DE PINEDO'S FEAT

Italian Four Continent Flyer Home—His Tale of Adventure Told

"Swarming about the speeding plane over the Brazilian jungle, where a forced landing would have meant almost certain death from starvation or worse, a flock of black condors, the greatest and swiftest of soaring birds, charged and wheeled, and charged again, sweeping closer and closer in unmeasurable certainty, and goodness knows what will be the fate of outraged sovereignty. In momentary dread lest one of the huge creatures, with its wing-spread of ten or twelve feet, should foul the propeller and bring down the plane, de Pinedo resorted to all the maneuvers and trick stunts in his gamut of airmanship. Diving, soaring, speeding, looping, tumbling, he sought desperately to shake off this terrifying pursuit, only to find himself still the quarry of an ever-augmenting flock of the great birds of prey. Such is the weird of the many adventures that the great Italian long-distance ace has now to relate to his complimentary King, and the Prince Mussolini, who was the first to embrace him when he landed at the mouth of the Tiber the other day at the completion of his 25,000-mile flight journey, which carried him twice across the Atlantic. In a signed article he has contributed earlier to the New York World, he tells us that it is not easy for him to select the most thrilling, most dangerous and most dramatic moments he went through on his hazardous journey across two hemispheres. There was, he recalls, that night dark night below the Equator when I flew over the Atlantic and the torrential rains and furious ever-changing winds of a tropic storm, facing the peril of being hurled down into the black mass of raging waves 2,000 feet below. And there was the flight across our own Rocky Mountains, in a fragile, bulous air when the peaks were hidden in a gray veil of mist and we had to soar up suddenly that a fatal crash might be inevitable. But these and other perilous incidents of his epic Odyssey are commended to readers by the Italian Prince Indignant readers surely will bring a fair measure of encouragement yet to be in the annals of aviation. The

"We were flying over the jungles, the forest never in sight when we could make an emergency landing, the atmosphere condition were bad. Conditions became worse. I had to fly very low as they Red Lion caught in the trees and clouds closed in, in forces to formation, scattering in a peculiar way the storm as it forbidding character of the country. It was a region which I had never seen before and which, I confess, was unexplored even by the native Indians. It was a desolate prospect.

"Suddenly as I flew out of the mist and clouds, came a flock of black birds, coming toward us growing bigger and bigger as they came. In a few second they were so near that the wing of the machine almost struck them. They were condors, the kings of the air along the Brazilian forest waste.

"The condors are every one knows, belong to the family of vultures, and are the largest of soaring birds. They are four or five feet from beak to tail. It is a grim sight to see the birds sailing the air in flocks driven by hunger and hunting for food. They are bold, fierce, and strong that they attack and kill large animals such as sheep, calves and deer.

"As I saw in the distance no other [illegible] machine, I was afraid of being attacked by a flock of condors. I knew that if one of them should fly into the propeller that would not only kill the bird, but might wreck or disable the plane. This would have meant simply a fearful landing upon the treetops of the jungle. I [illegible] my most [illegible] man [illegible] in the air, making [illegible] flock of the huge condors as they circled around the machine. [illegible] sound of the [illegible] they would disappear in all directions. But then again they would wheel and come within a few yards of the propeller. Fearful of the airplane which shot ahead with its terrible celerity, I flew higher and higher, and then made lower, always followed by a flock of condors or more flying new flocks behind the clouds, then disappeared in the mist.

"How long this wild race and maneuvering with the condors lasted, I do not know. They came and went, reappeared and vanished again, until I reached my immediate destination, after the most thrilling experience of my life."

"Describing the jungles of Brazil as they appear from overhead, the Italian ace explains:

"Imagine a vast, impenetrable territory, covered with dense wild vegetation of dark green color with big branches or huge trees so closely intertwined that no human eye is able to penetrate this wide-spreading, fantastic web. There is no change of scenery as far as eye can see; no sign of human life for hundreds of miles; the jungle below appears as one immense dark green carpet. It is worse than the dreaded jungles of Africa, the Dark Continent. In the African jungles there are paths, natural ways of travel, clearings and small lakes, and the light can break through the openings between the trees and the tangle of vegetation. The Brazilian jungles are impenetrable, inaccessible, with triple strata of vegetation—the grass and underbrush below, covered by medium-sized brush and shrubs, which again are surmounted by gigantic trees towering above them. It is a tideless ocean of branches and leaves with its surface 150 feet above the ground. The upper air is hot and stifling—one can feel the breath of the jungle.

"It is easy to understand that flying above this wilderness is far more dangerous than flight over the real ocean. There is no possibility of landing anywhere in the jungle. In a case of emergency we must have landed upon the tree-tops, and with perhaps not a human being certainly not one white man, around for hundreds of miles such a landing would undoubtedly have meant death.

"Of course, I was fully conscious of this danger during the flight across the Brazilian jungles, though I had no time to think of the perils of the situation to anything like their full extent. I was too busy piloting the machine, and my mind was fully occupied by the use of the technical instruments and by the tense vigilance, which is the first duty and instinct of the pilot of an airplane. But I knew only too well that if anything went wrong, I was lost.

"I tried to follow the course of rivers that the Paraguay River, ad later the Amazon. But this proved impracticable for any length of time. Some times the giant forests obscured or quite concealed the river. Sometimes the course of the stream was too crooked to be followed by airplane, and so the course was determined by the compass, just as if we had been above the Atlantic Ocean.

"We made stops in small villages where the inhabitants had never seen an airplane, such as in Ceres and in Goyaz, and in the cities of Pirenopolis and Para. But even between the cities there were long stretches of jungle which we had to cross.

"On the way from Manaos to Para, the last and most severe test of my machine and my nerves, adventure happened. When we passed through a tremendous hurricane right over the jungle region I have described.

Some Rain

"It is difficult to imagine a Brazilian hurricane, for one who never saw it. It was what a torrential rainstorm, such as I never experienced before, even when we flew across the Atlantic in the midst of an equinoctial storm. When I say it rained, I fail to convey the character of this downpour. I had the impression as if the water poured down in solid streams. Pedro Petroni and Zaconi, my mechanic, who rode in the fuselage of the plane, thought that stones were falling, meaning that an angry god was bombarding us with the artillery of the sky. The earthquakes resounded, and for some seconds I couldn't hear anything at all.

"De Pinedo never lost control of the machine, but he said to me that now it was like a leaf thrown up and down by the whims of the hurricane, high up in the air or down so low that it seemed not more than thirty or forty feet separated us from the ground and the dreaded jungle, with the tops of dead trees rising above the branches of the living ones like masts of wrecked ships. And he added:

"It wasn't a night flight any longer. Up and down we went, in a vertical zig-zag line, unable to evade the clouds which sent down new torrents of water, unable to descend and [illegible] the lightning and thunderbolts flying all around us. And yet, my one thought in those moments was not escape from the tempest, but from the jungle which lay below us, dark and [illegible] as a graveyard. The most vital task was to avoid a forced landing, not to be thrown down by the wind into this fatal web of trees and vines, which no living man ever cared to rove, and whence no living man would be able to return.

"The jungle reaches almost to the vicinity of the city of Para. When, at last, after hours of life and death struggle, we reached Para, it meant for us the end of the worst part of our journey, perhaps the most perilous journey a man has ever undertaken and come through safe. Though I consider myself something of a pilot, I confess I knew no fear in the moments of danger when I was high up in the air. I was happy to have accomplished this part of my journey.

"You see, one can become accustomed to facing death; one can develop a contempt for death amid the hazards of an adventurous life; one can even be reconciled to the idea of a violent death. But the perils in the jungles of Brazil, to be caught to the attacks of myriads of wild animals and wilder savages in the impenetrable forests—this form of exit is too painful to contemplate.

"I think I have seldom enjoyed such a sound sleep as on the night when we arrived in Para and knew that the Brazilian jungles were not below but behind us."

The Home-Coming

Of the flyer's triumphant home-coming in his plane, the 'Santa Maria II,' we are told in a Rome wireless from a New York Times' correspondent:

"De Pinedo received an enthusiastic welcome from a vast crowd of several score thousands of people who lined the beach at Ostia and shouted and waved their greetings when his airplane hove into sight.

"The 'Santa Maria II' arrived at Ostia punctually at the appointed time escorted by an escadrille of navy seaplanes. Its appearance immediately gave rise to truly remarkable demonstrations of enthusiasm on the part of the crowd.

"After twice circling over Ostia, the 'Santa Maria II' smoothly alighted on the sea in front of a float, on the end of which Mussolini and the highest officials were gathered. De Pinedo, his navigating officer, Carlo Delprato, and the mechanic, Zaccherotti, were taken off in a launch, which carried them over to the pier.

"The cheering reached its acme when the three aviators, standing in the launch, raised their arms in Roman salute toward the crowd. As soon as de Pinedo jumped lightly from the launch onto the pier he was surrounded by the wildly excited, frantically cheering throng.

"Mussolini was the first to shake the aviator's hands and to embrace them, with words of congratulation. He was followed by Cardinal Vanutelli, Archbishop of Ostia.

"When the excitement had died somewhat, de Pinedo, Delprato and Zaccherotti took seats in an automobile and started out for Rome by two thick lines of cheering people.

"Mussolini expressed a wish that the aviators proceed him to Rome to receive the full effects of the ovation arranged for them there.

"The Italian press emphasizes the technical importance of de Pinedo's flight. He said he can do something to prove that aviation is totally different from what Lindbergh and Chamberlin accomplished. He reached such a pitch of perfection in aviation, to fly over land and navigate in countries with reliable service of safety. This he triumphantly showed, the news which twice threatened to cut his flight short.

Literary Digest.

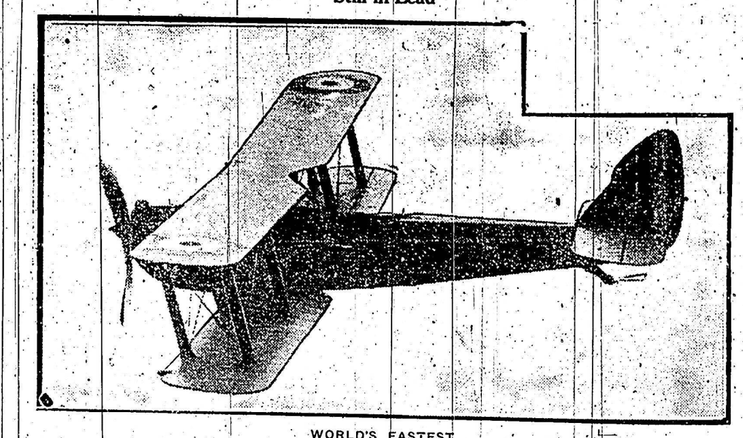
Likens Motor Rovers to Medieval Pilgrims

Not since medieval times, when men roved the highways on horseback from town to town, and when wandering bands of pilgrims went afoot, been no other way of getting about, have roads been so popular," reports Charles A. Jason in the Journal of Commerce of "Pied and Staff." He continues: "The automobile is becoming a definite object. It is getting people out of doors to a far greater extent than was possible in the days when the railroad was the only means of extended travel.

"Each year," says Mr. Jason, "new camps are being formed to meet the demands of the thousands of new motorists who take to the trails. Most of these camps are equipped with every modern convenience, but if you don't wish to camp at all you may simply travel in your car from place to place and be assured that you can find a comfortable tourist inn or hotel at the end of each day's drive. Motor travel is becoming safer each year. The perils of camping exist largely in the minds of the inexperienced."

"I hear Hardupp's shop was burned to the ground last night. They say you could see the fire a long way off." "Yes, I saw it six months ago."

Still in Lead



WORLD'S FASTEST

Flying snapshot of the British Havilland-Napier "Hound," the fastest two-seater machine, undergoing a sea test.

Prince of Wales Happy on Ranch

His Place in Alberta Being Prepared for His Visit

STANLEY BALDWIN HIS GUEST

All of "the Gang" Will Be on Hand to Greet Him in August

High River—"Out on the E. P. Ranch they are getting ready for the home coming of Canada's most famous rancher, Edward, Prince of Wales.

"They are putting in bath tubs for his Royal Highness and his distinguished visitor, Stanley Baldwin, and also building an addition on the ranch house so the Prime Minister and his secretaries won't have to sit in bedroom, dining room or kitchen when the affairs of the British Empire need their attention.

"They are going to get the Prince's bed down out of the attic and set it up for his princely and personal use, and visitors won't have a change to see it and sit on it. The visitors, especially those from the States, look upon the E. P. Ranch house as a sort of royal museum, and the Prince's ranch manager, W. L. Carlyle, and his wife have been extremely kind to those thousands who have wanted to see the Prince's things and talk about him.

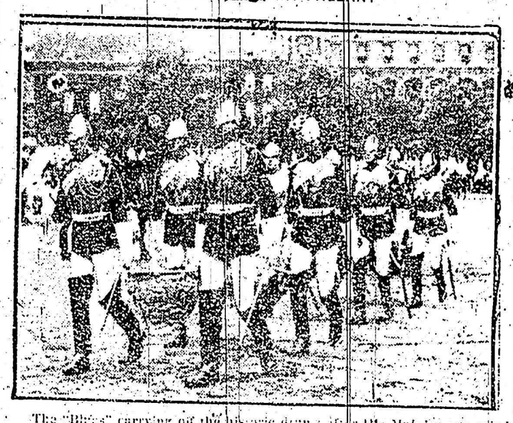
Mash Notes from Everywhere

"'They just can't seem to believe that he is human,' says Mrs. Carlyle. 'Most of the tourists we show over the ranch want to come into his bedroom here, and nine out of ten of those who have been here sit down on the edge of the bed there and say, more to themselves than to me, 'Just to think, this is where the Prince of Wales has slept.' Of course, I don't tell them that the bed he uses is packed away in the attic.'"

Also with the news of the Prince's visit to his ranch are arriving daily all kinds of letters from the provinces and the States, any of them from "mushy" but most of them "mash notes" from girls who seem to get some sort of pleasure out of writing to the Prince of Wales, even though they don't stand a single chance of getting an answer.

These notes come in plain envelopes, fancy envelopes, blue ones, pink ones, scented and unscented, bearing post marks from every State in the Union and every province in Canada, making a variety of requests, ranging from a dance to a lowly kiss, even that the laws of England be changed to allow him to marry a girl Outlook.

IMPOSING MILITARY PAGEANT



The "Blues" carrying off the historic drum, after His Majesty presented new standards to the Household Cavalry on the Horse Guards Parade.

KING FAUD'S VISIT GRACEFUL GESTURE

Egypt's King Helps His Country by His Visit to Buckingham Palace

London.—King Faud, who has left Egypt on a round of state visits, which appropriately have begun at Buckingham Palace as the guest of King George, is the first King of Egypt, and this is the first occasion on which he has left his native country since he succeeded his elder brother, Hussein Kamel, in 1917, as Sultan under the then existing British Protectorate. Five years later the British Government recognized the sovereign independence of the country and to celebrate the altered national status, the Sultan proclaimed Egypt a kingdom and himself its first king.

Ismail Deposed.

His Majesty has had a life so adventurous as almost to savor of fiction. The youngest son of the reckless Khedive Ismail Pasha, his early boyhood was passed in an atmosphere of ever recurrent crises, arising from Ismail's wild extravagance and the resulting complications with his foreign creditors. Prince Faud was a child of one when, in Giza Palace, the brilliant Oriental reception was prepared by his father for the beautiful Empress Eugene of the French, who had come to Egypt to open the Suez Canal. Nine years later, the financial ruin which had been considered inevitable for years, finally overwhelmed his ambitions and spendthrift father.

An international commission of financial control had in 1876 been imposed on Egypt, much against Ismail's wishes. The latter obstructed its proposals by every means within his power, until the commissioners ultimately demanded his deposition. He had no alternative but to acquiesce, and in 1878 he left Egypt, never to return, taking with him his youngest son, Prince Ahmed Faud, to share his exile in Italy.

The young prince thus received an Italian education, and on reaching manhood, entered the Italian Cavalry College at Turin, from which he passed in due course into the Italian Army. His military career was, however, interrupted in 1895 by the passing of his exiled father in Naples, and he decided to settle in Egypt and took an official position at the court of his nephew, the Khedive Abbas Hilmi II., devoting himself to the promotion of better educational facilities for his mainly illiterate countrymen. It was his initiative that led to the founding, in 1908, of the Egyptian University in Cairo, and a few years later he threw his whole influence into a movement toward the establishment of a School of Fine Arts in the country.

Candidate for Albanian Throne.

Meantime he had maintained close connection with Italy and, after the conclusion of the Balkan Wars of 1912 the Albania, which had been freed from the Turkish yoke, [illegible] the Italian Government put forward Prince Faud as a candidate for the throne. There was much [illegible] in his selection. He was [illegible] and his great-great-grandfather, Ali, the founder of the Egyptian dynasty, was [illegible] and had been born in Albania. Faud thus had the chance of being both a compatriot and compatriot of the Albanians, but the weight of German influence was against him and after [illegible] negotiations a Rhineland prince, Wied, was offered the vacant throne. The title of Mpret of Albania [illegible] months later, Albania went to Constantinople, [illegible] the Germans and [illegible] threw in his lot [illegible] powers and deposed [illegible] shortly afterwards [illegible] of the British [illegible] Egypt. He was [illegible] Faud's elder brother [illegible] who reigned [illegible] Sultan until October [illegible]

Attitude Vindicated

[illegible] his 10 years [illegible] his soon his [illegible] many vicissitudes [illegible] Egyptian rebellion of [illegible] setback to the [illegible] for his [illegible] the situation [illegible] by the [illegible] of chief of [illegible] the Egyptian Army [illegible] crises, [illegible] the time earned [illegible] unpopularity [illegible] but he has been [illegible] the greatest [illegible] in the [illegible] Egypt, except [illegible] the head which [illegible] Although [illegible] led to the British [illegible] independence [illegible] was only a [illegible] Anglo-Egyptian [illegible] nation would be [illegible] between the two [illegible] as much [illegible] Cairo.

Faud's visit [illegible] national moment [illegible] welcome and [illegible] diplomatic [illegible] of the coming [illegible]

The Storage of Home Canned Products

The storage place for home preserved fruits and vegetables should be cool, dark and dry. Heat favors the growth of bacteria, light causes fading, while dampness furthers the growth of moulds and even causes rust on the metal fastenings of the glass jars. These and other pointers for the housekeeper are given in a new bulletin of the Dominion Department of Agriculture on preserving Fruits and Vegetables in the home. When dark storage is not available the jars should be wrapped in paper to exclude the light. When canned vegetable products are removed from the jar after storage it is a wise precaution to boil them a few minutes. When they are to be used cold, as for salads, they may be set aside after boiling and chilled before use.

The Colonial Empire

London Observer claims: The Colonial Empire has an area of [illegible] million square miles, a population of [illegible] millions. Though we have, in Lord Milner's measured words, "neglected and storied" them, the trade between the United Kingdom and this great section of the Empire has trebled in the past twenty years. If the whole force of finance and science at our command could be organized for year upon year in that connection, the trading figures could be trebled again. The modern colonial system has stood the political test. Britain has to justify it henceforth by the economic test. Her own interests require it; the world, with its growing interest in markets and raw materials, expects it; and the advancement of the peoples under her rule is a mere aspiration without it.

That's Different.

Two stranded golfers struck up an acquaintance at a holiday resort. One was a lean fellow, the other was distinctly weighty. "What is your handicap?" asked the fifth player. "Sixteen," replied the other. "Oh," said the first man quickly, "that's excellent. I'm a sixteen man, too." "Ah, yes," said the burly one mildly, "you mean strokes, but I mean stones."

Poor Ma.

"What is leisure, mamma?"

"It's the spare time a woman has in which she can do some other kind of work," answered the mother. The Outlook.

Canada Leads Empire in Silver

The High Rate of Growth Likely to Continue

[illegible] has held the [illegible] Empire as the [illegible] silver for the [illegible] the Card [illegible] 1925 [illegible] Canada's production in [illegible] Yukon [illegible]

[illegible] on the races yesterday? [illegible] you to keep your race! [illegible] yourself."

REG'LAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes.

A Prospective Customer.