



JOHN MEYERS TRANSFERS - TO EIGHTH REGION OFFICES

A new member of the Communications Operations Division is John K. Meyers, selected under the National Promotion Plan as a Communications Specialist. Mr. Meyers comes to us from the Third Region. His previous position in that Region was Chief Aircraft Communicator at Joliet, Illinois.

Mr. Meyers entered on duty with the CAA at St. Louis, Missouri in April, 1931. Prior to that time he had spent four years with the Army in the Orient.

In 1941 Mr. Meyers was loaned by the CAA to the Navy for duty in Africa as a technical representative in connection with installation of directional radio facilities for Naval Air Transport Service. After his tour of duty with the Navy, Mr. Meyers returned to the CAA and was stationed at Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. Meyer's extracurricular activities include work in the Methodist Church, Masonic Order, and Boy Scouts. In the latter he had served as both Junior and Senior Advisor.

Mrs. Meyers and their son, Robert, and daughters Juanita and Judith Ann, expect to join Mr. Meyers Anchorage in the near future.

CIVAIR CRAB FEAST DRAWS LARGE CROWD

Something new in the line of Civair 8 activities was under way at 6:30 Friday September 16 at the Legion Log Cabin.

Hungry (and thirsty) CAA'ers gathered in the basement of the log cabin to partake of the long-simmering Crab feast to anchorage from the East. The newcomers were chilled to just the right degree, served with sauce and rolls, and pounced upon by all present. Those of us who had never seen or eaten crab were faced with the decision of either eating them or hiding under the table. It was a grisly sight when the committee walked in with those foot-or-so-long legs dangling over their arms, but all fears were soon dispelled as the guests began to break, crack open and scoop out the delicious meats from inside the shell.

Various methods were used to pry the crab for eating; some used a cola bottle to crack the shell, others tried the twist-and-branch method, a rest of us sat open-mouthed, watching but before long even the inexperience were displaying expertness. Stack she is on the... and so on more. They got them too hot in charge of food had foreseen appetites. This is purely
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MUKLUK TELEGRAPH

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WASHINGTON OFFICIALS HERE

Several officials of the CAA arrived in Anchorage Sunday, August 28th after a flight from Washington, D.C.

The purpose of their visit ~~was~~ to review the program and planning operations of the Alaskan CAA budget. They ~~stayed here~~ approximately one week and ~~time~~ permitted visits to some of our stations in the Interior. This has enabled the Washington men along with members of the Eighth Region staff to observe together, first hand, some of the problems involved in the operation and maintenance of airports and communications stations in Alaska.

Among these in the party are:

Mr. D. W. Nyrop - Deputy Administrator for Operations.
Mr. Lewis N. Bayne - Director, Office of General Services.
Mr. Ernest S. Hensley - Director, Office of Air Safety.
Mr. Clifford Burton - Planning and Evaluation (Representing the Deputy Administrations Operations Office).
Mr. Gordon M. Bain - Budget Officer.
Mr. William Burko - Federal Airways Budget Analyst and
Mr. Joseph H. Tippets - Chief of Federal Airways Maintenance.

Mr. Tippets is not a newcomer to Alaska due to his having lived here for a number of years. He was Chief of the Air Navigation Facilities Communications Branch of the CAA before his transfer to the Washington Office.

We hope they all enjoyed their stay in the Eighth Region and left with a better picture of CAA accomplishments in the "frozen" North.

ILIAMNA

Iliamna, the pride of Green 8 and Red 40, has been neglected lately in the Makluk Telegraph due to our own negligence. The main reason for our carelessness is the fact that everyone is too busy doing other things. The standard Iliamna Complaint is, and I quote, "I don't have time enough to do anything." Since the suburbs of Iliamna, such as Maknek and Homer haven't given us a kind word we'll have to toot our own horn.

The station is going to miss "Tex" Sharp and the better half of the Sharp family, Marge. The nightly poker set-to's at the bachelors' quarters won't be quite as lively now and the bachelors can probably start saving money again. Incidentally, the bachelors are going to have to find a new source of fresh bread after their monthly supply of bread has run out. Marge was a soft touch for a fresh loaf of homemade bread or some fresh doughnuts.

The Iliamna gang hate to lose Tex and Marge, but we wish them well at Bethel. But as one would-be poker player said, "The Bethel poker players had better loosen their money belts."

Madge Uzzell broke in her new glass casting rod the other evening by catching an 18 inch rainbow. Madge hooked the rainbow in fast water and the resulting advice from friend husband and the numerous nearby kibitzers ran something like this:

"Let him run or he'll break your leader."

"Get him out of the fast water."

"Quit trying to horse him in."

To make a long story short, the poor fish didn't have a chance and Madge got her fish in spite of the advice.

Yours truly owes Pauline Holmberg an apology but I haven't gotten up enough nerve to make it yet. I don't know why either. According to all reports, Paul-

ine hasn't bitten any of the fellows in a month or more. The trouble all started when Cliff Uzzell and I took off across the north end of Lake Iliamna on a fishing trip to try out Cliff's new boat. The water got a little rough -- can't say just how high the wind was since the anemometer blew away at the station --- so we beached the boat and began to make ourselves as comfortable as possible in a fifty mile wind. The wind got down to a mere forty mile breeze and the waves, to gentle ten foot swells, and we headed toward home. It was about 9 PM when the prow of the boat nudged the shores of Roadhouse Bay and about three hours too late for my dinner invitation at the Holmbergs. I did get a coffee invitation out of Madge Uzzell though after getting into some dry clothes.

ILIAMNA'S QUOTABLE QUOTES.

CLARENCE HOLMBERG: "Take it easy."

"MAC" McCARTY: "Those pictures aren't back yet."

CLIFF UZZELL: "That's a fact."

FRANK DE SYLVA: "What do youse guys think you're doin' here?"

TED JORDAN: "Boy, I'm tellin' you!"

DAL HOEN: "Let's go fishin'!"

RAY DEARHOLT: "Well, I'll be darned."

There have been numerous suggestions made in regard to the new order from the Regional Office. Everyone is in favor of the new change, but a dispute has arisen in our midst -- does our work day start at 0001 Alaskan Standard Time or 0001 GMT? Frankly, who cares, we still work forty-eight hours a week. The one thing that has been agreed upon by all parties concerned is that the rotating shift will give everyone a chance to play poker all night without even being bleary eyed at 8:00 AM.

Overheard by the Iliamna Snooper:

"Mac" McCarty: "Ted, you're taking observations. It's raining; you'd better send out a special." (See page 4)

ILIAMNA-

Ted Jordan: "When I send out a weather ob and it don't show rain, it ain't rainin'."

The Iliamna nimrods are getting that gloom in their eyes. Several moose have been seen just north of our north-south runway and the bears are beginning to come down to the river for the salmon run. Sporting catalogs are being borrowed and reborrowed and ballistics have been hashed and rehashed. There have been some harsh words exchanged in the discussions about the relative merits of a favorite hunting rifle, but to date no friendships have been broken. "Mac" McDonald remains the most consulted man in camp on ballistics. "Mac", it seems, has the info right at the tip of his tongue.

The only one who is unperturbed by the nearness of the hurting season and the nearness of the game is Clarence Holmberg who continues to fish the creek on his day off and catch his weekly mess of pan sized trout.

ILIAMNA'S LAUGH OF THE MONTH:

"Mac" McCarty, Iliamna's only non-fisherman, recently accompanied Ted Jordan on a fishing trip to the mouth of the Nukhalen River and since the fish were biting pretty good Mac decided to borrow some gear from Ted and try his luck. Well, Mac hooked into a 27 inch rainbow and, to use a well-worn Iliamna phrase, tried to 'horse him in'. Said rainbow cleared the water by about three feet and the conversation sounded something like this:

Mac: "Look at the big one I got!"

Ted: "For Pete's sake quit trying to horse him in."

Mac: "What'll I do with him?"

Ted: "Let him run."

Mac: "That's what he's doing."

Ted: "Yeah, but you're holding the reel handle and it's costing me \$13.20 every time you hook a rainbow."

DAL SEZ: "Well, I must say it's quite a relief to get up here to Iliamna from

Annette Island. It rains 365 $\frac{1}{2}$ days a year down there and when it doesn't rain it's blowing a gale and when it isn't blowing a gale a thick fog envelops the island -- at times it does all three of the above-mentioned phenomena. Yes, one could possibly stand these catastrophes, but when muskeg starts growing on your head instead of hair, brother, it's time to move. The only thing I have against Grand Old Iliamna is the mosquitoes. I'm going to get me a 300 magnum and shoot me some.

ILIAMNA WELCOMES:

Miss Vera Poppin, who is spending her vacation with the Holmberg family. Miss Poppin hails from Kansas City, Missouri and finds Alaska quite different from her home, but remarks about Iliamna: "It is wonderful!"

Howard White is our new communicator who transferred recently from Nenana.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Britton, Daughter Rose, and the family pet, Lobo. The Britton family were recently transferred here from Talkeetna.

Iliamna was recently visited by an inspection party headed by Mr. Whittaker from the Regional Office. The visitors were made welcome by the Uzzell hospitality and Madge Uzzell's cooking. We, the Iliamna bachelors wish to extend our heart-felt sympathy to Mr. Williams, who drew the questionable privilege of staying at the "Bachelors' Boars Nest". The place has been cleaned up since Mr. Williams was our guest and the fact has been so commented upon by the Iliamna housewives.

With the recent addition of the Britten's Lobo, the station's pet population now stands at seven. There are two cats, the Holmberg's Molly, and the Uzzell's Piddledopot. Then there are the McDonald's Butchie, the Uzzell's Mike, Red and Bruiser. There is one communicator who is making book, however, that the pet population of the station will be

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MINCHUMINA

The summer has come and gone (mostly gone) here on the sun-kissed shores of Lake Minchumina; and it is time to give less happier lands a brief glimpse of our idyllic existence in our slightly damp paradise.

We have been invaded by most of the Black Bear population west of the Alaska Range, this summer; and the total bag is three, so far. Lois Jameson looked out one morning and saw a friendly little Black scattering her garbage hither and yon. The gregarious creature then began to dash up the hill and was closing in on CACOM Larry Bahl's house. About this time, Vince Madden dragged his trusty 30.06 from the wall and began the pursuit. The bear came around the house one way and Vince came around the other; Vince is still with us. The dogs that we have around the lake don't care much for the bears as bedmates, and every night we have a concert by the Minchumina Howling and Fish Slurping Society. We all hope that the Blacks don't decide to invite their big brothers from the Toklat over for a family reunion.

Herb Long went Outside and brought back a wife, Rose, who says, and we will quote, "Minchumina is one of the finest spots in the world for waterfowl, and the people who make 612."

The Minchumina Oracle says this is the worst mosquito summer since "25". The bugs don't bother me any as they can not get closer than two feet without joining their ancestors. I guess that proves that insects and people aren't too different.

The Jamesons also went Outside and quoted when returning home, "Sure glad to be back," which is something that is said about few spots in the Interior. The Jamesons returned with bicycles and tricycles for the kids, putting a further load upon our already overcrowded boulevards.

The Boons went back to Anchorage, after the Jamesons returned. All three seemed to enjoy their visit although they said that the noise and bustle got on their nerves.

Sam Ware just blew in from Anchorage to paint the joint and we have been trying to talk him into trimming the houses all red, turquoise and magenta...but he says he prefers white, which seems to have settled the situation. The houses' color will be white.

Expected departures are Betty Bahl's, who expects to depart for a visit with the home folks in Cleveland, in September; and Walt Parker, who is leaving the 23rd of August for a cruise - courtesy of the USN.

We acquired a bright yellow "49" Dodge pickup on the last barge and a self-motivated Grader. If the traffic gets any worse we will have to have a stoplight by the Generator Building.

Further vital statistics; Jameson's cat had six kits. That means another good season of trapping around the lake this winter.

Pike fishing is good, as usual, and the moose situation looks promising. We had a couple of young bulls pasturing on the lower runway for awhile, but they broke their pickets and swam away. Such ingratitude after we fed them ten pounds of lump sugar to convince them of our good intentions.

That winds up our little epic, and remember when you think of mud, think of Minchumina.

SMALL CHANGE

The husband who knows where his wife keeps her nickles has nothing on the one who knows where the maid's quarters are.

ANIAK

POST DILUVIAN NOTES

Assuming that all of you have heard of the recent flood at Aniak, I think our subsequent rehabilitation is worthy of some attention. Even now, two months after that memorable event, the effects are still evident.

Soon after the water had receded we were invaded by a swarm of people from the RO to see what damage had resulted and to put things back into shape. Two and one half feet of water in the control shack hadn't done the equipment any good, and it took considerable work to put the place back into normal operation.

Now one might think that the erratic and strenuous operating which we did during those days would have much of a psychological effect upon the mind; however from first hand experience I know better. This writer began to have nightmares that were completely out of this world. In one of them the RO decided that the control site was in such a deplorable condition that a complete survey was in order and they would rebuild at the bachelor quarters not just one station, but three. Yes sir, the plans were to put a station in each Yak hut so the watches could be manned continuously at the utmost convenience of the operators. To go on watch, all you did was roll out of bed and throw a master switch and your station was on the air. After checking the equipment you proceeded with breakfast. Throughout the watch you had access to the refrigerator, that was to be well stocked with assorted liquids. During times when things were slow, your ever faithful bunk was always in readiness for occupancy, with a special receiver handy which covered only the broadcast band. An interphone system between the stations made it possible to contact the other operators, in case there was a game of chess to be played and the weather was bad outside, preventing them from going from one hut to the other...

At this point my alarm clock went off and I rolled out of bed. Promptly I went into the kitchen, threw the master switch on the wall and thought I would eat breakfast before checking the equipment. Then I walked over to our electric range, turned it on and sat down to smoke my morning cigar while it warmed up a bit. Still a little bit sleepy and halfway through my cigar, I noticed that the stove wasn't heating up very fast. Then it dawned upon me that my dream station was only a dream. After restoring the master switch to its normal position I soon had hot coffee and eggs.

That morning I was a trifle late in relieving the watch, but I explained my situation, blamed the whole incident on the flood and was forgiven. Since then things are gradually becoming normal and the old flood excuse has almost given out. It used to be that if anything went wrong or you couldn't find something the flood got the blame, but lately that excuse is definitely frowned upon. Member of the local "Alibis for Accoms" Committee are meeting three nights a week in an effort to alleviate this situation.....THE ANIAK KID



NOW I KNOW WHAT THAT BLASTED STRING WAS FOR! GONNA SEND SOME NEWS TO MUKLUK.

MERRILL TOWER

SHOWS SIGNS OF LIFE

An effort is being made to dispel any notion that the Tower personnel have hibernated or retired from an active life. Although we have nothing spectacular to report, there have been a few changes and additions worth mentioning.

The Tower has been blessed (debatable) with a new Acting Chief. Jack D. Oldroyd is responsible for the smell of fresh paint in the Tower and a new filing cabinet. Not bad for a new chief.

Frances Brown is just back from a two week vacation and is displaying an Alaskan tan and a little more weight to convince us of the good time she had. In fact she says she's ready to take another month anytime. We can't tell whether Vivian Thompson is itching for a vacation or just plain retirement.

Norman Maithor is busy looking for a Twin-Cessna so you're apt to see him most anywhere. Ray Miller is putting the finishing touches on his mansion in Mountainview.

The Tower boasts (somewhat hesitantly) of a visit of the stork resulting in the addition of two full-grown men (or a reasonable facsimile) to its complement. Cal Ward (alias Hot Pilot) hails from Portland, Oregon and has been with the Weather Bureau at Yakutat before he came to the CAA. He has recently added a multi-engined pilot and instructor's rating to his certificate. Incidentally, he is SINGLE, and quite the Casanova - so women watch out!

Your assigned newshawk is Ray Butler, newest member of the tribe. He just recently made an exit from the overhaul shop of Pratt and Whitney Aircraft Engine Mfg. of Hartford, Conn. to join the worthy organization. Being originally from the woods of Maine, I feel at home here. Like Cal, I'm single and enjoy similar hobbies.

Right now there's a rumor that the Chief will spring a fire drill on us to try out the new escape ladder on the Tower. Consequently, the operators of the fair sex have changed their uniforms of the day from slacks to skirts, hoping to have him dismiss the idea. The joke will be on them if he insists. So much for this month.



Please stop buzzing, Mr. Zilch. You're interfering with our radio out here!

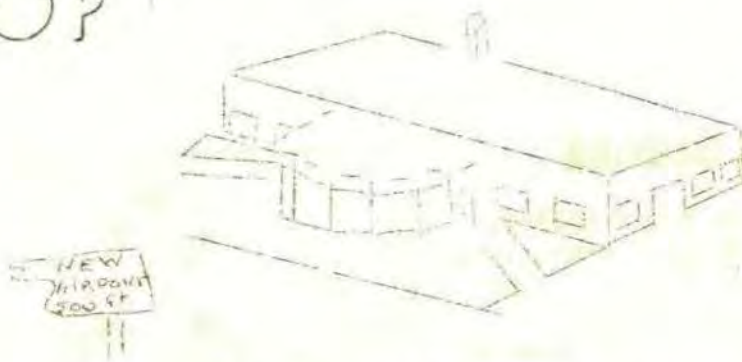
A couple received two theater tickets with a note signed "Guess Who." It was a very pleasant surprise for them and they went to the show afterdinner.

Upon arriving home later, they found the house had been robbed. There was another note for them signed: "Now you know."



SHOP

SHAPE



The overhead crane in the Machine Shop is in operation. It's cute - will lift weights up to 500 pounds. Bob Hartwig likes to demonstrate; he drapes his inert form over the hook, pushes a button, and oops! he's up and over!

We are still passing out 1949 Pontiac station wagons, Dodge pickups and GMC dump trucks. Step up, gentlemen, and take your choice.

Shop members and others of the Regional Headquarters interested in welding operations benefited from demonstrations staged at the Maintenance Shop early in August by Mr. A. E. Zeisel of Eutectic Welding Alloys Corporation of New York. It seems that these low temperature weldrods perform magic in the modern world of welding. Arnie, our welder, said he 'wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't seen it'.

The weather is nice, off and on, except when it isn't; most of the boys have returned from their holidays either in better or worse condition than when they took off; houses continue to be built; Charlie still dispenses gasoline and sage advice at the regular stand; the strawberries are delicious; and we guess that's all folks. Actually that is more news than we thought we had in mind when we wept out the following dirge;

After due deliberation
And the deepest concentration -
To our awful consternation
And in greatest desperation;
We have found our hesitation
Brought about a situation
Of the utmost aggravation.

And so now this dissertation
On our own humiliation -
To effect a commutation
Of this dire tribulation
And give certain indication
(No attempt at ostentation)
Just clear-cut presentation
(Without bright alliteration)
And not any reservation,

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THIS IS A GOOD SUPERVISOR

If he is pleasant, he is too familiar.
If he is sober-faced, he is a sour-puss.
If he is young, he doesn't know anything.
If he is old, he's an old stiff.
If he belongs to the branch, the members expect favors.
If he goes to church, he's a hypocrite.
If he doesn't, he's a heretic.
If he drinks, he's an old souse.
If he doesn't, he's a tightwad.
If he talks to everybody, he's a gossip.
If he doesn't, he's stuck up.
If he insists that the rules of the region be kept, he's too particular.
If he doesn't, he's careless.
If he looks around, he's snooping.
If he doesn't, he unobservant.
If he tries to settle all complaints, he must have the wisdom of Solomon.
If he worries about them, he'll soon be crazy.
He should have the patience of Job, the skin of a rhinoceros, the cunning of a fox, the courage of a lion, be blind as a bat, and as silent as a sphinx.

What a man! (Fifth Region Air)

SHOP SHAPE-

(Continued from page 9)

Defense against accusation
Of lacking cooperation.

Here's a wise prognostication -
And not merely affectation,
We'll strive for acceleration
Of some wit and animation
Ere next month's communication.

With the fullest realization,
And complete appreciation
Of the Editor's frustration
When there's no manifestation
Of copy for publication.

With continued provocation
It may bring assassination;



I finally got something on that Dennis file, Mr. Bumstead....it's lost!

We must cease procrastination
And win a new appellation.

Whence cometh the inspiration
For this dead-line promulgation?
Now we seek collaboration -
Come, on Muse! for consultation;
'Tis our honest aspiration -
Please don't deem it aberration;
To make worthy connotation
For dear Makluk's approbation.

But there's only condemnation
For pretense and explanation.

Can't engage in conversation,
Or offer monthly observation -
Pen won't scribe a dissertation -
What the heck and oh damnation!

.....WE GIVE UP.

MR. WOHL WRITES OF VISIT HERE

In the July issue of Mukluk we wrote about the visit of Harry D. Wohl, Chief of the Washington Bureau, St. Louis Star Times, to Alaska. While here, Mr. Wohl visited several CAA field stations. The following article about his trip here is reprinted from the August 8th issue of the St. Louis paper:

"The plane tilted sharply as Pilot Jim Pfeffer yelled 'Moose!' A regal animal, alone by a pool on Susitna Flats hardly stirred, so familiar has become the roar of engines in Alaskan skies.

"Pfeffer yelled again - for bear, before heading into Rainy Pass, a twisting turning gap through the Alaska Range. The spruce thinned out on snow-streaked slopes until only a single tree stood here and there against the gales. Rocks marked with the trail of mountain goat seemed close enough to touch.

"Once a sheer wall loomed dead ahead. At the last tense moment Pfeffer turned abruptly left. A long passage opened and my breath came back.

"We were flying northwest from Anchorage to lonely Civil Aeronautics Administration communications stations carved from the wilderness. The trip had been suggested by Andrew Stevenson, House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee transportation expert, and made possible by Ben Stern, CAA's Information Director, and Walter Plett, Administrator of CAA's Eighth Region. With me went Virgil D. Stone, assistant to Plett.

"After an hour or so, Stone pointed to a cluster of white houses and said, 'That's Farewell.' Soon the wheels grated on gravel and Farewell's people came out to welcome us like long-lost brothers.

"Neither road nor river runs to Farewell. In summer it is supplied by plane and in winter by tractors crawling over frozen ground. But isolated Farewell's inhabitants - four families and three

bachelors - seemed content. While Pfeffer rose again to check radio ranges, they showed us through neat homes built by CAA. They had radios, books, electric stoves, oil heat, fresh food - and children, red-cheeked and sturdy.

"With winds up to 105 miles and heavy snows, Farewell in winter is no picnic ground. Through long darkness and sun-brightness, night and day, Farewell's radios and the radios of about 60 other CAA stations beam invisible pathways for flying men, reassuring them that they are steering true. Three times in recent months, airmen caught by storm or unable to cross the mountains have used Farewell as an emergency field.

"Over coffee we heard plane talk. Nowhere were people more air-conscious than in Alaska. The territory had 600 planes to 100,000 people - one to 167. Before CAA poured millions into fields and navigation aids, bush pilots flew all over - contact flying - using lakes and rivers and sandbars as places to descend.

"CAA had performed herculean tasks, no question. Take Northway. Everything had to be flown in there - paving machinery piecemeal, lumber, asphalt, oil. Now CAA was putting \$8,000,000 into an international airport at Anchorage, and developing other sites.

"Because of the plane, prospectors spent hours, not wearying weeks, reaching distant creeks. Mining camps flew in machines and men; canneries saved many days' wages by ferrying workers to the job. If Alaska was awakening, then the plane was the greatest arouser.

"From Farewell we flew to McGrath along the incredibly-winding Kuskokwim River, whose oxbows compel such an old sternwheeler as we saw to paddle three
(Continued on page 12)

WOHL WRITES-

or more miles for every forward mile. McGrath's runway was its "main street". Bigger than Farwell, McGrath, an old mining center, was a stop on scheduled air runs. Its mosquitoes, too, were bigger, and its "no see-ums," tiny biting flies, homicidal.

"Here we heard the tale of three vacationing CAA men who went to St. Lawrence Island, near Siberia, to swing a big carved ivory deal with the innocent Eskimos. The Eskimos spurned the novelty store junk they carried as trade goods, traded them out of their wrist watches, and suitcases and gave very little ivory in return.

"Lake Minchumina, to the northeast, was our next stop. Pfeffer checked the ranges and the rest of us caught unre-sisting pike, ran out of gas on the shallow water, poled in and beat off mosquitoes as we tramped through wet growths to the plane.

"Then we headed south, clouds obscured the crest of Mount McKinley, loftiest of North American mountains. Pfeffer climbed higher and higher until the altimeter indicated 12,200 feet -- more than two miles.

"Below us rivers of ice flowed down the valleys and merged into tremendous glaciers, the junctures defined by cruel ridges. To the left McKinley's snowy crown, towering 20,300 feet, dominated all. Mount Foraker, soaring 17,000 feet was runner-up for majesty in that terrifying scene. Over pyramidal Mount Russell's point, upthrusting 11,600 feet, the tiny plane flew, its passengers stunned into silence, its engines beating with heart-warming steadiness. Cloud masses swirled in confusion, now revealing, now concealing chaos and grandeur.

"It was a relief to descend to the more common place, to fall to the Susitna Valley and follow the river's broad highway, sometimes at tree-top level, back to Anchorage."

VACATION ENDS

Nate Stowell, Organization and Methods Examiner, is back from a 13,000 mile auto trip stateside - and looking none-the-worse for the wear, we might add. He spent part of his time in Washington, D. C. at the headquarters offices and the remainder of time with friends in N.Y.

Mr. Stowell, his wife and three children started on their long trek May 31st, and arrived back here August 15th. This was the third time they have been back to their homeland (New York State) in 3 years, and this year the jaunt was made in a brand new car.

We listened to lengthy dissertations: Picnicing at the beach, basking in the sunshine, watching the ball games at the Yankee Stadium, etc. After our eyes started to turn green with envy, he began to simmer down and told of driving through North Dakota when the temperature was 108 degrees; then we were glad that we stayed in Anchorage.

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greater than that of the human population before winter sets in.

ILLAMNA BOASTS: Cliff Uzzell's 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch rainbow and Ted Jordan's close second of 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

ILLAMNA CONGRATULATED: Mr. and Mrs. Frank DeSylva on the recent arrival of the Young Mr. DeSylva. Mother and Baby-DeSylva are home from Anchorage and doing fine, thank you.

Well, I guess that's about enough for this time. We want all the rest of you people to remember the Iliamna crew is running an airport here and doing our bit to serve the Alaskan aviation public. We have as many as six and eight planes a day in here and none of us are certified control tower operators either. More from Iliamna later.

GUESS WHO.

GULKANA

Once upon a time there was a CACOM that for personal security reasons I shall call little "Whitey" Riding Hood. The station over which he presided was located in a veritable garden spot, and what with all the operators being on the ball, there wasn't much for our little "Whitey" Riding Hood to do except go after the mail once a week by way of Harry's Bar. Three hours and two bottles later he would return, dump the contents of the mail sack on the desk and roundly curse to the high and low heavens because once more he would have to sort, time stamp, read, try to understand and initial the weekly assortment of "hay" from the RO. "By ---" he would by ---, "Why don't they----what's the sense in---don't they know----what do they think---By ---, if I was in there----" and so on for hours on end.

One day someone reared back and passed a miracle and little "Whitey" Riding Hood moved into the RO lock stock and formaldehyde bottle. "Aha!" I shas to myself. "Now we'll see some changes made. We won't be getting these bales of hay every week." And so it came to pass. We still receive the bales of hay every week, but a small change has been made. When you glance at the bottom of the page to see who was responsible for the batch of fodder you are digesting, you now find the initials of little "Whitey" Riding Hood. And so the moral of this story is, kiddies, keep your mouth shut or someone will shove a mimeograph machine into it.

On a recent trip to ANC I stopped in to visit CEMO, of all places and quickly noticed that the place had rather a deserted air. I made inquiry of the dejected looking individual who was the sole inhabitant of the office as to the whereabouts of "Fuehrer" Pinogold and his sidekick in deviation, "Aberration" Albert. In response to my query the dejected looking individual pushed back a

frayed cuff, peered myopically at a Mickey Mouse wrist watch, bound to his wrist with a piece of dirty Scotch tape, and muttered, "Well, about now they should be in Petersburg." As we went on to explain about a monitoring unit in some of the southeastern stations, the horrible truth began to dawn on me. That mumbling, broken piece of humanity that piece of human flotsam and jetsam adrift on a sea of bureaucracy, that taciturn, muttering glob of protoplasm attired in a neat pin stripe sackcloth and ashes was none other than the once debonair bull of the woods, the incouciant man-about-manops, the former big man on the tarmac, the dauntless defender of the downtrodden, the old S.O.C. himself. For the benefit of newcomers to the region - I might add that the old S.O.C. (Senior Overseas Communicator) is nostalgically remembered by the old hands as once being monarch of all he surveyed in the ANC station. This character originally gained prominence through the columns of a Mukluk feature entitled "Of Wooden Ships and Iron Men". The old S.O.C. who taught Sammy Morse the code and wrote the original B book (on how to trim the wick of a marine light,) stalked through the aisles of the ANC station, cracking his whip and replying to all requests for information with a condescending "Well, I'll tell you, Sonny, back in the old days, me and Marconi---".

But time mellowed the old goat and he ceased to dream of his old buddies Wilbur and Orville, and began to live in and for the present. No longer were trainees required to salaam in his presence. The small boy delegated to follow him around holding an ash tray under his stogie was released to return to more pertinent duties. He began to think of such things as overtime and the high cost of dog licenses. Not only did he think, but he spoke of them. Soon he learned that freedom of speech is some-
(Continued on page 14)

GULKANA-

thing the politicians annually resurrect for a few fleeting hours on the Fourth of July and that he was only jousting with windmills. They broke his fountain pen, filed the type off his typewriter, took away his long black whip, banished him from the hallowed confusion of the upper deck and promoted him downstairs to CEMO, the Siberia of the Eighth Region. Small wonder he sat there stunned by the multiple blows rained upon his underserving pate. Almost fearfully, lest he think the old Ghoul had turned upon him also, I stretched a reassuring hand to his shoulder. I gripped his hand with the firm clasp of friendship. I handed him Machin's bottle of varnish remover. As I sadly climbed the stairs to the free air of the outer world, his prison pallor had partially faded and was being slowly replaced by a 90 proof glow as he laboriously started to compose an article on the back of an old CXD irregularity.

These highway stations have a seeming drawback that is not apparent at first glance. Early one morning "Flyboy" Bennett was standing the midwatch when he noticed a car driving down the highway, turn into the quarters area. After the vehicle had cruised around the area and approached the station, two gentlemen, described by Mr. Bennett as "vicious looking characters" entered the station and after asking a few innocuous questions returned to their car and three traveling companions, likewise "vicious looking" and started to drive away. Not having any portion of his private arsenal with him, "Flyboy", taking rather a dim view of the possible motives of this dubious quintet, proceeded to lock the station door from the inside. (I am casting no aspersions on Mr. Bennett's bravery. Under the circumstances I would have done the same thing.) Later, satisfied that they had really departed, "Flyboy" turned the knob that theoretically unlocked the door, but to his surprise the door stayed locked. Seems the lock is one of those Yale affairs with a couple of push buttons in the edge of

the door, but something is jammed in the lock and while it locks easily enough, the push buttons are also manipulated and consequently the door can only be unlocked from the outside with a key. Inasmuch as the Weather Bureau's circular # states that observations will be taken from a vantage point from which an unimpeded view of the sky may be obtained, it was necessary for "Flyboy" to go outside. Brother Ben Holeman has been awakened from a sound sleep for many reasons, but this I imagine was the first time that he had to get up to let a communicator out of the station.

Due to circumstances beyond the control of this typewriter and the editor the report of the Allenbaughs visit Outside did not appear in print until after they had already returned. So now they are back, and the trip has faded to a dim memory of something that happened way last summer, I dutifully record that they have returned. I might add that the Territory has a staunch booster in the person of Station Manager "Ted" Allenbaugh. Prior to departure Outside on leave, various station personnel were briefing him on the terrors of the outside that might be encountered, but as to traffic conditions Mr. Allenbaugh could not be worried because after all, hadn't he driven through Anchorage at four o'clock? While driving through Anchorage at four PM is no mean feat, nevertheless after running through a few traffic lights in Seattle, chasing pedestrians in Los Angeles and indulging in other harmless motoring delights in various and sundry metropolitan cities, on returning to Alaska, Ted evidently had had enough of traffic because when he saw a side road that would take him around Great Falls, Montana, he took it. The Allenbaughs report a very nice trip visiting relatives they didn't know they had....drove through Hollywood without knowing it....only minor trouble with the new Oldsmobile....Jimmy came home wearing cowboy boots....Irene had a tan, Maxine had three new freckles...Ted won

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PERSONALS FROM PERSONNEL

On August 10th the Personnel Division and their families enjoyed a very nice picnic along Campbell Creek. It was the intention of the group to stage a soft ball game during the evening, however, the old weather man played his usual trick of clouding up, and it was dark before we even had a chance to display our talents. But, the slight rain did not make the persistent Personnelers run for cover. After the feature event of hot dogs, just enough beer for the adult members and plenty of pop for the children, roasted marshmallows, and everything that goes with it, a lovely bonfire was produced by our boy scouts and everyone entered into a good old fashioned sing-song. We will admit that probably none of us could become affiliated with the Metropolitan Opera, however, with Mr. Krogseng's "Bebop" and George Porina's very accentuated rhythm, the chorus in general couldn't be beat. Mr. Williams did a wonderful job of leading and suggested several songs that probably the rest of us had long forgotten. (Wonder where he learned to sing - he certainly seemed in good practise). Everyone had such a good time we all agreed that the gang should get together more often for social events.

Pattie Thiel, Alice and Roy Johnston, and Thelma Pickens had a very delightful fishing trip to Lake Iliamna Sunday the 14th. The trip was made in one of Bob Reeve's chartered DC-3's, along with 19 other enthusiastic anglers. It was our pleasure to observe from the air Mt. Redoubt, Mt. Iliamna which was smoking at the time, and the inactive volcano of St. Augustine where the Katmaiite Brick Company was formerly located. After arriving at the Iliamna field we had the opportunity of meeting Robert H. McCarty who is an Aircraft Communicator, and seemed to be having quite a job on his

hands at the time. We were taken up the lake 15 miles in a 50 foot cabin boat where Tulare River runs into the lake, and that is where the fishing began. Most everyone had considerable luck, with Pattie bringing home a 22 inch Rainbow -- she also landed a salmon. Alice also landed a salmon but she has had such good luck fishing all summer, nothing less than a 24 inch or 25 inch rainbow would interest her. Yours truly was the proudest of all of her catch, because it was the first trip of this kind she had been on in Alaska, which consisted of two rainbows about 18 and 20 inches respectively. The overall average size of fish brought home was 24 inches - and there were plenty of them. Of course, what would a fishing trip be without the story of "the one that got away", and anyone can contact me on the particulars. Rumors have it that had I landed it it would have won the pool for the longest trout caught. That wasn't my opinion but that of several expert fishermen. We returned to Anchorage, about midnight that night and just to make the trip a better success the Northern Lights shown in all their splendor. From beginning to end, the scenic value of the trip was superb.

Those knowing Edna Lewis, formerly a Personnel Clerk in this office and who moved to Palmer the first of the year, may be interested in knowing that we have received an announcement that she now has another little girl. Her name is "Dawn Marie" born July 27 and weighed in at 5½ pounds.

Pattie Thiel is in a hustle and bustle of getting prepared to go on the annual trip they take to Eureka to hunt caribou. Immediately after she returns Alice Johnston plans a trip to the States to visit her parents in Oregon.

--THELMA PICKENS

GUSTAVUS SENTINEL

Harm -- appears the Mikluk can get along without us, so might as well get back in...with no intentions of lambasting CEMO or the RC. Heck no! Have too much correspondence with them now, but just want to say, "If they'll lay off me I'll lay off them." Now if all of the epistles I get were crackerjack, I believe my Christmas shopping would be taken care of for years. Alas - the only prize I get, is SURprise! All I do is go from watch to watch and back on Watch again.

To those of you who don't know where Gustavus is - welllllll, it's situated -- engulfed by a cloud bank to the north, east, south and west. (We always try to keep the southeast passage clear for PMA to get into Juneau.)

We are still brooding over the deception involved in the assignment of our new Oklahoma City operator. A message came in from the training center saying that a Jean Lardy was being assigned to our station. My ears perked up and I cheerfully signed the discrepancy - easy come, easy go. Spotting the Station Manager in a perturbed mood, I sidled up and murmured, "How about a little paint and stuff - I want to sharpen up my room a bit." I caught him by surprise, and left him mumbling to himself while I got some paint. I took "Blues in the Night" off the record player and put on "Great Day". I finally got my room spruced up, bought an ashtray, laid in a supply of beer and whiskey and even mopped the floor. I was just thumbing through the Sears catalogue, rusing what type of drapes would do well with my room, when in it came....."Jean" Lardy had departed Oklahoma City. Naturally I'm down there to meet the plane, shaved, showered and slicked up a bit too. All I got to say is, "Any \$@'%' ?@*"(('%& "%%# that can not spell Jerome. Beer, whiskey, Blues in

The Night. Hmmm, wonder if anyone wants to buy an ashtray?

Joe Frydlo is our "Ham" operator. Nice guy, though - and I don't hold that against him. He tells me he belongs to the Century Club. I was there when I had to lie about my age -- of course I don't say anything to him; he's still growing.

Fred Newburn is our opportunist. He is a pretty sharp boy, and you'll see him standing around with his bicycle. For a long time I wondered what happened to that little man with the beard.

We have a big station here - we even have a Fire Chief with an axe and a whistle. Freddy Slack's going to get married next month. Gotta remember to be careful with that whistle or I know who will get the axe.

Just in case you haven't been reading the papers, we have an Instrument Landing System now. We've been needing it for a long time because we never could see where we were going anyway, with the lights located in secret chambers on the transportation that were only known to the mechanics.

When construction moved out and the mess hall was abandoned, there was a marked increase of the payload of the Peter six - yep, the gang at the dorm stocked up! One would-be Chef had ten cases of Pabst Blue Ribbon, one block of cheese and a barrel of dill pickles. (It sounds like Bill Cowles from Fairbanks.)

The Sentinel award goes to the communicator, who according to the records was able to make two mistakes at the same time. Yep, that she was in black and white. Who me??? I'm just the expensive coffee maker.....LITTLE PERK

CRAB FEAST-

(Continued from page 1)

one of our "scouts" asked us to publish the name of a girl who ate more than any person there. This isn't a scandal sheet and we wouldn't think of doing any such thing...besides we don't believe that Jo Roushman COULD eat that much.

Following the meal, everyone pushed back his chair and crawled... upstairs. There was dancing to excellent recorded music which did much to alleviate the suffering of anyone who ate too much. If we said everyone left the basement to go dancing we will take that all back, as quite a number preferred to participate in a song fest. Rogene Stryker led the festivities for awhile and moved through the crowd with the portable "mike". It was at this time that we learned that our boss-man, Mr. Plett, and Mr. Williams of Personnel, have very fine voices. In due time quartets were formed, solos were rendered and throats were sore from trying to outsing everyone else. Perhaps it was jealousy of our Irish Tenor, Hank Lally, that prompted several villains to make a noose and place around his neck!! The last time we looked, Hank had* the rope around his neck and was standing on an old empty cation refusing to jump off, saying he had everything in the world to live for - and besides he was too young to die. We were afraid to see the outcome but Monday morning he was on the job bright and early - well at least early.

We shall never want for a straight man, master of ceremonies, or vocalist, as long as Chris Lample is with the organization. To put it in plain everyday words, he was the life of the party! Mr. Lample displayed proof that he is quite versatile..he can sing very well, he tells stories (clean ones), and does any number of impersonations which made this writer have a slight case of hysterics. You can always dance, but this impromptu entertainment in the basement happens only once in a great while at our parties. We are definitely in favor of more of it.

MAIL AND SMILES

Although we were sorry to lose Margaret Green we are happy to welcome into the ranks of Mail and Files Alinor Magnuson.

Mail goes in and out as usual and we now have a new addressograph machine. We think it is a honey, too, as it really does help in our daily work.

Mario Adams it taking a long needed vacation and Alice Kincaide is taking her place.

There isn't much news to report at this time, so we will end this with our motto: "Keep 'em smiling in Mail and Filing".

"My wife spends too much money, nags me constantly, is very untidy and does not understand me."

"Really? When did you meet this new woman?"

Last but by no means least, we give you the names of those responsible for this fine evening. Nate Stowell was general chairman and his committees and their chairmen are as follows:

Tickets, Norm Bouter; Food - buying and serving, Agnes Umbs, Adele and Ira Pollard, Georgia Carr; Music and Public Address System, Lance Harvey and A. V. Carroll; Transportation of food, Norm Lowenstein; Publicity, Thelma Pickens; Ticket sales were in charge of Connie Clayton, Vida Lommen, Lorraine Gilliam, Jackie Johnson and Gene Pastro. We are indebted to the Kiwanis Club for the use of their public address equipment.

A party is being planned for October and committees have already been named to start work on it. At this writing the date has been set for October 21st, and you will be receiving notices from the publicity committee any day now - so watch for them, and plan to attend.

DEATH CLAIMS THOMAS

William E. Thomas, Airways Engineer, Plant and Structures Maintenance Branch, passed away September 13th after several seiges of illness.

Bill Thomas had many years of experience in airways construction. He began in 1923 when placed in charge of laying out emergency landing fields and the installation of beacon light systems all over the country for the Air Mail Service of the U. S. Postal Department.

Mr. Thomas was one of our first employees in Alaska and was Construction Superintendent on many field installations from 1940 through 1943. In 1943 he joined Pan American Airways and was in charge of a number of that company's major construction projects throughout the Caribbean area and South America. He returned to Alaska in 1947 and worked from then on as Airways Engineer. Those who knew him will miss him greatly, not only as a friend but was one who spent the major part of his life advancing aviation in general and in service to the CAA. Mr. Thomas is survived by Mrs. Thomas and one daughter, Joan.

CAA GIRLS DO IT AGAIN

With a total of 6 games played and a summary of 6 games lost we must hand it to the CAA girls ball team. The season ended in August with a rousing party for the players. A gift certificate was presented to the coach, Gene Clark, for his heroism beyond the call of duty.

The girls are trying to organize a basket ball league and any interested girls should call Esther Painter, CAA 21. At this writing one team has been organized and a coach selected, but the girls are anxious to have two teams.

FOR SALE: Brown fur coat, finger tip length, size 14. Used. \$25. Call CAA-66, Norma Tumbelson.

ANCHORAGE VISITOR

Roy Delaney, Nenana Station Manager - was a visitor in the Regional Offices while attending the Jaycee convention in Anchorage. Mr. Delaney and his family have recently returned from a trip to the States and should be settled back to work by now.

We tried to "pressure" news from Mr. Delaney while he was talking to Bob Thomas, and in between sentences, he mumbled something or other that sounded like he might delegate someone in his office to send Mukluk news. Keep that in mind now, Nenana. That goes for all the other stations who never let us know what is going on at their locality.

P. B. MACDONALD DIES

Peter B. MacDonald, Property Clerk at the Regional Warehouse, passed away on September 8th, after a serious illness which lasted three weeks.

Mr. MacDonald began work for the CAA about a year ago when he worked in the office at the warehouse for some time. He transferred to the Federal Building and served several months in the Property Management offices. Prior to his death, he was again at the warehouse.

For 25 years Mr. MacDonald was with the Chicago Northwestern Railroad, and was employed as a Car Foreman, working out of Chicago. He was born at Wausau, Wisconsin.

Mr. MacDonald is survived by his wife Irma, and a brother Rodrick, both of whom reside in Anchorage.

TRY TO ATTEND

When we announce there is to be a Civair 8 party it is always with a tinge of regret, because we know many of you are stationed where distance prevents your attending. However, keep this in mind; whenever possible, you are urged to be present; perhaps your leave would be on one of these dates.

HAINES

(Continued from page 35)

of any importance is that I'm feeling fine, my jeep is running in good shape, just bought a 270 Winchester...and many many more interesting things that will just have to wait 'til next month. So until then, your faithful, factual reporter remains.....MIDWATCH MARTY

P.S....Okay, if you insist on reading further, a couple of other things have happened at Haines. The station has increased its operations staff by two, in the names of Don Slonecker (ex Galena) and Danny Galloway (ex Moses Point). Don and family have settled down in a charming bungalow in the west-end district of the city of Haines. Danny is still looking over the choice of Haines' beautiful, single girls, preferably one with money and a house but he reports to date that there are so many eligible girls of that type in Haines that he is overwhelmed and can't make up his mind. In the meantime his postal address is Harry's Bar, Haines, Alaska.

Everybody is using up leave like mad. Including our estimable MTIC, Bill Knight. On hand and holding down that department is John Roberts...Roberts of the Bridge. Whenever we ask him to tell us of the bridge he replies, "Ah, thou kideest me. It was nothing but me and thee...and the bridge," and finally, in the same subject, Lytle and Green have taken the contract to black-top Haines Cutoff to the Alaska Highway. At least the U. S. portion of the road, (42 miles to the Canadian Border) will be black-topped by next summer, 'tis advertised. At the present time, the great number of heavy construction trucks and equipment running over the road, mixed with a fair amount of liquid precipitation has made motoring a bit difficult, to say the least. And I guess that is about that for now. If perchance Shute is still reading this, "Drop daid you rascal you".

WHAT'S IN A NAME

And so he came, a KNIGHT in shining armor.

We must leave no STONE unturned.
The speech was rife with PLETTitides.
They don't give a HOOPER holler!
STRYKER her down again, Pa!
Confidence made a NEWMAN of him.
Down with evil; may GOOLWIN!
The fishing gear didn't STOWELL in the boat.

"RICH man, poor man; beggar man, thief".
East is here, WESTOVER there.
Dirty dishes filled the kitchen SINK.
They partook of a breakfast of BACON and eggs and KELLOGG'S cornflakes.
April showers bring many a MAYFIELD of flowers.

The maid was YOUNG and fair.
COX crow at the break of dawn.
Wait until MABEL STUBBS her too.
Alaskan REVELL in winter sports.
MARTENS took possession of the birdhouse.
His necktie was BROWN and KELLY GREEN.
Her form is PETITTE and TRIMMER than most.

He is KING of all he surveys.
The cook rattled the POTTS and pans.
"I'd rather be WRIGHT than President".
No Knobler gent exists - gentle as a LAMB is he.

Wild RICE lined the RIVERS edge.
"Go WEST young man".
The LAMPLE burn better if trimme.
The FARMER said, "Put the cow in the BARNER leave her outside."

LOIS RANSIER space in Makluk.

FOR SALE: New and unused Coleman oil heater with draft regulator and blower. The price on this heater is \$81.00. Call Beth Henley, CAA 68.

FOR TRADE: Will trade Argus Argoflex for Argus C-3, with cash difference. A-1 condition, like new. Jo Roushman, CAA 72.

FOR SALE: Imperial Cape Cod Cottage glassware. Sherberts, water glasses, dessert plates, wine glasses, etc. Reduced from original prices. Six or eight of each. This is open stock and can be added to as desired. Call Jo Roushman at CAA 72, or write Box 1620, Anchorage.

HAINES

Okay Shute, you asked for it. Just cast your eyes on the following lines and drop daid. Unsolicited contribution quote:

The depth of feeling displayed in Shute's recent scurrilous attack on the Haines station and its chief contributor to the MUKTEL came as a surprise. The only conclusion we can come to is that Shute feels bitterly his mistake in leaving the garden spot and the knowledge that he is himself responsible for that mistake is changing his once happy, tho' fickle and careless nature to gall and wormwood. It was expected that he would rue his mis-step and would slowly become discontented and envious, but the vehemence displayed in his disparagement of Haines is alarming in that it indicates a more rapid accretion of vitriol in his system than his slight moral structure can handle. The growth of venom is usually a slow process, as the Romans had it "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus", but in Shute's case it appears to be rapid, and accordingly more dangerous to himself and those around him.

His article is revealing in its naivety. The principal attraction of Haines has always been its desirable living and working conditions, and a contributing factor to that is of course its low activity level, which is almost as low as the ACTUAL workload figures of Gulkana. Imagine that character believing that the workload figures of the various stations represent the true station activity. Wake up, boy! Workload formulas in Government agencies are made up for justification, rather than analytical purposes. Look the point assignment table over, than have someone think about it for you...unquote; and to which, allow me to postscript a few more lines of my own. So 95% of my stuff concerns my own trials and troubles, eh? Oh Brother! Just thumb through the back issues and note the acres of space allotted to Shute's trials and tribulations.

His screams of rage about the Manop files at Gulkana....his buckets of tears shed for having to part with one thin dime tip when he went on leave to the States...his worries about keeping calm in accordance with the Flight Emergency Program and his troubles about trying to maintain an "even-flow of language" during broadcast...it would take ten pages here just to outline the personal diatribe entered ala Shute...Carl, Carl old Boy, just send your card to Haines and I'll gladly punch it.

How come you bid on every opening that comes up, huh? Not satisfied, eh? And you thought that Haines was a pretty important station when you were here, but since you left, we can't hold it up by its bootstraps any longer.....sh????? Dear, patient readers, I ask you, is that ego or is that ego...at least we can establish that the boy is not at all shy, bashful or retiring concerning matters Shute....I do notice, however, that he fears the fury of the courts for practising without a license. For myself, I have no such fear and I shall now practice my literary license unhampered..... Please note that there is nothing slanderous in the following remarks, but they are just offered in the friendly spirit of constructive criticism to Shute: "Drop daid you egregious egotistic elementary element of an ectogenous bug. You unfaithful excuse for an ACCOM. You embezzling plagiarist of my stuff. You 15 WPM thorn in my side. I hope the RO transfers you to Adak...or preferably to some other region down under...way down under...If I ever read another line of tripe from Gulkana, I hope the Good Lord will strike my eyes out. I'm so mad I can spit...

And I guess that takes care of Shute. He probably won't read this far, anyway; I'll bet he's lying on the floor kicking his feet right now. I'm sorry that I
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GNOSTIC -

(Continued from page 33)

cut its teeth in Alaska with "Bonanza" Jack Jefford at the controls so you see - Leise sez: "It will never get you lost, that is, not for more than three or four hours, at the most." You bearded communicators in the isolated stations can have a good airplane by sending your accumulation of last year's endorsed checks and prime Beaver pelts. To Nome.

The following limericks were taken from "The Saga of Alaska" by Thomas Wiedemann Sr. and Luther Norris;

THE GREAT CLEANUP

There was an old miner at Nome --
With his cleanup started for home --
In a dance hall he strayed,
Where a cleanup girls made --
He's still roaming around up at Nome.

THE BOOZE HOUND OF ANCHORAGE

There was a guy up at Anchorage
Who for booze had a hankerage;
And to keep him in "Hootch"
The money he'd mooch --
So the cops yanked him to Tankerage.

THE BAR TENDER AT CORDOVA

There was a bartender named Sam;
At Cordova got into a jam;
Served drinks while polluted,
Without water diluted,
So his boss said: "You're fired - now
SCRAM!

That should be enough limericks, so now we will start a feud with Shute at Gulkana. The mud holes on Front Street at Nome are bigger and deeper than any that were built at Fairbanks or Anchorage. No one jay-walks around here because if they ever fell into one of these holes, they would most likely come out in the Nome River, which is five miles east.

In closing, friends, I will state the sun shone for 35 seconds this morning at precisely seven fifteen and one quarter, "Nome - Nome estimated ceiling" etc., but enough of that - I'm working



(Flying)

"I was peeking into my lunch pail...at which time I hit an air pocket."

on 303X now. No kidding, everyone here figures it's CAVU when we can see the top of Anvil Mountain, which is eleven hundred feet high.

It hasn't rained very much at this station, but we had a float plane from BET try to set down in the lake that has formed in the backyard of the #2 quarters area.

And now it is time that I should plod back to my acre of unfrozen ground and have a glass of buttermilk before I start my sluice box boxing and my pan panning. In closing let me remind you - there's gold in unfrozen ground and not only that...some old timers up here say there is a lot of ice in it too. We don't need any freezers up here. As I turn my eyes toward Kotzebue I think to myself, "There's mud down there."

The Gnomon says it's time to vamoose.
--Your Humble Gnome.

GNOSTIC GASHINGS FROM GNOME

So many things have been happening up this way that we just don't have time to write about them, but for Mukluk's information, we hope to have some copy in each month.

You guys and gals probably haven't heard about Dave Mercer's wild ride out to Cape Nome. Mercer, Bob Anderson, a Technician at the Cape, and an ACS man were enroute to Cape Nome when the jeep went on a rampage. After a few trips from one side of the road to the other, it took to the air and threw top, passengers and freight out and onto a bed of soft rocks. Anderson and the ACS man were momentarily knocked out, but Mercer was not so fortunate. He was brought in to the hospital after Ike Jensen phoned in for aid and it looked as if Dave was on the verge of saying "hello" to Saint Peter. He improved quite a bit on the second day, and is now up and around. He says a few bones seem to be upside down, and that he is planning on taking a trip to Anchorage for a medical checkup.

Walt Berkland has sold all of his worldly possessions and has left for ANC where he will be a relief MTIC. He was MTIC at Cape Nome and everyone here was sorry to see him leave as we got to see him once in awhile when he was Acting CLMO. It is rumored that Walt's first assignment will be MDO or MDI.

Gail Trowbridge, Leonard Skitzi and John Cummings are all on annual leave out of the Operations Branch here. Trowbridge left here on a Sunday and three days later a wedding announcement was received saying he was to be married on the following Sunday. He's a "gone goose" now and is no doubt honeymooning on a dude ranch in sunny Montana. Skitzi is on emergency leave due to his Father being critically ill. Cummings is on leave just to see if he can persuade a certain party in Phoenix, Arizona to make her home in "Gnome".

Bob Leise and family arrived about the first part of July to take up duties as CACOM here. He has not decided just yet whether he prefers the big city to Moses Point, or not.

Station Manager Joe Walsh was passing the cigars and chocolates last month when wife Mabel presented him with a bouncing baby daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Walsh also have a son - which is planning things the right way. Leise with four daughters does not have the correct formula.

FOR SALE: This won't last long. One-acre lots overlooking beautiful Bering Sea - for the unbelievable low price of \$15,000. All are corner lots and are located on unthawed ground. Any or all may be purchased with as little as five thousand down. Just think of it friends. Not ground you can dig into with a spade or shovel, but UNTHAWED ground. BUY NOW from MADMAN POW! (and Associates). Call Bering \$500 now.

FLASH: N. Johnson takes Circular A home to study, he sez. Lefebvre, his cook, advises that it is being used as a hot-pad to keep the bean pot from burning the table. Incidentally, "Lefebvre" is pronounced "Lafay".

What we would like to know up in this neck of the unthawed ground is what gives down in CEMO these days. They must be hopped up with adrenalin, cocaine or maybe it's Machin's coffee, but anyhow they've got the sharp axe raised and ready. We don't have a thing against that good looking secretary that works in Finegold's den, but PLEASE don't send us anymore writing on that Form ACA 2231.

Leise has been trying to sell his plane, but has not had any luck. Plenty of would-be flyboys want to buy it but are short on cabbage. This Stinson 150

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CARIBOU-

(Continued from page 29)



for his trusty .270 only to discover the noise came from curious caribou almost within reach of the tent.

Two nights of waiting like this made Leo a bit restless and warped his sense of humor - for not only was food scarce, but the cigarettes were about gone. By Monday afternoon the plane finally was again in flying shape and Edwin took off to rescue his lonesome partner. This time another landing spot had been chosen, but as Ed nosed her down and was leveling off there was a bump and one wheel folded up. This is where Edwin proved his prowess as a pilot, for he not only saved the plane from being

completely demolished but brought her in on one wheel, damaging only the tip of one wing.

They say that misery loves company--so there they were, miserable together on a high mountain top. However, later this same day, their plight was discovered by the Fish and Wildlife who dropped food and notified the Tenth Rescue Squadron. (A fella can't even get out alone with his thoughts without someone looking for him). Tuesday our hunters were picked up by Tenth Rescue helicopter, and this added another new experience to their already eventful trip.

Edwin and J. Leo are now back at work and we understand they are ver-ree quiet. We think they will long remember this trip. If they only knew how much they are envied by some of their stateside friends, perhaps the caribou hunt would mean more to them - but somehow the glamour of it all does not appeal to J. Leo (who is now called "Daniel Boone") for all he does is shake his head as his big blue eyes grow wide and says, "Never again--I'm going to just relax and grow old naturally."



Ordinarily J. Leo is quite the practical joker, but this particular incident doesn't seem to strike his "funny bone".

P&S CONSTRUCTION

The Loussac Sogn building used to be quiet and peaceful, that is before SFP, (the street paving program). We used to hear an occasional water sprinkler truck and now we have tractors, power shovels, graders, etc., in fact when operations let up, the stillness is startling. To add to the confusion, the fire department had their sumptuous new fire truck over to try out the equipment the other day. So, girls if you see a man going past your window it'll just be the fireman on the extension ladder!

Three new employees have been added to our staff: Warren S. Peller, an electrician, William R. Weber and Martin A. Louchtenberger, both Airways Engineers. Peller has already completed an assignment at Yakataga and is presently at Woody Island. Weber assisted Engineer Wilkins at Nenana and Summit and is now with Harold Tarbert at Minchumina. Louchtenberger recently departed for Fairbanks to join Jerry Howard's crew on the International Airport.

Charlie Overn finished his assignment at Gustavus, spent a few days in the RO, and is now in charge of the Bettles SBRA Range installation. Bernie Reiten spent two weeks in Anchorage on annual leave from his duties at Annette as Resident Engineer in charge of the apartment job - and Barney Locke acted as Resident Engineer during Bernie's absence.

Arne Erickson, Resident Engineer at Woody Island, is in Anchorage for a few days....those cigars Arne smokes dooooo smell good'. Also in town for a short stay is J. E. Daigle who is Engineer in charge of the apartment building program at Yakutat. "Red" Wilkins is now at Naknek making preparations for the apart-

ment project there. He took his new plane along this time, which shortened the distance between ANC and AKN.

Our Boss, George, George K. threw a vertebra out of place while playing ball and for several days has been walking slightly lop-sided.

Making inspections this past month were: KKKellner at Fairbanks; J. L. Connors at Yakataga and Naknek and George K. at Woody Island and Fairbanks.

Ned Nelson has been taking the 57 secretaries on a tour of the ANC airport (that's a lot of secretaries) All return with OH's and AH's. The Lytle and Green company cook seems to be the main attraction and "makes the best pie and coffee", says Marguerite Kyger and Mildred Morton.

In last month's issue, we erroneously reported John Goetz as skipper of the BSP 3144....This item should have read "Gordon Meyers" who is our very able skipper and is at present giving his boat a complete overhaul. Johnny Goetz is a good electrician but definitely not a sailor. When forced to travel via the boat, he always has a supply of Mother Sills remedy - just in case.

Robert Tietjen resigned last month to return to his home....and it is also rumored...bride to be, in Great Falls, Montana. Our best wishes and good luck to a swell person!

This is about 'thirty' for this time excepting would like to say how much two of us girls enjoyed our recent visit at the Gulkana station with the very hospitable Holemans and Allendicks.

--VICKI LOMMEN

JACKIE JOHNSON EDITS FOREVER ANTHRACITE

Faces were tense and teeth were gritted as the minute hand slowly crept around the face of the clock, ever nearing the fateful hour. Here and there, one fear-ridden, white countenance would search another for some sign of hope or reassurance, but with no avail, for there was none to be had.

The enemy was plainly in sight, and the whites of their eyes clearly visible. They seemed hard, cold and relentless; we could expect little or no mercy from them.

I glanced about and checked our forces. Mary Lou Lawhorn, Emil Weaver, Ken Ruhle, John Meyers--all were ready.

Then suddenly, the time had come. A light flashed and there was a loud clang which meant the battle was about to commence. We crossed our fingers, breathed a prayer, and braced ourselves for the shock. Our neutral arbitrator signaled our side to strike the first blow. The Spelling Bee was on! CAA against the Northern Commercial Company.

As Captain of our team, I rose and stood before the microphone. My word was acquaintance, and I stumbled through the correct spelling. From then on, it was clear sailing. Words flew fast and furiously, some right, some wrong. Occurrence, criticism, acknowledgement - possession, utensil, we spelled them all.

Then the smoke cleared, and we had won. One to three misses. Our only wrong word was anthracite--we should know that it has a C and not an S....??? We aren't coal miners.

However, I think that the announcer at KENI is quite sure that our Aircraft Communicators are either lunatics or magicians. His interpretation of their duties is that they sit somewhere, other than the tower, between the ground and

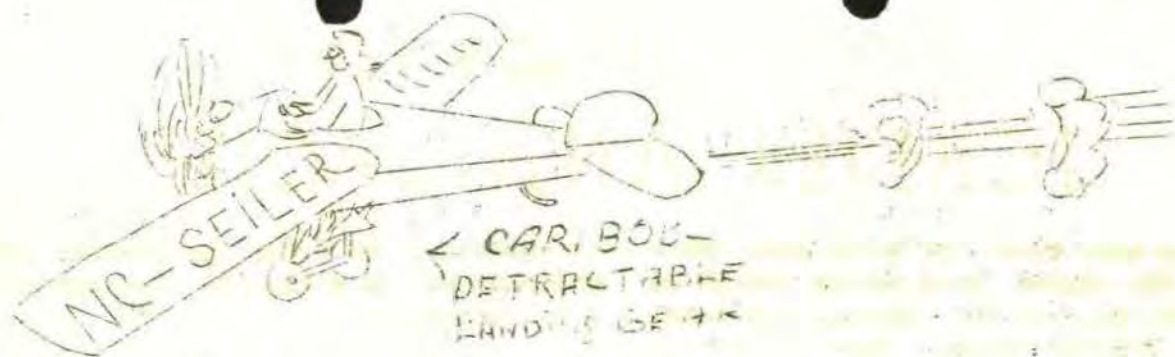
an airplane, and talk. He doesn't quite understand. Oh well, I'm not sure that I do either.

We'd like to give special thanks to John Meyers for being on our team. At the last minute, we discovered that one of our team members was unable to attend. Mr. Meyers, who had come to the studio as a casual observer, was nice enough to join us. He had been in Anchorage for 3 days, so he's starting out with a true spirit of cooperation. He is with Section 82 at the present as a Communications Specialist.

All in all, we think that the whole team did beautifully. It was a hard battle, but we won, and had a lot of fun.



There are several words I missed, Mr. Zilch...about half way through your first cigar. Do you remember them?



CARIBOU 'ER BUST

After much discussion as to where to go, two of our engineers in the Loussac-Sogn Building, J. Leo Connors and Ed Seiler, decided to get themselves a nice Caribou. Blonde, curly-haired J. Leo even modeled his flashy new hunting coat and demonstrated a tricky back compartment, which, when unsnapped, serves as a water repellent cover for the---uh-----legs.

Preparations were finally completed and our engineers took off in their Aer-onca with Ed at the controls. As darkness set in, they were forced to spend the night at the Eureka road house, but again took to their wings early Saturday morning, and after cruising around for a time, landed their small plane in the vicinity of Sheep Mountain. It wasn't long until camp was set up and the happy 'boys' were a-huntin'. Edwin got the first lucky shot which dropped his meat, then J. Leo bagged his unsuspecting prey.

At this point, problems began presenting themselves....the mission had been accomplished, but the question now was how to get their meat and themselves back to civilization. It was at last decided that it would be necessary to make two or three trips. Everything was going along smoothly until the second trip when something went wrong with the landing gear. (We might add here that

this is probably the first time any human has dared to land on this particular spot...with no reflections on Ed's flying ability either...) Undaunted by the mishap, these mighty Alaskans sawed off a piece of caribou bone and a hunk of skin and had the landing apparatus repaired in no time (this is exactly the way they told it). By now it was getting dark, and due to the condition of the plane, J. Leo decided to spend the night on the mountain rather than risk the added weight on the take-off, with Edwin promising to return for him as soon as the plane could be repaired. Note: The two men will soon have cured caribou parts for sale to all aircraft mechanics at a very reasonable price. We see no reason why the CAA or any other agency should have to send to the States for repair materials when there is such an abundance of caribou.

About this time it began to pour rain and there was nothing for J. Leo to do but crawl into his little pup tent. Just before darkness, he spotted what looked like a huge grizzly bear, so to calm his nerves and perhaps frighten the animal, he fired seven or eight shots in that general direction. Sleep by now seemed impossible, but at intervals he'd doze off only to be awakened now and then by a snort, and start grabbing frantically

(Continued on page 32)

WILL SOON HAVE HAMS IN GREECE

From the Fifth Region we learn that all INSACS, Towers and Centers have been notified of a new ham station in Greece. Thinking that perhaps some of our own "metal thumpers" would be interested, we give you the following information from a letter signed by Mr. Matucha, who is currently serving as Chief of the Civil Aviation Mission to the Greek Government in Athens:

"We have a ham station on the air - and it's working OK but in a couple of days will have a directional beam aimed at the U.S., and should put in a pretty good signal there. It is on phone and CW and puts out about 300 watts and we work the ten and twenty meter bands. We use my call (WHHP) and also the call of one of the other lads, KH6GF. Probably about the best time to hear us in Kansas City would be about 6:00 PM which is one o'clock in the morning here in Athens... you might tell some of the lads to be watching for us. We expect to have a Greek call soon but, of course, I don't know what that will be."

(We are wondering if Vince Speer will be dabbling around at this ham station - and if so, will Alaska be able to hear. For the information of any newcomers, Mr. Speer was recently transferred to Greece from the Anchorage offices.)

The following was taken from the Pan American CLIPPER magazine:

As we travel by jet
The faster we get,
And things will be really a-humming.
Since we are faster than sound,
We will land on the ground -
Then listen to ourselves coming!

I eat my peas with honey;
I've done it all my life.
It makes the peas taste funny,
But it keeps them on my knife.

ON THE MAP NOW

You people at Yakataga should be on the lookout for an invasion of tourists from here on in. The bear story appeared in United Press syndicates in several leading newspaper and was based on the one carried in the July issue of the Mukluk Telegraph.

We have copies in our files which were sent us from Washington, The Anchorage News, The Chicago Sun-Times and the Indianapolis News. This is the type of story that appeals to our stateside friends, even though such happenings may seem almost common place to those of you who see the bruins daily. So if there is a sudden increase of hunters in your area don't blame us - all we did was write a story about it.

FOR SALE

Alberta Bigelow called this office to take advantage of Mukluk's service those of you who wish to sell or trade merchandise. She has four dozen Kerr wide-mouth pint jars w/rings. These are worth far more than three dollars but that is all it will cost you to get them out of her way. After all, the poor girl can't have empty fruit jars all over the place; and besides, this is the time of year when some of you should be canning berries. Call CAA 110.

AN OLD SALT-

(Continued from page 27)

I got hr OK and pls tell that guy that hands out them discrepancees that I do not partickulerly want any more of them. I got enuff. Besides, like I say, I can't rite so gud and aint so gud at thinkin' up gud lies so pls tell him I think I got my share till the next new opr gits hr and then he can start in agn. And also pls tell who pokes up this hr newspaper she can poke up the rite words offen she has a mind too cuz like I said before I don't spel so gud. If any of U want some more gosup from Nome jist let me no and I'll rite agn soon.

73, Ur Obediant Servunt
The old chief-ex-USN

AN OLD SALT'S FIRST VIEW OF NOME

I been reading in this hr Makluk abt all the hardships of these hr radio-men--pardon me, Communicators. I jest thought I wud write a line or too to U all up thr in the RC abt me jest getting up hr in old Alaska.

Now I been all over this old world and I never seen a place to beat this hr Nome fer mizzuble wx. Csa I'm fm TT gud old state by the name of Georgia - Cater Georgia, TT is -- and don't ritely like this cool wx. Never did, matter of fact. But I says to miself quot son you got kicked out of the Navy and where is thr for U to go but up Noth. So hr I is. You see I'm an old ex-Navy Chief whot has seen better days and I had my time run out and was gitting a little deaf in both ears, account of lissening to all those cans on all day long with TT thr CW code. I shere was gitting fed up with those young punks they wuz gitting in the Navy nowadays anyway....and they wuz a gittin' all them new electric gizmoos and gadgets in which I ain't had no learnin' on.

I seen in the Atlanta Journal one day where the Gov't wanted some crackerjack radio men up in Alaska - or what they called Communicators - so I put in for it. I didn't know nuthin' abt communicashuns, but all I knew was radio -- CW like. After I put in for it and got mi-self a fiscal I got on the central of GA and went to OKC. They wanted me to git sum schooling in radio and I thot TT was a big joko til I git up there and soon all TT now fangles stuff they wanted me to learn. I cudn't learn fast cuz I'm a slow learner, but Mr. Okerlund shere did help me sum. It was that thr weather schooling what had me slood. All them cipher tables and little thermeters was jest abt too much for me but I got thru all the wx tests. I got real gud near-site eyes anyway.

Wal, after the learning they sent me up hr to Nome. Seems like a pretty gud bunch of fellows but those here younguns

don't have the respect for me as they ought to have, but I goss they jest don't know any better. I shere do have to ask one of 'em fer sometng like the other day when I asked one of 'em how to spel altitude. He jest mumbled sumtng abt an old goat. Nw thr ain't anything wrong with mi spoling; I jest don't read too gud, that's all. Anyway, after U have been in radio as long as I have, U ferget all abt spoling - what with all those abreviashuns they got now.

Jest to mention it, the CAA shere has changed a lot of gud old words. I wish they wud make up there mines. I been putting sigs down for years before I found out it was sgls all the time. And there aint nothing in CAA B Mandel abt NIL. Times shere do change, don't they?

Well onnyway to git on with mi story, I come up hr to Nome and they sat me down to a machine like we had one of in Oklahoma City, called Bomoe on 303X ekt. I got it purty gud in OKC but hr that doggone thing is a spowing and a sprawling out tape like U never seen no where. You shere do get busy on that thing. Like the other day when I run out of tape fer the puncher and grabbed up a spool of tape for the tng and put it in but it wuzent taking it. I tried fer abt five mins and come to find out it had a rolo of TT thr Bo-Dit tape. No wonder it woodent go in the blamed contrapshun. Jest little things will git U to swearing and cussin' - but mi cussing is all in a furrin langwich which nobody arnd hr noes so I don't got a calling down from the Chief. Hits tarbly hard not to cuss when sumtng like that gits at U.

But to git on with mi story - I fer-got what I wuz gonna say but that's all right cuz this watch is jest about over and what fool is gonna stay on his own time and write words. So before I go I jist want to tell all of U up thr that
(Continued on page 28)

BITS ABOUT 'EM

MR. AND MRS. HARRY WATSON have come home from a vacation at Seattle, enjoying a leisurely auto trip down the Highway. Mrs. Watson is one of our favorite switchboard operators and Mr. Watson can usually be found with his nose to the grindstone in the Budget Offices.

AL HULEN, Deputy Administrator, with the same infectious smile, has come back to town to rest up from a strenuous vacation in the States.

GENE CLARK, the big wheel in Payroll, promised to write an article for Mukluk and never did. For shame, Gene.

MARGARET TRIMMER is too modest to say much about her artistic talents, but you would do well to ask her about those attractive silhouettes she cuts from real life or even from a portrait of George Washington. At the present time there is a display on Fourth Avenue and we suggest you keep them in mind when a special gift is the order of the day.

WALT WILLIAMS has returned from an extended vacation in Idaho and other old stamping grounds. Walt looks good and is fit as a fiddle and ready to be up and at 'em on his new duties in the Contract and Procurement office.

NANCY SMITH, Payroll, was given a farewell dinner August 19 by several of the girls in the Federal Building. Nancy is leaving for the States.

LOIS AND CARL SHUTE are the proud parents of a baby son, born at the Palmer Hospital this month. Pappa Shute is one of our best contributors for MUKLUK. We hope to have full particulars and much boasting from Pappa Shute in the next issue.

BOB GRANER, (single) Airways Operations Specialist, has temporarily set up shop in the very comfortable offices

of the Legal Branch and is one of the most confused fellows in the entire CAA organization. He is deluged with calls regarding Public Law 7865 published in 1908; he has been offered a homestead site in Igigik as a possible airport site; many want him to settle divorce-proceedings for them; and this all takes time - in fact Graner not only doesn't know the answer, but he can't even find the right volume in which to look for it. Petite calls him a "Swoose", or an orphan from all authorized branches, and maintains it's because he is a freak that all the girls poke their heads in to look at him - but we think it's because he's single that they sigh, "Gee, LOOK...."

G. W. WHITTAKER has returned from a combined business and pleasure trip to the States. The Highway Commission informs us the moose and wildlife on the Alcan are still running. It seems they were apparently frightened by the speed of Whittaker and his new Chevrolet as they sped over hills and hollers!

LATE NEWS FLASH:

Girls, this will break your little old hearts, but we just learned Robert Graner was married September 17, at Fairbanks. There just ain't no justice, is there? Next month's Mukluk will carry more particulars, but we thought it wise to break the news gently.

RAY PETITTE and family left August 23 for a trip up the Yukon. One of his best "friends" says he hopes he has a wonderful time - and in the same breath stated he hopes the mosquitoes gnaw him to bits. Rumor has it that Mr. Petite will write an interesting report of the voyage which should prove more interesting than traveling on a TRAIN - or auto.

Editor's Note:

If you have a bit of news that you feel isn't lengthy enough for a column, please send or phone it, for this page.

WAREHOUSE WAILS

But not many of you know that we at the Warehouse now have the opportunity to become members of the more intellectual set. For the remainder of the summer anyway. After nosing about a bit, it has been discovered that we have no less than two teachers in our midst. They've both come to Alaska to "get away from it all" for the summer.

Having only too recent memories of school teachers, I've carried a very definite picture of both. Schools aren't even to be tolerated, and teachers are grim, horrible people who glower down at you, and who can't seem to understand that a date is much more important than homework. So, you can well imagine my surprise to find that they can not only be nice, but that they're even human. And wonders will never cease, they can both talk about something other than school. Maybe teachers aren't so bad after all.

In contrast to my nasty old French teacher, we have Avis Fischer. Avis has been working on the National Catalogue since she's been here, but will return to the toll of the school bell September 22nd. She teaches French in a private girl's school in New York.

Harold Cottrill, who works in the packing room, is no less than a professor of Theology in South Dakota.

By the time this issue of Mukluk has been published, one of our Virginias will have left us -- that's our Nuts and Bolts Virginia Shaw, not our Radio Virginia McKay. Though it will save a lot of confusion in names, we'll all miss

Virginia. The gals gave her a combination baby shower and going away party the middle of August. We had spaghetti for dinner, and not one of us was able to avoid a cleaning bill. Slurp as we did, by the end of the evening, we all had the evidence clearly imprinted on our clothes.

Ted Joslyn is among the missing this week. Several weeks ago, Ted was banged on the elbow by a piece of steel pipe, and the elbow has now swollen to several times its normal size. If it weren't so painful, it would be funny, for the offending thing bears a definite resemblance to a large baseball.

John Moriarty took a week off this month to fly down to Canada and pick up his car which he had rolled driving up last summer. The poor old Dodge is really a sorry sight -- the top was completely wrecked, so as a temporary substitute, he has some pretty flowered oil-cloth on it. He covered the oil-cloth with tar, but it's beginning to wear off and the flowers are blooming in their full glory. Although the combination of the flowers and a Smitty muffler may not make the prettiest car, it is the most unusual and the loudest.

Walt Williams has returned from his vacation, and though he is not with the Warehouse any longer, he pops in occasionally. I hate those people who come back from Outside with their beautiful tans, and stand around and gloat.

Like all good things, this must come to an end, so 'til next time.

--JACKIE JOHNSON.

WOODY ISLAND-

sign that we crave beer, but that we do have a darned good ball team.

A new recreation committee has been elected. The members are Thomas Haase, Pappy Lee, and Normal D. Spencer.

The day may come when Woody Island will have a finished orchestra. Mrs. Valentincic plays the accortian and Philip Zagozewski the Bass. Others are Zaven Zerigian, violin and guitar; Walt Westman, accortian; Richard Haggin, harmonica. Mrs. Valentincic also plays the piano and I think Philip Zagozewski can play anything that looks like a musical instrument.

IT'S PAPPA WHO PAYS

A boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Leonard which cost Pappa Paul A. a lot of money. He had bet nearly everyone on the Island five bucks that the new hoir would be a girl. Pappa lost. I was a passenger on the watch truck the morning that Paul took out a big stack of fives and said, "Take one and pass them on." The Minute Pool on the baby was won by Charles Irwin who I am certain could use the money since he had just returned from Outside.

Even so, Paul was a proud Pappa but he has learned through it all that it's Pappa who pays.

--NORMAN SPENCER

Three Vicars were traveling together on a train in England and all three were very deaf. One said, "Is this Wembley?" The second said, "No, this is Thursday," and the third said, "So am I; let's get off and get a drink!"

In the middle of a long, drawn out, dry sermon, the preacher interrupted himself, to order a small boy, "Wake up your Daddy Jimmy!"

The boy replied, "Wake him up yourself, you put him to sleep!"

LORRAINE ROBAR MARRIES

Lorraine Robar, secretary to the Chief of the Air Traffic Control Division, was married to John Gilliam at a candlelight service on Monday evening, August 1, at the Catholic Church.

Mercedes Salas, Audrey Penman and Norma Tumbleson, all CAA girls, were maid of honor and bridesmaids. The bride and her attendants all wore gowns of white batiste with pastel colored slips and Lorraine carried a bouquet of white roses.

A solo, Ave Maria, was sung by Mrs. Howard Kosbau of the Communications Operations Division.

Following the ceremony, a reception was held at Lorraine's home on Spenard Road where the guests had the opportunity of seeing a beautiful selection of wedding gifts.

The couple took a short honeymoon, driving up the Highway to Tazlina Lodge, and are now living in their new apartment in the Woodland Park area off Spenard Road.

SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD BUY

FOR SALE: Stinson 150, 320 hours total time on engine and aircraft. Halicrafters Skyfone with fixed Vee antenna, wheels and pants, Jack Carr skis and tail ski, reinforced axles, sensitive altimeter, defroster fan, McCauley Met'l Prop, 2 spare wood props, extra landing light, navigation lights, outside baggage compartment, engine cover, emergency gear, 2 fire extinguishers, T&B Indicator, oil can, spare spark plugs, and miscellaneous items. Licenses until June 1, 1949. All this and a good airplane too, FOR ONLY 3,850 ONE DOLLAR BILLS. Reason for selling: Have moved to the city and also an increase in the family necessitates buying a Norseman later on. If interested contact Bob Loise, Box 359, Nome, Alaska

WOODY ISLAND WOODPECKERS

The problem of education for the Woody Island children will be a thing of the past when the new school teacher arrives from Seattle this fall. Desks will be installed in the Recreation Hall and for the first time the hall will be put to constructive rather than destructive use.

The residents of Woody Island along with the CAA personnel have given generously to provide funds for school supplies and equipment. It was, indeed, encouraging to witness the eagerness and generosity with which these donations were extended for so worthy a cause. For education is the root of Democracy.

The Woody Island bachelors are more excited about the arrival of the teacher than the children. From conversation I have overheard, I would estimate she will receive no more than fifty proposals of marriage the first day she is here. Yes, there is much speculation on her age. No doubt more than one bachelor will be insisting he has one or two grades of grammar school to make up. However, this I am sure of....if thoughts could produce, this teacher would be about five foot two, eyes of blue, blonde, with a figure like Lana Turner's. I hate to be a killjoy, but I am afraid where matrimony is concerned, it will be, "Sorry, wrong number."

GARBAGE DISPOSAL

There was a time when Woody Island was being taken by the rats. Two amendments were proposed to alleviate this condition. First, we got some new personnel and second, we set up a garbage disposal system

Prior to a few weeks ago, the garbage system was merely tossing the stuff in the air and letting the beer cans fall where they may. Most of them were just tossed over the cliff in hopes that a big tidal wave would come and carry them

off. Such tidal wave never came and our beautiful island had begun to look like one of New York City's better dumps. Not only did it look bad but the rats were having the time of their lives. In other words, we had no system.

Mother has always been the necessity of invention, but in this case it was the Station Manager. He proposed a plan whereby two personnel would be assigned to collect everyone's garbage twice each week. This plan has proven most successful since no one becomes Hector the Garbage Collector, more than once every 3 months. And to you who are thinking, "Oh, oh," may I say the Station Manager, Mr. Valentincic, is Hector just as many times as anyone else.

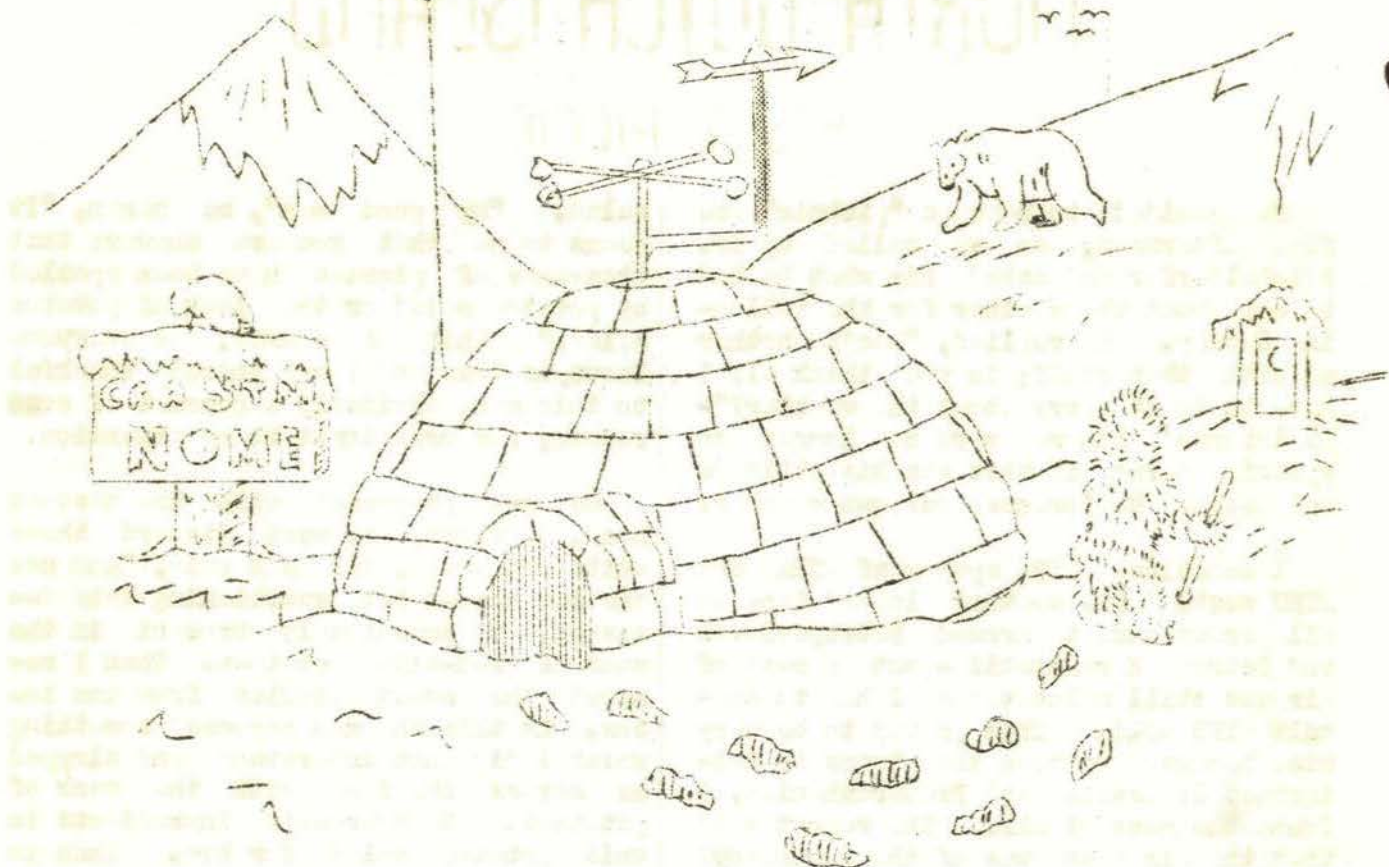
The rats have not entirely disappeared yet. There is still a little more clean up work to be done and perhaps a little poison will be necessary, but at least we're on the right track. It only takes two men approximately 45 minutes to collect the garbage and dump it off the end of the dock. The noted improvement is worth 45 minutes of anyone's time.

PERSONNEL TIDBITS

Our two men have arrived from Oklahoma City. Namely Normal E. Harrington and Francis G. Mullins. The latter brought the nickname of "Moon" with him. These men arrived at Kodiak at an opportune time. Kodiak was in the process of commissioning new teletype circuits. 805T and 808T are in full swing now and the use of the Bug at Kodiak is practically nil.

Cecil Hinshaw and wife are expected back to Kodiak after a long vacation in the States, on August 17th.

The Woody Island baseball team played the Kodiak Bartenders recently for 15 cases of beer. We won, which is not a
(Continued on page 24)



KCAA DE KIS

YOKIS

GEN ANCAN R068 100900

KCAAS CHA

NR 2000. ALACS 2. WYALO PSN ZAF-7

NOM. BRALR QTRS AVEL. RECREATION

AND WOMEN. BIDDER MUST FURNISH

OWN PINOCHLE DECK. WHALE BEER ON

TAP. REINDEER STEAK PLENTIFUL.

TAGEX 150 LBS.

Mc Coy

NORTH DUTCH ISLAND

HAS A PICNIC

We decided to have a "picnic" one fine afternoon, so we called up Dr. Reichelderfer and asked him what he had to say about the weather for the following Sunday. He replied, "Don't bother me with that stuff; do you think all I have to do is worry about the weather?" - We informed him we were no longer on speaking terms if that was his attitude and decided to forecast our own weather.

I consulted MTPA apv% wxxf MTRA and MTRU wuqt. The weather looked fine in all areas except around Petropavlovsk and Ostrov Koraginskii - but a mass of air was still unlocated so I had to consult MTRU WUQT. This proved to be very wise because between the towns of Poliarmaia Stanstia and Preobrazhenia, I found the mass of air. The report said that the air mass was of the Mezamnyi Zyrianka type but I disagreed with this report because of the information that I had found in MTRU3 WUQT. That report said that a very large mass of air was moving toward Stanstia and Preobrazhenia but had to pass over Vostochnaya -- Eastern, and Zapadnaya -- Western, which would certainly change the type of air from Mezamnyi Zyrianka to Chokurakh Soskyakh. How could this be? That type of air mass has never been known to be in that area. A quick glimpse at MTRU5 WUQT didn't reveal anything interesting except that an air mass which answered that description had been observed in the area of Dalan-Doxtagad -- but the observer was on a picnic and failed to follow its course.

Reluctantly I decided that it would be safe to have our picnic if we started early this afternoon. I brought in a sack of potatoes and began to peel with dexterity. A stranger walked in, during the process and informed me that I shouldn't peel them until they had first been cooked. This man, obviously a gourmet of some renown, decided to supervise the task of making the potatoe

salad. "My good man", he began, "It seems to me that you are unaware that thousands of picnics have been spoiled by potatoe salad or the lack of potatoe salad." This of course, as everyone knows, is true and I was indeed thankful to this man, obviously a gourmet of some renown, for bringing it to my attention.

We now proceeded with the task at hand. "First, we must discard these white potatoes", the man said, "And use the red ones." Not questioning this decision, I immediately brought in the sack of red-skin potatoes. Then I removed the sweet pickles from the ice box. At this the man screamed something which I did not understand and slapped me across the face with the sack of potatoes. No Bourgeois ingredients in this potatoe salad for him. Then in rapid succession he placed in the mixing bowl, 2 jars pimientoes, 5 pounds red onions, 3 bunches of red beets, 2 jars red-hot peppers and a box of frozen strawberries. "Now you see what is known as Proletariat potatoe salad", said this man, obviously a gourmet of some renown.

I ran after him, inquiring of his profession, but he boarded a submarine that was hovering off-shore and I never saw him again.....PWS.

FOR SALE: Man's Parka, Hair Seal. This is a very fine parka made of matched fur with hood and ruff. It is practically new and in very good condition. The only thing that is possibly needed is a cloth lining.

You men in the field who are looking around for a real bargain should not let this deal pass by. The weather is not quite cool enough for parkas but before long the old wind will be howling around the ears. Alberta Bigelow is the girl who can supply this parka for the very reasonable price of \$30.00, and can be reached at Room 315, Loussac Building - or at CAA Extension 110.

RESIGNATIONS (Continued)

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

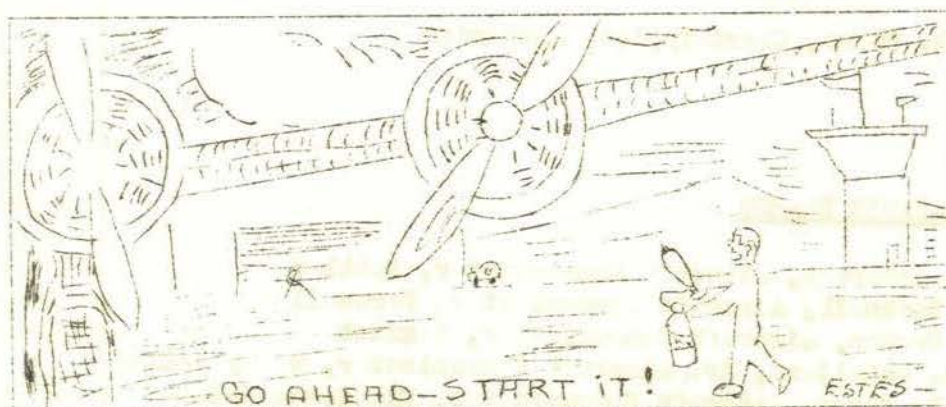
Estelle H. Cole, Fiscal Audit Clerk, Anchorage
Grace E. Dillon, Clerk, Anchorage
Betty Jo Fletcher, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Logan G. Groomer, Storekeeper, Anchorage
Lorilea J. Kaake, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Merle J. Ranson, Storekeeper, Anchorage

ANF PLANT & STRUCTURES BRANCH

Vernon E. Jacobson, General Mechanic, Nome
Henning N. Johnson, Airways Engineer, Anchorage
Ernest Keith, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Harry E. Lindegaard, General Mechanic, Juneau
Eugene G. Roguszka, Engineering Draftsman, Anchorage
John Satre, General Mechanic, Juneau
Robert W. Tietjen, Airways Engineer, Anchorage

AIRMAN, AIRCRAFT & FLIGHT OPERATIONS BRANCH

Jeannine M. Johnson, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage



PERSONNEL ACTIONS

JUNE 27 THROUGH JULY 26

NEW EMPLOYEES

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

Victor R. Butler, Assistant Airport Traffic Controller, Anchorage
Richard M. Cross, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
Ansel M. Winham, Airport Traffic Controller, Fairbanks

ANF PLANT & STRUCTURES BRANCH

Frank E. Berry, Civil Engineer, Anchorage
Bailey B. Crowe, Airways Engineer, Anchorage (Transferred from Region 4)
John G. Fanning, Airways Engineer, Anchorage
James Holt, Jr., Airways Engineer, Anchorage
John W. Johnson, Civil Engineer, Anchorage
Martin A. Leuchtenberger, Airways Engineer, Anchorage
William R. Weber, Airways Engineer, Anchorage

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

Lorraine E. Church, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Beverly G. Donney, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Susan K. Marchand, Clerk, Anchorage
Richard E. Owsley, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Joy M. Stockton, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage

ANF COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

Phyllis E. Stone, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage

RESIGNATIONS

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

James L. Anderson, Aircraft Communicator, Bettles
Hugh P. Bushnell, Aircraft Communicator, Farewell
Wallace Crotan, Aircraft Communicator, Yakutat
Harold W. McLelland, Sr., Aircraft Communicator, Woody Island
Francis B. Minor, Aircraft Communicator, Middleton Island
Clair C. Nelson, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
Harold D. Parks, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
Donald F. Ross, Airport Traffic Controller, Annette Island
Lowell T. Trump, Aircraft Communicator, Yakataga

ANF COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

Ted B. Young, General Mechanic, Cordova
Celeste Y. Mattson, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage

(Continued on page 20)

WRITES FROM PARIS OFFICES

We are happy to know that Mukluk Telegraph is being read in at least one place on the globe, as evidenced by the following letter from Paris:

Mukluk Telegraph
c/o Regional Administrator
Civil Aeronautics Administration
Anchorage, Alaska

Dear Editor:

We noted with interest in the June issue of the Mukluk Telegraph that visitors from the Eighth Region had transited Paris. We have had numerous CAA visitors from the Washington Office and the First Region, but none so far from the Eighth Region, and are sorry that the Speers did not call at this office on their way to Greece. Jim Wooten, President of Alaskan Airlines, has been the only Alaskan visitor to this office so far, when he stopped in to discuss their irregular operations into Lydda, Israel.

The Paris Office has been in operation since August 1946, and we could have greatly facilitated the visit of the Speers, as it is obvious from your article that they had patronized the tourist traps, which are not only expensive, but also uninteresting when compared to French places off the tourist beat.

I used to visit Alaska before the war while assigned to the Seventh Region, and any Eighth Region visitors to Paris will receive a hearty welcome and some good advice, if they will call at the CAA office in the American Embassy, Paris, France.

/s/ H. W. Helfert
Coordinator

GULKANA-

(Continued from page 14)

six bucks on the ponies at Tia Juana.... Scotch is cheaper in California than in Alaska.

A small black bear near the end of the east runway was chased up a small tree by the dogs. "Chuck" Habbersett and "Flyboy" Bennett decided to capture the beast so with "Flyboy" on the ground madly snapping his shutter to record the event for posterity, Habbersett rapidly climbed the tree after the bear, who was viewing the situation with a nasty look, from a spot about 25 feet up the tree. As he approached the bear, with a surprisingly loud roar from such a small beast, the cub started down to meet "Chuck" who thereupon reversed his direction and started back down the tree twice as fast as he went up. He was leading the bear by a nose until he stopped on a dead limb which broke, whereupon the bear was instantly out-distanced as "Chuck" turned over and crashed to the ground. Seeing that Habbersett was injured to some unknown extent with blood flowing from numerous, non-bear inflicted wounds, "Flyboy" instantly dropped the role of Bennett the ace camera man and became Bennett the local Tenth Rescue. Piling Chuck into his Luscombe he flew him to Copper Center where a Public Health Nurse administered first and second aid. Upon his return, Habbersett was surrounded by a bevy of admiring females, anxious to acquire the gory details, but meanwhile the bear was still up the tree, was subsequently captured and caged by Fred Ballard, ably assisted by the superb groundwork of "Flyboy" Bennett. Two days later he escaped. The bear that is. Not Bennett.

--G.G.

NOTICE

This issue of Mukluk is combined news of August and September. Next issue, October!

SCHMOE'S SMORGASBORD

Dear Readers: In place of the usual column this month I wish to tell you a fable. Usually I stick to a subject I know something about handling, namely the bull, but not this time. The reason for all this was that I have been approached, by one of my "friends" and was asked why I didn't try to write in a more serious vein and see if it could be published. Well first of all I know of several people in the Journalistic field who are writing in a serious vein and who also are suffering acute paralysis of the moneybelt. And in addition, Confucius, the Chinese author, poet and philosopher; 551-478 B.C., once stated, "When attempting to sell Crow, do not display next to Peacock." So if the Mukluk wishes to buy this Crow, who am I to complain. Now on with the fable.

Once upon a time there was a sad little squirrel. This sad little squirrel lived in a forest in Northern California. As a matter of fact it could have been any forest anywhere. This little creature did nothing all day but associate with other squirrels and nuts, all year 'round. Oddly enough this little squirrel was called Schmoee, and he was very, very lonely. After all he did nothing, but gather nuts all summer and crack them open all winter. Nothing but a bare hollow tree to live in had he, and no one to talk to but his Mother and a few other squirrels.

Being fed up with the set-up, Schmoee decided to leave the forest and become a bear. Now this is not too difficult a feat. Schmoee packed a few things in a bag, threw it over his shoulder and took off through the forest. During his hike he bristled and growled, acting for all the world like a wild, mean bear. And so it was not very long before Schmoee decided that he really, truly was a mean old bear. As he pattered on his merry way he came upon a hungry wolf, who was damned sure he was a wolf and also convinced that he was hungry. In place of the bear he saw nothing but a juicy little squirrel, and determined to have said morsel for his lunch. Now Schmoee

was not worried. He saw the wolf, but after all he was a bear, and no wolf, in his right mind would attack a bear - now would he? So Schmoee trudged onward, and growled at the wolf - acting for all he was worth, like a bear. When he was within a few feet of the wolf, Schmoee had a fast change of heart and quick as a wink he sprang up, up, up a tree until he sat fifteen feet up on a branch chattering and cussing the wolf for all he was worth, informing him that he was not a squirrel, but a bear and if the wolf didn't run off and play somewhere else he, Schmoee, would descend said tree and give the wolf what for, in short order.

This amused the wolf no end, and he sat under the tree and dared Schmoee into proving he was a bear and By Gosh if he WAS a bear, why didn't he come down and start something! Now Schmoee was mad clear through and he decided that By Gum he would show that wolf how it felt to tangle with a real live bear, so he ran along the branch until he was right over the wolf's head - figuring that he would drop and rip the wolf wide open with one blow of his mighty claws.

As he was sitting there, Schmoee's Mother called to him and told him to get the heck home and what did he think he was anyway! Well, that DID it as far as Schmoee was concerned; after all anyone in his right mind could see that he was a bear. Gathering all his fury and strength, he raced along the limb and leaped down upon the hapless, so he thought, wolf. Of course all the wily wolf did was open his mouth and in two gulps Schmoee was Wolfburger, Squirrelburger or Bearburger - depending upon how you look on these matters.

As in all fables, there is a moral, and I trust that the moral to this story will bring an end to questions of, "Why write this", "Why write that", and "Why don't you do this and why don't you write that" MORAL: Sometimes it pays to be a squirrel and associate with nobody but other squirrels and NUTS(Schmoee)