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CAA 8th REGION

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA

NAVY COMMENDS
BETTLES COMMUNICATOR PERSONNEL

The Regional Office recently received a letter of commendation from the Naval Air Transport Service of which the Bettles communicator staff should be justly proud. The commendation reads in part: "The cooperation and untiring efforts of the CAA personnel at Bettles contributed in a great measure to the success of recent operations. The ingenuity, attention to duty, and ceaseless effort in obtaining weather and other information for flights enroute have been the subject of comment and praise by all flight personnel engaged in the operation. The cooperation extended, both to scheduled aircraft and utility aircraft of the detachment, is noteworthy, and deserving of commendation."

Communicators contributing to this excellent achievement were: Mr. and Mrs. Jack E. Shropshire, John B. Taylor, and Vaigene Ebeling.

HAVE YOU DONE AND ARE YOU DOING
YOUR UTMOST FOR THE CAA?

Before I go any farther, let me ask you a question. Don't you get tired of listening to all the griping? You hear gripes on this side and you hear gripes on that side. You would almost think we have some discontented employees in this organization. It cannot be. How anyone could be discontented now I cannot understand.

Each operator grade CAF-7 or better makes at least \$30.00 or better a week. With the new pay bill including overtime and night watch differential, the pay will be at least \$100.00 per week. Why, with that kind of pay every operator should feel very fortunate that he is working for an organization that takes as much interest in his welfare as does the CAA.

When the CAA first started in Alaska in the year 1939 the operators received

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Publisher	M. C. Hoppin
Manager and Newsboy	Jack T. Jefford
Editor	Dorothy Revell
Sports Editor	Allan E. Horning
Printer's Devil	James L. Hurst
Night Editor	Lawrence P. Rogers
Correspondents	All CAA Personnel

CORDOVA

We've searched each successive issue of the ~~Mukluk~~, hoping someone else from our neck of the woods may have enlightened the rest of the region of our activities down here. Having waited this long for "the other fellow" to write you, we've decided it is time to take the matter into our own hands and display our meager literary abilities.

Since you last heard from us KA has had almost a complete turnover in population. The two exceptions are Barney and Tom Gilmore. At our last writing Barney was communicator on the evening watch. Now he is with Maintenance and is "confined" at Hinchinbrook Island. Barney's brother, Tom, through a recent promotion holds the PGM rating here. Tom's "staff" has been increased considerably with the arrival of Andy Muth, Henry J. Kieren and Larry Anderson. PRE John Nelson and RUS Bill Barber complete the maintenance section here.

Temporarily at least the communications staff for Cordova is complete. George and Sylvia Cook came to us from Nome. Reva and Bob Liese are recent arrivals from Yakutat and Jerry and Jim Linse call Portland, Oregon, home. CAC at Cordova is Howard Westman.

While we can't top McGrath in the youngster population, we do have quite a few children out here. The Bob (Eddie Zantor) Lieses have three little girls and the Bill (Bing Crosby) Barbers are the parents of three sons. Both families have new arrivals. Tom Gilmore also has three children at home now and there are two Nelson boys.

Construction and Establishment have both been busy down here this spring. Sam Kelly put in our water system early this spring. Sometimes we think he piped it directly from California's orange groves because in color it looks like a good substitute for orange juice. Carl Anderson and John Easley from Establishment left here a short while ago after installing the equipment in our remote receiver site and moving the transmitters to their permanent home.

Construction has sent Frank Grainger to us. He is moving his family and hounds (two Saint Bernards and six pups) out here and will work with IK on our road building job. We hope to have the use of the road by early fall. This will give us one way traffic into town and will facilitate quicker action on our business in Cordova. Also will give us de luxe transportation into the local cinema, we hope.

KA has been host to many distinguished guests within a very short time. Mr. Hoppin was here for a brief visit a few weeks ago. A couple of weeks ago Al Horning descended from the skies and brought with him Mr. Plett, Joe Tippetts, Mr. Pherrin, "Buck" Culver and George Karabelnikoff. Mr. Tippetts inspected our fire engine--even tested the siren-- and Mr. Plett took our station "jeep" for a run.

If all this isn't too much of a shock to the editors of Mukluk and the rest of the region, we may drop you a line again sometime. No promises, though.

FLASHES FROM SIGNALS
or Uncle Joe's Ball Game

Nobody seems to know exactly who was on what team, but it looked like Signals vs. Signals with comments by Joe T.

Now this wasn't exclusively a picnic for us Signalers because no lesser personalities were present than our colleagues, the Branch Chiefs complete w/secretaries.

If I were to list all those present, you'd be reading about this picnic in the next six Mukluks. Suffice it to say never before has so much cooperation been witnessed on the soft ball diamond at Lake Spenard. After a wonderful picnic supper concocted by the Depot-Commissary outfit, our "Uncle" Joe T. was found perched on the front of an automobile giving a blow-by-blow description of said ball game. For example, it went like this:

"Good King Chris is now at bat, and Don't-Fence-Me-In Aldridge is the pitcher. That's a right fly to Yenney and he doesn't do anything with it. That's a long fielder, and Hank Olson (the Mayor of Sand Point) should get a medal for finding the ball. Ah! NC-14 made it to first base, Holzenberg made it to second, and Arlin came home. Ump says it's not legal. Arlin has to go back to third. Hum, somebody's been reading the book. Jack Hoekzema is now at bat. From the rooting section comes a ferocious 'Hit that ball, Uncle Jack'. And it's a left fly to Bunnell. Bunnell's on the ground. He's up, he's down, he's up, he's down. He's on his feet. Arlin came home, King Chris made it to third, and Hoekzema is on second."

As far as I know, nobody kept score. At least, today - Monday - nobody knows how it came out.

All I've heard so far is, "Ouch, my arm is sore. Ooh, my back", etc. But nobody seems to mind. It was a swell picnic and a better ball game. If anyone has any further suggestions for our picnic next year, might as well turn 'em in now.

Foxy-Old-Boy Berry was the ice cream-

HOPPIN AND ASSOCIATES
CONFER WITH WRIGHT

Regional Administrator Marshall C. Hoppin, Superintendent of Airways W. P. Plett, Administrative Officer E. P. Simonds, and Chief of General Inspection Branch Burleigh Putnam proceeded to Seattle recently to confer with Administrator T. P. Wright concerning future plans and development of the Civil Aeronautics Administration in Alaska.

giver-outer deluxe, and if you think eating double decker cones in front of the fire in the cook shack isn't fun, we'd like to inform you differently.

It seems as though Ann Dimond is very good at racing. Anyhow, Maintenance can now puff out their chests at having a winner in their midst. They can't get ahead of Radio Establishment, though. We have the best MC's in the whole Branch.

There is one little thing your reporter doesn't understand. Why do some people pick a day like that to go aquaplaning? Fortunately, or maybe it's unfortunately, those people weren't Signalers so it looks like I'll just have to go on not understanding.

And now for one serious thought. The Signals Branch has lost two of its very fine people. You'll never be able to convince us that anybody can replace "G" Goudie and Eileen in our estimation. Our loss is the States' very definite gain.

And then there is "Beautiful Becky", our glamor gal. Sorry, fellas, you're too late. Looks like Lt. Lorn Anderson is the lucky guy. Becky will also be leaving us soon. Weep, weep!

We've all heard wedding stories, but the one that tops 'em all is about the best man who went tottering down the aisle with his arm in a sling. This is one time the groom had to help the best man get ready for the wedding. There seems to be some question as to who was worried the most, especially as it took the best man two extra days to get home. Drat that sling!

June 7, 1945

We take a little time off from wondering about the lost KCAA3 to scribble a few local news items.

We are glad to report Mrs. Graham back after an absence of two months, and Ruth Linthicum also at home after an unwanted trip to the FX hospital. Mrs. L. is well on the road to recovery at this time due in part to the fact that she finally got her erratic husband to move his pet muskrat out in the back yard.

Also back from the wars we have that genial engineer John Fanning, who has earned himself another stripe and now commands the face-lifting operations going on at PM this year. Wait till you see that lawn, and that shrubbery! Everything but a swimming pool and a bar. While waiting for these things, the gardeners are rampant, although their style is cramped somewhat with cat skimmers showing the landscape hither and thither. The Victory gardeners are using old tomato cans and Wheaties boxes to start their truck farms. Mrs. Marie Larson came in for a lot of wisecracks but when those watermelons do start growing all over the place there will be some dumfounded people hereabouts. (One of them may be Marie.) Anyway, it doesn't cost anything to try.

Everybody hunts at Northway. Dan Larson hunts rocks, Smith is hunting fish, and Mason is hunting a short beer. Speer is hunting mosquitoes. RMS Linthicum is hunting a place to spread some fertilizer (for the lawn). The landscape moves around so much we're running neck and neck with Big Delta for the title of the windy station. Regular dust bowl. Apple and Jorgensen are building boats and motors to go with 'em.

Before this communication gets morbid with comments about the "second phase", we'll quit. Your correspondent is getting obsessions, what with all this second phase talk and the prime mystery of the year, or What Became of Those BIDS. We'll be getting like that fellow up at McGrath next and while sitting around waiting till we feel good, we may never write another letter.

Well, our first act after reading the June Muktel was to take off our hat to Enry Ominus and the way he handled that temporary installation. We know what he's talking about (don't we all?) and even managed a few hollow guffaws which Enry can take as a tribute. Everybody is panting for the next installment.

What with the second phase proving to be more than just a phrase, and 20, 10 and 5% raises being bandied about, a few parties hereabouts are busy figuring up next year's income tax and what we're going to do with the money.

One problem we've run up against tougher than next year's taxes is the one about how the point system for leave works. Bet the soldiers are glad they don't have that one to think about. Anyway, it looks simple.

The first of July has arrived, of course, and everybody is still waiting patiently for the famous Northway summer. A lot of prophets (foolish prophets) and propaganda artists are having a bad time of it, with their reputations tottering in a stiff late-fall breeze and a cold rain.

Landscape operations proceeding according to plan. The grass isn't in yet but it took a little time to clean off the debris from three years of construction work. We will not delve into this matter, as at the present writing we have in our hearts a tender spot for construction engineers and their like. We look forward to quite a problem in the housing department next year as the tourists flock from far and wide after seeing colored pictures of our well-kept lawns and hedges. Our imagination runs riot and we see in the future a lovely courtyard, in the center of which is a fountain with colored lights around which gambol the lucky PM communicators after their day's toil. A prize will be offered for the best idea for a statue. Frustrated artists, here is your dish! Give us another pipeful, Ali; this isn't bad stuff.

Plans are shaping up for the big mosquito shoot July Fourth. It is a pleasure to watch the old masters get into shape. Al (Sgt. York) Withrow, MCK and Acting R.S., has shown the most polish in pre-shoot warm-ups. In fact, a slight tinge of over-confidence approaching arrogance has become apparent these last few days. Knowing that they will soon come to their deserved ends (some of them), he bares his neck and arms and allows the mosquitoes to feed at will in a chivalrous, host-to-last-meal attitude. But when Al lies prone on the control room floor and runs his wet thumb across the fly-gun sights, all amities will have suddenly ceased.

Ike Spinks, time sheet first assistant to Withrow, has the true old-timers disdain of the modern "sprayin' iron". His thirty odd years in this Koyukuk country have taught him to anticipate the every intricate maneuver of his prey and have enabled him to perfect what he calls the "psychic-shot", which in truth is nothing more than deflection shooting as practiced by the fighter pilots and the Super-Fort gunners. Ike has never been known to "aim" the fly-gun, disdainin' prone positions and generally shooting from the hip at some obscure point ahead, above, below, or behind his target, depending upon the particular eccentricities of flight it has displayed in the few seconds prior to the shot. All efforts to get Ike to perfect a computer for common use which would be a boon to humanity in general and us thin-skinned operators in particular have failed. Says Ike, "It is an art which must be perfected into instinct after many years experience and much blood-donin'." We except this statement with regret, for we would rather give ours to the Red Cross.

CAC Jack Shropshire and his wife, Virginia, have not as yet filled out their entry forms. They are busy entertaining visitors in the persons of Jack's mother, father, and uncle from California. (Geographical note: California is a state--not a condition--in an obscure region to the southeast a few thousand miles. It is chiefly known for an industry providing entertainment on celluloid rolls-- known as Tom-Burns-on-

the-teeth -- and for feminine wearing apparel which would be most uncomfortable in Bettles in the summertime--or wintertime, too, for that matter. Your correspondent was in this foreign clime early this year and has only to report the inhabitants do little that is not done here except pick up oranges from the ground and.....oh well.....)

Roy Roose, new trainee, is perhaps to be watched most carefully when the contest begins. Of all entries, he is the most conscientious, laboring all mid-watch these nights to make up for his relative inexperience in bagging the bug. We came upon him the other ayem and found the door wide open and honey brewing on the stove for lure. After filing his weather with the Bargabuses (proper names, not vehicles of transportation) at Tanana, Dark-horse Roy, late of Montana and protege of Vance Hawley, formerly this region now instructing in Seattle Training School, would creep around from behind the receiver racks a la Junior G-Man, and with a swo-o-o-o-sh preceded by a loud "bang-bang" would proceed to bring down his quarry. We got an eye-full (literally) when we inadvertently got in the path of a spray large enough to drop a brown bear. (This unfortunate accident has prompted us to insert the suggestion that Dot and Bob Malbasch and Laurie and Chet Hill of ZZ remember this in their country. The potency of standard fly-spray has been vastly underrated. Shoot him first in the left eye. As he turns bewildered, and undoubtedly enraged, catch him in the right eye. If he still shows fight, cut off his head with an axe.)

After repeated dunkings in the rain barrel we shook off the effects of the "bang-bang" (incidentally he missed the damned mosquito) and questioned Brother Roy about his vocal-synchronization technique. Our first thought was that this would forewarn the mosquito that he was in imminent danger. Says Roy, "It is a page taken from the Nazi Psychological Warfare Manual. The 'bang-bang' stuns them to temporary inactivity. You could hardly say they are 'horrified'; but at least they are bewildered at the

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\$180.00 a month and liked it. They didn't have any commissary, they received no overtime and they definitely had to work just as many hours a week as you do now. On top of that, they worked at other duties such as rolling oil drums, pumping oil, repairing diesels and other equipment, fixed their own radio gear, and for relaxation they were allowed to drag and roll the field. For you see, we didn't have any nice RFS's, electricians and mechanics to do that work for us. Nope, that was then part of the operator's job. This seems like an awfully long time ago, but it wasn't. It was only five years ago. It just doesn't seem possible that so much could have been done for the operators in so short a period of time, and those responsible should be thanked and thanked again for their efforts.

The new wages were set by Congress and will, more than likely, remain in effect after the war. How many jobs can you count on that will pay as liberally? Yes, stop and count. Ah, but wait, there is a catch. Sure every good job has a catch. The catch? They want you to do your job according to the book and be loyal to the CAA.

Have you done your job according to the book? Yes, some of you have and you have won the admiration and undying gratitude of everyone you have worked with. It is such operators that have helped to make the CAA the credit to civil aviation it is today. As for you that have not, what have you to show for your efforts? Nothing. No, nothing that really counts. You might have a bank roll. You still have your job. But have you any feeling of pride in your job or any sense of well-being for a job well done? Your bank roll you will need. Your job you will have not. Have you ever stopped to think that your job looks like to someone just out of the armed forces? I know. They're going to grab at the chance to get on. Yes, this job is going to stand out like a bright light along side of other jobs, and watch the scramble for them. Are you one that will be lost in the scramble? These service men and women that qualify for positions in the CAA are going to be the cream of the crop, and

expression and the noise. Apparently no one on the Koyukuk has said 'bang-bang' before."

We left Roy and went to prepare this report wondering vaguely if organized matches of this sort would not be welcomed at other stations likewise afflicted by these little winged friends. Last but not least, we came to the positive conclusion that it would stimulate collection of samples requested recently by the RO, which thoughtfully supplied little individual boxes with cotton beds for the specimens that had given their lives to science, the pleasure of men imbued with the lust to kill, or the whim of the curious and unaffiliated in Washington, D. C. If such be the case, we will gladly contribute time to cover the results of the Bettles Mosquito Shoot, an affair which, notwithstanding scientific contribution, may well provide this intra-Arctic Circle station with its most colorful, joyous, and entertaining event of the summer season.

-- Your Peripatetic Correspondent

why not? The CAA can afford to be choosy. They have one of the best operating jobs to offer I have ever heard of and I have worked as an operator since 1927, and me, huh! I consider myself a cheechako in the game along side of some. We have men right here in this district that started with the CAA when it was part of the old Lighthouse Service. I do admit, though, I started operating early enough to learn you could earn as little as \$40.00 a month and \$100.00 was considered tops. You had to like operating in those days. You certainly weren't compensated for it with cash. And commissaries, houses, retirement, overtime, pay for night watch....whew, if anyone mentioned such things then, people would think he was nuts.

Yep, I like my job and I think it is about time we tell the CAA we know how much they have done for us; tell them we realize how good our jobs are; yes, tell them this by doing the best job we can, by helping the fellow next to us and by working so hard that we make ourselves irreplaceable by anyone, come what may.

John B. Flynn
Nenana, Alaska

SKWENTNA
SQUIBBLES.



Messrs. McMurray and Kendall, two Mexican Generals of the Communications Branch, spent several days here inspecting station operation and torturing communicators. All hands survived, but the strain was terrific. Naturally, local hunting and fishing facilities had to be inspected. Kendall took about 50 pounds of fish back to HQ for closer inspection.

During their sojourn it was intended to obtain a few pictures to verify the stories of Skwentna's abounding wildlife.

Upon questioning the local residents, they were found to be quick with tales of the vicious charging bull moose and snarling bear. Since the station lies approximately three fourths of a mile from the quarters, and no transportation is available, it is necessary these fearless communicators brave such hazards in the daily routine of changing shifts.

Although McMurray took the yarns with a grain of salt, it was noted that he appeared each morning at the station completely out of breath. Upon questioning he disclosed that it was his habit, when in the field, to keep in trim by doing a little roadwork, and the trip to and from the station presented an excellent opportunity.

Several days passed with the only

animals seen at too great a distance for pictures, then a fine bull moose was noted entering the woods some distance from the station. It was suggested by Kendall that someone, other than himself naturally, enter the woods and flush the moose out for a close up shot with the camera. All these fearless Skwentna communicators cringed in stark terror at the thought of closing with the awesome beast, but McMurray, courageous man that he is, accepted the challenge and volunteered for the job forthwith. Unarmed, except for a Boy Scout axe, a 375 Magnum, a Colt Frontiersman and a stiletto, he entered the bush to stalk the Bull of the Woods.

Some minutes had passed when suddenly there was heard the resounding crash of falling timber -- the enraged bellow of the bull -- a blood curdling scream. A split second later the trees parted, the earth shook, and Kendall, from a safe retreat on the roof of the control station, snapped the camera.

Upon developing, the only thing noted on the film was a faint blur, which upon close examination proved to be McMurray coming out of the woods. The moose became confused in the cloud of dust and shredded trees McMurray threw up behind him and lost his directions. He stag-

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SILWENTNA SQUIBBLES
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gered into camp three days later, utterly exhausted but still on the trail.

Sam Kelly and his crew have arrived and are already removing hunks of the landscape. No large-scale poker games have developed....but Nelson and Lennon have hopes.

Visitors probably wonder at our scrubby appearance, but it is easily explained. There is no washing machine at the station, and in addition the pump for the septic tank is noopv. What a predicament! When one of the CAA aircraft calls "Landing Silwentna in ten minutes" it doesn't take a mind-reader to know the communicator's first thought -- Wonder if they have the washing machine on board. Another thought: Wonder if I should give u the bomber's position.

Re the Sittinsmoke column, why don't they mention the other operator, Ima Lidd?

We are looking forward to a contribution from FX this month. It isn't likely that Glen Davis and Jim Toy will let that Tiddle-di-wink story pass without a rebuttal.

HG surely puts in a good signal on 2753. We hear the dulcet tones of Shelley and the grave voice of Earl Alden almost as if they were in the same room. Pleasant QRM when it is old friends.

Congratulations are late to Joe Ewoldt, but we got the news late. Ah, there, Joe!

A TALE OF WONDER
After Lord Dunsany

The Caliph of Bagdad ordered his hashish-eater, saying, "I am wearied by high councils and affairs of state; I would wander in imagination. Therefore, dream to me of Alaska, dream to me of the days gone by!"

The Dreamer, seating himself on his rug and closing his swollen eyes, began, "O Mighty King, Alaska was a land of mighty mountains, surrounded by stately forests. Among these forests wandered exotic animals - animals very strange to our desert eyes. The great moose, twice the size of elephants, paced the forest aisle. The huge brown bear, monarch of the wilds, swaggered through the rich verdure. Many smaller animals, bearing the softest and finest fur, crept through the lush flora. All these animals dwelt in peace, for Alaska was a land of harmony."

"Were there humans to share this paradise?" asked the Ruler of the East.

"Very few," said the Dreamer. "Diggers in the mountains for gold, and fishermen who hunted the blue seas for salmon, and Radio Operators, members of the CAA."

"And were these people to be envied?"

"Verily, O King, they were the happiest of men, dwelling in the cool woods, by sparkling mountain streams these men lived in harmony under the mild northern sun."

"Oh for coolness; ah, if I could live in harmony," sighed the King. "But enough! My spirit is soothed. Dream to me now of modern Alaska."

The hashish-eater meditated and then said as follows: "The air over Alaska is filled with the roar of great aircraft in ceaseless flight. Those happy men, the gold-miner and the radio operator, are gone. Their place is taken by a horde of aircraft communicators, many of them young females. The miles of game trails have been replaced by miles of Boehme tape-----"

"Stop!" cried the Caliph. "Do not ruin my illusions!"

"Pardon me, O King. Led by this drug I use, I have erred. Alaska is still a land of mighty mountains, surrounded by"

Mrs. J. Paulie "Jones" celebrated her wedding anniversary July 14th. Mr. P. says it's Mrs. P.'s celebration because "look how lucky she was". By the way, Paulie didn't show up for four days after the celebration.

Benge Lofgren has assumed the position of "Chief Assistant Compiler and Checker" to the "Compiler of Aeronautical Operations Statistics" Ernest Weschenfelder. Benge says he "compiler" as good as anyone.

Frank Kisducak is back from Homer and is looking for new worlds to conquer.

Lounsbury's encounter with a brown bear while at Kenai turned out all right. Lounsbury must have started running in the right direction because he has just showed up in Anchorage. Matsen must have seen the bear, too. He arrived at AQ with Lounsbury.

Arline Capelle has resigned effective August 1st. We are resigned to the fate of getting along without the best (the only) blonde stenographer we ever had.

Oakland lost a very attractive steno. We engaged Nora Graeber July 17th to replace Arline. We think she'll be a howling success (signed: The Wolves).

F. B. Mayer has been reported sleeping in various and sundry strange beds since moving from his old homesite. Mayer says don't use this item - it isn't news!

In our "Summer Stenographic Department" we have recently enrolled Haldis Rasmussen and Edith Erickson. Both girls will be Seniors in high school next year.

In a gabardine shirt and his knees in
the dirt
He knelt and seemed to pray,
With taloned hands he clutched the cubes
And then he aced away.

He turned to the men with a sheepish grin,
And he said it was fun to play.
But it didn't last long and my money is
gone.
I'll see you next pay day.

Oh I worked in the mud and the money was
good
And I have drawn my share of the pay.
I was right on top till the dice they
stopped
With that ace, that deuce and trey.

"A six!" I cried, but the other side
Came bounding out to stay.
Now my money is gone and I'll go home,
For I have wasted away.

A stranger once slew old Dan McGrew
Upon this icy shore,
But not with a shot like I just got
Upon this dirty floor.

A lady named Lou didn't pinch my poke,
Though my eyes had a glassy stare
When I saw that pass I made at last
That left my billfold bare.

But I'll try once again and the dice
I'll spin
Until I make that pass
That will buy my ticket and help to pay
My last year's income tax.

Miss Marion Sopoff is a new member of the staff in the General Inspection office. She is an aviation enthusiast - or should we say aviator enthusiast - at least one that we know.

DLAD RFRPTS
OPACS ANCHORAGE

Perhaps the greatest event that has occurred in and around Anchorage since the last Mukluk made its appearance is the "Coke Fund" picnic at Lake Spenard. On June 16 on the beautiful north shore of Lake Spenard (as advertised by the Anchorage Chamber of Commerce) the communicators chose to expend a portion of their accumulated wealth. Business has been good as usual this summer, so we all felt free to throw a genuine old-time "blowout".

Realizing that to elaborate too extensively on the particular subject at hand would only create envy from fellow members in the field, we'll mention only the high lights. First, and obviously the most important item of a picnic, is the menu. It consisted primarily of a twenty pound baked ham, twenty four pounds of good old fashioned weiners and twenty pounds of deliciously roasted sirloin tip beef. Both hot dog and sandwich buns were abundant with gallons of relish, ripe and green olives, catsup etc. Naturally we had potato salad (75 pounds) expertly concocted by volunteers, plus ten gallons of ice cream, two hundred fifty cones, with all the soft drinks we could inhale. The Park Board said "No Beer" and besides, we're a clean livin' bunch here at Anchorage. Oh yes, we also had 15 pounds of potato chips and hot coffee.

The mid and evening watches were free to spend the day leisurely sunning themselves (and we did have sun), while the day watch came out at four thirty and spent the evening. Total cost: \$156.15 and a good time was had by all!

We herewith submit an item written by one of our ablest air-ground operators. Well worthy of publication just for the reading. Harry Gray should come forth with at least the Leather Medal for the author.

QUOTE While wishing above all else to avoid participating in the spirited competition between those sterling aircraft, NC 14 and NR 254, and the brilliant verbal barrages of those peerless pilots Jefford and Hurst, I nevertheless feel it incumbent on me to describe what I

have actually seen from my position in the broadcast booth here at HQ. As the initiated know, our window looks out on runway 24, where these behemoths snort and charge prior to takeoff.

Regardless of the sad fact that we live in a mundane and utilitarian civilization, we do have an eye for beauty and such must be considered in establishing the inherent value and desirability of any aircraft. Likewise, safety must be duly considered--for the passengers if not for the pilots. Now this aircraft I am supporting for all honors has both beauty and safety. First I shall consider the matter of safety and its companion characteristic, performance.

As all concerned should be aware, one of the tests of a good aircraft is its performance with one engine noopy (that is French for inopv). Well, this airplane can climb, bank, turn and maneuver creditably on one engine and even when operating on one engine its silver body glistens in the sun. All eyes follow its flight, as it is proportioned perfectly in twentieth century taste.

Its pilot is a man of established ability, good nature and highly cooperative spirit. His "This is NC---" is familiar to communicators in all parts of the territory and his penchant for contacts on 5672.5 is also well known. He hasn't always flown the aircraft he now does, but he is rapidly becoming known in connection with it. Well, enough of this bush beating. The Luscombe Silvaire now being privately flown by Harry Gray is just about the neatest piece of machinery on the airport. The defense rests - as usual! UNQUOTE

NEWS IN BRIEF: Wally Volz is back at HQ after his 85 day vacation at CE. We all thought he was going to grab his wife Jo by the hand and do another hitch down there until we closed the gate.

George and Betty Copping are merrily on their way to Salt Flat, Texas. Hope they don't find it too tough down there.

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AIR TRANSPORTATION
COMPLETES BIG JOB

It started on the morning of July 7, 1945, the first Saturday of which CAA'ers were to have an afternoon off in over 2½ years. Jack Jefford appeared at the hangar minus his genial smile and with a tale of woe. Men at Skwentna for the purpose of enlarging the landing strip urgently needed a 3/4 yard P & H dragline, a 5 ton GMC dump truck, and a considerable amount of miscellaneous equipment, all located at Iliamna. Contractors who had been consulted said it couldn't be moved in less than a month. But Jefford had other ideas.

"You know, if a few of you guys would help me out with this, you could get the stuff in order while Bill and I tote it over, with a little help from Hurst and his Terror. Then we could go fishing, and come back on the last load. It's rather a rush deal, I realize, and this was to be your first afternoon off, but the fishing over there is pretty darn good - Newhalen river right close to the field."

"Newhalen" spells magic to fishermen. "Sure, how soon do you want to take off?"

"Well," Jefford answered, taking a hitch in his trousers, "it will take me about 15 minutes to warm up." Then the unprecedented, "Say, you girls can come along if you like, but you will have to make the plane."

In short order King Chris was sailing toward the Inlet and Iliamna with Dan Setchfield, Lee Rensch, Arloe Kessinger, Max Clark, Lyle Seitz, Dick Rothermel, Art Pollard, Pete Meland, Edna Thompson, Arthelle Evans, and Duke. In the days that followed, the crew members varied as new recruits arrived and workers returned to Anchorage.

Upon arrival in Iliamna, a council of war was called in the cook shack. The situation was clear. There was the work and here was the "fishing party" that proved to be as hard-working a crew as was ever assembled. Woman's place is in the home, and the girls were promptly cleaning the kitchen and cooking lunch. The men proceeded to disassemble and load the heavy machinery. Pieces too

large to go thru the door of the DC-3 were either cut in two with acetylene torches or transported in the Yellow Peril, the ancient tri-motored Boeing borrowed from MK.

Nine days later the dragline, truck and other equipment were in Skwentna. Four more trucks had been flown in from Anchorage. Five days later the machines were operating. Now the fellows are back in Anchorage repairing planes and trucks and loading freight. The girls are back at their typewriters, nursing dishpan hands. (You stenos try cooking for 15 or 20 hungry men in a cook shack with no corner store where you can pick up a few cans of something.) All in all, 130,000 pounds had been transported to Skwentna, in addition to 25,000 pounds hauled to Anchorage, Iliamna, and Kenai.

Oh yes, they did get in some fishing, but confidentially, the Newhalen is a poor place to catch trout when the salmon are running.

DLAD RPRIS FROM HQ
(Continued from page 10)

The Communicators and Company were defeated in the playoff of the first round of the soft ball league by a margin of 1. Final score 7 to 6, we regret to report. We have now embarked on the second half of a split season, but have been rained out twice and anticipate more delays of the same nature coming July and August. We nearly forgot to mention, but the Administration boys were the victors of the first half of the season.

Al Moorhead, one of the plank owners of HQ, is now holding down a hot seat at SF. Other than the old familiar "73's" we've heard nothing from him.

"Pop" Peterson is champing at the bit these days. Wants to get going for Dakar. Before this is published he should be enjoying 45 days - well, 37 days; well, maybe he'll settle for 24 days in Philli'.

Ted Bystedt, recently ex-Navy, has returned to HQ, but under the cloak of Maintenance.

What a reception the four new CAA gals (Frenchy, Zalda, Bette and Corrine) received when they stepped off NC 14. The whole Army was there to welcome them (with open arms) -- but we hated to see Norm and Ronayne and Mukluk Potosky go-- betcha they miss God's Forgotten Half-Acre.

Flash! Marshall and Vivian Moy got their 10 month twins a set of baby ear phones.....

Flash! O. Robbins got a haircut before all the snow was off the ground..

Flash! The Haugans are betting it's going to be a boy.....

Mystery! Have "Pifi" (House #3's dog) and "Teto" (Weather Bureau Wally Schroeter's dog) gotten their houses mixed up???

Flash! CAA car washed! (CAC collapsed).....

Flash! Marge Obach willing to trade her silver-fox fur for trip to Anchorage on Flight 6.....

Flash! Billie Chandler with a new wardrobe on CAA pay.....

Flash! Don Trackwell maintains Barbara Ann Trackwell has the nicest "gams" in CAA.....

PERSONALS:

Dear Troubled (Ref. Mukluk, April): When your cat learns how to spell, get him a set of earphones and send him to Nome as an Erac.....

Sub-Table from Sub-Rosa:- Being under the table is nothing like a bed of roses.

We hear Barney at Gambell is going to get married! (It shouldn't happen to a dog -- getting married, I mean.)

We hear Jim Hertz needs a drummer for his orchestra! (Also, House #3 suing him for damage done to silverware while using same in orchestra).....

We saw Jack Jefford and Bill Hanson looking tired and haggard after 3 months vacation (?) in California.....

We know this can't go on forever ---- you hope.....

Oh give me a home
Where the CAC roam
Where the lids and oldtimers play.
Where never is heard
An admonishing word
About our dear CAA.

Home, home on the range
Where the A's and N's never fail;
Where the SUP has got crust
And the typewriters dust
And the planes never bring in the mail.

But please make my home
Any place but in Nome.
I'm tired of blubber and fat.
An occasional tree
Would make me happy,
But I won't brood about that.

Home, home in the North
Where you never seem to get pay.
Where you eat muktuk
And curse your bad luck
When you first heard of dear CAA.

To guide the thousands of communities now planning airports, the Civil Aeronautics Administration has announced issuance of a set of recommended standards for spacing between airports.

The standards represent a revision of a tentative set circulated by the CAA for comment by the industry, and in general are more flexible.

The most controversial requirement in the preliminary draft--that airports at which instrument (bad weather) operations are to be conducted simultaneously will require 1 1/4 mile separation from center to center--has been eliminated in favor of a general statement that they will require "sufficient separation from center to center to prevent conflict and overlapping in the holding and approach patterns during simultaneous instrument approaches."

Sub-Rosa

Office of Aviation Information

WOODY ISLAND WILLIES

July 4, 1945

Memorial Day 1945 dawned as early as usual but infinitely brighter on Woody Island. There was a springlike fragrance uncommon to even this part of tropical Alaska. The birds warbled happily their most coy love lyrics and even the seagulls' raucous calls seemed to carry a more musical pitch.

And thus with spring and romance conspiring in an inspirational blend of sunshine, birds' song and flowery aroma, there arrived upon our island a bevy of beauties from Seattle. All communicators, of course, but first of all, to the single men of Woody and the Naval Net station, beautiful maidens. They were sped thru calm waters in a special Navy cutter and whisked from the dock across our shelltorn road to palatial quarters in the dormitory.

The foursome includes Veronica Heaser, 19, Aitken, Minn.; Virgel Erig, 19, Sheboygan, Wis.; Mary Ellen Mahoney, 18, Kimball, South Dakota, and Berniece Shudinis, 20, Omaha, Nebr.

Questioned as to what she thought of Woody Island, Berniece Shudinis, without looking up from the keys of her teletype, which were being administered the most dexterous caress yet seen in Alaska, Miss Shudinis said, "Beautiful! I love the work and I think it's worth coming to Alaska and Woody just to watch those wonderful sunrises."

In the six weeks since the girls' arrival, the island has shown new life. There are gay beach parties, minus swimming of course, softball games, table tennis, fish fries, in fact if it were not that the islanders were on a 55 hour week and almost invariably fall asleep as soon as they hit their beds, one would think this were an exclusive summer resort and not, as one of the Navy lads gaged before the feminine invasion, "a last resort".

The Crumps, who came up from Seattle in November, left Woody Island June 15

for Sand Point. Merle's flamboyant warwhoop and ...'s merry tinkle will be missed here.

Recently Delilahed Comrade Dick Inman is now a supervisor. Popular even though he clipped his luxurious whiskers, Dick is certain to be one of the best supervisors in the CAA.

Rugged, dramatic Sammy Little, who has operated all over the world and never lost his Georgia accent, is tearing at the leash. Sammy wants to be assigned a station near Kenai. Sammy is known as a triple threat man at Woody. It is said that he could kill a Kodiak bear with gun, long bow, or bug. (Note: Since this was written Sammy has lined up Bettles, if, as, and when relief is available.)

Supervisor Carl Gulley (mids) and Maw Gulley, plus the two little girl Gulleys, are hoping one day soon to leave this fair land of pumice and potash for the gaunt coldness of Kotzebue.

The following note was dropped thru the keyhole as a social item:

A group of service bluejackets from Woody Island's West End were honored with a dinner, musical and dance on Fathers' Day, June 21st by the East Side Communicators and Maintenance personnel. Mack Manning, representing the Maintenance, and Phil Peacock, who extended the big hand of fellowship for the Communicators, were the hosts.

The highlight of the evening was the fried chicken prepared by Mrs. "Cookie" Werner, and her speech which, although unprepared, was as well received as her culinary delights.

Following the dinner, Rudolf Jankel entertained the guests with several violin solos. After a brief but spirited floor show the guests repaired to the

(Continued on page 14)

A TEMPORARY SET UP
by Enny Oninus
(Continued from June Mukluk Telegraph)

Well, that engineer never did finish th' job. He got th' station sos we had t' send for a rescue squad when it come time t' go off shift an' then he left us. We had jist got wires nailed up and wires nailed down an' things sorta moved outa th' road sos we'd have a fifty-fifty chance a livin' when a bird shows up announcin' he is gonna finish th' mess.

"Its a good thing th' office sent me down here," he says, soon as he sees th' shape we're in. "That other bohunk aint got th' brains God gived a pig." We was all willin' t' agree with him.

This bird was a purty good egg only he was slow. He goes about as fast as a winter in Point Barrow. In a couple months er so he has th' radios in th' racks an' workin' agin. He took all th' wires down an' has got rid a most a them off a th' floor. Only trouble is everthing is backwards. Th' OP receivers is in front a Blinderna, an Spitzensplutter is a facin' th' air t' ground. Everbody has t' do th' tunin' fer somebody else.

"Dont worry about that," this bird says. "Its jist a temporary set up. Soon as you git on th' high speed circuit it is all gonna be differnt anyway."

We was jist gittin' used t' crawlin' over one a nother t' tune ourselves in, when, t' make matters worse, some kid up an' shoots holes in th' control cable. Then it got so if we wasn't bronc we was telno an' shippin' our weather out thru Nome er Galena er Point Barrow. We had t' keep a stack a racons on hand fer ready use. Meantime Iwana has got herself a man like I told you, an' Biggead has come back t' work.

Finally a guy come in an' fixed th' cable. Splicer I think his name was. He aint no more'n got th' Sittin smoke smell washed outa his clothes till they is a new radio engineer dropped in on us.

He took a good look at our mess.

"Who done this job, anyhow?" he screams.

Somebody remembered th' bird's name an' told him.

"Him!" he yells. "No wonder! He is so dumb he was married fore he finished kindergarden an' th' weddin' was perfectly legal!" Then he done some tall an' fancy cussin'. They wasn't a word he left out, Blinderna says.

"Everthing is backwards," he howls. "He's got th' THs on th' THVs, skedule A on skedule D, an' BC on 453. That bird can't even foller a blueprint. Is th' range workin'? Its probably hooked t' th' telephone line."

"It is," Spitzensplutter tells him. "Maybe th' control cable is shot agin."

"Shot!" he explodes. "Jist been fixed, aint it? Shot! Messed up, you mean."

He pulls a handfull a hair outa his head an' shakes it around th' room.

"Damn! Damn! Damn!" he says in increasin' volume. "All you gotta do is foller a blueprint an' that dumb do an' so can't even do that! Now all I gotta do is do th' whole job over agin."

With that he goes out leavin' us in th' dumps. They aint none a us lookin' forward with any relish t' goin' through that mess agin.

Next mornin' he comes over about half drunk.

"I might as well start in," he says quiet like an' in a tone a guy uses walkin' t' th' gallows. "Its gotta be straitened out."

Fer a few days they aint much outa him but his steady cussin' He keeps workin' away an' is slowly gittin' us changed around.

One mornin' he come in after Spitzensplutter has leaned back agin th' wall an' gone t' sleep.

This engineer aint no biggern a dried

(Continued on page 16)



They both take a look an' theys th' engineer on th' floor under th' table an' out coldern a frozen cod. Spitzensplutter sends a rush OP fer medical aid an' by th' time th' doc arrives him an' Blinderna has th' guy breathin' an' his pulse beatin' agin. He aint bad hurt. He come back t' work next day, but he waits till me an' Annie takes over before he finishes wirin' that table.

Well, he has jist got us set up t' suit him an' is gonna show us how th' hunderd holes an' th' flexin' con rods on th' high speed set up works when theys a message gits in sayin' a plane is comin' fer him an' he has t' go pack his bags.

"Dont worry about it," he says. "Its jist a tempary set up no how. We're gonna have you on teletype soon as materials git in."

We coulda guessed it.

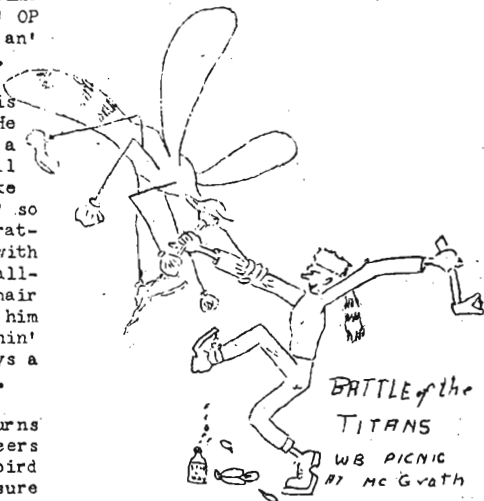
To be concluded in the
September Nuukluk Telegraph

A TEMPORARY SET UP
(Continued from page 15)

up cabbage leaf an' seein' Spitzensplutter is asleep he figures its a good time t' fix th' haywire wirin' under th' OP table. He gits down on his hands an' knees, crawls under an' goes t' work.

Like I told you, Spitzensplutter is one a th' best a th' good code men. He can be sound asleep an' snorin' like a snortin bull, but jist let anyone call him on th' circuit an' hes wide awake right now. This mornin' he's snorin' so loud th' weather certificates is a rattlin' on th' wall when he's called with a OP. He has got free-wheelin', ball-bearin', roller coasters on his chair an' when he gives his 250 a shove, him an' th' chair rally goes. This mornin' he shoves off hardern usual an' theys a sorta thud when he hits his position.

Soon as he has copied th' OP he turns t' Blinderna an' says, "These engineers aint never satisfied. What's this bird done t' my place now? My knees sure walloped somethin' when I shoved over here."



Scanning the beautiful writings and purty speeches in the last edition of our favorite scuttle-butter, it seems to me that with all the contributions being on such a high literary plane one doesn't really appreciate its quality, so I shall be a martyr to the cause and contribute an article now and then that will prove the true greatness of the others by contrast.

Having been around JQ long enough to gather a concensus about the place, I believe I can venture an opinion that will give you unfortunates who haven't been here an unprejudiced idea of what it's really like, and still keep my own neck out of the sling. The outstanding, undisputed and probably the best known fact about the place is that the wind blows here. I won't say it blows all the time because that wouldn't be true. It changes direction frequently and consequently when it turns around and blows all the wind back that just blew over, there is a lull between directions, thus making it unfair to say the wind blows all the time. Eave heard rumors that they were planning on building a round airport here so the tower could just flash two lights on opposite sides of the field to guide the ships in and give them a chance to land into the wind.

RIS Art Smith, SGM Bill Peacock, and Acting CAC Teale, all stormwindow greenhouse farmers, agree that it's the garden spot of the Territory. The soldiers say it's the best post in the Wing, and personally it looks good to me. Recreation, nice working conditions, pleasant homes and gardens (RO Paid Advertisement). Any dissatisfied operating personnel better take heed -- the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and draft board are breathing down Jim Teale's neck, and the Spillers want to go where they can have a school for Jerry -- so here's your ticket to Paradise.

Speaking of sucker bait, did you get a load of that dished out by HQ last month? Looks like they're trying to lure all of us bachelors back to the big city the way they waded those petticoats thru their column! Even talking about days off. Most of the stations will have

to inaugurate a new form of training to teach the hired hands what a day off is, and its functions in a normal life. It's been a long time! Got one myself the other day and decided to use it in FX. It took Ken and Wynne Kulm, Barbara Olmstead and Carol Winington, all FX operators, to get me back to JQ. They politely insisted they just wanted to see JQ, but dunno. It felt kind of like the bum's rush.

In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to -- then when you get a little older it turns to gardening. Last month the whole CAA population turned towards kidding those seeds into growing. Top honors for scientific farming goes to the Mardi Teale Enterprises (she furnished the brains). With eight million dollars worth of motorized equipment which included a bull-dozer, a Farmall, a dump truck and various and sundry accessories, plus the help of Pop Teale, Shep Shaylor and yours truly, it took only a little over two days to get in a two-bit garden. Without all the modern improvements and up-to-date farming equipment one man would have taken three hours on the job! But we must learn the principle of the thing. Jim earned the rep of being the champion buffalo chip chopper.

We don't want to tell any tales out of school but we will bet odds that if CEMO was listening in on a certain circuit about the middle of June, there's a decided shortage of paper around that office now, due to all available having been converted into discrepancy forms. KS, MP, RS, LJ, Dot, Bob, JW, and a few others will know what I mean!

It seems that Uncle Sam goes to most any length to keep his help happy. For instance, he's got Lytle and Green on the job here to plant oats all around our end of the airport to attract the buffalo and other game, so whenever we need meat we'll just have to step outside and cut a steak off one of the animals grazing by the back door. Also have lawn seed planted around all the quarters, and new asphalt sidewalks. Getting too sissyfied for a sourdough.

Everywhere you go you'll find people

(Continued on page 19)

We sincerely hope that none of the staff or readers is affected too seriously at seeing an article from Yakutat. As you all know, this is a very busy little station and we just don't have the time, like the rest of you, for writing articles to Ye Olde Muktel. Since we have been handling traffic with the new short form, we have a little more time. We now have a super-duper gang down here, too, which will help some.

Well, since we have been out of circulation for so long, guess it's time to climb back on the buggy.

Yes sir, we are right on top of the social register in these here parts. Due to some high class finagling on somebody's part, we are now located right in the Army hangar. Second floor, too. Guess that will take HQ off its high horse. We can look down on people, too. It's a brand spankin' new station, equipped with everything but days off.

CAC Finegold is still around and about. When he isn't busy with other duties, he can usually be found somewhere giving out pointers on the finer elements of softball. He has quite an advantage over the rest of us, though. He only has to take about two steps to get from one base to the other. Kenny Wood is still with us, also. Kenny has been around here so long he can find his way from 301X to 302 in the dark, which is quite an accomplishment in itself. Kenny has just returned from Uncle Sugar, where he has been enjoying a little vacation. He tells us that all he did was play golf. He has a good looking tan to prove his point.

Another of the old standbys who is still with us is "Smilin" Kenny Jordan, who is working under a severe handicap. It seems as though his voice sounds very much like that of Bob Finegold. You can see how he would really take a beating on 304.

Walter and Harriet Mazaika are still holding down the mid watch. Walt has sprouted forth with a fiery red beard.

He seems to be pretty proud about it, too. I'm afraid the day watch is going to come in some morning and find Walt has his beard all tangled up in the 301X tape. If and when it happens, it promises to be a royal battle, a battle which the Weather Bureau will probably lose. Well, Mazaika, you keep the beard trimmed up and we will keep our fingers crossed.

Other than the aforementioned parties we have a group of refugees on hand (and under foot). James Beach is a refugee from the Seven Seas, Jim being an old salt from away back. Then there is John "PDM" Lee, who is a refugee from SA Training Center some five or six months back. Last, but certainly not least, are Joe McFarland and Dick Haggin, who look like they might be a couple of refugees from any place. Actually they are reported to have fit the Battle of the Yukon. Whatever battle they fitted they evidently got the worst of it.

McFarland swears that from now on he is going on only what he can carry in an empty Bull Durham sack. QOT The way my trunk keeps follerin me aroun' bout three jumps behind me, that all I have anyway QOT. We can't help getting the impression that the flood has sort of affected Haggin. Everytime the tide comes in, he rushes madly home and packs his things and lights out for the nearest mountain. Fortunately we have been able to rope and tie him down, but he's liable to get clean away one of these days.

Lila Jones has been doing some eracing down here for the past month or so, but at this writing she is sweating out her T. O. to Juneau. If the morale at JE is in a slump, it should take a big jump for the better any day now. It was nice having you with us, Lila.

A few days ago Jim Beach was offered a day off -- apparently someone made a mistake -- and after he was revived, he started to do some heavy thinking about what he was going to do on this great day. For the benefit of those who

(Continued on page 19)

who insist that summer isn't summer without the discomfort of one or more picnics. Last week the hardier pioneers of the local CAA gentry got the bug (in more ways than one) and there was a hustle and bustle all around as they made preparations for their meal to be eaten on the now-deserted tennis court. The meal went along the usual schedule: the table was set to the rhythm of mosquito swatting, bring on the food bucking a thirty mile wind and sand storm, then grab a quick bite and run to the house to keep from drowning in the inevitable downpour. Wonder if that'll hold them till next year???

We hear tell that most of the FK mid-watch harem made their sevens last week, but don't want them to quit practicing. Frinstance, ask Score how fast she can take clear weather -- or perhaps it's our sending, Phil!

Congrats to Winnie and Herb Bridges on their doing it again. Our Jones, Smiths and Browns are going to have to watch their step or they're going to have competition from that quarter.

Guess everyone knows by now I meant what I said about the contrast in the first paragraph, so will give the rest of the space back to the experts.

Wandering Wulf

N. B. Your self-effacing scribe very modestly omitted an account of his "Veni, vidi, vici" exploits among the fair AD employees at JQ. Last time we saw him he had a very snappy brunette in tow -- obviously the pick of the base. He's sure got the makings of a first-class bachelor -- even his ears are getting pointed.

In closing, we'd like to add a vote of gratitude to Airways Engineer Leon Athey for the slick job of installation on our new equipment, accomplished in spite of the cigar shortage at JQ. Understand he's now at Tanacross, sweating out a similar mission. The bridge players beware -- he's a shark!

...BCNU...

don't remember what a day off is, it is a day on which a person doesn't have to get up in the morning and grab a cup of scalding coffee and take off for the station. You don't even have to show up at the station; in fact, you don't have to get up (which, if I ever get a day off, is exactly what I'm going to do). Well, anyway, Beach decided that he would spend part of the day taking a little stroll to see where he has been living for the past few months. Being an Accom, Jim filed a mental flight plan with himself which went something like this: Cruise down to the beach and thence along the beach to the point, at which point he is to cross a small wooden bridge and return home in a sort of roundabout way. Well, it seems that when he got to the point there was another point a little farther down the line, which in turn was followed by another point. Now James was bound and determined to get as far as this little bridge, which would be a shortcut home. Several hours and two sore feet later he finally reached the bridge, but alas and alack no bridge. After much very deep thought Jim decided that the only way to get home was to go back the way he had come, so, that's the way he came home. Shortly after midnight a very decrepit looking old man was seen slowly making his way toward the house. We haven't decided whether he was walking or crawling, but whatever he was doing he did it right into the house and literally fell into bed. The next day he showed up at the station wearing a pair of bedroom slippers, which were well filled. Beach was a pretty sorry looking fellow for a few days, and he hasn't walked farther than fifteen feet at one time since.

To Lee Bates at Middleton Island we would suggest that you let Tom Robertson read this article not more than a paragraph a day. Otherwise he is liable to laugh himself sick and you would have to stand his watch for him.

Well, so long till next time. I think we've already got in more than our share of nonsense.

73's from the gang at VY