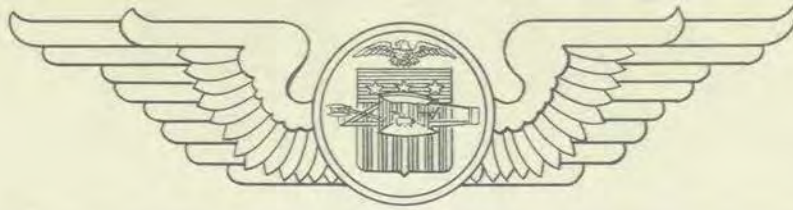


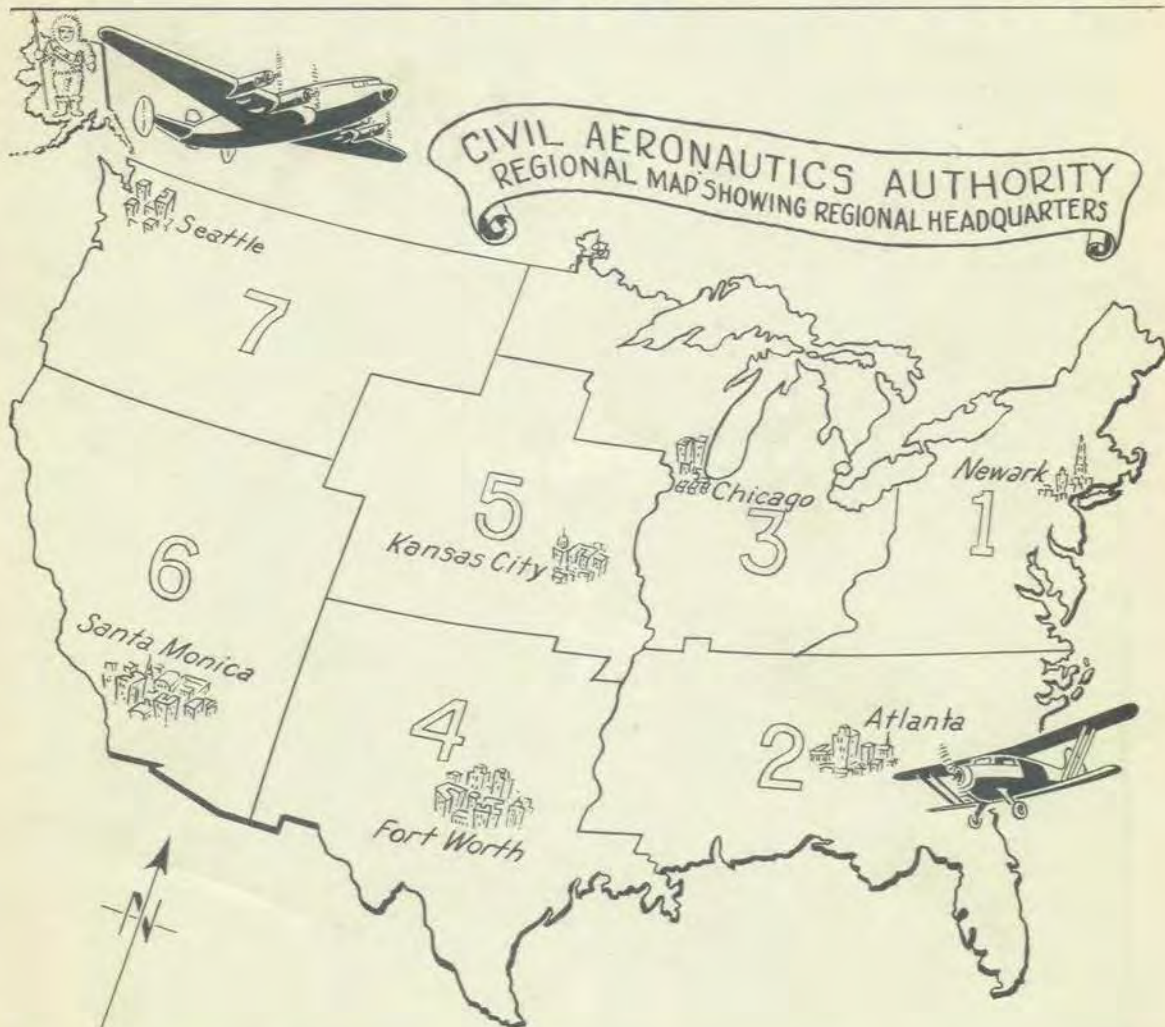
# 720 HOUR CHECK



Vol. 40

January, 1940

No. 1



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



1940

YOUTH is not a time of life ... it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair ... these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement of the stars and star-like things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing child-like appetite for what next, and the joy and game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station; so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long are you young.

When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then are you grown old indeed and may God have mercy on your soul.

--Anonymous.

And what is more synonymous of youth than AVIATION! So far no wires are down. Snow and Ice have been conquered by this aeronautical youth -- and the future is bright. And this youth will gain by leaps and bounds, to become a super man -- the marvel of the age. Let us guide him wisely, and well. He is our creation and he is destined for immortality.

And to Time Magazine we already nominate our man of the year for 1940 -- this Youth whom we christen "AVIATION".

We surely hated to say goodbye to ED YURAVICH today. ED is relinquishing command of the Air Carrier Inspection Section and is headed for California to become Acting Supervisor of Safety Regulation at Santa Monica. He has done an AAI job for the Air Carrier Section and he will be a very valuable addition to our Regional organization. Thanks to ED for a job well done and best wishes for the new home and duties!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL From the Editor.



Anchorage, Alaska.

Mr. Harry Agarter  
Civil Aeronautics Authority

Dear Harry:

Thanks so much for sending me the original of that Alaska picture, and give McComas a great big hand. I have it framed and hung on the wall at the apartment here and it creates a lot of comment and a lot of laughs. Life isn't quite as bad up here, as the picture would indicate but there are places where it isn't as far off as might be expected. For instance, the days really aren't as long as they might be in this country; one never gets half the things done that they hope and plan to accomplish, especially in their personal lives. We have a boat train once a week - today, Friday, is train day. Every Friday after the train leaves we all swear we will start writing letters immediately, but the next Friday rolls around in just a few hours and no letters - and this goes on and on, week after week. Of course it is just here in Anchorage that we are lucky enough to have one mail a week; up in the interior the only time you get mail is when a pilot makes a trip and kindly carries the mail with him. It might be this week or it might be next year, and there is nothing you can do about it.

We are all working very hard up here and the whole crew is putting forth every effort. The problems are many and different from any encountered in the states; for instance, at Nome the ground is frozen to within a foot or two at the surface all summer long and it is necessary to thaw ahead of our piling; at Hinchinbrook Island you have to transport all the material by a little boat from the big dock at Cordova, and how we are going to manage the steel remains to be seen; at Summit the only building is a section house and we have to send up a work train complete with commissary and cooks and union and CIO troubles, and I could go on and on with what constitutes our daily life. Never a dull moment.

Our little ugly duckling - the Fleetwing Amphibian - is a godsend, but the Douglas O-38 with or without pontoons or skis are a pain in the neck, but provides all the true Alaska flyers with a big laugh when they try to figure out how the pilot and passenger will, if they ever do get off the ground, keep from freezing to death. But then, of course, there is the other side and if you do freeze to death in the air, you won't have to figure out how you are going to land it, and you won't have to worry about draining out 58 quarts of oil that you haven't any cans to drain into, because the ship isn't big enough to carry both the cans and the pilots. Oh, yes - we have lots of fun.

Davis, Jack Beardslee and I made a three weeks trip down to Cordova, Yakutat and southeastern Alaska. When it didn't rain it snowed, and when it didn't snow it hailed, and when there wasn't hail there was fog. I only wish you could have been present to see our little outfit go surveying at Yakutat; a moving picture of it would have been priceless. Yakutat is a metropolis of some 50 people and the only place for us to live was the Indian hospital. There were two hospital cots for two of us, but the third one had to sleep with the Indian, so we tossed for it and Jack was the loser. So far he hasn't scratched much. There is a little ten mile railroad from Yakutat down to

Cont'd. on next page.



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a salmon cannery - the only railroad supported solely by fish - but when we were there neither the fish nor the railroad were running. The only way to the site we had selected from the air was down the track - 5 miles down and 5 miles back with tripods, etc. And on the track there are two kinds of cars you can use - a push and a pole. On the push car, you get behind and push, and when it rolls you jump on and when it stops you get off again and push and so on and on down the track. On the pole car, you cut yourself a twelve foot pole and stand up like a gondolier and pole the car down the track. Either method is guaranteed to work up a sweat. One day, we had the bright idea of hooking up two huskies belonging to the nurse at the hospital - one had been hooked up and the other never. We got them harnessed and for as long as you could count ten the team worked, then the wheel dog became frightened at the clanking of the wheels behind her, and the stuff was off. Then an Indian would run ahead and call the dogs and we would all run behind. Then when the Indian wore out, another one of us would run in front. And after all that, at the end of 5 miles, you still had to hack your way through the timber and I mean timber. It took 3 of us 2 1/2 hours to carry the line about 1500 feet through the timber. And we all wanted to come to Alaska!

We certainly appreciate the 720 Hour Check and we are going to try and get out a contribution now and then. We have plenty to write about it - the only thing lacking is the time; have gotten one small scrib off to you. Wish you could find some more time yourself and write me a little dope.

Best regards to Rough, Boutelle, Cole and all the rest of my friends and to your charming assistant, from all of us, but especially from me to you.

Sincerely,

/s/ Hop  
Marshall C. Hoppin

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Little Boy (reading War news): What does it mean here by "seasoned troops"?

Parent: Mustered by the officers and peppered by the enemy.

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#### SIXTH REGION

The Sixth Region is trying to accustom itself to the tomb-like silence pervading the office now that the machine-gun tap-tap of Gladys Goudy's brisk heels (not you, boys) is no longer heard. On Thanksgiving Day, (no thanks for our loss) Gladys was marryin' Marion J. Beer of North American Aviation. After a reception at the home of the bride's parents, the bride and groom were temporarily kidnapped and taken for a wild auto ride around and around past the housefull of cheering guests, hotlypursued by the best man (none other than our own Stan Yagiela). If the bride seems a little dizzy, upon return from their honeymoon in Mexico, we will hardly know whether to ascribe it to the wedding day merry-go-round, or simply too much Beer. That's what she gets for Marion Beer.

-----

Stan Yagiela made such a good showing as best man at the Goudy-Beer affair that he worked himself right up into the job of groom for the next event. Kathryn Gilkeson will sign him on in the near future, but it is hoped that managing Stan will not take up all of her time and that she will continue to grace the regional office with her presence.

2032



Word comes to us that Arthur Ayres has also joined the ranks of the buns-dicks. The girl comes from San Francisco. Blame his non-communicative friends for the lack of further details.

In contrast to these happy events, we regret to report the death of two valued employees of the Sixth Region, Donald W. McInturf and Virgil H. Hare. Mr. Hare succumbed to a long illness on the 20th of November in Phoenix, Arizona and Mr. McInturf in Las Vegas, Nevada on the 28th. Mr. Hare received special commendation from his superiors last summer for swimming the Salt River during a flood to service a radio range. Both names are widely known in Civil Aeronautics Authority circles and have appeared before in the 720 Hour Check. Their passing is deeply mourned by their many personal friends.

The sporting interest of the Region is focused, this fall, on the bowling league, ably managed by L. J. Holoubek. High point of one evening's maple mowing was the neck-and-neck battle for a dime bet between "P.D." Rolle and "P.F." Blount, which was not decided until the extra balls after the last frame of the third game, whereupon "P.D." Rolle nosed out a win with a 228 score. He was not really pushed to the limit to do so, however, having run up a score of 257, a week or two earlier.

The bowling league is a subsidiary of the "Civilair Association", recently formed to better organize the social activities of the Region. Horseback riding, ice skating, purchase discounts, and gifts to the newly married (or other victims of misfortune) are also contemplated, not to mention a rip-snortin' Mid-Winter party for the month of January.

The Regional Manager was doing some test and familiarization flying Thanksgiving morning and invited some of the Region personnel to accompany him. Such opportunities would benefit a good many of us who keep our feet on the ground too much of the time.

In spite of the usual claims made for California's climate, the showers seem to be coming thick and fast, this season. The first one, in honor of Gladys Goudy's impending marriage, was instigated by Miss Mary Paschal, who is noted for her weakness for unusual head gear. The guests arrived under a collection of improvised hats that must have practically knocked their hostess' eyes out and given her Eastern visitor definite proof that California is filled with crack-pots. They ranged all the way from the kitchen grater with carrot trim to the pine cone and rubber glove combination, and were climaxed by the tall girl with decorated derby jammed tightly down over her ears. The Gilkeson shower was a little less unconventional but included the showing of a movie film of practically all the girls in the office, taken during the past few weeks, sometimes without the knowledge and consent of the actress. When Minnie Fremgen was startled from her reverie into the realization that she was being filmed, she tried desperately to hide under her desk, and the accompanying facial expressions were considered very realistic. We doubt that the contents of the film had anything to do with the pitiful state of Mary Lowman's hat when it came time to leave.

PAN AMERICAN ocean base to be moved to Baltimore-- Terminal to be shifted in three weeks from N. Y. for winter; overseas air-mail service becomes financial success in six months.--Baltimore Sun, 12/12.



MASS PRODUCTION MAN

Meet Professor Cerebrum Gray  
A vital man to the CAA  
Also essential to the  
Weather Department  
Due to his amazing  
Cranial Compartment

This man has a really  
Wonderful Bean  
It works just like  
A Slot Machine  
You put in a Nickel and  
Pull the Trigger  
And then just set and  
Watch him Figger

But early this year  
They put in a Quarter  
Because they wanted  
A very large Order  
Rumble Bumble went his  
Brains  
His conk was having  
Labor Pains  
Borning ideas by the  
Score  
And each gave birth to  
Forty More

Oh Razzle Dazzle and  
Fe Fi Fum  
Just see the remarkable  
Ideas come  
They're coming in droves and  
Coming in Swarms  
Just look how this Wonderful  
Wizard Performs

Cut circuits out and  
Tie 'em together  
And here's a new  
Idea for Weather  
This might sound a  
Little bit Crazy  
But when it is foggy it's  
Really just Hazy  
Just throw in a number and  
Cut out a letter  
That'll fix it all  
A whole lot better

Oh Nacos change and  
Broadcasts revise  
And save it all for  
A Big Surprise  
Now effective dates  
Must lead the way  
Preceding instructions by  
At least a day

Rube Goldberg was hired for  
The use of his Arts  
To explain it all with  
His Maps and Charts  
You hit Goat A with  
Broomstick B  
And stand in the door and  
Watch Him Flee  
Now where Goat A goes  
Out of sight  
That's how far you can  
See all right

It was hard on us but  
Now that he's done  
We'll get a rest from this  
Wonderful One  
So sign your instructions  
And file them neatly .....

No, wait, Take them out and  
Revise 'em completely  
Somebody's put another  
Quarter in  
And now the Wizard is  
At it again  
Just throw away all  
The books you've got  
This time, Men, they've  
Hit the Jackpot

- Mr. Pip-

J. Bananas  
Legal Guardian, Counsel  
And Custodian

AIR LINES' CHIEFS SEE 2,500,000 PASSENGERS IN 1940--Members of the Air Traffic  
Conference of America estimated domestic airlines would carry 2,500,000  
passengers next year; estimate would exceed the total of 2,000,000 predicted for  
1939 and the 1,343,427 carried during 1938.--Washington Times-Herald, 12/14.



The following are some classical examples of the methods of flight instruction which have been used in the Third Region in the past.

All of the following are explanations given by one or more instructors. These are submitted by Inspectors Hensley and Guilmartin who are engaged in this work in the Third Region. As you know, during the flight instructor's examination, the Inspector is considered a "green" student and the applicant is required to give a complete and thorough explanation of all maneuvers. These explanations were given in all seriousness by such applicants:

"In making a turn push stick to one side and follow with rudder. When desired bank is reached push stick to high side, but keep on rudder."

"Back pressure is required on the stick in 45 degree bank - but not 44 degrees, where rudder and elevators cross."

"For medium turns (44 degrees), use rudder with the turn; For steep turns (45 degrees) use rudder away from the turn."

"Always glide steeper into strong wind. The stronger the wind, the steeper the glide."

"If correcting for drift, rudder into the wind. All other controls coordinated."

"To go up - pull the stick back. - to go down - pull it all the way back. To turn - pull the stick all the way back, then kick rudder in desired direction."

"To maintain altitude in a steep turn it is necessary to use top rudder."

"Chandelles are always executed upwind to prevent stalling."

"To fly cross wind and maintain a definite course, hold rudder into wind and drop wing into wind, ordinarily called 'crabbing'."

"Contact flight is flight with the switch on."

"One applicant was asked 'Why do we teach the student figure 8's; What is the use of doing so?' His reply was 'By Gosh, I've often wondered myself.'"

"In making turns with an aircraft, the controls are used together (aileron and rudder) to bank the ship to the desired degree, and then part of the pressure on the controls in the direction of bank is released, but not all of the pressure, or the ship will return to level flight if the aileron and rudder are neutralized."

I believe that insertion of these in the Seven Twenty Hour Check will provide some good laughs for all of our personnel and may result in the submission of other prize examples from other rating Inspectors.

/s/ F. M. Lanter



The Editor acknowledges with thanks Christmas cards from -

O. L. McCaughey,	USACS,	Fresno, Calif.
The Gang,	CAAGE,	Gainesville, Texas
Personnel	USACS,	Washington, D. C.
The Gang,		Bangor, Maine
Personnel,	USACS,	Bellefonte, Pa.
"	ATC,	Oakland, Calif.
"	ATC Center,	Detroit, Michigan
"	FD,	Frederick, Md.
"	WCZO,	Martinsburg, Pa.
"	WEK,	Wichita, Kansas

Happy New Year to you All!

Congratulations to J. H. Nicholson of the Communications Section, who has recently received his Lt. Commander's rating in the Navy Reserve. He has cleared through everything from Seaman on up on his voyage toward the top. "Nick" organized the Communications Reserve here which included initial drills from the NAA and has commanded this Unit for the past 10 years.

Answer to question XIX of Form ASB 453 recently submitted:

"Before taking off, I taxied down field (hay field) and hit a small protruding stump. It jumped on over the stump it was so small but bent 3 bars of left landing gear. I suggest to all pilots to stay out of hay fields."

Horse win once . . . . . Luck  
" " twice . . . . . Coincidence  
" " every time . . . . . Bet on horse  
An old Chinese proverb but excellent for Washington, D. C. and vicinity!!

AMERICAN AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY BIDS FOR WORLD LEADERSHIP--Sees opportunity in current rush of orders to make permanent gains; avoids excess plant building; anticipates greater private plane market due to pilot training program and confidence of public because of recent safety records; this in turn will result in the establishment of the necessary airports.--New York Wall St. Journal, 1/2.

NEW SAFETY RECORD MADE BY U.S. AIR LINES IN 1939--82,000,000 passenger miles flown for each fatality; contrasts with 22,308,771 passenger miles per passenger fatality in 1938 and 21,080,515 in 1933, the best previous years; approximately 5,000,000 passengers were carried on scheduled and nonscheduled flights in 1939 and more than 6,000 private pilots were issued licenses during the year.--New York Journal of Commerce, 1/2; New York Herald Tribune, 1/2; Baltimore Sun, 1/2; New York Times, 1/2; Philadelphia Record, 1/2.



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Excerpt from a Progress Report of the Radio Section --

"The positive cone of silence marker commissioning will be delayed pending receipt and installation of a burned out transformer which is being ordered immediately."

We find no record of ordering a burned out transformer!!!  
-----

720 HOUR GRIPE

You have heard the lays, of the bygone days  
And the songs of today, the new.  
You have heard the songs, that are sung by the throngs,  
But I, sing the song of the few.

Off the beaten track, in a radio shack,  
Where it's work, work, work, and no praise.  
No sing of a bird, this song that is heard,  
It's, "How about a raise?"

It was in September, if I can remember,  
As far back as '32,  
Word was passed, "A raise at last?"  
"--Yeah, when appropriations go thru!"

But approps', go thru as they're wont to do--  
A raise? "Aw, what the---L -!"  
Money for shipments and all new equipments,  
But none for personnel.

We get Season's wishes, from all the big fishes,  
We don't mean this as a dig.  
Thanks RO, we read them you know,  
On Xmas, standing a mid.

So, a pat on the back, when you live in a shack,  
Is just a lot of hocey.  
But, keep up the good work, you mustn't shirk,  
And a happy New Year,---Phooey..!

P.S. A raise in '40, boys, if appropriations go thru.

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PROTECTION IS DEFENSE--Army and Navy men together with commercial aviation chiefs long have advocated the removal of airplane manufacturing plants from their admittedly precarious locations on the East and West Coasts; there are numerous obstacles to be overcome, but for the sake of future safety, it appears that some solution to the situation must be found.--Albuquerque, N. M. Journal, 12/30.  
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Mrs. Jones, A husband like yours must have been hard to find.  
Mrs. Smith, He still is--when I need him.  
-----

If you want to see ninety, don't look for it on the speedometer.  
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From Sector "A" the Fourth Region's northernmost Sector, in the Country that surpasses even the Alps in beauty.

Trekking up the mountain from the power shed at Site #37 EP-P (which is a BRA in double capital letters) on snowshoes plowing through drifts from one foot to three feet deep, smoking the old corn cob pipe and lugging the old rusty rifle for protection against mountain hazards, the writer encounters six wild turkeys. Knowing Thanksgiving had passed and Xmas was quite a ways off (Of course Turkey does not taste good except on Holidays) there was nothing to do but pass them up. Topping the ridge and again taking up the Long Old Trail when a FOURTEEN POINT Buck stood right in the middle apparently not going to allow anyone to pass, the pipe buried itself in the snow and automatically old rusty came into position; then all of a sudden up came the thought, perhaps he would allow passage and besides season had closed two days before, the rifle came back into carrying position, the pipe was picked up and refilled, the Buck disappeared and the long trail again taken up to get to the Beacon, with the thought why couldn't this Servicing been two days earlier. Every night since in dreams the writer has been haunted, by having hundreds of 14 pointers hung all over his storeroom and has even had his storeroom refrigerated for storage of the tons of meat.

E. W. (Gene) David  
Author and Participant

ORCHIDS for the month should go to Mr. Joseph E. Kirby, of the Lease Unit, for his brilliant work in connection with his disposition of the various legal questions and the drawing up of the necessary documents to the tune of \$135,650 in the taking over by the Authority of the Denver-Grand Island Airway from the United Airlines. Joe can now be included in the class with Andrew H. Brown of the famous Amos and Andy tem of Radio fame. Andy Brown, as everyone knows, deals in nothing less than "Millions".

YOU

YOU are the fellow that has to decide  
Whether you'll do it or toss it aside.  
You are the fellow who makes up your mind  
Whether you'll lead or will linger behind.  
Whether you'll try for the goal that's afar  
Or be contented to stay where you are,  
Take it or leave it, here's something to do,  
Just think it over, it's all up to you. ANON.

In a Civil Service Test.

Give a sentence with the word "flippancy."

Test paper: "Let's flip 'n see whether I pass or flunk."

"I tell you officer, I didn't knock this pedestrian down! I just pulled up to him, stopped my car, and waited to let him pass. He fainted."

SAFETY IS CAA WATCHWORD, SAYS HARLLEE BRANCH, MEMBER--(By James K. Dobbs)

Mr. Branch, in Atlanta, is checking progress of Civilian Pilot Training Program at Georgia Tech and conferring with officials on plans for further expansion; in statement to press, he said, "the Government demands safety as the first consideration of citizens, from both planes and pilots". Atlanta, Ga., Journal, 12/28.



For expert bookcase assembling, consult  
Air Carrier Inspector G. S. Cassady.

From Fourth Regional Office.

Al Notley recently returned from an inspection trip of South American Air Lines and "believe it or not" he reports that even the lowly "Burro" is "supercharged" in the country of the Andes.

Al noticed a burro with an additional nostril slit at one of the high altitude stops on a certain air line and inquiry revealed that the slit provided an additional air intake for high altitude burro operation. "Those South Americans are sure progressive", says Al.

Kansas City, Missouri.

Editor, 720 Hour Check  
Civil Aeronautics Authority  
Washington, D. C.

Attached hereto is a copy of a letter of commendation mailed to the operators assigned to the U. S. Airways Communication Station, Des Moines, Iowa in appreciation of their work and quick action during the fire which occurred November 23, 1939 destroying most of the municipal airport hangar in which was housed the Remote Control Station of the Civil Aeronautics Authority.

The fire did an estimated damage of approximately \$106,000 including the hangar and 19 planes stored therein, all of which were lost. Two Fairchild planes owned by the CAA were included in those destroyed.

One man was killed and two others seriously injured by the fire. Fortunately the operators attached to the station were able to remove all the teletype equipment and records before the fire department arrived, also secured canvas and stretched over the remaining relay racks and receivers thus protecting them from water damage and smoke. Emergency quarters were quickly established in an adjoining building and the teletype equipment placed in operation and watch resumed approximately six hours after the outbreak of the fire.

/s/ W. E. Kline  
Superintendent of Airways

Kansas City, Missouri

U. S. Airway Communication Station  
Des Moines, Iowa

Subject: Commendation

Reference: Your letter 11-23-39

This will acknowledge your letter of above date together with newspaper clipping relative the fire you have experienced at Des Moines November 23, 1939.

The creditable manner in which you and other operators who may have assisted you met the contingency is a source of inspiration to all of us in the office and we wish to voice our earnest appreciation and commendation for your clear



thinking and quick action in removing important Government equipment from the control quarters where it might have been destroyed or suffered damage.

It is with feeling of justifiable pride that when our operators meet unexpected emergencies that we have always been able to depend upon them to handle the situation in the most dependable manner that the exigency permits.

A copy of this letter is being placed in the personnel file of each operator attached to the station at Des Moines, Iowa, as it is understood that all of the operators at the station who were not on watch voluntarily called at the field and assisted in protecting and securing of the interest of the Civil Aeronautics Authority.

Leonard Jurden  
Regional Manager

Copy in file 141  
B. H. Baker  
C. Homer Jones  
T. W. Melartin  
J. F. Curry  
J. F. Menge

MID-WATCH MUSINGS

USACS WASHINGTON, D.C.

When and if this is published I won't be "here". I'm going "there" around the first of the year - from "here". In fact I'm breaking in my relief from "yonder" so I can leave "here" for "there". I'll settle down too - "there" - get a wife - a mountaineer's daughter -- sturdy and strong so I won't have to work (much) - when I get "there", from "here." It is too expensive "here" -- and not so peaceful. Still the activity is enough to hold a fellow from going "there" - if it wasn't for the mountain-miss. I've been "here" about one year and a half. Been "there" before too. It is better "there" - at least more reasonable.

So I'll say so long to "here" -- and hello "there" with a welcome to the "yonder" boys.

If anybody wants to send wedding gifts in June - I'll receive them "there" for I won't be "here".

73's boys and thanks for the good wishes - keep the "merry-go-round" spinning.

W.C.F.

From USACS, Memphis, Tenn.

Army Captain (In a rush to clear before 19 P36A<sup>1</sup>): "I wanna file a flight plan"

Senior Operator Turner (Also snowed under by the P36A<sup>1</sup>): "Okay. Where ya going"

Captain: "I dunno"

Turner: "How long will it take you to get there"

Captain: "How far is it".



The Place: Daggett, California  
The Scene: Operating room, KCAX-DG  
The Day: Wednesday  
The Date: October 25  
The Year: 1939  
The Frequencies: 365 and 3105 kilocycles  
The Operator: Eugene Mathews

SCENE 1, ACT 1, PART 1.

Dr. Mathews is seated upon his peripatetic posture perambulator perusing passionately the concluding page of the year's outstanding "who-done-it", "THE REVENGE OF SOPHIE GLUTTZ." His nobly molded fast-thinking cranium jerks sharply upward. His slender spatulate digits tool idly but expertly over the maze of controls studding the instrument panel. A voice from the ether speaks - 2 voices:

DAGGETT RADIO FROM PARKER NC18790. GO AHEAD.  
DAGGETT RADIO FROM BARKER NC18970. GO AHEAD.  
DAGGETT RADIO ANSWERING PARKER NC18790. GO AHEAD.  
NORXP.  
DAGGETT RADIO ANSWERING BARKER NC18970. GO AHEAD.  
NORXP.  
DAGGETT RADIO FROM BARKER NC18970. GO AHEAD.  
DAGGETT RADIO ANSWERING PARKER NC18790. UNDERSTOOD YOU AS BARKER NC18790.  
GO AHEAD WITH YOUR PSN.  
DAGGETT RADIO FROM BARKER NC18970. 20S DG 10000.  
DAGGETT RADIO FROM PARKER NC18790. 20N DG 10000.

(At this point, Dr. Mathews did not know whether his trained ears were deceiving him or if the similarity in names and numbers was a coincidence or if the whole thing chanced to be a diabolical example of a dual personality, but hark, quick! the other bracket, Watson)-a voice, 2 voices, to be exact:

DAGGETT RADIO FROM BARKER. TELL PARKER TO LISTEN FOR BARKER.  
DAGGETT RADIO FROM PARKER. TELL BARKER TO LISTEN FOR PARKER.  
DAGGETT RADIO FROM BARKER. TELL PARKER TO LISTEN TO YOU TELLING BARKER PARKER IS BARKING AT PARKER.  
DAGGETT RADIO FROM PARKER. TELL BARKER TO LISTEN TO YOU TELLING PARKER BARKER IS PARKING AT BARKER.  
DAGGETT RADIO TO BARKER AND PARKER. STOP PARKING AND BARKING AT EACH OTHER BEFORE YOU RUN OUT OF FUEL. GO AHEAD WITH YOUR PSN AGAIN. (Elapsed time since first contact:  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours)  
DAGGETT RADIO FROM PARKER. JUST ARRIVED BARKER.  
DAGGETT RADIO FROM BARKER. JUST ARRIVED PARKER.  
PARKER BARKER FROM DAGGETT RADIO. OK AND GOOD NIGHT. DAGGETT OFF FOR MENTAL TEST.

She was pensive when I met her;  
Sadness was on her brow.  
But my check book made her happy,  
And she's ex-pensive now.



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

Well, drag up a chair, podner, and let's see what we can pull out of the sombrero for the 720 Hour Check.

Our runners have been a little slow getting back with accounts of the hideous monsters and multi-colored snakes to be seen on the way home from a New Year's party, so there is nothing for us in that quarter.

Newshawking down here on the Llano Estacado isn't quite the same job it is in more crowded quarters. In this country it takes eight hours for an echo to get back--which is a fine thing since all one has to do is step to the door of his dug-out before retiring and yell "Git up!" and next morning the echo comes back "GIT UP" and tumbles a fellow out in time to get to work.

Nevertheless, one of our runners came stumbling in from the east to report that the boys at Hensley Field have taken to tables, shelves and other high spots since the arrival of Arthur (Lusty) Lybarger for a month of active duty. Hip boots are the order of the day, he says. Only indication that Lybarger flies again was the rattling he gave the shingles when he came polling around the field the other day in a P-12.

Art has been advised to keep his good eye peeled for the many storks that have been dropping in at this center during the past few months. And if any more of those pesky old birds make a pass at the field, C. T. Tolpo, top wrangler of this outfit swears he'll have a flight plan and demand a standard instrument approach. Latest arrival was the bambino of Otto H. Richardson, 8-pound boy, by the way, that landed hot on the heels of John N. Palmer's chuckle-headed boy, that landed, incidentally, right behind the gal-baby of Ralph Botter and Missus Bambinos, mothers and fathers, at the time of this writing, are progressing in good order. But it is the consensus of all concerned that another visit by that old bird at any time in the near future would be most unwelcome.

Other arrivals of note at this center were made by Jimmy Wright, Larry Jewell and Bruce B. Heath, who put down their carpet-bags and picked up the duties of Traffic Controllers.

Amid the arrivals, we underwent one departure--that of garrulous George Sinclair who yielded to the call of the Great White Father and tore out to Washington, where at the last accounts he was QAZ. And a squint at the crystal ball foretells another departure in the near future. This by Henry O. Parker for the same destination. Good boys and true, both of them, and Washington society should soon feel the effects of this invasion from the deep Southwest.

Out of the pall of good cheer hanging over Christmas, stumbled Thomas N. Gore, full of chitlings and side meat, to tell of a wonderous dinner consisting of a pecan-fed shoate, roasted whole. Such a feed is to be exceeded in these parts only by the barbecueing of a right-handed rackabore.



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Top-hand Tolpo heads the gang in thanking all you folks for the fine assortment of good wishes and cheer contained in the many Christmas cards received. We sent one out ourselves that we trust you will find sincere as well as useful when the catalogue becomes depleted.

In closing, may I enquire what became of the contest calculated to rename the 720 Hour Check? The only thing that looks better to us would be a 720 Dollar Check!

Hasta la vista.

-----  
From the Third Region, Chicago.

Once more the Rebel Department is heard from. I always did say the 3rd Region Depot was an unsafe place, now I know why they need a cat down there. Anyhow, I enjoyed it---twice.

Kirksville is a grand ole place, but, Pete, if you're a poet there ain't a cow in Texas. Did you ever find the five buck bill you lost when we were "walkin in" that rainy day? (did anyone ever mention Kirksville was muddy?)

Probably the shortest state road in the U. S. serves the Kirksville field. Funds supplied by the C.O.C. for widening, surfaced with gravel by the county, and taken over by the State. An even 600 feet long, starts at US 63 and ends at the field.

For those hard to store radio tubes (38110, 38807, 38837, etc.) bum a catsup bottle case off your local grocer, you'll see the answer when you do. (Credit Goshen with this one).

\* To clean out a wasp nest in the transmission line troughs, tuning houses, or what have you, use your CTC fire extinguisher; Immediate death----plus a little running room if you miss.

Robert E. Lee  
Maint. Insp. (R&T).

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MUTTERINGS

A duty dodged is like a debt unpaid.

\* \* \*

The best way to get even is to forget.

\* \* \*

There is no argument equal to a happy smile.

\* \* \*

The human is the only animal that can be skinned twice.

\* \* \*

Why does Swiss cheese have all the holes in it, when Limberger needs the ventilation so badly?

\* \* \*

They call a professors' meeting just a little forget together.

\* \* \*

Another thing that tends to improve the longer you keep it is your temper.

\* \* \*

A woman can't be trusted far, and a man can't be trusted near.



From Anchorage, Alaska.

Following are a few comments from the Airways Engineering Office, Anchorage, Alaska.

We are sending you herewith a picture of our mascot, the "Glitch," which has caused us many hours of anguish and much gnashing of teeth, hoping that you can reproduce him in fitting likeness.

The early winter has caused suspension of certain activities in the parts of Alaska hardest hit, which has caused us to transfer our activities to the Southeastern part of the Territory where Old Man Winter is not so severe in his dealings with us poor white folks. However, we did not cease firing until completing the radio sites at Nome, Ruby, Fairbanks, Summit, Talkeetna and Anchorage, which sites need only the installation of radio equipment and operators to be ready for operation.

We are glad to welcome Al Hulen into our little colony, but it looks as though he will spend much of his time hopping around the Territory in an attempt to line up suitable operating personnel.

It is with a great deal of pride that we mention in passing that the CAA bowling team is heading the League with 19 won and 5 lost and that the three radio artists are rapidly gaining in popularity.

Buzz McKean has taken a great dislike to the "Glitch" as can be seen from excerpts from his reports quoted below:

"Authority wire October 19, 1939, arrived in time to prevent 2500 feet of RL #14 single leaded cable from being forever buried in the frozen tundra of Nome.

"The erection of the building appears to be progressing satisfactorily. The errors and omissions in the building plans outlined in Authority letter in general apply to the building at Nome. However, our building is different. To mention one instance, the outside door is hung backwards with the keyhole on the inside."

On a recent flight to the Interior, our flying Eskimos reported seeing a herd of 20 moose of various sizes and species, also scattered groups ranging from pairs to parties of 6. Maybe some of you hunters should come up and see us.

#### GOOD ADVICE

A radio fan says:

If your sweetheart is a blonde and you love a brunette, transformer.  
If she gets grouchy, tickler.  
If she wants to meet you for lunch, meter.  
If she wants a fur coat, resistor.  
If she continues to insist, eliminator.

Our genial Director of Regional Offices has been confined to the hospital since January 3d. We are glad to report that he is recuperating satisfactorily, according to the medicos, and expects to resume official duty on or about January 22.



CENTRAL DEPOT NEWS  
FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

This being January, 1940, and time for New Year's Resolutions, the Central Depot resolves forthwith to regularly contribute its bit to the 720 Hour Check each month. And just to put the necessary teeth into our resolution we have taken the suggestion of the Editor's Note, page 18, of the December issue, and have appointed a news reporter.

We think the Civil Air Association, recently founded by the 6th Region, a worthy enterprise, and note with interest in the last 720 Check the various activities for which committees have been appointed. The Central Depot offers to its employees the benefits of the Government Employees Credit Union, which is affiliated with the Dept. of Agriculture. Since automatic Coca-Cola and candy machines have been installed in our warehouse employees need no longer yearn for that between-meal snack or drink. Profits from these machines are placed in a general fund, which is utilized in any way the Coke Fund Committee, consisting of representatives elected from the office, storeroom, and shop, decides. This fund is useful in taking care of emergency expenditures, soft ball equipment, and other needs.

News Scoop: A letter was received in the office addressed to, "Mr. and Mrs. Leon J. McLaughlin". It will be a severe blow to that great organization, "The Brotherhood of Bachelors", if Mac has embarked upon the sea of matrimony. (P.S. After the above scoop, it may be necessary to appoint a new reporter in the near future.)

Personnel Changes: James H. Osteen, former principal clerk at this office, is on assignment in the Authority in the Finance Section of the Engineering Division. A recent transferee is Clyde Bodine, principal radio electrician, who is in Sayville, L. I., N. Y.

The C.A.A. Central Depot Amateur Radio Club invites schedules from all hams in the CAA. Call letters, W5INY, Frequency 14196, and soon on 10 meters (as soon as Griff pays for his Christmas presents and buys a few 35T's and plate transformers from W5RJ) (Radio Junk) (Roy Taylor); so give us a call, gang. Suggested schedule for first contact, 4:45 to 6:00 P.M., C.S.T. 73's.

From U. S. Airway Communication Station,  
Concord, N. H.

I would like to take advantage of your column to say Hi to a few of my old shipmates etc... There's Paul Kugler and WA unnerstan you're going mechanic guess you musta got the stuff outa that Capitol outfit.. Thos. L. Walker and BO Hi.. Vern. Herrick down in Dixie somewhere.. Turpin es Ganor KC, oh yes Mr. better known PW my former CS good luck with the boys of the 5th.. And the Irish lad from the Bronx, now Mr. Jos. Tierney of CG, take it easy with the boys Joe remember when you used to juggle AC batteries and QQ.. Shumway the hatless boy from Pawtucket somewhar in the 3rd. Mudd and Sheerin of ZF hws the corn crop.. Would QSO and QSL.

73's

/s/ A. L. Hendrick.



From Rockford, Illinois

Since our anonymous letter was published some time ago we have been accused by all and sundry of trying to hide our names under a bushel. The attack grows stronger so we're kicking over the bushel and exposing all:

OIC - J. M. Schaufler, destined for early promotion and will be succeeded by a Mr. Turnbull; Four Asst. Comm Ops, J. A. Yeazel, G. W. Trumbell, and A. L. Bergom -all making it tough for the writer, B. W. Dripps.

We have heard from numerous sources the just complaint that a raise in pay without promotion should not be so totally unheard of by the powers that be. With few vacancies, promotion is slow, and a good man could go on for years drawing the same old check he drew when his ears were quite damp. But the complaint makes more interesting reading in the following form:

LAMENT OF THE A.C.O.'s

We're just an average fellow;  
Our rate is A.C.O.  
Our pay is Sixteen-twenty;  
You ought to see it go.

We've got a wife and baby,  
An old wreck of a car;  
We're always needing something -  
Our pay-check won't go far.

We'll have to get promoted  
To get a raise in pay.  
As A.C.O. we'll get the same  
When we are old and gray.

We think we're worth more money,  
Say Sixty more each year;  
And if we aint, we oughta  
Be kicked out on our ear.

PRESS RELEASE

To: 720 HOUR CHECK, The Editor -

Small contribution from the Second Region with the best New Year's Greetings to all....

Material for future Radio Engineers....

.....erratic range operation reported.....severe interference on ALL frequencies observed at DT station.....O-in-C mounts his .03¢ per mile "Rolls Rough" and proceeds SBRAZ ..... Upon arrival found two boys burning their initials in one of the towers. They had attached a wire to the counterpoise, a stick to the wire - then holding the stick they were poking the wire against the tower and drawing an arc, thereby burning the paint..... hasty exit by two boys upon arrival of O-in-C.....QRM back to NIL --- Courses came back from their wanderings....



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From USACS, Trinidad, Colorado.

Just completed a word-for-word perusal of the December issue and want to take the opportunity to thank the editor and the contributors for a pleasant hour.

I last submitted the Trinidad summary during January '39 so it is time for a new line-up of who's who and what's what around here. First, I can't understand why no-one ever bids on this station. This is fine country, especially for hayfever, and an operator living in town gets the opportunity for a fine 30-mile drive in the country six times each week.

It is expected that a whole new crew will be here by Xmas, but at the present time the personnel line-up is as follows: (Note: Believe every section of the country is represented.)

John F. Betts	brung-up in San Francisco, Cal.
John H. Reed	" " " Hillsboro, Texas
James W. Winborn	" " " Tylertown, Miss.
Harry Bentley	" " " Canada.
Chas. H. Hess	" " " Westhampton, New York.

Reed is keeping his car ready for a quick dash to Cheyenne but it looks like the New Year will see him drinking T&J's at TD. By the way, Reed is looking around for an Xmas present for his little Jerry, Received 1735MS, 12/20/39. He thinks a 10-lb. boy will soon have need for a shaving outfit. Cigars in order.

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LITERAL STENOGRAPHER

Just by way of cautioning you not to be hasty in orders to your employees we report what happened at the office of Mr. Jasper K. Whurtel, President of the Whirlwind Laundry Co., Inc.

"Now, Miss Hatch, " boomed Mr. Whurtel, "when I dictate a letter I want you to type it the way I dictate it and not the way you think it ought to be!"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Take a letter."

Next morning Mr. O. J. Squizz of the Squizz Miracle Soap Co., received the following:

"Mr. O. K. or A. or J. Something, look it up, S quizz, President of the Squizz - what a name! Miracle Soap Co., the gyys. It's a miracle they stay in business. Detroit, that's in Michigan, isn't it? Dear Mr. Squizz: hmmmmmm . . . you're some terrible business man. No, not that, he's a crook but the sore-head'll sue me if I insult him. The last shipment of soap you sent us was of inferior quality. Inferior - that's a laugh - it was garbage and I want you to understand . . . No, cross that out. I want you to understand, ah, er, that unless you can ship, furnish, ship, no, furnish us your regular soap - you needn't ship us any more, comma, period, or whatever the grammar is. This darn cigar is out again. And furthermore, where was I? I, we are sending it back period. Yours truly. Read it over, no never mind. I won't waste any more time on that guy. Sign my name.



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From U. S. Airway Communication Station  
Warsaw, Kentucky

It is suggested that the Number Comparison time be consolidated into one period of 8 consecutive minutes, thus eliminating any disparity as to its transmission at stations operating on Central Standard Time....

It is presumed that most of you either read or heard about the fire that recently struck this town of Warsaw..?? The conflagration relentlessly raged for 6 full hours, and were it not for the able assistance of the fire companies of 5 adjoining towns, the county seat would have been merely a 'patch' .....!! At the theatre where the fire originated was being shown the picture SOME LIKE IT HOT! One fireman fell through a skylight and landed on a baby grand piano, but fortunately was not hurt, since he landed on the soft pedal.....

"It was so noisy on the Russo-Finnish frontier that you couldn't hear a Finn drop!"

Introducing our personnel staff:  
H. C. Woodcock, OIC; P.D. Mauro; H. A. Farley; J. C. Sigler; A. R. Oelsner, RUCCO. who extend their sincerest congrats to the editor of the 720-Check and his staff for such a fine magazine.

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CALL TO PRAYER

Three-year-old Nancy's father had installed a new radio. Nancy listened with rapt attention to everything--music, speeches, and station announcements. That night she knelt to say her "Now I lay me." At the end she paused a moment, and then said:

"Tomorrow night at this time there will be another prayer."

-----  
From F. Albery, General Inspection Section.

To a layman, the extra-legality of some of our communications is amusing and I am sure the readers of "720 Hour Check" might get a kick out of a copy of a letter which recently went over my desk. This letter was addressed to one of the Regional Managers by the Enforcement Section and reads as follows:

"Reference is made to the violation report filed against the above named wherein it is stated, "Student flying low over home town, diving and zooming, pulled up into stall and mushed into ground.

"It will be appreciated if you will inform this Section as soon as conveniently possible the approximate altitude at which the above named flew.

"It will be helpful to this Section if in any future cases of this kind you will give the lowest approximate altitude at which the violator might have flown."

My kindest regards to the Legal Section and the answer might have been that old saw about some infinitesimal quantity less than one but not quite zero.



From U. S. Airway Communication Station,  
Tarkio, Missouri.

A vote of thanks to the RO staff -- we appreciate their efforts in our behalf. We think they're fine and hope to be with them a long time. Let us be the first (?) to express hearty appreciation to that "Marvel Lady", Miss Warner, at the RO5 for the unfailing service we've been receiving on the 15th and last day of the month. We realize that that isn't her only duty and that she must spend many extra hours to accommodate us.

Here's the line-up:

John C. Landers keeping peace in this gang; Raymond J. Rechlicz;  
Don W. Lowrey; Don W. Warden; Richard O. Wheeler.

Our field has just been smoothed up to some extent by a crew from the Regional Headquarters, for the flight training class at Tarkio College. We are looking forward to enlargement and full conditioning of it in the spring. Although we are between cross country airlines, don't forget that this is a good place to set down when there's smoke or fog around OH KC and ZJ. The N-S airway divides above OH and below KC so we're on the bottleneck section. Have a new bridge across the Missouri straight west on State Highway 4 -- which runs E and W about one-half mile S of the field -- so we're readily accessible by land and air. Have had a few visitors; would welcome more.

Efn any you boys got the doldrums -- you jest take out them past issues of the 720 and review ---

January 1939 issue	-- Page 41 (12 Bottles of Whiskey)
April 1939 issue	-- Page 5 (When as in Silks)
September 1939 issue	-- Page 9 (Let's Flee)
November 1939 issue	-- Page 10 (Dark Awakening)
December 1939 issue	-- Page 9 (Do's and Don'ts)

---- we'll guarantee a lafaline. But for being downright humorous, we send our BIGGEST bouquet to Rockford, Illinois for the article on Page 12 of the November 1939 issue.

From U.S.A.C.S. Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

"720" gets better and better, with many thanks to its hard-working editor. Personally, I read it twice to get everything down cqtly, and I might add that it has been the sole means of my locating some very FB friends of several years, who had been classed as "Whereabouts Unknown." But here's a little fresh information from TU.

Tuscaloosa, being one of the Army Training Stations for flying cadets, has just received delivery of eleven Army Pt-14 Trainers (Waco), bringing the total number of training planes up to thirty-four. We now have a private flying school and an Army basic flying unit, under the Alabama Institute of Aeronautics, a subsidiary of Parks Air College, St. Louis. The University of Alabama will soon have several students here, daily, learning how to fly, and we at TU feel that--just in case--we had better brush up on Chapter B Part 2.

We have been granted a change of quarters from the northeast to the southeast portion of the Administration building, which will eliminate the constant noise of the motor repair shops and test block, thereby enabling us to hear the teletype bell signals instead of a heavily gunned airplane motor tested.

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

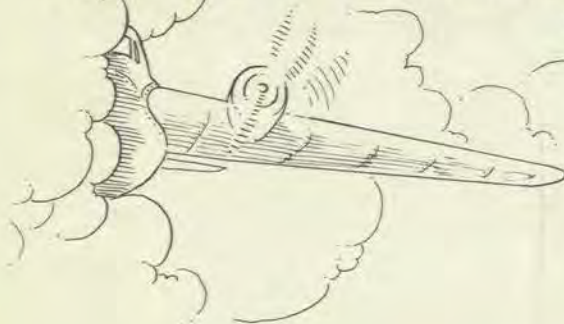
From -

J. W. Thomas, Jr., AAK; N.V. O'Brien, AAK; A.G. Cousins, AAK;

A. R. Crumley, Jr., AAK.



# Avoid Solid Clouds! Avoid Moving Metal!



**OH! MY GOSH!**  
WHERE DID THAT DOUGLAS COME  
FROM? I THOUGHT, I WAS THE  
ONLY ONE FLYING HERE.

**GEE! I CAN SEE  
NOW THAT I SHOULD  
HAVE OBSERVED MY  
FLIGHT PLAN. NEXT TIME  
I GO OUT FOR A JOY RIDE, 500 FEET  
BELOW THE CLOUDS FOR ME.**



Thanks  
to  
Johnnie Huber

MEGMA



