timing was perfect and appreciated. My co-pilot. 91 year old Col. Duncan Miller, WWII pilot and business partner for 65 years, loved it and as it may be our last flight together. It took two men and a step ladder to get Col. Miller strapped into the airplane and into his parachute for the flight. I did have some partners in the BT-13, but they said they were getting too old to fly. I said, "I don't feel that way". So I bought them all out. "Pals forever", as my friend would say. Mike

On Another Note:
We entered the 5k Heart Run, April 28,2012 as 4 generations of Hunts. The PR section of the Heart Run Association sent this information to Channel 2 TV and they followed us with cameras around the course. No short cuts! My family encouraged me on. Ninety year olds don't move very fast, but they do finish. We also did the Frostbite Foot Race in March 7th as 4 generations red lanterns. My granddaughter dressed us as red lanterns. We took 3rd place in the
costume category and won $25. There was an eighty year gap from oldest to youngest, because great grandson, Hunter, was 10 years old at the time. **Mike Hunt**

I departed AAL in June 2006 as part of the service center stand-up that occurred. The administrative and support functions of Air Traffic and Airway Facilities in Anchorage and Los Angeles were consolidated into a shared services center located in Renton, Washington. I worked there for the final three years of my career as the Business Services Group Manager. It was a fulfilling and challenging means by which to conclude a wonderful 33-year ride with the agency.

In relocating, we moved as far as Juneau so wife Sara could care for her mother. And Juneau is really where we wanted to retire, anyway. Therefore, I commuted between Juneau and Seattle for those three years. It wasn't easy and I don't recommend it if you don't have to do it, but we made it through and I pulled the pin on August 1, 2009 - only to go back into the workforce ten days later as regional traffic and safety engineer for DOT&PF's Southeast Region. I wasn't ready to quit working, but was ready to quit commuting. What a thrill-a-minute challenge it has been to finally ply my trade as a professional engineer! Some of my projects are finally being constructed, such as a pair of pedestrian refuge islands and the offsetting of some turn lanes on Egan Drive, in Juneau. Although I focus on the roads now and not the airways, a lot of the skills I learned by virtue of some really good FAA training are still being put to good use. And I was fortunate to be appointed to the Juneau airport board.

I maintain contact with some of the folks I met in Seattle, as well as AAL-based friends, on Facebook. Please friend me if you are on there, I would love to hear from you. Am also looking forward to coming to the retiree reception at the RO this June. See you there! **David Epstein**

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**May 8, 2012 ~** Dear Charlie, I hope that the Soldotna address is correct for this time of the year. Here in Seattle "things" are about to change. The endless rain has backed off to some degree, the cruise ships are leaving the east coast, and heading our way for their Summer trips to Alaska and I am beginning to think about my next trip to Anchorage. I went up there with my daughter, who lives here in Seattle, but works for the American Lung Association as CEO for eight western states ..including Hawaii and Alaska. It was so different from the last time I was there that I could hardly believe it! Today people live up in the mountains .... which I could tell by the lights up there every night! My reason for writing to you today is to ask you to find out the exact dates for the next Iditarod race. (Did I spell that correctly?) Norman and I were stationed at the Nome airport one year and saw the winning team come down the main street. What a sight! As I remember it, in the "old days" the celebration started in Anchorage and was called The Fur Rendezvous. In later years, and perhaps today, the celebration may start in town, but the dog teams start out on the race some place out of town. Would you know or could you find out if there are any hotels there? I still like to travel (and have been to 81 foreign countries over the years) but at 94 my "children" say I should get "all the details" before I start out these days. I hope this finds you as active as ever. .... and still loving my favorite state. I am still volunteering once a week at the Museum of Flight here in Seattle where they have assigned me to the Bush Pilot section that Alaska Airlines installed for them. We get a lot of people coming and going from Alaska ... and I enjoy that very much. Best regards, **Romayne L. Potosky**

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May 2012~ I Don't think we've ever met. But, your faithfulness in keeping the FAA Newsletter alive, surely has brought you and your work, deeply into our hearts. And talk about divided loyalties: My tugboats
are, of course as deeply imbedded in my emotional history. But, Know something? Every time I see a digital clock roll up to 4:59, there is a faint but very real tug of a very special nostalgia that holds my heart for yet a little while. E459, the International set of frequencies that we shared with NRT, Tokyo Radio, covering the north half of the Pacific Ocean, (Excluding only, Hawaii.) But, what an experience. Of course, there was also E457, the HF frequencies we shared with SEA, down the coast. No way could I ever forget the morning after the '64 Earthquake. So far as I know, ALL of our frequencies were knocked out, EXCEPT, curiously, E457. And, where usually our transmissions were muted down, so that we would not interfere with SEA; well, this morning, curiously, we could taxie--Ik to SEA directly, and easily. And, I had gone to work at 8:00, and assigned to E457. R.O types allover the place, but, the "rules" were thrown out of the window. Someone would come in and say, "Can you ask SEA to phone (And he gave the number.) and tell my relatives that we are OK." Don't know how many of those calls I made; but never once thought to have someone call ~ family in the Vancouver, WA, area. I heard about that "neglect" later, of course. But E459. Surely, one of the richest experiences of my lifetime. Keep up the good work, Charlie. You ARE a friend. Capt. Dean Nichols (I still hold my Master's License over the entire U.S. One of the few trophies I carry.)

Excitement of the Day
By Keith Forsgren

I took my mom (Audra) to September Lake so she could pick berries and have an outing. She had celebrated her 87th birthday on Wednesday, September 5th.

On the way out, I heard an ELT in the radio. I looked around the panel and noticed a little red light blinking in my ELT control panel. I pushed the RESET button and it just kept blinking away.

We weren't that far from the lake so I continued on. There was a dark rain cloud to the South and another to the North. There was a slight breeze from the North so I landed to the North. The dam was leaking but not too bad.

Anyway, I taxied to the dock and drove straight in so my mom could get out more easily. I got her out of the plane and onto the dock. I told her to go ahead and pick some berries as I would be a few minutes tending to the ELT.

I had to remove her seat to get the KeroHeat heater out of the back so I could unload my rear baggage. My emergency gear, sleeping bag, and tools were back there.

Then the dark rain cloud from the South moved over us and began to dump huge raindrops on us. I got on my hands and knees and was starting to dig some of the stuff out of the baggage area when my cell phone rang. I looked and it was Cathy. I figured the RCC had called her and she was checking on me. I tried to get out of the plane and answer it. By the time I got out of the plane she was gone. I tried to call her back. No luck. I tried again with the same result. So, I dug into my emergency gear and got my Sat phone out and tried to call her on it. I couldn't get a signal on it. I shut it off and went to the end of the dock and tried again. It came alive and started to ring. It told me the home phone was busy and to try again later. I tried her cell and it rang and rang with no answer. I called the home phone again and she finally answered. I told her that everything was OK and that I thought the control wire on the ELT had gotten wet and set the bugger off. She had already talked to the RCC twice and had called Kyle to go look go look for us. I asked her to call them back and tell them everything was OK.

I then crawled back in the plane and finished unloading the rear baggage area, got a screwdriver from the toolbag, undid the fasteners securing the floor of the rear baggage so I could lift it out and get to the ELT that was installed under it. I disconnected the antenna and turned the ELT OFF. My cell phone
was ringing again. Unfamiliar number. It was the RCC and I somehow managed to talk to a very nice lady there and explained that the ELT had set itself off with what I thought was some moisture in the belly of the airplane. The cell phone worked just fine while talking with her. She asked a couple questions and we were done with all the excitement.

What a pain in the ass. But that new 406 ELT sure cranked up the world in a hurry. I just installed it last week while doing the annual.

I went to check on mom and she was sitting on the deck. She had crawled over the bear wire (hooked up the electric fence charger) without getting bit and was relaxing out of the rain. I shut the charger off and unhooked the wires across the steps and door and let her in the cabin.

It rained like hell for a while. I pulled the lid off the rain barrel and it was topped off in a few minutes. Then the rain stopped.

Mom only picked 2 blueberries and 2 cranberries, which she ate. Then I offered her a ride on the trackster which she promptly refused. We had a snack and then headed home.

{Keith is the son of former Air Traffic Manager Dick Forsgren.}

September 21, 2012 - It's been a long time since I wrote to you. But I get to read all the stories and the Memorial page to see how many of the old gang are still around. Also writing to let you know that my wife of 67 years is down with bone cancer, the Dr. stated it could not be cured and is fast moving. They gave her 2 to 7 months to live, but in ten days it has spread all over. I wish to thank you and the staff for all you do to keep us all posted with the good and bad news. Thanks again, and lots of luck. Hugh C. Younkins

Cisco & Back

Carl Bailey

I entered the Government at Sandia Base NM with the ABC in 1948 and met and married Bennie Zener in 1950.

During my term at Sandia I met Texas friends John Adams and Jim Ragsdale who have been in and out of my career even to this present date.

Shortly after Bennie and my wedding at the Methodist Church and reception at the old Historic Franciscan Hotel in Albuquerque, we honeymooned at the Old Bishops Inn out of Santa Fe NM. We departed for Killeen TX, not far from my home in Cisco TX. It was an adjustment for Bennie but the close camaraderie of the ABC and military made it a joy and memorable.

The job was a storage facility for atomic weapons, stored in Igloo's. Steel and concrete built inside a fence, high and electrical and required codes to enter with huge blast doors of steel. You may have seen the type of weapon stored at the Atomic Museum at Kirtland AFB, Albuquerque, NM.

Bennie and I had housing furnished by the Government for officers, Top non-corns and ABC personnel with officers' club privileges. It was great in our KB-49 house and lots of parties - many friends were made and kept. I worked for Zeb Armstrong also Jim Ragsdale and John Adams who crossed our paths in AEC and later in the FAA. Bennie was permitted to stay at KB Heights until I finished school at Lackland AFB. I was called into service and to the assist of commanding officers at Killeen was guaranteed a slot at Sandia Base, NM. I spent 4 years there, 1950 -1955, performing inventory and atomic weapons inspections. Later at Bossier Base upon a call from old ABC friends Jim Ragsdale and John Adams. We had struggles with the crew which later was settled, some fired - you could do this as all positions were accepted positions, hire and fire off the street. During the time at Bossier, my daughter, Caryl was born. To not get ahead, I was assigned to Medina Base TX outside of San Antonio after USAF discharge and once again thanks to M.A. Rex. Jack Hart, Ragsdale & Adams. My son Curtis was born there in 1957.
Now back to Bossier. While at Bossier I loaded a Military C-124 with atomic weapons that crashed on take off. Being on the scene I volunteered to clean up the radiation and ship in containers to Oak Ridge, TN for recovery. While there I caught an announcement for a security officer at the FAA Aeronautical Center in Oklahoma City. I interviewed and was selected - so begins a career in FAA, working for Director, Lew Bayne, here, my son Mark was born. I met and worked with George Dane and later in Western Region and as Security Chief, in the area office FAA, Denver. In 1967 I interviewed for Chief, Compliance ands Security, Alaska and was accepted, with the three kids our journey to Anchorage took place. Prices were astronomical so Bennie and I did sweat equity on a house in Bancroft Heights on Pavalof St. where we made lasting friends, Hyatt and Moores, FAA, Strains SBA and oil people as exploration of the pipeline had started.

The FAA was close-knit at that time and Ladies Club and friends we made were long lasting; fish fry's, cocktail parties, credit unions and serving on Boards for the FAA and Alaska Governor, Bill Egan.

Shortly after arriving in Alaska I got to fill an investigators slot. I was most fortunate to hire E.L. "Turk" Mayfield, Retired Capt. And Commander of the Territorial Police, later the State Troopers. I worked for several FAA Directors, Jack Webb, George Gary, Lyle Brown, Tom Criswell (I still hear from Criswell). Bennie worked in Flight Standards for John Haynes. Later I bought a 1947 TaylorCraft from him and flew out of International Airport. Sadly, I sold it to a "Native Kid" from King Salmon and it was a great loss when he crashed and 44473 was destroyed. By this time Bennie and my marriage was being terminated and she moved back to Albuquerque. I helped her secure a job in the Albuquerque Area Office where she worked for Ben Zvolonek and Bill Dalton, where our paths crossed again in Anchorage.

After Bennie left Alaska - I met a young 20 year old, Vicki Langholz, who worked in the Regional Office. 20 years my junior but she worked with maturity and grace beyond her years. After spending years together on Fisher St. and later on in our house overlooking the inlet and Turnagin arm. We lived across the street from the inlet and Turnagin arm. We lived across the street from Bill & Janie Dalton, Vickie worked for Bill in ATC Division, Anchorage. Bill died after he and Janie moved to Sequim WA paths crossed again. He was the most caring and intelligent man I ever knew. Al & Lois Bruck, Ed & Ruth Jones, Po-Po Richardson and Bea, also there - I worked with in Alaska. During my time in Alaska I had the good sense to bring into the Division, Charlene Derry, Connie Monroe and Dotty Grantham, she later married Charles Muhs, now retired in Sun City Grand, Phoenix AZ. - Also there are John & Helen Groenveld and John Lowe. Dane & Marge Simpson chose Green Valley, AZ as did others.

A week of golf at theirs' and other FAA'ers homes with a fish fry and renewed friendships went on for years but got to difficult for the gals-they did most of the work! Dee and Mary Nelson, Lois & Al Bruck, John Lowe, Dave Jones, Ed & Ruth Jones, Jan & Dave Jones, Jack & Kathy Hummel, Herb Stanley and many others.

As I got more disenchanted with the management I chose to take a position in the RM Region as Chief, Appraisal Division. I worked for Director Merv Martin. Later he moved me into Security Division (Air Transportation Security). Later Merv was replaced by a black, Varnado by name. While in Alaska I took in Charles Cohen, Dusty Roades, and Lyle Erickson under a training agreement into the Security Division. The push was on to hire minorities and women and later I was replaced by Ray Salazar.

I was returned to Planning & Appraisal, a position I hated - no action, no authority! As my health deteriorated, Dr Kowalski and his nurse, Ann Peacock helped me with a medical retirement in 1983. I had bilateral knee surgery replacements. Vicki and I resumed our skiing learned in Alaska - which did
nothing for the knees! I served as one of the Directors for Arctic Valley plus many skiing trips in Alaska where we skied with Jack Hepler & his nurse, later to be his wife, Sydney. Dr. Hepler had worked for Regional Flight Surgeon, Dr. Matthews.

Not to get too far ahead, Vicki and I had developed a love of the Sea and on a trip to Seattle we purchased a 30 ft. Marine Vessel, a Fairliner. .. many trips to Bay Resurrection & Aliak Bay and even to Latouche, George Karabenikoff’s childhood. We fished long- lines and kept the locker full of Halibut, Ling Cod, Black Bass and Yelloweye. Before we left Alaska MANY memorable trips were made. In indebted to George "K" for his help and guidance and the boating experiences with Virg Lamb, Bruck, Bill Bradshaw and too many others to name.

The Marine Vessel was renamed the "Balivic and later sold to an FAA maintenance man in Cordova and the vessel met a fate as a "derelict" in Cordova.

Fred & Mickey Keller were part of our boating experience as were Mel & Claudia Hoversteen. C-6 on the dock in Seward holds many memories.

As I reached my 82nd birthday I cannot bring to mind all those paths I crossed - Jim Vrooman, Leo Obermiler, Flip & Jerry Kempton, Ruth & Jack Jefford, Inez & Buck Culver, Bob Williams (RT), E.l. Williams, Dean Brennan, Bill Turner; too many others to name. All major airports and stations throughout Alaska where old friends were made and lost.

Joe Tippets & Lee Warren from FAA WE Region. King Salmon, Karl Fundeen, Harvey Grey, Spud Dillon, Homer, Quint Taylor and too many others I can't name. AEC and the FAA were kind to me.

I came back to my home at Highland Springs Farm in 1985 to care for my Mother who died in 1986. I have stayed at myoid home since then - roots. I have involved myself in the community and also ran a poor race for County Judge. I have had many visitors here and still do thanks to the over 200 friends I have in my address files.

I am grateful and pleased with my life - not counting mistakes made, regrettably. Proverbs is right on in the Bible! Thank God, Love and Bless.

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My Mighty War Horses!
Carl Bailey

As a young lad raised in the 30's and 40's, I spent many happy hours harassing these harmless lizards to pull home-built wagons or thread spools to do cultivation on whatever popped into the imagination of a boy.

I was raised on a sandy land, peanut, sweet potato, hog farm southwest some 7 miles west of Cisco TX. Thank God no electronics, but to make one's own enjoyment! I came back to the old "Home Place" in 1985 to care for my Mother, later to die in 1986. Since that time I have remained and often found a renewed interest in the Hornay Toad. One year I built an enclosure over a harvester ant bed and much to my surprise and enjoyment raised 19 little ones! Of course I had to take from the ant bed - to go the way of nature!

Since that special happening I have seen sadly, the decline in the delightful reptile - I suspect fire ants, the use of chemicals plus the terrible drought and; fires in 2011. I do not kill my harvester ant beds with the shadowed hope the Mighty War Horses will return!

{Carl Passed Away September 6, 2012.}

GALENA - LIFE ALONG THE MIGHTY YUKON RIVER

A Life Long Love Affair Begins, Part III
Previously - When we arrived at the Anchorage Airport for our flight to Galena, I had just enough money to buy breakfast for our daughter and coffee and toast for Ione and me. But who cared. We were headed for our new home and job. I would turn 22 in November.)
We boarded the Northern Consolidated Airline DC-3 late morning on September 8, 1958. To my surprise, Rhinold Theile was the Captain. Upon arrival at Galena, the plane was met by the FSS Chief, ‘Fig’ Figley and his wife Joan. We gathered up our luggage while the Plant Crew took care of the few household affects that we had. These would be delivered to our house while we enjoy a lunch prepared by Joan

After lunch, we were shown to our new home. The building was an old military facility. It had been converted into family housing with four units. Ours was a very small two bedroom, one bath unit. Plenty of room for our family. The CAA provided all necessities to set up housekeeping. I mean everything - Furniture, Bedding, Kitchen utensils, pots and pans, plates - you got the idea. In addition to those items there was a community laundry room, walk-in cooler and walk-in freezer; each containing a locker assigned to each family. Galena was large enough to have an on-site CAA Commissar which supplemented the monthly commissary from Anchorage. The building which contained all of these facilities also was home to the Carpenter Shop and the Galerina Club1 - a place where you could gather for meetings, social functions i.e., pot lucks, dances, holidays - you name it.

Galena was one of the larger CAA field facilities. Russ Hart was the full-time Station Manager. (In the smaller field locations the Station Manager was combined with either the FSS Chief, Electronics Chief or the Foreman Mechanic.) Wes Welch was the Foreman Mechanic, Ray Wardell was the SET and Marion J. ‘Fig’ Figley was the FSS Chief.

The Station compliment was around 15 employees. The FSS had a compliment of a Chief and Four Airway Operations Specialist (AOS) Dick Forsgren, Homer Sutter, Ordeen Jallen and I would be the fourth. Sometime in the future we would get a fifth specialist - Jim Lane.

The Air Force operated the Galena Weather Station. Dave Ronaldson (a name familiar to many) was in the Air Force Weather Service. Later on he joined the FAA and worked in Flight Service and eventually Anchorage Tower. From time to time we hear from Dave.

The standard work week was 48 hours - which included 8 hours of overtime. The facility had been working a 56 hour work week and would continue until I became Certified.

Galena was a joint civilian (CAA owned) - military airport. The Air Force used Galena as a advanced fighter (F-89) detachment. Later the F-101 would replace the F-89. The Air Force operated the Control Tower, GCA and Weather Service Office.

Life in the village Galena, Alaska (1958-1961) was truly a time when the "Old Ways" were alive and well. If you wanted electricity, you had your own generator. If you wanted a phone, lots of luck - short wave radios were the only means of communications with the outside world. There was no TV or Radio. If you had radio, it was a short wave radio - Hallicrafter2 was a popular brand - that was capable of picking up stations from around the globe - and the antenna was 50 foot long. Schools were one room buildings, usually grades 1-8. In Galena, there were no restaurants, bars, movie theaters or doctors.

We were a more fortunate. The CAA and Air Force provide all the essential utilities. There were phones, for official business. There were Field Phones (EE8) in each CAA home and office/shop. These old phones were military surplus. Each person and/or shop and office were assigned a ring, modeled

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1 About a year after our arrival the building housing all of these wonderful facilities burnt down. It was a total loss. It was never re-built. We lost the Station Commissary and walk-in lockers. A smaller building was used to provide space for the wash house and Galerina Club. It would never be the same.

2 The Hallicrafters Company manufactured, marketed, and sold radio equipment beginning in 1932.
after the International Morse Code. The only one I remember was eight short rings - that was the general call. Everyone would answer the phone. Often it was used to announce a party at the Galerina Club! That was a very popular ring - it usually meant a get-together at the Galerina Club - party time. The Galerina Club was noted for great get-togethers; dances, pot-luck dinners, Children events and parties - you name it.

While attending the 2012 Retiree/Employee Reunion I was pleasantly surprised to see “Ozzie” Osborne. I first met Ozzie in 1959 when he and Harry Buxton came to Galena to install the new Air/Ground console.

Ozzie was quite the dancer. He loved to get on the floor and show off his ‘stuff.’ He was quite good I have to admit. His favorite dance partner - my wife - Ione. She could show you a step or two. Yeah, at times I would get miffed, but it was all in good fun. Ozzie and I can still joke about those good old days.

When we installed the new air/ground equipment in the Cold Bay IFSS/FSS it was Ozzie and Harry who did their magic connecting all those wires to the equipment.

The Station Manager had access to a variety of first aid equipment and drugs. If someone became ill, the Manager would call the CAA Regional Flight Surgeon (Dr. Mathews or Dr. Hepler). They would prescribe treatment using the available drugs and medicines on hand in the Manager's Safe.

Once a year, the CAA would fly to the Field Stations in the C-123 and conduct a medical clinic for everyone - employees, spouses, children. This included Chest Xrays, immunization, and treatment of common problems. Many years later, the FAA expanded this care to Dental Visits. The Doctor was on contract to the FAA.

Just about everything you bought or consumed was bought from the CAA Commissary, Sears or Montgomery Ward catalogs. Every thing had to be mailed or shipped by air.

Entertainment was what you created. There were a lot of pot-luck dinners, dances and activities for the kids. For the big kids, there was fishing, hunting, trapping and for some, flying their own plane. Drinking was very popular.

By my first summer, I convinced the wife (Ione) that we really need a dog and a boat. The dog (Snowshoes) was an easy sell. She was Labrador/German Shepad mix. She was one month old when we brought her home. We had her the entire time we lived in the Bush - 13 years plus.

The boat was another story. The dog was free. The boat was not. After lots and back and forth we bought a boat. It was a typical Native built 24 foot concoction of plywood, 2x4s, paint and tar and a 25hp Evinrude outboard motor. It was my Queen Mary.

After familiarizing myself with the boat and motor I decided I was ready for a trip to Koyukuk - about 30 miles down river from Galena. Foolish? Perhaps. Scared? You bet! This was especially so when the heavy rain began and the wind picked up. I made it both ways without incident. This boldness opened the door for future trips as far as Kaltag, Husila and Ruby.

At 21 I thought I knew it all. Duh! Wrong! My first Moose Hunt almost ended in a disaster.

I became friendly with a young Native from Koyukuk - Steven Toby. He agreed to show me “the ropes” and help me kill my first Moose. We loaded up the boat and headed north along the Koyukuk River. His uncle joined us as river guide. We did get a Moose. I learned how to eat it’s liver and heart - roasted over an open fire. Man! Was my testosterone level high!

Oh, the almost disaster. A bear. A BIG black bear.

While navigating north we came across a black bear on a river sand bar. This was a great opportunity to become one step closer to “Sourdough.”

I shot the bear. It was not a kill shot and one
angry *Ursus Americanus* quickly made its way into the brush. We parked the boat close to the area where the bear was shot. There was a blood trail leading into the dense stand of willow and grass. We could hear one angry bear moaning and thrashing around. Steven said we have to get the bear. We could not leave a wounded bear. I started to head into the woods (not to bright - right?) Steven said No, not there. We moved away from the bear towards the end of the sand bar and entered the thick brush down wind from where we thought the wounded animal was. We no sooner entered the wooded area when Stephan turned to his left, raised his gun and fired - killing the bear with one fatal shot. I never saw the bear even though I was a few feet behind Steven. Had he missed - who knows what the outcome would have been.

Steven was a good friend. We were about the same age and we never missed an opportunity to visit.

He came to Galena to say good bye when we left for Cold Bay.

Dick Forsgren was a well seasoned pilot; having served in two wars as a fighter pilot. It took awhile for us to warm up to each other. I learned a lot from Dick. To begin with - **BE ON TIME**.

Dick had an airplane. He was very knowledgeable about hunting and fishing and outdoor life in general. It took me a long while to finally get an invitation to join him fishing.

I bragged about all my experience fishing. Uh-uh. I was to meet him early in the morning - like 8:00 am. I was a little late getting to his airplane parking spot and when I arrived ----- the plane was gone! I learned never to be late again.

Oh and there was another important lesson - **DON'T OIL YOU RIFLE FOR WINTER HUNTING!**

Things were warming up between us. Dick invited me to go on a Caribou hunt in Bettles. I needed to buy a gun. It just so happened **Homer Sutter** had one for sale, a Remington 300 H&H Model 721. I still have that gun.

We flew to Bettles on our next days off. The plan, spend a night and hunt the next day. Early the next morning, it was clear and below freezing. A beautiful Alaskan winter day. Shortly after takeoff in Dick's PA-16, we spotted a large herd of Caribou on a lake. We landed on the lake and watched the Caribou run to the opposite end of the lake. Dick said they would come back to us and sure enough he they came. Curious animal.

Now my stupidity begins. First, I was not familiar with the rifle so I was clueless on how to load it. Next, I really cleaned and oiled that rifle, just like I learned in the Air Force. Of course they did not tell you not to do that is sub-zero temperatures. The gun was frozen tight. The Caribou were within range and I sill was fumbling with shells and trying to open the breach. Dick managed to get off one shot killing one Caribou. I continued to make a fool of myself.

As time passed and I learned, things got much better with my expeditions into the wild. This is not say, there weren't more foolish antics on my part, for there were.

Until his death, we stayed in touch with Dick and **Audra** all these years. I still exchange Emails with Keith, the oldest son. He is now retired from UPS where he flew as a B-747 Captain.

To this day, we stay in touch with **Loraine**. Jolly died several years ago. We still keep in touch with all of them.

The village of Koyukuk is located at the mouth of the Koyukuk River where it joins the mighty Yukon River. It was a major trading village for the lower Yukon. It was owned and operated by Dominic and Ella Vernetti. Dominic came to Alaska as a young Italian immigrant to work the gold fields. I don't know how old he was at the time I first met him. Well into his late 70's anyway. Gold ran through his veins. Just the mentioning of gold brought a light into his dark eyes that still burned brightly.

Dominic was married to Ella, an Athabascan Princess. Her father was a Tribal King, so I was told.
They had one daughter, Mary. Ella was working with the University of Alaska Fairbanks in converting the Bible into the Athabascan language.

Dick and I would fly to Koyukuk often. If time permitted, we spent many afternoon sitting around the kitchen table, drinking coffee and listening to Native Folklore and stories about the old days. Dominic loved to tell of his days working in the gold fields as a young man. Ella would talk about her childhood years and of the elders hunting and fishing stories. This was what Alaska was all about in 1958.

I really loved living in a time so eloquently described in Jack London’s tales of the Yukon. A quintessential period that was the glory and spirit of Alaska.

Since the last issue of OUR TIME we have learned the following friends and co-workers have passed away.

**Carl Bailey, 82.** Former Alaskan Region Security Division Chief, died September 6th. Call left Alaska in the late 70’s. He served in the same capacity in the Rocky Mountain Region until his retirement.

**Ronald Glonek, 60,** former Air Traffic Manager passed away on April 30, 2012. Ron began his FAA Career at the Yakutat FSS. From there he went on to manage the Sitka, Northway and Dillingham FSSs. He retired in 2011 from the Kenai AFSS.

**Bill Groeneveld,** brother of John Groeneveld died August 17th at home in Kenai. Bill did not work for the FAA but was well known. He participated in many of the FAA golf outings and social events.

**Dave Hoogerhyde,** Former King Salmon Plant Maintenance Technician passed away in July.

**Mary Humpheries,** wife of former Chief of the Lake Hood Tower in the 40s & 50s. died July 29, 2012. Mary had worked for the FAA as a secretary in the old 5th Avenue Federal Building.

**Leonard Jones,** former NWS employee and brother of **Ed Jones** passed away in July. Leonard was a regular at the annual Green Valley Golf and Fish Fry’s.

**Leroy McDonald,** 93, former Flight Standards FIDO Pilot, died September 8, 2012.

**Christine Morgan,** former Anchorage IFSS/FSS Facility Secretary has passed away on August 5th at Providence hospital. Chris was still working at the Management & Program section in the Anchorage Center at the time of her death. Husband Steve preceded her.

**David Taylor,** husband of former Personnel Specialist Dottie Taylor passed away August 20, 2012. They recently moved to Florida.


**Ken Woods,** 95, former AT Division Specialist died August 1, 2012. He retired from the FAA in 1970. Ken and Margaret were part of the husband/wife Air Traffic teams in the ‘40s.

**Ruth Younkins,** wife of **Hugh Younkins** passed away September 22nd.

Dear Charlie, We’ve been out of contact for some time due to a recent move that I made from one of the suburbs to downtown Seattle so that I would be closer to my daughter. .. who now works for the American Lung Association. She handles eight states .. including Hawaii and Alaska ... so does a lot of traveling. In fact I went with her to Anchorage awhile back ... and could not believe how it has changed ... people now living up in the hills, as you can tell with all the
lights there at night! I finally found that article about Arlene Clay who we knew when Norman and I were stationed at the Aniak airport. But how times have changed ... as you will see from this article .. .if you have not already seen it. I am sorry to be so late in getting this to you ... but moving and unpacking does that some times!

Romayne Potosky

The Aniak Courthouse Dedication was held June 27, 2012. Magistrate Arlene Clay, Ret. Who served as the sole judicial officer for Aniak and twelve surrounding villages - traveling by boat in the summer and dogsled in the winter - from 1960-1977 was in attendance. Arlene celebrated her 100th Birthday August 2012.....Editor

GOLF IN SEQUIM, WA

By Al Bruck

Ever since our Annual Get-together in Green Valley, AZ ran its course, a few of us old timers decided that these golf gathering were a good way to stay connected, enjoy a few days of golf and war stories. We have met in Eugene and Medford, Oregon and in the Tri-cities area of Washington. This year, the group decided that Sequim, WA might be a good place to meet, play some different courses and maybe attract a few more of our friends.

And so it was that on September 10, 2012 we gathered for a welcome dinner at Al Bruck’s house, joined by Dave and Jan Jones, Bob and Pat Harik, Dick and Tova Lockhart, Harvey and Alison Meyer, Bob and Jean Waiblinger, Ed Jones, Popo Richardson and friend Carol, Jane Dalton and daughter Debbie and my co-host/daughter Maria Hammond. A German based meal of Sauerbraten, Red Cabbage and new potatoes, followed by sherbet was served and consumed with great gusto.

Tuesday morning the group gathered at Bruck’s for breakfast. The golf group departed for a 40 min drive to Discovery Bay Golf Club—two foursome and tour guide Al Bruck. The ladies, after another cup of coffee went to Port Townsend for some serious shopping and lunch—and according to the feedback, this was a very successful endeavor. Dinner that night was hosted by our long time friend Ed Jones—Barbeque ribs and chicken were outstanding.

Wednesday morning Swedish Pancakes with sour crème and strawberries were served to the group. Golfers were hosted at the Cedars of Dungeness Golf Course by Popo Richardson. As usual the weather was great, and the play was very slow, but everyone had a great time. The ladies were invited to boat trip to Protection Island, a wildlife refuge. The water was flat calm and the creatures were evident in large groups, so the trip was most successful. Lunch, with a little gambling at the Casino followed.

Dinner that night was hosted by Janie Dalton and her daughter Sandy, another off spring brought up in our FAA world. Ham and all kinds of strange and wonderful side dishes were the order of the day, followed by a strange and wonderful cake. The crowd noisy and really enjoyable.

Thursday morning everyone was on their own for breakfast since we had an early t-time at Sunland Golf and Country Club. Since we had the first t-times, golfers moved smartly and we finished in three hours. Some of the ladies decided they had to go back to Port Townsend for some more shopping an lunch. Lockhart’s, Waiblinger’s and the Meyer’s went home in the afternoon. Jones’s, Harik’s and Bruck’s spend the rest of the day getting ready for the next days expedition.

Friday started early to meet the ferry schedule for Victoria, BC. We got to Victoria about 10:30 and started our tourist operation at the Bay Center(formerly the Hudson Bay Co) so the ladies could get some shopping time in. We picked up some food and proceeded to a picnic lunch over looking the harbor. Lots of commercial float plane traffic, all kinds of boats and outstanding weather made this lunch most enjoyable. Then it was off to the Royal Museum and check in at the Hotel. The group got together in a short period of time properly dressed (Coat and tie for the men) for High Tea at the White Orchid Tea Room. The environment was not the greatest, but the High Tea with all its goodies was superb.
the ladies took boxes home so no one went to dinner that evening. The next morning it was off to Buchart Gardens, a must when in Victoria. Again the weather was great and the Garden was truly outstanding. After lunch at the Garden, it was time to check in at the ferry terminal and head back to Sequim. The Jones’s went home after we got home and Harik’s and Maria left for the airport Sunday morning early.

After some discussion, we decided that next year’s get together would be in Bend, OR in the second week of September. Dave Jones will do the research and we will let people know sometimes in the summer. Anyone interested in joining us-Alaskan Region retiree’s, can contact me by e-mail: akbear@wavecable.com.

NARFE NEWS
FEHBP premiums up an average of 3.4 percent

The Office of Personnel Management has announced the average premium for those covered by the Federal Employees Health Benefits Program will increase by 3.4 percent in 2013. NARFE President Joseph A. Beaudoin commended OPM for keeping the rate increase "reasonable and in line with the private sector." But Beaudoin pointed out that "any increase means a decrease in take-home pay for federal employees," who will be facing an extension of the current two-year pay freeze at the same time the premium increases will go into effect. "In this economy, we should be working to put more money into the hands of all Americans, not less," Beaudoin said. "Contrary to what many across the country might think, our nation's retired and active federal workers, who pay 30 percent of their health care premiums, are already contributing their fair share. A premium increase, combined with a pay freeze, will be another hardship for struggling families." NARFE magazine will have coverage of the FEHBP rate changes in its November issue.

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HAPPY THANKSGIVING!