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AIRWOMAN

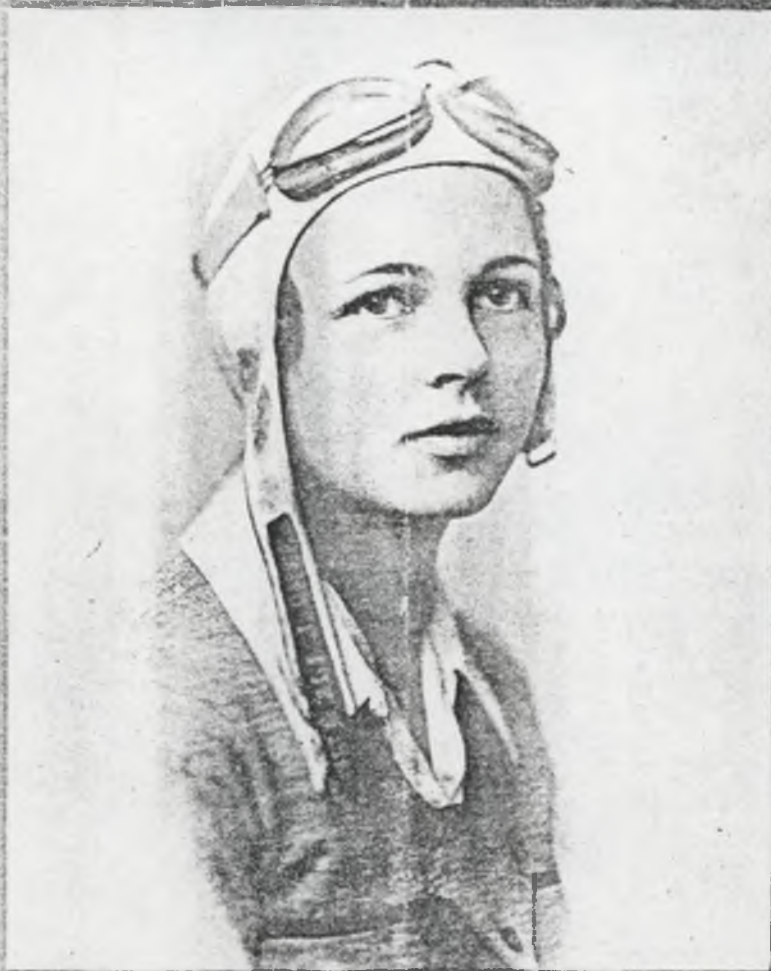
May 1935

Virginia M. Thomas

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10 cents a copy - One dollar a year

Vol. 2, No. 6



BETTY HUYLER GILLIES, Transport Pilot
Syosset, Long Island

CONTEST SCOREBOARD

Leaders in first bulk sales of subscriptions in the Big AIRWOMAN Contest are Clair Marlin, New York 99er, with 36—the Denver Unit of Women's National Aeronautical with 10.

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NEXT MONTH'S features will be "Are Women Pilots Superstitious"—another interesting article on air mass analysis by Philip Del Vecchio a "Decibel Chart," that is, a diagram showing at a glance noise level different modes of transportation which was prepared by the Sperry Gyroscope Company—and a new page feature: "Women Plane Owners."

AIRWOMAN, the magazine of sky talk for women who fly and those who are still earthbound but interested, is the official organ of the 99 Club of women pilots and of the Women's National Aeronautical Association.

AIRWOMAN is distributed on American Airlines, Boston-Maine Central Vermont Airways, Central Airlines, Eastern Airlines, Pan American Airways, Pennsylvania Airlines, Transcontinental and Western Air Line, United Air Lines.

AIRWOMAN, Volume 2, Number 6 May, 1935. Published monthly by Airwoman, Inc., at Hotel Gotham, Fifth Avenue and 55th St., New York City. Editorial Offices, Hotel Gotham, Fifth Ave. and 55th St., New York City. U. S. A. Clara Studer, Editor; Fay Gillis, Associate Editor; B. Barton, Junior Editor; Margery Brown, Roving Reporter. Subscription \$1.00 per year, single copies 10 cents. Application for entry as second-class matter is pending. Copyright 1935 by Airwoman, Inc., New York City.

May 1935 Air Woman

AN ARMCHAIR PILOT REFLECTS ON GLIDING

By James H. Stickler

IT WAS in the closing months of 1929 that I first exposed myself to the bite of the insidious glider bug. From the West Coast had come vague murmurings about some fellow named Hawley Bowlus, who, with a glider of his own construction, had been making remarkable flights of four, five and six hours at Point Loma, California. Here, thought I, is the forerunner of a sport which is destined to find a ready welcome on every hilltop in the country.

Alas for fond dreams! Armed only with a shiny new A.B. degree, the backing of a father whose business had not yet felt the weight of blows to come, and a too-healthy enthusiasm, I embarked upon the first leg of my campaign to sell gliding to the East, and to reap a golden harvest therefrom.

A little research disclosed the fact that, with the exception of Bowlus (whose sailplane listed at about \$1,000 F.O.B. San Diego, and was, therefore, a little too hot to handle), the manufacturers of gliders were in the main 'plane manufacturers. After the halcyon days of the post-Lindbergh-hop era, sales of airplanes had slumped sickeningly, and plants which had been newly equipped in the sanguine hope that the 1927-1929 conditions were slated to become permanent now found themselves among the foremost patrons of the red ink industry. Clutching at the proverbial straw, they turned their almost-idle machinery over to large-scale production of gliders.

In the early stages of this metamorphosis, the manufacturers showed little or no originality, and started at the same point as had the methodical, pioneering Germans over ten years before, failing to appreciate that the primary glider had been merely a transitional stage in the evolution of efficient motorcraft. Without exception, these "primaries" were frail-looking, winged of trelliswork, thoroughly littered with (a) landing, (b) flying, (c) drag, and (d) control wires.

THE pilot himself perched on an inadequate seat in the nose of the glider, entirely surrounded by exposure, the only feeling of security being imparted by the safety belt which attached to the first vertical member of the fuselage. The "undercarriage" consisted of a metal-bound skid, usually innocent of any type of shock absorber, so that but the sweetest landing was a jarring experience. All in all, the nature was one which was scarcely calculated to arouse an unquenchable yen

to fly in the breasts of the lay gentry who turned out in droves to witness the operation of this novel plaything.

However, the above cynical observations came later. In March, 1930, I was just one of the thousands of people who wanted to get into the flying business. Every pilot was a sort of demi-god to us, and we longed to join their ranks. Thus, when I accepted an invitation to fly to Wichita with the president and chief test pilot of a well-known plant, in order to "look their glider over," it was a foregone conclusion that I would return to New York with a contract to handle their product.

AND what a contract it was! I paid cash for 12 gliders (net just under \$300 each, F.O.B. Wichita), and arranged for monthly deliveries during the balance of the year, which totalled, I believe, more gliders than were sold by all American manufacturers combined in the next two years. In return for this optimism-inspired piece of poor business, I was granted an exclusive franchise to sell this particular make of glider in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, and was also permitted to free-lance in any other Eastern territory which had not been specifically snapped up by another sucker.

Well, I was in the flying business with a vengeance, and I immediately started my fatuous drive to furnish gliders to an impatient public, a drive which was to go down in the all-time annals of unsuccessfulness. Having had a few shock-cord launchings during my sojourn at the Wichita plant, I was perfectly qualified to demonstrate the flying characteristics of my glider to all prospective customers, and demonstrate I did, at every opportunity. The repair item was pretty high, but this was blithely charged up to "overhead," an entry on our books which was to attain Brobdingnagian proportions during the succeeding two years.

But I had my share of fun and suffered my share of bruises, and even sold a couple of gliders. For the most part, however, the only compensation for my intrepidity lay in the half-pitying awe with which I was regarded by such groundlings as viewed my performances. Interest seemed to vary inversely to the power to purchase.

By this time, I realized I hadn't made such a smart investment after all, so I started the Westchester Glider School as a means of using my ships to some advantage. Two days after my first advertisement appeared in the then flourishing *National Glider Magazine*, my first stu-

dent presented himself. He drove down from Montreal, paid cash for our "course," which was pleasant, and we went right to work on him. He spent a little over a week with us, and returned to Montreal familiar with the general idea of what the controls were for, but hardly an accomplished pilot. Others followed, and we might have made a real success of the project, but for the fact that our expenses persistently exceeded our income.

Then came good news. Hawley Bowlus was coming to New York, bringing with him his honest-to-goodness sailplane! He arrived, and the first glider meet ever held here, with official timers and all the trimmings, was arranged for the following week. It was to be held at Bayside, Long Island, some crackpot having decided that this site presented real soaring terrain. I entered two gliders, but lacked the temerity to enter myself in the face of the illustrious competition which threatened.

THE "soaring terrain" of Bayside must have made such experienced pilots as Bowlus and Lieut. R. S. Barnaby hysterical, but it looked okay to me, for the take-off point was on a hill. What more could one ask? Bowlus, in his beautiful white sailplane, captured the "endurance" contest with a flight of 44.1 seconds. The spot landing contest went to Fred Pippig, a smooth German pilot, with a mark of 18.2 feet from the mark. One of my gliders figured in the duration event for primaries, and the other in a similar event for women. Capt. W. N. Lancaster and Mrs. Keith-Miller were the pilots, and their marks were 19.63 and 19.5 seconds, respectively, each good for a second place.

A scant year later, I was fortunate enough to win both the duration and the spot-landing events at a contest in Elmira, with marks of 7½ hours and ½ inch from the mark, respectively.

While this was going on, Wally Franklin and his brother, Prof. R. E. Franklin, had been busy producing the first real contribution to motorless flight in this country. Following their production of the ship used by Captain Frank Hawks in his transcontinental glider flight, they modified their design, and built a glider that was a natural for instruction, and which was further distinguished by flying characteristics only surpassed by the costly advanced sailplanes, which could be flown only by the most experienced glider pilots.

Unfortunately, my investment in primaries made it impolitic for me to wax

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enthusiastic about the Franklin, so I doggedly stuck to my guns, pointing weakly at the German example in an effort to defend my now wholly illogical stand.

The superiority of the Franklin over any other domestic ship was demonstrated most conclusively in the fall of 1930. The National Glider Association had been endeavoring to locate a good soaring spot not too far removed from the New York sector. A number of ridges surrounding Elmira, New York, seemed to fill the bill, and the first annual soaring contest was hastily arranged. Prize money was garnered from various sources, the town of Elmira lent its hearty support, and a surprisingly large number of pilots signified their intention to compete.

Wolf Hirth, one of Germany's greatest glider pilots, showed up with his gleaming sailplane *Musterle*. Gus Haller, an American who had learned the art of soaring in the famous Rhoen Mountains of Germany, also entered a high-performance job of German design and construction. Bowlus had one of his own ships, Jack O'Meara and one other pilot had Baker-MacMillan Cadets, a new utility glider being manufactured in Akron, and the rest—about six or seven ships—were Franklins.

When the weather was too calm for most of the ships to do any soaring, Hirth and Haller could be seen slipping swiftly and silently above the ridge, aided by the excellent characteristics of their sleek craft, and by their superior knowledge of soaring technique. But when conditions were "right," the Franklins were very much in evidence, duplicating in a small way the performance of their foreign sisters. Not so far and not so high, to be sure, but very creditable performances, nevertheless. In the face of the spanking wind which prevailed during most of the contest, Bowlus found his light sailplane buffeted around like a straw, and its efficiency so impaired that he could not safely compete, and wisely refrained from exposing himself and his ship to unnecessary hazards.

Bowlus' discovery had an adverse effect upon me, too, for I had but recently purchased his Bayside job for \$500, intending to use it in my school for advanced training. I had trailed it to Elmira, hoping to learn to fly it myself, but Hawley's admission that his craft was not designed for Eastern wind conditions caused me to abandon such thoughts. Thus, once again I had stuck my neck out just too soon, and was now the proud possessor of another white elephant.

(In fairness to Bowlus, I'd like to explain that he turned to all-weather sailplane construction a year or so after the above experience, and just how well he succeeded is attested by the record-

shattering flights of Richard DuPont in a Bowlus sailplane, climaxed by a 155-mile jaunt down the Shenandoah Valley.)

The meet over, Bowlus and Hirth merged their ability and prestige in a commercial venture, the Bowlus-Hirth Glider School, which started out with a bang. They operated on Long Island, at North Beach Airport, Jack O'Meara being retained as chief instructor and it is a significant fact that they chose the Franklin glider for all operations.

I spent several heart-breaking hours watching O'Meara train students, and it required no expert to see that the Franklin glider and the auto-tow method combined to produce the safest, quickest, and most effective system of flight instruction yet developed. Even I could see that the death-knell had been sounded for the primary glider, at least insofar as the commercial aspect was concerned.

From then on, I surveyed my stock of primaries and my glider school with a feeling akin to disgust. By now, I had secured my Private Pilot's license at Roosevelt Field, and had acquired a fair degree of proficiency with my primaries. I still got a kick out of those meteoric hops in the crates, but I could no longer conscientiously advise prospective students to learn at my school, a change of attitude which was not conducive to high-pressure selling.

The finishing blow came in December. The *National Glider Magazine* sponsored a glider exhibit in the Park Central Hotel, and again I accepted an invitation to display my wares. Thoroughly ashamed of my primaries by this time, I set up my Bowlus, with a sign to the effect that this was the ship used for advanced instruction at my school. There were a number of other ships on display, among them one of the Franklins which had so distinguished themselves at Elmira. In itself, my display was outstanding, for the ship *was* a beauty, but unfortunately it didn't help me an iota.

In a booth right around the corner from my display, Hawley Bowlus himself was conducting a selling exhibit that was a honey. He had a movie projector set up, and a complete set of films showing some of his own flights, as well as various stages of his instruction of Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh in the art of soaring. Well, Hawley couldn't have drawn bigger crowds with a fan dancer, and the result was that his school got a list of interested prospects which would have delighted any operator. The rest of us were so much background for the main show, and got nothing but a lot of fun for our pains.

Following this debacle, the Westchester Glider School unobtrusively folded up its tents and silently slunk back into oblivion. Nevertheless, in March, 1931, a partner and I opened a glider school near Washington, with one Franklin and a tow-car. At the end of a year, we had

some 60 students in varying stages of training, almost half of whom had already qualified for either Non-Commercial or Commercial Glider Pilot licenses. During this period, we instructed one boy of 14 and one man of 64, and the ages of the others were strung out between these two limits. Among our students were a physician, radio announcer, a policeman, the Dean of Engineering of a famous university, dozens of students, mechanics, office workers, both male and female—positive of the catholicity of the glider appeal. Not one of these students was injured, although we had a number of crack-ups of a minor nature, a tribute alike to the ship itself and to the method of instruction.

And yet the project failed. Why? Over-optimism. We failed to observe certain fundamental business principles. We went along on an easy-come-easy-go basis, until finally the bad weather caught up with us.

What's the conclusion to be drawn from all this? Simply this: the glider industry is a potential giant whose growth has been severely hampered by the machinations of promoters and by the well-meaning but blundering efforts of people like myself. No glider school using good equipment and operating in a reasonably good location has failed because of lack of nourishment in the form of customers.

It seems to me that the time is ripe for someone to organize on a sound financial basis, and to cash in on all the latent interest which is to be found in every community. These past lean years have squeezed most of the promoters and petty racketeers out of the flying game. Aviation is now being sold without distortion to the American public, and the high-pressure work and hullabaloo which characterized the era of which I've written have gone, I sincerely hope, to Limbo. This healthy trend is going to widen still further an already wide field for the careful glider operator, for thousands of new candidates for flying instruction are going to find it impossible to meet the cost of instruction in powered ships.

Now I wonder if I couldn't sell my father on the idea of financing me in this proposition. . . .

AIR CIRCUS FOR BABY

Spencer Franklin Treharne, Jr., was honored by a two-ship aerial circus over the maternity hospital in East Orange, N. J., where he was born five days before. His father, Treharne, Sr., and a friend, Frank Auering, dipped and rolled their ships for a few minutes over the building in tribute to the new member of the flying fraternity. Young Spencer's mother is Blanche Treharne, 99er formerly of Boston, who holds a private pilot's license.

THE scene covered miles from the gliding school.

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May 1931
Air Women

OUR HEROINE GLIDES---AND HOW!

By Linton Wells



There it comes . . . sleek as a gigolo

May 1935 Air Women

THE scene is the brink of a snow-covered cliff near Tushino, some 20 miles from Moscow—the site of a Soviet gliding school.

It is mid-January and bitterly cold—about 20 below zero. A pale sun has no effect on the biting wind which rose-tints the cheeks.

The *dramatis personæ* of the tragedy about to be enacted is Our Heroine; the writer; a Red Air Force officer-guide; a gliding instructor; a teacher; a group of young men and women—gliding students; a morose and grizzled old man; a dappled-gray mare in the string-halt.

Up the steep hill, from the broad snow-buried valley 500 feet below, limps the old, dappled-gray mare, towing a sailplane. She is being guided by an ancient, be-whiskered Russian, garbed in tattered clothes. Trudging beside him is a sturdy, red-cheeked girl of 16. She is dressed warmly in worn men's clothes and heavy boots, but her head is bare and her short, brown hair is ruffled by the wind. She is enthusiastically describing to her companion how it felt to remain aloft for 21 minutes and alighting herself for landing so soon. He nods glumly and plods on.

As she nears the crest, flushed and happy, a score of boys and girls, ranging from 16 to 20 years of age, greet her: "Bravo, Marusia! That was splendid! You were wonderful!"

"That girl," said our officer-guide, "will make a fine addition to our Red Air Force some day. She's had four hours of training in primary gliders, and this is her second flight in a sailplane. And she remained up 21 minutes—splendid! There are many thousands like her. Within five years we will have 500,000 qualified glider pilots," he asserted proudly.

The sailplane was placed in position for another flight, about 100 feet behind the brow of the hill. Its tail was hooked in a cleat in the ground and a long, elastic dragline was attached to the front of the cockpit. In the cockpit was the young girl—about 17. This was the first time she had taken off from the high place we were told. We listened as intently as she as the instructor cautioned. Meanwhile, a dozen young men and women were tautening the dragline. When all was in readiness, the starter shouted, "Ready?" The girl nodded. "Let her go," shouted, dropping a red flag.

An instant later the sailplane was in the air. She leveled out quickly and at the brow of the hill banked steeply,

changed her course 90 degrees left, returned to an even keel and soared along the ridge, gaining altitude. She banked again, reversed her course, and began gliding easily up and down the valley. In ten minutes she landed, and the old man and his mare, who had retraced their route down the hill, hooked on to the sailplane and started back up. For them, life was a series of ups and downs.

"That certainly looks easy," murmured Our American Heroine.

"It is easy—if you know how," said the officer-guide. "I still think you ought to take preliminary training in the primary glider."

"Oh, I'll get along alright," said Our Heroine.

"Don't you think," I said, "that if a person is a qualified airplane pilot he can fly a sailplane without difficulty?"

"Not always," replied the officer-guide. "The reverse generally is true—a sailplane pilot will make an excellent airplane pilot, but we think preliminary glider training is desirable for airplane pilots. Sailplanes are very sensitive. They're at the mercy of a gust of wind and you have to feel your way along."

"Well, if ever my sailplane gets here I'm going to try it out," asserted Our Heroine. "I've waited long enough."

"It's your sailplane and your neck," said the guide, looking at me helplessly. I shrugged.

"There it comes," someone shouted. We turned and there, on the brow of the hill behind the glider factory, a quarter of a mile distant, was Our Heroine's sailplane. It was a graceful thing. With its brilliant-red wings and violent-green cockpit, it looked like a vari-colored dragonfly gone haywire in a paint shop.

Ten men and women were dragging and guiding it across the crisp snow. It seemed to me that if they weren't singing the *Volga Boat Song*, they ought to be. The cortege finally placed it in position near us for a take-off.

"There's your sailplane," said the officer-guide, who also was manager of the factory which had built it.

Yes, there it was—sleek as a gigolo, shiny as an unpowdered nose. After months of effort, lost tempers, and frazzled nerves. First, permission to fly a glider had had to be obtained from the Soviet Government—military authorities, OGPU, Foreign Office and Osoviakhim. Then it was necessary to get a permit to purchase one. And lastly, the factory had to be prodded constantly into making delivery. But here it was, at last—the first glider ever to be owned by a foreigner in the Soviet Union. Now all Our Heroine had to do was fly it in order to become the first foreigner ever to glide in the U. S. S. R.

I insisted that a test flight be made before delivery was accepted, and the instructor agreeably made a ten-minute flight—and did a beautiful job.

"Always keep her nose down," he warned. "You can't do loops yet. Now, here's the way things work: There's your rudder-bar, and there's your stick—don't forget they're very sensitive. This lever here—" and so on. . . .

"When everything is ready," he continued, "the starter will drop his red flag, you will push forward the tail release, and then it is up to you. When you get to the brow of the hill, turn 90 degrees left. Down there is a haystack. Reverse your course 180 degrees and fly back up the valley until you come to that house there,"—pointing to the right—"then turn 180 degrees and fly up and down until you want—or have—to come down. But don't forget—keep her nose down. Is all that clear?"

Our Heroine smiled confidently and said it was "perfectly clear."

And so, they strapped her in the cockpit, and she jiggled the ailerons and fluttered the rudder, and squirmed a bit to make herself more comfortable, and

(Turn to Page 16)

GLIDING FAR AND NEAR

JAPAN

"I am the first woman in Japan to fly a glider."

These are the words I wrote happily to my gliding-expert brother in Europe.

Although I have been flying airplanes for almost three years, gliding has also interested me, but I did not dare until recently to fly a glider, as I thought it too dangerous. Now that I have made two successful glider flights I am enthusiastic about the sport.

Before going aloft I read a lot of literature concerning gliding in Germany and, too, in every letter from my brother I was told all about his own glider and his experiences in the air. Then, one day, I called on Mr. Fujihara Sakuhei, director of the Meteorological Institute in Tokyo, a gliding enthusiast and the founder of a gliding club.

After a long conversation with this famous scientist, during which he convinced me that there was no danger in this form of sport, it was decided that I should enter his gliding club.

Bearing my membership card, I then went to Kirigamine, one of the most beautiful spots in the Japanese Alps. It required seven hours on a train to get there, but the mountains looked so lovely, the air was so clear, and the weather so splendid that I was not sorry even when I learned that I would have to walk about three hours *into the mountains* before I could reach the site of the gliding club. And later, when I stood on a high hill and looked down upon the club's hangar, I was so excited that I began to sing.

As I had a letter of introduction from Mr. Sakuhei, the other members greeted me cordially and made me feel like one of them. After a light breakfast, we

went up to the top of a hill and took the club's glider with us.

The first to take off was our instructor, the second was a student, and the third was—myself. I asked what I should do.

"Don't do any stunting," said the instructor with a smile. That was *all*.

I sat there and waited for something to happen. Then all of a sudden I found myself in the air. Instinctively, I closed my eyes, but only for an instant. The first thing I noticed was that the rising angle seemed awfully high. I pushed the stick all the way forward, but that did not help very much, it seemed; so I floated along and after a time landed rather roughly in the high grass of a mountain meadow.

The second flight was much better and I remained much longer in the air. I soon learned that handling a glider is quite different from an airplane—for instance, one has to concentrate more.

These two glider flights revived my joy in flying, for somehow I had seemed to have lost it, and now I am going in for this fine sport more than ever.

Marie Shoda, Japan.

ELMIRA MEET

The Soaring Society of America, Inc., will hold its Sixth Annual Soaring Contest at Elmira, New York, from June 29 to July 14, and approximately \$2,000 in cash prizes will probably be available for contestants.

Plans are being formulated to make this the most successful gliding meet ever held in America, *and it is hoped that many records will be shattered*. It is expected that all the nationally known glider pilots will participate, and that many of the different gliding groups in various parts of the country will send representatives and contestants.

Practically all of the glider and plane manufacturers will be represented, and at least one new entry is expected to be a "hand-made" ship just completed by members of the University of Rochester Glider Club. Stanley Smith, glider champion in 1934 at the Elmira meet, is preparing to make its initial trial flight and during the forthcoming meet many of the Rochester Club's members plan to use it to get their pilot licenses.

The site of this year's meet will probably be a new one—just north of the American Airlines Airport, Big Flats, where there is a fine ridge with southern winds. The Soaring Society is also planning the construction of a new building there, which will be used as a general gathering center.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Washington Gliding Club was organized in the fall of 1929, with an initial membership of 34, and has been successful and going concern ever since.

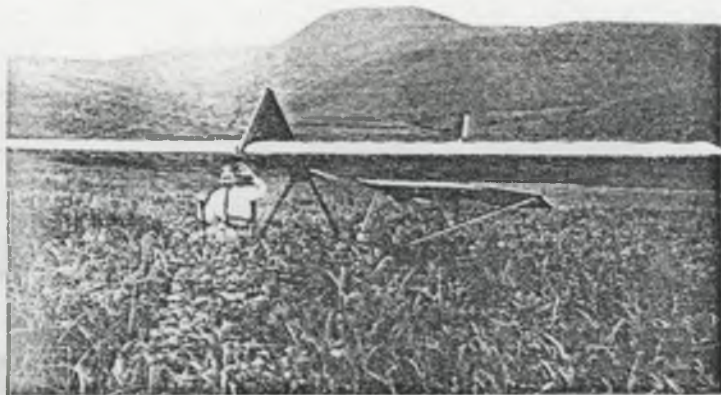
The club lost no time in deciding to design and build its first glider. Numbered among its members were several experienced aeronautical and aerodynamic authorities, and this talent was eager for something to do.

The primary glider they evolved was everything expected of it, and more. Hundreds of flights were made by beginners under the most trying conditions and it was subjected to punishment that would have crumpled up anything less stocky and sturdy. It simply wore out with age. The second glider constructed by the club was of the secondary closed-fuselage type and was built for soaring as well as for advanced towing flight.

Three years ago the club bought one of the well-known Franklin gliders and it has since been used for training beginners as well as soaring by advanced members. The club is now finishing a slightly more advanced type of glider which will be used almost exclusively for soaring.

Washington is fortunate in being reasonably near to what is considered the best soaring site in the East—a clearing of many acres about 20 miles south of Panarama, Virginia. The United States National Park Service has authorized its use as a national soaring site. It is hoped that the Washington Gliding Club gathering every Sunday and holiday during the flying season for soaring purposes. The past summer an informal two-week meet was held there and most of the nationally known glider pilots attended.

Ernest W. Spink



Marie Shoda, Austrian girl, who has a license to pilot powered aircraft in Japan, makes her first glider flight. Her husband, Mitsuo Akiya, is a glider pilot and a member of the Glider Club of Japan.

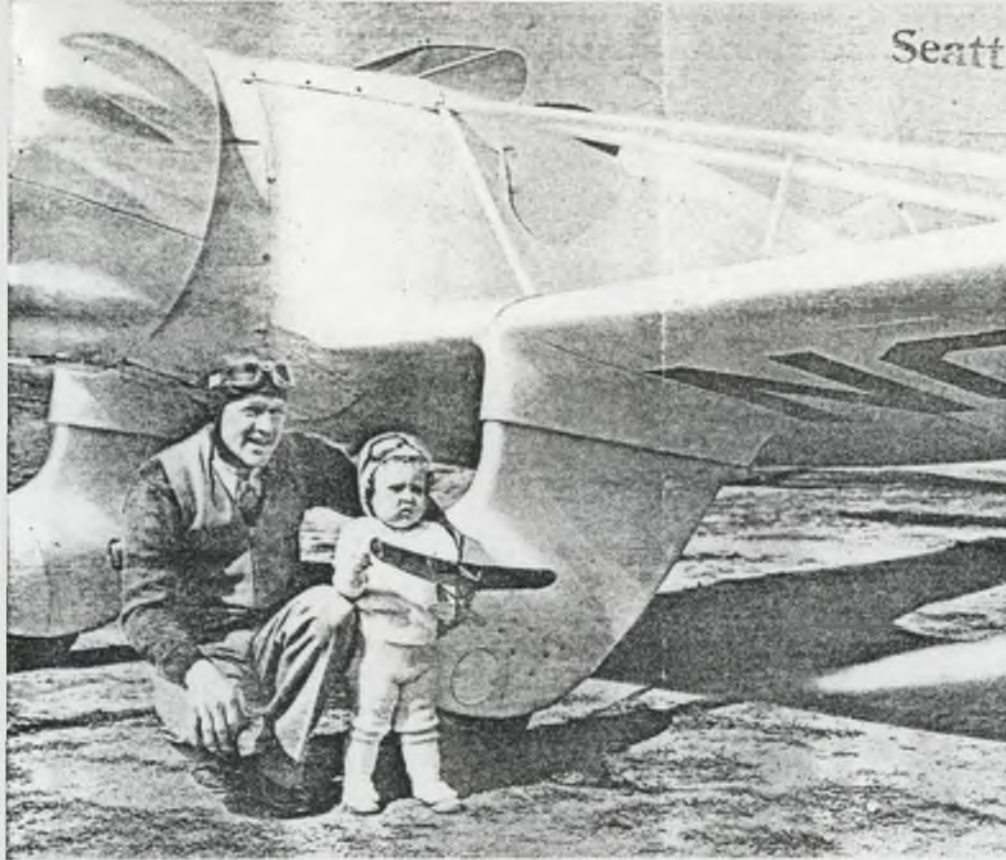
May 1935 U.S. Woman

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PROPERTY OF Seattle Public Library "VETERANS"

Of the two Descomb girls of Hartford, Conn., Gladys (standing) aged 5 has logged 50 hours; Peggy (in the cockpit) aged 9 has flown a 100 hours.



Jerry Sasses of Oklahoma and a new Kinner Sportwing. Miss Sass, aged 1 1/2 years, is as air-minded as Lindbergh and Tom Morgan rolled into one—as aren't they all, this younger generation, her Dad. (Photo, courtesy of TAXI-STRIP.)



SKY LULLABY

By Zana Henderson of Wichita, Kansas

"To Jimmie and all other little babies whose fathers go up to the skies in ships."

Bye-O, Baby, Bye-O,
Let us take a ride,
Climb into the cockpit,
Down the field we glide.
The sandman is the pilot
Who guides our silver plane,
We rise, we turn, we soar aloft,
Then dip and turn again.

Bye-O, Baby, Bye-O,
Close your pretty eyes,
Snuggle close to mother,
It's cool up in the skies.
Through soft clouds we travel
A hundred miles away,
Until our pilot lands us safe
Awake at peep of day.

Peggy Farris, so demure in her printed frock and curls, has flown 1000's of miles via Pan American Grace.

"Thank you for getting your license, Mummy, because now you can take me up," chirped Allan Bain Tanner (lower rt. corner) . . . spoken like a true grandson of a flying grandmother!

Jimmie Henderson—to our left—now seven, seems to be equipped with ALL the manly accoutrements.



May 1935 A. Women

FLASH! Amelia Earhart Sets Record from Mexico City to New York—14½ Hours

CHARTING A.E.'S COURSE TO MEXICO

By Clarence S. Williams

"WELL, she made it," were the reassuring words from the radio station telling me that Amelia Earhart had landed at Mexico City 13 hours and 32 minutes after leaving Union Air Terminal at Burbank.

As usual, I had kept a vigil during her flight. We had attended her take-off and I had given her the maps, assisted her into the plane, and wished her luck. Then she had taxied to the south end of the runway and in a few minutes was on her way.

The route which we had laid out crossed Lake Elsinore to Mexicali. From there it touched the Gulf of California and then paralleled the coast to Mazatlan. It was all rough country and required an altitude of from 7,000 to 10,000 feet.

Miss Earhart had planned to reach Mazatlan at dawn and land at Mexico City before the afternoon rains set in. However, her start was delayed on account of an over-heating motor, and she reached Mazatlan behind schedule. She was to radio her progress at 20 minutes after each hour, but it was not until 4:20 A. M. that she reported all was well. After sunrise, her signals again were obscured, but the radio operator assured me she was still in the air. We heard nothing after that until she passed Mazatlan and early in the afternoon it was reported that she had landed at Mexico City, after being forced down at Nopala.

The navigational preparation for this was not quite so extensive as that of the Hawaiian flight. A special map showing positions for course changes en route was not necessary, because Rand McNally maps were available for the entire route.

According to my usual procedure, the base course was laid down on a map covering as much of the entire flight as possible. In this case, part of it was drawn on a United States map and the rest on a map of Mexico. This gave a proper perspective of the entire itinerary.

From this map intermediate positions were transferred to the state maps of Mexico and the magnetic and compass courses and the distances both from the point departure and to the point of destination were shown.

THE pilot is interested in a number of navigational facts and I try to supply them in the order of their importance. For instance, at the start of a flight the watch is set at zero and all course changes are made upon times elapsing from that instant. The flier's first interest is in the course on which to head his plane. Consequently, I indicate the magnetic as well as the compass courses as shown by the compass or compasses to be carried.

I recommend the installation of two or more compasses. One compass, preferably an aperiodic type, from which course changes are taken, should be mounted as far away from the center of the ship's magnetic field as possible. The other com-

pass should be mounted where it can conveniently be read, usually on or above instrument panel. In this position—often well within the stronger portion of the magnetic field of the ship and consequently is affected more or less by deviation. Usually this deviation can be reduced by careful compensation, but errors as high as ten degrees have to be left on the compass card, especially the intercardinal points. Recently I found that mounting the compass in "V" of the windshield helps immensely.

I employ a master compass in compensation, a method, which I may describe in a later article. Prior to Earhart's flight, Paul Mantz and I swayed her ship in azimuth, with Paul reading the aperiodic and magnetic compasses, wanted to find out if there were changes in the condition of the compass leaving Hawaii, but from the results did not think it necessary to make corrections.

The flier's second interest is the least of time she is to fly on the course. I always put this down, as well as time for this and subsequent course changes. The final matter of interest is the distance covered and the distance to go. These facts can be placed on map without undue crowding.

Additional information relating to consumption can be placed on the sheet, and should include the fuel required to reach each intermediate point and the amount necessary to reach the destination.

ON the flight to Mexico, I prepared no fuel data sheet, confining efforts to the making of a table showing courses, times and distances, at 140 m.p.h., which is shown herewith. An additional table was attached showing times for each portion of the flight upon speeds other than that of 140 m.p.h.

Miss Earhart reached Mexico City, missed her landmarks, but so did Lindbergh. Lindbergh was lost and made approach from the west when he landed at his destination, when he should have come in from the north and east.

Miss Earhart's projected non-stop flight from Mexico City to New York greatly resembles the course flown by Lindbergh in 1928. For this flight I have laid out two courses, one overland and the other over the Gulf of Mexico. The overland route leads directly to a point tangent to the waters tributary to the Gulf of Mexico, while the Lindbergh route touched at Tampico. From this point,

LOS ANGELES TO MEXICO CITY VIA MAZATLAN

Times based on an airspeed of 140 miles per hour

Course No.	Leaving	Dist At End	Dist On Course	Time To Change	Time On Course	Mag Course	Compass A	Compass M
1	Union Air Terminal	1197	197	00:00	1:24	107°		
2	Mexicali	360	163	1:24	1:10	115°		
3	Bahia San Jorge	678	318	2:34	2:16	129°		
4	Longitude 110° W	883	205	4:50	1:28	131°		
5	" 108° W	1052	169	6:18	1:12	132°		
6	Mazatlan	1314	262	7:30	1:52	122°		
7	Guadalupe	1386	72	9:22	:31	99°		
8	Yurecuara	1538	152	9:53	1:05	97°		
9	Longitude 100° W	1595	57	10:58	:24	99°		
10	Mexico City	1599	04	11:22	:03	72°		

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Photograph of Miss E. Gill

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(Turn to Page 10)

May 1935 The Woman

BOOKS

By Mabel Britton

OUR WINGS GROW FASTER, by Grover Loening. Doubleday Doran & Co., Garden City, New York. \$3.75.

In the spring of 1909, a small group of young enthusiasts of the Columbia University Aero Club secretly built a flying-boat glider in a boathouse on the Hudson River. This was the first actual design of Grover Loening, famous aero-engineer, builder of the Loening Amphibian, known and flown the world over.

His absorbing interest in aviation from the earliest days and his persistence led him to obtain from Columbia an unwilling permission to major for his M.A. degree in aviation and aerodynamics—an absurd innovation quite distasteful to that conservative institution. His thesis was accepted in 1910, his degree conferred, and his class of one graduated! It was the first degree of this kind in the United States.

In short, pithy sentences and vivid narrative, Loening gives the exciting history of aviation development in America, and his connection with it, from the Wrights' first experiments onwards. A student and co-worker with Orville Wright, he shows the inside picture of those early struggles. There are striking anecdotes about Orville Wright and many other famous figures,—Glenn Martin, Admiral Byrd, Lindbergh. Loening has known everyone in aviation—army, navy and civil.

There is a detailed account of the war scandal of the Aircraft Production Board—auto manufacturers who knew nothing of aero engineering "butting into the aircraft business"—a grim story, fearlessly told.

Loening writes in a racy style which makes easy and absorbing reading. There are scores of fascinating photographs, many published for the first time.

FLYING GIRL, by Elly Beinhorn. Henry Holt & Co., New York, 1935. \$3.00.

Readers of the March AIRWOMAN are already acquainted with Elly Beinhorn through her brief account, "Five Continents One Airplane and I." In *Flying Girl* she gives details of the amazing adventures of her first flight to Africa in 1931 and the wonderful journey across half the world to Australia in 1932, followed by a flight down the west coast of South America and across the Andes.

A romantic figure, indeed, this young German girl, flying alone to the ends of the earth in a little light sports plane!

There are many comments and descriptions of the countries which she visited and their customs. Since, by her own avowal, Elly never reads travel books, her impressions are fresh. Her own photographs add interest. The omission of maps from the book detracts greatly from the pleasure and ease of following her course.

It is fortunate for the German people that a girl with so many natural advantages—youth, culture, great ability, charm—should be their foremost woman aviator representing their country all over the world.

SAILING THE SKIES, by Malcolm Ross. Macmillan Cox, New York. \$2.50.

Reviewed by SUZAN MOSTENIC

Sailplane versus powered airplane is debated admirably in *Sailing the Skies*, subtitled *Gliding and Soaring*, by Malcolm Ross, former editor of *Sportsman Pilot*.

While the manipulation of the sailplane depends entirely on the muscles, mind and nerve of the pilot, and relies for its power on the natural forces of wind and gravity, the powered airplane attempts to cut a direct path through the winds and exerts mechanical force to defeat gravity.

Call it aerial yachting, Ross suggests.

All the aerodynamic terms: drag, lift, fixed angle of attack, are clearly explained in words understandable even to a kiwi. The difference between gliding (gliders) and soaring (sailplanes) is made distinctive. A most interesting comparison of birds to types of planes and a history of gliding are included.

Glider training will shorten the instruction normally required before soloing in a powered plane, because the pilot knows what it feels like to be in sole command of aircraft; is acquainted with the controls and their uses; forced landings are familiar; he can judge distance; he knows clouds, can feel wind speed, has the added knowledge of air currents and knows when to expect sudden rises and short drops.

An appendix includes Woodward F. Barnwell's practical manual for glider pilot instructors.

A. E.'S COURSE TO MEXICO

(Continued from Page 8)

of tangency the Earhart course and the Lindbergh route will be the same. The route across the Gulf is shorter by a little more than 100 miles. Consequently, it has the advantage of requiring less than the other, which is important considering the high altitude. By the time this appears in print I hope Miss Earhart will have made this flight successfully.

I have been plotting courses for outstanding fliers for five years. In 1931 Roscoe Turner used my figures in breaking the East-West record. That year I worked the courses for Art Goebel on his Paris-to-New York flight. The year I helped Mrs. Phoebe Omlie, who won the Women's Derby, and Marie Martie Bowman. At the same time I aided Beehler Blevens, Ira Eaker, James Goodwin Hall and Art Goebel, either in navigation or compass work, or both. They finished third, fourth, fifth and sixth in the Bendix Race.

In 1932 I worked with Miss Earhart when she broke the trans-continental record for women, and five days afterward, Jimmy Haizlip won the Bendix Race and broke the West-East record from Los Angeles to New York after he had compensated his compasses and worked his courses for him. That year also, I worked the navigation for the round-the-world flight for Miss Juanita Burns and for a trans-Pacific flight by Harold Bromley.

In 1933 the pilots who finished second and third in the trans-continental Night Derby used my courses, while in 1934, I plotted the courses and compensated the compasses for the late "Doug" Davis for Mr. Worthen, who took first and second places in the Bendix Race.

This winter two of my students and I compensated the compass and worked out the navigational details for the flight which Leland Andrews set a new 11 hour and 22 minute trans-continental record for transport planes.

You can see from this that the navigator working quietly and unostentatiously behind closed doors can and does help the pilots who win fame and glory in their meteoric dashes. It is my habit to work with those fliers who come to me for aid until they reach their destination. That is the part of navigation that does not appear on the maps and dash sheets.

I am happy to have contributed a small part in aiding Miss Earhart. However, I feel that the secret of her success is that she is one of the outstanding characters of the age, a person who represents the most perfect balance of the physical, the mental, the psychological and the spiritual elements of human nature.

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ACROSS COUNTRY

By Bessie Owen



"My Waco over the Santa Barbara Mountains"

Our cabin ship rises off the wet grass as we head due east, the mountains begin to shrink in height. The blue Pacific, with its fringe of white beach, twinkles below. The islands to the west, seemingly so far away at times, look like continents this morning. And Santa Barbara, dotted with its white California-Italian houses, goes down to the sea in orange groves and pink hibiscus. There it is below, getting smaller and smaller, and here are the mountain tops coming down to our level and showing more mountains on the other side. There is one topped with snow, over the first range, and there below, in the hollow of the first valley, are the green waters impounded by the Juncal and Gibraltar dams, giving life to the lovely gardens of Santa Barbara and Montecito.

The ranges we pass look barren enough with their scrub growth, but those ahead are naked. Their rocky peaks rise straight into the sky from boulder-stream gravel fans, which taper off into wind-swept wastes of sand. Here and there are lakes. But trust them not. The rains had inundated this country days before and left moisture at its lowest points to retard the skies for awhile before disappearing.

"Green Crack in the Flat Mesa"
Painted for TWA by Margaret Bourke-White



Another range, still more barren, if possible; fewer distinguishable trails; and over the next rocky ridge, sprinkled with snow, lies Death Valley. Soon it is below us. A long, narrow valley, colored black and brown and gray and white and tile, but no more formidable than those we have already flown over, nor as awesome as those we are to fly over later. In fact, there is a highway running along its eastern edge, and another coming in from somewhere on the other side. As we descend from 12,000 feet to 4,000 we are able to distinguish a clump of buildings. On circling downward we see, in the center of the eastern slope, the famous hotel of Furnace Creek, with an inviting swimming pool in front, a ranch of date trees, and the cross runways of the airport.

Shades of the prospectors who trudged in the burning sun from water hole to water hole! Suppose they were to come back now and find aviators who fly here in a couple of hours to lunch at a swank hotel, with fresh linen at every meal, telegraph and telephone service, and a parking lot for automobiles. Those barren old Panamint Mountains across the valley from the hotel veranda lose their sting. On closer inspection, the salt bed and the out-croppings of copper sulphate and the green hues of arsenic and the reds of the rusted iron in the distant mountains are beginning to have a come-hither glint.

Before the sun sets, we climb into the plane again, warm up the motor, whisk down the gravel runway and up into the purple and pink sky. Over more barren mountains, over other windswept, desolate, empty valleys and another heavy rock mound, and the lights of Las Vegas, Nevada, twinkle in the darkness.

Where is the airport? Around and around and around we sweep. Oh! 'Way over there! We circle the airport and the comforting lights of the long, smooth runways loom up. A beautiful landing. The ship is left in the open and a taxi is summoned. It's a ten-mile ride into town.

A brightly lighted little town is Las Vegas, with Neon signs spelling Club, Restaurant, Bar, Hotel, Gas Station. After washing up at the friendly Hotel Apache, we go out to look for "eats." The restaurant is filled with hungry people.

The food is good, steaming hot, and quickly served. Come on, let's get through dinner and see the town.

The next morning is bright and clear and cold. We drive to the airport through miles of plotted town lots, where cactus and mesquite grow as if they had never heard of real estate booms. Out there, cleared of rocks and desert plants, lie the runways of the airlines. There, in the desert, with barren mountains for background, is the airport office, filled with radio equipment and the comforts that the cross-country tourist craves. There is gas and oil for the ship and her windows have been washed.

It takes a long time to warm up, but eventually we roll down the runway, gaining speed—speed until we ease into the air without knowing just when we left the ground. We head toward a dry, rocky mountain and, having achieved it, view the vast, arid basin which soon will be filled by the damned waters of the Colorado. Five minutes more and we are over the canyon where the human ants below have built a concrete wall that they call Boulder Dam—and where they have tunneled through mountains, carved roads and strung wires and cables.

We cruise over Boulder Dam again and start to follow the river. What a surprise! It winds immediately into canyons, deep and precipitous, strongholds for giants. Grand canyons and grander. First the high mesas are barren, then dotted with pines and, later, green forests carpeted with snow. And, with the motor humming contentedly, we come to the grandest canyon.

From the air, the Grand Canyon is a great crack in the flat mesa and on its brink sits a hotel. But where is the airport? The ground is 8,000 feet high and the mesa is covered with trees, therefore not so good for a landing. We can't locate the field, so, with an eye on the lowering gas gauges, we turn south toward Williams, a little railroad town at the foot of wooded mountains, some 9,000 feet above sea-level. A sign on the field says "good," but the air is thin and we land fast. We take on a little gas and lots of information, while urchins swarm about the ship and leave fingerprints.

Then off again for a Department of Commerce emergency field 20 miles away
(Turn to Page 18)

may 1935 Air Woman

CLOUD CLUB

By Betsy Barton

New Members

18. Alice Taylor, Detroit, Mich.
19. Agnes Yarnelle, Fort Wayne, Ind.
20. Hildagarde Cordes, Hanover, Ger.
21. Laurie Lisle, Oklahoma City, Okla.
22. Gertrude Emery, Flint, Mich.
23. Elizabeth O'Connor, Mt. Kisco, New York
24. Alice Ruth Stacy, Pasadena, Calif.
25. Caroline Hager, Bronxville, N. Y.
26. Lucille Beckwith, Brightwood, D. C.

Gertrude Emery and a friend are starting a "Wings" club out their way.

Elizabeth O'Connor wants to be a hostess on an airline. She lives practically on the Mt. Kisco field and gets a free ride every now and then. She is doing some interesting clipping, building up a complete Aviation scrapbook. She's even got Auntie to sponsor her piloting.

Alice Stacy, one of our most enthusiastic enthusiasts, has a scrapbook too, and is trying to raise \$30 so she and her mother can make a round trip flight from New York to Philadelphia.

Carolyn Hager has started a girls' club in her school, and is its Flight Commander. The club goes in for modeling and factory visiting. Carolyn says the girls' club is getting along better than the boys', because the boys only model.

Air Meet

News from Northampton, Mass., telling of big intercollegiate air doings Saturday, May 4. Smith is the only women's college entered and it is represented by Mary Kimball, president, flying a Kinner-powered Bird, and Anne Halley, flying her father's Stearman. The meet has all the thrills and frills of a professional air tournament and it sounds like the little

old field at Northampton is going to be somewhat flustered and flurried by all these goings on. There will be four events—spot and three-point landings; bomb dropping, with an old automobile for the target; balloon bursting at 1,500 feet, and a 14-mile course race. A silver trophy about 18 inches high is to be presented to the club that wins. Another trophy, of propeller design, will go to the best pilot, and small cups have been donated for the winner of each separate event. As the pilot lands at the end of the race he will grab for a prize from a waiting hat—the last prize being a bottle of ketchup or something equally inconsequential. Between events, while college pilots are resting, the National Guard will do a bit of formation flying and a few aerobatics. Saturday night a large and, we trust, sumptuous banquet will be held at Northampton's Hotel Northampton. We can only hope the girls (two against the world) will not come off with only one bottle of ketchup to the good.

P.S.—This is written as the meet is about to be held, so we'll give you the results next month.

Letters

A letter from Edward Clark, of the Scripps-Howard Junior Aviator, states that Cleveland has two girl flights and numerous girl Commanders scattered around the place. We hope to do business.

Quotes from Laurie Lisle: "Enclosed is a 75-cent money order for a year's subscription to AIRWOMAN. Understanding that a Cloud Clubber is entitled to 25 cents commission, have deducted it. May AIRWOMAN continue to be, as it is now, the finest aviation magazine on the market."

We hope the rest of the Cloudless understand about this 25-cent deduction—50 cents if you sell 25 or more within any two weeks between now and July 15—and that they will inform their friends. It is not necessary to tell your friends that we have the finest magazine on the market.

Excerpt from Lucille Beckwith's epistle: "Please sign me up for a year's subscription to AIRWOMAN. Maybe you will note that I have suggested a model-building contest for the girls through the *Aero-Sportswoman*. I did not know of this magazine at the time. I will, however, keep my eyes open for the grand announcement."

Here is the clip from the *Aero-Sportswoman*:

"Lucille Beckwith of Brightwood, D. C., suggests that the *Aero-Sportswoman* promote a model-building contest for girls, similar to the various ones that *Popular Aviation* has sponsored for the boys. How about it, girls, would there be enough interest to make it worth while?"

We think it might be a good idea to conduct a joint contest with Joan Thomas's *Aero-Sportswoman* column in *Popular Aviation*. And again we ask the question. How about it, girls?

High School Club

From the Battin High School in Elizabeth, New Jersey, through Mary Walker, president, comes detailed news about their club.

It is four years old and from the first has been solely female. To create interest, they have guest speakers from all aviation fields, make trips to airports, and build model airplanes. Committees are chosen to carry on different aspects of the work. Each girl eventually has a chance to head one of these committees. Even the club room has gone air-y, the walls being decorated with heavier-than-air pictures.

The most important part of the training is the ground course where construction, aeronautical terminology, personalities, plane types, maneuvers and instruments are taught.

This rolls off the tongue easily, but we have it from Miss Walker that when they get down to it, it's something.

These Battinites are a-taking no chances—when they tiptoe into a plane for the first time they'll know the skid from the prop.

May 1935
Air Women

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The Battin High School Aviation Club on one of its trips to Newark Airport.

FASHIONS IN FLIGHT

By Fay Gillis

SPRING is here!

A trite remark—but true in spite of the fact that it will probably be cold and rainy the day most of you read this. However, it is still spring according to the calendar and so my proud beauties—you are beauties, aren't you? At least you're proud, we hope—there is no reason why you can't be more beautiful, what with all these alluring advertisements revealing beauty's deepest secrets at every turn.

Fifty thousand Frenchmen may not be wrong, but I doubt if fifty thousand of those advertisements are right, especially when it comes to us gals who commune with nature over the side of an open cockpit. The ads all sound so promising, but they are rather confusing, to me at least, and some of you may be a bit befuddled too, because that's the whole point of this page—to help you flying friends who are so busy flying keep up with the "butterflies."

The wind and the sun and the elements are supposed to be bad for "the skin our favorite boy friend loves to touch," so I scouted around and found a beauty specialist who has been studying our special flying problems, even to the extent of having two beauty kits, containing our special needs, made up for us. One of them is the size of a large purse, made up in airplane fabric and has one of those

big, revealing mirrors in the top, along with all the essentials for a smart, three-point beauty landing. This set is for the woman airline passenger or the girls with closed planes. I mean, it is much more dignified than the collapsible affair that somehow seems to belong to the girl in the open cockpit, who neither has the space for, nor can be bothered with more than the bare necessities in baggage.

The creator of these aviation Beautyity kits is none other than Madame Helena Rubinstein. She has been experimenting with loveliness for over 35 years, and today is acknowledged to be one of the greatest exponents of beauty in the world.

But in spite of her position in the beauty world, she has found time, don't ask me where, to gather one of the largest collections of African Negro masks in existence; is an authority on modern sculpture and painting; has an imposing array of dolls' houses and beautiful tapestries; has raised two sons, one of whom is studying to carry on his mother's business; is a devoted wife to a literary husband; supervises an apartment in and country estate outside of Paris, a house in London, a triplex in New York; and, last but not least, to grant me an interview so I could pass on her special beauty suggestions to the readers of AIRWOMAN.

Before you take off, Madame Rubinstein suggests that you pat in a few drops of eye oil under your eyes, then apply sunproof cream to your face, a dash of rouge, if you aren't already rosy with health, and powder. Or, if you prefer, put on a touch of terra cotta rouge, which incidentally was three years in the making, Madame is that particular, and then apply a thin film of sunproof lotion over which you may or may not dust powder. That is all you need to protect you from the insidious elements en route. Isn't that simple?

When you get to wherever you are going, retire to a quiet corner with a Beautyity kit for a five-minute beauty treatment of your own. Try it once and notice the effect it has not only on your friends, but on yourself. Don't be so lazy. You have to clean up anyway and you might as well do a good job while you're at it.

First of all mask your face with the pasteurized cream and, while it is working, stretch in all directions. Madame Rubinstein recommends this as the quickest and easiest way to relax our minds as well as our bodies. And don't we need relaxing after hours of just sitting up in the air, more or less in one position? Having relaxed, wash your hands with Helena Rubinstein's beauty grains to remove all signs of grease and grime, rub them with the pasteurized cream. Leave that on while you wash out your eyes with a good eye wash, using either an eye cup or a dropper. But, whatever you use, don't neglect your eyes. They're rather important in flying.

Wipe off the cream from your hands and face and pat on an astringent to absorb the surplus oil from the cream, and to bring a glow to your cheeks. Then the sunproof cream applied with your fingertips, a dash of terra cotta rouge and lipstick, which honest and truly doesn't cake on the lips, a gesture of powder, and you are ready sooner than it takes to read this. It really is worth the extra two minutes to clean up right.

A Beautyity kit weighs only 28 ounces, so it really isn't excess baggage and it is convenient—all your beauty aids together in one collapsible case, which comes in different colors. You can even have one to match your plane. Ever the ensemble is with us . . . but as long as harmonizing colors are available we might as well make use of them. And such beautiful harmony too!



Madame Helena Rubinstein with Jacques and Jacqueline, enjoying a peaceful day on the beautiful grounds of her 300-year-old country residence, the Moulin de Breuil.

May 1935 Air Women

The 99er

New England

The regular monthly meeting was held at the home of Elizabeth Horton at Cambridge, Mass., with Dolly Bernson, governor, presiding. . . . Five members of the Framingham High School Girls Aviation Club were guests at the meeting. . . . Mary Kimball, president of the Smith College Flying Club, sister of Margaret, "busted" away from college to attend.

The New England group is seriously taking up the study of National Defense in accordance with the new constitution and had a speaker on the subject at their last meeting.

NOVETAH HOLMES DAVENPORT.

New York—New Jersey

Well, this section got its collective heads together and finally figured out a way of raising part of the necessary sum to take care of insurance premiums covering the Taylor Cub. We decided to lift a chapter from the history of When Mother Was a Gal and abandon flying long enough to go roller skating.

The price of admission is one dollar—including skates—and we hope you'll all join us at 8 o'clock on the night of May 25th for some plain and fancy skating at North Beach Airport.

The Taylor Cub—a special paint job in the 99 colors—has been ordered and will be delivered before long.

Middle Eastern

Helen MacCloskey has just bought a new Monocoupe and is a hard person to keep track of these days as she flies from place to place. She was however, in Pittsburgh, on April 29, when she was the hostess to the members of the Middle Eastern Section at their bi-monthly meeting.

In a letter to the secretary of this section, Margery Brown, of Chester, W. Va.,

Margery Brown and Mlle. Raymonde Nicolle and the Caudron plane in which they flew to Angkor-vat to see the famous ruins of an ancient civilization.



writes that Mlle. Raymonde Nicolle, of Saigon, one of 99's newest members-at-large, was the 42nd woman to obtain a French license. The pictures show Margery and Mlle. Nicolle standing beside the Caudron-Renault plane in which they flew to Angkor-vat, Indo-China, to see the famous ruins—about an eight-hour round trip.

HARRIETT SACKETT.

Incidentally, Margery Brown, who is AIRWOMAN's roving reporter, was invited to join the Aero Club de Cochinchine, of which Mlle. Nicolle was the only feminine member, and was able to get in the solo time necessary to keep up her United States license without more ado. It's the first opportunity she has found to do just that, what with endless technicalities.

Southeastern

Charlotte Frye of Griffin, Ga., and Clayton Patterson of Charlotte, N. C., were April visitors to the AIRWOMAN office and 'twas grand fun seeing them and having them sociably quartered right here in our own Gotham Hotel.

It seems Charlotte flew to Charlotte (North Carolina) and picked up Mr. and Mrs. Patterson. Together they attended the airport dedication at Winston-Salem and the Carolina Aero Club meeting. Next day Charlotte, Clayton and Wesley Raymond flew in the Beechcraft to Hagerstown, Md., where Clayton signed on the dotted line for a spandy-new Fairchild-24 in which the "Pats" (Mr., Mrs. and young Pat) will go places from now on. Thence they flew to Pottstown, Pa., and the Jacobs factory where they left the Beechcraft for a final motor check-up and took a train to New York.

The Fries of Georgia, that is, Dr. Augustus H. and Mrs. Frye, both private pilots—have been up and at it since 1932, in various ships, more recently in their Eagle Rock J-5. Unless we're mistaken, Charlotte Frye is the only woman to own a Beechcraft. And as an authentic indication of the *March of Time* we submit Charlotte drawling in Atlanta-ese: "Haow long will it take us from Pottstown to Washington. goin' 'bout a hunnnnn-dred and fift-fiiive miles an owwwwah?"

Gene Benson, Greensboro, N. C., 99er and private pilot, recently married Tommy. Strigo, a non-pilot, who likes flying well enough, however, to act as



Charlotte Frye and Clayton Patterson

treasurer (always a tough job) of the Carolina Aero Club. Mary Nicholson, Southeastern 99 governor, and transport pilot, gave a party in honor of Mrs. Strigo and another recent bride, Mrs. M. D. Warner, at which 21 miniature planes served as place cards. A large model plane flew from the chandelier carrying a tiny bridal couple off on a flying honeymoon.

North Central

Sixteen North Central 99ers, representing Indiana, Ohio and Michigan, met at Detroit City Airport on Sunday, April 9, for the second sectional meeting of the year. After a delicious luncheon at the airport restaurant, Capt. C. V. Barnett, manager of the airport, said a few words of welcome, and turned over his office to us for our meeting. Gayle Pond was elected vice-governor to fill the vacancy left by Clayton Patterson, and Jeannette Lempke was elected to fill Ruth Wakeman's unexpired term as secretary-treasurer. Capt. Burnett then took the girls in small groups up into the control tower, where they observed the operation of the two-way radio, and the excellent traffic control system with the lights. On Saturday evening preceding the meeting, the girls were guests of Alice Hirschman at an informal get-together at her home.

ALICE C. HIRSCHMAN

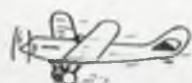
Southwestern

The Los Angeles Chapter gave another dance at the Knickerbocker Hotel on Friday, April 12. It was a grand success—financially and otherwise. The members turned out in their best bibs and tuckers, and really did themselves proud—each bringing a large party of friends.

Grace Prescott, San Diego 99er, will be official air hostess during the California Pacific International Exposition which opens on May 29. . . . The 99ers made a nice showing at the Clover Field Air Show. The girls are becoming very good "bombers" and put on an exciting race.

May 1935 Air Women

W.N.A.A.



EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

Another New Unit

Greetings this month are to be extended in warmest welcome to the Seattle Unit, who having fulfilled requirements for membership, were unanimously voted into the Women's National Aeronautical Association at a special meeting held on April 10. Seattle Unit consists of a group of 18 members, of whom the following are officers: Mrs. David G. Logg, president; Mrs. Charles L. Smith, vice-president; Miss Louise Green, secretary-treasurer; Miss Cora Sterling, chairman; Mrs. D. H. Bunch, Mrs. Grace Listman, Miss Wilma Lepisto, Mrs. H. H. Skinner, directors; Miss Bess Swan, historian.

"We were organized by Mrs. McQueen (second vice-president, W. N. A. A.) in 1930," writes Miss Louise Green, "and have had a very active membership including most of the girls who have been flying in this section. We have maintained and operated club rooms for the public and flying personnel at our local airport, Boeing Field; have entertained all of the noted women fliers visiting Seattle, and have taken part in all the aeronautical celebrations which the city has undertaken. At our regular monthly meetings we have noted speakers in aeronautics, and one year our lectures covered a complete ground school course. We are now opening a permanent uptown office and club rooms at the New Washington Hotel.

"In the spring we plan to hold an aeronautical essay contest for local girls. The unit is participating in the National convention of the Business and Professional Women's Association which will be held here in July, also we have arranged with the Mayor of the city to have a day set aside by proclamation as Women's Aviation Day."

On behalf of all other units also we wish to greet the Seattle Unit and we hope that all W. N. A. A. travelers this summer will drop into the new club rooms in the New Washington Hotel headquarters. We extend the invitation in the name of the Seattle Unit. We hope all our contacts may be both pleasurable and profitable.

Annual Meeting

Too much stress cannot be placed upon the importance of the Annual Meeting with its biennial election of officers this year. It is a time upon which the future policies and welfare of the organization greatly depend and we hope to have rep-

resentatives from all the units with us. As previously announced, it will take place in Dayton, Ohio, on May 17 and 18 and plans are in progress which it is hoped will make it enjoyable to all visiting W. N. A. A. members, as well as a profitable event for the organization itself.

Friday, May 17, will be largely taken up, after registration and a meeting of the nominating committee, with luncheon at Wright Field, the United States Army Air Corps engineering and aeronautical development station, and a visit to its renowned testing laboratories and flying field. On Friday night a banquet will be held at the Dayton Country Club in honor of visiting delegates and members. Saturday will be devoted to business: Reports of committees and officers, and election of new officers. Word has already gone out to all units of this event.

MARGUERITE JACOBS HERON,
Secretary.

Word from Denver Unit

From Mrs. Larry Neff, press chairman of Denver Unit, comes word of the unit's annual election with Mrs. Carlos Reavis re-elected president. Other officers are: Mrs. W. J. Dexheimer, Mrs. Frederick O. Kreuger, Mrs. Lester Denzer, vice-presidents; Mrs. Sidney Adams, rec. secretary; Mrs. Frank Lang, asst. rec. secretary; Mrs. Anna Vaughn, treasurer; Mrs. Chauncey Adams, auditor; Mrs. Roy Standish, Mrs. Walter Lowry, Mrs. Harold Bird, Mrs. Virgil Stone, Mrs. May L. Boot, Mrs. Neil Kimball, directors; Mrs. Larry Neff, press chairman; Mrs. William Agnew, transportation chairman; Mrs. Clifford Mudge, courtesy chairman; Miss Letha Nell Bowman, Miss Donna Tracey,

membership committee.

"Mrs. Reavis," writes Mrs. Neff, "gave a splendid talk on *Aviation* for the Colorado Research Club, a prominent organization here. Our Governor, Mrs. Minnie B. Jackson, also gave a radio talk recently on "Women's Achievements in Aviation" which proved so popular that she has been asked to give it many times. Lieut. Colonel Carlos Reavis, husband of our president, recently received a gold caterpillar with ruby eyes, his badge of membership to the famous Caterpillar Club which our president proudly wears with her W. N. A. A. pin."

Thank you, Mrs. Neff, for this interesting unit news. Please, all units, send in contributions such as Mrs. Neff's each month.

Please, All Units Take Notice!

Dues for the "National" are supposed to be in for 1935-36. They were due April first.

M. J. H., Secretary.

Meet the Miami Unit

The Miami (Florida) Unit is the second largest in the W. N. A. A. and among the most active. Located in the midst of aerial activities, with the Miami Air Races an annual affair, it participates helpfully and constructively in many air events. A recent election resulted in the following list of new officers: Mrs. Natalie Taylor, president; Mrs. Sidney Weintraub and Mrs. W. W. Robbins, vice-presidents; Mrs. Harold Barker, cor. secretary; Mrs. M. L. Buckner, rec. secretary; Mrs. S. E. Chambers, finan. secretary; Mrs. R. C. Denicke, treasurer; Mrs. E. P. Comer, Mrs. H. Sayre Wheeler, Mrs. Byron B. Freland, Mrs. Sara Louise Waters, Mrs. Charles I. Smith, directors.

MIAMI UNIT—

(Front row, l. to r.) Mrs. Mark Max, Mrs. Natalie Taylor, Miss Janet Rex. (2d row) Mrs. R. C. Perky, Mrs. W. W. Robbins, Mrs. Harold Ross, Mrs. E. P. Comer, Mrs. Frederick Pierson, Mrs. Sidney Weintraub. (3d row) Mrs. R. C. Dienecke, Mrs. Peggy Rex, Mrs. J. J. Hennessy, Mrs. Baxter Adams, Mrs. Chas. Douglas, Mrs. Boyd, Mrs. W. H. Camine, Mrs. Laura Tobin.



May 1935 Air Women

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WACO—1933 Cabin, Cont. 210 h.p.—146 hrs. Kensington Gray fuselage. Ship like new and in excellent condition throughout. Wired for landing lights. Radio, parachute seats.

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WACO—1933 Cabin, Cont. 210 h.p.—245 hrs. Kensington Gray, Silver wings. Very good condition. Wired for landing lights and flares. No time since top.

WACO—1933 Cabin, Cont. 210 h.p.—260 hrs. Deluxe equipment, special paint, radio, sensitive altimeter, turn and bank, rate of climb, air brakes, extra gas. Entire ship streamlined. Complete night flying equipment. Excellent condition.

TRAVELAIR Speedwing—Wright J6-7, 240 h.p.—315 hrs. Black fuselage, orange wings steel prop., wheel pants, front cockpit cowl. Entire ship streamlined. Many extras. Exceptionally fast. No time since engine majored. Hand inertia starter and booster.

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R. W. Trader and Associates,
Curtiss-Bettis Airport,
Dravosburg, Pa.

Our Heroine Glides (from p. 5)

nodded her helmeted head at the starter. "Good luck!" we shouted.

"Don't forget to keep her nose down," reminded the instructor.

"Ready!" cried the starter. Our Heroine nodded. Down came the red flag. There was a perceptible movement of the left arm in the cockpit—and then—

There was Our Heroine on the ground one instant, and the next—she was shooting through the air at an angle of about 60 degrees to the ground. That sailplane literally jumped off the snow like a bullfrog leaping. And the nose was up—and going up faster.

"Keep her nose down!" I yelled. Our Heroine didn't hear me, but down came the nose—too quickly. She started a dive toward the brow of the hill.

"Level out!" I screamed. She didn't hear that, either, but she did level out.

By that time she was almost over the brink. She realized this, and banked steeply. Unfortunately, instead of kicking the rudder 90 degrees left, she gave it about 105. A wind current caught her as she tried to level out, and try as she might, she couldn't swing back right on her course. The wind carried her away from the valley at about a 20 degree angle. Looming up ahead of her, dangerously close, was a high hangar.

I couldn't help shouting a warning, but she saw it, banked sharply left, and came around, missing the hangar by feet. We saw her try desperately to level out, but the wind held her, and then there was a grating sound as the left wing dug deep into the crisp snow—fortunately at a 45 degree angle. The sailplane described a graceful arc, and settled gently—just 75 feet from her starting point.

We rushed to the rescue, but Our Heroine was unhurt—only a little breathless and as mad as a hornet. The wing of the sailplane was only slightly damaged.

And that, girls, is the true story of a famous first flight in a sailplane—one minute and forty seconds.

P.S. Our Heroine took preliminary training after that.

Ceiling Zero

Ceiling Zero, at the Music Box, is one of the most entertaining attractions the New York theatre has presented this season and, incidentally, the first genuine aviation play ever staged. The plot is well handled, the dialogue is authentic and frequently risqué, the characters generally convincing. All in all, something well worth seeing, but, because of its implied thrills, not a play that will send the timid, non-flying public rushing to the nearest airport demanding a seat to Los Angeles.

BREAD AND BUTTER AND AVIATION

Many another New York writer members encountering a quiet person with large brown eyes while the trail of a flying story. As telephoned girl and steno to a pair of pioneer aviation "public relationists" she seemed to let go of her sense of humor to flaunt the well-known squelching secretary manner.

Ever since I read a news note to effect that Miss Belle Levy had been promoted to membership in the firm wanted her to tell her story for column. Here it finally is.

"When an employment agency in I sent me to apply for a secretarial position with a firm called Bruno-Blythe, I just out of high school and anxious to get into business. I found the firm



Wide World Studio

one tiny of with two de and just ab room enough turn a round. Frankly, I don't th dreams of a tacker or coo sition in a h gnes Nohava, company v dless. So the Noha walked in a "Malley recip door, but I ncts of Chef the job. It great Hotel, Na good thing d produced small beca wardness cons the typewr coconut Clou and I wo is so delighted have been ll probably t me, here are

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"My first task was handling mail a secret fraternal order of aviation. Through this work I came to know personally many of the most famous aviators of all time.
"Things were hectic in 1925. B. & were appointed to publicize the New York National Air Races, and this was my first experience in aviation publicity. The next year, however, came my really big job when we represented Admiral Byrd on his North Pole flight. His publicity representatives our of handled thousands of invitations and that sort of polite thing.

"The months of May, June and July of 1927 will always remain vividly in my memory. I shall never forget morning Charles A. Lindbergh first came into our offices. (Incidentally, we had outgrown the tiny room and now had suite of offices in the same building. On the eve of his take-off on May 20, I stayed at the office all night—the telephones never stopped ringing, messengers dashed in and out and I was excited to think of sleep. As a matter of fact, I didn't go home until 'Shirley' landed in Paris."

Photo
Agnos Nol

POT AND

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May 1935 Air Woman

JUST AMONG US GIRLS

By Mister Swanee Taylor



Photo by Ralph Morgan
Agnes Nohava, airline stewardess
turned cook.

POT AND PAN MECHANICS

"I don't think I can look another cracker or cookie in the eye," moaned Agnes Nohava, American Airlines stewardess.

So the Nohava cracker nostalgia, the Malley recipe and the pedagogic instructors of Chef Nienkark of the Robert Great Hotel, Newark, went into a huddle and produced for airline passenger and stewardess consumption one fine day—Coconut Cloud Cake. And everybody was so delighted with the result that there will probably be more of same. Meanwhile, here are the directions for AIR-PLANES.

Cocoanut Cloud Cake

- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 and 1/3 cups sugar
- 2 and 1/2 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- Yolks of three eggs
- 1/2 cup of water
- 1 teaspoon lemon extract
- Whites of three eggs

Cream butter. Add sugar gradually, creaming constantly. Add egg yolks and cream again. Sift other dry ingredients. Add alternately the dry ingredients and water to the first mixture. Beat thoroughly. Add lemon extract. Fold in egg whites beaten stiff. Turn mixture into two oiled pans.

Have the oven preheated to 350 degrees. Bake between 350 and 375 degrees.

Frosting

- 2 egg whites—unbeaten
- 1 and 1/2 cups of sugar
- 5 tablespoons of water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar

Beat egg whites, sugar, water and cream of tartar in upper part of double boiler. Beat with water until thoroughly mixed. Place over boiling water. Beat constantly and cook seven minutes, or until frosting will stand peaks. Remove from fire. Add vanilla and beat thick enough to spread.

Spread frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle each layer and outside of cake with cocoanut while frosting is still soft.

SETTLE down in your chairs, m'dears, and open wide your sweet minds 'cause old Bro. Swanee feels a bit like sermonizing this early May morning. I got up at dawn to do it, so either get receptive else turn to other pages.

I takes my text from that noble poem spoken by Mr. Eusden at a Cambridge Commencement where it says, "A woman's work, grave sirs, is never done." This was an appeal to the graduating class of young English gentry in behalf of all us girls the world over. But, and mark me well, the statement, just as it stands, serves as a stern reminder of the lot of the American Airwoman.

AND the reason for this is that the Flying Woman remains an unproved quantity in the mind of the general public. We all know that most of the horny-handed—and bone-headed—male motorists, at this late day, still take diabolical delight in sneering at women drivers. Therefore it is of paramount importance that the four hundred currently licensed gal pilots bend themselves most diligently, during every waking hour, to prevent a similar slur being cast on the growing list of women who fly. It is up to you, I say, to command both admiration and respect at the flying field. Not only that, dear pilots, but it will be up to you to see that the raft of youngsters who are coming through this year stay as sweet as they are and act their age.

BUT how, I hear a voice ask, are women to command anything at an airport? Well, for the benefit of that solitary voice I'll venture to tell Eve how to make Adam eat his apple. Pardon me while I annoint my beard.

Of course the first requisite is the ability to fly a ship. Fly it, not talk it. If you, my little Lone Voice, simply have to jabber, elect a subject like, say, sex, socks or shirts. Never become graphic about, or expositionalize your scant thirty-five hours in the air. When the talk turns to things aeronautic you just shut your little mouth. Most of the pilots present have probably fallen farther than you've been up, hence you can't tell them a thing. Besides, who cares?

THEN, after you've acquired the price-less habit known as Lissen-and-Learn, you'll find yourself admitted to the inner-circle of Table Pilots. Where, if you ask me, a whale of a lot of aviation lore is absorbed. You'll hear lots of things there that will more than likely help you later on. Most important,

though, is that the boys and girls will begin to admire you a little.

Next in importance, I'd say, is the matter of costume. Ah, dear me, many a gal gets off to a bad start when she rolls onto a field wearing what is playfully known as the third act make-up.

HEAVEN knows it is pretty silly to see a human stalk around all bound up in boots, breeches, windbreaker, helmet and goggles. All of us have done it, and a lot of us will continue to do it. Open ships demand—of men—certain costume items. However, I can see no reason for you, Princess Lone Voice, to wear pants, that is, on the outside. The most comfortable thing, not to say the most sensible, for you to wear is a wide accordion pleated skirt of heavy texture. I know that a skirt is more comfortable, because several of my Scotch friends say that kilts are just the thing for airplanes.

NOW that I've told you all about how to act like the woman you are (wotta man), I think I'll run over to the day nursery and give 'em some pointers on the care of infants.

In the meantime I'll be seein' of you. Do try, though, not to appear on the flying scene as Bertha Burstbuttinsky, of the Cheechacha Burlesque troupe. Nor, pray, act like a militant feminist. The boys won't like you if you do.

The trip from Boston to Albany had been very rough. When the plane landed at Albany, one passenger went up to the pilot and said: "Mr. Pilot, I'd appreciate it very much if you'd keep this darn airship in the ruts the rest of the way."

HELEN MARIE BOYD, L.C. Pilot.

"Fashions in Flight" as recommended by Mister Taylor



May 1935 Air Woman

SCORING UP

After long months of delay, prospects for the much discussed Women's National Air Races are much brighter. Clover Field, Santa Monica, has been named as the probable airport and tentative dates are August 3-4. Amelia Earhart and Gladys O'Donnell flew to San Diego on April 15 and conferred with Exposition officials upon a proposed Dawn-to-Dusk race.

Questionnaires have been sent out to a number of probable participants and all interested pilots are requested to submit their comments and names to Gladys O'Donnell, 3723 California Avenue,

Long Beach, California. Tentatively the entrance fee is \$25. When writing to Gladys be sure to state what type of plane you will enter, with its horsepower.

All licensed women pilots will be kept informed regarding the races and will receive a complete program and schedule of events as soon as they are definitely decided upon. All information will also appear in the columns of AIRWOMAN.

Across Country (from p. 11)

and 2,000 feet lower, where we will fill up with gas out of five-gallon tins. Away once more, this time on a compass course straight into the setting sun, to hit the Colorado River again at Needles, California.

Next morning we're up betimes and out at the airport, gassing the ship. Then we're off on a compass course over one range of mountains into a valley more deadly looking than Death Valley.

The last range has trails and mines and over that lies the blossoming site of Indio. We land on a soft, sandy runway, leave our coats behind us and bask in the warm sunshine. Palm Springs, with its million-dollar hotels and its swimming pools and mansions, is just over the hill. We have a delicious lunch and in the middle of the afternoon take off and cruise back over orange groves and race tracks and towns and all the what-have-you of civilization to the blue Pacific and Santa Barbara.

THE TAYLOR

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Scene at Andrew Airport, Honolulu showing CUBs and Instructors.

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The growing preference for the Taylor CUB is well expressed by Olen V. Andrew, operating two CUBs among other larger planes at the Andrew Flying Service in Honolulu, Hawaii. He says: "The CUB is the nicest ship in its class I have ever flown. The general flying public so likes the CUBs they are busy when other ships are not. Students solo in 3 to 4 hours in CUBs. I particularly like the CUB because its so easy and economical to maintain and operate."

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