

STUDY PAINTING THIS SUMMER

Story and advertising illustrating, drawing, painting from life, lettering, design, layout and still life. Spend a few profitable weeks with us in the preparation necessary for a successful career in ART. Our instructors are all professional artists.

FREDERIC MIZEN ACADEMY OF ART

RAN.  1421

75 East Wacker Drive-Chicago

Write for our new catalog

At THE HUB in Evanston



Smart Straws

Featuring the Most
Famous Names

Off with the old—on with the new! It's Straw Hat time! There's a grand selection here for your choice—the pick of the entire Straw Hat industry. Every new development in comfort, in lightness and coolness is incorporated in our stock. And there's a peerless array of smart styles, many of them exclusive with The Hub. Stop in today—let us help you plan your summer hat wardrobe—we know you will like our kind of service.

Dobbs and Stetson STRAWS...\$3.50-\$5
Ecuadorian PANAMAS.....\$5 to \$15
CHICAGOAN STRAWS\$2.50

THE  HUB
HENRY C. LYTTON & SONS

Orrington and Church—EVANSTON
Open Tues., Thurs. and Sat. Evenings

AVIATION

BY JANE MEYER

The very thought of making a cross-country flight on one of the major air lines is thrilling. If one is a novice at air travel all sorts of questions pop up. The average inquiries are: Can one smoke and talk? How does it feel to fly? Does one have any sensation, of height or speed? I'll try and answer all of those questions as I "carry on" with my story.

I flew to St. Louis last week via American Airlines. Arriving at Chicago Municipal airport my luggage was weighed,—you're allowed 35 pounds free,—but my two grips only showed 28 pounds on the scale. I have never reached the 35-pound mark, and I do not stint myself on luggage. I gave my weight, address, and received my ticket.

Gets The "Call"

After all the formalities were over my luggage was picked up by George, head red cap at the airport, and placed in the baggage compartment of the Stinson A that was waiting at Gate 4. The announcer called, "American Airlines, American Airlines, Trip Number 7, for Peoria, Springfield and St. Louis, now ready to leave from Gate Number 4." The passengers filed out, gave their names to Mr. Miller, dispatcher for the line, and boarded the plane.

Upon seeing us all snugly "belted" into our seats, and comfortable with the latest editions of the newspapers, he said that we would find drinking water in the rear of the plane, "and no smoking, please, until after take-off." Wishing us all a pleasant trip, Mr. Miller closed and locked the cabin door, and we glanced out of the window as Pilot Joe Westover slowly taxied past the hangars, and poised at the end of the southeast runway, awaiting the green signal to "GO" from the control tower at the field.

Ride "Bumps" With Ease

As soon as it flashed Pilot Westover "poured the coal to her," and we roared down the runway, gathering flying speed, until our wheels lightly touched the earth in farewell, and we soared into space.

The weather was sunny, and although the air was a trifle rough, the ease with which the Stinson rode the "bumps" did not cause the passengers any discomfort.

Our stops at Peoria and Springfield were uneventful, and we paused only long enough to take on more passengers and mail. Within half an hour after leaving Springfield the winding Mississippi slipped beneath our wing tips, and soon we spied the American Airline hangars and clearly marked runways of Lambert Field, St. Louis. Gently Pilot Westover set the tri-motored Stinson down on terra firma, taxied to the terminal building and stopped.

We thanked him for a pleasant trip, and he touched his cap, saying that he hoped to have the pleasure of flying us again.

After a few days in St. Louis I arrived at Lambert Field for my return trip to Chicago. This time I was making the flight on Chicago and Southern Airline's new all-metal, twin-motored Lockheed Electras.

Non-Stop Return

The day was extremely hot, and I glanced at my fellow passengers who

were waiting to board the gleaming silver ship, and saw Jimmy Doolittle, famous pilot,—one of America's aces. The announcer called the departure of the plane, and upon entering the cabin I noticed that Carl Zeier was our first pilot. I stepped up to the cockpit to say "Hello!"—I'd flown with Carl before, and it was pleasant to contemplate another trip with this excellent pilot. I went back to my seat, and co-pilot Croft helped the passengers fasten their safety belts for the take-off.

Pilot Zeier taxied the huge ship to the edge of the southwest runway, "gave her the gun," and we roared smoothly down the field. Once in the air I glanced over the right wing tip,—huge thunder heads were piling up, and it looked like "weather" ahead.

This flight was non-stop. I judged that we were flying at 2,500 feet, at about 175 m.p.h., but we had no sensation of speed,—rather we seemed suspended in the air, barely moving.

Revels In Cool Breeze

I adjusted the ventilator that is next to each passenger's seat, and cool air swept into the cabin. It seemed hard to realize that only a few moments before we had been sweltering on the ground. I lighted a cigarette—Chicago and Southern provide individual packets for each passenger—and turned to Jimmy Doolittle. "Think we'll get that storm over there?"

The Storm Breaks

"Looks that way," he answered. "Better keep your safety belt fastened, it will probably be rough." I nodded assent. Suddenly Pilot Zeier flashed on the green light at the front of the cabin to "Please fasten your safety belts." A second later we were in the storm.

I glanced out of the silk curtained window,—it was so sung inside the beautiful cabin,—and outside the silver wing tips were brushing through wisps of gray clouds. Rain beat against the windows, and looking out of the left side of the ship I noticed that a solid gray mass seemed to extend from the sky to the ground. Under the right wing tip patches of green showed through the mists, and made a checkerboard of the farmer's fields down below.

All Serene Again

The Lockheed Electra rode this storm beautifully,—it lasted only a few moments—and we emerged into bright sunshine. Co-pilot Croft came back to ask me if we were comfortable, and we all assured him that we were.

I noticed that our motors were slowing down, and that we were gradually losing altitude. Glancing from the window I saw the familiar Chicago Municipal Airport. We had made the trip from St. Louis to Chicago in the excellent time of one hour and twenty-five minutes.

ENTERTAIN CLUB

Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Fuermann, 206 Winnetka avenue, Kenilworth, entertained their evening bridge club at dinner at their home last Saturday. Monday evening Dr. Fuermann's niece, Mrs. L. B. Hart, and her infant daughter, arrived from their home in Cleveland for a visit. Mr. Hart is coming the end of the week to join his family.