

## "Ladies Day"

Wives of the Aero Service, we salute you. For the most part your homes are about like that of a circus troop. Here today and gone tomorrow; and when we say gone we mean GONE. There is nothing left. Nothing but the paid up rent on that lovely little apartment in the last outpost. Your friends are made hastily and dropped from your life even more hastily. You learn about the latest fashions from the woman down the hall. She has a Sears Roebuck Catalogue. Your clothes are the latest from the general store. Somehow no crew ever was based in New York City. On the other hand, there are not more than 52 mapping days in one year and you can be with your hero all but one day a week. Yours is a life of travel and excitement (wondering if the office has the right address to put on the pay envelope). Worth in the summer and south with the birds. You roam the mountains, or watch the farmers at work. The clouds take on a new meaning to you. You discover that there is a five o'clock in the morning as well as one in the afternoon. Such words as octane, tilt, crab, overlap, and reflights are added to your vocabulary. Film becomes something more than the stuff you work on with a tooth brush. You find out that, after a hard day in the rarified air, "A husband is what's left of your lover after the nerve has been killed." Poker, bridge and a parachute all have the same definition, a life saver. But in spite of it all, we, here in the background, envy you. All we see is a 1:20,000 vertical of all the wonderful places you are wandering through. Wives of Aero Service, we salute you.

There is one Aero Service wife that we hear very little about but if you ever get to V.K.'s new home and see those four little K's and have a chance to sample the Kauffman hospitality you will soon learn that she is probably the busiest of them all. It is no wonder that V. K. can't wait to get back home.

We take great pleasure in giving you this clever poem from Mrs. Tom Page now in Chattanooga. It is her first contribution and we hope it is not the last.

## " That Clear Day "

"Let's turn in early", we hear the boys say,  
The way that sky looks we might have a clear day,  
So early to bed and early they rise,  
To slip on their robes and look at the skies,  
They grab their coats and maps, rush through their meal,  
And whistle "Stormy Weather" on the way to the field.

They roll the ship out on the line,  
A casual inspection as they won't lose much time,  
A whil and a burr and the engine sounds fair,  
About fifteen minutes and they'll be in the air,  
They look all around not a thing in the way,  
The throttle is open; so starts that clear day.

They circle the house, then start the climb,  
And find the spot they left off the last time,  
A nod, and in unison they work by the hour,  
They get cold and hungry and easily tire,  
But give forth a prayer that they earn their pay,  
After waiting so long; for that clear day.

They take pictures and change film all in the air,  
Keep looking around them but the weather's still fair,  
So watching the gas so they won't run out  
To finish the job there could be no doubt,  
Then back to the field they zoom on their way,  
Grouchy but excelled; For that clear day.

Buddie Page.

Thanks very much Buddie. We are sure it will be received with much enthusiasm. Also let us thank you for your many kind remarks about our "Scandal Sheet."

Sharon K. Scott puts in a complaint to the effect that he always has to wait until his wife reads the "Prop Wash" before he can get to it. We consider that a compliment, Scotty, not a complaint. (Thanks Mrs. Scott).

Mrs. Bob Jefferson says of the P.V. "They are a masterpiece". Now girls, be careful or you will turn our heads.

and is now his day-nurse in the Temple Hospital. Among her other duties, she is kept busy writing Bill's letters for him. We were lucky enough to get one which reports that the patient is coming along very well and should be home in a few days. "The operation proved to be much more than either of us expected and it has sort of had me down.", the letter continues. However, Bill hopes to be home soon, and we again wish him the best of luck.

Of special interest to all the flyers and almost every one else is Mrs. Carroll's account of her visit with Bill to the Mayo Brothers Clinic in Rochester, Minn. While there for Bill's examination, they both became very much interested in the Oxygen experiments being carried on by Dr. Lovelace. They learned many things from the Dr. and one of the more surprising was that, contrary to common belief it is impossible to get too much oxygen. The Dr. explained that an oxygen jag from high altitude flying was caused by too little and not too much oxygen. The remedy for a jag is to use more oxygen. Another important point brought out was the fact that although you may feel perfect at altitude it is absolutely necessary for your health that you breathe sea-level oxygen at all altitudes above nine thousand feet. Dr. Lovelace, Mrs. Carroll explains, is a pilot and has made extensive research both on the ground and in the air. They have devised a nose breathing mask with an automatic regulator so that you are always breathing sea level oxygen. Six of these masks were purchased by Howard Hughes and he used them on his recent historic trip across the country at high altitude. "A pilot", says the Dr. "that uses little or no oxygen above nine thousand feet is kidding himself. It is impossible sometimes to feel the need but nevertheless our research proves that the need is there." We hope to be able to report more on this subject at a later date. In the meantime, thank you Claire Carroll. By the way, Bill Carroll will be pleased to receive any and all letters, cards, or notes at 2168 Washington Lane, Philadelphia, Penna.

Polly Kitchingman reports a slightly different life than some of the other crews wives. She, her two children, and husband live in a large trailer parked near the airport. She has no moving problem as all that is required of her in moving is to shut the trailer door and drive the car to the next base. Comfort, freedom, and convenience are claimed for this life. She reports as many as seven at dinner and everyone enjoyed it very much. Your life in your "Bounding Bungalow" sounds great, Polly. Thanks for the news and the nice letter.

Alice Kuser again honors our paper with a poem written with the Great Salt Lake as her inspiration.

"Can You?"

Can you pack in twenty minutes  
Make your car do fifty-five  
Then ride all night and know no fright  
Be gay when you arrive?

Can you find a small apartment  
In thirty minutes flat  
Unload your junk, make up the bunk  
And then hang up your hat?

Can you brave a renting agent  
As you look him in the eye  
And calmly swear that you'll live there  
"At least until July"?

Can you leave the party early  
In case tomorrow's clear  
And then arise to cloudy skies  
And keep your temper, dear?

Can you crawl out in the morning  
From slumber, soft and deep  
And for the yegg cook ham and egg  
And then go back to sleep?

If you can you've won your laurels  
And we cheer you long and loud  
We welcome you and bid you to  
Sit down and join the crowd!

Yours til the piston rings,

ALICE

Aia. we welcome her letter and quote some of it as follows: "Sorry I'm not gifted with any ability in the poetry or literary line so I'll have to beg off on that score. However, I'll do my best to feed any of the hungry crews with fried chicken, who happen to drop in." Helen you don't know how much work you are letting yourself in for, and in a trailer too. You will be in Folly Kitchingman's class.

We received a letter from the editor's wife last week which read in part as follows--"That account of Steu Reiss' trip to the moon was very exciting and most interesting. Is it true?" Just goes to show you what believing a bunch these modern girls really are.

Crew Number 6 from Miles City makes the "Believe it or Not" column this week with the following strange occurrence. About a month ago we developed a roll of film exposed by this crew and on the center, seven-eighths of the 75 foot rolls there appeared a mark extending about three inches into the image area and about two inches wide. A few days later we received a letter from Kitch asking for a new starting crank. Dixon was puzzled by our report and the solution was this "You remember I wrote in a couple of weeks ago about our starter crank disappearing? That seems to be the answer. It came loose from its place, slid across the bottom of the ship and as it is Z shaped it hung by one end while the other projected over under the lens casting the shadow and eventually fell out entirely and eliminated the cause." A closer check on this roll seems to verify his story. This is indeed a strange story. "Believe it or not".

Dick McCoy had the Beech checked over last week and reports: "Since I had the Beech tuned up at Cheyenne it has kicked the barn door off twice, what with so much idleness." (We hope you get some weather soon, Dick.) Seems now that snow is just around the corner. Dick winds up his letter with "Remember, the best way to keep from getting stiff in the joints is to drink water." The trouble, Dick, we find, is that most joints don't serve water.

Chattanooga crashes into print again. This time with the following. As it is self explanatory and needs no further introduction we give you:

#### "Two Befuddled Men"

Time: 8:00 A.M.

Place: Lovell Field, Chattanooga, Tenn.

The scene opens as we find two befuddled men sitting on a bench in front of a hangar. They have been sitting there for two hours watching the clouds pile up over the mountains to the west. During the full two hours neither man has spoken a single word. Suddenly one man, named Page, mumbled something to the other man whose name is Luckenbill:

Page:- "No soap."

Luckenbill (startled):- "Huh?"

Page:- "No soap."

Luckenbill:- "Yea, no soap."

Without further conversation attempted the two men climb in a car and start a long fifteen mile drive back home. Not a word is spoken during the entire drive. Finally arriving at Page's home Page climbs out of the car, closes the door, then suddenly thrusts his head in the window and acts as tho he is about to say something but apparently thinks better of it and remains silent. Just as he is about to withdraw his head his eyes suddenly light up and he blurts out one word.

Page:- "Picture."

Luckenbill (sleepily raising his head up off the steering wheel):- "Huh?"

Page:- "Picture."

Luckenbill:- "Ch yea, picture."

With this Page collapses in the road and Luckenbill puts the car in gear and slowly rolls away, homeward bound. Page, exhausted from the long conversation forces himself to his hands and knees and laboriously crawls thru the front gate and into the house where Mrs. Page puts him to bed and applies cold towels to his head.

The next morning seems like a clear day and at 5:45 we find Page out in the garage tinkering with his old car trying to get it started to take him to work. Suddenly a car creeps in the driveway, stops in front of Page and the driver sleepily mumbles-

"What picture?"

Page ( 10 minutes later):- "For the Prop Wash."

Luckenbill:- "Oh yea, for the Prop Wash."

With this the two befuddled men again fall silent and Mrs. Page comes out of the house and gets in the car and they all three start for the airport. arriving just in

time to see the sky full of cumulus clouds. The two men get out of the car and walk around to the side of the hangar and look up at the sky. One man says:-

"Damn."

"huh?", asks the other.

"Damn," repeats the first man.

"Yea, no damn soap again", answers the second.

But alas!, they still have work to do. They open the hangar door, push the ship out in the sun and while holding themselves up by leaning against the struts, have Mrs. Page snap the picture for the Prop Wash.

As soon as the plane is back in the hangar the three again start for home. Not a word is spoken they are so intent on getting that negative home, developed, printed and started on it's way to Omaha.

On arriving at Page's they find that the morning mail has arrived. One Package is a big roll from the Omaha office. Hurridly Page tears it open, unrolls the contents, stares out into space for a moment and falls to the floor in a dead faint. Mrs. Page rushes to his side and Luckenbill picks up the roll of paper on the floor. Looks at it a minute and with tears in his eyes murmurs "Always no soap", then swoons. Mrs. Page, by this time is becoming curious to know what this thing is that has such power, stares at the paper lying there on the floor between two befuddled men, picks it up and looks at it.

Alas! It is the edition of the Prop Wash with the pictures of all the crews. (Except one).

-TOM PAGE

Very entertaining we call it. Your fame should spread rapidly Tom. In the future, we would not be at all surprised to hear of some of your stories being rejected by the finest magazines in the country.

Mac McCormick calls our attention to a printing error with "The last issue of Prop Wash said we were having a time looking around the WASH on Number 5. Please correct to WASP because V.K. and the rest of the boys might think we were using Steu Reiss' pet for a clothes line." We must ask all our readers to kindly overlook such errors as the Prop Wash goes to press in a big hurry and proof reading is something we do not, as yet, undertake.

#### News Flashes!!!

George Stuebing, having finished with the repairs to Bellanca #7 in Birmingham is now resting quietly in Philadelphia. --- Crew #11 drew just blood by having a forced landing when the control wire buckled, making it impossible to open the throttle.--- The Omaha lab has a bowling team which is competing in two leagues, so watch your step Philadelphia, when we return. --- McCoy is becoming very proficient at Badminton at the expense of the other boys at Spearfish. They have a court set up in the hangar.

Seven of the boys here in the lab have rented a house at 1926 South 33rd Street. Thus we have a new Rover Boys series started. The house is known as the "House of Seven (Clark) Gables".

No flying to write about. Only 15 crew-flights out of the last 99 crew days.

Omaha weather has turned very cold. 43 Thursday night. Snow can't be far off if this is any indication.

Thanks for the snap shots Dick. We especially enjoyed the one of Fos Thomas and Jack Swan in front of the Spearfish Post Office reading the Prop Wash.

Our next issue will be known as "Omaha Laboratory Number", and will give you all an idea of the workings of a really fine lab.

As Helen McCormick wrote, "Yours 'til the carburetor floats",

Tom Maddock.