



APRIL 1946  
Vol. 4, No. 4

CAA 8TH REGION

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA

EIGHTH REGION GETS FIRST TASTE  
OF POST WAR GLOBE-GIRDLING

Some excitement was probably felt by those communicators handling aircraft movement traffic with the phrase "SA-TYO" (Seattle-Tokyo) included in the text. While we share the pioneering spirit at the present in connection with such extended flights, we'll soon see the day when a Seattle-Tokyo hop will be handled with as little concern as a Fairbanks-Anchorage flight is now handled.

CAA OFFICIALS ATTEND  
SEARCH AND RESCUE CONFERENCE

Several regional office representatives attended a recent Army-Navy-Coast Guard Search and Rescue Conference held at Kodiak March 11, 12 and 13. As the name implies, the Search and Rescue Conference was held for the purpose of designating responsibility and coordination of rescue facilities and communications services during emergencies. It is expected that procedures promulgated at the conference will be disseminated to all field personnel in the near future. Those attending the conference were B. M. Jacobs, Assistant Regional Administrator; A. E. Horning, Chief, Planning and Control Staff; E. F. Hickok, Regional Communications Liaison Officer; and G. A. Whittaker, Chief, Communications Operations Division.

During this past month Pan American World Airways commenced trail-blazing flights between the States and the Orient. Such trips are mainly concerned with transportation of UNRRA personnel at present. Circuit 457 stations have been able to follow the flight of the huge Constellation aircraft by monitoring the circuit, in most cases. Alaskan CAA Circuit 457 stations have been prominent in furnishing communications to these aircraft since route of flight has been from Seattle to Tokyo by way of either Adak or Anchorage.

An interesting sidelight was recently provided by the arrival of a Shanghai newspaper in Anchorage on the same day it was published. You think prices are high in Alaska? Movies in Shanghai are from \$900 to \$1000. Fifty page scratch pads sell for \$465. The newspaper costs

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OPERATIONS BRANCH

## EFFECTIVITY RATINGS COMING UP

The inevitability of death is, in general, not fully realized by the inventiveness of our efficiency ratings. As a result of this peculiar phenomenon of human behavior which also occurs about the same time as the Report of Efficiency Ratings, a number of our less efficient personnel, in themselves and among some of our associates, in an astronomical and unexplained manner, are considered by some as a potential possibility. It is inevitable, as important as it may sometimes be, and is an obligation on the part of everyone to cooperate in its processing. Intended to produce a cross-section of performance in all of its applicable phases, failure to take seriously this important function can obstruct the purpose of the rating system which, in itself, is fundamentally sound and can remain so in a practical manner with conscientious application by all concerned. Upon receipt of information from Washington outlining the element pattern and accompanied by associated instructions applicable to the year ending March 31, 1946, field stations will be circularized and the project set in motion.

## A NOTE FROM WASHINGTON

We received in the recent mail a communication from our chief of the Training and Performance Unit, Bill Cruse, now on a detail assignment to Washington in connection with revised national training and performance standards. He tells us things are going well, but being an Alaskan for the past seven years he is having a time getting used to the District of Columbia climate. It is plagued with quick temperature changes, he says; 79 one day, 35 the next. Reading between the lines we gather he anticipates with relish his return to the stability of Alaska. During his visits to the National Airport he has seen everything from P-80's to Constellations buzzing around as thick as Alaskan mosquitoes. (But not any bigger, should we say?) Mr. Cruse expects to be back among us by the latter part of April. He has requested copies

of the Mukluk Telegraph because there isn't much Alaskan news in the Washington Post.

## CIRCUIT 304 UNDER SURVEILLANCE

To ascertain the reasons for certain operational characteristics popping up on Circuit 304, a general survey of communication conditions on that circuit has been instituted. Regional Office personnel from both the Communications and Operations Branches are conducting the survey. Radio communications problems peculiar to Alaska have always by necessity constituted a major concern of the Eighth Region and it is through periodic investigations, surveys, inspections and inquiries that our peculiar problems are gradually one by one eliminated. The current survey is quite extensive, both in operation as well as geography, including practically all 304 stations between Anchorage and Annette Island.

## REGIONAL OFFICE

## TEMPORARILY MOVED TO JUNEAU

There was recently, within the span of forty eight hours, the following Regional Office personnel in Juneau: Walter Plett, the Regional Administrator; Al Hulen, Chief of Operations; Morgan Davies, Patrol Pilot; Earl Hiskok, Regional Communications Liaison Officer; Bill Peck, of the newly organized Property Office; Vern Hoffman, ditto; Ken Hager, inspector for the Communications Maintenance Division; Grant McLurray, inspector for the Communications Operation Division; Jerry Kempton, Chief of the Engineering Division; and Buck Culver, Chief of the Construction Division. It can be said of Juneau and CAC Winebrenner that they withstood the impact well and will live to withstand another onslaught.

## TRAINING AND PERFORMANCE

Numerous inquiries have been received concerning the Annual Communicator Examinations-- To wit: When will the grades be promulgated?

(Continued on page 5)

Jack Jefford, Chief, ANF Inspection Staff and Manager and Newsboy, Mukluk Telegraph, and Miss Maydelle George, daughter of Mrs. May George of Anchorage, surprised their friends the afternoon of April 10th by borrowing a small plane and hopping off to Unalakleet to be married. They plan to visit various points in western Alaska before returning to Anchorage to make their home.

May, who was born in Juneau, is a graduate of Scripps College, Claremont, California. She and her mother have owned and operated the Alaska Treasure Shop since they moved to Anchorage in October 1944.

Jack is well-known to all CAA'ers. For the past six years he has been flying CAA personnel and freight to all corners of the territory and points in between.

To May and Jack go best wishes for the greatest happiness, from each person in the Eighth Region.

#### MORE NEWS FROM ANF INSPECTION STAFF

Just in case you think the boss' wedding is the only thing of news value to happen in this section this month, please note the following.....

Morgan Davies and Beechcraft 90579 returned from an extended trip to Washington, D. C., after taking Mr. Plett, Mr. Hulen, and Mr. Cruse to conferences in the nation's capital. Like everyone else who ventures the other side of Annette Island, Morgan is glad to be back in Alaska. Incidentally, the only long stretch of contact weather he encountered on the whole trip was between the afore-mentioned Annette Island and Anchorage (Chamber of Commerce please note).

Fuzz Rogers is in better spirits these days. He now has a Norseman, and will soon be again sitting on the left-hand side of a cockpit as he flies around Alaska.

Jim Hurst and Dutch Shanks are going in for wolf hunting. Equipped with the necessary armament and permits, Jim circles the Hurst family Taylorcraft low over the Susitna Flats, while Dutch blazes away at the wolves. Thanks to

We would like to get our feet wet in this reporting business and hope that the results won't be too discouraging.

First, believe it in order to introduce the present Yakataga personnel complement to Muktel: Maintenance, John Curry, Roy Santa, Bill Barrer, worthy souls; Communicators Dewey Byerley, Harv and Liz Dailey, Hal Hansen and Bob Thomas, their wives and families.

Distinguished visitors in the past: Kenny Hager, Francis the cable man, Art Lappi, Glen Neibert and crew, Ted Eystedt, Jim Seitz, Ray Rivers, Jim Toy, Jimmie Hurst, Jack Jefford, Fuzz Rogers, and others whose stay was so brief that we didn't get to know them well.

Departures: Bob and Dorothy Halbasch to Kotzebue for a stay with the Eskimos (is it cold up there, kids?); Chet and Maudie Hill, back to Uncle Sugar; Harvey Conatser, to HQ to meet his family. We miss them all and wish them all the luck possible.

John Curry hurt himself pretty badly in a fall about a month ago. Had to rush to HQ for treatment, is now back in harness. Ray Rivers did the pinch hitting for Curry while he was laid up.

Owing to extremely bad weather and personnel shortages, outdoor activity around these parts has been somewhat limited this winter and therefore little news of interest has developed. Of course, no one is interested in indoor sports such as poker, etc., but Roy is a pretty good poker player, isn't he, Ted and Jim? However, we guarantee some good bear and fishing stories for later issues.

The tidal wave scare had all 22 personnel looking for good tall trees for a while. There ought to be a law against the stateside broadcasters handling the truth so recklessly.

the superlative skill of the pilot and the unerring marksmanship of the gunner, four wolves have departed this life at their hands -- and there's nary a nick in the propeller. Hurst wishes to remind you readers that he and Shanks shoot their wolves from a plane in flight - not parked on a runway.

Wanderings? Meanderings? You name it and you can have it. All the same, here is another errant station returning to the fold of amateur writers. At the moment we can't say if we will be able to present an article each month or not, but we can try. First I'll bring you up to date on the personnel past and present and then just wander around and take a look see.

Personnel have changed much since you last heard from us. The present operating personnel are as follows: CAC F. O. Parsons; ACAC C. F. Gullely; Supervisors R.L. Inman, R. Jankel, and D.F. Chaffin; Day Watch, M. Gullely, V. Feaser, V. Ewig, J. Frost, D. and E. Berkley, L. Irion, with R. Inman as supervisor; Evening watch, C. and B. Winter, A. Jankel, M. McKean, E. Day, R. Upright, I. Matteson, M. Fletcher, E. Litz, with R. Jankel as Supervisor; Mid watch (Chaffin's School for Wayward Girls), B. Shudinis, M. Mahoney, R. Gaudette, P. Hill, C. Munsell (All the weaker sex - sez who?), and D. Johnston, C. Jorgensen, Y. Chaffin, and D. F. Chaffin as Supervisor.

The dear departed are as follows: B. and M. Crump to Sand Point; J. and F. Eisinger, M. and T. Cavens to good old Uncle Sugar; A. and R. Valenticic, now at Hakmek; J. and L. Cooksey to McGrath; S. C. Little for the great unknown; P. Peacock to Winslow, Arizona; A. and J. Francis to Anchorage; A. Pufresne to Unalakleet.

Your wandering (wondering, too) reporter was around looking for articles to write about and found all kinds of brilliant ideas but no one could find the words to describe them. I came on Don Johnston the other day fighting off six of the girls. Seems that they wanted him to go for a walk, but he had been around the island a thousand times, and besides, he was not only tired but a little afraid. Poor Don, being the only single man on the mid watch with five single girls, has learned not to be caught alone unless a certain rescue was in sight or bearing. Located Harriette Anne McKean down in the woods building a pen for her Irish setter. That's the only female on the island that runs from a male. I tell you, men, there's no place like Woody Island. Ahhhh ha....

I was invited to take a little walk on the island the other day, and being a

gullible soul, I set out for a short jaunt (I thought) and ended up by walking half way around the island. Talking around wouldn't have been bad, but trying to get Pat Hill down off the rocks she insisted on climbing was the tough part. She resembles a cat in some respects — she can climb up anything but you have to coax her down. And Clare Munsell has to be told every five hundred feet that she can make it the rest of the way. Rounding the rocky points we had to wait after each point was made for Earlene Day to pour the water out of her boots. She just couldn't seem to judge the next incoming wave.

Boat trips to town are getting to be events to be present at — especially the homecoming. So far no one has fallen overboard (that I've seen) but by the time we go to press on the next article I'll see if I can't organize one.

One of the gals had blonde hair when she arrived, and the following week it was red (bad water, no doubt). Now this week she suddenly becomes a brunette. Don't know which way we like her best. Hope she decides which she prefers pretty soon, as I haven't ever seen a green head, but imagine that's about next in line.

"Skeets" Shudinis, Mary Mahoney, and Rosemarie Gaudette sure do give the sailors a bad time in town; that with always saying "oi!" Course, some of the sailors do get dates, but the girls always seem to be glad to get back to the safety (in numbers) of the island.

Haven't told you about the station dog, have I? Well, his name is Mukluk (after this worthy paper, no doubt) and he is a self-appointed king of the canines on the island — having killed his father, the only dog capable of giving him competition. He carries in his mouth logs four inches through and twice his own length. He can wear out the hardest of men throwing sticks for him to chase. Into the water and up the sides of the cliffs — he never fails to bring back the same stick that was thrown. Enough of dogs — let's get back to people.

Looks like Dick Inman is going to be here indefinitely. Maybe the RC forgot

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You have no doubt read or heard about a proposed wage increase that may be voted by Congress to bring the salaries of Government employees up to level of those paid in private industry. There have been many bills presented in both houses, but to date the House of Representatives and the Senate have been unable to agree.

The latest bill passed by the House and having the approval of the Civil Service Commission contains provision for a flat 18% wage increase for all employees under the Classification Act. This includes all per annum employees of the CMA. In addition it provides for, among other things, double time for holiday work, compensation time off for all work in excess of 40 hours per week at the option of the employee, night differential for work on any day even though an overtime day, and lifting of the \$10,000 limitation on salaries.

The Senate has not yet passed the bill and latest indications are that it may insist on reducing personnel to make up the funds required for the pay raise. Since the Eighth Region is still short-handed, no one need worry about losing his job for the present, nor should he spend his raise until it has been received.

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OPERATIONS BRANCH  
(continued from page 2)

With the exception of a few of the more isolated stations, where mail service is irregular, all examinations have been received and graded. It is expected that all examinations will be in the mail for return to field stations prior to April 12th.

We are advised that the Personnel Branch expects to commence distribution of current efficiency rating data and instructions momentarily. It is intended that annual examination grades be considered by Chief Aircraft Communicators at the time of completing efficiency ratings. If Communicator Examination grades have not been received by that time, they should be requested by dispatch.

he is to be an ERAC at FX (we hope). Anyway, keep an eye out for him Mr. Speer. Our loss is your gain. (Note: Since this was written Dick has decided better he maybe stay here and has so requested the RO.)

Been quite a struggle for watches lately. Ira Matteson suddenly prefers eve watch. Said he wanted to study. Haven't figured out whether he is studying B Manuals or something else. Joe Frost decides maybe day watch isn't so good after all, but he hasn't managed to get it changed yet. (Give the man time.) Earlene Day manages to keep the eve watch stepping high even to "Jivin' Joe Jankel". (I'll get shot for that.) Ralph Upright just in from Bettles for a stay at "Acady Island; once heartbroken, had cheered up and we found him missing sequences again.

We had a visit from Mr. Whittaker a short time back. Didn't get to see either him or his party but understood they had a very cold ride across the island the night of their arrival. Unpredictable "Woody Island" weather. Never know what's going to happen until you look back on it. We have had so much snow the last few weeks you would think this was Alaska — or somethin'.

Culley reports (for Smitty) that Jorgensen arrived OK (brittle or not, still in one piece). But right after the worst storm in twenty (two zero) years. Haven't caught sight of "TIC" Linthicum yet. Did he decide not to come?

This is no crystal ball I'm gazing into, but after asking a few people for ideas and getting noncommittal answers, I decided to stick my neck out. Oh well, it was worth a try and if you don't hear from us again you'll know I suffered the fate of a true patriot. "So it sez up in the corner in small print."

Closing the cover on my little black book for now, I've been wondering what ever happened to some of the guys and gals from Class 9. Four accounted for at Woody Island and more at FX, but we never hear about them — must be the quiet sort.

April 11, 1945

We are pleased to welcome a new employee, Miss Ethel Ludwig, who has been assigned as a clerk-stenographer assisting Mr. McGowan in the Materials Section. Miss Ludwig was formerly a Yeoman in the Navy before joining the GAC. In addition to our clerk-stenographer complement now brings the number of filled stenographic positions to the half-way point. We are expecting further assistance from transfers from the Washington office.

Proposals for work at Juneau and Cordova were opened on April 10th, and the E. J. Bennett Construction Co. was low bidder on both proposals. The work, in general, consists of patching undulations in the runways and seal coating the center 100 foot area of the runways. This work will go forward as soon as shipping conditions are back to normal, allowing certain equipment and materials to be transported to the job sites. Engineer Fanning has been assigned to take care of the work at Juneau and Engineer Kellner has been assigned to Cordova.

We are planning to start operations at Middleton Island immediately. Engineer Giles will be in charge and the work will consist of adding to the lengths and completing the landing strips started last year, together with seeding areas subject to erosion and clearing vegetation from the quarters area to provide fire protection from grass fires.

A recent addition to our working equipment is an Army landing barge. It will be christened the Civair-10. We are planning to use this barge for transporting equipment and materials needed in construction work at Petersburg-Duncan Canal and perhaps at Sisters Island near Juneau. Future use of this barge will be for transporting oil and supplies to these sites. For those who are interested, this barge is 50 feet long, of steel construction, with a large door acting as a ramp on the forward end. Its load capacity is approximately 30 tons and it is powered by 2 each Gray Marine gasoline engines of 119 hp.

Construction work at Naknek and Galena is now in the process of being circulated for bids. The work at both locations involves temporary and permanent housing.

EVE GRIFFITHS, ERAC at VY, is thinking of quitting cigarettes. While on duty at 304 the poor girl never gets one started with a light and a puff that she can finish. Who has a Turkish water pipe that she can light just once on each watch and depend upon for a puff or two ten messages later? . . . KEN HAGER, Communications Maintenance Inspector, no longer aspires to be President. He figured he reached the ultimate in outstanding accomplishment when he piloted the snow jeep at Yakutat. You would know what we mean if you saw him turn around to the passengers in the rear after negotiating a wild turn on the Yakutat speedway and shout out, "I made it!" Take a tip, folks; always fasten your seat belts. . . . JIM TOY, CAC at KA, has no appreciation for seven dollar rum. (Seven dollars per pint, kiddo!) After sampling KA control station coffee, we catch on: . . . ROY CLIFT, Maintenance Technician at JE, disagrees with the progressive movement to have temperature control installed in the JE control building. Opposing the "progressive bloc", whose motto is "Equal rights for chickens and communicators", Roy fights back with, "Communicators don't lay eggs." . . . SHEEROD KENDALL, Communications Operations inspector, has learned that one cannot be a master of all the arts. The particular art of which Mr. Kendall is no master is the one of entering and exiting an Army jeep by anything resembling graceful carriage. Either way, in or out, he's never sure, when the maneuver is completed; which way he'll be facing. . . . GEORGE SINK, SOG at HQ, had his first encounter with us behind a most luxuriant beard, a really massive and admirable accumulation of facial hairs. We've never become quite used to George without them. They ought to be there but aren't. Something like our signals sometimes, I guess. They ought to be there but aren't. . . . Absit invidia.

Mr. Culver of this division and Mr. Kempton of the Engineering Division recently made a trip to Southeastern Alaska, visiting construction projects at Duncan Canal, Annette Island, and Juneau, and found all work progressing satisfactorily. At Annette Island, Engineer Howard has become a food connoisseur, as his biggest project is operating 2 mess halls feeding approximately 100 people per day.



Honestly, Finchumina is getting to be so air-minded that somebody's gonna sprout wings soon! Disregarding the fact that we are currently waiting for King Chris or Neptune to bring us that meat ball, there are other, airy facts that color the local scene. For instance, the CAC is a real live pilot and now owns his own plane; IQ is becoming a regular java stop on the airway (Those Harrys are the most hospitable folks); and along about this time of year young men's fancies are slowly turning to thoughts of adiabatic lapse rates and frontal systems and the 90 degree method!

To promise a detailed account of CAC Delaney's trip from points south and for the benefit of you who may be thinking of bringing a plane to Alaska, here is how it is done:

#### BT CFR IQ

"The trip from Uncle Sugar was, for the most part, uneventful except that the elements seemed bent on keeping us in one spot as much as possible. We were delayed at Great Falls over three days: right at the start, finally taking off in a 35 mph wind and landing at Lethbridge, Canada, in a wind of 40 mph with gusts. We wobbled down to a tail-up, wheel landing and cautiously allowed the tail to settle to the ground. The little ship stayed on the ground firmly; however, it was only with the help of Canadian airport employees that we were able to taxi to the hangar. At Edmonton the RCAF (Royal Canadian Air Force) took us under their wing.

"The following may be of interest to anyone planning such a flight. From Edmonton on through Canada, the RCAF requires that civilian aircraft other than air carrier fly in weather well above cfr minimums and that they follow the Alaska Highway (except that aircraft with at least a radio receiver may fly direct via the airway from Edmonton to GrandPrairie).

"At Edmonton they give you all necessary aeronautical charts for the journey and instructions as to the route to follow, procedures for filing flight plans, etc. They check the weather before they will clear an aircraft from each stop; also they check to see that you have proper clothing and emergency equipment.

Some of it may seem like a lot of unnecessary red tape, but it is gratifying to know that, if you are forced down, the RCAF will come beating the bush for you. Also if you stay within sight of the highway as per instructions, you would be easy to find.

"Another advantage is that there are intermediate landing strips and a light plane can land safely on the highway proper if the pilot is skilful enough to keep the plane on such a narrow strip. There are numerous small lakes on which a light aircraft with skis can safely land. However, taking off in deep snow might be another problem.

"The rigid rules of the RCAF are the result of several pilots' disregarding common sense procedures and becoming lost in Canada's far stretching wilderness, thus causing the RCAF considerable search and rescue difficulties and expense. The care exercised by the RCAF does not absolve the pilot from the responsibility of using his own head, however.

"For instance, when taking off from Fort St. John for Fort Nelson, all stations were reporting good ceilings and visibilities. However, about 30 miles out of Fort Nelson we ran into low stratus, some of which we were able to get under, but a few miles further along it went clear to the ground. The visibility was a little over a mile but ice was collecting on the wings. It seemed likely that we could cover the remaining distance without nicking up too much ice in view of the reports from Fort Nelson; however, not wishing to take chances, we turned around and landed on a flight strip alongside of the highway and held there until the weather cleared sufficiently.

"Coming into Northway, Alaska, the visibility was down to 2 or 3 miles in places, so about 30 miles out, we deserted the highway where it wound through some hills and started to follow the range course into Northway.

"I suddenly noticed that the quadrants were reversed and the thought struck me that I might have been closer to the station than I thought and had passed over it without seeing it. A

(continued on page 8)

Time was when we could delegate the doubtful privilege of Muklet mukraking to the mid-watch, the job falling in the same category with deck-swabbing and window washing. Few to the line, and let the slips fall where they ray! Such used to be the case, before the influx of innumerable batches of Chechaker accoms, several of whom have obviously read a book, or maybe two! Of late the style of this here publication has become so all-fired literate that we don't feel adequately equipped to knock out a column unless flanked on either side by Bertlett's "Quotations" and a "Thesaurus" or two — with a copy of Webster's close at hand. From the rapier-like remarks found in recent editions, I shouldn't be at all surprised if some of our Eighth Regional scribes would find a hearty welcome in the "New Yorker" staff, or at least the editorial offices of Capt. Billy's "Whiz Bang"! Unfortunately, no such talent lurks beneath the rugged — ragged, that is — exteriors of our little flock.

Bouquets to Communications Maintenance for their excellent display of C. K. complements. Looks as though Operations would do well to follow suit. Betcha that Bill Cruse would be happy to compile a play-by-play description of our station complements, and then publish a monthly list of changes in duty status. How's about it, Bill? We in the brush would sure appreciate it!

We'd also like to net our cohorts at 77 on the back for that fine suggestion re knocking out a note to Bill Chandler. Guess there must be a couple of dozen accoms up here who know how Bill would grin from ear to ear just at the thought of a batch of letters from his buddies in the fah noth. Just in case you've lost it, his address is Laurel Beach Sanitarium, Seattle, Washington. Oil that will up and drop him a line, will you, huh?

Things at JQ seem to maintain their status quo in spite of the gales that whistle around the shack. Guess that's cause we keep everything battened down. The complement is the same as always — mostly because we seem to like it around here. Oh yes, one very small addition, but worthy of note — the Teales have increased the local population by one

simple orientation problem, however, proved we were still where we should have been. The reversed quadrants were probably a multiple of the receiver gain was too high, causing a blocking effect.

"The trip from Butte, Montana, to Minchumina was approximately 2450 miles the way we care.".....sgd RSD.

Note: The plane is still a nameless waif. Got any suggestions? (We offered "The Yellow Peril" but can't say it was too well received in high places around here.) For your guidance, x46127, the bride of Minchumina, is buttercup yellow, moderately curvaceous, kinda sassy looking on take-off and is so well bred that Fed on chopped-up BEE Manuals, will take to the air, fly ranges automatically and file it's own arrivals!

Arrivals and Departures Department: Condolences were extended to LTIC Roy Butler, whose mother passed away this past month. He left for the states, and Mr. Cliff Holden has been LTIC during his absence. Roy is due in from FX today and we expect to lose Cliff to F shortly. CAC John Flynn flew his plane in from PG today and reports he is packed for CEO and awaiting transportation and for Ben Tritchell to come up from E7.....and by the way! Congratulations, Ben; it's a wonderful institution, this marriage business!

Back Log; February twentieth and the LTIC proter reminds me to put out the fire extinguishers. That is what I call service! Usually we think of the approaching 20th around the tenth and then live with an extinguisher on the kitchen sink near the door where we have to look at it, move it when we take out the tin cans, and from which it occasionally rolls and clatters across the floor to where "our pooch" lies dreaming of days in NOPE with Tito and Lady!

(There was an ugly rumor around camp today that some cat suggested having the LTIC weigh and tag all the wives along with the fire extinguishers. Thought that Christmas eating had worn off by this time!)

Well, that's the end; and I see it's time to drop back into the pit of abysmal ignorance from which we have been





An Ode by HLT

in blank? verse

A ton of freight or even a box  
Can't seem to be moved from the  
Air Freight Dock.  
It's "Paper" they cry, "Manifests-damnit"  
Then the door isn't closed--they slam it.



KCAA 8-69

Now this "hay" we  
really do deplore  
But feel the same  
towards the Ware-  
house door.  
So we plead to you to  
swear by the KCAA3  
file  
To do right by us in  
the true CAA style.

Cover all freight by manifests  
copies 1, 2, 3, & 5,  
And we'll take the darn stuff  
to the warehouse dive  
And hope in the great Judgment day  
All our sins may be  
covered by "hay".



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### BIG WIND FROM BIG DELTA (Continued from page 3)

tiny daughter. Shelley Anne was born March 6. If you're not too far away and don't have your receivers turned up too loud, you've probably heard her howling right around chow time!

Also worthy of note: CAC Bob Schmidt is sprouting wings; he's taking to the air these days in a Cub Cruiser, and will probably be a solo student by the time this reaches his fans! His instructor tells me that his thirty-odd hours of Link training at Home have stood him in good stead. Seems as how he coordinates like nobody's business. Only thing is, he never got around to shooting landings in the Link.

In answer to IQ's paid advertisement, we have no meat balls, but submit the following for consideration. Next time a buffalo runs in front of our jeep at night, we'll try to hit him a little harder and send a few steaks over for RLP's frying pan.

So long for now ---

BREEZY

### IQ QUOTIENT (Continued from page 8)

trying to crawl before exam time. Having found some Army tech orders that reduce pilots radio manual and meteorology to the Mickey Mouse level, there is some hope that we shall survive and be on hand to pound out another entry next month.

Sincerely,

SUS MCROW

SO LONG

I take this opportunity to say goodbye and good luck to my acquaintances in the 8th Region. It has been a pleasure to know and to work with all of you.

Lee C. Coghill  
Exile from Camp

Well, while the place is still in an ear-to-ear grin over the fine bulk of assorted interesting items in your February issue, we'll get this mill fired up again and see if we can't get the current F' putterings in before they are too obsolete.

First to the WH query re the Seattle classes: On the first class we have this to offer (Current as scuttlebutt ever is); Carl and Marg Gulley are still working under the impression that the Eighth Region is a tiny island off the coast of Kodiak almost completely surrounded by star stations -- they seem to like it too. (They may accept this in lieu of the letter we owe 'em). Hazel McDonald Keith and hubby will be taking up new duties at XV, we see by a late KCAA. Max Early is currently enjoying the splendors of PM, and also 'the joys' (?) of parenthood. Hi, Max. Then Margaret and Dick Eddy are dogging the city life in HQ, which, we understand, beats UB (Urban QQ) all hollow. The Smiths are still sold on the superior interior and are still at PM. Well, that's all the dope that has come this way in some time, but it does look like we "Trainees" could just about monopolize a Muk if we all took a swing at current class history.

The next three classes poses a more difficult problem. Not having known you all so well has made it more difficult to keep track, but we are reasonably sure of the Potoskys at IQ, the Domogallas at WH, Earl Fuquay at HQ (Tux, Fil), Moys at YO, Dick Boyce at JD, and Bob and Dotty Halbasch at KP.

Maybe we'd better do a little back-tracking to the first class here: Bill and Loreine Wuorinen at JD have been ogling Stateside for some time back, so were omitted, but the muse has since jabbed us with the reminder that because people plan to go outside it doesn't necessarily mean they leave Alaska. You still there, Wuorinens QQ.

Now for the current situation at PM. Since last we wrote Spur has gone FXward -- and has since been running a combined information desk, odd-job service and tourist camp for traveling P'ites.

Up from SA has come one Roy Nelson, wife, and child, to do some CW work for us (Ha Ha). Roy is an old Morse man (We

mean old in the business, of course) and also has five years of AACCS CW experience to help him out with our teletype operation. Yep, a year ago we really needed him -- keep your shirt on, Fol, we still do. On arrival, he looked the place over, then proceeded to get himself certificated, but pronto, with nothing to deter him but a lone mid on which he was the lone, a bunch of Baker Manops, Cilets, Etcets, and so forth. Fine work, Roy; please tell Myra and Danny you'll stick with us for a while anyway.

But, of course, that's good news and can't travel alone. Jorgy Jorgensen finally got his wish for the banana belt and, 'tis said, is at present immensely enjoying the scenery??? Maybe we better "Skirt" the subject; anyhow, he's enjoying Woody fine -- hello, Clarence.

Then from the ranks of the "Old heads", i.e. more than one year experience, Dan Larson has been feeling poorly and advises he is heading Southward assap or shortly, whichever is the sooner. Wife Marie would like to travel along if suitable transfer can be arranged. Good luck, Larsons.

Then just to show that all this eye-wandering, so dully described in our last effort, was not wasted, Kenny Apple hopped a fast bus to FX accompanied by Miss Brannan, WEO PM observer, with Smith's five-year-old Butchie and Nick Lindstrom's mother-in-law, Mrs. Farris, as chaperones. Where were we? Oh yes, the PM entourage descended upon FX like Grant took Vicks Vaporub and began buying up all the flowers and diamonds in town, and the next thing you know Tundra Topics announced that nuptial arrangements had been performed on the two of them: Congrats, Kenny, and best wishes to you, Pauline. Of course, they probably haven't decided yet which one is going to live in a WEO house and which will live in a CAA house, but that's hardly important and can no doubt wait for the annual meeting of the Housing Committee, which is anticipated the first Friday in September. (Say, that Tundra Topics is quite a deal; not so detailed or wide-spread as the Muk, but a little faster; and imagine hearing stuff like that on the radio, not even coded).

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Cliff Holden of the Communications Branch (hasn't shown up to argue about watch-standing seniority yet, so we figger he's one of the Maintenance guys who were reorganized into communicators without being consulted) is here to look things over and help our new MTIC Sargent get started when and if he ever gets here. In the meantime MTIC Linthicum is packing for the FX trek. Cliff plays a neat game of poker, as if IQ and GQ didn't already know, but he found that some of us do too, so now he's one of the gang.

Then one "Mac" MacDonald has descended upon us to take up operations with the Communications Branch; anyhow, he's a radioman. (Say, does this reorganization make communicators operators now, and if communications is up to the Operations personnel, then just what operations fall upon the urinary communications people? Kindly answer by manam, notam, or panam.)

Now that's all the comings and goings at the moment, but we are becoming anxious about this maintenance deal here. With the current confusion, good people to work on our teletype circuit and make our broadcasts for us could be snatched right out from under our noses with the approach clever, such as "What are you?" If the answer is "I'm a communicator," an unscrupulous proselytor might say, "Communications Branch, then. This is your jeep; get outa sight." Or, if the answer were, "I, sir, am with the Operations Branch of this organization and correspond with Branch 80 through the proper channels," the interrogator would probably be dumbfounded -- know we would -- and fail to welcome the newcomer with the proper cordiality, thereby losing us another Accom.

Just as the muse is tapering off to a slow drool, comes all the new news, so call it a postscript if you will, but many events have transpired since the last sentence. The Apples have returned, tired but apparently happy, and are at present working on their little "love nest", known in official circles as quarters number two. Lots of scuttlebutt they brought back with them, we won't toll. MTIC Sargent and family have arrived, but it looks like it will be some time before he gets around to the social aspects of life in our little town; "Duty calls...." Larsons got out

The Accounts Section has been hard hit by sickness, emergency leave and resignations. The power shortage in Anchorage hasn't helped matters, as office machines won't work without power and most accounting work depends on machinery. Hank Fally is now in the States for an operation, and Glenn Sullock is on emergency leave, which keeps Bud Charbard jumping from one desk to another besides doing his own work.

We were sorry to lose Millie Lu Bell from the Personnel Branch. Fortunately, Gene Scharnack will be able to step in and carry on after a short period of getting acquainted with the work. Miss Bell has been with the Eighth Regional Office for about four years and was one of the oldest employees, in point of service, among the women.

Contracts are being let in the Contract and Procurement Section for this season's construction work, and we hope to have things rolling as soon as weather permits. The shipping tie-up has upset many of our plans and may continue to cause changes unless it is settled soon.

Many good-natured arguments are being had between Property Management and the operation branches, but we are making progress in determining what functions are technical or operational and what are administrative or business management. We hope to have things settled before long so that appropriate information can be furnished to the BIA.

on MC 14 the other day, when J. Jefford and King Chris brought us some long-awaited grub. Jefford wasn't grouchy or anything, but when he saw the stuff being shipped out of here to HQ, he did politely inquire as to whether or not trucks were allowed on our highway. Oh yes, Marie Larson is gonna be an Accom for SA till hubby Dan gets over his ailments. Now we're just sittin' around waiting the arrival of our new CAC and wondering where those family quarters are going to materialize from that mentioned so freely in KCAAAGs these days.

So help us, we're gonna quit. Even if the place should burn down in the morning, this is going out by next mail with no additions, corrections, or alterations.

Pleasant Memories (P)

It is about time that we got out of our deep sleep and tried to get this to HQ in time to make it three in a row for the QQ splashes. Possibly could have gotten this effort off earlier but, as you undoubtedly know, we have been going thru the pangs of an exam. Judging from the answers that your correspondent has been fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to see, the exam did not show how much the communicators know but how much they have forgotten! Will take the liberty of getting out the old crystal ball and taking a short look into the very near future-----

SCENE: HQ in Anchorage. A large room with a table in it covered with books opened at various pages.

CHARACTERS: Helen, Whittaker, Carroll, Cruise, and Inspectors.

CURTAIN:

CRUISE: "If we are to judge from the answers that came in from Galena, there is something definitely wrong with the 'B' manuals."

WHITTAKER: "Galena? Let's see -- Isn't that the station that was in the drink (water, please, not Schenley's) last year?"

CRUISE: "Yes, but what has that to do with their answers to those questions?"

WHITTAKER: "Oh, nothing much, but I thought that, perhaps, the association might lead to a FLOOD of ideas!"

HULLEN: "This discussion is getting out of hand. There can be nothing wrong with the 'Manops' or those questions. Why, some of the BEST minds in the country thought up those questions!"

CHORUS: "Some of the BEST brains in the country may have thought them up but by the looks of these answers, some of the WORST brains in the world answered them!!!"

Let us draw the curtain at this painful moment and stand in silent memory of those gallant communicators at HQ who, regardless of appearance, really tried.

This month our skunk-cabbage blossom is given to Hugh Couey for his contribution to the science of weather observing. It seems that Professor Couey has discovered a new method of measuring the ceiling by use of a spot on the clouds at night. Rather than go into a lengthy scientific discussion of this subject I shall tell you just how this discovery came about. It seems Mr. Couey was working with Lee and Harry Proctor, who

had been taking the previous observations. On his first observation for the evening, our esteemed colleague turned on the ceiling light, went out and took a shot at the bright spot on the clouds with the clinometer, and dropped the ceiling nine thousand feet from the previous hour. Not having noticed any lower clouds approaching on their last job, the Proctors were naturally curious as to this sudden drop so, accompanied by Mr. Couey, went out to take a look-see without bothering to turn on the ceiling light. Much to Mr. Couey's surprise and consternation the spot on the clouds was still there and the little scene ends with a break in the clouds coming along and the moon shining brightly down on the Professor's flaming face. Might be this comes from gazing too long at heavenly bodies; then again, maybe "it" does stand for moon ceiling. Maybe----

Galena has suddenly become a very hectic and dangerous place to be about in, what with the formation of several new clubs, to wit, THE GALENA GALENA CLUB, THE GALENA GUN CLUB, THE GALENA WOMEN'S BUNDLES NOT FOR BURNING CLUB (Imitting), THE RAPID RAPID FOX HUNTERS' CLUB (rapid fox or hunters QQ), and THE HOUSING COMMITTEE'S HOME DEFENSE AGAINST STORKS UNTIL MORE HOUSING AVAILABLE CLUB. Be you man or animal you just can't be safe anywhere without someone pointing at you with a gun, camera, or imitting needle.

The least dangerous of the fore-named weapons is the gun which led to the formation of the local gun club. We have been using too much ammunition to no avail, so all the boys and some of the women have sent away for an arsenal of air guns to be used, quote the constitution, (1) for practice leading to better shooting ability of members, (2) scaring away of the natives' wafel, hungry and vicious salamantes, and (3) pleasure of taking pot shots at the best target offered by anyone caught banding over, unquote the constitution.

Of course the most dangerous is use of the imitting needles by the beginners among our female population engaged in making "Seakies" for the little boy he carried by the storks in our trouble pattern who have their wheels down and locked, waiting for the snow to melt so

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they can set her down without using skis.

Another of the dangers is running afoul of a member of the lens louses club. Already we have had several casualties among the more vain of our social set caused by the sudden appearance of a cocked and aimed camera. The sudden change of flying attitude by said peoples to get into a flattering pose before the shutter is snapped has resulted in several strains and sprains.

We have had several scares from the hunting committee club's guns firing in the dead of the night, but so far it has resulted in neither the bringing down of a stork nor wounding of any innocent bystanders.

That brings us down to the fox hunters, and the results there are also nil because the constitution calls for the hunting of foxes with traps or guns, and the only member of the CAA who has a fox to his credit wouldn't join the club because of the above rule. He got his fox with a tire iron and says quote, Any other way ain't sporting and anyway if you ain't gonna get any of those red coats to hunt foxes in I don't wanna play; unquote. Anyway, for the past week or two it has been a question as to whether or not the CAA was going to move out and let the foxes take over. The fact that some of them are suspected of having rabies hasn't helped, either.

February gave forth with a couple of birthdays for us to celebrate along with those of Washington and Lincoln. Friends of Dobbie Stadt and Cort Jones will be sorry to hear that they are now a year older than they were last year at this time, and friends of the rest of the Galonites will be sorry to learn that they also must be getting old, judging by the toll these parties take of their strength and the length of time it takes them to recover nowadays. The Jones event came first on a Friday and the Stadt aging was to take place the following Tuesday, but due to the indisposition of all parties concerned was limited to ice cream and cake on the legitimate date and celebrated in the manner proscribed for birthdays after a person reaches a certain age (I won't tell them what age, Dobbie) the following Saturday night. Our parties are usually curfewed about midnite, due to the day watch's retiring to rest up for

an early rising and the mid watch off to work, but to quote Wynne Kilm, they sure are rugged little beasties.

We have it worked around here now so that we are getting a day off. Most of the communicators didn't know what to do with the first one, but after about a month of getting 'em, they act as if it were their vested right! Expect that any day something will happen and it will be back to the more familiar 56 hour grind.

Has anyone been able to locate our MTIC? The last seen of Rufe, he was crouched in a corner whispering to himself and biting his nails. Seems as if he is only three months behind in those things that have to be done, but had just gotten to the point where he might have been able to look over the pile when here comes the news that all the RCK and RCL receivers will have to be shipped in for modification. That was when I lost sight of him. Don't take it too hard, Rufe. I have heard that all MTIC's go to heaven when they die. They have had so much to put up with on this old footstool that anything that hell could put out would be a vacation.

Wally Bek, our PRE, is also on the run. He has traded in the civvie shoes he wore up from Uncle Sugar and is now wearing mukluks, 'cause there is a slight chance that he can slip thru the station without some communicator hearing him and "gently" walking up poor Wally's frame and scuffing his heels and rolling his spurs on the way.

Here at GQ we have only a "Temporary Lash-up", and when something isn't haywire it is really a red letter day! Rumor has it that we will be across the field shortly with a brand new control station in the hangar. Can hardly imagine what MTIC Carrigan will look like sitting back relaxed with his feet on his desk with first grade equipment and everything running ok.

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SA-TYO FLIGHTS  
(Continued from page 1)

\$200. Have your future told for \$1500. In the same issue, it was reported that members of an employers guild had struck against their employees.

Maybe being an isolationist has its points.

A. D. HULEN  
Man of the Month

Of the members of the Eighth Region, Allen D. Hulen, Superintendent of the ANF Operations Branch, is one of the best-known and best-liked, as well as one of the oldest in point of service.

Born August 10, 1905, Al attended school in the town of his birth, Catlap, Missouri and in nearby Leavenworth. In 1924 his ambition to see the world thru a porthole got him into the Navy. He attended Navy radio school in San Diego, California.

While in the Navy, Al worked as radioman on board ship and in Honolulu, Pago Pago, Guam, Fiji Island, New Zealand, Australia, and Mexico. His experiences of monkey hunting in Mexico, of a "free for all" fight in Australia, and of jungle hunting in the South Pacific make a real thriller for anyone to listen to. Al was on board one of the ships that searched for the Dale aviators, who started from San Francisco for Honolulu in 1926, and of whom no trace was ever found. He was standing watch the night in 1928 when the airplane Southern Cross, piloted by Kingsley Smith, finally made its way thru the overcast and landed at Honolulu, Hawaii.

In December 1930, Hulen started to work for the Bureau of Lighthouses, Airways Division, as Assistant Radio Operator in Salt Lake City. From December 1932 to January 1936 he was General Utility Operator, Assistant to the Traffic Supervisor, for the 5th District. Then followed a year as Senior Radio Operator at Reno, Nevada, and a year and a half as Operator-in-Charge, Rock Springs, Wyoming.

After serving a year as Assistant Communications Supervisor of the 7th Region, Hulen came to Alaska in October 1939 as Communications Supervisor for the Territory. Two years later he became Chief of the Communications Branch. In July 1941, he was made Assistant Superintendent of Airways, and since January of this year has served as the Superintendent of the Air Navigation Facilities Operations Branch. He is also a member of the Committee for Reinstatement of Veterans and the Regional Efficiency Rating Board.

In 1930, Al married Miss Freida "Fritzie" Erickson of Astoria, Oregon. They have a son, Douglas, 7 years old.

Hulen has a private pilot's license and owns his own plane. He is First Vice-President of the local chapter of the Lion's Club, a member of the Anchorage Park Board, Masonic Blue Lodge, and the Elks Club. His service to the CAA, his civic activities, and his hobbies of flying, hunting, fishing, and model-rail roading, make him a busy man and a popular member of the community.

CAROL ERSKINE  
WRITES FROM RIO

Carol Erskine, secretary to Mr. M. C. Hoppin when he was Regional Administrator, has written her Anchorage friends a fascinating account of her trip to Rio de Janeiro and of her first impressions of the Brazilian capital, where she is employed by the CAA.

After visiting her family in Santa Ana, California, Carol made the trip to Rio by air, with stops in Mexico City; Balboa Canal Zone, where she visited with Doris Mae Brown; Guayaquil, Ecuador; Lima, Peru; Santa Cruz, Bolivia; and Curumba, Brazil. She hopes to hear from her Alaskan friends (via air mail - regular mail takes forever) and gives her address as c/o American Embassy, CAA, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil (20¢ per oz.); or 180 676 (CAA), c/o Postmaster, Miami, Florida (3¢ per oz.). She ends her long letter, which you may read in its entirety by stopping at the switchboard, Room 59 of the Federal Building, by saying,

"If you write tell me all about what is happening in Anchorage and Alaska and to the people there. I still feel Anchorage is my home.

"This experience in a foreign country is an interesting one. At first I felt completely confused, but am getting more accustomed to it now. As soon as I see more of Rio and learn more about it will write again.

"I have put the money aside which you gave me and am going to apply it on a Brazilian watch, some of which are supposed to be very good. I want to thank you all again and again for your kindness to me. The gift was very welcome, and will let you know exactly what I get with it. The watch is my present idea - but may decide on something else eventually.

"Let me know about the latest news.

"Sincerely,  
CAROL ERSKINE"