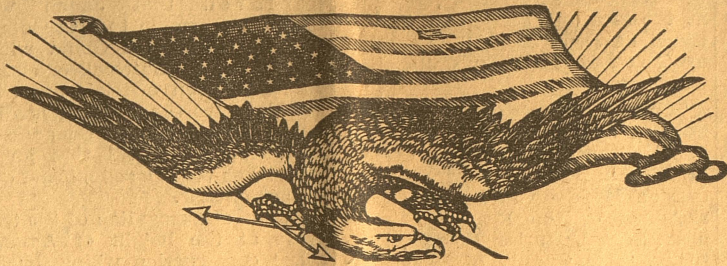


LEWIS ASSAILS GARNER AS 'EVIL OLD MAN'

Nashville



Banner

Associated Press
United Press
International News Service
AP Wirephotos

TYRANNIES GOVERN BY DECLAMATION, DEMOCRACIES BY DEBATE — A FREE PRESS AND A FREE PEOPLE ARE INSEPARABLE

The Weather
TENNESSEE — Generally fair and continued warm tonight and Friday except scattered thundershowers Friday afternoon.
KENTUCKY — Generally fair and continued warm tonight and Friday except scattered thundershowers Friday afternoon.
ALABAMA — Partly cloudy tonight and Friday. Local thundershowers in south portion Friday. Gentle westerly winds on the coast.

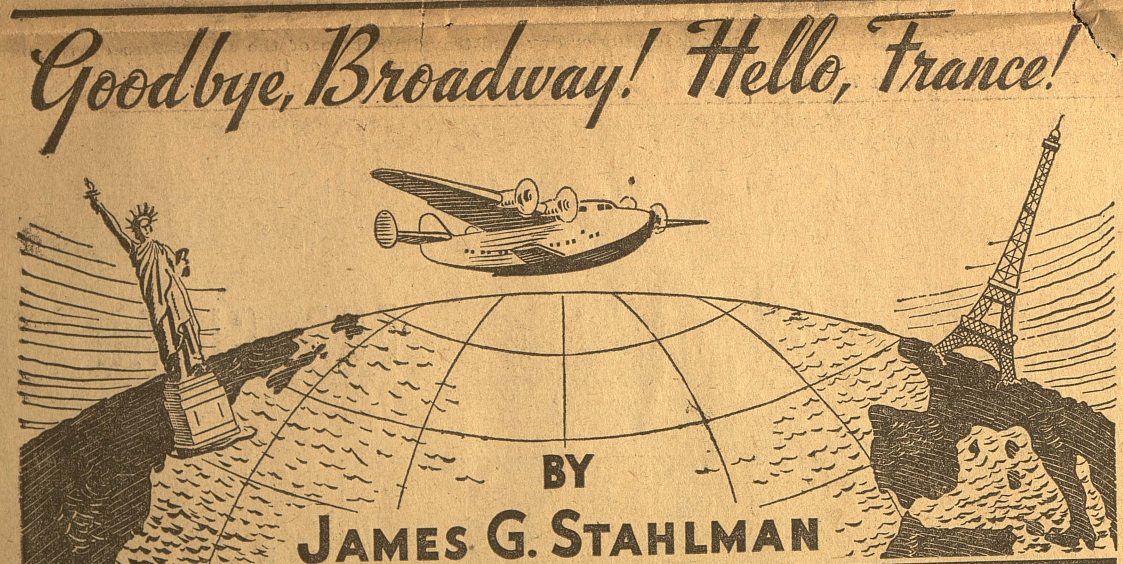
VOL. LXIV, NO. 109

NASHVILLE, TENN., THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 27, 1939

22 PAGES

PRICE: FIVE CENTS

As Pan American Opened New Passenger Route to Europe



PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE
In August, 1934, fifteen newspapermen flew down to the Argentine and back on the inaugural flight of the Brazilian Clipper of Pan American Airways.
When we landed at Miami, Juan Trippe, president of Pan American, who had been our host, hurried to catch a plane for New York where he was to go into conference with officials of British Imperial Airways to work out details for transatlantic air service.
"Boys," asked Trippe, "would you like to fly to England when we are ready to establish passenger service across the Atlantic?"
"Would you?"
"Don't be funny, Mr. Trippe! Well, that was five years ago. Since then, some of us have flown to China with Trippe on the first passenger flight. Some to Bermuda with him on the inaugural.
Only Roy Howard, head of Scripps-Howard, Paul Patterson, publisher of the Baltimore Sun-papers, and myself had made all three of these first flights.

No. 1—Ed Swasey and Babe Meigs listen to "Abbie" Wolf, long-time airman, tell of previous experiences, as the Clipper sailed over Newfoundland.
No. 2—Stahlman, Roy Howard, C. R. Smith, president American Airlines, and Paul Patterson on dock at Port Washington, preparatory to Yankee Clipper takeoff. Stahlman, Howard and Patterson are veterans of all four of Pan American's first flights—South America, China, Bermuda, England.
No. 3—The Yankee Clipper, moored in the River Shannon, Foynes, Eire.
No. 4—Mrs. Ogden Reid and John Royal, just outside Miss Ellie Walsh's Inn at Foynes.
No. 5—Guido Coen, rushing to the bedside of his dying son in Rome, seated next to Mrs. Reid in the dining salon of the Clipper, ready for luncheon.
No. 6—Amon Carter, his tenuous hat and ornate cowboy boots, the cynosure of all eyes at Botwood, Foynes, London, and way stations.
I was not going to fly to Europe after all. In the meanwhile I had received an urgent request to be in Eollywood on June 26 in connection with a prospective motion picture, so I planned that trip and then told the ad crowd that I could be in Oakland on June 27, if they still wanted me. They did. So I left Nashville Friday afternoon, June 23, on one of American Airlines skyliners, bound for Los Angeles.
At Dallas I debarbed for a breath of air and to stretch my old track legs.
"Mr. Stahlman, here's a message for you," said one of C. R. Smith's polite and efficient young men at the Dallas airport.
"Thank you, sir," I said, as I read a message from Charlie Moss, managing editor of THE BANNER.
My trembling hands could scarcely hold the message. I nearly fainted. I was so excited that it took me several seconds to regain my composure.
Here's what I read: "Juan Trippe called you at 2:40."
Great day in the morning! That

Baptists Flay Church-State Connection

Atlanta, July 27—(AP)—A resolution asserting "state churches and church-states are alike in direct conflict with the principle of (religious) freedom" was presented today to the sixth congress of the Baptist World Alliance.
Reasserting traditional Baptist opposition to connection between church and governmental agencies, the resolution insisted "worthy religion rests on the conviction that the individual soul is competent to deal directly with God. . . . Every form of coercive restraint or constraint of a man in his converse with God is both a sin and a hindrance to human welfare."
In separate resolutions, direct

Chamberlain, Cabinet Officers Guarded As Bombings Spread Over England

London, July 27—(AP)—Scotland Yard put Prime Minister Chamberlain and other Cabinet members under special guard today, held three men for examination and questioned scores in a search for terrorists following yesterday's series of five bombings.
The explosions, in which one life was lost, occurred as the House of Commons adopted drastic measures to combat the outlawed Irish Republican Army.
Extraordinary precautions were in force today at all railroad stations, including two where bombings occurred in the last 24 hours.
The House of Parliament and the British Museum were the objects of closest scrutiny.
By DAN CAMPBELL
London, July 27—(AP)—Police reserves were mobilized all over England today to operate Scotland Yard's secret "Scheme D" after

Dr. Garrison Opens Meeting On Rural Life

There is no movement more important than that of improving the living conditions of our people," said Dr. S. C. Garrison, president of George Peabody College for Teachers, in his welcoming address to the annual conference at Peabody on "Rural Life and the Curriculum."
Improvement, Dr. Garrison said, must be begun especially in the grade and high schools so that the coming generation will be more able through education to build a greater civilization.
In outlining the problems before the conference, Dr. Garrison explained that before a constructive program could be made, the existing situations must be understood. Following Dr. Garrison's address,

CIO Leader Flays Texan As Enemy Of Labor

By ROBERT HUMPHREYS
Washington, July 27—(AP)—In a white-hot declaration against Vice-President Garner for President in 1940, John L. Lewis, CIO leader, denounced the Texan before a congressional committee today as a "labor-baiting, poker-playing, whiskey-drinking, evil old man."
But Garner only smiled as he read Lewis' words and declared: "I have no comment to make."
In making his startling attack on the Vice-President before the House Labor Committee, Lewis admitted himself to be in a belligerent mood and sprinkled his testimony with salty phrases characterizing Garner as an enemy of organized labor.
Garner was shown these excerpts in the Vice-President's office just off the Senate chamber. He had been presiding but retired to the office when correspondents urgently requested to see him. He read the Lewis statements and a smile crossed his famously bushy brows.
"Sorry, no comment, boys," he said, and he waved a jovial goodbye when the correspondents filled out of his office.
In his statement, Lewis said that "some people may rise up in horror and say that John L. Lewis is making a personal attack on Mr. Garner. Yes—I am making a personal attack on him. I am against him personally, concretely, and in the abstract."
The Labor Committee sat stunned into silence and not a word of protest was raised as Lewis continued. He went on with his attack on Garner: "I am against him in 1939 and

Cash Basis Urged in Road Programs

Clarksville, Tenn., July 27—(Special)—Although favoring a well-planned highway program for the State and each of the counties' C. W. Bailey, local banker, and president of the Tennessee Taxpayers Association, warned county officials today in an address before the first joint meeting of the Tennessee County Highway Association and Dunbar Cave to "let us pay as we go—carry on only as the money is available—without new taxes or increased levies."
Bailey was the principal speaker before the gathering which began at 10:30 o'clock. His subject was "Value of Good Roads to Counties and Proposals for State, Federal and County Governments."
About 150 were here when the meeting opened and others were continuing to arrive this morning. G. G. McClure of Montgomery County, president of the Highway Association, was presiding. Judge N. G. Walker of Lebanon, president of the Judges' group, was unable to attend due to illness.
The welcome address was delivered by Judge Byron Johnson of Springfield, Judge W. R. Kinton, Giles County, gave the response.
Other speakers scheduled for today included Judge W. W. Leech of Dickson, State Finance and Taxation Commissioner George McCann, Gus Dyer of Nashville, Prof. Clayton Jones, Murfreesboro; Prof. W. N. Dougherty, Knoxville; Judge Linton Hickman, Nashville; Col. Harry W. Berry, and J. W. Gentry, state highway engineer, and Gov. Prentice Cooper.
The group was to adjourn at noon and eat lunch together, reconvening this afternoon.
The group will dine on barbecue tonight as guests of the Montgomery County Highway Commission. Their session will close about noon tomorrow after two addresses and a business session.

79 Soviet Officials Lose Decorations

Moscow, July 27—(AP)—Seventy-nine prominent Russians, including several high Soviet Army officers, were stripped of their decorations by a decree published today.
They include Tairoff, former Soviet minister to the Mongolian People's Republic; Division Commander Sergeeff; Air Force Commander Lapin, formerly Marshal Vasily Bluecher's assistant in the Far East, and Schevchenko, chief of the political administration in the Ural Military District.
Also listed as guilty of "actions unworthy of order-bearers" were: Naval Engineer Oras, former Soviet naval attaché in Washington; Rappaport, the former political commissar of the Frunze Naval Academy; former Vice-Commissioner of Foreign Trade Sudying; Submarine Commander Batis, and a Comsolom (Communist youth) leader in Khabarovsk named Ovchinnikov.
Publication of such a list in the Soviet Union is tantamount to announcement those mentioned have been arrested.

Treaty Abrogation Seen Move In 'Methods Short of War' Plan

Department of State Marks 150th Year
Anti-Japanese Move Surprises Capital
By LYLE C. WILSON
Washington, July 27—(AP)—President Roosevelt's strong foreign policy by "methods short of war" snapped forward today under impetus of another of the quick moves with which the administration repeatedly has surprised diplomats.
But this Government's abrogation of the United States-Japanese treaty of commerce and navigation is merely incidental to the over-all policy.
New Deal foreign policy as a whole is pretty fairly stymied for the time being by Congress' refusal to alter neutrality legislation so that our raw and manufactured materials including arms and ammunition would be obtainable by Great Britain and France in event of war.
Last night's abrogation of the Japanese treaty hit Washington with the unexpected snap of a whip lash characteristic of other New Deal moves afield. There was no warning when Mr. (Continued on Page 2, Column 3)

Lending Bill Modified To Hasten Action

By WILLIAM B. ARDERY
Washington, July 27—(AP)—The Senate leadership modified the \$2,490,000,000 lending bill today in an effort to obtain prompt passage, while House Democrats scheduled a clearcut test of sentiment on the measure at a caucus tomorrow night.
The Senate move was initiated by Democratic Leader Barkley, who offered an amendment to eliminate the necessity for levying tolls on projected \$500,000,000 road building program.
There was a belief in administration quarters that Barkley's amendment would eliminate much Senate opposition to the bill.
In the House, however, the legislation was creating a major fight among Democrats which probably will be settled at the party caucus. The meeting, called by a petition of fifty-one members, will decide party policy on the Lending Bill.
A group of anti-administration Democrats, including many from the South, was talking of boycotting the meeting so that a majority would not be present to transact business.
Although a party caucus customarily binds all its members to the decision of the meeting, there was a conflict of opinion as to how effective tomorrow's conference could be in forcing support of the bill.
One expert on House procedure said that if two-thirds of those present voted to support the measure, it would require all members to vote for it except those who had made pledges against it to their constituents or who believed it to be unconstitutional.
Additional trouble was being stirred up for administration leaders in the House Banking Committee, where one Democratic member asserted he had "solemnly

Japs Threaten Retaliation to U. S. Action

By H. O. THOMPSON
Tokyo, July 27—(AP)—Foreign office officials were understood to be discussing the possibility of retaliatory action against the United States today as Japan's reply to the denunciation of the Japanese-American commercial treaty.
Taking the view that the denunciation by the United States was of political, not economic nature, officials were said to be studying the possibilities of retaliatory action affecting American interests in China.
The United States action came as a surprise and a shock to officials and the public alike. Stock exchange reaction was moderate, but the Tokyo new bond issue, considered barometric, dropped two points.
It was understood that officials were more concerned over the American Government's firmness regarding the entire situation in the Far East than over the mere abrogation of the commercial treaty which, they said, covered but a fraction of Japan's trade with the United States. Financiers said that the intrinsic effect of the abrogation would be slight.
Japanese people as a whole are unaware of the long sequence of American protests to Japan regarding conditions in China. Hence they were even more surprised and puzzled than were officials, since they had been led to believe that everything was going smoothly.
When the Vandenberg resolution was introduced in the American Senate favoring denunciation of the treaty, officials assured the people that it was merely a domestic political move and that it was unlikely that the United States would abrogate the treaty.
Now it was forecast that officials, in order to show consistency, would assure the people that Japan had been fully protecting American interests in China and therefore that the American action was an undeserved affront.
Eugene H. Dooman, charge d'affaires of the American Embassy, visited Sejiro Yoshizawa, director

U.S. Tightens Pressure on Japs, Ends Trade Pact

Washington—United States clears way for embargo against Japan by denouncing 1911 treaty; major foreign policy move terminates agreement at end of next six months removing any legal obstacles to halting raw material shipments to Japan; Secretary Morgenthau says Treasury studying means of backing move by act in involving United States purchases of Japanese gold, silver and merchandise.
Tokyo—Japanese, taken by surprise, call abrogation an unfriendly act because of abruptness; foreign office says Japan will retaliate if there is any American discrimination against Japan after expiration of treaty.
Berlin—Germans attribute "a highly political motive" to American treaty denunciation.
London—Usually reliable quarters indicate that the British Government intends to reconsider the advisability of denouncing its 1911 commercial treaty with Japan in order to continue its parallel policy with the United States.
Washington's action expected to fortify not only the current Tokyo negotiations but also resistance to the Japanese-sponsored anti-British campaign throughout China.
Washington, July 27—(AP)—The United States Government struck a second major blow at Japan today when Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau announced that a thorough scrutiny of Tokyo's gold and silver shipments to this country would be initiated at once.
The Treasury Department's action came quickly upon the heels of Secretary of State Hull's dramatic announcement that this Government had notified Japan of the abrogation of the 1911 treaty of commerce—the basic document providing for friendly commercial relations between the United States and the Oriental power.
Secretary Morgenthau said, as a result of the treaty's abrogation, the entire subject of Japanese gold and silver imports would be studied.
Preparing for still further readjustment of American economic relations with Japan, Secretary Morgenthau said that the United States Customs Bureau had been ordered to survey Japanese merchandise shipments to the United States.
For the past several months, customs experts have been investigating allegations that Japan has been shipping cotton textile goods to the United States by means of a government subsidy.
So far, it is learned, these allegations have not been substantiated if the charges were found to be true, the treasury would impose counter-vailing or other duties against such merchandise, as was done in the case of all German goods and on Italian silk, and thus bring about economic pressure on all points of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis.
Japan has helped finance its undeclared war against China through shipment of gold and silver to the United States. By selling the metal in this country, Japan has acquired dollar balances and credits with which to buy vital war materials such as scrap, aircraft, cotton.
Department of Commerce statistics show that net shipments of gold by Japan to the United States in 1938 amounted to \$168,739,643. In 1937 these shipments were \$246,470,005. Silver exports in 1937 were \$1,273,289, and in 1938, they were \$2,929,567.

Park Movies

Park movies tonight: Richard Park and Watkins Park.

Cotton News in Twin Spotlight

Editor's Note: King Cotton, former undisputed ruler of the South's economic kingdom, once again swings into international focus on two fronts. Today the United States slashed export prices under a 1½ cent a pound government subsidy to meet foreign competition and regain world markets. At the same time it abrogated 1911 commerce treaty with Japan, one of the chief purchasers of cotton for war purposes.
Washington, July 27—(AP)—Cotton, scrap iron, petroleum, iron alloys, machinery, automobiles and airplanes are the major items which Japan has been buying lately from the United States under the 1911 commercial treaty which this Government intends to abandon next January.
Commerce Department figures showed today that last year 21 per cent of the United States' \$239,620,000 sales of merchandise to Japan were cotton, while Japan's \$126,820,000 sales to this country were 63.5 per cent raw silk.
Japan's sales to the United States reached a peak of \$431,873,000 in 1929, declining almost steadily every year except 1937, when the total was \$204,201,000. Peak United States sales to Japan were in that same year when Japan took unusually large amounts of scrap iron as well as cotton and other products.
Although individually one of the major nations in United States

Fly Nominated To FCC Post

Washington, July 27—(AP)—President Roosevelt today nominated James Lawrence Fly, Tennessee Valley Authority solicitor, to succeed Frank R. McIninch as a member of the Federal Communications Commission.
Submission of the nomination brought the first official revelation that McIninch had resigned. McIninch, who had served as FCC chairman since the fall of 1937, had indicated early this week that illness was forcing him to relinquish his post.
Fly does not automatically succeed McIninch as chairman since the commission elects its own head. However, it was understood that the commissioners would name him to this post.
Fly has taken a leading part in the administration's public utility drive. As chief of the TVA legal staff he directed the defense of the act in the two major tests of the statute carried successfully to the Supreme Court.
More recently he had served as counsel for the Bonneville Power Authority, the Government's great Pacific Northwest power development, on "loan" from the TVA.
The post to which Fly was nominated has long presented the administration with one of its thorniest problems. McIninch was drafted by Mr. Roosevelt from the chairmanship of the Federal Power Commission in an effort to iron out multitudinous controversies over administration and policy which had surrounded the Communications Commission.

Fly Nominated To FCC Post

By HOBART C. MONTEE
Washington, July 27—(AP)—The United States cleared its diplomatic

(Continued on Page 2, Column 2)

(Continued on Page 2, Column 1)

(Continued on Page 2, Column 3)

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(Continued on Page 2, Column 4)

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Pan American Opens New Route

(Continued from Page One)

the northern route and Wednesday on the southern.

I knew that the next day was Saturday and that the first voyage was going out on the Dixie Clipper on the southern run the following Wednesday, June 28, the day after I was to speak in Oakland.

Time was so short to talk to Trippe or to Moss from the airport at Dallas. I had to wait until we landed at Ft. Worth, Amon Carter's town, "out where the West begins."

The flight from Dallas to Ft. Worth seemed an eternity.

If ever a guy had ants in his pants, I was that particular fellow. If the flight was going out of New York Saturday, I could turn around at Ft. Worth and beat it straight to New York, picking up my baggage and passport at the Nashville airport at midnight.

If it was going out Wednesday, I had plenty of time.

I didn't know anything except that Juan Trippe had called me.

As soon as the stewardess opened the flagship door at Ft. Worth, I almost jumped into a telephone booth and banged the door behind me.

I couldn't wait to talk to Charlie Moss.

Finally the call was put through. All Charlie knew was that Trippe had called.

"Charlie, get hold of Juan by phone, or contact him some way before morning if you have to. Find out what he wants and wire me at Los Angeles. If you can't get hold of him, talk to Bob Lord, his right hand man."

We took off in a DC-2 from Ft. Worth for Los Angeles.

I still didn't know what it was all about, but I began to try to figure out all sorts of schedules with every possible contingency.

Nothing seemed to make any sense. It all seemed to work right back to the proposition that Trippe had called to invite me on that northern flight, had missed me at Nashville and I had missed out on the transatlantic trip to which I had looked forward for five long years.

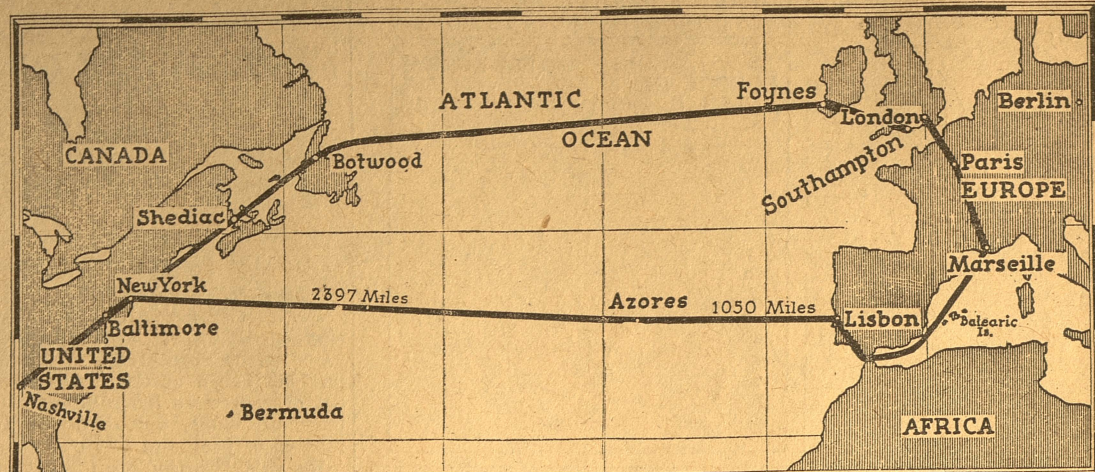
Low As Snake's Umbilicus

Eoy, was I low! I was sore at the world. I was sore at everything and everybody. I was fed up with DC-2's and what have you.

We flew all night and the further we flew, the more disgusted with flying I became.

When we landed with a 600-foot ceiling at Glendale, after flying the

Routes Taken by Banner Publisher on European Flight



The above map shows the air routes taken by James G. Stahlman, the writer of this series of articles, on his recent flight to Europe and return. Leaving the Nashville Municipal Airport, he flew to New York, where he boarded the Yankee Clipper of Pan American Airways, which carried him across the Atlantic Ocean to Southampton, England. He took an Imperial Airways plane to Paris. After making two trips between London and Paris he flew to Marseille aboard an Italian Air Line ship. There he took the Dixie Clipper of Pan American Airways for the trip back across the Atlantic by the Southern route. American Airways' Mercury brought him back to Nashville a few hours after he had landed in New York. Mr. Stahlman made the trip from New York and return in ten days.

instruments all the way from El Paso. I was ready to quit flying for good.

Walking into Grand Central airport's administration building, I was handed a telegram from Moss. It read: "Tried every possible way to reach Trippe. Unsuccessful. He's sailing for England on inspection trip Saturday morning. Will continue effort reach Lord."

Well, I WAS through! Yes, sir, I was fed up with flying from now on. I was all washed up.

Here I had waited for five years for that call from Juan Trippe and had missed it by an hour and thirty minutes because I was flying to the Pacific Coast when he called.

By now Trippe was headed up the East Coast somewhere about New Brunswick, en route to Southampton.

I would have sold all the airplanes that ever got off the ground, and those that hadn't, for 15 cents.

I was through, quits, for keeps! Taxied to the Ambassador, called Mrs. Stahlman at Nashville and told her the sad story. She wasn't very sorry. She never had taken much stock in my flying the Atlantic. Women are like that.

Right in the middle of a shower-bath, resorted to more in the hope of soothing my nerves than of cleansing my carcass, the phone rang.

Who in Sam Hill could that be? (That's my parlor vocabulary for special use when interrupted in the midst of a swell shower.)

"Jimmy, this is Charlie. I just talked to Lord. He says Trippe wants you to go on the first flight over the northern route leaving Port Washington, Saturday, July 8."

"Whooooooopppeeeeeee!!!!!!" And I almost burst Charlie's ears drums 2,000 miles away.

"I told Lord that you would be there and that he needn't worry about further contact with you on the coast," said Moss.

"That's using the old bean, Charlie. Yep, I'll be there. Good work, Big Boy. Thanks a lot. See you Thursday. Keep it under your hat. So long."

Hot diggety-dog!!!! Lookout, England! Gosh, but the world was a grand old place. The California sky was

so beautiful and the sun was shining like nobody's business.

It was good to be alive. And I was going back to flying! Had just been spoofing all along. I'm funny that way.

GOODBYE, BROADWAY! Dreams Do Come True

"Good morning. It's 5 o'clock." "Thank you, m'am," said I to one of those sweet-voiced operators at the Plaza.

I jumped out of bed with a smile that morning.

It was Saturday, July 8, 1939. "Wake up, Honey. Let's get going." Due at Pan American at 6:30," said I, as I shook my wife's shoulder.

At 6 o'clock we were at the Pan American ticket office in the Chrysler Building. I was reared in a railroad family, so learned early in life to be ahead of time when departing.

Checked in for baggage, weights, and passport and was all set to take off for Merrie England and points east and west.

The rest of the crowd began to roll in. Ed Swasey, Amon Carter, veterans of the South American and China flights—John Cowles, Des Moines, and Babe Meigs, Chicago, who flew to the Argentine with us in '34—Silliman Evans, Tennessee, John Ewing, Shreveport publisher, both first-time flyers with Pan American—Paul Patterson of the old guard—Barney Furay, the grand old Irish Unipresser of Brazilian Clipper fame—Bill Van Dusen, Pan American's super, full-perfect, genial, jovial, efficient director of public relations, par excellence.

To Port Washington in speeding cars, preceded by siren-singing motorcycle cops, where were waiting Roy Howard, who had just come ashore from his yacht, Jamaroy, Mrs. Ogden Reid, Tom Beck, George Rihl, vice-president of Pan American who had overslept, and Artemus Gates, New York lawyer and Pan American director.

Representing radio was John Royal, able vice-president of NBC, travelling companion de-luxe and one of the swellest fellows on earth.

There to bid bon voyage to the Clippers were Mrs. Howard and Jane and Jack Howard, with Arsenio Luz, who had so royally entertained the China-flight crowd at Mainland Mrs. Beid's son, Whitelaw, a cub on the Herald-Tribune, and her husband, Ogden Reid; Mrs. Beck, Graham Grosvenor, a fellow passenger on the China flight; Mrs. Stahlman, with Frank Mason, NBC vice-prexy, and his lovely wife, Ellen; C. R. Smith, president, and "Red" Mosier, vice-president of American Airlines; Bill Hawkins, chairman of the board of Scripps-Howard; Harry Hassan, Sinclair Refining Company official whom I was to meet in Marseille a week hence after his flight to Europe over the southern route to spend the week-end with Mrs. Hassan, who is summering at Cannes, and many others.

Topping the old guard of first flyers and there to see us off was Juan Trippe, to whose energy and brains is due much of the credit for the success of Pan American Airways. The same old imperturbable Juan, smiling and joking, at the same time taking in all the preparations for the take-off of the Yankee Clipper, at that very moment nestling at the dock, waiting for her load of first-flyers who were going through the customary photographic processes for the news services and newsreels.

Just before we went aboard, up strode bare-foot, canary-clad Bill Hearst, Jr., ashore from his boat, to chat with fellow-publishers.

Farewells said, the passengers were separated from loved ones to be left behind.

One bell on the signal board and the crew marched down the dock led by Capt. Mike La Porte and his first officer, Capt. Wallace Culbertson. We had flown with them both in South America. Excellent pilots and navigators. Typical of Pan American.

Two bells and the passengers were already roaring.

The propellers spun shiny arcs in the bright Long Island sunshine. The big aluminum Yankee Clipper was ready.

And so were we.

Just before going aboard we had been introduced to three additional passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wolf of Camden, flying to England, and Mr. Guido Coen, who was flying to Italy in a desperate race against death. His only son was a victim of infantile paralysis and was expected to live only a few hours at best. The father was using every means of aerial science to see his boy once more in life. Pathetic as was his situation, he made a congenial member of the party. He bore his trouble in silence, as brave men do. Roy and I later were to see him scheduled out of Paris on Air France, bound for Rome. He subsequently reached his sick boy's bedside.

A last wave to those ashore, then into the Clipper cabin.

Luxurious doesn't begin to describe it. I had seen the Yankee christened by Mrs. Roosevelt at Anacostia on May 14.

Here she was! (The Yankee Clipper, not Mrs. Roosevelt.) These Boeing Clippers are double-decked, with all the flying done

from the top deck. There work the skipper, his pilots, navigator, flight engineers and radiomen.

The wings are large enough inside for a catwalk to the motors on each side.

The flight deck is a model of scientific instrumentation. It has to be.

The passenger deck is below. Forward, in the nose, is the baggage and mail compartment; then the crew quarters. Behind this a men's lavatory, then the galley, or kitchen, then another cabin for seats, or berths when needed, and an auxiliary service pantry.

Then the smoking lounge and dining saloon seating fourteen in deep-cushioned chairs, which may be converted into berths. Behind this is another large lounge with two long sofas and two smaller seats for twelve.

Stepping up to the tail in three stages are the sleeping sections which remained made up on our trip. There are eighteen berths, uppers and lowers, all very comfortable and long enough for a tall man. Then a section for hanging coats and hats on the port side of the ship, while opposite on the starboard is the women's lavatory and a second one for men.

Behind all this is a very commodious bridal suite, with large sofa, book racks, tables, a special woman's dressing table, mirrors and private wash basin.

Tennessee's Contribution

One hundred and fifty-two feet of aluminum wing-spread, 109 feet of aluminum cabin. A flying palace, most of whose structure was fabricated in Tennessee, at Alcoa, where Col. A. D. Huddleston is its stuff. No wonder Charlie is proud of his profession.

As one of its passengers (I mean) as if you were a passenger for life. Yes, sir, I was proud to board. And as happy and as well as a six-year-old, waiting for Nick to slide down the chimney.

Hatches closed and locked, lines cast off.

We taxied slowly on the dock, past close-lying yacht and motor boats.

Seat belts were fastened, motors "revved" and we took over the waters of Long Island Sound like Gar Wood going after his next world speed trophy.

Forty-fifty-sixty-seventy-eighty knots.

Eighty-five—she was "on the step."

Ninety—LaPorte gave her the gun, went back a bit more on the stick and we were off on the first passenger flight in a heavier-than-air machine from America to England over the northern route!

Fifty-two seconds to get that 80,000 pounds off the water.

Circling back over Pan American's hangars at Port Washington and climbing like the angels up Jacob's ladder, we had one last glance at the crowd on the ground and then banked and lit off for dear old Limerick.

Over Sands Point where the late Huey Long had the socks mauled off him one inebriated night.

Over Mrs. Millicent Hearst's palatial estate, then past Montauk, Fisher's Island and a look-down at Groton-Long Point, Conn., where with my mother, sister and the family of the late Dr. Griffin W. Bull, formerly of Nashville and Scranton, I had spent one of the happiest summers of my life.

Memories—hey do play hob with a fellow now and then.

Past Cape Cod and into Shediac, New Brunswick, for gas and mail. A perfect landing. It had been foggy at Shediac before we left Port Washington. That's why we were a bit late. Pan American never takes any chances. That bunch are the criterions of safety. That's why I would fly with them from hell to breakfast and back again.

The water and wind were just right for a snappy take-off here and La Porte pulled the Yankee up in 36 seconds.

or-not," and rushed at Amon for his autograph. Not being able to give the natives Ripley's signature, Amon countered with his own, accompanied by plums from a basket which he had bought in a Botwood store. Little children followed Amon and his Texas garb like the Pied Piper, while Tom Beck's junior salesman cried their Collier's and Woman's Home Companion like the Hirsch selling BANNER extras.

Silliman Evans, Roy Howard, Paul Patterson and I took a car ride down the only road out of Botwood and then went back to the Pan American reception house for a bit of food before going down to the Clipper.

Loaded to the tops of her gas tanks, the Clipper took off from Botwood in late afternoon. We were now on the 1,950-mile over-water hop to Foynes, Eire. (Ireland, to you.)

Headed northeastward and skirting the coast, we did not turn east until just south of the coast of Labrador.

Everybody was on the lookout for icebergs. Then they became as commonplace as the drone of those big Wright motors.

We were now out over the North Atlantic. Dinner on board.

Here's the menu: Hearts of celery Assorted olives Green turtle soup Roast Vermont turkey Chestnut dressing Cranberry sauce Candied sweet potatoes

New string beans Pear salad—French dressing Iced tea Fancy fruit ice cream Petit Fours Demi Fasse After dinner mints

How do you like them apples? Sounds like the Waldorf Astoria, doesn't it?

But it was aboard the Yankee Clipper, flying at 8,300 feet above the North Atlantic at 150 miles an hour, en route Botwood, Newfoundland, to Foynes, Eire.

It was good, too! After dinner, back-gammon, penny-ante, Chinese checkers, cigars, and conversation.

Watches had to be set up five hours for Greenwich time. It was now early morning where we were to land, but still night where we actually were, but it was broad daylight, with the most beautiful and seemingly everlasting sunset.

The further north we flew, the more daylight we had. Actually we had less than three hours of darkness.

Some mistook the glories of that Arctic sunset for the aurora borealis. It wasn't. Most of us had seen the northern lights, and they are gorgeous. This was just a plain, old, long-drawn-out Arctic sunset that kept daylight in the West almost until the sun came scooting out of the East.

The sleeper passengers took to the comfortable berths at will, but the hardier old guard sat it out.

If you haven't flown over an ocean at night, take a tip from one who has. Don't go to bed too soon. You'll miss the greatest celestial show you ever saw or ever will see.

If you don't like that sort of thing, go on to bed.

If there's something in you that makes you like circus in the spring, bluegrass in the Little Harpeth Valley and the whirr of humming-bird wings over moonflowers in Middle Tennessee, stay up!

You'll know who made and rules this universe.

It won't be Santa Claus or John Thomas Scopes!

I've seen Aurora flash like 10,000,000 volts short-circuited.

I've seen the sun set blood-red behind the shadow of Corcoran in Manila Bay.

I've seen that same sun rise over Sugar Loaf and Botafoga at Rio from a mile-high Clipper ship.

I've seen lunar rainbows over the Pacific from 12,000 feet.

I've seen cloud-shrouded Captain in all his majesty at the gate to Yosemite.

I think I've seen nature in the raw, nature in her glory.

When I saw that lingering sunset, when I saw that waning moon, escorted by Jupiter through darting clouds; when I saw Mars almost close enough to reach with hand outstretched from the windows of that plane when I saw the waters of the blue Atlantic thousands of feet below and realized that here I was, a tiny, insignificant spot in the whole of things, speeding through the upper spaces from one hemisphere to the other in less time almost than it takes to put it down in print, that old Scotch Presbyterian faith of James Geddes, which, child-like, I had inherited, accepted and clung to, was reaffirmed, strengthened and sustained.

No more look God in the face and doubt His existence.

You can't see what I have seen and not know that He runs this show.

overcast, we mistook several dark cumulus clouds at a distance for land. Finally the skipper came below and pointed out the first of the small islands that dot the Irish coast on the western approach.

Erin in the Mornin' A few minutes more and we were entering the mouth of the River Shannon.

I'd heard of the River Shannon in song and story since childhood. I'd listened to its glories sung by Irish tenors and barbershop baritone, but to mention bath-tub basses. But here I was, right over the lovely stream and just about ready to settle down on her smooth bosom.

Ireland—yes, sir. No foolin'. She's green as they say she is. Beautiful. Peaceful to look upon, if not in fact. Just as pretty as the songs and story books say she is. Truly, the Emerald Isle.

Pick up your map and check the River Shannon. You'll find Foynes situated a bit up from the mouth, but here in County Limerick. The only Limerick I could think of at the moment was the one about "the young gal from Madras." But that didn't fit here, so we settled down on the Shannon, taxied to a barge and went ashore at Foynes, while a large crowd of Free Staters watched us from the sea-wall at the top of the dock.

Foynes is a lovely spot, typically Irish. Don't make the mistake on that part of the island by referring to it as "Ireland." "The Eire be" and according to the green, white, and orange flags that floated on the right of the Stars and Stripes at the head of the gang-plank.

To Miss Ellie Walsh's inn, more than 200 years old, for a reception, the warmth and cordiality of which only the Irish could be responsible for. Sandwiches, drinks, old friends and new friends.

There was John Steele, Pan American's assistant to Andy Porter in operations. We had known John on the South American flight.

A young man introduced himself to me when he found I represented THE NASHVILLE BANNER.

"I sent your paper a story several years ago about a professor who was lecturing over here," he said.

"Dr. Edwin Mims," I responded. "Yes, sir, he was the man," said Peter Kilroy of the Irish Press, Dublin, who we shook hands.

"Did you get paid for that story?" I asked.

"O, yes, very promptly," he said. "So I guess Charlie Moss was clearing his correspondent pay rolls to Mr. Grigsby on time, then."

About Miss Ellie Walsh, the proprietress of the inn. She's 80 years and better, according to the Irish gentleman who told me about her. She's a horsewoman of note, has ridden to hounds on the Galway Blazers, and the Limerick, on down the line. She wears her riding habit every day, all day long.

There's an Irish sportsman for you!

And the reception room at her inn has its walls covered with hunt prints and paintings.

I wondered what some of the girls in the Hillsboro Hounds would be doing when they were octogenarians, if at all.

At Foynes we picked up R. A. Logan, general manager of the Irish National Airlines, from Dublin, and Sean Leydon, secretary of the Department of Industry and Commerce of Eire.

Taking off in an even thirty seconds, we gained altitude and sailed out over some of the most beautiful hunting country I'll ever see.

No barbed wire, no woven wire. Just wide, open, green country with enough cover and all the stone walls in the world. I've never seen so many, nor such high ones. No wonder the Irish develop the best hunters in horseflesh.

Boy, would I like to stretch old Bozo out across Limerick and adjoining country! I'll bet he'd stay in there with the best of them.

Greatest horse in the world, that Bozo. Bet my life on his any old day. Risked it on him many a time. He's never failed me yet. And never will. There's a real buddy, Old Bozo!

"Twas a Long Way, Too

Over Tipperary, lyrical repository for the composite heart of all the Allied soldiers in the World War, then out over the Irish Sea, for a look to the north where the Thetis had gone down just a few days before.

And there, just ahead, as the watch hands showed 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, lay England.

Below, beautiful green and tree-dotted countryside, more like Middle Tennessee than any I had ever seen. Great estates, ancient ruins, lovely formal gardens, old towns, new towns, bustling cities, sleepy cattle, sheep.

As we roared toward Southampton, destination of the Clipper, customs matters had to be thought of. The two stewards brought out the ordinary clearance papers, passports were checked and the regular formalities prepared for.

A new wrinkle that brought a

bit of fun, as well as embarrassment to some, appeared on the individual health certificates which each of us had to swear to.

Toward the end of the long paper there appeared this searching, if not wholly personal query: "Where have you spent the last fourteen nights?"

"Who wants to know?" asked John Ewing.

"That's nobody's business," said I. "Couldn't tell 'em in a thousand years," said Swasey.

We were compromised by writing: "U. S. A."

Good old U. S. A. Soon Southampton was in view and before we knew it, we had slipped down over the mass of shipping and had landed beautifully on the Solent.

We had crossed the Atlantic from New York to Southampton in 19 hours 34 minutes flying time, or 27 hours 20 minutes elapsed time.

We had left New York Saturday morning and here we were in England Sunday afternoon.

Not a passenger had known that during the night, one motor had cut completely out, had been repaired by the flight engineer who went out on the cat-walk in the wings, and that it had been cut back in without so much as the dip of a wing.

The first most of the party knew about that motor was when they read Roy Howard's exclusive story written in Paris twelve hours after we had landed at Southampton.

Like Falling Off a Log

All so easy, smooth, safe and comfortable.

It was almost unbelievable. But it really New York Saturday morning and here we were in England Sunday afternoon.

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hundred years ago turned to rail-roading for the Great Western, after having been educated for the ministry at the University of Edinburgh. He couldn't stand the high church forms, so forsook the ministry for civil engineering that led him to America to survey the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and thence to Nashville.

These Great Western cars brought back many memories of that golly Scotsman who was the very soul of honor and whose daily life was a dedication to those who were privileged to come within his sphere. They represented to me the railroad birth of James Geddes, Little wonder that I thrilled at those great white letters as they flashed by. "G-W" meant something to me through him.

Aboard the train to Southampton I met Fred Bate, European manager for the National Broadcasting Company. I was to see more of him in London and Paris and to come to number him among my very good friends.

Also there was Fife Symington, Pan American traffic representative for England. Symington comes from Maryland, went to Princeton where he was a member of the class of '33 and a close friend of Martin Condon III, of Memphis, well known in Nashville. Symington had also known my brother-in-law, Byrd Douglas, when the latter was varsity baseball coach at Princeton, so this trip was beginning to take on all the aspects of old home week as all my other jaunts around the globe had done.

Past Wimbledon where the day before our own Alice Marble had defeated British Kay Stammers for the women's tennis championship, and then to a stop at Victoria Station.

London, by George!

New World's Record

But Roy Howard, John Ewing, Bill Van Dusen and I were not to stop here.

Boarding a bus for Croydon, we sped past parks being dug for bomb-proof shelters. Past anti-aircraft searchlights in open spaces. Past anti-aircraft guns ready for duty. Past signs that called the Britisher to national service.

England was preparing for war, should it come.

England was prepared for war, if it came.

At Croydon we boarded one of the new British Imperial four-motored Albatross ships, the Fortuna, that had been held an hour for us.

We took off for Paris.

It was soon dark. We sped over England, across the channel, and into Le Bourget at 222 miles an hour.

We made that leg of the trip, Croydon to Le Bourget, in an hour and two minutes, from start of take-off to landing.

That's flying, if you don't happen to know it