

July 8, 1938.

The head line news this week is a four letter word meaning "a thincovering of some sensitized substance to receive a photographic impression." In case you haven't figured it out yet we will tell you all about it. The word is FILM. We repeat FILM. It comes from the North, it comes from the West, it comes from the South. As a matter of fact it seems to come from everywhere. We have gotten more of the stuff in the last six days than you can shake a stick at. 40 rolls as a matter of fact. Think of it. 40 rolls in five days and three of those days were holidays. Long rolls, short rolls - rolls-rolls. That is all we see. We asked for it in the first issue of the Prop Wash, but we did not think you would take it so seriously. Please be a little more thoughtful.

We have just talked to the records department and find that during the month of June the eight planes now working out here flew a total of 181:32 hours. It seems as though that figure was passed during the Fourth of July week-end. It is quite apparent that no one took the week-end off to go fishing.

The Prop Wash takes great pleasure in announcing a very special bargain offered only to the pilots and photographers of this company. Here it is. From Lick McCoy (of the Jack Rabbit McCoy's) we have a letter giving this record breaking offer. "Will you please inform the other crews that if they will furnish me with the exact focal length of their view-finders and focal length of their cameras, and whether 7" X 9" or 9" X 9", AND twenty-five cents, I will make up and mail postpaid one super-deluxe-proper-altitude-finder, regardless of temperature, complete with instructions." We urge all those interested to write to Mr. Richard McCoy, General Delivery, Hastings, Nebraska, as soon as possible and avoid the rush. We cannot guarantee the product offered but we will go so far as to underwrite your investment and refund your money if delivery is not made as specified.

The boys up in Miles City, Montana had a chance between Cloud bursts the other day to slip out to the post office and mail us a letter. The letter was full of interesting details about all the things they have been doing for the past month. Of special interest to those who know Eric Dixon is the news of his purchase of a new car. He traded his 1924 Buick and reports that it is now out to pasture having a well earned rest. This crew passes this idea on to you oxygen eaters. The equipment needed is a two quart mason jar with a screw metal top. Make three holes in the metal top after breaking out the glass insert. Solder a piece of copper tubing in the center hole reaching almost to the bottom of the jar. Solder two short pieces in the ~~center hole reaching almost to the bottom~~ other holes extending about one inch down into the jar. Now fill the jar about 2/3 full of water and put the top on tight with a rubber washer. The long tube is connected to the supply tank and the other two are connected to the pilot's and photographer's tubes. This hook up puts some moisture in the oxygen and is supposed to make it easier to take and there will be no after effects. Kitch and Dixon have made one up, but as the weather will not let them fly they have not had a chance to try it out. We suggest you fellows give this idea some thought and try it if you want and let Miles City know as they do not think they will get any weather until about the time they are ready to go on their old age pension. Col. Reiss says heated oxygen is very good. He says that he wraps the hose around his neck about six times and heats it in this way. We have our doubts but as we have never tried it who are we to doubt the Colonel.

Retracting a statement is the hardest thing a newspaper has to do. But we will take our medicine and like it. Last week we made the statement that Stuart A. Reiss was the best Julep mixer in the state of Nebraska. Since then, however we have learned that this was not true. Mrs. Burgess says she will enter and beat the Colonel making Juleps at any place and at any time. She claims she had a Julep before she was a day old and seeing that she was born and brought up in the south we must believe her. And the boys in Hastings say they will bet ten to one that Dick McCoy will take them both into camp when it comes to Juleps. All in all it looks as though Reiss was somewhat of an imposter. Living on a newspaper build up. This is somewhat proven by a report from Yankton stating that after drinking one and a half of Mrs. Carroll's Juleps the Colonel had to be led to the car where he slept for two hours.

By the way, Mrs. Carroll and the boys of Yankton have sought new worlds to conquer and have moved north to the big city of Mitchell, S. C. Bill says he wanted to be on a busier airport. His plane was the only one in Yankton. The Mitchell monthly paper tells up that Bill Bohan, demon shutter snapper, will be celebrating his 21st birthday on the 16th of July, and so Aero Service will have another man working for them. We wish him the best and hope his work in the future is as good as that in the past. If so he will be near the top.

By special wire we hear that "Mac" McCormick working in Winston-Salem with Bob Jefferson has bought a trailer and is now spending considerable time and money trying to find a cook to occupy it with him. The wire also states that a certain southern blonde is tops on the list and wedding bells are being dusted off - just in case.

The Pony express brings the news about Len Carothers taking a spill the other day. It seems that he wanted to get his hand in again at horseback riding. He soon found that as soon as the horse lost his head he lost his seat, the result being he had to leg it home. Sounds like anatomy class.

Extra! Extra! Read all about it. Dean and Mary Turner are infanticipating. This news comes thru by stork delivery. It is rumored that the entire blame can be placed on that 2 A.M. train that goes through Michigan always blowing its whistle. Looks like another shutter snapper or a golfer.

Ray Kuser, Tom Moore, and Silkie arrived in Omaha on Sunday bound for Salt Lake City. Silkie is Ray's meat hound. They always carry him around when they are flying cross-country. Ray is very much insulted to be refused a room at the Commodore Hotel here because of the dog. You see Ray takes the dog to bed with him when Alice is not in town. He had to go slumming at the Fontenelle Hotel. The three of them took off yesterday headed West with a new angle lens camera all set to keep cool at 24,000'.

Tom Page and Luckenbill have moved to Chatanooga to finish where Ray Kuser left off. We do not have any address as yet but will tell you all about it when we know more. This crew has been to Nashville so long that the City fathers are thinking of naming a street after them. They will probably miss the old town very much. Well such is the life of a mapping crew.

Your editor made a trip to Hastings Saturday and was very much surprised to find that the airport there really has more rabbits on it than you can shake a stick at. We drove around the airport at about ten o'clock at night and saw about fifty in ten minutes. And can they run. They seemed to be going about forty miles an hour at times. At others they would stop dead and then start off again in another direction. It must be real sport to try to shoot them while riding on the front fender of a speeding car. No wonder they moved up there from Concordia.

The letters and comments on your daily report cards are all very much welcome and we appreciate them very much. We would like more news to print however. As yet we have not had a direct communication from crew number 7. How do they spend their time while waiting for the clouds to make up their mind. Remember to give us any helpful suggestions which might interest the rest of the boys. And also be sure to give the human interest stuff a break. Such as the girl that sells tickets at the Rivoli Theatre in Hastings that Jack Swan has been taking out.

Due to the many photographic contributions which the crews have made to the laboratory in the last few days, the Western Division office has taken on the semblance of Grand Central Station on a holiday. Night work is very much in evidence. New faces have made their appearance also. We now have fifteen counties complete in Nebraska and three in Kansas. Two counties have been delivered in Nebraska. We are now in high gear and it is full steam ahead.

Speaking of steam reminds us of something else. The thermometer in the office read 100 at five in the afternoon on last Friday. In the sun, in the lab it read 118. Who said this is not a hot town? The worst part of all is that the natives were not at all hot -- they say it will get to 120 in the shade. Still worse is the lack of shade.

This is your Omaha correspondent saying if anything develops before you can fix it tell us and we will wash your fears away and dry your tears.

Photographically yours,

Tom Maddock