



*Left Bank (Note the Body English).*

# *A Chair-A Stick-A Radio*

*By Willis Parker*

WE never will know just how many of the thousands of radio fans in the middle west and Rocky Mountain regions placed kitchen chairs before their receiving sets, seated themselves more or less comfortably with their left hands firmly grasping broomsticks between their knees and eagerly followed a course of ten lessons on how to fly as presented over Broadcasting Station KOA, Denver, by Chief Pilot Cloyd P. Clevenger of the Alexander Aircraft Company.

The fans were assured that, if they supplied themselves with kitchen chairs and broomsticks, they could get more out of the lessons than otherwise. However, the chair and broomstick idea were more for the purpose of creating atmosphere than anything else,

for it is obvious that learning to fly by radio or by a correspondence course is out of the question. The entire purpose of the radio lessons was to create air-mindedness and arouse in the listeners a greater desire to learn to fly. Each lesson was fifteen minutes long and they were given Friday evenings from 8 to 8:15 o'clock.

To arouse interest and hold the attention of the unseen audience and create aviation enthusiasm, the lessons had to be entertaining and chuck full of "atmosphere." To do this, the lessons were not presented directly to the audience, but the listeners received the information secondhand through Clevenger's efforts to teach an alleged gawky rube how to fly. The alleged rube was none other than Gene Lindberg, one of the most popular news-

paper humorists in the Rocky Mountain region. Gene's comments upon the pilot's instructions, his remarks concerning the various parts of the plane, his soliloquies while "in the air" provided enough clean amusement to prevent radio fans from turning to other stations where jazz orchestras might be performing. There was also a fortunate coincidence in names, for Gene's name is exactly the same, as far as pronunciation is concerned, as that of the famous trans-Atlantic flyer. In spelling it lacks the letter "H."

Through the liberal use of accessories, the audience was given the representation of the roars of airplane motors, which were produced by turning electric fans into the microphones. For ordinary cruising the fan was turned only part way on. For racing the mo-



tor while warming up or at the take-off, a full blast of the fan did the work.

The lessons were in dialogue form and began with the repartee that resulted upon Gene's arrival at the field. The first was a simple explanation of the controls and the various parts of the ship. Gene asks some pointed though humorous questions regarding the qualifications for good pilots, which Clevenger answers and in doing so indirectly assures every listener that almost any person can learn to fly.

In a subsequent lesson Gene asks "When a fellow like me puts up his hard cash for flying lessons, he wonders when the investment will pay dividends. Do you think I'll make my first five hundred thousand by 1930."

This gave Clevenger an opportunity to explain that there is a demand for salesmen with flying ability as well as a demand for good pilots. This should have aroused interest among the radio fans who were seeking financial opportunity should have and created in them a desire to get into the game.

As an illustration of the humorous touches, note this bit of dialogue:

"GENE—Clev, this air feels awful thin to me, today. Are you sure there aren't any holes in it?"

"CLEV—Nope, no holes. An Eagle-rock just came in with a fresh load of air from sea-level. I patched all the holes myself."

Illustrating how some of the points may be presented through the medium of dialogue, mixed with a little humor, note the following which took place, supposedly, when the duet were preparing to go up and were starting the engine:

"CLEV—Don't say 'ON,' say 'CONTACT.'"

(Sound of motor.)

"CLEV—Hold the stick back, now, and give it the gun. There are blocks in front of the wheels."

"GENE—Then I can't shoot anywhere?"

"CLEV—Nope."

"GENE—Why give it the gun, then? \* \* \*

"CLEV—You're green, all right! Always remember this. The minute your propeller speeds up, it naturally tries to pull the ship ahead. It can't go ahead with blocks under the wheels, so it tries to stand on its nose. With the stick held back the propeller blast presses on top of the flippers and holds the tail down."

(Blocks are removed and the ship taxis off.)

"GENE—Hey, Clev. This thing wobbles all over the field! What you got in the radiator, alcohol?"

(After much additional repartee they start down the field with Clevenger issuing instructions, among which are:

"CLEV—Use the ailerons to keep your wings absolutely level."

"GENE—Aha! Go straight and always be on the level! You can't cheat in these things!"

"CLEV—If you get the impression your right wing is low, move the stick to the left enough to bring it up immediately. Now, for the elevators. When you're on the ground, your nose is way above the horizon."

"GENE—I can't help my nose. I was born with it."

"CLEV—Cut out the horse play. Hold the stick forward now, at the start of the takeoff, until the nose comes down almost to the horizon, then return the stick to an approximate neutral."

(They are in the air.)

"GENE—Wow! Something's gone foey. Wat the——?"

"CLEV—Gene, I'm ashamed of you. I thought I taught you not to skid."

"GENE—So that's what I was doing? You ought to have tire chains on these babies."

*Nose Down—Three feet off—  
Sitting Pretty.*

"CLEV—There's no mud or soft sand in the air, Gene. It's all in your head. You're in too big a hurry to get your nose around the horizon. Take it easy. You're putting too much inside rudder on your turns. Now! Straighten her out and fly south."

"GENE—South, South! Lord, man, which way is South? Think I'm a duck?"

In one lesson Gene is taught the principles of stalled flight, which Clevenger explains is necessary to know how to prevent getting into accidental tail spins. He explains that Gene probably will go into a spin and Gene promptly has a heavy feeling in his stomach and declares he feels pale. However, the tail spin is made, corrected, and everything ends with a good landing.

In the lesson on looping, Gene has some thrills that are humorous yet dangerous. Clevenger speaks at length on the need of watching the horizon, keeping the wings level and pulling the nose up to the horizon when the loop is completed, to which Gene remarks that "You sure keep your nose on the horizon a lot in this flying business." In reference to keeping the plane straight in a side drift wind, Gene remarks, "Funny things, these planes. Steer 'em straight and they go so crooked you've got to steer crooked to go straight."

The lessons were based upon Clevengers' book, "Modern Flight." All through the dialogue, where appropriate  
(Continued on page 81)





service and accommodations on the ships would mean that should persons ashore miss the liner by several hours or even a day, it would be possible for them to "catch up" by the airplane shuttle service to the ship which will continue to steam along on its chartered course. The same would hold true for late urgent mails. On the "ship-to-shore" arrangement, passengers or mail could be carried from the ship while a distance of several hundred miles from port, and thereby reduce the ship transit time to a considerable degree.

### A Radio—A Chair—A Stick

(Continued from page 19)

ate, mention was made of what was said in the book.

Just how effective the radio advertisement was, will never be known, but there were hundreds of copies of the book sold shortly afterwards and an increased visitation to the aviation school. Undoubtedly scores of listeners were led to investigate especially after hearing Gene's soliloquy on his solo flight, parts of which follow:

"Holy Cats! Here I am, 500 feet up in the sky and no Clev in the front seat. \* \* \* Maybe I shouldn't have done this—maybe I'm not good enough yet—maybe. Aw, rats! Clev knows his stuff. He wouldn't have let me solo if he didn't think I could do it. \* \* \* Wonder what Clev's doing now? I'll bank and get a good slant at him. There he is, the little runt, no bigger'n a bowling pin. \* \* \* He ain't making any motions. Just watching. Why shouldn't he? This is a darn keen bank. No skid, no slip. No wind on the cheeks. \* \* \* Gee, this thing works just as well now as when Clev was with me. \* \* \* Talk about having your hands full—a fellow's got his feet full, too. \* \* \* There's Clev, waving his helmet. Guess I'd better drop back down. \* \* \* No wind on my tail this trip. Down she goes in the glide. \* \* \* Easy there. Round her out nice and gentle. Oops! That left wing's a bit low. There, level as a lake. Now we're slowing. No you don't, you son-of-a-gun, I won't let you settle yet. Three feet off. Sitting pretty. Two feet. Little more stick. Ahh! A three-pointer. I knew I could do it. I'M AN AVIATOR NOW."

## LINDBERGH SAYS:

"THE next generation will fly as naturally as the last drove automobiles. Aviation is just being born, and the time will undoubtedly come when airplanes will be flown by every one, and the children will no longer look on a flight as anything but an ordinary journey."

—Col. Chas. A. Lindbergh in  
The New York Times, Frid. Dec. 16, 1927

A souvenir of "The Spirit of the Times" typifying the epochal flights of America's "unofficial Ambassador of Good Will" should be in every home in the United States.



### AS AN ASH RECEIVER

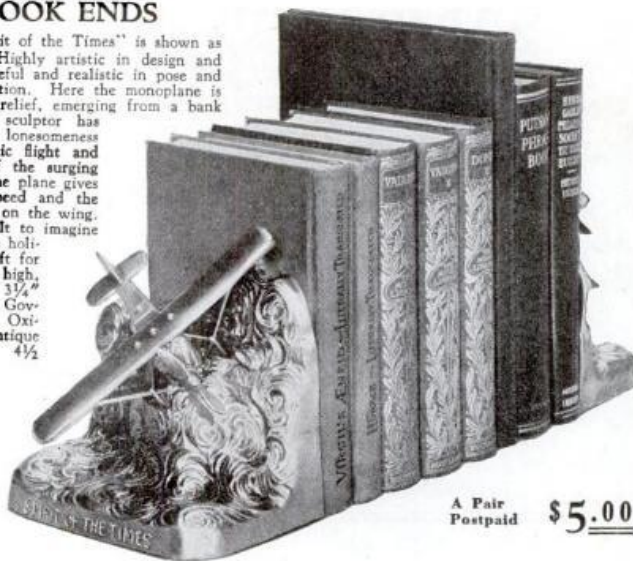
HERE the Statuette "Spirit of the Times" is mounted on a serviceable ash tray of graceful proportions. The tray is finished in hammered stipple effect. In addition to its ornamental effect the statuette may be removed and used as a paper weight as it is not fastened to the base. Is ornamental as well as useful. Adds an attractive touch to the desk or end table. Is 5 1/4" wide, 3 3/4" high, and 7 1/2" deep.

Made of metal, heavily plated and lacquered. Beautifully finished in Government Bronze, Silver Oxidized, or Antique Brass.

Post Paid **\$2.00** each

### AS BOOK ENDS

HERE the "Spirit of the Times" is shown as book ends. Highly artistic in design and workmanship, graceful and realistic in pose and accurate in proportion. Here the monoplane is depicted, in high relief, emerging from a bank of clouds. The sculptor has caught the utter loneliness of the trans-oceanic flight and the ruthlessness of the surging sea. The tilt of the plane gives a suggestion of speed and the freedom of a bird on the wing. It would be difficult to imagine a more appropriate holiday or birthday gift for any person. 5" high, 5" wide, and 3 1/2" deep. Finished in Government Bronze, Oxidized Silver, or Antique Brass. Weight 4 1/2 lbs.



A Pair Postpaid **\$5.00**

As an advertising novelty or souvenir this item cannot be surpassed. It will command a position of honor on the recipient's desk. Being made of durable metal it is indestructible and will be a permanent and gracious reminder of the donor. Special quotations cheerfully given in quantity lots.

AVIATION enthusiasts everywhere have expressed admiration for this beautiful miniature of the monoplane that established world's records, and will live in history until the end of time. It is a fitting memento of the epoch-making flight of the intrepid "Lone Eagle."

Buy from your local Department Store, or Gift Shop or send us your dealer's name and remit to us by P. O. Money Order, Personal Check or Registered Letter, Address Department "M"

**ANCIENT ART METAL CO., Inc.**

84-86 Withers St.  
BROOKLYN, N. Y.