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CAA 8th REGION

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA

NEWS ON THE REORGANIZATION

OPERATION TRAINING FOR NEW
ASSISTANT AIRCRAFT COMMUNICATORS

No doubt by the time this issue of the faithful Mullahuk reaches you, you will have heard either directly through receipt of the December 29th supplement to Circular 3-ALL-1, or indirectly through receipt of 3-ALL dispatches announcing new phases of reorg or, lastly, through the "grapevine", that a new organizational structure was activated on January 2, 1946.

As you all probably have heard, action has been under way for almost a year toward effecting a redistribution of existing duties and responsibilities among established units of the organization, and creating new subdivisions where necessary in order to establish a structure that would be flexible and broad enough to cope with the expansion in all phases of aviation, which is anticipated in the present post-war era. Further, to make it possible for the regions to finally handle as much of the Administration's business as possible, it is the desire of Mr. T. F. Wright, the Administrator, and his staff to decentralize as many functions from the Washington Office to the regions as is legally possible.

To accomplish these objectives, a

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Under plans now being formulated, effective on a specified date in January (yet to be announced), all new assistant aircraft communicators recruited in the continental United States for assignment to the Eighth Region will be given an intensive orientation training course at the Seattle Training Center prior to their departure for Alaska. This training is being initiated as a stepping stone to on-the-job training and to assist in overcoming training problems which have been aggravated in this Region by the shortage of personnel at many stations, coupled with a retarded mail service which compromises the effectiveness of correspondence-type instruction in most cases.

Requiring approximately five weeks as now planned, the course will include such subjects as surface weather observations, Federal Airways Manual of Operations, CAA communications procedures, and certain other elements of particular value to a new employee. This intense but friendly introduction to CAA communications will increase initial interest and the personnel concerned will benefit by a preliminary "look see" into what will be required of them when actually on the job.

(Note: You'll find more news from Communications Operations Division on page 3.)

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

QQ SILENT AND SEDIMENT

Now that the river has frozen over so we don't have to have a man watching it all the time to see if it is going to stay where it belongs or if it's going to come crawling into the station with us, we will call him in off the dike and make him guard a few frequencies while we see if we can whip up a parcel of writing - that the editors of the Mukluk will at least read over before throwing out.

The Proctors, it seems, wish to justify their and Chief Kulk and wife's act of bidding in at QQ - perhaps they heard the bodyhatch wagon snapping at their heels. To do so they have writ up in black and white the following QQ Galena is the place where, as some of you will recall with horror (working on your sympathy now), they had the "flaht". (Webster might call that "flood", but did he ever live among the natives of Alaska?) It is also, according to most of the stories we have heard, a place of torment (sob sob), to which the RO sends all of their erring Accoms. (There isn't room for them all here, but that was a figure of speech.) I believe that the RO was inclined to think we were a bit "tetched" when they found that there were four of the FX gang that had actually bid for the place. (Is he insinuating that they weren't?) The Accoms from FX approached the place with fear and trepidation, but their surprise was most pleasant (this is killing me). Of course, the time that station personnel were keeping the station on the air by going back and forth to the OT site by boat (lucky boat at that, I bet) and going thru mental agonies of wondering how they could ever swim in the mush that represents the "silvery" Yukon was pretty rugged (our heroes), but that experience is mighty handy now. Every time one of the never ops starts beeping

(Heaven forbid! Not beeping in the CAA!) he can be thoroughly squelched by the QQ. You should have been here when QQOT. Take it for what it's worth, kids.

It seems that all these people like to see their name in print. Someone showed a list of personnel under my nose, so will buzz thru it and give you folks the lay of the land. If you see any long lost relatives or friends here, drop them a line. The mail never seems to get in, but it will at least put a good feeling in your heart.

Guess we better do this by age. Now Dobbie, don't be offended; I mean by seniority at the station. Dobbie Stadt is the only pre-flood Accom around these parts. She and her husband Len, ex-carpenter-in-chief for the local branch of the U. S. Engineers and present CAA Jack-of-all-work, sweat out the entire flood period dividing their time between a gravel pile and the upper story of their house. They seem little the worse for wear. As a matter of fact, Dobbie is bemoaning the fact that she hasn't very well been able to keep lost those pounds which slipped away during that period.

The Kulkas and Proctors came next, when they came down from FX to take up the job of keeping QQ communications in the running. They got here just in time to put in the rough time of going out and operating, under nasty conditions, at the OT site, where they went by couples for four days at a stretch, eating, sleeping, and operating there till the boat came back for them.

Business picked up and the Army started giving away work in big jobs, so

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(Editor's note: This is the first of a series of articles about the Man of the Month or the Woman of the Month. The chief of each section is requested to submit the names of worthy employees to be interviewed for future reports.)

Without hesitation the writer says that E. P. "Bugs" Simonds is the "first" man of the month in the Eighth Region. His record speaks for itself. Born in Gretna, Nebraska, July 17, 1901, of British descent, he started with the Air Mail Service in Salt Lake City in 1925 as a time sheet laborer. When the CAA was born in 1926 and assumed the responsibilities of air mail service, he transferred to the CAA on the same date. He moved to Seattle when the CAA district office moved.

After one year in Seattle, Bugs came to Anchorage when the Eighth Region was created in July 1930. He has come from time sheet laborer to clerk, field clerk, office clerk, chief clerk, contracting officer, dispersing officer, field managing administrator to executive officer. He is a member of occupational deferment, efficiency rating, merititious promotion and employment reinstatement committees.

Bugs decided to ascend from his bachelor ways in 1929, when he married Miss Cleo Reid in Seattle. He and his charming wife and little five-year-old daughter Barbara reside at 1113 1/2 Street in Anchorage, and are indeed a grand American family.

His hobbies are athletics and his daughter Barbara. He has a keen sense of humor, and as the old timers will remember in 1926 and 1928, his presence at a party was the assurance of a good-time-was-had-by-all congeniality.

Bugs has been on the job slightly over five years without a vacation. He is one of the faithful that bought more than his share of bonds and helped put the CAA over the top in the Victory Bond drive to the tune of 124%.

To our first man of the month, who steered a straight course and kept an even keel, who was thorough, dependable and loyal when Uncle Sam needed him most, we say Alaska and America need more men like you. Congratulations, Bugs.

Forecasting the commencement of an extensive inspection program, the boys from Field Inspection are as busy as three bees in a clover patch, buzzing around their hive in Room 23, Federal Building, making much gusto in preparation for approaching hops to field stations to sting the boys and girls with an assortment of tests and to buzz menacingly around the heads of chief aircraft communicators. And just as though one was not sufficient, they contemplate traveling in pairs at least to the larger stations, and with their collective humming and buzzing make out like a steam calliope in a circus parade — except that station inspections are no circus.

The usual routine of operating calisthenics will, of course, take place and towards which we recommend that all communicators lend themselves assiduously. Dis-assembling of communicators-in-charge will apply as a separate project. HAPPY NEW YEAR!

ADDITIONAL COMMUNICATORS FOR ALASKA

With the vanguard of Class Thirteen, Seattle Training Center, due in the Territory shortly after the first of the year, twelve communicators new to the CAA will become constituents of our Branch fraternity in the furtherance of services to pilots and the aircraft operators. For lack of advance information on these newcomers our introduction of them must necessarily be brief. We welcome, nonetheless, the following as new residents of the Territory and new employees of the Administration and the Eighth Region.

Fred Garfield	Harry Brown
Paul Lanner	Donald Coxy
Charles Slack	Henry Gabriel
Varion Laing	William Parks
Roy Nelson	Stuart Williams
Leon Lewis	Iyle Harbo

In addition to the foregoing, nine

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NOTES ON THE REORGANIZATION
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straight line organizational structure was adopted with all major subdivisions of the organization reporting directly to the Regional Administrator's office, and with certain technical and coordinating staff functions attached to that office. In the main, the major changes are confined to the elimination of the former Service Superintendent level, such as Superintendent of Federal Airways and Superintendent of Safety Regulations, and making the Branch Superintendents responsible directly to the Regional Administrator. In rearranging functions of the respective branches, it has been the intent to consolidate like functions in the same subdivision to promote efficiency both in organization and our service to the public. The major change in this respect will be found in the assignment of all non-technical or "housekeeping" functions to the Business Management Branch, thereby permitting the Operating Branches to devote the majority of their time to technical phases of our operations for which they are primarily responsible, and at the same time assure necessary action and accomplishment of the non-technical duties.

As stated in Circular 8-MAIL-1 (Revised) Supplement No. 2, and because of the extent of this reorganizational plan, it is necessary that the first changes be effected in the top positions with subsequent changes in subordinate positions following as rapidly as possible. It is the Administrator's hope and desire to complete all necessary classification and budgetary action so that all phases of this plan can be placed in effect on or before July 1, 1945.

It is a natural reaction for all employees to become anxious and even restless when action such as this is pending. It is also very normal that individuals will harbor thoughts that the new structure is no better, or even less so than the old one, which thoughts can do nothing but hinder our overall accomplishments. To overcome these pitfalls, I urge all of you to keep in mind the objectives of this plan which are:
(1) to streamline the organization;
(2) to place the overall organization of

the Administration in a position to cope with the large increase in all phases of aviation, which is inevitable; and (3) to allocate grade classifications commensurate with duties performed.

I therefore request fullest cooperation from all employees toward accomplishment and success in this venture.

W. P. Platt
Regional Administrator

ADDITIONAL COMMUNICATORS FOR ALASKA
(Continued from page 3)

assignments direct to the field have recently been made.

Joe Adair	Moel McDaniel
Lawrence Daily	Frances Johnson
Edwin Flope	Winifred King
Lynn Cunningham	John Wasmor
Geoffrey Reid	

These boys we also welcome as new and creditable additions to our Region and trust they will enjoy a long residence with us.

The remainder of Class Thirteen, not available in the first group, will be knocking on our door, though, very shortly. Therever they are destined the welcome mat is laid.

As reported in the December issue, Class Thirteen will probably be the final group trained from scratch. Future functions of the Seattle Center will likely be confined to orientation training of individuals already having prior experience in communications work.

NOTE OF THANKS

December 27, 1945

Wish to express my appreciation and extend my thanks to the CMA personnel for their thoughts of sympathy during my bereavement caused by the death of my wife on December 18, 1945.

W. M. YOUPIPI
Chief Aircraft Communicator
Sitka, Alaska

the office fired in Erac Cort Jones to fill in a gap or two. It seemed like coming home to him, as he was also sent in last year about the same time and had worked a short time before with these same people in FY.

To complete the operating staff, the Army discharged Hugh Couey in October, and our old friend Mr. Cruise shipped him and his lovely red-headed wife right up to help hold the mid-watch down.

Maintenance, which has been continually short-handed since way back, has finally come into its own; so we have MTIC Carrigan and wife just arrived from the Navy in December to replace Cliff Holden, travelling Radio Electrician, who had been holding down the MTIC post since the flood and who is now on a well deserved vacation to the Stator. Joe Stickman, a local resident, has been SHI here thru two floods now, and new arrivals in the mechanical division are Ray Davis, Clarence Zaiser, and Ben Crawford.

The Army must do something for these fellows, all right. This Couey fellow got right into the swing of things almost before he took off his coat. He can talk temporary set up, cuss KODW, cuss KEOO, and go yap-yap-yap in a way that compares favorably with Sitzensnoko. That boy will go far, mark my words.

This is the inspectoringest place we have ever been in in all our lives, and for all the whiskey they would be able to pack in those oversized brief cases if they threw out some of that unimportant stuff like tests, manuals, and reports, they surely are a dry bunch. Now, we wouldn't like to endanger our jobs by insinuating a certain Communications inspector had been drinking, but would like to have heard Fred Naylor's report on running the local trapline at one o'clock in the morning if he hadn't been rescued by some person without a sense of humor after we had him talked into going.

Maintenance inspectors haven't exactly a clean slate either, so if any of you boys at the RA want the real low-down of Bill Peck's shiner, send a quarter, Canadian money not accepted (we have to have something for food) together with a

self-addressed envelope, and receive absolutely free the intimate and gory details.

Another of the representatives of the inspector's ranks who just passed thru was Del Root of the Leather Bureau, who had his wings clipped and is now riding Dodson and Panam since running one side of his Luscombe thru a loop of cable while taxiing at NW. He has been popping in and out like a ground squirrel lately, but we are always glad to see him, especially on that return trip from Mulato.

Maintenance had another inspector in recently, who is a little too large to overlook. That was Mac McLean, who spent several days here trying to straighten out some of the problems facing the new MTIC. Even caught him helping out the boys on the snow-gro detail.

Stone dropped in for about an hour on NC 5 and was given a cross-section of a normal GQ day when the freeze-up of a boiler and gas truck and break-down of one generator plant happened during his stay. That ought to help GQ messengers carry some weight in the RC.

All in all, we have things running pretty smoothly and practically all of the mud back in the Yukon where it belongs. Of course, all the old-timers predict that said stream will deposit another mass of the same, with interest, in the coming spring break up, but we brass new-comers are certain that the dike will hold this year and that the quarters will be moved before that time (hoh hoh). The prejudiced attitude of these characters who were, according to their story, "sentenced" to GQ for a short time is rather disconcerting, but they usually break down and admit that it isn't such a bad wide spot in the river before they are around long. The sign that hangs on the station door may have something to do with their apprehension. It states boastfully, "Thru these portals has passed one of the longest rivers in the world." Maybe you noticed it on our Xmas cards. Of course these fears have no valid ground as any standard atlas would tell them that it is not one of the longest rivers in the world, but then again the water is just as wet in a shorter one.

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Well, hold your heads, gang. This individual is about to try his hand muskballing after two years of taking strictly a spectator's position in the show going on in this region. This attitude has not necessarily been due to choice, though. I could have been fun to get in and kick up our heels with the rest of the gang, but what with switching watches every few weeks, washing babies and babies' handkerchiefs and stuff, time has not been lying heavily on our hands. Isn't it fun to listen to someone else gripe about troubles that are exactly like your own?

Yeah, I'm glad to see all these blessed events cropping up in the old rag, cause misery sure does like company. Hope no one takes this seriously -- wouldn't trade our two kids for all the bars in McGrath. And by that you can see we haven't been able to keep up with our "social" drinking here either. Well, enough of that except to remark that we hear rumors of a 1/3 hour week about the first of the year, which should mean at least time to get acquainted with the wife again. (After above remarks, this last seems unnecessary.)

Say, what is this about a fugitive from a Georgia communication station popping up at Kona? Glad to see you back, Jimmy. Wish it could have been WH you returned to. Some old kids, but we're sort of proud of our station these days. Don't let Ed sell you any beats.

We're glad to welcome Mrs and Mrs. Cooksey, late of Wood Islands. FRED Ray bird heads the welcoming committee -- maybe he'll get some sleep nights now. Cooksey replaces Frank Fickett, FGI. Hope HQ is treating you right, Frank.

All our old friends are meeting at Hahnok. Hello to Pauls, Mariners, and Withrow. We miss you around.

Starmiran hunting is at its best these days. Best story to date is Bob Curver's 14 birds with 2 shots. Fred Demogella, SGI, and Ralph Stone, CAJ, are after wolves in a big way. But we have the best fed wolves in the country. Winer gets his polts for free. Hold

raffle ticket on a red fox fur that all the girls had their eyes on.

We are wondering about the circulation of this little paper. Is it distributed to the airlines offices? Whether it is or not, the deplorable situation Mr. Mayer mentioned in the last issue is practically taken care of. What with extreme turbulent calm conditions aloft and visibility down to 30 miles most of the time, more and more planes are being tied up at WH over night account WX, and the boys are helping the girls and vice-versa to make the most of this deplorable condition. (Now if I can get this in the mail without everyone in the station reading it first, it may at least get to HQ.)

Well, folks, take pity and remember this is the first try. Not that I have any reason to expect this, but how about hearing from some of the gang down the coast ways. What goes down there these days?

We hope it was a very merry Christmas for every one of you, and may this be the year you have been waiting all those years for. Bye now.

GQ SILENT AND SEDIMENT
(Continued from page 5)

The Army has departed GQ, and in going they killed, or tried to kill, to the CAA everything, including their flock of stray poodles. We were denied all their radio frequencies except CW, which, according to rumor, will be installed before long. We took over their air/ground frequencies, and those added to our already too numerous channels make us closely approach, at times, the status of the one armed paper hanger with the itch, but that makes for a nice station. Too busy to take time out to think of all the things we could be mad about.

We will stop now so ye olds editors won't have to put out a special edition of the Muhluk for the GQ article. Hope this has lots of company. If not, let's all catch the next edition. CUL.

IF SHE'S A CAF-1,

1. She blushes at dirty jokes.
2. She wants to marry a 1st Lieutenant.
3. She thinks Civil Service work leaves one very intelligent.
4. She thinks men are nice.
5. She reads "That Every Young Girl Should Know".
6. She wears his wings exultantly.

IF SHE'S A CAF-2,

1. She smiles at dirty jokes.
2. She wants to marry a 2nd Lieutenant.
3. She thinks Civil Service work leaves one fairly intelligent.
4. She thinks most men are nice.
5. She reads "How to Win Friends and Influence People".
6. She wears his wings hopefully.

IF SHE'S A CAF-3,

1. She laughs at dirty jokes.
2. She wants to marry a C.I.
3. She thinks Civil Service work leaves one intelligent.
4. She thinks some men aren't nice.
5. She reads "The Art of Love".
6. She wears his wings doubtfully.

IF SHE'S A CAF-4,

1. She tells dirty jokes.
2. She wants to marry a man.
3. She thinks Civil Service work leaves one.
4. She thinks most men aren't nice.
5. She reads, "How to Live Alone and Like It".
6. She still wears his wings.

IF SHE'S A CAF-5,

1. She invents dirty jokes.
2. She wants to marry (period).
3. She thinks Civil.
4. She knows most men aren't nice.
5. She reads "To Have and to Hold".
6. She would rather wear a ring.

IF SHE'S A CAF-6,

1. She's the girl in the dirty jokes.
2. She WOULD marry, but after all, it really isn't necessary.
3. She doesn't think.
4. She's glad men aren't nice.
5. She says, "Why read? Fact is better than fiction".
6. She wears a ring.

IF SHE'S A CAF-7
UNEMPLOYED

Contributed by GQ

This correspondent is definitely in the dog-house, having skipped submitting anything to the Yukluk for the past two issues, and the situation is bad with an office full of women.

A lot of things have happened around these parts since then. Our leading paragraph had to do with the approaching nuptials of our Miss Stella Mae Stall and T/S James Deligan. Well, they happened. Corp. James (now Mr. Deligan) wore the snappy shade of olive drab which has, until recently, been so popular with everyone except the guy who was wearing it, while Miss S wore the traditional white. But tradition or no tradition, she was very lovely and promoted this correspondent, time and time again, to fall in at the end of the line at the reception. So the Deligans are now living in Seattle.

To replace her, we have acquired Miss Verna Flakerud, who is another reason why I don't hate to get up in the morning and go to work as much as I used to,

Ruth Truesdell has also shown up since we went to press the last time, and has turned out to be as nice as we had hoped. She's interested in skiing, painting and philosophy.

Mary Lubcke has retired from the government service to take up her duties as chatelaine of the Jackson Al, and Bess Cooper (the one who was raising kittens) has also departed this office to teach in the Anchorage schools.

Had these departures taken place within the last several days, we might have thought that they were occasioned by the beards sprouting around the place in veneration for the Fur Rendezvous. We realized in our last that the balance of power seemed to be swinging over to the male sex in this office with the advent of Ed Davis, but it looks now like we might lost face (or at least the lower half of it) because the girls just don't care for the beards. Oh well, you may remember the favourite limerick of the late lamented W. Wilson, which I never can quote correctly, but which goes something like:

"As a beauty I knew I'm no star;
There are others more handsome by far
But my face, I don't mind it;
I'm always behind it.
It's the people out front that I jar"

NOISE

What's happening at HQ? Nothing; just the routine, with an occasional trip to HQ (via the Toonerville Trolley) on our day off to break the grind. But to start the noise off correctly we should probably follow suit and list our personnel, as everyone does when there is a turnover.

CAC J. B. Flynn: Betting on the ice pool already.

ACCG: H. P. Flynn: Developing steno spread, or could it be middle age creeping on.

ACCG's M. L. Herafall and I. Harju: Getting the swing of things right fast and wishing for more traffic and aircraft contacts to get the much desired experience, also looking toward JQ and dreaming about those bachelors? (Pretty lonesome for single gals at HQ with all the station boys tied up with balls and chains. Could be that pen pals would solve the problem for the present.)

There is a question in the minds of all concerned if the radio shack isn't too dirty to leave nowadays even to take that hourly observation. Why not, with pretty pea green walls, newly varnished woodwork and chairs, to say nothing of the waxed floor that really shines. Good enough as a mirror to straighten one's lipstick or give one's hair that last minute pat when an aircraft lands and dives north with several H E M. Is it possible that the sea-wind "NFC's" founder's influence has taken hold of the HQ harem, too? Since the rest of you can't reach us, we will pat our own backs.

GROWLS

Looks as though Santa's old pouch is just loaded for us. We just qualify in Baudet, some of us just ahead of the deadline, and what do we hear? How automatic installation, which of course means Boshua at 40 wpm. One consolation, we just can't get brain weary. Oh well, I guess since it's for Uncle we should be willing to absorb it, and as the saying goes, variety is the spice of life. But will there ever be a day when there won't be something new to bore us out? Guess they intend to keep all of us,

Veterans of the holiday season, which included such engagements as the Engineering Branch Christmas cocktail party and a dinner dance at the Idle Hour Country Club, are now all present or accounted for. Citations or awards for extraordinary conduct have not yet been made; however, it is well worth mentioning at this time that Project Engineer Setchfield is being considered for a DDT (Distinguished Dancing Triplet). Setchfield's plain and fancy footwork with beautifully-powdered partners at the dinner dance caused his colleagues to pick themselves up and gaze in awe and wonder.

Amos (Moose-Meat) McMain recently completed an assignment at Summit. Upon his return to HQ Amos claimed Summit as the coldest spot in Alaska.

Speaking of moose-meat, Red Wilkins and Fuzz Heitzert each bagged his quota of moose this season. Shortly after the slaughter, engineers and stenos could be seen wandering their ways homeward with chops, steaks, and other parts of a moose's anatomy.

On the 23d of November Shop Sharlor arrived at the office a little late. Despite the old fish-owe stories of his fellow workers, Shop held his head high and proudly announced the arrival of son Earl. Congratulations, Shop.

Our commuting XV Resident Engineer, Ken Kollmer, recently departed for Arizona via HQ. Ken plans to visit his father and will return at an early date.

Among those who have recently resigned are Bob Shulman and Shro Sharlor. Both of these men are credited with the completion of two fine jobs, namely Bethel and Big Delta. The Construction group will miss them.

The regional reorganization has caused much temporary disorganization in the Construction Division. True be their constructive spirit, the construction engineers have commenced remodeling their office space. Revisions are being moved by Engineer Dishaw's crew. We are unable to furnish our readers with any

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from the HQ class of '12 on up, in the training stage.

The land of plenty of men -- bosh and rot (Old Scudge). Why don't some of those story tellers visit NG disguised as a single girl working for good old Uncle and see for themselves? Maybe the Chamber of Commerce was playing a joke on us. Oh well, guess that we are just 30-year women, or does everyone get the idea we need men here?

This seems to be a very short missive coming from such a gang of windjammers, but waiting until the night before the train goes south is such a nice habit at NG. Then we have an excuse for short letters, etc.

Merry Xmas and the happiest New Year to you all, and we do mean all.

advance information on the office arrangement as no approved plans are available at this time. Engineer Dishaw, however, reports that the work will be completed at an early date.

Have you noticed our boy Kreuger since he started working in the drafting room -- tweed suit, Scotch tie, white shirt -- right out of Esquire. Is there a certain girl, or is he playing the field?

The stenos are wearing ski pants and red flannels to work these days -- seems as though there is something wrong with the heating plant.

Dolores Page has lost her single-blessedness and is now Mrs. Chuck Lucas. Erna Anderson was her maid-of-honor in the ceremony at the Post Chapel.

303 LOG ANCHORAGE STR, MID WATCH
1000Z JOHN SMITH OFF WATCH. CONDITIONS NORMAL.
1000 HYACINTHIA SCHACTENBERGER ON WATCH. REMARKS NOTICED.
1015 SUPER BARS GHT MC FOR DATE FROM KZQZ.
1016 CALLED KZQZ. KZQZ DOES NOT ANSWER.
1058 CALLED KZQZ AGN. KZQZ DOES NOT ANSWER.
1130 HQ WX SENT MSG.
1133 HQ WX SENT FBL. WERO ADVZS MUST HAVE BEEN STUCK IN TUBE BET BSW FIRST AND SECOND FLOORS.
1151 CALLED KZQZ. KZQZ DOES NOT ANSWER.
1205 UNTANGLED 302 CP'S BROWN TAPE. 302 CP GONE FOR YIN.
1203 302 CP BACK AGN.
1210 FLIPPED FOR COIL WITH BDC CP AND SUPERV. LOST AGN.
1306 ATE TUNA FISH SANDWICH ON WHOLE GREAT BREAD, WITH MAYONNAISE, AND TOMATO. ALSO DRANK HALF CUP OF COFFEE, BLACK.
1307 DRIPPED TOMATOES FROM SANDWICH ON CLEAN WHITE BLOUSE.
1322 CALLED KZQZ. KZQZ DOES NOT ANSWER.
1325 KLEINSCHMIDT PERFORATOR NOT PERFORMING PROPERLY, MTRNC ADVZD.
1328 REC RUN TO 300S PSH TO POKE SEQ WX HDG. MTRNC STILL WORKING ON PERFORATOR.
1330 BACK FROM 300S PSH JUST IN TIME TO MEET WX SKJ.

1350 WENT FOR MARS CANDY BAR. NO MARS CANDY BARS IN MACHINE, GOT HELMSHEY BAR INSTEAD (WITH ALMONDS).
1400 EMPLOYED WASTE BASKET.
1410 DROPPED PENCIL ON FLOOR. WENT TO PICK UP PENCIL, GOT RUN IN MEN CHRISTMAS NOSE. TO OR NO I START WEARING SLACKS AND BOBBY SOCKS.
1428 MTRNC STILL WORKING ON PERFORATOR. MFC BOARD 300S PERFORATOR AGN.
1435 UNKNOWN CAT ENTERED STR AND BROKE BOBBIE TAPE. TAPE NOW PILING ON FLOOR INSTEAD OF WINDING ON REEL.
1450 MTRNC ADVZS PERFORATOR PERFORMING OK AGN. BOBBIE TAPE ALL PICKED UP AGN. CAT PUT OUTSIDE BY SUPERV. CONDITIONS NORMAL.
1505 COKE MACHINE EMPTY. FILLED IT UP.
1510 CALLED KZQZ FOR RQ. KZQZ DOES NOT ANSWER.
1550 COKE IN MACHINE COOL NOW. DRANK ONE BOTTLE OF SAEF. GAVE DIME TO SUPERV.
1555 CALLED KZQZ FOR RQ. KZQZ DOES NOT ANSWER.
1615 KEYING HEAD GARBLING DURING FCSTS. MTRNC ADVZD. HEAD CHANGED.
1710 MFC REBURN ALL FCSTS. THIS TIME NO GARBLING NOTICED.
1720 EMPTIED WASTE BASKET AGN.
1723 CALLED KZQZ FOR RQ. KZQZ ANSWERS R TU. I GIVE UP.
1800 HYACINTHIA SCHACTENBERGER OFF WATCH. CONDITIONS NORMAL, MCP NEED MC FOR DATE FROM KZQZ.

We learned, in a book entitled "Meteorology for Pilots", that when dry air reached a certain level it cooled to a moist adiabatic and then condensed to cloud formations or precipitation. That's what it says in the book in big letters. I would like to add a paragraph relative to Alaska: "Everything pertaining to air up to and including the stratosphere is of the moist adiabatic variety. If it isn't in the form of water it will be either ice crystals or snowballs. The moist adiabatics in Alaska are like the black bear..if they aren't raising hell with somebody's camp they are on the prod to do so."

We had a spot of sunshine here the other day, but the sno-go came by the shack and plastered the windows shut - so back into hibernation. Ed Shields, being in the capacity of weather brow, kept a SPL current to go outside and check up. By that time it was zerp zerp again so to date the SPL is still current.

Everybody knows that Mark Twain says about the weather, but John Skulden and Sol Brososky, station mechanics, will tell you that guy never herded a sno-go or cat around a snow laden air field. "A Sr. General Mechanic," quoth John, "fortified with enough sno-gos can create the frothiest snow storm ever conceived in the annals of snow storm history. By the simple flip of a switch he can turn it off." On the plotting boards of these two able snow removers is what will be known as a "snow deviator". Fundamentally, it consists of a large worm rotor suspended over the length of the field. It can be raised or lowered from a trough built into the strip. It will be powered by five D-C cats hooked in series to turn the rotor 4000 RPM..so when it snows the deviator is put into motion and by the immense action of centrifugal combustion all the snow

flakes are enfolded in this veritable tornado and funneled to the south end of the landing strip..negotiations are now under way to forge the rotor in Paul Runyans blacksmith shop.

The personnel at AO seem to be shagging up for a long winter. Any snow-bound evening will find Myrt Swim holed up with Bach, Beethoven or Brahms complete with beer, squaw candy and Jo. His selection of good music is only superceded by his love of good squaw candy. Ed Shields is knitting little things. Ed is expecting a boy about March, making it one and one. E. Jeanne Murphy, a recent new-comer to the operations division, is holding down the aid trick and in off hours is an ardent skier. "She's short, plump, and good looking!", says Rocky Cummins, the local fur king.... Wonder if she'd go for a mink coat. Sol Brososky is equipped with 50 gallons of salt silver salmon, a keg of corned moss and two quarts of tequilla...the tequilla he had to buy. He is now pre-occupied with eating, drinking and reading spine-tinglers (by courtesy of Musgrove's lending library). ERIC Ervin plays wet-nurse to all the local broadcast receivers...his off hours are well taken. Together, with his weekly allotment of 20 to 30 cents, his pockets are always stocked with sundry resistors, condensers, tube bases and bits of broken wire. His slogan is "Always try to fix it yourself first..I don't want anything easy."

Well, here comes the holidays. Turkey at a buck a pound and booze at ten dollars a pint...Would you guys like to have our recipe for roast young spruce hen and maybe how to boil the alcohol out of potato peelings?

LUKLUK DEADLINE
EIGHTH OF EVERY MONTH

The contract unit has been busy preparing invitations to bid for a job at Haknek. Work to be done there includes construction of apartment buildings and a new engine generator building, and reconstruction of the control building. Bids were opened last week for construction of VLF facilities at North Dutch Island and Whittier.

Ralph Rich has returned from an eight day business trip to Seattle and Portland. He had the unusual assignment of arranging cargo shipments by boats.

Enjoying Christmas vacation with her family in Des Moines, Iowa, is Marilyn Wissler. Marilyn is secretary to the Executive Officer.

Betty Isbell of the Traffic Unit is expected back on the job again next week. Mr. and Mrs. Isbell and son have been visiting relatives in Miami and Jacksonville, Florida.

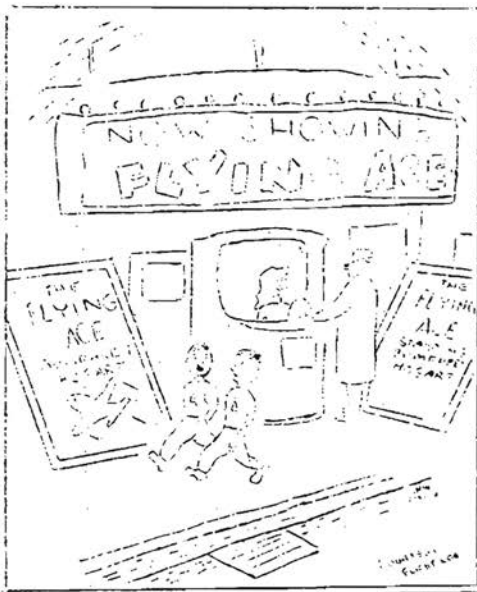
Mrs. Sally Flax returned December 8th to her job as Status Clerk after an absence of two weeks. Sally submitted to an appendectomy at Providence Hospital.

BACON BRINGS HOME THE BIRD

The big and small game in the vicinity of Tokositna rested easier last week as the Robert Bacon family departed for Anchorage. Actually, Bob was a little disappointed that the moose season was not open (Mrs. Bacon is deadly accurate with a rifle). Bob enjoyed his vacation though - sleeping until noon each day, then getting his exercise by trudging over the countryside on snowshoes (And elbows), a new experience for him (And the snowshoes). Hunting was confined to ptarmigan. We know Bob will be proud to turn in his annual report to the Game Commission showing one Ptarmigan killed. A more accurate report would claim

credit for one-half Ptarmigan because it was hit simultaneously by a fellow hunter. The impact dropped the bird like a soggy meatloaf!

Accompanying Bob on the trip were his wife and small son, and also his father-in-law, E. F. Hiekk, Chief of Operations Inspections. They were guests of Kurt Swim, CAA Communicator, and his wife, Jo. Mrs. Bacon's activities were restricted somewhat in that her ten-months old son developed a severe case of cabin fever. He still flashes a wild grinace which he picked up on the train ride--maybe he is just showing off his new teeth.



"....Oh, the plot was OK, but did you ever see such an utterly flagrant disregard of Civil Air Regulations, Part sixty?"

THANKS FOR THE REPORT, FAIRBANKS!

We note from the survey which accompanied our last copy of the **LUNLUK TELEGRAPH**, that Fairbanks is "in the red" in the amount of news items submitted for publication. In the event you think nothing ever happens here, we hasten to correct such a misapprehension.

The light burning every night in Station **Hammer** Frank Gray's basement indicates the hours Frank spends with his "ham" radio station, (worked 31 countries in first three weeks on the air). Every day he reports another QSL received, the latest from Paris, France - that is, while last month it was Monrovia - that one we had to find on a map - it seems it's in Liberia. **LTIC** Bill Cowles is another ham operator who spends his leisure hours pushing the buttons and turning the switches which bring in the QSL cards by the dozen each day. We keep wondering what will happen when he finishes his new rig of 350 watts, just about 10 times the size of his present rig! Fairbanks **ACCOMS** Myrtle Nordtvedt and Ruth Gustafson were thrilled last Sunday when they talked, via Bill's radio, to Barbara Olmstead and Phyllis Seare, - now in Honolulu having transferred from Fairbanks, - surprised, too, to learn that the gals over there are homesick for Fairbanks - does that mean we can't believe all we see in those glamour posters of Waikiki? Frank and Bill aren't the only ones at this station who make amateur radio operating their hobby. There are several, - Malcolm (Nick) Nickerson, **KL7AO**; Patty Brazil, **KL7DT**; James (Duffy) Duffield, **KL7GE**; and Stan Joffcoat, **W5KPY/CL7**. So if you tune in on Saturday or Sunday afternoon, you are sure to hear any or all of the above calls coming at you.

Moose hunting season is on again, which reminds us that **SGM** Ernie Carlson and **LTIC** "Erick" Glaseco got their limit of caribou during the last season. Bill Cowles and Rose Cowles accompanied them at that time and it was during that

expedition that Bill earned himself the distinction of being the only person to fall out of a sleeping bag.

"Patience and Fortitude" is the theme song of our Maintenance crew as they work tirelessly in their efforts at the unglamorous job of keeping the goods rolling and equipment operating, in a temperature of 40 below zero. May we nominate them as our "Men of the Year",

The new interphone connecting the offices of **CAC** Spoor and **CLMO** Joffcoat with that of Frank Gray is giving us no end of trouble. It seems it practically requires the services of a licensed radioman to operate same. Unless the above named agree upon a uniform procedure for throwing the switch to talk, it looks like the feedback will have us all tearing our hair.

We are sorry to lose the services of Chief **ATC** Bill Bowen. Bill, who has been the Chief at the Weeks Field Center for three years, is being transferred to the New York offices of the **CAA**. While we will miss him in Fairbanks, we want to wish him the very best of luck in his new assignment.

FILLERS FROM FX RADIO - It has been quite a while since the last report from the dot on the Chena so will introduce you to the crew:

Vincent W. Spoor, **CAC**, Melvin S. Majerus, **SAC**, Palmer Bahls, Marley Carls, Jocelyn Chambers, George Clyde, Charles Coleman, Kenneth Crowdsen, Glenn Davis, William Fowler, Roland Gilmer, Ruth Gustafson, Ray Hanken, Bob Hoffman, Ralph Huffer, Harry Jenkins, Jr., Walt Jenkins, Eldon Jewett, Neil Johnson, Don Johnston, Florence Majerus, Shirley Mooers, Loran Mooers, Robert Notsinger, Elinor Newton, Joe Newton, Myrtle Nordtvedt, Walter Parker, John Pfeffer, Carl Rhoads, Harry Smith, Merna Stewart, Carol Winnington, Elma Youngstrom.

(Continued next page)

Among the "gone but not forgotten" are George Stateman, who is now in the Seventh Region, Jeanne Murphy, who transferred to AO, and Margaret Miller and Ann Ufer, who are in YO. Vonnies McDaniel and his family dashed off to Arizona and the Bert Seivers went to sunny California. Bill Ellis is with Pan American; Gun Sneed, Ed Babcock, Byron Ames, Franklin and Mary Marshall have all deserted us. Patricia Blackburn went back to her home in Illinois. Harjoris Searle is replacing Wilma Gilmer, who recently resigned as clerk-stenographer.

Some miserly person has defaced one of the United States Government calendars by marking PAYDAY across the Saturdays of every other week. The print is large and in some cases followed by an exclamation point. Perhaps instead of complaining about this, we should be very thankful that the day before payday and the day before the day before payday are not marked also. Oh, well, we always admire people who show a marked interest in their jobs.

That new Oscar machine occupies an honored spot in the toilet room (on the floor). One of the maintenance men had a little trouble finding the slot for the slugs and nickels, and then complained because he never did hit the jackpot. He was relieved to know that the red light remains out on tilt.

We face a gloomy future. Why? Mainly because some one finally threw away that much-prized pan that has searched many a juicy morsel. Of course, it was battered out of shape and it had only a big hole where its handle used to be, but the last six layers added so much flavor to canned soup, that you would never recognize it as the same brand that Mother used to open.

There has been an acute shortage of mouse traps here so Bob Loffman spends his nights sitting up waiting for the little animals to start walking. He drags himself to work mornings weary, and red-eyed from lack of sleep (?) and

tells us how he used a .38 on some poor defenseless mouse.

No one knows for sure what Bill Cowles accomplished on his trip to the Windy City. It was an appropriate place for Bill to go, but the only thing he has mentioned about his stay in Chicago that rings true is the fact that he had a police escort show him part of the town. (Are bribery and fines under the category of "tips" when they are included on an expense account?)

Last year we inherited an old Army car to haul the bodies to and from the station. At first it didn't run very well, but you should see it now. It consumes only two quarts of oil daily and smokes and snorts as it rattles off down the road. There is no window in the door on the driver's side, but it really doesn't matter because the door automatically swings open on all the curves. Frost shields could be put on the windshield, but it's not necessary because there are holes and cracks enough to peer through. The rear seats have some exposed springs which have formed the vicious habit of grabbing some unsuspecting ACCOM as he is about to pile out. A small wrecking bar is used to open the rear doors--from the outside, that is. During a three day period the drivers had four flat tires and one blowout, but there is nothing wrong with the tires that a new set wouldn't cure. All in all it is a good outfit. It still runs even though no one has discovered why, and, what is more, it's better than walking!

Here is a contribution from the lads at Ladd:

We're the rough and ready fighting fools
on blood and sweat we thrive
In the chick at eight fifteen and some-
times after five.
The staccato of our typing and the pound
of the rubber stamp
Makes music of the battles that we fight
throughout the camp.

(Continued on page 26)

(AIR TRAFFIC CONFUSION)

ANCHORAGE STATION

Ray Pettito is happy these days. "Mike", his wife, arrived home last week after an extended vacation in the States. Welcome back, Mike!

Another arrival of a different sort--the Kent Tillinghasts are proud mother and father now. Kent, Jr., made his appearance on November 16th, weighing eight pounds and ten ounces. From the clever announcements the "new model" has all the latest improvements and is the last word in design. Quote, "Must be seen to be appreciated!" As both Lynn and Tillie are pilots, we expect Junior to solo any time now!

Roberta Watson, Pete's secretary, has found a house in town at last. She was a patient gal, contending with all kinds of inconveniences living out Spensard way. Even a movie was practically out of the question. You will have to make up for lost time now, Roberta!

Smitty is the proud possessor of an apartment--in Anchorage, too! It has a real kitchen with a stove in it, and his wife, Bob, is making good use of it. They have been feeding DD the most delicious food, etc. That Dorothy gal really hits the jackpots on dinner invitations!

Rumor has it that Jim Sword and his pilot roommates will be "evicted" from their beautiful-view-of-the-Inlet apartment. We're sorry. It was a sweet set-up. Oh, the wonderful food they cooked! Hope you can find another apartment, boys, but how about the moon or a million dollars? That seems like a fair comparison.

Don't mention the numbers four, five or six to Bob Juns or Herb Stanley. Somehow that hurts a little. You didn't hock Mr. Berato's car by any chance, did you? Well, lots better luck next time, fellas!

Clare T. Mullyaly, Betty J. Mayo and Agnes G. Carpenter EOD-as traffic clerks November 17th:

LaVerne Hite, ERAC, temporary duty to JD

L. M. Berato, resigned November 30th

C. K. McGowan, annual leave

L. M. Jones, resigned October 31st

Newton Fisher, back to duty from SG

T. Koefel and S. Underland still convalescing from appendectomies.

HS is CHQ's self-appointed goodwill emissary to the local communications station, and we must admit that since he has taken over, relations are tops. Of course he hasn't gotten around to good-willing the male members of the communications staff, but give the boy time!

After reading in the CAA Journal about proposed establishment of ATC centers at different points south, that little old wanderlust tugs at us. Larry Cunningham says he's available for San Juan any time. Now just what has Puerto Rico got that Alaska--well, never mind--anyway I'll bet Larry would miss ice skating. He has been practicing on the side. Forgot to ask Bob how his ice skating is this year. His little son, Michael, approaching the year-and-a-half mark, will probably soon be taking lessons from his dad!

Guess that brings us up to date. Everyone had a nice Thanksgiving, with turkey dinners in the majority. Jim bragged about the goose they had. See what I mean about food in that domicile? Haven't asked anyone about their Christmas shopping yet, but there aren't many shopping days left so better hurry. Happy Holidayze, everyone!

KENAI RAISES ITS VOICE

AFTER LONG SILENCE

Dear Mikiuk:

We are Linda ashamed of the poor showing Kenai made from January to October in the MUKLUK news survey, but - you know how it is. Get a sheet of paper in the typewriter, then wonder how to start the scuttlebutt rolling, and finally give up and decide we haven't anything to write about anyway - and leave the job to the empty other stations - who also leave it to the rest!!

First off - looked up the word "news" in the dictionary, and found it listed as such: "Recent tidings; a report on a recent event; fresh information; the new or recent events reported." So far, nothing new has happened, and if it has, it hasn't been reported, but will try to make the best of a bad situation.

Kenai has been enjoying very balmy weather, with only a couple of slips below the zero mark and only one inch of snow on the ground as compared with about two feet last year at this time. The mechanic seems very happy over the lack of snow, but the rest of us would like to get at least enough for good skiing. So far, our outdoor exercise has been limited to ice skating on the beaver dam and hiking here and there. Indoor exercise still remains the same-poker sessions!

Kenai personnel has undergone a little change since our last report to the MUKLUK. The Ed McDades departed JS for Baker, Oregon, and Jim Elder deserted for Skwentna on the Yentna. Newcomers are the Jordans from Yakutat (much fun), and Joanna Bahnb from Talkeetna (also much fun). MICO Hall has been at Kenai for approximately one year, and Lawtons, Thompsons and the Wrights stay on forever! Thompsons shook the hayseeds out of their hair and made a trip stateside in August. After five weeks of civilization de-

ecided JS and Alaska were far superior, and hurried back to the sticks and the hayseed!

Don't believe everything you read in the field station dictionary about Kenai such as: "Highways: None except for road into town and airport, a distance of about one mile." Part of the Alaska Road Commission has been headquartered in Kenai for approximately six months, and we now have a good road of about 15 miles in the direction of Seward. The report is that we will be able to drive to Seward this winter, - if we have the cars to drive! Perchance RO will let us give the snow jeep a trial run to Seward and return! By next summer we'll probably be pestered with Anchorageites all the time - which reminds me: A lil ol cub landed at JS, and the pilot came in and says, "I'm from the Anchorage Station. Is this Anchorage's remote receiver site?" About that time, the opt on watch was not enjoying the "receiver-ship" and almost ~~blew~~ ~~up~~ ~~the~~ ~~site~~. If you know what I mean!

Harken to my words, all ye stations! Be glad you are not located so close to Anchorage as is Kenai! For the past week CAA planes have been zooming all over the territory delivering turkeys and other goodies to the stations - and here we sit, the day before Thanksgiving, with no turkeys, no goodies, and darned little to eat. Ah, no, such is life - more vicenna sausages for Thanksgiving!! Even the moose know there is a meat shortage, cause they sure are making themselves scarce around here.

NOTE: To the Bureau of Census DC3's. Regarding your request for a name for NC-5. We hopefully submit our suggestion. We think she should be called "ALMBER", because she sure gets around!!

KEN-EBE KLAN

There are plenty of headaches in any operation - but for a real eighteenth-century, diamond-studded howler we give you Exchange and Repair.

That a plan so streamlined in its inception still moves so sluggishly is due to many factors, chief among them the long delay on factory deliveries. Parts that have been on order for months have not reached the Warehouse so can't be sent out for on-the-spot repairs. Consequently, into the Maintenance Shop comes much equipment which might, under ordinary circumstances, be repaired at the station.

But the Shop itself is hampered here, for chances are it lacks not only the needed parts, but also parts for the lathe to turn them on. So we see the mechanics literally making machinery out of hanks of raw metal.

Shop equipment is good, the personnel superior, but the entire layout is terribly under-manned considering that this manufacture of fine parts is such a time-consumer. Few local firms will take on any work.

In the States, care of CAA vehicles is let on a contract basis to various commercial organizations. But this is Alaska - too new, too rough, too busy - and so the burden of fleet upkeep, too, falls on the Maintenance Shop.

An even more binding brake on Exchange and Repair movement is improper treatment of the well-known hay; and here's where you field men can help a lot. If it's humanly possible, of course, make the repairs out there; but if an item must come in, try to get the paper on it straight. You know as well as we that nothing holds up any government procedure like lack of the proper paper.

If you'll take care that it's off to a good start at your end, chances are everything will fall smoothly into train along the road; so next-time you send an item in check yourself on the following points.

First, make certain the red tag is securely attached and completely filled in - especially the lines indicating "Sender's Analysis of Condition" and "Invoice Number". Any information you can give is invaluable to a shop already hopelessly over-burdened.

Next, be sure to enclose the blue packing slip, for this will cover orderly procedure of the item through repair even though the incoming paper, which is the Warehouse authority for shipping out a replacement, may be delayed enroute.

Last, there's our old friend nomenclature. Give all available data on your fill, especially when you are Holding for Replacement. Send a complete description of the article, name plate data, and part and catalog numbers wherever possible.

Sorry if we seem a little school-teacherish about this; but just come to the Warehouse some time and look at the Exchange and Repair table.

Here's an item invoiced out of one station, but shipped from another (figure that one out); this packing slip bears one number, red tag a different one; that box of nozzles (or what were nozzles before they fell in the cement mixer) is innocent of any identification at all - tag, slip, shipping manifest or return address.

Maybe it's no wonder the former Exchange and Repair clerk scratches endlessly on the wall at Korningside:

"Box of nozzles for repair -- Return at once, Heaven knows where."

Wedding bells rang out late in the afternoon of November 20th when Fred Yanny and Helen Wells were married. They returned to the Annex just at closing time to announce the nuptials and receive the congratulations and best wishes of their Maintenance friends. Barney Crosby and Alice Yanny were the attendants.

Mr. Rinn left for Galena with a black board and came back (just in time for Thanksgiving) with a frost-white board. Pretty cold up there. His parka and sheepskins (also long handles - he says) came in handy for the 28 below zero weather. He reported good food. The cook spread a tasty meal with delicious pre-Thanksgiving turkey.

The sunny South beckons to Mr. Lane, our expeditor. He plans to be sunning on the beaches of California on Christmas day. "I'll miss those humorous quips about our frigid weather. From now on, it will be Loney Harvey who will be keeping the work stacked high on the typist's desk, and be searching the Warehouse stocks and field station records for those gilt edge Cat parts, and such.

An Addition to the Annex made its advent: Cold water; clear, cold water. A bubble fountain relieves the drought.

Wesley Ross departed for Yakutat to check the refrigeration. Do they close the refrigerator door in winter, in Alaska?

Fred Pollard, Superintendent of HQ Maintenance Shop, says there is one advantage in having all Regional Office cars and trucks parked overnight in the Shop yard: It saves driving all over town to collect those "hard starters". He can push and pull to get them started on those cold mornings, right in his own back yard.

This column is new to the pages of the EXLUX, but will be featured from time to time as the service of any CAA employee merits recognition by his fellow workers.

For our first "Honorable Mention" we pay tribute to Mrs. Agnes W. Bennett, Aircraft Communicator at Galena, who was recently given official cognizance from the Regional Office for commendable performance.

The commendation from the Superintendent of ANF Operations Branch to Mrs. Bennett reads in part:

"Information received from your chief aircraft communicator, indicates that you have completed one hundred tours of eight hour watch duty on Circuit 302X without one chargeable communications irregularity report.

"This office wishes to commend you on this fine record of accuracy, and attention to the pertinent detail that you have displayed in the performance of your assigned duties."

The thanks of Maintenance goes to the field stations. As you know, the procurement of urgently needed repair parts continues to be our biggest headache. The continuation of the maritime strike and other strikes has not only depleted shelves of Anchorage supply houses but also those in Seattle. In some cases, only through the assistance and cooperation of station personnel in shipping and trans-shipping emergency parts from one station to another has equipment been kept operative. Such cooperation is greatly appreciated by all concerned. Thanks.

KEQT/VN - HAINES

Well, I hear the FX Chamber of Commerce is reading "WEEDS" those days. Just goes to show the far reaching effects of the Maritime strike. No boats, no newsprint, no newspapers, no news. What to do? Read MUKTEL for the next two years until the strike is over. If my guess as to why the FX Chamber of Commerce reads "WEEDS" is correct and they do need some newsprint, we have some old obsolete "B" manuals around here that have one blank side on some of the pages. (If no one is looking they can have some of the new ones, too.) And still speaking of FX--Hi'ya J&E--the latest box score on lost travelers is now two planes and five cars that finally reached FX after an unwilling detour via VN.

With the arrival of Tod Young and John Easley of the Engineering Division the local VHF program is under way. Five minutes after landing they had grabbed several hunks of old packing cases and had thrown them into some semblance of a small shack to house their equipment. Whitey, the Chief, has already formed himself into a waiting list of one for this edifice and is changing the Haines housing qualifications to 3 stdrd CAA Qtrs bldgs and 1 packing case apartment, -1 room, 6x6x6. Everyone from the Chief's dog, (who insists on standing the mid-watch, sleeping on the mike switch with his eyes open and having nightmares all the while), down to the MTIC, was wondering how the Engineering Division was going to work Lena Point with a 100 ft. antenna over a 1200 ft. hill without a signal bender. Guess they must have brought their own as they not only successfully worked Lena Point, Juneau and Skagway, but also the 12th Naval District in California.

Latest addition to Haines is a roller skating rink. The school board in conjunction with the city council purchased

50 pairs of skates. When these are strapped on the podal extremities of the citizenry, the amplifier cranked up to full gain while the forgotten record scratches on, the skates hear to the line and the citizens fall where they may on the crowded high school gym floor. The problem of maintaining horizontal equilibrium was more or less solved years ago what with practically everyone having ice skated at some time or another. With the discovery of one local lad who is an old rink rat in good standing, having wasted a good many years of his life in various Washington skating rinks, classes are under way in the rougher points of skate dancing. While the skating is a welcome addition in itself, it also takes the place of the bowling facilities at the old Chilkoot Barracks that were lost to the use of CAA and the citizens of Haines when the post was taken from Kenneth O'Hara and given to the Veteran's Alaska Cooperative Co., a New York outfit. Approximately four members of this organization are now in Haines, but so far nothing much has been done towards opening the post except closing the bowling alley.

The outlook for ice skating is quite bright what with a large pond on the edge of town having been bulldozed clear of obstructions and a promise of lights for night skating.

The communicating picture was brightened somewhat and the housing situation was darkened to a like degree by the arrival of ACCOM Bill Hayden and wife Rita. Bill only recently walked down the gangplank of some seagoing craft with a Navy discharge in one hand and in the other a solemn vow never to stand another mid-watch. He is now standing the Haines mid-watch. Times are tough all over, says Hayden, uqot. Lois, our other night op, can tell anyone who

(Continued on page 25)

THE LURE OF THE YUKON

This is a simple and factual tale which needs no mention of names except that of the principal character - Skookum the Cat. The people in his life could have been you or me, or anyone.

In bygone years there was a little CAA station down the Yukon. Skookum was a local product; his Mother a brown and white lady of unknown antecedents, a family pet of local townspoops; his Father, likewise of obscure background, had typical 'tiger' markings. Parental identity seems quite certain as these were the only felines in town. Skookum had 'money' markings, a mixture of colors with golden yellow predominating.

So little Skookum was presented to a CAA family, and soon exercised all the prerogatives of a favored pet, which cats seem to know by instinct. This was indeed the life of Riley, - plenty of attention and food, a big well-heated house to roam in winter, and all outdoors in summer with nearby brush in which to catch birds and mice.

Like an only child, Skookum became quite spoiled, but compensated by exhibiting a number of amusing idiosyncrasies and steady affection. He learned to play simple games such as stalk the stalker. This was sometimes not so good as he might decide to play when the people were otherwise occupied, and would launch an unsuspected attack as one passed a doorway. He appeared to dislike a bouncing or rolling ball and would labor as much as two or three hours chasing and catching a ball. He became quite proficient at catching a ball in the air, gauging speed and bounce and meeting the ball at heights up to three feet.

A favorite sleeping spot was in the bathtub. Breakfast was not complete without dry puffed wheat. He learned time - the time his master came off

watch, and would ask to be let out at that time to journey along the path to the control station. One night the master worked overtime (no extra pay in those days), and Skookum went all the way, a half mile, and meowed at the control station door. He often accompanied the people on walks of more than a mile; The rigors of winter bothered him little except that the tips of his ears froze at 30 and 40 below; by his second winter his ears were flat across the tips instead of pointed. His love life is unknown as there were no female inhabitants of feline genus, but it is suspected some rabbits may have had a bad time.

At two years of age Skookum weighed 18 pounds, wore a size 12 collar, and had little fear of man or beast. With a little encouragement he would pursue huskies. He appeared to have developed the art of tracking, much the same as a dog; he was seen several times to apparently follow his master's trail by scent without previous opportunity to sight direction of travel.

Then, in the beginning of his third year, came tragedy - his people moved to Fairbanks. Skookum had an airplane ride, which he disliked, but worse came fast. Housing was scarce even then, and his people first stayed with friends who had two small children and a small dog. Skookum had never before associated with either species very closely. As a guest, which he appeared to realize, he accepted the situation as best possible, avoided dog and children alike, and sought seclusion beneath the stove. Efforts to induce play and a display of tricks were soon abandoned as he, while willing to start, refused to brook interference from the dog and kids.

Within a week a dwelling was found, Fairbanks style with wood and coal stoves and no running water. Skookum (Continued on page 25)

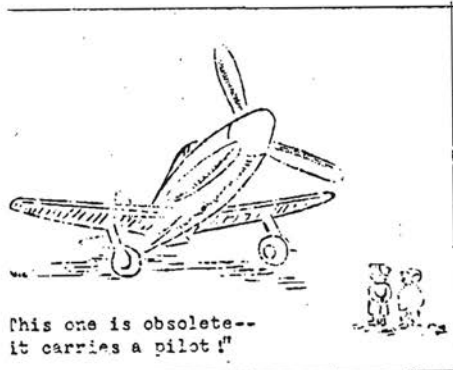
"THE MAIN COG"

"Please leave the door open." If you are one of the many "fortunate" individuals who have the opportunity to come to Room 212, or better known as Mail & Files, you'll recognize this notice, and for the rest of you, we'll use the statement as an opener for our column.

Now that the door is left open, let's gaze into this room that fairly bursts with activity, and, we do mean activity.

The whirring sounds which attract our attention to the west end of the room, is none other than our mimeograph machines forging ahead at full speed on some "Rush" job no doubt. They are manned by Fat Buchman and Billy Underwood. Don't let the names fool you as they are a couple of nice dark-haired girls who do a good job in getting out the "info".

Desks in the center of the room are dominated by our chiefs, Norm Lowenstein, one of our top-notch bowlers??, and Stella Stall, who is back in her former position again after an absence of almost a year.



This one is obsolete--
it carries a pilot!"

Courtesy Third Region "FLIGHT LOG"

Might mention here that though the P.O. is downstairs, packages are distributed from second floor, so-o-o-o it means that sacks, and not paper ones, have to be lugged up the stairs. So if any of you fellows are expecting packages, drop around and give a hand in hauling them up.

Now over to the east section of the room we discover the mail section. That 'lil blonde behind a filing cabinet (that is the cabinet in the middle of the room) is our competent and good-natured mail clerk, Annette Podness. Assisting her are two buddies, Lila Glenn, recently engaged to Pfc Henry Ford, and none other than Step-and-a-half, Maggio.

Ahhh, only two more girls to go, so let's go over to those two forms pecking into a file drawer and see what's up. Harriet Scheffler, who so capably had taken over Stella's job when she was Outside, is our student, spending her evenings in business college delving into the depths of hieroglyphics, pardon me, I mean shorthand.

Who's that huddled over the floor? Ah, I see now. There is a file drawer down there and it's Rosmary Bloom, who seems to be mumbling something unintelligible under her breath. I got it, it's the men who don't sign their initials to their names on dispatches. 'Sorta confusing you know, to have several people of the same last name and no initials attached. Savvy? (Too many Andersons, Petersons, Nelsons, Williamses, McLains, not to mention the Downing boys, who have the same initials.)

This has been only a glimpse of what goes on behind the closed door of 212, I mean the open door except on a Monday, following a week-end (in which the heat has been turned off, as it's really cool. Ohhh! That draft - -Brrrrr---

WOODY ISLAND WHISPERINGS

After some direct and pointed urging by the new editor of ye old MUKLUK, it has fallen upon these bunt shoulders to keep dear old "CF" in the columns of said journal. OK, you asked for it. Some mighty wielders of the pen have trod on this green gum of the North Pacific, so I have heard, therefore, I will not try to compete with them.

Seems as though there has been some changes around these parts since ODOE FOX last put out its head in the MUKTEL so here goes for them. Carl and Margaret Gulley have gone into the interior where CFG has assumed the duties of CAC at PL. Luck to you, Gulley, though you won't need it. Better pull in those sharp ears, though. They tell me they trap wolves up north for their hides. Mary E. Fletcher, our little (?) dutch gal from Pennsylvania, has taken all of her back to the states and a certain GI. His battles are just beginning, but we will still bet on Mary. Then, too, one Bernice Shudinis--better known as Skeets--terminated cob November 30th and headed back for the hog killin' pen in Omaha. If she kills hogs like she breaks hearts the meat shortage is in for an awful beating down there in Uncle Sugar. Clarence E. Jorgenson, one time ERAC at CE, will be leaving us come December 8th. Jorgy fixed up some of those things a GI would like to do to the men that used to tell them about that nice little detail known as extra duty or such. Yep, he sat on a Lt. Cmdr. My Goodness, with all these resignations we should be getting some new ACCOES down this way. Hope they are as nice and competent as those that have stacked it and went away. RO take note.

That brings us up to date on the leavings and arrivings, only there hasn't been any arrivings of late. We keep hoping, though.

Got notification the other day of the wedding of a former Woody Islander in the person of Dick Haggin way down there in Juneau. Those of us that remember Haggin or met him in his travels through Alaska--and he did get around, but won't anymore--wish to extend the heartiest wishes of many years wedded happiness. We won't go as far as one of our converted GIs does when he hoists one though; he says, "I hope you live forever, have a fit every five minutes and a baby every year." Now subject. (Got that from the Navy; the 'now subject' part of it, I mean.)

With the evacuation of the above mentioned "used to be CAA'ers", UNDERLAND and MEW--what a name to spell--MEWISSEN will be occupying quarters in the dorm soon. Another nice addition to our well kept harem over here. But we try to treat 'em right; managed to get Joseph T. Frost married off to one Clara R. Mansull, and working on a couple more at present....even got one guy to buy a rock.

Been some high class interior decorating going on around here lately, what with Litz, Matteson and Inman going over their rooms. First Litz got some grey for the walls and some red for the ceiling, and Matteson got some red for the floor and left the ceiling, and Inman got some green for the walls and floor and ceiling and ivory for the ceiling and floor and walls. He claims 'he had some extra hands on the deal, though, so maybe that accounts for the speckled effect. Guess that under this heading would be a good time to tell one and all about our new conveyance from the dock to the control station. Our new (former GI) carryall got a real coat of paint in the tried and true colors of the CAA--orange and blue. Well, it's black, but blue sounds better with true, don't you think? Thanks to Bob Boyd and our enterprising CLEO, Jay Dobrin, it is

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a welcome change from the open air taxi we endured for so long. Now if they can just find a way to heat those leather cushions....

Oh, yes, better I don't forget the whing'ding we throw for Jorgy and Skeets as a farewell party. Had a visitor from HQ in the person of Shirley Underland. Why don't more of you strangers come to our parties? Or did you hear about the last one? It was a rarin' tearin' good time for all. How is the paw by now, Jorgy?

Well, let's count up our bruises and see how we stack up now. We have lost Shudinis, Jorgenson and Fletcher via the resignation route, with no replacements. Ethel Moore is in Uncle Sugar on sick leave, eta unknown at the present writing, and those two babos from the land of the Vikings, -namely, Veronica Hooser and Virgel Brig are Outside on annual leave. Boy, I hope Mr. Plett or somebody wrote Santa Claus about our shortage of help down here. Those 48 hours sure are being stretched.

Let it be known to all concerned that we have rpt have the best mess hall cook in Alaska. How she can do all that work, make it taste and look so good, and still have a good kind word for all that come through her domain is beyond the scope of this writer. Takes real fortitude to go on a diet, doesn't it, Litz?? She really put out a spread for Thanksgiving, but each and every one of her meals seems like eating a holiday repast. So help me.....

Maybe old man winter had something to do with it. He did us a good turn week before last by putting a nice smooth layer of ice on Elephant Lake just below camp here. Everyone has taken a whirl at it, including Mukluk--the oldest resident on the island next to Manning and Inman--and so far only one injury of any great scope has been reported. MUKLUK, by the way, is the duck-huntingest, retrievingest, friendliest dog for many a mile around,

at least so says Inman and Chaffin, as Muk kept them from getting wet this past Fall. Oh, yes, that casualty was Mrs. Walter Westman, wife of that popular young man from West Woody. She was unfortunate enough to fall and break her wrist on the last lap around the pond for the night. How do you like doing dishes, Walt?

DECEMBER 7TH, 1941. Where were you at the time of Pearl Harbor day? Yes, that was exactly five years ago tomorrow. That is the day that changed the lives of so many people. Remember? If someone would have told me that five years from that date I would be up in Alaska picking dots and dashes out of the ether, I would have recommended him for the little house with soft padding all around. I still think that we should change that phrase that Mr. Churchill uttered when he said, "Never before did we owe so much to so few," to "Never before did we owe so much to so many." Or am I just getting rock happy? Anyway, those who went and fought and died, as well as those who went and fought and lived to come back to this war weary world know that they had a job to do and did it. All because of not being ready for a world dictated to by one man. May they find the peace they so diligently fought for.

Oh, Oh, here comes the beer truck, with the first beer we have seen since the boat strike went in. Guess you know where I am going. QRU QJZ QJC. That is a promise for next month, too, Mr. or is it Miss Editor?

KREZ/OF

EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Editor. Her name is Marjorie Jencks. However, by the time you receive this issue of the MUKLUK the name will be Mrs. Robert Fulmer. You don't remember it, but Marge helped a bit in getting the MUKLUK started, the first two issues, back in 1943, carrying her name as Editor. Then she resigned to return to newspaper work in the States. But once having lived in Alaska, well, you know the rest of the story.

AIR TRANSPORTATION UNIT

NC 214

Bells rang, lights flashed the bail-out signal, Hurst turned one each air-minded passenger into a ground loving man. Jim said he touched the button by accident.

NC 14 made an unscheduled stop-over at Yakutat.

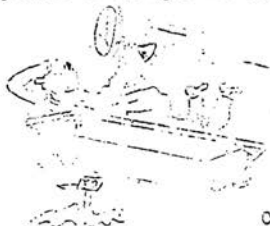


Bill?

NC 5 returned from SA with two new motors and will be stopping in on you again.

Magazines have been coming in from all the Anchorage personnel. Thanks kids, and keep it up.

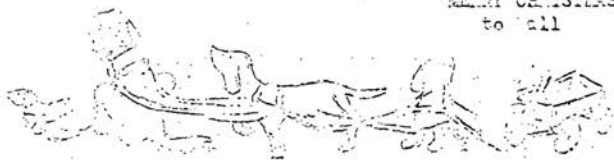
During those rush war years we just found out that 5,000,000 pounds of freight was handled out of this unit, who's tired?



One way or another we hope to visit all stations before Christmas with cargo to gladden the heart of St. Nick himself. Pete, Bill, and Neal cut 70 odd, all shapes and sizes, but still Xmas trees for you northern stations. The Commissary hints at a supply of feasting material so it looks like it will be a

MERRY CHRISTMAS
to all

8-220



NEW EMPLOYEES - MONTH OF NOVEMBER

Benjamin R. Holoman, General Mechanic, ANF Plant & Structures Branch, Maintenance Division, Sector Maintenance, Juneau

Mrs. P. Lucille Monahan, Assistant Clerk, Business Management Branch, Accounts Section, Accounts Unit

Stuart R. Perry, General Mechanic, Business Management Branch, Property Management Section, Warehouse

Thomas F. Rich, Storekeeper, Business Management Branch, Transportation Section, Air Transportation Group

Susan K. Sakely, Clerk-Stenographer, ANF Operations Branch, Communications Operations Division, Office of Chief

Mrs. Ada M. Woberg, Clerk-Stenographer, ANF Plant & Structures Branch, Construction Division, Facilities Section

Samuel P. Ailak, General Mechanic, ANF Plant & Structures Branch, Maintenance Division, Sector Maintenance

Mrs. Frances C. Bell, Clerk-Typist, ANF Planning & Control Staff

Mrs. Helen P. Clements, Clerk-Stenographer, Business Management Branch, Transportation Section, Traffic Group

Mrs. Agnes G. Carpenter, Traffic Clerk, ANF Operations Branch, Communications Operations Division, Communications Stations

Mrs. Maxine M. Holifield, Clerk-Typist, ANF Plant & Structures Branch, Construction Division, Landing Areas Section

Beth Hunley, Engineering Draftsman, ANF Plant & Structures Branch, Office of Superintendent, Drafting Section

Mrs. Vera R. Johnson, Clerk-Stenographer, Business Management Branch, Property Management Section, Warehouse

Mrs. Madine R. Kringlie, Clerk-Stenographer, Airways Operations Branch, Communications Operations Division, Office of Chief

Paul I. McConnel, Airport Traffic Controller, Air Traffic Control Division, Airport Traffic Control, Nome

Mrs. Clara T. Mallaly, Traffic Clerk, ANF Operations Branch, Communications Operations Branch, Communications Operations Division, Communications Stations

Mrs. Betty J. Mayo, Traffic Clerk, ANF Operations Branch, Communications Operations Division, Communications Stations

Blanche I. O'Connor, Clerk-Typist, ANF Communications Branch, Maintenance Division, Field Station Maintenance, Nome

John L. O'day, General Mechanic, ANF Plant & Structures Branch, Maintenance Division, Sector Maintenance, Port Heiden

Mrs. Katharine E. Odum, Clerk-Typist, Business Management Branch, Property Management Division, Regional Warehouse

John D. Peterson, Radio Engineer, ANF Communications Branch, Communications Engineering Division, Landlines & Spec. Equip.

Roscoe H. Robey, Maintenance Technician, ANF Communications Branch, Maintenance Division, Field Station Maintenance

Mrs. Florence Sawyer, Clerk-Stenographer, ANF Plant & Structures Branch, Construction Division, Facilities Section

Mrs. Rose Snyder, Clerk-Stenographer, ANF Plant & Structures Branch, Construction Division, Facilities Section

Betty E. Tuttle, Clerk-Typist, ANF Communications Branch, Maintenance Division, Field Station Maintenance

CAITILS - Continued from page 19
took little interest except to appear pleased with the lack of children and dog in the house, but otherwise displayed no liking for the place or its surroundings. He would occasionally wander around the lot, but seemed to have slight interest in anything.

After several weeks another house was found with somewhat more extensive grounds and running water, but also minus CAI-house comforts such as rugs, overstuffed furniture, and plenty of warmth.

Skookum stuck it out into early summer, still displaying little liking for his surroundings, and by now refusing to play in his usual manner at any game or to perform tricks.

Then Skookum departed, where or whence will probably never be known. One slight clue was a report of friends, known to Skookum, who said a cat resembling him came to their door late at night of the day he disappeared. They fed it milk, outside of the door, and in

the morning it was gone. They lived west of Skookum's dwelling. Perhaps Skookum started a truck back to the little CAI station on the Yukon and all the comforts, privileges, and freedom it meant to him.

I'd like to think he made it, but two rivers to cross is a large undertaking for even Skookum the Cat! I can only pay tribute to a valiant cat-soul who went forth, I like to think, for what he wanted.

HAINES - Continued from page 18
is interested that a ceiling light with 4 inches of snow on it gives a pretty low ceiling.

The lad who ground out all those hot rumors in the army must have landed somewhere around Haines. We hear that after one has been in CAI long enough to earn two service pins with diamond stars, and providing one can still bat out 70 on a hand key the RO will present the happy chappy with an Eagle Scout badge. Now I have something to live for.

(Continued from page 13)

IN PENNSYLVANIA

With polished shoes and polished scots
we fought for everything
We are the Coke Machine Commandos of
the A A C S Wing.

Our Axis foes did shiver and quake they
did demand,
If they did not encounter our great
chainborne command.

We're the general order heroes of all
the operations

We don't have much of rifles but we
know our regulations.

We strike our blows with pen and ink
and make the typewriter sing

We're the Coke Machine Commandos of
the A A C S Wing.

The Buckslips come unceasingly and
special orders too - -

The bulging files denote our might
they'll burst before we're through.

Grenades and bombs were out of place
upon our battle field

But if it was made of paper 'twas a
weapon we did wield

We're the U.S.O. Guerrillas and Freedom's
bell we'll ring

We're the Coke Machine Commandos of
the A A C S Wing.

MUKLUK FROM TOWER - Well, now, if Merril Tower is trying to get our goat, for their information, we don't have one - it's too cold here. We just hope you heavy thumbed guys don't get calloused on your fingers. We DO have excuses for our lower traffic count - smoke, fog, ice fog, 11 inches of snow on runway, and temperatures from 30 to 40 degrees below, while you people are taking sunbaths in your above zero temperatures.

A glad welcome to Gerald Gochel, who replaces Controller Reilly. Jerry insists his last name is pronounced "Gable" - could it be that his first is "Clark"? And one wouldn't be so very far from wrong judging by the number of

"Hap" O'Bryan, Aeronautical Inspector of the Airman Division, is in the East spending a vacation.

He and his wife left here November 15th to visit at their former homes in Pennsylvania. They expect to return the middle part of January.

girls dogging his footsteps. We think he's cute, too. Now, now, Casanova, don't lose your temper.

Weeks Tower personnel are reaching for a high intellectual plane as in one case, shown by "Joe Colloge" Bill Casan, attending the U. of Alaska. Darn those English students, a fellow ain't got a chance. There I go saying "ain't" again. French, according to "Cass", is really smooth. That sounds more like the description of the instructor, who might be a "YL".

Amidst aches and groans we are enjoying skiing when the temperature isn't too low. Sunday, the Tower Chief, Bob Graner, was observed zooming down the hill. Hey, you are supposed to stand up, not sit down on the splinters of wood, Bob. The grace of the maneuver performed was more like a cow in a tree, with spills, rolls and, I swear, a loop! We all wish he would hurry up and learn to ski or break his neck. This anticipation as to whether there will be a new chief is getting us - better keep a request for bids handy, we may have a Chief vacancy.

After going through the MUKLUK three times, still can't find any mumblings from ZKG. What's the matter, Parks?

Well, if anyone has actually read through this far, we wish you one and all a MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

(Continued from page 1)

Island to Skagway via Marrow Point, Duncan Canal, Sunset Cove, Shane, Juneau, Lona Point, Haines and Skagway has been concluded with exceptionally favorable results.

Detailed plans are now being drawn for the repeater stations along this route, and contracts for the construction of the necessary buildings will be let as soon as plans can be put together.

It is expected that in the immediate future CAA will be able to lease cable services from Juneau to Skagway, and ultimately to Whitehorse and Fairbanks, thereby providing a maximum service between Juneau and Fairbanks within the next two or three months. Eventually, of course, this system will tie into VHF from Juneau to Annette Island and thereby permit full coverage over this long route.

Bids have been accepted for the construction of the Whittier and North Dutch repeater stations, and it is expected that the contract will be let shortly. This will provide for full coverage of CAA circuits from Anchorage to Whittier, North Dutch, and ultimately into Cordova via Hinchbrook.

COMMUNICATOR TRAINING (Cont'd from page 1)

They have been assigned to the following stations:

Dorothy M. Brotherton	Yakutat
Stanley F. Brotherton	"
Robert F. Dibble	Gustavus
William A. Fowler	Fairbanks
Walter S. Farker	"
Allen C. Hall	Nakpak
Terrence E. Rossiter	"
Chester E. Sanders	"
Robert L. Sampson	Summit
William H. Goward	Middleton I.
Stanley R. Sacks	Menana

(Continued from page 1)

Friday was spent in further committee meeting, and in the afternoon a general assembly was called. At that time, the various committees submitted their resolutions to the conference as a whole. The committees, together with the chairman, were:

AIR NAVIGATION - W. J. McNight - Supr. Ground & Comm. Sec. (Orient Division)
Northwest Airlines, Minneapolis
AIRWAYS OPERATION - Jack Scavonius - Mt. McKinley Airways, Inc.
AIRPORTS - W. E. Hendrickson - Mayor, Juneau
LEGISLATIVE - Clyde R. Ellis - Mt. McKinley Airways, Inc.
ORGANIZATION - Marshall C. Heppin - Alaska Airlines, Inc.
PERSONAL FLYING DEVELOPMENT - Velma Carr - Jack Carr Service
SAFETY REGULATIONS - George C. Perry - Alaska Airlines, Inc.
WEATHER SERVICES - Daniel Sowa - Northwest Airlines, Anchorage
CIVIL AERONAUTICS BOARD - R. J. Bartoe - Alaska Airlines, Inc.

These committees presented a total of 30 resolutions for consideration of the group attending.



TO ALL COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH PERSONNEL:

It is at this time of the year that we all turn our thoughts and efforts towards the Christmas spirit and lay plans for the coming new year. It is with real, sincere appreciation that we of the Regional Office express to our personnel gratitude for their efforts which have been given to the service the past year. It is known that many obstacles and difficulties arise in your individual assignments, and at times seemingly unconquerable elements interfere with the progress which you desire to make. Alaska's geographical location creates a varied amount of climatic interference to maintenance and engineering personnel, but we are happy to say that to date the progress and achievements that have been made in many cases greatly exceed our expectations.

Our hats are off to those personnel whose duties keep them in extreme isolation, as well as to field crews on field survey work during the cold and rigors peculiar to the far north. It is, however, a great satisfaction to know that the work in which we are now engaged--that of converting our communications system to VHF--will ultimately result in making available a greatly improved service to the aviation public, and it is indeed with pride that we should each one put forth our every effort to accomplish our assignments in the best manner possible, knowing that as public servants we are endeavoring to SERVE to the best of our ability.

May we quote the following poem by Madeline Bridges:

LIFE'S MIRROR

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true,
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need,
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind;
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave.
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

We wish you and your families, one and all, a hearty MERRY CHRISTMAS and
A BRIGHT, PROSPEROUS HAPPY NEW YEAR.

J. H. Tippets

Superintendent, ANF Communications Branch