

Is Commercial Aviation Here ?

By FAY LEONE FAUROTÉ

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, writing in *The Outlook*, once said: "It is always difficult to discuss a question when it proves impossible to define the terms in which that question is to be discussed." So it is with commercial aviation. Just what is it and how shall we define it? Shall we say aviation at a profit? Or shall we say aviation as applied to business and not to war activities? Or both?

The time has passed when "aviation is a novelty" to many. Yet one field alone, in the last month, saw 14,000 take their first flight; incidentally at \$5 each. Whole families, from babes to grandmothers, returned to earth, their thrilling experience over. Yet not so thrilling, after all; quite tame, as a matter of fact, for flying *per se* is monotonous, slow. Forty per cent of the passengers taken on long trips go to sleep after the first excitement of flight is over. Yet at that it beats the scenic railway!

But is the danger of flying past? Yes and no. Air-mail pilots have flown thousands of miles on schedule through all kinds of weather—in winter and summer, in rain and in sleet, in fog and in moonlight—with far fewer accidents or mishaps than the mail drivers on our streets. But those unwise ones who tempt fate by climbing in a half-tested, half-inspected, ill-conditioned "ship" piloted by some happy-go-lucky, dare-devil chap often come down quicker and wiser than they ascended. Air safety, as in most other things, comes from adequate preparation and endless vigilance. Lindbergh's successful Atlantic flight came as a mature issue of his air-mail experience. As Curran said, "Eternal vigi-

lance is the price of liberty"—and safety in flying. But where else is this not so? Flying when properly done in accordance with Government requirements as regards pilot and ship is safe; as safe and sure as any other form of transportation. Besides, it is cleaner, quieter, and quicker. It has compressed space and time within new limits that are fast being crowded closer as financial rewards begin to lure the designers on.

Commercial aviation may be said to be here in this regard that money is being made in flying and business men know it. Business men and business are beginning to depend upon its efficacy. It is beginning to "deliver the goods," in the parlance of the street. Corporations and individuals are using airplanes daily, weekly, yearly, for business purposes, and when carefully managed these lines and ships are showing a profit. Several of the new lines in operation in this country are even now flying on the right side of the ledger. But it takes careful management, rigid discipline, regular schedules, good ships, and an operating plan that realizes that a commercial airplane must support itself in the air financially as well as aerodynamically. The problems of management are there

just as they are in railway, steamship, or motor-bus operation. One man makes a success, another doesn't.

It might be said that commercial aviation is developing in three strata; that is, there are at present three price groups, three types of craft each suitable for its particular purpose, each successful in its class. At the bottom is the single or double seater, corresponding to the roadster, selling at prices ranging from \$3,500 to \$7,500—little light passenger ships powered with small motors.

Above this class is another; ships selling for \$9,000 to \$15,000—single-motored planes, powered with 200-horsepower engines, and capable of carrying two to five passengers, comparable with the sedan or close-coupled small limousine.

At the top a class of three or more motored craft selling for from \$45,000 to \$100,000 or more, comparable with the large-size luxurious limousine or touring coach, which only a man of means or a corporation can afford to buy and maintain. Yet, strangely enough, it is this type of ship that is showing the greatest financial efficiency, although of course the single-motored is

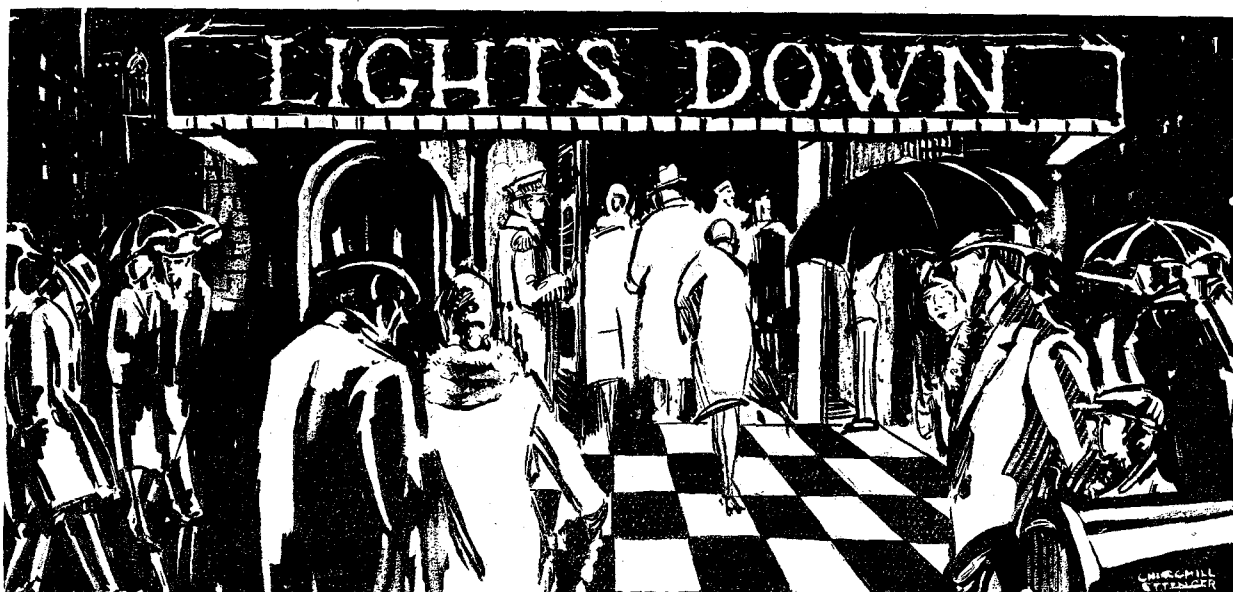
more efficient mechanically. It is paying its way in business. This type is a multi-motored plane, built with a large factor of structural safety. Whether it carries passengers, express, or freight, it needs somewhat of an organization behind it. In other words, it is generally operated by two or more skilled pilots, who alternate, or by the owner-aviator and a general all-round air mechanic-pilot. It needs a properly equipped field, a good runway, a

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A FLYING FORD

One of the Ford commercial planes flying over the city of Detroit



A Review of the New York Theatre

"The Good Hope"

THE brightly colored Holland of tulips and yellow sunshine, the dun Holland of gray rain and sibilantly crashing seas, the human Holland of fishing ships and fishermen's cottages, of ship-owners and sailors—all this is to be found, if you choose the right evening, at Eva Le Gallienne's Repertory Theatre, on Fourteenth Street.

More—an unforgettable portrait of a hard, rasping-voiced ship-owner with a granite face set toward making money out of fish and dominating the men and women of his village. A magnificent etching of a Dutch mother of sailors following dumbly what she considers God's will, though cursed by what appears to her as the weakness and wildness of her sons. And beyond this a slow tragedy of the men who comb the sea for fish and the women they leave behind them.

All this will reward the pilgrim to "The Good Hope" as effectively and dramatically presented by Miss Le Gallienne.

Let those who will search for the social irony—it is still there!—or the "propaganda" inherent in this play of Hermann Heijerman's, first produced in the Dutch theatre in the opening year of the present century. One man's truth is another man's propaganda. Any dramatist worth his salt must hold some conviction about human existence in its social sense. And complaint that the playwright twists the facts of life somewhat to prove the truth of his point of view is at least as old as Aristophanes.

No consideration of such criticism is

necessary, in the darkened auditorium on Fourteenth Street, when the last act of "The Good Hope" grips you and you see the bright sunlight after the storm flooding the ship office of hard-fisted Clemens Bos.

You have known from the beginning that this never-glimpsed ship was unseaworthy—even Bos's daughter has been fearfully aware of it. Patient Kniertje's youngest has been dragged on board by the coastguardsmen. Fear has gripped every woman the night of the storm in Kniertje's cottage, and panic has run quivering along taut nerves at the sound of the rising wind and the sibilant crash of the angry seas beyond the hard-blown window-panes. Jo has one man's unborn child within her. Both Kniertje's sons are on board. And every woman huddled sewing about the lamp has paid the sea some toll. Even the old men in the sailors' home have heard the ugly rumor from the calkers.

Like a soundless discord, the knowledge has underlain the stories of the women, the songs and wine-soaked banter of the old sailors.

Premonition of it has crept on you through three acts of the slow, formless life of these Dutch fisherfolks as it sifted through the clean-swept room of Kniertje's cottage. Yes, you have known the Good Hope was going down.

And yet the stark fact that at last it has happened, and that this snarling, booted Dutchman, its owner, knew it would and cares for nothing except the insurance and escaping the wrath and curses of the widows—well, drama is upon you at last. All the threat of

maddened men and women outside the windows, coming to murder this Judas of the fisherfolk, beats upon you. The fear in Clemens Bos's heart goes tap, tap, inside you. And his meanness to his wife, his browbeating of his bookkeeper, his overawing of his daughter through sheer force of personality—all these succeed not at all in allaying the mounting suspense.

Not until they burst in, finally—the widows, Jo, Kniertje, the old sailors—and you realize that, despite it all, despite his criminal greed and their righteous anger, Clemens Bos is by far the strongest of them all; not until then can you relax for an instant in your seat and wait for the slow, final tragic departure of Kniertje, her sons sent to death to satisfy her romantic idea of duty (while Clemens Bos took the profits) and her reward a grudging word of praise from him and a cold dish of charity from his wife.

Such is the impression the play leaves upon the modern beholder—a play that says that one strong evil man, seeing his reality, can destroy a dozen whose vision of themselves is obscured.

Here is excellent dialogue. Salty, vigorous, real talk—so genuine that at times the sense of being in a theatre departs entirely from the spectator, and any idea that one human being concocted what is taking place upon the stage is absurd.

Here, too, is fine "theatre," that gains rather than loses by its slow, mounting drama and quiet curtains, and absence of quick scenes running swiftly to climaxes of plot.