

DOPE
Wet and Dry

Where is last week's Prop Wash? Where are all the pictures we begged for? Come, Come gentlemen. We must have better cooperation if we are to have a better paper. We develop and print thousands of pictures each week but they can't help keep the Prop Wash going. The rotogravure this week contains pictures we have begged, borrowed, or stolen and shows 11 out of the 12 crews now in the field.

Picture # 9, sent in by Paul Crause carries this caption "Stuebing actually at work" and also # 3, with this "one of the better looking crews". Len Carothers sent in numbers 4, 11, and 12 along with several others - "Postage guaranteed for pictures not accepted" says Len. # 14, doesn't look like much at first but wait until you read further. All in all we think it is a very good looking bunch. Special thanks must go to Carl Gerard who made up the title card and also Clarence Slack who copied the sheet and made all the big prints.

Phila. breaks into print this week. It seems they are planning already for the return of the lab fellows from Omaha. Instead of playing base ball they now spend all their spare time boxing. That is a nice thought for us out here. We admit we have been fighting Indians and dodging cow-boys but when we return to the City of Brotherly Love - that's another thing. It all started when VK told them about our prize-fighter, K O McManaman. Such fellows a Southpaw Swingin' Tom O'Malley, the "wrong-way hitter", "One round" Hasco, Pug Mosley and Double Pug Ireland are making themselves felt. "Pop" Reiber and "Sun-Tan" Rihl scrapped emulsoin rather hard the other day. A real scrap developed between "Swede" Westman and "Thunder-bird" Randolph but "Thunder-bird" fixed his opponent and "Swede" says he is all washed up. D. Gillen, Esquire, can make an enlargement of any exposure with which he is confronted. Sounds like a nice place of late.

The hot news of this week is about the Phila. lab. The garage on the west side of the lab is being torn down and as the east wall of the garage is the west wall of A. S. some very startling things may develop. We imagine it will be rather annoying this winter with no side wall. Of course there will be plenty of light, which is something after all.

You will all be interested to know that VK moved into his new home on Saturday. His new place is about half a mile from his old one and has a little more room in it. His family is getting so large of late that it was a problem to store them in the old home. We wish he and his family many happy years in the new home.

The Phila. lab may be full of fight of late but just let them try to better the record set by four Omaha contact crews last Friday. These four crews worked 12 hours and made over 3500 Positype contact prints. Remember Phila., that is 12 hours not days. "All in a days work" says Gordon Roser.

Henry Dotzenroth makes the front page news on account of his recent trip to North Platte. Henry had read and heard so much about leaving the floor boards on the camera hole while taking pictures that he resolved that he would not get his name in print. So while flying with Del Bullock he proceeded to loose the floor board somewhere over Custer Co., Nebraska. If anyone finds it, Henry will pay plenty for its return in order to save his face. We call that carrying precaution too far. While out in N.P. the boys took Henry out to the local swimming pool to introduce him to Jack Swan's N.P. girl. One look at her and Henry fainted and fell in the pool. He figures Jack had an oxygen jag on when he met this one. The report is that if she ever weighed 200 pounds she would be the happiest girl in the world. As Ralph Baird returned to N.P. from Denver where he had been having his eyes refocused, Henry was able to come back to Omaha on Sunday. Ralph has had to work extra hard (with the N.P. girls since his return to make up for the week he was out of circulation.)

Del and Ralph flew into Omaha on the 18th and spent the 19th getting the ship relicensed. Their presence was a good excuse for Henry to have another birthday and celebrate. It seems that whenever Henry needs to celebrate he discovers that it is his birthday and -- well you know the rest. Bullock was able to get up at 9:30 the next morning and Baird, being younger, was up at the crack of noon

8. He and his photographer, Bill Bohan, have been turning in some very fine work and are to be congratulated for it. It was their first assignment together and they did an enviable piece of work up in South Dakota in rather tough country. Bill Carroll made a trip to Mayo Bros.'s Clinic in Rochester, Minn., and there learned the true cause of his ailment which has been bothering him for the last four years. The Clinic advocated an operation in the not too distant future and Bill and the MRS. decided that the sooner the better. On Sunday they flew into Omaha and left the ship at the airport, and on Monday the 15th, they started for Phila. by car. Bill Bohan is remaining here in the lab to await further orders. It is indeed a shame that this crew had to be broken up but as it will mean the return to normal health for Carroll, it will be well worth the effort. We are sure some of the crews would like to write to Bill and, until we have a better address, suggest that all letters be sent to Phila. office from where they will be forwarded to him. We will keep you in touch with his progress thru the Prop Wash. We send our best to him for a speedy recovery and a quick return to crew # 8.

On Wednesday, the 17th, our good friends of crew # 51, Clarke Smith and Dean Turner, moved out of the country's best fishing grounds around Laurium, Mich., and are now based in Williston, North Dakota, to work with Kitch and Dixon in Montana. We hope that they will not be disappointed in the extra-curricular activities in N.D. We also hope they will find a few days of good weather as we can almost feel snow coming before the flying is complete. We welcome # 51 to the Omaha Division and hope they will get a chance to drop in and see a real lab. For those of you that are interested, ship # 51 is a Wright J-6 9 Ryan model B 1.

Doc Barth and George Stuebing arrived in Omaha on Monday the 15th, after their 2500 mile visit tour. They report that all the crews treated them royally and made their trip more pleasant. Mint Juleps in Norfolk, bowling in Pierre, swimming and tennis in Miles City, etc.

They also brought back the news that Col. Reiss is now working on another poem that will soon go to press in the Prop Wash. We are looking forward to printing it and hope it will bring an answer from Alice Kuser and maybe someone else will try their hand.

We have received several letters from the field during the past two weeks and want to thank the writers very much. It is almost impossible to answer them all but we nevertheless appreciate them. Keep them coming and the Prop Wash will keep going.

Polly Kitchingman writes all about the life o in Miles City. Her letter tells of the warm reception given Doc and George - Temperature 103. Nice town, she explains, with a black-jack dealer in every bar, etc. One suggestion she makes seems rather strange but George says he saw it work. Poly says the only known thing to remove the mess made on your car by the grasshoppers is a good old Coca Cola. She says it does not leave any marks and cleans very well. "It is worth passing on if you don't mind wasting it" concludes Polly. Thanks for the tip. Just shows that you can learn something new every day.

Len Carothers writes as follows from Pierre - "And what is this talk about wives, poetry, and Mint Juleps? That sounds strange to me because my people keep their women busy working. My wife washes and polishes the ship, also does the mechanical work that needs to be done. Am having trouble keeping her busy since Fos (Thomas) left as she washed his ship and helped with the checks." We imagine Len, being an Indian, still believes in cave man handling. We imagine some of the rest of the pilots would have trouble getting as much work from their better halves.

Col. Reiss and Paul Crause, # 11, flying from Mobridge, S. D., actually took a picture of the moon which you will find in the rotogravure section - picture #14. As this was quite a feat we will let Steu tell it in his own words.

"We were working on Corson County and were hastening to complete a line in the face of very unusual and threatening weather. The heat was intense - even at altitude. A terrific line squall, surrounded by massive thunder-heads of a height I had never before beheld, advanced rapidly from the West. Without realizing our danger we were suddenly caught in a raging turmoil of convectional currents immediately preceding it. The force and violence of this I am unable to describe. The ship was taken completely out of my control and buffeted violently upward. Only a Cessna could have withstood the strain. We went up so fast that Paul, lacking his safety belt, was pinned against the ceiling for a considerable length of time. Fortunately, from that position he was able to manipulate the oxygen valves and, without a moments hesitation turned them on in full. And none too soon it was as we were rapidly succumbing. I was glad we had put in a full tube that morning. Up,

ed the rapidly revolving hands to keep track of where we were - 20, 30, 40 thousand feet. The ship twisted and spun. It was madness - and still up we went. Soon we hit the high upper air and the sky, lacking dust particles, became black. It was colossal. 50, 60 thousand! Every blood vessel in me tingled. The cold became intense. But the Cessna runs hot so we were kept from freezing. 70, 80 thousand! I was beginning to lose count. I couldn't keep up. The international pressure was stupendous - possibly 50 pounds to the square inch. Momentarily I expected the fuselage to explode. The blood was streaming from my pores. With a start I realized that, although I was looking directly ahead I could see Paul behind me! I could even see my own face! With a jerk I put my hands to my eyes. They had popped out of their sockets a full four inches! I looked again at Paul. He presented a strange sight. His feet were doubled up and stuck in his pants pocket and both hands were in his mouth. Under other circumstances I could have laughed. As it was I was horrified. What with his eyes and all he looked like some giant frog fed on an air-hose. Although looking at me he seemed intent on something else and I soon discovered he was reading the tag on the back of his shirt. He never did know what size he wore. Such heroic stoicism! I have never seen the equal! At that moment, with a final vengeful toss, we were freed from maelstrom and, it seemed, becalmed in inter-stellar space. Orienting myself I headed east at once to escape the disturbed area. We had covered but a short distance when suddenly I heard a yell from Paul "The moon!" he cried. "The moon! the moon!" Then I saw it and realized that we were closer to it than any living thing before us. But there was no time to lose. The needle on the oxygen valve was fluctuating ominously. I glanced at Paul. We were both of the same mind and knew that there was no time to be lost if a record of this phenomenal trip were to be preserved for posterity.

With an easy movement I rolled the ship over on its back and cried "shoot!" But hardly had I done so when I heard the distant click of the camera. At that moment the oxygen went out! My first thought was "We've done it!" My second was "Who will ever know?" If we were to survive drastic action must be taken, and at once. I motioned to Paul, sucked the last cubic inch of oxygen and eased back on the stick. Then began one of the fastest dives ever made. Holding our breaths we made a sheer vertical drop of some 90 thousand feet! The speed was awful - beyond calibration. The air speed went around so fast it burned out, the indicator melted and fell off to one side. Near the end of the dive the skin-friction became so intense the wax I had rubbed along the leading edge of the wings caught fire and the wings burst into flame. As luck would have it there was a large cloud directly beneath us and before any damage could be done we plunged into it and the moisture put the fire out. As we splashed out of the bottom of the cloud I noticed we were only a few thousand feet over Moberge so I started pulling out but we were going so fast we passed Aberdeen before the ship slowed down enough to make a turn. After making the turn and squaring off in the direction of Moberge we let go the breath we had been holding all the time and blew out a cascade of icicles that had collected on the roof of our mouths. It was most gratifying to be able to breath normally again. It was dark when we made the field. But as it is covered with swarms of white-tailed jack-rabbits I had not trouble getting in.

And that is the story of the moon picture. Although we broke all existing altitude records for bicycle, blimp or balloon we carried no sealed instruments. The flight being unofficial I won't trouble the N A A about it. "You know how smug they are. They would only laugh in my face. However, I would appreciate your sending the picture to Scientific-American with a short explanation of how it was gotten. Some how, some way, the world must know!"

The only comment we can make is this - the Colonel and Paul are now full fledged, life, members of the Aero Service Tall Story Club and should be elected as sustaining members. We think our good friend Mr. Dwane Wallace, President of the Cessna Aircraft Co., will be interested in this amazing story of the trip to the moon in a C-38. We will see that he gets a copy of this issue.

Another very interesting and welcome letter comes from Johnny Noble. Johnny is now at Anacostia doing Navy duty behind a Pratt and Whitney, which in a way makes him back to A. S. He asks to have the Prop Wash sent home while he is away so Peggy and the rest of the family can keep up with the news. Their family has grown considerably since he first held an A. S. throttle. One child was born into the company but since leaving, twin girls have joined up. Johnny warns Dean and Mary Turner - "Don't leave Aero Service unless you want to go in for families in a big way." His letter continues with - "I wonder if George Stuebing is still carrying around the old piece of rope. I'll never forget his giving me the high sign

when I sleepily overshot Patco Field one day in Number One (and only, then) ---- neither will VK. ---'The Distaff Side' by Alice Kuser was a masterpiece. -- Congratulations to Ray on the acquisition of the outboard motor."

Johnny submits this for Boner Dept. "Who was the camera operator with me on a job in New York State who forgot to catch film on the take-up roll and carefully ground out a full roll (on the veeder counter only) during the straightest and levellest flying ever accomplished? I hope that doesn't make too many red faces." Also-- "Who was the camera man on the original five lens T.V.A. job who almost missed the first few shots of the first strip on finding that the name of the town on the first picture, early one Sunday morning, was, believe it or not (check it) Mangover (N.C. or Tenn.) (Henry voluntarily and very quickly denied any knowledge of the above when he read Johnny's letter. Ed.)

A letter from Clarke Smith, now at Williston, North Dakota runs on with "The one controversy in Prop Wash that kept me a bit puzzled was that about the mint-juleps. After following it for several weeks I questioned a man about town as to just what they consisted of. When he explained they contained intoxicating liquors I was amazed. However, I soon realized these clean living young airmen, all personal friends of mine, were just having their little joke. For a stimulating summer drink I dash together a fresh gooseberry frappe. All my friends say it is marvelous. I hate to boast, so with the old fraternal spirit of A. S. I will send my recipe to anyone that sends their request with a self addressed envelope and twenty-five cents enclosed. P.S. It is good for the kiddies too." Well, there is an offer readers. Just think, for only 25¢--sounds like a bargain.(25¢ will buy 2 quarts of milk which should give you about as much kick. Ed.) He winds up an interesting letter with--"Both the contributing poets deserve all the praise they get."

DOCTOR RACES TO PATIENT BY AIRLINER

Omaha, Nebraska. George Stuebing, M.D.(Mechanical Doctor) received an emergency call from far away Salt Lake City from Raymend Kuser, R.N.(Resident Nurse) asking that all speed be used to carry the Dr. to the sick-bed. Nurse Kuser reported the patient, #2-S1D1, was suffering from a bad cough which had earlier in the day threatened to snuff out the life of the victim. Dr. Stuebing proscribed rest and absolute quiet until his arrival and if any further outbursts were noted to resort to pyrenatical aids to restore the patient to quiet. Dr. Stuebing raced to the isolated area in a modern horse and buggy, a DC-3. After a complete examination Dr. Stuebing diagnosed the case as carburitis, which, the noted physician explained, is an ailment sometimes of the lower carburetor and can often cause violent outbursts which sometimes cause a rapid over-heating of the entire body. The illness cuts off the oxygen supply and is apt to be pyromanicatical. With the expert attendance of Dr. Stuebing and Nurse Kuser the patient has now passed the crisis and is well on the way to recovery. The latest news bulletin from the hospital is very encouraging. The Dr. says the patient may go out of doors on the first bright sunny day.

Flying during the past two weeks has been rather voluminous. Crew Number 11 established quite a record for Warner Cessna on the 11th by flying 9 hours and making 520 exposures covering about 1040 square miles. They said they could have covered still more miles if they had been working a little closer to their base. On the 22nd, McCoy and Swan exposed 834, -- 1668 square miles in one day. Some flying. They have sent 8 big rolls in this week, for three flying days. Another week like that and we will send George up there to throw a monkey-wrench in the motor. Fos Thomas sent us a nice present from Spearfish on Tuesday morning, seven rolls. Smith and Turner got into gear up in Montana and have flown about 740 exposures. All the original flying has been completed in Nebraska and things are beginning to look very nice in South Dakota. We can almost see a clean up before snow comes. Here's hoping hoping. Omaha is hot in summer, but extra cold in Winter and we would hate to stay here until March waiting on a few reflights on account of snow. Eight crews out of nine flew on the 21st for a total of 46 hours, taking over 2760 exposures. Good weather is here to stay, we're afraid.

Henry had another birthday on Monday, the 22nd, because Dr. Barth and his wife were leaving the next morning for the East. We sure hated to see them leave and hope they enjoyed Omaha as much as Omaha enjoyed having thm. After Doc's study of all the cameras out here, he should have enough material to help Patco eliminate all future camera troubles.

Yours 'till the wheels get tired.

Tom Maddock