

Our Enlargement of the Real Picture

Word comes to us from the far away North country around Miles City, Montana of the strangest, most fantastic tale ever to come to our attention. This story is from the pen of Eric Dixon and as it is written in ink, there is no doubt as to its veracity. This phenomenon occurred some time ago but it is so weird and freakishly uncommon that he has hesitated to send it in until several months had passed in which he could return to a normal mental balance thus permitting himself to write the account as he saw it tempering his imagination with time seasoned judgment.

"I'll tell you what happened to us here this summer. I've hesitated to write it before because of the unbelievers but after that moon photo yarn maybe you'd like to hear something a little more tame.

"Sometime this summer, when we were taking off we heard a bang and Kitch says 'what's that'. It sounded like the tire on the tail wheel blowing out, but we kept going as the day didn't look as if it would last. But we got in a good flight just the same.

"On landing Kitch let her down easy and the tail felt O.K. so we taxied up to the gas pit and got out. When we looked at the tail wheel we had the shock of our lives.

"Here's what must have happened. When taking off we had disturbed a 4' rattlesnake who made a pass at us and got our tail wheel tire, blowing it out. His fangs became embedded in the rubber so he could not get loose so hung on during our whole flight. Of course the air was below freezing and he had frozen solid, after taking a turn around the tailpost extension. As we came down gradually he hadn't time to thaw out much but just enough to make him springy. This made the best landing of any tailskid I ever rode with. As we taxied in however, the flesh was worn down to the back bone and partly through this, so just after we stopped this gave way and let the ship down on the deflated tailwheel as gently as a feather.

"We never thought anyone would believe us before but think we can still round up witnesses if necessary."

Eric that is indeed a strange, strange story. We will leave it to our readers (Bless'em, both of them) which story, yours or Steu Reiss' is the prize winner of the A. S. Tail Story Club.

Many times this paper has been asked by different crew members "When and where will we be moved to next?" Just to prove that this is an unanswerable question we cite the case of crew 51, Smith & Turner. This illustration crew, having worn out two cameras and several rolls of film in Kansas last month, hurried to Chattanooga, Tennessee in time to register for next week's general election. We reported their apparent dilemma last issue. We just received the following card "Surprise! We ain't in Chattanooga. Fully expect to be here all day tomorrow." Crew 51, BOSTON, MASS. It just shows to go you that in this business its here today and gone yesterday.

Crew Number 7, Jefferson and McCormick, have the same sort of thing to report. A letter explains that they left Aberdeen, Miss. and for a few days were at Birmingham, Ala., but by pay-day they expected to be in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Odd how we never fail to receive a letter just before payday whenever there is a change of addresses. Maybe the Prop Wash could get more news if you were all on the payroll as reporters.

Kuser and Moore, crew 2, having felt the first touch of snow and cold weather in Price, Utah, are now straining at the leash to pull up stake and trek southward to warmer climate.

The rest of the crews are resting quietly reminiscing of the days of a few months back when 4:00 A.M. was a reality and 2:00 P.M. was by no means quitting time. In case any of you have lost track, the crews are at this writing located as follows:

Crew No.	Pilot	Photographer	Location
1.	Thomas	Scott	Spearfish, South Dakota
2.	Kuser	Moore	Price, Utah
3.	Page	Luckenbill	Chattanooga, Tenn.
4.	Carothers	Lippincott	Omaha, Nebraska
6.	Kitchingman	Dixon	Miles City, Montana
7.	Jefferson	McCormick	Winston Salem, N. C.
9.	McCoy	Swan	Spearfish, South Dakota

Crew No.	Pilot	Photographer	Location
10.	Burgess	Bohan	Grand Island, Nebraska
11.	Reiss	Crause	Pierre, South Dakota
51.	Smith	Turner	Boston, Mass.
52.	Bullock	Baird	North Platte, Nebr.

In spite of most of the work having been cleaned up in September, October was a busy month in the field. A total of 394 hours were reported to the Omaha office by nine of the above listed crews. 14994 exposures were made in all. October also saw a change in the leading crew as far as hours were concerned. Crew 10, Burgess and Bohan (Illhardt doing most of the month's photographing) put in a total of 64 hours and 35 minutes, beating out crew # 9, McCoy and Swan, by 4 hours and 35 Min. However, the greater speed of the Beech enabled 9 to remain on top in exposures made, shooting 4,280 compared with 2,773 for # 10. Kitch and Dixon really were hard pressed last month. They made all of 2 flights for a total of 10 hours and 15 minutes, with the stupendous total of 180 exposures made, an average of 6 per day.

Poet Alice Kuser paid Omaha a four minute visit on Thursday morning on her trip from Price, Utah to Trenton, New Jersey. She went through on the Burlington Zephyr and made a platform speech for the express benefit of the Prop Wash, telling of a most pleasant day in Utah. She and Eleanor Moore were kept busy caring for crew # 2 in true A. S. style as explained in the last verse of Alice's poem of August 6th, entitled "The Distaff Side". Remember it?

"We cheer the 'birdmen' when they growl
We stand their bridge when it is foul
From these, our duties, nough can swerve us,
We're the wives of Aero Service."

Another poem would be most welcome, Alice. Nothing yet has excelled your poetry in the minds of our readers.

An amusing card came in from crew 52 at North Platte this week giving an account of one days' sports activities.

"Duck hunting today. Three was our limit. What is fun is going after them when you shoot the duck. Ralph and I did get a ducking getting the ducks. Was I surprised coming around the river bend. Jr. (that's Ralph) in the water with a duck in his mouth swimming for shore."

Little late for swimming isn't it Ralph?

Len Carother and Win Lippincott, crew # 4 fought their way from Pierre, S. D. to Omaha on Wednesday through a terrific rain storm and a 50 mile head wind. The Fairchild looked plenty sick when she finally set down here. The fabric on the upper part of the wing was dead tired and flapping in the breeze. We are sure Doc Steubing would prescribe a complete rest and some massaging to bring the patient back to good health. The long exposure to the wild life in Pierre, S. D. has almost made Anne Lippincott a primitive native. We were not surprised, therefore, to learn that she made a shopping tour immediately upon arriving and triumphantly returned with a large cake of soap and a supply of bath salts.

"The East*West company football game was again won by the Lab. That is, there was so much work in the lab Saturday afternoon that all thought of the game was postponed until a later date. Such is life of an All American Football Team.

The Omaha A. S. Bowling Team has at last reached a conspicuous place in the bowling league, now being tied for last place. Next week they bowl the team with which they are tied which will definitely decide the team that is entitled to the cellar position.

Next Week's Prop Wash will be the last issue to be published from the Omaha office, as the editor is returning to Philadelphia on the 15th. Therefore remember to send all the news to the Western office after the 15th and for goodness sake don't forget to send some in. After all, we don't create news, we merely try to edit that which comes in. With no daily report cards and few if any letters, the Prop Wash will be in a very embarrassing position unless we have your full cooperation. In case you may have forgotten the Eastern Address, it is 1612 Chancellor Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Tom Maddock.