

"All the News That's
Fit to Print."

The New York Times.

THE WEATHER.

Fair to-day; partly cloudy to-mor-
row; temperature unchanged.

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NEW YORK, MONDAY, JULY 26, 1909.—FOURTEEN PAGES

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BLERIOT TELLS OF HIS FLIGHT

First Man to Cross English Chan-
nel in Aeroplane Dropped
Crutches to Do It.

PASSAGE MADE IN 23 MINUTES

Ten Minutes Out of Sight of
Land with No Guide but
Machine's Direction.

SWEPT OUT OF HIS COURSE

When He Caught Sight of Dover
Castle Was Headed for
Goodwin Sands.

BROKE PROPELLER LANDING

Stole March on Rivals, Surprised Dow-
er, Disappointed Photographers, and
Won Daily Mail Prize.

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES,
Dispatch to The London Daily Mail,
By LOUIS BLERIOT.

DOVER, England, July 25.

I rose at 2:30 this (Sunday) morning, and, finding that the conditions were favorable, ordered the torpedo boat destroyer Escopette, which had been placed at my disposal by the French Government, to start. Then I went to the garage at Sangatte and found that the motor worked well. At 4 A. M. I took my seat in the aeroplane, and made a trial flight around Calais of some fifteen kilometers (over nine miles,) descending at the spot chosen for the start across the Channel.

Here I waited for the sun to come out, the conditions of The Daily Mail prize requiring that I fly between sunrise and sunset. At 4:30 daylight had come, but it was impossible to see the coast. A light breeze from the southwest was blowing the air clear, however, and everything was prepared.

I was dressed in a khaki jacket lined with wool for warmth over my tweed clothes and beneath my engineer's suit of blue cotton overalls. A close-fitting cap was fastened over my head and ears. I had neither eaten nor drunk anything since I rose. My thoughts were only upon the flight and my determination to accomplish it this morning.

"All Ready" at 4:35.

At 4:35 "All ready." My friend Le Blanc gives the signal, and in an instant I am in the air, my engine making 1,200 revolutions, almost its highest speed, in order that I may get quickly over the telegraph wires along the edge of the cliff.

As soon as I am over the cliff I reduce speed. There is now no need to force the engine. I begin my flight, steady and sure, toward the coast of England. I have no apprehensions, no sensation—pas du tout—not at all.

The Escopette Follows.

The Escopette has seen me. She is driving ahead at full speed. She makes perhaps 42 kilometers (26 miles) an hour. What matters it? I am making at least 65 kilometers (over 42 miles.) Rapidly I overtake her traveling at a height of 80 meters (200 feet.) Below me is the surface of the sea, disturbed by the wind, which is now freshening. The motion of the waves beneath me is not pleasant. I drive on.

Ten minutes are gone. I have passed the destroyer, and I turn my head to see whether I am proceeding in the right direction. I am amazed. There is nothing to be seen—neither the torpedo boat destroyer nor France nor England. I am alone; I can see nothing at all.

For ten minutes I am lost; it is a strange position to be in—alone, guided without a compass in the air over the middle of the Channel.

I touch nothing, my hands and feet rest lightly on the levers. I let the aeroplane take its own course. I care not whither it goes.

Sees England's Cliffs.

For ten minutes I continue, neither rising nor falling nor turning, and—then, twenty minutes after I have left the French coast, I see green cliffs and Dover Castle, and away to the west the spot where I had intended to land.

What can I do? It is evident the wind has taken me out of my course. I am almost at St. Margaret's Bay, going in the direction of Goodwin Sands.

Now it is time to attend to the steering. I press a lever with my foot and turn easily toward the west, reversing the direction in which I am traveling. Now I am in difficulties, for the wind here by the cliffs is much stronger and my speed is reduced as I fight against it, yet my beautiful aeroplane responds still steadily.

Flies Over Dover Harbor.

I fly westward, chopping across the harbor, and reach Shakespeare Cliff. I see an opening in the cliff. Although I am confident I can continue for an hour and a half, that I might, indeed,