



## CHANDLER GOES FISHING

The Eighth Region has finally had the honor of entertaining a visitor from the ATC at Washington, namely H. C. (Red) Chandler.

Mr. Chandler visited the Annette Tower (one extra day due to Juneau weather, had a short visit at Juneau between planes, and longer visits at Fairbanks, Naknek and Anchorage.

The famed fishing at Naknek was sampled with little success. However, according to two witnesses, who are considered authorities on the size of fish that got away, Red was tangled up in a 20 minute fight with a King that would tip the scales to at least 99 pounds. Chandler put up a strong fight; and has the pictures to prove it, but the third time he got the fish near the bank, the guy took a look at Red's serious face and took off for parts unknown - probably out to sea along with the spoon and some good line.

The salmon has probably decided that this sex business is not all that it is supposed to be and will die of old age as a bachelor...and Red thought he was helping out the conservation program in Alaska.

We also understand he performed his good deed while on an all night boat trip up the Naknek River by staying awake to knock the sparks from the fire off his sleeping shipmates. That ground is sure cold, even in the alleged summer time.

## NEWSMAN VISITS ALASKA, CAA

Much has been said about the wonders of Alaska, but Harry D. Wohl, Chief, of Washington Bureau, St. Louis Star-Times, decided to get his information firsthand and drove to Anchorage over the Alcan Highway. He had as his traveling companion, Ted Meanea an official of the National Headquarters of the Boy Scouts.

Using Anchorage as his headquarters, Mr. Wohl conferred with Mr. Plett, Regional Administrator and other CAA men after which he visited the facilities in and around Anchorage. Accompanied by Virgil Stone, Assistant to the Administrator, he made brief stops at several of the field stations which included McGrath, Minchumina and Farewell. While at Minchumina the party took time out for a couple of hours and were able to go fishing - yes, they caught some pike, but running true to form as most sportsmen do in their excitement, they ran out of gas and had to walk back through a swamp filled with mosquitoes large enough to pull a wagon. We are certain this was not a pre-meditated trap to give the visitors an added thrill but just one of those things that happens, invariably.

The station personnel at the points visited were most genial hosts and had Mr. Wohl and party visit their homes, as well as various buildings located there. Many pictures were taken on the trip and added to the ones Walt Smith furnished from the CAA Photo Lab.

With Jim Pfeffer as pilot, the group was able to get fairly close-up views of  
(Continued on page 26)



# MUKLUK TELEGRAPH

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Mabel Stubbs, Editor

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## PILOTS WARNED OF NEW DRUG

WASHINGTON, D. C.: Pilots are being advised by the Civil Aeronautics Administration that use of the new drug, Dramamine, as a cure or preventive for air sickness may cause undesirable effects.

Results of tests of the drug show that drowsiness is a common "side reaction" to taking dramamine, Mr. Rentzel said, and that slight dizziness, chills and detached sensations, loss of balance and difficulty of focusing eyes also occur occasionally. The manufacturer of the drug previously had issued a statement advising that side reactions may occur in an occasional individual. CAA officials believe that while these effects would not be harmful to passengers, they could prove hazardous to a pilot flying a plane.

Twenty-two employees were tested over a period of six days. They were given identical appearing capsules containing either phenobarbital, which is a mild sedative, harmless milk sugar, or 100 milligrams of dramamine. They received doses each morning without knowing what the capsules contained; they continued with their routine office duties, and at three-thirty each afternoon wrote out their reactions. In 66% of the cases where dramamine was taken side reactions were reported. None of the reactions was severe, but the drowsiness and other possible side effects showed that the drug might effect the alertness of the pilot, and endanger safety.

Dramamine has been studied at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore as a remedy and preventive for seasickness; at Randolph Field, Texas, for its effect on air passengers; and several airlines have been studying it as a cure and preventive of airsickness in passengers.

While the CAA is interested also in the comfort of air passengers and is watching results of the tests, its primary concern is for safety in flight, and this prompted its study of the side effects of dramamine as related to pilots.



# CONSTRUCTION-57

Since our last writing the Construction Division has been buzzing with activity - 42nd and Broadway has nothing on us!

This being the season, the game is on and in the major league, Section 8-57 lost 3, gained 5 and have bases loaded (in the field) with no strikes; and runs yet to be counted. They're betting 5 to 2 Construction wins the '49 season and "brings home the bacon."

Arnie Erickson returned home from the Mayo Clinic where Mrs. Erickson was taken for medical attention. He has returned to his post of duty at Woody Island to resume work on the two, 4-unit apartment buildings under construction. Doc said Arne was in tip-top shape, good for another 20 years in Alaska.

John Goetz departed from his California vacation looking mighty chipper! Yearning for the Alaskan waters, he returned to Kodiak to continue his job as skipper on the BSP-3144 and will be cruising in the vicinity of Southeastern Alaska.

Wallace Tykward and Bill Schoonover left via CAA plane for an assignment at Naknek.

Harold Tarbert, the boy whose heart is below the Mason-Dixon line, left 8-57 yesterday for an indefinite assignment at Katalla (near Cordova) to install a new water supply. Cheer up, Honey Chile, we'll continue to bring in those pink envelopes via the beaten-path from the Post Office.

Reinhold Krueger an airways engineer with CAA since 1941 resigned June 4 to retire at his new abode in Grants Pass, Oregon. We have all enjoyed working with Krueger and miss his smiling countenance and daily, BIG jokes. With Oregon known for its truck gardening, we can well imagine where Reinhold will be spending most of his time. Good luck, Krueger, and may you continue to be busy and happy in your new surroundings.

Another loss to the Division is that of Grace Craig who has been acting in the capacity of George Allen's steno for

the past two years. Grace came to us via the University of Alaska and has been doing a bang-up job in the Materials Section, with no one choosing to compete with her. The Craigs will visit Grace's folks at the village of Tenakee on Chicagoof Island (80 miles west of Juneau) and will continue on to Forest Grove, Oregon where Edward will enter the Pacific University at the September semester. Being an Alaskan Junior Pioneer, this will be the first trip outside for Grace and Oh, Gracie, if but to only enjoy the thrill you are about to experience!!

And with another entry on the debit sheet, the name is Hemming Johnson, an airways engineer with CAA for the past 2 years. Choosing to have more time at home with his family and more working hours to apply towards his homestead, he is going to do just that! We regret losing Hemming in the Division, and wish him the very best in his new venture.

Ken Kellner is away from the office during the week of June 12 - proceeding to Fairbanks to inspect the airport construction program and on to Big Delta to further his inspections of construction.

Gerry Howard has been assigned Resident Engineer of the Fairbanks Airport and has with him, Leigh Robinson and Robert Tietjen who transferred from Engineering Division. Welcome to Construction, boys! May you enjoy your work and fellow-man as much as we Old Timers have.

A very new addition to our department is Mildred Morton from San Joaquin Valley of Sunny California, having arrived in the Territory last March. We're happy to have you with us, Mildred. Miss Morton will be Allen's new steno. Now Georgie, watch your eyelashes.

Vida Lommen is on vacation basking in the sun in Los Angeles. Her last letter indicated that Mother was acting as personal maid and Vida was gaining weight. Have a good time, Fatso.

Until the next issue of the Mukluk the score remains: lost 3, gained 5 and no strikes.

Cheerio!

--"Goldust Annie".



MY NAME IS GUS GUS K.  
WHAT'S YOURS?

Tee hee!

THANKS TO  
E.L.M. - OKLA. CITY



# THE HOMESTEADER

BY BUD DODGE - KENAI

It's back from the war to the old home town  
Your friends are all married and settled down.  
You feel out of place with nothing to do  
So you head for Alaska to start life anew.

North to the land of milk and honey  
Where you buy it all with hard-earned money.  
Where your room and board cost eight bucks a day  
And Uncle Sam takes a big slice from your pay.

You decide you'd be better off to cook for yourself  
So you rent a shack and stock up the shelf.  
As you look at the prices at the local store  
It looks as if batchin' will really cost more.

Lettuce and cabbage at four-bits a head  
And three dollars a night for a broken down bed.  
Though a little bit green and full of dents  
Tomatoes are cheap - only eighty-five cents.

You buy some steaks at a buck and a half  
They say it's veal from a ten year old calf.  
You have to have spuds so it's a four-pound sack  
You dig out a buck and it's no change back.

To render some lard you'd better buy bacon  
When you pay for it you'll know you've been taken.  
At a dollar a pound you get five for a fin  
And with luck it'll last till the paychecks get in.

Two years pass by and you've saved some money  
So you look for a home and a gal to call Honey.  
You stake out a claim on a piece of land  
And ask the neighbor for his daughter's hand.

Next you will need to build a house  
To shelter your kids and over-worked spouse.  
Eight hours in the field and four in the kitchen  
She will be too tired to do much kickin'. (BITCHEN?)

About carrying the water she never stops yappin'  
So to buy a pump you set out to trappin'.  
The snow is deep and you're miles from home  
You get lost in the woods and all alone.

You build a fire and curl in a heap  
The wolves are ahowlin' you can't go to sleep.  
This gives you some time to do some thinkin'  
You wish you'd stayed single and stuck to drinkin'.

But times flies by and twenty years later  
The kids gather 'round for instructions from Pater.  
You swell up with pride and give with a speech  
Then hand each a ticket for good old Long Beach.



# RETURN HOME EXCHANGE VOWS

Mr. and Mrs. Norman C. Beuter (Mr. Beuter is in the Air Traffic Control Division of the Regional Office) and their daughter, Bonnie Jean, recently returned to Anchorage after a three month vacation "Outside". The Buters purchased a new car in Ohio and visited friends and relatives in Washington, D.C., Wilmington, Delaware, New York City and numerous waystations. Enroute from Ohio to Anchorage they visited points of interest in South Dakota and toured Yellowstone National Park. A total of 5500 miles was covered during the return trip.

Inasmuch as this was the Beuter's second trip over the Alaskan Highway a particular thing was noticed this time - that being the fact that traveling conditions were much improved as in comparison with those encountered in 1947. Considerable improvement was noted in the Alberta Provincial highways and the maintenance of the Alaska Highway itself appeared better than formerly. The Tok Cutoff and the Anchorage Palmer highway were the worst seen.

After sweltering in the heat of the Midwest and East the Buters were greeted upon their arrival in the Territory by a genuine snow storm. This, to all appearances seemed a continuation of the same weather they left behind when they departed Anchorage in March. The recent snow was recorded at Northway on June 22nd.

According to Beuter the favorite way of greeting him upon his return was: "Well, are you glad to get back?" To be different, his stock answer is: "I should say not. Wish I were back in Ohio for another three months".

Personal in The Saturday Review of Literature: "Male, old enough to know better, wishes correspondence with female not quite that old."

Irma Lebbin, secretary to Mr. John C. Hooper, became the bride of Charles W. Atkins at 8 PM Saturday, July 9th in the First Baptist Church. The Reverend Felton Griffin married the couple in the presence of a few immediate friends.

Mrs. Atkins chose as her attendant Alberta Bigelow, and James Rigsbee was best man.

The bride (Irma, to all us CAA'ers), has worked for CAA since January, 1946 and was in the Air Traffic Control Section before transferring to Mr. Hooper's office. Mrs. Atkins again resumed duties in the latter after a two-week honeymoon. A trip is planned by the newlyweds for some time later this year, but right at this time they are busily engaged in completing their new home.



I've kept myself busy all day. I was afraid to let up - they'd give me work!



# RELATES BANGKOK TRIP

Charlotte Park received an extremely interesting letter from Mary Sommer who transferred to Bangkok, Siam a couple of months ago, and has agreed to let us use parts of it for Mukluk. We regret that space does not permit publishing every word of it because it is one of the finest we have ever read. We shall print excerpts as follows;

"The trip out was wonderful. Everything went pretty much according to schedule, and no mishaps at all. We stopped at Los Angeles, San Francisco, Honolulu, Manila, and Hong Kong, but three days was not long enough. We left San Francisco on PAA's Boeing 377 at 9 AM and arrived in Honolulu about 6 PM in plenty of time for dinner. The weather in Hawaii was around the low 70's. Was I ever surprised to be met at the airport in Honolulu with their bringing several beautiful leis for me and kisses that go with them always. This showering of leis is not only a lovely custom for greeting newcomers, but a beautiful every-day habit, for even the natives (dark and light alike) wear them whenever the mood strikes, which photographically speaking is fortunately often. Ruby Godsey, of the Honolulu office really showed me a nice time around town and the island.

"The heat began to be definitely noticeable at our first stop (after Honolulu), at Midway Island. But that didn't stop our seeing the gooney birds, for they were literally all over the place. They even come out to meet you on the runway or we like to think we were greeted by a special delegation. We left Honolulu at three Monday morning and stopped in Midway one hour, from 9 to 10 that morning. By the time we reached Wake Island at 4 that afternoon for a one-and-one-half hour stop-over, it was Tuesday instead of Monday, for enroute we had crossed the International Date Line. Then Guam around midnight that night. We had quite a warm reception for the heat was beginning to bear down and we strolled around the airport looking-or feeling - for a breeze. The cool refreshing drink and cookies and fruit Pan American had awaiting us in the terminal building were the only relief from the heat, and were certainly welcome. I sauntered over to the low building alongside the main one, where the CAA Communication Station is located, just curious as to whom I might know (and knowing of course there wasn't a soul on the island of Guam that I did know). They introduced me around and I met a Mr. Murphy who had been in Alaska. His name was Dennis, he said in reply to my inquiry, and I asked, "Dennis T.?" Sure enough, he had been on my payroll when I was working in that section in Anchorage. I remembered then that he transferred to the Ninth Region, but I certainly never expected to see him in Guam.

"We left Guam and had time for a few hours of snooze before arriving at Manila. A light breakfast was served just before we reached Manila. My Sleeperette mate from Honolulu to Manila was a former concert pianist who, although born in America, has probably spent the least time here. At fourteen she started her studies abroad on the European continent, then made her debut in Australia, and has spent two and three-year periods in many of the other world centers - Shanghai, Tokyo, Manila, London, Paris, etc.

"These Sleeperettes of PAA are DC-4's converted with larger, roomier seats that will recline practically to a horizontal position. Not quite like sleeping in your bed at home, for you don't undress, but it certainly helps a lot in getting more rest (continued on page 8)



## BANGKOK-

on this 5000 mile trip from 3 o'clock one morning to 6 the next morning - and of course in addition we had been turning back our watches an hour - six different times. Most of these hops were flown at around 8000 feet altitude, and fairly clear weather, so you could see, between cumulous chunks of white cottony clouds, the rippling Pacific looking quite peaceful a mile and half below, the tiny sparkling whitecaps appearing as so much salt aprinkled around on a background of blue.

"Manila was the first stop that seemed really foreign, for in Hawaii there are of course a good many white people intermingled with the Hawaiians, Chinese, and Japanese. In Manila you are definitely in the minority, and most of the hotel people and the waiters are limited in their use and understanding of English. These "jeepnies" in Manila are practically the main mode of transportation and main cause of traffic congestion. They have converted jeeps left there by the American Army and are surely being put to good use. You certainly take your life in your hands when you try to dodge between them. The destruction around town is being rebuilt but in many places families are living in the ruins of buildings, where a cave-like section of the structure gives protection of a roof and two or three walls for as much privacy as most of these people know, what with eight and ten people living in one small room. I had not realized that the island of Corregidor and peninsula of Bataan are clearly visible in the distance to the west from the waterfront along Manila Bay.

"From Manila we went to Hong Kong in one day. On account of the scores of Americans and Europeans (Government and business people) leaving Shanghai and other points in southern China, hotel space is quite hard to obtain, but PAA managed to obtain a double room for another girl and me. She had come down on the flight with me from Manila, and it was quite nice having someone with whom to see around this strange place. She has been working with the War Department in Guam, and in getting ready to return to the States, is first seeing some of the other sights around this part of the Pacific. One of the CAA agents from Manila was in town on his way to Canton, and we were certainly thankful to have his assistance in showing us our way around town, too.

"We stayed at the Grand Hotel on the Kowloon side of the Bay, where the airport also is located. A ten-minute ride by ferry bridge brings you across Kowloon Bay to Hong Kong itself, and we made the trip over and back several times. However, there are many good shops in Kowloon itself, and some say the prices are lower. Kowloon is considered a much cleaner place, too. The Peninsula Hotel is the main hotel, and we ate there rather regularly. Of all the places in this area Hong Kong is the only one that has fresh milk, which the British have taken care of, so it is safe to drink and I certainly enjoyed it, as well as their very good ice cream. In keeping with the custom of the British you can have your tea served you in the lobby of the hotel as you lounge about chatting with your friends. In fact, you have your snacks and drinks in the lobby, and your regular dinners in the main dining room.

"For some reason I had thought that you would have to get out into the countryside to see the Chinese coolies as you think of them and see them in books, with the big straw picture hats, carrying their loads over their shoulders. Nothing could be farther from the actual thing, for there they were, constructing a new building right by our hotel, the coolies, (many of them women working right with the men) with their big coolie hats and baskets of dirt at both ends of the pole balanced on their shoulders, trotting as they carried it back from the stockpile where it had been dumped down to use for cement. Believe me the buildings are really hand-made.

(continued on page 12)



# GULKANA

Being a poor typist myself, I realize that frequently government typewriters don't type what you write. Therefore, upon seeing the following entry on the circuit 302X log for June First: "0058 SENT OUT FLASK GKN POWNO ALL FACILITIES" I imagined that CACOM Johnson was the victim of a typographical error rather than making preparations for a small wing ding in the control building.

Anyone interested in starting a small sized riot need only import a few assorted females to the out back and let nature take its course. Five friends of Mrs. Ballard, some nurses and some secretaries, all female and single drove out from ANC for the long week end. Our single ACCOM, "Chuck" Habbersett, one might consider as being in on the ground floor inasmuch as he lives next door to Ballards, but after the gals made an appearance at one of the local gin mills "Chuck" was trampled in the rush and from then on never had a chance. Counted in the pack of hounds attempting to flush this bevy of quail, were all the eligible bachelors within a radius of 20 miles and one guy who wasn't eligible by reason of having a perfectly good wife. Of course, he was an ex-CAA man, which may explain something.

Along with several other also rans, I sweated out the MOS bid for around one month, which I might add, is hard on the constitution. When the Bid was submitted, I was an average healthy specimen of communicator, which is to say I might be able to do one hour's manual labor without winding up in the hospital if I took it easy, but by the time the job was finally awarded to Mr. Swim, I had developed enough ulcers to qualify me for a CAF-11 job. Guess it's a good thing, though. If I had gotten the job, outgoing CACOM Bob Leise would have met me at the door, directing his chorus of singing communicators in a spirited rendition of "Old Man MOS is Dead".

Noticed that Cordes, the Haines Hooligan finally coerced someone into

correcting his spelling errors so he could submit another article to Mukluk. Of course, I use the term "article" very loosely in his case. As far as I have been able to tell from reading the paper for three years or so, any self-respecting article in Mukluk consists of approximately 50% notes on personnel and the other 50% pure baloney and fantasy. But not Haines! Anyone who has time to waste and wades through the HNS entry will find 95% of the article consumed by the trials and trouble of Cordes. Leave us face it son, quit blowing yourself up. Do you think you are the only guy in the world that ever had trouble with a jeep? Can't remember that I ever mentioned GKN as the Garden spot of Alaska, although I used to think that Haines was, but as time passes and things change, the garden sprouts a crop of weeds. When I was new to the CAA thought HNS was a pretty important station, but since then I've looked around and noticed the workloads of the various stations in the Region and can see the place in its true relation to the whole, which is that of a very small cog in a large works. The self-esteem of any individual there, regardless of race, creed or previous length of servitude is insufficient to lift the station by its bootstraps to anything higher. Furthermore, I must decry the substitution of profanity for something constructive to offer. In common with many present day authors, Cordes is laboring under the delusion that a plethora of profane utterances is a valid substitute for a dearth of talent. If it were not for fear of being hauled into court for practising medicine without a license, I would diagnose his case as a constipation of ideas complicated by a diarrhea of words.

Present at GKN for a short stopover on their way to Gambell were MTIC Ben Miers and wife. Ben, known to the fraternity as KL7LJ, has been giving the receivers at the station a going over while awaiting the resumption of transportation to Gambell.

-----GG



## WINNERS NAMED

In a memorandum sent to all Personnel we were invited to participate in the Employee Awards Program poster contest. The deadline for entries was June 15 and judging was done by a committee of experts.

R. T. Williams, Personnel Officer has been given the list of winners and they are listed below:

1st Honorable Mention - R. E. Blake, Minneapolis; 2nd Honorable Mention - Lily Beard, Washington Office; 4th Honorable Mention - Thomas S. Cooper, Washington Office; Honorable Mention - George Kasell, St. Louis; Marcus Fechenbach, Dallas, Texas; Frank M. Sharpnack, Indianapolis; Experimental Station; Walter Hiley, Washington Office; D. A. Pommiss, Brooklyn, New York; Vernetta Hutto, Fort Worth, Texas; Duard Leslie, Chicago.

Prizes awarded for the contest were \$25, \$15 and \$10 for the three winners. We are wondering if any of our artists in this Region threw their hats in the ring. Better keep your eyes open for any such contests in the future and get some of that folding money in Region Eight.

Two morons were building a house. One, examining each nail as he picked it up, threw away about half of them. The other asked, "What's the matter?"

First Moron: "About half of them have heads on the wrong end".

Second Moron: "You fool, those are for the other side of the house".

After watching the squabbles that often develop in the splitting of estates we can sympathize with the old fellow whose will contained just the following:

"Being of sound mind, I spent every darned cent I had".

## ALLNUTT CHOSEN

Charles F. Allnutt has been chosen for the position of Chief, Office Service Section.

Mr. Allnutt is an ex-Air Force officer having served in Supply Administration from December 3, 1940 to December 10, 1948 which was his discharge date from USAF at Fort Richardson. Briefly his military service covered the Pearl Harbor Campaign, returning to the States in November, 1944 for assignment to Kelly Field, Texas; and final assignment to Alaska Air Depot at Fort Richardson on December 3, 1946.

## ATTENDED MEETING AT OKC

Ken Hager, Maintenance Inspection, and Frank Merrithew Instructor in VHF and Radio Range School, attended conferences at the Aeronautical Center, Oklahoma City, beginning July 14th.

These meetings are in connection with the implementation of indoctrination courses being set up for newly recruited Electronics Maintenance Technicians.

## DUFFEY BACK FROM STATES

Howard J. Duffey, District Office 1, Airman Division, returned from a three months duty assignment in the States.

Mr. Duffey attended Helicopter School at Lakehurst, New Jersey; later he attended an Airman Course of Instruction at Oklahoma City. Following completion of the latter he departed Oklahoma City and flew his own Cessna back to Alaska via the Alcan Highway.

We nearly forgot to mention that he was able to spend two weekends at the seashore - also saw relatives in Lakewood, New Jersey and Wilmington. Even though the time was well spent and very educational as well as interesting, Mr. Duffey is glad to be home.



# HALLELUJAH FROM MOSES POINT

Some of us have come to the conclusion that Moses Point is almost fit for human habitation during the summer months. Now that the snow and ice is gone completely we can fish, hunt and hike to our heart's content. The only drawback is that the fishing, hunting, and hiking that was planned back during the winter months had failed to materialize. As for me, I frankly admit that sleeping always was my first choice of hobbies.

The new communications regime arrived last month in the person of Charles Swim who will replace Bob Leise as CACOM. Bob meandered over to Nome. Since Pete Stocum has made it mandatory for everyone here to have a nickname it was decided that "Mert" would be an adequate substitute for Charles M. Swim. Mert hails from Fairbanks which a spy informs us is the land of ulcers, high blood pressure - and raw nerves. Mert neither confirms nor denies this. The Swim family is rounded out by Jo (Mrs. Swim) and the two little Swims named Karen and Merrill. It looked for a while like the whole outfit was going to have to live in a tent but finally, after an interim of doubling up, satisfactory housing arrangements were made so everything has returned to normal.

We had our annual Fourth of July picnic this month but this time it had to be held in the utility building since Ma Nature kicked up some high winds that day. Everyone got potatoe salad and other delicacies; an exhibition of ballroom dancing was given by Pete Stocum and Jacqueline Livesay. They were very graceful. They only fell down once. Someone remarked that this particular Fourth of July commemorated the 173rd anniversary

of our glorious Republic but no one ventured to comment on this for fear of being investigated. The day's festivities were topped by a ping pong tournament which was won by the team wearing the sky blue pink kimonos.

Probably by the time this is in print ACCOM Danny Calloway will have left us to take up his new Accoming duties at Haines. A new communicator is being assigned to Moses Point from the Oklahoma City training center. In order not to disrupt the balance of life here this new man will have to be a Democrat, a poker player, a hot beer drinker, and have a preference for night duty. If he meets these qualifications he is well on his way toward becoming the administrator of federal airways.

Now that Moses Point is no longer on circuit 305 the communicators here wish to take this opportunity to bid farewell to their former inmates of that circuit as adjoining stations. We know that Galena, Tanana, Fairbanks, and Unalakleet (not to mention McGrath and Skwentna) will miss our cheery voices and melodious fists but they will all just have to get by somehow. Our pity goes out to the frustrated 305 operator at Fairbanks who always had three or four Pan American load messages to send five minutes before the mid-watch operator here was to be relieved. Don't despair men - we're only on standby status and you might hear more of us yet.

There is no new word on the Sea Monster of Norton Sound but he is bound to show up soon. See you next month.

--THE PROPHET



## BANGKOK-

(Continued from page 8)

And after seeing the "steel structure" all of these new buildings going up and learning it is of bamboo - it's a marvel to me how the upper stories ever stay; and many of the new buildings have six and eight floors. For all the hand work the outcome is very modernistic.

"The workers next door had quarters in the walled inner courtyard just below our window and it was a fascinating sight to watch from our third flight these jabbering gesticulating Chinese as they ate dinner. Each of the two tables was completely surrounded with six or eight natives sitting on stools, filling their soup bowls from the large dish in the center of the table, reaching with their chop-sticks into the various other dishes with bean sprouts, greens, rice, etc. Occasionally each would retreat to a side table for replenishing his dish with some other food. That shot should be a good one, except that only a movie camera would do it justice. (No doubt a similar shot of a dinner table surrounded by hungry Americans and Englishmen taking the shortest distance between available food and starvation would be just as amusing to these Chinese).

"After having our trip postponed one day, we had a nice flight to Bangkok. Having mangoes served enroute added just that tropical touch, getting us acquainted with all those exotic fruits we would be getting three times a day. Miles of rice paddies stretched out below us, some flooded with water from the canals, others dry, perhaps awaiting the rains which we were to learn had not yet arrived in Siam. Mountains border toward its outer boundaries, but central Siam is very flat, just a few feet above sea level. Don Muang airport is about ten miles north of Bangkok, but the pilot first circled the city so that we had a wonderful aerial view of the winding Menam River and the many canals and colorful temples throughout the city.

"One doesn't get into the writing mood very often over here, I'm finding. In fact not into any very special mood that requires action. Except the inert action of feeling drowsy and wanting to sleep. So it seems I shall be wanting to make up for any and all sleep lost the past three years in Alaska, due to sheer not-wanting to do anything else. They say this lackadaisical attitude lasts perhaps three or four weeks - probably longer for us natural sleepy-heads.

"Here at the American Club where I am staying it is all quite casual in a resort sort of way. The barest of sandals and the barest of legs, along with swimming togs, golf, tennis and badminton. I hope to join the Royal Bangkok Sports Club; that's about the only place to get exercise. They have the only swimming pool in the area. It's really a men's club, but single girls can have the privileges of the pool. The temperature has been in the 80's and 90's since my arrival and probably will continue until the rains start and then it should be some cooler.

"Most of the houses aren't screened - and I'm certainly thankful for the screens here at the Club. That is another reason I may stay here. The natives seem to feel that screens keep out the air - they prefer their breeze a la mosquitoes, bats, sparrows and crows.

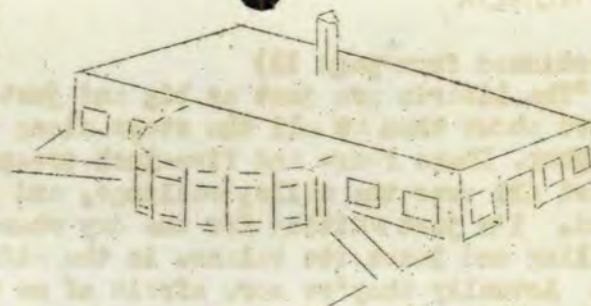
"Having 3 or 4 servants around, even as here at the Club, is pretty nice.....  
"Boy, bring tea and sandwiches"--"Boy, bring a magazine." And this leaving your dirty clothes that you want washed, lying in the middle of the floor, and those you want pressed thrown across the bed, and returning later to find them all nice and clean, is rather nice, too. But no doubt it will take my mother no time at all to get me back into Stateside habits, once I get back home.

(Continued on page 14)



# SHOP SHAPE

NEW  
AIRPORT  
500 FT.



## OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF THE MECHANICS:

Arnie, describing the weight of some iron stock: "I'd take at least four Swedes to lift it."

Max: "I've taught him all I know and he still knows nothing!"

"! \* xmybtz X ? & # % & ' ) \* "

Swede: "Yee - ow w!"

And from one of the radio engineers of the Regional Office comes this sage suggestion: "There's nothing wrong with Anchorage that an atomic bomb wouldn't cure."

The night watchman's strawberry patch looks inviting with the plants waxing strong and prolific with blossoms. Can't you envision that saucer heaped high with luscious red fruit, the berries sprinkled generously with sugar and drowned in thick cream? Mm - m - m!

Our "Bob" population has increased to four, PFC Robert Shanks is assisting in the Bosch Room for an indefinite period.

Some of the boys are or have been vacationing in one way and another. Ed Ballard and Emmott Karsten spent a week seal hunting out on the Inlet. 'Twas rugged, what with the rain and the wind and the waves at odds, and they didn't get any seal but they had a holluva good time!

Otto Schneider flew out in mid-June to drive his family back over the highway and made record time - got back into Anchorage at noon of the 27th.

Karsten leaves soon to bring his family back from Montana, brand new son included.

Ira Pollard took a couple of weeks to visit with his daughter, here from Outside.

Bill Butler is taking some annual in July when his wife returns from hospitalization in Seattle.

Bob Hartwig is fishing.

And Fred Pollard continues to house build afternoons, weather permitting.

## HOUSE FOR RENT

The robin's nest built under a protecting ledge on an old overhead loader in the yard is empty - very empty.

Three of the four bluish-green eggs hatched into triplets and Mama Robin was very busy worm-hunting for several days. She didn't object too strenuously to our viewing her young, though she stayed close-by cheeping nervously. She thoroughly disliked "Sister", Bill Butler's little wire-haired terrier - though poor Sister was completely innocent of evil intention, we are sure. The naked baby-Robins, all mouth, grew rapidly into fluffy, feathery birdhood, and the last time we saw them they fairly overflowed the nest. Then the next day they were gone - not so much as a feather was to be found in the vicinity of the nest. Though we've looked each day since, we have had no further clue as to their disappearance and it makes us sad. We'd anticipate watching the little fellows come of age in all their clumsy, spotted glory - then leave the nest to make their way in this erratic world alone. But Maybe in the life of a bird this takes but a few hours. Anyway the Shop has;

TO LET: A one room house; well built; light and airy; elevated for protection; excellent foundation. Open to the public 24 hours a day.



(Continued from page 12)

"The lizards are just as big and just as numerous as people had predicted. I had heard about them at all the stops along the way from our men who had been out to Bangkok. These four- and five-inch creepy looking things (the lizards, that is) crawl all over the walls, ceilings, and screens in search of insects and bugs for food. I'm just waiting for the day when one tires of clinging upside down on the ceiling and loses its balance in the middle of the night, only to drop into bed with me. Actually they're more afraid of me than I am of them (they say), and with all the good they do in feasting on otherwise poisonous and injurious pests, I should be happy to have them around. Besides, it isn't always that one can be sung to sleep with the lullaby of several cheerful chirping lizards, so I believe I'll let them stay; after all. Of course I haven't seen the big 3 and 4 foot lizards. They're out about the yard, and their song is more like the quacking of a duck - or the a-capella chorus of scores of frogs croaking in unison - I can't seem to figure out which. Now if I should wake up to find one of them in bed with me - well, all the King's elephants and all the King's men will not be able to restore peace for some time afterwards.

"I have been riding in a petticab several times--these little two-place tri-cycles propelled by a driver who sits out in front as if riding in a three-wheeled bicycle. Most of the roads are just barely wide enough for two lanes of traffic. By the time you have cars and wide, open truck-like buses going both directions, then a lane of petticabs, or samlores, winding in and out on each side of the road, bounded on the outer lanes by native pedestrians balancing their poles over their shoulders with baskets of most anything from sand or fruit to whisk brooms and brushes or limeade for sale, all, mind you, on this original road built for two lanes of traffic, you can imagine the pandemonium. It is really quite exhausting for a back-seat driver. They are discussing the idea of one-way streets, for certain areas. All traffic is on the left-hand side of the road, and cars built for the area have the steering wheel on the right-hand side. So when crossing streets I must remind myself that I now must first look to the right rather than to the left as back home. Now if I had only been left-handed to begin with---

"In the one million population of Bangkok are a great many Chinese - about 1/5 -- and 150 Americans. Of those 150, 65 are at the Embassy. The larger merchants and tradesmen about town are Chinese. The Siamese are skillful in silver work. This Nielle work whereby they oxidize the silver to make the design stand out against a black background is quite effective, and is made up into bracelets, rings, earrings etc. There are beautiful hand-wrought silver coffee and tea sets, too, on these huge sterling trays to catch the eye as one window shops. Teakwood furniture is quite the thing, and they have some that is quite good looking. As for materials, heavy linens seem to be their specialty, but with 90-degree temperatures so far, I haven't gone in for that as yet.

"I am certainly enjoying the huge pineapples, papayas, mangoes, delicious bananas, along with pomelos, mangestines, custard apples, and several other exotic fruits that I haven't been able to find the English name for, but which nevertheless are quite interesting experiences to delve into. Having to cook all vegetables does away with salads, which I dearly love. Newcomers have to be careful about the water, too, to make sure drinking water is boiled. We have a thermos of fresh water in our rooms here at the American Club, for drinking and washing the teeth. A good many of these people who have lived in the Orient for fifteen and twenty years have pretty well acclimated themselves, and don't have to take some of these precautions.

(Continued on page 16)



# WAREHOUSE WAILS

The Warehouse has been in a bit of a turmoil lately. The coming of the new fiscal year has brought very little save tremendous headaches over the annual inventory. Not only must we keep up with the regular problem of requisitions, invoices, and such, but we also have to worry about where, why, how much, and what everything is. It's possible that we all have our little troubles, but we can't quite understand why they all eventually accumulate at the Warehouse. 'Tis a problem, but pages and pages, and worn-out pencils later, we're beginning to see the end.

As usual, there is an ever unending stream of new personnel. Seems that we just begin to know a person, find out his family history, and dig up all the latest dirt about him, when he leaves.

Grace Dillon, formerly of the shipping office has left for greener pastures, or should I say, better fishing grounds. She and her husband have turned into fishermen for the summer, and are sailing up and down the Inlet. Fun, if you like boats, water, and smelly old fish. We'll all miss her, for Grace is the type of person everyone likes to have around.

Walt Williams has also left us. The place won't be the same without him. We are all so used to seeing him hurrying through the office worrying about something. He is transferring up to Contracts, but first is taking a much-needed vacation and traveling about his old stomping grounds - Idaho.

Burt Marsch will be taking Walt's place, but as yet, we don't know who is to take Burt's job.

Susan Marchland has taken over Grace's job. She's an old-timer with CAA, having worked with Airways Communications before.

In the outer Warehouse, heading the list of new personnel, is Ray Coffin. Ray is from Pennsylvania, and has been in Alaska for about three years. He attends the University of Alaska in the winter, and is majoring in Mining Engineering. The spirit of Alaska seems to have caught him, and I rather think he's here to stay.

Harold Cottrill, Packing Room, is from South Dakota. He's been in Alaska for about five months, and I think he's just about ready to return to S. D.

Emmett Betts works down in Army with Hobart. He is from Salt Lake City as of three months ago. He has hopes of getting a homestead and settling down to become an old Alaskan.

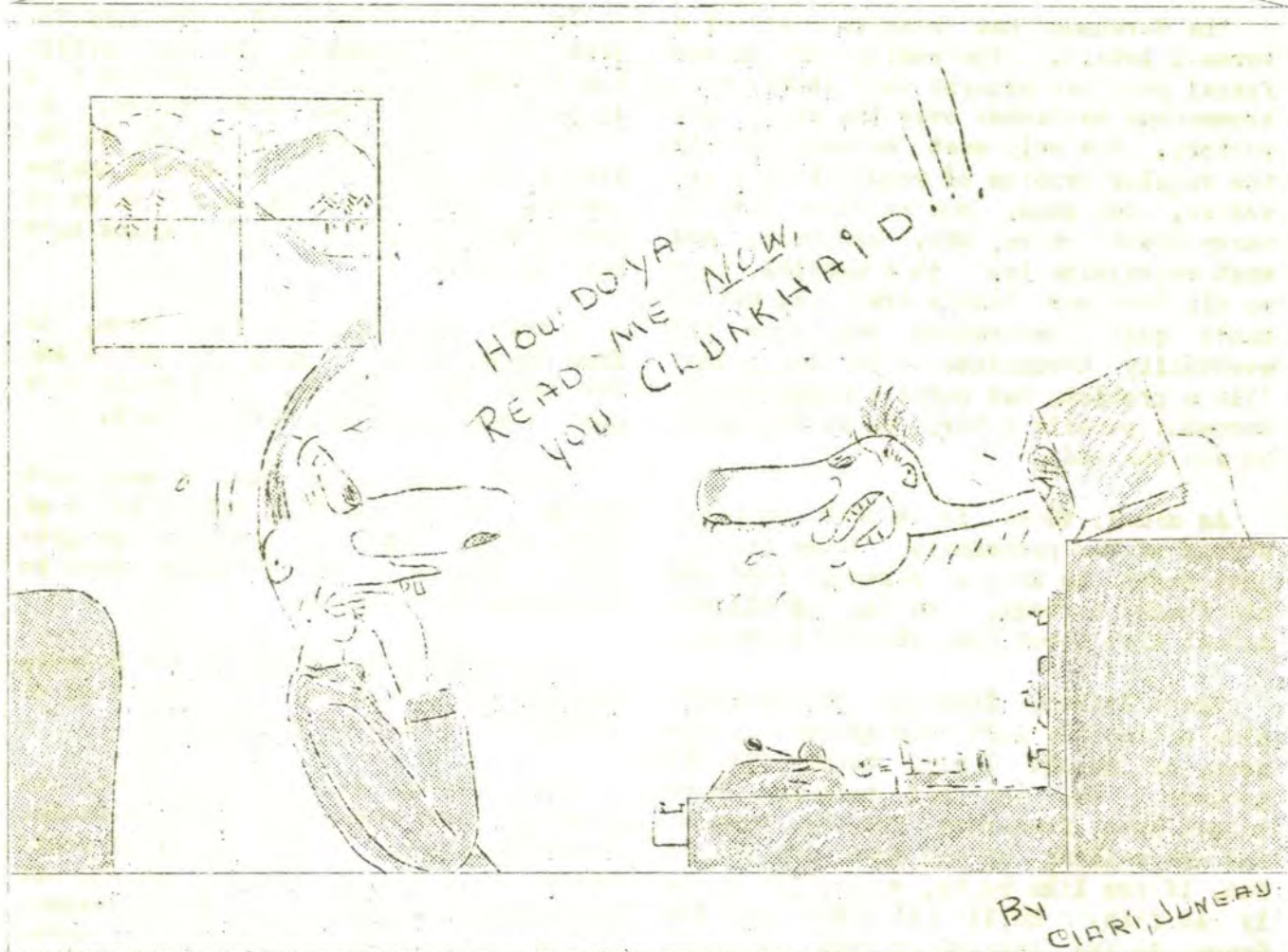
Norman Williams is Bill Cox's helper, and is from San Diego. He too plans on becoming a permanent resident.

Dick Owsley is our new radio and teletype parts man. He's from Honolulu. From one extreme to the other I would think. He liked it from the start, but as everyone told me when I first arrived quote; "Wait 'til winter before you're sure you want to stay."

Frank Bobish, our mail man, can practically call himself an Alaskan, since he's been here for five years. Frank is President of the Alaska Model Association. (Model airplanes, that is). He is interested in starting a model air club for older men here. 'Taint just kid stuff, you know. He says that already he's found quite a number of CAA men who are interested, and if there are any others who would like to join, give him a call on CAA 17.

With summer apparently here to stay, we are all busy with our summer plans. Burt keeps telling us all about the big  
(Continued on page 26)





BANGKOK -

(Continued from page 14)

"As for the Siamese people themselves, and the countryside, most of that will have to wait until I have been around more among the people themselves, and gotten to see more of the country. In the meantime, do let me hear from you, and I will promise to make the reply soon after."

/s/ Mary Sommer

Note: We are waiting for the next installment, Mary, so please start jotting down things for your Mukluk audience and have the second edition ready for us in the near future. Your new home sounds most interesting except the lizards - you may keep every one of those!!....Editor.



# HAINES LOWLITES

First, an animal story:

Once upon a time there were three bears. The first bear was a great big bear and he hung around the station at Haines most of the time. The second was a middle size bear and he spent lots of time in Harry's Bar in town. The third was a nice little bear who worked real hard waxing the floor between aircraft contacts, a very difficult thing to do.

One day the middle size bear went to town and didn't come home that night. His wife was very unhappy. The next morning the great big bear walked into the station and roared, "Who the hell has been sleeping on my desk??" The nice little bear looked up from his work and said, "Gee Pal, honest it wasn't me...or I."

"Me is right," said the big bear.

"Yes Boss, you is always right," the little bear said. And he went back to his waxing because everyone know it was getting close to station inspection time.

So the big bear sat down beside his crumpled desk and fell to muttering. You see, nobody would mind if the little bear would mutter because he was so quiet. But a big bear muttering is another matter. When the big bear suddenly said, "How low can he get?" the little bear jumped and said, "Minimum altitude over Haines is 9000 feet."

"Now I know," said the big bear and he forthwith dashed off a station memorandum and left a place at the bottom for the middle size bear to put his initials. This is what he wrote:

"Beds are to be preferred for sleeping. The management frowns on sleeping on mids. However, due to the apparent shortage of beds away from home, a mid is the next best thing to sleep on. Any bear NOT on mids or beds may use the bookcase in an emergency but I will not tolerate further somnolent usage of my desk."

And of course, everybody lived happily ever afterward.

In passing, I just finished reading Manop Shute's latest complaint. Reference 8-B5 quote "A uniform flow of language without hesitation is necessary... etc" unquote. Which reminds me of the day we had a gal visitor at the station while Shute was busy on watch. With his "uniform" flow of language, he was calling Eldred Rock for their weather like this. "NMW50 DE KEQT GA UR WX"..... only it sounded like this:

"NANMIKEWILLIAMFIVEZERO this is KINGSYQUEENTARE GOAHEAD URWETHER." Of course it all makes perfect sense if you know ahead of time what he's going to say...but this gal visitor whispers to me, "What's he doing?? What's that mean?" So I explain that he is talking by radio to a Coast Guard Station.

"My, my, isn't that thrilling. Who is KINGSYQUEENSYTARE??"

"That's us," I answer.

"Oh, I see. Odd isn't it?" Uh huh.

In the same vein, a new type of uniform language is heard around the station each time the mail arrives...composed of connect invectives. It seems that our "Dear old friend, ex bosom-buddy, one Whitey Machin" instead of resting his weary legs on a genuine walnut desk at the RO, is taking fiendish delight in sending cute little letters in the form of discrepancies to his "Old Buddies" at Haines. I can see him now, sitting in front of a row of teletype machines and scanning every Haines entry with a magnifying glass for misplaced commas etc., thumbing through a stack of B-manuals with his left hand and filling out Forms 223A with his right. Shades of Nayer, sure wish Shute would dash off another poem about CEMO, just to refresh (see page 18)



(Continued from page 17)

Whitey's memory of the days when he was on the receiving end of these cute little notes and scratching his head trying to think up original explanations..like "Tape caught on chair" ad infem. Whitey taught me that one himself when I received my first gold-edged discrep.

Just to help Whitey out on this project and show that there are no hard feelings (#@!#!), we have prepared a decoding table for his use in analyzing returned 223A forms.

#### EXCUSE FOR LATE OR MISSING WX

"Tape caught on chair..." (means) "I was just in the middle of the 14th chapter of "Forever Amber" and forgot to look at the clock."

"Clock stopped, reset by WWV and entered PDW 30 mins late"...(means) "I did not hear my alarm clock so I slept right on through the sequence."

"Busy contacting an aircraft and not enter on time".....(means) "was shooting the breeze with a beautiful blonde on the telephone..and time stood still."

"If JNU waited, it was a short 5 seconds and they jumped in ahead of Haines....." (means) "Was doping off at seq time and when I noticed the time it was 35 mins past. JNU should have waited at least 3 mins longer."

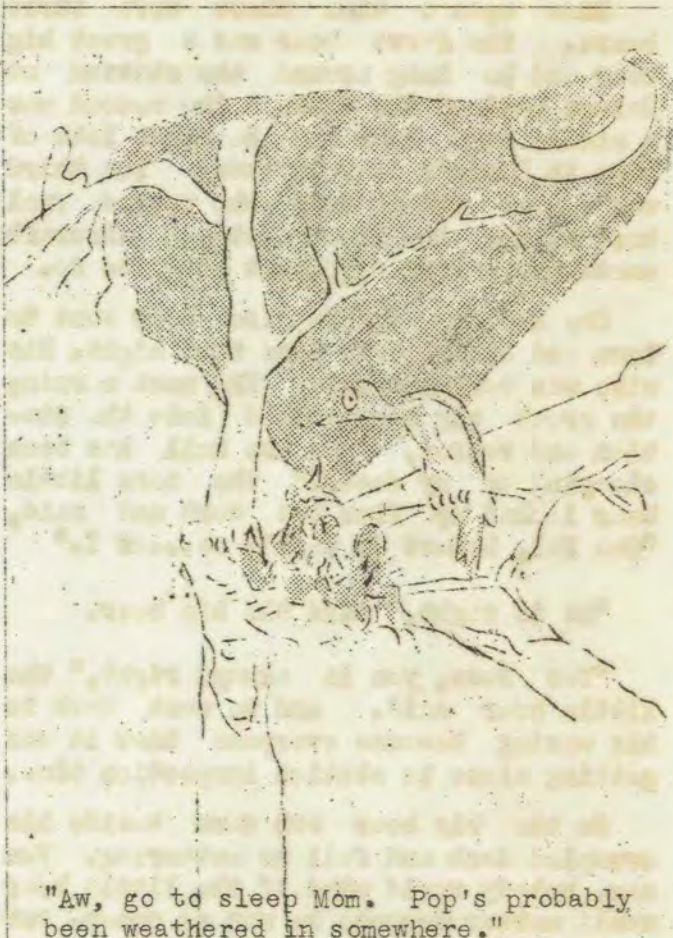
"malfunctioning of equipment"..(means) "Even if the MPIC sees this, he won't remember whether it was true or not."

"Communicator responsible was transferred to another station"..(means) "Better the absent should bear the burden."

"Quote from 406. Tape tore on wastepaper basket.." (means) "It was the best excuse I could think of at the time I made the log entry. Sounds pretty corny to me now but guess I'm stuck with it."

#### FOR SALE

FOR SALE: Singer Sewing Machine. Pedal model. Not electric. \$45.00  
Beth Henley, CAA Ext. 68



"Aw, go to sleep Mom. Pop's probably been weathered in somewhere."

"Reference reviewed and understood"..... (means) "You got me cold on this one."

Practically no "newsy notes" to report except that Dick Aukerman is still hard at work building his new house and has taken time out to ask me to extend his thanks to all of you who so thoughtfully contributed to ease the shock of his loss when his house burned to the ground several months ago. The walls are up, roof on, and interior partitions are being finished now. However, he is still using newspapers for windows until the shipment arrives from Seattle.

"Midwatch Marty".



# ACCOUNTS

When Chief Percolator Stubbs gets on the wire and calls the reporter for Accounts Section, "Knucklehead, get on de ball and give with some news", it is high time that I produce.

Mrs. Carl (Alice) Bronn resigned as of June 11th after almost two years service in Accounts Section. Mrs. Bronn and her husband, Lieutenant Colonel Bronn who is stationed at Ft. Richardson, will be leaving for the States in a few weeks upon his completion of duty in Alaska. We are going to miss Alice, (better known as Moo). Her "puns" kept our morale high when things were tough sled-ding in Accounts.

After having given seven years service to CAA Estelle Cole leaves Audit. Mrs. Cole resigned July 9th and will be going outside with her husband on a combined business and pleasure trip for a couple of months. We are very sorry to see our friends leave us and we extend our sincerest wishes for their good luck.

As we have said "Goodbye" to two of our fellow workers, we at the same time welcome two newcomers to our Section. Mrs. Richard (Sadie) Owsley and Mrs. Lucile C. Foster.

The Owsleys are recent arrivals in Anchorage from Honolulu, Hawaii and both are new employees of CAA.

Mrs. Harvey (Elvie) Hedlund and husband have just returned from a six weeks vacation trip to Chicago. The Hedlunds enjoyed swimming and sun-tanning while Outside and went gaga over a tube of tomatoes (15¢) as compared to Anchorage. Employment isn't so encouraging in Chicago, says Evie. Food prices are cheaper, but meat is pretty high. The Hedlunds purchased a new plane and cruised back via Federal Airways at the speed of 120 miles per hour, spending 31 hours in

the air. Glad to see you back safe - Evie.

Sadie Owsley, pleasantly surprised us with beautiful leis of baby orchids - airbourne from Hawaii. Sadie placed one on Nina Cox, our chief. Nina was so delighted that her face beamed and with a bustle she was off to the offices in the Federal Building to display her newly acquired possession. We couldn't blame Nina, for the leis were breath-takenly Beautiful. (She did the Hula, too..Ed)

As a farewell gift from the girls in Accounts Section, Estelle Cole was presented with a beautiful lei of baby orchids from Hawaii, in addition to the lovely luncheon and gifts presented to her by her fellow workers of all CAA at the Jade Room Thursday Noon, July 7th.

--Clea Harwick



"You'll have to hang up now, Mr. Watson; There's someboby else waiting to bawl me out,"



# CIVAIR 8 HAS PICNIC

The Civair 8 Club Annual Picnic was held on Sunday, July 24th at Briercrest on Raspberry Road - just far enough out of town to get away from the dust and noise. There were approximately 125 persons in attendance - that, however, does not account for the younger set (under five years of age). Although the weather was not entirely in our favor, it was warm and comfortable and everyone had an opportunity to relax and enjoy the games that had been planned.

The following events were held and those who were the lucky winners are also listed below:

Foot Race (50 feet) John Jackson  
Eskimo Race (all fours) John Jackson

Wheel Barrow Race - Sharon and Janet McGowan  
Backward Race - Mike Lowenstein

Three-Legged Race - Sharon McGowan and Bonnie Beuter  
Shoe Race - Carolyn Dingman  
Potato Race - Peter Krogseng

Medicine Ball backward throw - Dale Gorsuch  
Hop Race - Bonnie Beuter  
Potato Race - (name of winner unknown at this writing)

Rolling Pin Toss - Virginia Carter  
Diaper Pinning Contest - Bill Clayton  
Egg Toss - Mr. and Mrs. Bob Thomas

Everyone seemed to enjoy the food that was prepared for those who attended the picnic. There were plenty of hotdogs, hamburgers, potato chips, pickles, relish, mustard, coffee, cookies and soda.

The committee members were as follows:

Chairman - Richard R. Stryker

Tickets and Publicity - Connie Clayton  
Margaret Trimmer  
Alberta Bigelow  
Ralph Westover  
Eleanor Tierney  
Doris Phillips  
Lois Ransier  
Lois Wright  
Loe Marlowe

Games and Prizes - Eugene Scharnok  
Lloyd Schneider  
Andy Earles  
Norm Lowenstein  
Marilyn Wissler

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# WOODY ISLAND WOODPECKERS

Dispositions are anything but pleasant on Woody Island at the present time of writing and not because of the usual reason....too much champagne. Everyone on Woody seems to be moving these days. For months the island had been invaded by construction men (yes, Red Wilkins was here) who have been building more suitable living quarters for the personnel. Married couples have long enjoyed the comfort and convenience of nicely furnished apartments and now it would seem the single men are going to have the opportunity to burn their fingers on the kitchen stove. It will give the men a big taste of domesticity...very good for those who plan to marry. For others well...they will realize the Heaven of many more years of bachelorhood.

In order for the single men to occupy their new quarters, it was necessary for all personnel on the island to move. The Jones' now live where the Smiths' lived - the Browns' where the Greens' were...the people of the west side of Woody moved to the east and those on the east to the west. Indeed it was amusing to watch the movers loading their belongings into the nice new CAA moving vans, (a half ton worn out surplus Army vehicle) and take to the dusty trail leading to the other side of the island. As the dust enveloped the truck and the belongings flapped in the wind, one couldn't help but think of "The Grapes of Wrath". But everyone seems to be getting moved.

Most of the men like their new quarters, I think. It is so nice and chummy with four single men sharing one kitchen. It would be easier to get along with a wife and kids. Of course there is one advantage...there are four hands for bridge...or is it poker? The man who can live peaceably with three other personalities will have had better training in diplomacy than most of our present Ambassadors to foreign countries.

It is rumored that Woody Island will in time be inhabited entirely by married couples. The consensus of opinion seems to be that married men have a more permanent nature. I have always believed that it was because they were trapped more or less and couldn't move. The single man can travel so much more easily, usually speaks his mind a little more freely and winds up traveling a little more often. My purpose here however, is not to arouse discontent in the married man for I have almost been captured myself.

A beautiful new eight-apartment unit is now under construction on Woody. Completion is expected sometime after the first of the year. It really is very nice....something that all married couples would like to live in. The back yard tapers off down to a lake..... the front overlooks the sea through the Messhall Building. But if you would keep your shades pulled down that wouldn't bother you. However, the apartments will be very nice when completed even though 'Red' Wilkins isn't here to supervise the completion.

The communications station is undergoing improvements. In a short while we will no doubt be known as "The Anchorage of the Aleutians." Practically all CAA Circuits are being replaced by teletype which will give us a majority of voice and teletype circuits in the very near future. So, if there are any communicators who, like me, do not believe the "bug" will ever replace the key, Woody Island is your spot. The climate is mild, we have lots of parties on foggy nights and some of the fellows have even seen a single girl in Kodiak Village.

New faces are always popping up in the Alaskan CAA. A lot of the old ones disappear too. The latest addition to Woody is Earl Card, a Tennessee boy,  
(Continued on page 22)



## WOODY ISLAND-

just up from Oklahoma City. Two more communicators are expected to arrive from OKC around the 15th of July. Felton Jackson arrived from Sateside with wife and family. However, he is an old timer with the CAA. For some time he was Chief with CAA in Alaska, received Stateside duty and then returned to the Frozen North. Harold McClelland resigned after 3 years in Alaska to return to the rugged life in the States. Bob Cross left recently for the States. His plans were to attend college in Denver. He left with his beard on. Just back from leave Outside is Charles Irwin who came here recently from Nome. On leave at present is Nick Lambas. It has been rumored that he might return with a wife but surely he wouldn't do a thing like that. Rushing the starting gate is Quentin Idso, who is looking forward to leave in the States. What a clutch hitter this boy is; I understand that Golden Boy Creasman, manager of the single men's softball team is trying to bribe Station Manager Valentincic to get Idso's leave set back until after ball season. Personally I think he should let him go and concentrate on saving his money for his rash bets on Cleveland's celebrated Indians'.

Perhaps it is a gamble whether or not parents will have a boy or a girl....but the stakes are pretty great in the household of Paul C. Leonard...the "C" is for conscious, which he is generally just barely. Mr. Leonard seems positive he will have a girl or rather that his wife will...so positive in fact, that he has insisted that all communicators take a \$5.00 bet that it will be a boy. Never have so many single men wanted a boy. Paul's great calmness has all of us worried. How can he be so sure of a girl? Perhaps he has had a dream foretelling the future. (It's probably already born and he's got it locked up in a closet). Anyway our anxiety will soon be over for the great event is to be in July. Even a minute baby-pool has been established and the minutes selling for a dollar each. If the doctor could only know how

much the financial status of one man depends on the recorded time of birth. Asked what she thought of all this, Mrs. Leonard only replied, "The baby has got to learn sometime...it might as well be now." Personally I rather hope that the Leonards have a girl even though it would mean losing a few of my hoarded dollars. For imagine how angry Mr. Leonard could become at the poor child when he has to walk the floor in the middle of the night. There is no doubt about it. A baby is an expensive adventure.

--Norman D. Spencer

While we're at it let's stick in a few lines regarding the sports situation at Woody. Woody Island Municipal Stadium has been an active spot for the last few weeks. To start off the season, the local softball team from Kodiak traveled to Woody to play an exhibition game with the WDY gang. Sorry to report that we lost by a margin of one run, but we talked ourselves into the fact that it was at least a moral victory. Great and wondrous things happened during the game despite the fact that it was pretty much of a pitchers' duel twixt our own Curt Tyree and a very fine pitcher from the Village. The probable reason for the loss can only be traced to the fact that Goldenboy (formerly known as Nature Boy) Creasman, didn't get the letter from Lou Boudreau in time for the game. You see he and Lou correspond quite regularly, Goldenboy explaining the situation, type of players and other conditions affecting a game well in advance, and Lou writes back setting up the strategy to be used, and in turn will generally pose several problems of his own which Golden Boy squares him away on. If you will examine the Major League record of the Cleveland Indians for the early part of the season, you will find that they hit quite a slump for several weeks. We in the know understand that this was during a particularly bad spell of weather and the mail was consistently being fouled up - and Lou hadn't been getting Nature Boy's letters.

(Continued on page 24)



# KOTZEBUE

On arrival of each new Mukluk I get the urge to write an article telling the poor Southerners how WE do things but usually my better judgement takes control and I resist the urge - but here I am serving solitary confinement on the midwatch, and any hospital will tell you that people's resistance is weaker in the small hours of the morning.

I really have blushed to bring the name of Kotzebue before the public since being corrected by Barrow on the matter of who has the Farthest North Movie Theatre. I have not dared tell Archie that his has been outdistanced; it would break his heart. I remember Moses Point had an item about someone dog-teaming several miles for a movie, and we nearly matched that here last winter. There had been a spell of bad weather and no films received, so when they finally did arrive, everyone in town came to the show, but the theatre having been closed for several days, the stove was out of order, and we all sat there in a temperature of fifteen below to see a movie ten years old. I am going to have this certified by a Notary for attachment to my application for Morningside.

However, conditions are better now, and all the snow was off the ground for the Fourth of July. We got a bit of sardonic humor out of the fact that our request for a work order for snow removal from the CAA Field during the quarter of April, May and June was turned down with the notation, "Necessity Doubtful". But as I started to say before I got bitter, we had a very successful Fourth of July celebration. A collection was taken up to provide prizes for the winner of the boat race, and it happily turned out there were first, second and third prizes and only three entrants, so everyone was well satisfied. In the evening a dance was held in the schoolhouse, but unhappily all the able-bodied Eskimo men are off at the Bristol Bay

canneries. However, the few entrants available did yeoman duty. Incidentally old-time Eskimo dances are staged every Saturday night for the tourists, but when the natives dance for their own pleasure they do all the modern steps and make the style we learned at the Waneta Grange back in 1934 look a little outmoded.

Summer is eating season again. A fellow had 74 fish in his net the other day, and we saw two Beluga (whale) being cut up on the beach tonight, so the dogs and people are getting some meat on their ribs. We get a little impatient with tourists who complain that the natives are cruel when they see how poor and how thin the dogs look in the spring. They do not realize that the people are just as thin under their parkas. They share alike with their dogs, but everybody goes hungry in the Spring. You see a group of women sitting on the ice fishing - they are giggling and having a fine time, but they sit there all day and far into the night. Unless they can catch a fish there is no use going home to dinner.

Well, I musn't complain about tourists, as we are going on leave soon and will probably astound the natives of Anchorage as much as our tourists here amaze and amuse us. (Already I have brought my shoes out of the trunk and worn them for a couple of days, and I wonder about the impact of those high heels on cement sidewalks.)

DEAR R. O.: Please don't think I mean anything against CAA visitors; they are much smarter than the usual run of tourists, and we have really been having a spring run of them; like salmon. It began the first day of May with lawyers Curts and Buchanan of the CAB, and their secretary, who came up to hold a hearing which took about fifteen minutes, and

(Continued on page 34)



## WOODY ISLAND-

(Continued from page 22)

If any of you good people think that maybe I'm kidding in the above paragraph, please be advised that I write in all seriousness. Further, if any of you sports fans out there in the field would like to know anything at all pertaining to Major League Ball, anything at all....such as what Ty Cobb hit in 1928 or how many games the Indians played with the Yankees last week, etc., please don't hesitate to write to Golden Boy in care of this station, because he advises that he will be only too glad to give you the straight skinny on the deal. It's not probable you understand, but in the event that someone poses a query which he cannot answer, he can find out from Phil Hall (Sterling Base-runner) who has back copies of the Sporting News for the last 17 years. Don't forget now. Getting back to sports as pertains to Woody, we find that after the game with the Village Nine, we had a short series (two games to be exact) between the single men and the married. Well, here again with the aid of some timely correspondence from the Cleveland Mentor, the single men won. Both games. After all, all we had was a softball team. Actually with his managerial ability, I firmly believe that he could throw nine sacks of spuds out there and win. Usually there is more heckling going on than ball playing, but we all get a kick out of it.

See you next time with more sporting news. Don't forget to write Goldenboy. If you like, you may address him through Mukluk Telegraph, Room 201, Federal Bldg. Someone will read it to him.

--Someone Else

A fellow went up to the gate of a nudist camp on a chilly day and asked to be admitted.

"Nothing doing," the guard spoke up. "This is a nudist camp. You can't come in here with that blue suit on."

"This isn't a blue suit," chattered the visitor. "I'm cold!"

## ANCHORAGE STATION HAS BIG SHINDIG

Financed by the Recreation Fund, Anchorage Facility personnel staged a most successful picnic July 3rd. This was one of the first really fine days of the season, without a cloud in the sky. The locale chosen was a pleasant spot alongside a creek near Campbell air strip, about seven miles out from town. The Recreation Committee furnished several hundred sandwiches, and cases and cases of beer and pop. The latter soon reached a fine state of coolness when placed in the swift running waters of the creek.

Estimated attendance was approximately 200 persons, and the affair lasted into the next morning hours as all watches participated upon coming off duty. The proximity of Campbell air strip prompted some personnel to fly over from Merrill. The mosquitoes bothered some, but others appeared immune, including the Station Manager. Quipped he: "If a mosquito bit me, it would fall down dead - drunk!"

Relaxation was the order of the day, with shop talk general. Some horseplay resulted when a character named Rhoads could not resist the temptation to push as he stood behind a Gestapo agent (CEMO) and the CACOM's wife. Result: Both fell in the creek. Revenge was very swift, however, and Rhoads soon sailed through the air to land smack in the middle of said creek. Being an old salt, Rhoads decided to float down a ways for the ride. A chunky lady, stranger to the party, decided he was in danger and leaped in, clothes and all for a daring rescue, and dragged him out. It was with some difficulty that she was convinced there had been no danger.

The consensus of opinion was that all had an enjoyable outing, and several remarked, "Let's have another soon."



# PERSONALS FROM PERSONNEL

WILMA HIGLEY, covered with dust, but a smile on her face, arrived back safely in Anchorage after returning via the Alaska Highway from her vacation of six weeks which she spent with her family and friends in Washington. Wilma's parents returned with her for a short visit in Anchorage, returning to their home on the Alaska Steamship. They reported meeting heavy snow storms, one while coming over the Divide and the other near Burwash Landing (it was just June). Other than that, the trip was fine. That slick Chevrolet Coupe (ice green) you see zipping around these days, (you guessed it) is Higley's new buggy.

One vacation calls for another and this time a shortie for Gene Scharnek and family who (as this is written) are lulling on the "sands" of Wasilla Lake. I'll bet the mosquitoes are REALLY having fun -- you should see the snazzy pair of trunks Scharnek will be sporting for his sun bathing. We tried our darndest to have him model it for us, but he turned us down cold!

MR. WILLIAMS took a few days leave while in the States on official business, but he says there was nothing of interest to report compared to his fishing trip last weekend on the Russian River right here in our own Alaska. He reported there was nothing but GOOD fishing there.

ALICE AND ROY JOHNSTON, along with friends, spent the last week of June fishing and taking the trip via Richardson Highway to Valdez and back up to Summit and Paxson Lakes. Fishing was wonderful - the grayling even struck at the knots in the leaders (Alice said) - but the weatherman must have been out to lunch and left the switchboard open because it rained, hailed, "snew" and blow all but two days out of the entire time and that was very detrimental to the scenic value of the trip. Maybe next

time Thompson Pass will be something other than "Ceiling Zero" and visibility 5 feet in front of the car. Let's hope so because conversation has it that this is a beautiful trip. It was really a fishing trip tho' and things were really okay from that angle, say the anglers.

GEORGE PERINA does his sunbathing, vacationing and what have you, on his newly acquired lawn. One day it's raining too much, and next day not enough and so it goes, but under George's tender touch it is progressing rapidly, in fact to the point that he has his lawn mower out several times a week. Oh, for the life of a gardner!

CATHERINE FISH is our faithful steno who is not planning a vacation for herself for this summer, but goes happily along with her NPP announcements, reports and more reports, while the rest of the Personnel Division take time out for fishing trips and vacations in the States.

MARIAN BRATTLUND, who replaced Sue Kelly, comes to us from Minnesota and a former Stewardess for Northwest Airlines now keeps your personnel folders on the beam. Marian isn't planning a recreational vacation this year - but who would when she and "Chet" are looking forward to moving into their new home in Spenard by the first of August. What about the house warming, Marian?

PATTY AND BOB THIEL also made a trip over the Fourth down Valdez way. When asked how her trip was, Patty plainly replied: "Just went to Valdez on the Fourth, came back on Monday - eating dust all the way and the mosquitoes were chewing me." She didn't sound a bit happy but I'll bet she did enjoy it anyway if just for the ride in that new Ford Station Wagon.

(Continued on page 26)



## PERSONALS

JEAN SALTING, new typist in Personnel announced that she has become the bride of JOE COLLINS on her birthday, which was July 22. Joe is a Maintenance Technician at the Anchorage Station. The best of luck to both of you!

DOTTIE SPENCER says she hasn't been anywhere but you can't fool us, she is saving up for a six week's vacation at her home in Norwak, California and vicinity, starting sometime around the last of July. When she returns we think there will be news for Mukluk.

THELMA PICKENS has been spending most of her weekend holidays at Lake Spenard, giving moral support to hubby "Pic" who works on his hobby - trying to get his Class "C" Hydroplane and motor running to come in first at the outboard races. Rumors have it IF he ever gets it going it will be the fastest thing on the lake. One thing I know, it isn't the hydroplane that is holding him back - it may be the motor, but more than likely it's some "cockpit" trouble or maybe it's "stage-fright" because it always seems to run on any date but the races. For those who are interested in knowing, the winner of the Class "C" Hydroplane and motor given away at the drawing July Fourth, was Robert Shank, a Fort Richardson man. Miz Pickens was also presented with the most beautiful Heddon Fly Rod and Reel from the Club for selling the largest number of tickets on the boat and motor, so -- Miz Pickenz probably won't be seen around Lake Spenard much anymore - there are no fish there!

Here is a message received not too long ago - we won't identify it, but we will print the body of it:

"REQUEST WAITRESS FOR MESS HALL. PREFER WOMAN TO MEET ALL REQUIREMENTS".????

Definition of a yes-man: He stoops to concur.

## WAREHOUSE

(Continued from page 15)

fish he's going to catch. He reminds me a bit of my kid brother. He's always telling me about the ones he is going to bring me, or the ones that got away, but I have yet to see the results of his hopes.

Mr. Young has that far-away look that can only mean one thing -- his boat. After seeing it in action, I still can't imagine how he manages to keep it upright.

Doris is busy hammering away on her house -- plainly evidenced by numerous smashed fingers, skinned knees, and many other signs, well known to anyone who has attempted this task.

Others look forward to their camping trips, and still others are content to go out to Spenard and kick around in the water.

My summertime dreams are for winter to hurry back. Summer is fine - for mosquitoes, dust, bugs, and other unnameable things, but I'm waiting to drag out the old hickerys and swish down a snowy hill, whether it be standing up on my skis, or sitting down on them. Anyway I always get down.

In case you're wondering where your usual writer is, she's busy struggling with -- Inventory. --Jackie Johnson

## WASHINGTON NEWSMAN

(Continued from page 1)

Mt. McKinley and Mt. Foraker and were taken through Rainy Pass which we understand was quite an experience for the Washington men. Several moose were seen as well as a few bear in their native habitat.

After spending several days in and around Anchorage Mr. Wohl and Mr. Meanea started back over the Highway for their return trip with what we believe will be nothing but pleasant memories and tangible proof of the way of life in Alaska and a sketch of CAA accomplishments in this vast area called the Frozen North.



# PERSONNEL ACTIONS

MAY 27 THROUGH JUNE 26, 1949

## NEW EMPLOYEES

### AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

Charlie F. Hester, Assistant Airport Traffic Controller, Fairbanks  
Jeanette D. Jenkins, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage  
George R. Murphy, Aircraft Communicator, Naknek (transferred from Region 2)  
Clayton M. Olmsted, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage  
Frederick O. Parsons, Jr., Sr. Aircraft Communicator, Juneau, (transferred from Region 6)  
Roy L. Roddy, Aircraft Communicator, Umiat  
Merna M. Stewart, Aircraft Communicator, Annette Island  
E. Alice White, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage  
Allen Lee Woodward, Assistant Airport Traffic Controller, Fairbanks  
Warren R. Wootan, Aircraft Communicator, Juneau (transferred from Region 6)

### AIRCRAFT COMMUNICATORS ENTERED ON DUTY AT OKLAHOMA CITY

Richard Brown, Jr.  
James M. Cusack  
Joseph B. Gude, Jr.  
Robert . Hirn  
Anthony J. Narcisso  
Donald F. Scott  
Albert C. Sisson  
Stephen S. Stokan  
William C. Stone

### ANF COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

George W. Cunningham, Maintenance Technician, Woody Island  
Leonard J. Kalina, Radio Technician, Anchorage  
Thomas L. Robertson, Maintenance Technician, Woody Island

### AIRMAN, AIRCRAFT & FLIGHT OPERATIONS BRANCH

Alice M. Row, Clerk, Juneau

### ANF PLANT & STRUCTURES BRANCH

Lawrence E. Clark, General Mechanic, Anchorage  
Charles E. Weissinger, Jr., Engineering Draftsman, Anchorage

### BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

Anne K. Crawford, Clerk, Anchorage  
Willis Fildes, Storekeeper, Anchorage  
Lucille C. Foster, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage  
Hobart Hefley, General Mechanic, Anchorage

(Continued on page 28)



## PERSONNEL ACTIONS--

Jeanette M. Holzgraf, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage  
Clyde W. Johnson, Aircraft Mechanic, Anchorage  
Sadie M. Owsley, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage

### TRANSFERS TO OTHER REGIONS

James D. Jones, Maintenance Technician, Woody Island transferred Region 4  
Mark P. O'Brien, Aircraft Communicator, Juneau, transferred to Region 6  
W. Paul Wilson, Sr. Aircraft Communicator, Juneau, transferred to Region 6

### RESIGNATIONS

#### AIRMAN, AIRCRAFT & FLIGHT OPERATIONS BRANCH

Isabelle I. Martin, Clerk, Juneau

#### ANF COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

James N. Butchard, Maintenance Technician, Bethel  
Cloyd W. Chamberlain, Radio Technician, Anchorage  
Raymond Leo Gilmartin, Maintenance Technician, Umiat  
Toivo V. Raivo, Radio Technician, Anchorage

#### ANF PLANT & STRUCTURES BRANCH

Elmer J. Anderson, General Mechanic, Port Hoiden  
Edward E. Choatham, General Mechanic, Anchorage  
Grace M. Craig, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage  
Dominic G. Donatello, Airways Engineer, Anchorage  
Rienhold E. Krueger, Airways Engineer, Anchorage  
Florino L. Miles, Engineering Draftsman, Anchorage

#### ANF PLANNING & CONTROL STAFF

Parker W. Nogus

#### BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

Alice M. Brenn, Fiscal Accounting Clerk, Anchorage  
Robert R. Burns, General Mechanic, Anchorage  
Edward L. Craig, Purchase Clerk, Anchorage  
Mary E. McCarty, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage  
Thelma A. McKinney, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage  
Van B. Martin, General Mechanic, Anchorage  
Paul G. Miller, Aircraft Maintenance Inspector, Anchorage  
Corbet Nichols, Storekeeper, Anchorage  
Edith A. Simpson, Clerk, Anchorage  
Mary C. Wyatt, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage

#### AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH



# STEER CLEAR OF FAIRBANKS

## (TRY CALCUTTA)

In a recent issue we stuck our necks way out and invited all of you to spend your vacation at Port Heiden - only kidding of course. This month we have a new problem confronting us just as we were about to tell you all to go to Fairbanks. The following was sent for publication in this issue - and when you have finished reading if you still want to try Fairbanks for a room you may do so, but in the event this discourages you we will be glad to endeavor to reserve a cabin for any of you at Hooper's Holler or Upp Upperson's Filling Station located in front of Gnat's canyon. The only fee Mukluk's Editor wants to collect is in the form of Rainbow Trout or a nice small half of a moose or some other unimportant portion of fresh meat for our frozen food locker. (Where is the article from Fairbanks?? See below;)

To the good people who have descended upon the Fairbanks Communications Station Hotel and Reservation Section - and didn't get too much service;

Here is the score:- The hotel situation is mighty sad. More people than rooms - and all the time. It appears Fairbanks hotel clerks are not allowed to possess the fine quality of compassion and understanding.

We get a request for reservations at the Ritz or Joe's Flop House and we try our best to do right by all of you. However, the procedures and answers are always the same; "No - but maybe we can have something for the Winter Carnival next year". Yes, they are always happy to make a note of it, just in case. Just in case of what I don't know! And as you hang up the phone, there is heard sardonic laughter, probably just a little induction on the line. In desperation we then call our old standby, Arsenic 6000. We get a half-hearted confirmation. We do our best to advise you of our almost futile effort. It seems that for the confirmations we do get approximately 40% of them never show.

This doesn't make the hotel people too happy - and they don't care what has prevented you from keeping your reservation - they DO know you didn't show. For the good of those visitors who will definitely keep their reservations, will you please attempt to advise in time, so cancellation may be properly affected. Here are some suggestions, and I don't want any comments - I have heard them all from the old pals I have at the Nordale and Pioneer Hotels.

TRY YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENCY. Go to Anchorage, or Juneau, or Fort Yukon. Don't come to Fairbanks. Go ANYPLACE but Fairbanks. Blank blank blank.

STAY HOME.

Things aren't really too tough in town, but we who live here, say to those who are intent to spend a few days here; "Have you thought of Mt. McKinley National Park, Circle Hot Springs, Lake Louise or San Francisco, in preference to Fairbanks? They are all very nice, much nicer than this Chena Slough Metropolis. In closing I might add that we want you all to know, that ~~WE~~ know, that ALL OF YOU appreciate the efforts we have made.

/s/ Fairbanks Communications Stn.  
Hotel and Tavern Reservation  
Sympathy Division

R. E. HOFFMAN





## PERSONNEL -

### RESIGNATIONS

#### AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

William Baron, Aircraft Communicator, Yakutat.

William M. Diehl, Jr. Overseas Communicator, Anchorage

Joseph T. LaCroix, Aircraft Communicator, North Dutch Island

Betty I. Leman, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage

Jerome F. Lossing, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage

Gerald J. Root, Aircraft Communicator, Fairbanks

Furnell E. Rowe, Jr., Aircraft Communicator, Gustavus

David Stecko, Aircraft Communicator, Naknek

Alice M. Upson, Communications Operator, Anchorage

David W. Walstrom, Aircraft Communicator, Yakutat

#### AIRCRAFT COMMUNICATORS RESIGNED WHILE AT OKLAHOMA CITY

Thomas B. Cottrell

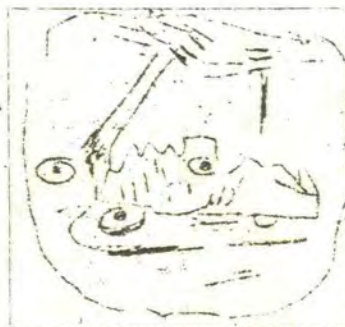
Chester I. Fields

Walter Francis

Rodney C. Johnson

James C. Jones

Arney G. Piersall, Jr.





# FAIRBANKS: TOWN AND COUNTRY

Much rain has descended upon our community during June and did the land of the Midnight Sun a grave injustice. The roads are rutted, the gardens stunted, streams are high and the ominous storm clouds leave us not.

Tourists and local vacationers were given a 24 hour break in the weather to get a look at the sun on June 21st. Most travelers visited Fort Yukon by air, or the mountain peaks north of town by auto to witness the sunset and almost immediate sunrise about midnight.

The American Legion took over the town on the Fourth of July with their annual observance of that holiday. Downtown First Avenue was not recognizable to the resident. Having been decorated for a gala celebration with a typical carnival midway. Profits of the day went to payment of that Cadillac Ambulance once mentioned.

Out at the College, President Bunnell was credited with highest honors and the occasion was labelled President Emeritus Day. The Doc has retired after serving the college for 28 years.

The site of the new airport is awe-inspiring; having been cleared from what used to be a mass of thick undergrowth and a miniature forest. Paving work on the Richardson highway is progressing, but slowly.

At the CAA sweatshop, Station Manager Frank Gray has returned from a vacation and sick-bay visit, Outside. CACOM John Flynn, Acting during Gray's absence, has lowered himself with a grunt into the Chief's chair. How he gets out of it is anyone's guess.

Gray's comment regarding the trip back along the highway sounded like this: "That Packard is sure some car. es Sir. Nothing to it. I drove along

70 or 80 MPH with one finger on the wheel. The brakes are fine too. Had to stop at every gas pump along the way to refuel. Sure hard on gas."

## MAN OF THE MONTH:

Each month, a few paragraphs dedicated to the most popular. This month Fearless "picks on" John B. Flynn, CACOM. At present he's on a good-will tour down the highway visiting Big Delta, Tanacross and Northway.

The gray-haired big-for-his age Flynn is an old timer in communications, having gained his experience while working for Uncle in the Navy and with numerous Eighth Region CAA stations.

A serious man at work, he roars like a lion at the sight of traffic discrepancies, and barks instructions spitfire fashion, like a General to his Aid.

ohn has picked up the noticeable habit of bowing his legs, cowboy fashion, rocking back and forth on his heels with cigarette in hand, telling tall tales. Did you ever hear the story of John and the ear?

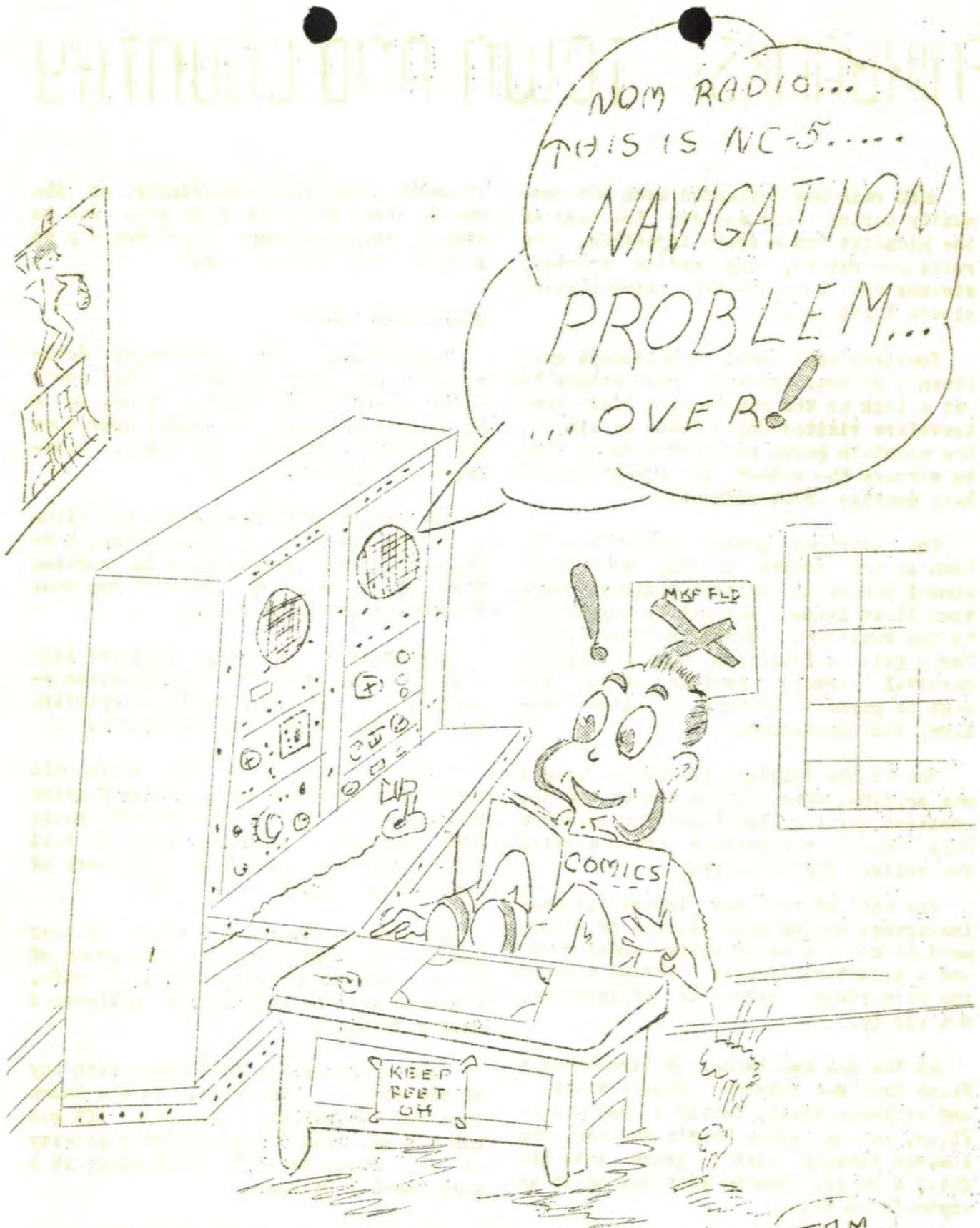
An ardent cameraman, radio amateur and private pilot, John is most proud of his good-looking large family. ( wife, 2 daughters, 1 son and 1 half-breed Cocker Spaniel.

ohn compares his 1938 Dodge with any of the 49'ers on the road. It's a known fact the University of Alaska offered him a large sum for permanent captivity of the "Blue Beetle", declaring it a most Unusual Speciman.

When next you visit Fairbanks, drop in and see ohn B. Flynn. You will find him a most talkative and congenial chap.

- FEARLESS FOSDICK -







# AIDED AIRCRAFT

## HELPFUL HINT?

It has never been the policy of this paper to publish advertisements for the purpose of promoting an enterprise or for remuneration, etc. However, since living conditions here in Alaska are different and much more costly than those in the continental United States, we feel that your Mukluk Telegraph can and should be a medium for helping solve some of these baffling problems. With that thought in mind we try to keep our eyes open and ask our readers to do the same, in order that suggestions may be passed on to you. Any one knows that illness is no respecter of persons and is likely to strike any of us; and when it does, often we are at a loss to know where to turn for treatment and a place where we or members of our families may go to get the best of personal care. It is believed many of you may profit by the following information:

Mrs. Don Smith, 310 8th Street, in Anchorage, has been contacted and gave us her rates for taking care of sick and convalescent patients. Pre-natal care, including meals and other care, \$7.00 per day. Post-partum patients, \$11.00 per day, which includes care of the baby and medication. Post-operative cases are \$11.00 per day. Medical bed-patients with trays served, etc, \$13.00 per day. The latter type patient, but one who is up and around - \$11.00 daily. Children boarders, \$6.00 per day. There is 24 hour service with two graduate nurses on duty at all times. We also learned that Mrs. Smith and her staff of nurses are very qualified for the treatment of persons who are affiliated with Alcoholics Anonymous, and give those patients the proper care as advocated by the organization.

Judge (to couple): "Caught on the park bench; eh? What are your names?"

He: "Ben Pettin."

She: "Ahn Howe."

Fred H. Whaley, Aircraft Communicator at Annette Island has been commended for his assistance to a lost aircraft on the 20th of June. At this time a Cessna 140 aircraft NC89500 on a VFR flight from Smithers, B.C., to Annette Island called the Annette range and reported that he was lost in the vicinity of Prince Rupert, B.C. Mr. Whaley immediately alerted all radio stations in the vicinity, the Coast Guard Facility at Annette and all aircraft in the area. He then contacted the pilot and instructed him to listen for signals on the Annette and Massett range. By questioning the pilot as to what signals he heard, Whaley was able to fairly accurately determine the sector in which the plane was lost. He then gave the pilot a course to steer to intercept the south-east leg of the Annette range.

Instrument conditions existed in the vicinity of the lost plane and the pilot was unable to orient himself by reference to the ground. Other aircraft near this location were attempting to take bearings on this plane, but due to his weak transmitter only one fairly accurate bearing was obtained.

By calm and efficient instructions to the pilot, Whaley, assisted by the Watch Supervisor, Leon D. Lewis and the Chief Aircraft Communicator Frank E. Smith, was able to coach the pilot on the south east leg and give him a course to follow into the field. The plane landed safely at 1610U with one hour and 15 minutes fuel aboard.

In the letter from R. F. Shunk, Commander of the Coast Guard, it was stated that only the intelligent and efficient handling of this emergency by the aircraft communicator was responsible for the saving of the aircraft and its two occupants and that the communications personnel involved are to be highly commended for their actions. Letters of commendation from the Regional Office have been sent, and duplicate copies are in Personnel Files.



## KOTZEBUE -

(Continued from page 23)

were weathered in for six days, which is quite the normal procedure. They didn't quite understand about there not being any cement sidewalks in Kotzebue, and tried wading through the thigh-deep snow (which at that season deceptively covers about 18 inches of water) in shoes, but we soon got them fixed up and none of them caught pneumonia.

Then we were visited by L. R. Robinson the Engineer and construction genius - wearing his famous pajama shirt. His visit caused quite a bit of confusion around the house as his nickname "Robbie" being the same as that of the Station Manager, but with a smart boy to do all the work, he succeeded in laying out a fine new runway for us. We were worried for a while...the minute he stepped off the plane he demanded several hundred or thousand survey stakes, and lumber in Kotzebue doesn't grow on trees - there aren't any trees. We seriously thought for a while of splitting up some of the Resident Engineers. twenty-dollar-a-sheet, Plywood, but he finally solved the problem somehow.

Our next visitors were Carroll and Gersuch from the Operations Branch, who arrived just in time to see the first Midnight Sun of the season. That was about all they did see however, as incredible as it may seem to one who knows Kotzebue, they were scheduled to stay only one day, and it didn't close in and keep them here against their will. But perhaps they can come again next winter for a real visit.

Next came Mr. Hooper from Plant and Structures to give us a real thorough inspection, and the first thing he found that I had inadvertently broken a rule. I haven't mentioned our traveling MTIC, John E. Roberts among the visitors, as he is an old hand, having been here last time our MTIC had leave. Well, of course most of our mail will be here in a couple of weeks on the boat from Nome, but when he saw that I was having a boy

take the storm windows off and put the screens on, he told me he had seen a circular at some station which gets its mail, saying that the storm windows were supposed to be left on all summer. Being very gullible and having been caught so many times, I know better than to believe that one. I know he was kidding me, as naturally the CAA provided those screens to put on the windows, not to sift gravel through, or something. But when Mr. Hooper arrived he noticed first thing that the storm windows were in the basement instead of on the windows. Now I am eagerly awaiting the arrival of that circular - I want to see what now system has been found for keeping out the mosquitoes other than the old-fashioned screens. Now, our full-grown mosquitoes are of course too fat to get through those three little holes that let the air in at the bottom of the storm-windows, but the young ones can manage to squeeze through by holding their breath...soooooo -- to complete the roster of our visitors, we had Mr. and Mrs. Gil Joynt of the Airmen Inspection Board, over the Fourth:

Also, in spite of all these visitors, we have done a little work, though not much. I have a bone to pick with that demon at Haines who told us a few months ago about his automatic circuit - no hands. Our Station Manager immediately got the idea that we should have that system too, and sent a message to Mr. Whittaker, who came right back saying he was just going to suggest the very same thing - so, who was caught on it, but that very same station manager. Unaccustomed as he is, he was working one evening so the eve watch operator could have three days off to fix the telephone line and the perforator went bad on him - and wouldn't punch any little holes. Well, he was really snowed, calling Nome on the telephone to give them the weather, calling the MTIC on our emergency frequency to come fix the perforator. I am certainly going to show him that recipe for short-circuiting the keyboard or whatever it is. (Turn to page 36)



# B'ARS IN THEM THAR HILLS

It could only happen in Alaska and if you ask anyone at Yakataga he will tell you it HAS happened. Yes, the bears are invading the place from all directions. To those of us sitting in our living rooms and who have never seen a bear except in a cage, this makes a very interesting story and may even seem humorous; but to those persons who have to get out and play tag with them it not only presents a problem but a great hazard.

We called Burleigh Putnam for more "bear facts" as he was visiting Yakataga several times during the present bear-hunt. Mr. Putnam states that the area around the quarters buildings and station are an ideal spot for the large Brownies and they seem to be making the most of it. The land was cleared when buildings were erected and since then the brush, and small birch trees have grown to a height that makes a perfect hiding place for the beasts. To make their new home more attractive, there is an abundance of strawberries which are a delicacy for bears - however they were planted for human consumption! There is a road one-half mile long which leads from the area around the quarters to the station that is built right in the center of the woods - thus proving very dangerous for anyone who traverses it. All male personnel are armed with guns, clubs, and any other weapon of protection that may be available.

A Bear-Alarm system has been set up, which consists of pre-arranged rings on the phone - such as six "longs", two "shorts", and perhaps a couple of dit's and dah's. When a bear is sighted and the alarms sound, there is a very well-organized procedure. The men grab their guns, dogs climb trees, the air-to-bear crews man telescopes, women run inside and hide the kiddies and the hunt is on. Through the grapevine we heard that on very rare occasions, curiosity has been known to get the better of the women and

kiddies and they even venture their heads out of doors and windows to look. Many times the bears get in good range of the guns but are smart enough to get between the hunter and the quarters which prevents taking a shot at him. One communicator sat in the tower at the CT Site for a couple of days but as luck would have it, didn't get any of the game.

The animals have knocked over many of the border-lights along the air-strip; perhaps they were confused by the light which shone in their faces. Twenty-three feet of coaxial cable (expensive, too) was dug up and chewed by the hungry bear families, thus endangering the flow of current which runs from the transmitter to the antennas. When an IFR flight is coming in, it is necessary for personnel to check these cables to make sure the aircraft can proceed on instruments as planned. To add chaos to confusion, the "critters" have found a new game - that of getting down under a Z-Marker Counter Poise, and standing up, which naturally wrecks the setup. Evidently the brown bombers tired of this latter pastime, as they switched to another - that of eating hose; a two inch rubber hose was bitten off from 7 feet off the ground - indicating the bear was no midgot. The hose was used for filling oil drums.

Last year a large bear was killed immediately behind the quarters area only about 15 feet from the door; this year they have not been that bold - YET! At the VHF Repeater Site some ten or twelve hundred feet away there are quite a few black bears, which are not considered so dangerous as the Brownies. These black ones furnish excellent material for the camera enthusiasts, and we understand it is necessary for someone to stand guard while others take pictures, and vice versa until each has had his turn at snapping them.



(Continued from page 34)

Our Station Manager is death on statistics. Every month he has to check the reports to see if we are still holding our position as collecting more off-airway weather than any other station in Alaska, etc. Some months we have been as high as Seventh in the Region in aircraft contacts - which is pretty good for a one-man station....so he jealously totals up the contacts every day and announces triumphantly "22 contacts on VHF since the first of the month", etc. They are really giving us some good training on procedures, too. They are strictly business right out of the Stateside rule book and we naturally answer back in the same vein, giving the local pilots who call us by our first names on the air, quite a jolt.

I will close with a question for good old Daphne Darling. Dear Daphne: How do you manage to hold your temper and remain a lady when your grandchildren try to teach you to suck eggs? I have had a couple of experiences lately that made me wonder if I should apply for my Retirement. The other day an Air Force plane filed from Nome to Kotzebue and we received the flight plan from Nome very nicely. Half an hour later we received the same flight plan, identical except the pilot's name was misspelled, from the ANCF Stand. I still don't understand. Then one day a Douglas was flying from Nome to Shishmareff, and Nome asked us to tell him to call Nome Radio for a message. This sounded serious, so I did. When he called Nome they didn't answer so I asked Nome for the message in order that I could relay it, with the pilot waiting all this time. After a long delay Nome came back to say they only wanted to give him the Shishmareff weather and landing conditions. Inasmuch as we are the ones who collect and forward it to Nome, I am still puzzled at this operation. Perhaps it's just the fact that everyone wants to get into the act!



No wonder he can't make up his mind. He's given a piece of it to everyone this morning!

## CIVAIR-

(Continued from page 20)

### Food and Cooking:

Bob Jackson  
Janot Pedderson  
Dick and Gene Pastro  
Ed Seiler  
Merle Ranson

### Transportation:

Virginia and Jim Carter

When organized games were not in progress, all who wished could play volley ball or pitch horseshoes. Everyone who attended the outing had a wonderful time, and says the same type of party should be repeated next month. How about it, Civair?



# YAKA TAGA

By Lorraine Gentry

Since the last issue of Mukluk there have been some personnel changes so will report on them first before telling you about the bears, shipwreck, parties, etc.

Harry Robinson, operator, departed this station June 23rd for his new assignment at Cordova. Lowell Trump, his wife and baby left for Seattle on leave May 9th and while on leave decided to resign so did not return. Replacement for Robinson is Frank Dosser coming to this station from Fairbanks. He is unmarried at present but hopes to take his leave soon and get married and then will bring his wife and his airplane back up with him. So far there is no replacement for Lowell Trump, operator, and meanwhile Mrs. Warren Kerr has come down to join her husband and they are occupying the house formerly used by Trumps.

Dick Brown departed for the States, for a month or six weeks leave July 15th and Gordon Young, MTIC also left via Mt. McKinley Air on July 17th for a couple of weeks leave in his home town of Spokane, Washington. Connie Morris is replacing Young and Brown. John Gonnason, Lon Kalina, and Ernie Putnam, installing VHF equipment at the station and up on the new site have been members of the station personnel for over a month and just departed today for "up on the hill" to make the installation of equipment up at the site. They expect to be up there about a month. They will batch while there as those 400 and some odd stairs aren't conducive to too many trips up and down.

There have been quite a number of both black and brown bear seen right near the quarters area of the station. In fact, practically all of them have been seen between the engine generator building and the range building. They seem to like to parade up and down the range road. One large two year old came out from behind the generator building

and took a good look around and then ambled down the full length of the range road to the range building, with about 6 men with rifles after him. They shot him and then hauled him up on a slip sheet and parked him in front of the control station for a couple of days so that everyone could get pictures of him, then hauled him off and buried him. A few nights later another cry of "BEAR" went out and again the station personnel set out in pursuit. This time it was 2 Brownies about a year old, on the same range road. One of these was killed and the other wounded - but the wounded got away. The one killed was buried the same day the bigger one was, and the TD-18 had to scoop out a pretty big hole in order to get him decently buried. Some black bear have been seen, and last week another two year old Brownie came poking around camp and men took after him - but only got a couple stray shots at him - it was raining and very brushy where he took to the woods; he also got away.

Strawberries and Salmon Berries are getting ripe; wild currants are forming also - so soon berry picking time will be here. As yet the King Salmon haven't run up the rivers, but should start to do so very soon.

During the night of July 17th there was a shipwreck on the beach just below the station. Early in the evening some of the boys spotted what appeared to be a boat with a man in it a short way out in the ocean, heading south, and then later the same boat was seen heading north again. They presumed it was some hunter or a small fishing boat. At one o'clock, Phil Grover, operator on watch, was surprised to see someone come into the station. This is what happened; Pat Murphy, a carpenter by trade, and resident of Fairbanks for the past 8 years, decided to take his vacation and make it a little different. He purchased two 18 foot canoes and joined them with boards  
(Continued on next page)



## YAKATAGA-

across gunwales, making what he calls a "Catamaran". On this he had a Johnson  $2\frac{1}{2}$  HP motor. He outfitted and set out from Valdez on July 8th, bound for Seattle, by way of Cape Spencer and the inside passage. He has a brother in Potlatch, Washington, near Seattle. Along about dusk he was looking for the mouth of Ducktoff River but went past it the first time. When he went back up beach the fog had settled down and he was unable to locate it. The sound of the surf could not be heard above the motor noise and as he was going to turn off the motor and listen to find out how close he was getting to the breakers, he turned and saw a huge one coming down on him - but he knew it was too late then and gunned the motor, riding on in to the beach on the breaker. He was unharmed, but all his gear got a good ducking. When he attempted to drag the canoes out of the surf he found that the waves filled them with sand and water so fast that all he could do was let them settle and salvage as much of his equipment as possible before coming up to the station for help.

The next morning everyone turned out and helped him dig his canoes out of the sand at low-tide. His plans from here on are rather indefinite, but he wants to continue his trip to Seattle, this time by air; however he expects to be here for a few days cleaning up his motor and the rest of his equipment and getting it ready for shipment. It would take about a week to put the canoes back in shape to take to the water. He says he has had enough ocean riding this time.

Since our last entry, Mrs. Gentry's parents have been visiting here. They are Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Gerhardt of Bremerton, Washington. The couple flew in on Mt. McKinley Air June 2nd and were here until July 11th, and were able to get in on the bear killing, did some hooligan fishing, found a Japanese Fish Float (glass ball) on the beach, and made several trips to the Cape and said they hated to leave. We had a couple of parties while they were here.

Carol John celebrated her 6th birthday with an afternoon party; a beach party was planned but the weather turned cold and rainy, so we all took our food to Grover's house (we were celebrating Phil Grover's birthday) and cleaned up most of the food, and then sampled Bill's home-made root beer which was rather wild but very good.

This past Saturday we celebrated Gentry's anniversary with a big chicken dinner at Mary John's house and afterward saw a movie followed by a showing of slides by Frank Desser; the scenes were taken around Fairbanks. Connie Morris brought his slides taken around Gambell, and Ernie Putnam had some slides of bear, seal, scenery and flowers taken around Yakataga. We all certainly enjoyed the evening. During the course of the evening Gordon Young had to go to the range building and called from there to report that a black bear was ambling up the road toward the station - so we all went out to get a look at him, but he decided there were too many people around and took to the brush.



FOR SALE: 47 Cessna 140. 160 hours since factory major. Has Motorola Avigator with 75 M.C. antenna - D.F. Airways Channels plus standard broadcast - 10 watt transmitter. Starter, Generator, Nav. lights. 105 cruise - 5 hours fuel - McCauley Prop and is in top shape throughout. Cash - or some terms. LYLE BONN, PHONE CAA 36.