

Reconditioned Fokkers Again in Service

COL. CLARENCE M. YOUNG, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics, recently issued the following statement:

"Of the 36 Fokker tri-motor planes of the 1929 series that were temporarily withdrawn from scheduled passenger service early in May and thoroughly inspected for present condition of airworthiness, 20 have thus far been reconditioned, pronounced airworthy and returned to passenger-carrying service. In addition, 5 others are in the process of being reconditioned and will be presented to the Department for approval in due course.

"The 20 planes now in service have been thoroughly reconditioned. This work included the removal of plywood wing covering for inspection purposes, which in the majority of cases indicated the necessity for the replacement of some interior components, reinforcement of some of the structure to which the plywood covering was attached, and the renewal of all or parts of the covering. In addition, the ailerons in all cases were statically balanced by counter weights in order to overcome vibration of the wing or aileron under certain speed and air conditions."

Flying Golf—The Latest Sport



"**FLYING GOLF**" is here! The new Kellett Autogiro threatens a revolution in golf as well as in flying. Pilot Guy Miller recently flew his Kellett to the Locust Grove Golf Club, in New Jersey, and then played a game of golf, using the autogiro to fly from stroke to stroke.

The ability of this sportsman's aircraft to land and take off with perfect safety amidst the difficulties and obstructions of the golf course was demonstrated fully. Pilot Miller drove off, climbed into the autogiro and flew it to where his ball had alighted. He landed so close to the ball that he was embarrassed by the whirling rotor blades while making his second shot, but he kept to this "land anywhere" standard while following the ball all around the course.

Over Manhattan With A Dead Engine

I had always wondered what happened when the motor quit — now I know.

By **GIOVANNI CIRILLINO.**

The author with the disabled plane on the beach.



EVER since my uncle and I were brought from Europe to appear in the Follies, my life has been a series of one theatrical contract after another, never affording me the time and the opportunity to fly until the Summer of 1930.

I had signed to open with "Hell's Angels" at the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, with only two performances a day. Upon my arrival I found all Hollywood air-minded. The following afternoon, after rehearsal, in the company of my friend Bill, who was playing the same theatre with me, we hurried to Glendale airport.

After looking the ships over, I found a little blue Fleet, which appealed to me because of its size, as I am small, only a half pint. I had many wonderful trips in that plane, staying up an hour and a half at a time, flying over old Mexico and the surrounding country.

During my air travels, which took considerable hundreds out of my salary, the question kept constantly coming to me—"What would you do if the engine stopped?" I had voiced it at different times to my pilot and others, but their answers or perhaps my ability to understand had never cleared the matter in my mind.

Upon my return to New York, finding myself with an open date and Sunday just ahead of me, I decided to go to Roosevelt Field, longing to see Manhattan from the air and to obtain some aerial pictures of the city with my Garflex.

The only available ship at the moment was one with a lot of time on the engine, but, feeling assured of the capabilities of my pilot, John Charleson, I climbed in the front seat of the open bi-plane, armed with my camera. We taxied down the field, and in a second we were off. The nose swung around, and we were headed for Manhattan.

Looking ahead we saw a low layer of white clouds. Hoping to get above them and find a rift large enough to get a picture of the city, Charleson started to climb, which was a lucky thing for us. Looking out over the side at this great height, catching marvelous glimpses now and then of the

metropolis below, the old question again persisted in my thought, when all of a sudden from a deafening roar there became a great calm.

Glancing quickly at the throttle I saw it was wide open. The engine had stopped!

For a second my heart stood still, and a thrill crept up my spine, as I realized I was about to live the answer to my query. The quiet of the next second was broken by the calm voice from the back seat, telling me to remove my goggles, as we turned the nose around toward the beaches at Coney Island. I removed the goggles and loosened myself from the belt, casting my eyes about, ready for the emergency at hand.

The ground was slowly coming up to meet us, as we glided silently in search of an uninhabited beach. Then I noticed in front of us a small, shell-spotted shore, but to my surprise, Charleson swung out to sea, then turned back again facing the beach and into the wind.

The next thing, the ship started to slip sideways, until the right wing was standing straight up and the wind on the left side nearly blew me out of the ship. Then Charleson reversed the performance—rolling me to the other side.

Looking below, all I could see was water. The sandy beach was too far ahead. We wouldn't reach it, I felt sure. I was getting ready to swim, but Charleson knowing the gliding angle, did not seem at all worried. The next thing I noticed the breakers were seemingly almost touching the wheels—then a slight cushiony impact, and we rolled over the sand to a stop.

Charleson, hopping out of the ship, calmly said, "I'm sorry, Cirillino."

I stood by the ship, while he went to the nearest 'phone and called the hangar for a mechanic whom my friends drove to our landing spot. The mechanic found a broken rocker arm, which was quickly repaired. Getting into the ship, we made a perfect take-off and headed toward Roosevelt Field, with my question answered.

When I have grown a few more inches and can have the time and Mr. Charleson's promise to instruct me, I am going to learn to fly.