

THE "TIMES" PRIZE-WINNING COLUMN

From
**ALMAR FARM
In Transylvania**
BY CAL CARPENTER



(This is the second of three columns telling a story about my primary flying instructor when I was an Army Flying Cadet in 1942. The original story was published in AIR FORCE magazine under the title, "Is Your Safety Belt Fastened?" The reason for the title will be obvious when you've read this column.)

It seemed the Army required something called "Precision Flying," and that was drummed into us every time we got near the airplane. If we failed to enter the downwind leg for landing at exactly forty-five degrees to the wind-sock direction, if we lost or gained 20 feet in our pylon eight maneuvers; if we recovered from a spin 10 degrees off the point specified, we were not flying with precision.

Billy Lynam, in the front cockpit, would put both arms outside and pound the fuselage in open handed agony. He'd yell into the gosport tube and stick his speaking horn out into the slipstream. Since this horn was connected to earpieces in our helmets, the resulting roar of air would nearly blow our ears off. He'd slap the dual control stick violently from side to side, rocking the airplane wildly and banging our knees painfully, and then he'd make us do it over again.

In the air he was an irascible as Donald Duck, but on the ground he was soft spoken, courteous, every inch the Southern gentleman — with the possible exception of his spicy language. He once explained his air manners as his "instruction technique." "I've taught a lot of people to fly, and I've never had a man hurt or a cadet washed out either," he said.

That was good enough for us. The washout rate in primary flying school was something better than 35 percent. We were willing to put up with his "technique" if it would keep us from that final, fear-some ride in the "Mavtag Messerschmitt" with the Army lieutenant assigned to the base.

When you think of prescriptions, think of VARNER'S, adv.

to pass final judgment on those who were up for elimination from training.

Billy Lynam was a kind-hearted man beneath all that in-flight isascibility. But in this, too, he had his own somewhat unorthodox way. At the end of our first week of training he offered a prescription for fledgling fatigue:

"Go out Saturday night and get a drink," he said. "You're all tensed up from working hard all week. A good drink will relax you! A little hang-over on Sunday will make you fly better on Monday!"

He even assisted in the administration of the prescription. All five of us were loaded into his convertible that Friday afternoon and taken on a tour of the dives outside town. He even provided the Scotch. I don't think he followed his own advice, but he shepherded the group around like a hen with five chicks — to mix a metaphor — and brought us back to the base in a not-too-deplorable state. I think we all had big heads that Sunday, and I, for one, felt more limp than relaxed the following Monday.

I soloed first (the private ticket must have helped some, after all). Following a few circuits of the field one morning, he stopped the airplane at the far end and got out. "Go kill yourself alone," he said grouchily. "I'm tired of your trying to kill me."

I taxied back and took off, but he stood there at the end of the field, a lonely looking little figure in coveralls and dangling parachute, until I'd made the customary three takeoffs and landings.

Throughout the two-month primary training period, he worked us unmercifully. We were allowed no time to enjoy flying. Every minute aloft with him we worked; and when we were solo, we worked in preparation for our next flight with him. Sometimes, as a reward for good performance, he would take over and show us what precision aerobatics were really like — eight-point slow rolls, or pylon eights with

Lawmakers' Addresses Are Listed

The mailing addresses of lawmakers representing Western North Carolina are published here for your convenience.

U. S. Sen. Sam J. Ervin, Jr., (D), Senate Office Building, Washington, D. C. 20510; U. S. Sen. B. Everett Jordan (D), Senate Office Building, Washington, D. C. 20510; and U. S. Rep. Roy A. Taylor (D), House Office Building, Washington, D. C. 20515.

State Senators, Lamar Gudger (D), 189 Kimberly Ave., Asheville, 28804; I. C. Crawford (D), 10 Hampshire Cir., Asheville, 28504; Carl D. Killian (D), Cullowhee 28723; Zeb D. Alley (D), Waynesville 28786; Clyde M. Norton (D), Box 477, Old Fort 28762; David T. Flaherty (R), 803 Hospital Avenue, Lenoir 28645.

State Representatives Herschel S. Harkins (D), Box 7266, Asheville 28807; John S. Stevens (D), 8 Pine Tree Road, Asheville 28904; Claude DeBruhl (D), Box 480, Candler 28715; Charles H. Taylor (R), Box 66, Brevard 28712; Liston B. Ramsey (D), Marshall 28753; Ernest B. Messer (D), 15 Forest View Circle, Canton 28716; Erwin W. Patton (D), West Main Street, Franklin 28734.

Also, Reps. J. T. Mayfield (R), 322 Kendale Court, East Flat Rock, 28726; Hugh Beam (D), 204 Crescent Drive, Marion

snap rolls between the pylons at 500 feet!

Billy Layman expected a certain basic responsibility on the part of his students and sometimes checked on it the hard way. We were climbing out one cool September morning, some 2,000 feet above the red clay and scrub pines of southern Georgia, when I faintly heard his voice through the gosport but couldn't make out what he was saying. The gosport was bad enough at cruise, but in that open cockpit, with the engine at climb power, you could hardly hear yourself think, much less listen to the instructor.

I shook my head and pointed to my ear. Billy Lynam yelled something again. Again I shook my head. He tried a third time, and still I shook my head. He suddenly took the controls, leveled our momentarily, and rolled the Stearman over on its back! I dangled for a moment on my safety belt and then he rolled us right side up again. He cut the throttle briefly and yelled: "I was asking if you had your safety belt fastened!" (To be continued next week.)

Best Campaign Ever

United Fund "Victory" Dinner Slated Monday Night, Jan. 24

Workers who participated in the 1972 United Fund Campaign in Transylvania will have a "Victory" dinner on Monday night, January 24th, in the Brevard College Cafeteria at 7:00 o'clock.

According to Earle Johnson, the President, it will be a dutch treat affair, and a large crowd is expected.

The dinner will honor the workers and the donors who made the current campaign the best ever in Transylvania county.

The goal was \$55,266, and more than \$58,000 has been

pledged or given. The annual meeting of the United Fund will follow the dinner. At that time, officers for the Executive Board will be elected, as well as 13 members for the Class of 1973. The price of the dinner will be \$2.00 per person.

Tuesday Nights

Speed Reading Course To Be Offered At Brevard College

A speed reading course, designed to accelerate reading rates by refining information, is being offered at Brevard College on Tuesday evening, 7:00

to 9:30 p.m., from February 1st through March 7, 1972.

The course will be conducted by Dr. James Douglas Tyson, Visiting Professor of Special Education at the college.

Fee for the course is \$30, payable in advance at the first meeting on February 1st.

The class will be limited to 18 persons. Those interested are advised to contact the college immediately to insure a place in the class.

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