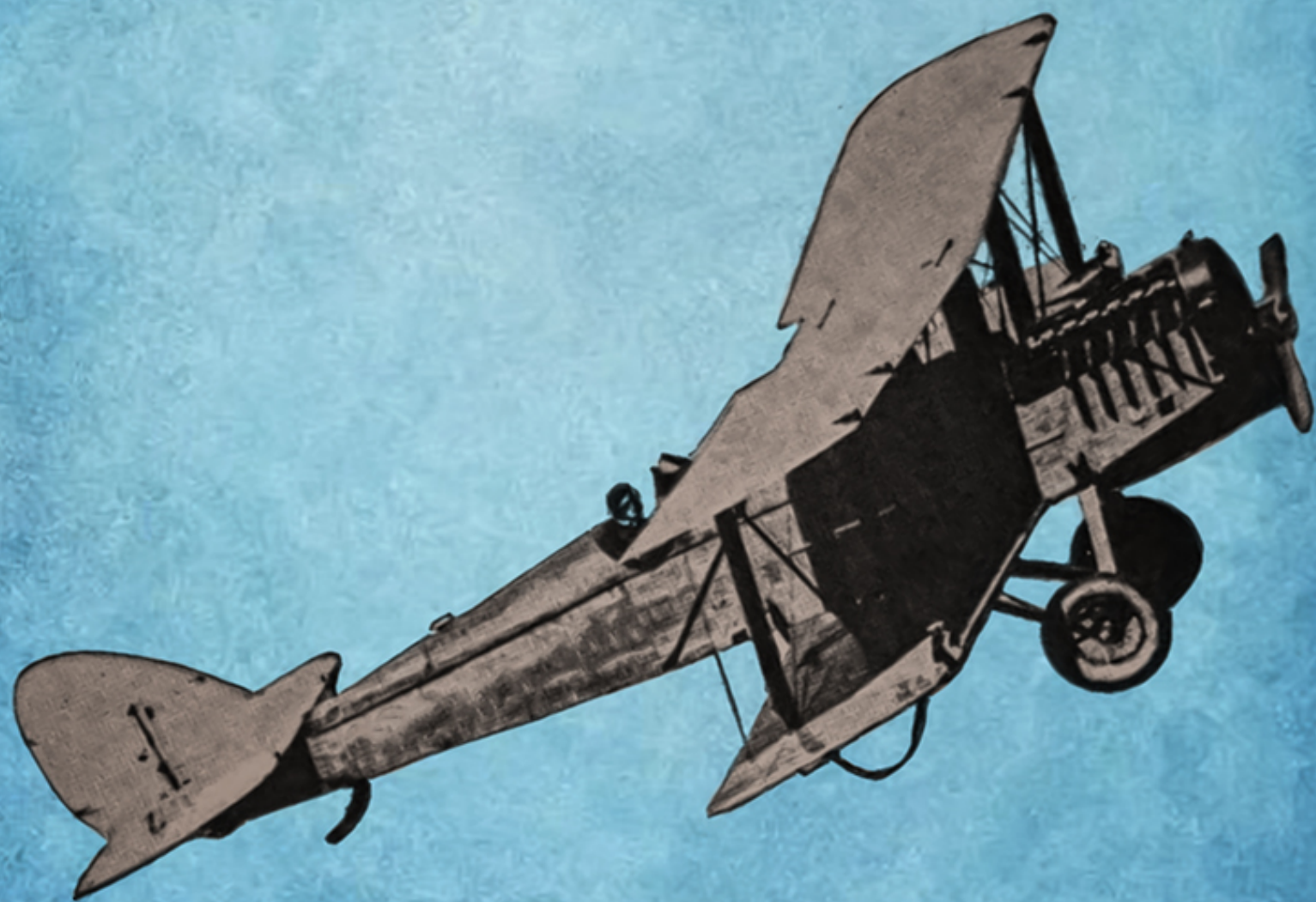


CLASSICS TO GO

# TALES OF THE AIR MAIL PILOTS



BURT M. MCCONNELL

# **Tales of the Air Mail Pilots**

**Burt M. McConnell**

# Tales of the Air Mail Pilots



Nowhere else in the world has such a determined and successful effort been made to carry the mails by airplane as in the United States. Not since the Armistice have aviators in any part of the globe experienced such thrilling and terrifying adventures as Uncle Sam's aerial postmen.

Two years ago I flew as a passenger from New York to Chicago, over the Alleghanies, with "Slim" Lewis and Wesley Smith, two of the Air Mail's best pilots, at the controls. But nothing happened, except that, after some eight hours of rather monotonous flying, we arrived at Chicago after dark, could not locate the Air Mail flying field, and were compelled to land on the prairie west of the city. This was nothing more than an incident; only the pilot who flies day after day, week after week, in all sorts of weather, is fortunate—or unfortunate—enough to experience real adventures.

A few weeks ago I journeyed over the entire Air Mail route, from New York to San Francisco. I traveled by train this time, and stopped at every flying field of consequence in search of stories of adventure. And I marveled that these quiet, smooth-faced, unassuming, well-dressed young men, most of whom are married and drive their own cars, could