

# The Aviation Show

By W. E. Hill

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"That's too technical a question to answer here, young fella." It's the younger generation that asks the sticklers, as many a hardy exhibitor learns from experience.



"Of course, Hazel, you have to be just the type."



"How long does it take to be a pilot? You don't have to know anything about the mechanics, do you?" This is what the young man in charge of the Flying School booth has to cope with over and over again.



"Now don't be saucy, Junior, you've been in there long enough!" Making young America airminded is not difficult—it's getting him out of the cockpit once he's in that takes time and patience.



"O dear, I know he'll get one of his gas attacks and I'll have to be up with him all night!" Just an eager young husband trying out the Orientator against the advice of the little wife. (An Orientator, in case you don't know, simulates all the free and easy motions of an airplane without once leaving the ground. While less hazardous than a roller coaster or a bamboo slide, there's always the chance that the operator may go off to lunch, leaving the occupant upside down.)



Tired salesman in charge of the Sticks Waterproof Glue exhibit, thinking of the little home and the kiddies, the lobster and the ice cream he ate for lunch, and one thing and another. He's had a pretty hard day making airminded America Sticks Glue conscious.



At the desk where books on the art of flying are on sale, Miss Lillian Leuber, whose job is selling programs, is substituting for Miss Grayce Grogan, Miss Grogan having stepped outside for a maple nut sundae. "And what," asks Miss Leuber in response to a demand for a book on aviation for the layman, "are Mr. Lehman's initials?"



Just a lovely young society aviatrix pinch hitting for Miss Amelia Earhart, Lady Heath, Col. Lindbergh, and Commander Byrd, at the distribution of prizes in the model airplane contest.



The line that forms on the left climbing the little platform to see what the inside of a de luxe Brougham aircraft looks like. The young man in the right foreground is in charge for the afternoon, and his duty it is to see that souvenir hunters do not pry off a door or a cockpit and to assure airminded ladies that he is not Clarence Chamberlin.