

# Fliers Abandon Arctic Headgear for Sun Helmet

## Heat of Equatorial Region Forces Them to Change Outfits; Arrive at Hongkong Safely.

Told By LOWELL THOMAS.  
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"In cruising down the China coast from Shanghai to Amoy we flew so low," says Jack Harding, "that we could actually smell China! And this pungent odor of the far east was something novel to us. Nor at that moment did we doubt but what there were 400,000,000 living in China. It seemed as though we passed that many or more on our 595-mile hop from the mouth of the Yangtze to Amoy island. It was the most densely populated region we had ever seen.



"Why, the moment we had passed one village we were above another. The streets were swarming with people, and the country roads almost as bad, while children, chickens and pigs filled the yards. And far out into Formosa strait the water was dotted with sampans and junks.

"Whenever we got tired of looking down at villages and rice fields we would take a swing out to sea and play leapfrog with the junks for a while. Smully and Les would pick out a junk. Leitch and Hank would take another. Erik and I would spot a third. Then all three planes would dive toward them, full tilt. If those Chinese sailors had pistols I'll bet they stood on end. But just before swooping into them we would shoot over the tops of their masts and in two minutes be miles away. It was fun for us, and I haven't any doubt but that it helped somewhat to break the monotony of life on board the junk. If we woke up any opium smokers I'll wager a German mark to a Chinese tag with a hole in it that they thought they were seeing things.

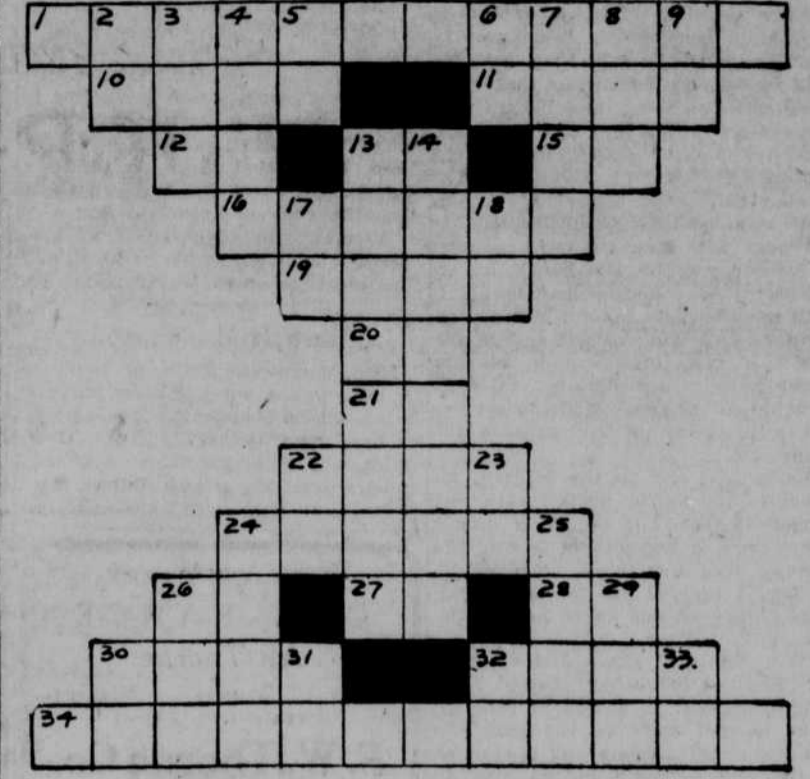
### Picturesque Amoy Harbor.

"At 5:30 in the afternoon we came down right in front of the Standard Oil company pier in the picturesque harbor of Amoy, with paradises and temples all around us. While we were mooring a sampan came alongside and I heard a voice shout 'Hello, Tennessee.' The visitor turned out to be a fellow southerner who used to live a few miles from my home town. We worked on the planes until long after dark and then spent the night on board the destroyer Prebel as the guests of Commander Glassford.

"Although we didn't go into the city, the city came to us. Next morning, Sunday, May 8, when we were called at daybreak, we saw thousands and thousands of little Chinese boats crowded around the planes. More kept coming from shore until we couldn't see the water. We hurried out, got up on the pontoons, and for an hour we went through one of the most nerve racking experiences of the trip. There were so many sampans that the occupants could hardly control them, and it was all keep them from drifting into us and damaging the planes. Some of the sampans had sails and the wind kept blowing them toward us. The launch from the Prebel tried to protect us, but the officer in charge of it got disgusted and decided the only way to drive them off, would be to sink a few. So he locked off a few feet and then shot it full speed ahead right into a sampan. He certainly gave the Chinese the thrill of their lives. Some of the sampans capsized, throwing the occupants over into other boats or into the water. Then he would back off and crash into the next of them again. The momentum of the launch was so great that it flung sampans right up on top of

# The Daily Cross Word Puzzle

By RICHARD H. TINGLEY.



- Horizontal.**
1. A branch of mathematics.
  10. Attendant of Cleopatra.
  11. Rocks containing metal.
  12. Half an em.
  13. Apat (prefix).
  15. A Biblical city.
  16. Goblins.
  19. So be it.
  20. Comparative degree (suffix).
  21. Musical note.
  22. Religious ceremony.
  24. Two books of the Bible.
  26. 501' (Roman numerals).
  27. A plural suffix.
  28. Maiden changed into a heifer by Juno.
  30. Island in the Aegean sea.
  32. Greek letter.
  34. Timidity.
- Vertical.**
2. Smallest state in the union (abbr.).
  3. Anger.
  4. Squad.
  5. Bone.
  6. More.
  7. God of Love.
  8. X.
  9. Recording secretary (abbr.).
  13. Period not precisely stated.
  14. Retired from duty on account of age.
  17. No (Scottish).

The solution will appear tomorrow.

Solution of yesterday's puzzle.

F	A	T	S	7	H	U	S			
C	A	M	O	E	R	E	S	E	T	
A	L	F	E	X	T	U	R	E	R	
P	E	D	D	E	A	L	S	T	E	D
E	P	I	C	S	L	Y	T	O	A	D
S	E	C	T	S	I	B	O	L	T	S
7	A	S	S	A	L	L				
T	W	I	L	L	M	E	L	I	T	E
R	O	O	M	P	A	T	A	N	E	W
I	O	N	T	I	N	E	A	G	A	E
M	E	P	R	E	S	E	N	T	A	R
R	A	R	E	R	M	A	I	N	S	
T	O	E	S	S	L	E	D			

each other. Something had to be done to prevent the planes from being crushed by those thousands of boats. It looked as though we might be squeezed just as steamers are crushed by ice in the Arctic. And the course our friend took who was commanding the launch was certainly drastic enough. The force with which he rammed those stocky little sampans was such that he piled as many as 20 up at a time. It wasn't long until he had cleared a space. From then on, thanks to the launch, the Chinese boatmen, with their wives, children, chickens, and pigs, kept at a respectful distance.

**Hop for Hongkong.**

"No far from where we were moored there was an antiquated Chinese destroyer bristling with guns. The story we heard about it was right in keeping with the lurid history of Amoy and its marauding inhabitants. It seems that the captain had deserted from the rest of the Chinese fleet and anchored here two years before. Training his guns on the city and sending word to the inhabitants that henceforth they were to pay tribute to him, he and his men even went ashore and drove off the local military detachment. Since that day he has never lifted his anchor. Today he is the ruler of all the territory within range of his guns.

"We had only 210 miles to make on our flight down the China coast to Hongkong, so it was not until 10 a. m. that we got under way. But we would have said farewell to Amoy shortly after sunrise if it hadn't been for the thousands of sampans around us.

"On our way to Hongkong we flew

over the tops of the hundreds of boats passing in and out. All this traffic assured us that we were nearing the far-famed city of Hongkong. At 1:32 we arrived over the harbor and the weather enough for us to see something of the city, which is reputed to be the most beautiful in the far east.

"It was indeed a marvelous sight. The harbor, which covers over 15 square miles and is almost surrounded by high hills, was filled with warships, Pacific liners, freighters, and tramps from every corner of the globe, as well as native craft of every description. So far as the amount of tonnage entering and leaving its waters is concerned it is one of the six greatest ports in the world, and has been built up by the British, who have owned the island ever since the treaty of Nanking, in 1842. When they took it over it was deserted. The city is built up the mountain side on terraces. These make it all the more impressive as you enter the harbor.

**Landing Hard to Locate.**

"This was the only place where there had been any slip regarding the advance arrangements. Somehow the letter explaining where we were to moor had gotten lost in the mail so we flew around the harbor several times looking for our yellow buoys. Not finding them, we flew down close to an American destroyer and they waved us over to the opposite side of the bay where we finally moored in a little cove near the Standard Oil dock. All afternoon we spent refueling the planes, repairing all three propellers, and helping Smith and Arnold doctor up the pontoon that had troubled them in Japan. It was leaking badly. The Standard Oil people gave us valuable help and because most of us were unable to go ashore and see the sights of Hongkong they sent lunch out to us and also sent out Chinese merchants with beads, pearls, and silks for us to look over in case we wanted to send any souvenirs home.

"Next morning the sun was blazing hot. We were drawing nearer the equator. There was no mistaking that our Standard Oil friends sent into the city and had a merchant bring out a boatload of sun helmets, from which we could select more appropriate headgear. 'Les' and 'Hank' and I wore them from then on, because in the rear cockpits there was no shade. The pilots were protected somewhat by the upper wing.

**Off for Indo-China.**

"We had hoisted the Chicago out of the water, the previous day, and after launching it taxied across the harbor, circled around for another look at the fascinating city of Hongkong, and then left the Ladronez for Harphong, in French Indo-China. Fortunately, it was a clear day. We flew up to 2,000 feet because we had been told that from there we might be able to see the largest city in China. Sure enough 80 miles to the northwest, in the delta of the Pearl river, we could see a gray splotch that we were sure was old Canton, city of silks, sedan chairs, streets like narrow canyons, and the birthplace of most of China's revolutions."

"On our way from Hongkong to Haiphong, the most interesting part of the flight," says Commander Smith, "was a 70-mile hop across a peninsula. Of course, cruising over such a wide strip of land with pontoons on your ship is rather unhealthy, because if you have to make a forced landing you are sure to crack up. But calling his attention to this particular part of the flight, I am not referring to hazards. We were too busy looking over the sides of the fuselage at the fascinating pageant of oriental life underneath us to remember whether we were flying with pontoons or wheels. This little peninsula was the most densely populated region we had ever seen, and no one but a person who had visited China can appreciate what this means.

**Planes Frighten Natives.**

"Evidently the natives of Lulchow peninsula had never seen airplanes before. We flew only about 500 feet off the ground so that we could see the sights. As we came roaring into the view we could see Chinese running in every direction. When we would catch up with them they would swing off either to the left or to the right. They must have thought we were flying dragons sent to gobble them up. After crossing the peninsula we passed thousands of natives wading about in the water with hand nets. When they saw us they dropped their nets and struck out for shore as hard as they could go.

"In leaving Hongkong we had flown out of one of the scenic harbors of the world. But Haiphong turned out to be nearly as impressive. First we passed scores of little islands, some of them mere needles of rock. Then we passed over high cliffs and small lagoons with attractive-looking bungalows dotted here and there. Any one of the lagoons would have made an excellent place to moor the plane.

At 6:40, just as the sun went down behind the palms, we reached the delta of the Red river, which

flows down into the French Indo-China from the mountains of Yunnan, a rugged province of China which extends west to Burma and the Himalayas.

**French insist on Entertaining**

"Here at Haiphong we again moored the planes near the Standard Oil pier. The French officials wanted us to come aboard a destroyer and attend a reception, and couldn't understand why we should have to remain and work on our cruisers when they had a tea party all arranged for us.

"Becoming impatient, most of the ladies and gentlemen got into launches and came over and watched us. It was dark before we had finished servicing up the ships, and when we climbed aboard the destroyer nearly all of the guests had given us up as hopeless and gone home. But the French governor general was still there, patiently sticking it out, and despite the fact that his followers had deserted him he made us a neat speech of welcome and invited us to attend a formal reception and ball to be held ashore in our honor that night.

"When we had so much trouble getting off the water the day we left Japan for our hop across the Yellow sea we had lightened our loads by throwing overboard every unnecessary thing, including all our clothes excepting those in which we flew. This meant that we couldn't attend functions unless we could borrow clothes.

"By now we had the borrowing business down to a fine art. As soon as we could board a destroyer at the end of a day's flight, we would size up the officers. Then without their being aware of our evil designs, each of us would pick out an officer about our own size whom we would later on relieve of a pair of white trousers, socks, shoes, white shirt, tie, and sun helmet. This would enable us to mount our awaiting rickshaws and sally forth to the evening's festivities as snappily groomed as the most debonair cake eaters of the China coast.

**Competition on Jump**

"At the reception in Haiphong that night our French hosts told us that they had just received a radio message with the news that two of our competitors, the Portuguese world fliers, had arrived in Rangoon, Burma. The last we heard of them they had crashed in India. But the British royal air force had supplied them with a new De Havilland two seater, in which they had been fortunate enough to at least get past Akyab, the hoodoo town on the Bay of Ben-

gal where so many airmen had crashed. McLaren, the British flier, was still at Akyab, awaiting the arrival of the American destroyer bringing his Vickers-Amphibian around from Japan.

"This news of the progress of the Portuguese was just like a tonic to us. So excusing ourselves from the reception we hurried back to the destroyer, got a good night's sleep and were up at dawn the next morning, hoping to reach Saigon, or at least get half way that day.

"Our Liberties seemed to be humming a song of joy and contentment as we warmed them up to the accompaniment of the temple bells of Haiphong, and little did we dream that before night we would be stranded on a logoon in the heart of the Tonkin jungle."

Read the next installment of the thrilling story of the round-the-world flight in The Omaha Sunday Bee.

**SIXTY HUNTERS KILL 530 RABBITS**

Bridgeport, Dec. 26.—Five hundred and thirty rabbits were killed by 60 hunters of the Chappell district in a community hunt, with a view to ridding the country of animals that are doing much damage to crops and trees. The rabbits were sent to Denver as free gifts to the poor people there for Christmas dinners. The following day there was a coyote hunt, but only three coyotes were killed.

A cooperative hunt for rabbits and coyote will be held in Colorado Monday, December 29, citizens of Weld, Morgan, Logan, Yuma, Washington, Phillips and Sedgewick counties uniting to rid the country of these animals.

**Beatrice Woman Suffers Third Fracture by Falling**

Beatrice, Dec. 26.—Mrs. A. V. Robinson, wife of Dr. A. V. Robinson of this city, slipped and fell at her home, 402 North Fourth street, breaking her right arm at the wrist. This is the third accident of this nature that has befallen her during the last few years. On two occasions she broke her right limb.

**Court Reporter Named.**

Beatrice, Dec. 26.—Judge William Moss has announced the appointment of Ernest Kretzinger of this city as his court reporter. Mr. Kretzinger, an ex-service man, served in the same capacity with the late Judge W. L. Colby.

**M'COOK "Y" DRIVE REALIZES \$15,576**

McCook, Dec. 26.—The drive for "Y" funds to complete and endow McCook's Y. M. C. A. proposed structure has closed for the present. Of \$20,000 sought the sum of \$15,575 was pledged during a week of very severe weather. The drive will be completed at a later date. A \$50,000 building will be begun in the early spring to be completed the coming fall.

**Weiss Gets Nw Post.**

Gerling, Neb., Dec. 26.—Andrew Weiss, who has been associated with the North Platte valley irrigation project as manager ever since its inception, has been promoted to the position of director of farm economics, with headquarters at Denver, and H. A. Bashore has been appointed to take his place at Gerling.

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Get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex, pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with syrup, using either plain granulated sugar syrup, clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, as desired. The result is a full pint of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Tastes pleasant and never spoils.

This Pinex and Syrup preparation gets right at the cause of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the phlegm, stops the nasty throat tickle and heals the sore, irritated membranes so gently and easily that it is really astonishing.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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Here is the greatest clearance sale of men's overcoats ever held in this city. Your unrestricted choice of any coat in our entire stock for \$25.00. Every coat is from our regular stock and measures up to our usual high standard of tailoring, styling and carefully selected patterns.

Great warm ulsters and ulsterettes and English box-back overcoats in single or double-breasted models. Made of all-wool plaid back and plain fabrics in the newest shades of tan, brown, gray, green and fancy mixtures. Main Floor

**Boys' 2-Pants Suits \$7.95**

A boy's suit for a real boy. The fabrics are selected for service without sacrificing the appearance. Pleated back and belted models, all finely tailored. Materials of tweeds and cashmeres in a well chosen variety of colors. Values to \$12.50.

**Boys' Overcoats \$6.95 - \$9.95**

We still have a good stock of these all-wool overcoats, made in full belted model with large upper muff pockets. Powder blue, gray, tan, brown and buff. \$11.50 and \$15.00 values. Third Floor

## A Sunday Announcement

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By the World's Largest Retail Furniture Dealers

This Is the Mighty Annual Bargain Event for Which Hundreds Wait—and the Values This Year Are Very Exceptional

## Announcement in Sunday's Papers

# Hartman's