

CHANDLER GOES FISHING

The Eighth Region has finally had the honor of entertaining a visitor from the ATC at Washington, namely H. C. (Red) Chandler.

Mr. Chandler visited the Annette Tower (one extra day due to Juneau weather, had a short visit at Juneau between planes, and longer visits at Fairbanks, Nalnek and Anchorage.

The famed fishing at Nalnek was sampled with little success. However, according to two witnesses, who are considered authorities on the size of fish that got away, Red was tangled up in a 20 minute fight with a King that would tip the scales to at least 99 pounds. Chandler put up a strong fight, and has the pictures to prove it, but the third time he got the fish near the bank, the guy took a look at Red's serious face and took off for parts unknown - probably out to sea along with the spoon and some good line.

The salmon has probably decided that this sex business is not all that it is supposed to be and will die of old age as a bachelor...and Red thought he was helping out the conservation program in Alaska.

We also understand he performed his good deed while on an all night boat trip up the Nalnek River by staying awake to knock the sparks from the fire off his sleeping shipmates. That ground is sure cold, even in the alleged summer time.

NEWSMAN VISITS ALASKA, CAA

Much has been said about the wonders of Alaska, but Harry D. Wohl, Chief, of Washington Bureau, St. Louis Star-Times, decided to get his information firsthand and drove to Anchorage over the Alcan Highway. He had as his traveling companion, led Meanca an official of the National Headquarters of the Boy Scouts.

Using Anchorage as his headquarters, Mr. Wohl conferred with Mr. Plutt, Regional Administrator and other CAA men after which he visited the facilities in and around Anchorage. Accompanied by Virgil Stone, Assistant to the Administrator, he made brief stops at several of the field stations which included McGrath, Minchumina and Farwell. While at Minchumina the party took time out for a couple of hours and were able to go fishing - yes, they caught some pike, but running true to form as most sportsmen do in their excitement, they ran out of gas and had to walk back through a swamp filled with mosquitoes large enough to pull a wagon. We are certain this was not a pre-meditated trap to give the visitors an added thrill but just one of those things that happens, invariably.

The station personnel at the points visited were most genial hosts and had Mr. Wohl and party visit their homes, as well as various buildings located there. Many pictures were taken on the trip and added to the ones Walt Smith furnished from the CAA Photo Lab.

With Jim Pfoffer as pilot, the group was able to get fairly close-up views of

(Continued on page 26)

MUKLUK TELEGRAPH

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Anchorage, Alaska

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Mabel Stubbs, Editor

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PILOTS WARNED OF NEW DRUG

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Pilots are being advised by the Civil Aeronautics Administration that use of the new drug, Dramamine, as a cure or preventive for air sickness may cause undesirable effects.

Results of tests of the drug show that drowsiness is a common "side reaction to taking dramamine, Mr. Rentzel said, and that slight dizziness, chills and detached sensations, loss of balance and difficulty of focusing eyes also occur occasionally. The manufacturer of the drug previously had issued a statement advising that side reactions may occur in an occasional individual. CAA officials believe that while these effects would not be harmful to passengers, they could prove hazardous to a pilot flying a plane.

Twenty-two employees were tested over a period of six days. They were given identical appearing capsules containing either phenobarbital, which is a mild sedative, harmless milk sugar, or 100 milligrams of dramamine. They received doses each morning without knowing what the capsules contained; they continued with their routine office duties, and at three-thirty each afternoon wrote out their reactions. In 63% of the cases where dramamine was taken side reactions were reported. None of the reactions was severe; but the drowsiness and other possible side effects showed that the drug might effect the alertness of the pilot, and endanger safety.

Dramamine has been studied at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore as a remedy and preventive for seasickness; at Randolph Field, Texas, for its effect on air passengers; and several airlines have been studying it as a cure and preventive of airsickness in passengers.

While the CAA is interested also in the comfort of air passengers and is watching results of the tests, its primary concern is for safety in flight, and this prompted its study of the side effects of dramamine as related to pilots.

FAIRBANKS ARTC

CHAPPY SAYS KIDDIES LOVE RODEO!

Since we got a little of that there printing in the last issue, I reckon we'uns had best send in a bit more to clutter up all that nice clean white paper of yores! Don't yuh think? Well, here goes, so everybody concerned - look out!

September! Now who invented that month? First off, there was that Labor Day celebration here in Fairbanks. Oh brother, I think there was more celebrating done on that one day than there was labor for any one month of the year. From a spectator's viewpoint, there must have been many an arm that was an inch or two too short the next morning! No one could ever reach, normally, that far away to scratch an ear. Happy to say however, there were no casualties among the many, from FAI-ATC -- that I know. Of course there were those that had the next day off and I couldn't say about them, but after taking everything into consideration nearly all of us that were able, did have a rip-snorting good time. When I say rip-snorting, I mean that.

Heck, we had a good parade and a rodeo up here in the ball park. Of course I can't claim too much for the rodeo but after all, it was the first of any such event ever attempted this far north and for a beginner it wasn't bad. The most amusing thing about it all was the kids who were seeing their first real live horse; first real live cowboy and their first real live professional riders. I think that was the biggest contribution to the city of Fairbanks.

As I watched the whole thing, the thought struck me that no kid should be denied such things and I was surprised to find that nearly all of them were actually frightened half out of their wits when they even got close to one of the horses!

Now to get on with the events as they took place here in Fairbanks ATC. Of course moose season being the main event, everyone and his brother ate slept and dreamed moose hunting. At that, the dreams were all worth something because to date, that is all that anyone got. It seems that the moose must have heard what a bunch of "Dead Eye Pete's" we all are around here because they very discreetly stayed far, far away from any neighborhood being perused by our local "Dan'l Boones"!

"Our Boy" Jeanerote even went so far as to peruse the elusive critters for a period of ten days -- away out there in the wilderness north of Big Delta, but all he got was - back. Not being happy with being left all that time out there and nothing to show for it, the Partners (Jeanerote and Hoffman) set out a few days later for the caribou runs up near Eagle Summit. They got back, too! Not without a thrill however.

It seems that all the stuff they had to take along wouldn't fit inside the jeep, so they borrowed a two wheel surplus trailer - there-in lies the tale. There are some who blame one thing for what happened and then there are others who blame something else but we shall relate -- as we heard it -- the events in the order that they came to us;

First off, we shall dispense with that part of the trip going and the futile hunting and get down to the return portion of our narrative. Now, as any of you know who have driven mountain roads, how a road will narrow to a mere trail as it goes from wide, to narrow around a curve. Well, it was on such a curve that the off wheel of the trailer decided to explore the wide blue yonder. We will continue.....

FAIRBANKS -

quite naturally, it swerved out into the void, whirling merrily all the while, twisted the jeep out of its natural course and slammed into it when the jeep was headed up a cliff that even a mountain goat would shun. Of course something had to give but it wasn't the trailer. Poor jeep, pride and joy of the Partners, decided it had enough of such foolishness and rolled over on its side and tried to sit up and beg.

While all this was going on, other things were giving on the inside of the jeep but outside of the bumps, bruises and minor contusions we can't put on paper all the other things that were given. Now, the blame lies in two quarters and we shall let you be the judge. Having been a pilot, Jenny Likes his speed but to top that off there was one Tower Operator, Jim Freericks, who was also on the hunt. You have the facts now so draw your own conclusions!

To those of you who know the Fairbanks Center, the next time you see it you are due for a large surprise. The Chief's office in the Center has ceased to exist; simply having been torn completely out and the Chief moved into new quarters in a new building next to the present site of CFAI. Smith's new office is about the same size as our present enlarged room and vorily, he rattles around in there, like a pea in a pod. Pooy guy, I'm afraid that he misses "his boys" as he comes into our domain and just stands and looks at us with that woe-be-gone expression that fairly screams loneliness.

Speaking of "loneliness", we had no idea that the "Gulkana Ghoul" had so much time. Furthermore, what he refers to as Mud-Puddles on the streets of our fair "city", shows just how long he has been out in the sticks. IF we were sure that he could read we would install signs on the so-called "puddles" and then he would know that they are the only bird-baths that the city will allow us to have. The mere fact that some of the bird-baths are large enough to land a DC-3 on floats has nothing to do with it! Besides,

CASUALTY IN ACCOUNTS

Mina Cox bent her beaters (baking a cake, that is) while spooning.

The bookkeepers in Accounts are in sympathy with Idesta Green of Audit... who sprained her ankle during a fall at her home. Evelyn Hedlund and Clea Harwick having experienced broken legs: succession the past two years, wino at each step poor Idesta takes, and sincerely hope she will make a quick recovery.

The Accounts Section are glad to have their follow worker, Flora Merrithew, back after her interesting trip down the Yukon.

Little Lulu (Mrs. Forest Woods) was greatly surprised when her husband came back from Seattle via Alaska Airlines with twenty eight pounds of fresh fruit and vegetables, costing six dollars.

what has Gulkana got that Fairbanks doesn't have? Don't answer that question as it is irrelevant, beside the point and had nothing to do with the case. Hamlet? Why not? He was a great character, wasn't he? At any rate it isn't too hard to find Fairbanks but the first time I had occasion to visit Gulkana if it hadn't been for a man who knew the country, I would have flown right past it and never seen it! For all that, you WERE able to get a shock absorber and we DO have a city council. So there.

To get back to local affairs, the rest of the "gag-busters" have been very quiet with only one change to be noted. Bill Murphy is slated to the Center for orientation in the coming month. Now, we shall see if he is as good at giving as he is at taking!

Fairbanks must have some attraction because our visitor list is growing by leaps and bounds - so much so that it would be impossible to list them all here. Once again, material has run out, so until next time...this is thirty.

P&S CONSTRUCTION

A new arrival in Engineering is Pietro Vigna, who was transferred from Lima, Peru to this Region. Mr. Vigna was here several years ago, but I'm guessing that the extreme change of climate will be quite a blow to him, nonetheless.

Another new employee for this division is Perry Holzgraf. Perry was with us in 1946-47 and we're glad to know that he's returning. At this writing he is somewhere between Wallace, Idaho and here - on the Alcan Highway I presume, as he is driving up with his wife and baby.

Ruth Lingbloom Hultine has been on a little honeymoon up North. She and her husband flew to Nome, boarded a coast Guard Cutter and proceeded to see some of the Bering Sea. However, after a few storms on the more-than-rough Bering, Ruth came back. She got as close to Russia as anyone would care to get; that is, Little Diomedo Island. She even saw the outline of Siberia, which is something we can't all brag about - yet.

We're losing an old faithful employee this month - "Doc" Titus. He and his wife are returning to the States after almost three years with the CMA here in Anchorage. We'll all miss him - he's quite a kiddier.

Ed Seiler is off on a trip to New York and New Jersey this month. "Mac" McDaniels and Lyle Martin went to Juneau and finished the paving issue down there in September. Since then they've both been to Fairbanks on a survey assignment as had Ed Fisher.

Andy Earles is now in Portage, but will return any day. Other than that we have no more field trips to report. In fact, we have nothing else of anything to report.

AIR FORCE PUBLICATIONS NOW ON SALE

The Office of Air Force History and The University of Chicago Press have just published "The Army Air Forces in World War II - Plans and Early Operations", the first of a seven-volume series to be published by the University of Chicago Press on a non-profit, public-service, basis.

The purpose of the history is to provide an accurate and objective account of the military air arm in World War II, prepared by professional historians of the highest caliber. The first volume carries the story through August, 1942. Volumes II and III will tell the story of the European air war; volume IV and V will deal with the war in the Pacific; volume VI will tell the story of the training, supplying, and administering an immense air army; and volume VII will describe the accomplishments of world-wide services such as ATC, Weather Service, and AACS.

Of this first volume, Thomas K. Finletter, Chairman of the President's Air Policy Commission says: "It should be read by every citizen who is interested in the security of the United States." Copies may be purchased from the University of Chicago Press or from your local book dealer for \$5.00 per copy.

EXCLUSIVE SCOOP

Petitto rides again, and on a train. While vacationing in Fairbanks he was induced to spend a weekend at McKinley Park. From all information available it seems the train took twenty-four hours to make the normal five hour trip so Pete practically met himself on the way back. For all the gory details call extension 80.

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 NC-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 F 13
TVL ORDER 849xxx2



CAA "Middloman" 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-o 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. Corny, 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 CoCOM Bob Loise 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 Loise 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

NEW ADMINISTRATOR FOR TWO AIRPORTS

Mac Lennan was invited to go along on a whale hunting trip by a kindly Eskimo - however, although he acted enthusiastic he never did make the trip so we assume he must have read the story of Jonah and the Whale.

The frequent poker sessions continue to be the principle form of our recreation up here. In our poker games everything CAN happen, and usually does. Although no one has held five aces as yet, Calloway says that if a man ever holds a hand like that he had better be holding a .45 also. Helen Britton, Carley's wife, usually has divine luck and can always be counted on to make a straight or flush in draw poker after discarding two cards. The good players seem to have the bad luck and the poor players seem to have the good luck so we go around and around and no one seems to get ahead.

Tid bits from here and there: Station Manager Preston Stooum and wife Gloria - we all call her "Pete" - are in New York on leave. After almost two years at MOS we are certainly hoping they will not go astray in the big city. "Pete" will probably have to get Preston up in the morning by yelling, "Gads, w're TELNO EDNO on 3051."

During Preston's absence his place is being taken by Ed O'Brien from Anchorage who, when interviewed by this scribe, had nothing to say except, "It's a bit chilly up here." Also when cornered by your prophet of Moses Point Oscar Wall, mechanic, graciously refrained from saying, "It's a bit chilly up here."

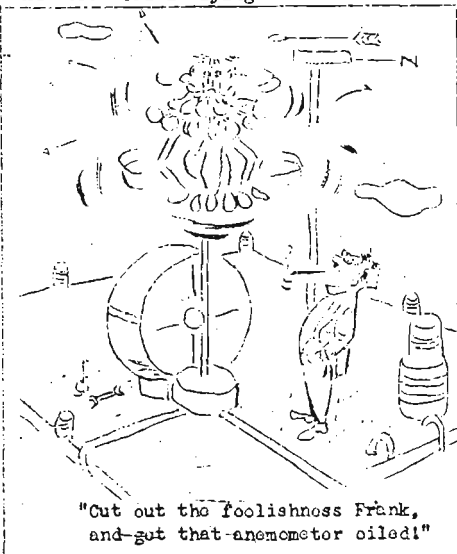
We have one member of our station who makes home brew that is so potent a man needs to take annual leave to recover, on one bottle. Recipe on request. With this we leave you for another month - at the end of which time the Prophet of MOS will again relate all the happenings here - if he is still alive.

--THE PROPHET.

The Eighth Region has established a new office to be in charge of the Anchorage and Fairbanks airports. Mr. Chris M. Lamplo has been appointed to the position, and will be located in Room 210, Federal Building.

Before taking over the airport projects in Alaska, Mr. Lamplo was Director of Air Navigation Facilities at Washington, with full charge of engineering, designing and maintaining, air navigation facilities. He supervised construction of 11 major fields in the Territory in 1941 and later headed an Aleutian survey for communications and navigation facilities for military operations.

Mr. Lamplo says Anchorage and Fairbanks will have "two of the finest airports in the world" and will realize a "tremendous" increase in international, and territorial flying.



"Cut out the foolishness Frank,
and get that anemometer oiled!"

- 3rd Region Flight Log -

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 Ulsh, 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.

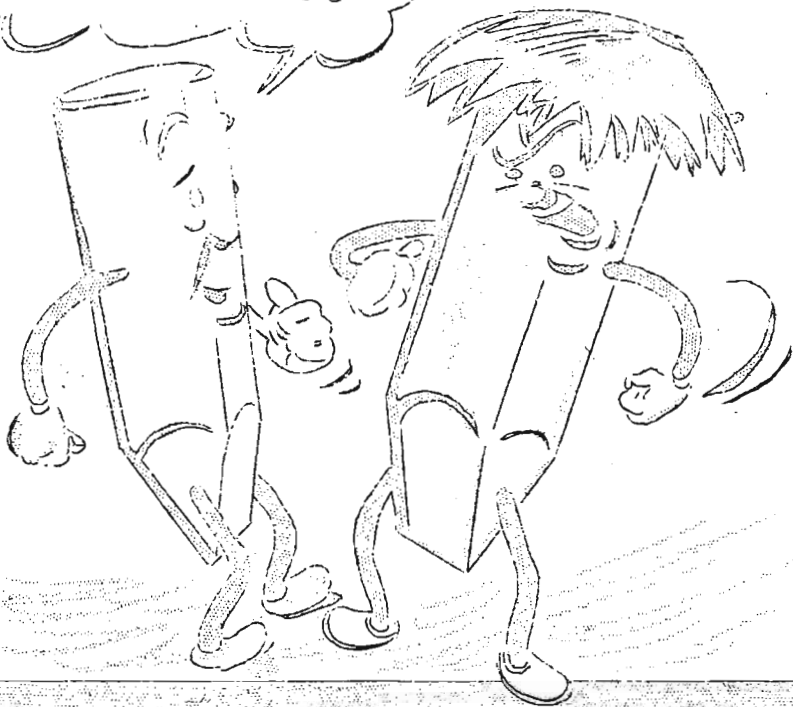
You folks in the field might also be interested to know that the warehouse has recently received tons of newly arrived freight.

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

GOING TO BUST SOME
GUY IN THE EYE?
IF I WASN'T
ALL DRESSED
I'D JOIN YOU!



KEEP TOOLS PROPERLY DRESSED
FOR SAFETY

- Regional Safety Committee -



HAINES

Hey guys, pipe the headline on the Gulkana sequence entry for September. Fancy shaded letters, no less. That guy Old Faithful sure must have pull at the Regional Office. I know for a fact that he can sure blow...

Mabel, Mabel - how do you expect us illiterates to come forth with bright and shiny essays when you give Shute's page all the frills? We also once trusted and loved Old Faithful at Haines but we never did over-do it, thank goodness. Just a fair warning, Mabel, if you give Shute enough rope, he'll hang ya. I notice the Corn Center Daily Bugle Editor was forced to use Uncle Miko's wailing wall to unload her grievances...due mostly to correspondence originating from Shute...so I will hasten to your defense in the case in question. I think you were right to substitute..he couldn't pound brass with a hammer. He still thinks a Vibroplex is a single lens reflex camera with a jitter shutter.

Incidentally, if he brings up the subject of Rookeries vs Rockeries, I'd cut his space allowance to a half column next month by way of punishment. Enough of this cross-country throat cutting for now. Before I jump into the local news, I'd like to pass on this gem noticed on our tltp 804 the other eve....

FILLI EVE 042326Z
EVERETT BAINFIELD, BEDOK 1515p

SACK TIME NO

The last entered item contributed from source unknown and before the ink had dried in the FILLI which just goes to prove the high efficiency encountered on our Alaska circuits. The correction, "BEBOK", appeared shortly afterwards and cleared the circuit for further developments.

Item one of local interest is possibly boring by reason of its repetition because after Cordes and wife rolled their jeep over on the Alaska Highway in their mad rush to get back to work from annual leave, Hayden and wife Rita took off on ditto leave in their shiny '49 Ford and the next word heard from up the road is that they rolled over also. Fortunately no injuries resulted except that Rita is sporting a black eye and the Ford has a few new wrinkles not yet advertised by the Ford Company. Brother Benningfield is slated for some annual leave as soon as Hayden returns and, I understand, he has equipped his vehicle with a hoop to ease the shock of the inevitable.

Your writer harked his glee too soon, last month when he mentioned that soon the Chic Sales would be no more. True to his word, Engineer Kerr set the wheel in motion and, lo and behold, last we we christened our new inside outhouse. But not for long. Our local pipe-bender, one James McGehee, was back digging up the new pipe line to find the obstruction and the official although unverified story is--that the last installed section of soil pipe was found to have contained two empty beer bottles and a stocking cap. McGehee used to wear a stocking cap...and he doesn't drink hard liquor anymore...but all's well now and I believe we can burn the old Chic Sales on the first cold day.

Bill Knight, well known ex-traveling MTIC in the 8th Region has finally arrived with his son Mack, to call Haines his home. Mrs. Knight is Outside at the present time, but will join him here in the near future. And thus passeth Jack Woods and bride from our midst to take up temporary abode at Gustavus for relief MTIC at that station.

Arriving on the scene at the same time is our new ACECOM Dick Aukerman and Family from UNK...which is easier to pronounce than Unalaskloet. Dick also has a pair of husky looking Huskies with him.. Noatak and Kobuk. Noatak is real friendly and can eat off your hand but Kobuk looks like he would just as soon eat off your leg. Nice doggies.

Present also is Relief Mechanic Bogi who is doubling for Tommy Knudsen, who is vacationing in sunny Haines on annual leave, and who is getting fat on an over abundance of moose-steaks. Bogi is champing at the bit waiting for TK to come back to work so he can go on annual leave to get married. Bogi doesn't know that traveling relief personnel are not supposed to have annual leave because their job is to relieve others to that pleasure...but he is obstinate and is still trying to find a traveling mechanic whose job it is to travel around and relieve other traveling mechanics for leave purposes.

The farewell party for Jack Woods by chance coincided with the arrival party for Bill Knight and Dick Aukerman, and between the bottles and Bogi calling the turns in the "Circle City 2-stop" a grand old time was had by all..even the ones who managed to walk away under their own power in the wee small hours. But Jack had more fun than anyone. He didn't leave until the plane picked him up the next day. All I can say is that ya gotta have a rugged constitution to hold down a traveling job if all the stations in the Region throw farewell and greeting parties like those tossed here. Oh well, eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may wish we were dead.

--"EX-MIDWATCH MARTY"

"Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife?"

"I dunno. Bring your wife around and we'll see."

Roscoe Bancroft, Assistant to the Regional Administrator for Aviation Training, Seventh Region, arrived in Anchorage Monday October 11th and was to remain about a week.

Mr. Bancroft is here in the interest of the "Air Age Education" program for Alaskan schools. He has been conferring with Walter P. Plett, Regional Administrator, and Virgil D. Stone, Assistant to the administrator for Personal Flying Development.

Both Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Stone are working on a program to submit to Mr. James Ryan, Vommissioner of Education at Juneau.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Griffin are the parents of a new daughter born Wednesday morning, October 6th. She will answer to the name of Wanda Marie.

Mr. Griffin is Assistant Supt. of the Regional Warehouse. This is their fourth child.



- 3rd Region Flight Log -

JUNEAU Now UNSURPASSED

NOQ IS THR TIMD FIR ALL GOOX MEM TO COE3 TO THE AID OR TRMT P.TUT.....Just checking to see if the old mill still is working as it has been Sooooo long since it has been used for any such thing as an article for the Mukluk. Without any further reservations we dive headlong into this "thing".

First in order to dispense with the usual "got everybody's name in print" business, I shall just refer you to the Eighth Region's publication "Airways Operations Branch Personnel Roster" and then that will no doubt be obsolete by one time this ever gets on the printed page. ACCOMS come and go around here so fast it is nothing short of a miracle to keep an up to date listing. At least we can mention the "Wheels". (Maybe it will get us a raise).

To start at the top we have a gentleman that goes by the name of Arnold L. Francis as the station manager. Since his arrival we have been in the clutches of re-organization. It has just about settled down now to the point where one knows which desk belongs to who and with what branch they deal. Then we have an ex-anchorage man that ably fills the role of CLAO who answers to the name of Walt Peterson. Walt hasn't been here too long, but he has the situation under control. Of course there is the man that wields the whip over us poor ACCOMS and he is Bob (bow tie) Thomas. Bob, who has been here but a few months has made himself a very well liked Chief. If we could just get him to quit yelling about his gold mining operations at Yakataga, we would be more satisfied with our pay checks.

On the other side of the racks we have the person of Roy Clift that holds down the MTIC desk. See what I mean??? All kinds of them. Roy at present is basking in the heat wave of Utah, and after having braved the Alcan we are all

most anxious to see him return and hold us spellbound with his harrowing journey; then too he should have some fine photographs. So much for the brass.

As for the station itself, again we are caught between growing pains and re-organization. There was a time when two people could pass side by side in the aisle. Now with all our new circuits and equipment at least one person has to go outside so you can turn around. Think I'm kidding don't you. If that is the case, I shall enlarge. There was a time when during the long cold winter nights there were some local dogs that would wander in to sloop and get warm, but now we couldn't put up so much as a stray kitten. At least that sacred spot called the RO (whatever that is) keeps saying that it won't be this way always. In fact famous last words might include "VHF soon to be in operation."

Getting back to the slave division, that summer complaint is upon us in the form of annual leave. What with three operators on annual and one on sick leave, it entitles the remainder of us to work every day in the week. Aren't we lucky! Who said no? To get to the point, with one overseer, CACOM to you uninitiated, "kicked upstairs" to CACOM - station manager at Farewell and another taking some of that annual, we anxiously await the arrival of Senor Majorus from Fairbanks to help keep an eye on things.

The man promoted was one Kenny Woods who has the best wishes of the entire station in his new work. If he will just try not to sell all the hired help on the merits of a Hoover Vacuum Cleaner he'll get along just fine. What with more and more people moving out, we hope that 8-230 can issue some travel orders for our new hired hands. Some include all of the aforementioned Majorus and his spouse, Vic Vinson, all from Fairbanks and that genial Irishman Mark

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"The lizards are just as big and just as numerous as people had predicted. I heard about them at all the stops along the way from our men who had been out to Bangkok. These four- and five-inch creepy looking things (the lizards, that is) crawl all over the walls, ceilings, and screens in search of insects and bugs for food. I'm just waiting for the day when one tires of clinging upside down on the ceiling and loses its balance in the middle of the night, only to drop into bed with me. Actually they're more afraid of me than I am of them (they say), and with all the good they do in feasting on otherwise poisonous and injurious pests, I should be happy to have them around. Besides, it isn't always that one can be sung to sleep with the lullaby of several cheerful chirping lizards, so I believe I'll let them stay, after all. Of course I haven't seen the big 3 and 4 foot lizards. They're out about the yard, and their song is more like the quacking of a duck - or the a-cappella chorus of scores of frogs creaking in unison - I can't seem to figure out which. Now if I should wake up to find one of them in bed with me - well, all the King's elephants and all the King's men will not be able to restore peace for some time afterwards.

"I have been riding in a petticab several times--these little two-place tri-cycles propelled by a driver who sits out in front as if riding in a three-wheeled bicycle. Most of the roads are just barely wide enough for two lanes of traffic. By the time you have cars and wide, open truck-like buses going both directions; then a lane of petticabs, or samlers, winding in and out on each side of the road, bounded on the outer lanes by native pedestrians balancing their poles over their shoulders with baskets of most anything from sand or fruit to whisk brooms and brushes or limeade for sale, all, mind you, on this original road built for two lanes of traffic, you can imagine the pandemonium. It is really quite exhausting for a back-seat driver. They are discussing the idea of one-way streets, for certain areas. All traffic is on the left-hand side of the road, and cars built for the area have the steering wheel on the right-hand side. So when crossing streets I must remind myself that I now must first look to the right rather than to the left as back home. Now if I had only been left-handed to begin with---

"In the one million population of Bangkok are a great many Chinese - about 1/5 -- and 150 Americans. Of those 150, 85 are at the Embassy. The larger merchants and tradesmen about town are Chinese. The Siamese are skillful in silver work. This Niello work whereby they oxidize the silver to make the design stand out against a black background is quite effective, and is made up into bracelets, rings, earrings etc. There are beautiful hand-wrought silver coffee and tea sets, too, on those huge sterling trays to catch the eye as one window shops. Teakwood furniture is quite the thing, and they have some that is quite good looking. As for materials, heavy linens seem to be their specialty, but with 90-degree temperatures so far, I haven't gone in for that as yet.

"I am certainly enjoying the huge pineapples, papayas, mangoes, delicious bananas, along with pomelos, mangostines, custard apples, and several other exotic fruits that I haven't been able to find the English name for, but which nevertheless are quite interesting experiences to solve into. Having to cook all vegetables away with salads, which I dearly love. newcomers have to be careful about the water, too, to make sure drinking water is boiled. We have a thermos of fresh water in our rooms here at the American Club, for drinking and washing the tooth. A good many of these people who have lived in the Orient for fifteen and twenty years have pretty well acclimated themselves, and don't have to take some of these precautions.

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WAREHOUSE WAILS

The Warehouse has been in a bit of a turmoil lately. The coming of the new fiscal year has brought very little save tremendous headaches over the annual inventory. Not only must we keep up with the regular problem of requisitions, invoices, and such, but we also have to worry about where, why, how much, and what everything is. It's possible that we all have our little troubles, but we can't quite understand why they all eventually accumulate at the Warehouse. 'Tis a problem, but pages and pages, and worn-out pencils later, we're beginning to see the end.

As usual, there is an ever unending stream of new personnel. Seems that we just begin to know a person, find out his family history, and dig up all the latest dirt about him, when he leaves.

Grace Dillon, formerly of the shipping office has left for greener pastures, or should I say, better fishing grounds. She and her husband have turned into fishermen for the summer, and are sailing up and down the Inlet. Fun, if you like boats, water, and smelly old fish. We'll all miss her, for Grace is the type of person everyone likes to have around.

Walt Williams has also left us. The place won't be the same without him. We are all so used to seeing him hurrying through the office worrying about something. He is transferring up to Contracts, but first is taking a much-needed vacation and traveling about his old stomping grounds - Idaho.

Burt Marsch will be taking Walt's place, but as yet, we don't know who is to take Burt's job.

Susan Marchland has taken over Grace's job. She's an old-timer with CAA, having worked with Airways Communications before.

In the outer Warehouse, heading the list of new personnel, is Ray Coffin. Ray is from Pennsylvania, and has been in Alaska for about three years. He attends the University of Alaska in the winter, and is majoring in Mining Engineering. The spirit of Alaska seems to have caught him, and I rather think he's here to stay.

Harold Cottrill, Packing Room, is from South Dakota. He's been in Alaska for about five months, and I think he's just about ready to return to S. D.

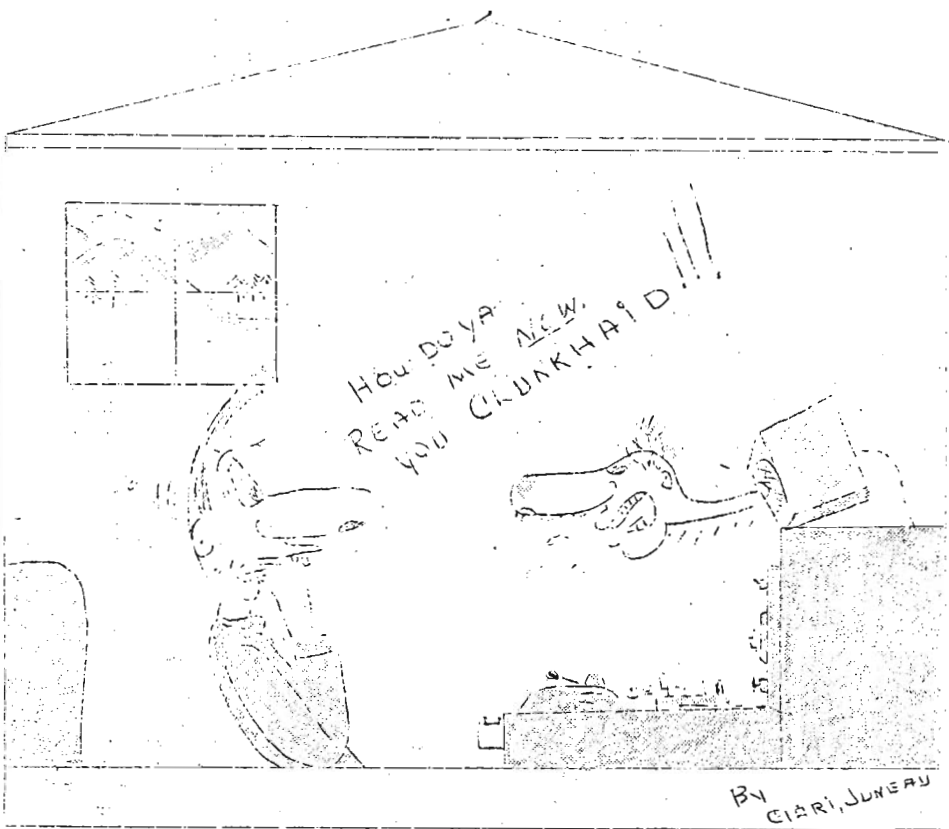
Emmott Betts works down in Army with Hobart. He is from Salt Lake City as of three months ago. He has hopes of getting a homestead and settling down to become an old Alaskan.

Norman Williams is Bill Cox's helper, and is from San Diego. He too plans on becoming a permanent resident.

Dick Owsley is our new radio and teletype parts man. He's from Honolulu. From one extreme to the other I would think. He liked it from the start, but as everyone told me when I first arrived quote: "Wait 'til winter before you're sure you want to stay."

Frank Bobish, our mail man, can practically call himself an Alaskan, since he's been here for five years. Frank is President of the Alaska Model Association. (Model airplanes, that is). He is interested in starting a model air club for older men here. 'Taint just kid stuff, you know. He says that already he's found quite a number of CAA men who are interested, and if there are any others who would like to join, give him a call on CAA 17.

With summer apparently here to stay, we are all busy with our summer plans. Burt keeps telling us all about the big
(Continued on page 26)



BANGKOK -

(Continued from page 14)

"As for the Siamese people themselves, and the countryside, most of that will have to wait until I have been around more among the people themselves, and gotten to see more of the country. In the meantime, do let me hear from you, and I will promise to make the reply soon after."

/s/ Mary Somner

Note: We are waiting for the next installment, Mary, so please start jotting down things for your Mukluk audience and have the second edition ready for us in the near future. Your new home sounds most interesting except the lizards - you may keep every one of those!!....Editor.

HAINES LOWLITES

First, an animal story:

Once upon a time there were three bears. The first bear was a great big bear and he hung around the station at Haines most of the time. The second was a middle size bear and he spent lots of time in Harry's Bar in town. The third was a nice little bear who worked real hard waxing the floor between aircraft contacts, a very difficult thing to do.

One day the middle size bear went to town and didn't come home that night. His wife was very unhappy. The next morning the great big bear walked into the station and roared, "Who the hell has been sleeping on my desk??" The nice little bear looked up from his work and said, "Go Fal, honest it wasn't me...er I."

"No is right," said the big bear.

"Yes Boss, you is always right," the little bear said. And he went back to his waxing because everyone know it was getting close to station inspection time.

So the big bear sat down beside his crumpled desk and fell to muttering. You see, nobody would mind if the little bear would mutter because he was so quiet. But a big bear muttering is another matter. When the big bear suddenly said, "How low can he get?" the little bear jumped and said, "Minimum altitude over Haines is 9000 feet."

"Now I know," said the big bear and he forthwith dashed off a station memorandum and left a place at the bottom for the middle size bear to put his initials. This is what he wrote:

"Beds are to be preferred for sleeping. The management frowns on sleeping on desks. However, due to the apparent shortage of beds away from home, a mid is the next best thing to sleep on. Any bear NOT on beds or bodes may use the bookcase in an emergency but I will not tolerate further scennolent usage of my desk."

And of course, everybody lived happily ever afterward.

In passing, I just finished reading Manop Shute's latest complaint. Reference 8-B5 quote "A uniform flow of language without hesitation is necessary... etc" unquote. Which reminds me of the day we had a gal visitor at the station while Shute was busy on watch. With his "uniform" flow of language, he was calling Eldred Rock for their weather like this. "NMW50 DE KBQT GA UR WX"..... only it sounded like this;

"NANNIKEWILLAMPIVEZERO this is KINGSQUEENTARE GOAHEAD URVETHER." Of course it all makes perfect sense if you know ahead of time what he's going to say...but this gal visitor whispers to me, "What's he doing?? What's that mean?" So I explain that he is talking by radio to a Coast Guard Station.

"My, my, isn't that thrilling. Who is KINGSQUEENSYTARE??"

"That's us," I answer.

"Oh, I see. Odd isn't it?" Uh huh.

In the same vein, a new type of uniform language is heard around the station each time the mail arrives...composed of compact invectives. It seems that our "Dear old friend, ex boson-buddy, one Whitey Machin" instead of resting his weary legs on a genuine walnut desk at the RO, is taking fiendish delight in sending cute little letters in the form of discrepancies to his "Old Buddies" at Haines. I can see him now, sitting in front of a row of teletype machines and scanning every Haines entry with a magnifying glass for misplaced commas etc., thumbing through a stack of B-manuals with his left hand and filling out Forms 223A with his right. Shades of Mayer, sure wish Shute would dash off another poem about CEMO, just to refresh
(see page 16)

GULKANA -

Up until a week ago anyone trying to lay claim to the title "Nature Boy" for any of their personnel would have had to fight us. Ostrosky was the original Nature Boy and had the haircut to prove it, until someone told him that the Anchorage moratorium on haircuts didn't apply to field stations.

Did stop in at the Regional Office last week and visit ye editor. (Noticed that the ANC streets were in pretty good shape). Ye editor and friend husband, ye scribe and friend wife did pop into the Fort Richardson NCO Club for a noggin of grog. Ye editor didn't show up for work next morning. Ye gods! Noticed Mr. Whittaker's office in the vicinity of Mukluk but Mr. Whittaker wasn't in. I'm rather sorry he didn't get to meet me.

I see that Midwatch Marty, the Haines Heinous is signing his articles "The Haines Hyperborean." For the benefit of Cordes, who undoubtedly know not what he says, the Hyperborean were a race of people in Greek Mythology who lived beyond the North wind in a state of eternal bliss. Which seems to sum up our friend Midwatch Marty, if one harkens back to the old saw, "When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." In Marty's case, it is also impossible.

Two visitors to Gulkana of late were Roy Downing of some branch or other, who installed an automatic range monitoring device which is a gismo that does ditada ditadahditadah when something goes wrong with the range. (Non-Technical description) Also present in the immediate vicinity, was Mr. Robert Finegold of the Operations Standardization Staff. Bob has been visiting various stations in the area with his little wire recorder giving ACCO&S auditions in addition to other things. This new unit to which Mr. Finegold belongs, more or less takes the place of the inspectors that used to come around now and then. Of course it could be a

WHAT YOU DO HERE?

Have you ever given any thought to how your day-to-day job might look if written in simple story form? No? Would it make interesting reading to some of your friends or fellow CAAs'ers who have often wondered just what you do?

Well, give it some thought is OUR ADVICE. Why? Just watch for the next issue of Mukluk, which will carry more details!

MUKLUK HIT PARADE

He's Ol Man Everett, just Ol Man Everett
He don't say nuttin' - but must know
sumpin'
He kust keeps sending
He just keeps sending along.

You and me we poke and send
Finger all aching and hard to bond.
Push that tape and tear throe ply,
Ask for Regors and get RY.

Oh ah'm so bleary and tired of trying.
Ah'm snowed clear under by still RY-ing
But Ol Man Everett
He just keeps sending along.

--ANCHORAGE STATION

coincidence, but the initials of said organization are OSS. During the war there was another government OSS, which was the United States' version of the Gorman Geotape. ~~Hummmmm~~.

As long as Hassen Ben Sobir the Woody Island werewolf sees fit to deal in putrid puns, I pulled from without the spacious confines on my burnoose, another for him to file away. He sez to her "Do you file your mails?" and she sez to him "No, I just cut them off and throw them away."

And so saying, Tom Swift pulled the lever which caused the aircraft to rise.

--THE GULKANA GHOUL

ACCOUNTS

When Chief Perceclator Stubbs gets on the wire and calls the reporter for Accounts Section, "Knucklehead," get on de ball and give with "some news", it is high time that I produce.

Mrs. Carl (Alice) Bronn resigned as of June 11th after almost two years service in Accounts Section. Mrs. Bronn and her husband, Lieutenant Colonel Bronn who is stationed at Ft. Richardson, will be leaving for the States in a few weeks upon his completion of duty in Alaska. We are going to miss Alice, (better known as Moc). Her "puns" kept our morale high when things were tough sleding in Accounts.

After having given seven years service to CAA Estelle Cole leaves audit. Mrs. Cole resigned July 9th and will be going outside with her husband on a combined business and pleasure trip for a couple of months. We are very sorry to see our friends leave us and we extend our sincerest wishes for their good luck.

As we have said "Goodbye" to two of our fellow workers, we at the same time welcome two newcomers to our Section - Mrs. Richard (Sadie) Owsley and Mrs. Lucile C. Foster.

The Owsleys are recent arrivals in Anchorage from Honolulu, Hawaii and both are now employees of CAA.

Mrs. Harvey (Elvie) Hedlund and husband have just returned from a six weeks vacation trip to Chicago. The Hedlunds enjoyed swimming and sun-tanning while outside and went gaga over a tube of tomatoes (15¢) as compared to Anchorage. Employment isn't so encouraging in Chicago, says Evie. Food prices are cheaper, but meat is pretty high. The Hedlunds purchased a new plane and cruised back via Federal Airways at the speed of 120 miles per hour, spending 31 hours in

the air. Glad to see you back safe - Evie.

Sadie Owsley, pleasantly surprised us with beautiful leis of baby orchids - airbourne from Hawaii. Sadie placed one on Nina Cox, our chief. Nina was so delighted that her face beamed and with a bustle she was off to the offices in the Federal Building to display her newly acquired possession. We couldn't blame Nina, for the leis were breath-takenly Beautiful. (She did the Hula, too..Ed)

As a farewell gift from the girls in Accounts Section, Estelle Cole was presented with a beautiful lei of baby orchids from Hawaii, in addition to the lovely luncheon and gifts presented to her by her fellow workers of all CAA at the Jado Room Thursday Noon, July 7th.

--Clea Harwick



"You'll have to hang up now, Mr. Watson; There's somebosy else waiting to bawl me out."

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Frank DeSylvia, his wife Nora and son Norman occupy quarters #1. They are old timers in this area having lived in various places on the Iako. (Note: Full House).

You people who have departed will be interested to know we have our commissary under new management and you'd be surprised to see all the nice, newly painted white shelves, well stocked with a good variety of equally good food. Looks like we'll eat this winter, come what may. Mr. Uzzell expressed his thanks to all personnel who cooperated 100% in setting up this new store. We also have now mail boxes and a bulletin board on the walls of the furnace room of the Utility Building just outside the office door. Nice to get our mail regularly, so write us if you can't drop in for a chat.

Among our summer visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Fuqua and family, Miss Dorothy Ravoll, Mr. Duffy, Mr. Caltor, Mr. Stone, Mr. Nayer, Mr. Connors, Mr. Tarbert and his construction crew, Glenn Hage and "Pete and Tony", Bill and his painters, "Herman" the Photographer, Mr. and Mrs. O'Neil from Naknek and last, but by no means least, Mr. Whittaker and Mr. Stowell honored us with a visit and at the same time gave our station an official inspection. The sun shone brightly and the winds stood calm to give us a good day for it.

So now you leave Iliamna CAA Station on beautiful Lake Iliamna, famous for its salmon and trout fishing and Severson Roadhouse. Relax as your planowarms up for takeoff and come back next summer with more "Oil and Stuff" and we'll give you more of the same. Yours.....
--"WILLIAM ILL"

Loving words will cost but little journeying up the hill of life, but they make the weak and weary braver for the strife.

Do you count them only trifles? What to earth and sun and rain? Never was a kind word wasted. Never was one said in vain.

PERSONNEL CHANGES - WASHINGTON OFFICE

Those employees who are interested in Administrator Rentzel's reorganization plan for the CAA - and who isn't! may not have heard that as early as October 8th, he has made the following appointments and reassignments in the Washington office;

Deputy Administrator

Frederick E. Loo (was also Deputy prior to reorganization)

Office of General Counsel

Director: Richard E. Elwell (no change)

Office of Program Planning, Evaluation

Director: A.S. Koch (this is a new office) Mr. Koch was formerly Assistant Administrator for Aviation Safety.

Office of Aviation Safety

Director: Joseph S. Marriott. Mr. Marriott comes to Washington from California where he was Regional Administrator of the Sixth Region.

Office of Federal Airways

Director: Wm. E. Kline (no change)

Office of Airports

(Acting) Director: Edgar N. Smith (was formerly an Assistant Administrator in the Office of Airports)

Office of Aviation Development

Director: S.M. Kemp. This is a new office combining the former offices of Aviation Information, Aviation Training (now referred to as Aviation Education), Personal Flying Development (now referred to as Personal Flying Promotion), and a few other activities such as Flight Information Service (from Federal Airways) Training of Foreign Nationals (from present Staff Programs office) and Air Route Marking Program (from office of Federal Airways). Mr. Kemp was formerly Assistant Administrator in the Second Region at Atlanta. Ben Stern is still in charge of Aviation Information.

Office of Business Administration (which was formerly Management) Dir: Edw. Sturhahn (no change)

WOODY ISLAND WOODPECKERS

Dispositions are anything but pleasant on Woody Island, at the present time of writing and not because of the usual reason...too much champagne. Everyone on Woody seems to be moving these days. For months the island had been invaded by construction men (yes, Red Wilkins was here) who have been building more suitable living quarters for the personnel. Married couples have long enjoyed the comfort and convenience of nicely furnished apartments and now it would seem the single men are going to have the opportunity to burn their fingers on the kitchen stove. It will give the men a big taste of domesticity...very good for those who plan to marry. For others well...they will realize the Heaven of many more years of bachelorhood.

In order for the single men to occupy their new quarters, it was necessary for all personnel on the island to move. The Jones' now live where the Smiths' lived, the Browns' where the Greens' were...the people of the west side of Woody moved to the east and those on the east to the west. Indeed it was amusing to watch the movers loading their belongings into the nice new CAA moving vans, (a half ton worn out surplus Army vehicle) and take to the dusty trail leading to the other side of the island. As the dust enveloped the truck and the belongings flapped in the wind, one couldn't help but think of "The Grapes of Wrath". But everyone seems to be getting moved.

Most of the men like their new quarters, I think. It is so nice and cheery with four single men sharing one kitchen. It would be easier to get along with a wife and kids. Of course there is one advantage...there are four hands for bridge..or is it poker? The man who can live peaceably with three other personalities will have had better training in diplomacy than most of our present Ambassadors to foreign countries.

It is rumored that Woody Island will in time be inhabited entirely by married couples. The consensus of opinion seems to be that married men have a more permanent nature. I have always believed that it was because they were trapped more or less and couldn't move. The single man can travel so much more easily, usually speaks his mind a little more freely and winds up traveling a little more often. My purpose here however, is not to arouse discontent in the married man for I have almost been captured myself.

A beautiful new eight-apartment unit is now under construction on Woody. Completion is expected sometime after the first of the year. It really is very nice....something that all married couples would like to live in. The back yard tapers off down to a lake.... the front overlooks the sea through the Messhall Building. But if you would keep your shades pulled down that wouldn't bother you. However, the apartments will be very nice when completed even though 'Red' Wilkins isn't here to supervise the completion.

The communications station is undergoing improvements. In a short while we will no doubt be known as "The Anchorage of the Aleutians." Practically all CAA Circuits are being replaced by teletype which will give us a majority of voice and teletype circuits in the very near future. So, if there are any communicators who, like me, do not believe the "bug" will ever replace the key, Woody Island is your spot. The climate is mild, we have lots of parties on foggy nights and some of the fellows have even seen a single girl in Kodiak Village.

Now faces are always popping up in the Alaskan CAA. A lot of the old ones disappear too. The latest addition to Woody is Earl Card, a Tennessee boy,

(Continued on page 22)

CRUMBS FROM THE COMMISSARY

I think that I shall always see,
The mud around the Commissary.
An icky, goosy mud around your feet,
That oozes between your toes, so sweet.
A mud that ruins your nylons now,
And creeps upon your clothing too.
The mud will last nine months, I know.
So thank the Lord for nine months snow.

It's your crumb again, pecking away
at the old typewriter to relate to you a
few of the tales from around the cell.

It was indeed a busy month for personnel around the Food Shack with trips being made to various parts of Alaska by the Commissary personnel.

Hazel (Jenkins) Allaire returned from a honeymoon at Curry this month. She and her new husband spent a week enjoying the great out-of-doors, and scenic beauty of Alaska.

Roberta Young is taking a month's leave of absence, and is now in the States where she is visiting her friends and relatives in Spokane and Everett, Washington. She plans to return around the 15th of November.

Mr. Hutchens and Mr. Peterson did extensive traveling last month to the CAA stations in the field. Included were Gulkana, Big Delta, Tanacross and Northway. While visiting the 3 latter stations, they established cash systems there. Gulkana, at the first of the moose season had honors for the most luck in bagging their game. Hutch and Pete enjoyed visiting with the personnel and appreciated the splendid cooperation they received from the people there.

Beginning with November Gulkana, Northway and Tanacross will be served by CAA plane each month with their fresh vegetables, instead of the trucking service formerly used.

During October, Hutch has made trips to Ilimna, Unalakleet and Losses Point. Those stations went into cash systems with this visit.

A new timesheet employee has been added to the Commissary staff this month. His name is Orme Bagnall, and he is assisting in the shipping room, along with Ben Mayfield, Woody Woodhead, and Clarence McCarthy. Incidentally, rumor has it that Clarence is in the market for a wife. In his statement to the Crumb, he said he has no special qualifications except that she must be working. Hurry, hurry girls; Here's a man just screaming to be hooked.

All holiday orders have been received at Anchorage, and have been placed in Seattle. It is the hope of the Commissary to get transportation for these supplies. This may be obtained from the Army. Anyway, the goods will be here by November first, if at all possible.

Since transportation is difficult to obtain at this time, it is hoped that all personnel have ample supplies from their annual shipment to last until the boat strike is over.

As a reminder to station managers - in case you haven't forwarded all papers covering receipts for annual shipments, please do so as soon as is possible, to enable Anchorage to complete all the necessary work involved on the annual shipment.

Well, it is just about that time again, so I leave you to float back into the corner of the food shack and dream lazily of another month. Until then, "put me on the mantel and call me Oscar."

--THE CLOCKER CRUMB

COMMUNICATIONS MAINTENANCE

SAVE YOUR EYES

A couple of breathless notes from Maintenance Inspector Ray Rivers, who is attending Radar School in Oklahoma City, indicate that the course is a tough one and the competition keen. As a result, the grindstone is where Ray's nose is.

The gold nugget that John Livingston was carrying around in his pocket the other day had all eyes popping. Even all us old sourdoughs were impressed for the nugget weighed 19 ounces 12 pennyweight, and is valued at \$700.

Communications Maintenance has now acquired three new Relief Technicians and one new Airways Engineer. Constant Morse comes from Fairbanks, Edward O'Brien and Emmitt Boone from the Anchorage station, and Wendell Manuel from the FCC. All of them left immediately on relief assignments, Mr. Manuel setting out for lonely Nunivak Island to service equipment at the off-airways weather station there. But he soon found that the weather and the airlines were against the trip, and since, to quote Mr. Manuel, he had no desire to spend the winter on Nunivak Island, the trip was postponed until all conditions are more favorable.

Radio Engineer Roy Downing and Maintenance Inspector Gene West are getting to be familiar figures around the Territory. They have been going from station to station installing automatic range monitor equipment. A number of installations are yet to be made and Mr. West is presently working on Nome to be followed by Unalakleet, while Mr. Downing will go to southeastern stations next week.

We said goodbye this month to genial Bill Knight, who has transferred to our Haines station as Maintenance Technician in Charge. We haven't been able to stir up a good, friendly argument around the office since.

Good eyesight is your most valuable asset. Modern living conditions impose eyestrain that requires correction by experienced opticians, but due to high living costs in Alaska many working people are obliged to forego medical attention and cannot afford to pay the prices demanded for correct eyeglasses.

Your CIVAIR 8 CLUB which has your best welfare in mind at all times, has made arrangements with a reliable State-side optical company to supply its members with first-class eyeglasses and attractive frames, for about \$10.00 or perhaps less. All you need to do is send your prescription for glasses to ETKLUK-TELEGRAPH Box 440 Federal Building, and the Editor will forward same to the firm who will in turn quote you prices and send complete information as to frames etc., and deal directly with you.

All Eighth Region employees are eligible for membership in the Civair Club for the small sum of \$1.00. This article was written by a member, after personal experience with these glasses which have proven very satisfactory and were purchased at a great savings.

Ray Downing returned from a range hunting jaunt to Maknek and Port Heiden with two geese. Says Ray, "Two sholls--two geese." W-6-1-1-.

Jake Holzenberg is on annual leave this month readying his homestead on Potter Road for winter.

And Maintenance Inspector Leo Hammerly remains on recruiting assignment in the States. He is getting plenty of results, but we keep forwarding the vacancies as fast as he can fill them. We have passed one milestone though. For almost the first time in history the Anchorage station complement of Maintenance personnel is completely filled, and it has stayed that way for over a week now.

--MARJORIE CHAMBERLIN

(Continued from page 16)

ing around us are several smaller river boats transferring freight. And here comes Jim Miller in his plane to make sure his winter groceries are aboard. Maxine Miller, a Tacoma schoolteacher is the new Alaska Native Service teacher up river at Shageluk. They have been on short rations since their arrival about two weeks ago. Looks like we won't see Holy Cross by daylight unless-----yes, there is one now --"Boy fellow, how's a-jout running us across the river with your kicker? After lunch? Okay."

CATHOLIC MISSION

The Catholic Mission is doing a most worthy job under Father McIntyre. They have done much to alleviate the more damaging effects of civilization among the natives. Most of the 173 children (Eskimos and Indian) are from broken homes. Some arrive by plane on the sand bar in front of the mission with only a vague bit of information as to who they are and what person put them on the boat. Smiling, happy faces show clearly the mixture of white and native parentage. Pathetic, these orphans are another evolutionary milestone in the onward march of civilization.

The Mission exhausts every possibility to attain a degree of self-sufficiency. The boys bake bread and cut wood and the girls make over garments received from friends, and can berries. Everyone helps milk cows and prepare the fish catch. Parkas, mukluks, slippers, and baskets are made to order. 9PM and the boat has now caught up with us a mile and a half down the river from Holy Cross. The bar formation during the last year or two prevents us getting any nearer. Margaret, Flora and I are the only ones who took the opportunity to see the Mission and we are most grateful for the very cordial welcome given us.

RUSSIAN MISSION

12th day. Russian Mission is the first stop which has no radio. It is of particular interest for its Russian Orthodox Church and we were fortunate to

be able to meet the Priest and witness a small part of the service.

ARRIVE MARSHALL

13th day. Fog and more fog. The boat gave up after an hour and returned to the bank where we had spent the night. At 7 she made another try. Marshall, LPM and the end of the trip. Boats and barges are alongside to get their share of over 300 tons, for ports out as far as St. Michaels. This is a lively town with 2 stores and many well built homes. There are two radio transmitters - one belongs to the Lower Yukon Airlines, and the other is Territorial. The hotel is opening and there will be some mining operations going soon. Two canneries down at the mouth of the Yukon contribute in part to this town's prosperity.

Al Bahl, Marshal, and agent for the air carriers, has requested transportation from Northern Consolidated at Bethel and we may get away today. Al is a brother of Lawrence Bahl, CACOM at Minchumina. We have bought a few Eskimo relics from Frank Waski, trader and first territorial delegate to Congress. Frank's wife is now the school teacher. The story is that Frank is quite anxious about 4 large cartons of bubble gum, which is necessary in his trading with the natives this winter.

14th day. Still here, because our pilot has lumbago and got as far as Iniak when he had to quit. Oh well, what's the hurry - this is a vacation. Late in the afternoon we transferred our luggage to Eric Johnston's roadhouse. Roadhouses in Alaska are not hotels; more often they are likely to be just a home where they have one or two spare rooms. Eric's place is no exception, and Mrs. Johnson slept out so we could have the double bed. We had wild goose for supper. Eric is over 70 and Swedish. He is big and husky and has been in Alaska over 53 years, 12 of which he spent carrying the mail with dog teams from Unalakleet to Nome. Then he was the Marshal, and he now works for a cannery in summer and prospects some in the winter. (page 28)

PERSONNEL ACTIONS

NEW EMPLOYEES

AUGUST 27 THROUGH SEPTEMBER 28

AIR PLANT AND STRUCTURES BRANCH

Peter H. Audisted, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Naknek.
Edward E. Cheatham, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Anchorage.
Warren R. Erdman, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Woody Island.
Albert Fyfe, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Anchorage.
Merril H. Ford, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Fairbanks.
Walter G. Gischar, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Gambell.
Thomas Glazier, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, McGrath.
James R. Hart, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Anchorage.
Lloyd D. Hubbard, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Skwentna.
Charlie W. Isaacs, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Anchorage.
Richard W. Ketcham, civil engineer, Engineering Division, Anchorage.
Shirley Mae Monroe, clerk-stenographer, Engineering Division, Anchorage.
John Kullong, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Kotai.
Mickey G. Novak, engineering draftsman, Office of Superintendent, Drafting Sec.
Ira C. Pollard, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Anchorage.
Thomas L. Roemer, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Minchumina.
Pietro Vigna, airways engineer, Engineering Division, Landing Areas Sec.

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

Leroy A. Anderson, ass't air route traffic controller, ATC, Fairbanks.
Leila F. Marlowe, clerk-typist, Communications Operations Div., Anchorage.
Roberta A. Snyder, clerk-stenographer, Communications Oper. Div., Anchorage.

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

Garry H. Esch, property clerk (record) Property Management Div., Anchorage.
Zona Bilinski, clerk stenographer, Alaska Supply Section, Seattle.
Meredith D. Hutchens, accountant, Property Management Division, Alaska Commissary, Anchorage.
Marguerite G. King, clerk-typist, Accounts Div., Accounts Sec., Anchorage.
Loora C. Lswandowski, clerk stenographer, Contract & Procurement Division, Contract & Orders Section.
Thomas J. Maloney Jr., aircraft mechanic, Aircraft Service Div., Anchorage.
Evolyn E. Nilo, fiscal audit clerk, Accounts Div., Audit Sec., Anchorage.
Joan O. Schofield, clerk (files) Office Service Sec., Mail & Files Unit.

AIRMAN, AIRCRAFT & FLIGHT OPERATIONS

Bud S. Soltenreich, air carrier inspector, Aircraft Div., Anchorage.

AIR COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

John H. Bradford, maintenance technician, Maintenance Division, Anchorage.
Richard E. Brown, maintenance technician, Maintenance Division, Anchorage.
Donald O. Christner, maintenance technician, Maintenance Division, Summit.
Louis R. Clements, airways engineer, Engineering Div., Anchorage.
Harold A. Heckart, maintenance technician, Maintenance Division, Anchorage.
Celeste Y. Henderson, clerk-typist, Maintenance Division, Anchorage.
George A. Johnson, maintenance technician, Maintenance Div., Cordova.
Wallace R. Jones, maintenance technician, Maintenance Division, Juneau.
Wendell C. Manuel, maintenance techni-

PERSONALS -

JEAN SALTING, new typist in Personnel announced that she has become the bride of JOE COLLINS on her birthday, which was July 22. Joe is a Maintenance Technician at the Anchorage Station. The best of luck to both of you!

DOTTIE SPENCER says she hasn't been anywhere but you can't fool us, she is saving up for a six week's vacation at her home in Norwak, California and vicinity, starting sometime around the last of July. When she returns we think there will be news for Makluk.

THELMA PICKENS has been spending most of her weekend holidays at Lake Sponard, giving moral support to hubby "Pic" who works on his hobby - trying to get his Class "C" Hydroplane and motor running to come in first at the outboard races. Rumors have it IF he ever gets it going it will be the fastest thing on the lake. One thing I know, it isn't the hydroplane that is holding him back - it may be the motor, but more than likely it's some "cockpit" trouble or maybe it's "stage-fright" because it always seems to run on any date but the races. For those who are interested in knowing, the winner of the Class "C" Hydroplane and motor given away at the drawing July Fourth, was Robert Shank, a Fort Richardson man. Miz Pickens was also presented with the most beautiful Hoddon Fly Red and Reel from the Club for selling the largest number of tickets on the boat and motor, so -- Miz Pickens probably won't be seen around Lake Sponard much anymore - there are no fish there!

Here is a message received not too long ago - we won't identify it, but we will print the body of it:

"REQUEST WAITRESS FOR MESS HALL. PREFER WOMAN TO MEET ALL REQUIREMENTS"????

Definition of a yes-man: He stoops to concur.

WAREHOUSE -

(Continued from page 15)

fish he's going to catch. He reminds me a bit of my kid brother. He's always telling me about the ones he is going to bring me, or the ones that got away, but I have yet to see the results of his hopes.

Mr. Young has that far-away look that can only mean one thing -- his boat. After seeing it in action, I still can't imagine how he manages to keep it upright.

Doris is busy hammering away on her house -- plainly evidenced by numerous smashed fingers, skinned knoses, and many other signs, well known to anyone who has attempted this task.

Others look forward to their camping trips, and still others are content to go out to Sponard and kick around in the water.

My summertime dreams are for winter to hurry back. Summer is fine - for mosquitoes, dust, bugs, and other un-runnable things, but I'm waiting to drag out the old hickories and swish down a snowy hill, whether it be standing up on my skis, or sitting down on them. Anyway I always get down.

In case you're wondering where your usual writer is, she's busy struggling with -- Inventory. --Jackie Johnson

WASHINGTON NEWSMAN -

(Continued from page 1)

Mt. McKinley and Mt. Foraker and were taken through Rainy Pass which we understand was quite an experience for the Washington men. Several moose were seen as well as a few bear in their native habitat.

After spending several days in and around Anchorage Mr. Wohl and Mr. Meanea started back over the Highway for their return trip with what we believe will be nothing but pleasant memories and tangible proof of the way of life in Alaska and a sketch of CAA accomplishments in this vast area called the Frozen North.

PERSONNEL ACTIONS

MAY 27 THROUGH JUNE 26, 1949

NEW EMPLOYEES

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

Charlie F. Hester, Assistant Airport Traffic Controller, Fairbanks
Jeanette D. Jenkins, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
George R. Murphy, Aircraft Communicator, Naknek (transferred from Region 2)
Clayton M. Olmsted, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
Frederick O. Parsons, Jr., Sr. Aircraft Communicator, Juneau, (transferred from Region 6)
Roy L. Roddy, Aircraft Communicator, Umiat
Merna M. Stewart, Aircraft Communicator, Annette Island
E. Alice White, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Allon Lee Woodward, Assistant Airport Traffic Controller, Fairbanks
Warren R. Wootan, Aircraft Communicator, Juneau (transferred from Region 6)

AIRCRAFT COMMUNICATORS ENTERED ON DUTY AT OKLAHOMA CITY

Richard Brown, Jr.
James M. Cusack
Joseph B. Cudo, Jr.
Robert L. Hirn
Anthony J. Narcisso
Donald F. Scott
Albert C. Sisson
Stephen S. Stokan
William C. Stone

ANF COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

George W. Cunningham, Maintenance Technician, Woody Island
Leonard J. Kalina, Radio Technician, Anchorage
Thomas L. Robertson, Maintenance Technician, Woody Island

AIRMAN, AIRCRAFT & FLIGHT OPERATIONS BRANCH

Alice M. Rew, Clerk, Juneau

ANF PLANT & STRUCTURES BRANCH

Lawrence E. Clark, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Charles E. Weissinger, Jr., Engineering Draftsman, Anchorage

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

Anno K. Crawford, Clerk, Anchorage
Willis Fildes, Storekeeper, Anchorage
Lucille C. Foster, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Hobart Hefley, General Mechanic, Anchorage

(Continued on page 28)

PERSONNEL ACTIONS-

Jeanette M. Holzgraf, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Clyde W. Johnson, Aircraft Mechanic, Anchorage
Sadie M. Owsley, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage

TRANSFERS TO OTHER REGIONS

James D. Jones, Maintenance Technician, Woody Island transferred Region 4
Mark P. O'Brien, Aircraft Communicator, Juneau, transferred to Region 6
W. Paul Wilson, Sr. Aircraft Communicator, Juneau, transferred to Region 6

RESIGNATIONS

AIRMAN, AIRCRAFT & FLIGHT OPERATIONS BRANCH---

Isabelle I. Martin, Clerk, Juneau

ANF COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

James N. Butchard, Maintenance Technician, Bethel
Cloyd W. Chamberlain, Radio Technician, Anchorage
Raymond Lee Gilmartin, Maintenance Technician, Umat
Toivo V. Raivo, Radio Technician, Anchorage

ANF PLANT & STRUCTURES BRANCH

Elmer J. Anderson, General Mechanic, Fort Haiden
Edward E. Choatham, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Grace M. Craig, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Dominic G. Donatello, Airways Engineer, Anchorage
Richard E. Krueger, Airways Engineer, Anchorage
Florino L. Milos, Engineering Draftsman, Anchorage

ANF PLANNING & CONTROL STAFF

Parker W. Nogus

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

Alice M. Brann, Fiscal Accounting Clerk, Anchorage
Robert R. Burns, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Edward L. Craig, Purchase Clerk, Anchorage
Mary E. McCarty, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Thelma A. McKinney, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Van B. Martin, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Paul G. Miller, Aircraft Maintenance Inspector, Anchorage
Corbet Nichols, Storekeeper, Anchorage
Edith A. Simpson, Clerk, Anchorage
Mary C. Wyatt, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

(Continued on page 30)

STEER CLEAR OF FAIRBANKS

(TRY CALCUTTA)

In a recent issue we stuck our necks way out and invited all of you to spend your vacation at Fort Heiden - only kidding of course. This month we have a new problem confronting us just as we were about to tell you all to go to Fairbanks. The following was sent for publication in this issue - and when you have finished reading if you still want to try Fairbanks for a room you may do so, but in the event this discourages you we will be glad to endeavor to reserve a cabin for any of you at Hooper's Holler or Upp Upperson's Filling Station located in front of Gnat's canyon. The only fee Mukluk's Editor wants to collect is in the form of Rainbow Trout or a nice small half of a moose or some other unimportant portion of fresh meat for our frozen food locker. (Where is the article from Fairbanks?? See below.)

To the good people who have descended upon the Fairbanks Communications Station Hotel and Reservation Section - and didn't get too much service;

Here is the score:- The hotel situation is mighty sad. More people than rooms - and all the time. It appears Fairbanks hotel clerks are not allowed to possess the fine quality of compassion and understanding.

We get a request for reservations at the Ritz or Joe's Flop House and we try our best to do right by all of you. However, the procedures and answers are always the same; "No - but maybe we can have something for the Winter Carnival next year". Yes, they are always happy to make a note of it, just in case. Just in case of what I don't know! And as you hang up the phone, there is heard sardonic laughter, probably just a little induction on the line. In desperation we then call our old standby, Arsenic 6000. We get a half-hearted confirmation. We do our best to advise you of our almost futile effort. It seems that for the confirmations we do get - approximately 40% of them never show.

This doesn't make the hotel people too happy - and they don't care what has prevented you from keeping your reservation - they DO know you didn't show. For the good of those visitors who will definitely keep their reservations, will you please attempt to advise in time, so cancellation may be properly affected. Here are some suggestions, and I don't want any comments - I have heard them all from the old pals I have at the Nordale and Pioneer Hotels.

TRY YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENCY. Go to Anchorage, or Juneau, or Fort Yukon. Don't come to Fairbanks. Go ANYPLACE but Fairbanks. Blank blank blank.

STAY HOME.

Things aren't really too tough in town, but we who live here, say to those who are intent to spend a few days here; "Have you thought of Mt. McKinley National Park, Circle Hot Springs, Lake Louise or San Francisco, in preference to Fairbanks? They are all very nice, much nicer than this Chena Slough Metropolis. In closing I might add that we want you all to know, that WE know, that ALL OF YOU appreciate the efforts we have made.

/s/ Fairbanks Communications Stn.
Hotel and Tavern Reservation
Sympathy Division

R. E. HOFFMAN



PERSONNEL

RESIGNATIONS

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

William Baron, Aircraft Communicator, Yakutat

William M. Diehl, Jr. Overseas Communicator, Anchorage

Joseph T. LaCroix, Aircraft Communicator, North Dutch Island

Betty I. Leman, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage

Jerome F. Lossing, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage

Gerald J. Root, Aircraft Communicator, Fairbanks

Farnell E. Rowe, Jr., Aircraft Communicator, Gustavus

David Stecko, Aircraft Communicator, Matnek

Alice M. Upson, Communications Operator, Anchorage

David W. Walstrom, Aircraft Communicator, Yakutat

AIRCRAFT COMMUNICATORS RESIGNED WHILE AT OKLAHOMA CITY

Thomas B. Cottrell

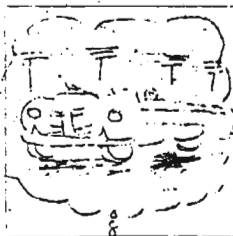
Chester I. Fields

Walter Francis

Rodney C. Johnson

James C. Jones

Arney G. Piersall, Jr.



SURVEY SHOWS DECLINE

CONFIDENTIAL REPORT

DEM.O. & G.O.P. -- Balance Sheet

Year ending Jan. 1, 1949

Population of U.S. 135,000,000

People 65 or older 37,000,000

Balance left to do the work 98,000,000
 People 21 or younger 54,000,000

Balance left to do the work 44,000,000
 People working for Govt. 21,000,000

Balance left to do the work 23,000,000
 People in Armed Forces 10,000,000

Balance left to do the work 13,000,000
 People in City & State Ofes. 12,800,000

Balance left to do the work 200,000
 People in Asylums & Hospitals 126,000

Balance left to do the work 74,000
 Bums and others who don't work 62,000

Balance left to do the work 12,000
 People in jails 11,998

Balance left to do the work 2

TWO - YOU AND I

- AND YOU'D BETTER GET A WIGGLE ON
- I'M GETTING DARN TIRED, RUNNING
- THIS COUNTRY ALONE.

ASTERISKS-

(Continued from page 27)

about fish traps, pro and con. To a poor consumer such as I, the price of canned salmon is such that it makes little difference if it goes higher, so veto out the traps!

Cleveland captured the worlds series for the first time in 28 years. Hoory! Two Cleveland Cops tested liquor, 4 oz. each; then in tests one was adjudged, stinks, but the other was found to have better coordination than normal. Wonder what that proves?

* * *

lly speaking, the scores and averages dropped a bit this week. (the boys have developed kinks again). George Karabelnikoff turned in a neat 554 series for his first attempt this season to top the individual averages.

October 7, 1948

Aided by Captain Norm Beuter's 452 series the Six Bit Gang rolled themselves into first place by taking all four points from the Construction Engineers, while the Prop Busters were dumping the Modulators from first to fourth place by sweeping all four points assisted by George Karabelnikoff's 488 series.... George Lacaille of the Key Clicks had high series of 533 and high single of 203 for the night. Bob Parkins with a 202 game also broke into the select 200 class.

TEAM STANDINGS	WON	LOST	PCT.	AVER.
1. Six Bit Gang	17	3	.850	647
2. Kee Birds	16	5	.750	658
3. Key Clicks	14	6	.700	720
4. Modulators	14	6	.700	661
5. Prop Busters	13	7	.650	636
6. Sad Sacks	13	7	.650	675
7. Klondikos	13	7	.650	648
8. Huskeglors	10	10	.500	688
9. Pentodes	8	12	.400	638
10. Constr. Engrs.	6	14	.300	636
11. Mechanics	6	14	.300	627
12. Ware Bees	5	15	.250	618
13. Grubstakers	3	17	.150	651
14. Etherites	3	17	.150	621

Individual High Singles:

1. Wentworth 228
2. Mattson 212

Individual High Series:

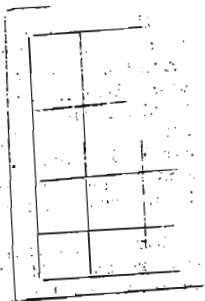
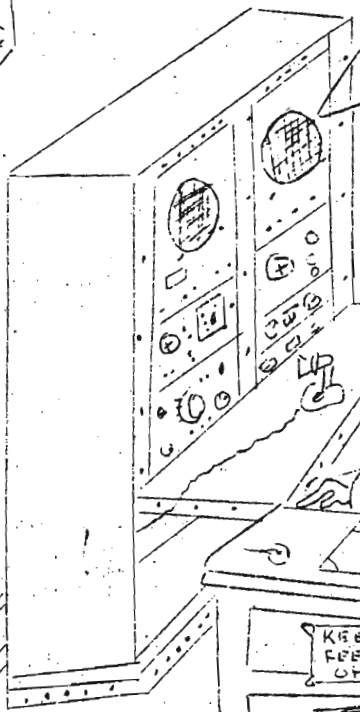
1. Mattson 571
2. Wentworth 559

Team high single	Key Clicks	813
Second high	Key Clicks	810
Team high series	Key Clicks	2293
Second high	Key Clicks	2292

NOM RADIO...
THIS IS NC-5.....

NAVIGATION
PROBLEM...

...OVER!



KEEP
FEET
ON

JAM.

AIDED AIRCRAFT

HELPFUL HINT?

It has never been the policy of this paper to publish advertisements for the purpose of promoting an enterprise or for remuneration, etc. However, since living conditions here in Alaska are different and much more costly than those in the continental United States, we feel that your Mukluk Telegraph can and should be a medium for helping solve some of these baffling problems. With that thought in mind we try to keep our eyes open and ask our readers to do the same, in order that suggestions may be passed on to you. Anyone knows that illness is no respecter of persons and is likely to strike any of us; and when it does, often we are at a loss to know where to turn for treatment and a place where we or members of our families may go to get the best of personal care. It is believed many of you may profit by the following information:

Mrs. Don Smith, 310 8th Street, in Anchorage, has been contacted and gave us her rates for taking care of sick and convalescent patients. Pre-natal care, including meals and other care, \$7.00 per day. Post-partum patients, \$11.00 per day, which includes care of the baby and medication. Post-operative cases are \$11.00 per day. Medical bed-patients with trays served, etc, \$13.00 per day. The latter type patient, but one who is up and around - \$11.00 daily. Children boarders, \$6.00 per day. There is 24 hour service with two graduate nurses on duty at all times. We also learned that Mrs. Smith and her staff of nurses are very qualified for the treatment of persons who are affiliated with Alcoholics Anonymous, and give those patients the proper care as advocated by the organization.

Judge (to couple): "Caught on the park bench, eh? What are your names?"
He: "Ben Pettin."
She: "Ann Rowe."

Fred H. Whaley, Aircraft Communicator at Annette Island has been commended for his assistance to a lost aircraft on the 20th of June. At this time a Cessna 140 aircraft NC89500 on a VFR flight from Smithers, B.C., to Annette Island called the Annette range and reported that he was lost in the vicinity of Prince Rupert, B.C. Mr. Whaley immediately alerted all radio stations in the vicinity, the Coast-Guard Facility at Annette and all aircraft in the area. He then contacted the pilot and instructed him to listen for signals on the Annette and Messett range. By questioning the pilot as to what signals he heard, Whaley was able to fairly accurately determine the sector in which the plane was lost. He then gave the pilot a course to steer to intercept the south-east leg of the Annette range.

Instrument conditions existed in the vicinity of the lost plane and the pilot was unable to orient himself by reference to the ground. Other aircraft near this location were attempting to take bearings on this plane, but due to his weak transmitter only one fairly accurate bearing was obtained.

By calm and efficient instructions to the pilot, Whaley, assisted by the Watch Supervisor, Leon D. Lewis and the Chief Aircraft Communicator Frank E. Smith, was able to coach the pilot on the south east leg and give him a course to follow into the field. The plane landed safely at 1610U with one hour and 15 minutes fuel aboard.

In the letter from R. F. Shunk, Commander of the Coast Guard, it was stated that only the intelligent and efficient handling of this emergency by the aircraft communicator was responsible for the saving of the aircraft and its two occupants and that the communications personnel involved are to be highly commended for their actions. Letters of commendation from the Regional Office have been sent, and duplicate copies are in Personnel Files.

(Continued from page 23)

were weathered in for six days, which is quite the normal procedure. They didn't quite understand about there not being any cement sidewalks in Kotzebue, and tried wading through the thigh-deep snow (which at that season deceptively covers about 18 inches of water) in shoes, but we soon got them fixed up and none of them caught pneumonia.

Then we were visited by L. R. Robinson the Engineer and construction genius - wearing his famous pajama shirt. His visit caused quite a bit of confusion around the house as his nickname "Robbie" being the same as that of the Station Manager, but with a smart boy to do all the work, he succeeded in laying out a fine new runway for us. We were worried for a while...the minute he stepped off the plane he demanded several hundred or thousand survey stakes, and lumber in Kotzebue doesn't grow on trees - there aren't any trees. We seriously thought for a while of splitting up some of the Resident Engineers: twenty-dollar-a-shoot, Plywood, but he finally solved the problem somehow.

Our next visitors were Carroll and Gorsuch from the Operations Branch, who arrived just in time to see the first Midnight Sun of the season. That was about all they did see however, as incredible as it may seem to one who knows Kotzebue, they were scheduled to stay only one day, and it didn't close in and keep them here against their will. But perhaps they can come again next winter for a real visit.

Next came Mr. Hooper from Plant and Structures to give us a real thorough inspection, and the first thing he found that I had inadvertently broken a rule. I haven't mentioned our traveling MTIC, John E. Roberts among the visitors, as he is an old hand, having been here last time our MTIC had leave. Well, of course most of our mail will be here in a couple of weeks on the boat from Nome, but when he saw that I was having a boy

take the storm windows off and put the screens on, he told me he had seen a circular at some station which gets its mail, saying that the storm windows were supposed to be left on all summer. Being very gullible and having been caught so many times, I know better than to believe that one. I know he was kidding me, as naturally the CIA provided these screens to put on the windows, not to sift gravel through, or something. But when Mr. Hooper arrived he noticed first thing that the storm windows were in the basement instead of on the windows. Now I am eagerly awaiting the arrival of that circular - I want to see what new system has been found for keeping out the mosquitoes other than the old-fashioned screens. Now, our full-grown mosquitoes are of course too fat to get through those three little holes that let the air in at the bottom of the storm-windows, but the young ones can manage to squeeze through by holding their breath...soooooo -- to complete the roster of our visitors, we had Mr. and Mrs. Gil Joynt of the Airmen Inspection Board, over the Fourth.

Also, in spite of all these visitors, we have done a little work, though not much. I have a bone to pick with that demon at Haines who told us a few months ago about his automatic circuit - no hands. Our Station manager immediately got the idea that we should have that system too, and sent a message to Mr. Whittaker, who came right back saying he was just going to suggest the very same thing - so, who was caught on it, but that very same station manager. Unaccustomed as he is, he was working one evening so the ovc watch operator could have three days off to fix the telephone line and the perforator went bad on him - and wouldn't punch any little holes. Well, he was really snowed, calling Nome on the telephone to give them the weather, calling the MTIC on our emergency frequency to come fix the perforator. I am certainly going to show him that recipe for short-circuiting the keyboard or whatever it is. (Turn to page 36)

B'ARS IN THEM THAR HILLS

It could only happen in Alaska and if you ask anyone at Yakataga he will tell you it HAS happened. Yes, the bears are invading the place from all directions. To those of us sitting in our living rooms and who have never seen a bear except in a cage, this makes a very interesting story and may even seem humorous; but to those persons who have to get out and play tag with them it not only presents a problem but a great hazard.

We called Burleigh Putnam for more "bear facts" as he was visiting Yakataga several times during the present bear-hunt. Mr. Putnam states that the area around the quarters buildings and station are an ideal spot for the large Brownies and they seem to be making the most of it. The land was cleared when buildings were erected and since then the brush, and small birch trees have grown to a height that makes a perfect hiding place for the beasts. To make their new home more attractive, there is an abundance of strawberries which are a delicacy for bears - however they were planted for human consumption! There is a road one-half mile long which leads from the area around the quarters to the station that is built right in the center of the woods - thus proving very dangerous for anyone who traverses it. All male personnel are armed with guns, clubs, and any other weapon of protection that may be available.

A Bear-Alarm system has been set up, which consists of pre-arranged rings on the phone - such as six "longs", two "shorts", and perhaps a couple of dit's and dah's. When a bear is sighted and the alarms sound, there is a very well-organized procedure. The men grab their guns, dogs climb trees, the air-to-bear crews man telescopes, women run inside and hide the kiddies and the hunt is on. Through the grapevine we heard that on very rare occasions, curiosity has been known to get the better of the women and

kiddies and they even venture their heads out of doors and windows to look. Many times the bears get in good range of the guns but are smart enough to get between the hunter and the quarters which prevents taking a shot at him. One communicator sat in the tower at the CT Site for a couple of days but as luck would have it, didn't get any of the game.

The animals have knocked over many of the border-lights along the air-strip; perhaps they were confused by the light which shone in their faces. Twenty-three feet of coaxial cable (expensive, too) was dug up and chewed by the hungry bear families, thus endangering the flow of current which runs from the transmitter to the antennas. When an IFR flight is coming in, it is necessary for personnel to check these cables to make sure the aircraft can proceed on instruments as planned. To add chaos to confusion, the "critters" have found a new game - that of getting down under a Z-Marker Counter Poise, and standing up, which naturally wrecks the setup. Evidently the brown bombers tired of this latter pastime, as they switched to another - that of eating hose; a two inch rubber hose was bitten off from 7 feet off the ground - indicating the bear was no midget. The hose was used for filling oil drums.

Last year a large bear was killed immediately behind the quarters area only about 15 feet from the door; this year they have not been that bold - YET! At the VHF Repeater Site some ten or twelve hundred feet away there are quite a few black bears, which are not considered so dangerous as the Brownies. These black ones furnish excellent material for the camera enthusiasts, and to understand it is necessary for someone to stand guard while others take pictures, and vice versa until each has had his turn at snapping them.

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Our Station manager is death on statistics. Every month he has to check the reports to see if we are still holding our position as collecting more off-airway weather than any other station in Alaska, etc. Some months we have been as high as Seventh in the Region in aircraft contacts - which is pretty good for a one-man station....so he jealously totals up the contacts every day and announces triumphantly "22 contacts on VHF since the first of the month", etc. They are really giving us some good training on procedures, too. They are strictly business right out of the Stateside rule book and we naturally answer back in the same vein, giving the local pilots who call us by our first names on the air, quite a jolt.

I will close with a question for good old Daphne Darling. Dear Daphne: How do you manage to hold your temper and remain a lady when your grandchildren try to teach you to suck eggs? I have had a couple of experiences lately that made me wonder if I should apply for my Retirement. The other day an Air Force plane filed from Nome to Kotzebue and we received the flight plan from Nome very nicely. Half an hour later we received the same flight plan, identical except the pilot's name was misspelled, from the ANC F Stand. I still don't understand. Then one day a Douglas was flying from Nome to Shishmaroff, and Nome asked us to tell him to call Nome Radio for a message. This sounded serious, so I did. When he called Nome they didn't answer so I asked Nome for the message in order that I could relay it, with the pilot waiting all this time. After a long delay Nome came back to say they only wanted to give him the Shishmaroff weather and landing conditions. Inasmuch as we are the ones who collect and forward it to Nome, I am still puzzled at this operation. Perhaps it's just the fact that everyone wants to get into the act!



No wonder he can't make up his mind. He's given a piece of it to everyone this morning!

CIVAIR-

(Continued from page 20)

Food and Cooking:

Bob Jackson
Janet Fedderson
Dick and Gene Pastro
Ed Suiler
Merle Ranson

Transportation:

Virginia and Jim Carter

When organized games were not in progress, all who wished could play volley ball or pitch horseshoes. Everyone who attended the cutting had a wonderful time and says the same type of party should be repeated next month. How about it, Civair?

YAKA TAGA

By Lorraine Gentry

Since the last issue of Mukluk there have been some personnel changes so will report on them first before telling you about the bears, shipwreck, parties, etc

Harry Robinson, operator, departed this station June 23rd for his new assignment at Cordova. Lowell Trump, his wife and baby left for Seattle on leave May 9th and while on leave decided to resign so did not return. Replacement for Robinson is Frank Desser coming to this station from Fairbanks. He is unmarried at present but hopes to take his leave soon and get married and then will bring his wife and his airplane back up with him. So far there is no replacement for Lowell Trump, operator, and meanwhile Mrs. Warren Korr has come down to join her husband and they are occupying the house formerly used by Trumps.

Dick Brown departed for the States, for a month or six weeks leave July 15th and Gordon Young, MTIC also left via Mt. McKinley Air on July 17th for a couple of weeks leave in his home town of Spokane, Washington. Connie Morris is replacing Young and Brown. John Gonnason, Len Kalina, and Ernie Putnam, installing VHF equipment at the station and up on the new site have been members of the station personnel for over a month and just departed today for "up on the hill" to make the installation of equipment up at the site. They expect to be up there about a month. They will batch while there as these 400 and some odd stairs aren't conducive to too many trips up and down.

There have been quite a number of both black and brown bear seen right near the quarters area of the station. In fact, practically all of them have been seen between the engine generator building and the range building. They seem to like to parade up and down the range road. One large two year old came out from behind the generator building

and took a good look around and then ambled down the full length of the range road to the range building, with about 6 men with rifles after him. They shot him and then hauled him up on a slip sheet and parked him in front of the control station for a couple of days so that everyone could get pictures of him, then hauled him off and buried him. A few nights later another cry of "BEAR" went out and again the station personnel set out in pursuit. This time it was 2 Brownies about a year old, on the same range road. One of these was killed and the other wounded - but the wounded got away. The one killed was buried the same day the bigger one was, and the TD-18 had to scoop out a pretty big hole in order to get him decently buried. Some black bear have been seen, and last week another two year old Brownie came poking around camp and men took after him - but only got a couple stray shots at him - it was raining and very brushy where he took to the woods; he also got away.

Strawberries and Salmon Berries are getting ripe; wild currants are forming also - so soon berry picking time will be here. As yet the King Salmon haven't run up the rivers, but should start to do so very soon.

During the night of July 17th there was a shipwreck on the beach just below the station. Early in the evening some of the boys spotted what appeared to be a boat with a man in it a short way out in the ocean, heading south, and then later the same boat was seen heading north again. They presumed it was some hunter or a small fishing boat. At one o'clock, Phil Grover, operator on watch, was surprised to see someone come into the station. This is what happened; Pat Murphy, a carpenter by trade, and resident of Fairbanks for the past 8 years, decided to take his vacation and make it a little different. He purchased two 18 foot canoes and joined them with boards

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