

We Fly!

(by John Fales)

The art of flying is becoming more and more popular each year. Yet even today the aviator is veiled in clouds of mystery and romance. A careful study of his work will possibly rob it of some of its mystery, but the romance will always remain.

I, as an ordinary business man, had always regarded flying as a sport or profession which required an ability beyond the average. Believing that countless men and women are of the same opinion, is directly responsible for the creation of these articles, which will deal with the simplicity of flying.

It is not possible to learn to fly without actual experience, but the layman will find herein undeniable aid to a quicker understanding.

First Day

On Saturday, Aug. 19, after work, I drove out to Sky Harbor airport, determined to learn to fly. Upon my arrival there I met the manager, Mr. Staple. He is a veteran pilot. "I want to learn, to fly," I stated, fearlessly.

"You have come to the right place," he answered. "Ever fly?" "I have flown four times as a passenger, and I'm nertz about it."

And so I was enrolled in the school.

Next, I wanted to meet and learn something about my instructor, Vincent C. Taylor, the chief instructor at Sky Harbor. Like most famous fliers of today, Mr. Taylor received his training during the World War. Later he became instructor at Central Flying School, Whittinger, England. For the past four years he has been chief instructor at Sky Harbor. The boys at his hangar call him "Shorty."

All of this information was of great importance to me. You can readily see that faith and confidence in your instructor is a great help in learning to fly.

What originally brought me to Sky Harbor was its nearness to my home. And that's important. Today, time is valuable, even to a student of aviation. The flying field is only four miles west of Glencoe on the Dundee Road. That's about from 5 to 15 minutes from anywhere along the North Shore.

I wanted to get started at once, and that's just what happened. I had vague ideas of nerve-racking tests which I must pass before the first flight. Don't you believe a word of it. There is a medical examination which I will take up later, but it was possible for me to take my first flight at once.

Before I knew it they had me strapped in the front cockpit of an American Eaglette monoplane. The plane is powered with a 3 cylinder, 38-horse, air cooled Szekely motor. It's a sweet little craft and the expense is exceedingly low.

Shorty Taylor, my instructor, had placed my feet "lightly" on the rudder bar (it's just like a kid's wagon you steer with your feet), my right hand "gently-firmly" not "rigidly" holding the stick (looks like a broom stick standing on end), and my left hand on my knee to keep it out of mischief. He was seated behind me with a set of controls hooked to mine. The propeller was already biting the air to the rhythmic bark of the motor. I was just to follow the movements of the controls on this first flight. All set?

The motor roared. We taxied straight into the wind gaining speed, more speed. The stick moved forward. The tail lifted. More speed. The stick was moving back toward me. Then I sensed a buoyant, soaring feeling. We were in the air. My excitement was beyond description. We traveled in a straight line, continually gaining altitude. After a few minutes the stick was brought forward to neutral, the motor quieted, and the ship settled into level flight. Suddenly, simultaneously, the stick was thrust to the left and the left pedal pushed forward. The plane tipped left as we turned in that direction. I hung on for dear life.

"Hey, don't freeze the controls," came from Shorty. I snapped out of it but I sure got a scare. We sailed along smoothly again.

"We are in level flight." The stick and rudder were in the neutral position. The horizon was right in line with the nose of the plane. "Now I'll nose down." The stick went forward and the nose dropped. "Climb." The stick moved backwards and the nose came up. "Left turn." As before, the stick moved left and the left rudder bar forward, at the same time. Not so bad this time, I was ready. "Right turn." The stick moved right, right rudder bar forward. Still better, I knew what to expect. These simple maneuvers were repeated several times. Gee, I feel as though I could do this myself.

"Look at the field where we are going to glide down for a landing." Field? I had lost all sense of direction. Finally, I located it. We slid down to a landing where the take-off started, headed in the same direction. "Gee, that was great." I said. And then, "What are all these clocks and dials for, Shorty, and when do I solo, and . . ."

"Say fledge, take it slow, you'll learn all about it when the time comes."

Second Day

"How goes it, Hawk?" kidded Mr. Staple, as I dashed into the club house this afternoon.

"Great. Nothing to it," I bragged. "Where is Shorty?" Mr. Staple pointed out on the field. Shorty had just landed and was talking to a student. Grabbing a helmet and goggles, I started for the plane. ". . . And get your tail down." Shorty finished, dismissing the student.

I was in my cockpit in a jiffy. Roar, speed, tail up, that buoyant sensation, steady climb: I followed the movement of the controls. For the first ten minutes, we repeated the maneuvers of yesterday. I was at perfect ease. The tense excited feeling of yesterday was gone. I hoped for a chance at the controls. Shorty must have read my thoughts, because . . .

"Okay fledge, you got it." The suddenness of it all unnerved me. I wanted to shout back, "I don't want it," but I wouldn't do that. I sat rigidly gripping the stick as though it were poison. Then . . .

"Nose up." Jerkily, I pulled the stick toward me. Correspondingly, the nose rose above the horizon. "Slower, smoother, got the jitters?" Next, "All right, nose down." I pushed the stick forward. The nose dropped below the horizon. Ah, not so bad, I . . . "Left wing is low." My eyes shot left, then right. Yes it was low. I moved the stick right, too far, right wing low, left a little. There, now it's level. Gosh, that stick is sensitive. I continued the "ups" and "downs" several times, improving each time.

"Left turn." I thought a second, then cautiously I moved the stick left at the same time applying left rudder. The plane banked, turned left, but it did not seem correct. It felt as though we were sliding down sideways. "Too much stick." I brought the stick back a little, then the rudder to neutral and level flight.

"Right turn." Stick right, pressure on right rudder bar, easy now. Now what? We must be skidding, great guns. "Less rudder." I did, fearfully. Confound it, was I weakening. I tried four more turns, each needed correction. Shorty took the controls and I followed the landing.

"Want to solo?" Shorty asked, stepping out.

"Nope," weakly.

"Now, don't get down. You did darn well for the first time. Tomorrow, you'll make those turns, eyes shut."

Third Day

I arrived today to find my Eaglette in the repair shop. Gee, I thought, no flying today, but my disappointment was short-lived. Mr. Staple had another plane of the same make, all ready for me.

Today, I was more determined to shake the feeling of uncertainty I had at the close of the last lesson. And I did. After our landing, if Shorty would have allowed me, I would have tried a solo.

Hold everything—I'm ahead of my story!

Shorty and I were soon in the air, and sufficient altitude had been gained for me to take the controls.

Worse luck—my space is all used. Meet me here next week. Any questions? Let's have them.

Margaret Johnson a Water Carnival Victor

Due to an error the name of Margaret Johnson was omitted from the list of winners in the water carnival held at Central Avenue bathing beach on Aug. 16.

Margaret, who is seven years old, took first place in the free style for girls under twelve and took third place in the free style open swim for all girls.

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Cosmopolitan Opera Company Postpones Performances Here

The North Shore's early autumn attempt at grand opera has been interrupted, with the announcement that the second and third performances of the Cosmopolitan Opera Company have been indefinitely postponed. No word of explanation has been forthcoming as to why the postponement was made.

The Cosmopolitan Opera Company, formed a few months ago from the remnants of the Chicago Civic and Ravinia troupes, presented "Carmen" Wednesday of last week to a small audience at the auditorium of the Deerfield-Shields High School in Highland Park. A double bill was in prospect for Wednesday night of this week, with "Madame Butterfly" announced for next week.

The cast of the opera Wednesday night of last week consisted of Luigi Ruffino, Carl Former, Kai de Vermond, Wilfred Engelman, Irene Payloska, Dorothy Herman, Aida Ventos, Mari Barova, Carlo Hatvary, Dino Bagalli was the conductor and Bernard Castor the stage manager.

Fall Schedule For Deerfield Churches

Rev. E. J. Brusio will read the Labor Sunday message of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America as part of the morning worship service on Sunday, when the full schedule of church services begin at the Bethlehem Evangelical Church.

Dr. W. F. Weir will have as his subject on Sunday "The Church's Contribution to the Labor Problem," at the worship service of the Deerfield Presbyterian Church. The regular church choir will again be on duty after a month's vacation. An additional musical treat will be the young girls' orchestra which will have seven members.

Red Cross Suburban Groups Will Meet On Tuesday In Chicago

To make Red Cross plans for the winter, a meeting of suburban groups has been called for all day Tuesday, Sept. 12, at the Chicago Chapter, American Red Cross. The manager of the chapter, James T. Nicholson, will outline the plans for the coming winter.

So that the delegates may inspect the conversion, trading, warehousing and distributing of garments from the raw cotton (which Congress had the U. S. Farm Board Cotton Stabilization corporation transfer to the Red Cross) there will be personally conducted tours through the central cotton production rooms where volunteers are making garments; and through the cotton distributing center and warehouses, where requisitions from case workers in the accredited family relief agencies are being filled. Several delegates are expected from Lake Forest, Highland Park and other neighboring suburbs.

Local Soccer Team To Play Strong Chicago Squad Here On Sunday

Followers of the game of soccer will be interested to know that the local Gonella team, formerly of the Fourth Division of the International Soccer league, has been elected to compete in the Second Division as a reward for its remarkable showing during the past season.

The local booters will open the 1933-34 championship season against the strong First German Club of Chicago. This game will be played next Sunday at Highland Park (Lincoln School Field) starting at 3 p.m.

Manager Donald S. Bruce, old wizard of the game, has developed a very valuable team and expects to carry the Gonellas through a successful season.

Highwood Alderman Dies In Hospital In Chicago Last Week

Frank C. Weinacht, an alderman of the first ward in Highwood, died Wednesday morning of last week at the Billings Memorial Hospital in Chicago after a short illness. He was 59 years old.

Mr. Weinacht, who had a year more to serve on the Highwood city council, was taken to the hospital Tuesday morning of last week, after a serious illness had developed. He had been in ill health for some time. Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon from the home, 448 Waukegan Avenue, Highwood, and burial was in Mt. Olive Cemetery.

Mr. Weinacht was in the plumbing business in Highwood. His place on the city council will probably not be filled until the next city election in April, 1934.

Mail Carrying Job To Fort Sheridan Is Open

Sealed bids for carrying the United States mail between the Fort Sheridan and Highland Park depots of the Chicago and North Western Railway to the post office at Fort Sheridan must be sent to that office before September 15.

Proposals must be made at a yearly rate for the service each way between the stations and the post office. Complete information regarding this may be obtained from the Fort Sheridan post office.

Rifle, Pistol Club Granted a Charter

The Highland Park Rifle and Pistol Club, Highland Park, has been granted a charter by the National Rifle Association, according to announcement at the headquarters of the association here in Washington, D.C. The club has a charter membership of 21.

The officers of the new club are James Butterworth, president; Karl Saib, vice-president; Sture Johnson, secretary-treasurer, and Wilson Richardson, executive officer.

The club is one of about 2800 active rifle and pistol shooting clubs affiliated with the National Rifle Association.

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