



OCTOBER 1945
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CAA 8th REGION

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA

HOPIN TO HEAD ALASKA AIRLINES

FLETT APPOINTED REGIONAL ADMINISTRATOR

Marshall C. Hoppin, Administrator of the Eighth Region since its establishment in 1941, has resigned from the CAA to become president of the Alaska Airlines.

P. Flett, Superintendent of Airways, will be the new Regional Administrator.

Mr. Hoppin has been active in aviation since 1917, when he served as pilot and instructor with the U. S. Army Air Corps, and helped establish the first enlisted mechanics' training school at San Antonio, Texas. From 1920 till 1926 he operated his own airline out of Chicago and barnstormed throughout the Middle West and in Washington, D. C.

As Airways Extension Superintendent with the Bureau of Aeronautics of the Department of Commerce, which he joined in 1927, Mr. Hoppin established and re-routed airways throughout the West. He continued with that organization and its successor, the Civil Aeronautics Authority, in different positions, including Aeronautical Inspector with the Safety Regulations Division and Regional Airport Adviser for all mid-western and western states.

When the Federal Airways Division started functioning in Alaska in 1939, Mr. Hoppin and Mr. Flett were among the first group of 16 men to arrive in Anchorage. They served as Superintendent of Airways and Assistant Superintendent of Airways respectively until July 1941, when the Eighth Region was created. Since that time

(Continued on page 3)

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

AIR TRAFFIC CONFUSERS

Quite a change has taken place in the activities of the ATC Branch since last heard from in the Muk-Tel. So here goes with all the latest.

The operation of the Anchorage and Fairbanks Airport Traffic Control Towers was discontinued on August 1. This decommissioning was brought about by a closing of the Army purse strings, since all CAA operated towers are at the request of, and with funds furnished by, one of the military agencies.

Operation of the Anchorage Tower was continued thru August 15 at the request of, and with funds furnished by, the City of Anchorage. On August 16 the operation was assumed by the City of Anchorage with City employees. Mr. Norman Laitner, a well known local pilot, was selected as Airport Manager and Chief Controller. Miss Agatha Priebe, formerly of the Fifth and Eighth Regions Air Traffic Control, and Miss Vivian Lerner, formerly of the Second and Eighth Regions Air Traffic Control, were granted releases in order to accept employment as Controllers. It is believed this desire to remain in Alaska was brought about by their great love for the Territory. The nearness of Ft. Richardson to Anchorage had nothing to do with it. They have all been doing an excellent job of controlling traffic and it is our hope it will continue.

Operation of the Fairbanks Control Tower was continued thru August 21 at the request of, and with funds furnished by, the City of Fairbanks. All interested parties in Fairbanks finally agreed

to take over this tower and operate it as a City operated tower combined with Fairbanks Aeronautical Radio. Personnel of the Fairbanks Airway Traffic Control Center will be used in a supervisory and training capacity until such time as the tower employees selected become proficient in the control of traffic. It is expected this tower will resume operation around October 15.

Now for the personnel who were forced to return to that overcrowded country, commonly known as Stateside, even though they were very anxious to remain and help all of us battle the elements. (Ed. note: That ain't the way I heard it.)

As previously stated, Miss Priebe and Miss Lerner have accepted employment with the City of Anchorage, and their melodious voices are still heard thru the medium of 273 kcs. from Merrill Tower.

Chief Controller William Kelly left for Seattle in a large hurry and has taken up residence as Chief of the Boise, Idaho, Control Tower.

Helen Schlotzhauser has moved into the Anchorage Airway Traffic Control Center and is still being heard on the inter-phone circuits from that center. It is believed her red hair will lend a little color to an otherwise drab center.

Fred Seely, Chief of the Fairbanks Tower, has taken his family and all

(Continued on page 8)

(or from Hunger?)

TIDINGS: Stella May Stall, one of our favorite putter-of-pictures-on-blue-print-paper, is on the verge, and needs only the presence of one T/5 James Deligan to make the verge even more inviting. T/5 James is sweating out transportation back to HQ from the far-frozen North. Here, things are progressing. The Drafting Unit harem threw a whing-ding for Miss S. on 6 October. The date for the nuptials has been tentatively set, but is somewhat dependent upon the whims of the gods of war and weather. Good luck, kids.

And by some strange cabala of opening shower gifts, known only to the fair sex, our Miss Healey has been found to be the one next chosen by Fate to don the pleasant shackles of matrimony. Love surely creates personnel problems, doesn't it?

Speaking of personnel matters, Bertha Saario, strong right arm of this unit since the departure of Umbriago Ernie, has resigned effective 11 October to go back to school at Berkeley. This observer thinks a girl has a chance to learn more in Alaska, but here's luck. We hope she'll come back magna cum laude.

We welcome to the galley Laura and Edgar Davis, who hail from Ft. Worth way. Both worked for the Coast and Geodetic Survey before the "friends and neighbors" noticed what a fine upright man Ed was.

Then there is Ruth Truesdell, who is transferring from New York -- that suburban area surrounding Macy's basement. Miss Truesdell hasn't arrived as of this moment of writing, but is expected any time now.

Bess Cooper is getting livestock conscious -- pedigree pooches and kittens. The canine eugenics seems quite involved, but the kittens just came along. As my sainted pappy used to say, "It doesn't require two cats; it just takes longer." Anyone wishing to buy a dog or be given a cat, just come to Room 213. We dare you!

All in all, though, we are glad to see the balance of power slowly tipping

(Continued from page 1)

Mr. Hoppin has been Regional Administrator and Mr. Plett the Superintendent of Airways. Under their direction the CAA has constructed 34 airports and 92 radio facilities and established over 8,000 miles of airways in Alaska.

After he received his degree in engineering at Northwestern University in 1927, Mr. Plett was employed by Westinghouse as radio engineer, assisting with the development, design and manufacture of radio air and communication equipment. He holds several patents for airborne radio facsimile equipment that he designed at that time.

During his years with Westinghouse Mr. Plett became acquainted with the work of the predecessors of the CAA. He joined that organization as radio engineer in 1934, and engaged in the first modernization program of the Federal Airways system in the United States. For the next three years he traveled throughout the country, directing the installation of air navigation radio aids. For two years before he came to Alaska, he held a supervisory position in Washington, D. C.

A. D. Hulén, Assistant Superintendent of Airways since July 1944, will be the Acting Superintendent of Airways. A. E. Horning, Chief of Flight Inspection Unit, will fill Mr. Hulén's former position.

All members of the Eighth Region join in expressing their appreciation to Mr. Hoppin for his years of faithful service to the CAA and its employees, and in promising their whole-hearted cooperation to the new Regional Administrator.

back to the male sex. What with women who consistently break the handle off the vault door by sheer brute force, it just ain't safe for a mere male.

While Miss Stall's intended is expecting a discharge from the Army, Nita Jenkins' chosen has donned the latest shade of olive drab for a tour of squads east and west. But, ah, ah, men! Remember your patriotism. No hitting in the clinches!

August 1, 1945

We'd like to tell you there's lots new here in the backwoods, but we're afraid it's just the same old grind. However, if you're interested (and you'd better be) we can show you what a man looks like when he tangles barehanded with a bear and comes out alive. Of course "Epp" Eppler didn't really tangle with a bear, although there are plenty of the pets around our backyard these days; but that doesn't detract from the statement that we can show you what a man looks like who did. Epp's trouble was going barehanded after a high fly into Bill Peacock's garden at a local picnic, and failing to recognize that top strand of the fence for barbed wire. The game was called on account of blood.

We certainly missed a good picture of a big brownie the other day. He was standing on his hind legs with his front paws one on each side of the top of "Shep" Shaylor's trailer house, and gazing in the end window. Kaye didn't see him then, but a little later when she was mixing some cake frosting she turned around and there he was with his nose against the screen door. She shoed him away and slammed the door in his face and decided "These varmints are getting a leetle too familiar".

With fine roads, fine weather, and the ever-present traveling urge, most people have been the recipients of quite a few visits from various and sundry people lately. Probably the most-traveled was Jim Teale's mother, who "draped" in from Springfield, Illinois, for her first visit in four years. We happened to be over in the garage when Mardi came breathlessly over to tell Jim his mother had arrived. You should have heard him wail "And I didn't get to see her get her first look at her grandchildren!" Sometimes we wonder if they'd be so beautiful to him if they didn't have that red hair.

Those of you who haven't had a chance to see Jim Toy proud-fathering all over FX have really missed something. He does a fine job of it and it doesn't look as though it would wear off soon. Well, why should it? If the people in

FX get tired of it there will be the Cordovans soon. Also from Fairbanks we hear rumors of a small-sized gruesome twosome daydreaming of wedding bells. If we're letting the cat out of the bag, Glenn and Joslyn, we're sorry -- but we like the idea!

We don't like to brag, but we have a cucumber. Yep, RMS Art Smith did it in his own greenhouse, with not more than two months' work. You should see it! Already it's the size of a sweet pickle, and might someday grow up to be a dill. Face value \$25.00. Sure is wonderful what science and perseverance can do even in Alaska.

We've all been waiting around for the launching of Bill Peacock's new boat, but something seems to be holding up the process. Have an idea that it might be the fact that everytime any champagne (or anything else with any alcoholic content) shows up around here it disappears before it can be broken over the nose of the good ship "Lollipop". Is there any rule against using water?

Has anyone around the territory got any watches that constantly run fast? If so, we'd like to do a little cross-breeding. We have the slowest running bunch of watches and clocks around here that anyone ever found in one bunch. It's not at all unusual for a man to show up at the station and find out that his watch is anywhere from half an hour to an hour and a half slower than the station clock. At least if we had some good time-pieces we could make these unoriginal people think up a new excuse for being late to work!

We saw several of the personnel of the FX station shuddering over the after-effects of a station inspection, and last week immediately came home to start shuddering over the impending inspection here. Just when we stop being self-conscious about it, they come along to give another inspection and show us how dumb we are all over again. Could surely live longer without those things t

(Continued on page 7)

TANCROSSES

(We Make 'Em - You Bear 'Em)

Epitome of Pleasant Surprises: Slump wearily into the station bleakly facing the prospect of another 8 hours of mid.. What hot The Mukluk....Well, now, bless my soul.....

Seems one of the most popular pastimes of the Mukluk reporters is airing their troubles.....Mark Mason worrying about the shortage of short beers at RM and the whole station there worrying about the lack of summer (figgering if they don't get a bit of sunshine before long to dry the mud up they will lose the station in it).....All that talk about landscaping.....Doesn't mean a thing.....Just trying to hide the mud and make us at TW envious.....Ha!

And Jack Taylor beefing in his best Bemelman brogue about a few mosquitoes up in KE.....Johnny Keith at RJ trying to pick a fight with Glenn Davis (Little does he realize that Glenn has lost interest in tiddle-de-winks' in favor of e..a...a...brunette -- Gad, Glenn and we tried so desperately; all of us who fell as you are now falling) and Jim "KA"-Phlooy Toy.

Even Master C. Jones, writing from JQ with as sweet a set-up as that young gentleman could wish for, what with his see'er-home'ers in FX and brunette talent (must be the year for brunettes) from the AD to while away the weary hours, finds time to dissertate on the lonely howl of the Braugh Banshee.

Therefore, if these and numerous others have said privilege, I herewith proclaim that we of TW are likewise entitled to such considerations and herein extend them for your tears of sympathy.

Oh, thou of Homer - relent! Return to us what is rightfully ours that we may again enjoy the privilege of 48 hours per week and our "other" former peaceful and "innocent" pastimes..... Ruth! Lyle! Come back to the breast that nurtured you.....restore our faded sunshine with your evanescent Baxter hospitality (and lovely auburn locks,

Ruthy).....and Lyle, come, give us again our rightful heritage as a legitimate contributor to the Mukluk. We promise that your ice-box shall forever and always contain cokes.

Yup, catastrophe has beset us....The Baxters deserting to RM, Jeanne Fuquay departing for Uncle Sug.....Nita Hall looking over the market in new young sisters for Jimmy and Ricky and Art down in HQ. Gosh, ain't hardly no ladies left here except Irma Deford, Lorraine Hensley and Gayle Chandler. S'matter of fact don't seem like there are many people period.....Even Leon Athey and Frank Drew up and left us with a practically new station and no instructions as to how to operate it. Lessee.....There's Ray Hensley, RFS; Art Hall, SGM; Fill Deford, CAC, and two lonely Accoms, Earl Fuquay and Bill Chandler.

That's all right, tho. The Regional Office has promised they are going to send us a real nice new shiny operator with a big family so the lady can visit with our ladies and the children can play with our children and we can play poker and dig out all our old worn-out jokes for the new suc...operator. (RO note: Please send one that is brand new to Alaska and nice and credulous so we can spring that old ice-worm gag.)

And while I am beefing about things, who was the joker in Nome who writ that parody on Home on the Range? Seems I recall another such parody.....Seems the guy that writ this parody has a good memory.....He borrowed some of the phrases (almost) from the original parody.....Just goes to show I should have had mine copyrighted, I guess.

Notice the Haughans were affected by that welcoming party they had on their arrival at YO....And hey! Norm and Romayne, what happened to What's-his-name "Aleut for Two-Bits"?

In all seriousness, TW is a mighty fine little station and there are few of us here who find much about which to worry. We have as much and maybe a bit more sunshine than most of the stations

(Continued on page 7)

A TEMPORARY SET UP

by

Enny Ominus

(Continued from the July-August ukluk)

Annie an' me went t' meet th' plane. Not because this bird is leavin', though we ain't sorry none, but cause th' Grade 7 trainee t' take Iwana's place is comin' in.

Th' Grade 7 looks like a good kid. He is young, cocky an' anything but dumb lookin'.

"Where's th' boss?" he asks us.

We took him t' th' station an' when he sees Biggead he says, "Well, well, well! Hows everthing goin'. Speak right up! If theys somethin' you wanta know er anything I can help you with, say so. Soon as I git my shirts hung up I'll be back an' take over." An' before Biggead can answer him, he's out th' door an' pradin' t' th' batchin' quarters. He musta had a lot a shirts, though, cause he didn't git back till next day.

"You might as well go home an' let me take over," he says t' Biggead, soon as he's in th' door next mornin'. "I can handle this place. Where do I work?"

Biggead is maybe surprised, but he is pleased. Its plain t' see he is dreamin' a days as well as nights a poker playin' an' beer drinkin'.

"You'll be workin' air t' ground," Biggead tells him. "Your th' only 7 othern me, but before you start we better give you tests an' git your operatin' speeds sent in. Hows your typin'?"

"Fine," th' kid says, an' spottin' a test Blinderna's been practicin' on he grabs a sweet a paper an' sits down t' a mill. "Time me," he says, an' he's off. He come up with a neat 42.

"What about code?" Biggead asks him.

"Try me!" Th' kid grins confident. "Got a test on a tape?"

We got one on account a I been gittin' ready t' make a nother attempt t' score.

"We aint got no oscillator, is th' only trouble," Biggead says.

"That's no trouble. Dont need one. With this set up you can make th' test key anywheres you want to." He is pointin' t' th' hunderd holes th' engineer was gonna show us how to use when he had t' leave.

"How?" Biggead asks.

"Simple," th' kid tells him. "Git th' tape ready an' when I say go start th' machine." He slaps in a handful a th' flexin' con rods an' hollers "Go".

But she aint workin' right. Th' test comes a pourin outa th' aircraft speakers, Spitzensplutter gits a hunk a Pibal in his OP an' Blindernas weathers turns out t' be Q signals askin' fer a repeat.

"Minute!" says th' kid. He aint bothered none. He slaps in more con rods.

Its worsern ever. Theys music on the high speed now an' th' aircraft receivers is givin' out war news an' stock market reports. Biggead is about crazy. He's pullin' his hair an' jumpin' up an' down an' a screamin'.

"Put it back! Put it back! Put it back like it was!" he yells.

Th' Grade 7 is cool. He's strokin' his chin an' studyin'.

"No wonder!" he says. "Th' AC-DC is wrong!" An' he reaches fer a plug.

Theys a whine in th' speakers like you hear at a movie when they is showin' a bomb droppin' on Germany. Two a th' receivers has left th' rack an' is crawlin' under a table. Tubes is beginnin' t' pop everywhere. Biggead, Blinderna, an' Spitzensplutter all heads fer th' door at th' same time. Theys a big BOOM an' a mighty roar. We could hear it over at our house. Th' sound a bustin' in' glass is terrific.

Me an' Annie got outside jist in time t' see th' kid come outa window head first. He lit in a snow bank, an' he

(Continued on page 7)

lit a runnin'. A plane has jist come in; an' th' kid, who's headed fer home, aint no moren in th' house till out he comes agin, a luggin' a suitcase in each hand. He goes off, on a full gallop strait fer th' plane.

Biggead, Blinderna, an' Spitzensplutten aint got th' damage figured out yet, when Biggead spots th' kid tossin' a suitcase into th' plane.

"Hey you!" Biggead bellers at th' Grade 7. "You cant do that!"

"Cant I?" th' kid asks. "Watch me!" An' he tosses th' other suitcase in.

Biggead starts fer him with both fists doubled.

"This is gonna cost you your job," he yells. "I'll git you fired fer this," he screams, shakin' his fists at th' kid.

"Thats all right," th' kid says, cool as can be. "It was jist a temporary set up no how!" An' with that he shuts th' door an' th' plane took off.

Next mornin' Jeff dropped in with a load a repairs an' a crew a engineers, an' by noon we was back on th' air an' Biggead was workin' agin.

THE END

WHAT'S NEW AT JQ
(Continued from page 4)

worry about.

With some changes being made over at the Base laundry, we were warned that from now on it was "wash ur own". Wish we had a little more notice and we bachelors could have stretched another couple of days out of each of our shirts. They hardly get dirty in a week, anyway! Went over and washed some tonight and 'twarn't bad, but hate to think of what they will look like after getting mangled in the mangle or with the iron. Tried to impose on the better nature of some of these gals around here but each

in our region. No mud like FM; no wine like JQ; and a relaxing dearth of foul amusement palaces such as beer parlors, dance halls and 30LX positions at FX. In addition, we seldom hear HQ around here so we don't have to worry about traffic (I guess the less HQ hears from us the better they like it).

So we just wend our quiet ways to and from the station and quarters, eat what we reap from our prolific gardens ("garden" corn is now a foot and a half high and doing fine; Earl's tomatoes are getting that salad dressing glaze) plus what there is left of our last order of meat from HQ, occasionally take time out to wonder when one of those numerous KCAA8's is going to announce 5ids so we can see what is happening to all the various dissatisfied Accoms.

Of course, we have our little worries too. We keep wondering if them guys at Homer are treating Ruth and Lyle as they deserve to be treated (hot too rough; they're really swell people). We wonder sometimes if the new op that the RO promised us will have subscriptions to the Reader's Digest, and the SatEyePost so we can borrow them. And then sometimes we jist wonder.....

So....wonder of wonders....will now cease the wondering until later....Ain't that wonderful?

of them has two children and says she is adopting no more this season. Wish the office would send up a few of those unattached gals who can cook, wash, and iron. Say, while you're at it -- make 'em purty, too!

I reckon a fellow could go on like this for days and days without really saving anything, so it really doesn't matter when the end comes; just consider me through till next month. Be good peoples -- and if anyone sees a guy named Bob Schmidt wandering around at loose ends, send him along. Teale wants to go back to work.

Wandering Wulf

OPEN LETTER TO JOHNNIE FLYNN

Your letter in the last issue of the Telegraph deserves a lot of credit in that it packs an awful wallop of truth! That your letter will meet with a lot of criticism you may be assured; that it will be considered a line of pretty solid thinking in most camps, I think, makes me want to offer my bit of "constructive criticism".

I know what you mean when you say it was damn hard at one time, not too far removed, to pound brass for your beans. I got a little general flunky duty when I first hit the Territory, such as babying a couple of Diesels, herding a cat around a loused up landing strip, and cleaning Mrs. Finnegan's dirty cook stove. I put in a lot of overtime, brother. I had to and I also knew three other Joe's were looking over the fence for my job. I could also quit any time I wanted to. I griped a little, too, along with forty other guys. I think forty-one concentrated gripes helped solve a lot of difficulties and made jobs for RHM's and SGM's.

When you say "Let's quit griping", I don't know. I'll gripe again when they start pounding me over the back for 16 hours and paying me for 8 or maybe 4. I'm like you, Johnnie. I believe it's here to stay but in case somebody at the wheel should be looking out the window, I want to holler my two-bits worth to wake him up.

I like my job and if I didn't I'd fill out this little mimeo sheet with a handful of resignation. I wouldn't go pounding on somebody's desk with "You gimme this or Ima quittin'", either. I just flat believe any good job can be kept good if enough people gripe in the right place at the right time. It's not a matter of pressure but common sense. If the job paid \$10,000 per year and it offered a big pain in your side it isn't worth 10 cents. If I could cure that big pain in the side I'd start griping. If I couldn't, I'd quit.

When one of the guys or gals working for me doubts one of my "weighty" decisions, I get a good rousing gripe.....

maybe three or four. Okay... I re-look into the situation and generally the weighty decision needs a little cleaning up. Occasionally one of the office staff makes a decision of personnel principle. I get a gripe from those concerned at the station and it becomes necessary to "re-hash" it with RO. That it gets results is unquestionable.

I'd like to go on record as strictly in favor of griping. When they tell me I've got to quit griping and I quit griping, I'm no longer a good, dyed-in-the-wool, Southern (Rebel) Democrat.

Belly-achers.....sure, we've had belly-achers here, and I say if they do a good 8 hour trick and muck up their coffee gear...what the hell? Some guys fight with the old lady, some guys chase squaws, and some just plain let off steam. Belly-ache with him, tell him what a rotten system it is, and you've got a friend for life.

I say again....I've got a good job and I work for a swell outfit. But the minute somebody throws a wrench in the machine we all start griping, and that may include a line from the Regional Administrator right down through the station laborer.

Ed Musgrove
Talkeetna, Alaska

AIR TRAFFIC CONFUSERS (Continued from page 2)

belongings under his arm (long arms from reaching after those chips across that round table) and made that long trek to Boston. He is now holding forth in the Boston Airway Traffic Control Center.

Jack Oldroyd has moved into the Knoxville, Tennessee, Control Tower and has left a covey of broken hearted quail in Fairbanks. Hope he likes it down there in the land of the Confederates.

Norma Hightower has quietly sneaked into the Petersburg, Virginia, Control Tower, and it has been said that the Ladd Field Tower will never be the same.

Enough for now before I let some family secrets out!

August 12, 1945

Being in the Delinquent Donation Department and for some time unsung in these hallowed pages, a brief geographical description is herewith forthcoming, consisting primarily of those neophytes lately conversant with this attic paradise.

Of HQ have water north, south, east and west...well, west a lil strip of teara furma lurcha off in the general direction of YO. End of descrip.

With all that water, fishing is in order, and many fine trout have been taken. At present the local anglers have been busy with the silver salmon, interspersed with numerous whitefish and sea cod. Fine recreation providing one has a gallon of Staway handy.

The local OPA, Legree Argall, goes commercial with a canning outfit and is threatening to demoralize the commissary with a black market salmon blitz, CAC Jzzell (rhymes with guzzle) tried going passive with a fish smoking rack but had to give up supplying said rack via rod and reel on account the HG sea gulls were in on the take 100%, so now he has tied a lotta holes together for a net, intending, it seems, to feed all the sea gulls in the Eighth Region.

On our only summer day, July Fourth, a picnic with all the trimmings was had and enjoyed by all, including the HG variety of mosquito. We have the jet type employing the atomic bomb principle.

Earl Alden's better half recently made the jump to "7", which news was lost in the shuffle when their dog Jiggers ran afoul the Galena end of a Homebound porky, coming off second best, taking an IFR departure, full throttle and cruising 5/otp with all flaps flapping. Pliers came in handy.

New arrivals, the Hutchins (mechanical department), like HG very much. Sez key, "Home was never like this."

The Dricksons are the plank owners, and, with all those planks, seem intent on planking up the doors and windows of their little cottage by the sea to hie

themselves to sunnier climes sometime in 1963.

Last but not least, one ex-member of Lamb's Harem of HQ fame, Eileen Melander, and her worst half are waxing fat and sassy in the benevolent aura of this little communicator's "Dream-around-the-Corner".

How George Hissell

"BE BACK IN A MINIT, DEARIE"

We see it every morning,
It happens every day;
A double line of female clerks
Meander on their way.

The thing that puzzles all the men
And gives the boss gray hairs
Is when girls go to the powder room.
They always go in pairs.

Perhaps the trip is long and slow
The hall is dark and lonely
But two by two they always go
To the door marked "Ladies Only".

The poor boss waits, and you can tell
He's simply torn with grief.
The day's production goes to hell
While the girls go on relief.

At two o'clock each afternoon
The march begins once more,
What the hell goes on out there
That cannot wait till four.

The only way that I can see
To make production boom
Is to move the whole damn office
Into the ladies room!

Lifted from the Sixth Region's
Newspaper, "Aero-Antics", July 1945

Young man who gets paid on Monday and is broke by Wednesday would like to exchange small loans with someone who gets paid on Wednesday and is broke by Monday.

--- The Trading Post