

Editorial—

Only One Bob Cooper

William Robert (Bob) Cooper hid his true, humanitarian feelings behind his colorful and profane manner of speaking which he did with abandon and flare wherever he went or sat. Very few men, if any, will ever compare with him. He was Bob Cooper and nobody else.

A crash took his life over two weeks ago after a career of bush flying for 25 years, 16 of those years in the wilds of Alaska.

"That man—he would fly to some far off village in almost any kind of weather to pick up a sick native and bring him to a hospital. Not many people perhaps would believe this but Bob was that kind of a man. He cared for people no matter who they were," said a friend of his this week.

Bob has left a big void among his many pals and friends. He was a man unto himself—a cussing, hard-drinking man but a man with pure kindness nevertheless.