

CONTRACT AND SERVICE

With the departure of Jesse B. Watkins for DV, the "glamour" watch gained an even higher majority of the so-called weaker sex. The ladies now hold a 9 - 4 advantage. That includes our new traffic checker, Mrs. Priscilla Judge (an ex-schoolmarn), who replaced Shirley Hegge. By the time you read this (IF you read it) the Heggess will presumably be well on their way to North Dakota. M. M. Valentine, short-timer from KQJ, will be on the same boat that takes the newly-weds south.

We are missing quite a few familiar faces at HQ nowadays. Bob Fingold has taken up residence at Yakutat; Lola Berato left us the first of February; Larry Bahls and Jean Rosencow have started out to see more of Alaska (separately, we should add), G. G. Sink and Jack Taylor are outside, but expected back shortly.

Recent entries on duty include Elene Williams, Ruth Suddick, George L. Brown, Zelda Sims, Keith Carter, Charles Scholl, Frances Abbott, Irene Hooks and Mrs. Frances Debruler. Betty and George Coping are also back with us again. In the thaw and freeze of a few weeks back, Miss Suddick slipped on the ice and fractured her ankle. The doctor supplied a very neat walking cast and Ruth was back on watch in short order.

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MR. FULLER, Chief, Contract and Service Branch, writes from Washington, D.C. where he is attending a conference of branch chiefs, that Alaska will look good upon his return the last of this month. Seems the problems of each region are many and they've been working nights in order to cover everything. (?) He did manage, however, to take in the "Great White Way" over a week end, in company with Larry DuLude of the First Region.

Mr. Fowler plans to gather up some of that Southern California sunshine while paying a visit to his parents and dropping in on the Seventh Region.

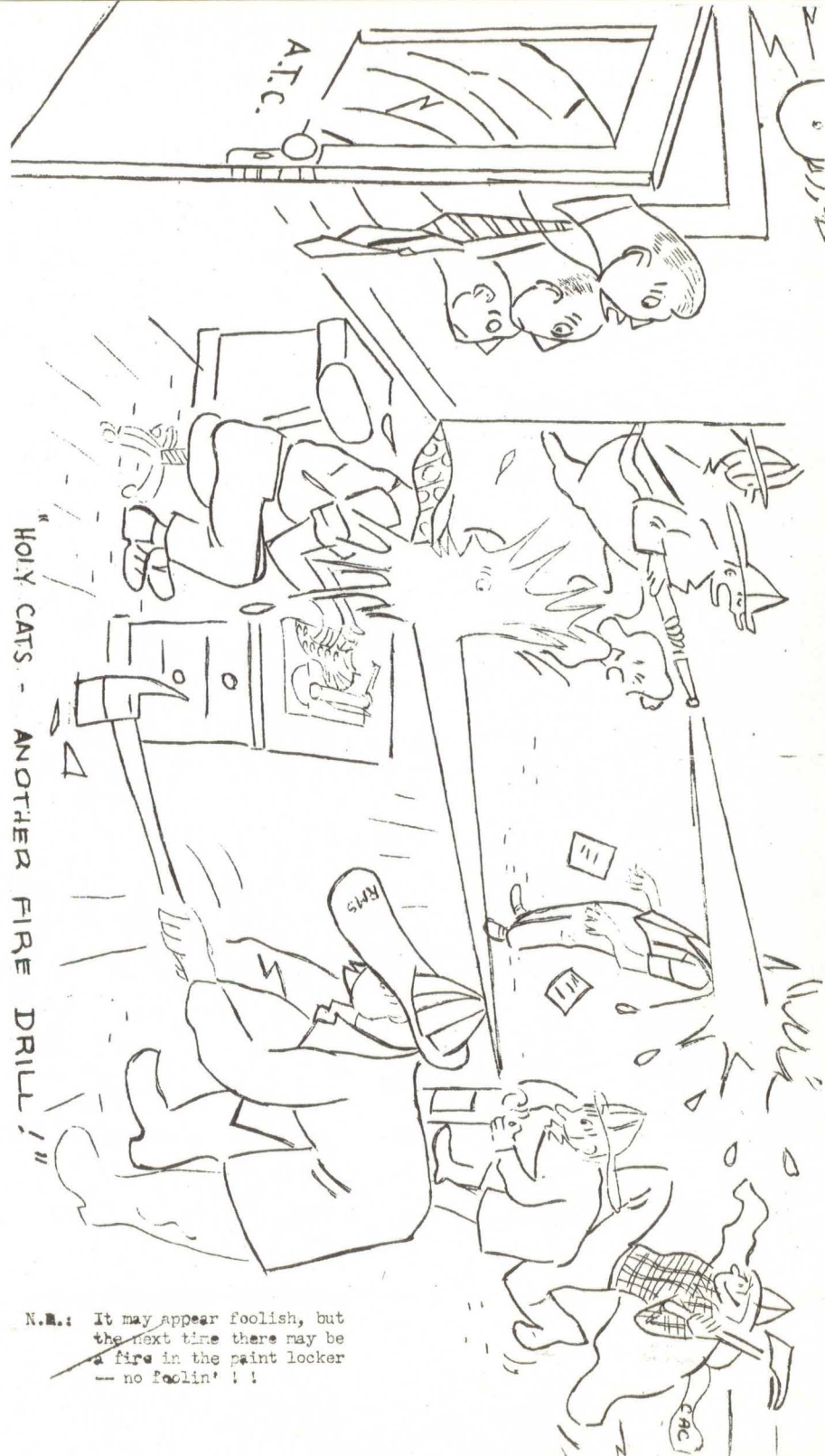
Mr. Holte, Superintendent of the Alaska Projects Depot in Seattle, also is in attendance at the conference.

Anna Mac Ehman and Vera Joan Smith are newest additions to the Mail and Files Unit. Blonde and brunette, they assist with the mimeographing and give you your clean towels.

Vi Clarke (nee Helle) is back at her desk as Chief, Mail and Files Unit, following her marriage to Pfc. Joe Clarke, Friday evening, January 26th.

The wedding was solemnized at the Community Presbyterian Church, with a beautiful candlelight ceremony performed

(Continued on page 12)



N.M.: It may appear foolish, but
the next time there may be
a fire in the paint locker
-- no foolin' !!

SLOP FROM THE CHENA SLOUGH

Dear Muktel: Our faces are red - or should I say mine is? At any rate, the Slop from the Chena Slough has been conspicuous by its absence lately. There is no need for a lengthy explanation of the circumstances involved - sufficient to say that a scarcity of "rits" placed us in a bad light. We are glad to report that included in our roster at this time are not one but two "barbs", at present intent on outdoing each other, and the volume of their work could be published only in book form. However, we have picked up a couple of their works and will quote them below.

When Cliff CAC Moses Point Uzzell departed, the following turned up:

A burst of spray on a rocky shore,
A wisp of smoke o'er a frozen beach,
Far from the pirating NC store,
Clifford Uzzell rises to preach.

Preaching the rights of the common man,
Turning his flock toward Stalin's view,
Condemning the anti-Russian ban,
Exhorting the crowd to a redder hue.

He won't last long at Moses Point.
His audience is small and frail.
Already his mainspring is out of joint
From preaching world order to grouse and quail.

Actually, we'll miss Cliff a lot and hope he "lasts long" no matter where it is.

For those who enjoy a good show, we take this opportunity of extending our hearty welcome -- drop in any time -- admission free...

PROGRAMME

Alaskan Madhouse Capers - A La Fairbanks

Presented by

The United States Civil Aeronautics Administration

Alaskan Wing 8th Region
The Fairbanks Madhouse Players

Daily and Nightly
at

WEEKS FIELD WEST END OPERY HOUSE
(Across from the City Dump)

Stage SettingSection 55
Sound effects and music.....Section 85
Cast and production.....Section 80
Script editing.....Section 84
Under the direction of.....Cac H. Acac

Produced by accident and presented for your amazement and for the sole purpose of demoralizing the staff and management of this institution; with not a single measure of preserving the theatrical art for posterity included. Presented and dedicated to the future hopelessness of communications in the far North.

ACT I

Scene: 'Neath the smoke of burning garbage.

Time: Daily - 8:15 AM to 4:15 PM

Cast: The Day Watch

Specialty: The Early Rising

Monologue and yawns by.....
Ira Wake Keith

Solo: I'm Scheming of a quick Transfer.
Hesa Screamer Uzzell

Exhibition: Shooting of 3 Midwatch
ACQ'S for late delivery of PAA "OP" grocery order.

Scene: Cell 3 (ckts 304-305)

Executioner: Black Jack Seiver

Feature: THE SLIDE OF DEATH!

Performed on a 20 foot strand of 301X perforated tape by that internationally famous team.....The Brazils
Big Game Exhibit: Flipping the Buck....
By Alaska's most famous pair of big game experts. (Showing for the first time the only "two headed" buck in existence).....Buffalo Gray & Moose McDonald

Crystal Ball Reading: A Peer into the Future of 85

(Gazing by a protege of that famous Alaskan psychic "Chief Wahoo" of Aniak).....W. Cowles

Reading: MA DGM Material (in lower case).....F. Carson

Dance: Adagio

World renowned team....F & M Majerus
Special Exhibit: Circuit EL457

Operated by that one and only - the newest convert of that famous "Crossbar" School of Dramatics.....G. Davis
Closing Chorus: "Surprise".....
Piddle-da-da-dit (the cat)
(Tail pulling by Bushy Wiggons)

END

More news from Fairbanks on page 7

Published Monthly By

February 1945 EIGHTH REGION, CIVIL AERONAUTICS ADMINISTRATION Vol. 3 No. 2

Publisher M. C. Hoppin
Manager and Newsboy Jack T. Jefford
Editor Dorothy Revell
Art Editor Vivian Chevillon
Sports Editor Allan E. Morning
Printer's Devil James L. Hurst
Night Editor Lawrence P. Rogers
Correspondents All CAA Personnel
Censors Those Men

FLASHES FROM SIGNALS

RALPH E. WALKER BECOMES GROOM

One of the most charming social events of the season was the wedding of Mr. Ralph Emerson Walker, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Walker, Beaverton, Oregon, to Miss Joan V. Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. M. C. Anderson, Anchorage, Alaska.

On the evening of Wednesday, January 31, 1945, the wedding took place in the Presbyterian church with the Rev. R. Roland Armstrong officiating before an altar flanked with burning tapers.

The groom, supported by the best man and two ushers, was neatly groomed in blue serge with white shirt and wine figured blue tie, complete with white gardenia boutonniere.

Carroll W. Swain, best man, wore a gray pin-stripe suit with figured wine tie and pink carnation boutonniere. Similar flowers were worn by the ushers, Dick Stryker and Bill Cruse. All the boys wore white shirts.

Maid of honor was Millie Lu Bell while Mary Hood Chapman and Beulah Harris served as bridesmaids.

Music for the ceremony was provided by Louis Owens at the organ and Cpl. Rogers Whitener, who sang "O Perfect Love" and "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden".

A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents immediately follow-

ing the ceremony. Mr. Anderson who, with his wife, received the guests, wore a black suit with matching black tie and socks, and had a pink carnation boutonniere.

The new home will be made in Anchorage following a wedding trip to the States, where Mr. and Mrs. Walker will visit the groom's parents.

(Editor's note: What did the bride, wear, if any?)

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Jimmy, better known to his intimates as "Jimmy James L. Lipscomb".

Now Jimmy had an apartment, and in this apartment there were kodachrome slides. And so, in due time, various of little Jim's friends instigated a housewarming. Ode to Mayhem: What do you think was in the pictures? That's right, fellas, thirteen good looking gals.

Whoever heard of a housewarming without gifts? Neither did the guests. And so, in true CAA fashion, each one came bearing a gift. When all were unwrapped Lo and Behold - it was a set of glasses. But these were no ordinary glasses. Each was charmed. It seemed that no sooner were they emptied than they filled again.

We (the friends) all hope that Jimmy's house is warm from now on, and each time he gazes fondly at the bottoms of

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BAGGAGE DRILL

(This article was received sans signature. We don't know who wrote it or where it came from, but we feel that all CAA employees can appreciate the author's viewpoint.)

Speaking as a man who knows how it feels to be stood up on a blind date with a seagoing tug, I find that I am now in a position to speak without bias on one of the great unsolved problems of Alaska.

This problem, one that boils up unpredictably in these parts, frequently estranging lifelong friends and driving loving and needy nephews to tell aged and wealthy aunts to go jump in the Lynn Canal, grows out of an ancient Alaska institution called "baggage drill". And the unsettled problem is this:

When a ship or train or plane doesn't come, who has the real grievance - the goer-away who doesn't go, or the seer-off who had spent the last 24 hours thinking that tomorrow noon, thank the Lord, would see the last of Joe Zilch?

The question may sound a bit academic, in a land where the trains still leave Broad street station every hour on the hour. But not in Alaska.

Alaska, of course, doesn't claim a monopoly on baggage drill. Alaska only claims to have developed the sport in an intensive, major league style that puts it on an equal footing with hunting Kodiak bears with bow and arrow.

Governor:

Explains principles of Baggage Sport:

"The first thing you must realize about travel in Alaska," Governor Ernest Gruening told me, as he outlined the general principles, one evening, "is that only one thing is certain up here; that you probably won't go where you want to go, when you want to go, the way you planned.

"But, on the other hand, it is almost equally certain that you will get there sometime, somehow, if you have patience. Obviously, the thing to do is cultivate patience."

Governor Gruening, who has the soul

of a philosopher, had mentioned this as one reason why I might as well join him on a three or four weeks airplane trip into Eskimo country, on the theory that I would probably land in some place I hadn't planned on, no matter where I set out for, so I might as well head for the Eskimo country in the first place. Then, he pointed out, I might well find myself in one of the places I had really wanted to visit.

"And even if you don't," he said, "you're sure to find something of interest. Why, I took a plane out to Saint Lawrence island in the Bering sea one time, to spend one day. I couldn't get away for two weeks, and that was one of the most rewarding 14 days I ever spent anywhere. I got to know the Eskimos as I never could have otherwise."

Regretfully declining this opportunity to spend, possibly, a whole summer getting acquainted with our Eskimo cousins, I said goodbye to Governor Gruening to let him finish packing for his departure, by plane, at an early hour next morning. I was, therefore, a little surprised when I met him again at 2:00 o'clock the next afternoon as he climbed the steps of the big Territorial building, handbag in his hand.

I was surprised - not the governor.

"This," he said cheerfully, "is what I was trying to explain to you."

So he invited me to dinner again, and after that we said goodbye again. Next morning I said goodbye, too, to his inaperturbable secretary, Miss Estelle Draper, just as she, too, was dashing off for the place where airplanes go, or don't go, from, to catch another plane for another destination.

And this time, when I went back to the office four hours later, for some papers I had left, I found just what I expected. Governor Gruening was at his desk, signing letters; Miss Draper, in

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BAGGAGE DRILL

(Continued from page 4)

her office, was eating something out of a sack.

"Have a cookie," she invited, "No plane till tomorrow."

The cookies, it turned out, were symbolic of the other side of the baggage-drill pictures. They were home-baked contribution of Mrs. R.B. Bush, a friend and seer-off, who had brought them down as a going-away present.

We finished the cookies, and I wished Miss Draper goodspeed again. But they were good cookies, and just on the off-chance I dropped in at the Governor's office the next day. And sure enough, Miss Draper was nibbling out of a sack again.

"Have a cookie?" said Miss Draper. This was from a new batch, especially baked by Mrs. Bush for this second departure.

In brief, we destroyed three separate sacks of Mrs. Bush's cookies, on successive days, and by this time I was baggage-drilling myself, waiting for a tug which was due "any hour now" to take me to a military post on the coast.

"But, after all," said Miss Draper dreamily, "as long as the cookies keep coming, why should we care?"

That, of course, is the rub. On the fourth day Mrs. Bush rebelled and baked no more cookies. Moreover, she announced flatly that she was not even going through the ordeal of sitting in the waiting room with Miss Draper another morning, to "see her off." And she didn't

Seers-off, it seems, get like that. After sitting in on three or four baggage-drills, they develop unreasonable notions that the goer-away is somewhat personally to blame for his own non-going. They begin saying to themselves, "If she thinks I'm going to spend another morning sitting there saying, 'Now don't forget to write', she's crazy. For all I care, she doesn't ever need to write."

Travel:

In Alaska depends upon inexplicable whims.

This is understandable, but all the goers-away I have been talking to think it is unfair.

Since the beginning of time, they say, Alaska travel was dependent upon the whims of dog sleds, river boats and coastwise steamers and fishing boats. Planes speeded up schedules but didn't remove the uncertainties. And war, naturally, has added new complexities.

"Even if you do get a plane," the veterans pointed out (nibbling on Mrs. Bush's cookies) "you still can't be sure. Look at Doctor Hayes--"

Dr. J. C. Hayes, public health officer, they said, once took a plane from Seattle to Juneau. It hit tricky winds and landed at Anchorage, on the far side of the Gulf of Alaska. He waited a day and took another plane for Juneau. It landed at Yakutat. He tried again, and landed far down the coast at Ketchikan.

So then he decided to go the slow, sure way, and took a boat. It ran into a storm and put him ashore on Chichagof Island. "But, finally," said the veterans, "he got there."

That, apparently, proves that patience will eventually be rewarded. At any rate, the Governor's plane finally arrived to take him to Anchorage, and Miss Draper has left at last, by another plane. There is even definite word about the tug: "Day after tomorrow."

All this, however, puts nobody at his destination. When I called Mrs. Gruening to ask if the Governor had arrived safely, she said:

"Oh, yes, at Fairbanks."

Well, that's close. Fairbanks and Anchorage are separated only by some 300 miles, most of it filled with mountains, including Mt. McKinley. But there'll be another plane almost any day. Anyway the Governor is a patient man. I only hope someone in Fairbanks will bake him some cookies.

CONSTRUCTION UNIT

Of course we could have had our chairs done in zebra stripes and our walls with satin alcoves, but we doubt that we'd have been much prouder than we are of our Barmuta-designed interior, complete with real celotex walls and a new floor, with a good paint job throughout. In short, we feel that our recent remodeling job has added considerable stature to us and our place in the sun. We used to explain to visitors that our unfinished quarters were intended for a jail, but that sometimes involved still more explanation -- some people are so crude --, but now our only reference to our surroundings is usually something more genteel -- like telling how Layfold flooring is placed, or acknowledging that yes, we think we did very well in putting 19 desks and tables in the floor space allotted.

So our personnel is settled once more and the winter season in Construction finds the Annual Leavers keeping us supplied with news fresh from the States front. Lee Connor's shows us a Montana newspaper with meat and grocery ads (headline: 25¢ per pound) that give some basis to the rumor that there's at least a mild difference between here and there in the way things go -- sometimes we had felt vaguely suspicious that we were in a foreign country... Then in comes a man battered and bruised from a more bus ride in Seattle, and after hearing his story we usually just relax and start staring out the window again, chewing our pencil.

We really had thought that Kellner was going to California to play the bang-tails -- he's said as much -- but the way things worked out it appears that he might just be going South to shoot Jimmy Byrnes. This in spite of that Little John Farming's, Kellner's henchman's, reports that when he saw Ken in Seattle, he had a gleam in his eye and murmured something about a place called Los Angeles.

Dave Dishaw finally cleared his way North again (we heard the Captain on the boat was sick and Dishaw had to bring the boat in) and for about three days has been running a dead heat with his "In" basket, the basket looking at times like there's a little more going on the

stack than comes off. Dave has occasionally and, we suppose, unconsciously initiated some of his stuff with an English touch: D. C. H. Dishaw, meaning Dave Cowin Hut Dishaw.

Of course Construction can generally point to other outstanding young men -- busy young men like Jack Maurer, MacDonald's alter ego, we judge. It seems something new has been added to the MacDonald regional office staff, and the acquisition is the bustling Maurer. Another pair that are making, in this case, coast-report history are Fuzz Neitzert and Les Holmes. They're fresh in from Gustavus and making the paper fly.

But speaking of personnel, none of our men keeps us in more suspense or prolongs in us the fascination that a notordrone rider has for us than the intrepid Raymond Cote, the man who lives, and calmly, in a house where the 13th puff-back from his furnace is due any time -- surely. Number 17 explosion occurred last Wednesday, with every evidence that Ray is learning to fire his furnace with a skill like very few others have so far achieved -- for when she blew this time, it took the clean-out door off the stack and propelled it whistling through the basement window. Ever hang around where dynamite was supposed to go? Cote is our man for nerve.

Two recent disappearances here and near-here have touched our interest lately -- one was the fact that there used to be (we are sure of it) a phone on petite Miss MacDonald's desk. There is none now and we wonder what sort of shenanigans the Powers pulled to persuade that phone that anybody more attractive was going to talk to it. The second disappearance -- and this one, even threatened to be important enough for the grand jury's attention -- was that of the suddenly decreased number of fine chairs from the jury room. There wasn't the slightest clue as to who had borrowed the furniture and even after we told Station 65 whose chairs they were and the chairs suddenly reappeared in their correct places, we still couldn't imagine just who was involved.

Question of the week (even though we know the answer) What distinguished-looking prematurely-grey young engineer always is looking for a match -- and what black haired pin-up gal always has one?

CELEBRITY CLIPPINGS KIDS/EX

JANUARY 1945. Aviation progress. You'd like to know about it, huh? Funk and Lagnall's dictionary defines aviation as "the art of flying", especially the management of airplanes." This lets out the Bird, formerly flown by IFX personnel, as the remains prove. It also has little to do with some other aircraft in Alaska, which appear to be mainly orange crates held together with bailing wire.

All those who fly aircraft cannot be called aviators; for example, those who fly over the weather taking bearings from mountain tops, those who fly under the weather (at the Rendezvous, or Club Royale), bunk pilots, i. e., CAF-5's not certificated, who fly in fancy, etc.

Some proposals for aviation progress in the vicinity of Fairbanks are as follows: Landing strips for ski ships in the summertime; coated with manure, they will be ideal for those landings that smell. A creek running down the center of the runway for use of float ships where suitable bodies of water are available, but it is against the pilot's inclination to use them. A wind sock in the form of a shapely stocking, attractive so that pilots will look before landing...crosswind.

That's 30 on the subject for now. Look for more interesting ideas next month.

Rumor has it that Chief ACCQI Tor is departing for Uncle Sugar in the near future. Lucky 7th!

"Little Chief" Seiver is approximating...that is, he is skjd for the Chief-tain's job at G4, approximately Feb. 1, 19??

Also the valiant volunteers, Skidmore, West, and Menor are approximating...Stateside aprxly?????????

Those two wits, Floyd West from IFX and James Humphries of CHQ, have returned to our fair progressive city. Time marches backward.

PEPPER LARIES

Air Traffic Control comes through with a news item this month that really is news! As of January 1 their chief, R. J. Pettitte, (outside since the first week in December) joined that great silent army, when he marched down the aisle with Miss Dorothy Elizabeth Ryan of Pittsburgh! Branch members refuse to comment further, but add that any desiring to send cards of sympathy may reach Mrs. Pettitte c/o A-45, Washington!

An interesting item comes to light, a want ad from a local paper, and we quote "Lost: Large brown bag, corner of 2nd and Cushman; last seen heading north. If found return to Jim E. E597."

New arrivals at EX: Barbara Olmstead, Carol Waddington, Mr. and Mrs. Aahl, Jr. and Mrs. Proctor.

Sloggy Joe Ewaldt, veteran of three years at EX has returned to Uncle Sugar. Joe will go further afield after recuperating for 30 days.

Xmas cards recd from ex-Fairbanks personnel: Steve Zirko, Youngstown; Paul Bucholz, Albuquerque; Kenneth Dennis, SA; Ed Rozeski, MI.

We are awaiting the arrival of Fred Newburn, who established his high reputation down the Yukon. Bill Cowles will be the official greeter, and is accumulating a stock of dried fish for the purpose.

Frank Gray, owner of that roadhouse 7 miles west of Fairbanks, will vacation in Montana shortly. Willis M. Cowles will assume RAS duties. Frank will do a little fishing -- for suckers?

Webb McDonald, Maintenance Flash, returned from Tanana with stories glorifying the Yukon, and the simple life. Already a typical Alaskan PRE, he takes exception to that old saying "Truth is stranger than fiction."

We hear from Orson Torham, an old alumnus, of life in South America. It sounds like a dream -- there is our boy who will not return to the 3th Region.

BOWLING

MEN'S BOWLING LEAGUE

Some records have been broken since the last time you heard from us. Harry Watson came through one evening with a single score of 120 to capture the highest single game score rolled by anyone in our league, or any other league on the Ambassador alleys. George Perina of the same team came through with a high three game total of 360, his high single being 172. The Commissary team holds high team scores of 1203 for one game and 1203 for three games.

The team standings as of this date are as follows:

	Won	Lost
Engineering	21	12
Administrative	13	15
Maintenance	17	13
Commissary	16	17
Radio Estab.	14	19
Communications	13	20

BOWLING TOURNAMENT

There was yelling and gnashing of teeth, for many balls were tossed down the alleys but few pins fell for the men in a challenge game between the administrative team and a team of girls of the CMA on Tuesday evening, February 6. Confidence reigned high for all concerned and it was almost necessary to bring in a bookie. Bets were placed for weeks in advance, as well as on the fateful night, for every man knew his team was going to win and he knew he was going to have the high score, too. Both sides were so certain that no one hesitated to say that the losers would pay for the games.

But alas, 'twould have been better for the strong men had they made a noise like a hoop and rolled away before the games started. Their faces were red, then turned green with envy, and finally white with mortification, for after all they were the "big strong men" and pitted against those little girls. These little girls showed them how to roll a ball -- some like a slow motion camera and right to the correct pin -- others with the speed and accuracy of a bullet.

LADIES' BOWLING LEAGUE

The Tuesday evening ladies' Bowling League came to a close January 30. The CMA had three teams entered in this league and came through with their share of the prizes. The Cheechakos (Sue Choberka, Carol Erskine, Erma Anderson, Alberta Pollard and Jo Osborne) finished in second place, one game out of first. The Timber Tippers (Tina Maddox, Carol Parsons, Doris Mae Brown, Gladys Jennerlind and Tina Kapsanis) came out in third place, three games behind first. Kitty's Mats ("B" Teggart Everly, Mileen Anderson, Kathryn Kasser, Frances King, and Ann Modjeska) finished in a tie for the cellar position.

Tina Kapsanis has been the star of the league throughout the season, averaging over 100 and having a high single game of 172. Tina was the winner of the prize for the highest average. Jo Osborne won for the most strikes during the season and Tina Maddox for the most spares.

The five high individual averages were as follows:

Tina Kapsanis	103
Jo Osborne	33
Erma Anderson	69
Ann Modjeska	63
Tina Maddox	67

Those athletic men even reached the point where they refused to bet "two bits" on a single pin with those frail little lassies.

It has been learned that some of those men were forced to borrow street car fare home, for their confidence was too great and their accuracy too poor. The audience was overwhelmed with the professional aspect of the games and all agreed that it was worth the price of admission.

Watch for the date of a return engagement!!!

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CEX "OFF THE RECORDER"

December, January

That infernal machine, the recorder, working status quo except for last month when the machine got in a rut and we couldn't get anything but "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!" out of the thing.

Oh, yes, the recorder jumped the curb long enough to tell us that Mr. R. J. Pettitte was a visitor to our fair city this month, arriving from HQ on Douglas MC-119. Pettitte's visit was mostly for business reasons, but we hear that some of the boys finagled Pettitte into a wolf hunt in the wee hours of one cold Fairbanks morning. Wanna know something? No wolves! This rough and ready posse, which also included Mr. F. J. Seely and Charles Reich, we hear, stopped and imbibed in a hot cup of coffee at KODS after the hunt, leaving their lighter artillery, which included a small French 75, outside.

Has anyone tried sneaking into the Empress Theater lately?.....Shouldn't advise it, chum... wouldn't advise it! They have a great big bad door watcher taking tickets.

(Footnote) Please be advised that last month's instructions for starting "Betsy", the Center car, are in slight error and obsolete. Henceforth and hereafter do not kick "Betsy's" left fender. Reason - no left fender. (Unfootnote).

Grandpa Denali finally opened the doors to the townships of Denali and Arctica and the thundering stampede began. Watta sight -- oxen teams, dog teams, wheelbarrows, and even a few motor driven vehicles in the migration. "Westward Denali Ho!" was the byword of the day as the fearless pioneers struck out from old steam heated homesteads to a new life of pioneering, hardship and privation in the new (Build your own fire or freeze to death, you bum!) homes. Aside from basement fires, exploding pipes, flying debris, broken backs, sprained necks, busted legs and brain concussions, chaos was only slight, or, as one smaller pioneer stated as he trod the steps to his new home carrying a small grand piano and sundry other articles, quote, "Puff, puff, pant, wheeze,

pant, puff, whee!" unquote.

Started just a short time ago by Chief Bill Bowen was the Fairbanks Aircraft Model Club. From what we hear the club is really going great guns and not only have the youngsters been building their own but also some of the older "boys" of Fairbanks are now up to their ears in aircraft structure, aerodynamics, and so forth. If you want to see a masterpiece of model aircraft building, just stop at Bill Bowen's place and take a gander at the model he's building for the Grumman people. Brother, it is a beauty!

Departed for Anchorage last month (December) was Charles Reich. Arrived this month was James H. Humphries from HQ only to be called back to HQ for special duty. We hope you'll be back, JH. Bon voyage, CR.

Master Voeste (PJ) (The one ball kid) cleans the boys, (Slow ball) Zienke, (Fire ball) Riedel, (Curve ball) Oldrond and (Swift ball) Seely, regularly now. Just be his new war cry, "Thirteen ball in the corner pocket, boys. Who said I was behind the eight ball?"

BOWLING TOURNAMENT (Continued from page 3)

The box scores were as follows:

	Game1	Game2	Game3	Total
Sue Choberka	102	72	62	236
Carol Erskine	32	96	53	136
Ann Modjeska	12	33	36	216
Tina Maddox	12	30	54	176
Jo Osborne	104	94	34	232
Tina Kapsanis	160	102	72	334
	432	732	416	1430
Ed Chamberd	60	82	76	218
Max Cuffel	98	62	102	262
Frank Lally	80	43	36	164
George Perina	62	60	34	136
Harry Watson	26	102	60	133
E. P. Simonds*	92	30	63	210
	413	434	405	1255

* Previous high scorer with 30 pins in one game. (No cooperation from pinsetter.)

FLASHES FROM SIGNALS
(Continued from page 2)

these glasses he will remember the fine spirit and generosity of his friends.

Note to the Editor: All that sunshine around the State Capitol of Louisiana shown in the Kodachrome slides was supposed to give the apartment a nice warm glow. But it didn't. That sunshine only stirred up envy.

MALEMUTE SLIM SAYS

Youse guys and youse gals are lucky to be in the 3th region where we can at least get our smokes. News from Philadelphia tells me of a quarrel in which a man was shot in an argument over a pack of luttos.

A week before Christmas the P. O. in Menana was burned to the ground despite the heroic efforts of the gang at the C. A. A. station. While this fire was in progress another alarm was sounded which turned out to be Old Slim's house. Well! Some fiddled while Hero burned, didn't she, or he? Or vice-versa.

Swell gang, here at Menana. Mrs. Bernice Evans and Mrs. Barbara Herton, blondes; Mrs. Mosky, Mrs. Davis, and Mrs. R's Herson, brunettes. One full blooded brown dog named Roudy and a half a dozen cocker spaniels and one MUTT.

This Month's Rhyme: A woman's whim is ever this; to snare a man's reluctant kiss, and snaring it, to make him pant, for things that nice girls never grant.

Reason: Gentlemen are supposed to prefer blondes, but the fact that blondes know what gentlemen prefer has a lot to do with it.

Song: The only two records left in the JUNE BOX at the Menana Hotel and played continually by the Squares are "You Are My Sunshine" and "By the Light of the Silvery Moon". (That day sure

went fast.)

Congratulations to Airways Engineer Walker and Miss Joan Anderson, who, if plans were carried out, are now Mr. and Mrs. Walker, thank you. We surely hope all your troubles are little ones.

Hot tip from Menana on the date of the ice breakup. Spring will be a little late this year.

Just heard Old Buck Webb is back in Home. How's the weather, 'Buck? Also heard Engineer Adolph (what a name) Peterson is on leave, OUTSIDE.

A letter from Frank Cervenka, now of the roaring 3rd, informs me he is now at Newark, N. J., for a few weeks. Good luck, Frank, but watch those Jersey gals.

This Month's Story: The belle of the village had just been awarded the fur lined **** cup in a popularity contest. The mayor, when presenting the prize, asked this cutie what made her so popular with the boys. The little old gal considered the question for a minute and then said, coyly, "I give up."

Old Proverb: A new broom sweeps clean under the rug, the same as the old one did.

Lore News: Tally Reid - a cousin of the famous movie actor, Wallace Reid - now of 90, C. A. A., is at Menana, enjoying life at the famous Menana Hotel and Cafe. George Murray of 99 is also in Menana helping the Old Malemute Slim.

Well, next month's column will come from new surroundings and new people. Now news, now scandal, now poems and stories. Old Slim will leave Menana on a new assignment, as yet unknown. Until next month, I am

Yours truly,
Malemute Slim, 99

HANGAR FLYING

Hurst started the New Year out by arriving New Year's evening with an RA-23A Lockheed, NR 254. To those not in the technical know, RA-23A means Lockheed Hudson, complete with bombardier's compartment with seat, bomb bay, and two rear gun turret positions (sauced over). Jefford's first suggestion was to immediately mount two 30-06 rifles in the plastic nose and take off for the wolf country. However, Barney Cowles rode in the nose from Seattle and said it was too d--- cold and besides you couldn't see a landmark far enough ahead to get a good aim before you were over and past. Yes, it's fast - Hurst points with pride to the fact that Jefford in a vertical dive couldn't catch up with the Hudson in the slow ball hole on the flat. (Unbelieve it to Hurst, Jefford on the last trip to Seattle attempted to negotiate a deal with the Army Air Force Experimental Officer to get two B29 engines, about 2100 HP each, being equal to two in the DC now.)

The old Boeing MC 13 is back after being parked in Seattle while the Hudson was being ferried up. It will be back in service, after a complete check, until the Hudson has been modified for freight use, at which time the Boeing will be removed from service for dismantling and a complete overhaul.

MC 99 will soon be flying. The fuselage is now in the assembly stage and engine installation. It will be on skids. Approximate test hop date is scheduled for February 19th.

MC 216, General Inspection's Stinson, is also in the fuselage assembly stage, waiting only on the radio installation for final assembly and engine installation.

NR 254 --- HEBBIE --- we'll have to look into the Crystal Ball!

Matt Parvin, Chief Maintenance Inspect-

tor, certainly has a hard time trying to keep his marbles together. He is assigned a job to be done, and so collects the crew and starts; then after everything has been torn apart, or removed, it's either, we need it now, or MC 13 has a bad ignition wire and must come in the hangar, or Hurst running around stealing a man for the Wilson's work, so in all if he ever does get the marbles all in one bag, the bag tears somewhere else, and there they go again!

Such is life in the Hangar.

ROMANIS/IN BRIPPINGS
(Continued from page 1)

Paul Wilson claims the nurse told him that his new son, Lynn, was big enough to yell and she shouldn't have to tote him about! This Fire Wrecker, who arrived on January 20th, weighed in somewhere in the neighborhood of nine pounds. The proud papa took a photo of Lynn at the tender age of two days -- which should constitute a record.

VINTAGE

Upon the receipt of a circular proclaiming all RMS's fire chiefs of their respective stations, our RMS (Ernie "W. T." Ernst) was heard to remark, "Ch, I can't be Fire Chief. I haven't got a hat." This, it was felt, simply wouldn't do. HQ must have fire protection. So prints were drawn up and construction began. The project was completed in record time and on December 21st a bright red fire helmet was presented by the Intno Staff and Ernie officially TCD as Fire Chief of HQ. Credit is due PUE Charlie Lanhoe for construction of the helmet. It looks like the real thing.

Ernie has been the recipient of a lot of good-natured kidding about his stunning chapeau and he has, upon occasion, graciously offered to allow various envious personnel about HQ to wear it when there is nothing cookin'.

MERRILL TOWER

Dear Mukluk:

Floyd West departed for Fairbanks early in January to pinch-hit for about a month while one of the tower boys there gets in a vacation. West will be right home there, since he transferred from Fairbanks to Anchorage only last summer.

Departing just a few days ahead of West, Bill Kelly also cruised up Fairbanks way on a field trip taking in familiarizations at Weeks and Ladd Fields, the University, and as Bill says, getting things "organized" for West's big arrival.

John Haw and wife, Betty Lou, after moving into Number 7 of the new "bachelor" apartments, were heard to say recently, "Drop in for free eats - but bring along your own chairs!"

Al Lockett has a happy smile on his mug these days. He met his wife, Marie, and sons, Rodney and Robert, in Seward Christmas morning, arriving in Anchorage that night. He had never seen Robert, age three months, but claims they were properly acquainted by the time they arrived in Anchorage. Lockett reports, too, he was properly christened enroute, but that he is still pretty handy with the three-cornered pants.

With days getting longer now and Anchorage situated in the middle of the banana-belt (it will probably be 20 below when this gets in print), flying at Merrill Field is picking up from the previous month's traffic, which was hampered by short hours of daylight, fog, and cold weather.

Kent Tillinghast (Tilly to you) of Airway Traffic Control gives a little flying instruction at Merrill on the side. His biggest thrill probably came when a ski on a Cub Cruiser he was flying dangled loosely after take-off. Tilly decided to hang a foot outside and hold the ski in place while the landing

was made. Of course there was the possibility that not only would the ski be torn off, but also Tilly's leg. But he did an excellent job, with the plane only doing a mild ground loop, no injuries, and only slight damage to the plane's wing tip. Our compliments, Tilly!

MERRILL TOWER

COMMUNICATOR AND SERVICE (Continued from page 1)

by the Rev. R. R. Armstrong. Music for the double-ring ceremony was provided by Mrs. Jack Harrison at the organ and Cpl. Rogers Whitener, who sang "Because" and "I Love You Truly".

The bride was lovely in a white marquisette, lace-trimmed gown with train and finger-tip veil, and wore a strand of pearls, a gift from the groom. She carried a Bible covered with white gardenias from which hung streamers of white. She was given in marriage by her father.

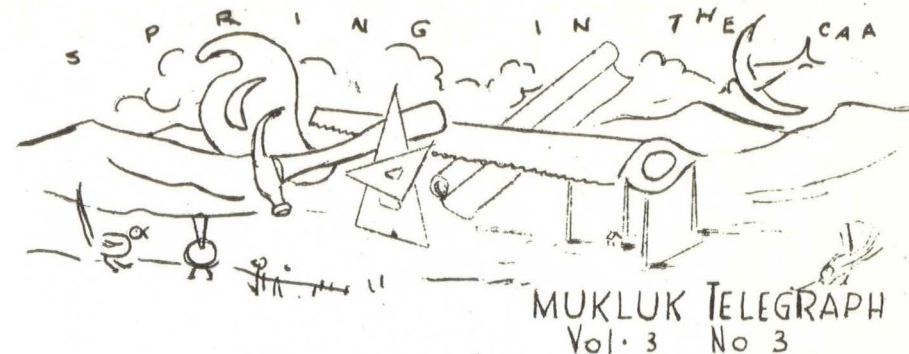
Ruth Kunas of Juneau, maid of honor, was dressed in a gown of aqua blue marquisette, and bridesmaids Bertha Saario and Stella Hay Stall wore similar gowns of yellow and blue. The attendants carried Bibles, with matching flowers, and roses in their hair.

Sgt. Paul Rosser served as best man, with Sgt. Carl Featherbe and Sgt. Robert Hall acting as ushers.

A reception was held at the home of the Rev. and Mrs. Armstrong, where the bride cut a beautiful three-tiered wedding cake.

Mrs. Clarke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Helle of Anchorage, has been with the CAA for the past four years. Mr. Clarke, whose home was formerly in Los Angeles, California, is with the Headquarters, Alaskan Department.

Vi and Joe have our very best wishes for their happiness. They are at home at 513 East 5th.



COMMUNICATIONS COLUMN

NORTHWAY NEWS

W. E. Cruse, Chief of Training and Performance, is at present in Seattle coordinating with the 7th Region on plans for recruitment and training of communicators.

And Cruse's leading straw cat taker-inner, C. J. Trudeau, has finally cut the size of his flock from the original eight down to two. Mr. E. is thinking of applying for a patent on his double deck cat bed for cat fanatics who live in three room apartments.

Branch 30's female complement surprised (or should we say amazed) PFC Rod Johnston, censor in the Messager Center, with a stark shower for his new daughter recently. Rod's reactions as he opened the packages were most interesting.

Plans are underway for a representative of the Communications Branch to visit all stations sometime within the next several weeks for the purpose of discussing efficiency ratings.

A. V. Carroll, whose time is devoted to shepherding the Eighth Region's flock of communicators, now looks the part, for with the walking staff he carries to support a broken ankle, he looks like a patriarch as he hobbles along the halls.

Passing out cigars on February 13 was Communications Inspector Archie E. Nieder, whose baby daughter, Jill, arrived on that date.

"Band" Wennerlund is Branch 30's leading candidate for the purple heart on account of wounds received in action.

Our minor upheavals and changes for the month(s). Arrivals: First, the Larsens--from the SA communicator plant. In the maintenance department the Sorrels (fled from somewhere down in that fine tobacco country, Carolina, and later of Middleton Island) are undoubtedly the idea of Mrs. Sorrell arrived to iron out some of the squeals and squeals. The Linticum family on the scene fresh from U.S. to replace the Parnes.

Departures started with the Grebos and Lazaris - Grebos to the States and Lazaris to some scabbling hell up North. Fast minute communique from Grebos relates in pained accents that he is now undergoing basic training and wishes he were back in Alaska where he could hear the sweet civilian sound of CAA communications again. The Collins not hired of the soft and plush life and now now be contacted - maybe - in NL where the mud flats bloom and fade. Then last seen Mr. was on a truck and Mrs. on a plane headed for FL, IQ and HL. Two robust Cooler Spaniels and some excess development in tails and old brown juvies remain to mark the spot.

US Linticum and the CAC made their bid for unpopularity recently trying to get the BC to work like it said in the book. Some funny noises came out, in which could be picked out the angrish screams of a couple of conservatives who stoutly maintained in spite of the loud arguments that all they could hear were scratches and what sounded like a dog-and-cat fight when anyone who ever read the instruction book could hear a first-

(Continued on page 3)

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