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CAA 8th REGION

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA

BOURNE RESIGNS AS CAA AIRWAYS CHIEF

WASHINGTON, D.C. October 30, 1945 -- Resignation of Thomas B. Bourne, Assistant Administrator for Federal Airways, today was accepted by Mr. T. P. Wright, Administrator of Civil Aeronautics, in an exchange of letters. No successor to Mr. Bourne has been designated.

Describing his plans for a survey of an airways system for Mexico, Mr. Bourne in his letter, said. "After 19 years of serving with many administrators, I know of no other new administrator who has gained the admiration and respect of the organization as quickly and genuinely as you have."

W. D. Plett, recently appointed Regional Administrator for Alaska, has gone to Washington, D. C., for a conference with CAA officials in the capital. He was accompanied by J.C. Hooper, Chief of the Airways Engineering Branch; J. E. Timmer, Chief of the Signals Branch; and George Parina, Chief of the Personnel Branch.

Assistant Superintendent of Airways A. B. Hulen is Acting Regional Administrator in Mr. Plett's absence.

The veteran airways expert also expressed his appreciation of the offer made by Mr. Wright and Mr. William A. M. Burden, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, that he perform the survey on a "leave without pay status" so that he could return and resume his connection with the Civil Aeronautics Administration upon its completion.

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

COMMUNICATIONS INSPECTORS
AT WORK. CAUFN

With a month or two remaining, this is not the point at which to close out our report on communications inspections for 1945. We still harbor plans for more field work before the old rogue with the long-handled scythe lops off another "ennium" and starts swathing his remorseless path down the next 365 acres. We find the old gentleman never operates on a share-crop basis. He shares time with no one.

Not to close out our report but to merely convey its current status, we list hereunder all stations having had inspections since January 1, last. They total twenty four from north to south and east to west, and represent many miles of travel in the performance of the Rite of the Stop Watch. The alphabetical listing means nothing. The next inspection is just as likely to strike at a "Y" as at an "A", and being listed herein is no protection against further inspection in the near future.

Anchorage	Ecmer	Sitka
Bettles	Iliamna	Slwenta
Cordova	Juneau	Summit
Fairbanks	Kenai	Talkeetna
Farewell	Kotzebue	Tahana
Fort Yukon	Minchumina	Unalakleet
Gustavus	Nenana	Yakutat
Haines	Shungnak	Yakutat

Use of the new Form 450, revised 3/1/45, (replacing the old Form 450 in use since 1939) and the newly inaugurated Communications Inspection Check List, allows a greater expression of comment, recommendations and general information. The over-all value of the reports, we feel, has been increased.

BOURNE RESIGNS

(Continued from page 1).

Mr. Bourne stated that he planned to remain in private aviation activities so that he could build up the services of the Maryland Airlines, and "since it is my genuine desire not to embarrass the Airways Organization, the Civil Aeronautics Administration, or the Department of Commerce through activities which may be required in these undertakings 'by a man on leave from the Government,' I have chosen an outright resignation in preference."

In accepting the resignation, Mr. Wright wrote he was sure that Aeronautical Radio, Inc., an organization owned mutually by the airlines, for whom the airways job in Mexico will be performed by Mr. Bourne, and the Mexican Government "are fortunate in having been able to secure the services of one so outstandingly qualified."

Mr. Bourne joined the Federal service in April, 1927, when the Bureau of Light-houses administered the meager airways facilities provided for airmen. He served in the field in establishing and building the first facilities such as radio ranges and communications stations, and progressed through various jobs in the airways service to his position as Assistant Administrator. He is known among airline and aviation pioneers throughout the country familiarly as "Tommy" and as one of the fathers of the Nation's airways system.

He learned to fly during the last war, holds Pilot Certificate No. 209. He was born on a farm in Baltimore County, Maryland, has six children and lives now on a farm near Millington, Maryland.

-- Office of Aviation Information

I am a little CP. My father was a big Navy "C" (Cigent Dispatch). He carried word from the submarines and destroyers back to the battleship admiral, warning him to get set for a belly full of enemy torpedoes. My mother was a little Army "P" dispatch. She carried rush instructions from the general to the troops out in front, commanding them to hurry up and make the attack before he got his pants full of bullets.

I am a little CP. I'm hot -- hotter than a red-haired control tower operator.

I have been working for the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps and the Coast Guard; now the war is over and I have volunteered to work for the CAA and the air lines. But it is a gigantic task. I am always in such a hurry to get my job done and I am subjected to so many unnecessary delays along the way.

You can't possibly understand what I mean without taking a trip with me. The dispatcher is a nice fellow; most dispatchers are that way. He studies weather, checks the load, and tries to figure a way to have enough gas to reach an alternate airport. After all this is done he must get word to a pilot several hundred miles away who has a short turnaround and is wondering why those so-and-so's back in Operations Office don't get off their what'sits and give him a release. The pilot is "fuming"; pilots are that way.

The dispatcher calmly sits down to the teletype -- in Alaska dispatchers are teletype operators and radio operators as well as dispatchers -- and writes out a release to the pilot in Juneau. He massages those keys so gently; in about one minute I am a complete "CP" dispatch containing about ten words. He rings two bells (the HQ Anchorage call).

Now I am in the HQ teletype room. Two efficient girls are busily engaged in relaying weather reports and expediting ether "CP" dispatches. Will they ever see me? The dispatcher rings two bells again. Still these busy communicators do not see me. Finally the dispatcher rings a string of bells and jiggles the carriage up and down. The

shock is terrible; something like the rough seas my father once told me about. Oh! will that teletype girl never see me? Here she comes! She tears me off the machine and gives the dispatcher an "okay". Three minutes have elapsed. She dashes over and places me on the traffic checker's desk in nothing flat, but she doesn't shout "CP". That hurts my pride a little. I should go ahead of all this other hay that is lying around.

The checker doesn't notice me. She is busy, very busy, logging traffic, filing traffic and trying to keep the hooks clear. There is hay in front of me, hay behind me, hay on both sides of me, and the teletype girl just dropped some rush weather on the desk so there is hay on top of me. Presto! the checker picks up the rush weather and takes it to a radio circuit. I can breathe again. At least that is a relief, but why oh why don't they give me proper recognition? The checker returns; she reaches for me; now I will be on my way. I am moved about two feet to the left without enjoying so much as a glance from the checker. Now there is more logging, more traffic filing and more clearing of hooks. What would my sponsors think of this treatment?

My sponsors are: The Liaison Officer who was born with a vibroplex in his hand, raised on a bottle and, according to rumors, never weaned. He is an old eccentric telegrapher who insists that any message should move through the station in a minute and thinks he is giving the communicators a holluvabrak when he sets the limit at 5 minutes for all "CP" dispatches. The Chief of the Radio Communications, an old sailor who would break his arm reaching for a bottle of gin and would raise a hellavustink if "CP" traffic didn't move through the station in 5 minutes. And last but not least is the Chief of War Measures and Procedures (plus CEMG), who will roll the dice until the communicators are rolled out of their rolls and then write them up for delaying "CP" traffic more than 5 minutes during a crap game. That is the line of boats the communicators and I have to buck.

(Continued on page 6)

It has been some little time since you have heard from Construction Unit. The truth is we lost our nice editor-in-chief, William M. Mattox. It was with a sense of pride we turned in to the Iukluk articles edited by Mr. Mattox. "Tex", as he is known to many, and wife Virginia left for the States in October. We're hoping he will remain with CAA in the States. Glen H. Neitzert is the Project Engineer following Tex Mattox. Mr. Mattox had previously taken Mr. Sam T. Kelsey's place. We hear that Mr. Kelsey is in a California hospital.

Since you last heard from us we have lost two of our girls, but already have filled in with two girls formerly employed at Fort Richardson. First we lost Tina Kapsanic, probably known to you as the "Iceskater". Tina will soon be on her way to London, England, having completed some preliminary work in Washington, D. C. Mary Maurer, who came to Construction from the Depot, left for the States in September. The two charming ladies replacing Tina and Mary are Miss Deloris Page and Sarah Rothstein.

Recently resigned are Engineers Alvin T. Lyse and Edwin D. Blair, and Senior General Mechanic Gilbert F. Krenzke. Our new mechanics are Harry Christiansen, Gilford Lormen and Axel W. Mattson.

With the closing of summer assignments at Cordova, Gustavus, Middleton Island, Mahook, Big Delta, Northway, Nomo, Bethel, McGrath, Nenana, Summit, Unalakleet, Gambell and Siletna - to mention a few - there will soon be an influx of engineers in our midst. Will let you in on a secret - plans will soon be promulgated to keep them busy, then over.

We are happy to report our Resident Engineer at Hona, Joseph E. Walsh, was married recently to Mabel Weber. Emily Post says you should wish the bride happiness and congratulate the groom. As Joe has been with Construction Unit some four years and knowing him as we do, we'll take it upon ourselves to congratulate the bride. We wish both of them a lot of happiness.

Mr. Broadwell suggested an item of interest to Iukluk readers might be -

The branch organization has been strengthened by the recent arrival of Mrs. Lois E. Robinson, who is holding forth in the Communications Irregularity Typing Department. As Chief "typewriter" she has already worn out one typewriter and is making satisfactory progress toward the destruction of a second.

Another recently added super-sleuth is Mr. John R. Turner, who hails from Grand Island, Nebraska.

With the increasing number of Analyses, no reason can be given for the decreasing number of irregularity reports being issued unless it is due to the fact that communicators are hitting the ball more regularly (or Mrs. Robinson's typewriter is worn out again) or fade-out conditions are precluding reception of many stations.

"The Perceptions" of our engineers. After consulting Noah Webster about "perceptions", we report: George Karaboniloff is at present on an inspection trip with Sulver, Sawyer, Knight and Goodwin at Whitehorse; J. L. Connors has just returned from Pecos Point, where he went to estimate the damage done by recent high winds. He could have gone right back to estimate the damage by fire to the Utilities Building. John A. Broadwell recently visited Cordova and even more recently was in McGrath and Bethel. We wonder if he likes the outposts better than us; he used the old gag "Weather too bad to fly".

That brings to mind the ingenuity displayed by our engineers when they set up their transits right here in Construction office and brought to view the Army transport plane which recently fell in the nearby mountains. We would have preferred looking at a happier sight, but those of us who had never looked thru a transit now have more respect for that piece of engineering equipment.

We in Construction were sorry to lose Marshall C. Heppin as Regional Administrator but will wholeheartedly back our new Administrator, W. P. Platt. We hope he will like us as we are.

Numerous changes have occurred in Section 44 in the past few weeks.

In the personnel sphere, Farry Gray decided that twenty months in the Frozen North were plenty and transferred to the Fifth Region, Kansas City.

Next Al Morning moved into town to take care of the duties of the Assistant Superintendent of Airways. So now we have only four pilots answering roll call in 44.

Our plane personnel, too, has undergone a change. Bellanca NC-5, one of the real old-timers of the Eighth Region, made a forced landing in rough water south of Seward the evening of October 10th. A Coast Guard boat picked up Pilot Fuzz Rogers and his passenger, Thad Bryan, but Bellanca NC-5 sank to the bottom of the ocean. May it rest in peace!

A few days later Jim Hurst and Fuzz Rogers flew to Washington, D. C., in the Boeing 247-D, NC-13, also known as King Arthur. This twelve-year-old veteran has been honorably discharged from Alaskan service after more than three years of carrying freight and passengers to all parts of the Territory.

After a few days sojourn in Washington and Southern California, Jim and Fuzz returned to Anchorage, proudly flying a surplus Army C-47. The newest addition to our fleet, it is to be christened NC-5, the 14 bears but little resemblance to NC-5 I or NC-5 II. Incidentally, you may have thought Jefford and Hurst were rivals before, but "you ain't seen nuthin' yet".

While all these changes were going on, Jack Jefford and Morgan Davies were carrying on as usual, hauling freight and passengers and making flight checks. They were really kept working, too.

Now that we have two big freighters and two good patrol planes, plus a little Fairchild and a brace-and-trace old amphibian, you can expect to see four very busy Airways Inspectors. You will have to look fast, tho. They don't stay long in one place.

Mr. Crane of Training and Performance is currently in Seattle getting our October class of 15 Aircraft Communicator Trainees off to a good start. It is interesting to note that approximately 75% of the new class are veterans and approximately 50% have had some previous communications experience.

For the followers of Colonel Stoopnagle's Spoonerism in the Saturday Evening Post we hereby Spoon up the following excerpt from "Practical Air Navigation".

THE GREAT CIRCLE

If it is desired to follow a great circle track, the track must first be drawn on a great circle chart (Pronomic Projection) as a straight line. All great circles appear as straight lines. The point plotted on the great circle chart is then referred to the transactor projection, joint by joint, by latitude and longitude. (As you know, the shortest distance between two joints is a rhumb line). The distortion of the transactor projection is that cut the great circle appears as a curved line on the chart, as though it were longer than the rhumb line; this is not the case, of course. The curved line on the transactor is bent broken down into a series of sections of convenient length, and the rhumb line course for each bersec is followed. In this way, the great circle track is approximated with a series of rhumb line courses. For seasons already suggested, the transactor projection was not in generally adopted nor used in air navigation. The only Transactor charts nor their avigation censor of a series of narrow rip charts along our coasts, published by the Geographic Hyphus of the Steamship Yates Navy.

Next issue, Spooning in the Maritime Lapso Notes.

It's been a long time since we've heard from Bethel, Annette Island, Furwell, Fort Yukon, Kain's, Homer, Illiana North Dutch Island, Petersburg or Shungnak. How about some letters for the December issue?

LIFE OF AN "OP" DISPATCH
(Continued from page 3)

I have been here now for six minutes. The supervisor can do nothing for me; he is snowed under with interphone calls, telephone calls, routing traffic and wondering whether he is going to be promoted to the supervisor grade or continue to do the work on communicator's pay, as he has done for several months. The Assistant Chief can't help me because he is trying to check traffic against records that are not quite complete because the traffic checker was snowed under with paper work the night before. Appealing to the Chief is out of the question. He is busy making reports, reports, reports, correcting "D" manuals, checking the payroll, making the daily quota of corrections to the "AOCSS, and other CAP-4 work which prevents him from performing the duties for which he is paid.

Glorious day! After 13 minutes that sweet little girl has picked me up. At first she is startled by my "CP" classification; then the wheels spin in her head. She can't send me to Juneau, my destination, on circuit 304 because Juneau has discontinued the 304 watch due to a personnel shortage. For that I am thankful; there is a hairy-chested man working on circuit 304. She carries me down the aisle. I am dropped on circuit 302. Curses! Another man working this circuit. Why couldn't I have been left on circuit 301 with that little blonde? Well, this seems to be my fate. He looks grouchy -- most men are that way -- but I can see that he is a hard worker. It's sequence time; he punches, transcribes and repunches like a madman.

After 15 minutes there is a slight pause, and the big gorilla casts a glassy stare around the operating position and picks me out from a dozen other messages. Here is a man who recognizes "high-bred" traffic; I am beginning to have a little respect for his ability. He quickly slips me under the message holder on the Kleinschmidt and starts punching. Glancing at the tape with his left eye, he discovers that some of the top holes are not cut through. This is the first man I have ever seen who could cuss like my sailor father. The temperature goes up and the air turns blue. A maintenance man, on the alert for equip-

ment trouble, comes over to investigate. The maintenance man says he can't slip in a good Kleinschmidt because the station has not been equipped with spares, but he will fix it as soon as possible. This maintenance man is a "shark"; he has the machine fixed in five minutes. The cussing, hard-working 302 operator turns to the Kleinschmidt and punches out a perfect tape. Ah! At last I will be on my way at high speed. But not! The Juneau operator who is on the job starts breaking; the muscle-bound 302 operator lifts the wheel and Juneau says "bad tape". The puncher knows it isn't bad tape, and the air turns blue again; the cuss words roll out like a volcanic eruption. The maintenance man, still alert, stops over and says there isn't much he can do about a bad keving head because the toggle blocks, ordered in December and re-ordered in July, haven't arrived yet. Then this 302 baby really blows up. He says, "I used this old soup bone to send with before they had automatics, and ~~it~~ I guess I can do it now." He reaches for his bug and calls KEAA.

Sweet Sue! Such code! Not the square dots and round dashes the inspectors send to you for a test, but smooth, rhythmic, perfect stuff, the kind of code an automatic head tries to send. I have never travelled on a magic carpet but it couldn't possibly be more beautiful than the ride that old operator gives from Anchorage to Juneau. The Juneau operator, another "die-hard" telegrapher, comes back with a snappy "C". In less time than it would take you to say "Jack Robinson" I am delivered to the airline representative in Juneau, 45 minutes after being sent by the dispatcher. I am old, much too old to serve the dispatcher's intended purpose.

I have been told that the Chief of Communications has prowled to the Chief of Signals and the Chief of Signals has prepared a plan for a "sure-fire" multi-channel VHF communications system. The plan has the concurrence of the Superintendent of Airways; and the Regional Administrator says if Congress sets off their Tokays (or whatever is the plural for Tokus) and appropriates money, we will have a first class communication system complete with spare parts and

(Continued on page 7)

By Kansas City Moe and The Tanana Kid

PREFACE: The "T" Kid took time out from his other pressing duties, which consist of sitting, to edit the following by Kansas City Moe. Thus all in paren comes from his ostensible brain.

PART ONE

Seems as how YO has been off the record for a long time, so this reporter (Laugh here) will attempt to enlighten the few who might be interested in recent happenings in this busy little corner of Alaska.

We received several new ops from the latest Seattle class, and were we glad to see them! Guz at the time several of the ops were playing it sick (Here I was dying). The new arrivals are Mr. and Mrs. Sharp and Miss Joyce Gunderson (Whistle here). Welcome to YC, good people.

Flash! Flash! Harry and Helen Haugan are the proud parents of a baby girl named Kristi Arlene. Horie has been passing out the cigars indiscriminately (No more like dat woid or I quit). So that explains any rumors that the green men and women from Har's have invaded the YO station. (My, my! After seeing those women smoke dem stories I just about decided my place was the kitchen.)

Mr. Peterson and family arrived several weeks past to relieve Mr. Fringle, who is now at Umanua. (Both great guys. Ya, Habel, Tom still working for my seven.) Bob and family are fugitives from Farwell, which all sums up to the fact that we're darn glad to have you with us and wish Gray and family a lot of luck. (Shemmy boss. Good para.)

Please disregard any rumors you might have heard or will hear about house "3" at Nome. Never a dull moment, though.

Locks like the entire region bid on those openings at KD, and Nome did its share. (That's one I out too off on.) Ain't the single gals at YO lost no time in speaking for themselves. (Guess they don't like my cooking.) Can't see what all the attraction is, gals, or are you soured on life? Tsk! Tsk! (Never heard

of girls getting bushy before.)

That's about all that the literary talent (I wouldn't say she used the word loosely; she threw it away) of this reporter can offer at this time, so be CHU in Muktel.

Kansas City Moe

PART TWO

Miya, fellows - and girls, too, since seems as though there are a few of you in the good old C.A.

After reading and editing what "Kansas City Moe" had to say thought I, "The Tanana Kid", ought to give you an outsider's viewpoint and tell her to go back on sick leave. Confidentially, she has rags in her head.

Everyone is very happy here at the station since we have received a total of five new operators in the last month from the U of WA, Seattle. Now we have to tend only one circuit at a time and are back on a fifty six hour work week. Out of Class Eleven we received, C. O. D. via Jefford and Hanson, Miss Lola Larson and Kirsti Pundana, two Irish lassies -- ha!

Just one more item I'd like to put across before retiring. We really have a swell station here at YO and a swell bunch of personnel. Besides having our parties, which include bowling, hunting, hiking and tennis, we have practically the whole gang lined up for skint and ice skating. Kind of feel sorry for you folks that don't get to work up here.

The Tanana Kid

LINE OF AN "CF" DISPATCH
(Continued from page 5)

enough communicators and maintenance men to do the job. Then the Liaison Officer can go over and telegraph for the Siberian Railroad, the Chief of Radio Communications can go back to sea and the Chief of War Measures and Procedures plus CEMC can roll up his African Berries and go back to South Carolina. Meanwhile, the Chief, Assistant Chief, supervisors, communicators, traffic checkers, maintenance men and I will battle the odds.

O. P. DISPATCH