

H.P. NOGGLE TRANSFERS TO SEVENTH REGION

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

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

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

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

ATTEND LEGION CONVENTION McLAIN NAMED COMMANDER

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

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

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

(Continued on page 2)

MUKLUK TELEGRAPH

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Mabel Stubbs, Editor

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ATTEND CONVENTION-

(Continued from page 1)

Perry Brown, National Commander, was present at the convention held June 16th through June 19th, and conferred with General Twining, Commander in Chief of the Army in Alaska on several worthwhile projects to help solve housing problems in Alaska. The main subject for discussion was the erection of a huge new cement plant to manufacture cement in the Territory thus cutting down the cost of housing to a point where we can compete with the continental United States in Alaskan house erection.

Mr. Brown stated that he is taking the recommendations for housing in Alaska direct to the President and to the Congress of the United States. It is believed with the aid of 3,500,000 members of the American Legion that we should have our cement plant - and not have to wait too long. With timber and labor available in the Territory, the construction of such a manufacturing plant should eliminate the most costly of all items in building - the basement and all cement work which runs tremendously high due to shipping charges from outside points.

CREDIT UNION REPORT MAY

Total share deposits	\$20,457.86
Total outstanding loans	17,460.26
Total amount of loans made	27,502.50
Net profit to date	199.40
Interest on loans collected	300.01

Number of loans to date	157
Number of members to date	323
Bad loans to date	0

The Credit Union is now faced with the problem of meeting the big demand for loans. At the present time, our loan demand has exceeded our cash available for loans by several thousand dollars. Therefore, the Executive Committee is trying to emphasize to potential-borrowers that in all cases, whenever possible, try planning the request for loans far enough in advance so that when the need arises, the Credit Union will be able to act on the request.

The Credit Union needs new money, so why leave it in the bank, drawing virtually no interest; whereas you can put it to work for your own benefit and also help your fellow employees. So let us hear from you soon.

Peter J. Verdin, Treasurer

GALENA GARBLES

You must remember, Bud
A flood is just a flood -
A case of swim or fly;
The 'SACS will always welcome longboats,
As tides flow by.

And when the rivers move,
They still bring ice to you,
That melts with water high.
The 'SACS will always welcome longboats,
As tides flow by.

Yukon and "Kusko" running out of date,
Ice cubes a crashin' meshin' and late,
Inner-tubes sell for \$8.58, and surf-
boards you can't buy.

But though the waters rise,
Please do remember, Guys,
The show must ever on.
For every station has, (you guessed it!)
An empty zmtr for STANDBY!

Don't say it! That is shucking it, I
know, but it's that time of the year. We
expected a flood here, because Galena
usually gets the wet end of it; however,
it hardly appears threatening.

As everyone up in this part of the
country knows, the traffic has been hot
and heavy concerning Aniak. That station
was flooded completely out, and all
the women and children were evacuated.
McGrath had quite a spell of water too,
but the danger has been at Aniak.

Amateur bugs had quite a hand in com-
munications for Aniak. Their work was
great. It goes without saying that the
CAA operators were on the firing line
and doing a fast, furious, fatiguing,
but vital, near perfect job. I know
some people who couldn't see anything at
all in Tyro-Tele-Radio until now.....
"Maybe there is sompin' in that stuff,
after all. KL7EM was one of the out-
standing "hamsters". For a greater part
of the time during the opening stages of
the flood, Aniak's only contact with the
rest of the Alaskan area was by aircraft
(Beechcraft and Seabee) flying above and
around the station ready to relay infor-

mation and standing by for evacuees. The
coordination was something to be proud
of. The Seabee came up on the thin
assumption that there was a place to
land (maybe) "about a mile and a half
from the station". The quotes are from
a voice we heard over 3105. That, bro-
ther, is dependability. This has been an
armchair observation and of course not
complete, but it shows another station's
impression of what's happening.

Zip Zaber had contact with about all
of the stations concerned with the traf-
fic, etc. I believe if anybody had lost
communications, Zip could have been
right there to put them on the track.

Away from the exigencies to the ex-
cursus, my friends. There have been
many ducks and geese here this season;
we have a little slough in back of the
station, and once in awhile a few ducks
land on it. You can peek out the window
and watch them, but Man, they're off if
you step outside where they can see you.
True, they don't file a flight plan....
but we don't have a pontoon strip listed
in the AIRGI, nohow.

"Blackie" Bonnett is back with us af-
ter a short brother at another station.

Everything outside is brown now...from
white to brown...great weather...."Ah
Spring! I feel as if I'm floating on
air. One fellow said as I shot the
mosquito carrying him up the runway, "Aw
H---!", as he got up.

Ed Cook and Rob Dingman are living at
the "CT" site...standing by for possible
flooding-of roads making all impassible.

So long, kids - that is about all of
the news. --Nature Boy

There was a young man named Lear
In Alaska, he'd worked for a year.
(Then) he went home and stayed,
And spent all he'd made.

In Alaska he's working a year.

P & S. CONSTRUCTION

Three new employees have joined our ranks during the past two months, and two others have transferred. The newcomers are: Mr. Herbert L. Noble who hails from the Army Engineers at Fort Richardson, where he worked for the last two and one half years in the Materials Lab. Mr. Noble's first assignment will be at Fairbanks assisting Jerry Howard in the testing of materials for the new airport; Mr. Adrian N. Hewett is not only a newcomer to the CAA but to Alaska as well, having driven all the way from North Carolina. He is being indoctrinated at Fairbanks also; Mr. William S. Schoonover is a former timesheet man and has worked for the CAA for six or seven years in this capacity, spending part of this time in the Ninth Region in Hawaii. He is assigned at present to Homer. Alberta Bigelow recently transferred to the Airport Data Section, and Benjamin Garland to the Engineering Division.

Henning Johnson finally made it back to civilization after spending months in isolated Gambell. Besides a feather parka, Henning brought back some very pretty ivory pieces and interesting pictures.

George Allon took a few days of his annual leave to spade a garden patch - probably one of the first in Anchorage - but then, they say the early bird gets the worm. (But who wants worms in their garden???) Oh well, to continue....that person always in a hurry these days is Dick McGowan, with court duty, Civair 8 and Credit Union business, he has been dashing about.

Boyanchuk and Nelson made a trip to Yakutat to "stake the tramway" for the VHF site, which they tell me is a business to carry supplies and equipment up the very steep hill at Yakutat where the site is being constructed. After completing this job, Boyanchuk returned to Cordova and Nelson to Anchorage where

he will be busy for some time as Resident Engineer of the Anchorage International Airport, which is now under construction. W. D. Kerr has taken over as Resident at Yakutat. J. E. Daigle just returned from a refreshing vacation in the States and is now at Yakutat.

Inspections have been made by J. L. Connors at Annette, Yakutat, Gustavus, Juneau and Portage; Ken Kullner at Fairbanks, and George Karabelnikoff at Fairbanks, Woody Island and Yakutat. Ralph Klokhovold is still busy with the VOR project near the Anchorage Airport site, and is out more than in the office these days.

Charlie Evers took over duties as Resident Engineer at Gustavus relieving Jerry Howard who returned to the RO to gather supplies, equipment and crew for the Fairbanks project. After a week of busy preparation, Jerry departed for Fairbanks to assume his duties as Resident Engineer of the Fairbanks Airport construction program, taking his crew R. E. Krueger, H. L. Noble, A. N. Hewett, and Bob Tietjen and Leigh Robinson, who recently transferred to our division from Engineering.

Enough for this time - will try again next month

--VIDA LOMBAEN

PASSENGERS WANTED FOR STATESIDE TRIP SOON

Planning to leave on 30 day vacation about August 8th over Alaska Highway. Driving new four-door Buick via Edmonton, Canada; Shelby, Montana; Minneapolis and Chicago for Philadelphia to attend the Legion Convention. Can take 4 or 5 passengers both ways. If you are interested contact Perry McLain, 8-59 or phone CAA 35 before July 15th. Further details may be obtained from Mr. McLain.

TANANA TATTLES

Now that winter is over and it is easy to look back and say, "It wasn't so bad". The mechanics most likely have their own view of that though. Trying to get those iron horses, etc to run, when it is -50 degrees, is no boy's job and that is for sure. Anyway it is over and the talk is all concerning boats and breakup. Going to win a big pool or some year and go Outside and take it easy for the rest of my life. How many time has that gotten around to those ears in the last few years? The Doc at the AHS Hospital has put in no small amount of worry about the mosquito talk that also comes at this time of year. He spends hours trying to devise some way to combat them. The last idea, (which could work) is a portable battery operated fan to blow them off. The oldtimers keep trying to convince him that the mosquitoes are the only thing that makes the winters bearable.

Wonder why all the pipes have been broken out lately? Could the new tax have anything to do with it? Now if we only had a tax on taxes...But the last legislature fixed that up - they put just one of those on the Federal Income Tax. (Just in case you hadn't heard yet) Reading through the last MURTEL, I was kinda disappointed not to find the tax subject chewed up a bit.

The 40 hour week come around about the same time Tanana became wet again. We also got a new rotating watch list that keeps everybody wondering if he does work or not. We had a humdinger figured out 4 days off and 10 days on but the great white father sez no. So now we only get 2 off and 5 on. If a guy could add them together he still gets 4 off and 10 on. Only thing you would have to keep changing your days off in the weeks to make 'em fit that way. All right for summer but not for these long dark winter days. Not for us bachelors at least.

Another thing about the 40 hour week. It came around about the same time the old sun started to stay up later. This gives us more time to drink up what little liquor we could buy with our wages, now we got more time to drink and less money to buy with. Guess we could go without pork chops or levis one.

For station activity we can write about a rush business. Lloyd Hubbard, Wes Waterman and Hank Olson nearly have all the heavy equipment ready for work again. Looks like Ray Harry, down TSG way, missed out on that pleasure. Dick Irman, our Station Manager, is the busiest trying to keep ahead on the tons of paper that come with each pound of our material. He finds time to pat his guns and fiddle with his boat and motor, but that faraway-look in his eyes at times can be credited to ambitions on Fish Lake this season.

Frank Prince is plenty busy and has been since his arrival. His motto is: "There is no QRM but what can be found and stopped".

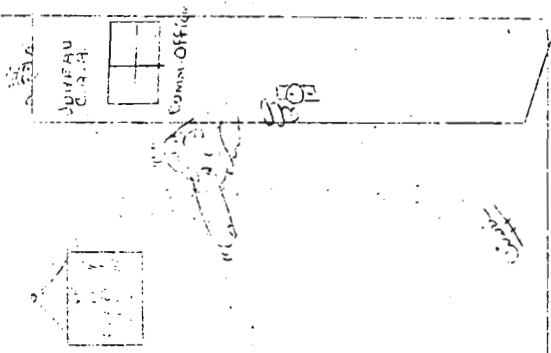
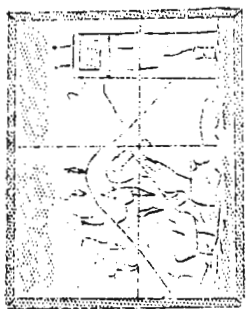
The communicators, Gray, Scullion, Leonard, Payne, and Seibel are pretty busy too, this time of the year - what with more planes buzzing around.

We have a new traffic-checking system and so help me if it didn't put the efficiency of the Station up 10 notches. The past errors made by the operators have been dangling on the clipboard each day for witness. Now we all check traffic and we all got to hand out those lovely notes. Result: less errors and notes.

This is about enough for now. As Hank Olson remarks in his book, "The Jug and I", by Joe, I gotta get back to the Salt Mines.

THOUGHT OF THE MONTH: Wouldn't it be nice if we got coupons on BEER bottles?

— "KEARNEY" —



ARTC THRILLER

Before we enter the domain of Algy, I think it only wise to advise all of you that your comments on this series surely were appreciated. However, I refuse to "DROP DEAD". So there too.

Mr. Dick Brannon, (sparkling Jim Brannigan of last year's baseball fame) has become the proud papa of a little guirl. She weighed 8 pounds $5\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. Father Brannon says she will be known as Karyne Emily. Both Mother and Father are doing well. However, it would seem that Mr. Brannon's press agent is still on the job. All Regional Office personnel Air Traffic Division please note. Mr. Brannon, according to the notification in the Anchorage Daily Times, is, and I quote, "The Air Traffic Controller for the CAA". Cad, what a man. RB has been kind enough to assure us that we may remain in our present jobs as he has no definite plans for changes in the immediate future. We will all bow to the East. Woe to anyone who has the nerve to call Mr. Brannon "Burr-Head" in the future.

Well, enough of that. Back to Algy. Last we heard from Algy we was closeted (not water closeted) just plain closeted with the Large Cog, the Wheel and the Spoke. The conversation had assumed the usual form of all such conferences and all remarks were booted from Cog to Wheel, to Spoke without much of anything being decided. As we return to the scene, the Large Cog is about to speak, a hush falls over the entire room, the Large Cog clears his throat, takes a drink of water, and says, "Well now, I don't know about that." The suspense is terrific, isn't it?

At this time I must mention that I have been requested not to disclose the actual acts that transpired due to security reasons. Therefore it is necessary to fill in from one's own fertile imagination as to what took place in that conference room on that fatal day. It is enough to say that what transpired changed the fate of the entire Division, lowered the odds on a nag running in the Fifth at Belmont, and deleted the supply of three Washington liquor merchants.

Now that the facts are clear in everyone's minds as to the origin of Air Traffic Control. The column will be devoted to answering the questions of the personnel in the field as to the procedures used in the control of air traffic. All questions are to be addressed to Mabel Stubbs, care of Mukluk. (This will stop all you nasty minded people from being bitter). Just remember Mabel is a young thing and cannot be swayed in her duty. (Editor's note; LEAVE US NOT be casting any flippant remarks about the age of the Editor, you young SMIP!) Make it clean. For the opening series I have already received a question from PU at You-Knee-Cleet, at least that is what it sounded like, and he said;

DEAR SNOOK; (That's short for Schmoie) What does a pilot mean when he says, "RCA at 20?"

Sincerely yours,
PU.

WELL PU, it's like this, RCA is a small outfit in the States that makes radios, so one would assume that the pilot owned stock in the company and was delivering a short commercial on their product. The correct reply to a report of this type is, "Okay Buster, Super-Pro is on the 30". That will bring many a chuckle from the Regional Office for your ready wit. Yes Indeed!

Schmoie.

All kidding aside, if any of you have any questions, either in a serious vein or in the spirit of good clean fun drop a line to Mabel and she will shove them through to me. However opinions expressed will be those of the Schmoie and are not to be construed as standard policy of the CAA. If I can't find it in the Manual I'll look in the Sears Roebuck Catalogue; they have loads of goodies. All questions will be given the utmost consideration and thought. At least as much thought as I can think. That reminds me of a joke, but we can't print it here. Well let me hear from you and I will try to give you the latest on the scoop from the group. If you are serious about your question please mark it so, or brother will you be surprised.

--SCHMOIE

EMPLOYEE SUGGESTION

HIGH VOLTAGE SAFETY

It is suggested the following addition be made to Regional Circular 8-E3 - "Flight Information Report Service". The sender of this article signed his name as John Larleycorn, but we checked Personnel records and could find no such person on the CAA payroll.

DANIC COMMUNICATIONS PROCEDURES

A major problem in the Eighth Region has been the distribution of reports on ice conditions. In order to satisfy the gambling fever which affects Alaskan residents seasonally from April 1 to approximately May 16, to prepare losers in the ice pools for the approaching period of despondency, and to stimulate hope in those who do have a chance of winning, the following procedures shall be placed in effect:

1. A daily report of ice conditions shall be filed by the Station Manager or designated personnel at 1700 GCT daily. This pertains only to those stations which are located at points where the annual breakup is made the basis for a sweepstakes type of lottery.

2. If the condition of the ice is such that it may be expected to breakup within 24 hours a NOTIC (Notice Ice Pool) immediately transmitted, right after the NOTAM procedures.

3. Entry in the daily ice report sequence will consist of the location-identifier of the field concerned, the phrase CHENA or TANANA, and a date-time group which shall be an estimate of the time of breakup.

4. The required ice inspection at 1700 GCT does not obviate the necessity for filing a special NOTIC when a change of conditions warrants.

5. Off-circuits stations shall deliver their DANIC reports to their tie-in stations in time for scheduled DANIC entries. At present ENN is the only off circuit station which files a DANIC re-

In the various circulars and instruction books a paragraph is included on precautions to be observed in working around high voltage equipment. These should not be taken lightly; and some further observations from actual experience may be in order.

A recent case brought forcibly to mind the importance of making sure that grounding sticks really ground.

Fortunately, the technician involved was alert and quickly interpreted the meaning of indications in a circuit that was supposed to be "cold", but which had a high capacitor charge. Investigation disclosed that the cable of the ground rod was broken inside the insulation where the cable emerges from the fibre handle, where frequent, sharp bending occurs.

Another important consideration is the method of fastening the battery clip to the end of the wire. Inspection of grounding cables disclosed a case of a break at the junction of clip to wire. At this point, the "ears" of the clip lug were clamped around the wire OUTSIDE of the insulation. frequent bending broke the flexible lead; but the damage was not immediately apparent because the ears of the lug still held the clip, without continuity in the wire.

Inspections and remedies will suggest themselves to technicians everywhere. **PLAY SAFE.**

Carl A. Johnson, MTIC,
HFCT SITE, Anchorage

port.

6. The following stations are designated to enter the sequence specified;

DANIC 804T, FAI, ENN.

7. Terminal stations shall give DANIC seq. same distribution as NOTAM MSGS.

GULKANA

There are times when I fervently wish that something could be done about the "Flying Kilowatts" that PMA aircraft are using for transmitters. You're sitting with your receivers up as high as possible, consistent with the noise level, so as not to miss a call from some bush pilot 50 miles away, who is equipped with a small ten watt transmitter, and this voice 200 miles away comes on, blowing the cones out of the speakers, "Elmendorf Tower, PMA 1, Radio check, how do you read?" And there you are. You've paid your money and you have to take your choice. Either let PMA blast you into total deafness for three hours after going off watch, or turn down the gain to protect your eardrums and miss half the calls directed at your station. Sometimes I wonder why I laid down my snow.

I suppose by now everyone has had a glance or two at training circular Nr.2, outlining the Emergency Flight Assistance Service Training Program. I certainly agree that the idea is a good one and well worth the effort on the part of all concerned, but there are two sentences in it that could be looked at again. One says in part. "---the communicator must remain at ease and furnish the complete service to---"; and the other "---execution of the program will entail considerable extra work for the pilots,---". At stations where I have worked in the Region, with one operator on watch at a time, whenever we encountered a dyed-in-the-wool emergency we didn't dally with it but called for help in the form of another operator and/or the chief...but quick. As for extra work on the pilot's part, I'll let any operator who has gone through an emergency go to bat on that one. You are beating your brains out trying to recall all the little "half-forgotten" details of emergency procedure and all the time, the pilot keeps interrupting your painful thoughts with more questions. For some unknown reason, in any self-respecting emergency, there are always at least two other aircraft,

that have to be taken care of also. Seth Thomas on the wall reminds you, generally one minute too late, that you have a sequence to enter if you have any weather to enter it with. Through all this is the ever-present thought gnawing at the back of your mind that YOU are responsible for what happens to that aircraft if you don't give him the assistance he needs when he needs it. Remain at ease, huh?....

Modesty is indeed a wonderful virtue. Our medal totin' Accom; "Flyboy" Bennett returned from exposure to the evils of the big city, looking none the worse for the wear, and was seen the next day, with the medal packed away in moth balls, out starting his car. To the average medal-receiving Accom (or GAF-17) there is nothing undignified in starting a car, unless your car happens to be a mobile deathtrap such as belongs to "Flyboy". SOP for getting up steam in this morbid aggragation of cylinders is to attach a long--and I do mean long--rope...and tie same onto the nearest vehicle in running condition. When while parents scream in anguish and lock their offspring in the bathroom, the parade proceeds past the quarters area and after three trips up and down the runway, with an asthmatic wheeze she starts to sizzle. If you've ever heard the introduction to "Red" Ingles' "Song of India" you'll get the general idea. Bennett swears that the heap is a DeSoto, but if it is, it must be the DeSoto that discovered the Mississippi River.

Newest addition to GKV personnel not on the payroll is Ralph William Bruce, born April 23 at the Palmer Hospital. This brings the total of "little angels" in the Bruce household to four, all boys.

Unless someone has crossed me up, by the time this gets out our Station Manager Allenbaugh and family should be outside on a vacation having left May 18. The trip, to various points of interest (Please see next page)

GULKANA-

from Washington to California via relatives on the way, will be the first trip Outside for Irene and Jimmy, both having been born in Alaska. It will also be the first one for Ted since he was three years old, and Mrs. Allenbaugh, the chachako of the family was last Outside when she was nine. The Allenbaughs will pick up their new Oldsmobile in Seattle and drive South, returning in July via the Alton.

WB Form 1184-C, or Plastic Circular Psychrometric Calculator arrived recently and somewhere in the instructions for operating this dew point slip stick it says, "If there is doubt as to whether the wick is unfrozen or ice covered, it should be brought to the latter state by touching it with clean ice, snow, or other object of approximately the same temperature". The snow is gone and with the sun warming up to an occasional 50 degrees, our supply of clean ice and objects of approximately the same temperature are non-existent. So I am left wondering when the Weather Bureau is going to send us a small-sized Frigidaire to ship out a batch of clean ice cubes for touching up lazy wicks. Technical minded Accoms using this little gem might be interested in an interesting experiment. Sometime when the wife's temperature is below freezing, touch her tongue with a piece of clean ice or snow until it is ice covered. Using the low temperature range, set zero on scale D on her temperature, subtract her age from your bank balance two weeks after pay day, and using this figure for a depression, read on scale TWDP the date of your wedding anniversary. Single Accoms can, by substituting the Chief Aircraft Communicator for the wife, and using the high temperature range, get the same results only the answer on scale will be the telephone number of the barmaid at Joe's Poolroom.

The "Man-of-the-Month Club" recently published a booklet that is currently high on the Eighth Region Best Seller lists. This document, titled 8-25, Air-

Ground Communications Procedures says in paragraph 5: "A uniform flow of language without hesitation is necessary in order that each word may be heard with equal strength. Avoid breaking the continuity of the voice transmission." I wish the old hands at the ANC station, if any, would bring that little paragraph to the attention of any new operators they may be broaking in on circuit 302X and then point for them a glowing picture of the stations with which they shall be working on 302X. One man on duty. One man. One. Comes fifteen or forty-five past the hour, and ANC says KHDH KHDH DE KIS KIS etc. Some guys may have ambidextrous minds that can grapple with two or more things at the same time. I don't. At BDC time I am working on that uniform flow of language. I start my broadcast, I hear KHDH KHDH DE KIS etc and there goes another two or three minutes worth of uniform flow of language down the drain. If the 302X position in ANC is located so the operator can't see the clock, I will gladly purchase one of Sears Roebuck's best tin turnips, complete with engraved inscription, "Please do not call KHDH at BDC time", and present it to the 302X operator on the evening watch.

.....GG.

KATALLA BLUES

Katalla, Katalla - not a woman around,
But once a booming railroad town.
K-talle, Katalla - decayed long ago,
But now we have a radio!

The pounding surf on a lonely beach
Accented by the howling wind,
Accompanied by the honking geese
Flying to the north again.

We listen to the radio,
With all its silly fuss -
If you think you've got trouble,
Come up and visit us!

The Broken Brakeman

VINCE" SPEER WRITES FROM GREECE

The following letter was sent to Mukluk by Vincent Speer who was recently transferred to Greece. We have all been hoaring from Mr. and Mrs. Speer and are happy to know they remember Anchorage and friends here and take time out to write such an interesting letter;

Dear Muktel;

The Speers are actually in Greece. A couple of issues of the Mukluk have slipped by since we promised to report, but as one of the descendants of Pericles put it the other day: "Better sometimes later than no never." We are at last more or less settled in an apartment located, with respect to the center of Athens, about ten miles south and west, on the shores of the Mediterranean, or perhaps the Aegean, sea. I have firmly resisted the impulse to title the letter something about it being all Greek to me, and will hit a few high spots of the trip, and what will be a sketchy account of the city and people of Athens.

As a starter, we got a brief but entertaining look at the Classic Greek architecture of the city of Washington, and managed to get lost in a few museums. After this, we were packed off to New York for a two-day stopover prior to the long hop, and used the time to ride in the elevators of the Big Town, and gape at the yokels thereabouts. We had heard that New York was big, and that the buildings were tall, and can report truthfully to the isolated inhabitants of Alaska that it is, and they are. Not a fish-wheel in sight, though.

We arrived in New York on a Friday, and the following Sunday afternoon boarded a TWA airliner for Athens, by way of Gander, Newfoundland - Shannon, Paris, Geneva, and Rome. The stop at Gander was brief, and at Shannon, Ireland the next morning, were met by a pretty Irish colleen and lod like lamos to our first European food. After breakfast, with barely time to buy an Irish postcard, we were rushed to Paris and the California Hotel. The California is a favorite stopping place of ECA Missionaries, and is located about two blocks off the Champs Elysees, within walking distance of the Arc de Triomphe, the Place de La Concorde, the Louvre (closed) and several garish night clubs, or tourist traps, where drinks can be had for up to \$1.65 each.

The life of a two-day tourist in Paris cannot be considered typical, and before we left we were finding restaurants where meals could be had for less than \$3.50, and where they had less than a platoon of waiters. We were unfortunately a couple of weeks early to see Paris at its best. The trees were still bare, and the famous fountains still dry. An enormous number of the art works were taken from the parks during the occupation, and according to reports, full normalcy has not been attained; however, the Parisiens are all busy preparing for the tourists expected to descend like locusts this spring, and clean-up campaigns are in full swing. Pretty girls and cute handbags are much in evidence. (Style note: ladies of party very perturbed to note Parisienne's dresses much shorter than current "Paris" styles at home). The sidewalk cafes are cheerful and inviting, and pretty well filled with Parisians and a smattering of pro-season tourists trying out their high-school French on the long-suffering but still polite Frenchmen. As Fitzpatrick would say, "We had to leave Paris all too soon", and when the time came, sadly bid goodbye (pardon, au revoir) to

(Continued on page 12)

Paris with a promise to return anon. We made an erratic departure owing to a French Cabbie's failure to understand your correspondent's mangled pronunciation of the "Carré des Invalides", and taking us to the wrong "gare", where we nearly got on the train for Munich, instead of the plane for Athens. However when this was straightened out by a bi-lingual gendarme, we were off on the last leg of the trip. We made two brief stopovers at Geneva and Rome, where nothing of consequence happened, and arrived in Athens about 8:00 AM.

The first thing most goggle-eyed tourists in Greece think of, of course, is the Parthenon. Not being individualists in this respect, our first Sunday was highlighted by, first, a visit to the Temple of Zeus near the center of Athens, and a long climb up Acropolis Hill and a look at the Parthenon and other famous ruins. So many words and pictures have described this noble edifice that I will not attempt any descriptions, and will only say that the Britannica has done an honorable and exhaustive job on the whole thing. From the top of the Hill, nearly all of Athens can be seen, the Acropolis evidently being located according to military strategy. Most of the statues and various art works are not around, it being explained to us that most of them were buried during the Occupation, and are presumably still underground someplace.

Modern Athens seems at first glance to be well populated with the descendants of the noble Athenians. A good many people jostle each other around at night, and the population is being guessed at as from two million upwards, or about twice normal. The occupation of the German and Italians, and liberations by the British and Americans, have left their marks on the landscape, and from our apartment window much wreckage is in evidence. Rebuilding is proceeding slowly, and the shattered portions of the landscape near the beach is dotted here and there with new buildings, of the most extreme modern design. The Greeks apparently still feel a responsibility to show the world they lead in architecture. Marble is the most popular building material, and is about the only stuff available in abundance. The best rebuilt villas have bathrooms that are lined, floor, walls, and ceiling, with marble. Houses of the best type run largely to fancy living rooms, and kitchens and bathrooms strictly secondary.

The Greeks are friendly, voluble, and surprisingly optimistic considering their recent and present tribulations. There are many sidewalk cafes here also, although they lack the color of Parisian cafes. Most popular drink here and evidently the main legacy of nearly 500 years of Turkish occupation, is Turkish coffee, served in small cups containing a few swallows of thick, strong liquid, and a sort of coffee paste. If one likes stronger stuff, Ouzo (pronounced Oo-zoh) is available. Ouzo looks like water, tastes like licorice, and acts like alcohol; it should be effective externally for sprains and bruises and acids in the chest, and inwardly for snakebites. The most popular Greek wine is Retzina. The first drink of Retzina tastes faintly like turpentine, and reason being that it actually has a turpentine-like resin from the trees added as a preservative. Consumption of Retzina is confined largely to the Greeks.

Greek drivers drive with their horn, don't have to worry about speed laws, and take delight in searing hell out of pedestrians, who cross the street at

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YAKATAGA YAK-YAKS

The snow has all disappeared, except back in the woods where you can still find patches; and of course on the mountains; the runway is all clear and dry, the swans and ducks are winging their way north and guess it must be Spring. At any rate, here in Yakataga we have had some beautiful weather and it makes one want to get out and start a garden, but the ground is still too damp and cold...so we will have to depend on the CAA planes and our mail planes from Cordova for fresh vegetables - at least for a while yet. Can you imagine - we had two mail planes here in one week, and of course all personnel, including dogs, turn out to meet the plane - then we all proceed to Station Manager Joe Strickland's house where mail is sorted, and guzzle coffee while collecting a handful of mail.

There have been three birthdays celebrated during the past month. First one was Mary John's and all personnel got together and had a big dinner, with some delicious potato salad, baked beans, salmon loaf, and lemon pie - plus of course, pickles, olives, coffee and coco. Next in line was Dick Brown's birthday which nearly slipped by without anyone knowing about it until a few days late - so on the following Saturday night we all played poker and had refreshments; cupcakes, cookies, and ice cream. The latest birthday to be celebrated was George Gentry's and since he said it was the last birthday he was going to have, Mary Johns and Jeannie Trump were our hostesses, and we had a huge birthday cake, jello cookies and fudge. After the party, at which we all played Court Whist, George decided it had been such a nice party he guessed he wouldn't quit having birthdays! In fact, he was in favor of having another the next week.

Easter Sunday rolled around and the weather favored us with a little sunshine so the children hunted Easter eggs outside in the afternoon. Grovers were the only couple in camp that had any meat(except Stricklands, who had a very little amount left) so Grovers and the Strickland very generously divided up their meat supply so everyone could have some for their Easter-Sunday dinner. If that CAA plane doesn't get in shortly after this writing, with meat and vegetable supplies, we are going to have all the canned food in the commissary eaten up, and started on the cans themselves. The ducks aren't even any help around here as they seem to be "flying high" and in a terrible hurry to get to wherever they are going, and no one has been able to connect with shots. Saw in one of the Anchorage papers where there is a bounty on Eagles now and maybe that's the reason we haven't seen any around lately.

Fred Ballard, traveling mechanic, who was here for about two months, and his wife Fern who came down to visit the last two weeks he was here, departed via Cordova Air for their new station at Gulkam. Other than that, there have been no personnel changes in the past couple months.

John Boyanchek, Engineer in charge of VHF installation, just returned with some of the Stock and Grave Construction men; also Warren Kerr, who is to take over the job since we understand Boyanchek is going to leave. There is still lots of snow at the site, so guess the boys will have plenty of work before they can get the installation completed.

Well folks, there doesn't seem to be much more of interest to write about, so will ring off for this time, and try to be back next month with a little more of Yakataga's Yak-Yak.

CORDOVA-INSACS

We haven't made any entries in the Makluk for some time so please pardon any irregularities in these few kernels of korn from the Cordova Plan.

Walter the Winch now goes to press and if the style is similar to any other news commentator living, believe me he would be better off dead.

R. AND MRS. ALASKA AND ALL THE SHIPS AT SEA - LET'S GO TO PRESS;

FLASH--GORDON wasn't it, that went to Mars or someplace like that there? Well anyhow it looks like he is going to have lots of company with the Orbiters and Rockets that are now being tested - not to mention the Sheridan Flying Club Taylorcraft which has really been steaming around burning up the ether during this much-belated spring weather...that has finally SPRUNG. Old Sol has been giving us his cheerful presence for the last few days and now thanks to Gil Joynt of the CAA, we fair-weather-pilots have been checked out and our student certificates approved so we are out of the moth balls for another winter and ready to spread our wings.

FLASH--LIGHT and daylight watches at this station are still on a 48 hour week with the exception of our CACOM who only gets to work 40 hours each week and then for two days has to sit around and envy the rest of us our visits to the Klub, (see Karl Shute) - K it is and we have a Klub that says to spell it K-L-U-B, or iso.

FLASH--BACK about May 14. Henry (I call him) Lindsay, his wife Peggy and daughter Vicky went Stateside on leave, to visit with his mother before she is to take a trip back to merry old Scotland for an indefinite stay. Duration of Henry's visit - 26 days.

FLASH--GUNNER Art High has been taking his daily hike and without snowshoes too

for a change. When I saw him the other day he had made the mistake of taking off his shirt while down in the swampy area beyond the Remote Receiver Site. He had his trusty 30.06 by the barrel and was swinging wildly at a bloodthirsty squadron of large mosquitos that was making passes at him. Quipped Art, "I'm sure glad one of these trigger-happy CAA hunters didn't see me then, for I was a little bare (bear)".

FLASH--HOLY MOSES - correction -- The Prophet from Moses Point has been spending leave here with his wife and family after which he will return to the CACOM position; not at Moses Point however, but at Nome. I guess he abdicated, but from what I hear there are quite a few "Would be Prophots" ready to occupy said vacant throne. The Prophet and his wife (Bob and Reva Leise) are staying in Cordova with friends awaiting the arrival of the stork - or cradle - I'm not sure what is fashionable for a little Prophet to arrive on. When asked what the little one would be, Bob said he hoped for a boy as he already has 3 girls but he wasn't that good (I should stop quoting here - I have 2 boys) a Prophot.

FLASH--FLOODS OR DRIFTS won't bother the Weather Bureau employees at Cordova much longer, for their long awaited apartment building is now under construction here at Mile 13. When finished there will be two, two-bedroom apartments and two, one-bedroom apartments - so there will be no more bouncing rides out there from town for them. We are hoping to join them on better housing conditions if the Appropriations for the CAA apartments become available this year. This WB building has been going up quite steadily with frame work of the second story being already up and the under-siding nearly on - also the floor is on. I could have said it was the ceiling but these weather "maker-uppers" like Shute have strange ideas about what ceilings are and might become confused.

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AIRMAN, AIRCRAFT & FLIGHT OPERATIONS BRANCH

Theria R. Waldron, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage

ANF PLANT & STRUCTURES BRANCH

Russell C. Dodd, General Mechanic, Summit
Arnie A. Hedla, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Adrian N. Hewett, Civil Engineer, Anchorage
Frank L. Johnson, General Mechanic, Nome
Fritz A. Livesay, General Mechanic, Moses Point
Karl W. Riehl, General Mechanic, Anchorage
William S. Schoonover, Construction Superintendent, Anchorage
Samuel E. Tullus, General Mechanic, Anchorage

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

Margaret M. Baker, Clerk-Typist, Commissary, Anchorage
Opal K. Claxton, Clerk-Typist, Alaska Supply Section, Seattle
Ralph E. Eldridge, Aircraft Mechanic, Anchorage
Norma G. Gilbreath, Clerk-Typist, Commissary, Anchorage
Margaret B. Kelly, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Madine H. Kringlie, Traffic Clerk, Anchorage
Leonore V. Kurriger, Operator Office Devices, Anchorage
Eileen Lane, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Mary E. McCarty, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Thelma A. McKinney, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Elizabeth C. Parayos, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Mary C. Wyatt, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

Mildred H. Morton, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Gloria R. Shick, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage

Frank Agapoff, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
Earl L. Card, Jr. " " "
Samuel Deartholt, Jr. " " "
Edward D. Dhabolt " " "
Joseph C. Dillenkoffer, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
Donald P. Dubois, " " "
Rufus F. Catlin, Jr. " " "
Harold R. Gunter " " "
Elmer L. Jones " " "
James C. Jones " " "
William Jones " " "
Andrew G. Krivinko " " "
Lola V. Krivinko " " "

(Continued on page 16)

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH (continued)

Ronald W. Logan	Aircraft Communicator	Anchorage
Harold D. Parks	" "	"
Theodore W. Rundell	" "	"
Philip E. Swalberg	" "	"
Elmer I. Williams	" "	"
John C. Williams	" "	"
Harmon A. Williams	" "	"

TRANSFERS OUT OF EIGHTH REGION

	<u>From</u>	<u>To</u>
Kenneth R. Bartlett, Aircraft Communicator	Annette	4th Reg.
Daniel S. Burns, Sr. Asst. Communicator	Annette	7th "
William L. Doughton, Aircraft Communicator	Anchorage	Veteran's Admin.
Glenn P. Fossett, Chief, Aircraft Communicator	Naknek	2nd Reg.
Roland C. Gilmer, Aircraft Communicator	Juneau	7th Reg.
Donald A. Hobart, Aircraft Communicator	Anchorage	4th Reg.
John J. Jamison, Jr., Aircraft Communicator	Woody Island	7th Reg.
Seabrooks E. Renn, Airways Engineer	Anchorage	9th Reg.
Mary Jane Sommer, Secretary	Anchorage	Bangkok, Siam
Turney W. Wiley, Radio Engineer	Anchorage	Wash., D.C.

RESIGNATIONSAIR COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

Gerald J. Callistien, Airways Engineer, Anchorage
Joseph J. Munson, Radio Technician, Anchorage
Winfred J. Scoles, Maintenance Technician, Nome

AIR PLANT & STRUCTURES BRANCH

Armin A. Aring, General Mechanic, Summit
Peter H. Audistad, General Mechanic, Naknek
Neil A. Browne, Jr., General Mechanic, Anchorage
Chris L. Coulter, Civil Engineer, Anchorage
Ray Taylor, General Mechanic, Anchorage

AIRMAIL, AIRCRAFT & FLIGHT OPERATIONS BRANCH

Inez C. Evans, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage

REGIONAL ADMINISTRATOR'S STAFF

Fred M. Langsam, Regional Medical Officer, Anchorage

(Continued on page 17)

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

Robert W. Bruger, Chief, Office Service Section, Anchorage
Janet J. Friedrich, Purchase Clerk, Anchorage
Cecolia I. Hightower, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Sara U. Kelly, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Leona C. Lewandowski, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Thomas J. Meloney, Jr., Aircraft Mechanic, Anchorage
Hilda W. Roder, Operator, Office Devices, Anchorage
Edward J. Stronks, Storekeeper, Anchorage
Ruth Ann Young, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

James V. Campitelli, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
Richard R. L. Claytor, Aircraft Communicator, Woody Island
Joseph B. Flynn, Jr., Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
Joseph Gaedik, Aircraft Communicator, Summit
Eris M. Gibson, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Fitz L. McCoy, Jr., Aircraft Communicator, Unalakleet
Roy Sweigart, Jr., Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
John E. Tingle, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage

NEW EMPLOYEES

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

William T. Adams, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
William R. Burns, Aircraft Communicator, Fairbanks
Michael Dykstra, Assistant Air Route Traffic Controller, Fairbanks
William M. Paxson, Assistant Air Route Traffic Controller, Anchorage
Oscar T. Ridley, Assistant Airport Traffic Controller, Fairbanks
James H. Seitz, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
Walter L. Slack, Jr., Aircraft Communicator, Fairbanks
Odis C. Spikes, Aircraft Communicator, Summit
Joseph A. Tarrant, Assistant Airport Traffic Controller, Fairbanks
Calvin L. Ward, Assistant Airport Traffic Controller, Fairbanks
Felton E. Jackson, Aircraft Communicator, Woody Island from 4th Region.

AIRCRAFT COMMUNICATORS ENTERED ON DUTY AT OKLAHOMA CITY

Juan R. Abeita	Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage
John E. Branch	" " "
Paul A. Broun	" " "
John L. Fickler, Jr.	" " "
Menar K. Hehn	" " "
Norman E. Harrington	" " "
Ernest Herzog, Jr.	" " "
Mervin D. Hills	" " "

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(Continued)

AIRCRAFT COMMUNICATOR ANCHORAGE

Eugene B. Irving	"
Joseph W. Jones	"
William B. McKay	"
Francis G. Mullins	"
Michael S. Nicosia	"
Joseph E. Olynky	"
Arney O. Piersall, Jr.	"
Melvin E. Ray	"
Ralph H. Shaw, Jr.	"
Zeb V. Wilson, Jr.	"

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

Charles F. Allnutt, Storekeeper, Anchorage
Lola E. Clinton, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Esther V. Painter, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Jean M. Salting, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Corrine M. Snyder, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Wilford N. Woods, Aircraft Mechanic, Anchorage

ANF COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

Robert E. Anderson, Maintenance Technician, Nome
Willie Mae Conn, Clerk-Steno, Anchorage
Alan J. Johnson, Maintenance Technician, Nome
Charlsie Mae Marshall, Clerk-Steno., Anchorage

ANF PLANT & STRUCTURES BRANCH

Harry R. Chisholm, General Mechanic, Annette Island
William H. Crawford, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Erling Frostad, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Elmer T. Greeno, General Mechanic, Nome
Dorothy A. Nicholas, Clerk-Steno., Anchorage
Herbert L. Noble, Jr., Airways Engineer, Anchorage
Charles R. Smith, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Annis A. Vautier, Engineering Draftsman, Anchorage

TRANSFERS TO OTHER REGIONS

Geoffrey Bird, Aircraft Communicator, Airways Operations Branch, to 1st Reg.
Jack Joenoman, Aircraft Communicator, Airways Operations Branch, to 1st Reg.
Halford P. Noggle, Assistant to Regional Administrator (Legal Counsel) to
Seventh Region.

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RESIGNATIONS

A&F PLANT & STRUCTURES BRANCH

James H. Alexander, General Mechanic, Nome
Elva Bryant, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Elmer C. Daalman, Civil Engineer, Anchorage
Richard W. Ketcham, Civil Engineer, Anchorage
John Kubek, General Mechanic, Anchorage
Shirley Mae Monroe, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

Lillian H. Appleby, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage
Arthur H. Gregory, Storekeeper, Anchorage
Kathleen Morley, Traffic Clerk, Anchorage
Roberta L. Young, Clerk-Typist, Anchorage

RESIGNATIONS

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

Robert L. Cress, Aircraft Communicator, Woody Island
Richard W. Cross, Aircraft Communicator, Gustavus
Marshall D. Davis, Aircraft Communicator, Bethel
Howard G. Duncan, Assistant Air Route Traffic Controller, Anchorage
Kenneth Gilbreath, Aircraft Communicator, Point Barrow
Albert H. Guthrie, Aircraft Communicator, Kotzebue
Fred Jamison, Aircraft Communicator, Point Barrow
Norwood Johnston, Jr., Aircraft Communicator, Sheep Mountain
James L. Langton, Aircraft Communicator, Bettles
James A. McGhee, Airport Traffic Controller, Juneau
Michael J. Sheils, Aircraft Communicator, Yakutat
Corrine S. Strickland, Aircraft Communicator, Yakataga
Finley E. Weldon, Aircraft Communicator, Anchorage

A&F COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

Gudrun A. Kolloway, Secretary, Anchorage
Helen M. Leahy, Clerk-Stenographer, Anchorage
Edwin C. Miller, Maintenance Technician, Woody Island
Thomas L. Sidos, Radio Technician, Anchorage
William D. Whitworth, Maintenance Technician, Anchorage

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IN ALASKA

You may have seen Moose and Bear on the Highway or side roads; you probably have tangled with air traffic on the Merrill Field road and wondered if it would come out even, or be a tie! - you have no doubt seen planes being taken via truck down the center of the road, but here's one that this writer had not heard...A STEAMSHIP ON THE RUNWAY AT BETHEL WITH A 250 FOOT MAST. Airmen were notified of the hazard of the high mast. Now we've heard everything.

SPEER-

(Continued from page 12)

any point and are strictly on their own, ignored by the traffic cops, and chased to the curb by the first driver that spots them. The driver leans on the horn and heads hell-bent for the pedestrian, who considers it a point of honor not to take a fast step. This little game leads to some close calls, but is evidently enjoyed by one and all.

The Greek women wear long sleeves and high neck-lines, and in May when the ex-Alaskans of the group were commenting on the heat, were wearing sweaters AND coats. Greeks have a great contempt for percolators, American coffee, and sanitation, but like our cigarettes and clothing. Members of the Greek Honor Guard at the Royal Palace wear short plaited skirts and long white stockings, and are all big fellows who consider their post a very high honor.

Greek radio operators get less than baggage smashing, or about \$2.00 a day, the price of a pound of butter. A loaf of bread costs 50 cents and eggs 10 cents apiece. A month's pay will buy a suit of clothes. Greek shop keepers have a large iron grill-work curtain which they pull down in front of their windows promptly at one PM, when they take a siesta and open up again about five for another three hours of business.

Most worrisome thing about automobile traffic in Greece is at night. Cars drive with their lights off, or on "park", and don't turn them on until they think another car is coming. The lights are then flashed full on several times, presumably to see if the other driver is awake. Pedestrians are prudently careful on the road at night.

Greek Easter was recently celebrated (one week after ours) and is a holiday over here comparable to Christmas, with all hands wanting leave and everyone saving up for the big day, which is really a two-day feast, when everyone moves out-of-doors and eats plenty of spit-roasted lamb, and, naturally, Easter eggs. On Good Friday the big thing in Athens was a long torch-light procession at 9PM, with lights off and thousand of spectators burning candles as the procession passed.

/s/ Vincent M. Speer
(Mr. Speer's address may be secured from Mukluk Telegraph office, Phone 105)

BLUE CROSS FOR FIELD

Beginning May 15, 1949 employees in the field were covered by the Blue Cross Hospitalization Plan receiving hospital-medical and surgical benefits.

There are now 344 members in this group. Additional applications cannot be accepted until November 15, since premiums are paid semi-annually. This program has been desired by many personnel in the field for a long time and we are glad it has finally gone through.

Anyone desiring additional information regarding this employee insurance may write Irma Lobbin, Section 50.

HALLELUJAH- FROM MOSES POINT

We here at Moses Point are slowly becoming convinced that there is a Sea Monster living in the waters of Norton Sound. Anyway we think he lives there during the summer months, at least. Because Moses Point is located on the north shore of the Sound we are all concerned with this fantastic affair and are eagerly awaiting the arrival of the first batch of National Geographic Society Observers together with others of the scientific ilk.

Here is the run-down on the story of the sea monster to date. About eighteen months ago a native fisherman (who is known as a non-drinker) noticed some odd tracks leading up from the waters of the Sound along the beach near here. The tracks led to a clump of bushes which had either been eaten or torn away. The clue was a shallow groove alongside of which were paw or claw marks. It looked like the trail that a giant lizard or alligator might have left. Another similar trail led away from the bushes back into the water indicating that our monster had returned to the sea after eating his supper. Off and on for the next year more of such tracks were seen in the area along the beaches of the Sound.

Not too long ago the original track-spotter was voyaging in his outboard motor boat from Moses Point to Elin, a native village about ten miles distant. The day was stormy but at one point in his trip, about a mile from the boat, he saw an eel-like creature, brown in color and gliding through the shallow water of the Sound. This creature had a head that stuck up out of the water. Due to the rough weather the fisherman did not alter his course to investigate but continued on to his destination. He doubted that he had seen a Beluga whale since they are grayish or whitish in color.

All skeptics of the above story are invited to obtain a copy of the December 1948 issue of "True" magazine and read the article on page thirty eight by Mr. Ivan T. Sanderson, noted naturalist. I too had doubts until I read this article. In any event we are proud of our monster and will keep readers of the Mikkuk Telegraph closely informed. I am wondering who among the station personnel will be the first to see this monster. As the summer draws near, and the ice on the Sound breaks up, we will do all in our power to seek out and photograph the monster.

Aside from the flurry caused by the monster, current events at Moses Point read like a railway timetable. Departing this month were Mrs. Reva Loise, wife of CACOM Bob Loise, together with the three little Loises. Their destination is Cordova and then possibly Wyoming where the arrival of the fourth little Loise will occur in the near future. Bob, as this article is being written, is still trying to get out of Moses Point in his trusty Stinson Voyager but is being held up by bad weather. When he finally makes it, his place will be taken by the Hon. D. C. Calloway whose title will then be Acting Assistant Chief Aircraft Communicator and Ex-Postmaster. Bob is convinced of the truth in the old adage about its being easy to get into Moses Point but hard to get out. His destination will also be Cordova.

Arriving during the month were Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Livesay and son Mark, age six. Fritz is a general mechanic and will take over some of the burden of wrestling with balky generators and some frozen pipelines. Also he is a boat enthusiast and plans to do a little monster hunting this summer provided he can obtain a worthy craft. (Already he has
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MOSES POINT-

(From page 21)

formed the Moses Point Boat Company with pledged membership of Harold Lindsey, Ray Wardell, and Roderick Mac Lennan.... (who is the Chief Monster Promoter). Mrs. Livesay is in line for the position of Postmistress of Moses Point if the Post Office people ever get around to having her papers straightened out.

First award for frustration goes to Mrs. "Pete" Stoom, wife of Station Mgr. Preston Stocum who is still valiantly trying to train her ferocious dog not to attack dog teams that pass near and through here. The dog's name is "George" and he weighs in at ten pounds, being a wire-haired terrier. He had papers showing his ancestors all the way back to grandparents and is a real, honest-to-goodness, pedigreed pooch (grandpa on Mama's side was a drunkard but we don't talk about that). Anyway "George", as usual, was out harassing a dog team recently when a couple of unleashed male-mutes got hold of him and started to chew him up. A falsetto note appeared in his canary-like bark and with Pete screaming, dogs yelping, the team driver cursing, and people shouting instructions to one another there was quite a commotion. When things had quieted down to a low roar, Pete was sure "George" had learned his lesson once and for all. Things went along okay for a week until one day a dog team put in its appearance with a resultant terrific commotion. On rushing to the scene who do you think we found leading the attack on the dog team? Non other than our friend "George"..... whereupon Pete thr. up her hands and decided to become a philosopher. The moral of the story is if you are a ten-pound wire haired terrier, stay away from dog teams.

Farewell 'til next month when we will be back with more on the "Monster". By then Martin Greiner is sure to have seen the thing while trying to stay awake on the mid-watch.

—THE PROPHET

MUKLUK SWAP SHOP

FOR SALE: Silvertone Battery Radio 6 tube. This radio set is like new. Also Coloman gas lamp and lantern. Will have no use for these items due to electricity being installed. Will trade for useful items such as chest of drawers, etc. You make an offer and we'll see what kind of a deal we can work out.

Phone or see Everette Horn at the CAA Warehouse (Phone CAA 17)

FOR SALE: New material; 8 yards Tomato Red Indian Head linen. 8 yards Flag Red Indian Head Linen. Miscellaneous new and old dresses, suits, slacks - size 11 or 12. Stop Watch, perfect condition. New wedding ring combination - diamond cluster, platinum, size 5½. Man's pants size 30" - casual. Man's sport type jacket. Would like to trade some of the articles for Hollywood bed, mattress, or blankets, bedspread, elec.range, seamstress work, large pots and pans, utility camping case, or what have you! Would like anyone interested to call at 522 East Third Street, rear door, Anchorage.

SORRY

In the last issue of Mukluk this would-be editor made two (at least two) errors.

First we want to apologize in print to A. V. Carroll for leaving his name out of the list of Length-of Service Awards given April 29th. We told him on the phone that we were terribly sorry to discover the error of omission, and now we want you to know he was the only one to receive an award for "from 20 to 30 years service". Mr. Carroll was listed on our original copy but when making the "dummy" copy it was cut off and lost.

Bob Bacon informs us that he does not have a baby daughter the size of the fat lady in Ringling Brothers Circus. The young lady weighed six pounds nine ounces at birth - not 9 pounds 6 ounces. Sorry!

HAINES

LOW-LITE REPORT

Since this is the first of the month, Johnny Keith (our now big Wheel) is busy in the other room typing like mad and turning out Haines Highlights for official RO consumption. However, about every third page is a reject, so I've been picking the cast-off sheets off the deck and using the material for unofficial consumption. There are some things that just must not be included in official reports. Like this:

April 7: Arrived Haines vice Albert Machin who had departed for Anchorage, several days earlier. Noted bleary-eyed appearance of local residents. MTIC Knight explained that everyone is still in mourning after celebrating Machin's advancement and departure to the RO. ACCOM Benningfield threw a welcoming party in his apartment because bottles were still piled three-deep in the Utility Building. Local residents appeared to get more bleary-eyed as the night wore on. ACCOM Cordes could hardly see me. Dropped seven bucks on poker game. Believe Moch Knudsen will require closer watching on that score..... has appearances of professional.

April 9: Unable to locate B5 Manop in station files. Checked through back copies of Mukluk Telegraph to find Carl Shute's article which explained where to find Manops. Shute's article amazingly accurate. Filed his article behind B2 for cross reference.

April 10: Found Machin's bottle in the lower left drawer..empty. ACCOM Aukerman on watch claims he's not responsible for missing contents however, noted that he was carrying visibility of only 5 miles while Shagway was plainly visible 15 miles south.

April 14: ACCOM Hayden arrived at station. Claims to have been on annual leave, however, can find no record of this man and suspect he may be a fugitive

from another CAA station. Machin left a cryptic note about some ACCOM and wife on leave due back April 10. If this is the ACCOM, where is his wife?

April 15: Have temporarily accepted Hayden's explanation that his wife is taking additional trip back east. Placed him on midwatch pending verification of his story.

April 20: Have watch rotation system in effect at station which works fine except that each ACCOM carries his own version of rotation. Nobody knows for sure just when he is supposed to work and there are occasions when several people show up for work at the same time..and worse yet...times when nobody shows up. Can highly recommend Cordes to work up a Regional Rotation System in order to stimulate mental activity and possibly create chaos our of confusion.

...and so it goes, unofficially.

SPECIAL TO FELLOW SUFFERS AT ORT, TSG, and BIG ON CKT 9390T (not for PAI ANC XY OR JMU).

Hey Guys, you know how we're being discriminated against regarding the high speed automatic operations. Well I'll let you in on a secret. Couple of weeks ago something went wrong with our printers so I screamed for the MTIC. Of course he came, took the top off the machine and monkeyed around its innerds for awhile. Then he wanted to test the thing so he plugged it in and hit the keyboard and nothing happened. I heard him muffle a curse and then....he took his screwdriver and attached a little wire on the side (this I watched closely) and then when he hit the keyboard (hunt and peck style)...it worked!

I wouldn't want this to get to the RO but now whenever I'm in a big hurry and
(Continued on page 24)

HAINES-

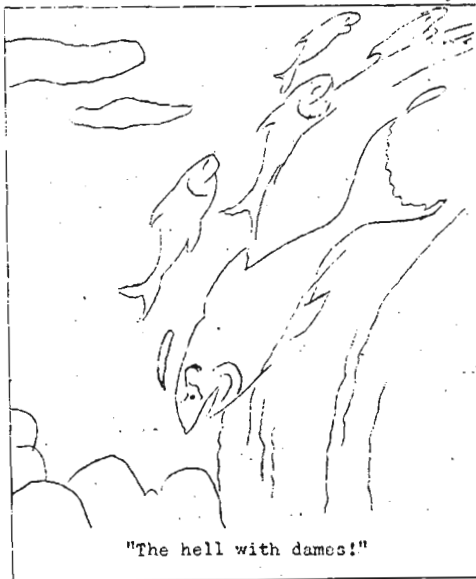
have to roger for a message real quick-like, instead of poking out a roger tape I merely dash into the other room, grab a screwdriver, run back, tear the top off the printer, connect the wire, poke out a "ANC DE HNS R2", tear the wire off, throw the top back on and hide the screwdriver...and nobody is the wiser. Even CEMO hasn't detected the diff in s'nding speed.

Anyway, it's a big improvement over the tape angle and if you guys are interested, just tear the top off the nearest MTIC* and send with two bits and I'll return a complete set of instructions on "How To Fix Your Teletype"..... complete with schematic diagram in four colors.

NOTE: There are an awful lot of wires in a teletype printer so don't try to adjust without the aid of my special instructions. If your MTIC has a sentimental value, then any reasonable exact facsimile may be substituted.

* Thanks Carl.

--Marty



"The hell with dames!"

GIRLS' TEAM TAKES SHAPE

This headline wasn't meant to be a pun....but after looking at it awhile, we find there's more truth than poetry in it - for it is understood there are some mighty shapely creatures playing that old American game - Baseball.

The girls' softball team has been organized and the following CAA girls have been selected to offices and as members of the team:

Martha Jo Kellogg, Captain
Laura Straley, Assistant Captain
Donna Burke, Publicity Manager

Team members are:

Barbara Lockvold
Dorothy Meredith
Mary Lou Lawhorn
Lois Wright
Audrey Penman
Esther Painter
Florence deGoede
Anno Reece
Vicki Lommen
Albert Bigelow

Any other CAA girl who is interested in joining the team may do so by contacting Martha Jo Kellogg in Payroll. We are sure that if you can qualify as a ball player you will be most welcome to join the aggregation.

Practise is held on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 7-9 PM. Come on girls and get that old out-door spirit and join in the fun.

ATTENDING SCHOOL HERE

The following men attended the VHF and Carrier School in Anchorage from June 1 to 17th:

Wayne A. Brown, Station Manager at Skwentga; Albert W. Gotcher, MT, Juneau; Floyd Overhauser, MT, Woodt Island; Roscoe M. Robey, MTIC, Anchorage; Dale B. Robinson, MT, Yakutat.

A TREE GROWS ON NORTH DUTCH ISLAND

JOE: What shall we have for breakfast, Dick?
DICK: Oh the usual, I guess Joe.
JOE: Boy I get tired of the same thing for breakfast every morning; Friskies, Friskies and more Friskies. Let's buy some different breakfast food.
DICK: Aw shut up - you never had it so good.
JOE: Boy this scenery is beginning to get me down.
DICK: Well it shouldn't - the only things you miss are the two bridge's.
JOE: Aw shut up, you'll wake Frank.
FRANK: Joe, how many times have I told you that my toothbrush is the one closest to the wall. What do I have to do - put my name on it?
JOE: Well, they're both green and what difference does it make anyway?
DICK: Aw shut up; who gives a damn about toothbrushes at a time like this.
JOE: Boy I wish this was the 5th of the month so the mail boat would be here. Gee, the last time I heard from her she was thinking of taking a new job.
DICK: Wasn't her old job of posing for pictures on iodine bottles paying her enough?
JOE: - YEAH BUT the occupational hazards were too great.
FRANK: Oh shut!
JOE: Well tonight is the big night - Johnny Dollar, Phillip Marlow, Bulldog Drummond, The Shadow, Rocky Jordan.
FRANK: Yeah, Alexander Graham Bell would turn over in his grave if he could see what was being done with his invention.
DICK: Alexander Graham Bell?
JOE: Yeah, you heard what he said.
DICK: Joe, when you gonna simulate that television show for us?
JOE: Well, I was thinking about makeup and -
DICK: Blast the makeup, portray a character where you will need no makeup like Bulldog Drummond.
FRANK: How about that wrestling match. Joe, you be Gorgoous George and Dick you be the super Swedish Angel.
DICK: Swedish?
JOE: Oh Boy!
DICK: Well, it might be ok. Lawrence Tibbett once sang on the Lucky Strike Hit Parade.
JOE: I'm going to send the weather now to Cordova on the teletype machine. NDI P8x1S - ETC.
KEOU: R TU
JOE: Request the Cordova and Sheep Mountain Weather.
KEOU: R TU
JOE: Boy! We just had a terrific trembler here - shook the whole house.
KEOU: R TU
JOE: Did any Keas's come in today?
KEOU: R TU
FRANK: Dick I just noticed that you have the biggest feet of any man I know.
DICK: Yes, when I was in the Navy somebody once told me that if the ship sunk I could walk home.
JOE: When I resign do I have to give a reason?
DICK: I don't imagine it's mandatory but I suppose T.P. Wright, Henry Wallace

(Continued on next page)

NORTH DUTCH -

and W. Averill Harriman did.
 JOE: Who were they?
 DICK: Joe, here's the grocery order; will you give it to Valdez now, please?
 JOE: Valdez, this is North Dutch Island - the grocery order is as follows:
 3 cases Hominy grits, 5 cases Seuer Kraut, 50 pounds yellow corn meal,
 4 cases red kidney beans, 2 cases Friskies and 25 pounds chili powder.
 VALDEZ: R U
 JOE: Repeat please.
 VALDEZ: VALDEZ OUT.
 DICK: I think we should buy a record player. It might make the time go a
 little faster if we had some good records.
 FRANK: Yeah, songs from Show Boat, George White's Scandals, Gershwin, etc.
 DICK: And the Don Cossack Chorus.
 FRANK: And some good Operettas.
 DICK: And Columbia's album "Songs of the Red Army".
 FRANK: Yeah, there's lots of good albums.
 DICK: Yeah, and Serge Jaroff.
 JOE: Yeah and Dizzy Gillespie.
 DICK: Gee, I wish they would send in another construction crew. It was nice
 having company around.
 JOE: Yeah, Red Wilkins was sure a nice guy. He sure knows lots of people.
 DICK: Well he should - he belongs to the Elks, Eagles, Moose, Masons and the
 Rotary Club of Anchorage. He's also President of the 5-W Club.
 FRANK: What's that?
 JOE: YEAH.
 DICK: It's very exclusive and restricted to young ladies only. It's on the
 order of the 4-H clubs only this is the 5-W club.
 JOE: What does it stand for?
 DICK: Waltzing With Warren Wilkins - NOW!
 FRANK: Boy, it's sure easy for the kids to learn their ABC's now - listen to
 that radio.
 RADIO: ABC...Always Buy Chesterfields, American Bowling Congress, American
 Broadcasting Company, Alaska Broadcasting Company, Always Be Careful,
 Acme Boullion Corporation, etc.
 DICK: Too bad Les Marlow didn't win the queen contest. The C&A was well
 represented.
 FRANK: Boy! You said it!
 JOE: And how!
 DICK: I hear her Father is a policeman.
 JOE: You should feel right at home talking to him.
 FRANK: HAHAHA - Oh you're a riot, Joe - should be in the show business -
 you'd have them in the aisles - GOING OUT - HAHAHA.
 DICK: Aw shut up or I'll organize a working party. I didn't spend 3 months in
 the Navy for nothing.
 JOE: Dick, I'm getting tired of those calisthenics in the morning. When are
 we gonna quit?
 DICK: As soon as the bar-bells get here.
 JOE: Boy, I'll bet this region was a paradise during the war when they had all
 those girl communicators.
 FRANK: How is your book coming, Dick?
 DICK: I just finished the title.
 JOE: What is it?

(Continued on page 34)

PORT HEIDEN WELCOMES GUESTS

The following is a paid advertisement:

WELCOME - PORT HEIDEN - Welcome Tourists.

Where the brown bear congregate, by the mighty waters of cool clear Rainbow Creek. Wonderful hunting, excellent fishing.

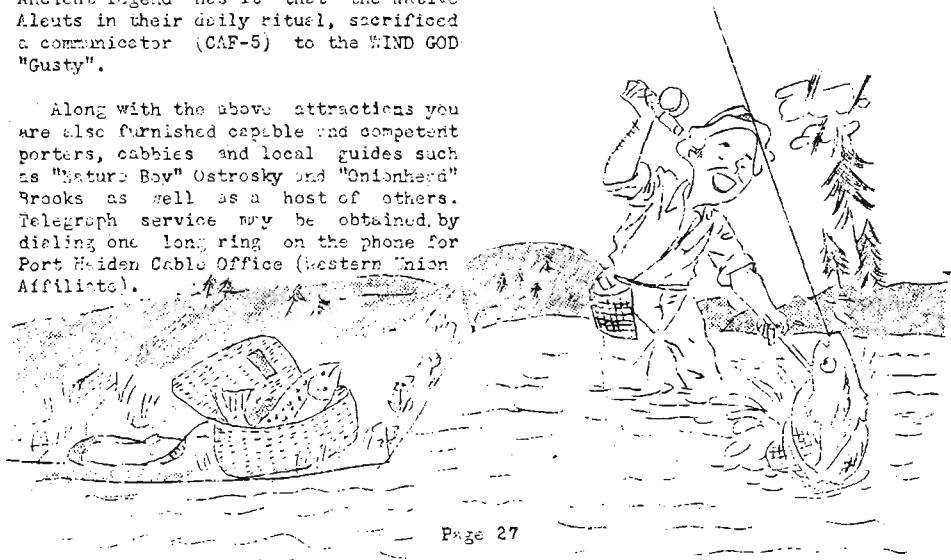
SUMMER HUNTING: Record Brownies, Caribou, Wolves, Foxes (domesticated) P-T-Ternigan and Ravens.

WINTER HUNTING: Day and Night Hunting (for a warm place to sleep, that is) The beautiful red muskeg Petunias in full bloom; the rich ruddy mud of the real Alaskan Tundra! Stand for hours at the foot of Mount Gitchegoomie awed by its magnificence. It was in ancient times a blazing, roaring volcano which poured red hot lava over the once fertile valley now known as Port Heiden. Ancient legend has it that the Native Aleuts in their daily ritual, sacrificed a communicator (CAF-5) to the WIND GOD "Gusty".

Along with the above attractions you are also furnished capable and competent porters, cabbies and local guides such as "Nature Boy" Ostrosky and "Onionhead" Brooks as well as a host of others. Telegraph service may be obtained by dialing one long ring on the phone for Port Heiden Cable Office (Western Union Affiliates).

As proof of the hospitality at Port Heiden we quote Colonel Jack Pigorey, noted publisher of The Daily Worker; "I been hunt by Port Heiden fer nigh on to 20 y'ars. Aint never shot nuttin' but they got good chow there."

(Editor's note: The line forms to the right! This came in as a PAID AD, but after tearing the envelope to bits - checking the money order window at the Post Office, and waiting three days, we still haven't located any cool cash to pay for it. In order to compensate for our printing this "propoganda" we are sure the boys at Port Heiden will gladly furnish free meals and lodging to any of us who care to take them up on this fine offer. The vacation season is well on its way, so for free reservations at the GAA quarters in Port Heiden, contact the Mukluk office and avoid the rush).



WAREHOUSE WAILS

Burt Marsch has returned from a two and one half month combination medical and vacation trip to the States. Burt assures us he had a wonderful time, also acquired a nice tan, and visited many states on his leisurely drive across country.

Of course having a brand new Mercury sorta helped things along, and needless to say he didn't want to come back to work, but as the saying goes, all good things must end.

He preferred to return from the States via boat, thereby catching up on his pinocch, as he says he didn't get a chance to play cards in the States and coming from Burt that's really something. As soon as his car arrived we all had to take a ride in it, and all agree it's sure a honey.

Well now that summer is here we are having a lot of change in personnel. This sort of thing happens every spring down here, but after awhile we get used to it.

Art Gregory has resigned from the shipping office and Bill Criner has taken his place.

In the Army Warehouse Bob Burns has put in his resignation and will be leaving in a few days. Hobart Haffley, a newcomer to these parts will then take over the reins of army property. Hobart hails from Arkansas.

Lillian Appleby, file clerk, recently resigned and flew to the States. We got a card from her in her home town of Schoenectady, New York and she saw the crowds and traffic have gotten her down already. Wouldn't be surprised to see her back in these parts come Fall.

Lola Clinton is now our new file clerk. She has been living in Anchorage for the past five years. Her former stamping grounds being Yakima.

Walt Williams, Storekeeper, recently underwent an operation at the Providence Hospital. The gang at the warehouse wish him a speedy recovery.

From the Requisition Receiving Desk comes this fervent plea: Will all stations and sections PLEASE remove the carbons from requisitions and tear ALL pages apart.

How about that? Huh?

Merle Young is madly rushing around during what spare time he can find, trying to get his speed-boat re-sanded and painted in time for the races being held by the Anchorage Outboard Club at Wasilla Lake.

His chief worry (besides a few aching muscles) is to get his painting finished before it rains. At present he is on the umpty-ninth coat of paint and more to follow.

Merle is quite pleased with the new super-duper, deluxe prop he recently bought for his boat - in fact he is so proud of it, he brought it down for us all to see.

It's quite a thing! Such lines, such curves, such beauty! (We're still talking about the prop - remember?) anyway we still think it's too pretty to put on his boat and should be hung on the wall instead.

For the benefit of you out-of-towners it has been sunshiny for nearly two weeks, and for around these parts that's something of a record, and we don't mean maybe!

Huf said for now. So long. --DP.

SHOP SHAPE

Chief Fred Pollard is taking to the tall timber these afternoons where he has begun work on that wannigan.



'Twas a problem arising from running his building lines that started us all going 'round in circles (heads down, hands clasped behind us) trying to find the hypotenuse of a triangle. Finally, we learned that said hypotenuse equals the square root of the sum of A and B squared, or $\sqrt{A^2 + B^2}$ and we made the answer equal the actual measurement but darned if we could work Ye Old Square Root as once learned in District School No. 43, County of Cass, North Dakota. Oh me! we couldn't eat, we couldn't sleep - and if we hadn't finally dug up a huge volume on Practical Mathematics (very elementary, to be sure) which led us stop by stop to the solution, we'd all have become chronic neurotics. Now we're teaching everyone to work Square Root. P-ffft on you engineers with your slide rules; we prefer the hard way.

William H. Crawford is our most recent electric motor repair man, coming to us from a position on the Post. Otherwise our roster remains quite static - except that a little black puppy has lately annexed himself to our organization. Bob Moriarity and the night watchman nursed him through an indisposition and he is gaining weight, what with a quart of milk a day and tidbits from all the gang.

Bill Butler's cheery little wire-hair terrier, "Sisters", works part time these days for CAA too.

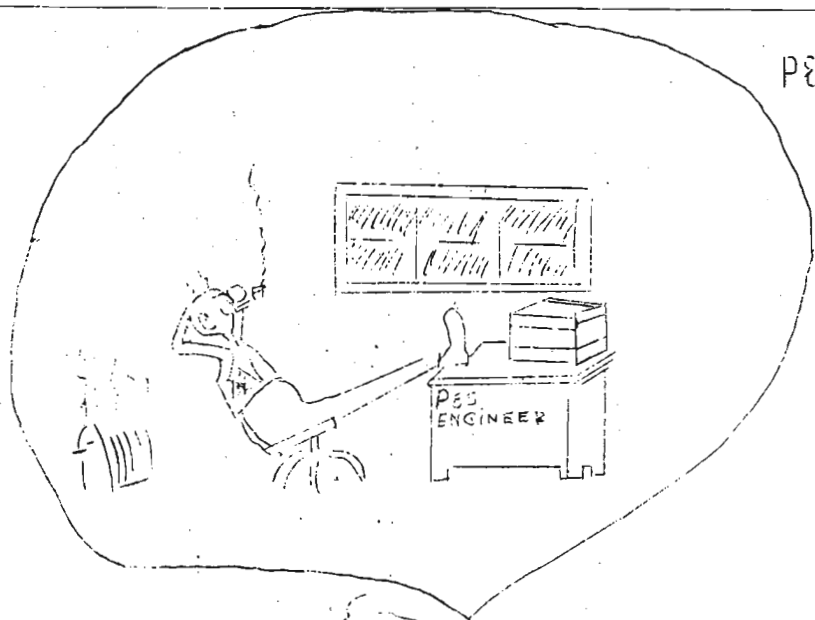
We still like our toletalk - not only for its incalculable convenience, but also for the occasional refreshing little interludes it affords in an otherwise routine day. The Chief tuned in the Big

Shop the other day to relay a message. The sulphurous fumes of blasphemous double-talk over there blow him back on his heels and he hastily flipped the switch to "off" to save wear and tear on our little pink ears. He resumed use of aforementioned squawkie-talkie only after the smoky atmosphere had cleared and calm and quiet had descended on the area of the Big Shop (where the Sweds works, you know). Since then we've been roll-about with our gum a couple of nice juicy epithets caught at this time. Increase your vocabulary, use a word three times, they tell us, and it is yours, We have and they are.

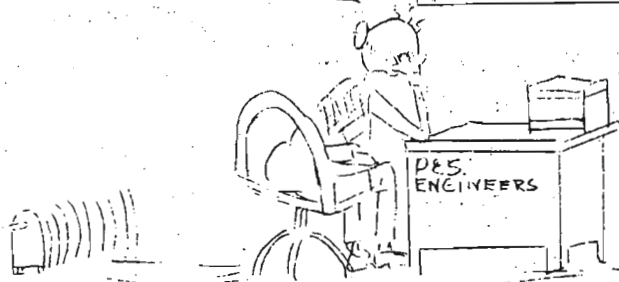
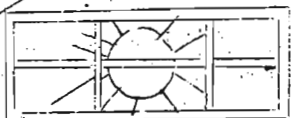
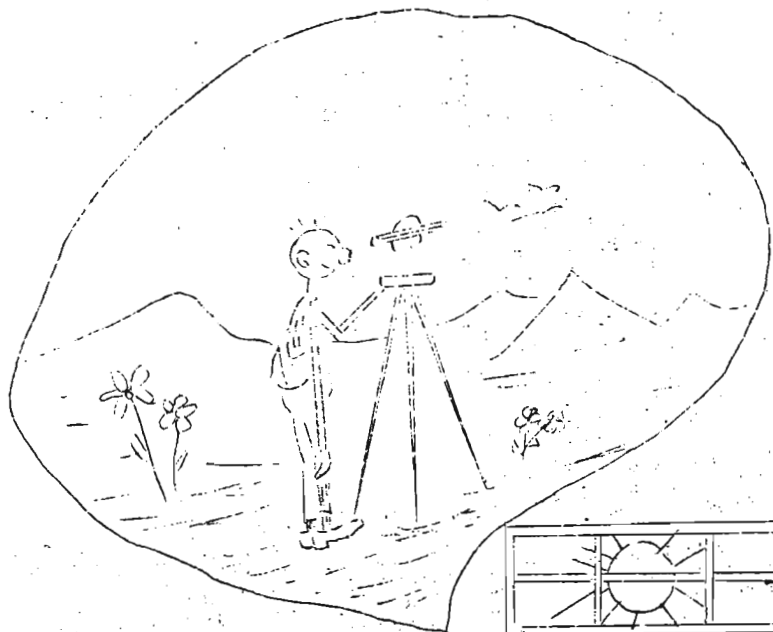
Ben F. Myers, Emtic from Gambell - stopped in briefly in mid-day to go into a huddle on Cat troubles. Understand he was just then returning from an extended stay Outside. A very personable young man - we wanted to ask him all sorts of questions about himself and family (if he has one) but we were timid and the time was limited and everyone was very busy. Why don't we hear from Gambell? To us that is the most intriguing of all the CAA stations - and we know the least about it. Tell us - How do Gambellers spend their time - Do they gamble? Or gamble? Or just ramble - at Gambell? Corny, what?

Our Shop is a place of smells..... identify them if you can. We thought sure that Bob Hertwig had over-indulged in garlic, then learned the odor in question actually emanated from the tank of cleaning fluid. Then there are the stifling fumes from Arnie's nook as he welds - whatever that is, it also smokes up the windows so we find it difficult to watch the machinists from our cubby-hole. And they bear watching; interesting people, doing exciting things, these machinists. Steve (Myron Stevens who works with Mac in the Bosch Room when he

(Continued on page 32)



JANUARY



JUNE

(Continued from page 29)

isn't wandering over the Territory somewhere) objects to fragrant scents; says the smell of face powder and perfume irritates his hay-fever or something. So-gals, don't say we haven't warned you.

Cigarette smoke and smells get pretty thick in the office sometimes until we turn on the fan. Think we'll have to introduce rum and maple 'baccy (Burt Marsch's special brand - it smells like chocolate candy) to our personnel.

"Liquid wrench" they call that stinking stuff used for cleaning rust and dirt from cylinder heads and such. It could be it's the smell rather than the fluid itself that penetrates and cleans - 'tis potent enough for sure.

Max's joint smells like a hospital - due to the odorous fluid used in cleaning fuel injection pumps and parts.

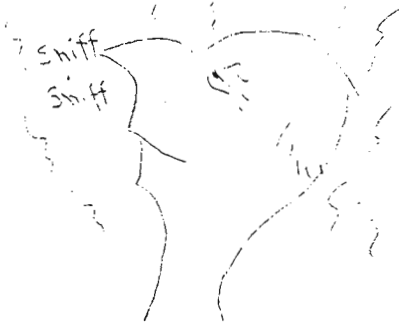
Then there's Ira's lunch-time stew. M-m-m! But the most pungent and far-reaching fragrance on the Alaskan air between 9:30 and 10:00 each morning; COFFEE!!

The Shop is a place of sounds, too - some of 'em just plain; unadulterated, noise. Among them are; the shrill ring of the telephone, the buzz of the intercom, the pleasant note of the radio..... (when it usta work); Arnie in action with the hand-grinder or the quieter hiss of his welding torch; the rhythmic crunch of the power hacksaw as it relentlessly works its way through a hunk of iron; the whine of the lathes; and the blast of the air hose. Through it all comes the Bob H's wolfish howl when he wants a change of radio programs. Once in awhile the steam jenny in the Big Shop pops off with a tremendous might and then may be heard the patter of big feet beating a hurried retreat toward an exit.

Around 8:30 each morning we have the stampede of the thundering herd as the drivers from uptown descend on us to

pick up their cars.

A nice place, the Shop. We invite you to come down sometime to hear us and to smell us.



Mr. and Mrs. Emmett L. Karsten; son, Kurt; and daughter, Betty Ann, announce that something new has been added to their family. Keith Roy arrived on May 26th. Mr. Karsten is in charge of the Carburetor and Generator Shop at 59A. He plans to go Outside in a few weeks to bring the family back from Terry, Montana.



Mr. and Mrs. Robin have taken up their abode in the Shop area. The nest is tucked away high on an old piece of equipment east of the Big Shop. By standing on tiptoe we could see two very beautiful robin's-egg-blue eggs; but the six-footers tell us there are four eggs. Mama Robin flutters away only a short distance while we peak in her boudoir, then returns immediately when we step back.

(Continued on page 33)

FAIRBANKS ARTC

Life is so simple for some people. One happy member of our group declined the offer of being a "Columnist" for the Mukluk with the original excuse, "No Thanks. I signed a Loyalty form and I meant it!"...That remark, and the process of elimination, automatically promoted me to the typewriter and the blank sheet of paper. With some misgivings I prepared to write. "Hey", spoke another Patriot, "If you are going to write for the Mukluk write something funny. Write something witty. Something that a reader will want to hang on the wall". I felt easier about writing then, because I know I was the right man for the job. If the wall is already cluttered by catalogues just throw this article in with your old corn cobs.

We welcome three new members to our "There I was" thirty thousand feet and on my back Club. The recent acquisitions being Mr. Carl Saxtor, Mr. Floyd Landon, and Mr. Mike Dykstra, now traffic controllers at Fairbanks. Carl comes to the Heart of the Golden North by way of Columbus Tower and a hitch in the Navy. Floyd arrived Fairbanks via P-51's, '47's, P-38's, C-47's, Ranier Air-Freight, and all points south. Mike signed on with the CAA after deciding that the ground was the best place to be after all. The RCAF, the RAF, the AAF, and American Airlines all did their part in convincing him of this. At any rate is it good to have some new members. The present stand-bys of the club are almost talked out, and it is increasingly difficult to find an audience to give credence to a perfectly fine lie. The experiences of the new members will give us a chance to pin a few more clusters on our good conduct medals and revamp "Whoppers" that didn't go over so well the first time.

The status quo of the Center remains about the same. Two old timer in the Region are here now, Jim Humphries and

Bill Murphy. Jim transferred up from Anchorage as Senior Controller, and Lill transferred down from the Weeks Tower as a Controller. As it stands now, the Center boasts one Chief, two Senior, five Controllers, three Assistants, four cars, six dogs, eleven kids, and a coke machine.



I GOT HOME A LITTLE LATE LAST NIGHT

SHOP SHAPE-

(Continued from page 32)

Bill Butler recalls some years ago up in the Interior that a boss in a mining camp (the late Mr. David Strandberg) forbade the use of a Cat until a nest located therein had been evacuated. A pair of robins had chosen to build their nest in this Cat and no one discovered it until eggs were laid in it. So while the eggs were incubated and until the young "uns were feathered and grown enough to leave the nest, that particular piece of equipment remained idle.

NORTH DUTCH-

(Continued from page 26)

JOE: Gee, that's a honey.

--R.W.S.

P.S. Here's a poem:

This isn't the land of milk and honey
and Heaven;

It's not the Garden Spot of Alaska,
either. -

But all you need is a will to bid, and
be a CAF Seven;

Just like a baby needs rompers and
teether -

Or like Artie Shaw needs a breather.

Now in all fairness I must say, I'm not
kidding,

We on the Island are calm and as cool as
can be;

So if you must, if you must, if you must
start bidding -

Please, keep your strength in reserve
and don't rush frantically;

After you're settled there's plenty of
time - to put out the fire;

But here, you see, there are no cabs for
hire; home town crier;

Or streetcars named Desire.

CORDOVA-

(Continued from page 14)

FLASH--OF HALF WIT. After a series
of daylight robberies the culprit, Karl
Aloysus Thimblewit was apprehended in
the very act of thievery and hauled be-
fore the Judge. After reading the list
of robberies the man had committed the
Judge asked, "Can you tell me any good
reason for your sudden turn to crime?"
"Yes", answered Aloysus, "Twas a quo-
tation someone read to me from the Scrip-
tures." "What may I ask", queried the
astounded magistrate, "was that?" "Just
that the Lord helps those who help them-
selves," quoted the prisoner, "so I did".
With that story I will bring this June
edition to a close - but first I will
quote a little ode from the Clam Diggers

The clam sits in his little den,
And sticks his neck out now and then.

And like the clam I also pull my neck in
so that's thirty.

HULEN ON VACATION

Allen D. Hulen, Assistant Regional
Administrator, left June 6 for an ex-
tended trip in the States.

Mr. Hulen plans to go from Seattle to
Lansing, Michigan where he will pick up
a new car and drive to Astoria, Oregon -
where he will meet his wife and son
Douglas.

The Hulens expect to leave the West
Coast around July 18th and drive back
to Anchorage via the Alcan Highway.

FOR SALE:

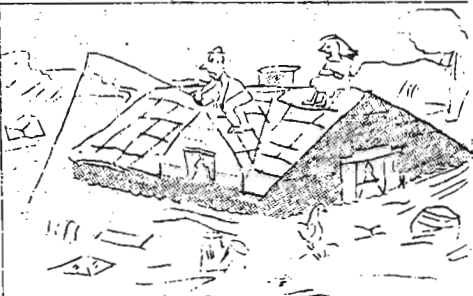
50 WATT TRANSMITTER, complete with
coils and crystals - all band and S-40
Receiver. All new.

Call D. P. Floyd, Main 536, or Post
Office Box 239 if you want to write him.

ATTENDING SCHOOL

The following men are attending the
VHF and Carrier School which is in ses-
sion from June 20 to July 8th:

Elbert M. Cone - Petersburg, MT
Warren Flochtner - Woody Island, MT
Lester R. Griffey - Anchorage, MTIC
Walter G. Dunseen - Hq., (Relief)
Jack S. Wood - Hq., MT, (Relief)



"Sometimes I get mighty sick of your
making the best of situations!"

FAIRBANKS TOWN AND COUNTRY

This town reminds one of a typical, farmer town on a Saturday night. What with the influx of workers for the government projects, it's not safe to cross the street less one is swift of foot. Too many gas buggies.

The past month found the city clubs sponsoring entertainment varieties trying to outdo one another to pay for an \$8,000 Cadillac ambulance. The loud-speakers attempt to scare us all with their slogan, "You may be next".

Cushman Street, the main drag, will be paved soon; so they say.

An enterprising twosome, a private-pilot and his partner attempted to collect seven thousand dollars in contributions, for mosquito control. They planned to spray with DDT nine square miles several times throughout the season. To date they are still short of money and the bugs are still abt'in'.

Lots of vehicles travel past the communications shack on way to the new airport site by NK Co. these days. Cars, trucks, low-boys, carryalls, cats; and an occasional stray dog.

Most Cantors in the Donali Housing Project dug plots, planted garden seeds and drank much beer over the holidays. It's a good life.

Here at the Communications Station, Roy, the custodian (see man of the month column) has again planted flowers bordering the sidewalk. A group of the city's finest hounds visited Roy's handiwork and started off the growing season, with a right nice baptism.

Pet Expressions:

John Flynn - (Paper in hand) "What's this all about?"
Roy Meyer - "Well, by golly, I don't

know now".

Glenn Davis - "I tell ya, ya got to watch em every minute".

John Pfeffor - "Your story touches my heart".

Mickey Horsfall - "Ohh, drop dead!"

Rex Pencer - "Sold my car and made a hundred bucks".

Paul Hargraves - "Standby a few hours".

Frank Dossor - "I've done a little flying myself ya know".

Jack Rummel - "Do you think you'll ever amount to anything?"

Sam Little - "I've done everything that there is to be done in this country except fly a plane.

Al Hatchelder - "To run a movie projector, you've got to have lots of experience, like me".

Man of the Month:

Each month, a few paragraphs dedicated to the most popular. This month, Fearless bypasses the intelligentsia communicators and maintenance waiters, and will mail the congenial custodian of our station, Roy "Muscles" Meyer.

This boy (like Jack Benny he's still 39) has lived a full rich life, but will soon find himself at the end of it if he doesn't stop picking on lowly communicators. He delights in smearing wax on the floor prior to polishing (with that ham-and-egg beater) than smiles, grins and occasionally roars with laughter as one after another of us kick at the coiling.

An agrarian in his own right, having spent years raising produce, Roy can shoot the breeze with the best of the farmers. His story may draw out a half hour but some maintenance men can usually find time. An ex-cowboy, bronco buster and dairyman, Roy has a heart of
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FAIRBANKS-

gold. Communicators take revenge by poking their strong fingers in his ribs or playing other practical jokes. Never will forget the time they burned his mop heads, cut the handles off his brooms, and emptied out his wax can and filled it with axle grease. Since then his "private locker" sports a hasp and yale lock that would discourage Houdini. This fella could give Charles Atlas competition. His muscles are genuine, and he'll gladly show them to you. Just drop around any sunny day at the Communications Station and ask for "Roy".

--Fearless Fosdick

FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING

A motorist, whipping along a road near Dayton, Ohio, heard the reproachful backoning of a uniformed sentry of the law. He looked at his speedometer, knew he'd better think up a good one. But he didn't have time. The policeman was upon him before the motorist could collect his wits.

"OK, OK," said the officer. "Here's your pilot's license?"

Surprised, the motorist nevertheless reached in his billfold and pulled out his pilot's license. The officer took one look at the card, then his jaw dropped. Both men observed a moment of silence.

"For eight years, I've been asking drivers for their pilots' licenses, and this is the first time anybody ever showed me one," mourned the policeman. "OK, Bud, on your way! No ticket. You had your pilot's license!"

--Sourdough Sentinel

GRIN AND BEAR IT

A popular bachelor decided to reform. The first day he cut out cigarettes. The second day he cut out liquor. The third day he cut out women. The fourth day he cut out paper dolls.

FLOOD AT ANIAK

Sunday morning May 22 a call reached Anchorage requesting help to be sent to Aniak; help urgently needed to evacuate the women and children. Why all this sudden need - and on Sunday of all days? Yes, that was it. Ol' Man River was at it again. The water had reached the level of the town and by the time help arrived the depth of the field was some three to four feet.

To go back to the morning call Sunday and the hurry to get the Beech in the air and to the river in time to direct the Fighters in the placing of bombs to clear the ice away from the jammed spots,

Mr. Hulén and Morgan Davies, pilot, were in the Beechcraft and at the scene about noon, and after looking the situation over returned to McGrath where Mr. Hulén set the machinery in motion that resulted in evacuating some sixteen or more women and children from Aniak by six o'clock Monday morning. From his position above the operation Mr. Hulén directed the moves of a Scarbee and PBY belonging to the Army, for more than 10 hours - all through Sunday night. This job required some quick thinking and also some snap decisions on his part in order to keep things moving. The ice could have started down through the town at any moment and would have taken all buildings and people with it.

The picture from the air of Aniak was certainly not one to be called healthy. There she was, all the buildings jutting up through four feet of water and miles of heavy river ice upstream and plenty of it completely surrounding the town. All in all not a very pleasant place to be. We believe Mr. Hulén and Morgan Davies, as well as several others who gave time and effort to alleviate the dangers at this flood area are to be highly commended. We understand many persons were comforted by the knowledge that there were also "ham" operators on the job to keep in contact with the outside world. (Mukluk was parachuted!!)