



MUKLUK TELEGRAPH Vol. 3 No 3

COMMUNICATIONS COLUMN

NOVEMBER 1963

W. B. Cruse, Chief of Training and Performance, is at present in Seattle coordinating with the 3th Region on plans for recruitment and training of communicators.

And Cruse's leading straw cat taker-inner, C. J. Trudeau, has finally got the size of his flock from the original eight down to two. Mr. T. is thinking of applying for a patent on his double deck cat bed for cat fanatics who live in three room apartments.

Branch 30's female complement surprised (or should we say amazed) PFC Rod Johnston, censor in the Messager Center, with a short shower for his new daughter recently. Rod's reactions as he opened the packages were most interesting.

Plans are underway for a representative of the Communications Branch to visit all stations sometime within the next several weeks for the purpose of discussing efficiency ratings.

A. V. Carroll, whose time is devoted to shepherding the Eighth Region's flock of communicators, now looks the part, for with the white staff he carries to support a broken ankle, he looks like a patriarch as he hobbles along the halls.

Passing out cigars on February 10 was Communications Inspector Archie B. Nieder, whose baby daughter, Jill, arrived on that date.

"Lead" Pennerland is Branch 30's leading candidate for the purple heart on account of wounds received in action.

Our minor upheavals and changes for the month(s). Arrivals: First, the Larsen--from the SL communicator plant. In the maintenance department the Sorrels (brought from somewhere born in that fine tobacco country, Carolina, and later of Middleton Island--these undoubtedly he got the idea of Mrs. Sorrel) arrived to iron out some of the squeals and squeals. The Lintburn family on the scene fresh from HQ to replace M. S. Rogers.

Departures started with the Trebos and Lazaris - Trebos to the States and Lazaris to some seafaring hell up North. Last minute communique from Grebus relates in pained accents that he is now undergoing basic training and wishes he were back in Alaska where he could hear the sweet civilian sound of CAA communications again. The Collins got tired of the soft and plush life and may now be contacted - maybe - in NL where the mud flats bloom and fade. When last seen Mr. was on a truck and Mrs. on a plane headed for FL, IQ and HL. Two robust Coaker Spaniels and some excess development in back and old brown juice remain to mark the spot.

Y S Lintburn and the C&O made their bid for unpopularity recently to train to get the RC to work like it said in the book. Some funny noises came out, in which could be picked out the anruished screams of a couple of conservatives who stoutly maintained in spite of the lucid arguments that all they could hear were scratches and what sounded like a dog-and-cat fight when anyone who ever read the instruction book could hear a first-

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Publisher	H. G. Poppin
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Art Editor	Vivian Chevillon
Sports Editor	Allen S. Horning
Printer's Devil	James L. Hurst
Night Editor	Lawrence P. Rogers
Correspondents	All CAA Personnel
Censors	Those Men

NEWS FROM HOME

February 15, 1945

The Mukluk Telegraph

Sirs and Sirresses:

The CAA personnel, also known as the "Sassity Set" in Home, has decided after much pro and con discussion and "chewing of the blubber" that as we have been sadly neglected in the competitive paper, namely, "Mukluk Telegraph", that a change must be made so as to assure our friends we have not been ostracized or annihilated, but are still solely winning the war by our unsurpassed efficiency.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we mention our chief, Mr. Pringle, first. Now that we have done that let us proceed to the workers in this organization.

It was no surprise, one day, when Norman Potosky passed cigars around at the station--Romayne and Norm are now the proud parents of 3 chubby, happy, growing, Eskimo puppies.

We were truly sorry to hear about the separation of a young married couple, Don and Barbara Trackwell, obviously very happily married and in love-----she's on evening watch and he's on mids.

Alas, Alaska loses an enterprising young man when Bob Kassragis departs for Orden, Utah--Good luck, Kass, with the femmes.

"Dear Dr. Anthony: My problem is this; what does 'hpl' stand for in the sequenc collections?" Signed O. Robbins.

Jim and Grace Shaw were known to have a family quarrel last Saturday night--both wanting to go to the theatre, they debated on which one of the one to go to --Jim wanted to go to the "Dream Theatre", but Grace wanted to go to the "Dream Theatre", so finally they compromised and went to the "Dream Theatre".

It seems as though a suggestion volunteered by a new communicator, Janet Williams, was highly objected to--suggestion being that of trying up the sequences a day ahead of time and consequently having a day off.

Say, you should see our "pin-up" boys --Randv and Richie Roy--handsome little trins of Vivian and Marshall Nov.

Barge Obach has decided that it's not conducive to longevity to ask for a day off. Innocently enough she approached Mr. Pringle with the question, only to find herself flying blithely out the window without aid of wings, motor or any form of jet propulsion.

Incidentally, Helen and Harry Haugen are still trying. Anyone having any suggestions or information on "How to Get Transferred From Home" please notify said Haugens immediately.

And so--speaking in behalf of all CAA communicators--we're just as happy as normal people, aren't we?

Oh yes, the Weather Bureau is still here.

Sub-Rosa

FOUND: A survivor's transit. This gadget was shipped to the undersigned by an unknown party, with no papers accompanying the shipment. Complete mystery shrouds the whole affair. Official circles in HQ disclaim government ownership. Contact B. F. Nayer, Branch 30, for further information. The instrument may be viewed from Uncle Benny's Hock Shop after a thirty day period.

B. F. Nayer

COMMUNICATIONS COBURNIQUE
(Continued from page 1)

Nothing daunted by a broken leg received the first season she tried skiing, Wendy tried it again this year and on the first venture wound up with a wrenched ankle. We've tried pleading, threats and gloomy prophecies, but we can't dampen her ardor.

Our illustrious Communications Inspectors have already conducted inspections during 1945 of the following stations: Yakutat, Homer, Yakutat, Nenana, Kenai, Cordova, Summit, Tallrotna, Gustavus, and Juneau. Similar inspections will be made of the remaining stations in the near future.

And speaking of Inspectors, the following COMEDY IN ONE ACT, lifted bodily from the Third Region's newspaper, seems very apropos.

SCENE: Any INSAC.

TIME: For Communications Inspection.

PRELUDE: Communications Inspector, loaded down with briefcases and inspection material, enters Communications Station perspiring freely, drops everything and flops into the closest chair.

CHIEF: "I am sorry I did not see you coming in so I could have helped carry some of those things" (under his breath) "wonder what in heck is wrong with that gr-paving of ours."

INSPR: "That's all right. I didn't expect you to know that I was coming."

CHIEF: (Very diplomatically) "I really am sorry I couldn't help you,

Jo Osborne left the CIA and the fair city of Anchorage recently for her home in St. Peter, Minnesota and is visiting her family and catching up on some sleep. She expects to do Red Cross duty soon.

Becky Ryan has transferred to the Westward Maintenance Unit and Marilyn Wissler, who recently arrived from Des Moines, Iowa is taking Becky's place as Bud Chambard's secretary.

Lena Nichols is back at her desk in the Accounts Branch after spending a month vacationing "Outside", enjoying California sunshine and visiting her brother.

Margie Ponorow has been ill for the past three weeks so Lillian Pollard is helping out Mina Maddox in Disbursing, writing checks life mad! For after all, we gotta be paid!

Mildred DeFoe, formerly in the Budget Office, left for the States recently to change her name to Mrs. Book.

Bud Chambard is really taking bowling seriously, has entered another league and really doing his stuff.

Mark Lally may be little--but awfully tough--did you notice his bandaged hand last week? Well, you should have seen the other guy!

Winnie Whitmarsh has sure been all smiles lately as her Vern is home, but he expects to be leaving soon for reassignment in the States.

The Administrative Men's Bowling team have accepted another challenge from the Ladies. Watch for results in a later edition.

(See also news from Contract and Service, page 10)

but I want to assure you that when you are ready to leave, we will all be very happy to help you out with your baggage."

(Inspector reaches for smelling salts.)

CURTAIN

ZZZ SITTINGSMOKE
Flight Information Service in the Far North
by
Enny Ominus (Annie's Brother)

Maybe you been readin' these here reports, same as I has, on how us CAAers been helpin' pilots fly from here t' there, dodge mountains an' trees, an' hit th' dirt savin' lives an' property maybe. It's a fine program. Only all th' reports that shud git in don't git in. That's maybe because some CAAers is backfurl'er modest er has TB an' aint hanlerin' to go 'round poundin' their-selves on th' chest or itchin' fer someone else to be whackin' 'em 'fore or aft between th' armpits. Jist th' same th' reports oughta git sent in. I know of some of 'em an' that's what I'm writin' you about, cause I figure you'll print 'em, everbody'll read 'em, and that'll help some.

They was a good lookin' brunette came down in Southeastern who told th' pilot, "I got heavy fog on th' field. Ceilin' an' visibility is zero." Th' pilot says he's up ten thousand headin' fer Elmendorf, expects t' git there in a couple hours, wasn't figurin' t' land at her field, but thanks jist th' same. Now that was nice goin' an' good work. Jist supposin' he had a been goin' t' land there. Why, he couldn't a found hisself with both hands in that fog!

Then there was that guy in th' Banana Belt who told th' pilot, "Th' wind she's calm." Well, he made a perfect three point landing. But think a th' mess if he'd a cleared, say, that he was landin' in a fifty mile wind sixty degrees across th' runway. Well a wound up in th' trees somewhere, hollerin' for his name an' will be found wrapped around his neck like a hunk a crumpled tissue paper.

But th' one I really want t' tell you all about was a lot more excitin' an' a lot more real. It happened up north here at Sittinsmoke an sorta drug itself out a couple days 'stead a bein quick an' easy like most accidents is.

It started happenin' th' mornin' of November three one one nine four four. They aint nobody jist sure a th' time a th' calls 'cause Sleepy Smith, th' lid on th' mid, forgot t' wind th' clocks 'for takin' his nap, an' th' day watch

was so busy arguin' an' pannin' th' CAA they hadn't noticed th' clocks was all stopped. Th' day watch is always arguin' about who is workin' where, an after missin' a couple sealwenses an' gittin' behind on their OPs they always go to work at th' same jobs. Spitzensplutter allus takes th' OP circuit 'cause he's sorta got buritis an' don't like th' weather nohow, an' Blinderna--his name uster be Blindernabat but he got a Civil Court t' let him drop th' bat 'cause he can't see good a nuff t' hit th' ball anyhow--well, he allus takes th' weather 'cause he don't like th' code. Mann, she's a trainee gal from Sunny Cal, (an' dumb as they make 'em, if you ask me), she takes th' air t' ground 'cause she's th' only seven at th' station 'ceptin' th' chief an' he don't count cause he only works on her day off, an' anyhow she's got no use fer th' weather an cut th' butter on th' code comin' er goin'.

Don't git th' wrong idea 'bout this Mann gal though. She's a looker. Purty as a pitcher. Blonde, big brown eyes, nice teeth an' a smile you jist gotta grin back at. An' built! Say, th' first time th' boss seen her he said he wished he'd waited ten years t' git married, an' be darned if he wouldn't fergit them ten years if it wasn't fer th' kids an' things. She had th' whole crew comin' her way in no time a tall, 'ceptin' Smitty an' me. I gotta squaw tied down out here on th' tundra, an Smitty's s' darned sleepy he don't know yet they been a single gal at th' station.

But maybe I better make this here report in a cornilological way like they do in th' office reports.

Well, this Mann babe--Ivanna is th' first name, if you wanna know--she's jist told Spitzensplutter and Blinderna th' duties of grade fives when they's a seven on duty, an' everbody's gone t' his chair when th' first call comes a roarin' in on three one ought five.

"Pan Mawday! Pan Mawday!" th' guy screams. "Pan Evoryday! Sittinsmoke Radio this is BC312green. Do you road?"

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"Do you read? Do you read? An' whatcha readin'?"

The Mann dame's on th' phone pronto.

"BC312 green," she says in sweet voice honey drippin' off her chin, "this is Sittingsmoke Radio readin' YOU five an' five."

Hatcherly th' guy comes back sloppin' sliva like a wolf that's jist heard its mate.

"Um! Um!" he moans. "You make a man fergit he's lost, babe. Where am I?" he asks. "Th' sooner you find me, th' sooner I'll come t' you."

Blinderna could even see it was love at first hearin', as you might say. Th' guy's got a voice, fer sure. Spitzensplutter says this bird sounds like he looks like a combination of Apollo an' Vic Mature. Ivanna is all smiles, but all business.

"May we have your headin' an' air speed?" she asks, calm like.

Th' guy comes right back. "Roger," he says. "Headin' two six nine; air speed one three seven."

"Roger," th' jane smiles back. "Stand by."

Then she makes things fly. She grabs a pencil, paper, compass, ruler an' a thing she calls a slide rule. "What's th' wind direction an' velocity?" she asks Blinderna. He tells her an she goes into a huddle with her gadgets.

It's sorta quiet fer awhile 'cept for th' gal talkin' to herself 'bout headin', bearin's, ground speed an' such, an' sorta countin' as she goes.

(To be continued in the April Muddle Telegraph. Will our heroine locate the lost pilot? Will Ivanna get her man? Don't miss the next installment of this soul-stirring drama of adventure in the Far North!)

Most of you, no doubt, have been eagerly awaiting our first item and wondering about this place. "Is it really a Sportsman's Paradise?" you have been asking yourself, "Do the moose actually eat out of garbage cans, and the bears eat in the kitchen? And the fish, are they called 'Whale trout' because of their size?" Naturally, none of you will be so naive as to expect true answers in this contribution, but the following is taken from The Enlightened Tourist's Guide published by Cook's Tours, Inc., London (circa 1924):

Sirentna, Alaska - Meaning of name: in the Indian language "God's Country", in the Swedish "Drink Heart". Population: 3. Character of the country: Heavily wooded, but unfortunately much of the vegetation is under water. An ideal Sportsman's country, abounding in moose, many of which are so tame they eat out of garbage cans. There are numerous bears which sometimes come into the housewife's kitchen to beg for food. The fish are plentiful and so large they are often called "Whale trout."

After consulting astrologers, gazing into the crystal ball, and determining the time auspicious, Branch 30 dispatched John and Hazel Keith, C. "Mels" and Mildred Nelson to RJ and the station was duly commissioned. The Grubbs, Mr. Lemmon, and family were already in residence.

This is a nice little station, with only one drawback. That is we miss out on the scuttlebutt. How did Glen Davis make out in his breach-of-promise suit at EM? Did Lee Cordill live through the Great Famine at GQ? Will Karel Zoman get his annual supply of boot beer? If he does will West and Humphries find out? Questions like these will puzzle us continually unless we see them in the Muddle.

* Ed's note: Our best gold medal to Sirentna, a new station off to a good start.

Well, vouze guys and gals, here is Old Slim at Big Delta. I blew in here a few days ago, and I mean I did blow in. This is the only place I have ever seen a 2x12 plank 13 feet long fly through the air with the greatest of ease. Old Slim came here to see Della from Big Delta, but I would rather be back with Leana from Galena or Big Anna from Menana.

The Malemute thought he had a best seller, and will write the book one of these days, entitled, 30 Seconds over Tokyo or Ninety Days in Menana, but after 24 hours in Big Delta the title may be changed to 24 Hours in Big Delta, or the Year of the Big Blow. No fooling, folks, I heard a fellow once say, "The worst summer I ever saw in my life was one day in Big Delta."

If the powers that be in the C.A.A. ever decide to issue a certificate for meritorious service, please don't overlook Mech. Bill Pascock, who has been nearly four years blowing around this station.

Well, Old Slim also had quite a blow-out while in HQ. Met a lot of the guys and gals. Got stinko with some of the guys. Eng. O. Nelson was in town as well as John Nelson (no relation, I hope). Bill Connolly was back from outside bringing with him a new camera but no instructions as to the operation of it. The result, 4 rolls of film and not one picture. Curly headed Glen Weitzert was also back in circulation and the gals around HQ were all in a dither, hither.

Lover Malley Reid was back in HQ, looking fine after his fling with his flame in Menana. Food Spoiler Bill Brush was in town as was Jack Wells, Goo. Murray, Communicator Brown awaiting an assignment and Happy Holmes, Weitzert's shadow.

CAA Ted Evers, the Wandering Woldor, told Old Slim the following story: The sweet young thing rushed up to a G.I.

just returned from the front and gushed, "Oh! I see you're back from the front." The G.I. said, "Ye Gods! Am I that thin?"

Another story: Two Chinamen and an American had been arrested. When brought before the judge, the first China boy said his name was Ah Foo. The Judge said, "Ten days." The China boy still said, "Ah FOO." The Judge said to the second China boy, "What is your name?" This Chinese said, "Ah Sing." The Judge said, "Ten days." When the American was brought in the Judge said, "What is your name?" The American said, "Ah NUTS, I'll get 10 days anyway."

~~XXXX~~ A red headed fellow named Lolly went out with a gal named Sally. And with a shy glance She said, "Let us dance." So Lolly taught Sally to Ballet."

More News: The communicators in Big Delta are awaiting the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Epler, formerly of Hoqos Point and now assigned to the windy city. We'll probably have a blowout in their honor when they arrive.

Many thanks to Mr. Struder, Mr. Wiley and Mr. Boudie for changing the Malemute's assignment from Cordeva to Big Delta. Well, I am competing with the wind and I'll blow you to one, some day.

Thought for Today: Well, according to all reports, the Japs are taking a shellacking and the Euns are now in their back yard. The Turks have decided to throw in with the allies, and things look good. BUT this war is far from won, so how about those Bonds and Stamps. Until next month, I'll be blowing around Big Delta. See you all then.

Yours,
Malemute Slim, 99

September 1913 was a big month for the Malemute. That was the time Gambell sent in a story - and a fine one it was, too. We've given up hope of a repeat performance, but could stand the shock of seeing a Gambell postmark.

ENGINEERING PERSONALS

This is your roving reporter from the Engineering Unit giving you all the latest dope of the "civil" engineers. FLASH!! Ernest E. Weschenfelder finally made the tough grade. Yes, girls, our eligible man is engaged and the skids are greased for him to be married in July.

After one year of stenographic work in the unit, Dorothy Hildre is leaving for outside to stay. She will be just 2000 miles closer to the Philippines. Could that be the reason for her wanting to leave this land of plenty?

Engineers Matson, Lounsbury and Hubbard are on a surveying trip in South-eastern. They finally made the trip down there after being grounded over a week in Anchorage. Frank Kisducak is now at Homer. We expect him back in a month. Mose Miller just returned from a trip outside. The Architectural Department was glad to see him back, and everything will run smoothly again. By the end of the month, engineering section will be back to normal again with the reappearance of Mosier and Lofgren, who are on vacation leave outside.

Porter Kilpatrick, our man about town with the checkered cap, is getting his sunshine through lamps. It seems that more of us should do the same and retain our school-girl complexions. Dreaming about Miami doesn't help.

By the time this goes to print, we hope that Leo H. Wilder will be the proud father of twin boys. Anyway, he's hoping.

Hubert L. Gay is always bragging about his home cooking, but up to the present time he hasn't given anyone in the Engineering Unit a sample of it, except his concoctions of hot buttered rums, which leave some licking their chops, chopping their licks, and lopping their chicks or sumptin.

The Engineering Unit feels the loss of Dick Date, who because of his father's ill health had to return to Cordova to manage his business. His able assistant Cameron Rich has taken over the Soils

Section with William McDaniel, recently transferred from the 7th Region, as one of his assistants. Another change in the Soils Section is the transfer of Marie Anderson to the switchboard, and replacing her is Priscilla Williams, fresh from the corn country.

Scott Donaldson, after more than two months stay in Yakutat, is expected to return about the end of March. Edwin Blair, after a sojourn on the Kusokwim, hopped to Yakutat and is now back in IQ.

Ed Fisher returned from a month's leave outside in old Montanaaaa. He says he's glad to be baaaaack, and we're glad to see him again.

You wouldn't recognize the old home-stead after the recent face lifting job performed here in the 55 and 65 offices. Boy are we "vibrating" now! If you're tired of getting snapped at over the phone - just ask for a number between 65 and 69 and get a "civil" answer.

NORTHEAST NEWS

(Continued from page 1)

class signal.

A bunch of rusty brains have been getting the workout of the season on the Lin! trainer course. The hook-up of theory with practice has been practically unanimously voted as a lot of fun even if it does cause quite a strain on the gray matter at times.

Life Cycle of a Communicator

Just out of school on his first watch Sure are a lot of lids on this circuit! (After two months): Boy, are those guys terrible!

(After one year): Well, well at last this circuit gets so I can read it.

(After two years, listening to the raw recruits): Sure are a lot of lids on this circuit.

This is the first anniversary of the only Nukluk Telegraph contribution from Cordova. From now till their next news item, KA is on our blacklist.

It can't be said that the construction engineers are blind to all but materials and blueprints, for just this week the blueprint girl herself caused quite a flurry by appearing with a hair-do that just naturally caught the eye. We think Lillian blushed quite engagingly when the boys came through with the old whistle and oh-you-kid routine. Maybe it's just because we know, but we think sometimes that we see in la Lillian a little of the poise she probably acquired on the stage.

And while we're on the subject of The Women, Construction has certainly done its bit this month by presenting two fine examples of the species in Misses Maria Setchfield and Julie Ann Westover. Candy and cigars were promptly forthcoming--fitting into a week of richness attendant to the proposed departures of some of the best known constructors in Section 55--namely Jack Maurer and Ernest Clancy, as well as our associate and colleague, John Ireton.

With Section 45 picking in handsomely, parting gifts for the trio were trotted up: a solid gold Parker 51 for Clancy, nugget chain tie clips for Maurer and Ireton. By accident (or design) a bit of surplus funds was discovered in time to allow the office hostesses to put on an elaborate icecream and cake spread, with all three honorees manfully stopping forward with thank-yous and I'll-always-remember-you speeches. We like to think we saw tears in their eyes--maybe we really did. (P. S. Mail for W.I. Clancy may temporarily be addressed c/o Mary Maurer, Section 55. Don't ask us why.)

For the boys who have gone, we have return-from-leave replacements in Bob Spalding, Bernie Ruiton and Shop Shaylor. Of these, probably Shaylor had the most interesting transportation tale to tell, for his southbound ship had a port motor quit at 10,000 feet and after a couple of hours the remaining motor got so rough that the passengers--about a dozen--all had to throw overboard half the contents of their baggage. The plane finally made a landing in the surf. No one was hurt, and a patrol boat picked

up the stranded personnel about an hour and a half later, making for Port Hardy.

Since Don George has only one motor on his Luscombe, we hope it doesn't poop while he's out on his unique way of spending annual leave. One of these days some fortunate lady in New York might be graced with one of the lovely Arctic furs that Don picks up from the heart of the North, travelling in that speedy Silvaire.

From the swift to the slow, we might mention Airways plans to take over an Army 50-ton Diesel truck-trailer combination. So if you want a house or an elephant transported--we will very soon have the rig to do it. For that matter, it could be used to transport a mere Caterpillar, or paving plant. In fact, it's just possible that's what the outfit was bought for. George K., proficient master of the Link school, is to take official possession of the new purchase, and we'd like to be there when he feels his way through the three or four transmissions and 37 or 38 forward and 19 reverse speeds that this 60-foot long highway behemoth is rumored to have. (Note to 35: When Edward Henkel gets to the point where he can fly his Link in something beside an inverted spin or 300 m.p.h. nose dive we might let him come up in the cab and watch our driver perform.)

Seems like there must be a lot of Scandinavian blood in the Engineering Branch--at least most any Sunday one can see about twenty or so C.A. winter sports enthusiasts up at the army ski run--they aren't all Engineering, of course, but we can recall seeing Bertha Sario, Pat Klouda, Dorothy Hildre, Erna Anderson, Marie McDonald, Elinore Whitmore, Mary Maurer, George K., Barmuta, Taylor, Nelson, Mattox, Shaylor, Goetz (is he a whiz!) all s'lidding around on the hillside in everything from the smooth quick bank of the P-33 to the snow-flailing oggbeater phenomenon that attends the hopeful but luckless amateur downhiller just before it's all over. You can always tell it's Monday in Section 55 by

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We have the happy feeling here in Fairbanks that spring is just around the corner. With such balmy weather these days the bachelor boys' fancies are turning to fancies of what a young man's fancies turn to in the spring; course the new lovely gals in KCDS may have something to do with the early thaw this year; anyhow, things are looking up and even SATC Fred Voeste tells us the days are now long enough to make three touch and go landings at Heeks field before the sun goes down (almost) but then everything is touch and go these days and what with a war on and all things are bad all over. (Whew!)

More news from these parts: SATC Erv Ziemke and wife were out hunting the other day and hunted four hours seeing one (1 only) beaten up old rabbit which was headed in the general direction of Home when last seen (CA operators at KZ GQ HG and points west take note). Erv said the rabbit is probably in Siberia by now, if he got safely past Galena.

We hear also this month that CATC Bill Bowen will have his family up here with him very shortly. When they arrive Bill will get his first glimpse of his new son and heir who was born outside not so long ago. Bill says he probably won't even recognize the little guy. (Or vice versa).

There follows a two act play entitled "This Age of Flight" or "Why Did I Ever Leave the Farm?"

Scene: ATC Center amongst millions of flight progress strips.

Sound Effects: Telephones ringing, interphone blabbing, teletypes garbling.

Time: 1945 A.D.

Weather Reports: Clear and unlimited and then some.

ACT I

Interphone Character: Request clearance for MAXC Trip 23, five hundred on top to Philadelphia... please.

ATC Joe Blo: MAXC Trip 23 cleared out of control area 1346 miles south of Fairbanks to cruise five hundred on top, no top reported, to report immediately reaching five hundred on top.

ACT II

Exit pilot in straight jacket followed by Joe Blo with weather reports.

END

We can now address Fred Seely CATC as papa, or father, for he is the proud parent of a baby boy who just tops five pounds. Mrs. Seely is doing fine and the latest reports have it that Fred will pull through all right, too, altho for a time it was doubtful. (Congratulations, folks).

Visitors in Fairbanks this month included Mrs. Walter Davis of Menena, who flew in with Dodson to bring a sick patient in for treatment. Mrs. Davis spent her stay over with Mr. and Mrs. Ziemke at dear old Donali. Our wishes are extended to Bernice for a speedy recovery.

At present in the throes of reorganization for expansion, the Fairbanks ATC Center should take on the semblance of what it will operate as in a very few weeks. Below was a very interesting conversation overheard during throes.

SATC Bob Riedel: Saw, Fred, have you ever seen a flight progress, bored?

SATC Fred Voeste: No, but many is the time I've seen a flight progress strip.

SATC Ziemke: This is the end!..... and it is.

CONSTRUCTION UNIT

(Continued from page 3)

the way people humor their muscles and ease into anything like physical effort. Syrid Karabalinoff we suppose was the unluckiest of all, though--she got an ankle that knocked our safety-record down to the level of Timesheets--or did you notice Rose Grimes' cast? Well, with the army furnishing the transportation, the boots, the skis, the poles and the mountain, we think it's almost worth risking your neck--they make it so easy.

A couple of years ago we used to receive regular contributions from Aniak. Rumor says the guy who wrote them is still in the Territory. He's a CAC, tho. Maybe his sending Aniak is paralyzed.

The Chief of the Contract and Service Branch is finally back at his desk. Following several unsuccessful attempts to make the trip down from Fairbanks by air, Mr. Fowler resorted to the Alaska Railroad's "Toonerville Special" and reports a most enjoyable trip (it being his first via rail in the Territory).

In addition to attending a conference in Washington, D. C. of Contract and Service Chiefs from all regions, Mr. Fowler haunted the "boss" office long enough to wangle from it answers to many of our most pressing problems. He also managed to squeeze in a few days' visit with members of his family in the States.

He's very definite about being glad to be back, too.

The Traffic Unit is bereft this week of the services of its vivacious and witty junior member, Betty Grassman, who is enroute to her home in the Middle West.

Charlotte Aldridge has been a patient at Providence Hospital and is now convalescing at home - probably painting the kitchen floor or engaged in other worthy projects, if we know our Charlotte! We expect her back very shortly, however, ready to give her best to the Contract and Lease Unit.

Alice Hughes of the Property and Service Unit is leaving the C&S and will soon be on her way to Texas, where she will become Mrs. Jerry Chadwick. Alice has been with us for several years and we very much regret losing such a pleasant member of our force. We hope you will be very happy, Alice, and our heartiest congratulations to you, Corporal Chadwick.

We've really had "fruit basket upset" in the Property and Service Unit recently. The new voice on the switchboard is that of Marie Anderson. While Marie has often filled in for us on the board she is now a permanent member of the switchboard force, taking the place of Alma Goodman. Alma is one of our veteran "hello" girls, who decided that invoices and supplies might be intriguing for a change, and took over the

Al Morning is still engaged in a regular orgy of flight checking. During the past two months he's been listening to practically every radio range transmitter in Alaska recite its "dit-dahs" and "dah-dits". It's a clever multiple or key click that can escape Al's critical ear.

Between his millrunc with his Beech, Morgan Davies makes improvements on his recently acquired home. He should be a highly skilled cabinet maker by this time.

Fuzz Rogers and the Bellanca have worn a trail thru the air between here and Sitka, with occasional side trips to other points in the Territory.

Have you seen the latest creation of that talented artist, James Lewis Hurst? It is a specially designed Blue Heart Medal (Jim had no success at mixing purple paint) honoring the latest casualty, Captain Jack T. Jefford of the good ship King Chris. It seems that the Home party Jefford was attending was interrupted when a house across the street caught fire. A burning two-by-four fell on Jack's head as he was attempting to rescue a woman from the blazing building. The burns on his forehead and left hand are about healed and the tailor reports there's hope of saving his scorched sport jacket. That fur hat will keep the captain's head warm till his hair grows out again.

To understand Horn Potosky of Home was burned at the same time. If you Nomites wish to honor your hero, Hurst Enterprises, Inc. will be glad to quote a low price for supplying the appropriate Blue Heart Medal.

Our recently saw a notice from N.Y.C. so somebody at GUSTAVUS must be conscious. You'll never know it from reading the Bulletin, tho.

vacancy left by Hollis Stone. Mrs. Stone has joined Next's Baron in the Accounts Unit.

Dear Readers: Are you still with us?