

HYPO HIGHLIGHTS vs CLOUD DUST

Henry Dotzenroth arrived here by United on Monday night and plans to spend the next three or four weeks with us. He brings news from Phila. The lab there is busy again. (Some one sent in a roll of film.) He reports that the noon-hour ball games have stopped all together and that bowling has been put aside until Fall. George Steubing is coming out shortly. Also, we can expect Mr. Kauffman in the near future. It looks like the right time is coming up for a real ball game.

We will have two teams with out going out for any ringers. The teams will either be the East (the fellows from Phila.) against the West (the local boys) or the Owls (the dark-room lads) against the Eagles (those that work in the rest of the lab.) Our Sports Editor reports that either way it will be a close game. (Your Editor has been offered a handsome sum by each team - to play on the OTHER side. Such popularity must be preserved.)

We received a long letter from crew # 7, namely Bob Jefferson and "Mac" McCormick. They have moved to Birmingham, Ala. in search of new prospects for Mac's trailer. Mac emphatically denies that he is married in spite of what George Steubing may say. However, he does not deny that he has three "PRETTY" "HOT" prospects lined up. Of course, moving from Winston Salem rather cramped his style and he is wondering just which one of the Three (if any) will arrive in Birmingham first.

Mac offers to let any Aero Service Mint Julep Mixers use his trailer for their experiments. Now there is an offer. An experimental lab free of charge. Mac says that he will be glad to dispose of all mixtures and to give expert comment at the same time. In closing he writes, "the best from # 7 to the rest of the numbers. Incidentally who is flying # 0 now?"

#0, for those of you who didn't know, is the new Taylor Cub which was purchased for oblique work in the East. Bill Carroll was flying in for awhile but, as he is now chaperoning a Cessna thru the clear air of S. D., we have a new pilot for # 0. This daring young birdman is none other than our good friend Charlie Hodell, (also Aero Service Sales Manager.). Charlie says that the Cub has a top speed of about 5 miles an hour faster than its landing speed. And with two people aboard on a hot (?) day it takes only five minutes to get to 100 feet. In a pinch Charlie plans to use it as an extra mapping job. With oxygen, camera, film, cameraman, full tanks of gas (5 gallons) and Charlie, he should get some real results. He might freight it to Salt Lake and fly formation with Ray Kuser and Tom Moore at 23,000.

It has come to our attention that Bill Carroll's MAN Bohan left so many broken hearts behind him in Winston Salem that the police will not let him come back. We suggest that he at least write them and give them a little hope of his possible return. That should keep their spirits up until Mac McCormick can get back there to take up where Bill left off.

A special cable from London tells us that the Trans-Atlantic Steamship lines are receiving many requests for inside staterooms instead of outside because of the noise made by all the planes crossing of late. After Corrigan's trip, an eye had better be kept on Charlie Hodell and # 0.

Tom Page writes that to settle the Mint Julep mixing question he will challenge anyone in the company to equal the following feat. We quote, "I will mix ten Juleps while walking barefoot on a barbwire fence holding McCoy under one arm, Jack Swan under the other and balancing Colonel Steu Reiss on top of my head." That should settle this argument.

His letter goes on to comment upon the very good news about Dean and Mary Turner. His letter reads in part as follows "--Mrs. Page and I were very happy to hear that Ole Dean has finally been successful in obtaining the proper exposure up there in Michigan. What focal length did you use Dean?" (By the way we understand that Tom Moore is very much pleased over the news also. He sees possibilities for himself now.)

It has been brought to the attention of the Prop Wash by several Technically minded people that although the oxygen soothing equipment of the Miles City boys will theoretically do all claimed for it, what, they ask, size Bunsen Burner is needed to keep the water in the jar from freezing and thus cut off the supply of oxygen. That is a question, after all.

Since last going to press, we have very little flying to report. Saturday and Sunday there was no flying anywhere. Six of the crew flew on Monday and three on Tuesday. The weather has at last come to the rescue of the laboratory. We are now catching up very nicely with the work already flown and shortly will be ready for another small #4th of July weekend. The work is scheduled to continue along with

crews will proceed to Deadwood or Rapid City in the South Dakota Bad Lands Country as punishment for sending in so much film.

To Len Carothers and Win Lippincott go the honors of completing the first county in South Dakota without one reflight. They flew the entire county without any errors. The area is four square miles and it is being delivered on Saturday. In contrast is McCone county, Montana on which Kitch and Dixon have been working for six weeks taking 13 rolls and it still is not 3/4 covered. It contains 2152 square miles.

The Old Colonel has put down his Julep long enough to send in a very well written poem about this business of ours. We present to our readers (both of them) and give our congratulations to the Colonel.

THE MAPPERS

We are a photographic crew,
A speck within a bowl of blue
Three miles and more above the ground
And human sight or mortal sound;
A giant bird with cut-glass eye,
We watch the naked world go by.

We are a picture-taking lot,
Exposing what we never plot;
At twenty thousand feet or less
We do our damndest to finesse
The scale the contract clamors for
And not be out a mile or more.

We are magicians, pure and prime,
Reduce a villiage to a dime,
Command the elements at ease
By dusting snow on leafy trees,
And through the darkness of our souls
Have old man Static Sign the rolls.

We are collectors, through and through,
Collecting all the clouds in view.
To us a filter is a jest,
A bit of colored glass at best;
And when the boss goes raving mad
We simply claim the light went bad.

We are surveyors in the air.
Our gaps are scattered everywhere,
As snapping pictures off we drone
On Compass courses quite unknown;
And with a knack that's most devine
Stay anyplace but on the line.

We are a photographic crew,
But danger makes our favors few.
The depth of distance strains our eyes,
The coldness numbs and terrifies;
While breathing burns to twist about,
And lift some film----and pass right out!

- Stuart Adgate Reiss

Lets have more contributions like that from our public. We are sure that the rest of you have something like it that will be of interest. Maybe you have a good ground flying story that would fit these pages. At any rate send it in.

As "Mac" McCormick would say, "Yours till the landing gear struts."

Tom Maddock.