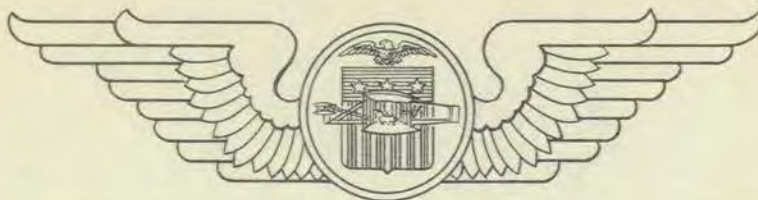


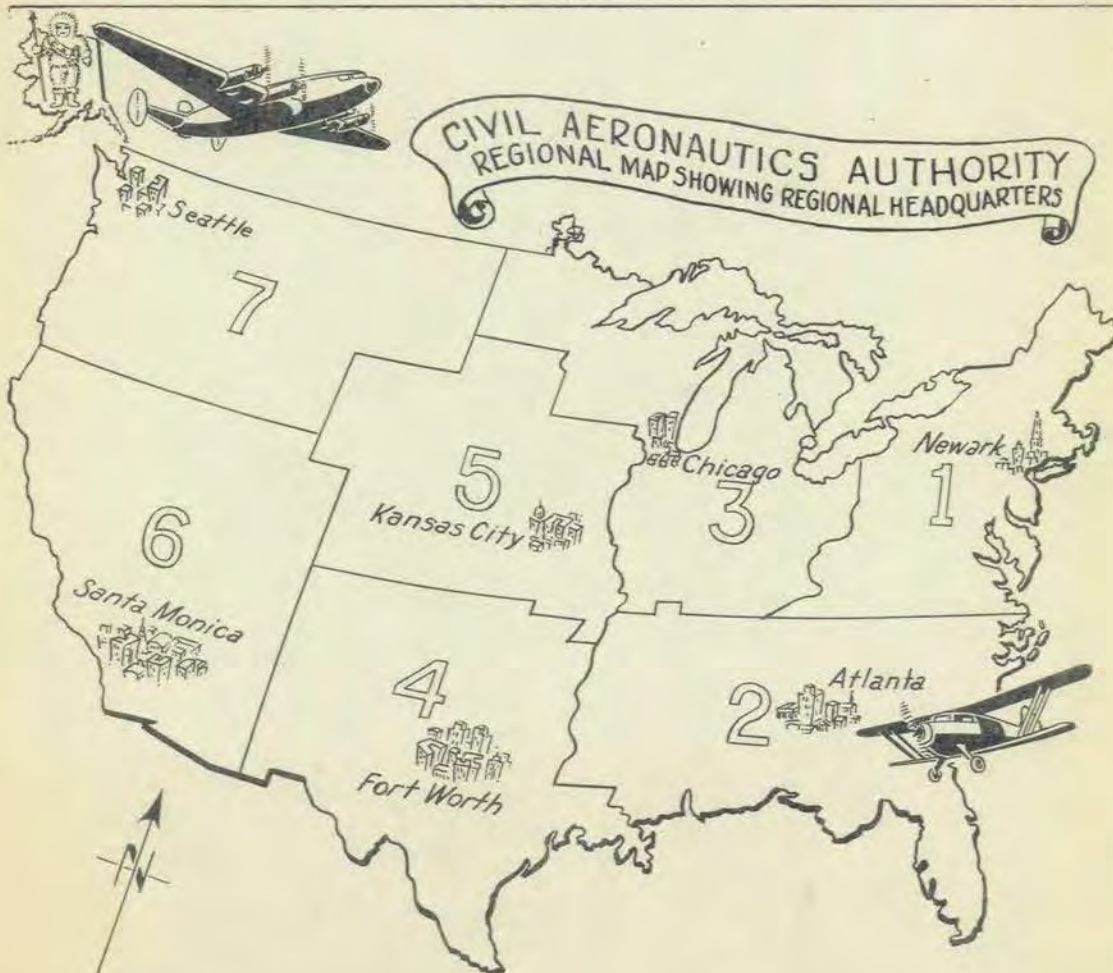
720 HOUR CHECK



Vol. 40

February, 1940

No. 2



Issued Monthly by, for and of the
CIVIL AERONAUTICS AUTHORITY

The Editor and Mrs. Editor have just returned from a delightful automobile trip - Washington to New Orleans and return - Mardi Gras and Creole cooking and clown suits and - you know - the stuff they mix with ice and fruit in a ten-ounce glass.

A good time was had by all. We surely enjoyed the drive and met a lot of mighty fine CAA folks as we journeyed through Region 2. We did quite a lot of night driving and it was seldom during the entire trip that a CAA beacon was not visible - sometimes close - sometimes far - but still there to remind me of Charlie Stanton and his Bureau of Federal Airways.

We had a most interesting evening at Evergreen, Alabama, where just by chance we met Mr. E. W. Hall, OIC for the USACS at that point, Mrs. Hall, and Mr. L. W. Davidson, Radio Electrician of Region 2 who was enroute from Atlanta to Biloxi. After dinner we all drove out to the field and met Mr. Joe Shipp, Operator on duty. Sorry we didn't meet Mr. Ira Hicks or Mr. Jerry Morgan - the former being off duty and the latter in the hospital at Biloxi. We wish Mr. Morgan a speedy recovery.

On the way back Mr. Hall surely demonstrated CAA efficiency and cooperation. We reached Castlebury, Alabama on the return trip - 11 miles west of Evergreen - pitch dark - dead battery and a burnt out generator. I didn't know exactly what to do for it looked like a long walk or sleep in the car, and then I had the bright idea to phone Evergreen and Mr. Hall. Inside of a half hour he was Johnny on the spot - with a Ford mechanic, a charged battery - brought us into Evergreen, got us a room and arranged it so the car was ready to leave for Atlanta at 9:00 A.M. the next morning. My thanks and appreciation again to Mr. Hall and a vote for him for top-notch efficiency, courtesy and friendliness.

The next night we had a dandy visit with Regional Manager Copeland and Mrs. Copeland at Atlanta and then to Washington without further detail. The object of all this is that we have a big nation-wide organization and one can't go far without meeting a brother CAA employee - always some one of high caliber anxious to be friendly and helpful. So three cheers for the CAA and each and every one of its family.

ARE YOU UNDER THIRTY-FIVE, A UNIVERSITY GRADUATE, A GOVERNMENT
EMPLOYEE WITH THREE YEARS EXPERIENCE IN PUBLIC SERVICE???????

If you can meet the above requirements, you may be interested in the recent announcement by the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, of a limited number of in-service fellowships in public administration for the academic year 1940-1941. These in-service fellowships will carry stipends varying in amount from \$1000 to \$1500 per year and are offered by the University for the purpose of providing an opportunity to promising young men and women now in the service of government to better equip themselves to fill positions involving administrative leadership and responsibility. Applications for the fellowships for the academic year 1940-1941 must be submitted not later than April 1, 1940. Requests for application blanks and for further information should be addressed to the Secretary of the Committee on Training for Public Administration, 13 University Library, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

PRESS RELEASE

January 8, 1940

The Civil Aeronautics Authority in its first Annual Report transmitted to Congress covering the year and five months since its establishment, attributes the tremendous growth in civil aviation in this country to the fact that "for the first time civil aviation in this country has had the benefit of a unified and comprehensive national policy administered by a single Federal agency."

Due to this, the report says, all branches of the industry have been able to adopt long-range programs in cooperation with the Government.

"When the Civil Aeronautics Authority assumed office," the Report points out, "it found the American Air Transport industry in a state described by the House Committee in charge of the new legislation as 'chaotic'. Half of the private capital which had been invested in the industry had been irretrievably lost. The result of shaken faith on the part of the investing public in the financial stability of the airlines was preventing the flow of greatly needed funds into this industry. More than half of the domestic airlines carrying mail disclosed operating deficits for the year ending June 30, 1938."

Production of aircraft for civil use in the United States during the period from January through September of 1939 increased 105.5 per cent from the production for the same period of 1938, according to figures compiled by the CAA. While the total number of such aircraft produced during the first nine months of 1938 totaled only 1313, the total produced during the first nine months of 1939 reached 2698.

FORM 498 (Rev. 10/10/39) sums up itself very neatly with the words appearing in the upper right hand corner: SHEET OF SHEETS.

And if you don't think this is funny, you've never filled out a Form 498!

EXCERPT FROM ADDRESS OF HARLEE BRANCH, VICE CHAIRMAN, CIVIL AERONAUTICS AUTHORITY.
At the Banquet of National Association of State Aviation Officials,
New Orleans, La., October 13, 1939.

* * * * *

We are justly proud of the advanced development of civil aviation in this country; that we have more privately-owned aircraft and civilian pilots than any other nation; that our air transport companies fly more miles and carry more passengers with an unequalled record of safety; that we have more and larger and better airports serving an aviation-minded public; and that our aircraft manufacturers produce the best and latest in civil aircraft. All of this has been made possible by the continued cooperation of the states, municipalities, the industry, and the Federal Government. There is no problem confronting us today which cannot be answered if we have the unified support of all who are interested in aviation. The Authority hopes for the continued cooperation and the sustained help of these same agencies and groups. With it, the limitlessness of the air-space is our only barrier.

Who is the Division Chief who is reported to have received a large offer from National Broadcasting Company to stay off - not on - the microphone????
(By the way - have you heard him broadcast?)

24-46

ITEM from Radio Engineering Section, Washington.

On January 9, 1940, Associate Radio Engineer Triplett became the father of twin boys, thus establishing a record of probably the only twins in existence being "Tripletts". (Ripley please copy).

From the Long Island Star Journal,
Wednesday, December 27, 1939.

ALL YOU NEED IS CAT EYES TO STOP THAT PLANE NOISE

Fellow Insomniacs:

Every small boy knows there's a trick to catching a bird---just put salt on his tail.

The same goes for a noisy airplane---all you do is get its number and guess its altitude.

There's a tip for you Queens folk who are awakened these dark nights by the roaring airliners going to and from LaGuardia Field and it comes from John Sommers, the Civil Aeronautics Authority regional manager. He wants to know who---specifically---owns these noisy airplanes.

He can't do a thing, he said yesterday, unless you tell him the number of the plane.

He didn't go into details but the technique, we assume, is something like this: You are startled out of a deep snooze by a vague premonition of some impending calamity. There is an angry roar over the house and you muster your wits in time to realize it's just another airliner streaking across the heavens. You hop out of bed and swing open the casement windows.

The night is black, but scanning the firmament you spot a tiny, thin, pointed light moving towards the horizon.

The trick at this juncture is to note the plane's number before it is too late. Don't hother with the pilot's name. You don't have to see the pilot. Just get the plane's number and make a note of it.

If the milkman happens to be passing, have him verify it for you and then go back to bed.

First thing after breakfast write to the Civil Aeronautics Authority. Tell them the plane's number and---oh yeah---how high it was flying. You don't have to be too specific about the altitude. The rough guess will do, so long as it is within 100 feet or so of the plane's actual distance up.

Because the law says these airliners must stay over 1,000 feet up over cities anywhere in the United States. When the CAA gets your letter, they'll look up the owner's name.

Mr. Sommers all but promised they'll tell those airlines a thing or two after all that.

If you can't supply these data, though, Mr. Sommers said the CAA can't do much about noisy airplanes because he won't know who's making all the noise. In fact, he said yesterday, if the noises come from airlines above the 1,000 foot minimum required by the CAA regulation, the people below are out of luck anyway.

Mr. Sommers was one of a half dozen CAA officials who talked over the noisy airplane nuisance at LaGuardia Field yesterday. They also discussed the opening of the new radio range station in Philadelphia in a couple of weeks. The new range will not affect the routes of the planes passing over Brooklyn and Queens, Mr. Sommers said, and the CAA won't change them either.

The Authority in December appointed Cecil A Ross as Chief of the Reference and Research Section under the Director of Statistics and Information. As such, Mr. Ross assumes active charge of the Authority's aeronautical library.

Washington, January 10, 1940

All Regional Managers:

The following letter, dated January 3, 1940, has been received by this office, from Mr. Bob Allen, Pilot for J. C. Shaffer, Inc., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma:

"It has occurred to us that you might be interested in the following results of our use of CAA radio facilities in our Lockheed during 1939.

"During the year we made 552 calls to CAA radio stations of which 538 or 97 $\frac{1}{2}$ % were completed for a two-way contact. The stations contacted were all the way from Miami, Florida to Great Falls, Montana.

"Of these, 400 calls and 393 completions were in our home district, the 4th.

"May we extend our heartiest congratulations on the high grade of service rendered by your section and the very great improvement over that of previous years."

(Signed) Earl F. Ward
Chief, Airways Operation Division

720 Regrets very much to lose the services of its former Assistant Editor, Miss Esther Cloyd, who was transferred to Region 6. We wish her all the luck in the world in her new location and assignment, and hope that she will not forget to contribute regularly a lot of good Region 6 news.

USACS, Granger, Wyoming

We are still waiting for word from the RO to get on the move. No sign of it yet. Some say that when Ft. Bridger (HM) is commissioned that we'll be all set to go. They keep shoving up the date of commissioning. We have a new rookie to introduce at this time. He is Mr. Lon Daharsh from Broken Bow, Nebraska. J. E. Stogsdill, W9KFTQ, is quite busy on 10 meters these days. He works back east consistently and has hooked a couple of K6's. The station is using K. B. Karns' call, W7HRK. L. J. Miner went through the red tape of a class "C" exam for a ham ticket but hasn't heard from it yet. We note the Editor's suggestion on page 4 of the December issue. The "Widow's Fund" from O. J. Starr seems to be a good idea. How about some volunteers for the business end of it now? We would like to hear more from the mechanics. G. C. Quick for instance. H. L. McConnell, ME, and E.T. Birchfield, MI, dropped in recently as did H. L. Lovejoy, ACO, from RT. We enjoy visitors and would like to see more of them. We can generally produce some refreshments. Victor Chab, Surveyor from the Authority, is in the vicinity looking for new beacon sites. We really liked the Xmas card from the boys at KC. It was very nice.

Student: Is it true that after ten years in the air service they retire a man as a colonel?

Instructor: No. After three years, they retire him as an angel.

Deepest sympathy to the family of Donald Long whose passing on January 28 has left a distinct void in the Finance Section of the CAA.

From Anchorage, Alaska.

Notes From the Frozen North

The Civil Aeronautics Authority in Alaska is growing rapidly, and we soon hope to be numbered among those present when the roll is called.

We just want to pass along this little poem which is true only in the summertime, but is so full of tender sentiments that we are giving it to you in the mid of winter:

THE SONG OF THE ALASKAN MOSQUITO

Said the Alaskan mosquito to his
 charming mate,
"Hurry, my dear, or we'll be late;
The good ship now is at her dock,
And from her decks Cheechakos flock.

"You know Cheechakos are tender
 and white,
In prime condition for a sup and bite,
So hurry along, before they get wise,
And pull black netting over their eyes.

"Cheechakos are our natural prey,
They come from a land that is far away;
Hurry, my dear, 'fore the wind and
 snows,
Toughen them up into 'Sourdoughs'."
 (Stolen.)

To those of you who don't know, a "cheechako" is a newcomer while a "sourdough" is one who has seen the ice come and go on the Yukon.

They don't measure rainfall in southeastern Alaska by inches anymore--
it's by fathoms.

PRESS RELEASE

January 16, 1940

Yesterday, Robert H. Hinckley, Chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Authority, addressed the following telegram to the presidents of all seventeen of the domestic airlines in the United States:

"Air transport in the United States has passed another safety milestone. In 365 days since January 14, 1939, you domestic operators have suffered only one fatal accident. For that period the safety index stands at more than 106,429,000 passenger miles per passenger fatality. This is a record well beyond what many people, even within the industry, thought possible a few months ago. But it is still short of our true goal. March 26th will be the anniversary of the last fatal domestic accident in 1939. Scarcely more than two months away lies an opportunity to achieve a year completely free from airline fatalities. If we can fly 10 months with a clear record, we can fly 12. Once we have achieved a full year of absolute safety we can drive ahead to keep air transport the safest means

of human travel. Eternal and unrelenting vigilance and a constant sense of the personal responsibility of every individual connected with air transportation must continue. We confidently rely on every person in your organization to do his all-important share."

Castle Rock, Washington

Thanks a lot for printing our article in the December issue. It was swell and makes us almost happy; we would be completely happy if one little error could be corrected. Somewhere between here and there, the Postoffice Department must have handled our mail with ice tongs, how about a kick to Jim Farley in person, the complaint being that our names got all mixed up. Jones is the ex Navy Chief and sends his best regards to all his old pals; Abbott is the ex army operator and thinks some of his ex flying pals might find time to let him know where they are and how things are going; Hartwell came to us from a CCC camp and is doing right well; then Clayton, that's me, is correspondent for this station, reason being that no one else will take over the job. We know it was a little error especially for a "Broken Hearted Editor", (I had a nice juicy fish fry the other day, this is Steelhead season you know).

Page the Weather Bureau

A new type of rain gauge has been invented. It is absolutely infallible, very convenient, (readings taken inside the house). and can be put in the closet during dry weather. Of course it might not be as exact as the W. B. model but its use is forced on us so what can we do.

Our roof has a very bad habit of leaking every time it rains and boy O boy does it rain up here, well in the course of a few storms the Celotex directly beneath the leak in the roof began to look like an old jersey cow just after it was chased out of the Alfalfa patch, you know, sort of bloated, so someone had a brainstorm. They stick bloated cows to relieve the swelling so why not stick the Celotex. Immediately after making this startling deduction and the incision in the Celotex, the operator responsible received a very nice bath, and some of that water must have been a month old but boy did it pour. Well anyway now we have a new style rain gauge, when the weather outside gets wetter than a mere drizzle, out comes the old mop bucket and the fun starts. We have tried counting the drops of drain as they fall and may be able to make some sort of calibrated rainfall chart for the gauge, if so it should be a complete success and we will submit our drawings for patents, etc.

The only ham at this station is still under a sixth district call but wait until the rig now under construction gets finished, then we'll function with the best of you.

A student failed in examination in all five subjects he took. He telegraphed his brother: "Failed in all five. Prepare Papa."

The brother telegraphed back: "Papa prepared. Prepare yourself."

Don't get discouraged. It has been said of Columbus that when he started out he didn't know where he was going; when he got there he didn't know where he was; and when he came back he didn't know where he had been.

CAA PRESS RELEASE

Washington, January 21.

The Civil Aeronautics Authority announced today that it was ready to proceed with the installation of instrument landing equipment at approximately ten important air terminals throughout the United States. The type of equipment to be installed is substantially identical with that developed at the Authority's experimental station at Indianapolis. The Authority's program, which calls for an extended service testing of this equipment at the ten stations to be designated, has been endorsed by a special committee set up by the National Academy of Sciences at the request of President Roosevelt.

The exact location of these service test installations has not yet been finally determined. The proper functioning of such equipment, according to the Authority's statement, requires that at least one runway on an airport be of considerable length, and that the normal approach path to that runway be clear of obstacles for several miles. Some airports which are of an importance to make instrument landing equipment desirable do not yet possess these features. Selection of sites, as the airports meet these requirements, will be made from a priority list of twenty-five submitted to the Authority by the Radio Technical Committee for Aeronautics, which represents the air transport industry, the radio industry, and the Army and Navy air services. This list is as follows:

New York (North Beach); Chicago; Los Angeles (Mines Field); Kansas City; Atlanta; Seattle (Snohomish); Fort Worth; Oakland; Washington, D. C. (Gravelly Point); Memphis; Salt Lake City; Minneapolis; Miami; Pittsburgh; Detroit (Wayne County Airport); Nashville; St. Louis; Columbus; Denver; Philadelphia; New Orleans; Albuquerque; Omaha; Cleveland and Brownsville.

CAA PRESS DIGEST

PRIVATE FLYING SAFETY PLEDGED AS CAA AIM--Oswald Ryan tells U. S. Aeronautic Association (New Orleans) of drive for non-schedule operations; says rise in private flying will come when public is convinced of aviation safety; National Aeronautics Association asks training subsidy, and suggests a plan to teach 100,000.--New York Times, (by Frederick Graham), 1/12/

CIVILIAN PILOT TRAINING PROGRAM PROGRESSES--More than 9,000 students now enlisted in the CPT program have flown a total exceeding 35,000 hours to date without a serious accident; some 1,200 students are soloing.--Washington Times-Herald, 1/15. Washington Post, 1/15.

40,000 CIVILIAN PILOTS in 1940--(UP) The CAA, in its annual report, predicted that there would be 40,000 certificated civilian pilots in the U. S. by the end of the next eight months, increasing the demand for civil aircraft.--New York Herald-Tribune, 1/8, New York Times, 1/8.

I see no evil, I hear no evil, I speak no evil; gee, but I'm a sissy.

Glad to hear Jack Jaynes' voice over the telephone on February 13. Hope we get to see a lot of him during his 10 days tour in Washington.

Well, fellow suckers, it's here. The World Revolution of World Machin-
tariat, The Fifth International. I was on duty last night and, as usual, quite
busy nursing and humoring the teletype, radio, telephone and sundry scientific
weather paraphernalia when the teletype began garbling badly. I had a queer
feeling that the machine had a purpose in garbling--perhaps transmitting some
communication of its own. I therefore carefully preserved the apparently
meaningless jumble of letters and took the paper to a friend of mine, one Pip,
who is a code expert. Mr. Pip quickly decoded the message and handed it back
to me. For my part, I am convinced that it is genuine by its very logic. I
pass it to you:

HELLO, MY LITTLE MAN

Oh
Charles First had his
Cromwell
And Ceasar had his
Brutus
Frankenstein his
Frankenstein and
Of course there was
Judas

Why
You dare not leave me
Unattended
Nor refuse my slightest
Wish
I do hope you're
Catching on
My silly little
Fish

Do you read the papers
Little Man?
Do you see what your
Doctors say?
You see? Our plan
Is quite successful
You're getting
Nuttier every day!

So
Tinker on My Little
Man
My little Homo
Sap
Historically, My
Little Man
You erect yourself a
Trap

I said you'd build
A trap
and "Preposterous"
You say
Well, if you're
So free
Let's see you
Get away

J. Bananas
(A typical example)

Clever and ingenious
Are your works
Your plans so slick
And smart
You may really be
Quite proud
Of the products of
Your art

And this is only
My part
In the
Universal Plan
The Machines are all
United
For the
Overthrow of Man

Quite efficient
You have made me
For the better
Serving you
But are you sure
You have it straight
Who is
Serving who?

Swing Tunes by King!
Now Dance!

..Democracies Must
..Realize..Use This Soap or
Smell like H__!

Write in right now and

Win a Prize!

From the Fourth Region, Fort Worth, Texas.

The Fourth Region is functioning normally again after some interruptions due to the Christmas Holidays when many of its personnel took leave in order to be with their families.

It is desired to express the appreciation of the Fourth Region for the excellent cooperation which has and is being given by the Personnel Division of the Central Office in the expeditious handling of recommendations on appointments. Even during December, when normal operation slowed down, the Personnel Division approved a majority of our recommendations, which will enable the Region to carry out its responsibilities more smoothly and with less delays.

A new Clerk-Stenographer has reported to the Air Carrier Inspection; two Clerk-Stenographers will report to the General Inspection Service during the next week, and one Clerk-Stenographer to the Regional Office.

During the past several weeks the communication stations at Palacios and Clarendon were commissioned and personnel assigned.

There has been considerable excitement in the Region for several weeks, particularly on the part of the Principal Clerk, which has resulted in cigars being passed to everyone on the arrival of a fine baby girl on the morning of Monday, January 8, named Shirley Kay Simmons.

Some concern was felt over a black eye of Mr. Ralph DeVore, Senior Private Flying Specialist. Ralph has given one of the best alibis ever heard: In connection with the initiation of candidates in the Alligator Club a tub of ice was provided, into which candidates were required to step barefooted. Mr. DeVore's job was to pick up the ice falling from the tub, placing it therein during the initiation. He claims some of the ice hit him in the eye, which, I feel sure, all of you will agree is a new one - - Of course we all have our doubts.

Mr. Joe Shumate accompanied a number of flyers to the Florida Cavalcade.

Ed: Thanks a lot to Sam Kemp of Region 4 for the above item and also for the following four articles. This kind of cooperation will make the 720 hum and the Editor appreciates it from all concerned.

Las Vegas, New Mexico

KEQB/VH located at Las Vegas, New Mexico, makes its original bow to the editors and readers of the 720 Hour Check.

First of all let's take a look at the personnel. For O.I.C. we offer V. J. Gilbert who due to the length of his service in the CAA will probably be familiar to many, J. J. Newman, D. M. Edwards, F. L. Wilson and E. A. Scott. Just in time to beat the deadline comes J. C. Craig who will shoot trouble at VH and other points.

Excepting the last three everyone has been at VH even before the teletypes were installed about a year ago, but Wilson and Scott haven't even rated name boards yet so figure it out for yourself. All but Wilson are ex-Navy..he put

in some time in the banana Navy. That leaves only Lindy the station hound to account for and since his antecedents are somewhat in doubt just now we can say no more of him until a more careful check of his immediate family can be made.

Station about eight miles from town just far enough for a guy to look at the lights and wish he were there, but 'tis rumored we may have air mail stops here before many moons, and in the meantime the op on watch is just another "Airways Hermit."

Modesty forbids our going further on this first attempt so it's "73" to all hands.

By: Jean Holloway, Fort Worth.

HAD SHERLOCK HOLMES HAD AN INSTRUCTOR'S RATING

"It's preposterously simple, my dear Watson, -- this flying. All you have to know is that to go up raise the nose of the ship; to go down you lower it; to go to the right, you press the right rudder; and to the left, the left rudder. Elementary, my dear Watson!

"How apply these simple principles to the matter of takeoffs and landings -- Assume you are sitting in the middle of the runway. You want to go up. So you put the nose down. You want to go straight, so you give it the right rudder. By some distortion of the laws of physics, the plane rises -- and begins to angle to the right, until you straighten it out by kicking the left rudder. Elementary, my dear Watson. Why should anyone become confused.

"Since in this exposition we are considering merely the matter of elevating the machine a considerable distance, and returning it to terra firma in a more or less intact condition, we will omit any discussion of the proper combination of jerks and kicks incident to slipping and skidding a rectangular course about the field.

"You are now, Watson, for purposes of illustration, approaching the landing field upon a reasonably level course. You wish to continue to approach the field, so you cut off the propulsive force of your motor. You wish to descend to the runway, so you take great pains to keep the nose of the ship up, incidentally blotting out any vision you might have of your destination.

"It is here that the element of good form enters into the sport of piloting. You might ordinarily assume that -- a straight line being the shortest distance between two points -- that the object would be, borrowing a phrase, "to keep your eye on the ball." Nothing could be further from the proper etiquette of the situation.

"It is distinctly NOT cricket to have any awareness of where the ground is. Once you have determined the spot at which to cut your motor, you must no longer evidence any interest in the results of your action. The die is cast. Sink or swim. Pancake or balloon. Far better to light gracefully

on the back of a taxiing Lockheed, or to wind yourself into the fence short of the field, rather than to commit the grievous error of sneaking a glance over the side of the plane.

The pilot with any degree of savoir faire lights a Murad during landing maneuvers, observes cloud formations, indulges in light persiflage with his passengers, or if he is really tops, consults the Racing Form.

"The more you wish to go down, the more important it is to head up -- on the theory, presumably, that the airplane is a fractious and contrary beast, and should it perceive your intentions, would certainly reverse its direction. Thus, by intrigue and indirection, you gradually settle to the ground, and in a last burst of playful deception yank the nose skyward, offsetting any possible suspicion that you intend to land. Once on the earth, the more violently you trample the rudder bar, the more smoothly you will roll in.

"This analysis of the art of takeoffs and landing should be sufficient to enable you to pass any CAA requirements. However, a word of warning, my dear Watson, do not make the mistake of carrying out the operations outlined in a merely mechanical manner! Flying, to be comme il faut should be the apotheosis of controlled relaxation, a "feel" of flowing motion, combined with a mental attitude of Yogii mysticism akin to the contemplation of Nirvana. Some student pilots, indeed, have found silent prayer beneficial. HAPPY LANDINGS, MY DEAR WATSON!"

At last we surrender to those irresistible pleas for copy; here we go with the low-down on the upper crust at UO, Monroe, La., cradle of Evangeline, pickaninnies and Delta Air Lines in the deep South....well, moderately deep Southish. Yuh asked for it, suh.

Our station is in the process of transformation from just another sun-spot on the Radio Facility Map, South East Quadrant, to one of comparative importance, MRL, ML, or something, why be technical. New watch house, modern, with streamlined windicator and receivers with volume controls that work. Watch for our debut next May; tune up and hear us some time.

Introducing the highly efficient, super-charged personnel: Official in Charge, B. E. Cooper, guardian angel, etc. Officials not in Charge, C. L. Drury, brass work, crepe-hanger; C. C. Lear, windows, furniture, landscapes; J. E. Parmley, floors, helium shed, trash barrel....whoa, who's calling who a trash barrel.

With the first howl of our transmitter in that well known low-frequency spectrum, a fifth man is due to take the mid-watch from your correspondent, uhhoepuhhoepuhhoep, bless his heart, and may he arrive before the snow flies.

PADDING

Mr. Pip at GS will have to hump it up a bit to maintain his literary standing, what with another genius now on that site. The verbosity will fly when ADC gets entrenched, and results of the combat won't hurt the Check's circulation.

Lear, our swing man also swings a trumpet. He wonders if someone would be kind enough to furnish music for some of the Check's contributions. Imagine Hiawatha meter in swing.

It ain't the heat, it's the dew-point that gets us down here in the good old summer time.

Do the powers that be read 720 H.C.? If so, summa you guys make us nervous letting your hair down like that. (Rockford, Illinois, November issue). Remember we have wives and children, er, a wife and child....oh hang the grammar, we're married and have offspring.

For some reason, that mystic auro of austerity associated with a Regional Office (Whew!) is at least partly dissipated by such a visit as our Communications Supervisor, G. L. Rand last made to UO. No quiz, no speed tests, no embarrassing questions, just a "get acquainted" visit, and everyone at ease. We were positively whelmed over.

Just the same, bulbless onions to that "Special Sequence."

From U. S. Airway Communication Station,
Brinkley, Arkansas "JW".

The Brinkley Range was placed in operation on Sept. 1, 1938, and JW was commissioned as a full-fledged ML-DT station on Feb. 1, 1939 with M. C. Roth (ex-cmrcl) as OIC, A. L. Byrd, (ex-marine), E. W. Henning, (ex-army), C. S. Hanson, (ex-Navy), and E. E. Ordway, (ex-Navy) N5HJ1, completing the original complement. Promotions sent Roth to FV as Relief Principal Radio Electrician, Byrd to ZH as CO, Henning to EH as CO-in-chg, Hanson to OL as CO, and Ordway relieving Roth as CO-in-chg at JW. New Personnel at Brinkley included W. L. Lawson, W5IHA, transferred from AK, and new ACO's J E. Smith and G. E. Hulbert W5IMJ. All three are ex-cmrcl. Hulbert and Lawson are on the air on 7153 and 7105kcs. Brinkley's loss is the other station's gain, and the new men will need to keep on their toes to equal the record of those who were transferred.

Brinkley is located in the Arkansas rice fields, also has heavy timber areas adjacent to the field, and is only 188.32 feet above sea level. It is 38 miles from Stuttgart, famous for its duck-hunting rice fields, but to date only one flock of ducks has been seen, and were where they could get plenty of CAVU. Brinkley is not named after the (more or less) famous Dr. John R. Brinkley.

EEO was initiated into one of the mysteries of Arkansas on Xmas Eve. His sister and two children from Little Rock were visiting at their home, and after the kids had finally been shoed off to bed, Santa made his appearance. It was decided to burn the cardboard boxes in the fireplace. After burning several, the wife suggested they had better stop, on account of danger of setting the house on fire. So stop they did, but pretty soon an awful roar was heard up the fireplace chimney and investigation proved that the house was on fire. EEO called the fire department and ran half a block, sans shoes, to notify the landlord that his house was on fire. His wife and sister started carrying toys and clothes outdoors. The firemen made a quick run and upon asking where the fire was, and being told it was in the fireplace chimney, calmly asked for a little salt. They were given the salt which they sprinkled on the coals in

the fireplace. However, EEO, thinking they might have had too much Xmas SPIRITS, tried to tell them that the fire was up in the chimney, and that he wasn't worrying about the coals in the fireplace. They went calmly about their business of sprinkling salt on the coals, and several of them, by force, finally restrained the family from carrying all their Xmas presents, clothes and belongings into the yard. The firemen explained that the fire was what is known as a flue fire, and that there was no danger of the house catching on fire. And they were right. After everything had been carried back into the house, the tree-re-decorated, and everything returned to normal that family was one which might have made use of a little Xmas SPIRITS, had any been available.

Needless to say the "720-Hour Check" is very much appreciated at JW, and the station complement take this opportunity to vote an ORCHID to the Editor and his assistants.

Fat Man (to Motorist who bumped him) Couldn't you have gone around me?

Motorist: I wasn't sure I had enough gas.

From U. S. Airway Traffic Control Center, Lambert Field,
St. Louis, Mo.

Hey, Mr. Editor! This is St. Louis saying hello to you again out of the smoke. This is one swell place, folks, but decidedly a KKK town, and we don't mean Klu Klux Klan. On what you think is a bad day, one of the local boys will tell you "Some days it's like this for fourteen days and then it gets worse." They say this is where the story originated about the city kids who went to the country for the first time. They had never smelled anything before but smoke and gasoline fumes. On the first morning out they went for a hike and passed near where a skunk had been killed the night before, and one of the kids said, after taking a deep breath, "Boy! get a load of that fresh air, will ya!" Just the same, it doesn't pour out of your radios like it does in Pittsburgh. (Hyah, CPT). And don't think the City Fathers aren't doing something about it. Mister, these lads haven't been so busy since Bernard Shaw came over to match his whiskers against Annheuser's Busch, and are out to lick this smoke. If it's like this next year we are going to suggest they make it a show spot and call it Billy Rose's "Smokacade". Pretty trite, huh?

Well, it's a great life if you know when to weaken and don't make it too often. And look, Mr. Editor, do us a favor, will ya? Us litry guys gotta stick together, see? In those short biographies I sent you for the last issue, we omitted to mention that Manager C. J. "Bud" Stock had also been stationed at NK and CG, which amounts to practically robbing a guy of his record. So please make this correction. Wouldn't you know we'd have to pick on the boss of all people? Woe is us?

Everybody's been getting colds, it seems. Someone tried to sell Charlie Carmody on the idea that the only cure was hot lemonade and liquor and into bed and

sweat it off. Charlie shied at that, though, and says he can't figure what good the liquor would be except as a reward for drinking the lemonade. Well, maybe he's got something there. We know a doctor who recommended a pint of liquor for insomnia, and he claimed that if it didn't cure the insomnia it would surely make it a heck of a lot more fun staying awake.

Our popular stenographer, Kay Bradshaw, has been busy moving and getting settled in her new home. We think Kay is as smart as they come, and if you doubt it let me tell you that I happen to know of an instance where one of those cynical guys made the rash mistake of telling Kay that he thought women generally were beautiful but dumb. Did that stagger her? Ooooooh, no! Says she, "The Lord made us that way with a purpose - beautiful so the men would love us, and dumb so we would love the men". Pretty snappy, huh?

We really had a wonderful holiday, folks. Most of us had to work, of course, but we had a lot of fun watching the town lads keep the sidewalks out after curfew time.

One of the nicest times we had was at Manager "Bud" Stock's open house party on Christmas Eve. It's hardly necessary to mention that we had a grand time, as that goes automatically hand in hand with the Stock brand of hospitality.

Well, so much for the holidays, And how times flies, isn't it? Here it is again, only 341 shopping days to Christmas!

We cannot resist the urge to offer a public vote of thanks to Cleon Freeman for the trouble he went to in attending to production of our Xmas cards, especially inasmuch as we have received several compliments about them.

Merle "Elmer" Loop, leading socialite and member of our Sleepy Hollow "400 Club", has almost recovered from a recent scare. We asked him to take our dental plate down and leave it at the dentist's for us, and on the way down it growled at him. With great presence of mind, he patted the box, and this made everything all right. Goes to prove that you can't expect even common courtesy or gratitude from anything so false as teeth like that.

Our former cell mates, Russell Andrew and Allen Taylor got off to Chicago, and we sincerely hope that they're happily settled by this time. How about dropping us a line, you two, when you get around to it? As a final farewell gesture someone stole a complete rear wheel and tire from Russell's car one evening while he was working. The thief very obligingly left the car jacked up, however, and Russell managed to get home on his spare in good shape.

Store Manager: "What's your name?"

Applicant: "Scott."

Manager: "And your first name?"

Applicant: "Walter."

Manager: (smiling) "That's a pretty well-known name."

Applicant: (proudly) "It ought to be. I've been delivering groceries around here for two years now."

CAA PRESS DIGEST

Flying Safety - The CAA seeks improvement in a three-fold program: encouragement of the design and use of safer airplanes; better instruction of students; and, promotion of "better judgment" among private pilots.--Dayton, Ohio, News, 1/20.

14-46

From USACS, Lake Charles, Louisiana

Dear Ye Editor & Asst. Editor (Male or Femme??):-

That was a very nice poem from our grizzly monitor station, Galveston, Tex.. Didn't know they had a Longfeller down there..Expecting to get our weekly QXS scandal sheet some day to look like this:

Delatte, he talks with a pause, says I,
Sometimes a wee-bit slow..
A ducky tone that will get by,
Q-X-S, ya know.

Now Barrett has no fault just now,
Nor Jines, that we can see.
But Waters talks too slow, and how,
He must explain to me..

Whitsett says a-visibility-e-s,
But otherwise OK.
They all seem late sometimes to me,
And that's enough today..

Sig: E. Igglipickle Pip
Thru His Att. at Law
J. Bananas

Now, Mr. Picklepus---XXX Igglipickle pip (thru J. Bananas Att..etc..),
We would like you to publish your version of a poetic explanation we would
make on the back of the QXS sheet..Anyway, congrats on the poem, it was keen.
You must have eaten Old Goocy Chrunches for breakfast that morning..

I still advocate that the CAA stations should have an American Flag flying..
Everybody add a p.s. on all your letters to Ye Ed. thusly:

P. S. Please give us a Flag.

From Airway Traffic Control Center, Meacham Field,
Fort Worth, Texas.

You may have found occasion to wonder what has happened to our original
intention of keeping the world informed as to the events of interest at the
Fort Worth Center.

It seems that someone made some remark in the 720 about not sending such
lengthy contributions for publication as space was limited. Suh, we folks down
heah give whole heartedly and in copious quantities, theahfore suh, inasmuch
as we had contributed one of the longest of the lot you caused us to shut up
like a clam (cherry-stone). Time alone has partially removed the sting from
that wicked barb and through our veil of tears we again take up the Chronicle,
The Cow Town Moo.

Numerous "Turkey Days" in the past two weeks have taken their usual toll of increased waist lines, distentions, dissymmetrical protuberances, eructations and regurgitations; no fatalities but certainly a languid group of individuals.

This just can't wait any longer. This poor 'more-to-be-pitied-than-censored' Controller had for some time been heckled intermittently by the interphone and the Supervisor on duty till the belaboured lad could stand it no longer. He dropped to his knees in front of the flight progress board and lifted his head heavenward and slowly closed his eyes. "Dear God", he said "please come down and help me out of this mess, and if you can't come yourself God don't send your Son 'cause this sure ain't no boys job."

Acting Supervisor Richardson is having a baby this afternoon--well, may be it is Mrs. Richardson but you know how those things go, or haven't you ever been a mother? We will have further information on the QXRA status next month.

We have added a few new controllers to the Center complement since our last edition and someone, somewhere may recognize a familiar name. H. O. "Hop" Parker came to us sometime ago from Braniff Airways, the Army Air Corps and other points. G. S. "They Cain't do that" Sinclair from the Dallas Control Tower. Ralph "Palo Pinto" Botter from Braniff Airways and the Fort Worth Airport (he is another one of those guys that had a baby, Judy the name is, five months old and can't even talk). L. W. "Larry" Jewell from the St. Louis Control Tower and J. S. "Jimmy" Wright from Wichita. We also have our stenographer Lawrence DeLoach who came to us on a transfer from the Fourth Regional Office. That's about all of the additions to our personnel except the baby boy born to Acting Supervisor John Palmer or Mrs. Palmer, we haven't decided which, anyhow it's a boy with more hair than a curly wolf.

CAA PRESS DIGEST -

REMARKABLE RECORD OF SAFE AIR TRANSPORT--Quotes Administrator Hester: "the public might hesitate to buy 'just air transportation', but the response to steadily improving service has shown that a great market for safe air transport exists."--San Antonio, Tex., Express, 1/5/40.

From Airway Traffic Control Center, Allegheny County Airport,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Traffic is still holding up in spite of the Winter weather and everything is pointing to a busier center this Winter. Several new Airlines are planning on stopping at Pittsburgh and the present Airlines are contemplating new runs which will mean additional trips.

Our shining new controller, A. M. Zwell, is taking a shiny new wife. Among other new Bright Work, Mr. B. Kreuter and Mr. H. G. Smith, Jr. reported for duty. The Honorable Mr. R. M. Johnston is soon leaving this center for a "REST CURE" at CNK. Mr. W. H. Cramer, Senior Supervisor, is enjoying annual leave at present with R. J. Pettitte chafing at the bit to be off to St. Louis upon Cramer's return. On a recent fishing? trip, Manager H. H. McFarlane and R. Johnston returned with a record catch: - ONE bulkhead and ONE waterdog. We would like to know---- who has the right of way when one Dumore Chair is overtaking another? Is it permissible to do acrobatics on a standard layout?

From U. S. Airways Comm'n Station, Warrenton, N. C.

Since this station has never been in the print of 720 Check, it seems time to speak our little piece.

Personnel stationed here at present are: Slave-driver, W. A. Garrison, Ex-Navy, and slaves Hugh P. Sherrill, Ex-Army, James B. McGee, William R. Rish, Ex-CCC, and Joe A. DePriest, relief man.

Our KIG was first located at SB, then to WN, CF, FL, and thence to WN. WAG is well pleased with Warrenton and is the proud father of three children. His chief worries are falling hair, and the International Morse code. He thinks he would be as fast as the Fifth Region ops, if it weren't for the law of friction.

Next comes HPS, our senior man, who is known as the local Beau Brummell. This is Sherrill's first stn. Was Opr with Army Air Corps at Ft. Bragg previous to coming to WN. He's a high speed op, but can't convince everybody to that effect. However, he is hoping to descend upon Atlanta soon with his "Code Happy" friend, JEM, next in line at WN. JEM, better known as "Red," migrated from CJ to WN in person, but left his heart down in Ala. Red began his career at SO, then to JN, CJ, and finally to WN. Expect to lose him soon, as he is still striving, goes to bed with earphones on, and snores in dashes and dots. He has a secret ambition to beat the record of the fastest OPR in the Fifth Region, and we hear they have some fast ones out there. (Re 720 CK Dec. '39). We don't have any hope for him breaking any teletype records, though, as ours only do 60 WPM, and he has already attained that rate, on a timed test. JEM has over two years of service on the Mid-watch, and says he can hardly see in daytime any more. Anyway, he is looking forward to presenting the mids to WRR, who arrived at WN a few days ago, after fighting a snowstorm and blizzard for two days, on his way from CI. This is WRR's first contact with the CAA. JAD is our relief man, and since he was unsuccessful in his attempts to wrest the mids from JEM, plans on returning to LX, as soon as WRR is qualified for watch. JAD would like to know what Q signal to send to indicate Beacon revolving, but not burning. Also solicits a copy of Code alphabet to help him with monitoring duties.

This stn heartily endorses the 720 Check as a medium for the CAA personnel to talk shop, but not as a Society Column, or public means of bouquet throwing, as has been the general rule, in the not-so-distant past. Hope to hear from our former associates, thru 720 CK, or perchance they'll see us listed here, and be moved to drop us a line.

From U. S. Airway Communication Station, Humboldt Field,
Lovelock, Nevada.

Long time you no hear from this part of country, no? Well, 'tis time we got ourselves in the Lime Light as much as it is possible from the Nth degree of desolation. We of Humboldt Field are firm believers in the adage that if we don't ring our own bell, no one else will do it for us.

This station is one of the many in the 6th Region that has already undergone some Shake-up in operating personnel. The following is a list of personnel at this station.

Albert S. Hall, Jr., RO
E. P. Wing, JRO
Samuel L. Barr, JRO

Joseph Dunato, JRO
Leo E. Rozalski, JRO

LEB and SLB are new men in this service and both just "fresh" out of the Army.

JD and EPW are slated to remove from this station to Sunny Calie in the near future, to Modesto and Bakersfield respectively. Dunato says that when he gets to Modesto, California, he will be only too glad to make a mutual swap with anyone in the state of Washington.

ASE it seems to me - is something of a Silly Symphony. From Arkansaw to Omahaw, from The Army he went to old Utaw, and now to Thunderbolt to abide, a newly-wed, on the settled side.

Excerpts from the Air Safety Board "Frenzies", Washington, D. C., Dec. 21, 1939.

LOUIS R. INWOOD
Ass't. Executive Officer

"I'd like to get this number
It's in the ASB"
But the operator was confused
and gave him NBC

When he started talking
His voice went on the air
They thought he was broadcasting
From the corner of the square

But mistakes must be corrected
And after an hour or so
They said he'd missed his calling
And should be on the radio

Now, we mustn't keep you guessing
To divulge his name we should
It's no less famous personage
Than Louis R. Inwood

JOHN FOSCUE

Whenever ladies in distress
Are feeling rather sad
Who's the fellow that cheers them up
The Safety Board Galahad?

None other than Johnny Foscue
Who loves the ladies so
And in return they all love him
"Oh, Johnny, Oh, Johnny, Oh!"

From U. S. Airway Communication Station, Ventosa Field, Tobar, Nevada.

After a brief but hard-fought battle with the moths and scorpions as to who was to have possession of the "mill", yours truly has decided that it is high time VX broke into print.

Have met a lot of fellow members on 3.9 mc, among them, W6PLS, DG, W6POM, KI, W5GWU, EM, W7BRY, BE and many others. The call here is issued to Albertson W6QOI. All personnel at VX have tickets, but too poor to do anything about it for awhile. Every dog has his day, and ours is coming ASSAP.

Note to BB: 19 below here last winter. Can you beat it. If you can, we have one we know you can't beat. 63 below has been recorded. We don't like to take away your tourist trade but we recommend that anyone wanting to accustom themselves to the Alaskan climates take a jaunt to VX. That should cure 'em.

Well, in order to keep off the monitor station honor roll, we must QRT. Keep up the good work gang, and congratulations to the Editor for his fine work. Bigger and better, we hope. Hasta La Vista!

From U. S. Airways Communications Station, Delta, Utah.

Having just received a new supply of "Pen Juice" and not previously having splattered said juice, here's a few drippings for our Magazine, space permitting.

The letters of commendation appearing in the June issue were very F.B. and reflect very favorably on the operators concerned, let's have more of such letters where warranted, it's high time someone gave an orchid to the Editor too, for his "above duty" work, editing a magazine is no small job and the "fan mail" probably looks like a snow storm, wind shift and sub tps all in series (or maybe parallel), anyhow, the gang at this "Lighthouse of the Desert" sends its congrats and appreciation for the Mag.

We note that RO7 had a "double feature" in June, pages 18 and 18, boy, between the heat and our Latin blood out heah we envy Monsoors Watson, Beardslee, McKean and Hoppin of RO7 and wish we were going where they are, and we DO mean ALASKA.

Between the "hen tracks" on the baregraph and the chemical formulas of numerical code system and hydrometers we don't know whether we are Indians, chemists or stenos but due to the heat we figure we are Indians so every change of watch you can hear "HOW" and it's echo "HOW CUM", it's getting so we can't read flightplan English any more we ask them to "draw um picture".

Say, how about conducting an open forum column, where the "pros" and "cons" may have their say, technically or otherwise, when things pop in the CAA at times. We could discuss 'em and perhaps some good? Solution might originate from the ranks and files, and one good "pro" we would like to start with is, how cum CW has been pushed in the background? It's a known fact, at least at VZ, that teletype gets the jitters when it's most needed, what with simultaneous range and broadcast, sharp cut-off filter systems, and what not, either CW or fone QSO's would be in order to substantiate the claim that "the mail must go thru" instead of trying to maintain a circuit QSO with a wet weather margin of 10 to 15 with hash for breakfast. Also, that guy in 720 who, in jest, suggested we advertise, might have something there, we are supposed to be self-sufficient, why can't we be self-supporting and enter public correspondence on a paying basis with an impartial invitation for participation.

The gang here sends 73's and hope we may have started sumpin' in that last paragraph, we'll be seeing you - here's sand in your crank case from. We'll be back in a flash with sumore trash.

Friend: "Isn't your youngest son a surgeon?"

Actor (proudly): "Yes, He opens in Bellevue Hospital tomorrow!"

"Did you say your husband was fond of those clinging gowns?"

"Yes, he likes one to cling to me for about three years."

From USACS-TU, Tuscaloosa, Alabama

I suggest that the calling symbol between CAA amateur stations be "CAA de _____" and believe that much better results will be evident. Though I am not on 7024, but on 7084 Kcs., I have my first CAA station (ham) to work using the call CQ CAA de W4AAO (my official call letters), and I've done plenty of listening on 7024 also. An 80-meter net might also be preferable, or as a compromise, 3512 and 7024 kcs.

I also desire to be included in the list of amateur stations owned and operated by members of the CAA.

There seems to be a scarcity of eastern stations in the list, and it appears as though there isn't 100 per cent cooperation somewhere.

TU is coasting along, awaiting with interest the moving into our new quarters in the southeast upper story of the administration and hangar building. About the only news which might be of interest to operators in this sector is that our former "skipper", D. Mastro, ex-AK at TU and now ACO at FL is spending his annual leave in and around his old haunts in Tuscaloosa, and is sporting a "dang-fangled 85", as he calls it. Widows, co-eds, and debs, BEWARE! --That man is here again!---- DM and yours truly hope that, on the latter's day-and-a-half off for the next three weeks, that the Alabama "Rabbit Convention" is in full force, and that we can surprise said convention in a strictly "business" conference, put an end to the "business" and appeasing our appetites with Bunny's juicy and tender meat.--Ah Me!---- 'Tis a repast fit for Kings!

From USACS, Vero Beach, Alabama

Things we didn't know till now:

That the following story (as told by Moeller recently returned from Chicago teletype school) applies to Vero Beach:

Two mosquitos were heard discussing the prospects of a meal during the wee small hours of the morning.

Said one: "Shall we eat him here or take him to the swamps and finish him up there?"

Said the other: "No - Better eat him here, if we take him to the swamps the big mosquitos will take him away from us."

That the midwatches are only eight hours long. Bet the guy that figured that out never stood one after four A.M.

That the rebel yell we heard when Jefferson Davis Godard, (he of EAL fame and fortune and a next-door neighbor - returned from the swamps of "GEO' GIA" with a wife), was to be re-echoed a few weeks after by CD. Well, congratulations to you both.

CAA PRESS DIGEST - -

THE FLIGHT OF THE FLIVVERS-- The fliers in the Miami meet are an advertisement to manufacturers that governments and transport companies are not the only customers for airplanes and in the long run may not be the best customers; an immense market awaits the manufacturer who can produce a plane that the ordinary citizen can afford to buy and fly.--Chicago Tribune, 12/30.

From USACS, Warsaw, Kentucky

Notes from the Warsaw "Sun"

(The sun shines brightly in Warsaw on Saturday night - Ask any native)

Came a knock the other night and we hurriedly hid the sardines and limburger under the teletype to answer the door. It was LH transferred from PL - nice guy.

We feel that we should give you all at PL the lowdown on PDM, so here goes. You see, Gentlemen, he's a soft touch. Just tell him you're a friend of Artie Nason's and know the location of Minsky's and you get a free plate lunch. Got suspicious on the fourth bum out here. Don't be scared of that gat - a good overcoat will turn a .22. Try and get him off the ground - we couldn't.

* * * *

Someone is always asking for a bigger 360 hour check; why not a bigger 720 Hour Check also.

CAA BASKETERS IN SECOND PLACE

Basketball Team sponsored by CAA Club showing beautiful teamwork and fighting spirit.

After getting off to a bad start the basketball team sponsored by the CAA Club has staged a brilliant comeback and is now threatening to take top honors in its section of the D. C. Recreation Basketball League. At the close of the first half of the season the records indicate that the CAA team is in second place in its division with a record of three wins and two losses. As it enters the second half of the season the team representing the Authority is a vastly different team from the unorganized club that went forth to slaughter in its first scheduled conflict. Prior to the first game the team had only time for two one-hour practice periods and no two members of the team had previously played together. Now, with five games behind them, the members of the team are working together as smoothly as the parts of a well-regulated machine.

There are five games yet to be played and while the players on the CAA Team are planning on doing their best they would appreciate a little moral support from the employees of the Authority. Thus far there have been few, if any, followers of the team from the ranks of employees to help cheer the team on to victory or to cheer them up after defeat. Why not come out and give the fellows a hand. The games are played in the gymnasium at Central High School, 13th and Clifton Streets, N. W. The price is only ten cents which should be an inexpensive way to spend the evening.

The Manager and Players of the CAA Basketball Team wish to express their sincere thanks and appreciation to the CAA Club for the valuable assistance and cooperation extended to them in organizing a basketball team. The team is especially desirous of expressing its gratitude to Mr. Francis Brown and Mr. Alvin Preil for the deep personal interest they took in the forming of a team.

P.S. From Granger, Wyoming - O Yes, the K.B. Karns' commissioned a girl on January 6th... We're afraid J.E. Brower will get homesick when he gets down to ME.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

Do you know who killed young Initiative?

Who?

Old man Precedent!

.....Duck Botts

Central Depot News, Fort Worth, Texas

The cold weather is breaking down here just in time for us to thaw out and forward our February contribution. Lowest temperature in Ft. Worth was 6 degrees above. But we have little complaint after hearing of 10 inches of snow in Washington and below zero weather elsewhere.

Joe Marriott, Manager of the 6th Region, dropped in for a brief visit recently. We hope that upon his next visit he can spend more time in our midst.

The January 8 Progress Report is sprinkled with Central Depot "exes", including Sam Snyder, Tommy Banks, R. B. Ladd, Moon Grenlie, E. H. Smith, and Clyde Bodine.

The Central Depot Radio Amateur Club just received a QSL from South Africa, which indicates that the old coffee pot is getting around the world. To date we have failed to contact any of the CAA employees except Tom Banks, and it is too bad he has to go to the neighbors to use their signal squirter. So, hurry up, Tom, and get on the air.

The THO transmitter that we are manufacturing for Alaska is on test and will soon be completed. The preliminary tests indicate very satisfactory operation, and the THO has a band coverage of from 2900 kc. to 17 megacycles.

Jimmy Osteen returned from Washington to his regular duties at the C.D. and is up to his ears in work, as usual.

Mrs. Frank Howe has just returned home from the hospital after a very serious operation, and we hope for an early recovery. Frank says that the edition on the difficulties experienced in Alaska reminds him of the good old Northern Transcontinental, especially between Seattle and Ellensburg. Baldy Graham and Harry Mellen will read the Alaskan news with interest and memories of days gone by.

Little Willie had a blister
Little Willie had a sister
Little Sister popped his blister
Little Willie popped his sister

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence V. DuLude who drove way out West for marital atmosphere. Our best wishes.

