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Charlie Menden
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WOMEN AND AVIATION

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Texas Women Organize for Flying

How young you are, or how old, doesn't matter. In fact you may be as young as eighteen or as old as seventy. You may be a college freshman or you may be a grandmother. That is neither here nor there. Nor is it important whether you dispense veal cutlets bake buns or make candlesticks for a living. But if you would join this particular woman's club, you must have made up your mind once and for all time to do one thing, and that is to learn to fly, in case you don't already know how. She who hasn't started her flying lessons within three months of joining the club, will have her name ruthlessly lopped off the membership list.

The recently organized Woman's Flying Club of Houston has a dozen members whose ages actually vary from eighteen to seventy. Ten of them are flying students and hope to solo and pass their license tests in the spring. The other two are private pilots and are piloting up time for limited commercial licenses. There is a flying mother, as well as a flying grandmother among them. All the girls, with one exception, are working and earning the money which they are spending on flying lessons.

There is a wide range among them in the matter of occupations. Katharine Pollard, the club's president, is connected with the Houston Forum of Civics; another of the members teaches school, several are private secretaries for various types of concerns, and one of them works in an art and antique shop. One of them is still in college.

The club meets once a week in a room set aside by a local hotel, and over the evening meal the members discuss their flying plans and listen to talks by the heads of different aviation schools. On Saturday afternoon they meet at the municipal airport and take lessons, and the two women pilots take the other members up for hops. The primary purpose of the club is to fly and learn to fly and to enjoy the fellowship of other fliers and fledgelings. The membership dues are five dollars a year. A banquet attended by some two-hundred persons was held recently by the club.

(MORE)

Mrs. Ethel Lovelace, Houston's first licensed woman pilot, and Dorothy L. Stocker, are the two ~~members~~ who are already licensed to fly. Mrs. Lovelace is the mother of two boys who tease her to take them airplane riding instead of to buy them candy. Her husband is an aviator and taught her to fly. Because she wanted to watch a refueling at close range, Dorothy Stocker stowed away on the plane which brought supplies to the "Billion Dollar City" while it was competing with the St. Louis Robin. She found out all about the refueling process. Sometimes the ships were only ten feet apart, and if the gasoline had exploded, she would not have been here to tell the tale.

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A New Woman's Record.

By averaging 184.17 miles an hour over a mile course to four laps, Amelia Earhart recently established a new and the first official woman's speed record. The fastest lap, as clocked by Joe Nikrent for the American Aeronautical Association was 197 miles an hour. Previous speed records by women were 156 miles by Louise Thaden, and 130 miles an hour by Elinor Smith. But these records were made before official recognition was accorded to women's records by the Federation Aeronautique Internationale.

Miss Earhart, who is assistant to the general traffic manager of Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc., as well as aviation editor of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, flew to Los Angeles from New York, making several stops on the way out to transact business.

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Licensed Women Pilots Meet December Fourteenth

When noses are counted on December 14 and their number is added to that of the number of all licensed women pilots who have written or wired that they wish to be charter members of the organization of women pilots, the sum total of both figures will automatically become the name of the club.

All licensed women pilots who have not received their letter of invitation to join the club and who wish to have their one-nesses added to the total which will be the club's name, are asked to communicate with Neva Paris, Great Neck, Long Island, N.Y., since Miss Earhart, the other acting secretary, will not be back from the East until shortly before the fourteenth.

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The meeting will be held far from the reverberating sounds of a steel hangar in the peace and quiet of the home of Mrs. Opal Logan Kunz at 137 Riverside Drive, in New York City. Complete plans for the organization will be formulated at the meeting, which will begin promptly at three o'clock in the afternoon. Husbands, brothers, or male friends of the pilots present will be welcomed at 5:30 for tea, after the business session is adjourned.

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A Female Fledgeling Gets an Added Thrill.

For such an auspicious afternoon as this turned out to be, it had a very naive beginning. I don't believe in omens, but after today, I'm just wondering!....Early afternoon found me waiting for Mr. Reiss, my instructor, for the first time since I started the course. Having been "grounded" the better part of last week on account of fog, I was more than anxious to get going, as it were. Well, he finally came, and I prepared to go up by putting on the conventional parachute and helmet...To my great embarrassment I put the helmet on backwards! I said something about omens -- well, we will see.....ANONYMOUS.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Read our paper next week, and we'll serve you the thrill hot out of the warming closet. Lack of space prevents getting it in today, and then there's nothing like working a little suspense now and then, hisses our circulation department in a body)

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An unusually responsible job in the field of aviation is that of Mildred Stinaff, recently licensed and eighteen-year-old pilot of Akron, Ohio. She is employed as test pilot for the General Tire and Rubber Company of Akron, which is turning out airplane tires. Incidentally, Miss Stinaff, who flies almost daily, and has been to quite a few places by air and automobile -- places quite remote from Akron where she was born, has never set foot yet on a railroad train, and plans to do so some day, to find out for herself how rail travel stacks up against travel by air.

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Stinaff