

ROMANCE IN ISSUING LICENSES TO PILOTS

Girl Clerks Feel Heartbeats of the Game.

Washington.—There is romance in the task of issuing licenses to the thousands of airplane pilots, mechanics and students of the country. It might seem a dull, routine matter, but it is not, take the word of the girls who issue them in the licensing section of the Department of Commerce. They feel the heartbeats of the game.

"Handling such a large volume of work, it seems strange that we remember so many of the pilots to whom we send licenses," the young woman who supervises the work, writes for the department's Air Commerce bulletin. "Some of the old-timers I would recognize in the hereafter just from handling their papers and photographs so many times. We know those who think kindly of us and those who take every opportunity to knock.

Many Specials Issued.

"Often we have stayed overtime to get out a 'special' to some chap who wrote a nice letter saying that a good job was awaiting receipt of his license.

"It has been lots of fun watching the young boys come in for their student permits and take the steps up through private and limited commercial and finally to transport licenses. To us that is his graduation, and we often wish we could send along a little note of congratulation. Then, sometimes we have to take a dirty old rubber stamp and mark

MANY SEEK LICENSES



If there is any doubt of the growing air-mindedness of America, all one needs do is look at the heap of letters, each containing an application for a license to pilot aircraft, on the desk of G. G. Budwig, chief inspector of the aeronautics branch of the Department of Commerce at Washington. So far this year more than 15,000 applications have been received.

across the folder of some fine young man, 'deceased.' It is like parting with an old friend.

"Of course, among a gallery of such real Americans each girl has a favorite. My pick of what a young aviator should be lived down in San Antonio. I requested one of our field inspectors to look him up—but alas, he came back with the report that the pictures must have been taken before the war as he was now bald, fat and married.

"Nice Numbers" for Women.

"Feminine aviators sometimes receive a little extra attention by getting what we call a 'nice number.' Often I hear one of the girls say: 'Gee, my next number is 2,500—I wonder if I have a girl in this bunch.' A girl's photograph naturally is always scrutinized, often to determine if she is as young as she says she is. Once a girl took literally our request for a photograph showing head and shoulders, thereby throwing the entire aeronautics branch into hysterics.

"I could tell dozens of real human interest stories—stories alive with the spirit of flight, I could tell stories of the sadness and courage of a mother who lost her boy; the disappointment and determination of a boy who hadn't the funds to continue to fly but expected to take it up again in the spring, and the ridiculous assuredness of the student who wanted to learn to fly by summer so he could make a transcontinental trip.

"Sometimes I wonder if the issuing of pilots' licenses will ever become a routine government job, I think not."

Ohio Marks Roads for Air Travelers

Columbus, Ohio.—Air travelers passing over Ohio soon will find a state-wide network of well-marked aerial highways, which eventually will be the first link of a nation-wide network of air highways.

Through Ohio's new aeronautics law, just being put in effect, every city, village, hamlet and crossroads in Ohio is to be air-marked to guide air travelers along their way. The state will advise communities how to mark, the best points to locate the marks and the best material to use. Financial aid will be furnished in some cases.

USED PLANE MARKET BECOMES A PROBLEM

Rapid Strides in Design Make Craft Obsolete.

Chicago.—The airplane distributor at the average airport is rapidly approaching the impasse which was the bugbear of so many automobile dealers a few years back. That is the problem of exchanging new planes for old on an equitable basis. While the aircraft industry has thus far eluded the "used car problem," it has only been because of the lack of markets for used planes.

So constant are the improvements made in airplane construction and power plants that planes having lived less than one-fifth of their average lives are already becoming obsolete. Their owners would be ready prospects for new ships if there were some way of making an equitable trade on the old ones.

Several enterprising dealers have been studying the problem, and here and there one has had the courage to emulate his brother of the automotive field by taking the old plane as part payment on the new. He then rebuilds the old ship and either uses it himself or stores it away until some buyer comes along who is unwilling to buy a new plane.

No standard yet has been established whereby the value of a used airplane can be judged. This is probably due to the lack of uniformity in the construction of the various types of new ships. One pilot may like one and another another, without regard for the superiority of newer models. The point is argued by the mail pilots, many of whom still prefer the old Liberty motored ships to the more modern planes which see faster and more stable. They say that they are used to the older type and satisfied as to its reliability.

In the opinion of many older pilots it is just as well that there are not many used planes for sale. Too many, they say, would make them so cheap that irresponsible people would be attracted, only to hurt themselves and the industry as a whole. If the plane remains in the hands of the original owner, however, they say he will wear it out in perfect safety, knowing its idiosyncrasies and guarding against them.

Washington University Adds Aviation Course

Seattle.—With the completion of a \$200,000 building, funds for which were given by the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, the University of Washington will launch a course in aviation. Courses to be taught include airplane performance, aerial design, propulsion, aerial transportation, aerial navigation and airships. Advanced courses will be offered in all subjects.

The Guggenheim foundation awarded the building fund to the University of Washington because of a belief that the growth of aviation in the Northwest will require such a school, and because one of the largest airplane manufacturing plants in the United States is located there. Work already accomplished by the university also was taken into consideration.

Aerial Instructors Must Really Teach

Washington.—Only flyers actually engaged in teaching students to fly will be granted instructors' licenses under the new Department of Commerce regulations governing flying schools.

Department inspectors are much too busy, Commerce department aeronautical officials say, to examine and grant a license to every pilot who should apply for one. Instructors at flying schools now are operating under letters of authority. The examining and licensing of instructors began September 1, when new flying school regulations went into effect.

Women Are Keener for Flying Than the Men

Salt Lake City.—Women are even keener aviation fans than men, and unquestionably are more at ease than men passengers on their first trip.

Authority for this is Harry Huking, president of the Pilots' Association of America, and a veteran pilot with 6,000 flying hours to his credit.

Huking is at the controls of trimotored transports and for months has been flying men and women in his big plane over the Sierra Nevada mountains between Oakland and Salt Lake City, a 640-mile night trip.

"Most passengers have a desire to get up front and look around," said Huking. "The courtesy of permitting passengers to go forward and stand in the entrance of the pilot's compartment, with its many controls, has been extended to many passengers. Almost invariably men passengers will ask a few questions, look around a bit, and return to the passengers' cabin. However, with women passengers it is different. Often it is necessary to suggest they return to the cabin when they are still inquiring about features of the plane's construction and operation."

Tiny Tot Churches

There are several churches in Great Britain which hold doll house dimensions. The smallest ecclesiastical building in Britain is said to be St Margaret's chapel, Edinburgh, whose dimensions are 10½ feet by 10½ feet, making a total of 173½ feet. The tiny Dorset church of Winterborne Tompston is another miniature church, its measurements being 23 feet by 14 feet.

Other tiny churches are those at Culbone, 33 feet by 12 feet, and St Lawrence (before enlargement), 50 feet by 11 feet. At Lullington, Sussex, there is a church 16 feet by 16 feet, but it consists only of the chancel of a much larger church.

OLGA'S ORANGE BLOSSOMS

(By D. J. Walsh.)

OLGA watched the postman come down the street, whistling, his dog Bob at his heels. She had known the postman since he was seven. He had a pleasant word for her whenever he saw her. He was passing as usual when suddenly he turned back and came to the steps where Olga was sitting to warm herself. The house was cold within.

"You've got a nice place here, Miss Hurd," he said. "But it's kinda off by itself like. And you live all alone. Don't you ever get lonesome?"

Tears filled Olga's eyes. She swallowed hard, struggled for calm speech.

"You're the first person that's ever asked me if I was lonesome," she said at last. "Everybody seems to take it for granted that I live here this way because I want to."

The postman shifted his leather mail-pouch with its bulging contents. "I don't know what made me ask you that," he said apologetically. But the truth was the sight of the woman sitting there in the sunshine, tiny and old and pathetic, on a morning made for youth, love and joy, touched his heart. He had just got engaged to a nice girl and he wanted everybody to be as happy as he was.

"And I don't know what makes me want to tell you something I have never breathed to a living soul in this town, though I live here more than many years," Olga replied. "I've got folks. Not here; a long ways off. Once I did something that set them all against me. And now I wouldn't make up with one of them to save his life." Her wistful look became grim.

"I'd let 'em all go hang," the postman said. Then he moved away, resolving to bring his old friend a box of candy on his next trip round that afternoon. But before another hour had passed Olga had a visitor.

A blue coupe drove right up to the door. Out stepped a girl who brought a pair of suitcases with her. She marched up to Olga, who was sweeping the front porch.

"Hello, Aunt Olga," she said. "I'm your niece, Helen, your youngest brother Gordon's girl. Now, don't send me away without giving me a trial. Maybe you'll like me when you get to know me."

Olga, white and stern, faced the vivid, dark girl who looked so fresh and pretty in her tan sports costume. She did not speak.

"Aunt Olga," Helen said. "I've come to you for sanctuary."

"Sanctuary?" gasped Olga. And then she understood. She held out her arms. The girl met her in a warm embrace.

"You've got to be good to me, Aunt Olga," she said.

"Good to you?" Olga sobbed. "Oh, my dear! You'll see."

They shared the lunch that was barely big enough for one. Not that food mattered. Olga was too happy to eat. She could only gaze at her radiant young niece. Her own flesh and blood companioning her in her house after all these years of loneliness!

Next day Helen confided to her aunt that she was going to be married.

"Will you let me be married here?" "I've enough money for all my things?"

So the child was going to be married! Further confidences followed. Olga asked no questions; she let Helen tell what she would. Helen seemed to be quietly matter of fact.

For the next fortnight the blue coupe dashed back and forth betwixt hamlet and city. Olga had entered upon a great and delightful adventure. She was helping Helen choose her wedding trousseau. The house must be fixed up for the wedding, too—new paper, paint, draperies. Olga drew from her small savings and let Helen spend the money. The girl had rare good sense and not a penny got away from her honest and earnest grasp. Too, she could hang wall paper and wield a paint brush in a way that made Mr. Seeley, the local house decorator, stare in amazement.

"My business," Helen explained, laughing, and again Olga got a surprise. "Interior decorating—that's my job. I gave four years to it at college. Confess, Aunt Olga, that you like your house a lot better. To me it looks as if it had taken its apron off and changed its dress. It's a house to be happy in now—and gay and just a bit foolish, maybe."

The house was ready now for the wedding. Helen's colorful gowns looked in keeping, strewn about the rooms. Even Olga had a new frock, a misty gray thing. And Helen had, almost forcibly, borne her into a beauty shop in town and had her silken slivery hair given a permanent. Olga had just loved the operation; she had felt rich and luxurious and almost young as she sat in an atmosphere of faint perfume and gentle ministrations, waiting for her hair to be done.

Helen's wedding day seemed to be attended by a good deal of mystery, but still Olga asked no questions. She was letting herself be borne along on a tide of expectancy and joy. Dick came the day before. He was big and young and splendid. When he kissed Olga and called her aunt she had a delicious thrill. From the moment of his arrival there was a whirl of glee. Dick and Helen brought in armfuls of flowers. Olga grew a bit reckless and made a sponge cake with six eggs.

On the day of days Helen made

Olga dress before she put on her own wedding gown so filmy white. She even touched Olga's cheeks with rouge from her own vanity case.

"Oh, you darling!" the girl breathed, her eyes lustrous. "To think of all you might have had—the lustrous eyes dimmed with tears."

Helen looked lovely in her filmy frock. Dick was grand.

At the last moment it seemed a great closed car drove up to the house. Out of it stepped an elderly couple, an old couple, a single woman, a single man, a glowing young girl.

"Who are these," gasped Olga, and her cheeks paled under the dainty rouge.

Helen put an arm about the trembling figure.

"My father and mother," she said. "Uncle Pat and Aunt Elsie, Cousin Adelaide, Cousin George and Cousin George's daughter, Jean. All the best of the clan are here, Aunt Olga, not so much to come to my wedding as to do you honor. Keep calm. Carry it off—for my sake. Remember you are altogether lovely, that Dick and I love you, that I chose your home for the most glorious event of my whole life. Now behave like a dear little hostess and welcome your relatives."

And Olga rose to the occasion. Her dignity and her grace and her hospitality lent charm to the whole occasion.

After the ceremony a caterer brought in the wedding luncheon at which Aunt Olga was almost as much admired as the bride herself.

The following afternoon a happy young couple sat in a boat that drifted gently on a sunlit lake.

"I took lots of head work to pull off that stunt," Helen said. "Dad and mom were dead against it at first and Cousin Adelaide turned up her aristocratic nose. But I was a determined woman. You remember that day we found Aunt Olga's picture in that old album? That's when I got the idea of going to her house and being married there. Of course, I had to win her over by degrees; it wasn't easy. Her pride had suffered too keenly. If only they had been kinder she would not have run away and wasted her life in solitude and loneliness, Dick, darling! Did you see her face when she held my orange blossoms in her hands?" Helen's voice broke.

Dick bowed his head. "And nothing ever looked purer than did she at that moment—not even you, my flawless pearl of girls," he said tenderly.

Italian Long Ago Had Idea of "Flying Boat"

Francesco de Lana gave both the believers in flying and the skeptics of his day something serious to think about in his design for a flying boat published in 1870. He stirred up a veritable tempest which did not subside for more than a hundred years, when the principle he sponsored was made practical in the invention of the Montgolfier brothers. As late as 1753, Clement Cavalebo, Baroni della Marchese, refuted Lana's supposition with these conclusions: "The atmosphere has always been unknown to man, and will continue to be a region unknown to him. No one, not even the Demon himself, has the power to teach man any method by which he may explore that region, either by increasing his motive power or by diminishing very considerably his specific gravity." Fifteen years later, Bernardo Zamagna, one of the perennial defenders of Lana, brought out his description of an imaginary journey in a flying machine similar in construction to Lana's flying boat. Lana's much discussed design proposed the use of four hollow spheres of thin copper, each 20 feet in diameter and so thin that they would weigh less than an equal bulk of atmosphere when they were exhausted of air. To these globes a boat was to be fastened in which the pilot and his appendages were to be stationed for the purpose of directing the machine. Lana was thus the first to establish a theory verified by mathematical accuracy and clearness of perception of the real nature and pressure of the atmosphere, the same theory which is at the basis of balloon flying of the present day.

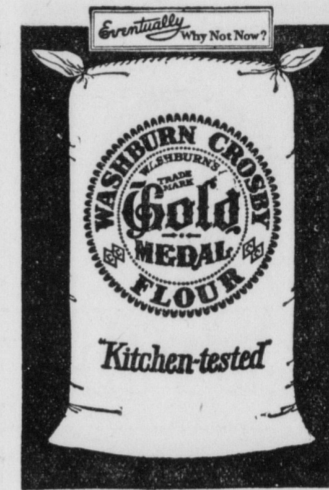
A public ascension of a flying boat invented by Bartholomew Lourenco de Gusmano, a Spaniard, is claimed for 1709, but it was Lana's investigations which were the most far reaching in influence. Many of his deductions were drawn from the work of his predecessors and from a study of mechanical toys, the flying mechanical pigeon of Archytas, the flying magnetic dove of Kircher, and iron automatic fly and eagle which were invented at Nuremberg. A curious parallel to this is found in the automatic toy of the Wright brothers, the study of which led them to certain conclusions concerning the nature of air, later applied in the construction of the first successful airplane in 1903.—Boston Herald.

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