



#### PRESENTING FISHING LICENSES FROM THE GOVERNOR

Jerry Harrington, chairman of the reception committee to welcome visitors to Anchorage, presents the three lucky sailors with their special

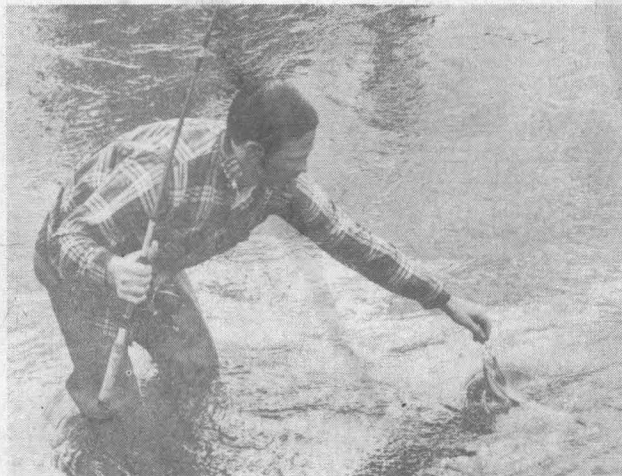
fishing licenses for the Camp Creek excursion. From left, SD-2 Josefino Cabanban, Lt. (j.g.) Bob Greeno, CPO Aubrey Johnson and Harrington.

Photo By Ken Kard



#### IT HAS TO COME OUT

Johnson tugs on the hook firmly planted in the grayling's mouth, after luring the big fish with a fly. A converted bass fisherman, Johnson, pulled in his share of the fighting river fish.



#### PLENTY OF FIGHT

Greeno puts finishing touch on a perfect catch, as he secures a good grip on his line to haul his catch the final few feet to shore.

## An Alaskan Adventure For Three USS Anchorage Sailors

It was clearly Walt Disney with a touch of Cecil B. deMille for three sailors from the U.S.S. Anchorage as they were guests of the State of Alaska and the Camp Creek Outfitters on a fishing excursion last weekend.

Outfitted with fishing gear donated by Alaska Sports Outfitters and eligible to fish via three special state fishing and hunting licenses issued by Gov. William Egan, Lt. (J.G.) Bob Greeno of Chico, Calif.; CPO Aubrey Johnson of Orlando, Fla.; and SD-2 Josefino Cabanban of San Diego, Calif. left just hours after docking Saturday morning for upper Susitna River area. The three were selected by the ship's executive officer and were chosen because they were avid fishermen.

The group flew the 100 miles North courtesy of CHAR, the

local Cabaret, Hotel and Restaurant Assoc., with assistant guide Doyle Currier who wasted no time in showing his crew the wild game that abounds in the tundra between Anchorage and Harvey Packer's Camp Creek lodge site.

The three Cheechakos, awed by the splendor of the landscape seen from the Cessna 180 during the flight, were left speechless soon after landing, as they watched with binoculars, from a river cut ridge as Dr. Frank Nicholas, another assistant guide, shot a moose.

Even with all the excitement of the moose kill, the rushing creek at the base of the runway echoed the call of Alaska grayling—a sound the sailors couldn't resist.

On his first cast, Greeno reeled in a pan size beauty and

it was only minutes before Cabanban and Johnson were stringing out their first catches. Johnson used a fly rod while both Greeno and Cabanban were convinced that a spinning reel with meps, would bring the best catches.

A sudden, "fellows there's a bear," uttered by Johnson pulled all attention to a glistening brown bear swatting at the water only 50-75 yards away on a small sand bar. Panic shook the group momentarily as he rose to a full height of at least eight feet.

Our guide, clutching his 338 magnum, lead the group in chants, trying to dissuade the bear from advancing. The shouts were successful and the bear, probably more surprised than scared, took off up the side of the river bank and vanished into the woods.

Johnson later said, "I was impressed, if it would have done any good I would have snapped to attention and saluted him."

With darkness approaching and the thought of the bear still vivid, the group spent little time in returning to the lodge.

Head Guide Parker had prepared a scrumptious moose liver dinner, only hours old, from Nicholas's hunting exploits. It was late that night before the sailors and their hosts pushed away from the table, bloated from the meal and anxious to get an early start on the fishing at Sunflower Creek that they had been hearing tales about all evening.

Even at 6 a.m., not really early for sailors, enthusiasm was near a peak. After a brief breakfast the group moved out to trek the 2½ miles to Sunflower Creek. Normally the outfitters use an amphibious vehicle to transport their clients to within a short jaunt of the river bed, but it was out of commission and the walk was just a little more strenuous than refreshing.

But the fishing was equal to all the stories and the long walk was soon forgotten in the glory of landing 13 and 14 inch grayling and rainbow trout.

Several hours passed and the inevitable stomp back to camp arrived, all too soon for the visitors.

Exhausted, but proud, the three triumphant fishermen cleaned and scaled their fish, before settling into a mouth-watering grayling meal.

After dinner, while waiting for departure and return to Anchorage, all three men took a turn at skinning part of the moose Nicholas had shot the day before.

But after drawn-out goodbyes, the group returned to Anchorage, happy and a little tired but with a weekend memory of Alaska that will never be forgotten.



#### BETTER THAN A MOVIE

Greeno, left, and Cabanban watch from a near-by ridge as Dr. Nicholas and Harvey Packer move in for a moose kill. They watched the en-

tire hunt and shooting and were amazed by the size and beauty of the moose.

#### Story And Photos

By Scott Loll

Times Sports Editor



#### HE CAN HAVE ALL THE FISH I CAUGHT

Cabanban measures the size of a fresh bear track and exclaimed that he was relieved that the animal had not stopped to chat, and he added that he had never seen any-

thing like that in the Philippines. He was born there and only just became a U.S. citizen on June 11, of this year.



#### ALL IN A MORNING'S WORK

Proud fishermen hold up a morning's catch of more than 20 fish, including one huge Rainbow

trout. From left, Cabanban, Johnson, Doyle Currier an assistant guide, and Greeno.



#### IT'S BEAUTIFUL, BUT WHAT A MESS TO WALK THROUGH

The three sailors and their guide trek across the swollen tundra on the long hike to Sunflower Creek. With each sagging step, comments could

be heard about Alaska's beauty, but nary one pleasant sound about walking through a marshy tundra field.



#### CAPTAIN'S COOK SHOWS THEM HOW

Cabanban, center, the ship's Captain's cook, lends a helping hand to Harvey Packer, left, while Greeno,

right, holds the skinned hide away from the moose meat, as the three work on the freshly killed moose.