

Mr. Kluffman flew into town on Saturday evening to spend the rest of the night and all day Sunday instructing Henry, Ed. Broadwell, and Dave Keegan how to play poker. This office is getting the reputation as a gold mine for poker players, especially visiting ones.

V.K. was pleasantly surprised at the quantity and quality of the work done out here so far. He was so well pleased, as a matter of fact, that he did not see any necessity of calling on any of the crews. Wednesday morning at 1:35 he made some sort of record for himself by actually getting on a train. He boarded the streamliner "City of Denver" and headed east to Chicago and from there planned to go by plane to Nashville.

Pierre makes headline news this week. At 6:15 Saturday evening, last, the wind blew the local hangar roof down, smashing several planes. With usual A.S.C. luck both the Fairchilds stationed there were untouched although it was a very close call, however, that was only half of the story. The real trouble was removing the planes. Lifting the roof and getting the planes out without further mishap was indeed quite a job. After three days of head scratching the local city Fathers finally got the planes out--unharmd. It was quite a trick and well worth the effort.

Post Thomas and Sharon Scott were not taking any more chances and immediately took off for Spearfish to join McCoy and Swan in the bad lands. There they will get in a little high altitude practice as some of the land is as much as 6800' above sea level with the high peak at 7200'. Len Carothers, in the meantime has been tying his 71 to his Model T touring car. If the wind blows any more Len will be out \$25. Len tried hunting Jack Rabbits with the Model T but the rabbits got to laughing so hard that they couldn't run and there was no sport in it at all.

Len reports that the T was not running very well the other day and investigation showed a live full grown ferret curled up in the carburetor intake. He put the ferret in a cage and shipped it to Joe Masino as a gift from crew number 1 and 4. With due ceremony Joe named the ferret Mr. E. B. Goldberg and placed the cage in the lab where it could be seen by everyone. Mr. Goldberg is very contented and seems in good health. He enjoys two meals a day on raw hamburger and drinks water by the cupfull. Mr. Goldberg is a most welcome addition to the lab and Joe is very well pleased with the gift. He calls the cage the Aero Service Pet House. After the christening ceremony it would be rather embarrassing to discover that the proper name should be Mrs. Goldberg. Time will tell.

Colonel Reiss and Paul Crause have moved north into Mobridge, South Dakota. The Colonel says there are only 500 people in the town and 200 of them are in the graveyard. Their arrival in Mobridge makes the fifth plane working in South Dakota which should mean that this state will go as fast as Nebraska. The Colonel also reports that his son caught a rattle snake in the hangar. Seems to us Colonel you could find something less harmful for him to play with. A rattle would be much safer than a rattle snake.

We ask you to extend sympathy to tough luck Kuser. Poor Ray. The other evening he was listening to the radio and heard the announcer say "Do you want to win an out-board motor? If so complete the following sentence: 'I like Alemite because'." This Ray did. Result -- A telegram telling him a Johnson Outboard Motor was being shipped from the factory. What did he say? "I like Alemite because -- blah, blah, when I take off from the Salt Lake City airport the ground temperature is 100 and within 45 minutes I am at 21,000' where the temperature is of 'times-20° blah, blah, blah." The pay off? -- the next day his daily report card listed as a miscellaneous expense \$1.25--Marfax. Poor Ray. In addition to the above luck his is staying in Salt Lake City, the garden spot of the world where the temperature never gets above 85 (in spite of the 100 blah to Alemite) and last, but by no means least, Alice arrived on Wednesday night. Poor, Poor Ray.

Ralph Baird of crew number 52 and a member of the A. S. Tall Story Club spoke out of turn and is now laid up with a bad eye. He went to Denver last Saturday where he underwent a slight operation. Meanwhile Henry Dotzenroth has been grinding the crank out in the North Platte country. Henry established an heretofore unheard of precedent among crew members by sending a wire "Prepaid" into the office (announcing his safe arrival). That makes him unique among shutter snappers. In other ways he is somewhat the same - he will know what we mean when he sees the film. Bullock, also #52, has been awakened many times during his afternoon nap this past two weeks by the phone calls from fair damsels calling for Jack Swan. Del thinks something should be done about it. If not, he says he will have to move to some town that Jack hasn't heard of. (the joke is probably on Del as he may very easily move to such a town right soon.)