

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. Eugene 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. Plott, 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 carton 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.

Marie Adams is taking a long needed vacation and Alice Kincaid 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 Lemmon, 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..



CAA TEAM WINNER SPELLING TOURNAMENT HARVEST MOON BALL OPENS FALL SERIES

CAA has another cup - award, that is. As you know, KENI radio station has been sponsoring "The Spelling Bee" every Wednesday night for the past several months gradually eliminating teams from various city organizations. The CAA team, which incidentally was not always made up of the same members, managed to stay in the running until the final clash with the Rotarians on October 26. That evening the spellers for CAA were Fred Yenney (team captain), Jane Nelson, Ken Ruhle, George Sink and Margaret Trimmer. Of these, Jane Nelson was the only member who had competed consistently since the beginning of the contest. She has the distinction of having missed only one word in all that time - one word'd defy anyone to spell!

Morrill Mael, KENI's Master of Ceremonies, had obviously made a thorough search of the dictionary for the most impossible words - or do you think Scheherazade, shillelagh, auriferous or tintinnabulation are simple words to spell!

There were plenty of misses by both teams, especially when they began tossing shillelagh and Scheherazade back and forth. At the half-way point the score was 9 misses for the Rotarians and 6

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Approximately two hundred Civaair 8 Club members and guests attended the Harvest Moon dances held at the American Legion Log Cabin October 21st. Dancing began at 9 PM and lasted until the wee small hours of the morning. Frank Swanson's band furnished the music which ranged from modern melodies to barn dance and polka rhythms.

The building was beautifully decorated upstairs and down. The committee in charge of decorations had built a clever log fence across the band stand and the entire dance floor and basement walls were literally covered with Fall leaves in pastel colors which had been shaped by hand. Standing in the dim light of the corner were two romantic looking souls that didn't dance once all night - and on investigating we found them to be a male and female scarecrow, and quite attractive too. One masculine member of the committee said he had fallen in love with the girl scarecrow and dreaded the time when the party ended and she would have to be dismantled. Lending to the occasion was a harvest moon that hung from the ceiling over the center of the dance floor.

In the basement we found long tables set in the same surroundings of autumn

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MUKLUK TELEGRAPH

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Mabel Stubbs, Editor

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NEW REGIONAL ATTORNEY HERE

Joseph H. Fitzgerald arrived in Anchorage November 25 to begin duties as Regional Attorney for the Eighth Region. He replaces Hal Hoggle who was formerly Regional Attorney here but transferred to Seattle and is presently in the Washington Office.

Before coming to Alaska Mr. Fitzgerald was in the Legal branch of the New York offices, and has been with CAA since October, 1946. He is a member of the Massachusetts and Federal Bars and a graduate of Oxford University at Oxford, England.

Mr. Fitzgerald has a family of four children - Helen, 12; Jean, 11; Joe, 8; and Susan, 5. They are now living in an apartment at 1231 Anchor Drive. In order to obtain larger accommodations, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald rushed out to find a home suitable to purchase. Luckily they were able to find one and hope to occupy it sometime in January.

Hunting and fishing are the favorite hobbies of Mr. Fitzgerald and he states that having lived in Montana for 15 years has given him a knowledge and love of the outdoors. He finds that in some ways Anchorage with its rapid growth and number of temporary dwellings, resembles Montana some years back when it too was in the adolescent stage.

The Fitzgeralds all agree that they are very pleased to be here and so far have found everyone friendly and helpful. The new attorney states he hopes to be able to cover as much of the Territory as possible in the near future in order to acquaint himself with personnel in the field and also to get first-hand information on the workings of the Eighth Region which is spread over this vast area called Alaska.

FAIRBANKS TOWN AND COUNTRY

Despite the summer of almost continuous rain, the last remaining weeks of August shall be well remembered by residents and visitors. The sun obligingly furnished some of us with a obocantan, and pan-fried the exposed sections of other sun worshippers. No record temperatures were set, nor thermometers at boiling point, but the earth hereabouts resembled a drought area. These CAA'ers unfortunate enough to be required to work inside the oven-like atmosphere of the communications building consumed great quantities of "coke" and viewed the only thermometer in disgust. The local dust situation has not improved to any degree and the Station carry-all, though an oft reliable means of transportation, is shied away from during the summer months like a dog fresh out of a mud pond. So much for the elements.

During July, a very successful outdoor picnic was enjoyed by over a hundred enthusiastic CAA employees and friends. The Country Club was the scene of the gathering where the usual picnic food-stuffs were consumed by gluttons and diabetics alike. Beer and pop was available for thirsty young and old, and an added Stateside touch in the form of watermelon delighted many youngsters, and Lee Robinson, an Engineer of sorts. This character aggravated his friends by spittin' watermelon seeds at them from all angles. From out of nowhere a deck of cards appeared, and a poker game took place throughout the day. Needless to say, a few bad checks were written to cover hard luck.

A foot-race and broad-jump contest were conducted by amiable Roy Moyer, the winners, Jack Jennerot and Glenn Davis. Davis stole the show in the broad-jump when assisted by the willing arms and

strength of John Flynn and Richard Dempsey, who escorted Davis in a mighty mid-air leap, for a total of 23 feet. Credit for the arrangement and skillful planning goes to Aceom Bud Slack. Bud has promised a winter shin-sig that will top the summer picnic. The financing of the picnic came from the profits derived from the coke fund that had been accumulating cobwebs until Slack dipped in his mitts and spread the silver around.

MAN OF THE MONTH: This month's choice, John N. Pfeffer, pronounced Peff-her; the first off silent like in mouse. Friendly, paunchy Nicholas the Third, is a Sacom at this Station, having resided here following the last great war, in which he struggled and sweat under terrible conditions with the AACS in the States. No-nerves John is a willing worker as a member of the pre-mentioned Coke Fund, and lends his helpful big ears to tales of finance shortages while assisting as a member of the Credit Union. John is gifted with the admirable trait of having control of his non-existent temperament. A teller-of-tales sprinkled with the Will Rogers type of humor, has made this man what he is today. He had occasionally sported a pair of gay khaki-colored overall rampers to work since returning from annual leave, to the amusement of his fellow-workers. One cannot help but note the absence of the nugget key chain lately. Many eager side-cutter equipped maintenance men have sidled up to John with evil intentions, to be caught before making the cut that would enrich their fortune. A more likeable man doesn't exist, but we all hope John is awarded the Aceom position at North Dutch Island, that is now vacant.

--FEARLESS FOSDICK

MERRILL TOWER SPEAKS

Isn't that a crock! Well, you can't blame us for trying. My assignment today is to dig as many tower operators as I can, in as few words as possible. That is a tough job because they are all a swell bunch of knuckleheads. It's quite natural that I begin with the Chief. He has brought about splendid improvements (no kidding) and has done an overall fine job of fouling things up (kidding of course). I like my job.

Lately the stork who is taking advantage of our good nature has again stopped with his usual contribution. However, he should be more particular about the places he picks up his merchandise. To make a long story short we got three new men (Let's give them the benefit of the doubt).

Junior Winham, who is a wizard at the art of "sawing" people, is from the you-all state of Louisiana and has been working in Army towers for over two years before joining the CAA. He is already a wheel.

Al Woodward, an old Navy plane driver is from Salt Lake City. Since the Navy only picks the cream of the crop, you can be sure he's a swell guy.

Don Hood who hails from Long Beach, has been a flight instructor with United Airmotive. He says he was slowly being driven nuts by students, so he transferred to the tower. We will finish him.

Norman Maither and Frances Brown are now at the control center tormenting Sid's boys. They have three months to do the job. In their spare time they will be trained for Approach Control. Frances says she's glad she's down there because it will necessitate her getting a lot of new clothes. She's the only woman with control so she has to shine! Sid has our sympathy when it comes to handling the bills.

Vivian Thompson is preparing for a vacation. We remember that on her last leave, a member of her immediate family broke an ankle so she had to have an extension of leave. We wonder what disaster will befall her this time; none we hope.

Cal Ward who enjoys a good night's sleep as well as anyone, complains that his room mate groans in his sleep. He gets up hoarse from hollering at the guy to get back to normal slumber.

Ray Miller's Cocker Spaniel "Goldie", has been struck from the tower's watch schedule because of shedding. Anyone seeing any display of "Savoir faire" in this sequence is under an illusion. Any criticism will be directed at Ray Butler because he's the stoop that has molded this dirt.



WITNESS RESCUE

The other day Margaret Trimmer was telling of an experience that she and Gail and Howie Kosbau and Anne Dimond had while on an outing to Fern Mine, on the other side of Palmer. We shall give you the story as nearly like we heard it as possible;

The party learned upon arriving at Fern Mine that an 81 year old prospector by the name of Holland had been badly burned the night before when his cabin up in the hills caught fire, and that several of the miners had gone up that morning to bring him out to a hospital. Two women who lived at the mine told of the above information and said the men had left at 10 that morning and as it was then after 1 P.M., they were becoming concerned. The cabin was up further in the hills about two or three miles.

The Anchorage party decided to hike up the trail and see what they could do. The trail was an easy one as it was actually an old wagon and tractor trail. After about twenty minutes they met an old fellow coming toward them and after talking to him for awhile found out the particulars of the fire. The man's name was Lane and he was a very good friend of the old prospector whose cabin had burned. Lane was in his cabin about three quarters of a mile above Holland's when he saw the fire break out. He made his way down and found Holland wandering around in his underclothing in a dazed condition. His face, neck and arms were burned.

It was raining at the time and Lane finally took the old fellow up to his cabin and then had to remain with him all night instead of going for aid, as he felt he couldn't leave him. It was about 9 the following morning before he got him quieted down sufficiently so he could get away. Three of the men from the Fern Mine went back and it was decided to pack Holland out and get him to

a hospital. All of this Lane told in a few minutes and then said he must hurry to meet the other three with their burden. They had constructed a crude stretcher from a spare bunk spring with two-by-fours as carrying pieces. It appeared awfully heavy. Howie Kosbau offered to help and the men readily accepted.

Margaret and Anne decided to go on to where the cabin had burned. It has stood in almost the center of an expansive valley surrounded by high craggy mountains. Numerous streams cut their way through the marshy floor of the valley, some of them fast streams tumbling over rocks and others perfectly placid with strange, stale-colored, crystal-clear water. It is very impressive country. After reaching the charred ruins the girls poked around and found the old man's watch, compass, two ponies and a nickle.

In due time they arrived back at the place where they had left the group, as the truck was approaching. In order that the stretcher would fit on to the truck, the two front carrying pieces had to be sawed off, but this done, they finally started a slow descent over the rocky road. Margaret and Anne sauntered along behind. At one point where a stream crossed the so-called road, the truck stopped and the driver hopped out for a quick drink of water. Margaret said they suddenly realized that the truck was rolling forward and over toward the edge of the road where the drop off was quite steep. It appeared as if nothing could stop it from pitching over the edge, and the suspense was terrible. However, by some miracle, the front tire lodged between two rocks and held the truck, but it was at a crazy angle and couldn't be gotten back on the road without a winch. So off again came the stretcher and another forty-five minutes

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WAREHOUSE WAILS

Another month has come and gone, and anyone who was here only a short while ago would never recognize the place, or anyway, the people. In the main office, there has been a terrific changeover. More darn new people around.

Virginia McKay, our Radio parts gal, has left for Palmer. Virginia had been here for about two years, and it seems strange not to have her around. I'll be taking her place.

Lou Lawhorn, on Repair and Return, and Superior stuff, has transferred to Personnel. Glenna Thomas has her job.

Lola Clinton has moved to Sunny California temporarily, and then on to Kentucky. The filing has been taken over by Doris Johnson.

Incidentally, now instead of two Virginias, we have two Doris' --- Doris Phillips has Virginia Shaw's old cards - that is, hardware, lamps, household, gas and miscellaneous.

Ellon Willot has taken over Doris' old cards. These are Army parts, Dodge, Chevie, Ford, Cat and many other heavy-duty equipment. She also has tools, welding equipment and paints.

Gladys Wyatt is still our typist and to date, I don't know who will take over my old job.

Anyway, to keep things straight, for all information on cards, call 117 and ask for any of the girls by name, or state just what you want, and you'll be referred to the right person. For general information on requisitions - that is, where they are, or their status, call 19 and ask for Kim Ransier, or me. But PLEASE, when someone answers the phone, don't proceed to rattle off a long nomenclature until you're sure that you have the right person, because chances are, the person who answers won't be

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the right one, and won't have the faintest idea what you're talking about.

Van Martin has resigned and has gone Outside for awhile. Van was another of the old bunch. Sam Freeman is taking Van's place in the Packing Room.

Emmett Betts, our Mail Man, has left us to return to the States and Ray Win - sok has the mail run now.

Mr. Young has returned from a five week vacation in the States. I guess he had a wonderful time, 'cause he said the only thing wrong with it was that it had to end. He spent most of his time at Walla Walla, Washington, "the place they loved so well, they named it twice", a few days with his cousins in Lee's Camp, several miles out of Portland, and a few days in Bremerton.

Arnold Campbell was quite perturbed that I failed to mention him in the last issue. He is the proud possessor of something that is pretty special for him. Of course he isn't the only person with such a distinction, but each and every one who has them finds that they're very necessary, and rather hard to do without. And so, he now has on display, a lovely set of pearly shining false teeth.

One of our numerous cats presented the world with a new batch of kittens a while ago, and they're just now getting big enough to stumble around. One of them in particular has discovered that to him, the nicest place in the world is between the Oxygen cylinders just outside my window. Once he gets in between them, I think he must get lost, for he immediately starts crying bloody murder for his mother, and she yowls for him, and the combination of the two is terrific. I felt sorry for him the other day and went out and dug him from behind the cylinders. My reward was a badly scratched hand. I am now offering for sale, one kitten, very cute and very cheap.

--JACKIE JOHNSON

BIG DELTA

The bachelors at Big Delta are a sad lot. For the espoused who surreptitiously reminisce of their pre-bondage reveling, this statement requires qualification. Why the baleful bachelors at Big Delta; The crux of the dilemma is the dearth of living quarters. The bachelor quarters (and the term bachelor quarters is used as loosely as a gossip's wagging tongue) consists of a stall amputated from the laundry in the utility building by a thin plywood partition that vibrates, at the slightest provocation, like the cone of a public address speaker causing even the most carressing whisper to reverberate until it becomes a ranting filibuster.

There are those, of course, who would clap their hands with glee in anticipation of snugly lying in bed behind the above mentioned sounding board and absorbing such spiced and racy chatter as, "Mrs. Innes and daughter Jerry visited Mrs. Hall yesterday. Mrs. Hall gave little Jerry a radish....The radish was pithy!"---or---"Mrs. Kalm took a walk into the woods. The woods were green. Mrs. Kalm saw a big bear in the woods. The big bear saw Mrs. Kalm in the woods. The big bear ran away!"...but not so our berthed bachelors who after two weeks on the mid-watch sport pouches under their eyes that would make even the most way-faring kangaroo nostalgic.

As if the "Grand Central Station" atmosphere of the laundry were not enough to keep Morpheus at arm's length, there was the added annoyance of a banging door. (The door, in way of explanation for those who reside in tents, wigwams, igloos, caves and such, is used for the dual purpose of entering and leaving the laundry. To alleviate this deplorable condition, an anti-noise campaign was begun with the silencing of the door as its primary objective since it was realized that any attempt at slowing down the racing pace of the feminine jaws or

the quieting of the clodhopper stomping of the men would be futile.

Now, Big Delta is inhabited by homo sapiens (although there have been some very convincing arguments to the contrary) and as such could be influenced were the proper psychology applied. Since the residents are composed of diversified personalities (the word "personalities" was used with the knowledge of the brazen liberty taken with the English language) it was necessary to appeal to each individual in such a manner as to enlist personal sympathy in the cause. This was endeavored by scotch taping typewritten reminders on the window panes of the door in question. A brief analysis of the stratum employed follows:

The first such notation to appear was directed at the men folk who after being subjected to years of harangue (by guess who) thought that at last they found some understanding allies when they read (or had read to them)....."THIS DOOR ISN'T LIKE A WOMAN'S MOUTH...YOU DON'T HAVE TO SLAM IT TO CLOSE IT!" This truth had the added effect of inspiring a delicious thought which the male of the species egotistically believed that they would, in the not too distant future, have the courage to execute.

The inquisitive rays of the rising sun revealed this pseudo-Tennysonian gem beamed at the poetic souls:

"THIS OLD DOOR WAS ONCE A TREE
THE TREE WAS ONCE A SEED
DON'T YOU THINK IT'S BEEN THROUGH
ENOUGH
AND A QUIET LIFE SHOULD LEAD!"

Even those who delight in barbed remarks about relatives (especially those relatives acquired by a regretful error in judgement) were not neglected as evidenced by the posing of this rhetorical

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GULKANA

question....

"WHY WASTE YOUR ENERGY?---YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW'S HEAD ISN'T CAUGHT IN THE DOOR."

This compassionate sentiment was expressed under the assumption that everyone had a warm spot in his heart for the maternal....

"TREAT THIS DOOR AS YOU WOULD YOUR MOTHER...TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS!"

This appeal was short lived, however, for it became obvious that their mothers either looked wonderful in black-and-blue or else everyone on the station was an incubator baby.

On a Monday morning, to the amazement of all, there appeared a glowing thesis commending the decorum of the laundry toilers of the previous day. When the realization finally dawned on the stupefied bachelors that on Sunday they were captains of the good ship S. S. Laundry, and that neither had washed (clothes, that is), the citation was downed faster than a free drink in the Bowery.

Self ridicule was resorted to by this bit of information which was offered for consumption during the interim that Big Delta's High Lama and his man "Friday-thru-Monday" (the quotes have a local innuendo) were precariously teetering on crags in the Sheep Mountain vicinity in quest of goats...

"SURE RIP VAN WINKLE SLEPT FOR 20 YEARS BUT I WORKED THROUGH THE MIDWATCH; I ONLY GOT EIGHT HOURS SLEEP!"

It must have been in sheer desperation that a set of instructions for the operation of the door were issued, which perhaps, contained just a faint tinge of bitterness and sarcasm...

"MANOP UTILITY BLDG-7

SUBJECT: THE DOOR

A. TO GAIN ENTRANCE (OOOOH MY!)

1. TURN KNOB

2. APPLY PRESSURE USING HEAD TO PREVENT INJURY TO THE DELICATE SKIN TISSUE OF THE SHOULDER.

3. STEP THROUGH.

4. PUSH CLOSED GENTLY AS ONLY YOU KNOW HOW (AN OBVIOUS ATTEMPT AT FLATTERY) THEN BRACE YOURSELF FOR THE CONCUSSION! B.TO MAKE AN EXIT (AAAAH AT LAST)

1. TURN KNOB - IF IT IS STILL THERE AFTER MAKING THAT DEVASTATING ENTRANCE.

2. ASSUME A JUXTAPOSITION IN LINE WITH THE TRACK TO BE MADE GOOD BY THE EDGE OF THE SWINGING DOOR. BOW THE HEAD AT A 45 DEGREE ANGLE--THEN PULL WITH HERCULEAN DEXTERITY AND PLEASE MOP UP THE BLOOD BEFORE LEAVING.

3. STAGGER THROUGH.

4. PULL THE DOOR QUIETLY AFTER YOU--- THEN DUCK THE SHOWER OF SPLINTERED GLASS.

The above must have been inspired after an especially trying morning when the upper-bunk bachelor was repeatedly knocked from his perch by the impact of the closing door. AFTER innumerable top heavy landings his cranium would have thrown even the most reserved phrenologist into spasms of ecstasy. This same tormented individual, whose hair is ordinarily as straight as an irritated porcupine's quills, now, by virtue of an undulating scalp, boasts a coiffure that would make Gorgeous George stamp his dainty testicles in envious indignation. It has not been definitely ascertained how these abrupt descents were curtailed but it was noted that about the time this problem was solved, baby Gerry was experiencing difficulty in holding up his diapered dignity...some secondrel having pilfered his safety pins.

The skeptics were invited to ponder over this fact.....

"REMEMBER THE LAST TIME YOU CLOSED THIS DOOR?....I WOULDN'T EXACTLY SAY THAT YOU SLAMMED IT BUT IT WAS RECORDED BY SEISMOGRAPHS AS FAR SOUTH AS VENEZUELA;"

But why go on? (The first intelligent

(Continued on page 10)

The following hatful of non essential items not worth mentioning have happened and while everyone at GKN knows about them, and no one else cares, I shall mention them for the record anyway.

Bob Bruce, SP8, bought a car in Anchorage and loaded same with assorted little Bruces and wife and departed in a cloud of no-see-ums over the highway for a bit of leave outside in the vicinity of Seattle and St. Louis, Missouri. SP8 John Roberts arrived shortly after Bruce departed and will keep the joint RAFCO until Bruce returns.

Shutes had a baby, and while it breaks my heart, I can give this baby only the usual two lines reserved for new babies, as I figure that new babies are of more interest to the parents than anyone else. Name Brian Regor, weight 7 pounds and 1 ounce. Palmer Hospital. Takes care of him. (Editor's note: When Station Manager Allenbaugh of Gulkana stepped in this office recently we looked around to see if anyone was looking and then in a low whisper asked him, "What's Shute's baby look like...it's Father, I hope not? And what do you think he said, in all sincerity...."That baby is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen." Yes, that's what the man said; and now you have rated more than the usual two lines usually devoted to new babies).

Had a bit of a party in the Wreck Hall some time ago at a time when it happened that Wilma Higley and Vida Lomen from the RO were present. The Tok cutoff was closed due to washouts and two passing truckdrivers, held up by traffic conditions, heard about the party and sans invitation proceeded to join the assembly. One of these lads, tall dark and dead looking, had eyes of the Charles Bayer type, continually at half mast. These eyes fastened themselves upon Wilma. I wouldn't go so far as to say that Wilma spent most of her

time dancing with this Bayer character, but the next morning before she left for Anchorage she walked round her car kicking the tires. Had rather wingding about a month later and Wilma was again out to sample the Gulkana hospitality, both liquid and concrete, and while the Tok cutoff was now in normal operation, and no trucks were seen in the immediate vicinity, Bayer, eyelids and all, showed up once more.

Cocon Johnson, outside on emergency leave, will return via the highway in a new Chevrolet. Accom William Watson arrived in a new Buick and BOD sometime around the first of August. Ten days later the low Buick hit a high rock in the road and at present is still POWNO due to a large hole in the oil pan.

Jimmy Allenbaugh has been tearing around the reservation like mad on his new motor scooter. When it isn't laid up for repairs, that is.

Slips that pass in the night department: Voice on 3105 kcs, "Sheep Mountain Radio, this is Nan Charlie 6 and 7/8 what's the weather like down there?".... There was a pause while SMU was giving the pilot the information requested. "Yeah, well it's pretty dam foggy up here. I may have to set down at Palmer."

Note to Cordes: Whitby isn't in the RO and he doesn't have a gumbins walnut desk where he's AT. It's tin like the rest of them. And CERO doesn't sit in front of the teletypes---they stand. There isn't a magnifying glass in the joint and the B manuals haven't been revised since nineteen oh two. These days the irregularities come out dated August 13 advising you that you are guilty of violating a publication that will become effective August 14. But you can't argue with them inasmuch as you don't receive the publication until

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Accoms Watson and Habbersett were instrumental in the capture of two desperados that have eluded capture for about ten days. The fugitives were seen hitchhiking not far from the station and the alert communicator recognized them as the wanted men from a description on a message that passed through the Station to Marshall McCrary. They immediately notified the highway patrol and the criminals were forthwith apprehended.

Mr. Layton Bennett flew up the road in the direction of Northway to assist in the evacuation of a man attacked by a bear. Also, one coach wheel and exhaust-pipe detached themselves from his mighty DeSoto and fell by the wayside.

I wonder what station in Anchorage it could have been, (as long as I am writing like a high school paper gossip column) that took thirteen hours and 21 minutes by the clock to relay a notam? Look men, if you want stuff to come out in AIRGI, send it to 84. --GG.

BIG DELTA-

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query thus far. The important question is, of course, was the campaign a success? Well, a pharmacist in Fairbanks is making a comfortable living from the profits of a standing order from one of the bachelors for somniferous pills. The other victim of circumstances is tentatively hibernating with a bear in a snug cave. When interrogated as to his selection of alternatives, his eyes lit up to a bachelor-brilliance, flashing with an alertness of a tired business man on a California sea shore encompassing the mobile scenery clad in French bathing suit creations. Been in Alaska almost a year, he reasoned, and since I can't get any sleep, rather than waste my time, I'm making points with the object of becoming a real scoundrel..... Yes, we're having a good time at Big Delta. --BUFFALO BISON

When the sun comes forth into the North
To heat the cold earth below,
And the warm sunbeams create the streams
That come trickling out from the snow.

Then get some hooks and all the books
And tie some flies to your liking;
Then take your pole to the old fish hole
Or up the river for hiking.

Don't wait for the season; here's the reason -
As probably you already know,
Soon as it's open they all come lopin'
And line up like corn in a row.

The worst will happen when they start in slappin'
The fish are smart - take it to heart
And give each other the high sign!

So if your luck is right, stay all night
And set some lines out to tend;
Fill your ladder and try all the harder
To catch a few more for your friend.

The warden stays home to laugh at my poem
While you are out trying your luck;
So take with you a shotgun or two -
And keep your eye out for a duck.

I wish I were there men, but I'm in the Pen,
For using a snare and a net;
The warden wasn't home reading this poem
'Cause it hadn't been written yet!

--BUD DODGE, Kenai

WITNESS RESCUE-

(Continued from page 5)

or so passed before the bearers finally reached the car which had been waiting to take Mr. Holland in to Anchorage.

Two days later it was learned that the old prospector had died. Those from the Anchorage group feel that it was the "rescue" which probably caused his death rather than the burns.

TIRED MOOSE HAS BIRTHDAY

We got wind of a story about Norm Keith, Property Management, and a moose hunt so we decided to put him on the phone and find out the facts. It seems Norm had been out several times this Fall, even went so far as taking a trip up the railroad - staying 3 days, but he always came home empty-handed. This was the last straw, and our hunter nearly gave up...but not quite.

Don Carlquist who works at the Hangar accompanied Norm and the two set out for their last fling just a few days before the end of the season. The boys had their signals agreed upon beforehand, and it was decided IF they spotted a moose they would try to steer him near a tree, thus affording a good location for erecting a block and tackle to be used for carrying him out (the moose, that is).

After stalking around on tiptoes, the crucial moment came....and as a complete surprise, too. There in front of them was a dignified looking creature as big as life and twice as natural. Norm was never one to start out without the right equipment and began to get the salt shaker out of his pocket to sprinkle a small amount on the moose's tail. Then he saw his idea would be of no use as Brother Moose was sitting down. After making faces at the critter, talking baby-talk and firing some shots, the moose STILL sat there, staring. Norm and Don saw it had no intentions of being talked into standing up or walking over to the nearest tree, so after another blast of gunfire, he up and died! (The moose, that is - again). An argument is in progress as to which of the men actually killed him.

The moose weighed slightly under 600 pounds and was judged to be about three years old. The moral of this story is:

Don't run all over the Territory to find game when it can be had right in your back yard. This fellow was bagged

David "Red" Adams, who works in the Commissary Butcher Shop, was an innocent bystander the other night, minding his own business in his own home, when out-popped a group of friends who had turned out to help him celebrate his birthday. This was October 8th, and the affair was planned by his well-meaning wife, Marie, who was on annual leave at the time from her duties in Mail and Files.

A buffet supper was served and during the evening dancing and the usual type of levity entertained those present. We have found surprise parties to be a terrific shock to the person having the birthday but believe "Red" had the time of his life after the first scare wore off. We didn't get his age, but understand that is restricted information.

FOR SALE

SLIDE PROJECTOR, new, 200 watt KEN-Blower-cooler. Compact and light. A good buy for a Christmas gift. Also you may get case if desired. Screen in the cover, with file for 200 slides. Call Merrithew on CNA, Tex. 120

MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS make the ideal Christmas gift. No shopping - no fuss - no bother - we handle all details and send card. Renewals too. ALL magazines available. Box 1524, Anchorage. Merrithew.

just one and one half miles on the other side of the Campbell Air Strip.

We also learned Norm was hunting for geese not long ago and his gun jammed just as six nice large ones flew not 30 feet from him. We got one from this group and it wasn't until his gun was back in firing condition that he managed to down three more. He believes that bad luck had dogged him all season, but according to reports from other hunters, we think he fared pretty well.

URGES USE CAA FILM LIBRARY

A Supplement No. 1, to the April, 1949 Catalogue of CAA films is being distributed to holders of these catalogues. This supplement went out around the middle of October, according to Mr. Virgil D. Stone, Assistant to the Regional Administrator, who is in charge of Aviation Development in Alaska. "While I realize some of our CAA Stations do not have any 16 mm sound projectors, it is possible in some instances, to borrow projectors for film showings", Mr. Stone says. "We are endeavoring to see if sufficient funds can be made available for the purchase of additional projector equipment, so that every employee at every station in Alaska will have an opportunity to view films relating to CAA activities, radio, meteorology, navigation, personal flying training, aircraft mechanics and on numerous other scientific and technical phases", he further adds.

Then there are 35 mm film strips that furnish many interesting and helpful hints and information to our employees. Anyone with a 35 mm film strip projector can find education and enjoyment in these training strips. Quite a goodly number of the 35 mm strips have recordings which accompany them. In these cases a playback or transcription machine which rotates at 33-1/3 rpm is needed.

These 16 mm sound and 35 mm filmstrips are also made available on a loan basis - without charge, to local clubs, associations, public schools, etc. When shown, admission should not be charged. The catalogue explains these points and also gives a brief description of the subject matter.

We again urge everyone to write in for these films. Be sure to order by
Page 12

SENT FIREWATER

The Seattle-Tacoma International Airport was being dedicated last month and Northwest Airlines decided that it was an appropriate occasion to christen one of its Boeing Stratocruisers. Wishing to use an impressive bottle of water for the christening, Al Wash, NWA public relations representative, messaged traffic men in Alaska and the Orient to send water from some point of "historical" significance.

The cooperation was gratifying, and pretty soon he had water from the moat around the Tokyo Imperial Palace and from other historical spots. But A. B. Hayes, NWA representative in Anchorage, Alaska had a different idea. He sent a bottle of charged water from an Anchorage bar. Far from being put out, Wash included this little prize in the blend. After all, an Alaskan bar probably has more history connected with it than a lot of other spots we could name.

--AMERICAN AVIATION

After the floods had subsided, Noah opened all the doors of the Ark and the animals walked out two by two - all except the snakes.

"Why don't you go on and multiply?" cried Noah angrily.

"We can't," moaned one of the snakes - "we're Adders."

Don't shoot your wife. Send her an orchid, take her out to dinner and a show. The shock will kill her.

Where's the gal who wouldn't rather be well-formed than well-informed?

film number. Read all instructions in the catalogue before ordering.

Here is a chance to find entertainment and educational relaxation during the long winter evenings ahead.

PERSONNEL ACTIONS

JULY 27 - THROUGH AUGUST 26, 1949

RESIGNATIONS

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

Gail G. Busch, Assistant Air Route Traffic Controller, Nankook
Kirsti P. Crawley, Aircraft Communicator, Menana
Robert H. Duchaineau, Associate Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
Beulah M. Krickenberg, Clerk-Steno., Fairbanks
Jack T. Leonard, Aircraft Communicator, Tanana
Clayton M. Olmstead, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
Louis A. Papa, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
Alexander M. Pizer, Aircraft Communicator, Nankook
Carl R. Sandstrom, Aircraft Communicator, Annette Island
Arthur F. Sherrell, Aircraft Communicator, Annette Island
James F. Sullivan, Aircraft Communicator, Fairbanks
William G. Stone, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
James M. Carver, Jr., Sr. Airport Traffic Controller, Annette Island, transferred to Region Four.
Gerald S. Rice, Aircraft Communicator, Farewell Bend
M. Barbara Putnam, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Winnifred C. Kuhl, Aircraft Communicator, Big Delta
Earlene D. Day, Aircraft Communicator, Unalakleet
Albert P. Batchelder, Aircraft Communicator, Fairbanks

AIRMAN, AIRCRAFT AND FLIGHT OPERATIONS BRANCH

Alice M. Row, Clerk, Juneau
A. Leighton Coulter, Flight Operations Inspector, Anchorage, transferred to Washington, D. C.
Norman J. O'Brien, Airman Standards Inspector, Juneau

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

Lucile F. Chatelain, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Madge J. Connolly, Fiscal Accounting Clerk, Anchorage
Minta A. Smith, Payroll Clerk, Anchorage
Jessie M. Warren, Fiscal Audit Clerk, Anchorage
Margaret S. Leon, Clerk (Files), Anchorage
Wilford N. Woods, Aircraft Mechanic, Anchorage
Earl Dodge, Aircraft Mechanic, Anchorage
Frances J. Gingress, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage

ANF PLANT AND STRUCTURES BRANCH

Harry R. Chisholm, General Mechanic, Annette Island
Rudolph C. Dalfors, General Mechanic, Bethel
Dorothy A. Nicholas, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Samuel E. Tullus, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Alton A. Johnson, Airways Engineer, Anchorage (Continued on page 14)
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PERSONNEL ACTIONS-

RESIGNATIONS (continued)

ANF COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

John M. Graves, Maintenance Technician in Charge, Umiat
Harold C. Ostrosky, Maintenance Technician, Port Heiden
Chester A. Crawley, Maintenance Technician in Charge, transferred from
Nenana to Region Three

Douglas J. Urhess, Maintenance Technician, Anchorage
Ralph H. Stewart, Radio Technician, Anchorage
Richard W. Criss, Maintenance Technician, Fairbanks
Harry J. Burton, Maintenance Technician, Naknek
Priscilla K. Bickel, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage

NEW EMPLOYEES

ANF PLANT AND STRUCTURES BRANCH

Betty Jean Andreoli, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Eldin O. Davenport, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Albert C. McDonald, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Frank D. Peers, General Mechanic, Juneau
Warren S. Peller, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Gerald R. Roguszka, Engineering Draftsman, Anchorage

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

Marilyn E. Bennett, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Ellen C. Berggren, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Welma H. Hill, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
John K. Meyers, Communications Specialist, Anchorage, transferred from
Region Three

Dorothy W. Schmidt, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Marvin J. Wyrick, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage, transferred from
Region Three

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

Jean E. Butler, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Alinor O. Magnuson, Operator Office Devices, Anchorage
John K. O'Sullivan, Aircraft Mechanic, Anchorage
Irene C. Rhoads, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Anna L. Robbins, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Bernice M. Scott, Retirement Clerk, Anchorage

ANF COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

Loren W. Crass, Radio Technician, Anchorage
Frank E. Drew, Radio Technician, Anchorage
Joseph H. Folz, Jr., Maintenance Technician, Anchorage
Glenn W. McMillan, Maintenance Technician, Nome, transferred from Region 9
Lavonne I. Mueller, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage (Continued on page 18)

SHOP SHAPE

It's that time again and our mind is as blank as the tin roof over our heads, what with those mechanics so busy they never do anything exciting - just work from dawn to dark and that's a dull life for even a reporter with any sense to report. And Yo Ed will be on the phone any minute now calling us ugly names and things 'cause we don't have copy on her desk for next MOKLUK. That Stubbs dame haunts us - positively haunts us. So we must think hard and scribble and rack the space where one's brain usually is and oh, our aching head - what is there to say? Woops - there's the phone now - and it is she, that one!

The Shop has embarked on a sweeping program (and not just the office floor, which always needs it, goodness knows) of rebuilding motors to bring our field equipment up to par. This involves the hiring of several more mechanics and the stocking of parts for Jeep, Ford, Dodge, Chevrolet and GMC motors until this program is completed - if and when! The shelves and our perpetual inventory is in operation; time clocks are on the way and job cards are being used.

Usually stay-at-homers, our personnel has been doing a bit of traveling lately. Otto Schneider took the boring bar and hid himself to Summit to do a job. Our Chief, Fred Pollard spent a couple days at Yakutat checking in some loot. Bill Crawford of the Electric Motor Shop, visited Naknek and Port Heiden on a tour of duty (on which were also several Emperor geese whom Bill persuaded to return with him to Regional Headquarters).

Charlie Osaacs has been on extended sick leave, we are sorry to have to report. In the meantime, Jack Pearson is officiating at the gas pump.

Emmett Karsten chopped his foot, mistaking it for a tree on one of his moose

hunts. He attended work in the Carburetor Shop one week on crutches, but seems to be as good as now since.

With the first snowfall we dug out that slab of cork for insulation between our feet and the cold concrete floor. Mukiuks and red flannels will come later. We recently read an article which advocated one's putting her feet on the desk if the boss allows it. Now we kinda think our boss would allow it all right (he is said to have a mean eye for a trim ankle and a well-turned leg), but we'll not assume that violent habit unless positively driven to it by extreme cold - or, mayhap, by mice. Which reminds us that our recent trapline must have been unsuccessful since lately we haven't checked in at eight o'clock in the A.M. to find the left-over doughnuts daintily nibbled around the edges, or the sugar well decorated with little black specks.

When the first chill winds of Fall began to blow, there was a first little venturesome mouse who moved in with us. With what dignity we could muster in our haste to evacuate the office at that particular moment, we declared in no uncertain terms to the boys in the Machine Shop, "Either that mouse goes or we go." To our chagrin, the boys appeared to be rather unconcerned about the matter at first (we're afraid we expected immediate and decisive action). But, always the gentlemen - shining examples of flow'ring knight hood when a lady is distressed, Arnie, Ed and Bob advanced as one man - boldly, bravely, with maneuvers to warm the cockles of a warrior's heart. They didn't catch the mouse, but they frightened the poor thing from the office and we thoughtfully returned to our desk. H-mm - we wished we hadn't issued that ultimatum. It has raised a point and just maybe those fellows would have actually proffered that mouse to us - "wo-MAN OR MOUSE?"

SHOP SHAPE-

Names continue to trouble up on us. Concurrently we've had four Bobs; there are two Ira's; two Al's (the good-looking one); two Pollards; two Charlies; two William H's; two Jacks; two Rays (one the watchman on the late shift and the other a new mechanic); then there's a Dick and a Harry (watchman), but no Tom!

We've heard rumors to the effect that some sort of a warehouse is to be constructed in the Shop area to get under cover many of our materials otherwise exposed to the elements. We'll have a "ground breaking" ceremony when and if that happens, and everyone, regardless of color, creed or political party, is invited to attend.

Added to our office equipment now is a handsome urn made from surplus field lighting equipment. In deference to our love of flowers to brighten the usually dreary aspect of our little cubby hole, and in pity for our feeble attempts to dooter up tin coffee cans with colored paper and scotch tape to use as vases, the boss had this urn fabricated and it is beautiful. It's strange though - the CAA doesn't seem to care to assume the responsibility of keeping that vase full of cut flowers through the winter.

A "Machinist's Vice" was invoiced to us the other day from one of the stations. Is has us guessing - What can it be? If it were "vices" - in the plural, we might list 'em thus; women, wine, over-indulgence of any sort, snooze-chowing, gambling, and so on, and on... But this "machinist's vice" - singular seems to be on the order of the one fault of "One Fault Jones" (of Lil Abner's acquaintance). Machinist Ed Ballard refuses to discuss the subject - so it may remain a mystery to the end of time.

TO BE SEEN AROUND THE SHOPS:
Jack sitting down with his legs crossed while standing up.
Max buying a match.
Chuck's ablutions about time to go home.

MERRILL TOWER

Everyone is either coming from, or going on leave these days.

Vivian Thompson has returned from a trip to civilization. She got as far east as New York City and said it was good to be able to look up at tall buildings and walk on paved streets. She didn't tell us much about her night life in the big city, but said she had a good time. Vivian will be going down to the Center for training in Approach Control next week, replacing Frances Brown who is returning to duty in the tower after completing her period of training.

Ed Collyer also recently returned from the States. He had a little trouble on his trip back. The engine on his Stinson blew a jug so he had to leave his plane at Junction for an engine change. Consequently it was an expensive vacation, but he said it was worth it.

Cal Ward just left for his home in Grants Pass, Oregon. He hasn't been there in over two years so he was looking forward to activity in his old stomping grounds.

Junior Winham and Ray Butler are spending their spare time taking flight training for commercial pilot certificates. Ed Collyer is currently working for his sea-rating.

We want to welcome Sid Wood who has recently joined our staff. He has been working at Elmendorf Field for the past two years. Incidentally, we are awarding Jack Oldroyd the Legion of Merit for a swell job well done while serving as Acting Chief.

That's it in a nutshell.....

(Shop Shape -)

Bob H. involved in another Big Deal.
George collecting for the check pool.
Emmett wishing he were rich.
Ed figuring out something to lighten his labors on the lathe - clever ideas, and sometimes they work.

BLACK JAVA

I don't think that a pot of Joe Was ever brewed so strong As the one I brewed the other night When the midwatch seemed so long.

First I had to rewire the hotplate Which took till two o'clock; Once I grounded the cord with my fingers And got one helluva shock.

It took so long for the process And I got thirstier by the minute; When finally the water was boiling I poured too much coffee in.

I stirred it gently with a spoon But it was so full of life, That by the time it had boiled a minute I had to use a knife.

I squeezed a gob out in my cup Then let it cool off some; It looked like dark chocolate gravy And smelled like soured rum.

As I raised the cup to my lips And inhaled the deadly fumes, I had visions of witches making broth By boiling mummies in their tombs.

Then I raised the cup up higher - The first gulp wasn't so bad, But as I got the last lump in my throat I'd swear I'd just been had.

You can't say it wasn't flavored It surely did taste sharp; But I believe that just one more cup And I'd been playing on a harp.

-- Bud Dodge, Kenai --

FAIRBANKS SCENE FOR GRANER WEDDING VOWS

Last we promised to give you the details of Bob Graner's marriage, so here they are;

The blushing bride was Miss Margaret Watters, then of Fairbanks and a member of the Weather Bureau staff. The Church of The Immaculate Conception was the scene of the ceremony and the couple was attended by Mr. and Mrs. John Dempsey of the CAA at Fairbanks.

Neither Margaret nor Bob are exactly newcomers to Alaska. Margaret, whose home was Brooklyn, New York, has been here since 1946 and Bob (formerly from Los Angeles) has been an Alaskan since 1945.

After the very impressive wedding ceremony the couple flew from Fairbanks to Mt. McKinley Park where they spent a week on their honeymoon. The pilot for this romantic flight was none other than Walt Bear of Hooks Tower at Fairbanks. Walt you know is famous for falling out of planes, but this time he managed to stay inside as Bob had luggage packed around him to insure against such an incident.

The Graners are living at 1036 Tenth Street in Anchorage and Margaret has now transferred to the Weather Bureau at Merrill Field. Both newlyweds want to express sincere appreciation to everyone for their thoughtfulness and especially to those at Fairbanks who did so much to make their wedding perfect in every respect.

"My, what a strange-looking cow!" exclaimed the usual sweet young thing. "But why hasn't she any horns?"

"Wal, you see," said the farmer, "some cows we dshorn, and some cows is born without horns and never has 'em, and some cows shed 'em. But the reason that cow ain't got horns is she's a mule."

PERSONNEL ACTIONS

August 27 through Sept. 26

AIRMAN, AIRCRAFT & FLIGHT OPERATIONS

Helen L. Featherstone, Clerk, Juneau

NEW EMPLOYEES

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS DIVISION

Aircraft Communicators - Oklahoma City (PERSONNEL ACTIONS Aug. 27-Sept. 26)

Oral J. Berry, Jr.
Michael Bobich
Robert L. Fichtel
Francis B. Haldane
Donald D. Jones
Leslie W. MacLellan, Jr.
Kenneth L. Mitchell
Milan Radovich
Robert P. Schroier
James W. Skahill
Robert P. Stewart
Arthur F. Striebich
Robert L. Flick, Assistant Air Route Traffic Controller, transferred from Region 1 to Anchorage
Donald J. Hood, Jr., Assistant Airport Traffic Controller, Anchorage
George A. Pebbles, Assistant Air Route Traffic Controller, Anchorage
Mary B. Tilley, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Sidney J. Wood, Assistant Airport Traffic Controller, Anchorage

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION DIVISION

Frank Bobish, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Robert L. Cross, Aircraft Mechanic, Anchorage
L. Emily Entrikin, Operator Office Devices, Anchorage
Doris E. Johnson, Storekeeper, Anchorage
Ellen F. Willet, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Rosemary E. Werner, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage

ANF COMMUNICATIONS DIVISION

Robert D. Daniel, Maintenance Technician, Anchorage
John P. Dieringer, Maintenance Technician, Anchorage
Randall V. McSparin, Radio Technician, Anchorage
William D. Whitworth, Maintenance Technician, Anchorage

ANF PLANT & STRUCTURES DIVISION

Ted B. Baker, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Robert J. Pinn, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Mary C. Gunter, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Helen S. Holton, Blueprint Machine Operator, Anchorage
Edwin D. Quinn, General Mechanic, Anchorage
George Ramsey, General Mechanic, Port Haiden (Continued on page 20)

P. & S. MAINTENANCE

Mikluk offers us a fine opportunity to welcome new members to our Branch and introduce them to field personnel. Edward Quinn, Albert McDonald and Ted Baker have lately been added to our traveling personnel. Mr. Quinn will aid Al McMaster in the repair of heating equipment and from the look of their schedule, he will soon be well-acquainted with field personnel at many of our stations. Albert McDonald has already assisted in the completion of changeover of the lighting system at Yakutat and is now at Annette with a crew, repairing the Bartow lighting system. Ted Baker is working as a relief mechanic, filling in for station mechanics going on leave and is presently assigned to Haines.

Many of you probably know Robert Finn who was formerly stationed at Farewell and Gulkana. He too, has returned to Maintenance after trying out private business for a while, and Bob is, at this writing, on assignment at Gambell, installing a new boiler. Construction's loss is our gain as far as Ralph Klokkevold and Harold Tarbert are concerned. Mr. Klokkevold is recently very busy, filling in for our Chief, V. A. Knight, who was on annual leave for a couple of weeks -- and we have a feeling that we managed to keep Mr. K. pretty well-occupied. Mr. Tarbert will be working with Sam Kelly and his first assignment on the new job will be a trip to Skwentna to drive a well-point. Eldin Davenport is another new member of the gang. He is working with Ken Lohnes (recently transferred from Bethel) and they are assisting in maintenance of the Regional Warehouse, Coffee Warehouse, Maintenance Shop and any place else in town where they can be of service...Welcome to all you fellows; hope you'll like us.

FACES ABOUT TOWN

Frank Turner just came in from Nunana for a few days...He says the River

Transportation season is now at an end and the boats have been stored high and dry for the winter. Frank has really had a very busy and very successful season. The River Section moved a total of 2800 tons of freight from June through the end of September to various stations along the river route. We think Frank is to be commended for a good job, well done.

Tom Aldous has returned to the office after a year's absence on leave. Tom was Outside for medical attention and additional schooling. He is working with Mr. Yonney and Wes McIntosh and is primarily concerned with procurement of automotive parts ordered on emergency requisitions by field stations.

Erling Frostad just returned from a trip to Homer. We're proud of the job accomplished by Homer station personnel, Frostad and Dave Fisher in constructing a temporary shelter for VEF equipment within two days after the original building burned down. That was really an example of speedy construction -- but Frostad says "That's the first time I ever finished the inside of a building before the outside was done."

Art Lappi was in Anchorage for a few days -- just long enough to clean up and check the engine generator plants in the basement of the Federal Building and then he left for an assignment at Kodiak.

Anthony Dias completed his assignment at Fairbanks, came into Anchorage, worked his crew on the Eklutna cable for a while and then left for Port Haiden. After that, Unalakleet and then Jack goes on leave.

R. O. STANDBYS

Wally Reid, Perry McLain and Wesley Rose went out on the highway together in (Continued on page 21)

ANF PLANT & STRUCTURES DIVISION (Continued)

Elmer R. Smith, General Mechanic, Bethel
Herbert A. Thomas, Jr., Airways Engineer, Anchorage

RESIGNATIONS

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS DIVISION

Theodore R. Bailey, Aircraft Communicator, Bethel
Ruth M. Huie, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Jeanette D. Jenkins, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Eugene A. Litz, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
Robert H. Rust, Aircraft Communicator, Fairbanks
Dorothy W. Schmidt, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Fred F. Speicher, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
E. Alice White, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage

ANF PLANNING & CONTROL STAFF

Margaret E. Ungar, Clerk, Anchorage

ANF COMMUNICATIONS DIVISION

Lester L. Glascoe, Maintenance Technician in Charge, Fairbanks
Calvin W. Kemp, Maintenance Technician, Fairbanks
Robert V. Vaughan, Maintenance Technician, Anchorage

ANF PLANT & STRUCTURES DIVISION

Lyle E. Bonn, Airways Maintenance Inspector, Anchorage
Gertrude K. Brown, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Loona M. Lovos, Engineering Draftsman, Anchorage
Dick V. McGowan, Airways Engineer, Anchorage
Margaret P. Mitchell, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Bertha I. Saurio, Engineering Draftsman, Anchorage
Joanne M. Thornton, Blueprint Machine Operator, Anchorage

AIRMAN, AIRCRAFT & FLIGHT OPERATIONS DIVISION

Richard L. Barnar, Chief, Flight Operations Branch, Anchorage, transferred to Region 1

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION DIVISION

Jean M. Collins, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Zona Powers, Clerk-Stenographer, Seattle
Virginia M. Shaw, Typist & Supply Clerk, Anchorage
Gladys G. Stoik, Fiscal Audit Clerk, Anchorage
Lorraine J. Wade, Clerk-Typist, Seattle

TWO CAREERS VOWS TAKEN BY RECEIVE AWARDS AUDREY PENMAN

Two members of our Regional Office have dusted off the old brains and done some cogitating, which resulted in their being recipients of awards.

Pauline Martens was given a Commendation Certificate for her suggestion, which was as follows: That a file be kept in the Regional Office containing blood "types" of all personnel. This to us seems like a very valuable idea. In the past we have had several persons who needed emergency blood transfusions and it was necessary for much scurrying to and fro in order to find the type needed.

Frank Merrithew was given a cash award and Certificate for his suggestion for a new form to be used in the graphic solution for radio range course alignments. This form results in greater accuracy and is more convenient to use.

The above-mentioned suggestions have been accepted for use by the CAA. The awards were presented by the Acting Regional Administrator, Allen D. Hulen.

CENO GETS DISCREPANCIES

Stop. Whoa. Desist. We have had just about all we can take.

Since Whitey Machin and Ken Rukhs each missed a word at the Spelling Bee the other night discrepancies have been pouring in from all over the Region. We understand special assistants have been put in the mail room and extra operators are now working on the switchboard.

The words missed? "Piquant" (which is not spelled p-e-a-k-q-u-a-n-t, and "Meraurochrome". (Tsk tsk Guys, now can you have the nerve to leave any more of those forms to our poor, unsuspecting, communicators?)

Audrey Penman, airways operations division, and Barley Erwin Jr. were united in marriage at four PM Sunday, October 23 at the Presbyterian Church. Reverend Armstrong officiated.

Music was furnished by Mrs. Jack Harrison at the organ and Ruth Nickelman who sang "Because", "Ave Maria" and "The Lord's Prayer".

Attending the couple were Norma Tumbleson, and John Gilliam.

Audrey is the daughter of Mrs. Corrine Penman of Compton, California and Mr. Erwin is the son of Barley Erwin Sr. of Eugene, Oregon. The groom is in the Air Force, stationed at Elmendorf Air Force Base and has been working as a Flight Engineer.

Following the wedding ceremony, a reception was held at the newly furnished home of Mr. and Mrs. Erwin on Fireweed Lane.

A young intern, who walked past the psychiatric ward each morning and watched the inmates go through the motions of winding up and pitching an imaginary ball, was finally asked by one of his friends why he stopped daily and watched the screwball go through his act.

"Well," he answered, "if things keep going the way they are, I'll be in there some day catching for that guy, and I want to get onto his curves."

P.S. MAINTENANCE-

(Continued from page 17)

August in McLean's car...They're all back now... "Mac" drove back up and Wally also drove back - but not with "Mac".... Wally picked up a 1950 Studebaker in the States and came back about ten days after Mac...Mr. Rose flew back. Harry Nelson is back from Seattle and leave.



THERE MUST BE AN ERROR SOMEWHERE!

ARTC

DO YOU PLAY CHESS

As Jimmie Durante says, "Everybody's trying to get into da act." With the recent influx of personnel, Air Traffic Control is rapidly assuming the aspect of Grand Central Station. All personnel on the day and evening watch are now getting here at least fifteen minutes ahead of time. Of course this is specified in the "Book" but NOW the main reason is that such a procedure is the only safe guarantee of getting a seat. All those who show up later than the first six, have to stand. Such action makes for very efficient watch changes, to say the least.

To start off: We are now the proud possessors (?) (anyway we got 'em) of two ex-communicators, names of Johnnie Watson and Don Waits. Ex-Communicators; sounds like something the Catholic Church does to Communists. Oh well, it appears they are very well and happy.

Then we have two importations from the Zone of the Interior. Robert L. Flick, who first saw the light of day when he left Pittsburgh, and Lover Boy Georgie Pobbles, who is giving Butler, of Merrill Tower a run for his title. What an operator! Georgie hails from the El Paso Center and has one of those Texas drawls. The reason he gets along with the gals so well is because before he can open his mouth and drawl "I'm not that kind of a boy", he is. All I can say is, Butler, look alive.

Flick, of "Flick off" fame, is going to add a new plaything to the Center. He is going to donate a Martin 202, come Christmas - or so he says. Then we can all Buzzzz off.

Next, but not least, it Wayne Bogard. Wayne is the man to see about the lousy Jet Pilot who woke you up at four thirty on such and such a morning. Wayne parted company with the Army Air Forces shortly before coming to work here, and

A call has been issued by the Civil 8 Executive Committee to all chess players in the Anchorage area who may be interested in getting together at regular intervals for informal as well as tournament play. This will be the second year of activity for the CAA chess group. Members who participated last year are expected to again be in there matching wits and strategy, and new members are cordially invited to join them.

The group meets bi-weekly for informal play and also schedules round robin tournament matches which are played off at the convenience of the individuals.

Interested persons should contact Sid Brown, Anchorage Traffic Control Center Ext. 6. If you like to play chess don't hesitate to join.

Said the spinster to her lawyer: "Don't put 'Miss' on my tombstone when I am gone, for I haven't missed as much as you think I have."

ARTC - traded in his "stovopipe jet" for a Lincoln Continental. Some swap. Wayne lives in Mountain View, but gals, with such a car there is also a catch. Wayne is married...so I guess you'll have to stick to Georgie, or rather Georgie - sorry, son.

Next we jump down to Charles Laymon. Charles came to us through the kindness of the Zinzinnati Center in Zinzinnati, O Ho Ho. Saw Charles sweating out a sweater across from the Bust Station. I figured he was cold, but on second look discovered IT HAD A BODY IN IT. So now we have two. Georgie, action; and Charles, who so far, just looks. What a compliment.

Well, that's all this time.... SCHMOE

P&S. CONSTRUCTION

After three reminders from our genial Editor that there's another Makluk Telegraph in the making - all ready so soonest this would-be reporter get busy.

Our Records and Materials Section Chief, Dick V. McCowen, resigned recently to return to his home in Bloomfield, Iowa. Dick, his wife and two daughters, left by boat for Seattle where they picked up a new Chevy to drive the remainder of the way. His last card was mailed from 'smoggy' Los Angeles, where the traffic was about to get the best of him. He said that he had stopped and started so much he'd put his car in the garage for a new clutch, and now that he had found his way into L.A., was wondering if he'd ever get out---a bit different in ye old Anchorage. Dick was an active member of our Credit Union and Civair 8 Club, and was an 'old timer' in this region, having been here since 1943. We all wish him and his family the best of luck.

John Fanning was a visitor in our office last week. He is still on annual leave status, and not ready to return to work as yet...even though he has just completed a trip around the world aboard the Queen Mary....OH, for the life of Fanning!!

Ada Woberg had a minor foot operation which has kept her charming self away from the office the past week, but expects to be back on the job in a day or two. Warren Peller returned to the RO from Woody Island, and is now on an assignment at Naknek where work has commenced on the construction of two 4-unit apartment buildings and one 3-unit apartment. Warren Kerr completed construction of the VHF facility and water supply system at Yakataga, and is presently on the job here in Anchorage completing the VHF circuit between Anchorage and Annette.

Bill Schoonover is now at Bettles assisting Charlie Evers with the erection of SRA towers at the range site. John Goetz is presently assisting Engineer Roiten construct a power line to the nearly completed apartment buildings.

Ordon Meyer, skipper of the BSP 324, has nearly completed the floating dock at Sunset Cove and Narrows Point, and is now transporting apartment furnishings from Ketchikan to Annette. Bill Webb completed his assignment at Minchumina and is now at Fairbanks. Wallace Tykward finished installing the heating and ventilation system at Juneau and is now at Nenana.

Work on the Anchorage Airport has slowed up considerably with the advent of old man winter, and Engineer Nelson reports that he now has only a twenty-man crew on the job. Ned has taken over the supervision of the remodeling program at the Anchorage station, so is still a busy bee.

George K. returned from a three week vacation in the state of Washington and reports having a grand time.

Making inspection trips last month were J. Leo Connors at Naknek; K. K. Kollner at Fairbanks, and George K. at Bettles and Fairbanks. Jerry Howard was in the RO for a few days for a conference and to pick up supplies for the Fairbanks International Airport.

Enuf for this month - see you next issue.
--VIDA LOMMEN

The tired business man arrived home. The cook had left that morning without giving notice. The market had been depressed all day, and now he found a farewell note from his wife who was leaving with his best friend.

He knew that a shot would end all his troubles. So...he opened a bottle and took one.

HARVEST MOON-

(Continued from page 1)

leaves as we had upstairs. At each one of the tables were many plates filled to the brim with freshly popped corn, and as soon as an empty was found the refreshment committee would quickly see to it that it was refilled. Soft drinks and cider were furnished by the club.

During the course of the evening a quiz program was conducted and prizes were awarded. Ken Ruhle and "Whitey" Machin acted as masters of ceremonies and you can believe that there was never a dull moment. J. C. Hooper, Chief of MF Plant & Structures, and Jim Sherry, ATIC at Homer, won door prizes which were carved ivory-handled steak knives. Once during the evening we saw Ken Ruhle hand Mr. Hooper a sample of "our product" which was a piece of red tape tied into a bow. Many other useless awards were made much to the embarrassment of the ones who won them...it says here.

A broom dance was featured and several persons present told this writer that she should have led the parade.....We don't get it! Besides, we're saving our face to scare people only during the Halloween season each year.

While attempting to release balloons from a huge zepplin constructed by the entertainment committee and fastened to the ceiling, a near-catastrophe seemed inevitable. It seems one member of the committee was to bring two strings to be attached to each end of the zepplin and gulled at the right time to release the small balloons that were inside; in the excitement of getting ready he forgot to bring them and consequently when the time came someone had to devise a way to get them out. Machin climbed up on the stepladder assisted by Ruhle, but by the time "Whitey" had probed around in the container awhile, the balloons began to zoom all over the room. Over-anxious dancers, realizing there was a limited number, started to clamor for more, and before long half the onlookers were more than half way up the ladder. Charles Atlas Ruhle managed to hold the ladder

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upright and no casualties resulted.

Mr. Swanson's orchestra dressed for the occasion and wore straw hats, neck bands of red bandanas, blue overalls and rubber boots. The piano player chewed on a broom straw all evening and kept time by stomping his boots. We have found in the past that our members seem to have a better time when they wear casual clothes and this last party was a definite proof of that. However there are those of us who like to "dress up" occasionally and will have that chance December 16 when there will be a "gala Christmas party - semi-formal."

Those in charge of the October dance were: General Chairman, Mabel Stubbs; Publicity, Alberta Bigelow, Chairman; Duke Vautier, Mary Ann Mandy, Pat Hamer, Lucy Schmidt; Decoration, Fred Capel, Chairman, Mickey Novak, Joan Walker, Ruth Wickelman, Jerry Roguszka, Norma Tumbelson, Mercedes Salas, Beth Henley; Music, Pete Vordin; Tickets, Elmer Fouch, Chairman, Jackie Johnson, Sadie Owsley, Alice Johnston, Thelma Pickens, Lorraine Gilliam, Virginia and Jim Carter and Dorothy Meredith; Refreshments, Gene Scharnak, Chairman, Frank Monaco (from Fairbanks) and Lance Harvey; Entertainment and Prizes, Rogene Thompson, Chairman, Kenneth Ruhle, Albert "Whitey" Machin; Public Address, Cecil Warner, and George Cutler.

We wish also to thank Gene Clark for his untiring efforts as he took tickets at the door the biggest part of the evening. Mr. Perry McLain deserve much credit for seeing to it that we had all equipment to work with and for arranging to make us all comfortable and happy while at the Log Cabin. Those very nice posters were made by Alberta Bigelow and the Harvest scene on one of the notices sent to all personnel was made by none other than one of our other artists by the name of Duke Vautier. The tickets we used were made by Patricia Hamer,

WOODY ISLAND

After having read the last issue of your fine paper, I have decided to (especially that stuff from them hams at Hains and Gulkana) to put it on a paying basis and give you the benefit of my vast experience along these lines. In order that you will know that I have had a great deal of experience, in journalism you will be interested to know that I have my stuff printed in such notable organs as Police Gazette, Ladies Home Journal and Daring Detective Monthly, and in addition to all that I have been employed with the Podunk Hello Hollerer. I just wanted you to know all this so you would know it.

It appears that these characters from Hains and Gulkana are imbezzling on your fine paper to conduct their personal correspondence without the expenditure of their own money for postage stamps, a fact that no doubt should be taken up with the postmaster general. (I have also had no little experience at law).

Well as I did not intend to sling dirty but only to protect your paper and the people who read it, I will go ahead as if nothing. Things are about the same here at Woody Island. Well not really. Things could never be the same, without Fil Hall here. (hi Fil) With him being Gene that loves only Ideo alone to do the orabin and being obnoxious and since he was only a understudy of Halls, he isn't nearly up to it. I will say this much for him though he is a game fiter. I'll say that much for him. Of course there is one or two others who have some talent along this line such as Wetheril and Mullins (the boys call him Chuckhead for some reason) but they are completely out of the class of the former.

Since the last guy writes to you we have one or two parties at which all parteciples have a good time. One is a

skware dance which is somewhat of a success and the other is a dance also but not a skware, at which the citizenry present Zagowski with a bull fidel which is a surprise and almost makes tears come to his eyes but don't. The recreation hall is all fixed up in front and back which is the school house replest with school desks for the kids and a bigger one for the teacher. It's quiet pretty and the stove has a bright yellow pipe and the floor is red and it has black boards. It's just like a real school which it is actually. They are electing a new recreation committee of which Tom Haas, Norman Spenser and Papp Lee are the old one.

Speaking of recreation the boys have been getting a lot of hunting in lately and not got nothing yet mostly. Jackson didn't get no ducks but a good cold. The chief, of which I will not state his name for fear of embarrassing him went on one trip and after great pains managed to sneak up on a cover of ducks and he had all of them dead except when he pulled the trigger he had forgot to put any bullets in and they flew away before he could, which made him very unhappy. But he got some anyway later. No bears have been got this year yet. Bobby Rice would like to see a pitcher of some ducks because he went duck hunting.

As a general rule things are pretty quiet around here as nobody has fell off the boat or got threw in the pokey. Before this goes to press somebody probably will which is a bad thing because everybody around here is a fine guy and it shouldn't happen to them. Inspector Mc Murry has already departed from giving us an inspection which wasnt to bad, maybe, but we will find out for sure later on. Nobody has got fire yet and he looks like he ain't mad when he leaves so we are crossing our fingers. Some of the boys is wearing beards when he comes

(Continued on page 28)

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WOODY ISLAND-

town and which is quiet embracing because they are very scraggle boards and do not look so good which probabl caught Mr. McCurry un awares.

This place is getting to be a bore love of musicians lately. Mrs. Glover's got her a new accordion as well as Agoszowski and Mrs. Smith who in company with her husband Mr. Smith has gone to the States and saw the worlds serious and so Mrs. Earl Card which he gave up playing because he wasnt doing so good. is really got mad because they wouldn't let him play second base in the band. (I am talking about the world serious now). So to keep up with current events Station Manager Valontineick gets busy on the bull fidel but soon develops blisters on his fingers and quits. Haggins has a guttler with which he plays early morning, down and cant play the seal yet but they won't let him in the band because they think he will steal the show. So you see they have a good band and Paul Leonard cant play anything.

This is all i can think off to writ this time so i will quiet and get back to work of which i have plenty and should not have stopped to write this article.
Luka Warm (correspondent)

YES.... WOODY ISLAND WAXES POETIC;

Ode To A Communicator

Bowens the deady sitting habit
Or, if you sit, be like the rabbit
Who keepeth ever on the jump,
By springs concealed beneath his rump.

A little pinger beneath the tail
Will sit for lack of brains avail.
Eschew the dull and slothful seat
And move about with willing feet.

Man was not made to sit atranceo
And press, and press and press his pants.
But rather, with an open mind
To circulate among his kind.

And so, my son, avoid the snore

Which lurks within the cushioned chair;
To run like hell, it has been found,
Both feet must be upon the ground.

MORAL LESSON

Two gay young Frogs, from inland bogs
Had spent the night in drinking.
As morning broke and they awoke,
While yet their eyes were blinking,
A farmer's pail came to the swale
And caught them quick as winking.

Ere they could gather scattered senses
Or breathe a prayer for past offenses
The gauger grave, that guileless man
Had dumped them in the millman's can.

The can filled up, the cover down;
They soon were started off for town.
The luckless frogs began to quake
And sober up on cold milk shake.

They quickly find their breath will stop;
Unless they swim upon the top.
They swim for life, they kick and swim
Until their weary eyes are dim.

Their muscles ache, their breath is short
And gasping, speaks one weary sport.
"Say, old boy, it's pretty tough
To die so young, I've had enough
Of kick for life; no more I'll try it,
I wasn't raised on a milk diet."

"Tut, tut, my lad", the other cries
"A frog's not dead until he dies.
Let's keep on kicking - that's my plan,
We may yet see outside this can."

"No use! No use!" faint heart replied;
Turned up his toes and gently died.

The braver frog, undaunted still,
Kept kicking with a right good will
Until with joy too much to utter,
He found he'd churned a lump of butter.
Climbing on that lump of grease,
He floated 'round with greatest ease.

A friend is one who knows all about
you - but loves you anyway.

HALLELUJAH FROM MOSES POINT

Excitement and things!! Last month Moses Point underwent the sad experience of having a bonafide aircraft accident at everything turned out better than expected and all station personnel came through with flying colors. On the afternoon of October 12th a single engined aircraft, not equipped with radio, came down out of the skies over Moses Point and began an approach for routine landing. Accoms Vernon Thimyan and Martin Greiner, who were on watch at the time, immediately sensed that something was amiss since the plane made three attempts at the long runway but had to pull up each time. Finally, while making a 180 degree turn preparatory for the fourth landing attempt, the aircraft lost altitude and crashed into Norton Sound about one hundred yards offshore. All station personnel were notified and things began to move like clockwork. Station Manager Preston Stocum and Accom Charles Swin, assisted by others, broke out Stocum's small canvass boat, which had been stored away for the winter. I loaded it into our trusty pick-up truck, and roared down the beach to the scene of the accident. They found the aircraft sitting in about seven feet of water. The occupants had kicked out the windshield and climbed into the fuselage.

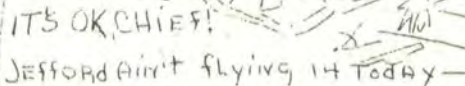
Both Swin and Stocum motored out to the downed plane and while Swin assisted the three airmen Stocum began ferrying them ashore one at a time. It was found that the pilot and owner, Robert Klein of Ketchikan, was suffering from a deep laceration over one eye and all three were pretty shaky due to shock and exposure. They were rushed to the Stocum house where first aid was administered to Klein by Mrs. Joan Swin who is a registered nurse, with the other station ladies assisting.

As luck would have it a tenth Rescue Squadron C-47 was passing over Moses Point shortly thereafter on a routine

flight from Nome to Fairbanks. The Army pilot was advised of the accident and immediately landed, loaded the victims aboard, and took them to the Nome hospital. Later we were pleased to discover that Pilot Klein had suffered nothing worse than loss of blood from his head wound and that the two passengers were in good shape. All told the three unfortunates were in the Nome hospital in just about two hours from the time of the crash, which is pretty good time for this locale.

New personnel at Moses Point consist of Joseph Jones, Accom and recently of the training center at Oklahoma City, together with Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Thimyan late of Nuknek. Thimyan got a rough introduction to Moses Point in that he was the only person to witness the aircraft crash and hence had to submit a detailed statement to the C.A.E. When interviewed by your Prophet, Jones declared his morale was high and he was sure he would stick it out for a year at Moses Point. The Thimyans say this is not such a bad place and that it is growing on them as time goes by.

Among the successful station hunters is General Mechanic, Fritz Livesay. About a month ago Fritz went on a bear hunting expedition with one of the Elm villagers. Two days later he returned to announce that his party had bagged a good sized Brownie at almost point-blank range. Now it seems that not long before this Martin Greiner and Preston Stocum had gone on a two day trip, in a different direction, but for the same purpose, and on returning declared they had not so much as caught sight of a bear or any other animal for that matter. When questioned concerning their opinion of Fritz's good luck, they came up with the old reliable, "No comment." Now just to establish a precedent your Prophet plans to go bear hunting next spring armed
(Continued on page 32)



TRANSFER TO CXD CAA, CAB, WB
DANCE DEC.16

Sanford Peterson, who left recently to take up his new duties as Station Manager at Cordova, was honored at a luncheon given by Airways Operations and its personnel. Sandwiches, cake and coffee were provided by the girls.

The Annual Christmas Party sponsored by the Civair 8 Club will be held December 16 at the Legion Log Cabin.

Mr. and Mrs. Potosky are in charge (Norman and Romaine, to most of you) and from what we have seen in the way of arrangements, this will be one of the most gala events ever to be held.

The affair is to be semiformal, and it promises many surprises, prizes, fine music from 9 till 2, and beautiful Yuletide decorations. Entertainment during intermission will also be featured, and there will be music the entire evening in the downstairs lounge and of course in the ballroom.

Ticket sales are underway and it has been rumored they are selling like hot-cakes. Get yours now and avoid the last minute rush. You will get more of the details from time to time.



MORE APOLOGIES

We don't like to put out sob stories and this is not intended as such, but in a way the Editor feels she should apologize for the varied dates on which you receive your Mukluk Telegraph.

Many things are to be taken into consideration. First, this is one of two assignments we have; second, many times news is not forthcoming right after an issue to make it possible for us to begin the next one - hence you don't get your new copy until somewhat over a month. We have tried to set a deadline and STICK TO IT, but recently it hasn't been working out so well. If news is slow coming in we have to wait until it shows up (we must depend on readers to do most of the reporting since we don't have the time to scout around much) and then perhaps other duties press - or perhaps it isn't possible to have Mukluk run off for several days due to publications holding more priority.

Then again we have been known to get some very fine articles at the very last minute, after the pages had all been set up and "dummed", so, being tender-hearted and grateful for all news sent we stop everything and sit down to make several new dummies, type stencils, or draw cartoons by hand. This all takes a great deal of time and has to be in between other duties, at times.

In view of the above we must ask you to send in news for the forthcoming issue just as soon as the current one is received; try to do this each month as we start working on a future issue right after the last one is finished. We are grateful for all the fine articles, poems, cartoons, etc., that are coming in, and are happy to hear from some backsliders that are beginning to wake up... hope you continue to write us.. Editor.

ACCOMS-

These idle musings are part of every Accom's daily thoughts, I think. Were YOU a circuit-curdler this week? Were YOU a bug-banger this week? Were YOU a star radio reporter this week? ~~MMMMMMMM~~

--ANONYMOUS ACCOM

BITS ABOUT 'EM

HEAR YE, ACCOMS

By and large, the average Accom is a hypersensitive creature. His ears can detect the faintest trace of sarcasm or antagonism in the cq signal or voice transmission of a fellow operator. I have shuddered at the sound of morbid condemnation evoked at the request for a QSM. Many the nights I have tossed and turned wondering if a certain message was delivered or if the operator on the other end, in a dark rage, ripped it end to end and disposed of it in the circular file. Occasionally my own fingers have ached for the throat of the owner of a mild voice that timidly requested all after the addressee. With shaking fingers I have stroked the soft paddles of my bug, requiring tremendous concentration and self control to keep my signal intelligible and to keep from tearing at my thinning hair. The final straw that sends me into a fit of weeping is the clearly audible QRJ with which the receiving moron has the gall to insult my transmissions. The idea has often occurred to me that the Q signal indicating acknowledgement of a message has never been taught to some Accom. It is like extracting a molar.

It is a sad situation indeed, that one has to resort to trickery and shabby subterfuges to get rid of traffic. It is an easy matter to do this; the methods are so varied and ingenious I do not have the room to elaborate.

Many Accomms are impressed with the sound of their own voices. Especially in some of the larger stations, they deliver traffic with pompous intonations, sounding very important indeed. These messages usually bring rogers dripping with sarcasm from stations not so large, or equally pompous rogers from small stations. Then there are the boys who love their staccato, machine-gun type of delivery. I love that delivery too. So much so that I usually ask for the message twice, or even three times.

Audrey Farmer had a sideline and is doing very well with it. She hit upon the idea of crocheting earrings and in the various colors and shades, her collection looks like a flower garden. She is taking orders for Christmas and other presents, so if you think you'd be interested, stop in Room 250 and see her samples. They're just one dollar per pair.

Emily Entriken, Mail and Files, went through much suspense recently when her husband was missing several days while on a hunting trip. The plane was forced down on an island across the Inlet, but luckily all occupants were unharmed and brought back to Anchorage.

Sinor Rauch, Property Management, was on leave for a week and spent the time in Fairbanks visiting her husband who was on an assignment there at the time.

We extend deepest sympathy to Alice Johnston, Personnel, on the death of her Mother. Alice was called home suddenly, but arrived there before her mother passed away. Alice's home is in Portland, Oregon.

CAA TEAM-

(Continued from page 1)
misses for CAA. CAA had one intrepid opponent who tossed off his words with ease and never missed. He was Mr. Vic Rivers of the Rotarians. The spelling of a simple little word like Kriss Kringle decided the match. It had been missed in the first three tries and on the fourth attempt, one of the CAAs decided to add another "s" to Kris, just for luck and was as surprised as anyone when the MC said "right!". The final score was 14 to 10. Presentation of the cup was made the following Wednesday night when the final spelling bee was held to determine the individual "champ".

MOSES POINT-

(Continued from page 29)

with a .38 revolver and on returning with two or three bear skins those station hunters will be forever put to shame. (It says all this in small print sure).

On October 22nd the station ladies baked a gigantic cake in honor of Accom Frederick Mac Lennan's birthday. He was so flattered he even admitted how old he was. When asked to make a speech (which he loves to do) Mac Lennan was kind enough to decline and start slicing the cake instead. This reminds us that Bob Ciari (the mad cartoonist) drew a Junco, also celebrates his birthday on October 22nd. How does it feel to be an old man, Bob? You should draw another one of those weird cartoons for MUKLUK by way of celebrating. (He did!....Ed.)

Tid bits from all around. There is an outbreak of "running" among the Accom group around here. This running consists of a slow dog trot to the end of the long runway once each day and is supposed to be good for the health or something. Wonder how long it will last?

Accom Mac Lennan is just now recovering from a dose of chili-pepper poisoning at the hands of his "friends" who spiked his dehydrated potatoes. Chief suspects - Jones and Livesay. Preston Stearns, KL7BD, has resumed for the winter his function as Official Relay Station for the American Radio Relay League. His endeavors will be aided by a new antenna. Question for this month - What ever became of the Sea Monster of Norton Sound? See you all next month

--THE PROPHET

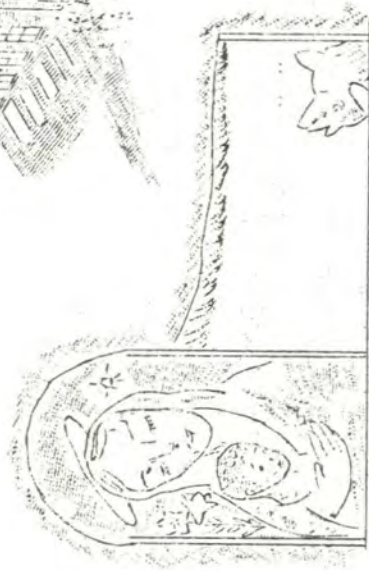
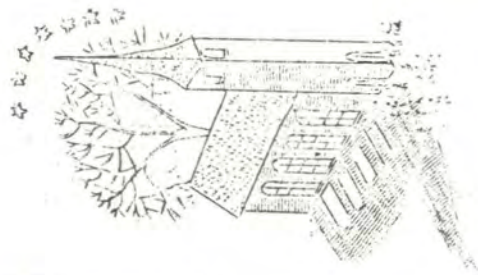
Without an increase in individual industry, integrity and prudence, no act of government can essentially better the condition of the people.

--NEA Journal



PLEASE BEAR WITH US -
 MIMEOGRAPH MACHINE
 SOME HAYWIRE USING
 ONE TEMPORARILY THAT
 MAKES THESE UNEVEN
 MARGINS, LEAVES OUT
 HEADLINE LETTERS ECT.

EDITOR



— GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

MERRY CHRISTMAS