

JUNE 1945
Vol. 3, No. 6

CAA 8th REGION

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA

MUK FOR THE LUCKLESS MUKLUKERS
Wenana, May 8, 1945

..... SLOW LEAKS
..... HQ/KCDW/XIS

Doesn't anybody miss us on old 303, or is it good riddance? On second thought, better not answer that. You all should come up our way. We have a pretty slick set-up now. Poor old FX does our ckt 303'ing for us. Fine business. We poor innocent ops have gotta wrap some Soudot tape around our gray matter some way or other and get some rhythm on the old teletype to FX, though, so you see if it ain't one thing 'tis another. We kissed 303 good-bye with pleasure, but now more qualifying to do.

Spring definitely is here today, but yesterday was, and maybe tomorrow will be, a different story. We had a nice bliz' on the first of May--talk about Mayday. An old-timer here in town said he has never seen such a cold spring in 29 years. So the ice sits on the river and snirks. The boids are flitting back and forth (that's back and forth from the South to here--the poor things can't make up their minds).

Well, we've canvassed the whole station and can't locate any journalistic talent willing to contribute something of interest (?) about IQ to the MUKTEL, so guess we'll have to struggle along by ourselves.

We're afraid these so-called "bankers' hours" now in effect are going to make the folks lazy. Yessir, it finally came to pass, and EVERYBODY gets to have breakfast in bed (if they bother to wake up) at least once a week. Effects are far-reaching, indeed. Pick on Inquiring Reporter, we could undoubtedly give you voluminous comments on the subject, but just a little eavesdropping collected the following:

Representative of the eve watch: Guess I'd better take some receivers and junk home with me. 'Fraid I'll go some without all this noise for so many hours.

Same watch: The wife and I plan to

(Continued on page 3)

(Continued on page 11)

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

MIDDLETON'S MULLUK MEMOIRS May 23, 1945

Middleton has never been heard from before because the only time a guy could get mail off was when he was leaving and then he just wanted to forget. Things will be different from now on, though.

Regarding Northway's bragging contest, Middleton challenges anyone to prove that they have any steadier weather than this little pile of sand out in the Gulf of Alaska. Yep, it rains just as much now as it did last winter. We not only don't know what day of the week it is, but we sometimes forget what season of the year we're wading through.

Early one morning last week our blood pressure was raised by the sight of the mast of a ship off the south tip of Montague Island. Going without breakfast, we anxiously waited on the beach for her arrival. She dropped anchor about half a mile out, gave us a few toots on the tooter, and nothing happened. An investigating trip out there in R/S Hamilton's "homemade rowboat" scored the only means of relieving the tension and was undertaken. One oar being broken, the other one too long, and the bow being flat, plus a few leaks all contributed to making progress slow and suspense high. The greeting from the tightlipped, khaki-clad sailors and the words "U. S. Army" plastered on the bow identified the tub. "Whatcha got? Some mail for us, or maybe some fresh meat, huh?"

Each guy looked at the other guy and then they all looked at a big sergeant who bravely divulged the secret of their mission. "So come out to show the army how some ship."

"What army? The nearest thing to an army out here is that squadron of geese coming in from dawn patrol."

"Gowan, don't tell us where our army is and get that cheese box outta here; you're scratching our paint. We'll be ashore after lunch." And thus the CAA personnel at Middleton - saw a fifteen minute film telling how to get out of the army on the point system, and the army boat began its sixteen hour trip back to Whittier. Of course, we all make mistakes, but if a detachment of Marines storms the beach some morning, I hope they don't use flank throwers, as I've developed a fear of fire, which leads to another story that I'd rather forget.

Did Haggin had better give up trying to get a ptarmigan on those paddy fields of Galena and come here where the fowl are so thick that they collide in midair and fall down the chimney.

The Barter touch can be easily recognized in the Tencross column, and Haggin's corn wit has already made itself evident from Galena. Even Woody Island has come through, although the hand is unfamiliar. We're missing a lot of witty news from Bergy about Tanana, and Bethel must be shaved out by now. How about it, Jim? We don't get to know each other better? Think of all the letter writing the Mukluk saves.

Many thanks to the boys at Merrill Langer for the magazines.

MIDDLETON LINE

Our new chief, John B. Flynn, seems to like us OK and vice versa. Aside from laughing in the mike at times he's back in the groove with a capital G. Guess it would be pretty rugged to stay in the sticks for a couple years and do all your communicatin' with your tongue and then come back to CW and all the procedures.

John instigated a nice set-up for our essential information and weather. We have 15 stations to worry about besides us. We took a table (it would make good firewood, too) and put strip maps of the airways located in our 200 mile area and put them under glass with the proper ranges and locations marked on them. Then we figured out eight WX conditions of primary interest and made picture symbols of them to place on the different locations. It is surprising to see how this stuff makes a picture of WX. Kinda like following a front around. Then we have two more picture symbols for field conditions, one for caution and one for danger. And to top it off we have fancy arrows in different color combinations for aircraft, one for local flights, one for otherwise flights, one for Navy and one for Army. These are set in laboriously filed screw bases and are fashioned in such a manner that the aircraft number can easily be inserted. Then the arrow is placed according to the aircraft's position and destination. Whenever possible we try to practice with the computer just when so and so will be where and so on. Of course, if the guy doesn't get there when we figure he should, it's his fault--not ours.

John is very happy with his new desk, and the main worry around here now is whether the ash tray will hold the snipe or not. With John being an old Navy man we've got a pretty darn "purty" station. All the poor dogs were kicked out and we stop and put our overshoes on like good boys and girls whenever we go out to get the temps and stuff. It sure has improved the looks of things, and a scrub job sure lasts more better.

Guess Mrs. Flynn likes our joint pretty well, too, and little Mickey just about has everything investigated now. The Hurseys took off for FX and we

gather FX was pretty darned anxious to have Glenn get there. Now we have Aaron Stegink from Ketchikan. Aaron's right on the beam and he and the Mertens have DV back in the West in common. His wife is Outside.

Our flying progressed some more a while back; that is, until the terra firma on the field gave up and got too squishy. John is flying too, and the atmosphere is sure filled with bunk flying as well as the real thing. Every time more than two people get together around here away the bunks fly. Walt Davis is the guy that is really hangar flying. He flies 24 hours a day. Mrs. Merten is just about to solo now.

Getting back to the shack again, we also now have an interphone with squawker and all. We don't know just what to do with it as yet, but we have used it a little and FX airways has squawked a little.

Poppa Cruse visited us a while ago; came down with Pilot Gray from FX. We all had a little conflag and he took off for IQ. It has been a long time since most of us saw him swinging back and forth in 28-E. I think that all of "us" guys that struggled along in 23-E have felt very appreciative many times on the job because Mr. Cruse was so conscientious and thorough in our training, and that's not just rose throwing.

This idea from Pi on competition and who's got the best this or the worst that is a good deal. Will have to figure out what we've got here besides the most uncooperative ice.

As far as Malemute Slim's heckling is concerned, we heard some pretty darn good ones from him when he was here, but they ain't printable. They would even shock a gal CAF-7.

Hope the Teals in JQ like their pup. The Davies sent the little cherub to FX by train and Jim picked her up one Link Trainer night. Hear they are calling her Mandy.

Let's hear some more dope from Kotzebue. Seems like Tex is way too quiet lately. How about a write-up on the

(Continued on page 4)

The Eighth Region has recently been visited by four officials from the Washington Office of the Civil Aeronautics Administration. L.W. Lawrence, Contract and Service Officer; Lewis H. Bayne, Chief Accountant; C. Harry Dyer, Assistant Chief Accountant; and W. Russell Graham, Jr., Chief, Construction Cost Accounting Unit, arrived on May 25 to familiarize themselves with accounting, office service, and general administrative procedures of the Eighth Region. This detail included a trip to various stations in Alaska in order to better understand some of our problems.

It was a pleasure to have these men with us, and we hope other Washington personnel can make similar trips in the future.

Marshall C. Hoppin - 8-1
Regional Administrator

NENANA

(Continued from page 3)

"bar" and Archie Ferguson's neck? Also miss the superglofloushe poetry usually seen in this praiseworthy edition.

NG is getting to be a pretty important local. The field is being tested for erosion, frost and stuff.

The other day three Russian planes flew under the bridge. 'Twas a thrilling thing to see. When we all get to flying under the bridge we will be satisfied.

Now to the tiresome subject of time. One time we get it from JD but if we get it the next time from FX, that isn't so good. The lost and gained seconds and minutes are hard to catch, so we got busy and tune in on WWV now. No more guess, you guys, but you should try it. It admits they never know, but one thing we all know--'tis time for me to quit. Good-bye now--see you in the Mukluk.

73'S BCNU
THE NENANA ICE WORM

People continue to come and go in Accounts. Newest faces are those of Edna LaPoint, Marion Sopoff and Flora Merrithew. Edna's home is in Glens Falls, N. Y., although she was working in Santa Monica before coming to Anchorage. Marion graduated from Anchorage High School on May 16 and came to work for the CAA on May 21. Flora came from Seattle, Washington, in February to join her husband, Frank Merrithew of Radio Establishment Unit.

Mary Kvalvik left the CAA and Anchorage in April to live in Glen Allen, Alaska. Also gone from our ranks is Audrey Strohecker, who has returned to her home in Washington, D. C. Mollie Stone has left us to work in the Radio Establishment Unit.

Several of the girls are going out for bowling, signing up with a Friday night league, sponsored by various dress shops. Rumor is going around that the CAA will have a ladies soft ball league. Come on, girls in Accounts, let's have a team and make it the winner. Speaking of softball reminds us of the woes of Chambard and Cuffel after the first couple of times they played this year. Lally's as perky as ever -- but then he plays the game, strictly from the spectator's bench. We hope you all know already that Bud Chambard had the individual high score in the men's bowling league -- but in case you didn't, he did.

All those conferences last week in the Accounts Unit were the result of the visit of Mr. Dyer, one of the four men from the Washington Office visiting Anchorage. Many good suggestions came from those meetings, which should make our work easier and more efficient.

Busiest gal in Accounts is Frances King, Bond Clerk, who is working on the Bond Drive that ends June 30. Incidentally, if you have bought any bonds outside the CAA since April 1, stop in 217 to get your slip so that the CAA can have credit for it. Or call Ext. 76 and Frances will send one down to you.

OFF THE RECORDER
CFX

Hello, all you guys and gals out there. Here it is another month already and almost deadline time again. Have often wondered where they picked up that expression deadline, but after reading one of yours truly's yap columns, stopped wondering. (Line plenty dead, all right.)

We here at CFX have been really enjoying those CAA newspapers from the regions in the good old U. S. A. The "Stackup" and also the papers from the other regions that we receive here are read from cover to cover. If it hasn't already been thought of, we think it might be a fine idea if Ye Old Muktel was grapevined south to all regions, too. (Ed's note: It is; that's the way they got the idea!)

Since CFX received a copy of CCG's training manual the joint has been jumping with the rattle of typewriters to get our own (small though it may be) training manual compiled. It ought to be quite an impressive looking volume when she's done. The boys haven't decided what title to give it yet. Have had some hot suggestions like "Victory through Air Traffic Control" or "George, here is your War", but we haven't yet hit on anything hot enough.

Those odd looking characters that have been seen wandering around in back of the Denali home in old battered up hats and soiled clothes aren't bums looking for a handout. They, my dear friend, are Victory Gardeners, whose powerful ranks enjoy the company of SATC Bill Bowen, SATC Erv Ziemke, SATC Riedel and CAC Jim Toy. These soil-scratchers have Burbank looking sick (they claim) and those awful crackling booming sounds emitting forth all day are not earthquakes but seedlings ripping the earth to shreds as they burst forth under the scientific eyes of Ye Fertilizer Club. Speaking of fertilizer, the local club says if Creamers Dairy won't loosen up with some fertilizer soon, they are going to raise an awful stink about it.

Conversation among the local sod busters sounds something like this....."No, hell no, Ed. You can't plant cabbage before the first of June....You said it! If I ever catch SATC West's malamute in my radish patch again I'll have my wife a new malamute fur coat;...And old man Pierce told me milker'snap worms and sauerkraut bugs will chew your spuds to ribbons if you don't spray them with burley tobacco leaf." Etc., etc. So much for our V gardens up here. Hope everyone else in Alaska has in an extra large garden, because in case the new cross pollination system worked out by Ye Fertilizer Club doesn't jell, you people might have a market.

SATC Floyd West is still scanning the market for meat for his dog. It has also been noticed that all small canines under three feet high have been disappearing from the neighborhood recently.

Our controller Miss Bernadine King, we are very sorry to report, is still on sick leave and has a very serious foot ailment. She may have to head for Rochester, Minnesota, depending on how things develop. The boys hope to see you back in good health soon, Bernadine.

SATC Fred J. Voeste, Jr., pulled into Fairbanks after a short visit amid the clanging and buzzing cogs of the R.O. machinery at HQ. Fred musta had a time down thar because he had a grin on his face when he arrived back in town.

We had a visit here from Branch Chief R. J. Petite this month. Yours truly didn't see him, but the grapevine had it he was in town for three days. Congratulation messages from FX to Petite for taking the fatal step have been noticeable by their absence, but better late than never. Congratulations from the gang at FX, Pete!

Well, that just about does it for this month. See all you CAA'ers next month.

by
Jack T. Jefford

Flash Gordon Hurst was awakened at 09:45 AMT, not by a robin singing sweet love songs to its mate, but by the angry snarl of his 98 cent war alarm clock. His first impression as this raucous noise interrupted his dreams was that the landing gear of his beloved "Terror" was stuck in the "up" position and he was coming in for a landing. (Found out later that it was only a cramp in his left leg.)

After a hearty breakfast of three cigarettes, coffee, and a Bromo Seltzer he made his way to the airport, where his dream ship "The Terror" sat groomed for flight. As the early morning dew glistened on the sleek fuselage and shapely wings he realized that this was no man-made contraption of dural, rivets and iron, but something with a heart and soul, something that lived and breathed -- his ship, the ship he loved. As he stared at it, in its glistening loveliness, an ache came into his heart, a feeling that if something ever happened to his rocket ship, he would be unable to go forth throughout life alone. It was the same feeling that captains have when they go down with their ships at sea. He gently wiped a tear from each bloodshot eye and crawled into the cockpit.

After the usual cockpit formalities he pressed the starter buttons and the motors came to life with a roar. This surge of power was exhilarating to him, for now his Terror was breathing, ready to streak him through the skies at the speed of light. No continent was beyond his reach, for now he was the master of space. He called the tower and received his taxi instructions. All traffic was cleared from the area for his takeoff. In a matter of a split second he was airborne.

As he shot off into space he watched his air speed reach the 1000 mile an hour mark and his climb over 15000 feet per minute. As he soared off into the wide blue yonder he watched the earth quickly fall beneath him. When he reached 30,000 feet he adjusted the power on his two engines to a fraction

of their rated 12,000 horsepower. There wasn't much use in cruising over 600 mph when he was going only to McGrath. Why do I have to be confined to these short distances of 200, 500 and 1000 miles, he thought with annoyance, when I can go off into infinity and return.

Suddenly, far below, crawling along like an ant at only 180 miles per hour, was the familiar orange-trimmed King Chris, once the proud flagship of the CAA fleet, before the advent of "The Terror". A crafty look came over our hero's hawklike face. Here was his chance to insult hard-working, clean-living Jefford. Besides, Jefford had been lucky with the dice lately. As this plan was formulated in his twisted brain, Hurst's first decision was to shoot by the good King Chris at the speed of light. However, at this speed Jefford wouldn't see him; also, there would be no chance to leer derisively during his moment of conquest. He decided to pass the King Chris with one prop feathered, flaps and landing gear down, at about 250 miles per hour.

Quickly he descended to the elevation of the good King Chris and fifty miles to the rear. As he shot by he saw Jefford's haggard and drawn face peering from the cockpit window. Jefford had been up since 0600 AMT working hard and only halfway to McGrath. Hurst's triumph was sour grapes as he realized how Jefford and King Chris's hearts must ache, being passed up in this manner, but after all the horse and buggy gave way for the automobile. Such is progress and we must go forward.

Soon the rugged Alaskan range was passed and he came to the valley of the Kuskokwim, which spread out like a green velvet carpet, dotted with small lakes. Like a silver ribbon the beautiful Kuskokwim river wended its way toward the sea. Like Tarzan, Hurst beat his chest and screamed, "I am master of the world with my ship 'The Terror'!" Even the insignia of "El Toro the Terror" came to life with smoke pouring from its nostrils.

(Continued on page 7)

and red fire shooting from its eyes.

Like a surgeon performing a difficult operation Hurst prepared for his landing at McGrath. Skillfully he reduced power, slowing his shooting meteor down to 200 mph. His calculating eyes darted to each of the instruments showing the very heartbeats of "The Terror". Then it happened. Like the ominous warning of a calm before a terrific storm -- a red light gleamed weirdly on his sonic-electronic super-hypersensitive instrument panel. This meant but one thing -- the brake was frozen on the left wheel. Slowly our hero, the man of tomorrow, lean, silent Jim Hurst, analyzed his predicament. The people of McGrath were starving and on board he had their very sustenance -- one meat ball. Everything depended on him. What would George Washington or Abraham Lincoln have done in similar circumstances? Of course he could lower himself safely to the ground with his anti-gravity ray, but what of his beloved "Terror"? Could he see it smashed to atoms against the cold, frozen ground? Never, never. Could he fall the starving communicators at McGrath and not deliver -- one meat ball? Never!

Here was a situation where men of lesser metal would have gone to pieces, but Jim Hurst, like his ship, was a man of steel. Never in the annals of aviation history was so skillful a landing made with a disabled aircraft! Timing his contact with the ground to within a thirty-secondth of an inch, his eyes were like two pin points of nickel steel 4130X. Brake was applied to the good wheel commensurate with the drag of the frozen wheel -- power applied to the left engine. Visualize an organist at the console of a gigantic pipe organ playing the Unfinished Symphony and you have a picture of Jim Hurst as he furiously stomped rudders, pedals, brakes, jockeyed throttles in this colossal epic of aviation history. The screeching of the tire on the pavement was like the howling of the banshee. When the tire blew out it sounded like the report of a cannon and the sound echoed for hours between the peaks of the majestic Alaska mountains. Our hero had brought his ship safely down. Viva Jim Hurst! Viva

Suddenly out of the blue eastern skies came the beautiful, silver, majestic King Chris, late not with just one meat ball but with cases of luscious unrationed hams, pork chops, butter, all sorts of gastronomical treats for the starving communicators, piloted by that veteran of the skyways, Smiling Jack Jefford, and his gallant first officer, Bill Hanson, a fine example of young American manhood.

In conclusion we see this picture of the arctic sun slowly setting in the Bering Sea and Jim Hurst sitting dejected and forlorn in utter humiliation on a box of cargo, riding as a mere passenger in that good ship King Chris, crawling along at a trifling speed of 180 miles per hour while his beloved "Terror" sits with one wing low in the middle of McGrath airport, marked by red lanterns -- nothing but a hazard to navigation. In summation let us say that speed isn't everything.

(Attention children! Do you want to become members of the Flash Gordon Hurst Club? Do you want to follow the adventures of the Man of Tomorrow as he pierces space at the speed of light, the nemesis of crime and oppression? All you have to do is mail 15 soap wrappers and the box tops of 25 wheatie packages plus \$1.50 for incidental expenses to Hurst Enterprises, Inc., Anchorage, Alaska. You will then receive your membership card signed by Jim Hurst in person and a picture of his space ship "The Terror". Soon the adventures of Jim Hurst and "The Terror" will be dramatized over a coast to coast network. (Watch your local papers for the date.)

Jack Jefford, author
Bill Hanson, co-author
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

MARGE JENCKS RETURNS

Marjorie Jencks, editor of the first issues of the Mukluk Telegraph, is back with the CAA in Anchorage after more than two years in California and South Dakota. We hope she is as happy about her return as we are. Marge is working in Accounts.

SKWENTNA
SQUIBBLES
MAY 1945



How Do You
SUPPOSE HE CAN
SMELL IT, WAY UP
THERE?

The first bear to invade the local garbage dump came to a sad end the other night. Caught in a cross fire from quarters one and two he managed to get a hundred yards into the brush before cashing in. Have you ever seen a couple of greenhorns skinning and fleshing a bear skin? Verily, he had his revenge.

"Coke" Nelson's husky, "Smoot", had a somewhat similar encounter and got the worst of it. He became too familiar with a porcupine....that's the hard way to learn.

The following appeared in the "Skwentna Sportsman's Review".

LOCAL TEAM DEFEATS
FAIRBANKS SEMI-PROS

Mrs. Nelson Stars in Close Win

Skwentna (OP) May 5, 1945. The famous Fairbanks Tiddle-di-wink team suffered their first defeat in two years at the hands of the local Skwentna team. Fairbanks, through the stellar playing of "Sloppy Joe" Ewoldt and Jim Toy, gained a big lead in the first half, rolling up 12 points to 3 for Skwentna. However, in the third quarter the Skwentna team

rallied and tied the score at 13 to 13. The principal point makers were Left Winker Warren and Tiddler Nelson. The big gain in the third quarter by Skwentna was not due to good playing, but to the usual stupid play of Clep Davis and the aging fingers of Jim Toy. Davis, up to his usual grand-standing tricks, booted away 5 points by trying "under-the-table over-the-right-corner" shots. Mr. Toy, though a good player 20 years ago, could not maintain the pace and retired with a sprained index finger. Fred Voeste and Kenneth Kula came in the game for Fairbanks at the start of the fourth quarter and together scored 5 points. At this period in the game things looked black for Skwentna. John Keith, veteran of 10 years play, and twice named to the All-Alaska team, was thrown out of the game for thumb-tripping. Mrs. Nelson then came in as Tiddler and ripped off 6 straight aces to win the game, 19-10. Mrs. Nelson will be appointed honorary Mayor of Skwentna Heights this week.

CONTINUING to our newest station. We regret that the splendid article you sent in had to be cut for concavity reasons.

A TEMPORARY SET UP
by Enny Oninus

THEY IS ALLUS SOMETHIN' HAPPENIN' AT
SITTINSMOKE.

One afternoon last summer Biggead an' th' RMS come a staggerin' over t' th' station smellin' like a brewery an' a lookin' fer somevay t' work off th' beer drunk they was in. Its th' first time either a them has thought a work fer weeks.

"I know!" says th' RMS with a bright look on his dumb face. "Lets open th' high speed stuff. It's been here a couple months now anyhow. Theys half a dozen boxes at least."

"Oh boy!" says Biggead sheddin' his coat an' rollin' up his sleeves. "I been itchin' t' git at that stuff!"

In no time a tall they is happiern a couple morons playin' soldier. They is openin' boxes right an' left an' a chat-terin' like a pair a jungle lost monkeys that's jist found th' tribe agin.

Accordin' t' Biggead high speed is gonna be th' makin' a Sittinsmoke. He says Sittinsmoke is th' crossroads a th' World Routes. Th' way he explains it all th' U.S.--Tokio an' U.S.--Moscow traffic is gonna go overhead. He says planes is gonna leave New York an' go north by a little west t' Sittinsmoke an' then go south by a little west t' Frisco. A great circle route, he calls it, an' says th' rest a us would understand what he is talkin' about if we'd take navigatin' an' git t' be Grade 7. Sittinsmoke, he says, is gonna be th' busiest a all th' CAA stations. He says it aint gonna be nothin' t' git five hunderd flight plans before breakfast an' have a thousand contacts on a watch. Spitzensplutter jist aint got th' heart t' tell him our biggest day was seven-teen pieces a traffic an' eight contacts.

Well, when me an' Annie takes over th' evenin' watch they is boards an empty boxes an' nails an' junk strung ever which ways. Biggead an' th' RMS is jist uncorkin' th' last piece. Soon as they got it out an' looked over th' RMS says, "What a job!"

in' a drop a sweat off a his forehead on account a somebody had turned th' stove up. "Let's go have a beer before we eat. An' tomorrow we'll set it up. Watcha say?"

"That's a good idea," th' RMS says, an' they takes there coats an' goes, still talkin' about how wonderful high speed is gonna be.

He an' Annie jist throws anuff boards an boxes' outa th' window sos we got a trail-t' git in an' out in, an' leaves th' rest a th' junk where it is.

Biggead an' th' RMS don't git back th' next day. Thats on account a th' Fire Brigade an' th' Ambulance Corps showed up fer a night a beer an' poker an' th' whole bunch is a sleepin' it off in th' Den. But they did git back on th' job soon as they was sober.

First off they shoves a pair a heavy iron tables over agin th' operatin' positions makin' a sorta two by six pen fer us t' work in.

"Its jist a temporary set up," th' RMS explains. "He gotta do it on account a we aint got anuff wire t' put this here high speed where it really belongs."

They aint no use a kickin'. Its like it er lump it far as there concerned. We jist have t' take it an' work in spite a them.

They spends a couple days riggin' up th' thing, but finally its ready t' go.

Biggead pokes out a tape a couple yards long with a mess a v's on it that says KWIT testin'. He glues th' ends together sos it'll go around an' around, an' puts it on first time th' circuit is quiet.

"Aint that purty!" Biggead exclaims, listenin' to it. "Thats a perfect thirty words a minute." Th' circuit is deadern a regional office. They aint a nother peep on it. "Wonder how a hunert sounds?" Biggead says t' hissself, sorta. He reaches over an' gives a gadget on top

"You said it!" Biggead agrees, knock-

(Continued on page 10)

th' keyin' head a good twist. Theys a big pop, th' red light goes on, th' machine jumps, groans like it gotta death wound, an' its all over. Theys wheels an' gears an' pieces layin' all over th' floor.

Biggead stares at it with his mouth open. "I dont unnerstand it," he says.

"He neither," says th' RMS. "Lets go have a beer an' see if we can figure it out."

Soon as there gone Spitzensplutter an' th' PRE, havin' nothin' t' do picks up th' pieces an' puts th' thing together agin. Jist stripped th' gears was all Biggead done, like a guy shiftin' from high t' reverse. It'll still run in slow gear which is fast anuff fer th' Grade 7 trainees, Spitzensplutter says.

Well, we kept a workin' in that pig pen fer a couple months. Nobody liked it. Iwanna cussed cause evertime a call come in she found herself a sittin in Spitzensplutters lap with one arm around Blindernas neck, which is th' only way she can git t' answer th' planes. Annie was threatenin' t' divorce me on accounta we gotta work with our backs t' each other when Fuzz drops th' 5 outa th' sky an' leaves a feller with a bunch a tools.

"I'm a radio engineer," th' feller announces. "I'm gonna set up th' high speed fer you -- complete."

We was sorta glad t' see him. Second day he was here th' pig pen disappear'd, but things didn't really improve much.

It wasn't no time till he had half th' receivers outa th' rack an' sittin' on chairs an' boxes an' on th' floor. He puts th' keyin' head in one corner sos we gotta navigate t' git to it, an' he clutters th' whole place up with a bunch a wires.

"Its jist a temperary set up," he says. "We'll have you lined out purty in no time."

Purty is right! If you aint a skinnin' your shins on a receiver, your a catchin' your chin on a wire stretched

neck high acrost th' room. It wasn't no time till we learned th' safest thing t' do was t' crawl t' our position an' stay set. That's OK only th' guy on th' weather circut has got t' git up quick when his turn comes an' beat it acrost th' room t' start his tape, an' thats bad. In lessen a week Blinderna, Sleepy Smith an' me all looks like we come out th' little end a th' horn in a fight with a Kodiak bear. We're scratched an' bruised from head t' foot. It was as goofy a arrangement as I ever seen.

T' make matters worse th' guy starts drillin' holes in th' floor. We figured maybe he was puttin' in a miniature golf course sos we'd have somethin' t' do, but he went clean past eighteen holes. We never did git a full count on them. They is stuck in everwheres an' when th' wind blows us men has got t' stick our pants in our socks t' keep th' legs down, an' Annie an' Iwanna has got t' sit still.

One day everthing was quiet. They wasn't a peep in a receiver no wheres. Blinderna was a starin' out th' window as usual, an' Spitzerplutter was sound asleep. All of a sudden th' Mann dame, who is stretchin' her legs a bit, lets out a screech like she was gittin' kilt an' winds up sittin' on top a th' radio rack with her head a pokin' holes in th' ceilin'.

"A mouse! A mouse!" she shrieks, pointin'.

Sure anuff they is a mouse. How it got there no one knows. It musta come in th' load a grub Jeff brung us th' day before. Its th' only mouse we ever did see here at Sittinsmoke.

Blinderna starts lookin' fer a club er somethin' t' kill it with, but Spitzensplutter, who waked up when Iwanna screamed, has th' edge on him. He has grabbed th' bear gun that is allus standin' in th' corner an' before th' mouse has time t' say his prayers even theys a mighty BOCK. It shook th' whole place.

"That's one hole in th' floor th' engineer wont have t' drill," Spitzensplutter says. Then turnin' t' Iwanna he says, "Come on down. Th' mouse is dead."

To be continued in the
July Mukluk Telegraph

SLOW LEAKS
(Continued from page 1)

go for a nice little hike and then go to the early show -- first show for us in about nine months.

Day watch: Brother! Imagine having a hangover at HOME!!

Mid watch: (Apparently too happy and dazed to say anything.)

The third vice president in charge of keeping the sock looked at the weather with one eye and at the sock with the other and opined that it was about time we got rid of some of that filthy lucre. With the advent of warmer weather and the new help from Uncle Sugar, sales have been booming in the soft drink business (the stuff must be scarce in the States) and the sock is getting heavy. The old-timers who remember last year's outing at Lake Spenard have been talking picnic, so either this coming Saturday (June 9) or the following, stationites and friends will repair to Spenard (in shifts) to sun themselves on the coral beaches, swim, play softball, go boating, and EAT. We neglect to mention another popular form of exercise -- fighting off mosquitoes. We were extremely fortunate last year in picking what turned out to be just about the warmest and sunniest day in the entire summer. Wonder if history could repeat itself in this case??

It has been suggested that bids be opened for a Billy Rose or Earl Carroll to do something about all these beautiful damsels around HQ. Folks, the place is plumb littered up with statuesque redheads, petite brunettes, and willowy blondes. All we need is an impresario and we can hang up a sign "THIRTY count 'em THIRTY GLAMOROUS GALS - TWENTY FOUR HOURS A DAY". The USO and Ft. Richardson Officers' Club would probably interfere to some extent with rehearsals, but with a whole day off maybe something could be whipped up.

We've slipped badly in keeping track for the MUKTEL of arrivals and departures, so we'll have to cover a couple of months' arrivals. In the teletype room, we have Elna Brandt, Shirley Under-

land, Esther Neal, Phyllis Warner and Violet Torgerson. New accoms are LaVerne Hite, Lois McWald, Ida Person, Shirley Neuwisser, Willa Underland, Marian Tucker. Any minute now we'll be losing Frances Abbott and Zelta Sims to Home, and receiving the Potoskeys and Misses Hanson and Henderson.

For those of you who are interested in softball "In the World of Sports", we might add that an Anchorage softball league has recently been organized. Primarily, the teams consist of boys from Communications, Depot, Administration, and Engineering with boys from all other branches filling in where vacancies occur. The teams are open to all CAA and Weather Bureau personnel. Wednesday evening, June 6, was the first official set of games. However, all future games will be scheduled for 7:30 p. m. on Tuesdays and Fridays. A number of the more ambitious individuals felt that two scheduled games a week were necessary to create and hold interest during the entire season. Both diamonds at the City Park grounds will be utilized simultaneously and assistance in maintenance of the diamonds is solicited from all interested parties.

In Wednesday night's game the Communications team romped on the Engineers while the Depot team was defeated by Administration. Suggestions are in order for official names for the four teams in that all players come from all branches of the CAA and Weather Bureau and credit can hardly be claimed for the four above mentioned branches.

Just in case any of you sports fans from the field are interested in knowing who the top athletes of Anchorage are today, we give you without reservation our current "Who's Who in the World of Sports."

In the Communications line-up we have Johnson, Mars, Sink, Swim, Kendall, DeBruler, Rea, Cutler, Ervin, Price, Meyer, Bahl, and Haralson.

From the Depot, Hangar, etc., we find Loddell, Harry, Lowenstein, Hoekzema, Wilson, Lambert, Enberg, Gray, Parvin, Gowdey, Rude, and Lippit.

Personnel, etc., show their gang as Perina, Stryker, Chambard, Petite,

(Continued on page 12)

The first Communications Branch wedding in more than a year took place on June 1 at the Post Chapel when Gail Baly, secretary to the Chief, Landlines and Crypto Unit, became the bride of T/5 Howard Kosbau, editor of the army newspaper "Sourdough Sentinel". For a week prior to the wedding Branch 80 was in a constant state of suspense over the non-arrival from the States of the bride's and bridesmaid's dresses, but in true story-book fashion they arrived just in the nick of time on the day before the wedding. An interesting sidelight on the wedding is the fact that though Gail's home is in Des Moines, Iowa, and her husband was a sports reporter on a Des Moines newspaper prior to entering the army, they did not meet until both came to Alaska.

During May three Branch 80 girls left our midst -- Geraldine Severin, who transferred to the Signals Division in Washington, D. C., Alma Quigley, who returned to the States, and Catherine Thomas, who left to undertake a new enterprise. Our ranks were bolstered by the addition of Mrs. Bernice McNiell in the Radio Communications Unit, and by the return from leave in the States of Wilma Hanson of the Message Center.

The arrival of Sara Kristine at Providence Hospital on May 19 was marked by the passing of cigars and candy by her father, H. B. Bridges.

G.A. Whittaker, Chief, Communications Branch, returned from a month's absence during which time he made a trip to Washington and then proceeded to Denver, Colorado, for a conference of the Communications Branch chiefs from all regions. He reports that as a result of the conference some interesting developments will soon be reported to the field. He also reports that his trip from Anchorage to Washington was practically a non-

stop flight, and also practically a sleepless one, except for the few brief naps he was able to catch aboard the plane without being interrupted by the airline's lavish service in the form of meals, lunches, and so forth. We were also interested in his account of V-E Day in Washington, which he said was received quietly and with little celebrating.

Like all other branches, Communications' Chief and Assistant Chiefs have been engaged in "budgeting" during the past week. Closed doors with violent cigar smoke seeping out through the cracks have characterized their activities, with wedding and christening cigars adding their fumes. Branch 80 secretaries suffered bravely but not silently.

Aircraft Communicators Joseph McFarland and Richard Haggin, evacuated from the Galena flood, were in Anchorage for a few days, and had some interesting tales to tell about the flood, borne out by some good snapshots.

SLG' LEAKS

(Continued from page 11)

Aldridge, Cuffel, Marona, Wiley, Peck, Crossen, and Pierce.

Last but not least from the Engineers and their outfit we have Westover, Karabelnikoff, Fisher, Maddox, Kilpatrick, McDonald, Connors, McGowan, Seiler, Lofgren, Donaldson, Blair, Mayer, Harry, George, and Kempton.

As a postscript, don't blame the sports reporter if this is not an authentic or complete list, 'cause this league is still in its infancy where anything can happen. See you next month with some real dope from the league.

DID YOU KNOW THAT WE MUST MAKE CASH PURCHASES AMOUNTING TO \$113,310.25 IN ORDER TO MEET OUR SEVENTH WAR LOAN QUOTA? BUY BONDS. BUY BONDS. THEN BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

ENGINEERING PERSONALS

In won't be the same old 65 without our pal "Rainbow Mary" Bouldin. No more glamorous stories of 3" trout; or mid-night train hold-ups. Also, the Taylor-Barmuta mansion is due for a tremendous set back when she leaves. Mary has been workin' the swing shift on this novel structure, and is rated as one of the best log "strippers" in the country.

Engineers Gay and Mayer are being bodily evicted from their domestic "boar's nest". We could have told them they'd get kicked out if they didn't pay their rent, but they wouldn't listen. In the meantime, anyone with a cheap, oversized dog house for rent kindly contact them on Extension 68.

Optimistic Ted Strandberg is including in his "Postwar Plans" a spacious 3-bedroom home. Rather far sighted, don't you think? And Ernie Weschenfelder, in spite of the advice he has been receiving, intends to "incorporate" on July 7th.

WARNING! WARNING! All single males beware! Prissy Williams caught the bridal bouquet at a recent marriage party. Like the mounted police, she intends to "get her man".

We have been trying to locate the heckler who bellowed from the bleachers as J. Paulie Jones strutted onto the ball park, "Watch your pocket-books, folks, there is a smoothie in the crowd." And have you noticed what has been happening to the "T. B.'s" (tavern bellies) of the branch since the spring baseball season opened? Seems like our men are "off their feed" of late. Have been trying to find a pair of runnin' shoes similar to those of 1st baseman "Pancho" Tippetts, which get to 2nd base at least two jumps ahead of the runner.

"Brooklyn" Seiler, the man who claims to have caught a fish in the Bronx river, came to the office the other day with the smell of trout on his breath. Seems that he and "Honest John" Schetzle spent a few hours on Montana Creek and Wasilla Lake, and got "a bucket-full".

Seeing as how we failed to meet the deadline for last month's Mukluk, this bit of news is a little late. Leo Wilder is the proud papa of a little girl

instead of the twin boys he was hoping for. He says, "I can dream, can't I?"

When the bowling league was suspended due to interference by spring weather and softball, the engineers were ahead with most games won, most points accumulated, and most beer consumed. Conrats to Captain Fisher, Connors, Mosier, Mayer, and Kair.

Ever since "Hoots" Lounsbury got his car shipped up here, we don't see him for dust. You should just see the cloud the old Chevy kicks up going 20 per on Spenard Road.

Virgil E. Knight (E for elusive), having just shipped his family Outside, caught the first available plane to the more remote regions of the northland. His attempted get-away, however, was temporarily thwarted by a flat tire or gremlins. Thus, Virg and his gold-braid associates were grounded for the day.

"Roundy" Wilder, the aggressive young farmer from the bad-lands of Nevada, plans on raising fifteen acres of produce this summer. He is the only man in the outfit who can attribute his "dissipated, washed out" looks to hard work and get away with it.

"Eager-Beaver" Lofgren and "Lonesome Wolf" Knight have set up housekeeping with a fair arrangement, that "Eager-Beaver" pays 2/3 of the grocery bill.

Poisenality Gal Arline Capelle, the steno who claims to make the best candy in town (this is free advertisement) is getting pretty independent of late. She won't even "fetch" the ice cream cones when commanded. Next issue will report the results of this contest.

Princess Pat Klouda is certainly an efficient "watch dog" for the department. Since she and her Gestapo went into action the boys are inclined to hesitate to even leave the office for a drink of water.

Harold Strandberg, "Griff" Griffin, and Ernie Weschenfelder are back in HQ, all with healthy sun tans. Who said the sun doesn't shine in Juneau?

It is just about time for another CAA party or picnic. Does anybody have any ideas?

NOTES ON THE CAA
by
Frank Richardson Pierce

(Editor's note: Personnel of the CAA stations that he visited will recall with pleasure Mr. Pierce's trip to Alaska last fall. Here Mr. Pierce, contributor to a number of national periodicals, gives us some impressions of the week he spent in our region.)

In their constant search for story material writers come in contact with all kinds of organizations, but I've never seen anything to match the team work, loyalty and enthusiasm of the CAA boys and girls. It made a lasting impression on me - a rank outsider who was treated like one of the family from the moment I arrived. Everywhere it was the same - people adequately handling their jobs and having a good time while doing it. I often wondered what would happen if an unsmiling stranger dropped in at any station and yelled, "To hell with the CAA." Personally I was never that curious. Besides, handling riots is out of my line.

The serious side of the setup is taking the danger out of Arctic flying as far as man can do this. It is taking care of sick or hurt people regardless of weather conditions. In times when there is so much waste, it is never "going empty" but giving Uncle Sam his money's worth. You people take this as normal procedure. Often it is otherwise.

People fly from Florida to Nome; from California to Plains. They arrive safely, often without the remotest idea of the organization responsible for that safety. Gradually the public is getting something of the picture. I'm using the background in fiction, the first story appearing in Short Stories magazine. Some day, the CAA, I'm sure, will be background for a motion picture, particularly the Alaska region.

One of the lighter touches in such a picture should include this sequence:

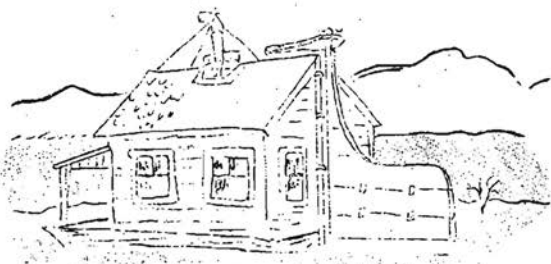
SCENE: Freight room, Flight Operations, Anchorage. Pilots and others, with vary-

ing sums of money at their feet, standing in a ring around dice--a 4-5-6 game.

Telephone rings. Artelle Evans, "Flight Operations. Ho? Joe Stalin? You want Bob Jackson to arrange to fly a ton of horse on King Chris from Nome to the Russian embassy? Sorry, but Mr. Jackson is in conference. I'll have him call you, Joe." Artelle slips quickly into freight room. "Bob, call Joe as soon as the boys clean you." Telephone rings again. Artelle answers. "Sorry, Mr. Hooper, just left Flight Operations to bank a wad of dough." Telephone rings. "Flight Operations! Mr. Hurst? He's in conference. With Bill Tenson, I think. What? You think they're playing 4-5-6. Well of all things! The devil's cubes are utter strangers to them. No, I'm afraid Harry Gray, Al Morning and Fuzz Rogers are in conference with Jack Jefford. It is something to do with entering a burning building, and emerging without shock or the loss of a moustache." Sound effects - dice rolling. Robust cussing.

Scene shifts to Jefford's office. Telephone rings. Dorothy Revell answers. "Oh yes, Mr. Hoopin. Mr. Jefford isn't in just now. He left a few minutes ago for a very important conference in Flight Operations."

Mr. Hoopin: "Humm." (Denoting deep wisdom, and understanding). "Well, when the boys clean him, ask him to call me, please. Thank you."



Architectural suggestion for GQ