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1952



Mac's Foto

DEDICATED

TO THOSE OF THE 10TH AIR RESCUE GROUP WHO IN 1952
GAVE THEIR LIVES THAT OTHERS MAY LIVE

Captain William N. Coombs
Captain John E. Ponikvar

Airman Second Class John F. Seale
Airman Third Class Howard E. Martin

FACTS ABOUT ALASKA

ALASKA IS TWICE AS LARGE AS TEXAS, covering 586,400 square miles. IT COST THE UNITED STATES ABOUT 2 CENTS PER ACRE (7,200,000),

ALASKA HAS THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN in the North American continent, Mt. McKinley, rising 20,300 feet above the sea.

ANCHORAGE, Alaska's largest city, has MORE AIRPLANES PER CAPITA than any other city under the American Flag.

THE SMALLEST DISTANCE SEPARATING NORTH AMERICA FROM ASIA occurs between Little and Big Diomed Islands; on Little Diomed the picture of Abraham Lincoln adorns the schoolhouse, while on Big Diomed, 3 miles away, the school house displays the portrait of Karl Marx.

The temperature extremes at Fort Yukon have been recorded as HIGH AS 100 degrees F. and as LOW AS -78 degrees F. The high temperature EXCEEDS THAT OF THE MAXIMUM OF PALM BEACH, FLORIDA. On the average, it is COLDER IN MILWAUKEE AND DULUTH than in ANCHORAGE.

THE ALASKA MOOSE is the largest of its kind on earth, the bulls attaining a weight of more than 1,400 pounds. THE ALASKA BROWN BEAR is the largest carnivorous animal to be found in the world today. ALASKA has no SNAKES.

FLYING CONDITIONS in Alaska are better in WINTER than in any other season.

More than one-third of the residents of Alaska are ABORIGINES: Indians, Eskimos and Aleuts.

The winter temperature on the ICE PACK is WARMER than the NORTHERN HALF OF ALASKA.

Year around swimming is enjoyed in 3 HOT SPRINGS located a few miles from the ARCTIC CIRCLE

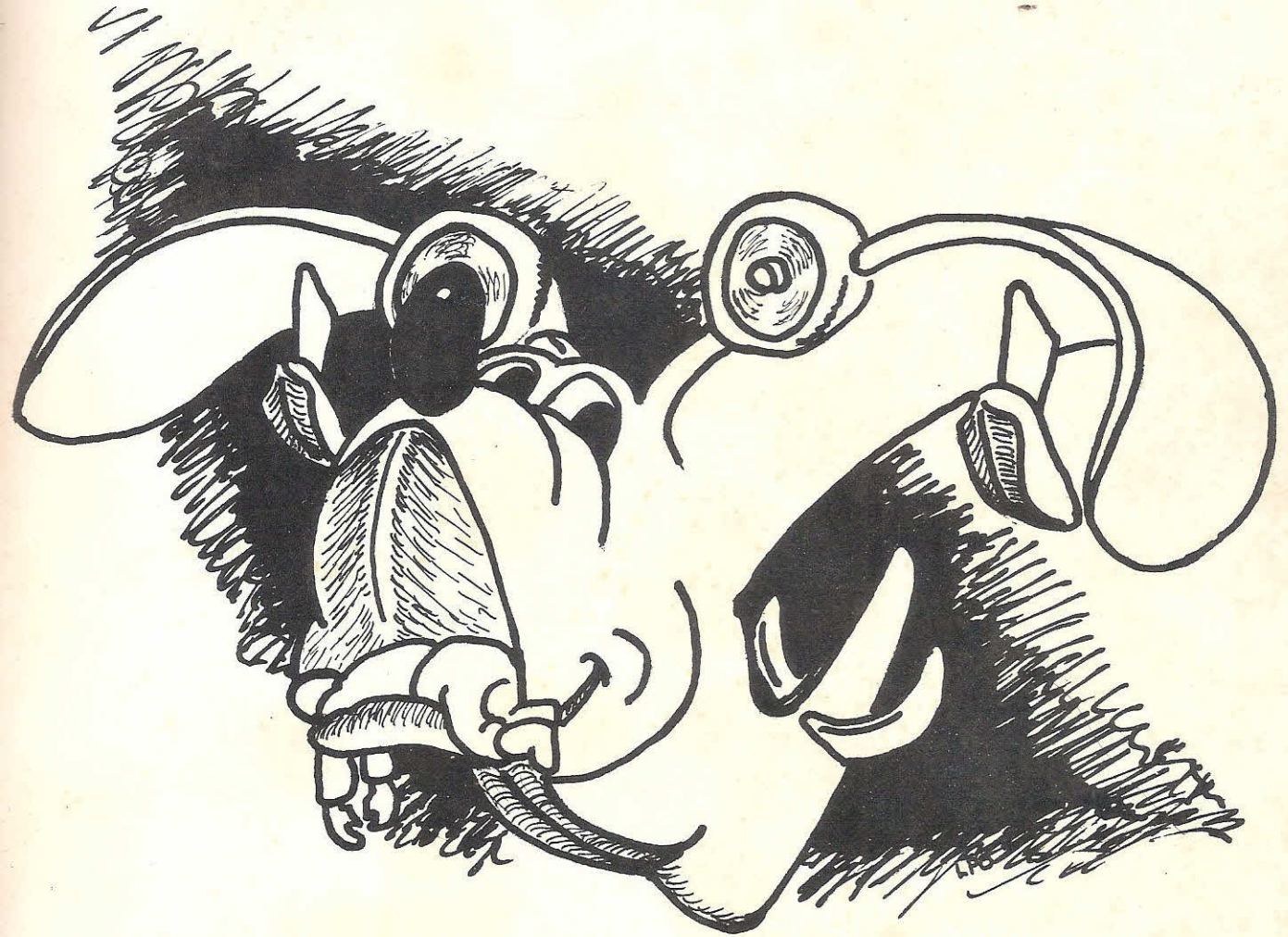
Baseball is a favorite pastime of natives along the Yukon River.





THE
TENTH AIR RESCUE GROUP

Presents



The **R**ETRIEVER
for 1952

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Published December, 1952



Chace

CONTENTS



HQ 10 th AIR RESCUE GP.



71 AIR RESCUE SQ.



72 AIR RESCUE SQ.



73 AIR RESCUE SQ.



74 AIR RESCUE SQ.

SOME GROUP POOP

THAT OTHERS MAY LIVE

THE 10TH AIR RESCUE GROUP is one of eleven similar groups of the Air Rescue Service which, with their squadrons and detachments, are strategically deployed world-wide to fulfill their missions.

The primary mission of ARS is to save the lives of Air Force crews who may be involved in aircraft disasters, accidents, crash landings, ditchings, or abandonments. While this service was specifically established for the USAF, Air Rescue Service provides service for other agencies and activities such as the U. S. Army, Navy, Coast Guard, and Civil Aviation, also Civil and Military Aviation of other countries when air rescue assistance is requested. It is morally obligated to perform humanitarian work at the scene of any disaster where the tools that it possesses may be of assistance.

All organizations of Air Rescue Service maintain a 24-hour day, 7-day week alert. Upon notification of an emergency, Rescue Control Centers go into immediate action directed at returning survivors to sanctuary at the earliest moment.

ARS missions entail three functions: SEARCH—AID—RESCUE. The SEARCH is conducted in special type aircraft for an air search, and by a group of specially trained men and equipment for ground search. AID is usually given in the form of survival or medical assistance, by the specially trained and equipped technicians. They may arrive at the scene by foot, motor vehicle, aircraft or parachute. RESCUE is performed by several means: by land rescue teams, by para-rescue teams, by helicopter, by amphibious aircraft, and by conventional aircraft when possible.

EVERYWHERE IN ALASKA

Alaskans are accustomed to seeing 10th Air Rescue aircraft, Para-medics, or Land Rescue men anywhere in the Territory. Sourdoughs, bush pilots and homesteaders are seldom surprised to see our boys at any location, either in the air or on the ground. An emergency message arriving in Duty Control at any time of the day or night may immediately send Air Rescue men on a mission to any part of the territory.

The 74th ARSq. at Ladd AFB normally responds to emergencies in the upper section of Alaska. The 71st and 72nd, as well as the Group Headquarters, are located at

Elmendorf AFB and are responsible for emergency missions throughout the remainder of the Alaskan mainland and adjacent areas. The 73rd at Adak NS in the Aleutian Islands is responsible for the Aleutian chain and surrounding areas. Smaller Detachments are operated from Lake Hood near Anchorage, Cold Bay at the tip of the Peninsula, and at Shemya near the end of the Aleutian Chain. Detachments are also located at Galena and at Naknek.

Thus, 10th Rescue units are deployed to provide maximum Search and Rescue protection to Military and Civilian aviation throughout the Territory.

GUARDIAN OF THE NORTH

The 10TH AIR RESCUE GROUP, although now fully mature can boast only two birthdays under its present organization and name. Prior to July 1950, at which time it became a member of Air Rescue Service, it was known as the 10th Air Rescue Squadron. It was then under the Alaskan Air Command although its responsibilities were the same as they are now. It first consisted of two Flights then later, three Flights, as compared with its present four Squadrons and five detachments.

Prior to 1946 it existed locally for several years under the name of the Air-Sea Rescue and various other titles. Its birth (with a total personnel of three) and growth through the years was a natural response to the demand created by the increasing amount of flying in Alaska's extremes of rain and weather. Throughout the years of rendering service in Alaska, it has become an integral part of military and civil aviation in the Territory. It has become widely known as "The Guardian of the North" as well as "The Sourdough Retriever". Within the first week of its formal activation, it searched for and found an Army C-45 aircraft which had been lost in the vicinity of Yakutat. Since that time, its 24-hour alert status has responded to many thousands of such searches and missions of mercy.

Major Charles E. Mosse, its first Commander, was succeeded by Lt. Col. Edward E. Cunningham in 1946. Colonel Bernt Balchen took command in November, 1948 and was followed by Major Robert A. Ackerly in July 1950. Colonel Patrick R. Arnold took command in October 1950 and he was succeeded by Colonel Marcus O. Owens Jr., who assumed command in August 1952 and is its present commander.

Tenth Rescue Squad
Elmendorf made a
through 60 below
light to rescue a
on at Point Barrow
patient, Jack Gro

[illegible]

10TH ARS FROM EPIDEMIOLOGY

Tenth Air Rescue Squadron recently when they ferried Enmendof and then carried a Health doctor back to the village of Nondul. The village of Nondul is a small village of about 100 people. It is a village of about 100 people. It is a village of about 100 people.

One Rescue Is Seldom Like Another

Hardly a day goes by without the 10th Air Rescue Squadron being called on a mission of mercy. Sometimes it is for one of the Alaskan natives. Sometimes it is for one of the Alaskan natives. Sometimes it is for one of the Alaskan natives.

We Salute 10th Air Rescue Squadron

Alerted by a call from the TNAI station, Lake Kaniak, the 10th Air Rescue Squadron flew to the scene of the crash. The 10th Air Rescue Squadron flew to the scene of the crash. The 10th Air Rescue Squadron flew to the scene of the crash.

AN CREW SA

The five crew members of the 10th Air Rescue Squadron. The five crew members of the 10th Air Rescue Squadron. The five crew members of the 10th Air Rescue Squadron.



Chace



Colonel Marcus O. Owens Jr.

Commanding—August 1952 - - -

A native of Lubbock, Texas, he graduated from Cadets at Kelly AFB. in Sept. 1941. He was Squadron Commander in the 61st Troop Carrier Group supporting operations in North Africa, the invasion of Italy and Normandie and the Battle of the Bulge. He was deputy Group Commanding Officer as Major in 1943. later was a Lt. Col. with MATS, Washington, then with AF Personnel and later Chief of Transport Division, Requirements, for Air Force.

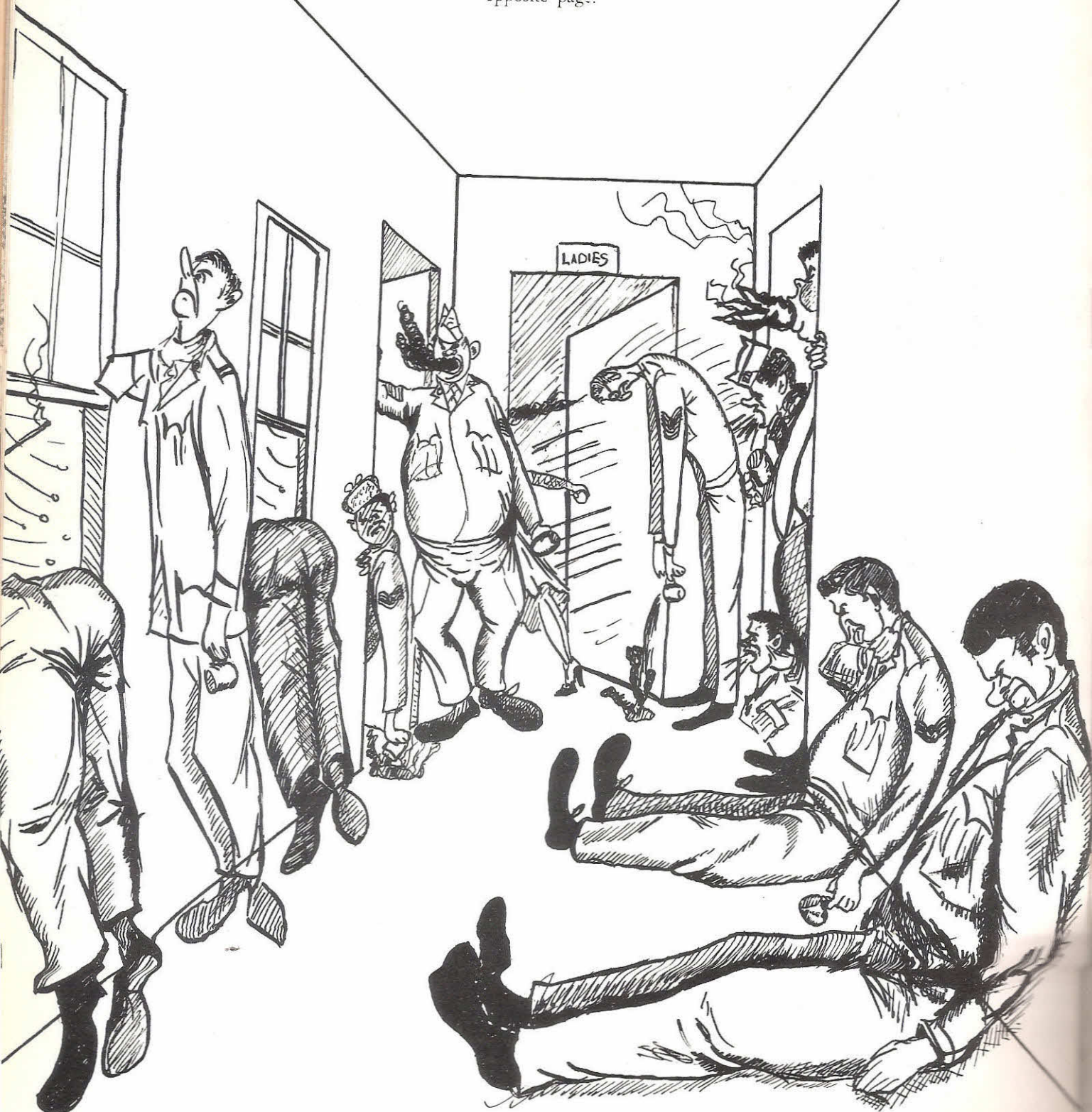


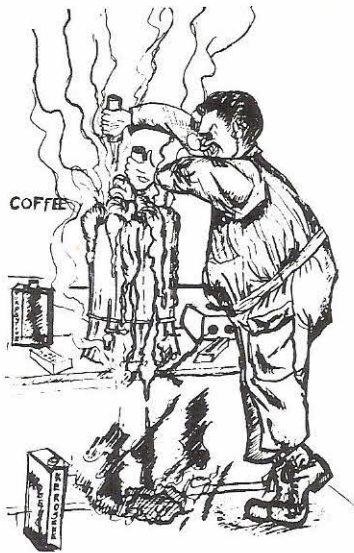
Colonel Patrick R. Arnold
Commanding—November 1950 to August 1952



GROUP HEADQUARTERS

COFFEE is an important institution in Alaska, for obvious reasons. Depicted below is a typical scene at Headquarters on the days that Monty makes the "Coffee". See Cartoon opposite page.





Montgomery won't reveal the secret of his coffee making, swears the formula is TOP SECRET. A true culinary artist, he expresses himself with wild abandon when making the so called "coffee".

It may be a coincidence, but Sergeant Orosco in supply recently noticed a shortage of GI soap and floor wax.



Lt. Col. Brecht—Executive Officer

Coordinator and guardian of the Inner Sanctum
Intruders found he outranked 'em or outflanked 'em.



Lt. Spencer—Adjutant

Signs the letters, hands out pay
made us work Thanksgiving Day.

HEADQUARTERS

We admit the following paragraph is rather dull, but in case you are interested in what our Headquarters is, it is an administrative unit (of Big Wheels—ask anybody in Headquarters) which directs and supervises its four Squadrons. The cartoon on the opposite page is somewhat misleading, as we often do lots of things other than drink coffee.

It is not a completely self-sufficient operating unit, as are the squadrons, but instead it establishes policy, monitors reports and activities of the squadrons, performs inspections, makes personnel assignments and processes uncountable reams of paper work. It is the command channel for higher and lateral military coordination.



Personnel Section in action. Erichsen, Zindler, White, Montgomery, Ferguson and Lulic.

MEN?



Sgts. Ellingsworth and Fox and Lt. Spencer talking over duty assignments.



Capt. Pappy Sklar, Lt. Egghead Dean and M/Sgt. Slim Markham, of the Medical Section swear those stories about giving shots are definitely untrue. That's Crud Smith on the receiving end.

AT



Sgt. Majors Cat Vann and Kipp (poor man's Fred McMurray) at the front desk.



Capt. Gorgeous George Lang—Personnel Officer, wonders if he could get away with shooting another Moose this season.

WORK?



Philco Feather Merchant Cagle, electronics Tech Rep, hard(ly) at work.



Left: Note the happy smile on Luigi Feltrin, the Colonel's Secretary. She's the only girl in the entire Group.



Right: M[Sgt. Slim Markham, the Medic, has just found out that everyone needs Rotationitis shots.

THE ANCIENT TYPEWRITER

The old typewriter is the thing;
 I love to sit and thump
 And write my stuff down while I think
 How once I was a chump
 And wrote by hand--what was that crack?
 The D bar's gone to smash!
 Well, I can write without the thing;
 I'll substitute a -

But I was telling how tonight
 It fills my soul with bliss
 What's that? The letter S won't write;
 I'll use a mark like this '@'.
 There goe@ the A bar up the flue,
 I'll u@e the -ollar @ign;
 The letter E i@ bu@te-, too,
 \$n \$@teri@k i@ fin*.

Th* H b\$ r i@ th* n*xt to go,
 I'll u@* thi@ '%. %oly @mok*!
 Ju@t li@t*n to my t\$! of wo*!
 Th* T i@ &; i&'@ brok*.
 Of \$ll &%* cur@*- &%ing@ -*@ing*.
 &o m\$ k* m&n %\$v* \$ fi&
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 \$m*n! %*r*%@ w%*r* I qui&.



To the tables down at Morries



Draftsman DeVinney squares off for some "Retriever" page designs.



Capt. Myers, Group Navigator is lost in the Map Room.



Cloak and Dagger Clutch Clough, Intelligence, and Manelli Manley, PIO, receive hot information from Eustace Elling.



Col. Pettay, Operations, receives dispatch from Speedy Simpson, messenger.



Aw - shucks!

Maj Camera Shy DeVee,
after locking himself
in his office with his
slide rule for 2 days
gleefully announced:
"If anything could go
straight up
At near the speed of
light
In sixteen hundred
million years
It'd reach an awful
height!"



Nobody loves me but my mother



STOMPIN' AT THE PIT

Setting: Snake Pit (Pete's Parlor).

Character: Rollo Fox, "M" 'Gomery, Cuddles Vann

Scene 1—Inside the Snake Pit approximately 85 cruddy GI's are seated. Among those present are two Roly-Poly individuals who have survived from the very opening of said Pit.

VANN: (Waddling as fast as possible considering the bulk he is carrying) "Hurry Monty, we want to get a seat up front . . . burp . . . near the hamburger stand."

MONTY: (Stuffing his mouth with potato chips he picks up from the floor) "Yeah, maybe we can get our regular slots where we can pick up the droppings from the French Fry Department."

VANN: "Oh fudge, someone has already got our regular seats, we'll lodge a complaint."

MONTY: (Dipping potato chip into bowl of free salad dressing). "Look, it's that fat slob Fox! How come he got away from the mess hall so early?" (Licking free salad dressing from finger tips). "Fox, where did you get the money to come down here?"

FOX: "Oh, I forgot to tell you Monty, I hocked your canoe!"

MONTY: "Which one?"

FOX: "The one under Zindler's sack."

MONTY: (Deprecatingly). "Oh, that old thing, I was afraid you had peddled my new one. Its' char- treuse you know. Man I'm crazy for chartreuse."

FOX: "Why don't you cheap crooks buy a beer?"

MONTY & VANN: (In unison) Go to Hell!

MONTY: (Diving under French Fry Counter and deftly hooking one from jaws of elated cockroach)

"That Fox is a Chintsy devil."

FOX: (Kicking Monty in head and snatching French Fry from the dazed youth) "You gotta look out for yourself these days."

MONTY: (Sobbing for loss of fry) "Aw, buy him

a beer." (Glassy eyed and drooling with desire for potato chips) "Need food, need food, need food . . ."

Vann waddles off in direction of beer counter.

MONTY: (Gnawing on beer can) "Schlitz beer cans have a better flavor than most."

FOX: "I'm a Budweiser can man myself. Where did you get the loot?"

MONTY: "I found a B-17 under my pad after the last GI party and resold it to the Air Force. Got a dollar and sixty two cents too."

FOX: "Fair price."

MONTY: "If that son of a gun spent all the loot for chips and no French Fries or peanuts I'll kill him." Pile of potato chips arrives in front of table, and Vann emerges from underneath same.

MONTY: "Where's the damn beer?"

VANN: (Tearing open bag after bag of chips and is excitedly pouring them over his head and laughing like a crazy man. Suddenly he leaps into the huge pile of chips and pretends to take a bath in them). "Ha! Ha! Ha! I'm crazy for potato chips!"

MONTY & FOX: (In unison) "Where's the damn beer?"

VANN: (Stops bathing and appears to realize for the first time where he is) "Beer? What beer?"

MONTY: (Frantically stuffing potato chips into mouth. Starts to weep) "Sob—you can't trust that guy with a nickle when there is food around—Sob."

VAN: (Falls back into pile of chips and loses his head completely—commences throwing chips into air. All that can be heard over the roar of cascading potato chips is Vann's mad laughter and his babbling) "GLAD, HA! HA! HA! GLAD, YES GLAD!"

CURTAIN





Fourteen story apartment building in Anchorage.

Mac' Foto



Mac's Foto

Mountain Goats by the thousands roam Alaska's barren, craggy heights.

Below:

Moose can be found anywhere—except during hunting season. Trains, commonly called Moose Goosers, are often stopped by a single, or a group of moose which seem to find it easier going along the tracks rather than through the snow.



Alaska Railroad

MEESE (OR IS IT MOOSES)

A meese is a peculiar creature
living in the north so grim.
His legs are long and sprindly
and he has a beard on his chin.

His front is higher than his rear
and in the middle he sorta sags.
And from all I've ever seen,
he doesn't have a tail to wag.

The hat he wears is not in fashion
it's something I can't describe.
It's just a blob of something
with lots of bumps at the side.

They say a meese is a playful creature
and as herbivorous as ever can be.
I wonder though, is he being playful
when he chases people up a tree.

His mating call I've never heard
but I guess it works out fine.
When he bellows, or roars—whatever meese do
he's certain to attract one of his kind.

Oh the meese is a fabulous creature
and really elusive, I might add.
For of all the people who've looked for him
very little luck they have had.

Why he lives in Alaska's wilderness
there is really very little doubt.
It's a lot of trouble to look for him,
and even more to bring him out.

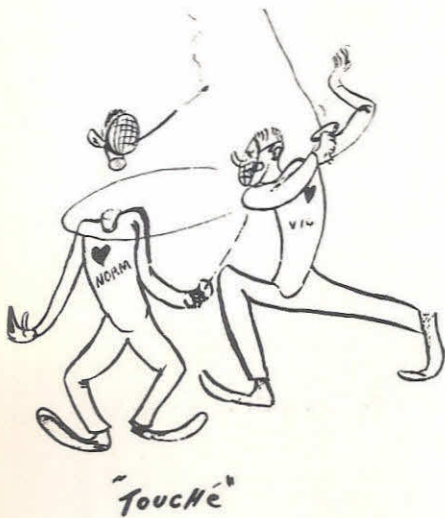
The only meese I've ever seen
looked so smart and gay.
He hung above a mantle piece—
they'd all look best that way.



S Sgt. Manelli Manley and Capt. Raunch Wilson. Intelligence, planning this yearbook.



M/Sgt. Eddy, Moneybags Danner and Lover Lovell, Maintenance, keeping 'em flying.



I'll raise you five.



Tex Howard, Stoker with a stogie.

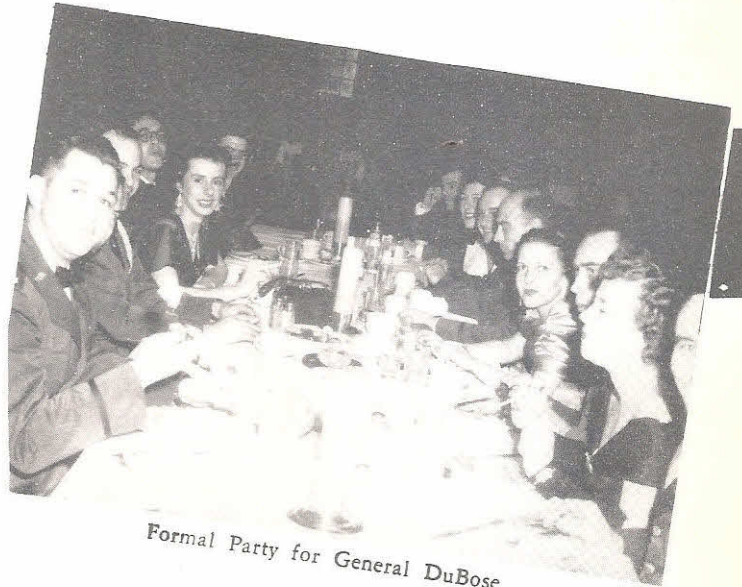


Hummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

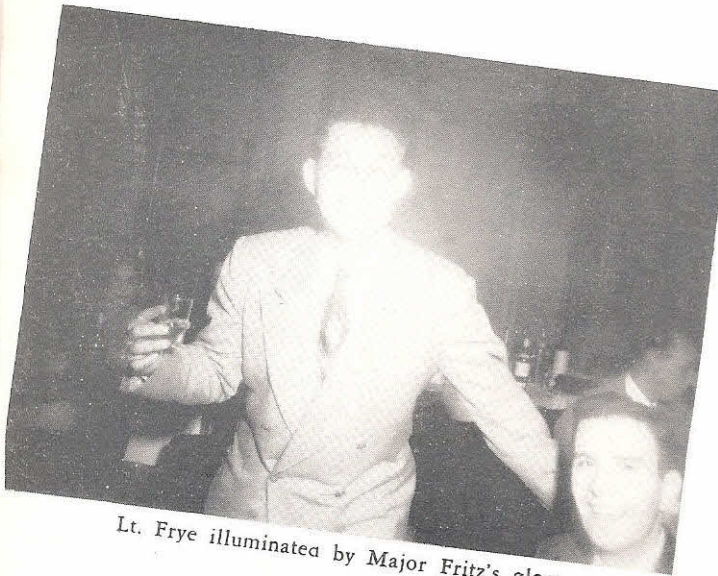
PARTY PAGE



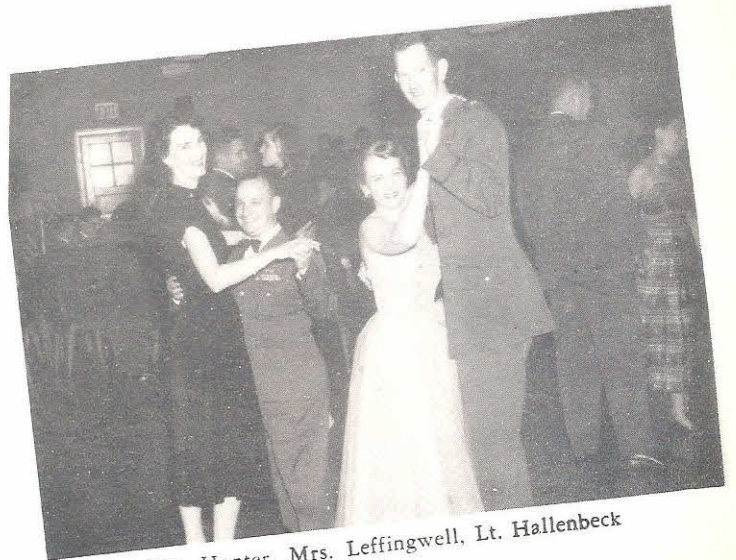
Formal Party for General DuBose



Formal Party for General DuBose



Lt. Frye illuminated by Major Fritz's glow.



Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Leffingwell, Lt. Hallenbeck and Major Hendrickson.



In memoriam of the Whitehorse Panther party.



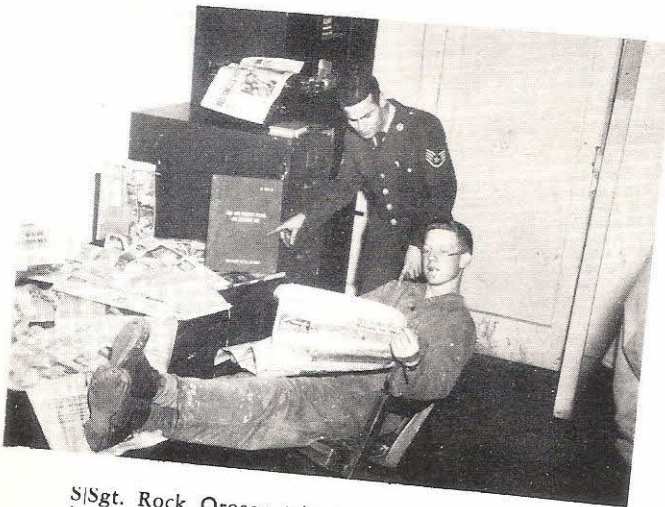
Col. Arnold and Luke the Spook at Christmas Party.



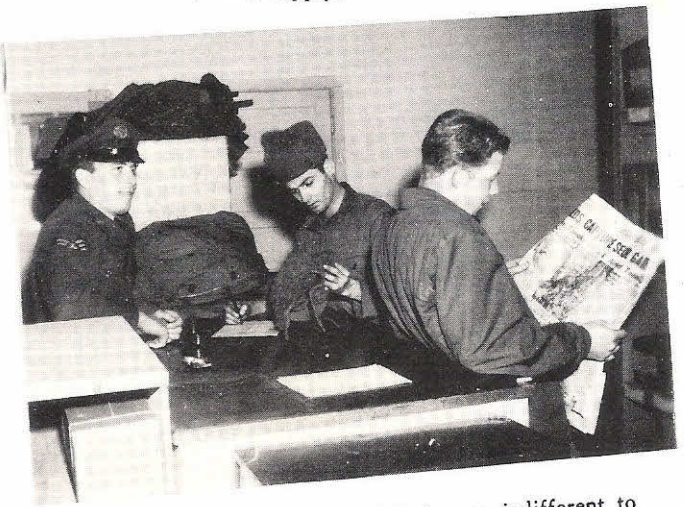
Maj. Smith and Maj. McMillan discussing Maintenance Problems.



Capt. Laughing Boy Leffingwell, T/Sgt. Big Cat Smith, both Supply.



S/Sgt. Rock Orosco tries to compete hometown news.



Erichsen and Luke are indifferent to Orosco's labors.



SnowMEN are not good enough for Sgts. Wilson or Rodwell



Lt. Dean returns from 10 day expedition on Surprise Glacier.



Ding Dong Bell is certainly not thinking about Supply



Sgt. Mother Wilson and Pop Rodwell, Operations, discuss a report.



Didja see the Jowls on that sunofagun?



Gee, fellows, a real live girl in the hangar.



This gentle treatment was afforded Luke one year ago, when he was a new arrival. Leffingwell, Wilson, Smith, Fritz, and Joy doing honors. But - - see picture to right—



One year later Sourdough Luke grits his teeth to endure abuse of same harrassing officers aided by Capt. Curley Rawson. Apprehensive Cheechacho (newcomer) Squecky Thompson views scene from rear.

Who of us will forget those practice ground defense Alerts when we made like frigid soldiers?



Unsung Heroes—Simpson, Manley, Fox, Howard, Wilson and Ellingsworth after base alert.



Immaculate Lt. Young receives Award from Col. Owens for valiant fighting he DIDN'T do.



Modest Hero relates how he earned the "Order of the Arctic Fox" Award. (Thanx 72nd ARS).

HERO CITATION

To All Heroes—Company C—Fighting 10th.

This Headquarters would like to express its profound thanks to every member of Company "C", for your display of courage, esprit de corps, and complete disregard for personal safety in the face of blistering, withering enemy fire. At the risk of life, limb, and the possibility of not returning in time for lunch, you destroyed and annihilated approximately 150 aggressor troops, and captured an anti-aircraft position. (As it turned out, the enemy anti-aircraft position was discovered to be one of our own, but you still displayed guts, men, real guts!).

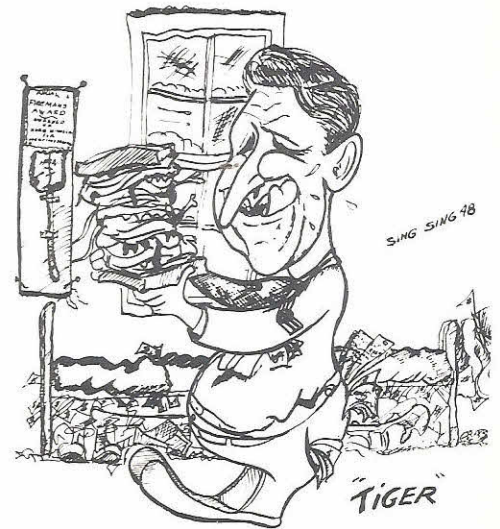
In view of the above rather distorted facts, your platoon leader (affectionately called Col. Snowwall Snowbunny, or just plain old Hard Noz, as the case may be) was awarded the newly designated ribbon entitled "HERO". In consideration of the outstanding achievements accomplished by all Company "C" personnel, I, as duly appointed and designated Hero No. 1, do hereby designate and award to all of you the title, "HERO", which you will be known as, from this date forward. Further, all HEROS are given a number in order of rank.



Now let's not get all bunched up



Cy Young and Doc Sklar chewing the adipose



Egghead Dean pretends to be busy.



Oh Yeah, you shudda seen the snow storms in Arabia



Lt. Gen. Joseph Smith with Col. M. O. Owens, Jr. and Col. P. R. Arnold.

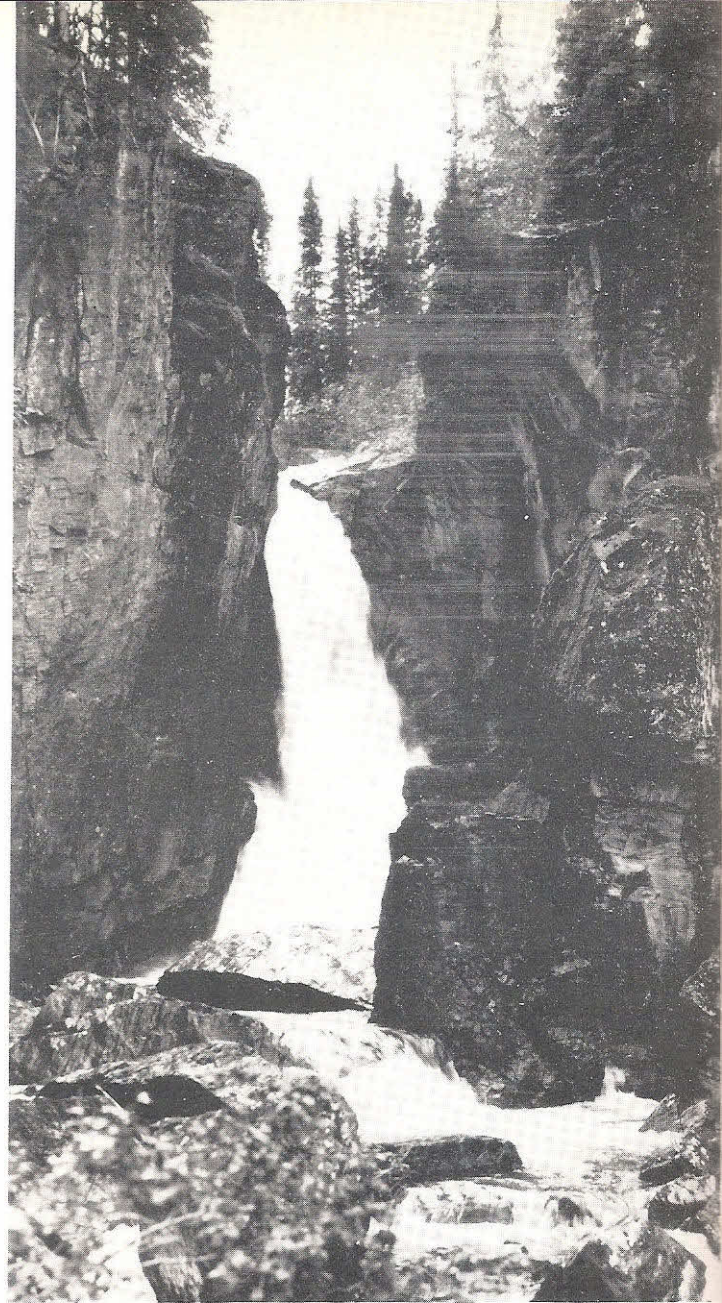


Visitors from Hq. ARS—Lt. Col. Douglas, Brig. General Dubose, Maj. Hendrickson, Col. Johnson, Maj. Sawyer, Lt. Col. Pennington, Capt. Armstrong.

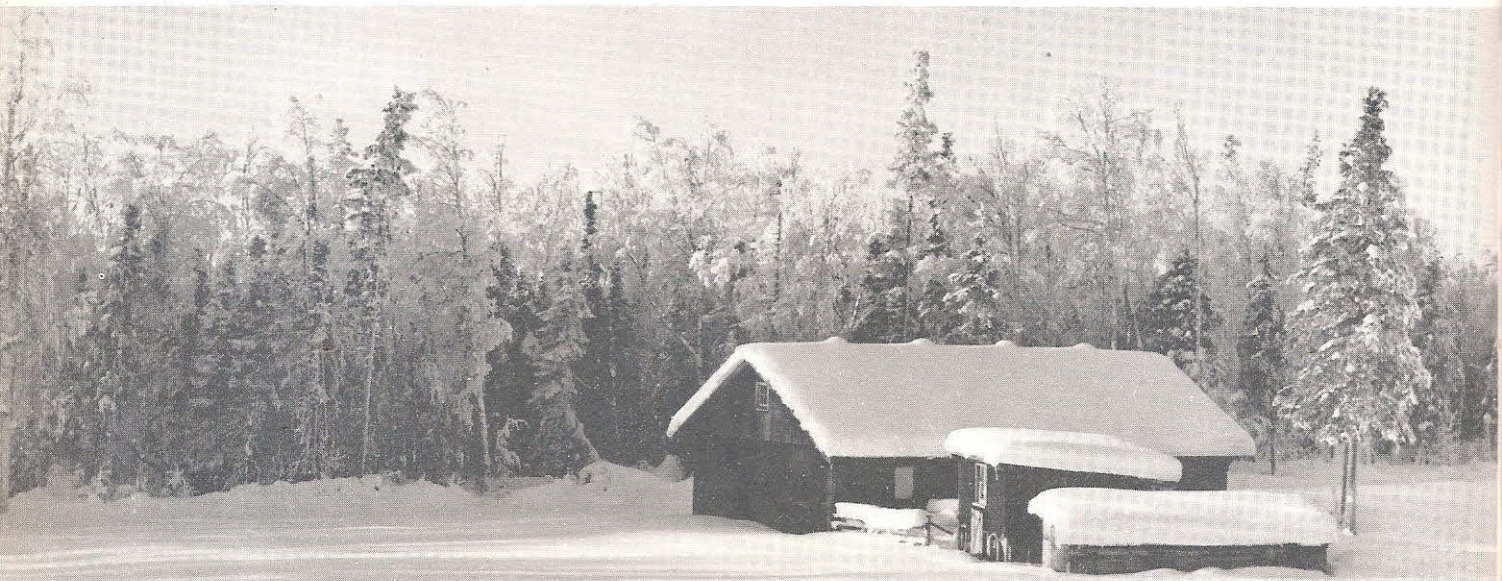
ALASKA

To those who are strangers to this land
edging the Arctic Sea,
Alaska is a land of ice and snow,
with little else to see.
It's true Alaska has its glaciers,
and its fields of perpetual snow.
But it's more than just barren wastes,
to those who really know.
Those who've traveled in Alaska have found
it's best to go by air;
And journeying o'er the glaciers, they've seen
the azure pools scattered there.
When they've left the velvet white,
far in their airborne wake,
They see the dark green of the forest lands
with its myriad rivers and lakes.
To angler or hunter, the woods and streams
prove a constant delight;
And the ferns and wild grown flowers
are a breath-taking sight.
When the land is shrouded in its wintery cloak
of fairy formed crystal lace,
Those who love Alaska never think of it
as merely "barren wastes"
Besides the green forests and centuries old snow,
Alaska has its "Big D."
The mud and lush grass of tundra land
stretch miles from mountain to sea.
The people of this enchanted land,
are industrious and gentle souls;
And a genuine love for their chosen home
deep in their hearts they hold.
Alaska has its totem, and its cache,
and villages, and cities too.
Still, because of its untold wealth,
there is much expanding to do.
With mines, farms, and city streets
alive with bustling crowds,
Alaska is rapidly proving to be
a land of which to be proud.

Jim Wilson



Ward Wells



EVASION AND ESCAPE SCHOOL



Searching a prisoner



Under Guard



Marching to interrogation



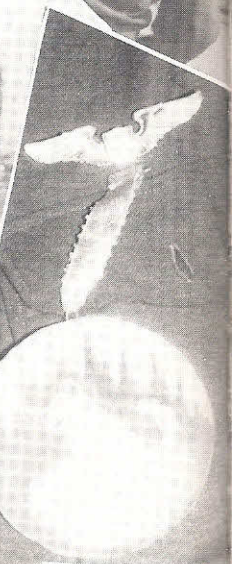
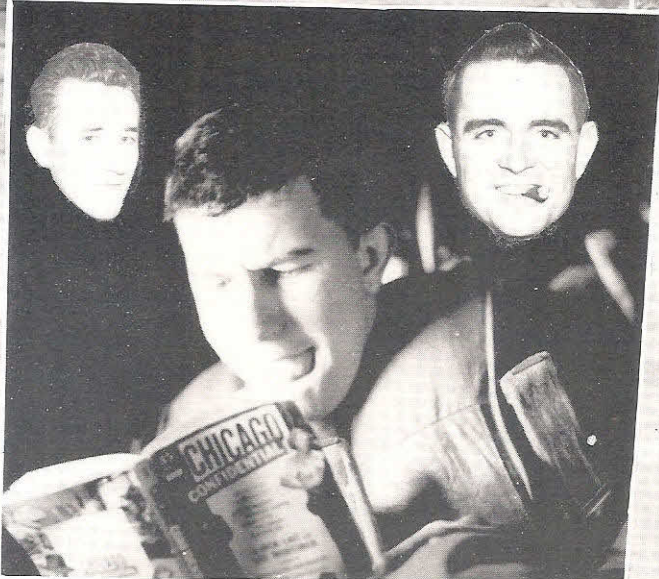
Speak up! Did you take-off from Alaska?



Look at that map! Where is your base?

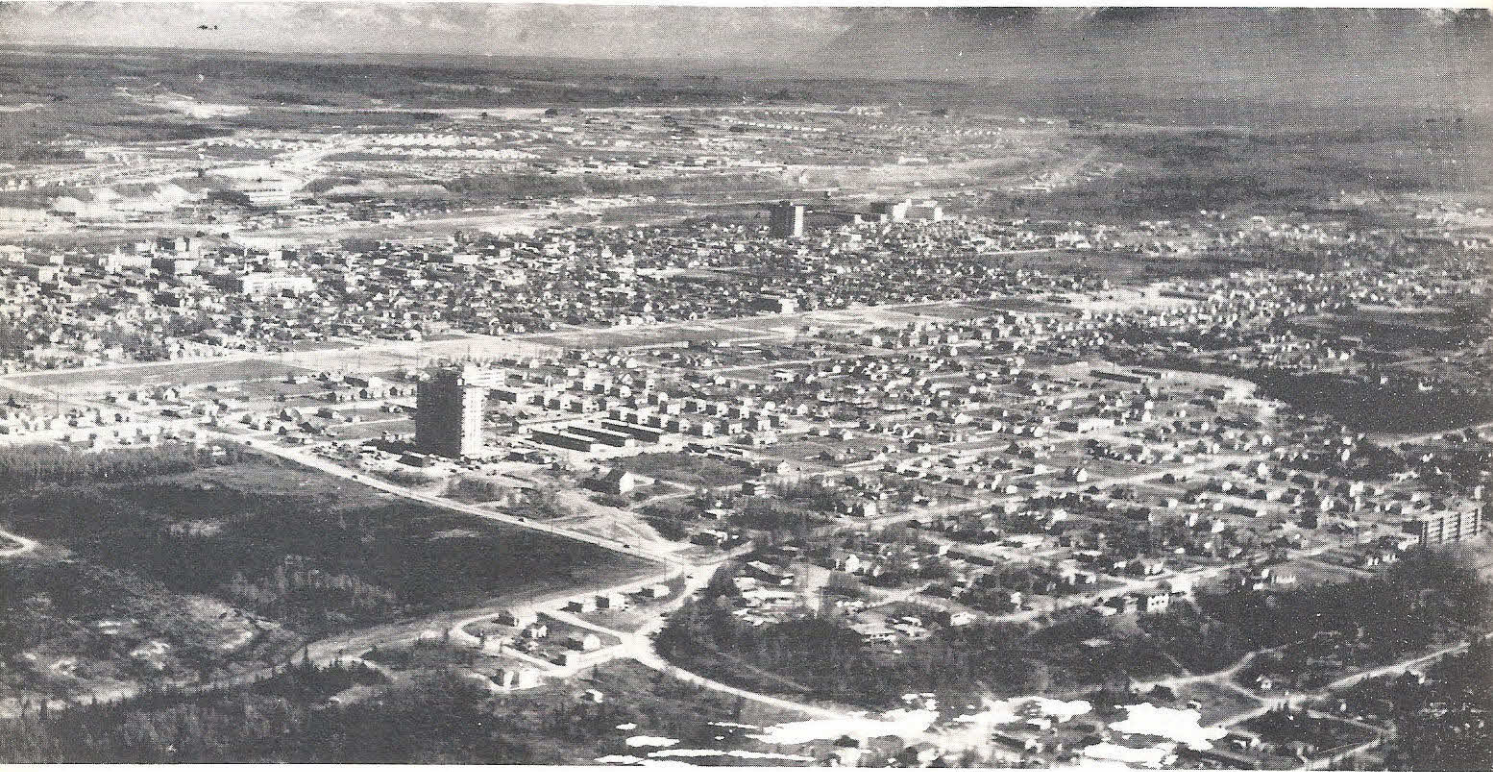


M/Sgt. Brisbois, 3rd ARG, Japan, conducting E and E School





ANCHORAGE ... ALASKA'S



Anchorage, showing Elmendorf AFB in background.

Mac's Photo

Anchorage is Alaska's biggest and most dynamic city, the fastest-growing city under the American Flag, the ninth largest city in this latitude or above in the world, and the largest city north of Edmonton, Alberta, on the North American Continent. Anchorage has truly just begun to grow with a realization that this is a key spot in world-wide defense strate-

gy, and when this defense economy tapers off, the city will be strategic in world trade possibilities by developing new industries through utilization of natural resources, low-cost hydroelectric power, expanded transportation facilities, and a growing tourist business.



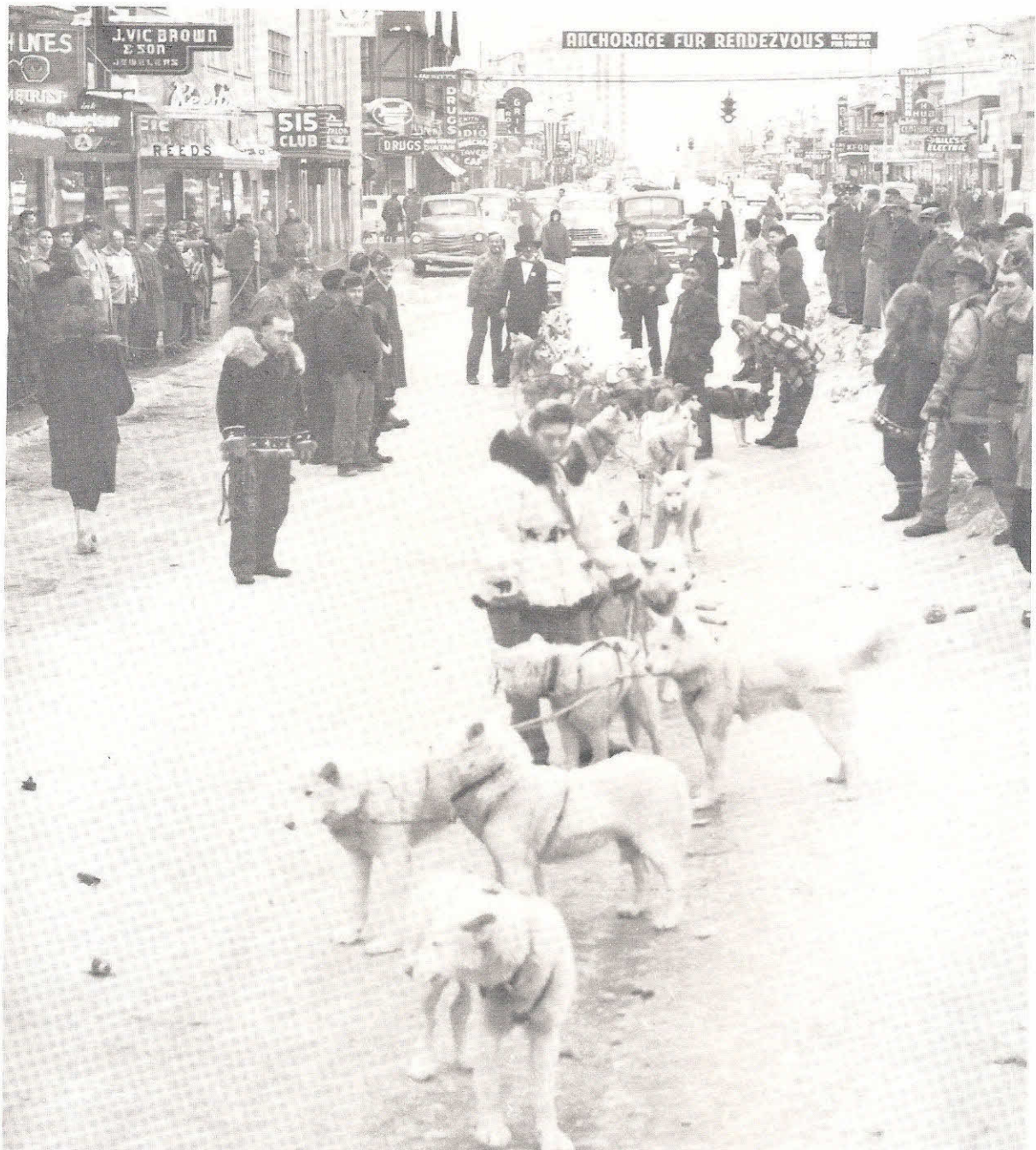
4th Ave., Anchorage, Chugach Mountains in background.

Mac's Photo

Now Alaska's largest city, 11,254 (1950) persons within the city limits, and 50,000 in the suburban area (estimated 1952), reflecting a 10-year growth of 208% since 1940 and over 50% growth in the last two years. Anchorage is the metropolis and the major market area of Alaska. Population estimates

for 1956 are 81,158 in the Anchorage area. The city is now the Territory's No. 1 trade and service center for 65.8% of all Alaska's towns, cities and villages and 67.7% of the population with 87,116 persons.

LEADING CITY



Dog team at Anchorage Fur Rendezvous.

Mac's Foto

Headquarters city for 50% of all territorial corporations. Total business pushed the \$100,000,000.00 mark in 1951 showing a 1,115% increase in 8 years. Anchorage is not only the financial capitol of Alaska with 50% of all bank deposits, but also boasts 50% of all motor vehicles, 35% of total school enrollment, 32% of Alaska's assessed valuation. Important in the economy is the transportation industry, for Anchorage is the headquarters for the Alaska

Railroad and the Territory's aviation industry. Anchorage aircraft flew 55% of all U. S. - Alaska traffic and 70% of the inter-Alaska flights. This alone makes Anchorage truly "The Air Crossroads of the World." A recent survey shows that Anchorage averages one plane for every 114 individuals, has 2,000 private pilots. Merrill Field ranks fifth under the American Flag on number of flights and first on the Pacific Coast.



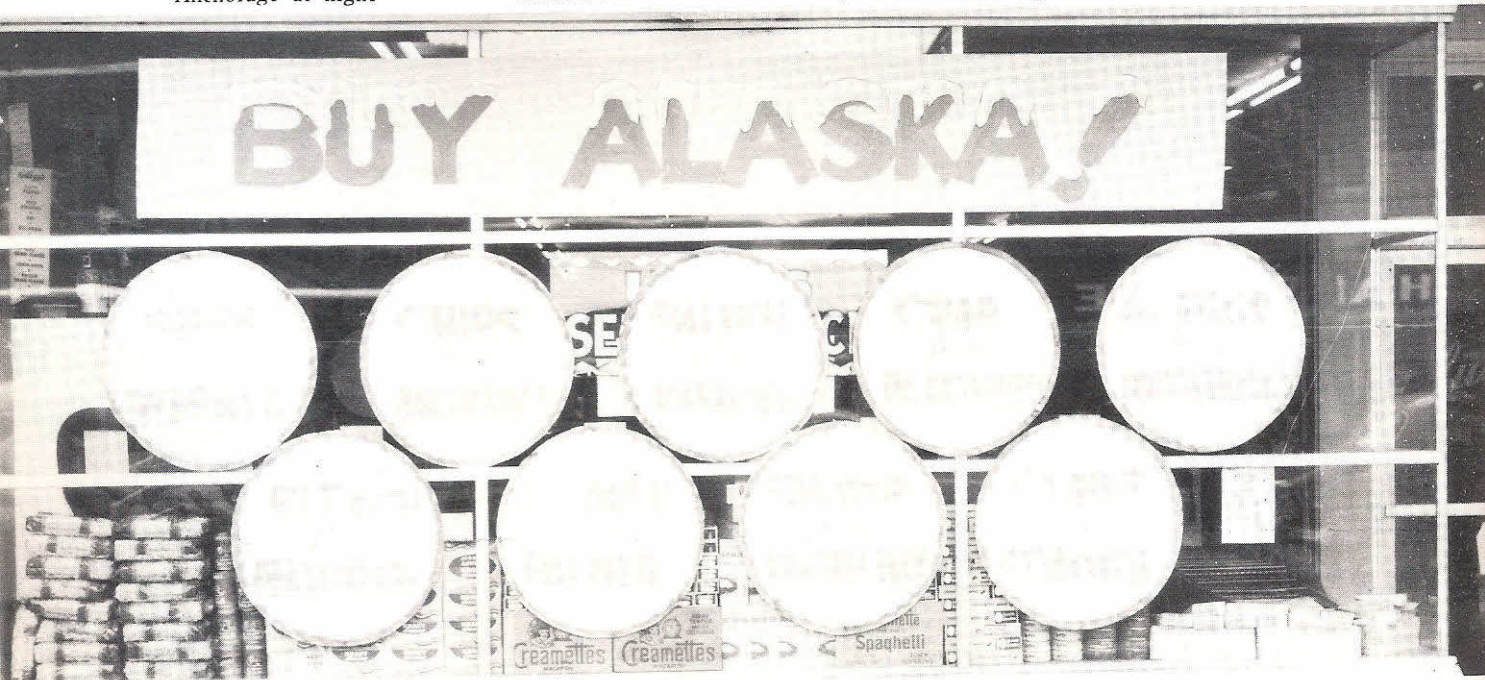
Anchorage at night

Hewitt's



Ship Creek—Anchorage Area

Hewitt's



Ice and Snow is not Alaska's only product

Mac's Foto



Western Edge of Anchorage on Cook Inlet where tides rise 40 feet.

Ward Wells



Bridge on way to Palmer, Alaska—Anchorage area

Wells



Palmer, Alaska



Farm Matanuska Valley—Anchorage area

Ward Wells



A Matanuska Valley dairy with glacier in background—Anchorage area

WHO ARE WE

Lt. Col. Joseph C. Mathews enlisted in the U. S. Air Force at Scott Field in December 1939, proceeding to Kelly AFB where he graduated in August 1940 as an instructor pilot. He spent the next three years in the Training Command where he served at various times as Instructor Pilot, Operations Officer, and Squadron C. O.

In the spring of 1944 he joined the 316th Very Heavy Bombardment Wing, going with them to Okinawa as Sq. C. O. of the 313th Group in August 1945. World War II came to an end the same month and Col. Mathews was returned to the United States.

He spent the next five years as a pilot for Eastern Airlines before being recalled in July 1951 and assigned to a B-29 Combat Training Sq. Col. Mathews was assigned to the 10th ARS in Dec. 1951.



The 71st, formerly Flight "A", the oldest Squadron with the 10th Air Rescue Group, has always been located at Elmendorf AFB. Within the first week after activation, 1 April 1946, and even before aircraft were assigned, the squadron was operational and found an Army C-45 which was lost in the vicinity of Yakutat, Alaska.

Within its area of responsibility the 71st must constantly be alert and ready to provide prompt search and rescue service to civilians and military aviation upon request. Due to the lack of normal transportation facilities between hundreds of small villages, the squadron is often called upon to evacuate people in critical need of medical attention, which, in many cases can be obtained only in Anchorage.

The year 1952 marked several outstanding changes within the squadron: (1) On 14 Jan. 1952, Lt. Col. Mathews became Commanding Officer. (2) On 11 and 12 Feb. 52 the 71st moved from Hangar D-13 to Hangar 7. (3) The first SA-16 arrived at Elmendorf AFB on 29 March 1952. (4) On 14 Nov. 52 Flight "A", 10th Air Rescue Squadron became the 71st Air Rescue Squadron under the 10th Air Rescue Group.

Misfortune was also experienced on 11 July 1952, when 2/Lt. Richard J. Swan was critically burned in the crash of a rescue B-17 on a search mission, and again on 22 November 1952 when Captain William N. Coombs was killed in a C-124 crash returning from the Z. I.

During the first eleven months of 1952, the 71st flew 165 missions totaling over 2500 hours. These missions varied from huge search missions such as that for a missing C-119 with 20 people aboard to the evacuation of pregnant women. Of the 165 missions flown, 69 were civilian missions totaling over 300 hours of the 3,000 odd hours flown by 71st aircraft.

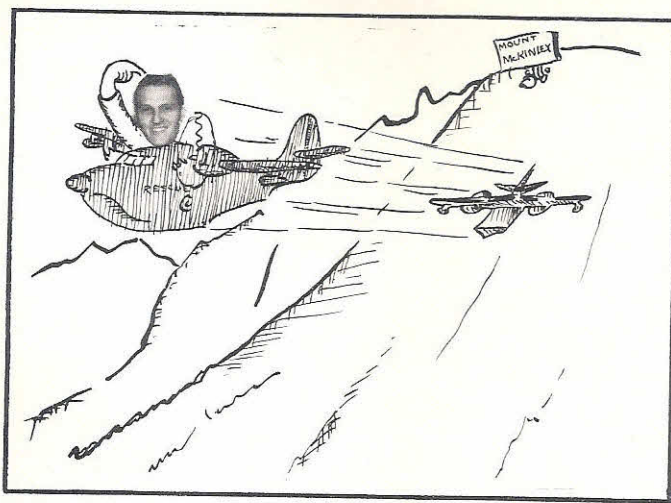


1st Row: R. C. Schmitz, R. E. Brown, C. Theofiles, R. K. Fudge.
 2nd Row: V. M. Latino, W. C. Looney, H. Simpson, Jr., E. C. Jordan, A. P. Bursey, C. E. Springmeyer.
 3rd Row: J. Christy, Jr., H. N. Hunter, F. L. Page, P. E. Kimberling, F. C. Schultz, D. J. Hay.
 4th Row: J. B. Conley, B. C. Healy, R. N. Marsh, R. M. Eden, F. Gerkin.

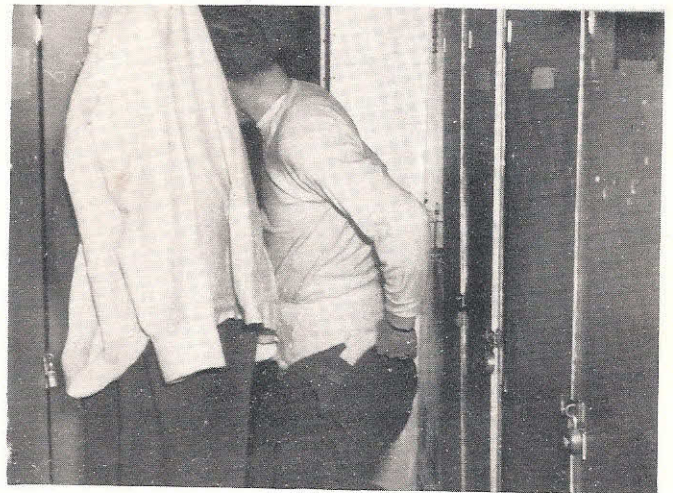


1st Row: Johnson, Terrasas, Lanham, Holschum, Overhiser, Gavin, Fons, Tuzzio, Alexander, Renn, Westhaver, Flores, Penberthy, Hertel, Meritt, Kelly.
 2nd Row: Liming, Wightman, Garrett, Dickerson, Voeller, Zipfel, Bush, Craft, King, Mizell, Taylor, Ellis, Schermerhorn, Quigley, Honaker, Block, Cavin, Studebaker, Steigleder, Ade, Casey.
 3rd Row: Fernandez, Selvidge, Frankowski, Hill, Dortman, McCreary, Wehler, Zielny, La Balbo, Gheen, Levy, Campbell, Boles, Tonielli, Strayhall, Vowells, Jarone, Graves, Golson.
 4th Row: Lucking, Gilbert, Frappier, Archer, Keyes, Marden.

What



OOPS!



2. After getting full particulars, the alert crew is immediately notified



1. The Duty Officer has just received a call stating that a Grumman "Goose" is overdue at its destination.



3. . . . and the search is on.



4. Para-rescue team is prepared to jump if necessary.

There once was a pilot named Joe,
Who tended to be rather slow.
Said he with a grin
As his aircraft spun in,
This will surely perturb the C. O.

Suback

We Do



5. A likely spot?



6. You bet!



7. The "Copter" is not long in coming. . .

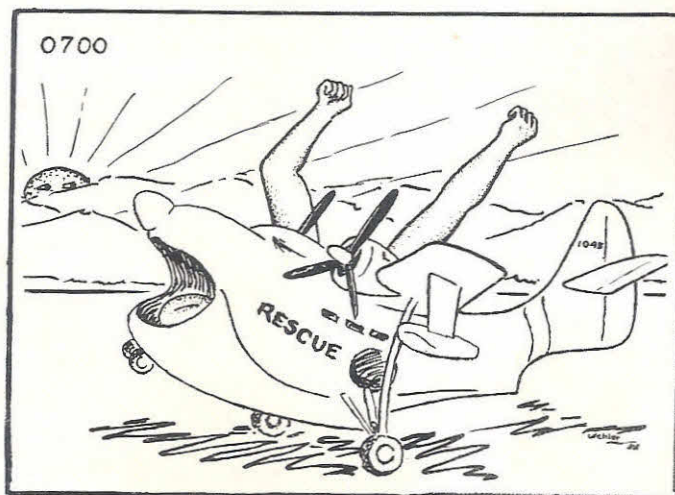


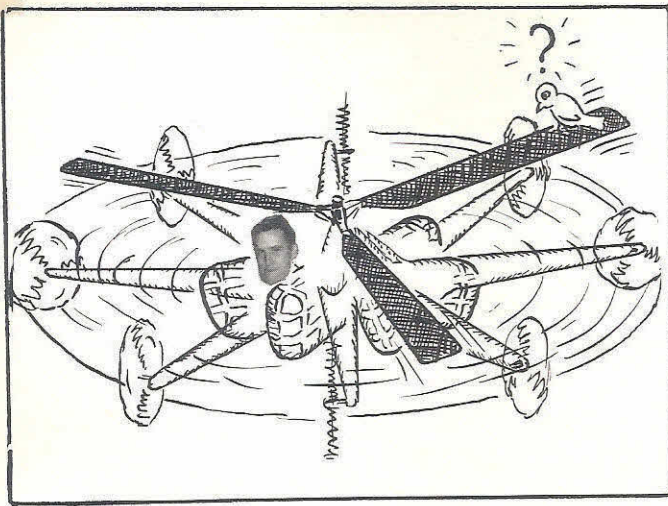
K haracter
orner

Quiet, reserved individual. . . best known for his ski-sloped nose and his many near accidents due to the malfunctioning of his parachute. While participating in the Warner Brothers' movie "On Top of The World" his chute refused to open until he was but 50 feet from the ground.



8. not long in leaving





OOPS!

Rescue services were requested by CAA to assist in a search for a CAA Grumman Goose with four people aboard. A CAA search plane reported sighting wreckage with one survivor at the foot of the Bearing Glacier. A C-47 with para-medics and a helicopter with Dr. Sklar were soon on their way to the crash. Within a matter of a few hours, four para-medics had jumped to the rescue and the helicopter was at the crash.

The two survivors were flown by helicopter to Cordova where an SA-16 was waiting to bring them to Elmendorf to be rushed by ambulance to the hospital. Thus, by search, para-medics, helicopter, SA-16, and civilian ambulance, the two survivors were in a hospital before day's end.

There once was a sergeant named Partch,
Whose clothes had an excess of starch.
The C. O. was pleased,
No bags at the knees,
But they tended to creep when he'd march.



9. Survivors are transferred from "Copter"



10. . . . to SA-16 at Cordova. Thence



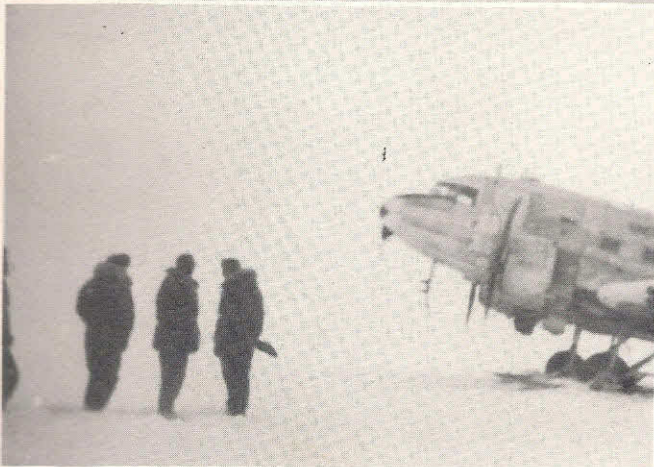
11. . . . to Elmendorf, ambulance, and hospital.

Editor's Note . . .

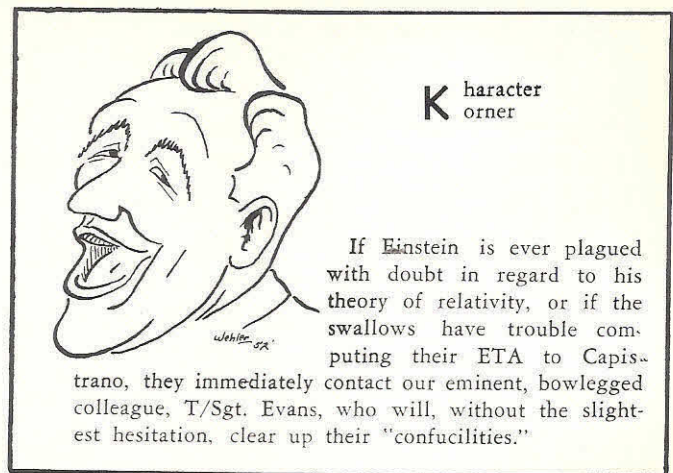
(Here is a short account about T-3, as told by Capt. Richard N. Marsh and 1/Lt. Hugh Simpson, Jr. of the 71st ARS. The party also included 1/Lt. Joseph Lodridge 74th ARS; 1/Lt. Melvin Ellerbeck, S/Sgt. Orville Crockett and A/1c Wishard, 5039th ATG EDF.)—Ed.

T - 3

It was a cold winter morning, and we were leaving Barter Island, a small bit of land adjoining one of the most northern parts of Alaska, aboard a ski equipped C-47 enroute to Thule, Greenland. Arrival at Thule was without accident, after which preparations were started for resupply of T-3, a weird formation of glacier ice forming a small ice island floating in the pack ice near the top of the world.



One dreary morning when the Ice Cap wind was howling, and the birds were walking, we staggered our overloaded C-47 into the air and pointed her due north for T-3. With only minor difficulties, (i. e., not being able to hold altitude nor see the sun to navigate by, due to the cloud cover), we arrived in the vicinity of T-3. After receiving aid from a C-54 in locating the small ice landing strip, we found our troubles really starting, as the strip was completely obscured in blowing snow and a White-Out condition. This White-Out condition is a peculiarity of regions where large expanses of snow exist, and it is impossible for the eye to determine where the snow covered ice stops, and the sky begins. It is just like putting yourself inside a



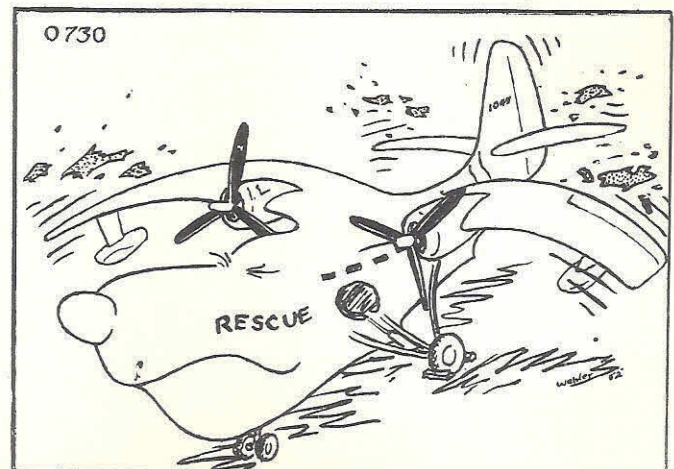
K haracter
orner

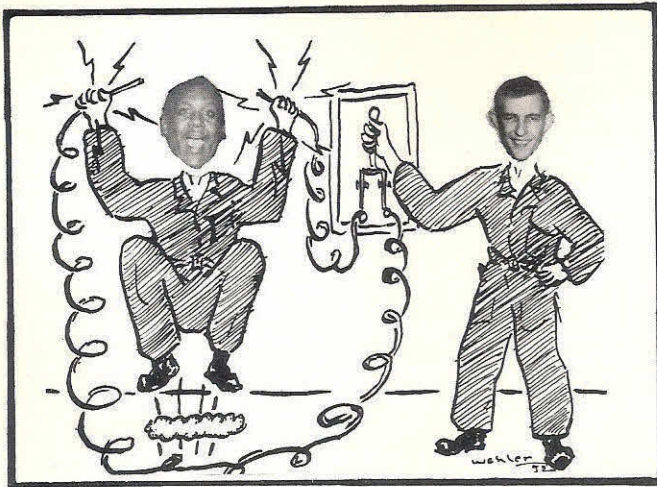
If Einstein is ever plagued with doubt in regard to his theory of relativity, or if the swallows have trouble computing their ETA to Capistrano, they immediately contact our eminent, bowlegged colleague, T/Sgt. Evans, who will, without the slightest hesitation, clear up their "confucilities."

large, white, dense, foggy area, where you can only see for a few inches. After eight or nine attempts we were able to land, but in doing so both our propellers were damaged, putting us out of the flying business for what turned out to be a period of twenty two days.

The second day we were on the island, our work began, for that night the C-54 came over and made a paradrop of supplies which consisted of food, barrels of diesel fuel, aviation gas, aviation oil and weasel fuel. The task consisted of folding the chutes, loading the drums aboard a sled, and hauling them back to the camp and runway site with the weasel. Later paradrops were made with the C-54 and a C-124 which made the above job a continuous process.

Getting the weasel started was more work than hauling the barrels, for the starting motor on the weasel was broken, and to get it started, you first had to heat your cigarette lighter on the camp stove so it would light outside in the cold, then the cigarette lighter was used to light the blow torch, which in turn was used to heat the motor on the Herman Nelson. The Herman Nelson was used to heat the small Airborne Catapillar so it would start in the Artic Cold. The Herman Nelson was then put to the weasel, and after a warm up period, the Airborne Cat was used to pull the weasel. The above is a simple process on paper, but in actual practice, it took about eight hours, and was repeated many times since the weasel stalled at least once a day and invariably chose a spot two miles from camp.





OOPS!

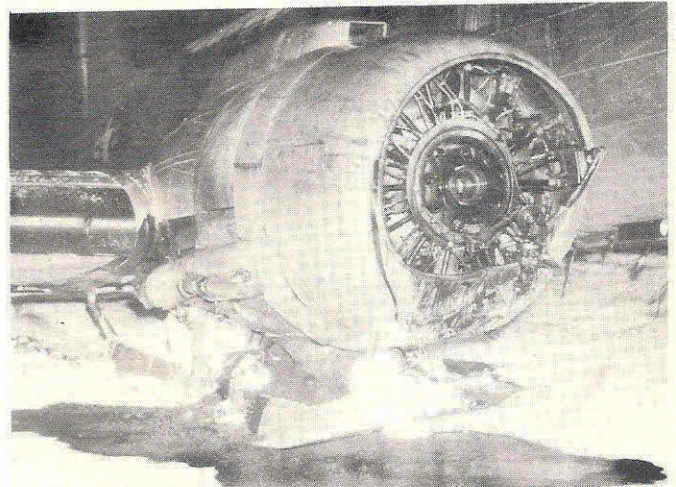
The camp consisted of three Jamesway Huts placed end to end, the first being a combination kitchenette, dining room, living room, and wash room. We spent ninety percent of our indoor time here. The second hut housed the radio, Radiosonde, the Cambridge research equipment, while the third hut was unheated and used for sleeping quarters. The word unheated is probably the grossest understatement of the year. It was not only unheated, but was so ventilated that the temperature conformed exactly to that existing outside, which during our stay dropped to a frigid, windy, twenty-six degrees below zero. After a few hours of sleep, the breathing hole of our sleeping bags would become a halo of ice. Needless to say, the process of getting out of the sleeping bag and into the heated room, was done posthaste, and it was not uncommon to find some less hardy soul curled up around the kitchen stove.

Bathing facilities are easy to describe, for there were none. A visit to the Chic Sale, located some twenty yards from the kitchen door, was usually short and oft times premediated for a couple of days. One of our biggest surprises was when it came time to get water, and we were told to go to the well, which consisted of a hole bored through the ice to one of the many fresh water lakes on the island.

At the time of our stay, twenty men inhabited the place, but there wasn't a serious overcrowded condition, since both work and sleep were done in shifts. Our exploration of the island was curtailed after four days, as the sun disappeared below the horizon for the start of the six months long night. The island is five miles wide and nine miles long, and is estimated to be one hundred and fifty feet thick. Cambridge scientists doing research work for the Air Force believe the island to be part of a huge

Joe Slump was an old navigator,
Who had flown around the equator.
Said he with a start as he gazed at his chart,
If I could reach Venus I'd date'r.

glacier broken off the Elsmere Shelf on the northern-most Canadian shores, since they have found morain deposits of dirt, rocks, bits of plant life, and a set of Caribou antlers. The rocks and plant life are of the type typical of the Elsmere Shelf. The Ice Island floats free due to the action of the wind and current, and during our stay it traveled a distance of approximately sixty miles, bringing us within one hundred and twenty-eight miles of the geographical North Pole. During the frequent wind storms, T-3 growls and rumbles as it grates against the surrounding ice pack.



After twenty-two days our aircraft was repaired and we started to leave. However immediately after take-off power was lost on one of the engines, and a crash landing was made. No one was hurt, but the aircraft was damaged beyond repair, and we were forced to return to camp to wait until another aircraft arrived to return to Greenland.

Interesting and unique, but far from pleasant was our forced stay on T-3. We all left with the fervent prayer that we never, never again see the place called home for nearly a month.

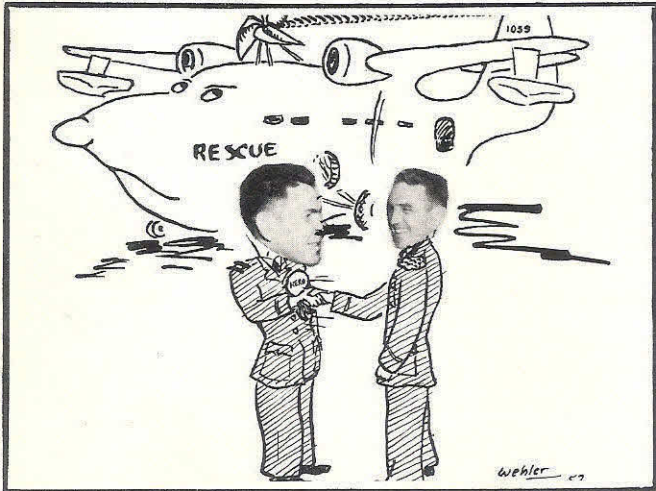


The primary function of the Maintenance Section is to supply Operations with aircraft that are in the best possible condition to perform any assigned mission.

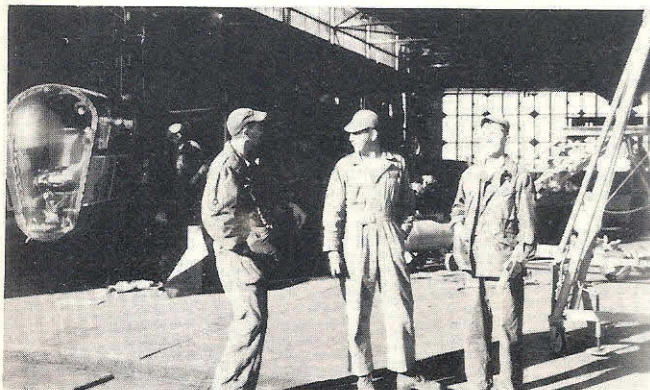
Their other duties are many and varied.

Duty hours for these men are, at times, long and cold, but they are compensated in the knowledge, that each time a mission is successfully completed, it was through the concentrated effort and teamwork of all sections within the organization.

"It takes more than a pilot to keep an aircraft in the air."



Congratulations! You really licked that AOCP in a hurry.



Wheels

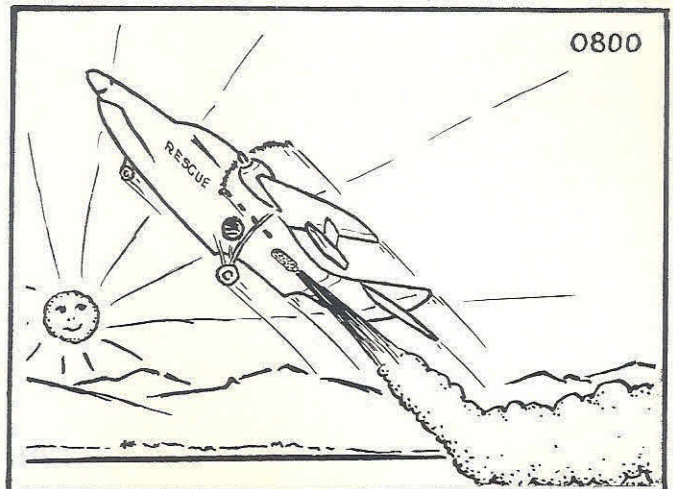
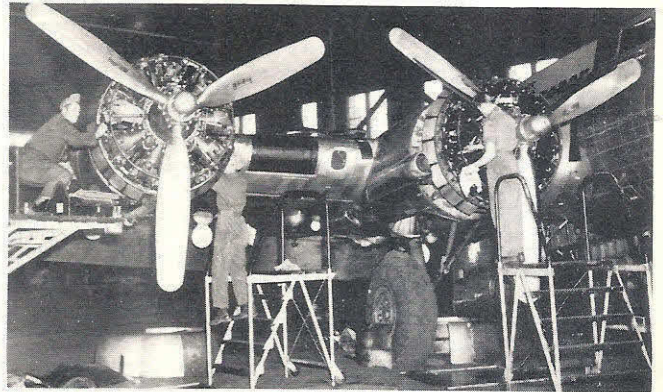


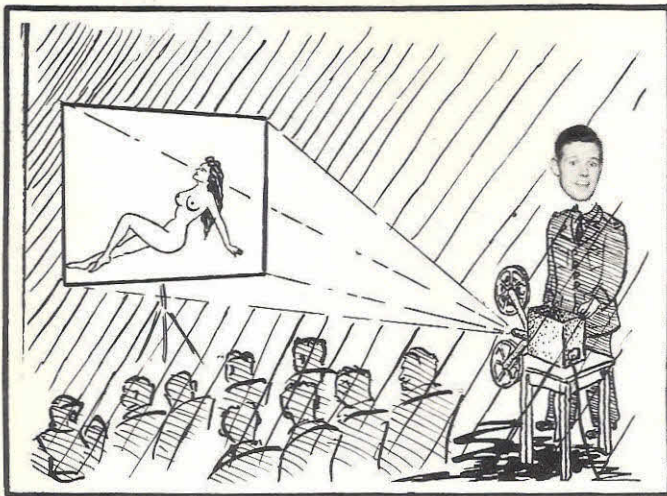
K haracter orner

"You guys talk about fast trains. This Ol' Boy was boarding a train in Charleston one day, turned around to kiss his wife goodbye, and 'stead kissed a mule two miles down the track!" With a Carolina accent and a little cussin' mixed in for added spice, Muck's story telling keeps 'em rolling in the aisles.

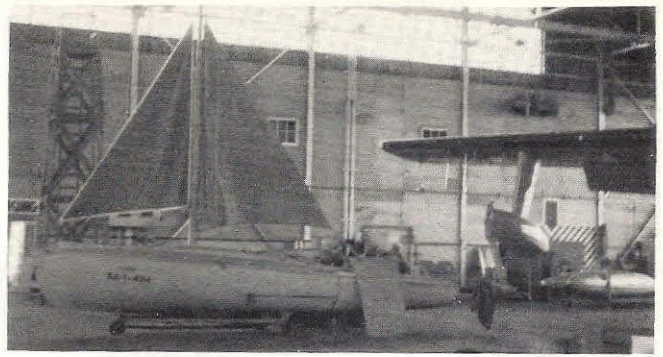


"Don't feed it and maybe it will go away!"

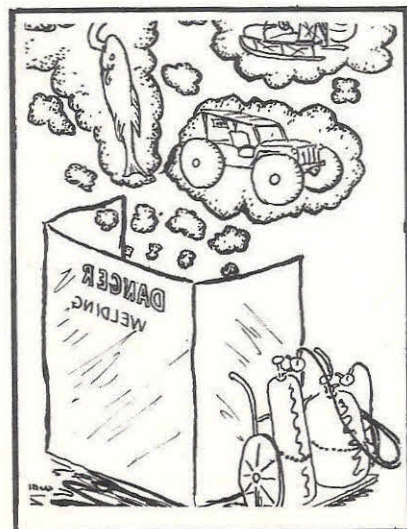
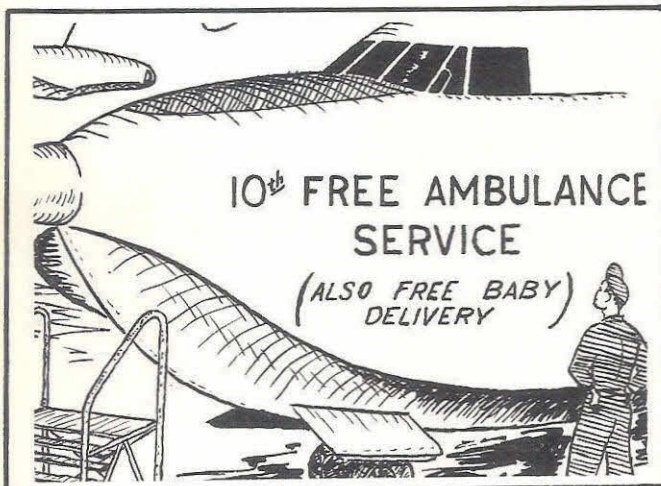




OOPS!



Decisions! Decisions! Decisions!



There once was a private named Mullen,
Whose attitude seemed rather sullen.
Said he to the Sarge
As he touched off the charge,
"When you see what I've done you'll start 'yullen'."

The chaps up in Operations lead a pretty hectic life. They assign crew positions, schedule aircraft, handle all flying, run our missions and keep all records pertaining to flying. In addition to all this, "OPS" supervises the Duty Control Desk, Personal Equipment, PIO, Intelligence and Training Depts.

This mess is coordinated . . . (and we use the word loosely) . . . by a long drink of water called, Maj. Rupert K. Fudge.



Kharacter
orner

"You haven't a thing to worry about my friend. I, S/Sgt. McCreary, super-exceptional finance clerk say so. Believe me my boy, when I say you shall receive every penny the AF owes you. I mean just that. No one, I repeat NO ONE goes broke in an outfit fortunate enough to have me as dispenser of monies. By the way old man, could you spare a small loan until payday?"



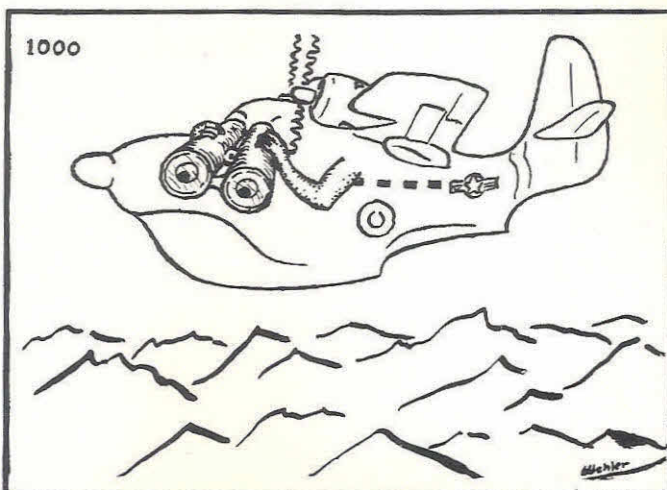
. They just fade away.



Strong easy



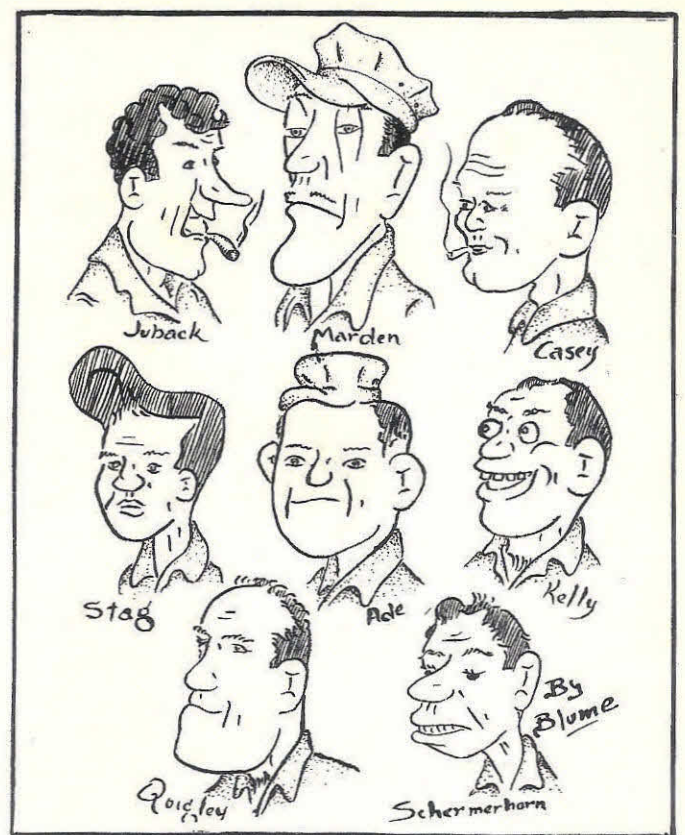
Substandard Airmen WILL NOT be tolerated.





OOPS!

The boys in the Land and Para-Rescue Section are a queer lot. It seems that, at the drop of a hat, they run madly to the "Boondocks" and there for weeks at a time, live in unimaginable misery and discomfort . . . and like it. They have also been known to jump out of airborne aircraft which is not conducive to long life . . . that is, unless you're one of Capt. Marsh's boys.



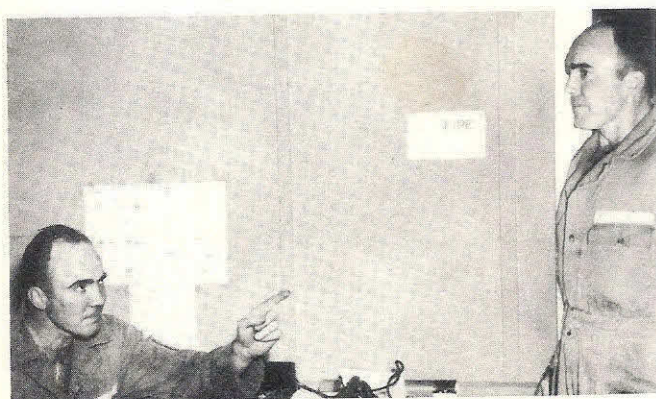
There once was a crew chief named Kline,
Who refueled his plane on the line.
Due to a memory lag,
He fired up a fag,
And retired in a box made of pine.



The gang down in Supply isn't as tight fisted as some people would have you think. They're doing a fine job along with the men at the Orderly Room and the Dit-Dah boys in Communications.



"Yes, we have no bananas"



... and don't let it happen again!

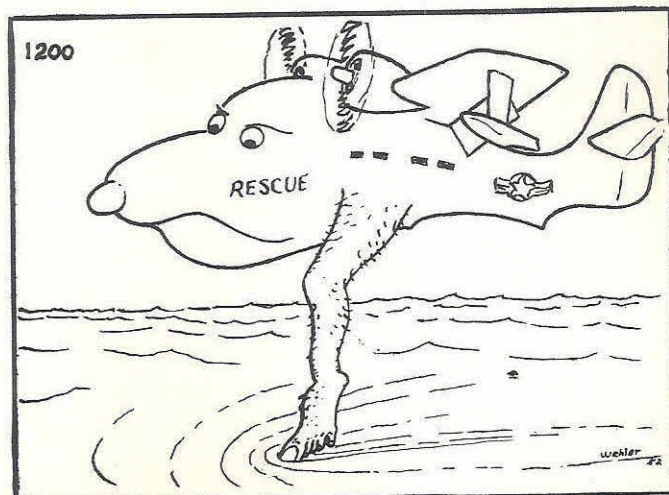


K haracter
orner

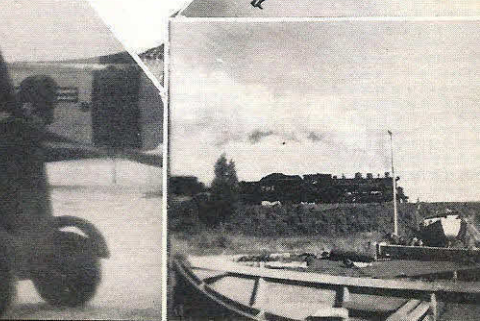
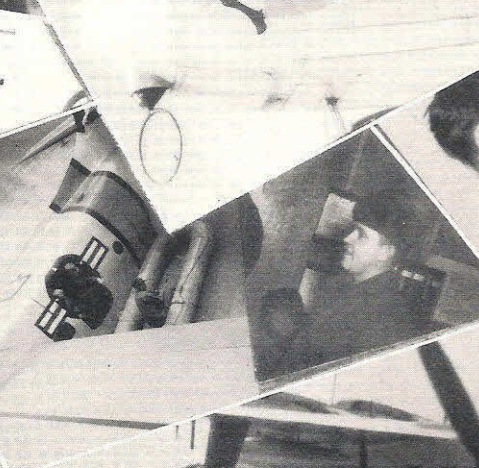
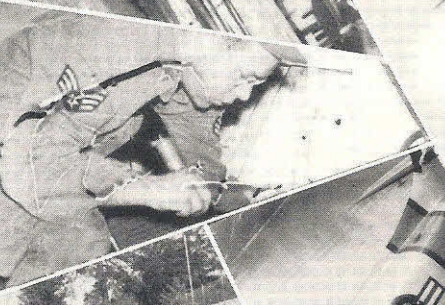
Lookin' for trouble, a fight, an opinion of the chow or a guy who eats enough for ten normal men? Just go on out to B-17 3799 and hunt up the guy who is patching her oil leaks with chewing gum. If you can't get any of the above from him it's not T/Sgt. Breitegger.



I see the Ground Station is out again!









OOPS!

SHANGRA - LIE

This story is not intended to insult your intelligence. Neither is it meant to be taken lightly. I, as the narrator, am not trying to convince you of its authenticity. I am merely relating it to you as it was told to me. For our purposes it all began one dark morning as the personnel at our little weather station at Pt. Barrow, were sleepily eating the morning meal. At the sound of barking dogs approaching, we cleared a spot on the frosted window and saw one of our Eskimo neighbors hastening toward our door. After admitting him and exchanging the customary polite greetings, we toasted him with a cup of steaming black coffee, and inquired after his reasons for the early morning visit. Gesticulating and grimacing, he told us how he had found, that morning, while hunting along the coast, five white men lying upon the beach near death from hunger and exposure.

We immediately set out to our friends igloo and there found the five men he had told us of. Although unimportant at the time, we noticed that one of the men was clutching a piece of foliage in his hand, which, strangely enough, looked like palm frond. By some miracle we were able to nurse them back to health and during the next few weeks, bit by bit, this is the story they told:

The five of us made up the crew of a ski-equipped C-47, which was flying support for the ice island, T-3. One evening we were returning to the camp after putting on wing covers and tying down the aircraft, in view of the gale which was steadily rising. As we neared the camp the wind rose sharply and we were transfixed with fear as the ice island began to tremble and rock beneath us. Then, before our eyes, a gigantic rent appeared in the ice before us, and we stood helpless as the two halves of the island separated, one half with our camp, the other with us and our aircraft. As we turned to run back to the plane, the ice again split before us and we found ourselves drifting free in the arctic ocean on a cake of ice measuring no more than 10 by 20 feet. The

velocity of the wind meanwhile, had risen even more, and it seemed that the motion of the waves would surely pitch us from our ice raft. So, taking measure, there we were, thousands of miles from even the remotest civilization, cast adrift in an icy sea without rations or shelter. We lost all sense of time and were aware only of the misery of hunger and exposure. The icy darkness descended upon us until, able to bear no more, we succumbed to the merciless elements.

My next sensation was that of warmth. I felt a glowing heat penetrating my backside, and as I opened my eyes, I was blinded by the brilliance around me. My first thought was that I had passed into the afterlife, and had reached the place where I had always been sure I would go upon leaving the earth. As I rose I found myself possessed of all my strength, weakness and hunger had left me. The warmth I had felt was produced by a sun which was blazing down upon us from a cloudless blue sky. Off in the distance an island rose out of the seemingly tropical sea. I aroused my companions and we managed to paddle our rapidly diminishing ice cake to the sandy white shore.

Overjoyed at our good fortune and subsequently delivery from death, we rushed up the beach to the lush tropical vegetation. Coconuts, oranges, and all types of fruit seemed to grow in abundance. After a cursory exploration, we mounted a small rise and were amazed to see not far away the temples and spires of an Alabaster city. We immediately set out in the direction of the city and before long we were approaching its outskirts. As we drew nearer, great multitudes of people swarmed out to meet us and we were overwhelmed by their generous gifts and hospitality. The men were handsomely dressed in rich flowing garments, while the women wore nothing but veils, since, as we later found out, it is immodest for a woman to show her face. "It's in the book". With great pagentry we were conducted into the city where we were shown to a luxurious apartment within the temple. Handmaidens then bathed and anointed us, and clothed us in garments of fine linen. We were then led to an immense banquet hall and seated at the head of the gigantic table. The entire room was decked with gorgeous flowers which exuded an intoxicating fragrance.

The feast commenced as great, beaten silver trays laden with strange delectable foods, were set before us. We tasted many foods which were completely new to us. One particularly delicious treat was something identified as pig's knuckles and sauerkraut. Some of the other unheard of delicacies were, spaghetti and meat balls, gehfeltefish, corned beef and cabbage, motzos ball soup, enchiladas, borsch, hot dogs with mustard and relish and egg foo young.

This wonderful food was washed down with huge quantities of a rare exotic wine, which the natives called, "Dago Red"

While eating our dessert of Huckelberry pie

alamode, we were entertained by a chorus of lovely dancing girls. As they danced they sang in a manner completely new to us. The melody of the song they were singing seemed to be constructed on a five tone scale, and was entitled "Shrimp Boats Are A-Com-in'".

After all this delightful repast, the tables were cleared away and number of gladiators prepared to match their skill and endurance in competitive games such as chug-a-lug, craps, and five card stud.

When these strange sporting events were over, we were privileged to meet the High Priest, who was called Muckinfuss. It was the weirdest name we had ever heard, but we soon learned to respect and love him. It was at this meeting that we first heard one of his many sage remarks, known throughout the land as Muckisms. "Damn Sam You All" (translated 'Samuel'), "Don't carry on like a one legged man at a can kicking contest."

This was just the first of many happy days spent among these lovely people. Carefree days, which brought nothing but new pleasures and experiences.

At the end of a month we had settled down to an easy and pleasant routine. Our mornings were spent in the cool temple gardens. A short nap followed our noon meal, and the remainder of the afternoon was taken up with such things as fishing, hunting, swimming, and strolling through the lovely forests surrounding the city.

Our hunting expeditions soon became rather dull, as the game, which was abundant, seemed to welcome our shafts and offered no resistance whatsoever. It was on one of these hunting excursions that we heard another Muckism, "Damn Ye Man You All, (translated Emmanuel), don't carry on like a man without a compass, who has just taken a four way cold tablet."

Discussing this remark later, we realized that we indeed, had no method of telling direction, as the sun rose straight into the heavens and dropped like a rock at sunset. The stars, which were visible at night were unknown to us, and so were of no aid. In fact, the only clue our navigator had as to azimuth, was given when the faithful were called to prayer in the evening, and even then, the West seemed to have a Southerly exposure.

One day, while walking through the forest, we wandered beyond our accustomed limits. As we probed deeper into the labyrinthine green, we became aware of a rhythmic chant, which seemed to permeate every molecule of nature, every cell of our bodies. We moved closer and closer to the origin of the music. Soon we were held fast by its hypnotic powers. We stood transfixed, as every movement of our bodies, every beat of our hearts, conformed to the maddening meter. I shall never forget it. It was

burnt indelibly into my mind, my soul. I can hear it still . . . "Let's have a Heidelberg . . . "Let's have a Heidelberg."

The spell was broken abruptly as we were seized by two burly temple guards, Delerium and Trements.

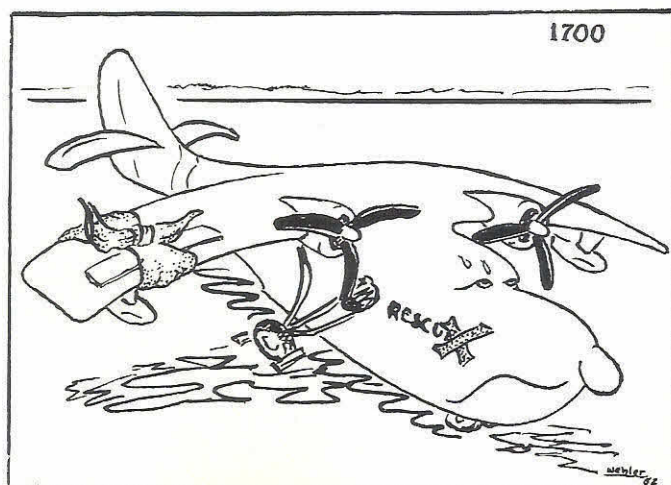
With a number of their fellows, they conducted us to a clearing a short distance away. We were spellbound as we gazed upon the scene before our eyes. In the center of the glade a temple rose toward the heavens. It was fashioned of jade and ivory and encrusted with million precious jewels.

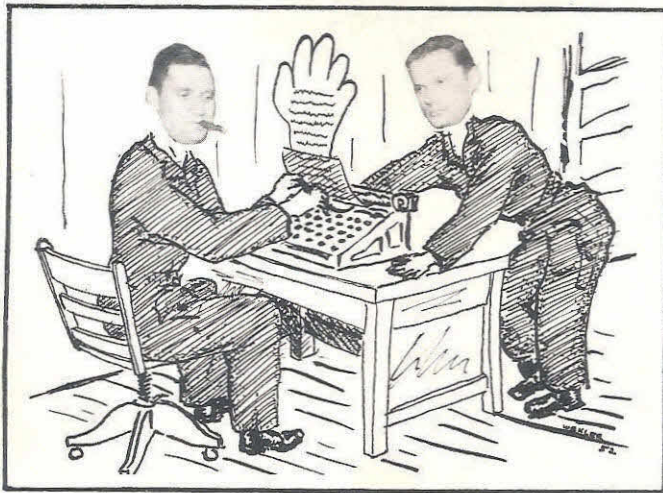
The High Priestess, Fussinmuck, was conducting a very elaborate ceremony which ceased immediately as we entered upon the scene.

Our captors explained to the High Priestess that we had been apprehended while witnessing the rites which were forbidden to unbelievers.

She made known to us the gravity of this offense and sentenced us to banishment from the island. We immediately requested to see our good friend and protector, the High Priest, Muckinfuss, only to be informed that he was on a three-day pass and not available at that time. The High Priestess was, of course, second in command and her decision, in this case, could not be carried to a higher authority, as the sentence called for immediate action. We were thereupon carried to the beach, and set adrift upon a small raft, made of palm trees. The current quickly carried us away from the shore and by night fall, we were no longer within sight of land.

At the end of the third day, the hot sun and the lack of food and water had taken its toll. One by one, we succumbed and remembered no more until we regained consciousness here in this remote Arctic outpost"





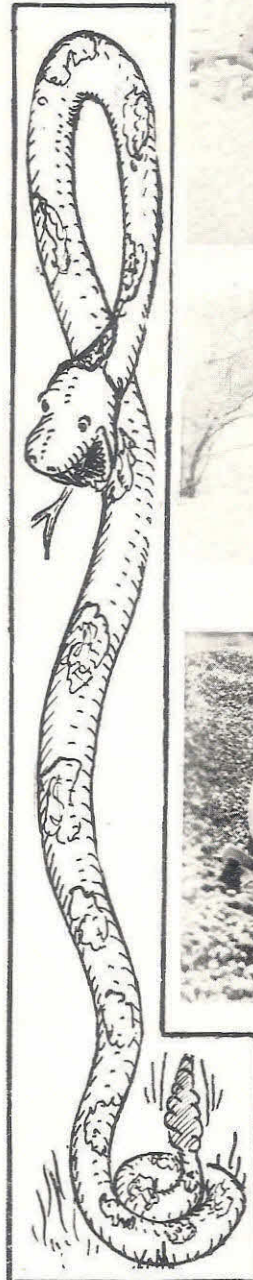
OOPS!



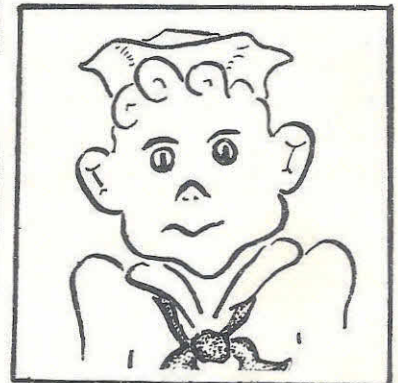
The Papoose



RT. Kelly



First Soldier



Know Your Enemy



Show us your muscles



Now REALLY fellows

i transferred to alaska 10th rescue
where the time is all spent in the blue
and the a/c are stacked on each other
each and everyone of them new

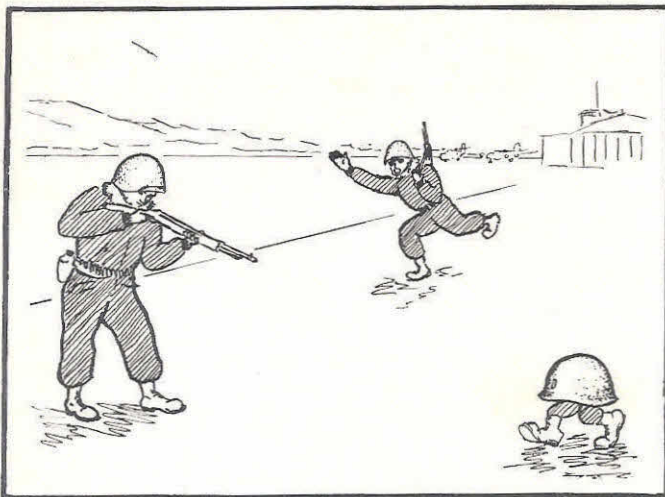
of course this viewpoint is from stateside
where everything is rosey and true
where saturday comes regularly on saturday
and sundays are not something new

i didn't realize the difference in calendars
and the length of the nites and the days
and that a ceiling of zero and zero
is nothing but a thin fluffy haze

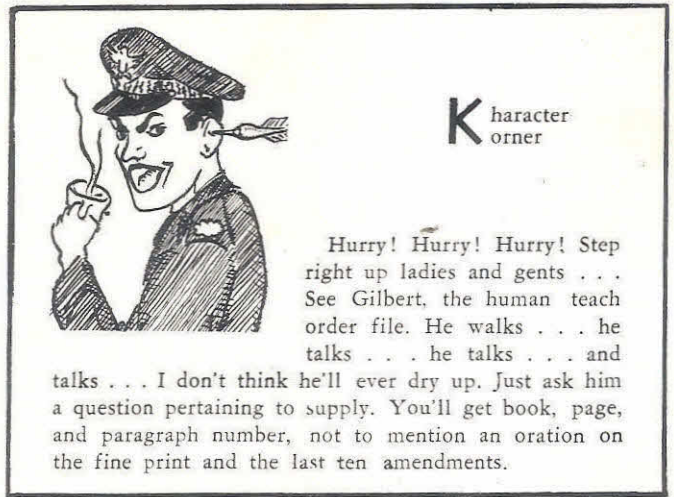
but alaska's sure full of scenery
and the streams are all full of trout
the ducks come and go on a schedule
and of game in the woods there's no doubt

but who in the hell can go get them
when the weekends go by without fail
with everyone working full schedule
so that rescue can carry the mail

don't feel that everyone's bitter
and that everything's turmoil and strife
cause who wants to drop bombs in korea
when rescue can be saving a life (MINE!)



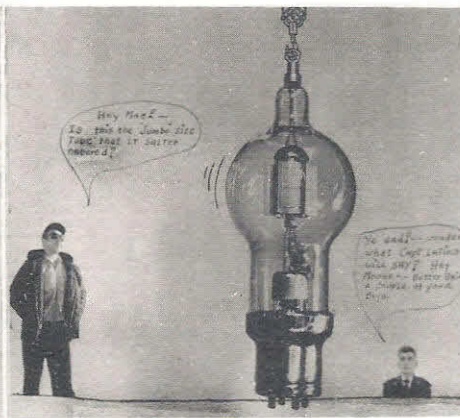
Don't shoot! That's no turtle, it's Lt. Hallenbeck.



Kharacter orner



Col. Mathews and friend.



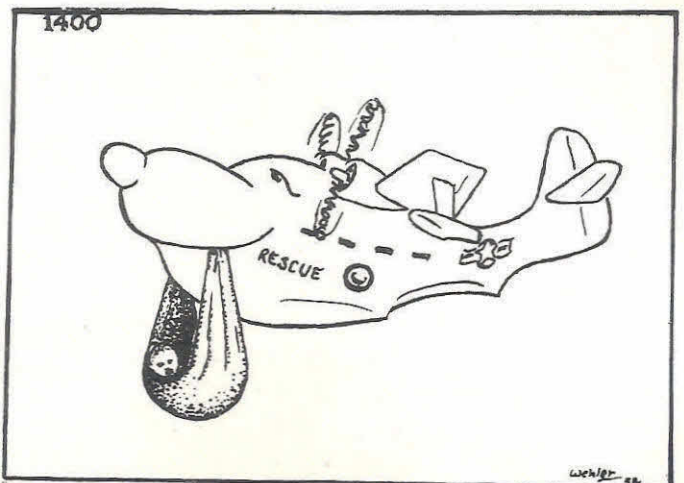
Joe Tine, Humanitarian

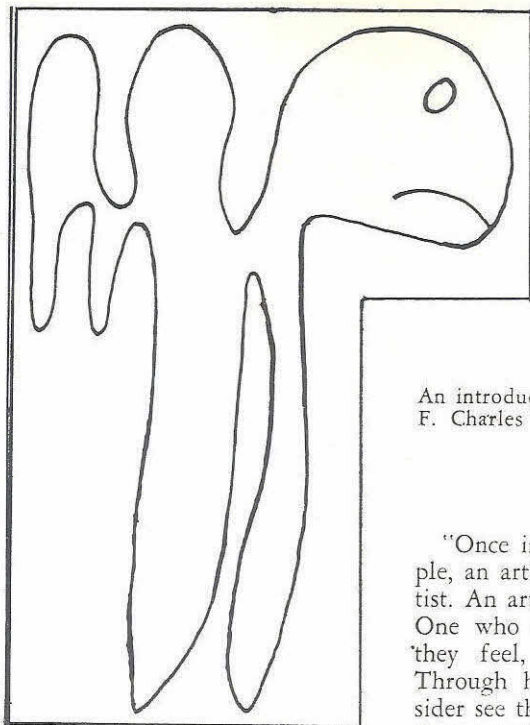


My Photographs Folder
PIO Section

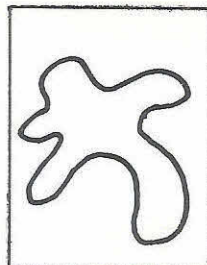


Who threw that %*@/ dart.





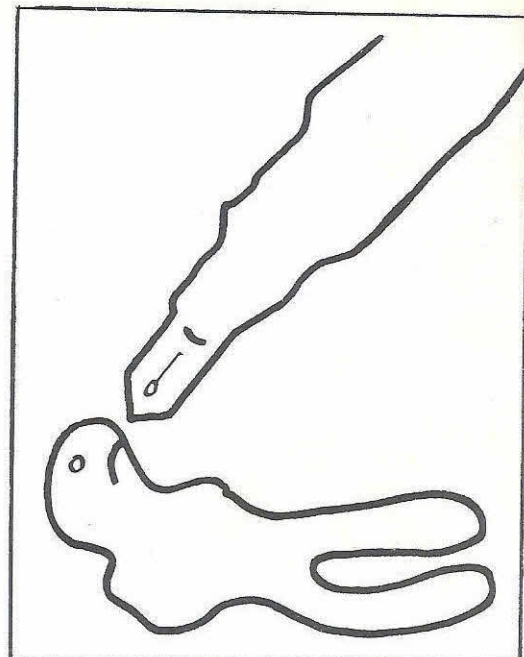
No three day pass



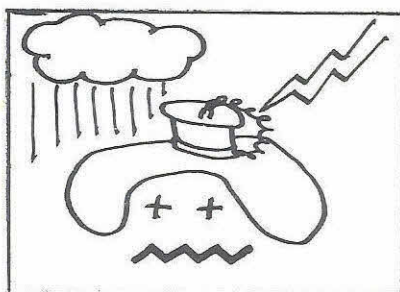
Mess Call

An introduction by the noted Art Critic,
F. Charles Von Schultzenheimer.

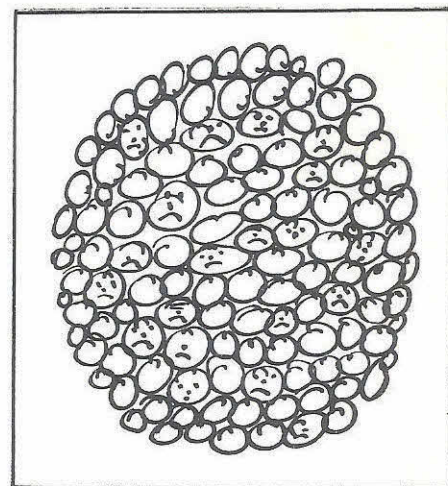
"Once in the history of every people, an artist is born who is their artist. An artist whose soul is as theirs. One who sees as they see, feels as they feel, suffers as they suffer. Through his eyes only can the outsider see the pathos, drama, and emotion experienced and felt by these people. Such an Artist is Vincenzo DeLatino, whose work on these pages, depicts the life and times of the 'Homo Sapiens Regementamus.' "



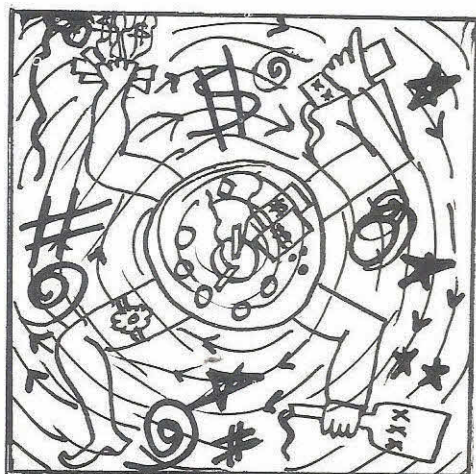
RBI



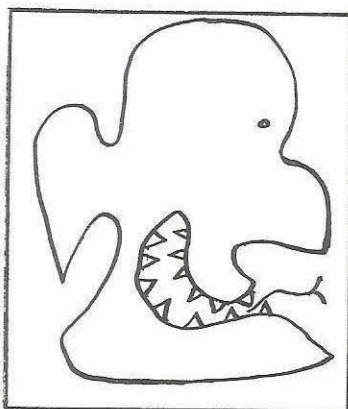
The morning after



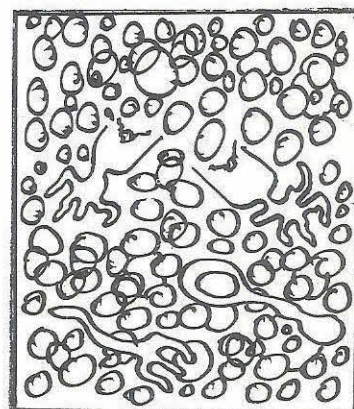
Pass in Review



The night before



AP



KP

JUNEAU - ALASKA'S CAPITOL



Ward Wells

Juneau, the Capitol of the Territory of Alaska, is located in the Southeastern part in the "Panhandle."

Its early history is consonant with the story of gold mining in Alaska, and it has survived the "Rush" days to become the most stable city in Alaska. Since its birth in 1880, it has grown into a modern beautiful city with a population of 8400.

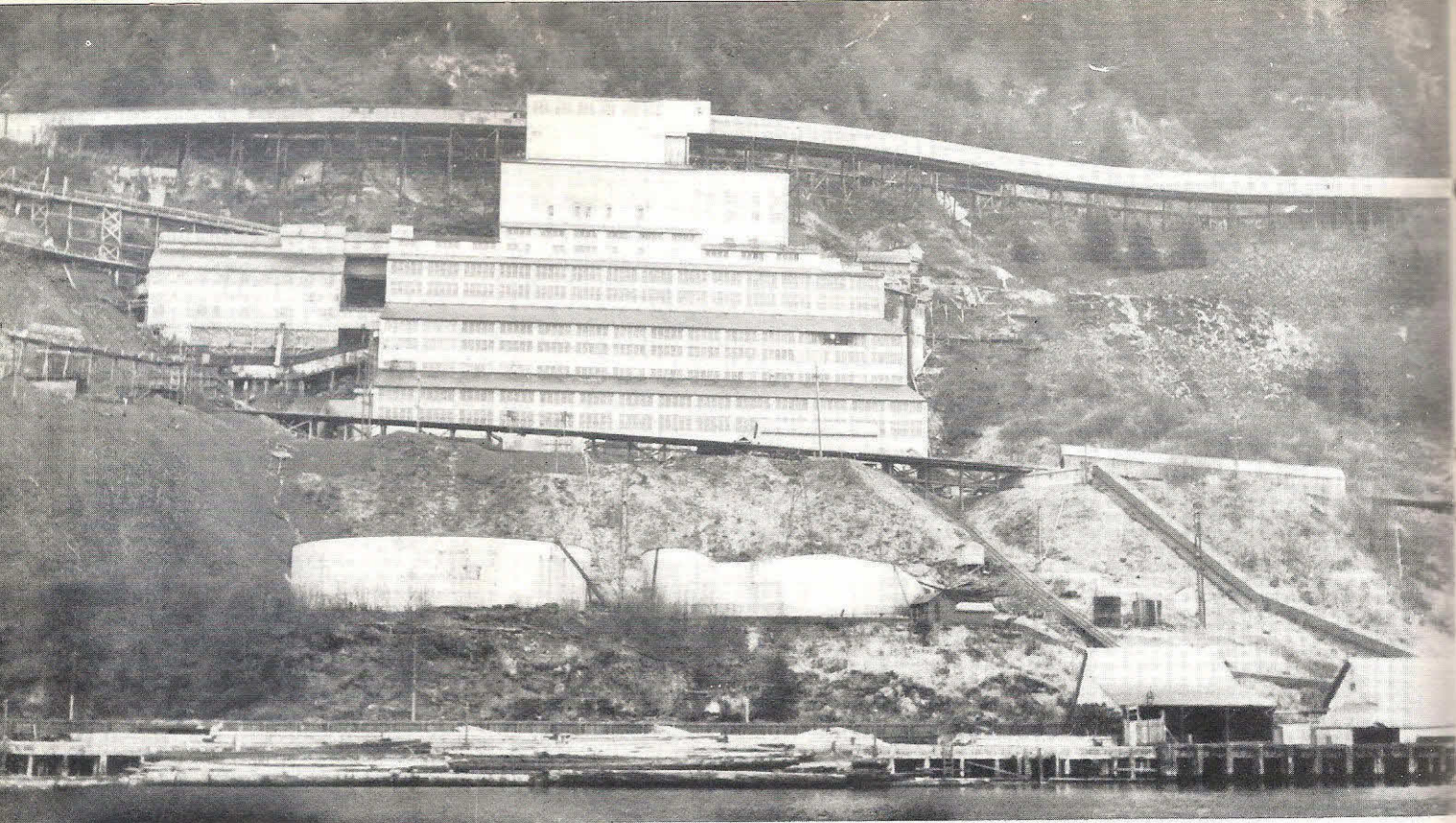
It has a sedentary, energetic citizenry and a metropolitan air and all the facilities of any modern city. Its residential section compares favorably with many towns of like size in the States and summer visitors see well-kept lawns and flower gardens and is impressed with the many delightful homes.

Juneau is situated in one of the scenic beauty spots of the world. The grandeur of snowcapped mountains, rivalling those in the Alps, fjord equal to those of Norway and glaciers unexcelled in the world can be seen whether you travel by steamer or plane.

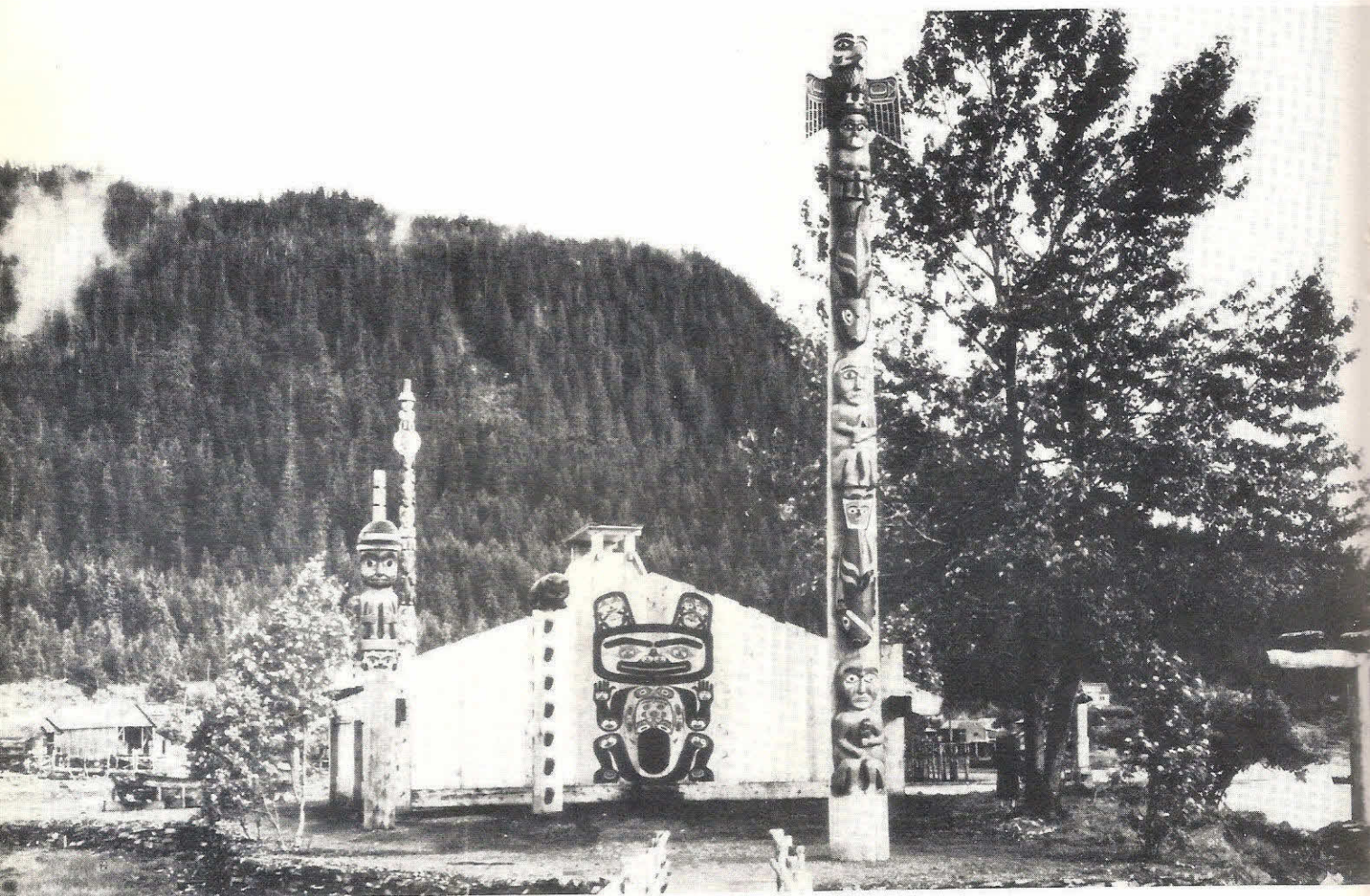
Gold mining, formerly Juneau's principal industry, is now inactive because of the disparity between the price of gold and the cost of production. Its principal resources are fishing, shipping, timber, minerals, waterpower, wildlife, and recreation.



Ward Wells

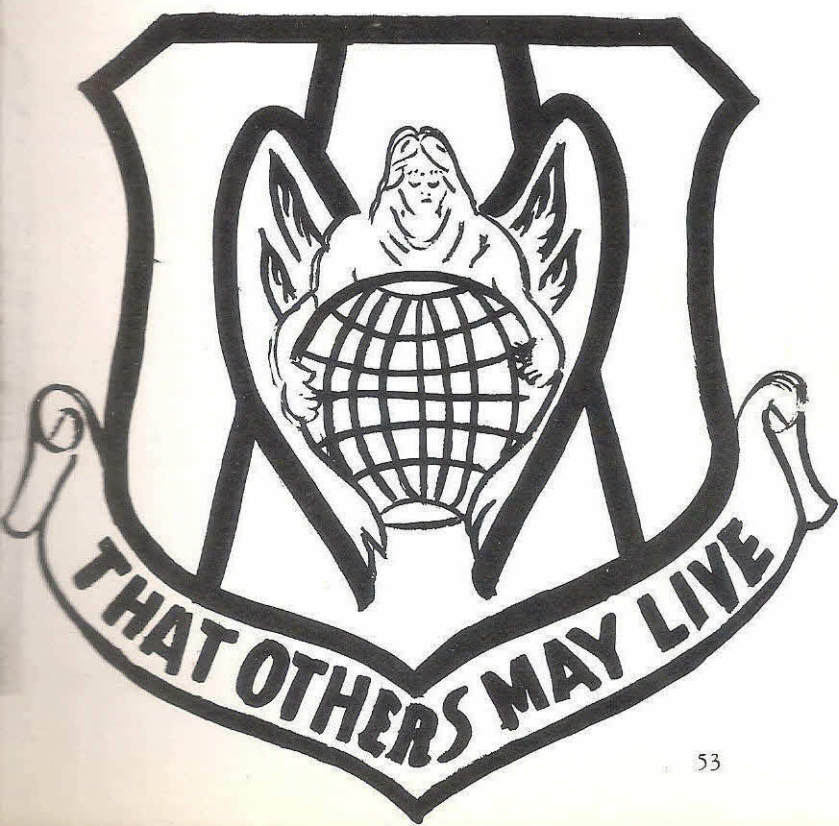


Ward Wells



Ward Wells

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LIEUTENANT COLONEL RICHARD D. WALRATH

Colonel Walrath, Commanding Officer of the 72nd Air Rescue Squadron, comes to the Air Force from the plains of South Dakota, having graduated from High School at Mitchell S. D. in 1936 and from the University of South Dakota in 1940, majoring in Business Administration. His military service started in 1941 when he was commissioned a 2nd Lt. in the Air Corps. During WW II, he served in Alaska and the Aleutians, and completed 69 Combat Missions in B-26's and C-47's. In 1947 he received a regular Commission in the Air Force. Command and Staff School was completed in June, 1949, and promotion to Lt. Colonel came through in June, 1952. Col. Walrath comes to the 72nd from Command of an Aircraft Control and Warning Squadron in Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. He makes his home in Anchorage with his wife and daughter.



Left to Right, Front Row -Capt. L. D. Tremblay, Lt. R. E. Allen, Capt. T. S. Merritt, Lt. L. N. Mansur, Lt. J. H. Remsberg, Jr., Lt. D. A. Beytes, 2nd Row -Maj. W. P. Adams, Jr., Lt. R. W. Worthington, Capt. J. H. Weaver, Lt. J. P. Smith, Lt. J. E. Bouchard, Lt. S. McBride, Jr., 3rd Row -Lt. W. K. Lewis, Capt. E. A. Ray, Capt. W. D. Jenkins, Capt. J. P. Nagel, Lt. P. Ryan, Lt. M. C. Blaisdell, 4th Row - Lt. M. R. Bostic, Lt. J. D. Frye, Lt. J. D. Deavers, Capt. H. C. Birkhead, Capt. W. E. Ritter, Jr., Lt. J. W. Amidon, Lt. Col. R. D. Walrath.



Sitting on the Floor: M/Sgt. L. Wolfe, M/Sgt. L. Harrison, M/Sgt. R. Sanders.
 First Row, Left to Right: A/2c W. Flowers, S/Sgt. C. Lowe, A/1c P. Neilsen, A/2c J. Busato, S/Sgt. Rinker, A/2c E. Bondy, A/2c R. G. Smith, A/2c R. Kruckman, S/Sgt. C. Tafoya, A/2c L. Podrasky, A/2c G. Krupenkin, A/2c J. Butler, A/2c N. Austvold, S/Sgt. G. Gallion, A/3c R. Clark, S/Sgt. K. Yoshinaka, S/Sgt. J. O'Connell, A/1c H. Niitsuma, T/Sgt. H. Martin, A/1c Kehoe.
 Second Row, Left to Right: A/2c C. Lineweber, A/2c P. Read, A/2c R. Litzau, A/2c R. Sparks, A/1c C. Caban, A/2c J. Luther, A/1c H. Herrera, A/2c J. Fitzgerald, A/1c R. Perry, A/2c J. Dozier, A/1c B. Allen, A/2c R. Pugliese, A/2c A. Leclerc, A/1c C. Smith, T/Sgt. J. Cavagnol, M/Sgt. J. Peterson, A/2c N. Bauer, A/2c V. Hines, A/2c E. Baldwin, A/2c Heroux, A/3c R. Turner.
 Third Row, Left Right: A/2c B. Bryson, A/3c J. Stanvitch, A/1c H. Camp, A/1c H. Williams, A/2c D. W. Nelson, A/1c P. Winegrove, S/Sgt. F. Bowers, S/Sgt. J. Baker, T/Sgt. W. Cave, A/3c R. Josephson, A/2c B. Carney, A/2c H. Beesley, A/3c R. Stratman, A/2c E. Morbitzer, A/1c E. Wagner, A/1c D. Teigen, M/Sgt. R. Lee, A/1c L. O'Neil, A/2c V. Duplessis, A/2c M. Mugnier.
 Fourth Row, Left to Right: A/2c I. Syrczyuk, A/1c R. Stacy, M/Sgt. L. Holsinger, S/Sgt. A. Bodnar, S/Sgt. O. Haas, A/1c D. Ellam, A/2c R. Carle, A/2c J. E. R. Pouliot, S/Sgt. R. Sipes, T/Sgt. J. Skinner, A/2c R. O'Neal, T/Sgt. C. Johnston, A/1c H. Taylor, A/1c D. R. Nelson, A/2c D. Maggart, A/2c J. Nakovic, A/3c W. Rierson, A/1c P. Stelle, A/2c R. K. Smith, A/2c C. Rawls, A/1c J. Fields.

WHATS NEW WITH SEVENTY - TWO

In order to provide better rescue service and to make that service adequate, Flight "B" has gained many new items of equipment. The flight line is now (A.) Graced (B) Cluttered (Choose one) with such new aircraft (New to us anyway), as the C-54 D, Transport, Wheel-Float H-5 F, Helicopter (Metal Bladed), and the Grumman SA-16 "Albatross." The latter is a panta-based airplane. By this it is meant that the a/c is able to operate from Land, Water or Snow. The airplane offers the versatility needed to do an all around job.

Jato-equipped, it can shorten its take-off run on land and leave a sticky or soft, deep snow area in a hurry. Reversible propellers complete the picture for postage-stamp size field operations. In contrast to its abilities in limited areas, two external disposable fuel tanks give the "Albatross" excellent long range cruising capabilities.

The aircraft can also be utilized to discharge a para-jump team or to para-drop cargo of limited bulk. All in all the expression "panta-based" well describes the fact that there are no reasonable limits as to the condition from which this airplane may operate.

Where the SA-16 cannot go we have our H-5 helicopter ready to take its fling. The new type metal blade installation has given the copter all the performance which was lost due to the addition of floats when using the old type blades. Also a welcome sight on our flight line is the C-54 D cargo carrier, "Triple Nickel". Unlike some of its sisters, this export product of Flight "D" does not have the long-range internal fuel cell. Other than its radar, this kind does not differ essentially from the bunches of air transports which never seem to bring fresh vegetables and fruit to Elmendorf.

The SB-17 (thats what we hook onto the A-1 Lifeboats) is still in evidence (Providing Flight "C" hasn't seen it with the keys in it). This airplane has a lot to offer from a pure search viewpoint. We're sorry to say that just as we came to press, the last of the "Boeing-hicans" "Old "3706") is now scheduled to leave us.



NERVE CENTER

This is the home of that tireless, ever watchful, twenty-four hour Sentinel, the Rescue Duty Controller.

Surrounded by a battery of telephones, VHF and HF wireless radios, as well as direct lines to several key agencies, any one of which may suddenly jangle itself into life to tell us that someone is in trouble. Once it is evident that a mission may soon be in progress, the 24 hour alert crew is always ready to take off on some errand of mercy. As soon as the information is assimilated and a plan of action can be formed, crews and supplies are quickly dispatched.

If it is to be a big search for a lost aircraft, the search commander takes charge and a large operation is detailed and superimposed on a huge wall map. Crews are briefed on the object of the search, weather, communications, search techniques and special flights to pursue rumors and sightings reported.

All possible information is sifted and evaluated and investigated.

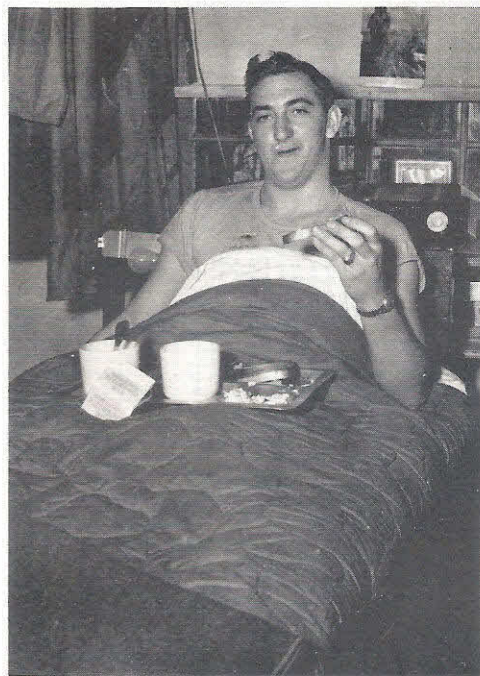
Once the search planes are in the air, a very close system of position reporting finds its way to the search designation board. If any of the search aircraft is unreported for as much as one hour, then it will itself become an object of search should it have encountered trouble.

All this will continue until a report can be sent out "Mission accomplished," or, as sometimes happens after long weeks or months of search with negative results, we will be directed to "suspend" search.

TURN ABOUT

May 52 dawned much as any other Alaska day, but as the twilight brightened the scene, an airman reported the incredible sight of a Master Sergeant peeling spuds and pearl diving (washing pots and pans to the uninitiated), and later there came the even more bewildering report of Lieutenants and even Captains doing the same thing. All this was too much so an enterprising photographer was sent to investigate, and found it was all true.

The event was the first anniversary of the formation of Flight "B", 10th ARS, it's birthday, so to speak. The first of May was chosen, since it was on that day that Lt. Colonel (then Major) George H. Helmick, A/2c E. Rinker, and 1/Lt C. B. Bartholomew first manned the flight, (later to be the 72nd Air Rescue Squadron) under a special order for the Air Rescue Service in Washington.



A/3c William Rierson, then a Basic Airman, was chosen to be served breakfast in bed (See Right) by the Adjutant, Capt. William E. Ritter. All members of the Squadron later enjoyed a superb steak dinner and refreshments prepared and served by Tech and Master Sergeants and Officers. Other Squadron duties were handled by top three graders.

After the meal, Col. Helmick, Lt. Bartholomew, and Airman Rinker officiated at the cutting of a large cake appropriately decorated for the event.



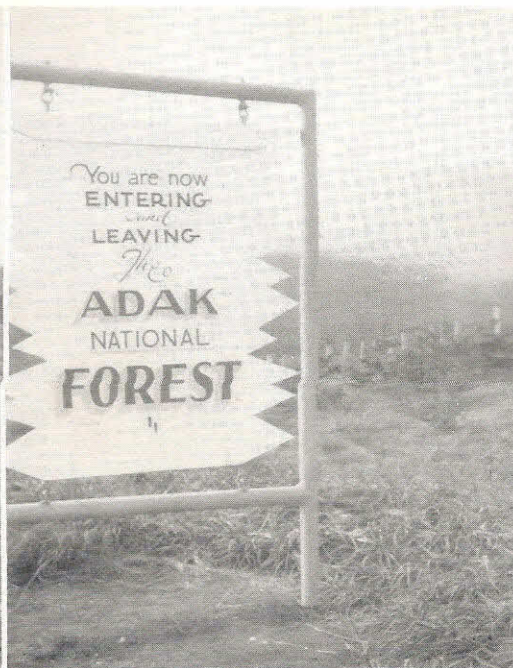
Left to Right 1. 1/Lt. Carson Bartholomew
2. Major George Helmick
3. A/2c Edwin Rinker



Left to Right 1. M/Sgt. Ralph K. Sanders
2. 2nd Lt. John H. Remsburg
3. 1/Lt. Robert W. Worthington
4. Capt. William E. Ritter



HOW COME-?? When the best-equipped shutterbug



Tries to produce this



The invariable results is this



STARTING ENGINES IN THE SUB-ZERO

Left: The principal source of hot air here, contrary to snide opinion, is not this group of AF personnel at Snag, in the Yukon Territory, Canada, but rather the Herman Nelson Heater they are almost concealing.



R R & R AT ADAK (Right) (Rantings, Ravings, and Regrets)

After the doughty anglers were sworn to Top Secrecy, blindfolded, and driven under cover of night to the most choice fishing spot, they cast throw lines, plugs, flies, worms, small nets, large nets, medium nets, hair nets (oops!), shrimp nets and even an old unused tennis net, finally coming up with an old boot containing this magnificent specimen of "Bonium Microfishium."

PREXY & SUPER CUB

Shortly after the discovery of wreckage high atop Mt. Gannett in the Chugach range, Rescue officials felt it imperative to scour the debris for possible survivors and to get positive identification of the wreck. The possibility of survivors was as remote as could be and we still were not sure this was the C-124.

A land-rescue party would require many precious days or even over a week under weather conditions then existing.

Having knowledge of Doctor Moore's wide experience along such lines, and of his Super-Cub powered by a 125 H. P. engine able to operate up to the 10,000 foot level, Lt. Col. John Pettay immediately put in a call to the Doctor. The flying president of the University of Alaska said he would be pleased to help in any way and that he would be available immediately. The weather continued to be sour for another few days, but on November 28th a landing was made near the site and word got back of the confirmation of the wreckage with no

possible survivors. Accompanied by Lt. Thomas F. Sullivan, a survival specialist, they attempted to survey the area and to look for remains. Supported by 10th Air Rescue para-drops, the party was forced to remain overnight due to strong and unfavorable winds at their level. Upon returning, Moore and Sullivan reported debris scattered over a three acre area buried beneath eight feet of snow and parts strewn up almost one thousand feet of a sheer cliff which the airplane struck, and from which it fell. A thoroughly demolished tail section was the only major part of the large ship remaining which could be recognized.



ABOVE: Dr. Terris Moore and Lt. Thomas F. Sullivan upon their return to Elmendorf from the scene of the C-124 crash. Dr. Moore, a member of the CAP, owns this Super-Cub which is one of the few in Alaska especially adapted for the type of flying which was necessary to approach the scene.



Dr. Moore, President of the University of Alaska, after landing his Super-Cub at the 8,000 foot level of Mt. Gannett. (Note how the airplane is up to its belly in snow).



Geehan

Moore explains the hydraulic-wheel-ski arrangement which he helped develop and which was of great assistance in the tricky high altitude, deep snow take-off.



ABOVE: Grumman SA-16 Albatross on T-3 Ice Island.

LEFT: Major Holdiman points out the location of T-3, Site of the historic landing.

A LEGEND LEAVES—Major Roy L. Holdiman

After spending many enjoyable years in Alaska, Roy finally had to rotate overseas—yep, overseas, for, you see, the Major was a bona fide resident of Alaska. Leaving us, along with the last vestiges of summer weather, he and his family were to report to the Command and Staff School at Maxwell AFB, Alabama.

Roy first came to Alaska at a tender age, and graduated from Anchorage High School in 1933. Enlisting in the Army Air Force, he graduated a 2nd Lt. at La Junta AAB, Colorado in 1943. He later served in the Southwest Pacific and Asiatic-Pacific Areas during WW II, completing 76 combat missions. He was awarded the Air Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters and the Presidential Unit Citation.

Although Roy was in Alaska before our activation in 1946, he served with the 10th Rescue Squadron ever since it was formed, both as Flight Operations Officer and as Flight Commander.

Considered an outstanding authority on Alaska and rescue matters in general, he has flown into all the major airports and knew almost every "bush" flight strip in the Territory. Among his many other notable achievements was the first landing of an SA-16 Albatross on T-3 Ice Island, only 180 miles from the North Pole.

An extremely wide circle of friends, both military and civilian will miss him and his charming wife, Marcie, and his two children, Kay and Sandra

WOE IS HE! (RIGHT)

Late in the month of October, your reporter learned of the imminent loss of our beloved Cessna's, the LC-126's. Since this also meant the loss of the Lake Hood Detachment (The next best place if you can't be Home) where the float Cessna's were based. Our first impulse was to get to Lt. James A. Lynn, Officer in Charge of the Detachment to record his reactions to the monumental edict. As soon as the whole fiendish plan was laid before him, Jim broke down (see right) and as we left him to his thoughts, absorbing the full impact of the momentous news, one could hear him muttering, "I'll bet I'll even have to stand Alerts."





Above: Rescue officials and experts confer. In this case the group has just returned from the observation of a C-119 wreck which is almost inaccessible. L to R: Lt. Col. John Pettay, S/Sgt. Ralph Futrell, Capt. William Hackett, Lt. Luther Dean.

Capt. Hackett is a mountain expert having climbed Mt. McKinley three times, (1947, 1951, 1952). His party was the only one ever to climb it on its west face, which is considered most dangerous by experts. Here Capt. Hackett points to the numerous difficulties and dangers involved in any attempt at evacuation of victims. Experience at other such accidents has proven that few if any victims are ever found in the deep snows and scattered debris as existed here.



Metamorphosis

The above is a big headquarters type word meaning a change in form, purpose or circumstance with or without a change in character. We did not exchange any characters, except Sam Heinz, but we did change our name. Ringing out the old and ringing in the new can be seen L to R: A1c Donald Teigen, A1c Paul Neilsen, S/Sgt. Edwin Rinkers, S/Sgt. Clifford Lowe, A12c Robert Carle.

This change affected us in three very important ways. 1. we graduated from a flight to a squadron. 2. when we answer the phone with "72nd Operations", people hang up because they think they have a wrong number. 3. all the "Flight" poop had to be done over to read "Squadron" poop.



Air Rescue is very often called upon to participate in public functions, dedications and special events.

Here, a small display arranged at Seward on the event of the dedication of that airport for D-3 service. Prepared to explain the material are L to R: A1c Bobby Carney, A12c Dave Gorden, A1c Lawrence Frederick.



Above: Sgt. Adams proves "It's In The Book", and if it isn't, then Lt. Deavers gets his mouth washed out with Grandma's Lye Soap. Center: A13c Syryczuk. Right: A12c Wingrove.



Above: Personal equipment gets a thorough check and proper packing. The bins contain each man's individual pack.



Selecting supplies and equipment for the para-drop support plane. They will be dropped at some pre-determined advance base. L to R: A/2c Wesley Ade, A/2c Dave Gordon.

LAND RESCUE

Below: A/2c Robert M. Jones another land-rescue team member, loads a para-drop radio. L. Luther Dean assists. That pack would be heavy even if filled with feathers.



Above: Captain Allen L. "Doc" Sklar, Para-Doctor, prepares to leave for what could well be his hundredth mercy flight. Doc is often called several times a day for mercy missions. He was one of four men who recently spent six days at an elevation of 8000 ft. on Mt. Gannett while investigating the wreckage of a C-124.

Below: All packed up, here we see A/2c Richard Josephson, a land rescue specialist boarding an SA-16 Albatross, prepared for a mountain climb. Note the "crampons" and the stout Nylon rope necessary for glacier and mountain work.



PARA - RESCUE OPERATIONS

Jumping into the wilds of Canada to rescue the survivors of a recent crashed aircraft is only routine work for members of the 10th Air Rescue Group's para-rescue team; however, many months of hard work have been spent in training in order to properly train and condition team members.

The first step in becoming a Para-rescue technician is the successful completion of regular airborne jump training at Ft. Benning, Ga. Air Force trainees are treated no differently than the regular paratroopers of the Infantry at Benning where they master the fundamentals of parachuting.

Next, the air trainees must complete the Air Force's Para-Rescue and Survival School at West Palm Beach, Florida. Here

they are taught specialized techniques for jumping into trees and water. They become familiar with rescue jumping, rescue equipment, and rescue medical treatment. They are trained in survival in order to operate in any area of the world for the maximum period of time with a minimum of equipment. This training includes jungle training in Florida, desert training in California, mountain and arctic training in Idaho and salt water survival on an island in the Gulf of Mexico.

After this exhaustive training, para-rescue personnel are assigned to teams all over the world where Air Force planes operate. Now let's see how they operate using a recent typical incident and a team assigned to the 10th Rescue Group at Elmendorf Air Force Base.

An SB-17 aircraft with eight persons aboard is reported overdue at Whitehorse, Canada. Within ten minutes a para-rescue team consisting of para-doctor, para-medical technician, and two para-rescue survival technicians is loaded aboard a C-47 with enough equipment to effect a rescue. Meanwhile search planes have taken off for the area where the B-17 was last reported. The C-47 with the para-rescue team aboard is only an hour behind the faster search planes when the wreckage of the B-17 is spotted close to the crest of a 4000 ft. ridge.

Now all the training that has gone into the making of a para-rescue team is put into play. The para-doctor and para-medical are dropped at the scene of the crash to evaluate the situation and report to the C-47 by portable radio which is carried in a pocket of a rescue tree-jump suit. They report seven survivors, three of whom are badly burned. Now the jump-master must deliver the needed medical supplies and equipment as near as possible to the crash site. Then he and another survival expert jump in and set up a portable tent to be used as a field hospital. While the medics dress the patients' burns, the survival experts busy themselves in cooking hot nourishing meals for those who are able to eat. All team members are busy for the next six hours caring for the patients. Then two helicopters arrive at the scene and begin shuttling the patients out to the nearest airstrip where they loaded aboard faster aircraft for the flight back to Anchorage and the nearest hospital. Within a few hours the patients and other four survivors are back in Anchorage for hospitalization and home.

The gratitude of the survivors is all the para-rescue team needs to keep their morale high. They have chosen the para-rescue career field and have done what their job requires; however, without the excellent teamwork of the ground crews, search plane crews, C-47 crew and the helicopter pilots, this operation could not have been carried out to its successful completion.



Para-Rescue on its way.



Left: Para-Rescue arriving.

THE SAGA OF 595

She came out of Boeing in '42
As graceful a bird, ever winged in the blue.
All shiney and bright, and clean as a pin,
All ready to fight for Germany's sin.

She flew out of England till '44,
With many a mission to Germany's 'door.
At 20,000 thru fighter and flak,
She proudly carried our flyers back.

From Berlin to Munich, Sarrbrucken to Keil,
and sometimes a milk run, in France, to Creil.
She flew her best and justly so,
To win the war in the ETO.

They returned her home in '45,
and placed her in a field to die.
She waited though, because she knew,
She would again, fly in the blue.

Her wait, you know, was not in vain,
Because Air Rescue, one her had a claim.
They cleaned her up and checked her out,
And sent her up on another bout.

From Juneau to Fairbanks, Adak to Nome,
She has searched for her friends who didn't come home.
I can hear them say, in the days gone by,
"It's a mission boys, take 595."

They took her out one sunny day,
To find a flyer, who had lost his way.
To this day I think she knew,
It was her last flight in the blue.

They buried her up on a hillside high,
That she may always see the sky.
Her history still lives, though she has died,
Thus is the saga of 595.

By T/Sgt. Joseph J. Cavagnol

SO THIS IS ALASKA

So this is Alaska	Fish tales are not fishy
We'll take it from me	In fact they're quite true
All things are not	The big one that got away
What they seem to be.	Won't happen to you.

In Summer—No nite	It's the very first place
IN Winter—No day	I ever went fishing
To figure it out	And came back with fish
Makes my hair turn grey	instead of just wishing

It's snow to your knees	There's plenty of Bars
or mud to your ears	With floor shows in back
And rain falls as freely	but it takes all my cash
as a new baby's tears.	to keep up my Shack

The comforts of home	You might think from this Jingle
are something that ain't	That to leave I can't wait
and the outdoor Johnnie	But between me and you
is right up to date.	I hope I never ROTATE.

Now hunting and fishing
are a pleasure to do
For Moose I'm a-looking
or else Caribou.

By T/Sgt. Harry C. Martin



10th Air Rescue Ground Station, pictured above, maintains contact with rescue aircraft, our Squadron net, and monitors some emergency frequencies. Its use is primarily for tactical control of Rescue Mission aircraft and secondarily for point to point contact among rescue stations. Pictured above is chief operator for the 72nd ARS—A1c Richard Perry.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

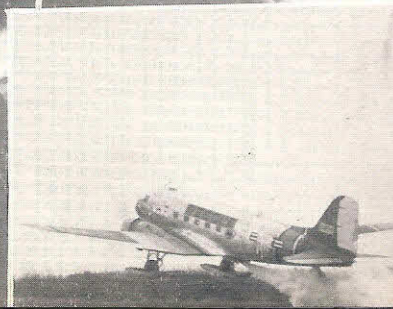
Twice in one week 10th Air Rescue found and brought back the same civilian flyer. The first incident found the man on the beach of Naknek. The man returned and successfully flew his aircraft, a Cessna, from the beach. Five days later the pilot again found himself in trouble when his engine failed over Lake Clark, necessitating a crash landing on the beach of that lake. Again the pilot was evacuated to Anchorage.

The pilot expressed his gratitude to the rescue pilot and told him that he was going to return to the States by commercial airlines and he would be sure to inform the 10th ARS when he was leaving the territory.

A similar situation occurred with a military flyer. A jet fighter pilot crash-landed in Goose Bay Flats at 2:03 P. M. Five minutes later, a B-17 was circling the scene and reported the pilot unhurt. Twelve minutes after the crash, the pilot was picked up by a helicopter and before 3 P. M., the pilot was safely back in his unit.

Several months later, the same jet pilot was the subject of a reported crash two miles from Lake Hood. Within nine minutes, a Rescue light plane and helicopter were at the scene. However, Ward Gay, a civilian pilot who witnessed the incident landed his float plane and helped save the pilot from the fiery craft then brought the injured pilot to Lake Hood where we flew the pilot to Elmendorf and the hospital. The swift work of civilians and rescue personnel undoubtedly saved this pilot's life.

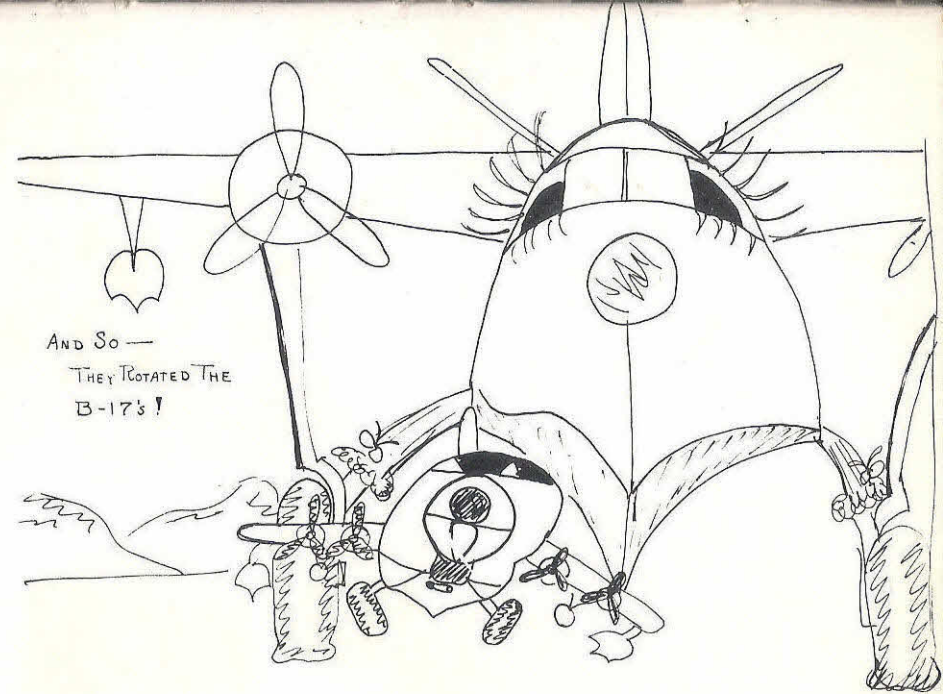
These are by no means the end of our double takes. One very satisfied "bush pilot" customer required the aid of the 10th ARS three times within one month's time. Rescue pilots grew to know this individual by his first name.







Mrs. B. Beytes



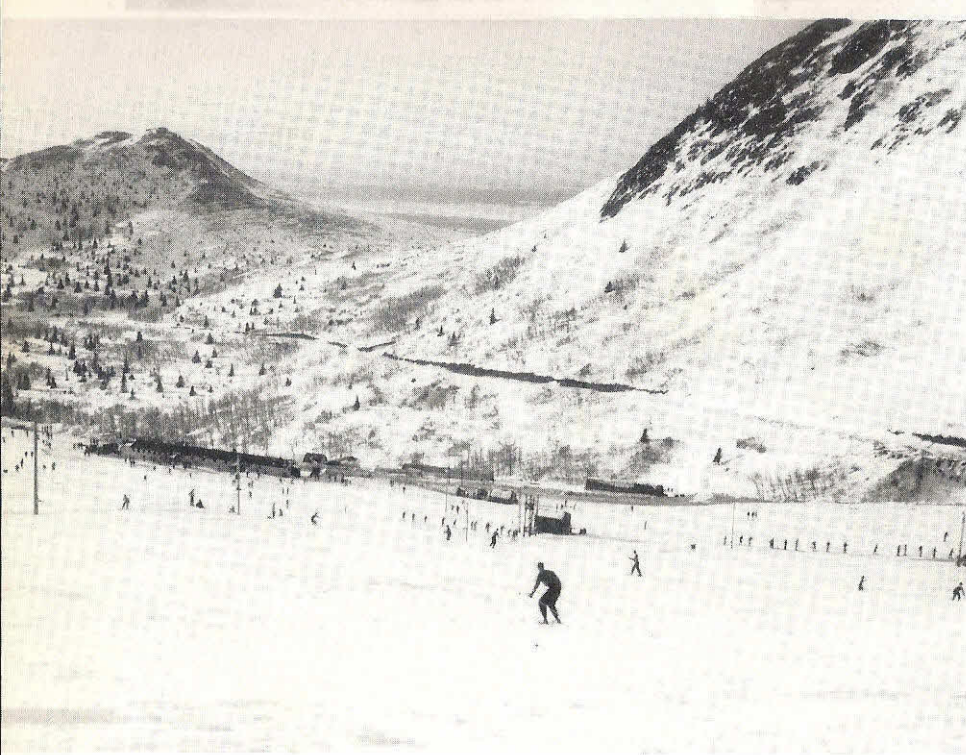
Mrs. B. Beytes



Chase



T/Sgt. Cavagnol



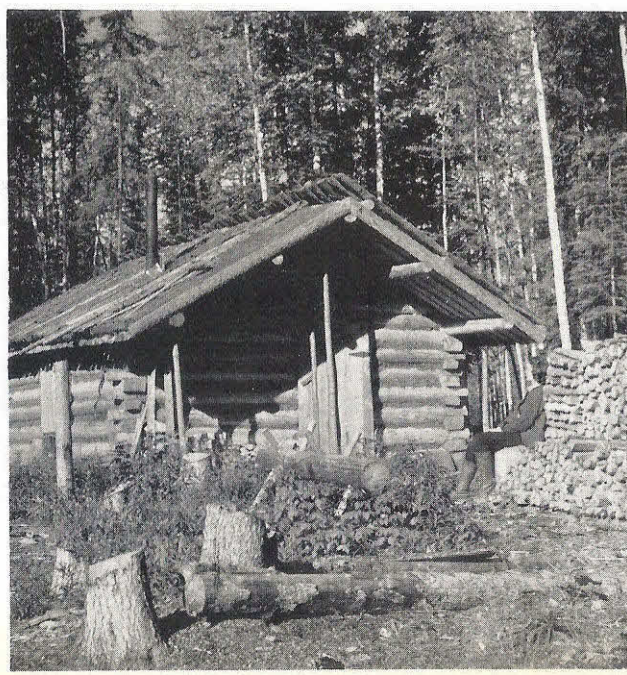
Artice Valley Ski Bowl near Anchorage

Chace



Russian Orthodox Cemetery near Anchorage

Ward Wells





Mt. McKinley



Mt. McKinley Hotel



Fish Trap—Tazlina River



Green Lake on Elmendorf



Mt. Spurr



Mile 86 Glenn Highway



13RD AIR RESCUE SQ.



73 AIR RESCUE SQ.



Major Frederick D. Ellis

THE C. O.

Winding up two years on the chain as Commanding Officer of the 73rd Air Rescue Squadron is Major Frederick D. Ellis. The young boss of the 73rd has held command since February of 1951, leading the squadron in compiling an enviable record in his two year tour. A top-notch pilot with over 3,500 hours in the air, Major Ellis won the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with four oak leaf clusters, and the ETO ribbon with five battle stars while flying 30 combat missions in World War II. His home town is Salem, Oregon, from where he entered the service and received his wings and commission in 1942.

"BUSTER" TELLS THE STORY OF THE 73rd AIR RESCUE SQUADRON.

Hi, everybody. I'm 'Buster' and that's a pretty good shot of me on this page—if I do say so myself.

Actually I'm pretty new to the 73rd myself. I guess the dog that really should be writing about is the 73rd is (Duffy)—whose picture you'll see later on. Duffy was with the 73rd way back when it was a detachment. But that grand old boy passed away last summer so it's up to me to fill in.

I was born on Adak, here in the Aleutian Islands, so maybe I shouldn't complain—boy, was this place ever sold short in the matter of trees. I waited seven weeks to visit the Adak National Forest. Forest, nuts! A two-by-four plot of midget Christmas trees! Nothing will grow up here except the moss and grass and stuff that makes up the tundra. Probably because of the wind and lack of sun — of which there's too much of one and not enough of the other.

The 73rd started as detachment in 1946 when Rescue units were set up at Elmendorf, Ladd, Marks, (Nome), Cold Bay, Adak, and Shemya. Since then its progressed through flight status under the old 10th A. R. S. and now its the 73rd of the 10th Air Rescue Group.



THE EDITOR

Adak is a Naval Air Station, primarily, and some of those Navy sea dogs are mighty unfriendly. Guess they haven't heard about unification. The whole place comes under control of the USN Alaskan Sea Frontier. The Squadron also keeps a plane on 24-hour alert at Shemya AFB.

We're still flying the grand old B-17s out here.

The famed "Flying Fortress" of World War II gets an "S"—for Search—stuck in front of its title and a lifeboat, which can be parachuted to the water, stuck under it. But it's still the baby that carried the mail in 1942-45 and nothing has been found that can do the job better out here. I like to see those four fans when I'm out over that Bering Ocean. Br-r-r-r.

The crews do a lot of intercept and escort work on distressed aircraft. With the aid of radar, radio, and some darn good navigational work they'll find most anything if you give 'em half a chance. Medical evacuations from some of these lonely islands are a very important part of the 73rd's work. I guess, though, that humans are a lot more tender than us dogs. Why, just the other day, I heard Major Weller say, "Every time some guy scratches his finger, they call Air Rescue." Anyway, with this brief back ground information, let's walk around the 73rd and I'll point out the key men and sections who make it tick.



THE ORDERLY ROOM GANG SCHEMING
M/Sgt. Hicks, 2/Lt. Anderson, S/Sgt. Denehy.



THE ORDERLY ROOM

Situated right outside the Commanding Officer's door, is the "heart" of the 73rd. So, being a methodical sort of a dog, I checked around the orderly room right after I'd interviewed Major Ellis. What a mountain of paper work they were wading through in there. I guess it's necessary, but I've never had much use for paper work since the time I chewed an ear off a very high-falutin' sort of a dog with one of them fancy pedigrees. Didn't help him any.

Adjutant of the 73rd and the man who directs all this paper work is 2/Lt. Guy D. Anderson, Jr. Right beside Lt. Anderson is the desk of M/Sgt. Jimmy D. Hicks, the outfit's "top kick". I sort of scampered by that desk. Somebody told me Sgt. Hicks likes to eat dogs for breakfast. The guy that warned me had a knife and a bucket of potatoes in front of him.

Just down the hall from the orderly room is another key point in the administrative set-up. It's the personnel section headed by 1/Lt. Donald D. Bishop with S/Sgt. Paul Van Meter his No. 1 aide. When I got into the office, Lt. Bishop was writing furiously and didn't have much time to talk to me. Seems he was going out on a flight shortly for he's one of the squadron's rather thin supply of navigators.

Maintaining liason with group headquarters in Elmendorf, some 1,000 nautical miles away is one of the main headaches of these administrative people. I told them I had a buddy in there and I'd try and do something about it my next trip in.



"ARE ALL THESE MEN ROTATING?"
1/Lt. Bishop, S/Sgt. Hoskins, S/Sgt. Van Meter, A1c Dorato.



"TWO PEOPLE FROM MONROE, LA., MEET"
Rear Admiral Goodwin, and A2c Wagoner.

OPERATIONS



PANIC BUTTON
Major Thomas A. Weller

I left the personnel office and started back down the hall toward some of the other sections. About the time I got even with the stairs, here came Major Weller running hard. He stopped near me and started flicking a switch up and down. While a loud bell was still ringing on and off and I was trying to figure what it was all about, about 2,000 people came storming by me. Well, maybe it was only five or six, but they sure were moving. After I'd slunk on into operations, I learned a Navy plane had called in with an engine dead and the alert crew was on its way out to meet them in case they lost the other.

Major Weller, who is the operations officer, told me that the crew had been air borne eight minutes after he'd hit the "panic button." Being an Air Force dog and pretty knowing about airplanes, I was very much impressed with this. The crews can hit that sort of time consistently, despite the fact that an SB-17 has those four engines to crank up.

Assistant Operations Officer is 1/Lt. Cecil A. Miller, a veteran of 3,000 hours in the air of which 1,600 is B-17 time. T/Sgt. Ralph A. Mejia is their No. 1 aide. He's a sort of Form 5, dispatch, clerk, and message section rolled into one.

This



Results

in

this



"HOW MANY HOURS HAVE I GOT?"
1/Lt. Miller, T/Sgt. Mejia, A/3c Skversky



AND HERE COMES THE CREW

A/2c Rickman, Capt. Kline, 2/Lt. Downs, 1/Lt. Bishop, S/Sgt. Hulsey, A/2c Lewis, (Buster's Pal, Hank, leads the way.)

MAINTENANCE

I'm kind of a lazy hound, and believe me, I was really impressed with the Maintenance section of the 73rd ARS. Those boys just never quit working. Saturday, Sunday, sometimes even at night, they keep at the job until the planes are ready to go.

When you get as old as these weary 17s of ours, you're going to creak a little in the joints and maybe need a new part or two. So when you consider that around 35 men keep the four planes of the squadron going most of the time, you can see why I wag my tail a few times in admiration.

One reason for this outstanding record is Capt. Robert L. Jackson, maintenance officer. Boy does that man hate that well

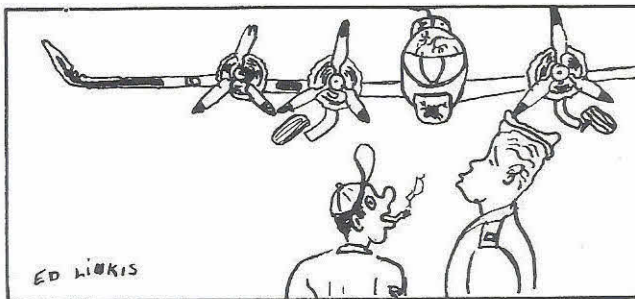
known phrase "AOCP". But no worse than does his assistant, Chief Warrant Officer Clark K. Michaels.

Both men told me that the main credit for the good work should go to the hard-working crew of airmen headed by these key NCO's: M/Sgt. Herman C. Garland, line chief; M/Sgt. Rauls S. Jimenez, assistant line chief; M/Sgt. H. A. Brown and Robert S. Rose, dock chiefs; T/Sgt. Charles J. Brown, Jr., inspector; and Sgt. Theophilus Barnett, shop supervisor.

On the main floor at Yakutat hangar, these men keep 'em flying. A never ending flow of SB-17s move through the hangar, undergoing the required three intermediate inspections and the big major at 200 flying hours.

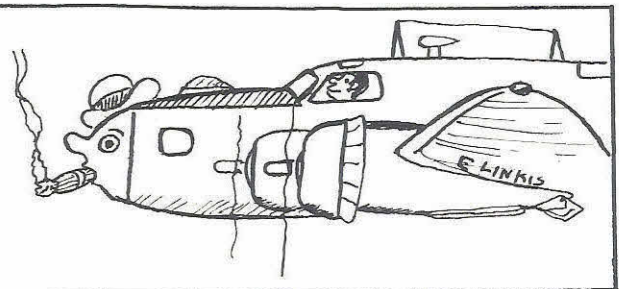


"LET'S LEAVE THE WINGS OFF THIS ONE"
M/Sgt. Brown, Capt. Jackson, M/Sgt. Rose.



"ELMENDORF BOUND"

"She runs a little rough, but she'll straighten out in the air, sir."



ADAK BOUND

"I don't know why we took off. We're taking a big risk with that right navigation light out."



"WHAT THE HECK IS THIS?"

A/1c Chilcott, CWO-2 Michaels, T/Sgt. Brown, M/Sgt. Garland.



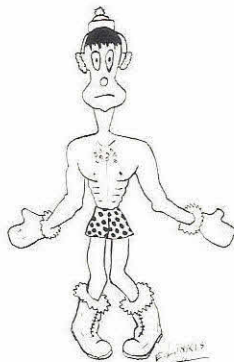
"WATCH THAT FINGER, KILLER"

A/1c Kane, T/Sgt. Sprinkle

SUPPLY AND PERSONAL EQUIPMENT

Also on the main hangar floor is the supply section of the 73rd which works closely with the maintenance section and is, in fact, a sub-division of maintenance. 2/Lt. Frederick W. Meyer, who wages constant battles with Navy and Air Force sources, heads this important section. His able NCOIC is S/Sgt. William J. Norris. Those two are frustrated architects, I guess. They've always got some building project under way over there.

Closely allied to supply is the personal equipment and survival training section which 2Lt. Robert Bee Downs oversees. TSgt. James R. Day is NCOIC. This section clothes crew members and maintains the A-1 lifeboats, Mae Wests, anti-exposure suits, and other survival items, but due to stock shortages, a serious logistics problem has arisen. I heard Sgt. Day tell five different people, "we're three short in everything."



HERE'S YOUR ARTIC GEAR
IN ACCORDANCE WITH AFR 67-10!



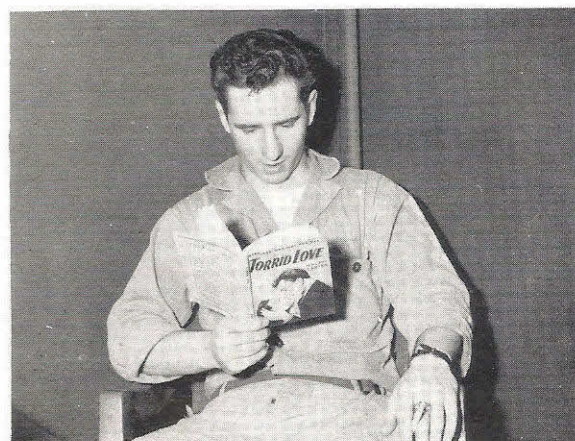
"WE'LL SALVAGE \$4,000 WORTH
S/Sgt. Norris, A/2c Duffy, 2/Lt. Meyer



"TWO-TO-ONE SAYS SHE'LL SINK"
T/Sgt. Day, A/2c Craig, A/1c Roach, A/2c Kelley



"WE AIM TO PLEASE, SARGE."
M/Sgt. Jimenez, A/2c Duffy



D-a-a-a-h!
A|2c Vaile



TOP SECRET IS SERIOUS
1/Lt. Riley, A/3c Reich



LOOKS IMPRESSIVE ANYWAY
A/2c Hall, Capt. Gilbertson

The public information officer is Captain Tom Gilbertson. His section puts out the bi-monthly, "Panic Button", the squadron newspaper, handles news releases, the historical report, and gave birth to this section of "The Retriever." He's also the guy who keeps this dog in chow which is why I'm writing this stuff. Assisting both of these men is A/3c John W. Reich.

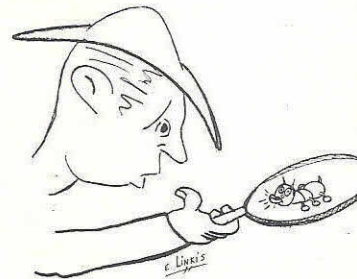


CAPT. GILBERTSON
IT TAKES ALL HIS FLYING
PAY TO KEEP HIM SUPPLIED WITH CIGARS!

Intelligence

Concentrated in a small room adjacent to operations are three small, but important sections. As is the case with most of the previously mentioned sections heads, the OIC's primary duty is flying and the frequent absence of these men throws a great deal of responsibility on their airmen aides.

I dropped by intelligence first and nearly got shot by 1/Lt. Wilbur R. Riley, intelligence office, who claimed I had a "Red" look about me.



INTELLIGENCE SECTION



LET'S HAVE AN ACTUAL DITCHING DRILL
Capt. Kline, Capt. Segars

Training

Captain Louis H. Segars, who's also squadron navigator, heads the training section, assisted by 1/Lt. Nicolai Sowpel. This section sees that personnel are scheduled for necessary flying and ground training and keeps an up-to-date record of this training. Frankly, these guys do more training than I care to see.



JIGGERS, FELLOWS. LET'S ALL LOOK LIKE WE'RE BUSY.

Col. Owens, Major Ellis, A/2c Ide, S/Sgt. Scott, A/2c Petty, A/2c Toole, A/2c Schempf.

COMMUNICATION & ELECTRONICS

"Much of our work out here consists of intercepting distressed aircraft before they actually have to ditch and escorting them to safety. Primary means for accomplishing these intercepts are the numerous radar and radio aids in the SB-17. So our Communication and Electronics section has a vital mission in maintaining this equipment."

That was 2/Lt. Lew L. Pilkington, who heads this section, speaking, and I was duly impressed. That stuff was always way



2/Lt. Lew L. Pilkington



SOUNDED LIKE MAYDAY TO ME

S/Sgt. Sandcork, A/2c Dalton

over this dog's head anyway and I'm always awed by these people who throw "amps", "ohms," "impulses," etc. around like they knew what they were talking about.

Top man on radar is WOJG David S. Spain who came from the huge B-36s to our outfit. S/Sgt. William J. Scott is NCOIC of the section.

And now if you'll go on to the next page, I've lined up all the officers and airmen for a picture.

RESCUE SQUADRON - OFFICERS 73rd AIR



ALL PERSONNEL READ LEFT TO RIGHT

Rear Row: 1/Lt. Miller, 1/Lt. Bishop, Capt. Segars, Capt. Lyng, 1/Lt. Morrow, 1/Lt. Sowpel, CWO-2 Michaels, 2/Lt. Tucker.

Middle Row: 2/Lt. Pilkington, 1/Lt. Hanson, Capt. Jackson, Major Weller, Major Ellis (Commanding Officer), 1/Lt. Godwin, Capt. Kline, 1/Lt. Carpenter.

Kneeling: 1/Lt. Riley, JWO Spain, Capt. Crosby, Capt. Gilbertson, 2/Lt. Meyer, 2/Lt. Anderson, 2/Lt. Downs, 1/Lt. Kirtland.

73rd AIR RESCUE SQUADRON - AIRMEN



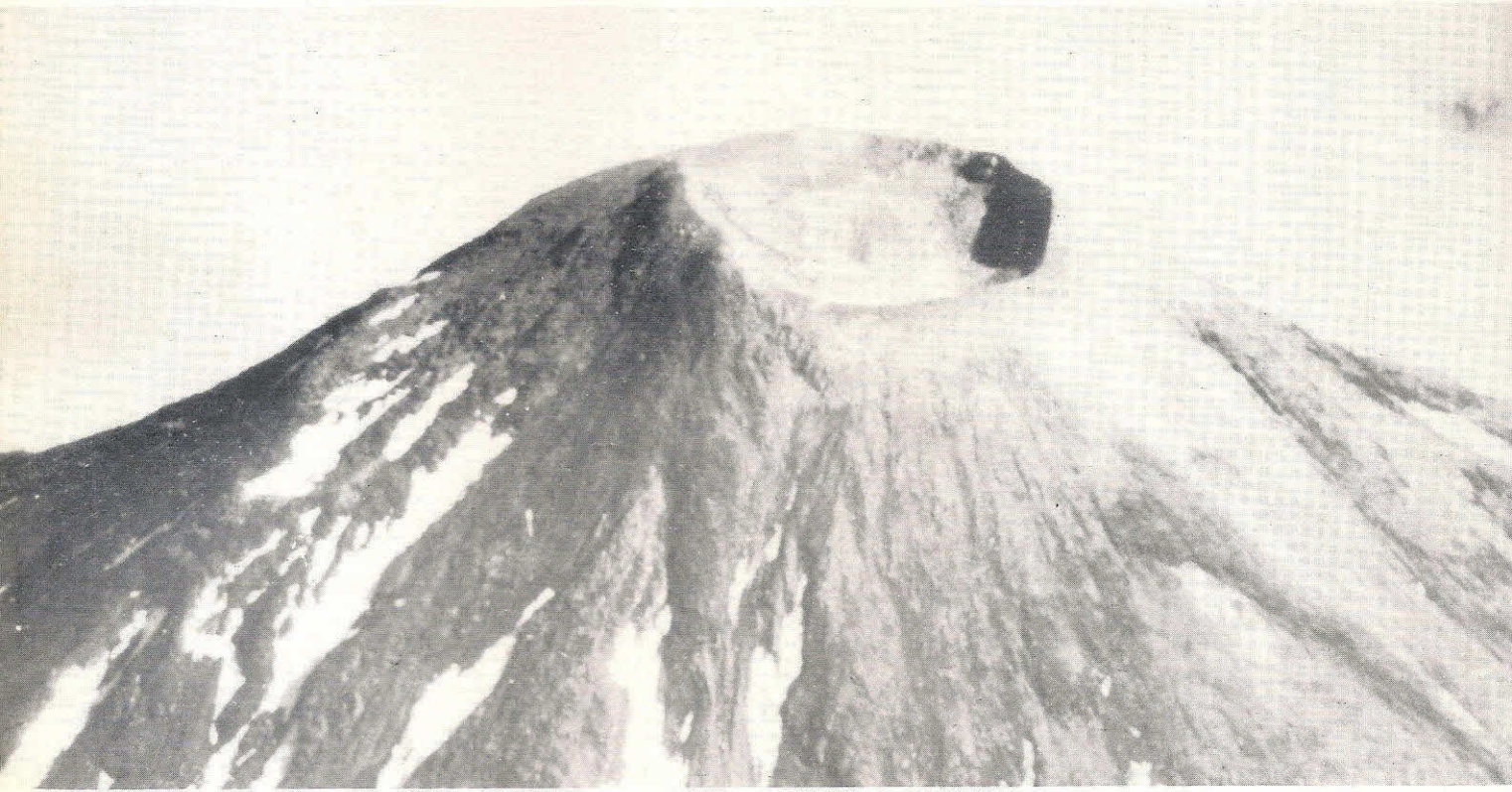
ALL PERSONNEL READ LEFT TO RIGHT

Front Row (Kneeling): A/1c Roach, A/1c Hosko, A/3c Carvey, S/Sgt. Barnett, A/1c Boyd, S/Sgt. Van Meter, A/1c Prygon, A/1c Alexander, A/1c Pestana, A/2c Urbanczyk, A/1c Schimp, A/1c Wilson, S/Sgt. Ryan, A/2c Clark, A/2c Davis, A/2c Ortt, A/1c Dow, M/Sgt. Mobley, A/2c Patterson, A/3c Godinez, A/1c Edberg, A/1c Owens, A/2c Keane, S/Sgt. Norris.

Middle Row (Crouch): A/1c Chakan, S/Sgt. Sandcork, A/2c Lewis, A/2c Chung, T/Sgt. Mejia, A/1c Gammelgaard, A/2c Schempf, M/Sgt. Rose, S/Sgt. Hulsey, A/2c Petty, A/2c Williams, A/2c McFarland, A/2c Haldeman, S/Sgt. Scott, S/Sgt. Young, A/1c Chilcott, M/Sgt. Garland, M/Sgt. Brown, T/Sgt. Homer, T/Sgt. Brown, S/Sgt. Fowler.

Back Row (Standing): M/Sgt. Hicks, S/Sgt. Nelson, S/Sgt. Langdon, S/Sgt. Graham, A/2c McBride, A/1c Kane, A/2c Vendela, A/1c Willis, A/3c Reich, S/Sgt. Denehy, A/1c Johnson, A/1c Haase, A/2c Ostergard, A/2c Rickman, A/2c Huddleston, A/2c Craig, S/Sgt. Pell, A/2c Cengia, S/Sgt. Hancher, A/2c Hornbuckle, A/2c Ide, A/2c Toole, A/1c Merritt, T/Sgt. Pestcoe, T/Sgt. Day, A/2c Duffy, A/2c Bomberly, A/1c Fedullo, A/b Payette, A/1c Dorato, A/2c Vaile, A/1c Barr, A/3c Skversky, A/2c Linkis, A/1c Gehlken, A/2c Younger, A/2c Wagoner.

FAMILIAR SCENES ALONG THE CHAIN



Tanaga Volcano Crater

Garland



Kanaga Volcano

Garland



Some View, HUH!

ADAK IN REVIEW



Garland



Garland



Garland



Garland



Garland



THE CARP AND CREW

1/Lt. Carpenter, 1/Lt. Morrow, 1/Lt. Kirtland, T/Sgt. Ryan, S/Sgt. Pell, A/2c Lewis.

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF THE CARP

(With apologies to Longfellow and all Poets)

Gather round my children and you shall hear
Of a deed that will make strong men fear.
'Twas a night in September in '52.
That a call to Air Rescue sounded from Attu.

Carpenter at the helm, Morrow in the rear,
Crew Chief Langdon longing for a beer.
Navigator Kirtland, at the radio was Pell,
Radar was Lewis, a crew straight from Hell.

"Into the blue," they rushed forth to shout,
But 'twas black, a door got Pell's snout.
"Turn one," cried Carp with a terrible roar.
"Beg pardon," said Lang, "you forgot Number 4."

But off they went, and then came the poop,
Attu was poor, socked in by soup.
Came further word as they neared the bay,
"Runway lights out and there's no GCA."

"No sweat," said Carp as he sipped his cup,
"We'll land on the water and taxi up."
And so they came, through the sand.
The Navy stills wonders, "Where ends the Land?"

Elmendorf bound, they soar off once more,
Airspeed lower than ever before.
Shy little Phil has something to say,
The gear's still down, all the way.

Drama in the nose is set to unfold,
With our hero Kirtland, navigator bold.
In the soup, no radio, Loran,
Kirt settles back, lights a Roi-Tan.

Minutes later, a question for the Nav.
A position report we must have.
"South of the pole, east of Attu,
North of Hawaii, West of Mizzou."

But straight they go, as a beam of light.
Carp's nose, free lunch has in sight.
A thousand, five hundred miles 'fore land,
But, wait! No girls, no crowd, no band?

So, sad and tired, they sit and grieve,
Think of the beer they had to leave.
And so we shall finally end the story,
With Carp's muttered words, "What price glory?"

Lt. Downs



SHORT TIMERS GET GOOD SERVICE
S/Sgt. Baker, S/Sgt. Fowler



MECHANIC (?) AT WORK
A/1c Hosko, A/2c Bomberry

OUR FLY BOYS - THE BACKBONE OF THE 73rd



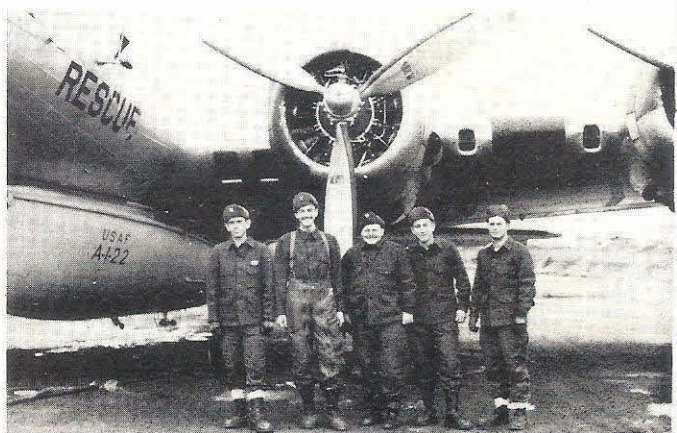
Left:
L to R: 1 Lt. Miller, 1 Lt. Riley, Capt. Segars,
S/Sgt. Graham, A/2c Hornbuckle, S/Sgt. Payton

Right:
L to R: 2 Lt. Downs, Capt. Kline, 1 Lt. Bishop,
S/Sgt. Hulsey, A/2c Rickman, A/2c Lewis



Left:
L to R: A/1c Pestana, 1 Lt. Sowpel, Capt.
Lyng, 1 Lt. Hanson, S/Sgt. Hancher

Right:
L to R: 1 Lt. Carpenter, 1 Lt. Kirtland, S/Sgt.
Pell, A/2c Lewis, 1 Lt. Morrow, T/Sgt. Ryan



Left:
L to R: Capt. Jackson, 1 Lt. Morrow, Capt.
Gilbertson, A/1c Willner, S/Sgt. Sandcork

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 73rd

Well, I just finished giving you a dog's tour of the 73rd ARSq, acquainting you with the various groups that make this organization 'tick'. But being a curious pup I would like to know a little more about the different personalities of the 73rd; such as, unusual civilian occupations, educational background, outside activities, special interests and hobbies. For these pertinent facts and figures, I conducted a survey through the means of a questionnaire, with the following results:

WANTED

By the F.B.(A)I.



Composite Airman

Age: 23 Hair: Brown
Height: 5'10" Eyes: Blue
Weight: 172 lbs. M. Status: Single

Last Seen in the North East section of the United States. Favorite Sport is Foot ball. Likes Steaks and Home Cooking.



Composite Officer

Age: 29 Hair: Brown
Height: 5'9½" Eyes: Blue
Weight: 170 lbs. M. Status: Married

Last Seen in the Mid-West section of the United States. College graduate. Favorite Food... Steak. Escaped after a 7 year tour.

Anyone Knowing the Whereabouts of these Men, Please notify the Federal Bureau of (Artic) Indoctrination.



ANDERSON: Little General Anderson came to the 73rd as Assistant Personnel Officer and later became the Adjutant (Major Ellis's receptionist). After receiving his B. A. degree from West Texas State, he entered the Air Force in July 51. The little General is quite a shutter-bug and is lost without his C-3. He is a devout Texan and usually can be seen in his Texan garb.

BARNETT: This popular gentleman is still singing the bachelor blues at the remarkable age of 40. Sgt. Barnett, who is sometimes referred to as "Nature Boy" and "Slow Poke," has seen much service in the Alaskan Theater having spent nearly six years in this cold barren but fascinating land and would like to stay six years longer. At present he is supervising the special projects department from which comes many notable accomplishments and items that reduce the workload and saves valuable time for the squadron.

BARR: Static Chaser Barr has not managed to conceal the zeal for shutter-bugging. Most any sunny day he can be found photographing almost anything, usually Mt. Moffet or the surf of the Bering Sea. Barr spends most of his time with radar equipment. He is one of the few who has found Adak very enjoyable. I guess stateside life doesn't agree with him. Too much glamour and night life. He admits his favorite hobby is women which is a surprise.



BOMBERRY: A/2c Bomberry is another of our mechanics, having pursued this career only since entering the AF two years ago. As a swimming instructor he has taken a very active interest in this particular sport, winning the 4th National Life-guard Championship.

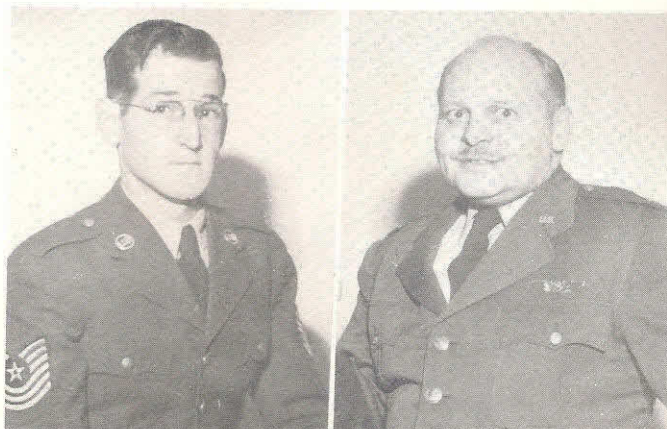
BROWN: T/Sgt. Brown plays an important part in the 73rd's mission as an aircraft inspector. He has now completed 12 years of service with the Air Force. Sgt. Brown has had some notable experiences while on Adak, the most exciting being the time he hooked a 24" Dolly Varden Trout. In his WW II service, he attained the Humane ribbon and the American Defense ribbon.

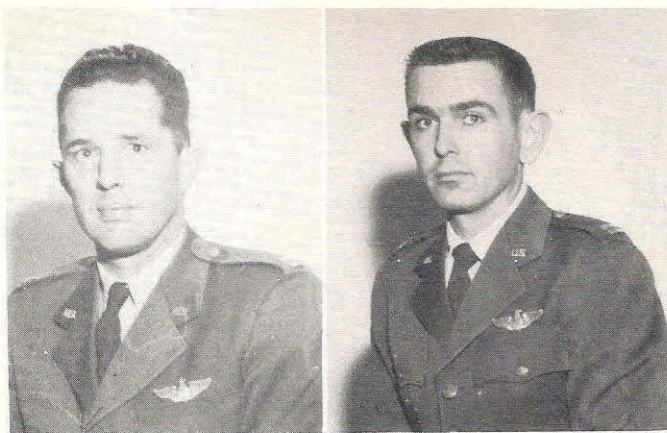


GAMMELGAARD: This energetic airman spends practically all of his time working with leather and making assorted articles. Being in the supply section, he has many varied duties but he can usually be found cleaning one of the many weapons or checking tools in or out. He hopes to enter the agriculture field upon discharge.

GARLAND: This bleak rock has been the home of M/Sgt. Garland for 19 months, having also his family at this station. In the maintenance section, he performs the duty of line chief, and also NCOIC. When not on duty he can be found during the fishing season at Andrews Lagoon hooking trout. He is also an ardent bowler having competed in many bowling tournaments held at the base bowling alleys. His WW II experience was mainly centered in the European Theater, and he is the holder of the Presidential Unit Citation, among several other awards.

GILBERTSON: Olaf Gilbertson is one of the squadron navigators. His additional duties of PIO, Historical officer, Editor of the Squadron newspaper, (The Panic Button), and Project Officer keep him on the go constantly. Olaf was recalled to active duty in Jan. 51. He received a B. E. degree from the Northern Illinois Teachers College in 1939. He has had many various experiences in the educational field. Besides teaching high school and college mathematics, he worked with the Labor-Management Relations Board, Hot Point, Inc. Olaf admits his home to be Great Falls, Montana, but the very thought makes me shudder.





HESS: This officer has the record of having the most flying time in the outfit, a total of 4400 hours. Whew! Captain Hess is our Assistant Operations Officer, and also the Flying Safety Officer, which gives him mucho responsibility. His favorite pastime is hunting and he has a vast collection of assorted weapons.

JACKSON: Let's Fly Jackson recently completed 4000 hours of stick time. This Man of Distinction is one of the few who have flown the B-32 and when in his cups, he is quite an amiable song lyricist. When not in the air he can usually be found in the squadron darkroom or in his "pad" producing grotesque leather monstrosities. It is an enormous job keeping the engineering section running smooth, so his primary duty as Engineering Officer plus his flying time keeps him on the go.

JIMENEZ: Holder of another responsible position in the 73rds mission. Sgt. Jimenez is now acting in the capacity of assistant line chief. Jim hails from San Antonio, Texas. Sgt. Jimenez is a golf enthusiast, was runner-up in the 1949 World Wide MATS golf tournament.



McFARLAND: Hot Lips McFarland originates from Alma, Nebraska. As one of our radio mechanics, he helps in the servicing and maintenance of the Squadron's electronic equipment. His major sport accomplishment was earning 4 varsity letters in football while attending Alma High School. One of his hobbies is leather craft, and another music. On Saturday nights he can be found blowing his top with the Adak Hep Cats.

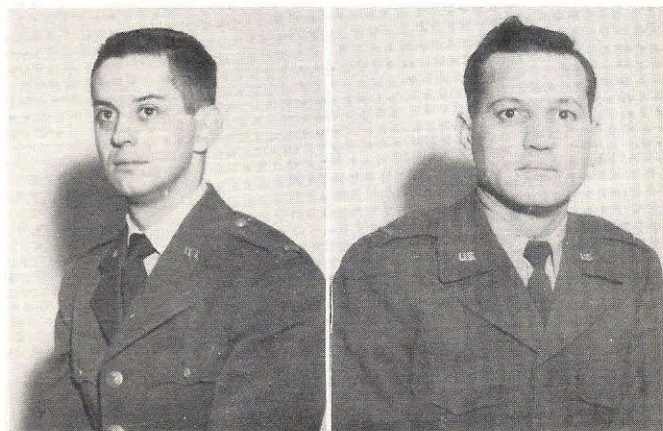
MEJIA: T/Sgt. Mejia is another fortunate individual who originates from Smoggy California. Oddly enough his favorite baseball team is the Brooklyn Dodgers. Sgt. Mejia holds the responsible position as operation supervisor and presently has 5½ years service. In the sport field, he was a member of the 5th and 20th AF golf teams.

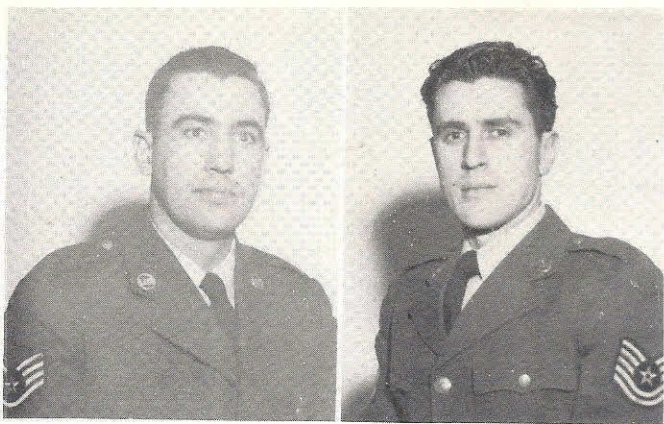


MERRITT: The engineering field is not new for this man of experience. As a civilian, he was employed at the General Motors Corporation as a Production Engineer. One of his many assignments with the Air Force was instructing at the A & E School at Sheppard Air Force Base, Texas. He is presently assigned as a Flight Engineer for the 73rd.

MEYER: Lieutenant Meyer is a graduate of the University of Mass., class of 1951. Was Cadet Colonel with the Air Force ROTC program and is holder of a varsity letter for his exploits with the Pistol Team. Most of his experience in the service has been in the Supply Field as he is in our outfit. As Supply Officer, he has made many improvements and additions for supply accounting and storage, which facilitates a continuous flow of the essential parts that maintains the Squadron's high efficiency. For relaxation, he has found Bermuda his ideal Utopia.

MICHAELS: CWO Michaels, sometimes called "Mike" has the longest service record of anyone in the outfit, 16 years in all. He ably assists the Maintenance Officer in keeping our B-17's in the air. While with a Troop Carrier outfit during WW II, he was awarded the Legion of Merit for his outstanding ability in the Maintenance field.





NORRIS: One of our heavier set airmen is Sgt. Norris, or Bill, as he is commonly called. Hails from the great state of Texas and it is quite evident he stands up for his massive land of steers, oil, and sagebrush. Sgt. Norris is responsible for keeping those supplies for the 73rd coming.

PESTCOE: During WW II, Sgt. Pestcoe toured the Africa and Indian Theaters as a USO Entertainer. He specializes in imitations and singing, and always willing to give forth with his talents upon the slightest request. His willingness to please all reflects the heritage of his home town, the City of Brotherly Love.

PETTY: Jack, as he is sometimes referred to, is usually in the spotlight wherever he goes. He is very fond of eating and his pet peeve seems to be the boys joking about his being so round. One of his favorite sports is basketball which he sometimes referees. At this time, he is more enjoyed than the game itself. One can easily determine his origin upon listening to his conversations which are mostly about Dixie.



REHM: Being the only Medical Specialist in the 73rd, Wild Bingo Bill's knowledge and experience is often called upon to help on missions of mercy in the Aleutian Chain. Among his experiences while in this cold land, was that of surviving in the Arctic. Wild Bingo Bill has received a B. S. degree from Marquette Univ., and participated in football and wrestling, winning varsity letters in both sports. Upon graduating from Marquette, he decided to enter the Air Force rather than becoming a member of the Proletariat Class.

ROSE: M/Sgt. Rose is one of the 73rds grease monkeys. His primary duty now is a dock chief having many years experience in this field. His most interesting pastimes are bowling and photography. Sgt. Rose comes from Smoggy Los Angeles, California.



SCOTT: Sgt. Scott, NCO IC of communications section, is given much credit for a job well done during the past year. Joe, as he is sometimes called, has been very active in sports while on Adak. Being a member of the squadron's softball team and later selected on the Adak All Star Team, he went on to represent the squadron at the Alaskan Air Command's Softball Tournament held at Elmendorf Air Force Base, Alaska.

VON DE BUR: Bob, as he is sometimes called, recently joined the 73rd. His most interesting experience was his flight to Adak, which by the way was his first and only time in the blue. He views the world from the height of 6' 3" and is presently working in the engineering section.

WILSON: Double Clutch Wilson has a very eventful war record, having fought in North Africa, Italy, and Germany. His many heroic citations include the Bronze Star, the Purple Heart, and the Combat Infantryman Badge. He also was a prisoner of war for two years. In the boxing world, he has the distinction of winning the Middle Weight Championship for the Strategic Air Command in 1949. Double Clutch also enjoys an occasional swim in the sumptuous Adak Indoor Pool.



NOW COME AND SEE OUR ARDENT WORKERS AT PLAY

73rd SPORTS ANNALS



SOFTBALL

The 73rd ARSq. softball team had a very successful season this year. With a combination of both officers and airmen players, the squad came through the first half of season play with the boastful record of seven wins and no defeats thereby leading their league.

The second half proved to be a much tougher proposition. With the increased speed and skill of offering pitchers and the sharper eye of opposing batters, plus the loss of strength through rotation, the 73rd nine found themselves in second position.

Adak's softball tournament was composed of two leagues and a play-off was held to decide the champion and

runner-up for the Island. In this play-off, the 73rd battled its way to the finals. Only to lose to the mighty Navy Supply team.

Some of the players went on to represent the squadron by gaining berths on the Island ALL STAR team.

The 73rd was not only known by the ability of its players but by the sportsman-like manner in which they played. Proof of this was the number of Navy personnel found in the 73rd's cheering section during the last decisive games.

The diamonds weren't the best, nor the weather in which they played the fairest but all who participated had a jubilant time.

The 73rd baseball team, if they had won the Adak Championship, would have had the unique distinction of being the First Air Force baseball team to represent a Naval organization in any interservice tournament.



BASKETBALL

*"DON'T THEY LOOK SHARP
IN THEIR PRETTY NEW
UNIFORMS?"*

The 73rd "cagers" who are representing Air Rescue on Adak in the 1952-1953 Island Basketball Tournament, are going to try hard to live up to the exploits attained by the baseball team.

Kneeling, L to R: Major Weller, S/Sgt. Van Meter, A/2c Ortt.
Standing: Lt. Tucker, S/Sgt. Hoskins, A/1c Fedullo, Lt. Sowpel, and Player-Coach A/3c Reich.





"PHYSICAL TRAINING THE HARD WAY"

L to R: A|3c Reich, Capt. Gilbertson, Lt. Tucker, A|1c Fedullo, A|1c Wilson.

"100 OR BUST"

Kneeling: T|Sgt. Brown, M|Sgt. Rose, A|1c Hosko, A|2c Duffy, M|Sgt. Garland.

Standing: Lt. Morrow, Lt. Sowpel, Major Weller, Capt. Kline, Capt. Gilbertson.



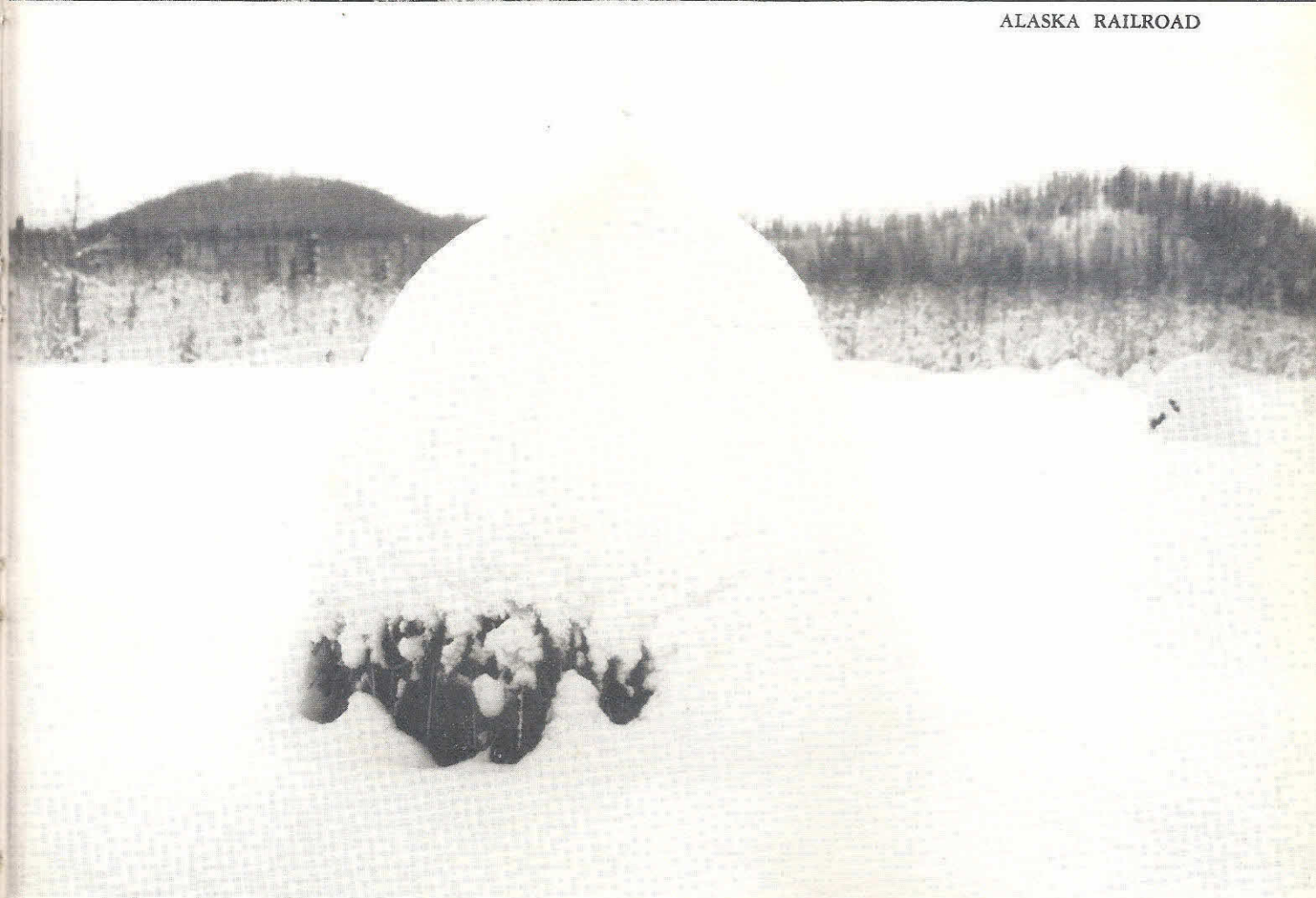
"ADAK SEALS AT PLAY"

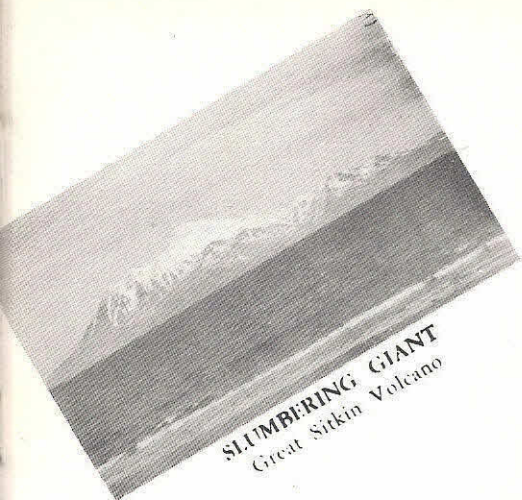
L to R: A|2c Ortt, A|1c Emery, Lt. Downs, Lt. Tucker.





ALASKA RAILROAD

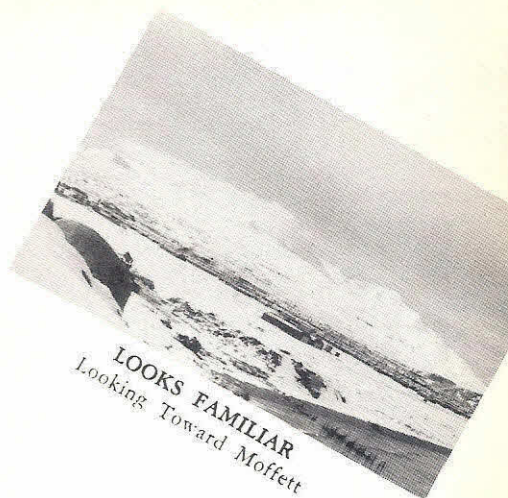




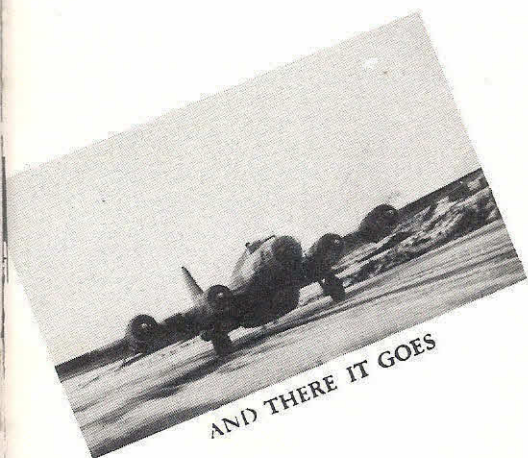
SLUMBERING GIANT
Great Sitkin Volcano



IN MEMORIAM
The late and famous Duffy



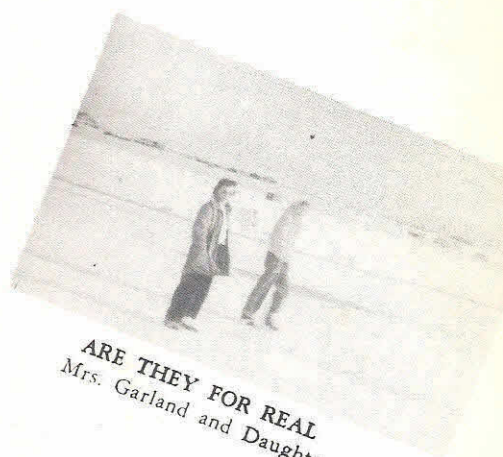
LOOKS FAMILIAR
Looking Toward Moffett



AND THERE IT GOES



ADAK TOTEM POLE



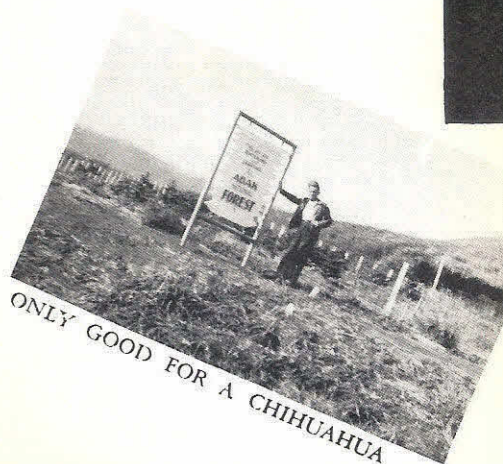
ARE THEY FOR REAL
Mrs. Garland and Daughter



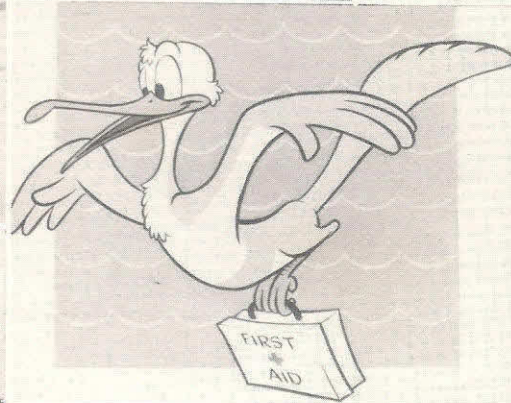
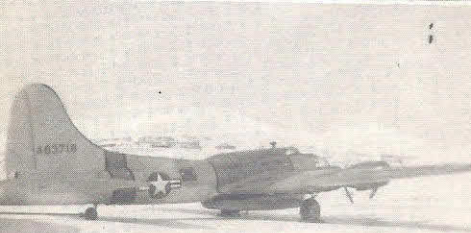
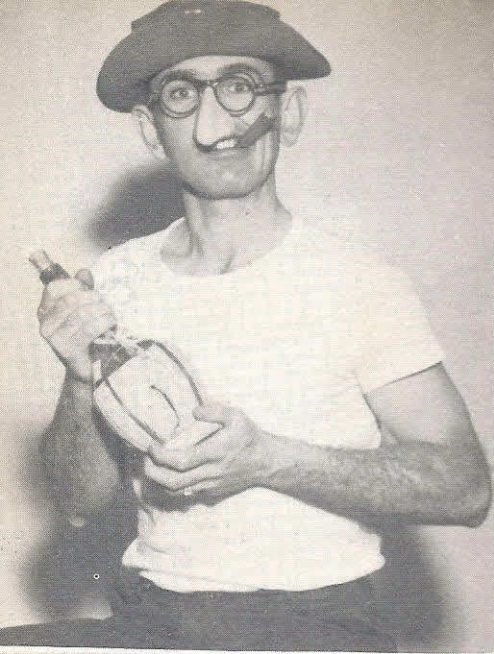
CONGRATULATIONS



NEW ARRIVALS
Capt. Easterwood and Capt. Perfitt



ONLY GOOD FOR A CHIHUAHUA





Ward Wells



Alaska Railroad



Mac's Foto



Chase



Chace



Mac's Foto

TH



If you stay in a country long enough you usually adopt some of the customs and habits of the natives. 74th is no exception and we have come to adopt the Eskimo custom of saying farewell. Actually there is no goodbye, the Eskimo, hating sadness and seeing friends depart, pretend that they will return at the end of the day. A huge feast is given and much fun is had and much laughter is heard. The fonder the person, the bigger the feast and the louder the laughter. In this way we too express our feelings.

When it came time for Colonel Bradburn to rotate a feast of tremendous proportions was given and the laughter could be heard clear to the top of the world. Nary a wet eye nor a heavy heart was present, only a hope that some time in the future we might serve under his command again.

Major Walker stepped in as Colonel Bradburn stepped out—and the shoes fit.

Major Walker is serving his second tour of service on Ladd AFB. He was here on an 18 month tour of duty from 1949 to 1950 as operations officer for the MATS detachment. Prior to coming to Alaska for his second tour, he was assigned to the 4th Rescue Group headquarters as executive officer.

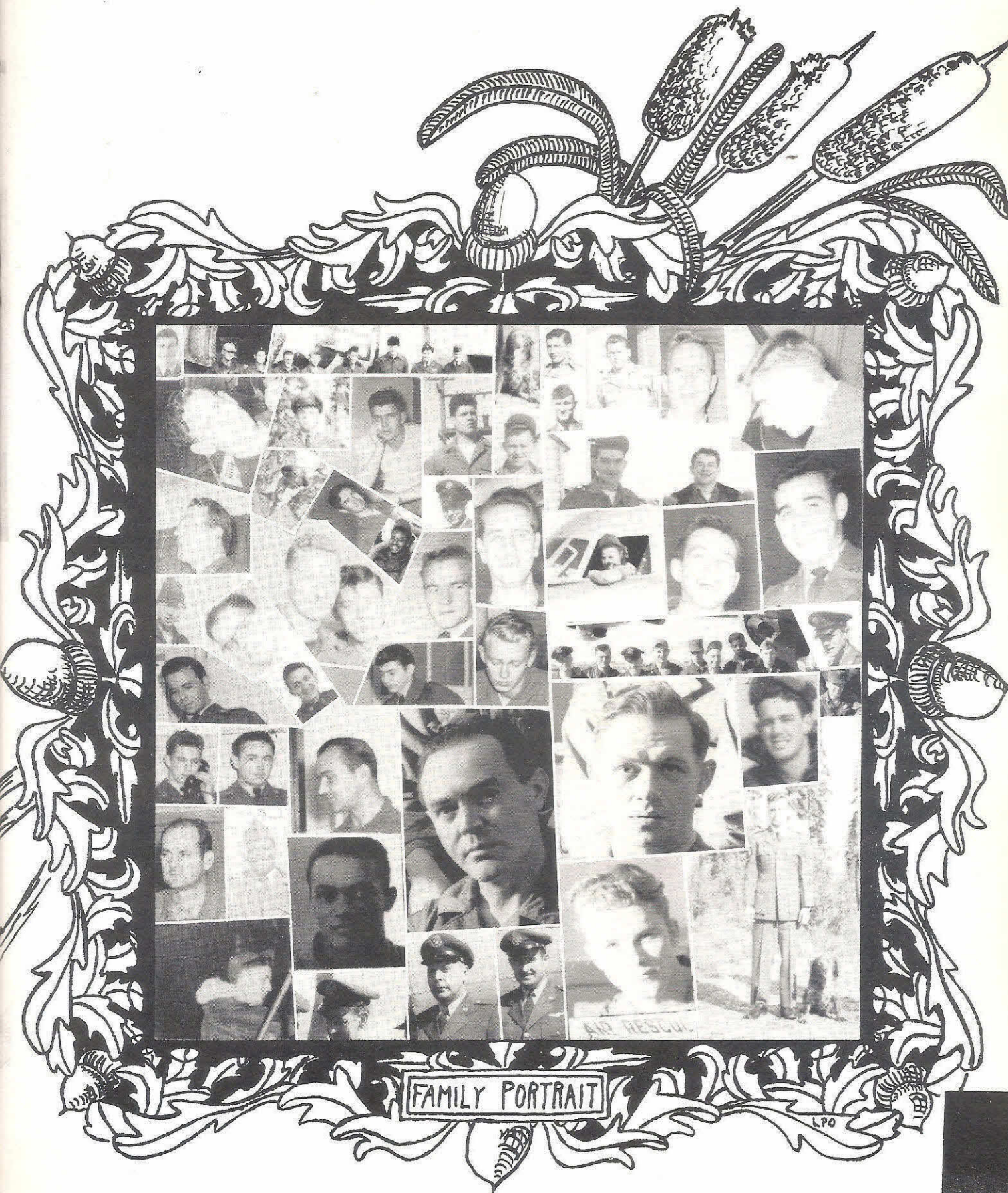
This will be Major Walker's third tour of overseas duty. During the war years he was stationed in China-Burma-India Theater of operations flying over the "hump" a route that covers the Himalaya Mountains in Tibet.

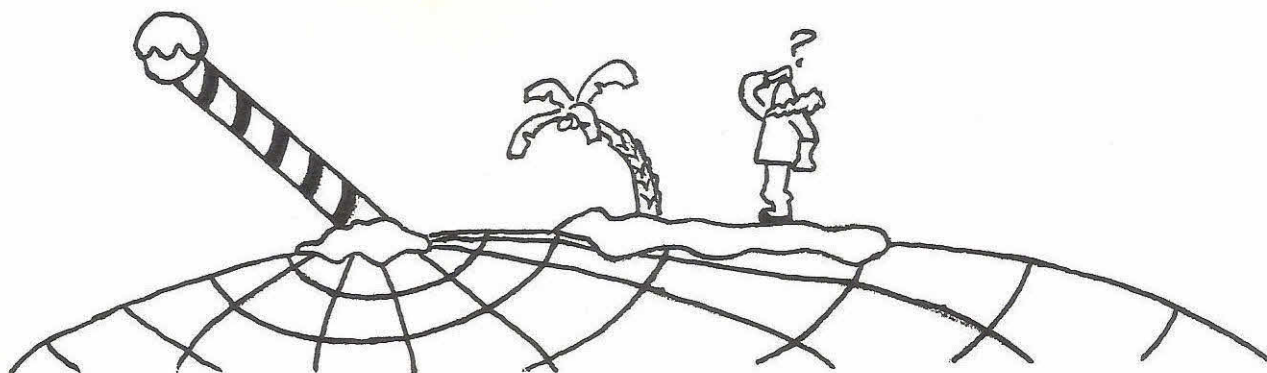


Major Joe Walker (left) receiving command of the 74th ARS from Lt. Col. Gordon F. Bradburn



Major Joe Walker Commanding Officer 74th ARS





CONQUEST OF THE POLAR ICE PACK



Water, water everywhere and all of it frozen solid. Gads how do you find an ice island in a mass of polar ice? Simple—Radar.



The island has been found after a couple of low passes the 74th ARS C-47 makes a landing. The first Air Force crew to land on a polar ice island get out, with a sigh of relief, and looks over the future weather station.

It was decided by the Air Force that a weather station would be set up on an ice island near the north pole. The 74th Air Rescue Squadron was chosen to make the initial landing and supply it. It had never been done before.

With hardly time to catch a breath work starts, for there is much to do in building warm and livable quarters.

Camp is set up after long hours of labor in the sub-freezing temperatures and "Old Glory" is planted on the U. S. new possession.



CONQUEST OF THE POLAR ICE PACK



High winds blowing snow.



With the temperature down to -50F. and the winds blowing up to 100 MPH it feels good to be inside and dream of faraway places.



Clear and cold.

Now that the camp is all settled and the necessities seen to, making life more enjoyable becomes the order of the day. Results—some home made ice cream.

Yea Man! Home at least, a big celebration in a warm room. Move over and let me next to the fire.





BIRDS AND THEIR FEATHERS



ARCTIC INDOCTRINATION



First we'll walk a little ways—say 3 or 4 (groan) miles.

Activity during winter months is somewhat hampered due to the fact that it stays dark the whole time. There are, however, three popular activities. The first—watching the Northern Lights, this usually continues until the eyeballs turn to ice and fall out.

The second—freezing to death. This sport is most popular amongst those who go out doors and although exciting is usually played only once.

The third—most prevalent among the "Stay in doorers" is accompanied in the spring by a Jim Dandy, bumper crop of tiny feet pattering around the house.

Now this may not sound like much to the ordinary person but believe me its plenty (Hey! keep those kids quiet).

Then we'll build shelters.



And finally thaw out somethings to drink.



ARCTIC INDOCTRINATION



Can't seem to get enough of this hot food.



Oh happy day, only 3 more days.



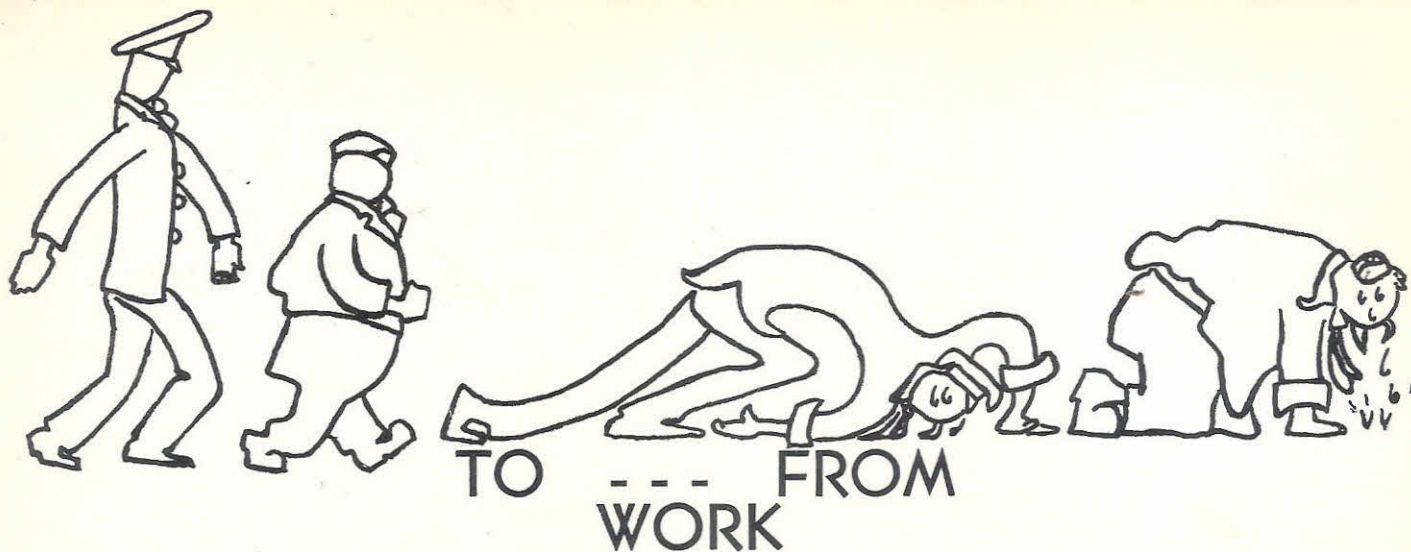
74th ARS pilot returned to Z. I.

Some of us finally go native.



While others go south.





I think I've found the trouble—someone left his lunch pail in the engine.



Okey, okey, quit looking at those pictures of models and pass me the ink.

Next time be careful



where you throw your gum.

Come with me through the squeaking door to the inner sactum for a weird sight.



I don't know who let that horse in here, but don't let it happen again.



You ought to see the other three corners of the room—nothing but a coffee urn, three roulette wheels and a craps table.



How many times do I have to tell you? When you make a jump you have to wear a chute.



Hmm—You extended eh!

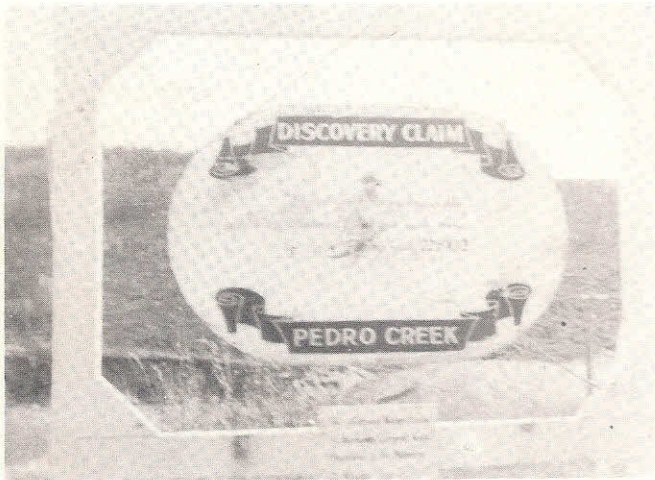


Good morning—glad to see all your happy, smiling faces on this fine day.



I don't know what it was you threw, but it's a good thing it missed.

THARS GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS



I think someone got there before us.



Okey get to work.



Bring the magnifying glass, I think I found some.



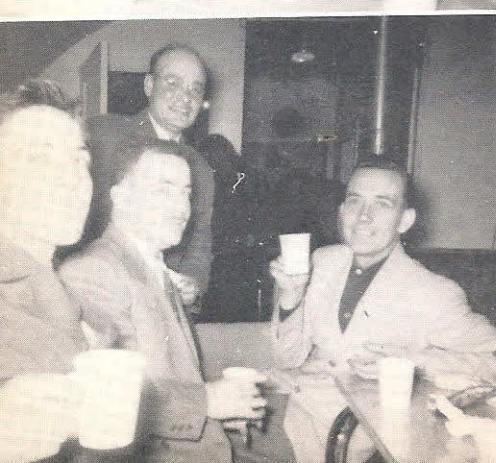
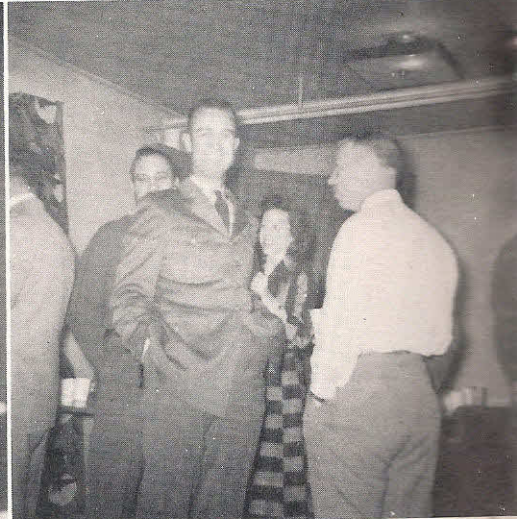
Time to eat.

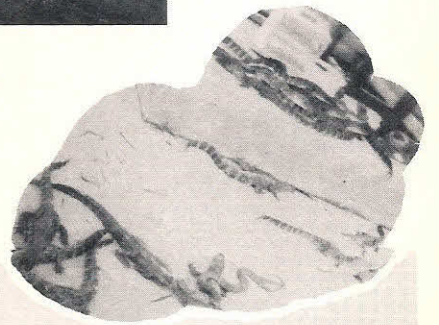


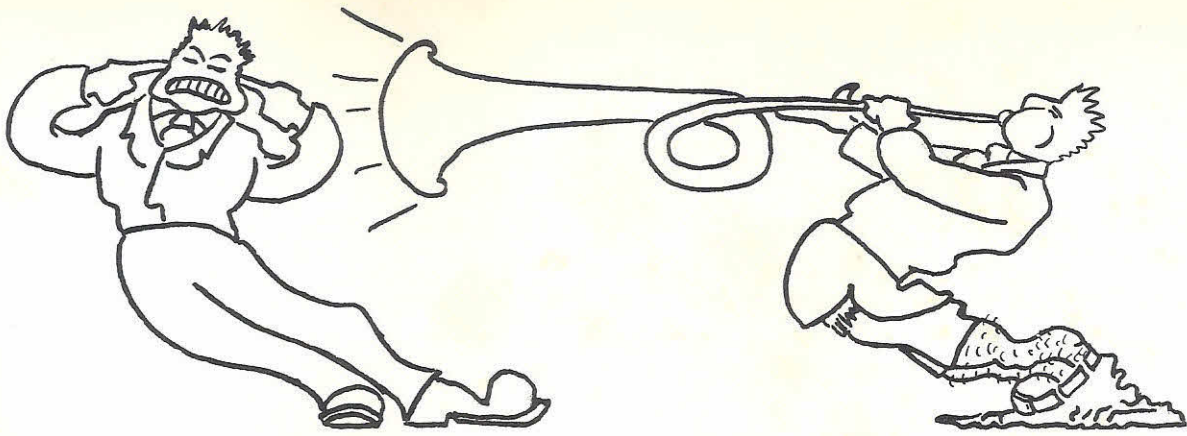
And then I said to her - - -



On my claim huh? Well I cought you with your pants down this time.





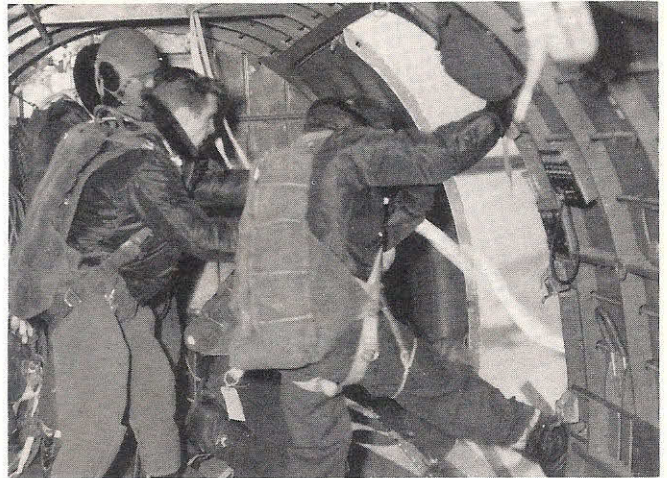


IN WHICH WE BLOW OUR OWN HORN



The 74th ARS goes on record for making the fastest trip around the world in the history of aviation. It was done by flying to the geographic North Pole and turning a sharp 360 degree turn. Its been done before, but in larger planes that took more time.

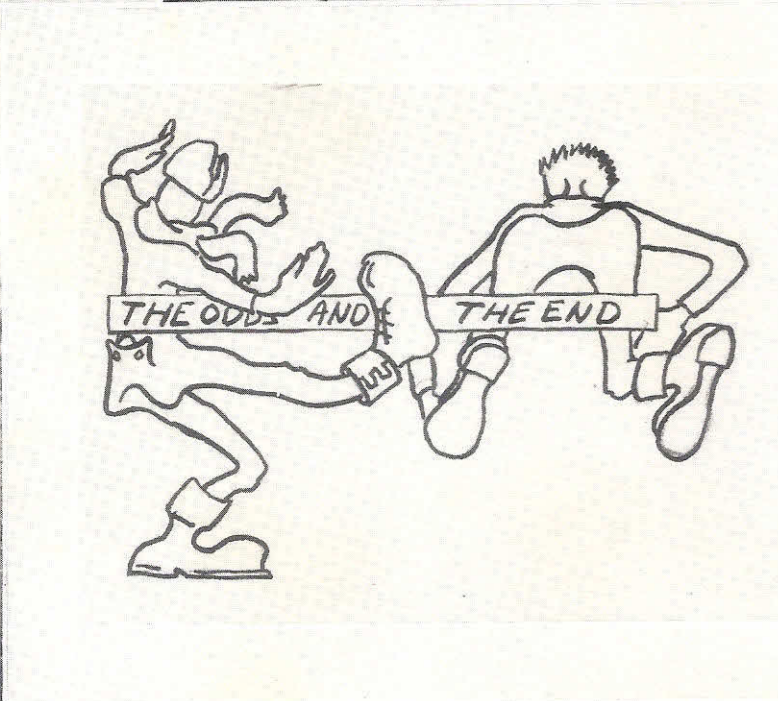
Someone requested a demonstration of a short field landing in the SA-16, and a demonstration they got. When it was over, one man complained that he sprained his neck trying to follow the aircraft with eyes. Another swore up and down that after the wheels touched the ground the plane didn't travel 75 yards. It seems that the brakes locked on touch down.



T'was a routine para-drop mission. When we got to the drop site and contacted the ground radio it was requested that the supplies be dropped as close as possible to the pick up truck as the wind was blowing and said supplies would be scattered hither and yon. No sooner said then done, a low pass was made over the truck, the supplies kicked out and all eyes to the rear to see how close it was. It was close, in fact it landed on the back end of the truck.

No small matter this year was Warner Brothers Motion Picture Company coming to the 74th ARS to film a picture, "Top Of The World," about the self-same organization. We're waiting with baited breath to see how it will turn out.







Chase



Alaska Railroad

CHILKOOT CHARLIE AND THE GREAT DROUGHT



"The following doggerel, one verse in a long series of Chilkoot Charlie adventures, is respectfully dedicated to the 10th Rescue Squadron. This outfit has gained the respect of every Alaskan, especially scores who directly owe their lives to these men who patrol the hinterland in all seasons of the year. I'm fairly convinced that 10th Rescue will outlast Chilkoot in the Territory."

Ruben Gaines

The mighty Chugach mountains rise above the plain and stream
In grandeur nearly rivalling a politician's dream.
Geographers exaggerate . . . a habit irreligious. . .
About their awful size, which is way beyond prodigious.

Exaggerate or no, there ain't a range left anywhere
Which even dares pretend to match the mountains of that there.
The Chugach soil is likewise simply lousy with virility;
And greens and such grow massive on account of its fertility.
Albeit 'tis a fruitful range, a man can freeze quite rigid
While lost or drunk in wintertime. The weather there is frigid.
But golden spring is greeted by the thrushed, birds immense.
Which, in the Chugach, have a wingspread like revival tents.
A peacefulness descends upon the moose, the fish, the ant,
And likewise on the tourist, hobo and itinerant.

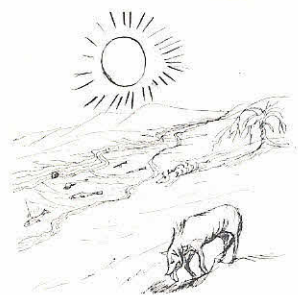
The Chugach mountains also are renown because they feature
The presence of a certain homo sapiens-type creature
Who's lived for countless ages on a diet brewed from barley;
And thrived thereon most famously. His name is CHILKOOT CHARLIE.
This critter's mere existence drives the scientist insane;
His living presence, even Mother Nature can't explain.
The wolves and wolverines and other beasts carnivorous
Flee Chilkoot's path with mutterings of "Lord, deliver us!"
He kicked a mountain out of shape; an act not done with malice;
The thing had spoiled his view of Aurora Borealis.
He lived in ages far remote, as well. So stands before us.
Old Chilkoot dressed in clothing from the hides of Brontosaurus.
The Anthropologists and scholars, like we say,
Agree, when chilkoot is explained, 'twell be a happy day.
One group alone demands the unconditional retraction
Of tales of Chilkoot Charlie's life; the Prohibition faction.
This here lives on booze alone. The Drys wax fearful wroth.
To hear this drunken Titan hailed. It drives them to a froth.
But history is history. The balladeers will sing
Of Chilkoot Charlie till the final day of Reckoning.

This except from a hero's life will bit by bit uncoil
The story of a drought that fell upon Alaskan soil
And parched the beasts and withered upon the muskeg and the daisies

And dried to dust the Territory's myriad oasis.
One autumn, all the beasts of fur and birds of varied feather
Became aware that there was on the moors, uncommon weather.
The summer should have fled before the icy blasts of fall;
Yet witness and behold, there wasn't any wind at all.
The sun continued on its course across the firmament,
And autumn wasn't making any noticeable dent!
The snow that should have come, was absent; fields were still in blossom
And mother Nature, fickle Jezebel, was playing possum.
Dire fate had thrown into the normal gears a monkey wrench;
The creeks grew dry. Forsooth, upon the thirsty river bench

The gravling and the salmon flopped awhile, then flopped no more.
And bones that once supported beasts, bestrewed the valley floor.
Above, in thirsty protest, flapped the draggled regal eagle.
In croaking tones proclaiming this condition wasn't legal.
The muskeg, known to experts as a form of artic kraut.
Became by stages, shredded wheat. Its moisture all ran out.
The alder, birch, and berry bushes consequently withered,
And Northern fir and pine thru which the wind had sighed and zithered
Began to breathe their last. In death, the woods gave up the juice.
The innards of the feasting bear thus shrank. His hide grew loose.
The human population suffered, too, from this condition:
At first from thirst, then inescapably from malnutrition.
A habit grew among the Northern fold . . . a frightful trend:
One learned to bite a mouthful out of passing foe or friend.

It seems that seven months before, or more, old Chilkoot Charlie
Had fallen in a swoon induced by spirits squeeze from barley.
And lain in state, or near thereto: And now perforce he woke.
His rhythmic chain of snores was interrupted by the croak
Of buzzards on the nearby wing, who'd took him for deceased.
And currently were closing in to consummate the feast.
Old Chilkoot sniffed the atmosphere in state of growing wonder.
What meteorological and biologic blunder.
Had caused the lush terrain to fall afoul of dehydration?
Had Hades come to earth, to wreck this arid situation?
His hand reached out unconsciously, to close upon a crock
Of undiluted spirits, which he'd hid behind a rock
Against the day of awakening. It took a healthy drink
For Chilkoot's mental gears to mesh enough for him to think.



Behold! The crock lay strewn in bits! And Chilkoot knew the worst:
The varmints of the forest, were beside themselves with thirst,
Had guzzled ev'ry liquid that would gurgie, drip or ooze
Including . . . bleak and dreadful fact . . . old Chilkoot Charlie's booze.
It gave him little comfort . . . an objective creature, he . . .
To know his forest friends at least had died in drunken glee.
He hastened to his cache. And there the same impasse prevailed:
The crocks and kegs were smashed to bits. His reason nearly failed.
To realize, sobriety and he were now synonymous.
Unwittingly he'd founded Alcoholickers Anonymous.
For how could he distill more hooch? The creeks were dry as bone.
The barley fields were withered as the visage of croone.

'Twas not to say that Chilkoot didn't love the Northern Land,
Nor grieve to see its greenery resolve to shifting sand...
But worse it was, far worse, to go teetotalling thru life!
The very thought incised him like a scalpel (surgeon's knife).
Yet let it not be said, and let it not be even breathed,
That when the Good Creator of all living things bequeathed
A set of brains to mortal man, in prehistoric yore,
That Chilkoot was short-changed. Our man was not behind the door.
He'd never had to USE that brain . . . the thing was still brand-new . . .
But now he thought. And came aware of what he had to do.

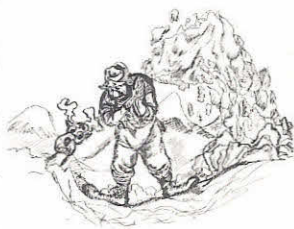
The eye of each beseeching beast was on him as he strode
With firm resolve, far back behind the Chugach, where abode
The living glaciers, like of which had ne'er been seen by man.
And there the biggest project in all history began.
The mountains groaned, as Chilkoot laid his hands upon the glaciers
And ripped them from the earth. This action left immense embrasures
Which people know as valleys, now. He tossed them O'er his shoulder
The way a miner throws away an unproductive boulder
A couple dozen glaciers made a fair impressive stack.
Then Chilkoot waved his audience of thirsty creatures back,
And built a mighty fire. (He'd stripped the Katmai Forest floor
Of all its trees, for kindling. Foliage don't grow there any more.)
The point of Chilkoot Charlie's brilliant strategy then came:
He picked a glacier off the pile, and fed it to the flame.
The Titan settled back and plucked an oak tree of the heath.
And while he stoked the fire with ice, he calmly picked his teeth.
The glaciers straightway melted, yielding water wet and clear,
And all of parched creation croaked a dusty-throated cheer.
That very thirst, however, plumb undone what Chilkoot started:
For scarcely was the water from the burning glaciers parted,
Than animal and man alike commenced to lap it up;
The job complete, there wasn't water left to fill a cup.

Though quick the healing waters flowed, the critters drank it quicker;
There wasn't nothing left to brew another batch of liquor!

So then, a second project made its nest in Chilkoot's brain.
The plan resolved, he strode again across the withered plain.
Up North this time where lived the tribe of Mammoth; mighty beast
Which measured ninety-seven elbows off the ground, at least.
What Chilkoot did that day, in point of history-reviewing,
Resulted in the mammoth family's complete undoing.
They heard his step, and turned and ran in panic unison.
Except one sleeping bull . . . a hulk some 1500 ton. . .
When Chilkoot stumbled on, to that behemoth's great distress.
His gleaming tusk ran some two-hundred yards, at Chilkoot's guess.
Without a moment's hesitation, with a will kinetic,
He pulled that mammoth's tusk sans benefit of anaesthetic
He slung the curlicue of ivory across his shoulder:
All this accomplished ere the day had grown an hour older,
And left the new one-tusker bull still slumbering calm and deep.
Quite undisturbed by what befell. (When mammoths sleep, they sleep.)
This bull's descendants grew a single tusk. That's why they've died:
The wolves and other beasts attacked them from tuskless side.

His tongue hung like a necktie made from reject patent leather,
The wrinkles in his stomach crying loudly for a snort.
So, maddened by the thirst, he set his compass hard a-port
And staggered toward the Bering Sea for all that he was worth:
And shoved the mammoth tusk before him, ploughing up the earth.
The mountain ranges fell. The cliffs collapsed in great convulsion;
The furrow flashed across the land, like made by jet-propulsion.
The course once set, the plowman didn't halt nor hesitate.
The perspiration rolled from Chilkoot Charlie's warty pate
As onward toward the eastern sea, his plough tore up the turf.
Behold, then! There before him rolled the ocean.
Yoicks, the Surf!

Where scientists and such once claimed the Yukon River Valley
Was built by glaciers, they've recanted. Chilkoot ploughed the valley
That let the roaring ocean water into the interior;
No feat in all creation more fantastical, nor eerier.
The Yukon waters fed the soil, which turned the foliage green.
And once again Alaska looked like it had always been.
What once was desert was restored to fruitful grove;
And animal, and human likewise, fattened. Yea, and throve.
Old Chilkoot, unaware of this, drew water with dispatch.
Distilled it, and in gratitude, he flang it down the hatch.
What makes disciples of the Prohibition faction wince,
Is simply that old Chilkoot Charlie ain't been sober since.





Ward Wells

We, the following members of the Retriever staff parted with our sweat, blood, tears, much hair and many and varied cuss words during the birth of this volume. Unfortunately we had no talent to give.

—71ST ARS—
Lt. Schultz
Capt. Latino
A|1c Wehler

—HQ. 10TH ARG—
Captain Wilson
S|Sgt. Manley
S|Sgt. Wilson
A|2c DeVinney

—72ND ARS—
Capt. Tremblay
Lt. Beytes
Lt. Amidon
A|2c Beesley
T|Sgt. Cavagnol

—73RD ARS—
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S|Sgt. Van Meter
A|3c Reich

—74TH ARS—
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