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Vol. 8

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No. 7

## FIFTH REGION WINS 1957 SAFETY HONOR

The Fifth Region reduced the injury frequency rate in 1957 more than any other Region, and Administrator James T. Pyle has congratulated all personnel here.

In a letter to the Regional Administrator, he said:

"It is with great pleasure that I present, through you to Region Five, the Administrator's Award of Honor for an outstanding Occupational Safety Program and for achieving the greatest percentage of reduction in the injury frequency rate for 1957, as compared with the preceding 24 months, of any region or other major field organization within the CAA.

"This accomplishment greatly furthers our management objective to prevent human suffering and economic waste, and thus contributes to a more efficient public service."

Regional Administrator Hulén immediately congratulated the two Occupational Safety Officers who were responsible for the 1957 record, Mel W. Peterson, and Norman A. Lowenstein, who succeeded Peterson in September 1957.

"Considering the special conditions of CAA operations in Alaska, this is a most gratifying record", he said. "In fire accidents, in winter weather accidents, in accidents connected with heavy equipment and heavy construction, our problems are different from any other Region. We are exposed, in other words, to more potential injury-causing accidents than the average CAA worker. Therefore it makes me especially proud to have won this acclaim from Administrator Pyle."

Lowenstein and Peterson immediately told the boss that safety consciousness throughout the Region is responsible for our good safety record.

See SAFETY, Page 8

Moose living is fine in Alaska  
Except for this annual disaster,  
During this season,  
I lost more than reason  
So I'm moving to Madagascar.

## KATMAI CLUB, "HOME-MADE", OPENED AT KING SALMON BY ITS PROUD BUILDERS

The finest CAA "rec-hall" in Alaska, the Katmai Club, was dedicated Saturday night, September 27, at King Salmon, the result of hard work, ingenuity and CAA-Weather Bureau cooperation over the last four months.

"I hope this is only the first of such facilities we will be invited to help inaugurate", Regional Administrator Allen D. Hulén told 200 guests gathered in the 75 x 85 foot building. "This is the kind of recreation facility we should have at many of our remote stations, and this whole project shows the kind of initiative and ingenuity that CAA people are capable of. I can't praise the builders of the Katmai Club too much for their willingness to work hard for the good of the station and their community and for their ingenuity in using abandoned, surplus buildings as basic structures for this fine club."

### JUST A LITTLE LOVE. A LITTLE MOOSE KISS

Very few people have been kissed by a moose.

It could happen nowhere else in the world but Alaska, and, in few places but the neighborhood of Cordova.

And it might never happen unless the kissee has a bass voice and sounds like a bull moose when singing.

That, briefly, introduces what happened to John W. Johnson, civil engineer in AN-620, working away alone, and singing the while, near Cordova, where--it should be remembered--a herd of protective moose is in the course of being established.

Heading his report "Unofficial", Johnson wrote to his boss, Ray Rivers:

"I doubt you realized I sing. Possessed of a voice that could be described as a bathroom-basso-o-so-AH-so-profondo I exercise it, not only in the confines of the bath, but whenever and wherever the spirit moves me--and there is reasonable assurance no objectors can get at me.

"So it was this morning that while I went about my official business of taking official pictures with the official kodak, I opened all the valves and poured out into the brisk fall air snatches of the oldtimer -- 'Just a little love, a little kiss.'

"Suddenly she was there. Apparition, dream, reality. I was too astounded to be sure. She advanced hesitantly at first and then, reassured by my smile, came close and proffered her lips. Utterly nonplussed I backed up a pace and she followed. Entranced, I could neither move nor speak. She turned on me beautiful eyes, demanding ever so plainly 'Kiss me! Well--GO ON AND KISS ME!'"

See LOVE, SEX MOOSE, Page 7

Hulén considered the occasion of high importance in personnel morale, and arranged for a group of CAA officials from Anchorage to attend. Mac A. Emerich, new Regional Administrative Officer of the Weather Bureau for Alaska, was among the guests and added his warm congratulations on the functional excellence and the attractiveness of the club.

William Johnson, STMG, who had been the "straw boss" during construction of the club, turned it over formally to Tom McDonald, Weather Bureau Chief, president of the club, for the operation. Guests from Naknek, air service operators on the airport, visiting construction groups and military officials also attended. Later parties will include still others from the community not attending the opening because of space limitation.

Only three speeches lasting a total of five minutes marked the opening. The guests saw a sample of the kind of movies to be shown hereafter at the club through the new cinerama projector with a screen 25 feet wide. A dinner of roast beef, ham, potato salad, baked beans and salads was served, and all the refreshments were "on the house." The new club starts with a cash operating fund of about \$4,000 on hand, Johnson reported. The old club, a makeshift arrangement in a surplus building, now is used temporarily as a school room, until the construction of an additional room on the new, colorful, one-room school. There are 35 school children. Pictures, Page 6 See KATMAI, Page 10



## JEFFORD &amp; CO. REORGANIZATION



JEFFORD, head driver; WAYER, chief checker; HANSON, grocery boy

After all these years, Jack Jefford and his gang of airplane drivers are going to be organized.

They have received final notice that they have to line up in division and branch order just like the rest of the

government workers. And some organizing wheel has even assigned dignified titles which, hereafter, they must wear.

Jefford is still Chief, Airways Flight Inspection Division, Charles F. Wayer, Jr., is now Chief, Flight Inspection

## SAY AGAIN PLEASE

Recently, one CAA station received this message from another: "I'm receiving grbld (garbled) numbers - or nothing at all on the first message and when you send the second time it's O.K. Try sending it the second time only, then maybe will be O.K."

Branch, and Wilburn A. Hanson is Chief, Training and Logistics Branch.

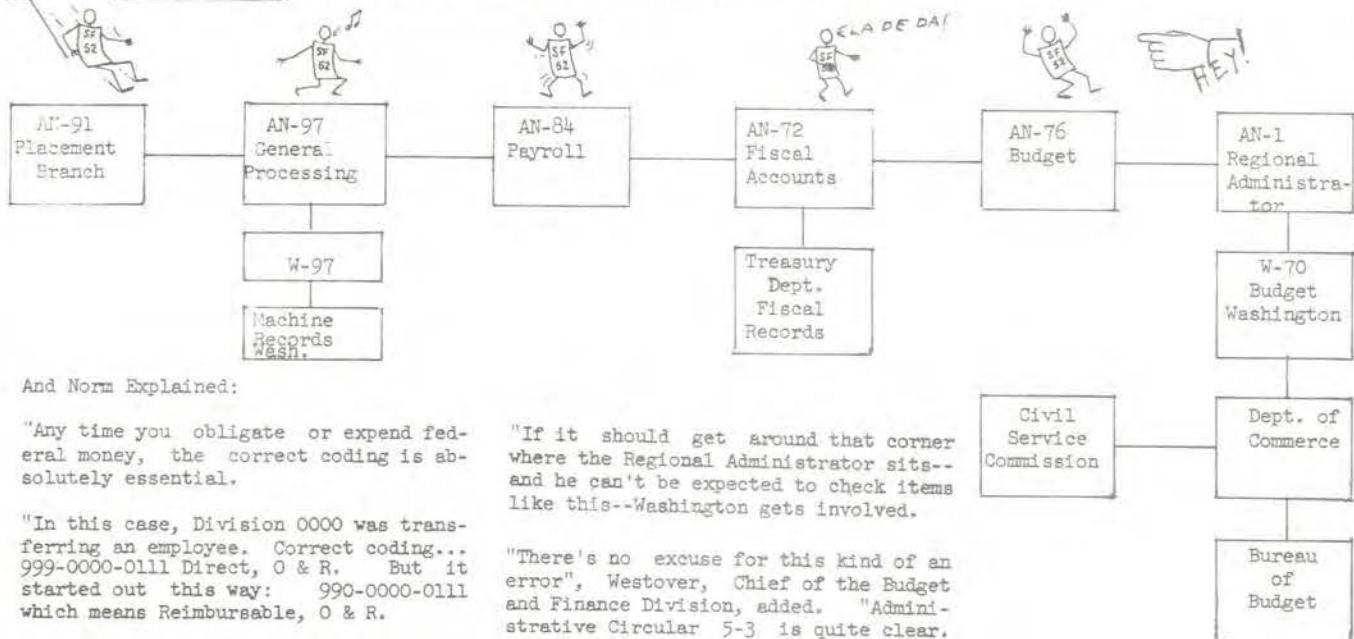
"We were happy all those years in our slightly organized way", one of the new "Chiefs" said plaintively. "Jack picked out the planes he wanted to fly, and we took what was left. We all acted like Indians, and you couldn't identify a Chief. Now, efficiency has set in. First thing you know we pilots won't be allowed to handle any of the freight. If this bureaucratic situation continues, we may even wind up flying desks."

## BUDGET SHOWS HOW A LITTLE ERROR GROWS AND GROWS

Want to know how bad a little error can be when it grows up through a few departments of the CAA's recordkeeping departments?

Form SF-52. Request for personnel action, prepared by Division "A"

To impress on administrative assistants, branch and division chiefs the importance of using proper coding on paper involving funds, Ralph Westover and Norman Potosky gathered together all Anchorage administrative assistants and chiefs concerned with such paper work, and drew pictures on the blackboard that showed how a small error, made by a careless worker, snowballs into a "federal case" and costs us real money.



And Norm Explained:

"Any time you obligate or expend federal money, the correct coding is absolutely essential.

"In this case, Division 0000 was transferring an employee. Correct coding... 999-0000-0111 Direct, O & R. But it started out this way: 990-0000-0111 which means Reimbursable, O & R.

"Simple little error, an O for a 9. Well, if somebody on step one, step two or step three catches it, the correction is not so difficult. It goes back to the clerk who copied the wrong figure, or to the branch or division chief who failed to catch the error where the little piece of paper was born. But if it gets farther along its route, say up to the Budget Branch before discovery, everybody up to that point has to change his records.

"If it should get around that corner where the Regional Administrator sits-- and he can't be expected to check items like this--Washington gets involved.

"There's no excuse for this kind of an error", Westover, Chief of the Budget and Finance Division, added. "Administrative Circular 5-3 is quite clear. And if there's a question, our shop is an arm's length away. Pick up your phone!

"And to you in the field: Don't ask for whom the bell tolls. It tolls for thee. This can happen on any transaction from purchase of a roll of paper towels to the transfer of a GS-14.

"Don't let a measly little error grow into a major operation."



## How To Retire — PHILOSOPHICALLY by Ralph W. Slone

(Second in a series of three)

Earlier in this series, it was noted that the average government employee begins to think seriously of retirement after about 10 years of creditable service. Unfortunately, this is only too true.

How much heartache, how much self-recrimination and vain regret, might be saved if only those wasted 10 years could be recalled.

Thoughtless persons may suppose that, given a stipend sufficient to keep body and soul together under frugal and prudent management (that is the kind, less 25% overtime and night differential, you are going to get, so there is no point in discussing any other) retirement will take care of itself. Nothing could be further from the truth. Your retirement is the most important act you, as a public servant, will ever perform. Your entrance on duty, your promotions, transfers, longevity increases -- all are only steps toward this ultimate goal.

In a very real sense, your retirement began on the day you, as a downy-cheeked GS-1, padded your first Form 57 and handed it to the recruiting officer. That first day, 6% of your pay went toward retirement. Did you devote 6% of your time to planning that same retirement, to preparing yourself mentally and emotionally for it?

In retiremanship, as in any other purposive human behavior, the basic principles of strategy apply:

1. Define your objective in terms of your resources.
2. Plan the attack.
3. Implement your plan, altering it in detail as contingencies arise.

Of these steps, the most important is the first, definition of the objective. To state a problem correctly is to take the first long step toward its solution. Now, what is our objective? Retirement, of course, but to name a thing is not to define it. What is retirement going to be like, what do you expect of it?

Quite a bit, no doubt, but remember -- objectives must be defined in terms of resources. You might as well forget those European tours and yachts.

Thus, your first effort should be devoted to training yourself to enjoyment of the simple things of life.

Luckily, government service is ideally suited to this end. Unlike your opposite number in industry, you will not be exposed to the debauching effects of the expense account. On \$17.00 per diem you are not going to develop much of a taste for dancing girls and magnums of champagne, it's Seagram's 5 in

the hotel room for you, bud, and never mind calling for ice, we've got plenty of water from the tap.

Likewise, you need not battle insomnia in the wee hours of the morning worrying about whether it is proper for you to buy a new Rolls Royce when your boss is content with a Cadillac. Both of you will be driving 6 year old Chevs and watching the ads for prices on used Metropolitans.

Your strategy is not to decry these aspects of government service, as so many of us do, but to recognize them as invaluable aids in your training for retirement.

Similarly, in the performance of your day to day duties, never overlook an opportunity to develop skills and tastes which will be of service to you in retirement. Instead of poring over the expensive fishing gear in that catalog in your bottom desk drawer -- if you must fish, a fifteen cent can of eyed hooks and a spool of shoemaker's thread will do the job -- burn it and learn to work mathematical puzzles on your scratch pad. Pencil and paper fit in your retirement picture (remember the resources) while split bamboo fly rods do not. Further, if your boss returns unexpectedly, he may think you are working, which is not likely if he sees that catalog -- form 45's are seldom written to Abercrombie & Fitch.

Play chess by mail. Many a man has gone from GS-4 to GS-10 on the strength of his abstracted, studious expression as he pondered whether Q4 was open or blocked by QB.

Learn to compose limericks.

Count flies -- an absorbing pastime, once mastered, since number 1 is at the other end of the room by the time you have counted number 3, and you must begin over. It is hard to distinguish a man counting flies from one pondering a knotty problem in his assigned work.

A word of caution, here -- avoid the pitfall of role identification. A man who goes through the motions of doing work often enough, in time finds himself automatically and helplessly working, whether he meant to or not. The good retireman, thus, will only seem to the untutored eye to be going through the motions of working, actually he will be doing something else entirely, such as counting flies.

Now, as to the end game.

In industry, a practise has gained vogue whereby senior employees retire gradually -- as retirement approaches, they work first four days a week, then three, then two, then one, then none.

In government, we are not able to for-

## Even Little Ideas Save Money and Win Money

Thirty-nine Fifth Region employees had good ideas last year and collected \$1,985 by suggesting them.

Forty-one others did their work so well that they received cash awards totalling \$5,190 for sustained Superior Performance. One did a "special act and service" and was rewarded with \$100.

For Fiscal 1958, the Fifth Region finished close to the CAA-wide average in the percentage of employees receiving awards, and above the average in the percentage of employees contributing.

During 1958, the entire CAA paid out \$2,820 in awards to employees, whose suggestions resulted in net savings of \$63,332. For sustained superior performance, 694 employees received cash awards totalling \$100,730. In 1957, only 201 awards were made for sustained superior performance, totalling \$28,955. This increase reflects the new emphasis which the CAA has been placing on employee suggestions, and on recognition of superior employees.

The whole program in fiscal 1958 cost the CAA \$123,055 as against \$47,890 the year before.

Suggestions range all over the lot. One man made the simple discovery that mattresses in CAA field quarters could be protected by the use of rubber sheets, and his suggestion was worth \$10 to him.

One suggestion proposed a slight change in the location of electrical equipment in a radio transmitter. When this change was made, it was impossible for a maintenance man to have contact with wires and terminals carrying 4,000 volts where he had previously worked within two inches of danger. For this safety improvement, the suggestor received \$250.

See IDEAS, Page 6

ally implement such a plan.

However, the good retireman, if he has diligently trained himself as I recommend, need not be hampered by this.

Set yourself this goal: At age 56 plan, while dutifully reporting for work each Friday, to practise only retiremanship for the entire eight hours, while appearing to the casual eye to be present and accounted for. At 57, include Thursday in this plan, at 58 Wednesday, at 59 Tuesday at 60 Monday. You will then find that you have, in effect, already retired while still drawing full salary with five years longevity, and may find it so pleasant that you will just keep right on "working" until forcibly evicted at age 75.

By that time, retirement should not be much of a problem.



## CORDOVA

Of several Mile 13 entrants in Cordova's annual salmon derby, STMGFR Frank Smith was the only one lucky enough to get a fish but missed first place for the day by one ounce. The rest had to settle for Irish lords and flounders. At least Frank and deckhand SAOS Bob Leise gave Frank's new 19 foot cabin cruiser a good workout searching for fish that would bite.

Those perplexed frowns seen at Cordova belong to local hunters trying to decide whether to hunt ducks, deer, moose, goat or what-have-you. Jack (WBAS) and Mary Koch had a successful moose hunt and pleasant vacation at Yakutat. Lee Owens (also WBAS) got a sheep in the Chitina area and is now chasing goats around the mountains. Don Stettler of the Anchorage WBAS has returned to ANC after a short relief stint at Cordova in the absence of Jack and Lee.

SEITF Charlie Goshorn and ECENGR Floyd Roberson are busy installing carrier equipment for the future remoting of the Middleton Island control facility to Cordova. Charlie remembered to bring along his gun and boots and is diligently pursuing the bodacious ducks and geese in his spare time.

Butch Smith of the Frank Smith family has left for South Bend, Indiana, where he is enrolled at the University of Notre Dame. He will have a short visit with relatives in Chicago enroute.

AOS Jim Mulholland with wife Lois and five little Mulhollands has arrived at Cordova, coming from Minchumina. Jim replaces Don Slater, who has transferred to the RAPCON at Fairbanks. Welcome, Jim and Lois, and thanks for bringing along some of that nice interior weatherer.

### Well, he can't fly

In a room 10 feet long, 5 feet wide and 11 feet high, there is an ant in the center of one end wall, one foot down from the ceiling. What is the shortest distance he must travel to reach the center of the opposite wall one foot up from the floor?

See Page 7

### SORRY

Kay McLaughlin, deputy chief of the Payroll Section, should have been in the picture we printed last month of those nice people in that section who always get our pay to us on time. It happened she was on leave and Bud Chambard and the Editor didn't check. Men know so little about these things. So thank Kay too as you get those blue, punched, valuable certificates fortnight after fortnight.

## NOME IN WINTER! ROOF GARDEN PARTY?

Success of the first "CAA Family Tour" in Nome has inspired the CAA's greeters there, and they are now suggesting mid-winter charter trips.

Dusty Rhode, STMGFR, writes: "There are a couple of winter festival occasions which could be used to key winter tours. The Alaska Pioneers stage a 'Roof Garden' party in December, the exact date of which I can give you later. The local community Social group, the Arctic Club, stages a carnival in late September or early October. Both events are on weekends and could serve as core entertainment for a tour group. In early April, the Arctic Club stages Nome's famous dog races on the ice along the Bering Coast, ending in downtown Nome.

"For next summer and well into the fall, you ought to consider some other special trips out of Nome which are being planned, and we will send brochure material on these when it is ready."

## RADAR WONDERFUL, AND ALSO DANGEROUS

Increasing use of radar on the CAA's airways program and by the military recalls dangers that radar can present to humans.

Don Gretzer, in an Aviation Safety discussion last February, noted these effects of an aircraft radar system in a series of tests:

1. Dry steel wool was ignited at a distance of 45 feet.
2. An explosion was caused in a mixture of aluminum chips.
3. Audible and visible sparks were caused among metallic chips in a paper bag at 275 feet.
4. Photo flash bulbs were set off at a distance of 850 feet.

More important, radar beams injure people. A man stood for less than a minute within 10 feet of a high powered radar system. Heat was felt in his abdomen within a few seconds, and became intolerable within a minute. He died later as a result of the injury to his intestines caused by heat.

Never work or stand directly in front of antennas of radiating aircraft radar, or on the antenna platform of radiating ASR and ARSR systems.

Money can't buy happiness, but it enables you to look for it in many more places.

## SUMMIT

Lest someone think we're no longer on the map, when in fact we're now on the highway in addition to railroad and airway, we submit some belated news items. We hesitate to build our station up since others must be staffed too, so will try to keep it toned down.

Hunting season brings swarms of armed city dwellers over our new roads with trucks, trailers and weasels, to get moose or caribou. There should be some traffic lights on the Denali Highway! Despite this competition, local hunters Johnnie James, John Bassler, Robert Watson, John Hutchison, Karl Aho, and Ray Charboneau have been successful in the moose category, and it isn't too easy. Tough luck, hard hunting Howard Anderson hasn't been in the right place at the right time. His wife has thought but was gunless and speechless. "Mac" McKeever who we rescued from Middleton Island hasn't a license yet, but has proved a fine skinner, cutter upper, trucker, and technical adviser.

Our local village of Cantwell began the school year with a territorial High School! This brings our teacher total to 3. Our CAA group have 9 youngsters riding the bus to the grade school. They seem quite enthused this year -- maybe because the new teacher plays the piano? We welcome EMT/R Will Rogers (no kin) and family who are taking Cliff Caudill's place while Cliff uses up some excess leave and money state-side...oops, on the mainland. Hurrah for the star. Will has furnished his boy to help hold down the school bus.

Harvey Hanson and his establishment crew erected us a new Steelcraft garage. With over 30 outside workers here, we leased the local RR section house for this fine group. The new building was officially christened with a housewarming party and dance at which we welcomed guests from Cantwell in addition to our station and crew personnel. It worked so well, seems a shame that it must now be used as a Shop. Wilma Hutchison, assisted by Mac McKeever, took honors on the fancy hors d'oeuvres.

Karl Aho and his crew have been coggledly contending with our "unusual" summer weather putting in a badly needed Utiliduct. We appreciate it boys!

AOS Frank Snowden and family just arrived here from Farewell and annual leave in Wisconsin. Says Frank, "We need a few days to rest up and settle down."

The James boys and the Bassler girls each had birthday balls at our local utility building during the summer complete from crepe paper to movie cartoons. It was a tossup whether the kids or adults enjoyed the cartoons most.

John R. Bassler

All that I am or ever will be, I owe.



## MIGHTY CAA HUNTERS-AND A HUNTRESS- CONTEMPLATE A WELL-FED WINTER



Jim Walker and 5 moose

"So, among us we got three sheep around Loon Lake in the Brooks range. Then we got 10 moose on the Kenai peninsula, and then we flew over to Redoubt Bay and got 54 ducks and two big Canadian geese."

You think that's one of the great white hunters of Alaska talking? Nope. It's Margaret Walker, Chief of the CAA's Special Services Branch, telling of the 1953 exploits of herself and her husband, Jim, Lorrein and Eric Erickson, Ray Lockhead, and Norman Starr.

The editor, a Cheechako inclined to believe everything he has heard about Alaska, came here expecting verification of tall tales of hunting by veteran CAA Alaska tale spinners. But here we are at the end of a hunting season, and the mighty hunters seem to have fizzled. Who got a moose? asked the Cheechako, his mind on a story for the Mukluk. Where's the sheep? Total results of this journalist smelling out and mouth-watering, has been one duck contributed. Fine eating -- and appreciated -- but hardly material for an article in the Mukluk.

Then came word of the Walker hunt. Mrs. Walker is an unlikely Osa Johnson, slender, feminine, blond and not the type to hook the horns of a sheep over her shoulder and carry the head and bloody cape for hours over Alaska tundra. Not the type to crack down on a Kenai peninsula moose, and help hang 10 cleaned carcasses on a camp rack.

But she is just the type to glow with memory and enthusiasm in describing the flying-hunting adventures that resulted in all the above-mentioned meat. She and her husband have a souped-up Super Cruiser on floats, and they made their hunts this year along with the Erick-

sons in their Super Cub and Lockheed in his Piper Family Cruiser.

The moose amounted to one each for the party at a cabin on the Kenai. On the last day of the hunt, two hunters faced a meatless winter, and the Walkers and Ericksons took off to fill their larder. They found their quarry, circled to decide which was the best lake for landing, and then stalked their prey.

"It's your time," Jim told Margaret. "You shoot this one."

"Well, just suppose the Ericksons get two. Then we'd have one too many. I don't know..."

"Well, make up your mind. They're not going to stand there and stare at us all day."

"Oh, all right. But let me rest my gun on your shoulder."

That much done, and Margaret had some more qualms. She pointed out it would be awful to shoot one of the young "Mulligan bulls" needlessly, while Jim stood still as a post supporting her gun.

"Look, honey," he said finally. "Make up your mind. Either shoot, or let me go."

So the huntress decided she would aim at the hump and a spine shot, and if she missed, the moose would gallop away happy, and ... she'd be just as happy too. So she squeezed the trigger and her moose dropped like a rock.

At Loon Lake, they stalked three sheep, finally "cornering" them in a mountain pocket above a small lake with steep, shale shores. The four of them cleaned the sheep, the women hung the heads and

## AIR CARRIER

Roy Keeley, Director, Office of Flight Operations and Airworthiness was a visitor in the ACSO office. He was here in connection with the ATA conference.

The Fairbanks ACSO moved on August 13 from the former location in Wien Hangar to the Terminal Bldg. at International Airport. The new office was fashioned from former waste space, and space occupied by the maintenance shop. Inspectors Dulin and Hoffman, and Secretary Peggy Lyle, consider 13 their lucky number.

Inspector Hoffman, with Sam White, one of the original Alaska bush pilots, hunted deep in the interior near Huslia. They used the "Sam White Method" which, as Hoffman describes it, goes like this: "You fly in, set up camp and sit there. You discuss moose habits, of course, and you wait. Finally, the moose shows up and you shoot him."

Ten days after they arrived at Huslia the moose appeared and got shot, just as the White method provided, but he was in the lake at the time. Hoffman wants a revision of the plan before he goes on any more "Sam White Hunts."

Lu Rains, of ACSO-31, and her husband, Dick, didn't get the moose. It seems Lu was checking the ground to find out if it was possible to pack the meat out while Dick watched a big bull moose. Lu reported back that packing conditions were favorable and Dick could kill the moose. By this time the moose had departed. Maybe they should try driving the moose to the desired location.

capas over their shoulders and the men put the meat on packboards and they started back to camp. After two hours of laborious walking they rested beside another lake and did some aeronautical engineering. If they could land here, they would save the long walk and carry, and they paced the lake carefully. Jim Walker finally decided to try it, and they cached their sheep and walked back to camp light. That took five hours, and it was rugged!

Next morning, Walker flew in, got the sheep and was back in camp in less than half an hour. And that day when they flew over the lake, all agreed that no airplane could land and take off where Jim did.

Margaret flies the Walker Super Cruiser. She is close to having her private license, but already is navigating over the bush safely, according to her pilot husband. The Walkers are planning a polar bear hunt for next March and have asked the school teacher at Point Hope to get some avgas on hand for the event. Recently he messaged them: "Have gas. Will hunt."

See HUNTRESS, Page 7



## COLD BAY

Summer came to Cold Bay in August. Two weeks of nothing but sunshine, no rain, no winds, no fog, just nice weather and it was enjoyed by all.

Everyone available grabbed a paint brush and madly slapped on paint. What is needed in Cold Bay is a special Cold Bay paint that dries in 10 minutes, so it could be put on between rain spells.

If salmon fishing was as good in the rest of Alaska as it was in Cold Bay, it must have set some kind of a record, as fishing was sure good here this summer.

The Volcano Club continues to expand, and now has 98 members. Bill Suss of ACS was elected President, replacing our STMG, Herb Hanson. Henry Luecke, CAA is Vice President.

Cold Bay is one of the first, if not the first city in the State of Alaska to enter the Jet Age. Regular Turbo-prop Jet service is four times a week. Landings and take-offs at the Cold Bay Airport were over 300 in Nuly.

Mr. Hulen and a party of 14 officials landed in Cold Bay on August 13 and the writer thought they had come to celebrate his birthday, but not so.

The W.E. cable was connected from the White Alice site and Cold Bay is now using the Dial telephone system at that place. Telephone service to Anchorage and King Salmon should be in by Thanksgiving.

Mt. Pavlov and Mt. Shashaldin are unusually active, throwing clouds of smoke and lava an estimated 20,000 feet in the air.

Kenneth E. Richards

Kodiak, from Page 7

Yugoslavia. There she will visit with her family, and be joined later by her husband. She plans to bring her mother back with her.

Arriving Sept. 13 from Cordova for a visit is Mrs. Phyllis Carlson, mother of Mrs. Milo Rousculp.

Relief Mechanic Norman Bell arrived Sept. 11, and, with SM Hank Harrison, is cleaning up the backlog of mechanical work.

Returning from annual leave on Sept. 17 were Leonard Zaber and family, having visited on the West coast.

Bill Trew

Henry L. Olsen, STMG at Farewell, has been warmly thanked by the Regional Engineer of the U. S. Geological Survey for his cooperation during the summer. "Our thanks to you and the men of your organization," J. M. Lawson wrote, and Olsen also received the thanks of Regional Administrator Hulen.

## A SUBSCRIBER!

Joe V. Fowler, Route #8, Maryville, Tenn., will be getting the Mukluk Telegraph for 12 issues, thanks to the addressed, stamped envelopes he has mailed to the editor. Fowler is the first to express his interest in this practical way, and it pleases us. Since we can't, at government expense, send the Mukluk wherever it might be interesting, we have had to ask for stamped envelopes. They're on the way from now on, Joe.

When all is said and done, you'll find there's a lot more of the former than the latter. Ted Cannon, Salt Lake Desert News.

## WILL THERE BE '90?

As this Mukluk goes to press, more than 30 have indicated willingness to buy a bound copy of the Mukluk Telegraphs of 1943-49. If there are sales for 50, the cost will be \$8.25. If we can print 100, the cost will be \$6.00. Station Managers have forms on which to indicate your interest, and if you want a bound copy, as described in the August Mukluk, send in your name.

Now that you know why the universe was created, start working on why 95% of the brains got crowded into 5% of the people.

IDEAS, from Page 1

A commissary clerk thought up a better record card and saved 320 man hours' labor a year; a maintenance mechanic installed a fire alarm connected to a shop where expensive equipment is stored, so that firemen could prevent major loss in the event of fires; an electronics technician worked out a simple, automatic device for putting standby electronic equipment into action at remote stations, and within a week his suggestion prevented a 48-hour outage

of the important air safety aid; a field mechanic figured that wooden clogs on his shoes would make climbing the high range towers more comfortable and safe, and he collected; and a budget clerk shortened routine work by some hard thinking and she also collected.

Results of the special competitive drive for suggestions carried on during June have not yet been announced from Washington.

## 200 ENJOY OPENING OF CAA-WB KATMAI CLUB



ing. Bailor, about 34, fire department. Members of the inaugural party  
September 21. From left, the 7 in a club in evening dining room.  
row, are: J. Morgan, Weather Bureau; Allen P. White, 34, Bill Johnson,  
32, and Tom McDonald, Chief, Weather Bureau at St. Louis, a sister  
of the husband's parents and purchased lounge. From right, J. Morgan  
Weather and Lee Baker, who almost the next. Circle, Jack Dempsey, who  
arrived before. Center, the fire engine door will be adequate if  
James Roberts, National Attorney, does not attend future parties.  
Below, right, one of the 200 who enjoyed the evening. The club has 244  
and 244 members, 244 members as members.



## KODIAK

The population of Woody Island was increased by the birth of John Brandt Nylund on Sept. 12 at 7:45 PM in Kodiak (AOS Bob Thomas won the minute pool!), tipping the scales at 8 lbs. 10 oz. The proud parents are John and Alice Nylund. John is taking annual leave for three weeks to help out at home.

To introduce the fall season, a party was held at the Recreation Hall on Aug. 23. Leota Holroyd, Alice Thomas and Draga Rayborn appeared in picturesque oriental outfits.

AOS John Nylund, AOS Dominic Panasiti, EMT Holroyd and SM Harry McNaughton have been deer hunting several times on Long Island with no success to date.

Visiting over the Labor Day week-end as guests of Darrell and Yule Chaffin, were Gene and Lola Berato. The weather was excellent, permitting a good deal of boating and fishing. The silvers wouldn't cooperate but Lola and Gene both landed some halibut.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sproul returned from leave August 21. Mr. Sproul is the Territorial teacher on Woody Island.

SM Henry Harrison, wife Leona, and daughter Lori Ann, arrived August 26, having transferred from Annette Island.

Mrs. Agnes Chaffin, STMGR Chaffin's mother, departed Sept. 2, having visited through the summer. She plans to visit the Ray Harries, formerly of Woody Island, now at Minchumina, before returning to California. Mrs. Chaffin, otherwise known as "Grandma" to one and all, promised to return again next summer.

Draga Rayborn, wife of AOS Otis Rayborn, is looking forward to her coming vacation. Mrs. Rayborn plans on leaving around Oct. 1 on a trip to her homeland,

See Kodiak, Page 6

### HUNTRESS, from page 6

This is not to say that other CAA hunters have not clicked this year. Johnny Hooper, George McKean and Jennings Roberts bought a lot of flying time and came home with little else but fish, but Hooper later knocked over a near-record moose near Skwentna.

Al Young, with a party of three friends from the states, rented some 56 hours of bush flying and came back with three goats, four sheep, two moose, three caribou and three bear. They hunted in the Wrangells and Talkeetnas, and Young is an unusual hunter in revealing his secret game country. "Right there by those big rocks, is the best place," he says.

And--there are others, about whom you will read in various parts of this Mukluk.

## BEARS, HUNTERS MIX IN MUTUAL THRILLS

The nightmare of all hunters happened to Darrell F. Chaffin, STMGR at Kodiak, in a deer hunt recently.

He measured the head of a brown bear which was 15 inches across the head between the ears. In the exact center of that wide space, there is a bullet hole, put there in desperate accuracy by Chaffin as the bear charged him.

Chaffin was hunting near Raspberry Straits for the small deer that inhabit southeastern Alaska. Suddenly, in the tall grass ahead of him Chaffin saw a huge Kodiak bear rise up on his hind legs, facing him. Involuntarily, Chaffin shouted at the bear to go away, and the bear responded in just as much surprise with a growl and started after Chaffin. He put a bullet between the eyes of the bear which fell dead at his feet.

Chaffin, a veteran hunter, and owner of many a prize trophy, measured his kill and left him there. He announced his hunting for this season is ended.

The casual way Kenneth E. Richards, EMT of Cold Bay, reports bear news from that station probably conceals other thrilling encounters. Says Richards, "The brown bears continue to raid the garbage cans in the housing area nearly every night. Some people have had the unfortunate experience of opening their front doors and finding a bear sitting on the porch."

David E. Jones, Anchorage ATC, flushed with success on a hunting trip on which he and Don Thomas had got moose, bear and caribou, was walking back to his camp near Talkeetna after parking his plane, when he heard a strange noise in the woods. Investigating, he found a husky grizzly eating the remains of a moose he had shot the day before. The bear looked at Jones, and Jones returned the look and both returned to their previous business. Jones got back to camp and the bear enjoyed his meal.

We certainly ought to be able to get along with the Russians...they are so much like us. The pilots of their Civil Air Fleet complain of the actions of their duster pilots, thus: "They are blatantly ignoring meteorological conditions, turning and banking at prohibitively low altitudes, taking off with control surfaces still locked, doing unauthorized low-level flying, working crops from aircraft flying up the slope and appearing for work in intoxicated condition."

Hey there, Tovarich!

## FAIRBANKS STATION

Audree and Bernie Knutzen popped into their little T-Craft on floats and landed on a little lake in the Minto Flats area to do some serious duck hunting. They had just got settled to await the ducks, when out stalks his Majesty, the "Bull of the Alaskan Woods", Mr. Moose. Bernie picked up his trusty blunderbuss and let him have it in the vital spot. That's all there was to it. Of course, Audree had to make several trips to get Mr. Moose hauled home. But just think of all that meat!

Then there is the case of Peter Blankensop. Pete decided to take about a week's leave to go moose hunting. The week's leave plus three days are used up and still no moose. The grayling fishing on the Charlie River was, however, unbelievable. Pete's back again and ready to go to work.

Tony Spina invested some hard-earned cash in a two-tone blue VW Sedan. It is said that when Tony gets out, it sounds like removing the bung from a beer keg. Tony is trying to reduce. That makes four VW owners at this facility.

The Robert Arces returned from a vacation "outside" the 16th of August about 3 days ahead of schedule. Bob says the hustle and bustle of life in 'Frisco is just too much.

Fred (Mac) McGuire is having company these days. His brother, Clarence, is spending a couple weeks in the far off north and they have been out hunting with no success so far.

As of August 21, Rolf Cramer's family of four boys has been increased by one. You gonna have a basketball team, Chief?

A newcomer to the Facility, Robert C. Oftedahl, is anxiously awaiting the arrival of his furniture and family from Pocatello, Idaho. Bob is not a newcomer to the State, having spent some time at King Salmon a year or so ago.

Rolf W. Cramer

Answer to ant travel problem: 18.4 ft.

### WE WILL BUDDY, WE WILL.

The Communicator at Summit was just concluding a broadcast and ended with the words of caution CAA stations have been using of late: "And if forced down, stay with your aircraft".

Then a sober voice said: "Yeah. And you stick with that receiver too."

Overheard on the bus: "I'm so full of penicillin that if I sneeze, I'll cure somebody."



## 6 TO STUDY RADEF, AND AF-CAA LIAISON

James Burrus, Air Defense Liaison Officer of the CAA with the 10th Air Division at Elmendorf, and Donald C. Waits, Liaison Officer with the 11th Air Division at Fairbanks, will represent the CAA's Fifth Region at the annual conference of Air Defense Liaison Officers in Atlantic City in September. At these conferences, the important operations the CAA provides in aiding the Air Force in the defense of Alaska are discussed and improvements planned.

William Mulally, Training Officer, and Charles C. Thomas, Chief, Air Route Traffic Control Center, both of Anchorage, and Thomas L. Geary, Chief, Air Route Traffic Control Center, and Cecil L. Griffin, Proficiency Development Instructor, both of Fairbanks, will be trained as Radiological Defense Monitors in a two-weeks course starting September 29 at Battle Creek, Michigan. Airways Operations Specialists from all of the CAA's 36 Alaska stations will be brought in to Anchorage and Fairbanks and trained by these men, until there are two trained monitors at each of the CAA's 36 Alaska stations. After that, every Operations Specialist in the CAA will be trained in radiological meter reading as part of the nation's general RADEF operation.

Daddy, what does it mean when it says here that Mr. Smith went to the convention as a delegate at large? It means he didn't take Mrs. Smith.

Safety, from Page 3

"People who do not think about safety will always have accidents, and nobody can prevent them", they said. "We have an active mental attitude toward safety built up throughout the Region. The station personnel are responsible for most of it. Our situation with 36 major stations, most of them self-contained, self-reliant and completely responsible, emphasizes the need for safety. We have nobody to call on but ourselves when a fire or another accident threatens. Our people know it and behave accordingly.

"Then we have 350 eager little fire-fighters, the CAA kids who are imbued with safety ideas. They pester their parents about fire hazards. We also have a threat hanging over all of us in the matter of actual physical pain if we do have accidents. You don't reach a doctor from a CAA station after a short ride in a siren-shrieking ambulance. Sometimes you wait days, and that knowledge is a powerful lesson in safety.

"The best safety education is to keep people constantly thinking about it. In that, we think the CAA has succeeded pretty well."

## COVERED WAGON OR 123, PARKINS NEEDS MUSCLES



Bob Parkins, his brother James, his mother and sister Thelma at New England, North Dakota, in 1915



Bob Parkins--heaving--M. J. Ransom, in rear, and Charles Wayer, right, loading a 6,700 pound engine in the C-123

Bob Parkins has the same trouble in loading the CAA's C-123 as his father had in 1915 loading the covered wagon in which the family moved to North Dakota.

"It all simmers down to too much straight muscle work", Parkins, CAA transportation agent, says, harking back to the age of six when he saw the hard word done by his father--and many others in wagon trains even in that day--on the trek west. "Of course, I'm handling things today like a 7,000 lb. diesel engine, or the transmitters of a complete radio range, or a range tower of steel sections so big it can only be flown in this cargo plane.

"My dad had such items as barrels of flour to roll up an incline to the wagon bed four feet off the ground. He

would have welcomed special equipment, but he didn't have it. And so would I, today".

A recent exploit of the C-123 was the fast transportation of a complete 36 x 40 building, cement, lumber, equipment, everything, from Fairbanks to Bettles. Between Wednesday morning, August 13, and Friday, August 15, the whole job was done, the loads totalling 94,800 lb.

The C-123 came back to Alaska from a trip to Hagerstown where auxiliary jet engines were installed on the wing tips to improve its load-carrying ability, and went to work August 11. In 14 working days and 82 hours of flying time, it moved 297,691 pounds of freight, and there is a pile of 126,000 pounds more ready for moving.

Great people talk about ideas. Ordinary people talk about things. Small people talk about other people.

Anon.

Medicine has advanced to the point where an ounce of prevention is worth about \$18.50.

Apology

We got our islands mixed last issue. The Woody Island news turned up under Annette Island. Maybe we'd better stick to Kodiak.



## FAIRBANKS

New arrivals in the past month include Bill Curnutte (SKW), Don Slater (CDV), Ed Gold (FWL) and Jim Hoozer (EWN). We welcome them but we suggest on future bids that the R.O. require the bidder to bring his own chair. This game of musical chairs is getting out of hand.

Congratulations to Ron Logan -- Promotion to Senior Controller. FDI Jack Griffin returned from Oklahoma City after attending a three week training course.

An old time Shivarree was given Bill Goode and bride Jo Ann on August 24. A slow ride on a flat bed truck through the main streets of town was climaxed with a party at Hal Kriebs' Ranch-no-Gotta. The bride and groom received the customary wedding gifts of linens and pots and pans. Forty or more enjoyed the tall cool drinks and buffet lunch.

The attempt to establish a CAA bowling league was stymied due to the lack of alleys. Fairbanks' only bowling alley is filled up seven nights a week with the already established leagues. As soon as the new alley is built we will try again to get a league going. We did get one team in the Midnight Sun League. Dick Inman, our anchor man, rolled a 528 series to start the season.

You boys in Anchorage Center have let us down on the golf match. After all, you're close to all that brass who could arrange the transportation.

The RAPCON wives met at the home of Helen Logan on Sept. 10 for the monthly get-together. Showing slides of Alaska was the only thing the powder puff set will admit took place. At the next meeting at the home of Barbara Cabaniss we will plant a spy in the boudoir.

The moose season wasn't a total loss. Ron Logan and Gabe Wessley, after spending a few days with McGrath STIMGR Smith, CAOS Porter and Mech. Martin, hunting for sheep, finally caught up with an underfed moose at Stampede. The moose dressed out at 695 pounds. Smith and AOS Ondre (McGrath) waited until the Fairbanks boys were out of sight before nailing their Dahl sheep.

Earl Card, Lovel Rawlett and Jim Cabaniss hunted in the "Big D" area and bagged a monster. Rawlett takes credit for the execution of this giant which dressed out at 250 pounds - repeat 250.

Bob Martin got his moose on the Porcupine River near Fort Yukon. He's still crying about the air freight on 625 pounds of meat Wien ferried out for him.

Curt Tyree and CAOS Ed Musgrove (BIG) spent a couple of days in the Talkeetna area bringing down a 700-pounder.

Handy Hancock and Jim Halloran took the limit of caribou on the Denali Highway

## THE LOVE-SICK MOOSE



"I tweaked her pretty ear. We rubbed noses. I slipped my arm around her neck. She objected impatiently when I put it around her waist, but still stood close, puckered and waiting.

"I remembered my kodak - my OFFICIAL kodak. I WOULD at a time like this. Feverishly I unslung it, and furiously I cranked. But the camera, amazed that I would even think of using official film on unofficial subject, refused to advance a frame, not ONE frame for such irregular purpose. I pounded, I shook I cranked and most fervently--and silently--I cursed. (One swears not, in the presence of the weaker sex) At long last I did succeed in getting a frame wound into place. Then, steeling my frayed nerves and steadying a palsied hand I went through the motions of taking a picture - I think. I confess to being still completely 'shook'. Such things happen in fairy tales regularly enough, but could they ever happen to mere mortals - mere John Johnsons - ME? Never! well HARDLY ever.

"It is enough to send a man seeking the tall bottle. For you see, the lady was a MOOSE.

"I gave her an affectionate pat on the rump as she departed, looking back reproachfully at me over her shoulder.

"Hand held high and on a stack of hot-cakes I swear it is true. This day I hugged a moose and I COULD have kissed her when I finally understood what she was trying to tell me: (a fair enough offer I thought): 'NO MOOSE MEAT -- NO MINCE MEAT' and that, of course, is now I had envisioned my next incarnation - mince meat.

"Tonight in my dreams surely I shall swing again and this time another ditty: 'Oh MA A A A A A A A A She's making EYES at me.'

"Which should be enough, entirely enough, for one day in the land where nothing ever happens--but try and stop it!

J.W.J."

south of Fairbanks.

Big game hunters, Tom Geary, John Plisko and Garland Wall, safaried out north of Fairbanks on the Steese Highway to hunt.

## SEATTLE

Latest addition to the Albro family is procurement clerk-typist, Miss Shirlee Jayne Sunderhauf. Shirlee, a former Puget Sound Naval Shipyard employee,

Mrs. Florence E. Knorr, purchasing agent, is spending her vacation in Seattle, to enjoy fall housecleaning.

Miss Donna Parezanin was another employee who was lured to California for her vacation; but Miss Vassie Stamos broke the pattern of south-bound vacations by going North, to Canada, on hers, just as Mrs. Louise Borders had done earlier in the summer.

Early vacationers included Mrs. Becky Varon who attended a sister's wedding in Atlanta; honeymooning Mrs. Jo D'Amico Hillsbery; Mrs. Jerre Whetstone who flew to Hutchinson, Kansas; Bill Bissen who drove to California with wife Virginia in a cast as a result of breaking a bone on the eve of departure; Mat Tomasovich who didn't report his activities, but probably did a bit of golfing on annual leave; Miss Ruth Mund who went to Oregon, and Mrs. Ethel Tiura who sent postcards from Ten Sleep, Wyoming.

Lee Buchannon, truck driver, wrote he was having a good time in San Francisco; but reported later he had picked up an expensive traffic ticket for cadillac-ing along a turnpike at "only 70".

Miss Aiko Yanagihara, clerk-typist, also a Los Angeles visitor.

Late vacationers from Albro made various post card reports of their activities. Ed Z. Simonds, Procurement Office, wrote from Los Angeles that it was hot in California and he had caught cold enroute.

Cupid, loitering in the Albro rafters after the Hillsbery wedding, made another direct hit in the warehouse office. Record Control Clerk, Miss Ruth Mund, announced her engagement to Mr. Albert W. Clement of Seattle

## WATCH OUT FOR CAT

Princess, rodent expediter extraordinary, is missing from Albro. Curious as any cat, she has always shown interest in outgoing shipments, and it is feared that she may have decided to accompany one to the dock. On one unfortunate occasion in the past, suspecting mice, she made an unauthorized inspection of a load of parcel post packages, bringing them down around her. However, after a trip to the hospital, and hobbling about with a broken leg in a cast, she again took up her mousing duties, sleeping in the packing bay between assignments. If any station should receive a calico feline answering to the name of Princess, please notify Albro.



KATMAI, from Page 1

at the station, from six WB families and some 30 CAA residents.

Most of the Katmai Club is surplus material. An old garage building formerly used by a construction company is basis for the center section measuring 25 x 75 feet, and with a ceiling of 12 feet. This contains the dance floor, bar, movie projection room and toilets. Another surplus building, once used as the CAA commissary, and which was made of a Yak hut, was cut in two and made into the two wings that flank the center section. These measure 20 x 25 feet and one contains the kitchen, the other the lounge. Outside the kitchen on a small patio is a brick barbecue, and outside the lounge, overlooking the Naknek river, is a larger, paved patio.

Exterior walls of the building are of corrugated and dimpled aluminum siding. Headbolt heater outlets are provided in the parking space.

The large room is painted salmon and light brown with maroon wainscoting. The dance floor is hardwood, and the rest of the club is floored with tile. The kitchen is in yellow and white with ample cabinets, electric stoves, refrigerator and individual lockers for all club members. The lounge features tasteful furniture, a new pool table, and the beginnings of a library. Walls of the lounge are of interesting ripplewood plyboard.

Johnson was loath to name workers on the project, since everybody on the station had a part in the work during the four months it took to build the club. There were a few specialists, however, such as Jim Parmley who built the barbecue, Jim Blair and Bob Wermers who were the painters, John Cooksey who built the fireplace, Edwin Kline, the indirect lighting expert, Edwin Anderson, chief carpenter and Mike Boslet, projectionist and electronic music-maker. The men take credit for the tasteful color decor, and at the opening the women were not inclined to correct them. The color is exceptionally pleasing.

For four months, four to five workers were engaged daily. Most of the lumber came from abandoned surplus buildings which station personnel salvaged. Use of certain other surplus materials was authorized by CAA. However, the club

## KINGSALMON

AOS Phil Chatlain, angler and hunter extraordinary was first to report a moose kill. Mechanic Dutch Sturdevant was second, and the best Tower Controller Bill Saxton could manage was one caribou. Part of a caribou, that is. When he returned for the rest there were only a few bones left. Bears had found the cache and helped fortify themselves against a long hard winter. Very sad.

But the best moose story is about the one that got away. Believe it or not, the moose ventured right up into the middle of the housing area during the early morning of the 15th. According to SIMGR Bill Johnson, the beast suddenly decided to leave in a hurry and in passing between Bill's house and that of SMT George Kline, tore down a clothesline stretched between the two houses. Some doubters may scoff, they might say the tracks I saw were made by a horse or a cow, but it's the honest-to-goodness truth. I personally think Bill tried to lasso the critter and was just ashamed to admit he got away.

Something new in King Salmon. A new apartment building of two 3-bedroom units, scheduled for completion in October. And a brand, spanking, new little red schoolhouse (also blue, green, and yellow) for the kiddies was completed shortly before the beginning of the current term.

Jim Parmley

The only man who ever got his work done by Friday was Robinson Crusoe.

bought a considerable amount of material and furnishings to furnish the interior with funds raised from club activities. Some contributions helped. Alaska Aeromarine donated 20 dozen glasses and others made worthwhile contributions.

Attending the opening from Anchorage were Mr. and Mrs. Hulen, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. Wilburn Hanson (co-pilot), Mr. and Mrs. George S. McKean, Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Virgil E. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Richter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Planck, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Westover.

## JUNEAU

EMT Bob Mell and family are expected to arrive via air back in Juneau on Sept. 27 from a 6 weeks vacation to the eastern coast of Canada.

SMT Rex Marchant and family vacated quarters at Lena Point on Sept. 8, and have taken up residence in Juneau.

EMTs Jess Jones, Chuck Story and Bob Mell have passed the VOR screening test which was conducted by Inspector Martin Elliott during a recent visit to JNU.

Bob Noel, Bob Mell, Charles Story, Gordon Meyer, Carl Shute, Ben Zvolanek, and Alver Johnson are among our active "Ham" radio operators. Bob Mell has installed a "Mobile Rig" in his VW-, which, by the way, is almost as big as the VW.

Carl Shute has returned to work after convalescing at home for a week or so. Carl took off from a do-it-yourself scaffold and clipped his right wing almost separating it from his fuselage. Fortunately he had filed a flight plan and was located in the brush at the corner of his house. His doctor has now relicensed him for another 30 years or so.

J. Jones and J. Jones and J. Smith and J. Smith are assigned to J. Woods Electronics Maintenance Section. That's Jess, John, Joe, James and Jack.

Carl Melton on a short voyage aboard the Civa 17 gained a pound a day. Master Chef Sol Brososky was doing the cooking.

## MOSES POINT

Bright spot in the MOS social picture is the impending arrival of the Don Darling family as replacements for the Fullers. The Darlings, formerly of Northway, are awaited as welcome participants in the numerous community activities planned for the winter months ahead.

Assignment of Foreman Mechanic Don Fuller, his wife Leah, son Gary, and daughters Terry and Karen, to Northway has left a large gap in Moses Point social circles. Fuller, a veteran of 7 years with the CAA, took the assignment to Northway in order to be closer to wife Leah's home and family in Fedranks.

W. G. Runnerstrom

## The Mukluk Telegraph

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