

RESULTS AT LAST

Henry shot a deer. Yes, readers, it's true. Henry shot a deer. After many attempts on several trips to Maine it finally happened. He claims that he shot it without any help from his guide and therefore won his bets made with Ed. Schuch and V. K. His trip was a grand success as each hunter in the party got a deer and a good time was had by all. As an added attraction the weather man supplied about 20 inches of snow which threatened for a time to prolong their stay in Maine indefinitely. Henry has not showed his head in the office as yet (that is, the deer head), but we can use our imagination as to its beauty and size.

As for the gang that went to Canada to hunt, all we have heard from them is a short wire sent from the Customs on their way home on the 6th. "Perfect Score." We conclude from that that they each shot a 1200 pound moose. Hunting MOOSE be very good this year. More of this trip at a later date.

The following is a tale bordering on a Tall Story suitable for honorable mention in A. S. Tall Story Club. However, Fos Thomas tells it as being absolutely on the up and up. His facts (?) are as follows. He claims he flew his Fairchild #1 from Spearfish via Omaha to Camden, an airline distance of some 1600 miles, in 11 hours and 35 minutes which averages about 139 miles per hour. For a Fairchild that cruises about 100 per at working altitude - well, we leave it up to our readers as to whether that is a tall story or an account of a routine XC trip.

What did Fos come East for? To cast further doubt on the above trip we mention that Fos flew #1 in to have a new engine installed. Does not sound as though a new engine were really needed. At any rate, Fos, George Stuebing and Bill Carroll are all busy at Wings airport rejuvenating #1. Why Wings field? When Fos came East last week, Patco was two feet under snow and after landing at Camden the ship was moved to Wings a few days later. The weather was very rough here in Philly last week closing practically every airport on the Coast from Washington to Maine.

Sharon Scott raced by car from Spearfish to Phila., stopping in Omaha to pick up Carl Gerard and Tom Hassett. Scotty was most pleasantly surprised to discover that his new daughter looks exactly like him, "even to the dimple in my chin," said Scotty proudly as he passed out cigars to the entire lab. Scotty's visit with his family was short, however, for on Tuesday he went to Boston, to work with Clarke Smith. The warm weather this week had melted enough snow from the Mass. area to allow that crew to work. Your editor hated to miss the opportunity of doing a little mapping but then this paper must go to press and also Scotty was in need of a rest after having to report to duty with his baby every three hours ever since he arrived in the East.

Carl Gerard and Tom Hassett returned from Omaha with the news that the bowling team out there actually won two out of three games last week in the league tournament. As a result the entire lab turned out en masse to celebrate. Maybe this team will be able to fight its way to 11th place. Carl and Tom also brought back the report that the work in the lab has at last slowed down and they are in line now to seriously take up ping pong to pass the time while waiting for the four remaining flight crews to sneak in a little work. John Korman asked them to mention to the Philly lab that in a six months period the Omaha lab handled 525 rolls of film. "Certainly reminded us of work," says John.

Crew #10 - Burgess and Bohan - having done a very nice piece of flying at Tampa, Florida, has moved over to West Palm Beach. And if the temperature isn't quite warm enough, they have a job at Miami to do. My! My! What a life. By the way, Crew #10, if you need any help please let your editor know and he will hop the first freight.

Last Saturday, Clarke Smith flew his Ryan down from Boston to Patco thereby officially putting this unsurpassed, super-mapping ship on the auction block. So if any of you lads would like a nice slow, low flying bus, just drop Clarke a line and he will be only too glad to give you a lot of references and a recommendation fit for a Beech.

You are all aware of the many dangers that go with this business of ours. But the following account brings to our attention very strongly the untold dangers

that the flight crews face daily. Just last week Kitch Kitchingman cracked up in Miles City, Montana, and now is laid up with a plaster cast on his broken ankle. Did the accident wash out the ship? Well, no - as a matter of fact Kitch was walking across the street in Miles City, slipped on the ice and spun in. Too bad Kitch! Here's hoping you can use your crutch as fire-wood on Christmas Day.

Of special interest from Miles City comes a poem written by Eric Dixon about none other than our good will ambassador George Stuebing. Eric chooses an appropriate title for his latest literary lymric.

"Steel Tubing"

When your Wasp gets weak and weary  
And emits some funny sighs,  
When it lets go one awful bang  
And lays right down and dies  
Then you shoot a wire Eastward  
To Philadelphia  
It's telephoned to Patco  
And George is on his way.

The car is filled with nuts and bolts  
And everything you need,  
He whispers fiercely to the car  
"Come on and show some speed."  
Then he streaks across the landscape  
O'er hills and prairie too,  
He plows thru mud and fog and ice  
Until he reaches you.

Then he staggers from the wagon,  
Grabs you by the hand,  
And when you ask him how he feels  
His answer is, "Just grand."  
"Get on your overalls," says he  
"We've got some work to do  
For I've got to be in Louisville  
Before this job's half thru."

He takes one glance to size her up,  
Then out come all his tools,  
He works so fast we stand and gasp  
And feel like lazy fools.  
We take off this and tighten that  
And change a thing or two,  
Perhaps a weld, a spot of paint  
And then the job's all thru.

We start her then and rev her up;  
Hold our left ear and hope;  
And then she does just what George says,  
"Goes up like a heliotrope."  
He's quickly packed and washed and changed  
And hurries in the room,  
Then he takes time to write the chief -  
"Please ship another broom."

A moment's rest, a bite to eat,  
Perhaps a drink-if pressed (???)  
Advice, a quip, a cheery grin,  
Always a merry jest.  
We say good-bye, good luck, god speed,  
A pleasant trip we pray,  
And jumping in his trusty Ford  
Again he's on his way.

- Eric E. Dixon

Many thanks, Eric, and well done. Your continued interest and many helpful comments are greatly appreciated.

We are sorry to have to report the death of one of our Aero Service ex-pilots. James Morris died a few days ago of acute leukemia. While Jim was only with us for a short time, this summer, in Omaha, nevertheless he was very popular with everyone that knew him and his passing will be a great loss to all of us. The picture of health and only about 26 years old, Jim should have had many years ahead of him.

Of special interest to all our readers who can read English will be the December issue of the Readers Digest. We wish to call your special attention to three articles in particular. One is entitled, "The United States Gets Its Picture Taken," (page 39) and gives a complete story of aerial mapping from a layman's point of view. This type of publicity is extremely healthy for the future of photogrammetry. Another article of interest is on page 108, called "Helium for Humanity" which tells of a new use to which helium gas is being put. It is not too premature to predict the use of helium in place of oxygen for mapping crews. While you have the magazine in your hand, turn to page 26 and read, "The Personal Touch" which gives another slant on the United Airlines. Follow our suggestion and we feel sure you will find your 25¢ and a half hour both well spent.

On December 28, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke L. Smith will sail from New York City for an extended motor trip through Europe. They will take their V-8 and plan to be gone about 6 weeks. Their trip is fashioned along the lines of the trip taken last winter by Mr. and Mrs. Ray Kuser. "Travel broadens one," contends Clarke. Yes, Clarke, we agree with you but you can get the same effect with whipped cream and it's a lot cheaper. At any rate, we wish you both Bon Voyage.

Work during November fell away below that of October. Total flying done by all crews totaled 270 hours compared with 394 during October. Kuser and Moore - crew #2 - put in the greatest number of hours - 68 in all, while crew #9 - McCoy and Swan (the love bugs) hardly flew enough to keep the dust off the Beech - 4 hours and 10 minutes.

Additional reports have reached our ears telling about Jack Swan and his Sweet generating their own steam. Jack is so far gone that he has seriously considered shaving his mustache. "Real love," explains Jack, "is when a fellow would rather have that certain girl on his mind than any other one on his lap."

Mike Gitt, pilot and photographer, is now busily engaged as oblique specialist of the A. S. C. and can be seen almost any clear day flitting around in the Company's Cub #0. Mike sometimes hops a train, oblique camera in hand, and upon arriving at his far off destination rents a Cub and starts snapping. So don't be surprised to see him step off a train in your city some day. Charlie Hodell is constantly at the phone here in the office digging up work for Mike - the result being that the oblique department is quite active. One of the more recent jobs was the Army-Navy foot-ball game. The shots were made at 12:45 and the finished pictures were in the newspaper office at 2.

Recently, we sent report forms to each pilot to be returned to George Stuebing giving the condition of each ship, number of hours, etc. The last line on the cards reads, "Ship needs at this time-----." Colonel Reiss, Pierre, S.D., answered this momentous question with the following words: "Southern Exposure." Very true, Steu. We will work on it for you.

As a closing line we sound a warning to all you bachelors, "Early to bed and early to rise and your girl goes out with other guys."

Tom Maddock