

Canadian Royal Airman Comes to Greet Magellans

Flies Out and Escorts Smith and Fellows to Pictou; Whistles Announce Arrival.

By LOWELL THOMAS.
"After a long night's sleep we celebrated our arrival back on American soil by working all day repairing the fuel pumps that had brought us so near disaster on the flight from Greenland to Labrador," said "Les" Arnold. "Tuesday morning we were up at dawn ready to hop off. But the weather reports from all along the Labrador coast were from favorable. However, we decided to leave

teetle for regions to the south less afflicted with icebergs and storms. We had just received word that a severe gale was headed toward Icticle, but Lowell thought it would be safer to try and outrun it than to wait for it to blow over.
"At 11 o'clock we were under way and shortly after leaving Icticle we again passed our frigid friend, the huge berg we had flown over on our trip from Greenland. It had drifted south some 50 miles and was now bobbing along like the white of an egg on the surface of a thousand island pudding. The last time we saw it was midway between Bull Dog Island and White Bear Island. This time we sighted it between Sandwich bay and Wolf Island.
"About noon while cutting across a narrow peninsula covered with scrubby pines, we got a thrill out of seeing trees once more, the first we had passed since leaving England. The Orkney Islands, Iceland, Greenland, and Northern Labrador had all been bleak, treeless lands.
Tackle Old Enemy, Fog.
"Two hours and 55 minutes out from Icticle we encountered our old enemy, fog. This was just as we were leaving the North Atlantic and heading over Belleisle Strait toward the gulf of St. Lawrence. We knew that the most easterly coast of Labrador was on our right and that the northernmost tip of Newfoundland was on our left. But the fog was so thick we could see neither of them. Belleisle Strait has the reputation of being one of the foggiest stretches of water in the world, and the day we passed it was more than living up to its evil reputation. The farther we flew the thicker it grew.
"Lowell, who usually spent his nights poring over weather charts, figured that this fog bank could only be local. We tried to climb over it but that proved impossible so we dove down to within 10 feet of the water. Meanwhile the wind was increasing and there was a mountainous sea running. It looked as though each wave was going to slap the bottom of the pontoons.
"Fifteen minutes after entering the fog we suddenly nipped across the bow of a steamer. It was steaming toward us and had we not seen it 20 seconds later we would have crashed into the mast or the captain's bridge. Our flying helmets were all that kept our hair from standing on end. But if it frightened us what must have been the thought of the officer on the bridge of that boat when he suddenly saw us flash past him and vanish into the mist? If he was a drinking man I'll wager he swore off that day!
Newfoundland in Sight.
"Just as Smith had prognosticated, within another 20 minutes the fog had thinned out and we had picked up the jagged coast of Newfoundland. Still flying low we sort of played leap frog with one fishing village to another. Every time we passed one the entire population would rush out and wave to us. Although not quite so bleak as Labrador, this part of Newfoundland was quite grim and forbidding. The waves were doubling against the rocks and hurling spray 50 feet into the air. We passed among as many wrecks as we had seen off the coast of Alaska. At one place we flew over a big steamer picketed on a sharp rock, and a bit further on there was a desolate British cruiser.
"Most of the way we had to buck a stiff head wind, with the result that it took us six hours to fly 220 miles from Iceland, Labrador, to Hawkes Bay, Newfoundland. Incidentally this bay should not be confused with another by the same name 150 miles further north on the Labrador coast.
"After spending the night on board a destroyer we took off next morning for Pictou, Nova Scotia, 350 miles closer home. For half this distance we flew down the west coast of Newfoundland. I counted the miles off one by one because each brought us nearer our goal. From Cape Anguille, near the southern tip of Newfoundland we made our hour's flight across a sparkling sheet of blue water which is named Cabot Strait, after John and his son Sebastian Cabot, who preceded us across the Atlantic four centuries ago. Along Cape Breton Island we flew over rich farming country and picturesque little Arcadian fishing villages that have changed very little since the days of Evangeline.
Rousing Welcome at Pictou.
"Several miles from our destination we were met by Canadian royal air force planes whose occupants waved us an airy salute and then escorted us to Pictou. As we circled over the harbor we saw Wade's new plane, the Boston II, that had been sent up to Nova Scotia by General Patrick so that Leigh and Hank could finish out the flight with us. Every whistle in Pictou was tooting its shrillest and the shore was lined with cheering Canadians when we taxied to our moorings. Wade and Oden were the first out to meet us and with them were our friends MacDonald and Beztrodian. The officers who had ferried the Boston II from Langley field to Nova Scotia, "Mac" and I had been bunkies at various aviation camps around the United States of America, since 1917, so I was more than delighted to see him.
"After fueling up we were taken

ashore, ushered into autos, and paraded through the streets behind a band of Scottish Highlanders, hundreds of Canadian and American sailors, and thousands of school kiddies, and civilians. The streets were all decorated with bunting and flags, at the corners were big signs reading "Welcome World Flyers," and fire and rockets illuminated the sky, and amid the whirl of the bagpipes we were hoisted up on a platform where half the population crowded round us. After a few feeble oratorical flights on our part, we proceeded to a lobster party. Judging by the prices in Pictou we had boarded the lobster in his native lair. MacDonald told us how he had bought the ones served at the party. It seems that when he had called at a "fishmongery" the fishmonger had asked how many he wanted. Although he had decided to spend about \$10, merely as a joke, he replied, "O, give me 50 cents worth." To which the proprietor of the fishmongery retorted, "You can have a dozen for 50 cents. 'Oh, well,' said Mac, 'I'll be big hearted. Give me two dozen.' And he actually came back with 24 beautiful big juicy lobsters, all for \$1. Pictou was misnamed. It should have been called Paradise.

Lobster Banquets Galore.
"All next day it was so windy and rainy, and the water was so rough that we could hardly even get out to the planes. Fearful lest we might grow bored with life in Pictou, the chamber of commerce reception committee sent the Scotties to cheer us up with their bagpipes. As they rent the air with their wild highland music our killed friends paraded up and down the lobby, and we were much amused because they seemed unable to play and stand still at the same time. In the evening we were taken aboard the Canadian destroyer Patriot to another lobster banquet, and invited life members of their mess. This means that if any of us ever get hard up in the years to come, and if the Patriot has not been relegated to the naval boneyard in the meantime, we can always look upon her as a home for broken down world fliers.
"That night we turned in early, but we were all too thrilled with the prospect of reaching Boston on the morrow to do much sleeping.
"After repairing the spreader bar on the Chicago we took off at 11 o'clock, turned inland for a 50-mile hop past Pugwash harbor to the Bay of Fundy. Instead of following the coast of Nova Scotia, from here on we flew down the New Brunswick side of this famous bay, where the tides rise higher than anywhere else in the world. Although the tide happened to be out when we passed, we could tell we were in a peculiar region because there were mud flats extending inland for over a mile.
Back in United States.
"Just south of St. John, N. B., we encountered fog again. It grew so

thick that when we passed the boundary between Canada and the United States we were skimming over the water, dodging rocks and little islands. Visibility was nil. A dozen times we came within an ace of crashing. Then we attempted to climb over it, and to get around it. But we were taking enormous chances and Lowell decided that it was not worth while attempting to push through and risk a tragedy when we were so near our final goal. Turning back a few miles we came down in Casco bay, off Merepoint, Me., in a sheltered cove that was ideal for an emergency landing.
"The wealthiest and most hospitable people in New England have their summer homes along the shores of picturesque Casco bay, and as we had half the aristocracy of Maine out rowing boats, or running errands, or standing guard over the planes, or carrying anchors.
"Although disappointed because we had not been able to push through to Boston we were delighted to have dropped down in such an ideal spot as Casco bay. Moreover, this accident gave us an opportunity to pay our respects to the memory of America's greatest explorer, Robert E. Peary, discoverer of the north pole, who spent most of his time between expeditions right here where we had been forced down by the fog."

Train and Engine Men at Wynore Being Examined
Wynore, Jan. 29.—Train Rules Examiner Brant of the Union Pacific, is examining all train and engine men here. The complete examinations will require 10 days. The men are schooled in Union Pacific rules on account of operating at times over joint track to Fairbury, and the railway management consider the examinations a measure of safety.

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"Take Heed?" Why Should We?
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By ARTHUR BRISBANE.

The proposed constitutional amendment, that would enable congress to regulate child labor, is evidently defeated. That is an interesting test of United States civilization, and answers the red-blooded 100 per cent Americans who deny that money is the main power here.
Very interesting is the objection to any interference with child labor for fear it might interfere with the usefulness of children in religious and other institutions. The founder of Christianity would be interested to find his professional followers fighting an amendment that would save children from shameful exploitation in mills, mines and factories. The warning against hurting one of these little ones, because "their angels do always behold the face of My Father, which is in heaven," must not be taken too seriously, where such profits are concerned. After all, an idealist, preaching in Galilee 1,900 years ago, could hardly be expected to understand business needs in 1925.

"Danger of setting all Croatia in flames, and smashing the Jugoslav kingdom," says the newspaper headline. Many of the artificially created "self-determining"

governments, established after the war, will be smashed or absorbed by stronger powers before long.
Self-determination is a pleasing expression, but does not mean much. The story told and the strength shown, through centuries, not any burst of sentiment, following war determines a people's fate. Those that could not govern themselves before the war do not become suddenly capable merely because the allies beat Germany. Foolish is the power that sets up a nation, or an individual in business for himself, unless nation or individual has proved his fitness. Merely wishing for self-government does not constitute capacity for self-government. Ask Egypt or the Philippines.

Mrs. Roselia Pyne has still to learn that sad experience is the only teacher. To frighten away rats she kept on her bureau a loaded pistol with a piece of cheese just in front of the muzzle. "They'll go to the cheese, see that my pistol is loaded, then run away from my apartment, for fear I'll shoot them," said she. Foolish hope.
Not even human beings are as intelligent as that. A little while ago they looked into the barrel of a gun labeled war. It went off and killed 20,000,000 of them. But even that won't make them keep away from war. They used to hang murderers in public and other criminals gathered to see. But that did not stop murders.

In Madison Square Garden, Ugo Frigerio, world's champion walker, showed Americans how to walk. He gave the best of our walkers a big start and beat them, with amazing ease.
That power Frigerio, an Italian, inherits from his ancestors, the fighting Roman soldiers of long ago.

They built the roads of the world, in far-off Britain and Asia, over the Alps, wherever Roman conquerors led the way. And over those Roman roads the ancestors of the Italians walked up and down the earth to victory.
Merely to think about the walking done by a Roman soldier chewing his hard raw wheat as he walked, would exhaust many a modern young dancing American.

Congress, having decided to turn over the people's property at Muscle Shoals to a private concern, shows that it cares little for public opinion. But it does not show complete lack of intelligence. It objects to having Senator Norris on the committee, chosen to adjust matters between house and senate. That's intelligent. A man like Norris, honest, able, belligerent and not afraid to call a senator a grafter, when he happens to be a grafter, can be a great nuisance on an important committee.

Jacksonville proposes to regulate "jay walking" by law. The pedestrian who often acts as though his life were of little consequence will be compelled to walk the streets as though he knew that automobiles exist. Reading newspapers as you cross the street or rushing into the road with your head turned backward to wave your hand at your loved ones is apt to make the loved ones miss you for all time. Chickens, dogs, even pigs, are rapidly learning that automobiles are dangerous. Cows and human beings

never make the discovery.
The Jacksonville jay walker has an advantage over his jay brothers in New York, Chicago, etc. Evangelist Raymond T. Richey is in Jacksonville saving souls with a rapidity that is marvelous when you consider how hard it is to make a man think about his soul, in the middle of a real estate boom. Already Mr. Richey has saved 6,800 by actual count. If they stay saved it does not matter much whether they get run over or not. They are ready.
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