

AIRWOMAN

September-October, 1934

FORMERLY THE 99ER

Vol. 1, No. 11

10 Cents



A group of Southern California 99'S
Left to Right on Page 11

In This Issue

AMELIA EARHART

DR. W. G. GAMBLE, JR.

MRS. MARTIN JOHNSON

99'rs

"THE HOME OF THE
AIRLINES" APPRECIATES
YOUR PATRONAGE..

COURTEOUS, FRIENDLY SERVICE
BY A STAFF OF COMPETENT EM-
PLOYES AND TENANTS WHO
CAN TAKE CARE OF YOUR AERO-
NAUTICAL REQUIREMENTS . . .

NEAREST AIRPORT TO

LOS ANGELES - HOLLYWOOD - PASADENA

WRIGHT DISTRIBUTORS
SALES AND SERVICE

Grand Central Air Terminal

"AN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT"

(Glendale)

Los Angeles

—

California

FLYING HOURS

TO CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
WILL DO YOU DOUBLE CREDIT

EARN all the credit-hours you can, but have a good time while you're about it. Bader Field, the fine Atlantic City Airport, makes a nice hop from wherever you are. Close by, at Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, all the allurements of a seaside vacation are waiting to amuse you. • October days are the best in all the year at these friendly hotels by the sea. The sparkling beach is at our door, gay with its laughing surf. Sport awaits on every golf course, tennis court and inlet, while within the hotels themselves, entertainment and repose continue at their well-accustomed pace. Marvelous meals three times a day, which you'll relish no matter what your mood. • Fly down often while autumn is on the wing. Each trip will add more time to your credit as a pilot, and more good times to your pleasant memories of Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. American and European plans. • •

Leeds and Lippincott Company

CHALFONTE- HADDON HALL

ATLANTIC CITY

Gilbert Flying Service, Inc.

101 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

AERIAL ADVERTISING



Ready for You!

The New NICHOLAS-BEAZLEY
PARTS AND SUPPLY CATALOG "L"

Includes the latest complete listings, photographs, details, and new low prices of all American aeronautical equipment—airplane accessories and supplies, engine accessories and parts, airport equipment, flying equipment—everything for the manufacturer, operator and pilot.

If you have not received your copy, write immediately to your nearest Nicholas-Beazley branch for Catalog "L"

NICHOLAS-BEAZLEY AIRPLANE CO., INC.

IN CENTRAL STATES

Home Office
MARSHALL, MO.
Phone: 1400

IN THE WEST

1300 San Fernando Road
GLENDALE, CALIF.
Phones:

OMaha 34776—DOuglas 264

IN THE EAST

Floyd Bennett Airport
BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Nightingale 4-2701

Plane News

HAVING looked at some 50 projects—airplane and motor—in California alone, Phoebe Omlie, just back from a survey trip, reports that interest in the light airplane program is on the up and up.

The Department of Commerce wanted to get a first-hand idea as to just how the public actually feels about small, inexpensive airplanes for general use and so they asked the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics to lend them the services of Special Assistant for Air Intelligences Omlie. During the last 3 months she flew cross-continent by the southern route and back the northern, stopping in 24 states.

PILOTS and their employers, manufacturers and designers, she found, were very much interested in an aircraft along the lines proposed by Mr. Vidal. And everywhere there were projects, some of them quite far along, many of them shaping up behind drug stores, in farm houses or back alleys. "And just because a ship is being built in the family garage," Phoebe Omlie pointed out, "does not mean that the very best type of workmanship isn't going into it." This was true of 98% of the projects she saw. Frequently the builders were design engineers formerly employed by large corporations.

Aeronautique Washington

WHAT with the 13th annual convention of the National Aeronautic Association (October 11-13) following on the heels of the 34th annual congress of the Federation Aeronautique Internationale (October 6-11) and being in turn followed by the Washington Air Derby Association's Woman's Air Meet (October 13-14), Washington, D. C., will have blossomed out into the air capital of the world both geographically and socially before this issue comes off the press.

Cross-Country Formation

IN two cream-colored Stearmans with vermilion trimmings, 4 California women recently completed the first women's cross-country formation flight. Florence Lowe Barnes, Bobbie Trout, Nancy Drake Chaffee and Viola Neill of the Women's Air Reserve flew in close formation all the way from Union Air Terminal, Los Angeles, to Roosevelt Field, N. Y., with stops at King-

man and Winslow, Ariz.; Albuquerque, Amarillo, Wichita, Kansas City, Terre Haute, Cleveland, Washington, Philadelphia and New York. The flight started out as a three-plane formation but two more California pilots, Mary Charles and Patty Willis, were forced to turn back on account of motor trouble.

Medical Appointee

DR. EMMA KITTREDGE of Los Angeles has been appointed a medical examiner by Dr. R. E. Whitehead, medical director, Department of Commerce. Dr. Kittredge is a student pilot herself and when she wins her wings, it's our bet that she will be the first licensed pilot authorized determiner of the physical fitness to fly of pilots and prospective pilots.

Kimball Cup Winner

MARY SANSOM, Hartford, Conn., transport pilot, wins the cup offered by Margaret Kimball to that New England 99 who scored the most points on a basis of aviation achievement during a year's time. Competition and interest were so keen that its donor has decided to award a trophy annually on the same basis.

Hat-A-Month Contest Returns

IN her exuberance over the unprecedented size of the airport landing totals piled up by two of the would-be winners of the July hat, A. E. up and awarded a hat to each: namely Alice Hirschman of Detroit, who set a ship down at 26 airports during the course of the Michigan Air Tour and Miriam Blagden of New York, who landed her Waco at 21 airports. The previous high in the contest was 15. Clema Granger of Santa Monica, Calif., came off with the August hat with 20 airport landings made, as it happens, in 9 different states.

To date no contest entrant has taken advantage of the double-credit clause by which a bona fide forced landing without damage rates 2 points, or 3 if there are cows in the pasture. Write to the AIRWOMAN office at 551 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City, for entry blanks and information about how to win a Stetson hat designed by Amelia Earhart.

INTEREST

YOUR FRIENDS
AND KEEP THEM
INTERESTED IN

Airwomen via AIRWOMAN

(formerly The 99er)

The Only Woman's Flying Magazine

A convenient coupon
down below
will keep them
in touch
with things
on high.

Enter the subscription of

Name

Address

City

State

I enclose \$1.00 in payment for one year.

Make Check payable to
Aeronautical Publications, Inc.

Mail this to Rm. 803, 551 5th Ave.
New York City

CORRECTION

Advertisement of O. J. Whitney, Inc., Glenn Curtiss Airport, North Beach, L. I., N. Y., in the August 99er should, of course, have quoted under *Fees* for flying instruction:

\$18.00 per hour Dual and \$15.00
per hour Solo

rather than the preposterous figure of \$8.00 . . . Chorus of "Sorry, sir" from Printer, Proof-reader and Editor.

CLASSIFIED SECTION

5c per word, \$1 minimum.
Payable in advance.

FOR SALE. To qualified member pilot - 99
uniform - white - size 18. Price \$5.00.
Apply to AIRWOMAN OFFICE.



Sept-Oct 1934



Ruth Nichols



Sonny and Jean Trunk



Margaret Cooper

AIRWOMAN CHARTS A COURSE

"A NEW field for women's enterprises seems really established, when a 'magazine about women and flying' takes its place among monthly periodicals."

That was the reaction of the *Journal of the American Association of University Women* to the advent of THE 99er. It holds good more so than ever of AIRWOMAN, which with this issue succeeds the magazine published since November, 1933, by the 99 Club, official organization of women all over the world who are licensed to fly airplanes.

AIRWOMAN will serve as the general organ of women's flying activities as well as of the 99 Club. This new field for women has quite definitely come into its own with the publication of a magazine representative of all women in aviation who are glad to share with those

women who are not yet airwise the fascination which flying offers as a sport and as a profession, or the joy and convenience which it offers to travelers.

Exciting plans for the future are rapidly shaping up. Among special numbers scheduled for the coming

year are: a Gliding number, a Women Pilots Round the World number, an O Pioneers number, an Aero-Sportswoman number, a Racing number, an Over-Water Flying number, a Tomorrow's Pilots' number.

In addition, AIRWOMAN will bring articles having to do with various phases of flying and of the part women are playing in it. There will also be flying short stories as well as the regular pages: *Practical Pilot*—practical flying problems authoritatively analyzed for practical application; *Lines in the Sky*—for the airway travelers; *X-C*—giving cross-country news as well as stories submitted in the cross-country flight story contest; *Scoring Up*—notes on air meets, air tours and records; *Bread and Butter and Aviation*; *the Well-Read Airwoman*; *the Well-Dressed Airwoman*; *Pot and Pan Mechanics* and *Plane News*.

AIRWOMAN is the first concerted effort of airwomen to keep each other in touch with the up currents and to help initiate women everywhere into the language of the sky. May we commend it to your attention and heartily urge your active cooperation on this, the first and only woman's flying magazine.



Mabel Britton

Three Women Pilots of Japan and Margery Brown



MARGARET COOPER,
President, 99 Club

CLARA STUDER,
Editor

Four Carolina Pilots



Gerry Honomichi





Louise Derby



A. A. Gillespie and Ruth Elder G.



Helen Johnson

CONTENTS

Plane News.....	3
Airwoman Charts A Course.....	4
"A Bird Can Do That"—By Mrs. Martin Johnson..	6
Scoring Up.....	7
Frances Harrell Marsalis.....	8
Lines In The Sky—By Pat O'Malley.....	9
Genus Feminina Aeronautica—By Dr. W. G. Gamble	10
The Well-Read Airwoman.....	10
Practical Pilot—By Amelia Earhart.....	11
The Well-Dressed Airwoman.....	12
Pot and Pan Mechanics.....	12
Just Among Us Girls—By Mister Swanee Taylor...	13
The 99er.....	14
Bread and Butter and Aviation.....	15



Evelyn and Sascha De Seversky

AIRWOMAN (successor to The 99er), Volume 1, Number 11, September-October, 1934. Published monthly by Aeronautical Publications, Inc., at 608 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Editorial offices, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. Clara Studer, Editor; Margery Brown, Roving Reporter; Fay Gillis, Fashion Editor. Subscription \$1.00 per year, single copies, 10 cents.

Amelia Earhart and L. F. Whittemore



Martie, Lorraine and Leslie Bowman



Descomb and Her Two Daughters



"A BIRD CAN DO THAT"

Dear Women Pilots:

HAVE been intending to write you for ever so long but the Johnson's lives have been so full of thrills since flying over Africa that I really haven't had time.

We're very proud of our two fine Sikorsky Amphibians and I sometimes wonder what the zebras must think when they look up to see a huge black and white zebra-striped plane flying over. But the game doesn't seem to be very frightened; they are startled for a few minutes, run a little way, and then start eating again. The ostriches fluff up their feathers and turn from left to right, flirting with us.

When we started off from Cape Town to fly to Nairobi—a distance of 3,500 miles—it was very early in the morning and the fog was so dense and we had so many escarpments to go over that I could just about feel the plane bumping into one of these huge mountains. However, having good pilots, we arrived safely at our first stop by evening.

Captain Boris Sergievsky flew the 12-place plane while Vern Carstens took the 5-place one. Vern afterwards stayed with us through all of our trip and has proved to be a marvelous pilot as well as a congenial companion.

Once we were lost on the Zambesi River and this was the most terrifying experience we have had. Mountains on every side, valleys with deep rocky canyons, the whole country so fogged that we could never see more than a few hundred yards ahead, no native villages and no place of any kind where a landing could be made. Every once in a while the Captain and Martin would look at the tank and I could see by their faces that they were terribly anxious. After a while I asked Martin what in the world was wrong. He said:

"Well, Osa, we're lost and the gas is very low—we have about ten minutes left." Then I saw a glistening ahead that looked like water. I pointed it out, and we flew straight for it. Fortunately it turned out to be a little lake that saved our lives for as we neared it the gas gave out, but we glided down in perfect safety. We all gave a sigh of relief and thanked our stars that our planes were amphibians.

Another day we arrived at Salisbury just at dark, but we found no sign of the smaller ship and had no message from her. We were frantic for, of course, the African landing fields are not equipped for night landing. Telegrams and telephone messages sent out by the aerodrome people brought no news.

In the meantime, kerosene smudge lights were placed on the field and after what seemed like centuries, we heard the familiar buzz of the plane overhead and saw the tiny red and green lights. We waited anxiously while it circled the field several times and finally, though we couldn't see the plane itself, we followed the green light as the plane came down to a perfect landing, and Vern taxied up to us looking as unconcerned as if he were used to making night landings on unfamiliar African air fields.

It was a great day when we arrived in Nairobi. All our friends met us and we flew around our home and made pictures of it from the air. Since then, we have had many very wonderful flights—up in the wild Northern Frontier Province where we stayed for several months making pictures of all sorts of game and used Lake Rudolf as our landing ground. Nobody has

An African pygmy turns up his nose at our modern flying machines . . . Africa's jungles get themselves inspected and photographed from the air in this letter from MRS. MARTIN JOHNSON, sent shortly before her return to America to The 99er from Nairobi, Kenya Colony, British East Africa.

ever landed on Lake Rudolf before and we were fortunate enough to make many marvelous pictures from the air of several different savage tribes as well as some of the beautiful crater lakes. We built a fine landing field on the game reserve of the Northern Frontier and from there we would fly from one end of the country to the other.

Last Christmas day we went down to Tanganyika, leaving here at seven in the morning. We flew over the beautiful Serengetti Plains, where we saw forty lions in one pack, and altogether about ninety during the morning; also two full-grown leopards and hundreds of thousands of zebra, wildebeeste, impalla, Grant's gazelles and Tommies, giraffe, and all kinds of other game. Then we were back in Nairobi by one o'clock and had mid-day Christmas dinner with roast turkey and all the trimmings.

Another time we flew over to the Belgian Congo and landed among the little pygmies. Of course, the poor little people had never seen a plane before and they started running for the forest. Then when the plane landed on the ground, they came slowly back to see us, their little faces showing fear, and one little chief was trembling. He ran up to us and our boy interpreted what he said. He told us he thought God had dropped out of the sky so they'd better not run away from Him, they'd better come back and be good and see just what was what.

Then Martin was talking to one of the little men and told him that the plane could do anything that a bird could do. "Well," the little fellow said, "if you want to make some pictures of an okapi, I know where there are lots of them." Martin said, "Do you think we could send the boys on ahead to make a landing field there?" Then the little pygmy turned to Martin and said: "Well, you said this plane could do anything a bird could do; then why don't you bring it down on the trees? A bird can do that."

We had a lot of fun with these little people. We took two little girls belonging to a chief and his wife and four or five other pygmies up for a ride; but the mother and father refused to go. When the plane landed, the mother and father rushed up and when their little daughters came out of the plane, threw their arms around them and started crying and kissing them for all they were worth. It's really the only time

We are coming home



Sept. Oct. 1934



Osa Johnson, Vern Carstens and Martin Johnson among the pygmies

I have ever seen any affection shown among the African tribes.

As you know, one of our planes—the smaller one—is called “Spirit of Africa” and the other is “Osa’s Ark.” The reason my husband named the ship after me is that I’m always collecting pet animals, and on this trip it has carried everything from a baby elephant to cheetahs, monkeys, baboons, leopards, mongoose, and what not.

The little baby elephant is just as cunning as he can be and he follows me around the house all day long trying to get his bottle of milk. He’s just about three weeks’ old now and he’s all ears and legs. And let me tell you he has a nasty little temper. If he doesn’t get his milk whenever he wants it he’s like a bad little boy; he screams for all he’s worth.

I have four beautiful little cheetahs. They are what are known in India as hunting leopards. Mine are extremely tame and are led on a leash just like

dogs. They purr like kittens when I start stroking their heads.

Well, pilots, I am very anxious to get back to America. We expect to buy a small ship so that we two can just play around as we please. When Martin and I came to Africa we each had over fifty hours solo time to our credit and as usual with people of that amount of experience we thought we knew all there was to know about flying; but we have had a lot of that conceit taken out of us because the landing fields in this country are all above 5,000 feet and some up to 7,700 feet—most of the lakes that we use are over 6,500 feet, so with our big planes which are really professional jobs, we haven’t been able to do a great deal of flying on our own. We do a solo now and then around the airport at Nairobi in the S-39 but that’s about as much as we’ve been able to do with these big planes.

Sincerely yours, **OSA JOHNSON**

SCORING UP

The Dayton Meet

THE object of the first Women’s National Air Meet, held at Dayton Municipal Airport, Dayton, O., at the instance of the Women’s National Aeronautical Association, was to provide an opportunity for the women pilots to perfect their skill and to create an incentive for others to take up flying. The events were as varied in type as the brief time for planning permitted, with a free-for-all handicap race as the feature event each day. John Livingston, famous racing pilot, determined the handicaps to the split second.

The Waco Race—around Tippicanoe City, Troy and return—opened the meet. Jeanette Lempke of Bay City, Mich., in a Great Lakes, won the first of the cash prizes offered by the Waco Aircraft Corporation, and the Dayton Rubber Company trophy. The finish of this race was in massed formation and only 15 seconds elapsed between the time the winner crossed the finish line and the last plane was on its way up to circle for a landing. Annette Gipson won second place, Gladys O’Donnell, third.

Ellen Smith of Meadville, Pa., won first place in the precision landing contest when she brought her Waco to a stop just 3 feet and 7 inches from the mark. Second and third place were won by Mrs. Jimmie Kolp and Lone Coppedge.

Major Alexander P. De Seversky came to pinch-hit for Evelyn De Seversky, temporarily grounded by illness, and he put on a first-rate stunting exhibition in a fast plane of his own design. The final event of the day was a delayed parachute jump by Lucille H. Parker of West Virginia.

(Continued on page 13)

Flying into a storm over one of the numerous lakes upon the Abyssinian border



FRANCES HARRELL MARSALIS

NEVER was there a death in aviation harder to take than the passing of Frances Harrell Marsalis. The people around New York were terrifically hit and turned out to a man to say goodbye to her splendid soul.

Grease monkeys and mechanics, with hands scrubbed as white as their drawn faces, shifted forlornly from foot to foot alongside men and women of more exalted estate who had gathered in the hangar at Roosevelt Field. Overhead, in the rafters, a small flock of droopy sparrows chirped a requiem that was oddly in harmony with the sad scene. And, like aviation men and women the

world over, we blinked back our grief.

But who could fight back the sweet recollection of the day, seven years ago, when Frances Harrell arrived on the field. I tell you, her candid manner and level gaze welled up a new courage in the heart of many a weary old barnstormer. And watching her calm poise as she went through her flying course was a thing of delight to anyone who has ever wrestled with a left-handed student. It was along about then that we began to worship her womanliness—which is to say her charming genuineness. How it hurt, standing there in that sorrowful semi-circle, to know

that it was gone from the world forever.

Oh, the memories of Frances are multitudinous. Right now I am thinking of that time in Columbus when she stayed in a spin over twenty turns. She didn't mind the bawling out, but it did hurt her to think that she had caused the rest of us in the troupe some bad moments. She possessed a thoughtfulness that, I am sure, dominated her every waking minute. And this lovely trait was the reason that Frances could maintain serenity in her heart in the face of life's tougher deals. A considerate heart is ever an undaunted one.

But how can we surmount the limitations of language to do justice to one of God's grander creatures? The task remains forever hopeless. So let us forsake mere words and forever nurture the happiness that the girl instilled in our hearts. Nothing in Heaven or Hell can take from us the joy of knowing that she lived.

But pray let us bear no malice at her swift departure. There is something so majestically sudden and mercifully complete about a crash. Any of us who have ever gone in knows the exultant fight for control before she hits. My friends, never feel sorry for a cracked-up flyer. Let us be generous enough to allow her to go out flying. Every pilot would have it that way.

Although, there is one thing I wish I could tell you. You'd cry your eyes right out of your head!

* * *

So long, Frances. Happy landings to you wherever you are. We'll be seeing you!

—Swanee Taylor

•

Dedicated to Frances Harrell Marsalis

*With the smoothness and grace of
a bird in the air*

You flew on aloft without fear;

*O'er mountain and river, in the calm
or in storm—*

And at any time of the year.

*Your courage and fortitude thrilled
everyone;*

Your skill was remarkable, too;

*You inspired your comrades and others
as well;*

There was nothing more you could do.

*We miss your presence, your smile and
your wit,*

*Down here where we mortals dwell;
But the sky and the birds must be
saddest of all—*

You and they got along so well.

—Marjorie Ludwigsen



yours gal Frances

Dr. Gamble, chief pathologist of Mercy Hospital, Bay City, Michigan, having developed a hobby of character study, considers the girl flyer as a pioneer type of the American woman.

GENUS FEMININA AERONAUTICA

As Classified by W. G. Gamble, Jr., M. D.



From the beginning of time mankind, in religion, in art and of late in medicine, has associated certain untoward characteristics of form and build with the more or less inward specified mentality, vocational inclination and thought. Perhaps because girl flyers present a genus of the species which as yet has not been described, their individual psychological reactions are interesting. And as explorers in new territory are apt to see only the most obvious characteristics, the writer begs that it be remembered that not all girl flyers can be so classified. He does not refer to those who make it a business or are in the game from an administrative standpoint, but only to the more or less pioneer type which pursues the distant horizon, shall we say, for the love of it.

Dr. Draper has classified certain peculiarities of build and form in association with certain diseases. One who reads as he walks along the street cannot help noticing that certain diseases, certain contours of body build and certain occupations are not selected but select certain individuals.

I am certain that my readers will recognize specific traits, markings and signs as shown in the hair, the face, the type of complexion, the voice and the respiration of those girl flyers who have been in the air for some time. Especially is this true of those who do not use closed planes. It needs no Sherlock Holmes to note the dry corn-silk type of hair, the patches on the high cheek bones, the dryness of the nostrils, the slight injection of the eyes, the wrinkles around and in the corners of the orbit, the slight contraction of the orbital muscles, the change in the tone and timbre of the voice, the type of breathing and an almost characteristic gait. To a close observer these and many other effects of the wind, dust, sunlight, air currents and eye strain will soon reveal themselves.

The girl with an almost but not quite boyish build; the face which represents a rectangle, subtended by a cone which has had its tip cut off; the short, fluffy, slightly thickened hair; the back of the hips in the same plane with the shoulders; the wrist bones, when hanging, naturally hemisecting the body height. There is no effect of heaviness or puffiness below the small of the back. With slightly elongated, narrow feet, this individual approaches one artist's idea of a "combination be-

tween Psyche and Aphrodite" which he has called the "Callipygian" figure.

It is the custom and the fashion in this day and time to lay the blame or the credit at the door of the glands of internal secretion for our proportions and mental reactions. Therefore it would be interesting to speculate what gland or what combination or modifications of the glands made this new type.

No place here is seen the clinging vine of the Gay Nineties nor is it the typical slender boyish form so evident during the post-war phase. Is this a new pioneer type?

What is her psychological attitude? Does she reason or does she arrive at the conclusion by intuition? As the writer sees it, it is somewhat a "salad" of the two. In response to hard luck or misfortune she apparently is easily crushed but rises very quickly. She still has an innate feminine love for cosmetics and finery but her dresses and general costumes, if I may use the trite phrase, are somewhat streamlined and boyish in severity. Her reaction toward her own sex appears to be almost "Rotarian"; she is a good mixer. Unfortunately it appears that she tends to be inhumanly idealistic and does not fit with the type of individual which one would expect her to be.

Outside of her hobby for flying, she appears to be almost of a collector type, with sports and travel taking secondary interest. The latter may be of primary interest if connected with the vocation of flying. There is some slight tendency toward grouping or self-aggrandizement by organization. And if we apply Freeman's scheme for sizing up a personality—that is, a gift of one hundred thousand dollars—her personal reaction would be to revert to feminine instinct and buy something.

What is the future of this individual when flying becomes commonplace? Will she turn to new fields to conquer? Is it true that she is interested in the vocation or avocation of flying because here is a chance to release "that pent-up nervous energy in an expenditure which pays her in the form of a thrill"? Is it lack of balance between the two great secondary nervous systems of the body, the vagus and sympathetic, which seems to urge some individuals to be happy only when in the midst of excitement?

Perhaps the girl flyer might tell us more about herself than can we who are still laymen. What is her ambition and what does the future hold? A home or a seat in the cockpit? A club or a permanent companion? Financial de-

pendence or financial independence? A dance or a baseball game?

If this short article has been devoted to asking questions perhaps it may produce some answers which would really be worth while, for most vocations and most individuals betray their intimate thoughts by certain characteristics to those of us who look for them.

THE WELL-READ AIRWOMAN

Mabel Britton, Editor



Last month I penetrated for the first time the inner sanctum of our editorial office, had a good visit with our doughty editor and was allowed to poke about among papers and magazines to my heart's content. My Scotch nature came to the fore in seizing at once upon several little publications whose subscription price is, say "please"—*News Wing*, published by Eastern Air Transport, *Sperryscope* by Sperry Gyroscope Co., *Bee-Hive* by Pratt & Whitney, *Taxi Strip* from 908 Concord Bldg., Oklahoma City. The July number of the latter carried an interesting article on *Air Photography* by Captain Bill Bleakley. Vertical photography is complicated and requires special technical training but oblique photographs are easier to make; the author recommends an angle of about thirty-five degrees from the horizontal. The July *Sportsman Pilot*, whose photographs are a monthly source of amazement and delight, shows some beautiful examples from the camera of an amateur. In the article describing how it was done, H.E. says his special pleasure is in being able at last to show hitherto unimpressed listeners the glamorous beauty of flight. From my own experience I would humbly add a practical suggestion, if taking pictures in an open ship, have the camera tied to you!

The British *Aeroplane* and most of the American magazines give space to the coming London-Melbourne race.

Of the foreign magazines I could only assimilate the photographs. *L'Ala D'Italia* was especially attractive with its big print and wide margins but my knowledge of Italian is too sketchy to allow me to quote from the leading article about Renato Donati's altitude flight record.

(Continued on next page)

PRACTICAL PILOT

By AMELIA EARHART



Excellent books on most phases of aeronautics have been written by recognized authorities. However, there are valuable flying data continually being assembled through actual experience which are not easily discoverable in any texts. This department has been established to pass on practical hints from pilots to help other pilots. Such subjects as tricks in mountain flying, landing on very soft ground or in very high wind, blind flying, radio problems, experiences at high altitudes and when gassed, analysis of accidents, taking off heavy loads, etc., are the type of subjects planned. In fact a sub-heading to *Practical Pilot* might be the "Things not found in Books."

Needless to say suggestions for discussion are solicited as well as contributions on "What happened When," with reference to aeronautics. Write to this department and do not think your experience is too trivial to report. You may save one of your fellow pilot's lives by speaking out.

Since I am one of the most ancient of wfs* I'll start the ball rolling with two suggestions about blind flying. In the first place I do not think "blind"

is an apt term for the type of flying meant. Blind sounds as if pilots were some sort of Houdinis who practiced their black art by means of second sight. Instrument flying is not much better, for that makes it appear pilots use instruments only under certain conditions, when the fact is all modern flying is instrument flying. I prefer "zero visibility" or "non-horizon" as opposed to horizon or which is generally termed normal flying.

The more girls who keep up with developments in this field the better for them as Professor Thodin once said. One of the first rules in learning is to relax. Taking it easy is essential in avoiding fatigue as in any other activity and Wiley Post is an authority on that.

Probably the most important mental step in the process is to give up willingly, knowledge of one's position in space. Pilots are so accustomed to righting their planes automatically by reference to the earth that not to do so is confusing in the beginning. But it has worked out for me that the less one thinks about how the plane itself is flying the simpler the reactions become. Howard Stark says in his book, *Instrument Flying*:

1. Associate the turn indicator with the rudder control;

2. Associate the ball bank indicator with the aileron control;
3. Associate the air speed indicator or climb indicator with the elevator control.

In other words forget the plane and keep the problem of orientation wholly within the cockpit. For example: suppose as a pilot is flying under zero visibility conditions and he notices with his turn indicator centered his ball is over to the left. Instead of thinking "the ball shows the left wing is low, to bring it up I must pull on the stick right," he short-cuts to the instrument itself and reacts "the ball is left, to center it I must pull the stick right" without picturing the plane at all.

In soupy weather it is often easier to fly wholly "blind" rather than chase an indistinct horizon about. That borderline flying, adjusting rapidly first to horizon then to non-horizon flying, is sometimes conducive to a feeling akin to airsickness—at least while learning.

With this issue Amelia Earhart gets this department off to a fine start. Readers are urged to help keep it going, in collaboration with various authorities who have agreed to contribute, as a vital give-and-take feature in everyday flying. Address your suggestions for discussion and your contributions to: *Practical Pilot*, % AIR-WOMAN, 551 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

(*The Well-Read Airwoman, Cont'd*)

Popular Aviation for September carries an article entitled, "On the Outside Looking In," by Barbara Poole, a tirade against the so-called injustice which women pilots receive everywhere. When Miss Poole says, "A woman cannot remain natural around an airport," she is evidently always thinking of herself and the effect *she* makes rather than of the interest and joy of flying. She "really wanted to learn motors," but "invariably went to sleep in class while attending ground school." Miss Poole's related experience to the contrary, I believe real accomplishment in aviation, as in everything else, is recognized by men and women alike. August 12, I attended the Michigan State Rifle Matches at Grand Rapids and had the pleasure of seeing the Wagner-Wimbledon trophy won by a woman, Mary Herig, against a field of 16 men. I stood behind watching her as she shot on the 1,000-yard range in this match—her score 72 out of a possible 75, beautiful work. She stood up afterwards, quiet, modest, unassuming—the men crowding 'round to congratulate

her. The man whose high score she had just beaten said heartily, "I knew you could do it, if anyone"—he had already offered helpful information on windage before she went to the firing point. The sportsmanship and good feeling between men and women there displayed can obtain in flying, too; it only requires fair-mindedness and unself-conscious devotion to the sport itself.

In the September issue of the *National Geographic Magazine* is an article by Anne Morrow Lindbergh that is well worth reading for pleasure and information. She must be a delightful person who describes so humanly the habitats of our northern neighbors in Greenland and Iceland and a very competent one who contacts the ends of the earth by radio from the South Atlantic and a very sympathetic one who after having made the most outstanding of voyages is happy to return to home and familiar scenes. A map and many excellent photographs are added to help comprehend the far-off lands and people.

—Bessie Owen

RATE OF CLIMB

To date, figures on women pilots show an increase of 14 over the last previous listing. Of this number there are 11 new pilots (6 privates and 5 amateurs) and 3 reinstatements (1 L. C., 1 amateur and 1 private). The new pilots are: Loretta C. Breen, Chicago; Lucille E. Driver, Phoenix, Ariz.; Marjorie Kelly, Sioux City, Ia.; Lydia Mange, New York; Claire D. Maravage, Shenandoah, Pa.; Jane Ray, Chicago (all privates); Lillian E. Anderson, Oakland, Calif.; Laura M. Brunton, Bozeman, Mont.; Betty May Furman, Los Angeles; Gladys Vickers, Seattle; Florence Yeskitt, Hartford, Conn. Present figures stand at:

Total, 383; transports, 69; limited commercials, 35; privates, 207; amateurs, 36; solos, 36.

Front Cover Caption

The ten 99's, as photographed at Union Air Terminal—formerly United Airport—are, reading from left to right: Elliott Roberts, Katherine Smith, Esther Jones, Mary Williams, Esther Johnson, Myrtle Mims, Gladys O'Donnell, Kay Van Doozer, Lauretta Schimmoler and Clema Granger.

*Women flyers, pronounced "wuffs."

Sept-Oct. 1934

THE WELL-DRESSED AIRWOMAN

A Satisfactory Jacket



This snug beaver-lined jacket with deep fur collar and cuffs and raglan sleeves is a Julia Lazzari creation. Brown suede slacks and a cream-colored wool scarf complete the costume.

A WOMAN's skirts ballooned out by a sudden down-draught from a chimney taught the brothers Montgolfier how to build the world's first successful aircraft back in 1783.

Or so the story goes. If it is a true one then aviating owes an enormous debt of gratitude to women's clothes, and their designers are entitled to "lift" as many ideas as they please from flying.

And they do please. Fabric and line, ornaments and even nomenclature of costume designing are finding more and more inspiration in flying. One designer went so far as to do a ball bearing into a fetching belt buckle. We all remember how last spring hats and other assorted garments went streamlined along with motor cars. Everywhere the flying influence bobs up in one way or another. A "parachute cape," for example, is featured among the one and only Madame Schiaparelli's fall models. Meaning that many a woman who has never "packed a 'chute" in the literal sense will go around this winter all dressed up in what resembles the insouciant folds of a parachute.

Every form of transportation has done its share of style determining from the middy blouse and the linen duster on down the calendar. Of all the garments none, however, is more beholden to the aeronautical influence than the jacket or short coat for flying and whatyouwill.

ONLY a few years ago a woman flier asked me in desperation, "Where can I find a good-looking flying coat?" She wanted it leather and she wanted it green and in all New York there wasn't one to be had. Today most of the better shops that feature sportswear would offer her an enticing selection.

Whether she wants a cowhide belted coat or a heavy wool mackinaw; a windbreaker or a brief jacket of the loose or the fitted persuasion; whether chic or comfort was the stronger consideration—she can find what she wants and in navy blue or brown or green, and often in the more elusive shades and colors. Prices range from as low as \$12.50 for a serviceable little creation in imitation pigskin to \$50.00 and up depending on quality, design and lining material.

CERTAIN points essential in a satisfactory flying coat have moulded the entire sport jacket family more or less to the woman pilot's needs. A right jacket must be comfortable, easy to slip into, warm enough, sturdy and becoming as to color and line. If it's to be worn with trousers it must not push down the bulge in the back to make an ugly broken line. The collar must button high at will but softly and not too snugly so that it will not chafe the wearer's neck. A too severe coat collar can do cruel things to the skin on a long cross-country. And finally a flying jacket should fit snugly at the wrists so that the wind may not come whistling up the sleeves.

And when a woman hits upon a satisfactory jacket it becomes practically her *everything* in the way of a garment. Some pilots are sentimental about them; wouldn't dream of having them cleaned for fear of washing their luck out along with the grease and grit. Often it's a case of love me, love my flying coat.

No wonder it's important to find just the right one and heartening to know that shops today offer such an enticing selection in flying jackets as well as scarves to top them off.

POT AND PAN MECHANICS

THAT globe-trotting pilot and AIRWOMAN's roving reporter, Margery Brown, wanted a perfect devil's food cake recipe and in order to produce it she took a dozen or more of available recipes, shook them up in a bottle of experience and here's the result:

- 1/4 cup butter
- 2 cups sugar
- (either 2 of white sugar or 1 of white and 1 brown, as preferred)
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup sour milk or butter milk
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/4 cup cocoa
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- Cream butter with the sugar. Separate the eggs; add 3 yolks and one white to cake batter, saving other 2

whites for the icing. Stir 1 teaspoon soda into the milk, pour into batter. Add enough cold water to the cocoa to dissolve it and pour mixture into batter. Add vanilla and flour. Just before you finish stirring in the flour add the baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven. Make regular cooked icing with the 2 egg whites and 2 small cups of sugar.

This cake is moist and light and delectable. Try it next time there is a 0-0 ceiling.

And here is a clipping from the Memphis Evening Appeal which seems apropos for our cookery columns and which makes us wonder for the moment whether this page should not have been christened the *Well-fed Airman*.

The Hungry Reporter journeyed out to the airport yesterday to find

the answer to an important question. What is Capt. Vernon Omlie's favorite dish?

The handsome pilot is consistent. Used to biting chunks off clouds on innumerable occasions, he has as his favorite dish snow pudding, and if you want to see what clouds taste like, try this recipe, furnished by the Flying Phoebe to the Hungry Reporter:

"You make a gelatin according to directions on a package of lemon gelatin. Set it aside to cool. In hot weather, you'll have to put it in a pan of ice water. Then take the whites of three eggs, unbeaten, and put in the gelatin. Beat until stiff and it fluffs up just like clouds," the intrepid little aviatrix said. "Then you make an old-fashioned custard and pour over the 'clouds.'"

SCORING UP

(Continued from page 7)

The 50-mile free-for-all handicap race, 5 laps over a 10-mile course, was the first event held Sunday. The 11 planes were timed off again to their individual handicap. The newer pilots flew a conservative race but the more experienced flew lower and turned the pylons tighter with each lap. As the last lap began it looked like anybody's race, with Frances Harrell Marsalis gaining in time in her fast new Waco and her beautiful turns. She came up to several planes bunched at the second pylon, and on the turn, she was seen to dive slightly to avoid collision; and in that noble effort was caught in the slipstream of another plane and crashed.

In addition to the \$3,000 in cash posted for prizes, there were many useful and attractive trophies, one for each event, and each contestant in any event received a fitted airplane overnight case presented by Bernar Macfadden and a miniature propeller letter opener donated by the Hamilton Steel Propeller Company. The aerobatic contest was cancelled due to lack of entries and the handsome trophy donated by the Sohio Company will be held for the event next year.

To Martha C. Smith, executive chairman of the meet, goes the vote of thanks from everyone for its success. She gave up her vacation and donated her entire time and efforts to organizing the meet.

MANILA DAVIS (TALLEY).

Editor's Note: Edna Gardner, Washington, D. C., transport, who

crossed the finish line first in the fifty-mile handicap at Dayton and was disqualified for passing inside left between two planes at the first pylon on the last lap, filed a protest on the decision for a hearing before the N. A. A. Contest Committee.

Her reason for this action was that she honestly did not feel she had intentionally crowded anyone and that she took what seemed to her under the circumstances as the safest route around the pylon. Urged to make the protest and push it through by several pilots who witnessed the race, she later withdrew her protest because she considers sportsmanship more important than winning the decision in the race. By this action she has earned general praise and commendation.

And Next Year

Though still largely embryonic, plans are developing for 1935. The city and date are indefinite but the general character of events at the Women's National Air Races is certain. With the exception of possibly one event, the races will be for licensed airplanes—based on the theory that the race, not speed, is the important factor. We should have no difficulty in securing entries in at least 4 displacement classes and to have keen competition in these events—interesting to the spectators because they are keenly competitive; interesting to the contestant because, first, there is not a fortune tied up in the equipment which has a very definite commercial purpose; and, second, because we are all interested in living a long time. GLADYS O'DONNELL.

(Continued on page 15)

Just Among Us Girls by Mister Swanee Taylor

COME, come, girls, gather around and let's sit here on the floor for one of those good old-fashioned heart-to-heart talks . . . Wait a minute, though, the snap on my jodhpurs is simply *killing* my instep . . . I don't see why we have to wear 'em anyway . . . About the only thing they are good for is weak or fallen arches . . . Oh well, some day the aircraft manufacturers will incorporate in their open ship models a sort of an underslung monk's cowl effect—you know, like a cattle chute—and then everybody can wear skirts out to the flying field and look her *very* best.

But that's neither here nor there, girls . . . What I was going to say is that women pilots now have a *perfectly* splendid opportunity, we girls, to show this country that the AIRWOMAN, both as a magazine and as a *definite* quantity, from this day forth is to be perceived *and* perused with what intelligence the masculine is capable . . . You know, you've been reading *them* like books for centuries, girls, so turn about is only fair play. That's reasonable you'll agree, and it's up to you to make the brutes read you for a while. (Won't *that* be fun!)

However, girls, don't be militant about it . . . The militant woman was in vogue, and only for a very short season, 'way back in the early teens of the century. It was when some of our repressed aunts used to match hammer-locks and half-Nelsons with the gendarmerie all for the sake of equal suffrage. Of course, most of you girls won't remember those turbulent days befo' th' war, when aunty used to put a few extra cotter-pins in her switch, lace up her high-top walking shoes and, with an utterly lethal umbrella in her good right hand, skirt the crowd, in search of just one detached cop, before the fighting became general.

As I say, you girls won't remember it, but *this* old crow recalls with vivid painfulness how like charwomen most of 'em looked wearing drab grey Norfolk jackets surmounting an extra wide skirt, cut purposely to speed up footwork . . . Also, those crest-of-the-wave hats, of the era, always bobbed ludicrously during the frequent hand-to-hand encounters . . . And you know, girls, it is *positively* unforgivable for any woman to appear ridiculous in *any* sort of hand-to-hand engagement with a man.

Well, girls, I don't know about you, but I've got a heavy date staring me in the face . . . And I've got to get in the proper mood . . . But before I dash along let me dish out a word of advice to the female aviation lovelorn: The surest way for the airwoman to win early and proper recognition is for her, first, last and always, to stick strictly to her aeronautical knitting.

And one final reminder, darlings: Don't stand in awe of *any* pilot. Old-timers hit the ground just as hard as a ten-hour bird—and just as thoroughly. Those boys you see careening about behind 650 h.p., always have even more trouble than you do when they are given a mere one hundred ponies to manage. You'd be proud as Puck of yourselves if you saw one of the big boys stagger off the ground minus all that reserve power. That is, you'd be proud if his agonized gyrations didn't send you into the full blast of screaming jitters!



"I hope this is the last time you ever forget to bring the parachute!"

Drawing by Alan Dunn

Sept - Oct. 1934



National Meeting

THE 1934 National Meeting of the 99 Club, held on September 2 at the Hotel Statler, Cleveland, was attended by 36 members, representing six of the sections. Much important business was transacted, including: adoption of the new national constitution and the standard constitution for sectional groups; appointment of Amelia Earhart first national president as a permanent member of the executive committee of 99; adoption of resolutions protesting discrimination against women pilots in events at the National Air Races, and of a resolution that the next annual meeting be held at the time and place of the Women's National Air Races.

Results of the 1934 election of national officers were announced as follows: President, Margaret Cooper; vice president, Gladys O'Donnell; secretary, Mabel Britton; treasurer, Marjorie Ludwigsen. On the nominating committee for 1935 are: Jean La Rene, Mary Riddle, Esther Johnson, Clara Gilbert and Ruth Wakeman. On the executive committee for the coming year as announced by the president are: Margaret Cooper, Gladys O'Donnell, Mabel Britton, Marjorie Ludwigsen, May Haizlip, Clema Granger and Amelia Earhart (permanent member).

Among the suggestions acted upon was one that student pilots be eligible to junior membership in 99, which is to be presented to the club as an amendment to the constitution; and another that 99 private ship owners put the 99 insignia on their ships, expense of the insignia to be borne by the club. Club dues were raised by the new constitution to \$3.00, including a year's subscription to AIRWOMAN. Dues are now payable and all members are urged to pay theirs to their sectional officer or to the national treasurer promptly.

New Members

Florence Yeskett, Hartford, Conn.; Pretto Bell, Winifred Jarrett, Mrs. J. B. Morriss, Lucille Ormon, Jane Ray, Virginia Russell—all 6 of them members of the Los Angeles chapter, bringing that chapter's membership total up to 72.

Sectional News

The *New England Section* held a joint meeting with their neighboring section, the *New York-New Jersey*, over the week-end of August 18 at Plymouth, Mass., with Novetah Holmes Davenport acting as hostess. Five New Yorkers and 1 New Jerseyite motored up and 2 New Yorkers flew up to Cape Cod, and more than a dozen came from the New England states.

All were quartered at the beautiful Hotel Pilgrim. There was a cocktail party that afternoon in a New England *El Paradiso*, presided over by Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Gurnett. There was a banquet at the Pilgrim followed by a dance at the Kingspath Club, with time out on Saturday for a meeting full of important business. The next day the 99's attended the Oyster Harbors Seaplane Meet . . . All in all this, the first inter-sectional meeting, was full of both fun and accomplishment, and as a local man gallantly expressed it: "Plymouth hasn't seen so many daring women since the Pilgrims landed."

The *New York-New Jersey Section* was entertained at a delightful aviation luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur L. Cummings at Round Hill, Greenwich, Conn.

Southwestern Section: Our navigation lessons are becoming active with about 20 members going up to Mt. Wilson Observatory, accompanied by Commander Williams, to study the stars . . . Los Angeles 99's gave a luncheon for Phoebe Omlie at United Airport during her California visit . . . About a hundred guests attended with much enjoyment the 99 dinner dance at the Del Mar Club in Santa Monica. Grace Prescott flew up with her husband from San Diego to join the party.
E. C.



From the place cards for the inter-sectional 99 dinner at the Hotel Pilgrim, Plymouth, Massachusetts

The staff artist of the Plymouth County News is responsible for this original drawing

BREAD and BUTTER and AVIATION



Pilot Hazen R. Bean and Mrs. Alice L. Marston

Passengers who step from the planes of Boston-Maine-Central Vermont Airways at Concord, N. H., as the ships fly between Boston, New Hampshire, Vermont and Montreal have an opportunity of meeting a woman, who, it is believed, is the only one of her sex engaged in such work.

Mrs. Alice L. Marston, dispatcher at Concord, handles affairs of the aerial transport line, together with the receiving and dispatching of the United States air mail in Northern New England. Four times each day, one of the tri-motored passenger, mail and express planes alights at the Concord Airport and passengers are greeted by a trim, diminutive lady who smilingly takes their tickets, assists them to alight and then tosses the mail bags on board or takes them off. Last winter Dispatcher Marston met planes in temperatures as low as 35 below zero, and with snow 6 feet deep banking the runways. But temperatures and snow didn't phase her one whit—her ready smile was on hand for the passengers and for the pilots with the mail.

Meeting the planes is but a part of her duties. She has her dispatching reports to send and to keep—a complete log of each flight so that all the dispatchers all along the line know at all times just where the airplanes are, and conditions they will meet. Her radio set is tuned to instantly catch any messages regarding weather conditions aloft, which might have to be transmitted to the pilots on her route.

(SCORING UP—from page 13)

MEANTIME restoration of races for stock model airplanes and restoration of participation for women pilots are among the things the members of the National Association of Aviation Editors agreed at their meeting would improve future National Air Races from the pilot's standpoint.

And L. W. Greve, president of the Cleveland Pneumatic Tool Company, states in a letter that women pilots he had talked to would much prefer to race for the Aerol trophy than to have it awarded similar to the Collier trophy; that he had a list of 10 women pilots thought to be capable of fast pylon races and would appreciate additional

names for the list; and that a committee from his company would take these matters under advisement as well as a suggestion that they transfer the Aerol trophy to the proposed Women's National Air Races or offer some other trophy.

Among recent events, which space lack, won't permit us to enlarge upon are: the Fifth Annual Michigan Air Tour by 20 pilots, covering a distance of 1,500 miles with 27 stops . . . The Roosevelt Field-Montreal International Goodwill Flight with some 11 women among the 48 persons who flew to Canada from New York on August 18, with a strong helping wind to compensate for the haze and make it pos-

sible for nearly half a hundred airplanes—ranging in size from a 50 mile-per-hour Taylor Cub on up—to arrive early the same afternoon . . . The 1,000-mile Indiana State Air Tour, September 10-16 . . . The Cape Cod Air Meet sponsored by I. J. Fox drew an attendance of 65 planes, with Edith Descomb placing first in the handicap race for women in a Warner fleet; Dolly Bernson, second; and Teddy Kenyon, third . . . The Oyster Harbors Seaplane Meet at Osterville, Cape Cod—first seaplane meet in America—attracted 8 overwater craft and several land planes. It was a picturesque and exciting affair staged in an admirable setting.

Beaux-Arts



APARTMENTS
307-310 E. 44th ST.

1-2-3 ROOMS

Unfurnished and Furnished

\$55-\$80-\$150

HOTEL SUITES BY DAY, WEEK,
MONTH or SEASON

**FREE BUS SERVICE TO
ROCKEFELLER CENTER &
GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL**

Leave 43rd St. at Lexington Ave.

John M. Cobden, Mgr., MUrray Hill 4 4800

Sept-Oct-1934

New Low Prices on: Aircraft Repairing

MAGNETO AND CARBURETOR SERVICE
ENGINES - INSTRUMENTS - PROPELLERS

Approved Repair Station No. 88,
covering all approvals issued by
the Department of Commerce.
The largest and best equipped re-
pair service on Pacific Coast. The
fastest service and highest quality
at strictly competitive prices.



Pacific Airmotive Corp., Ltd.

UNITED AIRPORT, BURBANK, CALIFORNIA
OAKLAND AIRPORT, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA



Loose bolts, nuts, or screws
are dangerous! Parts with the

DARDELET SELF-LOCKING THREAD

always stay tight . . . Insist on
their being used in your plane!

DARDELET THREADLOCK CORPORATION
120 Broadway New York, N. Y.



**THE NEW SUPER-SPORTS
WACO "D"**

200 M.P.H. AND LOW LANDING SPEED

The instant you see this new WACO Super-Sports model you will admire its trim, clean-cut appearance and appreciate the specially designed, built-in enclosure for bad or cold weather.

When you look inside there are more surprises . . . both cockpits are completely equipped with instruments. Never before has a ship in the sports classification been so complete—radio, landing lights, flares—nothing needs to be added for day or night flying. And notice that roominess—you can't help but enjoy unusual comfort in this luxurious plane.

Take her out for a trial flight . . . you've never dreamed that such maneuverability and performance were possible! With 420 H.P., her top speed approaches 200 m.p.h.; she cruises at 165 and yet retains the famous WACO low landing speed, plus an uncanny ability to get in and out of tight places.

The WACO Super-Sports "D" is available with a large selection of Wright and Pratt & Whitney power plants. Let us send you complete information—or call your local WACO dealer. He will gladly give you all the facts. If you don't know his name, write us.

THE WACO AIRCRAFT COMPANY, TROY, OHIO



CHECK THIS PERFORMANCE CHART

High Speed	420 H.P. Model	196 m.p.h.
Cruising Speed	" " " "	165 m.p.h.
Landing Speed	" " " "	56 m.p.h.
Rate of Climb	" " " "	First min., 1750 ft.
Service Ceiling	" " " "	21,000 feet
Gas Consumption	" " " "25 gals. per hr. cruising
Gas Capacity	" " " "87 gals.

WACO LEADS IN AIRCRAFT REGISTRATION



"ASK ANY PILOT"