


— GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

MERRY CHRISTMAS


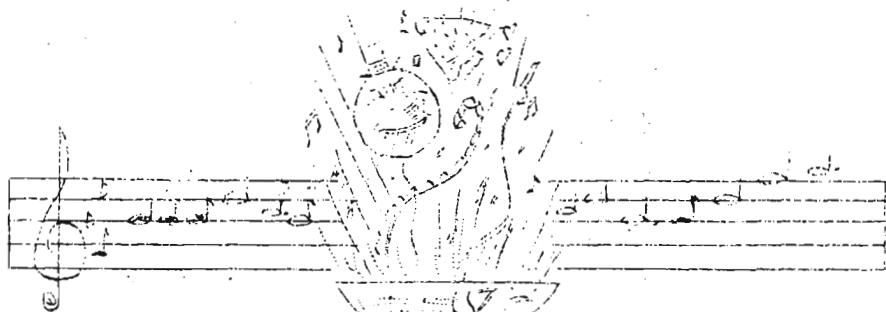


ANUKLUK TELEGRAPH

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Mabel Stubbs, Editor

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HAPPY
NEW
YEAR



P & S. MAINTENANCE

Four new names have been added to the Maintenance roster since we last went to press....Mr. William R. McDaniel transferred over from the Engineering Branch and is now assisting Sam Kelly. They are presently working out a heavy program for spring maintenance and repair of runways, roads etc...We don't expect to hear too many cries from Mr. McLain for a while...for "MORE HELP, MORE HELP", since he has been fortunate enough to obtain the services of two new cable splicers. Mr. Howard Francis, who has worked for us before, but left several months ago to help the city install the new telephone system, has returned and has already completed several assignments along the railroad, connecting teletype circuits with the ACS lines.

Frank J. Evans is the second cable splicer and he came to us from the States. His first assignment was at Homer where he assisted in conversion of power and control cable to HEA poles. Mr. Arthur J. Schmuck is the fourth newcomer...and comes to us on transfer from the Air Force as - 57th Fighter Wing - and has been working as a civilian employee at Cold Bay for the past three years. Mr. Schmuck will be a traveling mechanic and is slated for Big Delta on his first assignment.

Hank Olson is in town and will soon be headed for Sitka to check on the possibility of salvaging a former Navy barg which is grounded on the beach there. Art Luppi came in from Kodiak for a few days to receive medical attention on a badly bruised finger and will be headed back for Kodiak to complete his assignment as soon as he is OK'd by the "Doc". Wes McIntosh and Max Clark are presently on assignment at Talkeetna, Summit and Nonana, inspecting diesel fuel injection equipment and governor adjustment and maintenance. Myron Stevens had an exciting experience on one of his last trips. He was driving from North-

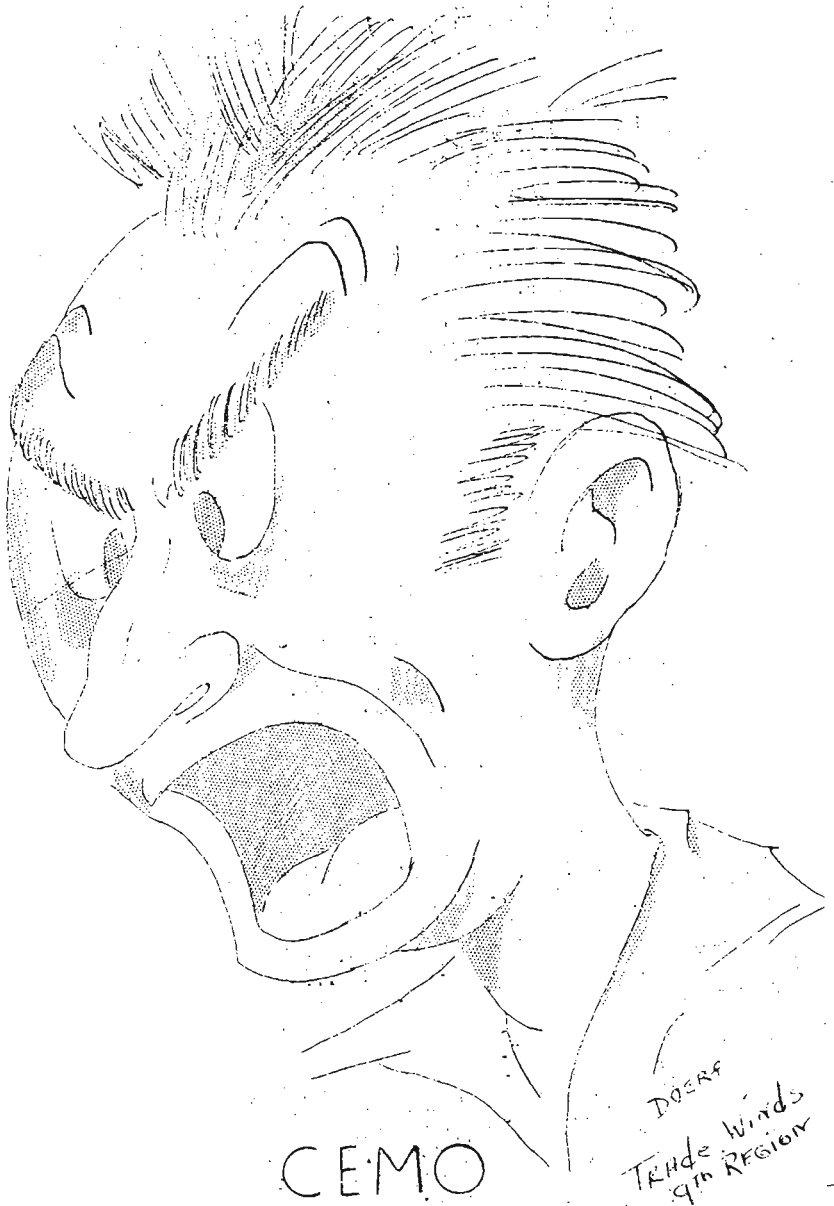
way to Gulkana in a new dump truck late in the evening and as he rounded a particularly bad curve on one of the hills, he noticed a car parked in the middle of the road at the bottom of the hill. In order to avert any chance of hitting the car, Steve pulled the truck over to the left side of the road, since there was not enough room on the right side to get by, the truck started sliding on the ice and Steve lost control of it and the truck went over the bank and upset..... Luckily, Steve was unhurt and crawled out of the cab soon enough to see the car which was the cause of all his trouble, pulling away up the hill. Yes, things really could have been bad, because Steve had a load of gas on the back end of the truck, but fortunately, the worst thing that happened -- as far as Steve was concerned -- was the 25 mile hike he had to make back to Gulkana at one in the morning in below freezing temperatures - to get help.

Hank Olson also had a close call recently. He was returning from Fairbanks to Nonana in a private plane; the plane developed engine trouble just as they approached the landing field (Nonana) and they made a crash landing with flames shooting from the plane. Hank got banged up a bit but figures that he was very, very lucky to get out of the plane without any more damage than a bump on the head.

Follows, please --- take it a little bit easier...Those were really close calls.
--PAULINE MARTENS.

MEALS TO ORDER

"Can you serve company?" asked the lady who was hiring a new maid.
"Yes, mum, both ways."
"What do you mean?", asked the puzzled lady.
"So they'll come again or stay away."



C.E.M.O

DOERS
Trade Winds
9th REGION

AS THE TOWER GOES

To get anything out this month takes a creative imagination or something of a liar. Not guilty. If you detect any falsehood here, you have too much imagination.

Hunting has been the byword of Ray Miller, Cal Ward, Sid Wood and Al Woodward. The season is over and they are still without moose and caribou. The alibis range from "No skis for the airplane, or my gun sights were off, or I didn't see a thing." Those are perfectly legitimate excuses to those who sympathize but one can starve on such a diet. However, they were all consoled by their limit bagging of rabbits.

The Browns are off again; this time to civilization. Frances and Sid will be on a big splurge from Seattle to Miami for the next few weeks. Lucky people. That leaves Herb Stanley (of the Center) with Michael, the dog, and Milton, the cat. Both pets love him like a brother. Junior Winham is also spending the holidays at home in Shreveport, La. The girls of Shreveport will think that SANTA has been generous in sending them such a hunk of man.

Norm Maither returned to duty, checked out for Approach Control and Ray Miller has replaced him at the Center. Don Hood has been with us three weeks now and has decided that his ambition is to build an inverted pyramid on top of Mt. McKinley. We have always thought he was sager. To Georgia Pebbles, Center's lover boy, Ray Butler suggests an exchange of good phone numbers. Who stands to gain more? Our Chief, Jack Oldroyd, is currently cracking the whip trying to make us all better janitors'.

Our best wishes for a Happy Holiday.

Here we sit, enclosed in glass
Waiting for our shift to pass.
Our job the easiest the others say,
Who earn their living in the CAA.

True, at times the business slow,
But we're on the job when the planes
come and go;
To do our best when duty calls,
To keep traffic rolling and on the ball.

All pilots we, who know the other's need
And do our job with safety and speed;
To give all pilots' smallest requests -
Service rendered we hope they will say
the best.

True at times they may cuss and swear;
When they called, no answer was there;
They were sure at first the tower wrong,
Only to find the receiver not turned on.

Then there's the time when the light was
red;

Which required a pull up and circle o'er
head;

Now why's the tower got it in for me...
As then he notices an approaching DC-3.

And again at times an aircraft calls,
Requesting from tower if the ceiling
will fall;

But the latest sequence reports O-O
sky obscured...

The pilot screams, "Tower I'm through".

But we in the tower can only advise
What rules and regs in the good book
lies;

All the pilot answers is a very weak
roger,

Thinking the jerk in the tower a
stupid codger.

Some pilots think we're always wrong
And they would be better off if we
were at home;

But when they need us and are in a
spot,

They usually become a humble obedient
lot.

But we, as I've said before
Are pilots too, so know the score
And when there comes a judgement day to
report of our sins,
We'll be on duty to bring our fellow-
pilots in.

AIR TRANSPORTATION

Transferring is in the air. When doing so by CAA aircraft, it is in and out of the air for weeks. We really are sorry...but these days we just can not seem to move a family, bag, and baggage on the same trip. Be patient for awhile, and eventually all the things you left behind will catch up with you.

There is always a harder story. Did you hear about the engineer who took the train back from a CAA flight? His baggage was stolen!

Will the lady who left the black kid gloves in MC-5 please contact this office. (They do not fit us)

After almost two weeks delay, the Iliamna oil haul is again in progress; Tanker 14 makes two trips daily.



J.J. Doo, CAA 13
TVL ORDER 849xxx2



CAA "Middleman" Pilot

Now that the CAA aircraft are trying to replace the boat, things are kept humming. The romance of aviation has lost its glamour midst tons of boxes which are being hauled. How can a pilot be dashing when juggling 7000 pounds out of his "big bird" each day.

Jackson has found that all items are rush items. They weigh from one pound to a thousand pounds. He really hit the roof when the rush tag from one box fell off onto an empty oil drum and stuck there.

Four baggage drills on a trip to Skwentna and the passenger left smiling. We lo-o-o-v-e that man.

A slug is a piece of inferior metal formed to resemble a piece of legal tender - what's that one doing in the coffee kitty??? Thanks pal, I think we got the drift!

We have a new game... "punning" with the new teletype designators. Corney, but it's fun just YAK-ing!!



Jackson, 8-212

--ARTHELLE HIT

HALLE LUIAH

FROM MOSES POINT

Since there has been no information from Moses Point in recent issues of the Mukluk Telegraph this is to serve notice that MOS has not sunk into Norton Sound. We are still here and muddling along in good order.

The big social event of this season was the Open House party held by new COM Bob Laise and his wife, Reva. It was a gala affair and got under way at eight in the evening. After the fourth round of liquid refreshments everyone got into a singing mood and made the Mills Brothers look sick by comparison. This kept up until our attention was distracted by Danny Calloway ACCOM, who performed a strip tease that we burlesque fans considered to approach the perfection of Gypsy Rose Lee. High Point of the evening came when "Curly" Britton, mechanic, suddenly did a tail spin and went down for the ten count. On his way down he accidentally threw a body block on Bob Laise who also went down, and in so doing threw a body block on wife Reva, who being on the end of the chain, landed on that well known portion of the anatomy. The odd thing about it was that when Reva got up she started rubbing her elbow.

In the wee small hours of the morning most of the gang staggered home except the poor fellow who had to stand the mid-watch. We all decided that house warmings are a fine thing and that there should be more of them up here.

Recent additions to the roster of this station are Ray Wardwell, Maintenance Technician who stepped off the plane and remarked, "It's a bit chilly up here." A few weeks later Martin Groiner, ACCOM, arrived, stepped off the plane and remarked, "It's a bit chilly up here." If everyone keeps talking about the cold weather we will all be going around here with long johns and parkas, before the first good sized snow fall has even occurred.

It seems that when Groiner was in Anchorage enroute to Moses Point, he became involved in a little misunderstanding... maybe he was too anxious to become a sourdough - during which time feelings were ruffled and many questions asked. He had just about forgotten the matter until one day he came to work at the station and found a radiogram saying the U.S. Marshal in Anchorage wanted him etc. etc. The sweat began to pour until he found out it was a bogus radiogram made up by one of the station jokers.... his final comment on the matter: "It's a bit chilly up here."

Harold Lindsay ACCOM, one of our most eligible bachelors, has gained the reputation of "Gloomy Gus" in recent months, because he was sure, first, that the Alaskan differential was going to be discontinued. Then he began figuring the international situation was deteriorating too rapidly (and with him too near the International Date Line) to be even the least bit comfortable. His latest prediction is that certain prophetic books definitely and conclusively prove that the world is coming to an end because there is fighting in the Middle East. Incidentally, there is a new girl working at Harold's house and we are wondering if he thinks "It's a bit chilly up here."

For the past few weeks, personnel at this station have been able to watch the local Eskimos do a bit of whale hunting in Norton Sound directly in front of the station and landing strip. The Eskimos have gone completely modern and chase the whales in outboard motorboats. When they have chased one close in to the beach, they shoot the finny monster and drag him into the shallow water where the cleaning and de-blubberizing processes begin. These whales are called Beluga whales and average from ten to fifteen feet in their length. They probably weigh from one thousand to fifteen hundred pounds. Rod

PERSONNEL-

PLANT & STRUCTURES DIVISION

Hans Blandov, General Mechanic, Annette
Joyce J. Drake, Multilith Platemaker, Anchorage
Frank J. Evans, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Annette M. Folta, Clerk-Steno, Anchorage
Eugene Fowler, General Mechanic, Annette
A. Howard Francis, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Richard E. Haines, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Howard E. Knutson, Engineering Craftsman, Anchorage
Walter Minano, General Mechanic, Nenana
Edward W. Renor, General Mechanic, Yakutat

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION DIVISION

Edmond S. Block, Aircraft Mechanic, Anchorage
Lavinia Jo Edwards, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Dorothy S. Gschwend, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Florence E. Knorr, Mail and File Clerk, Seattle
Loretta Lee Lane, Clerk (Mail), Anchorage
Rita F. McGinnis, Clerk, Anchorage
Joycelee M. Herfeld, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Walter D. Scott, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Clenna M. Thomas, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Leola P. Wood, Clerk-Typist, Seattle
Roy Woods, General Mechanic, Anchorage

SEPARATIONS (October and November)

AIRMAN, AIRCRAFT AND FLIGHT OPERATIONS DIVISION

Gertrude K. Heffentrager, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Rosemary E. Werner, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage

ANF PLANT AND STRUCTURES DIVISION

Edwin W. Capps, General Mechanic, Bethel
Albert G. Jeffords, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Eugene H. Lundstrom, General Mechanic, Northway
Karl N. Richl, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Peter Usher, General Mechanic, Annette

ANF COMMUNICATIONS DIVISION

Ralph E. Anderson, MTIC., Gustavus
John E. Roberts, Maintenance Technician, Anchorage
Robert E. Anderson, Maintenance Technician, Nemo

(Continued on page 10)

WAREHOUSE WAILS

The Warehouse has had several changes in personnel this month. The first being Eddie Craig who has been transferred to the Federal Building.

Congratulations on your promotion! Occasionally Eddie makes an appearance down this way. We think maybe he misses the old gang.

Another change made, is the transfer of Dick Sullivan from the warehouse into the offices of 207. He and Bill Criner have a most DELIGHTFUL time struggling through back orders for the various stations.

Dick and Bill surely wish the boys in the field would study up on their nomenclature before writing up their requisitions. Playing Sherlock Holmes and Watson gets a bit tiring after awhile.

Johnny Moriarty recently returned from Oakland, California, will replace Dick in the warehouse.

Johnny drove up over the Alcan Highway part way, until an automobile accident, which forced him to airway transportation for the balance of the trip. He and his Mother both received broken arms.

After finally arriving in Anchorage and getting settled, he says that he really likes it here in spite of getting off to a bad start.

George Ush, our night watchman, has at last returned to work. George took

most of the summer for prospecting, gardening and just plain loafing. Welcome back George; we surely missed you!

Another new employee added to our staff is Mel Kehrwald, who also drove up over the highway from Missoula, Montana. Incidentally, Mel is "sold" on Alaska.

On October 6th, the E.S. Griffins' had a new arrival in their family. A little baby girl named Wanda Marie.

Congratulations to you both. Mel is the Assistant Superintendent of the Regional Warehouse.

Gerry Bach has been working in the warehouse, but recently transferred to the uptown offices.

The gang down here have really been working like mad to finish up the annual requisitions for the various stations.

You folks in the field might also be interested to know that the warehouse has recently received tons of newly arrived freight.

Looking into the future, we have already decided that glamour gal Ruth "Long John" Young should most definitely run as candidate for the Queen of the Fur Rendezvous. She'd make a classy looking Queen, in our estimation.

That's all for now kids.

--DORIS PHILLI

PERSONNEL-

(Continued from page 8)

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION DIVISION

Donna Joann Burke, Clerk (Mail), Anchorage
Lola E. Clinton, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Norma G. Gilbreath, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Clea Warwick, Fiscal Accounting Clerk, Anchorage
Bill R. Jefford, Aircraft Mechanic, Anchorage
Virginia K. McKay, Property and Supply Clerk, Anchorage

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

Oral J. Berry Jr., Accom., Anchorage
Sheldon Carlson, Aircraft Communicator, Port Heiden
Kenneth R. Cossaboom, Aircraft Communicator, Point Barrow
Curtis B. Davenport, Aircraft Communicator, Fairbanks
Albert C. Emmott, Jr., Aircraft Communicator, Yakutat
Donald C. Grensman, Aircraft Communicator, Woody Island
Welma H. Hill, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Jack A. Hofbauer, Aircraft Communicator, Gustavus
Dalbert L. Hoen, Aircraft Communicator, Iliamna
Kenneth H. Johnson, Aircraft Communicator, Fairbanks
Rick T. Lambas, Aircraft Communicator, Woody Island
Robert L. Lannon, Aircraft Communicator, Woody Island
Thomas J. O'Brien, Jr., Aircraft Communicator, Eaknek
John Oltion, Aircraft Communicator, Fairbanks
Harold L. Powers, Aircraft Communicator, Summit
Newton F. Robertson, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
Rudolph L. Robsel, Chief Aircraft Communicator, (Bettles to 9th Region)
Robert E. Rupert, Aircraft Communicator, Annette Island
Richard W. Stein, Chief Aircraft Communicator, North Dutch Island
Arthur F. Striebuech, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
Forrest L. Thomas, Aircraft Communicator, Juneau
William J. Yasi, Aircraft Communicator, Eaknek
Deminie M. Youngress, Aircraft Communicator, Eaknek



AIR TRANS POOR TATION

Pilots' Office →



Oh! No!

A lot of changes have been made around the Air Freight Dock. Most noticeable has been the rearrangement of the building. What was once the waiting room is now the pilots' office. We, the personnel of 8-212, are protected only by a stout wall and a lockable door, but the poor waiting passengers are getting their first peak into the office life of CIA pilots and this is a doubtful improvement.

To those of you who have had occasions to spend waiting hours with us, there is a new boss man Robert (Bob) Perkins ex of Property Management Branch and his new "stoogie" Richard (Dick) Owsley ex of Hawaii, or is it nice to call a Deputy Chief a stoogie? Bob Jackson has gone south to Yakutat and Kim Ransior joined the staff of the Regional Warehouse. Veteran sourdoughs Merle Ranson and Arthelle are still looking for that lost freight.

The "Hay Pitchers" award to Stocum, Moses Point; Fults, Nemo; Rosencou, Unalakleet; Puckett, Fort Heidon and J. S., Gilena. Thanks fellows, it helps to get those shipping manifests.

Judson Lanier, Sitka, sent a nice picture to us for the collection here in the office. It really is nice to be remembered. Yes, who hints?

Made Privett, Carl Carlson and Jack Payne have been our best customers this month; even waited in KAC ten days just to ride with us. Of course Ole Lundheim is still waiting in Farewell.

Two Gents by the names of R. Matson and E. B. Crowe are so far back in the dog house that a little white bean would seem like a bright light. Sure and the first thing you know we will have a cute blonde hostess.

The "Hushin" brigade Aldous, McIntosh, and Lohnos, have not seen the back of their coats for weeks now. Everytime we turn around here they are - looking anxious, one hand full of paper and the other hand full of "HOT RUSH RUSH PRIORITY RUSH" - 1. To move with great speed; press forward with violent haste. If you guys on the stations don't get what you want when you want it, it's not because we don't RUSH with the violent haste.

N-14, N-5, and N-62 lost their best friend. Joe Burlovich died November 16. You all know Joe, the night watchman; no matter how late you arrived Anchorage he was there to see that the 'birds' were put to bed.

A-R-T-C

Dear Readers: Schmoie is now a proud father. Due to a few wreat wigors, I am now the father of an expensive little girl. There will be a brief pause as all of you say, "Who cares?" In the same vein, OG, Virg Dingman, "The Fat Man" is not to be left out, as he now has a little boy. About time too, says he. Jackson Hicks is pacing the floor. Any day now and no doubt by the time you read this I want to make my predictions as to the remaining box scores in the Anchorage Center. For fast reference all you second guessers' can ask Kukluk Editor when this was written. Now for the predictions: Mr. and Mrs. R. Hicks will be the proud parents of a little BOY. Mr. and Mrs. L. Anderson will assume the same duties only a little GIRL. So much for the crystal ball. Of course you know, the only thing I got right on my own prediction was the date. Figured a little BOY - missed. Figured the weight - missed. Figured the date and made it...October 21; Schmoie's birthday and what a present.

While we are still in the "New" business, here's a few more New's.. 'Erbert Stanley, has a new Plymouth. Bob Fodder-son has a new Plymouth, Bob Flick has a new Dodge, and Gorgeous George Pobbles has a new Martin 202 on order. H! I got three old bus transfers, only have to wait 24 days and catch the hour and I am really in.

For the benefit of all peoples who have read this far, we now have MORE new personnel. People getting thin so they can move around. When OG, see above paragraph, comes in, three people have to leave. Added to the list are:

Bob Paine, ex Marine jockey; looks like Danny Kay; can't sing though. Ira Packard, courtesy of the U. S. Navy via a short tour of Uncle Sugar. Big man on the bowling alleys; average 165. SEE. A little too late to help the Klondikers this year - besides that, L. A. Anderson

"Andy" pulled a fusty and signed him up when he got off the plane. Seems a shame to have to put that in though.

Well, if you have lasted this long, I might as well get serious about a vital topic. You have noticed the article on the MEMBA by this time; and if you have not read it go back and do so. It is of the utmost importance to all CMA employees. Then forget about your liquor ration this week, or those lines of bowling extra, or a couple of fast ones at the Marmie or its equivalent and fill out the attached form. If you haven't received your forms yet, see your Chief, or Station Manager. \$8.00 won't hurt and for such a small amount you should stop to consider your advantages, and advantages to your family. Such coverages could not be obtained except for this plan which opens the way for an expression of your willingness to help others. Remember that the total amount of the subscriptions assessed will depend upon you. So think it over and you will know what you can do and SHOULD do. Let's make it a good thing for all concerned and try to pile it up. Remember, it's your plan, originated by you, and FOR you and your dependents. Schmoie has spoken...see you next month maybe.

--PAPPY SCHMOIE--



MUTUAL ASSOCIATION ESTABLISHED IN EIGHTH REGION

From time to time we are confronted with the fact that we cannot expect to live forever, and that a Civil Service job is no guarantee of easy security in the fact of unanticipated misfortunes. We have seen that, regardless of our pay grades, length of service, etc., it is possible for any one of us to be called away before we have made suitable provision for the financial needs of dependents.

Cases have occurred among our CAA and USWB personnel where death of the wage-earner has left the family dependant upon charity and relatives. In such cases generous contributions have been made by fellow employees. This is commendable, but the fact of outright charity remains.

This is to postulate that a three-fold purpose will be accomplished by the formation of a mutual benefit association, operating as a non-profit organization; formed of, by, and for CAA and USWB employees. The plan will provide that:

(1) There will be established, by prior contribution, a fund that will adequately serve to avoid the necessity of "passing the hat" when a member dies in difficult financial circumstances.

(2) Even though a family may be provided for by the member's insurance or estate, the fund will provide cash immediately for expenses that may be necessary prior to receipt of money from the insurance or estate.

(3) All members will receive protection at a low rate of cost per thousand.

The foregoing are excerpts from the AFEMBA prologue and by-laws that are now in the process of being distributed to all agencies and field stations in the Region. Variations of this plan have been in effect in other CAA Regions, with the sponsorship of such Regional Offices, with considerable benefit to members. It is believed that, with Alaskan awareness of sudden calamities, such a program should receive whole-hearted support - for the benefit of loved ones.

Operation of this Benefit Association will depend upon the willingness of all personnel in the Region and for that reason a form has been made available to all personnel for the purpose of determining the actual amounts to be subscribed. This amount will depend on the majority of the personnel who intend to contribute and will be determined by the Board of Directors as soon as the applications have been filled out and returned to the Alaskan Federal Employees' Benefit Association in Anchorage.

While the by-laws will thoroughly explain how the AFEMBA will operate, it is desired to explain this operation in terms of actual monetary values:

If the initial subscription were \$3.00, 2,000 members would establish a benefit fund of approximately \$6,000. The CAA and USWB combined have more than 2,500 employees in Alaska.

(Continued on page 18)

TAKES COLD SHOWER AT KOTZEBUE RESORT

Alaska is reputed to be the land of the survival of the fittest and many have said you must be rugged to endure the rigors of the winter season. That may be true in some instances, but we believe Bob Graner, future Towler Chief at Merrill Field, went out of his way just a little too much to prove it.

On a recent business trip to some of the field stations Bob dragged out his trusty camera and munched his way down to the water where the Eskimo women were fishing through the ice. Clad in their parkas and minding their own business, the women worked diligently at fishing and paid no attention to Graner.

The weather was cold and the ice was thick. Our ace cameraman braved the elements and walked to a spot where he believed he could snap pictures and not be seen. Yes, this was the place for a perfect shot...no...better stand back just a few more feet. This was pretty good, but if he backed up three more feet he could include more scenery in his shot. Now we tell you he did back up three more feet? Bob Graner, the Alaskan Photographer disappeared in a hole in the ice used for fishing. There was much consternation among the Eskimo women who by now had dropped their fishing gear and were running to the rescue.

Confusion and splashing were the order of the day and the frightened women stood wringing their hands and saying, "Oh Dear". Something resembling a wet walrus stuck its head out of the water and for a minute the women were tempted to spear it, but upon looking closer they saw it was Graner, still clinging to the ice and keeping his camera dry.



MERRILL FIELD FINDS NEW COFFEE FORMULA

Our 'private eye' informs us that a new coffee recipe was found quite by accident recently at the Anchorage Station by Mario Orlando, a Communicator.

At the usual coffee time, Mario being next in line to make the brew started in on the process of preparing it. As the aroma wafted its way along the corridors the thirsty workers made their appearance and drank with gusto - or rather we should say, with Mario.

As time went on, several people began to make peculiar grimaces and two or three noses were wrinkled slightly. Our Chief Coffee Maker asked what was wrong and why the look of distaste on some of their faces. No one would criticize the coffee for fear of having to make it himself the next time.

Dear Readers: Did YOU ever make your coffee out of Sweeping Compound? They say it's not bad. This amazing discovery was made as Mario reached for a 2-pound coffee can which the janitor had used as a storage place for his sawdust-type compound. Regene Thompson said it was very good, but we dunno if it's worth a try or not. We suggest if you try this latest receipt you use a coffee pot that has not been washed in order to have a faint trace of real coffee in your drink.

The following message was received at one of our stations and we leave it up to you to decipher:

AIRCRAFT DOWN ON SMALL LAKE 120 DEGREES
MAGNETIC AND 35 MINES FROM MCGRATH.

McGrath is situated in the heart of a mining district - there's Platinum, and Aniak, etc., but we never know they were now using them to describe the location of aircraft. Wonder how many mines it is to Fishwheel???

MRS. HULEN PASSES

Friends of Allen D. Hulen, Deputy Regional Administrator, were shocked to learn of the death of his Mother November 21st. Mrs. Hulen had been in ill health for some time and when she became critical was taken to Providence Hospital.

For the past few years Mrs. Hulen had resided with her son and his family at 327 Eleventh Street. She was 77 years old.

Funeral services were held at 2 P.M. in Ely's chapel. Burial was made in the Anchorage cemetery.

DANIEL KROGSENG HERE

There was a mighty proud father in the Federal Building on November 15. The smiling papa was none other than Helgo Krogseng of Personnel.

A bouncing baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Krogseng and he arrived in Anchorage at 10:46 AM, making Providence Hospital his first stop. The youngster weighed six pounds fourteen ounces, and has been named Daniel Eido. The middle name is a family name, according to Mr. Krogseng.

There are many possibilities for the future Mr. Daniel, and at the present time the baby's father is unable to say what profession he will follow. He did say he wasn't particularly interested in having him be President of the United States but would just as soon he turned out to be a great artist. Time and perseverance will tell. Last but not least we are happy to say Mrs. Krogseng is doing very nicely.

"Whash ya wife shay when ya shtay out like thish?"

"Ain't got no wife."

"Then whatsha idea shtaying out lato?"

WELCOME

We are happy to welcome Annette Folta to the Eighth Region. She has been in the Seventh Region at Seattle since she came to work for CAA in January, 1942.

Annette is Supervisor in the Steno Pool and finds her work pleasant and is also well satisfied with Alaska, we understand. This is not her first trip here as she visited Anchorage in July. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Eberhart, also live in Anchorage.

BUSH TACTICS SAVE PLANE

"Out of gas, with landing skis upside down, a Northern Consolidated Airlines plane circled Ladd Air Force Base today while emergency crews waited for bush pilot Alden Williams to make a landing.

"Bush pilot stylo--he did it, made a three pointer--on the knuckles of the Cosma Reliant!

"Williams, with Manuel Holt, Weeks Field weather bureau operator, and Bill Hudson, CAA, were on a routine flight from Galena to Mulato when the skis flipped over in the wind.

"The pilot had three hours fuel when he started for Fairbanks. He reached the half way check point two hours and 15 minutes later. He radioed Northern Consolidated who sent Eddie Steger out to follow him in.

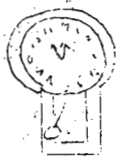
"By the time the plane reached Ladd both tanks were empty."

—FAIRBANKS DAILY NEWS-MINER

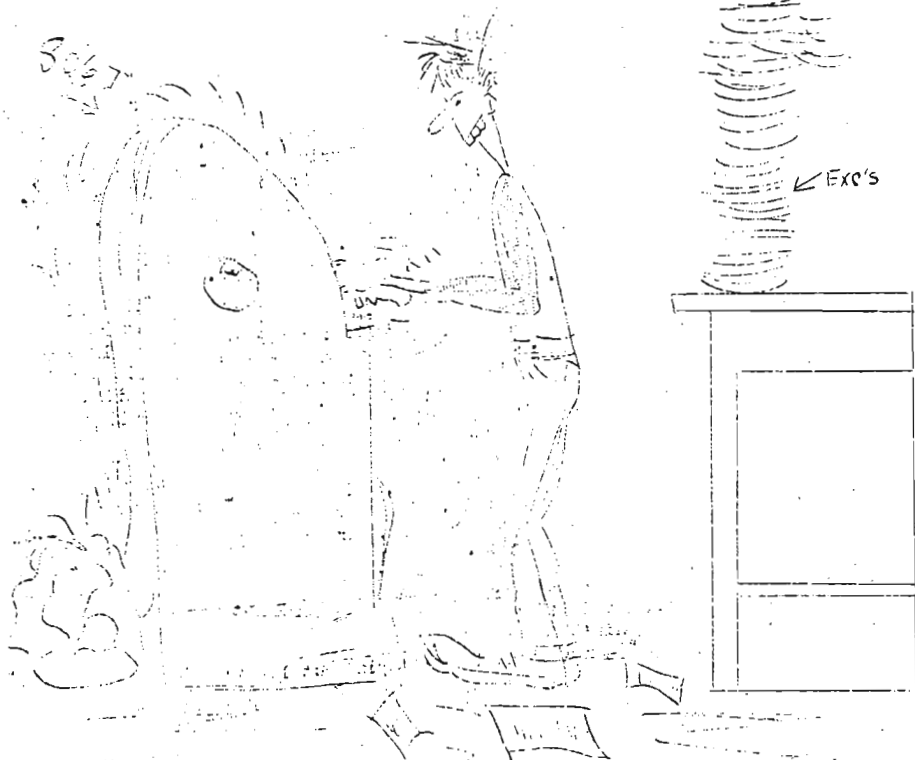


8/COM/504/88-2-11

EACH MSG WILL BE CKD
CAREFULLY BTK RECEIPT
(RECEIPT PROMPTLY) AND
EACH MSG WILL BE CKD
BEFORE XMSN. ONLY PERFECT
TYPES SHALL BE USED, ECT.



TWO NR 157'S
TO KNZG



Effective date: April 1/49

Subject: Trouble Shooting by means of Flame Tracing

1. General

- 1.1 This circular is intended to present a new idea in radio transmitter trouble shooting by means of flame tracing, or the process of detecting short-circuits by the observation of the flame produced. Without detracting too much from other methods--signal, voltage, current or melted wax tracing--flame tracing is presented to the more liberal minded repairman as a "sure-fire" method of either fixing the transmitter or at least putting it in first class shape for salvage.

2. Instruments Required

- 2.1 Instruments for this process are very simple, most of which are already possessed by the average Maintenance Technician. They consist of:
- 1 ea Nose, odor detecting, fixed mount (minimum allowance) Eye. Adjusted to at least 20-100 and capable of being focused over a distance range of from six inches to six feet. The lesser distance should only be used by dam-fool people, or by those possessing a spare eye.
 - 1 ea Nerve, galvanized iron. 1" spark, working--six inch flame, test.
 - 15 ea (minimum allowance - Fingers, flexible, assorted. A maximum of ten fingers may be used at any one time by the average man, but an adequate supply of replacements is recommended.
 - 1 ea Boy, small (To ring the fire alarm)
 - 1 ea Alibi (To prove your whereabouts elsewhere in case of trouble exceeding your ability at covering up)

3. Procedure

- 3.1 Flame tracing is done in the following steps:
- 3.11 The nose should be well cleaned and tested by exposure to odors to be expected during the test.
 - 3.12 The eye should be opened to the "wide-awake" position and focused on the elements under test. The spare eye, if available, should be kept in a safe receptacle nearby, or may be left in the spare socket if left covered.
 - 3.13 The nerve should be well cleaned of all rust and set to the extreme clock-wise position.

(Continued on page 20)

EMPLOYEES MUTUAL -

(Continued from page 13)

In the case of a single death the dependents or beneficiary will immediately receive 50% of the fund, or a sum of \$3,000. The fund is then re-established by assessment of members of \$3.00 for each death; up to not more than \$15.00 in case of several deaths resulting from one cause, such as in case of an aircraft accident.

In the case of several deaths from one cause, here is how the fund would operate; Assuming a death benefit fund of \$6,000 and six members killed; each beneficiary would immediately receive \$1,000. Assessment of members would be made in the amount of fifteen dollars each. Assuming that 1,800 members responded to the assessment made, at the rate of fifteen dollars each, there would be available \$27,000; of this slightly more than \$5,000 would re-establish the original fund, and \$21,000 would be prorated among the six beneficiaries. Thus, a sum of approximately \$4,500 would be paid to each.

The above example is, of course, based on a membership of 2,000 persons and an assessment of \$3.00. A higher or lower fee and/or a greater or less number of members will affect the values stated.

It is urged that all Station Managers and supervisory personnel bring this plan to the attention of all personnel at their facility or in their office. It is hoped that all employees will realize the actual low cost of the protection and respond accordingly.

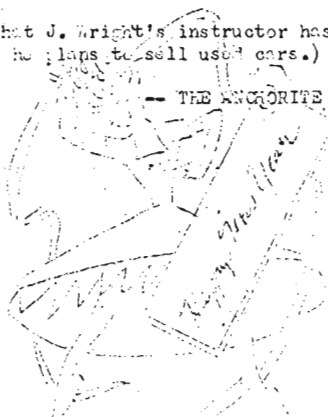
RATHER BE WRIGHT-

(Continued from page 9)

it is sufficient to say that he made it back to McKinley Park and successfully landed his aircraft on a strip that never before had been used for anything larger than a DC-3.

It is probable that this incident will not be forgotten as soon as it should be; but it seems only fitting that flying, which received its initial impetus from O. and W. Wright, should receive its death blow from J. Wright.

(Editor's note: We have been advised that J. Wright's instructor has changed his name and left for Los Angeles where he plans to sell used cars.)



COMMUNICATIONS MAINTENANCE

Here's a recipe we picked up from Wendell Manuel. Wendell says he learned to make coffee from an old sheep herder who always used three handfuls of coffee to a pot of water and boiled it to taste. The recipe is never varied except that if you have more people, you throw in bigger handfuls. If anyone is foolish enough to try it, please call Extension 94 and let us know how it works.

We have embarked on a program of revising and modernizing the 8-S circular series, and the boys are putting in a lot of hard work on it. If any of the field stations are particularly desirous of having specific circulars revised or have any general suggestions about the series, we would be glad to hear from you.

Connie Morse, who recently transferred to Fairbanks, had a most unsuccessful last day in the branch office. In fact, he got into so many difficulties and evoked such loud and long protests from the females in the office that he finally took to his heels. He ran right out the door and over to the drug store to pick up a box of candy to pacify everyone. So then of course we had to forgive him and send him off to Fairbanks with our blessings on his new assignment. How do they like your Sherlock Holmes pipes in Fairbanks, Connie?

In exchange for Connie, Fairbanks forwarded us Relief Technician Russell Morgan. We thought Connie's pipes were the worst thing that could happen to us, but Russ smokes cigars!

Another newly acquired Relief Technician is John Hurst, who transferred from Yakutat.

Maintenance Specialist Kenny Hager is assembling material for the preparation of a Manual of Operations for VRF stations

which is a long involved project requiring lots of work before it will be completed.

Walt Sunden has turned in his Relief Technician hat for a Maintenance Specialist badge. Congratulations, Walt!

We are thinking of getting a patent on a new system we've inaugurated in 68. We have made it mandatory (over notice what you can accomplish by reiteration?) that anyone having a birthday furnish a cake. So far we've had marvelous results..... chocolate cakes, banana cakes, coffee cakes, all kinds of cakes. We must say some of the boys have talented wives. Producing a cake is a little tough on the bachelors, but so far none have failed us.

For a liberal education in high fidelity music reproduction you should sit in on the Monday morning progress reports of Lee Hammarley, Kenny Hager and Ray Rivers who are continually striving for further refinements in their phonograph amplifiers. Talk about perfectionists--

Annette Folta, the new supervisor of the stenographic pool, spent a week in our office getting acquainted with us and our work. Annette is a transfer from the Seventh Region (and we think a nice addition to the Eighth). Hope she got as favorable an impression of us as we did of her.

CHRISTMAS POEM

'Tis the eve before Christmas,
and all through the Region
We bid you good cheer,
May your blessings be legion."

"Each mechanic, communicator and radio technician,
May your joys be enormous and your
troubles non-existent."

MERRY CHRISTMAS --M. Chamberlin

(Continued from page 17)

- 3.14 When all is in readiness, the power switches are thrown to the "on" position, and the eye, nose and nerve are used in combination to detect the flame, smoke or odor indicating the part at fault.
- 3.2 Some trouble may be experienced in producing an indication of sufficient intensity or duration for observation, due to the premature blowing of under-rated fuses, obscured vision due to the presence of transformer, coil or condenser cases surrounding the faulty item or the temporary obliteration of the testing organs due to close proximity. Fuse trouble will be minimized by removing the low rated fuses and substituting others of about seven to nine times the current capacity (#4 wire will suffice). A bright flame will result, of sufficient duration for easy observation. In cases of obscured vision the offending case may be removed by use of a cold chisel, thus exposing the interior to easy testing. In the third case, the Maintenance Technician should be issued replacements for the destroyed items or salvaged, if damaged beyond repair, by the local hospital. In extreme cases a small amount of gasoline may be applied to all wiring and components before testing. Even a small spark will be intensified by this means.
4. Results to be Expected:

- 4.1 This method is not guaranteed to give 100 per cent results, but there are certain advantages;

Limited number of instruments necessary.

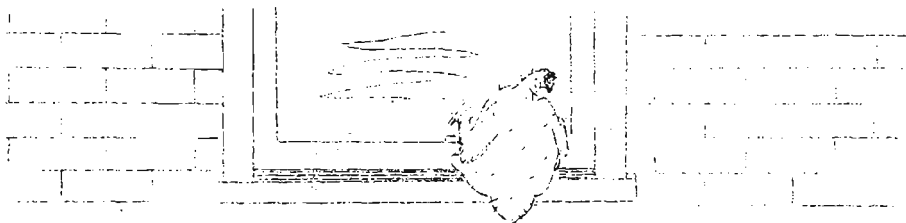
Certainty of results, one way or the other (See paragraph 1.1)

Rapid turnover of transmitters, caused by high rate of replacements required and/or same rapid "turnover" of personnel

A damn fine blaze for roasting marshmallows.

--Ray Downing





LET'S TALK TURKEY

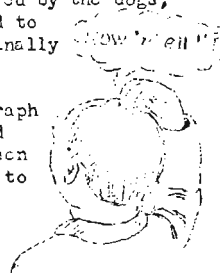
"Bring home the bacon, Dear", said the little woman as Bob left the house on the morning of November 23. (Pardon me - it was "Bring home the turkey", that Mrs. Robert Bacon admonished Robert to remember. It was the day before Thanksgiving and one to be long remembered by Contract and Orders' model boy.

The Civil Aeronautics Administration is somewhat narrow minded and fussy about furnishing frozen food lockers for storing edibles, so when the 18-pound bird was delivered to the Federal Building Bob was forced to put him (the turkey) in a paper bag and hang it out the window in an office to the rear of the building; he figured it would look a little undignified to have such a parcel dangling out the Fourth Avenue side of the offices. Just the legs were left inside the window and were fastened securely (so he thought) by closing the window. With this little chore done, Bob sauntered back to his own office and again put his feet atop the desk and settled down to read the December issue of Esquire.

Tempus 'fidgeted' and it started to rain. All of a sudden Robert realized the danger of the rain to his paper bag containing Brother Turkey. He dashed across the hall at least fifteen times, wrung his hands and mouned something about the possibilities of a rain-soaked bag and a turkey falling down on the ground - a distance of two stories.

Fellow workers noticed Bob's concern and a certain VILLAN had an idea - and things began to happen. To make a long story shorter, Bob was soon found down on the ground back of the Federal Building, looking in all directions at the same time and was sniffing the ground like a well trained bird dog. He was muttering to himself quite audibly and his face had turned a beautiful shade of white - pale white. When questioned as to his reason for being down there instead of at work for Uncle Sam, he shook his fist at the people who were hanging out the window, stuck out his tongue at the offices of the ACS on the first floor, and cursed every dog from Anchorage to Point Barrow. Under normal conditions Robert is an easy going fellow and never resorts to the profane for expression - but this certain day the air was blue. Believing the sack had torn and the turkey was either stolen or devoured by the dogs, Bob started back upstairs - a broken man, ashamed and afraid to go home and face his wife and starving children. Someone finally suggested he give up the search and so he did.

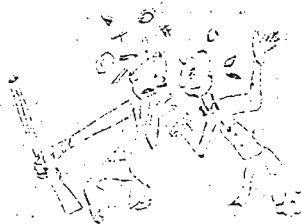
P. S. How that bird ever got in the window of Kukluk Telegraph office is still a mystery - or is it??? At a dollar a pound why should we want to steal a lousy old turkey? (We have been asked to announce that Walt Williams had nothing whatsoever to do with the theft of the above mentioned turkey. He was in Calcutta, India at the time, on official business.





AVIATION SAFETY

(Trade Winds)



"For the last time, Parkins-
Where's my baggage?"

AIR TRANSPORTATION

HAINES.

Just read in the newspaper the other day where a bunch of world famous scientists got together on a United Nations basis in order to standardize a few scientific facts. The first speaker up was Doctor Zulch, the eminent Horticulturist. In his very brilliant discourse, Dr. Zulch pointed out that in keeping abreast of the ever growing complexity of nature, man's grasp of new ideas has been hampered by the use of antiquated terminology. To alleviate this sad condition, Dr. Zulch proposed that this learned and august body take under consideration the subject of trees.

"I suggest", Doctor Zulch said, "that hereafter 'branches' should be called 'leaves', and what we now refer to as 'leaves' should be called 'divisions'. Also the 'trunk' should rightfully be called the 'root' and vice versa, the 'root' should be called the 'trunk', (for very obvious reasons). And finally, in the case of fruit trees, the 'fruit' or 'nut' should be called 'branches'. "By making these few simple changes", Dr. Zulch continued, "we have obviously eliminated the duplicity of the word 'limbs', which in the past might have been the branch of a tree or a lower extremity of the human torso. Hereafter, 'limbs' shall only be attached to the human body."

The meeting broke up amidst great cheers and loud huzzahs for the doctor and Professor Einstein was heard to observe as he brushed a tear of joy from his eyes, "Ach, it is wonderful!"

Which brings us to the subject of Baker eleven... Once upon a time when Shute and Cordes were buddy-buddy and upholding the reputation of the Garden Spot of Alaska together, a terrible catastrophe occurred in the form of ICAO procedures. When Com-501 arrived and was more or less adopted, loud wails of anguish could be heard all over Alaska. Long suffering communicators now wept openly. In gentle reproof to the learned body of men who met in Montreal and hatched out that monstrosity, I suggested a mild critique that I once read in the New Yorker. Shute, however, in keeping with his usual personality, insisted upon changing the spelling of one word, thus robbing the phrase of its punch. And because I was just a little C/F-5, Shute would slap me across the mouth each time I complained that he was writing it wrong. Thus it came to pass that the readers of Ekluk Telegraph ultimately noted that Haines commented on ICAO procedures as "making chaos out of chaos".

Now that Shute has been removed...and B-11 has spewed its obnoxious contents into the already confused lingo of C.A. operations, my only comment shall be that "it makes chaos out of chaos"...and may the good Lord protect us when the Eighth Region interpretation of B-11 comes out as 8-B-11 and return the situation to just plain old "chaos" once again.

The morning of the hunting season opened with a loud hush as hundreds of sportsmen scoured the hills and valleys in the Haines area in search of the wily moose. Thirty days later, loud wails and gnashing of teeth accompanying the inexorable closing of the season...while the moose all came out of hiding and pranced up and down the roads in joyful glee. A sum total of six moose were taken in the estimated 6000 man-hours expended during the open season.

(Continued from page 23)

if it hadn't been for the skillful cunningness of ACCOM Berningfield, who single handed and against tremendous odds, tracked down and captured his moose, the rest of us would have had to digest crackers and spam instead of luscious barbequed moose steaks at the last local blow-out. Good old Benny saved the day for CAA...and the party was a terrific success.

The duck season opened with a bit more noise and success but the only report that I have on hand is that our fastidious MTIC, Bill Knight, got his geese by a splinter. The rest of the migratory game report is censored.

Still on the subject of hunting, practically everyone at the station has at least shot a bear or two...and several bears even got in the way of a stray bullet. But by far the most popular target in the vicinity are the high flying eagles who have been very careless about entering and crossing the airway without benefit of flight plans. Therefore, according to all the E-manuals, the flights are illegal and subject to penalty. So far to date is still zero zero but the other day Bill Hayden cut loose at a lone northbound eagle with his trusty magnum. He didn't hit him but he did come mighty close. Yessir, might close...and sure enough we all got our psychicks that day.

And that about winds up the extra-curricular activities of the Haines gang at the Garden Spot during the past few months...or at any rate, the highlights of the low-life.

--PARTY CORDES

LETTER OF APPRECIATION

TO ALL CAA PERSONNEL:

Dear Friends:

Your kindness and generosity during our recent bereavement have touched us deeply, and it is with sincerest gratitude that we take this opportunity to thank each and everyone of you.

The substantial form of that kindness and generosity has helped us immeasurably during a most difficult period.

More words cannot express adequately what we feel, but again a heartfelt "Thank You" to every one of you.

Sincerely,

/s/ Mrs. W. E. (Bill) Thomas
Joan Thomas

WAREHOUSE WAILS

For a change, the Warehouse has been rather slow this month insofar as new personnel are concerned. As a matter of fact, our only new addition is Joycelee Kerfeld, Mr. Young's new Stone.

Joyce has been here only a month, and so far, her only comment on Alaska has been, "Gee, it's cold." Those of us who have spent at least one winter here enjoy watching her eyes grow a bit larger with each falling degree of temperature. Joyce's ambition is to travel around the world, so from Compton, California, her home, her first stop is Alaska. She originally came for a visit, and to attend Audrey Forman's wedding, but she decided that since she was already here, this would be the best place to begin her world-tour. I wonder--I arrived two years ago for a summer vacation, and I still have no intentions of leaving. I'd be willing to bet that her tour ends the same way that mine did.

Dick Sullivan is back from a visit Outside. He flew to his home town, Levittown, New York. In case you have not heard of Levittown, don't make the mistake of telling him so. I did; and after his indignation cooled a bit, he informed me that it was in Levittown that some eight thousand G. I. homes were built. Anyway, upon his return we discovered that he had quite a trip. He acquired a new wife, and then the two of them decided to drive up the Alcan Highway pulling a trailer. He said the trip wasn't half bad until they reached Fort Nelson, and from then on, the road was so terrible that they had to leave the trailer there. With all the trouble that people seem to be having while driving up, perhaps the following might be appropriate:

"Winding in and winding out
Fills my mind with serious doubt,
As to whether the dude that built
this route,
Was going to Hell or coming out."

This week, two others have left us for the warmer winds of the south during the holidays. Bill Criner, Shipping Office, headed towards Arkansas and home, Texarkana.

Joe Davin, from the "E" Warehouse, left for Walla Walla, Washington. I suppose that both he and Bill will return with cozy tales of how warm and balmy it is Outside and strut around with their pretty sunbuns. About that time, I haul out my sun lamp.

And speaking of sun lamps, if anyone has a few hundred spare, I'm sure that the fellows down here would appreciate having them. For with the arrival of each winter, their eyes turn upwards, not to the Heavens, but to the warehouse roof. As each successive snow falls, they can find very little beauty, for it means but one thing--out come the shovels, and up on the roof they go. All available manpower is called out, and we girls do our utmost to look as small and as inconspicuous as possible for fear that someone might decide that we are sadly in need of exercise. I don't know the exact dimensions of the Warehouse roof, but I do know that it's much larger than my front walk, and it's a terrific job to keep it cleaned. Now if we had a few spare sun lamps we could turn them on and melt all the snow--thus solving all our problems. How practical it would be is a matter of opinion, but I think it's a wonderful idea.

Some of the sights to be seen around and about the Warehouse Personnel are: E. BUTCHER driving his new '47 Hudson; MR. YOUNG sweeping snow off his car; GLENNA THOLLS ice skating; FRANK BOBISH stamping the snow down on the golf links to clear a space to fly his model airplanes; KIM RANSIER muttering and grumbling his opinion of winter and snow in particular; DORIS PHILLIPS falling in her cellar; RAY WINECK'S new size 18 shoes, and BURT MARSCH sitting in a Jury box.

--JACKIE JOHNSON

SHOP SHAPE

Shop Chit Chat:

Robert Perkins left the 10th for the States; he and wife Betty will drive back a new Buick in a few weeks....Emmett Karsten made another moose hunting attempt but returned mooseless....Max Clark spent ten days or so Outside, flying both ways. Following that he embarked on a tour of C&A installations north on the Alaska Railroad accompanied by Wesley McIntosh...Morning-fresh eggs for sale - deo-licious, too, by Jack Hadfield (he doesn't lay them - only sells them)...Ira Jefford is taking a couple of weeks of annual leave before the year's end so he needn't lose any of his accumulated leave at the turn of the January 1st deadline.

Dick Heines has graduated from the motor tear-down job in the Heavy Duty Shop to a machinist's position, CPC-9, in the Machine Shop....Charles Smith, normally assistant electric motor repair man, applied other talents on the office cubicle the other day; now the ceiling and walls are shiny clean. We must wash the windows before we hang the Christmas wroath, then we'll feel properly in tune with the holiday spirit...Joe Blackard lately transferred to us from Bethel....Earl Deolittle and Roy Evans are fairly new on the motor rebuild job; Logan Groomer assists in the Service Shop since Lloyd Strutz's (oh, you great/big beautiful blonde!) transfer to the Big Shop.

Hobart Hefley has been assigned to the new chauffeuring position and works at radiator repair in between times...The new set-up requires that drivers from those few sections who need their cars immediately be picked up sharply at 8:00 A.M. at the Federal and Loussac-Sorn buildings. The cars must be returned shortly before 5:00 P.M. and the chauffeur takes the drivers uptown sharply at 5:00 P.M. As other cars are needed throughout the day they are delivered according to telephoned requests. So now you diligent boys who felt you weren't putting in full time on the job need worry no more - you can begin work promptly at 8:00 A.M. and work up until the last minute before 5:00 P.M. More power to you!

Al Eaton of the Carpenter Shop is engaged (among other interesting projects) in fabricating plywood bodies for 24 jeeps over the Territory...Dan Garland carried on in the old tradition in the Besch Room during Max's absence. He seemed to have all the right answers ready when the warehouse gals called. Wonder how much they know about the nice lad - that he's shy, silent type, over 21 but married....Myron Stevens of 59 is with us temporarily, struggling to put into running order that ~~is-1?/800~~ Federal Wrecker.

Lloyd Strutz joined the benedicts the evening of December 10th when he married Mary Jean Yonnoy. Try as they might, the henpecked husbands around the Shop couldn't talk him out of taking that fatal step - so now he's on his own. We extend congratulations and best wishes.

Frank Pickett and his crew have completed the lean-to warehouse and another crew is now moving materials from the tents in front into the new building for proper storage. We'd promised a ground-breaking ceremony when the building got under way - but not much ground was broken, so to speak, so how could we?

(Continued on page 27)

SHOP SHAPE-

Bob Moriarty did a foolish thing the other day. He caught the forefinger of his right hand between a prybar and a motor which was being moved and got it thoroly crushed. The next morning he found a complete fingernail, intact, in the saw warehouse right where the accident had occurred. The nail is to be properly preserved among his souvenirs.

Ira Pollard (better known as "Art") is spending the holiday season with friends and relatives in California - unless he changes his mind again before this appears in print...Emmett Kirsten says he had the first birthday party of his life when the Shop honored him with ice cream and cookies on December 8th...Bill Butler was off duty for a week because of a severe cold and complications.

And so goes life at the Shop - a noisy, busy, bustling place, having in its employ 35 men (except us who aren't a man but for statistic's sake let's call us one) and a few extra from other departments who are with us but not of us. We wish you happiness and health for the holiday season and throughout the year to come, and may your New Year's resolutions last longer than the Christmas balloon.

Speaking of Christmas (and who isn't these days?), we intercepted the following letter to Santa Claus when it was tossed into our outgoing mail basket recently:

Dear Santa Claus,

Maybe I'm a little advanced in years to be writing to you, but I guess I'll always be a little boy at heart and I still believe in you, Santa dear. I'm sure you won't mind my suggesting that there's only one thing I really need for Christmas. I have a nice apartment with a cute little portable refrigerator that freezes lots of ice cubes - I bought it from Ed Ballard and associates at the Triple I. But I need a cook. Blonde or brunette or a redhead - I'm not particular. Maybe you'd better not try to bring her down the chimney 'cause it's rather small, so I suggest you bring her in through the back door. You see I'm not asking for any Corby's this year 'cause I've been able to put in a supply, what with winning the Shop check pool twice lately.

So I think the choice as described above the best idea yet, don't you? I've been a good boy lately - haven't been AWOL for some time.

Very truly yours,

Swede Braloy

P. S. I'd appreciate it too, dear Santa, if you'd remember all the other little boys and girls down at the C&M Maintenance Shop. They're my pals and I wouldn't want them to feel that you were being partial to me.

Love and kisses,

NORTHWAY

Howdy folks. How you all? Since you don't know too much about us way out here in this out of the way and lovely domicile of ours, we will try to (in our humble and inexperienced way) acquaint you with life at its best. Yes, people come and people go, but it seems yours truly is content to stay on forever.

I aint had none of this fancy literary larnin' and s'ch, and hope all you folks with all that uppity-up college knowledge will overlook the misgivings and errors of this humble servant of wires, tapes and garbling teletype. A small wonder that we don't lose a marble - at times.

There has been quite a shuffle of personnel around these diggin's. Ted Allonbaugh of Gulkana made a move to our midst as Station Manager. George Sargent moved to Gulkana as Station Manager. Seems Gulkana's loss is our gain and vice versa. We here at Northway hope Gulkana thrives with George as we hope to do under the guidance of Ted. Ken Crowdsen left this land of ice and cold for a more moderate climate of rain and wind. Shere hope he doesn't get webbed feet, but they would help a lot on good old Annette Island. This unworthy individual spent time there and might add; don't regret a day of it. Our able COCOE, Mr. Boblonz (Bob) took off like a dirty shirt for complete isolation on Wake Island. Not being a very good student in the subject of "Gography" I don't know where Wake Island is located AT! Probably way out in the ocean somer's. Seems some COCOE has served his time there and is making an oven swap with "Ben". I don't know if he is paying any 'difference' or not. ACCOON Gordon Halston and family of Sitka, arrived Northway Thursday October 27th, 1949 to replace Ken Crowdsen. Another new arrival here is Kelly, a weather observer and also from Annette Island. Kelly has lived here once before. There is always a big time around Northway when one of the residents makes a move & gets up in the world. The population usually goes out in a big way. Now that's fun..but after such a night of revelry, I usually wish I had stayed on the farm.

You city folks don't have anything on most of our Northway citizens in the line of automobiles. Practically everyone here owns an automobile - and those of us that don't have one WANT one and by the saints we are going to purchase one come the thaw next spring. The number of vehicles to date - 11.

Dit dit dit dah, dit dit dit dah, has almost and is becoming a thing of the past at Northway. The compliment of ACCOONS at control are learning right along (how to talk) and by next spring will be very deft with words as well as polishing the deck. Now of course most of them are Navy ex's and feel pretty much at home on the long end of a mop or polishing buffer. They are a very efficient bunch of communicators (coffee makers). So far, none of us here has had that urge to go rushing away up north to Fishwheel to fill the pockets with some of that gold that is supposed to be lying around down there just for the taking. It would be convenient if they would roll Fishwheel down here; maybe by the time they get here with it...Ooooooh, who wants the dirty stuff, anyway? I started to say maybe there would be a payload of the stuff clinging onto the contraption. We are content to stay on -
(Continued on page 29)

NORTHWAY

the job and earn our board and keep by slaving away, seeing to it that all these gadgets and things remain in normal operation so the flying public is safe and soundly distributed to their proper destination.

Local activities have extended somewhat during the past few weeks with nightly movies in the Club House generously furnished by the Army. At present we are in the process of making a large skating rink (which we hope to have ready within the next few days).

We musn't forget to mention the new fire truck and six-man fire department provided by the Army, which we assure you was a most welcomed sight and appreciated by all.

Ooooooh, another one of those nights when you don't feel like you did the next morning before. Much fun was had by all. The occasion was the final farewell of two of our ACCOM'S. They are seeking greener pastures on the other side of the fence. ACCOM Roy Nixon is leaving for a short stay in the States before taking over his new duties at Anchorage. I don't know now, but that city life is liable to throw a feller for a loss! Sorta keep an eye on the guy, will ya huh? ACCOM Lee Rademacher will ooze out in the near future for Kenai, to resume his duties of guarding the airways in that spot. They were all given a whizbang send-off and we will surely miss seeing their mugs around Northway - but we wish them all the luck in the world and all that sort of stuff....

The school teacher that has been trying so diligently to pake some larnin' into the children of our here left our little place for the States for a rest and some medical attention. Being broadminded we wish Sadie a quick recovery and return. Ruth Werlein is 'subbing' for Sadie in her absence.

So far we have had some pretty nice weather. The weather man must feel sorry for us this winter. We have had 30 degrees below the Goose Egg two or three times, but last winter at this time we were in the snow nine axo handles deep and high on to 60 degrees below. If you don't think that is a shade chilly, TRY it sometime!!

Secin' nows is as scarce as hen's teeth around here...oh heck, nuthin' ever happens.....will ring off for this time. Go out and put the old cow in the barn, lock the smokehouse and DON'T forget to put the cat out.

--JONSIE

