

AIRWOMAN

March, 1935

10 cents a copy - One dollar a year

Vol. 2, No. 4.



A Veteran of the Air

QUESTION:

Who Is America's
Number One Airline Passenger?

(See Page 9)



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NEW YORK CITY

OFFICIAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE 99 CLUB, WOMEN'S
NATIONAL AERONAUTICAL, AND QUIET BIRDMEN



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THAT AIR FUN

Versatility Plus

Following the revelation by Jean Bosquet, the Los Angeles Times' aviation editor, of the hobbies and practices of air transport pilots, two of the pilots with Williams Air Service have been the chief targets of the amalgamated "razzer's." Don Keenan, because the story pictured him as an all-around athlete and gymnast, which he really is, now is called Tarzan, Doug (after Fairbanks, Sr.) Monk and so on, not to mention being implored to walk on his hands or jump off the tower to amuse his fellow pilots. And Paul Williams, of the same airline, will never hear the last of the Bosquet assertion that Paul happens to be an expert candy-maker.

Seeing Stars on a Coat Sleeve

After TWA granted service stars to its pilots (one star for each 5,000 hours flying time), a blonde film cutie was heard to remark as "Bill" Coyle and his all star sleeve passed, "That bird has more stars than Hollywood."

(Hey, hey, how about reader contributions for this page? Have been leaning heavily on that elegant scout, Albert Dorris this month, but how about more general cooperation on pilot or passenger yarns?)

Paging Mr. Current

A "case of mistaken identity" on the part of a Chicago hotel switchboard operator furnished Col. Roscoe Turner and United Air Lines officials a laugh during Turner's visit to Chicago on his nation-wide United-sponsored tour.

Since he wished to play some radio transcription records of his recent London-Melbourne flight for newspapermen assembled in his room, Col. Turner wanted to determine whether the hotel was wired with alternating or direct current. He picked up the phone and said:

"Do you have DC current in this hotel?"

"Just a moment, sir, I will find out," came the answer.

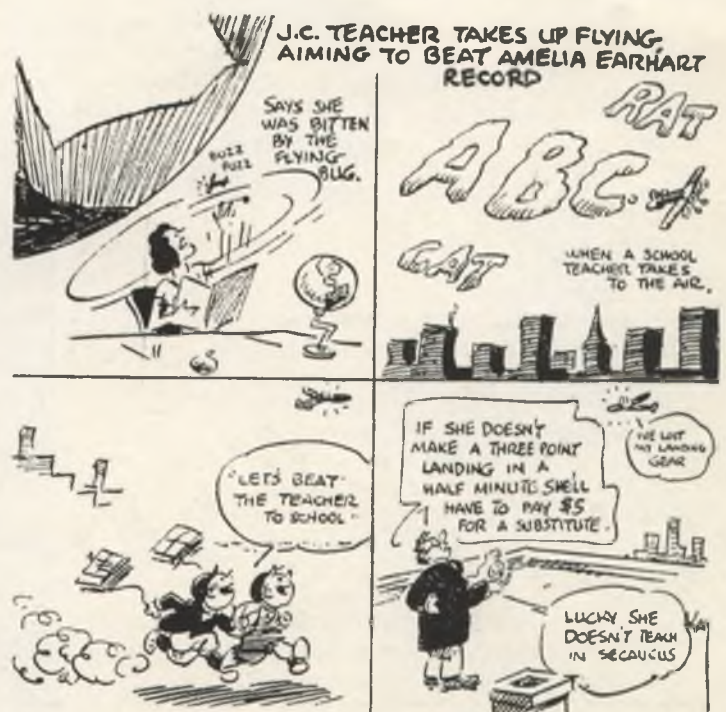
Presently the switchboard operator spoke up—"I am sorry, Colonel Turner, but we have no one by that name registered in the hotel."

Late But Early

Our favorite "racy" story-of-the-month is that one about the two intrepid New Guinea airmen who "roared" across the finish line of the England-Australia race exactly 116 days to the minute after they heard the starter's gun at good old Mildenhall. Upon their unheralded and uncheered arrival, nearly one-third of a year after the winners, Mr. R. Parer observed:

"We're a bit late, but we've beaten our previous record by four months."

A cartoon from KAY'S NEWSGAYS in the "Hudson Dispatch," Union City, N. J.



BOZE'S BIOGRAPHY

By AUNT CYNTHIA CALDWELL

Dear Aunt Cynthia:

I am a devoted reader of your Advice to the Lovelorn Column, and I thought perhaps you could solve my problem. Aunt Cynthia, I am a young girl, considered good-looking by my friends. (I enclose a picture of myself and a friend, taken about the time that Sherman was marching through Georgia. We got in his way.) Anyhow, Aunt Cynthia, I have received a proposal of marriage



Aunt Cynthia and Co-Pilot

from a young man, a pilot, with his future still ahead of him. Is it safe for a young girl to marry a pilot, or any other man, for that matter? Yours, Anxious.

Reply by Aunt Cynthia

Dear Anxious:

You say that you have received a proposal from a young pilot with his future still ahead of him. So is his necktie. No matter how far he goes, his necktie will remain ahead of him—he'll never quite catch up with it. Figure it out for yourself, my dear Anxious. And if you can take a hint, just glance at the careers of all the famous pilots who have been in and out of the papers during the past ten years. In short, the question you should ask yourself is this: On what County Relief Rolls do I want to end up?—and then you and your young husband move to that county right at the start.

I speak with some authority about pilots, my dear Anxious, for my own nephew is a pilot, more or less. At the present time, less. After floating about on the air waves for a number of years, he has been washed up on the bleak sands of literature, and passes his declining years as Associate Editor of *Aero Digest*. So you can see what these young pilots are in for: they become editors, or field managers, or operations managers, or just fed-up. This nephew of mine—his name is Cy Caldwell, by the way—we never mention him at home. His poor mother is happy in the delusion that he has become a burglar in Australia. We shall never undeceive her.

But the point I want to bring home to you, my dear Anxious, is that you should not think only of yourself. What about your children? I mean, my dear, you *may* have children—pilots do spend part of the time at home. And when your child says to you, "Mammy, what does daddy do for a living?" how are you going to look that innocent child in the eye and whisper, clutching him to you, "Your father—your father is a pilot. He isn't a banker, a broker, a doctor, or even a boot-legger—he's just a pilot." Now, imagine a statement like that falling with stunning force on the mind of a child!

My unfortunate nephew's son, for example, is only 3½ years of age, but he already has found out what his father is, or was. It doesn't sadden him yet, for he is too young to understand; but as my poor nephew sits in his lonely study, trying to write something for *Aero Digest*, his little son often looks in and

says, "What are you sitting there looking at that typewriter for, daddy?" And my nephew groans, "Damned if I know." All of this is very unsettling to the mind of a child. He wonders why his father doesn't go out to work like other men.

But just to show you, my dear Anxious, what a pilot's son is in for, I'll sketch briefly the life of Alan Cyril Caldwell, who was born June 6, 1931, the son of Cyril (Cy) Cassidy Caldwell and Marion Roberston Caldwell, in Nassau County Hospital, in Oceanside, Long Island.

My nephew remarked later that something should be done for expectant fathers, and that they shouldn't simply be left out in hospital halls, for doctors and nurses to trip over. Anyhow, when told that his son had arrived, my nephew merely said, "Give him my sympathy," and wandered off into the night, making a low, moaning sound, like a bull-frog in distress. He eventually recovered.

The trouble with a pilot's son is that right from the start he falls in with dubious company; going around with his parents, hanging about airports, airport restaurants, and air races, he meets all sorts of people, none of whom, to put it mildly, are fit companions for the young. For instance, at the age of one year he was patted on the head by Senator Hiram Bingham, an old head-patter and backslapper from Connecticut. You can't tell me it helps an infant to be patted on the head by Senator Bingham.

And speaking of the odd characters a pilot's child can hardly avoid, young Alan was discovered, at the age of two, sitting on Swanee Taylor's knee. As any

(Continued on Page 18)

John
Polando,
Alan Cy
Caldwell,
and
John H.
Wright



"VETERANS" OF THE AIR



JILL WAKEMAN

AUNTY'S words of caution come too late for some, and the rest will no doubt trip impulsively into matrimony with this or that pilot regardless-like, or else go "down the road feelin' sad." Most particularly when they come to consider at close range the products of such "ill-advised" unions.

For instance we'll bet you Aunt Cynthia's tintype you never dreamed that Joyce Hartung (see front cover), daughter of Gladys and Howard of Detroit owns a parachute, specially made for her by the Irvin people to carry a maximum weight of 80 pounds.

Her mother and father, both pilots, were married in an airplane high over Racine, Wisconsin. Born August, 1930, she went up for her first ride at the age of 20 days. Before she was a year old, Joyce had flown from Detroit to Chicago via an airline, on a Michigan Air Tour with her mother, to the Cleveland Air Races, and to many local Michigan meets. Before she was two she had repeated all these hops and added New York to her itinerary.

Metropolitan Newsreel

has made a sequence of Joyce and her various activities around the airport. She now, at 4½, has nearly as much passenger time in her own little log book—which her daddy keeps for her—for a transport (200-hour)



WARREN FRYE

pilot's license. She can handle the stick or wheel of a ship like a veteran, making good banks and turns, with Daddy helping on the rudder since those legs can't reach it yet, and has navigated from Pontiac to Detroit—a distance of 20 miles—keeping the ship on the course the whole way.

This winsome blue-eyed miss is an honorary member of the Women's Aeronautical Association of Detroit and mascot of the Aviators Post No. 257 of the American Legion.

Ruth Kitchel Wakeman reports with downcast eyes and bated breath that her daughter Jill, who graces the top corner, has *only* flown about ten hours in *all her eight months*. The young lady's father, W. H. Wakeman, caught flying from his transport pilot wife. They sold their open Travel Air recently and bought a cabin Fairchild when Jill made their family over into a threesome.

Jill's first trip at the age of six months moved her only to sleep

and an occasional very bored yawn. She was interested in the stick however and, upon lunging for it once, put the Fairchild in a dive. Her chief concern as a rule is trying to make herself heard above the motor. She seems very puzzled when she tries to say "da-da-da" and can't hear herself so she proceeds to let out a real howl which drowns out the Warner, and laughs as if to say—"Well, I won!"

Next in line are Miss Patricia Gillies, also aged 8 months, and Master Peter Huyler Gillies, aged two and going on two months. Betty, transport pilot, and B. Allison Gillies, Lieutenant, N.S.N.R., are responsible for the aeronautical presents and futures of Peter and



PATRICIA AND PETER GILLIES

Pat. Judging by the wrapt attention they're giving that small model they're already plenty interested in aviating, and Peter could name all the parts of an airplane before he had reached the ripe age of two.

Warren Frye, that beatific young southern gentleman in the white helmet, is the son of Charlotte Frye and husband, who have just bought a beautiful new red and black Beechcraft. Further details, such as his dad's first name, Warren's

own flying time and opinions have been held up somewhere between here and Atlanta, Georgia.

Jimmy Egan, five year old son of Elaine Hirschman Egan, and nephew of Alice C. Hirschman, flying sisters, is a real veteran of the Air in his own mind at least. He spends a great deal of time at various airports in the attendance of his mother or his aunt, and ever since he had his first hop with Aunt Alice, considers himself the pilot, and directs the ground crew in the most nonchalant way.

We're thinking there will be another page of "Veterans"—maybe next month. If you know one or have one of your own please communicate with the editors.

Where, for instance, are those two blue-eyed blonde young Thadens? And where oh where are the Descomb girls, that young Shankle from out Arizona way, Madaline Johnson, Jr., and Margo Tanner's seasoned young airman? Or young Curtis, son of Frank, who along with Boze Caldwell turned up for a cup of tea with the women fliers at the AIRWOMAN office.

JIMMY EGAN



AIRWISE ALASKA

By WILLIAM LAVERY

THE hardest part about writing a piece of this sort is to make the opening paragraph sound as though a person of average intelligence wrote it. If you think it's terrible after reading it, blame Fay Gillis, on account of she insisted that I do it.

It was during either '17 or '18 that a wealthy greasy spoon owner of Fairbanks had a certain Captain Martin and wife bring in a nondescript thing with wings and a Gnome rotary motor attached. As there was no railroad in those days it came by boat. There was an old warehouse near the docks so the proud possessor of Alaska's first airplane decided to move it inside.

According to authentic information, gathered from one of the local auto-maniacs, the motor was installed without any great difficulty. He also said that it was the first engine he had ever seen that was put together in a circle and he had his doubts that it would run. However, after putting on the finishing touches and pouring in all the castor oil in town, the Captain's wife climbed into the cockpit and it was started up. Outside of blowing a few empty crates through the walls of the warehouse and sending half the population to their storm cellars no harm was done. Nevertheless, they decided to remove the plane to the local ball park to put on the wings.

Now is a good time to describe the park, so lend me your eyes: It was just an ordinary-sized, small town park with a board fence about fifteen feet high around it to keep out the bums and whoever didn't have enough money to pay their way in. They were thus forced to

climb the fence and sit on top of a wood pile at one corner of the field.

On the day they were to try out the plane they charged a slight admission fee of \$2.50 to see if it would fly or not. One of the local fellows, who happened to be a little deaf, made himself at home on the wood pile. Simultaneously, who should appear on the scene but the local minion of the law astride one of the city's dray horses furnished him on this auspicious occasion to add to his prestige. Incensed at this exhibition of attempted chiseling, the officer ordered the vagrant to get moving, but the poor guy, not being able to hear, remained seated, whereupon the brave official reached for his hip and wrapped his forty-five around his scone. It raised quite a little talk among the town folk, to say nothing of a large welt on the victim's head.

But seeing as how time and aviation wait for no man things kept moving and our hero, Captain Martin, climbed into his little plane and warmed up. After a few hops off terra ferma, sometimes reaching an altitude of a hundred or so feet, Martin called it a day, crated his plane and went back to the States and, I hope, proceeded to live a life of ease and luxury.

I really don't know what ever became of him, so if he's in the poor house, or breadline, I hope he doesn't read this. Thus, with a Yoiks! and a Tally Ho! aviation blossomed forth in "God's Country."

Our next experience with aviation occurred during July and August 1920, when four U. S. Army D. H.'s, powered with good old Libertys, came a-snoorting



W. Joe (Red) Barrows, Pioneer Alaskan Mail Pilot.

over our little city and plunked down on the greensward of our local ball park. They were on a flight from New York to Nome, so we got to see them twice—going and coming. The flight was commanded by Captain St. Clair Streett. Lieutenant Eric Nelson, later, one of the army Round-the-World fliers, piloted one of the planes.

The next happening of importance was in 1923, when one of our high school teachers, the late Colonel Carl Ben Eilson, brought in a Jenny from the States. He made numerous commercial flights to various mining communities, landing on sand bars in the rivers, which were the only airports in those days. I think it was in the spring of the following year that he persuaded the Government to let him try packing the mail around the country in a D. H. Everything went fine until he came in for a landing at dusk and the plane dropped into one of the numerous mud holes in the middle of the field, nosed over and broke the prop. Ben is recognized as the pioneer aviator of Alaska. To him all credit should and is given as the Father of Alaskan Aviation.

James Rodebaugh, a local business man, next got the bug, went outside and learned to fly, and brought a pilot and a Standard back with him. Then commercial flying started to boom.

(Turn to the April issue for more about Alaskan Flying as told by Mr. Lavery.)

William Lavery, noted Alaskan pilot-mechanic, honored by the Soviet government with its highest decoration, the Order of Lenin, for heroic assistance rendered in connection with the rescue of members of the ill-fated Chelyuskin Expedition last fall.



FIVE CONTINENTS — ONE AIRPLANE AND I (Elly Beinhorn)



South Africa and a first leopard.

After sundry forced landings of no consequence in southern Europe, arrival in Rabat, first African port.

Along the western coast of the Sahara to keep my rendezvous with the expedition.

Two months of study and research, during which I make exploration and photographic trips with Bernatzik for the expedition . . . Between flights—have my first experience of life in a tent and make journeys into the bush where I learn to know at firsthand these black people who are so delightfully unspoiled by civilization.

Beginning of March, takeoff for the north with the intention to fly over Timbuktu and thence across the desert, home.

Third day out—some 50 miles out of Timbuktu—a broken oil line—forced landing on the border between the mud flats of the negro settlements and the southern edge of the Sahara, where I fortunately find natives, but natives who have never seen a white person before.

Reported lost for a week—four days of which spent among these primitive people under the most fantastic conditions—the rest of the week traveling with a caravan of negroes, pack mules, with a native potentate bringing up the rear, to the first haunts of white settlers in Timbuktu.

My poor plane—intact save for the motor—cannot be carried out.

With tremendous difficulty I get back to Casablanca where a rescue plane is brought by *pour le merite* pilot Osterkamp from Germany for me to fly back home by the end of May.

After this first high adventure there's no suppressing my desire to get on speaking terms with more parts of the globe.

A few months to get ready.

In December 1931 I'm off on my second distance flight. Goal, India.

My course takes me over the Balkans, Iraq, Persia—forced landing near the Persian Gulf—after a day or so, with the help of the American fliers, Haliburton and Stephens, my plane is back in condition.

Now the little Klemm cruises along side by side with the *Flying Carpet* of the Americans, across India, with a side trip to Mount Everest, over Burma, Siam to Singapore, where I am ever so sorry to have to say goodbye to my American "daddies."

My first flight across the Equator.

Several weeks on the beautiful island of Bali and there decision not to go back—fly home by the same route—but to tackle the 700-mile water jump to Australia.

This plan clicks beautifully, from Port Darwin I hop straight across Australia to Sidney where I suddenly realize that I am

(Continued on Page 18)

Elly Beinhorn and her Klemm in St. Louis.



THE urge—sometime in 1930, during my second year in the air when I had acquired a ship of my own—to take off for places far from my country, Germany.

Quite by chance I am put in touch with Dr. Bernatzik, celebrated Austrian explorer, who plans to carry out another expedition to Africa—Portuguese Guiana—within the shortest possible time.

Bernatzik is kept in the dark as regards the petty detail that the sportsman-pilot who would join his expedition is a sportswoman until such time as they meet in person in Vienna, at which point, luckily for her, he decides to be philosophical about what seems a bit of the inevitable, since it is far too late to make arrangements for another pilot.

The expedition takes ship in November, 1930, to Bolama in Portuguese Guiana, begins research operations, and meantime prepares a place to land an airplane.

January 4, 1931, start of my Africa flight.



Ronald Colman at Le Bourget to see Evelyn Laye off on a trip to London with Pilot Travers of Imperial Airways (center) at the controls.

High flying night accommodations in an American Airlines Condor.



(Below) Bay City 99's on "Winging Party to Hollister, Calif." Left to right: Lucile Jones, Kay Nidick, Afton Lewis, Ruth Rueckert, Rita Gerry, Marjorie Hook, Harriet Isaacson, Ruth Wakeman, and her new Fairchild 3-place cabin plane on the back row.



MAGAZINES

By MABEL BRITTON

AIR-MASS ANALYSIS

Speaking About the Weather, by Clifford Knight. Country Gentleman, March, 1935. *The New Deal in Meteorology*, by Phillip Del Vecchio. Sportsman Pilot, January, 1935. *Weather Forecasting by the Air-Mass System*, by H. R. Byers. Air Commerce Bulletin, Vol. 6, No. 7. *Icing of Aircraft*, by Edward J. Minser. Air Commerce Bulletin, Vol. 6, No. 6.

Among the factors contributing to the greater safety of the recent trans-Pacific over the Atlantic flight, Amelia Earhart cited the great improvement in weather forecasting. It is possible now to secure an accurate picture of the weather over an area of thousands of miles and some twenty hours ahead! The new system has come about through air-mass analysis. Formidable sounding phrase—what is it all about? If you like your information solid and undiluted and somewhat technical, read the Air Commerce Bulletins, Vol. 6, No. 6 and 7. If you prefer something lighter, turn to *The New Deal in Meteorology* where facts are dealt with in the sprightly fashion always affected by the Sportsman Pilot. And if you like a dramatic narrative, there is *Speaking About the Weather* which opens with the thrilling account of Rickenbacker's final flight with the air mail from Los Angeles to Newark on February 18, 1934.

Byers, TWA's chief meteorologist, after drawing up his weather map, predicted impossible flying weather at Newark fifteen hours later. Rickenbacker must either start earlier or make the flight under fifteen hours. He made it in thirteen hours in an exciting race to outfly the storm. There was a 7,000 ft. broken ceiling when he landed at Newark. Forty minutes later a tremendous wind and snow cut down the visibility to 100 feet and next day New York was covered with a 9-inch snow. Think of the accuracy of this private forecast, where the general weather bureau information had only been "some snow with general cloudiness!"

Very briefly, the system considers some seven air masses, named from the portion of the earth over which they form, and the effects of their interaction. The Polar Canadian, formed over the north Canadian wilderness, cold and dry, meeting the Tropical Gulf, warm and moist, is responsible for "most of the meteorological monkeyshines in these United States" (S. P.) Information on the character of the air masses is gained, not from surface observation alone, but from airplane soundings of the upper air.

JUST 'AMONG US GIRLS

By Mister Swanee Taylor

Mesdames: It is to you who, at the moment of perusal, are slithering through happy skies at comfortable speeds of around three miles-a-minute that this month's pillar of truth and light is dedicated. To you charming ladies who by your very presence aboard an airliner prove yourselves completely in tempo with the times—yet who may not know all that you know about this thing called aviation—I raise my voice! Maybe, if the Gods are good to me, you will have more than a smattering of aviation lore when you finish reading this. Which means that you will step from the ship with an entirely new attitude; a poise as modern as rubber bathing suits and lastex thing-a-mabobs. You know, sleek and suave.

Well, girls, first of all, doubtless you are conscious of the terrific speed at which you are travelling. To most people, including the rough and ready male, two hundred miles per hour is breath-taking even in thought. Some vegetative rinds for that matter regard such a pace as downright irreligious—an open defiance of the Deity. But, m'dears, aviation's inexorable law is, speed means control. The faster you fly, and mark this well, the faster you fly the safer you are. No airplane has ever fallen out of control flying fast. Besides, you get there sooner.

With this in mind, (speed means control), you will be gratified to know that modern airliners today cruise along with around 150% surplus flying speed. A percentage figure that would make any banker turn downright humanitarian.

Another misconception, girls, shared by many non-fliers is that old supposing-something-happens view. Will you tell me, please, what can happen to any sensibly run vehicle either on the ground, afloat or in the air? Of course you wouldn't be sitting where you are if you had any such silly qualms. But it is worth knowing what a superbly high state of perfection aircraft has attained. I of course don't know which particular line you, dear, dear reader happen to be traveling. Nor will I be sucked into a controversy as to the relative merits of the several ships. But of this one you may be gracefully positive: The equip-

ment used by the principal airlines in this country are products of an engineering talent that is well inside the boundries of mechanical genius. Your ship is very sturdy and it is super-stable. She simply won't—can't—do you dirt!

Another thing we in American aviation may well be proud of is the development of aviation engines. No other nation can even come within cannon shot of us there. Here again I shy away from comparison of the different power plants. But I do say, and with more joy in my heart than you can imagine, that it is more than ten years since I was last forced down by engine trouble. More startling still, "Slim" (Colonel to you), Lindbergh has never, I'm told, had a forced landing due to motor failure. Which ought to give you an idea.

What makes our motors so outstanding, you ask? Well, of course, design has quite a bit to do with it. But, in the main, the vast superiority is due to our truly remarkable advances in metalurgy.

We won't go into the science of metals, with the various alloys, etc., at this time. But you can bet your best lipstick that modern metals, (and this thanks solely to aviation) are stronger and lighter than ever before. Crystalization, in moving parts, is a thing unheard of these days.

Of course an internal combustion engine is a complicated gadget. It has many important parts—every one of 'em vital—such as piston rings, magnetos, carburetors and spark plugs. Which gives me my chance to do a little private plugging for those swell Goldsmith boys who are carrying on splendidly where their father left off when he had done with the tedium of life some months back. To this fine old name, my honies, you owe one phase of your present security in flight. To wit, B/G Spark Plugs—participants in practically every world record flight in recent years. And I want very much to go on record here as having said that if there is such a thing as incorporating into an inanimate manufactured product the spirit of generosity that so marks some men, then every B/G Spark Plug must be richly laden with what we in aviation long have known to be an outstanding and lovable trait of the Goldsmith family.

CLOUD CLUB

By BETSY BARTON

Explanation

We hear from several juniors that we haven't fully explained the object of the junior department. This did not astonish us as we just decided ourselves. We think we might as well give all the details, so here's a brief history of the magazine.

History: Tho' you may not know it we have been running for some time on one cylinder, which is, of course, Editor Studer.

In September, 1929, she started editing a bulletin of 3 or 4 pages named *Women and Aviation*. This gave all the dope on the fairer sex and what they were accomplishing along the flying line.

Women and Aviation was quashed, along with many others, by old man depression in 1930. The 99 club, not to be outdone, crashed through with a mimeographed news-letter in 1932, also edited by Mrs. Studer. During this period our little Nell labored under great difficulties, doing everything but chew her own pulp.

In October, 1933, President Cooper, Flier Nichols and Editor Studer got together and decided to print the poor thing—all of eight pages worth. By July of '34 it had grown up to 16 pages.

In September, 1934, Popular Aviation took it over, alias AIRWOMAN (judged to be the most explicit title) and it became the official magazine of the Women's National Aeronautical Association, as well as the 99 club.

This is no happy ending, however, for in a few months it was thrown to the snow and told to continue on its own. Popular Aviation, it would seem, didn't think AIRWOMAN was selling.

So now the ungrateful wretch, still fostered by Studer is alone in the wide world, soon to continue under the tutelage of AIRWOMAN, Inc.—formed but hardly crystallized. But anyway, now there are two—cylinders we mean—and Associate Editor Fay Gillis is the other. Running on all two like this, we are doing better.

Juniors: The Junior department was formed for girls from 8 to 18—or perhaps a little over. The girls do not have to be active airwomen. In a sense, we will not let them be. for the minute one of our junior members has soloed she automatically becomes a Junior 99er. As same she is not allowed to vote for national officers, but becomes a welcome appendage.

Consequently, we started this department particularly for girls in high-school,

college, boarding-school, co-ed college, who have not as yet obtained their student permits.

Our aim is to get young girls who have passed up aviation, interested. We want their letters and questions. We want to bring news of their activities to other members of the junior airwoman club. We want them, above all, to realize the importance and fascination of aviation.

The fee, not to be overlooked, for the club is \$1.00, including a year's subscription to AIRWOMAN. We will have a pin made up of our insignia with your number attached. The small numbers will be served first and we imagine there will be some scrambling for same—just as with pilots. We can, of course, stand a little cooperation.

Forming Club: Why not form a small club yourself? There must be a few of your friends who are air-y and all you have to do is get together. The way to do this is to invite them.

Have a few friends over to lunch or dinner—we don't care—and talk about aviation. Feed them and then show them the AIRWOMAN. Find out what your pooled knowledge of aviation amounts to. If it's not much, arrange to take more copies of AIRWOMAN. Listen to radio talks and then meet to talk it over. There is, surprisingly enough, a lot it's handy to learn before stepping into the cockpit. The more you know, the better you'll fly when the time comes.

The first meeting must be dazzling. We suggest place-cards with tiny airplanes attached. These may be purchased at the local five and dime. Ask your guests to come dressed for flying or bring something of interest in aviation.

The food should be flight-y so we suggest:

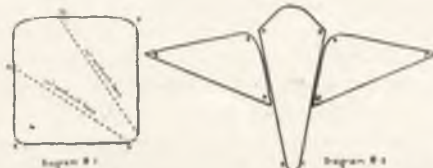
THE TAKE-OFF (Lime juice cocktail)

AIRWOMAN SPECIAL

(Egg salad sandwiches cut in shape of an airplane. See diagram of cut)

HAPPY LANDING

(Chocolat? ice cream with cup cakes)



To prepare Airwoman Special Sandwiches, finely chop 6 hard cooked eggs, mix with sufficient mayonnaise to make

of spreading consistency and season to taste with salt and pepper. Spread between buttered slices. Cut each sandwich as indicated by the diagram No. 1. Place one sandwich on each plate and arrange according to diagram No. 2. Garnish with three assorted olives in a tiny lettuce cup.

The Take-off is made of carbonated lime water, 3 parts to 1 part of crushed ice and garnished with sections of apricot.

The ice cream and cup cakes for Happy Landing may be purchased ready prepared or made at home as desired.

After lunch or dinner—as the case may be, set the date for another meeting and see if each original guest won't bring one of her friends. In this manner an Aviation Club is born. We want to help you all we can.

School Clubs

The Teaneck High School, Teaneck, N. J., has one of the most enterprising young clubs we have heard of to date. It was formed in 1931—completely masculine. It was not a year old before three girls joined and were put on an equal basis. Interest was so great that aviation is now a regular high school course. Pupils start in on a glider and the more advanced students fly an Aeronca which is owned by the school.

There are two classes. The first has 3 girls and the second four. When the age of sixteen is reached, parents willing, the student solos and gets his or her permit. 4 boys and one girl have already done this.

The club includes graduated members and they call themselves Buzzards. Lillian Shroeder is secretary. There are 35 Buzzards, seven of which are female and the boys admit the girls strut their stuff almost as well as they do.

Another School Club: The Battin High School in Elizabeth, N. J., has an air club four years old.

Members: Agnes Yarnelle of Fort Wayne, Ind., is our youngest member—being only twelve years of age. When questioned as to why she was interested in aviation, Agnes said, "Ever since I was a small child I have always been thrilled at the sight of an airplane. When Miss Hirshman was here last September, I swore I would become a pilot."

Come now, all ye. You even have a little child to speed you."

Address: BETSY BARTON,

Junior Editor, *Airwoman*,
Hotel Gotham, 5th Ave., and 55th St.
New York City.

FASHIONS IN FLIGHT

By FAY GILLIS

SISTER and Sonny claim the fashion page this month. And rightly so. They are much more aeronautical, as far as their clothes are concerned, than their parents. Neither one of them is nearly old enough to fly alone, but they both certainly are aviation enthusiasts. Guess they really can't help it though, having heard their favorite parents talk nothing else but air and airplanes ever since they could remember.

Two months ago we dashed around and thought we had pulled a scoop by having some clothes designed of wing fabric material, only to discover that Sonny was four years ahead of us. The younger generation—of *any* given period—always seems to be one up on the rest of the world.

Way back in 1931 D. T. D.—during the depression—a manufacturer, who probably had several little Sonny's of his own to clothe, hit on the idea of dressing up the nation's Juniors in suits of Flightex airplane cloth, the fabric that covered the epoch-making "Spirit of St. Louis," which admirably withstood some forty



thousand miles of hard usage. This fabric has seven times the laundry life of average cloth, which means something to Sonny's mother, now that she knows about it, even if it doesn't seem important to her young son, who is much too busy with the sheer fun of living to be bothered or interested in any of its material details.

All of Sonny's summer suits are Wearmoor suits—Wearmoor workmanship combined with Flightex endurance—what a combination. Two to one you can't beat it. They are made in three styles, A. B. C.—an excellent way to teach him the alphabet.

"Sonny, which letter of the alphabet would you like to wear today?"

Model A, shown on this page, which comes in sizes 3 to 8, is a sleeveless, double-breasted, button-on suit, and is made up in Copen blue, apple green, gold, helio or white; also in the following color combinations, white and blue, white and green, gold and brown and peach and brown.

B, the second letter of the alphabet, is a sports model, even to the hip pockets, open neck, short-sleeve, and buttons on, but the buttons are covered by a belt. This suit comes in sizes from 4 to 10 and has practically the same color range as A.

C, as in Candy, is a sleeveless, button-on, dress-up suit of cool, comfortable, collar-crisp Flightex fabric. This suit also has a belt, and two pockets, and comes in sizes from 4 to 8. Colors by request, if Sonny is particular.

All these suits are priced at \$2.75 which is most reasonable considering that Sonny's grandson will probably dig them out of the old family trunk in the attic fifty years hence, to show his playmates what grand-daddy wore when he was a boy. Or maybe if he is extra special famous, a museum will want some samples of the clothes he wore in his youth. But we really can't go into that here on account of Sister is practically in tears because we have neglected her for so long, and with just reason. In fact if we were true to our sex we would have mentioned her first, except that Sonny is younger, and therefore he usually gets waited on first. You have missed part of living if you haven't sat neglected in a corner while the family fussed over your kid brother—it is supposed to teach you manners or something, but I only

ended by feeling sorry for myself cause nobody loved me any more.

But to get back to Sister. She has started an aeronautical fashion of her own. Silk underwear is usually frowned on by the mothers of the well-dressed young girls, but when Best and Co.



recommends it for the very sub-debbies then it must be all right because this house is famous for its correct clothes for the younger generation. And judging by the overwhelming orders for these undies they played the right hunch. However, they have very good reasons for sponsoring this fashion.

Schwarzenbach-Huber Life Saver silk is different. Its weave is different—a nice, plain surface that is just as appropriate for the young as nainsook is. And its qualities are remarkable. Made to Government specifications it has to be strong enough to serve for parachutes. It is every thread silk, unweighted, fine, firm, practically indestructible. It is fast color and won't shrink. Sizes 4 to 12.

The panties which have a plain band across the front, and elastic across the back, are lace-trimmed and only cost a dollar. The slip is as per the illustration on this page.

The parachute silk undies are also available for older sister, in sizes 11 to 17. The tailored slips are \$2.95 and the panties \$1.95, and she may have her name embroidered on them for twenty-five cents extra. The colors are white and tea rose.

The 99er

New England

Every New England member of the 99 Club is hard at work piling up points towards the Margaret Kimball Trophy which is awarded each year by the Lexington, Mass., transport pilot to the girl flier who does the most to foster aviation. Establishment of new airports, erection of air markers and inducing girls to fly are all good for points towards the trophy.

Peggy Kimball has already done much to promote aviation in New England. In her home town of Lexington, she has painted an air marker on the roof of her home. She has conducted a series of aviation lectures there in connection with the town's evening educational program. From her aviation class she has whipped an aviation club into shape and this group will doubtless contribute many flyers as a result of Miss Kimball's efforts.

Teddy Kenyon was hostess on Feb. 27 to the New England 99's at her home in Waban, Mass. Dolly Bernson, governor, presided and Margaret Kimball acted as secretary in the absence of Mildred Chase.

99 Susanne MacPherson, airport manager of Peterboro, N. H., and former Follies girl, sold 6 subscription to AIR-WOMAN and donated her commission for two suscriptions—one of which goes to the Public Library in her town and the other to a former girl flier.

NOVETAH DAVENPORT.



99's visiting Helen MacCloskey at Pittsburgh: (left to right)—top—Ruth Nichols, Helen MacCloskey, Fay Gillis; Helen Richey, Phoebe F. Omlie and Mrs. MacCloskey.

New York - New Jersey

The combined headquarters of the AIRWOMAN and the New York-New Jersey section of the 99's at the Gotham Hotel, were inaugurated with a tea, to which all the notables in eastern aviation were invited. Dorothea Leh from Allentown breezed in for the afternoon, Maude Tait came down from Springfield, and Mabel Britton and Alice Hirshman came all the way from Michigan to make our party a success.

On the 23rd of February, Mrs. Charles Harwood, one of the new 99's in this section, was hostess to the club at a dance held at the Westchester Country Club. Several of the girls were guests at her home over the week-end.

North Central

The Michigan Chapter celebrated its first anniversary at a luncheon at the Owl Club in Ypsilanti on Saturday, Feb. 9, with Mabel Britton acting as hostess. The birthday cake had one large candle for the Michigan Chapter, surrounded by five smaller ones for the age of the 99's, all held by tiny birds, representing the "winged creatures" that make up the membership.

Faye Davies read a paper which she had prepared on the history of *Women in Aviation* from the first balloon flight by a woman in the eighteenth century down to Amelia's latest accomplishment today.

Southwestern

The Los Angeles Chapter had a Valentine party at the Alhambra Airport the night of February 16th, proving that there still is sentiment in this cold cruel world after all. Myrtle Mims, Onita Thorley, Mary Alexander, Grace Cooper, Grace Prescott, Ethel Sheehy, Clema Granger, and Edna Crumrine all brought guests, and the party was a grand success.

The 99ers were guests of the Warner Brothers Studios at the opening of their new picture, *Devil Dogs of the Air*. Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh, both stars in the picture were there. None other than Margaret Blair did the doubling for Myrna Loy in *Wings in the Dark*. Maybe someday Margaret will tell us how it feels to fly in the movies.

Clema Granger has invited all the girls to the housewarming as soon as her new home is finished in Palm Springs.

EDNA CRUNRINE.

Bay Cities Chapter

This chapter celebrated Washington's Birthday by flying to Hollister in the early morning. Reaching the Hollister Airport at 9 A. M., we were welcomed by Ethel and Norman Breeden and also a delegation representing the local aviation enthusiasts . . . Blue silk ribbons of WELCOME 99 CLUB and neatly cut items from the Hollister Advance were presented to each girl. Bribed with promises of food, we stood still long enough for the photographers to take pictures and then rode into Hollister in cars provided by the Chamber of Commerce. At the Hotel Hartmann we were served a grand breakfast of "ham-an'" After a few words of greeting from each of the Chamber of Commerce members and a response from each girl, Secretary J. M. Leonard told us of San Benito's scenic wonderland—The Pinnacles, which is now a National Monument.

Resolving that our next trip to Hollister should include a visit to this beautiful spot, we returned to the Airport and started for our various home ports. Harriet Isaacson and Kay Nidick, flying West Moreau's Great Lakes, headed for Oakland; Afton Lewis in a Kinner flew to San Francisco as did Ruth Wakeman. Rita Gerry and Lucile Jones in Mrs. Wakeman's Fairchild. Ruth Rueckert and Marjorie Hook flew the Alameda Fleet into San Jose to "chin 'n chat" with John Cousins before going on to Palo Alto for lunch and eventually back to Alameda.

KAY NIDICK.

New Members

Grace Marion Cooper, Los Angeles; Margaret Dorst, Atherton, Calif.; Betty May Furman, Los Angeles; Maxine Fuller, Hillsborough, Calif.; Alma Harwood, Rye, N. Y.; Mary F. Kimball, Lexington, Mass.; Mlle. Nicolle Raymonde, Saigon, Indo-China; Dorothy M. Ruether, Hynes, Calif. Susanne MacPherson of Peterboro, N. H., formerly a Junior member is now a full-fledged 99.

Junior members: Phyllis Burchfield, San Mateo, Calif.; Lydia B. Clement, Washington, D. C.; Lucile E. Jones, San Francisco; Pat Kendall, Alameda, Calif.; Leora Belle Stroup, Cleveland; Florence Swanson, Detroit; M. Vanderslice, Boston.

W.N.A.A.



Editorially Speaking

The week of April 1st has been set as National Air Mail Week for W.N.A.A. That is, if the Units wish to observe such an activity this year. Letters have been sent to the Unit Presidents to learn the reaction to the plan. If there is sufficient enthusiasm to warrant, Headquarters will proceed with plans for contests, trophies, etc. A proviso will be made however that unless five competing units send in contest data, no trophies will be awarded.

Two executive meetings took place on February 15 and 18 respectively, to make plans for the Annual Meeting and more particularly for the election of new National officers. That is a feature of great interest to each Unit. A nominating committee representative of the various Unit interests was tentatively formed. The present executives hope that the torch may be passed to enthusiastic and capable hands, and believes that the injection of new blood is a fine thing for organization morale and energy. There is much to be accomplished to give added strength and power to an organization prime for the good use of such characteristics in its own field.

New Member in Tulsa Unit

The Tulsa Unit presents a new member, Mrs. A. M. Alcorn, to the W.N.A.A. We wish to welcome her heartily. "I am sure you will be interested to know that the Tulsa Unit has accepted membership in the city Federation of Women's Clubs," writes Mrs. Gordon Wright, Secretary of the Tulsa Unit.

"We served tea to sixty at our last meeting," writes Mrs. Carlos Reavis, President of Denver Unit. "Current events in aviation play a big part in each of our monthly programs."

Meet the Chicago Unit

The Chicago Unit of the W. N. A. A. was organized in 1932 with headquarters in the Palmer House under the guidance of Miss Mary Dowd, as first governor for Illinois, and Mrs. Clayton Patterson, past President of the Salt Lake Unit. In 1933 Miss Marguerite Greene, who has

been actively engaged in aeronautics for the past five years, was elected President of the Unit and under her chairmanship the Unit has been active in all phases of aviation.

The Chicago Unit was honored by having the National Convention of the W.N.A.A. held in their Windy City in July of 1933.

The Unit meetings have been very instructive on matters pertaining to aeronautics and very well attended. The Unit consists of many pilots ranging from students to transports and is rapidly increasing its membership. During the Summer of '33 the members were hostesses at the Hall of Social Science at "A Century of Progress," where many interesting contacts were made. Several of the members were present at the Minna Schmidt Pageant on "World's Fair Day for Club Women" and heard an inspiring address delivered by our First Lady, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

At one of the meetings we had the privilege of having one of the first showings of the new film "Fly with American" with sound accompaniment, through the courtesy of the American Airlines. At this meeting the Chief Operator in charge of the radio tower at the Municipal Airport gave an address on radio in aviation and explained the announcement broadcast through a public address system and the radio receiving sets for contacting the planes on the ground and in the air for arrivals and departures with clocklike precision.

The Chief Stewardess of United Air Lines addressed another of the meetings on the qualifications, requirements and duties of an airline stewardess . . . A benefit bridge was held at the Palmer House and airplane rides were donated by the individual operators on the Municipal Airport, proceeds of which were turned over to the Tribune Christmas basket fund.

Lt. John S. Snyder, Vice-Pres. of the Aeronautical University, gave a lecture on meteorology at one meeting. A special course in Navigation and Meteorology was then set for the Chicago Unit at the Aeronautical University and many of the members attended classes two evenings a week throughout the winter months.

A delightful evening dinner was served outdoors at the Airport garden for the Unit and its friends, with a party of forty taking off at 10 P. M. in eight

airplanes for a moonlight ride over the beautifully lighted city and Lake Front.

A Junior Unit was recently formed in Chicago consisting of very enthusiastic high school girls.

On the 31st anniversary of the first flight in a powered airplane carrying a man, National Aviation Day was observed as a tribute to Orville Wright. On this day the Chicago Unit participated in the aerial parade, riding in Condor plane arranged for by the Unit President through the courtesy of American Airlines. Several of Chicago's prominent women, including Miss Sophronisba Breckinridge, accompanied the group on their "thirty-minute" tribute flight.

The recent appointment of Mrs. Phoebe Terry as Illinois Governor has added strength and confidence to the Unit. MARGUERITE GREENE, *President* Chicago Unit



Clayton Patterson, Mrs. Ulysses Grant McQueen, Carrie Jacobs Bond, Marguerite Greene, at Chicago Municipal Airport, about to take Mrs. Bond for her first airplane ride in a new Stinson.

BOZE'S BIOGRAPHY

(Continued from Page 4)

young woman might tell you, that's no place to sit. However, little Alan showed his displeasure in the customary manner, thus winning the approval of the bystanders.

It seems strange for me to refer to this child as Alan, for his father nick-named him Bozo, for no reason whatever; and it is as Bozo that he is known around the fields, or, more simply, as Boze. He displayed at an early age an unaccountable liking for that peculiar experiment known as aviation—the science of aviation, as it is sometimes laughingly referred to. Seeing an airplane take off, he said to his father, "Why doesn't it stay on the ground, daddy?" Nobody could give him any reason why it shouldn't, for the pilot happened to be Dick Blythe.

Like all children of pilots, young Boze goes for a flight any time his father doesn't have to pay anything for it. He has made several flights from and around the Aviation Country Club at Hicksville with Bill Zelcer, Director of Aviation for the City of New York, at \$1.00 a year, which seems a reasonable price for Bill's services. He also, on the occasion of the opening of New York's No. 2 Municipal Airport, went for a flight from North Beach to Newark and return in a TWA Douglas, being permitted to place his hands on the controls and thus cherish the thought that he was running things. President Roosevelt lets Congress do the same thing, and they feel the same way about it that Boze does.

Boze has several hours to his credit in several types of planes. His very first flight was in a Curtiss Condor at Valley Stream Field. That field is now closed up, and Boze is still going strong, so he's ahead of Curtiss-Wright on that one point, anyhow. He was about a year old at the time, but enjoyed the flight. In fact, he cried bitterly when his parents disembarked with him; though as he happened to look at Harry Bruno just as he got out we've never been sure just what it was he was crying about. Then he has flown several times with Miss Annette Gipson in an Aristocrat; and it must be an indication of his father's growing confidence in aviation that he lets his son fly with a woman pilot.

Women pilots are generally regarded askance by old pilots.

However, my dear Anxious, you can see for yourself that a child growing up in aviation is severely handicapped, at least financially. If he grew up with a flock of bankers, for instance, he would be more apt to end up in the money, or even in Atlanta or Sing Sing. I can't see where it's helping a child to associate with people like Jack Wright and John Polando, who got in jail over in Persia. In fact, John rode to jail on the handlebars of a bicycle. When a banker goes to jail, he goes in a cab. Jack Wright is Boze's great air hero, and if you ask him who is the greatest pilot in the world he will say, "Jack Wright." The only thing that prevented Jack winning the London to Australia flight was ignition and oil trouble and sixteen other airplanes.

In conclusion, my dear Anxious, I know perfectly well that there's no use in giving any woman good advice, because probably she won't take it. But if, against your and my better judgement, you do marry this pilot you mention, I'd suggest that you get in touch with Margaret Sanger, and ask her to send you some of her literature.

Cautiously yours,

AUNT CYNTHIA.

FIVE CONTINENTS

(Continued from Page 7)

exactly 180 degrees from home. The logical thing to do of course is to keep on going and complete my circle around the globe.

Because I have a short range radio set I bundle my plane aboard a boat for the trip across the Pacific to Panama. A stop over en route provides time to do some flying in New Zealand.

From Panama I cruise along the West Coast of South America, which, what with its assorted jungles, deserts and mountains, has a serious attack of jitters right on tap for any pilot with a single-motored plane.

On the stretch from Santiago to Buenos Aires the 24,500 foot glacier-capped chain known as the Andes Mountains stares me bluntly in the eye . . . When I tell my plan to fly over them in my tiny airplane to some resident pilots they roar with laughter and shamelessly label my trusty little Klemm "that coffee grinder."

But my Andes crossing is successful and in Buenos Aires my Klemm and I take ship for Bremerhaven. After eight months, during which I have circumnavigated the globe, I set my plane down again at Tempelhof.

On this flight I have discovered what such aerial visits means to all Germans

on foreign soil and in April, 1933, I find it possible, aided and abetted by the publishers Scherl, to plan an extensive expedition—purpose: to visit all our former African colonies.

On the first leg my brand-new Heinkel plane and I fly 1482 miles non-stop to Constantinople.

In a few days I am in Africa.

In British Sudan I run into the following complications: that no woman may fly alone over that colony. Luckily, I find two English airmen willing to escort me, but who have to make a forced landing, whereupon there's nothing left—law or no law—but for me to fly alone and organize a rescue party for the two men fliers.

Then a visit of many unforgettable memories to former German East Africa, from there a water hop around the Cape to what was formerly German Southwest Africa, to Kamerun and Togoland.

In the meantime it has gotten to be July and after and my program is wound up. I return across the blistering Sahara and its sandstorms back home.

Anyone who reads this brief factual account of three long flights in which every continent was touched, may be thinking "Well, now, that's really sufficient," but the true pilot will be everlastingly able to conjure up some new country that's calling her with many a P. S. S.

And that's how I came to set out on still another flight in 1934-35 to Central America, Mexico and the U.S.A., dotted with volcanoes, Maya ruins and what not. My little plane carried me over passes 14,000 feet up in Mexico and later over the entire continent of North America.

Record Soloist

Herbert Sargent, 19-year-old student at the Daniel Guggenheim School of Aeronautics of New York University, made his first solo airplane flight at Jersey City Airport after only 55 minutes of instruction.

The record of this glider-weaned student, who probably has his pilot's license by now, makes us wish we had on tap complete statistics on other record-soloes past and present. This is an urgent call to all those people who have soloed in more or less record time or who know of record soloes to send in figures, dates and first names so we can have a complete article on "How long or how short does it take to solo."

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