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AIRWOMAN



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In November we will introduce the two new regular monthly pages—"Streamlines, Inside and Out", all about the aeronautical motif in decoration — and an aviation photography page.

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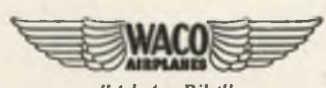
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FLYING COLORS

By HOWARD KETCHAM

"Yes, to be sure I enjoyed my first trip to Europe twice as much because my cabin was done in blue—my favorite color."

Color reactions are, of course, to a considerable extent based on early associations, pleasant or unpleasant, perpetuated by memory.

We had been discussing the influence of color on travel equipment, this woman, who travels a great deal, mostly by air, and I. She agreed that all color treatment of airplanes should be appropriate to their functional requirements since it is hardly possible to cater to every passenger's individual color complexes; and certain colors, shades and color combinations invariably arouse certain definite reactions.

Color is ideal for imparting atmosphere. Certain hues can be used to make an airplane interior look mellow, utilitarian, stimulating, hospitable, masculine or pleasantly restful.

A general principle to remember is that colors are said to be "warm" when red or yellow is added to the basic in-

redient, and "cool" when blue is added. In order to arrive at a satisfactory appearance of balance, colors should be graded in sequence, the lightest at the top and the darkest at the bottom.

With the correct choice of color it is easily possible to secure an appearance of the greatest possible spaciousness. This is important in overcoming, as much as possible, the aspect of space limitations.

Color is important as a glare neutralizing agent. Unless this feature is properly provided for, a color scheme may contribute unnecessarily to the eye strain imposed by sunlight reflected from wing surfaces.

The effectiveness of decorative color features for plane interiors can be largely nullified by faulty lighting. Unless light is corrected for color, greens, browns and maroons that appear to be of full hue strength under ideal daylight conditions acquire a marked yellowish hue.

Yellow is a color to be used, if at all, with the utmost discretion in the interior of a plane. Gray is in most instances an ideal background color for interiors, for it is light-absorbing and sound deadening. However, it is not a good color for ceilings. Accents to lift it from dullness can be used judiciously. Certain grays can be very deadening to the emotions.

Red in large areas should be avoided in aircraft interiors. In an interior of small proportions, red is irritating and cramping. In properly minute accent spots red is ideal for use with a green foil as small touches of red make green look greener. Green is the most soothing of all hues. It is chiefly recommended because it is the medium between "cool" and "warm" colors.

Because the colors of earth and sea are dark the upper exterior portions of planes should be in light bright colors. The reverse is true of the under portion. The sky is itself the light, bright area. The under side of a plane should therefore be treated in dark colors.

From the standpoint of visibility, aluminum is the best color for the upper exterior portion of land planes. International orange, which is the complement of sea blue, is effective on seaplanes. Three hues which contrast most visibly with both sky and sea are red, orange and yellow. A smart color for a private plane is a certain vermilion because of its maximum visibility when seen against blue or gray of the sky area.

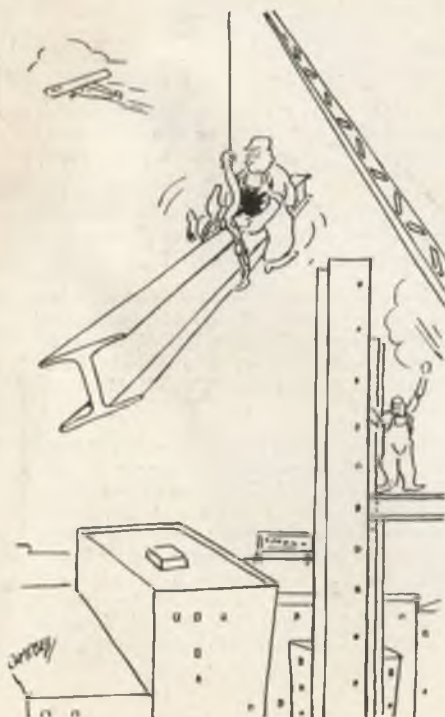
Distance legibility is the main factor in the choice of color for such items as ownership designation, insignia or lettering. The following table of color combinations ranks them in order of visibility:

Legibility	Decoration	Background
1	Black	Yellow
2	Green	White
3	Red	White
4	Blue	White
5	White	Blue
6	Black	White
7	Yellow	Black
8	White	Red
9	White	Green
10	White	Black
11	Red	Yellow
12	Green	Red
13	Red	Green
14	Blue	Red


In the instance of license numbers and ownership insignia, it is not at all necessary to be restricted to the use of black and white. A range of color combinations could be developed to distinguish ownership designation just as the colored bands around the smokestacks of steamships denote the fleet to which each belongs.

Editor's Note:—The author of this article is the editor of the *Automobile Color Index* and an internationally known color engineer. He recently completed color plans for the interiors of twenty airplanes for Pan American Airways.

By courtesy of *Production Engineering* we have the use of some of the color plates from an article by Mr. Ketcham. The ranking for legibility of the red and black and white combinations on our back cover can be determined from the table, by way of checking your own reactions to them.



"Flying Solo"



13 HOURS 34 MINUTES

On Friday, September 13th, Laura Ingalls made a non-stop coast-to-coast record for women of 13 hours, 34 minutes, in her Lockheed Orion *Auto-da-fè* . . . meaning "East of the Sun and West of the Moon." She lowered the previous woman's record for the flight, which was set by Amelia Earhart in 1933, by more than 5 hours.


When asked to give highlights on the trip, Laura said: "Nothing happened. The only 'high light' was a big full moon which rose right after I left St. Louis.

"I flew 4 hours in darkness, and little Elmer (Sperry Gyropilot) deserves a lot of credit for the success of the flight. Records could not be broken if it were not for the advancement in design and equipment; high octane rating of fuel, which makes it possible to run an engine full throttle without burning itself up, and streamlining."

Her flight was uneventful with the exception of the stretch from Columbus, Ohio, when she followed the wrong radio beam and added about 20 minutes to her time. Discovering her error she picked up the right beam and continued to New York and Floyd Bennett Field.

Laura Ingalls was the first woman to make a record coast-to-coast flight when in 1930 she flew from Los Angeles in 25 hours, 35 minutes. In 1930 she also set a record of 714 continuous barrel-rolls and another for 980 consecutive loops. Last year she was awarded the Harmon trophy for an American woman on her solo flight around South America.

*The pictures on this page are by
courtesy of Hearst Metrotone News.*



GOING INTO TRANSPORTS

By PAT O'MALLEY

THE old gag that "I knew it was an airport when I saw the high tension wires" has become a bit too grim in recent days and now is the time for the entire industry to get behind William Randolph Hearst's campaign to remove these menaces to safe flying by placing them underground.

It's an expensive undertaking, naturally, but no sum is too large when the preservation of human life is in the balance.

To quote Major Nelson Kelly: "Legislation directed toward preservation of human life is constantly being enacted in other forms of transportation. Why not in aviation? Highway travel is being made safe by the elimination of grade crossings. High tension wires are the grade crossings of the air. They must be removed from their present dangerous position by being placed under ground."

Sleeping High

Can you imagine Katherine Hepburn ever looking anything but beautiful? I can't. And yet in explaining why she always tried to elude the press on her transcontinental comings and goings by air she said it was because she never looked particularly well after sitting up in a plane for fifteen hours.

Doesn't Miss Hepburn know she doesn't have to do that any more? Long ago American Airlines foresaw the need of adding to the comfort of overnight flights and developed the sleeper planes which have been in service for nearly two years on the Southern Transcontinental route. There they are, right in Los Angeles, at her service complete with six upper and six lower berths, reading lights, ventilators, clothes nets, hangers and luggage rack. No more excuses from Miss Hepburn, please.

Into Tomorrow

There is no more fascinating reading than the account of the Pan American Clipper which is building an "aerial bridge" across the Pacific. To date 5,200 miles of the route have been flown, studied and chartered. Ahead, for future engineering flights, only three thousand miles remain to be ex-

plored. Regular air service to the Orient is actually only a short step away.

The Clipper's Captain, R. O. D. Sullivan, reports that in all of the thousands of miles of flying over the Pacific, the last twelve hundred and fifty mile stretch just completed has been the most interesting—and the fastest.

On the first flight from Midway to Wake Island, he writes that the crew got a graphic impression of the true vastness of the Pacific. All their previous crossings between the mainland and Hawaii had been flown at night, flying well above the clouds, usually, for training in celestial and radio compass navigation, and they seldom glimpsed the sea below.

After taking off at dawn from the shelter of the Midway Base and flying beyond Kure Island which is scarcely forty miles from Midway, they saw nothing but water. No land, no rocks, no ships. Only an occasional school of porpoises or dolphins interrupted the unbroken expanse of glittering sea that stretched, endless, to the circular horizon. Hour after hour that horizon remained unchanged, and Captain Sullivan says they all experienced a distinct sensation, as well they might.

One hour's flying carried them across the international date line and into tomorrow. They alternated watches every hour according to the flight routine. The radio hearings arrived every thirty minutes from both ends of the route and the hourly "fixes" determined by celestial navigation proved otherwise, but those aboard the Clipper had the distinct sensation of being in suspended animation in the center of that ocean vastness for six hours!

Then the clouds broke the spell and the Clipper flashed through and then they picked up a tiny dark streak in the water far ahead—Wake Island.

Two circles of the base in salute to those hardy pioneers who had isolated themselves thousands of miles from civilization to prepare for their coming, and the Clipper settled into the marked channel—eight hours, three minutes from Midway to the first landing in Wake Island's history.

Electra Transports

Captain Rickenbacker is at it again. Now he's out flying with the Electra

and he expects to have all divisions of Eastern Air Lines equipped with monoplane transports by October 1st. The first of a fleet of ten Electras is now in the hands of the line's pilots and the rest are expected within the next thirty days. They will replace the Condor biplanes now in service between New York and New Orleans and New Orleans and Chicago and Miami.

That old statistic hound Harold Crary reports that United Airlines has completed 85,000,000 miles of flying; 35,000,000 miles of this being at night. Subtract 35 from 85 and you get 50,000,000 miles of daylight flying.


ON THE 5:15 PLANE



"Life is so much smoother now that I can finish up my day's work in one city and be home in time for dinner and the theater in another," says Louise Faber (Mrs. Maurice Hahn) who lives in New York, but spends half of her time working in Washington, D. C.

Miss Faber catches an Eastern Airlines plane out of Newark Airport of a Monday morning, after a week-end in New York, and is on the job at the Frank R. Jelleff Company at 9 A.M.

As a buyer of dresses for them part of her working time must of course be spent in New York. So about Thursdays she takes a 5:15 plane back and rounds out the evening and the working week in New York.



Russian peasants about to take their first airplane ride, and instrument panel with Sperry Gyropilot from one of TWA's new fleet of soundproofed transports.

Sovfoto

THIS DAY —
AND AGE!



ALTIMETER EVIDENCE

By C. T. MARLENN

I'VE never had any liking for women with claws in their eyes, no matter how beautiful they are. And the professional sleuths on the case had no faith in her either. Yet there seemed to be nothing we could do about it.

Coming in at two one evening from a party, she and her husband's young cousin had found John Morehouse strangled on a couch in the living room. There was no muss, no fingerprints.

By her own testimony and that of several witnesses Marie Morehouse and her husband had hated each other cordially for years and maintained their home together only because of a no-divorce joker in his father's will.

So much she admitted when they pinned a charge on her. But they couldn't make it stick. So there the thing was. People kept turning up hot tips, and my city editor was sending me off on a crazy chase every day or so. If Morehouse had not been such a bigtime playboy the thing would have been forgotten long since.

Then some smart detective dug up the new evidence that a chambermaid had heard a motor overhead just before she had dropped off to sleep on the night of the murder. Planes it seemed had landed more than once on the level meadow some distance back of the house. Several of Morehouse's flying friends testified to its suitability for landings, but they all had airtight alibis and not one of them had more than a nodding acquaintance with his wife.

A checkup on late traffic at Airports within flying range for small ships revealed nothing. So the theory that the murderer had come by air was crossed off.

Just about then I lost interest in everything except a girl named Rachel, holder of a private pilot's license. She promptly proceeded to get me all mixed up in r.p.m.'s—revolutions per minute to you.

We spent a lot of time at the airport and one afternoon Jim Clark, her

instructor, decided to take a sleek low-wing job apart for me so I could see what made it run. He had me sitting behind the control wheel while he explained the gadgets and dials on the instrument board.

"Here's what shows how fast the ship is climbing or descending," he explained, pointing to a small business labeled Rate of Climb. "It's very useful in blind flying . . . that, the bank and turn and the altimeter.

"Speaking of the altimeter, notice this little knob underneath. . . . When a ship is equipped with radio, as this one is, you listen in on the weather broadcast and make the necessary correction according to the barometric pressure. Thus it shows accurately the number of feet above sea level at all times. So you see here on the ground we are now at an altitude of 64 feet, the barometric pressure being 29.8.

"Ships not equipped with radio seldom use this type altimeter. Come over here to this trainer—I'll show you a simpler instrument."

We climbed out and I was guided to a biplane close by. Leaning over the cockpit he pointed to a dial quite like the one I had just learned about. "This has a knob to turn too, you see. Only this turns the hand directly. When a student practices landings he sets the hand at zero while on the ground. But when a pilot goes cross-country he sometimes sets his altimeter allowing for the difference between the place of takeoff and landing," Jim explained patiently.

Some pilots, he said, kept the zero setting always at that of their home port, but others readjusted their altimeters for every hop of more than ten miles or so.

"Zero on this one, you see, is still set for Anacostia, meaning it probably hasn't been upstairs since it last took off from there."

Well, you know how sometimes an idea will sort of jam your brakes? Jim had shoved on to the air speed indicator when I came too and ex-

ploded, "Wait a minute now. Do you mean to tell me a plane can really tell off on itself like that?"

After that Jim and Rachel and I went into a huddle. It was a ninety-nine to one chance. Suppose the murderer had arrived by air and suppose he had reset his altimeter upon leaving, what reason was there for hoping a disinterested party had taken a look at the arrows before the altimeter was set for another take-off.

Still the weather on the East Coast had been pretty soupy that month and that was one side bet which meant less checking up for us. And it was as easy as that.

Starting with the ports around New York we finally found an airport whose books showed two private ships down in the fog on the night of the murder. One had taken off the next morning. The other was still laid up in a hangar, having wiped off its undercarriage in a forced landing.

Ralph Sampson, Philadelphia eccentric, who owned a large estate with a private airport where he spent most of his time trying to build a rocket gun and studying Sanskrit, was the owner of the plane. He was now touring Central America and his servants were as eccentric as he, we discovered.

No, the open ship had not taken off on the night of the crime and their master had no women friends. It was Rachel who got the mechanic to admit casually that Sampson was very meticulous about adjusting his altimeter before every take-off. And I wrung the admission out of the second gardener that Sampson appeared to be strapped for money.

The Morehouse family, who also sensed that Marie Morehouse had had a hand somewhere in the crime, quite

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SCORING UP

YOU who were at Cleveland and you who weren't already know all about what happened at the 1935 National Air Races, so we won't spend much time here on who-won-what. In spite of some bad weather, everybody had a good time at the races and the parties.

Co-educationally, the most important event was the Sportsman Pilots Derby from Los Angeles to Cleveland. Sponsored by Ruth Chatterton, popular film star, it had both men and women entrants who did a nice job of flying and had a lot of fun on the way. Grace Prescott of San Diego won the race and first prize of \$450. Two other California girls—Cecile Hamilton of Beverly Hills in an Aeronca and Ethel Ann Sheehy of Fontana in a Great Lakes plane came in fourth and fifth, winning \$100 and \$50, respectively. Second and third prizes were won by W. S. Woodson in a Fleet and Leland Hayward in a Waco.

The report from the National Aeronautic Association Contest Committee on the Women's Race reads: Edith Bernson, first prize, in a Bird; Melba Beard second prize, also in a Bird; Edna Gardner, third, in a Porterfield; Genevieve Savage, fourth, in a Great Lakes; and Peggy Remy, fifth, in a Travel Air.

AMONG the more notable social events during the four days of the races were the lantern lawn party for Thompson Trophy pilots and friends of aviation at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Crawford, and the annual get-to-gether at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Rex, without which no National Air Races would be complete.

Many years ago Ralph Rex had some coins made up as little souvenirs of happy times and nearly 700 of them have been given out, mostly to flyers, in the recreation rooms at their home. And nobody who is anybody ever fails to stop in at the party of


the "Bunny Hutch Grill" at the Rex home during the races.

Before a crowd of thirty thousand people, Peggy Remy of New York outraced Suzanne Humphreys of New Jersey by two-fifths of a second at Harrisburg (Pa.) Aerial Circus. Despite a scant entry list, the race according to spectators was most exciting. Frank Hawks awarded the Clark Gable trophy to the winner.

Thirty thousand persons were present for the meet which was staged in honor of the christening of the Harrisburg Morning Telegraph's new Stinson. Mrs. Esther C. Yost, who sub-

mitted the name *Teleplane* in a statewide contest, christened the ship.

We had hoped to have a first-hand account of Elly Beinhorn's latest achievement—a flight from Tempelhof, Berlin, to Istanbul and back—for this issue. But she writes that she is up to her ears in work at the moment. Flying a Messerschmidt plane she made the first round trip flight from Germany to Asia and back the same day. Thirteen hours was her total time for the distance of some 2500 miles.



Ruth Chatterton,
sponsor of Sportsman
Pilot Derby, and her
Stinson cabin plane.

THE SERVICE IS EXCELLENT

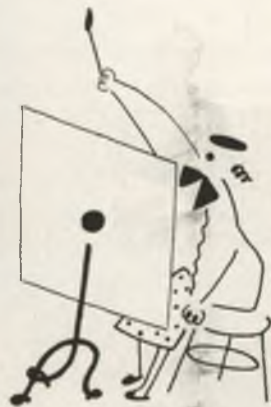


Hazel Maulsby, of United, adjusts a passenger's pillow with that perfect professional touch.

(Above)—United Air Lines stewardesses on the wing of a Boeing Transport.



the stewardess profession grows up



COMES word just at press-time which indicates how far the air stewardess profession has traveled as it approaches its sixth birthday. Mary Lewis (above), one of America's foremost designers of women's dresses, is doing the uniforms for TWA hostesses.

United Air Lines pioneered the stewardess idea in 1930 with 7 girls; today they have 150 stewardesses, while American Airlines has 60, and Transcontinental & Western Air has just announced that they are selecting 60 hostesses for duty on their airline system. Western Air Express has ten stewardesses, making the grand total at the present time 180.

One wonders how they found so many girls with registered nurses' degrees, weighing not a fraction more than 120 pounds, nor more than 5 feet 4 inches tall. And youth they must have also; intelligence, tact and a good education. American Airlines recently raised the ante. Their stewardesses must know at least one foreign language well.

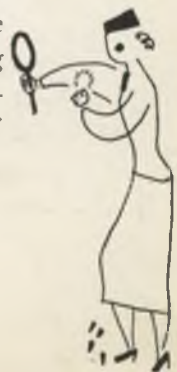
Trimly tailored, well-poised, the airline stewardesses look as efficient as they are. Nearly three hundred girls in uniform, whose nurses' training discipline stands them in good stead during the exacting work of stewardessing aboard the liners of the air.



(Top)
A bedtime story is told to David Holt, Billy Lee, Betty Holt, and Baby LeRoy, of Paramount Pictures, on board an American Airlines sleeper plane, by Leah Cavanaugh, stewardess.

(Left)
Vera Christian, stewardess, on American Airliners.

Because Edith McManus knows her Indian and Grand Canyon country so well, she has been appointed Chief Hostess for Grand Canyon Airlines. She greets TWA stopover sightseers at Winslow, Ariz.



JUST AMONG US GIRLS

By *Mister* SWANEE TAYLOR

WITH the touch of Autumn in the air, and the annual Cleveland silliness out of the way, the time arrives for us to take inventory of the sundry goods on our shelves. It is the close of Aviation's fiscal year; the time to separate the goats from the sheep. And, praise be, the goats are fast being driven from the aeronautical fold—that much to Aviation's credit.

Perhaps the strongest of remaining aromas rises from Cleveland, the Great, self-styled laboratory of the air. The National Air Races this year were, if anything, dumber than usual. Acrobatics—watch the daring death-defying fools, folks—was the motif of the three days. There were little ships, medium-sized ships and big ships wallowing around the sky all afternoon long. And by the time Al Williams put on his exhibition the audience was too sick of angel cake to look up or get excited. Thus some hundred-odd thousand minds were "educated." What an unflattering estimate the management has of the American mentality!

As for the races—Well, they're mostly out of sight anyway, so it doesn't matter much. The gals lamentably put up a sorry show. Not the ones who had gumption enough to enter. Nosiree, those sweeties got right in there and pitched splendid ball. But where were the rest of you pretty things????????? All I can say is that if you babes are not going to fly you've got to keep your mouths shut.

ONE thought struck me forcefully as I sat there in the rain waiting for the Thompson Trophy Race to start; how Charley Thompson must be writhing in his tomb at the public-bet damned attitude of the management. Thousands came many miles to watch this out-of-sight memorial to a man who truly loved aviation, only to be made to wait in the face of *Promised* (The italics are mine), bad weather.

And many, I'm sure, drove away in the drizzle feeling that such pointless and arbitrary unconcern for human comfort, on the part of the management, is characteristic of the Industry as a whole. Too, too bad.

Another thing, the ships lined up for the Thompson Trophy Race, their motors idling, for fully twenty minutes before the start. With the result that the winning ship, "Mister Mulligan" was barely able to stagger off the ground, due to smoked-up plugs, and it never did get up to *normal cruising speed*. (Again the italics are mine). But rest at peace, Charley Thompson, there are too many people in Aviation who subscribe to your thoughtful ideals to allow such practices to go on forever.



The rest of the aeronautical picture, the 99.44/100 per cent of it, looks pretty rosy to this onlooker. Most wholesome of all is the growth of private flying in this country. The main drawback being the present-day difficulty in getting delivery on ships. Six factories, to my definite knowledge, are working with might and main to catch up on back orders. Which augurs well for the winter and spring employment situation as well as for a lot more rugged individualism in the skies next year.

Transport flying has hit a new high peak of attainment. It is simply astounding, come to think of it, what the air lines in this country have accomplished in their short seven years of existence. Cruising speeds have almost trebled while increased safety has matched the pace. Fog flying is practically licked—about another six months will do it—and the only thing air line operators have to worry about is how are they going to accommodate the swiftly growing demand for seats. The old lady from Dubuque, today, thinks nothing of hopping east to Boston to visit daughter Emily, or of hopping down to Atlanta to have Thanksgiving dinner with her grandchildren.

AND what pleases me most, dear, dear children, is that whatever we in American Aviation have accomplished we've done it under our own muscle-power. No juicy government grants smoothed out the road ahead. For that matter, except for the Post Office Department no governmental bureau cared a hoot about the little flying waif. Aviation was born in this country and, believe you me, it met with all the distrustful opposition of the home-town-boy-makes-good brand. Some day a book will be written of how the young American birdling was stomped, starved and strangled at home and abroad. And when it is you'll bust right out crying. Why, do you know that during the war some of our allies, mind you the nations we saved, actually conspired to keep America from taking the lead in aeronautics ". . . as they have in the automobile industry"?

Of course, there have been some of the sort called misfits who have come up in the Industry. But only for a short flights of fame. In no other business, I dare say, do the inepts, the self-seekers and the greedy fall so swiftly or so completely. There may be a few still hanging on; I'm afraid there'll always be one or two. But, m'dears, they will only serve to keep us the more alertly on guard against our own mental lapses. If we all will but hew to the line, in our separate departments, nothing can permanently hamper the steady progress of our beloved Industry.



—is their highly resilient and flexible qualities which make them stand the abuse of travel and resist any severe usage. Flexible as a young baby—they stand the knocks, and always come back on their feet.

Furthermore, they are waterproof, and dustproof inside. With as many compartments, drawers and shoe boxes as your heart desires. I'm in such a state about this luggage that I spend my time planning a trip wherein I can take every single frock, hat, shoes, that I want, without having anyone ask me, secretly, "if I think I'm going to robe an entire city." Or some other such cutting remark. Perhaps your husband will forget for a minute, after he sees this luggage, that you're

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(Left)—Amelia Earhart, designer, and one of her bags.

Black velvet and white ermine wrap, designed by Jaeckel.

FASHIONS IN FLIGHT

By PAULINE de SENEZ

"She Flies through the Air with the Greatest of Ease".

Only She covers more ground than did our "daring young man on the flying trapeze." Besides, he was confined to such slightly strange raiment as pale pink tights, while she flies arrayed in the smartest of Parisian models, garnished with the furbelows of the Renaissance and carrying with her as excess baggage—four or five gadgets, known as luggage. They are almost "lighter-than-air" particularly if they're the proper ones designed with Amelia Earhart's fine Italian touch.

Ease? A mild word for the luxury, comfort and convenience and fashionableness, with which you fly from coast to coast. And if you're a lady of unusual discrimination and intelligence, you'll make life and travel so much more pleasant for yourself and your friends by making immediate plans for obtaining some of Miss Earhart's lighter luggage—to be found

at Macy's by the way—or L. Bamberger in Newark, if you're in that neighborhood.

When I first had a private view of this complete line of hand luggage and wardrobe trunks, I was, in my quaint manner, amazed by the beauty combined with the practicability of the entire set. Built on an all three-plywood aircraft veneer box, these pieces are as light as the proverbial feather. Each piece is one-third lighter in weight than the usual travel equipment. (Remember all the times that you've had to pay 80 cents a pound for excess baggage.) There are three different ensembles—each to your own taste—one, covered with light, woven canvas in a pale version of battleship gray striped with white and lined with dark blue—another, tan canvas lined with brown taffeta. Fine top grain heavy leather bindings are used in each instance. More important than its smartness—not to you but to your husband



AIR READING

By MABEL BRITTON

North to the Orient

by ANN MORROW LINDBERGH

Harcourt Brace & Co., \$2.50

This is a perfectly delightful book. Every page is a joy, the kind of book one keeps to re-read and savor over again.

Mrs. Lindbergh calls it a collection of Chapters. She does not pretend to write a detailed account of the flight in the *Sirius* but gives us what is so much better, the sense of romance and adventure, and observations of people and places which are sensitive and acute.

She tells in the beginning of her difficulties in learning to operate the radio, her struggles to understand the vacuum tube apparatus on which she must pass an examination to receive her license. When she was lost in the maze of the instructor's diagrams she pretended to understand, thinking, as she used to in college, "I'll get it all explained to me after class". And afterward she had the delightful satisfaction of impressing her family with her intimacy with the Power Amplifier and Master Oscillator!

Straightforwardly she expresses her annoyance and depression at being asked silly questions by reporters, the conventionally feminine questions about clothes and food. She gives the women reporters credit for more feeling than they show when she says, "I feel as they must feel when they are given those questions to ask. I feel slightly insulted".

There are vivid pictures of the desolation and wastes of the north land, the lonely settlement of Point Barrow, the dramatic flight from Point Barrow to Nome,—landing through fog and fast falling darkness off the Seward Peninsula. "Dark" she calls this Chapter, and in this and a later episode of the forced landing through fog in the open ocean off Kotoi she has expressed wonderfully those twin emotions experienced by all flyers—sharp fear, intense relief. But she does not depend upon the hazards and excitements of the trip for dramatic interest

in her record; her meetings with Eskimos, Russians, Chinese—the little incidents of radio sending are as absorbing as a forced landing in fog. Mrs. Lindbergh could write about anything, since it is the impact of people, places, ideas upon a sensitive mind which gives her narrative such charm.

The chapters are headed by beautiful little maps furnished by Colonel Lindbergh. She says little of her husband, but that little gives an interesting picture of the difference in their temperaments.

Anne Lindbergh combines the charming fairy-tale expectancy of a lovely child with that acceptance of fact and understanding of life possible only to a wise maturity. She says her book is "an attempt to capture some of the magic of flight",—but she has done much more, in expressing the beauty and magic of life as mirrored by a sensitive spirit.

Altimeter Evidence

Continued from page 8

naturally resented the fact that she would inherit the major part of her husband's fortune. They had a private detective, I knew, so I got in touch with him.

He thought our theory was worth following up before Sampson's servants had a chance to put Mrs. Morehouse on her guard, and together we visited her at the New York apartment she had retired to. Just a pair of copy-hungry reporters and a sob sister.

Somebody switched the conversation around from whether Morehouse was fond of dogs to a new blind flying device and thence to aircraft instruments in general. Rachel remarked that it could make quite a difference, a little thing like a pilot's re-setting his altimeter for sea level or not.

Mrs. Morehouse, listening politely, was quite uninterested in our chatter. My feeling at that point was that we were wasting our breath, that nothing would ever make her talk. I was wrong.

The detective's next speech did the trick, or maybe it was the intent way he looked at her all the time he was saying:

"Yes, an orderly pilot always sets his altimeter for sea level every time he takes off. Sometimes it's a bad idea though. That's what gave Ralph Sampson away, you know. Zero on his altimeter is *still* set for 800 feet or the altitude at Hartford."

Fashions in Flight

Continued from page 13

not really bringing along with you the entire contents of a Fifth Avenue shop.

A far cry from airplane luggage is an evening wrap. But not really so far if you're going travelling. For you'll want to bring along a velvet wrap trimmed with ermine, that is to be found at Jaekel's. As romantic a wrap as any Venetian doge's cape. Very long and very flowing, covering every inch of your gown. Long sleeves, inspired by some medieval monk's help to give it a look of mystery. The white ermine collar cut in a squarish shape adds to its splendor. Then you top it all off with an ermine muff, as completely incongruous to the Dante flavor of the wrap as your flat heeled sandals. You might also finish the picture, with a little topknot of Victorian looking camellias tied high in your curls. It may be that you're mixing your periods, but this season you *can go completely beserk*. And become enchantingly modern in lovely clothes with a romantic air.

A wrap like this may board any transcontinental plane—it may be that you're just going to the theatre in another city—but the cloak will ride the air pockets with as much ease as did the fat bulky flying suits of five years ago. Like the kind that I stalked about in among the mud of flying fields.

But we'll just skip that story.

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THE 99 ER

Annual Meeting

There were 42 members present at the meeting, with 6 sections represented, including 5 sectional governors.

Officers elected for the coming year are: president, Mabel Britton of Ypsilanti, Michigan; vice president, Clema Granger of Long Beach, California; secretary, Alice Hirschman of Detroit; and treasurer, Marjorie Ludwigen of New York (re-elected).

At the banquet the same evening for 99's and their guests 85 persons were present. Short informal talks with lots of fun afterwards featured the evening. Margaret Cooper, the outgoing president, presided at the banquet and a most delightful time was had by all. Among the speakers were Beckwith Havens, Howard Rough, Dr. Clara Regina Gross, Gladys O'Donnell and Dr. Harry Britton.

At time of going to press a report of elections is in from only the most adjacent section, that is, the New York-New Jersey. The new governor is Peggy Remy and Betty Duncan was elected secretary, with Amy Andrews re-elected treasurer in that section.

Since 99 sectional news is scarce we are going to devote a part of this page to telling you about the newly decorated 99 headquarters and AIRWOMAN office.

Speed Race

And here is the Big News of the Day.

A Transcontinental Speed Race for Women Pilots!

Pending sanction, which has been applied for, the race will begin in New York on November 8 or 9 (exact day depending on weather). Each contestant will be permitted to map her own course to Amarillo, Texas, where

the race will be held over until the morning of November 10. Between New York and Amarillo, each contestant must make one refueling stop and present satisfactory evidence of such a stop to the Contest Committee. Leaving Amarillo on the morning of the 10th, contestants will complete the race to Long Beach.

The shortest elapsed flying time will determine the winners. Every entrant will be required to have a minimum of 200 hours' solo flying of which 50 hours must be cross-country. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the value of radio and also instrument flying for this race.

The Women's National Air Races, of which the transcontinental is the main event, will be held November 10 and 11 at Long Beach, California. An announcement from the managing director of the races, Gladys O'Donnell, states that three closed course races are scheduled: one for planes with a manufacturer's advertised top speed not to exceed 120 miles per hour (prize money, \$400)—one for planes not to exceed 150 miles (prize money, \$600)—and one free-for-all (prize money, \$1,000).



99er Grace Prescott who won the Los Angeles to Cleveland Derby.

Our New Headquarters

We're up in the clouds! With skylines to the front of us, clouds

Our New President



Mabel Britton, transport pilot and former National 99 Secretary, with her Waco.

to the left of us and planes to the right and back, not to overlook the propeller above. We're right on top with perfect visibility in the 99 Club—AIRWOMAN headquarters at the Hotel Gotham.

The New York skyline, as seen from the air, is darkly outlined on the north wall against the contrasting light background of water. To the left we are faced with a large amphibian, and as we are viewing it from another plane, the wing of our ship is seen just above. The Army is right here in a twenty-three ship formation flying over snow-capped mountains on the south wall. We're still up, but glancing over to the right we're back down to earth for here we have a transport plane—three in fact—all lined up for the take-off.

Leize Rose, who is widely known for her interesting treatment of photo-murals in interiors, has supplied some of the finest photographs of the Fairchild Aerial Camera-men, of Margaret Bourke-White and of the Army to the AIRWOMAN walls.

It's a new room, and a blue room, except for the gold colored wing fabric curtains, hung from a wooden prop. . . . A plaque where we'll all sign our names for posterity will be put up on one of the doors, thanks to Freddy Benham. It is quite the nicest aviation room in the world and every woman who's ever gone up in the air in a ship or plans to soon should come and see it.

W. N. A. A. CONTACT

THERE are few loyal friends of aviation who have contributed as much to knowledge and who have dared to do as honestly and as grandly as did Wiley Post. If there is a great hall of aviators in the Bog Beyond—then Wiley Post and Will Rogers have pinned their wings to the stars.

Because Wiley Post was an internationally known flyer who had done much both in the abstract and the concrete to further aviation's best principles, National Headquarters sent flowers in tribute to his memory. Only a month before this loss to aviation, Wiley Post's sister became a member of the W.N.A.A.

Lieutenant Colonel Carlos L. Reavis of the 45th Division Aviation, was one of the officers who paid honor in flying formation during the Post services.

Now for more local interests. Although hot weather has caused a certain amount of inactivity there is still news from our loyal members.

In Utah, through Boy Scout contacts, the W.N.A.A. has established model airplane clubs in all the large centers in the state. Girl Scout study groups will be formed this coming September. This is a big step in edu-

cation for aviation and the Utah Units are entitled to three cheers and a rajah.

Mrs. James Brazell, our new National Treasurer, tells us that Miss Una Goodwin, also of the Oklahoma Unit, is becoming very popular as an acrobatic flyer at their shows.

Here's to the Pacific coast Units. The Seattle group co-operated with the Business and Professional Women's Clubs for the National Convention in Seattle from July 14 to 20th—and planned a flying convention. Two thousand letters were sent to members of the coming convention, urging them to fly to Seattle. This Unit has also arranged to have the Mayor of Seattle present a placque every September to the Unit member who has done most for her group during that year.

Don't forget—the Second Annual Women's National Air Races will be held in Los Angeles November 10th and 11th.

I promised you a word about the Women's International Association of Aeronautics. Some day we'll go into a real discussion of some of their aims—just now there is only a little news.

At a luncheon meeting at Mission Inn, Riverside, California, the Peace Section urged greater understanding of the slogan—"Aviation is a valuable defense against invasion and a protection for peace." They are particularly interested in a greater advancement of aviation in South American countries.

A beautiful ceremony took place when Mrs. Ruth Law Oliver of Beverly Hills, first woman flyer to establish an American record for long distance flight, placed her "wings" on the Famous Flyer's Wall in the atrio of St. Francis chapel at the Inn. Among distinguished speakers were Princess Der Ling of China, now Mrs. Thaddeus C. White of Culver City, Mrs. Ulysses Grant McQueen, also a director of W.N.A.A.

Thea Rasche, a German woman flyer now in the United States, recently presented the W.I.A.A. with a bronze trophy to be awarded to the aviator who accomplishes most for aviation during the coming year.

The New York chapter of W.I.A.A. dedicated a beautiful bronze plaque to Wiley Post on September 14th. It is set in the exact spot at Floyd Bennett Field where his wheels touched when he returned from his solo round-the-world flight.

Junior Units—please send your editor some pictures as well as news of your doings. We want to have an issue or two devoted solely to the younger generation!

Don't forget changes of address—and don't forget new subscriptions to help out your Chapter funds.

THORA WISEMAN

The Chicago Unit of the Women's National Aeronautical Association turns out en masse for a sightseeing jaunt via air transport planes.

Metropolitan News Photos



CLOUD



CLUB

By BETSEY BARTON

Sectional Leaders: The reply to our letter was most enthusiastic. Everyone still seems to be a bit puzzled as to how one goes about forming a club of their own and so we are repeating, briefly, the instructions that were given in the March issue.

To form a Cloud Club of your own:

1. Ask two or more of your good friends over to the house for the afternoon or whatever you like. Tell them of your interest in aviation and intention of starting a club. Show them the AIRWOMAN and make it clear that if they subscribe for a year (\$1.00) they will automatically become members of the Cloud Club.

2. Set a meeting time for the next week and ask each girl to bring one or two friends of hers.

3. The leader should decide on the activities of the club and its size. There are innumerable subjects to choose from. Probably the new members will have ideas as to what they want to do themselves. (See below)

4. If you already have a flying club at your school it should be all the easier to get members as they are already interested.

5. Clubs or squadrons that belong to the Junior Birdmen of the Junior Aviators should proceed with those and include us.

6. When the club gets going, brief reports should be sent in to us at least once every two months. In these reports you should state the number of members, your list of proposed projects, ask any questions you may have and send in any suggestions for improving the general welfare of the Cloud Club. The first reports should be in on November 1st, the second in on December 1st and so on throughout the year.

All girls have a desire to fly. But they need arousing. Make your prospective member see that by joining an active air organization and working for its improvement she is coming nearer to the realization of her dream.

Way to Wealth: We are offering everyone twenty-five cents for every new subscription sold. Have your customer put your name with hers on a blank, stating that you were the salesman, and we will send you the money.

Ruth Parmele suggests that: "You make it your business to collect a large and growing fund of aeronautical knowledge and information. Start in the pages of the AIRWOMAN. We have a books column guide for references, and the articles themselves are full of information. Start building some models and begin with the glider as it is the most simple. A good way to begin is to build a glider and then take a snapshot of it. Give a prize to the most artistic photo in your group. Have each girl make a list of all the women in aeronautics they have ever heard or read about. Learn all there is to know about them. The example of their skill and commonsense will help you keep your interest centered on your goal."

Glider Meeting Germany: During the first eight days of the soaring meet at Wasserkuppe, 325 flights were listed.

The distance flights were truly amazing:

140 flights over	35 miles in length
113 flights over	60 miles in length
41 flights over	120 miles in length
16 flights over	180 miles in length
9 flights over	240 miles in length
4 flights over	300 miles in length

A total distance of about 22,000 miles was flown. The four which made over 300 miles flew in formation from the Wasserkuppe to Brunn in Czechoslovakia, 313 miles away. The records made are staggering compared to ours but the answer is, of course, that there were more planes taking part as the German Government lends its hearty support to this activity.



Elsa Bluemcke, one of Germany's junior flyers, builds a life-sized glider, which she hopes to enter in the annual meet at DIE WASSERKUPPE.

CAM-AIR-A CONTEST

Amateur photographers train your lenses on subjects with an aeronautical motif or point them down from an airplane, for the first big aviation photography contest.

The closing date for the contest has been extended to January 15th from November 15th, because although the entries already received are most excellent, we feel that a much larger number of pictures should be entered. And now that November is just around the corner, we doubt there will be enough entries in by the 15th to make a really representative showing.

Who knows? Perhaps you are America's best aviation photographer. The question will be decided in this contest, and it's up to you to give your photographic efforts a chance to speak for themselves.

The judges who will select the two winning pictures — one by a man and one by a woman — are Sherman M. Fairchild, Margaret Bourke-White and Doris Day.

Each picture must be marked "Entered in AIRWOMAN'S CAM-AIR-A Contest" and your name and address must also appear on the back . . . Address your pictures to AIRWOMAN, 2 West 55th Street, New York City.

All the prizes will be announced in the November issue.

Special Leica Prizes

Three merchandise prizes are offered by the Leitz Company for the best Cam-air-a Contest pictures made with the Leica Camera. Prize winners will be asked to submit the original negatives. The amount of the prizes are as follows:

- 1st Prize.....\$75.00
- 2nd Prize..... 50.00
- 3rd Prize..... 25.00

These prizes are offered to all readers of this magazine.

Butter and Bread and Aviation!

FLASH from Washington, D. C.: Three women pilots have been appointed as "air marking pilots" by the Bureau of Air Commerce, for the purpose of traveling throughout the United States to assist cities in arranging for the marking of roof tops with signs to aid airmen in flight.

Louise Thaden, Helen MacCloskey and Nancy Harkness—all transport pilots—are the new appointees. Mrs. Thaden's territory will be south and west; Miss Harkness will visit cities in the East and Miss McCloskey will cover the Middle West. Their work will be coordi-



nated and supervised by Phoebe Omlie of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics.

FLASH from Way Down East: Ruth Nichols and her associates of the 1935 Educational Barnstorming Tour De Luxe are busy getting nearly 3,000 New Englanders off the ground per week. Since nearly 85% of their 5-minute-hop passengers have never flown before, this Tour, which will later go west and south promises to make this country air-conscious in a big way.

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The Plane Speaker

WHILE the Pan American Clipper cuts the Pacific into a small trifle in a traveler's itinerary, and business men use electric dictaphones installed for their convenience in the ship, as they travel from board meetings in New York to week-end visits with the family in a cool mountain resort of Colorado or the Sierras—civilization is still so close to savagery that a peaceful nation can be overwhelmed by a greedy power.

AVIATION is a great defense against invasion and an excellent weapon for the preservation of peace but it can also be an unequalled weapon for offensive. Worry over German submarines, is logical in view of the World War Blockade. Yet an air-war seems much more dangerous. Our own country is awakening at last to the value of air defense. Six army flying bases, to cost more than 120 million dollars, will be established as soon as funds can be allocated. Since Alaska and the Aleutian Islands are our weakest point the first base to be established will be in that part of the country. The others will be similarly placed for defense strategy.

SPEAKING of maps—some one has suggested that all air-liners be equipped with a speaker which would inform passengers as they flew over territory they could not see. Another bright idea includes a lighted roller map with a pencil tracer which would point out items of interest on the ground below.

No doubt time will bring a period when the planes will stride across America in a few hours—keeping at such altitude that passengers will know nothing of the ground passage. Yet it is hard to believe that American curiosity will ever become so dead that no one will ask the stewardess—"When will we pass over Detroit?"

THORA WISEMAN



"I'm afraid you hit a bit too hard, Miss Simpkins!"

LIGHTING THE WAY FOR AVIATION



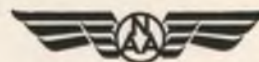
The National Aeronautic Association

is conducting a militant program of information and education to create a wider and better understanding of the importance of aviation, in all of its branches, in the advancement of American life. Many members of the 99 club of women pilots and of Women's National Aeronautical Association are N. A. A. members.

Special Offer To Airwomen Readers

Through arrangement with Airwoman, a special subscription offer with the National Aeronautic Magazine is now available. One year of Airwoman (\$1 regularly) and one year of the National Aeronautic Magazine (\$2 regularly) may be obtained for a limited time for the combination price of \$2.25. If you are already a subscriber to Airwoman, you may obtain the National Aeronautic Magazine for \$1.50 if your subscription is received through Airwoman's offices.

Regular membership in the National Aeronautic Association is \$5 a year. Patriotic memberships are \$50, and sustaining memberships, \$250. The price of the National Aeronautic Magazine is included in the membership dues.



National Aeronautic Association—DuPont Circle
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FLYING COLORS

Can you pass our little color intelligence test?

Which combination of colors gives the greatest legibility to the letters and figures?

See the article on page four for the answers.

