

HOME AGAIN

On November 7, 1938, Mr. Virgil Kauffman was presented with a Winchester double-barrelled shot gun as a gift from the entire personnel of the Aero Service Corporation in appreciation of his good fellowship in his personal relationship with us all. His sincere attitude and great interest in each and every one of us is something that we all regard very highly. His sense of fair play and good sportsmanship is one we look upon with envy.

As Mr. Kauffman's keen interest in hunting is at its peak at this time of year, the gift was most appropriate and enthusiastically received. The gun is the latest and finest 12 gauge model manufactured by the Winchester Arms Company. Engraved on it is the following, "V. K. November 1, 1938."

As the Pennsylvania hunting season is now in full swing, the gun has already been used on three occasions. Results as yet are not too good as the hunter is not yet accustomed to his new hunting piece. It won't be long now, however, before the Pennsylvania pheasants will be at his mercy as it is our guess that this pair will make a name for themselves.

Mr. Kauffman is most grateful for the thought behind this gift and wants to express his sincere thanks to everyone. The gift will be a reminder for many years to come of the genuine feeling of good will that exists in this Company. He will derive much pleasure from its use and it should last for many years to come.

Your editor asks your kind indulgence while he makes the following announcement. On Monday, November 7, 1938 at 2:00 P.M. a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Maddock. Both the mother and son, John Pope, are doing very well. This is the second son, the first having been born two years ago. Your editor made a hurried trip by rail and air from Omaha to Trenton, N. J. in an effort to arrive on the scene ahead of the stork but, on account of bad weather, was unsuccessful.

It might be of interest to the readers to know that this birth is only the beginning of a series of similar events to take place this winter within the ranks of the Company. The Prop Wash extends best wishes to all those expectants. We will be most happy to report these blessed events as they occur.

The editor's train-plane trip from Omaha to the East was most enjoyably interrupted at Cleveland airport. While there he called the Positype Corporation to get the latest information on our old friend Dr. Barth. The Doc was at home enjoying one of his wife's good meals. A phone call to their new home resulted in finding that they are both well and extremely happy in their new set up. They report that they read with interest each copy of their paper and in that way keep in touch with the entire A. S. C. Anyone wishing to contact them can do so through the Positype Corporation, 18915 Detroit Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. It goes without saying that they would be pleased to hear from any and all of you.

There is an article by James Ray entitled "Straight Up" in the November 5, 1938 issue of the Saturday Evening Post which is a rather interesting and complete story of the development of the Autogiro and its future possibilities. Of special interest is the account of using a giro to get first hand pictures of the burning of the Morro Castle off the coast of New Jersey. Mr. Ray was the pilot and Mr. Kauffman was the photographer.

"The ceiling lifted at the coast and out over the smoking hulk of the Morro Castle the clouds must have been at 4000 feet," the article relates. "Kauffman was fumbling with a camera as I approached the ship and flew the whirligig right down to within twenty feet of the forward deck and hung motionless in the wind. We could see the people, forward of the burned cabins of the ship, see their lips move as they shouted, but were unable to hear them."

We recommend this article to our readers not only because it tells about the boss, but also because it gives a good word picture of this strange craft - the autogiro.

On Thursday afternoon, Charlie Hastings and Otto Illhardt flew into Patco field in Cessna #8 which has been out to pasture in Omaha since Bill Carroll left the West. Charlie and Otto had a pleasant uneventful trip except getting in and out of smoke covered Pittsburgh. Charlie reported that all his blind flying training had to be brought into play to negotiate the scup. They made the trip in 8 hours and 20 minutes. Not bad!

Their departure from Omaha meant the end of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Their number having declined from an all time high of eight down to three,--Carl Gerard, Tom Hassett and the lad from Omaha. This definitely closes another chapter in the Rover Boys series. Carl has lost all his taxi traffic and he'll now have to give up the car or turn professional taxi driver.

Joe Masino's pet house was in full swing when the editor left Omaha. Len Carothers had brought a very large bull snake with him from Pierre to add to the three smaller ones Joe already had. The four reptiles seem to be very much contented with their new home and are set for the winter. We suggest that the lid to the pet house be kept fastened securely. Four live snakes would be almost too much to handle in one small laboratory at one time.

Another pleasant announcement we have to make this week is that Bill Carroll is progressing nicely on the road to recovery. He is up and around although he cannot be too active for some time to come. He misses his flying and is impatient to be behind the stick in #8 with Bill Bohan grinding out the film. Keep up the good work, Bill, and remember "slow but sure" is the best cure.

Crew #2 - Kuser and Moore - are slowly but surely being driven southward by the snow. They now are based in Millford, Utah, not far from the southern border of the state of Utah. Their last stand before giving way altogether to the elements is at Phoenix, Arizona. They hope to be able to sneak in a few days' work around Millford and then head for Arizona.

Things here in the main office are varied but very interesting. Page, Jefferson and Smith are making every attempt to keep the lab supplied with film but the weather is somehow set against it. The report is that for 10 weeks straight this summer Page and Luckenbill never even took off. Jefferson did a little better, the result being that there were only some 60 rolls of film through this lab during the past 5 months.

The Utah mosaic job is keeping everyone stepping with its many complications. Six fellows are busy at work in the old Brock & Weymouth building which has been temporarily taken over by the A. S. Ed. Schuch and Harvey Wheeler are both losing weight sweeping floors, scrubbing walls and tending furnace getting the place in condition to take the mosaic work into camp.

Otherwise things here are normal. People running in and out asking questions, phones ringing, telegrams coming and going, adding machines grinding out totals, typewriters banging away, etc. A hectic confusion in direct contrast to the busy routine of Omaha. But somehow it would not be the Aero Service office if it were any different.

Eric Dixon sends in the following for which he would like some expressions from the rest of you oxygen eaters. Such subjects as these can put the Prop Wash to its best service. All those interested in discussing this subject with Eric can write to the Philadelphia office and we will be glad to carry on the subject to a conclusion through the next few issues.

"Here's something I'd like to see discussed in the "Prop Wash" and that is the amount of oxygen-liters per minute the other crews use so one can arrive at what seems best. We've experimented around considerable since we learned that you couldn't get too much and finally have arrived at 6 liters per minute between the two of us as being about the most satisfactory for our use. We used to run about 3 to 3-1/2 and it wasn't enough but now I can lift the camera around, change film and get plenty of exercise without feeling exhausted or faint.

We ran short today and ended up 2 to 3 liters and what a difference it made in the end."

On closing may we thank Mr. Al Mosley for his kindness and cooperation in securing the Winchester gun for us to give to the boss.

Yours from where confusion reigns

Tom Maddock.