

ıly, 1934

Vol. I, No. 9

THIS ISSUE

e New Deal for vate Flying By S. L. WILLITS

ving in Penang

By FAY GILLIS

exican Airports

By BESSIE OWEN

morrow's Pilots



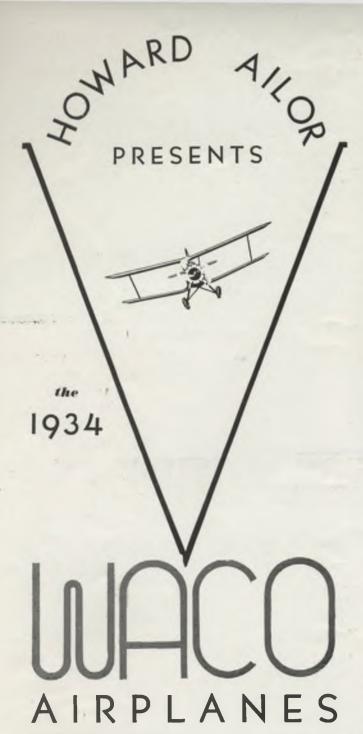
Sheila Brown, one of Day-after-Tomorrow's Pilots

COMING NEXT MONTH

Flying Forest Patrol
By PHYLLIS PENFIELD

The Inherent Characteristics of a Flier By Cr. W. G. GAMBLE

The Art of Bailing Out
By DAN BERGAN



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Editor's Note: Readers are earnestly requested to send in any and all current licensing data on women pilots.

IN TRIBUTE

Four years ago last month mankind met its first air hostess on the job and found out that she was anything but just window dressing. She worked for her bread and butter, and hard.

Today there are 100 plane stewardesses and hostesses as compared to the original 8 in June 1930. This new type of job has identified itself as an essential factor in air transport efficiency, and the girls who hold it have proven themselves competent and resourceful on daily routine and in occasional emergencies.

More than three years rolled by before the first hostess lost her life. The profession, after an extended interim, has three times exacted its penalty of sacrifice as pioneering endeavor is apt to do.

Women in flying everywhere are proud of air hostesses Alice Scribner, Mary Carter and Margaret Huckeby, heroines in line of duty.

THIS MONTH'S COVER

If you don't think it's a pretty small world look at this month's front cover and consider that the picture of the daughter of an American war ace was taken by Planet New Photos of London and loaned to The 99er of New York by courtesy of L'Aquilone—a flying magazine for children published in Rome. Little Sheila Brown, aged 31/2 years, has logged more than 300 hours flying time, and judging by her expression and her striped denims, would seem to swing a "mean" monkey wrench.

Edna Gardner landed at 11, count 'em, airports-Capitol, Hoover, Congressional, Endless Caverns, Alexandria, College Park, Beacon, Newport, Roosevelt Field, Washington and Central—thus winning the Amelia Earhart Hat-a-Month contest for May for the second time, making her quota of hat wins within a year's time. Hereafter a limit of 10 will be put on the number of airports to be entered on one month's contest blank. Additional blanks may be secured from the 99er editor and should be mailed to her when they are filled out and signed by the sectional governor.

The article on the Inherent Characteristics of a Flier, announced for July, will appear in the August issue and a more recent contribution from Fay Gillis has been substituted for her Flying in the Philippines, which also was postponed until next month.

Women pilots learned with sincere regret of the death of Myrtle Madeline Brown, transport pilot and charter member of 99. Miss Brown, who died at the home of her mother, Mrs. Thomas Brown of Omaha, following an appendicitis operation, is a sister of Mrs. G. M. Bellanca. With a fine record as a flier, air racer and a writer about flying, Myrtle Brown also won distinction as an owner and operator of an airport.

Beeler Blevins, old timer at the flying game, and instructor of all the Atlanta women pilots, died recently after an automobile crash. He owned a hangar at Candler Field and was a very excellent pilot as well as a particularly competent teacher. Among fliers all over the country Beeler Blevins was recognized as one of the leaders in aviation progress.



THE 99er—A MONTHLY MAGAZINE ABOUT WOMEN AND FLYING

Published by the National and International Organization of Women Pilots

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CLARA GILBERT, Advertising and Business Manager, 101 Park Ave., N. Y. C. AShland 4-3183 SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR; TEN CENTS A COPY



TOMORROW'S

Ten thousand Junior Birdmen hold a Field Day at Floyd Bennett Field, New York City.

I quest that Friday was the first time of ever injoved school.

Sincerely
Robert Demorest

That's how one pupil felt about a lecture on flying given by Maude Tait, transport pilot, at the Forest Park Junior High School in Springfield, Massachusetts. In other words, Robert knows what he enjoys.

Today's boys and girls in this and most European countries are eagerly taking the preliminary steps towards getting ready to fly some day. Everywhere pilots, men and women, are extending the hand of fellowship and encouragment to them.

And these youngsters don't stop at learning the slang of the air and how to tell one airplane from another, they know their flying current events and personalities as they know their Babe Ruth and their Lou Gehrig. They collect pilots' autographs and photographs, patiently, systematically. The principles of aerodynamics are meat and potatoes to them; they build model planes to scale; and they are learning to build and fly gliders.

Everywhere, both here and abroad, efforts are being made to direct this interest wisely. A number of pilots sponsor high school aviation clubs, or serve as vocational guidance councillors to students who choose aviation as their future career. A Junior unit of the Women's National Aeronautic Association in Chicago has 150 high school girl members and arrangements have been made for them to take a special course in meteorology and navigation at the Aeronautical University in Chicago.

The most comprehensive movement "to organize and direct into useful channels the vast interest of boys and girls in aviation" is the Junior Birdmen of America organized under the sponsorship of William Randolph Hearst, publisher. Lawrence Shaw is its National Director, and there seems to be no limit to the scope of the organization's activities, which include Field Days at airports, trips to airplane factories, model plane meets, semi-annual meetings at theaters, an annual Popular Pilot Poll, with a daily news column called a Junior Birdmen Wing in 11 big metropolitan newspapers. It is open to boys and girls from 10 to 21 inclusive.

(More about "Tomorrow's Pilot" next month)

With infinite care Elsa Bluemcke, only girl in the Junior Flying Corps at the Junkers factory in Dessau, Germany, is preparing the ribs for her own glider, in which she plans to take the full glider pilot's license test.

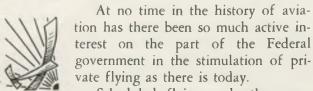
(Courtesy Deutsche Flugillustrierte.)



THE "NEW DEAL" FOR DRIVATE ELYING

By S. L. WILLITS

Supervising Aeronautical Inspector, New York, N. Y.



Scheduled flying and other commercial operations have advanced rapidly in the past few years, but the private phase of aviation has not gone forward at the same pace. With the coming of the "new deal," the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce, the branch of the Federal government most closely concerned with all phases of civil aviation, definitely declared private flying in for a large share of the benefits, and immediately set about finding ways and means to bring this about.

The Branch's first move was a careful study of the Air Commerce Regulations, and they were practically taken apart and put together again in order to remove all possible restrictions that may have been hampering the growth of private flying. However, it must be emphasized that in no way was anything done to jeopardize safety.

In the new regulatory pattern the private flyer's interests were placed much farther in the foreground, and ways to make additional improvements are still being sought. Amendments which were adopted have resulted in a marked increase in the number of student pilots. They include: Creation of a new type of pilot license known as the Amateur grade, with a prerequisite of 25 hours of solo flying time to bridge the gap between the student and private grades; extension of the validity of student licenses from one to two years; extension of the physicial examinations for non-commercial airmen from one to two years, renewal of non-commercial licenses by mail instead of through personal appearances before an inspector; reduction of fees for physical examinations; credit as solo flying time for all hours spent

To Date On Women PILOTS

Total, 364; Transport, 68; Limited Commercial, 34. Private, 192; Amateur, 21; Solo, 49.

With 2 new privates, 2 new amateurs and 3 reinstatements—2 of them privates and the other L. C., the present total of 364 shows signs of looking up from its lowly 358 of last month. There were also several changes in license rating, including 1 new transport pilot, so that even with 1 name off the transport list the total holds at 68. Meta Rothholz, mathematics teacher in Erasmus High School, N. Y., and for several years the only woman industrial pilot, recently passed her transport test.

flying with an instructor after 10 hours of actual solo work; and authority for private pilots to operate aircraft carrying guests, executives or employees of companies by which they are employed, provided no payment is made for the transportation, and also to demonstrate aircraft in flight to prospective buyers.

In addition to needed regulatory changes, the Aeronautics Branch felt that one of the most important requisites to a "new deal" for private flying was a low-priced, volume-produced airplane which would enable more people to enjoy aviation and at the same time would provide a valuable boon to the industry.

A survey was launched which revealed that there were more than 60,000 persons acutely interested in such a plane.

The first step in capitalizing on this information was taken by the Aeronautics Branch with its invitation for bids on 25 planes of this type for use by its inspectors to provide a design from which the advance to the low-priced airplane for everyone should be a simple and logical evolution.

Closely related to the low-priced airplane project is the program of airport development and air marking carried out by the Aeronautics Branch in cooperation with the Civil Works Administration. Some 1,040 projects have been undertaken with the use of unemployed labor and material for construction of landing fields. About 60 per cent of the 1,040 represent new landing fields and 40 per cent improvements on airports in existence.

The air marking project consists of painting town names on roof tops to assist passing pilots in finding their bearings.

The Aeronautics Branch confidently expects that, when the results of its work have come fully into evidence, private flying should take on a new significance, and should assume its rightful place in American life.

FLYING NEWS

Officers of the Women's International Association of Aeronautics for the coming year, as announced from the organization's headquarters at the home of Mrs. Ulysses Grant McQueen of Beverly Hills, founder, are: Lady Mary Drummond Hay of London, president; Ruth Nichols of Rye, N. Y., vice president. Other officers include women from 7 or 8 different foreign countries. . . . Isabel C. Ebel of Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 13 graduated from the Daniel Guggenheim School of Aeronautics of New York University with the degree of Aeronautical Engineer. She was the only girl stu-

(Continued on Page 12)

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THAT AIR FUN

By Louise Thaden

A Georgia pilot writes: "I think the suggestion that forced landings be sent in is very good. Often they help others, but most of all I think it gives us confidence, knowing that others have the same trouble and that it may happen at any time."

FORCED LANDING

I had always thought I would be able to do the right thing in the case of an emergency because I had heard so many stories of "how I made a forced landing," that there could be no doubt that I knew just how it was done.

Saturday afternoon was a test when Old Experience is the best teacher. I gunned my motor and the ship climbed beautifully to about 100 or 150 feet when instinct told me something had gone wrong and I glanced at the tachometer which was dropping fast, leaving me hanging in a climbing position. I dropped the nose instantly and tried the motor by jerking the throttle open and closed to clear it, but to no avail. Well with only about 150 feet at the most I had to do something quick. I was just over the edge of the field with nothing but pasture and barns in front of me and of course some trees. My first thought was to try to make the pasture, but in jerking the throttle open and closed I found it would rev up and then immediately drop off again. By jerking the throttle open and closed I managed to keep enough speed to make a gentle turn and ALMOST made the field, making a perfect three point landing, down wind, in a strip about 25 feet wide with a bank on both sides. Don't ask how I did it because it was just one of those things. ERIN DARDEN.

And here is Entry No. 3 in the Dumb Stuff Contest:

Some girl landed at our port, she was going cross-country and wanted help in figuring her compass course. They figured it and said it would be one hundred and forty. The girl went out and crawled in her ship. Soon she was back with a puzzled look on her face and said, "Something must be wrong somewhere, my compass only goes to thirty-six." (Sounds fishy, I know, but I've got witnesses.)

And here's a gal who is all for the idea of a summer camp. Gayle Pond of Chicago. "I think it was a brilliant suggestion and hope it develops whether I could join it or not."

It seems feasible to suppose Dallas would be a likely spot, and how about September or October? Lets work this thing up. If enough interest is shown I'll do some preliminary work on seeing how the thing lines up from use of field, free fuel, and accomodations standpoint. Let's hear from you, girls.



Alice Hirschman (left) and Elaine Hirschman Egan (right.)

During the war, two tiny girls watched the Army planes from Selfridge Field practice manouvers overhead in preparation for going overseas, and in the hearts of these children desires awoke to join those fliers in the clouds. The little girls were Elaine and Alice, daughters of Dr. Louis J. Hirschman of Detroit, and being the daughters of a doctor, they had but a scant amount of what it takes to procure

flying instruction.

In September 1931, however, Elaine and Alice were in transports of joy over having found an economical way to satisfy their longing to fly. They banded together with fifteen other persons who had little in common except an uncontrollable urge to fly, and small incomes. The membership of Sport Flyers, as the club was called, included such ill-assorted folk as a bus driver, a Belgian artist, two airplane mechanics, an automobile salesman, a bond salesman, a bootlegger, a grandfather, a stenographer, a sign painter, Alice and Elaine who was Mrs. Joseph Egan by this time and the mother of a strapping boy. Sport Flyers bought a Curtiss-Wright Junior, and the fun began.

Alice received her private license that fall, but Elaine had to discontinue temporarily, after getting in 12 solo hours, because young Jimmy needed shoes more than she needed her license. Now Alice has her L. C. and Elaine is getting the feel of the stick again, and they both take off merrily on frequent

air jaunts together.



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RACES

RECORDS

ANNETTE GIPSON

Life at the moment is just one aerial event after another, past or coming, for women, for men or for both. It isn't possible to do all of them or even a few of them justice in any one issue of a small magazine. But we're setting aside two pages this month and will cram them as full of competitive flying news as that amount of white space will take of printer's ink.

First, in point of time, we have to report on the Memorial Day Races at Dycer Airport, Los Angeles. Clema Granger of Santa Monica (see picture on opposite page) walked away with first honors in the women's race (six laps over a 3-mile course in planes of 100 H. P.) Henrietta Lantz, Ethel Sheehy, Ruth Elder Gillespie and Kay Van Doozer came in second, third, fourth and fifth respectively. Waldo Waterman, flying the same Avian piloted by Clema Granger, won first honors in the men's race but his time on the course was 11 minutes, 35 seconds, while hers was 11:27. The girls beat the time of the men's race, using the same type ships, by $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes.

At the meet at Curtiss-Wright Airport, Baltimore, Md., on Sunday, June 3, Edna Gardner of Washington, D. C., won the main race in competition with 7 men, in her Wright-motored Stearman Ben King, also of Washington, won the slow plane

At the Norwalk, Conn., meet on June 16 Frances Harrell Marsalis of New York, won the handicap race in a Waco, with Jessamine Goddard 4th in her Monocoupe. "Tiny" Goddard won the cup in the stunting event.

Gipson Race at Roosevelt Field

Attended by a large crowd, many from distant points, the Annette Gipson Woman's Race, held on Roosevelt Field, Long Island, June 24, had 13 entries.

The event was won by that consistent winner Edna Gardner, transport pilot and a nurse at the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery in the U. S. Naval Hospital in Washington. In second place was Suzanne Humphreys, L. C. pilot of Far Hills, N. J., who last year placed second in the Amateur Pilot's Championship competition at the National Air Pageant. Frances Harrell Marsalis, well known New York transport, was third; and Edith Descomb of Hartford, Conn., also a prominent transport, placed fourth. The \$850 in prize money, donated by Mrs. I. J. Fox, was split 4 ways: into \$500, \$200, \$100 and \$50. Miss Gardner was also awarded a handsome trophy.

On Some Recent Records

Jean Batten, 24-year-old New Zealand flier, who refused to quit trying after two failures and not a little derision from her fellow Britishers, recently made a new record for women by completing a flight from England to Australia in 4½ days' less time than the previous record set by Amy Johnson (Mollison). She made the flight in an old wooden Moth which has been in use for nearly 5 years.

The Marchesa Carina Negrone of Genoa, is recognized as the outstanding pilot among the 8 women who now fly in Italy. An introduction to her is made possible through the courtesy of *L'Ala D'Italia*, (Wings of Italy) a magazine published by the Royal Aero Club.

The Marchesa took her amateur license in October 1933; Dott. Giorgio Parodi, a well known air pilot was her teacher. A few days later she won the Circuito di Genova, a speed race for touring planes, in a Savoia Marchetti S. 56. . . . On May 5 1934, she climbed a Breda 15 hydroplane powered by an Isotta Fraschini 80 H. P. engine to a new woman's record of 3.37 miles. . . . Later the same month she finished third at the Circuito delle Palme in Tripoli (North Africa), a competition for light planes which, owing to very strong sand-winds was a particularly gruelling race.

Born in Bogliasco near Genoa 23 years ago, the Marchesa Negrone lives in Genoa with her husband the Marchese, who is a good pilot also. She is the mother of a wonderful two-year-old boy.

Coming Events

Plans are going forward rapidly for a Women's National Air Meet to be held at Dayton, Ohio, on August 4 and 5. Sponsored by Daisy T. Greene, president of the Women's National Aeronautic Association, and Margaret Cooper, 99 president, the meet was organized at the suggestion and through the active efforts of Manila Davis (Talley). Ruth Nichols and Gladys O'Donnell have accepted membership on the advisory committee.



Jim Granger will fly a Keith-Rider low-wing all metal monoplane with a Wasp motor in the London to Australia race. He conducts the Pacific School of Aviation at Clover Field, Santa Monica, Calif., where he has taught many a student to fly, including his wife and three sons. Jim's flying dates back to 1913.

Martha C. Smith, local president of the W. N. A. A. and executive chairman of the air meet, writes: "At the present moment we cannot definitely announce particular events, but I assure you we are going to have one which we feel will appeal to women pilots. There will be several races (handicapped) and other events such as deadstick landings, bomb dropping and the like, with cash prizes. We also hope to arrange On-to-Dayton races from both coasts. Suggestions from the 99's will be greatly appreciated."

MacRobertson International Air Race

Since our columnist, Ann Onymuss, has this month devoted her column Air-onically Speaking to

Clema (Mrs. Jim) Granger, private pilot of Santa Monica, Calif., has three pilot sons: James, Harry and Norman. She flew in two trans-continental derbies and has won many trophies. She will meet her husband in Melbourne after the MacRobertson Race.



the London-Melbourne Race, it seems to fit in here most excellently.

Since there is so much interest in the London to Melbourne Race in October, we have collected some data for The 99er.

There are 22 American planes among the 63 ships entered, with 4 American women—Jackie Cockran, Laura Ingalls, Ruth Nichols and Louise Thaden—and 1 Englishwoman, Amy Mollison. Most of the European countries will be represented by 1 or more ships.

Great circle distance is 11,300 miles, but the route flown will approximate nearer 12,000. There are three water hops of about 450 miles each, unless straight line distance is flown—and one might just as well fly the Atlantic. . . The route seems to include jungle and swamp impossible to land in with any degree of safety, deserts which are much better from the survival standpoint, very tall mountains and taller peaks, and much water. There are also islands were, I have been told, one becomes dinner. . . Air ports seem to be more or less adequate, dependent upon the ability to select the stopping point. There is not much night lighting.

The winner should go through in not more than 60 hours flying time, but will probably have an elapsed time of at least 68 hours, probably 70. Fairly decent weather should be experienced except for possible fog over France, and the likelihood of the SW Monsoon over the Malayas. A monsoon, incidentally, is a very bad, intense storm with heavy rain and winds of between 40-45 miles.

We trust that the first prize of \$50,000 does not lend over-enthusiasm to contestants, making the MacRobertson another Dole Race. Low, slow, and careful should be the motto. Ann Onymuss.

Marchesa Carina Negrone and her son.







IF YOU'RE FLYING TO MEXICO

By BESSIE OWEN, Santa Barbara, Calif., pilot, who recently toured Mexico with a pilot in her Stinson R.

We were two innocents who landed in Nogales, U. S. A., at ten o'clock one Saturday morning expecting to check out over the border and be well into old Mexico early that afternoon. And why not? We had nothing that was dutiable, only our own personal effects. We were going in as tourists and had gotten papers to that effect from the Mexican counsul at Los Angeles. So, cocky-like, we flew into Nogales.

The airport is on the American side, some ten miles from town on top of the broadest-backed hill thereabouts, approximately 5,000 feet up. The runway is plenty long enough and the field was in good condition. The manager—I believe his name was White—was most cordial and willing to assist us. The American Customs wanted to check us out it seemed. So did the Mexican Health Department, the Mexican Agricultural Department, the Mexican Customs Service, the Mexican Immigration Inspector. Maybe the Department of Commerce and the Army and Navy were also interested.

Plus—we did not have all the required papers and all the inspectors had to come from Nogales ten miles away; and we would have to go there and get them and the papers; and we would have to pay their expenses out and back (totaling about \$35.) To cap the climax they did not work on Saturday afternoons nor, of course, on Sundays—unless it were urgent, and the gratuities then of course were double.

I really thought that \$35 was quite enough to pay for just having them say "Yes, you may cross the border." And since nobody was chasing us we decided to lay over in Nogales until Monday. On that day Mr. White helped us accumulate papers and we signed them in all sizes and colors while he gathered in his car a full load of officials and drove us over hill and dale back to the airport, where they proceeded to give our red and black Stinson a cursory examination.

We made inquiries about the field at Hermosilla, which is only 180 miles away, but no one seemed to know much about it. They warned us though that it might be under water as the trains had been held up by washouts. We asked whether, in case we had to return on account of weather or what, we would have to go through the same inspection and costs over again. They supposed we would.

We finally got started about eleven in the morning, determined to go through.

At about one o'clock we reached Hermosilla, a beautiful little town on the banks of the Sonora River. The airport is north of town, a large square, sandy and slightly sloping, and never could be under water. There is a small grandstand at the lower end, but no idea of a hangar. We circled the town before coming in, more out of curiosity than anything else, but that brought a great many of the populace out and we saw streams of white-garmented men coming from all the byways. By the time we landed there were taxis on the field and agents from two gasoline companies (Standard and Aquila), all the unemployed, a handful of soldiers and an officer or two. First we had to show our papers and answer a lot of questions. The officer in charge assigned two soldiers to guard our ship and we were expected to pay them each two pesos per day.

From Hermosilla we flew a short hour southward to Guaymas, beautifully situated between a lovely bay and the Gulf of California. Some two miles north of the town, close to a tannery, is an over-grown airport, but we landed across the bay at Empalme. This does not have a regular airport, but there is plenty of space near the railroad station where planes have landed before. The runway is long enough, but only in one direction.

Guaymas is one of the towns the stranger seldom gets to. It has good fishing and bathing and a lot of insects we had never heard of before. We had been advised to take a revolver along before leaving the U. S., but found no need for that, though a Flit gun would have made us a lot happier.

Sixty miles further on, following the Southern Pacific Railroad, is the modern little Ciudad de Obregon. So far we had traveled over desert and swamp country. We had passed emergency landing fields at various garrisons along the line, but here at this little town was an airport as big as all outdoors and covered with a creeping vine that had cafe-au-lait covered flowers as large as saucers. It was like coming down to land in a flower garden.

Thirty miles away at Navajoa, is the finest of landing fields. Cross-runways and long enough All these Mexican fields so far were practically at sea level. Hermosilla is about 700 feet; Guaymas, sea level; Ciudad de Obregon, 130 feet; Navojoa the same. At Los Mochis, another hundred miles away,

we found the first hangar. It was built by Americans, who have developed any part of the west coast that has been developed. Here the representative of the Standard Oil Company, a Mr. Boyd Ryan, is most solicitous of aviators. There is a charming American hotel. The field itself is none too big, is northwest of town, might at times be high with grass and wet, and the road into town is sometimes a trough of mud.

We were advised not to go to Culiacan, but flew over it nevertheless and found a good airport on the crest of a knoll. It is a very interesting town in a rich valley, typically Mexican, not invaded by tourists as yet.

Unless I specifically mention it, there are no hangars at any of the fields and one must dicker with the guards as to price; and though the price has been set they will try for more. Even at that if you leave odds and ends in the ship they may be missing in the morning and nobody has seen them.

At Los Mochis we saw our first banana grove and our first tarantula. At Mazatlan we circled the lovely bay and saw cocoanut palms on the beach. The airport, northwest of town, is being improved. It needed it. Here they have the torrential tropical rains which soak everything through, and then the sun comes out and everything steams. The motors get rusty if not thoroughly oiled and the cabin gets mouldy.

We had planned to go on to Tepic but they telegraphed us not to come in as the field was in bad condition. We changed our route and went from Mazatlan to Durango, an hour and twenty minutes flight over country where the motor *may not quit*. It was Grand Canyon scenery, beautified. The canyons were 3,000 feet deep and precipitous, with uncountable waterfalls and unattainable lakes and meadows on top of unscalable mountains.

Beyond in the flat high country is Durango. The field is about a mile long, around 4,500 or 5,000 feet up, smooth and well kept, and there is a weather bureau because the airliners come in there. Our next stop was supposed to be Zacatecas. Luckily we missed the field which is about ten miles south of the town, too short and 7,000 feet high. San Luis Potosi has a long field 8,000 feet up; Leon has a fair field used by the lines, with weather reports and much lower. Aguascalientes has an excellent field. All these places are just about an hour apart, have no hangars, and at each you have to show your papers and be registered by the Army. Celaya is supposed to have a field but we could not find it, and the field at Queretoro is too small for a full Morelia has a big field. Guadalajara, Mexico's second largest city, 5,000 feet high, has a good airport and hangar. Toluca, nearest airport town to Mexico City, is about thirty-five miles over

(Continued on Page 13)



"With the Night Mail," by Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Company. \$2.50

Written in 1905, this fanciful story of 2,000 A. D. projected coming developments in flying. Mr. Kipling considered the dirigible the more important craft so his imagination created a night flight in the dirigible "Postal Packet 162" from London to Quebec. Vividly described and full of technical shop-talk, it is amazingly interesting to read today. Some of the fanciful notions seem strange, such as different levels assigned to fast and slow craft, but his system of beacons and lighted airways closely parallels the truth. "Our planet is overlighted if anything," says Captain Parnall at the wheel, pointing to England outlined in white and red lights, and the world's first beacon tower for air mariners was raised at Croyden in 1921! He prophesied radio direction and control from the ground also.

At the end of the book several pages are given to advertisements, all imaginary, the most fun of all to read. In my copy of the book, I have pasted opposite each ad an actual one, it's parallel; The Switlik Parachute beside his "High Level Flickers," Heywood Starter beside "Rackstraw's collapsible steel starter with automatic release at end of travel"—and I have, over a period of years, pasted in dated clippings of airline routes and photographs of dirigibles and planes and beacon lights, etc., paralleling everything described in the story. 99's visiting me, please remind me to show you my copy!

"The Grasshoppers Come," by David Garnett. Chatto & Windus, London.

Two men and a woman, with varying motives, make an atempt to break the long distance flight record, in an open plane. Holland, Danzig, Russia, the Ural Mountains, pass beneath them in daylight and darkness; then an accident to the motor causes a crash in the desert of Mongolia. The pilot, injured, is left behind while the other two go in search of aid. His experiences and thoughts, commonplace, ironical, brave; his struggle to keep himself alive, and described with skill and brilliance. The rescue—"Oh joy, oh blessed world!—the sky, riding on the air, and all the groping dirtiness of earth forgotten."

DARADIJE A LA PENANG

By FAY GILLIS, 99er Correspondent



Found! Unearthed! Discovered at last! The Paradise for would-be-aviators who have nothing much more than an adventurous spirit—which all aviators are rumored to have, and let's not disillusion the public. Yes, I have

found that there are still some souls in this world who think that people who fly are just too courageous and wonderful. ("My dear, do you really go up in the air all by yourself?")

This bit of heaven-on-earth is a place called Penang or Betel Nut Island. Get out the map and follow me. Flying °188 by the compass it is 59 miles from Alor Star, where the Imperial Airways pilots practice take-offs and landings en route to and from England. Yes, it is rather far from America, but my dears, it is so cheap. I had to keep pinching myself just to be sure I wasn't dreaming. Four dollars and 60 cents an hour for instruction! I was so excited I forgot to ask them how much for solo flying, but they probably give that to you for nothing . . . they are that big-hearted in Penang, and so nice.

The reason for all this ridiculous reasonableness is that the Englishmen who had the urge to fly in the Far East put their heads together and got the English government to subsidize their flying clubs in return for which they will give their services when called upon to defend the Motherland. Smart! If a bunch of men can do that, we gals should be able to do something better, provided it is possible to do better than \$4.60 an hour for flying instruction, with a good looking instructor.

The club has three Moths with Gipsy Major motors, 130 horse power each, and a thousand-yard square of the softest green grass for an airport. And you don't have to bother about flying clothes . . . just a helmet and a pair of goggles and you are off. The weather is marvelous, even when it rains, except of course during the monsoon season when everyone goes in for deep sea diving.

The ride out to the airport, which is ten miles outside of town, is an adventure in itself. You drive through a veritable tunnel of banana and cocoanut palms. It is like a tunnel in an amusement park—sights along the way. Groups of Malayans in their colorful serangs, discussing philosophy after their fashion. They believe that as long as your heart is at ease you are accomplishing your mission in life. They do not agree with the communistic theory—no work, no bread. They prefer the bananas off the trees. Children, like the monkeys in the trees, sit picking lice out of each other's hair. It is rather startling to see several people huddled

together by the side of the road who look as though they had just had all their teeth knocked out. But it is not as tragic as it appears—Malayans adore betel nuts in spite of the fact that the nuts stain their teeth a brilliant red. Duck farms are noisily evident on both sides of the road—with here a quack, there a quack, everywhere a quack, quack. Women, nonchalantly carrying babies in slings over one shoulder, wear the ornatest of ear rings, which have pulled their ears out of shape; gold and jewels stuck in their noses; bracelets on their arms, and rings on their toes.

And what jewelry are you wearing? These people are much too sophisticated to get excited about flying. Or perhaps they are too ignorant. But now that you are ignorant no longer, you must come down and fly in Penang with me sometime.

FLYING NEWS

(Continued from Page 5)

dent of more than 2,200 enrolled at the Engineering and Art Colleges of the University, and is the only woman in the United States to hold this degree.

Amy Mollison is in New York for a couple of week's visit. . . . Margery Brown recently sailed from Honolulu for Japan on her round-the-world trip. . . . Bessie Owen of Santa Barbara, Calif., sailed last month for France. (This begins to sound like a travel chart.) . . . And that California flying couple, Melba and William Beard sailed on June 11 for Russia, where they will look up 99 Fay Gillis, who has recently returned to Moscow from a trip through the Far East. . . . When the Beards return in the fall, they will settle down in Washington, D. C., where William Beard is taking a position on a national current events magazine, The Observer. This news will be "hard to take" for the California section of 99 of which Melba has been a very active member. Among her social accomplishments, for instance, is deep sea diving and she and her husband recently took Esther Johnson, Kay Van Doozer and Peggy Gauslin along on a deep sea expedition.

Hilda Jarmuth of Los Angeles is on a trip to the World's Fair and other points east. . . . Harriet Hibbard, Milwaukee's only woman pilot, was a recent visitor to New York. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Irving Poberts of New York are vacationing at their place in Middletown, Delaware. . . . Mrs. Daisy T. Greene, president of the Women's National Aeronautical Association is summering in Europe. . . . Peter Huvler Gillies, son of B. Allison and Betty Gillies of Syosset, Long Island, has a sister Patricia, born

June 8. . . . An afternoon tea "novelty" recently was the announcement of the engagement of Mary Alexander, pilot of Glendale, Calif., to Herbert King, Army flier. The prospective groom, piloted by Ruth Elder, flew over the tea, given at the home of Mrs. Logan of Glendale, and showered the guests with the "Air Mail" announcements, returning later to be congratulated. . . . On Sunday, June 3, at the home of her parents, Manteca, Calif., Kay Case and Ernest Nidick were united in marriage by the Rev. A. J. Case, the bride's father. Her brother, Lloyd Case, gave her in marriage and she was attained by Mrs. Ruth Rueckert, matron-of-honor, and Helen Moody, bridesmaid. Fred Rueckert was best man, and among the guests at the ceremony were Capt. Bill and Madeline Royle, Rita Gerry, "Johnny" Johnson, Afton Lewis, Marjorie Hook, Harriet Isaacson, Joe and Maude Miller, and Pansy Bowen who flew in from Sacramento. The newlyweds will reside in Alameda.

The Carolina Aero Club was organized the first of April. At first it was planned to be a social club, but interest has grown so much that it is now statewide, plans are going through to have it incorporated and the meetings are enthusiastically attended by pilots from all over the state. The first meeting was held at High Point with 18 present; second meeting at Greensboro with 35 present; third at Winston Salem with 50 present and fourth at

Burlington with 50 present. The next meeting is scheduled at Charlotte on July 10. Officers elected were: C. G. Hill, Winston Salem, presidents; L. S. McGinnis, Winston Salem, 1st vice president; Joe E. Allen, Greensboro, 2nd vice president; Mary Nicholson, Greensboro, secretary; Gene Benson, Greensboro, treasurer. The board of directors, numbering seven, are selected from all over the state. The pin is a shield with a replica of the Wright Memorial Monument with wings on the sides; and Orville Wright has accepted honorary membership.

MEXICO

(Continued from Page 11)

a high range and has a long field 8,500 feet high, and finally Mexico City where the airport is excellent, 7,200 feet up, east of town, surrounded by flat tields and marshland, near the military field. It has cross-runways and hangars.

There are three other ways of going into Mexico. One is through El Paso with her marvelous ports to Chihuahua which has a good military port. Or through Brownsville down the cost to Tampico. Or through Laredo to Monterey.

Almost any ship can tour Mexico. But in southern Mexico a ship that can cruise at around 12,000 feet comfortably is almost a necessity.

99 Members

have a way of doing as they please and mine were that kind. With my brother, however, I was rewarded to some extent, for the other partner in the airplane ownership absconded to Mexico with the plane and Glenn went back to studying pills and babies.

"But—a short time later, while a student at the University of California at Los Angeles, I took my

ABOUT 99-Continued

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This chapter is suffering from loss-itis. Erna Bach Anderson, Marian Trace and "Johnny" Johnson all having departed for Tennessee, Honduras and Hollywood respectively. . . . The dance given by our chapter on May 19 was not so successful financially, but fun was had by all. Much needed sheckels were derived from a racing game with Bill Royle as manager. Joe Miller was door-

y invited of the convenience

AIRPORT

TOWN, GIRLS)

ABOUT 99

A Hawaiian branch of 99 is on the make. When Margery Brown, the 99er's Roving Reporter, was in Honolulu, she got together the girls who fly there and told them about the club. Evelyn Hudson, only woman pilot with an active license now in Hawaii, and co-owner of two of the three commercial planes, plans to organize the group as soon as the 4 other girls who fly there have their letters of authority to fly solo cross-country. Margery Brown also gave a talk on the radio at Honolulu about 99.

99 SECTIONAL NEWS

New York-New Jersey

The speaker at the June guest dinner meeting at the Beaux Arts Apartments, following a business meeting, was Major R. Gill Ervin, who heads the aviation department of Shell Eastern Petroleum Company. He spoke informally on the human interest angles of his job as well as some of the more technical aspects of oil and gas and airplanes and the people who fly them.

The ten-lesson radio course taken by members of this

section has been completed.

Middle Eastern

Mrs. Genevieve Moore Savage, 99, entertained 12 Washington, D. C., women pilots at a buffet supper at her home at Bolling Field on June 12. Plans were formulated for the formation of a local 99 chapter. A sectional meeting was held June 6 at the Pylon Club, Norristown, Pa.

North Central

The following notice has been mailed to the members of this section by Mabel Britton, sectional governor:

A meeting of the North Central Section will be held in Chicago with dinner and a talk afterward by Major Chester Fordney on the Stratosphere Flight.

Place: Trustees' Lounge, Fair Grounds.

Time: 7:00 P. M., Chicago Daylight Saving Time (not Central), July 7.

Expense: Dinner, \$1.25; Admission to Fair Grounds,

Accomodations: \$3.00 to \$3.50 up for hotel; \$1.00 to \$1.50 for rooming house.

Transportation: Furnished by courtesy cars of Ford Motor Company if advance information of time and place

of arrival is given.

Please make reservations early and as definite as possible as to time of arrival, type of lodging and length of stay. Notify: Gayle Pond, 830 South Michigan Avenue,

Chicago

"The Chicago Chapter," via Gayle Pond, "would like to extend a special invitation for this meeting to any and all 99's who may be in Chicago at this time. . . . If you are planning to visit the Fair this summer, why not come July 7th and hear Major Fordney's interesting story of the Stratosphere and meet the North Central Section?"

The Michigan Chapter 99's were the guests of Ruth Kitchel Wakeman at a luncheon at her home in Coldwater on June 16. Mabel Britton, Faye Davies and Alice Hirschman flew in together in Mabel's Waco. Jeannette Lempke, with Margaret Horton as passenger, had a forced landing in Jackson, with a carburetor that complained of the changing pressure conditions caused by the weather, and Mary Von Mach was forced down in a farmer's field by bad thunder storms. Gladys Hartung and Helen

Lehtio drove. . . . Ruth had the luncheon table centered by a lovely floral 99 of sweet peas and baby's breath, the latter for little Jill Wakeman, who made her first official appearance as a prospective 99 at the age of five weeks. The members of the Michigan Chapter presented her with a bonnet fashioned of parachute silk.

ALICE C. HIRSCHMAN.

After waiting for hours we finally accumulated a sufficient number of girls to start our June meeting, held at Ann Barille's home. Mary Winstanley, from Sebring, Ohio, was our only out of town member. . . . We discussed Sebring, Akron, Dayton, Cincinnati and Canton as prospective future meeting points. . . . Time was taken out to "sip" our ice cream which had melted and was dripping out of its canteloupe cups. . . Plans for the National Air Races were discussed briefly. . . . The next meeting of the Ohio Chapter will be held right after the sectional meeting at the Chicago Fair as most of the Ohio girls will be there. Ann Barille, for Ohio Chapter.

Southwestern

The dinner dance given by the Los Angeles Chapter at the Hotel Clark on May 25 was well attended by many of our more famous fliers. Several flying organizations, including the Professional Pilots Association, National Aeronautic Association, Early Birds, etc., were represented. Also one or more persons were present from Clover and Mines Field, United, Alhambra, Grand Central, Sprotts, L. A. Eastside, Long Beach and Culver City Airports Members and guests flew up from Lindbergh Field in San Diego and other ports. Club members were congratulated on the success of this affair and urged to have another soon. . . . Gladys O'Donnell, Clema Granger, Kay Van Doozer and Ruth Elder gave a talk recently over radio station KFWB on Women in Aviation. . . . Elliott Roberts was hostess for a riding party at Burbank last month. Those attending galloped over the countryside, returning to the club house for miles and miles of spaghetti and all the trimmings, with dancing later on.

Another lesson in navigation was given to our very has recently returned to Moscow from a trip through the Far East. . . . When the Beards return in the fall, they will settle down in Washington, D. C., where William Beard is taking a position on a national current events magazine, *The Observer*. This news will be hard to take for the California section of 99 of which Melba has been a very active member. Among her social accomplishments, for instance, is deep sea diving and she and her husband recently took Esther Johnson, Kay Van Doozer and Peggy Gauslin along on a deep sea expedition.

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BREAD AND BUTTER AND AVIATION

The McGaffeys have been working earnestly at flying for several years, although the Mrs. fraction of this southern California couple once was a pupil in the "All-opposed-to-flying-answer-Aye" class. But fate and Neill finally got her promoted, even graduated with honors.

Here is Georgialee Voight McGaffey's own story of her regeneration:

"In the good old days when Locklier was barnstorming about the country he came to our town for the State Fair. After his performance, during which I closed my eyes and covered my ears, he came up to my father and offered to take us for a flight. My younger brothers and small sister went scampering into the cockpit, but I protested in such embarrassingly loud tones that the children were dragged wailing from the plane and I went home with the smug expression of the victor on my rather sillylooking ten-year-old face.

"For twelve years I fought continuously the enthusiasms of an extremely air-conscious family. In September 1930, I poured over a newspaper bearing the details of the City of San Francisco crash in New Mexico. I was greatly concerned, for my mother had been taking frequent trips by air. My young sister, I had learned, was using her brown eyes to wheedle flights in any kind of air contraption she could find; and I had been told that my father seldom missed a Sunday afternoon hop. Most agonizing of all was a discovery that my young medical student brother had secured a student's permit and a half interest in an airplane. I was wild with indignation for the entire tribe and pleaded with them to give it up, pushing the newspaper article under their noses. Parents sometimes have a way of doing as they please and mine were that kind. With my brother, however, I was rewarded to some extent, for the other partner in the airplane ownership absconded to Mexico with the plane and Glenn went back to studying pills and babies.

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ABOUT 99-Continued

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Georgialee and Neill McGaffey

first flight. I don't why why I went; I just did. A week later I took my first lesson and in April I had my private license; in July I received my L. C. on the same day as Neill McGaffey (son of one of the passengers in the City of San Francisco) another student at Curtiss-Wright, received his transport. I then went back to Phoenix to work on a newspaper and listen to my family laugh at me, only to reappear in Los Angeles a few months later to join the Bird Flying Service. Neill was the other half.

"My duties consisted of secretary, mechanic, safety pilot with students and passenger hopping, when I could find anyone to go with me. In April 1931 my duties were extended to those of house-keeper as I had become the "better half" of the organization.

"We have neither of us had careers colorful or exciting to anyone except ourselves, although we did go in one derby to Cleveland and are still re-living it. We have been more concerned with trying to make a business out of flying. Just recently we sold our flying equipment and have gone out of the instruction business. Now we are about to start the manufacture of a plane, a phase of the industry which we have both always longed to try. Before long we hope to be flying a ship bearing our own name.

man and Fred Rueckert sold a lot of tickets. Bless these 49.5's. Phyllis Penfield created quite a furore as "Madame X" who knew all, saw all and told all. . . . Maude Miller continues to uphold 99 at various social events and recently accompanied Mrs. Ulysses Grant McQueen to a luncheon with Captain Harry Lyon, navigator of the famous Southern Cross. Capt. Lyon is grounded due to a broken back. . . . Genevieve Nebeker flew down from Sacramento and told us, as speaker at the June 5 meeting, all about her flying and her three thrilling parachute jumps, all made for the fun of it. She flew back to Sacramento after the meeting to gain some night flying experience, Irma Louise Wiles of Galt was also present.

RUTH RUECKERT, for Bay Cities Chapter.

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