

m.c. Hyppin

# 720 HOUR CHECK

Issued Monthly by, for and of the  
**CIVIL AERONAUTICS AUTHORITY**

For Business and Relaxation

Vol. 39

March, 1939

No. 2

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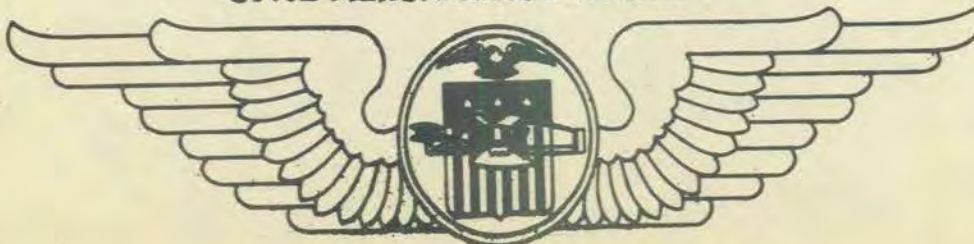


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**TELLS ALL!**



**CIVIL AERONAUTICS AUTHORITY**



## P O L I C Y

In the January number there appeared a contribution from U.S.A.C.S, Cambridge, Ohio, and one from Cassaday, Kansas, advocating the extension of the President's pilot training program to employees of the CAA. From two or three other contributors has come copy for the February issue singing the same song.

Unfortunately, many of the boys who wrote these contributions sang off-key. They didn't understand the proposed pilot training program. To them we are sending the formal statements of the President and of the Authority in explanation of this program.

This is your magazine and you can say what you want in it, but we are sure that nobody in our personnel wants to say anything wrong. We are sure that Cambridge, Cassaday and the others will agree with us after careful perusal of the official statements.

The training of pilots is a formally adopted major program of this organization, approved by the President. It has a very special purpose. Everyone who knows it thoroughly agrees that the purpose is good and the methods of attaining that purpose are sound.

We appreciate the eagerness of CAA personnel to learn to fly. Careful study of the plan will reveal that, where CAA personnel can avail themselves of the vocational extension courses proposed, they are included in the program.

It is obvious that if this program succeeds, as the best expert opinion believes it will, it will be of benefit to every phase of aviation. Whether or not it will enable this or that member of the CAA family to learn to fly, it will make his present job more important and more useful. Very distinctly, we feel that if this is properly understood, our valued contributors will want to boost this plan, not knock it.

If anyone else has not read the official statements on this plan, they can get copies by asking Ye Ed.



## Here's Your Change

Here are the sincere thanks of Ye Ed for all of the contributors who have done so much to make the 720-Hour Check the success it is. And we take your word for it, not our own, that it has been a success. Your letters have been most encouraging.

We realize that your contributions come out of your spare time. So does the work of editing and preparing your contributions come out of our spare time. And your contributions have become so voluminous that we haven't got any more spare time. Last month we had more pages than the Saturday Evening Post!

So, all things considered, we're going to have to do what all editors have to do. We're going to have to cut. We don't want to lose a single contribution, a single bit of news, or a single gag that has heretofore made our little book good. There is a way to keep them all in, and within limits.

On the opposite page is a diagram, devised by the late Melville Stone, one of the greatest of all editors. It used to hang in every Associated Press office in the world. It taught the boys that you could tell the same story more briefly as press time approached. It helped make the A.P. the great institution it is. It will work with us.

Tell your story in as few words as possible. Even few words can, and do, have literary grace. One thing more: double space your typewriting. It has to be retyped here anyway. And if, in keeping our book within bounds, you find some of your words left out or changed for brevity, believe us, you will feel no more pain than the pain of every man or woman who ever wrote for publication.

And, speaking of woman, remember, our circulation isn't stag. We don't ~~know~~ of any frozen pussies who read us, but we have had some gentle eyebrow lifting about one or two of our late cracks. What you can tell a pal, man or woman, you very often don't want to put in writing.

All of which we venture to set down because 720-Hour Check is in the family. From all we can hear it helps to make a happy family. That's why we feel free to ask you all to--

Keep it snappy!  
Keep it brief!  
Keep it clean!

Ye Ed.



From USACS - Syracuse, N. Y. (Continued)

MEL...Just can't seem to forget the CG's, admits at times getting "Q" and "Z" signals mixed up a bit, but a fella forgets a lot in 11 years. He says just wait till he gets 11 years in this outfit. He surely hopes that some day he will be able to put his operating ability to practice. Admits he was one of the best brass pounders in the little navy. Sez 45 WPM his natural operating speed, should be of some use to the CAA. Guess he just passed too many lightships in his time.

Now that the tape reading tests have been submitted, SR is sure proud of her achievements. We sure regret that teams could not be organized at stations throughout the service. We all boast over 20 WPM, and our best has reached 25, and avers he is not through yet. A fellow by the name of TJA sez he will soon get 50 WPM...Please ROD or DLG don't read this, or the ante might be raised.

Say fellas, if you are still reading yet, it's time to quit now... But we must do something to help HT and UA get some sleep in their time off. Rumors are circulating that they have to work overtime to check up on the Cqn's Mag and Late reports...Have heard that OIC should set a quota for each Opr at his station, say 2 per month, when this quota has been reached, a small box with a slot could be placed in a convenient spot, and each operator guilty could insert a jit or dime, and the Operator who could prove that he had the least Cqn's for the month could collect. (Try and prove it)...No fooling fellas, tape reading requirements should minimize these Cqn's in the future. Ckt #1 should set an example for the rest to follow, and before long that letter from the Regional Office could easily be rescinded.

Sooo boys without wasting any more paper, will say cheerio. Ah Nertz, it's time to go to work - no I mean dial off the range lgts and get ready to be relieved.....

73's to BQ FD PL WY FG RC NX - in fact all of you.

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A young flying officer, stationed somewhere near Egypt, while flying near the Great Pyramids, carrying out exercises in navigation and working with a sextant to discover his exact position, suddenly turned to the pilot and said, "Take off your hat."

"Why?" asked the pilot.

"Because, according to my calculations, we are now inside St. Paul's Cathedral."



Notes from Sidney, Nebraska (Continued)

thrills and chills than all the aforementioned, drop in some time on a warm October PM, and we'll all go rattlesnake hunting. You'll find plenty of people who are willing to tell you where to find them, but none anxious to act as a guide. However, this writer, with a helper, in an hour and a half or so on two successive afternoons, bagged an even fifty of the critters....Just think of all the nice steaks that were left to rot—but all we brought back was the rattles for evidence. And a nice time was had by all—that is, after a week or so when we could finally get some sleep without dodging them all nite!!

Oddities in the News—Nr. 2:—

Not long ago a telespatch was received from RO requesting the names of the occupants of our batchelor quarters, etc. and so on. And there you have us, for, since Crichton left, no Batchelors; and here we have you,—no Batchelor quarters either!!!

Porter:— (To sailor & GF) "Carry yer bag, Mister?"  
Gob:— Naw, let 'er walk.

Poetry dept:— "CENSORED".

'Finis'.

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Dick Boutelle, tis said to tell,  
Has come to grief and woe;  
His charming smile, his dashing style  
Have dropped to zero zero.

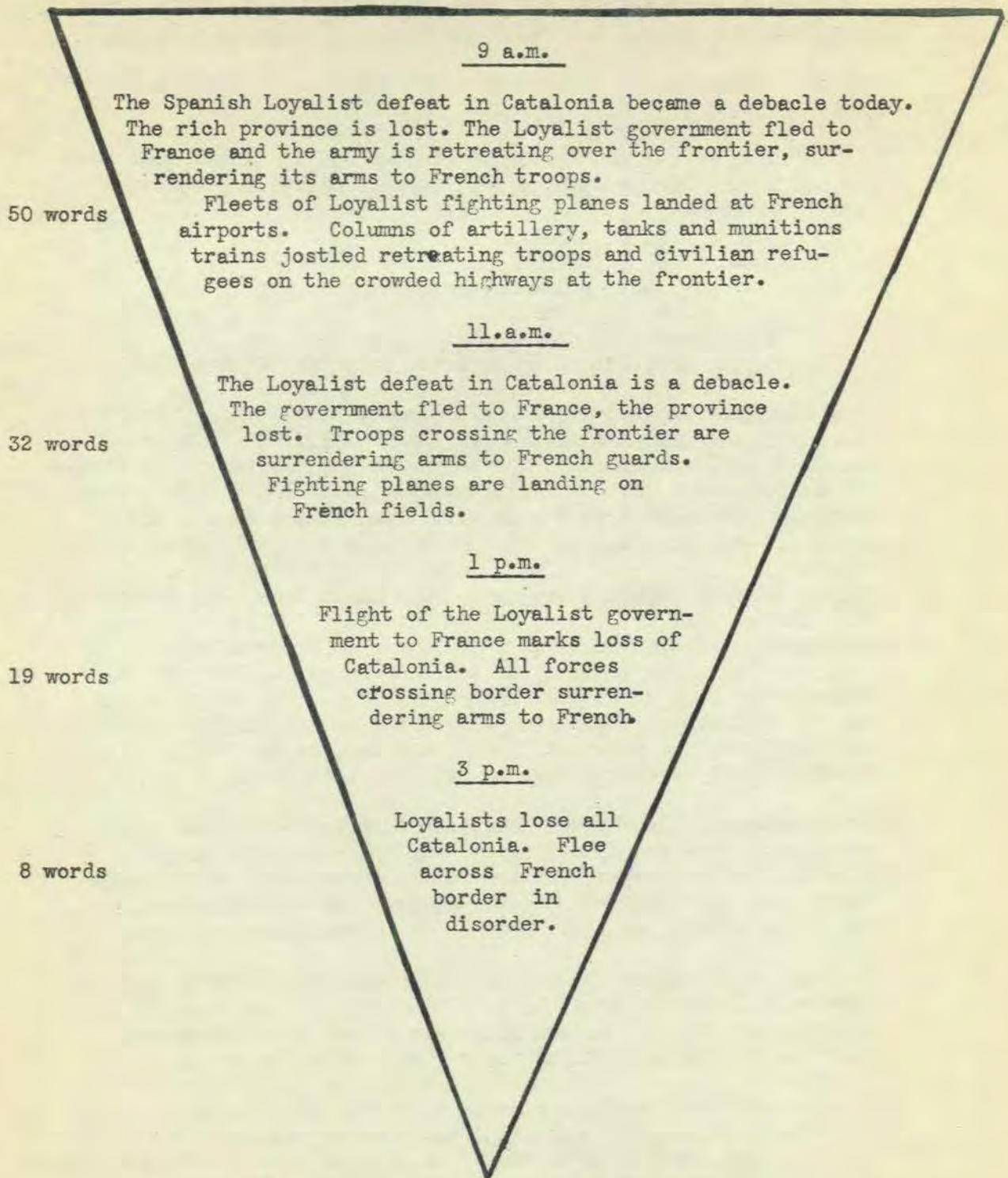
He's flown the ships from the Nation's tips  
Nor turned he hide nor hair,  
But at last tis so, he flew too low,  
He gave us all a scare.

In the dark of night, without a light,  
Or Metcalf gliding path,  
He did a flop and hit on top  
The floor---We heard his wrath.

His foot hangs high up toward the sky,  
And his head hangs very limp,  
His voice is sad, he's hurt and mad,  
He feels like a drooping blimp.

But don't you groan, and don't you moan,  
We know you have a pain,  
But wotinell? A foot gets well--  
And you'll fly high again.

## And It's the Same Old Story.



That's how real experts in the news can save wordage when they have to. We've got to save some wordage, without sacrificing news, in the 720-Hour Check.



Notes from Sidney, Nebraska, the white spot in this well-known (???) white-spot of the nation, (it'll be white as long as this 6' of snow lasts anyway, and this bein' the coldest spot on the map this eve, it might last)..

First:— Congrats to Ye Editor of Ye Goode Olde 720-Houre Checke— Keep it comin'.

Since this, so far as can be ascertained, is the first time that SD has been mentioned in the 720, perhaps a few introductions are in order:—

Skipper, O. S. Thaelke

Boots, A. D. DuRoss

J. A. Holzenberg

W. T. Kildall

& our scribe, H. E. Korell

O yes, & our recently departed RJRO, C. Crichton, Jr.

Now that that's over, and since all hands are looking forward to moving in the near future except "Little Willie", I suppose I'll be stuck with some more of the same when the new gang gets here—if and when—but perhaps, with a little practice, it won't be so hard for the readers to put up with them. Can't we all use practice—and not only in writing contribs to the 720s?!!

CC has already departed for Lebo for a short time, and possibly will follow that by joining WTK at Trinidad. JH is expecting a promotion to Rock Springs, OT figgers on a transfer to Sioux Falls—being close to both his and his better half's original homes, good luck to him—, and AD has itchy feet to be on his way to Burlington. This stn being close to the writer's home, and not being the worst station on the map, he elected to stick around a while—anyway till he can afford to move.

In a community already well supplied with the weaker sex, our friends Thaelke and Kildall did their share to make things pleasant, or otherwise, for the next generation of Radio Operators, Sailors, Soldiers, Coast Guardsmen, or what have you, late this summer, by each becoming the proud father of a daughter.

Who said cold weather?? Not in this banana belt, yet!! Why the last winter that we spent in this wide spot in the road, it was so cold that the air in our tires was frozen so solid we drove half the summer on it after the rubber fabric was gone.

One reason this contrib has never appeared before is that hunting season is not long past—and who could be bothered with anything not absolutely necessary as long as there were pheasants, ducks and geese to be had—if you could get 'em!! The gang did manage to bag a few of the elusive pheasants—beautiful as they are, they taste even better—and a few more of the ducks. We'd rather get some of them, than to hunt geese all season, that are plenty hard to get. But lissen, for a cheap sport that has more



From Inspector, Gage, Oklahoma

1. NOTAMS of changes on fields gotta be sent, they gotta. See Supplement No. 59. Out here at Gage, Oklahoma, there is a helleva big change, maybe, but the Inspector is afraid to write official letter. Washington hasn't got no perspective.

2. Out here on the site of the future intermediate landing field they have got the biggest haystack in the United States.

3. The lessor asks Inspector, should he take it off so airplanes can take off.

4. The neighbor farmers say no, that haystack is the only safe landing place in Ellis County.

5. When it comes off, hoping you will send the Notam yourself and are the same.

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From Mt. Pocono, Pennsylvania

Well here comes our little contribution from the Pocono's, and hoping to get some space in the 720ck.

Now the introductions:

Keeper - J. G. Russell

Assistants - P. C. Hoskinson, W. E. Kramer and J. M. Dinagen

P. C. Hoskinson (AAK) The boy that's always looking for pay day and hoping for a raise. He is also quite a student in Physics.

W. E. Kramer (AAK) The lad that knows instructions from A to Z. He travels a lot to Sunbury and seems to hit a lot of rough roads. (That's his story).

J. M. Dinagen (AAK) Ex-Navy. Jimmy does a lot of traveling too, in fact he keeps the roads hot between Mt. Pocono and Scranton. (Bad boy).

One of our boys (not mentioning names) was a witness on a traffic violation. The defendent took one look at the boy and then said to the Traffic Officer - "I have studied Psychology for years and this boy is no witness." Gee, was his ears red.

P.S. I think we will have a Psychology student before long.

Youse guys that like to hunt deer, we have plenty of them here (both kinds). Speaking of deer, Bob Donaldson can get closer to a deer to get its picture than anyone in the GAA. The deer even poses for a side view, won't even look at Bob. This station can furnish proof of that.

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From U. S. Airway Station, Daggett, Calif.

Now that we've blossomed into a full fledged broadcast station, it seems as though we should make a report to good old 720 Check. Our new simultaneous voice and range transmitter is performing in accordance with the manufacturer's specs. Even the Strouger remote system has responded to our genial friend Lindsay's gentle touch. He had to take a few bugs out of the speech amplifier. Our little settlement is brightened by the five 135 foot newly painted antenna towers which mirror the desert sunshine.

Of late, head-man Elwell can usually be seen walking around with his hands full of shipping tags, bills of lading, requisitions, letters, etc. muttering to himself. "Never find time to fix my truck at this rate. May get transferred too. Just get the station in good shape then they transfer me. What happened to that letter dated Dec. 27th?" Friend Elwell is waiting for transfer to Riverside.

Stillwell writes a letter to Oregon every day. Also he gets a letter from Oregon every day. Prepares some fairly good meals in the bachelor quarters, but I've had better. Tramps around the desert with a .22 pistol hunting rabbits. I'm told he nearly hit one once but that was before my time up here. Favorite passtime next to receiving mail from Oregon is reading catalogues.

MacGeorge, late of American Airlines who recently departed from the station quarters to live in near by Barstow is our official statistician. He is a natural born acturian. He has a mile of railroad track marked off and times all the passing trains. On a moment's notice he can give you the average life expectancy of an airway radio operator living in Indio, Calif. Of course if he stands midwatches it will change the answer slightly.

Boyer, also waiting for a transfer, was caught in the change of personnel due to the SBRA installation. He will be leaving soon for Mt. Shasta. Understand he's been packed since Christmas. We tried to warn him against that but being a new man in the outfit guess he didn't believe us. Before his appointment in the CAA, he was a radio operator for the Goodyear Co.

The contributor is also getting bounced shortly and if the weather at Indio don't get me down you may hear from me again sometime. In the meantime keep up the good work.

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Sample of 720-Hour Chatter

Ag - "If you run across any good stuff in the field, send it in to me."

Steve - "Which do you prefer, blonde or brunette?"



From USACS - Syracuse, N. Y.

"HITS & MISSES FROM SR"

Having bid fond farewell to our ex-OIC, Tommy Olmstead, who has been elevated to Rdo. Elec., and who is now stationed at the Regional Office, everyone here sure hated to see him go, but we all take this opportunity to wish him every success in his endeavor.

EEK...Our new OIC, having arrived to assume the duties where "TO" left off, is well known throughout the service, a scholar of the old school, and a lad who surely knows what it's all about. Shortly after his arrival we had our worst snow storm of the year, 12 inches to be exact, but he readily informed us that "BQ" is no St. Petersburg either. Between trying to get located and trying to make the AMA happy over the W and E legs of the SR range, EEK is just about ready to sit back and take in the slack for the long winter ahead.

TJA...I promised not to tell, so I wont. But believe it is sure funny, TJA and another fella who came here from PL decided between themselves that they could enjoy a nice cup of coffee, so while using TJA's \$15 perculator, they made a pot full of coffee. After several hours of deep anticipation and sniffing, they decided to pour the much desired stimulant when they discovered to their amazement that they had forgotten to add any water to the coffee. TJA, almost panting, did discover that he had some nice smoldering aluminum and some fine wire slightly scorched which he insists that just a few hours previous had been the heating element.... Anyone desiring a receipt can obtain same by dropping a penny postcard in your nearest mailbox.... P.S. At present TJA has taken the heirloom home and all the fellas are toting Thermos...

JPJ...Quiet please...Having begged for relief recently so that he could go on 1 hour shopping, he returned to the station with a brand new 1939 Plymouth sedan. Since then he has some narrow escapes, having almost missed several weather reports and pibals while peering through the windows at the shining beauty. Planning on annual leave, it is sincerely regretted to see him go, the gang here unanimously agree that there will be a vacancy for the balance of the winter if he ever sets foot on Dixie soil again. We here are all in sympathy with the Wea Bu men in the adjoining room who have to open the doors for lack of air, while poor TJA sits on the radiators with the temperature around 80, with boots and saddles and a tassle cap which ties neatly around the Adam's Apple, muttering, "Why, oh why, did I ever leave home."

ESM...Feeling much the better or worse after having spent a few days with better half, who hails from below the Mason Dison line, she can't seem to make up her mind whether she wants to stay in SR for the winter, or wait till next July when the sun comes out again. Poor ESM just can't seem to understand why they built the main street of Syracuse around the railroad tracks. He says it sure is embarrassing, and mighty inconvenient getting caught between box cars while enroute from Kregies across the street to Woolworth's.



From USACS, Anton Chico, New Mexico

#### GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

"While he never actually struck me," explained Mrs. Sarah Sanders, suing Edward Sanders for divorce, "he would go around slamming his fist against doors and saying, 'I wish it was you'".

William Wilson divorced his wife because she took his false teeth and held them for two dollars ransom.

Charging that he hurled a prickly cactus plant at her while she was in a stooping position, Mrs. John B. Crane of Cambridge, Mass., won an uncontested divorce from her husband, a Harvard University instructor.

Judges of the Paris Divorce Court got a new one to figure out when a woman sued her husband for damages because she had had six children.

Testifying that her husband had knocked her out by hitting her on the head with a live chicken and then, finding that the impact had killed the chicken, revived her and ordered her to cook it, Mrs. Viola Beck sued for divorce.

Ada Leonard, strip tease dancer, filed suit for divorce because, her attorney explained, "She resents the fact that her husband doesn't resent the fact that she is doing this kind of work." Is that clear?

Samuel Hoffenstein, scenarist and poet, of Hollywood, was divorced by his wife, who objected to jingles he dedicated to her:

When you are away, I'm restless, lonely,  
Wretched, bored, dejected;  
But here's the rub, my darling dear,  
I feel the same when you are here.

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From USCAA Communication Station, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho

We read the 720 here from cover to cover and then go back over it again. Think it is a fine little mag and wish it were more big. Am all in favor of that much clammered for list of personnel, and also the flying of the Flag over our humble place of work (?)...

Herewith is a list of the Jitterbugs at KO:

Edwin A. Meyer - Ex-USN and BE..Un-suppressed desire and much spoken one is to see all us other lads lined up singing psalms.  
 John E. Roley - Ex-USN..Hopes to own a cider mill (or sumpin') some day. Still waiting for his Utopia bid to cum.  
 Joseph M. Sussman - Ex-USN..Squawking becuz has to work the mid on New Year's Eve.. Came 10 minutes early at that.  
 Eddie H. Hart, Ex-KFS & KEK..Wishes he had his old '37 chev back, at least it was paid for..'39's much faster tho.

Can sympathize with the man at Drummond who complained about the black widder spiders in the well known ordifices of the lil white WPA outhouse. We have 'em right in the shack here. One big divil made his home under the "c" bias batts at the rng building and the vilest of ammonia fails to move him.

Have been ardently reading 720 and looking for some of the hams to be on 14 MC. EH, W7COB calls CQ there all day and then comes to work and works PTP with MN. Fqcy of the ham rig is 14,364 Kc. Likes Europeans and South Africans. What big hulking op at KO hates to go over to the state highway garage and bum a pail of water to swab out the range building? Don't be afraid to climb the red and white poles RGR, you can only fall 1st.... JMS sez the local damsels are all telling him how good they can cook. Decided room and board at 35 per is much cheaper. EAM hauling in wood from the dense woods.. Wish I had his pile (?) And there was the time Ed Hart went hunting and a deer (?) ran him off into KO lake.. Local pilot Bill Schultz was along at the time and is going to show Ed how to do it in his Bird... EAM awing JMS with tall tales of big blizzards and snow drifts that may be expected this winter. Someone wishes Hart would quit using "PCPN OCNLY INTMT" in rmrks.. A picture of bewilderment: Rulo stumbling into the shack at 2 in the morning to tell Hart he is the Poppa of doubles, Ouch.

In closing, we all wish to extend our wishes to the Monitor stn, SM, for a HNY.

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From USACS, Hartford, Conn.

YE OLDE CHARTER OAKE TOWNE  
HARTFORDE, CONNE.

Rearing our heads from the muddy banks of the Connecticut River, Hartford edges its way to join up with the happy throng in 720 Hr. Check.

Amidst our hurricane tossed and flood battered surroundings we pause for a moment as the gang is mustered on the quarter deck.

Reading from left to right, we have -

O'Seep, M. (Major Hoople, Jr.) formerly with WA, Ex Navy  
Weinstein, W.M. (When better Airway Stations are made WM  
will be there) Came from Rock Springs, Wyo., his  
travels read like a Cook's Tour without the travellers  
checks, Ex war veteran.

McLeod, C. H. (Has a tweed suit and wears it) Ex-Army.  
Collins, L. C. (Handle bars Pete, handsome and different)  
Ex-C.G. United fruit and what have you.

Moore, E. L. (Pappy) Ex-Army.

This bunch of cosmopolites administer and judge the whys and wherefores of the teletype circuit "if UA and FG are listening we're only kidding" impartially, unbiasedly and most effectively judging by the squawks and other noises that reverberate up and down the Conn Valley from time to time.

To our friends and fellow associates we extend our best wishes, to the Editor of 720 Hr. Check a hand for doing an interesting and may we add an excellent job.

Our good neighbors the AMA having noted that the ceiling is dropping are howling for a special so we will have to say Hasta la Vista Muchachos.

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From USACS, Overton Field, Elm Creek, Neb.

If plenty of contributions are in on the editor's desk by the time this literary monstrosity gets there, the writer respectfully requests that they be given preference, especially if they are new contributions, as yours truly feels that we have broken into print often enough and feel that the readers would like to see news from some of the other stations for a change. However, if the reverse is true and space goes abegging, then this will have to fill in, but it looks like some of the other fellows would take a little time during their days off to concoct something and help out, as we would like to read about other stations that have never been heard from, and I believe that other frequent contributors will feel the same way.

To begin with OV was treated to Xmas greetings from various sources, such as a card from a couple of UAL pilots who appreciate our lonely vigil here enough to make use of its facilities of this station by calling often when they are near and testing with us and asking for continuous range. We are always glad to comply and it takes the drag off the long hours. We were also pleased to get a card from one of the headquarters gang in KC. Shows that they haven't forgotten that we are on the map somewhere. We also got a very forceful greeting from Mother Nature herself in the form of a wind storm that reached a velocity from 50 to as high as 70 miles an hour at times. Yours truly was on watch, and is glad that the 70 mph velocities did not last for over 5 or 10 seconds at the most, as otherwise this station would probably have found itself floating in the Gulf Stream somewhere by now. We have little to complain about the weather tho as for the most part it has been very nice here so far, with our first snow storm a couple of nights back.

The new man Valentine is having difficulties. For one thing he thinks there is a hole in his gas tank, as he says 5 gallons of gas don't last over a day or two at the most. Yes, Val, there is a hole in it, leading through a small pipe to the carburetor, and the stream is pretty steady as long as the engine is running. But that is one of the penalties, (or is it?) for not being married. Getting married to a girl who can't drive is a big saving in gasoline, but the writer is inclined to believe that such a specie of female is a rare find nowadays. Val decided to propose the other day, and decided to see the head of the family of the prospective bride as to what he thought of it. Said prospective father-in-law sternly, "Young man, is your salary large enough to support a family comfortably?" "Well, now, I don't know," replied our hero, "I had only counted on marrying your daughter, and had not planned on keeping her whole family." So the proposing was postponed temporarily.

Word from FRB former AAK who went to SL depot, states that he is enjoying his new work very much as he hears a new joke or two every day from the gang there. We'll bet that the Editor of 720 Hour Check would refuse to print them. How about it FRB?



From USACS, Overton Field, Elm Creek, Neb. (Continued)

An AAK from this station journeyed to NQ a short while back intent on passing the code test, (reasons—promotion, if any), and thought he could burn up the operator there with his sending. He sure did, the poor operator couldn't read a word of his hash, so said AAK is now practising diligently trying to improve his fist and try it again before all the promotions are gone.

As this should be enough to smudge the nice white space that would otherwise be blank in 720 Hour Check, we will call it 73, 88, 30 and any other figure that may strike your fancy. Fawncy that.

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From Chicago, Illinois

Here's a little contribution from the Rebel Dept.

After checking a flock of RCE receivers at Lansing, Mich. recently, I was roaming around the dial to see how they would sound on the air. While listening to 6210 Kcs imagine hearing: "No! No! Pull up, you came near fouling the tow line. Okay, try again, yeah, Okay, Now! Now! Whatcha waiting on, let'er go —RAT-TAT-TAT—etc." ??? Next time those Army guys pull a machine gun maneuver I hope they cut the inner phone Mike off the air before turning loose that "Chopper".

By the way, what controller woke up with his foot in a 15 printer and later wondered why the margin was low on the machine?

With apologies to my ole friend Frank Marble I'd like to offer his solution to the crowded field of Peelots, etc. He suggests there wouldn't be so many pilots if they removed the seats up front. That's kind of deep, maybe you get it. But, such being the case I'd like to ask that they also add a foot bell (something to do, you know, when they're on the ground). That would take care of ground congestion, Klang! KLANG! "be careful lady, that's Flite 1 coming in now, I can tell the way Mickey strums that bell." Anyhow, it's an idea.

Being of Scotch nature wonder if I could take advantage of this opportunity to wish "HAPPY NEW YEAR" to my many friends in the various Airlines, Army, Navy, Marine Corps (grudgingly), all Regions, and, last but not least, Washington.

Robert E. Lee  
 Maintenance Inspector (R&T)

P.S. Be careful, that's not an "A" between the R and T.

PLEASE HAVE YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE APRIL ISSUE IN THIS OFFICE ON OR BEFORE APRIL 5.