

POST ARRIVES SAFELY IN NEW YORK, CIRCLING WORLD IN 7 DAYS, 19 HOURS; MOLLISONS ARE FLYING THE ATLANTIC

BRITONS START IN WALES

Mollison and Wife Due
at Bennett Field Here
This Evening.

OCEAN WEATHER IMPROVES

Fliers Speed From London for
Pendine Beach on Receiving
Air Ministry's Report.

NEXT JUMP TO BAGDAD

Holders of Air Records Plan to
Retire to Cottage After 6,000-
Mile Non-Stop Flight.

Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES.
PENDINE, Wales, July 22.—After
weeks of waiting, Captain James A.
Mollison and his wife, Amy Johnson,
started their flight for New York
at noon today (7 A. M. Eastern
Daylight Time) in their big black
bi-plane, Seafarer.

They hope to reach their destina-
tion by 5 o'clock tomorrow after-
noon, New York time, and after a
brief stay fly back non-stop 6,000
miles to Bagdad and so break the
distance record. Then they plan to
return to London, covering alto-
gether 12,000 miles.

After their return, Captain Mol-
lison said they would retire to a
country cottage and "look twice be-
fore crossing the road."

The Mollisons started in a whirl-
wind rush, even missing breakfast
in their excitement after receiving
the Air Ministry's weather report.
The weather was not considered
perfect, "but was thought good
enough for them to take a chance.

Rush Away from London.

They tore out to the Staglane air-
drome, near London, finishing
dressing in their car. Ten minutes
after reaching the airdrome and an
hour after getting the weather re-
port they were in the air, crossing
England to the broad sandy South
Wales beach chosen for the take-
off.

After landing at Pendine, where
fuel and oil were ready, the fueling
began. The Mollisons were so busy
superintending the final arrange-
ments they had time only to snatch
a few mouthfuls of food. As they
took along only barley sugar,
raisins and coffee, they are likely
to be very hungry on the flight.

In spite of the heavy load of 400
gallons of fuel, giving a range of
3,800 miles, the Seafarer made a
perfect take-off, with Captain Mol-
lison at the controls, in a little
more than 900 yards. Then it slowly
rose, passed once over the crowds
on the beach and headed out to sea
for Ireland and the Atlantic.

Half a minute before the take-off
a last-minute weather forecast
promising somewhat better Atlantic
weather was handed to them. Both
had the greatest confidence in their
plane.

Bad Weather Only At Start.

"The weather is not perfect, but
is good enough for us," said Cap-
tain Mollison. "The weather for the
first 800 miles is reported bad—low
clouds and headwinds—but by night-
fall we should be running into bet-
ter weather. We are glad the worst
will be at the beginning."

Both will take turns at the con-
trols.

On June 8, when conditions were
ideal, the Mollisons crashed in an
attempt to take off at Croydon. To
avoid further risk they decided to
make their second attempt from
Pendine.

The Seafarer was flown there
early in July and remained pegged
down on the sands for some days,
but when an Atlantic gale swept in
July 13 the Mollisons returned to
London, where they remained since,
impatiently scanning the Air Min-
istry's weather reports. Today for
the first time the strong winds over
the Atlantic were reported to be
calming down.

Lipstick Is Only Baggage.

PENDINE, Wales, July 22.—Car-
rying a lipstick for Amy and no
baggage at all for Jim, the flying
Mollisons took to the air today to
make their long-delayed flight to
New York.

For Amy it was "the greatest ad-
venture of my life"; for Jim, "this
may be my last spectacular flight."
At 1:20 P. M., Greenwich Time
(9:20 A. M., Eastern Daylight
Time) the Mollisons were sighted

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HOME WITH A NEW GLOBE-CIRCLING RECORD.



Wiley Post Leaving His Plane at Floyd Bennett Field Last Midnight
After Having Completed His Second Trip Around
the World in the Winnie Mae.

Post 'Disgusted' by Flight; Hoped for a Better Record

Thinks He Could Cover Route Again in Four
Days With Good Weather—Ice on Wings
Over Rockies Added to His Perils.

By WILEY POST.

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Now that it's over, and I am back where I started from, the chief
idea in my mind is that I am disgusted with my flight. I realize, of
course, that I have broken the record of eight days, fifteen hours and
fifty-one minutes which Harold Gatty and I made together two years
ago, but I had expected to break it by a much wider margin, and I
am disappointed.

I should have made this flight a month earlier. Then I would
have escaped some of the fogs and stormy weather which I have had
almost ever since I left New York. As a matter of fact, until well
along on the last leg of the flight today, I had had only three hours
of good weather all the way around the world.

That was one hour going into Moscow, and two hours going out
of Moscow. The bad weather began five minutes after I left Floyd
Bennett Field and it dogged me all the way. Today it started out as
bad as ever. Half way from Fairbanks to Edmonton, where I was
flying the Canadian Rockies, I had to fly blind for three hours at 20,000
feet. The mountains there have an elevation of 15,000 feet.

While I was up at that extreme height, ice began to form on my
wings. It got heavy enough so that I mushed down some. It cleared
up the last half of the way into Edmonton, and then it was plain sail-
ing until between Toronto and New York. There I encountered con-
siderable smoky haze, and I also had to fly around two thunderstorms.

No Thrill in Final Hop.

There was a kick in getting back to the old field and meeting my
wife and friends, but there was no thrill to the flight coming in. I
was so disappointed with my record that I actually thought today of
sitting down and coming on in tomorrow.

I couldn't realize then that I was coming home. After I had got
out of the bad weather today the going was so smooth that I flew
mechanically and I kept going to sleep all along. I have no idea how
many times I dozed off, but I slept a great deal of the way in. I had
my hand on the extension of my control stick and every time I went
clear to sleep my hand would fall off and that would cause me to wake
up with a jump.

Don't think from this, though, that I am dead for sleep. I am
not. I am not much fresher than I was when I finished the trip with
Gatty two years ago. As a matter of fact, I had too much sleep. I
could have done without nearly as much as I had. I say too much
sleep because it was due to delays caused by weather, &c., or to having
the plane tuned up.

Another disappointment is that I had hoped to see a little of the
world while I was flying around it. When Harold and I flew the route
before, I was too busy with the controls to enjoy the scenery. This
time, I thought, with the automatic pilot to take over most of the
actual work, I would be able to sit back and look the countries over.

But the weather was so bad most of the way that all the scenery
I saw was an occasional mountain jumping at me out of the fog.

Thinks Four-Day Flight Possible.

After two flights around the world in the Winnie Mae, I know
just about what the flight could be done in. It can be done in a lot
better time than I made it. I am convinced that with the equipment
I used on this flight, with the Winnie Mae's cruising speed stepped up,
and the robot pilot to take off a lot of the strain, I could fly the same
route in four and a half days or better with ordinarily good weather.

I'd like to try it again, but, of course, I can't say at this time
whether I ever will. There are too many things to be considered.

I have said a lot about the dirty weather I had on this flight, but
don't get the idea that I am kicking about bad luck. There is bound to
be a lot of luck on a flight of this length, both bad luck and good luck.
The weather was bad luck, all right, but I had such good luck also at
critical points that I can almost forget about the weather.

It was just plain good luck that when I was forced down in Alaska
after flying blind from Khabarovsk, Siberia, and being lost seven hours
while trying to find the Yukon River, I came down in a place where
there was a good machine shop and good mechanics who could repair my
damaged ship.

When I landed at Flat, Alaska, and my ship nosed over, bending

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RECORD IS CUT 21 HOURS

75,000 at City Airport
Greet Flier After a
15,596-Mile Trip.

LAST LAP IN FAST TIME

Winnie Mae Took Off From
Edmonton at 10:41 A. M.
for 2,004-Mile Hop.

FLEW HIGH, AIDED BY WIND

First Man to Circle the World
in Solo Flight Brings Back
Many Records.

Wiley Post landed safely in his
fleet monoplane, the Winnie Mae,
on Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn,
at 11:59½ o'clock last night, com-
pleting a record flight around the
world.

The aviator, who used to be a
farmer in Texas and an oil driller
in Oklahoma, thus became the first
person in history to fly alone
around the world. He also estab-
lished a new speed record in cir-
cumnavigating the globe in 7 days,
18 hours, 49½ minutes.

Post beat the record of 8 days,
15 hours, 51 minutes, established by
himself and Harold Gatty, then his
navigator, two years ago, by 21
hours, 1½ minutes.

The 34-year-old flier, who has
only one eye, is the first person to
fly around the world twice. His
purple-and-white Winnie Mae,
which is three years old, now has
the distinction of being the first
airplane ever to circle the globe
twice as well as being the fastest
thing on wings when it comes to
flying around the world. The Win-
nie Mae carried Post and Gatty
around the world in 1931, and was
rebuilt for the flight just ended.

On Time to the Minute.

Post's arrival just half a minute
before midnight more than bore out
the prediction he made at Edmon-
ton, Canada, yesterday morning
that he would arrive at Floyd Ben-
nett Field "about midnight" and
beat the Post-Gatty record by near-
ly a full day.

Speeding through the dark,
moonless night, with no lights on
his plane, Post was almost on top
of the airport before the crowd of
75,000 caught sight of him. He
had his motor throttled down, so
that it was even more of a sur-
prise when the crowd saw a dark
spot approaching the field from the
north, about 800 feet up.

"There's a plane!" shouted some
one near the automobile in which
Mrs. Post, the flier's wife, sat.

"It has no lights!" cried Lee
Trenholm, Post's manager, sitting
in the car with Mrs. Post and
Harold Gatty. "It must be Wiley!"
The cry then spread like wildfire
throughout the crowd: "It's Post!
He's made it!"

Even the airport managers were
caught napping by the terrific speed
Post made in the last few hours of
his journey through the black
night, with only the stars, the
transatlantic air mail beacons and
the illumination of cities and towns
below him to light his way.

Just before he landed an er-
roneous report was received that
he had been sighted in Pittston,
Pa., 155 miles away, at 11:50
o'clock, which would have meant
another hour or more before he
could have reached Floyd Bennett
Field. The last previous report of
the Winnie Mae had been at Cor-
ning, N. Y., at 10:50.

Accordingly, the airport did not
expect him for some time after
midnight, and did not have the
floodlights on when he was first
seen. The amber boundary lines all
around the field, the red obstruc-
tion lights on gas tanks and build-
ings and the green and white
beacon atop the administration
building, were all on, and Post had
no difficulty in finding his way.

Floodlights Turned On.

As soon as his plane was identi-
fied aloft, the floodlights were
thrown on, bathing the whole land-
ing field in brilliant light and over-
coming the adverse effect of the
slight ground fog that had hung
over the field all night. Post's luck
was with him to the last, for a shift
of the wind from south southwest
to southeast would have thrown a
dangerous pall of fog over the
field—but the wind did not shift.

Post flew the Winnie Mae in from
the north as if he had flown over

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Lindberghs Arrive Safely in Greenland After a Perilous Flight From Labrador

Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

GODTHAAB, West Greenland, July 22.—Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh completed safely one of the most perilous stages of their Atlantic flight tonight when their seaplane floated gently down to the water at Godthaab Harbor at 7:30 o'clock tonight Greenland time.

A crowd of Greenlanders and Eskimos clustering on cliffs above this little settlement first sighted the plane flying out of the south-
west at 6:15. The Eskimos shouted with excitement as the machine roared inland, circled high over the town and then vanished in the distance. An hour later it reappeared. This time Colonel Lindbergh flew so low he could almost see Danish and American flags fluttering in the gayly decorated streets.

The plane came down just outside the entrance of the bay, but the crowd of natives who had been hoping to paddle Lindbergh ashore in their kayaks met disappoint-

ment. Instead of leaving the plane where seas might batter it, the Lindberghs taxied it into the harbor opposite the town and went ashore in a motorboat.

Officials of the Danish colony and leading Eskimos then welcomed them to Greenland, expressing the hope they would stay for a time before proceeding on their flight to Iceland and Europe.

The first persons to greet the Lindberghs in the outer harbor were native boys in two tiny rowboats. Not knowing English, they tried to welcome the fliers by frantically waving their arms. Soon afterward Governor Svane of West Greenland arrived in a motor launch and loved the plane to its mooring place near the town.

The following radiogram from the Lindberghs was received here by the Radiomarine Corporation:

"Flew from Hebron, Labrador, to Godthaab, Greenland. Landed at 5:14, Eastern Standard Time." The message was received here at 7:13, Eastern Daylight Time.