

AMERICAN HORIZONS



NOVEMBER • 1937

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

News ON THE WING

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE flight information is now being furnished to all AA passengers en route. New printed forms have lately been prepared and distributed to our pilots who can send bulletins about the weather back to the interested travelers. These forms contain space for all information concerning any particular flight—the altitude being flown—the time at the last check point as well as the approximate arrival over the next station. The altitude above sea level and the ground, the air speed and ground speed can all be designated. There is space to write in the approximate time of arrival at the next station and what the weather and temperature will be. This is one of the best ideas for improving passenger relations ever developed in our company. It can't be credited to any one brain for it was worked out among our pilots who were tired of searching around for bits of paper to answer the questions of interested passengers. We predict that many of these information sheets will be carried proudly home as concrete evidence that AA is rapidly dissolving the mystery of flight.



EVEN courtesy can be carried too far in the opinion of Howard Kurtz, American Airlines' passenger service expert, and a man who excels in hat tipping, giving his seat to ladies, and allowing small children to keep their candy.

Ordinarily, Kurtz would be the last man to advocate any curb on courtesy but he recently felt impelled to draw a clear and definite line.

It seems the man who manufactures those inconspicuous cardboard containers which are standard equipment on all transport planes became overly enthused about American Airlines' courtesy. Trying to help matters along he had a beautiful top designed for a shipment of the containers, the outstanding feature of which was a neatly lettered script: "Thank You, Call Again."

A few of them actually reached the public before Mr. Kurtz "put his foot down," and "called a halt."



ONCE again a group of young women are being initiated into the mysteries of the job of air stewardess. They are a pretty bright looking crowd and Hazel Brooks, who is training them, said they were the very best yet. We thought that a little unfair to all the seasoned veterans of the line and Hazel backed down—said they were well up to par and would certainly be a credit to the organization.



AMERICAN AIRLINES is searching for a new slogan to be used in its advertising copy. This slogan must be absolutely original in content, it must express the idea of the "Largest Airline in the United States," but also the line which carries the most passengers, operates in the greatest number of cities over the most favorable routes. This contest is not open to the public; only employees of AA are eligible to compete. Only three suggestions may be submitted by any one person, and these entries must be sent to American Horizons office before December 20th. If any idea submitted is accepted for use by our advertising agency, the employee responsible for this slogan will receive a cash prize of \$100.

TOMMY FARRELL, who has driven AA limousines in Detroit for the past seven years has traveled 7,000 times over his 16 mile route, a total of 112,000 miles or 5 times around the world. He maneuvers around every slight bump in the pavement, has each approach to a stop light timed to the split second, yet operates that big shiny Chrysler so skillfully that even the police lieutenant in charge of downtown traffic greets him with a cheery word. That, in Tommy's game, is more valuable than the plaudits of the crowd.



BOB COLLIGNON AND ED. LEWIS—two of our radio operators who are located in Pittsburgh—have made an "off line" spot a strategic point in American Airlines. This station is manned at Pittsburgh for our ships which fly over to contact for position. No scheduled stops are made; it is simply a link in our radio chain throughout the country. But these men were not satisfied to be located in a stuffy little office upstairs in the Terminal. They felt they could do their assigned tasks and still find other fields to conquer. So they persuaded the airport manager to give them space downstairs. Now, in the rotunda of the Terminal, an American Airlines ticket office, all dressed up with pictures and display material, greets the air traveler, who cannot take an AA plane from Pittsburgh, but can ask about our services and he does. From these many inquiries, Collignon and Lewis have sold innumerable tickets, scrip plans on occasion, and plenty of good will for AA.



FRIDAY, October 29th, proved to be Cincinnati's greatest passenger day on record—85 seats were sold to 73 originating passengers and 12 connecting ones. As there are only 68 seats for sale out of Cincinnati each day, reservations were pretty busy getting space releases.



"PARDON ME, Miss, but I have \$50,000 in that green bag up there. Will you watch it for me while I take a nap?"

The speaker was a passenger on Trip 22, non-stop from Chicago to Newark, and his remarks were addressed to Stewardess Agnes Spence.

Gulping once and swallowing twice, Stewardess Spence took the paper bag from the overhead rack and looked into it. The bag was crammed with bank notes of large denomination, the smallest, in fact, being \$100. It was real money, too, as verified later.

Returning the bag to the passenger, Stewardess Spence announced she could not assume the responsibility and suggested that he remain awake and watch the money himself. The passenger, who must remain anonymous, promptly placed the money in his chair, sat on it and went sound asleep, awakening just outside Newark, where police were waiting to escort him and the money to a bank.

VOLUME 1—NUMBER 6

ON THE COVER: Thanksgiving's traditional monarch arrives in Chicago from Texas and is greeted by Stewardesses Bonnell, Nalvanko, McAssey and Williams. The bird weighed 43 pounds, and will do his bit toward our passengers' Thanksgiving dinner. Winter travelers are thinking about the sun of the Southwest—we can take them there. We present Victor Vernon, whom most of us know but few realize all he does—The Top of the Map is featured and More Million Milers—Instruments and their care—one poor statistician—and finally the Newark Maintenance Award and the men who won it.

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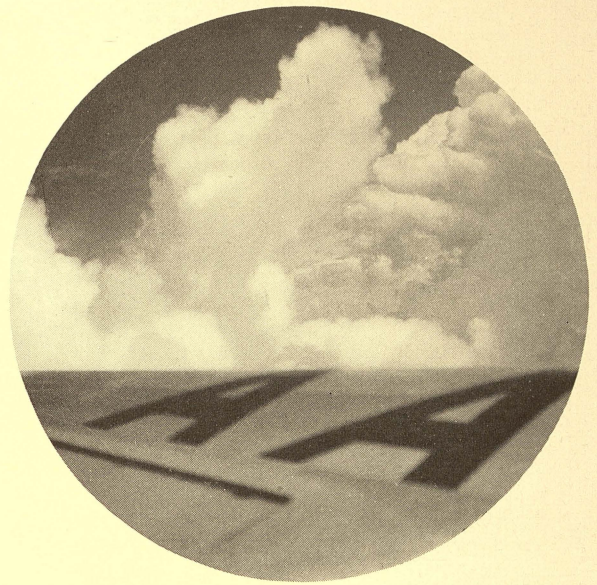


PUBLISHED MONTHLY
AT 20 N. WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO
BY AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

MARY B. SCRIBNER, EDITOR



AVIATION IS NOT UNSAFE BUT, LIKE THE SEA, IT IS TERRIBLY UNFORGIVING OF ANY CARELESSNESS OR NEGLECT



BONANZA IN THE WEST

JIM BROWN, prospecting over back of Deep Gulch last week, in a territory he has combed for years, struck a rich vein of ore, which according to government figures, promises to assay about \$1500 to the ton."

American Airlines possesses something far more valuable than a gold strike in its low-level, sunshine route to the Coast. There is untold wealth to unearth by developing this property, this one nature-favored airway from New York to the Pacific Coast. As winter closes in on the great cities of the north, the lure of warm climates sends thousands of travelers off to seek the soothing sunshine of the southwest. If they drive, they immediately choose the southern route, and if they fly, every wise California traveler uses the route designed by nature, which insures the best weather and the greatest comfort.

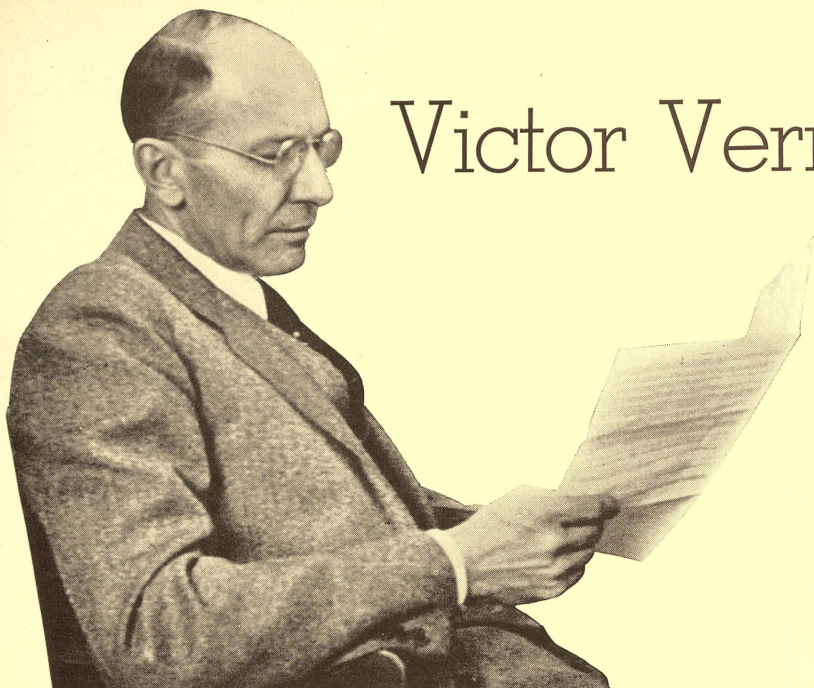
We have talked a lot about the sun country and how AA's route is located. In all our timetables, promotion literature, advertising and by word of mouth, we have spread the news around. But have we talked enough about the true advantages of our Southern Transcontinental? Do we realize what a winter travel story we possess?

Facts and figures are more impressive than dripping adjectives. First of all, we say "low-level." That is not enough to describe our route. The average altitude of eleven cities on our transcontinental is 1021 feet. The highest point on our system over which we fly is 6200 feet at Guadalupe, Arizona, near Douglas. Any relief map of the United States will demonstrate that the Rockies are comparatively low in the southern part of the country but as they spread up toward the north, they rise in height to over 14,000 feet. Where the AA route is located the mountains are comparatively mole hills. And so we really have a prairie route to the coast, across the Texas plains, above the winding valley of the Rio Grande at

El Paso and westward over the flowering Arizona desert.

And then we say "Southern Sunshine Route." What does that mean? We simply check the winter weather reports in each of these same cities and find that this is a masterpiece of understatement. Again American has not said enough. Down along our Southern Transcontinental, counting in blustery New York and Washington, the average winter temperature is 43.9%. Southwest into the sun that "Mercury" heads each afternoon out of Newark, and two hours after midnight, it arrives in summer at Dallas. It is warm all across Texas and when the Flagship comes down at Tucson at 6:45 A.M. the sun already has warmth in it, passengers get out without their heavy coats, and the flowers around the airport make winter seem at least 10,000 miles away. By the time the "Mercury" reaches Los Angeles at 8:30 A.M., the passengers are playing mental golf as they hurry off to Palm Springs, Midwick or Santa Barbara for lunch.

This isn't fiction as is Jim Brown's story; this is American's own Bonanza of the West—the finest route to the coast—climatically and geographically the most desirable country for winter flying. It is our responsibility to develop this property and now is the time to start. We have splendid operating equipment—9 Skysleepers manned by seasoned skilled personnel. We have beacon lights along the entire route, radio stations and weather observers located at strategic positions and every station adequately manned by trained, competent men. We have the greatest selling opportunity ever presented to any group of people in this industry. In selling west coast travel we can forget about competition, we can concentrate our efforts and our thinking on our exclusive low-level sunshine route to California. Jim Brown can have his gold mine. We have our Southern Transcontinental. Winter Travel is our oyster.



Victor Vernon

DIRECTOR OF PERSONNEL

If you joined AA at any time within the past two years, your seniority rating will not be very high, but you will have been fortunate, because before you received an official OK, before you had hardly more than started in your work or had received an AA insignia for your lapel, there was one man in American Airlines who knew all about you, and who was wishing you success. That man is Victor Vernon, Personnel Director of our company, who carries the welfare and problems of each one of the AA employees locked safely in his mind, and who by his constant and untiring efforts has created one of the most important departments in our entire organization.

Until August 1935, the jobs in American were all assigned by department heads, there was no central clearing house where studies could be made as to our demands for help and the best way to secure new personnel and there was no uniformity on employment procedure. The records of the people of this company were scattered all over the system. No one was certain of seniority dates. No one person knew where or what and in some cases not even why, about all the AA personnel. The resultant confusion was baffling and very unsatisfactory, and as the company grew, C. R. Smith decided that we needed a man who could gather up the loose threads of the lives of these people and knit them together into a closely held body, all banded to work effectively and build this company. Where was the man for this job? Who was qualified? Who better than Victor Vernon? This man had been in aviation since 1913. He had been taught to fly by Glenn Curtiss at Hammondsport, New York in the spring of 1914. He had trained pilots for the Canadian government before we entered the war, and after we came in was made chief flying instructor for the U. S. Army. He had had 4600 flying hours to his credit and had trained 460 students to fly. He understood the psychology of aviation work, had directed the activities of hundreds of pilots and other aviation employees. After the war, he had stayed in aviation with the Curtiss organization, went out west and started the first air line on the Pacific Coast: the Oregon, Washington and Idaho Airlines. He was the first man to operate scheduled passenger and express service in that part of the country. Later, he returned east and entered the investment banking business—learned a good deal about people who borrow money, invest it, make it, lose it and use it to advantage. In 1929, he returned to the Curtiss

organization, developing its airport program. On July 1, 1930, he became vice-president and general manager of Colonial Airways, a division of American, and then he stopped—cold. Ironically enough, an automobile, not an airplane accident which occurred in 1931, was responsible for this. It nearly killed him—resulted in a serious and crippling injury which necessitated his resigning his position with American. For nearly four years he fought to regain his strength and a place in aviation, and won; for on August 1, 1935 he was appointed Personnel Director of American Airlines.

This is the man who supervises the selection of our personnel and whose life is dedicated to the service of the people of this company. In a cramped, unpretentious office at 5036 in Chicago, if you happen in some Monday morning you will find Victor Vernon in action. On his desk are orderly stacks of the usual week-end accumulation of mail. From all over America, from Canada, Mexico, Hawaii and Europe, people write in to Victor Vernon to find out how to secure an aviation job and what the requirements may be. Heads of training schools check their courses with him to discover if they comply with our rigid training rules. Deans of colleges write in to recommend promising students. An employee in the field would like to be transferred nearer home, someone else writes to say he prefers to stay where he is. Another airline executive needs a key man—has Mr. Vernon any suggestions? For perhaps 2 minutes he is uninterrupted, then the telephone rings. It's a downtown banker whose son needs guidance in selecting a career. Could Mr. Vernon spare him a few minutes of his time? Mr. Vernon can and does, then turns back to his unending mail. Mrs. Spracher, chief of his three secretaries, comes in and reminds him of an appointment with an applicant for the position of stewardess. The girl is shown in, a trifle nervous, but is immediately at ease as Mr. Vernon rises to greet her with his kindly smile. Then follow questions: What have you read? Are your parents living? Where have you traveled? Vernon rapidly makes notes on a pad, glances up occasionally as he sizes up the applicant, placing her in her home environment, figuring if she will fit into the AA picture. The girl leaves and he watches the manner of her departure with more than casual interest; for it is his responsibility to decide whether or not he can recommend her to the supervisor for employment. The phone rings again. Ralph Damon comes in from his office next door to discuss a personnel problem. As the day rolls on, a constant stream of humans and their problems roll through that office, but Victor Vernon is never hurried, never too busy to listen, always seems to have time for the people who need it. In between callers, a secretary comes in to take dictation and again he turns to that stack of mail. A letter to an employee who is ill, another to one who has lost his mother or is about to be married—to each one Mr. Vernon sends a word of greeting or sympathy. As he works, he or one of the people in his department are constantly referring to the vast files which line the walls of next office. Here are the records of every person in the entire organization, vital statistics, concerning each one of us, when we joined the company, what our record has been, where we are located. Here too are insurance records, pilots' physical examinations and their flight times, mechanics' records, seniority dates, sick reports and progress reports. The entire file of the Society of Pioneers fill one case—the records of

those men and women who have served their company for at least five years. No wonder the girls are busy working with these records for every month detailed reports of department and station rosters must be prepared, six copies made and distributed; payroll deductions must be entered on the station rosters and checked with Treasury, requests for changes of beneficiary on the insurance policies must be made. Every 30 days on an average, 296 postings are made to various records covering transfers, employees on and off the payroll, sickness and vacation notations. In addition, all pay increases earned under various pay plans and other pay adjustments must be recorded, and the information taken from the questionnaires. All this work is done with the active files, but the new ones present another problem. Over 25 applications for jobs are received in the mail each day, 20 filled out applications come in. Victor Vernon must look at each one of these. He knows from conferring with department heads just what sort of jobs are open. All applications are graded, and those marked A are set aside and these people come in and see Mr. Vernon, or if they live outside of Chicago, they are referred to the nearest office for interview. If the interviewer is favorably impressed, the applicant may, when conditions require, be sent to Chicago NRSA to see Mr. Vernon, and then if he or she is fortunate, may become an employee of AA. However, a lot of people come in to Chicago at their own expense from Florida, Canada and the Coast; they arrive at any time in any day. And if possible, they really see Mr. Vernon. He is too human to send these people on their way without a word, and he says he might miss someone whom we could ill afford to pass up.

For American Airlines is looking for top personnel. Victor Vernon says there always will be a great chance in aviation for any one well qualified. There is a periodic need for trained mechanics, good engineering minds and future salesmen. At the present time, however, there are many pilots wanting jobs. We have over 70 qualified pilots on our waiting list, and over 300 pilots' applications on file. As for that air stewardess job—we have 55 applicants for every vacancy.

Now as the records prove, when a person succeeds in joining AA, Mr. Vernon's work has only just begun. After six months service with the company each employee's record is reviewed by him and if satisfactory, this person really belongs. Then as long as anyone works for this organization, his record, his welfare and working conditions, his personal problems are Victor Vernon's concern. He is constantly engaged in "extra curricular" work such as summer camps, community fund drives, dances and various activities to improve the lot and morale of the personnel. The people who are this airline feel that there is one man in the organization beside their immediate boss who is watching their progress and is interested in them as individuals. If they are not progressing he sees the department head and seeks the reason; if they are doing a good job and have won commendation from their superiors, he is the first to offer congratulations. When lay-offs occur through seasonal demand, he is often successful in securing positions for these people elsewhere.

There are at present 1639 men and 301 women working for American. These men and women are not kids, their average age is 35 and their average term of employment with the company is 4 years and 4 months. They quite evidently like their jobs—and if they don't, or if they are troubled about anything personal, if they need money or advice, or if they simply want to say "hello"—you may be sure that sooner or later most of them will climb the stairs at 5036 to look in on Victor Vernon. If he is not out along the system, he will be there going through his stacks of mail, interviewing applicants and carrying close to his heart the lives and problems of this vast army of 1940 people who make up American Airlines.

The Log of Flight 10

"EBONY-38-DETROIT-IN RANGE"—In other words—Flight 10 eastbound for Newark in range over Detroit and by a miracle, space aboard for one lone NRSA trying to be six places at once. The great ship lands. An elderly lady comes on. Stewardess Freer tucks a pillow under her head, adjusts her belt. We take off. A beautiful day to fly. What a gorgeous view of the Falls! The passengers exclaim over one of the indescribable beauties of the air.

Buffalo—a perfect landing, another NRSA comes on NK bound—joins other non-revenue and both enjoy a hearty lunch. Grandmother eats with relish. Gentleman from Toronto is pleased with the food. Seasoned traveler across the aisle says they should charge a dollar for this meal—NRSA wonders what he'd say if they did. Mrs. Ritz, quite evidently society, is enjoying her luncheon in a most plebeian fashion—4 others on board also dining—one quite audibly.

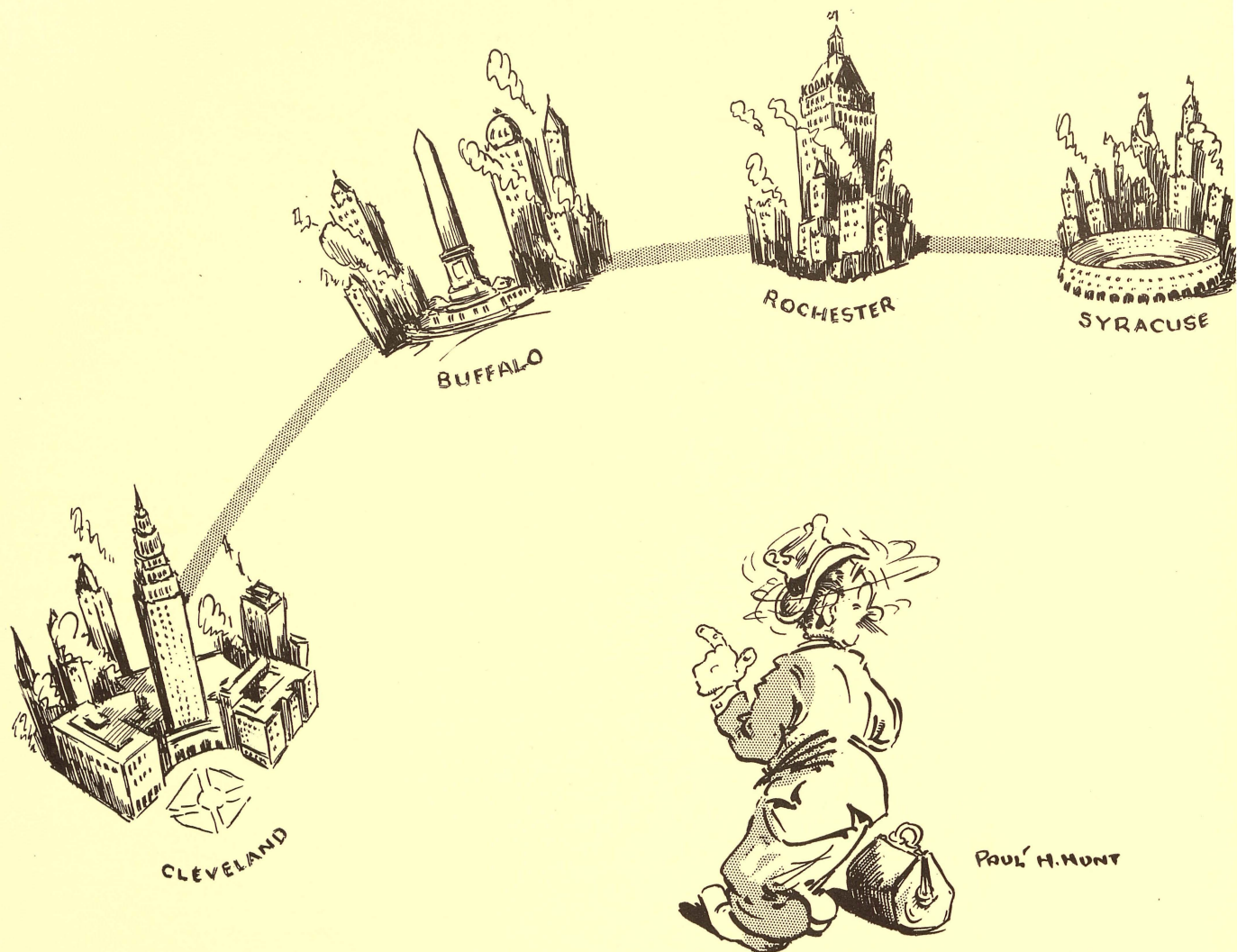
12:35 Newark. We come in—and land with a splintering sound and a dull thud—Zoom! the gun and up we go—clearing the field. NRSA's exchange glances. He shrugs, she wonders—but neither has an explanation, until telephone buzzes and Freer explains that landing gear has not come down. We fly low over hangar while ground officials investigate.

The 10 passengers are very quiet—even Mrs. Astorbilt is stilled as we swoop low over the hangar—then up again climbing, climbing and Dinty Moore emerges from the cockpit. Says he's going to try and force landing gear out by dives. Goes back to work. Everyone feels better after seeing Dinty. We climb some more—NRSA remembers all the wicked things she has done—wishes she had done more. Seasoned traveler is tired of air view of New York, prefers worm's eye view, gets a little green. Miss Freer brings him some aromatics. He likes ministering angel—immediately recovers his aplomb and glances sheepishly at Grandmother.

Cockpit door opens again. Dinty emerges and assures each one that we will land safely on one wheel, that only the propeller will be damaged. Returns to keep his promise. Co-Pilot Case comes out and helps Miss Freer tuck blankets and pillows around the 10 passengers. Mrs. Ritz looks slightly disappointed as he smiles at each one impartially and returns to the cockpit. Passengers discuss whether to brace themselves or relax. Grandmother advises us to relax—just take it easy. We all agree to try. We come in low—drop down on one wheel, no jolt, a perfect landing. No—not quite—the right wing settles and the belly of the fuselage scrapes along the cinders. The propeller catches and we turn slightly—then come to rest—quietly. Utter silence—the cockpit door opens and Dinty Moore emerges with a wide grin on his face. Spontaneously all 10 passengers clap him down the aisle. The door is opened. News photographers crowd in—cameras click—reporters try to make a story. Grandmother remarks for all to hear, "But Mr. Moore said we would land safely—I believed him—no one was frightened." Seasoned traveler squares his shoulders—and over at the ticket counter inquires when the next plane leaves for Boston. Mrs. Ritz hurries off to a late luncheon at Marguery's—knowing she will scoop the town. She is fixed for every dinner party all winter.

One NRSA disappears about his regular business, other NRSA who has no regular business walks over to Operations and watches Dinty Moore complete the log on Flight 10—"Landed NK 1:55—mechanical delay—8-plus-2-OK." One of the pluses who has no company business anyway realizes what a lot it takes to really work for AA—thinks she is lucky just to be allowed to hang around

THE TOP OF THE MAP



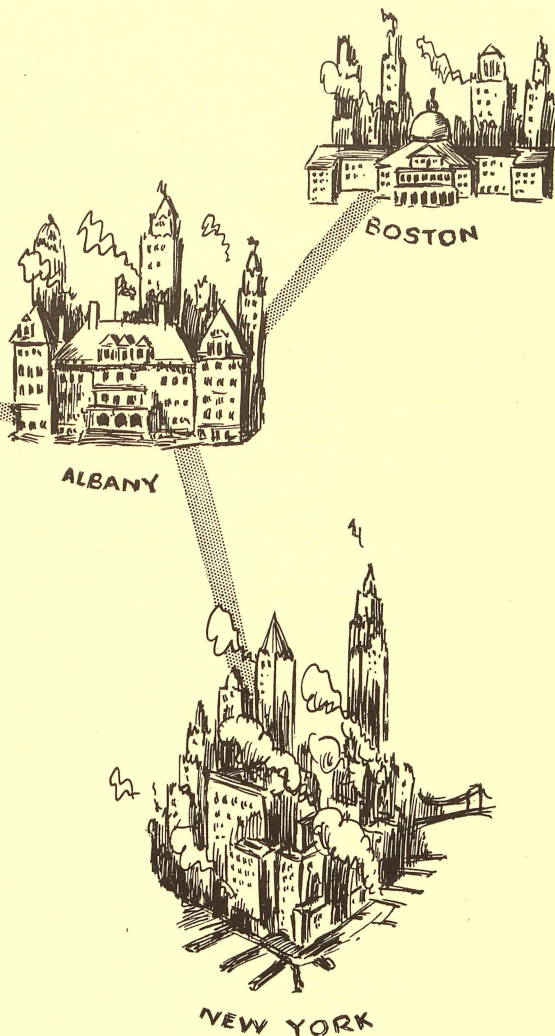
FROM Cleveland to Boston or Newark, over one of the most thickly settled parts of the American Continent lies that consistently low-level air route known in company parlance as AM 21.

There is Cleveland first of all, one terminal of this line, with an airport second to none: one mile square of hard surface and runways shooting off in all directions all ready and waiting for those 40 passenger ships still to come. As the plane taxis up to the terminal, Charlie Weaver comes out with a greeting. Charlie knows his aviation; he has been helping to build this industry since the old T.A.C. days at Kalamazoo in 1929. Frank Healy, maintenance supervisor, another old timer, proudly shows the way around the immaculate hangar; everything has been freshly painted, even the two DC-2's which are getting a good scrubbing nearby look as though they really didn't need it. Though Cleveland is not one of our major stations today, with only 42 seats to sell each 24 hours, Elmo Coon, district sales manager there, has a fertile field to plow and is produc-

ing some bumper traffic crops in his wide-spread territory. From Toledo across to Pittsburgh and south to Columbus he and his assistant Eubank are spreading the word about American. Scrip plans, tickets to Boston and all the west result, for Cleveland is a great feeder for our Transcontinental through Nashville.

The jump to Buffalo is fun as we soar along over the edge of the lake and swoop down into this next port of call. Here the situation is very different as Budde-meyer, the station manager, hastens to explain. Usually traffic is jamming this airport—the cross roads of AM 21 and AM 7 where travelers come in from all points of the compass to view Niagara Falls. The very first air mail service on AM 21 left Buffalo for Cleveland on December 17, 1927, nearly ten years ago. Heath Proctor, now pilot on AM 25, was at the controls of the Fairchild that headed southwest that day, and later he and Dryer, Bittner and O'Connor, all still with the company, flew the first Sikorskys on a service to Toronto in the summer of 1929. This line was part of Colonial

PAUL H. HUNT



Western then and sitting around the station at Buffalo, Proctor and Charlie Messenger, district sales manager, match yarns about the old days of flying AM 21. Messenger has hardly moved out of Buffalo in all these years—only to cover his territory, which dips down into western New York State and Pennsylvania, includes Rochester and Ontario as far west as St. Thomas and north to Hudson's Bay. There aren't many riders up in that Canadian North country, but there are plenty down in the rich industrial strip along the lakes—people who are New York, Chicago and Boston bound and others who seek respite from the rigorous winters, using American to the Coast. Interest in air travel is kept up in this territory and the potential passenger total is hard to estimate. Rochester, for instance, with its huge Eastman properties and the Taylor Instrument factories, is also a great cultural center. These people go places and Bud Hess who is located there, is persuading them to go American. He and Gifford, the station manager, are having a far better time of it these days

since the new airport has been completed. As we leave Rochester, the plane takes off one of the brand new runways and rises up over the start of one of the most scenic air rides in the country. Way over to the left are the shores of Lake Ontario and stretching south the long blue veins of the Finger Lakes clutch the softly rolling landscape. Underneath is the winding valley of the Genesee with its thriving industrial towns, each main street named for the river. It's exactly 38 minutes to Syracuse and here Ed Hale and Dick Botsford and Scotty Redfield carry on. These men do all this work at the station and Hale sells here also under the direction of Max Pollet in Albany.

Out of Syracuse, the plane goes up over Lake Oneida, follows the Mohawk Valley over busy Utica and the great General Electric plant at Schenectady, and just above where the Mohawk River empties into the Hudson drops down at Albany, one of the oldest cities in the United States, whose charter dates back to 1686.

Each stop along the system has a story, but in Albany Ruden, the station manager, and Max Pollet in charge of sales are mostly concerned with schedules. There aren't enough. Albany is another crossroads, for the New York-Montreal service cuts across AM 21 at this point. It is an important industrial center, the capital of the Empire State and the gateway to the Adirondacks and the Berkshires. There are 313 towns to contact in Pollet's territory with a combined population of over 2 million people. From this strategic point on the AA system AM 21 goes on over to Boston. Across Massachusetts, over the Wellesley campus and with the Customs House Tower on the right, the plane comes in and lands at the very edge of the continent—Boston Airport—where the salt fishy air greets the traveler as he lands. Howard Tiffany is station manager here and Bill Bump and his assistants sell all New England—and how they sell! But Boston is another story, too long to tackle now, for we can't skip that part of the route which is not officially AM 21 but is really the most beautiful route of all: from Albany south. The way leads up over the Hudson, the Catskills on the right, Hyde Park and the Poughkeepsie Bridge, Vassar College on the left. Then West Point with the Cadets marching like toy soldiers across the parade grounds, Bear Mountain Bridge at least two inches wide, the Palisades, George Washington Bridge hanging far below and finally the towers of Manhattan. Then a long, wide sweep and Newark airport. It's just one hour of superlatives, and for sheer beauty we'd recommend this any time. At night it is superb. And so from Cleveland to Albany, then Boston or Newark, you can't go wrong. The men up there think the top of the map is tops, and after traveling through that country with its lakes and rivers, the broad valleys of the Genesee, the Mohawk and the Hudson, the busy cities and millions of potential customers, we quite heartily agree.

To the 10,000th of an Inch

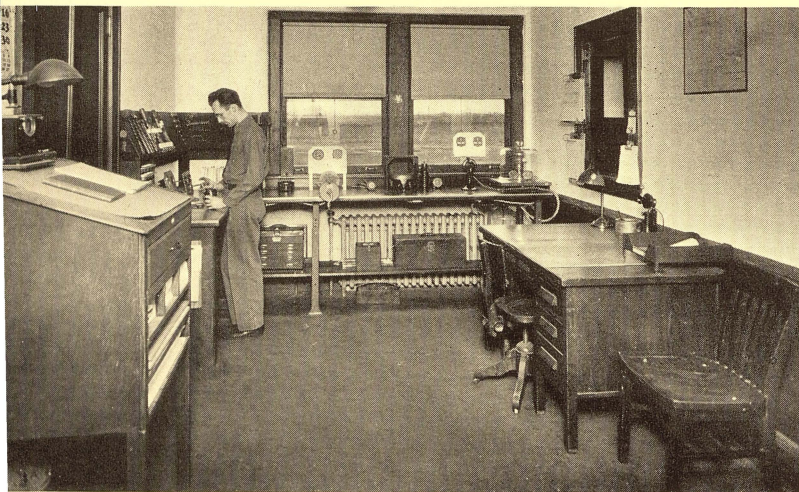
THERE ARE 37 separate and distinct instruments on the front panel of a DC-3 and each one of these delicate bits of mechanism is as carefully serviced and overhauled as the motors on these giant Flagships. After 450 hours of service each instrument is removed from the board and sent in to overhaul.

The AA instrument shop is located in the operations hangar at 5036 W. 63rd Street in Chicago, in a large, light room, air-conditioned winter and summer to insure against any dust particles being present in the air. Dan Tilden is in charge and Harold Peck is his assistant. Tilden has been delving into the intricate insides of aviation instruments for nearly 10 years—in fact, he was the entire instrument overhaul department in the days of the Colonial Division. Now there are 21 men assembled in this modern work-shop and several specially trained instrument service men are located at major base stations throughout the system, to take care of minor routine tests, adjustments and repairs to all instruments, between their periodic journeys into overhaul.

The men who do this exacting work are all experts in their line. They have had long years of experience and are constantly studying and reviewing their field—returning to the factories which manufacture these instruments to refresh their knowledge.

Each instrument, as it comes into this base service station

Dan Tilden at work in the Colonial Division of AA instrument room, Newark—January 1932



AA's present instrument overhaul shop in Chicago



The instrument panel of a DC-3—The two Argon lights mounted on the front of the control pedestal are barely discernible in the picture

is tagged, then tested to discover any errors in calibration so that the expert, who will do the work, can be on the alert to correct that particular error. But even if the instrument is functioning perfectly, it is subjected to the one rigorous procedure in force. It is completely disassembled, each part inspected under a powerful glass, worn parts replaced, and then all cleaned, polished, then fitted together and measured for accuracy, in some cases, to the 10,000th of an inch.

After the instruments have been reassembled, the ones which operate electrically, including all radio meters, are mounted on a master electrical instrument test panel located in the rear of the room. This is the only master test panel owned by a transport air line in this country and eliminates the necessity for returning these delicate instruments to the various factories for final test, avoiding any unnecessary delay or possible damage in shipment. The delicate balance devices, including the automatic pilots, are mounted in a roll, pitch and yaw machine located in the cubicle in the front of the room. This machine is called an automatic pilot "scorsby" and simulates the exact conditions encountered in flight. There is no guess work as every one is checked for any possible variation from standard.

Finally each instrument is tagged OK and sent out from overhaul, remounted and connected on the instrument panel of a DC-3, one of the signals in use on our Flagships to aid the pilot on his course. Have you ever seen that instrument panel lighted up at night? It looks just like a Christmas Tree with the red and green signal lights and the radium dials of the battery of flight aids, lighted by the ultra-violet rays of two Argon bulbs mounted on the control pedestal between the two pilots. There is no glare, no confusing cross light as the penetrating rays energize the radium on the faces of the dials and pilots check their readings, knowing that each instrument is functioning perfectly, that each one is indicating exactly the information he wants to know, as he maneuvers the great ship through the night.

TRANSFERS AND PROMOTIONS

Barbour, J. L.—Junior Agent, Rochester
to Reservations Clerk, New York

Burditte, Wilson—City Sales Representative, San Francisco
to Reservations Clerk, Glendale

Campbell, D. W.—Junior Agent, Lynchburg
to Junior Agent, Bristol

Carpenter, Jr. G. R.—Radiotelephone Operator, Elmira
to Radiotelephone Operator, Chicago

Childress, Gladys—Stewardess, Chicago
to Stewardess, Newark

Cowart, Ollye—Stewardess, Dallas
to Stewardess, Ft. Worth

Crago, K. E.—Junior Agent, Chicago
to Passenger Agent, Chicago

Dumm, J. R.—Junior Agent, Chicago
to Passenger Agent, Chicago

Emery, A. L.—Reservations Agent, Buffalo
to Chief Reservations Agent, Buffalo

Fagin, R. A.—First Pilot, Dallas
to First Pilot, Glendale

Ferguson, J. Clark—City Sales Manager, Baltimore
to Sales Representative, Dallas

Fitzpatrick, Richard L.—Sales Representative, Los Angeles
to Reservations Agent, Glendale

Fletcher, John Paul—Apprentice Mechanic, Chicago
to Apprentice Mechanic, Buffalo

Foley, Boyd—Radiotelegraph Operator, Cleveland
to Radiotelegraph Operator, Cincinnati

Gilbert, Virginia—Stewardess, Chicago
to Stewardess, Cleveland

Gilchrist, Kenneth—Radio Operator, Cincinnati
to Radio Operator & Station Agent, Oklahoma City

Gudaitis, Antoinette—Stewardess, Fort Worth
to Stewardess, Chicago

Hall, Jr. R. L.—Radiotelegraph Operator, Blythe
to Radiotelegraph Operator, Tulsa

Helken, W. E.—Radiotelephone Operator, Boston
to Radiotelegraph Operator, Nashville

Leonard, Paul J.—Acting Station Manager, Lynchburg
to Radiotelephone Operator, Bristol

Madden, Ralph Clark—Ticket Delivery Clerk, New York
to Reservations Clerk, New York

Martin, Jr. Claude C.—Ticket Delivery Clerk, New York
to Reservations Clerk, New York

Merrett, E. R.—Station Agent, Fort Worth
to Chief Station Agent, Ft. Worth

Morgan, E. O.—Junior Agent, Glendale
to Ticket Agent, Glendale

Morgan, William Henry—Junior Radiotelegraph Operator,
Forth Worth
to Junior Radiotelegraph Operator, Cleveland

Mothey, Ressie—Stewardess, Dallas
to Stewardess, Fort Worth

Mueller, Elliott W.—Commissary, Chicago
to Operations, St. Louis

Otto, Harold W.—Station Agent, Cleveland
to Station Manager, South Bend

Preston, E. L.—Assistant Flight Superintendent, Nashville
to Assistant Flight Superintendent, Newark

Rader, Homer J.—First Pilot, Glendale
to First Pilot, Dallas

Redfield, S. F.—Passenger Agent, Buffalo
to Station Agent, Syracuse

Richards, D. H.—Station Agent, Dallas
to Assistant Station Manager, Dallas

Riley, L. G.—Passenger Agent, Buffalo
to Chief Passenger Agent, Buffalo

Robichand, Lillian—Stewardess, Boston
to Stewardess, Chicago

Rowland, R. A.—Junior Agent, Detroit
to Ticket Agent, Detroit

Sanger, Frank de Wolfe—Reservations Clerk, New York
to Clerk, New York

Schneider, Margaret—Stewardess, Chicago
to Stewardess, Fort Worth

Shaw, Ruby—Stewardess, Chicago
to Stewardess, Fort Worth

Sherwood, Benjamin Edgar—Ticket Delivery Clerk, New York
to Reservations Clerk, New York

Slaton, S. E.—Reservations Agent, Cleveland
to Chief Reservations Agent, Cleveland

Smith, Howard C.—Junior Agent, Glendale
to Sales Representative, Los Angeles

Sullivan, J. N.—Apprentice Agent, Memphis
to Junior Agent, Memphis

Weismann, Walter S., Jr.—Reservations Clerk, New York
to Sales Representative, New York

West, Cecil E.—Station Manager, Glendale
to Assistant Flight Superintendent, Glendale

Westcott, Harriet—Stewardess, Chicago
to Stewardess, Fort Worth

Wilbanks, Theron A.—Assistant Flight Superintendent,
Nashville
to Station Manager & Flight Superintendent, Nashville

Wiseman, J. H.—Sales Representative, New York
to Sales Representative, Boston

FAMILIAR FIGURE

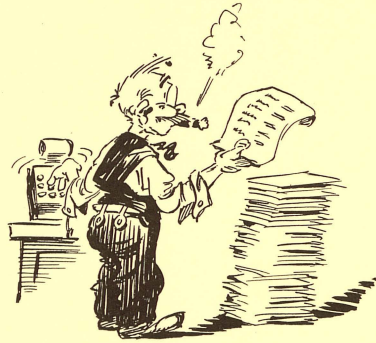
FRANK BLACK, noted conductor and general musical director of N. B. C., pictured below, would find it difficult to do his complicated work without the transportation facilities of American Airlines. Mr. Black must be in New York on Sundays to conduct R.C.A.'s Magic Key Program and direct other important Sunday features. He must be in Chicago on Monday to conduct the orchestra for the Carnation Hour, and it is absolutely imperative that he be back in New York Tuesday night. In order to accomplish this feat, Mr. Black has two standing reservations on the Eagle, westbound, every Monday—and eastbound each Tuesday. He has traveled over 40,000 miles on AA's New York-Chicago run during the past year, and he has never missed an engagement.



The Struggling Statistician

1

Contemplate the sad condition of the struggling statistician
As his days are passed in ceaseless adding up and putting down
He spends hours of concentration on the load from station to station
And each separate operation in and out of every town



2

With a Monroe calculator he assembles miles of data
In a neat columnar "set up" to facilitate review
He comes up all bright and smiling when it's time for reconciling
All the figures he has gathered, and they sometimes balance, too

3

He portrays in methods graphic all the vagaries of traffic
He is quite adept at classifying pounds and hours and miles
There is nothing he likes better than to get a ten page letter
That requires a month of research in the dead inactive files



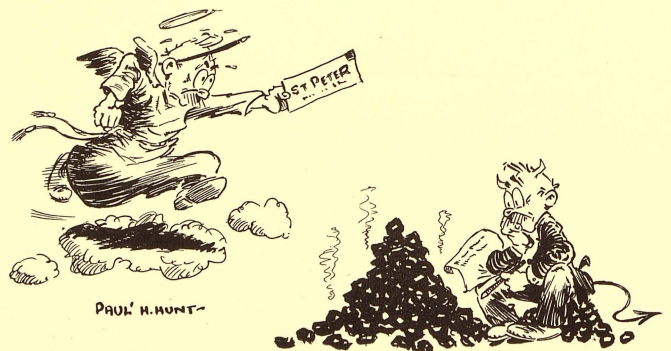
4

With a pencil and a slipstick* he manhandles each statistic
Till the poor thing falls in place exactly where it ought to be
All his talk is on a basis of "How many decimal places?"
Combination units (i.e. pound miles) fill his heart with glee

5

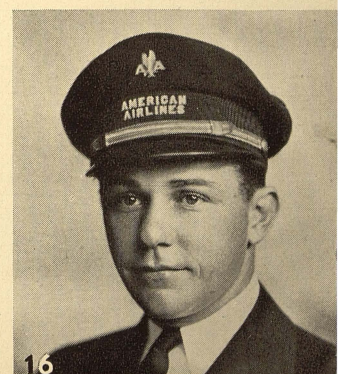
How shall we end his story, will he soar to well earned glory
And report "miles flown by angels" to St. Peter every day?
Or will we find him sitting in an atmosphere more fitting
Just counting countless tons of coal to pass the time away?

*Slide rule to you.



MORE MILLION MILERS

1. A. R. PERKINS—10,777:29 hours—AM 4 *Base: Dallas*
2. H. J. RADER—10,688:31 hours—*Sick Leave—Dallas*
3. W. A. McDONALD—10,366:16 hours—AM 23 *Base: Memphis*
4. E. E. DRYER—10,196:05 hours—AM 22 *Base: Cleveland*
5. B. A. CARPENTER—10,110:34 hours—AM 23 *Base: Memphis*
6. C. D. YOUNG—9,922:39 hours—AM 25 *Base: Chicago*
7. L. W. HARRIS—9,729:03 hours—AM 7 *Base: Chicago*
8. J. H. MANGHAM—9,693:55 hours—AM 4 *Base: Dallas*
9. R. S. DODSON—9,683:13 hours—AM 7 *Base: Newark*
10. G. M. McCABE—9,682:48 hours—*Chief Pilot—Newark*
11. L. P. HUDSON—9,647:04 hours—AM 23 *Base: Memphis*
12. D. W. LEDBETTER—9,641:00 hours—AM 23 *Base: Nashville*
13. A. L. CAPERTON—9,546:51 hours—AM 21 & 23 *Base: Newark*
14. J. W. JOHANNPETER—9,533:38 hours—AM 23 *Base: Memphis*
15. J. S. PRICER—9,508:56 hours—AM 23 *Base: Memphis*
16. W. R. VINE—9,507:44 hours—*Chief Pilot—Nashville*





PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ABOVE PLAQUE HAVE BEEN AWARDED BY AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC. TO THE SIXTY-ONE MEN OF THE NEWARK MAINTENANCE GROUP LISTED BELOW WHO HAVE BEEN CONTINUOUSLY EMPLOYED SINCE JANUARY 1, 1937. THE PLAQUE WHICH HANGS IN THE NEWARK MAINTENANCE SHOP STATES IN PART

“For Meritorious Service, for the accomplishment of an outstanding job under adverse conditions, for devotion to duty, loyalty and courage and for that contribution to the progress and success of American Airlines, Inc.”

Alkazin, Joseph J.
Boss, Edward J.
Bates, William E.
Brenner, Harry
Brockel, Harold F.
Brown, Everett H.
Buttor, Joseph J.
Coates, John W.
DeStefano, John
Dubuy, Henry E.
Dunbar, Charles A.
Dykes, Branch T.
Fik, Richard J.
Fischer, Robert
Girolomo, Frederick
Grasel, George
Greger, William B.
Hall, Frederick C.
Hendry, Robert A.
Hocking, Albert C.

Jansen, Stanley L.
Jenkins, Edward M.
Irwin, Stanley
Kendall, Frank G.
Kiernan, John J.
Lewis, Erwin V.
Major, Richard W.
Mead, Luther H.
Meardon, Robert F.
Miller, Harvey K.
Mikkelson, Richard
Miller, Erich
Odierno, Alfred
Packham, Thomas G.
Petersen, Eyolf S.
Peterson, Nils G.
Powers, Charles A.
Purdy, Earl W.
Randall, Edward
Ray, William C.
Rule, George W.

Sari, Ernest L.
Smith, David W., Jr.
Smith, James M.
Smith, Wallace C.
Stock, William J.
Swackhamer, Roy W.
Ulbrich, Adolph R.
Van Ryper, Harry
Vernon, Larry E.
Victoris, Thomas A.
Von Tobel, Ernest
Vreeland, Eugene G.
Watson, Walter H.
Watts, Charles F.
Wenc, Robert
White, Tom
Williams, John H.
Wesley, Ernest V.
Woodstone, William H.
Young, George C.