

# FOURTH OF JULY COUPLES

By W. E. Hill

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Regular bookworms. Poppa and Momma are reading all the comics on the beach. Ten to one Momma is saying, "I do think little Kayo is awful cute!"



Fourth of July flirtation. They met on the boardwalk, and Milton said, "Looking for somebody, Babe?" and Sade replied, "Sure, I'm looking for Santa Claus, fresh guy!" After that they were old friends, and spent the evening at Dance-land.



The hot, cross couple. He was in the 1620 episode and she was the Civil War period in the celebration of the founding of something or other. And when she laughed and said he looked just like Carlo, the hired man's dog, he said, "Joke, ha-ha," and there was a coolness between them for the duration of the Glorious Fourth.

Sunburned couple. Her back won't bear touching, and his legs are about the same. They spent the Fourth getting a quick tan on the beach.

End of the holiday. She is a trained nurse, and when one of the internes, whom she knew slightly, asked her to go on a picnic, she accepted. Well, it rained, and nobody was at the picnic but the interne, and he forgot the lunch. And when he said, "I know somebody who's going to be kissed in a minute," she boarded a passing bus and made straight for home. Her roommate will say, "I told you so. You can't trust an interne."



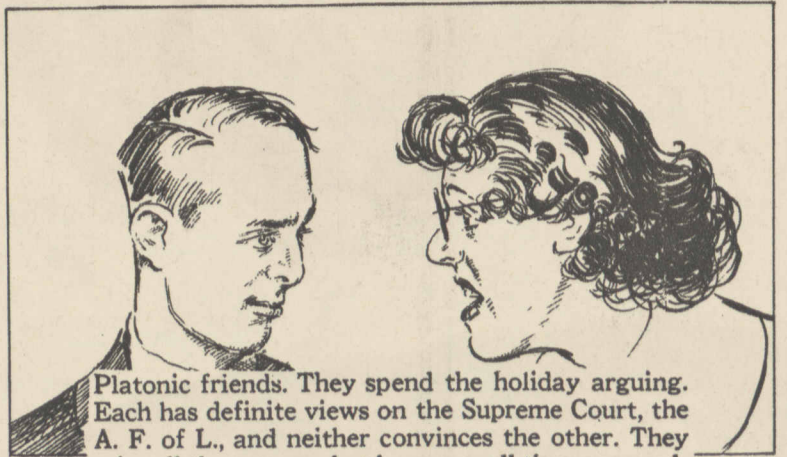
The couple who motor out of town for the holiday and get hopelessly lost. Their friends send intricate maps for them to follow, but they never do any good. They arrive two hours late for dinner, all tucked out from trying to find "the left turn by the little white church after crossing the railroad track."



Bored couple. They've been together all day long. And it's been a longer day than either looked forward to. All talked out. And neither wants to lay eyes on the other for months and months to come.



Song-fest duo. They've done the good old stand-bys: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," "Sweet Genevieve," and are now having great success with "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi."



Platonic friends. They spend the holiday arguing. Each has definite views on the Supreme Court, the A. F. of L., and neither convinces the other. They miss all the scenery, but have a swell time expounding what they call fundamentals.

# Covering Lindbergh

## Flyer Is Lost in Paris Mob but Found Again

(Continued from page four.) off the typewriter directly into my office in West 45th street. It was like having a leased wire across the ocean smack into the copy desk. Even the biggest brokerage houses could never afford that. A leased cable costs something like \$20,000 an hour.

Not a single note had I made. There hadn't been a chance. But the yarn ran out through my fingers with never a hitch. The ribbon burst into shreds. Another machine appeared pronto. I skeletonized, dropping the's, an's, and a's and some prepositions.

"Message for you," said the manager.

Cheers from my home office—from Boone, our relay man in New York; from Joe Pierson, the cable editor; from Teddy Beck, the managing editor; from Col. Robert McCormick, the publisher; from his cousin, Joseph Medill Patterson, publisher of the New York Daily News.

It was a clear beat—the first complete story to get across to America.

Further messages told me that other papers, clients of rival syndicates, were buying my story, unable to wait longer on Saturday night for their regular service. Mr. Beck sent me congratulations from a score of news editors and night editors from all over the United States.

Every cheer spurred me on to thump the machine faster. It was just after 3 a. m. when I signed off—"more wales." The manager estimated my file at close to 4,000 words.

Ragner of the Paris edition called me on the phone:

"We haven't a thing about Lindbergh himself yet. None of the agencies has carried a line on him. The mornings have only his arrival. He's vanished somewhere. The crowd is leaving Le Bourget as fast as it can get transportation. The field is deserted now. No—no news from Kiley or Arnold."

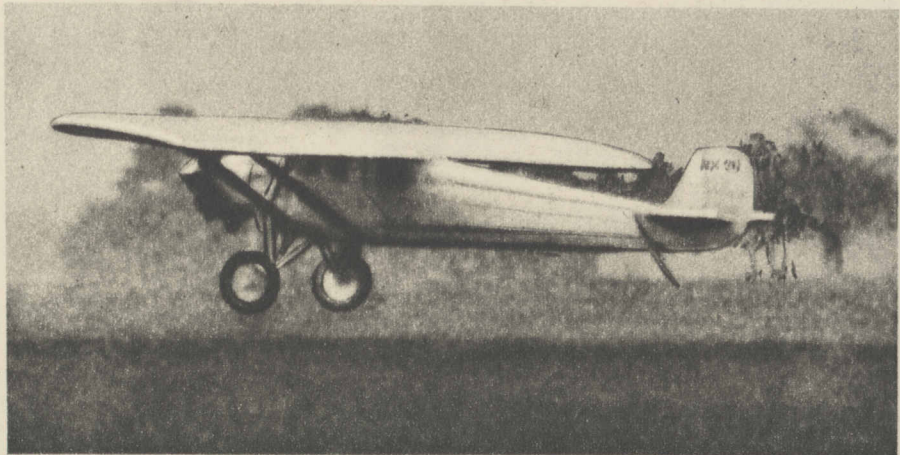
Lindbergh had disappeared! Fear gripped me. Had James been able to grab him? Would the cheers I had received change to sour squawks when the pilot's own story of his flight started to pour in from the opposition?

I thought of all the hotels or clubs—the American hospital—every spot where Lindbergh might be. And I thought of the endless delay in driving about, ringing night bells, waiting for sleepy concierges, only to be told, "Non, il n'est pas ici," and never being sure that the information was correct. It was 3 o'clock in the morning.

I grabbed a taxi. We swung into the Place d'Iéna, passed the familiar equestrian statue of George Washington, and pulled up before the embassy. Half a dozen taxicabs and three or four private cars were at the curb.

I rang the bell; the grille swung open. The concierge, wearing a flannel nightgown, peeped from his lodge, muttered "Bonsoir." A dignified butler opened the door. He uttered no word as he conducted me along the corridor and up the great staircase. I was bursting to ask if Lindbergh were there, but I couldn't make the words come. We stepped at a door. The butler opened it. I entered.

A dozen of my colleagues were sitting or standing about in the room. In a flash I saw James was not among them. My heart leaped. I could tell by their expressions that they hadn't yet talked to Lindbergh. Mr. Herrick and Parmely were there, too. The twin beds were empty, unruffled. Then I was in agony. Were they really waiting for Lindbergh? Was he in another room with Jimmy, giving his story? Were we to get merely a statement from the ambassador? Mr. Herrick broke the spell:



(Acme photo.) The scene at Roosevelt field, New York, as Lindbergh started for Paris.

"Just in time, -Wales. Captain Lindbergh will be right out."

As he spoke the bathroom door opened. The tall, spare, blond young man strode into the room. He wore a pair of the ambassador's silk pajamas with a handsome "M. T. H." monogram on the pocket and a nifty blue brocade dressing gown with Parmely's initials on the cuff. His feet were in heelless red leather slippers.

The ambassador introduced Lindbergh all around. As we shook hands the pilot looked hard at me and smiled.

"You're the man who told me I was at Le Bourget O. K.," he said. I was surprised at his memory, his alertness, his absence of fatigue. And I noted that already his keen ears had picked up the proper pronunciation of Bourget with the soft g.

"I tried to tell them to let you down—that you'd rather walk," I said.

The door opened. The butler marched in with a glass of milk and

only ten feet above the water with ice forming on his wings, he'll think it's mighty significant," said Lindbergh.

For a second his countenance was grave. He was living over again those tense minutes when it was touch and go with him and his ship. He digressed to explain that in his opinion ice forming on the wings of Nungesser's and Coli's plane had been sufficient to plunge L'Oiseau Blanc into the waves.

From the first Lindbergh used the pronoun *we*. Someone asked who else he referred to.

"To the ship," said Lindbergh.

"We had reports that you brought along a mascot, a kitten," said one of us.

"I don't know where they got any such ideas," said Lindbergh. "I didn't have a living thing with me, not even a cockroach."

He told of flying low over the fishing boats off the coast of Ireland, of calling out and asking the way. The amazed fishermen had made no reply.

"Perhaps, captain, they couldn't hear you on account of the noise of your engine," someone remarked.

"You know, I came to that conclusion myself," said Lindbergh.

"I hit the coast of Ireland within ten miles of the point I aimed for," he continued. "I picked up the tip of England, and I recognized Cherbourg from pictures I had seen. We followed the railway tracks to Paris. I missed Le Bourget at first, so I flew back to Paris and got my bearings from the Eiffel tower. Then I picked up the floodlights on the field."



(Acme photo.) Lindbergh grins at Paris crowds. The flyer, left, stands on a hotel balcony as P. E. Flandin, center, president of the French Aero club, and U. S. Ambassador Herrick present him to the throng.

We asked how he had been able to reckon so accurately.

"I don't know why everyone assumes I'm not a navigator," he said. "I learned a good deal about flying by the stars when I was carrying the mails. Besides that, I've studied navigation a lot, for more than two years."

"Did your fuel hold out? Did you have any gas left?" I asked.

"I figure there's about sixty-five gallons left," he said. "Enough for another four hundred miles." When it was checked they found sixty-five gallons in the tanks.

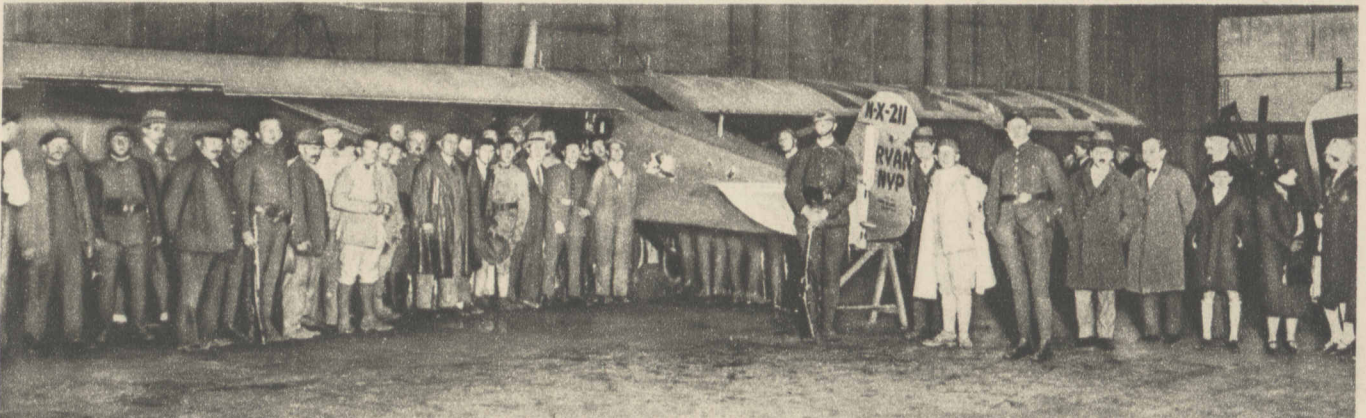
"How were you able to keep awake for such a long period?" we asked.

"I didn't have any trouble about that. As a mail pilot I frequently had long intervals without rest. For this flight I practiced going without sleep. I'd prop myself in a chair against the wall and stay awake all night. If you can keep awake without doing anything important you won't fall asleep when you're simply got to keep going. And I was plenty busy all the time."

Mr. Herrick gave the signal that the interview was at an end. In ten minutes I was back in the Western Union office. It was about 4 a. m., just before dawn. I knew the Saturday night deadlines had been waived. Papers all over the country were ready to make over and issue extra editions as long as the news came in.

There was a cable from Mr. Beck: RUSH MORE HI ABOUT LINDBERGH.

I wrote steadily for two hours. I had plenty of human interest stuff now; Lindbergh's narrative, our questions, his replies, how he looked, the embassy surroundings. The whole story.



French police and soldiers guard the trans-Atlantic plane in a hangar at Le Bourget field the night of arrival. Notice holes torn in plane's fabric by souvenir hunters. (Acme photo.)