

THE OBSERVER'S COMMUNITY PAGE

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With the Colors

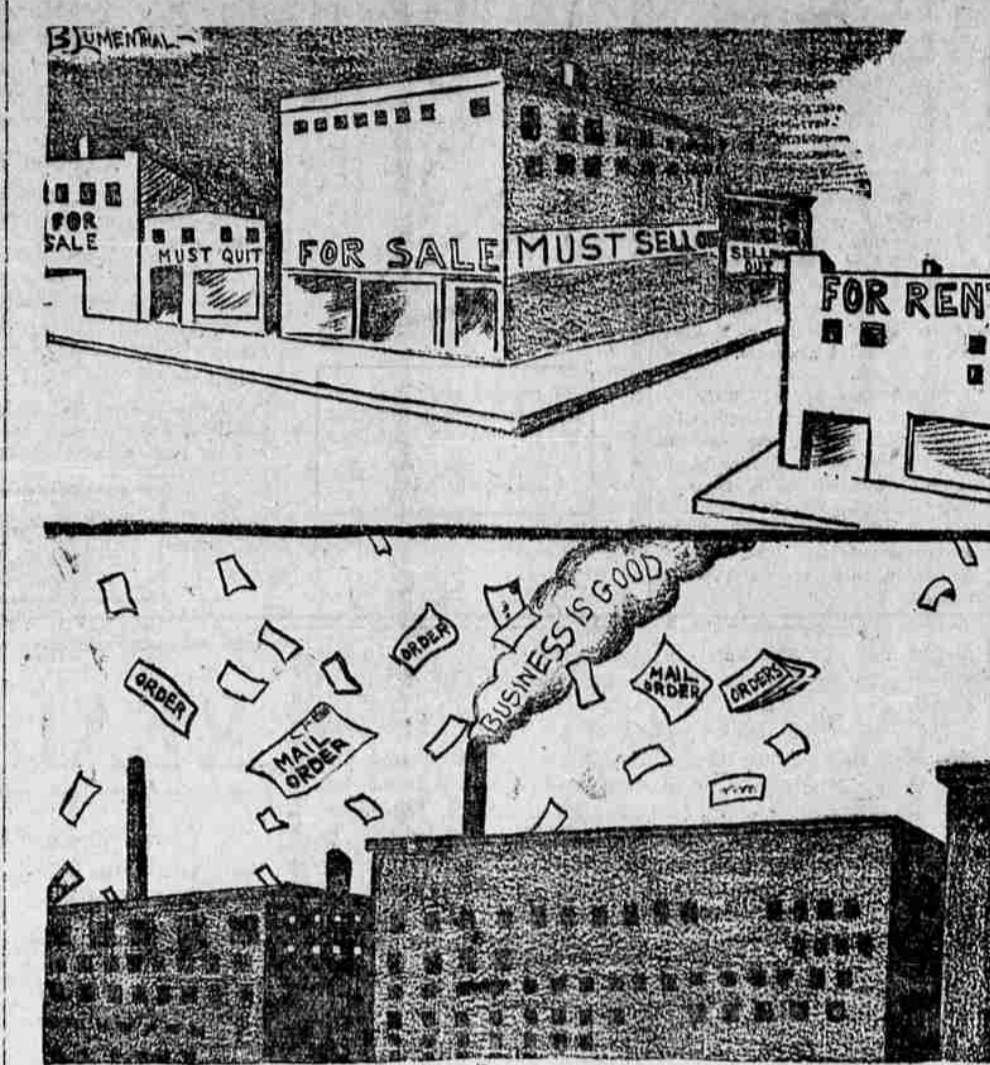
Dr. Joe Ingle, Aviator. (Extracts from letters of Dr. J. L. Ingle telling of his first trips in the air.)

Of course you want to know all about how it felt up in the air and how I liked it. First I will say that it is the greatest sport in the world. I "love it," and can hardly wait until tomorrow to go up again.

On my first trip I got into the machine with the instructor and he said: "You needn't pay any attention to the controls. Just look around the country and have a good time. I will give you a joy-ride, but after this trip it will be all work and no sight-seeing." So I got in and we surely did have a joy-ride. We glided along, climbing higher and higher all the time. At first the objects on the ground seemed to fly past at a great rate, but as we got higher they seemed to be almost still and aside from the wind in our faces we didn't seem to be moving very fast. The mountains that form the skyline from our island seemed to sink into the ground. We could see the high ranges far to the east, the hills in Mexico, the city of San Diego, Coronado Beach, and North Island get smaller and smaller. It is remarkable

how objects and distances change in size at high altitudes. Coronado, which is laid out in perfect squares, looked like a checker-board. Our island, which is three miles long by one and a half miles wide looked like a rather small spot to land on from there but we hit it all right. We were up probably thirty minutes on our first trip, coming down in what is called a spiral. The instructor turned off his engine and we glided to earth without using it again. A spiral is what the name indicates—a coming down in a corkscrew dive and leveling off near the ground. We tipped the plane at an angle of 55 degrees and turned round and round going down all the time. It was a peculiar sensation. There was no tendency to fall inward as we were going around so fast that the centrifugal force held us in our seats in the same way that a rock is held in a slingshot. The earth, instead of being under us, seemed to be at the side. Of course that was because we have always looked for the earth to be in a position at right angles to the long axis of our bodies.

We landed all right and the instructor asked me how I liked it. I said, "Fine!" and I did. I did not



CAUSE AND EFFECT!

The picture tells the story and it really is not necessary to write a word to convey the artist's meaning.

Glance at the lower portion of this illustration and you have the CAUSE, then raise your eyes a trifle and you have the EFFECT. We decide the future of our town.

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HAYNES—

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feel at all nervous or uneasy during the whole time. Of course, it looks bad from the ground and would look worse from the air if it were not for the fact that these instructors are experts and have absolute control of the planes at all times. They fly every day with accidents and anything they do or the student does is just as dangerous to the instructor as it is for the student, so why worry. When the student begins to handle the controls there is no danger for each machine is equipped with a double set of controls and the instructor can instantly correct any mistake the novice may make. There is a boat that can fly forty miles an hour, constantly on duty on the bay (when we are flying) to pick up any one who falls into the water. No one has fallen in since I have been here but they do occasionally. The chief himself fell in a few months ago and some of the officers who dare, "josh" him about it yet.

We get nine hours of flying with an instructor before we graduate into the "solo" class. This class is divided into first solo and second solo; second solo takes up various stunts in flying. I wish you could have seen the performance we had here yesterday. A French lieutenant who is attached to the school here as an adviser and who brought down several German machines, took up one of the planes and did some stunts for us. He did all kinds of loops, tail spins, and spirals.

I had a fine day yesterday in first solo. All I had to do was to start off the island from the north and circle south over the point, then over Coronado and then glide back to the island and try to land on a white mark ten feet square and then do it over and over again. The day was bright and clear and I could see a great deal of country. How I wish you could have taken just one

trip around with me! It would take less than ten minutes but you would have ten days fun doing it. The machine was pushed out onto the field by mechanics. You come out all "dolled up" in leather coat, helmet and goggles and after inspecting the plane you climb into the upholstered back seat and buckle on your life belt so you can't fall out if you get upside down. Next you try out the controls to see that none stick and when you are satisfied everything is O. K. you say "closed!" to the mechanic. He repeats "closed!" and rotates the propeller to draw gas into the cylinders. Then he steps back and says "open." Again he turns the propeller and it starts with a roar. There is snapping and popping and black smoke and fire all mixed up with the roar. With mechanics on each end of the wings to keep you from getting away you "warm her up," which means gradually turning on the gas until your 135 horsepower motor is turning the propeller 1400 revolutions a minute and doing it with a smooth, musical burr. The plane quivers and vibrates and strains to be away but the mechanics hold it back until you are satisfied that everything is all right and then you turn it down to 500.

During this warming up process as I sit there tied into my seat, I always feel as that old fellow in the fifth reader must have felt who told of his ride. "Bring on the horse!" The horse was brought. "In truth he was a noble steed," etc. They tied me on with many a thong, etc. And then you remember how they had to hold the horse until the word was given and how he flew away. Well, that is just the way it is done here. All we have to do is to tie the "horse" and we have lots of men to take care of it for us.

When all is in readiness you look over to the officer who is standing

on the mark and if all is clear he signals you to go and then the fun commences. You see that your controls are in "neutral," then with a quick push you open the throttle wide. In a fraction of a second your engine jumps from 500 to 1400 revolutions and you are off. First you raise your tail and skim along the ground on two wheels. The ground looks like a belt going by under you. Faster and faster you go with eyes straight ahead and still watching out of the corner of each eye to see that your wings keep level and don't hit the ground. At seventy-five yards you are going a mile a minute. This is too fast to go on the ground for longer than is necessary so you lower the tail and shoot into the air. At first you settle a little and then as the air catches the wings better you begin to climb up, up and up. You want to climb faster but you know the officers are watching you and you have your orders so you "hold her down" and sail over the target range and out over the bay. The higher you go the slower the earth seems to be moving, until it begins to sink into a saucer shape, concave side upwards. Going down the coast to the point you "buck" a cross wind which makes you fly toward one point in order to get to another. Out there it is always rough and you are tossed about like a row boat in the wake of a steamer. When out over the ocean at the point of the jetty you bank your machine up at a 45 degree angle, swing around to the south and head for the Coronado hotel. This stretch of two and a half miles is the best of all as the wind is at your back and the air is usually smooth. You are now looking down into Old Mexico. Sometimes you feel like singing but as soon as you open your mouth you swallow a mouthful of that seventy-five mile wind from the propeller so have to

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give it up, but you are sure you know why the birds sing.

You pass over the hotel at two thousand feet and you look down on its old-fashioned gables and red roof, its beautiful green court, and you see the "winter colony" of millionaires lying around. Probably most of them would give a million to be able to trade places with you but, "No thank you, Mr. Millionaire, you can keep your money and your rheumatism, and I'll keep my health and fly for Uncle Samuel!" Now you turn towards home and line up with the spot on which you are going to land, although you can't see it. Then you turn off your motor and "let 'er drop," then level off and "slide for home." I can never get over the thrill of dropping that hundred feet after turning off the motor. Now imagine yourself in a big bob-sled, in a nice seat on a warm day, just starting to coast

down a steep hill two miles long and going faster than any bob-sled ever went before in all the world. You wouldn't have to pay much attention to the sled as you keep it going straight without thinking. You can see fifty miles in every direction, up the coast, out on the ocean, inland and south to Mexico where Villa and his bandits are prowling. You coast over the winter palaces of some of America's wealthiest people, over the polo grounds where tiny men on minute horses are chasing something over a field, over the bay with its battleships and yachts, and then down over the aviation camp on the shore of the island, lower and lower until you can see the officer standing on the mark on which you should land. Now you have to "get on the job" and begin to figure how

Continued on Page 4.)

Practically Everything Has Raised But Telephone Service