

February 2

1934

The



er



THAT AIR FUN

By LOUISE THADEN

Impolite as it may be to talk of one's self, manners have been overthrown by lack of suitable material.

Once upon a time I delivered a speech before a Pennsylvania woman's club on the records I had been on, how it feels to fly, and all the other time-worn stuff. A whole hour of it. When the agony was over one of the dear souls came up, and among other things said, "and have you ever piloted a plane all by yourself?"

When Helen Richey was still a student pilot long before she ever thought of owning an endurance record, we took off in a Fleet from Philadelphia, I to show her what a swell training plane the new Fleet was. After flying around a few minutes the stick was given to Helen. Eventually, I reclaimed the stick, shortly holding my hands up to show her I didn't have it and she should take it over. We made a few banks, some manoeuvres I couldn't classify but privately placed against student pilots, eventually going into a perfect glide for the field. Nearing the boundary it became increasingly evident that something drastic would have to be done if we were to sit down on the airport. Waiting until the last possible moment I grabbed the stick and pushed the throttle wide. Imagine my surprise when I felt no one on the controls! Helen thought I had been flying all that time, and versa vice.

In the dear dead days of 1927 when barnstorming was the rule and pastures the operating base, I flew to northern California to see my first rodeo. Close by was a pasture sprinkled slightly with cows and mules. Negotiating a landing and leaving the ship close by the fence I blithely sallied forth to the rodeo. Arriving three hours later to fly back to San Francisco I found that cows and mules just LOVE airplane fabric, it's quite a delicacy. What fabric hadn't been licked off, had been stomped or gouged through. Eight days later I left for San Francisco!

Editor's Note—Contributions to this column will be welcomed. Please address them directly to Louise Thaden, Editor, That Air Fun in "the 99er," 6408 Paseo Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

to supply them with fuel through the night there was no time for stray siestas during the days. The only time they ever sat alongside each other was for a short visit after the evening meal. One night as they were eating, Frances said, "Richey, it's Christmas eve." And Helen answered bleakly, "Gosh, what did you go and tell me for?"

"It was so lonesome up there, especially at night. You don't know how scary it looks when the big thunderheads come rolling in," the endurance fliers said. They had 12 hours of darkness daily.

Before they broke the record they could fly around anywhere, but afterwards they stuck to a 5-mile course around the airport as they had to land on it to make the record official. One day when the weather was exceptionally poor they had to come down so low over the Bay to refuel that Jack Loesing said he planned to propose a law for smaller and tamer fish. They used the Everglades for their garbage dump, and Helen is still wondering whether she killed an alligator with the enormous turkey leg she heaved out after Christmas dinner.

At least two newspaper editorial writers were quite unimpressed by the endurance flight. One, on the *Los Angeles Times*, stated: "It merely proves that two women can stand the gaff of pretty strenuous work for more than eight days . . . and that housewives proved long before these two flyers were born." So he thinks it was *pretty* strenuous, eh what? Frankly, one is moved to feel sympathy no end for the housewives of this writer's acquaintance.

And a Worcester (Mass.) Telegram writer, in an editorial called *Ambition without Accomplishment*, says that "Except for the satisfaction inherent in joint ownership of a record which somebody may smash next month, they apparently have done no good to themselves or to anybody else or to aeronautics."

Does its writer not regard the fact that two women have proved not only their ability to carry through a difficult flying job under very trying circumstances an accomplishment? Evidently he is not familiar with the fact that many a thoroughly experienced pilot has found it impossible to handle an airplane in the tight formation position necessary in refueling contacts, or that few women or men are equipped with the muscular coordination, the strength and the intestinal fortitude to handle the hose in a refueling contact. Has he heard perhaps of the advances being rapidly made in the direction of refueling contacts on long distance flights, and has he considered that a couple of women pilots have in the successful completion of 83 successive contacts contributed something to the advance of this phase of flying progress? In any event it seems this editor needs to be reminded that any step toward proving piloting calibre is valuable to aviation as well as proving ship or engine calibre.



MARY E. OWENS

Transport No. 15777

(Mary E. Owens of Fort Worth goes in for licenses on a quantity basis. She holds a transport pilot's license, is one of the 10 women licensed by the Department of Commerce to rig parachutes and is now studying for her mechanic's license—not to mention a marriage license recently acquired, according to latest advices from Texas.)

I hardly feel like letting it out of the family that I jump, as most fliers, for some unknown reason, look down on parachute jumpers.

Nevertheless, it's great fun; at first anyway. For the new hasn't worn off for me yet and until it does I suppose I'll continue to get a big kick out of it.

I think the jump that held the most thrills for me was one made at Curtiss-Wright Field, Grand Prairie, Texas. At the time I was working for my Parachute Rigger's license and wanted to work with some Russel Chutes, as I had been working solely on Irvins. One day McIntyre from Curtiss-Wright called and said he had two Russels that I could pack if I'd come over. So for hours that day I struggled with the things, at the end of which time I presented them to Mac for inspection, wondering why I ever thought I'd like 'chute packing in the first place. He jerked on them for a minute or two and said, "They are O. K. I reckon. Let's drop test them. Where's your dummy?"

I had been using a 150-pound dummy to drop them with, but in the excitement I had forgotten to bring it along. Mac's feeling in the matter was, "Well, that's not helping you get your Rigger's license. They have to be dropped. Why not jump them yourself?" All the Airport idlers and mechs looked around and said, "Yeh . . . why dontcha?"

There being little left to do under the circumstances I crawled into the chutes, with a peculiar sensation in the pit of my stomach.

The pilot took me up to 2,000 feet and I bailed out. The wind was tricky and I drifted in the opposite direction from the way I intended. I was also coming down backwards and was unable to turn myself around. Besides all this I was using a small chute that let me down hard on the edge of a cliff between a tree and a barbed wire fence.

'Chuting holds more thrills in a shorter length of time than flying. (I dislike the word "thrills" in connection with flying, but it is the only one I know that fits in here.) But I believe if I had my

choice of jumping or flying I would choose the latter. There's less strain on the constitution. But at the same time, one gets paid for jumping, while flying sometimes gets to be an expensive sport.

MARY E. OWENS.

Air-Onically Speaking

By ANN ONYMUSS

Has it ever occurred to you to wonder why, of all the married women more or less prominent in aviation, so few allow the stork to catch up with them? We have been curious, and have this solution to offer in the event a dearth of aviation offspring should occur: That the Department of Commerce allows a two hundred hour solo time to be logged as a bonus for the mother bearing a child.

We personally know three cases of interest. Number one has had two children within the past four years and has passed all physicals during that time. Number two had a child a year old, and number three has a brand new baby, obtained without default of license. All three are Transports.

Sometimes female pilots so-called give me a something-or-other. Wings flapped, feathers flew, and loud squawks were heard for years, all due to a suppressed desire to RACE and COMPETE WITH MEN. Now look—not even the feathers are flying. Being one ourselves it would afford us a great deal of pleasure to see a woman step out and show her empinnage to contestants in the MacRobertson International Trophy Race from England to Australia this coming October. It would be well worth concentrated effort and preparation. The speed division (there is a handicap also) pays a cash prize of 10,000 pounds first place and a gold trophy worth 500 pounds. (The pound now retails at \$5.50 our money.)

Now is the time for some enterprising young woman to show both foresight and "insides." (A term of our own which we feel is more delicate than "guts.") The interested or curious can write to the Royal Aero Club in London for details.

Feeling that we may as well be shot for a sheep as a lamb, we wonder why those women pilots who possess that rare commodity, money, don't stir their stumps, and *do something*. So far as we know there are extremely few women's records which come within shouting distance of similar men's records. No wonder the males look upon us with disdain. What galls us is that a fair number of women are capable of giving men pilots a run for the money, given comparable equipment; unfortunately a fact which men refuse to recognize upon the face of it. Concrete proof it badly needed. All in all it's a vicious cycle; those with ambitions have no money, and those with money have no ambitions. Let us pray for a miracle, that the twain SHALL meet!

ON SOVIET AIRLINES

By FAY GILLIS

18,769 miles of scheduled airlines but not one official air hostess is the state of affairs in this air-minded land of the Soviets. But however inconceivable it may seem to you—especially to the air hostesses who are now considered a vital part of every airline, it is entirely logical in this country of unpampered people, who haven't leisure time—even while they are up in the air.

During my various air jaunts about the Soviet Union, I have naturally talked and discussed American aviation with the Russians and in the course of the conversations, I usually get around to the subject of "Air Hostesses," about which I have read so much and who sound like decided assets to air travel, but just between you and me, I must confess that I have never met one face to face. With the exception of one flight to Berlin, all my travelling on airlines has been within the Soviet Union. After having explained the duties of an air stewardess in detail to the Soviet airmen, according to any amount of material which I have read on the subject, I always get the same reply.

And my guess is that they are right. There is absolutely no place whatsoever for flying hostesses on the present Soviet air routes. Air transportation in the U. S. S. R. is still several years behind the air trails of America—and several years ago air hostesses were unknown in the United States. It's the old question of supply and demand, and in this case—there isn't any demand.

At present the majority of patrons of Soviet airlines are business executives out to cover the greatest amount of territory in the smallest amount of time, and people sent out on *commandarovkuz*, that is they have been ordered out to a special job to help speed up the tempo, and time is precious. These patrons are men—at least I have never met a woman passenger except on the Moscow-Berlin line which is of course used almost solely by foreigners. However, I didn't mean to insinuate that there aren't any feminine business executives in this Land of Equality, because there are plenty of them but they seem to prefer other means of transportation.

Even if there were air hostesses in Russia, they would have a hard time performing the duties allotted to a flying hostess in America. Take bridge for instance. An air hostess would have a hard time organizing a game of bridge among her clients in a Soviet airplane, because most of the Russians usually sleep during the flight—Soviet airlines are still run according to the sun, which means that in order to catch a plane it is necessary to be on the airport before the crack of dawn, which is rather

early during the flying season. But if she did happen to find four people awake at the same time she would still be stumped because the Russians don't play bridge, but they might possibly play *Dyrak'* which is the Russian word for fool, and is one of their favorite card games—some Soviet aviators taught it to me on my trip to Tushkent. But it is hard to play any kind of a card game in the present Soviet airplanes because the seating arrangement in the majority of the ships is still just one row of seats on each side of the aisle.

Also an air hostess would be deprived of the fun of serving refreshments up in the Soviet air. No plane in the U. S. S. R. today has a flying kitchen, although the ANT-14, world's largest land plane, has a space reserved for a kitchenette which will be installed when the plane is put on the Moscow-Vladivostok line, scheduled to begin operations next summer.

And as for playing nurse to the sick, most of the Russians who fly are hardy prennials, or if they do weaken there are paper bags for the emergency.

But if there are no flying hostesses in the land of the Soviets, every airport has its hostess in one capacity or another, who never fails to make me feel welcome in spite of the total lack of entertaining facilities.

On the airport in Sverdlovsk, the telegraph girl did her noble best to make me comfortable; at Novosibirsk, it was the feminine meteorologist from the weather bureau on the field, who helped me pass the time while I was waiting for Wiley; at Apzamak, where the airport is just a wide open field with a

FAY GILLIS

of the
United States
of America
and the
United States
of Soviet
Russia

Photo by
Schneider Studios



tent for an administration building, an old peasant woman who had left her work in the next field, served as hostess, and I might add, was much more charming in her simple way than some society hostesses who have read Emily Post from cover to cover. It was the wife of the head of the airport in Samara who devoted her time to making me comfortable. At Aktiubinsk, the airport cook gave her room to me for the night—it was futile to protest. At Kzyl-Orda the head of the airport was a woman, who doubled as a mechanic in emergencies and she was not only a most pleasant hostess but she insisted on cooking our meals as well, while at Tashkent the private secretary of the head of Civil Aviation in Asiatic Russia was my guide.

The only place where there wasn't any sign of femininity was in Kazalinsk. The airport and administration quarters were overflowing with men and boys of all sizes and descriptions but during the five days I was there I didn't meet a single woman. The men did all the work, including the cooking and seemed to be most happy and efficient without any assistance from the "weaker sex."

However, Kazalinsk was an exception which didn't prove the rule. While it was lots of fun being the centre of attraction, it was much nicer at the other airports where I had some feminine company. I think that men are a wonderful asset to the world; but it certainly wouldn't be complete without the women and I will always have a warm place in my heart for these unofficial hostesses who unconsciously have done so much to make my flying memories around the Soviet, pleasant ones.

Any Woman Can Learn To Fly

By GEORGE W. ORR

President, Roosevelt Field, Inc.

One hears more and more of the success of the woman flier; the very real contribution she is making to this thrilling, though very practical art. Women have adapted themselves to every type of flying, from the long, grueling days of endurance tests, the constant vigilance of trans-oceanic solo flights, the exacting demands of transcontinental derbies, to the precision and cool mastery required by racing ships. The woman flier has run the gamut of aerial experience and has proven herself entirely competent; richly deserving the acclaim and confidence of all who fly.

With such demonstrated versatility, one naturally wonders what manner of woman is required to set such a record of brilliant accomplishment. Has there been some feminine genius, divinely endowed with the attributes of a great flier? Or must one be exceptionally daring, or bold, or peculiarly fitted by nature for the role of pilot?

The answer is the most interesting part of the

whole amazing business. There is no predominant woman flier. Many are great. Let the mind run over the list. Personal choice may fall here or there, when up bobs this name and that, quite as deserving in her particular field as the one of our first choice. There is no particular type which predominates as the successful woman pilot. Choose five, say, who occur to you as outstanding. Compare the personalities. You will find quite as wide a range in persons as in the varied activities in which they specialize.

All of which brings us to the important—and comforting—truth. Any normal woman, who, for instance, would make a good automobile driver, can learn to fly and fly well. All will not be champions, any more than in any other line. The champion, must be particularly fitted and must be willing to pay the price of specialization and concentrated, sustained effort. But any woman who wants to can become a good pilot.

The experience of Roosevelt Aviation School furnishes ample proof of this conclusion. This institution is one of the pioneer organizations in the country, has always held the highest Government rating and is dedicated exclusively to aeronautical training. Located on the largest and most extensively developed civilian airport in the nation, its students, both men and women, have achieved a high place in aviation. More than forty women have received their training there in the last few years. They have come from every conceivable walk of life, including artists, musicians, actresses, secretaries, teachers, stenographers, models, night club entertainers, housewives and society matrons. Just to prove the adaptability of women as fliers, the Roosevelt school put on a demonstration in 1930 that created wide interest. Three women were chosen from widely separated classes; a school girl, a business girl and a housewife. The experiment undertaken was to see which, if any, could learn to fly solo—entirely alone in the plane—in a single day. None had ever touched the controls before. Before sundown of the first day all had taken their planes off, flown a given course, and safely landed without assistance and alone in the plane.

We have avoided names for obvious reasons, but it is interesting to look over the records of some of the Roosevelt Aviation School women graduates. One, formerly a beauty specialist, owns her own plane and flies it on trans-continental trips. Another, formerly an actress, was chosen as co-pilot on a trans-Atlantic flight. An ex-Follies girl purchased a plane and went on a successful "barnstorming" tour. A former dramatic teacher is now employed by an aeronautical school. A society girl, engaged to a pilot Italian Count, received her license before marriage, and the Countess now flies with her husband in Italy. A society matron, whose husband is not a pilot, flies her plane and family from her Long

Island estate to their farm in the South. A lady real estate operator finds that she can show her prospects property from the air better than in any other way.

And so the story goes. Woman has given a pretty thorough demonstration of her adaptability and competence in competition with man in almost any field one might chose, but in aviation this has been done with a thoroughness and finality that not only convinces, but justifies the utmost confidence and admiration.

Flying News

(Including Air Meets, and Plane Passengers)

Loutfieh El Nadi, the only woman competing, was the winner of an international air race held in Cairo late in December. Her time was 2 hours, 5 minutes from Almaza airdrome, Cairo to Alexandria and return. 30 planes representing many nations participated. Miss El Nadi is Egypt's first woman pilot, and won her license only 2 months ago. The International Aeronautic Congress, with 150 delegates present, met in Cairo, during the week of the air meet at Cairo. . . . Fay Gillis, of The 99er staff, on January 21, became the first foreigner in Soviet Russia to own and fly a glider. . . . Hazel Ying Lee,

a Chinese girl who learned to fly in Portland, Ore., went to China recently to offer her services to the Chinese flying corps. . . . And in Japan, Cecila Tokuda is learning to fly so that she may fly in the service of her country. . . . The United States Flag Association awarded its Cross of Honor to Anne Lindbergh in recognition of her work as navigator and radio operator on her recent flight of 29,000 miles over 31 countries, together with Colonel Lindbergh. . . . Margery Brown, 99er roving reporter, recently returned to Havana, after visiting Jamaica and Panama, and while there took a hop over to Miami to say "Goodbye again" to her parents who were visiting there. . . . Manila Davis of West Virginia and New York, recently flew her new husband, Lieut. B. B. Talley of the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers, on air mapping duty at Wright Field, to Dayton, Ohio, where they will make their home. . . . Mrs. Juanita Smith of Kotzebue, Alaska, visited Seattle on her way to San Diego where she intends to learn to fly, in order to help with the operation of 4 fur trading posts owned by her father and brother in the far north. She flew from Seattle to San Diego via United Air Lines. . . . The Albatross Club No. 1 extends an invitation to all pilots, mechanics and aviation enthusiasts to attend their first annual ball at the Roosevelt Field Hotel, Garden City, L. I., on February 10, at 9 P. M. Admission is free to all.

EVELYN FROST

"What is to be done about overhead wires—especially high tension wires—is a question that acquires added importance every time a new plane takes to the air. . . . It would seem that now would not be too soon to plan for taking high tension wires out of the air as well as curves out of the highway," in the opinion of the Buffalo Courier-Express, voiced shortly after Evelyn Frost, an American girl, lost her life when her plane with Geoffrey Ruddle, an Englishman, at the controls struck some wires at Nevers, France, and fell.

Evelyn Frost was the first foreign woman to hold a French air navigation license. Thanks to the high value of the dollar at that time she had found it less expensive to learn in France than in her own country. After taking her license tests in January 1932, she had gotten in some 60 hours time in her Gipsy Moth bought from Amy Johnson Mollison. The crash took place during a practice flight for an air expedition to Kenya Africa in which she planned to compete with ten men pilots.

Born in Red Lake, Calif., Evelyn Frost formerly lived in St. Louis and New York. She wrote a great deal of very excellent verse and also did some writing about her flying experience. When this material is available over here, The 99er will welcome an opportunity to publish some of it.



A portrait of EVELYN FROST
by her mother, Mrs. Sterling Frost

Air Reading Matter

Edited by MABEL BRITTON

Under the heading *Aeronautical Library, Aero Digest* for December lists texts and books covering every field of the flier's interest. A few of these with which I am familiar I will mention briefly!

Elementary

Modern Flight by Cloyd Clevenger. Alexander Industries, Inc., Colorado Springs. \$1.—This little manual of practical flying is the best and clearest exposition of learning to fly that I have seen. Short clear sentences, simple directions, good drawings, make it an ideal manual for the beginner. From Chapter 1—Effect of Controls, through Chapter 2—Aerobatics, all information the average pupil can digest in his flight training is completely given. A very short condensed discussion of Airplane Motors, Trouble Shooting, Rigging, with a few pages of alphabetical nomenclature complete this useful manual. If private instructors could be persuaded to use some such manual much confusion in the pupil's mind would be eliminated.

Flying and How to Do It by Assen Jordanoff. Grosset & Dunlap. \$1. In this text information is arranged in the order in which it would be given by the instructor to a flying pupil. Profusely illustrated with splendid drawings and very amusing ones, Jordanoff's book is great fun to read as well as informing. The introduction and each chapter end with a little drawing and some pithy saying in italics such as, "When a novice asks 'How safe is flying?' the answer is, 'How high is up?' Both are just what you make them." Or, "Changing your mind in the midst of a forced landing is like being caught short in the stock market."

Thompson Aviation Texts. Thompson Publishing Concern, Detroit. (Not mentioned in *Aero Digest*). When I was fortifying myself for the verdict on the written examination for an L. C. license in the lunchroom at Wayne County Airport a fellow sufferer joined me. "Do you think I'll be

a washout," he said, "in the dry sump motor I couldn't think of scavenger and called it a *garbage pump*." In how many hearts will that awaken a sympathetic response!

The Thompson texts, Airplane, Engine, Meteorology, Navigation, are prepared to equip the pilot with the necessary knowledge to pass the Department of Commerce examinations. However desirable a course in an approved ground school may be, any intelligent person working alone on these texts with the help of occasional explanations from an experienced mechanic can make the grade. Lists of typical questions end every chapter to test the student's understanding, though the question and answer method is not used throughout as in Leslie Thorpe's *Cadet System of Ground School Training*. For further study Monteith Carter's *Simple Aerodynamics* (Ronald Press, N. Y.) is a classic reference as is Colvin and Colvin's *Aircraft Handbook* (McGraw-Hill Co., N. Y.)

Reference will be made in this column next month to books on Meteorology, that most fascinating branch of required study.

To Date Data on Women Pilots

Total 629 - Transport 75 - Limited Commercial 43 - Industrial 1 - Other classes 510.

One new Transport, Thelma Elliott of Baltimore, Md., with 1 Transport changed to Private leaves the Transport total at 75 this month. Four new additions to the list makes the grand total 629. Of these 4, Elsa F. Peabody of Kansas City, Mo., is an L. C.; 2 of them, Louise B. King of Mentor, Ohio, and Laura Tucker of Pawhuska, Okla., are Privates, and Vilma M. Johnston of Brooklyn, N. Y., is an authorized solo pilot. The L. C. total—with one new L. C.; two, Jean Barnhill of St. Paul, Minn., and Suzanne Humphreys of Far Hills, N. J., not previously listed as L. C.'s, and 2 former L. C.'s changed to Privates—is now 43.

Readers are urged to send in current news or corrections for this department.

A new thrill for Sophisticated Flyers

○ If you're an old-timer at flying, the sleek, streamlined fuselage of the WACO Model C will give you a thrill you probably never expected to have again.

If you're new at the game, you'll get a certain solid satisfaction from the beautiful way this ship handles in the air and its ability to get in and out of tight places.

Here, for quick reading, are some of



the "high spots." Luxurious, form-fitting seats. Better vision from both front and rear windows. Controlled interior ventilation. A cruising speed of 125 miles an hour, with 145 an hour top speed if you want it.

See this wonder ship the first chance you get. Or write for facts and figures. They will be sent free and postage paid without the slightest obligation on your part.

WACO LEADS IN AIRCRAFT REGISTRATIONS

BREAD AND BUTTER AND AVIATION

MY first geological survey flight assignment took us from Clover Field, Santa Monica, due east over the desert as far as the Red Rock Canyon district. At this point, my passenger, R. N. Ferguson, member of a Los Angeles geological firm, made aerial

like very much to have the opportunity of making geological aerial survey trips a steady vocation. It's a grand idea if you can muster the customers.

KAY VAN DOOZER, Los Angeles.

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Dorothy Pressler, Transport pilot, is manager of the Municipal Airport at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

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Employment Exchange

Wanted—Almost any job that will again put me back into flying or near enough to hear the whir of an engine: office work, hostessing, or whatsoever Address—Anne L. Smalley, Box 501, Harwichport, Mass.

Space under this heading will be available for want advertisements by women who seek jobs in aviation and by prospective employers of women in aviation. They must be sent in to the editor by February 15 for the March issue. No charge it made for publication.

White Horse Inn

114 West 45th Street

A happy landing place where, over a steaming, savory dinner and a glass of what-will-you, your ground flying can be done in the pleasant atmosphere of an old English Tavern



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About 99

Why a 99 Club and Why a Magazine

An organization which every woman pilot in good standing is eligible to join, formed to provide closer relationship among all women pilots everywhere and to unite them in any movement that may be for their benefit or for that of aviation in general.

That's what the 99 Club is and why it exists. Next question! A magazine, because we need to know what's going on among women in flying so that we as individuals, as local groups and as one big national group can best work to provide closer relationship among us and to carry through definite projects.

This is what the mimeographed 99er helped us to do during 1933, and what the printed 99er will help us do in 1934, and 1935 and many years to come. It is up to every one of us 99's, as well as all non-pilot readers of the magazine, to use it as a place to have their sayso about any phase of flying that concerns us. To criticize, or make suggestions. To help us get into print the things we would like to see printed in the way we would like to have them said. *To build up something important to each of us and to aviation.*

So far The 99er is paying its own way, which is not bad for a three months' infant. Our high hope is that it will, by increasing its subscription list and the amount of its advertising space, be able not only to increase its size but to earn a definite income which will be applied toward the cause of flying for women, as for example, organizing women's air meets, offering prizes for women's events, or scholarships for women students.

Please note that we have two regular columns beginning this month—*That Air Fun* by Louise Thaden former 99 vice president; and *Air Reading Matter* by Mabel Britton, governor of the North Central section of 99.

About the subscription trophy: The New York-New Jersey section was ahead during most of this month, but just recently the Southwestern Section again took the lead. Additional subscription blanks may be secured by writing to Clara Gilbert, 99er business manager (address on last page). May 1st is the closing date for the contest.

I want to remind all women pilots who are not yet members of 99 to write to their sectional governor or the national secretary-treasurer (names and address on last page), and ask for application blanks. This applies also to women holding letters of authority to fly solo cross-country. And may I again remind all members to send in their dues for the current year to their sectional governors or to Lauretta Schimmoler. The dues are \$2.50 this year. The extra fifty cents covers your subscription to The 99er.

MARGARET COOPER.

Pins and Uniforms

All orders for 99 regulation uniforms should be addressed to Gladys O'Donnell, 3723 California Avenue, Long Beach, Calif. The price for this two-piece gabardine flying suit, with a 99 emblem attached, is now \$11.50 in white, \$12.25 in tan.

Stationery with the 99 insignia in blue may be secured by sending \$1.75 to Amelia Earhart, Rye, N. Y., or to the national secretary-treasurer. Only a few more boxes are still available.

The official 99 pin may be secured in silver gilt, cut out, without propeller by sending 90 cents, plus 5 cents for cost of mailing, to Clema Granger, Clover Field, Santa Monica, Calif. Or it may be purchased in silver gilt with

a movable propeller, but not cut out from Tiffany, New York. As this lot was made up and the money to cover their cost was deposited in advance, these pins can be released only by placing orders through Amelia Earhart, Rye, N. Y. The gold cut out pins with movable propellers may be secured by members directly from Tiffany, New York City, at \$12; as may also the same pin with the rose diamond at \$14 by charter members.

Meetings Announcements

Regularly scheduled meeting dates are:

New England Section: 1st Saturday afternoon in every month. Meeting place varies.

New York-New Jersey Section: 2nd Monday in every month. The February meeting on account of Lincoln's birthday will be held at 7 P. M., Monday, the 5th at Jessamine Goddard's home, 48 E. 73d Street, N. Y. City.

Middle Eastern Section: Next meeting, Tuesday, February 6, Pylon Club, Patco Airport, Norristown, Pa.

Southwestern Section: Los Angeles Chapter-2d Monday in every month at Hotel Clark, 6:30 P. M. . . . Northern Chapter, 1st Tuesday in every month at Hotel Whitcomb, 8 P. M.

New Members

Amy H. Andrews, N. Y. City; Nancy L. Harkness, Houghton, Mich.; Suzanne Humphreys, Far Hills, N. J.; Vilma M. Johnston, N. Y. City; Dorothy Kinsman, Los Angeles; Jeanette V. Lempke, Bay City, Mich.

99 Sectional News

New England

On Saturday, January 20, the New England Section held its meeting in the Administration Building at East Boston Airport. Mrs. Lorraine Fankland was hostess to the group. . . . Before the business of the meeting took place, the 99's went to the parachute room at the U. S. Army hangar, where Harold Kraner, official parachute instructor and inspector, gave a very descriptive talk on parachutes. Everything about a 'chute, from the pulling of the rip-cord to the careful packing, was gone over in detail. . . . Then back to the Administration for the business meeting. The girls here in New England are getting right down to brass tacks and getting things done. As a result, the names of towns are being painted on rooftops, new members are coming into this section and one girl is trying very hard to get an airport developed in a town on the South Shore! For each of these accomplishments, points will be awarded toward the Margaret Kimball Cup. A list of the names of those who have points towards the cup, and what they have been given for will appear in the next 99er. . . . We are working on a 99 song for this section; our scrapbook is filling up and getting interesting, and so are our little 99 autograph and snapshot books.

MILDRED H. CHASE.

New York-New Jersey

The dinner meeting on January 3 at the White Horse Inn was attended by 25 members, including our past national president, Amelia Earhart. The speaker Dr. James H. Kimball of the U. S. Weather Bureau, introduced by Ruth Nichols, gave an interesting talk on Meteorology. Bill Zelcer, who owns and runs the White Horse Inn, and is a pilot himself, greeted the 99's in cordial manner at the close of dinner.

North Central

Ten 99's groped their way along the icy highways of Michigan in a blizzard on Saturday, January 13, to the sectional meeting at Ypsilanti Airport. Ruth Wakeman, courageous soul, flew in from Chicago, with only one forced landing. The rest of us confined ourselves to the good old horseless carriage. . . . Two local chapters were born: a Chicago chapter, with Ruth Kitchel Wakeman at the helm; and a Michigan Chapter with Gladys Hartung as Chairman. Saturday, February 17, was announced as the first meeting date for the Michigan Chapter. . . . The officers for the section, in addition to the governor, Mabel Britton of Ypsilanti, are Alice Hirschman, Grosse Pointe Park, Mich., secretary-treasurer and 99er reporter; Mary Von Mach, Detroit, advertising chairman; Ruth Wakeman, Chicago new Membership chairman: . . . After a perfectly grand luncheon at the Owl Club on the Airport we all sat entranced before a beautiful display of motion pictures of a distinct flying flavor all about races 'n things shown by Milo Oliphant. ALICE C. HIRSCHMAN.

South Central

The following officers have been named for the current year: Jean La Rene, Dallas, Tex., governor (re-elected); Edwyna McConnell, Throe, Fort Worth, Tex., secretary-treasurer; Mary E. Owens, Fort Worth, Tex., 99er reporter; Helen R. Johnson, Brownsville, Tex., advertising-chairman; Gerry Honomichl, Tulsa, Okla., subscription chairman.

Southwestern

Maude Miller, that 101% Ninety-Nine with the aid of her very nice husband, secured four beautiful gavels for the club. They are made of the finest of imported wood from South America and were made by one of the leading cabinet makers on the coast. One of these gavels was presented to Harriet Isaacson, Chairman of the Bay Cities Chapter, at the first meeting of the year. Another was mailed to the Southern California group in time for their first meeting, and still another has been sent to Margaret Cooper, our president. We have no excuse for being out of order now! Maude is one of our finest members and hardest workers. We appreciate her efforts as much as we enjoy her as a member. Thanks old dear!

Lauretta Schimmoler, another of our hard workers, with the generous cooperation of Bud Morriss of the Clark Hotel, arranged a lovely dinner at which the officers of the Ninety-Nines entertained representatives of the press. Its grand success might be food for thought for some of the other chapters. Newspaper people present were: Alma Whitaker, Jean Bosquet, Helen King, Roy Hilton, Peggy Gilliland, Katherine Sink and Carl G.

Shaeffer. . . . The southern California Ninety-Nines are embarking on their first project for the New Year. Lauretta Schimmoler and her arrangements committee are prepared to greet Southern California en masse (and we hope they're not too optimistic) when it turns out to the 99 dance to be held at United Airport on the night of January 20th. From all advance reports we know it will be a huge success.

Mr. Carl Squier, General Manager of the Lockheed Aircraft, manufacturer of fast transports, entertained members of the Los Angeles chapter at their January meeting with a most interesting talk on aircraft development. Besides being an interesting speaker with an interesting subject, Mr. Squier is quite a handsome person. After his invitation to visit the plant, we shall know where to look for missing 99's!

We regret to report that there are misrepresentations being made by one or two girls selling magazine subscriptions. These solicitors have claimed to be members of the 99 club and state that the club will pay for a course of instruction if they sell enough subscriptions to the magazines they represent. The club is sponsoring no such project. If the guilty parties are really members, we hope they will snap out of it.

Spring fever among Ninety-Niners is manifesting itself in the form of renewed interest in sports. Members are organizing an equestrienne and a bowling team. The first group of rough-riders include Elliotte Roberts, Esther Jones, Edna Crumrine, Kay Von Doozer, Elizabeth Hayward, Mary Alexander, Myrtle Mims, Nancy Chaffee, Dick Clark, and Clema Granger. EDNA CRUMRINE.

Northwestern

We start 99's early in this section. Little Miss Joan Meyring, not quite a year old, has some 20 or more hours to her credit, having flown the round trip to Juneau, Alaska with her father, Gene Meyring, pilot for Alaska Southern Airways. Virginia Estelle Andrews, 11 months old, has already made three flights with her mother, over Seattle and vicinity. Mrs. Dora Skinner's little daughter, Elouise, although only five, would rather fly in her mother's ship than use any other means of transportation. . . . Virginia Ogden, one of Seattle's first women pilots, talked to a group of high school girls on aviation as a vocation for women. As a result 5 of the girls visited the airport and showed every intention of taking up flying as soon as they finished school. . . . Cora Sterling, Mary Riddle and Virginia Ogden recently visited a sorority house at the University of Washington to talk to the girls about the opportunities for women in aviation. VIRGINIA OGDEN.

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