

The



er

May, 1934

Vol. I, No. 7



Two New York 99's are officially welcomed to Atlantic City.
(See page 3)

A MAGAZINE ABOUT WOMEN AND FLYING



HOWARD AILOR
PRESENTS



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1934
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Augusta Roberts of the New York-New Jersey section won the first hat in the *Amelia Earhart Hat-a-Month Contest*. The winner for April will be announced in the June issue. Each month's contest closes on the last day of the month, and every 99 member is eligible to compete. One of these goodlooking Stetson hats designed by Miss Earhart is available for the winner each month. It all depends on how many different airports you are landing in during the month. Application blanks and details of the contest may be secured from the 99er editor (or look 'em up in the March issue).

The 99er subscription trophy contest closes May 1st. Results will be announced in the June issue. At the moment the New York-New Jersey section is still leading.

Augusta Roberts, with 21 subscriptions to her credit is high individual, with Margery Brown and Laurel Sharpless tied at 18 each.

AROUND SOUTH AMERICA

Laura Ingalls is back, with a substantial achievement in the form of a 16,000 mile flight around South America in her belt. Then too there's the little matter of a solo flight over the Andes, made previously by Elly Beinhorn of Germany and the French aviatrix Volland, but never before by an American woman pilot; not forgetting that hers was the first solo flight by a woman from North to South America.

Nor has anyone else, man or woman, ever made a solo flight around South America before. In other words, it's a hundred per cent, two-fisted *first* to the credit of this woman transport pilot and 99.

Starting from Glenn H. Curtiss Airport, North Beach, L. I., on February 28 in her Lockheed Air Express, she took off from Miami on March 8 for Havana, stopping in Yucatan, Nicaragua, Honduras and Cristobal in the Canal Zone. She left there on March 13 and flew non-stop to Talara, Peru, thence to Lima, with two stops between there and Santiago. On March 21 she crossed the Andes and flew on to Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, around the eastern coast to Natal, Para, the mouth of the Amazon, Duth Guiana, the West Indies and Miami again.

There were long jumps and hazardous ones, and she covered 5,000 miles more than Amy Johnson on her flight to Australia in 1930. Helmets and hats all over the world are off to Laura for having completed a very swell job of flying.

This month's cover picture shows (left to right): President Louis St. John of the Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce, President Margaret Cooper of the 99 Club and New York 99 Augusta Roberts. (Photo by Fred Hess & Son.)

In rhapsodizing over the annual 110-mile junket of amateur pilots from Roosevelt Field to Atlantic City, an editorial writer on the Philadelphia Bulletin reminds us that "Persons under middle age can remember when the annual picnic was bound to be undertaken with transports of joy via bicycle, carry-all or buckboard." And the pilots who went picnic-ing on this April 6th had every bit as much fun as if they'd come in 32 buckboards instead of 32 airplanes. The picnic lunch served them at the Lee's bungalow was as elegant as the balance of the entertainment.

The first "conveyance" to turn up over Atlantic City and dip its wings in salute to the Haddon Hall and Chalfonte Hotels was flown by 99 and Amateur Pilot Vilma M. Johnston. Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Roberts flew down in Mrs. Roberts' Bird.



THE 99er—A MONTHLY MAGAZINE ABOUT WOMEN AND FLYING

Published by the National and International Organization of Women Pilots

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AIR-ONICALLY SPEAKING

By ANN ONYMUSS



We can't say about the females, but there are simply bushels (my dear) of men pilots rushing here and yon about this country trying to find a good solid angel who will finance a flight from London to Australia. We would like to know why since entries MUST have ATC's!

We have heard from our snoopers that Frances Marsalis may enter a Waco cabin in the London-Melbourne handicap, that Laura Ingalls plans to enter, that Helen Richey would LIKE to go in but probably won't due to financial difficulty, that Ruth Nichols WAS thinking about it, and that there probably won't be a single woman in the Speed Race of the International event. Tsk, tsk—is the fair sex not going to uphold its—its—what is it?

So far as we can see the air mail gets more and more snarled up. We wish there was something we could do about it besides groan that our transport aviation has been given a tremendous set-back through the jealousies and money grabbings of our politicians. However, if it does come to pass that the whole business of aviation can be taken out of those hands permanently, then the wrong can eventually be righted, and these hectic times will not have been in vain, and to do over with every change of administration.

This IS the depression, there are so few rumors floating around these days. Very bad for Ann, no dirt, no news, no interest.

It would be interesting to learn how many (or shall we say few) women pilots could pass a test in blind flying, in navigation, and in radio. Most of us are at the same point we were two years ago. We do admit it is very difficult to find the opportunity or the money to acquaint ourselves with these phases of flying, but it CAN be done and the effort would not be too great. It seems high time for us to quit doing so much talking about no opportunity to become as proficient as the average man pilot, and make opportunities for ourselves. The aids to flying and piloting are advancing and most of us are not. As a matter of fact we don't even think about it, but remain content to hangar fly, and get in our usual airport and cross-country flying in the same slipshod and easy-going manner. Most of this could be converted into blind flying—hoods are easily made both for open cockpit and cabin that will function sufficiently for our purpose. Radios are no longer expensive for private pilot consumption. We have rested on our early and easily gotten laurels too long. Now let's really do some flying.

THAT AIR FUN

By LOUISE THADEN

Margery Brown the Roving Reporter has a swell idea, at least I think it is but you probably won't. (You thugs!) Margery goes on to talk about having a session with some of the California gals one p. m. in which forced landings were reminisced upon and a good time was had by all. Her contention being that the pilot wasn't afraid when she had a conked motor, and others' the opposite. Now whatta you gals think who have made dead sticks, were you or weren't you? Or shall we put it this way, were you during, or was it afterward? I'm for the after theory. Anthoo— Margery says "I suppose that many a pilot, looking back, can see some humor in the event; and if so all the better. I am convinced it will help other pilots a lot to know what their sister-in-distress did in an emergency. What caused the forced landing? Where was the ship landed? (Not wing and prop, you dope—pasture, mountain peak, or roof top.) Were you scared at the time? Were you frightened afterwards? Tell us the whole story."

I remember the one and only time the motor ever quit cold on me. And I wish to state that to me a forced landing is NOT a forced landing for any other reason. Anybody should be able to get a plane down somehow with the aid of the motor. Remembering well also my other contributions to this here column, I refuse to divulge the gory details until somebody else starts it off.

Whether your motor has quit or not, which of you gals have been in tough spots. Come, come now, or you'll get zero, zero on your report card, and may all your children be pilots, yeah with bad eyes to boot! Ain't cha scared now? Well, I am every time it's time to fill up space for this column.

Here's Dumb Stuff Contest Entry No. 2

Back in 1929 (I had about 3 hours dual) "Hap" Roundtree, my instructor and a group of students were discussing just when to pull back the stick in landing. "Hap" asked me how I knew, and in all good faith (honestly) I said, "when I get near the ground I look over the side and when I can see the grass blades I pull the stick back." Hap chased me off the field and I didn't dare go back for a couple of hours.

I. C.—AKRON.



A STUDENT'S IDEA OF A BUMPY DAY

Drawn by Charley Knox, former student at the Trunk Flying School

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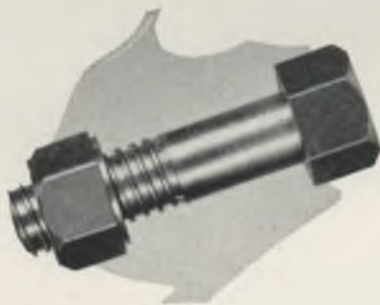
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NOTICE TO ALL MEMBERS

Greetings 99's:

◆ Trying to obtain a complete set of autographed snapshots or pictures of all 99 members.

◆ Would each of you send me a picture autographed on the picture side? Any clippings of your flights would also be appreciated.

◆ Will Sectional Club Secretaries please mention this advertisement at club meetings? Thank you.

T. F. SOUTHARD

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THAT CERTAIN BUDDY OF MINE



Left to right:
Helen Johnson,
Buddy Fairchild

Photo by
A. Rogers Studio

(Editor's Note: This Brownsville, Texas, letter writer first took instruction in flying in September, 1932, and since her first solo it's been a problem for her friends to find her at home on the ground. She is ready now for her transport test if she can ever find time to take it when an inspector is around. Right now she has an L. C. license.)

Dear 99er Readers:

Not so long ago I bought my first ship, a KR Fairchild 21-B with a Kinner B-5 engine, and with the help of my instructor flew it home. This certain ship, or Buddy, is about the smartest fellow I have ever known. And can he do acrobatics! Why he would rather do a slow roll than drink his gas. He has taken care of me several times.

My last experience for example. I was trying to get to Beaumont to a party that was being given in my honor by the Wing-Over Club of which I am happy to be a member because those pilots are the most enthusiastic aviation workers I have ever seen. They breathe engines, airplanes, meteorology and navigation. We were to meet in Beaumont before going on to the opening of Sushan Airport and the races, and the club was honoring me because I was the only lady pilot to fly to New Orleans out of the one hundred who had contracted from the state of Texas.

I left Brownsville for Houston, the first stop, having only a 500 foot ceiling and prior to that 0-0 reports. I stopped at Corpus Christi to refuel on account of Buddy holding only 30 gallons of gas, also because we picked up a head wind. About 50 miles out of Houston we ran out of daylight, so we sat down in a nice little cow pasture. It was plenty wet and had plenty cows. Of course, I couldn't leave Buddy to fight the cows by himself, but after a half hour of cow chasing, a couple of boys came to see if we needed help. I hired one of them to sleep in the ship and keep the curious cows from taking a bite out of Buddy's linen suit. After giving instructions as to what to do and what not to

do I left for the big city of Angleton in a model T Ford truck. Called my parents in Brownsville and also the Wing-Over Club in Beaumont and then had supper and went to bed.

Following a sleepless night of chasing cows away from Buddy (in my dreams), I took off for Houston with much less than 500 feet, but the old railroad ran right into town. Reached there with only a 100-foot ceiling left and no visibility. The field under us looked mighty fine, I assure you, but on approaching the runaway I found my trouble had just started. I came in over the high lines unable to use elevator, the stick being jammed. Well, I thought sure 'nuff girls, I was going to mess things up! Thank goodness then for the stabilizer, rudder and the old gun, 'cause that is what we landed by. I was ready to cut the switch, feeling sure we would ground-loop, nose over or something.

With the field all in front of us we made a fast wheel landing and kept rolling until we lost enough speed so we could use the brakes. Now Buddy lands at 45 and don't you know we did some traveling across that field? Needless to say I thanked Buddy for being on his good behavior and not doing us any damage.

After the controls were fixed I started on my way. The weather was still bad, but remember I was the only lady pilot to fly in formation to N. O. and I did not wish to keep the men waiting. So I pushed on to Beaumont where above the noise of my throttled engine I could hear shouts of welcome and "Here comes Helen!"

The next two days were spent in Beaumont, waiting on weather. But the Wing-Over Club took care of us; entertained us every minute of our stay there. Eventually, I was talked into leaving Buddy in Houston and flying in to New Orleans on the Wedell-Williams Line.

But coming back to the weather. This last was only one of many experiences I'd had during the winter and I'll tell *you*, I am glad I struggled through a course in blind flying last summer 'cause I certainly have had to use that knowledge. I am glad also that my old instructor, Mr. C. W. Blackwell, gave me plenty of training in forced landings.

This very instructor, his family and I have a field at Palestine, Texas. We have a nice big steel hangar, a six-room house and are having a machine shop built with all the equipment to rebuild ships.

One of the saddest experiences with my ship was when the hangar where Buddy was stored blew down at Brownsville during the hurricane. He was laid up for over two months and that was the hardest waiting I ever did.

Come to Palestine sometime.

HELEN R. JOHNSON.



Sonny and Jean Trunk come out from under the blind flying hood.

Meet the Trunks—Jean and John L., i. e., Sonny—directly on our left. I made a determined effort to interview Jean sitting in the sun in front of the Roosevelt Field hangar which houses their flying school, only I did all the sitting and Jean all the dashing in to answer the phone or to see people who'd come to speak to Sonny.

Besides Jean is a bit leery of interviewers since she was quoted in print as having said she was opposed to flying as a profession for women. "Just because I said I never could be a professional pilot on account of my eyes didn't mean I wouldn't be if I could, or that I wasn't in favor of girls flying for a living." And eyes or no eyes, she holds a full private license, has 110 solo hours, and works in aviation as Sonny's right hand man. She makes appointments, runs the office and tells the students when their flying is lousy. According to witnesses she may even dash over and demand cold-turkey: "Ground him, Sonny!"

Lieutenant John L. Trunk began flying in 1927 with the National Guard, and in 1929 he graduated from Brooks Field. That same year he joined the Caterpillar Club along with Fay Gillis at Curtiss Field at Valley Stream. He was chief instructor for Curtiss there until 1932 and had charge of the Albany-Montreal newspaper run, making a 14-weeks-without-a-cancellation record. He has 4,500 hours in his log book.



Martie, Lorraine and Leslie Bowman of Glendale, California.

MR. AND MRS. PILOT

All Long Island is going to miss the Trunks while they are off in Colombia, South America, for which country they set sail on April 12. Sonny was in charge of a group of some 40 pilots and mechanics, who will instruct students and keep training planes in order down there. Jean was one of 9 wives who accompanied them.

It's going to be difficult to get the geography of copy and pictures on these pages to come out even. At any rate we'll proceed in the matter of two California couples in the words of a no less distinguished reporter than Gladys O'Donnell.

"Exhibit A, No. 113976, finger-print file 8472, will introduce you to the prize flying family of Southern California. Leslie, Martie and Lorraine Bowman are all pilots. Lorraine who is thirteen, is the youngest person to solo an airplane according to all available records. She soloed an Aeronca at Salem, Oregon, last summer and has had over 400 hours in the air with her famous parents.

"Les, who is too handsome to be trusted, is factory representative for Waco on the Pacific coast. It doesn't make any difference, gals—we've had our eyes on him for a long time, waiting for him to waver, but there's just something about Martie—. After witnessing the blistering Martie administered to Benny Howard at the National Air Races last year, I wouldn't want her on my trail. And this leaving the best until the last, brings us to Martie.



Bertha G. and Le Roy M. Gardner of Providence, R. I.



Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Kirk of Detroit.

PART II

"Martie learned to fly ten years ago with Bert Kinner. Les finally learned to fly so he could keep an eye on her and she has had him in the air ever since. Martie has participated in every National Air Race since 1930 and is keen competition in any kind of an event. She ferries ships to California from the factory and assists in demonstrations and deliveries. Unless you've met her, you've missed a lot. With a laugh as contagious as it is spontaneous, she is the surest cure for the blues. With a rare sense of humor, she enjoys a joke on herself as much as the next fellow.

"You will notice also, in the Bowman family, the dog and cat. 'Cub,' the dog has as many hours in the air as the majority of pilots only he doesn't talk about it as much. The cat, whose name I've forgotten but I believe it's something like 'Dihedral,' flies too but I imagine he confines most of his solo work to the back fence.

"Myrtle and Paul Mantz, operators of United Air Services, Ltd., United Airport at Burbank, probably have the most extensive charter service in Southern California. Their equipment includes two Lockheeds, a Buhl, a Stearman, a Fledgeling and a Fleet for training. Paul is President of the Motion Picture Pilots Association and one of the famous Hollywood Trio. Myrtle has had a private license since 1930—June of that year—and does a lot of co-piloting for her friend husband on his cross-



The Misses Descomb and Edith Descomb of Hartford, Connecticut.



Helen and William A. Lehtio of Detroit



A. A. and Ruth Elder Gillespie of Los Angeles.

country charter trips. We call her "Red" for she is a red-headed freckle-faced little dickens with a grand smile and requests that you please find some method of obscuring the cigarette in her hand, for Paul disapproves of her smoking. How would it be if we substituted a rolling-pin, Myrtle?"

And in the upper righthand corner we have the Gillespies, Ruth Elder and A. A. of Los Angeles, as photographed by Margery Brown, with her Leica Camera. Ruth is wearing yellow breeches, a brown blouse and a yellow ribbon tied around her hair in the fashion she made famous in 1927. Ruth's pilot license is Private No. 675, her husband's Private No. 6136. He is an art director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

Somewhere in the middle of this page should be Edith Descomb and her two lovely young daughters. We take it her husband, Charles Descomb, was taking the picture. At any rate it's a grand one, and only the fact that it was so small kept us from using it on the cover sometime. Both the grownup Descombs are transport pilots. They conduct the Descomb Flying Service at Brainard Field, Hartford.

Edith Descomb was born in Finland, came to this country in 1923, met and married her husband, then a barnstorming pilot. "While watching him hop passengers," says she, "I conceived the idea that

(Continued on Page 13)



Myrtle and Paul Mantz of Burbank, California

THE CEILING WAS ABOUT 800

By RUTH MARSHALL RUECKERT

San Francisco L. C. pilot and chairman of the membership committee, Bay Cities Chapter of 99



There was one thing against us—the weather on the Coast.

For some time I had planned to fly to Sacramento to get acquainted with the women pilots at that base, but it took the enthusiasm of Marjorie Hook, chapter secretary-treasurer, to get me started. We contacted Pansy Bowen, loyal 99, who gathered the girls together for the meeting, and so, on March 24th, were all set to go.

But at San Francisco Airport the ceiling was about 800 feet, and lower until after you crossed the hills into the Sacramento Valley. Our instructor decided that it was not exactly Fleet weather, so I prevailed upon "Rudy" (Mr. Harold W. to you) Truesdale to fly us up in a 175 h. p. Travelair. Marjorie and I were mighty comfortable, tucked in with a lap robe, when we took off and skimming the bay, crossed from Hunter's Point to Alameda Airport, then over Richmond to the Berkeley Hills. From there on to the Sacramento Valley it was an exciting game of hide and seek: the fog doing the hiding and Rudy seeking to get over the hills. (I really enjoyed the wild flowers growing on the hill tops and in the valleys.) Rudy has flown the course pul-enty of times, both night and day, and I think he was interested to see if any new vegetation had sprung up since his last trip.

The fog soon changed to low broken clouds with the sun sending innumerable spotlights to light the farmlands below. We nosed up over the low-hanging layer, enjoying the scene with which most of us are familiar, flying over miles of fluffy white.

We arrived at Sacramento Airport to find it clear and warm and several girls waiting to greet us. Had our pictures taken, both Marjorie and I feeling like cream puffs, and Rudy kindly making himself most inconspicuous. Pansy had gathered together Kay Maritsas (a private pilot who, under the new rulings, is wondering just what she is), Mrs. Marie Fagerskog (intent upon acquiring a license), Allene Hughson (steadily piling up solo time toward her license), and Genevieve Nebeker (a 99 since November 1933. Irma Louise Wiles (solo pilot and brand new 99) had driven over from Galt and Kay Case had flown over from Stockton, so what with Pansy Bowen, Marjorie and me, we had quite a gathering.

After waving good bye to Kay Case, Marjorie and I were flown home very capably. It was a rough ride, much the same as the trip up, except that the game of hide and seek was just a shade more fascinating. We dived out of the mucky stuff over Richmond and I turned to wave congratulations to Rudy, but he was busy making a most inelegant gesture at the fog. I doubled him.



"Flying the Atlantic again, huh?
Well, where's my supper?"

Courtesy Flying Aces Magazine



By MABEL BRITTON

Without going into the intricacies of the mechanism of airplane instruments, Howard Stark clearly explains their uses in his instruction book evolved from years of experience flying the mail, and instructing in instrument flying the line pilots of Eastern Air Transport.

Like Ocker, he believes in the necessity of a definite order in instrument reading, (naming seven instruments he considers essential) and also stresses the importance of training under actual bad weather conditions. A chapter is given on the use of the Radio Beacons with the Stark method of locating the beam. That finding and interpreting the radio beam is the most difficult part of the business is indicated by the hours of training required, the average pilot needing 10-12 hours instruction and in some cases 20, while preliminary under-the-hood instruction averaged 11½ hours.

The experience from which Stark has derived his knowledge has been most interesting. He has flown the mail from Boston to New York, New York to Cleveland, and in South America from Buenos Aires, Argentina, to Porte Alegre, Brazil. The last was a night route of 626 miles requiring four different compass readings and was negotiated without the help of weather reports, radio or beacons, sometimes with two to four hours of instrument flying at a time.

That Howard Stark is as able a teacher as he is an accomplished flier is amply demonstrated in this little book.

Instrument Flying, by Howard Stark. James Stark, Pawling, N. Y. \$2.00.

A young engineer bitten hard with the flying bug works up to an air-transport job, then revolutionizes the game with his great invention.

It is refreshing to read a first-rate and exciting story about flying which is plausible, and authentic in details. Speed, thrill, the feel, the very *smell* of flying are all here—but read it for yourself!

Big Flight, by Francis and Katharine Drake. Little, Brown & Company. Boston. \$2.00.

NEW OWNER - PILOTS

Laurel Sharpless (Terry), private pilot of New York City, is the proud owner of a beautiful shiny white two-place biplane bought from Sonny Trunk. It's a Pilgrim KR 34 Fairchild with a Wright J-5, 175 H. P. engine. On April 21 she made her first cross-country in it and at the same time called on her sister, Mrs. Emma Sharpless of Philadelphia. . . .

In 1932 Laurel won the student derby from New York to Atlantic City. She put on the air show for benefit of Bellevue Hospital relief work that year also, has done active duty as a nurse, and is now doing social work. She's an active 99, keeps the Terry apartment running like clockwork and has three enthusiastic rooters for her flying, namely Fred (he's the husband), and "Fred's uncle" (we haven't met him but hope to) and Cinder her gorgeous German elkhound.

Ninette Heaton recently bought from the Gillies Aviation Corporation of Garden City, L. I., a red and silver Waco with a 165 Continental F-2 engine. She plans to fly it to the West Coast in the near future. Miss Heaton, a native of California, qualified in England for an A license (first cousin of our old private license, only that it required only 3 hours solo time. . . . They've raised it to 6 now) on her 17th birthday. She has put in about a hundred hours since then.

MEETS AND RACES

The 99's of the Los Angeles Chapter put on quite a show for the home towners at the Air Meet at Santa Monica on April 25. They were entered in cross-country races, pylon races and bombing contests. Kay Van Doozer, who has been in the spotlight a lot lately, took first place in the pylon race and the bombing contest, winning a beautiful trophy given by Clema Granger. Kay is becoming keen competition for some of the best. Gladys O'Donnell ran away from some of our more famous male racing pilots, setting a very fast pace in the free-for-all race. . . . The next meet which the California 99's expect to attend and do their little bit at is the Bakersfield air meet on May 6. The girls will fly up en masse on Saturday and will all stop at the Padre Hotel for the week-end. Sunday's events will include looping contests, relay races, pylon races, etc. Girls already entered for the looping contests are Kay Van Doozer, Peggy Gauslin, Melba Beard, Ethel Sheehy, Edna Crumrine, Katherine Cheung and Clema Granger. These same girls, plus Elliotte Roberts, Hilda Jarmuth, Ruth Stewart, Dick Clark and Gladys O'Donnell, are all entered for the races. By EDNA CRUMRINE.

And our Roving Reporter begs to say she had her biggest thrill in several years at the aforesaid Clover Field Meet when she saw Jim Granger (husband of Clema) make a spot landing. Watching horse races at the Jockey Club in Havana never gave her a thrill like that—not even when she had money on a horse. . . . And young James Granger (son of Clema) won a race later in the day.

Annette Gipson returned to New York recently from the South to complete plans for the 3rd Annual All-Woman's Air Race.

BREAD AND BUTTER AND AVIATION



R. V. and Rae Trader and the banner which started them off on an aerial advertising career.

I'm thinking there might be others who have found their aviation activities along certain lines decreasing rather than increasing, who might benefit from our experiences during the past winter when the income from our major activity—student instruction—fell from \$465 in February of 1933 (which we thought at that time would be the lowest it could ever reach) to the grand sum of \$7.50 for February 1934.

But something has always come along to tide us over the tough spots in aviation. This winter was no exception.

Aerial banner advertising in the past had always seemed like something that cost the advertiser a fortune, required highpowered special aircraft and a rather expensive outlay for a banner. However, having reasoned that an aerial banner is nothing more than a combination of simple aerodynamics in streamlining and a whale of a lot of sewing that makes a shirt factory sweat shop pale into significance, we (my husband and I) evolved our first

banner and breathlessly watched its first flight.

Well, that little banner towed behind a light plane paid all our debts, that otherwise wouldn't have been paid until this summer, gave us a nice sum for Christmas and headed us into the most profitable line of aviation we have ever followed. More aerial advertising jobs came our way quickly and today we have discontinued flying banners ourselves. Instead we supply jobs and the banners to different friends of ours who have aircrafts available for this kind of work. Not only have we pulled ourselves through a hard winter of bad weather with moderate financial success but we are helping others too.

Recently we started a little factory adjoining Pittsburgh Curtiss-Bettis Airport at Dravosburg, Pa., and started selling banners in kit form to be completed by the purchaser. Our work in the factory is done by student fliers from the airport who will be able to earn what it takes to pay for enough flying time this summer to get their transport licenses.

The laying out and sewing up of an aerial banner is a "womanly" job in aviation if ever there was one and this line activity for other reasons also seems to fit in so beautifully with my own flying picture, that it's just possible there may be other woman fliers who may also find it a congenial method of earning bread and butter in aviation. RAE TRADER.

(Editor's Note: One other woman flier and 99, Clara Gilbert of New York, heard the call of "Lady, play your sewing machine" something like a year ago, and now aided and abetted by a couple of Autogiros, heads the Gilbert Flying Service for aerial advertising.)

FREE 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.

FLYING NEWS

John Livingston, one of the country's leading racing pilots, has become associated with the Waco Aircraft Company at Troy, Ohio, as engineering test pilot and in charge of production test flying. For two years in succession Mr. Livingston was awarded the trophy at the National Air Races as the outstanding and most consistently winning pilot; he also, twice, flying a Waco, brought home the Ford Reliability trophy. . . . And now that we're on the subject of consistency and man, The 99er begs to report that Henri Ottinger, one of our most consistent male rooters, is going to Europe and has been good enough to promise to tell every woman pilot he meets on the trip about the 99 Club and

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FRANK AMBROSE

Glenn Curtiss Airport, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

The 99er. Henri is sailing on the S. S. Europa with John Jay White, president of the Westchester Aviation Country Club, and well known sportsman pilot. They will take with them the most completely equipped 1934 Waco cabin plane that ever left the U. S. for Europe.

From Assistant Director of Aeronautics, J. Carroll Cone, we have a letter containing positive promise to have the list of women pilots within the next ten days or so, in time for the June issue.

Mary M. Barrows of Fairbanks, Alaska, who calls herself "a 99, but a lonesome one, a long way from any chapter," writes that she had a private license last year, but lost it as she has just 25 hours of solo. She will of course be able to qualify easily for the new amateur license. . . . Margaret Ickis, 99er reader, who teaches in Ketchikan, Alaska, will spend the summer in Seattle learning to fly. . . . Doris White of Greenwich, Conn., is a new 99er subscriber who plans to become a pilot (private) before next fall. She has done a great deal of auto-giroing with her father John Jay White and has also had time on other planes. . . . The latest candidate for future nomination to the list of women pilots is Mrs. Peter Holland, the 74-year-old flying great-grandmama who secretly took passage to Spain on the Graf Zeppelin. She surprised her family again the other day by signing up for a flying course at Chicago Municipal Airport.



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MR. AND MRS. PILOT (Continued from Page 9)
people needed coaxing to fly so I began to sell them the safety of flying. It is estimated that to date I have sold more than 53,000 rides. Incidentally, my husband flew them all without a mishap."

She took up flying herself in 1930, soloed, after 9 hours instruction, in 6 days' time. She has 335 hours now, owns her own ship, a Fairchild 24, and won the Hiram Maxim trophy for the best all-round woman pilot in Connecticut, as well as establishing a Connecticut woman's looping record last summer. She loves racing best of all though.

Across the way from the Descombs are the Gardners, and in the words of Bertha G. Gardner:

"Bill (Le Roy M.) and I were both holders of private licenses when we were married, and owned a Stinson, Jr. We were intensely interested in aviation and when three young fellows came to us with a story of a hangar partly built and a ship on order, but no money with which to proceed, we could not resist the temptation to take over the outfit. The hangar was completed and the Waco F arrived. Bill and I were the proud owners of "Wings Incorporated" at the R. I. State Airport in Providence.

"The original idea was to use the place as a hangar for our own ship with a mechanic-pilot to keep it in shape, but we had the Waco and the pilot had very little to do. A few friends asked if we would consider enrolling them as students.

"The student body grew rapidly, more men were engaged, and the number of ships increased. At the end of a year and a half, Bill and I found that we were spending so much time at the field that we were neglecting our paper business in town. Altho 'Wings' was by far the favorite, fate decided it must go. It is now the property of another proud owner, but we still keep Bill's Fairchild and my Great Lakes in the hangar—and hope that we always can."

From the North Central section we have this month: the Lehtios and the Kirks of Detroit.

Helen Lehtio reports: "Our interest in flying dates back to Lindbergh's flight. After that our Sundays were spent touring the landing fields around Detroit. Due to finances my husband, Wm. A. Lehtio, wasn't able to get his private license until June 1930. I promised then to try my hand at piloting as soon as we had our own plane and he had his transport license. I made good and so did he. In February 1933 I passed my private test. Our cross-country flying consists in a trip to New York every summer and to various spots in Michigan."

Faye Davies Kirk briefly tells us: "I started flying in the fall of 1929 in a class of about thirty 'fellows.' Of the lot, one, by the name of R. B. Kirk seemed more interesting to me than the rest. We were married the next summer. After that, being one family—only one half of us could fly. I was the lucky half. Now that the depression is over we hope to be able to continue our flying by two's."

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