

Pre-Spring Number

Spring, sweet gentle spring, is just around the corner. Officially it is only 17 days away and already here in Philly we have had signs of the coming of this most welcome season. The other day the thermometer showed an official reading of 70. Warm rains and warm breezes have also put in their appearance. Spring is that delightful season that takes us out of the grip of a cold, snowy winter and ushers us into the terrific heat of summer. Half of the season we spend getting warm and trying to forget the nights the car froze up and the rest of the time we try to kid ourselves into believing that this summer will be cool and comfortable instead of like last summer. One day it's hot and the next day it's cold - a guy doesn't know what to pawn! And so it is with mixed emotions that we look forward to March 21st and the arrival of Spring.

But before we can hang up the snow scoop and give the heavy overcoat back to the moths, we must all file our income tax reports. Between now and midnight of the 15th, we will all be struggling to remember how much money we contributed to the church, how much we spend in gas tax, just how much we received from Aunt Fanny when Junior was born and many other headache provoking brain teasers. From the 15th to

ductions that we could have made on our income tax. The most precious of all deductions - Junior. To think he only cost \$500.00 and yet he is worth \$400.00 a year for the next 21 years - what an investment - bless him! One suggestion we will make. In view of all the taxes both hidden and otherwise that we pay during the year it seems only logical to name the Government as a dependent. At any rate it should be worth a try.

Of special interest to all, especially the old timers, will be the news that Mr. and Mrs. Tom Moore have entered the Kauffman Sterk Derby. This flash came to us exclusively from our Knoxville, Tennessee, reporter, Buddie Page. She reports that a birthday party was given for Tom Moore and it was at this party that the announcement was made that the Moore's would be three this year. Reporter Page writes -

"Here is a copy of a delightful birthday party we gave to Tom Moore on his (16th) birthday. We were all invited over and when we arrived the Mr. and Mrs. were dressed fit to receive a King. He received toys and one cigar. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Page, Mr. & Mrs. S. A. Reiss, Mr. & Mrs. Paul Crause and Mr. & Mrs. Sherill Lakey (T.V.A. employee). Games were played such as Mrs. Stue giving Killer Moore the right and wrong way to kiss, Mr. Stue giving the exact imitation of a cat licking up milk, Mrs. Crause singing high notes, Tom Page doing a tap dance barefooted and Buddie having (or getting) to kiss all the blue eyed men and they were all blue eyed. The evening was topped with an announcement; which is enclosed. A dinner was served at midnight and as usual the men worked next day. (We were dressed as children.)

"Hoping this little piece of gossip will keep the Prop Washes coming regularly,

"Buddie Page."

Accompanying the above was the following announcement -

"Scoop"

THOMAS (KILLER) MOORE.

Here's a toast though very brief,

To our "Timmy" who's hard to beat,

"Central" get him on the line,

He'll be a Papa in 39.

The Bone-Cruncher's Moll

P.S. Fall model should be released on or about October 23.

LURE OF SKIING MAKES ONE MAN MISS NEW YORK TRAIN

So read a front page headline of the Feb. 18th issue of the Ottawa Evening Citizen. Yes, it is about the boss's recent trip to Canada. The article read in part as follows:

"He finally agreed to go (skiing) providing he was back in the city in time to catch the 4:30 afternoon train. But his companions supplied him with a skiing outfit and Mr. Kauffman found the tumbles and the trial downhill runs (with support) so much to his liking that he stayed on and on.

"Soon he was able to negotiate moderate slopes alone without mishap. But in the meantime his train departed.

"An amateur motion picture fan, Mr. Kauffman took colored motion pictures (the bait that enticed him to the sport in the first place) of a dog sled and of local skiers in action.

"The next time he comes to Ottawa, he says, he is going to see that he has plenty of time in which to really get acquainted with skiing."

The boss was not the only member of the company to get his name in print. In the Tampa Sunday Tribune, Feb. 19, 1939, there appeared a full page of vertical pictures taken of Tampa, Florida and vicinity by crew #10 - Bill Burgess and Bill Bohan. Another half page was devoted to a write up about the daring "oxygen sniffers" that took the pictures. The general theme is one that suggests that Jack Swan wrote the article. "Pilot and photographer who handled work here are young in years but old in experience," relates the column, continuing with, "Before they came to Tampa, they had flown more than 78,000 square miles in Montana and Nebraska in photographing the western dust bowl area. Bohan figured he has taken almost 100,000 aero pictures." Some parts make very interesting reading such as "Taking off in the morning at 9:30," "Their \$2,800 camera," "the Government has been known to refuse a picture which was made when the plane was flying at an altitude five feet too low," and so it goes for half a page. The article in general, however, is good publicity for aerial mapping as it tells some of the many uses and advantages to be gained from aerial photography, explaining also how the county cooperated with the A.A.A. in sharing the costs. While the write-up rivals Swan's account in Hasting's (Neb.) paper last July, the Tampa fanfare gets the nod by picturing a DC-3 and leading the reader to assume that it was the ship used by crew #10.

Mid-Western activity has stepped up a bit during the past two weeks. McCoy and Swan, crew #9, Bullock and Baird, crew #52 and crew #8, Thomas and Scott, all conveyed on Garden City, Kansas for a little pre-season work-out.

Two letters have come in from Garden City lately. One from the long lost Jack Swan. As we had suspected Jack and his bride have been honeymooning in the Black Hills for the past two months. Jack's letter in part reads as follows:

"It was necessary to leave the wife at home as she is under contract to educate in music and English the younger generation of the Black Hills. It sure is tough being a bachelor when it is Dick and Virginia, Del. and Greeta and the honeymooners Ralph and Gailey, (being married myself at Ft. Harrison, Indiana, on December 20 in the year of our Lord 1938, I no longer consider myself a honeymooner, as my honey isn't here but the moon is)."

Another Garden City letter came from the newest member of the Company - namely, Gailey W. Baird. You will recall that she joined the gang when she and Ralph were married on Feb. 16th. She writes that Dick and Virginia McCoy just happened to drop in Hutchinson the day of the wedding and "a very gay time was had." She is going to get right into the swing of things by writing some poetry for this here paper of ours. If she is as potent with a pen as Ralph is with a camera, you girls had better watch out. At any rate, we welcome her to the fold.

Yes, the traveling Smiths have returned from their two months trip through Europe; England, France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy were all on the route, and as a climax, a Mediterranean Cruise. It is interesting to note that they both returned with the highest praise for Hitler and the work which he has done. "Germany has the finest air force in the world," reports Clark, and of England, "a big bluff. A big bubble that would blow up if you stuck a pin in it." As far as European airliners are concerned, Clarke observed that most of them are junk compared to our equipment in this country. The KLM Dutch line is doing most of the travel business because they use American DC-3's. They took over 400 pictures, drove 4,000 miles and generally had a wonderful time. Their trip paralleled that made last year by the Kuser's in almost every respect except the stop in England and the Smiths concluded that "Keeping up with the Kusers is very costly."

On Feb. 23, 1939 an unparalleled, unprecedented event took place within the ranks of Aero Service. In short Henry bought a new car. Now there is nothing

startling about that particular part as he has done that many times before. The unbelievable part is that Henry, the anti-Ford, anti-convertible, actually took delivery of a Mercury convertible, 5-passenger coupe last week. Those of us who have heard Henry talk against Ford products and convertibles in particular can easily see why this event is history. Gun-metal grey, black top, and red leather upholstery make it the company's most attractive car.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!!!

Clarke Smith, who has been flying for 15 years, flown in numerous races, and mapped for 4 years, was at one time a dancing instructor. Believe it or not!

Del Bullock, who is now a pilot for crew #52 with about 200 hours of mapping time, and who owned and operated his own airport and flying school at Grand Junction, Colorado, still holds a union card of the meat cutters' local of San Francisco, California. Believe it or not!

Dick McCoy, who probably has more mapping time than any other pilot in the country and who put over 400 hours last year in the Beechcraft in the middle west covering over 40,000 square miles, once was a cowboy herding longhorns on his father's Oklahoma ranch. Believe it or not!

Bridegroom Ralph Baird, who is chief photographer of crew #52 and a mighty good one at that, who holds a pilot's license, and who has the distinction (?) of having spun a glider in, was once a grease monkey at Denver Municipal Airport. Believe it or not!

This week's "Believe it or not" items have come in from our readers and we are hoping that the rest of you will take the time to send some more in to keep the ball rolling.

The Easter issue of the Prop Wash dated April 1, 1939, will (with the proper cooperation of all our parent readers) be another rotogravure section picturing all the children of the Aero Service. Our records show that there are about 22 in all divided between 16 couples. Therefore we are asking those lucky (?) 16 to cooperate and send in a picture of the little brats as soon as possible. An ordinarily good average size snap shot will be satisfactory. Along with the picture kindly send the age and name. We would like to have a picture of every one of them and the sooner we get them the better.

For our close, we quote a letter we received from Fos Thomas now snow bound in Wichita, Kansas, en route to Garden City. "To my horror I find Kansas to be a dry state."

Tom Maddock.