

up early - work on U. A. - Rev.
SUN: 7 work on U. A. again -
7 call on Koch - return
staying there - return & retire

JUNE, 1925

1925-2025

UN AN AVEC HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

#156 | 7 JUIN 1925

L'idéal d'une littérature pure, suprême et sans mélange. La conduite de l'organe officiel en tant que représentant de ce qu'il y a de meilleur dans l'écriture amateur, conservateur mais représentatif, et impartial dans toutes les controverses.

Assimilation des recrues existantes plutôt que recrutement intensif. Promotion des clubs locaux selon les principes des administrations précédentes, en particulier ceux de l'administration Hoffman. Rapprochement des clubs de l'association générale et plus grande attention aux membres isolés. Encouragement à la discussion ouverte de toutes les questions concernant le public amateur, à l'exception des controverses politiques, qui doivent être évitées autant que possible. Attitude impartiale et réceptive à l'égard de toutes les questions et controverses littéraires.

Encouragement à la publication individuelle et collective, et reconnaissance des magazines ronéotypés et diffusés sur un pied d'égalité avec les magazines imprimés. Reconnaissance de la distinction essentielle entre la critique publique et la critique privée. Une plus grande attention et un personnel plus important pour le bureau privé. Développement progressif du bureau public en une revue générale de la littérature amateur actuelle importante et représentative. (Reconnaissance des goûts littéraires actuels comme significatifs, même s'ils ne sont qu'éphémères. A. G. Jr.) (Préservation d'idéaux littéraires sains en dépit de la décadence contemporaine. H. P. L.)

Suppression des cours de poésie et d'étude, et suppression de toutes les restrictions concernant le nombre d'inscriptions nécessaires pour obtenir des prix. Maintien du titre de *Literatus* et des restrictions qui y sont liées.

Regroupement des fonctions de secrétaire et de trésorier en un seul poste nommé, et regroupement des deux bureaux de manuscrits en un seul.

Augmentation des frais d'adhésion à un dollar et des cotisations annuelles à deux dollars. Maintien d'un fonds spécial pour l'organe officiel.

Attitude amicale envers les autres associations, sans prosélytisme ni autorisation de prosélytisme parmi nous.

*Signé Alfred Galpin, Jr., président, et H.P. Lovecraft,
rééditeur en chef, janvier 1921.*

[1925, dimanche 7 juin]

Up early — work on U. A. — read — work on U. A. again — call on Kirk
— Kamin staying there — return & retire.

Levé tôt. Travaillé au numéro annuel de l'United Amateurs. Lu. De nouveau sur l'United Amateurs. Je descends à la librairie de Kirk, Kamin maintenant y habite. Retour et couché.

« [...] peut-être pourrais-je être comparé à l'humble pomme de terre dans sa quiétude souterraine et isolée » Lovecraft la patate ? Attention que la répétition de ce journal au quotidien n'affaiblisse pas la rigueur personnelle ! Aujourd'hui — mais hier et avant-hier et avant-avant-hier le dense article critique sur John Rivenor Bullen était déjà destiné au *United Amateurs* de septembre, il va y consacrer deux jours. Parce que l'assemblée générale de l'association, avec bilan des mandats et renouvellement du bureau, se tient en juillet, juste un gros mois. Et qu'il y a un rapport à préparer, plus des états financiers, et redonner confiance aux troupes. Et puis le numéro de septembre, justement ce rendez-vous annuel principal, dont il est le rédacteur en chef. Dans les *Collected Essays*, plus de 440 pages serrées pour le volume 1 consacré au *United Amateurs* (plus l'expérience du *Conservative* qui l'a précédé) et la part qu'y prend Lovecraft, qui en renouvelle les rubriques et chroniques : le « bureau des critiques » puis le « service de la critique publique », les suggestions de lecture, les polémiques (« *The vivisector* »), les nouvelles des membres et leurs publications (« *Among the Amateurs* »), plus bien sûr les éditoriaux et autres rédactions plus officielles. D'où, pour comprendre l'homme (mais aussi : en quoi pour lui écrire a toujours été lié de plain-pied à la question de publication, indépendamment du destin livre des textes), l'importance de ces deux textes de janvier 1921 (co-signé avec Galpin, ci-dessus) et de février 1921, totalement autobiographique (« ce que le monde amateur et moi-même nous devons l'un à l'autre », en annexe), et l'importance d'explorer aussi ce continent « non fiction » de l'œuvre protéiforme de Lovecraft. « Ce que j'ai donné au journalisme amateur est malheureusement peu ; ce que le journalisme amateur m'a donné, c'est la vie elle-même. » Dans le journal : toujours la canicule, on laisse les enfants se baigner dans les fontaines, mais sans certaine réprobation latente. Scopes essaye de concilier Darwin et la Bible, ça suffira pour lui éviter le procès ? Renforts policiers à Brooklyn après le meurtre de Florence Kane. Dans le supplément littéraire : une

édition complète des 200 nouvelles de Maupassant (mais on n'indique pas les traducteurs), une édition complète de Conrad, Guillaume Budé en Français de service, et... une belle page en l'honneur de mon cher Samuel Johnson, indépendamment de va vie par Boswell (deux mois que c'est ma lecture du soir). Partie magazine : Beebe toujours, un dessinateur plutôt qu'une photographie pour la liaison de nuit Chicago New York pour le courrier postal, toujours en suspens, et l'inventaire des nouveaux buildings, les derniers à venir avant l'Empire State...

New York Times, 7 juin 1925. Avec le consentement tacite du maire Hylan, la fontaine du City Hall, qui fait jaillir et éclabousser l'eau froide et rafraîchissante des Catskill Mountains sur les pieds farouches de MacMonnies, héroïque emblème de la vertu civique, a été sacrée hier nouvelle piscine municipale. Par de cérémonie pour fêter l'événement. Mais venant du maire, fermer les yeux vaut clin d'œil approbateur. Le maire Hylan a fait passer le mot à la police : ne pas mettre dehors les gamins du jardin du City Hall, mais les laisser nager et plonger à leur aise dans le bassin aux pieds du farouche homme de marbre. Alors, par quelque mystérieux système de télégraphie sans fil, une marée joyeuse a commencé d'arriver du jardin pour un spectacle jamais vu un samedi d'été. De midi jusqu'au coucher du soleil, des centaines de gamins, y compris des bébés de quatre ou cinq ans, s'éclaboussaient et pataugeaient dans la fontaine comme des dauphins, criant et hurlant de joie. Certains arrivaient de chez eux déjà en caleçon de bain ou shorts et vieilles chaussures pour protéger leurs pieds des écorchures du bassin. D'autres, venus avec leurs habits ordinaires, retroussaient pantalons et chemises avant de courir sous les jets d'eau. Des centaines de piétons ont commencé de s'arrêter, appuyés sur les rambardes de la terrasse, tout sourire au spectacle inattendu et probablement envieux de la fraîcheur dont bénéficiaient les baigneurs. Les journaux et les sociétés de cinéma ont envoyé leurs appareils et caméras pour immortaliser cette innovation aquatique. Et tous ces garnements, ainsi encouragés, ont alors pris la liberté d'escalader le monument aux vertus civiques. Ils se sont assis sur ses genoux, se sont accrochés à sa taille, enlaçaient affectueusement son vaste torse. Ils s'allongeaient sur les sirènes amphibiennes de marbre, et ces incarnations du génie de MacMonnies elles n'ont plus ne savaient faire cesser les cris de joie et les éclaboussures. Et pas un agent de police à l'horizon pour calmer leurs ardeurs, quand, les années précédentes, ils sont si occupés à chasser ceux qui se déshabillent un peu trop ou s'allongent sur la belle pelouse du parc. Le maire Hylan, s'épongeant d'un mouchoir et s'éventant de son chapeau de paille, s'était de lui-même arrêté un instant sur le perron en sortant déjeuner, et avait souri en voyant deux enfants escalader subrepticement la rambarde qui protège de la foule l'emblème de la vertu civique, tandis qu'un autre plongeait pesamment dans le bassin de marbre. « Comment ça se fait qu'il y ait si peu de gamins à en faire autant par une chaleur pareille, a demandé le maire ? » Quelqu'un lui répondit que la police interdisait l'accès au bassin, quelle que soit la chaleur. « Dites aux flics de fermer les yeux », dit en riant le maire à son chef de la sécurité, l'inspecteur Tom Riley. « Ils ont juste à regarder de l'autre côté, au moins pour aujourd'hui. Moi je voudrais bien faire comme eux... » Le maire partit déjeuner, la bonne nouvelle se répandit d'elle-même et la plus chère piscine municipale fut inaugurée à l'instant même.

BOYS SPLASH FREE IN CITY HALL FOUNT

**Bathe in Civic Virtue's Basin
With Never a Policeman
to Say Them Nay.**

MAYOR LOOKS ON AND GRINS

**"Forget It," He Says, When
Told Orders Forbade Young-
sters Diving in Pool.**

With the consent of Mayor Hylan, the City Hall fountain, which spurts and splashes refreshingly cool streams of Catskill water over the rugged feet of MacMonnies' heroic figure of Civic Virtue, was unofficially dedicated yesterday as a public municipal swimming pool.

No ceremony attended the event. But from a Mayor a nod is as good as a wink. Mayor Hylan passed the word to the police not to run the boys out of City Hall Park, but to let them swim and dive to their hearts' content in the basin under the marble "Rough Guy."

By some system of radio telegraphy or telepathy the glad tidings spread and City Hall Park never before witnessed such a Summer Saturday spectacle. Between noon and dark hundreds of boys, ranging from high school age down to mere infants of four or five years, splashed and floundered in the mountain like sportive porpoises, shouting and squealing their delight. All through the afternoon they came and went in animated groups. Some arrived from their homes already clad in bathing suits or trunks and with old shoes to protect their feet from the scorching pavement. Others, who had donned tights beneath their scanty regular clothing, doffed shirt and trousers while on the run toward the sparkling jets of water.

Hundreds of pedestrians paused, leaning against the iron rail, to smile at the unwonted picture and to envy the boys their cooling bath. Newspapers and movie companies sent their camera men to "shoot" the aquatic innovation. Then the urchins, inspired to greater prowess, vied with one another in scaling the heights of Civic Virtue. They sat on his knees and his thighs. They posed leaning against his torso. They swarmed over the amphibious marble sirens, and these creatures of MacMonnies' genius were as powerless to stay the shouting, splashing boys as they are to lure the marble giant from his pedestal.

All through the merry water carnival not a policeman appeared to mar its mirth. In former years, on the first day the water was turned on in the City Hall fountain, especially if the weather were warm, policemen from the Oak Street Station were kept busy chasing half-clad lads out of the basin and over the grassy stretches of the park.

Mayor Hylan, mopping his face with a handkerchief and fanning himself with his straw hat, was on the way to luncheon. He smiled as he observed two youngsters furtively sneaking under the iron rail that guards Civic Virtue from the mob, while another, clad in swimming trunks, stood poised, about to take the plunge into the marble basin.

"What's this?" asked the Mayor. "Why aren't there more boys getting acquainted with Civic Virtue on a hot day like this?"

HEAT KILLS 67 IN CITY AND ENVIRONS; SIXTH DAY'S TOLL BRINGS TOTAL TO 99; HOPE FOR RELIEF IN SHOWERS TONIGHT

COOLING RAINS IN PROSPECT

**Local Storms Are Promised New England and
Interior New York.**

WASHINGTON REGISTERS 96

**Cool Weather Expected From
Canada, Where 2 Below
Freezing Is Recorded.**

MAY REACH MIDDLE STATES

**Area Affected by Present Wave
Said to Extend From Mississippi
River to the Azores.**

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, June 6.—The "Bermuda High" which will be the Weather Bureau's call to the way of terrific heat that has held a large part of the country in its grip for nearly a week, is continuing cooler, although it is still to find a weak spot in the hot blanket and penetrate it. In fact, there are indications that the weak spot has been found and that a certain but painful

heat has begun to break in the Bermuda High.

But the coolth, as Rudyard Kipling would call it, is only on the fringes of the heat belt, and while it will not break down quite to definite promise of relief in most sections, afflicted by the hot spell until Monday, perhaps Tuesday, there is a prospect of a cool front, Weather Bureau said. If local thunderstorms in New England and the interior of New York. These are expected to bring lower temperatures on Sunday. Else-

Temperatures of the Six Days.

Although yesterday's high temperature equaled that of the day before, which was the record, a breeze which was about as cool as a summer's day, and a little mitigation of the humidity and made the heat more stifling. The hourly temperature for record as the highest have been preceding days were as follows:

Mon. Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri. Sat.
1 A. M....71	80	73	81 83 86
2 A. M....70	79	73	80 83
3 A. M....69	73	74	78 80 83
4 A. M....68	74	72	76 79 82
5 A. M....69	73	71	74 78 81
6 A. M....69	73	73	75 80 82
7 A. M....69	73	74	76 81 84
8 A. M....72	77	78	81 84
9 A. M....73	79	82	80 83 87
10 A. M....73	79	82	88 90 92
11 A. M....73	79	82	88 90 92
12 P. M....73	83	83	88 90 92
1 P. M....83	84	84	91 94 95
2 P. M....84	84	84	91 94 95
3 P. M....84	84	84	91 94 95
4 P. M....84	84	84	91 94 95
5 P. M....87	81	88	95 98 98
6 P. M....87	80	88	94 95 96
7 P. M....85	79	80	92 94 96
8 P. M....85	74	88	91 99 94
9 P. M....84	74	88	91 99 94
10 P. M....81	71	84	87 88 88

NATION'S DEATH LIST 300

**Prostrations Mount as
Record Temperatures
Roast the Cities.**

CROWDS SLEEP IN OPEN

**Thousands Pour Out of New
York to the Beaches, Where
Camps Rise as by Magic.**

SEEK REFUGES IN CITY

**Many Nap on Subway Stairs to
Catch the Breeze—Police
Guard Hosts in Parks.**

As the sixth day of terrific heat raised the total of dead for the period in the metropolitan area to 69 with 223 prostrations, the local weather forecast in special forecast at the o'clock last night held out hope for slight relief tonight with local showers, the day before partly cloudy and continuing. Thunderstorms in the forest belt both here and in Washington would bring thunderstorms and somewhat lower temperatures generally.

With 67 deaths, 567 prostrations and 737 cases of heat stroke, the total of 99 deaths and 223 prostrations in and around New York City yesterday, nearly three times the number of deaths on the preceding day. For other cities in the country reports in increasing difficulties and Associated Press figures indicated that the total death toll in that section of the country affected by the present heat wave were more than three hundred last night.

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The New York Times Magazine Section

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NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JUNE 7, 1913

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

Section



BEEBE GATHERS MARINE WONDERS

Deep-Sea Expedition Finds in the Pacific the Focal Point to Which Warm and Cold Currents Bring a Teeming Population of Odd Fish and a Surprising Variety of Tiny Animals



A Remarkable Cteno—New Species of Deep-Sea Fish With an Enormous Mouth and a Dorsal fin Which Was Larger Than itself.

Under the large "gullet" is indicated a small mouth, which is used to catch the small fish which form the diet of the Remora.

Two other species of Remora, which are closely related to the Cteno, were found in the Pacific.

One of these, the Remora, was collected by the author in the Gulf of California.

The other, the Remora, was collected in the Gulf of California.

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ANNEXE

H.P. Lovecraft, 21 février 1921,

« ce que l'amateurisme et moi avons fait l'un pour l'autre »

Je me suis lancé dans le journalisme amateur sur le tard, à près de vingt-quatre ans, je ne peux donc pas attribuer toute mon éducation à son influence. Ce retard n'était toutefois pas du tout de mon fait. Dès que j'ai entendu parler de l'existence du journalisme amateur, j'en suis devenu membre, et je regrette profondément de ne pas l'avoir découvert dix-sept ans plus tôt, lorsque, à l'âge de sept ans, j'ai publié mon premier ouvrage littéraire immortel, *Les aventures d'Ulysse, ou la nouvelle Odyssée*.

Après avoir rejoint la United Amateur Press Association, j'ai passé les premiers mois à essayer de découvrir ce qu'était exactement le journalisme amateur et ce qu'il n'était pas. Mes idées étaient plutôt vagues et je ne savais pas si c'était le plaisir ou la désillusion qui m'attendait. En fait, j'ai trouvé les deux, mais le plaisir l'emportait tellement que j'ai vite compris que j'étais un amateur invétéré. C'était en 1914. En 1921, je peux affirmer que mes sentiments sont restés inchangés.

Ce que j'ai fait pour le journalisme amateur est probablement très modeste, mais je peux au moins affirmer que j'y ai mis tous mes efforts pour coopérer à une cause qui m'est extrêmement chère. En commençant à percevoir les différents éléments qui composent le monde associatif, j'ai constaté que, comme dans tous les domaines, l'hétérogénéité et les conflits étaient la règle. En essayant de juger impartialement, j'ai conclu qu'à cette époque particulière, c'était l'élément purement littéraire qui avait le plus besoin d'être soutenu. La fraternité et la bonne humeur sont largement auto-entretenues. La politique, à mon humble avis, est un mal. Ce qu'il fallait encourager, c'était précisément l'objectif que les amateurs professaient comme suprême : aider les écrivains en herbe. J'ai donc décidé que, tout en partageant toutes les responsabilités générales des membres actifs, j'utiliserais principalement le peu d'influence dont je disposais pour encourager l'entraide littéraire.

L'occasion de faire quelque chose de concret se présenta plus tôt que je ne l'avais prévu. À l'automne 1914, je fus nommé président du département de critique publique de l'*United*, ce qui me procura un moyen d'expression bimestriel et conféra une certaine autorité officielle à mes propos. Je me suis donc lancé dans une campagne visant à éléver le niveau littéraire, en démontrant d'une part, avec franchise et analyse, les grossièretés qui

prévalaient, et en proposant d'autre part, sans relâche, des suggestions d'amélioration. J'ai complètement abandonné la politique consistant à louer les articles et les textes grossiers pour des raisons obscures liées à leur statut amateur, et j'ai insisté pour que les écrivains et les éditeurs se fixent au moins comme objectif la correction et la finesse. Sachant qu'une telle exigence impliquait une obligation d'aide personnelle, j'ai entrepris un travail assez important de critique privée et j'ai offert mes services à toute personne souhaitant réviser des manuscrits ou des articles de magazines. Cette offre a suscité de nombreuses réponses et je me suis immédiatement retrouvé très occupé à reconstruire des textes en prose et en vers et à préparer des articles pour divers journaux amateurs. J'ai rencontré une certaine opposition et je me suis fait beaucoup d'ennemis, mais je pense que dans l'ensemble, j'ai peut-être fait quelque chose de bien. Le niveau de correction dans le *United* s'est certainement amélioré, et la plupart des écrivains et des rédacteurs que j'ai aidés ont rapidement commencé à faire eux-mêmes des efforts, de sorte que mon aide est devenue de moins en moins nécessaire. Cela n'est toutefois dû qu'en partie à mes efforts. Mes successeurs au « bureau des critiques » ont été nettement meilleurs, et le travail a été facilité dès le départ par un changement de politique de recrutement, mis en place par d'autres, qui a permis de recruter nos nouveaux membres parmi des personnes ayant suivi une formation plus complète.

Dans d'autres domaines, je crains d'avoir fait trop peu pour le journalisme amateur. De 1915 à 1919, j'ai publié un journal indépendant intitulé *The Conservative*, mais les circonstances m'ont depuis contraint à suspendre sa publication. J'ai participé à des projets d'édition coopérative, mais sans résultats très brillants. En tant que rédacteur officiel de l'*United* cette année, je m'efforce de publier un journal de la meilleure qualité possible, mais je ne parviens guère à progresser en raison des contraintes quantitatives. J'espère avoir fait ma part dans les tâches administratives fastidieuses, tant officielles qu'officieuses. Malgré mon aversion pour les fonctions officielles, j'ai accepté divers postes au sein de l'*United* chaque fois que mes services semblaient souhaitables, et j'ai essayé de me rendre utile en remplaçant des fonctionnaires incapables.

En tant qu'écrivain, le domaine dans lequel j'aimerais le plus m'investir, il semble que ce soit celui où j'ai le moins contribué. Lorsque je suis entré dans le monde des amateurs, j'avais malheureusement l'illusion de pouvoir écrire de la poésie, une illusion qui m'a éloigné de mes lecteurs à cause de mes vers longs et d'une monotonie affligeante. Un style désuet et démodé a contribué

à l'échec total de mes tentatives. Depuis que je suis sorti de mes illusions poétiques, j'ai été presque aussi malheureux, car en suivant mon penchant naturel pour la fiction fantastique et imaginative, je me suis à nouveau heurté à un genre qui intéresse peu la majorité. Mes tentatives semblent être accueillies pour la plupart avec froideur ou dégoût, bien que les encouragements de quelques critiques comme W. Paul Cook, James F. Morton, Jr. et Samuel Loveman aient largement compensé l'hostilité des autres. La clique de Cleveland-Chico, qui cherche par le ridicule à me chasser de la presse amateur, est largement compensée par n'importe lequel des gentlemen que je viens de citer. Seul le temps dira si mes effusions ont une quelconque valeur.

Heureusement, je peux être moins réservé pour dire ce que l'amateurisme m'a apporté. Il est impossible d'exagérer, car le journalisme amateur m'a offert le monde dans lequel je vis. De tempérament nerveux et réservé, affligé d'une aspiration qui dépasse de loin mes capacités, je suis un inadapté typique dans le vaste monde des entreprises et singulièrement incapable de tirer du plaisir des activités ordinaires. En 1914, lorsque la main bienveillante de l'amateurisme m'a été tendue pour la première fois, j'étais aussi proche de l'état végétatif que n'importe quel animal, peut-être pourrais-je être comparé à l'humble pomme de terre dans sa quiétude souterraine et isolée. Avec l'avènement de l'*United*, j'ai retrouvé une nouvelle volonté de vivre, un nouveau sens à mon existence, qui n'était plus celle d'un poids superflu, et j'ai trouvé un domaine dans lequel je pouvais sentir que mes efforts n'étaient pas totalement vains. Pour la première fois, je pouvais imaginer que mes tâtonnements maladroits dans le domaine de l'art étaient un peu plus que de faibles cris perdus dans le vide.

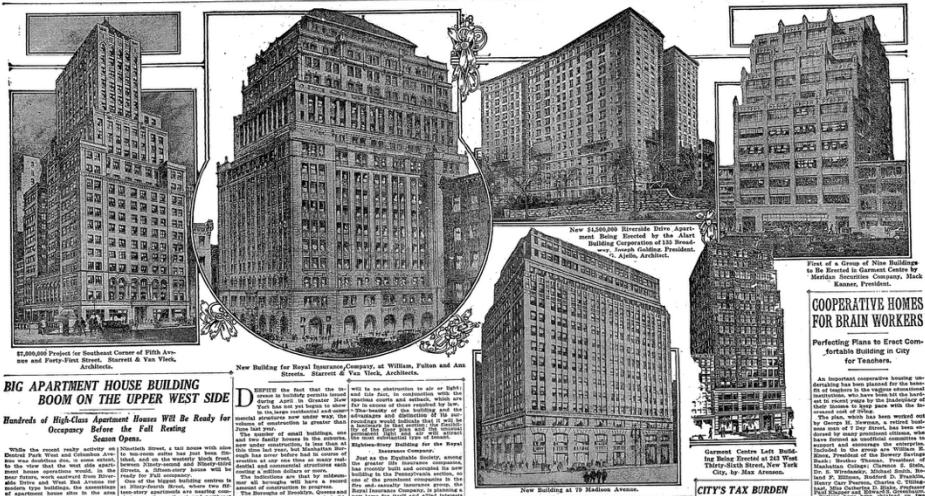
Ce que le journalisme amateur m'a apporté, c'est un cercle de personnes parmi lesquelles je ne suis pas tout à fait un étranger, des personnes qui ont des penchants intellectuels, mais qui ne sont pas pour autant arrogantes au point de mépriser ceux qui luttent. Dans la vie quotidienne, on rencontre peu de personnes comme celles-là : nos amis fortuits sont pour la plupart soit franchement peu littéraires, soit désespérément « arrivés » et intellectuels. Plus on est absorbé par ses aspirations, plus on a besoin d'un cercle de personnes intellectuellement proches ; l'amateurisme a donc une fonction unique et perpétuelle à remplir. Aujourd'hui, tous mes véritables amis sont des journalistes amateurs, des universitaires sympathiques et des écrivains que je n'aurais jamais connus sans l'*United Amateur Press Association*. Eux seuls m'ont donné l'envie d'explorer des domaines de

pensée plus vastes et plus nouveaux, de déterminer les tâches qui me conviennent le mieux et d'apporter à mes écrits le soin et la finition exigés de tout travail destiné à être lu par d'autres que son auteur.

Après tout, ces remarques constituent davantage une confession qu'une déclaration, car elles sont le témoignage d'un échange très inégal dont je suis le gagnant. Ce que j'ai donné au journalisme amateur est malheureusement peu ; ce que le journalisme amateur m'a donné, c'est la vie elle-même.

Nota : transcription automatisée DeepL.

STRUCTURES THAT WILL CHANGE MANHATTAN SKYLINE





"With Luck the Pilot Will Land His Ship in Time for Early Delivery in New York."

WHEN THE NIGHT AIR MAIL HOPS OFF

By HOWARD MINGOS

AMOTOR TRUCK rumbles out on the field shortly after sunset and halts alongside an airplane. A small pouch of mail is transferred to the winged creature and stowed in a fireproof compartment. At the top of a fifty-foot tower a hand turns the pouch to life. With its 500,000-watt candle power it shoots a straight beam across the western horizon, a long, glowing ribbon pictures the sky.

Ninety o'clock. Another beam, broad and flat, flashes across the dark, overcast sky, remaking the ground, lighting a charred path away. The pilot gets into his parachute harness and eases himself into the seat. He reaches down on his helmet, pulls the goggles down over his eyes, and then the roar of the engine shatters the silence in which ghostly figures have been working.

In five minutes or so the motor has been wound and a state of equilibrium. The pilot turns his head to signal as a signal to the men on either side. They pull away the shocks against the wheels, have been strained. The plane has become a vibrant thing of fabric and wood, wire and steel, with lines as trim and strong as a vine, a living, breathing barrier. The chocks are out, the throttle is opened—and the night mail is on the down the lighted pathway straight into the unknown.

Up to the Pilot Now

After that it is up to the pilot. Everything possible has been done by the ground forces to insure his safety and that of his cargo, which weighs hundred of pounds. The mail clerks have handled the cargo. Scores of employees and their officials have been working, directing the plane, setting the pilot into the air with the mail, when the Post Office Department will look around and plane leaves New York for Chicago.

Pilots who must fly heavily loaded planes on the new night route are not looking forward to the job with any sense of ecstasy. They say it is the worst flying country in the

Pilots Expect Hard Flying in the New Service Between New York and Chicago this Summer

United States; and they are qualified to repeat an old adage, found in every flying manual: "A day's flight is a day's hard work for many years. The new schedule calls for one plane a night each way between the two cities. If the business of the airmail is to be successful, the mail must be delivered on time, and add more planes to the route. They have the machines and the pilots to do the work."

But mail, tested resources of the Government will be utilized to reduce the hazards of the trip. When the plane arrives at night at New Brunswick, N. J., the Eastern terminus of the Weather Bureau's network of local weathermen, the radio operator will have tabulated special reports from mail stations along the route, giving the temperature and wind velocity on the surface and at various altitudes, and outlining the areas of clouds and their height.

The first station has checked a radio set on which he received everything from the machine since it left from its point of origin. The engineer has checked in, taking care of the wires and adjusting controls. The engineers have been at the motor, testing and adjusting it until in condition. It is in this condition that the pilot opens and repeats to make sure that the engine is in top condition. He is then off to the cockpit, where mechanics have noted the exact quantities of gasoline, oil and water put in to feed the engine.

A gasoline tank would mean the loss of several thousand dollars' worth of Peeters property and a first-class pilot whose training has been lost. Once the engine is running, the man begins to count the machines he has wrecked. Then, too, a flock of love birds, giving birth to a host of valables, such as bank paper and jewelry, would surely be sent crashing into the unfriendly landscape before that mail was well under way.

The long-range beacons at the main fields may help the pilot, or the smaller beacons of 1,500,000 candlepower which mark the route every twenty miles along the coast. But by night against the sky he has to fly the route as long as he sees it. He can do this at speed, however, and he can no more than guess how fast he is traveling, because the mail holds some of his worries, while the engine holds another. The burning stray clouds (pieces, smoke-like tatters which swirl about the engine) are a third.

The engine is fairly reliable, but the mail is not, and the mail is often as one might think.

Steep Glide to Belletone

Belletone Field is in a valley. The pilots do not like that station, though it is better than the old coal-camp field that was the scene of the difficulty in landing under any circumstances. But the new field is in a good, safe place which is free from fog. If he cannot see his way into that field, the pilot must jump on over to Snowshoe on the mountain, or to the one which is the best for fog. If he comes into Belletone in a steep glide, he must make a hard right turn.

The engine mechanics are refusing the machine the pilot sets his lunch in the flying office and draws out the chair which, with his cramped position, is not a good one. He hears new radio reports of the weather. Heavy winds ahead. Low "ceilings" over the Alleghenies. A bad night.

In another minute he is in the air again, nosing toward Snowshoe and the Belletone field, the highest point of the Alleghenies, where the trees stand up like needles in a well-filled curtain. They seem to be holding back his progress, as he goes higher. Thick clouds. He swings about in a wide arc, finds a gap in the curtain, and goes on.

There is nothing below but trees and rocks in an impenetrable region. The emergency fields are reassuring as he

Continued on Page 8

crossing the range, and as he flies back his half-way station is Belletone, Pa., where he must refuel the plane. He must not go too low over the hills, nor through the valleys, for high winds will sweep from the network of ridges. The increasing number of super-power operations in Pennsylvania must fly most hazardously. Power, however, is not what would mean risk of striking those wires. His only hope is to get into snow, which is the best weather. Or would his chances be better by jumping out and trusting to his parachute? He cannot know. Time enough for a decision when the engine stops, as it probably will some time. The engine is fairly reliable, but the mail is not, and the mail is often as one might think.

Always the Unexpected

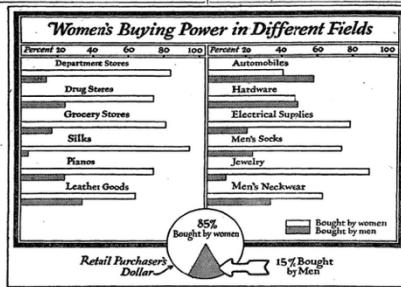
Always of the unexpected lies in the realm of the weather. The pilot has to maneuver through fog, high winds, rain, sleet, snow or hail. Low clouds, great mist and cross-cutting winds give him trouble, while cold air is either obstructing the engine or freezing the fuel tanks down between the fields, his landing is largely a matter of luck and nerve.

He passes that field 2,000 feet up. The wind has changed. Coming from the northwest, it tends to blow him off the course. But by nosing against the wind he holds him to the route as long as he sees it. He can do this at speed, however, and he can no more than guess how fast he is traveling, because the mail holds some of his worries, while the engine holds another. The burning stray clouds (pieces, smoke-like tatters which swirl about the engine) are a third.

The steady, monotonous hum of the engine is reassuring. He notes the machine worn sowy. No use; the mail is there. He climbs still higher. The raindrops have become pellets of hail which sting his face. The cold air is either obstructing the engine or freezing the fuel tanks down between the fields, his landing is largely a matter of luck and nerve.

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Study this chart. Note how vitally women figure as buyers of all kinds of merchandise. Manufacturers who advertise in the Woman's Home Companion are building business for you—no matter what line of merchandise you sell. They are realizing that business in the great majority of cases, really decide how the money shall be spent—the women in 2,000,000 of America's best homes.



RETAIL MERCHANTS: Are you getting your share of THIS woman's trade?

Every retailer knows that women are the most important buyers in all communities. Their trade is the backbone of practically every retail business.

The figures above show how true this is. They are based on reports from hundreds of successful merchants.

How do your sales figures check with these?

Are you getting your full share of the women's trade in your neighborhood? Are you using

your opportunity to get more of it?

Manufacturers are helping you

Manufacturers know how important this woman's trade is to you. They are working hard to bring it into your store.

Run through the pages of the Woman's Home Companion and you will see how

many other manufacturers are advertising in the Woman's Home Companion to help you get the trade of the women in the better homes.

They know that the Companion, reaching 2,000,000 of the better families throughout the country, goes into scores of homes in your neighborhood.

They know that their advertising in the Woman's Home Companion is the best kind of local advertising for you.

**How women respond to
national advertising**

This is shown, for example, by the tremendous number of requests for samples, recipes and other information that manufacturers receive from readers of their national advertising.

For example:

A tooth paste manufacturer, during the past year, has received 385,916 requests for samples of his product.

More than 30,000 women have written to a kitchen cabinet concern for a beautiful booklet describing its cabinets.

Requests for samples have been received by a manufacturer of cosmetics from 360,000 women in the past two years.

A packing power company has, in 18 months, received 1,000,000 requests for samples and brochures.

Manufacturers are constantly mailing out thousands of such samples, recipes and brochures to women. All this is done to create a desire for products you handle—*build sales that you can get.*

**Are you cashing in on this
sales-creating work?**

But after women have read the advertisements in the Woman's Home Companion, and have many samples and brochures, what do they do?

They know that your store is the place to get these products?

Are you, in other words, getting your share of these, the most valuable type of customer you can have—the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION READER?

**How other merchants are
gating it**

On this page is a list of products which manufacturers are advertising in the Woman's Home Companion—in order, as we have said, to reach 2,000,000 of the best families in every neighborhood.

Successful merchants in every line of business have found that a sure way to build greater volume and more profit is to feature the fact that you handle these products—to

let women know that your store is the place to get them.

They are doing this by means of the window displays, counter displays and attractive packages that manufacturers supply them.

Because they realize that, by tying up with the goods advertised in the Woman's Home Companion, they can get the best trade in their neighborhood.

Women are the best buyers in the country, whose incomes are above the average, who have families to clothe and feed, who buy the best and buy it in quantity and in large volumes.

**The simple sure steps to
building business**

Last month we described the way in which a leading Chicago retailer has built a \$250,000 a year business—*by taking advantage of the work of manufacturers*—in the Woman's Home Companion.

No matter what line of business you are in, the same method is open to you. The steps are:

**FIRST: Carry the merchandise ad-
vertised in the Woman's Home
Companion**

**SECOND: Feature this merchandise
—let people know that you carry these
Companion-advertised products.**

What are the names of the products known to be bought? Begin this week to use more and more of these products. Let your customers have sent you, and to build up a clientele of steady-buying, profitable Woman's Home Companion readers.

In the list of Companion-advertised products at the right check those in your line and send to the manufacturer for samples. Salesmen and representatives of these lines for advertising and display suggestions. They will be glad to give them to you.

**Tie to these products advertised in
the Woman's Home Companion**

ATTIRE AND FURNITURE

DRAPERY AND CURTAINS

HOME DECORATING

HOME FURNISHINGS

HOME INTERIORS

HOME DECORATING

HOME FURNISHINGS

HOME DEC