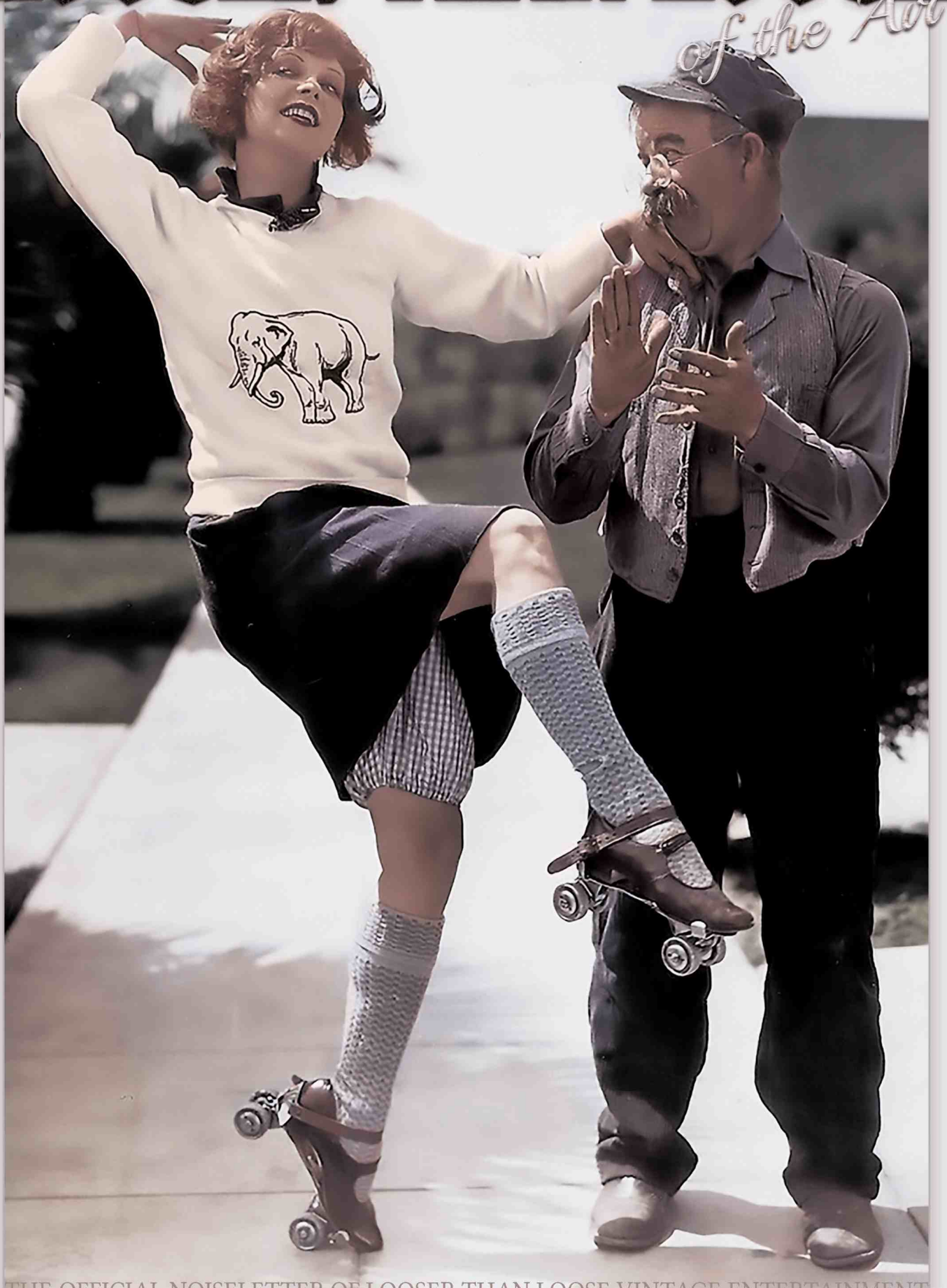
LOOSER THAN LOOSE

of the Air

Vol. 27, Issue 1, 1st Quarter, 2026



THE OFFICIAL NOISELETTER OF LOOSER THAN LOOSE VINTAGE ENTERTAINMENT

LOOSER THAN LOOSE *of the air*

Vol. 27, Issue 1, 3rd Quarter, 2026

Thanks To Our Contributors

Auburn Cord Duesenberg Museum, Ralph Celentano, Richard Finegan, Lord Heath, Mark and Cole Johnson, Liam Muldowney, Amy Stanton, Dave Stevenson and Jim Stevenson.

NEXT ISSUE: Automobile race driver Lewis Strang, Wanda Wiley feature Hot Cars in Hollywood: The Kissel Gold Bug, Your Grandmothers' Kitchen: Misadventures with Steak and Kidney Pie, Tamales Caliente: Muriel Evans and the usual pictorials, oddball pages and period adverts.

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Looser Than Loose *of the air* is a publication of Looser Than Loose Vintage Entertainment. It appears entirely at random on no set schedule and is free of charge. If you would like to submit an item for publication please send to:

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Any and all suitable articles, photos or information will be duly considered for publication in future issues.

To receive Looser Than Loose of the Air directly in your inbox when it is published, navigate over to our website at: www.looserthanloose.com. Some back issues can also be found at our webite.

On the cover: Clara Bow and Chester Conklin strike poses of a "hot chick behaving badly with creepy old guy" variety for "Fascinating Youth" (Paramount; 1926) publicity. The rear cover is another from the same series of publicity stills.

LOOSE AETHER
PODCAST
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New Content
NEW EPISODES
COMING SOON
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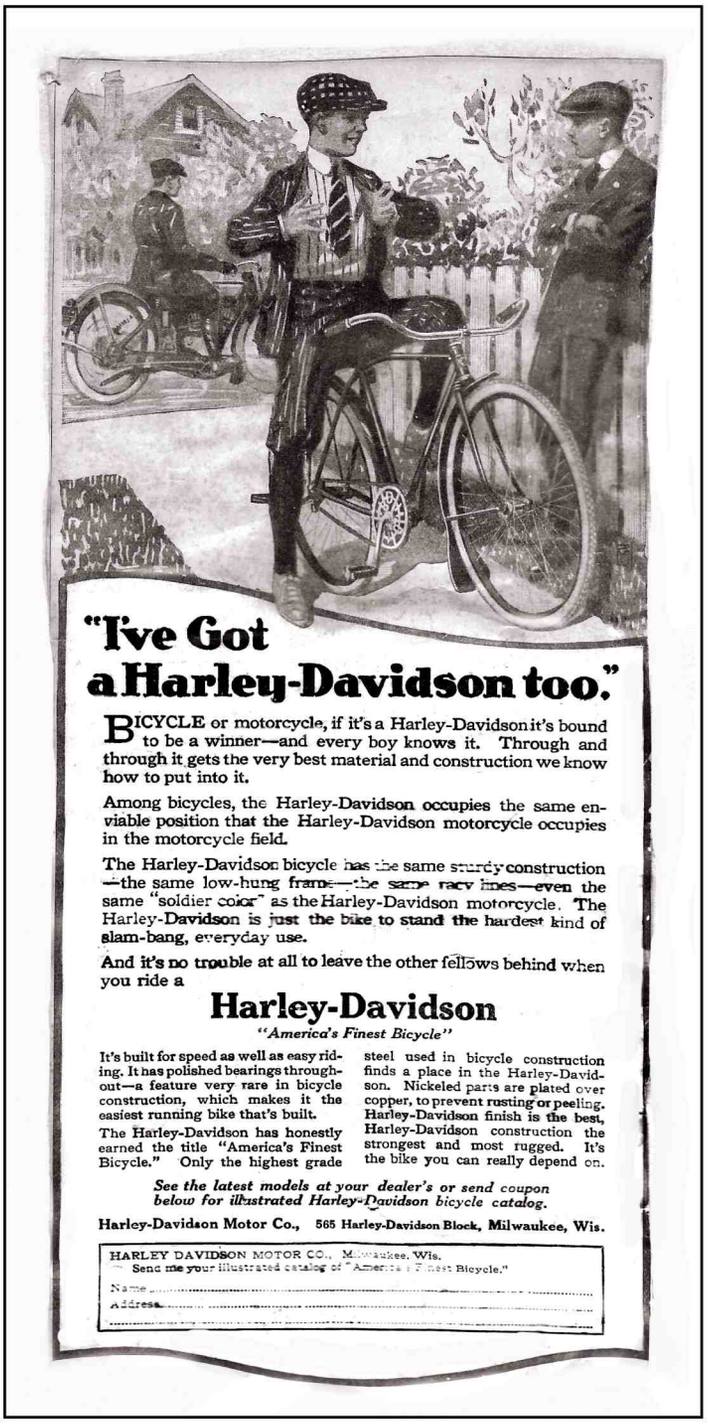


EDITORIAL

THE LAST OF THE THELMA TODD-SHAPED MOHICANS

By Dave Stevenson

We held the first Thelma Todd Celebration in the year 1997.In attendance were Thelma's first cousins Will, his wife Dorothy and sister Edna. They became eager supporters of our efforts over the next nine years. Until, in fact, Will and Edna died within one month of each other. Just after Will's death people would speak to Edna about it and she'd say "he's just gone ahead to get the door for me." Sure enough. That appears to have been the case.

Over the years we've had some wonderful celebrity guests on whom we also came to depend for their strong support. People like Jerry Schatz and his wife Myra, Shirley-Jean Rickert-Measures and Jean Darling who would each travel great distances to attend and who became dear family and friends.They too have all crossed over the river and now rest in the shade of the trees, to paraphrase the words of the good General Jackson as he lay in mortal affliction.

Co-organizers and co-conspirators have come and gone as well, not the least of whom was a portly, good-natured gentleman from Leavittown, Pennsylvania named Cole Johnson. I remember him being asked about the Thelma Celebration having a future, at the conclusion of that very first event, and his quick answer in the affirmative describing the previous four days as having been "a super good time."

Elliott Sloan helped his son Gary keep our film programs on time and in good order, often at the expense of our patience ".....but, Dave...I think that would work better over there, and the audience would have a better time..." He was usually correct, though.

The list of guests and participants over the years has dwindled as I suppose it will when you're talking about an event of nearly thirty years in duration. Consider, all the lovely people who have made the Thelma Todd Celebration such a special party over the years. Regular attendees like Dwain and Elaine Smith, Pat Thomier, Mary and Armand Giourard (who made a home for us at Heritage State Park and faithfully attended every celebration), Ali Stevenson about whom I could say a thousand things, the Rev. Jim Todd who once even brought his DJ show to us. Then there were people like dear friends Carrie Lavallee, Marshall Korby, Ralph Celentano, Cliff Sawyer, Bob Weber, who wrote an old, familiar comic strip called "Moose and Molly". The list could go on but, as Jim Carroll, author of "The Basketball Diaries" once said, "These are people who died, died...".

So the social aspects of the event changed with reorganization efforts in the early 2020's featuring new celebrity guests, some new coconspirators and largely uninitiated attendees who formed groups with whom to hang with over the four day event. Small, but cohesive crowds of very likeable folks, but, for the one remaining organizer they were and are just reminders of a lost place in time. One that cannot return.

So, 2027 seems like a good place to end the Celebrations. One last hurrah. Maybe some of the new and old devotees can drag themselves out their old age home(s) and give it one last college try.

(Continues down and to the left, idiot)

After all, it it the 100th anniversary of 1927, the first year Thelma and her mother thought of themselves as out-of-town visitors with regard to Lawrence, MA. They were living in Los Angeles for most of that year and, as far as they were concerned, were now officially West Coast Boosters.

What a great time for a Party!

Accordingly, the very last Thelma Todd Celebration will not take place in Lawrence, MA - not entirely. The place is just not dangerous enough anymore. I guess I'll have to offer at least one tour of the place. This Final Year, we will instead, center our activities in southern and central, New Hampshire and become Upper Merrimack Valley boosters. A suitable hotel in Manchester, New Hampshire will be chosen shortly as a base of operations. This year will see a return to film as a major aspect of the program. Accordingly, a cinema venue will be setup to which we shall have decent access. Aside from that, there is a lot to do here, food, booze, gambling and prostitution in mid-town - the guy the hotel desk can help you with that.. Lots going on. Get shot, or maybe even shoot up, on a side street. No one will ask you any questions in the Emergency Ward. No matter where you are in the city, just ask to be wheeled into the solarium. You'll find us. Join us, It's going to be weird! *Dates, times, etc. to be announced.*

National Screen Service advertisement from the October 2nd, 1926 Issue of the Ehibitors' Herald.. *Editor's collection*

WEIRD VIBES by Cole Johnson

This panel may have appeared previously in Looser Than Loose or an affiliated publication. Consider this, then, a retrospective on the work of a dear, late friend. It is typical of his humor and features two of his favorite subjects: Thelma Todd and Patsy Kelly.

Editor's personal collection

Hot Cars in Hollywood

The 1929 Cord L-29 in "All Teed Up"

Editor's collection

She appears only briefly at the film's end and makes the most of a grand entrance by practically running Charley over. Her Lycoming, incline, 8 cylinder engine is in audible evidence. From there she serves as the setting for a quick "balcony scene" between Charley and Thelma Todd and departs as quickly as she arrived with Ed Kennedy strangling Charley in the back seat over a question about the stock market *after Thelma had reminded him to make a good impression on her father.* Then as quick as you can say Bob's your uncle, it's over.

Inarguably, the Ford Model T fruit and veg truck that appears moments earlier, plays a bigger role in the film. It is integral to the gag in which it figures because only a Ford can play another Ford just hanging around and getting in the way. After all, they were found on every street corner. A ubiquitous and utilitarian vehicle pretending to be just that. In this instance being used as a prop at the center of a gag which takes it haphazardly across a golf course with a semi-conscious Chase behind the wheel, just because it needed to be moved out of the way.

A 1929 Cord L-29 was (and still is) a status symbol and a thing of great beauty and elegance first - all else second.. - except maybe a little Shakespearian symbolism in a romantic scene between the principal love interests.

THELMA
"Now don't forget, youve got to make a good impression on father."

CHARLEY
"You Leave it to me."

Not exactly Romeo and Juliet, but we get the idea and while it may not be Capulet's Garden, it might be his Cord, or at the very least a distant theatrical relation.to his balcony. Nice use of the car as a romantic backdrop though, however brief it may be.

In a way it seems fitting for a brief flash of real elegance to appear in a landscape of the commonplace. Given the plot, we might have expected Ed Kennedy's car to be a mere custom-bodied Cadillac or a LaSalle, maybe a Lincoln. Nope. Cord. Considering there were just over 1000 of these cars made (all model types combined) during 1929, it's pretty astonishing this was the car they used, but film studios were set up to take advantage of extraordinary circumstances as they presented themselves. Perhaps Cecile B. DeMille dropped by and let Hal Roach use his for the day - *Not sure if Demille owned a '29 L-29. He did own a '37 Coffin Nose later on.* Perhaps Aburn/Cord made arrangements for promotional purposes. It was a fairly new vehicle and the film colony would have been one of their primary marketing targets. An even greater thing to ponder perhaps, is that "Edgar's" Cord may still exist in a collection somewhere today.

What a hoot it would be to have some collector come forward and claim ownership of this fine machine, invite us all over for a beer and a give us a ride at 125mph. Until then I'd settle for a copy of the still at the head of this article in real color. They all look quite bright and colorful. The paint job on that L-29 wasn't too shabby, either.

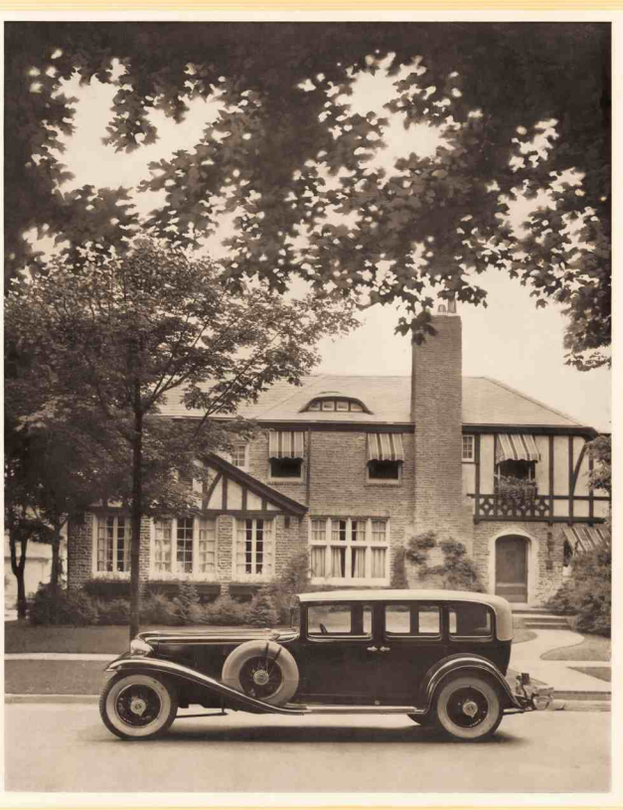
So What's Under the Hood, Mister!

Engine	Lycoming Inline-8 w/L-Head
Displacement	301 in³ [4934cc]
Bore	3.3 in [83 mm]
Stroke	4.5 in [114 mm]
Compression	5.3:1
Power	125 HP [93 KW] at 3600 RPM
Transmission	3 Speed
Performance	0-60 20sec / 125MpH Max

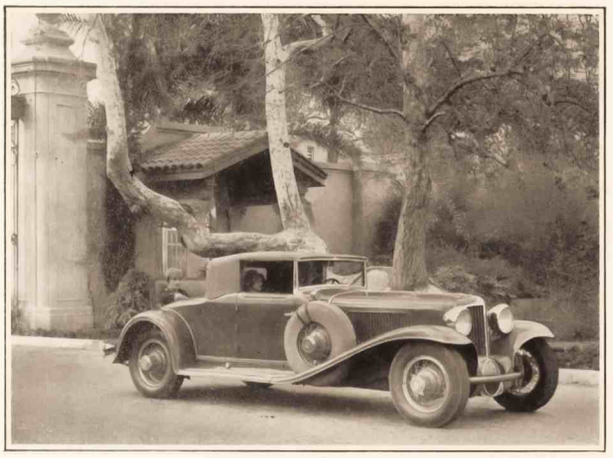
A CORD L-29 Photo Gallery

All Photos From [redacted]

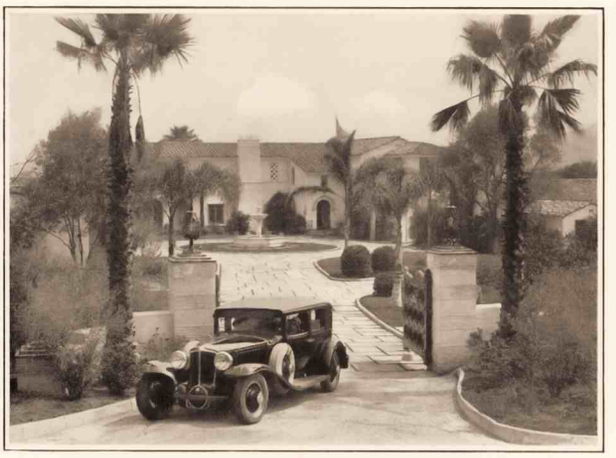
Auburn Cord Duesenberg Automobile Museum — *Cord Cabriolet—Open*



Auburn Cord Duesenberg Automobile Museum — *Cord Sedan for five*



Comfortable rumble seat in Cabriolet



Exceptional ease of steering and control

Distinctive and pleasing front end appearance

Custom type Convertible Phaeton Sedan body

Smart cadet type visor

Doors of unusual width for convenience

Reprinted with permission of the Auburn Cord Duesenberg Automobile Museum

Cord Cabriolet—From the rear

Reprinted with permission of the Auburn Cord Duesenberg Automobile Museum

TAMALES CALIENTES

Ann Pennington

Though she spent much of her career in New York Theater with the Ziegfeld Follies and George White's Scandals, she did make twenty-two films for various studios between 1916 and 1943 including a feature made for Producer Earle Christie called "Madam Behave" (Dec. '25; Christie-PRC).

In 1926, while appearing in George White's Scandals, she introduced the "Black Bottom" - the energetic dance which became almost as big a craze as the Charleston. Standing just 4'10", she was given the nickname "Tiny". She was also known as "Penny" and the "girl with the dimpled knees". By any standards, a girl after our hearts. She was born in Wilmington Delaware two days before Christmas in 1893 and died in NYC on November 4th, 1971.

Photographs accompanying this article were lifted shamelessly from the internet ~ except where otherwise noted.

Ann Pennington was closely associated with both the "Charleston" and, later,, the "Black Bottom." It was the latter that would fix her place in 1920's culture.

Portrait as a Ziegfeld girl by Alfred Cheney Johnson

Though romantically linked to several figures, she never married and died single at the age of 76 in New York City.

She worked with virtually every major comedian and/or dance act that came up through New York City during the 1920's. Most prominent among her lasting friendships was that of Fanny Brice. One wonders how much they might have influenced each other.

Ann Pennington says, "I dub thee Pat." She christened the French Citroen car Pat Dowling, Christie advertising manager, is driving to Hollywood. The car is to be used in comedies.

Exhibitors' Herald, October 2nd, 1926. Author's Collection.

Advertisements for "Pretty Ladies" (1925; M-G-M) Starring ZaSu Pitts and Ann Pennington. Above from an unidentified trade magazine and

Glass slide advertisement graciously provided via the Estate of the late Proffessor Noode.

Click the image to see the "Black Bottom being demonstrated.

This is a lovely cover of "Film Fun" from December of 1929. For those interested in acquiring a copy for your collection, there's a tongue-in-cheek (feature) article on Laurel and Hardy inside cal ed "The Laurel and Hardy Mystery". It seems the Messrs. L&H have been invited to attend the Graf Zeppelin Banquet and neither can quite figure out why. On the night of the event, Stan arrives first and Babe finds him alone at the end of the buffet table eating olives. He's been there sometime. He likes olives...

Your Grandmother's Kitchen

Recipes from an earlier time and the tools you'll need to make them

Our thanks to my Sister,Amy Stanton for pulling this recipe out of our own Grandmother's cookbook.

Scotch Pancakes (Tea) or Drop Scones

1 egg
½ cup powdered sugar
¼ cup butter
2 tablespoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon baking soda
1 cup sifted flour
2/3 cup milk

Place in a bowl the butter and powdered sugar and stir these together until they become a creamy mixture. Then with a rotary egg beater, beat the eggs well; beat as light as possible. Then add the beaten egg to the creamed sugar and butter and stir together until combined. Put into your flower sifter the one level cup of flour, 2 teaspoons of baking powder and ¼ teaspoon of baking soda. Then sift this into the egg, butter and sugar mixture stirring constantly as you sift it in. Sift a little in and stir; then sift a little more and stir. Pour in a little milk from time to time to thin the mixture until all the dry ingredients and the milk are added. This makes a rather heavier batter, but it is still a rather thin batter.

Put griddle over moderately low flame. Wipe the griddle with a piece of cloth or paper (lard, butter or other shortening can be used to just slightly grease the surface of the griddle). Now lift the batter out of the bowl, a teaspoon at a time, and place on gridle. 1 heaping teaspoon of batter makes 1 pancake. When bubbles begin to appear on the top side of the pancake then carefully slide your spatula or egg turner under the pancake and turn it over. The pancake should be a golden brown on each side.

When to Serve:

Scotch pancakes are served cold just as you would serve cakes. They are delicious served as a little snack at a bridge party; for a little bite at supper time. They are particularly good for children's lunch. They keep fresh for a considerable time if wrapped in wax paper. Scotch pancakes will be something novel for your friends.

Items You Will Need To Make This Recipe

Rotary Egg Beater

Flour Sifter

Measuring Bowl

Measuring Spoons

Mixing Bowl

Mixing Spoon

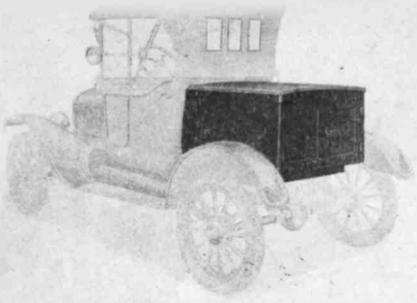
No Meal Is Prepared Without The Anticipation Of A Blessing Being Given At The Table.

"Father in heaven, look upon our table and bless this which Thou hast been so good to provide for us; bless each one gathered here and teach us to be more thankful to thee. We ask in Thy precious name, O Jesus. Amen."

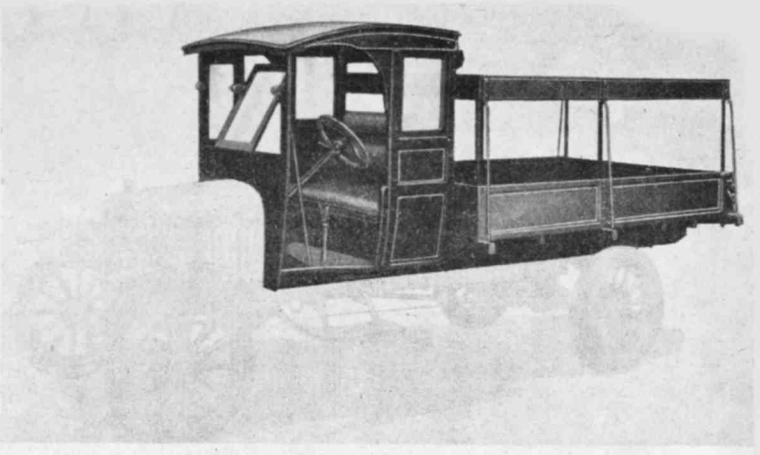
From "Grace Before Meals. Brief Prayers Arranged for Each Day in the Year" Published 1911 by The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia, PA, Passage taken from page 37, labeled "March 8"
Collection of the Editor's Great Uncle, James Hepburn..

In This Installment of Home-Build Trouble...

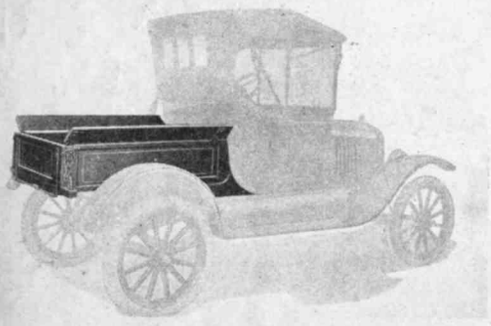
Got a Ford Model T chassis or spare parts sitting around and have an inkling to build yourself a working vehicle? Here are some DIY truck body builds that were common during the teens, twenties and beyond. You may recognize some of them - see "All Teed Up" for one. The top three in the right column are meant for use with a Model TT one-ton chassis while the remainder can be built on a standard car frame. Take care with heavy machinery. Hazards illustrated below.



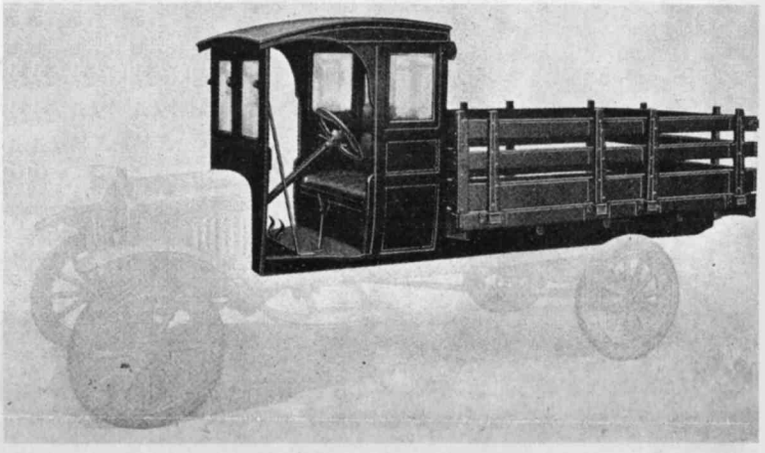
Ford Roadster Sales Box on a Model T chassis.



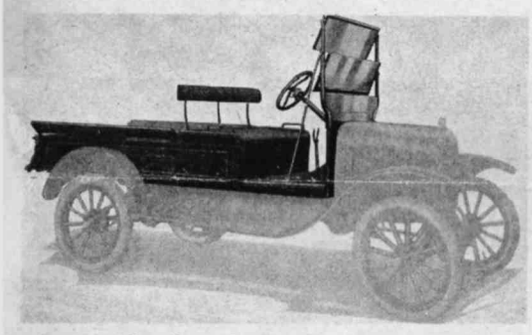
Furniture Body with Open Cab on a Model T chassis.



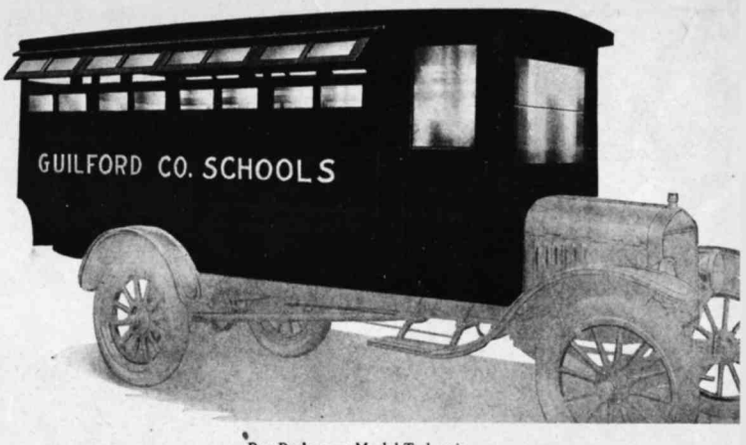
Light Slip-on Body on Model T chassis.



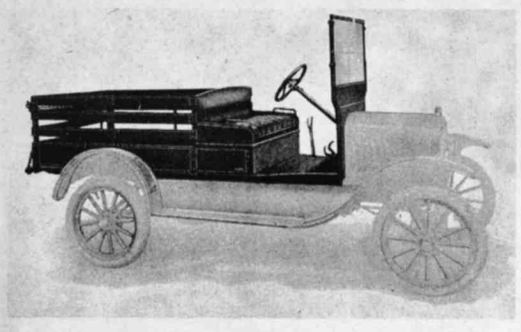
Heavy Slat Open Cab Body on a Model T chassis.



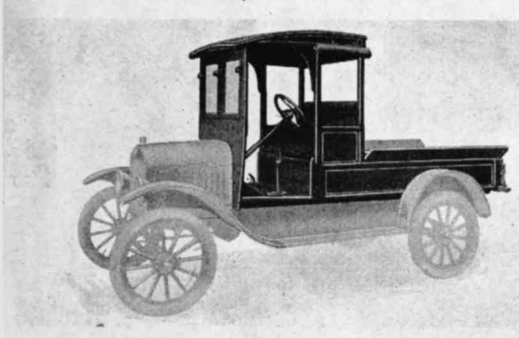
Open Express Body on a Model T chassis.



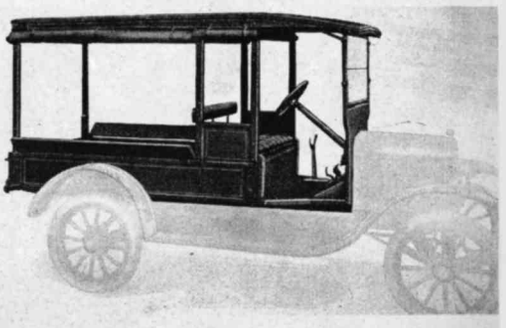
Bus Body on a Model T chassis.



Slat Side Body on a Model T chassis.



Cab Top Light Express Body on a Model T chassis.



Six Post Express Top Body on a Model T chassis.

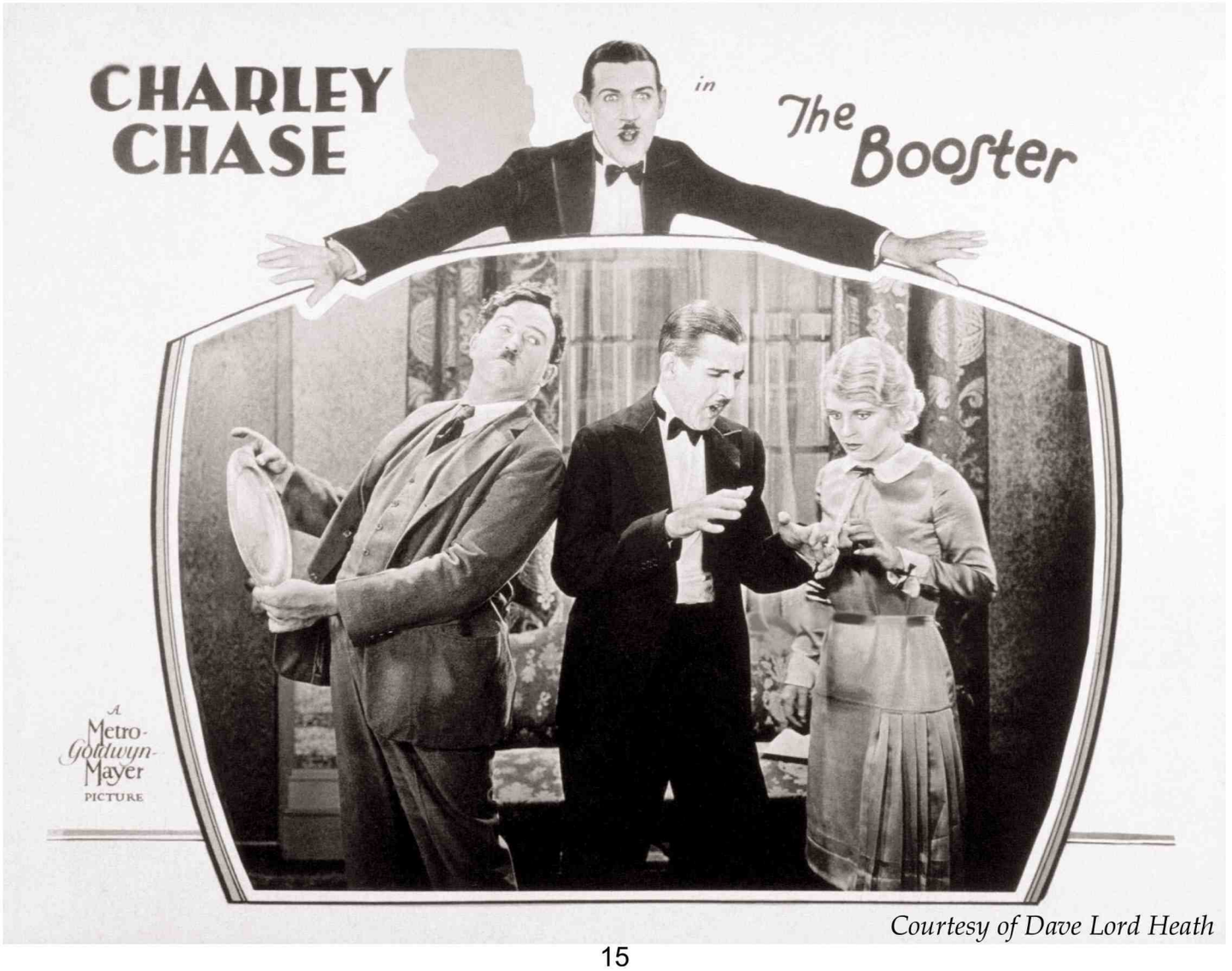
As always Remenber Power-Tool Safety

THE BOOSTER (1928)

The Complete Script For A Misplaced Charley Chase Short

Courtesy of Dave Lord Heath

Charley strangling story man Leo McCarey in a Roach/MGM publicity still, shot around the same time as "The Booster"



Courtesy of Dave Lord Heath

C-14 - Chase

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1 Fade in on insert of letter which reads: "Dear Ed: I just heard that you want to join our University Club. Being your pal, I'll take you to the club tonight and introduce you to the boys. A word from me and you are as good as a member. Your loving brother-in-law, Charley."

2 Lap dissolve to full shot of Ed Kennedy. He has just finished reading the letter and is all burned up. He starts to pace up and down the floor.

3 Ed's wife, who is in the background clearing the table of dishes, realizes that something is wrong, comes to Ed and speaks title, "Why are you mad? I thought you were anxious to join the club." Ed stops, looks at her and says, "I am, but I didn't want that brother of yours to introduce me." The wife puts over another title, "I think you're awfully ungrateful -- he is only trying to do you a favor."

4 Ed realizes that Charley means well, and puts over another title, "But he's such a fool -- always pulling practical jokes, and never did anything right in his life." Ed exits from the scene and seats himself on a settee, followed by the wife. Ed picks up a newspaper and starts to scan it. He notices something of particular interest.

5 Insert newspaper, which reads in headline type: "Nick Scarzie, the society burglar, is at large," and warning the people to watch their homes as he might pay them a visit almost any time.

6 Ed draws his wife's attention to the article and they commence to discuss it. Ed puts over title to his wife, "These papers make an awful lot out of nothing. I'll bet this Nick Scarzie isn't nearly as dangerous as they say he is."

7 Cut to porch, exterior of Ed's home. Charley enters and starts to ring the bell. He has a second thought and tiptoes over to the window, obviously with a joke in mind. He peeks through the curtains and spots Ed and the wife. He also sees the insert of the newspaper and hears them discussing the burglar. He has a quick thought, pulls out his handkerchief and places it over his face, steps up and rings the door bell.

8 Cut to interior; they hear the bell. Ed turns to his wife and gets over, "There's Charley now; I'll let him in." He exits toward front door.

9 Cut to front door setup. Ed enters and opens the door. Charley steps in and with his hand in his coat pocket pulls it up toward Ed and says "Throw up your hands!" This frightens Ed and Charley backs him up, closing the door. He forces Ed into a corner, making him "reach for the stars" and face the wall.

10 By this time Ed's wife has entered the scene and starts to plead with what she thinks is a burglar, not to harm Ed as he is her only support. Charley turns to his wife, pulls the mask up and discloses his face, then laughs. She gives a sigh of relief and Charley in a whisper pantomimes for her to be quiet as he wants to embarrass Ed. He turns to Ed and after making him do a couple of tricks faces him around and pointing the finger in the coat toward Ed's head he puts over title, "A dead man tells no tales." Charley in a very menacing attitude points the finger at Ed as if to shoot him. Ed breaks down and begs Charley to have mercy on him.

11 While Ed is pleading, Charley removes the handkerchief from his face and discloses who he is, catching Ed in a very embarrassing position. Charley laughs and gets over in action that Ed is an awful coward. Ed regains himself and in a forced manner attempts to laugh it off, putting over title, "I knew it was you all the time." Charley turns toward the wife with his back to Ed and starts talking to her.

12 The minute Charley turns, Ed gets over he is so sore he would like to take a punch at Charley, but realizing that he can't do that, he fidgets around trying to control his temper. He finally gets an idea, and picking up a silver tray he places it under his vest in a position over his stomach.

13 Charley turns toward Ed and Ed gets over title that he wasn't afraid and that the burglar, had he been real, couldn't have hurt him anyway. He tells Charley that he can hit him in the stomach as hard as he wants to and it won't hurt him. Charley doesn't believe it, and squaring off he throws a terrific punch at Ed's stomach, hitting the silver tray and almost breaking his hand.

14 This hurts Charley considerably and he starts to jump around holding his hand. While Charley is turned away, Ed removes the tray and places it back on the stand, after getting over that it is a little bent. FADE OUT.

Title, "The University Club."

15 Fade in, full shot shooting out toward street on entrance door of the club. There are several men grouped in the foreground talking. In the background through the door Del Henderson enters, comes to the foreground, greets the gentlemen on the set, and a bell hop enters and relieves him of his coat. Introduce Del as President of the club. As the boy is taking his coat he gets over that he is badly sun-burned and for the boy to be very careful. At the conclusion of this Del exits from the scene and the members watch him off.

16 Follow Del to another small group of men, where he stops and begins to talk.

17 Back to the door setup, the same people on. In the background on the street a car pulls up and stops. Charley and Ed get out, and as they do the members in the foreground turn and see them and get over in action, "Here comes that pest!" They quickly scatter to different parts of the set and make themselves very busy. Stay with the scene and Charley and Ed enter, Charley very breezy and happy. He gets over in action, "Hello, fellows -- how's everybody?" and speaks to each one of

them individually, slapping them on the back. At the conclusion of this Charley turns to Ed, who has been watching, and gets over, "They're a great bunch of fellows!" The bell hop enters and relieves Charley and Ed of their hats, and exits. Charley spots the President and gets over to Ed, "I'll introduce you to the President." They exit.

18 Cut to setup with the president on. Charley and Ed enter, Charley slapping the President on the back and hurting his sun-burn. Charley apologizes and then introduces Ed. Charley commences to brag Ed up, telling the group what a great fellow he is, Ed all the time trying to get Charley to shut up.

19 Finally Charley puts over title that Ed was wounded in the war, and tells Ed to show them his scar. Ed says "No," but Charley insists and Ed partly disrobes and shows the President his scar. As he is doing this, the President exits, getting over he is disgusted. Charley calls several fellows from nearby places and exhibits Ed's scar. He finally gets over to Ed, "Let's go around and I'll introduce you to some more fellows." They exit in the same direction the President went. Stay with setup a few feet and show the disgust of the members for both Charley and Ed.

20 Cut to the billiard room, the President and several members on, a couple of them playing pool. Charley and Ed enter and Charley in his boisterous manner stops the pool players and gets over he wants to introduce Ed, which he does. At the conclusion of this one man attempts to make a combination shot. Charley stops him and gets over that Ed is a great pool player and will show him how to make some great shots.

21 Ed resents this but is coaxed again by Charley and he finally consents. Taking the cue stick, Ed sttempts to pick a shot. Finally picking out one he gets ready to shoot it. Charley gets his attention, shakes his head and says "No, not that one." Ed stops, picks another shot and starts to shoot, and Charley again shakes his head "No." Ed gets another combination, gets ready to shoot it and Charley says "Yes." Ed shoots and the ball jumps the table, hitting the President right between the eyes and breaking the ball.

22 Charley sees this and in a very apologetic manner attempts to smooth it over, getting over that accidents will happen. The President by this time is plenty bored and mad.

23 Cut to setup where a servant announces that the banquet is all ready.

24 Back to the billiard room setup. The members, including Charley and Ed, all exit toward the banquet room.

25 Cut to banquet hall. The members all take their places, the President at the head of the table. Go to close shot of the President. Alongside of him is an empty chair. He calls off to a member to take the seat, and as the member pulls the chair back, Charley enters from the sideline and sits on the chair. He turns to the President in a joking manner and slaps him on the back. The President takes this on his sun-burn.

FADE OUT.

Title, "After dinner."

26 Fade in on long shot of the table setup with all the fellows lounging and smoking. The President gets to his feet.

27 Close shot of the President; he speaks title, "Has anybody any funny stories they would like to tell?" One member gets up and says he has a new one. The President seats himself and the member proceeds to tell his story. As he starts to talk, cut to Charley and by his attitude he gets over that he has heard the story. Turning to the President he says, "I've heard it and it sure is a good one," then turns and listens.

28 As the fellow continues to speak, Charley's face begins to drop. He turns to the President and speaks title, "It's a good story, but he's not telling it right," and each time the member makes a mistake in Charley's mind he corrects the mistake to the President, which bores the President to tears.

29 The story is finally completed and the President gets to his feet once more and says, "Can anybody else do anything?" Charley has a quick thought, and wanting to put Ed over big he speaks title, "My brother-in-law here has a great trick -- you can hit him in the stomach as hard as you want and you can't hurt him!"

30 Give Ed a closeup and he tries to tell Charley that he is not prepared, but Charley won't listen. Getting Ed to his feet and standing him up before the members he demonstrates just what he means by hitting Ed in the stomach. As he hits Ed, he turns away toward the fellows, getting over "That's what I mean." As Charley turns away, Ed takes it with a little hurt feeling.

31 Charley points to a rather husky fellow and says, "You're strong -- come on and hit him, you can't hurt him." The fellow goes to Ed, hauls off and hits him in the stomach. Ed takes it. Then Charley gets another fellow to try it. Play this up, with Charley finally getting two or three fellows to hit Ed at once.

32 The members by this time are beginning to see the joke and are all anxious to hit Ed next. They begin to crowd Ed and Charley. Charley gets over they will have to wait their turns, and they begin to line up, some taking off their coats and rolling up their sleeves. After several more fellows have hit Ed, he looks down to his left and sees the long line which has formed, and almost dies. After this is built up, Charley finally gets an idea and exits from the scene.

33 Cut to front door setup, the door man on. Charley enters, gets the door man by the hand and drags him in.

34 Back to Ed's setup, the fellows still hitting him. Charley enters, takes the situation in hand and explains to the door man that he can hit Ed as hard as he wants to but can't hurt him. The door man repeats this to be sure that he is right, and with a half smile on his face relieves himself of his coat, showing his muscular build. While the door man is taking off his coat

Ed reaches over, gets a tray or a large book and places it under his vest, covering his stomach, then turns back to the mob with a happy smile.

35 By this time the door man is all set. He hauls off with a terrific swing and hits Ed on the chin, knocking him cold. Charley takes this and begins to bawl the door man out, putting over title, "I didn't say on the chin -- I said on the stomach!" At the conclusion of this Charley ~~xxxx~~ smacks the door man on the stomach as a demonstration.

36 The door man takes this and doubles up, getting peeved. He draws his arm back to hit Charley, and in doing so hits the President in the stomach. The President takes it and burns up. He steps up to Charley and gets over, "You started this!" and punches Charley in the stomach. Charley takes it, and at this point another member enters the scene to take the President's part. As he starts to bawl Charley out, Charley punches him in the stomach. The member takes it, and getting sore he starts with a quick move to take off his coat. As he does so he hits another fellow who is standing just behind him.

37 This member takes it, and a member standing with him begins to laugh. He gets sore and hits the fellow who is laughing. At this point another character steps in and says, "Listen, what's the idea of hitting my brother?" and he gets hit by the fellow who was laughing.

38 Cut back to smaller figure shot and the stomach-punching grows, everybody hitting everybody else because they themselves have been hit.

39 Charley sees how things are going, realizes that Ed needs attention and starts to pick him up. As Charley starts out of scene with Ed, a character hits Charley in the stomach and he drops Ed. Grabbing his stomach, he hits the character back, then attempts to pick Ed up again.

40 Cut to another setup, a couple of fellows battling. A waiter starts through the scene carrying two trays. The two stop fighting and one runs over to the waiter and hits him in the stomach and quickly exits. The waiter takes it but is unable to see who did it. Another fellow backs into the scene, obviously having been hit, and squares off to hit somebody. As he does, the waiter drops a whole tray of food on his head and exits.

41 Back to Charley; by this time he has Ed picked up again and starts out, only to be hit in the stomach once more and dropping Ed. Charley takes it and hits the fellow back.

42 Cut to the doorway setup and a new-comer, a fat man, arrives. He stops, after being relieved of his coat, in full view of the gang. As Charley is about to hit his opponent he looks off and sees the fat fellow. Getting an idea quickly he attracts the attention of the gang and points off to the new fellow. The gang take it and like a bunch of wild men all tear out of the scene to pounce on the fat fellow. Charley quickly picks up Ed and exits with him.

43 Cut to office set. A burglar known as Scarzie enters a window, looks the place over quickly, rushes to the door, peeks out, sees something and ducks back. At this point Charley enters

dragging Ed, opening the door and covering the burglar. Charley places Ed on the couch and exits to get a doctor, closing the door as he goes. The burglar sneaks over toward Ed and getting over that Ed is practically unconscious, sneaks back quickly and starts to work on the safe.

44 Cut back to the battle, close shot of Charley entering the room. He looks off and sees a shot of the entire gang going to it right and left, some with their coats off, etc. Charley rushes out of the scene in search of a doctor.

45 Cut to a couple of old men fighting, barely able to hit back and forth. Charley enters and says, "I'm looking for a doctor." One of the men says, "There's no doctor here," and smacks Charley. Charley takes it and exits.

46 Back to the office, Ed and the burglar on. Ed starts gradually coming to. The burglar sees this, rushes up behind Ed, sticks a gun in his ribs and says, "Throw up your hands!" Ed sees him, the burglar being masked. Ed mistakes him for Charley and gets over in pantomime, "Quit fooling -- I'm tired of this monkey business." The burglar gets over that he means business, and Ed still thinking it is Charley, gives him a push. The burglar comes back, sticks the gun in Ed's ribs and says "Throw up your hands or I'll shoot!"

47 Charley enters background. Ed sees him and for the fir time realizes that it is a real burglar. He throws up his hands, and as he does so Charley gets wise to the situation quickly, sneaks up behind the burglar, sticks his finger in his back and forces him to throw the gun down. The gun discharges. Ed quickly seizes it and holds it on the burglar.

48 At this point the President and several members enter the scene. Charley quickly gets over the situation and the burglar is taken out, leaving the President, Charley, Ed and several members on. Charley turns to the President in a happy manner and gets over, "Is he a member now?" The President gets over, "He's a life member! He's done us a great service!"

49 Charley turns to Ed and in a jovial spirit hits him in the stomach with his elbow, getting over, "I fixed it for you!" Ed takes this and doubles up, gets sore and hits Charley back. As Charley pulls back to hit him, he hits the President. The fight starts once more as we fade out.

Directed by Hal Yates

A quick note or two with respect to the Chicagoan director of "The Booster"

Hal Yates directed his share of Two-reel comedy shorts for Hal Roach, among them the much sought after "Hats Off," ('27), the final Garvin/Byron outing "A Pair of Tights ('28) and the missing film presented above, Chase's "The Booster" ('28) among many others.

Prior to working as a writer, gag man and director for Roach, Yates had worked briefly for Mack Sennett between 1924 and '25, contributing stories and gags to some of that studio's A-listers. Billy Bevan "The Lion's Whiskers ('24) and "Skinners in Silk" ('25) and Ben Turpin "A Raspberry Romance" ('25), having first been put to work on a pair of Sid Smith shorts "Bull and Sand" ('24) and "Water Wagons" ('25). His stay at Sennett seems to have been a brief one and he turns up at Roach almost immediately.

His first long-term, association with the Hal Roach Studios began in late 1925 with a Paul Parrott comedy called "Laughing Ladies" ('25) His initial tenure would last until 1928 and end with "Galloping Ghosts" costarring Oliver Hardy, John T. Murray and Vivienne Oakland. His relationship with Roach would prove to be on again/off again.

Of all his film credits until this point, only Hal Roach Studios had employed him as a "director," and, frankly, they would stick him in one of the most difficult units on the lot, that being the one tasked with producing the Mabel Normand Comedies. His credit as director may have amounted to a secondary role, head of a B-unit, or at an assistant level behind behind former Sennett genius F. Richard Jones, but a tough straw to draw none-the-less. He worked on three of those films as co-director, supporting production on "The Nickel Hopper" ('26), "Anything Once" ('27) and "One Hour Married" ('27 - for which he enjoyed a co-directorial credit with no mention of Jones) and he had a writing credit on "Raggedy Rose" ('26). None of the films performed as well at the box office as were expected. It is very difficult to get much to gell when the center of the production is compromised further than your instincts told you.

At Roach, chemistry was key. I have no doubt he worked well with Chase. There are silent Charley Chase shorts where the action can be counted out as music. Everything thing occurs on a musical cue. Being a musician himself, I'm sure Yates must have latched on to that idea with great ease and anxious enthusiasm. It seems, When working with Chase or Laurel, where directorial input was a more cooperative process, or even with an accepted ensemble cast like the Davidson comedy unit employed, Yates must had a much better time of it. Working within established frameworks and existing relationships seems to have suited him.

After parting ways with Roach for the first time in 1928, Yates appears to have found himself back on the vaudeville circuit working with partner Cooper Lawley in a musical double act. Yates played piano and both sang. Some of that work from this period was preserved by British-Pathé and examples can be seen online, most notably on YouTube. Please check them out! During this time he also recorded at least six sides for Victor, both as a solos artist and with Partner Lawley. *There is much more to this part of the story for those compelled to spend some time digging.*

1931, however, finds him back at Sennett working as a story and gag writer and still without a singular writing or directing credit for that studio. While there he contributed gags and stories to shorts featuring early thirties Sennett regulars like Andy Clyde and Marjorie Bebe.

Between 1932 and 1937 Yates worked at both Roach and Sennett again and even makes an appearance at Columbia where he writes a short that will ultimately star Monte Collins called "His Vacation" ('32) and another called "The Entertainer " ('33) which starred the forgettable Australian comedian, Will Mahoney. It seems to have been a period of some inconsistency in terms of film work. Yates, however, kept busy at multiple studios without much real stability and you have to imagine that there would have been a lot of live theatrical work during this period - whether as a solo act or part of a duo. Either way he seem to have balanced the two throughout the early part of his career, probably by necessity..

When he reappeared at Roach in 1934 to begin his second long-term stint with the studio., he directed "Roamin' Vandals" ('34) staring Patsy Kelly and Billy Gilbert. A fun outing and an early experiment with Patsy's ability to carry a film as a solo. Roach then dumped the Irvin S. Cobbs into Yates lap. Expectations may have been high for the Cobb shorts and Roach, who had been in search of a Will Rogers replacement for some years, may have put far more faith in Cobb's physical appearance and character than the man deserved. It was Yates, however, who was responsible for turning in what are widely regarded as three of the most disappointing shorts ever made at the studio: "Speaking of Relations" ('34), "Nosed Out" ('34) and "You Bring The Ducks" ('34). He also gets partial writing credits for "Nosed Out" and "Speaking of Relations." It's a shame that Cobb simply came off as strange and unlikable. It is very difficult to get much working when the center of the production is unappealing to a far greater degree than your instincts might have informed you.

Over the course of his nine intermittent years at Roach, however, Yates turned in some great performances. "Sailors Beware" ('27) (directed retakes) and "Hats Off" ('27) with Laurel and Hardy. "What Every Iceman Knows" ('27), "Tell it to the Judge" ('28) "Dumb Daddies" ('28) with Max Davidson. "Imagine My Embarrassment" ('28), "Is Everybody Happy" ('28) and "All Parts" ('28) with Charley Chase.

His contributions to Hal Roach Studio's product during the later 1930s were perhaps a bit better as he wrote the story and screenplay for both "General Spanky" ('38) and Nobody's Baby ('38) starring Our Gang and Patsy Kelly and Lyda Roberti respectively. Perhaps to our greater benefit as an audience, Yates left Roach and began working elsewhere thereafter.

During the early thirties, Yates had also worked at RKO off and on and connections made there would serve him well. He would work in the RKO shorts department just about exclusively from 1944 until 1953. While there, Yates worked closely with stars Edgar Kennedy, Leon Errol and Gil Lamb turning in some of their best work, the first two stars listed, anyway. He even remade whole sections of "Hats Off" for the Edgar Kennedy Short "It's Your Move" ('45). He must have really thought "Hats Off" was a highlight of his early career. Additionally, some of the most identifiable Leon Errol shorts of the forties and fifties carry his name, "He Forgot to Remember" ('44) for one..

His last film for RKO was a compilation of shorts, hosted by Libarace of all people. A pianist of some note engaging the audience with light comedy from the bench - much as Yates would have done in vaudeville all those years with Cooper Lawley. One wonders what he thought. He certainly would have had insights.

Yates made one more trip back to Roach in 1952 and worked there until 1957. He nearly single-handedly directed all one-hundred-sixty-six episodes of "My Little Margie" and all eight episodes of "Blondie". He retired after his brief stint with Blondie and died in Los Angeles in 1969.

WHAT THE PICTURES DID TO ME

By GEORGE E. MARSHALL

(Supervisor of Fox Films Comedies)

WE promised this month to write about "A Gagman's Brain in two parts" but so far we have been unable to discover any part of a gagman's brain.

* * *

We booked what we thought would be the greatest short subject of the past month—The Dempsey-Tunney Fight, but it turned out to be a serial in 10 reels.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE

J. C. Jenkins writes: "I see you are making a picture called 'A King of the Kitchen.' That's good because a man's place is in the kitchen while a woman's place is in the English Channel."

P. S.—I'm glad you are making animal comedies—please send me a picture of Earle Foxe.

* * *

FILM NEWS

Jules White has just completed "Light Wines and Bearded Ladies." Felix Adler predicts it will be a great hair raiser.

* * *

NOTE: I have decided that this column is a failure because the only fan mail I get is the monthly statement from THE HERALD.

NEXT MONTH

"The Face on the Cutting Room Floor"

First words of great stars:

"The director is married but I'll fix that."

STAN LAUREL & OLIVER HARDY IN
"PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES"

BESSIE COLEMAN

"Queen Bess," the World's Greatest Woman Flier.

This introduction is unofficial because Bessie Coleman spent her entire life fighting the kind of people who are commissioned to hand out, or otherwise, dispense official things. Acknowledgements, legal authorizations, legal rights, social practices, or ethical judgements. All of those things were used instead as obstacles to be thrown back into the path of a black woman who, in the days just after the First World War, simply wanted to fly. But, Bessie didn't just want to fly, she yearned for it and she determined that no one would stop her. She was right.

"I WAS COMPELLED TO FLY. I WAS BORN TO FLY."
"I REFUSED TO TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER."

– Bessie Coleman

When I was going back through my library to begin researching this small tribute, the very first place I turned was a series of books I bought some forty years ago. It was a Time-Life series on early aviation and its pioneers. It may have been a sixteen or seventeen volume set. Frankly, I'm too lazy to be bothered walking back over there to count them by volume, but one, entitled "Women Aloft," was dedicated entirely to women in early flight. I thought surely this "definitive" quasi-encyclopedic set would offer a decent write up about Bessie Colmen. Maybe offer an obscure photo or two. No. With the editor she rated a mere generic insert of some 500 words about the struggle for equality in the air. No depth at all. A very superficial treatment comprising a couple of paragraphs and a cloudy photo. In my eyes it was a callous and undeserved dismissal of a woman who had consciously come to the fore for the expressed purpose of being a hero.

"I THOUGHT IT WAS MY DUTY TO RISK MY LIFE TO LEARN AVIATION AND TO ENCOURAGE FLYING AMONG MEN AND WOMEN OF OUR RACE WHO ARE SO FAR BEHIND THE WHITE RACE IN THIS MODERN STUDY."

I wonder how many of us under stand the rawness and ubiquity of the racial divide in the early part of the twentieth century. It carries on with a similar intensity today in rural southern and midwestern areas, but for most of us the vulgar nature of racial hatred, as it was commonly expressed during the teens and twenties, is difficult to truly comprehend today. Certainly, it still exists, but does not require a spoken act of predjuidce to be real. A lot of it has been institutionalized. Compartmentalized. Hidden and practiced as soft barriers to basic needs.

Besie Coleman wearing the uniform she designed and made by hand for herself. She is seen here in 1923 or 1924 at the height of her fame and reputation as a skilled pilot nand barnstormer *Photo lifted shamelessly from the internet and modified using AI*

Housing, education. the tools to succeed. These simple necessities are still beyond the grasp of many American Blacks. Imagine for a moment, however, the overt and ever-present racism experienced by Bessie's generation - the first in the modern era with all the dreams of a brave new world of adventure and exploration open to their white counterparts, but largely closed to them.

"I WAS BLACK, I WAS FEMALE, AND I WANTED TO FLY. WE USED TO PICK COTTON IN TEXAS, AND I'D LOOK UP AND THINK, IF WE'RE GOING TO BETTER OURSELVES, WE'VE GOT TO GET ABOVE THESE COTTON FIELDS."

She was born in Atlanta, Texas on the 26th of January in 1892 to Sandra and George Coleman, a mother of African-American decent, and a father of African and Native-American lineage. Bessie was born Elizabeth Coleman in a single-room, dirt floored cabin as one of thirteen children (nine of whom survived into adulthood). The family moved to Waxahachie, Texas when Bessie was two, where George had been able to buy a small plot of workable land. As she grew, the young girl would prove herself to be a voracious reader and excellent math student. She walked four miles to and from the one-room, segregated rural school she attended. At age 12, her grades were strong enough to earn Bessie a scholarship to the Missionary Baptist Church School where she completed her High School Diploma.

"I read everything I could get my hands on about aviating. Some of the libraries wouldn't let black girls who picked cotton borrow books, but the books I wanted were about piloting, and folks were so surprised they let me have them anyway."

After graduating, she took a job with a laundress collecting clothes to be washed, laundering and delivering them. Bessie's father had left the family and moved to Oklahoma in 1901, possibly in an effort to escape racial violence and the prospect of living with full rights in Indian Territory may have proved a desirable or even necessary alternative. In any event, for the family, his leaving was life changing. They scrimped and saved any way they could. George sent what money he could back to those family members still living in Texas and Bessie saved what little was available to her from those funds with the idea of attending college.

Eventually she saved enough to complete a single year at the Oklahoma Colored Agricultural and Normal University in Langston, Oklahoma, (now Langston University) in 1910 at age eighteen. Her money, however ran out after only a year and she returned to Texas looking for her next opportunity.

"The only time you fail is when you fall down and stay down."

In 1915 Bessie followed one of her brothers to Chicago where the two shared living arrangements. She enrolled at the Burnham School of Beauty Culture and quickly became one of the most popular manicurists in Chicago. It was during this time that Bessie had taken a job working at the White Sox Barber Shop on 35th Street near Comisky Park. She seems to have developed a reputation as having been fast and proficient and became the favorite of several prominent shop customers. About this time she was becoming an avid reader of the African-Amrerican owned newspaper The Chicago Defender. She would eventually become quite important to that publication and its mission to uplift and unify the city's Black population. Eventually, through an association she built with Robert S. Abbott, the newspaper's editor and publisher and White Sox Barber Shop regular, her specific vision and struggle for equality in American aviation became of central interest to that paper. It was probably the single-most important professional connection in her life.

Before getting too far into the adult life of Bessie Coleman, it needs to be pointed out the she had been married to a man named named Claude Glenn on January 30th, 1917, He has been described as having been nearly twice her age and they separated shortly thereafter. She never publicly acknowledged the marriage. In fact, she would later write on her passport application in large script: "I have never been married." Little is known about him, but

"Because of segregation, I am forced to fly in Europe."

Bessie Coleman's 1920 Passport photo. She would have been 28 at the time.

he was apparently still alive at the time of her death in 1926, The strong emphatic wording on her passport application suggests a good deal of emotion lying beneath the surface.

Just after the war, Bessie's brothers returned home to Chicago from fighting in the Great War. One of them, John, would frequently taunt Bessie by harping on the liberties and opportunities open to black women in France - including the ability to fly - as compared to the conditions here in America where pilots licenses were rarely issued to women and certainly not to Black American women.

That's it... You just called it for me! I am going to fly. I will not let anyone stop me."

The above quotation , at least in part, is said to have been her response to brother John's well meant taunt, but her drive and ambition was real and with the help of The Defender and in particular, Robert S Abbott, she began investigating the possibilities open to her. She quickly determined that flying schools which once may have been open to young white women aviators like Harriett Quimby, were not open to young women of African American and Native descent.

It was Robert S. Abbott who suggested that she travel to France and make the most of the opportunities that would not be denied by French schools. Additionally, the French offered internationally recognized licenses so, while American schools could discriminate against the act of teaching and licensing, they could not do the same with respect to flying.

Bessie took a second job in a chili shop and saved diligently. She taught herself French at night through a language course taken at the Berlitz Language School in Chicago and within a year had

married woman must state whether her husband is a native citizen.

The rules should be carefully read before mailing the application to the Department of State, Division of Passport Control, Washington, D. C.

Issued

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
PASSPORT
WASHINGTON
NOV 9 1920
ISSUED

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

STATE OF .....
COUNTY OF ..... } ss.

I, Bessie Coleman, a NATIVE AND LOYAL CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES, hereby apply to the Department of State, at Washington, for a passport.

I have never been married

I solemnly swear that I was born at Atlanta, Texas, in the State of Texas, on or about the 20th day of January, 1896; that my {father / ~~husband~~} George Coleman was born in Atlanta, Texas.

"LIFE CAN ONLY BE UNDERSTOOD BACKWARDS BUT IT MUST BE LIVED FORWARDS."

Bessie's passport application of November 9th, 1920. Plainly evident is the denial of ever having been married to Claude Glenn. Also notice, she has shaved a few years off of her age.

"TRUE AVIATION IS LEARNING TO TRUST IN THE AIR."

Bessie poses with one of the schools training airplanes. It is a Nieuport 82 (Training version of a Nieuport 14). Affectionately known as "Big Julies" they were prone to getting caught in downward spirals. At right, Caudron Brothers school, where Bessie spent ten months flying and earned her International License.

solid plans to journey to Europe and pursue her passion for flying. In addition to personal savings, she had secured additional financial sponsorship from Jesse Binga - founder and owner of the African American Bank of Chicago and from Robert S. Abbott with the full promotional backing of the The Chicago Defender.

She departed New York for Europe on November 20th, 1920, just nine days after applying for her passport and one year's tourist visa enabling her to work in France. She had booked passage on the Cunard Liner RMS Berengaria which was often described as one of the most luxurious ships the British line owned. The ship was, in actuality, the former Hamburg-America liner Emperator which had been seized at he close of the First World War and given to Cunard as reparations for the loss of the Lusitania. Nevertheless, it must have been spectacularly luxurious.

Upon arrival in France, she travelled to the school that had accepted her, the École d'Aviation des Frères Caudron in Le Crotoy, Somme, France. This would have been and two and a quarter hours north of Paris and and hour south of Calais in the Straits of Dover along the English Channel.

"I CHOSE TO GO WHERE NO ONE LIKE ME HAD GONE BEFORE, AND I FLEW."

Students at the Cuadron Brothers' air school. Bessie Coleman can be seen sitting on the tail wing elevator to the right. According to biographer Doris L. Rich Bessie walked nine miles to and from the school over the ten months of the course. During pursuit of her license some of her class mates are reported to have perished in air accidents. At least one before her own eyes during the course of a days exercises. It did not deter her in completing what she had set about to do.

Fédération Aéronautique Internationale

FRANCE

Nous soussignés pouvoir spécial reconnu par la Fédération Aéronautique Internationale pour la France certifions que

Mlle Bessie Coleman

née à Atlanta - Texas.

le 20 Janvier 1896

ayant rempli toutes les conditions imposées par la F.A.I. a été breveté

Pilote Aviateur

à la date du 15 Juin 1921

Signature du Titulaire

"I WANT TO BE REMEMBERED AS A WOMAN WHO DARED TO BE A PART OF HISTORY."

Bessie's License to fly issued by the Federation Aeronautique Internationale. The first such international license granted to an African-American or native woman.

The stature of The Frères Caudron were something akin to that of the Wright Brothers in America. They were early pioneers who had had taught themselves to fly. Additionally, the brothers Caudron served as instructors in the Great War and during peace time founded schools to teach aviation to those who desired to fly using surplus WWI aircraft.

At the school she would learn the basic evasive and attack techniques of WWI flyers. Many of these were essential to flying in the newly developing exhibition style of barnstorming. These included actions described at the time as tail spins, banking and looping the loop. Bessie explained her education to a reporter at the Chicago Defender as follows: "I first went to Paris and decided on the school. But the first to which I applied would not take women because two women had lost their lives at the game, so I went to another in the Somme Crotey, the city where Joan of Arc was held prisoner by the English. There I finished my course, took examination and passed; then afterwards I still kept flying to perfect myself. Later, I left the school in Somme and attended another in Paris where I had lessons under an 'ace' who had brought down thirty-one German planes during the world war. Here, I decided on my plane, which is a Nieuport de Chasse, 130 horse-power, and with which I shall give exhibition flights in America and other countries."

"Experience: that most brutal of teachers. But you learn, my God do you learn."

Upon her return from France and over the course of her career, she sported a new self designed uniform. Presentation was always key with Bessie Coleman. She was not shy about embellishing stories to enhance her reputation. By the time she was ready for her first American Exhibitions she had learned some things about performing. She once tried to convince her sister to parachute out of the plane in a red, white and blue suit Bessie had made up specially for the event. The sister refused and the suit went in the trash. This sense of showmanship would remain with Bessie Coleman through her short career.

She went on to explain about the dangers in flying. "I have flown as high as 5,000 feet. Of course, 1,000 feet is high enough for traveling if you are sure of your motor, but the higher you fly the better chance you have in case of an accident. In school I saw a pupil killed instantly; it was a terrible shock to my nerves, but never lost them. I kept on going. When you first enter the aviation school there you must sign away your life; that is, you must sign a contract agreeing to assume all responsibility and risk. They are not responsible for your life, however, I signed the contract and determination to complete the course impelled me to walk nine miles a day, every day, to school for ten months."

Before departing France, she had earned a Brevet Flying License which permitted her to operate an aircraft in any country - including the United States - and joined The Aéro-Club de France, arguably the oldest aviators club still in existence..

Upon her return to the United Sates in early October of 1921, she attempted to set up some small exhibitions in association with local social groups such as the all-black lodge of Elks in Hartford, Connecticut, for who she promised a flyover of the city on their behalf. This she promised to undertake as soon as the plane that was being built for her in Europe, a Nieuport de Chasse, 130 horse-power, was finished and had arrived in Chicago. Before taking delivery of that plane, however, she was on the move again and on her way back to Europe for additional training and to take advantage of the greater opportunities afforded her there.

She left for France on February 24th, 1922 aboard the S.S. Paris and part of her plans included purchasing airplanes for the flying school she had been long planning to open. Because of the difficulty Bessie had experienced in getting pilot's training in the United States, she had been developing the idea of an aviation school that would be open to all, regardless of gender or skin color. This had been the at the center of her intentions for some time and would be the cause to which she would dedicate the rest of her life.

During her European trip during the Spring and Summer of 1922, Bessie spent a good deal of time in Germany where she was said to have charmed a group of World War I aviators and had earned, according to the July 15th edition of the *Chicago Whip*, a German Pilot's License. She had also turned down an opportunity to teach aviation in Moscow.

One of the more influential people with whom Bessie would become acquainted was the Dutch aviation pioneer, Anthony Fokker who had given the Germans many arial advantages during the First World War with innovative aircraft design and mechanical systems such as machine gun firing hammers triggered directly from the engine's valve cam shaft allowing the pilot to shoot straight through and between the spinning propeller blades. While in the Netherlands, Fokker's top flight instructors gave Bessie additional flight training.

Bessie was quite a sensational figure in post-war Europe. Charismatic and casting a much larger shadow than the average woman with a five-foot-three frame, she was said to have been closely identifies with other American ex-pats hiding out and partying in Europe. Josephine Baker for one is said to have pursued her own pilot's license (which she successfully obtained in 1935) owing to her friendship with Bessie Coleman.

She returned home to the U.S. in August of 1922, having created a name for herself on both sides of the Atlantic. Having completed advanced training with schools in France, Germany and the Netherlands and having flown to and from England and Holland, she had acquired skills that few of even her male contemporaries possessed. She had further impressed the Europeans by piloting some of the largest aircraft then in existence and was invited to view others in their hangers: "I saw France's fine Goliath airplanes, the largest built in the House of Faurman, equipped with two Sampson motors, which carry fourteen people. They are not built as passenger carrying planes; they are fitted out as fighting planes. Only people who are flyers are permitted to see them." She had flown a Pathé Newsreel cameraman over Berlin and buzzed the Kaiser's former palace.

"I DECIDED THAT I WOULD FLY. I WOULD FLY AND GO ANYWHERE I WANTED."

Shown here with a Pathé newsreel cameraman after flying and filming over the city of Berlin. The course included a flyover of the Kaiser's former palace. The resulting newsreel sequence was presumably shown to an international audience, though it is probably now lost.

"Blacks should not have to experience the difficulties I have faced. So I decided to open a flying school and teach other Black women to fly. For accidents may happen and there would be someone to take my place"

Bessie returned to the U.S. in August of 1922 to much acclaim and in terms of notoriety, a far better place from which to launch successful air shows, the first being scheduled for August 27th, 1922 at Curtis Field, Garden City, Long Island. This show was ultimately postponed for one week and took place on September 3rd. It was held as a benefit for the Fifteenth, New York Infantry and was billed as her "First Exhibition Flight in America." She was presented with a floral arrangement by Captain Edison McVey, Aeronautical Instructor at Curtis Field.

World's Greatest Event!

HEART THRILLING

-AEROPLANE STUNTS-

BY THE ONLY RACE AVIATRIX

- Miss Bessie Coleman -

Her First Exhibition Flight In America In Honor Of

15th N. Y. INF.

Just Returned From Europe And Proclaimed By France, Germany, Holland and Switzerland To Be The World's Greatest Woman Flyer.

See With Your Own Eyes This Great Woman Flyer In Her Own Plane, Made in Holland, Doing Tail Spins, Banking and Loop-the-Loop. 8 Other Sensational Flights By American Aces.

15th Infantry Band Concert During Flights

THIS SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 3RD AT 3:30 P.M.

Curtis Field, Garden City, Long Island

Admission $1.00 **Tickets on Sale At This Office**

CHILDREN UNDER 12, — — 50 CENTS

Direction to Field:- Long Island Railroad From Pennsylvania Station, Or Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn, To Garden City or Mineola, Sightseeing Busses to Field.

Under Auspices of the Chicago Defender the World's Greatest Weekly.

Buses leave 138th Street and 7th Avenue every fifteen minutes between 12 and 2:30 P. M.

"I knew we had no aviators, neither men nor women, so I knew the race needed to be represented along this most important line."

Bessie Coleman, 24, of Chicago, the first female African American aviator in the world, receiving a bouquet from Captain Edison C. McVey in his uniform as Aeronautical Instructor of the U.A.L. at Curtiss Field.

Bessie did not fail to satisfy and a second exhibition in her hometown of Chicago was immediately sanctioned, but the September 3rd exhibition of barn storming and death defying routines in Long Island contained at least one unique feature. Something quite new for the time. A parachute jump.

It was made by an eccentric Trinidadian named Hubert Fauntleroy Julian. He is such a character that he has warranted his own biographical inset to the right. So successful was that jump, that Bessie sought to make some version of it a part of her regular exhibition program.

"FLYING IS SO MUCH MORE THAN JUST THE THRILL; IT IS A FORM OF LIBERATION."

Bessie with Hubert Fauntleroy Julian after his successful parachute jump on September 3rd, 1922 at Curtis Field. The parachute was a relatively new thing in 1922 and not regarded as terribly safe or reliable which added to the thrill of seeing one in action during an airshow

Bessie's bag of arial tricks was a deep and substantial one. She was said to wing walk and hang from the plane and perform all of the other stunts associated with barnstorming, but it must have been impressive to see a woman trained by the greatest aces of the First World War - from every side and all having been completely taken with her and apparently charmed into giving up their best stuff - executing those arial combat maneuvers and living for every second of them.

It was because of her excellence that she was allowed to make demands of her promoters. She insisted that her shows were desegregated. That black patrons would enter and exit through the same gates- as whites. Her only recourse to ensure the fulfillment of those conditions was to walk out, which she did on a number of occasions resulting in lawsuits and legal actions. Such had her popularity grown, however, that most air show promoters would simply comply with the demand. Once inside, there would still be segregated seating for black and white patrons. It wasn't a full victory, but a start.

The Black Eagle of Harlem

Hubert Fauntleroy Julian, better known as Hubert Julian or more popularly as the Black Eagle *(or sometimes the Black Eagle of Harlem)*, was born on September, 21st, 1897 in Port of Spain, Trinidad. He grew up the son of a cocoa plantation owner. From an early age he had demonstrated a fascination with flight, then, at the age of fifteen, he witnessed the death of aviator Frank Bowan, who was killed in a crash near his home in Port of Spain. It never quite left him and may have inspired his interest in parachuting and improving safety practices. Eventually, he would be among the early innovators in parachute and aviation safety design

His family sent him to school in England during his formative years and at the outbreak of the First World War moved him back across the Atlantic to Montreal, Canada to keep him out of harm's way. While there, in late 1920, he flew for the first time during an aerial joy ride with Canadian WWI ace Billy Bishop

In 1921, a twenty-four year-old Julian took himself to New York City where he became rather quickly associated with Marcus Garvey, founder of the Universal Negro Improvement Association - a fraternal organization devoted to promoting the advancement of people of African decent worldwide. Shortly after joining the "Garveyite" group, Julian began formally presenting himself as "Lieutenant Hubert Julian" of the Royal Canadian Air Force - by all accounts, an unauthorized title. It was also during this time that Julian would earn the moniker the "Black Eagle of Harlem" after it was reported that he had parachuted into the streets of Harlem wearing a crimson jumpsuit while playing "Running Wild" on the saxophone. The name was given him by journalist H. Allen Smith. The event took place during a Universal Negro Improvement Association rally. Julian would repeat the stunt in October of 1924, this time playing a gold-plated sax.

The pilot for these stunts was a fellow named Clarence Chamberlain, who would go on to be the second person to pilot a fixed-wing aircraft across

the Atlantic and the first to carry a passenger over that ocean. Chamberlain would teach Julian how to fly (with Julian becoming the first African-American pilot to be licensed in the United States) and the two would eventually begin to plan a trans-Atlantic flight between the American and African Continents. Several expeditions were begun with one solo attempt by Julian ending in Flushing Bay after a mere five minutes of flight as one of the Seaplane's pontoons had filled with water throwing the weight of the aircraft off and forcing an immediate ditch in the water.

Julian's career is a long and interesting one that took him to Ethiopia to fight the Italians during Mussolini's campaign to retake the country. He earned a commission during the second Italy-Ethiopian War and would eventually come to blows with John C. Robinson, the "Brown Condor," a black aviator from Chicago who was also fighting on behalf of the Ethiopian. Robinson would later go on to found the training school that produced the Tuskegee Airmen. Please have a look at the details of Julian's life story. He's worth a search on line.

A tale from Julian's storied career that must not be omitted by this publication comes from the mid-1930's and involves the great vaudevillian regurgitator Hadji Ali. It seems that his manager was none other than Julian. When Ali died from heart failure in Wolverhampton, England while touring Europe, Julian acted as "Equerry" to Ali's daughter "Princess Almeria of Egypt" and carried out the affairs of "Prince Hadji Ali" (the titles and exaggerations are classic Julian inventions) whose estate was reputed to be worth in the neighborhood of $800,000. The two accompanied Ali's body to the United States, reportedly to deliver it to to Johns Hopkins University for study and were turned down. Hadji Ali was eventually buried in Kensico Cemetery in Valhalla, NY.

"A MAN WHO CARRIES A CAT BY THE TAIL LEARNS SOMETHING HE CAN LEARN IN NO OTHER WAY."

Bessie with a promoter and financial backer in about 1923.

"If I can create the minimum of my plans and desires, there shall be no regrets."

With a WWI surplus Curtiss-Jenny (JN4). It cannot be overstated that Bessie's goal toward establish an aviation school for blacks grew stronger over time, though many deals fell through and accidents kept her off the touring circuit. Her vision for that school drove her.

Throughout her career, her plan was consistent and constant. No matter what it took, she would found a school that would teach young women and young people of color to fly. That they would not have to suffer the indignities she experienced, but more, they would benefit from lessons learned from the obstacles put in her path.

The school was everything to her. There was always a deal in the works that would result in an aeroplane or two to be delivered. Philanthropists were being lined up as backers. Rallies and air-shows were set up to bring in revenue, but she was also developing a reputation as being hard to work with. She seemed to have no respect for contracts or obligations when some aspect of a legal agreement suddendly became disagreeable. Court cases became real.

She was offered the lead in an eight-reel feature in 1922 that was to be based upon her own life. When a scene depicting her early life in Texas called for her to be costumed in rags, she walked off the set saying something to the effect of "None of that Uncle Tom stuff for me." The film was to be called "Shadow and Sunshine" and produced by the Seminole Film Producing Company. Bessie had accepted the intial offer gladly as an opportunity to bring her school one step closer to reality. When she walked off the set she lost a sponsor, a contract and all the associated publicity. A similar occurence stemming from previous instatnces where contracts had been breached would be reported in the Chicago Defender - which had an almost exclusively black readership:

Chicago Defender, May 24, 1924
BESSIE BANNED

*Nashville, Tenn.—Milton Starr, president and general manager of the *T.O.B.A., issued orders to all offices of the T.O.B.A., instructing them not to book Bessie Coleman. This action was taken upon the complaint of D. Ireland Thomas, H. C. Washington and prominent citizens of Columbus, Ohio, and others alleging that Miss Coleman did not carry out contracts with them. She was appearing in person with two reels of films showing her flights in Europe and America, under contract with D. Ireland Thomas, who claims that she jumped her contract with him, after he had framed her act and spent a large amount of money on special advertising for her. Mr. Starr made investigations and found a large number of complaints against Miss Coleman from reliable showmen and noted citizens of Ohio, Tennessee and other states.*

A reputaion for breaking legal obligations was hampering her efforts to get the one project closest to her heart off the ground.

*T.O.B.A., was the vaudeville circuit for African American performers in the 1920s

"THE TELL THEM ALL THAT AS SOON AS I CAN WALK I'M GOING TO FLY! AND MY FAITH IN AVIATION AND THE USE-FULLNESS IT WILL SERVE IN FULFILL-ING THE DESTINY OF MY PEOPLE ISN'T SHAKEN AT ALL."

Legal issue weren't the only circumstances plaguing her. The quality of the planes available to her varied greatly and more than once her life was at risk. In Chicago on October 15th, 1922, she went into an apparently uncontrolled dive, but quickly recovered and would later claim that it was part of the act. It points out the very real risks involved in using older, mechanically inferior craft for these exhibitions By now she was known as "Brave Bess" and "Queen Bess Daredevil Aviatrix." She was still flying surplus World War I planes. The Curtis Jenny seemed to be the favorite of daredevil pilots, but at this stage in their life, unless they had been religiously maintained, the majority were mechanically compromised. What chance did a black woman really have of getting a state of the art airplane to work with.

Bessie's luck would run out on February fourth, 1923. She had acquired a Jenny JN4 with an OX-5 engine. These were not terribly reliable craft and extremely underpowered. She had organized an exhibition at the New Los Angeles Fairgrounds and arranged to take off from Santa Monica. However, true to form, the engine performed poorly and cut out on her entirely at 300 feet. The plane crashed into the ground and left her with a broken leg, fractured ribs and facial lacerations. She was lucky to have survived the crash at all, yet asked the attending doctors to patch her up so she could finish the show. When she issued a statement after the crash it contained the statement at the top of this page.

Months of recuperation followed and she did not fly as soon as she could walk. In fact, she took her time. First in California healing from the initial crash and then in Chicago where she set up a series of lectures and exhibitions in her home state. When it did happen, it would be a triumphant return to the skies.

"THE PATH TO GLORY IS ROUGH AND MANY STUMBLE AND FALL, BUT THE STRONG ONES RISE AND REACH THE SUMMIT."

It was Juneteenth, 1925 when Bessie Coleman returned to flying. The first exhibition was in Houston and in a borrowed Jenny she taxied across the field and took to the sky. The crowd was comprised of both black and white patrons occupying the same stands. Captivated by a young woman who just a few dozen years earlier could well have been owned by someone in that crowd and unable to experience freedom at this level - a freedom that not even the most privileged among them ever experienced.

The tour was a great success with Bessie adding parachute jumps to her repertoire after the person contracted to do the job quit.There is a story that circulates where Bessie tried to get her sister to do a parachute jump, but to no avail. So, Bessie made the jump and, based upon its reception by the crowd, decided to keep it in the act. Nevertheless, she managed to land in the middle of the stadium, or field or within close proximity to where the event was taking place.

The success of her Texas shows was hard to duplicate. She moved home to Chicago for three months attempting to set up lectures and public appearances, but was finding better ground in the south. She had been persuaded to move to Florida by a couple she had met some time earlier. The Rev. Hezakiah Hill and his wife Viola, who treated her like a daughter, had suggested she settle in the Sunshine State where she would be able to lecture in deep southern states while raising money to buy a new plane. So, she took their advice and relocated to Orlando. Bessie opened a beauty parlor in that city to help with the raising of funds to be put toward the purchase of a new plane and had the luxury of picking and choosing where she lectured or appeared. Southern Black audiences generally seemed more receptive to her ideas - or at least, more in need of hope.

About this time Bessie began promoting a two-reel short film detailing her life and adventures. It was something she called "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" and was meant as a program filler. A twenty-minute audience pleaser that would feature lots of her flying footage. She cited in her letter, her success at filling houses "in Chicago and other places" She had written to at least one producer promoting the idea. It is unclear whether there was ever any movement on the part of Norman Studios of Arlington, Florida to pick up the idea and develop it. That letter was written on February 3rd, 1926 and in just over two months Queen Bess would be dead.

You See It First In The Times

THE TAMPA DAILY TIMES HOME Edition

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR—No. 67 FULL DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS TAMPA, FLORIDA, FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1926—THIRTY-TWO PAGES PRICE FIVE CENTS

TWO DIE IN JACKSONVILLE PLANE CRASH

In the months before her final show, the Reverend and Mrs. Hill had rekindled Bessie's practice of Christianity. She was focussing on lecturing to church congregations and securing funding for her aviators' school through donations. She told them she was living a happier life than she'd ever had before. Yet, there were still exhibitions to fly and such was to be the case on May 1st, 1926.

On Friday morning, April 30th, 1926 Bessie arrived at Paxon Field in the northern part Jacksonville, Florida. She had been invited to promote an event benefitting the Jacksonville Negro Welfare League and was driven to the airfield by John Betsch, a representative of that organization. The 1st Annual May Festival at Paxon Field, including Bessie's exhibition, was to be held the following day.

Because she was black, Bessie had been prevented from renting or otherwise securing a local plane for use in the show. Accordingly, she had used funds given to her by a wealthy patron named Edwin Beeman to purchase and transport a War-era Jenny JN4 from an airfield in Dallas, Texas. It was flown from Dallas to Jacksonville by a twenty-four year-old pilot named William D. Wills. The flight had taken three days as he had made several emergency stops owing to mechanical issues.

Betsch and Coleman arrived at the airfield around 7:15am. A handful of local pilots had been looking the Jenny over and had remarked how poorly the engine and mechanics had been serviced. Despite the risks, Bessie decided the opportunity to raise money for the school and the Welfare League outweighed any chance of failure.The decision was made to take the plane quickly around the airfield in order to determine a good location for a parachute jump she had planned to perform at the end of the program

Wills, the young pilot from Texas, took the plane up to about 3000 feet. This height was reported by various witnesses somewhat differently with estimates ranging from 2000 feet to 3500. Bessie rode as a passenger surveying the ground below from the back seat of the plane. At five-foot-three, she was not able to see over the edge of the cockpit from a seated position, so she detached her seat belt, stood and leaned over the edge.

Wills took the plane into a dive which is normal to build speed and check responsiveness of the craft. Suddenly, about ten minutes into the flight, the plane lurched and went into a nose dive. Bessie was thrown from the back and fell, tumbling through the air. Press accounts of the events vary with some suggesting that she serviced into the evening hours, but she most likely died on impact. Wills briefly righted the craft, but quickly lost control again and it crashed on the farm of a Mrs. W.L. Meadows. He was killed instantly having been crushed against the dashboard. A wrench had jammed the controls.

To make matters worse John Betsch struck a match off the wreckage in order to smoke a cigarette and calm his nerves. The spark, however, set the plane afire and the young pilot Wills was cremated in the resulting flames. Betsch was detained under suspicion of destroying evidence, but was later released having been cleared of all potential charges.

Some of the more dramatic accounts of the scene have Bessie put in an ambulance clinging to life only to die later in the day at a local hospital. These same articles offer descriptions of Bessie being urged not to fly such a decrepit plane that morning - with one going so far as to bring her old friend and mentor from the Chicago Defender, Publisher Robert S. Abbott, into the account stating that he had met her for breakfast that morning and told her about a premonition of her death he had experienced. That version may ultimately be attributable to the Defender's own account - having been her stalwart backer and being so heavily invested in her endeavors and personal history.

In hindsight, no objection, no protestation nor any common sense reasoning would have kept her from the air that morning. She was fixed, determined and focussed. Focussed upon the school. Always the school.

An aerial view of Paxon Field taken in 1943 when it was then being used as a grass take off training field for budding Second World War pilots. Today it is and industrialized area. Photo knicked from the interwebs

"You cannot fly unless you let yourself be free."

In Jacksonville, the Negro Welfare League took possession of her body. The fair and dance that was supposed to be held in Bessie's honor after her performance were quickly turned into a memorial service. Over 5000 attended the Saturday memorial. On Sunday the Negro Welfare League organized the first of four public funerals at the Bethel Baptist Church in Jacksonville. They brought her back to Orlando where her recently established ties to the local community led Viola and Hezekiah Keith Hill to organize a second memorial at the Mount Zion Baptist Church where the Reverend Hezekiah Hill delivered the eulogy and a choir sang "I've Done My Work" and "Lead, Kindly Light." Her body lay in state for almost a week, then Mrs. Hill, accompanied by a military escort, brought Bessie home to Chicago and the mourners there. Orlando residents contributed the $300 sum required for transportation costs.

Two services were held for Bessie Colman in Chicago. A public funeral was held at the Pilgrim Baptist Church, which was heavily attended with the mourners reportedly numbering in the thousands. There were a total of twenty-two pall bearers including members of the 8th regiment of the Illinois National Guard and congressman, Oscar DePriest and attorney Earl B. Dickerson who had successfully presented and won a case before the United States Supreme Court concerning the constitutionality of racial housing segregation. "Jesus, Savior Pilot Me" was sung during the service, which was officiated by author Ida B. Wells-Barnett, a well known proponent of civil rights. Mrs. Viola Hill repeated her role as eulogist speaking eloquently about Bessie's positions on segregation and her many refusals to perform before segregated audiences. The Reverend Junius C. Austin was responsible for the featured sermon saying, in part, that "this girl was one hundred years ahead of the race she loved so well, and by whom she was least appreciated."

Bessie Coleman was loved by the people who knew and understood her intentions. Her name endured within those circles of reformers and civil rights workers for a time. It did not endure in the national conversation for very long, if at all. She simply had not been well understood nor truly appreciated by her own community at large and dismissed out of hand almost entirely by the white population. It was as if Bessie Coleman had never been a part of aviation history and barely a footnote in Civil Rights history to all but those who were her contemporaries in that struggle. In most reports of her death, as carried by the country's major newspapers, she was referred to as a negress who had died in a plane crash. More frequently, the accident was reported as an incident that had killed a young, white pilot from Texas named William D. Wills with Bessie getting no mention at all.

Her family and close friends laid her to rest in a private ceremony held at graveside in Lincoln Cemetery. Her dream of a pilots' school for black students went unrealized. In 1931, however, the Challenger Pilots Association, comprised entirely of black aviators began flying low in tribute over her grave at Lincoln Cemetery at 123rd Street and Kedzie Avenue and dropping wreaths and bouquets of flowers. The group carried this tradition forward until the members were too old to fly. The tradition was revived once briefly in 1986 by some of Bessie's living nieces and nephews and a pilot named Rufus Hunt, an air traffic control technician with an ultralight aircraft. It sounds like a ceremony worthy of some measure of barnstorming merit.

"Do not let anyone tell you that you cannot achieve your dreams...You have to believe in yourself when no one else does...You have to be willing to take risks to achieve great things."

Though she never realized her goal of establishing and aviation school during her lifetime, she inspired a black businessman named William J. Powell to begin the Bessie Coleman Aero Clubs. Powell, a pioneering black pilot began organizing the clubs to help young people learn to fly. Both young women and men were encouraged to join. The Bessie Coleman Aero Club provided inroads to black aviators who would go on to complete transcontinental flights and fly crucial missions during the second world war. Through the Aero Club William Powell encouraged black youths to "fill the sky with black wings." As he once said, "Because of Bessie Coleman…we have overcome the barriers within ourselves and have dared to dream."

In 1995, the "Bessie Coleman Stamp" was issued to commemorate her accomplishments and then in 2023, the US Mint released a Bessie Coleman quarter as one in the American Women Quarters Series.

In 1992 Mae Jamison became the first female Black Astronaut to go to space. Of Bessie Coleman she would say, "[I] wished I had known her while I was growing up, but then again I think she was there with me all the time." Born in Decatur, AL but raised in Chicago, with a background similar to Bessie Coleman, Jamison became irritated when she found there were no black female astronauts and it drove her much like Bessie had been driven. When she went into space she carried a picture of Bessie Coleman throughout her shuttle mission (STS-47). So, hey, Time-Life books. Let's get that Bessie Coleman Bio updated in the Aviators Series. Last word to Queen Bess.

"We must dare to fly high, often against the wind."

The first of the Bessie Coleman Aero Clubs. Mr.William J. Powell, wealthy businessman and pioneering black pilot whose sponsored these clubs is at far right. Photo shamelessly grabbed from the internet, but cleaned up and clarified by hand - no AI involved - by the author. Quite a nice job if I do say so.....with the exception of the poor devil in the upper left corner who to his great misfortune was the victim of my first attempt at partial facial reconstructive surgery... and now I don't suppose we'll ever know who he was.

Collectibles! First off is the first day of issue postage stamp. This one is atypical of the official USPS version as I have, at great legal risk to myself, flipped the photo at left so it's not horizontally backward. It is my understanding This activity is frowned upon by the postal lackies, but far less so than following in the footsteps of John Allen and issuing your own stamps named after your model railroad and actually using them in your correspondence. At any rate I have also set in the verso of the 2023 quarter into the picture. Both items are commonly available though a nameless, soulless auction service, but the coins will still show up in your change once in a while.

"We must have aviators if we are to keep pace with the times."

"The only source of knowledge is experience."

Dr. Mae Jamison who carried a picture of Bessie Coleman to Space during her shuttle mission. An adoptive Chicagoan she shares much in common with Brave Bess.
Photo gratefully accepted from a public domain source with, it is my understanding, no fees

A battered copy of the Bessie Coleman Aero Club Newsletter as produced in the 1930s. These magazines encouraged countless young black men and women to fly. Some becoming pilots in World War Two. The Club also emphasized the importance of mechanics and designers.

Elsewhere in this article Bessie's passport was featured selectivley and split up into multiple entities. Here it can be seen (though not as clearly as one might prefer, but whole nevertheless. Where the story began in ernest.

Colemanisms

A compendium of quotes reflective of her character that did not quite fit the nature of the article, but ought to be included in any biographical piece written about her. It must be noted that these quotations as attributed to Bessie may have been gussied up just a bit by reporters, or even editorial staff at the Chicago Defender.

Portrait from about 1918
Photo shamelessly lifted from the internet and appears here (photoshopped) without attribution.

On Women...

"A woman is like a teabag — you can't tell how strong she is until you put her in hot water."

"The age of a woman doesn't mean a thing. The best tunes are played on the oldest fiddles."

"Ah, women. They make the highs higher and the lows more frequent."

"As usual, there is a great woman behind every idiot."

On Living and Succeeding...

"The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

"The higher we rise, the broader the horizon becomes."

"The only time you fail is when you fall down and stay down."

"Experience is simply the name we give our mistakes."

"Success is not the absence of failure; it's the persistence through failure."

"You must be prepared to face many challenges in life, and to endure difficulties and setbacks."

"Challenges are what make life interesting; overcoming them is what makes life meaningful."

"Courage is the price that life exacts for granting peace."

"Life is either a daring adventure or nothing at all."

"Adventure may hurt you, but monotony will kill you."

On Personal Reflection...

"I wanted to be a flyer because I thought it would lift me above the narrow, prejudiced minds of the people who were against me."

"The air is the only place where I am truly free and at peace."

"The air is the only place where there are no barriers."

"Every time I took off, I felt like I was the king of the world."

"I am not afraid of storms, for I am learning how to sail my ship."

"I will not be discouraged. I will not be defeated."

"I would rather be a great failure than a mediocre success."

"I refuse to allow fear to stand in the way of my dreams."

"I hope to inspire the next generation of dreamers."

"I want to be a voice for those who feel voiceless."

"My goal is to overcome obstacles. I want to break down barriers that prevent people from reaching their goals."

The CURTIS JENNY

Bessie's Main Ride

GENERAL DIMENSIONS:

Wing Span--upper plane ..... 43 ft., 7-3/8 in.
Wing Span--lower plane ..... 33 ft., 11-1/4 in.
Depth of Chord ..... 59-1/2 in.
Gap between Planes ..... 60 in.
Stagger..... 16 in.
Length of Machine, overall .... 27 ft., 4 in.
Height of Machine, overall ..... 9 ft., 10-5/8 in.
Normal Angle of Incidence of Panels ..... 2 degree
Dihedral Angle ..... 1 degree
Sweepback..... 0 degree
Angle of Incidence of Horizontal Stabilizer .....0 degree

AREAS:

Upper Planes* ..... 167.94 sq.ft.
Lower Planes*..... 149.42 sq.ft.
Ailerons (each 17.6 sq.ft.)*..... 35.20 sq.ft.
Horizontal Stabilizer.....28.70 sq.ft.
Vertical Stabilizer .....3.80 sq.ft.
Elevators (each 11.00 sq.ft.) .....22.00 sq.ft.
Rudder..... ..... 12.00 sq.ft.
Total Supporting Surface* ..... 352.56 sq.ft.

WEIGHT:

Net Weight, machine empty ..... 1430 lbs.
Gross Weight, machine loaded ..... 1920 lbs.

WEIGHT: *(Cont'd).*

Useful Load: ..... 490 lbs.
Fuel (21 U.S. Gals.) ..... 130.0 lbs.
Oil ..... 30.0 lbs.
Pilot ..... 165.0 lbs.
Passenger ..... 165.0 lbs.
Total ..... 490.0 lbs
Loading per sq. ft. Supporting Surface ....5.45 lbs.
Loading per R.H.P..... 21.35 lbs.

PERFORMANCE:

Speed, maximum, Horizontal Flight ..... 75 mph
Speed, minimum, Horizontal Flight ..... 45 mph
Climb in 10 minutes ..... 2000 ft.

MOTOR:

Model OX-5, Vee, Four-Stroke Cycle, 8-cylinder, water cooled.
Horsepower (rated at 1400 R.P.M.)..... 90
Weight per R.H.P..... 4.33 lbs.
Bore and Stroke..... 4 in. x 5 in.
Fuel Consumption per hr..... 9 gals.
Fuel Tank Capacity..... 21 gals.
Oil Capacity provided in Crankcase .....4 gals.
Fuel Consumption per B.H.P. per hr..... 0.60 lbs.
Oil Consumption per B.H.P. per hr..... 0.03 lbs.

COLORED GIRL RECEIVED FIRST PILOT'S LICENSE ISSUED TO WOMEN IN UNITED STATES

Bessie Coleman was the first woman of any race to receive a Pilot's license in the United States of America.

While a manicurist in a barber shop in Chicago, she studied French in order to take an air course in France, where she went for her training.

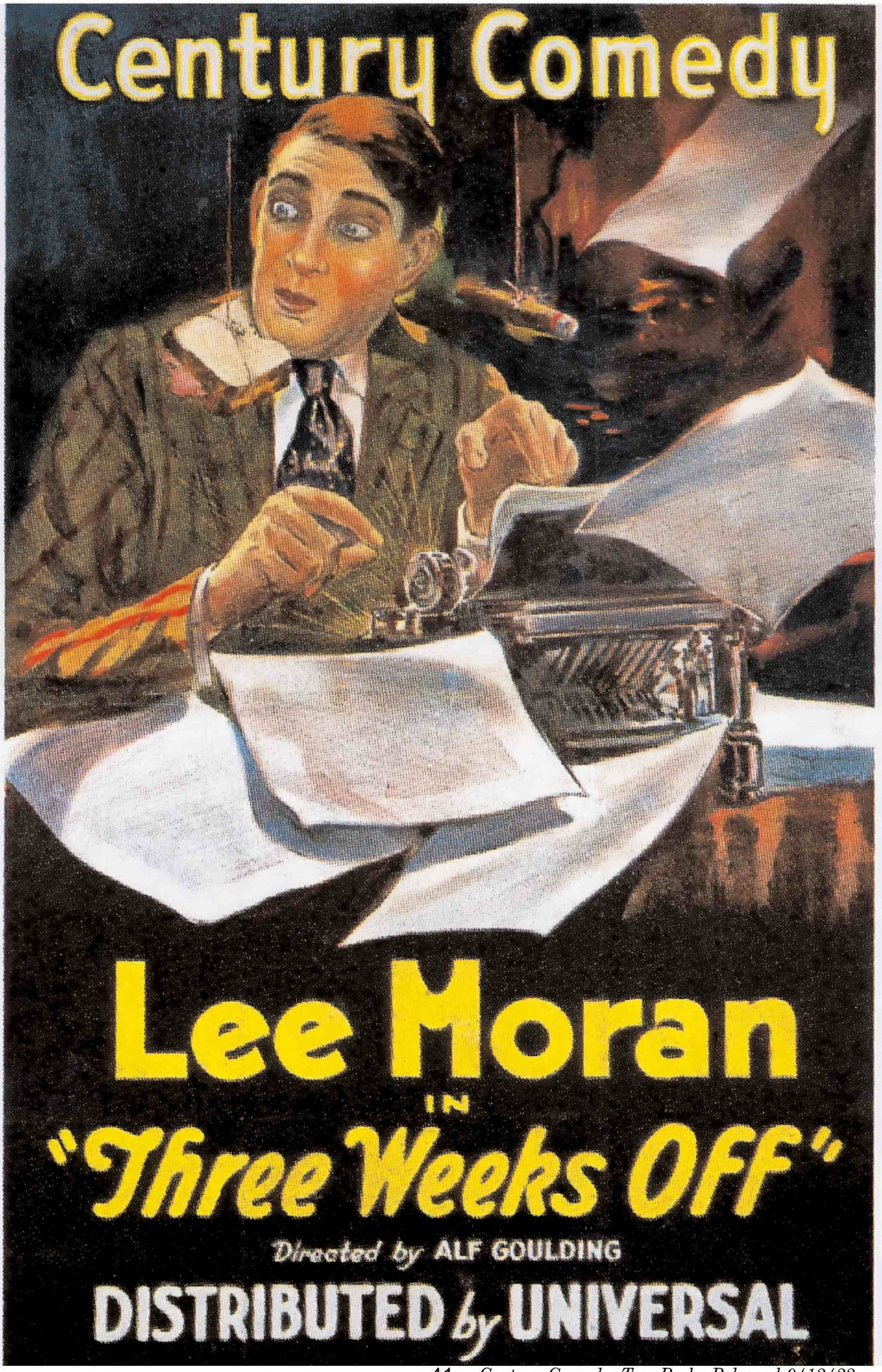
She and her mechanic were killed while making exhibition flights in Florida.

Bessie Coleman

(Send in a "Believe It or Leave It" to Eagle Sports Editor)

Bessie's special tricks section

FIGURE EIGHT
BARREL ROLL
VERTICLE CLIMB AND STALL
LOOP-THE-LOOP
CLOSE FLYBYS
PARACHUTTE JUMP
WING WALKING
TAILSPIN
INVERTED FLIGHT



41 *Century Comedy; Two Reels; Released 9/12/22 by Universal*

RANDOM CINEMA NOIZE

THE BIG *Parade of Shorts*

Little Brothers to the Big Ones
Never a dull show with M-G-M Product

Metro-*Goldwyn*-Mayer Pictures

SEASON OF 1927-28

The Greatest Short Feature Value Ever Offered By One Distributor In A Single Season

M·G·M *News*

OUR GANG *Comedies*

CHARLEY CHASE *Comedies*

MAX DAVIDSON *Comedies*

HAL ROACH *All Star Comedies*

M·G·M ODDITIES *produced by* UFA

M·G·M GREAT EVENTS *in Technicolor*

NEWS SERVICE

104 M-G-M NEWS	An eye for news that never closes. Issued twice weekly. Produced by William Randolph Hearst, ablest and best equipped news specialist in world. Backed by enormous resources of Metro-*Goldwyn*-Mayer. Speed. Efficiency. World organization. 104 ISSUES ODD ISSUE EVEN ISSUE	?

VARIETY REEL

25 M-G-M ODDITIES	Average Length, 750 Feet. Issued Every Other Week. Varieties. Oddities. Curiosities. Marvels of air, land and sea. Adventures. Explorations. Camera miracles. Gathered in all parts of world by special experts. New. Novel. Unique. Produced by U. F. A. Personally edited and titled by Major Edward Bowes.	5⁰⁰

GREAT EVENTS IN TECHNICOLOR

GREAT EVENTS IN TECHNICOLOR	Two Reels Each. Released bi-monthly. Great events and persons. Critical moments in the lives of nations and famous people. Betsy Ross. Buffalo Bill. Napoleon. Selected for dramatic and human interest values. Six reels of the thrills boiled down to 2,000 feet. Powerful casts. Well known players. The foremost scenarists and directors. Quality productions throughout. *All in Technicolor.*	10⁰⁰

40 HAL ROACH COMEDIES

10 HAL ROACH CHARACTER COMEDIES featuring MAX DAVIDSON	Two Reels Each. Direction Leo McCarey. Best comedy character actor on screen. Member of original cast "Abie's Irish Rose." Supported by capable, well-known players. Feature quality production.	7⁵⁰
10 HAL ROACH ALL STARS	Two Reels Each. Direction Fred Guiol. All the laughs of a feature length comedy duplicated in an eighteen minute show. Stan Laurel, Jimmy Finlayson, Viola Richard, Martha Sleeper. Comedy class.	10⁰⁰
10 HAL ROACH CHARLEY CHASE COMEDIES	Two Reels Each. Direction James Parrott. Most popular two-reel comedy star. A name to tie to. Consistent money maker. Gaining daily in popularity and prestige. Society comedies crammed with action.	10⁰⁰
10 HAL ROACH OUR GANG	Two Reels Each. Direction Robert McGowan Anthony Mack—Charles Oelze. "THE BIG PARADE" of Short Features.	12⁵⁰

SPECIAL SHORT FEATURES

TITLE, CAST AND DIRECTORS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

 MGM Shorts for exhibition programs as distributed to theater owners prior to the 1927 - 28 season.

Thelma Todd on the cover of Cinefilo, a Spanish fan magazine published in Lisbon. This is the edition for the 29th of October, 1932. The rear cover featured a nice glamour shot of Muriel Evans which we will also get to at some point.
Publisher's Collection

Online Collecting

Using Interweb Sources to Preserve the Past

This 1929 tabletop Atwater Kent radio cost a whopping fifteen bucks on FB Marketplace, which is substantially below the advertised original price of seventy-seven dollars. In 1929 money, that's the equivalent of $1500 today. Not a bad bargain for an item in decent shape.

Using the internet as a means of collecting can be a rewarding experience if you know how to read between the lines of an ad. It begins with knowing a bit about the item, the market and the probable condition relative to price.

This radio is very clean. The chassis gleams, the tubes are all there and the internal components are free of dust and other contaminates. All of that really means nothing, except that it was owned by someone who took excellent care of it. Before it can be plugged in, it has to be gone through and tested carefully with a multimeter. That means an investment of time and money.

Cosmetically, it has a few problems. The most glaring is the tear in the speaker cloth. a flaw that may be repairable where it is so close to the edge. People sometimes replace the cloth entirely, although that detracts from the value as the radio becomes less original. There is also the question of damage to the speaker below. They are paper and easily torn. This prospect can be increased if the speaker and radio have been improperly stored for a long period of time heat and/or moisture can both do their own kinds of damage.

A less obvious problem with this radio is that it has the wrong cover. It opens like a bread box and while it has an Atwater Kent top, it belongs to the wrong model. Because of this, my inclination is to preserve the battle scars along with the radio. I will get it running and preserve it in its current state as a survivor. With any luck it will require a minimal amount of electrical work to return it to everyday working condition. Fifteen dollars was an excellent price, even if it just sits on the shelf.

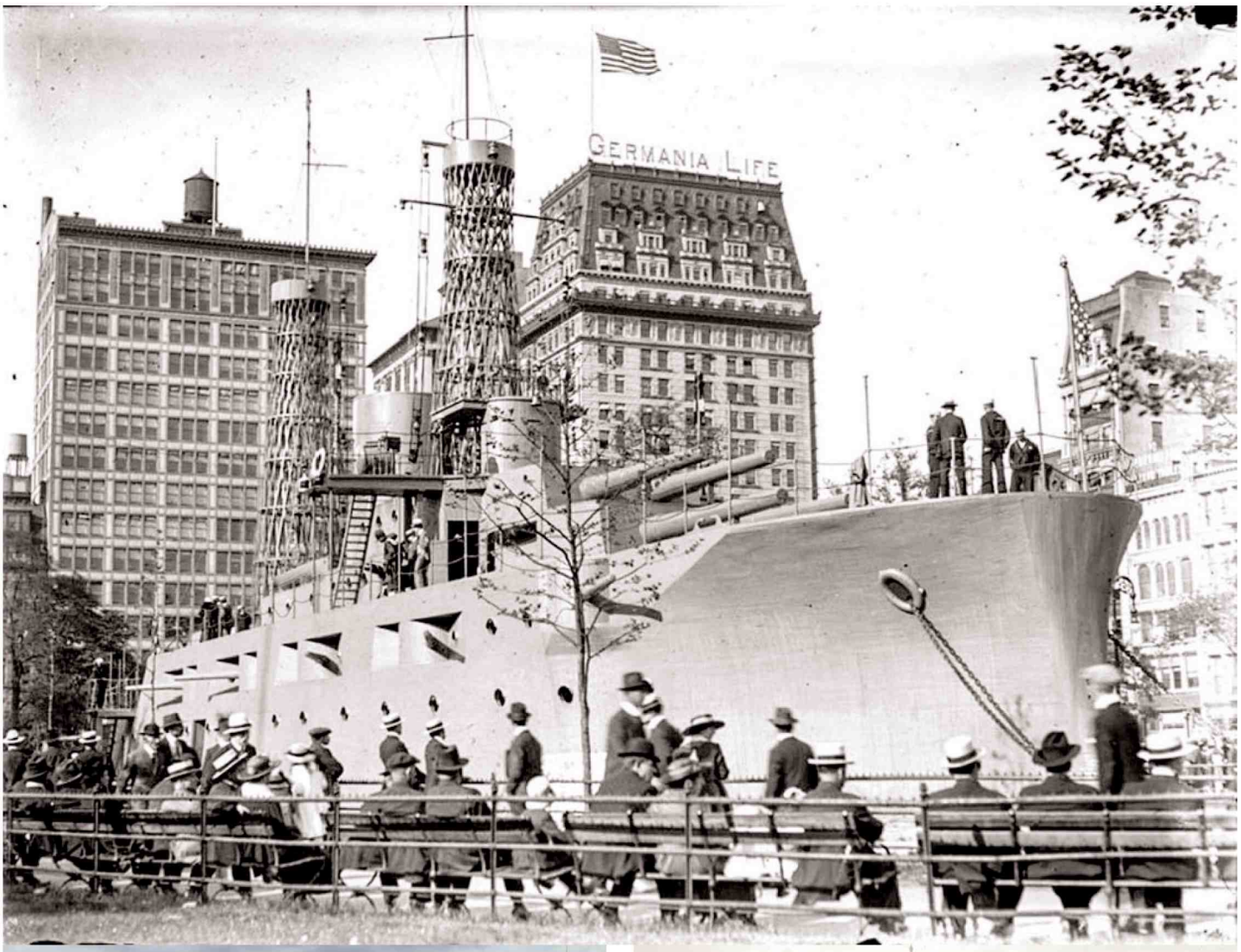
U.S.S. RECRUIT

A RECRUITMENT AND TRAINING SHIP IN THE MIDDLE OF N.Y.C

Built in 1917 in New York City's Union Square, the U.S.S. Recruit served as an enlistment tool of the US Navy until March of 1920. Made entirely of wood and measuring nearly 200 feet in length and 40 feet wide, she carried a compliment of 39 crew and several officers. Equipped with a wireless station, officer's quarters, cabins and medical clinic, the Recruit functioned as a fully commissioned, land based vessel. Her regular routine started each morning at 6:00 AM and closely resembled that of her seagoing counterparts.

She had been built to boost recruitment numbers in the city leading up to and through the involvement of the United States in the First World War. For the year 1916 New York City Mayor John P. Mitchell had pledged to recruit 2,000 new sailors for the war enlistment effort, but failed to sign even 900 volunteers. It amounted to a significant embarrassment for the Mayors Office. As a response and in an effort to bring those numbers up substantially, a scheme was devised to build a land-locked battleship in the heart of the city replete with a dummy smoke stack, conning towers and turret guns. She was built from the waterline up to give the appearance of a floating structure. The Vessel was officially "launched" and commissioned on May 30th, 1917, Her Captain was C. F. Pierce and she staffed by crew from the Newport Training Station.

The U.S.S. Recruit hosted a number of public events beginning in September of 1917 and over the course of her nearly three year history she enlisted 25,000 men in the US navy. So successful was her mission that in 1920 plans were laid to disassemble her and move the entire structure over to Coney Island's Luna Park as a semi permanent Naval Recruitment center. In the end, the costs associated with so doing proved to be prohibitive and the various preserved materials were likely parted out to other jobs, ending the story of one of the most unique historical curiosities of Manhattan.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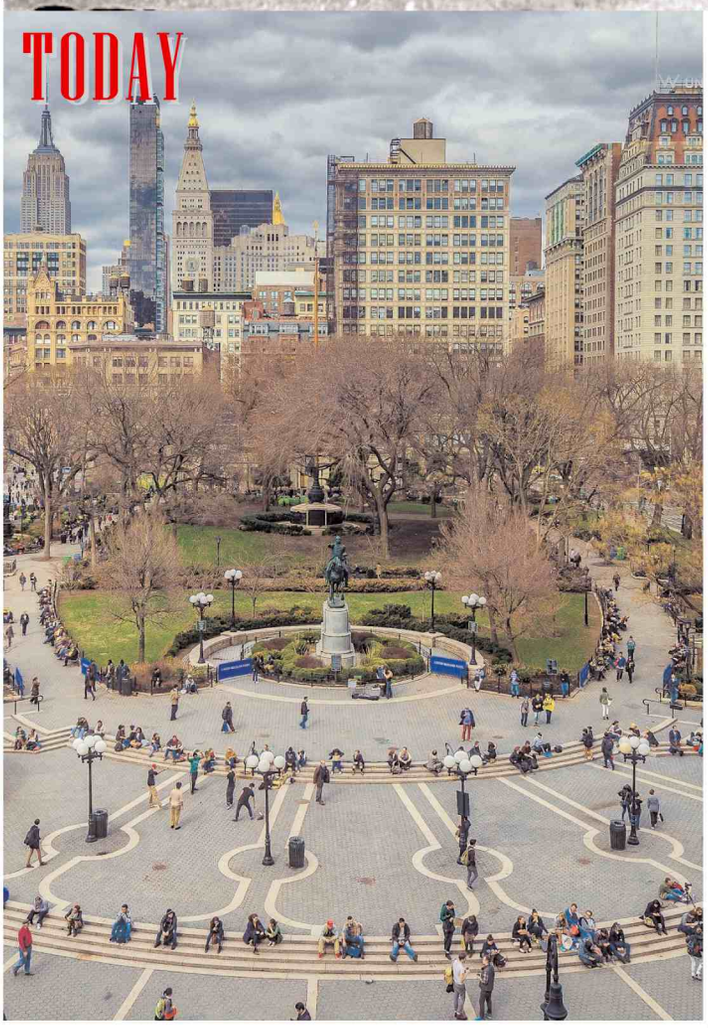
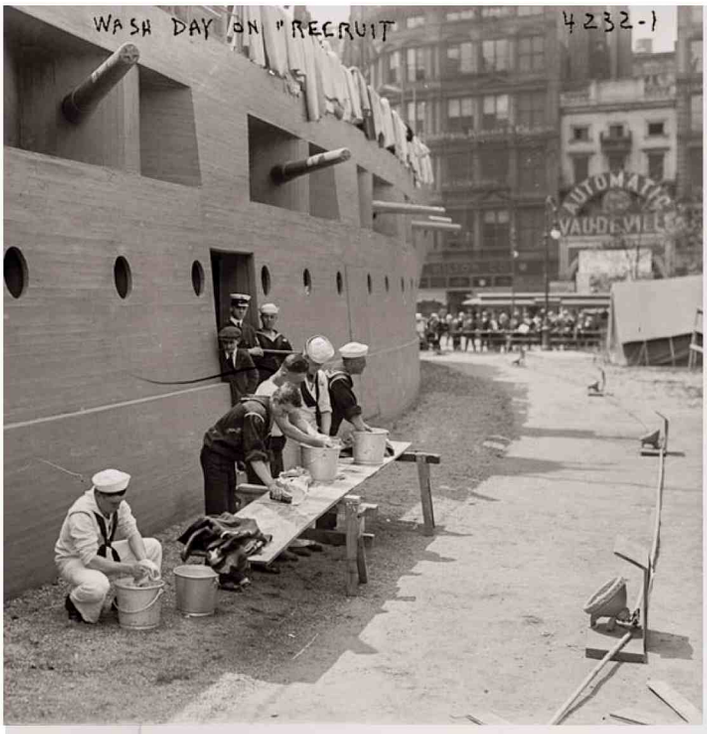
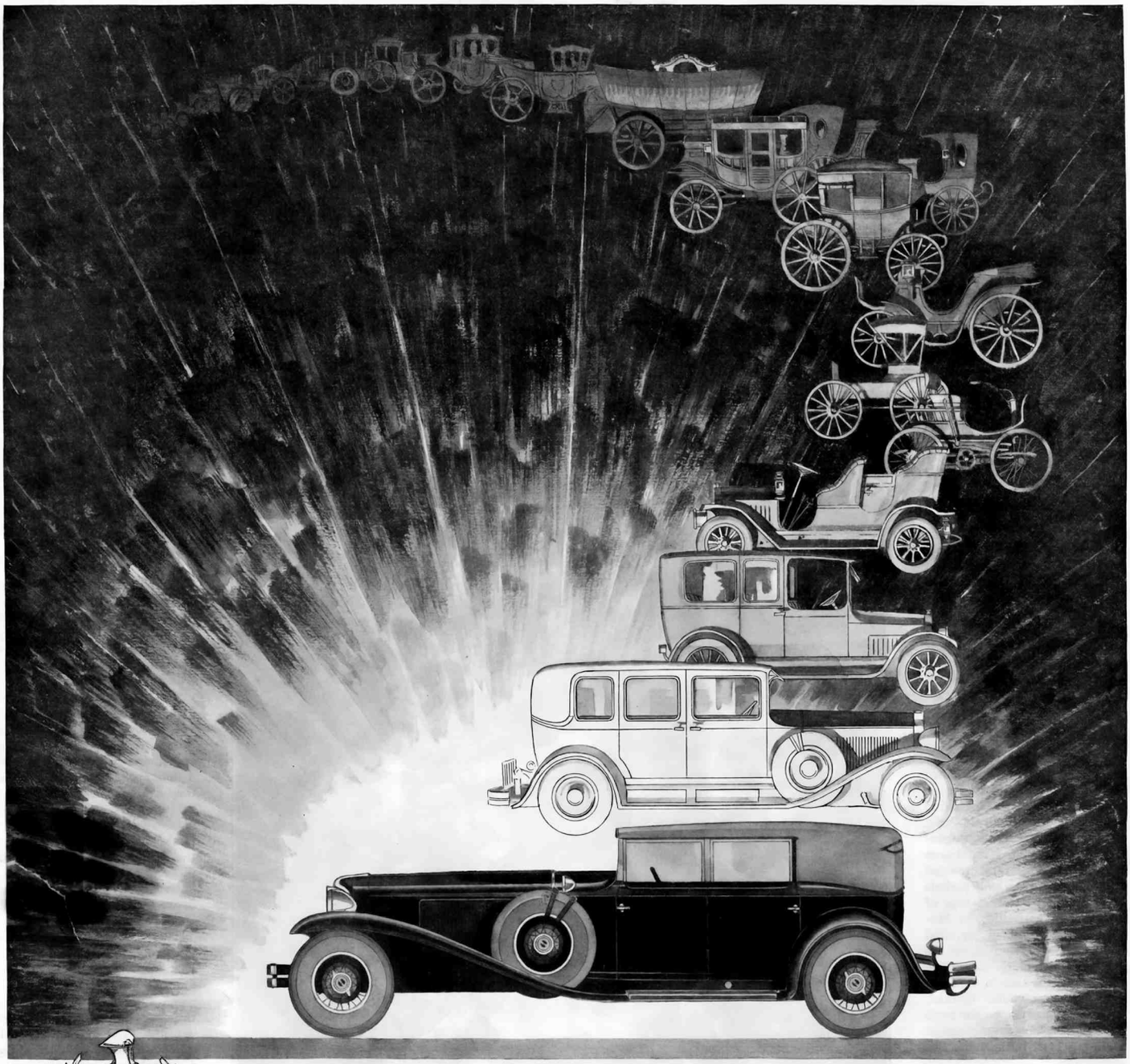

TODAY

1917


WASH DAY ON "RECRUIT
4232-1
AUTOMATIC
VAUDEVILLE

WASH DAY ON "RECRUIT"



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UKULELE CRAZY

A Celebration of the World's Happiest Little Instrument

This is a recurring column dedicated to the memory of my late friend Ray Masters (aka Ukulele Ray). Some of you may remember him as Shari Han, host of the Las Vegas convention of the Sons of the Desert, the International Laurel and Hardy Appreciation Society. With each edition a short history of some aspect of America's infatuation with the Ukulele will be presented followed by a piece of sheet music with ukulele arrangement. I hope Ray would approve. ~D.S.

With the Panama-Pacific Exhibition of 1915, our cultural fascination with the ukulele began in earnest. At that event, held in San Francisco, a group of Hawaiian musicians performed. Among them some of the island's best ukulele players. Visitors to the exhibition fell in love with just about all things Polynesian. So, began the first American uke craze which would last into the early 1930s.

The roots of the Ukulele go back to 19th century Portugal where the instrument was known as a "Machete" or "Braguinha." During the 1890s, immigrants, mainly from Madeira Island, brought the small, four-stringed instrument to Hawaii where the native population fell in love with and adopted the uke, making it almost entirely their own. Additionally, they gave the instrument the name by which we all know it: ukulele, which translates to "jumping flea." According to the most popular explanation, the name is a commentary on the way the fingers fly across the fretboard.

During the late teens twenties the ukulele would find its way into jazz bands and vaudeville acts, college dorms and main street America. Ukulele social groups formed and uke camps sprang up during the summer months. The easy-to-play, little instrument became almost as much of a sensation on the mainland as it was in its adoptive Pacific island homeland. The ukulele had arrived in the public consciousness and would never leave it completely. Though its popularity would fade and reemerge throughout the twentieth century, and continues to do so, it remains the most accessible stringed instrument - and the most joyful.

An unidentified group of girls pose with their ukuleles during the mid-nineteen-twenties. While it is unlikely that these girls are actually players (none of the finger positions make much sense), such groups were common at the time - as they are today.

Some important variants emerged in the 1920s. Combining the uke and the banjo produced the very banjolele. The original form of the uke was the Soprano - also the smallest in size. As players began looking for a more substantial breadth of tone, the Tenor uke was developed. This trend continued into the 30s and 40s with the further development of the Concert and Baritone ukes.

Turnings also vary. The most commonly accepted tuning for the Soprano, Tenor and Concert uke is G-C-E-A while the Baritone is usually tuned much like the top four strings of a standard guitar using D-G-B-E. There are other differences between the types of uke, but I'll leave those for future installments.

So popular was the ukulele during the twenties that much of the sheet music sold had both piano and uke arrangements. One not need to read music to use interpret the necessary chords as they appear above the vocal line in diagram form. Sometimes the chord name appears next to the form. That is not the case with this first installment. In this arrangement, just the forms appear. If you cannot read music, the melody may be difficult to pick out. However, there are versions on YouTube to help and I can think of no better piece of sheet music to begin this series than one co-written by Charley Chase. "Down on the Farm."

Clara Bow in a publicity still from "Hula" (Paramount; 8/27/1927)

DOWN ON THE FARM

(THEY ALL ASK FOR YOU)

BY BILLY DALE,
CHARLES PARROTT,
JIMMY ADAMS AND
HARRY HARRISON

WITH
UKELELE
ARRANGEMENT

PUBLISHED BY
SKIDMORE MUSIC CO. Inc.
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MUSIC PUBLISHERS
COR. BROADWAY & 47th STREET
New York.

MADE IN U.S.A.

TUNE
Thus
G C E A

THE UKE I LOVE

If tuned otherwise than C these Ukelele positions can be used, but with voice only.

Down On The Farm

(They All Ask For You)

By BILLY DALE, CHARLES PARROTT,
JIMMY ADAMS & HARRY HARRISON

Moderato

Vamp

p

Basso marcato

Reu - ben, Reu - ben was a hick — Went to see the ci - ty—
Reu - ben read what Sal - ly wrote — But it had him guess - ing

mp

Sal - ly was a farm - er's chick — She was dumb but pret - ty—
Won - der'd why the Bil - ly goat — Did - n't send his bless - ing

Sighed for Reu - ben night and day — Won - der'd why he stayed a - way
Took his pen and wrote right back — 'How a - bout the old Duck's quack?'

Arranged for the Ukelele by "Dick" Konter

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International Copyright Secured *All Rights Reserved*

In each note that Sal - ly wrote Here's what she would say:
Sal - ly said, "The poor thing's dead And a - las, a - lack:
Chorus
Down on the farm They all feel blue Ev - 'ry day, while
p-f
you're a - way They all ask for you Sis - ter and
Maw Broth - er and Paw E - ven the mule with his

old Hee Haw Hec - tor the pup Since he's grown
up He keeps ask - ing, too Oh! the
chick - ens AND the cows AND The hor - ses in - qui - re
Down on the farm, They all ask for you. you.
1
2
fz

BE POPULAR!

ALWAYS the life of the party, the center of attraction, is the girl with the Ukulele. Whether you choose the native melodies of the "Paradise of the Pacific" or the latest songs from Broadway, this fascinating little instrument lends them a haunting sweetness that lingers in the memory.

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Investigate Today

The Hawaiian Institute of Music

145 WEST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK

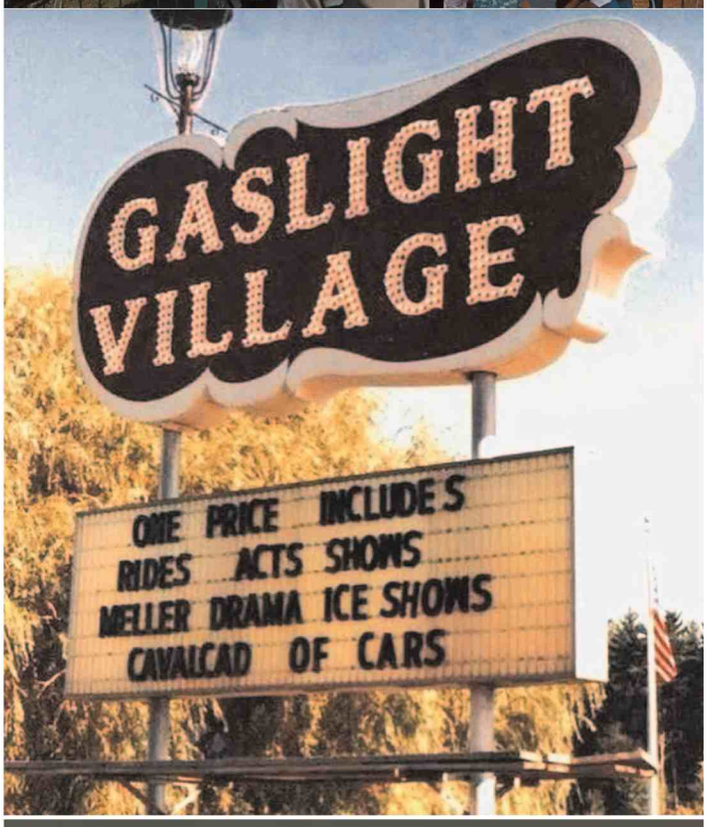
GASLIGHT VILLAGE

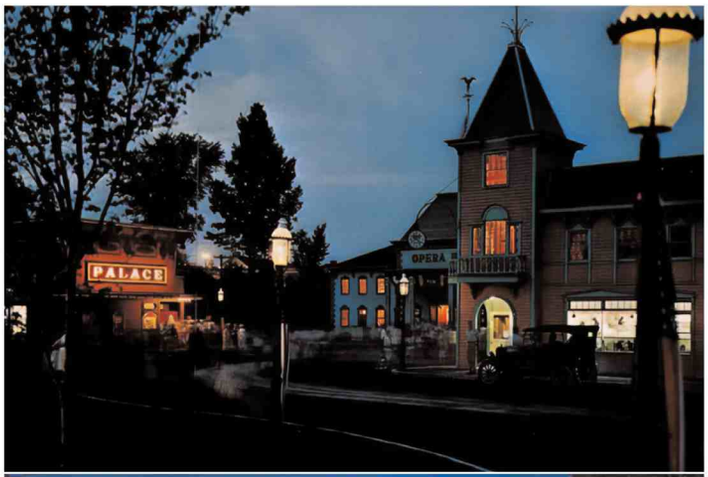
AN UPSTATE NEW YORK FAMILY FAVORITE OF THE 1950'S AND '60'S

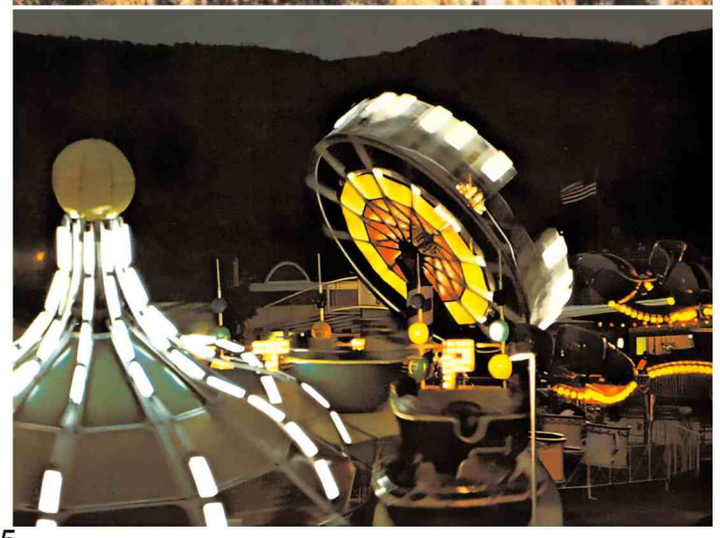
For any family who spent their Summers in Upstate New York, Lake George was a must-stop. Storytown, Frontier Town, the Lake George Steamboat Company and dozens of little motels and cabin complexes invited tourist families to spend their time and money in one of the prettiest locations in New York. For any kid in love with the past, however, there was only one reason to go to Lake George and that was Gaslight Village.

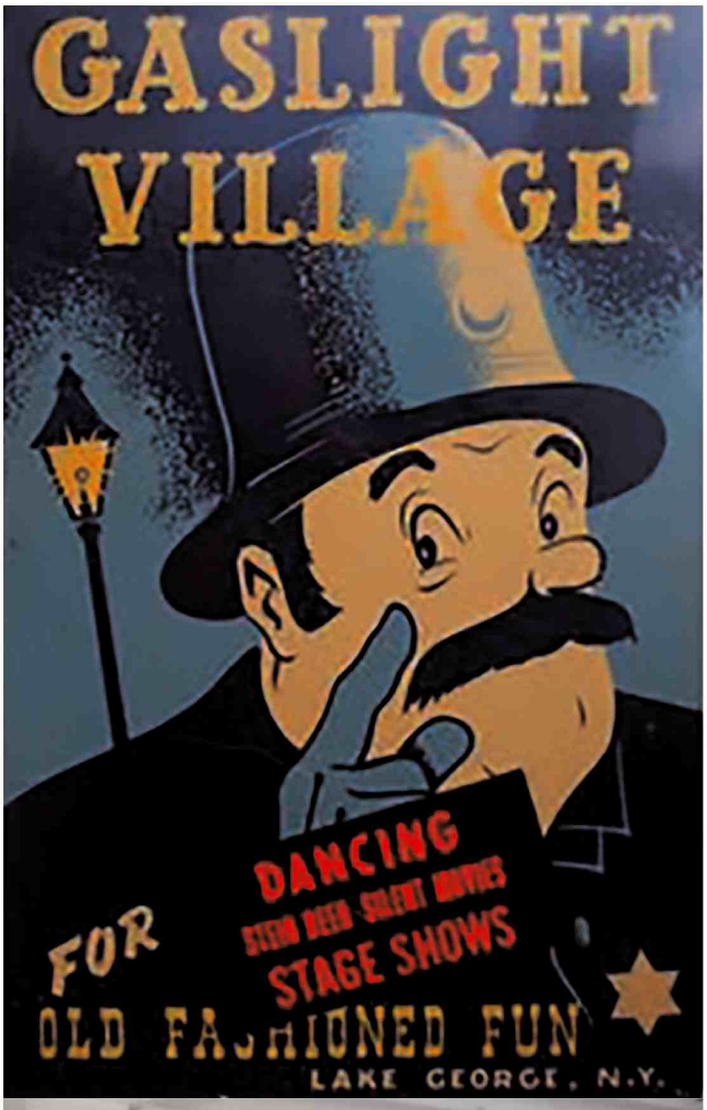
Amusement rides, live entertainment at the Opera House, Keystone Kops on the beat, antique cars, early twentieth century music from ragtime to hot jazz - Gaslight Village had it going on, as the young folks like to say. It was inimitable and irreplaceable and proves it every summer by its absence.

We didn't know how good we had it. The place was there for every tourist season of our childhood. It is now a place you visit in a museum exhibit or in an online tribute. Nothing more than a collection of relics from a period currently known as mid-century modern. So, for many of those who did not experience the place first-hand, the balance of this pictorial piece will be little more than a brochure for a ghost town. For those who did visit Gaslight Village, I hope it revives some pleasant memories.

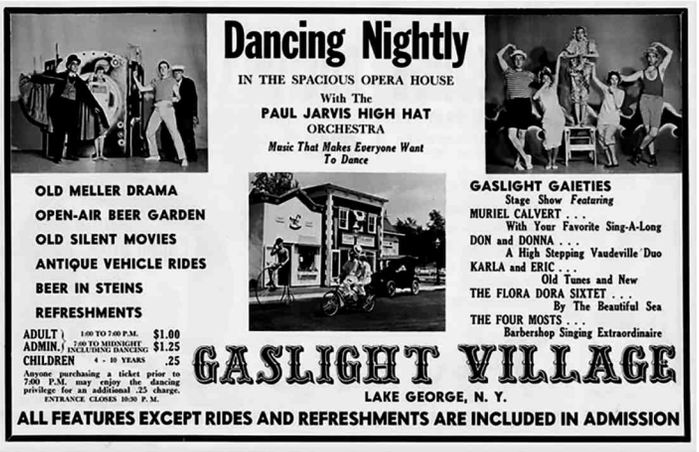


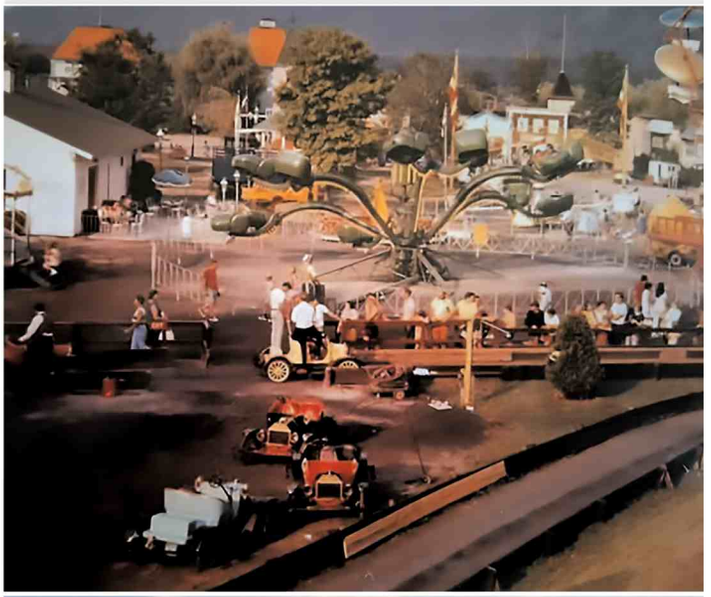


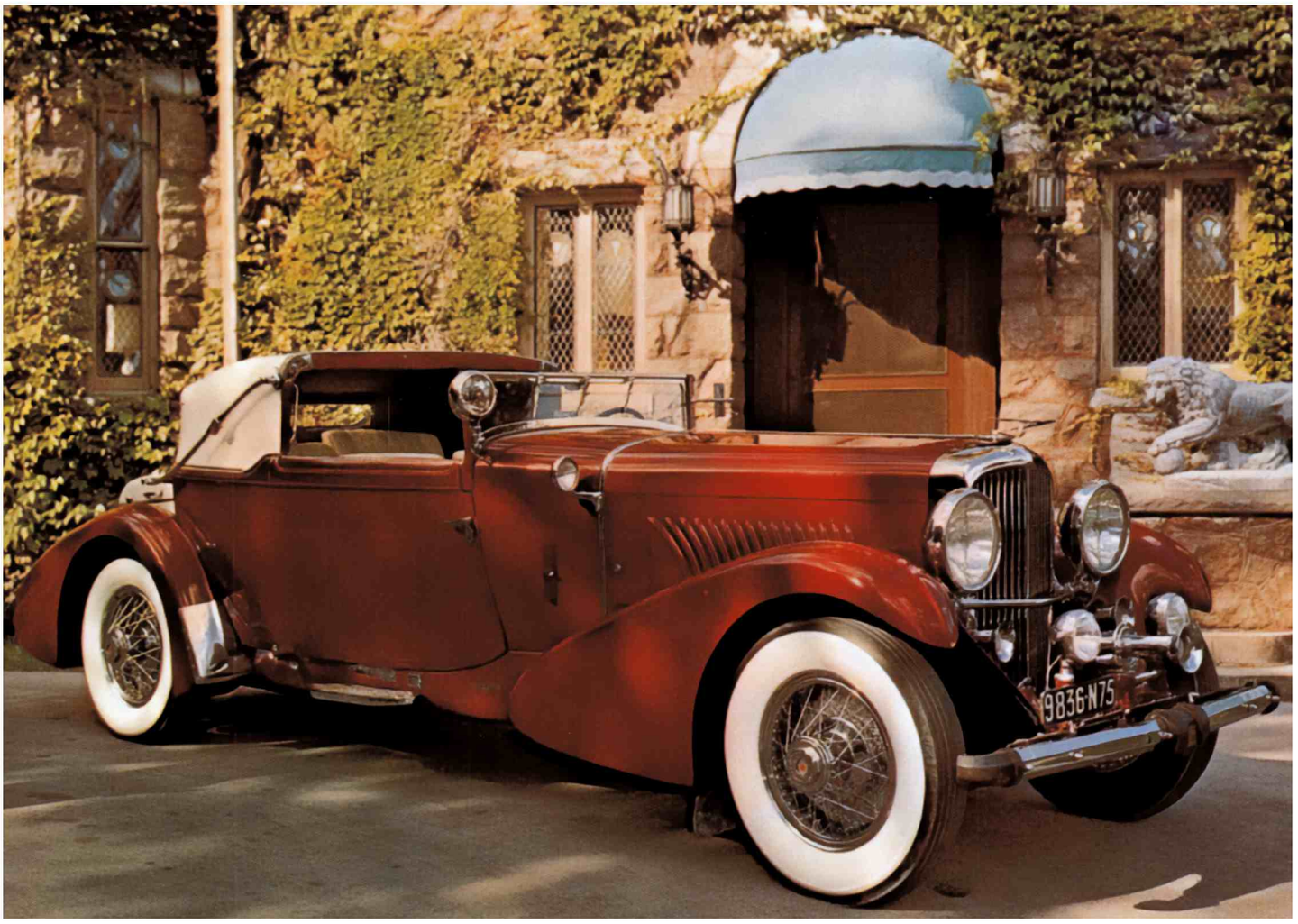




"King of the Banjo" Warren Boden with his four-string tenor banjo.

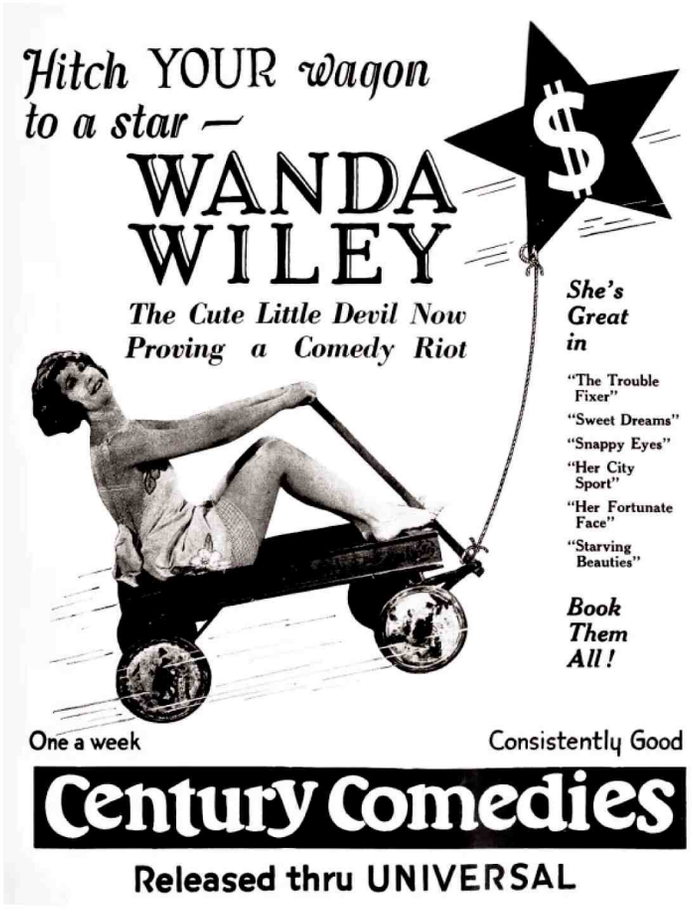


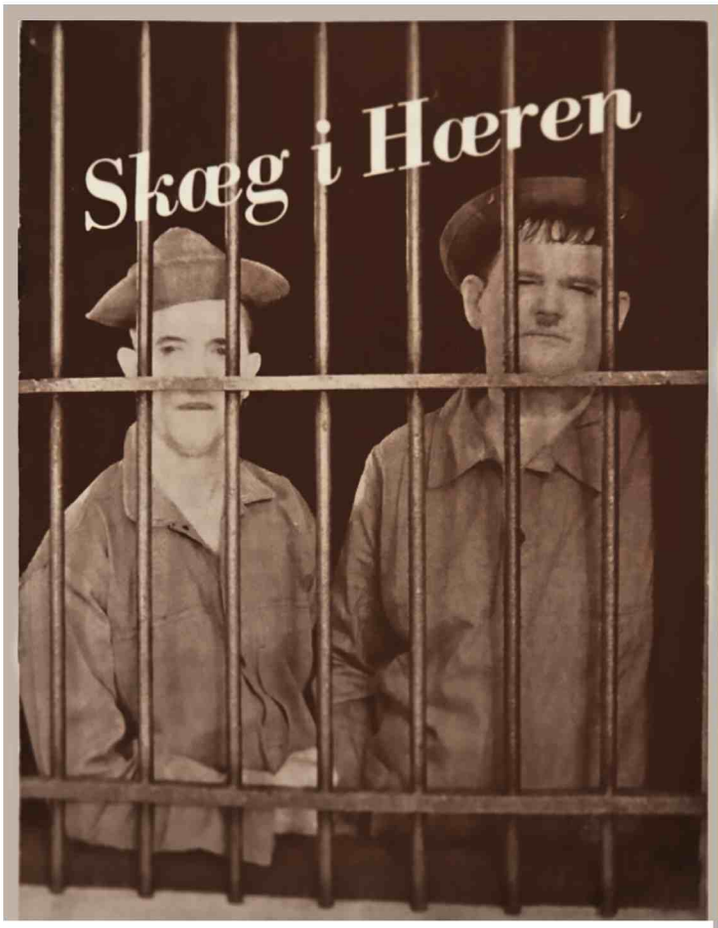




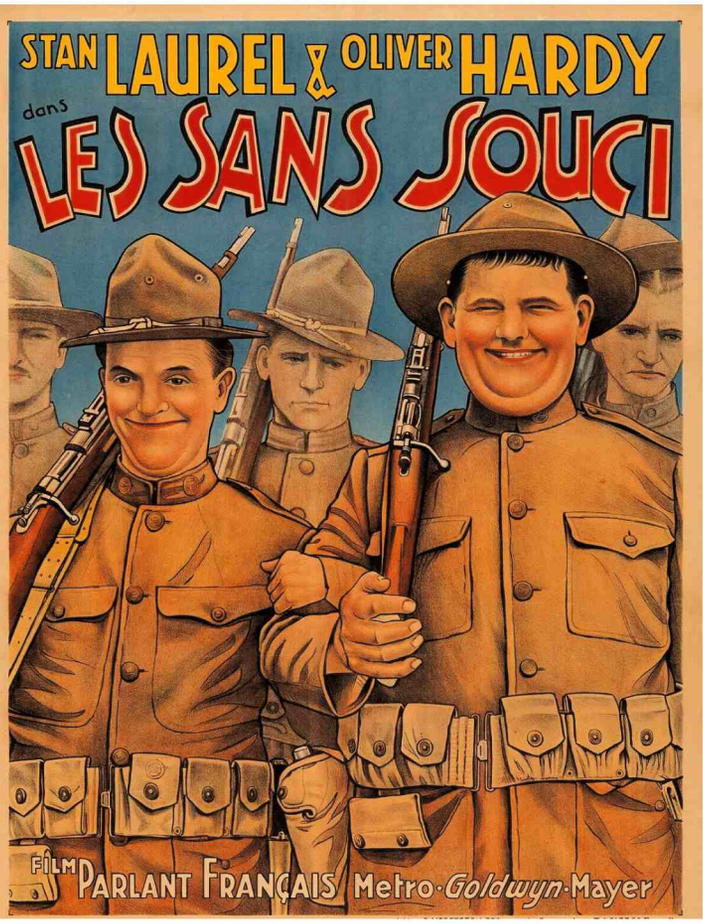
Greta Garbo's 1933 Dusenberg Model J convertible about the time it was displayed as the centerpiece of the Cavalcade of Cars exhibit at Gaslight Village.

PRETTY AS A TWO-REEL PICTURE ~ WANDA WILEY





Cover of an original Danish film program.



French reproduction poster widely available on eBay.

Between takes, Babe checks his phone for the latest race results from Santa Anita while the rest of the crew look on.

"HOPE, I don't like you...and you're a lousy actor. I'm goin' to find my knife...and when I do, you'll do the scene the way I want it done!"

"What did I do with that Goddamned knife?"

"When I find that knife I'll fix his ass. So he can't ad-lib, eh? Can't work around a weak script, huh?"

"HA! I've got my knife, Hope! Have a care you dim-witted English bastard"