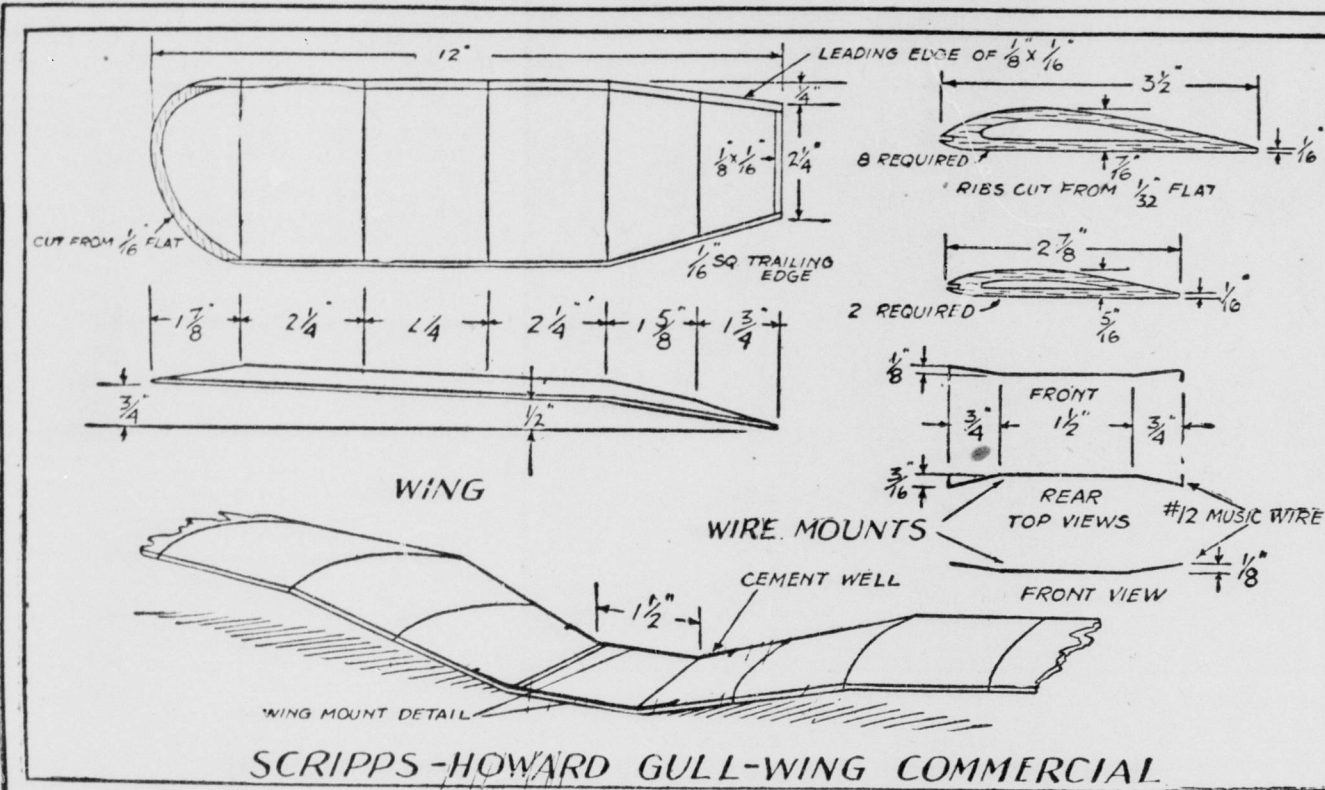


# JUNIOR AVIATOR

A Nation-Wide Organization for the Air-Minded Youths of America

PLANS FOR COMPLETION OF NIFTY GULL-WING SHOWN TODAY



SCRIPPS-HOWARD GULL-WING COMMERCIAL

## EAGLES' CLUB WILL INCLUDE TIMES AGES

Several Members of Local Squadron Eligible.

Several members of The Indianapolis Times Junior Aviation Squadron are eligible for membership in the Eagles Club, new mythical organization among Scripps-Howard Junior fliers.

Patterened after the famous Caterpillar Club, made up of fliers who have saved their lives by parachute leaps from planes, the junior pilots new club will be made up of youths who have seen their models disappear into the clouds, never to return again. A special membership card will be given these members, who have had such an experience while making flights. The "Eagles" derive their name from the bird that is noted for its high flights above the clouds, for it is above such clouds that most juniors have lost their planes from sight.

Among the eligibles of The Times Squadron are Verne Boehle, Harold Stoffer, Kenneth Ernst, Bob Huddleston, Jimmie Cahill, Roscoe Judd, John Foster and Paul Shaefer, who during flights have seen their models soar far into the atmosphere, so far that they were never again located.



Chief of Air Service, Scripps-Howard Junior Aviator

MAN has another desire to satisfy before he is through flying besides penetrating the outer regions of the universe; that is to be able to step to a hat rack, fasten some ingenious contraption to his shoulders, open the window, perch on the sill and launch himself into the air.

And I don't think the time when he will be able to do that is so very far away.

To accomplish that type of flying, we will have to construct a nature and study bird structure and bird flight. Some of our people already are picking away at that problem—their first efforts are rather crude and take the shape of stunts—but at least something is being done in the direction of developing individual wings.

Some weeks ago a German aeronaut actually flew an airplane that was driven by his own leg power. . . he had a bicycle-like arrangement to turn the propeller. At the last national air races in Cleveland our adventurous parachute jumper, Clem Sohn, leaped from an airplane at an altitude of 10,000 feet, spread his arms and legs and began to direct his flight course through the sky.

Sohn wears a specially constructed suit with webbing between the legs and a pair of canvas wings sewn to the inner sides of his sleeves and the body of the suit. He fell for thousands of feet, and it was a queer and weird sight to watch this bat form of birdman change his course from a straight line fall toward the earth. The scene could well have been taken from prehistoric times when the earth was young and nature had not settled down to standardized practicable type . . . when pterodactyls swooshed through the heavens and weird monsters stalked and dragged themselves across the earth.

A strange and prophetic sight was Sohn's black figure as it soared and glided through the blue afternoon sky. It was a blinding look into the future.

Operates Orchard From Air

The manager of a 772-acre walnut tract near Stockton, Cal., operates his orchard from the air. Flying over the orchard, he accomplishes the job of checking the flow in the irrigation ditches, spraying operations and other details in one or two hours, a duty which formerly took a week of hiking.

The French government grants subsidies of approximately \$100 to French citizens between the ages of 18 and 30 who secure a pilot's license. Only those persons who have received instruction at public expense or through scholarships are excluded.

A direct St. Louis-New York air-mail service is now in operation. Mail formerly was flown to New York via Chicago.

## ONE OF NAVY'S NEWEST FIGHTERS



Here is the Navy's newest fighter. It's a Vought SB-1 Scout-Bomber undergoing test flights at Pensacola Field. Outstanding among its new features is the use of the latest N. A. C. A. cow with adjustable flaps which permits increased top speed as well as making possible the use of full power in climb without heating the engine. The government prohibits the release of performance data at this time but Vought officials proclaimed the first test "satisfactory."

## Models Lead Way in Designing of Aircraft

Odd-Looking Creatures Undergo Constant Tests; Times to Carry Pictures of 'Freaks.'

For all the hundreds of different types of aircraft in use in the world today, there are hundreds more that have never got beyond the model experimental stage, or if so, for only a brief time.

They are odd-looking, grotesque creatures, constructed as models, undergoing tests constantly in wind tunnels—some will fly and some won't. The majority of these ships are so radically different from all other aircraft that some look like the products of a future age, while others appear more like creatures of a pre-historic era.

One can never tell what new and important development will evolve from an original design, and it is with this thought in mind that the Scripps-Howard Junior Aviator includes an original design contest in the Junior National Air Races each year.

Many inventors, as well as model builders who fly the colors of the various Junior Aviator organizations, have constructed types that they hope may become a reality in years to come, airplanes, helicopter type planes and some with conical spindles instead of wings are among the many types displayed by these builders.

During the next three weeks, pictures of these various "freak" models will be shown on the Junior Aviation page of The Times, and members of the Junior Aviator Squadrons should benefit in seeing the ideas of model builders from all over the world.

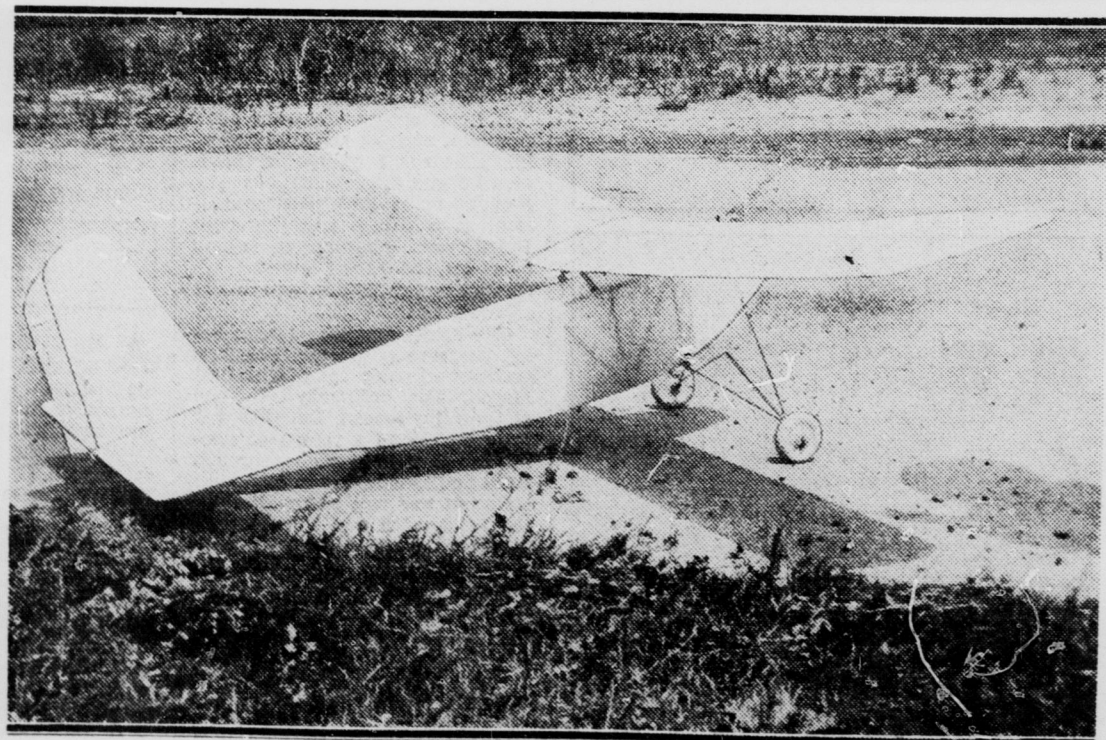
Igor Sikorsky, noted aircraft designer, predicts that in the near future we will have daily, trans-Atlantic air trips by seaplanes triple the size of today's largest craft.

## ON RADIO PROGRAM



Robert Shank (above), one of the oldest transport pilots in the United States, will be heard over WFBM tonight at 6 in the third of a series of aviation talks under the direction of the Aviation Division of the Indianapolis Chamber of Commerce.

## NIFTY GASOLINE MODEL BUILT BY TIMES MEMBER



Shown above is the gasoline-propelled model built by Harold Stoffer, a Wing Commander of The Indianapolis Times Squadron. Stoffer flew the plane in the recent contests at the Municipal Airport, but high winds slowed its takeoffs and it failed to finish among the winners. However, after his three official flights, he sent the plane aloft for a 25-minute flight, losing sight of it several miles south of the airport. It was found on a creek bank a few days later, and returned to Stoffer.

LAST week we listed the instructions and details for building the fuselage and tail unit of the Gull Wing Commercial. Today we will complete the model by building the wing.

WING—The wing ribs are cut from 1-32-inch flat balsa as illustrated. The trailing edge is cut from 1-16-inch balsa, leading edge from 1-16-inch balsa and the tips from 1-16 flat balsa. Build the two sections of the wing as illustrated and cement them together, with wire mounts bent from No. 12 music wire. Cover both sides with Japanese tissue and spray with water to tighten paper.

ASSEMBLY—The wing is fastened to the fuselage by means of a rubber loop.

MOTOR—The motor of this model consists of four loops of 1-16-inch flat rubber.

FLYING—Test the model with several trial flights to determine the proper location of the wing, then wind and launch.



During June, air mail operators in the United States flew 1,909,994 miles, maintaining an operating frequency which was 98.37 per cent of the total miles scheduled.

It is announced that, as soon as the supply of airmail stamps in India is used up no more will be issued.

Idaho will have 72 landing fields with completion of projects now being constructed by CWA workers. A new high mark for passenger traffic through Salt Lake airport was recorded recently, when 170 passengers checked in at the airport in one day.

The naval aircraft factory at Philadelphia will be enlarged to permit construction of 10 per cent of the 1184 planes needed to equip the treaty navy authorized by the Vinson bill.

New regulations reducing maximum flying hours for first pilots on scheduled air lines permit pilots to fly 1000 hours per year, which averages about 83 hours per month. They may fly 100 hours per month during part of the year, but only for four consecutive months.

During the year ending July 1, 1934, 414 commercial planes were forced down. Faulty engines were the cause of 280 of these forced landings.

Grand Central Air Terminal, Glendale, Cal., has been equipped with four United States government offices, including a Customs House branch, Immigration Bureau, Quarantine Station and Agriculture Inspection Service.

A German research worker who has concentrated on airplane lacquers, has developed a coating on pyroxylin base which is popular among the sport and professional constructors of gliders in Germany. The new coating, called "Special Flugzeuglack F," is claimed to impart greater strength and adhesion to the fabric with which gliders are covered, and to prevent wrinkling, loosening or tearing away of such coverings.

## TRAFFIC CLUBS OF NATION TO MEET IN CITY

Convention Week to Be Devoted to Problems of Transportation.

Problems of transportation in the United States will be discussed at the fourteenth annual Associated Traffic Clubs of America convention, to open Tuesday for a two-day session in the Claypool and Lincoln.

Luther M. Walter, Chicago, will speak Tuesday on "What is the Public Interest in Transportation Regulation?" New, light weight motors and trains will be discussed by Robert S. Binkerd, Philadelphia. Baldwin Locomotive Works vice president at the Tuesday afternoon session.

### Dance Scheduled

Government ownership has been announced as the subject of Harry A. Wheeler, Chicago, United States Chamber of Commerce president. Following his address Wednesday night, a dinner dance is scheduled.

The Indiana Traffic Club, convention host, will entertain delegates and guests with an informal dance Monday night. Women visitors will be taken on an automobile tour of Brown County Tuesday, and on a tour of Indianapolis Wednesday.

Exhibition automobile races, with professional drivers who will receive prizes, will be held at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway at 2 Wednesday.

### Head Committees

Committee chairmen from the Indianapolis club are O. G. Hagemann, Guy Weathers, Paul R. Van Treese, T. Paul Jackson, C. J. Pearson, J. L. Williams, J. C. Millspaugh, George Rice, W. F. Benning, C. R. Greene, L. N. Helm, J. H. Lang, T. L. Manning and E. J. Williams.

Committee chairmen from the Associated Traffic Clubs of America are Dr. G. Lloyd Wilson, Philadelphia; W. Bockstahler, Chicago; T. T. Harkrader, New York; P. R. Flanagan, Chicago; Dr. L. C. Sorrell, University of Chicago, and J. H. Butler, New York.

## LABOR LEADERS EVADE CONSTITUTIONAL ISSUE

Proposal for Change in Federal Document Rejected.

By United Press

ATLANTIC CITY, Oct. 12.—The high command of the American Federation of Labor today rejected proposals for a drastic pronouncement favoring a change in the Federal Constitution.

Despite extreme pressure from factions within the federation, the leaders decided to evade the issue for the time being, if possible. This attitude may bring a rousing floor dispute when the federation's convention, which last night ended its first week, goes into the more controversial sessions next Monday.

## CARPENTER IS ELECTED

State Employment Director Heads International Body.

Martin J. Carpenter, Indiana State Employment Service director, has returned from the International Association of Public Employment Service at Asheville, N. C., as president of the organization. Mr. Carpenter announced today that the association's 1936 convention would be held in Indianapolis.

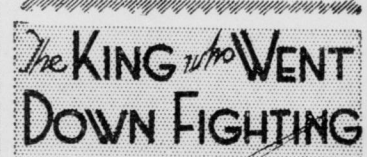
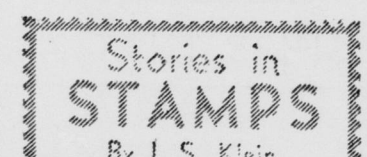
## DR. CADMAN TO SPEAK

New York Clergyman to Lecture at Founders' Dinner.

S. Parkes Cadman, noted New York clergyman, is to speak on "To Youth Belongs the Future," at the Y. M. C. A. Founders' Day dinner Monday night. C. J. Lynn, H. C. Atkins, F. S. Cannon and Edgar H. Evans are in charge.

## Yeggs Frightened From Loan Office

Yeggs were frightened away from the Capital Loan Co., 41 E. Washington st., Room 207, early today by Albert Leaney, 520 E. Ninth st., night watchman.



SWEDEN places high on its roll of historic heroes the name of King Gustavus Adolphus, who ruled from 1611 to 1632. He ranks with the greatest military commanders of his period, yet his ideas on the field of battle are considered second to the benefits he brought his country in peace time.

He had defeated the Danes, the Muscovites and the Poles, and so in 1630 he took an army of 13,000 and went in aid of the Protestants of Germany in their struggle against the Catholic League.

In 1632, at Lutzen, he came upon the Austrian general, von Wallenstein. In the dim fog of early morning, he charged upon the enemy. No one knows exactly what happened, but when the fighting was over, Gustavus Adolphus was found dead on the field of battle.

The stamp here illustrates this event. It was issued in 1932, on the three hundredth anniversary of the great king's death.

They talked lazily as they rode. Sandy seemed a strange combination of frankness and reticence. He spoke of life on the western plains, of going hunting in the Osage Hills, of nights under the stars in far-off camps; but he seemed to be reluctant to say much about the present, or about his reasons for leaving that open western country.

"You must want to get back there," said Jean. He looked at her soberly, and when he grinned, at last, there was something warm in his eyes. "Yeah, I guess maybe I do," he said. "Reckon I will, too, some day."

They left the river and came out in a broad pasture lot. Beyond the level expanse of grass they could see the roof of the riding academy barn rising above a clump of trees.

"Another race?" said Sandy abruptly. Jean answered by leaning forward and spurring her mount forward.

# The GOLDEN FEATHER

by Robert Bruce

© 1935 NEA Service, Inc.

SYNOPSIS  
Jean Dunn and Bobby Wallace on their own in a big city. Dore, go to the Golden Feather night club. Bobby proposes to Jean. He is refused until he is earning more money. Art Lanning, the proprietor, had met Jean in the office of her lawyer-employer, Montague. Lanning introduced Sandy Harkins, himself, and Harkins asked her to go with him. She puts him off. Bobby and Jean are sitting at their table when Larry Glenn, a government employee and an old friend from home, comes up. He warns them about visiting places like the Golden Feather. Bobby and Jean leave and Glenn is greeted by his friend, Detective-Sergeant Mike Hagen, who tells Mike about a bank hold-up gang he is hunting. One of the members, a man with one finger missing, is known to associate with a former baroque dancer who had been seen in Dore. As the preceding chapter closed Sandy had just asked Jean to go horse-back riding. She accepts. Now go on with the story.

## CHAPTER SIX (Continued)

She flushed with pleasure. She did look nice—her own mirror had frankly told her so. And it was a wonderful day to be riding, and the wind made her cheeks glow and her eyes sparkle, and Sandy was undeniably a handsome sort of person. . . she laughed, and unconsciously settled down a little nearer to him.

HALF an hour's drive got them out of the city. They followed a gravelled country road for a few miles, and at last came to a huge, white-washed barn, so big that it completely overshadowed the little cottage in front of it. Along the side of the barn there was a big sign, "The West Park Riding Academy."

Sandy drove in, and a few minutes later a groom had brought their horses and they were riding side by side down a leafy lane which led them, at last, to the top of a rounded hill, from which they could look down a long, grass-grown slope toward a little stream and a clump of woods.

Sandy had been watching her with a knowing eye, and he evidently had satisfied himself that she was quite at home in the saddle. "Come on," he cried. "Race you to the woods!"

And they went off down the slope, the crowd of drumming hoofs and the springy turf, while the wind whipped the ends of the scarf Jean had bound about her hair, and she laughed aloud from sheer happiness and excitement.

They came nearer and nearer to the little stream; at this point it was no more than a brook, not six feet wide, with firm banks. Jean boldly spurred directly toward it and took her horse across it in one graceful leap. Then she reined in, and came to a halt at the edge of the woods.

Sandy was beside her, looking at her admiringly.

"Say," he said, "you can ride, all right."

She was breathless, laughing, with little whiffs of hair escaping from under the scarf. "I used to ride almost every day, down home," she said.

"Good girl," said Sandy. "You did that like a champion."

Their eyes met in comradely appraisal; then, with one accord, they turned their horses' heads and followed a shaded lane through the trees.

It was cool under the trees, and the horses' hoofs made no sound on the black spongy earth. Sandy rode with effortless ease, his long body relaxed loosely in the saddle. . . "You must have ridden a lot yourself," said Jean. He nodded. "I was brought up on a horse," he said. "Not here. Out West."

"My folks owned a ranch," he offered her a pack of cigarettes. He shook her head, he lighted one, and went on. "How about yourself? Where do you come from, anyhow?"

"Maplehurst. It's a little town about a hundred miles south of here."

"Did you live on a farm?" he asked casually.

"Oh, no. My daddy's a banker. But I always had a horse, and the town's so small you can get outside of it in five minutes."

They rode on farther in silence. Presently Jean asked him, "What do you want to do, anyhow?"

He looked at her coolly, for a moment, and then grinned. "Oh," he said, "I just sort of travel around, from here to there and back."

"Lucky," said Jean. "It must be nice, not to be tied down."

"It is," said Sandy.

THEY came out of the woods into an untraveled country road. It led them in a gently undulating course past the woodland, along the edge of a prosperous-looking farm and around a bend to an ancient wooden bridge over a small river.

They let the horses have their heads, and the animals turned off along a little path and went down to the water's edge to drink. Sandy looked upstream.

"Look," he said. "The ground looks shelving down to the water, like, for a couple of miles or so. We can ride up that way and come out right near the stables. Okay?"

She nodded, and they started up the river, the horses stepping slowly along the flat stretch of sand and gravel. Jean threw her head back and looked up. Trees fringed the river, framing a strip of clear blue sky. Their leaves rustled gently in the wind. "I'm glad I came," Jean thought.

They talked lazily as they rode. Sandy seemed a strange combination of frankness and reticence. He spoke of life on the western plains, of going hunting in the Osage Hills, of nights under the stars in far-off camps; but he seemed to be reluctant to say much about the present, or about his reasons for leaving that open western country.

"You must want to get back there," said Jean. He looked at her soberly, and when he grinned, at last, there was something warm in his eyes. "Yeah, I guess maybe I do," he said. "Reckon I will, too, some day."

They left the river and came out in a broad pasture lot. Beyond the level expanse of grass they could see the roof of the riding academy barn rising above a clump of trees.

"Another race?" said Sandy abruptly. Jean answered by leaning forward and spurring her mount forward.

Again they went drumming across the springy earth, and again a wild sense of physical exhilaration and mental well-being took possession of the girl, so that she found herself laughing aloud, for no special reason, when she finally reined in her horse at the far end of the meadow.

Sandy was up beside her and pulled his horse to a halt. He suddenly he leaned over, slipped his arm about her shoulders, and kissed her on the mouth.

CHAPTER SEVEN  
WHEN she got home that evening Jean discovered that her conscience was rather disturbed about that kiss.

"What sort of girl do you call yourself, anyhow?" asked Conscience, indignantly. "The very first time you've been out with a man, too! And you've always prided yourself on the fact that you didn't like to be mauled and petted?"

"But that wasn't mauling and petting," answered Jean. "It was—well, it was just a little kiss. And anyhow, it happened before I knew it was coming."

"Oh, yeah?" said Conscience. "I've heard that before."

"Well, it did," insisted Jean. "And what's the harm? It didn't mean anything. And he—he didn't even try to do it again, or—"

"Well, I must say, that's a very weak sort of defense," Conscience replied. "It wasn't your fault he didn't try to do it again."

"It was so! I drew away and I told him—"

"Oh, you told him! Since when did that mean anything? And besides, what would Bobby say?"

"Well, Bobby just isn't going to know. And it isn't going to happen again, so what's the use of making all this fuss over it?"

That wasn't the most satisfactory reply imaginable, perhaps, but it would have to do. And the feeling of guilt that stayed in the back of Jean's mind made her especially nice to Bobby when he called for her, after dinner, to take her to a movie; and when he told her good night, later, she let him kiss her three times to make up for it, so that that young man went home both pleased and puzzled.

Sandy called her up Sunday morning and suggested another ride. She put him off on the ground that she had another engagement.

He called her up Sunday evening, apparently for no reason except that she was tops. He called her at the office Monday morning and asked if she could have lunch with him; and when she said that she could not he begged her to dine with him that evening.

"Say, I can't," she said. "I'm—I'm all tied up this week."

"Yeah?" said Sandy cheerfully. "Baby, you aren't fooling me a-tall. You better get yourself untied pretty quick, or I'll come up there and pull you out by that pretty yellow hair of yours. I'm not foolin', sister. You're the nicest thing I've seen in all my travels, and I'm going to see plenty of you. Puh-leezy!"

Conscience bestirred itself for one final jab, after he had hung up. "You see?" it inquired caustically. "You see what comes of that one harmless little kiss?"

When she got home that night, Jean found a huge box of roses waiting for her. And the next noon, when she went out for lunch, she stepped from the elevator into the lobby of the office building and found Sandy lounging there, waiting for her.

He grinned broadly, stepped up confidently, tucked her arm into his, and said, "Now where's a good place to eat, anyhow? I bet you're hungry."

Helplessly laughing, she suffered herself to be led along. He took her to a restaurant where she never lunched—it was too expensive for the budget of a girl who was earning her own living—and got a table in a sheltered corner, behind a clump of palms.

When they had ordered he looked at her with mock earnestness. "Now," he said, "suppose you tell me why you're ducking me so hard?"

"I'm not ducking you," she protested. "You're not a duck."

"Yes, you are. What's the big idea? Don't I wear the right kind of necktie, or have I got spots on my vest, or do I need a haircut or something? Why can't I ever have another date with you?"

"I didn't say you never could. My goodness, you're rushing things, aren't you?"

"Why not? I don't believe in being backward, when the prettiest girl in the whole state is floating around loose right under my nose."

"Well, but—" she hesitated. "You see, Sandy, I'm not really floating around loose. I'm—I'm really engaged. And she was furious with herself when she found herself adding the words, "practically, anyhow."

Sandy cocked a humorous eye at her. "Practically engaged, eh? Good Lord, baby, go ahead and be engaged. I'll be right there to eat you. I just want to pal around with you. No harm in that, is there?"

"No-o-o." The waiter set food before them, and she became very busy with her club sandwich. "But—oh, you know how it is."

"Sandy grinned. "I'm harmless as a baby. I listen—if you don't mind my asking—is he the lad you were with in the Golden Feather the other night?"

Jean nodded. "Why, he's a nice kid," said Sandy. "When you going to get married?"

"Well, not right away," said Jean helplessly. "I mean, you see he's just getting started, and—"

"What's he do?"

"He's an auto salesman."

"Who's he with?"

"He's with the—oh Sandy, what's the use of questioning me like this? I've gone with him ever since I was in high school. I just don't think I—I ought to have dates, that's all."

"Aw, these aren't regular dates I'm asking for. I just want to see you some times. No harm in that."

But Jean remained adamant, and when the lunch was finished and Sandy had escorted her back to her office and gone away, she told her conscience sagaciously. "Now—I do hope you're satisfied!"

THAT night she went out to dinner with Bobby. But whereas Conscience, on their last date, had caused her to be especially nice to him, it all seemed to work with reverse English this time, and she found herself being irritable and disagreeable.

As they were finishing their dessert, Bobby looked at her anxiously. "What's the matter tonight, honey?" he asked. "Aren't you feeling well?"

"I'm all right," she said. "Just—just a little tired, or something, I guess."

He looked at her fondly. "You're working too hard," he announced. "Honey, when you go-

ing to quit that old office and let me take care of you? That's what you need."

It is not! she snapped—and instantly became contrite at the hurt look in his eyes. "Oh, Bobby, I didn't mean it that way," she said, taking his hand. "But don't you see I can't just drop everything and marry you until you're really able to take care of me. We can't jump into marriage until we're ready for it. Financially, I mean."

Instead of being wounded by this, Bobby only laughed.

"That," he said with mock sadness, "is what I get for being in love with the daughter of a bank president."

She flushed, and laughed aggressively.