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No. 10

FAA WORKERS MAKING COST OF LIVING STUDY FOR CSC IN ANCHORAGE

For the fourth year, FAA men have been asked by the Civil Service Commission to make a survey of the cost of living in Anchorage.

Headed by Willis Avery, former chief of the FAA's commissary, Tom Gregory, now commissary head, Jack Fielding of the Air Traffic Control Division, and Ben Holeman of the Plant Maintenance Branch will study the costs of food, drugs, automobiles, appliances, insurance, services and entertainment in three classes of stores in Anchorage; those they know are the highest, medium and lowest priced outlets. They will also study housing costs, including rentals, home ownership and maintenance cost, medical service cost, hotel and restaurant prices.

Twenty-two federal agencies are represented in Anchorage, one having three employees and the FAA having about 700. Avery has been delegated for the cost survey for three previous years. Similar surveys are being made in Juneau and in Fairbanks.

After taking comprehensive samples, the committee will turn their figures over to Cradoc L. Bagshaw, in charge of the Anchorage office of the Civil Service, and he will forward them to Washington, where the State Department determines the ratio of living costs in Alaska as an "overseas" area as compared with living costs in Washington, D. C.

Over the past several years the cost of living in Anchorage has generally increased. Last year it was between 50% and 55% higher than in Washington; in Fairbanks this figure was 60%. These figures have been used repeatedly in the effort to remove the limit of 25% on the differential cost of living pay given federal workers in Alaska.

The trouble with people who boast about having an open mind is that they usually have a mouth to match.

NAN-19, SHOWING HOW AIRPLANE WORKS IN ALASKA, BOWS TO SHEMYA'S WINDS

WAGE BOARD RAISE DUE FOR 500 IN 5th. REGION

More than 500 wage board employees of the FAA in Alaska will get raises beginning with the pay period starting November 15.

The raise will amount to about 7% and will range from 3 to 38 cents an hour. It will be reflected in the checks distributed December 11.

There are 431 wage board employees on full time in the Region, and an additional 95 who are also wage board employees but on a WAE (when actually employed) basis. All will receive the raise. However, there are variations within Alaska in the amount of the raise. In Fairbanks and Nome, the rates are 5% higher than the base elsewhere, and in Juneau, they are 5% less. At isolated stations the difference is 26 cents an hour less than in the Anchorage area because of certain fringe benefits the FAA provides.

The FAA is converting its 28-grade schedule classification structure to a 15-grade system, as is the Army and Air Force. Present WS grades will be known as W grades. Supervising Wage Schedule jobs will retain the same grades as they now have. Leaders will have the same grade as the workers they supervise and will be graded L. They receive 10% higher wages than the W workers. The Personnel Division will notify all workers of their new grades as soon as the new structure becomes effective.

WILLIAMS, WOLFE TRAINEES

Robert T. Williams, Assistant to the Regional Administrator, and Don S. Wolfe, Deputy Chief, ATC, have completed the course in the FAA's Executive School in Oklahoma City. Among others from various offices of the FAA who took the course were Glen Goudie, Henry L. Newman, Allan E. Horning and Hervey E. Aldridge.

STARTS OUT ON VIP MISSION; WINDS UP HAULING HEAVY FREIGHT

N-19 has had a busy week. A bit dizzy too, but rather typical.

As this is written, she--or is a flight check plane a he?--is back from Shemya where Johnny Johnson, Norman Nethkin and John Judson replaced the rudder stops and hinges that a vicious Chain wind had damaged. And already Nan-19 (Nan? She?) is back in the air showing again how hard an airplane works in Alaska.

Inauguration Flight

October 12-13 N-19 produced a record amount of work. Virgil E. Knight, Assistant to the Administrator, was sent to Nome to pick up Alan I. Haferbecker and his family, take him to Moses Point and install him as the new Station Manager there. After that, Ralph D. McDonald, with his family, was to be moved to Summit to be installed as the new Station Manager there. And from Summit, James R. Heay who had been Station Manager there and who now holds that position at Homer, would be waiting to ride back to Anchorage. With Charles F. Wayer as pilot and Dave Carr as co-pilot, it looked like a simple operation, a standard example of the economy of aircraft use for Regional personnel transfers.

But before the two days were done, the plane had flown 1600 miles, transported six tons of freight--some of it emergency freight--and 11 passengers between four FAA stations, and Wayer had checked 10 airway communication and flight facilities enroute.

At Anchorage International, Knight was joined by Donald E. Darling, airways foreman mechanic enroute from training classes at Oklahoma City to his station at Moses Point. And there was a little

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AIR CARRIER

"The weather in the United States, you can't trust it", says Bud Seltenreich, Air Carrier Safety, who arrived back in Anchorage October 14, after 19 days flying in a Cessna 180 from Wichita.

Bud had spent three weeks taking the jet aircraft AC Electrical course at Oklahoma City, and had his wife and 4-year old daughter, Kay, with him. Alaska Aeronautical Industries had a new Cessna ready for delivery and he thought it would save time and be enjoyable to fly it up for them. He ran into the leading edge of the big snowstorm that clobbered Denver and sat that one out in a hotel. Then he hit a similar cold front between Great Falls and Edmonton and sat around some more.

"As soon as we got to Alaska, the weather improved", he reported. "And what's Lance Harvey complaining about? It only took him seven days to get from Kodiak to Seattle in 1947!" (See October Mukluk)

When Kenneth Roney arrives in Anchorage in November to become Chief of the General Safety Branch of the Flight Standards Division, the division's staff will be fully staffed. Roger Edgerton has joined the staff as Operations Inspector at the Juneau District Office. Anselm M. Tibbs has been promoted to Chief of the Air Carrier Safety Branch, and Usto Schulz has been promoted to Chief, Air Carrier Operations Section in the Regional Office.

Here in Alaska we have a wide variety of obstacles to safe flying, such as moose and caribou on the runways and buffalo at Big Delta. Now, we have a new obstacle -- a human! Alaska Coastal Airlines had to pass up a regular stop at Angoon because a fisherman under the influence of spirits couldn't be persuaded to move his boat from the seaplane docking facilities.

Sit Safe

Here is a Chairworthiness Directive:

Examine adjustment bolt on Chromcraft Corporation tilting office chair, and if worn, replace.

That's the advice of Norman Lowenstein, Occupational Safety Officer, after he learned that such a chair almost threw an office worker into his waste basket at Houlton, Maine.

Well, we know how important airworthiness directives are. Even if Lowenstein is imitating the aviation safety boys, it's good advice. Don't let a chair throw you.

WARRING RAILROADS AND PEACEFUL AIRPLANES - WHICH WON IN ALASKA?

Well, at least the pilots, competing for air routes in Alaska, didn't shoot each other.

Pioneering days when the Petersons, Woodleys, Smiths and Reeves were laying out flight routes in Alaska were much more peaceful than the early 1900s when builders of railroads actually staged two pitched gun battles, and when the most vigorous policies of competition were followed. And Alaska just managed to escape being a railroad-ridden State instead of the happy home of citizens dedicated to air travel.

The first prospectors struggling over mountain passes and glaciers longed for more comfortable passage to the great gold fields. One of the first railroad answers to this desire originated at Valdez where the Home Railway Company and the Copper River Railroad Company tried to push their lines through to the Copper River Valley. After a pitched battle in Keystone Canyon, in which some workers were killed, both efforts were abandoned. A partly-finished tunnel in the canyon near Valdez is the monument to both.

Copper Wealth

Another less famous battle between rival companies occurred near Katalla, on the Gulf of Alaska, where the FAA once had a booster station. Eventually, Cordova was selected instead of Katalla as the terminus, and the Copper River and Northwestern railroad was pushed up the Copper River to the Kennicott mine, finished in 1911, and very successfully operated. It cost \$20 million to build and they brought out enough rich copper ore in one year to pay for it. In 1938, when the cream of the copper deposit was taken, the Kennicott Company abandoned the mine, the railroad and their whole investment.

A score of other ideas for railroads appeared from time to time, some of them were only started and some completed and operated. Many were just schemes failing to get proper finances. One was proposed from Haines Mission to Nome; another from Cook Inlet to Nome; another from Valdez to Eagle; and another was started from Yakutat up the Setuk River. Between the Yukon at Railroad City, to the Kuskokwim, another railroad was built, principally for ferrying boats; and another between the Porcupine and Peel Rivers, far up toward McKenzie Bay, which literally connected the Arctic Ocean and Hudson Bay watersheds.

The First R R

Alaska's first railroad was the White Pass and Yukon. It was finished July

29, 1900, and it followed the trail of the Klondike prospectors up from Skagway to Carcross, most of it being in Canadian territory. The narrow gauge road, 36 inches, still operates and riding it is described today as a thrilling experience.

In 1907 the Council City and Solomon River railroad near Nome operated briefly along the Solomon River.

The Seward Peninsula Railroad operated from Nome to Dexter Creek in 1907. It was this abandoned narrow-gauge road that was the delight of CAA workers at Nome until the middle Forties, and they could ride its length on various home made contraptions with flanged wheels. Eventually, the tracks were taken up and a highway built.

The Tanana Valley Railroad went from Chena City to Fairbanks, 9 miles, and also up to Chatanika, 40 miles.

A railroad was proposed across the Alaska Peninsula to save steamers the long trip out to Unimak Pass to get into Bristol Bay.

Free Love and Rails

The "Trans-Alaska" was a pretentious project, according to a history put out by the Alaska Railroad. It was started at Iliamna Bay, near the mouth of Cook Inlet, and was going to cross the Kuskokwim River and tap the Yukon River traffic at Holy Cross. The railroad's history says it was started by a "group of wealthy Free-Lovers" and that colonization was a large part of the planning. It died, like so many others, for lack of capital.

A national wave of conservation was effective in producing the first big railroad effort. In the first decade of the twentieth century, the government responded to demands for conservation of natural resources by clamping down on coal and ore lands, particularly in Alaska. Prospecting and developing slowed, and finally coal was being imported from abroad into Alaska. That angered Cordova residents so much that they went one night to the harbor and shoveled the foreign coal into the Bay like Bostonians of old.

The government responded also to this kind of public sentiment, did some railroading of its own and began the Alaska Railroad. It bought the Alaska Central Railroad which started at Resurrection Bay at Seward and had gone 79 miles to Kern. The road was pushed on to Fairbanks and finished in 1923. Later, the

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MOSES POINT

Vacation time excitement has left its mark on Moses Point with the Wengers and the Gillmers making extended jaunts to the southern 48.

ATCS Clyde Wenger, spouse Mildred and daughter Debbie, visited relatives and friends in hometown Volge, Iowa. Snorkel, the family canine, spent her vacation in Anchorage due to sticky airline regulations concerning travel of unescorted female--dogs.

The Harold Gillmers, visiting relatives in Seattle, also completed the entire medical-dental routine. EMT Harold Gillmer enjoyed the "wine"--of a dentists' drill! Wife, Freida, experienced major surgery. Daughter, Diane, bravely permitted removal of her tonsils and adenoids. The four-legged member of this family, Susy, held the fort at Moses Point where she was busy with the final stages of rearing her eight children.

Filling the EMT slot during Gillmer's absence was relief EMT Leo Haagenon. Haagenon, anticipating a pleasant stay at Moses Point, invited his mother, Else Haagenon of Miles City, Montana, to enjoy the month with him. Else Haagenon proved a lively and welcome addition to the station's community life. During her visit she succeeded in catching a number of record silver salmon. She also introduced a secret hair growing formula, imported from Germany. A certain, very bald, ATCS was a willing guinea-pig for Else's experiments. Whether or not a new crop of hair is grown, Else Haagenon's visit will long be remembered at Moses Point.

FORM!

He stepped up on the alley lane
His ball was poised and true.
A mighty lunge, a headlong plunge,
But he failed to follow through.
One pin!

Balefully, he eyed the nine,
His story's brief to tell.
A mighty lunge, a headlong plunge,
He tripped on a lace and fell.
One pin!

"Instruction man! That's what I'll use".
It cost him beaucoup dough.
The mighty lunge, the headlong plunge,
Still clung to spoil his throw.
You can't win!

V. C.

"In the earlier years of my life I studied the peculiarities of others. Lately, I am studying my own."

E. W. Howe

FAA COUPLE TELLS HOW YOU CAN HELP TO BRING SIGHT TO 82 BLIND IN ALASKA



R. K. McLaughlin, pilot, Northwest Airlines, delivers cornea to Eye Bank Couriers, Norman and Romaine Potosky.

Eighty-two Alaskans are waiting in darkness for sight which may be brought to them by the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Foundation, of which Norman Potosky, FAA, is president and Romaine Potosky, Federal Electric, is Secretary.

Sight can be restored to any one of these four score Alaskans through the proven technique of transplanting the cornea of a donated eye within 48 hours after the death of the donor.

"The need now is for donors", Romaine Potosky, for years an AOS with the CAA in Alaska, said recently. "The operation has been widely successful, the cornea of any healthy eye is suitable, and the requirement to bring the patient and the eye speedily together is now possible, thanks to air transportation. This matter of transportation is especially important in Alaska, but we have that solved now. We can get suitable eye corneas from as far away as New York to the operating table in Anchorage within 24 hours of the death of a donor. Our big job today is to inform people throughout Alaska of this tremendous blessing they can make possible merely by telling the EENT that they will be donors--to encourage the living to say now: 'Immediately after my death, you may have my eyes'. Except life itself,

BULLETIN!

As this story was being prepared for the Mukluk, the hoped-for event took place, and the cornea of the eye of a donor in New York became available to the EENT of Anchorage. The Foundation arranged with Northwest to bring it on the non-stop flight from New York, the patient was prepared and the surgeon, Dr. Milo H. Fritz, was in readiness. The operation was performed at 8 A. M., October 17. On the 29th, the bandages were removed, and a mother could see again!

there is no more precious thing they can give, than the gift of sight."

First Eye Courier

The Foundation recently made a trial run of vitreous humor, the precious fluid of the inner eye, from New York to Anchorage for the use of a young patient at the Alaska Native Hospital. With the cooperation of Northwest Airlines, the shipment, in a special container marked "Must Go" came on their non-stop flight. Romaine met the plane and hurried the fluid with a police escort to the hospital.

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FAA VETERANS JOIN PIONEERS AT NOME

Nome was packed with pioneers, redolent with reminiscences and numb with nostalgia October 22 through 25.

Three hundred Pioneers, that band of oldsters, all of whom have been in Alaska at least 30 years, and some, like FAA's own Lillian Watson, 52 years, thronged the small town, taxing its sleeping accommodations and panning gold for kicks along its beaches and nearby streams. Many had been in Nome early in the Century when 20,000 lived there. Many were from other places in Alaska, eager to see the town which today is still the mecca for tourists to the Far North, and to swap their tales of gold-rush days.

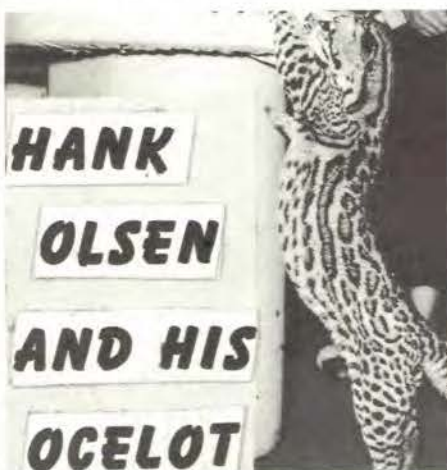
Mrs. Watson, her husband Harry, retired from the FAA, her sister, Mrs. Cora Weir and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berry, another FAA retiree, attended the Grand Igloo gathering along with 75 from the Anchorage Igloo and 70 from Fairbanks. They went through the usual dinners and luncheons and business meetings, and frolicked through the dance to the tune of waltzes and polkas played by the Ketchikan Band of old timers; they toured the nearby gold dredging operations, drove up Nome's 70 mile road along a route many had walked seeking gold; brought home place cards, each bearing a gold nugget; watched the Eskimos dance and bought their ivory; and dreamed of other days as they gazed out the big picture windows of the North Star restaurant overlooking the sunlit Norton Sound.

FAAers in Nome opened their homes as part of Nome's all-out welcome to the Pioneers.

Alaska's pioneer airmen had their part in the gathering. Wlen and Reeves chartered planes at low rates, and several pioneers for whom the trip would have been economically impossible, were there as guests of these two pioneers of transportation.

Nome glistened with fine gold nuggets throughout the program. Harry Watson wore gilded prunes on a tremendous watch chain across a golden shirt, a red necktie and a straw hat. More modest decorations were chains of gilded raisins, but with the gay Nineties costumes at the grand ball, it looked like Nome--in the words of one of its most enthusiastic promoters--would be "golden once more."

Said Pope John, as he admired his new purple electric blanket, "Just what I've always wanted, a purple papal heater!"



Hank Olsen, Station Manager at Farewell, will trade. He has a list of instructions on how to raise an ocelot which he will trade for instructions on how to train a wife.

As he reports the story of his strange pet, he was given an ocelot as a surprise gift on his birthday--by his wife. Approaching Farewell, an NCA pilot reported "Have live tiger on board, bring truck", and Hank was the puzzled owner of five pounds of cute, cuddly, playful and harmless ocelot. This mass of South American muscle and playfulness and 20 sharp claws now weighs 15 pounds, and the Olsen house doesn't look the same. Hank offers the following as an example of the instructions which he has written:

"1. Send wife to nearest town. Let ocelot out of furnace room. After 10 seconds, sweep up, or replace all plants and figurines from the floor.

"2. To re-cage pet, take swipe at her,

Zv is Stmgr

Benjamin F. Zvalonek, Manager of Fairbanks International Airport, has been named Station Manager at Fairbanks by Regional Administrator Allen D. Hulen.

Zvalonek will continue as Acting Manager of the airport until a new appointment is made. He succeeds Richard L. Inman who moved to the Analysis Branch of Air Traffic Control in Anchorage.

Poverty, they say, is no disgrace, but that's about all you can say for it.

miss and break finger on door casing. Then use 35 years of Alaskan experience and trap ocelot, returning her to the furnace room.

"3. Proceed to garage and set broken finger.

"4. Calm wife and correct her language when she returns and sees the house, and especially when she weeps over her almost-hairless Pomeranian.

"5. Trainer retires to engine room, cursing ocelots, wives and the day of his birth."

There is much more to the instruction book, Olsen says, including many pages describing the relations of Tiger, the Pom, the Olsen's talking parakeet and the dog population of Farewell with the ocelot. As the ocelot grows the instruction book is still being written, but then, says Hank, nobody has a complete book on wife-training either.



100 POUNDS OF PACK DOG, 70 POUND LOAD - AND DON'T GET IN THE WAY, MAN!

by
Robert Matsen

In these days of the Grand Rat Race, space ships, rockets, super-sonic jet travel, super highways, super-this and super-that, it is refreshing and relaxing to roll the calendar back a few centuries and revert to one of man's oldest means of transportation - pack dogs.

I suppose the use of dogs as beasts of burden is nearly as old as civilization itself and probably started when cave-men captured wolves and trained them to pack their loads. Today their use as pack animals has declined to a point where only a relatively few Indians and Eskimos of northern Canada and Alaska use them to any degree. One such group that still uses pack dogs extensively are the Nunamiut Eskimos of Anaktuvuk Pass in the Brooks Range 100 miles north of Bettles.

Big and Gentle

Since the economy of the Nunamiuts is based on hunting the herds of caribou that roam the Arctic prairies and mountains, plus trapping the fur-bearers of the region, they rely on dogs a great deal both as draft and pack animals. The dogs that carry their packs in summer are the same ones that pull their sleds in winter. They are big, powerful brutes that look as though they could chomp a man's leg in two with one bite. Yet they are, for the most part, gentle, faithful and lovable. They weigh 100 pounds or more and stand close to 2-1/2 feet at the shoulder. Thirty to fifty pounds is their usual load but I have seen some carry as much as 70 pounds.

The pack saddles are usually made of untanned caribou hide, as they probably were when the first Nunamiut hit upon the

idea that a dog could be useful for something besides chasing caribou. Sometimes saddles are made of heavy canvas. Whatever the material, they are all made of a single piece, with a pouch fashioned on either end to hold the load, the connecting part fitting over the dog's back. A breast band, belly band and breeching keep the saddle from moving back, sideways or forward.

Burdens Mean Little

To anyone not taking part in saddling the dogs, my best advice is "stand clear and watch out!" Pack dogs go crazy (or crazier) when they see pack saddles being loaded. They are eager to go and tug at their chains until they are untied, whereupon they dash around reckless and regardless among the saddles, each looking for something new to put his brand on. You soon learn to put articles you don't want branded up higher than a dog can kick.

Putting a heavy saddle on the brutes does not seem to lessen their enthusiasm for milling around, it only slows them down a little, but not enough to keep them from knocking a man down if he's unwary enough to get in the way. Often they range widely over the tundra, chasing birds, ground squirrels, each other, or maybe chasing only a windblown scrap of paper. Some come back minus saddles, some dragging saddles and others come back with their loads in place. But they all get into the thick of the confusion again.

After a mile or so on the trail they simmer down somewhat, and their sanity returns to normal - until they see something to chase again.

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"Wait for bad news.."

Demosthenes had some good advice for the aviation industry back in 350 B.C.

The Washington Post printed it because it applies to our present national situation, but how true the last sentence is when applied to most of us in the flying game.

Timeless Reprimand

For what it's worth to this moonlicked generation of Americans, David Shea Teeple, Washington atomic energy and research consultant, came up with the following quote from Demosthenes (about 350 B.C.):

"Shame on you Athenians...for not wishing to understand that in war one must not allow oneself to be at the command of events, but to forestall them. You Athenians are the strongest of all the Greeks, in ships, cavalry, infantry and revenue, and you do not make the best of them.

"You make war against Philip like a barbarian when he wrestles--if he suffers a blow, he immediately puts his hand to it. If he is struck again, he puts his hand there, too, but he had not the skill or does not think of parrying the blow aimed at him or of evading his antagonist.

"You likewise, if you hear that Philip has attacked the Chaerena, you send help there; if he is at Thermopylae, you run there; and if he turns aside you follow him, to right or left, as if you were acting on his orders. Never a fixed plan, never any precautions: You wait for bad news before you act."

Even if you are on the right track, you will get run over if you just sit there.



Time of confusion in dog pack handling. Simon Paneak and his wife put packs on the enthusiastic dogs while Abe Kakinya looks on. (Right) "Whadda ya' see. Boss?" Pack dogs are trained not to pursue game, out they know Simon Paneak has sighted something.

COLD BAY

The Cold Bay Explorer's Club Geophysical Expedition is underway. The need for this expedition is obvious, the undertaking timely.

Does Cold Bay exist? Two recent maps of Alaska do not depict this important place on their charts. This is incredible - for Cold Bay is to the aviator what Southampton, Singapore and San Francisco are to the mariner.

A recent national publication reports that Cold Bay is an island occupied by Aleuts. In fact, Aleuts, reportedly, service six trans-pacific prop-jet flights that land at this important place.

From the many misconceptions about Cold Bay it is apparent the Explorer's Geophysical Expedition is long overdue.

John and Juanita Skipper departed Cold Bay aboard the M/V Expansion on a trip of Adventure and exploration in connection with the Explorer's Geophysical year. They explored as far west as Nikolski. Their research paper reveals that Cold Bay is part of a peninsula. They further report the waters adjacent to Cold Bay abound in fish, whales and birds. That Cold Bay is the winter home for certain migratory birds, the Stellar and King Eider ducks being two of them.

James Bernsteen, the anthropologist for the Geophysical Expedition reports there isn't a single "slant faced" ground crew man at Cold Bay. He reports that he did not even measure their heads to ascertain the origin of the ground crews. He reports it was an "elementary" observation for him to ascertain their origin. "I could tell by their English, Brookneal, Canadian and Southern accents that they were from Britain, Virginia, Canada and Georgia", he says.

Mr. Bernsteen's assistant, Lloyd Wycoff, reports that the International Settlement at Cold Bay; occupied by Reeve Aleutian, Northwest Orient and Canadian Pacific Airline's personnel; is populated by five Filipinos, three Canadians, three British, one German and a small bus load of Americans.

The International Settlement is occasionally bothered by bears. Barney Martin, the Club's mammal expert, advises the area is populated by the Alaskan Brown Bear. As he explains, "they eat anything", however, they prefer fresh fish and vegetation. During the early spring and late fall, before and after the fish runs, they will eat garbage. Mr. Martin explains that bears are "nocturnal" by nature and it is at night they occasionally invade the International Settlement. One

PILOTS HELP GATHER FIGURES ON FLYING

Alaskan pilots are responding generously to the FAA's effort to gather statistics on aircraft use in the state during 1938.

When first returns from Alaska on the FAA's survey were too few to be helpful, the Regional Office undertook to remind pilots of the importance of such statistics in planning the flight aids which they themselves use.

"Pilots", said Pilot Allen D. Hulen, "are just like people. They get a card asking for information on their recent flight activity, and they finger it a bit and mutter 'What's this all about?' Then they put it down and pick it up a month later, and say 'Oh yeah... I forgot... well it's too late to send it in now...' So we are reminding them, and it's working. Cards are coming in nicely. We'll know a lot more about general aviation flying up here in another month, and we'll be able to plan better for the future."

Station managers have helped with distributing the cards to the pilots who are based at or near FAA stations.

The best way to remember your wife's birthday is to forget it once.

lady complained about their bad manners --she especially disliked bears sniffing around her bedroom window.

When the bears are in the garbage cans, flash photographers frequently attempt to get a masterpiece. This is difficult because they are afraid of the large bears, and the small bears, while in a garbage barrel, only expose their posteriors.

Cold Bay has been the victim of an intense no-weather storm. The Coast Guard evacuated five victims from the general area. Starting on October 3rd the sky filled with azure blue, the days filled with sunshine, the nights filled with moonshine, the wind calmed and the forces of nature swept across the peninsula, centering on Cold Bay. Eight casualties were reported, three at Cold Bay, before the welcome relief of clouds, rain and wind reappeared on October 10th.

Young boys suffered from spring fever--adults and young girls were affected too. An expert from the local Explorer's Club advises such weather is extremely dangerous. He maintains that an extended period of no-weather storms could lift the "weather curtain" from the great Southwest and the weak and infirm might migrate down the peninsula.

J. Lardy

DID YOU?

Not all Anchorage FAA employees have filled out the registration sheet needed in planning the Employee Reception Center at Homer. Additional copies of the form are available from Personnel or Norman Potosky, Director of the Center.

The sheet calls for information that will facilitate the settling of Anchorage personnel at Homer in the event of an enemy attack, including identification, blood type, dependents and special qualifications and training. Physical facilities for the re-location are in place at Homer, including a small hospital, 50 tents to accommodate 36 persons each, four field kitchens, etc.

EYES Cont. from Page 3

thus becoming Alaska's first Eye Bank Courier.

A dramatic example of eye bank operation came recently when Douglas McKay, late Secretary of the Interior, saw a picture of Mrs. Eisenhower with a young boy whose sight had been restored by a cornea transplant. He was impressed and agreed with his wife that their eyes might be so used after death. Half a year later, he died at Salem, Oregon, and his eyes were rushed to the Eye Bank in Portland where they were transplanted, one to each of two waiting patients.

While the cornea of the eye cannot be preserved, or "kept in the bank" for longer than 48 hours, many other needs for eyes are included in the Eye Bank operation. In research laboratories of the Eye Bank for Sight Restoration in New York, with which the Alaska bank is affiliated, eye diseases are studied and some have been conquered through use of donated eyes.

You Can Be a Donor

"Without this research, transplanting and restoration of sight would have been impossible", Potosky says. "Now, thanks to research, surgery and fast transportation, we can quite literally give sight to the blind. Here in Anchorage we maintain a 24-hour-a-day telephone service. Surgeons, the hospital, patients and the Eye Bank are ready for immediate action whenever it is possible to obtain eye corneas. Of course, it would be far better not to have to depend on the eye bank in New York. And so, we welcome any who will make gifts of their eyes--not will them because this introduces delaying legal matters--to someone who otherwise must go through life blind."

The age of a donor does not matter so long as the cornea is healthy. There is no cost involved. Any who are interested in becoming donors can get additional detailed information from Norman Potosky, AN-76.

SITKA

This seems to be a station that people don't like to leave. The Jud Laniers have been here 12 years, the Al Burnhams and the Irving Ungudruks for eight years, and the Roy Delaneys for five years. Jo and Wally Volz have been back for about a year and a half. Ungudruks returned a year ago after spending ten months in Anchorage. The more recent ones here are the Tom Glaziers from McGrath, the Ed Longs and the John Pfeffers from Galena. The Longs will soon be back from Oklahoma City; then Relief EMT Miller and family will be returning to Anchorage.

Three families here have students in college--Judson Lanier is at Western Washington College, Diane Burnham at University of Washington, Peggy Burnham at Seattle Pacific, and Wallace Volz at University of Washington Dental School.

Burnham and Glazier have made numberless trips this summer in Civaire I to Biorka Island. When the Vortac installation there is completed they will have time to get acquainted again with their families.

Irving Ungudruk's parents, from Point Barrow, spent three weeks here in August getting to know the Sitka-Mt. Edgecumbe area quite well. The weather cooperated nicely most of the time.

Martin and Al brought a moose back from Yakutat in Martin's Aeronca Sedan. Several of the more ambitious ones have brought in deer. However, we are waiting till the deer come down out of the hills--closer to the boat.

The construction of the pulp mill is in that last minute rush to be ready to start operations on November 1.

Edith F. Delaney

DOGS Cont. from Page 5

Dogs trained as sled and pack dogs aren't used as hunting dogs; in fact, they are trained not to chase caribou and other game. This training comes in handy when they encounter a porcupine, a slug-gish little beast that can immobilize an entire dog team with a couple of swishes of his prickly tail.

Although pack dogs have kept me awake many a night with their serenades of moans, howls and screams; have irked me beyond belief by chasing game I was stalking; or have scared game out of the country with their barking; I have great admiration and respect for these faithful beasts that carry their heavy loads uncomplainingly, willingly and even enthusiastically. Having spent considerable time with these useful working dogs that

SKITTLES OR DACHE OR SEWING MACHINE BOBBINS- NOTHING CAN FLUSTER THE RHYMING OF ROBBINS

Who would be the best person to write a profile for the Mukluk on Ormond O. Robbins, brilliant contributor to this paper, and Station Manager at Bettles?

Ormond Robbins, of course, but he has ducked the assignment of writing "myself-to-date", by merely sending the editor a collection of facts out of which someone else might prepare a biography. So, the yarn will be second rate, but, because his notes will be liberally quoted, it will verge on the first rate.

He said nothing about being born and raised. Most people do, but it really does seem a waste of time. Perhaps it is better to tell the public about yourself beginning with the time the public begins to notice you. And, as far as readers of the Mukluk are concerned, Robbins began to be noticed when he started his writing of light verse. And in this field, he has earned wide and favorable notice.

Short Short History

He goes back only as far as World War II in his personal history.

"I edited a daily news summary, did public relations work, broadcasting and what was called orientation work for the military, leaving them--with the blessings of the War Manpower Commission--because I wanted to try Alaska and the CAA... Educated for CAA at the old Seattle Training Center, along with Mert Swim, Jane Eshom, Darrell and Yule Chaffin, Merle Crump and a good many other nice people who have since gone into other Regions or other jobs. I have never regretted the choice I made."

What started Robbins on his versifying, he doesn't say, although he actually made a living at one time doing this kind of cheerful, entertaining writing. No doubt he decided some time back on a thought he had in a recent Mukluk verse: "Full many a jest was born to blush unheard", and disturbed by this waste, began to put his jests on paper. Anyhow:

earn their keep, I have changed my viewpoint about man's best friend.

Now whenever I see a big, unemployed dog running loose around town, I have a tendency to estimate his value as a pack dog and the size of load he could pack. And whenever I see a feisty little decorative pooch, I can't help wondering how big a mouthful he would make for an honest-to-gosh husky pack dog.

By the time you learn what to do with youth, you ain't got it no more.



"Used to sell quite a bit of light verse here and there, reaching Apex in the Saturday Evening Post and Nadir in Captain Billy's unmourned Whiz Bang. Later, did a daily humor column called Gay Matter for a newspaper in Washington State (one long since blown in ash away) between editorial assignments for the same sheet. An old Hearstling tried valiantly to syndicate the column, but the editors to whom he offered it, were far-sighted enough to choose Superman instead.

We Nominate...

"After the newspaper expired, I went into the pulp paper field and wrote for them several years under a string of pseudonyms, with the sheriff's stertorous breath always hard behind me.

"Regarding the matter of light verse, I have been a student of the subject for years, from Shakespeare to Ogden Nash. My nomination for the best of all time is Baron Ireland's succinct quatrain:

"Whenever a hen lays eggs, with each
She feels impelled to make a speech.
The selfsame urge stirs human bones
Whenever men lay cornerstones."

Our nomination for the best light verse in the whole FAA--nay, the best in all Alaska--yes, even the best current today, is that of Robbins. Our big wonder is why he likes Bettles so well, so far from printing ink. And as another writing man, we think we have the answer. Eating is more regular up there.

Breath-taking Alaska scenery usually leaves the tourists speechless only until they reach home and friends.

WHAT A DUMP! TRASH AND CANS AND SEALS—WINSTON VAN OOGROOK TOO!

by

Warren G. Runnerstrom

The six houses in our little village of Moses Point stand in a long neat row. In back of each of these houses, about 40-feet away, is a fifty gallon oil drum. Into these oil drums, the citizens of Moses Point deposit their garbage, tin cans, waste paper and other disposable materials. Since food is flown in to us at considerable cost, we Moses Pointers make very sure that mighty little gets into those garbage cans. Even the scavenger black Ravens, birds that will eat anything, find our garbage barrels mighty slim pickins. Yet, believe it or not, the barrels are filled just about every three weeks.

A Beautiful Dump

Some five miles from Moses Point, in the general direction of Nome, a stretch of deserted beach has been designated the Moses Point Dump. Here, the contents of those 50 gallon barrels eventually end up. To get the garbage to this dump is a two man job. It just so happens that I am generally one of those two men! Now, I am not bemoaning my fate as a far North garbage collector. No one tells me to collect the stuff. I do it of my own volition...and I love it! Again, don't get me wrong. It isn't the garbage that I love, it's the trip along the beach to the dump. Take the other day as a case in point.

Winston Van Oogrook, an Eskimo from a nearby village, was visiting Moses Point. While here he offered to help me with the 'garbage run'. So Winston and I got out the Dodge Power Wagon, loaded the garbage barrels in jig time and, stopping only long enough to pick up my .22 caliber rifle, were soon on our way to the dump.

Conversation Unlimited

I slipped the Power Wagon into 4-wheel drive, lit up a cigar and relaxed as we sailed along towards Joe Murray's place, about a quarter of a mile down the runway. At this point, Winston Van Oogrook mentioned that there was "plenty ice on them lake!" I agreed that there was indeed "plenty ice on them lake." About the time we got to the Cowan hut, off the end of the runway, my buddy, Van Oogrook, had thought of something else to say. He said it! "End!" Meaning, of course, that we were at the end of the runway. To this I most heartily agreed --because we were at the end--of the runway.

After some three or four miles, when the dump, its brilliantly shining tin cans

and its heaps of garbage sort of shimmering in the Arctic sunlight, hove into view, our conversation continued. I turned to Winston Van Oogrook and he looked at me as I said, "Look Winston--there's the dump!" As if he had expected the disposal site to move away under its own power during our three week absence, Van Oogrook commented, "Them dump still there!" As I said before, these trips are simply fascinating.

But the real excitement came while we were emptying the barrels. "Van" kept looking out to sea. Then, without warning, he let loose a torrent of words that tumbled from his lips so fast, I couldn't understand them. Quite aside from the rapidity of his speech, the fact that he was speaking in the Eskimo tongue might have had something to do with my lack of understanding. Anyway, I slowed Winston up to a point where he was able to shift verbal gears into English and inform me that: "Them ocean got towsund damn seal in her--maybe even eighteen or ten!"

Winston Shoots Good

Like a Van Oogrook Should

I turned my eager orbs over the beach and sure enough there were silver heads breaking out of the waves. The seal were playing around the mouth of Iron Creek, a small stream that flows into Norton Sound a few hundred yards from the Moses Point Dump. The animals showed no sign of alarm at our presence and Winston, whose hunting instincts are always at the ready, begged me for my rifle.

Since I figured that a .22 caliber rifle wouldn't do much more than give the seal a tickle or maybe a slight headache, it seemed kind of fruitless to go belly-flopping over the tin cans and garbage, as Winston Van Oogrook was doing, in an effort to sneak up on the playful varmints. Besides, seal blubber wasn't my idea of lunch.

I sat down on the fender of the truck, relit my cigar, and watched Winston make like his ancestors. He crawled down to the beach and the seal were still gamboling in the surf. When a seal came to the surface, Winston stood stock still. When the seal dove, Winston moved closer. I got real interested when a seal surfaced and Van Oogrook, about 30 feet away, took aim and fired. Down went the seal. Winston didn't look twice--just walked back to the truck and started heaving garbage. Ten minutes later, the job done, Winston Van Oogrook, Eskimo garbage collector and seal hunter, am-

HAFERBECKER GOES TO MOSES POINT AS STMGR



Alan L. Haferbecker, 33, a CAAer since 1949, has been named Station Manager at Moses Point, and was installed there on October 12.

Haferbecker joined the CAA in 1949 at Anchorage and has worked as a communications operator in Airways at Nome, King Salmon, Unalakleet, Kotzebue, Farewell and Gustavus. Since February 1957, he has been at Nome.

He is married and has two children. He succeeds Robert D. McDonald at Moses Point. McDonald was promoted to Station Manager at Summit, succeeding James Heay who moved to Homer.

WRITE US

Mukluk readers like to keep up with the people who once worked in the Fifth Region, both those who have retired and those who now serve the FAA elsewhere. Why not send the editor a few sentences on "where-I-am-now" and "how'm I doing?"

oled down to the beach and retrieved his 40 pounds of surf-landed seal.

The empty barrels rattling in the back of the truck, I drove back to Moses Point, Winston Van Oogrook, sitting next to me, gnawed happily on a somewhat uncooked seal flipper. I swallowed twice and bit hard on my cigar as Winston, between bites, said, "Them seal flippers make damn good belly eatin!" To which I replied, "Them do?"

FAIRBANKS Center

Our facility door continues to swing in and out. Its current gyration let smiling Jack Griffin out and admitted several newcomers. These "rookies" includes Messrs. Cotton, Davis, Swirczynski and Royer, who transferred to the Golden Heart from Anchorage. Jack Griffin was transferred to Anchorage and we congratulate him on his promotion.

No newcomer, although just arrived, is Dick Moore from Cold Bay. After hearing him tell of his recent travels within the region we believe he keeps his luggage half packed.

Wives of the controllers have added life to some of the usual quiet homes. Mrs. Ron Logan and her friendly jeep are a welcome sight to some of the travelers on homestead road out Golden Valley way. We understand that she has pulled a number of vehicles out of mud holes and snow banks. One wife and her controller husband landed on a mountain top while chasing a bear, and on landing, the landing gear was damaged. After the aircraft came to an abrupt stop and the propeller stopped chewing up the mountain top, the lady's calm remark was, "Go get your bear, Jim."

Our neighbor, Joe Grube, had company drop in to see him early one morning this month, but Grumpy Grube chased them away, although we fail to see why. It's not every one that has mama, papa and baby moose in their backyard for breakfast.

A blooper was included in our activities at this facility, but I don't think it made our monthly activity report. The "incident" was perpetrated on the GCA scope where our controller was bringing an aircraft in for a landing. The aircraft was about two miles out and was falling below the glide path. The conversation went something like this: "Two miles from touchdown... on course... five feet below glide path... 1-1/2 miles from touchdown... ten feet below glide path... on course... twenty feet below glide path... one mile from end of runway... on course... fifteen feet below glide path... seventeen feet below glide path... on course... twenty feet below the airplane!" Then there is the classic trainee phrase, "ATC clears (pause) bust that clearance..."

Bob Arce

Personnel manager to applicant: "What we're after is a man of vision; a man with fire, determination, drive; a man who can pull the company's bowling team out of last place!"

CHANGE SCRAP INTO BLESSING SAYS NORM



There's some precious trash in your house.

Discarded spectacles, old lenses, broken frames—all these can be used to provide new eye glasses for the needy. Add these and your discarded costume jewelry that has some gold content to the thousands of pounds of such discarded items that pile up in an efficient redistribution center in New Jersey, and you get an idea of the pleasure such trash can bring to unfortunates all over the world.

They call it "New Eyes for the Needy", and the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Foundation of Alaska, with headquarters in Anchorage, is affiliated with it. For overseas use, they must send complete glasses, the lenses of which have been measured and labeled. Thus a black man on the Congo, or a Chinese scholar, or a woman working in a Nile cotton field sees clearly again with glasses no longer useful to you.

Alaska does not get second hand glasses. Instead, the Foundation, of which Norman Potosky, AN-76, is president, receives a money grant each year from the sale of the reclaimed metal. With this it buys glasses for those who cannot afford them, mostly, the children of Alaska.

Mail your glasses, frames, broken frames, containers, or scrap jewelry to Potosky, Room 203, Federal Building, Anchorage, or EENT Foundation, Box 808. Don't throw such valuable stuff away.

MAKIN' A LIVIN'

Somebody has donated a Labor Department publication to the FAA library entitled "Dictionary of Occupational Titles".

It makes fascinating reading when mixed with a modicum of imagination. There are literally thousands of jobs listed and defined, but how does a man tell his wife, or his friend at the bar, that he is a "Weasand and Gullet Separator"?

And after one drink, he could hardly explain that he is a Sales Slips Sorter, or a Shorts Sifter. A Ballistician should be quite a dignified performer, but just fancy the ribbing a Bottom Baster gets. How long would it take a man to explain what he is if he is a Quetcher? Or a Flatcar Whacker? Or a Plug Picker?

In other industries, one could be a Special Noise Man, a Gimp Tacker, a Bosom Maker, a Corset Riveter, a Broomcorn Johnny, a Shook Splicer or a Squeezer Man. There is a classification called Top-Bottom-Button-Girl and a Lump Buster. But who would want to admit that he is a Stomach Turner? Or that job "way back at the end--Pigtail Trimmer?"

News-But Secret!

Once there was a Mukluk Telegraph published in Kotzebue.

It too had correspondents scattered about Alaska, and they too sent in very personal items. A Kotzebue correspondent, after reporting results of the dog races, added: "We had more news about races yet but we didn't write down all of it this year. People had a hard time for their dogs and for the meat for themselves because they were game warden around in town. I could write more about hunting, but it all secret."

For Students of Dance

Anchorage FAAers now have the opportunity of studying traditional national folk dances of many European and American countries under the expert tutelage of Glenn Thompson, pressman in the Agency print shop.

Thompson is conducting classes each Tuesday night at the Colombany Studio in dances on which he is a recognized expert, and which he taught for many years in Seattle. Classes learn first the basic folk dance steps and then learn various national dances with strict adherence to accuracy and tradition. Charge for the course is \$5 a month.

Are We Just Average?

Is the Fifth Region just about fifth best among FAA Regions, or should our supervisors spend more time and effort in rewarding superior employees, and encouraging employee suggestions?

The Personnel Division raises the question in analyzing the latest report on the Employee Incentive Awards Program.

In the number of employees contributing suggestions for improving FAA work, the Fifth is fourth among the Regions. In the percentage of employees receiving Sustained Superior Performance awards, we are sixth. In the percentage of employees receiving awards for special acts and services, we come in seventh. We are below the average for the whole FAA in the amount of money given for suggestions and for performance, but well above the average in cash awards for special acts and services.

Thus the Fifth is close to average among the 10 parts of the FAA--six Regions and four special facilities.

If you're careless enough, your plane will last a lifetime.

Have you ever noticed that bill collectors call at the most inopportune time--when you're at home?

R R Cont. from Page 2

Tanana Valley railroad was added to it. The spur into Whittier was completed in 1943. A spur road from Chickaloon to the main line was built to serve coal mines there. This has been abandoned, but another spur is operating to the Eska and Buffalo coal mines at Alpine.

The CAA operated a part of the Copper River railroad at one time. It was used to connect the Station at Mile 13 with Cordova. (See Mukluk Telegraph, January, 1959.)

BUY-SELL-SWAP

FOR SALE: .44 Ruger magnum revolver with holster. Customized. Jos. Turgeon AN-150. *****

Will buy, sell or trade old U. S. coins. Jack Lamb, AN-150.

TESTIMONIAL

The bench saw advertised in the last issue was sold the following day. Several others called. I highly recommend your ads for quick results.

Clarence H. Starr

And-Have Most of Us Ever Had It So Good?

With Thanksgiving just around the corner, some of the blessings of this "FAA life" have been coming to mind. These are by no means all that the writer can think of and he hastens to add that this is not the only season of the year during which he is aware of them. But, Thanksgiving is a time for giving thanks and so, among many other things, the writer is thankful for:

The constant supply of fuel oil that keeps

NAN Cont. from Page 1

item of freight for Skwentna--a 1015 pound transmission for a snowgo with "must go" written on it. So that was hustled aboard, alongside two refrigerators needed in the new housing at Nome.

At Skwentna, they welcomed the rebuilt transmission, and asked Wayer to take the old one back to the Anchorage shops. Wayer has been around, however, and he said "No". And a good thing he did!

The Boat Failed

Waiting at Nome was a barge-load of freight badly needed at Moses Point, which had arrived too late for delivery at that sea-level sand spit, so N-19 was elected freighter. After delivery of Haferbecker, his wife and two children, Knight and Darling, and leaving them to their installation ceremonies at Moses, they started hauling freight to Moses, making two trips on the 12th. After a third trip on the 13th they loaded and started for Summit, and did some more installing there.

Then they loaded Heay and his personal belongings; James O. Porter and his belongings, who was headed for a new station at Yakutat; and Mrs. Pat Snowden, whom a personal emergency had called to Anchorage; and took off to complete the busy two days of flying.

Shemya's Wind

On the 20th, Flight Standard inspectors,

his home warm and comfortable regardless of outside temperatures; the furniture that is tastefully selected and so generously supplied that his home is a pleasure to live in; considerate and understanding superiors; pleasant and congenial working companions; an interesting job and the comfortable working conditions that go with it; the generous paycheck and the high standard of living it enables him to enjoy.

In short--the writer's thanks to Uncle Sam and the Federal Aviation Agency. He is happy to admit that he is an FAAer who "never had it so good!"

headed by their new Chief, George Weitz, took N-19 to Shemya on routine business. Shemya is the place where "everything that comes down falls horizontally" as the residents say, and Anselm Tibbs, who was flying, met gusty winds in landing. Then, while he and Hollie Trosper were fighting the 43 to 60-knot gusts in taxiing to the ramp, a strong gust whipped the rudder away from their foot controls and banged it hard over against the stop, breaking it and the rudder hinge brackets. They tied the rudder in place with ropes, decided the wind was too strong for further taxiing, tied the plane down to barrels, near the end of the runway, and fought their way afoot to shelter.

During the night, the winds increased, and there was danger that N-19 might be pushed over the 100-foot embankment at the end of the field, so they drove a D-8 cat out and tied the flying machine to it. And so, it weathered the breezes.

Trosper, Al Young and Dick Thwaites remained with the plane and returned it to Anchorage after Johnson and his crew put on a rudder borrowed from PNA.

Now N-19, already a veteran of 8-years service with the CAA-FAA in Alaska, is flying again.

THE MUKLUK TELEGRAPH

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