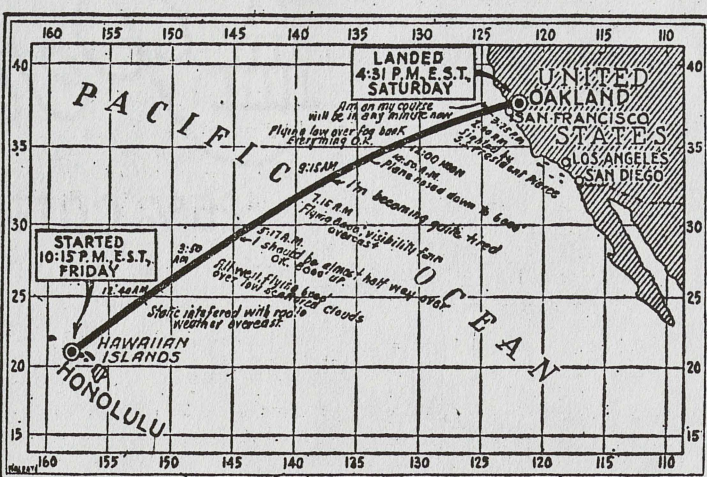


# MISS EARHART FLIES PACIFIC FROM HAWAII IN 18¼ HOURS; FINDS OAKLAND DESPITE FOG



## THE HOP FROM HAWAII TO OAKLAND.

Amelia Earhart's course over the Pacific and her progress on the 2,400-mile flight as she reported it by radiophone.

## Amelia Earhart's Own Story Of Her Flight Over Pacific

*Her Greatest Hazard Was Adverse Criticism Before the Start—Never Experienced Any Nervousness—Weather Not 'Really Bad.'*

By AMELIA EARHART.

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OAKLAND, Calif., Jan. 12.—The flight from Honolulu to Oakland without any thought of proving anything aeronautical. I can only hope one more passage across that portion of the Pacific succeeds in marking a little more plainly the pathway over which the inevitable air service of the future will fly. To me, also, it seemed good training for other hoped-for long-distance flights.

It came off primarily because the preparation of plane and equipment was admirably handled by Paul Mantz of Burbank, Calif., to whom belongs a large measure of credit. After all, others have flown this stretch, and there are many competent pilots, women as well as men, who will do it again.

As a place to prepare for a flight, Hawaii has one serious drawback. It is so altogether delightful one hates to leave it. But Thursday night I felt that the plane, my Lockheed Vega, was ready and its pilot in condition. Then Lieutenant Stephens, who was very helpful, announced that Friday's weather map would be as favorable as we might reasonably expect.

So yesterday forenoon I rested while the men at the field loaded about 500 gallons of gasoline into the tanks. Then came a final check of weather reports and storing of articles needed on the flight. By 1 o'clock I was ready.

### Wanted to Escape Fuss at Start.

This final preparation was accomplished very cautiously. I wanted to escape the fuss and crowds of a preannounced departure. It was easier to have no "Aloha." So I let most of those immediately concerned understand that it was to be simply a test take-off with load, but I was determined that if all went well I'd head for California.

It was at 4:45 P. M., Honolulu time, that I left, and at 5 o'clock I saw Makapuu Point, the last island outpost, fade into the distance. It had been raining, the wind was almost non-existent, and the field was somewhat muddy. When I started out there were clouds all about, and I was among clouds all night. The moon hung brilliantly in the sky until about midnight and millions of stars seemed near enough to touch.

Acting upon the advice of the United States Navy Aerological Bureau, I flew at an average of 8,000 feet, and I ran through many rain squalls during the night. But never, in my many flights, have I ever seen so many stars or clouds. Thus much water was half hidden from my sight by little woolly clouds.

I didn't encounter really bad weather throughout the entire flight, and the greatest hazard I had to overcome was the criticism heaped on my head for even contemplating the flight. For this reason it was infinitely more difficult than my two Atlantic flights. The criticism I had received before taking off from Hawaii was entirely unwarranted and manifested itself in a physical strain more difficult than fatigue. Throughout the night I felt this, yet I never experienced actual nervousness.

### Charts for Alternate Courses.

I carried the charts prepared by Clarence Williams, Los Angeles consultant in navigation. These showed alternate courses, one to Oakland, the other to Los Angeles. The choice depended upon weather. Before the takeoff I picked Oakland, shorter by 150 miles, and I was able to stick to this course because of the favorable weather conditions.

The charts required almost hourly changes in compass course, calculated on an average speed of 150 miles per hour, a speed that I did not live up to through the entire trip. On them, too, were plotted the Department of Commerce airway radio beams reaching westerly from Oakland and Los Angeles.

To maintain the flying schedule planned I had three compasses and three clocks. One of the timepieces was set at 12 so that it ticked off from the commencement of the flight the actual minutes elapsed.

Besides being the first solo flight across the Pacific, this was the first long flight in which the radio telephone was used, and I found it almost miraculous in its accuracy. I had remarkable reception throughout the night and had splendid cooperation from Stations KFI and KPO, after 7 A. M., which kept open all night to assist me. I had my responses from them in twelve minutes, and sometimes less.

### Wasted Time With Difficult Compass.

I wasted some time in my eighteen hours and fifteen minutes of flying because the type of compass I used proved very difficult to follow at night. Great accuracy is required in using a compass for a successful long flight, and I found it important to keep a true course all the time.

Feeling I was losing time, I throttled down in order to save gasoline. The ship's normal speed is 160 miles per hour, but I averaged throughout the flight a little over 140.

I was constantly over fog banks, but I didn't find these at all disturbing.

For food I carried with me canned tomato juice, hot cocoa, some sandwiches, chocolate and water. I also carried a lunch prepared for me by the wife of an island officer. I sipped a bit of the tomato juice, drank a little water and ate a hard-boiled egg. But I really wasn't very hungry.

For cargo I carried a small bunch of letters and a number of

Continued on Page Twenty-eight.

## WEARY WHEN SHE LANDS

Big Crowd Greeted Her at Finish of the Trip From Honolulu.

## NEVER LOST, SHE ASSERTS

Perfect Landing Made After Direct Flight of 2,400 Miles Over the Sea.

## HOP SETS NEW RECORDS

First Solo Flight Over the Pacific—Doctor Orders Her to Rest After Ordeal.

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES. SAN FRANCISCO, Calif., Jan. 12.—Out of the wind and rain-whipped Pacific came Amelia Earhart today, winging low at the end of a trans-Pacific flight which made the whole world wonder, to a tumultuous greeting at Oakland Airport.

In from the Pacific she came in her big, high-winged monoplane after 18 hours 16 minutes or lone flying over the ocean wastes from Honolulu to make a perfect landing before 10,000 cheering onlookers.

It was at 1:31 P. M. [4:31 New York time]—after the huge crowd had been waiting hours for word of her and after rumors and counter-rumors had cast a spell of fear over the crowd—that Miss Earhart, No. 1 woman flier of the United States, slid in to a nonchalant landing from an altitude of scarcely 200 feet.

### Surprises the Crowd.

She took the crowd by surprise. They had been scanning the skies for a lone plane searching for its landing field. But in she came, straight as an arrow, spurning a preliminary circle of the field, gliding down to a perfect landing in the centre of the big Oakland Airport.

As the plane swung and taxied toward the hangars there came a roar from 10,000 throats, a cheer louder than any heard before at the field where many distance flights have been concluded. The crowd broke from the police barriers and rushed toward Miss Earhart's plane—a dangerous rush as the propeller was still spinning.

But the police pushed the crowd back—men, women and children—while innumerable automobile horns tooted a clamor of greeting from the road circling the field.

The propeller came to a stop as the engine died, and the isinglass cover of the cockpit opened. Then the first woman—or any person, for that matter—to fly the Pacific alone thrust her tousled head into view.

She smiled wearily at the tremendous greeting. A huge bunch of red roses was thrust into her arms, and she clasped them.

The airport attendants pushed the plane backward into the navy hangar and closed the huge doors on the shouting crowd.

Before she vanished behind the hangar doors, Miss Earhart was heard to remark:

"I had enough gasoline left to fly for several hours."

### Hits Objective "On the Nose."

Her speed reduced by headwinds, her course altered time and time again by towering cloud banks and fog, Miss Earhart drove her plane on over the ocean at high altitudes to hit San Francisco "on the nose."

It was a workmanlike job, one that paralleled the historic flight that Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh made across the Atlantic, a flight that climaxed a gallant career with a gallant gesture.

In all of those 18 hours and 16 minutes since Miss Earhart lifted her heavily loaded plane from a soggy runway at Wheeler Field, Honolulu, her ship had been sighted only once.

She had been seen winging toward the coast line, not quite sure of her course, over the Dollar liner President Pierce off the California coast. At that time she asked for directions, requesting that a shore radio station give her a position. The steamer captain estimated that she was south of her course, but apparently she made a hasty correction and drove in for her objective.

All of the communications from the plane through the night hours were by Miss Earhart's voice as she

Continued on Page Twenty-eight.

"MAKE-A-MILLION"  
Great new card game now sweeping America.  
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