

## ALL'S QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

Yes, things are definitely quiet here in the middle west. Not dead but pleasantly still for a change. All our visitors have left us, Mr. Kauffman and Ann Kauffman having been the last to leave so ending their ten day visit. Work in the lab has slowed up and the field crews have been resting quietly for the most part. We are now back to almost normal existence having received only 25 rolls of film this week.

You all are probably wondering why the Prop Wash failed to go to press as scheduled last Saturday. We regret that we were unable to find sufficient time to issue # 15 on time, but as Ed Broadwell was away last week, it was found necessary to draft the Editor and put him to work. The result was a very unhappy editor for disappointing such an appreciative public, not to mention the Editor's unhappiness for having to give up his afternoon naps and go to work.

All the traveling done by Ed Broadwell with Mr. Kauffman on V.K.'s last visit here left Ed with the desire to continue. Accordingly he left by Station-Wagon last Thursday and drove to the A.A.A. office in Brookings, South Dakota. He returned late Saturday night and left at midnight Sunday for Salt Lake City by train to visit the Western Division A.A.A. office there. Wednesday night he was back in his traveling togs aboard a United Mainliner on his way back to Omaha with a pocket full of reflights. The purpose of his visits was to hurry the reflights being ordered by the Government in an attempt to clean up the work out here before snow time, if possible.

On the 12th Len Carothers and Win Lippincott blew into town in # 4 with the aid of a tail wind. They have been in Pierre, S. D. so long that the sights of Omaha night life were almost too much for them. They both ran for cover at the approach of a trolley car, fearing it might be some strange monster. Their visit was strictly a business one, as Len is trying to sell his Model "T" touring for \$25.00 F.O.B. Pierre, fully equipped. We are mentioning this here as Len has made us a very attractive commission proposition if a sale results. All offers made to us must be accompanied by a certified check for not less than \$1.39.

Some of the crews have been milling about since our last edition. McCoy and Swan are roughing up the air around Garden City, Kansas, keeping the Beech from rusting up. Smith and Turner are pushing head winds around from Great Bend, Kansas, and Burgess and Illhardt were based at Hutchinson, Kansas for ten days but have moved back up North again to Grand Island. From the south we learn that Jefferson and McCormick prefer Aberdeen, Miss. to their last base at Birmingham, Ala. Bullock and Baird moved into Grand Island having hunted North Platte section dry. The rest of the crews are getting fat either waiting for weather, reflights or both.

Crew # 6 from Miles City, Montana breaks into print this week not because they have been flying, but by the following excellent poems written by Eric Dixon's large family of small children. There are five of them in the family and between them they wrote this one:

When I was very little, I went up 12,000 feet,  
I didn't get excited for I went right off to sleep.  
But Dad kept taking pictures until clouds interfered,  
Then I woke up as we flew back and wasn't even skeered.

Now I run outside the doorway, as No. 6 goes by  
And wish I was with Daddy acclimating in the sky.  
He goes out very early, almost before its light;  
He may be home by noontime or maybe not til night.

Sometimes he comes in grumpy, with a dull and achy head,  
Eats a good big dinner and goes right off to bed.  
Sometimes when he's not flying we shun the traveled route,  
We drive across the prairie or climb up "Signal Butte".

Sometimes we play tennis, or train our rifle sights,  
Or watch a gorgeous sunset and once the Northern Lights.  
We wonder in the "Bad Lands" 'mong funny, colored hills,  
We hunt for picture agates and other scrts of thrills.

Some words Dad used puzzle but on the other hand,  
Whenever he says "Prop Wash" there's one we understand.

This next poem was written entirely by Patty Dixon who is only 14 years old. She has done a fine job and deserves a great deal of credit. She will be a bit sur-

prised to see this poem as she didn't know that it was sent in.

#### WHAT ABOUT YOU?

Some enjoy November  
 With its still and frosty nights,  
 Some will have December  
 With its snow and Christmas Lights.

Then others crave September  
 And the coming of the Fall,  
 But I'll stick to October  
 The Best month of them all.

Patty Dixon.

Patty you did well and should keep up the habit of poetry writing. Ann Kauffman - please note this poem. Seems to us you could do something along these lines. Patty started the ball rolling so lets see some of you other Aero Service apprentices do something.

One person to whom special mention should go as well as many thanks is our good friend Miss Jennie G. Durland. Jennie edits and types each and every issue of the Prop Wash. She puts in a lot of time and work on it and deserves a vote of appreciation from the management. She wants it understood however, that she only types the rough copy that in turn goes to the printers and therefore is not responsible for any errors that might appear.

Jennie, as you all know, is a most important link in the A. S. chain as it is she who writes all the pay checks. Some of the crews have begun to realize her importance and request that we carry insurance on her right hand.

The great open spaces on the West are showing their effect on our secretary and she has taken up rifle shooting in earnest. Almost any night she may be found at the local rifle range keeping her eye in practice. She has made several hunting trips into the Nebraska plains in search of Jack Rabbits. Dressed in slacks, riding on the front fender of a V8, and armed with a 22 rifle she is fast becoming known as the "terror of the range". (This is in no way to be confused with the cocking range.) That she is an excellent shot may be verified by Len Carothers and Win Lippincott who attempted to out shoot her one night last week.

Well readers here we are to the Prop Wash Issue # 15. Seems only yesterday that the first one rolled off the press. A lot has been written since that number on June 22nd. Your many and varied contributions have helped to make this paper what it is today. After reading 15 issues you must have many ideas and suggestions as to what type of an issue you like best. Please do not hesitate, therefore, to drop us a line and let us know what you think and what you want. If nothing else just send us some news. Remember everyone else is interested in what you are doing. As you crews are widely separated and spread all over the country we should have many an interesting account of what goes on. So let's have some suggestions and letters. Let's have some more ground flying tales. You know the kind - like the one about the pilot flying through and through the hangar and on one trip someone closed the rear hangar doors suddenly and he had no alternative but to make a 180 and fly out again.

The official Western Division East-West football game has never been played. However, there have been several late afternoon practice games all of which have brought pain to some of the would be All Americans. Thursday was the pay off when Orville Quinn received a broken rib on a long end run - result - a new man in now on the numbering table and Orville is in bed. If his injury which he received in a practice game, is an indication of what might be expected in an official game seems as if they had better take up chess.

On Sunday three of the lab fellows helped usher in the Nebraska hunting season by driving into the middle of the state on the seasons first hunting trip. An hours gunning brought them their daily limit of pheasants and they next began looking for a good place to try their luck on ducks. Their search was soon rewarded by a hunter paradise - a lake with millions of ducks on it. Hurrying to a hidden point they opened fire, knocking down about eight birds on the first volley. Imagine their embarrassment to find that they had stumbled across a Federal Game preserve -- \$100.00 fine for each duck. (Somehow they neglected to gather in their bag and were content to bring home the pheasants.)

The following are the excerpts taken from some of the recent daily report cards which we think make interesting reading. We give them to you for your approval and invite your comment.

"Don't look now, but today was the second perfect mapping day and I mean perfect. Thought we saw you guys in Omaha. What visibility." Kuser Price, Utah.

"Standing by. 40 ducks." Kitchingman, Miles City, Montana.

"No afternoon flight account flat tire upon landing. No damage. --- Total No. of Expos. 590. McCoy, Garden City, Kansas.

"Went out today and shot 7 pheasants among five of us."  
Bullock, Grand Island, Nebraska.

Although we have not heard much of George Steubing of late who is now in Philadelphia, we imagine he is very busy. He wrote the other day asking us to send him his golf sticks.

The long trek back to the East has started. Jim Cambell and Charlie Gillan left Omaha bound for Philadelphia on Thursday. It won't be long before some more of us will be heading eastward - we hope.

Next week's issue will be known as THE SPORTS NUMBER. We will endeavor to give a complete picture of the sports indulged in by the entire company - crews, Philly lab and Omaha lab. So let us know what goes on when it clouds up. What do you all do to keep out of trouble when the weather keeps you out of the air. We all would like to hear more from you crews - especially #s 2, 3, 7, and 9, from whom we have had very little news of late. We crave news. We thrive on it.

Yours 'til the wing flaps,

Tom Maddock