

LONDON OVERNIGHT!

—Doesn't Sound Strange After This Year's Ocean Flights

By JOSEPH W. LABINE

In New York a hard-boiled prize fight announcer led his audience in prayer. Throughout America one hundred million minds were focused on some vague spot over the briny Atlantic where Charles A. Lindbergh was piloting his "Spirit of St. Louis" to Paris and fame.

That was in 1927, only 11 years ago.

A few days ago another transatlantic flight ended and only a few hundred people bothered to read about it. Of more than 50 such trips being planned this summer, only two are attracting much attention, those of Howard Hughes and Douglas Corrigan, the "mistake" flier.

The ocean flight that made people hold their breath a decade ago has now become commonplace, and rightly so. This does not dim the accomplishment of Lindbergh; it merely means that transoceanic aviation has grown up, that science has begun to capitalize on its carefully planned program of conquering the Atlantic.

The Hughes trip was but a forerunner of this summer's transatlantic travel, a back-and-forth series of journeys that will keep the waves humming for weeks to come. The airships of four nations are flying from Europe to New York over different routes in a series of "survey" flights. Great Britain started things off a few weeks ago when the Mercury, unique pick-a-back plane, soared away from the mother ship, Maia, over Foynes, Ireland. The Mercury landed at Montreal 22½ hours later.

Takeoff Load Problem.

This "mother-and-papoose-on-her-back" composite ship has attracted more attention than any aviation development in recent years. British engineers worked on the well-founded theory that a ship can fly easily carrying excess weight but it can't take off with much extra load. Especially is this true of seaplanes, which are held down by suction of the water on their pontoons. So the Maia and the Mercury, locked together, rise from the airport as a single unit and separate in mid-air. The Maia is a land ship, the Mercury a seaplane.

Flying a different route—from the Azores to New York—the Germans are working with three seaplanes, Nordwind, Nordmeer and Nordstern. The ships belong to Deutsche Lufthansa and are making 14 round trips this year preparatory to starting regular transatlantic mail service.

France is experimenting this summer with the Lieut. de Vaisseau



London newspapers, one day old, were sold by this newsie in Times Square, New York City, a couple of weeks ago. The papers were carried across the Atlantic by England's pick-a-back plane, Mercury.

Paris, one of the largest flying boats in the world.

Stunt Flying Banned.

There is more to this story of aerial navigation than meets the eye. Transoceanic flying hasn't been merely a matter of building one ship larger than the last and seeing how far it would go without refueling. Since Charles Lindbergh first dreamed about it during his New York-Paris hop, the best minds of aviation have been working to develop fool-proof ships that will run mechanically.

Until such ships could be perfected, the United States was justified in frowning on stunt Atlantic flights. That's why Doug Corrigan's request for a permit last year was denied; it's why Corrigan had to depend on a wayward compass to fly his ship to Ireland a few weeks ago.

Outside of the weight problem mentioned above, engineers have found most of their difficulty in conquering the weather. Unlike the Pacific, which is usually calm, the Atlantic is beset with atmospheric disturbances. Especially is this true on the east-west hop, where until last year there were relatively few successful flights.

Until a few weeks ago the ceiling for commercial planes was 20,000 feet. Since engineers have long known that Atlantic weather disturbances could be overcome by high altitudes, they have been seeking some means of reaching these heights under practical conditions. Although oxygen equipment has been available to facilitate great elevations, it weighs so much that pay loads would be cut too low.

But from Sweden has come word of a new airplane motor capable of sustained performance at altitudes up to 59,000 feet. If it lives up to its claims, the motor will facilitate flights through the stratosphere where weather is always calm.

U. S. Service Ready.

Whatever may have happened to her supremacy on the high seas, America need take no back seat in transoceanic service. While France, England and Germany are busy with their "survey" flights, Pan-American is preparing to inaugurate regularly scheduled service from New York to London in her mammoth Boeing "clipper" ships. Just

LEFT—Douglas Corrigan, whose "mistake" flight from New York to Dublin recently was frowned upon with good reason by U. S. department of commerce officials. BELOW—When Howard Hughes and his intrepid crew landed in New York after their record-breaking trip around the world, which augured well for the future of transatlantic aviation.

how soon the service will start, nobody knows.

It's just possible that in a few weeks you may be able to slide about \$450 across the counter at New York and buy an air ticket for London, arriving there less than 24 hours out of Port Washington, Long Island. Similar accommodations on the liner Queen Mary would be \$316, plus tips, plus several days extra.

Passengers, mail and express will be shuttled between the two continents in the new 83,000-pound flying boats (P. A. A. has ordered six of them) that offer everything from a dining lounge to a bridal suite.

The new "clippers" are twice as large as those now making regular, uneventful trips across the Pacific, being far and away the most luxurious aircraft ever built. The first of them was launched last April and is now undergoing test flights on the Pacific coast. It is larger than the Santa Maria in which Columbus crossed the ocean, and three times the size of the average commercial air transport. It has a wingspread—and hold your breath on this one—just half a city block long, or 152 feet!

Two Deck Airliner.

From stem to stern, the new boat has been built to parallel an ocean vessel. It even has two decks, a top one for navigation and lower one for passengers. Up on the flight deck a large crew will be on duty. Ahead, in the cockpit, the smallest part of the deck, are the pilot and co-pilot whose work is largely left to robot instruments. Behind them in the navigation room are the radio man and the navigator, the former in touch with land at all times.

Back of the navigator is the engineer, possibly the busiest man on the ship. He handles throttles, checks engine performance and goes out in the wing to repair an ailing motor if it needs treatment.

And supervising all these men is the flight master, corresponding to the captain on an ocean liner. He is an administrator, pilot, engineer, navigator, radio operator and seaman rolled into one. In the entire Pan-American organization there are only 11 masters.

Luxury Over the Waves.

Down in the passenger deck modern voyagers enjoy all the comforts of home, and more. Except for a slight vibration and the muffled hum of four powerful engines, there is no perceptible sign of flight. Eight rooms are at the public's disposal; one of them seats more than a dozen persons comfortably and the others, though somewhat smaller, have big seats against the wall.

Thus far it looks like they'll have to omit only one gadget; nobody can figure out where to put the swimming pool!

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Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



"Mountain Doom"

By FLOYD GIBBONS

Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Samuel Johnson of Brooklyn, N. Y., has two hobbies, and one of them was bound to get him into trouble sooner or later.

Sam's hobbies are skiing and mountain climbing and two more dangerous sports I don't know of. You know what sort of a game skiing is. Anyone who has ever seen a news-reel of a bunch of ski jumpers doesn't have to be told it's a good idea to pay up your insurance before you try it. Mountain climbing is a little more than twice as dangerous as skiing.

It's a yarn of mountain climbing with which Sam busts into the club as a Distinguished Adventurer. For a good many years, Sam has lived abroad, chiefly in Italy.

And one day in July, 1931, way up in the Italian Alps, he had a little adventure that almost culminated in his living nowhere—neither in Italy nor anywhere else.

Climbing the Doufoure Peak.

On that July day, four Italians—a doctor, a lawyer and two engineers—along with Sam, himself, set out to climb the Doufoure—the highest and most difficult peak in the Monte Rosa chain of Alps. They started out without professional guides, for all of them thought they were sufficiently expert at climbing to get along without them. That says Sam, was the first mistake.

Sam takes time out here to explain that it was absolutely necessary to reach that peak before eleven a. m. For from that hour to one in the afternoon the sun is at its height, melting the snow and letting loose great avalanches that come crashing down the mountain-side carrying thousands of tons of rock, dirt and ice along with them.

The five men climbed until daybreak. "And all at once," Sam says, "the strenuous work we had done climbing to this point, was well rewarded by the magnificent spectacle that unfolded before our eyes. The early sun was shining on Monte Rosa and because of some phenomenon the whole mountain chain became a deep rose color—the hue that gives those peaks their name. We kept on going. By seven o'clock, after trying to make headway in snow two or three feet deep in places, we seemed still to be a great distance from the peak. That didn't worry us. From the position we were in it was next to impossible to judge distance—or even our direction. But by nine o'clock—"

Lost and Cut Off by Avalanche.

By nine o'clock that peak didn't seem any nearer than it had at seven. They knew they were lost then—and they were thoroughly frightened. They were at an altitude of about twelve thousand feet, and a night spent in the intense cold at that level was pretty sure to be fatal.



A terrific avalanche roared past them.

"To build a fire," says Sam, "is impossible. There is nothing to burn. Nor is there any other protection from the sub-zero temperature, or from the icy blasts of wind that sweep the mountain all through the night."

They climbed for two more hours—and by that time they were all but exhausted. They stopped to rest on a ledge of rock, and suddenly a terrific avalanche roared past them not a hundred yards away. It was eleven o'clock—the deadline for mountain climbers—the time when they ran for cover if there was any cover to run to.

"The slide," says Sam, "crossed the path of the trail we had made coming up. If we had been delayed just a few minutes I rather believe our bodies would now be reposing on some glacier under a thousand tons of rock and ice. We didn't dare travel after that. From then until three o'clock we sat huddled on the ledge expecting every moment to be carried away by another avalanche. At three we started out again, trying to find the lost trail. We didn't find it—and to make matters worse, the sun was sinking rapidly and it was getting colder by the second."

Took Refuge in a Cave.

The situation was serious. Sam and his companions decided something certainly should be done about it. But what? None of them knew. They held a consultation and agreed to hole in for the night—take a chance on being alive in the morning. Three men rose to find a suitable place to dig in, but two of them lay still on the ice—too exhausted to move on.

With difficulty the others got them to their feet. Practically carrying them, they moved on across a glacier, looking for a cave. Although they didn't know it then, it was that cave that saved all their lives.

They found a cave and huddled into it. They didn't dare go to sleep. They'd freeze to death. Their food supply had run out by that time, and the gnawing pains of hunger added to their intense misery. The suffering of that night, Sam says, no one could ever describe. But at six in the morning they saw five black figures moving across the ice toward them.

The black figures were five professional guides. Down in Macugnaga someone with a pair of powerful binoculars had seen them as they pushed across the last stretch of glacier. The guides—men of remarkable endurance—had climbed all night long to reach them before it was too late. They literally carried the five men down the mountain and rushed them to a hospital, where one member of the party had a leg amputated, another a hand, and a third, all the toes of both feet. But luckily for Sam Johnson, the sawbones didn't have to do any work on him.

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Cameras Barred by Village

Hating cameras and loathing photographers, villagers of Staphorst, in east Holland, have forbidden strangers to take pictures there. Two young visitors who were taking snapshots recently were knocked down and badly beaten. Staphorst is a picturesque place, the people wear old-fashioned, quaint costumes and the houses are painted pale blue. The villagers recognize all this, but resent the invasion of their privacy by candid camera amateurs.

The Chinese Li

The Chinese li, a measure of length, is the equivalent of one one-hundredth of a day's walk; on the level, this slightly exceeds one-third of an English mile, but in hilly country it might be as little as one-eighth of a mile.

Colors of Dawn, Sunset

The colors of dawn are purer and colder than those of sunset because the reduced dust content of the atmosphere causes less sifting of the light rays.

Many Moth Families

Most people call moths butterflies, yet there are about nine times as many moth families as butterfly families. Because butterflies fly by day, while moths are night flyers, the former are common sights to the most casual observer. There are, however, numerous ways of telling them apart. Butterflies fold their wings high over their backs when at rest, while moths fold their wings down flat. Butterflies have club-shaped antennae, while those of moths are feathered.

Highest East of Mississippi

Mount Mitchell, in the Black mountains of Yancey county, North Carolina, 6,684 feet above sea level, is the highest point of land in the United States east of the Mississippi river.

Marijuana Cured Like Tobacco

The leaves of the marijuana weed have seven or more narrow tapering petals. A drying process similar to that used in readying tobacco "cures" the vicious weed for smoking purposes.



WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK—England pioneered the businessman-diplomat—shrewdly and effectively, it would seem. Many of her best fixers and negotiators throughout the world have been men who had a personal stake in the outcome of their operations. They were not disinterested, perhaps, but no more were the traditional diplomats who knew protocol, perhaps, but nothing about oil.

America followed with Norman H. Davis, a financier who became an effective European swing man under five Presidents, and then came Spruille Braden, engineer and industrialist who was our ambassador-at-large in Latin America until he became minister to Colombia last April.

President Roosevelt, agreeing to act as an arbitrator in the Chaco dispute, picks Mr. Braden to represent him. In his own private industrial diplomacy throughout South America, the husky and gregarious Mr. Braden has proved himself an excellent pacifier and troubleshooter.

He knows the score in oil, copper, rubber, minerals, hides and what not, and this materialized and particularized diplomacy has made him useful in diplomatic representations at various South American conferences. He has been working on the Chaco settlement for the last three years.

In his youth, he did a short turn in the mines near Elkhorn, Mont., his native town, and then went to Yale and became a mining engineer.

He was a second-string halfback at Yale, but a first string engineer and promoter from the start, electrifying Chile for Westinghouse, organizing the Bolivia-Argentina Exploration corporation, branching out widely in South American development and finance. He desperately wanted to be minister to Chile, but was consoled with Colombia.

He is forty-four years old, remembered in New York as the fastest and hardest-working handball player around Jack O'Brien's gymnasium, in which he combated a tendency to plumpness, creeping up on him a bit in late years.

He was married in 1915 to the beautiful and socially eminent Senorita Maria Humeres del Solar of Chile. They have three daughters and two sons. Their New York residence is the former George W. Perkins estate at Riverdale-on-the-Hudson.

CARL J. HAMBRO, burly president of the Norwegian parliament, is in America for a lecture tour. There is an interesting cut-back in his career.

Predicted At Geneva, in 1927, he staged a spectacular debate with Austen Chamberlain, in which, speaking for the small states, he vehemently insisted that the league must find a way to restrain strong aggressors, or else find itself impotent and discredited in a few years.

With equal vehemence, Mr. Chamberlain proclaimed the trustworthiness of the strong states and their humanitarian aims. Warning Mr. Hambro against overt restraints by the league, he said, "Along that road lies danger."

Mr. Hambro was the most distinguished recruit of the Oxford group movement in 1935, and has since been a leader of the movement in Norway.

Returning from a luncheon attended by Dr. Frank Buchman, founder of the movement, in Geneva, he told of the mystic exaltation of the company and later announced his adherence to the group.

Although a conservative, Mr. Hambro is the president of the Labor party of Norway. For many years, he has been leading the fight of the smaller nations in the league. Arriving in New York, he remarks dryly that Norway is old-fashioned—she has a surplus in her budget.

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Platinum Once of No Value

Old prospectors like to tell how they picked "native lead" out of their pans and sluiceboxes, and what they said as they threw it away. They are still saying things, for this much despised substance was actually platinum, which had little value years ago. Counterfeiters used it extensively because of its heavy weight, and gold-plated platinum coins are still in existence. In 1828-45 Nicholas I of Russia issued platinum 3, 6 and 12 rouble pieces that are highly prized by the coin collecting fraternity.—Detroit Coin Club.

