



**Smithsonian Institution**

*Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives*

## **Hattie Meyers Junkin Papers - Writings: "What is This Thing Called Soaring", US Air Service , 1931-11**

Extracted on Apr-19-2024 01:57:42

**The Smithsonian Institution thanks all digital volunteers that transcribed and reviewed this material. Your work enriches Smithsonian collections, making them available to anyone with an interest in using them.**

The Smithsonian Institution (the "Smithsonian") provides the content on this website ([transcription.si.edu](https://transcription.si.edu)), other Smithsonian websites, and third-party sites on which it maintains a presence ("SI Websites") in support of its mission for the "increase and diffusion of knowledge." The Smithsonian invites visitors to use its online content for personal, educational and other non-commercial purposes. By using this website, you accept and agree to abide by the [following terms](#).

- If sharing the material in personal and educational contexts, please cite the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives as source of the content and the project title as provided at the top of the document. Include the accession number or collection name; when possible, link to the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives website.
- If you wish to use this material in a for-profit publication, exhibition, or online project, please contact Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives or [transcribe@si.edu](mailto:transcribe@si.edu)

For more information on this project and related material, contact the Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives. [See this project](#) and other collections in the Smithsonian Transcription Center.

Fokker planes, inside and out, to take up his duties here together with three Fokker F-7s which were in daily operation between Washington and Philadelphia (fare \$25 the one way) until the spring of 1928 when some smart fellow figured no profit. So P. R. T. wrote off the loss as their contribution to the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial and broke camp. Naturally we cannot forget when Johnson was turned over on his back, after landing in strong wind. Of course this happens to the best of us.

Surely with a nice hangar and an administration building vacated, somebody must come to our rescue, and here they come - F. F. F. (Four Fine Fellows), all trained and skilled practitioners, operating under the name Potomac Flying Service, incorporated under the laws of whatever state they happened to be in, with letter heads, envelopes, an official insignia, desks, safes, typewriters, secretaries, and none other than Henry Berliner, the president; Lowell S. Harding (now line superintendent of Eastern Air Transport) vice-president, general manager and pilot; Andrew H. Nash, secretary and John D. Smoot, treasurer, who leased the operating privileges from P. R. T. to conduct a flying service.

The Berliner interests had constructed a big single-motored cabin job, known to everyone around here as Big Bertha, and with several Waco 9s began operations. Later several FC-2 Fairchildes were purchased, and a few flying boats which were operated off Arlington Beach, together with Berliner monoplanes. With this equipment this aggregation really did big things in aviation. Their pilots included Lowell Harding, Herby Fahy, Stewart Reiss, Tommy Durfee (who always contended that any pilot who flew without leather boots should suffer the embarrassment of having the bottom button of his vest cut off); Ross Hoyt, Keeling, Kreider, Walter Lees, Doug Powell, and Hall McKenny. These boys really furnished plenty of news. Harding and Durfee had their experiences with flying boats. Stew Reiss had a habit of losing wheels or landing on ponies. Ross Hoyt clipped a wing on a tree. Keeling and Goodrich bumped off on a stunting expedition. Fahy picks a concrete mixer for a paved runway. Doug Powell takes his mother in for a buggy ride, lands, and rolls into a ditch. McKenny steps into the cockpit of a Waco, works himself down into the seat- and can't get out. Plenty of passengers. Already this organization had boasted of carrying over +5,000 passengers and many students. One in particular deserves honorable mention- a young blonde boy about 17 or 18 years of age, who had the mind of a Russian philosopher and the particular characteristic of a Scotchman; none other than Roger (Scotty) Scott, outboard racing authority, speed boat enthusiast, admirer of red-headed females, and today our airport's passenger-hopping pilot.

Before going too far, let me call to your attention a controversy between the management of Hoover Field and Herb Fahy about this and that and so and so, which would up with Fahy going across the road and developing the Capitol Airport, using Ryan's Sister Ship to the Spirit of St. Louis. There was now, dear readers, keen competition between the Hoover Field boys and Fahy with his Capitol Airport set-up, which continued competitive until September 13, 1930, when both airports were merged under the present management.

March 27, 1928 is an important date. First Fahy carried more passengers in one day, with one ship, a Ryan, than any other pilot in the world. From early morn until late at night, taking his sandwiches on the fly. Second Ernie Pyle Washington's big aviation correspondent and writer, began his first column Aviation, which is today read by every air-minded person in Washington.

Xenophon, 1957

Naturally we cannot forget when Johnson was turned over on his back, after landing in a strong wind. Of course this happens in the heat of an

**SURELY** with a nice house and an administration building vacated, somebody must come to use it, and here they come—F. F. F. (Four First Fellows), all trained and skilled practitioners, operating under the name Postman Flying Service, incorporated under the laws of whatever state they happened to be in, with little birds, airplanes, as official insignia, desks, notes, typewriters, secretaries, and more often than Henry Beddies, the president, Lowell S. Harding, from last year's class of Harvard Law School, as vice-president, general manager and pilot; Andrew H. Nash, secretary and John D. Sousa, treasurer, who brand the operating privileges from F. F. T. to conduct a flying service.

The Dallas interests had constructed a big single-mastered cabin job, known to everyone around here as the Revette, and with several Flares for boom operations. Large sonar FLC flares were purchased, and a few live boats which were operated at Arlington Beach, together with Boat maneuvers. With this equipment this aggression really did big things in relation. Their officers in

These boys really furnished plenty of news. Harding and Darby had their experiences with flying boats. Steve Reiss had a habit of being wheels or landing on pinnies. Ross Hoar clipped a wing as a tree. Kerling and Goodrich bounced off on a steering expedition. Fido picks a concrete mixer for a

paired runners. Doug Powell takes his  
 number as for a bigger ride, lands, and  
 rolls into a ditch. McKenna jumps into  
 the cockpit of a Navy, works himself  
 down into the seat—and can't get out.

Plenty of passengers. Already this organization had boasted of carrying over 14,000 passengers and many stowaways. One in particular deserves honorable mention—a young blonde boy about 17 or 18 years of age, who had the mind of a Russian philosopher and the particular characteristic of a Scandinavia; none other than Rager (Scotty) Scott, onboard racing anchorer, speed boat mechanic, admirer of red-headed females, and today our airport's passenger-hopping pilot.

**B**EFORE going too far, let me call to your attention a controversy between the management of Hoover Field and Herb Faby about this and that and so on and so, which revolved up with Faby going across the road and developing the Capital Airport, using Ryan's River Falls in the Spirit of St. Louis. There was one, dear reader, less competition between the Hoover Field boys and Faby with his Capital Airport setup, which continued competitive until September 13, 1938, when both airports were merged under the present management.

March 27, 1938 is an important date. First, Faby carried more passengers in one day, with one stop, a Kron, than any other pilot in the world. From early morn until late in night, taking his sandwiches on the fly. Second, Frank Fritz Washington's big aviation correspondence and writer, begins his first column franchise, which is today read by every stimulated person in Washington.

July 1, 1928, finds both organizations making time for the big day. July 4th, when they anticipated a big rush. July 4th found only Capitol Airport open for business, and the boys at Hoover Field looking at the unimpressive remains of a banger, seven ships, gas and oil drums, tools and machines. Their hangar was buried to the ground during the night or early morning and to this day the same questions are asked: "How did it start?" and "Who do you think did it?"

This shock was sufficient to break any strong-hearted visitor, and the Pan-American Flying Service, Inc., closed its

death in an excellent mood; and gold will which was worth more to some prospective buyers than silver. About August 1st, Balowson of Hylka, Vilna, who had several *Elegans*, was told about a pot of gold on Hlavor Field. Immediately he moved his equipment and started business, but by September he had lost the direction to the gold pot and so we find a nice prospector on the scene, this time a man who spent much of his time back of a cash-bag and dead, with red plush carpet under his feet, one who always runs a bellower in the survival of the fittest, who contended that St. Elizabeth's men built for Vilna, and who had a murk for sportsbooks and everything first-class, including horses.

SPACE will not permit me to mention everything and probably it's a good thing. But things did begin to move, and during this month of September a new face is seen, belonging to one John S. Wynn, the new general manager of the new Potomac Flying Service, under whose supervision a new hangar was erected and the following ships purchased: two new *Eastwinds* from Colorado Springs; a new red *Fairchild* with Hartz engine from Farmingdale, L. I.; one outland of *Travel Air*.

Another hangar was built at Roosevelt Field along with the pituitary. This action on the part of Roosevelt Field hastened the grass across the track, and we are a new office building being formed, a few more Runway added, and a new name, Washington Airport, assigned for the New York-Washington Air Line, (Manhattan air line) (I have been today that if they had had hourly service a difference were would be to retire). Clarence Chamberlin comes in with his flying club plans for a New York-Washington run. I am sure that he will make it. The first flight lands in a Phoenix Flamingo with

OTC  
© 1960

Lawrence Pelet, Joe Boudwin, and Harold French become busy at Washington Airport carrying passengers and training students. October 15, 1928, the *Great Zepherus* arrived and cargo ship was in the air.

by International Airways, Inc. Election Day, Hoover is Al Smith. Hoover Field loses its nice new Fairchild. Pike Roy S. O'Neal bid it, and all I remember is—that somebody got his head hurt.

July 3, 1928, finds both organizations marking time for the big day, July 4th when they anticipated a big rush. July 4th found only Capitol Airport open for business, and the boys at Hoover Field looking at the smouldering remains of a hangar, seven ships, gas and oil drums, tools and machinery. Their hangar was burned to the ground during the night or early morning and to this day the same questions are asked: "How do it start?" and "Who do you think did it?"

This shock was sufficient to break any strong-hearted aviator, and the Potomac Flying Service, Inc., closed its doors with an excellent record and good will which was worth money to some progressive flying service. About August 1st, Roberston of Hybla Valley, who had several Eaglerocks, was told about a pot of gold on Hoover Field. Immediately he moved his equipment and started business, but by September 1st he had lost the directions to the gold pot and so we find a new prospector on the scene, this time a man who spent much of his time back of a mahogany desk, with red plush carpet under his feet, one who always was a believer in the survival of the fittest, who contended that St. Elizabeth's was built for Volstead and who had a mania for speedboats and everything fast--including horses.

Space was not permit me to mention everything and probably it's a good thing. But things did begin to move and during this month of September a new face is seen, belonging to one John S. Wynne, the new general manager of the new Potomac Flying Service, under whose supervision anew hangar was erected and the following ships purchased: two new Eaglerocks from Colorado Springs; a new red Fairchild with Wasp engine from Farmingdale, L. I.; one carload of Travel durs.

Another hangar was built and Hoover Field again steal the picture. This action on the part of Hoover Field freshens the grass across the road, and we see a new office building being erected a few more Ryan's added, and a new name, Washington Airport, terminal for the New York-Washington Air Line. Hurrah! an air line! (These boys admit today that if they had had hourly service a different story would be to relate.) Clarence Chamberlin comes with a Loening with plans for a New York-Washington run. Jim Ray lands in a Pitcairn Fleetwing with OX-5 engine.

Lawrence Pabst, Joe Boudwin and Howard French became busy at Washington Airport carrying passengers and training students. October 15, 1928 the Graf Zeppelin arrived and every ship was in the air. Potomac Flying service is absorbed by International Airways, Inc. Election Day, Hoover vs. Al Smith. Hoover Field loses its nice new Fairchild. Polit Roy S. O'Neal hid it, and all I remember is- that somebody got his head hurt.

Hattie Meyers Junkin Papers - Writings: "What is This Thing Called Soaring",  
US Air Service , 1931-11  
Transcribed and Reviewed by Digital Volunteers  
Extracted Apr-19-2024 01:57:42



## Smithsonian Institution

*Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives*

The mission of the Smithsonian is the increase and diffusion of knowledge - shaping the future by preserving our heritage, discovering new knowledge, and sharing our resources with the world. Founded in 1846, the Smithsonian is the world's largest museum and research complex, consisting of 19 museums and galleries, the National Zoological Park, and nine research facilities. Become an active part of our mission through the Transcription Center. Together, we are discovering secrets hidden deep inside our collections that illuminate our history and our world.

Join us!

The Transcription Center: <https://transcription.si.edu>

On Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/SmithsonianTranscriptionCenter>

On Twitter: [@TranscribeSI](https://twitter.com/TranscribeSI)

Connect with the Smithsonian

Smithsonian Institution: [www.si.edu](http://www.si.edu)

On Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/Smithsonian>

On Twitter: [@smithsonian](https://twitter.com/smithsonian)