



COMMUNICATIONS COMMUNIQUE

WOODY ISLAND WILLIES  
April 11, 1945

Most of you doubtless remember the department, "A Gaze into the Communications Branch Crystal Ball", which made a final appearance in the May 1944 issue of the Mukluk Telegraph. Its continued absence can be explained only by the fact that the man who scanned the ball so hopefully for so many years went "upstairs" to bigger and better things--and carried the ball to his new and more sacred sanctum. Another transparent sphere in which the future may be developed with any reasonable degree of accuracy has not yet been located. The ouija board donated by a well-wisher has long since been given the deep six. It couldn't even pick the month during which the ice was to break up at Henana.

In the absence of a suitable device to assist us in meeting exigencies and anticipating contingencies, we are forced to rely on what we read in the papers. There recently came to our hands an interesting and most encourag-

The Banana Belt (this right little, tight little island--and you know what we mean by tight--of Woody) is recuperating from the shock of a five inch snow and sub-freezing temperatures. As Comrade Reukauf, our electrical wizard, remarked, "You wouldn't believe it could get this cold in Alaska."

Official ice testers "Mack" Manning and F. Eisinger, who recently made the weight, strode bravely out on the lake below our little plantation yesterday AM. Both being stocky sons of the CAA and very good at social ice breaking in the states, their report that the lake was not fit for contact skating was taken seriously by other communicators and the Kodiak beaver who lives in our lake had things pretty much to himself.

Now that we've written all the WX specials off the books, let's go into the field of transportation. The CAA has inherited from the Army a command

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Publisher .....	M. C. Hoppin
Manager and Newsboy .....	Jack T. Jefford
Editor .....	Dorothy Revell
Sports Editor .....	Allan E. Horning
Printer's Devil .....	James L. Hurst
Night Editor .....	Lawrence P. Rogers
Correspondents .....	All CAA Personnel
Censors .....	Those Men

## I N S I D E G A M B E L L

## "DON'T FENCE ME IN," PLEADS HOUSEWIFE

"You men can't keep me in this house forever, cooking, cooking, cooking day in and day out," declared Mrs. A. G. Spencer to her husband RLS Al Spencer and their star boarder accom Rosie Roseneau recently.

"One of these days you'll wake up and find me gone," she continued. "I'm going to pack up some grub and go hikin' away off on this island somewhere and just enjoy nature and think and write lyrics."

Cries of protest from Al and Rosie were silenced by wide-open-spaces-loving Mrs. Spencer with the injunction, "You two are getting too fat anyway. It will be good for you to do your own cooking for awhile."

Spencer and Roseneau have conferred with Commissioner Frank Daugherty as to whether there is somewhere in the territorial or federal statutes a clause prohibiting this disconcerting neglect of the maintenance supervisory and aircraft communicatory stomachs, but to date little hope is seen for the pair and emergency stores of corned beef and soda crackers are being laid in.

## LIFE OF RILEY AT NR. 2 HOUSE

Not so bleak is the outlook of weathermen Barney Barnhart and "WAC" Grimes, the only other bachelors of the Gambell colony. After three years of "midmatch man cooks supper" routine with periodical aid only in dishwashing and cleaning from the local belles, bachelor bungalow

has found an Eskimo maid who knows the recipe book backwards and does something about it. Six days a week supper is ready right on time, and what suppers they are! The early days, once praised as an easy life, are shudderingly recollected as a nightmare of endless drudgery by these fortunate gentlemen who now have time to devote their attention to larger and higher things.

"It's wonderful," said Barnhart. "One merely rolls out of bed and onto the supper table, picks up a fork and piles in."

Grimes, however, voiced a warning to the thousands of harassed Weather Bureau employees whose applications for transfer to Gambell he expects to pour in on publication of this article.

"Rumor has it," asserted Grimes, noted locally for his uncanny knowledge of all current affairs of the heart within a radius of 200 miles, "that our maid is contemplating matrimony in the not too distant future. Naturally we are heartbroken over the prospect, and as for me, I hope to be transferred before that dreadful day."

## PIRAL PETRIFIES PERSONNEL

"Life is not all a bed of roses at Gambell," moaned Barney Barnhart, known to his intimates as The Pago Pago Kid (pronounced Pongo Pongo). "There are different opinions about the desirability of staying here or not staying here,

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Don't know where all the people in all the stations find all the things to write about that they do, but if they can do it, we can too, so here goes. Course, this writing business is a little out of our line - or is it just that we are a little stale at it?

First off, guess we'd better give you an insight on the personnel at JS. Can't hold a candle to the "Little People at McGrath, but do our share with eight CAA sprouts, with immediate prospects of another. CAC "Larry" Lawton, temporary bachelor, and ace high poker player, R/S "Joe" Ross, SGM Newell "Bruce" Wright, and Accoms Ed and Del McDade and Ward and Florence Thompson. That takes in all at the present time, but we are patiently (?) awaiting the arrival of another Accom from JB. Here's hoping he's not delayed in transit (we know HQ).

Can't get used to the peace and quiet around here the past week, but haven't had any traveling personnel here in that time, and it's a little hard to get used to - especially since, between the traveling "city slicker" personnel and the local card sharls, the poor CAA crew have been donating on the average of once a week all winter. Oh well, next year will be different!! Anyhow, we'll get a rest for a while, as gardening will be the spare-time-user from now until fall (if it ever quits snowing in these parts).

Imagine Larry's chagrin when, after trying to get a moose all season, he meanders down to his garden spot, and lo!-moose hair on the fence. But, the "meose" up this way are plenty smart. They know the station and CAA site are on the reserve, so they calmly saunter round and about, using the landing strip as their personal highway, knowing darn well we can't do a thing about it. In fact, it's a standard phrase here, when an aircraft asks landing instructions, to advise "Only reported traffic is a moose in center of landing strip. Caution advised," or equivalent thereof! Thompsons got close to getting a moose this year--at least they had the license.

Had Inspector Gene Berato here the latter part of January, and of course he put us through all our tricks (or rather, his tricks), but we managed to get even with him. Finally persuaded him to cook up one of his all-time famous Italian spaghetti feeds and oh boy, was it good! Then had him over for dinner the next night and fed him his own spaghetti again. That's really drawing the line pretty tight, but he must have enjoyed it, as he faithfully promised to pay us another visit in June or July.

Ed McDade spends all his spare moments on a skiff and dory which he purchased recently. His ambition is to take a trip to HQ this summer via the water route. Anyhow, his energies are not being wasted, as he has been officially designated "Kenai Port Commissioner". Perchance he can get a contract to transport our Commissary supplies this spring. Always maintained the "Kasilof" needed a little competition on the HQ-JS run.

There have been numerous comments regarding trainees, some few favorable, some doubtful, and some downright antagonistic, but then there are, on the other hand, some pretty good stories connected with em, too. I think the best one was regarding the new trainee, fresh out of school, who, upon arriving at her station, was put on the midwatch the first night at the station - and alone. Needless to say, her heart was just more than in her mouth. The CAC reassured her by saying if there were any doubts about anything, to give him a jingle on the phone - he was a light sleeper and would come to her aid immediately. Well, long towards morning, some wise pilot called and, upon hearing an unknown feminine voice answering him, decided to have a little fun, so proceeded to ask her which way the river ran. Now this little gal hadn't had a chance to see the river, much less know its course soooo - by the time she collected herself, the plane had landed. Of course she had called the CAC - and called and called and called, but no response.

April 23, 1945

Every three months or so, someone in camp gets enough energy to think of a new title for our column and rushes over to the typewriter to see how it looks in print. Then after seeing how terrible it does look will try to finish the column with a few items to take up your time.

The local "WAMS" got into print in the Fairbanks "News-Miner" when reporter Peggy Parler came to Kotzebue for a day to spend two weeks. She gathered enough news in town to keep Tundra Topics "Kotzebue Conscious" for some time to come. She was especially impressed by the "WAMS", our society which meets every Wednesday afternoon -- women only. It all began about eight months ago when the wives decided to devote one afternoon a week to do the neglected mending. Each Wednesday afternoon they meet for a few hours of sewing and conversation. Have never attended one of these meetings so can't tell about the conversation. The meeting is closed after a demi-tasse served by the hostess. The highlight of these meetings is that it gives the gals a chance to dress up or wear a new "hair-do". In case all this isn't clear, "WAMS" means Wednesday Afternoon Menders.

The Kotzebue Theater has opened again after being closed for about nine months. Some time last July everyone was seated on the hard board benches with a pair of knees in his back, watching Popoyo eat his spinach, when - puff - a cloud of black smoke poured out of the projector. Some dishes sat tight with perfect confidence in the operator's ability to put things right. Later in the winter an attempt was made to put the movies on a regular basis again, when nearly everyone was gassed by the fumes of an engine left running in a shed next door. But once again all is well and the Eskimo kids come knocking at our doors on Saturday afternoon to announce that there will be "show tonight --- cowboys."

Our CAC Schaefer and WB Observer Mummola, next door neighbors, are rival model airplane builders. What the boys won't resort to, to ward off that old

demon R--, naw, cabin fever. Fritz has also cleverly mastered the art of putting complete miniature ships in bottles. What else could you do with the empties?

These "sunny" days find the Noosy dingy for their boat. It's a good six feet under, but they'll have it dug out before breakup. Tex, Ann, and young Butch Mummola have built a real igloo. Even the Eskimos are mystified by it.

McGowan, WB OIC, came home from the hospital after a two month bout with pneumonia. His blood pressure and temperature are below normal, but we figure his "do-point" is okay.

If the spring breakup depends on the thickness of the ice, we won't have any till the middle of next summer. Just ask a couple of the fellows who dug three holes, only to find gravel. The last hole was at least 500 yards offshore. The boys dug down exactly 5 feet 3 13/15 inches to find two inches of water. Result, no fish.

The Saturday night dances at the village schoolhouse are being well attended. If any of you want to see a real Eskimo dance, this is the place. You can see every dance from the Whale Dance to the Spanish Fandango, including a Strauss Waltz. Best floor show in town.

This about winds up things and hope to see you again in the next issue.

King Peter

KEEP EYE KIAN

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Well, when the CAC came in bright and fresh along about 3 AM, he received the pent up fury of hor wrath and then some. He just couldn't understand it--he was a light sleeper and had not heard the phone. Anyway, it was eventually straightened out and all was peaceful. Imagine 'hon, sometime later, the little trainee learned that the receiver must be on the hook when ringing! (P. S. Did the CAC razz her?--Not much!)

So much for now. If this passes "those men" we may try it again.

# ZZZ SITTING COKE

by

Enny Ominus

(Continued from April Mukluk Telegraph)

You can almost hear th' guy rollin' out.

"Bring your radio along with you." Spitzensplutter tells him, "so's we can keep track a you."

"Roger," th' pilot says. Then fer about a hour they don't hear no more. Finally th' guy comes in agin.

"Listen, sweetheart," he says, 'cause Iwana has th' phone agin. "Th' gink with th' dog sled is a crazy ol' prospector who's allus wanted a plane. An' listen, darling, he give me th' dogs an' a big sack a gold fer that ol' wreck. He's in her now flyin' like mad, makin' motor noise through his lips, an' goin' nowhere's fast. I strung my antennas along th' dogs tails an' I'm headin' straight fer you, honey. Gimme continu range. Soon as I git there we'll git married an' then we'll....."

They aint no use repeatin' all they said. Before they was through talkin' t' each other they had built theirselves a home in Uncle Sugar an' put both th' kids through high school. They night a finished th' kids education 'cept Spitzensplutter hands Iwana a message he's jist copied from th' CEO concernin' unauthorized remarks bein' made on th' range.

Well, it's dark when me an' Annie takes over th' evenin' watch. Spitzensplutter says th' guy's built hisself a igloo an' holed in fer th' night. We dont hear nothin' from him. I told Sloop about it when he come on at mid-night, but I'll bet he don't remember nothin' about it when he reads this in Mukluk--if he ever stays awake long a nuff t' read it.

Next mornin' after th' day watch takes over, things starts happenin' agin. Th' pilot calls t' say his dogs is both-erin' him. Spitzensplutter says he oughta take his sox off an' give em more room, but he says it's really his dogs that's causin' th' trouble. Seems he was afraid t' take any a his grub off th' plane fer fear th' prospector would change his mind about buyin' th' wreck

an' want his gold back; but th' ol' codger aint bashful about keepin' his hunk a salt side an' his can a pork an' beans Him an' th' dogs is both hungry. Iwana tells him she'll have coffee an' sandwiches on when he shows up, an' that makes him feel better. Spitzensplutter says its a cinch they aint neither of em lost any love in their sleep. Their conversation is plumb lousy with sweethearts, honeys, darlin's an' such.

Th' mornin' goes purty quiet. Th' pilot calls ever ten minutes er so, jist t' tell Iwana he's still alive, an' she calls him between times t' verify his statements. That makes th' chatter next t' continus.

Blinderna's still a watchin' it snow.

Along about noon theys a change.

"Th' dogs has quit," th' pilot says. "They's gone on a sit down strike. They aint movin' 'til I feed 'em. I'd walk in an' let em starve, but th' snow's too deep, an' I'm hungry as a wolf myself. Can you send us somethin' t' eat?"

"Toll him yes," Spitzensplutter says.

Iwana is all messed up. Ler yes don't sound convincin'. "How?" she asks Spitzensplutter.

He don't answer. He's one a these guys that's full a ideas. He's got more answers to a question than th' office has reasons why you can't leave Alaska when your time is up. He's been sittin' there listenin' t' a couple a trainees ditty dum dum ditty theirselves into a state a nervous prostration an' a watch in' a bunch sea gulls jist outside arguin' about goin' South. Don't ask me how he knows they is arguin' an' what about. He's a old old hand at this code game an' he mighta been readin' their tooth clicks fer all I know. I aint arguin' how he know. Th' fact is he an' Blinderna rounds up a mess a frozen fish, ties one t' th' leg a each seagull an' then shoo's th' flock off.

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## THE NIGHTMARE

If this little saga has any moral or lesson or any bearing on conditions as they are it is purely coincidental. If one could establish any motive for this atrocity it would be undoubtedly a warning against reading E. A. Poe during daylight hours or at night.

While reclining one midnight dreary, or one dreary midnight as you may wish, a horrible thought came to me. It was such a thought that one might have in the twilight between sleep and wakefulness. A horrible presentation of things to come seemed to permeate my room and rustle among the dusty curtains which had so long festooned the sooty windows. Herein the realities of a war torn world intertwine with the sad spirits of the half world such as might be produced in the mind of an opium eater if the capricious fates reversed the effects of that marvellous drug. In the midst of this half-dream the apparition made his ghastly appearance. The awful mien of this -- this monster was difficult to describe. Its cheeks were sunken as is the case with all ghastly apparitions and his -- or rather its, for such creatures can have no sex (surely) -- its lips (ah horrible horrid dream) were eternally pursed to reveal dry fangs such as protrude from skulls long exposed in ancient wolf invaded graves. Its vestures were, as is the case with all apparitions, long and black with mold and putrefaction in all of the numerous wrinkles and folds.

In the low arched doorway it stood when I seemed to start to consciousness of its presence. Then the creature of the regions of darkness laughed, if such a thing can be said to laugh. The laughter had the qualities of the howl of the werewolf and the scream of the banshee combined with the death cry of the lobo and the song of the dying swan. Then that essence of putrescence began to speak, if such a hollow whistling sound can be said to be speech. I quote from memory. If my quotation is not an exact reproduction of the speech as it came to me that dismal night (and twas indeed a night quite unfit for ravens) I must be forgiven as obviously it is a great effort to force one's thoughts back to such an awful scene. It is for the edification of my fellow man only that I make this supreme effort which will most certainly take years from my life. I begin my relation with the hope, aye, the prayer, that my readers will not be affected, and I use the word affected in its broadest sense, by this story in the manner in which it was received by "Cemo". I sincerely believe he (Cemo) is yet sobbing and tearing at his hair. I use the word hair symbolically and with no thought of attempting to describe an actual condition.

Here is the creature's story.

(Insane laughter)  
(Demonic laughter)

(Maniacal chuckle)

(Unholy glee)

(Paroxysms of  
devilish joy)

Tomorrow you will be the circuit 302 operator. Note on you map how circuit 302 stretches like a serpent. Yes yes yes, a green twining serpent. Note it is a north south circuit. Hyuk! hyuk! hyuk! Signals will be worse than usual tomorrow! Fades will be awful! The operators in the field will forget that you have to copy designators and times of observations. They will send them in one ungodly mess as if a thousand tiny devils were dancing on their boys. And you won't know what station the weather you have copied is for. The Weather Bureau will scream for your scalp. The supervisor will scowl and frown. The Chief will pace the floor and await a call for the white wagon. Some operators will send their own reports carefully then send relayed reports like crazy men and will drive you crazy.

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Ivanna watches em an' when they come in she says, "How do you know they'll find him?"

"They can't miss," Spitzensplutter tells her. "They's headin' due south!" An sure a nuff they did find him.

It seems like no time a tall--it's maybe half a hour--when th' pilot calls and says, "Thanks a lot fer them there fish. Th' gulls was all tucked out from packin' th' load an' jist keeled over when they got here. I couldn't keep th' dogs off a 'em. They eat birds fish feathers, ropes an' all. I was lucky t' git a tail an' a couple fins, myself." Then he adds, "I'll be with you purty soon, sweetheart. My dogs is doin' a full gallop now."

Sure a nuff, in about a hour Blind-erna lets whoop outa him from where he's sittin' on top the antenna pole, an comes a tearin' into th' station. They all take a squint through th' glasses. It's a fact. They's a dog beap in sight for sure. Ivanna squeals with delight. Spitzensplutter jist mumbles t' his self an' calls th' chief like he promised t' do. Th' game is still on an' th' gang is well into their fourth case a beer.

Bigged comes over lookin' like a sick chicken with th' pip. Th' boys has cleaned him out of eleven dollars an' some sense, which is all he's got. Do sorta smiles though, an' puts hisself down fer sixty four hours overtime at other than watch duties t' sorta break even. Th' rest a the beer gang is dividin' th' spoils agin.

When th' pilot comes in he aint as handsome as they figured he'd be. He looks like what you might git if you was t' shove Apollo an' Abe Lincoln into one. But he's good nuff for Ivanna Mann. She drapes herself around his neck like shes knowed him fer always. That's how long she figures t' know him, I guess. He's all man. They's no gittin' round that. Soon's he can break loose he says, "How fer th' coffee an' th' sandwiches."

Th' excitement's over. Th' guy sticks th' gold in th' Sittinsmoke First Na-

(At this point the ghostly figure held both bony hands to its potty abdomen and yielded itself up to a bacchanal an frenzy. Finally it gathered its faculties and continued.)

and the number sequences! (Here it appeared that the nightmarish creature would again double up with pain but with great effort it continued.) Some operators will run numbers and groups together so that if you drop one number there will not be another good space in the rest of the copy. They will carry the Weather Bureau folks out on stretchers! This is the only way to lick the U. S. Army Weather Division! They will all holler for your neck! And some operators will send so carelessly that you can't help dropping at least a few numbers!

(The beast's voice, if such a noise can be said to be a voice, had been increasing in pitch all through the terrible soliloquy and by now was a terrifying scream.)

There are still good operators on circuit 302 but I am working on them! I am working on them! (With this parting remark the figure's voice reached the inaudible range and it melted into nothingness.)

And that is the end of the experience. I have since learned that circuit 302 is not half so bad as the creature painted it. Certain reminiscences, however, haunt and terrify all my waking hours and make hours of sleep unendurable. My one desire is that this revelation of an awful experience will in no way affect the happiness and well being of my fellow man.

tional, an' th' next day him an' Ivanna jist hitched an' shoves off for the States. Bigged don't like it cause he has t' go back t' work til we git another grade seven trainee, but he don't say much. All he ever said about it was "Damn". I figured somebody oughta say more. That's why I wrote t' you.

THE END

## FAIRBANKS AIRWAY TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER

OFF THE RECORDER

April 25, 1945

Hello, all you guys and gals out there. Looks like it's about time for the Ekluk news again (hope we beat the deadline) and here we sit with tidings of info that will probably burst the coffers of the Olde Editore in the Chief's office. Things happen so fast around these parts it's most to run a man to Morningside to run 'em down.

Speaking of Lady Luck and people we know, Chief ATC Bill Bowen draws the card for being the unluckiest last month and the luckiest this month (April). Last month Bill was laid up for quite some time because of blood poisoning, resulting from a minor injury, infecting all of one leg and part of the other. He was under the Doc's care for quite some time but we are glad to report that he pulled through and is still in one piece. Now for the lucky news - Bill's wife and three children, including his seven month old son whom he had never before seen, arrived via FAA from Seattle and, if we may get so personal, Mrs. Bowen is a very lovely woman.

News, news, news - nothing but news this month. With all the new arrivals and departures here it sounds almost like a bad night on Sector No. 3 with all the interphone garbling.

We extend our heartiest welcome to Miss Bernadine L. King, from good old EPE. Miss King is already sure that she is going to like our neck of the woods in spite of the fact that bad luck caught up with her a few days after her arrival and she had to be hospitalized because an injured foot. We also welcome with open arms George Sarrent from the Roanoke Tower. George has joined us as Senior Controller and arrived here right on the heels of Miss Norma High-Tower, Weeks Field Tower Controller, who also emigrated from ZRG. Next on the arrival list came another new Senior Controller - your friend and mine, ATC's outstanding "Sourdeugh" and friend of the people - meaning, of course, Mr.

Floyd West from ZHQ. Welcome to the Golden Heart of Alaska, folks. You're just in time to enjoy wading through our beautiful mud and watch the ice go crashing down the main channel of the Chona river.

Our good neighbors and colleagues Voeste, Ziemke and Riedel have been very active - as usual. (I really hate to report this very sad item.) All three of the above-named individuals now have lodgings in the city hoosgow. Voeste was caught flying down Front Street with a Link Trainer picking up handkerchiefs (IAC's?) with his left wing; Ziemke was caught doing the same thing only in an inverted position (it has been rumored that he will get three extra years in Alaska for this); and Riedel - well, as he told the Judge, "hasn't doing a thing but just went along for the ride." Chief Bowen would probably have been involved in this series of monkey-shines were it not for the fact that he mistook the Link he was flying for a P-47, tried to break a dive-speed record and is now at some unknown position about 50 feet under the ground trying to dig his way back to civilization.

Welcome to Fairbanks this month also was ATC Inspector Munds, who spent a few days with us. Brother Munds likes Fairbanks second only to Anchorage but he can never stay here very long account his shoulders getting so soaked down with tears from the unfortunates (next time you come up here, Johnny, why not pad your shoulders with sponges?).

Rumour had it, prior to Floyd West's arrival here, that when he departed HQ for FX he hired three flat cars to transport an animal of some sort to Fairbanks. The local people thought for sure that it must be a dinosaur or dino-theropod. When West stepped off the train he was followed by nothing larger than a 455 pound (net) malamute. Have been advised by local OPA authorities that there may be a shortage of meat in Fairbanks since West's arrival. These two rumours may not have any connection, however.



SUMMIT, ALASKA

April 23, 1945

Hello Everybody - This is SUMMIT SLIM - THE VOICE OF THE FROZEN NORTH - REQR - SUMMIT.

We had a mild winter this year so are getting thawed out a little earlier than usual - that is, enough so's to enable us to send everyone a greeting.

No kidding, folks, this is a veritable paradise of snow and ice and lovely white-clad mountains in the winter time with the grandeur of Mt. McKinley towering in all its majesty to the southwest of us. And GAI'D - we have lots of them in the winter. It all depends on how well you prepared for your sojourn in Alaska as to the fun you can enjoy. Of course in the warm season, though, that is a different matter.

Last year's count of caribou that went through this valley was estimated in the neighborhood of 10,000. Also, the boys got some brown and grizzly bear; once, two at a sitting. We all got our rifles primed for a large white lobo seen approximately a mile away. According to Dick Boice, who was observing it through binoculars, it was about the size of the ordinary jacks of Texas and Mexico. Also, the ducks, the geese, and the ptarmigan are abundant in this neck of the frozen north.

Why, we even have a family of ermine living with us. Of course, they prefer the lower apartment, but spend most of our sleeping hours gnawing on our frozen meat supply which we keep in a cold box on the front porch. They will even continue to sit and gnaw on our meat while we spot light them through two doors which are tightly closed. Soon as I get my three years' residence in Alaska - preferably in Summit, of course - and can get a trapper's license, I have it planned to trap my wife's first ermine fur coat right off our front porch.

Now of course, folks, I don't want you to get the idea that this is all propaganda, cause it isn't. Still -

well, if anyone is interested in say a mutual transfer - of course I don't want one (and my wife agrees) but we shouldn't be selfish; - and if you can truthfully give your present abode a comparable buildup - and as variety is the spice of life, it will have to differ a little in its offerings - in fact - well---before you change your mind, send me a wire collect!

Always and truthfully yours,  
SUMMIT SLIM

WE AT SUMMIT

Out towards unlimited space round about  
Striving to find life's secret out  
Out towards the earth and all earthly things  
Seeking the truth our spirit wings.

Thru the dark night of the Bible's story  
Histories' tales grow old and hoary  
Thru the pale light our scientists bring  
Seeking the truth our spirit wings.

Onward, outward - and into the depths,  
Winging, walking, then crawlingly swept  
Onward, fearing, towards death's many stings  
Seeking the truth our spirit wings.

We are just the results of a simple act  
Simply produced by a chemical pact  
For the first few years we do simple things  
Then simpler things as time takes wings.

We grow from a child of a simple cult  
To a clean and strong yet simple adult  
Who simply starts over that cycling imp  
And thoroly deserves the simple name Sim

When we start out in life all is simply divine  
Then a short space of time makes it simple grind  
Simple cycling imp, life, love, work and death  
Then perfect peace with our last simple breath.

-- Summit Slim

We looked up "sub-rosa" in the dictionary after pondering over its meaning in last month's *Kuktel*. We found it means "under the rose". Now what could anyone in Rome be doing under a rose and where do they get the roses? Must have been writ by an *accom*.

Since the arrival of Paul and Muriel Griffith, XV has become a haven for amateur and professional photography. The lessons in oil tinting have produced varied results, from high praise to down-right insults. Also we've enjoyed Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, even if they don't talk.

Between the departure of the Boblenzes (Bobby and Baby) and the arrival of the Granstads, we have the unique distinction of being manned by communicators entirely of the September 1943, Anchorage class of Jim Haines, itemized as Seitzes, Sloans and Metzgers. For the info of any of you guys who haven't heard, Jim Haines is now in Algiers and also is the proud father of a baby girl.

Speaking of minor annoyances, we have been descended upon by Section 99 in the person of Adolph (Mike) Peterson and ol' Bill Connolly complete with Pandora's box. They say we are about to have a new remote receiver, and the old control building is to have a face lifting; but from the looks of it now, we wonder.

Instructions for control of newly installed equipment---

In case of fire  
Pull this switch;  
Run like hell  
Cause it's a----booby trap.

Who was it came home from a trip to town and found friend husband (*accom*) in his cups? And I do mean cups -- and with Grandma along, too -- my, my!

Our monthly report on the beverage statistics leads us to brag again. What other station can boast of a roadhouse

on each side of them. Therefore, if you ever loose your bearings all you have to do is flip a coin and you'll hit a bar.

Speaking of coins, anyone who plans on coming to XV or passing through, please bring plenty of matching money as I've had pretty fair luck lately.

Then there is the one about ACCOQ Jim. Seems as how Jim was down at Lou Corbley's Copper Center bar and he says says he to Lou, quote: "Give me a drink quick before the trouble starts." So Lou gives him a drink which he drinks. Then Jim says, "Give me another drink before the trouble starts." While Jim is consuming drink num two, Lou says, "Say, what is this trouble that is about to start?" Says Jim, "I ain't got no money to pay for the drinks."

This month's mystery: If it wasn't the RMS who locked his wife in the other night, who was it????---or did she lock him out!!!!

Had a big party the other night, complete with turkey and ice cream. (By the way, d'ya wanna buy a turtle? See RMS!) The occasion? Who needs an occasion? Well, anyway, under the able leadership of the choir master, Dines Windish and talented accordionist Toots (Mrs. Dines) rendered an inspired (by what?) performance. Only a true lover of the arts could properly appreciate the poignant and haunting beauty of that final number. The rest of us would only be able to discern that "Tears on My Pillow", "Sweet Adeline", and the "Beer Barrel Polka" were being sung loudly and simultaneously in several different keys.

A.S. Erickson, better known as "Arne", is a very sad Tomato. For one very small song he would gladly sell one Hillman prospect drill, complete with three hundred feet of dry hole. 'Twas to have been a well.

Bye now. Signed.....SUB-TABLE

COMMUNICATIONS COLUINIQUE  
(Continued from page 1)

ing memorandum from the Director of Federal Airways, which is quoted forthwith.

"Step 2 of the reclassification program is to be made effective July 1, 1945, contingent upon availability of the necessary funds. These funds have been requested in the regular appropriation for the fiscal year which will begin on July 1, 1945, and as this is written there is no reason to believe that they will not be available. Further information in this respect will be furnished as soon as it becomes available.

"Completion of the program includes the establishment of aircraft communicator positions in grade CAF-7 for the occupancy of all communicators who stand watch alone. Promotion of personnel to fill these positions is contingent upon their possession of aircraft communicator certificates.

"Effective on the date upon which Step 2 of the reclassification program is accomplished and thereafter, no uncertificated aircraft communicator should be allowed to stand watch alone. It is requested that the remainder of the certification program be conducted accordingly."

The foregoing would indicate that business is looking up and our Chiefs may soon, at long last, reach their well deserved place in the airways sun. Also, a suggestion is in order that some communicators, who have been dragging their feet in completing the written and operating elements for certification might do well to pour on a little more coal.

The Director of Federal Airways also advised us on May 1, 1945 that a project is active to establish senior aircraft communicator positions, grade CAF-8 for watch supervision at interstate stations where at least a continuous quadruple watch is maintained. This will tend to correct the present inequities at several of our stations where the additional responsibilities of watch supervision have been assumed by communicators without suitable compensation. It should be understood that the latter

project cannot be accomplished until classification approval and funds have been obtained.

The personnel shortage and inability to grant leave to our many deserving employees continues to be our greatest worry in this land of long winter nights, extended summer days, and a fifty-six hour work week. The difficulties can be appreciated when it is considered that all except eight of our stations are on a fifty-six hour work week and none of our EWACS are presently available for leave relief. But hope springs eternal and the future is not altogether dark. When MC-14 comes home this month, she will bring to this fine country twenty-one communicators who, when indoctrinated into Alaskan communications, should enable several stations to revert to a forty-eight hour work week and permit us to approve some of the leave applications now on file. In the meantime, we ask that you continue to take care of the airways. Your efforts are recognized and appreciated by the entire organization.

Until next month -- good signals!

EFFICIENCY RATING TRIP

The crew of MC-99 during the recent Efficiency Rating trip, pilot Harry Gray accompanied by Bill Grasso, wish to re-express their appreciation to all concerned for the cooperation and hospitality extended at all points visited.

The primary purpose of the trip was to facilitate discussion of Efficiency Rating principles and procedures with field supervisory personnel at as many points which could be reached consistent with means and time available. It is regretted that more stations could not have been included in the itinerary.

Departing from Anchorage on April 5, the trip was completed by April 27 and included the following stations which are listed in order of progression: Earwell, McGrath, Culena, Kesse Point, Umiakleet, Nome, Tanana, Fairbanks, Menana, Lake Minchumina, Summit, Tilkotna, Gulkana, Tanderross, Northway, Big Delta, Kani, Homer, and Iliamna.

Greetings from the bearburger village.

After having been here for nearly a year, we are now realizing a long felt ambition, our contribution to the Muluuk.

To start with, our present complement is rather a thing of the past and yet, alas, our dreams of the future (soon we hope). Conatser is still here, hoping to be transferred soon to HQ. Bob and Dot Halbasch are in the harness as usual. ZZ seems to hold some attraction for them. Wonder if it's these juicy bear steaks we hand out so liberally.... or rather I should say used to. Bear steaks no longer are in demand at ZZ.... Wonder why?

The Smiths of Northway hit upon a good idea when they suggested the idea of a little competition from other stations. I am sure no one can outdo ZZ on our numerous and very delicious strawberries. The patch extends for nearly a mile on the west side of the runway. Every miracle has its price, though, and plenty of sweat and blood (and I mean loss of blood) goes into the work of obtaining them. For one thing, the bugs seem to like the berries as well as we and it's a major massacre trying to get them first. Last but far from least.... the bronzies. The brush or grass is about three feet high and the best berries are at the bottom so it is not at all unusual to be very busy picking and suddenly hear a rustle and upon investigation find a bear has just departed the vicinity.

We have a new R/S as of a few months ago, Chat Hill from SK. He is patiently awaiting the arrival of his wife and family from SK. (Seems as though all Alaskans ever do is "wait" for something or other?...?) Our mechanic, Fundson, is departing ZZ for HQ shortly. Our favorite pasttime is therefore shot-poker and pinochle. ZZ is hereby open for bid on any qualified players. Hurst, if you'll come down we will even resort

(Continued on next page)

The CAA Section H/A Modification Hangar at Merrill Field has been busy turning out some airplanes again. Among the latest is the Hurst's Lockheed Hudson NR 254, dubbed "The Terror", complete with a colorful insignia of a frowning, snorting bull (Hurst can really throw it around, too). There will be some changes made in the coloring of the present white eyeballs of the Bull's head, the first time Hurst comes in after a hard overnight stop. Suggested colors range from black to red, with bloody tears.

The Douglas Dolphin, NC 25, was in the shop for complete check and servicing, reading it for the regular summer season. Morning is anticipating getting his Master Pilot's License for inland seas after an Aleutian junket. (Needed: 1 Plumber's Friend).

GI's Stinson, NC 215, "The Flying Radio Station", will be out of major overhaul by the time the Muluuk goes to press, looking very neat if we may say so. It will really be a complete Instrument-Radio Navigation Trainer (complete with hot and cold water).

Rogers' Bellanca, NC 5, is getting its right wing recovered in preparation for fleet season. The right wing has not been reworked for three years. It's always been the left one that sustained the damage and been completely rebuilt from scratch three different times in the last three years. It should be ready in several weeks.

The two Beechtrains, Navy 90578 and 79, Morgan Davies and Al Horning, have been averaging 75 hours each a month, touring the Chain and Territory.

GI's Stinson, NC 39, is now being readied for the summer float season covering Bristol Bay and Southeastern Alaska, as soon as the ice goes out at Lake Spward - if, as and when, and we hope next week. (If the ice goes out at W-nana on my ticket, I'll go too!)

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April 15, 1945

Won't be long before it is "Just Bill and the Girls." Floyd West took off for Fairbanks Center and John Haw and Albert Lockett are due for transfers to Anchorage Center as soon as the two girls from the States arrive to take over tower duties. And to think Chief Kelly is almost single yet.

While we're talking (rather writing)

YAKATAGA  
(Continued from page 12)

to the black boy.

We are slightly late for the following, but at the same time we would like to offer our congratulations to CAC Westman of KA on his new assignment with McKay Corporation. Hear he will be leaving shortly. And above all, many thanks to the KA personnel for their splendid cooperation in handling our monthly "grub stakes".

We enjoy receiving the monthly issue of your paper, even if they are a month or two old when received. Consequently it takes us a month to read the material on what happened the month before. Got what I mean?

In closing, I found a poem on "Trees" that we thought rather amusing. Maybe we are rusty on what is amusing but here it is.

"NOTHING LOVELY AS A TREE"

Of all the things I had to be  
I had to be a lousy tree --  
A tree that stands out in the street  
With little doggies at my feet.  
I'm nothing else but this, alas,  
A comfort station in the grass.  
I lift my leafy arms to pray --  
"Go 'way, little doggie, go 'way!"  
A nest of robins I must wear  
And what they do gets in my hair.  
Of all things I had to be,  
I had to be a lousy tree!

Enuf said for now. See you again sometime.

73'8 V ZZ

about Kelly, the Irishman, we might add that he is now a certificated commercial pilot and instructor. He's already busy showing the boys how to keep on an even keel in the air.

Still writing about Kelly. Came conversation over the interphone that someone was very ill at Culkana and could they get to Anchorage and a doctor.

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OIL LEAKS FROM THE HANGAR  
(Continued from page 12).

Jefford, our Chief, is preparing to return from Santa Monica around the mid-month with our Douglas NC 14, after the periodic major inspection and overhaul given old "King Chris" there, and after his (Jefford's) enjoying the sunny California and the good looking girls, and Bill Hanson's going to instrument school at Houston, Texas and squawking because all the good looking gals have deserted Texas for California.

The hangar can now boast of soon having the most modern fire protection equipment in and around Anchorage, when the big automatic pressure sprinkler system is complete.

Just to feed the fires, Hurst has announced his flight schedule for Jefford's benefit, as follows:

3 AM NC 14 departs HQ for YO, Jefford Captain  
9 AM Hurst arrives at Merrill Field  
9:30 AM Hurst at Airport Cafe - Coffee time  
10 AM NR 254 departs HQ for YO, Hurst Captain  
12:30 PM NC 14 arrives YO, Jefford still Captain  
12:32 PM NR 254 arrives YO, Hurst Captain  
12:35 PM Jefford & Hurst match for lunch (Jefford loses again)  
1:30 PM NC 14 departs YO for HQ, Jefford Captain  
2 PM NR 254 departs YO for HQ, Hurst (after another cup of coffee) Captain  
4 PM NR 254 arrives HQ, Hurst Captain  
5 PM NC 14 arrives HQ, Jefford Captain  
5 PM Hurst happy as a clam at high tide; Jefford tired as hell!

INSIDE GAMBELL  
(Continued from page 2)

and these opinions depend on the time of day, the weather, the number of months elapsed since the last mail, and other factors," he explained.

Additional enlightenment on Barnhart's attitude was furnished by CAC Dick Bryan. "Here a cold windy morning," Bryan said, "I have seen Barnhart philosophically raising the quiet remoteness of our little community far from the madding crowd --- the unbroken stillness, the vastness of icebound ocean which surrounds us, the unique opportunity for meditation and communion of the soul with the magnificent solitude of nature.

"Then would come time for a pibal observation," continued Bryan. "Barney would don his perka, hood and mittens and climb the precarious icy steps of the raob building, often slipping and skimming his knees, to watch through the pheedolite the diminishing balloon, with freezing nose and aching fingers, until frost on the lens made further observations impossible.

"Suddenly as I sat copying hourly weather reports there would be a slamming and a stamping at the door of the control building and in would burst Barney, face raw red with white frozen splotches, feet numb and whiskers icicles, and for a minute the air would be charged with unprintable expletives.

"Calming to coherence, Barney would exclaim, "Why anyone wants to come to this God-forsaken, frozen, uninhabitable, isolated icebox of a penal colony I can't see. I was a fool ever to leave Fullahassoe. Pago Pago's the place for me, and that's where I'm going next plane. Enough of this ice and snow, burrrrrg, nothing but wind wind wind, faugh!"

"With this," concluded Bryan, "Barney would work up his pibal report, plunk it down despairingly beside my key and stumble homeward to a cup of the steaming and the arms of sweet Morpheus."

Pago Pago (pronounced Pongo Pongo -- Barney insists on this) is located on the island of Tutuila in the South

Pacific Ocean and is the capital of American Samoa. The population is one thousand, the climate is tropical, and the sunshine is abundant.

"Think of it! Bananas will grow on trees right beside my door," muses Barnhart, dreamily munching a piece of walrus liver.

WILL WINGED WAGON WEND WAY, QUERY  
(Reprinted by special permission  
of the Sevuokok Clarione)

Date - any day

In spite of a definite promise to make the trip, the expected plane at a late hour today had not departed from Nome for Gambell. Speculation among local citizens reached fever heat as the day wore on without the plane arriving.

The mystery of the non-arrival of the aircraft was deepened when a perusal of the Gambell weather records revealed that the weather had been extremely promising during the forenoon. Visibilities, characterized as "excellent" by the Weather Bureau, reached as high as one quarter mile at times, with light snow and heavy blowing snow. A touch of spring was added by wind velocities reaching sixty miles per hour in strong gusts. These velocities, of course, would do much to facilitate the plane's landing, were it to come.

All in all, there seemed to be no valid reason why the plane did not arrive. Indications were that the citizenry of Gambell were taking a very serious view of the situation, with mass meetings being held throughout the day. It was felt that if the plane did not come by tomorrow, local officials would have a hard time holding the people in check.

UNGUDRUK TONSORIAL PARLORS ESTABLISHED

Announcement was made last week of the opening of the Ungudruk Tonsorrial Parlors at Gambell. Hirsute personnel by the dozens flocked in to be shorn of their locks by expert barber Irving Ungudruk.

Said accoom Ungudruk, "In the past I

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INSIDE GAMBELL  
(Continued from page 14)

have cut hair for many of the folks here without charge, though they have offered to pay me for these services. Now the demands on my professional skill are such that I have decided to fix a charge of fifty cents per haircut. This has proven satisfactory to all concerned, and the only thing we lack is a red and white striped revolving barber's pole. Anyone knowing where to obtain same please address a post card to the Ungudruk Tonsorial Parlors, Gambell, Alaska."

Ungudruk further informed the press that he is operating a radio repair shop in connection and has advised local residents to bring in their radios when reception is poor and he will return them in a few days as good as new (when the fade out ends). Charges for this expert service are reasonable, he claims, in view of the vast technical knowledge needed to perform such delicate repairs.

REAL ESTATE BOOMS

Construction of dog houses on the FPHA plan received a new boost during the preceding month when a total of two dwellings were completed. Leading contractor in the new development is weatherman Lee Webster. Models available include the 8-foot pecking box type and the 2-foot prefabricated puppy size quonset.

Said husband Webster, "The fact that there are now four married couples at Gambell has absolutely nothing to do with the current dog house vogue."

"PARADISE ISLE", AVENS ROSENEAU

Hotly denying gossamer rumors that he is dissatisfied with Gambell, Acon Roscoe Roseneau today declared to the local press that "St. Lawrence Isle is paradise isle for me."

"In the early morning," rhapsodized Roseneau, "I eagerly watch the graceful arows wheeling over the control station while the sun comes shimmering up out of the salty Siberian sea, and I feel that here at last is the promised land, the spot on earth for which I've always sought."

Questioned as to how long he intended to stay at Gambell, Roseneau said, "I have already picked out a real high on the hills where I will be laid to rest with my broken dog sled beside me, according to the ancient Eskimo custom. Meanwhile a long and peaceful life will be mine, with never a worry or care, hunting the walrus and the musk while my faithful Eskimo maid sweeps the floor and dusts the furniture, traversing the tundra these sunny summer days, camera in hand, the din of civilization an evil dream long since forgotten, learning the language of these simple folk, carving ivory and compiling data on the island's flora and fauna for the edification of posterity."

MERRILL TOWER  
(Continued from page 13)

Kelly contacted the Army and talked them into the idea of having a ship enroute from Watson Lake to HQ pick up the patient. At last report said patient was improving. ATC, under Jim Humphries, pulled the same trick still more recently when a woman was very ill at Gulikana. A plane and doctor left Elmendorf for the patient.

Controller New is now recuperated from his mismaneuvering on the ship. He's got a new camera and is taking pictures of the country "to show the folks back home."

Floyd Best and his masters have gone to Fairbanks (or did we mention that before without the whiskers?).

Failure of cars to stop at the stop light at Merrill Field has caused no end of worry to tower men, pilots, and drivers (when they suddenly notice the airplane on the north). So the city fathers, highway patrol, and a few others got together and started an educational plan. The first night was just for fun, but the patrolman was more than busy getting the many violators. They all got cautionary tickets. No. 1 to get tagged was a CAA car. And of all persons it was the man we depend on to keep the tower equipment in working order. We suspect you're at the head of his list, but he says "all is forgiven."

car, which some of us refer to as the "Big Frog" and others as the "Glorified Jeep", and still others as--well, tanks being what they are on the road to our dock, maybe we'd better not repeat. Another, the new motor vehicle, which first felt the flow was in her wheels sometime in 1941, is far superior to the truck for her riding despite the fact that it must have been hit and buck with her at Dead Harbor.

SOCIETY TALK OF THE YEAR: Three couples and one single gent represented Woody in the Ladies Easter parade, all seven attending the Baptist Church while their underprivileged fellow communicators were sweating over hot bugs on the plantation. Those who attended were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Winter, Sr. and Mrs. Don Berkeley, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bisinger, not to mention Joseph Tere Frost, Jig Fox to us, who appeared wearing a strip of tundra. This happy little get-together group missed the Navy boat, but the persuasive tongue of one Harry Herb, a late comer to port, brought the Navy lads back for a return trip.

PLS ION NOTE ON THE YEAR (5 item wagers please copy): F. Bisinger appeared in a black overcoat and brown shoes, white and brown. He was permitted to leave church only after depositing \$5 in the kitty.

OP is feeling pretty darn snooty these days. We now have real boughten rail-order casters on the station stairs instead of wooden punters out of Klein-schmidt tape rolls. Yes sir, she's a real shootin' station now except that these pecky supervisors want a free shoulder so that they can glide back and forth and save wear and tear on their sock-sole shoes.

Yels Chaffin, comely wife of Darral, proved herself a game 5AM bettor the other night, when NODV threw so many lulls at her that she thought she was in a starstick baseball game. All was going in from us far back in six hours. She caught it--oh, you know how we out it--"operational difficulties" along the line someplace.

IN SELF DEFENSE: We wish to note here that it is fully realized in this department the scarcity of paper and particularly of paper towels. If any person and/or piece gives information starting rumors that it is our doing that a bottleneck of towels has been created at a certain station, we here fully and completely exonerate ourselves. If those parties OF THE first part would stop hoarding said situation would not have arisen. Any reference to OJ is not coincidental. "Juggling Jackson"

OF NOTE: In April 19th issue of True Story magazine under "No-Shirt McGee's One-Day Ticket" will be found a very unreasonable facsimile of "our" pilots' adventures. Good reading?

It is rumored that on or about May, 1945 NODV will return from its winter retreat in the sunny south to again spread joy on this, the last frontier.

All remarks regarding that "bully" plane, PR 254, will be directed to Mr. Hurst c/o O-44. No only work in this barn.

Dear Tawdress: What is a banana?

CLARA FADS or just you with the clicking bar, get a picture of your station, personnel, or any of our flying boys and their ships and send all contributions to HPT (Flight Operations - remember?). This request is for the rooster gallery, inspection of which holes "passengers" through baggage drill.

1/4 fare

Some unidentified man cracked the other day that the mess hall on Woody would be a good place to start a Chinese restaurant. Look at the big supply of 1000 year old eggs we have, he said!

And as to Joe Randall to the heavy island of the Kodak, with its big brown boys, its brown, brown natives and its lissle communicators.

Roger Wilco