



AIRPORT, HOUSING BIDS OPEN

Bids were opened December 15 for the construction of the Anchorage International Airport. Low bidders were the Green Construction Co., - C.F. Lytle Co. on a joint bid of \$8,679,142.96 for Part I, and \$5,868,781.17 for Part II.

Part I covers the estimate of quantities required to complete the airport in accordance with the plans and specifications. Part II contains the estimate of quantities required for a modified project based on the plans and specifications but reduced in extent approximately as follows:

(1). The pavement area of Runway No. 2 will be altered to the dimensions of 5000 x 150 feet with the reduction of 2000 linear feet of length being made from the south end of the runway as presently planned.

(2). All taxiways will be altered in width to 75 feet.

(3). The Aircraft parking apron will be reduced in area by approximately 90 thousand square yards.

(4). Runway No. 1 will be altered to the dimensions of 7000 x 200 feet with the reduction of 1400 linear feet of length being made from the east end of the runway as presently planned.

(5). Relocation of the access road around the east end of Runway No. 1 and the south end of Runway No. 2 will not be accomplished.

(6). Clearing and grading for the approach zones to Runway No. 2 will be altered to approach zone width of 500 feet instead of the presently planned widths of 1000 feet.

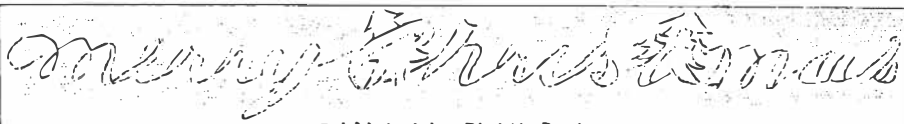
Other bids submitted were: Brown and Root, Inc., and Wunderlich Contracting Co.; Part I, \$12,356,899.00 and Part II, \$8,755,672.00; this was a joint bid. Morrison Knudsen Co. Inc., \$8,865,018.78 on Part I; \$6,771,122.88 on Part II.

It is expected that awards will be made within the next 30 days or as soon as possible after the above firms and estimates have been checked and verified as to qualifications, etc.

Bids will open December 22 at 2 PM in Room 210 of the Federal Building, for a housing project at several of the field stations. They will be a 4-unit building and completely modern. These new living quarters for CAA personnel will replace a varied type of living quarters, which includes converted huts, single houses, apartments, dormitories, and a general mixture. However, this does not include all field stations at the present time; those who will benefit by the new housing are as follows:

Annette, 6
Cordova, 1
Woody Island, 3
Yakutat, 2

We plan to have more information on both projects in the next issue.



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OPEN LETTER

This space is ordinarily used for a news article of one kind or another but this month the urge to use it for a personal reason got the best of me. For so long now I have wanted to write to you individually to tell you how much the monthly contributions are appreciated but time just didn't permit such action.

I know it is a big effort for most of you to write something for *Kukluk* every month and to you I am doubly grateful. There are some who can sit down and jot off pages without even blinking an eye - to those people I also say "thank you".

It is somewhat like Christmas every month on a job like this. After *Kukluk* has finally gone to press there are a few days when there isn't much news coming in - but when it does start again - I open each letter like a young child with a toy and read them and laugh to myself like I wasn't "quite bright". In fact I have had fellow office workers look at me with that knowing expression on their faces as if to say I had been in Alaska too long. (No offense Alaska - I love it here).

Suggestions are needed from the readers in order to improve the paper from month to month. It was quite an undertaking for me to step in here and try to keep up the tradition of *Kukluk* - and I do appreciate all the little notes fastened to your articles which welcomed me to my new job and encouraged me to "plug away" at it until it became easier. Last month

one station even sent me a full-page cartoon all ready for printing; the stencil was drawn and accompanied by a lot of news from their station. These are the things that really make an editor's eyes light up. Yes, the cooperation has been wonderful, and that's why this letter of appreciation and Christmas greetings is being written.

There are many of us who can not go home or be with our relatives over the holiday season, but we must realize how much we are being envied by the people back home, because of our being so close to Santa and the North Pole. Perhaps we can get some suggestions from him this year and help spread a little happiness to some homes that he might just accidentally MISS. It might be in the form of giving some warm winter clothes to a person who doesn't have as many as we do. Then again you might have some magazines that would make someone in a mission home spend some enjoyable hours. Or would you like to help some little handicapped child be able to laugh and run around a Christmas tree next year? Then surely you have joined the Alaska Crippled Children's Association! Perhaps if we keep busy with more of these things we won't have any time to sit around and pout because we can't go home to all the family.

Now comes the catch....when you're making New Year's resolutions will you please make just one of them "I PROMISE"
(Continued on page 22)



SHOP - SHAPE

Have you ever been formally introduced to the boys at the Maintenance Shop, 8-59? No? Then let's call the roll:

George and John and Jim -
Fred, the boss (you know him!)
Ed and Swede and Bud,
Otto (the one with the cud),
Bob M., Bob H., and Bob P. -
(Blonde curly locks - that's he)
Putch and Bill and Max -
(No kidding - these are facts!)
Al and Ira and Glenn -
Eoch and all - good men!
Art and Jack and Frank -
Charlie who fills your gas tank.

Twenty one good men and true -
To patch up your junk for you.

Here's what they do - but we'll talk in prose this time (we know our "pome" stinks!). JACK is our purchasing agent - he purchases the doughnuts. Also he brews the coffee. ED and BOB, machinists, do all sorts of things on all kinds of things on all sorts of mysterious machinery just outside our office window.

ED welds, and what he welds, 'no man shall put asunder'. JOHN (the strong, Sourdough type) is a heavy equipment repair man. OTTO (stop me if you've heard this one; Otto ought to go to auto school). GEORGE, AL and BILL hold sway in the "Big Shop" - seem to spend much time sprawled out on those little platforms on casters that roll under cars. They do other things too, such as adjust carburetors, install heaters, etc.

"SWEDE" works there, too. He's the lad who each payday hands over part of his check to "Butch" for safe keeping so that maybe some day he'll have enough saved for a trip Outside. (Then before the next pay day he borrows it back), FRANK, whose talents with the hammer and saw are unlimited, works with IRA, and Ira's carpentry ability is surpassed only by the quality of his beans and stew.

BOB P. and "BUTCH" (alias Emmett - his beauty has lately been enhanced by a man sized mustache) people the Electric Starter and Generator Shop on the mezzanine floor, south end, of the Big Shop Building. J.M. MEEKER winds electric motors at the other end of the same building, on another mezzanine floor. His room has the artist's north-light exposure... but it's coolish when the wind blows.

MAX, veteran commandante of the Bosch Room, is enjoying enlarged quarters and a typewriter. The other day a feminine voice on our office phone asked us (confidentially, of course) if Max were married. Yes, girls we're sorry to say he is! ART - officially, Ira C.) and GLENN fix tires, tow stalls, and deliver your car - service with a smile, usually.

ROBERT M., an artist in his own right, dabbles in oils - mostly black and orange the CAA's favorite paint. He also pounds out fenders that you guys wrinkle up. CHARLIE, genial gasoline dispenser, was on the bottom row in the over-crowded station wagon the other morning enroute to work. It fell to his pleasant lot to hold a sweet young gal on his lap and he afterward exclaimed (as he mopped his brow), "Whew - I haven't been so warm, all winter!"

FRED specializes in picking locks when some of you absent-minded (or dumb?) lugs leave the key in the car and lock the door. Tools of his trade include a foreman's axe to bash in the window, a long strong wire, a hair-pin, a paper-clip and a nail file. But more-- Fred is a connoisseur of feminine lower appendages, namely legs. "By their legs ye shall know them", he says. P.S. Fred is our superintendent, too).

Then there's the steng who dashes out in the cold, cold blast to call your party to the phone. She also keeps the radio tuned in (or out); digs out slivers; and pours iodine over wounds in gloeful anticipation of the patient's writhing agony. (Continued on page 16)

SHOPPING HINTS

In a recent issue of Mukluk Telegraph appeared a notice advising its readers how they might take advantage of lower costs on eyeglasses and frames. Already one or two employees have requested more information and they have been advised as to how they can save as much as 25% over State prices to say nothing of the savings if purchased in Alaska. These employees are now able to convert the difference into food for the table or shoes for the baby, and thereby be able to extend their tour of duty in Alaska for another month or so. By the way, we have a new folder containing pictures and descriptions of eyeglasses and you are invited to come into Room 201 to look at them.

In this issue we wish to call your attention to the fact that you can also make a saving on the cost of a battery for your car, radio or whatever a battery is supposed to be used for regard-loss.

Incidentally these batteries are built right here in Alaska for severe Alaskan use. Or you may have a dead cell in your battery and the dealer advises you to buy a new one - at the customary Alaskan price of course. Why not have it rebuilt at a nominal price - or if it's really "shot" then buy one MADE in Alaska that is not already partially run down because it is shop worn. Yes, it really can be done - and at a savings in real hard cash, too. Two former employees of the Mechanical Maintenance Division who have had real experience in battery troubles with CAA cars own and operate this factory. They should know your own needs.

By the way do any other employees have any hints on how we can help to combat those mounting costs of Alaskan existence? If you do and the project is worthy of consideration let's let everyone in on it. Tell 'ye editor' about it. Maybe we can cut the yearly Alaskan personnel turnover down from 35% to 34 or 33 percent.

BIG DELTA PLAYS HOST

Now that Thanksgiving is over everyone is making big plans for Christmas - but no one who was lucky enough to be there, will forget that Thanksgiving-dinner at Big Delta.

Each family contributed to the dinner, and by the time it was all assembled the tables were loaded - and we do mean that. Of course those two turkeys with all the trimmings, were the main attraction; but they didn't look so attractive after all 25 persons were through picking. In fact, there wasn't even enough left for good old turkey hash - let alone for those who decided to have a midnight snack and couldn't even find a bone to pick. We certainly felt sorry for Win and Ken Kulms - and the house - when the party was over, but in case they didn't realize it, it was a grand success.

Besides the station personnel present at the grand feast, there were three, from the Big Delta Air Base, one from Ladd Field, and three from the Regional Office. Two of those from the Ro were travelling mechanics working at the station at the time, and the third person just dropped in for an overnight visit and stayed four days - as seems to be her habit. Confidentially, she smelled the turkey. (For further details about this member of the weaker sex who made a pig of herself, call the editor. For a nominal fee we will tell you the name of the above member of the personnel staff).

WHAT BLONDE in Mr. Chambard's office-screamed bloody murder when told the price of a hand-painted necktie in a local haberdashery? Tune in next month for the answer to the riddle. CBS was there - and saw her faint when the clerk broke the news! Tsk tsk tsk.

Margaret Trimmer is back at the CAA-gold-mine after an extended visit with friends in California and her parents in Chicago. We understand she had some interested on-lookers when she showed some of her very excellent color slides of Alaskan scenes.

NORTHWAY



We have been perusing your publication for some few months and have noticed a complete disregard for the important li'l INSAC, Northway. The reason for ORT's not being presented for perusal by the Mukluk-minded public, I think is because the people of this civilized out-of-the-way dropping off place before entering Canada in those devilish little itinerant planes, are too wrapped up in their own trials and trivialities. 'Tis true we have many strifes here, and as my life may be in considerable peril writing this communique, I hope I may never be discovered as the perpetrator of same.

Recently we were blessed with the addition of a new chief, our first, the right honorable Carl F. Galley having departed to take over greater administrative duties at Homer, and for approximately two weeks we were in the capable hands of Acting Chief Ken Crowson. Upon the arrival of W.R. Boblenz, we were immediately then subjected to the usual changeovers and new ideas which I may add, have proved quite satisfactory. We have had a little discord from time to time, but the Chief cussed and discussed it, and we hope the matter is dispensed with in customary CAA thoroughness, and that the residents of Ortare are momentarily appeased; let us hope to see news of ORT in print more often. We like to see our homestead represented in so important and far-reaching a publication as the MUKLUK.

I cannot hope to come up to the wit and humor contributed by Haines and Gulkana, so I hope the following items make our contribution roadable at least. We had a Halloween party as do most persons around October 28, and it turned out as all parties do - but in the midst of the party some had the idea of cutting neckties. One of the fellows got separated from his, in the struggle, but Ken Crowson, upon attempting to acquire half of the Chief's wife's tie, received

a harsh rebuke for his efforts. It would seem the Mrs. doesn't approve of such tomfoolery. The Chief just arrived before the party started and they probably didn't realize what a bunch of practical jokors we have here.

The four bachelors here at Northway are having quite a go of it; all vestige of love life having been completely severed upon entering the service of the CAA. 'Tis amazing what a man will undertake for the making of a Yankee dollar. One can almost detect a wistful and reminiscent look, as the bachelors look at the spouses of the other operators here. Robert (Tommy) Downey made two trips to Fairbanks recently under the pretention of medical care but on arriving back at ORT, we discovered he had merely dropped considerable coin in those infernal one arm bandits commonly referred to as slot machines and spent most of his time in the town whooping it up with the boys. He says he can't understand how a fellow up there can make enough to live on and resist the evils of the big city. He also says his only consolation was in hearing his name broadcast over the radio as having stayed at the Pioneer Hotel; suite seven - commonly called the annex, but as Robert typifies it - the BUNKHOUSE.

There is one little spark of love-life here that I nearly neglected to mention. We have a teacher here to tutor our wayward little youngsters - Sadie West is her name, and it would appear that one of the bachelors, R. Nixon is squiring our Sadie about, to the numerous night spots in and around ORT.

The bachelors here have recently been moved to what is now called Bachelor Quarters. A new building delegated to the bachelors is causing considerable trouble due to the lack of cooking utensils, and the fact that their cooler-refrigerator broke down. It seems the boys

(Continued on page 23)

DRIVING IN ALASKA

The Alaska Road Commission maintains and patrols the principal highways of Alaska throughout the year and winter travel is normally safe if reasonable precautions are exercised toward protecting both the vehicle and the operator. It is advisable to make local inquiry as to road conditions before traveling, particularly after storms.

Vehicles should be in good operating condition and be equipped with antifreeze, rear wheel chains, heater, defroster, radiator grille covers, normal tire-changing equipment, tool kit, axe, tow-ropes, shovel, and map. Winterizing with light oils and greases is necessary and use of a fuel additive similar to Standard Oil Company "Ban-Ice" to prevent frost and ice in the fuel system is advised. A few ordinary spare parts, such as fan belts, spark plugs and extra inner tube may be usefully carried. It is not usually necessary to carry extra fuel or lubricants in a vehicle of normal consumption. However the practise of carrying a small spare supply is good insurance.

Travelers should be equipped with sufficient heavy winter clothing, and foot gear to protect them from weather in case of breakdown, stall or accident. Since heated shelters are infrequent and relatively few cars travel in winter, the traveler must protect himself with adequate gear to withstand possible prolonged periods of waiting or walking in sub-zero temperatures. A few accessories such as matches, a pocket knife, can opener, and a small amount of food may be found useful.

Travel by those not experienced in sub-arctic winters should be limited to temperatures around about -20 degrees. Normally, even in the most severe winter months, warm spells occur when the daytime temperatures fall below this limit. When daytime temperatures fall below the

WHAT??? WHO???

Hallo...CAA? Yeah, say Bud, this is Lenahan---what's the weather like at Haycox? Moses Point? Yeah, I guess that's close enough. Nah, never mind that stuff. Hey, how much snow they got there? You don't know? Moses Point runways? Yeah, that doesn't say much tho'. Altimeter? Now what do I want that stuff for? Say, what is a dew point, anyway?? FLIGHT PLAN? Naw, say Bud, I don't got you. Yeah, I guess I'll start over to-day...maybe four, five days. No, not on skis, you idiot---snowshoes. Now calm down Bud, all I did was ask a simple question. Lenahan of Bushfliners Inc???? Naw, this is Jack Lenahan with his degs. RRR! You don't say? Well, thanks Bud, just a little advice - you oughta watch that temper of yers....

At the CAA station a lonely man drummed his fingers on his desk and looked at the clock. It was time for broadcast. --M. Koss, Nome.

"No", said the girl returning from a date with a navy man. "I don't know what his rank was, but I think he was a chief petty officer."

above limit, it is recommended that the traveler stop over until the weather moderates, as, at such low temperatures, starting of cold, or stalled engines is difficult and working at minor running repairs is hazardous. Below about -40 degrees, all travel by highway should be suspended. Travel in groups of two or more vehicles is recommended since this affords protection and means of relief in case of breakdown of any one vehicle. Similarly, two or more persons in a single vehicle are much safer than one person traveling alone.

Observance of the above simple precautions, and CAREFUL DRIVING, will permit the winter traveler not only to travel with reasonable safety, but with enjoyment. --ALASKA ROAD COMMISSION



KORDOVA KAPERS

Yes Kids, today is field day; only a field day at Cordova is a little different than at other stations. The sun shows for 26 minutes today so we took advantage of the fact and cleaned out the seaweed and barnacles from between our webbed feet. Yes, we get a little more precipitation down here than they do in the Interior. Another of my colleagues and myself are working on a discovery that will shock the scientific world namely - not "How To Make it Rain" but How To Stop It. A bright subject when approached by us during our investigations, asked, "The don't you use an umbrella???" We told him in no uncertain terms never to darken our doors again. Besides...we had a quart of 151-proof rum and didn't want to be interrupted during our scientific studies.

Since our last entry in dear old MUK-LUK things have been happening around Cordova. A non-scheduled DC3 landing downwind overshot the runway. Luckily no one was seriously injured. Also a Piper Super Cruiser enroute from Yakataga to Cordova is still missing. The pilot apparently was unfamiliar with instruments; ceiling was low; was after dark; became lost and ran out of gas! The Air Force, Coast Guard, plus private planes searched and searched but no luck. Even the writer and another Accom organized a sea search with the aid of Doc Chase and his cruiser to investigate smoke from Hawkins. It was a dry run as the smoke turned out to be coming from a trapper's cabin. To prove the old adage that bad luck runs in 3's, the Sheridan Flying Club lost their T Craft down at Yakataga when a big wind came along and took it for a solo - un-piloted that is. To speak for the Sheridan Flying Club, it was unpremeditated and unintentional as we didn't have a dime in insurance. After digging down in our joans and with the help of several 456 and blackjack games, a new T Craft is coming up to carry on the great traditions.

As Doug McArthur Bon Canham said to me the other day - WE SHALL RETURN..... Fly Boy Leise note! Canham was so desperate the other day that when I saw him he had a big roll of scotch tape in his hand, trying to patch the wings and the fuselage of the wreck so he could get up in the blue. I asked him what he was going to use for a motor and he said the wind alone would handle it. It not, I guess we could borrow a little from Yakutat or Yakataga. Hi.

We've been rather busy around here the last few months with more aircraft flying than ever before, due to the dear old shipping strike. Also with the addition of Circuit E458, ARFC interfere, and the extension of the control area to 50 SE of Cordova. Things aren't so bad though; we finally got a day off after about 8 months on a 56. It helps once in awhile.

Some scuttlebutt has been going around about a 4 unit apartment house for the Weather Bureau Cordova and also one for the CIA. Everyone is really hopped up about it. They think it's a great idea. One of the boys - who is from Missouri - sez, "I got to see it before I believe it..."

We wish to report to all parties interested that the Duck Season was quite a success. Mighty Hunter High got his quota as did about everyone else. The writer ventured out once with High, and got one duck. (Think High felt sorry for me.) Also High and one of the Weather Bureau boys came home with the hind quarters of a mountain goat awhile back, and only McGlon on the WBO has duplicated this feat so far. I'm thinking seriously of going out again myself. I know where there's some good OLD CROW.

A recent visitor to Cordova was ERIC J.D. Mattson who came down to furnish relief for Canham and Hollinger who had
(Continued on page 24)

STATISTICS (BUT INTERESTING)

In September the National Federation of Federal Employees held its Nineteenth Biennial Convention in Milwaukee. The Federation's monthly magazine "The Federal Employee" reporting the proceedings in its October issue, comes up with some statistics regarding the Civil Service Retirement Fund, years of service among employees, salary advancements, etc. With the permission of "The Federal Employee" we print some of the more interesting statistics.

After V-E Day the War Department was forced to engage in the greatest reduction in force that has ever decimated any civilian agency. From 1,771,000 employees it rapidly dwindled to about 400,000.

Today there are more than 60,000 Federal employees that have more than 30 years of service. There are more than 25,000 that have had more than 35 years service. Believe it or not, there are 214 who have more than 50 years of service. There is one old duffer (we are quoting "The Federal Employee") with 55 years of service. (The magazine goes on to say that this particular individual is not interested in an improvement of the retirement system. He is interested in a bigger death benefit.)

There are 900,000 veterans working for the United States Government.

Being unspared by Father Time, Federal employees die also. Every single working day almost a hundred die in Uncle Sam's civilian service.

As of June 30, 1947, the last date to which we have a full financial report, there was two and a half billion dollars in the Civil Service Retirement Trust Fund - invested in United States Government securities and cash.

Since 1920 when the retirement system started, Federal employees have contributed to this Trust Fund by means of payroll deductions in the amount of some

billion four hundred million. In the same period of time, your employer, the United States Government, has appropriated to the Fund one billion six hundred million.

In the Federal Government today there are 125,000 employees who have at least twenty five years of service. Of that 125,000 there are more than 50,000 under the age of 55.

The Civil Service Commission has submitted to Congress its 1948 annual report on the number and types of within-grade salary advancements granted by Federal agencies to employees as rewards for superior accomplishment. The report shows that the Commission reviewed 686 salary advancements. Of this number, 528, or more than 75 percent, were granted to employees in the grades - GS-F-10 and P-3 or below; 158 advancements went to employees in grades above GS-F-10 and P-3. Of the 686 salary advancements reviewed, 548 were granted to employees in the fiscal year 1948; 138 were granted prior to that time, but were submitted too late to be included in the Commission's previous report.

The first within-grade salary advancements of this type were granted in the fiscal year 1942, when a total of 950 Federal employees received them. Since then, the totals have been as follows: 1943 - 1,575; 1945 - 1,468; 1946 - 716; 1947 - 1,247; and 1948 - 548. The report for the fiscal year 1948 shows that the largest number of salary advancements were granted by the War Department (179) followed by Veterans Administration (146), Department of Agriculture (60), and Department of Interior (57).

Every single working day thirty Federal employees are retired because of disability.

During the last fiscal year 14,000 Federal employees were discharged for cause.

TANANA



TATTLER

It's been some time since this scribe had anything published, so we won't be surprised if this hits the waste basket. Maybe the reason nothing has been published is because nothing has been submitted. But to get on with our tattling,

It has been nice and cool up here in the Interior for the past ten days; we haven't established any new low records for the Weather Bureau to tattle about, but it has been rather chilly, what with the old heat gauge dropping to a -51 and remaining in the vicinity of minus 40. It kinda solves the refrigeration problem up here, Wos.

Since our last accounting there have been a couple of new arrivals, so we'll introduce them to the good??? clan of CAA'ors who read this VOICE OF THE WORKING PEOPLE. First to arrive was Robert Donald Payne, as handsome or more so than his movie counterpart, but he does not claim any relation. Bob is putting up in the Bachelor Quarters and doesn't have any expressed opinion of changing his marital status. You should see this Smoothie work.

Next to arrive were Mr. and Mrs. George Vonard, mechanic and wife, respectively, with George having had previous service at Bethel and Bettles, CAA stations. Also served a hitch in civilian status at the NOB, Kodiak, Alaska, down in the Banana Belt. The Dormitory received these newlyweds with open arms and has been the scene of some excellent repasts, according to all information received, much to the enjoyment of the bachelors of said dorm.

Last, but not least on the list of working personnel to arrive is Harold Theodore Seibel of SOMEWHERE IN WASHINGTON. Not being as tall in stature as his buddy and roomy, the aforementioned-Payne, hasn't bothered this equally-handsome young chap in the least, with

the Bulles of Tanana. Tod swings a wicked hoof as well as tossing around a pair of very mean brown eyes. Needless to say, Payne and Seibel were quite welcome, and by no less than a couple of nurses, without mentioning the local population.

We sincerely hope your Thanksgiving was as happy and merry as the one enjoyed at dear old Tanana by all personnel of the CAA. The utility building was swamped out and even the station manager gave the "biff" a new coat of paint just for the occasion. Food lots were drawn and the entire mess was assembled at 5 o'clock Thursday evening and everyone really partook of a royal repast. Skinhead Harry and Scullion and Inman were seen sneaking home to enjoy a bottle of good relaxing beverage after the stuffing was finished.

At approximately 8:30 PM the dancing started and a gay time was had by all. Hairless Inman, Skin Head Harry (afore-mentioned) Paunchy Scullion, Slats Leonard, Cautious Prince and Reckless Gray really hit the punch bowl. Funny, they all ended up right too. Seriously, it was a good party and many requests for more of the same have been received. Present plans are for a New Year's Eve Watch party, but more of it when it happens. (We promise you that, Editor.)

The thermometer is still ashamed of itself and is hiding in that little red bulb on the bottom. Even this old mill is starting to stick, so will QRT till the next time. Merry Christmas to all from Tanana by the Yukon (frozen, that is).
--THE TANNAN TATTLE TALE

What's the cat's name?

Bon Hur.

How'd you happen to choose that?
Well, we called him Ban until he had kittens.

P.&S. ENGINEERING

As warm Alaskan breezes gently waft their leisurely way through the picturesque city of Anchorage - including the Loussac-Sogn building - ye olde correspondent from Engineering dutifully takes ye olde typewriter in hand to tackle the news.

Don't let that business of "warm Alaskan breezes" throw you. There were breezes all right and they were MORE than "wafting their way" through the building. They forced their way through every window, crack and keyhole in the place to make it a wee bit chilly. I complained when my room reached a mild 60 degrees, but you should have heard Drafting when the mercury hit 45! We were seriously considering setting up a First Aid Station and serving hot buttered rum. The only thing that stopped us was the fact that it might be a l-o-o-t difficult to justify a case of rum on a 215!

The weather wasn't so good in South-eastern either, I hear. We had some men in Annetto on a job, and one of them - Jimmie Trelford - took a week's leave while there to visit his family in Kainos and was snowbound. He couldn't get back to rejoin the party at the time of departure, so he is still there at this writing.

Bob Matson is out trying to bag a moose this week. He missed it during the earlier season and is hoping it has slowed down in the meantime. He's taking radar this time - coming from Bob's lips that moose horn just doesn't sound like the lovely, faintly haunting below of a female moose calling to her bag-o-bones "lover-boy".

Our Chief, Kerry Kompton, has been diligently allowing on his new house lot - these many afternoons so as to get his family in by the Fourth of July. He says it'll be January February, but I'm giving him plenty of time for set-backs.

Before wrapping up this little column I have a bit of advice for all you girls who have ideas about matrimony and engineers (wonderful combination!). This was contributed by a lad in Drafting - Mickey Novak is the name. "Verily, I say unto you, marry not an engineer - for the engineer is a strange being, possessed of many devils; he speaketh eternally in parables which he calleth 'formulas'. And he wieldeth a big stick that he calleth a 'slide rule' and he hath but one Bible, a handbook.

He talketh always of stresses and strains, and without end, thermo dynamics. He showeth always a serious aspect and seemeth not to know how to smile. And he picketh his seat in a car by the springs therein, and not by the damsel beside him; neither does he know a waterfall except for its specific heat. Yes, he holdeth his damsel's hand, but only to measure the friction, and kisses but to test velocity. Even as a young boy he pulleth a girl's hair to test its elasticity, but as a man he discovers devices for he would count the vibrations of her heart strings and reckon her strength of materials; for he seeketh ever to pursue unknown quantities and he enscritheth his passion in formula, and his marriage is a simultaneous equation involving two unknown and yielding diverse answers." --DOROTHY MEREDITH

CALLING ALL CHESS PLAYERS !!

It has come to our attention that several people in our organization in Anchorage play chess, or, at least "play at it". If sufficient interest is shown it is planned to stage a winter tourney.

All persons interested get in touch with Sid Brown on Extension 6, or Green 520. A meeting will be held at a later date to discuss details. Don't fail to give this matter some serious thought.

GULKANA



Well, the new Rec Hall has been completed and christened with a royal wing-ding and the first guy that sez to me "leave us build something" gets clobbered on the noggin. Coinciding with the initial wing ding was the arrival of Mrs. Holeman from the hospital in Palmer with the latest addition to the Gulkana crew---little Virginia Holeman. Everyone, including "Li'l Black Dog" (don't blame me, I didn't name him---the dog, that is) was much interested in the new arrival, and as soon as their respective heads quit banging dropped around to have a gander at the infant Holeman. Lil Johnson was the last one to get around to viewing the baby---guess those green things she was drinking are more potent than they look.

The last nail was driven, the last swipe of the paint brush had barely swiped, the curtain and picture hangers were viewing their work with a satisfied mien, and the floor wazers waxed themselves into a corner and the bartender was setting up his wares under the shining new bar. A platter dropped on the turntable and the wing ding, attended by practically all the GAK (somebody had to stand watch, and ain't it surprisin'- what you can teach a dog if you try) and various and sundry representatives from Copper Center, and some minor officials from some department of something, (who heard of the forthcoming party and suddenly the ceiling and visibility dropped to zero), was under way. (If that last sentence doesn't win the Pulitzer prize I'm a monkey's uncle. EEK). But you have all been to wing dings---so why go on? Anyhoo, our new rec hall, after many hours of hard labor is now a thing of beauty and, we hope, a joy forever.

Our own intrepid airman, Layton "Two Airplanes In Every Garage" Bennett was up to his old tricks of assisting the 10th Rescue Squadron again, this time flying an Army Doctor from the Gulkana

field, where the 10th Rescue deposited him, down the road to Sheep Mountain Inn which is as far toward Palmer as a lady made it before her baby decided to arrive. But quick. Flyboy's Luscombe, equipped with skis landed in the road in front of the inn shortly before dark with the Doctor. Mr. Bennett returned to GKN with Highway Patrolman Bradshaw, inasmuch as he did not want to attempt a night landing on Gulkana's at that time somewhat lumpy field.

According to a recent accident report an Ercoupe took off from GKN and made a crash landing on the adjacent road. Flyboy Bennett purchased the remains of the Ercoupe and the former owner completed his trip via commercial transportation. So now in addition to his complete stock of old snow carts "Bennett's Second Hand Store, NW's bought and Sold", now has a fine line of Ercoupe parts, slightly damaged.

Well, we have a new ACCOM driving up over the highway---should have arrived around the 15th. Hope he doesn't have a mail phobia like the last one we had, and expect delivery three times a day. I say should have arrived, because as I sit here bawling this out I am standing my last watch before departing on annual leave Stateside via University Bus Lines and NWA. Won't be getting away from much cold weather going from Gulkana to Idaho but if we didn't go what would we do with all that money lying around the house... (Don't beat me, I'll go quietly.) While discussing the prospective leave and my unusual hours with brother Finn, I chanced to remark that I frequently only ate two meals per day. "Yeah, sez Finn, always the quick one with a flip remark and a drink, "When you get back from leave that's all you'll be able to afford."

(Continued on page 18)

MEN'S LEAGUE -

The first half of the season terminated December 3, with the Key Clicks crowned as champs. They wound up tied with the Sad Sacks going into the last night and as those things happen, they rolled the Sad Sacks in what, to your correspondent's opinion, was the best match this year. It was nip and tuck all the way through with the Key Clicks finally emerging with three points to take the title. The Construction Engineers finished strong to move ahead of the Sad Sacks into second place. The standings follow:

Champs	Key Clicks	36	16
2	Const. Engrs.	35	17
3	Sad Sacks	34	18
4	Six Bit Gang	33	19
5	Mechanicians	29	23
6	Klondikers	28	24
7	Kee Birds	27	25
8	Modulators	26	26
9	Muskoglers	25	27
10	Prop Busters	23	29
11	Grubstakers	19	33
12	Ware Bees	18	34
13	Pentodes	16	36
14	Etherites	15	37

The annual "Turkey Shoot" was held on November 18th and 19th and Norm Keith (206) was given the turk for rolling 33 pins over his season average. Chickens were awarded to the following men who could not best Norm but were the best on their team:

Stu Williams	Six Bit Gang (75)
Lyle Roinan	Key Clicks (A&C)
Hank Newman	Sad Sacks (Soc below)
Don Donatolle	Const. Engrs. (51-57)
Bob L. Williams	Modulators (69)
Dick Brannon	Klondikers (A&C)
Lance Harvey	Mechanicians (59)
Sad Sacks (5-60-41-170-206-270)	

Bob Toitjen of the Construction Engineers took a chicken with high single of 201 and Brandy Wontworth of the Pentodes took a chicken with a series of



500. Ernie Rice of the Key Clicks took home a pound of winners awarded for the greatest decrease in season's average...

The Key Clicks hold all team honors, with season high single of 884 and the season high 4 game series of 2369. Brandy Wontworth of the Pentodes still holds high single of 228 and Johnny Mattson of the Key Clicks holds individual of 3 game series of 571.

ANY OLD CLOTHES?

The Alaska Native Service teacher who has taken the school at Stebbins, Alaska (near St. Michaels) writes that the native children are badly in need of warm clothing.

If you have any clothing which might be useful to them it will be most welcome. They will be glad to have adult sizes as well, and especially woollens. Showpacks and other rubber footwear if not worn out, can be used.

Donations can be delivered to either Flora Merrithew (Accounts) or Frank M. Merrithew (VHF and Range School) who will arrange transportation.

Nobody ever had an unkind thought about his fellow citizen while he was laughing.

Say Vinco, those rabbits you sold me all have hiccoughs.

Sure, boss! Those are Belchin Hares.

FAREWELL

There's a station called Farewell up in the foothills of the Alaska Range, with some mighty fine people hanging around up here. So from now on we intend to let you know about their comings and goings. Most of us are fairly recent additions to the Farewell landscape, so we've been spending our time getting acquainted. We can at least boast an entirely different control station. The station control building is made entirely of logs and really finished nicely. And thanks to Sanford Peterson and Rus Wilkins, it is quite warm even in spite of high winds. Speaking of winds, we believe the only time it snows in McGrath is when Farewell has one of those winds. So we can say that some of the snow on the ground at McGrath belongs to Farewell. Maybe they wish we had it all.

The new Station Manager and ACCOM, Ken Wood, has been very busy getting acquainted here, and trying to keep all his recent ACCOM additions from Oklahoma City from getting snowed under too badly. Ken came up here from Juneau and we're happy to report that we haven't heard anything about the merits of the Hoover Vacuum Cleaner as yet from him, but we are keeping our fingers crossed.

"Old Timer" Ed Hilliard, a very obligable bachelor says he is looking for a wife who can copy code. He seems to think that Husband and Wife teams are a good deal, so if any of the ladies are interested, be sure to contact him. He says he prefers blondes (young ones) but all who are obligable should apply. By the way, Ed is a very sharp navigator and pilot. At least he manages to navigate from his sack to the station once a day even in the Farewell winds, which is no mean accomplishment.

Two new arrivals being initiated with above-mentioned winds, are Gordie Kelley and Hugh Bushnell. Gordie hopes to be on the air in the near future with call

letters W6VOC. Gordie also is a navigator and pilot and he and Ed plan to have an aircraft here next spring for the two of them. Wonder how come all the mail addressed to Miss Hughann Bushnell lately? Holding out on us, Hugh?

We haven't heard much about the bears and wolves around the station lately. I do know the wolves are still there. One night Gordie had to beg a Blackie to let him past to take the observation, and since then, he has been sure to have his trusty 30.06 along. Say, how that we think of it, "PANCHO", some pilot has Archie in Fairbanks and we hear he's got a girl friend now.

Well, let's get around and see what mischief Maintenance is up to. I see Messer getting ready to make a run on his snarls. Those rabbits are sure good Karl, except you don't get enough. Karl Messer is the hunter in the camp. During the season, his supervising enabled the personnel to get 3 caribou and one big moose. All was good except the moose. It seems a stray shot broke the gall bladder and most of the meat spoiled. We are all anxiously awaiting the first of the season to reopen.

Well look up there on the pole! It's nobody but Red Shiplett. Red is our honorable MTIC and the station's pet. (He has the commissary). We have always wondered what he and Ken were doing in Anchorage at the same time. It seems they were taking care of a certain Mrs. Timmerhoff. Speaking of Timmerhoffs, we hope they are enjoying a much delayed honeymoon in the good old States. Dick hails from Umiat and they will be a welcome addition to our station. We are anxiously awaiting their arrival.

All right Ladies - we haven't forgotten you all. We will put in a few words for you, but from now on we expect some help in keeping the old Wukluk supplied.

FAREWELL-

First of all, it is undecided who can make the best punch - Margaret, Sylvia or Pauline. (OK Messor, we know how your so-called punch is). The girls have been quite busy getting their respective homes in shape; you would almost think that it was spring. They are "quite the bingo players" - as long as they keep losing it makes us Males happy. Also there are six children located here. Their ages range from one year to eight.

By the way, did you ever see such weather? The temperatures is about 8 below and the wind SE. Inside of one hour, the temperature is about 40 above and the wind up to 90. Well, it happens here, but thank goodness it doesn't do it very often. No kidding, this is a beautiful spot. One thing about it, we are too far away from the RO to get any brass, and we guess they figure they might get stuck here. Always best to bring your own aircraft to Farewell.

Ken wants to add a few lines here: (Stucler get your feet off Youppi's desk, or is it Arnie's by now? Ha ha. Understand Juncou has new additions in the way of circuits. My best regards to the old gang and keep up the good work. From the looks of the roster, we wonder where you are going to get all the chairs. We have three here you can have. We ran into old faithful Thomas and wife in Anchorage; Juncou certainly loses some good chiefs.

In closing, we wish to take this space to wish each and all a wonderful Christmas and a prosperous New Year, and we do mean ALL. PSI We have a suggestion for ex-midwatch Marty and Shute. Why don't they get married???

--FAREWELL TO THREE

Because you have occasional low black spells of responsiveness, don't despair - The sun has a sinking spell every night; but it rises again, all right, the next day.

NEW STENO AFRAID OF POOL!!

The following conversation was sent to Kukluk, and we don't have the donor's name - so if the shoe fits.....!

"Hello? That you Darric? It's me... Well, I got a job - that is I think I have. There seems to be a lot of firms to fill in and these people take them serious. Been sworn to and at, finger printed and now if the Doc says I'm not contagious, I'm in. What's that? Oh no nothing like that - this guy says they need 'complaint' stenographers and you know me Hon, when I want to be good, I am good at talkin'

"No, now stop your fussin' - I can get by...but that wasn't the main reason for callin'; I think I got a date to take us to dinner. SURE you want to go; what's the diff? In times like this food is food. Hold on a second. Gee, maybe I don't want this job - some guy just came in this office and thinkin' I was working here, asks me to send to the pool for a new girl - his just quit. What do they think us poor girls are... FISH? And the TIE he had on - WCV. If I had to look at that all day, it would give me the jumping jitters; compared to this guy, Deli makes sense. Honestly kid, I'll take this job, don my little swim suit and splash around in this here pool till some sucker pulls me out.

"Well, since you won't go to dinner, I'll call you in the morning and give you the low-down. Say - do you know what EOD means? No? Well they just give me a slip saying like this quote; Miss Information EOD 12-1-48 - that's me. Well EOD to Gudy the tie with the man, and won't he be surprised? Toadie-Ooo."

"Pa", said a boy looking up from his book, "What does a man's better half mean?"

"Usually, my son", replied the father, from behind the evening paper, "She means exactly what she says."

(The Shriner)

TRY THESE FOR A CHANGE

Lee Warren, Chief, Air Traffic Control Division, has written the following terminologies. We believe these will furnish you that one laugh a day, which everyone needs.

AIR TRAFFIC: A concentration of numerous aircraft over a given point; each demanding the same route and altitude and each having a special priority.

AIR TRAFFIC CLEARANCE: A verbal method of snarling the foregoing traffic.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER: An individual hated by pilots, airline executives, assistant controllers, passengers and veterans; a war criminal - subject to condemnation without trial.

AIRWAY: A thing aircraft are cleared to cross or to maintain while on.

ALTERNATE AIRPORT: The last item of a flight plan - an airport toward which no aircraft ever has the gas to proceed to.

APPROACH SEQUENCE: Laughable term applied to the dogfight in progress above a range station serving a terminal airport.

APPROACH TIME: The time given to a pilot to keep him happy while attempts are made to figure out what to do with him.

ARRIVAL TIME: The numerical time which is assigned a landing aircraft who has successfully evaded traffic during descent.

BASIC VFR MINIMUMS: These meteorological conditions under which a chicken can clear a low fence while maintaining satisfactory forward visibility.

CAR-60: Ancient scroll of prehistoric lore, the only copy of which is buried in the abandoned outhouse on the north 40.

CENTER: A drafty, ill-kept barn-like structure in which government pensioners congregate for dubious reasons.

CLEARANCE: Distance between the top of one's head and the ceiling.

COMPETENT AUTHORITY: Accredited individuals who finish the third grade.

CFR: * Stuff that aircraft are instructed to climb and descend in accordance with.

CFR * TRAFFIC: Aircraft on collision courses in accordance with above instructions.

CONTROL AREA: Airspace in which only one CENTER has authority to collide aircraft.

CRUISING ALTITUDE: The altitude to be flown by the pilot, the figure to be indicated on the flight progress strip immediately adjacent to the circled altitude at which the pilot actually reports.

DEPARTURE: Aircraft unwisely leaving terra-firma to mingle with other aircraft in the wild blue yonder.

FLIGHT PLAN: Yellow piece of paper that arrives in CENTER 30 minutes after aircraft concerned has check over last radio fix.

HOLDING POINT: Place at which aircraft are told to fly within a short radius while awaiting further assinine instructions.

IFR: Conditions under which colliding aircraft can't know for sure what they have hit.

REPORTING POINT: A location over which aircraft occasionally verify their positions during clear weather.

RESCUE CONTROL CENTER: Organization equipped to recover wreckage and bodies furnished by the ATC.

SAFETY CENTER: A hole 200 feet underground into which a pilot creeps if he know what is good for him.

(Continued on page 18)

Mukluk Telegraph has received several requests from time to time from employees who desire to sell or trade merchandise of one type or another. We have given the matter considerable thought and after consulting the "powers that be" it was decided to try the idea.

Since we have no bulletin board for such purposes it seems a good idea for a page to be set aside in Mukluk. We will try it for awhile and see what the reaction is - and how much space will be needed for these ads. (We are soliciting someone who wants to trade one good bicycle for a husband... the editor is particularly interested in this one). Maybe some of you have wives you would like to send in with the top off a can of simoniz and twenty-five cents and trade her for a new BUGGY. These are just suggestions for you, but you will have much better ideas.

Seriously, we want you to contact the editor, phone 105, or write Mukluk in Room 201, Federal Building if you really want to put something before our readers for sale or trade-in for some article they also want to sell or trade. Let us know what you think of the idea because that's the only way we can tell what the "patrons" want.

To start if off, we find:
FOR SALE: One practically new pair bowling shoes - size 10. BARGAIN. Inquire Room 201, Federal Building.

FOR SALE: Good Camera, F3.5 Wollensak coated lens. Takes 35 mm. slides, both black and white and color film. The value is 75.00. Also Horton Magnify Series 3 Telephoto Lens, value \$50.00-Flash equipment, carrying case, haze filters for both lenses, adapter rings. **WILL SELL COMPLETE FOR \$100.00** See or phone Clea Warwick Ext. 74, Room 205 Federal Building. This equipment has just been checked by an expert camera-

Very early in the morning - 12:32 to be exact, a little blonde girl arrived at Providence Hospital, and she will be called: Janice May Gregory. This event took place November 26.

Both parents are well-known to C.M. The father, Art, is in charge of the Shipping office at the Regional Warehouse; and the baby's mother, Wilma, was formerly pasting clerk in both the Warehouse offices and the Commissary.

CHAMBARD ON LEAVE

The wandering Nomads of the Accounts-Division are off again. Mr. Chambar - Bud, to most of you - is enjoying a well earned vacation in Seattle. Too bad he ducked out before the girls had a chance to give him a farewell "smooch". Maybe he shouldn't have been fore-warned!

SHOP-SHAPE

(Continued from page 3)

Now that you know who we are and what we are, come down and see us some time! But please, oh please! leave behind your flat tires, burned up motors, worn out cats and sno-gos, broken down desks and filing cabinets, wrecked roller skates - and obsolete baby buggies.

man and to be as being in A-1 condition.

MEN'S SKI BOOTS for sale. Size 10 for \$8.00. See Eddie Craig, Room 205 or, phone C.M. 25.

WOMEN'S black satin house slippers size 9. Trimmed with pink. Medium heel. Contact Gene Schnarrek, Phone 103.

FOR SALE: One Federal Enlarger #331. Practically new. Inquire at Anchorage telephone Blue 585 or ask or write the Mukluk editor for details. Bargain.

Courtship is that period when a girl wraps a man around her finger, preparatory to putting him under her thumb.

COMMUNISM

In the November issue of Makluk, we published a few questions from a booklet sent us from the Committee on Un-American Activities, U.S. House of Representatives. We will now print more of these questions and answers on Communism in the U.S.A. The pamphlet contains 100 things you should know about Communism, but space does not permit publishing all of them in one issue.

COULD I BELONG TO A UNION? Under Communism, all labor unions are run by the Government and the Communists run the Government. Unions couldn't help you get higher pay, shorter hours or better working conditions. They would only be used by the Communists to help keep you down.

COULD I CHANGE MY JOB? No, you would work where you are told, at what you are told, for wages fixed by the Government.

COULD I GO TO SCHOOL? You could go to the kind of school the Communists tell you to, and NOWHERE ELSE. You could go as long as they let you and NO LONGER. You could read ONLY what the Communists let you; hear only what they let you; and as far as they could manage, you would KNOW only what they let you. For details, see "One Hundred Things You Should Know about Communism in Education."

COULD I BELONG TO THE ELKS, ROTARY, OR THE AMERICAN LEGION? No. William Foster the head of the Communists in the United States, says; "Under the dictatorship of the capitalist parties - Republican, Democratic, Progressive, Socialist, etc. will be liquidated, the Communist Party functioning alone as the Party of the toiling masses. Likewise will be dissolved, all other organizations that are political props of the bourgeois rule, including chambers of commerce, employer associations, Rotary Clubs, American Legion, YMCA, and such fraternal orders as the Masons, Odd Fellows, Elks, Knights of Columbus, etc."

COULD I OWN MY OWN FARM? No. Under Communism, the land is the property of the Government, and the Government is run by the Communists. You would farm the land under orders and you could not make any decisions as to when or where you would sell the produce of your work, or for how much.

COULD I OWN MY OWN HOME? No. Under Communism, all real estate in the city as well as the country belongs to the government, which is in turn run by the Communists. Your living quarters would be assigned to you, and you would pay rent as ordered.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO MY INSURANCE? The Communists would take it over.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO MY BANK ACCOUNT? All above sum would be confiscated. The rest would be controlled for you.

COULD I LEAVE ANY PROPERTY TO MY FAMILY WHEN I DIE? No, because you wouldn't have any to leave!

COULD I TRAVEL AROUND THE COUNTRY AS I PLEASE? No, you would have to get police permission for every move you make, if you could get it.

COULD I BELONG TO A CHURCH? In Russia, the Communists have for thirty years tried every way they could to destroy religion. Having failed that, they are trying to USE religion from the inside and the same Party strategy is NOW OPERATING IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. (See One Hundred Things You Should Know About Communism in Religion).

COULD I START UP A BUSINESS AND HIRE PEOPLE TO WORK FOR ME? To do so would be a crime for which you would be severely punished.

COULD I TEACH WHAT I PLEASE WITH ACADEMIC FREEDOM? You would teach only what the Communists authorize you to teach. You would get jail or death for anything else.

COMMUNISM-

COULD I DO SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH FREE OF GOVERNMENTAL INTERFERENCE AND RESTRICTIONS? Police and spies would watch your every move. You would be liquidated on the slightest suspicion of doing ANYTHING contrary to orders.

COULD I HAVE FRIENDS OF MY OWN CHOICE AS I HAVE NOW? No, except those approved by the Communists in charge of your life from cradle to grave.

COULD I TRAVEL ABROAD OR HARRY A FOREIGN PERSON? You could do nothing of that sort except with permission of the Communists.

COULD I EXCHANGE LETTERS WITH FRIENDS IN OTHER COUNTRIES? With the police reading your mail, you could try - once.

COULD I VOTE THE COMMUNISTS OUT OF CONTROL? No. See ONE HUNDRED THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT COMMUNISM IN GOVERNMENT, showing the facts of Communist government in other countries and the facts of Communism at work within OUR OWN government.

BUT DOESN'T COMMUNISM PROMISE THE POOR PEOPLE A BETTER LIFE? Communist politicians all over the world try in every way to break down nations as they are, hoping that in the confusion they will be able to seize control. PROMISING MORE THAN YOU CAN DELIVER IS AN OLD TRICK IN THE HISTORY OF THE HUMAN RACE. Compare Communism's promises with Communism's performances in countries where it has come to power.

TRY THESE-

(Continued from page 15)

SEPARATION: That condition which is achieved when two or more aircraft fail to collide.

TOWER: Glass cage in which Government pensioners sun themselves.

* Now known as VFR.

(Continued from page 11)

Say, Chappi, I noticed this fellow that writes the Anchorage Asterisks is trying to steal your mudholes. Don't you believe it. I've seen 'em both, and for my money you could take the largest mudholes in Anchorage and a good sized puddle and drop all of them in one little bitty old Fairbanks mudhole and no one would ever notice the difference.

I was all set to dash off an entry for the series of job stories to be featured in MUKLUK until I came to that part "Don't exaggerate," which stopped me cold. Take my toothbrush, my new enlarger, my ham rig and my XXL, but spare my hyperbole! Without that life is a mere husk of its former fascinating self. And who is to say what is a typical day in the life and work of an aircraft communicator? Is it one of the long nights on the midnight when he sees not the sun but once a week on his day off? Is it in the summer when it never gets dark? Is this typical ACCOM of ours the lad who spends a lonely vigil, standing a single man watch or is he another name on the payroll in one of the large metropolitan stations such as Anchorage and Fairbanks? Is this Joe Dockets, average ACCOM the man in the City with boom mics and choppers or is he monarch of all he surveys on Middleton Island or up in Ft. Yukon? Is the typical day when the bellows of our gallant comrades upstairs are stilled and SVC B is silent as the tomb? Or is it the day when everyone wants to get into the set and everyone talks at once? Typical ACCOM doing a day's work? When you find him he will probably be wrapped in hen's teeth. But that's what I like about the job. (Who mentioned mums?) If anyone wants an article on what the typical ACCOM does when he goes outside, look me up in a couple of months.

.....SHUTE - The Gulkana Ghoul

Doing business without advertising is like winking at a girl in the dark. You know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

FAIRBANKS

CHAPPIE ASKS "BE-KIND-TO-TURKEY" WEEK

Seeing as how we made the grade on the last issue, perhaps we can make it again.

Of course, you all probably know that it has been colder than the well known well digger of the Klondike. So far, the "cold wave" hasn't set or broken any records - that I know of - but it has been just a bit on the chilly side. Especially in the mornings when a guy has to shove his wife off his shirt tail and rush down in the basement to needle a reluctant fire into giving off the much needed stuff that you don't have any of, right then. At this writing, there has been no report of anyone losing any toes or other things in these early morning treks but it has been noted that several of the boys are talking of - among other things - about stokers and wild ideas on how to bank a fire for the night. No one has come up with a truly successful "fire bank" as of now, the main trouble, being, it seems, that the coal has a tendency to burn after being placed in the furnace.

An item of special import occurred here a few days back and where the female species of the human race have been wandering away the past few months are now upgrade. Oh yes, I nearly forgot the reason for all this. Well, Gerald (Clark) Goebel is back in our midst after a six month fishing trip down at AKW. GG denies this and so does his "bunk-mate" Bob Graner, but it is interesting to note that neither of the two can ever wear the same size clothing that they wore when they left Fairbanks. What do you think? Further, GG came back with a story of his adventures while tracking down a wayward fishing pole from the offices of Sears Roebuck. It was quite an interesting tale and he was bewailing the loss of some (what he called "hard-earned" dough) cash in the deal. Being soft-hearted boys that we are, we finally gave him his fishing pole that had

been sent to Fairbanks quite a few weeks past, in error of the company. Of course, the fish stories were phenomenal and we call upon Major Grotts at Maknek to verify the fact that the fish have been sighted jumping over the airport as well as making posts of themselves by resting on the cat-walk outside the tower! At any rate, GG is now back in circulation here in Fairbanks and the ladies have once more assumed their bloom. Isn't love a wonderful thing?

Fairbanks for a few days, was all "of a twitter, don't you know" when our world encircling lady Richards Morrow-Tait splattered her flyin' machine all over the highway down by Tok Junction. Reports and messages, requests and every other kind of thing imaginable, began to float hither and yon like so many snowflakes. Final result. The plane was down on the highway near Tok Junction! The rest of it is history now, no one hurt and everyone flat broke and all that plus a new job coming up in one of the few night-clubs in Anchorage, for the grounded English woman. It is a pity that we all can't be young and have red hair, isn't it? The "poor" navigator had to thumb his way back to blighty to finish his mental cogitations at Deah Old Oxford, it seems---poor fellow, not to realize his worldly ambitions must have been quite a blow to him, or was it? For all that, however, they were said to be very nice folks and really fresh out of cash. It is too bad that misfortune struck them to hard and so often.

Well, there have been no casualties reported in this area except the one most universal during this month over the entire nation. One wonders, now and then, if the turkey doesn't ever tire of being in the spot-light so much and more often on the family platter. Now there is a thought. Why doesn't some enterprising young man or woman, set up a
(Continued on page 22)

FALLS

CAUSED 24,000 DEATHS

LAST YEAR

**watch your step
LEST YOU BE ONE OF
THE FALL GUYS**

CRUMBS FROM THE COMMISSARY

December brings us happiness,
and gifts for one and all,
For in this month of Christmas
time,
And if I can recall,
a large tree lighted,
and stockings hung,
To make the season bright,
and carols are all being sung
In honor of this day and night,
and good wishes are being sent,
To everyone everywhere, to wish
them joy and luck,
Throughout the coming year.

The month of December is truly a happy one for everyone around the food-shack. Many celebrations were carried on over the holidays, and everybody is now decked out in frocks received from Santa Claus.

The big event around here was the marriage of M.D. Hutchens, commissary accountant. Hutch flew to Juncos over the Thanksgiving holiday and spent the following week honeymooning with his wife.

As is the custom, after working hours December 24, the gang around here all drew names and presented gifts to each other.

Alice Repran flew to Portland, Oregon to spend the holidays with her folks there. She left December 17 and returned December 28th.

Ben Mayfield is vacationing from the 8th of the month until the first of the year. Ben said he is just resting and thoroughly enjoys it.

Bernice Currie is flying to Seattle December 24 to spend Christmas with her parents and is scheduled to return here January 2nd.

The rest of the crumbs are celebrating around home, and were back on the job after the holiday.

Edith Simpson has been employed to fill the gap at the posting desk and is reported to have been surviving nicely under the strain.

We have to apologize for the large turkeys that were shipped to you field personnel on your holiday orders but we requested the smaller ones from Seattle and got large ones. Then it was too late to get other ones so we had to ship the larger ones. Also we're very sorry that we were so late in getting the candy, and nuts from the States, but we'd been trying since September to obtain them and had no success.

The Anchorage Commissary was honored this month by a visit from Mr. Fuels, Acting Superintendent from here. While on his visit here, he attended to some Commissary matters as well as other official business.

Also, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Timmerhoff visited the Commissary to stock up on supplies on their way to Farewell. All such visits are greatly appreciated by the Commissary crew as they help us get acquainted with field personnel.

During the month of January, Hatch plans to visit the Commissary at Glenn. During his stay there he will establish a cash system.

That's all for now, so as the termite said to the bartender, "Beat me Daddy, I ate the bar!" --THE CRACKER CRUMB

A man boarded a bus, handed the driver a twenty dollar bill and said apologetically: "I'm sorry but I don't have a dime."

The driver replied, "That's O.K.-buddy. In a minute you'll have two hundred of them."

OPEN LETTER -

(Continued from page 2)

TO SEND ONE CONTRIBUTION TO OUR PAPER (MUKLUK) EVERY MONTH?" The deadline is the eighth of the month and in order to get the publication out in good time we MUST stick to that date. For several months now, news has been accepted up to the last minute - but the editor has another assignment besides the paper and will have to be able to work on those reports etc., at the end of the month. Furthermore...you don't want to keep getting Mukluk with last month's date on it do you? To avoid this, news will have to be in sooner or you are likely to receive one with only two pages; so we will have to keep some sort of a deadline.

Thank you for everything - and I do hope each one of you has the very best of all holidays this year. So to you and yours...Season's greetings,

From *Michael Stubbins, Editor*

F.A.I. (Continued from page 19)

league for the "Be Kind to us Turkeys" week, especially that week in which falls the 25th of November?" Just imagine how you would feel getting your neck stretched, then shaved with an axe..... (nicked deep just once), stuffed full of stuff that you couldn't taste, all your attire ripped from your body, jammed into a pan with lots of other silly things and then put in a turkish bath until your juice oozed out every pore in you. Then, if that isn't enough, to be put on a platter and paraded into a room full of people and attacked with a huge fork and a sharp knife. From there on, identity ceases and all that you would ever become after that, would be nothing more than a tummy-achol. Not a very pleasant prospect, is it? No, I wouldn't like it either! But, turkey sure tastes good, doesn't it?

"BUSTED CLEARANCES AROUND ENGBRANES"

JW (Joanoret, to you) has just recently become a bachelor - his wife is taking the vacation for both of them. Of course

we aren't saying what JW is taking in the meantime.

KH (better known as Hoffman) is sweeting out his dog "Heinz", named after the canned food of the same name and with the same number of varieties. It seems the dog, Heinz, that is, has developed a taste for dried fish and KH is not only having a tough time keeping him supplied with food but is also attempting to explain to his neighbors' satisfaction.. that he is not in the fishing business nor does he have any cod liver oil on the premises.

RB (Footsie Blum) is still plugging for his first million -- off anyone he can catch with their hands in their pockets. GR (Dump-on-out Richards) must have gone down the drain -- haven't seen nor heard from him for weeks.

CO (an unknown quantity) breathing much easier since he found out who sent him \$40 in an envelope with no name attached. It developed that someone in an echor to aircraft maintenance still trusted him enough to have him buy a pair of ice skates for them. Brother, will they know better next time! At that, though, the party (while the \$40 lasted!) was pretty good. Won't someone else please send us another \$40 so we can pay the rest of the bill?

It seems like (LS) our Chief, is resting nicely in his own little bungalow next to the Center - all he needs now is a beautiful brunette stenographer (he is allergic to red heads and blondes); anyway he doesn't bother us quite so much as when his office was in the Center, but he says he has more time to hang around in the Center now that he can get his work done without all the HEY SMITHY interruptions. Outside of not being able to start the Center car, he is pretty happy - except for the fact that the water in the Center is frozen, as usual in the winter. Oh well, such is life in the For Frozen North. --CAMPPIE

(I will never eat another turkey --Ed.)

ARTIC.

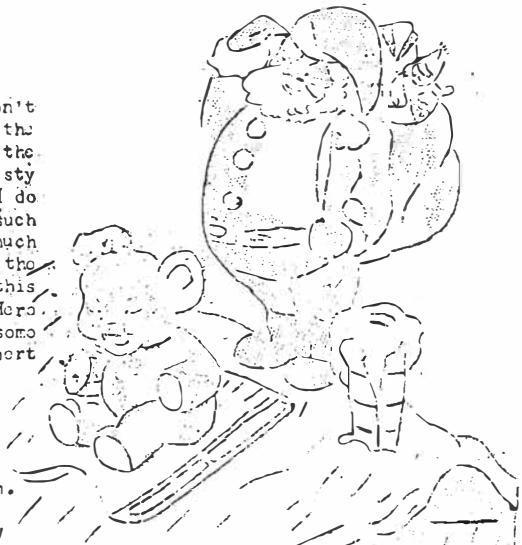
To the Editor: Mabel, if you don't quit calling up here at all hours of the day and night asking for copy for the MUKLUK, I plan to write something nasty about you. You people in the field do not know how lucky you are to have such an arrangement. I know you have much better things to do than wonder if the next issue will be loused up by this column. Oh well, if you insist. Here is something to help you take up some space. Check this, something from Robert Service, the great Alashogan poet:

Out of the cold Alaskannight,
Came a startled pilot's scream;
For he'd asked Control,
As he started to roll,
For permission to bracket the beam.

Oh! Hark to the toot of that husky
brute,
For Control had answered "NO";
"I'll smash the snoot of that darn
galoot,
The Controller known as Schmoo".

You know, some day I plan to finish that and publish it all in the Mukluk. A pox to all of you who just muttered, "Don't bother". It might even put me in the Hall of Fame. Or some type of hall. Even a Hall of Detention or a Happy Factory or something.

For all of you nossey people who just have to know what is going on in this office, here is the latest information: Sid 'Curley' Brown has departed for Gambell for a bit of fast horse trading with the populace of said fair station. Bet he loses his shirt. And after looking at the shirt he had on when he left, I don't know but what he would be ahead on the deal. I would not be saying this except for the fact that I shall be on my way to Minnesota for a little vacation. Hey Mabel, while I am gone you can run a couple pages from the Anchorage City Directory as a tribute; it will be much better reading.



(Continued from page 5)
can't get the maintenance man to help them fix the place up, and provide the necessary staple of livelihood.

I hope this will serve to put us on the permanent list of Mukluk aspirants to journalistic fame. We find Mukluk is something to which we look forward a great deal, so we can learn of our friends throughout the region, and to help us keep up on Shute's current fouds and witticisms.

—OWAR J. KHAYYAM

Jack Fielding has been promoted to Controller and to celebrate, the powers that be are sending him to AKN as a relief, for Simpson and Hester so they can get all boozed up and take care of their Xmas shopping in our fair burg. It will only be for a week, but after all it rates mention here.

Well, I will see all youse peoples later when I return from God's Country. As they say in Minny-Sota, Yingle Yingle Yingle; Coms it now Kris Kringle!

—BOE Sennoe ARNEY



KORDOVA-

(Continued from page 7)

to go to Anchorage for the hearing on the DC3 crash. Canham reported that Anchorage was about the same, only more people there than before. Incidentally, he got a haircut before he left here - (\$1.25). Also noticed Mattson did the same before he left. Reports are though, that vegetables, fruit, and green stuff etc., are cheaper in Anchorage - so that about evens it. Things are a little better here than they were two years ago when the strike was in progress. The stores do have a little stock left - at a price. The latest report on a case of canned milk quotes it at 17 bucks a case. You can buy it by the can for 38 cents per. How about it Anchorage - think it would be a good time for that cost of living survey???

Well, kiddies, I can now see the SACCOM with a gleam in his eye, roach for his moose hide lash. In his other hand he has a swab and a bucket of suds (soap and water). I wish we still had our T Craft so I could send Canham up to log contact with me. Then I could be QRL-aircraft and escape this dire punishment. But, as all good things must come to an end, I'll reel in my antenna and see you later.

--"Hal"

GIVE ME A FRIEND -

Give me a friend, and I'll worry along,
My vision may vanish, my dreams may go
wrong.
My wealth I may lose, or my money may
spend,
But I'll worry along, you give me a
friend.

Give me a friend and I'll live in a cot,
And, maybe have more than a man with
a lot.
Whatever, O, Heaven! you may happen to
send
I ask, most of all, that you give me a
friend.

Give me a friend, and my youth may
depart,
But still I'll be young in the house of
my heart,
Yes. I will go laughing, right to the
end,
Whatever the years, if you give me a
friend.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY - ADV.

Grace Dillon at the Warehouse called Lukluk office and wanted us to see if we would please try to find a home for the nicest little dog she has ever seen. It seems she has such limited space that it is impossible to keep him. The puppy is very well behaved and does NOT chew on any nylons or furniture. It is quiet and yet quite playful - but has outgrown the destructive "puppy stage". If you know of anyone who wants a really fine pet, call Grace Dillon, CAA 17. We nearly forgot to mention that the dog is half-cocker spaniel.

A horse can't pull while kicking.

This fact I merely mention,
And he can't kick while pulling,

Which is my chief contention.

Let's imitate the good old horse

And load a life that's fitting,

Just pull an honest load, and then,
There'll be no time for kicking.



CAA'S

SANTA CLAUS RUN

Don't ever let it be said that there is no Santa Claus. The old boy would have a pretty tough time of it each year if it were not for the fine cooperation of CAA's Chief Pilot Jack Jefford, and his assistants in the Flight Inspection Staff.

It has been reported to us that Santa has had trouble getting his reindeer out to some of the more isolated places in Alaska, and solicited the help of some of our ace flyers, so that everyone of our field stations will have the same things on their dinner tables that we in the larger towns have.

The CAA Santa Claus Run begins about two or three weeks before December 25th when the fellows make their traditional deliveries. The food is put up by the Commissary after they send messages to the various stations requesting their Christmas needs. Some of the tasty treats sent out are turkeys, cranberries, fresh vegetables, candy and nuts.

This special run was inaugurated in 1941 when only CAA Cessna planes were in use. In 1944 - the only time a station was missed - Moses Point has to be passed up because of poor flying weather. This year some of the stations were sent enough at Thanksgiving to also cover the requirements for Christmas. Among the food deliveries were several trees also. Anyone living in an area where trees are growing in abundance would only have a vague idea how welcome those would be to homes where their chief landscaping is ice and more ice.

In sub-zero weather when the mercury is forced down to about 40 or 50 below, Santa's helpers don't loiter long, but unload their wares and hasten on to the next stop. Fresh produce will freeze almost as soon as the door of the plane is opened, in this kind of weather. One of the favorite foods is the package containing the fresh green produce.

Those who expected to participate in the special delivery trips this year were: Jack Jefford, Chief Pilot, and Charles Weyer, Jim Hurst, Morgan Davies, John Freeland, Speck Reynolds and Bill Clayton. Several of the regular pilots and crew were out of town at the time of the trips, we understand.

The first few years of the run were very exciting to the residents because of the fact that planes were not quite so common as they are now - with only a few owning their own planes, and at that time commercial flying has not reached the peak it has now. To some of those isolated points, the descending planes full of goodies were like pennies from Heaven.

NINA AND BILL COX ON LEAVE

Nina (Accounts) and Bill (Warehouse Office Supplies) Cox are taking a long journey to the palm lined avenues of the Florida coast, via the Baronof and any other way they can get there. We wonder if they will steal that grandchild and bring it back up here.

POINT BARROW

After reviewing a rather broad statement in a recent edition of *WUKIUX*, the boys draw straws and 'WE' have decided to get our annual issue out early this year.

Attention is called to that 'PLEW' from Kotzebue. We feel it our duty to correct the Kotzebue Seal on the subject of commercial theaters. In this fair city and its suburb Barrow, we boast of two theaters. The first being owned and operated (with the exception of the stoves), by the Navy. The latter being owned by a native in Barrow. 'Tis commercial Bud!

Now getting to the 'Midnight Sun--Son; that guy is out of the race already. We have the 'NOON-DAY MOON' here, and running water? With the aid of a faithful blow torch we have not only running water but thawed water. Last but not least in the way of entertainment is our floor show every Saturday night (beer ration day), starring WILD BILL HIC-UP - who hails from Pennsylvania. In fact, with this nice weather and terrain, some of the guys are thinking of homesteading.. (my personal belief being that they are in my shoes and can't afford a bus ticket back).

Recent arrivals are Ken Cossaboom from Oklahoma City and one Emmett Boone, traveling maintenance man from Anchorage. It is rumored that Mr. Boone plans an early departure, but due to non-existent maintenance men, this is apt to turn into a major setback for said gent. With the exception of Julius Martin RTIC and Ed Austin ERAC, who are outside on leave QZ on the inbound flight plans of personnel. All the gang are keeping their fingers crossed for negative additons to this happy family. As it is, we've had to kick our pet bloodhounds out to make room for Cossaboom. Incidentally, these ferocious beasts (having been known to eat five pounds of blubber in

as many minutes) are used in tracking down our Station Manager, Roy Roosa, on one of his many trips from the station to the quonset hut. Oh yeah! There's the late H. C. Caldwell who got too rich and resigned last week. Plans are under way to send out an INREK on this guy, as he is believed to be lost somewhere in the vicinity of Joe's Jint in Fairbanks.

Bud 'kl7om' Kootz is really having trouble these days. It seems his chief beef is that after working all summer to build his rig, kl7pf in Barrow village, comes up on all bands shouting QUT this is the top of the world etc. UQOT. Bud has our support in maintaining that this guy is just next to all those things because he (Bud) is located 3 miles farther north and therefore deserves the gravy.

Friends will be interested to know that John C. (Tundra) GusTitus is now sporting a beard - 'what a beard' as he terms it. This pelt being somewhat patchy, but of late shows genuine signs of improvement..considering all the bottles of lotions and hair tonic with which he has been irrigating it. Well, we think it's about time something happened. We have recently been trying to figure out about where his ears should be located; that stuff on his head is so thick. He says he just loves to hear it whistle in the wind. He doesn't smoke, chew, drink, nor gamble and doesn't have too much to do with women, considering he doesn't write too many letters, (INKGO), but one can always find him in his cubicle reading some outdoor life stories, recently those of 'Deep River Jim' or petting his firearms. Oh! For the outdoor life!! Must get down to Southeast Alaska soon. By the way...wonder how his trail partner High, at CXD is making out with L.C. (Elsio) Smith and Thutty O Six?

Bringing up the end of the list are Fred 'Sixgun' Jamison, Slicker Schuyler and Gildersleeve. Jamison being chiefly interested in anything that will make a
(Continued on page 28)

BETHEL BABBLES

Greetings folks, and a Happy New Year to all of you, from Bethel. And just to prove to you that the news from here, in the November Mukluk wasn't an accident, here we are again with a few more items that may be of interest to other CAA personnel in the region.

Thanksgiving was well celebrated at this station with all personnel partaking of bounteous dinners. All the bachelors were invited to dinners at various homes, so everyone was taken care of in good shape.

The Saturday night following Thanksgiving, the bachelors with Bruce Ingalls and Ray Slack as hosts, have a nice party in the Recreation room. Many friends drove over from the town of Bethel and the evening was spent dancing, singing and visiting. The hosts provided drinks a-plenty, and the ladies of the CAA and Weather Bureau furnished open-faced sandwiches. There were pickles, olives and potatoe chips so no one went away either thirsty or hungry, and all were agreed that it was the nicest party held in the station for a long time.

Since the river has frozen over it is possible to drive over to town, and a large delegation went over the evening of December 4th to attend a play which was entitled "Mr. Smith Steps Out" and put on by local talent in the town and coached by Mrs. Clara Brown. The play, a three-act humorous one, was thoroughly enjoyed by all attending. Proceeds from the performance were for the benefit of a public library in the town. After the play, a dance, with proceeds for Alaska Wripped Children, was held in the River Room of the Bethel Road-House.

For the past three winters the town of Bethel has run out of stove oil almost before winter is underway. Last year the townspeople promised themselves

"it would never happen agrin"; however here it is just the start of December and again they are out of oil, and getting mighty cold - and trying to burn diesel oil, which of course doesn't do so well in this cold weather we have been having the past month. Somehow... someone got the idea that the CAA must have plenty of surplus stove oil, and perhaps would not mind playing Fairy God-Father to the tune of loaning them about 20,000 gallons. That would be fine, except that is this happened, we wonder who would play God-Father in return, when the CAA ran out of oil about two or three months before the supply boat arrived in June to fill our tanks. Anyway they were soon put straight as to the situation, and do hope they can make arrangements to get some oil for the town through some other channel as there are lots of people on whom it will work a real hardship if the town is unable to get stove oil to run them through the rest of the winter.

New personnel at this station since the last report from here include ACCOM R. McFadden and ACCOM Dean Pribble, both from Oklahoma City, and word is out that another ACCOM is expected momentarily. Two new Weather Bureau couples have been assigned to this station; Mr. and Mrs. Hudgins and Mr. and Mrs. E.C. Vaughan. Hudgins transferred here from Yekitot and Vaughans came here from Santa Rosa, California. Both couples are very congenial and a real asset to the station.

Dick Bryan and his wife Net, son Douglas and baby daughter Gracie Ann, paid us a visit this week, arriving by WCL plane from Aniak on Tuesday and returning to that station on Thursday's flight. Dick Bryan was formerly C.COM at this station and transferred to his present location at Aniak, the first of September. We were surely glad to see them again and get to have a visit.

BETHEL-

All personnel are highly elated at the prospects of this station having a new winn. We are keeping our fingers crossed and fairly drooling while we hold our breath just thinking about how wonderful it will be to have good water here. It can't happen too soon so suit us.

Our Station Manager, Don Church and his family are Outside on leave, having left this station December 3rd. They plan to be gone two months. Most of their time will be spent in and around Seattle. Ken Lohnes is in charge during Mr. Church's absence.

Well friends, guess this is about all the news from this station on the Kuskokwim for the time being. We will be back again soon.

WIEN (BLESS THEIR HEARTS)

Monero things women marry. They have two hands, two feet, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one dollar or one idea. Like Turkish cigarettes they are all made of the same material; the only difference is some are better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes: husbands, bachelors, and widowers. A bachelor is a negligible mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are three types: prizes, surprises, and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest forms of plastic surgery known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope, and charity - mostly charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a small, tender, soft, violet scented thing should enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco and bay-rum scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man, you frighten him to death. If you don't, you bore him to death. If you permit him to make

love to you, he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you wear gay colors, rouge and a startling hat he hesitates to take you out, but if you wear a little brown beret, and a tailor-made suit, he takes you out and stresses all evening at women in gay colors, rouge and a startling hat.

If you join in the goities and approve his drinking, he swears you are driving him to the devil. If you don't approve his drinking and urge him to give up his goities, he vows you are a snob and a "fice".

If you are the clinging vine type, he doubts whether you have a brain. If you are a modern advanced, intelligent woman he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate. If you are brilliant and intellectual, he longs for a playmate.

Man is just like a worm in the dust. He comes along, wiggles around for a while and finally some chicken gets him.

BY RACON-

(Continued from page 26)

bang, including firecrackers. While old Slicker Schuyler is QRL (that means busy I think - Ed.) all the time figuring new angles for the POINT BARROW DARK TOWN POKER CLUB. So far he has managed to keep his batting average within the limits of his last July issue of the groon. Gilbreath? Well it seems he got a bad start on a Charles Atlas course...should not mention it, but it seems that he unfortunately read the wrong page and all those muscles suddenly went around the waist. Last time we saw him, he was mumbling about something and stealing the harness off a dog team for built material. As everyone has surely observed by this time, this kid just ain't the literary type, so will bring this thing to a halt before the censor takes a hand. Also, since this thing probably won't make the headlines this month, we'll take the opportunity anyway to wish all of you a MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

- THE MATADOR

HAINES

Saturday night. I'm writing this at Harry's Bar on my night off inasmuch as I haven't been able to find time to scribble the Mukluk article while on watch. As a matter of fact, this may very likely be the last article from Haines. In the good old days when we were on 302, it was kinda busy but I managed to find time to ghost the articles for Shute as long as he would make the smooth copy for publication. Then Shute left and we adopted teletype circuits which gave me time to write the smooth copies myself...until last month. Now we've adopted a new "time saving device" in operation of the teletypes. It consists merely of disconnecting the keyboards. No more manual operation. No hands. Everything high speed...Harry, fill this up again will ya?...Yep, every time you receive a message, you merely reach over to the perforator and punch out a "HMS R2" but then just as you get it in the keying head somebody fires another message so you tear up that tape and poke a new one saying "JMU R2 HMS" and insert it (no fumbling please) into the keying head and wait for the guy to finish his string of traffic. About that time it starts to snow so quick-like you punch out a special, toss the 'roger' tape to the side and fire the special to 804 but while that's running JMU comes up on 9390 and screams for a roger so you scratch around on the floor and find the tape and are all set to send it except you note that the last guy up didn't give a line feed so you have to poke a new roger tape prefixed with a carriage return and line feed...HARRY, fill this up again...Anyway with good luck, you can usually roger for a message in less than ten minutes sometimes.

Sometimes we don't have such good luck. It seems that ACS circuits aren't quite as reliable as ATandT and the lines garble - occasionally, quite often...but not all the time. But especially on automatic. Anyway there are times when ya got an aviator yelling for some special forecast conditions ahead and so you say to him "Just a sec please, will get from

JMU right away". This is no reflector on Juneau...but anyway real quick like you poke a tape and with great luck you squeeze it into the circuit and with great luck Juneau receives most of it but asks for a fill, he needs the word after 'FORECAST' and says so. So you hastily poke out a new tape with "JMU DE HMS WORD AFTER FORECAST ANNETTE ISLAND REPEAT ANNETTE ISLAND carriage return line feed...but since there was a slight pause after JMU asked for the fill and no quick answer, Anchorage assumes the circuit is clear and immediately sends a string of six to Fairbanks two to Northway and follows it up with a KCAA8. So in the meantime you talk to the airplane and say "Please don't get excited old boy, I'll get this forecast for you real quick like". But the pilot doesn't think much of that so he sez "Sorry, I think it looks kinda bad, here's a change of flight plan etc etc". So you take his new flight plan and poke up a new tape and just as soon as Anchorage quits sending, JMU starts yelling for the fill but then you notice that you just have ten seconds to get your weather observation taken and the tape poked. If you drop everything and hurry real fast, you almost get your weather tape poked in time but not quite...you missed, so real fast you tear up that tape and poke a PDW wx tape but before you get it on the circuit the pilot calls back and says, "Haines, do you have that forecast yet?" ...Harry, double up on that last one, will ya?...Yep, we sure save a lot of time these days. Look, no hands - all automatic. As Einstein sez, Time is ir-reversible...Harry, bring me a beer chaser; Oh well, this is Saturday night, got nothing to do all night so might as well get this written.

Quite a bit has happened at Haines during the past two months but I can't recall much of it. It's been kinda cold and with great quantities of snow and wind. But don't take my word for it, I'm just an observer. Tommy Knudsen, the station mech, has been pushing that white

(Continued on page 32)

APPRECIATION

In this land of ice and snow it is noted that occasionally, perhaps on their more trying days, station managers and maintenance personnel have been heard to mutter darkly to themselves something to the effect that the female of the species is an over-demanding, unappreciative lot. At one of our stations, those responsible for station upkeep who had been giving their all to make living more pleasant for resident personnel received a most welcome tonic in the form of the following letter signed by all wives at the station:

"In times past the men in charge and responsible for maintenance at this station have no doubt been irked at the requests submitted to them by the women of this station. Perhaps they have thought that with so little opportunity for outside diversion we have turned our time to griping about trifles. We realize that too often things done for the comfort of personnel appear to go unnoticed and unappreciated.

"For this reason we want to take this opportunity of expressing our thanks for the many things you have done, probably in the line of duty but which have meant so much to us; the cleaning up and painting of our utility rooms; stringing of new clothes lines; the drain for the washing machine; the fixing of the mangle; the regular hauling of garbage; the cleaning and straightening up of cold-storage quarters; your willingness to "fix it" promptly and courteously whenever we have stove or plumbing difficulties; and the banking of houses and addition of porches to yak huts to help keep the quarters warm. All these and many others have been noticed by the women and appreciated, so rather than wait till you are "dead and gone" or transferred, before sending bouquets, we want to tell you now **THANK YOU!**"

"Your sister is spoiled, isn't she?"
"No, that's just her perfume."

CAA CREDIT UNION

A Federal Credit Union has been formed and a charter granted by the government covering all Eighth Division employees in the CAA, C.R., and U.S. Weather-Bureau.

A credit union is a convenient way of saving money and making loans to its members at low interest rates. It is organized like a club, one member one vote - with officers elected from the membership. This union is organized for a particular group; people working for the same employer, etc. Membership is open to anyone in the group regardless of race, color or creed.

HOW IT WORKS

The credit union is used by its members to accumulate their savings and to make loans to each other from their savings. A board of directors elected by the members controls the policies of the organization. A treasurer appointed by the directors takes care of the business details. There is a credit committee which is elected by the members and it passes on applications for loans. Each year in an annual meeting the members review the business and vote on policies.

FUND PROTECTED

The financial soundness of the credit union is safeguarded in several ways; by incorporation under Federal law, by a supervisory committee which periodically inspects the books independently of the treasurer, by annual examination of the books by a certified authority, and by bonding the treasurer and all other officers who handle money.

LOW COST CREDIT

Officers serve without pay, except in large credit unions - it is quite common to pay the treasurer something for the extra work, but this amount usually does not exceed \$10.00 per week. Interest rates are never higher than 1 percent

(Continued on page 34)

WAREHOUSE WAILS

Rock-a-bye baby is now the theme song of the A.H. Gregory's. The new arrival came to Providence Hospital shortly after midnight of November 28.

It is their first child, a daughter, named Janice Kay. Weight 6 pounds.

The event caused quite a good deal of anxiety to both father and mother as the baby was quite persistent about arriving and "moony" got to the hospital with just none too much time to spare.

The Gregorys have a homestead about ten miles south of town, which made it quite a problem getting to the hospital. We might add that "Grogg" is in the shipping office of the warehouse and his wife Wilma, formerly worked in 207 and later transferred to the commissary.

Emerç Fotts is back with the organization again, but only for a short time. It is good to see him back again and we are sorry he isn't going to be able to stay longer.

Jackie Johnson, clerk stenographer in 207, recently received the sad news of the passing of her mother who lived in southern California.

Jackie flew south immediately and will probably be gone for several weeks.

Everyone around here seemed to have had an enjoyable Thanksgiving and as usual stuffed themselves to the state of misery.

But, boy was it ever good!

Grace Dillon file clerk, has had more than her share of filing these days due to the enormous amount of back order requisitions being filled.

The back order requisitions plus all her other work to do has really made her go around in a spin. Papers have been flying all over the place.

Looks like things are slowly getting straightened out for her now and maybe in the future the filing department will not be such a struggle.

Priscilla Bickel recently returned to work after a two week honeymoon.

She was married November 27, at the First Baptist Church, to Cpl. Billie Bickel of Fort Richardson.

The double ring ceremony was performed by Rev. Felton Griffin.

We all wish you the best of luck and congratulations!

We are sorry to say however, that Priscilla will be leaving us soon, as she is transferring from the shipping office to the Radio Lab in the Federal Building.

Helone Rude, typist for a short time, was forced to leave due to ill health.

Her job has been taken by Gladys Wyatt, a new arrival to Anchorage. Welcome to the organization, Gladys.

Well kids, I must really sign off for now and get some work done around here instead of blabbing away to the Hukluk Telegraph.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all of you from all of us at the Regional Warehouse. --DORIS PHILLIPS

CAA MAN AUTO VICTIM

James Murphy, 76 years old was struck down by a reckless driver the night of December 18th as he was crossing Fourth Avenue. He was thrown a distance of 45 feet over the top of the car and died a short time afterward in the Providence Hospital.

Mr. Murphy was employed as general mechanic at Merrill Field and had been employed by CAA since July, 1945. He had never married and the only survivors are a niece and sister in the States.

(Continued from page 29)

stuff all over the place with the 'cat' and if he would write, I'm sure he could describe the weather in very colorful language. However, the Weather Bureau frowns on his form of description..... besides I couldn't even spell some of those new words he uses. Harry, one more and fill Tommy's glass, too please.....

Brother Benningfield is still without vehicle and up to a few weeks ago he would walk faithfully to town for his evening grog in ten below weather and stagger faithfully home at 12 below...but feeling much warmer. But I miss him here tonight. Probably because his fond spouse Helen has finally returned from a vacation in the States. I don't know why he doesn't come to town in the evenings any more. It's warmer too.

Whitey, the machine, has been sticking pretty close to home. The other night he invited Bill Knight down to his house for some engineering consultation on his now built-in bookcase. The consulting went something like this:

Whitey: Well there she is Bill. How do you like 'er?

Bill : Not bad, but don't you think it needs to be painted?

Whitey: Yeah, but I don't have any paint.

Bill : Well, there's some up in the construction shack left over from construction.

Whitey: But I can't take that, it..... well, it belongs to somebody.

Bill : Heck no, there was a memorandum from the KC awhile back saying it was permissible to use materials left over from construction.

Whitey: The dickens you say, I don't recall seeing it.

Bill : Sure, it was a KC-18 I think... no, it was an 8-ALL....or maybe an 8C or 8S Circular.

Whitey: Stop contradicting yourself. Was it in an unnumbered Memorandum or Circular letter?

Bill : Gee, I don't think so. It may have been in an Office Transmittal..... either an 8-75 or 88-75 letter. Maybe I

saw it in the 8-ANF file. Whitey; Are you sure it wasn't in the Plant and Structures manuals..or maybe the B-Manuals..or E-Circulars???

Bill : You're confusing me. It was probably an Administrative Order....or Circular. Anyway I don't think it was in the Airman's Guide.

Whitey: Well, if it came out as a KC-18 or HAINES, then we could probably find it in the Standard Allowances file.

And so far far into the night. There is still half a quart of paint that Warren Kerr left here when he finished construction and Whitey's bookcase is still bare. However, he has a memorandum on his desk to remind himself to ask the next inspector to Haines where he can find the authority to use the paint.

Incidentally, we just received a letter from Warren telling us that he and the wife arrived safely in Anchorage. Seems they started out in the pick-up in a blinding snowstorm, about the last car over the highway. Nothing to it, he says. Only took him 44 hours to travel 42 miles over the summit following a couple of 'cats' clearing snow. All the rubber wore off the windshield wiper and that had to be replaced before they got to Anchorage but other than that and perhaps a few other major items, it was a beautiful trip, I don't think so.

Harry, I'm drier 'n a skunk; fill 'er up again, oh? Let's see, where was I? Guess there isn't much more to report. Hayden seems to have the only running vehicle during these ruff-weather months; the Ford works like a charm. However, Aukerman really has the transportation problem licked. When his car gives him trouble, or the roads are drifted over, he merely whistles for his dog driven chariot and says the magic word; 'mush'.

But he's reduced by one dog recently. The mother is doing very well, thank you, and soon Dick will have an eight-dog team....Yours truly has been using shanks mare and skis to travel to and

(Continued on page 34)

PERSONNEL ACTIONS

OCTOBER 27 THROUGH NOVEMBER 26

NEW EMPLOYEES

AIRFIELD & STRUCTURES BRANCH

Armin A. Airing, general mech. Summit.
Forbes L. Baker, general mech. Fairbanks
John W. Booth, general mech. Anchorage
Elva Bryant, general mechanic, Anchorage
Lester L. Holmes, general mech. Juneau.
Alton A. Johnson, airways engr. Maintenance Division, Anchorage
Bernard R. Martin, airways engr. Engineering Division, Anchorage
Andrew L. Zingeris, gen. mech., Annette.

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

Marion F. Edelman, communications opr., Anchorage
Eris M. Gibson, clerk-steno, Air Traffic Control Anchorage
Ruth M. Huitt, clerk typist, Communications Opor. Division, Anchorage
Robert K. Larsen, assistant air route traffic controller, Anchorage
Anne E. Rouse, clerk-steno, Comm. Opor. Division, Anchorage
Robert Robinson, assistant air route traffic controller, Anchorage

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

Gloria M. Anderson, fiscal audit clerk, Accounts Division, Anchorage
Clarence G. Bockhorn, aircraft mechanic Aircraft Serv. Div'n., Anchorage
Maxine Mae Hollifield, clerk (mail), Mail and Files Unit, Anchorage
Peter D. McDonald, gen'l mech. Regional Warehouse, Anchorage
Arnold A. Petric, Contract and Procurement Div'n (clerk steno) Anchorage
John R. Moriarty, general mechanic, Regional Warehouse, Anchorage
Iris E. Laurio, clerk typist, Accounts Division, Anchorage
Rosemary H. Rude, clerk typist, Regional

Warehouse, Anchorage

Jane F. Wells, clerk typist, Contract & Procurement, Anchorage

AIRFIELD COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

Paul W. Gisi, maintenance technician, Annette
Albert W. Gatcher, maintenance technician, Juneau
Robert W. Knight, maintenance technician, Nome
Orle F. Weilsson, maintenance technician Fairbanks
George T. Stephan, Jr., maintenance technician, Annette

TRANSFERS

Ernest E. Greene, radio engineer, AIRFIELD Communications Branch, transferred from Anchorage to Washington, D. C.

SEPARATIONS

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

Harold L. Eulcis, storerooper, at the Regional Warehouse, Anchorage
Tamar M. Bruden, clerk steno, Contract & Procurement, Anchorage
Esther L. Chambers, fiscal audit clerk, Accounts Division, Anchorage
Joan M. Johnson, clerk steno, Personnel Division, Anchorage
Melford L. Kerwald, general mechanic, Regional Warehouse, Anchorage
Faye M. Kol, clerk typist, Contract & Procurement, Anchorage
Evelyn A. Nilo, fiscal audit clerk, Accounts Division, Anchorage
Josephine C. O'Shea, Mail & Files Supervisor, Mail & Files Unit, Anchorage
Core L. Oliver, clerk (mail) Mail and Files Unit, Anchorage
Alpha O. Trigg, clerk typist, Accounts
(Continued on page 36)

(Continued from page 34)

from work these past two months. The jeep gave a gasp and quit - so ordered a new engine, Air Express on October 25th and it's still not here (December) Maybe the airline wants to surprise me with it for a Christmas present...or maybe they are using the new high speed automatic.. teletype system too.

Seem to have nothing but gripes and troubles to write about, so think I had better sign this thing off and settle down to some serious drinking. Maybe Harry will scratch my back. Hey Harry!!

---MARTIN CORDES
(This editor will be furious if you EVER MENTION the fact that maybe you won't send in any more letters for Mukluk..so let's not entertain such a thought, Marty. Cheer up - things are bound to get worse.)

CAA CREDIT UNION-

(Continued from page 30)

per month on unpaid balances, while some loan companies charge as high as 3 1/2 percent per month. Thus a credit union loan of \$100 paid off in monthly installments in ten months would cost \$5.50 for interest. While the same loan from a loan company would cost as much as \$19.25. Credit Union earnings are used to defray expenses, so set up a reserve fund against uncollectable loans, and to pay dividends on savings accounts. Losses are insured.

ALL KINDS OF LOANS

Loans may be made for any purpose which is to the member's benefit - "any provident or productive purpose". Common reasons for borrowing are: Paying off old bills, buying for cash rather than on installments, taxes, medical expenses, funeral expenses, home repairs and vacations, etc.

The following Board of Directors was elected: Dick McGowan, Mac Emerson (U.S. Weather Bureau) Lance Harvey, Sid Brown, Pete Vordin, Frank Berry and Irma Lobbin. From this group Sid Brown was elected as

JEAN COLLINS AT "RO"

When it was learned that Jean Collins was in the building, we started a search for her in order to ask all about life at Shungnak, Alaska. She was in Anchorage on business and had many things to do in a short length of time but still consented to sit down and spend a little time with the Mukluk editor.

Jean's husband Dick is station manager and she is also a CAA communicator in her own right. They have been working in the field for four years and enjoy their work a great deal. Naturally it lacks much of the entertainment that is found in some of the larger stations but in the more or less isolated location of Shungnak they depend on hobbies and the great outdoors for making use of any spare time they might have. There is good hunting and a natural setting for photography also. Then there is flying which is both entertaining and practical - and that's what Jean and Dick are both doing whenever time permits. Their plane, a Stinson L-5, is called the Green Heron and we understand it has all priorities on that name.

The station itself measures 24 x 44 foot and the building was a former trading post made of logs. The equipment is nearly lost in its spacious surroundings and we believe it would be the envy of some of the more crowded offices which other personnel are using.

(Continued on page 36)

President; Pete Vordin, Treasurer; Frank Berry, Vice President, and Irma Lobbin Clerk-Secretary.

Those elected to the Credit Committee were Pete Vordin, Gene Clark and Milton Johnson (USIB). Members of the Supervisory Committee are Martha White (U.S. Weather Bureau), Harry Watson and Bud Chamberd.

