

For alumni and friends of the University of Alaska Fairbanks

# aurora

fall 2013



# Letters

*Energy Civilization*, spring 2013:

Well written, interesting, but limited. Alaska has put all its economic chips on oil and has become almost totally dependent on the oil industry's efforts. But with the oil and natural gas boom in the Lower 48, and the president talking about the U.S. soon becoming a net exporter of energy, the companies are increasingly questioning the economic value of continuing the costly investments in Alaska when there are much less expensive and easily produced sources available. As matters now stand, if the oil companies were to cut back drastically, Alaska's economy would probably collapse. Unlike other producing states — Texas, say — Alaska has made no effort to diversify its economy. Any discussion of energy and Alaska should acknowledge that over the past several decades, Alaska has built a one-horse economy.

*John Coyne, '61*



The spring *Aurora* knocked my socks off! It's terrific, from the graphics to the subject matter to its diversity. With the emphasis on journalism in Alaska today and in the past, it is of itself a prime example of all that is best in communication. I was co-editor of the then *Polar Star* in the early '60s, and a half-time reporter for *Jessens Weekly Newspaper*, a far cry from the publications today. The Starvation Gulch article with the wonderful King Neptune burning pile brought back those great years, not just of activity booths but of the pretty, long-legged gals doing the traditional cancan. Kudos.

*Mary Halm Writer, '64*

*Note from editor:* We liked your description so much, Mary, we've incorporated it into *Aurora's* mission statement "...In short, *Aurora* should knock your socks off." Thanks for the perfect words.



I just received my copy of another alumni magazine from another of my alma maters, and I was reminded that I had intended to let you know how much I enjoyed the latest copy of the *Aurora*. I liked the format and the diverse articles.

I especially enjoyed the article about the Equinox marathon at 50 even though I was reminded of how old I am becoming. In the fall of 1963 I was a freshman at UA[F]. I heard about the marathon on campus and, unencumbered by training, I decided to give it a try. Wearing old tennis shoes and carrying my lunch in a paper bag I started out. It took me about eight hours to reach the finish line. I walked the whole distance. I remember that it was a glorious fall day with that oblique sunlight that is so characteristic of Alaska. I was happy to be in Alaska and embarking on new adventures.

After I read your article and realized what a groundbreaking event the marathon is, I found my patch and sewed it to my jean jacket. I hope to impress my friends as well as connect with former Alaskans. Thank you for helping me remember this event and my part in it.

*Cathy Trost Wiggins, '67*



## UNIVERSITY OF ALASKA FAIRBANKS

CHANCELLOR  
Brian Rogers

VICE CHANCELLOR FOR  
UNIVERSITY AND STUDENT  
ADVANCEMENT  
Mike Sfraga, '84, '97

DIRECTOR OF MARKETING  
AND COMMUNICATIONS  
Michelle Renfrew, '98



## UAF ALUMNI ASSOCIATION BOARD OF DIRECTORS, 2013 - 2014

PRESIDENT  
Jim Dixon, '90, '91  
dixon@ieee.org

VICE PRESIDENT  
Wayne Donaldson, '80  
wkdonaldson1@gmail.com

SECRETARY  
Dani Bickford, '06  
AlaskaDani@gmail.com

TREASURER  
Sam Enoka, '95  
senoka@viasyn.com

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR  
Joe Hayes, '97  
uaf-alumni@alaska.edu

BOARD MEMBERS  
Bill Abbott, '98, '00  
bill\_abbott21@hotmail.com  
Michael Campbell, '04, '05  
alaskanmike@gmail.com  
Teresa Flores, '03  
misstflowers@yahoo.com  
Lisa Gentry, '04  
L.Hall@alaskausa.org  
Jason Gootee, '06  
jason.gootee@modahealth.com  
Heath Hilyard, '96  
HeathEdward@gmail.com  
Chad Hutchison, '02  
uafalumnbod@gmail.com  
Rhonda Widener, '01  
rlwideneruaf@hotmail.com

## AURORA MAGAZINE

MANAGING EDITOR  
Kim Davis

CREATIVE DIRECTOR  
Darcy Harrod, '10

EDITOR  
Tori Tragas, '94, '99

DESIGNERS  
Phil Raymond  
Andrea Swingley

PHOTO MANAGER  
Todd Paris, '83

WEB DESIGNERS  
Jenn Baker, '02  
Sherrie Roberts, '07

Opinions expressed are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect official positions of the University of Alaska Fairbanks.

Send comments or letters to the editor to [aurora\\_magazine@alaska.edu](mailto:aurora_magazine@alaska.edu) or to P.O. Box 757505, Fairbanks, AK 99775, or call 907-474-6726. We reserve the right to edit for grammar and length. Visit us on the web at [www.uaf.edu/aurora/](http://www.uaf.edu/aurora/).

The University of Alaska Fairbanks is accredited by the Northwest Commission on Colleges and Universities. UAF is an affirmative action/equal opportunity employer and educational institution.

UAF photos by Todd Paris unless otherwise noted. Class notes photos provided by alumni unless otherwise noted. Produced by Marketing and Communications. 09/2013





## ◀ **Spheres of influence**

*By Todd Paris*

Art major Ian Wilkinson, '13, used the beauty of 1,200 bowls to spotlight the ugliness of hunger.



## **6 The first ascent of Denali: Chasing the legacy**

*By Theresa Bakker*

A century ago, climbers reached the summit of Mount McKinley for the first time. The memories and mementos of that achievement have been carefully preserved and are now part of a retrospective at the UA Museum of the North.

## **10 Dust devil**

*By Tori Tragis*

Dust clouds from unpaved roads and runways are more than a gritty nuisance — they're a safety hazard and health risk, and when too much dust floats away, it means expensive repairs, especially in rural Alaska. Can anything be done?

## **18 Being Nanook**

*By LJ Evans*

What's it like inside the bear suit?

## **22 Perfect present**

*By Curtis Rogers*

A hockey stick is usually used for scoring and slapshots, but it can also be a symbol of healing and love.

## **24 Teach me**

*By Jamie Hallberg*

A young student teacher struggles to find the balance between being the teacher and being taught, but just when she thinks she's about to fall, her students help steady her.



## **Departments**

**16 Full Frame**

**30 Nanook Nook**

**31 Class notes/In memoriam**





Story and photos  
by Todd Paris

# Spheres


**10 months.**

**3,000 pounds of clay.**

**1,200 bowls exactly the same height.**



# s of Influence



The bowls are laid out in tight rows on the floor and covered with sheets of Plexiglas. Interspersed on top of the glass are five large pots 4 to 5 feet tall, stuffed to overflowing with rice. Sprinkled in the 1,200 bowls below are just a few grains of rice, or none at all. Walking on top of the bowls represents the disparity between them.

“When you walk on it you can hear and feel the changes as the bowls adjust to your weight,” senior art student Ian Wilkinson says. “Your gravity is absorbed by their strength. The idea just came to me, kind of in a giant tsunami wave, of being able to make this tier system of economic inequality where the less fortunate population below can’t get past this ceiling, which is a glass floor to the privileged few above.”





The installation fulfilled the requirement of a senior thesis for Wilkinson's bachelor of fine arts degree (he graduated in May 2013), but the artist and student-athlete had other ambitions for it. "I thought, why don't I use my project to try to demonstrate that you can do something more meaningful with your art than just showing it off? It's more meaningful to me to remind everyone that there is a struggle in our own community, and around the world, and you can do something about it."

Wilkinson got to the point where he could throw up to 30 bowls an hour. Each bowl had to be bisque-fired, glazed and then kiln-fired, a process that took days for each batch. The repetition and monotony of

the work is where his physical training paid off. "I've been on the cross country ski team for five years, and we have to train for an outrageous number of hours. It takes months of training to get where you want to be in order to compete, so I looked at this the same way. By ... keeping a regimen and discipline and working on it no more than four hours a day, I was able to stay focused, keep my wits about me, stay consistent and maintain my technique."

Wilkinson donated the bowls to the Fairbanks Community Food Bank, where they were sold for \$15 each as a fundraiser. In less than an hour, the 1,200 bowls were gone and \$18,000 raised to help combat hunger in Fairbanks.



**“ Seeing human hands and flesh helped carry the viewers’ eyes up off the floor and helped establish the relationship with the whole hunger issue. ”**





“The whole reason I chose pottery as a concentration is because it often has a function behind it,” Wilkinson explains. “Oftentimes that function is to nourish people by serving as a vessel to hold food.”

“I’ll always have a wheel at my back door,” he promises. “Always. I plan to continue making functional pottery for people to use to make their days better. I’m never going to give it up.” 📧

---

Todd Paris, '83, is the campus photographer for Marketing and Communications. You can see more of his work at <http://parispub.smugmug.com>.

Watch Ian Wilkinson at work at [www.uaf.edu/aurora/](http://www.uaf.edu/aurora/).

*This project was made possible by an Undergraduate Research and Scholarly Activity award.*

“

**Why don't I use my project to try to demonstrate that you can do something more meaningful with your art than just showing it off?**

”







UAF photo by Theresa Baker



Photo courtesy of Hudson Stuck's book, *The Ascent of Denali*.

▲ Tatum's journal, dated June 7, 1913: "Today stands a big red letter in my life."

◀ Robert Tatum, Esaias George, Harry Karstens, Johnny Fredson and Walter Harper.

▼ Hudson Stuck.





# THE FIRST ASCENT OF DENALI: CHASING THE LEGACY

By Theresa Bakker

Angela Linn, '99, wears bright purple gloves so she can handle the century-old artifacts without leaving any fingerprints. She opens the flat FedEx box and removes the documents, carefully preserving each layer of protective wrapping until she comes to a black, hardbound book with the words on the cover handwritten in an almost ghostly white — *Journal of Archdeacon Hudson Stuck Recording Ascent of Mt. Denali (Mt. McKinley), June 1913*.

Stuck had kept a faithful accounting of that year, important to history because it included the culmination of his dream to climb the highest peak in North America in honor of the 25th anniversary of the Episcopal Church in Alaska. But this book did not include any entries from the critical last days of the climb. Stuck left the heavy book at the 10,800-foot camp. For his impressions of the final push to the top of McKinley, Stuck had kept a second journal, a slim pad about the size of a reporter's notebook.

"This is what I'd been waiting for," Linn says. "I had read Stuck's 1913 diary, so it was familiar to me. But

I was truly excited to receive the smaller journal. That diary had never been scanned."

Stuck's 1914 book, *The Ascent of Denali*, is the official record of the climb. It's what historians refer to when they discuss the details. It's how the four climbers are remembered. Now for the first time, Linn was able to compare the book to the original journal and learn about the personal experiences of Stuck.

That's why Linn wanted to have all four of the journals kept by the men who reached the summit of McKinley during that 1913 expedition. She imagined displaying them together — for the first time in 100 years — as part of the UA Museum of the North's special exhibit, "Denali Legacy: 100 Years on the Mountain."

Stuck's journals had been archived by the American Geographical Society since 1922. Linn managed to track down the rest of them at various archives. The tiny diary kept by Harry Karstens arrived next, from the American Alpine Club library. Karstens went on to become the first superintendent of Mount McKinley National Park (now known as Denali National Park and Preserve).



The final two diaries, almost identical in appearance, arrived at the museum near the end of January. They were school notebooks, the kind where students wrote their lessons. One belonged to Walter Harper, a young Athabaskan man who accompanied Stuck on his many travels. The other was kept by Robert Tatum, an Episcopal missionary from Tennessee who hoped to join the priesthood. Both men were protégés of the charismatic Archdeacon Hudson Stuck. Harper's journal is housed at the Rasmuson Library's Alaska and Polar Regions Collections and Archives, while Tatum's is archived in the Special Collections at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville.

"Having the actual pages with the words written on them brings the story to life in a new way," Linn says. "We're incredibly lucky that the archives that hold these precious

documents agreed to lend them. Works on paper are fragile and sensitive to light. This is likely the only time these documents have been exhibited in their lifetimes."

Linn had never seen Tatum's journal entries before. In fact, of all the members of the expedition, his story was the least known. "He was kind of a mystery man," she says. "Tatum signed on as the official cook but also reached the summit of the mountain himself. He was the only member of the team without a Wikipedia entry. I felt a sort of obligation to fill out his story and make the world more aware of his contributions."

As the guest curator for the museum's exhibit, Linn wanted to fill in these gaps, so she hunted for connections to Tatum. She researched archives, talked to countless relatives and experts. Eventually, she found family members who still reside in Tennessee.

One of them, Robert's grandnephew Doug Tatum, didn't learn about his great-uncle's accomplishments until he was an adult. "I had never, nor did any of my siblings know, that my dad's father's brother was Robert Tatum and had summited Denali," he says. "We didn't know that. Dad said he was a very modest, quiet-spoken gentleman."

In Stuck's diary is a reference to a flag made by Robert Tatum, "which he hopes to hoist on top of the instrument tent on the summit," using "two silk handkerchiefs and the lining of a padded noodle can." Linn thought those kinds of artifacts were long gone, either left on the mountain in the rush of the descent or lost to time. But one day, as he was helping his mother clean out the attic, Doug Tatum had discovered this evidence of his great-uncle's achievement. "It wasn't kept very well. I found it in a shoebox with some other items while

# Making the mountain

Artifacts from the first ascent are



UAF photo by Theresa Bakker.

◀ **Hundreds of 1/8-inch-thick pieces of plywood were used to make a 28-layer model of Mount McKinley.**

**Museum staff reach new heights ▶ to put the finishing touches on the scale model of Mount McKinley.**



UAF photo by Theresa Bakker.



UAF photo by JR Ancheta.

◀ **The finished model of Mount McKinley, with routes taken by climbers over the last century.**

**Visitors follow a timeline on the ▶ exhibit walls featuring passages from all the climbers' journals.**



UAF photo by JR Ancheta.



going through some stuff with my parents. I hand carried it to the Chicago conservatory.” That flag (pictured at far right) is part of the temporary Denali legacy exhibit, and hangs near the last remaining climbing pick used by the climbers.

In contrast, Eugene Karstens knew from an early age that it would be his responsibility to keep the story of his grandfather alive. He knew because his mother told him so. “His climbing pick was one of the early things my mother trusted me with. It went up on my wall over one of those classic Sierra Club posters [with] the five people in a row walking up a razor ridge, and that pick just looked great over that. Right above a kid’s bed, and that was always a symbol of, well, you have got something to live up to, kid. My mom wasn’t stupid in that regard.”

Eugene personally took that ice axe from Colorado to Fairbanks so it could be on display in the exhibit. He couldn’t trust it to strangers. It has been his mission to protect the legacy of his grandfather, to make sure his name wouldn’t be forgotten by history.

Linn says that from the very start, this story longed to be told. “Personal connections that started with a few emails and phone calls have grown into an exhibit full of artifacts and the faces of the climbers’ descendants.

“Now the precious histories of Hudson Stuck, Harry Karstens, Walter Harper, Robert Tatum and John Fredson will once again be reconnected to the mountain they first set foot upon a century ago.”

Theresa Bakker has an MFA from the Rainier Writing Workshop at Pacific Lutheran University. She is the media coordinator at the UA Museum of the North.



UAF photo by Theresa Bakker.

Learn more about the first ascent of Mount McKinley at [www.uaf.edu/museum/exhibits/special/legacy/](http://www.uaf.edu/museum/exhibits/special/legacy/).

on exhibit at the UA Museum of the North through April 12, 2014.



UAF photo by JR Ancheta.

◀ **A pair of handmade crampons left on the Muldrow Glacier by the Sourdough Expedition’s unsuccessful attempt to reach the summit of Mount McKinley in 1910. They were recovered by the Lindley-Like expedition 22 years later.**

**A model of the base camp kept by ▶ John Fredson at 4,000 feet on Cache Creek is equipped with a stove and pretend food.**



UAF photo by JR Ancheta.



UAF photo by JR Ancheta.

◀ **Harry Karstens’ snow goggles.**

**Archdeacon Stuck records holding a ▶ religious service at 10,800 feet, which probably included this Eucharist set. It did not summit with the men, however.**



UAF photo by JR Ancheta.





By Tori Tragis



*When spring shatters the lock winter has held on Alaska's frozen white land, the hillsides soften into green and the ground becomes springy underfoot. The rivers flow again, the puddles dwindle and fade — and then comes the dust. Billowing, suffocating piles of it, massive blooms of tawny grit and ricocheting pebbles. The thick air blinds drivers, chokes pedestrians and cascades into homes, dust settling onto every surface and into every crevice — on countertops, in computers and down into the lungs.*





During the summer, dust inundates Eagle — the Native village and the city, twin communities in eastern Alaska, near the Canadian border. The road leading into Eagle, the road that connects the small city with the village, the byroads and side roads, all are unpaved. There's been talk of paving at least the primary paths off and on over the years, but the community consensus has generally been against it.

"It gives Eagle part of its feel, having dirt roads," says Ann Millard, the local school's recently retired principal. "The tourist industry is important to

us, although it's not really active [right now]. Having paved streets is at the opposite end of the spectrum."

The problem was worse when the large tour buses came regularly into town, but Millard says many Eagle people accepted that as the price to be paid for providing a frontier feel that would attract tourists. And, she points out, the sprawling, silty Yukon and its buffeting winds come with an all-natural deluge of dust.

Still, dust is a problem. It hangs in the air and gets tracked into people's homes. It aggravates the asthma of some of the kids in Millard's school. It coats the

community garden and clings to salmon drying on racks. So about 10 years ago, the Alaska Department of Transportation and Public Facilities offered to try a dust suppressant, or palliative, on Eagle's roads. But the product DOT wanted to try uses a proprietary formula, which means its contents are secret.

"That's what makes people nervous," Millard says. "After it was applied we noticed we were getting a rainbow sheen on the road. I saw a sign up at the post office, something about 'Brought to you by the state government: Rainbows on our rain puddles.'"

The secrecy bothers Gary, Ann Millard's husband. He moved to Eagle from his hometown of Fairbanks 17 years ago so he could live somewhere that wasn't so big, so ... city. "I went to the public testimony when the DOT guy was coming in before they applied it. I'm not a big fan of government agencies telling us, 'Oh, it's ok.' [...] They won't tell us what is going to happen for those that are ingesting it. They say it's all organic. Well, that's all fine and dandy, but oil is organic and you don't drink it."

The Millards agree something should be done to control dust, but absent solid information



about what is in the chemical palliatives, they lean toward using water to regularly dampen the streets. They are careful to note that while some in their community agree with them, others do not. Bruce Atkinson, who lives up the road between Eagle and Eagle Village, just upstream, deplors the dust and welcomes even a chemical solution, anything that's more efficient and cost-effective than watering the roads twice a day, which crews had been doing during the tour bus heyday.

"Just a regular vehicle doing 15 mph kicks up tremendous dust," Atkinson says. "A big huge cloud of dust goes up in the yard and carries everything into the house. Sometimes I will run the garden hose but that only lasts a couple hours when it's hot. It's terrible."

Calcium chloride is an alternative to water and chemicals, and is commonly used (though not in Eagle). It's also commonly the focus of complaints that it leaves a salty taste on subsistence foods like berries and drying fish so many villages still rely on spraying

water on unpaved roads. It works, but only for a while. On a hot, dry day, it could evaporate within a few hours, so the roads have to be continually sprayed.

"Water is labor intensive, and things are tight," says Andy Journey. He's the water plant operator and utilities director for the city of St. Mary's, in Southwestern Alaska. His situation highlights the scarcity of a number of resources —

that. We'd normally haul it with our flatbed but our trash truck is broken so we're using the flatbed as the trash truck."

Journey is the only one with an operator's license, so he drives the dump truck with the water tank on it. On hot, sunny summer days, he'll be out there every day for two to three hours, spraying water that will keep the dust down for just three or four hours.

he notes ruefully that it was the most expensive of the group, and there were problems with applying it, so he's still trying to figure out his options. He has to factor in the exorbitant cost of barging in whatever he does decide on, and while there's talk of one of the regional Native corporations developing a palliative from used cooking oil that could be produced regionally, it's not a viable candidate in the near future.

In the meantime, he maintains the streets as best he can. "It's an ongoing battle. We have to do our roads no matter what."

**“Watering roads is a daily chore. A dust palliative would last two to three months and get us into the fall rains, and [then] it wouldn't matter.”**

money, labor, equipment — that is common in rural communities.

"We need to take one of our operators away from one of our other projects," Journey explains. "We have a flatbed with a thousand-gallon tank on it but it sits on a lowboy that will only fit on a dump truck, and you need an operator's license for

"Watering roads is a daily chore," he says. "A dust palliative — we could put it on in three, four days and it would last two to three months and get us into the fall rains, and [then] it wouldn't matter."

Journey says the village tested four types of palliatives in 2012. One worked especially well, but

### Keeping it together

A gravel or dirt road is made up of two primary materials: rock or gravel (aggregate) and a binding agent, something that keeps the aggregate together. Dust is part of that binding material. Lose the dust and you lose what holds the road together. If you don't pay to keep the dust on the ground using some kind of mitigation strategy — water, chemical or something else — you'll have to pay a lot more when too much

## PAY DIRT

Finding a way to keep the dirt down low could turn a tidy profit. More than a dozen companies in the U.S. produce dust palliatives, products that minimize the amount of dust coming up off dirt roads. They all promise to keep the air above your dirt road or runway crystal clear. Some companies' websites even have the pictures to prove it, but there's the gritty rub: the proof is largely visual. Engineers don't have standardized tests to determine how well a palliative works, nor do the palliative-producing companies themselves.

Enter Dave Barnes and company at the Alaska University Transportation Center. Barnes got pulled into the dust game sideways. He's really a water kind of engineer, but AUTC's director persuaded him that since water and dust both move, they're not all that different. Five years on, the unflappably genial Barnes still seems a little mystified that he has become UAF's top dust guy, but he's even more mystified by dust itself, so he keeps studying it.

As Barnes and his team started developing DUST-M for field research (see accompanying story), they realized they needed a companion lab test to corroborate their outdoor measurements. Surprisingly, no such test existed. So, starting with the bare

bones of an idea from fellow researchers, they raided building supply centers for PVC pipes, sandpaper and funnels. They rounded up a toothbrush, a ski wax brush and a plastic tub. Graduate student Wilhelm Muench hunkered down in the machine shop and created a device that lets undergraduate students like Cody Klingman and Logan Little release precise amounts of aggregate (basically dirt and rocks) into the upright PVC pipe at exactly the right time. As the dust drops, it's measured with the only off-the-shelf technical product they used, a laser that measures how much dust is in the air in a small space.

"It's hillbilly science," Barnes says wryly of his team's invention, "but the repeatability is amazing to me."



dust is lost and the road surface needs to be repaired or replaced.

A typical gravel road or runway in Alaska lasts four to eight years if it's not treated for dust control. Put down a palliative, and its life span improves to eight to 12 years before the surface material needs to be replaced. If you're in an area that doesn't have gravel available, which includes much of rural Alaska, you have to barge it in. Take the surface material needed to repair the airport at Manley, which has access to gravel. It costs an average of \$50 per cubic yard. Double or even quadruple that for a remote site with no local gravel, and now you're looking at an average of \$150 per cubic yard. If the Manley runway gets no dust suppression, it would need a new surface three times over the course of 16 years (year 1, year 8, year 16) in a best-case scenario, costing DOT about \$700,000. Use a palliative, which costs far less than buying and laying surface material, and that number drops to \$617,000, in part because you only need to put

down a new surface twice, in year 1 and year 16. Considering there are 870 acres of runway and 4,600 acres of unpaved roads the state is responsible for in the northern region alone, the savings on dust-treated roads are significant. That doesn't include the miles of roads that villages are responsible for, villages whose budgets are even more constrained than the state's.

Journey isn't worried about using chemicals on his community's roads. He's talked with other villages in his area, and says they are satisfied with the results. "All the technical product descriptions have been tested by some federal chemical labs and have been proven to be safe," he says. "I've seen the lethal doses, and [our application rates are] so far under it."

Instead, he says, it's a question of road safety and quality of life. If one of the big rigs from the local gravel pit go more than 15 mph, he says, you can see hardly anything. The village posts signs asking drivers to stay under 20 mph, and that helps, but only if everyone keeps a light foot on the gas pedal.

Concerns about safety and visibility on the roads are voiced throughout rural Alaska. Seldovia, on the Kenai Peninsula, uses calcium chloride on some of its roads, but it isn't applied everywhere, and in lean funding years, it sometimes isn't applied at all.

"There are times there's so much dust you can't see someone until you're on top of them and you might hit them," says Michael Opheimer, the environmental coordinator for Seldovia Village Tribe. "You sometimes have to stop because you can't see in front of you."

### No room to breathe

Air thick enough to see is thick enough to choke on. In a dust-laden community, breathing can be a labor of life for some people, especially the young, the elderly and anyone with lung or heart problems.

Dust contains tiny particles, or particulate matter, called PM<sub>10</sub>. PM<sub>10</sub> is less than the width of a human hair and can be seen only with an electron microscope. (PM<sub>10</sub> also contains PM<sub>2.5</sub>, an even

finer measurement associated with smoke from burning wood or coal.) When PM<sub>10</sub> is inhaled, it gets into the lung tissues, where it can cause breathing and heart problems.

Naturally occurring asbestos can also be a problem in some places in Alaska, according to state toxicologist Ali Hamade. Exposure to asbestos can, he says, lead to serious health problems like asbestosis and lung cancer. Efforts to control dust are, he says, critically important, especially on heavily trafficked roads where children play.

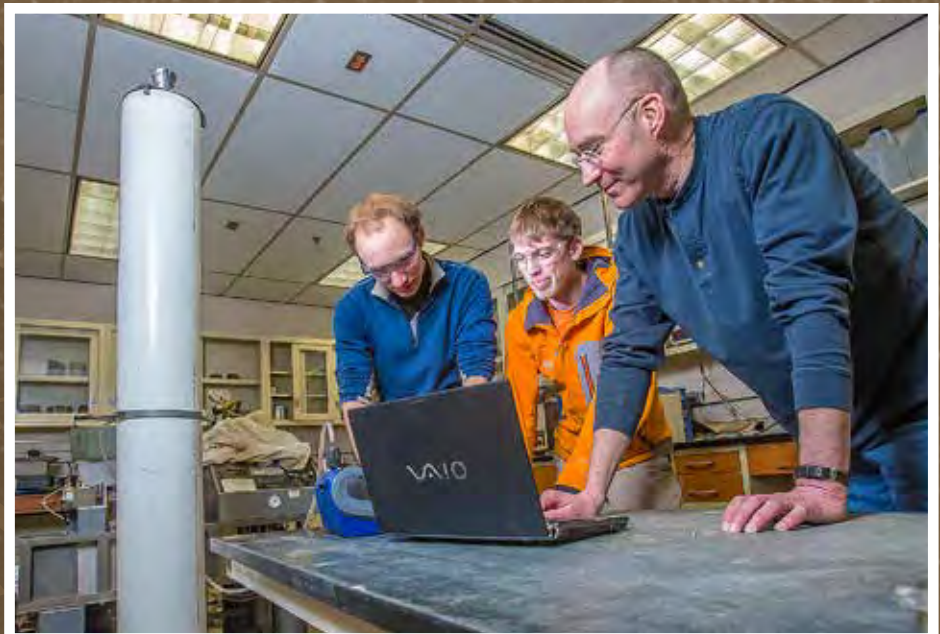
Fifty rural Alaska communities responded to a 2010 rural dust survey conducted by the state Department of Environmental Conservation. All of them reported that dust caused coughing and irritation of the eyes, nose and throat. Dust was considered a factor in aggravating asthma by 84 percent of communities, and 72 percent reported increased problems with chronic bronchitis and chest tightness.\*

*\* The surveys were self-reported by one or more residents in each village, and the respondents were not necessarily medical professionals.*

**An in-lab test makes it faster and cheaper for manufacturers to refine a product before heading outside for large-scale testing, and makes it easier to determine what palliatives work best on different surfaces.**

**The pipe-and-laser design is continually being refined until they get even greater reliability. "If we cannot get the repeatability to a comfortable level," says Barnes, "we stop and come up with new technology."**

*Working labs are messy, Barnes (right) tells visitors, but are good training grounds for undergraduate researchers like Cody Klingman and Logan Little.*





The Seldovia health clinic reports increases in breathing problems and eye injuries from the cloudy air's grit and debris. (Seldovia did not participate in the 2010 DEC survey.) "We're starting to see more and more asthma-related illnesses from them because we're gathering dust from lack of dust abatement," says Opheimer. "It is a concern for us here to keep people from getting more asthmas or bronchial illness."

Seldovia conducted its own survey in summer 2012. At the top of the list of air-quality concerns was dust control — 60 percent wanted to tame the roads. Asthma education ranked fourth (43 percent), echoing the Seldovia health clinic's findings

that asthma and other breathing problems were growing. The second and third top concerns, though, had nothing to do with immediate to-dos like watering the roads or holding an asthma-education fair. Instead, they were about measuring, finding out what is in the air and how it got there. Half the survey takers wanted to continue monitoring road dust, and almost the same number of people wanted an air quality emissions inventory.

### Dust and verify

Measurement is a basic feature of any study. But how do you measure dust, specifically, dust thrown up on a dirt road by a passing vehicle? How do you measure if something you've put

down on a road to suppress dust — a palliative — works? So far, no one has developed an industry-recognized, scientifically legitimate way to do that. Clark Milne, '77, who until this past summer was DOT's regional maintenance engineer for central and northern Alaska, says that engineers have had just one measuring tool.

"Eyeballs."

An engineer on a dust mitigation project observes the amount of dust left hanging in the air by a passing vehicle, lays down a layer of test palliative, has someone drive by again, and guesstimates how well the palliative is working.

It's not an ideal method, Milne admits. "I think you can

have a skilled opinion, but it's pretty difficult to say, 'This is too dusty.' There were no technical ways in a repeatable manner to do dust-suppression testing."

Milne needed a tool that could give him repeatability, meaning the tool could produce reliable data over and over. If you put your king salmon on a calibrated digital scale and find it's a respectable 40 lbs., and your cousin does a bicep curl with his catch and declares it a family heirloom at 65 lbs., that's not a reliable set of data, because you're using different methods of measurement. (Your cousin probably isn't very reliable, either.)

Not content with making at best an educated guess about



Dust from this road in Bethel will eventually settle on the potatoes growing on the commercial farm that lies alongside.



how well one palliative works compared to another, Milne asked UAF engineers to come up with a tool that could measure road dust while it was being thrown up, or lofted, by a moving vehicle.

The result was DUST-M. (Say it fast, like “dust ’em off.”) It’s a mobile device that can be placed on the back of an all-terrain vehicle. Behind one of the rear wheels is an intake device that looks like a pingpong paddle, and in the middle of the paddle is a hole with tubing attached to it. As the driver rolls down the road or runway, air and dust get sucked into the tubing, where the amount of dust is measured by an off-the-shelf instrument called a DustTrak. It’s a process that can be repeated over and over, and used to compare how much dust is lofted in the air before and after treatment. Instead of eyeballing it, operators can make informed decisions, not informed guesses.

Milne says DUST-M is a critical part in helping engineers identify if a palliative is doing its job. “Without it as a yard stick there’s no plausible discussion about your palliatives. It still needs to be finalized — what process can most fairly evaluate dust suppression — but it’s better than anything else that I’m aware of in the world.”

Industry does not yet recognize DUST-M as a certified measuring device. Sometimes DUST-M gives unexpected and divergent results. Researchers are trying to figure out if unexpected changes in data are because of a design flaw in DUST-M, a mistake in how the palliative was applied, or if it’s because, frankly, engineers just don’t yet fully understand how palliatives work on different surfaces. Dave Barnes, at UAF’s Alaska University Transportation Center,

was the lead researcher on the team that developed DUST-M.

“It’s not only a matter of taking measurements with DUST-M, but also understanding what our soils are made of to find the right palliative,” Barnes says. He gives the example of tests in Eagle and in White Mountain, on the Seward Peninsula in Western Alaska.

A palliative was applied to the Eagle runway at a concentration Barnes and his team thought was appropriate. But the postapplication test showed a level of dust that was among the highest they’d ever measured on a treated runway, which flummoxed the researchers. Their next test site was White Mountain, where the terrain is very different. There they applied the palliative at half the concentration as at Eagle, and Barnes got another surprise. “White Mountain is performing great. We could never figure out why Eagle was flopping so bad for us, but put down less palliative in another place and it does great.”

They determined that DUST-M was doing its job, so Barnes looked at the soil makeup in both areas. White Mountain has lots of lightweight dust, or fine particles, mixed in with the aggregate. Eagle has very little. “When we don’t have any fines in the soil there’s nothing to hold palliative in the soil, so it kind of drains away and doesn’t hold parts in place,” he says. “When

we have a high fraction of fines, those small particles will hold the palliative in the soil and enhance dust retention.”

The effort to keep dust in its place is one that requires different strategies and experiments. Some of those strategies and experiments overlap. There’s the question of how to measure the amount of dust. Barnes and his

## There’s no escape from the blinding, choking clouds of dust between breakup and snowfall.

colleagues and students at the Alaska University Transportation Center have worked out most of the kinks with DUST-M, and it is nearly ready for others in the field to test it so they can retool it as needed and deploy it industrywide.

“We’re starting to get to a point with all these measurements and lab tests,” he says, “where we can start putting out some guidance for people to be able to follow to make these palliative applications more successful.”

Palliatives are a different conundrum: What works best in each situation and has the least impact on environmental and human health? AUTC can address the first part of the question, but not the second. As long as dust-control companies keep their formulas secret, the safety of chemical measures might not be known for years or even decades. They could wreak health havoc or they could prove harmless.

For most urban dwellers, dust is a nuisance, a housekeeping chore. But for rural Alaska, it’s a much bigger problem. There’s no escape from the blinding, choking clouds of dust that hang over many villages from breakup to snowfall. When villagers take their trucks or four-wheelers to the store or to visit an elder, they help disintegrate the road and their community’s health. It happens slowly, one random rock, one puff of fine particulates at a time.

As state and local resources shrink, Alaska’s dirt-road communities need financially sustainable methods to keep the dust on the ground where it belongs. Though there is disagreement about what’s best and safest — water? calcium chloride? mystery chemicals? — everyone agrees dust is a problem, but no one has been able to precisely measure it. DUST-M gives communities baseline information so they can start to identify individual solutions.

“Those guys [at AUTC] are involved nationally and internationally,” says Milne. “It’s pretty exciting that it happened to come out of little ol’ Fairbanks, Alaska.” 📍

---

Tori Tragis, ’94, ’99, is a writer and editor for Marketing and Communications. Instead of looking for moose or berry patches along Alaska’s dirt roads, she now stares at dust plumes and wonders how they might best be remedied.







# FULL Frame

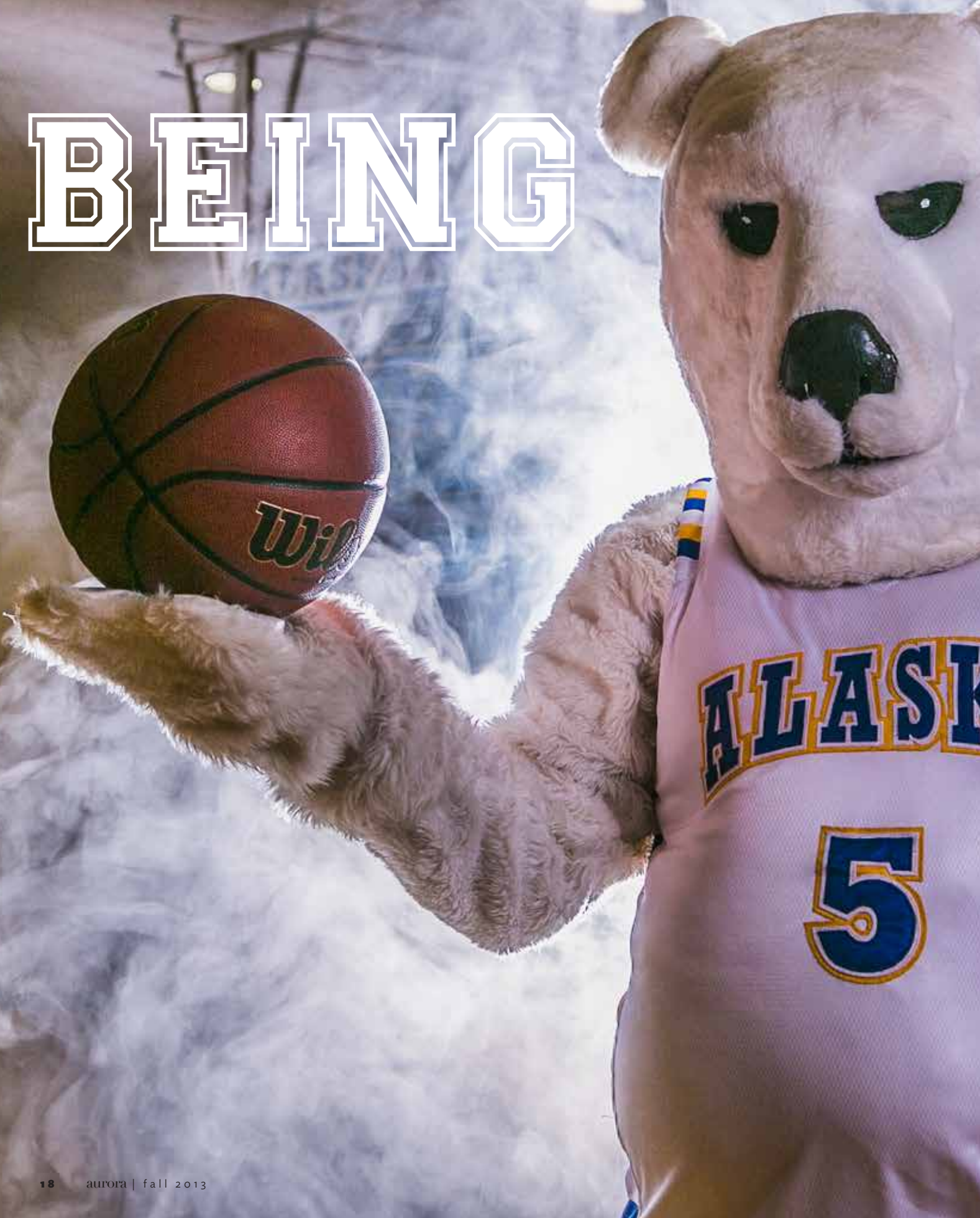
Mud volleyball is a highlight of SpringFest, the annual Friday off from classes just before finals. Formerly known as All Campus Day or Meltdown (and in some tipping circles as Case Day), SpringFest has been a Nanook tradition on the Fairbanks campus since the late 1950s. Students get down and dirty playing in the mud, drop fruit off the Gruening Building or help clean up campus after the long winter, all in the name of good, messy fun.



Relive your memories of college. You can order a reprint of this photo and many others at [www.photos.uaf.edu](http://www.photos.uaf.edu).



# BEING





# NANOOK

By LJ Evans

## **IT STARTED WITH A GARBAGE TRUCK. AT LEAST THAT'S HOW DARRIN "BEAR" EDSON AND TED HETRICK EXPLAIN HOW THEY BEGAN BEING NANOOK.**

They drove the garbage truck in the mid-1990s as part of their jobs with Facilities Services. The longtime co-workers and friends are huge UAF hockey fans, so they decked the truck out with school insignia and wired a giant stuffed polar bear with crossed hockey sticks on the front. To promote the hockey theme on the days of a home game, they hooked up speakers and played loud rock 'n' roll as they made their rounds. They carried this zeal right into the Carlson Center.

"I was going to all the hockey games with my family, and I noticed there was no mascot anymore," Edson says. The student who had worn a white bear costume to fire up the crowd had graduated and moved on. Edson and Hetrick asked then athletic director Randy Pitney, '72, and equipment manager Ken Larimore, '79, '85, '97, if they could play dual mascots. Edson thinks they suited up as Nanook and Hat Trick for their first game in fall 1996. Edson was the friendly Nanook, the one the kids all loved, and Hat Trick was the one with attitude — his costume head had teeth, and he growled.

"The original suits weren't very polar-bear-looking," Edson says. Larimore remembers them bearing more resemblance to another species altogether.

"Most of the first ones we had looked like white wolves," he says.

The fans got it, though. Edson and Hetrick had fun goofing around with the crowd at the hockey games, so they also started going to basketball and volleyball games. They were a hit every time they showed up.





**Nook can be spotted at any number of UAF events. He even supervised the arrival of a Bombardier Dash-8 airplane in Fairbanks in June. Era Alaska painted one side of the plane for the Nanooks, the other for the Seawolves. Nook, of course, picked the best side for his photo opp.**

They also appeared in the Fairbanks Golden Days parade with the other UAF participants and floats. The first year they walked the whole way, on a typical hot July day, in full costume.

“Never again,” they both groan.

“Wearing that suit is like sitting in a sauna and breathing through a straw,” Edson says.

Now they ride in a three-wheeled cart that they’ve decorated, of course, in UAF colors and insignia. Edson drives and Hetrick stands up in the back, wearing the bear suit, tossing out candy for kids all along the parade route.

### **Multiple personality bear**

Over the years, long before Edson and Hetrick took on the role, a number of students, staff and fans — female as well as male — have played the bear. The UAF sports mascot has been the polar bear since the 1930s, and in 1963 the Polar Bears became the Nanooks, from the Inupiaq word for polar bear. There isn’t a record of when the first polar bear suit appeared, nor of all the people who’ve played the role, but there have been many.

Even Larimore recalls being pressed into service a few times. Once in the 1980s the coach asked him to be the bear for a women’s volleyball game. Most of the time Nanook wears a hockey jersey, but that

night Larimore wore a pair of basketball trunks over the bear suit. A former student was at the game with her newborn baby.

“She handed me the baby to hold, which was cute, great, no problem.”

But the young mom had arranged for a couple of guys to come up behind Larimore and yank the basketball shorts down around the bear’s feet. The crowd howled with laughter, but Larimore was totally unfazed. He just shuffled off toward the Patty Center lobby with the baby cradled safely and firmly in his arms.

### **Now we have the Nook**

The main man in the mascot suit for the last seven years has been Geoff Stahl. He, like his brother-in-law Bear Edson, he is a big hockey fan and passionate about being “Nook,” the mascot’s nickname.

Stahl got started in the mascot business when he was 16, helping out his mom by suiting up as Fred the Bear at a family program. He had so much fun he got a job playing Popeye Chicken at UAF hockey games. When Popeye’s closed he inquired about being Nook.

“The best part about it is making the little kids happy and getting to know the student-athletes,” Stahl says. “The Nook gets everyone into the game.”

Some nights Nook does that at three different games. Stahl dresses for doubleheader basketball games at the Patty Center, then he and the bear suit travel across town to the Carlson Center for a hockey game.

“It was all a little overwhelming at first, but now I just flow with it,” he says.

Like his forebears, Stahl brings the Nanook spirit to a lot of other activities associated with UAF. At a recent Admissions event that fell on his birthday, the staff made him a Nook cake and had all the prospective students and their parents sing “Happy Birthday.”

“Geoff is a brilliant representative of the warmth and welcoming environment of UAF,” says Mary Kreta, ’03, director of recruitment. “No one seems to be immune to his charm and hugs — parents and students alike jump right in and always walk away smiling.”

Stahl says he thinks his presence is especially reassuring to new students who are a bit nervous about this big college adventure when they first move into the dorms.

“I think it makes it more of a fun atmosphere. They’re not so overwhelmed.”

His favorite event last year was Starvation Gulch.

“I must have been in a thousand pictures that day — by the Cornerstone, by the bonfire or anywhere the kids wanted,” Stahl says. “You could see the spirit of UAF was just all there. It was cool!”

Continued on page 29

**“A lot of things go into being the mascot — it’s not just putting on a suit,” says Gary Gray, director of athletics. “The person playing the role of the mascot has to know what to do, when to do it, how to behave and what’s appropriate.”**

**The costume is heavy, so Nook stays fit with a regular exercise program that includes waving to fans and hugging small children.**

**FACT: In 1963 the Polar Bears became the Nanooks.**

**FACT: Nanook is the Inupiaq word for polar bear.**

**FACT: The UAF mascot’s nickname is Nook.**





# PERFECT PRESENT

By Curtis Rogers



Every August my family and I discuss how we are going to cut back on Christmas presents this year, and every December we forget what we talked about in August. I understand this situation isn't limited to just our family.

Presents are a huge part of the holiday, but personally, I am past the receiving part. I am lucky. I have all I need and a good portion of what I want. I get the most satisfaction from watching my family get presents. I also enjoy watching people give presents. Sometimes the right present given by a specific person to the perfect recipient can be magical. On one occasion, it was the highlight of my Christmas.

My oldest son, Parker, is a hockey nut. He has played since he was 5 and loved the game since I took him to his first Nanook game when he was almost 3. The lessons he learned playing hockey, on the ice and as a teammate, are a big part of who he is. As he got older, sports in general, and hockey specifically, became an avenue for communication between us and a way to maintain a connection. It was what we had in common when he was a teenager.

Fifteen is an awkward age for a kid at Christmas. You start getting more clothes and fewer toys as you come closer to adulthood, but you don't really have the earning power to buy presents on your own. We told him we would help, but he was still struggling with what to get his family for Christmas, especially my wife's mother, his granny. I told him that any gift is appropriate if the thought is there. I wasn't sure he knew what I meant. I underestimated him.

A few weeks before Christmas we were in a local hockey store. I don't think we had any reason to be there other than the fact that it was a hockey store. You don't need a reason to go to a hockey store. It's cool to just go and absorb hockey vibes. Try it. Really.

I looked around for Parker and found him in the stick section. He loves hockey sticks. His eyes light up when he thinks about his old hockey sticks the way some guys' eyes light up when they reminisce about old girlfriends. He can talk about sticks all day.

Parker was looking at a rack of fiberglass sticks. The sticks were pink.

The manufacturer TPS puts out a special series of sticks in honor of hockey moms. These particular sticks were pink to promote breast cancer awareness. They were very pink and had the trademark pink breast cancer awareness ribbon painted on them. I watched as Parker hefted the stick. He tested the stiffness. He looked closely at the blade. He put the stick back. He seemed to be thinking for a long time. We paid for the tape or whatever it was we bought as a token reason for going to the hockey store and left. On the way home he was quiet. He turned to me and said, "I have an idea."

## The thought that counts

My mother-in-law is a strong woman. She has had to be in order to beat breast cancer multiple times. Those fights have left her scarred but not beaten. She carries the scars with a pride and a sense of humor that inspire all of us. Those qualities were not lost on Parker.

"Dad," he said. "I would like to get a hockey stick for Granny for Christmas."

"A hockey stick?" I asked. "Really? Maybe you can teach her a wrist shot." That made me laugh.

"Yeah, the breast-cancer stick. The pink one," he answered.

"I think she'd like that," I said.

"Well," he smiled, "I was thinking that I could play a game with it, then give it to her."

I looked at him. "I guess we could get her to a game, and she could watch you play with it."

He nodded then smiled again. "The Christmas tournament would work," he said. "That way Chip and Lacy would be here too."

My wife's sister and brother would be flying in for Christmas. With luck there would be a game after they arrived but before Christmas. Parker sat back and smiled again. A plan was coming together.

We got home and checked the schedule. Sure enough, there was a game that would work. Parker looked at me.

"I'm going to need some help with the stick," he said.

I assured him I would get the stick for him. I told my wife about the plan.

"Parker thought of this?" she asked. She didn't mean anything by the question. Parker was a very thoughtful and sweet kid. However, he was a teenager. He was sometimes less than communicative. Besides, a thought and sentiment like this coming from anybody was noteworthy.

The next day Parker asked if I could get him some pink ribbons. He would wear one on his jersey for the game, and explain his plan to his teammates to see if they would wear them also.

I went to the hockey store to get the stick. I selected one and headed to the counter.

"You have a daughter playing?" the clerk, a man about 10 years older than me, asked.

"No," I answered. "A son, actually."

He looked at me over his glasses.

I explained. He smiled and gave me a 10 percent discount on the stick. "That's a pretty amazing present," he said. "Tell your son I said well done and Merry Christmas."

Christmas got closer. Our family members arrived. I got the pink-ribbon stickers. The day before the game, I told Parker I was proud of him. He just smiled. He gave me a sealed card with instructions to give it to his grandmother just before the game started.

*Those fights have left her scarred but not beaten. She carries the scars with a pride and a sense of humor that inspire all of us. Those qualities were not lost on Parker.*

The game was on Dec. 23. We bundled the whole group up and drove two cars to the arena for the game. We found our seats, and Parker's team took to the ice for warm-ups. He had his pink stick.

Mom was sitting in front of me. I leaned over and handed her the card. "Parker wanted me to give this to you, Mom," I said. She looked out at Parker. He had skated closer to the glass and was watching. I could see a pink ribbon on his chest. Several other boys were wearing them as well. "What is that on his chest?" Mom asked.

"Just read, Mom," my wife said.

She opened the card. I didn't read all of it, but I did read this: "Granny, this is my Christmas present to you. For this game I am using a pink hockey stick in honor of Breast Cancer Awareness. I am also wearing a pink Breast Cancer Awareness Ribbon.

After the game, I will give you the stick and you can keep it."

He went on to tell her that he loved her and that he was proud of her. He explained that several of his teammates were also wearing pink ribbons. She looked up, and Parker waved at her and skated to his bench.

I love Mom dearly. She is a wonderful, loving woman; however, she doesn't always have a pretty cry face. She tried her best as she watched Parker skate away. She read the card again and we looked for the boys who were wearing the ribbons. Almost all of them were.

The game started, and about seven minutes in Parker got the puck to the goalie's left and scored on a wrist shot. He was mobbed by his teammates, as is the custom. After their congratulations he skated to the bench. He turned slightly and came to

the glass and waved at his granny. More cry face.

His team won the game. He scored two goals and had a couple of assists. We all gathered outside the locker room to wait for the boys to change. Mom was watching the Zamboni clear the ice when Parker came out. He walked up to her and touched her shoulder. She turned, and he gave her his stick.

I looked around. Mom wasn't the only one with bad cry face.

Gifts are wonderful things, but without thought and sentiment they are just objects. Ever see a department store Christmas tree display with fake presents? When I see them I am almost uncomfortable. The packages are sterile and cold. They don't have any warmth because they weren't placed with love. There was no thought behind them. They are just empty boxes. Love makes an object a gift. It made a pink hockey stick the perfect present. ❧

Curtis Rogers takes care of his two sons, Charlie and Eli, when he isn't in history and political science classes at UAF. He is married to Margaret. In 2007 he retired from the Alaska Air National Guard after 25 years in uniform. Besides being a dad and student he writes a blog, [www.thissideofthediaper.wordpress.com](http://www.thissideofthediaper.wordpress.com), where a version of this story originally appeared in December 2012. The couple's oldest son, Parker, is a student in Nebraska.







**EDUCATION MAJOR JAMIE HALLBERG KEPT A JOURNAL DURING HER STUDENT TEACHING YEAR, AND DISCOVERED THAT LEARNING TO TEACH WAS MORE EXHAUSTING AND EXHILARATING THAN SHE'D EXPECTED.**

### **September 2012: Double duty**

Prior to my internship as a student teacher, I was a student through and through. Now I'm learning how to create balance out of chaos, and my role has been altered. I am both a teacher and a student, and managing these dual roles simultaneously is a more complex task than I imagined it would be. I thought everything would be clear-cut: when I was at UAF I would strictly be a student and when I was at Denali Elementary I would only be a teacher. Somewhere along the way, the line I had drawn in my mind dividing the two blurred.

Walking into the classroom at the beginning of the year I felt like I had finally made it. This was the last step before becoming a certified teacher! It was my chance to truly experience what life in an elementary school is like on a day-to-day basis.

I had been enjoying the role of teacher until one of my students informed me that I wasn't a real teacher. That comment really stung.

# TEACH ME

By Jamie Hallberg

Even though I am taking on more responsibility in my mentor's classroom everyday, I'm not a "real" teacher yet. During parent-teacher conferences a few of the parents even referred to me as a teacher aide, which was completely deflating. Being an elementary education intern is like working two jobs: I spend my week bouncing between a place where I am the student and another where I am the teacher, and never really settling in either character.

My mentor, Mrs. [Cindy] Kennedy, '81, is in charge of not only educating her class but also guiding me as I learn to be an effective educator. This is tricky because she has to relinquish some of her control in the classroom and watch as I make mistakes, hoping that the benefit of me making mistakes will one day outweigh the costs.

As for me, I'm all over the place. Some days I'm up at UAF planning a lesson or reflecting on one I just taught. I'm not just teaching lessons; I'm learning how to teach them. Mrs. Kennedy is amazing about giving me feedback on things I've taught and is always willing to help me create a seamless lesson.

I suppose I'm not the only one having to adjust to having a dual role. Somewhere along the way all of us — my mentor, my students and I — acquired new and unexpected roles. Some days we are more one than

the other, but I don't think a day goes by when any one of us is just a teacher or just a student. I am truly finding this year what it means and what it takes to be a lifelong learner.

## November 2012: Sweat and tears

When I began my journey pursuing a bachelor's of elementary education, I knew it would be challenging, stressful and in the end rewarding. Signing up for the program, I didn't realize track and field training was a prerequisite, but I soon found that I had a lot of hurdles to jump to become an educator.

To get to where I am today I needed to test drive two different degree programs, survive a family tragedy and fall on my face, hard. It took me nearly hitting rock bottom to realize that if I was going to make something out of my life, no one was going to pave the way to make it possible. After abandoning my previous academic paths I went in search of a degree that would make me happy. As a child I

had dreamed of being two things: a pet store lady and a teacher.

UAF doesn't offer a pet store lady degree, so I went with elementary education.

“UAF doesn't offer a pet store lady degree, so I went with elementary education.”

The first time I heard myself addressed as Miss Hallberg by a student, it melted my heart, and I knew my life was on the right track. Four years and about 35 classes later, I know no other profession would make me as happy. I'm thrilled to be on the last leg of my journey, student teaching in a fifth-grade classroom at Denali Elementary School [in Fairbanks]. I love being in the classroom, but I have to say the UAF education program has caused me more sweat and tears than I care to admit.





**One of the lessons was to get the students to understand that food webs are an essential part of life, and if one part of the food web is eliminated then all parts of that web suffer.**

The bachelor of elementary education program is a bit different than other degree programs at UAF. There are the standard four years of classes, plus a set amount of hours in an elementary school class during the semester for every education class taken. This meant juggling work, school and fieldwork every week. [After four years, you have] a required, yearlong student teaching internship, but you're not guaranteed to get one. Near the end of my fourth year I had to fill out a 20-plus-page application in which I had to categorize every class I had ever taken in my college career, describe how my life experiences fit within these groupings, write a resume that chronicled my entire work history, compose two essays, and pay an extra fee to be fingerprinted and get an FBI background check. I had to also be interviewed to ensure I was a good fit for the program. The only thing that kept me going was self-motivation and a strong support system. I told myself over and over I wouldn't be nearly as happy working in any other field, and my stubbornness wouldn't let me get away with not finishing what I had started.

Thankfully I was accepted into the program in April of 2012, but didn't find out what school or grade level I was placed at until nearly the end of July. I'll say this: to survive this program, a deep-seated passion for teaching is the key to success.

### **December 2012: The end of the beginning**

The first semester of my internship was a whirlwind of UAF classes, teaching, and countless hours at home planning lessons and completing my own assignments. My average day during the first semester was

14 hours, Monday through Friday. I feel silly even writing this because it seems like an exaggeration, but that is truly how much time I had to put in to succeed.

My efforts were well worth it because when grades came out I earned a 4.0. This past semester was more exhausting than all my previous college semesters combined. The biggest challenges I had were the weeks of teaching different content areas. I had thought the lesson plans for one subject wouldn't be more than five to 10 pages, or one to two pages per lesson plan. But by the time I was done with everything UAF requires for the week of teaching, I ended up with over 30 pages! It has been far more draining than I could have ever expected. During the first semester I was responsible for a week of teaching math, a week of social studies and a week of language arts, which accumulated into about 200 pages of lesson plans and student work samples!

Overall, I learned more about teaching and what it's like to be in a classroom in these past few months than I have in any of my education classes. Teaching a lesson and watching how the learning process unfolds is a much more effective way to learn how teaching practices work.

### **January 2013: The beginning of the end**

Over the holiday break I thoroughly enjoyed detoxing from school and catching up on much-needed rest! The highlight of my break was purchasing my wedding gown, because not only am I completing this insane internship, I'm also planning my upcoming nuptials.

Now I am a little over a month into the new semester, and I have to be honest. I was sorely mistaken when I thought last semester was challenging, because this semester is the toughest one yet. During the first two weeks alone the interns were assigned so much work I thought I was going to drown in it all. I've spent more time doing homework and crying about stress in the last six weeks than my whole college career combined. Every assignment has to be done just so to achieve a target in each competency, equivalent to an A. Besides that, I am constantly pulled out of my classroom for UAF classes, which weakens my relationship with my students because I am there inconsistently.

There are some nights when I simply lie down on the floor and wonder why I am even doing this. What's the point? Did I completely screw up when I chose this path? But time after time, as soon as I feel like I'm about to quit, a memory of my class comes to mind and completely rejuvenates my drive to finish this program. The way the whole class yells "Hi, Miss Hallberg," or when one of the students asks me for the millionth time when I am going to be teaching again. It's the unknowing, unspoken encouragement from my fifth-graders that keeps me going.

The next big step for me is full-time student teaching. Now, for the first time, I am going to be teaching all the students by myself, and not only do I have to survive, I have to ensure that my learning experience doesn't stand in the way of the students' learning.

## February - March 2013: Head of the class

Full-time student teaching consists of preparing for three weeks of being completely in charge of the classroom without any assistance from my mentor teacher. This is our final test for the entire elementary education program, to see if I have the abilities to create, teach and reflect on lesson plans and activities over the course of those three weeks. I was given full control of the classroom so that I could experience exactly what it is like to be solely in charge.

My favorite part of full-time student teaching had to be when my planned lessons actually came to fruition! I spent countless hours going over my lessons and schedule to ensure that I would have enough time to cover everything during my three weeks of teaching. I even went in every Saturday afternoon for a few hours to prep my materials and double check that I had everything in order so the week would flow seamlessly. In the end, the most valuable thing I learned was that a good amount of the time, things are not going to go

according to plan and that the ability to think on your feet is just as important as organizing and planning.

For instance, I had to plan a three-week oceans unit in such a way that ocean topics were addressed through all content areas. I was teaching about oceans during science, and also through math, reading, writing and social studies.

I created an ocean ecology card for each student with a different ocean organism on it that shows what it eats and what eats it. The students sat in a circle on the floor. I held onto a string of yarn and tossed the yarn ball to a student. That student also held onto the yarn and tossed the ball to a student with a card representing something the first student's card's organism ate or was eaten by. We continued until everyone was holding a piece of the food web. Now the students could see the food web and how even distant organisms are connected. Then I asked the student holding the shrimp card to let go of his yarn, and the students saw how this weakened the food web. This was one of

my lessons that did go almost exactly as planned — until some of my boys decided it would be hilarious to wrap their end of the yarn as tightly as they could around their fingers until their fingers were purple and they were giggly with glee.

## April 2013: Trading places

UAF requires interns to participate in what is called trading places for two weeks. I switched with an intern in a first-grade classroom at University Park Elementary School. Initially I was apprehensive about having to spend time in a completely foreign classroom with a whole new group of kids after spending nearly the entire year getting to know my class. However, this was one of the best experiences I

had during the internship. It really tested my teaching skills because I had to go into the classroom and immediately establish myself as the teacher with a brand-new bunch of kids.

I was not prepared for the amount of tattling that went on over the silliest things! It was hard for me to keep in mind that to a first-grader, things like "She won't share the blue crayon" or "He kicked me outside at recess" are big issues, so I had to learn how to adapt the language I use with students.

It felt odd having to lean down to talk to the oh-so-adorable first-graders. Surprisingly it only took them a few days to learn my name, but my first days there they called me "the other Miss Rogers."

The second week of trading places was so much fun! Nearly every day I was pulled out of the first-grade classroom to substitute for a different teacher, and this was such an incredible experience. I met so many different kids in such a short amount of time, and it gave me the affirmation that I can walk into a classroom as a substitute and maintain control.

"The most empowering lesson I learned from student teaching: learning how to be a support system for children who might not have it at home."



## May 2013: “Challenged in ways I never knew existed”

It was tough at the beginning of the year; it was scary! I didn't know how to be an effective educator, although that's what my goal was. After this year, because I dedicated myself to the challenge, I know that I have the emotional, professional and necessary skills to run a classroom efficiently and effectively. I learned how to identify student needs, parent concerns and professional expectations on a day-to-day basis because of the situations I encountered inside my wonderful fifth-grade classroom and in my time as a substitute. Many of the things I found most challenging I was not prepared for via my university training, such as how do I tend to the educational and emotional needs of a child who is homeless, has been abandoned by their mother, whose best friend has just died? This was probably the most

empowering lesson I learned: how to be a support system for children who might not have it at home.

Experiencing firsthand what teachers go through and do for their students on a daily basis was absolutely mind-blowing. From what I witnessed, teachers are always willing to go the extra mile for their students because they genuinely care about them. They are a prime example of what a good school team should be. I am proud to say that I was part of the Denali team, had the opportunity to learn from some amazing educators, and hopefully will have my own classroom there in the future.

## Connecting the dots

One thing I cannot stress enough is developing relationships with your students, because you never know how you might be connected. For example, I am adopted. During the application phase [of the adoption process], my parents were asked to get letters of recommendation. Some of their friends' children decided to write letters attesting to how great my parents would be if they were allowed to adopt a child. After I was adopted, my parents had a party for all the people who had helped them. My mother recently stumbled upon a photo from the party. I was an infant, and there was a young girl holding me in her arms. Turns out, that girl, 25 years later, was the mother of one of the students in my fifth-grade class. I was so excited to show my student the photo and tell her the story of how we were connected, the fact that her mother held me when I was a baby, and now I was her student teacher. It's just amazing how people have connections without even realizing it, and when it comes to fruition it is absolutely beautiful.

This internship tested my dedication to the teaching profession, but I can wholeheartedly say this: There is nothing in the world I would rather do. I love taking the time to plan activities that get kids excited about learning. I adore the looks on my students' faces when they are inspired by something, and I cannot imagine being in any other profession. 🍎

---

Jamie Hallberg graduated in May 2013 with a bachelor's degree in elementary education. She now works full time teaching and organizing field trips for children ages 6 – 12 at Fairbanks Memorial Hospital's employee day care center.



Hallberg went home with a collection of goodbye cards on her last day of teaching.



Continued from page 21

## Mascot code of behavior

“A lot of things go into being the mascot — it’s not just putting on a suit,” says Gary Gray, director of athletics. “The person playing the role of the mascot has to know what to do, when to do it, how to behave and what’s appropriate.

“Though it always has to be in good taste, the mascot can do a lot of things that are fun as well as funny. Timing is everything!” Gray says.

Edson and Hetrick were always well aware of the rules.

“When you put on the head, it’s time to get serious,” Edson says.

The rules include don’t talk, don’t take the head off in public, don’t make any mean or rude gestures and leave the other team alone — no taunting.

And even since the earliest mascot days, being the bear has been a job for a special person.

“Someone who put on the bear suit had to be a bit of an extrovert, a bit of a ham,” says Al Svenningson, UAF’s basketball coach from 1967 – 1985. “You couldn’t take Bear Entertaining 101.”

“You gotta have that love for kids!” says Stahl. “At UAF I work with little kids but I also need to be wild and crazy for the students to rev up the UAF spirit. When I put the suit on, I can act as crazy as I want and people eat it up. I can be a whole other person!” 🐻

LJ Evans has been a writer and editor with Marketing and Communications since 2003. She retired July 1 to pursue a new career guiding visitors up the Dalton Highway. *Ice Road Truckers*, watch out!

LJ’s favorite anecdote about the Nanook mascot was that three times over the years, someone tried to clean the bear costume heads in front-loading washing machines. They didn’t survive.

Catch Nook in action at [www.uaf.edu/aurora/](http://www.uaf.edu/aurora/).

## SUITED UP

I attended UAF from 1966 to 1971. In 1968, when I was a student senator from Moore Hall, I proposed that ASUA purchase a mascot costume to be worn at sporting events and other university activities. A sum of \$350 was appropriated to buy a costume.

The costume was ordered from a costume maker in San Francisco. The suit was in two parts — the head and the body. In order to wear the costume, I had to be dressed in cut-offs with a belt. The head would go on first where four straps would be tied to my belt. The suit would go on next and be zipped up the front. Lastly I put on the paw mittens.

There were several glaring drawbacks to wearing the costume. First, I could only see outside through the nostrils or through the mouth. Second, the suit was extremely hot. I would sweat tons during a basketball game or a parade. Not so much in a hockey game which was held in the bubble in those days. Third, once you were in, you were in until you disrobed later. I never had a real emergency but I came close. Fourth, it was white!

I believe the first time we used the costume was in the fall of 1968. I usually made all the basketball games and a few of the hockey games. I even tried to skate but I spent most of my time on my butt. I had gotten money appropriated to go with the cheer squad to Anchorage for a basketball game. Another event I attended was the Fur Rendezvous in Anchorage (where this picture was taken by Chuck Clutts, ’67, ’70). I drove all



night from Fairbanks to Anchorage in a VW Beetle (no Parks Highway then.)

Since the suit was very hot, my activity level was limited. I mostly danced with the pep band and at half-time would go to center court and dance to “The Stripper.” My little tail would be twirling around and around. By the time I was finished, I would be sweating profusely. I wear glasses and I found out early that I could not wear them because they would fog up so basically I would be blind out there. I was criticized a lot about my lack of activity and cavorting with the crowd.

One of my detractors was Jane Haycraft, ’73, Miss Alaska, from Fairbanks. She asked if she could wear the suit. I told her how hot it was but she still wanted to wear the costume. So at a basketball game, I got her all suited up. She danced around and cavorted with the crowd but by the end of the first half, she pleaded with me to take the costume off. After that she was more empathetic with me. Other people would wear the suit but only for one outing. So I kept wearing it.

One of my supporters was athletic director John Gilmore. He encouraged me to attend all the sporting events. When I graduated from UAF in 1971 he presented me with a U of A letterman’s jacket, which I still have.

*Phil Richardson, ’71*



# The long goodbye: Student journalists run final issue in historic location

Story and photos by Jeremia Schrock

Ashleigh Strange, standing, was the political reporter last year. Lakeidra Chavis, seated, held that position the previous year, having inherited it from Jeremia Schrock, who wrote this story.

## Of reporters and Slinkies

“Don’t ever throw a Slinky at me again,” says Lakeidra Chavis. Chavis is the copy editor for the *Sun Star*, UAF’s student-run paper. She’s talking to colleague Ashleigh Strange, who covers the campus political beat. Strange has taken a break from writing her final story for the paper, a recap of the latest student government meeting. That’s well and good for Strange, but it’s 8:30 p.m., and Chavis is just flat hungry.

Typing at a corner desk is arts and entertainment writer John Seiler. Seiler is sticking around to finish homework and help read over the issue before it’s sent off to the printer. Sitting kitty-corner to Seiler is Fernanda Chamorro, the photo editor.



Over at the layout computer, layout editor Danny Fisher has finally started working on the cover. Both she and Editor-in-Chief Elika Roohi decide to go with an Instagram photo of a snow-covered campus. It’s a nice photo and one taken by a student, but Roohi doesn’t like the fact that it’s from Instagram.

Roohi is also tired of Chavis talking about being hungry.

“This is what happens when you try and do an issue during finals week,” Roohi says.

What makes this night, May 5, unique among the many these students have spent in this office isn’t that this issue is the last issue of the year, but that it’s the last issue that will be published within the whitewashed walls of Room 101G in the William R. Wood Center. The room, with its old couches and newer Macs, has seen hundreds of aspiring journalists come and go. This is the last batch it will ever see. Over the summer, this section of the Wood Center will be demolished, making way for an expansion to be finished by 2014.

## The written word

Journalism has always been about telling stories. The stories of many UAF students are told through the *Sun Star*. Since 1972, the newspaper’s home has been inside Wood Center. That is about to change. While the future of the paper is still unwritten, a significant chapter in its saga has ended.

The story of that last night is about the written word, but it’s also about the people who do the writing. And the editing. About those who lay out the paper and proof its pages prior to print. It’s also about bad jokes, food, YouTube and camaraderie.

“Someone once told me Editor-in-Chief is one of the hardest jobs on campus. I guess I’m coming at it with a little bit of bias, but I’d believe it,” wrote Roohi that night, in her last editorial. “The late nights of trying and failing to catch all the errors, dealing with all the haters out there who want to see the *Sun Star* fail, working with a woefully inadequate budget and getting the small staff of reporters and photographers to get their work done wore me out this year.”

## Doughnuts and sympathy

It’s 9:45 p.m. and the copyediting is finally finished. A feat, considering the last piece of content wasn’t turned in until less than an hour ago. The team, bemoaning the usual Sunday fare of caffeine and sugar,



finally agrees to open up a box of doughnuts sitting on Fisher's desk. They eat them begrudgingly.

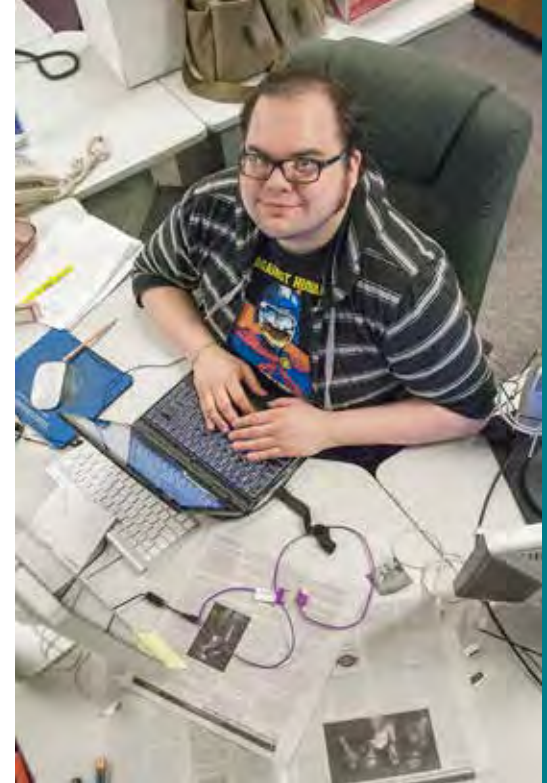
As 10 p.m. rolls around, Fisher finishes layout. She prints out the pages and hands them to Roohi, who in turn spreads them among herself and the team. Each has a pen and begins to check for duplicated sentences, typos or any other errors.

Proofing a page for a newspaper is strange, both in what one hears and in what one sees. "Is moon base one word or two?" asks Strange, to no one in particular. (It's two). Any errors that are found are circled or underlined in red, empty white space is doodled in, the margins of pages are littered with notes, and when a page is completed it's given a large check mark at the top.

By 11 p.m., the proofing is almost finished. "Last one!" Roohi shouts, her voice mixed with both glee and exhaustion. Ten minutes later, Roohi hands the last page to Fisher, who puts the final changes into the computer.

The tired students begin to gather their things. There are no lingering glances into the office. Tomorrow the team will be back to finish packing up the room. Written across the walls are drawings and quotes. Some funny, some sad. In front of Fisher's desk is a drawing of a giant octopus spread out across a city. Alongside the octopus are the words "Sun Star for Lyfe ... Literally."

"This is the last issue," Roohi wrote in her last editorial, "and also an end of an era for the Sun Star." 📰



**John Seiler, journalism major and entertainment writer, works on his Spoiler Alert column for the Sun Star.**

Jeremia Schrock is the communications coordinator for the Downtown Association of Fairbanks. He enjoys discussing World War II, watching samurai films and listening to jazz. He studied history at UAF and worked for the *Sun Star* from 2010 – 2012. Schrock can be found online at [www.downtownfairbanks.com](http://www.downtownfairbanks.com) and [www.alaskacommons.com](http://www.alaskacommons.com).

The Nanook Nook showcases the talent of our alumni and students. If you have an original poem, essay, short story, artwork or photograph(s) you would like to share with our readers, contact [aurora.magazine@alaska.edu](mailto:aurora.magazine@alaska.edu) for submission guidelines.

## CLASS NOTES

### 1960s

**Robert J. (Bob) Conti, '67**, retired from 35 years of pastoring churches in New York and 15 years at Sound of Life Radio, where he served as general manager, COO and announcer. He and his wife, **AnnaLee Cousart, '67**, live in Beacon, N.Y., just across the Hudson River from their son and five grandchildren.



◀ **AnnaLee Cousart, '67** — "My most recent book, *Till the Storm Passes By*, the first novel in my Alaskan Waters Trilogy, has been published in e-book and trade paperback by Ambassador International. My experiences growing

up in Alaska in the '50s and '60s heavily inform my writing of this book, which is set in the Alaska Panhandle in 1953. While showcasing the scenic beauty of Alaska, I dramatize the destructiveness of family secrets, as well as the redemption and healing

that can only come through forgiveness. I have also published numerous short stories, articles, devotionals, church school curriculum, and a nonfiction book, *Frontiers of Faith*, which recounts the adventures of my grandparents as pioneer missionaries to Alaska, 1917 – 1982. To learn more about my books, go to [www.annaleeconti.com](http://www.annaleeconti.com) or [www.amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com)."

### 1970s

**Milo Griffin, '70**, received a JP Jones Legacy Award at Fairbanks' inaugural Black History Month's Men of Distinction event in February 2013. He has worked as a teacher and coach at Lathrop High School for more than 30 years.

**Pat Cole, '72**, received the 2012 Vic Fisher Municipal Employee Award from the city of Fairbanks for his commitment to excellence.

**Jerry Cleworth, '75**, mayor of Fairbanks, was named the 2012 Elected Official of the Year by the Alaska Municipal League at its annual conference in Anchorage.

**Joan Braddock, '77, '83**, interim director of the University of Alaska Press, is vice chair of the Alaska Humanities Forum's executive committee.

**Jim Culley, '78**, is vice president of and a commercial loan officer for Northrim Bank in Fairbanks.

### 1980s

**Randy Weaver, '82**, was appointed by Gov. Sean Parnell to the Alaska Student Loan Corp. board in November 2012.

**Thomas McKenna, '84**, was elected president of the American Association of Veterinary Laboratory Diagnosticians. He is the director of the Wisconsin Veterinary Diagnostic Laboratory in Madison.

**Darryl Lewis, '88**, received a JP Jones Industry Leadership Award in media at Fairbanks' inaugural Black History Month's Men of Distinction event in February 2013.

**Susan "K'etso" Jones Paskvan, '88**, won the Culture Bearer Award for her work in teaching and preserving a Native language.



1990s

**Serena Cook, '91** — “I have published a book with my friends and colleagues, Magda Barcelo and Laure le Douarec. *Gatherings: how to participate in, host, or facilitate rEvolution with abracadabra* draws on my education at UAF. The book [contains] a series of techniques for making conversations with other people better. I would go so far as to say it improves conversations with yourself.” Find out more at [www.gatheringsforevolution.wordpress.com/boo/](http://www.gatheringsforevolution.wordpress.com/boo/).

**John Law (Zhangai Luo), '91**, is owner of TrueMinds in Denver, Colo.

**Tammy Kosa, '94**, is vice president of and regional sales and service manager for Northrim Bank in Fairbanks.

**Randy Pommenville, '94, '12**, is the job-risk management officer in Overland Park, Kan.



◀ **Toby Burke, '96**, defended his family from an attacking, but luckily mostly blind, brown bear on the Kasilof River in April 2013. The wildlife

biologist with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service was with his wife, Laura, and three of their 10 children. Read the full story at [http://bit.ly/Burke\\_bear](http://bit.ly/Burke_bear).

**Heath Hilyard, '96**, executive director of the SouthEast Alaska Guides Organization in Anchorage, was an *Alaska Journal of Commerce's* 2013 Top Forty Under 40 honoree.

**Dena M. Sommer-Pedebone, '96**, senior manager of housing services for the Cook Inlet Housing Authority in Anchorage, was an *Alaska Journal of Commerce's* 2013 Top Forty Under 40 honoree.



**Annie Duffy, '96**, adjunct art instructor at UAF, received her second Rasmuson Foundation Individual Artist Fellowship. She is a craft artist whose work focuses on vessels made of paper, cotton, bent wood and beeswax.

**Brian Hanson, '97**, manager of aviation engineering at DOWL HKM in Anchorage, was an *Alaska Journal of Commerce's* 2013 Top Forty Under 40 honoree.

**Don Rearden, '97**, associate professor at UAA, had his book, *The Raven's Gift*, published in 2012. Find out more at [www.donrearden.com](http://www.donrearden.com).

**Michelle Rizk, '97, '01**, associate vice president of budget and planning for the University of Alaska, was an *Alaska Journal of Commerce's* 2013 Top Forty Under 40 honoree.

**Lance Roberts, '97**, was elected to the Fairbanks North Star Borough Assembly in November 2012.

**Catherine Heroy, '98**, married Dave Wilson in February 2012. They live in Anchorage.

**Raymond Vara, '98**, was elected to the Bank of Hawaii Corp. board of directors. He is a member of the American College of Healthcare Executives.

2000s

**Kelley (Cadman) Sadler, '01**, was recently married and works for Tacoma Community College as the director of institutional research.

**Michael Campbell, '02, '04, '05**, school liaison officer at Fort Wainwright, was an *Alaska Journal of Commerce's* 2013 Top Forty Under 40 honoree.

**Sarah Keefer, '04**, worked in Glacier Bay National Park as a park ranger for four years. She moved to her home state of Minnesota to reunite with and marry her high school sweetheart in June 2009. Working with the National Park Service in Minnesota, Sarah managed the Habitat Restoration Program at the Mississippi National River and Recreation Area as the exotic species specialist. She and her husband, Jeff Krebsbach, run Sand Jay, a software development business. Sara is a volunteer and instructor for the Minnesota Master Naturalist program. Travel experiences include the Caribbean, Norway and an upcoming voyage to Japan. She lives in Minnesota with her husband, two dogs and Hoku.

**Stephanie Kocer, '04**, married Barrie Toepp in October 2012.

**Lanien Livingston, '04**, was hired as a human resources recruiter for the Tanana Chiefs Conference in November 2012.

**Digger Stolz, '04**, has published *Stumbling Thru*, his first novel in a two-part series about the Appalachian Trail. *Stumbling Thru* follows a ragtag cast of characters attempting a 2,200-mile through-hike of the trail. For more information about the author and his book, visit [www.adiggerstolz.wordpress.com](http://www.adiggerstolz.wordpress.com).



UAF photo by Todd Paris

▲ **Jon Huff, '05**, was honored as the 2012 Partner of the Year by the Downtown Association of Fairbanks. He owns Alaska Universal Productions.

**Daniel Adamczak, '06**, and **Ashley Anderson, '07**, were married in October 2012.

**Julie (Larweth) Queen, '06**, married Travis Queen in February 2013. They live in Fairbanks.

▶ **Raven Riddle, '06**, Bentley branch manager for Wells Fargo, was an *Alaska Journal of Commerce's* 2013 Top Forty Under 40 honoree.



**Christopher Benshoof, '07, '08, '11**, was named the 2012 Alaska Teacher of the Year. He is a math teacher at Lathrop High School.

**Brian Cooper, '07, '08**, and **Kristina (Gearhart) Cooper, '09, '10**, are living in New Zealand for the next two years.

**Zazell Staheli, '07, '09, '10**, was featured in Marquette University magazine's spring 2013 issue ([www.marquette.edu/magazine/](http://www.marquette.edu/magazine/)). She is a student at Marquette's School of Dentistry.

**Cassie Toth, '07**, won the 2012 Kiwanian of the Year Award for outstanding service with the Kiwanis Club of Fairbanks.



**Talis Colberg, '08** — “On March 8, 2013, the Latvian Secretary of State, Andris Teikmanis, designated me the honorary consul for the Republic of Latvia in Alaska. I am half Latvian. Go, Nanooks!”

**Tara Delana, '08**, married Terrence Mitchell in August 2012. They live in Brooklyn, N.Y.



◀ **Vanessa Norman, '08**, was hired by the law firm of Davis Wright Tremaine in Anchorage.

**Nicholas Thompson, '08, '12**, is a National Park Ranger in Eagle.

**Leda Lotspeich-Cole, '09** — “I am at the National Institutes of Health but I have also spent time at Johns Hopkins Bloomberg School of Public Health, where I did a master of science in molecular microbiology and immunology. After graduation I did a fellowship at the Center for Biologics Evaluation and Research FDA, where I studied the immune response to malaria infection. I am a first-year student in the NIH-Johns Hopkins University Graduate Partnership Program. In this program, I complete Johns Hopkins graduation requirements including coursework, lab rotations and orals with the Cellular, Molecular, Developmental Biology and Biophysics Program but do my thesis research in an NIH lab. It's intense and competitive but very exciting.”

**Craig Medina, '09**, was promoted to sergeant in the Craig, Alaska, police department.

## 2010s

**Kate Cessnun, '10**, clinical dietitian and program coordinator for PeaceHealth Medical Center in Ketchikan, was an *Alaska Journal of Commerce's* 2013 Top Forty Under 40 honoree.

**Andrew Carlson, '12**, was accepted into grad school. He wants to work in the special education field when he graduates.

**Lisa Pennoyer, '12**, accepted a new position in September 2012 at Wildflower Court in Juneau, where she is a caseworker for elders.

## Matriculates

**Edwin Fancher** was honored by the New York School of Psychoanalytic Psychotherapy and Psychoanalysis in December 2012. He is a founder of the school and has been its president for 34 years.

**Tom Marsik, '07**, and his wife, Kristin Donaldson, built a net-zero energy house in Dillingham that won a Tightest Residential Building award from the World Record Academy in March 2013. Kristin has chronicled his work at [www.uaf.edu/aurora/](http://www.uaf.edu/aurora/).



UAF photo by Todd Paris.

## In memoriam

**Richard R. Arab, '68**, June 26, Georgetown, Texas

**Peter G. Biesiot, professor emeritus**, March 20, Shelton, Wash.

**Alfred B. Bruck, '50, '65**, June 28, Sequim, Wash.

**Monte Burt Cady, '60**, March 27, Rathdrum, Idaho

**Hanna Titus Carter, '94, '04, '05, '06**, Feb. 26, Fairbanks

**Allen Roy Cheek, '72**, May 20, Fairbanks

**L. Michael Cheek, '91**, May 20, Fairbanks

**Lois “Juggie” Chikigak, matriculate**, May 7, Alakanuk

**Sheldon A. Clark, '61**, Feb. 3, Towanda, Pa.

**Robert Theodore “Ted” Cooney, professor emeritus**, Feb. 14, Choteau, Mont.

**Jeffrey Nelson Dam, matriculate**, March 27, Anchorage

**Carol P. Gelvin-Reymiller, '90, '00**, April 6, Fairbanks

**Henry N. Gettinger, '52**, Feb. 10, Fairbanks

**John J. Goering, professor emeritus**, May 4, Fairbanks

**Carolyn Jane Hanson, '80, '81**, April 2, Wilmington, N.C.

**Raymond C. Highsmith, professor emeritus**, July 10, Oxford, Miss.

**Paul K. Hilburn, '56**, April 23, Honaunau, Hawaii

**M. Florence Allen Holmes, '39**, May 19, Fairbanks

**Peggy Florence Huber, matriculate**, March 12, Fairbanks

**Alan Charles James, '71**, July 1, Fairbanks

**Katie John, '11 honorary degree recipient**, May 31, Mentasta Lake

**Sharon M. Kessey, '98**, April 27, Red Bluff, Calif.

**Charles Albert Leap, matriculate**, May 31, DeBeque, Colo.

**Scott R. Leist, '82**, April 5, Fairbanks

**Alison Esther “Sone” Laurie Lewis, matriculate**, June 29, Wrangell

**Donald W. Linck, '37**, April 13, Hamilton, Mont.

**Charles Vincent Lucier, '50**, Feb. 28, Springfield, Ore.

**Betty Boskofsky Lukin, '95**, May 31, Kodiak

**Robert D. Mays, '71**, May 24, Atlanta, Ga.

**William H. McKee, '54**, March 1, Anchorage

**Suzon June Jenner Mejia, former staff member**, March 27, Anchorage

**Laurence M. Paquin, matriculate**, June 5, Fairbanks

**Edna Jean Parker, '71**, Feb. 20, Akron, Ohio

**Fred Edwin Payne, '68**, July 25, Waco, Texas

**Irene Rose Peyton, '84**, July 1, Kent, Wash.

**Eugenia “Jean” R. Risdal, '71**, June 9, Anchorage

**Randall Ray Rogers, '91**, April 17, Fairbanks

**Ludwig J. Rowinski, '58 and museum director emeritus**, March 25, Fairbanks

**Lee Roy Sommer, process technology faculty**, June 5, Fairbanks

**Tracy Steele, '85**, July 13, Fairbanks

**Olga R. Steger, matriculate**, July 22, Fairbanks

**Tamar J. Stephens, '93**, March 22, Fairbanks

**Dennis L. Sweetsir, matriculate**, Feb. 10, Galena

**Mark A. Taaffe, '98**, March 25, Fairbanks

**Harvey R. Turner, '57**, Feb. 4, Anchorage

**William H. Ullrich, '42**, July 22, Anchorage

**Joseph Paul Voelker, matriculate**, May 28, Anchorage

**Philip Wagner, matriculate**, Feb. 9, Woodland, Wash.

**Anita A. Whitney, '85, '89**, June 11, Scottsdale, Ariz.

**Travis A. Wilson, '97**, April 17, Anchorage

**Barbara Anne Winkley, '75**, May 21, Anchorage

**Virginia Hill Wood, matriculate**, March 8, Fairbanks

**Harold Andrew Woods, '09**, July 25, Fairbanks

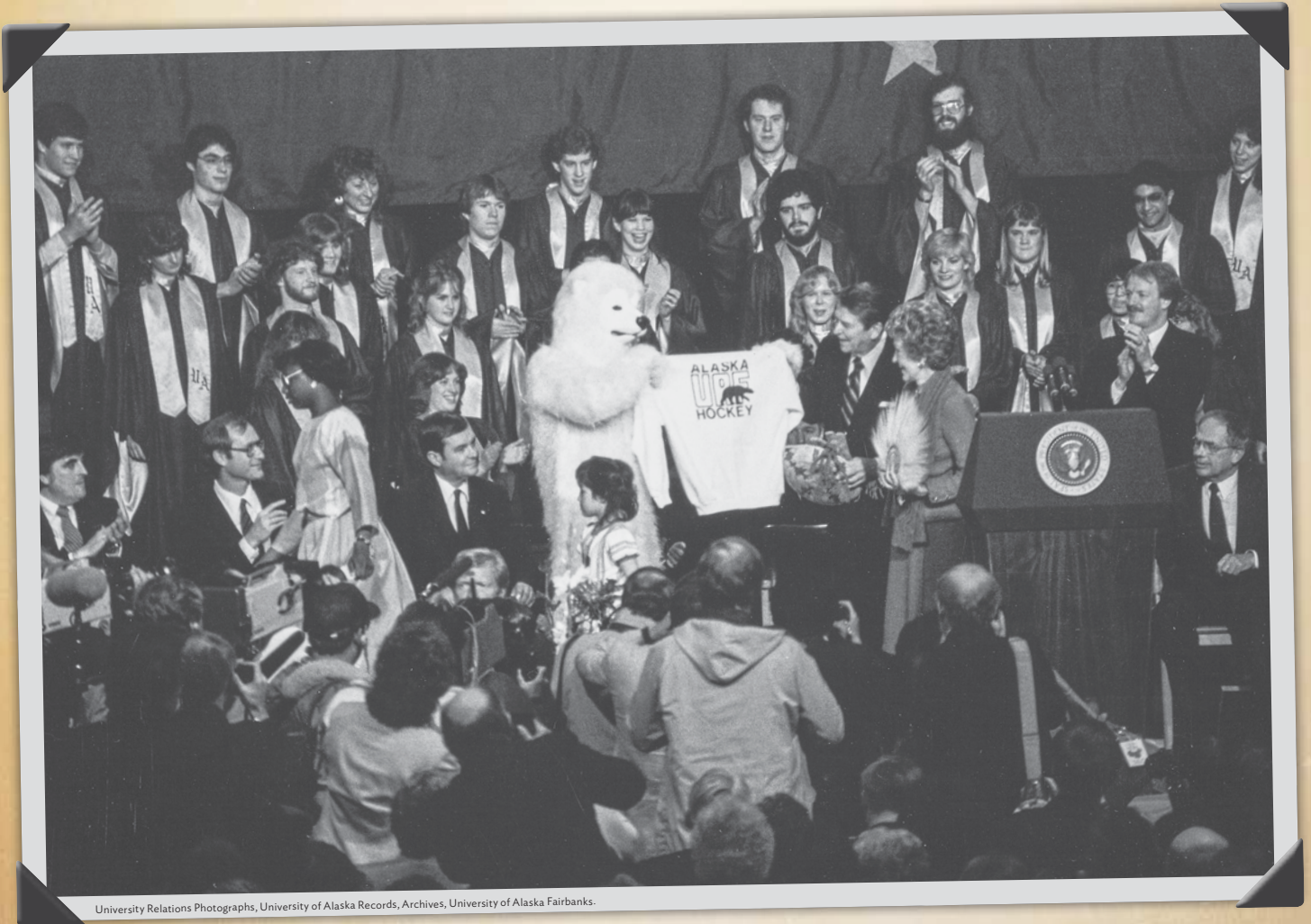
**Marjorie C. Wright, '58**, April 7, Mount Vernon, Wash.





University of Alaska Fairbanks  
PO Box 757505  
Fairbanks, AK 99775-7505

100  
CENTENNIAL  
YEARS  
1917 - 2017



University Relations Photographs, University of Alaska Records, Archives, University of Alaska Fairbanks.

### Political animal

The Nanook got a boost in political prestige when President Ronald Reagan and Nancy Reagan visited Fairbanks in 1984. The mascot presented a UAF hockey sweatshirt during a welcoming ceremony in the Patty Gym. Nanook has been a part of UAF and Fairbanks tradition for decades. Go behind the mask and learn about “Being Nanook,” on page 18.