



1. I think Amelia Earhart has contributed more to aviation generally than any other woman. It would be difficult to know exactly what has been her contribution from the standpoint of national defense, but certainly she has been an inspiration to all women flyers.
2. I think that women are perfectly capable of carrying on airline transportation in time of war or emergency, if they could now be given the proper training on proper equipment. Certainly, if we were to have an emergency, there would be no-one to train them and no proper equipment on which to train them, so now is the proper time to prepare for such an emergency.
3. It is a pretty long time to say whether or not Amelia Earhart is alive, but I do think that if the Gilbert group of islands were minutely searched, there is a possibility that the wreckage of her plane, if not the plane itself might be found, and there is a possibility that she might be found alive even today.

Open: Plane Roar

Announcer: "Women who fly" (over plane) "- - - - -"
"Under the auspices of the Ninety-Nine Club of
Women Pilots."

Orchestra: "Over Land and Over Sea". (By Major A. P. de Seversky)

Announcer: "The spirit contained in Major Seversky's musical
tribute to aviation also prevails among women who
fly. As speaker for organized women pilots, Mrs.
Betty Gillies, National President of the 99's is
with us tonight, and it is our privilege now to bring
her to the microphone. Mrs. Gillies.


Betty Gillies: Our broadcast this evening has a two-fold purpose.
This week Ninety-Nines throughout the world celebrate
the eleventh anniversary of our club. But more
particularly, we salute again Amelia Earhart. Amelia
was our first President, and it was she who suggested
that the name of the club be derived from the number
of charter members, which totaled Ninety-and-Nine.
It was essentially due to the prestige which Amelia
brought to the women in aviation that the Ninety-Niners
obtained and maintain such an auspicious position in
aeronautics. Her four years as first president
provided us a heritage of inspiration which has
swelled the ranks of women pilots from 128 in 1929,
to over 1,500 in 1940. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
~~XX~~
~~XXXXXX~~. It is our happiness to stive for the
objective which she and her sister founders wrote
into our charter with these words - I quote -
To provide a close r~~a~~lationship among the women pilots
and unite them in any movement that may be for their
benefit or for that of aviation in general - unquote.

Amelia Earhart and the other 98 conceived no armchair organization. It's members are active pilots, and its major activities are directly concerned with the business and operation of aviation. It's members campaign for aeronautical progressiveness, some of them devoting their time to flight instruction, sales demonstration, and instrument and radio tutelage.

All of us, however, cannot make aviation a complete career, and strangely enough, one of our most outstanding members is one of those for whom flying is only an avocation. I refer to Miss Jacqueline Cochran, who with others in the Ninety-Nines has done so much to contribute to the prestige with which Amelia Earhart endowed our Club. It is my happiness to introduce the three-times winner of the coveted Harmon Aviatrice Trophy, presented each year to the world's outstanding woman flyer, Jackie Cochran.



MISS COCHRAN: Thank you, Betty, for such a compliment. It was my delight to know Amelia Earhart well, and although our friendship was short, measured in time, the memory of our acquaintance is one of my most cherished possessions. The inspiration which she brought to women in aviation has a vastly multiplied value today. The Ninety-Nines, representing women in aviation, had no thought of flying except for sport, although now I believe we can add an invaluable contribution to the emergency prevailing throughout the world. If we need any justification for holding flying licenses, we need merely think of the splendid and heroic jobs being done by women in aviation in England. British girls are not flying in combat or on other direct fighting assignments, but they are doing what the Ninety-Niners can well do here. I believe, and I think my fellow Ninety-Niners will agree with me, that women are not equipped by nature for aerial fighting. But we are by nature well qualified as



teachers and behind-the-lines pilots. As teachers on subjects such as primary instruction, radio and navigation, we could relieve a goodly number of men for combat service in the air. We can also fly courier and supply planes and ferry equipment from factories to air bases. Such a work, and preparation for it, however, should be on a wide national scale, properly supervised and financed by the Federal Government. Like others in the Ninety-Nines, I have been asked frequently what we might do during the world emergency, and I believe our answer inevitably must be that when we might be called by Washington, we will be most happy to accept any job for which we might be qualified. That attitude, I believe, would be most fully subscribed to by our first President. I think the entire Club would subscribe to my appraisal of Amelia Earhart as being a great flyer and a most courageous person. She was all of this, but far more, she was a simple, shy, wholesome girl, interested not only in flying, but in every thing pertaining to a woman's world and to women's progress. Her last flight was endless. She is still soaring on and on through time. We can see her now, smiling and beckoning us to carry on. We Ninety-Niners and our successors will not fail her. And especially at this time will we remember her words - "Courage is the price that life Exacts for granting peace."

This is my expression about Amelia Earhart. Major Bill Robb Wilson, treasured friend of all Ninety-Niners, however, expressed the same thought far more beautifully when he wrote - -

ACTRESS: "Is life more truly ours than yours,
Loved friend we toast tonight?
Are you less present here than we
Who share the candlelight?
Must life be certified in years
And memory by authentic tears,
Or may we hail with valiant cheers
The living. . . not in sight?

Bright spirit of the blue frontier
Where silver navies ply,
No place on all this rolling sphere
Can claim that there you lie.
Though wind and tide may have your wing
They can not quench that living thing,
That deathless passion which must sing
Its song against the sky."

SILENCE

ANNOUNCER: Among the charter members of the Ninety-Nine Club is
Miss Mary Nicholson, who served as Governor of the
Southeastern Section of the organization under Miss
Earhart. As current Governor of the New York-New Jersey
Section of the Club, Miss Nicholson is here tonight, and
it gives me pleasure to introduce her to you. Miss
Nicholson.

ANNOUNCER: Among the charter members of the Ninety-Nine Club is Miss Mary Nicholson, who served as Governor of the Southeastern Section of the organization under Miss Earhart. As current Governor of the New York-New Jersey Section of the Club, Miss Nicholson is here tonight, and it gives me pleasure to introduce her to you. Miss Nicholson.

MARY NICHOLSON: Aside from the subject of the Amelia Earhart Memorial, about which I will have further words later, Dick Ballou, who directs the orchestra for WHN has written and dedicated to the Ninety-Nines a song, which you will now have the pleasure of hearing for the first time on the air. Dick Ballou, the Orchestra, and The Leader's Quartet in "The Song of the Ninety-Nines."

ORCHESTRA AND QUARTET: "The Song of the Ninety-Nines."

MARY NICHOLSON: Thank you, Dick Ballou, and thank you all. I know that my fellow members will be pleased to know that Dick is going to send each of Ninety-Nines a copy of our new song.

It has long been the wish of ^{the} Ninety-Nines to perpetuate the living spirit of Amelia Earhart with a living memorial, and accordingly, the members of the Ninety-Nines have projected a memorial in a form which we feel she would best appreciate. The memorial will provide a scholarship to provide instrument training for a deserving girl pilot, to be nominated each year from among the members of the Ninety-Nine Club. This we believe would be Amelia's wish, and our best evidence of this is the kindness and personal guidance which she was ever ready to accord to any of us who brought our questions and problems to her. Through the memorial scholarship, we feel that we will not only perpetuate the memory of one who has contributed so greatly to aviation, but also enhance the standards of talent and usefulness among WOMEN WHO FLY.

ORCHESTRA: "Song of the Ninety-Nines"

Roar of Airplanes builds up and fades out.

Announcer: WHN.



(1)
ANNOUNCER: (introducing Betty Gillies)

THE SPIRIT CONTAINED IN MAJOR SEVERSKY'S MUSICAL TRIBUTE
TO AVIATION ALSO PREVAILS AMONG ~~THE~~ ^{as} WOMEN WHO FLY. ^{or} SPEAKING
FOR ORGANIZED WOMEN PILOTS, ~~WE ARE FORTUNATE TONIGHT TO HAVE~~
~~WITH US~~ MRS. BETTY GILLIES, NATIONAL PRESIDENT OF THE 99'S, ^{is}
*with us tonight and it is our privilege now to bring her to the micro-
phone.* MRS. GILLIES.

BETTY GILLIES: OUR BROADCAST ~~TONIGHT~~ ^{this evening} HAS A TWO*FOLD PURPOSE. THIS
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ANNIVERSARY OF OUR CLUB. ^{But} MORE PARTICULARLY WE ~~ARE~~ SALUTE
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BE DERIVED FROM THE NUMBER OF CHARTER MEMBERS, WHICH TOTAIED
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BROUGHT TO THE WOMEN IN AVIATION THAT THE ~~99ers~~ OBTAINED
AND MAINTAINED SUCH AN AUSPICIOUS POSITION IN AERONAUTICS.
HER FOUR YEARS AS FIRST PRESIDENT ~~HERITAGE~~ ^{provided us a} OF
^{which has swelled the ranks of women pilots from}
INSPIRATION ~~FOR MOST OF US WHO FOLLOW HER LEAD.~~ ^{28 in 1929 to about in 1940.} IT IS OUR
¹⁰⁰⁰ PRIVILEGE TO STRIVE FOR THE OBJECTIVE WHICH SHE AND HER
^{happiness} SISTER FOUNDERS WROTE INTO OUR CHARTER ~~I QUOTE~~ ^{with these words:} " TO
PROVIDE A CLOSE RELATIONSHIP AMONG THE WOMEN PILOTS AND
UNITE THEM IN ANY MOVEMENT THAT MAY BE FOR THEIR BENEFIT OR
FOR THAT OF AVIATION IN GENERAL." ~~IT PROVIDES FOR ITS MEMBERS INSTRUCTION~~
~~IN NAVIGATION, METEORIOLOGY AND RADIO, FIRST AID AND~~
~~RELATED SUBJECTS.~~ ITS MEMBERS CAMPAIGN FOR AERONAUTICAL

2/
PROGRESSIVENESS, SOME OF THEM DEVOTING THEIR TIME TO FLIGHT INSTRUCTION,
SALES DEMONSTRATION, AND INSTRUMENT AND RADIO TUTELAGE. ~~¶~~ ALL OF US,
HOWEVER, CANNOT MAKE AVIATION A COMPLETE CAREER, AND STRANGELY ENOUGH
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AN AVOCATION. I REFER TO MISS JACQUELINE COCHRAN, WHO WITH OTHERS
IN THE 99'S HAS DONE SO MUCH TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE PRESTIGE WITH WHICH
AMELIA EARHART ENDOWED OUR CLUB. IT IS MY HAPPINESS TO ~~introduce~~
~~MICROPHONE MISS COCHRAN.~~

the three-time winner of the Harmon
trophy as the world's outstanding
woman flyer,
~~and~~, Jackie Cochran,



3

MISS COCHRAN: THANK YOU BETTY FOR SUCH A COMPLIMENT. IT WAS MY ~~PRIVILEGE~~ ^{delight} TO KNOW AMELIA EARHART WELL, AND ALTHOUGH OUR FRIENDSHIP WAS SHORT MEASURED IN TIME, THE MEMORY OF OUR ACQUAINTANCE IS ONE OF MY MOST CHERISHED POSSESSIONS. THE INSPIRATION WHICH SHE BROUGHT TO WOMEN IN AVIATION HAS A VASTLY-MULTIPLIED VALUE TODAY. THE 99'S, REPRESENTING WOMEN IN AVIATION, HAD NO THOUGHT OF FLYING EXCEPT FOR SPORT, ALTHOUGH NOW I BELIEVE WE CAN ADD AN INVALUABLE CONTRIBUTION TO THE EMERGENCY PREVAILING THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. IF WE NEED ANY JUSTIFICATION FOR HOLDING FLYING LICENSES, WE NEED MERELY THINK OF THE ~~SPLENDID JOBS~~ ^{heroic} BEING DONE BY WOMEN IN AVIATION IN ENGLAND. BRITISH GIRLS ARE NOT FLYING IN COMBAT OR ON ^{other} DIRECT FIGHTING ASSIGNMENTS, BUT THEY ARE DOING WHAT THE 99'ERS CAN WELL DO HERE. I BELIEVE AND I THINK MY FELLOW NINETY-NINERS WILL AGREE WITH ME THAT WOMEN ARE NOT EQUIPPED BY NATURE FOR AERIAL FIGHTING. BUT WE ARE BY NATURE WELL QUALIFIED AS TEACHERS AND BEHIND-THE-LINES PILOTS. AS TEACHERS ON SUBJECTS SUCH AS PRIMARY INSTRUCTION, RADIO AND NAVIGATION, WE COULD RELIEVE A GOODLY NUMBER OF MEN FOR ~~FIGHTING AND FRONT LINE DEFENSE~~ ^{combat service in the air}. WE CAN ALSO FLY COURIER AND SUPPLY PLANES AND FERRY ~~TRANSFERS~~ ^{equipment} FROM FACTORIES TO AIR BASES. SUCH A WORK AND PREPARATION FOR IT, HOWEVER, SHOULD BE ON A WIDE NATIONAL SCALE, PROPERLY SUPERVISED AND FINANCED BY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. LIKE OTHERS IN THE NINETY-NINES I HAVE BEEN ASKED FREQUENTLY WHAT WE MIGHT DO DURING THE WORLD EMERGENCY, AND I BELIEVE OUR ANSWER INEVITABLY MUST BE THAT WHEN WE MIGHT BE CALLED BY WASHINGTON, WE WILL BE MOST HAPPY TO ~~ACCEPT~~ ACCEPT ANY JOB FOR WHICH WE MIGHT BE QUALIFIED. THAT ATTITUDE, I BELIEVE, WOULD BE MOST FULLY SUBSCRIBED TO BY OUR FIRST PRESIDENT. I THINK THE ENTIRE CLUB WOULD SUBSCRIBE TO MY APPRAISAL OF AMELIA EARHART AS BEING

4
THESE ARE MY WORDS ABOUT AMELIA EARHART. MAJOR GILL ROBB
WILSON, TREASURED FRIEND OF ALL NINETY-NINERS, HOWEVER, EXPRESSED
THE SAME THOUGHT FAR MORE BEAUTIFULLY WHEN HE WROTE:

ACTRESS: " IS LIFE MORE TRULY OURS THAN YOURS * * * * *



SILENCE

ANNOUNCER: AMONG THE CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE NINETY*NINE CLUB IS MISS MARY
NICHOLSON, WHO SERVED AS GOVERNOR OF THE SOUTHEASTERN SECTION OF
THE ORGANIZATION UNDER MISS EARHART. AS CURRENT GOVERNOR OF
THE NEW YORK-NEW JERSEY SECTION OF THE CLUB MISS NICHOLSON IS
HERE TONIGHT, AND IT GIVES ME PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE HER TO YOU.
MISS NICHOLSON:

Mary Nicholson: ASIDE FROM THE SUBJECT OF THE AMELIA EARHART MEMORIAL,
ABOUT WHICH I WILL HAVE FURTHER WORDS LATER, DICK BAILLOU, WHO
DIRECTS THE ORCHESTRA FOR WHN HAS WRITTEN AND DEDICATED TO THE
99'S A SONG WHICH YOU WILL ^{now} HAVE THE PLEASURE OF HEARING FOR THE
FIRST TIME ON THE AIR. DICK BAILLOU, THE ORCHESTRA AND THE
LEADER'S QUARTET * "THE SONG OF THE 99'S."

SONG.

MARY NICHOLSON: THANK YOU, DICKBAILLOU, AND THANK YOU ALL. I KNOW THAT ALL
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APPRECIATE. THE MEMORIAL ^{will provide} ~~WILL PROVIDE~~ INCLUDES A SCHOLARSHIP TO
PROVIDE INSTRUMENT TRAINING FOR A DESERVING GIRL PILOT, TO BE
NOMINATED EACH YEAR FROM AMONG THE MEMBERS OF THE 99 CLUB.

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 perpetuate Y. G. at 5. Y.
 memorial ~ ~~DL 70 995 P~~
 DL 70 995 ~ project-1
 memorial ~ P A E - 2



19 ~ DL 70 995 P
 ~ DL 70 995 P ~ personal
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 ~ DL 70 995 P ~ father
 ~ DL 70 995 P ~ relationships
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MISS COCHRAN: THANK YOU VERY MUCH, BETTY, FOR SUCH A NICE COMPLIMENT. IT WAS MY PRIVILEGE TO KNOW AMELIA EARHART WELL. OUR FRIENDSHIP WAS NOT LONG, MEASURED IN TIME, BUT THE MEMORY OF THAT ACQUAINTANCE IS ONE OF MY MOST CHERISHED POSSESSIONS. THE INSPIRATION WHICH SHE BROUGHT TO WOMEN IN AVIATION IS VASTLY MULTIPLIED TODAY. THE NINETY-NINES, REPRESENTING WOMEN IN AVIATION, HAD NO THOUGHT FOR FLYING EXCEPT FOR SPORT, ALTHOUGH NOW I BELIEVE WE CAN ADD AN INVALUABLE CONTRIBUTION TO THE EMERGENCY PREVAILING THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. IF WE NEED ANY JUSTIFICATION FOR HOLDING FLYING LICENSES, WE ONLY HAVE TO STOP AND THINK OF THE SPLENDID AND HEROIC JOBS BEING DONE BY THE WOMEN IN AVIATION IN ENGLAND. ENGLISH GIRLS ARE NOT FLYING IN COMBAT OR ON OTHER DIRECT FIGHTING ASSIGNMENTS, BUT THEY ARE DOING WHAT THE NINETY-NINERS CAN DO WELL HERE. I BELIEVE, AND I THINK MY FELLOW NINETY-NINERS WILL AGREE WITH ME, THAT WOMEN ARE NOT EQUIPPED BY NATURE FOR AERIAL COMBAT. BUT WE ARE BY NATURE WELL QUALIFIED AS TEACHERS AND BEHIND-THE-LINES PILOTS. AS TEACHERS ON SUBJECTS SUCH AS PRIMARY INSTRUCTION, RADIO AND NAVIGATION, WE COULD RELIEVE THOUSANDS OF MEN FOR COMBAT SERVICE IN THE AIR. WE CAN ALSO FLY COURIER AND SUPPLY PLANES AND FERRY EQUIPMENT FROM FACTORIES TO AIR BASES. SUCH A WORK, AND PREPARATION FOR IT, HOWEVER, SHOULD BE ON A WIDE NATIONAL SCALE, PROPERLY SUPERVISED AND FINANCED BY THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. LIKE OTHERS IN THE NINETY-NINES, I HAVE BEEN ASKED MANY TIMES WHAT WE MIGHT DO DURING THE WORLD EMERGENCY, AND I BELIEVE OUR ANSWER MUST BE THAT WHEN WE ARE CALLED BY WASHINGTON, WE WILL BE MOST HAPPY TO ACCEPT ANY JOB. THAT ATTITUDE, I BELIEVE, WOULD MEET WITH THE FULL APPROVAL OF

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THIS IS MY EXPRESSION ABOUT AMELIA EARHART. HOWEVER, MAJOR GILL ROBE WILSON, TREASURED FRIEND OF ALL NINETY-NINERS EXPRESSED THE SAME THOUGHT FAR MORE BEAUTIFULLY WHEN HE WROTE THESE WORDS



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"COURAGE is the price that life exacts for granting peace." You have heard these words as Amelia's. They were Amelia in fact and deed. Her restless soul sought peace. She offered courage which she had in plenty.

We are not here today to offer any memorial to Amelia Earhart but to pay tribute to her. That to me is much more fitting. For I still have faith that she is with us. Amelia spent much time in our desert home during last winter and spring, resting and otherwise preparing for her flight. We discussed her plans in detail with her and with George Putnam, who gave in full measure of his time and resources to her great adventure.

She was qualified and she was prepared. She knew the risks involved and she took them, that is true courage. That portion of her radio which was used to guide her ship to the station on Howland Island failed her - that is clear - Perhaps other mechanical aids failed also, and celestial navigation is least reliable in the early daylight hours when she was nearing the end of her journey. Even the elements themselves seemed to conspire because the usually cloudless sky was overcast and visibility was poor. The Island was but a dot - like a needle in a haystack. But Amelia was calm in danger and she was resourceful, and there were other Islands not too far away. She had studied their location and their characteristics carefully. She could by possibility be on one of them. I choose to think so. If so, she is self-sufficient.



Her husband, George Putnam, spent many hours with us in Los Angeles during the days of the navy search. We were with him when word came that the search had stopped, And we shared with him his agony. We also saw the fortitude which so endeared him to Amelia. He was the only one who could tune into her mental attitude and write the last chapters of the book on which she was working before she left ~~on her first solo voyage.~~

And if you could be privileged to know Amelia's mother you would know why Amelia had what it takes. She inherited it. All during those black days that brave woman never faltered. If faith can accomplish all, then her mother's abiding faith will bring her back.

I have said that Amelia knew the risk. Let me give one example. She gave me a small American flag that she had carried on all her major flights and started to autograph it. I asked her to take it with her on the round-the-world flight and autograph it on her return. She replied, "No, you better take it now and be sure."

To the world Amelia Earhart was a great flyer. Her heroic flight solo across the North Atlantic, then across the Pacific from Honolulu, then across the Mexican Gulf from Mexico City, and finally across the South Atlantic to Africa, are impressed on our memories as outstanding accomplishments.



She was a great flyer, but to those of us who were privileged to know her intimately she was far more than that. She was a well-rounded personality. Her great feats in the air took but a few months in all. But she was busy always. The Social Welfare work that occupied her earlier years left its permanent impress. She was interested in the poor and the unfortunate. She would go out of her way to give help or happiness where she could. She was an ardent feminist and did so very much to interest women in flying and to advance their cause. She advised young women as to careers at Purdue University. She was a loyal friend and a sweet unselfish character.

She was as simple as she was famous. She preferred a pair of slacks to silks. She preferred a lap lunch before the roaring fireplace to the finest service of the most elegant dining room. She was the same, whether with her friends, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, or with her mechanics and others doing ground flying sitting on camp stools in the hangar.

A poet whose name I forget wrote the following lines which remind me of Amelia:

"The mind of man has willed
and won

The impossible is done

And now they call us
from the upper air

To leave the old and take the
lyric dare

To hazard incredible chance

To seize dominion over
circumstance

For the flight of man is endless

Each goal is but a tavern for
his soul

Only a camp for the night

In man's eternal flight."

And so it is with Amelia. If her last flight was into eternity one can mourn her loss, but not regret her effort. One who seeks to conquer oceans - to take the "increditable chance" would not have it otherwise. She did not lose. Her last flight was endless. Like in a relay race of progress she has merely placed the torch in the hands of others to carry on to the next goal and from there on and on forever.



435 E52
N.Y.C.



Amelia Earhart was my inspiration. She was more; she was my friend.

Our close friendship was not long in duration measured in time, but it was deep.

In the fall of 1936 she invited me to fly to the coast with her as co-pilot in her Electra. I sensed in advance that there was something in the making. During that trip she unfolded the plans for her "Last Flight." It was to be that in fact. On her return, I was to have the privilege and honor, if I pleased, of using her ship in a then projected race to Paris.

My desert ranch house ^{in California} became her retreat where she built up strength for her flight and planned and planned. I see her now by day streaking across the desert on horseback with the joy of living mirrored on her face, or ^{by} ~~of an~~ evening stretched out full length on the floor before the fireplace studying maps, talking, or perhaps just watching the shooting flames. Over in the far corner of the room was a large globe of the earth lighted from the inside. We drew lines on that globe. We studied ~~the~~ Howland Island and the numerous other islands in the general vicinity. She had courage and confidence, but make no mistake that she rested on these. Emergencies and alternate plans to meet them were always under consideration.

My sixth sense caused me to have vague apprehensions. First, I prevailed on her to take the bright colored kite that I had made for the Australian race. It might help ^{locate her} in case of a forced landing. Later, I obtained and had put in her ship a few cans of powdered bananas ^{being emergency} - enough food ~~to keep going~~ for three weeks. And just before the flight, I selected and gave to her a set of fish hooks and



lines.

She too, I believe, peered into the future and had a glimpse of the reality. A few days before leaving, she gave me a small silk American flag that she had carried on all her major flights and started to autograph it. I asked her to take it with her and autograph it on her return. She replied "No, you better take it now."

To the world, Amelia was a great flyer and a most courageous person. She was in truth all this, but far more, she was a simple, shy, wholesome person interested not only in flying but in everything pertaining to a woman's world, and to women's progress.

Her flights were and will **ever** remain heroic. Accomplishment and progress are measured in the light of circumstances at the time. Her records of time and speed will all quickly be surpassed, even if any now remain. That is as it should be, and as she would have it. But every plane that speeds across the continent at three hundred or four hundred or five hundred miles an hour will only be paying another tribute to Amelia and the other air pioneers who blazed the trail; and every Clipper that methodically and regularly carries its full complement of passengers in comfort across the Atlantic might well in mid-Atlantic dip a thankful salute to the woman we Ninety-Niners are ^{memorializing} honoring tonight.

I have the great privilege of knowing Amelia's mother, and I was with her during those tragic days when the naval search was on and when it was abandoned. Her courage and her understanding were boundless. It takes such as Mrs. Earhart to give to the world such as Amelia. She gave me new faith in life.

Amelia's last flight was endless. She is still soaring on and on through eternity. I seem to see her now and she is smiling and beckoning to us to carry on. We Ninety-Niners and our successors ^{will} ~~shall~~ not fail her. Remember her words, "Courage is the price that life exacts for granting peace".



"COURAGE is the price that life exacts for granting peace."

You have heard these words as Amelia's. They were Amelia in fact and deed. Her restless soul sought peace. She offered courage which she had in plenty.

We are not here today to offer any memorial to Amelia Earhart but to pay tribute to her. That to me is much more fitting. For I still have faith that she ^{is} ~~will be~~ with us. Amelia spent much time ^{in our} ~~on my~~ desert ^{home} ~~ranch~~ during last winter and spring, resting and otherwise preparing for her ~~last~~ flight. ~~We~~ discussed her plans in detail with her, and with George Putnam who gave in full measure of his time and resources to her great adventure.

She was qualified and she was prepared. She knew the risks involved and she took them, that is true courage. That portion of her radio which was used to guide her ship to the station on Howland Island failed her.- That is clear. - Perhaps other mechanical aids failed also, and celestial navigation is least reliable in the early daylight hours when she was nearing the end of her journey. Even the elements themselves seemed to conspire because the usually cloudless sky was overcast and visibility was poor. The Island was but a dot - like a needle in a haystack. But Amelia was calm in danger and she was resourceful, and there were other Islands not too far away. She had studied their location and their characteristics carefully. She could by possibility be on one of them. I choose to think so. If so, she is self-sufficient.

Her husband, George Putnam, spent many hours with us in Los Angeles during the days of the navy search. We were with



him when word came that the search had stopped and we shared with him his agony ~~and lament~~ ^{Torment}. We also saw the fortitude which so endeared him to Amelia. He was the only one who could tune into her mental attitude and write the last chapters of the book on which she was working before she left on her glorious adventure.

And if you could be privileged to know Amelia's mother you would know why Amelia had what it takes. She inherited it. All during those black days that brave woman never faltered. If faith can accomplish all then her mother's abiding faith will bring her back.

I have said that Amelia knew the risk. Let me give one example. She gave me a small ~~stick~~ American flag that she had carried on all her major flights and started to autograph it. I asked her to take it with her on the round-the-world flight and autograph it on her return. She replied, "No, you better take it now and be sure."

To the world Amelia Earhart was a great flyer. Her heroic flight solo across the North Atlantic, then across the Pacific from Honolulu, then across the Mexican Gulf from Mexico City, and finally across the South Atlantic to Africa, are impressed on our memories as outstanding accomplishments.

She was a great flyer but to those of us who were privileged to know her intimately she was far more than that. She was a ~~great~~ well-rounded personality. Her great feats in the air took but a few months in all. But she was busy always.

The Social Welfare work that occupied her earlier years left its permanent impress. She was interested in the poor



and the unfortunate. She would go out of her way to give help or happiness where she could. She was an ardent feminist and did so very much to interest women in flying and to advance their cause. She advised young women as to careers at Purdue University. She was a loyal friend and a sweet unselfish character.

She was as simple as she was famous. She preferred a pair of slacks to ^(silk)laces and finery.) She preferred a lap lunch before the roaring fireplace to the finest service of the most elegant dining room. She was the same, whether with her friends, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, or with her mechanics and others ^{doing} ground flying sitting on camp stools in the hangar.

A poet whose name I forget wrote the following lines which remind me of Amelia:

"The mind of man has willed
and won

The impossible is done

And now they call us
from the upper air

To leave the old and take the
lyric dare

To hazard increditable chance

To seize dominion over
circumstance

For the flight of man is endless

Each goal is but a tavern for
his soul

Only a camp for the night

In man's eternal flight."



And so it is with Amelia. If her last flight was into
eternity one can mourn her loss, but not regret her effort.
✓ One who seeks to conquer oceans - to take the "Incredible
chance" would not have it otherwise. She did not lose.
Her last flight was endless. Like in a relay race of
progress she has merely placed the torch in the hands of
others to carry on^{to} the next goal and from there on and on
forever.

THE BENDIX AIR RACE

by

JACQUELINE COCHRAN

The Bendix cross country air race is to aviation what the Kentucky Derby is to horse breeders. It is America's classic. Indeed, it is the outstanding regular long distance air race of the world. Occasionally some country puts on a comparable event such as the London-Australian race in 1934, but the Bendix goes on year after year, rain or shine, to open the National Air Races around Labor Day.

The race at best is a hard one even when the skys are clear and smooth. More often than not the weather is not so good and then it becomes an exceedingly grueling contest. Always there are keen disappointments for the pilots and often times heart breaking ones.

The prize money amounts to about \$30,000.00 and of course each pilot is shooting at this purse as his immediate objective. But fundamentally there is much more at stake. This must be so, for I doubt if there is a single year in which the cost to the contestants in the aggregate does not exceed the total prize money. In the year 1936 more than \$125,000.00 worth of equipment alone which had been entered in the race was destroyed either during the race or in preparation for it. No! It's the urge to do something for ones self or for aviation and not the money that drives



one on. There isn't a professional racing pilot who has built up any surplus from his racing activities. He travels and lives the hard way and if he gets a windfall it goes right back into better equipment.

I can consider myself a **veteran** of the Bendix air race, for I have been an entrant each of the last five years. In fact, I got the race opened to women in 1934. Three times I have started. Twice I have finished. And last year, I won first. Once my ship wasn't finished in time to make good my entry and once my ship was destroyed in a crash a few weeks before the date of the race.

It is my purpose to tell you the story of the Bendix race from the pilot's angle. The public thrills during the take offs and thrills again while the planes flash across the finish line. They see the pilot smile and wave nonchalantly just before he "gives her the gun" for take-off little realizing that the plane may be weighted down with gas until it is more than twice as heavy in proportion to its wing area as the most heavily loaded transport and the pilot may be wondering whether he will reach the end of the field alive. They see the pilot again smiling at the end of the race and speaking into the microphone, but they are usually not close enough to see the deep lines of fatigue and worry in his face. I lose about six pounds in weight during the race, and I only have 117



pounds to start with. I wonder if beefy Roscoe Turner has ever weighed in and out.

It's a way with racing pilots that usually neither they nor their planes are ready until the last minute. All their well laid plans for sleep and other forms of training go astray. But also they are so busy that they don't get jittery at the last, at least in their waking moments. I'm told on good authority that the number one racing pilot for 1938, that is to say Roscoe Turner, gets the most horrible nightmares before his races and has been known to jump up and break the furniture in his bedroom and indeed on one occasion to try and jump out the window as if he were trying to bail out of a falling plane. A little bird told me that on another occasion, he had to be tied in bed by his roommate. As for number two racing pilot of 1938, I haven't gone quite that far in my physical manifestations of inward nervous tension. That is to say, I haven't broken a bed yet or started to bail out through a window. But almost. And before going up to establish a world's 3-kilometer speed record for women, I sat in the back of an automobile shaking as if I had the ague. A crack old time army pilot was sitting there with me, and he said, "I know exactly how you feel. I've done the same thing myself on more than one occasion." It isn't fear. It's something else that I can't well describe and it



all disappears the moment one climbs into the ship.

Let me tell you how I prepared and trained for the last Bendix race. I kept my schedule as never before.

The race was on September 1st. As early as July I had my special maps prepared for four different routes with every landmark, every beacon and every radio station and radio beam carefully marked. Until the time of take-off after last minute checks as to weather and winds aloft, I wouldn't know which course to choose. One course was to the South, paralleling the TWA flight course to Kansas City. It was longer, but had the benefit of many airports, beacons and radio facilities. The second course was about 100 miles north of this TWA line, but did cross over Santa Fe New Mexico and one or two dry lake beds that could be used if necessary. The third was the direct great circle route that led right across the highest and most rugged part of the Rockies and for over 400 miles offered nothing by way of hope to a pilot in distress. It was shorter than the first course by about 15 minutes flying time, and shorter than the

second by about 8 minutes. The fourth course led roughly through Salt Lake City, Utah and Cheyenne, Wyoming. It would only be taken if storms in the south or helping winds in the north would more than make up for the additional distance to be flown. I actually flew route No. 2. I would have been better off if I had flown route No. 1 as it turned out, but I didn't know it at the time and anyway, I had loaned my route ~~1~~ maps to Max Constant (who was flying my Beechcraft in the race,) had called for them at midnight and he sent word I had them. He struck out over Route No. 3 and when well on his way discovered he still had my maps with him. He told me his face got awfully red but neither he nor I saw anything of the earth after the first hour, so the maps were rather useless anyway.

Only one thing I didn't have marked on these maps in advance, and that was the points along the way where I should burn out the gas in the respective tanks if the engine was drinking it correctly, and I was flying according to schedule. I actually burned the gas out of a particular tank until it ran dry and the engine sputtered or stopped, but the marks on the maps were a nice way of checking whether I could get through nonstop without slowing up.

The next item in preparation was to qualify under the rules of the race by putting in five hours time in the ship I was going to fly. That was a problem. It was a Seversky Pursuit ship owned by the factory and still in course of construction. I had flown an earlier model the year before but this one was to have wings that were gas tanks as well and was to have fully retractible landing gear. About the 15th of August I went out to the factory and on three successive days put in 2 hours flying time in the same fuselage I was going to fly but with the landing gear and some other parts different. The ship in final form would not be ready before about the 23rd or later, and so that was the best I could do. In fact there was no time to install the new landing gear and the ship was finally turned over to me for the race in about the same form I had flown it.



Following this six hours of flying in the Seversky I took off at daybreak to fly out to Los Angeles from New York in my own Beechcraft. I wanted to fly Course No. 2 in reverse to see the country and study the radio beams. Besides, I was delivering the ship to Max Constant to fly in the race with the proviso attached, however, that if the Seversky did not show up in time I would fly the Beechcraft myself. I had filled the passenger compartment with gas tanks so that it would fly from Los Angeles to Cleveland nonstop. The previous year I had fewer extra tanks in it and had to stop in Wichita for refueling. Max and I were sure that the Beechcraft would take off with this heavy load but we marvelled that it just didn't flatten out on the ground. The landing gear was not supposed to support all this poundage.

Having arrived in Los Angeles there were two things I wanted to do and they worked well together. I was almost certain I would take off in the race shortly after midnight. I felt that this would be the best insurance against being caught in a morning fog, and then too, an engine performs slightly better in the night air. So I wanted to put in several hours practicing night take offs and landings. Not that I expected to land at night in the race, but one can never tell what might happen; also I wanted to be rested at the start of the race. So I initiated the habit of going to bed soon after noon and getting up and going out to the airport around midnight. The Seversky was not yet there. It came three days before the race in a record breaking dash with Major Seversky, the designer and builder at the controls. I fixed him for that by flying it back to New York in faster time than he flew it out. When I joked him about this he tells me he had headwind and I had some tail wind. Then I reply that through necessity I burned less gasoline to make it nonstop to Cleveland and therefore took less power out of the engine and besides, flew the ship at high altitude and blind. Then the fight is on. But it's all in fun, because I recognize that there is no better pilot in the world than Major Seversky. He was Russia's ace before I was out of the Kintergarden.

Between the time of my arrival at the airport and daylight I would fly in and out of the field in my Beechcraft. It was excellent training. I had done a lot of night flying in 1935 and 1936, but felt a little out of practice. I did this work without help from the floodlights or my landing lights for I had found on previous occasions that the flood light sometimes has a tendency to blur one's vision momentarily. What is even worse is the photographer's flashlight bulb. One should not take off for several minutes after having had one of these things go off in his face.

After the Seversky arrived I felt it inadvisable to take it into the air. If the least thing should happen there wouldn't be time to fix it. I hadn't the slightest doubt that I could take it off fully loaded and I wasn't going to do so just to prove to myself what I already knew. I didn't want to be like the negro who bet he could drink a gallon of beer without stopping. He couldn't understand his failure and loss of bet because he said he had just the minute before done so to find out if he could. Bernarr MacFadden did a bit of cavorting two days before the race in the Northrop Gamma he bought from me and one off keel landing put him out of the race altogether. He had made many landings in the ship before and will make many more in the future, but it was just one of those things that can happen.

But I did sit in the cockpit and study all the instruments by the hour. There are about a hundred or more buttons, levers, and other gadgets to push, pull or twirl. And you can't get your rule book out in case of need. I would close my eyes and reach for them in the dark. I kept at this until I could get to them all blindfolded with no false moves.

The day before the race I put in an extra two hours sleep. What if I did do a bit of hollering in my sleep as they say I did. Anyway, I awoke around 11:00 feeling quite rested. Major Seversky was entertaining friends in the Coconut Grove and had asked me to join him there, so he could go to the airport with me. I sat at his table in my flying clothes a few

minutes, but refused to let the photographers take pictures. Do you know why? I felt that if I should be killed during the race that picture might be shown and some one might mistake the glass of water before me for something stronger. That would be a bad thing for racing as well as for me. I didn't worry about being killed, but I didn't want to be wrongfully talked about. One time I was within two seconds of heaven with Amelia Earhart, and my only thought was that I was going to glory in good company.

I arrived at the airport only in time for my take off, which was set for 3:00 in the morning.

Some 40,000 people lined the field and I had the unhappy experience three years before of getting there early and being pushed and pulled around so much that what with the fog that was settling in and the grave question whether my ship in its then condition would make the grade, I went out behind the hangar and did to my supper what the whale did to Jonah. Maybe it was the smell of varnish that permeated the hangar, maybe it was the hot tomale and pop I had eaten in the field restaurant, but maybe it was just plain nerves.

The Seversky plane was already down at the far end of the runway and fully loaded. Someone had stated the day before that a young boy was boasting that he was going through to Cleveland as a stowaway. A stowaway in my ship would have been just too bad. We would never have gotten to Cleveland and probably never would have made a takeoff. So I took a flash light and checked the little back compartment through which the control wires run and which was carrying an emergency gas tank.

The Major was afraid I might get too cold so loaned me his leather jacket. The field lights were turned off. I did not put the ship's landing lights on for because of the mechanism they would have to be turned off before I could push the lever that raises the landing gear, and I didn't want to lose even that time in getting the gear up for the ship was very heavily loaded. Besides, if a fuse had blown out I might be out of luck. So I trained my eye



on an electric light way down at the far end of the field and opened the throttle. The power was there and the response also, and I cleared the ground before I had gone much beyond the half way mark. It was a good takeoff and I was mightily pleased with myself and the ship. The last time I had taken off in a previous model I had carried a large load of gas way off the center of gravity and the ship porpoised on me for well over an hour. It was like riding a chute-the-chute. That was more than I had reckoned for even by day, and it had been my one worry, for at night and over the mountains it would be even less pleasant.

Once safely in the air, I switched off the belly tank and switched on the special tank so as to rid myself of the off center load as quickly as possible.

Now I must revert to my flight plan. A careful check with the factory experts disclosed that I could not fly the ship at the best altitude for speed and with a full throttle and have enough gas to get through. Gas consumption, altitude and throttle must all be equated into the best results for the distance to be flown. The decision was to fly at 16,000 feet with something less than wide open throttle and I would arrive with 20 gallons of gas. The weather showed storms ahead blowing northward from the Gulf of Mexico. The farther north the route chosen to fly, the higher the storm area would ascend. I chose route No. 2, and over this route I expected at 16,000 feet to clear most of the weather. But this did not prove to be the case, and the weather got rapidly worse. All airlines were grounded after I had taken off, but I didn't know this until after I had landed in New York.

The first hour went fine. The weather was clear and I was still on the TWA airline course so had opportunity to check my compass between two beacons. It was well I did, for it was 10° degrees off true and soon the compass was the only thing I had to depend on.

Over Arizona I hit "the soup". One clear hole in the clouds a little



later showed me the top of a mountain I knew and showed me to be directly on my course. The static was so bad I could get no reception on my radio although I was able to send messages and near Albuquerque I had the operator count to let me know I was being heard. I tried to adjust the radio station finder that was in the ship but it would not work either. So for me it became a question of instrument flying by compass. The first word I got over the radio was from the Cleveland operator just as I was circling the field. He told me to land on the grand stand side. My plans had been made to the contrary, but one must obey the voice from the field tower.

Of course I had been breathing oxygen almost from the time I took off. A tube from the oxygen tank led to a pipe stem which I held between my teeth.

I kept slowly climbing to see if I could get over the weather. When I reached 23,000 feet I was still in it, and then ice coated over my cockpit so I couldn't see out anyway. I came down a bit to try and avoid the ice.

Instrument flying gets to be very tiring after the first couple of hours. For best performance one must keep the plane in level flight without gaining or losing altitude or letting one wing get higher than the other. Eyes must keep dancing from instrument to instrument both those governing engine performance and those governing flight. But it's not monotonous like flying under a hood with some one watching out for other planes and even keeping track of the engine instruments. No! When in the soup and rough weather on instruments, one is very much wide awake.

I found my plane becoming wing heavy to add to my woes. We had installed a special fuel line through which the gas from the two wings would feed out at the same time. This was made necessary by the installation of the extra head tank. But the wings weren't feeding out together. One was not apparently feeding out at all, and finally the engine stopped. It stopped with me up there about 23,000 feet with my windshield coated over with ice



and with the stick being held over by muscular strength to keep the ship in flying position. I bent over to switch on the belly tank and start the engine. When I straightened up, my ship was way over on one wing, almost flying on its side. I went into a spiral. The rules I had learned didn't work so well, but I finally got the ship into a dive and straightened it out while coming out of the dive. The maneuver cost me several thousand feet of altitude. I then pushed it over so the empty wing was lower than the full one, and fed gas from one to the other that way until things were in balance. Then I switched back to the wing tanks and by a process of repetition of these maneuvers finally drained both wings dry. This is a new type of wing. No other ship has it that I know of and it is a great advancement because of the range it gives the ship. The fault was not with the wings or tanks, but only with the special piping we had inserted to get the use of an extra emergency fuel tank.

The Wichita radio beam was out of order. I didn't know this, although I had passed over Wichita because I was not getting reception anyway, but it caused some of the other pilots in the race who had to stop there for fuel some trouble and some loss of time.

And how cold it was up there. I had come down somewhat in altitude to try and free my ship of ice, but at any altitude I was perishing with cold. My feet felt like chunks of ice. I had some hot coffee along in a thermos bottle, but when I reached altitude the top blew out of the bottle and let the contents cool. Anyway, I was too busy to reach for the bottle. I sucked lozenges to keep my throat moist as well as for the fun of it. And I sucked oxygen.

The first spot of land I saw was over the Mississippi River near St. Louis, I recognized the jetties and knew I was within 5 miles of the dead center of my course. Then I started slowly descending and the next real piece of earth I saw was over St. Mary's Lakes in Ohio. That told me I was



about 5 miles north of my course. I thought I corrected for this, but when I saw Cleveland, I was still five miles north of my direct course to the airport, and going so fast that I had to pass the airport up in my turn and come in from the wrong side. It was Corrigan day at the airport, so it was the right thing to do anyway, even at the cost of a couple of minutes. Tex Rankin put all his stunting on backwards that day in honor of Corrigan, and they tell me it was a sight to see.

I was the third to leave Los Angeles and the first to arrive in Cleveland, but that did not mean I had won the race, for some of my keenest competitors left after I did. Frank Fuller also flying a Seversky in which he had won the race the previous year still had forty-five minutes to get in and beat me.

All my plans had been made to avoid the crowd, ~~for~~ refuel on the other side of the field and immediately take off on the second leg of the race to New York. \$7,000 additional was at stake, as well as a women's transcontinental record. This second leg was voluntary with the pilots and 15 minutes could be taken out without penalty at Cleveland. But the racing authorities took charge and for thirty minutes I was ~~in~~ at the grandstand. In all, about forty minutes time was lost. It was not until after I reached New York that I knew I had won the race. My own Beechcraft came in fourth and a grand job of flying, Max Constant did in it too. He also went to 23,000 feet without beneficial results. Near Denver, he flew over a cloudburst. His radio worked perfectly. Frank Fuller, in another Seversky, was second by about 18 minutes. He flew a little to the south of my course and took on fuel at Wichita. Paul Mantz, an old racing veteran took third. Three of the ships did not finish, but no ship was damaged and no pilot hurt. It was the toughest weather the Bendix racers have encountered and yet luck played with them.

Two years before, one ship hit a rough spot when fully loaded and going at top speed. It simply tore apart. The pilot shocked into insensibility, woke up in the air, pulled his parachute cord and landed safely. An airline

took him to the air races, where he was entered in a pylon event the following day. In that race he cracked up on landing. Two ships wrecked in two days and hardly a scratch on himself. That's almost a charmed life. That same year Benny Howard and his wife, while well ahead of the field of racers and set for a new record, lost their propellor over New Mexico and in the resulting crash were badly injured. A year later, Benny was back, minus one leg, testing the new transports and doing experimental flying work for United Airlines. "Mike" Howard, his wife, has also been back in the air doing solo work. You can't keep good men down.

Also, that same year Roscoe Turner, while flying cross continent to reach the starting point of the race in New York, crashed in New Mexico and was brought back to Los Angeles with a couple of broken ribs. He called me on the telephone to console me for I had lost my own ship the week before in an early morning trial flight by the test pilot. During the conversation we hit upon a plan which was startling. I had a GeeBee racing plane out at the airport which I believed was at least fit to fly, and it had two cockpits and dual controls. The race was twenty-four hours away, and the starting point twenty-five hundred miles eastward. Why not fly it back east and return west in the race as a defiant gesture! Roscoe jumped at the idea and within two hours was out at the airport, broken ribs and all. But the engine was out of the ship and would take too many hours to install it. We knew that at least two ships in the race could beat us, but those two ships crashed, and had we thought of our stunt ten hours sooner, we would have won the race, for we were 40 miles an hour faster than the winning time that year. That is, we would have won if we ourselves hadn't encountered hard luck. That particular ship breathed of misfortune for me. It has been in three Bendix races and has yet to finish one. I started out for Australia in it, but had to stop when I made my first landing in Roumania. And it succeeded in finishing near to last in one of the Thompson Trophy races. Just recently

it has redeemed itself I understand by making a new record from Los Angeles to Mexico City. Each racing plane has an interesting story of its own and the story of this GeeBee is the story of a weak, treacherous character that will come to no good end.

Having arrived in New York with a Bendix winning and a new women's transcontinental record under my belt, I wanted to go right back to Cleveland and join the festivities. So I flew over to Newark in a borrowed plane and caught an air liner for Cleveland. That made 3,000 miles in less than 13 hours. I was tired, but not too tired to dance until the wee small hours of the morning. And not too tired to leave the next morning and fly back to Cleveland in the ship with Major Seversky at the controls. The extra gas tank had been removed and one of us could crawl into that space and sit on the floor while the other flew. He won the bet as to who would do the flying, and then, to make things worse, put the ship into a dive. He said he wanted to test out something, but I think he just wanted to give me ^a good shaking around.

Bendix Aviation Company sponsors this annual classic because the things learned in every race contribute to the cause of aviation. The fast experimental ships of today become the slower safe ships of tomorrow. The new gadgets that are tried out to speed up a plane finally develop into workable instruments through the process of trial and error. One racing pilot a few years back speeded up his plane by the simple but astounding process of clipping the ends of the wings off. The racer that Roscoe Turner used to win last year's Thompson Trophy pylon race couldn't get off the ground when first built. The wing loading was altogether too heavy.

I said I would be through when I had accomplished my determination to win the Bendix. But the next morning, I was discussing plans for the 1939 race, and on occasion since I have been searching for a suitable ship. I've put more into the race than I can ever hope to get out in the form of

prize money. So I may be back there, even in a slow ship, fighting it out for third place. I guess it just gets into the blood.

* * * * *



The Dwight D. Eisenhower Library

It has been my privilege during the past fifteen months to carry the torch that Amelia Earhart passed on to me when she glided into eternity out in the Pacific.

There is some contribution given to technical progress whenever a record is broken or a race won. Thus, there is some direct purpose in dashing about in experimental ships behind experimental motors. The fast somewhat dangerous flying of yesterday becomes the slow safe flying of tomorrow. And so the march of progress goes.

But the greatest contribution I can give is to intrigue the youth of today concerning aviation and fire their imagination and ambition; and the greatest satisfaction I have comes from the groups of boys and girls who crowd around me with questions or send in their baskets of fan mail.

Under the chairmanship of Winthrop Rockefeller, a committee has been formed to organize "Air Youth of America". I am proud to be a member of that committee. Note that the name includes both sexes as distinct from Junior Birdmen or Boy Scouts of the Air. The purpose is to make our youth air minded in a practical way. Therein lies our future strength as a nation.

Last week the English flew two of their military planes over 7,000 miles nonstop to Australia. That is from Europe to New York and return and more. The Germans visited us nonstop last year. The pursuit ship I flew in the Bendix race could be built here and delivered in Europe by air under its own power. A few weeks ago the map of Europe seemed without a shot and perhaps because one nation was considered to be slightly advanced over others in speed or quantity of fighting planes. Truly frontiers have dissolved and the fighting line is wherever opposing planes meet. The only effective defense against a plane is another plane or two.

A nation secure in peace means therefore, one with adequate air force. That in turn means not only the front rank military planes and pilots, but more so the enormous quantity and quality of pilots and aeronautical engineers building up behind them. These are not accomplishments of a day. It takes years of work to become a good military pilot. These results require the training of our youth in ways of the air and creation of places for them where they can profitably use their training.

The transport air lines are our secondary defense. The equipment and personnel are ready for almost instantaneous action in emergency. More travel by air will increase these facilities. Transport by air is safe. Statistics prove it. Women travel little by air and also according to questionnaires to a large degree prevent men from doing so. Women should reverse this influence and I am sure will do so if they study the statistics. Also, there is nothing more satisfying I find than floating along above the clouds.

But above all, women should use their influence to speed up and not hold back the interest of youth of both sexes in aviation in all branches. The youth of today will be the engineers and pilots of tomorrow. And they should be taught by the hundreds of thousands. Therein lies our peace. It rests to a large degree on the influence of women.

Truly the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world as never before.



Jockey - This might be what you would write
if you should write anything manuscripts the manuscript
The Bender Race MS

Don't ever fly in the Bender Race unless you expect to
meet with unexpected trouble.

I am to make my fourth start within the next
week. Once I ~~was~~ won, once I took third and once I
was forced down en route. In addition once I didn't
get started because my ship was not finished and once
my ship crashed and was demolished while ~~being~~
on a practice flight prior to the race.

The first take off was in a fog at night with a
heavily overloaded ship. I brushed death by an eyelash
while getting over the fence and came down two hours later
with a plane being shaken to pieces by a vibration.

Then I took a stock model plane - slower but surer -
and loaded it down with extra gas tanks. Third place was
the result. A broken valve which prevented heating the
carburetor in case of icing conditions was the only bad feature
of this flight.

Then the win came in a Seneca Army Permit Ship
with both wings made into complete gas tanks. Bad storms
were encountered most of the way the airlines were down, my
flight plan and maps were discarded when I climbed to
23,000 feet to get out of the ~~weather~~ icing conditions,
my cockpit froze over and I blew instruments for four
hours. The fuel pressure after the first 2 hours was
way below normal and gave many anxious moments. Space
doesn't permit telling all the horrors and thrills of the flight.
But don't fly the Bender Race without expecting trouble.

29
8
21/6



My training for the Bendix race consists of three things. First starting back in June or early July I try to build up my weight. This gives me a reserve to fall back on and causes no later recommendation for I find I lose about six pounds during the race. Second and starting about ten days before the race I reverse my sleeping schedule going to bed shortly after noon and getting up at midnight. That I find of great value for ~~the~~ ~~start~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ starting line soon after midnight, the flight is ~~usually~~ extremely fatiguing - especially if one must fight storms and fly on instruments - and it does not pay to start out tired. After midnight during this training period I go to the airport and do night flying thus polishing up my technique against the probability of a heavily loaded night take off.

Last year I held to my training schedule very well. This year I delayed things waiting for the official course to be surveyed so I could try for a new 1000 kilometer record and incidentally test several things about my plane. It was therefore a great disappointment when due to the hazy air the timers failed to see me crossing the



finish line at the club. They did clock
me at the start and at the half way
point