

CIVAIR PLANS DANCE

It's that season again when we can count on a big Christmas dance to be given for Civair 8 members and their guests...and that's exactly what the Club is doing.

Plans are nearing completion, according to Connie Clayton, General Chairman for the affair. The Ambassador Club has been obtained for the dance, which will be held December 17.

"Operations" will get underway at 9 O'clock, and continue till 1 AM. Now if that is too late for any of you, it may be possible for you to leave at midnight but judging from the entertainment the committee has planned, we don't believe you will want to miss one minute of it.

This dance is to be semi-formal, and if you are anxiously awaiting a chance to wear that long dress, here it is. To those of you who would rather wear informal or street-length dresses, that TOO will be fine. We know this doesn't interest you men, but what the little wife wears is purely up to the individual. We don't want anyone to stay away because of "set rules" concerning garb.

Committee Chairmen have been named and will appoint their assistants. The following will serve as Chairmen: Publicity, Pete Verdin; Tickets, Norman Beuter; Arrangements, George Perina; Music, Lance Harvey; Decorations, Dick Pastro and Robert Teitjen; Prizes, Bob Parkins.

BRITISH FLYER HERE

Mrs. Richarda Morrow-Tait, young red-haired flyer from England, has been in Alaska for over two weeks at this writing. She stopped in Anchorage enroute to Canada, but was delayed for a week due to engine trouble.

Mrs. Morrow-Tait and her navigator Michael Townsend were in a small plane which is similar to the American Cub and is called a Percival Proctor. The round-the-world trip was financed by Mrs. Morrow-Tait for no particular reason except the fact that she had always wanted to accomplish this project. She is a former model, and is the mother of an 18 month old baby, who is with her husband in England.

After much concern and work by both Merrill Field and Elmendorf Field, they were able to land here in a boiling fog which completely engulfed the airport. It was only by Ground Control Approach, that she was able to make a safe landing after three unsuccessful tries. She was nearly out of gas when the plane finally nosed onto the runway at Elmendorf Field and many cold spectators breathed sighs of relief when the two worried passengers crawled out of their small ship.

Mrs. Morrow-Tait and Mr. Townsend, left Anchorage for Canada, but were soon forced down along the Highway, which was running parallel to their flight. They were being escorted by an Army plane which saw their plight and dropped emergency supplies. Neither of the occupants

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MUKLUK TELEGRAPH

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EXPERTS STUDY CAA

WASHINGTON--As part of a continuing program for obtaining greater efficiency and effectiveness, an impartial survey of the management of the Civil Aeronautics Administration will be conducted by Wallace Clark and Company, management consultants of New York, Administrator D.W. Rentzel announced.

The survey will cover all of the CAA activities in Washington and in its regional offices. It will not be concerned with the position or classification of individuals, but will look into operational techniques of the organization. A particular, the factors effecting executive control will be studied, and this will include standards, work loads, techniques or management reporting, organization, etc.

"The CAA is facing a tremendous job in the application of the new program of air traffic control for the future," Mr. Rentzel said. "We want to make sure that it is organized properly to accomplish this difficult task in the most efficient manner and thus insure that the public will get its money's worth."

"We have just made certain changes in the CAA's top organization to facilitate its work and we realize that an impartial, outside and expert view of the Administration can serve to make it still more valuable in its assigned duties of promoting, regulating and serving aviation. No restrictions of any kind have been placed on these management engin-

SHOW NEW DEVICES

INDIANAPOLIS-- The wonders of the newest air navigation devices were shown here Monday November 7, during the Transition Phase Demonstrations of the Radio Technical Commission for Aeronautics. The demonstrations were held at the Civil Aeronautics Administration Experimental Station.

A selected list of guests prominent in commercial, military and civil aviation, and in Senate and Congressional aviation circles, were invited to witness actual operation of devices designed to pave the way for all-weather flying. The devices are all part of a joint Navy-Air-Force-Civil program planned to strengthen the air security of the United States, eventually eliminate irregularity due to weather in domestic airline operations and provide a better means of navigation for private pilots.

--AVIATION INFORMATION

ers. If they differ with our plans and methods in any respect, they are to make contrary recommendations. Their report will be used in making this government agency efficient and effective in its assigned work."

Company representatives have now set up offices in a Washington building occupied by the CAA, and two experienced management officials of the CAA have been assigned to them as full time assistants.

--AVIATION INFORMATION

BETHEL BABBLES

SERIES TO BE RUN

For some time now there has been no copy for Mukluk submitted from this station, and since we think it is high time that this thriving community let the rest of the CAA know that we are still alive and up-and-coming, we take our pen in hand to let you know a few of the goings on at this station on the Kuukkwim.

Don Church, our new station manager, and his wife Fran, and their two darling children have been with us now for a couple of months. They are well liked and the whole station feels very fortunate to have such a pleasant, capable person here as station manager.

"Bud" Coker, our new MTIC, his wife Libby and their daughter Beverly from Juneau, haven't been here but a month, but already have taken their place in the community social life like they had been here years. Surely is nice to have newcomers to the station enter right into the work and social life. Of course we all miss the Bob Bruce's who went to Gulkana and hope they are enjoying that station.

The river has a good crust of ice on it now and already several of the station personnel have made the walk across to town - Bethel. Weather has been ideal for the trips, clear and cold.

Mr. Gene West from the Regional Office, has been at this station for the past week installing the Automatic Range Monitor System. From here he expects to go to McGrath.

Four families, Coker's, Church's, Lohnes' and Gentry's have engaged in a pinochle tournament on Saturday nights recently, playing two tables of progressive pinochle. So far, in two Saturday evenings of play, Ken Lohnes has been high man both evenings, and Libby Coker has been high lady both times. All the other contestants vow that come next Saturday night these two are going to lose their crowns.

As a matter of education and interesting reading, it has been suggested that the many different jobs in the CAA be outlined in a series of articles by the employees actually engaged in those job assignments. Those articles selected will then be published in the Mukluk Telegraph from month to month.

Now this question arises: Who should be selected to write the articles where more than one employee has the same general job description? For example; It would be impossible to publish all the articles that could be written by aircraft communicators. All of them might be interesting, all might be instructive and each might bring out some point not mentioned by others. This selection could be on a competitive basis with some recognition given for the best article, or parts of more than one could be combined and credit given to each contributor. The selection will be left up to each Branch Chief or whoever he may assign to act as judge.

We believe it would be advisable to encourage everyone to outline their work in this interesting story fashion. We
(Continued on page 30)

There is practically a whole set of new operators, Bruce Ingalls being the only operator who has been here for more than three months. Charlie Case and Ken Williams arrived here from the States in August and just recently Tod Bailey has joined the ranks, coming from Oklahoma City. A new SP-8, "Red" Mitchell arrived recently, replacing Fred Levy who went to the land of ice and snow at Umiat. We haven't heard from Fred, hope he is not snowed in.

Well, folks, this just about winds up the account of Bethel news. Will try to make this column more often and keep you posted when anything interesting happens.

--THE BETHEL BABBLER

- WOODY ISLAND -

Woody Island has been in a continuous state of suspenders since the last issue of Makluk heads the Woody Island page with "WELCOME TO WOODY ISLAND". There has been considerable speculation on whom WELCOME is --. The Station Manager believes he's an inspector of some sort, the Chief insists he's a new Accom and the CLMO hopes that he's a new maintain-. If he has been shanghai'd, we will not stand aside...We will fight to the last mechanic. Any word concerning Mr. Welcome will be greatly appreciated. (We aren't sending Mr. Welcome to Woody Island because he's needed too much here in Anchorage - sorry...Editor)

While we lift our hopes in antiseptic of a new arrival, we feel overcome with nostalgic sadnesses as Don (the arm) Gronseman and Don (zoom) DuBois spread their wings and sail off into the setting sun and the U.S.A. Gronseman's departure with his BC-348 and his KL7PR almost coincides with the coming of Joel Ferris, his BC-348 and his ticket, and so the amateur's paradise continues to utilize every available tree and roof for long-wires, short-wires, doublets and triplets. In fact there are so many wires strung around Woody, that it looks like training grounds for Ringling Bros. or something. Recently one of the newer maintenance technicians was checking on a long wire for 189 kcs, and before he knew what had happened, he was down on the other side of the island helping Chaffin with his laundry. Things are tough all over.

However, LEAVE US DEPART from such technical sortics and venture into the social aspect of the place. Among these affairs which highlight the social calendar for the past month or so are Bob Boyd's birthday party, not to mention the gala Halloween costume dance. Both affairs being held in the newly decorated "wreck" hall and being very well attended by the citizenry. In lieu of

submitting to the whims of the penalty committee at the costume dance, the populace broke out all manner of garb and wore certainly a curious if not spectacular lot. Georgie and Clarabelle Warren cinched first prize in the best costume event, being beautifully arrayed as Maharaja (looked it up in the dictionary)...(Thanks - Ed.) of someplace, and wife number 1. Costumes ran the gauntlet from a mummy, to darkies, puritans, tramps, clowns and what have you.

Hilarity was the by-word for the evening and a high time was had by all attendants. Nearly everyone is recovered. Some highclass entertainment was furnished by Renata Valentincic, Philip H. Sackofwhisky and Walt Westman. Mr. Sackofwhisky neglected to notice that the party finally broke up and the citizenry had departed, and he remained to beat out some sharp solos on his bull fiddle until some crude person taking exception to the fact that the music was detrimental to good sleeping, went over and made a large hole in the bull fiddle, with Sackofwhisky's head. (Actually what happened was an unfortunate accident, but yours truly thought it sounded a whole lot better done up in the above form.)

Getting away from the social activities, we would like to reprint part of an intercepted WAMES -- It goes somewhat as follows;

famee. Add following contractions to 11-B-4-2.

"B" Manop - Folder for funny books.

Communicators - As yet, undefined.

"CQ"----- Sorry to wake you.

"GW"----- Don't believe it, I have five kids.

Bug ----- Machine for making automatic errors.

Hand-Key -- Short for handkerchief.

Log ----- Collection of biggest whoppers ever told.

Main. Tech.-"It's not your receiver, he isn't sending hard enough".

(Continued on page 6)

WHOSE DRAGGIN THEIR FEET?

LOOK-IF YOU WANT LIKE
THE WAY IM DRIVING-GET
OUT ON WALK-SEE!!

AM I ON
THE ROAD NOW?

HEY! KNOCK IT OFF
WILLYA! IM DRIVIN THIS
RIG - KEEP YA PAWS
OFFEN THE BLASTED
GEAR SHIFT!

IM DRIVING!
WE LEFT THE ROCK-STUPID

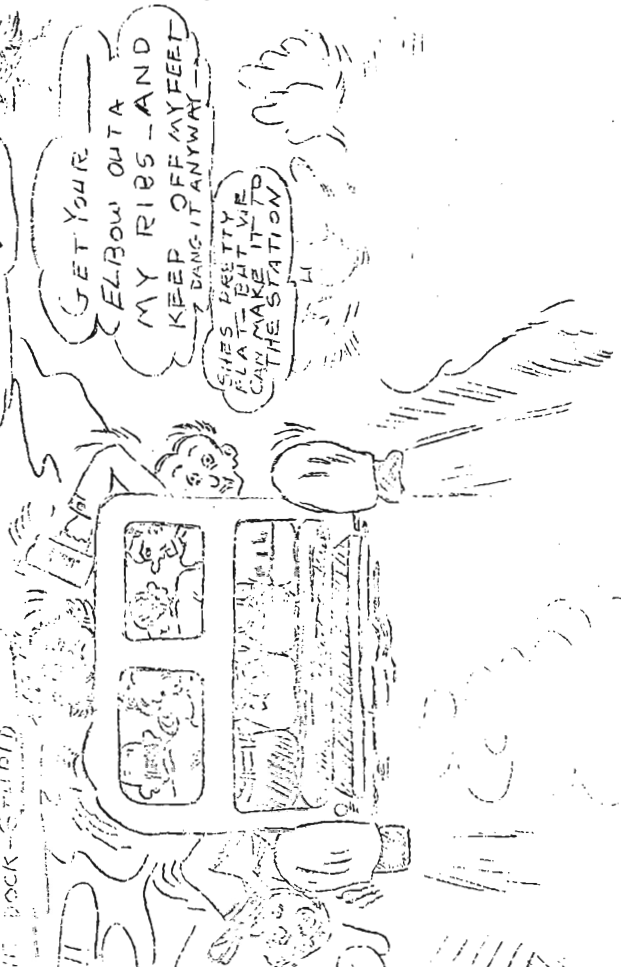
OWITCH!!!
WHE'S ON MY
COEN!!

GET YOUR
ELBOW OUTA
MY RIBS-AND
KEEP OFF MY FEET
-DANG-IT ANYWAY-

DROP HEAD....
IM TRYING TO
GET OUTA GANT
BRENNE

GET OUTA MY
FACE-BID

SHE'S PRETTY
PLAT-BUT WE
CAN MAKE IT TO
THE STATION



(Continued from page 4)

QRM----- Excuse.
QRT----- Drop Dead
Sec.----- I'm busy now, see you to-
morrow.
Typewriter- Metallic pillow.
CEMO----- Carroll's exasperating mis-
take office.
Supervisor- Yesterday's answer to to-
morrow's question.
KCAA-8----- Someone forgot to mail a
letter.
Carryall--- Mistake looking for a place
to happen.

Normally I don't do much writing of this type, (you have probably already surmised) but there comes a time in each man's life when he feels an inner urge to do something brilliant and constructive. This morning the GACOM informed me that this was my time.

In closing I wish to invite your attention to the attached schematic. (In case you don't see it, you may conclude that it didn't turn out and that you are missing nothing). It is intended to represent the transportation situation for Woody. The vehicle involved is supposed to represent what someone jokingly dubbed a carryall. Actually they don't carry all, but rarely more than half. The personnel of Woody are a very determined lot however, and the oft used saying "There is always room for one more", generally gets puts to practical use.

--SPOLZHAMNEFT

HOLD DINNER-DANCE

The Civilian Club at Fort Richardson will be the scene of a dinner-dance, to be given by members of the National Federation of Federal Employees.

The dinner will be at 7PM, Tuesday, December 7. Admission will be free to all paid-up members, but will be \$1.25 per person for guests. Those of you desiring to attend will be able to get further information from the officers of your organization. The name of the Committee Chairman was not available at the time Mukluk went to press.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

We received the following letter from Wosloy McIntosh, Plant and Structures Maintenance Division, and are happy to hear he is back on the job again after his illness.

"I wish to thank all personnel for the prompt and generous response to the recent call for blood donors on my behalf...Thanks to those who were instrumental in making known my need for donors and to the large number willing to contribute their blood. The fact that the response was so great, sure makes a fellow feel good when he is down...An especial word of gratitude to the donors whose corpuscles I am now trying to multiply."

--JES MCINTOSH

NOVEMBER

For now is November -
The shrill cries of children playing in
the blue and goldness of late afternoon,
Shatter the peaceful tranquility of
the street,
And Nature smiles and sings a sleepy
sing.

For now is November -
The houses have gathered their families
in for the night -
The crisp coolness of the evening air is
spiced with the pungent smoke of
burning leaves - and a star appears in
the waning sunset light.

For now is November -
The children try to stay awake while
watching the dancing flames -
The red and golden apples, the purple
and white mums proclaim it -
And the barren trees outside stir softly
in the wind -
For now is November.

--JEANNINE JOHNSON.

NEWS - OLD AND NEW FROM P&S MAINTENANCE

MAY; Lot's see now...Way back last May - the 11th hour, the 13th minute of a forgotten day, Nell Erickson jumped up and down joyously, exclaiming 'twas the first time she'd ever won ANYTHING (what else in May, but the minute pool)...She immediately called friend husband to inform him of her luck and was amazed to find that he too had hit the jackpot at his place of business. "At last, I'm news", says Nell. "This I want to see published in the Mukluk"...So Readers, we announce that through coincidence (they say) Mr. and Mrs. Erickson both Ficked the same minute, enriching the family coffer by a goodly sum. There, Nell, we told you you'd make print with that story.

JUNE; The D.M.Dishaws, in this morry, merry month wore gayly rolling down the Alcan, enroute to the dubious delight of summer heat in the Western states. It was Dave's first SUMMER trip in approximately fifteen years and upon his return he advised that it would probably be the last for another fifteen...Dave reported that he went for a horseback ride while Outside and concluded that he was the "Best Dog-gone Cowboy West of Attu"..... YIPPEE"...three days and six cushions later, he decided that being a cowboy of any sort, was out of his line, so he renounced the title because he FELT he was better suited (spelled s-e-a-t-o-d) for a car than a horse!

JULY; The only outstanding remembrance have of this month is the three day week end...Us for bigger, better and LONGER-three day week ends.

AUGUST; "Wally" Reid, our budgoteer, decided to leave his figures behind and go home to Indiana for a while to be introduced to the newest crop of nieces and nephews...believe the last count was nine and Wally's expecting another small card in the mail any day. He got caught in that terrific heat wave that made the headlines last summer and he came back with a good tan but minus six pounds.

SEPTEMBER; This was the month a wave of house building hit Maintenance. Mr. Knight, our Chief, Myron Stevens and Wes McIntosh, traveling mechanics and your correspondent were all deeply engrossed in hole digging, cement mixing, back filling, well digging, log pooling and all the various and sundry headaches that are an essential factor in the building of a home...Calloused hands, aching backs and heavy eyes were definitely NOT a novelty in Room 235 during this month. But we are of the unanimous opinion that when it's all over, we'll be glad. Glad that it's over or glad that we've got homes built? At the present time, THAT is a moot question.

OCTOBER; Well, now that we finally got here, your errant reporter has a confession to make - Maintenance has not been "in the news" since last May and we promise, that rather than go through this again, every attempt will be made to contribute monthly.

At this writing, we are sorry to say that Wes McIntosh is out on sick leave, but it is reported that he is feeling "Fitter" by the day and we hope to have him back with us soon. Perry McLain is presently Stateside "glide-riding" around in his new Dyna-flo. His new car, he reports is complete with all the trimmings including an altimeter - here's hoping 'Mac' doesn't fly to high before he gets back.

On this HIGH note, we'll leave you and see you again next month - sure!

--PAULINE MARTENS

Judge; "What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that murderer?"

Juryman; "Insanity."

Judge; "Really? The whole twelve of you?"



YOU'LL TIE YOUR BACK
IN A PAINFUL KNOT,
IF YOU LIFT WITH A STOOP
INSTEAD OF A SQUAT!

HAINES

Just a brief quickly this month. Feeling mighty low today. Big Halloween Masquerade last night, really a lulu. They toll me I was also present. I think the CAA gang had a separate party in one corner of the dance floor. Of course, if I had really been there, I could probably write up an interesting report of the 'activities' for ye old Mukluk. But nobody will tell me what happened other than an occasional "tsk tsk Marty, what you did..."

Incidentally, if anyone is interested in a quick trip to oblivion, here's the recipe: $\frac{1}{2}$ oz lemon juice, 1 oz. Rum, and 1 oz. Southern Comfort. It's something I dreamed up during the sugar ration period during the war...and so help me I wish I was dead. One cocktail before dinner is guaranteed to fulfill the functions of an appetizer, pick-me-up, night-cap, and eye-opener. Of course, if sugar is available, I highly recommend it in place of the Southern Comfort...you'll live longer. Amen.

You may recall last month that I reported that brother Benningfield was equipping his truck with hoops before he went on leave because Cordos and Hayden both rolled their cars over while on leave. Well, Benny is still on leave... and walking. Seems his car ran down a hill last week, jumped a ditch and lit right side up in another, neatly shearing the front axle from the rest of the car. But it didn't roll over, which probably indicates something or other. However, I think Aukerman has seen enough to convince him...at least he says he's decided not to take any leave this year.

As I stated above, this is going to be short and sweet. Not even going to say anything about Shutts, bless his little heart. Whitzy loves him, Hayden loves him, we all love him. And it's getting close to Christmas...Adios now.

--MARTY

SURVEY SHOWS DECREASE FIRE LOSSES

Fires in Alaska have decreased considerably in 1948 compared to previous years. Incomplete estimates for 1948 show a total burned acreage of about 33,000 acres.

The year 1940 was the first year in which organized fire protection was provided by the Alaskan Fire Control Service. 1942-1945 clearly reflected the effect of the war restrictions on travel, mining, hunting and other activities which normally expose the public domain to high fire risk during the summer time. 1946 and 1947 reflected the post-war return to civilian activities and the influx of new settlers.

The low fire loss in 1948 was due primarily to the record-breaking rainfall over most of western Alaska from late June until fall. However, losses this year would not have been so low if it had not been for the cooperation and assistance which had been given by the Alaskan Fire Control Service, Bureau of Land Management, the Federal and private agencies, newspapers, radio stations and residents.

In a letter from Roger R. Robinson, Regional Forester, the Regional Office here was told that our CAA men throughout Alaska have given excellent cooperation this year. He also gave a list of previous years and their respective burned acreage, as follows:

1940	4,500,000	acres
1941	3,654,000	"
1942	452,510	"
1943	686,773	"
1944	110,604	"
1945	117,313	"
1946	1,438,963	"
1947	1,431,665	"

PERSONNEL ACTIONS

SEPTEMBER 27 THROUGH OCTOBER 26

NEW EMPLOYEES

AIR PLANT AND STRUCTURES BRANCH

Mrs. Georgia J. Carr, clerk, Office of Supt., Drafting Sec., Anchorage
Perry W. Holzgraf, civil engineer, Engineering Division, Anchorage
William F. Jordan, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Anchorage
Robert G. McGill, engineering draftsman, Office of Supt., Drafting Sec., Anchorage
Wayne W. McMillon, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Summit
George K. Schmidt, engineering draftsman, Office of Supt., Anchorage
Lucyia T. Schmidt, engineering draftsman, Office of Supt., Anchorage
Damon J. Thomas, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Annette Island

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

Wilma L. Hanson, communications operator, Operations Division, Anchorage
Wilbur H. Stapp, assistant airport traffic controller, Air Traffic Control Division, Anchorage
Franklyn T. Thompson, assistant airport traffic controller, Air Traffic Control Division, Anchorage

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

Harriet Ruth Bowen, clerk-stenographer, Property Management Div., Anchorage
Joyce K. Gardner, clerk (Files) Property Management Division, Anchorage
Melford L. Kehrwald, general mechanic, Property Management Div., Anchorage
Faye M. Mol clerk-typist, Contract and Procurement Division, Anchorage
C. Howard Pierce, Storekeeper, Property Management Division, Anchorage
Margaret B. Unger, clerk-typist, Alaska Commissary, Anchorage

NEW EMPLOYEES -

AIR COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

James T. Bailey, maintenance technician, Communications Maintenance Division, Fairbanks
Ted B. Baker, general mechanic, Communications Maintenance Division, Anchorage
William I. Conyers, maintenance technician, Communications Maintenance Div., Anchorage
Robert W. Gordon, maintenance technician, Communications Maintenance Division, Anchorage
Lavern B. Jack, maintenance technician, Communications Maintenance Division, Annette Island
Henry J. Hossing, maintenance technician in charge, Communications Maintenance Division, Annette Island
Marion H. Mitchell, maintenance technician, Communications Maintenance Division, Bethel
Mildred L. Pace, clerk-typist, Communications Maintenance Div., Annette Is.
Norman W. Probst, maintenance technician, Communications Maintenance Div. Nome
Ralph L. Robinson, maintenance technician, Communications Maintenance Division, Nome
William H. Root, Jr. maintenance technician, Communications Maintenance Division, Annette Island
Winfred J. Scoles, Communications Maintenance Division (maintenance technician) Nome
William L. Wilson, radio technician, Communications Maintenance Division at Anchorage

TRANSFERS

Mr. Carl J. Basslor, airways operations specialist from Anchorage to Wash., DC.

P & S. ENGINEERING

PERSONNEL -

- Woodrow W. Byrum, aircraft communicator from Fairbanks to Sixth Region
August L. Lorenzie, senior airway traffic controller, from Fairbanks to the Third Region
William O. Roberts, assistant airport traffic controller from Fourth Region to Anchorage

SEPARATIONS

AIRWAYS OPERATIONS BRANCH

- Jack Boerstein, aircraft communicator, Communications Operations Division, Gulkana
Donald P. DuBois, aircraft communicator, Communications Operations Division, Port Heiden
Albert Kauska, Jr., aircraft communicator, Communications Operations Division, Anchorage

ANF COMMUNICATIONS BRANCH

- Jessica K. Althaus, clerk-typist, Communications Maintenance Division, Juneau

ANF PLANT & STRUCTURES BRANCH

- Kirk Drumheller, civil engineer, Engineering Division, Anchorage
James B. Hughes, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Annette Island
Jack E. Hutchins, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Annette Island
Amos H. McLain, airways engineer, Construction Division, Anchorage
William Morgan, general mechanic, Maintenance Division, Summit

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT BRANCH

- Loma P. Epperson, clerk, Alaska Supply Section, Seattle
O. Timothy O'Brien, aircraft mechanic, Aircraft Service Division, Anchorage
Frank J. Pondola, aircraft mechanic, Aircraft Service Division, Anchorage
Adele T. Schnaidt, clerk-typist, Property Management Division, Anchorage

Ernie Woschenfelder and his wife Florence, are the proud parents of a fine new little girl, Susan Jean, weight 6 pounds, 15 ounces, born October 31st, early in the morning. This is the second child for the Woschenfelders.

Haldis Rasmussen Mesplay, secretary to Ed Fisher, is leaving us on Thanksgiving day to join her husband in Los Angeles. Haldis is one of the best little secretaries we've had in the division, and it is with regret that we tell her goodbye. But we DO wish her all the happiness in the world - she deserves it.

A new girl, Anne Recco, has transferred to this division from Audit to take the place of Haldis.

Another of our fine secretaries, Ruth Lingbloom Hultine, is resigning in December to be housewife for her new husband.

Several of our men have been in the field this month, doing survey work. Bob Matson, Elmer Daalman, and Jim Trelford went to Annette for about three weeks and are due back in the office any day now - Ed "Griff" Griffin is on a reconnaissance trip to Yakutat for a week.

Bornard Martin is a new engineer in Dan Scotchfield's office, taking "Doc" Titus' place. --DOROTHY MEREDEITH

VHF SCHOOL

The following Communications Maintenance personnel attended the VHF and Carrier School from October 25 to November 12:

- John M. Bradford, MT, Annette
Richard E. Brown, MT, Yakataga
Robert W. Edlund, MTIC, Anchorage
Jay P. Gladiou, MTIC, Katalla
Leon E. Hammorly, Maintenance Insp.
Neil A. Haun, MT, Shuyak
Harvey L. Tongesdal, MTIC, Juneau
Gordon O. Young, MTIC, Yakataga

Following the course, Mr. Gladiou and Mr. Haun were given special instruction by the Mechanical Maintenance Division in maintenance of engine-generators.

* ANCHORAGE * ASTERISKS *

Here in the big town, and with you all too, we still have the shipping strike, but ill effects are not too apparent as many grocery stores run full-page ads filled with cut-price specials, and urge case lot purchases. Following a blast from the military against high prices in Anchorage, and a threat to open the QM to civilians, local prices have improved; we have such as 85¢ per dozen for fresh eggs, 80¢ for bacon and 75¢ for hamburger. As this goes to press there is much talk of a settlement in the shipping strike, but this column predicts same will be, at best, only makeshift. The ARR barge operations from Seattle have helped the Territory, but have been beset by ill luck with two barges going aground the last month.

Speaking of prices - Alaskans long ago adopted the attitude "to heck with the cost, if I want it I'll buy it" but at times it's amazing, to us only a few years from the States, to note the unit cost of such as fresh fruit. In recent weeks we saw 3 apples 40¢, 3 bananas 55¢ and 49¢ for one cucumber.

With stepped-up air activity there were several accidents and disasters. A Columbia Air Cargo craft went off the end of the runway at Merrill on takeoff; a Trans-Alaska DC-3 landed down wind at Cordova and crashed at the end of the runway; a Pacific Air Express DC-3 is missing between Yakutat and Annette Island; and two Navy craft are also missing. Sometimes it's rough!

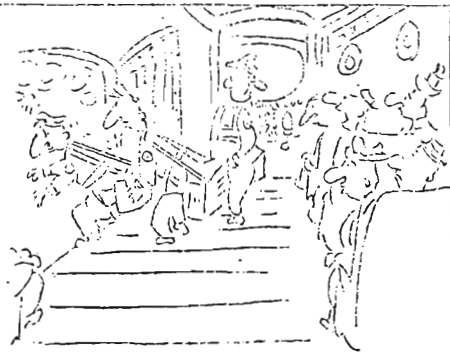
Big news of course, was the much predicted against Truman election to four more years in the White House. Many of the "experts" faces were red. Classic mistake resulted in Oregon when voters passed legislation to pay a \$50 per month old age pension and then found the cost - \$9,000,000 per month - would bankrupt the State.

Some of you perhaps remember the account of Pettito's ride on the Alaska Railroad which appeared in Mukluk. What wasn't told was that the footstaps he'd heard behind him were carrier pigeons!

There has been mention in the Mukluk of Fairbanks' mud holes; Anchorage too is hardly without blemish in this respect. The Anchorage Co-op reports some trouble -- Seems their delivery truck was passed at a puddle by another car, and splashed against the panel delivery was a quantity of our "Anchorage goo". It seems also that a portion of same was bounced right back through the window of the passing car...and the irate (woman) driver wanted to sue. She abandoned the idea however, when a Police Department ruling showed that anyone driving a car must take the usual risks of the road and close their windows if allergic to goo.

Heard on a kid's quiz show; Question: What does a shoemaker make? Answer: \$1.75 an hour!

Well, as Paul Revere said at the end of his famous ride; "Whoa!"



"How long will this strike of yours last?"
(The Airline Pilot)

MIDDLETON-MISCHIEF

This never would have made Mukluk if the Chief hadn't caught me writing a letter on the back of an interference report blank. Answering his deep frown, I quickly explained I was writing an item for MUKLUK and would rather he didn't see it just yet. Meanwhile he sauntered over to the barograph and, the night before having been extremely windy, a marked rise was noted for each hour and the door was opened to take the ob -- except one. You could tell he took this in at a glance, so I came back quicker with "Ah, meant to tell you Chief, there was a strong westerly at 0400H; I had to go out the east window to take the OB and (in case he'd find out more) at 0515, I was 10 minutes late with the obcs as each time I got back to the station door, a gust of wind caught me and carried me back to the instrument shelter".

"I suppose you came down the chimney that time?" he purred, hoping to catch me. "Not exactly, Chief, (proper respect always helps), fought my way down to the xmtr site and made the obcs locally - had to use a can of sand and two flashlight cells for a mike, but got an R5 report from CEMO. "Amazing Bassler", he ate the words, "I can see a man with your reserve will go a long way in a hurry - perhaps even back to where he came from".

Ok, we're only kidding. Yep, the new Chief at MDO (Middleton Island) is Ed Klopp, recently from leave and surgery - Stateside. He has the CACOM duties under control with things going along fine. Sez he's going to catch up on his sleep at MDO - off duty, we think.

Former Acting Chief, F.L. Chance, is on leave in Minny Sota after 15 profitable months at MDO and is likely taking in many football games and beers before going to Homer. Former CACOM Bill Trow has taken to the mountains (Sheep Mountain) after having been chased from two

islands - Annette and Middleton, and is showing the Fives up there "How we did it on the Islands". We had a few chats with him on 75 phone and he seems to like Sheep Mountain fine.

Joe Frydlo alias KL7PB is still going strong trying to work all countries from MDO - mostly on 20 meters. He's built a 400 watt power house which really gets out. With a smaller rig on 75 meters we've had some FB QSO's around the Territory. Joe also recently got himself attached to a rifle through Alaska Shopping Service and Ed Klopp brought a couple cannons along with him, so the boys have really been shooting off around here lately.

A-America L-London Johnson, now has the impressive title of "Station Manager" but we knew Al back when he was a MTC so we don't "snap to" when he rushes into the station with an urgent message for "50". Al surprised us all when he got married while on leave this summer - didn't know he could keep a secret that well. Also known as K17LE, he's been TELCO and EPONO on all bands since he brought his wife back to Middleton. In the meantime one house has acquired the woman's touch and Al has been seen performing such tasks as putting up clothes lines, washing walls, and building doodads....power of a woman!

We should also mention Bill Whitworth who served as relief MTC here during Al's leave and subsequent harnessing. He found more activity here we believe, than he expected. Bill was very cooperative and industrious and we recommend him for "Very Good" on his efficiency report. Also "Thanks Bill" for filling that liquid merchandise order.

John Bassler has no talents and does nothing to write about so he was elected to write this item; huh! looks like we can't do that TOO.

It looks like we're getting lengthy here (don't mention dryness) but Mikluk Editor threatens to close down shop unless some station chatter reaches the desk, so will give with the latest excitement here. It was 0220AM and I was just finishing the synoptic. CXD had been calling madly for 5 minutes to GO AHEAD WX! Rushing for the key, I stopped in midair when four wet, wind-blown, marine looking characters huddled around the stove; caught my eye. "Stand by one", I sez, "While I send out the WX". (I was told later my eyes got as big as sour-dough pancakes and my chins were resting down on my collar bone but I wasn't very surprised - I'd been with CAA eleven months now). As it turned out, another fellow was still enroute, resting; there were five of them. The unexpected visitors (names withheld pending notification next of kin) were the crew of the FORMER "Nora". They had been battling the storm which reached a steady breeze of 65 mph around here, with gusts of 75 plus. This is a "fair-to-middling" wind for Middleton Island.

The life-boat was gone and the crew was baling furiously; knowing they were uncomfortably close to Davy Jones' locker when Land Ho! They sighted MDO light-beacon. Thinking it was Cape St. Elias and they would be in the hands of the Coast Guard but actually not caring what it was, they beached and left the wreckage. However, I think they liked our pancakes as well as G.I. ones, and we got word to the Coast Guard so that two days later a PBY arrived...and then there were none.

GIRL FOR SMITHS

Mr. and Mrs. Walt Smith are very proud these days, and justly so, because they have a little baby daughter.

Anne Marie arrived October 19, at Providence Hospital. She weighed in at 6 pounds 15 ounces. This is their second child; the first being a girl also. There are two good models for Walt.

P&S. CONSTRUCTION

With the World Series and the election over, certain persons in this Division (not mentioning any names) have vowed to NEVER NEVER bet again - but they forgot temporarily about the big football games in the offing.

Now for some goings and comings..... Perhaps the hardest person to keep track of this month has been J.L. Connors, who has been constantly on the go, having completed inspection at Yakataga, Haines, and Katalla - and Portage. Ken Kullner, besides acting as Chief, part of this month, made a trip to Maknek to inspect the runways.

George Karabonikoff and "Red" Wilkins flew to Woody Island where they boarded the ESP 3144, which is a barge, incidentally, skippered by Gordon Meyers, to make an inspection of the Shuyak facilities. From Shuyak, "Red" is continuing his 'boat trip' via Whittier, Cordova and Katalla, picking up supplies along the way enroute to North Dutch Island and Hinchinbrook, where he will complete a short assignment. Gordon Meyers is transporting fuel from Cordova to Katalla, and is busily engaged, with the very able assistance of his crew.

Barney Looke is now at Woody Island where he is Resident Engineer in Charge of the quarters conversion program. Engineers completing assignment include: Jerry Howard on the Annette paving job; Harold Tarbert at Iliamna, and Bernie Reiten at Whittier. J.E. Daigle has been busy the past few weeks as Resident Engineer at Portage in charge of the road, and drainage work. Ralph Klokke-vold is on an inspection trip to Homer and Woody Island.

Amos H. McLain resigned last month after five years service with the CAA here in Anchorage as an Airways Engineer. (Continued on page 19)

OPERATIONS

On the new Airways Operations Branch personnel roster recently issued, many changes since the previous roster are noted on the placement of Branch employees.

Beginning with the Regional Office part of it, the Operations Standardization Staff has a new girl in AUDREY FIELDS. Audrey previously worked in the Regional Office of the Weather Bureau and then went Outside for a while. She and her husband can't stay away, so now they are back once more. Mr. Fields works at the Regional Warehouse. Two issues back we reported on Carl Bassler transferring to Washington. His spot on the roster under Fixed Aeronautical Section has been filled by FRED WAYER, formerly a Chief Aircraft Communicator, Communications Inspector, Chief Communications Analyst and Station Manager. Fred has gotten around a bit, you see.

The Fixed Aeronautical Section comes up with a second new name - Airways Operations Specialist STUART WILLIAMS. He is brand new in the job so we'll give you a bit of his history. He came to the CMA from the Navy and his assignment in the Eighth Region was at the Anchorage station. Stu pulled himself up by his bootstraps and finally became Senior Overseas Communicator. He also accepted a detail to the Aeronautical Center where he assisted in the orientation training of new Eighth Region Communicators.

The Mobile Section of the Communications Operations Division remains stationary as far as personnel is concerned, but we note several changes on the Analytical Staff. Robert Thomas, John Keith and George Sink are, collectively, the changes.

ROBERT THOMAS began his communications work in the Navy in October of 1933. By September 1940 he reached the CMA at Marshall, Missouri (Fifth Region). Then he

went on to Douglas, Wyoming, and to Scottsbluff, Nebraska, where he became Chief Aircraft Communicator. During the war, Thomas came to Alaska as a volunteer communicator and was stationed at Yakataga. He went back to Scottsbluff - but Scottsbluff didn't have anything that Yakataga didn't have so he came right smack back to Yakataga. He remained there as Chief until March of this year when he transferred to Juneau in like capacity. He was given enough time to get nicely settled in the Territorial capital and then was called into the Regional Office as Airways Operations Specialist.

(Don't look now, but here comes another Navy man.) JOHN KEITH, the second addition to the Analytical Staff, began getting seasick in February 1933. He ultimately had enough of that and shipped with the CMA in the Seventh Region at Mullan Pass, Idaho, in the Fall of 1941. It didn't take John long to find Alaska. He found it at one of its most beautiful spots - Kaines - in the summer of 1942. Wanting to see more of it, he accepted an assignment of relief duty with headquarters at Fairbanks and in that capacity also saw duty at Bethel, Kodiak and Northway. He became Chief Aircraft Communicator at Skwentna early in 1945, and moved on in the same capacity to Gulkana, Juneau and Homer. - At Homer he was also the Station Manager. John's wife, Hazel, was formerly a communicator at Fairbanks, Skwentna and Gulkana.

(Oh Brother! another Navy man!) George Sink saw ten years of it in the decade that began with 1931. Join the Navy and see the world, they say. That explains why George is such a man of the world. He throws words at us we've never heard of before. And nice words too. After the Navy, George joined the CMA to see the USA and hit such spots as Lafayette, Indiana, Lansing, Michigan and Dul-

OPERATIONS-

iet, Illinois. Tiring of continental life he came to Alaska as a volunteer communicator at Annette Island in September 1943. Terminating his volunteer status, he accepted permanent assignment to the Eighth Region and transferred to Anchorage. He finally became Senior Overseas Communicator at the overseas station and then transferred back to Annette Island as Chief Aircraft Communicator. You can see George is no stranger to Anchorage.

On the field side of the roster, most of the changes in the supervisory grades resulted from the mass inauguration of the Station Manager Program. Cacom RICHARD BRYAN from Bethel to Aniak - Cacom FRANK SMITH from Naknek to Annette Island - Cacom DON CHURCH from Aniak to Bethel - Cacom GEORGE WILKINS from Farwell to Cordova - Cacom KENNETH WOOD from Juneau to Cacom at Farwell - Cacom ALEXANDER DUFREANE from Kodiak to Galena Cacom FRANCIS JOHNSON from Gustavus to Gulkana - Cacom WILLIAM LEHMAN from Sheep Mountain to Gustavus - Cacom CARL GULLEY from Northway to Honor - Cacom CLIFFORD UZZELL from Minchumina to Iliamna - Cacom ROBERT LEISE from Cordova to Cacom at Moses Point - Cacom GLENN FOSSETT from Unalakleet to Naknek - Cacom WILLIAM BOBLENZ from Galena to Northway - Cacom WILFRED TREN from Middleton Island to Sheep Mountain - Cacom DONALD THOMAS from Gulkana to Sitka - Cacom BEN GATES from Yakataga to Tanacross - Cacom ADOLPH ROSENBAU from Port Heiden to Unalakleet - Cacom JOSEPH STRICKLAND from Moses Point to Yakataga.

On the Air Traffic Control side, MAJOR GROTTIS is the new Chief Airport Traffic Controller at Naknek. In addition to the foregoing, we now find KENNETH RUHLE the Assistant Chief at the Anchorage station in grade CAF-10 and JERRY DURANT as the Assistant Chief in grade CAF-9. ERNIE RICE, moving up from Sacom at Juneau, took over the International Notice to Airman job connected with the Anchorage station; and BILL YOUPIPI, previously in the Notice to Airman job took over the

PHOTO AWARDS MADE

The long-planned photo contest was ended with a display in Room 210 of the Federal Building and judging of the entries was done by the public - that is to say by only 97 persons who viewed the showings. Walt Smith was very much disappointed by the small attendance and also the absence of so many entries that people neglected to bring.

Walt was General Chairman of the venture, and spent some long hours along with members of the Carpenter Shop, whom he wants to thank publicly for their cooperation in the making and setting-up of display cabinets. The committee also wants to thank those interested persons who sorted out their favorite photos and brought them down for the contest. We will list below, the various classes and their respective awards.

COLOR

- 1st Place, #35 - Margaret Silliman
- 2nd Place, #86 - Ed Seiler
- 1st Honorable Mention, #91 - Frank H. Morrithow
- 2nd Honorable Mention, #67, Ed Seiler
- 3rd Honorable Mention, #80, Walt Smith
- 4th Honorable Mention, #92, Ed Seiler
- 5th Honorable Mention, #81, Walt Smith

BLACK AND WHITE SNAPSHOTS

- 1st Place, #101 - Elmer Pauch
- 2nd Place, #104 - George Allen
- 1st Honorable Mention, #102, George Allen
- 2nd Honorable Mention, #103, " "
- 3rd Honorable Mention, #105, " "

SALON PRINTS

- 1st Place, #96 - George Allen
 - 2nd Place, #97 - E.L. Griffin
- (Continued on page 30)

Chief Aircraft Communicator duties at Juneau. DARRELL CHAFFIN is a brand new Chief Communicator, taking over the duties at Kodiak. Likewise with BERNARD EVANS at Umiat. It's a changing world isn't it?

KOTZEBUE

Last Mukluk be forced to fold from lack of field contributions I will sneak a report on Kotzebue in the mail; but, please understand that I am jeopardizing my "Definitely Superior" efficiency rating, as well as my happy home, as Kotzebue has been absent from the Mukluk by direct orders of the Station Manager. (Or has it???? -Ed.)

It appears from our various contacts with the cold and cruel outside world, that a great misapprehension exists with regard to our little Paradise, most of the CAA believing that Kotzebue is the real jumping off place, absolutely without anything to recommend it, many of them even regarding it as merely an extension of Siberia, useful only for purposes of exile.

Well, of course, we know it is the most charming and comfortable spot in the Western Hemisphere, and practically perfect with regard to living conditions. To have the happy isolation of a field station, and consequent lower cost of living, with genuine plumbing and movies every night at "The only commercial movie theater north of the Arctic Circle".

However, the station manager is deathly afraid someone else will find out about the joys of life in Kotzebue, and invade our happy isolation. You know, Mr. Hulon got as far as Moses Point on his inspection trip - if he has continued on to Kotzebue, he would have been so charmed he would have moved the whole Regional Office up here.

We have special arrangements with the Weather Bureau whereby during the entire six-week Midnight Sun Season, we have beautiful sunny weather all week, but on Saturday night, when the DC3 loads of tourists come, it becomes cloudy and overcast, so that they cannot see the midnight sun and go home in disgust.

However, the CAA tourists are not so easily discouraged; we have had a large number of them during the past summer and fall. First John and Steve Kubek with a paint crew, who painted our houses nice and white, and the inside of the control room a beautiful apple green, just like all the other CAA stations, instead of the drab ceru shade that it was before.

Then Al McMasters came to explore the innards of all our furnaces, and Ike Jensen from Nome to rebuild the generator for us. So our happy anonymity has been destroyed and we might as well come out from under our rock and admit that we are here.

Station personnel, in the order of their presence, are RTIC Joe Gurth, who has been here three years or so, and is not planning to leave any time soon, (of course we can't count McGowan, Chief of the Weather Bureau, but he's been here five years and doesn't want to leave either).

Station Manager O.O. Robbins (formerly of Nome) and under or Junior, Communications Operator Jane Robbins, have been here 18 months and guess what, they don't plan to leave either. Senior Communicator Ed Ward has been here about three years and HE's gonna buy a house.

Next in order is Ken Carl, formerly of Bettles, who has only been here a little over a year. He used to speak highly of Bettles and for a while he was pretty restless; twice he has, of course in a purely academic manner, mentioned the fact that there are such things as "transfers", but Kotzebue has finally gotten into his blood, and a bid came open for station manager at Bettles, he thought it over and decided to stay in Kotzebue.

General Mechanic Karl Neilson has also been here about a year, but he really counts as an old inhabitant, as he was here often in his former career as a traveling mechanic, so that naturally, from his vast experience of all the stations, he picked Kotzebue for the place to settle down.

Latest arrivals is Al Guthrie, direct from the assembly line at Oklahoma City, and we certainly hope he likes it. He already has a dog, and a kayak, so we're counting on his staying awhile.

The metropolis of Kotzebue consists of one movie theater, two restaurants, four general merchandise stores, ASA and WAA Airlines offices, plus various bush pilots, three churches, two schoolhouses and ANS hospital; post-office, three or four hundred Eskimos, 30 or 40 whites, and Archie Ferguson.

Kotzebue has two landing fields, and last winter had a third, laid out on the ice of Kotzebue Sound. I believe I can safely say that it is the only CAA station in the world where we had to warn incoming planes of the hazard of Seals on the runway. Of course Big Delta has its Bison, but our Seal is unique. During May and the first part of June, he basked in the sun on the smooth surface of the runway, in spite of attempts by various natives and pilots to shoot him. His hole was off to the side of the runway, and you can imagine how carefully we investigated, for fear some plane would fall through the seal-hole.

Kotzebue is so uncivilized that we do not yet have a Television station, but the three local radio stations provide a variety of entertainment to suit the taste of everyone. Doc Raboau, with his "Hospital Hour" on KTPJ every night from six to seven is up-and-coming competition to Dr. Brinkley, and has a loyal following among those who like the earthy type of humor. Station KLG (Kotzebue Sound Lighterage Co., A.R. Ferguson, Prop.) (2986 and 2492 kc) provides not

only humor but news of the day to surface vessels, not only the MS Kotzebue (73 feet) but the "North Star", the "Northwind", the "Vicky C" and the "Terminal Knot", Kotzebue CAA operators also monitor this station for instruction in proper procedures in this area -- "Boy Sparks, are you there?" -- "Gee, we had a blow last night; blew the whole dang warehouse down". (Three beards)

But the station with the largest following in Kotzebue, the one where you really get the latest dope and most excitement, "Is the mail plane coming this week?", "Did the preacher go to Noorvik", "Will Sam Shafsky RON at Cando where there's a bar, or Deering where there's a pretty school teacher". "Will Nome weather ever clear up"? Did Joiner get a polar bear?", "Will the Douglas land at City field or CAA field?", "How many reindeer steaks should Boalah start cooking?" "What's it gonna do tomorrow?" The station which will provide answers to these and many other such exciting questions of burning public interest, is OTZ (Kotzebue) 367 kc on your dial. These magic little letters can be heard in the air as you enter practically any store, house or tent in town.

That last question, "What's it gonna do tomorrow?" is of the utmost importance and never was there a town where everyone took such cognizance of the weather; you give them the Fairbanks forecast and the Marine forecast - they're not satisfied. "Well, Mac says it'll do such and such" - that's not enough they say. "Well, what do YOU think it'll do?" We tell them that the Forecaster's Union doesn't allow us to give out opinions, but they keep right on asking, day after day. And night after night too, when the telephone line blows down. Pilots have been known to crawl out to their planes to call for forecasts at such peculiar hours as midnight and four A.M., and of course Archie starts every day at six A.M. by asking for Nome weather.

(Continued on Page 20)

FAIRBANKS ARTC

Well, we see that we didn't draw a blank this last month so we shall try it again -- and see what we draw besides a lot of fire from down Gulkana way.

CFAI hasn't very much to report at this time but what there is might make interesting reading -- we hope.

We have a representative from the Brown Bomber's home town (Detroit to you) now with us in the Center. Bob Mason is the handle he put on his application, but for all we know, that too may be an alias. Several times we have tried to get him to tell us his number but so far he refuses to talk. Never fear, some day we shall catch him in an unguarded moment and from there on, the rinks will be on him. It seems that he is -- so he says -- somewhat of a pilot, but to the best of our knowledge the only piling that can be proved around here has been done with a shovel. Still, he does claim membership in the famed Caterpillar Club - along with Walt Bear, and has the pin plus papers to prove it and you don't get such memberships by falling out of bed. So, reluctantly, I guess we shall have to believe the man. Oh yes, girls, he is unattached and eligible but by golly take it from us, anyone who can live with a face like his would have to be behind it to stand it!

One other person to break into the spot-light is "Our Boy" George Richards, hereafter to be known as the "CAA dump 'em out, one man rescue unit". Along about the middle of October, Dean and Mrs. Phillips, were on their way home from Anchorage via the highway in their truck "The Doodle Bug". Everything was going as it should until they got up to Tok Junction and there-by hangs the tale. It seems that the road was rather slick and Dean was inching along up a grade that turned around a small hill with very good results but there was another truck - coming from the opposite

direction that was not inching along. At any rate, the two cars did not miss, with the Doodle Bug taking a rough beating and roughing up both it's occupants. Doan made out fairly well but Mrs. Phillips really got banged around to the extent that she had a minor concussion and some severe bruises and cuts. Both are on the working list as of this writing but the Doodle Bug is still in "sick bay". At any rate, Dean was stuck at Tok Junction with no means of transportation for either his wife or him. He called Fairbanks and told of his plight so our "rescue unit" went into action.

The next day, after various and devious means had been used, George roared into the blue with Doug Heay's Stinson after four hours, returned to our Woods Field with the injured parties. The Highway Patrol had brought the Phillips up to Tanacross where George "roared in and roared out" on his mission of mercy. The term "roared" is used literally as that is the best thing the Stinson does.

As for the rest of this gang, nothing of great import has happened. One thing that could be mentioned is that ARTC is surely getting cluttered up these days, with Tower Operators. Murphy, with a sprained back, Bear still puttering around. Princtor getting in everyone's hair, and all the rest to come. It is the opinion of this writer that we shall soon have to reserve a padded cell somewhere in the States if this keeps on much longer!

--CHAPPY

PS- (Continued from page 14)
eer. He has returned to his former home in LaGrande, Oregon.

This about completes our roundup of news for this time, except to add that we all enjoyed the box of cookies from Alberta Bigelow who is still enjoying herself in Grants Pass, Oregon.-V.LOMMEN

HALLELUIAH FROM MOSES POINT -

Beards are sprouting out all over the place. Soon all the male personnel at this station are going to look like a bunch of bomb-toting revolutionists. It is interesting to note the various kinds of beards that have struck the fancy of each of us. Bob Leise favors the "Sailor Beard". It consists of a single swath of hair extending down one cheek encircling the chin, and climbing up the other cheek again. It is the classical type. "Drawers" Calloway and Mac Lennan are going in for the Van Dyke style which features mustache and goatee. It is the suave type but is more apt to dangle in your soup. Curley Britton is classified as growing the "Miscellaneous" type beard since he is merely not shaving and is letting nature take its course. I would like to describe all these beards out some people might think my comparisons a bit obscene. Next month we will tell the final story since most beards will be complete by then.

The social season at Moses Point has swirled to dizzying heights. This month the gals put on a tea for all female members of this doughty little garrison. It was a gala affair with tea (not spiked) and various refreshments being served. Personally, I think the women gathered because they are jealous of the men's beards and they wanted to plot something they could do in return. The tea ended late in the afternoon and I have not yet discovered who washed the dishes. One special guest was Mrs. O'Brien, wife of temporary MTIC, Ed O'Brien, who popped up here recently to find out what had become of her roving husband.

Our ego's are inflated because we now have two aircraft parked on the airstrip here at all times. One is Leise's faithful old red Stinson and the newcomer is a yellow Fairchild which Harold Lindsey bought recently. At the time of the purchase the plane was sitting out on the tundra about five miles from the station. Lindsey sweated out all kinds of weather until two dog teams finally managed to

pull the gallant craft right up to his front door. Aside from having no engine the plane is in good shape. Come next spring and an engine, this yellow terror will probably sprout wings and be all over the place in Harold's spare time. He bought it from Jeff King of Nome, who recently was assigned to the States.

Moses Point now boasts movies and we are all looking forward to seeing Theda Bara and Rudolph Valentino. On the first night of the movie schedule we all tramped into the utility building, settled back comfortably, and saw a fascinating fifty four minute presentation of "Celestial Navigation - Part One". However, in the near future Leise and O'Brien swear we will obtain some genuine Hollywood productions complete with Mickey Mouse and everything. We think all maintenance men should be required to see Mickey Mouse films at frequent intervals for spiritual inspiration.... Personally, I prefer Bugs Bunny. He eats carrots.

Tid-bits from here and there; send twenty-five cents and three bottle caps, and we will send you the story of how Calloway got the nickname "Drawers" - Send fifty cents and ten bottle caps and we will send you Calloway..beard and all! --THE PROPHET OF MOSES POINT.

(Continued from page 18)

Regarding that word "Crawl" above, that is a very normal means of progression during the winter, as it can change from "clear and thirty" to WOXOBS in half an hour or so. I have solved the problem of wear and tear on my knocs by a fancy pair of wolfskin leggings.

This should keep the Mukluk going for a few more installments; I wouldn't want to cause a paper shortage by writing too much. But stay tuned for the next installment, how Archie bought an old army glider for parts for his Taylorcraft how we found a pilot who was overdue at Woknek, drinking coffee at the local restaurant - we've got a million of 'em. --THE KOTZBEUE SEAL.

OPERATION SANDFLEA

BEACHCOMBERS' DIARY

To dispell rumors that Jim Pfoffer and Bill Clayton's Starvation Air Service rolling stock consists of a dead Duck, a narrative report of the whole episode (including the resurrection and ascension) is presented to MUKLUK readers and to those interested employees who have it read FOR them.

The purpose of the flight on Saturday, October 30, was to ferry the amphibian from Anchorage to Yakutat for winter-storage. Prior to takeoff the mysterious office of the Weather Bureau forecasters was entered. The chief forecaster was aroused and pulled away from a maze of isobars. He took a long look out of the south window, then shifted his eyes to an opaque Jap fishing boat. His expression remained unchanged until he flipped an old Club Bar token which landed on edge. "I think you can make it VFR to Cordova, but tomorrow will be better." That was the prognostication.

Thirty minutes after takeoff Cordova closed in, so it was necessary to detour and refilo to Yakataga. About twenty-five miles west of Yakataga the stranded barge, Skarstone, was sighted. A favoring wind, outgoing tide, and a driving curiosity to look the barge over, prompted a landing on the beach. After completing the landing roll, the right wheel sank in the wet sand and hold fast. Efforts to release it proved futile. Yakataga was then notified that it would be necessary to remain over night on the beach. A two-man tent was set up in the sand for that purpose.

A line was secured to the nose and tail of the airplane, and while the tide came in and combers lifted the wheels off the sand, a Volga boatman routine on the other end of the rope served to pull the ship farther up the beach. The waves would often move faster than the "rubber boot ballet" and accordingly spilled over

the tops of the boots. Three hours of this and it was midnight and high tide. The anchor was buried, and the two cold, wet, tired, but intrepid birdmen crawled into sleeping bags which were dry for the first and last time.

The next morning work was resumed on the Duck despite a driving rain. By noon it was obvious that no further progress was possible without a shovel and hydraulic jack. During low tide radio contacts were made with Yakataga so they were aware of conditions and needs.

The altimeter in the Duck was dropping steadily and the weather worsened in proportion. It was learned later that a ship out in the Gulf reported a barometric pressure of 27.72. That night the wind velocity was estimated to be 50 miles per hour, and although two small windbreaks were made to windward of the tent, the blowing sand and rain hit the tent until it looked like mosquito netting.

On Monday NC-14 dropped a shovel, jack, and additional food. Very little of the original food stock had been eaten as a conservative measure, and also due to a lack of a suitable place for its preparation. Pfeffer, in a self-sacrificing gesture, drank beer to conserve the gallon of fresh water available. High water held off work on the airplane until late afternoon. By dusk, one of the wheels was in the clear and the other partially raised. It was decided to attempt a takeoff. The battery was unable to carry the full load in starting the engine, so it was necessary to assist with the hand crank. Anyone who has ever cranked a Model 1820 Wright will agree that it is a violent form of physical exertion under the best conditions. At this time the airspeed indicator was registering fifty to sixty knots, or roughly sixty-five miles per hour -- and

Carrying the usual sand and water. Repeated attempts failed to start the engine, and in view of the encroaching darkness and severe weather, it was decided to seek shelter on the barge.

Approximately two thousand feet now departed the Duck and the barge. It took forty-five minutes to walk that distance backwards -- Pfeffer carrying one open sleeping bag and a packboard; Clayton had personal effects and a grub box. A corner of the barge was cleared of beer cases and broken bottles. Then pieces of cardboard and plywood were used to break the wind. A fire was started in the flared end of a ventilator pipe placed horizontally on a five gallon paint can. This provided momentary comfort prior to crawling into the one sleeping bag, by the numbers. It was so cozy for two that any proposed movements such as raising your eyebrows, had to be announced beforehand so that they could be accomplished in unison. The arrangement was enough to make any chiropractor's eyes light up. To further add to the discomfort, the paint can which had been used as a pedestal for the fire, began leaking. The odor became very strong but not strong enough to warrant leaving the sleeping bag. One left hand thrust out of the bag to make room for a right hand was retrieved covered with red paint. The paint subsequently covered everything within the limits of the law of gravity.

As the seas and the tide increased, wreckage began shifting, and the barge itself broke loose and began a pounding action with hair-removing sound effects. Thoughts of leaving the vessel were quelled after a brief look at the surf. The early morning hours brought low tide and a timely exodus from the barge. All recoverable possessions were assembled on a sand dune which was the highest ground between the surf and Eering Glacier. A few minutes after the last load was hauled and a radio message sent requesting rescue, the surf engulfed what was left of the tent and original

campsite. While a new shelter was being built on the sand dune, the barge broke loose, went to sea for a short, violent cruise, disgorged its large twin Diesel engines, reworking its direction and returned to the beach. In the meantime, sympathetic comments were extended to the Duck as it pitched amid logs, debris, and geysers of water.

Accommodations that night were comparable to a suite in the Waldorf - twin beds, indirect lighting from Clayton's red-nose, hot and cold running water - hot running through our minds and cold down our backs. The light housekeeping privileges were used for a late evening snack of hot chocolate and bread. Early the next morning a light plane out of Yakutat landed on the strip and in three shuttle trips to Yakataga completed the rescue mission.

That was the first rescue. On November 6, Jack Jefford, Al Hulon, Bill Jefford, and veteran beachcomber Bill Clayton, landed on the beach with Jefford's Bonanza. Jack went on to Yakataga and returned with an innocent bystander and lanterns to be used for further landings that night. He returned Yakataga and remained there during high tide. When the time came to return to the beach, heavy rain and high winds precluded any further flying. In between fits of laughter Jack munched on a toe bone steak at Joe Strickland's roadhouse, and contemplated sadly upon the fate of the boys on the beach who had not even one sleeping bag. What went on in the forty mile wind that night is for Bill Jefford to describe.

As the Bonanza circled for a landing on the beach the following morning, apprehension mounted on board when no one was sighted below. However, as the plane rolled to a stop alongside the barge, a large fire was observed in the sand aft of the fantail. Then out of the fire, sand, and ship's bottom crawled a red-eyed group of wet bilge rats shouting, "Comrade!" With a fond backward look at

(Continued on page 24)

MERRILL - FIELD ARTC

Friends, and I make use of the term loosely. It may be that in the near future there will no longer be a contribution from this office for the Mukluk. (There will now be a small pause as everyone bows to the north and mutters their regards to the powers to be.) And it may well be, that there won't even be an office - all because of a lousy six bucks.

It seems that the best team in the CAA bowling league, namely the Klondikers, met one of the lower teams in the league, the Six Bit Gang, and due to the superior skill, the better brand of beer, bested them on the field of combat. This victory, I must add, was due in part to the inability of one of the Six Bit Gang to maintain his average; which in turn is due to the fact that he shouldn't have such an average in the first place. However, it then became apparent that repercussions would result due to a side wager being placed between the captains of the two teams. Soooooo, we soon are all going to feel the wrath of the Special 51's and be transferred to Fognak or Chaguiak Isle where control of the souls and sea lions will resume. Any resemblance between Norm Beuter and the aforesaid member who couldn't maintain his average, is purely intentional. Also six dollars yet.

Remember the stories that Runyon used to spin about the Broadway boys with their big guns? Well, it seems like a bunch of them have moved north and have taken part in a little duck hunting trip down around Neknek. Now everyone knows, if he is a follower of True Magazine, what the well-dressed duck hunter will wear - See Mr. Hobby - and what arms he will carry while in the field. It seems like things are getting rougher what with the shipping strike and all, and the boys didn't get the word about the garb - and such. So, looking more than somewhat like the contents of an UNRA

grab-bag for starving Lower Slobovians; and carrying more high powered cannons than the law and Stoeger catalogue lists they took of for the habitat of the feathered creatures. To make a long story shorter, they learned that shooting ducks with 270's, 30.06's and Police Positive 38's is not considered by some to be an easy mark. Shotguns? Glad you asked. They did have one shotgun; and again the term is used in a manner most loose - 'twas a double barreled cannon of a very ancient vintage. The way I heard it, you had to pull back on the hammers to cock it, forward three insurance premiums, and offer a prayer to the gods for the safety of your left arm

Well, they burned more powder and shot than the occasion called for and caught beautiful colds from the water splashing over the boat, but it was worth it. At the end of the day, their net bag was about forty five pounds of the most beautiful duck feathers on the market today. And at the present market price for duck feathers, they could have stayed in bed. Speaking of beds - ask Sid Brown how he likes his duck-feather mattress!

Oh yos - before I forgot. Jim Rogor's lost weekend in Seattle has finally come to an end. He says he couldn't get a plane. I think he rather likes those dollar haircuts and cheap hootch and the best reason of all would be his bowling average. Six games he's bowled. 144 average he's got. He should come back and risk everything? He should. huh??? Well he did. And so, if you see JR down at the bowling alley sharpening up his eye before he goes back into harness, think something of it.

Hocky got married. Period. Really can't say much, as I had to work and was unable to indulge that evening; however, from what I have heard it was quite a painless operation, complete with punch-bowl and everything. Cake was good,

CAA GIRL ON MISSING PLANE

though. But I still can't figure it out because Betty calls him Joe and the newspaper called him Elmer. Now I ask you, does Elmer sound like Joe? Does Joe sound like Elmer? Tune in next week for the second installment of Joe's other Elmer's other wife. Me - I don't know.

More congratulations are in order. Sparkling Jim Brannigan is about to join the ranks of the certified collision experts. Seems like he gets his card on the fourteenth of November. More nasty cigars. Can't smoke them - always turn green. For those of you not acquainted with Jim, his Mother knows him better as Dick Brannon, but after all, a rose by any other name would smell. It goes something like that.

We have several additions to our little group; Mr. Chuckles Detrick has returned, like McArthur, and Mr. Leroy Anderson (LA) and Mr. Robert Robinson (BI) have joined this mighty madhouse. And to you, Mabel - BIG SCOOB. Our Mr. Anderson resents your transferring him to Fairbanks as per the last kukluk. Shame on you for three whole weeks. And to you, Mr. Fatback, shame for ordering all the little smooos killed off.

--BOB "SCHMOE" ARNEY.

(Mr. Anderson:- Sorry I transferred you to Fairbanks, but will bring you back - as of now....Editor)

SURVEY RESERVE PILOTS

The recent survey conducted among Eighth Region personnel to compile information on the number of pilots and reserve officers on our rolls revealed the following information:

There are 70 reserve officers in Region Eight of whom 33 are pilots. 159 of our personnel are pilots who have private ratings or better. In addition there is an impressive number of student pilots who should receive their ratings in the near future.

Jessie Hough was one of 17 passengers aboard the missing Pacific Alaska Air Express which crashed as it headed toward Cape Spencer, on a flight from Anchorage to the state of Washington. There has been no trace of the ship as yet.

Mrs. Hough had been with CAA since June, 1947, and worked in the Office of the Chief, Air Traffic Control Division. She was to have visited relatives in Prosser, Washington which is her home, and then planned to attend medical training school. Her husband was killed in an air crash during the war.

Mrs. Hough was a passenger on another plane, at the beginning of her trip, but at Yakutat they were held up by a flat tire; Pacific Alaska had room for one more passenger, so she transferred to their linos for the remainder of the way

SANDFLEA-

(Continued from page 22)

the shifting sands and cases of eastern beer, they stiff-armed their way into the waiting Bonanza.

In subsequent operations the Duck was removed to the water's edge and flown off the beach to the amazement of all witnesses. It is now resting comfortably in a corner of the hangar at Yakutat. To the personnel at Yakataga and Yakutat who participated in "Operation Sandflea", our sincere thanks.

In summation, no discredit is intended to be cast upon the Weather Bureau, despite the light treatment. The storm involved originated suddenly at sea and was plotted accurately as soon as reports were received. Two points for the possible benefit of fellow-aeronauts which have impressed the author are; that all glacial beaches will henceforth be avoided by him, with heavy aircraft except in an emergency - and, that even with an unusually extensive array of emergency gear, severe weather is difficult to combat; with none at all, it could have been fatal.

WAREHOUSE WAILS

Just like Christmas the days are getting closer and closer, Yipes! The deadline is practically here and I haven't had time to get this column written.

I'm going to have to do some quick work to get this to press on time.

Warehouseman Harold Balos has transferred to Fort Richardson in connection with the Radar Lab, and we miss him very much. Harold has been with us for over a year and it doesn't seem right not to have him around anymore.

Good luck to you, Harold!

Everette Horn, for the past several months has been in charge of the Army Property warehouse, and will now transfer to S. & E. stockroom taking over the job that Harold had.

Bob Burn and Willis Fildes will now be in charge of the Army Property warehouse and Repair and Exchange.

Priscilla Krise, clerk-typist, in the shipping office, recently announced her engagement and forthcoming marriage to Cpl. Bill Bickle. Cpl. Bickle is stationed at Fort Richardson. The wedding is planned for the latter part of November.

Priscilla's sister Virginia McKay, was also recently married and is an employee in the main office of 207.

This is the "marryingist" place I have ever been.

How anyone can write a column on the activities of the Regional Warehouse defeats me, because all we think about down here is back orders, back orders, back order, etc.

ids, if it's any help to you, we are getting the blamed things out just as fast as we can and believe me we've gotten rid of a heap of them.

When you folks in the field get your shipments of back orders you can have one heck of a time banging and hammering and sawing; replacing light globes, tinkering with radios, etc. - Oh Brother - What a time you're going to have.

With all those packages arriving, it will be just like letters from home. Now doesn't that make you happy?

I know for sure the warehouse gang is going to be mighty HAPPY to get rid of the back orders too.

More changes have been made in personnel the past month.

The new employees are Peter McDonald, Dick McMenomy, and Helene Rudo.

Mac" is taking over Mel Kohrwold's job as order clerk. Mel is now in Whittier. "Mac" isn't a newcomer to Alaska, having lived in Anchorage for the past 4 years but he is a newcomer to the CAA.

He thinks Anchorage is the best place on earth to live; we might add he previously came from Chicago, Illinois.

Dick McMenomy is also new to the organization and will be working out in the warehouse. He hails from St. Paul, Minnesota.

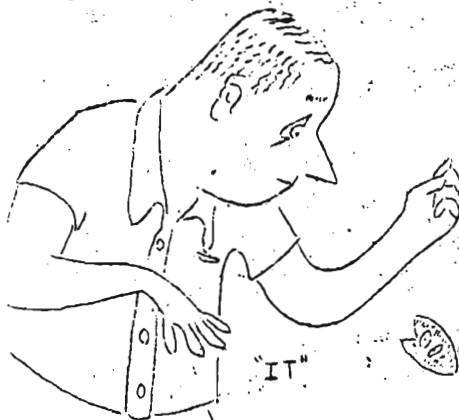
Helene Rudo, typist, is to take over the position previously held by Mildred Stanger who is just plain retiring.

We are sorry to have Mildred leave us as we all think she is mighty nice.

Helene Rudo has lived in Anchorage for the past year and claims Tacoma, Washington as her home town.

Folks, this is such a busy place that I am going to have to quit this chatter and get to work on - guess what? BACK ORDERS. So long. --DORIS PHILLIPS

For many of the past few months there has been a feeling that forces unknown and unnameable have been influencing the events of the Air Transportation Section. Small but persuasive manifestations are occurring. Not being a superstitious group, the personnel have chosen to disregard these happenings rather than try to explain them. Such minor annoyances when not dispelled will, and should we say, HAVE assumed Herculean proportions, and show definite signs of having personality. We shall hereafter refer to this personality as "IT".



Reporting for duty half awake, the freight crew starts the procedure of the day. First to greet them is the clock. Now this is a good clock and does not depend on the fickle Anchorage power, but is wound every day with a key. We know it is a good clock because we stole it from Mr. Pettite about two years ago, and he screamed like a banshee for two days. Therefore, not doubting its word, all hands try humbly to make amends and promise not to let it happen again. Then all of a sudden, Whooooooo, it's the Ft. Richardson siren three miles away, announcing 8 o'clock by all official standards, and the beginning of another working day.



"Who's an eskimo and what's an igloo?"

"IT" is apparently confined to the limits of this building. Take the case of Box 5032 destination Port Heiden, contents known, invoice numbers available. Messers Uzzell, Iliamna, Mabbott, Naknak and Brooks of Port Heiden --- and Greg of Warehouse shipping, all have solemnly raised their hands to teletype and sworn truly not to have, have seen, have handled the aforementioned box. "IT"?

Rubber bands were discovered attached to a per diem voucher which explains why we get one bounced back every time one has been submitted.

WHAT ELSE would cause three bundles of women's magazines to be marked for Middleton Island prior to the arrival of Mrs. Johnson?

Bob Jackson and family leave this month for a long awaited vacation to California. Address all messages; "IT, Acting".

"IT" also keeps a herd of mice that exist on a diet of paper - namely the last page of mystery books.

Kim Ransier and his wife Lois, have returned from a two and one half month's trip Outside, which took them to Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Cheyenne and other places of interest. They were visiting friends and relatives. Lois is secretary to Fred Pollard, at the Maintenance Shop offices. --ARTHELLE HIGHT

COMMISSARY CRUMBS

November's snow is on the ground,
and what a proper setting,
For in this month there's two
holidays, and a big fat turkey
we're getting.

With Armistice day, we will
raise a flag, and shout our
praise to those,

Who helped bring peace so long
ago, as the story goes.

And the Thanksgiving, and here
we are, a family all at peace,
as we give praise, and pray,
that our joy will never cease.

Here it is almost December and every-
one is still stuffed from all the food
over the Thanksgiving holiday. The old
scales are kept busy with everyone an-
xiously awaiting a decrease in their
weight. Ah yes, the futility of eating,
but how good it all tasted.

Around the food shack, all the crumbs
worked like mad to get the turkey and
chicken with all the trimmings to field
stations in time for the occasion. We
were very fortunate in getting Army
transportation for the food and with all
of us working, we were able to get it
shipped at the right time.

The nuts and candy that were ordered
from Seattle were not available on time,
so we weren't able to get the "sweets"
shipped, but it is here now and will be
shipped on all Christmas orders.

Hutch Hutchens, doing his duty, spent
a week in Whittier checking and receiving
freight for the holiday orders. The big
headache was getting a refrigerator car,
out after that was obtained it was much
easier. Hutch said he was checking the
"Chickens" all week but the question is,
what KIND of chickens? About 6AM, Hutch
crawled out into the cold to check in a
few more pieces of merchandise for the
food shack. On his off-duty hours, he
wined and dined in the beautiful night-

clubs in Whittier, having a wonderful
time. He said the nightclubs and women
were plentiful. One behind every tree.
(No trees) In all, there were about 400
pieces of food to be checked, so you can
see how rough it must have been, to re-
quire a week's time.

In the letter to the stations October
27, from the Executive Officer, it in-
cluded Kenni, Skwentna, Tannocross, North-
way and Gulkana in the airplane trips
with fresh produce. Now all the CAA sta-
tions with commissaries are being served
by monthly plane trips. As a reminder
to those already being served, and a
hint to the new ones - it helps us con-
siderably if you get your orders for
fresh produce into Anchorage about two
weeks prior to the delivery date. That
way, we have time to procure all items
needed, pack it, make all the paper work
ready and have it finished for shipment
on the right day. Otherwise, we can
give no guarantee that all your orders
will be filled.

From the Butcher Shop, we learned..
there are some items available now, that
are in great demand. Since everyone had
requested ham at the same time, it com-
pletely depleted our stock, but we now
have enough to supply all orders, T'on
too, Butch has a good supply of Pork
Tenderloins on hand so if you want these
don't hesitate to order them.

Roberta Young returned this month
from a vacation in the States and has a-
gain resumed her job at the payroll desk.

Before long it will be Christmas and
all the people around here are anxiously
awaiting the parties that go with the
Christmas celebration. It is planned to
draw names and give small gifts.

This is the last issue that your old
"Crumb" will be writing, so with the De-
cember issue, your new crumb will be at
(Continued on page 29)

McGRATH

Most important local news of the last few weeks is the success of the annual Fireman's Ball.

The Ball is sponsored annually on Halloween by the McGrath Volunteer Fire Company, with the purpose of combining the social activity and funds-raising. Net this year was \$740.59.

The proceeds will be used to support the local First Aid Station which is under the direction of Mrs. Florence Winchell, RN. Chief need this year is an adequate stock of penicillin and other drugs. The First Aid Station operates on a non-profit basis, charges being made only for supplies used. On the whole, it has paid its own way since first organized three years ago; but since a large area is served -- nearest other medical facilities are at Bethel, Nome, Anchorage, and Fairbanks -- Mrs. Winchell has considered it advisable to expand her stock of supplies.

Outlying camps contributed to the amount cleared, and Crooked Creek was personally represented by Mr. and Mrs. Bob Vanderpool, who flew up in their new Stinson for the party; but most of the money was raised in McGrath itself, with a population of slightly over one hundred.

Chief Mechanic John J. Cooksey was chairman of the entertainment committee, which included Oscar Winchell of Winchell Flying Service, and Jack Reid of the NC Company. Prizes were donated by several individuals, among them Pete Egras and Jack McGuire. All members of the Fire Company, which includes all adult males in the village, and CAA helped in many ways. The Woman's Club president, Mrs. Marjorie Twa of the Weather Bureau provided food and decorated McGuire's tavern for the affair.

Hobo Joe and his father entertained with accordion music, fire-eating, and a juggling act; and Mike Acheff did his Hula dance. It is estimated that over

two hundred dollars were brought in by these acts, the remainder coming from various raffles, games etc.

Mrs. Dorothy Bryant, ACCOM, recently returned from leave in Wisconsin and Montana, bringing her mother back with her.

ACCOM Clarence Estes has left this station for a relief job at Fairbanks.

Mrs. June B. Geisel, formerly ACCOM June B. Gadd, who went Outside for confinement with her first baby this spring, resigned later in the summer. She and her husband now live in Tacoma, where he is working for the railroad. Their new baby is named Earl Werner Geisel.

Now personnel at this station are Russell Stallcup, ACCOM; Patrick J. Carroll, ACCOM; both ex-army and single; and Glon F. Daniels, ACCOM, a reinstated former employe, whose wife and young son recently joined him here. The Daniels are currently living in the old Pan American house, formerly occupied by the Geisels.

The new station manager, Mr. C.E. Holden, formerly of Nenana, and his wife and two children arrived just in time for the moose season. Mr. Holden and Tommy Glazier, mechanic, went out together and each killed a moose. It was the first for Station Manager Holden and Glazier's "seweralth".

Mr. Glazier is a long-time resident of this vicinity, formerly employed at various times on time sheet, and recently appointed as a per annum employe.

Dorothy Novatny, Territorial Board of Education, on a recent inspection tour, complimented McGrath on the efficiency of its School Committee.

Two CAA employees; Ralph W. Stone, C.A.COM; and Ann M. Domogalla, ACCOM; are members of the committee. Remain-

ing members are Mrs. Florence Winchell, Mr. C.R. Pierson, deputy Marshal and school agent; and Mr. Edgar Chamberlain, teacher. The school committee is an unofficial unit created to coordinate activities of the local residents and the official representatives of the Territorial school system. One member is chosen from the McGrath Volunteer Fire Company, one member from the McGrath Woman's Club, and one member by popular vote of all members of both organizations. The school agent and teacher are included automatically.

The Woman's Club has taken the initiative in local work for the school, with the Fire Company serving as a labor reserve where required. During the past two years the Woman's Club has spent about six hundred dollars on the school. Work done has included installation of chemical toilets, interior painting, purchase and erection of playground equipment; and currently purchase and installation of floor covering, and revision of the lighting system are contemplated.

Mrs. Novatny, at a luncheon given for her by the Woman's Club, advised the committee that, as far as she knew, it was a unique solution to the problem of local and Territorial cooperation.

RALPH W. SLOVE...

COMMISSARY-

(Continued from page 27)

the typewriter pecking away. This will be the 17th article for the Commissary since June 1947, and I hope you have enjoyed them as much as I have liked writing them for you.

That's about all for this time so I'll float along for now but as the roof said to the wall, "Hold me up, I'm plastered, chum!"

--THE CRACKER CRUMB,
HAXEL JENKINS ALLATRE

Lady Godiva was the first jockey. She didn't "Place", but she "Showed"!!

WHAT IS COMMUNISM??

100 things you should know about Communism in the U.S.A.; The Committee on Un-American Activities, U.S. House of Representatives has now released a series of publications dealing with communism. Due to the length of the questions and answers it is impossible for us to present any one complete publication in any issue of Mukluk Telegraph. We will complete the first 100 questions as rapidly as time and space will permit. 40 years ago, Communism was just a plot in the minds of a very few peculiar people. Today, Communism is a world force governing millions of the human race and is threatening to govern all of it.

1. WHAT IS COMMUNISM? A system in which one small group seeks to rule the world.
2. HAS ANY NATION EVER GONE COMMUNIST IN A FREE ELECTION? No.
3. THEN HOW DO COMMUNISTS TRY TO GET CONTROL? Legally, or illegally, any way they can. Communist's first big victory was through bloody revolution. Every one since has been by military conquest, or internal corruption, or the threat of these. CONSPIRACY is the basic method of Communism in countries it is trying to capture. IRON FORCE is the basic method of Communism in countries it has already captured.
4. WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF COMMUNISM SHOULD COME INTO POWER IN THIS COUNTRY? Our Capitol would move from Washington to Moscow. Every man, woman, and child would come under Communist discipline.
5. WOULD I BE BETTER OFF? No - and in the next issue we will tell you why!

ROUND-WORLD FLYER

(Continued from page 1)

was injured, but the plane is in need of major repairs. Due to the shortage of funds and the scarcity and high cost of parts for the foreign made Proctor, it is believed the owner will remain in Alaska and find work here to finance the last leg of her trip. She calls her plane "Thursday's Child", which she derived from part of a poem which says "Thursday's Child has far to go."

MUKLUK WANTS-

(Continued from page 3)

may have some hidden talent for writing in our organization that heretofore has not been revealed.

This idea was obtained from two such articles appearing in "Region VI News". We have read "The Job of an Air Route Traffic Controller" and "The Job of an Airman Standards Agent". Both are presented in an appropriate manner and furnish an insight into the tasks that these employees face from day to day. They do not give the author's name. Perhaps some one individual writes them all but we want ours to be personal - to represent the one or ones actually on the job.

We do not want job descriptions. We want to follow the employee through a typical day's work. What does he actually do. How does he do it? What does he work with? Any and all these things should be considered. Don't exaggerate but actually bring the job to life.

Judging by various articles appearing in the Mukluk from time to time, we know that many of our employees have talent and can paint a good word picture of their assignment.

Send your articles to your respective Branch Chiefs. Start now - TODAY - to write your story. Each Branch Chief may select most appropriate articles from within his branch.

"So you have to run home as usual?" scoffed one of the group at the pool-room as the timid little man rose to leave. "What are you, a man or a mouse?"

"A man, of course," replied the little man with dignity.

"What makes you think so?" demanded the other man.

"Because," he explained, "my wife is afraid of a mouse."

PHOTO AWARDS-

(Continued from page 16)

1st Honorable Mention, #99, E.L.Griffin
2nd Honorable Mention, #100, E.L.Griffin
3rd Honorable Mention, #96, Elmer Dalman
4th Honorable Mention, #99, E.L. Griffin
There were to have been five Honorable Mentions in each class but in the latter two classes there were not sufficient entries.

We will list below the names of all persons who submitted entries:

COLOR CLASS

Leslie Brooks, Fort Reiden
Wayne Brown, Skwentna
Yule Chaffin, Kodiak
Daniel Larson, Homer
Mario Larson, Homer
George Cooper, Anchorage Station
George Cutler, Regional Office
Robert Finegold, " "
Clea Warwick, " "
Vern Huffman, " "
H.L. Newman, " "
Margaret Silliman, " "
Lillian Smith, " "
Walt Smith, " "
Mary J. Sommer, " "
Margaret Trimmer, " "
Marilyn Wissner, " "
Mary Zang, " "
F.M. Merrithow, " "
Ed Seiler, " "
Lucille Wood, " "
Paul W. Rohwer, Anchorage Station

SALON CLASS

Elmer Dalman
George Allen
E.L. Griffin

BLACK AND WHITE SNAPSHOT

Elinor Fouch
George Allen

Guard (to prisoner about to be electrocuted): "Have you any last words?"

Prisoner: "Yeah, I'd like to offer me sent to a lady."