



**ADMINISTRATOR WRIGHT
VISITS ALASKA**

The Eighth Region recently welcomed Administrator E. P. Wright and five members of his staff. The group arrived Wednesday, June 13, and spent a busy week inspecting the CAA facilities in Alaska and conferring with Eighth Region staff members.

During the course of their visit a 6500 mile tour was made to various points in Alaska, including Atka and Point Barrow. On the morning of June 19 Mr. Wright addressed a large group of CAA employees in the Anchorage High School auditorium and the other Washington officials of his party were introduced. That afternoon they left Anchorage for London and the following day continued to Seattle.

With Mr. Wright were A. S. Koch, Assistant Administrator for Field Operations; E. E. Elmer, Assistant Administrator for Federal Airways; F. M. Lalley, Assistant Administrator for Safety Regulation; A. M. Friel, Assistant Administrator for Business Management; and John Walker, Regional Counsellor.

All members of this region are glad that Mr. Wright was able to make this trip and hope that he will be a frequent visitor to the territory.

**NEWMAN SUCCEEDS SIMONDS
AS EXECUTIVE OFFICER**

The Eighth Region this month lost to the Seventh Region one of its best known members in the person of E. P. (Bugs) Simonds, Administrative Officer. Mr. H. L. Newman is filling the position vacated by Mr. Simonds.

Bugs is one of the real old timers, having served in the Civil Aeronautics Administration and its predecessor agencies since 1923. He started working in the field out of the old Salt Lake City district and was soon transferred to the office where he progressed to Chief of the Accounts Section.

In 1938 he started his westward and northward trek by transferring to the Seventh Region in Seattle in charge of their Accounts Section. The summer of 1939 found Bugs among the very first few CAAs in Alaska as Chief Clerk, helping to establish what we all know now as the Eighth Region. Bugs had much to do with organizing the Region and carrying its functions progressively to the present. As Administrative Officer he has been called upon to handle the trickiest problems that go along with developing our progressive program.

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That pay raise, our favorite rumor for many weeks, is now a confirmed fact. Newspaper articles for the past several months have indicated that some sort of a new deal in salaries would be forthcoming for government employees. We have learned of the final passage of Public Law 390, "Federal Employee's Pay Act of 1946", which was signed by the President May 24, 1946, and is to be effective July first of this year.

The most important changes are:

(1) 14% increase, or \$250 per annum increase (whichever is greater) over the present base pay. The 25% differential will be figured on the new base.

(2) The Base rates for CPC-9 and CPC-10 jobs will be increased.

(3) The 10% night pay differential will apply to any regularly scheduled tour of duty between the hours of 6 p.m. and 6 a.m., including overtime.

(4) Holiday pay will be double the basic pay rate rather than $1\frac{1}{2}$ times the basic pay rate.

This makes a substantial increase in the salary of our per annum employees. Tables are being prepared and an amendment will be issued to circular 8-ALL-4 as soon as the data can be compiled.

Big doings in ATC during the past month as CAA has made preparations to take over towers at various Alaskan points. Veterans with Army or Navy tower experience are being recruited to fill the complements. CAA began operating the tower at Merrill Field on April 15 with J. F. Humphries as Chief Airport Controller and Vivian Lerner, Walter Bear and James Sword as controllers. The Annette Center was converted to a tower on the same date with Elmer Parks as Chief Controller and Max Tyler and Donald Wolfe, late of the armed forces, assisting in keeping the planes from bumping into each other. Bob Graner from Annette Center took over the Fairbanks Tower on May 15, with William Murphy and Earl Reilly, recent arrivals from the States, as controllers.

Many of the old faces at HQ are or soon will be among those missing. Ed Brown left for the 3rd Region on April 20th; Helen Schlotzhauer departed for the 5th Region on June 3rd; and ATC Inspector Homer Lotier is dusting off his road maps in preparation for a transfer to Kansas City via the Alcan. Chief Tillinghast evidently expects to be here for some time as he is planning on building a home on Spenard Road in the near future.

FERRY TRIP OF FIVE L-5'S

On the morning of May 10th, NC 5 headed southeast toward the States. Aboard her were three CAA men who were to assist in ferrying the five L-5G Stinson airplanes from Detroit, Michigan, to Anchorage, Alaska. These were Bill Hanson, Jack Jefford's co-pilot, Jim Pfoffer of Army Air Forces, China Burma India Theater, and more recently of Contracts and Lease, and Virgil Stone of Personal Flying Development.

Gene Gull of General Inspection and Speck Reynolds, mechanic and embryo pilot, the other two who had been selected to act as ferry pilots, had gone to Detroit several weeks earlier. Their first job was to pick up the five planes and the spare parts from the Navy at Willow Run, haul them by truck to Rosulus Airport, and take over the wor-

ries and responsibilities connected with assembling them. Finding all the missing parts, particularly the propellers, is another story, and some day you may be able to get Gene to tell you of his wanderings over the United States to obtain them.

After spending the night and a good share of Saturday morning in Seattle, NC 5 headed eastward for Detroit. She had two distinct missions; one to

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CIVIL AERONAUTICS ADMINISTRATION
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Burleigh Putnam, our Superintendent of Airman, Aircraft and Operations Branch, has been picked for "man of the month" because his record is unique in the history of the CAA. His sincere and diligent efforts to help pilots stay out of trouble, and to help them out when they are in trouble, has made him highly valued in the aviation industry, especially among pilots who are progressive and alert and have cause to know the value of what the Aeronautical Inspectors have to offer them.

Putnam was born in Gauntier, Mississippi, July 9, 1903. He attended high school and junior college in Pasadena, California, graduating in June 1927 after majoring in mathematics. The following year he worked in a bank while learning to fly. "Put" took flight instruction from the Navy at Long Beach, California, flying OUI's, MCO's, and NY's. In addition he has been thru an acrobatic and instrument course given by the CAA at Detroit, Michigan, and Washington, D. C., a multi-engine course at Houston, Texas, and a refresher course at Hagerstown, Maryland.

Put's pilot's license, #20,358, has "all ratings authorized". He has had 4,200 hours in the air. His experiences before joining the CAA led him into cross-country flying in the United States, flying for individuals, crop dusting, and teaching instrument flying in Los Angeles.

Putnam started with the Bureau of Air Commerce in 1937 at Davenport, Iowa, in the 5th District as a Junior Aeronautical Inspector. He came to Alaska in December 1940 and was stationed at Fairbanks until he was made Chief of the General Inspection Branch in July 1941, with headquarters at Anchorage.

Put offers to the flying public technical information, answers questions about all phases of flying, participates in searches for lost pilots, Grim evidence of screwball chance-takers has made him conservative and one of the few pilots with a clear record of no major accidents.

Putnam was married to Florence Stewart in August 1944. They reside in a CAA housing unit in Anchorage. His hobbies are photography and guns.

Hello, everyone. We of Weeks Tower, a new addition to the family of facilities in Alaska, would like to introduce ourselves. I'm Bill Murphy, tower controller, ex-AACS, and an old sourdough of 14 years in Fairbanks before my Army career. I'm Earl Reilly, another controller. I got my tower experience in the Navy out on the "rocks" or, as they are listed, the Aleutians. I hail from Great Falls, Montana. I'm Bob Graner (fooled you, didn't I?...thought there would be another Irishman), chief controller, from Annette Island Center, where I was vacationing for nine months. And I'm??? Yeah? Well, we are wondering who he is too. There is supposed to be a fourth member but as yet neither hide nor hair has been seen of him. We're still hoping.

Weeks Tower came into being May 16. Since then we operators have been busy with "pudlo-jumpers" running a rat race around the traffic pattern and, to make things more interesting, landing and taking off in formation, unknown to either pilot. Fun -- ask Jim Humphries.

Besides studying manuals and cramming for ratings, visibility, and on-the-job exams, the personnel at this station are learning what the birds and bees do in the springtime. A young mother robin has found the Weeks Tower catwalk a choice maternity ward. We're all sweating it out and drawing lots to see who is going to pass out the cigars. The chief controller is at a loss as to what rating he should issue the little fledglings. Maybe the RO can be of assistance.

That is just about it for this time. Will report in next issue who the fourth member of the Weeks Tower will be, if he has arrived by then.

NO MUKLUK IN MAY

One of the "circumstances beyond our control", which are so often referred to when things go wrong, popped up last month and prevented the publication of our Mukluk Telegraph. Consequently, the current issue covers a two months span, and some of the articles were written several weeks ago. We regret that you couldn't read them sooner.

KENAI KORN
or
Ain't It the Truth

Listen, my children, and I shall muse
On the tale of engineers in a station let loose.
It's all very fine when it happens just once,
But woe on the station when it goes on for months.
They come and they look, they wonder and ponder;
Then all of a sudden they tear things asunder.

The first time it happened, we thought it was fun.
They installed the automatic, and then they were done.
We cleaned the place up and polished the floor,
They sat down to enjoy our station once more.
We learned to read tape along with the rest,
And felt that Kenai was "one of the best".

We thought it would last. It couldn't, of course;
And we were quite rightfully filled with remorse,
Somebody must have had terrible dreams --
Poor Kenai was surplus, or to us so it seems.
The engineers came, took us in with a glance,
Then gave us the usual old song and dance.

Off three O three and on three O five,
With a teletype circuit to keep traffic alive,
With air traffic control and interphone line,
Our leisure was over; we had no spare time.
All relaying we did from IQ to the Chain
And vice versa as it came back again.

This time, thought we, they can change it no more;
They've rearranged everything we once had before.
The automatic is idle; its work has been done.
Three O three we don't miss -- it wasn't much fun.
Our traffic is heavy, our contacts increased.
After our famine, this was a feast.

They were at it again, believe it or not.
We discovered that Anchorage was in a tight spot.
KCJ couldn't be copied because of some noise,
So the problem went over to the engineer boys.
An extra receiver went on top of the rack
And again old Kenai was holding the sack.

But that wasn't all, no, not for this time;
They decided that Homer should be put on the line.
They filled up the station with equipment galore,
Leaving about two square feet of the floor.
This disconnected, that one shoved out;
The outcome of all we were beginning to doubt.

Kenai's a has-been; Homer's the place
That has to keep humming to keep in the race.
We've grown and we've shrunk; and now we've been told
That Kenai is definitely out in the cold.
The end of my tale -- a sorry plight --
We are now just a mediocre receiver site!

P. S. It's the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth -- so help me!

NAKNEK, ALASKA
May 8, 1946

Dear Guys and Gals:

Being in a literary mood (a very rare situation), I will attempt a few paras in honour of dear old Kaydee. Just finished the latest edition of Ye Muktel, which probably accounts for the spirit, and judging from the articles therein, I would say that there appears to be quite a few budding young scribes in our midst.

Not being of an adventurous nature, I will stick to conformity and start off in the Who's Who department. I can't recall any recent departures, but we have been doing a little importing. From the Army and the Navy we have recently gained the services and social attributes of Joe and Kitty Kinney, Donald C. Waits (Navy), Fred J. Sheilenerg and Harold E. Griffith (Army), who are going to help us tear out and break down the equipment in the control building. New in the fix-it-up-after-it-has-been-broken-down department are the Wellings, Woody and June. Via the never failing grapevine we are informed that Merle and Bea Drump of Sand Point are inbound. Hurry out, guys, and we will have old home week.

A while back you would have seen, had you walked into the station, various odd-looking creatures running about answering telephones, beating out weather sequences, or pounding out "ts" while they calmly but determinedly wielded the old paint brush. It wouldn't have been so bad at that, but it was so cold out that we couldn't open the windows, so we had to wear gas masks to keep from passing out. Some passed out anyway, but I'm not so sure it was from the fumes. Ahem. It was well worth the trouble, though, as we now have a two-toned paint job on walls and various other objects, which we had not intended to paint in the beginning, but which, due to conditions beyond our control, got painted. Then too, we are about to have a new flooring, and if and when it is laid we will really be in style around here. It looks as tho everybody is stalling on the flooring job, hoping it will get done on somebody else's watch, but sooner or later someone has to break down. I'm still going strong.

Business is pretty good down here, so we have done a little post war expanding. If any of you folks run into a little relay trouble, just give us your traffic and we will get rid of it for you, one

way or another. In fact we've got so many circuits down here that one of the newer communicators (we won't mention any names as it might have happened to anyone) was found relaying traffic thru KODW when we were in direct communication with the stations on three circuits that he didn't know we had. And noise! You never heard such a racket as goes on around here. For example, one day not so long ago we had a power failure, and three operators are still recovering. The doc says they'll be okay, tho they will never be the same.

Referring to an earlier issue, I see where somebody from Naknek proposed some sort of a crazy club for people who like to draw or something like that. Well, we have received a letter from one "Ezzy, the Stuttering Stenog", who has fulfilled nearly all requirements for enrollment in aforementioned organization, and who is requesting her certificate of membership and the official club pin. Well, "Ezzy", we are trying to track down the culprit, and if and when we do, we will see that justice is dealt. Never fear; you shall have your card and pin. So far everyone claims absolute innocence of the matter, but we're hoping to run across a hot clue any day now. We might add that the drawings were very clever and were posted for all to enjoy.

Well, I am snowed now, so I will bring this to a close as quickly and quietly as possible and head for the bunk. This noise is killing me. 73's.

EULEN WIES
WITH LUCKY 40

Some of you people here in Anchorage may have thought it was raining that Sunday in May, but not Mr. Eulen. Everything looked so bright to him that he needed dark glasses! The little trick was not accomplished by the aid of mirrors, but was brought about by the tripping of the tripod at Hanana at exactly 40 minutes after. It didn't matter what it was after because Mr. Eulen's speciality was minute pools.

We haven't learned exactly how much wealthier a man he is because of his good luck, but we do know he cinched two office pools, one for \$300 and the other for a measly \$60. And there were others.

There isn't a bit of truth to the rumor that Mr. Eulen is retiring and leaving the Territory!

BETHEL FLOOD
A. E. Horning

(Editor's note: Al Horning, Chief of the ANF Planning and Control Staff, and Herb Enberg, Chief of the Aircraft Service Section, were the first ones from the RO to arrive at Bethel after the spring break-up of the Kuskokwim flooded that settlement and the CAA installations across the river. We asked Al to write an eye-witness account of the flood as he saw it when he flew our Douglas amphibian to the scene to help in the rescue work. A number of people throughout the territory will remember that one year earlier, to the very day, they were flown from submerged Galena to McGrath or Ruby by Horning and the faithful duck, who are always on hand when there's too much water in the wrong place. You'll find a report on the damage done by the Bethel flood in the article from the P & S Construction Division on page 7.)

Early on the morning of Sunday, May 26, Bethel suddenly changed its classification from a Class III airport to a Class I seaplane facility, barring a few floating Yak huts, oil storage tanks, drums, and a good share of the winter's accumulation of ice.

After having been kept regularly advised by HQ throughout the night as to progress of things, I couldn't go back to sleep after the 3 a.m. call and decided to unloader the trusty old duck NO 66 and take with me "Impetuous", being of an unselfish nature and so not wishing to hog the enjoyment of an early flight on a beautiful morning, I got Enberg out of the sack to go along. Anyway, he gets tired of flying a desk, too.

Not knowing just what we would get into at Bethel, we landed at Aniak to get a little more gas. All the way down the river from Aniak we began to think maybe we had dreamed the whole thing, as there wasn't a speck of ice in the whole Kuskokwim. However, as we came around the last bend above Bethel, we saw what they meant. The ice was jammed solid from about opposite the range station on down by the field and the town to the "steamboat island". Then there was an open space for three or four miles and from there on as far down river as one could see, the ice was solid.

at Shemya had made several trips from Anchorage with four 500 pound bombs and succeeded in breaking the jam temporarily each time. However, the ice jammed again each time in the period during which the bomber had to return to Anchorage to reload. Each succeeding jam raised the water level a little more so that when we arrived about 3:30 Monday morning the entire field was covered, water was just up to the floors of the range and CT buildings and about six inches below the floors in the regular quarters buildings. The range road was washed out in a dozen places, and about a mile of the power and control line from the quarters upriver was gone.

We landed on the city field first to find out how many people had been evacuated from the station the night before. In town, we had to row to the roadhouse, which was luckily built on nine foot pilings. All of the homes in the center portion of town were flooded and everyone lost their wood and empty and full oil drums. The water just reached the floor of the HC store.

Having found that all the CAA people were still at the station, we took off again and landed in a slough at the range end of runway 30. We then taxied up in the willows at the edge of a borrow pit and awaited developments. We soon saw three of the gang coming in a skiff and outboard, dodging floating debris, ice and antenna wires as they came straight thru the remote receiving site. After a "meeting" we decided it would be best to get all the women and children out of there, for while they were still comfortable in the quarters, they had no water (where they needed it) and there was still a possibility that the pack ice might move across the field and take the houses with it.

The fellows returned to the quarters and broke out an additional boat. Incidentally, both the boats had just been finished the day before and their paint was still damp. All the gals and kids were ferried to the old duck in three or four loads, and the old gal jumped out of the slough and delivered the whole kit and kaboodle on the city field in fine style. There they were processed out to the USIO hospital, the mission and the Snows.

An Army B-24 of the 404th Bomb Group

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The construction activities have greatly increased in the past 30 days owing to the fact that contracts have been awarded to R. H. Stock and Grove Construction Company for reconversion work at Haknek and to Butcher Brothers for completing the relocation of the quarters buildings at Galena. Engineer Kellner has been reassigned from Cordova to the Haknek project. Engineer Walsh has been assigned as the Cordova Resident Engineer. Engineer Grainger is acting Station Manager at Galena and will also pinch hit as Resident Engineer until further assistance can be given him.

Another new project started recently is the VHF station on Sisters Island, which will become a part of the VHF link between Juneau and Gustavus. Engineers Wilkins and Leighton have been assigned to carry on this project to its completion.

The seal coating job at Juneau will be completed in the very near future, since two or three good warm days are all that is required to allow the final work to be performed. As yet, seal coating operations have not started at Cordova, but it is believed that they will go forward in the very near future.

Engineer Kelly at Petersburg has the major portion of the work completed, which consisted of clearing and grading the SBRA site. The only work left to be performed is the erection of the SBRA towers and the transmitter building.

Engineer Reiten at Yakutat and Engineer Howard at Annette Island have their reconversion jobs well under way and are making excellent progress, even though materials for the jobs have to be salvaged and their mess hall operations take up at least 60% of their time.

Engineer Ned Nelson is giving the finishing touches to the dormitory and new quarters building at Unalakleet. He advises that this work will be completed in the very near future.

BETHEL FLOODED

Bethel has experienced a flood which completely covered the island on which our installations are constructed. Old timers in the country say that they do

not remember a time when the water was as high as this year. In general, there was about three feet of water over the entire area. However, only four of the Alaska type quarters buildings had water on their floors. The floors of the other five quarters buildings were dry owing to the fact that the elevation happened to be two or three inches higher. The converted Yak huts, built directly on the ground, had approximately two feet of water over their floors.

The flood caused considerable damage to all of the facilities, and a percentage of the damage is as follows: Power and control line, 30%; antenna at CT and remote receiver sites, 30%; road to CT and SBRA sites, 75%; sewer and water systems, 40%; airport, 15%; and quarters area, 10%.

Estimates are now being prepared which will be used to request funds from Washington for rebuilding the Bethel facility back to its condition prior to the flood. We now have a crew of approximately ten or twelve men at Bethel under the direction of Engineer Humphries, who are assisting the NTIC in getting the station back on the air. In general, they are cleaning the silt from the quarters area, repairing the sewer and water systems and power and control lines. Fortunately the runways received very slight damage, allowing operation of aircraft at this time. However, our estimate for repairing flood damage includes an item for repairing runways as well as putting a new top over the paved surfaces.

BETHEL FLOOD

(Continued from page 6)

We remained overnight at Bethel to await further need for us, but by morning the whole ice pack had moved miles downriver and the water level had dropped about two feet. We landed in the river by the quarters and talked to the gang about damage, getting back on the air, etc., and then hi-balled for home.

So now there's a dozen or so more folks, besides last year's Galena gang, that agree with the writer that MC 25 is a grand old lady, even if she has one foot in the surplus grave.

What with break-up commencing and spring in sight, we had best emerge from our hibernating and inform you that there is still such a place as Kotzebue on the map. It will certainly be wonderful to again see something besides the ever present snow and ice as far as the eye can see. I even believe our skis and toboggan will accept the rest with a sigh of relief.

KP is finally on that long-talked-about 48 hour week. Present personnel: CAC Bob Halbasch and wife Dorothy, Ed Ward and Howard Engel, the latter two being Army discharges and seemingly well acclimatized by now. Our man with all the worries -- that could be none other than RMS Joe Gerth, formerly at Nome --- is finding all those little things that cause gray-edges to be painfully existent this time of year, what with frozen water pipes, etc. Just the other day, a stranger presented himself to Joe, and Joe's first retort was "What is your trouble?" so it only proves that Joe is getting onto the RMS duties but fast.

For the benefit of any personnel that may be located at KP in the future, we would like to straighten out a little misleading information. It has been told many times that KP is honored with school and hospital facilities but, to the dismay of several, that is not the whole truth. The school is set up for the use of the Eskimo and the hospital, altho a great asset, is not for white people. Whites are gladly given minor medical attention but cannot be hospitalized unless a dire emergency exists. We are only passing this along for what it is worth, but know that several here would have been saved lots of trouble had they known in advance just what to expect.

We have enjoyed the bi-monthly Eskimo dances typical of this and other northern "metropolises". All CAA and WBO gals have adapted themselves to the packed throb of the drums and now can swing and sway with the best of the natives -- or at least we think so. The Eskimo as well as the whites are very happy when the gals consent to show their agility. We have also learned one Eskimo love song which is received with much giggling among the natives - sounds as tho it would be smart to learn the "white" version of it to see just what

the heck we are singing. Who knows? It may be something that wouldn't be accepted in the better circles.....?

After conferring with the latest NCAA on bids and the article from Northway, the Gulleys are apparently persuaded to try other good parts of Alaska. Congrats to you, Marge and Carl. As some persons at RL know, they will be receiving grand people -- partly 'cause they are from LX huh QQ. Speaking of Missoula personnel in Alaska, we were able to recall quite a number -- Hazel and Frank Smith at RL, Marge and Carl Guley at CE, Louise and Ben Gates at KG, Marge and Dick Eddy at HQ, Viv and Marsh Hoy formerly at YO, Anna and Joe Stevens formerly at JP, and lastly the Halbaschs at KP. Guess I had better refrain from further tabulation as I may be starting a small riot.

In respect to our Shungnak (tie-in) station: Jeanne and Dick Collins are enjoying a long dreamed of vacation in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and word just received from them verifies that. They report that they will be flying an L-5 (NC57793) back to their abode at NL, with Collins Inc. as pilots. Which all but leaves us just a "traffic" bin envious of their accomplishments. Urnie Beach, Eric at NL, including a fine bit of making in their absence, what with being RMS, CAC, Mechanic and all combined. He never fails us on his schedules.

To go to good old ZZ. Mary is the time we wish to have been back there with all the growling bears (just four legged ones) and the dirty old trees. We have yet to see even a good sized bush.

We often receive slight QRM from operations on 304, but it certainly sounds good to hear all the old familiar voices once again. Unless my ears deceive me, Lieses' are still haunting KA, along with those of Kenry Jordan and Kenny Woods' at VY...., George Sink and Swim at RL. It gives us a bad time having to check ourselves everytime we hear someone call ZZ. Just about another from way up here. Also looks as tho Doc Finogind is just plain stuck on that vicinity's weather....HQ, VY, and RL KA. Good luck, Bob, and we'll go so far as to say that we (inc) really miss

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Being now at practically everything from communicating to writing this I have no idea how long it's been since a...drivel V VN desecrated these pages. After reading back issues of Muktol, I can only agree with one successful author that a good way to start is with personal changes. As VN is now suffering from nearly an entire change of scene, there is all the more reason for starting in that way.

Monarch of all he surveys, otherwise known as CAC, is "Whitey" Machin, formerly of JD, New Awlins, Loosiana, and South America. Second in command is the Hermit of Haines, Cliff Anderson, who greeted the army when they landed to found Chilkoot Barracks. His wife Norma recently retired from the ranks of CAA. Bringing up the rear, far far to the rear, smothered under a pile of imperfect tapes, falling barometers, wind shifts and discrepancy reports, are the embryo accoms, Carl and Lois Shute. The instructors at the Seattle Training Center, Hawley, Okerlund and Hollingsworth (no doubt remembered by many Clatimers), neglected to inform the Shutes, who are remnants of Class Thirteen (brother), of the workings of the CAA Gestapo and their little greetings, so when the discrepancy reports started rolling in, Mr. Shute was happily papering his bathroom with them, even while wondering at the new design in wallpaper, when he was informed that they had to be returned. Lois, on her first watch alone, tried unsuccessfully for 15 minutes to contact a plane that passed overhead until Whitey, taking pity on her blissful ignorance, informed her that we did not accept progress reports from passing buzzards.

Incidentally, Mr. Hawley is no longer with the Training Center, having been transferred to c/o Postmaster, Somewhere in Montana. Hollingsworth is still waiting for his transfer to Walla Walla to become effective, and Mr. Okerlund has not yet lost his remarkable ability to look busy while doing nothing.

MTIC at present is Bertram Hackenberger, formerly of Bethel. Between pawns, he is engaged in a mental project to unstopple the drain in house number 3. So far no one has had the heart to tell him that the house and tank are at 258 and 265 feet msl respectively. Assisting "Elok" in this mighty enterprise is another embryo, Norton Sorrels, former

GI and, before that, of an old line Haines family, immigrants to this holy land many years ago.

The departures of Erac Lila Jones and Moken Isak Jensen for EQ were occasions calling for festivities, even as our tears flowed like the wine used in bidding them bon voyage.

Ah, Spring has sprung, to coin a phrase, and "Whitey" and "Hack" are busier than Izaak Walton ever hoped to be, renovating fishing gear. Hack, having recently acquired a 17 foot boat, has already developed blisters and a rolling walk and is busy battening the hatches, furling the mainsail and nailing things to the bulkhead in the station. Whitey, spurning boats as an invention of the devil (and anyway, he can't find one), is in the process of constructing a catapult to hurl his line far from shore. On the initial run of the "Atomic Fly Caster" he failed to follow his own instructions and the line remained on shore and Whitey had to swim 300 yards to find out what he had done wrong.

How Cliff manages to utilize his day off now that VN is on a 103 hour week, no one knows as he now resides in the city of Haines. Cliff assures one and all that it is merely coincidence that his new apartment is over the Northern Lights Bar.

The Shutes, on evening and mid watch, are still wondering how to find time to do more than say hello as they pass each other on the way to and from work.

There was once a flea on a dog's tail that took up a heading of 130 degrees while the dog was on a heading of 360 degrees. The flea kept walking until he finally came to the end.

Haines-so

KCTZBBW

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working with the old gang on 304. Was fast and furious for a while - remember?

Enough said for now. Will close by saying we have really enjoyed the issues of Mukluk. The items of personnel welfare are of equal interest, due to lack of newspapers and decent radio reception. Keep them coming. (See the Pote soon, we hope. Bet WK does too.)

CLIPPINGS FROM FM
(NORTHWAY)

April 29, 1946

Glancing hastily away from the clock and at the calendar, we find it is again time to exercise our typing finger. It seems the best way to do this is to itemize events.

ARRIVALS AT FM:

Chuck Hanas, Observer for the WB, vet from Uncle Sugar; wife to follow shortly after Chuck becomes a father.

Mrs. James Sadler, wife of our genial SGM, up from Uncle also.

Alice and Cliff Aahl, Accoms down from FX to occupy the void left by the Larsons.

DEPARTURES:

Cliff Holden, relief MTIC, departed for HQ by way of FX, but wound up at QJ still by way of FX.

That's all except that one Rosie Geiger of the WB took a little Annual and went to FX to get hitched. She's now Mrs. Funkhouser, and we look forward to the possibility of getting a new operator in Mr. Funkhouser some day soon.

NOW TO THE STATION:

This boy Cliff Aahl has energy to burn (fire drill details later). So we've taken advantage of that energy and his good nature to give the control station the once-over -- mop, wax, wash windows, take down storm windows and put up screens. All in a day's work when Cliff is around. Really looks pretty snappy.

This Cliff Holden had some of the same when it came to energy, and our control station really got a thorough reorganization while he was explaining teletype maintenance to MTIC Sargent and E. McDonald. We now have a push-button cabinet for the teletypes just like the other big stations. So far all we've done is push buttons to switch printers and t/ds from one circuit to another, but we wouldn't be too surprised if some one of those little white buttons tunes us in to KFAR one of these days. This technical stuff is surely wonderful, isn't it? Oh yes, and the printers are all rewired, and we can move them any place we want to within cord limits, for cleaning or just to rearrange the furniture -- some fun.

Then Smith, acting, acted like a carpenter and sawed down our traffic rack a little and painted it up in dull black to match the machines. Of course, all but one of our RCKs are out someplace getting reorganized too, so we have some of the grey super-pros in the black racks, sort of mutilating the color scheme. But we are assured that that is an "impermanent installation" (rumor has it that "temporary set-up" has been copyrighted). When we mopped, we found out that the floor isn't black either, but a sort of brick red, and doesn't harmonize at all. We're broadminded, though, and even tolerate teletype paper in the station.

AWAY FROM THE STATION
AND INTO COMMUNITY DOINGS:

MTIC George Sargent called for and received a fine turnout for a meeting of all local residents to talk things over. We hailed Nels Lindstrom as the newly elected member of the Housing Committee, appointed a Commissary Committee (Cliff "Piggly Wiggly" Aahl, chairman, and Bob Werlein and Lyra Nelson assisting), and boy! what action! The Annual Requisition was in the mail the day the office wanted it in the mail. Much other commissary discussion brought out some fine ideas and more action has already resulted. My, my! Housing, being non-existent, was brushed aside, and inventory ways and means were discussed with the idea of getting our quarters up to standard. A playground for our seeds of kids was suggested, and we were assured of favorable action as soon as King Mud was dethroned.

Gardening came in for its share of attention, with Sargent and Aahl holding forth as the most experienced and successful truck farmers. Several citizens already have plants going inside and we plan a rather large community plot somewhere near the quarters area.

Then Sargent presented the gang with a case of beer, and the Housing Committee and WB OIC, Gardner, convened in a handy corner to discuss fire prevention and fighting. This little group discussion has already resulted in an educational program and practically every male member of the community has learned to hook up and control the skiny

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CLIPPINGS FROM FM
(Continued from page 10)

red pumper truck which we inherited from the Army. All fire fighting equipment has been gone over thoroughly and the personnel instructed in its use. In short, we have an extremely efficient set-up now for fire fighting, and with the Army crew here backing us up in case of real trouble, it'll take a mighty fine fire to get very far.

Snow is practically gone around the quarters area and our asphalt walks and roads are in pretty good shape -- thanks to Johnny Manning's excellent work of last summer. Understand John is engineering down JE way this spring and want him to know that his landscaping has almost completely licked the mud problem here. Of course, the kids still find what mud there is, but they were with him last summer every hour of every day, so they should know where it is. Hi, Joan,

NOW FOR SOCIAL LIFE:

Life goes on about the same, with many poker parties, dinners, hen parties, etc. dotting the calendar, with an occasional big bust down at the club. One of these recently featured six RCAF officers and a couple DOT (Canadian CAA) men who came up the highway from Snag, Yukon Territory, to pay us a visit. Led by Lieutenant "Ball on Weekdays, William on Sundays" Warwick, the Canadians almost overwhelmed us with gratitude for the fun they had had and we didn't have much chance to tell them how much we enjoyed having them. It was one of the finest parties ever held in these parts, and we still smile at the oft repeated "Damn nice chaps, those Yanks". Been trying to figure out over since just what kind of chaps "these Yanks" were expected to be. Aside from the purely festive aspects of the visit was the fund of interesting experiences recounted by the RCAF men. They had been, most of them, on the Battle of Britain, and some of them in the Spanish Civil War, so we had some real first-hand war news and received some interesting sidelights on the political and economic philosophy of our near neighbors. But mainly, we had fun.

Well, that's about all except to mention that McK Wals' Landsman is the proud possessor of a Dodge sedan of slightly prewar vintage. Wals put in a lot of blood, sweat and gears on the buggy, but it runs like a top now and we

are looking forward to some bright check-down the highway when the grayling streams open up. Good deal, and gosh, it's fun to again ride in a vehicle that was designed to carry people.

June 1946

With the coming summer Northway plans to be the metropolis of all produce centers. We have a lot-house, with plenty of plants for all Sager-Beavers, which will give every table the choicest vegetables this summer. Our MTC, George Sargent, is in the act of getting the ground dug, and soon we will not have to wait for foreign shipments. The coming fall promises to furnish an abundance of wild game to all those who will walk to the end of the runway.

Now that the courting season has come to an end (Apple-Grannan) the station has once more returned to normal operation, Henry remembering to put his shoes on before coming to work and Pauline reporting a higher ceiling.

Our little log church was dusted off and under the guidance of Dorothy Sargent, Ruth Kerlein and Rosie Pughouser a non-sectarian Sunday School was organized for the ever growing younger population. A Mother's Day program was held with all children participating. With the attendance record established it is seen to hold the community's wholehearted support.

Last week we received a welcome visitor. With the approval of Vince Lucille Soccer came to look over the old stamping grounds. After a short visit "Goldie" returned to FX after receiving a dispatch from Vince saying the sink was full of dishes and requesting what he should do next. She promises to bring the master of the house along next time.

Hazel Smith was surprised on coming over to the Aahl-Apple residence to find that she had aged one more year and that a birthday dinner was in the offing for "Maw" Smith. After the usual short course of life necessities the heavier food was prepared. Following a hearty meal given by "Blanche" Aahl, "Stunner" Mike endeavored to live up to his name and part his friends from their shoulders. After several attempts of clearing his vision through watered glasses by Dr. Aahl and Frank Smith, "Mike the Link"

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LINK TRAINING

It must be the season of the year, for this always has been the goofy time, as witness the young man whose fancy turns to thoughts of love -- a goofy business at best -- in the Spring. So, the season fitting the project, we indicate our willingness to give up the best part of these sunny afternoons in learning to "fly" the Idiot Machine.

The preliminaries having been arranged, we arrive on the scene on schedule. That is, in our eagerness to make a hit with the hard-boiled instructor, we wait in the hall for 12 minutes so we may make our entry with dignity and be EXACTLY on time, but something slipped. Sure enough, there is this stubby-looking, blue contraption, vaguely resembling a saved-off airplane with a hood over the works, but no instructor. We peer cautiously around, look in the adjoining room and return to the first choice, but no instructor. However, there is a beautiful young girl seated at the desk, so we seize the opportunity to start something, but she beats us to it.

"Are you Mr. Whoofsus?" she says and, identity acknowledged, jumps up and skits over to the machine. "All ready for you," says she, "Now climb right in. No-no. The other foot first. There you have it. HMMMMMM. Did you ever do this before? Well, maybe we ought to start right from the beginning. This is the artificial horizon that on the pyra-
m... of the climb indicator that is the air speed and you must never let it get below 110 as it falls off at 100 this is the rate of climb indicator is all that clear?" "...Ah...ummm...uh..." "That's fine. Now turn on the switch." Silence. "Turn on the switch." She does it. "Now keep the engine speed about here," she says, above the horrid roar which appeared with the turning of the switch. "Lower the hood, climb to 200 and level off."

We were, at one time, initiated into a forgotten secret society, in which one crossed the burning sands, consisting of 20 feet of electrically charged wires, and the stopping was inclined to be acrobatic, but nothing, absolutely nothing, compared to the stopping that blasted, blue Link thing does on the way "up to 500". We slip, skid, roll, spin, dive, fall off, fall on, do barrel rolls, stalls and phlip-phlops. At intervals a

voice makes some suggestion, which we are too preoccupied to catch. However, after performing all the stunts known up to then, and moving every movable gadget within reach, both singly and in pairs, movement suddenly stops and we realize, with a glad feeling, that although we have not "leveled off at 500 feet", we really have leveled off! We steal a cautious, quick glance at the instruments. The artificial horizon seems all out of whack. What do you suppose one does about that? But look! The air speed, right at 110! The stick, you idiot, shove 'er forward, HARD -- and with a hump-backed grunt (we rode broncs at one time) the air speed goes crazy and we are off again. After a shorter time, the Thing is nearly level again and we hear a sigh...."That's all for today. Raise the hood," which we do.

After the room stops spinning, we observe a number of Low Characters hard by, all of whom seem to be thinking happy thoughts and making witty remarks to each other. We warily move over to the desk, sign the receipt for our life, thank the beautiful girl and leave, wondering what in the world induced us to give up the case of a swivel chair..... for THIS!

CONTINUED FROM PM
(Continued from page 11)

was chosen the winner and he quickly gathered up his fish skins and everyone scattered home.

The boys gathered at the home of the Whites to prepare Maudie White (member of the team too) with numerous gifts fitting for a baby shower. A boisterous evening of parlor games concluded the event and all departed, wishing the best of tidings to the Whites.

Now that the trapping season has come to an end the local mousers are counting their skins. We must admit that the M has out-walked the Communications Division, but then there is another year coming. After viewing the Morgenthau lettuce the boys declared, Frank says that he is going to give his heart and soul into his trapping next year and double his outlay of traps -- next year he plans to own two.

Well, to all you guys and gals from out there we send our warmest greetings from Frank and Hazel Smith, Alice and Cliff Aahl, Roy Nelson and the big Apple.

THROUGH THE SWITCHBOARD WITH BUDGET:

"Budget Office...Winnie? - No, she just stepped out. May I help you?... What job number?...Oh, 3349.....What station?...095? -- That's Sand Point. What number did you say that job was? Oh, you don't know what the job number is....What does he do?....He's a mechanic?...Oh -- you've got the wrong job; that one is at Bettles....Better wait 'til Winnie comes back and bring down your 64."

WILLI-WAW'S IN JURE? WE'VE GOT 'EM! WHERE? BUDGET OFFICE! IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, SEE THE BUDGET CREW IN OUR CURRENT FLAT SPIN.....

The Watsons now have their greenhouse complete. Get your order in early for cucumbers, tomatoes, lettuce, celery and mushrooms for those big, thick, juicy TEXAS STEAKS.

Winnie will be leaving the CAA June 14, after 5 years of trial and tribulation. Seems as though the Master's Voice has spoken -- from Valdez. Vivian W. Morris from Engineering Data will take over in Budget when Winnie leaves.

CONTACTS FROM CONTRACTS:

Most popular guest in Contract and Procurement is the smiling son of Robert Bacon -- Bob Jr. At the tender age of four months, he has already won the hearts of all who know him, including camera addict Vern Jacobson, who snapped the future executive in action at "Pop's" desk. Secretary Margaret Silliman comments that he can dictate to her anytime.

The C & P Personality Girl, Marguerite Pomeroy, has abandoned her position for the fishing grounds. Pat Springer is replacing her as secretary to Mr. Fowler. Estelle Casler of Purchasing is another gal to desert the ranks. Spring is really catching around the place.

Add Lou Jones to the list of home-builders. The entire Jones family is out every night at their site on Firewood Lane, peeling logs, hammering nails and stacking lumber. Lou graciously invites all and sundry to drop by and help the cause.

Not to be outdone by Elsie Rich, who is back on the job after an appendectomy, Betty Isbill said farewell as she left to undergo an operation. Everyone is glad to have Elsie back and hopes Betty will not stay away long.

A busy person these days is Lila Potts, Traffic Unit Chief, who is doing the work of that office singlehanded, what with illness and resignations taking their toll.

ACCOUNT FROM ACCOUNTS:

Main diversion of Accounts people these days is catching up on annual leave in Seattle. Glenn Bullock, Adelle Pollard and Estelle Cole are back at their desks after visits to the States; Betty Handy and Hank Lally are Outside now; and eagerly anticipating her turn next month is Marjorie Jencks. 'Twill be Marge's first visit home in two years.

Accountants and other friends around the office wish a speedy recovery to Hank Lally, who is still in a Portland, Oregon, hospital following an operation on April 15th.

New employees in Accounts include Elvera Thorne from Denver, Louise Biere from Philadelphia, Beth Weisgram from Oakland, and Matilda Brunelle, who spent last year teaching in the Anchorage schools.

PROPS FROM PROPERTY:

Property has lost the services of Houston Alexander, on detail from Plant and Structures, who has resigned to accept employment in private industry. The CAA is losing a valuable man and one hard to replace.

Anchorage employees attempted to buy out the Commissary during the week ending May 3, when the new ruling from Washington went into effect. No more sales to Anchorage employees unless the Regional Administrator determines that an emergency exists, and then only sales of critical items for cash. We in EQ will miss dear old Commissary, but the Great White Father has spoken.

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April 1946

This, my first attempt at composing, is being written under protest.

Seems as though it's been a long time since FX entered the MUKLUKTEL sequence, so here's the latest.

First off, we have a bunch of new personnel arrivals, a few departures, and also a few position reports on old-timers.

Mostly Army, Navy, and one lone Marine in the arrival department. On evening watch we have Carl Rhoads, formerly Navy and GAA, now supervisor. Carl has, and I quote, "the watch well treated". Youngie McDaniel, ex-Navy, is still the supervisor on mids. George Strawn, ex-Navy, is on mids. Charles Cochran, newly arrived and ex-Navy, works evenings. That lone Marine mentioned is Wm. Ellis, also working evenings. Getting around to the ex-khaki-ed gang, we have Bob Hoffman, formerly AGS, Ed Babcock, Homer Smith, Manley (Art's) Harry Jenkins, Jr. were all formerly AGS (that's a part that works with the Army). Also newly arrived are Joe Newton, ex-ACS, and his wife Elinor. Forgot to mention Hale Marshall, ex-Army, ex-cowboy, and his wife, who is secretary to our Chief. The Chief, by the way, is now Vincent Speer from Northway. All of us here are mighty happy to have him and his wife. They brought the dog along too, and it's a beauty.

DEPARTURES: A few months ago we lost the services of Keith and Jacoba Carter; they took to Middleton Island. Hope they came thru the tidal wave undrowned. Clarence Doezman, ex-Navy, bid us farewell this week. We lose the Aahl family, Cliff and Alice, to Northway this weekend. Northway's gain is our loss. Personality and talent aplenty in the Aahl family.

HOPEFUL DEPARTURE: Bert Seiver, Assistant Chief Communicator, with ambition to transfer to the Sixth Region. "Bert" is quite a valuable man in this locality. He's ace operator, ace chief, ace coacher, ace truck driver and janitor.

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The warehouse has undergone a reduction in force recently, due to shortage of funds from which some of our time sheet labor was paid.

FROM SEATTLE WAY:

The Alaska Supply Section in Seattle has been hard hit in recent months. From priorities to steel strikes, to lumber strikes to shipping tie-ups, to coal strikes, and looking forward to a long-shoremen's strike in the future. It's a wonder they have been able to take care of our needs as well as they have, and to you in SA we want to say "Thanks for the past and keep up the good work in the future." To add insult to injury, they have been given their eviction notice and are now moving to a new location.

UP MAIL AND FILES WAY:

Several new faces have appeared in Mail and Files and Mimeograph in recent months. Two new arrivals are the Morgan sisters -- Kay, whom Regional Office personnel will be seeing as one of the messengers, and Diane, who turns out "hay" like the Mukluk on her trusty mimeograph. Another mimeographer is Millie Wilquet, who joined the ranks a short time before Diane.

Little Helen Holton's smile will be missed throughout the building when she switches from messengering to filing.

Helen Blomquist became the bride of Dean Berry on March 31, 1946. Address her as Mrs. Berry, if you please -- she says she likes the sound of it.

Wonder if that long bicycle ride from Falmer a couple of weeks ago could be the real reason Rose Loman resigned. Annetto Fodness seems to have weathered it OK, however. Did you say you were going to do it again, Annetto?

After the resignation of Stella Stall, Harriet Schaeffer was appointed as Chief of the Mail and Files Unit -- and we think she's done a swell job, too.

Well -- gotta get this thing into

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All who have ever had occasion to deal with Buggs officially know his energetic, efficient and good-natured approach to problems. Those who know him and his family personally will remember them as people with whom it is a pleasure to associate.

Mr. Newman, our new Executive Officer, comes to the Eighth Region from the Washington Office, where he has been on duty since his return from the Army. He was in England 23 months with the Eighth Air Force, 20 months of this time being spent as Flying Control Officer for the Fourth Fighter Group of the Eighth Air Force Fighter Command.

Mr. Newman and his wife arrived on MC 14 on May 15, and he is looking forward to carrying on the good work that Mr. Simonds did during his stay with us.

The entire region wishes Mr. Simonds the best of success in his new assignment in the Seventh Region and welcomes Mr. Newman to the Alaska family of the CEMO.

print so someone else can read it. So back to the smell of ink and the roar of the machines -- the Lulluk must go on.

FORMER GAA GIRL TAKEN BY DEATH:

It will be the duty of the Office Service Section to inject a note of sadness into this issue of the Lulluk. Our former Chief of Mail and Files, Stella Stall, was forced to resign last February to rush to her daughter, Stella May, who was critically ill in a Seattle hospital. Stella May, who worked in the Regional Office until her marriage a few months ago, passed away on May 4th.

Just seventeen, she surely upheld the statement that "the good die young". Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to her mother and her young husband.

Both Stella and Stella May were well liked by everyone in the organization with whom they had contact, and through their kindness, generosity and cooperation gained many close friends in Anchorage.

SLOP FROM THE CLENA SLOUGH (Continued from page 14)

tor. We believe he has as much chance of transferring as a Piper Cub caught in a tail wind trying to pull into a field it just passed.

FX received a nice long letter from Bill Chandler, former TM operator. He is trying for a transfer from Seattle to Minneapolis. Doing fine in Seattle, writes he.

Guess the biggest morale builder at this station is the recently acquired coke machine and its "pause that refreshes". With the profits, we hope to throw a you-know-what this summer. CEMO note: This station is not responsible for strange doings on any circuit the day after the you-know-what.

Who has become so fond of the B manuals that they now carry all revisions around in their lunch box while supervisors and communicators hunt frantically for them?

Rumor has it that in the ranks of the Airways Staff is a budding detective. In his efforts to display his talents he has repeatedly found an interesting looking set of fingerprints, dusted and studied them, only to discover they were his own!

Have any of you lucky people seen the latest thing in the line of teletype rooms? If you haven't, come to FX, where the machines are all situated on little stands that bring them to a height that makes the tall people kneel and the shorties stretch in order to reach the keyboards. Efficiency personified, that's us!

Will cut this short before I get a paper bill from Uncle. If I ever write again, will write stories and gossip of people here. This is just an attempt at letting other stations know that we do exist here at FX. S'long, you happy people.

Hot Shot Larry

May 1946

To all those interior non-believers: great thing happened quite recently. It is said the sun appeared for two consecutive days, during which time no rain was seen. This phenomenon, however, was not looked upon with joy by the Daywatch, who withdrew behind their blinds like moles, shunning said sunshine....Are you kidding?

Want to send greetings and salutations to all our northern friends who have been putting the bee on us Southeasterners for some news of the banana-belt. Sorry not to have been able to contrail to the Telegraph more often, but as the saying goes, Work, Work (and a shortage of personnel). I can just hear the gang saying, "Oh come now, that's not the sort of excuse we can accept!" So maybe it's better to say just "No excuse".....

Since we have had a moderate size turnover in station personnel (not like HQ; we said moderate), believe introductions are in order at this time. New arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. William Marks, Mr. and Mrs. William Decker, Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Harbo, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Davis, and our perennial ERAC, Evadna Griffith. So as you can see, we are a growing little community. Note the husbands are the communicators in the above combinations. The wives just came along to see the territory, so I'm told. All of the boys are ex-servicemen and fine operators, as our good friends "those men" and our fellow southeastern stations can vouch for. To complete our Operations staff we have Kenneth Wood, Kenneth Jordan, Joseph McFarland, John Lee and Albert Wood. We didn't mention Al "Tommy" Wood as a new arrival as he is one of our old timers, having arrived way back in November. Rounding up the gang we have Bob Finegold, our CAC, who I also considered an old timer, having rounded out a year last January.

We have been having trouble with Mrs. Wood. She insists on traveling around the country, with a toothache as the excuse. So far, she has traveled to Juneau, to Anchorage, and is now in the Stateside region of Seattle. But, no kidding, she has gone outside for emergency dental treatment, and Ken has gone to Seattle to bring her and son back.

Our CAC's wife, Mrs. Finegold, and son Richard departed recently for State-

side, Chicago to be exact, there to await the expected arrival of a new little CAC'er. Bob expects to depart for Chicago about June 15th to be with them, and soak up some of that mid-western sunshine before returning to VY (so he says).

Flash as we go to press: The grapevine, KCA18 style, just announced the news. Bob Finegold is trading the liquid sunshine of VY for the City of Cordova. That isn't a fair trade; think you're getting the best of the deal, Bob. Anyhow, best of luck in your new assignment. Will be looking forward to hearing all about KA.

Let us extend greetings to our newly selected CAC, Mr. Fringle, and hope he likes liquid sunshine....I mean, hope he likes it here, and that his stay is long and enjoyable. Also, welcome to our newly selected ACCOM's, Blackburn and Spencer. We extend the hand of friendship to you both.

As for operations, circuits, equipment and the like, you should see this maze of...this network of....this amount of new circuits of VY is getting. What with 454, 458 -- no, I did not say 4-5-6 -- we have been pretty busy these days. Yes, even able to QSO KCJ direct now; that's the newest and the bestest of them all. No wonder our able CAC has been seen eagerly calling KCJ KCJ hi OP OP and breaking out in those rare smiles when KCJ says K. And another record goes on the books when Yakutat delivers a NAVY psn rpt within 2 mins of etc. (RO take note.) Betcha we could do it with Army rpt's, too.....

Rumor has reached the sea-shell-like ears of your correspondent that our good friend and benefactor, Jack T. Jefford, has been roaming around the territory mutilating wolf pups. And, after said man-handling, discovers that he has no sharp knife to undress same. How about that, Jack? Besides, the wolf was already wounded a bunch of times. Grades of the wild and woolly West; what a way to hunt animals....Take me with you next time, huh, Jack. My gun holds about 15 shells, and besides, I've been practicing.

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BETTLES

It has come to the attention of the CAA personnel at BETTLES that this station is practically unknown to our fellow workers in the territory, so it is our desire to familiarize you with certain pertinent facts in this month's MUKLUK TELEGRAPH, more commonly known as the communicator's POLICE GAZETTE.

The main reason we are unknown is that we are the farthest north of any CAA station. Kotzebue and Fort Yukon are the only other stations that are above the "Mason-Dixon Line" (often erroneously referred to as the Arctic Circle) but they are so far south of us that they still use Confederate currency as a medium of exchange.

Our principle function is to help safeguard the numerous planes that travel from Fairbanks to Point Barrow. Due to extensive research at Point Barrow, herds of aircraft pass over our station daily. On our busiest day, we usually worked a total of two (I say again) two aircraft.

Although most of our working hours are devoted to aircraft, we also collect weather from the bell-bottomed-trousers at Umat and Point Barrow, and an ex-Ham radio man, whom the government converted to a commercial station, also sends us his weather. This weather is sent hourly far below the "Mason-Dixon Line" to the isolated and tiny hamlet of Tanana. It is quite difficult to work Tanana by voice as they all have exaggerated southern drawls and always refer to us as "you all". In the recent territorial elections, all CAA personnel at Tanana voted for Senator Claghorn for territorial liquor inspector.

We have eight CAA men living in the vicinity of the station, and we are most fortunate to have two of the finest maintenance men in the territory, to wit -- MTIC Bill Debordé and his able co-worker Ralph Nelson. A minor incident to prove what real geniuses these men are: About a week ago a rectifier tube in the acrophare went out and no replacement was to be had, so our enterprising men corralled a beer bottle (practically non-existent in BETTLES) and some old baling wire and proceeded to construct a rectifier tube that is still working in the set. For this feat, they both received "The Royal Order of the

Rising Barograph with Crossed Dew Points" from our erstwhile mayor, judge, tax collector and undertaker, one Ike Spinks.

We have five ACCOES, who shall be touched on lightly. Our chief, Roy Roose, is truly the fair-haired lad of the prophecies. Just recently weaned, he claims twenty winters. Jack Koeneman: A fiend for going through station records and old obsolete documents produced by the Regional Office. Verne Newman: He would rather listen to Roy Acuff sing "There's an Empty Cot in the Bunkhouse Tonight" than eat diced blubber sprinkled with dehydrated tundra roots. Mark O'Brien: Ambassador at Large for the land of the shamrock. He tells stirring tales of the far famed Potato Crop Failure of his native land. Richard Timmerhoff: also Irish!!!

Our station Mechanic, Ross Cook, is the only married man and has two children. 'NUFF SAID!

Contrary to common belief, BETTLES is not merely a dot on the map like such isolated and dreary spots as Tanana, but is a thriving metropolis. Our main street, Ikipukipic Boulevard, is on the west bank of the Koyukuk River, and boasts of a Post Office, store and several "quaint" residences. 'Tis truly a tourist's paradise. Due to the congestion in metropolitan BETTLES, the CAA quarters are located far out in suburban BETTLES (about a half a block from the main drag). The station is located about three blocks from the quarters and sits on top of a small hill, which gives us a wonderful panoramic view of the beautiful Koyukuk and valley attached thereto.

We, the CAA personnel at BETTLES, extend to all CAA personnel in the territory a hearty welcome if any of you should happen to pass by this veritable Shangri-La.

WANTED: A WIFE. Qualifications: Blonde, brunette or red-head; trim of figure; fair of face. Must be good housekeeper and good cook. Must be able to drive dog team, carry two full slop pails two hundred yards in thirty three seconds without spilling a drop, run trap line. Must be CAF-7 or financially

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YAKUTAT YAPS
(Continued from page 16)

And speaking of animals, one of our new operators, Bill (Lemuel-Wonder Boy) Marks by name, owns one (an animal). He stoutly claims it's a GREAT DANE, but everyone else knows that it's a HORSE. Bill admits that he might be interested in buying half interest in a fish cannery to provide food for the Animule. Honestly, folks, even Bill admits that if anything is placed on a table, the dog merely walks over to the table, and presto, a vast empty space appears where the food had previously resided.

Discovered: One whale of a good day watch supervisor, in our quiet, smiling, Kenny Jordan, who has filled the shoes left vacant when Ken Woods went to the states on leave. This lad has been hiding his talent. Haven't you noticed that smooth action from VY these days? Might also introduce at this time our other boy Fridays, as represented by Joseph Mac McFarland, who presides over the evening watch, and Johnny PDW Lee, who manfully cracks the whip on the mids. Johnny says you have to be a jack-of-all-trades on the mids. Hmmm, wonder what he means.

Haven't been able to procure any items of interest from the Maintenance half of our station, so with their permission will dream up some space for them. We will call in "Maintenance Mutters"..... can you blame us? Anyhow, here goes. Jim Whitney left for Naknek. Paul Puckett arrived to take over until the arrival of a new MTIC. Paul Puckett left for emergency leave. Peterson arrived to relieve Paul Puckett. Myers arrived to relieve Peterson and to await the return of Puckett, who then reverted to the status of waiting for the arrival of the new MTIC. Complicated, wasn't it? And we thought we had a turnover... Now.. But our new MTIC has arrived. May we now introduce Mr. Philip Argall, lately of Moses Point. Welcome to the fold, and greetings to your new staff, Mr. Warron Friar and Carl Schlichtig, FRE's.

Believe we will wind up this column for now with a note about our face lifting process now being inaugurated by Resident Engineer Bernic Reiten and his crew of face lifters. Hear we are going to get plenty of quarters to house all our station personnel due to be assigned in the near future, plus game rooms,

dance palaces, hamburger shops, etc., etc. Wonders of wonders! Come one, come all to Yakutat! Really, the construction engineers have moved in in full force and are rapidly converting the base. We are really quite proud of their first conversion -- you guessed it, the Mess Hall. It's a show place. Ask anyone who has eaten there since.

Our station has also had its face lifted -- after all, couldn't let them show us up. The fresh paint just sparkles. We are quite proud of our station's appearance and proclaim a challenge to all our fellow stations. We claim to have the cleanest, neatest, sweetest -- hey, how did that get in here -- appearing station in the region. Any pretenders to the throne?

QSK

BETTLES
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independent. Only those qualified need apply. Bids close at 0300Z June 30, 1946. Write to Mr. H. X. Prout, Station Manager, c/o CAA, Bettles, Alaska.

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The Bettles Distillers, nationally known for their popular "Hoose Noctar", have just discovered a cure for the above dreaded disease. It is made from dehydrated Koyukuk water and snow-shoe rabbit feathers. As an introductory offer, we are giving free, to all accoms who have been in the service for fifteen years and who are under the age of twenty-one, a one year supply of the Bettles Distillers' latest discovery. There will be a slight handling fee, however. For further details write to--

H. X. Prout, President
Bettles Distillers Ltd.
Smith Tower Annex-Annex
2397 So. Ikipukipik Blvd.
Bettles (88), Alaska

FERRY TRIP OF FIVE L-5'S
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deliver the three pilots for the L-5's; the other to be loaded with spare fuselage, wings and other spare gear for the small fleet and fly them back to Anchorage. Two stops were made for gas, one at Billings, Montana, and the second at Fargo, North Dakota. The skipper, Jim Hurst, had planned to make Minneapolis a gassing point instead of Fargo, but a May snow storm had temporarily closed that terminal so it was by-passed. His passengers, not used to such cold weather as was encountered after leaving Seattle (being from Alaska, you know) and temporarily wishing they were back there where they could keep warm, decided to make use of their sleeping bags. Besides, why sit up on the "bucket" seats when you could be nice and cozy in a sleeping bag, stretched out on the floor? This solved the cold weather problem.

At Billings everyone put on the food bag, and realizing it would be well toward morning before Detroit could be reached, a good supply of sandwiches and coffee was taken along for a midnight snack. Later it was discovered most of this food and coffee had been disposed of "up front". Well, anyway, they probably needed it, for they were doing the work.

Detroit and Romulus Field slipped under us at 3:40 a.m. Sunday. Gene and Speck were there to meet us and to advise they had cancelled our rooms at the Book-Cadillac for the night. That made Jim very happy, but Gene, knowing we were in Fargo at ten o'clock Saturday night, figured we would remain there for the rest of the night. But some Army bunks at Romulus did the trick and by ten o'clock everyone was on his feet again.

A tryout of the L-5's, a trip to Willow Run to load MC 5 with spare parts and return to Detroit finished out the Day of Rest.

Monday was spent in Detroit to allow Gull and Reynolds to attend to unfinished business, pay their debts, etc., and get ready for the shove off bright and early Tuesday morning.

Tuesday morning found us up around four o'clock and out to Romulus Field, where Gene had remained to settle all accounts with the Army. But the job kept him busy until nearly nine o'clock, and a few minutes later the five planes took off for Chicago in a drizzling rain. A stop at Chicago for lunch; then on to Minneapolis without incident.

Not knowing just where we might be each night it was impossible to make advance hotel reservations. A check up of Minneapolis hotels revealed the same old story heard so often the past few years. The weather wasn't too bad to the northwest, so we pushed on to Fargo, North Dakota, for the night. By considerable maneuvering (ground, of course) we all managed to find a place to sleep.

Wednesday morning, May 15th, revealed a heavy frost and a cold wind from the northwest. (Just stop and meditate on that a minute, you folks in Alaska who were enjoying balmy weather about then. Sometimes the "Outside" isn't all it's supposed to be.)

In spite of the wind we all made Bismarck. Next stop was Miles City, Montana. Only four planes taxied up to the ramp. A check up revealed Bill Hanson as missing. Our two way radio made conversing with each other fairly easy, but Bill had been having radio trouble and he hadn't reported for some 30 or 40 minutes. The rest of us went in to town and had lunch. As we drove back to the field Bill came in. His report was "ice in the carburetor". He had to sit down and let it thaw out before he could proceed. This was the only time on the entire trip that all planes were not on the ground by the time the first plane had taxied up to the hangar or the refueling pit.

There was another slight delay at Miles City, however. As the planes were taxiing out to take off, a refueling pit of the Northwest Airlines, located in the center of the taxi ramp, was carelessly left open and unattended by the Northwest crew, who had walked over to examine our "grasshopper" airplanes. Stone had his eyes on the planes ahead of him and, in the blind spot caused by

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the nose of the ship, failed to see the man pit. Was Virge's face red when he popped out and discovered a torn fabric on the under side of the fuselage! But a patch and a can of dope soon fixed this and the planes were on their way to Great Falls, the second night's stop.

This hotel business is a great racket. Gull and Stone had to each register at two second rate hotels in order to get a bed apiece. But everyone found a place to sleep, even though they found a way to circumvent OPA ceiling regulations.

On Thursday morning considerable time was lost at Great Falls in obtaining clearance for the flight of the five planes across Canada. But in due time we pushed on again, landing at Lethbridge, Alberta, for gas and another check with Canadian Customs, and on to Edmonton for the night.

At Edmonton we encountered our first real delay. Friday the wind was blowing from the northwest -- 30 to 40 miles per hour on the ground and around 50 a few hundred feet up. The Royal Canadian Air Force were reluctant to clear us and in view of the strong gusty winds we were reluctant to go. There are no fields for 150 miles or so toward the Grande Prairie end of the hop where a plane can safely sit down. The highway takes a wide detour so we couldn't use it, as we would never be near it.

While we were debating what to do and all the time wondering if KC 5 had left Detroit and sidetracked us and returned home via Seattle, we looked over on the field and saw her coming in for a landing. Jim later said he was beginning to wonder if we were going to reach Anchorage before he did. He continued on to Anchorage, however, in spite of the heavy headwinds.

Saturday the wind had abated somewhat and we took off, stopping at Grande Prairie long enough to gas, eat, and do a little shopping then on to Fort St. John and to Fort Nelson for Saturday

night.

Forest fires cast a heavy pall over the general area below and above Fort Nelson. Up to this point our flight had been over rolling plains and generally open country. Our instructions from the RCAF were to follow the highway, but on leaving Fort Nelson Sunday morning this was impossible to do. The smoke became so thick and visibility so low we decided to return to Fort Nelson for refuel. An early morning start which might have brought us on to Anchorage that day developed into a rather late start, and so we decided to land at Smith River field and try a little fishing in the Liard River. The river was high and no one had any luck, so we pushed on to Watson Lake for a late Sunday dinner. Most of us spoiled our appetites at Smith River by eating emergency rations. From Watson Lake to Whitehorse was an interesting but uneventful trip. Then one more hop to Hortley completed our Sunday trip and brought us back to Alaskan soil again.

Bob Williams of Radio Alaska, in his L plane Stinson, met us in Edmonton. Our planes played tag all the way to Whitehorse, also Al Kroonung with his new Swift plane was in the party and continued on to Fairbanks with Bob the following Monday, in order to clear Customs, while we came in via Gulkana and then to Anchorage, our home port, shortly after 12 noon. It was only appropriate that we arrive home in formation. They tell us we looked OK. We practiced a little on the way up, of course.

That's about all there is to it. Nothing spectacular, but we later learned it was the first time a group of small airplanes had made such a flight into Alaska from the States without any serious mishaps. It gave everyone a good opportunity to see the inland route to Alaska, to see a good portion of the Alaska highway, to fly a plane that has great maneuverability and about everything one could desire in a light plane except speed. Even when we cruised along at 105 - 110 m.p.h. and made the trip from Detroit to Anchorage, against headwinds a considerable portion of the way, in slightly over 35 hours flying time.

-- V. F. Stone