Flying Heroes

Knights of the Air Are Making a New Place in the Romance of the World

LUCK, LIFE AND NERVE

A few excerpts from an article in the New York Herald Tribune will give an idea of the splendid yarns that can be told of these flying crusaders. Space will not permit more than a very small hint of what can be recounted if these nervy boys could be got together to give their experiences.

"Benny" Eielson, who recently crossed the Arctic with Captain Geo. H. Wilkins, was made a chief of the Yukon Indians under the colorique of "Moose Ptarmigan" when, back in 1924, he brought the mail through dark and snowstorms into a country that previously had known only dog teams.

Before the completely mapped air routes, the lighted airways of today, R. B. Levisse owed his life to his memory for air landmarks. Running out of gas, oil and water twenty miles east of Placerville, he suddenly remembered a certain pear-shaped clearing he had observed on previous flights. From 8,000 feet up he made a "deadstick" landing and brought the mail through.

Frequently when the department asks its pilots for a report of their experiences it is hard to get anything. It is all in the day's work for them. Often a situation which would make a story writer's reputation as a thriller is turned off in a jest. Take, for example, one of the reports of J. D. Hill, who afterwards was lost with Bertand another air pilot, on their tragic attempt to fly to Rome.

During a certain trip westward from New York under a low barometer, he struck a driving rain. Leo Hill tell it:

"Mail held until noon on account of bad weather. I took off about 12:30 at Garden City; pyrene hitting the back of my legs suggested a rough trip. . . . I crossed the Delaware at Trenton and what was bad became worse. Rain became more rain; more rain become water. I discovered that one gray patch was trees; another water, and still another clouds. Every time I saw a "W" on the compass I headed for it.

"There were no automobiles on the roads, no birds, but millions of little things began to whiz by me, and as I fairly big one went by I looked back quickly and saw a fin and realized they were bats. All those little ones must have been sardines, and I never knew before they grew close together like that.

"Anyway, there I was with a fire extinguisher and a parachute, praying for a lifeboat. . . . I saw a line of automobiles that seemed natural enough, but the band of players and the pipe organ were queer.

"I got back into clear water, rose a bit and nearly came out to where it was cloudy again. I saw fields, and after a time I came down in one. A man came out of a barn and said Lancaster was eight miles west. . . . Cold, wet and hungry, and I never got a good drink of fresh water.

"Six or eight people were drowned in Pennsylvania that day, and I suppose I could have drowned too if it hadn't been for the fan on the front of my ship. My observation on this trip is that the U. S. Mail has too many wings for an airplane and not enough for a fish net."

For pure, unadulterated American humor, take an official report made by Kenneth Norris.

"I was crossing the Rocky Mountains one day at about 16,500 feet when I felt like a set of gears and landed in a very small field in the Secret Pass. A rancher riding range saw me land and rode over and let me take his horse to ride to the nearest ranch. After phoning to Elko for help, I started back to the ship on horse. I started to mount and the horse took off in a climbing turn before I got in the seat and had my safety belt fastened.

"To make a long story short, I overcontrolled her nose, went down and spun or sideslipped—I don't know which—into the ground with great speed.

I broke my left ankle and was shaken up by this second forced landing.

"After filling the air with smoke for a few minutes, I got the boys again and we took off in a gentle loop and returned to the ship. Help came; we repaired the motor and I flew the ship to Elko. There I had the ankle set by one of the best doctors in town.

"I had the luck to borrow a pair of crutches made for a man six feet tall, and as I am five-foot-seven, we got along fine. I had the boys at the field tack a strap on the right rudder bar so I could pull as well as push. This made up for the loss of my left foot. I took off for Salt Lake with the regular mail as usual.

"Motto: Always be sure you have your belt on before you take off with a Western horse."

There is the same kind of laugh in another pilot, "Tex" Marshall, who wrote in, after a clever landing under adverse conditions, that a man came up to him on the field and said:

"Mr. Marshall, my name is Votaw, and I want to tell you that I never saw anyone come so near hitting so many different things in such a short time and miss 'em all. I want to congratulate you or sympathize with you—I don't know which!"

Perhaps the classic of all is the report of Dean Smith:

"Dead-sticked — flying low — only place available—on cow—killed cow—wrecked plane—scared me—Smith"—

Whether the story is one of straightway courage or the whimsical tale of the humorous or the reticence of those who report "nothing happened worth telling about," one sentiment of devotion to the service and desire to help aviation inspires all true pilots. The world has seen in Lindbergh the inspiration of that devotion. It exists also in many others less renowned.

It is first of all, due to men like these that the last decade has seen such a remarkable growth in mail aviation.

I cannot close a discussion of this subject without including some lines which contain the most moving words I have read in recent years, lines contained in the letters written by Brooke Pearson, an air mail pilot, to his mother and his fellow pilots. They are so inspiring that I shall set them down here just as his mother and his fellow-aviators read them—after he had crashed:

"Dear Mother:

"I trust your eyes may never see this, but should God desire that you do you at least know He has called me. Like many more who have given their lives for the future of this wonderful game, I was possibly wrong in not giving it up; possibly I might have keep at it and only pray that some thought the same, but I choose to think of use that has been learned.

"The world in general calls us silly fools, but it's the silly fools who make the sacrifices that help to perfect any great thing that the world in general greatly benefits by later.

"My dearest mother, I say farewell, au revoir, for a time only, as I hope we will meet again. Keep a brave heart. I pray God to look after you, as you have struggled as no other mother has to make ends meet. It's always darkest just before the dawn.

I. L. Y. A.

"BROOKE."

And to his fellow pilots words which in the light of after events take on the glowing aspiration of this gamey youth and the future:

"My Dear Friends:

"I go west, but with a cheerful heart. I hope what small sacrifice I have made may be of use to the game. When we fly we are damned fools, they say; when you're dead you weren't half a bad fellow.

"Every one in this wonderful aviation is doing the world far more good than they appreciate.

"We risk our necks, give our lives perfect an invention for the benefit of the world at large, so that they may benefit in years to come. They, mind you, are the very ones who call us fools.

"Stick to it, boys. I'm still very much with you.

"See you all again.

"AL PEARSON."

Ten years of air mail history contain a record of splendid human achievement and a prophecy of greater things to come.

At Six Bells

This is not a sea story, as the title might suggest, but the story of a holiday in Switzerland. It is a very old custom and is celebrated during the last of April. The Guilds of Zurich burn up winter, which they think has lasted long enough.

A huge bonfire is laid in the square before the Opera House, and on top of it is placed what looks like a large snowman, but he is in reality built of chicken wire stuffed with fireworks and covered with white paper.

The guilds—and there must be about 20—all meet, arrayed in the most gorgeous costumes, each union having its own ceremonial uniform, some of which are preserved in the museum and used only on this day.

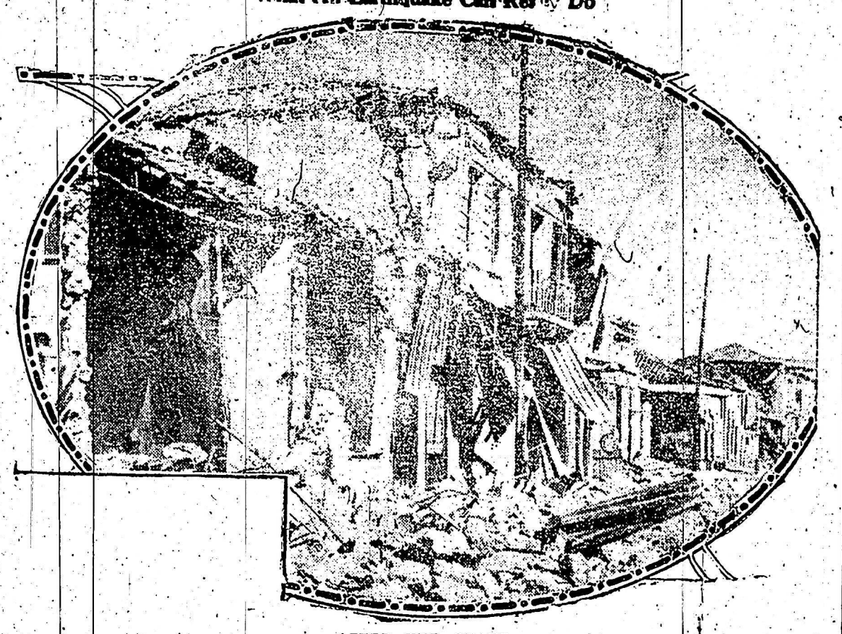
The procession marches into the square and groups around the bonfire—after circling slowly and impressively around it—and the townspeople on foot form a ring on the outside. When the clock strikes six the fire is lighted and as it burns the men and horses commence to circle about, going faster and faster.

Then the snowman catches fire and begins to blow up, and everyone joins in the cheering, for winter has gone. Finally, bunches of flowers are thrown and the cry goes up that summer has begun.

We are told that another crisis in the Crimese civil war will probably happen in the summer. Experts are beginning to feel that unless that war gets a new publicity man it will probably fizzle out.

Well-meaning Friend—"They tell me, Patrick, that your brother is in the hospital." Pat—"Yes, he bet Maloney that he could lean farther out of a window—and he won."

What An Earthquake Can Really Do



AFTER THE SHAKE

The main street in Corinth, Greece, where houses for the entire length of the thoroughfare crumbled after the tremors that rocked the city and left desolation in their wake.

Obsolete Bullets Condemn Slayers

Browne and Kennedy Convicted of Killing Constable in England on Their Mute Testimony

Traced to Browne's Pistol

Sentencing to Death of These Men Ends Crime Partnership Recalling Highwaymen of Earlier Days

The trial of Frederick Guy Browne and William Henry Kennedy, which ended at the Old Bailey in London on April 27 with the defendants being sentenced to the gallows by Justice Avory for the murder of Constable Gutteridge at Stapleford Abbots, Essex, last September, revealed a syndicate of crime and closed the careers of two modern "gentlemen of the road."

Early on Sept. 27, 1927, the constable was found dead on an Essex road by the driver of a mail car. He had four bullet wounds in his head. The autopsy revealed that the wounds had been made by Lobsolete bullets known as "Mark IV."

The same morning a stolen Morris-Cowley car, belonging to a Dr. Lovell of Billericay, was found abandoned at Brixton. There were stains on the car, and within was found the shell of a "Mark IV" bullet.

In the next four months more than thirty persons were detained, interrogated and allowed to go. No further evidence was forthcoming at the time; there were no finger prints—nothing but the four "Mark IV" bullets and the cartridge case found in Dr. Lovell's car.

On Jan. 20 Browne was arrested at a garage he kept at Clapham. He was charged with having stolen a car. His premises were searched. There among a number of revolver cartridges were found some stamped "Mark IV." A Webley revolver was found loaded with identical cartridges, and some surgical instruments later identified by Dr. Lovell as his property—instruments he had in his car when it was stolen.

Browne is reported to have exclaimed to the police, "Now you have found them, it is all up with me," and again, "I am done for now!" The county constables marvelled that the prisoner should be so excited over a charge of mere car theft.

A man from Scotland Yard came down, saw the material found by the police, connected it with the murder on the Essex highway and began to look around among Browne's friends. Browne, meanwhile, had assumed an indifferent air. He explained the presence of the cartridges and the revolver in various ways. The instruments, he said, he found in the road in October.

KENNEDY DESPERATE

It was discovered that Browne the previous autumn had employed a man named Kennedy. When Browne was arrested this man had disappeared. He was traced to Liverpool and was arrested there on Jan. 25. He put up a big fight and tried to use an automatic. His desperation, like the fear at first betrayed by Browne, caused the detectives to believe that there was more to the case than appeared on the surface.

Kennedy was taken to Scotland Yard and there is said to have made a statement which implicated Browne as the actual murderer of the constable and himself as an accomplice. Meanwhile, Browne had also made statements implicating Kennedy. All statements were repudiated when the case came to trial, and both men were ready with alibis.

None of the statements could be admitted as evidence. What was admitted was evidence to show that on the night of Sept. 26 Browne and Kennedy were together on the Essex road in Dr. Lovell's stolen car, and the testimony of the arms experts, who established the fact that the "Mark IV" bullets found in the head of Constable Gutteridge could only have been fired from the Webley revolver found in the possession of Browne.

Contributive evidence revealed Browne as the chief and Kennedy as the lieutenant of a gang of highway robbers and motor-car thieves which for years had preyed upon the Essex roads, always ready to shoot to secure their ends. A sentimental touch to the trial was given by the wives of the prisoners—the wife of Browne, who tried in vain to establish an alibi, and the wife of Kennedy, who tried to establish circumstances of mitigation.

RESIGNED TO FATE

When the jury had brought in its verdict of guilty the usual question was put to the prisoners: Had they anything to say? Among other things Browne said:

"I am not going to try to prove that I am innocent, for the simple reason that there is something hanging over my head. If I got off this, I should get penal servitude for something else, which is far worse than what is offered. I am content to leave it that I am not guilty, according to One above Who should know. But the Court says I am. I am quite content. My conscience is clear."

Kennedy said in part:

"Nothing I can say now will alter the verdict. It is fate, and you, my Lord, and the jury who have tried me, are mere instruments of that fate. It is not in any spirit of bravado that I say that I am not afraid of death, but have certain knowledge that in the hereafter I shall be united to the one darling girl who has stuck by me throughout this terrible ordeal." He had been married seven weeks when arrested.

The portraits of the two prisoners repeatedly printed by the press show Browne with a sharply waxed mustache and a clearly defined face, with penetrating eyes, a Mephistophelian appearance—a strong face, the face of a man who dominates. The face of Kennedy lacks all the features which are pronounced in the face of Browne. The mouth and chin are weak, the eyes uncertain—the face of a man who serves and is sorry.

Browne was born in Burslem, Staffordshire, and from the age of 16 had lived a life of crime. In London he recruited his gang in Whitechapel, opened a garage at Clapham, which became a market for stolen cars.

Kennedy, like Browne, was first convicted in 1911. He is well known to the police in Liverpool and Manchester, and already had a reputation as a clever burglar and motor-car thief, when a year ago he linked his fate with Browne. One of their joint exploits concerns an early morning raid on the railway station at Eynsham, when they bound and gagged a porter and tried in vain to remove a safe which was bolted to the floor.

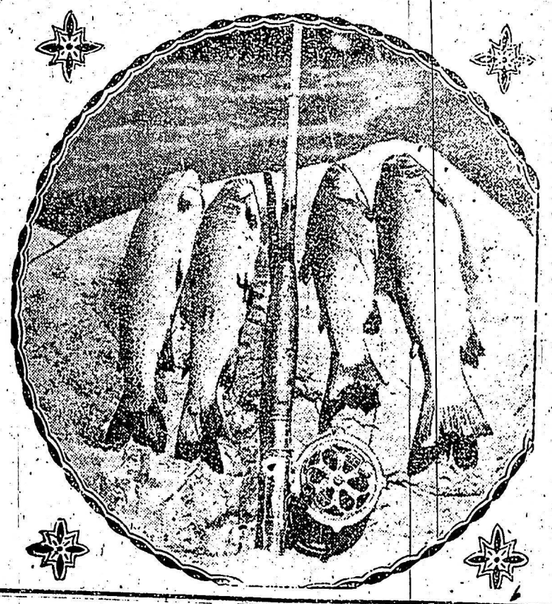
In commenting on the case The Daily Express of April 28 says:

"Search the annals of crime for the last two or three hundred years, and it will be impossible to find in association two more cunning or more devilish criminals than Browne and Kennedy."

France and Alsace

New York Post: That there is widespread dissatisfaction in Alsace has long been evident, but it was not generally realized that it had reached the proportions which would result in the election of three deputies whose connection with the autonomy movement was never in doubt. The unrest is due to the excessive zeal with which France welcomed back her long-lost province, not fully realizing that in fifty years of separation it was inevitable that many of the people of Alsace should have become more German than French.

Oh Boy!



Trail Benedict Arnold Traveled Followed in Highway to Canada

Road Runs Through Miles of Woods and Mountains, Skirting Shores of Chain of Lakes—Marks Commemorate Historic Episode—Scenic Route

Eustis, Me.—Following the historic trail over which Benedict Arnold led an expedition of colonial troops in an attack on Quebec during the Revolutionary War, a new highway through the Maine wilderness from this town into Canada is now nearing completion.

Extending for miles through woods and mountains and skirting the shores of a chain of lakes at the headwaters of the Dead River, the Arnold Trail as the new route has been designated will be one of the most picturesque of the State besides providing a shorter route between central Maine and Canada.

Work on the new road has been in progress since last August and it is expected that it will be completed in July before the summer motor tourist travel has reached its peak. The highway extends north from Eustis along the Chain of Ponds, up the valley of the Dead River, to its source [illegible]

[illegible] Pass, a notch in [illegible] the Canadian b[illegible] and it connects with Coburn and Wesseratic [illegible] then [illegible] Quebec [illegible]

[illegible] to construct [illegible] to make this new [illegible] and Canada [illegible] of the highway [illegible] project, the first [illegible] be divided [illegible] county of Franklin and [illegible] land through which [illegible] The State [illegible] [illegible] that the [illegible] mately [illegible] the [illegible] route taken by [illegible] to Quebec [illegible] have [illegible]

CANADA INVITED

Washington—Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg will invite Canada and the rest of the British self-governing Dominions within the next few days to participate in a league to outlaw war which the Secretary is seeking to form. Mr. Kellogg so informed the Canadian Press following receipt of the British acceptance of his peace proposals.

Mr. Kellogg states that he will immediately send an invitation to all the British self-governing Dominions and India to sign separately the pact to outlaw war as an instrument of national policy. Asked is Canada might ask the right to negotiate a separate treaty for the arbitration of disputes, Mr. Kellogg said that it was very likely the Dominion would do so.

A New Sorel Map

[illegible] Commerce and [illegible] States Unite[illegible]

Some Birds Good Anglers

One of the most crafty birds in the fish for a livelihood is the kingfisher. This bird sneaks up on fishing holes like a real Izaak Walton expert. First you see its head and shoulders appear cautiously through the cat-tails. The bird works slowly and deliberately. Here is apparently the champion gumshoer of bird life. Frequently ten seconds elapse between the lifting of a foot and putting it down again. The bird approaches a place where a clump of cat-tails has been overturned, near a small [illegible] It walks slowly over the length of the stalk. The head is drawn in close to the shoulders. The eyes are watching the water and vegetation beneath. Slowly and deliberately the neck [illegible] the bird uncurls and the bill [illegible] outward and downward toward the water. The bird stretches further and further until its body and neck are nearly horizontal, the bill almost touches the water. The bird stands motionless in this position a short time, then suddenly there is a darting of the head, the neck is drawn up quickly and a small fish appears in the tip of the bill. The fish is turned around about and swallowed head first.

When a fish has been captured the bird immediately turns about and stalks back to the cat-tails, rapidly this time. A few moments later it appears as much a part of the stream in the same deliberate way as before. When the bird has gone a certain distance up stream it retraces its steps, visiting the same fishing holes in reverse order. Along with many other birds the kingfisher seems to be more successful in fishing [illegible] birds will [illegible] more fish in the same hole. Many so-called sportsmen and fishermen will take a lesson with profit from the least bittern.

Poet Says Toronto Unfriendly City

Toronto: "This is the most unfriendly city I have ever lived in and I have lived in forty." Wilson MacDonald, Canadian poet, remarked recently to a newspaper reporter after a meeting of the Social Service Council of Canada, where he had been present as a guest. "I never saw a place so unfriendly—people simply won't be friendly."

"Have you lived here long?" he was asked.

"I've been here about six or seven years, and I'm leaving soon."

"Where do you plan to go?"

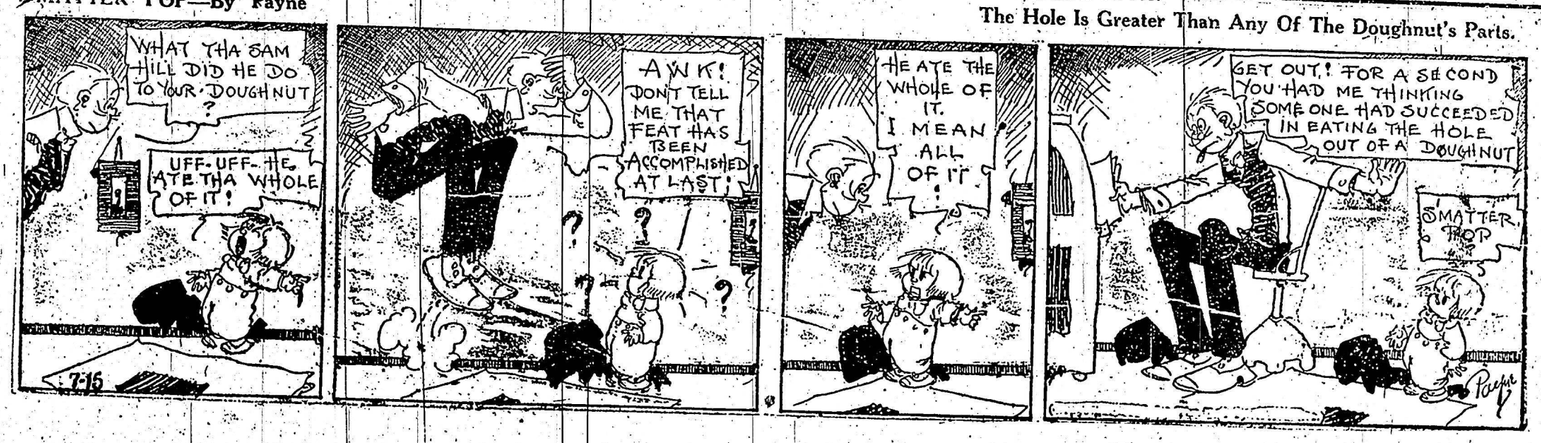
"Back to the coast to Vancouver. It's more friendly there."

Sandino and his army of bandits are marching east toward the Atlantic Ocean, says news dispatch. Some one should give them the order to "fall in."

Scot[illegible] Church Union is Nearer

S'MATTER POP—By Payne

The Hole Is Greater Than Any Of The Doughnut's Parts.



How Much Should Baby
A Famous Authority
PHILLIPS
For Troubles due to Acid Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gases, Nausea