

# QUIET EVENING AT HOME

By W. E. Hill

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The radio worriers wondering what the world is coming to as they listen to the 11 o'clock news broadcast. Oh, that Hitler!



The evening furniture shifters. They decide something is the matter with the room. So they spend the evening moving things around. Then Honey says she liked it better as it was. And they move everything back again.



The bachelor's evening beauty culture. After an evening with the sun lamp, he'll have a swell Palm Beach tan tomorrow. (Pretends it's for a cold in his head.)

The "let's play games" hostess picks an unsuspecting guest to go out of the room, "while we think of a word and you come back and we tell you something it rhymes with, and you act it out and we try to guess what you're thinking of!"



The dog-minded people, who spend a delightful evening bathing, combing and de-fleing Towser.



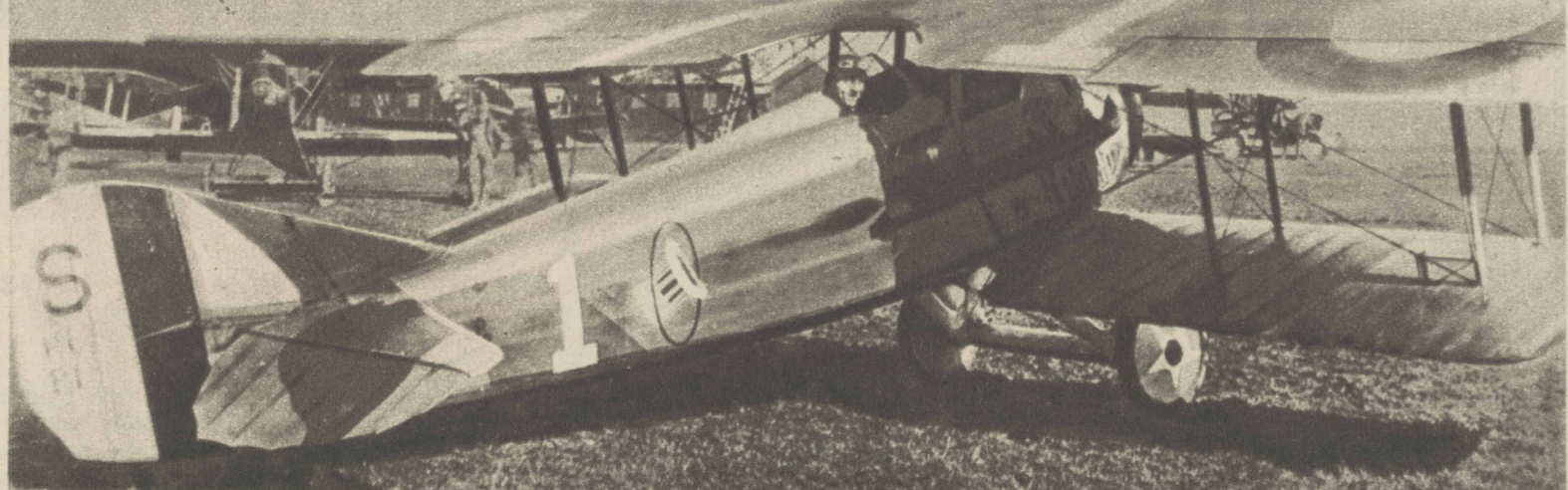
Artistic evening. Showing gay assemblage of artists or writers or both all dressed up chic, and saying the wittiest things to one another. (The boy with the spectacles is telling how he said to a fellow artist, "If your name is Katz, you ought to be able to paint a fine MEW-RAL! Har, har, har!")



The home-made movies, which unhappy dinner guests are forced to enjoy.

Reception room of the nurses' home, showing graduate nurse entertaining two student nurses with a gruesome account of what happened to a novice who talked back to the head day nurse. A typical evening in the nurses' home.

# Rickenbacker—Ace of Aces



Rickenbacker in his plane as leader of the 94th aero squadron.

(Signal Corps, U. S. A., photo.)

## Story of Eddie's Flight to Fame and Success

● Eddie Rickenbacker, mechanically minded youngster, grew up to be a race driver, chauffeur for General Pershing during the early years of the war, and finally an army flyer under the guidance of such aces as James Norman Hall and Raoul Lufbery. How Eddie became the ace of aces and a post-war business success is told today.

By GUY MURCHIE JR.

rious weakness of the Nieuport quickly announced itself. A ripping crash that sounded like the crack of doom to my ears told me that the sudden strain had collapsed my right wing. . . . Deprived of any supporting surface on this side, the Nieuport turned over on her right side. The tail was forced up despite all my efforts with joy stick and rudder. . . . I was caught in a vrille or tail spin, and with a machine as crippled as mine there seemed not the possibility of a chance to come out of it.

"I wondered vaguely whether the two Albatross machines would continue to fire at me all the way down. Twice I watched them dive straight at me, firing more bullets into my helpless craft, not withstanding the ap-

tain and to the title of American ace of aces with twenty-one German planes and four German balloons officially to his credit. During those terrible months he saw many a faithful comrade go down to his death, and he had to steel himself against growing too attached to any of his fellows because of the weakening effect of grief at such a loss. "All the pilots of 94, I believe," said Rickenbacker after the war, "eventually came to look with a callous indifference upon the sudden death of their dearest chum. This necessity is to my mind one of the greatest horrors of the war."

Illness was another of Rickenbacker's ordeals. He was in hospitals for some two months in the summer of 1918 with a high fever and with serious ear

He had a sincere love of sport—in this case the sport of outwitting and defeating the enemy—that kept him going out again and again on voluntary patrols. He was canny enough to get credit for most of his victories by driving up to the front in a car afterward to hunt up observers who were able to give him the required confirmation. He understood his German enemies, being of German blood himself. Last, but not least, he had luck—more than once missing death by inches as enemy bullets peppered holes through his cockpit.

It was typical of Rickenbacker that he bemoaned the lack of parachutes that allowed many of his comrades to fall to needless deaths. "For the last six months," he wrote at the end of the war, "the German airmen have been saving their lives by airplane parachutes. A parachute is a very cheap contrivance compared to the cost of training an aviator. We air fighters cannot understand why we cannot have parachutes."

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Great as Rickenbacker was as a war flyer, he would have been even greater were it not for three unfavorable factors. The first was the fact that he was asked to lead others rather than fly free lance.

The second factor was that he was ill much of the time, preventing him from gaining a single victory between the dates of May 30 and Sept. 14, 1918.

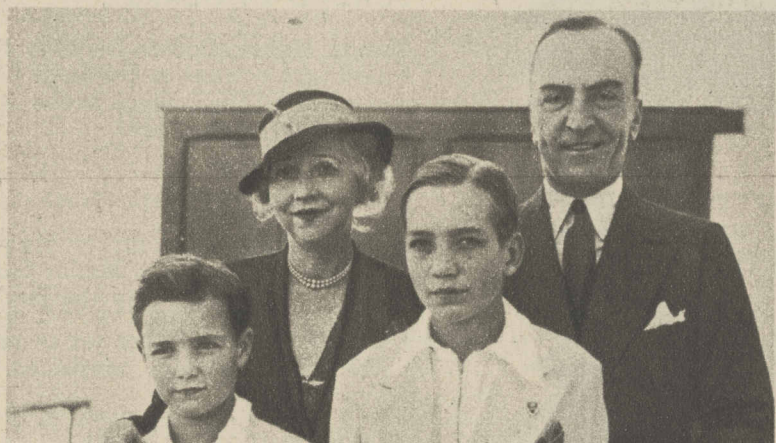
The third factor was that the war ended just as he was about to be given command of a group of 100 airplanes and a new promotion. According to General Mitchell, head of the American air service in France: "Had the war continued, and had Rickenbacker lived, he undoubtedly would have commanded a brigade of air force in the spring of 1919 and been a general officer."

After the war was over Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker began a new life, but one no less active than before. After writing a successful book about his war adventures he began manufacturing a new automobile bearing his own famous name. He also got married. Unfortunately, the automobile didn't go over. "It was too good a car," explained Eddie. "It introduced vibration dampeners and four-wheel brakes to America, but there was too little difference between what it cost us to build it and the price for which we had to sell it. So we folded up."

Next Business Man Rickenbacker, the undaunted, bought the Indianapolis motor speedway on which he had ridden to fame before the war, and built up attendance to its present high level. He also became vice president and sales manager of the La Salle division of the General Motors company, and in 1934 general manager of Eastern Air Lines. In that same year he found time to make a new transcontinental speed record by piloting three passengers from Los Angeles to Newark in 12 hours 3 minutes 50 seconds in a transport plane. He was not growing less cautious with the years, however, and under his leadership his company maintained its enviable reputation for safety.

Last March the latest big step in Tycoon Rickenbacker's career occurred when he was able, by shrewd management and timing, to outbid T. W. A. and buy Eastern Air Lines, thus making it independent and practically a one-man organization with complete operating control in the hands of General Manager Rickenbacker.

(THE END.)



The Rickenbacker of today, with Mrs. Rickenbacker and sons, David and William. (International News photo.)

parent certainty of her doom. I felt no anger toward them. I felt somewhat critical toward their bad judgment in thus wasting ammunition. . . .

"Where would I strike? I wondered. There were the woods of Montsec below me. . . . I had been experimenting constantly with rudder, joy stick, and even with the weight of my body, but I found I was totally unable to modify in the slightest the stubborn spiral gait of the airplane. Fully ten thousand feet I had fallen. . . .

"With a vicious disregard for consequences I pulled open the throttle. The sudden extra speed from the newly started engine was too much for the perpendicular tail, and before I had realized it the tail was quite horizontal. Like a flash I seized the joy stick and reversed my rudder. The pull of the propeller kept her straight. If only I could keep her so for five minutes I might make the lines. They seemed to beckon to me only two miles ahead. I looked above and below.

"No airplanes in the sky. My late enemies evidently were sure I was done for. Below me I saw the landscape slipping swiftly behind me. I was making headway much faster than I was falling. Sudden elation began to sweep over me. I boldly tried lifting her head. No use! She would fly straight, but that was all. . . .

"Over the lines I slid, a good thousand feet up. . . . I succeeded in persuading the damaged craft to one more effort. I saw the roofs of my hangar before me. With the motor still running wide open I grazed the top of the old 94 hangar and pancaked flatly upon my field."

And so Eddie Rickenbacker fought his way on to the end of the war—to the rank of cap-

trouble caused by breaking his ear drums in a power dive after a German plane. Some of the time after he returned to the air against doctors' advice he led his patrols suffering silently with earache.

In summing up Eddie Rickenbacker's fighting career it is interesting to review the qualities and the factors that made him supreme. First of all, Rickenbacker was an experienced, intelligent, and mature man at the time of the war. He had had long experience in traveling at high speeds on the race track in competition with daring rivals under dangerous circumstances. He had a keen, straight-thinking mind that enabled him to outwit other men and to learn quickly by his own errors of judgment. He was 28 years old, while most of his fellow aviators were almost ten years younger. He was cautious to exactly the necessary degree for high efficiency in battle. He took pains to get the best planes and equipment available for himself and his squadron. He made a practice of flying at very high altitudes, which gave him an advantage over his foes, and he never attacked until he felt sure that he was in a superior position. He was an expert mechanic himself and an inspiring leader who got the best out of all his mechanics as well as his flying mates. He spent more time actually flying than any other aviator in the American air service despite his long periods of absence due to illness.

● Among sources drawn upon in preparation of this story is Rickenbacker's book "Fighting the Flying Circus," published by Frederick A. Stokes Co. of New York. Quotations by publisher's permission.