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CAA 8th REGION

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA

REPORT ON CONFERENCE OF
REGIONAL ADMINISTRATORS
by
Marshall C. Poppin

The Administrator held a conference in Washington on February 6 to 10 with all Regional Administrators, Service Directors, and various Washington Division Chiefs, to discuss all phases of Civil Aeronautics Administration operations, with particular reference to those problems affecting the regions. In nearly every case definite conclusions were reached and action taken by the Administrator on these matters.

The work accomplished during this conference was most constructive and already some results have been accomplished. Matters pertaining to lines of authority, responsibility, personnel promotion methods, property accountability, general organization, and similar matters of interest have been acted upon. Matters of a general administrative nature and the specific problems of various services were discussed, as well as the promotion of personal flying, airports, air traffic control, VHF ranges,

and general aviation problems. The results and actions taken are too voluminous to repeat here, but will be recognized by all whom they affect.

The administrator indicated his desire to hold meetings of this nature every few months. It has been the policy of my office to receive suggestions from any employee for the betterment and improvement of this Region. It is again requested that you submit suggestions and recommendations to me for the improvement of this Organization and its functions. The administrator's plan will afford us an opportunity to present, consider, and secure action on our ideas.

All indications point to a rapid expansion in aviation and the administrator's decision to streamline this Organization to effectually meet the demands placed upon it is a forward step

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

GUSTAVUS ASLEEP? WHADDAYA HEAN?

----- OH, THAT ----- !

Well...we received the latest MUNKUK last night, read it with much interest and noted the remark about ME. How come no news from ME? It's thisaway: seems that some CAAsers don't want to send anything to MUNKUK unless they consider it really HIGH CLASS like some of the material printed. However, some others of us are willing to send a little news even tho we know our style is not high class. Probably the opposite. But anyway---

As most of you know, ME hasn't much of a history. Only dates back to last October. CAC, then and now, Bill Winebrenner, ex-CAC YO. The other two original ME emctrs were Wally Norwalk and Joel Lidling. Wally, ex-CAC ZZ, left for US recently. Being, sometimes known as "the wild trapper from Bruin Bay", if given the least little encouragement will toll you--with tears in his eyes--that he was at HBB/UC for just three days less than seven months before the first mail arrived, etc., etc. Oh yes, he thinks he's slated for ME next. When?

Howard Fisk from JE was with us for a few weeks. Later he returned to JE and was replaced here by Carl Muorinen from YO and JE.

As of this date, March 27th, the emctn personnel consists of Muorinen, King and Frank McIlhardy. Frank, from JE, is temporarily trading places with our CAC when it became necessary for Bill to take his wife to Junau for doctor's care.

When Inspector McElurray was here a

few weeks ago, Carl made 100% in his Navigation quiz. No foolin'. And an average of 92% for the four written tests. Not bad! Not half bad! In fact, we think Jerry (Geraldine) has every right to be proud of her ol' man. And she is.

Some of you may know that ME is on a game reserve or whatever. But a nearby island is not. And THAT is where Howard got a really fine buck just before he went back to JE. Legal 'n' everything. Every day we see a few dozen Canadian "bonkers" (geese to some of you) between the station and the dome. And just last night our handsome Actg WIS--the HQ office should realize how unfair it is to the single gals to keep Roy Anderson at a small station like ME--told us of the funny antics of a flock of mallards out near the CT site when he made the truck which he was driving backfire. Some fun. Infrequently we see a coyote or wolf. (No, the OTHER kind.) A week ago, a big black wolf was seen within about 150 feet of the station. "Oh, Grandma, what big ears you have!" And a few days later--that would be the same as a few days ago, wouldn't it?--a coyote was seen crossing the two runways.

Bill Pock of 90 was here a few weeks and during that time new Montgomery Ward catalogues arrived. After studying certain types of illustrations, he complained long and bitterly that the company was using dummy models for certain illustrations. (If you can't guess, refer to pages 193 to 219.) Of course,

(Continued on page 11)

IN MEMORIAM

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

1982 - 1945

The death of President Franklin D. Roosevelt is considered a great personal and National loss to all the democratic peoples of the world. The common people have lost a champion of their cause. His ideals and philosophies will have an everlasting effect on the future of this Nation and the world. Although we may not all have agreed with some of his policies, we are aware he showed a determination and strength of character in continually striving and fighting to accomplish the realization of the ideals and principles in which he believed.

President Roosevelt will be greatly missed in the formulation of future international and national policies. May his soul be comforted with the knowledge that millions knew, loved, and mourned him.

To his successor, Harry S. Truman, we must all unqualifiedly support him in his efforts and responsibilities in guiding the destiny of this Nation to a total "peace on earth and good will towards man".

Marshall C. Hoppin
Regional Administrator

CULINARY CORNER

(Sergeant M. B. B. Co., Editor)

In my travels throughout the region several moose hunters have asked about corning moose meat. Recently I have had the pleasure of eating some that was really delicious. Here is the way it's done---

Scrub out a good butter barrel (one or more). Put as much fresh killed moose meat as desired to be corned in the barrel and cover with cold water. Done the meat and cut into six to ten pound pieces. In the larger pieces, pierce them with a sharp instrument so the brine will penetrate. Have the water two inches above the meat and let it stand for forty-eight hours, after which drain off the water and measure before discarding. Measure the same amount of cold clean water and to every gallon of water formerly used add 1 1/2 pounds of fine salt, 1/2 pound of brown sugar and 1/2 ounce of saltpeter. Boil for five minutes or long enough to dissolve all the ingredients and skin, after which let it cool off and when cold, pour over the meat (make sure it's cold). Place a heavy weight on the meat to keep it under the brine, store in a cool place. The corned moose meat will be ready for use after ten days. It will also keep indefinitely, and after taking a piece out put the weight back on and keep the meat submerged. Another good point to remember is, if the moose is an old bull, increase the amount of saltpeter slightly. This formula will also work on other types of meat.

Good luck, Lary. (Note: Of course, step #1 is to find a moose.)

Here are some press schedules for you folks who want to increase your code speeds and keep up with the latest news:

WOL/WJS 15750 KC
 WCP 15610 KC
 WJW 15950 KC 2:30 PM to 3:30 PM
 WFK 15500 KC Alaska War Memo
 WPK2/WBE 13100 KC
 WJE 15850 KC
 WBCS/WBA13810 KC

Unalakleet, Alaska

February 6th, 1945

To Whom It May Concern:

Do it know that on the evening of February 6th, 1945, at the CMA quarters, Unalakleet, Alaska, the undersigned persons engaged in a game of four handed (race horse) Pinochle, and they do hereby certify that "Blackie" Bennett holded 1800 -- a double family in Spades for 1500 and the two Jacks of Diamonds for 500 Pinochle.

Sam A. Anato, P.M., Unalakleet
 Alfred M. Bennett, P.M., Anchorage
 H.C. Kumlir, C.M., Unalakleet
 Mrs. H. C. Kumlir

The above completes the report from Unalakleet for this month. Anything further would be superfluous.

PKV/AM	10980 KC	7:00 - 8:00PM
KJES	9400 KC	3:00 - 5:00AM
KJES	7500 KC	3:00 - 5:00AM
WBCS	15850 KC	9:00 AM

The speed is thirty to forty words per minute. Here are some time signals that may be of some benefit:

ITM
 14590 KC 2400Z
 4625 KC 1500Z
 14890 KC 2000Z

The recent visitors in Branch 80 were a female communicator and her small son. We were amazed to hear her admonish the little fellow for misbehavior with this awful threat: "If you don't be good, you won't grow up to be a communicator."

We were happy to welcome L.W. Wilson, Communications Liaison Officer from the Seventh Region, who was in Anchorage recently to attend the joint PAA-JPT-CMA conference and also to confer with Eighth Region officials regarding over-seas and foreign station activities.

April 6, 1945

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Slone would like to express their appreciation of the help received in the recent somewhat flurried arrival of their fourth daughter, with especial thanks to Mr. Jefford, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Mars. It is very comforting to know that in case of trouble there are people like this to jump in and fix things up.

Incidentally, the new addition's name is Kathleen Elinor, born March 4. For the benefit of any who may have been looking the other way for the past couple years, the total now is: Mary Joan, Patricia Anne, Elizabeth Katherine, and Kathleen Elinor.

Mr. and Mrs. Vern F. Domogalla's second boy arrived day before yesterday; name, Earl Fred.

As the above may indicate, while the present population of McGrath is small, it is increasing at a steady and startling pace. There are at present nineteen C.A. children here, counting Domogalla's latest. One more is expected next month, three more by next fall. The Weather Bureau is a little more modest in its ambitions, but it too has caught the expansionist fever. The one Weather Bureau kid will have a companion about next month. It is noted that even single women visiting McGrath habitually wear fervently crossed fingers on both hands.

Present adult complement at McGrath is as follows: Communications--Ralph W. Slone, O. R. Unger, Vern F. Domogalla, Ann M. Domogalla, Benedict B. Paul, Doris J. Paul. Signals--Ray Bird, Frank Pickett, Bob Carver, Art Perence, Freddie Miller. Volunteer: Wendell A. Williams may or may not be with us when this appears, since at present he is awaiting travel orders for return to South Dakota.

Carver's wife recently joined him with their son, and they have set up housekeeping in the ex-PAA shanty. Accommodations are somewhat primitive, but guess the Carvers are elated enough at the prospect of a little normal home-life to overlook that. Carver is ex-lavvy by way of Purple Heart, and more recently of Engineers in the Aleutians.

The watch-house water supply recently froze up, but luckily the drain remains open and there is still plenty of snow to melt. Aside from this, we come through the winter with no serious freeze-ups -- yet.

There have been plenty of birds this winter, and some moose available locally, although none of the station personnel got out last fall, and we have not done bad for meat. The M.C. Co. has started a weekly order of fresh stuff one day old from Seattle by PanAm, and while high-priced (freight is a dollar a pound), this has provided a welcome relief from canned beans. Beer still holds at a neat dollar a bottle, and home-brew experiments have not turned out well; but some of the wives are developing a very delicate touch with root-beer, and the husbands are developing a correspondingly appreciative palate. Personally, as boot-beer days begin to dawn, the undersigned finds himself becoming a confirmed root-beer-bibler, and liking it. There is, of course, a faint suspicion that all that yeast and sugar may produce a certain something lacking in commercial varieties.

We are pretty well set up for high-speed now, and find that we copy all of circuit 303 with good signals. Quite a bit of time might be saved if stations having longish traffic for us would utilize "INT QNA", or honor, say, "QNA 100" from us. Some of you may have wondered why we have been insistent on tape transmission to us recently, and that is the reason. We record as much as possible, so that the operator can take a little time off the circuit now and then for other duties, and anyone who has tried to decipher even a very good fist from slip will understand why we prefer tape transmission.

The undersigned usually is unable to summon enough ambition to do much corresponding except when in a nasty mood, with the result that most of his letters are not suitable for publication in a family magazine; hence so little from McGrath in the past. However, he surprised all hands, including himself, by starting this piece out in a rare amiable mood, and maybe it will happen again some day.

RWS

ZZZ SITTINGSMOKE
by Enny Ginius
(Continued from March Kukluk Telegraph)

They's nothin' on th' circuit, an' Spitzensplutter is jist sittin' back in his chair, comfortable like. He'd stick his feet on th' desk but that aint comfortable fer him. He's one of these wide as he is tall guys who jist natchery hang over a chair. They's a big hunk a him saggin' over th' back, an' part a him has slipped prtin' near t' th' floor. He aint lazy. He jist don't like t' move.

Blinderna is a starin' out th' window wonderin' when th' damn snow's a gonna stop. He's a goofy lookin' cuss but smart a nuff fer a weather man. He can't see ten miles, but nobody kin see very far at Sittinsmoke.

Finally Ivanna comes out a her coma.

"BC312green," she says, "you is on course, an' cughba be estimatin' this station in one plus one one."

"Roger," th' dope says, goober as ever. "Estimatin' your station in one plus one won." Ivanna don't git it.

Everthings quiet fer a while, 'cept fer th' snorin' of Spitzensplutter who's gone asleep. Blinderna's still watchin' th' snow when th' guy comes in agin.

"Sittinsmoke Radio give your traffic, please."

It jist happens th' babe's out on one of them calls everone has t' make now an' then. Blinderna looks dumb. All he know anything about is th' weather. Spitzensplutter has woke up. "Damn!" he says, an takes th' phone.

"Traffic," he bellers, "is a group of E29's bound fer Tokio an a flock a B17's headin fer Berlin. Only other reported traffic is a tribe a pigmies headin' into a jungle on a elephant hunt someres in Africa."

"Roger," th' dope says, an shuts up like a clam that's jist felt a razor.

Th' blonde missed all a that an' fer a half hour they ain't nothin' doin', 'cept th' boss, Biggead, has come over

t' do his daily snoopin'. He's cleaned th' back contacts on th' hand key, an' told Blinderna, t' be sure an' keep th' copper lid closed on th' barometer cause they's too much dust gittin' in on th' mercury. He's thumbin' th' traffic look-in' fer mistakes when th' guy comes in agin.

"Hayday! Pant! Emergency!" th' dope yells. "Sittinsmoke Radio this is BC312 green. I'm out a gas. I can't see a thing in this snow storm. I'm comin' down fer a crash landin'."

Ivanna's fainted. Blinderna's runnin' around like a weaned calf that's jist smelled a bucket. Th' boss muttered, "Crash landin'! My gawd!" an' jumped t' th' local telephone. He calls th' Ambulance Corpse an' th' Fire Brigade an' they come a runnin'. Spitzensplutter's picked up th' phone. "OK," he says. He's th' only one stayin' half cool.

Th' boss is fillin' his pockets with B-manules when th' Ambulance Corpse an' th' Fire Brigade come chargin' in. "Where's th' accident?" they both ask at once. Th' chief starts fer th' door.

"Well," Spitzensplutter says. "Dat-cha ritkin' excited about? Th' guy aint figurin' t' git here fer a half hour yet."

"A half hour?" Biggead asks, kinda doubtful.

"That's what I said. A half hour."

"Well," th' boss says, relieved an' turnin' t' th' Ambulance Corpse an' th' Fire Brigade, "How 'ud you fellers go fer a beer an' maybe a hand a stud while we're waitin'?"

"Fine!" they says in a chorus, like a couple kids bein' offered candy.

"Let us know when he's comin' in," Biggead says to Spitzensplutter, an out he goes trailed by th' Ambulance Corpse with his Boy Scout first aid kit an' th' Fire Brigade with his quart a Pyrene.

(Continued on page 7)

Th' whole bunch of em is half drunk a ready jist thinkin' a beer. "We'll be down t' my den," th' boss says as he shets th' door.

Th' boss aint got a den. We sorta fixed up th' utility house into a sorta club room an' then th' boss put th' rest a us t' work an' took over. "My den," he calls it. His wife won't let him drink at home 'cause he's a bad influence on kids. Neither can th' MRS. Th' whole gang is beer hounds. Th' MRS an' P&E can smell a poker game ten miles off, an' th' SGL's gotta real snout fer beer. It aint fifteen minutes 'til th' bunch of 'em is knee deep in a six hand game a stud an' on their second round a beers.

Meantime Ivanna's come to agin. Th' plane's crashed. "I'm lodged in a couple trees," th' pilot says, "ten feet off a th' ground."

Spitzensplutter is a puttin' out the second ZZZ when th' base gets a hold a herself.

"What can you see?" Mann asks her big an' handsome.

"Snow! Snow! Snow! Nothin' but thissnow," th' guy ends up gentle like.

Th' dame goes into another huddle with her gadgets an' stuff. Finally she calls th' pilot agin.

"You are due south a th' north pole," she says, like she's jist discovered th' secret a th' universe.

"Thanks, honey," he tells her, sweet as can be. "That's jist what I figured too."

Spitzensplutter says that convinced him they is something to this navigation business. He grabs th' book an' starts studyin' fer th' exam. Blinderna's miss-in'. Ivanna goes on a hunt fer him an' finally finds him.

Blinderna's sittin' on th' code in a swivel chair on top a our tallest antenna pole, with a wet bulb dangling on one

The APD Bowling League closed its very successful season on March 15 with the Championship going to Bill Blau's team after a close race. In fact, three of the four teams had a chance for the top spot until the rolling of the last few frames of the final evening. The fourth team started slowly, but was plenty tough at the finish, beating the top teams with due regularity. The final standing of the teams was as follows:

	Won	Lost	Percentage
Bill Blau's Team	35	25	583
Red Unti's Team	34	26	567
Joe Nelson's Team	31	29	517
Selmer Holte's Team	20	40	333
Men's High Seasonal Average			
Bill Blau			155
Girls' High Seasonal Average			
Doris Anderson			117
Men's High Individual Scores			
Bill Blau			210
Selmer Holte			196
Joe Nelson			191
Girls' High Individual Scores			
Doris Anderson			163
Lary Holte			157
Loma Fiksdal			155

The season was climaxed by a banquet and Dance in the Gold Room of the Lay-flower Hotel on March 16, which was voted a huge success by the members of the Bowling League and their friends.

side a him an' a dry bulb hangin' on the other. Oncet in a while he writes a special but on a slip a paper an' lets it come flutterin' down on th' breeze. He's a lookin' th' country over with a pair a field glasses. Then almost a fore anyone knows it he's in th' room an' has grabbed th' phone.

"BCS12green," he howls excitedly. "They's a dog team comin' your way. Git ota your plane. Maybe you can thumb a ride t' town."

To be concluded
in the Lay issue

March 27, 1945

The almost regular report this month finds us out here with all hands comparable to a flock of new birds with everything but wings, as the Link Training draws to a close. Nearly everyone can now fly a theoretical airplane at varying distances above a theoretical terra firma at an altitude held constant within a couple of thousand feet and wobble in on the beam, or beams. The CAC made the most progress as he started lower (500 feet under the muskog).

A slight ripple occurred in the maintenance department when PRE Sorrell crawled out on the limb and someone sawed it off. Just hauled off and eliminated his job. Fred took it in stride, and goes south to SG next month (on or about) seraiht in the tooth of the ugly rumors that there may be a lot of work down here.

Something we overlooked last month was rejecting the arrival of two fresh ANCHORS from Seattle, K. Apple and C. Jorgensen, at present on the mid watch. Apple was here quite a while before someone uncovered a very useful talent of his which we expect to come in handy in the haktel. Pressure is being brought to bear, and the contributions from here may take on an artistic hue sometime in the future.

Some bright young feller just dug among the cans and bottles and came up with the news that our vitamin pills are out of date. Seems like the commissary stocks the wrong kind and it's lack of Vitamin C that causes the many complexions. Our most ardent proponent of this theory is Mason, who eats citrus fruit on watch and periodically beats his chest and emits blood-curdling screams. Would be a little unnerving at times but he has a steel-nerved watch partner (Dillon by the name of Smith) who says his solution is give Mason more work to keep him busy. This leaves Smith with little to do but he bears with it, consulting his Ouija board the while and buying ice pool tickets. As he says, there's no pool like an ice pool.

Well, spring is coming, to PII, with

the birds and the bees and the communications inspectors on the way and speaking of Spring, what became of that old roue Snyder who disappeared into the land of the light mist? Last we heard he was on the trail of the ten-cent beer and the two-inch steak. Forget the milk and honeys, Ed, and address a communique to the haktel. We're dying to know how you lived through that light rain down there after the water subsided enough to get into a restaurant.

OTHER STATIONS PLEASE NOTE - - - -

For the SUGGESTION BOX, we have the following: One of our alert communicators (name on request) has advanced an idea which we plug herewith. (Editor please note--maybe this will help nuddle a few replies out of some of those stations). Briefly, the idea is that every station must have something unusual to brag about, like the most beautiful communicators or the ugliest maintenance men. The idea is to drag those so-called distinctions out in the open. Things like who has the longest record in one place--or who has moved the most. About all we can think of to start is that all operating personnel here except the CAC are from Seattle. We might add that in general the personnel here are probably the most perverse, or maybe it's just human nature. Anyway, this is one place where you can't take a picture without some Lieutenant bashing down your neck like you were working for the Japs and under all this complication and red tape --you guessed it, everybody takes up photography. All we have to do to make a bunch of fishermen is give the army power to throw everyone caught with a fishing pole in the guardhouse. Anyway, you can see that in a rambling sort of a way, we're trying to start a program of competition and try to whip up a little interest in what the other stations are doing and what they are doing it with. (Help us out, Editor; we're lagged; in fact, we quit.)

Then there was the married man who came home late, and as he pulled out the key wondered what he was letting himself in for.

Here is a question for the philosophers to ponder. "Why do those persons who are most afraid of something so often have their fears realized, while those who never give the same particular perils a thought so rarely experience them?" For instance, Hazel Keith, now completing two months at Skwentna, has had more hair-raising experiences than Max Shellabarger (in residence RJ fifteen years). The daily round at RJ has become a life of high adventure. Here follows entries from Form 408 of April 14th:

0025 Moose looking in station window,
(Hazel Keith on watch)

0725 Moose looking in station window.
(Milly Nelson on watch)

And that gives but a hint of the whole story, a wild chronicle of deep snow and vicious beasts, swift dashes to the psychrometer shelter, shots in the night, etc. It almost equals that famous bear hunt staged by "Buffalo" Gray and "Wild Bill" Corles at the Fairbanks CT.

Coke Nelson, John Keith, and Gil Lemmon stand by in amazement, while those two frail damsels, Mrs. Keith and Mrs. Nelson, lecture the local trappers, hunters, and guides on emergency measures to be taken when charged by moose, trailed by wolves, etc. When the Spring thaws arrive and the bears come out of hibernation, this place will resemble a performance of "Hellzapoppin".

Now personnel since February: Kommy Warren, PMS, Mrs. Warren, and "Tippie" Warren. Kommy is planning to take Menana's business away with the Skwentna Ice Pool. The decisive moment of the breakup will be determined when the line across to Skwentna Heights is carried away.

Visitors during March included Jim Humphries and Mary Gormley, two nice young members of the Anchorage social

That little "ant" that sets on stilts at Merrill Field creaked and groaned as the breezes pushed the indicator up to 75 m.p.h. mark. Said Controller John Maw: "76 m.p.h. was the evacuation point. I'm not fooling you. I was worried about the future of Merrill Tower." By evening the wind had calmed down to a mere puff of 55 m.p.h. Weather Bureau just as well have put in remarks: "Tower: Mlgawd what gusts."

It's quite late, but don't believe we mentioned it before about our little paint job in the tower. We finally got rid of the ghastly green in favor of a much more refined light gray. One of the tower believe that a refined gray is so much in keeping with the personnel. Getting gray, not refined.

Stuart McElheney, formerly of Maintenance but more recently of U. S. Army, visited the tower. Said to wish all his friends a happy St. Pat's day. He also remarked something about liking radios better than ice cream. He has some sort of an ice cream job with his camp--at Whittier. Tower if he had anything to do with the recent quarantine!

Another visitor of the month was Chick Gutmann from Fairbanks tower. He reports progress on tower repairs there.

Rumor has it women are headed Merrill Tower way. And to think all of us are happily married or about to be that way.

set. An unwilling visitor was Fuzz Rogers. Laurence Bahls also made a flight to this garden spot, and was favorably impressed.

Mrs. Lemmon returned from a week in Anchorage, to the relief of Gil Lemmon, and the immense relief of Bobby Lemmon. Bachelor cooking didn't agree with either.

"99"

April 10, 1945

In case you're wondering what "that smell" is, it's the new light green paint in "99". That's right, light green. Just like the Federal Building. We're so proud of our new paint job we're going around with our noses in the air.

Besides that, the Walkers are back. They spent a vigorous vacation Outside that was very eventful. All you have to do is mention chicken bones and chair cars to Joan.

At any rate, that's the welcome mat you see out in front.

Guess what, kids! The Boss is back. We're still wondering what's so fascinating about Nome.

Did you know "99" has a celebrity? Yes indeed. His name is John Crosson. Any who didn't witness the down-hill and slalom races at Arctic Valley on the afternoon of March 13, 1945, missed the thrill of a lifetime. Of course, we're not quite sure just where he placed, but all the same he is "our" celebrity-of-the-month.

and how about the young King? It's congratulations to Dave and Marge, and hello to young David. That's another 99-er.

Everyone has heard about the Engineer who took a wife. But not everyone has heard the tale about the trip the wife took. We give you Flora Herriethov's viewpoint of Alaska:

"They say all Chochalos, after being here a year, have the urge to write a book, so after only two months and having just completed a trip on the Alcan highway as far as Whitehorse, I may be qualified to write a few paragraphs about it.

"Within a period of ten days, we traveled approximately thirteen hundred miles by car, thirty miles by dog team and returned home from Fairbanks by air. We stopped at most of the construction camps and Army stations all of the way to Whitehorse. At Midway Lake, we were

met by the Indians of Tetlin Village, who took us fifteen miles in to their village with four dog teams. We left the lake at 4:30 o'clock and traveled three hours over frozen lakes, rivers and through woods, arriving at the village just at dusk. Many of the eighty-three natives occupying the village met us as our teams drew up to the school-teacher's log home and heartily welcomed us. We stayed two 'sleeps' with the schoolteacher, visiting many of the families in their homes, attending a day of school for the native children, taking pictures, and talking with the natives. They told us that we were the first white women ever to come in beside the nurse and schoolteacher, and upon our leaving, extended a cordial invitation to return. During school the native children sang many of our songs as well as their native songs, read for us, and recited.

"We also spent a day with the Royal Canadian Air Force twenty miles off the highway, where we were given a most cordial welcome. The highway was in excellent condition on the entire trip and the scenery beautiful."--Flora G. Herriethov

PROBLEM DEPARTMENT:

Question: We have a cat at our house who is so smart that he understands English. Therefore, when we don't wish him to know what we are talking about, it is necessary for us to spell out the words. In-a-word description--he's white, ordinary, alley. What shall we do when he learns to spell?

Please mail all answers to this question to Problem Department, Ekluk Telegraph, Reference #99, Anchorage, Alaska. A definite answer is urgently needed. Please reply asap.

P. S. Do YOU have a problem?

"Work faithfully for eight hours a day and don't worry, and in time you may become the Boss and work sixteen hours a day and have all the worry."

Quotation submitted by
Marshall C. Hoppin

he said he was thinking of the poor, old
bachelor sourdoughs who would be dis-
appointed.

Our CAC can tell--if he will--a sad
story of the launching (Hal) of his
speedy little runabout a few weeks ago.
He had overhauled it "in drydock" and it
really looked pretty good. Soooo, one
day he had it hauled down to the beach
during low tide. But woe and aback and
alas, when the tide came in, the boat
refused to float as any well-behaved
boat should do. Bill was sure and wor-
ried and disgusted but he soon got "rob-
erta" shipshape again. Later when Bill
Peck was here, that mariner was giving
Bill W. some pointers on marine naviga-
tion, boats etc. Some were good pointers
but he was going to show our CAC how
easy it would be to swamp the little
boat so he proceeded to jump up and down
on one side of the boat. Something went
wrong and he soon found out HE was all
wet. (He did NOT swamp the boat.)

Here is a message from our mechanic,
Johnnie -blind: "Dear kukluk, Can you
please tell me--when is HE going to send
me back to JJ?"

A few nights ago we had some over-
night air passengers--account of bad
weather in JJ. Among 'em was "Margo"
Pomeroy from Hg, bound for the Deep
South. Pleasant gal.

For a while one of the major problems
here at HE was the water supply. But
the well was driven deeper and a water
softener system was installed, which
combination produced a big improvement.
A chlorination system was to have been
installed, for which purpose two 30 gal-
lon crockery jars are on hand, but for
some reason the plan was discarded or
delayed. Now, one of the big crocks is
often seen behind the kitchen range.
This tends to make the water darker but
much more palatable. Great idea--the
water softener (!) system.

...All right! We know that wasn't
HIGH CLASS but don't say we didn't try.
And, please, no more sarcastic remarks
about HE again--not for a few months
an'ho.

in the reorganization.

I would like to quote the Administra-
tor on his summation of the results of
the conference:

"Much constructive work was accom-
plished at the meetings through mutual
efforts to improve this organization and
its functioning. Important as these
factors are, and essential as it is for
the Administration to possess a sound
organizational foundation, nevertheless
our greatest opportunity of rendering
service to the public, and thereby earn-
ing recognition as a successful Govern-
ment Agency, lies in the proficiency of
the men and women of whom the Adminis-
tration is composed and, most important
of all, in their willingness to cooper-
ate and work together as a team.

"Aviation will expand rapidly in the
years to come. Leadership in guiding
this growth along sound lines must be
furnished by the Civil Aeronautics Admi-
nistration."

Again the administrator has stressed
the importance of team work throughout
the organization and I wish to further
call your attention to this point. No
matter what organizational structure may
be set up under which we must operate,
our only justification for existence is
to faithfully serve the aviation public
as a whole, and only with the most coor-
dinated teamwork by individuals, units
and divisions may this be accomplished.

Marshall C. Koppin
Regional Administrator

Jones: When did you first suspect
your husband was mentally deranged?

Mrs. Smith: When he shook the hall
tree and began feeling around on the
floor for apples."

Ed's note: HE, this is first rate.
Only the motel shortage prevents us from
sending you a special silver-plated halo.
We hope you "keep 'em coming".

HALORUTE SLIM SAYS.....

Howdy, guys and gals of the CAA. This month finds Old Slim at Tanacross, having postponed the battle of Big Delta for the time being. There is a fine family group here at Tanacross, to wit: M/S Mensley, Chicote and Mrs. DeFord, Koch, and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Communicator Miquay, Mr. Lytle and Mrs. Ruth Barker and last but not least Court Jones formerly of Home and last seen by Old Slim at Cal na.

In my travels throughout the territory I have seen many of our communicators and other personnel sporting a luscious growth of hair on the face. The fur-lined CUP goes to Chief Baker of Big Delta. If he ever should get a haircut on the face his wife will no doubt find all the little odds and ends that have been missing around the house for the past few months. He will also have to get acquainted with the baby all over again. P. S. The board is M.D.

Speaking of Red Heads, there are seven (7) red heads in the CAA Family at Delta. Predominating colors worn by redheads is BLUE. Why?

Long time no see us Gary Hughes, Buck Webb, Stub (M/S to be at Talkotna) Stebbins and Johnnie Arbling at Juneau. How's it, gang?

Can you imagine Bill Connolly being godfather to young Stubb Stebbins? Well of course the baby has nothing to say about it!

Did you hear this one?

Letter: Mabel, get right off that Cal man's knee!

Answer: The heck I will. I was here first!

Here of the same:

Old Maid: Last night I dreamed a wolf was chasing me and I was between the devil and the deep blue sea!

2nd Old Maid: Did he catch you, Jennie?

Now Jennie, you know how I hate water!

Poem of the month: THE M.S. Dedicated to Art (M/S) Smith of Big Delta

Ho guys and gals of the CAA as wo

struggle along life's queer highway, all have our ups and downs, I guess, but how about the M/S? To most of you this will not be news, for you've all heard him sing the blues. His troubles are great, his pleasures few; he has a million things to do.

He arises with the sun (at nine).. Over hear his M/S say he's feeling fine. He puts the coffee pot on the heater, gulps a cup and hot's off to read the meters. Now this is a most difficult work and cannot be done by any JEMK. You must pull out a plug, then take a reading. I'm so sorry for him my heart is bleeding.

Now, to the Control, wired as a dog. We must now take a look at the station LOG. Good gosh, another hectic day, there is trouble again with that RCA. He raves and rants and pants like a boob it's a heck of a job to change that tube Now hot's off again to change a light, when he gets that done he'll be ready to fight.

This will take until noon, I have a munch, so let's go home for mid-day lunch. Now it's one o'clock, by his old Big Ben, so he's up like a shoe and hot's off again. His wife looks at him with admiration: He's the most abused man in all creation. (But she also laughs, at times, with slaver, at the M/S and his tribulations.)

But as for me-----

If I had to follow in her steps all day, with three or four kiddies getting in the way, I'd much rather be the M/S, than to be his wife, the MRS.

TRUTH: The only thing worse than a quitter is the man who is afraid to begin.

Thought for Today: One of these days this war will end and we hope to all get back to normal again. The Government is spending millions to make civilians out of returning soldiers. Many male communicators will never again have to play Harbord and mind the baby while mama stands a watch. Now you tell me, what is the CAA going to do to make men out of these communicators? Send suggestions to Halorute Slim, c/o 99.

----- So long, gang.

Halorute Slim

March 26, 1945

GQ herewith enters a challenge to all you ping pongers. If anyone feels real lucky, just slip into a pair of snowshoes and trot up here and we will have one of our ACCOEs give you a good trimmin. We have a pretty good table in the utility room and we manage to filch enough balls from the army to keep going, so we are in pretty good form. There seems to be some doubt up here as to who is the champ of the camp. Personally I'm for giving the honors to CAC Seiver. Now I don't claim to be an authority on the manly art of table tennis, but I sure am getting tired of the lids. Amen.

Currently we are all mourning the departure of a couple of ELACs name of Lee Cordill and the one and only Jonesie. Lee seems to have come through the famine in pretty good shape, but Millie's Roadhouse is ahead on the deal. We are wondering whether Jonesie just couldn't bear to leave us at the last minute, or if the truck really did freeze up. Guess we will have to take Gort's word for it.

One of the things I would like to see while I am up in this part of the country is how those guys at KZ send with that foot pedal. Do you use both feet or just one foot, Barry? Whichever you use we wish you would jump just a little harder, please.

If anyone is looking for a carpenter, we have someone here who specializes in tearing down buildings and rebuilding them. He does a pretty good job too. Or, if you are contemplating a victory garden this year, he will do your spring plowing very cheaply.

We have had quite a lot of snow this year and the path from the living quarters to the sta gets narrower and higher. No fear that one of these days someone will slip and we will be short a communicator till the spring thaw. At the present, Barnum and Bailey are trying to bribe some GQ communicators for tight-rope walkers. Manpower shortage ya know.

If the Yukon floods again this year you're going to need a couple of diving boards from the tip of the receiver rack and go swimming in our indoor swimming

pool. The swimming suits are out of the line airing rack. I wonder how it will seem to make a bed while breathing water. If it can be done we will do it. We are wondering where we can get hold of some diving suits. Maybe we will just have to come up for air between sequences.

The temperature is clear up to five above now. Don't know what we're going to do around here if this heat wave doesn't let up. Well, we're not used to such hot weather! If we had some lemonade we could have some lemonade, but I don't know if that would help.

Wanted: Highest prices paid for sugar. See us before you sell. As the situation now stands, we can have either one cup of coffee daily with five grains of sugar, or five cups with one grain in each cup. I wonder if superboots would grow in this climate.

Well, that's life at Galena! Just one darned thing after another. Specially sequences.

P. S. Jim Hurst came up to GQ the other day in the Beuchner with a load for us. Guess what? Paper towels! How we have two packs FULL! (GQ note: Attn: Jackson's Junipers!)

It would seem that possibly a few introductions are in order. In the past --that is since along about the first week in November, when GQ took over at GQ--we have had a goodly number of these "Dollar a Year Man" harabouts--you know --TRACs. The last of these also was rescued by Jim Hurst just in the nick of time--before his per diem started--some two or three ago. So things are slowly but surely getting under control in the hands of permanent--no hope--season personnel. Naturally the first on the list is our CAC Bert "Ping Pong Champ" Seiver. By the way, he arrived with one arm encircling his bride while the other was struggling to hang on to about 25 lbs of fresh meat and six dozen articles they brought down from EX. You see, he was turned! The very man really offered to share some of their booty with the rest

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of us eggless, sugarless, potatoless, meatless, and so on into the night, starring ACCO's of GQ. We aren't kidding either! But before we go any further we do wish to put your minds at rest by letting you know that we now have a well-stocked commissary, the due to the fact that we all seem to be trying to make up for the past, we are consuming it at an alarming rate. The per capita weight is already back to normal, if not above! Let's hope that river opens early and that the "Taku Chief" cums steamin' round the bend but soon.

Let's see, where were we? Oh yes, introductions----Next on the list is one of that almost extinct species, a volunteer from the Seventh Region, Al Pholms. He is sitting here sweating out the arrival of his travel orders hoping that they get here before the snow is melted because once that happens the dog teams can't navigate and whoever heard of a CAA aircraft coming to Galena? Maybe they think those mosquitoes as big as P-33's hang around here in the winter too and are afraid of a collision--could be!

Then there is Debbie (never without that trailless wander of a cocker spaniel) Stadt. Yup, we stop on, over and under him at the station seven days a week! You want to knock three times and have the proper password on the tip of your tongue because "Gip" is pretty fussy about who enters our domain. He is good for something else too--he has been our meat supplier. If he came could just hit those sly white birds, ptarmigan, were often we never should have run out of meat, for "Gip" never fails to bring them in if we just get them on the ground for him. We are therefore seriously thinking of changing the hobby habits of the personnel from ping pong to target practice with 22's, before next fall rolls around.

Loratt. Busi came breezing into GQ shortly before Xmas--arrived just in time to be greeted by one of our fifty bald eagles. Says it was warm when she left Cordova. We all dug into our supplies of winter underwear and wool socks but missed that we didn't get them over

to her in time at that, for she came down with a whale of a cold. Schiller arrived a few days after Xmas because he got stuck at Cordova awaiting the arrival of his relief.

And now for the last two members to join this super-duper staff--Joe (when are my records and phonograph gonna get here from the DAD at HQ) McFarland and Dick (I'm gonna hit one of those ptarmigan yet) Haggin. We acquired the services of these two experts about six weeks ago--Lodish's loss is definitely our gain. Haggin took a flying trip to Anchorage to have a tooth pulled a couple of weeks ago and came back grinning from ear to there. When queried as to the cause, his grin increased and all he would tell us was that he would like to bid in to HQ and go to work on ride. Could it be that those rumors are true, that HQ mid watch is staffed with many a single young thing? Imagine Haggin saying that he wants to work mid watch? All we hear out of him around here is, "Who will trade watches with me? Massa matter with this seniority stuff; never seems to work for me."

Well folksies--nuf sed--and now that we have broken the ice and stuck our necks out (so you can run us by name now instead of just "wonder who that lid is at GQ") how's about some of the rest of you identifying yourselves--think of the fun. Bye now.

GALENA GUS

OUR MEMBERS SAY-----

Dear Eukluk--

After peerin' over last month's Eukluk I find that I have only one complaint to make on this fine piece of literature from the Northland. It seems to me that Helenabe Slim ain't makin' a good attempt for bein' funny. I'm shore that Slim can do better than that as I know the guy has talent for ritin' and he has the opportunity to get the dope we want wrote up. But-----why doesn't someone tell him to stop his corny jokes and bring on some good ones?

Sourdough Samson

Just been sittin around on the Mid scannin' the Lukluk, and seein all those stations that got on the black list last time sorta set me to fingerin' out a way to keep the name of Tanacross in the clear. Guess the only way is to make a contribution.

We really enjoyed the last Lukluk and think it was very newsy.

Now up here in Tanacross in the winter time about all we have to tell folks about is wonderful scenery and people. We like the scenery cause there's lots of it and we can enjoy it from inside in a comfortable chair. The scenery stays pretty much the same all winter, pretty mountains all white with snow, plenty of nice evergreens and a big river that's mostly frozen over and covered with snow--the rest of it never freezes over. It's sort of odd to have open water running here all the time.

The people now, though--that's different--never the same two months in a row. About once a month we take off and go round and introduce ourselves and strike up acquaintance with all the newcomers. The way folks run in and out of here you'd think the place was on fire. Fuquases--that's Jean and Earl--they been here quite a spell. They are the old-timers here now. That good lookin' little Jill girl of theirs keeps on busy most of the time, that and Earl's bakin'. Baxters--that's Ruthie and Lyle--they aren't oldtimers here at all but outside of Jean and Earl they hold the next record for longevity in TW. Then comes Defords--that's Mill and Erma and the two kiddies, Phyllis and Richie. Fill--he's our Chief and while he can't hang up much of a record here in Tanacross yet he claims a long long record in Alaska. Then we get word of a good looking little gal with a couple of good looking kiddies gonna arrive here in the wee hours of the AM via Pan Air. Out of bed in the same wee, wee hour gets the CAC to meet said plane and about five hours later arrives Mrs. Art Hall and children. Now Art--he wasn't far behind, not if he can help it he isn't. That much soon little red truck and Art come nosin' in that same night. Here's wishing you luck, Art, as SCH.

Next in line appears one Ray Mansley, our worthy RGS. I think somebody Linda stole him from Big Delta and he got on the tail of one of them winds and dropped in on us for a 60 day rest (excuse me--workout) and wound up with a transfer here. We are glad it happened that way and are looking forward to the time when his wife pulls out of Oregon and comes up to join him--from the way he acts he is too.

In order to clean up the calendar we find the only one left is that wandering EMac--C. Jones. Now in case you haven't heard of Jones's accomplishments we have one that you folks might be interested in if he should drop into your str sometime. A couple of us were sittin on the mid watch the other night about 3 AM when a strange noise awoke us to the fact that the phone was ringin'. On the other end you could almost smell the fragrance of some little delicacy. Jones explained this to be none other than a freshly baked lemon pie. Now for real service, here it is. In comes the baker (Jones) with two plates plum full of hot lemon pie. That boy has got surpin.

We see by a late NCAA that we also have another communicator by name of Wild Bill Chandler. We will call Bill and Gayle our newest arrivals and jump the gun. (We hope we haven't jumped the gun too far and hope that by the time this issue goes to press that Bill is sending out dispatches with Deford's name on them instead of Toy's.)

Palanute Slim arrived TW the other day--first thing he said was that our little haven of rest needed its face lifted. I'll bet before he is through you won't be able to find a bed, a decent book or even a coffee pot around here anymore. The way he talks he is going to fix up those receivers so that they print their own code--maybe it would be better if he went to work on some of the tripists hereabouts.

We have also had lots of departures here of late, the latest one being CAC and ACCOM Cecil and Dorothy Swan heading out for Fort Yukon. Now that title

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The magazine always uses a yellow cover, and on it is usually a construction photograph printed in blue--that's the Pacific Builder and Engineer, folks, the magazine that's carrying a series of stories on the construction of CMA fields in Alaska in its March, April and May issues. He of course couldn't mention--without compensation--the names of the stores where Pacific Builder is available, but we did see a few copies for sale at that place across from Crocker, and we are proud to report that Engineer Lee Connors will peer at you from Page 44, the perfect example of your CMA field man, the man behind the cross sections--the sweat, blood and tears; his ears numb from the roar of the grain caterpillar, the shudder, swish and crash of the forest giants, the trembling of the earth and the slow spreading of the light into a long clear vista running true down the transit line. Here's your runway, pilots. Touch it lightly, and with more reverence.

We'd like to cite another magazine, this one outstanding the year 'round: The Arizona State Highway Magazine, best and prettiest piece of promotional literature we've seen in quite a while. Its Kodachromes and black-and-whites spreading the Land of Room Enough and Time Enough before your eyes make you no longer wonder why Ken Kellner, the donor of our subscription, gets a faraway look when he speaks of Arizona. We'd like to express 35's thanks for Kellner's generosity.

Arizona Highways concerns itself largely with recreation, but do you know it has scarcely any picture of ski runs? In that line it is probable that Alaska has its forte, and accordingly some of 55's more attractive numbers can be found, we hear, taking advantage of the Army's ski run, or dog teams, or warm-up shacks depending on whether it's Marie McDonald or Marv Maurer you're thinking about. Where the skiing comes in is, apparently, coincidental and inconsequential. Section 65, on the other hand, has a girl--this time from the South--who, when she goes recreationing, really brings home the bacon, or rainbow trout in this case, from a hole in the ice on Trout Lake. That would be Miss Bouldin

of Virginia. We're slamed....

Her home state compatriot, our former B.T.O. Til Hopewell, reports from the First Region by letter that (1) he feels about the Little Flower's garden the same way he did when he arrived and (2) it appears that many of its inhabitants, in Virginianese, weren't brung up right. That's all the news--sic--that we have from Til; but from travelers through Seattle we learn that ex-55'er Grace Shaver has resigned from APD to enroll in the University of Washington, and that Harold Miller spends at least part of his time seeking such elusive U.S. items as butter and bacon. Recently Miller gave angina a close call when, while driving, he happened to spot a half pound of Swift's Premium in a butcher's window. There was no convenient place to park, and thus his state of nerves after driving two blocks in search of such and his sprint back down the sidewalk in competition with that unknown customer who was probably at that moment entering the butcher shop and about to spy that piece of bacon--the cold fear that the sale would be made before he could get there--the whole thing, he says, makes life in Seattle a little too straining.

Two other of our departed engineers have been the leads in an embarrassing and painful thing for us--the fact that we are forced to admit being scooped by the Anchorage Times, which reported that Jack Maurer and Ernest Clancy had been classified I-A. We are always touched when we hear about I-A's, particularly when they are our own men.

Our Cordova correspondent has something to say--or hear say--regarding our Flying Engineer Don George, about whom we got our cart before the horse last month--which reminds us to add, we guarantee absolutely nothing whatever that appears in these columns. Anyway, Engineer George did fly off on leave, and had the uneasy experience of bad weather and setting his Luscombe down on a stretch of desolate beach toward Cordova. That night he accomplished the trombone solo in a telephone booth by pulling

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into his sleeping bag and spending the night in the cabin of the Luscombe. We hear that later festivities in Cordova and some chance shortening of our pilot's trouser legs gave rise to the term Little Lord Fauntleroy, but we doubt that there's a thing to it.

Other personalities in the news this month are Joe Walsh of Nome, in for a stretch of office work on the records, and Jerry Howard and Bob Spalding, both at work on the same kind of records (cost accounting--who isn't?), except that these latter two are working on some sort of a scheme to have their work submitted to Territorial examiners in lieu of taking exams for CPA rating.

Leaving the organization this month was Raymond Cote, who served the 1944 season as Resident Engineer at Aniak. Mr. Cote resigned to reenter private practice in the States, where it is understood his first work will be in providing the Engineering for two airports in Oklahoma.

In and out this last week was Frank Grainger, from Dutch Harbor. Grainger joined our organization last spring in time to help Jerry Howard through the long summer at McGrath. We think that perhaps later we should do a few vignettes on our Engineers--and if we were to start with F. A. Grainger, we'd bring out that he was once a University of Washington football squadman, still plenty big and, the girls tell us, handsome. Wrestling was also a sport on the Grainger list, and his matches with ex-wrestler MRS Ray Bird of McGrath were a sight to behold. Along about 1935 one of his employers was the Washington Highway Department (among the chairmen during that time was a promising young fellow named Westover) and he was city engineer at Sitka for a duo period. Altogether his engineering experience in the Northwest and Alaska totals perhaps fifteen years.

Random Notes: Speaking of the Engineers and their children, here's something to think about: Ralph Westover has trouble making his youngest, aged 2 months, hold still in the cradle for Kodachromes; George K. had his son, aged

seems funny because we all know that Dort is gonna be the C.C. and Buck the MIS--guess somebody in the RO got their wires mixed up a bit. Hated to see the Swans leave but hope they find things the way they like em at Fort Yukon.

The girls here in Tanacross really got the breaks this winter. Earl and Lyle sorta eased up on shaving for a spell and cropped out with some pretty good looking brush if they do say so themselves--seems no one else will say so. This sorta got under the CAC's skin to be runnin around here with his bare face hangin out so he let go with that crop of his. They got too much for him though, and he has them down now to that little thing you'd expect accompanying a monocle and a stick pin. Earl finally chopped his down so that he looks like a cigar box model (or maybe a duke or sumpin). Latest report from Ruthie is that Lyle's is coming off as soon as the sun gets out a little further so he can keep warm.

If anyone sees Jack Jefford you might tell him that he is safe here at Tanacross. We don't hold grudges over his leaving our Christmas dinner at Gullana and our last grocery order at Delta, that is providin he drops one off here sometime before we get too skinny to help him unload that plane. How about a bunch of bananas sometime when you aren't busy, Jefford? The only time our field is subject to sockin in fast is when inspectors are filing flight plans for TW. Must get a NOTAM out regarding that.

Guess we've taken up about enough space in the Mukluk for now. Please hurry with the next issue as we are all excited and wondering whether the blonde, Ivanna Mann, gets that feller out of BCGI2green up where at Sittinemohe.

As always,
JUST ANOTHER TRAINEE

5, trying out on skis at the Army run yesterday; Sam Kelsey has trouble fighting off other engineers who want to make a rodman out of his son, 15, and Reinhold Krueger has a son soon to graduate as an Ensign in the U. S. Naval Reserve.

The Architectural Department feels the loss of Rose Miller, whose resignation became effective March 31st. Reliable sources say he is leaving for the States.

After a month or more of field tripping, Ed Seiler and Ted Stranberg came back with a "Miami Beach" tan. We are all wondering whether they gained that in Alaska or Florida. After all, they had enough time to go down to the sunny south.

The other day Bermuda came to work with a fur bow tie. A few days later Kilpatrick found a black fur cap on the shelf and asked Bermuda whether his tie grew a "little".

Last month we reported that Leo Wilder was "hoping" for twin boys. This issue of Kubitik finds him still "hoping".

"J. Paulie Jones" sold out all available minutes on his minute ice pool wheel. Anyone who was willing to shoot double or nothing had the honor to put their own name on the wheel; some won, in fact most customers won. I guess that will teach Paulie not to gamble with lucky CAA'ers.

Some of the boys came back to the office very lame from cutting brush for a survey at the Anchorage Receiver Site. We heard that Fanning wore his overcoat as a shirt to protect him from the "elements"????? Lofgren cut brush in his shirt sleeves and here that! What a man!

Good time Joe - Mosier to you - is cooking up a party for the Engineering Branch at the Idle Hour, to take place about the time this goes to press. The post parties will have to wait for the next issue of the Kubitik. (D's note: Congratulations, 50. It was an excellent party - even Buck Culver was at work the next day.)

After 2½ months in the states, Branch Chief Mosier returned to the office looking hale and hearty. His remarks indicated that he was pleased with the workings of the Engineering Branch

Mr. Livingston has been "burr-ing" around the office ever since his return from sunny Texas. His reaction to being back in Anchorage is this--he would like to eat in Anchorage but enjoy the warmth of Texas. Even with a dual personality, that would be quite a feat!

It's a tight squeeze but we made it. Unit 91 was ousted from their office to make way for the painters and temporarily moved in with 95 - personnel, impediments and all. When comes time for 95 to vacate, wonder how we are all going to fit into 91's little office. Well, turn about is fair play!

Mr. Livingston doesn't care much for these windy days. During the recent wind storm, he looked out of his window in time to see his garage door go sailing past, and later the roof took off. Must have left his garage a nice draughty until these parts were replaced.

The combined Maintenance Units were pulling hard for first place in the bowling tournament but the mental strain (or something) was a little too great and after losing seven straight games, they floundered in the final set and wound up in second place.

Unit 95 was all outwaded for two or three weeks over the rapid growth of two scarlet runner beans which were, approximately, planted in an empty bean can. It was watered, cultivated and measured each morning but the attention proved too much for it and after growing to a height of about two feet, it died a natural death.

offices while he was gone.

The Engineering Branch bowling team came through in a blaze of glory to win first place in the C.A.A. league finals. The team members haven't decided yet where they will spend the prize money, but several good suggestions have been made and we will consider them. Team members who brought home the parnament included: Charles Fisher, Karabelnikoff, Kempton, Altkhovold, Davis, Fair and Nelson.