

"News - New and Newsey"

No, you are wrong. This issue is the first one since the last one (naturally) dated May 16th titled "Startling Stork Statistics." Although it may be hard to believe, the reason for the six months break in publication is because the editor has been busy. It may sound like an impossibility but nevertheless it's the truth. The editor was busy. Any attempt upon the part of either reader to disprove this statement will not alter the situation. This is the first number in 6 months and the editor was busy

Needless to say, in six months so much has happened in the ranks of the company that it would take a dozen issues to cover everything so we will attempt to hit the high spots here and then carry on from this point in the future.

On the first of June a new building was leased at 236 E. Courtland Street in Philadelphia and thus the pressure of the Company's growing pains finally brought definite action. The building selected is a modern three story brick and steel affair located in the Northeast section of the city. Situated on the dead end of East Courtland St. and completely surrounded by grass, the new building is a most pleasant improvement over the old familiar barn in which the Company grew up at 1612. After two months of extensive renovation operations, the Company officially moved.

At present, operations are confined to the 8400 square feet of space on the main floor, which by way of comparison with 1612 contains over 1000 panes of glass. These windows give abundant light to the areas containing the offices, mosaic tables, index tables and the shipping room which areas completely surround the nine darkrooms in the center of the floor. Large, high ceilinged darkrooms, a power ventilating system, film vault, sprinkler system, and surplus floor space all help to make the new building one of the finest photographic laboratories in the country.

Mr. Kauffman's private - bath - attached - office, the main office where the Durland sisters hold forth, a sales office and Henry Dotzenroth's private office give the visitor a really fine impression of the Aero Service Corporation of 1939. Ideal working conditions are quickly evident by the quiet, abundance of space and light, adequate ventilating and heating facilities of this "Bestest of the best."

For the present the top floor at 236 is being used by the Sports Department. Two badminton courts and a ping pong table help to replace the back alley baseball games of 1612 days. With adequate flood lights badminton becomes almost a 24 hour pastime. The popularity of this game keeps excess pounds off of those of us who usually carry a little "excess baggage" through the winter months. Sales Manager Charlie Hodell is the undisputed champ of the singles, but as yet no doubles combination has stepped up to claim top honors.

At 236 we now have as permanents, V. K., the boss, Henry Dotzenroth, second in command, Charlie Hodell as sales manager, Jack Walter as lab. super, Joe Masino and Paul Harvey, mosaic men, Dave Gillen, film numberer, Al. Ludwig as print indexer, Bob Plum as mosaic print supplier, Harvey Randolph in a new and improved copy and enlarging room, Al Rihl as head contact print man with Lew Harrison keeping him company, a newcomer, Brownie, handling almost any job from print trimmer to chemical engineer, Johnnie Hasco head of the what-do-you-want-built department, and of course, the indispensable general handy man, football dopester and oil burner engineer, "Mac."

So much for 236. Now let's look for a moment at the Brock Building at 1607 Walnut Street here in Philadelphia. There we find a small hard working group laboriously making contour maps from aerial photographs. (A neat trick if you can do it.) Bending over stereoscopes, peering into T. I. gadgets, and manipulating tilt eliminating machines, we find Ed. Schuch, Harvey Wheeler, "Pop" Reiber, Eric Storms, Tom O'Malley, Eli Gillen, Tom Hassett, Bob Mattis, and an old Brock and Weymouth man, late of the T. V. A. and A. A. A., Harry Tubis.

Out at Pitcairn Field we see head mechanic George Stuebing being able assisted by Eric Rondum and Bob Jefferson, making new ships out of old, dead tired ones.

The Omaha lab has had a very busy season with about eight ships feeding work in there from Iowa to Oregon and from North Dakota to Texas. Their work is just beginning to simmer down so they can concentrate once again on ping pong and bowling with the following taking part: Ed. Broadwell, Dave Keegan, Johnnie Korman, Gordon Roser, Bob Brown (all of Phila.), Bob McManaman, Roy Brown, Lee Ferryman, Richard Doran, Bill Meehan, Orville Quinn, Cliff Steimle and Miss Hanna Dierking.

The important news from the Omaha lab. for this season is the marriage of Johnnie Korman and Miss Kay Strosser on November 6, 1939. We hope to have more details of this wedding at a later date. Mrs. Korman, it seems, was an Omaha girl that just

couldn't resist the smooth line of the lad from the East.

Speaking of smooth lines, we are wondering what has happened to that great lover, the tall, dark and handsome woman-killer, Gordon Roser. How have the Western beauties been able to resist him? By the way, Biggie, what ever became of the mysterious "Vickey?" Further Omaha gossip has it that Johnnie Korman stole Tom Hasset's girl and that Tom wore a black tie for three days after Johnnie's wedding.

But enough for the lads and lasses that walk the earth like ants. Let us visit with those gay ones that fly like the birds during the bright clear days and sleep when the clouds come out to play. Much has happened to these winged folk during the last half year. Yes, very much has come to pass. So much so that one can hardly recall just where we left them all way back in May. So let us talk with their steeds of the air, their winged horses and from them learn what has been going on afield.

Says good old number one:

Hello, everybody, this is ye old Fairchild number one. On May 14th last, I was on a rest cure out at the Pitcairn clinic just dreaming of the past. However, I snapped into action again on June 15th when I flew Ray Kuser, Eric Dixon, Eric Rondum and Bill Bohan to Omaha. More resting. Round about come Labor Day, Del Bullock stopped in and he and I went to Salt Lake. Tom Moore joined us there for a spot of precision flying with the Brock camera. Since then Del and I have been together and we are now in Medford, Oregon.

Big, powerful number two puts it this way:

After some very high cold work up in New Hampshire with Ray Kuser and Bill Bohan we all returned to Pitcairn field. Unlike #1, I was put on the sick list. Dr. Stuebing proceeded to remove my S1D1, recover my fuselage, redope and repaint my wings and in general give me the once over a couple of times. With my majored S1D1 I was again in the air again with ferry pilot Steu Reiss headed for Chattanooga. There I joined my old pals Ray Kuser and Tom Moore, where we all can be found today back with T.V.A. Goodbye, now.

And Fairchild number three:

As for me, says number three, I also rested for part of the summer before going to Fort Dodge, Iowa, with Tom Page; Eric Dixon joined us for a spell and later Tom Moore came my way. Santa Fe, New Mexico, was our next stop where the Tom Moores became three. November first finds us in Roswell, N.M., and four days later the Moores leave and in comes Bill Bohan for a spell. Our address is still Roswell. That's all for now.

Now comes Fairchild number four:

I'll say little more, says number four. After a complete renovation I am still at the same station. (Pitcairn Service Station).

A word from Fairchild number five:

Man alive, I am number five. I am fit as a fiddle, my looks it shows, but when I'll fly again, no one knows.

Number six is a Fairchild also:

For a year I've been in Miles City,
A year I have not flown, what a pity!

You may recall number seven is a Bellanca:

For eighteen months I've been in Birmingham,
What no flying? What do they think I am?

Our first Cessna is number eight:

July first my address was Lubbock, Texas, and so was Clarke Smith's and Paul Crause's. I had just finished having my face lifted at the Cessna factory and was rarin' to go. Ever since we have been chewing up this Texas air for the A.A.A. Sure would like to see some country around Phila. again. By the way we are in Big Spring at the moment.

Our first Beechcraft is ship number nine:

Here's a line from number nine. Spring in Spearfish, overhaul in July in Cheyenne,

Jack Swan. Great country up in Boise. The real west. It got a bit cold in late October so we followed the ducks south to Roswell, New Mexico. That brings us up to today. Cheerio!

Our second Cessna, a C-38, is number ten:

I fly now and then, says number ten. Mid June I landed in Des Moines, Iowa with Bill Burgess and none other than farmer Slack says he wants to take pictures. We flew 10 hours the first day and over 9 the very next. He was about to change his mind when it cleared again. I guess he likes it now. At any rate, we are all together down here in Charleston, S.C. on some 3 A work that will probably take us to Florida again, I hope, I hope.

The other Cessna is ship number eleven:

Spent the summer near heaven, says our friend number eleven, Steu and I, we did fly high, Moore and Dixon for our eye. We worked from Fort Dodge, Iowa, which is way out west, by the way. Then back home we came from the West, Steu and Eric and I, like the rest. Then ship-shape, from topsey-turvey, Now back to work on New Jersey.

Number twelve is the other Beech:

Smith, Crause, Williston, N.D. & Pierre, S.D. Kuser, Bohan, Salt Lake, Boise, Bryce Canyon, Chattanooga. Reiss, Pitcairn. Can't waste time talking while traveling at 200 per. Now at Stuebing sanitorium being renovated.

Number 14 is a new 65 Aeronca:

Jefferson and I did a two months oblique tour of eastern cities and at present I am hidden in the back of Pitcairn hanger with a pair of Edos on. Do I feel out of place? Like a fish out of water. Please don't look now.

McCoy's Cessna J-6-7 is ship #52:

Fos Thomas, Sharon Scott and I spent the entire summer in Garden City, Kansas. When we finally ran out of work, I left the Eastern lads and I am at present up in Medford, Oregon. See you all next summer, I hope.

And last but newest, McCoy's C-39 Cessna ship #53:

I spent the largest part of the summer in Des Moines with Del Bullock and Ralph Baird. We sure put in a lot of time. When we finished in Iowa I went to Garden City where, I am sorry to say, I am at present collecting a little dust.

Now, folks, isn't that silly. But you'll have to admit it's different. In the future we shall try to confine our style to a little more sensible one.

December first and the following A.S.C. members are working elsewhere. We are sorry that they are no longer associated with us all but we nevertheless wish them all the best of luck in their new undertakings whatever they might be. Dean Turner, "Mac" McCormick, Win Lippincott, Len Carothers, Del Bullock, Ralph Baird, Fos Thomas, Bill Carroll and Miss Emma Brooks. If you have any news of the above, pass it on please.

Johnnie Korman's marriage was duplicated on the 25th of Nov. by Al. Rihl of the Phila. Lab. He too went off the deep end, and like a man, too. We might mention the cook book on Jennie Durland's desk the other day. Of course it might not mean a thing, but a cook book is of very little help to a secretary. Is she too following Johnnie and Al? By the look in Esther Durland's eyes of late the Aero Service may soon have to look for 2 new secretaries. Time will tell (and so will the Prop Wash).

The blessed events department reports 2 and 4. Two arrivals during the last 6 months and 4 scheduled for the next 6 months. It seems the Tom Moores and the Ralph Bairds made additions to their permanent inventory. After quite a search, friend stork found the Bairds and delivered his air express package - a she child. Being an air express shipment the weight was kept down - about 3 pounds, we heard.

The other day we overheard Dotty Masino talking to Mary Plum as they eyed some wall paper hanging on Dotty's clothes line. "It's washable all right, just like they said it was. But it's darn hard to get off the wall." Which reminds us of the one we heard while attending an ice hockey game. We couldn't help but chuckle upon hearing a man in front of us say during the commotion following a free for all spill on the ice "don't they put ashes on it? That's what I do."

It's only FAIR, CHILD, that BELLANCA WARNER that it's not WRIGHT to wear a waist to the BEECH.