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CENTER OPENED TO CONTROL AIR TRAFFIC IN SOUTH ALASKA

Air Traffic for the "southern half" of Alaska now is controlled from the Anchorage Air Route Control Center on Elmendorf AFB, which was formally opened December 12.

On December 11, George S. McKean and G.O. Whittaker co-operated with Generals Frank A. Armstrong and C. F. Necrasson of the Base to cut a ribbon officially placing the Center in operation. The following day 100 guests, including pilots and dispatchers of Alaska airlines, the Anchorage City Council, many military pilots and members of families of the specialists who assigned to the center came to inspect the latest word in traffic control. The Center is officially started on the first of three phases of its ultimate development.

Through the FAA's communications network the center has instantaneous connections with planes as far distant as Cold Bay, Seattle, Vancouver, Edmonton, Fairbanks, Kodiak, Kenai, McGrath and all other FAA control points within its area. Peripheral stations at outlying points permit the controllers to talk directly to pilots on VHF and UHF frequencies. At other places, the communications are relayed to pilots through the communications system.

Many "Customers"

Three carriers operating across the Pole are aided by the Center; four lines operating to Japan are given traffic control; and various un-scheduled carriers are helped, in addition to the many private fliers in the area, and the military flights which also come under the direction of this control center. Radar approach control aid is given for Elmendorf, and will later be available at Anchorage International.

A second phase of the development at the center will be operation of long range radar. Present surveillance radar has a range of about 50 miles. The long range

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FAA REORGANIZATION CHALLENGES FIFTH TO PROVE ITS ABILITY, HULEN SAYS

Administrator E. R. Quesada announced the organizational changes due in the Federal Aviation Agency to a special meeting of the six Regional Administrators in Washington December 10.

Regional Administrators, after January 1, 1960 will be Regional Managers.

Program responsibility will be in the hands of Division Chiefs in the four south 48 Regions, who will report direct to their respective Bureau Chiefs in the Washington offices, while the Regional Managers will provide the administrative and support functions required by the program Divisions in the field.

Unti to Washington, Wilkins to Seattle

Warren W. Wilkins, Manager of Anchorage International Airport, will become Chief of the Region's Branch office in Seattle, succeeding Francis E. Unti who has transferred to Washington to be Assistant to the Office Services Manager.

After 35 years in Alaska, Wilkins said of his transfer: "I don't really want to leave Alaska. And I'm coming back." The Unti change represented a promotion.

Wilkins began working for the CAA in Alaska in 1940. For two years he moved over to the Corps of Engineers and then returned to the CAA in 1942. Since then he has worked in construction, engineering and administration in most parts of the state. Airways, facilities, airports, stations and sites have been his work. He has served for the last eight years in administrative capacity as station and airport manager.

The Wilkins have four children, two in Alaska and two in the South 48, and 10 grandchildren, also evenly divided between this state and the others. They will dispose of their home in Anchorage.

Unti began working for the CAA as a storekeeper at the Seattle branch in 1944, and has been there since. He was promoted steadily until in 1955 he became chief of the office. The Untis have two children of junior high school age.

While the title of the Regional Administrator is changed to Regional Manager in Alaska and Hawaii as in the "Southern" Regions, the lines of authority in these two regions continues unchanged. Chiefs of the program divisions in Alaska and Hawaii continue to report through the Regional Managers.

Stations Continue

The change reflects three decisions about the Fifth Region: the station system is to be retained; cooperation with the military here is exceptionally important; and the problem of supplying and maintaining our far-flung stations and facilities dictate special arrangements. Responsibility of Allen D. Hulen in the Fifth and John M. Beardslee in the Sixth thus has been recognized. They will continue to exercise all the functions they had as Regional Administrators. All Managers will serve as Acting Managers until the Administrator makes permanent appointments.

On his return from the Washington conference, Regional Administrator Hulen told his staff meeting that he regarded the new organization plans as a distinct challenge to the FAA personnel of the Fifth Region.

"We have been told, in effect, that we have special problems, opportunities and responsibilities in Alaska," he said, "and that we have been doing our job, under these special conditions, satisfactorily. We have been told also that our experience qualifies us to continue in this manner. The Administrator made

SEE CHALLENGE Page 6

HOMER

SEMT Connie Morse resigned in August to take a position with the Navy Dept. in Seattle, his old home town. Relief SEMT Les Drake kept things running until the vacancy was filled.

EMT John Austin left for further training at OKC in August. He should be back sometime in January. Meanwhile EMT Jack Walker is here on relief duty.

Our new Station Manager Jim Heay arrived from UMM in September with his family and ham radio gear. He promptly proceeded to set up his equipment and bring in some QSOs. One of these days he plans to have a more elaborate and permanent antenna array.

Relief ATCS George Woodbury spent five weeks with us while ATCS Joe Frost was in the hospital in Anchorage undergoing treatment for a leg infection during Aug. and September.

ATCS Bob Thompson and family flew back to Pelston, Michigan on PL-737 in May and accomplished some repairs on their home before returning in July.

ATCS Bob Grisham and family drove out to Medford, Oregon and back for two months in July and August in his Volks Station Wagon. They recently had quite a scare when son Jonnie fell from the bleachers while watching a basket-ball game at the local high-school gym. He suffered a fractured skull and concussion but made a rapid recovery. Just goes to prove how hard-headed a Grisham can be.

SATCS Tom Cianfrani and family arrived from Yak in October. He hardly had time to unpack and get settled before being called to Washington for two weeks to assist in setting up new and improved procedures for flight assistance service and communications. He reports a very interesting and successful trip and is finally getting settled down back in HOM.

SEMT Joe Paquette and family arrived October 30 from ANN and promptly acquired a Volkswagon Sedan. He is gradually becoming unsogged after many years in humid Southeastern Alaska.

ATCS Gusse Myer and wife Bertie left for AKN on November 20 after spending the summer and fall temporarily assigned to HOM from the training center in ANC. We miss his cheerful countenance and salty wit.

Success formula: Think up a product that costs a dime to make, sells for a dollar and is habit forming.

POETRY CORNER

BUT WE'RE ONLY HUMAN ONCE

However specious or absurd
The message of the Printed Word,
Let wisdom hesitate to flout it---
For who are you and I to doubt it?

The Sources said to be Informed
That serve us rumor slightly warmed;
The slander circumspectly hedged
Behind that artful word "alleged";
The columnist's hysteric tocsin
That sets Old Populi a-voxin';
The daily grist of racing tips,
Prognoses from the horses' lips;
The reams and reams of true confessions
Composed by matrons with repressions;
The stock promoter's fulgid fable;
The panacea's lyric label---
All this we can accept in stride,
For when have lines of pica lied?

But looky there! It says WET PAINT---
And five will get you ten it ain't.

---O. R.

The Weather Bureau says that a typical hurricane expends more energy in one minute than the United States uses in electricity in 50 years. In one second a hurricane releases more energy than that produced by several atomic explosions.

MALONEY, IDAHO BOY. FORGOT MULE IN LATIN CHRISTMAS SONG

As we feared, Bob Maloney's memory of his High School Latin was inaccurate.

William H. Magee of the Department of Language and Literature of the University of Alaska, has examined Maloney's latin version of Jingle Bells and found an error. The last word in Maloney's verse was curtuum, but the Latins had no such word. What he meant was cursum, which gives the whole song a particular meaning.

The latin

"Tiniat, Tiniat, tintinabulum
Labimur in glacies
Post mulum cursum."

then turns out to be translated:

"A little bell tinkles, tinkles
We move over the ice
After a running mule."

which sounds more reasonable, since Maloney was originally a country boy born in Idaho.

THE UNINHIBITORS

("Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer and others in the genre may have contributed more than we realize to the public good. They provide the reader with a form of identification and release for various aggressive impulses which might otherwise turn upon the world around him."-- From a psychiatrist's commentary on popular literature.)

The pallid literary fare confronting
Messrs. Burke and Hare
Maywell have spurred them to the crimes
That set Old London off its rocker;
Yet they and Jack the Ripper might have
turned out perfectly all right
If in those unenlightened times
They could have read a first class shocker.
Their history dismays the squeamish;
But thwarted boys are rarely beamish.

When Lizzie Borden took an axe and gave
the old folks sundry whacks,
She was the product of an age
That had no prototype of Hammer;
And, lacking any outlet which would
soothe a parricidal itch,
Perforce she yielded to her rage ---
And who are you and I to damn her?
(In any case, she won forbearance
From those acquainted with her parents.)

Across that arid social plane there swept
the forces of Spillane,
With fallen felons in their spoor,
With roscoes to the rescue always;
And now, the hands of progress stopped,
the pipe a-puff, the pillows propped,
At ease upon the Ostermoor
We clobber goons in grubby hallways---
A wise release for those who, yawning,
Must face a stupid boss next mawning.

Then let the groaning presses spew their
spate of doom and derring-do,
Where good fiends meet, where boy gets
ghoul,
Where neat forget-me-knots are knotted.
Sans hemp or snee or deadly drugs,
rejoice with me, ye armchair thugs
Who pound the girl friend to a gruel,
Our primal yearnings custom-plotted!--
And even those who find him icky
May owe their nice safe beds to Mickey.

ROBERT BURNS AND CHRISTMAS

That power which would the giftle gi'e us
To see ourselves as others see us.

Would make a few of us more placid
And drive the rest to prussic acid.

May life with such rewards be thrifty,
I'll take a necktie for my giftle.

---O. R.

JUNEAU

The most powerful word in the dictionary is "Renot". It was a Renot that started a chain reaction in our lives--a chain reaction that hasn't stopped fizzing yet. One minute we were following the peaceful routine of life at Moses Point--came that renot and we were on our way. One wife, one dog, one parakeet and this harassed ATCS comprised a caravan that looked like Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey on the march. On the march we were--straight to Juneau.

First impressions of a new station probably aren't too reliable. But, a month at Juneau has only served to confirm our original impressions of wonderful, smiling people living in a northern Shangri-la of incredible beauty.

Chief Carl Shute met us at the airport. With stomach-tickling jokes, he escorted us to the hotel. Later he introduced us to real estate dealers, the grocer, the post office manager, the station and finally the 'job'. ATCS Glenn Davis gave us badly needed transportation to and from work while the 'car problem' was being ironed out. Joycelyn Davis (Mrs. Glenn Davis) visited the wife, the dog and the parakeet (while the etc. worked) and so kept hours in a hotel room from being lonely ones.

EMT's John Jones, Jesse Jones and Frank Folsom introduced me to the "buck a payperiod" coffee-klutch brotherhood. "As much as you can drink of the stuff," said John Jones. "Yeah, and only a buck!" continued Jesse 'James' Jones--as he reached for the buck. "Drink a lot of it," added Frank Folsom, "and watch your upper plate dissolve."

Station Manager Bill Johnson gave us a hearty welcome and a reminder that the Mukluk Telegraph 'deadline' is the 20th of the month.

We finally got out of the hotel and into permanent quarters. About this time, Gordon Meyers gave us the word that N19 had arrived with a long ton of personal affects. Max Mielke of P&S helped us with the moving job and tossed in some friendly advice and a lot of information gleaned during his 20 some years at Juneau.

Meanwhile, I'd swapped cigars with custodian Paul Schnee, as he cleaned up operations on the eve watch und learnt dot Paul vas von Charm-an-ney. All this time, Roy Kleweno, Tom Carpenter, Frank McIlhardy and Wayne Hall took turns at trying to install the elixer of

"T'WAS CHRISTMAS IN THE REGION AND A GOODLY CROWD WAS THERE."



"Hey", Jerry Howard called to the FAA photographer at the annual Christmas party in the Loussac Sohn building office, "I know where there is a good picture, right in here"--using his most conspiratorial tone. Well, a roomful of girls looks good to any photographer, and Gus Gustafson snapped his Graphic. And there was Howard, front row, on the print. That's Pat Mayo up front with him.

operations knowledge into my ivory noggin.

Yes, the wife, the dog and the parakeet and this 'etc.' miss old Moses. But, weather bureau boys Buel Stevenson, Phil Baker, Hayden Fox, and Sherm Tanner have taken to reading Moses weather reports on their broadcasts over radio station KJNO. Hearing these reports we huddle closer to our fireplace. When we look out on the beauty of the Chilkat Range reflected in Auke Bay, we feel that we have found our Shangri-la. When we think of all the wonderful people we have met here, we know it. It looks very much as if this 'circus' has pitched a permanent camp.

January 16, 1960 has now been set for the wedding of our secretary Peggy Lindegaard. It will be at the Chapel-by-the-Lake, Community Presbyterian Church at Auke Lake, at 8:P. M. All friends of the couple are cordially invited to attend both the wedding and reception.

Warren Runnerstrom

Christmas in the Regional Office was the usual happy time of eating, greeting and meeting between the scattered groups that work in twelve different Anchorage buildings.

Two 20-pound turkeys were sacrificed at the annual "family" ceremony of the Facilities Division offices in the Loussac-Sohn building. The printers and the mail room and the General Services people brought the year's finest lunch on Wednesday and laid it out in one of the vaults in the Federal Building. At the commissary, someone had accidentally dropped a can of something nice, and everybody had a feed. The ATM boys gathered and exercised some space control on a score of willing stomachs.

Al Hulen, who makes his resolutions each year before Christmas--"This year I'm going to visit every FAA office at Christmas time or bust"--almost made it this time. He missed the hangar and the Commissary and they will be first next year, after his annual resolution.

SEE R. O. Page 5

HULEN RIDES THE RAILS!

or YOU LEARN SOMETHING EVERY DAY

by Allen D. Hulen, Pilot.

December 8th, 1959 started off in Anchorage like any other winter day in December except I awoke with one of the first real serious colds I've been plagued with in two years. I decided to use some sick leave and stay home in bed. In fact my charming wife was all ready to leave for her job (how else can I afford to travel for Uncle without her working?) when the phone rang. It was Mrs. Fred Yager, my able and efficient secretary, with a priority message from Mr. Quesada, The Administrator. He was announcing a Regional Administrator's conference on December 10th in Washington D. C.

This changed my plans.

To be in Washington D. C. December 10th meant one of two things - I could leave Anchorage at 1 P. M. on the 9th and hope to make connections with some east bound flight out of Seattle the same evening, travel all night and arrive in Washington the next morning (10th) just in time for a shower before the conference; or leave Anchorage on the 8th, remain overnight in Seattle with a little rest then catch an early flight and be in Washington by 9:30 P. M. the evening of the 9th. In my weakened condition - I chose the latter. I arrived in Washington D. C. on the evening of the 9th with one very badly plugged left ear. This didn't bother me too much because I had the right one left to use at the conference. It worked OK. Not the other one, tho.

R: Take a Train

By Friday morning, December 11th, the plugged ear began to show signs of infection and I called on the Agency's Chief Civil Air Surgeon, Dr. James L. Goddard. His advice was either to remain in Washington for a few days or go home via train. Not having been on a train for a good number of years (Mom used to take a basket lunch when we rode the train) I chose the train - just to keep moving more than anything else. I departed Washington D. C. at 11:15 P. M., Saturday, December 12th. Now my story really begins!

I arranged for one of several hundred Red Caps to take my baggage aboard (how can you dodge them?) and proceeded to the news stand to pick up some reading material for the journey. So far every thing promised to be as the Dr. recommended. No altitude, no hurry, lots of time to rest, good food and a bedroom. (Knowing I would have to pay the difference - I ordered it anyway! Rest is the thing you know.) I began to relax and I

bought copies of Argosy, True, Field and Stream, Guns, Readers Digest, (wanted to see what the latest in ear treatment might be) Coronet, (pictures in that one) Man, The New Yorker and The Washington Post. Just as I was leaving the news stand it occurred to me that I had overlooked something of an educational nature - so I picked up a copy of Play Boy and smugly went to track number 15 to board my train.

Track number 15 was easy to find but there was no train! This caused my first premonition of forthcoming disaster. I nearly changed my mind, considered disregarding the Doctor's orders and going by air anyway. In fact, I did ask a passing Red Cap if he knew where my bags were. This query didn't prove too fruitful, however. The man said, "Sir, did you ever hear of the sweet little lady who was waiting on the dock to greet her son when the fleet came in?" I said, "No, I don't think I have, but where are my bags?" He said, "I'm getting to that. She collared the first sailor boy who stepped ashore and asked him where her son was. The lad replied in gentle tones, "Madam, I don't think I know your son". "Oh, yes you do" the lady indignantly replied, "He's the boy with the white hat!"

A Buck Here, A Buck There...

So there you are, I mean there I was. The Red Cap did know about my train being spotted on another track so for fifty cents he guided me to my car and helped me aboard for another quarter. The first leg on my journey was thus completed and I was now aboard train number 105, the Baltimore and Ohio's crack streamliner, The Shenandoah, Bedroom D in car 1053. There is only one car behind mine and that's the club car - what a set-up!

I was met by the Pullman car porter who welcomed me aboard with such enthusiasm and elaborate gestures that I figured I was on the wrong train. I recalled that Ike was out of the country so maybe they were using his train and crew in an all out endeavor to balance the budget. Anyway I had to let it ride because about that time my Red Cap ambles in with the lost baggage. I tried a dollar on him but when he only put down one of my three pieces of luggage, I quickly handed him two more. He showed his appreciation by dropping the others on the floor. (This could be a tip for airline baggage handlers. Drop 'em as well as throw 'em.)

I'm now aboard. I'm a few minutes early

CLUB TALKS BY TAPE

Molly Malone of the Anchorage Tower, suggests that many in the Fifth Region would be interested in the Volcespondence club, as she is.

Says the club's folder: "Your recorder can become the door through which friends may drop in for a visit from all over the world. You'll be surprised how easy it is to make friends with people via tape or wire." That is the purpose of the club, non-profit, dues \$3 a year. It is not a "lonely hearts" club, but consists of people who want social, cultural or technical contacts with people of similar interests in other parts of the world. Members exchange recordings of many types, and of course, the development of linguistic skill is a by-product.

Charles E. Owen, Jr. of Noel, Virginia is secretary and will send application blanks.

so I decide to make myself comfortable, explore this boon to modern train transportation - the bedroom - and start relaxing. (The club car is just next door). I must say this is a far cry from the days when Mom and Pop took Sonny to Kansas City from Excelsior Springs, Mo.) If we went in the wintertime the conductor lugged in buckets of coal and kept the pot-bellied stove red hot. I had to keep my muffler around my neck and my ear flaps down anyway. You know how kids are. By the time we pulled thru the outskirts of town, Sonny had to go so he and Pop walked thru two or three swaying cars until we found a door that said "MEN".

Well, trains and things have changed. This I found out. Let me tell you about some of the amazing things I found in this one little compact bedroom. First there are two bunks - upper and lower. (I only used one) There is a compartment for your shoes, a place for your overnight kit, a wash basin, the likes of which you have never seen on an airliner. It has a 3-d mirror with indirect lighting, hot, cold and ICE WATER taps, 110, 12 or 6 volt plugs for your electric razor, clothes closet with hangers you can't steal, hat rack and luggage storage compartment. After inspecting all these gadgets and playing with the lights, water faucets etc., I felt pretty good.

Where Is It!

Then I missed it. How could a line like the B&O build such an elaborate bedroom without one? What's wrong with their planning? I've been brain-washed on this planning idea so much that I thought the Government was trying to catch up

CENTER OPENED Cont. from Page 1



Gen. C. F. Necrasson, Commander, Alaska Air Command, Gen. Frank A. Armstrong, Commander in Chief of Alaska military forces, George S. McKean, Deputy FAA Regional Administrator and G. O. Whittaker, Chief, Air Traffic Management Division, cut the ribbon which officially opens Anchorage Traffic Control Center. Richard Stryker, Deputy Chief, Facilities Division, is between Gen. Armstrong and McKean.

equipment will bring planes 200 miles away "within sight". Phase three of the development will involve radar with automatic computers. That, however, is some time away.

Headed by Charles C. Thomas, Center Chief, the specialists who staff the Center acted as hosts at the opening. They provided cake and coffee, served in the immaculate center which is in a building on a hill just north of the main runway. The building was erected originally for military use; never finished, and finally completed and turned over to the FAA in 1958.

R. O. Cont. from Page 3
Left out in the snowy cold, Hulen's staff decided to invent their own celebration, so they formed a carolling group and went to all the parties they could in the hour's time allowed for the ceremonies. Consisting of Jackie Shaw, Virginia Schairer, Bob Williams, Stan Erickson,

Charley Planck and Virgil Knight, the group sang their way from table to table, and introduced a new carol to the FAA'ers, "The Twelfth Day of Christmas in Alaska":
"The first day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
A caribou in a deep freeze.

FAALSIES

Here begins a new column in the Mukluk. As the title indicates, these things are not true. They're interesting, intriguing, sometimes believable. But they're lies, good solid Alaskan FAA lies. Contributions are invited.

Nearly everyone knows about the great quantities of water Alaska has but few appreciate its outstanding and unusual qualities, particularly its tremendous curative and healing powers. To illustrate what I mean, here is a story I heard not too long ago. I can't vouch for its veracity. All I can say is that the gent who told it to me goes to church regularly (every Christmas).

A citizen up Talkeetna way went hunting fool hens one warm sunny September day a few years back. With him was Old Flash, his faithful dog of uncertain lineage. They had tramped the woods all morning, gathered a nice mess of birds and came out onto the Alaska Railroad about noon. Weary, they flopped down to rest, the hunter lying down on the sunny side of the embankment and Old Flash up near the track with his tail across one of the rails. Both fell sound asleep.

The shrill whistle and roar of the Fairbanks-bound passenger train failed to awaken Old Flash in time. Before he could get out of the way he was minus the tip of his tail. The train had chopped it off. With accurate animal instinct he headed for the nearest water-filled borrow pit and dunked the bloody stub into the soothing and healing liquid.

Five minutes later Flash's tail was not only healed; the tip of it had grown back!

The hunter picked up the severed end of the old dog's tail, regarded it for a moment and then idly tossed it into the borrow pit. And danged if a brand new dog didn't swim out.

Robert Matsen

The second day of Christmas
My true love gave to me
Two ptarmigans
Three Spruce hens
Four Beluga Whales
FIVE MALAMUTES
Six squaws a-dancing
Seven bears a-fishing
Eight seals a-barking
Nine Cheechiks grabbing
Ten Sourdoughs panning
Eleven reindeer prancing
Twelve salmon leaping
And a caribou in a deep freeze.

TALKEETNA

During my years in Alaska I have heard numerous stories about polar, black and glacier bears; walrus, whale and seal hunting; fishing; wolves and coyotes; moose, caribou, mountain sheep and goats; squaws along the Yukon; buffalo at Big Delta; ice worms; and about the old sourdough at Eagle who made himself a set of false teeth with bear teeth and a heavy piece of rubber. The incident mentioned below occurred at Talkeetna the night of December 18, 1959 and observed by AOS William H. Price. He left a note on my desk reading as follows:

"During the course of the night it was noted that the Talkeetna runway lights were diminishing in number. For no apparent reason, they were going out one by one. Devotion to duty, though sleepy, caused this operator to keep an alert eye to ascertain the reason. The trouble was first noticed on the west side of runway 36 to the north. As the lights out process advanced to the control station, it was observed that a moose, gender unknown, was eating the light bulbs. Apparently finding them distasteful, or possibly a little coarse, he or she persisted in kicking over the light cones. Having no deterrent, other than a wet sponge, this operator did not give battle but was prepared to abandon ship had the attack moved farther southward. Fortunately, the moose decided he or she had partaken of enough roughage and stalked off to the west on a course of about 330 degrees. Full extent of the damage not appraised. In other words, we have some runway lights missing on the west side north of the station."

Investigation revealed three lights were broken and one cone demolished.

Duffy DuFresne

SEATTLE

Louise Borders spent the Christmas holidays with baby Robin Neal, her first grandchild. Robin is the daughter of Louise's son, Bob, who will be a Spring graduate from Oregon State College in Corvallis, Oregon.

Personnel changes during December included the arrival of two new employees; Mrs. Hazel Edgington, Stock Control Clerk; and Mr. Adrian Gunst, Typist; and the promotion of Mrs. Grace Wynne from traffic to procurement, where she will fill a position as Contract Assistant.

MCLAIN SUGGESTS A TAKE-IT-BACK DAY

If Diogenes will go on searching, he may find another honest, considerate man in Anchorage, who will return an eight millimeter projector borrowed from Perry McClain a dozen years ago.

Diogenes, or a conscience, or some inner urge prompted Robert Matsen to return Virgil Knight's shoe repair kit (See last month's Mukluk Telegraph), and raised a hope in McClain that his projector would return.

"Matsen says he had this shoe kit bouncing around his basement for 14 years before he got up the energy to take it back," McClain told the Mukluk. "Now I figure the man who borrowed my projector is having the same experience. My biggest problem is I don't remember who borrowed it. And maybe he can't remember who he borrowed it from."

"Who knows? Matsen may have started something. What if everybody in the FAA began to take things they have borrowed back to the people who own them? Let's start with my projector."

R. POTOSKY..ENGINEER

Romayne Potosky, for 9 years an airways operations specialist with the CAA, now is White Alice's first Engineering Assistant.

As an employee of Federal Electric, she does circuit layout for ICSAL which monitors the communications project for the Air Force. Her duties include writing circuit orders, designing circuits where standards have already been set up and adapting and changing previously designed circuits to new requirements.

"There are no manuals for this work," Romayne reports, "but I have the advantage of knowing Alaska, the communications facilities here, who operated them and how. Thus the experience Norman and I gained in working at 13 CAA stations over the state is being put to productive use." Romayne and Norman continue their work with the Alaska Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat association as secretary and president respectively.

Parents are people who bear children, bore teenagers and board newlyweds.

The best way to stop the noise in your car is to let her drive.

NEW MEMBERS ARE NAMED ON AWARDS. GRIEVANCE COMMITTEES

New members of the Board of Grievance Review and Incentive Awards Committees have been announced by the Regional Administrator.

Melvin W. Peterson succeeds Robert T. Williams as member and G. O. Kempton succeeds U. M. Culver as alternate on the grievance board. Other members of the present board are Virgil E. Knight and Ralph Westover, with Wendell Matthews and A. L. Brown as alternates.

Kenneth Roney and Jennings Roberts succeed Norman Lowenstein and Don Wolfe on the Incentive Awards Committee, the other members of which are Norman Potosky, Richard Stryker and Robert McGinn.

CHALLENGE Cont. from Page 1

It is clear that he wants concentrated responsibility for each of the Agency's operations. To establish this more direct responsibility, he has clarified the Washington-Regional relationships through this reorganization.

Fifth Is Challenged

"Since this Region is considered different, I am sure that our performance will be observed in detail. The FAA and the CAA before it, has done a good job in Alaska, has contributed to the State's

development, and has creditably represented our federal government. We have the skill, the pride and the experience to continue doing a good job. It will not be the same job--in aviation it rarely is from day to day--but we can advance with the industry to meet the increasing responsibilities which we know face us here at the aviation crossroads of the world.

"We will continue to exercise our same responsibilities subject to the policy and technical guidance of the appropriate Washington offices."

Mr. Hulén pointed out that many details connected with the reorganization remain to be worked out. Many of these affect the four "southern" Regions, but some affect all six Regions.

The Washington Bureaus and Offices given new direct authority in the Regions include: The Bureau of Flight Standards, Bureau of Air Traffic Management, Bureau of Facilities and Materiel and the Office of the Civil Air Surgeon. Administrator Quesada said that the structure of the field organization will remain under continuing study.

30 GET ADVANCED SAFETY COURSE DIPLOMAS



Diplomas for Christmas presents came to a score of federal employees in Anchorage who completed the Bureau of Labor Standard's "post graduate" safety course early last year.

Taught by Jacob Gold, noted as an expert on safety matters throughout the federal government, the first class in Anchorage consisted largely of Federal Aviation Agency personnel, with representatives of the Weather Bureau, Alaska Railroad, U. S. Engineers, USARAL and Chugach Electric.

Gold's course was sponsored by the Fed-

eral Safety Council of which many federal agencies are members. His course requires 30 hours, and Anchorage "students" have hailed him as an exceptionally able teacher of his subject which is all aspects of safety for office, shop and field employees.

Above, from left, standing: Charles Stowell, Donald Keil, William Belcher, Wilford Holden, Wilcom Wilson, Perry McLain, Clyde Johnson, Thomas W. Gregory and Norman A. Lowenstein. Seated, Lester Josten, George E. Rugg, Gene West, Harold Tarbert, Fred Pol-lard, Jesse P. Malone and Robert Chong.

RAILS Cont. from Page 4

with private industry - not get ahead of them. But here was the proof-us bureaucrats are ahead for sure. We have never - and I'm sure - never, built a dwelling without at least one in it. So, I try to forget the B&O's delinquency and settle down with the December issue of Playboy. Thought that when the time comes, I'll take a stroll and find out which car and on which end it is.

Well, about the time I'm thru the first story in Playboy, the train gave a smooth leap and we were on our way out of the yards with their complicated maze of tracks, switches, towers, crossovers, etc. Things began clicking for sure. Each time we moved from one track to another there was no mistaking it - even I could tell we were late. At this point I began wondering if the decision to keep moving had been a good one. However, my fears were alleviated when I happened to look out the window as we were passing one of the many control towers in the yards and noticed a chap gazing from one of the tower windows. He wore a bow tie, had a pencil over his ear, a ham sandwich in his right hand with his left gripping a long lever. There were a multitude of red and green lights blinking on a board behind him - (mostly red) so I did relax. I knew we were being controlled.

Then it happened. I needed IT. After putting on my shoes and opening the door I decided I must have missed something--

there just had to be some place in this elaborate bedroom. . . . So I returned. Carefully and systematically, I tried all the little handles, knobs and levers that I could find along the inner wall, but with no success. Time was getting short, so I speeded up my survey, and finally gave up again and turned toward the door. At that moment, we hit another switch, turn or something, and I was propelled toward the outer wall. I went down to my knees and naturally struck out with my hands for support. And I found IT. And very cleverly concealed, it was!

I had noticed a little bench built into the wall which I thought was sort of an end table. It was about 30 inches from the floor, had a shelf about six inches wide and was so well formed with the outer wall contour that it seemed integral. But it wasn't. As I felt my hand accidentally found the release handle, and I pulled to bring myself upright, and what do you think? There IT was. This hinged end table moved outward from the wall and the B&O's little jewel folded out and downward and came to rest in the normal position. Just as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. My troubles were over -- I thought.

Me and Wayne

Wayne Parrish, owner of Airlift, in his column "En Route" writes interestingly of his travels abroad. In France he was introduced to the bidet, and I gather he was somewhat startled--if not actually thrilled--with its uniqueness. I recall he has recommended its adoption in this country.

McINTOSH OPERATED

Wesley S. McIntosh, Station Manager, Gulkana, is in Seattle at the Mason Clinic where he has had a major operation on his stomach. After several attacks over the years marked by serious bleeding, the specialists have found that he has an unusual condition in the stomach walls that necessitated removal of a part of the stomach. He will remain at the clinic for several weeks for observation and treatment.

He Likes Robbins. Runnerstrom

Out of the many excellent writings in the past 12 issues my favorites are the poems of Robbins and the story in the November issue by Runnerstrom about his trip to the dump with Winston Van Oogrook. Both are good enough to grace the pages of our best periodicals - and I rate them about even as my favorites.

R. T. Williams

I gave his words only a passing, amused consideration when I first read them. They came back to me though after we gained the main line and the man up front started pouring on the speed. Now, in flying, I'm familiar with 10, 30 and 45-degree banks; with flat, skidding and coordinated turns; with rough and smooth air. But I learned this: In railroading all turns are rough and flat; the only banks are those whizzing by on both sides of the train; the "air" is always rough

So--when you hit a rough, flat turn at 100 MPH (and I calculated the speed from the clicks between the 100-foot rails) something has to give. It can't be the little jewel that folds out of the wall--that's as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. It is very unlikely to be the occupant of the bedroom because once in position he becomes practically an integral part of the fixture. But it can be whatever there may be in the fixture. And there is the similarity between Wayne's bidet and my little jewel on the B&O. Same principle, same surprising thrill!

I'm convinced one can get used to anything, and I did. By the time we reached Omaha where I transferred to the Union Pacific, a slight wave of nostalgia passed over me as I left Bedroom D in Car 1053, and its little jewel.

The rest of the trip was dull and uneventful. The UP has facilities just like those at home.

The plug was jolted out of my ear by the time I reached Seattle. My compliments to Dr. Goddard. Something relaxed.

CORDOVA

Brown bear, moose, wind, rain (and completion of the job) took their toll and sent lineman Jack Minnery and crew back to Anchorage for new assignments, after two months installing new plastic control cable in the entire area. Curious and/or belligerent brown bear and/or moose tangled with hanging cable on occasion, frustrating the crew and necessitating additional repairs. Jack said he was temporarily tired of wind, rain and working in those aerial tents.

Two of our communications personnel are currently living it up in bachelor status. AOS Andy McMorrow returned from emergency annual leave in Palmer, Massachusetts, where he and family spent November. Jean and the six young McMorrows stayed in Palmer for an extended visit.

The other bean eater is AOS Glenn Mast, whose wife "Sety" and daughters Tana and Candy are visiting in Berkeley, California. December 7 saw a new girl addition to the Mast family.

College students home for the holidays are Maureen Thompson from Montana State University and Butch Smith from Notre Dame.

Foreman mechanic Max Robinson returned to Cordova for a brief stay from the aeronautical center in Oklahoma City after attending a class in electro-mechanics. While in school Max was selected for an instructors position and has returned to Oke City to take up his new duties. The Robinsons became parents of a baby boy December 9, who has been named David Ray. Our best wishes go with Max and Clara in their new location.

Slats Sleighter

A TRAVELING MAN

Travel is either a major interest of the Society of Airway Pioneers, or the hobby of William A. Breniman, president, and editor of the Airway Pioneer. When he isn't travelling--and he recently came back from the South Seas--he seems to be planning travel for members. The automobile caravan to Alaska planned for next July is a sample, and he has a department in the paper which proposes many wonderful trips for individuals and groups.

He has clipped two quotes which should be in the minds of Civil Air Club members who may take part in the trips to Hawaii and Japan during 1960:

OLD AIRPLANES AND INSPECTORS NEVER DIE, THEY JUST... ?



Haney Rogers kept on running into Old 748, and now he has followed it from Alaska to Texas.

Back in his days as a mechanic for American Airlines, 1929-1942, he first became acquainted with a certain DC-3 airplane. In 1949, Northern Consolidated bought the plane from American, and in 1955, Rogers transferred to Anchorage as Aviation Safety Inspector. One of the airlines he inspected was Northern Consolidated and there he met Old 748, the same DC-3.

Last October, NCL sold Old 748 to a firm in Dallas, Texas when it went to exclusive F-27 propjet equipment.

And on December 13, Rogers left Anchorage for Ft. Worth, where he will do safety inspection work, maintenance. Question: Do metal airplanes and veteran inspectors ever wear out? Old 748 has had 42,370 hours in the air--enough to make 6,355 round trips, Anchorage to Bethel--and Rogers has been working for the FAA for 12 years.

"To be a good traveler--a sweet landscape must sometimes atone for an indifferent supper, and an interesting ruin charm away the remembrance of a hard bed". Johnson.

"Those who visit foreign nations, but associate only with their own countrymen, change their climate, but not their customs. They see new meridians, but the same men; and, with heads empty as their pockets, return home with travelled bodies but untravelled minds". Colton.

Sunday driving is the crawl of the open road.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON FRI. NOV. 10. ALONG ABOUT 1962

We can now look forward to a holiday on Friday, when Veteran's Day, November 11, 1962 falls on a Saturday.

That is the net result of the law passed by the recent Congress making Friday a holiday for federal workers when the holiday falls on a Saturday. Already the Monday following a Sunday holiday has been a day off for federal workers. So now, we are assured of three-day weekends when the legal holiday falls on Saturday or Sunday. The next time that happens will be three years hence, so--plan ahead.

In 1958, July 4 fell on Saturday, and Congress and the President heard employee groups agitate for making the Friday before a holiday the day off.

A bill to accomplish this was introduced in Congress. However, before it could be passed, the President issued an Executive Order giving Friday, July 3, as a day off. The President gave us July 3 as an administrative day off rather than a holiday which seemed to confuse things no end. Those who couldn't take July 3 off were to get some other day. However, since the July 3rd was declared a holiday, an employee didn't get holiday pay if he didn't get to take a day off in lieu of July 3. To make a bad situation worse, Congress finally passed the law making Fridays a holiday when a holiday such as July 4 falls on Saturday. The law was dated July 1 and approved on September 22. The effect of this was to make July 3 a holiday retroactively. Those who didn't get to take July 3 or some other day off, will get paid holiday pay retroactively for July 3.

GOUT, MAYBE

Bongo, a hippo who lived in the Washington D. C. zoo until he was retired to a Virginia farm recently, has died. A postmortem showed that hippos will eat anything. Bongo's breadbasket contained about \$2.50 in assorted coins, three street car tokens, a lipstick casing, an unfired .25 caliber bullet, several spent .25 shells, a plastic wallet without identification and an assortment of nuts, bolts, wire and stones. He died of an infected hoof, not indigestion.

A mother asked a child psychologist what was the proper time to put children to bed.

"While you still have the strength", she replied.

PREVENTIVE MAINTENANCE CLASS GRADUATES



From the left: E. G. Fisher, Branch Chief; J. W. Martin, S. A. Bolko, T. J. Flynn, E. D. Quinn, J. Shooshanian, R. E. Henage, L. C. Stallcop, E. W. Anderson, D. Burns, A. R. Way, H. W. Umberger, F. Myton, D. M. Dishaw, C. M. Springberg, E. E. Brendemuhl, Utilities Chief Wesley Rose, and Training Officer D. T. Kell.

A dozen field and other mechanics of FAA have completed the Region's first Utilities Preventative Maintenance Training Class in Anchorage.

Under the direction of E. G. Fisher, Chief of the Utilities Section, three instructors, E. Brendemuhl, R. Henage and C. Myton conducted the class. The course was established to provide increased employee knowledge and efficiency in maintenance, and to provide a means of advancement. Later, other courses will be established which will

cover other phases of mechanical maintenance at Alaskan stations.

Subject matter of the course was refrigerating, heating, plumbing, water and sewage system maintenance problems, and emphasis on preventive action was given in every subject. The Utilities workshop at Merrill Field was the training room.

Certificates were presented to the class upon graduation in December.

Deaths

Two deaths from heart ailments occurred within the FAA during December.

Raymond D. Winch, 49, died in the Sitka hospital. He had been employed by the FAA since August of last year as an electronics installation technician.

James H. Kelly, 57, also suffered a heart attack and died at Ketchikan. He had been employed by the CAA since April of 1953 as a general mechanic.

OLD MUKLUK FOR SALE

More than a hundred copies of the bound edition of the old Mukluk Telegraph have been delivered, and there are still some available. Purchasers who have worked in the Region for several years are finding the 450-page book exciting and nostalgic reading. William Barber, treasurer of the Civilair Club which produced the book, is taking orders at \$6

Awkward age notes:

"Too old for income tax exemption and too young for old age pension."

Regional Office "Wheels" in Action



Allen D. Hulen: C.K. Gentlemen. What have you to report today?



Virgil E. Knight: Gradually working myself out of a job and sharing all problems with the State.



Ralph Klokkevold: No, you can't use F. A. A. P. money for that.



Doc Matthews: Now, we've got the lungs of everybody in the Region on film.

R. O. Staff meetings are not always full of problems. At this one, Ralph Westover, Budget Officer, said "We have no budget problems. We're in pretty good shape." And the staff wanted to adjourn while it was ahead. Stan Erickson records these meetings.



George Weitz: As a newcomer, I believe Alaska needs some vigorous flight standards application.



Jerry Whittaker: We've got the word. We begin Feb. 15 to give radar advisory service at three stations.



Mel Peterson: What we need is one big office building, about 100,000 square feet.



Dick Stryker: This E program is tough. We could use men with two heads to manage it.

Jack Jefford: Well, for the heavy loads, we use the 123.

BIG DELTA

Big Delta is busy and improving.

"Activity is increasing at an alarming rate" in the words of Station Manager E. R. Musgrove. The military's cold weather test flying accounts for the sudden change, and a permanent double day watch has been set by the FAA. An Air Force crew is installing a T-VOR facility which is being monitored by the ATC personnel

A carpenter crew headed by Ralph Mat-akonis and an electrical crew headed by James Kelly recently completed extensive repairs and renovation in the quarters. They re-wired all the quarters, installed fluorescent fixtures and installed new kitchen sinks and workbenches.

Ed Musgrove recently returned from Seattle where he had satisfactory corrective surgery for an ear ailment.

FIRE AT GALENA

Fire destroyed the commissary and the recreation hall of the Galarina Club at Galena early on the morning of January 3, 1960.

Discovered at about 6:30 by the military police, the fire was fought vigorously by station and military personnel with equipment from the Galena military base, and kept from spreading to other buildings within 40 feet of the flames. Fortunately, the air was still at that hour and no sparks blew about to spread the fire. At one time fire was discovered in steam ducts that lead to other buildings, but this was also controlled. Despite the hearty cooperation of all in fighting the fire, the building was a total loss.

The Galarina Club had completed the recreation hall in March, 1959 and had been enjoying it thoroughly with parties, dances, movies and games. No estimate of the cost of the club and its equipment to its members is available, nor is there an estimate of the many man-hours of work expended on it.

The building was erected in 1942 by the military as a "temporary" wartime structure at a cost of about \$96,000. In its 17-year life it has served many purposes. The commissary cold storage plant, the utility and laundry room, a carpenter shop and the projection room were included.

A DC-3 load of staples and perishables was flown to Galena Jan. 5 to carry the station over to its regular commissary flight date of Jan. 21.

FAIRBANKS

Three expectant mothers went to the post, and finished winners, with the individual prize being a girl for each one. The three lucky ones are: Ann Martin, Jean Grube and Gidda Gold. The usual cigars were handed out and had we been in the "pit" an instrument ticket would have been required to cut through the smoke.

The merry escapades of our personnel are a constant topic of jest; to wit: a moose trees one of our men, and an athlete gets an un-earned moniker.

The first incident involved Ron Logan, known hereabouts as the "Mayor of Golden Valley". Helen, Ron and their dog were working in a clearing at their homestead. They heard a loud crashing in the bush about 150 yards away, and here came the dog, running for protection to Ron. Ron reports that he saw nothing but moose horns and eyes and ears and he shinnied up a tree. From that safe place he looked around for Helen, and saw his spouse practically doubled over with laughter. The moose was gone and Ron slid sheepishly back down the tree.

Don Boyle is a stalwart guard on a local church basketball team. Carl Bartel and Al Dubiel, fellow players, insist he is a good, clean player, if occasionally over-enthusiastic. Only this enthusiasm causes him to foul, but now people are calling him "Dirty Don". It ain't fair.

P. Blankensop from the Fairbanks Tower notified us that he is no longer treasurer of the Fairbanks Chapter of ATCA, and wishes to congratulate the new treasurer L. Blackmon and the other officials, namely: F. McKeever, president; Glen Rogers, Vice-president; Dave Finch, Secretary; Robert Liddell, Program Chairman; and Jim Cabaniss, Bill Grotts and Bob Skaggs as Board Members.

Bob Arce



"MEMO TO THE STAFF.... HENCEFORTH, THE MUKLUK TELEGRAPH WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE CLOSE OF THE WORKING DAY. IT IS HOPED THAT THIS WILL FACILITATE....."

BUY-SELL-SWAP

For Sale: Firestone electric refrigerator with deep freeze and defrost. Six cu. ft. Excellent condition, \$50. Hanson, FA 2-1844.

For Sale: 2-bedroom in Turnagain by the Sea. Full basement, hardwood floors, extra bedroom in basement, 1-car attached garage, 1ge. lot, fully landscaped. Wilkins, 2501 Brooke Blvd.

For Sale: Super Custom Piper Pacer, PA-20S-135. Late 1953 on 2000 floats. Full instruments, excellent condition. Wilkins, 2501 Brooke Blvd.

For Sale: 6-volt Firestone battery, one year old, \$10. Planck, AN-40.

THE MUKLUK TELEGRAPH ANCHORAGE, ALASKA

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