

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1919

BRITAIN IN GERMANY



The occupied districts of Germany are being ruled with vigilance by British soldiers. This shows a German farmer and British soldiers proceeding to market being compelled to show a pass to the R.

THE "HOP-OFF" AT ST. JOHN'S
FOR EPOCH MAKING FLIGHT

"We Shall Hang Our
Hats on Clifden
Masts"

AIRMEN WERE CONFIDENT

Alcock Was One of Finest Battles
in History of Aviation in Get-
ting Away Under Most Ad-
verse Conditions

(Montreal Gazette).
St. John's, Nfld., June 28.—The second attempt at a non-stop flight across the Atlantic in a hand plane started here at 6:10 Greenwich time, this afternoon. When Captain John Alcock, the pilot, and Lieutenant Arthur Whitten Brown, the navigator, flew off in the Vickers-Vimy biplane.

Alcock's getaway on the 1,800 mile journey was accomplished after as beautiful a battle between the man on the one side and the biplane and the wind on the other as possibly has ever been witnessed.

There was a forty knot half gale blowing straight out of the west at dawn this morning when the members of the Vickers' expedition went to the Ropewalk aerodrome hoping to start at sunrise. The wind was backing, veering and chopping about and after its direction made a necessary take off uphill, with only a comparatively short run available. P. M. Walker, head of the Vickers' expedition department, absolutely forbade a start.

But Alcock, during that the Handley-Page four-engined giant at Harbor Grace would get into the air and beat him in the race for the Daily Mail's \$50,000 prize, begged and pleaded, insisting that he could get off without crashing, and that even if he did come to grief he would be going so slowly that chances of Brown and himself escaping with their lives were excellent.

Finally Walker agreed it was better to

try and fall than to remain idly on the ground and risk defeat, and gave his consent to start. The last minute preparations consumed hours, and it was 8:20 Greenwich time, when the port engine, which had been a bit balky from the start, was got going. Twelve minutes later the starboard propeller was whirling. Then for six minutes there was nothing but the roar of the two propellers. Every lot of skill.

At 6:10 the mechanics jacked the chassis under the wheels and the men who had been hanging on to the wings and tail let go. Alcock, opening both engines to the full, started across the turf. None knew better than he and his companion, sitting by his side in the tiny cockpit well forward in the nose of the plane, the desperate chance they were taking. But yard by yard the great biplane gathered speed, lifting gently over the rolling ground. She must get well off the ground in 100 feet or smash into trees and fences, and there was the further danger that cross winds catching the craft suddenly under one wing or the other, would swing her into

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the fences at either side before she had sufficient speed to be under control.

For 100, 200, 300 and 400 feet the plane travelled still on the ground, and into the faces of the watchers came a look of fear and anxiety. Then another hundred feet and daylight showed under the four under carriage wheels. For an instant the tension lessened, and men cheered or swore, according to their temperaments.

But the Vimy got only 100 feet off the ground by the time the first row of engines was reached. She disappeared in a little hollow, headed down the valley toward Topsail, and the spectators cried "They're down."

Still falling to gain altitude, the biplane showed once more over the rise. For minutes that seemed hours this went on.

One could well imagine the pilot, his jaw set, his eyes staring and every muscle strained to the utmost using every last iota of the skill gained during years of flying that have made him a veteran.

Well past Topsail and nearing Port-au-Fort Cove, the machine still could be seen now and then, perhaps 800 feet off the ground, fighting gallantly against the traffic wind that at times came in at moments overpowering gusts and straining every inch of its vibrant body in the effort to go skyward. Once more the craft disappeared. And then for eleven minutes it was gone entirely from view.

Alcock flew straight out to Conception Bay rather than risk trying to turn on the wind would be under his tail, while the machine was still over the ground at a dangerously low altitude.

There were long minutes which no one who lived there is likely to forget soon during which no one knew whether the attempt had ended in failure within a few moments after the start or whether somewhere out there, where no one could see, Alcock was using his utmost skill and cunning to fight through success.

Great Battle Won.

Just as automobiles were tearing out to Topsail road expecting to find a smashed biplane and a battered crew somewhere in the brush, the Vimy appeared over the low line of hills, this time flying with the wind and headed straight toward St. John's. The pilot had won and the crowd gave a great cheer.

Pointing her nose eastward, Alcock set her steady course over Cabot Tower, at the top of Signal Hill, at the harbor mouth, and a moment later the plane was lost to view, high in the air and headed straight for Galway Bay. Alcock hoped to average ninety miles an hour.

Once her take off battle was ended, the Vimy was away in ideal weather,

such as has not occurred for a flight between the new world and the old in many weeks.

The Vimy went away without running lights, though she was wired for them. This was because the crew decided that an extra accumulator to keep them going was a useless complication. So during the flight she could be visible only as a dim thing in the light of the moon, which was full last night. The exhaust pipes from her engines, however, would be soon heated red hot, and the glow of these may show her in the sky to watchers many miles away.

Now did this traveller carry any colors formally to display. Knotted about the neck of "Lucky Jim," Alcock's big black cat mascot, was a bit of British bunting, and tucked safely away in Brown's wallet was a tiny silk American flag, given him by his fiancee. Brown, too, took a cat along. His is a replica of Alcock's, named Twinkleton. Neither will move during the voyage, not even if one presses them hard in the middle. In the pilot's pocket was a diminutive silver herpetic drive to him by a girl friend who waited it fazed across the ocean. Hung on the cockpit he has two little yam dolls, Nan-Tan-Tan and Olive.

Both men were dressed for the flight in special wind proof flying suits, donated in Alcock's case, over a blue lounge suit, and in Brown's over a horizon blue uniform. Each wore an electrically heated waistcoat, gloves and flannels, the last named being in fleece lined, soft leather knee boots. Over their electrically warmed waistcoats each wore a life-saving wetsuit.

For provisions they carried a flask of brandy, a small packet of sandwiches—set more than six for each—and several vacuum bottles filled with coffee and water. Packed in the tail were a bottle of brandy and emergency food and water.

Each man carried a package of cigarettes and matches, but Alcock, who had been smoking during the trip, just as he has done many a time when flying back from bombing raids, decided just before leaving that he would not smoke on account of danger of lighting the gasoline.

The biplane was not made beautiful for her journey. Though her clean lines and her buoyancy and vibrant sense of power made her an attractive sight in the air, she did not have that "rolling up" that the trip justified, simply because there was not time to waste on fiddling.

The fabric over the fuselage had changed from white to a dirty gray, and the wings, with a touch of yellow in them, were tattered, marked and stained, while the unpainted metal housing about the engines had not the customary polished look.

Nor does this gallant voyager even bear a name. Vickers-Vimy is her type designation, and she has no chosen name of her own. Save for the tiny Vickers' trade marks on the struts between the planes, invisible three feet apart, and the faintly marked "marked for identification."

The getaway was about ninety minutes after the last start, which was wanted to make. This was because lights are most clearly defined at night and they wanted the best navigational facilities of the mid-coast. One other disappointment was the failure of the special public sextants designed for the trip. A heavy condensation fog, which was sent to Mr. Brown to reach here in time to be included in the equipment.

At the last moment Brown added to his instruments a small pocket flashlight for use in reading his instruments in case the cockpit lighting system gave out, and a small pocket size bubble sextant.

The early morning hours before the start were grilling ones for all concerned. When the pilot reached the field at dawn he found that when the side of the right under carriage was changed Friday an elastic cable shock absorber had not been working properly about the hub. He insisted on this being changed.

Then when the plane was moved by the power of many hands from the expected starting place to that more necessary by the unexpectedly unfavorable wind, a gasoline feed pipe was broken. This took another hour for repair. Then the Trans-Atlantic air mail, bearing a special one dollar postage stamp was placed in an ordinary canvas sack, the seedwork on which was done by the mother of one of the postal employees, had to be stored away carefully under the locker at the back of the cockpit, and there were brief formalities with Lieutenant Lawrence Clements, the Royal Aero Club official starter.

To Fly Ocean Again

His boyhood dream won the hearts of all who knew him here and this morning he was a bigger boy than ever as he told of his plans for flying across the Atlantic again if he succeeded this time.

The next trip, he hopes, is to be in a master Vickers' air liner, which will take another year to build and which he expects to fly from London to New York. Also he is thinking somewhat of attempting crossing this way in a big Vickers' lighter-than-air machine, now, almost ready.

This narrative he interrupted long enough to stop on the ground and to luncheon of crackers, cheese and cold tongue, which Brown shared and which they washed down with hot coffee from vacuum bottles. Then there was much hand-shaking and many sincere and genuine good wishes.

Last of all, the pair said, "So long," to the group of mechanics who had served them so well and to whom they have promised a dinner in a big London hotel, at which the menu, by request, is to be duck and green peas.

That over, both donned their flying helmets, Alcock with wire inter-communicating telephone receiver; Brown's with similar equipment and also a wireless receiver which he had made sound proof by making the ear pieces from a rubber bath sponge. Then they climbed into the cockpit and the mechanics cranked the port engine. A few minutes later the starboard engine had started.

Lieutenant Brown just before leaving here finally decided upon a markedly different course from that followed by Lieutenant-Commander Grieve. He picked and charted a new line from St. John's to the middle of Galway Bay, the best Irish point, with a fair possibility that, if the course can be held, a landing will be made very near Clifden.

"Our objective is the Irish coast, and we shall aim at the centre of our target," he said, and Alcock laughingly added: "Yes, we shall hang our hats on the arch of the Clifden wireless station as we go by."

Distance 1,920 Miles

The course Brown picked is known as the loxodrome course, or, more colloquially, as the Rhomb line of course. It is the nearest possible thing to a straight line between the point of departure and the objective and only slightly longer than Mercator's great circle course between St. John's and Galway Bay. The distance, according to Brown's reckon-

ing is 1,920 nautical miles or about 1,820 land miles. The distance between the loxodrome and Great Circle courses at the widest point of divergence is only 130 miles.

The Vimy crew's determination not to attempt to make a non-stop flight all the way to England, but to land in Ireland if they were to get that far, was due entirely to their desire to clinch the prize money, and take no chances of having the time they crossed the Irish channel questioned. This part of their plan they adopted when yet they feared either the Marconi or the Handley-Page might be in actual race with them. They felt that the machine which actually landed in Ireland first might have definite proof of its arrival, while another, which perhaps flew over the coastline a few minutes, or even a few hours later, might lack proof of the actual time the trans-Atlantic portion of the journey was completed.

The Vimy has a 67-foot wing spread length over all, 42 feet, 8 inches; gap, 19 feet; chord, 8 feet 9 inches. Its type was built originally for bombing work in war time. Its conversion to the status of a peace time adventurer was achieved without material structural alteration.

DENMARK-CHEERS
ALLIED TRIUMPH

Copenhagen Celebrates Peace
Which Restores Her Lost Duchy
of Schleswig

Copenhagen, June 27.—There was a remarkable and spontaneous outbreak of rejoicing when the news that Germany had decided to sign the peace treaty reached Copenhagen. Many contradictory reports of the proceedings at Versailles were heard.

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has kept the population in suspense until just before 7 o'clock Monday night, when the guns of British and French warships in the roadstead announced the news with salvos.

The crews on the vessels, both in the harbor and the roadstead, started whistles and drums going and climbed the masts, cheering lustily. Previously the Allied warships had been cleared for possible action.

Many of the seamen immediately got ashore leave, and joined the throngs in the already crowded streets, singing and cheering. Long processions were formed, in which numerous flags of the Allied nations were borne aloft. The singing of the Marseillaise and other patriotic songs was to be heard everywhere. French and British sailors marched to the national Danish monument, commemorating the war of 1864, by which Denmark was robbed of Schleswig-Holstein by Austria and Prussia, and decorated it with flowers. The populace wildly cheered the Allies, who had won Schleswig again for Denmark.

As darkness fell the warships were lighted up with incandescent bulbs and threw their searchlights over the city.

The Copenhagen newspapers printed enthusiastic editorial articles on Germany's agreement to sign the treaty.

JULIA ARTHUR'S
HUSBAND MUST
PAY \$139,753

Boston, June 27.—The full bench of the supreme court this week handed down a decision ruling that Benjamin P. Cheney, husband of Julia Arthur, actress, will have to pay out of the income he gets from the estate of his father, Benjamin Pierce Cheney, not less than \$50,000 a year until a claim of \$107,000 and interest of \$38,753.75 is satisfied.

The claim is held by Henry F. Woodward and Bates Warren of Washington under an assignment made by creditors of Cheney to them. Cheney had assigned his interest in the estate to the creditors and the latter assigned to Woodward and bankruptcy adjudication was a bar and that his interest under his father's will was not assignable.

The court holds he had an assignable interest of \$68,000 and also a valid assignable interest in the income from a trust estate. The assignment to the plaintiffs was made more than four months before the bankruptcy proceedings, and was held good as against the trustee in bankruptcy.

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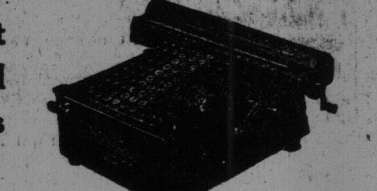
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