

The boss needs no introduction to anyone but an accounting of his activities will we are sure, interest all our readers. Let's look in at his desk in the Philadelphia Lab. This "Curio collection", as Charlie Hodell called it last week, contains almost every conceivable article from moving picture film to tobacco cans, full and empty, and back again to several stacks of letters dating back many months. We say almost everything because there never is a match on his desk. Surrounded by desks, filing cabinets, cameras, big and small, and queer this and that, the boss sits and meditates upon the million and one questions he is called upon to answer. How anyone can accomplish so much in one day is a mystery that will never be solved. Listening in on ten minutes of a normal day we are apt to hear something like the following:

The Time----Anytime
The Actors--V.K.

V. K. speaks-"Where's my tobacco? Who's got a match? Wire the Omaha Office to call Yardley 43 collect at seven tonight. Miss Brooke, get Mr. Davis' office on the phone. Hello, Al (Mosley), want to go hunting this fall up in Canada? A fellow has a stinson and wants to take us up for a week. What did you want to talk to me about Charlie? Hello Davis? Oh George, Dammit this is costing us thousands of dollars. No, I'll be in Washington Tomorrow. Henry I'll bet you fifty cents a game at bowling tonight if you give me 25 pins, just three games. Miss Durland let me see the weather map. Miss Brooke how about that call to Davis? Who's that on the phone. Oh Bill Meyer. Hello Bill. How about some matches somebody. Miss Durland get Jack down here for me. What did you say Henry? Good morning Doc. How is everything at the field? Charlie, anymore flying reported? No! What's the matter? Fishing too good? Say, Wheeler how's that plotter coming. Ed, what about the ground control on Area 3 in Utah. Well you can be there tomorrow noon. Charlie did you get that order from Homestake Mining? Hello Davis, this is Kauffman, yes-sir, how about that inspector you were going to send up? Gimme a match. To hear that bunch in Omaha talk you might think we never did any work here at all. Charlie where's one of those Flash-O-Lenses?", and so it goes day and day out. His activities never cease one minute while he is at 1612.

In the field he is even more active. Last Thursday he arrived here in Omaha at Midnight, played ping-pong until 1:45, and then proceeded to keep the Smith's and Turner's up playing bridge until after 4 A.M. Nine o'clock Friday morning finds him at the office digging into every phase of this whole set-up. Wires here and phone calls there, looking at this pilot's flying and that photographer's film and every second keeping his ears and eyes open to take in everything that goes on around him. A very busy day does not stop him from playing ten extra fast games of ping-pong that night with Joe Masino.

Up at 5 and off for Cheyenne at 6:15 on United and from there to Spearfish, South Dakota, at 11 A.M. on Saturday. Out to the Rushmore Memorial in the Black Hills, a drive through the bad lands, over to Lead to visit with Johnnie Noble's brother at the Homestake Mining Company office, up to Rapid City to the Casino to play the wheel, and showing the Spearfish crews the proper way to play poker helps him stay busy on Saturday and Sunday. Early Monday he is off again in the Beech headed for Dodge City, Kansas, stopping en-route to talk with Del Bullock and Ralph Baird in North Platte. Hutchinson, Great Bend, and Back to Dodge City on Tuesday. Wednesday off to Wichita to see Dwane Wallace at Cessna, driving Clarke Smith's V8 at 90 per. At three he takes off at the throttle of Smith and Turner's Ryan, headed for Lincoln, Nebraska, to meet Ed Broadwell and call on the A.A.A. State Office. Back in the office on Thursday morning. More wires, etc. At 11 he takes off in one of the Company's Cessnas with Ed for Brookings, South Dakota to visit South Dakota's A.A.A. Office and also track down a few pheasants, weather permitting.

Hectic we call it. Routine he calls it. How he keeps up such a pace and keeps so far ahead of the goings on of the entire company is nothing short of amazing. And with it all he keeps up an interest in everyone's personal problems, and is only too anxious to sit down and discuss this and that with them. "How do you like married life by now Clarence?" "How is your youngster, Dave?"

His finger is right on the very pulse of Washington and nothing happens there that he doesn't know all about before it takes place. A human dynamo of energy and pleasure to work with.

Ray Kuser brings our attention to an article in the Sept. 24th issue of Collier's Weekly, entitled "They Take the High Road" by Theon Wright. It is a story of the United States Army's triumph over the elements in designing, building and perfecting a high altitude ship in which no oxygen is carried. For this outstanding accomplishment the Army Air Corps received the highest honor that American Aviation can bestow, the Collier Trophy presented yearly for the "greatest Achievement in

aviation in America, the value of which has been demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year". The citation thus honoring the Army reads as follows:--" To the Army Air Corps for having designed, constructed, and completely equipped the XC-35 substratosphere plane, the first pressure cabin airplane to be flown successfully anywhere in the world."

No oxygen is carried in the XC-35. Contary to general belief- "AT all altitudes the percentage of oxygen in the atmosphere is almost constant",the article continues. The Air Corps soon learned that the proper answer to high altitude flying--25,000 feet or above, is to condense the upper-level air to sea-level desity thereby giving pilot and passengers the comfort they are used to on the ground. Seal the cabin and pump in outside air until the pressure inside is the same as the air pressure at sea-level. The engines need supercharging in order to live and so do human beings. There is enough oxygen in the air to run the engines no matter how high you fly as long as you feed them enough air. The same holds true with the pilot and passengers. After much time and work and many tests the XC-35 was ready for its first hop-without any oxygen being used at all. "With Major Greene and four memvers of the crew huddled in the sealed cabin they took off,with a stack of oxygen bulbs standing between them and suffication if things went wrong. At 12,00' the super-chargers were turned on. The plane climbed to 28,000', still no oxygen being used. Captain Johnson then swung it down and landed completing the first substratosphere flight on record without one ounce of oxygen." It is a most interesting article and goes on to state why this goal was so worth while working for. "The answer is that the best flying conditions to be found anywhere, smooth air, increased speed, few storms, no icing hazards, perfect radio reception, are above 25,000'." Some of the more difficult problems overcome by the Air Corps in winning the Trophy were included in this article. We can recommend it to you and thank Ray for bringing it to our attention.

We report with a sense of real personal loss that Doc. Barth has left the fold of Aero Service to take a position of increased responsibility with Pesitype Corp. in Cleveland. In his new work, Doc will have an even greater opportunity to contribute to the advancement of photogrammetry and we certainly wish Doc and Mrs. Farth the best of success, luck, and happiness in Cleveland. We, here in Omaha, who learned to know them well, can appreciate what a gap their leaving will create. Their gain is our loss.

The Prop Wash received as strange an account of hunting as was ever put on paper. From Eric Dixon up in Miles City, Montana, we learn of the wild men of the middle west, whose desire to hunt has never been satisfied. Eric writes: "Next morning we came to the field and just naturally walked into the hangar. A yell went out from Kitch. 'Flat Tire!'. Well, it wasn't quite flat yet, but we started investigating. We found some peculiar marks on the tire (36" X 16") and started surmising and cussing. It looked as if something had hit it in several places or like someone had tried jabbing an ice pick in it at various places.

While all the cussing, etc. was going on the North Western Airlines Station Manager came edging in. With a sheepish guilty look he explained the night before he was around outside the hangar and a big rat scared him. He got his shot-gun and shot it. He sure got the rat. Its own mother wouldn't recognize it, but he also got our tire. The shot had ricocheted off the concrete floor after going between the doors and hence the flat tires. We now have a "No Hunting" sign on the ship".

Work fell off during the month of September due to two weeks of bad weather, good fishing, and all the original flying being cleaned up. Total hours reported to the Omaha office 304. Total exposures taken 11,400. Kuser and Moore had a big month flying ww hours and taking 478 exposures. We suggest that they take a few days off and rest a week or two after such a concentrated drive.

Miss Anne Kauffman is with us again and continues to enjoy Omaha. Thursday morning she was busy at the office and Miss Clarence Slack took her out to Boys Town in the afternoon. They were joined by Miss Jennie Durland in the evening at the Omaha Theatre. Friday morning Mrs. Joseph Masino entertained Miss Kauffman and they attended a movie in the afternoon. Her routine is varied and interesting. She is enjoying herself so much she doesn't even miss her school back home in Yardley. She is still staying at the Commodore as Miss Durland's guest.

In closing we give you the rumor that a couple of weeks ago Prime Minister Chamberlain sent Adclph Hitler the following letter:--"This concludes the deal we made last week. Enclosed find Czechs."

Tom Maddock