

## Philly Lab Number

The following is an account of the various and sundry activities which take place in the Philadelphia office. Our Eastern Correspondent, Charlie Hodell, spent many hours away from his bowling just to prepare this masterpiece. It is with great appreciation that we present:-

Opening the round by covering up, we want to point out that these various observations on the Philadelphia lab have been contributed from miscellaneous sources and that your esteemed editor cannot vouchsafe the veracity of all statements nor be penalized by youse guys please.

In case any of you fellows don't know, never heard, or have been misinformed, the Philadelphia lab and office is the official and legal Headquarters of Aero Service Corp. -- The General offices of the company. And it seems fitting that historic old Philadelphia should be the home of Aero Service --- the oldest aerial photographic company in the world --- unless somebody proves otherwise. Yes sir, we've been at it for twenty years now -- ever since 1919 when the company was formed to sell engine and plane parts, carry passengers, cut grass and do anything connected with aviation. Hence the general name of Aero Service Corp. was adopted to cover all aspects of the field. For the past fifteen years the company has devoted itself almost exclusively to aerial photography.

When you step into the door of 1612 Chancellor Street you are immediately impressed and agreeably greeted by Miss Emma Erock, Miss Esther Durland, or both. These two young ladies are generally seated among three desks, a teletype, a calculating machine, a couple of flowers, a dozen ledgers, an myrads of files and papers. In this room, also, the time clock is punched around by those ertswihle Philly boxers. To your right is the General Office itself, the very sanctum sanctorum, where we find the true meaning of the word "General" as applied to "Office". Staring you right in the face as you enter is Dean Turners head (Deer-head, of course) and immediately below it is that curio collection known as Kauffman's desk. As you look around you see four desks, seven chairs, a calculating machine, a bookcase, gas and electric meters, twenty-three files on top of which you can find most anything that you can't find on VK's desk. Aside from these things there are a great variety of pictures, maps, and charts all over the walls so that VK can't look up from his desk in any direction without finding something to worry about. Besides these fixed items, you generally see VK, Henry, Ed Schuch, Harvey Wheeler, George Steubing, Charlie Hodell, Doc Barth, Al Mosley, and that guy who is always coming around to find out what makes the building stand up. They all mill around and all talk to Kauffman at once while he is listening on long distance with the other ear.

We here in Philly are naturally very much impressed with the tremendous tales about the monster operations of the Omaha plant and expect to hear any day a publicity story from there to the effect that the film they handled this summer would stretch from here to the sun and back to the first floor.

We hate to even mention it but as nearly as we can remember this is what happens when a roll of film comes into the Phila. lab. First everybody gets excited and a little ceremony of celebration is preformed. Then Bob Plum hurries into the dark room and spends the rest of the morning plugging up the light leaks resulting from the departure of the building next door. Dexterously using a thimbleful of this and that, Plum emerges with clear, sharp film and starts it on its weary way through the Wes Smith wind tunnel.

Within a day or two the film is rushed up to Bob Brown who puts on as peachy numbers as the AAA ever hopes to see. Time was when Big Roz next took over the film but now Charlie Ireland, Frank Bowman, Eli Gillen and Herbie Lee fight to see which one gets it. In any case, beautiful contact prints are the result of their painstaking work. Swede Westmen then tenderly washes and dries each and every print.

At about this point Dave Gillen, the chief messenger and liason officer between all floors and all departments, fondly shuffles the prints up to Al Ludwig on the third floor for checking. It is Al's privilege to lay down and check the straightest and evenest of original flying. Missing from the top-side are Jumping Joe Masino, Lippincott or the high Shakespearean forehead, and Jack Walters. New faces there are Tom O'Malley whose broadcasts from the contact room brought joy to many a radio listener, and Eric Storms who still thinks that the New York Herald-Tribune is the only newspaper print-

But getting back to the story of our film. Harvey Randolph and his lackey "Eiceps" Harry Harry Franke always seem to be busy making photo-index negatives, special enlargements, or intensifying some of our Western film.

Pop Rieber has Lou Harrison on the pans now since Blondie Slack has gone West and between them they turn out a mixture of swell AAA enlargements, and tone matched ratios for mosaics. Paul Harvey, Swingin' Tom O'Malley, and Eric Storms are all on the topside making mosaics.

Following these processes, Johnnie Hasco inspects, packs, and ships the goods and Ray Pickel sweeps up.

Extra ;\* We have just received twelve rolls of film and find that the disorganization attendant upon a calamity, makes our account inaccurate in certain minor respects but we don't have time to do this paper over.

Throughout the operations mentioned before, Little Jack Walters can be seen checking prints, handing out orders and wisping from room to room. Usually somewhere on Jack's trail is Charlie Hodell trying to find him in the third floor when Jack has just come down the back stairs. Henry is usually trailing Hodell and Kauffman is trying to find Henry. The result is that all of them get around the laboratory about fifty times as often as a roll of film. Schuch and Wheeler were once part of that parade but they have deserted the penthouse and are now enjoying the seclusion and spaciousness of the Brock Building where they are fussing around with the Utah mosaic work.

by - Charlie M. Hodell

And so readers that is a brief description of what goes on in Philly. Thanks again Charlie for your work.

The Omaha Society Editor has been very busy this past week keeping up with the many varied activities of our many recent visitors. Mr. and Mrs. J. Dean Turner arrived in Omaha from Spearfish, S. D. by car on last Saturday morning. Mrs. Clarke L. Smith also drove in on Saturday from Spearfish to join her husband who had flown in the previous day. On Monday Mr. and Mrs. William Burgess drove in with Mr. Otto Illhardt for a short visit. Monday evening was a very gay one with a holiday spirit in the air. All the visitors dined together at Dixon's Top Hat Cafe and later returned to the Sport Room in their apartment - The Commodore where all enjoyed ping-pong and a goodly supply of "ground-flying". Mr. Burgess and Mr. Illhardt, having work to do the next day, returned to their Grand Island base that same evening. Mrs. Burgess remained in Omaha as the guest of Miss Jennie G. Durland, who has an attractive apartment in the Commodore.

On Tuesday evening the visitors were gaily feted by Mr. and Mrs. Ed Broadwell. After a delightful dinner both bridge and pingpong were enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. David Keegan were also present at the Broadwell's party.

With the current interest in Boys Town running high here in Omaha because of the recent movie of the same name and also because Mr. Smith and Mr. Turner recently mapped this farm, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Burgess, and Mrs. Turner drove out to this unique "Town" and spent a pleasant afternoon touring about the place on Wednesday. That evening accompanied by Miss Durland and your editor, the group dined at the Omaha Athletic Club after which the pleasure seekers again wound up a gala evening in the Commodore Sport Room. Miss Durland defeated all challengers at Ping-Pong and was acclaimed the champion of the evenings play.

Thursday saw a continuance of the festivities with bridge in the afternoon and movieing in the evening- "You can't take it with you" entertain all. Midnight found them all, Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Keegan, Mrs. Burgess, Miss Durland, Mr. Broadwell and your editor at the municipal airport where they were pleasantly surprised to see Miss Anne Kauffman step off the United Mainliner accompanied by her father, Mr. Virgil Kauffman. Miss Kauffman said she enjoyed the trip very much and was looking forward to her visit in Omaha. She is also staying at the Commodore as Miss Durland's guest.

Friday was a hectic day of rush packing for an early departure. Mr. and Mrs. Turner left in the afternoon to drive to Great Bend, Kansas. Mr. Burgess came to Omaha in the morning and took Mrs. Burgess back with him in the evening to Grand Island.

Miss Kauffman attended a football game with Miss Eve Broadwell in the afternoon after which they dined in down-town Omaha and then went to the Omaha Theatre to see the moving picture version of Marie Antoinette.

Early Saturday morning the remaining visitors left. Mr. Kauffman and Miss Kauffman boarded the United Mainliner again at 6:15 bound for Spearfish, S. D. Mr. Clarko Smith took off in his airplane shortly thereafter headed for Kansas and Mrs. Smith left by car at 7:20 also headed South-West. They all enjoyed their visit in Omaha and Omaha enjoyed having them very much.

Last Sunday the editorial staff made a trip to Grand Island to study at first hand the fishing activities of a crew on location. There we found a most delightful cottage situated on a beautiful lake which cottage is the present home of Bill and Marge Burgess. They had as their guests for the week-end Del Bullock and Ralph Baird of North Platte. As fish are in abundance in this lake one may fish off the dock or from their motor boat and be assured of equal results. Swimming was enjoyed by some but not those that were fishing off the dock. A supper of delicious steaks etc. was prepared on an out door grill and a most enjoyable meal it was. The conclusion drawn by the editorial staff was that there is no life to equal that of a mapping crew.

The Omaha "House of Seven Gables" now that the boys have a house-keeper, is known far and wide as the "Snow White and the Seven Dwarves" house. They line up as follows:

Doc - Charlie Hastings  
Sleepy - Jim Campbell  
Sneezy - Bill Bohan  
Happy - Charlie Gilfillan  
Bashful - Tom Hasset  
Dopey - Carl Gerard  
Grouchy - Don Stark.

Crew # 51 (Smith and Turner) stepped right into a big mapping job the day they got into Omaha. Location - Omaha. Area - / of 1 square mile. Project - Boys Town. Altitude - 3300 feet. Scale - 320' to 1". Flight lines - 3. Total exposures - 30. What a job. And they flew the entire job with only one reflight. That's real flying.

What was the outcome of the company East-West football game? Well the game was postponed on account of the great amount of work which has come in the lab of late. However, just to get a few pointers on the racket, seven of the extra-football minded drove all Friday night to Minneapolis 400 miles from here to see the Nebraska-Minnesota game.

The Prop Was takes great please in presenting our latest poetical discovery. It was written by Sharon Scott of crew # 1 now at Spearfish, S. D.

Poetry from my pen doth flow,  
Like sticky glue or gummy dough;  
So why should I attempt to best  
Steuart Reiss and all the rest.  
Alice Kuser's daytyllic feet  
Are going to be might hard to beat,  
Now Buddy Page has taken to the stage,  
And her fine poetry's the latest rage,  
We all would like to read some more,  
So swamp our editor to the floor  
With choice tidbits of verse and fun  
To make Prop Wash equal to more.  
All I know agree with me  
Our paper is perfect to the nth degree.

- Sharon M. Scott

Scotty says he wrote it between exposures while at altitude. He has an abundance of spare time now since he is using a 9X9 in place of his old 7X9. Thank you very much Scotty and please accept our congratulations of this- your firts attempt.

Yours as long as Joy Sticks,

Tom Maddock.