

PROPWASH Collection Cover Page

In July of 2009, Eric Jacobson found Ed Canfield's plane (the Dart), and called Ray to talk about it. He also mentioned that he'd found an Internet directory of several VERY OLD issues of a magazine called, "Propwash," that mentioned Ed. Somehow, Eric managed to talk Ray through writing down the directory's address so I could go to it. There's a TON of ISSUES there! So, I asked Eric to point me to the ones with Ed in them. Thereafter, I printed ONLY the articles from the three issues identified by Eric. If you want to read other "snippets," YOU'll have to find them! (If you find them, Plz copy them to me, so I can print them for Ray.)

----- Original Message -----

From: [Charly D. Miller](#)

To: [Eric Jacobson](#)

Sent: Wednesday, July 22, 2009 10:46 AM

Subject: ED DOCUMENTS ON THE INTERNET

Hey, Eric!

Good newz about the Dart, maybe -- eh?

I found the document directory that you mentioned to Ray:

<http://keystoneaerialsurveys.com/propwash/>

Can you identify which files contain Ed info so that I don't have to open and read each and every one???? PUL-LEAZE!!! LOL

If you've already downloaded them, it probably would be easiest for you to just send them to me than type out their titles.

BSK, CHAS

----- Original Message -----

From: eric@ouraynet.com

To: [Charly D. Miller](#)

Sent: Thursday, July 23, 2009 12:13 AM

Subject: Re: ED DOCUMENTS ON THE INTERNET

charming miss miller!!!!

the first mention of ed is in the **november 1938** aero services news letter.

it covers a hunting trip in ed's stinson from williston to Saskatchewan where mr. kaufmann and ed first became acquainted. the **june-july 1942** issue has a lengthy article about the cessna airmaster forced landing in the yukon by both ed and the photographer. the **may-june 1953** issue has a one page article on ed's retirement from aero services.

there are other snippets concerning ed in other issues re surveys in southern ontario and in cuba.

spoke to mr. foulke re the dart. he offered it to me for \$50k.

best regards, eric

[PS: Eric bought the DART!]

AERO SERVICE PROP WASH
Phila., Penna.

VOL. I, #19

November 30, 1938

[V.K. = Virgil Kauffman. Eric says the trip in this article is the one where V.K. and Ed first met.]

On Saturday morning November 26th, V. K., McCoy, and Turner left Omaha, where they had rushed by plane from Philadelphia, Spearfish and Boston respectively, and flew up to Williston, North Dakota in the Beech. There they joined up with a resident of that town, Ed Canfield. On Sunday the four hunters took off in Canfield's ski-equipped Stinson and flew up into Canada for a week's concentrated moose hunting. Canfield has a hunting lodge in which they are to live with V. K. as general in charge of the kitchen. (Needless to say bicarbonate of soda was part of each man's equipment.) Gas for the ship is delivered by sled to the camp, thus eliminating the possibility of a winter in Canada. The daily procedure is to fly low over the woods, and after spotting a moose to land on a nearby lake and endeavor to track it down. Operating a ship in temperatures as low as 40 below will probably make them think back to July in Nebraska. All four are seasoned hunters and using the plane to locate the game should practically guarantee them each a moose. What, we ask, will they do with four 1200 pound moose, four men, clothes and hunting gear in a Stinson when they finally decide to come home? The wagers on V. K.'s chances of getting a moose are so high and numerous that he cannot afford to return empty handed so he too may be gone for some time to come. At any rate the "Prop Wash" wishes them all good luck. They will probably need it.

PROP WASH

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Volume 1, Number 2

June-July, 1942

AERO SERVICE CORPORATION
PHILADELPHIA

DOWN AND OUT

By Canfield and Crause

When we last reported Ed Canfield and Paul Crause they were in the Whitehorse Inn, Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada, doing some important photographic work in our Cessna No. 16.

The following is a report of an experience which these boys will long remember.



Salvage operations after forced landing

The morning of May 16 we got out to the field early. Found that someone had been fooling with the radio in the ship and left it turned on and that the battery was dead. (I had left the key to the ship with the aluminum welder who was making up the extra gas tank). It was fair weather and we thought the generator would bring up the battery so we started the motor by hand and took off. We were out 30'' and had 10,000 ft. when smoke started pouring into the cabin. It smelled like rags burning. No indication of any motor trouble. Smoke got worse. Paul got in back and put on his chute. I gave him the fire extinguisher. We both thought the ship was going to burn and we would have to jump. Tried the radio and contacted Whitehorse. Told them we were on fire and expected to jump. Then the motor busted up with a bang. Thought it was going to shake

the wings off. Cut the switch but the motor kept running. Had pulled the throttle closed and that came out. Shut off the gas. Then the motor caught and stopped solid. Smoke cleared up and we seemed to be all together. Paul brought his foot back inside. I radioed Whitehorse that we were going to stay with the ship and gave them our position as best I could (which was not so good), also that I was heading for some white snow on a river. They got everything I said and I could understand them, but when we got down the radio was stone dead. Not even a buzz. Didn't expect to land right side up but there had been a hard freeze in the night and the frost in the snow had not gone out yet and held up. Was able to dodge most everything. The tailfork got a little bent. Not enough so that the wheel hits but so it will not swivel. Not a mark on the ship otherwise. Worked on the radio—but no use. Had filed a flight plan and they had time and airspeed and should have done a better job of locating us than they did. 12th ship over located us but that was 15 hours after we were down and by our fire. It was about as dark as it ever gets up here now.

There seemed to be no sign of anything burnt. No visual sign of anything broken on outside of motor. Took off cowling and took off "prop" and examined same. OK. Motor not frozen. Can move prop back and forth about 30 degrees. We had no tools out there. But no chance that motor could be repaired on field. Motor mount examined and seems to be OK. Oil tank was full of oil. Paul took out a sample of the oil to bring in and examine for foreign matter but that bounced out of the Army truck while we were taking our real beating!

There is a big grass patch about a mile from where we landed. I was afraid of it from the air but it is good. Hard gravelly soil and plenty good to land a Fairchild, or similar ship, on without any work. Elevation 2500. (Went back second time to double check). My idea is to fly another motor in and land on this grass spot with a couple of men, walk over and with about half day's work fix runway within 50 yards of Cessna. Then fly the spare motor over to that runway. Have the ships together.

Chamber maid here at hotel (good looking!) is a breed. Knows that country. Has a brother who lives out that way. He was in town yesterday and we located him. Said he could swim a team of horses across the river and pull the ship onto higher ground if I wanted him to. Take him two days to reach

the ship from his place. As far as I can determine it the big runoff comes around the middle of June but things are early this spring and it may come around the first. I have been concerned about the high water catching the ship. George (that is the Breed) thinks however, that if the ship is among live willows it is not likely to be flooded out. We pushed it into live willows for protection. We brought out everything in the ship including parachutes and some instruments. Had to cup up the "harness" and sew them into pack saddles to pack out. Used the camera hole cover for a frying pan and the Kendal Oil cans for cups.

ED.

Log of Canfield and Crause

May 16, 1942

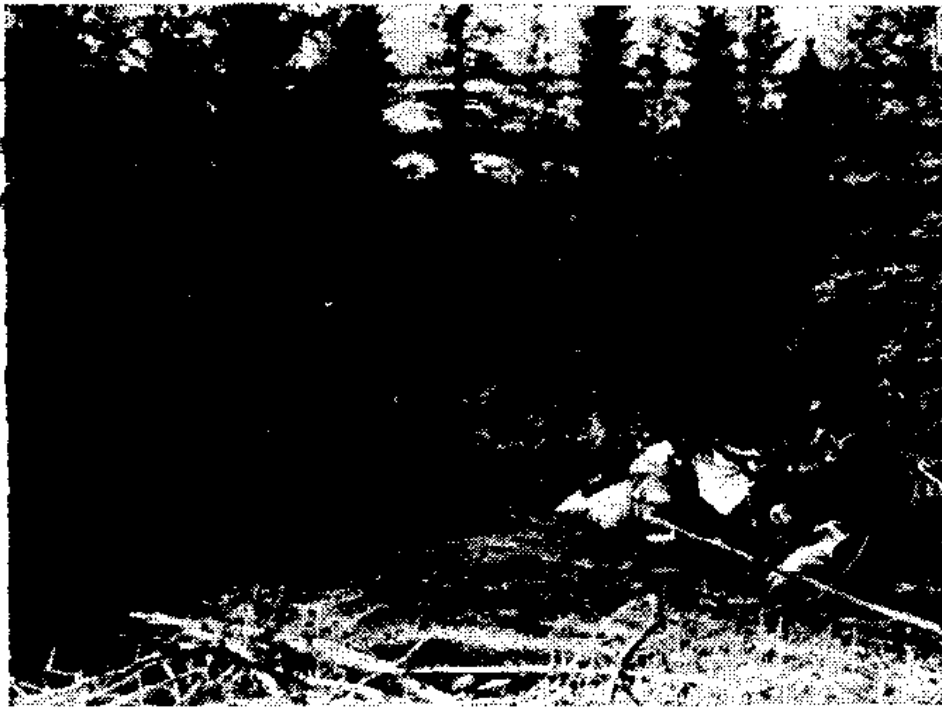
Take off for Burwash Landing on Kluane Lake 7:40 A.M. routine flight altitude 9,500 feet. Noticed smell of smoke about 8:05 A.M., located fire extinguisher and went to rear of ship. Motor did not rev down — smoke cleared up and then resumed intensively. Canfield throttled down, then throttled up, motor roughened and shook violently and would not stop running with switch off. Throttle came loose, motor stopped and locked solid. Motor mounts held with great strain, Canfield was in radio contact with Whitehorse, he told Whitehorse that we would leave ship as motor was apparently on fire. I put on a parachute and made ready to jump, Canfield was to follow. Saw possible landing space on creek out of Dezadesh River and Ed radioed Whitehorse that we would attempt landing and stay with ship. Ed slipped into a perfect landing at 8:20 A.M. on snow covered log-infested bank. Snow held and ship did not nose over. Tail post and fork bent only damage. Motor locked solid in one direction. Motor beyond any repair here. Radio was dead upon landing and we were not able to reach or contact Whitehorse. Both unhurt and immediately started making preparations so searching planes could locate us.

We built smudge fires and laid huge OK on ice. First plane came to north of our position about 9:20 A.M. and apparently did not see us. Since 9:20 A.M. six planes came in sight but none apparently saw us as they were mostly to the north of us and fairly high. Made sign on snow showing a large OK. It is now three P.M. and we are making packs out of parachute harness for trip tomorrow. Have made movies of all operations in addition to stills. 4:00 P.M. eighth plane still to north of us. Among ships, Army Douglas, Lockheed Hudson, Northwest Airlines Douglas Red Ship, apparently Yukon Southern, Red Beech. Whitehorse apparently thinks we are near Kluane Lake as all ships go north.

We are south of airlines course between Whitehorse and Burwash. We are taking only provisions, guns and cameras out of ship. Packages and mail for Pan American at Burwash will be left with ship. Took out compass and clock from Cessna. Army plane the eleventh at 10:35—failed to see us. Built up large fire. Built cedar leanto and padded ground with branches. Our bed consisted of that and two hotel blankets, temperature was below freezing at night, and one or the other kept fire going all night. Too cold to do much sleeping, got up about 4:00 A.M. for game. No sign of anything although where we are camping there are plenty signs of moose. Yesterday and late afternoon took a

trip north towards Dezadeash River and looked for something to kill to eat and saw nothing. Our rations consisted of two stale loaves of bread, two fresh loaves, two cans of milk, one sack of tea, one pound of butter, one pound of bacon, one large chocolate bar, half dozen potatoes. This A.M. May seventeenth, took cowling off of Cessna to check motor mounting finding it OK. Prop also is OK. Pushed ship to safer position. The Cessna is sitting on mountain stream of wide bed and if water does not rise too high in a flash flood ship will probably be gotten out, although it seems doubtful. Finished making pack harness out of parachute harness. Loaded all food carrying also two rifles, one shotgun, and four cameras. Each pack was quite a load. Among our equipment are two farmer cans used in Cessna which now serve as tea-cups, our skillet was formerly the camera hole cover. We made about four miles today stopping on the Dezadeash River. Leaving camp about 11:00 A.M. we arrived on the Dezadeash at about 1:00 P.M. At 1:30 P.M. Red Beech Craft contacted us which dropped notes. The notes were somewhat confusing as they were typewritten and dated as being written in Whitehorse. The confusion was that they stated the Army truck would pick us up in about four hours, one half mile of position "where you are now." We assume

that we have to cross the Dezadeash River but then if they mean one half mile north of the position where the ship is there is confusion. We decided to camp here on the Dezadeash where we were contacted last. Our intentions are to try to cross river by raft tomorrow, trying to contact trail on other side. About 11:00 P.M. a partridge flew into camp, got out of bed to kill it making the first game we were able to secure.



Ed. Canfield prepares supper while awaiting rescue

May eighteenth: Arose at 5:25 A.M., very cold, kept fire burning all night, thought we heard a yell east of our position. Fired rifle. Ed cleaned partridge and we had it for breakfast. While eating breakfast heard definite sound of truck on other side of river, fired rifle and then went to bank. Soon three or four men appeared headed by a Mountie.

They asked if we were OK and if we had grub. The answer being yes, they are attempting to build raft as they should have more equipment than we do. In the meantime Ed and I returned to the Cessna and brought over parcel and mail for Pan American delivery Burwash. After returning from Cessna Northwest Police stated that they would have to abandon the idea of building a raft as the crossing appeared too dangerous, due to swift current. They plan to go to Champagne to secure an Army boat which they said should arrive sometime tomorrow, so we are going to camp out at least one more night. Our lunch consisted of tea, bread and butter. The bread was three weeks old and formed part of the original emergency rations of the ship. However it is good and is good dunking. Ed has fixed our shelter so it is much better. The bed and shelter are both made of evergreen spruce—the shelter is a leanto. I gathered quite a bit of fir wood for tonight. Again today has been cloudless and the sun warm with just a little wind. The nights are below freezing. Shaved this P.M. using the ships clock for a mirror. Ed will try it next. About 5:20 P.M. an Army ship passed over the ship's position three times and headed over us twice. Evidently it did not see us as it headed west.

May 19th: The night was very cold and we did not sleep much, up practically every hour replenishing the fire—up for good at 3:45 A.M. Took a walk looking for game, did not see anything. Ed got two ducks on an island an hour or so later, had one for breakfast. Killed a squirrel right after breakfast so our larder is temporarily well stocked with fresh meat but little else. We have run out of bacon, potatoes, milk, and chocolate. We have left about one loaf of two weeks old bread, the tea and one half pound of butter and salt. From now it is live off the land. Game does not seem so plentiful and there are no berries of any sort. There is a bag, about a bushel of seed potatoes, that we were taking to Burwash for Pan American. They are still in the ship and we may go for those. We both have slight colds. The best time to rest is in the day when the sun is bright. Cumulus clouds are drifting in from the west. The boat should be here today barring difficulties. The "no-see-ums" little black flies, have arrived. We are beginning to toughen up a bit, muscles are sore from packing packs and sleeping on cold ground. At about 12:15 Major Hodges came by on the other side of the river. He said that the Army trucks with assault boats will not be in until tomorrow. He left at 12:30 and after he left we had a lunch of tea and stale bread and butter. We decided to make one more trip for the remaining things in airplane. We took guns in case we did see anything to shoot. We

split, Ed going up towards a mountain and I went through willows in search of grouse. I eventually wound up at the ship but Ed was nowhere in sight. Removed sample oil and prepared things in ship for removal. Ed did not show up and I laid down and slept for about an hour. It was 4:30 P.M. when I heard voices and saw two soldiers approaching airplane. One was Lieutenant Stockton in charge of rescue detail. The three of us carried the equipment over to camp where we packed up equipment and to await Ed. Ed did not turn up for about two hours. We finally got away about 8:15 P.M. and crossed the river in one trip. There were four soldiers and Lieut. Stockton in addition to Ed and myself, who crossed in the assault boat. On the other side were an Army truck, a jeep, and four other men. We loaded and made ready for departure. The Army boys had a few sandwiches (corned-willie, candy bars and canned pineapple). Wolfed those. They were awfully good, we wrapped up as well as possible in preparations for an all night assault upon the worst type of weather. And what a ride, bumpy, rough, constantly being stuck, pulling one another out, fording, etc. Another jeep that had been stalled joined our party at Marshall Creek. We drove constantly from 9:00 P.M. until 3:00 A.M. We reached Champagne at 3:00 A.M. where we had coffee and fixed our own lunch from provisions of Army work outfit. We left there at about 3:30 A.M. and from then on a nightmare of rough rugged road. All of us had had no sleep as the Army was back and forth since Sunday. It was below freezing. I was in the open jeep, Ed in the truck. I envied him. Ed and I could neither hold our eyes open as our sleep had been limited for four days, so we dozed off and the jeep would hit a bump and we would be jolted back into a waking state. At 7:30 P.M. we finally arrived at the Army Engineers encampment at Tahaini. It didn't take us long to wolf our breakfast of delicious hotcakes and coffee and bacon. Then

we were invited to sleep it off in sleeping bags in the officers' tent. It wasn't long before we were warm and sound asleep. Awoke still hungry, and cold is about the same. Ed can't shake his cold. We are now angling for a ride into Whitehorse. Picked up by an Army truck for the final leg into Whitehorse—another really rough ride into Whitehorse—left Tahaini at 5:00 P.M. reaching Whitehorse at 8:00 P.M. We were a fairly bedraggled looking pair. Saw Mr. Hansen and Mr. Campbell and learned of the continuous efforts they had made on our behalf. They positively did everything humanly possible in their effort to locate us and determine our condition.

When word was received in Philadelphia that both Paul and Ed had come through their experience safely, our mechanic Bob Scott immediately began working on the overhauling of a motor to replace the one damaged. On June 1, the overhauled Warner engine was securely tied down in the cabin of our Yellow Beechcraft and with Tom Page at the controls and Mr. Virgil Kauffman as co-pilot, and Bob Scott and his tools in the back, the ship took off and headed northwest for a trip which was to prove exciting for them all. Poor weather delayed their progress considerably but they arrived in good order on June 6 in Whitehorse, Yukon.

Inclement weather held them at Whitehorse until Monday, the 8th, when a reconnaissance trip was made out to the location of the Cessna. They flew over Ed Canfield's camp where he had been for about four days preparing a runway and making the necessary arrangements to bring the Cessna out of its forced landing field. A careful study from the air showed that a landing nearby with the

heavily loaded Beechcraft was impractical and the ship returned to Whitehorse. The following day, June 9, the spare Warner motor was loaded in an Army truck and with Paul Crause, Mr. Kauffman, Tom Page and Bob Scott, the party left for the wilds. They left at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and after an extremely rough and cold ride, arrived at 5:30 the next morning after having driven all night. They got Ed Canfield out of bed and he entertained them all with a Moose meat breakfast, which meat he had shot about 50 yards from his camp.

Scotty immediately began work on removing the old motor from the ship in preparation for putting the new one in. The others spent considerable time preparing a suitable runway for the take-off. Paul, Tom and Scotty slept in a mosquito proof tent which they had taken up with them from Philadelphia, while Canfield and Kauffman and the cooking equipment camped in another tent which Ed had secured in Whitehorse. At 4:45 P.M. on Friday, the 12th, Scotty was ready to start the motor for its six hour run in period. You can imagine the thrill they all got when the motor immediately started on the first swing of the propeller. The next day they all started to work in earnest on the runway.

Sunday, at 10 o'clock Ed Canfield climbed in the Cessna alone and made a perfect take-off and after circling their camp in a final farewell, flew over to the Army camp which

Down and Out (continued)

had been made across the river and indicated that the boys were ready to start back. That afternoon camp had been broken and everything loaded aboard the Army truck and the trip back to civilization was begun. They arrived late at night in Whitehorse cold and tired and were forced to sleep in a warehouse as every other available bed was taken. They were a sorry looking sight as none of them had shaved for six days but nevertheless they were content that the job had been accomplished successfully. Weather again upset their plans and it wasn't until Saturday, the 20th that the return trip to Philadelphia could be started. This time it was Paul Crause, Bob Scott and Tom Page in the Cessna that headed for Philadelphia. The damaged motor was packed up and expressed back to the manufacturer in Detroit for repairs. The Yellow Beechcraft was left in Whitehorse for Canfield's use in further mapping operations and Shorty Shearer, who had made an airplane trip from Philadelphia to Whitehorse was on hand to wish the boys Godspeed on their trip.

Shorty and Ed will remain in Whitehorse just long enough to complete their photographic mission and hurry back to the States for further War Department work. The Cess-

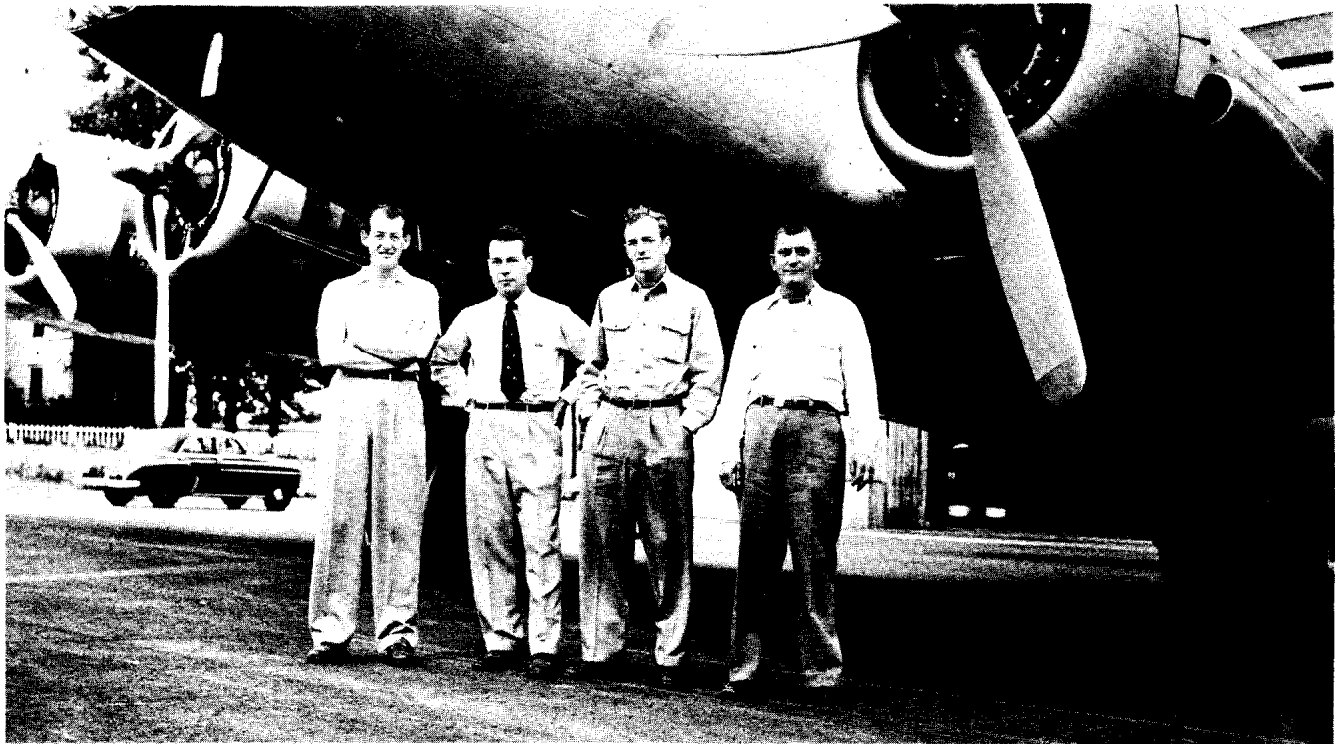
na and the boys arrived in Philadelphia at 6 P.M. on Monday, the 24th, to complete an exciting and successful rescue trip. They all deserve heartiest congratulations for their successful achievement.

The rescue squad reported Whitehorse as a sleepy little town that has suddenly been brought to life by the presence of the Army in building the new road through to Alaska. Prices are high and the town is wide open. There is no law except the Northwest Mounted Police who are few and far between. Aviation gasoline costs \$2.45 per gallon and sleeping quarters are at an equally high price. The food is satisfactory, but of course, quite high in price. Moose meat is on the menu practically every day. An interesting country they report but one made almost unbearable by the millions of mosquitoes that are ready to pounce upon any bare flesh. A net must be worn over the face at all times and gloves and long sleeves to protect the hands and arms. The mosquitoes grow to great size as evidenced by the report which Mr. Kauffman made upon his return about the mosquito that landed on the runway at the local airport and the gas attendant put 65 gallons aboard before he realized it was one of the local mosquitoes.

PROP

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BIGGEST, BUSIEST MAPPING PLANE RETURNS TO MERCER FOR OVERHAUL

AERO's B-17 Superfortress, biggest and busiest commercial mapping plane anywhere, came back to home base last week after four years in the Middle East. There it had mapped over a half million miles over the desert, with Pilot Charlie Stinchfield in charge of the huge ship on this difficult and important mapping mission.

Charlie flew the 17 to Lisbon, where Dwight L. Oehlerking took over for the trans-Atlantic flight. Oehlerking is a veteran ferry pilot who has made more than 90 over-the-ocean flights in the past year, including the ferrying of AERO's Twin Beech to Africa. Co-pilot for the trip home was James Renshaw King, who has been flying the B-17 in the Middle East with Stinchfield for the past several months. Oehlerking and King brought

the plane back to the Azores from Lisbon, then to Gander, Newfoundland, and entered the States finally at Boston. Except for some rain, weather was good, and the flight was routine. They flew at between six and eight thousand feet.

Two hours after leaving Boston they landed at Mercer Airport, where they were greeted by George Maisenthaler and his crew, Joe Mullen, Al Whitlock, and a reporter and photographer from the *Trenton Times*. The Sunday edition of the *Times*, incidentally carried a full page feature on the plane and AERO's work.

Other crew members for the flight home were James Robertson, chief mechanic, who has looked after the plane during its four rugged years of desert operations,



EDWIN CANFIELD RETIRES

After a flying career of more than 30 years, veteran AERO pilot Ed. Canfield has decided to turn over the control stick and take it a bit easier. Ed. retired last month and moved back to his beloved West.

Right after World War I in 1919 Ed. learned to fly at a commercial flying school at Hatboro, Penna. The planes were war-surplus Jennies, and after a few hours' training, Ed. decided flying was for him. He bought his first aircraft and began a long, colorful and successful barnstorming career. In the Twenties, airplanes were a real curiosity, and Ed. drew big crowds for many years at the Fairs and cowboy towns of the Dakotas and Montana, a rugged barnstormer in the most romantic heyday of aviation.

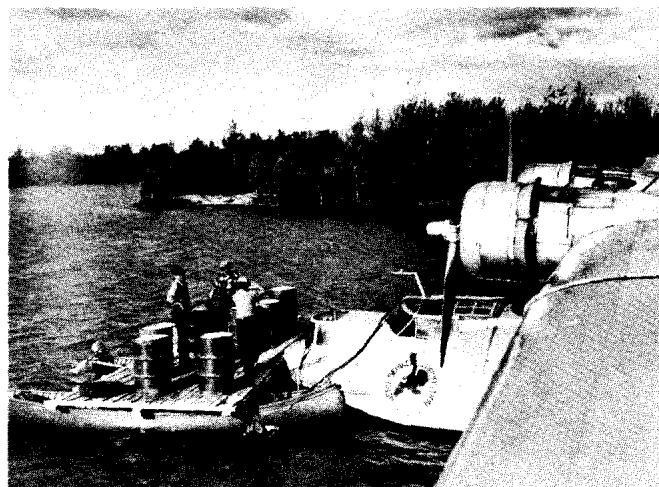
In the winter months Ed. hunted. But he did it from the air. Many are now doing it; Ed. was one of the first, and certainly the most successful. He ranged far and wide over the Western plains, killing coyotes by the hundreds. He became widely known as the most successful killer of predators in the entire area. In the depression years his revenues were a fair living from bounties by the State and the Stockmen's Association, in addition to the value of the hides.

As a sideline, Ed. had a small hunting camp in Saskatchewan. It was here that he and AERO's president became acquainted, on a moose hunting trip in 1938. Two years later Ed. joined AERO.

During the past 13 years Ed. has tackled many local and far-away projects and completed them with dispatch. In 1942 he went to Alaska to map for the Army's needs for the Canol pipeline and railroad location data. He was flying a single-engine Cessna in the remote Yukon, completing surveys which the Army, with their fine equipment, refused to tackle on the grounds of hazards.

One morning, north of White Horse, the engine roughed up and caught fire, and rather than jump with his photographer, Ed. pushed the ship into a little ice-covered alluvial stream at the foot of the Mt. Elias Mountains without further damage to the plane. While Canfield and his photographer lived with the support of Ed's shotgun, search parties failed to locate him for a number of days. Finally, while Ed. and his photographer were building a raft across a large river, they were spotted and brought out. A new engine was flown in from Philadelphia to the downed ship, and a few weeks later a runway was cleared off on a gravel bar, and Ed. flew out. The dangerous operation was continued and completed without further difficulty.

In 1944, Ed. was assigned to an important secret pro-



The big Y-boat, based on the lake during an important mineral survey, was flown by Ed. over many miles of Canadian bush.

ject—the flight tests of the airborne magnetometer for the U. S. Geological Survey. The equipment was installed in a single-engine Beech. The installation was made with Ed. wielding welding torches, lending practical advice and a skillful hand during the whole rush installation. Then he flew the magnetometer, often at only a few hundred feet altitude—over large areas in Pennsylvania, New York, and Northern Michigan. The low-altitude flying experience of Canfield's background stood him in good stead in these first flights with the airborne magnetometer, and the equipment proved a success from the start.

After the War, when the airborne magnetometer was released for commercial surveys, Ed. performed the pioneering flights in Ontario with it for International Nickel Company. Later Ed. was in charge of important summer operations for several years, in the area west of Hudson Bay, flying the PBY, or Y-boat, on magnetometer surveys. His abilities as a hunter and woodsman were especially useful on these surveys, and his skill as a cut-throat whist player provided an education for some of the crew when the day's flying was done.

Following the Canadian work, Ed. was busy on many domestic jobs, and completed further assignments in the Caribbean—in Cuba and Santa Domingo.

Ed's real love has always been the West, and during his travels he had acquired a tract of land in the fertile area near Grand Junction, Colorado. He moved there recently, and he writes, "There's a hen pheasant nesting in a nearby patch . . . and trout season opens soon."

His many AERO friends wish Ed. good hunting, good fishing, and many years of happiness. He took on many a tough, untried job and did it quickly and well. The drive and the skills of men like Ed. Canfield have played an important part in the growth of aviation and aerial mapping.