

April 1 to May 15, 1949

LAUDS CAA, RESCUE

Mr. Trudeau has given us a copy of the letter sent to him at the Anchorage Station by Mr. A. K. Soper, of Kenai, Alaska. The letter was prompted by concentrated cooperation of CAA personnel and the Tenth Rescue Squadron. The letter reads as follows:

"To the CAA and Tenth Rescue Squadron, On March 29th, last, our son received a serious injury to his eye through the combination of a fire cracker and glass jar."

"Two of our Public Agencies were instrumental in saving our son's eye by their prompt, efficient, and generous services. The personnel of both of the agencies went beyond their duties in, 'just doing what they are here for', in their efforts and consideration.

"Doctor Fritz has reported that Roy's eye will be saved and Mrs. Soper and I thought that both the Civil Aeronautics Administration and the Tenth Rescue Squadron would like to know that their prompt and efficient action made this possible. Had it been necessary for us to have waited until the following morning to transport Roy to Anchorage by regular plane, Doctor Fritz would not have had a chance to have saved the eye.

"Mrs. Soper and myself know that both agencies receive little thanks for their many public services and we would like to express this public appreciation to them for their efforts. There are no words that will express our gratitude."

/s/ A. K. Soper
Kenai, Alaska.

RETURN FROM WASHINGTON

Mr. Virgil D. Stone and Mr. F.M.C. Merrithew returned late Tuesday evening, May 17 from a flight to Washington, D.C. via a USAF C-47 airplane.

The flight was occasioned by the 4th annual conference of the Civil Air Patrol held in the Capitol city on May 10-12 - where all Wing Commanders from the 48 States, Alaska and Hawaii were in attendance. Merrithew and Stone are both staff officers of the Alaska Wing, being Training Officer and Executive Officer, respectively, each holding the rank of Major. Colonel Jack Carr of the Carr Flying Service, Inc., is the Alaskan Wing Commander who also made the trip together with a few other staff officers of the CAP. The plane was piloted by Air Force officers including Capt. J. D. Stone, Liaison Officer.

Stone reports his time was devoted largely to conferring with CAA officials in the Personal Flying Development and Aviation Training Officer. He did take time out, however, on the evening of May 12 to attend the annual Presidential dinner and sat in for short periods on two official meetings of the CAP. Frank Merrithew slipped away and visited with home folks at Boston, rejoining the group at Washington a day before departure.

Contacts were made with a few former Anchorageites including Messrs. Wiloy, Danos, Anderson and Broadwell.

Engine trouble held up the return for 2 days enroute back to Alaska. The trip was made via Great Falls, Montana both going and returning.

MAY 24 1949
Merrithew, CAA

MUKLUK TELEGRAPH

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Mabel Stubbs, Editor

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RECEIVE SPECIAL AWARDS

Richard A. Pace, CMO at Annette Island was the first winner in the Eighth Region since the Employee Suggestion Program began. Mr. Pace received a cash award of \$25.00 for his suggestion which consists of more efficient operation of the Boehme Ink Recorder. This plan has been adopted for use in all Regions.

Allen D. Hulen, Assistant Regional Administrator, presented Mr. Pace with the award at a special ceremony held at the Civair 8 Club party the night of April 29.

Elnor Jo Fouch, Property Management Division, was also given an award by Mr. Hulen in the form of a Certificate of Commendation. This was the result of working out a more efficient operation of the Mail and Files Room. Both awards were presented by Mr. Hulen and issued from the office of Administrator, D. W. Fentzel.

All Personnel are urged to be on the lookout for any means of improving methods in our organization and send them to the Regional Office. Forms may be obtained from stock or from your station or office. It is believed not only the person sending the suggestion will be benefitted, but the entire working staff of CAA.

Awards were also made to those of CAA who have been in Government Service for a period of years as listed below:

TEN TO TWENTY YEARS; George P. Beckett, Petersburg; Eugene N. Berato, Anchorage; Norman C. Beuter, Anchorage; Blanche C. Brown, Anchorage; Rufus M. Carrigan, Galena; Webster K. Chambard, Anchorage; William H. Conaster, Anchorage; John F. Curry, Sisters Island; Fountaine S. Davonport, Anchorage; Alexander Dufresne, Galena; Leland M. Dunlap, Lena Point; John E. Flynn, Fairbanks; Judson M. Fowler, Anchorage; Arnold L. Francis, Juneau; Culver C. Gorsuch, Anchorage; Idesta I. Green, Anchorage; M. L. Hackenberger, Fairbanks; Earl F. Hickock, Anchorage; Jacob A. Holzenberg, Anchorage; John C. Hooper, Anchorage; Vernon E. Huffman, Anchorage; Allen D. Hulen, Anchorage; Sidney D. Ketchum, Petersburg; Henry Lally, Anchorage; Judson Lanier, Sitka; Bernard F. Naylor, Anchorage; Henry J. Messing, Annotto Island; George J. Perina, Anchorage; Adolph E. Peterson, Anchorage; Raymond J. Petite, Anchorage; Walter P. Plott, Anchorage; Burleigh Putnam Jr., Anchorage; Seabrooks E. Renn, (transferred to Ninth Region); Grant S. Saylor, Anchorage; Vincent W. Speer, (transferred to duty with Greek Mission); Virgil D. Stone, Anchorage; William E. Thomas, Anchorage; George W. Trudeau, Anchorage; Charles F. Wayer, Anchorage; Gerald A. Whittaker, Anchorage; Merle H. Young, Anchorage; William Youppi, Juneau.

GULKANA

I am sitting here with my feet comfortably ensconced on the Chief's desk, when this voice erupts from out on the wild blue 25 yonder inquiring will I secure for him an ATC clearance to descend to twelve thousand after passing Gulkana. Sighing my patient, and somewhat overworked sigh reserved for such occasions, I throttle the mike, stomp the switch and in my best high school and Baker-Eve English explain that inasmuch as the airway over GKN is uncontrolled, no clearance is necessary. I give him a report on traffic conditions and inform him that all he has to do is descend to 12 thousand and I will forward the information on his progress report after he reports in over the station.

But this lad is too smart to be taken in by such guff, so will I please ask Elmondorf about traffic conditions at twelve thousand and he will not come down to twelve thousand until ATC sez so. Right away I say he had mo. If he wasn't gonna come down, he wasn't gonna come down. A brief session with the 304 operator in ANC and I tell the peolot that ATC sez no traffic at twelve thousand and they cannot issue a clearance as the airway is not controlled. "A fine thing...here I am up here flubbing around IFR and the airway is uncontrolled----just go down to twelve thousand. I wanta know what's down there before I go barging around", replies this by now unhappy voice. Mentally and quickly deciding that "flubbing around" is top secret military jargon for "piloting an aircraft" I once more for the third time give the lad the dope on the existing traffic, keeping any opinion of fresh stateside pilots flying our beautiful uncontrolled airways from showing up in the inflections of my voice. The last I heard of my gallant friend he was sturdily "flubbing around IFR" at either twelve or fourteen thousand and wouldn't say which until he was close enough to ANC to call ATC. NO SIR. You wouldn't

catch him dealing with any more of those fly by night uncontrolled airways stations.

Have you received YOUR Territorial income tax thing? For pure unadulterated bureaucratic obscurity, that recent little gem the boys in Juncau whipped out, wins the fur lined brassiere. But that's what I like about the south. Take this little paragraph for instance; "If you file your income tax on a fiscal year basis, your dates for filing the declaration and paying the estimated tax will be the 15th day of the last month of the first second and third quarters of your fiscal year and the 15th day of the first month of your next fiscal year." Could anything be clearer? Not unless it was the same paragraph read backwards. It would seem so much simpler to me to forget the whole thing until along about June 1950, and by then everyone would know how much the Federal Government had stabbed them for running the government and paying our salaries and such, and could send the lads in Juncau their ten percent.

"Flyboy" Bennett cast his bread upon the waters and to him it returned-----watersoaked. Seems he had one of those small sized checks that Sears Roebuck sends you when you send them too much money, and deciding that this would make good legal tender he introduced same into one of the poker games. Several other characters saw the light and dug into drawers and produced more of the stuff at subsequent games. Soon real money was scarce as hen's tooth, as everyone was buying chips with the Sears Roebuck folding stuff. In the last game, "Flyboy" won a hatful of shekels and had to break out a wheelbarrow to haul home his stack of Sears Roebuck pesos.

Latost addition to GKN personnel is Moch Fred Ballard and wife Fern. Travel-
(Continued on page 4)

GULKANA-

ling Moch William Harlan has returned to Anchorage via Big Belts and Sheep Mountain.

Noticed that my friend "Whitey" Machin the man who was "gonna die in Haines" gave up the struggle and moved his portable coffin to the RO. Sat around for two weeks waiting for the KCAA8 to come out with a bid on his old job. Must have been number 120 $\frac{1}{2}$Incidentally, now that you are in the RO, Whitey, I hope they give you a big desk so you will have some place to stash your bottle of formaldehyde.

A brief note to my colleague who writes the Anchorage Astorisks: Come, Chum, leave us face it. Fairbanks is an old mining town that was giving a good imitation of a thriving Alaskan metropolis way back when Anchorage didn't have a plane to its name. Those Fairbanks holes are real old Sourdough pits, not piddling little Cheechako depressions such as those for whom your bell doth toll. Observe an old timer in Fairbanks wending his weary way homeward after a trying session at the gin mill. Does he fall into any of those death traps, an action that could only result in death from drowning? May, Sahib. Like the Mudholes, the old timer has been around for a good while. He is well acquainted with them all and could recite the geographical coordinates of any one of them at the drop of a cork. Consider, for instance, the strategic placement of the FAI pits. It is a measured impossibility to drive any vehicle from dog sled to tank, regardless of width or wheelbase, through any two blocks of the alleged business district of FAI without falling into at least 317 holes. The combined distance from the street to the bottom of the holes and back to the street again would, if expended in the right direction, place the vehicle halfway up Mt. McKinley. Those holes are hoary, ice rimmed veterans that have withstood the ravages of time, the buffeting of the elements and the minute depredations of the ARC and the City Street Department.

(Continued in next column)

NEW JUNIOR MEMBERS

James Calahan Downing was the name chosen for the new son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy F. Downing. James was born April 6 and by now is no doubt listening to the argument between his father and uncle Roy - who are twins, in case you didn't know. It seems one of the local newspapers credited Roy with the new baby, "And" says Roy, "That's going too far!"

Second, but by no means least, is the arrival of a charming baby girl to keep up the feminine roster. She was named Judith Clare Bacon and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bacon. Born at Providence Hospital April 2nd, Judith weighed nine and three quarters pounds..

We neglected to mention that young Mr. Downing's recorded weight was 6 pounds two ounces. Congratulations to both of the proud families.

NAKNEK FUND GROWS

Gifts are still coming in for the NAKNEK Fire Fund. The latest report we had shows the total as \$1437.95.

The three stations to make up the latest \$125.00 are Anchorage, Galena and Annette. North Dutch Island also made a contribution which was not included in the March issue of Nukluk.

ment, if such an organization exists. To compare those darts in one to FAI mud-holes is to compare a log cache with the Taj Mahal.

But I will agree with you on this one count, old man..that business of selling tickets to pick the queen of the "Fur Karnaval" and then grabbing several fugitives from a Seeing Eye dog from the nearest visiting aircraft for judges smells just about as badly as the Electoral College system for electing a President. The people pays their money and they takes their chance. Why not let 'em have it???

H A I N E S

Several months have passed since Haines appeared in our fine CAA publication and I have several slips of paper in front of me containing various notes that were intended for Mukluk but which never got beyond the note stage. So, in retrospect, allow me to consolidate our woes.

This has been a rough winter period. Although not yet confined by official WB sources, it is the weighted opinion of the HNS wx observers that the winter of 48/49 will go down in the records as the year of the blue snow. As far as this observer is concerned this was definitely THE record year...And I don't care if somebody's Uncle Fud DID drive a team of horses across Lynn Canal in '88.....I WALKED this winter.

Perhaps I should preface this paragraph with the following well known drawing:



As I recall, there was a line below this sketch to wit: "PEOPLE ARE NO DAMN GOOD"...which sums up my sentiments precisely. Whether you turn this over to Daphne Darling or Uncle Mike, here's my story...in short, terse, statements.

1. I live approximately one mile and 250 feet downhill from dear old HNS.
2. In October of last year, the clutch gave out on my trusty lil' Jeep and inasmuch as I expected the engine to do ditto, I decided to order a new one. I knew if I had a decent engine I wouldn't have to walk and cuss the elements this coming winter, so..

3. I order an engine air-freight from KC, Mo. (because of shipping strikes in progress) and had it sent to a friend in Juneau who promised to forward it to Haines via first available surface transportation.

4. That was last October.

5. The engine arrived in Haines near the end of February...seems it was lost in a snow drift in Juneau for a month or two. At any rate I walked and cussed the elements (among other things) all winter, and if you care to check my figures, it totals to about 250 miles and 27,000 feet in elevation. In other words, the same as walking from Anchorage to Fairbanks and climbing over Mt. McKinley enroute, snow, ice and wind, included.

7. I'm still bitter. My troubles just began after the engine arrived. For the benefit of the mechanically inclined, seems the oil pump was seized, frozen, or otherwise immobile. So after spending a full day installing the engine, then trouncing the starter w/o results noted the distributor standing still. Pulled the oil pump and found a few teeth missing...and worse...also a few gear teeth missing on the camshaft. As I said above, this is strictly a problem concerning only the mechanically inclined. Needless to say, there was another long period of walking and waiting for a new camshaft. No reason to go into detail but besides a bad oil pump and camshaft, I had to swap fuel-pumps, water pump, generator, and rebuild the starter...and now it runs like a million on three cylinders. Kabe!, I
(Continued on page 9)



So you think you got troubles?

PARTY FOR RENN

KENNETH RUHLE IS NOW OPERATIONS SPECIALIST

On Sunday evening, March 27, the personnel of this Plant and Structures Maintenance Division gathered at the Log Cabin to honor Mr. S. E. Renn, who after 10 years of service with the CAA in Alaska, was transferred to Honolulu.

Entertainment for the evening began with a moving picture run off by P.S. McLain and this was followed by a short reel, depicting life on the Hawaiian Islands...After the movies, chairs were pushed back and dancing was enjoyed by all. Dancing was high-lighted by an hour long program very cleverly recorded by Lance Harvey on his wire recorder.... Lance did a wonderful job on this program and we all found it highly entertaining (especially a saxophone solo purportedly played by Harry Wilson---upon questioning, Harry advised that he inherited his talent from his daughter who had taken sax lessons for years.

A buffet lunch was served at ten and Mr. and Mrs. Renn were presented with gifts. While all gathered together at the tables Mr. McLain walked around with a microphone and interviewed each of the guests and Wally Hoid was very busy with his camera. Dancing was resumed for a while after lunch and then people started saying "Good-night" and the Hawaiian equivalent. Next day, records were made of the interviews taken and these were presented to the Renns as a memento of the party.

The guests included: Messrs and Mesdames; J. C. Hooper, V. E. Knight, P. S. McLain, A. J. Martens, W. E. Erickson, F. W. Yonney, A. A. Johnson, W. S. McIntosh, H. J. Nelson, D. M. Dishaw, L. E. Egan, S. R. Kelly, W. E. Thomas, G. E. Beach, V. D. Stone, F. L. Poilard, L. B. Harvey, V. Screamstad, Mrs. A. Bower, Mr. O. A. Reid, W. G. Rose and C. A. McFaster.

Mr. and Mrs. Renn left Anchorage April 2 and arrived in San Francisco on

Kenneth Ruhle, formerly Assistant Chief Overseas Communicator, has been appointed Operations Specialist. This promotion took place in April.

To get to the personal experiences of Mr. Ruhle, we will start by saying he was born on a farm in Michigan on March 15, 1912. Later he served in the regular Army (Infantry and Air Corps) from 1930 to 1936. From 1936 to 1940 he operated a retail radio business.

October 1, 1940, Kenneth entered CAA as Assistant Communications Operator at Grand Rapids, Michigan. Later the same year he transferred to Columbus, Ohio. On a temporary assignment, he came to Anchorage as a volunteer, in 1942. To continue with his moving we next see him in Cleveland, Ohio in February, 1943. Upon completing, and graduating from CREI Radio Engineering in 1945 he transferred to Anchorage in May of that year and served progressively as Watch Supervisor and assistant Chief Overseas Operator at Anchorage.

Mr. Ruhle is the father of three children and had been married for 15 years. Besides his regular official duties, he is much interested in hobbies such as Magic, Music, Carpentry and Photography. Perhaps some of Kukluk's readers don't realize that he is also one of our most faithful contributors and has sent various types of articles to the paper for several years now.

the 4th. They departed San Francisco April 6th via United Airlines for Honolulu and although no further word had been received to date, we are all sure that they are basking in the sunshine on a coral beach...in grass skirts.

--PAULINE MARTENS

MUKLUK SWAP SHOP

FOR SALE: Deluxe Roller Cabinet. Heavy Gauge Reinforced Steel 17" deep, 25" wide, 32" high; bottom compartment 17" X 25" X 10". Two drawers, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ " X 19-3/4" X 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". One drawer 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ " X 19-3/4" X 4". Steel front panel has strong cylinder lock - two keys. Ball bearing rubber tired casters. Cost new \$36.00. Will sell for \$28.00. If interested write G. F. Gentry, CAA Yakataga, Alaska.

FOR SALE: Wind damaged, 1946 Taylorcraft BC12D Deluxe. Can be easily rebuilt. All controls are in perfect condition. Includes reconditioned 12 Watt two-way Loaradio in perfect working order. Engine time 317 hours. Continental 75A. Price \$500..or make offer. Contact Sheridan Flying Club, Cordova, Alaska.

FOR SALE:

.....Remington Portable, 9 inch carriage typewriter.

- 2 pairs ski boots, sizes 8 and 10.
- 2 pairs skis, w/bindings, 6 foot 5 inches and 6 foot 9 inches.
- 1 new hydraulic 3 ton Jack.
- 1 new Hand Tire Pump.
- 1 new sloping tent, complete with floor, mosquito netting, iron pole and stakes 4' X 8'.
- 1 small fish net.
- 1 Wilson football - new.
- 1 Public Address system.
- 1 pair hip boots, size 8.
- 1 Packboard and Sack.
- 1 electric motor, 1/20 HP.
- 1 electric motor, 1/4 HP.

For further information contact Eddie Craig, CAA, Extension 25.

Send your advertisements to Mukluk to be placed before the public. No charge.... (Bill Cox reports he has "Switched to Mukluk" for advertising, due to the very quick response to his recent ad. This was an unsolicited testimonial.....Ed)

DR. FRITZ TO LEAVE TOWN

For the benefit of those of you who are contemplating a trip to Anchorage to see Dr. Milo Fritz, we should like to inform you that he will be out of town from April 30 to June 20th. This was called to our attention by one of our men who is familiar with field stations and the importance of planning ahead for such a trip.

Dr. Fritz will be in the States for the purpose of attending a Specialist School. During his absence, Captain Louis Folder will temporarily take over the practise. The office will be operating at the same address, and will be open from 5 to 9 PM every day except Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

MAGAZINES NEEDED

TO ANCHORAGE PERSONNEL;

The supply of magazines for distribution to the field stations has not been large enough to meet demands during the last few months and your contributions will be appreciated.

Here is how to give a hand to some of our fellow workers who can't stop in at a corner drugstore to pick up their favorite reading material; 1. Tie up a bundle of magazines you have finished and deliver them to the Air Transportation Office at Merrill Field. 2. OR, if more convenient, drop them off in the mail room, Room 212, Federal Building. 3. If you have a sizeable bundle that you aren't able to bring in, give Bob Jackson's office a ring, (Ext. 5) and every effort will be made to have them picked up at your home when possible. NOTE: In addition to magazines, those small paper bound books are well received by our field stations.

"What I can't understand," observed the bailiff, "is how a jury composed of six young women and six young men can be locked up in a jury room for 12 hours and come out and say, 'Not Guilty.'"

HAINES-

(Continued from page 5)

think it was your fault, but seems in my last article I was screaming about my missing engine and so you added a PS to the effect quote "Cheep up, things are bound to get worse." Little did I know!

In the same vein but less personal, seems we had a slight thaw during a heavy snow storm, then a quick freeze and suddenly all the wires in the area oomp down, wrapped in about 4 inches of ice. Anyway, our teletype lines gave up the ghost and HES was off the ckt.... but no...we still had our antenna in the air so we fired up our old standby 302. We had only abandoned 302 for teletype about 4 months earlier but apparently memories are short. Anyway, when we busted in on 302 calling Anchorage... quote KIS KIS DE KEQT OPN unquote-we got the cold shoulder. Apparently Anchorage thought KEQT was some Russian station operating off frequency but finally one night I did get a response from ANC. ANC sez "KEQT DE KIS WHO ARE YOU?" I sez "KIS DE KEQT THIS IS HNS H A I N E S". "JUST A MIN" sez ANC. Apparently he finally found HES listed in the CAA directory so he comes back and sez "PLEASE SEND UR TRAFFIC ON CKT 9390 TELETYPE". So comes a lengthy explanation that our teletype is ng so he finally sez OK UR SIGNALS ARE NG ALSO...UNTIL UNTIL CONDITIONS IMPROVE". We wait and then try again but in the meantime ANC has changed wetches, so the new op on 302 goes thru the same routine, "WHO IS KEQT?" It is my profound belief that nobody reads the B Manuals but just in case they do read Mukluk, I wish to report that KEQT is HAINES, that powerful lil 5 wattor located on the north corner of SE Alaska. Since my old friend Shute has stopped thumping the tub for HES, I'll venture to say that a good many people think that Gulkana is now the garden spot of Alaska. Well it isn't so. Hns reigns undisputed. Also blows.

This ought to be enough. Although I'm still mad at the ruling "THOU SHALT NOT USE MANUAL OPERATIONS", I've decided

not to punish the powers-that-be by remaining silent any longer. Instead I'll blab in a steady torrent...that ought to do the trick. If we adopt any more time saving devices like that I'll have nothing to do but come to work and write Mukluk articles 40 hrs a week...like the following article, inspired between bursts of high-speed opn last night:

HAINES GETS RELIGION

Been bitching to everybody who reads Mukluk so long that for a change I'd like to offer the following bouquet to my fellow brother sufferers in this organization. Here 'tis,

First off, I'm not particularly religious but there have been a goodly number of dark and stormy nights when I've been sitting snug and warm in the control building listening to the windows rattle, a nice broadcast station, and the chit-chat on 3105 from an aircraft on a "routine" trip up or down the airways...and caught myself praying. At least I find myself intensely interested in the welfare of the pilot and his plane. So much in fact that I turn the EC music way down and 3105 way up to hear his contacts as he approaches "my" area, reporting severe turbulence, terrific winds aloft, etc. Then at last I have him safe over "my" sta, give him all the hot dope up the line and restraining myself from saying "The Good Lord grant you a safe trip, old boy". Then he's gone and I sweat out his trip to the next station and thru to his destination. Perhaps my real worry while he's in my area is that I have a deathly fear of aircraft crashing around me...might get hurt. At any rate, I breathe a sigh of relief when I finally get his arrival - then I lean back and feel nice all over because I'm part of this great CAA/WB organization. (Amen Brother.) At least I do get considerable satisfaction out of my job at times like that. However, those times are in the minority, thank gosh, so for eleven months of the year I just

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HAINES-

sit back, snap my rod suspenders, and hitch.

The boquet? It's buried in the above paragraph but stripped of all the small pieces; sometimes I think CAA and all the guys that work for it are great stuff...sometimes. Sort of back-handed, eh?? Well, I promise to continue with the gripes next month.

--MIDWATCH MERTY**

** The above misnmer strictly temporary. Besides religion we've adopted watch rotation here. Great stuff. For there are two weeks out of every six in which I can sit and stew on the midwatch and scratch up nasty old articles for Wukluk. Too busy during the other four weeks.

F.S. Lots of newsy news to report this month. All kinds of momentous things have happened that should be of considerable interest to all CAA personnel throughout the Region. For instance, Hayden is still on annual leave in the States; Whitey is packing his bags and heading for the RO where he'll have an office with real window blinds, daylight bulbs, and an Outgoing Basket. Also Knudsen has a new station vehicle to nurse; the station has a shiny new brockesey; Whitey has hired; HBS has an Eric in the person of Glen Reynolds; I've got a new Speed Graphic; Aukerman got an Exposure Meter; Whitey got Stomach Flu; B'field has stopped drinking; and I got a discrepancy from the RO telling me the new way to roger for traffic.

..... KM.....

Salesgirl; "It's a lovely doll. You lay it down and it closes its eyes, and sleeps like a real baby."

Mrs. Smith; "Have you had a real one?"

WOMEN'S BOWLING

Here's a little item for you who are interested in the sport. On March 26 the two women's teams who were to battle it out for first place marched down to the lanes for the big event. The "NOSEUM'S" gathered in one corner and fortified themselves with milk shakes while the "GOLDDIGGERS" gathered in another and sipped coked. After everyone had drummed up their nervous systems sufficiently the bell rang for the first round. The line-up was as follows:

GOLDDIGGERS	NOSEUM'S
Wilma Higley	Marilyn Wiszler
Eleanor Tierney	Dorothy Meredith
Vida Lommen	Margaret Silliman
Alberta Bigelow	Marjorie Chamberlin
Irma Lebein	Connie Clayton

The captains nervously took their places on the alleys and threw the first balls. From then on it was anyone's game. The "NOSEUM'S" took the first round and the "GOLDDIGGERS" came through and won the second round. As they went into the third and final round you could count the chewed fingernails on the floor.

Clear up to the last ball it was questionable. When the smoke cleared away and the final total was figured, it developed that the "NOSEUM'S" has lost the tournament by FIVE (count 'em) pins. It was a good fight all the way. So this year the "GOLDDIGGERS" get their name inscribed on the "Civair 8 Club" Bowling Plaque and the "NOSEUM'S" have to be satisfied with second place.

The man who worries about who is the boss in his home won't be very happy when he finds out!

Why is it that the guy who is always the life of the party on his night out is such a grouch at home? (You may write to Dr. Anthony for answer to the above.)

ACCOUNTS

Our reporter from Accounts Section extends apologies for her seemingly limited amount of "What's News?", and while she is in this repentant mood she wishes to explain that the Merrithews are not going to Greece. The article she wrote in the Kukluk, a couple of months ago was jokingly in fun, as the Merrithews were just dreaming and not actually planning such a trip.

Enthusiasm for skiing at the Arctic Valley is very great. Tanned faces.. bruised knees and aching muscles have proven that. It is great sport fellas, and a double dose of ozone that makes you "so Roze" as soon as you hit the sack. Our wish for Pete Verdin is to see him up there on that hill next year with bigger and better skiing. (Pete was injured several weeks ago while skiing; it seems the tow was faulty and nearly pulled him in the "machinery" - and the poor fellow has had to wear a cast for over three months.

Accounts doesn't seem very "stirring" at times, but OH ME, we're certainly all stirred during "balancing" and when all is quiet again we anticipate the first pack-in trip to sunshine and catching the beautiful Rainbow rout that got away last year. Remember, Moo?

Nina Cox is back from Florida and is dancing with joy. She found some cans of (Pot Likker) Black Eyed Peas in one of the local stores. They are her pride and joy with some good old Hogs' Jowls!!

We welcome Thelma McKinney to Accounts where she is the Section's Secretary. Sympathy should be with Thelma, for she may almost think she entered a hospital as she listens to our "lingo" of getting a "blanket" and pulling the "dead sheets" and then to get out the Salts.

Speaking of hospitable we are conscious of a couple of livers in our office; one

PLETT ON BUSINESS TRIP IN STATES

Walter P. Plett, Regional Administrator, has been spending several weeks in the States.

This business trip included a brief stay at Seattle where he conferred with officials in the Seventh Region. Following the stop in Seattle, Mr. Plett flew to Washington where he has been attending a Regional Administrators' Conference. While in Washington Mr. Plett discussed various topics concerning the Eighth Region and its problems, etc.

LOOKING FOR PASSENGERS

If you are looking for a comfortable ride back the Highway around June 20th we believe we have the answer for you. Wilma Higley, Personnel Section, will be coming back to Anchorage about that time and would like to have someone make the expense-sharing trip. If you will be in Seattle or somewhere enroute and would like to make a leisurely drive back here please contact Wilma on Extension 23 for particulars or address letters to 8-230.

The car in which the trip will be made is a new Chevrolet 5-passenger coupe and will naturally not be driven at an excessive rate of speed due to the fact that it will be in a "breaking in"-process. There will be plenty of radio music and should be a most pleasant way for some congenial couple or girl to come back to the Territory.

getting "wurst".

Our reporter is busily mapping out her trip Outside this summer. By the looks of her map she'll really see Alaska. She has so many routes across the country it looks like she is trying to make new highways. 'Tis said she is expecting to go by dog sled to Whitehorse, via Iron Rail to Skagway and via Sail Boat to Seattle. What a trip for a drip!

--CLEA HARWICK

WAREHOUSE WAILS

Word has been received recently from Burt Marsch, who at present is in the States on vacation.

He originally had hopes of getting back on the job about the first week of May but now finds that medical attention at the Mayo Clinic will detain him until the latter part of the month.

Bill Criner has taken over Burt's job temporarily.

Due to illness our night watchman, George Ulsh, has now retired and at 86 years of age we guess it's about time.

A bad cold and a severe case of asthma are the reasons for George having to discontinue his job. We surely do miss not seeing him come through the office at 4:20 PM every day.

A new comer to the office is Mary Wyatt who hails from Goodman, Missouri. At present she doesn't think much of Alaska, but since she got here at the worst possible time of the year, maybe when summer comes she'll change her mind.

What am I saying? I don't think that summer will ever get here!

Ed Stronks from the Receiving Room in the Warehouse recently resigned and his job has been taken over by Corbett Nichols. "Nick" has been around these parts for the past three years.

Jackie Johnson, steno, has a habit of standing in her stocking feet while digging around in the files.

The other day much to her surprise, as she went to put her shoes back on of course one of them was missing. She naturally pretended to be very nonchalant about the whole thing until after awhile it became obvious she wasn't going to find it.

She then became quite embarrassed.

Eventually she discovered the missing shoe in a mail basket where it had been all the time, practically in front of her nose.

Needless to say she now keeps her shoes on!

Ruth Young, posting clerk, resigned a short time ago to accept a position with the Alaska Airlines at Elmendorf Field. Lou Lawhorn took Ruth's job and Mary Wyatt took Lou's job as typist.

Even the Assistant Superintendent of the Warehouse has deserted us for greener pastures.

Yep! It's a fact! Ned Griffin is now working uptown in the Federal Building. The grapevine has it that he will be up there for about six months but time will tell whether or not he returns to the good old warehouse.

Of course everyone was saddened by his leaving, but we are managing to struggle onward somehow.

Guess this is enough chatter for now. So long. --DORIS PHILLIPS

After the above article was sent to Mukluk it was learned that George Ulsh passed away. Anyone who knew him will remember him as one of the kindest old men in the Territory. Always ready with a smile and plenty of wit, George took a lot of sunshine from the Warehouse when he left. He was presented with a pair of fine slippers at Christmas and the tears streamed down his cheeks. He appreciated everything that anyone said or did. Many people have mentioned the fact that he was an ideal model for a painting of Santa Claus, because of his laughing eyes, glowing face and hearty laugh. At 86 years of age it is seldom that we find anyone who kept young like George Ulsh.....Editor.

YAKATAGA

This being YAA's first appearance in Wukluk for quite some time, a general description might be of interest to the readers. Here we are bounded on one side of an approximate square by the ocean, and on the other three sides by towering snow-capped mountains. The runway parallels the beach and is at the foot of a small hill. On top of the hill sets the quarters area comprising six houses - Control, Utility, Cold Storage, Garage, Commissary, and Engine Generator Buildings. Behind the quarters, toward the mountains, is a large wooded area (where the bears, colves, and coyotes live).

At present there are fourteen adults, five children (of which two are small babies) four dogs, and one cat. There you have a thumb nail sketch of this busy, friendly station. About two and a half miles down the beach from the station, at Cape Yakataga, live Mr. and Mrs. Watson and two retired bachelors, Jack Carson and Carl Killian. Mrs. Watson is the Postmistress, and Mr. Watson has a gold mining claim.

Cordova Air Service and the CAA planes are the only ones making regular stops here but Alaska Airliners frequently can be seen flying over, and will stop in an emergency.

Life moves along busily during the week, and generally everyone gets together on Saturday evenings at one of the homes. The boys play poker and the girls visit or play monopoly (sometimes girls get in the poker games too, when there aren't too many playing.) For the past two weeks the weather has been so beautiful the women and children go for walks and everyone seems to have a touch of spring fever. The snow is disappearing fast and in spots the mud is taking its place.

The seal have been coming up in the rivers to feed on smelt run and some of the boys have shot them hoping to get the \$6.00 bounty (and also the liver which they say is mighty fine eating) but it is hard to get them. When they are in deep water or near the mouth of the river they sink or wash back out so sea. The smelt (or hooligans as we call them here) are running now and a couple of nice catches have been divided up among personnel so everyone enjoyed a nice feed. One coyote has been killed and one wolf ventured to trot up the runway and had numerous shots thrown his way, but distance saved him, and he ran off, probably scared half to death but not killed. If this warm weather continues the bears will be coming out of hibernation, and then probably all the women and children will go into hibernation.

The most recent change in personnel was the transfer of William Lewis (mechanic) his wife and little girl, to Nuknek, and the arrival of George Gentry to replace Lewis as mechanic. Mr. and Mrs. Gentry transferred here from Bethel and report they like it here very much.

Fred Ballard, travelling mechanic, has been here since the first part of February and his wife recently arrived to visit. They expect to leave soon and to their new station at Gulkana.

I don't want to overdo this reporting for the first time, so will sign off now and try to have a little news in each month, hereafter.

--Mrs. George Gentry--

Mr. to Mr. (arriving home at 3A.M.): "Well, did you find home the best place after all?"
Mr.: "I don't know about that, but it's the only place open."

P&S ENGINEERING

"Fools Rush In" - and that we did on April First! A few pranksters in the building got busy and made life miserable for some of the employees here in the Loussac-Sogn. Lipstick on the ear end of the telephone seemed to be the order of the day and characters were running around here with lipstick smeared on their listening ear and the sides of their faces. One man sat in his chair and it collapsed under him. Another man was seen walking down the street with his wife on their lunch hour, and he pulled a pair of size 52 drawers out of his coat pocket, thinking it was a silk scarf. Another man generously helped himself to a couple pieces of delicious-looking home-made candy and came out frothing at the mouth. Other than that nothing much happened. Some of us did manage to come out unscathed.

As we dig out for another summer, some of our engineers packed their gear and left good old Anchorage for a month in balmy Kauai. Dick Ketcham, Jim Trelford and Bob Matson were the lucky engineers. I'm not sure just how balmy it is down there, as the last communique we had from them was a request for snow shoes, S&P!!

Jerry Kompton's family left for the States the latter part of March and will be gone until June.

Alberta Bigelow recently transferred to this Division as the secretary to Parker Negus. We're very glad to have her with us and hope the feeling is mutual.

Honest Editor, I'm doing my darndest but I can't think of another thing to go in this column.

--DOROTHY MEREDITH

Quiz Master: "What do we all eat at one time or another that is very bad for us?"
Sad-looking Man: "Wedding cake."

STEBBINS WRITES DONORS

A letter has been received from Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Jones, Alaska Native Service teachers at Stebbins, Alaska. This was written after many CAA people had gathered together clothing to send to the Eskimo children there. It was through the efforts of Flora and Frank Merrithew that the drive was put on for this gift shipment. The letter reads as follows:

Regional Administrator
Civil Aeronautics Administration
Anchorage, Alaska

"Dear Sir, We the Teachers of Stebbins and the children of this village wish to thank those of the CAA Personnel at Anchorage who so kindly donated old clothes for the eskimo children here.

"We also wish to thank Flora and Frank Merrithew for their time and trouble in collecting the clothes, and the shipment of them. Also the transportation department and Mr. Rosneau, Station Manager at Unalakleet for their cooperation.

"It is gratifying to us as teachers to know that others as well as the ANS are interested in the welfare of these people."

Sincerely,
/s/ Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Jones
Alaska Native Service Teachers

ATTENDING SCHOOLS

Stanley Jaffeont of Fairbanks and John Dezell of Annette Island are in Oklahoma City attending the ILS (Instrument Landing System) training session which is in progress now.

The following men are attending the VHF and Carrier class in Anchorage:
Edward A. Jarvi - Division 68,
Jesse R. Jones - Gustavus,
Kenneth A. Warren - Anchorage,
Joseph D. Way - Annette Island.
Frank Merrithew is instructor of the school being conducted for VHF students.

COMMISSARY CRUMBS ANCHORAGE HITS ALL-HIGH!

There is no poem this month because the crumbs around here just won't cooperate and write one. I can't understand what's wrong with them lately. It must be that trying to get the annuals all finished and the snow that we around Anchorage have been getting, has crushed all of the romance from their souls or somethin'.

The boss-man, Norm Lowenstein, has been running in and out of here lately trying to do his job and also be a good citizen by sitting on a jury. Every morning we try to get the latest news on crime around town from him, but he just won't give. He shakes his head, looks solemn and says, "Sorry, that would be contempt of court. You wouldn't want me to go to jail would you?" From now on we shall call him "Your Honor"!

The Commissary now has the "Sparklet Syphons" we ordered for you along with charging bulbs, so send your orders right along. The top is plastic and the bottom is metal and they appear to be quite adequate for squirting charged water into a glass of booze filled with ice cubes, or more innocently for whipping cream, making soda pop, etc. The color is red and silver, very classy, and a couple other gadgets come along with it, but so far I haven't figured out just how one would use them. If anyone up in an isolated station buys one and can't get a hold of any liquor just send a note down here and I will import my father and send him around. All he needs is a bathtub and a little inspiration!!!

Like women's skirts meat price are also taking on a new look. There has been a downward trend of meat prices in the Anchorage retail market, in some instances this month. Round steaks are down 5 cents, Rib Steak 10 cents, and Cube Steaks 5 cents. Hamburger and Corned Beef dropped 5 cents per pound and

WE DID IT THIS YEAR. That's what the Weather Bureau has been saying for the last few days. It seems the all-time record snowfall for Anchorage was 104.2 inches. This year that record was broken by several inches. It looked for awhile as if we were cheated out of the honor, but along about the 26th of April the white stuff began to fall again and kept it up until the previous record was smashed - but good. The last snowfall we mentioned topped the former mark by two or three inches but at this writing it has quit coming down. This article will probably bring a deluge of mail from the stations throughout the Territory to tell us that Anchorage is a piker compared to their locality. Well, why don't you let us in on the secret...how much snow did YOU have this winter? No entries submitted by liars will be accepted. All such bragging will have to be verified by the Weather Bureau in your area! "We're dreaming of a White Memorial Day."

and speaking of Unions.

"Hey! What are you doing?" yelled the foreman.

"I'm just sharpening a pencil," answered the bricklayer.

Well, don't let anybody see you. That's the carpenter's job, you know."

COMMISSARY

Beef Kidney 10 cents per pound. Lamb and Pork remained unchanged except for a 5 cent drop in slab and sliced bacon. Now we can be one of the elite and eat meat.

If we don't start sending in more news, Mabel's going to get mad at us but this is the most newsless place. Anyhow we've tried and though I can't say that we have succeeded, a try is better than nothing at all. On this note I shall close 'till next month.

YOUR COMMISSARY CRUMB



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to her cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.

But she'd not saved a penny
With which to buy a
And so her poor dog got none.

SAVE THE CREDIT UNION WAY

Are you a member? Here are just a few important items taken from the balance sheet of the Credit Union for the period ended March 31, 1949:

Shares on deposit -	\$13,461.64
Loans outstanding -	\$10,674.85
Loans since origin -	\$14,472.50
Members as of March 31-	241
Number of loans made to date -	96

At an executive Board meeting held during March, 1949, it was decided to raise the maximum amount of shares to two hundred, or \$1,000. So now every member may deposit up to \$1,000 with the Credit Union. However, the maximum loan to any one member is \$300.

Peter J. Vordin, Treasurer.

MORE NEW ONES

Here are some new daffynitions sent to us by a Mukluk reader:

CONCUR GENERALLY - I haven't read the document and don't want to be bound by anything I might say.

IN CONFERENCE - I don't know where he is.
PASSED TO HIGHER AUTHORITY - Pigeonholed in a more sumptuous office.

APPROPRIATE ACTION - Do you know what to do with it? We don't.

GIVING HIM THE PICTURE - A long, confusing and inaccurate statement to a new-comer.

UNDER ACTIVE CONSIDERATION - We have never heard of it. However, we'll try to find it in the files.

HAS RECEIVED CAREFUL CONSIDERATION - A period of inactivity covering a time lag.

HAVE YOU ANY COMMENTS - Give me some idea what it's all about.

THAT PROJECT IS IN THE AIR - I am completely ignorant of the subject.

YOU WILL REMEMBER - You have forgotten, or never knew, nor do I.

TRANSMITTED TO YOU - You held the bag awhile, I'm tired of it.

IT IS RECOMMENDED - We don't think it will work, but you go ahead and stick your neck out and try it.

IT IS ESTIMATED - This is my guess - now you guess.

FOR COMPLIANCE - Sure, it's silly, but you gotta do it anyhow.

FOR NECESSARY ACTION - We don't know what they want, so you do it.

FOR IMMEDIATE ACTION - We have stalled it long enough, now you do something about it.

FOR SIGNATURE - I thought it up but you sign it and take the rap.

The next issue of Mukluk will be out the second week of June. Although it is off schedule this time, we fully intend you we do - to have it back to once each month. Mukluk's Editor has been typing several hundred aviation stories sent in by school children in Alaska to be compiled soon and published by CAA.

SUMMIT

This is ye olde scribe sending out the praises of Summit. The personnel up here are beginning to get jealous after reading about all these other stations in the Territory and their claims that their particular station is the super-best in Alaska.

First I think it would be appropriate to introduce our personnel, starting with our newest, Elmer J. Kase, communicator who arrived here April 13 from Oklahoma City. You should have seen the smile on his face when he got here - it seems they told him in Oklahoma City that there were 7 persons here and only one house. When he arrived in Seattle he nearly turned around and went back home.

Paul (El Pepe) Planchard, communicator, arrived in February. I do not know the arrival dates for the others, so I will just introduce them; Glen Robbins has a rather silly grin on his face all the time, because you see he doesn't have to cook any more - his wife arrived from the States after being separated for seven or eight months. Love surely is grand...just hope he still has the same smile on his face a year from now.

Thomas Clark, also communicator, is our outdoors man. He loves to go out snowshoeing and today I actually saw him skiing. He is getting a beautiful pink coloring from sunburn. Then there's Harold Powers, a Seattle boy who should have known better but he too joined the ranks of CAF and is now a demon of the airways and won't work any other shift except swing (4 PM to midnight, to you uninitiated)

Mrs. Ruth Carlton Mariner has been teaching the CAF-5's to become CAF-7's. Confidentially, folks, they tell me you wouldn't want a better coach because she certainly has patience for teaching all those profound and deep things, and the

way she makes chop suey would make one envious of the Chinese.

Now to our cream of the crop - Mr. Carlton Mariner. In my opinion he is one of the best Chiefs I have ever seen, bar none.

To get to the electrical crew we will start with Abbot Generoux. More power to you Ab, we hope you continue as well as you have done up to now. Next we have Lawrence Smith. We wonder about you Larry, whether you are a mechanic, radio technician, or a race track driver. Man Oh Man - how he takes that snow jeep out and makes it perform. The only thing on which Larry and I disagree is whether he can do as much with a snow jeep as I can, with a D-7 Caterpillar.

In the Maintenance crew we have Virg Vermillion, Senior General Mechanic. The only trouble with Virgil is that he is a regular crackerjack at his work; you see he has only followed the game for 25 years. Rion Roys hasn't seen his wife for about three months and is expecting her here in two or three days and he is wearing a silly smirk on his face too. I might add that your writer is Thomas Neville Jr., Senior Mechanic, and the less said about me the better. I have been wanting to ask Cordova what NMI means. In the last issue of Mukluk they mentioned Thomas NMI Neville. Some of them up here tell me it means "no middle initial" but knowing some of the boys at Cordova and especially the one who writes Mukluk articles, I am suspicious about the meaning of NMI.

Not to leave the feminine personnel out of the picture we shall introduce the sarcastic, lovely, Mrs. Betty Powers. She is an excellent pie baker I shall have you know - and incidentally, she owes the bachelor quarters another pie to pay off a bet. She has been trying to convince me there are flying ants! I

might agree with this if she spelled it a-u-n-t-s! I never see flying ants; it is always green mice.

Betty Clark, who had been married less than a month is an expert chocolate cake baker and she is from Pittsburgh. You should hear that drawl of hers. I sit back and listen to her and wonder if all the girls in Pittsburgh are like her and decided if they are, I am wasting my time being in Alaska. Then we have Mary Robbins....her apple pies are OUT OF THIS WORLD. Mrs. Robbins' little girl is learning to talk and the only thing she will say in answer to whatever is said to her is "stop"...which may give her a complex later on in life. She is only two years old now. Mrs. Mabel Vermillion is also an excellent cook - you see I judge all these women by their cooking ability - has a granddaughter who comes down to visit her. The child is a little shy with me but Virg tells me she talks a leg off them at home.. We must not forget lovely Vi Generaux and her son Stevie. I would like to become better acquainted with her cooking, but outside of eating a fine dinner over there the night I arrived, I could not judge her cake or pies.

This already will take up considerable space in Mukluk - provided the editor is kind enough to print it - so I shall stop now and next time will try to confine myself to a shorter article. Perhaps I will tell you about some of the parties we have been having here.

--Thomas Neville Jr.

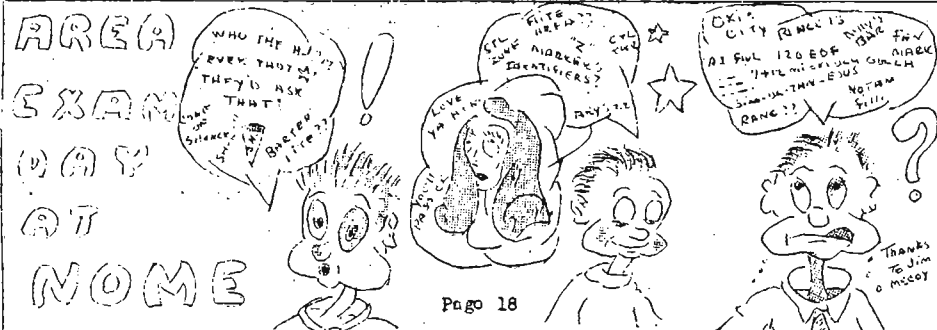
HE REALLY DID HAVE

When we spotted Bob Finegold on the street one day recently we didn't know the mental turmoil he was undergoing. He chatted away, but all the time we noticed he kept edging closer to his car and finally got inside, threw up his arms, got a wild look in his eyes... and said, "I'm having a baby - excuse me please". That was twenty minutes after twelve; and when we picked up the paper the next evening we read where he really DID have a baby at nine minutes past one, the day we saw him.

The Finegolds have named their now arrival Brian David. The youngster was Born April 19 at Providence Hospital and weighed five pounds eight ounces. Bob says he is a cute little fellow - but than ALL fathers say that!

LOST

One of our men asked Mukluk to send out an appeal to all Anchorage Personnel to be on the lookout for two Western Electric 27B Marker Receivers. These were last seen in NC389 late last Fall. They could be identified by stencil or marking of the letters UAL on receivers. The serial number is unknown but they were unpacked and loose in the aircraft. Anyone having seen the markers or knowing the whereabouts of them will please call Jack Reich, CAA 2 ring 2.



HALLELUJAH FROM MOSES POINT-

Incredible as it may sound your Prophet has erred in reporting the earth-shaking events occurring at Moses Point. Last month we said that the new Junior MTIC recently born to Mr. and Mrs. Preston Stocum was named John Henry - but he is now two months old and his name is still not John Henry. Our only source of information was suffering from Generator Fatigue. The correct name of the newcomer is the Hon. Wade John Stocum. (Now Preston, take that .45 out of my ribs.)

Last month Moses Point lost its champion home-brew manufacturer when Curley Britton resigned from C.A.A. and left for Fairbanks via Anchorage. We were green with envy as we followed Curley's first evening in Anchorage through the medium of our imaginations. Since he had promised to hoist a snort for each of us in alphabetical order, we are wondering how far down the alphabet he got before he took the ten count. Oh, well, it was probably good for his liver.

Now that Curley has gone, all the mechanical maintenance problems are left with Oscar Wall, Oregon's gift to the land of the midnight sun. Oscar has been at Moses Point for so long that he is now a stockholder in Moses Point, Inc. He says he likes the place and that occasional generator fatigue is his only complaint. Whenever he needs advice on Diesel engine operation he consults Mac Lonnan (The Beard) who knows more about Diesels than old man Diesel, himself!!

Tid bits from here and there; Station personnel raised \$36.00 for the victims of the Naknek fire. Accom Danny Calloway went to Nome last month for dental treatment. He stayed a week but the question is; What was he doing when not at the dentist's office? HMMMMMMMM.

KL7PD (Preston Stocum) is rebuilding his ham rig so members of the ham fratern-

nity will be minus his melodious fist until he comes back on the air soon with 750 watts. (He should be able to work Unalakleet with that). Cacom Leise goes out on leave in May. With no one to monitor the broadcasts the communicators will surely go astray. CUL.....

--THE PROPHET

Hey Mabel! We missed the boat this month, but as there is a bush plane coming down this way today, thought I would jot off a line or two and try to get this through in time for the next issue.

Guess what? The Old Prophet's beard is getting so long he neglected to submit any material this month. His efficiency rating in now in the process of grading, and under the item; "Completion of Assignments, etc" - He will not do so well.

You know Mabel, that paper of yours had wide circulation. Why even those office boys like Chamberd read it. I got a bill from Bud Chamberd requesting that I send him two years' back pay for the privilege of working at the "Beauty Spot" of Alaska. He even made the rash statement that he was just about persuaded to put in a bid for the next opening here. I have turned over the official form sent me to my lawyer and he no doubt will communicate with Mr. Chamberd in the near future. I thought it was extortion but my lawyer said something about res gestae. Having spent a few days in Anchorage, I immediately recognized Ros as the fellow who sweeps out Renfrow and Davis' office.

We had a pilot in here from Boston the other day and he ran out of daylight so spent the night at Moses Point. He was flying a Taylorcraft equipped with wheels and skis. The skis were clamped onto the wheels or vice versa. He is a business consultant and a graduate of Harvard

MOSES POINT-

Business School. He advised us that he had been up here three or four times before and thought this was God's Country. His route included Nome, Wales and also Little Diomed Island. He was eight days out of Boston when he arrived at MOS which isn't bad at all for a light aircraft.

Spring would be around the corner, out the snow just keeps piling up and getting deeper and deeper. You know after about twenty years of looking, feeling and falling through the stuff, it's beginning to get into my hair more every year. I think I'll take Mr. Harvey's advice and retire to Arizona and write a book on Alaska. About the only trouble with that is - how could I feed my starving armenians on royalties that would never come in. The book definitely would not sell as I have a few years yet before I'm ready for Morningside. After reading a few of the books on Alaska, you have to be ready for Morningside or an inmate to put out such trips.

Bob Leise made two round-trips to Bethel last month to pick up his Dad and show him the land of ice and snow. His Dad had never been up around this neck of the tundra before so a trip to Nome was in order. "Board" MacLennan having the "distinkshun" of being the "Politician" of Moses Point met his match when he tried discussing the Hoover Administration with Bill Leise. By impartial judges, it was decided that Mr. Leise talked-down and out-waved Mac at every turn. The highlight, according to Mac, was when he asked: "How far was the South set back by the Civil War?" And the counter was: "How far would the South be set back if there had been no Civil War?" Think it over you Rebels.

Well Mabel, if everything goes according to plan, we will stop in and see you sometime next month. If you are located near Chambard's Den, meet me at the Post Office. I'll have shoes on - low ones, that is. (Chambard is Room 216; Mukluk is 201 - avoid him by using West Stairway!)

DAPHNE DARLING

DEAR DAPHNE:

I've been sowing in the papers the accounts of Mrs. Morrow-Tiat's efforts to continue her round-the-world flight. With all due respects to the gal from London, I understand that actually you were the first woman to travel by aircraft around the world. The story says you disguised yourself as a gromlin and sat on the pilot's shoulder - he thought it was rheumatism. Can you clear up this point and tell us what it was that sat on the pilot's shoulder?

I. Krakodup.

Dear Krakcio; That was some time back, when I was somewhat younger, and Buddie if you think I only sat on his shoulder, you're as cracked as I think! Daphne Darling.

DEAR DAPHNE: You know, Daphne, that jet aircraft are flying around the skies these days. We hear that you were a jet project some years ago. Please explain this?

J. J. Jato

DEAR J.J.J.: You have certainly been misinformed. Actually, it should have read PET project, when I was the toast of the Lafayette Escardillo.

DAPHNE DARLING

APOLOGIES

We are sorry to be late with your paper again, but it has been humanly impossible to get it out on time for the past two or three months, due to more pressing assignments which are a part of the editor's job also. (Plouse, bear with us, and keep sending in the fine news, and gradually things will be caught up. If you have some news ready and haven't received Mukluk, send it in as you write it and we'll use it soon.)

P.S., the Prophet came through so now he is in our good graces until next month!

--Obadiah

His Most Obedient Assistant

ARTC AND ALGY

Dear Readers: Bless all your little pointed heads. Well, as we left Algy he was betting the elements aboard a tramp steamer bound for the land of the free and stuff like that there. Kuf to see that by this time Algy was real sorry that he started the trip at all, for after three days of spending his time draped over the rail feeding the fishes, Algy was spent. After a rough three week trip Algy landed in New York and after snaking through Customs, he started his search for a position worthy of his talent. (Note to reader: If you have anything more important to do don't let me stop you - nothing will happen here for three more years. The next two blank spaces indicate the condition of the writer's head and the passage of 3 years. During this time Algy joined the union, got his citizenship papers and bought himself a racoon coat. In "them days" the racoon coat was the thing.)

After this brief three year period, Algy finally found his way into the great system of Government workers who grow fat off Uncle Sam and who, according to the papers, draw two millions of dollars (the taxpayer's money) for nothing. Hear Hear. And now draw closer - here is the cream of the situation. The year-1935; the time - early on a Monday morning - February 13th. The place - Washhogan, D.C.

Algy was despondent. For three long years he had toiled at his desk drawing his check and looking wise. Nothing was cooking, four days to payday, no game in the latrine, no one matching the coins, nothing to do. Algy relaxed and placed his feet in the well worn groove in the top of his desk and glanced out the window. His agile mind raced as he thought of all the things he could do to make a name for himself. Most of them he discarded, for they entailed hard work. Then he dropped his head on his chest and gave vent to a loud snore. One

hour passed and Algy woke with a start (why I don't know - but in all the articles I have read, everyone wakes with a start) and leaped to his feet "I've got it", cried he, and forsoot' scooted down the hall, dashed upon the door of an adjoining room and ran in. Yes, Algy had it. That's what comes of eating in those Washhogan restaurants. Fifteen minutes later the door opened and Algy, pale and white, emerged. As he was returning to his office, he noticed a flying machine in the process of landing at a nearby airport. "Ugly looking thing", muttered Algy. "Something should be done about it". So turning to his files, Algy looked through scattybe hunks of paper and found almost nothing on flying machines. "This is it", cried Algy, for he was a man of vision and after all, writing memos about flying machines was much better than writing articles on the breeding habits of Bison in North America; now wasn't it? For 3 weeks Algy crammed all the available information that he could find. Gad, who knew about such things? Finally he ran across a fellow who, like himself, saw a great future for the flying machine.

Algy and his new friend decided that calling them the flying machine was too much of a chore, so after great thought they came up with the name of Airplanes and later, Aircraft. What a day for these two stalwart men. For the people who had more than one airplane and were in the habit of hauling people - they were called Airlines. Not to be witty about it, but really trying to help, Algy said, and I quote, "Capitol". Unquote. And that, dear stockholders, is where Capitol Airlines got its name.

Now as we pointed out, Algy was a man of great promise. Promise he did. In due time Algy noticed that he was beholden to a great many people, and for the most part he had promised them a job.

(Continued on page 24)

SHOP



SHAPE

Life at the Shop continues much in the usual vein - with ups and downs, grins and groans, sunshine and snow. The sufficiency ratings have been taken care of for the time being. The boss's beautiful new desk was taken away from him so we had to move the rickety old wooden one back in. ("Indian givers", we will continue to mutter until the promise of another new one is fulfilled). A high pressure steam cleaning journey (not Opel, or Marie, or Alice, but Johnny) is being installed in the Big Shop. The mechanics have been issued reconstituted tool boxes, very complete.

Neil Spoons, Jr., veteran welder - left us April 8th for similar work with the Alaska Road Commission in his home town of Wasilla. Arnie Hedla is our new welder.

Ray Taylor submitted his resignation which took effect April 15. Chuck Smith who is lately of the Army, came to us a few weeks ago as an Electrician's Helper in the Meter Shop.

Elmer Eaton, formerly of Nome, joined our carpentry forces recently.

Emmett Karsten took his family back to Terry, Montana, early this month. Before this comes to press he will probably be back in the Carburator and Generator Shop but the family will remain in the States for a visit of several months. Leaving here he anticipated eagerly exhibiting both the young son and a luxuriant growth of mustache. He wanted to show the home town folks just what he could do.

Ice Pool tickets were duly deposited on schedule and our Linote Pool is complete. Now we'll just sit back and wait for that darned wire to snap and stop the clock at 21 minutes past something.

FACT OR FANCY?

Life of our senior machinist (at 3 A.M.) "Eddie, I'm sure I heard a mouse squeak!"

Ed, the machinist (rolling over); "Well, what do you want me to do - get up and oil it?"

Someone asked Ira of the Carpenter Shop if there was any other cure for a snake bite except whiskey.

"Who the h-- cares whether there is or not?" answered the intrepid Ira.

Poor Bob Moriarity! He went to New York determined to make his living pulling skin games on innocent strangers. The first fellow he tried to sell the Brooklyn Bridge, however, turned out to be the owner of the darned thing, and if Bob hadn't paid the man \$10 to keep quiet, he would have had him arrested.

Emmett was wedged into a tight spot on a bus one morning by a stout woman who had difficulty trying to extract her fare from her snugly buttoned jacket.

"Madame", said Emmott as she struggled fruitlessly, "let me pay your fare."

She protested rather indignantly.

"My only reason for wishing to do so," he said patiently, "is that you've unbuttoned my suspenders three times trying to get into your pocket."

"Have you taken the medicine I prescribed?" asked the Doctor. "A tablet before each meal and a small whiskey after?"

"Well, mebbe I'm a few tablets behind", said Swede, "But I'm a month ahead with the whiskey."

Charlie knows a fellow who fell in love with a marvelous soprano voice on the radio. He made the lady's acquaintance and found her face and form not quite so lovely as her voice, but she was passingly beautiful.

And so they were married.

In the privacy of their boudoir she first removed her tresses, then slipped out her teeth.

Her husband took it very well until she began to detach a leg or two. In a frenzy of disillusionment he cried..... "For gosh sakes woman - SING!"

PERSONNEL ACTIONS

NEW EMPLOYEES

ANF COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

Reece R. Dingman, maintenance technician
Galena, Alaska
Raymond A. Knuckles, maintenance technician,
Tenacross.
Josef M. Smith, maintenance technician,
Anchorage.
Toivo V. Raivo, radio technician, Anchorage.

ANF PLANT & STRUCTURES BRANCH

Rudolph C. Dalfors, general mechanic,
Bethel.
Walter C. Mackie, general mechanic,
Woody Island.
Paul A. Mitchell, general mechanic,
Anchorage.
Bion K. Roys, general mechanic, Summit.
Ray Taylor, general mechanic, Anchorage.
Virgil V. Vermillion, general mechanic,
Summit.

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

Marian E. Brattlund, clerk typist, Anchorage.
Logan G. Groomer, storekeeper, Anchorage.
Van B. Martin, general mechanic, Anchorage.
Corbet Nichols, storekeeper, Anchorage.
Merle J. Ranson, storekeeper, Anchorage.

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

Billy M. Bentley, aircraft communicator,
Fairbanks.
Floyd E. Landon, assistant air route
traffic controller, Fairbanks.
Botty I. Leman, clerk stenographer, Anchorage.
Raymond G. Miller, airport traffic con-

troller, Anchorage.
Donald O. Tesdally, aircraft communicator, Annette Island.
Daniel Alex, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
Thomas B. Cottrell, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
George F. Darcey, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
Ronald F. DeGarmo, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
Chester I. Fields, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
Walter Francis, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
Joseph C. DiGregorio, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
James I. Jensen, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
Jerome M. Lardy, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
Milton I. Morrison, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
Clarence W. Purtilar, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
Gerald S. Rice, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
Robert E. Sheridan, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
Dolmar L. Tarlston, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
John R. Waggy, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
Rodney C. Johnson, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.

TRANSFER-

Vincent W. Spear, airways operations specialist, from Anchorage to Civil Aviation Mission, Greece.

RESIGNATIONS

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

Joseph P. Beyer, aircraft communicator,
Fairbanks.
Richard L. Hladky, aircraft communicator
(Continued on page 28)

ANCHORAGE STATION CONTACTS HONG KONG

ARTC AND ALGY-

(Continued from page 21)

Now Algy being a man who hated to go back on his word, decided to set up a program to make use of the aircraft which were battling around the country and doing him no good. So Algy sat down, a large chore in itself, and started to think. Four months later he had it. A plan whereby the Government would be able to toll the Airlines, of which by this time there were quite a few, just where they could fly and how it was to be done. This, thought Algy, would open at least three new branches for employment to all those people that I promised I would get jobs. And so it did. Of course the Airlines screamed and bellored but to no avail. They even went so far as to make Algy's idea into a nice little booklet. For those of you who wish to study this little manual, it is listed as follows; Public - No. 706 - 75th Congress - Chapter 601 - Third Session. This is called the Civil Aeronautics Act of 1938. Yes indeed, Algy had come up in the world. Quite a ways. But all was not over. Algy noticed that now that his program was under way, many young men were rushing into Government service and making quite rapid advancement. Now Algy was not allergic to such things, but after all, he was only a CAF-4, and he was the one that had started the whole shooting match. Packing his forms in his little brief case, he trotted down the hall to the Largo Cog's office and spoke his piece. "My idea", said Algy, "is to provide some sort of a lusher whereby I can be assured of a soft touch for the rest of my tour of duty, and a position where I can supervise the work that I have started. "Hum", quote the Cog. "Quite right", said the Wheel. "Something should be done", said the Spoke. "What do you suggest?", said the Cog. (I suggest you return next month and see the startling revolutions to be made).

On March 24, 1949 the following communications were conducted by the Anchorage circuit E458 communicator with an Alaska Airlines aircraft departing Hong Kong, China for Auckland, New Zealand.

"Anchorage Radio this is ASA756 ASA756 this is Anchorage Radio Over Anchorage Radio ASA756 Roger Position. Hong Kong, China; departed Hong Kong for Auckland, New Zealand request any messages from ASA operations. Will be landing Brisbane, Darwin.
ASA756 this is Anchorage Radio ASA operations advises no traffic for you."

Communications with this aircraft were conducted on 5672.5kc at 1124Z - March 24, 1949. Signals were loud and clear both ways, according to George Trudeau, Station Manager, Anchorage.

ORCHIDS

The following letter was sent to Mukluk Telegraph for publication in this issue, as a result of the recent Barn Dance and Box Social:

"The Civair 8 Club Executive Committee wishes to extend congratulations and a hearty 'Well Done' to Frank and Flora Merrithew for their organization and handling of the Box Social and Dance held Friday, April 29 at the Log Cabin.

"From the many favorable comments circulating among Civair 8 Club members I'm sure that all will join us in thanking also the several hard-working members of the various committees for their very successful efforts."

/s/ Gil Joynt, Chairman
Executive Committee
Civair 8 Club

- ARNEY The SCHMOE -

WE HAD A BARN DANCE

BY HECK

Civair 8 Club scored again. To the knowledge of this writer there has not been such a lively bunch of people turn out for a party in quite some time. Yes, everything progressed on schedule and "characters" poured in the doors of the Log Cabin the night of April 29 until the committees in charge began to wonder if the hall would hold all of them. Everyone was in a festive mood which was quite in keeping with the atmosphere. Carrying colorful well-filled box lunches and wearing everything from overalls, gingham, slacks, jeans, to loud red woolen or plaid shirts, more than 200 members and special guests attended the Barn Dance and Box Social.

Frank Swanson's orchestra wasn't to be outdone and members of his aggregation wore blue overalls, straw hats and boots, and stomped out the pulsating rhythms of hill billy numbers, songs of 1905 vintage as well as various types of polkas, schottisches - the Paul Jones, Circle 2 Stop and modern popular melodies. The sax player wended his way through the dancing couples and blared away with a Dixie-land style of his own. To say the crowd was wild would be putting it mildly. There wasn't a quiet moment all evening and it's a known fact that the stimulants responsible for the uproarious group were an active Master of Ceremonies, lively music and a crackorjack Entertainment Committee who worked together to keep the crowd busy and happy, which they did!

The Legion Log Cabin was not itself the night Civair moved in - and this is attributed to the fact that the members of the decorating crews gave it a complete face-lifting. There was even a large cow - a gay-eyed Elsie Cow - who stood alone in the corner so life like that several city slickers edged away at the slightest "MOOOOOO" from a playful bystander. Bossy had a flowered rock-piece and beside her stood a milking

stool. Burlap bags stuffed with straw formed a fitting centerpiece for the dance floor - if you like to dance over burlap bags, that is. This poor old broken down editor was so busy taking candid shots that she forgot her first love - dancing. It was Field Day for a shutterbug.

Across the front of the stage were 70 or more gay box lunches brought by the women guests. Many of these lunches bore out the fact that their owners had spent many hours not only filling them with tasty morsels but also making them attractive to the eye. The containers for food ranged from a gorgeous line of flower-bedecked boxes to crepe paper dolls with full skirts, cardboard barns complete with lightning rods and a roof that raised to expose mouth watering delicacies. There was a pretty boat, a silver airplane and a covered wagon....a bright red CHIC SALE - yes, you heard us right the first time. This little gem had the traditional half moon carved out under the slanting roof, and a door that really opened; on this door hung a very clever Sears Roebuck (no advertising) catalogue with actual printing on it. There were dozens of these masterpieces but space doesn't allow descriptions of them all. Prizes were awarded the following persons:

Crummiest basket - Rogene Stryker, wife of Dick Stryker, Chief, Communications Engineering Division; Most Old Fashioned - Anne Keace, Engineering Division, Plant and Structures Maintenance; Prettiest - Bernice Currie, Commissary; Most Appropriate - Grace Dillon, Regional Warehouse office; Most Comical - Dorothy Morodith, Plant and Structures Engineering; Most Unique - Cassa Hawick, Accounts Section. Those of you who stayed home can only partially visualize the marvelous display of talent this party offered those present.

(Continued on next page)

BARN DANCE-

Walt Williams was Master of Ceremonies and kept things moving rapidly - seeing to it that the auctioning took a minimum of time, and on one occasion made the announcement that "Here they are boys, you can have the next ten lunches for a dollar and a half". Believe me, men came from all directions - through the doors, in the windows and possibly through the ceiling, when this bargain was offered. We actually believe some of the starved "fellows" hadn't eaten for two weeks. Each lunch had a ticket with a number and the name of the owner; as soon as the couples were "assembled" they went to the dining room in the basement to enjoy their vittles. The tables in the dining room were lit from the flame of many candles in whiskey bottle holders - EMPTY whiskey bottles, in case you are wondering. Conversation at the tables sounded like four hundred bee hives or a ladies' bridge club. Yes, the place was jumping with marry makers and it is agreed we believe, that many more acquaintances were made at this feast than at previous affairs. Tin horns blasted, cameras clicked all evening and there were loud guffaws of genuine amusement.

During the evening, Allen D. Hulon, Assistant Regional Administrator, presided at the microphone and made several Length-of-Service Awards. The names of these people appear in a separate item in this issue of Mukluk, along with Captains who received Meritorious Awards, Suggestion Plan Award and a Certificate of Commendation.

Dancing was resumed after the late lunch and things were going strong right up to closing time. Everyone present agreed that those not attending the Barn Dance really missed a wonderful evening. Informality was the keynote and if you saw the clothes worn by all of us you could readily understand why it was next to impossible to wear TRY to be dignified or formal.

(next column)

ALMS FOR STRYKERS

Regene Stryker won the award for bringing the crummiest lunch to the Civair party - pardon us, we mean the container was crummy and not the food inside.

To get to the point, this is not the kind of award that one brags about, and in order to keep up her morale, Regene decided to capitalize on the thing and make a little cold cash on the deal. This she did..as one of the prizes she won was a small coin bank. Have you guessed? You are right..she actually had the nerve to pass the hat so to speak, and when she got through with the gullible suckers there was deposited in this bank over 3 dollars in coins. The title given the fund collected was the "Alms For Strykers".

When we interviewed the wealthy couple it was learned Regene or husband Dick have no plans made yet for the spending of said lottoce. "Anyone wanting refunds will be refused", says Mrs. Stryker.. those of you who were unable to donate will have the opportunity at the next Civair party - as we believe the bank will hold several more dollars.

BARN DANCE-

Committees were as follows:

General Chairman - Flora and Frank Merri-
thow.

Entertainment - Dick McGowan and Joan Walker.

Decorations - Paulino Martens, Jo Roush-
man, Martha Jo Kellogg, Beth Henley,
Margaret Unger, Joyce Gardner and Lanco
Harvey.

Special Events - Walt Williams, Norm
Keith, Herb Stanley and Harry Watson.

Public Address System - Dan Cruz.

Publicity - Mabel Stubbs, Audrey Farmer,
Dorothy Meredith, Shirley Underlund -
Mary Holto, Regene Stryker, Harriett
Williams, Grant McMuray and Norm Lowen-
stain.

FAIRBANKS TOWN AND COUNTRY

This shall be remembered as the month of weather: All types, good, bad and indifferent, with its accompanying grief. Grief because of the fact it is annual breakup time in Fairbanks. Now we wallow in mud and puddles and hope that Old Sol will bestow upon us its healing qualities more quickly. Next month gives dust, sultry air and B-29 size mosquitoes. The eye-sore and nickel-happy parking meters are doing a big business these days. The balmy weather and a great influx of the state-side workmen have increased auto traffic in town.

The Morrison-Knudsen Company has begun the Richardson Highway project. Rumor has it black-top paving will commence next week. Beginning at 5th and Cushman in town and ending up in the vicinity of Big Delta.

Nothing to report regarding the new airport. "Slide Rule" Robinson, Engineer, puts in an occasional appearance around the station. We note he changed his winter shirt, finally, after much criticism. The pajama top looks more fetching.

Along with sunshine, puddles, and fresh air, we enjoy coming to work and breathing the odious smells from the City Garbage Dump, located a scant city block from the Communications Station. Inhalation is like a shot in the arm and makes one feel invigorated during his watch.

STATION CHATTER: Communicator to Maintenance man - "Something wrong with this Teletype". Invariable answer - "Standby, I'll take it in the shop and blow it out with an air hose".

John (Bananas) Flynn, Acting Station Manager, recently submitted to the Territorial blood test, and insisted on a supply for his fountain pen. The Parker Company should hear from Flynn any day now.

Stan Jeffcoat, CLMO, departed for Okie City for I.L.S. training and a month's vacation throughout the States. Expects to purchase a new Chev and nurse it along to Fairbanks. Malcolm Kicker-son is Acting CLMO.

MAN OF THE MONTH: Each month, a few paragraphs dedicated to the most popular. This month's choice, Bill (Boiling-Wire) Cowles. The aged (51) goosey, pink-cheeked Cowles, is one of the most comical and bodevilish rascals, of all time. A past versatile comedian, vaudevilian and circus roustabout, the present day Cowles is confined to the prisonlike atmosphere of the Remote Receiver Station, and is responsible for the upkeep and operation of the RRI Range Station. Recent owner of a big-fat Ford (Mercury) he prides himself on careful driving. These days the Communications truck, and other brave souls, daily follow Cowles from the station into town over the rutted potholed road. Their reasoning is sound due to the obliging Bill who scrapes the road ahead with his oil pan and undercarriage. Strange sounds daily emanate from the Remote Receiver Station over the maintenance interphone, advising communicators on the 305 that McGrath's calling on Channel 53", little realizing the operator is preoccupied on Channel 51 with Tanana. The Regional Warehouse has been requested to send teethguards for the microphone on the 305 position, as operators are inclined to "bite down hard" on the mike at the sound of Bill's pungent advice. Cowles' alias KL7AN, and adopt radio amateur, lives, sleeps and dreams about his hobby. Should television make its appearance in Alaska, he would doubtlessly equip his auto with a set. BoilingWire hopes to retire in a few years, and spend some time "just hamming".

--FEARLESS FOSDICK

RESIGNATIONS -

(Continued from page 23)

Moses Point.

Orville C. Johnson, airport traffic controller, Annette Island.
Philip J. Jurglyns, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
Leon Kaplan, Sr. airway traffic controller, Fairbanks.
George C. Lowell, aircraft communicator, Fairbanks.
Jack D. Lawson, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
Charles E. Moon, aircraft communicator, Anchorage.
Lorin K. Mooers, aircraft communicator, Fairbanks.
George A. Puckett, aircraft communicator, Fairbanks.
Kenneth D. Williams, aircraft communicator, Homer.

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

Donna M. Furke, clerk stenographer, Anchorage.
Margaret J. Kropf, clerk stenographer, Anchorage.
Pauline L. Sharrock, fiscal audit clerk, Anchorage.
Anna M. Hanson, clerk, Seattle.

AIR COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

Oliver G. Coburn, radio engineer, Anchorage.
Raymond F. Hawk, Jr., maintenance technician, Anchorage.
Edward W. Nelson, maintenance technician, Nome.
Waldo J. Shaw, radio technician, Anchorage.
John E. Crosina, radio technician, Anchorage.
Randall V. McSparin, radio technician, Anchorage.

AIR PLANT & STRUCTURES BRANCH

Robert J. Finn, general mechanic, Gulikuna.
Bottlyoe Ann Kirschbaum, engineering draftsman, Anchorage.
Bernard E. Locke, airways engineer, Anchorage.

AUKERMAN HOME IS DESTROYED BY FIRE

We were very sorry to learn of the loss suffered by Richard Aukerman, Communicator, and his family living at Haines. It was reported that during the week-end of May 8 a fire completely destroyed their home and all its contents which included several pieces of new furniture.

As Mukluk goes to press details of the fire are not available but in the statement we had, it was said Mr. and Mrs. Aukerman and their small child lived in town in their own home instead of CMA quarters as many of our field personnel do. The occupants were unharmed as far as we know, but the loss of all their personal keepsakes, clothing, furniture, etc., is a terrific loss. We are indeed sorry to hear of these things, and do hope it won't be too long before the Aukermans are comfortably established in their home again.

RESIGNATIONS -

Lionel J. Meeker, general mechanic, Anchorage.
Grant H. Nelson, general mechanic, Nome.
Jesse Nelson, general mechanic, Anchorage.
Pietro Vigna, airways engineer, Anchorage.
Annis Mae Woodward, blueprint machine operator, Anchorage.

AIRMAN, AIRCRAFT & FLIGHT OPERATIONS

Gladys S. Coulombe, clerk stenographer, Anchorage.

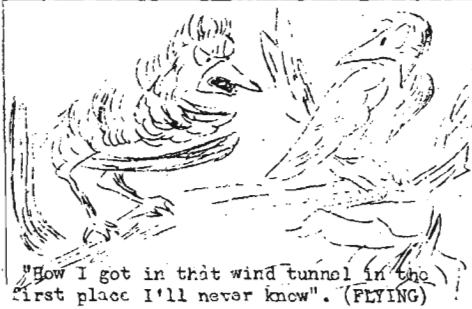
AIR PLANNING & CONTROL STAFF

Jacqueline Lee Livesay, clerk Anchorage.

RECEIVES "KAPPEH" KEY

At an impressive ceremony in the lobby of the Merrill Field Communications Building, John Keith stopped enroute to Haines, where he can retire on full pay, and formally presented newly selected Operations Specialist Ruhle with the coveted key which admits one to the more exclusive offices in the Federal Building.

The old maestro, in his inspiring presentation speech, instructed the neophyte in the proper use and limitations of the Key, pointing out the fact that while it did not exactly entitle him to approach the seats of the mighty, it could be considered as a badge of privilege. It was pointed out in no uncertain terms, that with this key in his possession the young recruit would have access to the Throne of Meditation, where so many inspired ideas for improving the service and increasing the production of red tape have originated. This was followed by a stern warning, in which the candidate is impressed with the number of people with which the privilege must be shared, and is admonished concerning the necessity for practical application of ideas, and the dangers inherent in the evolution of too much pure theory on government time. Then, amid handshaking and sad farewells, the ritual was closed with the band playing the traditional Chic Sale's "Midnight March" and "The Little Old Shack Which Sat Out Back" song by the hastily organized male chorus.



"How I got in that wind tunnel in the first place I'll never know". (FLYING)

MERITORIOUS AWARDS GIVEN COMMUNICATORS

Two CMA communicators were presented Meritorious Service Awards at a special ceremony April 29 at 4PM in the Regional Offices at Anchorage. The men receiving these were Layton A. Bennett, Aircraft Communicator at Gulkana and Maurice Benningfield, Aircraft Communicator at Haines. The citation was given for services "over and above the line of duty" at the time a Northwest plane was involved in a crash near Mt. Sanford. Complete details of the assistance the men rendered was carried in a previous issue of Mukluk.

Allen D. Hulen, Acting Regional Administrator, presented the awards to the two men, in the presence of Regional Office personnel, Mr. Glenn Jefferson of the Regional Division of Weather Bureau, and six officials and representatives of Northwest Airlines. Silver medals were given Bennett and Benningfield with their names engraved, silver lapel pins, an engraved Certificate of Award signed by the Secretary of Commerce, Charles Swayer, and a personal letter from Mr. Swayer.

Both Mr. Benningfield and Mr. Bennett attended the Civair 8 party the evening of April 29 and had more honors given them besides creating an opportunity for Anchorage personnel to meet them and vice versa.

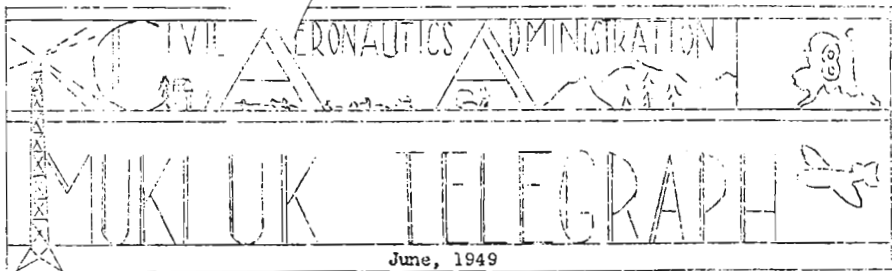
FOR SALE

1940 Plymouth Coupe with new engine. Good rubber. Very dependable transportation and in excellent condition. For further information contact Al Johnson, Maintenance, Phone CMA 45.

An elderly lady, sitting next to the front seat on a bus, was very anxious not to pass her stop. Presently she poked the driver with her umbrella.

"Is that the First National Bank?" she asked.

"No ma'am, that's my sacroiliac!"



H.R. NOGGLE TRANSFERS TO SEVENTH REGION

Helford P. Noggle, Regional Attorney for the Eighth Region left Anchorage on June 3 for his new assignment in Region Seven with offices in Seattle.

Mr. Noggle has been legal counsel for the CAA in Alaska since May, 1946 and prior to that served as a Commander in the Navy for several years. He has been a resident of Alaska for sometime and he and his wife Florence, and daughter Anne resided in their lovely home which was located at the scenic Fire Lake area, 16 miles from Anchorage.

Mr. Noggle's friends are wondering what the Seventh Region ever did to deserve a break like that - and what this Eighth Region ever did to deserve such punishment! However, until such time as a replacement is made in the legal office here, it is expected he will make an occasional trip to Anchorage and handle both Seventh and Eighth Regions' legal problems, which we think is a real task.

As a going-away present Mr. Noggle was presented an Original Alaskan painting so he will not exactly be able to forget the Frozen North. Those who were in a position to know Hal Noggle will miss his very pleasant personality, his keen sense of humor, and the capable way in which he handled any and all CAA legal agenda, with a genuine interest and understanding for everyone with whom he was associated. (Seventh Region take note: He also plays a very mean piano!!

ATTEND LEGION CONVENTION McLAIN NAMED COMMANDER

Homer G. Nordling, Commander, Department of Alaska, American Legion, just returned from conducting a very successful convention at Mt. McKinley Park. Mr. Nordling is a CAA Airways Engineer in the Maintenance Division. For nearly 30 years Mr. Nordling has been a member of the American Legion and has held various offices in the local Post, at Juneau and the Department of Alaska.

Perry McLain of the Maintenance Division was elected Department Commander at the recent conclave at McKinley Park. He was Commander of the Jack Henry Post in 1947, Second Vice Commander, Department of Alaska, for the past year and has held the Chairmanship of the Department of Child Welfare Committee and National Housing Committee; he is also an officer in the Forty and Eight. In summing it all up we find Mr. McLain has been very active in this work for 29 years.

Mr. McLain is desirous of starting additional Posts at some of the larger CAA stations and anyone interested in this should write to him. At the present time Adak - Aleutian Island Post #1 has over 1000 members. The Legion holds a strong position in Community and State activities and boasts a membership of over 3500 members in Alaska which is made up of over twenty Posts.

(Continued on page 2)